

FEBRUARY, 1921

THE DELINEATOR



CLÉMENCEAU: BY HIS DAUGHTER
 CONFESSIONS OF A TOMBOY
 EARLY SPRING FASHIONS

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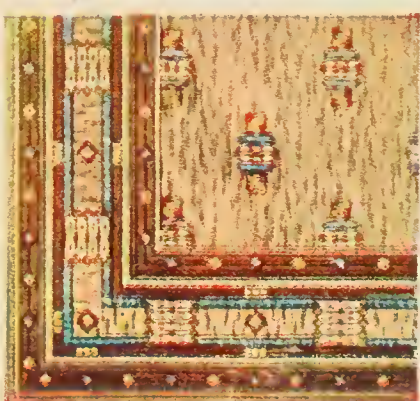
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GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME XXVIII FEBRUARY 1921 NUMBER ONE

MR. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

JAMES EATON TOWER Managing Editor



SHALL WE LEAVE THE OLD ROAD?

IF THE sun should fail to come up some morning, mankind would tremble with terror and men who do not pray would turn to God. But so long as the old sun works, we give little thought to it.

If a star-gazer should warn us that the sun had burned out and the last rays of it would reach us in a few days, most of the world would laugh. And even if he were a true prophet, a multitude of doubters would keep on laughing—until darkness came.

The twenty-second of February is a holiday—a patriotic holiday. We are going to shut up shop and wave the flag. We are going to close our money marts and schools. We are going to make speeches and other outward signs of commemoration, but with what inward grace?

What is this year's commemoration of the anniversary of Washington's natal day going to mean to most of us? Just an annoying break in the activities of a week? Just another day when the schools and stores and shops and factories are closed and the flags at the headmast? Let it not mean just those things to us this year, nor ever again.

Have not Washington and the heritage of his unselfish and surpassing service to America become rather a matter of course, like the miracle of sunshine?

If we should suggest abolishing Washington's Birthday, America would shout in protest: "George Washington! The Father of His Country!" And yet—

We hear on every hand the apostles of a school of thought which proclaims that we as a nation have broken with the past. They besiege us to forget Washington and the fathers of the republic; to have done with all their works; to abandon the broad highway along which the United States have come for one hundred and forty-five years.

Still, would it not be a satisfaction, would it not produce a feeling of inward grace in you, to be able to say to the besiegers, "This thing is true and that is false"?

Then on this birthday of Washington, turn to his farewell message, which many of us have not read in its entirety since school-days. Ponder its transcendent wisdom. And as you read, think of him in the light of a father about to leave his children forever, looking into the future dispassionately, without selfishness and armed with a sublime knowledge of mankind. Measure what has come to pass in a century and a quarter which separates us from the day in which he wrote.

Has human nature changed? Shall we leave the old road? These questions confront us.

The women of America along with their men-folk must be ready to answer ye or nay in the year that stands ahead of us.

DOUBTER, READ THIS

A WOMAN died in Orange, New Jersey, a few weeks ago. Hers had been a simple life, not marked by great distinction or great effort, but leaving behind, in one short sentence, evidence of a great and perfect thing.

Face to face with death, neither fear nor regret nor rebellion marked the last of her knowledge of this life.

She had but one thought: Her husband, a merchant shipmaster, was in the Mediterranean. It would be five months before his ship could reach an American port. And this woman, surrendering life with half the world between her and her loved one, thought only of his peace of mind, his comfort, and the thing which would not interfere with his service in which she could take no part.

And so she said, as she stood in the doorway that leads to the Great Beyond, "Don't let him be told till he reaches home. It would only worry and unnerve him."

Those words were printed casually and briefly in a daily newspaper.

It was taken as a matter of course—this answer to the pessimist, this proof for the doubter, this great, eternal, unselfish love which lifts us weak mortals above the brute and renews the promise we hug to our hearts that we are made after the Image of God.

The wonderful thing about it is that this happens every day, and yet there are people who still doubt love.

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

Extracts from His Address to the People of the United States on His Retirement from Public Life

OBSERVE good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence, I conjure you to believe me, fellow-citizens, the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy, to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it.

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon, to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

Taking care always to keep ourselves, by suitable establishments, on a respectably defensive posture, we may safely trust to temporary alliances for extraordinary emergencies.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope that they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which hitherto has marked the destiny of nations; but if I may ever flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigues, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism, this hope will be full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

United States, September 17, 1796.

ON PAGE 17 we publish this month a copy of Frederick Reynolds's portrait of "The Father of His Country." It is a very fine reproduction of a mezzotint. For its art value as well as its sentiment, it is worthy a place in your living-room.

Do you believe men and women can be friends?

W. L. George, the noted English novelist and student of women, argues against it in next month's DELINEATOR. You may not agree with him, but you should read his opinion. It is going to provoke much discussion.

Is there a boy in your house? If there is, read Samuel Hopkins Adams in the March DELINEATOR on "Why Boys Leave Home."

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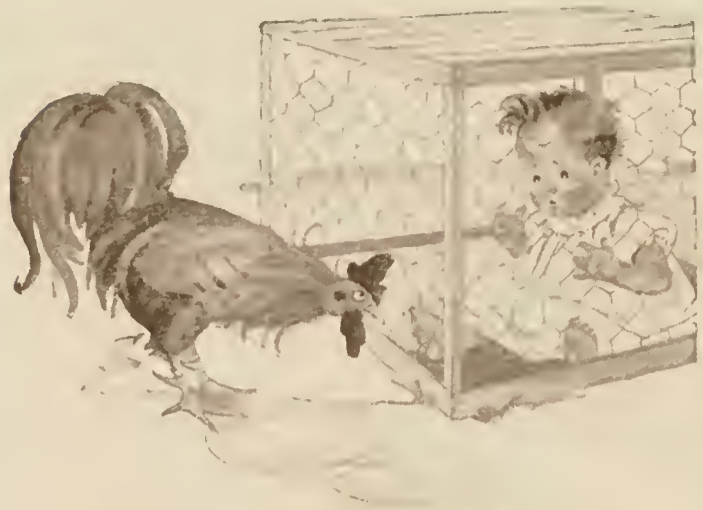
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PARKING THE BABY

HINTS FOR BUSY MOTHERS
AND BUSINESS MOTHERS

Illustrations by Bates Gilbert

If you have an extra coop, you will find it invaluable as a play-pen for baby. Baby is sure to enjoy the coop, particularly if he thinks that Napoleon does not approve



Mother may enjoy a twosome with father of a Saturday afternoon if the golf-bag's transportation facilities are taken advantage of

Old army boots make decorative and safe holders for one's offspring. Of course it is not necessary to have an army boot. A hunting boot would do just as well

The twins were something of a problem until Clarissa thought of using the tea-wagon as a baby carriage between meals



This picture is not a joke. It is done in front of several New York department stores and moving-picture houses. One of these (baby) carriage men told us he had never had a baby forgotten and no mother had ever picked out the wrong baby. Men think this is remarkable



The one instrument

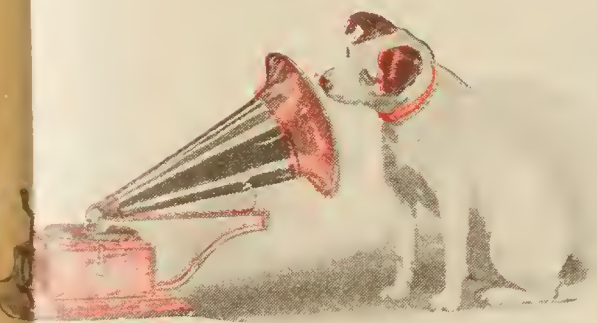
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TWO IN THE TOWN

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



LOOKING
DOWN THE
AVENUE
TOWARD
THE
FLATIRON
BUILDING



HERE is a theory much advocated by men—following G. B. Shaw—and either indignantly denied by the women or else greeted with an enigmatic smile, that the female of the species in reality does the courting, that it is she who pursues even when seeming to flee. This theory about women certainly sounds true. However, Marshall Bullard could never have accused the girl in the third-floor hall bedroom of even passively pursuing him.

To be sure, their relations had been somewhat limited. Marshall had been occupying the third-floor front chamber of the old brown-stone house but a month, and in that period he had encountered his neighbor perhaps a scant half-dozen times in the hall or on the stairs, and a few times in the *table d'hôte* restaurant on the first floor. If Madame Delorme, the dark-haired Frenchwoman who occupied the house and conducted the restaurant and *pâtisserie*—Monsieur Delorme, fat and jovial, was the *chef*—had not introduced him, he might not even have exchanged a "good morning."

The room Marshall occupied was large and comfortable. Just off the Avenue, the house had once been a fashionable residence. Later, Marshall suspected, it must have been occupied by a gambler, for his door was of three-inch oak plank, with huge iron hardware, and through his closet a similar smaller door had been cut to the rear chamber. Marshall's room had an open fireplace, with a black-marble mantel, and the ceiling had been removed, exposing the rafters, which were stained a gloomy brown. In short, for a young man living in one room in New York, he might be considered fortunate.

Certainly he thought so that early April Saturday morning, when he rose at the—for him—early hour of ten, and started out to get his breakfast. For, as he stepped into the hall, the chambermaid was making up



NORTH
TOWARD THE
WALDORF

the hall bedroom, and he could not refrain from peeping in. It was a small room, naturally. There was a bureau, covered with a toilet set and feminine things; and a bulging cloth hung along one wall. Evidently no closet, he thought. A steamer-trunk had been shoved under the bed. A small table and a chair, with a cheap screen evidently concealing a wash-stand, completed the furnishings.

"Not very gay," he muttered, and found himself thinking, almost for the first time, of Miss Wickford, trying to recall her features more clearly, and wondering who and what she might be. He found himself unable to describe her. Was she dark or light, short or tall? Both, medium, he decided. All he was sure of was that she had an air of quiet reserve and wore low-heeled shoes.

Saturday was Marshall's day off. It was his intention to return to his room after breakfast and work. But, alas! it was April, and the first warm Saturday. When

Marshall got back to his room he found it stuffy and dismal. He opened both windows to the Spring air, and the street noises came in unmuffled and loud. But he drove himself to his task for two or three hours. Then he lay back in his chair, contemplated the black, empty fireplace, the dismal rafters, the couch camouflaged with cushions, and suddenly thought again of his neighbor in the hall bedroom. She evidently got off from her work at noon on Saturdays, for he had several times met her coming in. Perhaps she was sitting in there, on the other side of the wall, as bored and lonely as he was. What if he asked her to go for a walk? He got up and opened his door.

Yes, she was in her room. He heard her moving about. He knocked, and she opened the door, facing him in evident surprise.

"Your next-door neighbor," he said with a laugh. "This is my day off. I gather it is yours, too. I've tried working, and it's no go—that blooming hurdy-gurdy keeps pealing, 'Take a walk, take a walk.' But it's no fun taking a walk alone. In short, Miss Wickford, will you give me the pleasure of joining with me in the parade of wealth and fashion on Main Street?"

The girl, who had kept her eyes on his while he began to speak—he noted they were gray eyes—had first col-



"IN OTHER WORDS, IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS"

ored and then turned her face away. Then she She was most attractive when she smiled.

"Will you let me look in all the shop-window said.

"Sure, that's part of the fun! You may buy things you want, and I'll buy four things I want then we'll know each other better. Sort of French.

"But I can't buy what I want," she laughed.

"You can my way. I just absorb 'em through glass. Saves a lot of money. I'll get my stick.

"Give me ten minutes," she said as she shut the door.

It was fifteen. Marshall was vaguely aware of change. She looked younger, gayer when she joined



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CAUGHT MARSHALL'S
ATTENTION



honestly, with a chuckle. "They are ultimate pessimists, I guess, and hence much relieved in mind and immensely cheerful."

"The other alternative being to throw all your troubles on the Lord, like a great-aunt of mine who prayed even for a new dish-pan," said the girl.

"Did she get it?"

"Not direct. Great-uncle Abner bought it for her. He said he didn't believe the Lord was a tin-pedler."

"I like your Uncle Abner," said Marshall.

Suddenly he stopped in front of a window. In the window was nothing at all but a single picture, a landscape, mellow and serene. A country road wound up a hill, between stone walls and budding sugar-maples, to a little white farmhouse and a big gray barn.

"I can manage to guess what you are buying," she laughed, "and almost to guess why. I don't think you're being over charged."

"Now, you buy something," said Marshall.

She smiled, half to herself, and waited the break in traffic to cross the Avenue. In one of the windows of a great marble shop hung a rug, a lovely thing of almost pure Antwerp blue for the ground tone, and patterns of dull golds and greens and threads of hot orange.

"Ah, for your reception-room," said Marshall.

"Not much! For my bedroom! I have a suppressed desire—very much suppressed—to put my feet out of bed on to a ten-thousand dollar Oriental rug, and then sit and look at the colors in it before I poke for my slippers. Pardon these details."



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH

"I find them interesting," said Marshall. "Have you spoken to Madame Delorme about it?"

"Not yet," the girl laughed. "Now, it's your turn again."

"You can't guess so easily this time," Marshall said, as he led her just off the Avenue out of the denser throng, and stopped before a low window full of books, some in magnificent bindings, some in ancient calf or faded cloth.

She peered a long time at the titles. "Is it the 'Leaves of Grass'?" she asked at length.

"Why do you think that?"

"Because so many young men nowadays who carry canes and go to respectable clubs and buy their shirts at the right shop, are disciples of Whitman," she replied, just eying him.

"That's pretty rough—on me, I mean," he answered.

"Well, it isn't Whitman. To tell the truth, I'm afraid I don't much care for Whitman, even if I do carry a cane. Now, young lady, it's your turn."

"But I don't know what I want next," said she.

"Well, you're out of bed, with your feet on a ten-thousand-dollar rug. You probably want a bath and some clothes next. Shall we look at clothes?"

"No, I don't much want clothes. I merely need 'em," she answered. Then a smile came across her face. "I know!" she exclaimed. "Come on!" She hurried him gaily up the Avenue again till they reached the window of a Japanese store.

"Well, is it a jade elephant or a sage-green necktie?" he demanded.

"Silly, I'm about to dress."

He raised his eyes then, and saw that the window was backed by a gold screen, a perfectly plain gold screen,



THE SPIRES OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL

framed with the thinnest black molding, delicately beaded. Against it, on a black stand, in a small blue-porcelain vase, stood a spray of pussy-willow.

"You don't leave much for after breakfast," said Marshall.

"After breakfast I go to work," she answered.

"Down-town?" he asked, carefully casual.

"More or less," she smiled, giving him the corner of her eye.

They seemed to come closer in a sudden flash of intimacy, and moved on in silence for a block, happily lonely in the throng.

"But you're not buying anything," she broke the silence.

Again the man led the way off the Avenue a few steps, and entered a building filled floor above floor with beautiful furniture and hangings. An elderly and elegant gentleman disengaged himself from the dimness and suavely inquired their wants.

"I want to see an oak library table—Jacobean," said Marshall with great dignity.

They were conducted by elevator to a "period" hall, and there shown a beautiful table, long and dark and solid, though perhaps a shade overantiqued.

Marshall asked the price. The salesman named a figure. Marshall was aware of his companion's eyes twinkling up to his.

"I shall have to think that over a night, I fear," said he. "The table does very well, though."

HE LAID his hand on it patronizingly, and tried to give it a shake, but it stood firm as a monument. The elegant salesman saw them to the door, too suave to display his contempt for people who have to consider the expenditure of a few hundred dollars.

Outside the girl chuckled.

"The poor man didn't know but you *might* come back for it," she said. "And neither do I, for that matter," she added.

"I think you do," Marshall answered. "I hate to buy things that aren't in the windows. You learn the price. But it was a beautiful table, it would hold a lamp, a pile of manuscripts, tobacco, pipes, ash-tray, magazines, books, an overcoat, hats, a box of crackers, fruit, water-bottle—oh, most everything one needs! Big tables ought to be made of oak, but nothing else in the house."

They walked on to the Plaza and the Park without buying anything more.

"It is very nice, all this, April, the Park, oak tables—you," he said.

"Yes," she answered softly, a little gravely. "It is a holiday. But we each have something yet to buy."

They loitered back down-town, looking in every window for another purchase, but neither finding just the thing. At last the girl made an exclamation.

"It is clothes!" Marshall said. "I knew you'd come to 'em!"

"No, it isn't. It's that pier-glass behind. That's what I want! I could see whether my petticoat showed below my skirt. Pardon details again—no mere man can understand."

Continued on page 58

WHAT MUST THE GIRL IN THE HALL BEDROOM?

They swung into Fifth Avenue, turned north toward Waldorf and then were forced to loiter with the lions, which were even denser than before luncheon. The supercilious lions which guard the Public Library attracted Marshall's attention, as usual.

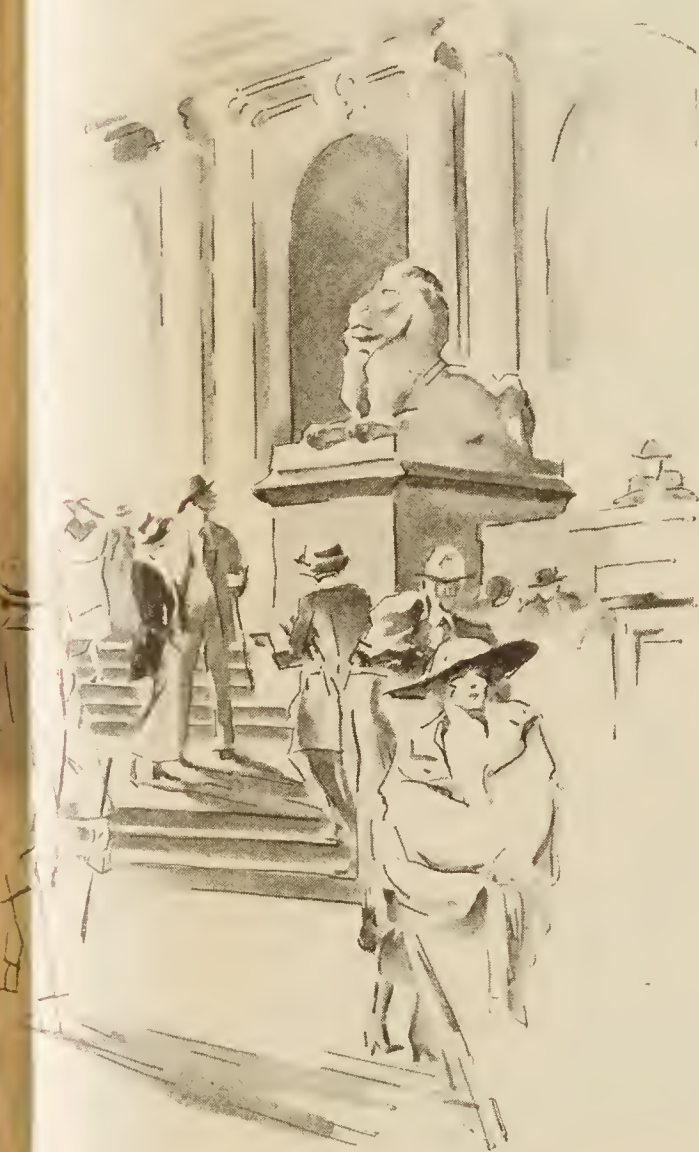
"What do you think of those lions?" he asked.

"I've never decided whether they were scornful of the people who go past the library, or of the people who go to it," she answered.

Marshall shot a quick, sidelong glance, a bit surprised. He was sure, what had he ever known about her, who she was, or what she did? This was promising!

"What do you think of them?" she was saying.

"I shall always think what you think, now," he replied



THE LIONS GUARDING THE PUBLIC LIBRARY



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CONFESSIONS OF A TOMBOY

Some things shock grandmother nowadays. "But what of grandmother's young days?" asks granddaughter. With which one do you agree? Is the world growing worse or better? Tell us your ideas.—THE EDITOR.



I AM a tomboy. I was tagged as such in my tenth year, when I fought a boy who had shaved the tail of my cat. It was a good fight, a fair boys' fight, without kicks or scratches in it. It was that thing my grandmother considers beneath a gentleman—a fist fight.

When it was all over, the boy had a black eye and a bloody nose; my fist was bruised and my cheek was sore. I had become the storm-center of the family and the subject of neighborhood discussion.

I was a tomboy. My mother confessed it. My grandmother bemoaned it. My brothers half-sarcastically boasted it. And my father admitted it with affection and a little pride.

From my tenth year my brothers made me "fill in" when the baseball nine was short. I worked harder than any boy in the crowd. If I could not play a good game, I knew I would not be let in very often. So I put all of my strength and mind on that sport. It was an important day in my life when I was asked to play on the nine when there were more than enough boys at hand. I shall never forget the thrill of it, and I had stage-fright. There was a boy on second and one on third. I was so excited I "bunted" the ball. The boys thought I had done it on purpose and they shouted, and then—I fell down.

Boys are cruel creatures. They hate a failure. I had spoiled the game and they hooted at me. One of my brothers blamed it on my skirt. I bit my cheek to keep from crying. After the crowd had gone, I went in and bawled it out on dad's shoulder. He laughed and then got serious.

"You ought to have been a good sport and told them the truth," he said. "They would have understood."

But they would not have understood, and just as a child is more honest and knows the truth more easily than older people, I knew they would not have excused it, so I let the skirt be blamed. That night dad asked mother to get me a pair of bloomers. That was in 1906. Girls did not wear bloomers then as they wear them now. Mother rebelled, with grandmother and the neighbors backing her up. And then my father told the story of Kitty Ward Downs, the most famous beauty of my grandmother's day. She had ridden a horse right through the market of Louisville, scattering stalls and wares, and terrifying some of the conservative people—and she had done it on a bet. Dad reminded grandmother that the conservative folks had gasped a little, and then had said, "Well, she carried it off." After that Kitty Ward was presented at all the great courts of the world, and she was the social leader of the southern part of the United States. She stood for the womanly things and the conservative things, but if the name had been in use a few years after the Civil War, the famous Kitty Ward would have been called a tomboy.

GRANDMOTHER warned dad about telling that story within ear-shot. Dad's answer was that if I did not get my bloomers he would tell a few stories he knew about grandmother. That sealed my doom, and I became a confirmed tomboy.

I had dolls and doll-houses and I liked lace ruffles on my dresses and on my petticoats. I was none the less a girl because I liked the strenuous sports of my brothers or the natural, wholesome chummy spirit in which the boys of the neighborhood let me into their world.

When I was fourteen, I was reading love-stories, but I never interpreted any of them into the lives of the boys around me. Heroes were always men; these were just boys. Playmates. Somebody to help make a tennis-court, to tote and carry, to turn the ice-cream freezer for a party. To be generally useful.

Grandmother couldn't have a romance without fainting at least once. Nowadays if a girl faints her beau suspects there is epilepsy in the family.

Dr. Hibben, in his address to the Princeton graduates last June, deplored the fact—which he asserted was a fact—that there was no more modesty in women, no more mystery about them, that romance was therefore dead.

Concluded on page 57.



From a painting by Denman Fink

THE "MODEST" EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, AN AGE OF REFORM, AND THE DARING TWENTIETH. THE FRAMED PORTRAIT IS THAT OF THE MOTHER OF A SIGNER OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE



"WHAT'S THE MATTER, KID? HERE, WAKE UP!"

STORM-CLOUD

BY JOHN A. MOROSO

THE mother of Storm-Cloud had sought the woods of northern New Jersey at the time when the people of the villages dotting the valley between the Palisades and the foothills of the Ramapo Mountains suffered a mad-dog scare and the constables were killing all stray dogs.

That was in the middle of August, only a few years ago, and the country roads then lay as silent rivers of powdered earth, ankle-deep, the streams were dried to thin ribbons, and the air was still and hot and dry. At every sharp sound she would crouch and tremble for a while, and then slink on a bit farther from the human beings she had loved so greatly.

It was a strange and terrible thing to her—a patient, friendly, village dog, to know that such a massacre was possible. She went back to the wild life, a gaunt, black,

shaggy creature, half Gordon setter and half mongrel, finding her own food in the woods and her shelter in the hollow of a long-rotted oak-tree. It was there that Storm-Cloud was born and came to puppyhood without ever seeing a human being or hearing the voice or whistle of one. The time came when the litter scattered, but he remained in the patch of woods near the hollow tree he called home, until one night he waited in vain for his mother and in the morning found himself cast on his own resources.

It was Summer again, and the young dog of the woods trotted over the little path made by his family to the banks of the Tenakill River, a little winding stream, along the cool, reedy banks of which his mother had hunted many a varmint for the day's food. He was lapping up the cool water with vast enjoyment, when sud-

denly a great splash startled him. He stood stock-still, as do most hunted animals when they get the first warning sound of danger.

A strange creature had leaped into the water from somewhere. It came to the surface puffing and blowing and swimming in the same fashion that a dog swims. This reassured him, and instead of turning and running for his hollow tree, he stood and watched the thing cavort in the water. Suddenly it turned its face, which was white, and spotted with little brown specks. Storm-Cloud saw this creature in the water grin broadly, and he was sure he was grinning at him.

"I like that animal somehow," the wild dog thought, and he gave a timid bark.

"Come on in," barked back the freckled face.

Continued on page 78

THE NEW ATLAS

BY THE REV. HUGH BLACK

Of Union Theological Seminary



THE Atlas of Greek mythology was one of the older family of gods who was supposed to hold up the pillars of heaven. In some stories he was one of the Titans condemned as a punishment to carry the earth on his shoulders. He has been depicted endlessly in conventional art as a male human

figure striving to support the weight of the globe. Our human world is kept from falling in pieces by what, in the last analysis, is something material.

The American sculptor's new Atlas, who bears the weight of the earth, is not a giant man but a gentle woman. She does not stand heaving under the dreadful load with bowed head. She kneels as if in prayer, and easily carries the burden.

The new Atlas stands under the world for love, unlike the old who bore it for a punishment. She is the source of life and the fount of love, and love's load is light.

What keeps the world going? Brawn, and brute strength, and material force? That is but the physical basis for life, the necessary foundation. If it has no moral and religious worth, it crumbles to dust. The spiritual standards, represented in the statue by woman, alone uphold human life.

The brute force of man nearly destroyed our world, drenching it in blood and blinding it with tears. Another and finer figure emerges out of the tragic strife. The true figure, which represents the upbearing inspiring force to save the world, is not the fighting man with his machines of destruction, but the Red Cross nurse, type of the eternal mother. By the revenge of time the empire over souls is not given to the conqueror, who rides to his selfish ends over the ashes of homesteads and broken hearts. It is given to those who move us by their sympathy, and save us by their sacrifice.

The world is saved by love and upheld by the spiritual force represented by woman. She is keeper of the hearth and the home. She is the true conservative. She holds the gains of the race and hands them on to the next age. In every language and every religion, because it is in the heart of man, is this recognition of the eternal mother, the divine ideal of womanhood. The artist with true instinct chooses the figure of a woman for his Atlas, who holds the world steady, supports it with prayer, and nurses it with love.

The moral soundness of the world depends on women. What they are settles the quality of our whole social life. They sink men to the nethermost, or shoot them to the stars. They shape the souls as well as feed the bodies of the next generation.

It comes as a call to every true woman to walk worthy of such vocation. Let them only be loyal to their instincts, an inheritance from the instincts of the primeval woman, who built the home and defended it fiercely against all that would threaten to destroy it. Let them guard the great traditions, and hold the race to the normal.

THE Atlas who would sustain the world must do it on her knees. She needs the reenforcement of the unseen to keep her true to her ideal. Her own soul must constantly be restored before she can with graceful ease lift aloft her load. The world can not do without her ideal. The world needs her tender, spiritual nature, her devotion, "her faith as clear as the heights of the June-blue heaven." It is true to-day, as it has been true throughout the ages, that the spiritual sustains and maintains the material. Without it life withers in vanity, or is swamped in grossness.

The spiritual standards of women uphold the world. When we say this it does not mean that she alone has them or that all women have them. Rather she is the keeper of the standards. She is spiritually, what she is physically, the guardian of the race. An old Latin proverb has it that the corruption of the best is the worst. We have not far to look for the sure sign of the decadence of an age. A civilization signs its death-warrant when its women cease to be on the side of the angels.

The spiritual standards of women uphold the world, not because she stands for the new, but because she stands for the old—the proved and tested. She, the age-long bread-giver, knows the value and the need of



THE NEW ATLAS, BY GUTZON BORGLUM

Photo by Davis & Sanford Co.

bread, but she knows as of old that men can not live by bread alone. We still live by admiration, hope and love. The human world collapses where decays faith in beauty, goodness, truth.

The history of man is not the history of his achievements, the deeds he does, and the material civilization he erects. That is only the setting for the drama. The theater, the scenery, the staging, and all the financial and material organization are useful and necessary, but after all "the play's the thing." The physical side of life is needed if only to provide a stage for life itself, and only a fool will despise it. But only a worse fool will mistake the means of living for life itself. If we girdle the earth with steel a hundred times, and tunnel every hill and

bridge every river, at the end of the day we have only material for the scrap-heap.

The history of man is the history of his conscience, his vision of what ought to be and his power to realize it in what is. Moral and spiritual standards support the world. The great words of the human soul—like honor, justice, mercy, love—are not idle words merely, but are rooted in the soil of reality.

To your knees, O true Titan of man's world, if you would learn to carry the load easily and with joy! To your knees, for courage and patience and hope and faith for the burden! To your knees, where the gentleness of God makes great! Atlas, gracious and beloved, who earns and receives the heart's adoration, to your knees!

LINCOLN AND

THE LADIES

LINCOLN was a plain man. He was large and lean and awkward. His skin was sallow and leathery, his bones big and prominent. His face was lined and weathered. He had none of the graces of the courtly gentlemen. Yet compared with his, the chivalry of the Middle Ages was like watered milk and it may well be doubted if any man in history has been so beloved by women. I believe that if the women of the English-speaking world were voting for a favorite in the Hall of Fame, they would cast their ballots for this homely man.

He was nine years old when his mother died, in the little cabin on Pigeon Creek, in the backwoods of Indiana. Abe and his sister Sarah nursed her through that deadly fever called the milk sickness. She had been a good mother. It is likely that she spoke some very gentle and memorable words to her son in those last days.

It seems to have been in his view a sacred time. He never spoke of it, to my knowledge. A great sorrow becomes an immovable, living, silent Presence in the sensitive heart of a child of nine. Its sole occupation is that of throwing its shadow, which grows dimmer as the years pass. Those who knew him have told how that shadow lifted and fell on the face of Lincoln as long as he lived.

Those pathetic children lived alone in the cabin while their father went away to Kentucky. It must have been a sad place for them, in a wild and lonely land, so soon after their loss. It was a very wild country. The few pioneers who had penetrated that far had acquired a singular contempt for the refinements of civilization. I find a saying of one of them in my note-book which will be strange reading for the people of this time:

"I never see but one man die in a bed. God! It was kind o' cur'us."

After an absence of some weeks, Thomas Lincoln returned to his two children with his new wife, Sally Bush. It is said that his father was a shiftless man. All authorities agree that the boy had a hard time. In the *Indiana Magazine of History* one of his boyhood acquaintances presents this rude picture of Abe in those days:

"I noticed as Abe come out to where I wuz he hadn't but one shoe on an' I thinks to myself what's up with Abe. for I see he was a walkin' on the ball of his heel so's to hold his big toe, which wuz all tied up, above the snow-line."

I think there was no fondness in his recollection of those days. His love of learning had watered the desert of his youth. He spoke respectfully of his father and step-mother, but as soon as he had won his independence he kept away from them and, by and by, settled them on a remote farm in Coles County which he had bought. I think he went to see them only once.

When he came to live in New Salem—a young man of twenty-one—he knew little about women and it is probable that he had no high opinion of them. He was a slim, awkward young giant six feet four inches tall. No doubt some of them had ridiculed him, and there was no more sensitive spirit in the world. For a time, after he came there he boarded at the little cabin kept by James Rutledge.

SOME days "stylish-looking women," to use a phrase of his own, stopped there in passing. While they held the stage he kept out of sight, for it is likely that such ladies regarded him with curiosity and ill-concealed amusement. He hated, at first, to wait on ladies at Offert's store in which he worked. Naturally, in the course of that clerkship and of his social life in the cabin village he got "broke to women," as they used to say in that vicinity.

Certain of those women became his valued friends. Among them were Mrs. Bennet Able and Mrs. Jack Kelso. At the tavern he grew fond of Rutledge's daughter Ann, a slender, handsome, good-hearted girl, with blue



GUTZON BORGLUM'S
"LINCOLN,"
NEWARK, N. J.

Photo by Wide World Photo Service

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "A Man for the Ages"

eyes and auburn hair. She was a skilled needleworker and Abe used to sit by her and watch her deft fingers as the needle flew. In his talk those days there was never any hint of the love he felt. He was no rival for the dashing young John McNeil and he knew it. He stood aside when the handsome young Irishman arrived and began to pay court to Ann. Not until McNeil had left and proved his unworthiness, and Ann was crushed by the long silence of her lover, did Abe speak out.

THEN followed one of the deepest emotions of his life when, with the great tenderness of his nature, he tried to heal a broken heart while his own was breaking in the hopeless task. Ann died, and a little before she died she sent for Abe. The great spirit of the young man had won her heart. For an hour or so they sat together alone. What passed between them no one has ever learned. But Abe told his friends that his heart had been buried in her grave.

For a long time he was inconsolable. It was thought that he had lost his reason. He wandered in the woods and fields alone, muttering to himself. But he was stronger than his grief. He returned to his work and his studies, "having cleared away the brush," as he put it. Among those simple folk were good friends who were glad to give him what help they could. In their company the strength of his soul came back to him. It was then that his native humor became a saving power in his life. He developed a faculty for story-telling and for the invention of picturesque phrases full of truth. He could imitate the droll characters he had met, to the delight of his friends. He wrote verses, mostly rather crude. He was a fun-lover.

But between his jokes and stories he had a habit of abstraction when the dark shadow fell upon his face and his thoughts seemed to be far away. Then, quite naturally, he fell into a sentimental adventure the like of which is not to be found in all history. His friend, Mrs. Bennet Able, had a sister down in Kentucky by the name of Mary Owens. Abe had met her, years before, and remembered that she was a comely girl. The young man's remarkable talents were known even in Beardstown and Springfield.

"I'll tell you what, Abe," said Mrs. Able. "If you'll agree to ask Mary to marry you, I'll invite her to come up here for a visit."

It was a merry jest. What kind of answer would one expect from Abe? The proposal had appealed to his love of fun and his sense of chivalry. He nobly agreed, unlearned as he was in the arts of women. Mary came. She was fat and toothless. She had acquired a very practical face. The joke began to look serious, especially as Mary had no humor to put in the game. She seemed

likely to suffer damage. With smitten conscience Abe did his part like a gentleman. Then followed courtship to avoid marriage," as he put it.

A brief extract from a letter which present a sufficient history of the case. It was written to Mary, April 10, 1837. In it he says:

"I want in all cases to do right and most particularly so in all cases with women. I want at this particular time more than anything else, to do right with you; and if I knew it would be doing right, as I rather suspect it would, to let you alone, I would do so. And for the purpose of making the matter as plain as possible, I now say that you can drop the subject and dismiss your thoughts from me forever without calling forth one accusing murmur from me. If it will do anything to your comfort and peace of mind to do so, it is my sincere wish that you should. Do not understand by this that I wish to cut you from my acquaintance. What I do wish is that our further acquaintance should depend upon yourself."

Here was the effort of an honest and tender-hearted man to free himself from a dilemma shaped

by his unguarded good nature and by women who were willing to take advantage of it. It was likely that Mrs. Able was much at fault in the matter. Mary rudely flaunted him, whereupon he confessed to his friend Browning, that he had got a conviction that the women were trying to hold him to that bargain.

As I have said, he had little understanding of women and his relations with them were mainly unhappy.

Mary Todd was of a proud and successful family in Lexington. When she came to Springfield, Abe was captivated by her brilliant talk and fine manners. He had become a power in the State of whom it was said that honor was beyond his capacity, and Mary was ambitious. In a moment of enthusiasm he proposed to her and she accepted him.

Then he began to take careful thought of his hasty action. It occurred to him that, after all, he didn't love Mary and he was not a man with whom she could reasonably expect to be happy. His conscience troubled him that he had no peace until he had written to Mary a letter in which he frankly confessed the doubts which had forced themselves upon him. This letter he read to his friend Speed, who advised him not to send it, declaring, in effect, that such things should be said and not written. He said them in Mary's presence. She cried and that settled it. Abe took her in his arms and kissed her.

THEY were married within the year, if I remember rightly. She was high-spirited and rather quick and he lacked refinement. There is evidence that for a time they found it hard to get in pace with each other. Abe went lame, in a way of speaking. At first they lived at the Globe Tavern in Springfield, paying four dollars a week for board. Then they got a house. Mary found it hard to keep servants, being a bit hasty and exacting. It is said that Abe gave one faithful servant a dollar a week extra, on the sly, as "storm money." So it would seem that there were, now and then, storms in the house as there are in most houses, I believe. He was indulgent in his home and never ruffled by the pranks of his children.

The social life of which they were a part was crude. In a musty file of the *Springfield Journal*, I found the notes of a fashionable wedding there in the early 50's:

"The bride's gown was of white English crape over silk slip with baby waist. A sash of moiré ribbon was tied at the back. She had gloves and slippers to correspond. There were no flowers in the dining-room, being December. The table was adorned with an immense white cake in the emblematic frosting—a moldy figure of a veiled bride. On either end of the table was tall pyramid of macaroons, bound by icing, over which

Concluded on page 74



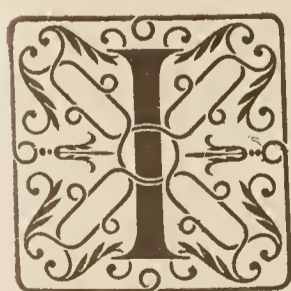
LINCOLN

cheers his

SICK BOY



Mrs. Lucas Richards, the author of the following recollections, died in 1913. As Maria Hall, of Washington, she served during the war between the States in the capacity of an army nurse. Just before going into service she spent two weeks at the Executive Mansion taking care of Tad Lincoln while he was ill.



IT WAS my good fortune to see something of Abraham Lincoln when he was a tender father mourning for his dead son and watching with anxious care at the bedside of the youngest child. We had seen Mr. Lincoln's inauguration, had studied the pale, grave face while waiting in the Senate chamber

fronting the assembled Congress and crowded galleries. We smiled at his awkward attempts to dispose of the tall silk hat which was greatly in the way. Later, on the east portico, when we saw him take the oath of office and pronounce the inaugural address, it is part of the history of the day that Stephen A. Douglas held that troublesome hat! But the picture my memory holds most clearly and with the most reverence is in the homely setting of a child's sick-room.

It was in February, 1862; a time of darkness and perplexity for the Union. Mrs. Lincoln had entertained a

large party of invited guests—perhaps by the advice of mistaken friends, perhaps to mark the first Winter in the White House, or to welcome distinguished strangers visiting in Washington. A storm of indignant criticism was aroused in the North by this unprecedented gaiety in the face of the nation's distress. On the very evening of this entertainment Willie Lincoln, a lad of ten or twelve, fell sick. After a short illness he died, but not before his younger brother, Tad, had also contracted the fever. At this crisis Mr. Lincoln applied to Miss Dix, who was the head of the Hospital Department of Nurses, asking if a woman could be spared to help them for a short time.

I was a young woman in the first flush of enthusiastic devotion to the Union cause. With other Washington ladies I had made handkerchiefs and havelocks and scraped lint till the first hospital was opened for the Volunteers, in the United States Patent Office. Here we worked till the first confusion was reduced to order, and now the more systematic work was being carried forward by Miss Dix's appointed nurses. I was, however, still an interested visitor, and I had signified to Miss Dix my readiness to fill any emergency call if desired.

She appeared before me one evening without warning. She said: "My dear, I have especial service for you to-night, and will wait for you to be ready."

This was her manner. She moved rapidly and noiselessly, spoke directly, her beautiful blue eyes looking straight at one, and in her clear tone there was no mistaking her meaning. When we were seated in the waiting carriage she made her next remark, saying: "I am taking you to the President's."

I exclaimed and objected. She said, "It is your duty to go there as much as to take care of a soldier boy. Mr. Lincoln has asked for our help. Willie died this morning,

Concluded on page 52



"I AM AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN!"

SOMETHING-AROUND-THE-CORNER

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

Author of "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes," etc.



AT THE sound of Revenel's voice Sarah Cabot did something she hardly believed herself capable of doing. She threw out her hands and caught at his arm. She not only quite instinctively and naturally caught at a man's arm, but she clung to it, as if she had been something under five feet instead of

a good seven inches over.

"I'm scared to death!" she quavered. "They're fighting—my Daniel and that young man from Bombay. Can't you stop them before they kill each other?"

Lawrence Revenel did not answer. He stood staring silently at her through the dark. His hand had gone out and covered hers that rested on his arm, and the silence between them seemed made up of waves that beat back and forth between them, strange and agitating waves of feeling that drowned out everything except the tremendous wonder of their clasped hands.

"Why have you come back?" Sarah found herself whispering. The question was impelled, involuntary, as spontaneous as the meeting of their hands.

"I don't know," Revenel muttered, looking down at her hands on his arm, but not moving his own. "Queer! I never did it before, once I got started. I was going to Alaska. Got as far as Seattle, and then I turned around and came back. I thought that darned train would never get here."

Sarah quietly withdrew her hands, and Revenel passed his handkerchief over his forehead as if he still felt in the moisture there the intolerable drag of that journey.

Then he leaned forward, peering into her face. "I was afraid," he said simply, "that you would be gone. It got to be a regular nightmare—"

Whatever finish he intended to give to this sentence, whatever explanation he intended to make of that involuntary movement toward her, so oddly wistful, in such contrast to the usual leonine indifference of his carriage, she was not at that time destined to know, for there came a crash from the studio, a hoarse exclamation and then silence. It startled even the absorbed two on the promenade from the intense regard of each other. Lawrence Revenel started and turned toward the door.

"Oh!" cried Sarah. "Quick! See what they are doing to each other!"

She sprang toward the open door and Revenel followed. The flood of light from overhead fell harshly on Daniel's back, still arched like iron, his right arm still bent. His silk shirt clung to his body as if dipped in water and he breathed hard, but his attitude was that of watchful triumph, for on the floor amid a welter of rumpled rugs lay the young man from Bombay, prone and silent, but with his eyes open dazedly.

Lawrence Revenel paused on the threshold, and then to Sarah's astonishment he threw his head back with a short, harsh laugh. Then he made a remark that echoed sharply through the lofty room.

"So, my young friend, you've got yours finally, have you? Good! I'm saved the trouble."

He strode across the floor. His leonine head bent with a sort of ironic distaste above the prostrate and now wildly staring Da Silva. With his foot he touched the young man from Bombay.

"Get up," he said, and added quietly but with an intensity that was like a deadly kick, "you dirty *chi-chi!*"

As if he had been pricked with a dagger Da Silva started and dragged himself up by the edge of a table. He made a wild gesture of a supple brown arm, showing through a torn shirt-sleeve, and his dilated eyes stared at Revenel as if this was the most disquieting apparition he had ever seen. But as if his mind reacted first to the verbal kick, he shrilled, his voice rising and trembling:

"I am an English gentleman! I am —"

"You're a yellow Eurasian," said Revenel, in a voice that grew lower as the other's went higher. "And there's only one thing I want to know from you—"

The other suddenly began to beat the air with his arms like an impotent child. "I'm an English gentleman!" he chattered. "I'm received at Government House—"

"Be still!" There was something so quietly menacing in these two words of Revenel's that the clamor of the hysterical voice ceased abruptly. "There is one thing I want to hear from you, and that is all. I've followed you over two continents for it."

REVENEL'S head bent itself forward, his eyes seemed to reach down to the turbid depths of the other's soul, at once coldly and with a sort of hunger. And at the question he then put, both Daniel and Sarah started and leaned forward.

"Where is Emily?" was what he unbelievably asked.

Daniel's startled eyes met the questioning eyes of Sarah. Then both of them, like Revenel, stared at Da Silva.

It was evident that he had completely lost his suave insolence, not alone from his beating, but from the unexpected appearance of Lawrence Revenel as well. With his sadly disarranged attire and a cut lip he was like something crumpled and starchless. His features, that Sarah had considered handsome and clear-cut, seemed to blur and thicken. But in his frightened eyes, after an instant, a reviving gleam of malice showed.

"You should ask this brute here!" He made a gesture toward Daniel.

Daniel's hands clenched again in a spasm of anger and pain. "I don't know what right you have to be asking about Emily," he flung at Revenel, his face darkening

with bewilderment, "but I can tell you she was here up to half an hour ago, until this yellow pup frightened her away."

"Here! Here, in this house?" Revenel's face and voice expressed a stunned astonishment. Then his face became black, as if a wave of despair and scorn swept him. "With him, I suppose?" He jerked his head toward Da Silva.

"No!" Daniel shouted. "With Miss Cabot. If you weren't gray-haired, I'd make you eat that question. She never saw this chap—at least not here—until tonight, when he put his hand out that window there and grabbed her. And if you think—"

"Wait a moment, Dan," Sarah interposed. She turned toward Revenel and added quietly: "I think there is one thing Daniel and I have a right to know first of all. What is your interest in Emily?"

Revenel stared at her as if it was with difficulty that he brought himself to comprehend her necessity for asking this question. Then he made a slightly ironical bow in her direction. "I have the somewhat perplexing privilege, Miss Cabot," he smiled, "of being Emily's father."

SARAH hoped afterward that she had not shown how utterly taken aback she was. For several years she had been thinking of Lawrence Revenel as an author and lately as a man of absorbing interest. But as a father—no! She had the appearance, often attendant on astonishment, of being intensely shocked.

She stared at Revenel and he gazed back at her with the ironic sparkle in his eyes. She was groping for something to say next when Daniel with youthful crudeness plunged straight at the heart of the situation.

"Excuse me, sir, but I think you certainly are a poor father!" he flashed. "You let a young daughter come to a strange country alone to earn her living, and then when you blunder on her track you're ready to believe the worst about her."

"Daniel!" Sarah gasped.

Daniel made a wildly exasperated gesture. "Well! How could he believe that a girl like Emily could be here or anywhere with that—that—"

Clearly unable to find a word sufficiently expressive of his scorn of his late antagonist, he merely jerked a thumb in Da Silva's direction.

"Since my daughter once ran away with this—person—" said Revenel in his quiet, slow tones, from which all the anger had gone, leaving a weariness in its place, "afterward completely disappearing, with the utmost disregard for the peace of mind of her father and her aunts, I should say it would be natural for me to expect the man who was the cause of her disgrace to know something of her whereabouts. And he's going to tell me what he knows before I am through with him."

He turned as if he had finished with young Daniel and looked at the Eurasian, who had been turning his glistening eyes from one to the other as if in desperate speculation. As if he comprehended that the inquisition was about to begin, he involuntarily braced himself, snatched at what he could of his former dignity, and drew himself up against the table.

"Don't you threaten me, Revenel!" he cried shrilly. "I could spread a tale about your daughter all over Burma if I chose. But I——"

"But you won't!" Revenel's voice was low and even. "For I shall kill you if you do. In the meantime"—he stepped lightly to a corner and came back with a riding-crop in his hand—"I may begin by using this. I believe the young man's clean thrashing was too good for you."

IT WAS curious and revolting, the effect of the whip on Da Silva. The whole mass of him seemed to tremble; the beautiful bronze of his skin, blotched and livid after Daniel had finished with him, turned an ashy yellow.

"Don't you touch me with that!" he squeaked. "I am an English gentleman. I never harmed your daughter! I don't know where she is now——"

Revenel held up a hand. "Then you did not marry her?"

Da Silva's eyes scurried this way and that, as if his mind sought the safe answer to this. Then he cried sullenly, "No!"

"I thought not. No record that I could find. But you sent a telegram to Emily's aunts that she was going off with you, and you signed Emily's name, didn't you?"

An obstinate but frightened silence on the part of Da Silva. The hands with which he steadied himself against the table shook and his eyes grew desperate.

Revenel waited a long moment. Then he took a step toward Da Silva and raised the riding-crop. It never descended, for all at once, as if whatever of superficial civilized control the man had managed to hang on to, snapped, Da Silva went to pieces. Throwing up his arms, his voice rising hysterically, shaking with fear and rage, he began a chattering, shrieking denial of responsibility and guilt. They made out of the incoherent flood of words that whatever plan he had had at the back of a mind suffering from a long obsession of desire, had failed after he had set it into action. He admitted the telegram as an attempt to alienate Emily from her family; he poured out incoherent details of meeting her at a railway station when she was on her way to a week-end with friends; of how the whole plan had sprung suddenly to life in his brain. There had been a wrong train, a motor breakdown prearranged by himself. These details he wandered about among hazily, but what he was sharply insistent on was that Emily had gone back to her aunts' house that night.

AT THIS Revenel's face sharpened. "Her aunts tell me a different story. You don't expect me to take your word against theirs, do you? However, we'll waive that point for the time being. What I wish explained now is how you both come to be here, in America, in the same house? You'll make that plain to me at once, or——"

He looked down at the riding-crop significantly, and Da Silva quivered. "I was informed by a maid servant," he said, "that Emily quarreled with her aunts and left the house within an hour. The servant heard her say that she should go to America to earn her living. I had the steamship lists watched and I came over on the same boat."

"With her knowledge?"

"No, no!" Da Silva cried earnestly. "She was third-class and I was first. I had business, much business, here anyway," he added earnestly.

"She did not see me then," he went on, "nor afterward when I observed her efforts to earn a living."

"Indeed!" Revenel's voice was dry. "Why not?"

"Because I was waiting for her to be what they call here—broke," he replied with the greatest simplicity. Then he glanced sidewise at Daniel and an irrepressible sneer crossed his face. "But this gentleman," he said softly, "was waiting, too!"

Daniel and Lawrence Revenel, as if pulled by one string, took a step toward the young man from Bombay, as if their mutual desire and intention was to wipe from his face the unspeakable insult of that sneer.

Da Silva backed away from them hastily, throwing his hands up before his face, his eyes fixed not on the blazing eyes of Daniel, but upon the riding-crop. And as he backed something happened that probably saved him from the need of an ambulance. It was a thing so slight as to be ludicrous: merely the touching by his elbow of the telephone receiver which stood on the table in the center of the room. But as his arm struck it, the instrument clattered to the floor noisily. At the crash Da Silva gave a leap, and as if every nerve in his body were involved in that crash, he gave a sort of shuddering sob, and the next instant, to the unutterable astonishment of Daniel, he began to weep.



"IT CAN'T BE YOU—FATHER?" SHE WHISPERED

He wept noisily, wetly, with his hands over his face. Daniel stared at him, with the liveliest mingling of disgust and displeasure in his face. Revenel smiled once grinly. Then as Da Silva collapsed in a chair, suddenly Revenel threw the riding-crop on the floor with a gesture of repugnance.

"Makes me sick," he muttered. "Let's get out."

They found themselves joining Sarah, who had several moments since stepped outside. Revenel pulled the door shut after them.

"It's the mixture of bloods," he sighed. "They go to pieces, those Eurasians. Let him alone—no more to be got out of him just now."

"Darnedest thing I ever saw!" murmured Daniel, passing his hand over his wet hair.

Revenel turned to Sarah. "I'm sorry!"

There was a moment's curious silence, while Lawrence Revenel stood with his head bent forward, his eyes fixed on the dark river, thinking. Then he said what Sarah had been expecting with dread:

"Will you take me to my daughter?"

"But we told you"—both Daniel and Sarah exclaimed together—"that she is gone!"

Revenel looked from one to the other of them. "Gone?" he cried sharply. "But you know where she is gone. You were apparently her friends."

"We were her friends," declared Daniel somewhat stiffly. "Sarah, will you tell him exactly what happened this evening? I'm going over to the house where she used to have a room. She may have gone back there."

Without waiting for their reply he was off, as if impatient to begin a quest that suddenly seemed to Sarah hopeless, in this wilderness of bricks and mortar. Then she remembered Revenel, standing there intensely waiting.

"Come," she said, touching his arm, "let us go into Emily's room. I'll tell you everything Daniel and I know about her."

"I HAVE been a selfish fool," said Revenel. "Worse than that—stupid. I let the ruling passion of my life make me unhuman. I resented being left with a girl child on my hands. If she had been a boy—but she wasn't, and I turned her over to hired hands, or I persuaded her aunts to look after her in England. I really loved her. I always meant to give up a whole year to her, just to get acquainted with her. But when I had her with me for brief vacations in India things went wrong. We are both short-tempered, and I was obliged—or thought so, anyway—to leave her alone a great deal."

"She hadn't lived in India enough to have the caste prejudices I have. This chap, Da Silva, entertained her, amused her, I suppose. Perhaps she was romantic underneath that little high-headed way of hers. His people are of the old Burmese aristocracy; they've always been received at Government House—but, good Lord, she might have taken my judgment in that!"

"I don't believe she ever did anything in her life to make you really ashamed of her!" suddenly broke in Sarah.

Revenel looked at her with a sort of haggard gratitude. "I'm certain of it now," he cried. "But I've been through a time of horrors ever since her aunts cabled me that she had gone off with Da Silva. I cabled the first thing that came into my head: that I was through with her; that she was no daughter of mine. And then I went off to the northern part of Manchuria to try to forget. But it was no good—first time in my life my work has failed to absorb my whole mind. And then I knew that I had to find her, or life wouldn't be worth living. I

caught the first boat to England. I've been hunting ever since, until three months ago."

"But you hadn't given up, had you?" Sarah prompted him as he fell silent.

They were sitting in the room that had been for a few days Emily's. Small reminders of her were here and there—flowers that Daniel had brought her only the night before, a little sewing-kit, and, curled up, asleep, in a chair, the black kitten.

"I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't come here just when you did," Revenel went on. "At first I resented a woman's sharing this roof. It seems very strange now that I should have felt that way. You've got the right of it!" he said. "In giving up your life you've found it."

"I'm afraid I don't know what you mean," she faltered. "You've wanted all your life to travel, to see the strange parts of the world, to wander, haven't you?"

"I have, all my life; ever since I can remember." "But there were persons who needed you, and you gave up your desire, year after year. And then, finally, when the chance came to you to be off, you lingered again to help others."

"BUT they were so young, and so in love! I couldn't refuse to help them, could I? I dare say I'll enjoy myself all the more when I do get started on my travels."

"Ah, I don't mean to discourage you from going!" he declared eagerly. "It's your going alone that I don't like to think of. Because I know—because it came to me out there in Seattle—he had some difficulty in bringing this out—'how much more wonderful everything would be with a companion like you. You are so alive, so human and so—so sweet!'"

In an astonishment genuine and profound, an astonishment that seemed to make the very stars reel above her, Sarah Cabot was aware that his hands were groping for hers. But through this astonishment habit asserted itself, and she thought: "It's comforting he wants, that's all."

"You'll have Emily," she said. "Dan will find her, without a doubt. You don't know how resourceful that boy is."

His hands closed strongly over hers. "You don't understand. I want a wife, a companion, a comrade. I want you, Sarah Cabot. That's why I came back. Don't you see?"

And out of the depths of years of thinking of others first, out of a humbleness deep-rooted in the unselfish soil of her soul, Sarah Cabot could bring up only one word, "Me!"

The faint, utterly genuine explosiveness of this word still hung in the air between them when the sound of footsteps caused them both to turn with a start. Daniel was coming toward them and they knew by the way he dragged his feet that his search had been unsuccessful.

"No use," he said dully, sinking into a chair. "I went to the house where she used to live. She hadn't been there. I went to my own house, thinking she might have sent some message there. Nothing. I went to half a dozen of the small hotels in the Forties, and took a chance on the Roman Gardens, thinking she might have gone there to ask for a job, although I felt sure she wouldn't do that until to-morrow. What worries me the most is that I don't believe she had much money, if she had any. I can't bear to think of that. If she was a different sort of girl, but Emily—"

REVENEL got to his feet, his hands clenched. "I'm going out to the nearest police-station."

"I've already done that," said Daniel. He dropped his head in his hands wearily. "If I could only understand why she went away without a word!"

"I think she'll send us some message in the morning," replied Sarah stanchly.

"She doesn't care a hang for me," said Daniel, as if talking to himself. "If she had, she couldn't have done this."

"Don't, Danny!" whispered Sarah, her hand warmly on his arm. "We haven't heard her side of the story yet, remember. There's always another side. Give her time, dear."

Daniel caught at her hand and clung to it hard. "Oh, Sarah, you're the best friend a fellow ever had!" he murmured.

In the darkness they heard Revenel's chair creak as he sat up. "You are right, Miss Cabot. We haven't heard Emily's side yet. I believe that she ran away from sheer panic. For some reason she was afraid of Da Silva. Possibly she had some instinctive idea of shaking him off once and forever, and she didn't stop to think of the worry and trouble she would be causing you two. Her one thought was to get away."

"Do you think it's possible, sir, that that lizard in there is holding anything back on us?" Daniel asked, a faint hope in his voice. "Suppose we go give him another third degree."

"If I know his type, I think he told the truth when he said he had merely followed Emily since she left England, and waited. But we can ask him where she lived from the time she landed."

"Let's go," was Daniel's brief remark.

The two men walked down the promenade toward Da Silva's door. Sarah, with no desire for a repetition of the

me, and I was afraid. But more than that, I couldn't bear to tell Daniel what a fool I'd been. And I ran—like a coward and a fool. But after a while I got the better of myself. So I came back."

She stood silent a moment, then she lifted her head wearily. "I'm going to face it now, Sarah. I want you to come with me. There's a man I'm going to have it out with once and for all. Afterward, you may tell Dan."

To Sarah's wonder she walked rapidly out of the door on to the roof promenade and along it toward the apartment that was Da Silva's. She had made a gesture that seemed to sweep Sarah along with her. They had reached the door before Sarah had decided that, after all, this was the better way. The girl had gathered herself together to work out the peace of her own soul: let her go about it in her own way.

The door was closed, although there was a faint light coming through the window. Emily knocked. Sarah reached past her and opened the door. Across Emily's shoulder as they entered, Sarah saw Daniel in the center of the room and beyond him at the far end of the long room, Lawrence Revenel. The only light came from the heavily shaded reading-lamp in the middle of the room. It cast a yellow pool of light which reflected upward so that Daniel's face stood out clearly, but it left two-thirds of the room in varying degrees of shadow. Sarah's eyes, sweeping the room, saw at once that Da Silva was not there. Then her whole attention was called back to Daniel's face by his exclamation.

IF EVER there was utter rapturous incredulity expressed to the utmost vividness, such was in Daniel's face as he grasped the fact that this was Emily. Sarah felt her own throat gripped as she gazed at him. She had known from the first that he was in love with Emily, but that his feeling could produce such radiance, such tenderness, she had not dreamed. She knew now that Daniel was a man, and he had come into his rightful inheritance of the most beautiful emotion in the world.

Involuntarily Sarah looked beseechingly at Emily. As if for the instant she had forgotten her errand there in the surprise of coming upon Daniel, Emily's face flamed into a very miracle of beauty.

"It's all right," Sarah whispered to herself. "Thank God!"

There could be no mistaking the love that flamed in Emily's face, making her eyes deep and soft, her parted lips very beautiful.

As if they were quite beyond words, the two met and clasped hands for an instant in silence. Then, with an inarticulate sound that had in it the very essence of tenderness, Daniel took her in his arms.

"Emmy, Emmy, you've come back! It's all right now! My little girl—"

Sarah saw the dim figure of Revenel melt backward into the shadows until he was a part of them. She wished that the length of the room was not between them, for her intuition told her what pain there must be mingling with his happiness. She would have liked to touch his hand, to tell him that she understood. It was no easy thing for a father to stand silent and effaced while his daughter poured out for another man a spontaneous emotion which he had never seen her show before. Sarah got from that silent figure in the shadows an effect of painful suspense. As the murmur of voices from the two young lovers went on, she knew that he, like herself, was feeling, perhaps for the first time, that most poignant loneliness, the exclusion of the middle-aged from the absorbing drama in which youth holds the stage.

"I came back for you, Daniel," Emily was saying softly. "I couldn't hurt you like that. I came back to face my mistakes. There is a man here I must see."

She peered past Daniel into the shadows. But her father did not stir, and she turned to Daniel with a puzzled face.

"Where is he—Mr. Da Silva, the man who lives here?" "Why do you want to see him, Emily?"

"Because I have been afraid of him, and I knew, after I had walked about for hours, that the only way was to come back here and face him. I wanted you to know about him, and then I could begin all over again. It's no good running away; I found that out. Where is he?"

Continued on page 60

ON GROWING OLD

BY BEATRICE WASHBURN

GROWING old is really an intricate problem. You can't always tell by gray hair, because many people have had sudden frights and turned gray suddenly. Even the little telltale lines about the mouth and the lines in the neck which actresses take such pains to conceal aren't an unerring test. A tendency to reminisce and to tell the world how much better things were when you were a child is a straw that shows which way the years are blowing.

It used to be that people patronized us and prophesied that we would "feel different about it when we were older," and society was divided into two enormous classes—ourselves and the adult world. There is no adult world any more, and the other half of civilization has developed into something which is alarmingly referred to as "the young people." The truth has rushed over us with a sudden, sickening wave—the reason every one seems young now is because we are growing old.

Old age doesn't come creeping upon you slowly as the advertisements say. The fairy-tales are all wrong about it. Youth is so frail, so elusive, so ephemeral that some day when you are least expecting it middle age creeps up and strikes you unawares. You go to bed young and when you wake up—well, you aren't.

Yet, perhaps after one gets used to it middle age isn't going to be so bad after all. There will be a certain restfulness about it—no more keeping up with the times or going to a dance when you would rather stay at home quietly with a book, or strenuous hikes when you would rather spend Sundays watering the lawn; no more wild flashes of ambition and yearnings to have your name carved in the Hall of Fame. You won't be wondering whether you are going to set the world on fire, because you are sure then that you are not. You know more or less what to expect of life now, for you and life are old hands at the game.

Youth is a fiery time, a wonderful, passionate, glorious, breathless time, and down the end of the road so far, far ahead, that the young can not see it at all, lies that Mysterious Country to which we all are going. Somewhere between these two there lies a place of friendship and quiet toil and family life and dreams come true. And the name of it is Middle Age.

earlier scene with Da Silva, went toward her sitting-room door. She felt dazed, excited, and, for probably the first time in her life, resentful toward an intrusion that had occurred in the middle of the most remarkable moment she had ever known.

She wanted to be alone, to go over every word Revenel had said, to try to get back to the usual calm level of common sense. But she had no sooner closed the door to her sitting-room when she heard a slight sound at the door leading into the corridor that told her some one was putting a latch-key into the keyhole. Her nerves jumped once, then she snapped on a light and waited steadily.

But she knew even before the door was opened that this could be only one person—only she and Emily had keys to the outer door. Nevertheless she gave a quick exclamation of concern as the girl came into the circle of light; for as she stood there she looked so wan and haggard that Sarah's heart contracted in sympathy. She still carried her small hand-bag, and she gave a quick glance around the room.

"Is Dan here?" was her first question. And then, before Sarah could answer, "Does he know I ran away?"

"Why, of course, my dear!" Sarah strove to make her voice matter-of-fact. "But you've come back; that will be enough for Dan!"

Emily set down the bag and stood regarding it, frowning. "I'm a beastly coward," she said slowly. "I ran away from something silly I did last year. It overtook



THE BOYS TOLD HER SHE WAS "ALL RIGHT"

SISTER SUE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Pollyanna," "Mary-Marie," etc.

THE STORY BEGINS HERE

Sister Sue is mother as well as sister and daughter to the Gilmore family. Including Katy and Mary in the kitchen, they call on her for everything, though she wants to give up all her time to her music. Martin Kent, her fiancé, complicates matters too, for he wants her to marry him immediately. When her father suddenly loses his money and his health, unaccountably no more is said of the marriage. There is no one to nurse Mr. Gilmore or make the new life possible but Sue. She does the packing up for the move to the tiny village in Vermont, and the cooking and housework when they get there.

Martin comes to visit them in the Summer, but Sue is so busy giving music lessons that it is more often May who entertains him.

When the town decides to have an Old Home Week, it is Sister Sue who engineers the plans, gets Miss Kate Farnum, the author, Cy Bellows, the famous ball-player, Viola Sanderson, the opera singer, and Donald Kendall, the violinist, all natives of the town, to come back and help celebrate. Much to Kendall's surprise, Sister Sue is able to play his accompaniments.

quarter to twelve when Donald Kendall strode down the walk to go home."

"Um-m! Martin'll be getting jealous."

Wednesday came. It was a perfect day. Certainly all roads led to Gilmoreville that day. And long before ten o'clock, the hour for the ball-game, they were black with cars, carriages, wagons, and even hay-racks, packed to the limit with cheering, horn-blowing humanity. Extra trains brought more, and by ten o'clock there was no doubt as to the success of the Gilmoreville Old-Home Day if the size of the crowds was any indication.

AND it was a success. Unquestionably it was a success. Promptly at ten came the ball-game. It lasted two hours. The manufacturers' nine won, of course, as was expected, but they very unmistakably had to fight for their victory, and the wildly excited spectators certainly got their money's worth of thrills. At noon came the banquet, with the honored guests at the head table where all might be seen. At two o'clock came the entertainment in the big tent. The brass band covered itself with glory in the opening overture which it had been practising for weeks.

Miss Kate Farnum, the novelist, in a remarkable costume which was a cross between a kimono and a ball

“I’ve brought two or three things here I’d like to have you try once, please,” Donald Kendall said to Sister Sue. “Here’s that largo of Liszt’s. We might decide to play that instead of the concerto.”

On the veranda, a few minutes later, Gordon accosted his sister May, who had taken her writing-

pad to the vine-shaded corner, with: “How long is that chap going to stay?”

“Till noon, probably. But he’ll be back again after dinner—or luncheon, I believe the Kendalls call it—I’ll warrant. The creature has no sense of time except his own when he’s playing, that’s plain to be seen. He stayed till half past eleven last night. Then something—maybe I dropped a hint—made him take out his watch, and I saw his face fall. ‘I suppose I’ll have to go, it’s so late,’ he said with a frown, ‘but to-morrow—perhaps—’ ‘Yes, to-morrow I’ll be very glad to,’ said Sister Sue. But even then he stayed ten minutes longer, playing over and over again a little phrase that he wanted to get just so. Poor Martin! He stood it till half past ten, hoping for a moment with Sister Sue to himself. Then he gave up in despair, and left, which was best, for it was exactly a



dress, read thirty minutes from her latest novel, after first making sure that she had a glass of water near by and that the ushers understood her orders for none to be admitted during her reading. She was very dramatic. Her voice rose and swelled—almost shrieked—only to die away in a hoarse whisper that sent delirious shivers down unaccustomed spinal columns. She was applauded wildly, which brought only her secretary to the front of the stage to announce that owing to the great nervous exhaustion following her readings it was impossible for Miss Farnum to respond to any encore—she must therefore beg to be excused. This was received with an uncertain applause that was promptly hushed as if a restraining hand had been put forth with a shocked "Hush! You mustn't clap, because she isn't coming."

The Unitarian minister then got up to introduce the singer. The Baptist and Congregationalist ministers respectively had introduced the band and the novelist with a great flourish of verbal eloquence. It remained for the Unitarian to outdo them if possible. And he quite succeeded. Then Viola Sanderson appeared, in a blaze of green and gold and iridescence that "just to see" was well worth the price of admission according to Mrs. French. Then there came a surprise. The greater part of the audience had never before heard a human song-bird who trilled and warbled in limpid notes of melody that rivaled the flute and soared 'way above their heads to unbelievable heights of liquid purity. And when the exquisite voice had died into silence, there came a burst of applause that would not be denied and that very plainly declared that no secretarial response would do this time. But they need not have feared. Again, and yet again, did the singer return to make them marvel that such wondrous sounds could emanate from a human throat, until at last with smiles and bows and a deprecatory gesture of "Really, dear people—I can't, any more!" was she allowed to rest.

IT WAS left for the Methodist minister then to outdo himself and all his brethren in his verbal triumphs heralding their distinguished violinist, Mr. Donald Kendall. And once again they went wild, those men and women and children who never before knew that "just a fiddle" could bring to their ears the winds from the mountains, the voices from the sea, the shouts and songs of triumphant multitudes, and the despairing wail of a woman who has lost her soul. Or the tripping feet of fairies in the moonlight, or the tramp of vast armies marching on to victory.

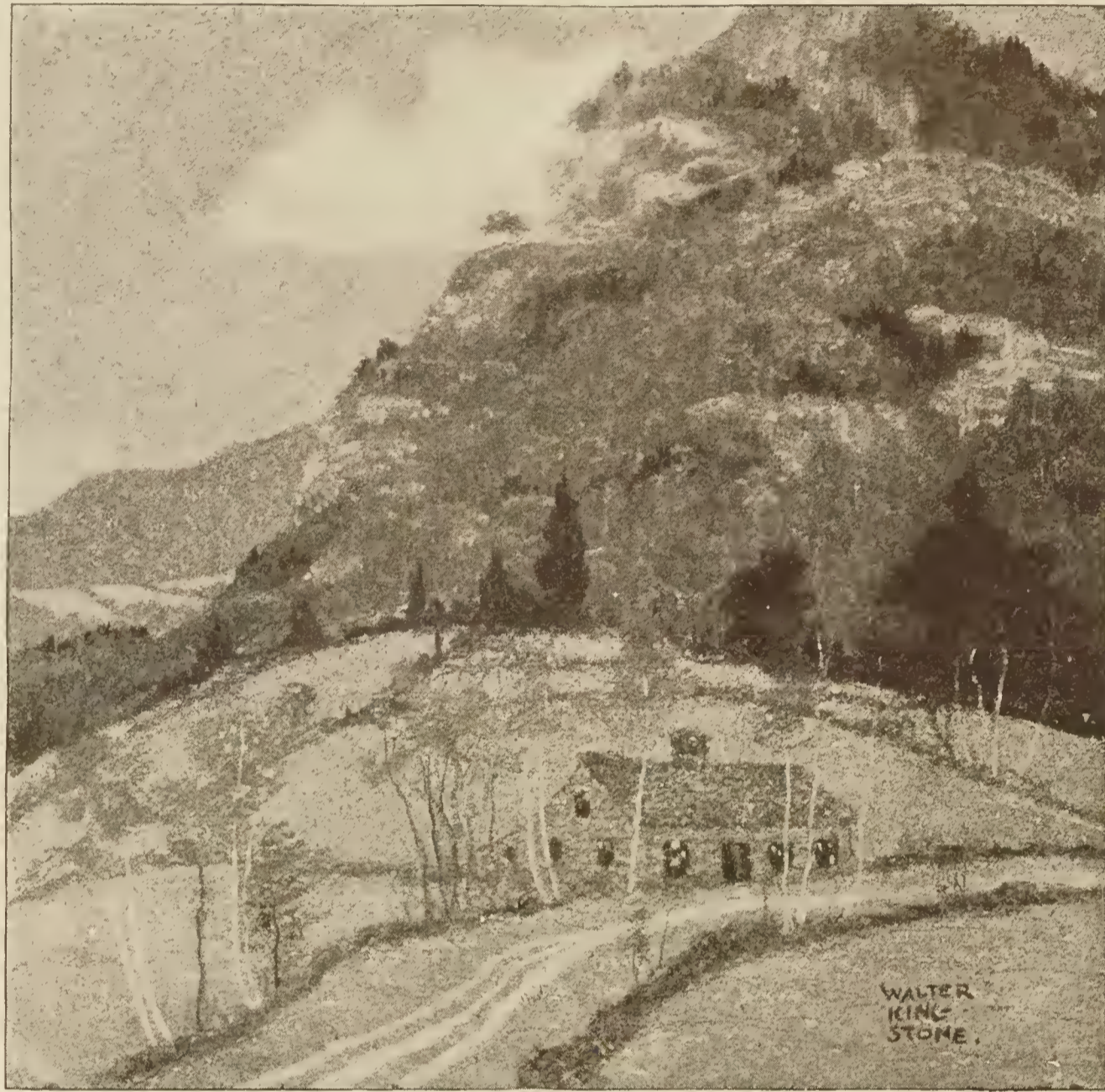
Donald Kendall was gracious but unsmiling. He came back twice, and rewarded their enthusiasm with a dainty little scherzo, then with a very tender rendering of "Home, Sweet Home" which brought the house to its feet in the wildest of cheers, notwithstanding the scornful predictions the violinist's mother had made two days before. He played it this time unaccompanied, however. It is doubtful, though, if half a dozen disinterested persons in the audience noticed whether he was accompanied or not. Those who knew and understood, however, realized that the quiet little woman at the piano was really depicting the very heights of her art, by keeping her playing so nicely attuned to his that it was but a background against which his performance showed clear and distinct in all its wondrous brilliance and beauty. And when the last echo of the applause had died away the huge throng drew a long breath and dispersed, telling of the marvels they had heard.

In the evening came the reception and ball, when the guests of honor stood in line and became just folks with hands that one might take and faces that one might gaze into—folks to whom one might say, "I'm so glad to meet you!" Even the writer lady consented to endure this for a good half-hour before she pleaded fatigue and retired

to one of the throne-like chairs which had been prepared for the honored guests when the ball should begin.

The ball, too, was a success. True, the writer lady declined gracefully to dance and Donald Kendall looked on from afar with eyes that were a trifle bored if not scornful. But Cy Bellows danced with every girl on the floor—at least a few times—besides bringing down the house with a solo clog-dance between two numbers on the program. The singer, too, danced. She danced with every daring man who asked her, and with several who did not—except with their pleading eyes. And she left with them all the memory of a charming smile and a cordial word which would long be treasured by the fortunate recipients.

Sister Sue was on the floor, and Sister Sue danced frequently. She was radiantly smiling, and her eyes were bright, but there was, nevertheless, a tired little something somewhere that the discerning could plainly see.



THE ARMADA

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

HIGH against the mountains rides a silver ship;
Invisible it came through cloudless skies,
To moor its sudden prow
Against the cliffs
And hide the hemlocks with its fantom shrouds.
Its stern swings out,
It sinks and heaves
Upon some ground-swell of the upper air,
Then weighing anchor, creeps along
Around the granite headlands stealthily.
Look northward now—
The whole horizon puffs!
We know you, slinking silver ship with ghost-gray sails,
A scouting galleon from the fleet of storm.

She said, yes, oh, yes, it had been a wonderful day, and the entertainment was indeed very fine. And, yes, she had enjoyed it all greatly. To the one or two who said: "But I heard you wrote the letters and got all these great people here, so we owe it all to you!" she answered:

"Nonsense! What do those few letters amount to? Any one could have written them. I didn't do anything special!" And then she would laugh again sweetly and say "Nonsense!" as she turned away.

And in all the town there was probably only one whose eyes were smarting with tears and whose throat was tightening with a half-stifled sob. But then, in all the

town there was only one trying to banish into the oblivion of forgetfulness that siren call of "Encore, encore, Susanna Gilmore, encore!"

VERY early Thursday morning, before the first of Sister Sue's pupils were due, Donald Kendall rang the Gilmores' door-bell.

Delia admitted him to the living-room, then went up stairs where Sister Sue was telling her father for the third time that morning all about the Old-Home Day celebration.

"The fiddler, he wants you, miss," said Delia with crispness that spoke loudly of her dishes cooling in the kitchen sink.

"Me?" Sister Sue showed her surprise.

"He said *you*, miss. I put him in the sittin'-room. And Delia, whose especial detestation was to answer the door-bell, particularly in the morning, turned and clattered down the back stairway.

More slowly Sister Sue turned toward the front part of the house. There was still a faint question in her eyes when she entered the living-room where Donald Kendall was waiting alone.

"Good morning, Mr. Kendall," holding out her hand.

"Good morning." Donald Kendall advanced hurriedly. He had the air of a man who had come with a bit of news too good to keep. "It's early, I know, but I had to come right away. It came to me last night what I could do."

"What you could do?" murmured Sister Sue, still with a slight frown. "Won't you sit down, Mr. Kendall?"

"I mustn't stop long." He dropped into a chair as she took a seat.

"I'll have to go back and write Dodge right away, of course. I didn't come to me until in the night what I could do. But now I know I've decided to have you for my accompanist, Miss Gilmore. I'll pay you enough, of course, so you can take your sister or any one you like along with you for companionship and propriety. But that's mere detail. We can settle that later. There will be no trouble about compensation, Miss Gilmore. I start West on my first concert-tour in about two weeks. I thought you ought to know as soon as possible."

SISTER Sue sat erect in her chair. Her face had shown blank incomprehension during the first half of his speech, then amazement, then anger. There was scorn in her eyes now, scorn with a tinge of amusement.

"Well, yes, I would want to know as soon as possible, if I were going on a concert-trip with you," she said.

"Yes, of course, of course!" she nodded abstractedly. He was looking at her now. "As it is, there is all too short a time to prepare. But you are such a good reader that—"

She interrupted him.

"Mr. Kendall! Just a minute, please. You don't understand. I said if I were going on a concert-tour with you; but I'm not. Why, Mr. Kendall, I can't play your accompaniments for you!"

The man gave an impatient gesture.

"But I say you can! And I'd rather think I know. You are always ahead of Dodge, you are 'way ahead of—"

He paused, then went on with somewhat pompous impressiveness:

"Miss Gilmore, I can honestly say that never have I had any one who plays my accompaniments as you do. You never drag, never pull. You are always superbly right there with me."

He sat back with the gesture of one who has settled a matter once for all.

"Thank you, Mr. Kendall." Sister Sue was smiling quietly. "That is high praise, I know. But still I must say I can not play your accompaniments for you."

Continued on page 67



*George Washington
Frederick Reynolds
1800*

A new portrait of George Washington, done in mezzotint by Frederick Reynolds, the grandson of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Mr. Reynolds, who lives in New York, is a very distinguished mezzotint artist.

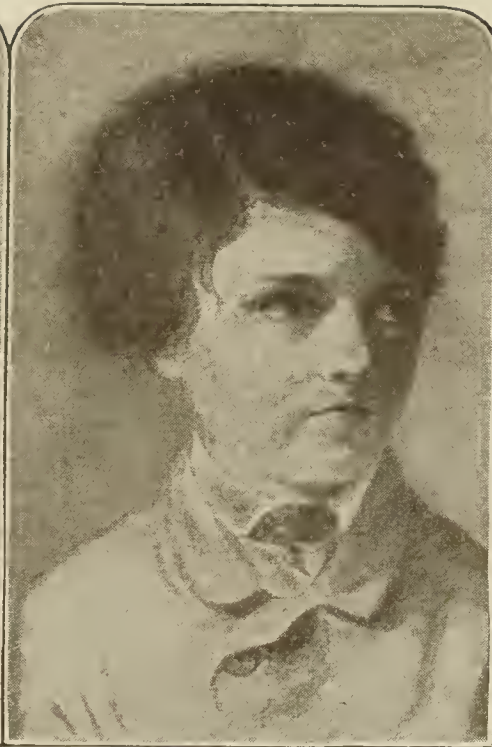


DELL IS THE DOLL WITH THE NEWEST DRESSES

DELL is a special present to little girls who read the *Del-ineator*. (Now, perhaps you know why her name is Dell!) The nicest thing about her clothes is that they are just the kind of clothes that real little girls are wearing this Winter, just like the ones mother makes you from Butterick designs. There is a comfortable play dress with stout, woolly stockings, and a frilly party dress, and a jolly school dress, and a nice warm coat, and the happiest pajamas you ever did see.



CLÉMENCEAU'S MOTHER, WITH HER GRANDDAUGHTER GEORGETTE, DAUGHTER OF MADAME JACQUET



CLÉMENCEAU AT THE AGE OF ELEVEN, PAINTED BY HIS FATHER, BENJAMIN CLÉMENCEAU



GEORGES CLÉMENCEAU, ALREADY A YOUNG MAN, AT EIGHTEEN YEARS



AT TWENTY-ONE, A PHYSICIAN, WITH A PENCHANT FOR POLITICAL LEADERSHIP



ABOUT 1876-78, WHEN A MEMBER OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES

MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

BY MADELEINE CLÉMENCEAU-JACQUEMAIRE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY HARRIET IDE EAGER

Clémenceau, the "Tiger of France," is the subject of this intimate and beautiful pen-picture by his daughter. Her mother, as the reader perhaps knows, was an American girl, a Miss Plummer, who had been a pupil of Clémenceau at an American seminary



MUST have been an infant prodigy, for my first recollection is almost as old as myself. I was a baby, not many months old, and just learning to talk. Like many other children, my first word was "Papa." But that word was spoken on a certain memorable occasion with such appropriateness, and showing such good judgment on my part, that my family talked about it for years afterward. They have told me the story so often and so vividly that I have always believed I remembered it myself, down to the smallest detail.

The scene was laid in the old castle of Aubraye, with its great towers rising among trees as ancient as itself—the romantic setting of my childhood and youth.

Between two immense beds in the big bedroom of the castle stood my tiny cradle. Festoons of some old-fashioned gray stuff, with a design of peacocks and green trees, draped the big beds. A vast ceiling of enormous, rough-hewn rafters stretched above me; directly opposite was a carved wooden door with a huge iron lock which opened into a round room in the center of the Treasure Tower; on one side a large mullioned window with small, square panes had access to a court, while from the high, narrow window on the other one caught glimpses of the fresh, shadowy gardens below.

Late one evening the old house was aroused from its usual state of drowsiness by a great uproar outside. Tremendous blows of the knocker on the great gate which locked the third fortification resounded through the night.

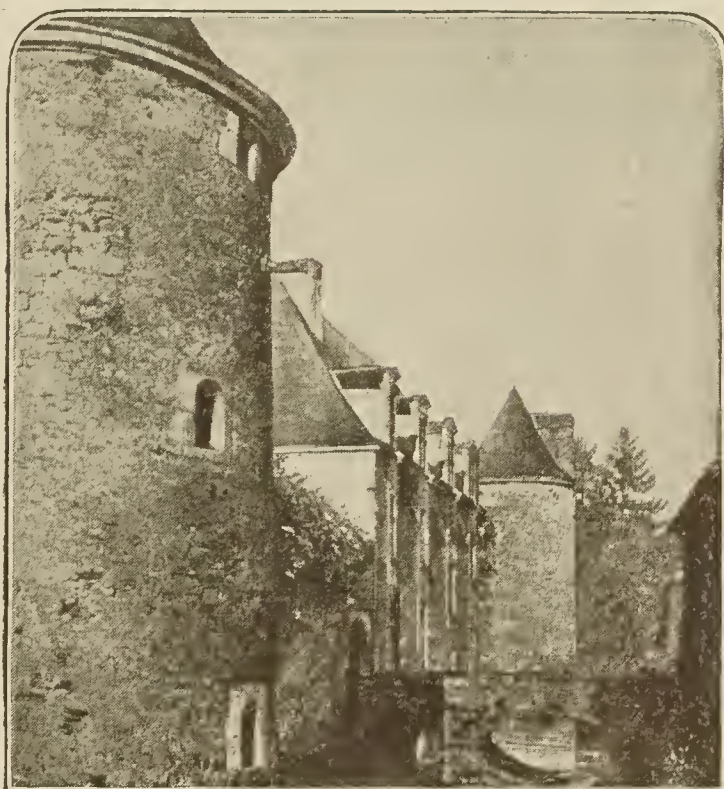
"All right, we're coming!" called a far-away voice.

Men's feet crunched through the sandy court, lights filtered under the cracks of doors, the big stone stairway resounded with hurrying steps and anxious voices. All the dogs were barking at once. Below, the little door of the inside court opened brusquely, the scraping of the lifted latches sending echoes through the high-vaulted chambers, and up the stairs came the clatter of many feet.

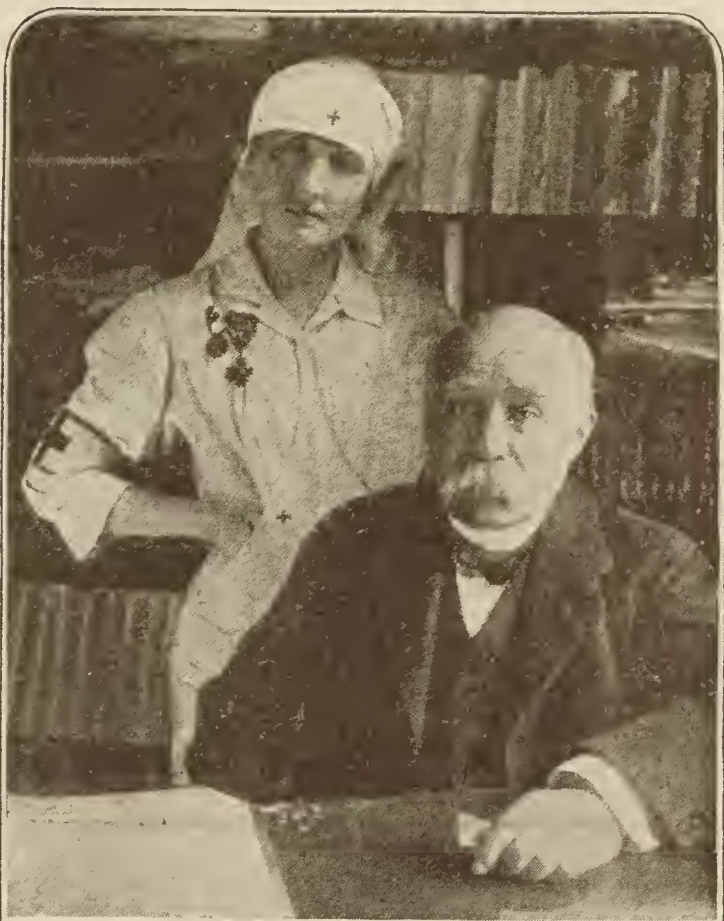
The noise was on my side of the house. Presently the door of our big room opened. I might have been indignant at the lack of the usual precautions against waking me, but I realized immediately that an extraordinary event was about to take place.

By the light of a lamp which some one was holding very high, without opening my eyes, I saw the sweet women who surrounded me with their daily tenderness. In their midst stood a young man whom I did not know, but whom I recognized! He was dark and slender, with a pale face, prominent cheek-bones and a drooping mustache; his chestnut-colored eyes, sparkling and full of fire, were constantly changing expression—coaxing, tender, thoughtful, keen, twinkling with fun.

Some one behind him took off his big traveling coat, and he leaned over my cradle. Instead of crying, like most children when they are awakened, I merely opened



CHÂTEAU DE L'AUBRAYE, THE ESTATE OF THE CLÉMENCEAU FAMILY



MADAME MADELEINE CLÉMENCEAU-JACQUEMAIRE AND HER FATHER

my eyes, and in the most calm and self-composed manner, I said distinctly:

"Papa!"

It was my papa, home from war.

One day in our peaceful, grass-grown courts, where chickens were pecking busily in the great silence of a radiant day in late Summer, had appeared the good woman who delivered telegrams. She had walked five miles with a dispatch which was addressed to my grandmother and dated from Paris the day before at five minutes after three. It read: "Send boots and all Winter clothes fast express immediately."

The message struck chill terror to the hearts of his loving womenfolk. This impetuous young fellow, so dauntless and unafraid, had not given them an hour's peace for many a long day. Once out of college he had become assistant editor of several Anti-royalist sheets, and as a result was made a political prisoner at Mazas, and deprived of his matriculation rights for a time. Then came his departure for the United States, which plunged his mother and sisters into fresh despair.

And now it was war, a war which, despite all his eager attempts, refused to accept him, but which was to plunge the young mayor of the eighteenth Paris arrondissement into countless dangers.

"Send immediately all his Winter clothes." He foresaw the future, he saw the siege of Paris and all the horrors of civil strife that were to follow upon our war with a foreign foe. Life stood at a standstill in the old castle. No news reached us, and every one retired within himself, nerves racked with terror and uncertainty, living in that forced inaction which can wreck the strongest courage.

IF THE family received no news, at least they did their best to send word to their dear boy, so far away, and alone in his suffering. The entire household gathered around the lamp to compose the messages for the pigeon post, which must be written on thin, onion-skin paper, and contain as few words as possible.

After that comes a large gap in my memory. I now had a small sister Thérèse and a still smaller brother Michel. Our life was happy and monotonous. The castle walls, almost three feet in thickness, enclosed us in Winter; in Summer-time, we played in the gardens and the courts among the old servants, talking to the peasants in their own *patois*, or watching the numerous animals, while Modeste, our nurse, hands busy with her knitting, sat in her quaint Bocage cap, telling us stories or teaching us the old songs of Vendée.

Now and then would come a telegram announcing a visit from my father. My admiration for my father was unbounded, I was passionately devoted to him.

Among the lengthening shadows of my memory, far in the past, I can still hear distinctly the sound of the horses' hoofs striking on the hard stone of the road, bringing him back from one of his visits.

Continued on page 64



THE STRANGE STORY OF HELEN SMITH

BY PROF. CHARLES RICHEL

THE FOURTH ARTICLE IN OUR SERIES, "LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE"

HONORARY CONSULTING BOARD:

DR. LEONARD T. TROLAND
Harvard University

PROF. CHARLES RICHEL
International Institute of Metaphysics, Paris

DR. JOHN E. COOVER
Leland Stanford Junior University

Have you personally experienced any psychic phenomena? Will you write us about it? Your identity will be held confidential. Address DELINEATOR Psychic Department, Butterick Building, New York

TO-DAY we no longer question that there are occult phenomena which can not be attributed to mechanical, physico-chemical or ordinary psychological causes. These occult phenomena, I have proposed, in comparison with the word metaphysical, coined by Aristotle, to call metapsychical, and the word has become classic. The metapsychical phenomena are those which spiritists call to the support of their theories.

But science is a harsh mistress, who is not satisfied with insufficient proofs, and often one is forced to admit that spiritists have brought forward statements that are interpreted too freely and can not be verified. To convince scientists that occult and metapsychical phenomena are as much a part of general and definite knowledge as the composition of air, the expansion of gas and the circulation of the blood, the facts of spiritism must be able to undergo a rigorous examination.

The more one is convinced, as we are, that metapsychics is a science—that is to say, a collection of indisputable, authentic facts that our so-called classic sciences do not accept or include, the more inexorable must one be in experimental tests.

First of all we must impress ourselves with this warning: Recognize no fact as occult, metapsychical or spiritual, until the usual normal explanations of psychology and science have been proved untenable.

In other words, we must not be carried away by appearances. Before saying here is a case of spiritualism, we must try to discover whether this case admits of a rational explanation, more or less simple, but in any case more probable than the hypothesis of the return of one who has survived death.

In the early centuries of civilization, the eclipses of the sun and the moon were supposed to be caused by a dragon who had devoured the planet. For a long time people thought that illnesses were due to a destroying angel who struck down his victims from an angry whim. Do not let us be absurd or childish, and imagine that intelligent forces are intervening in human affairs when we can find a normal explanation.

And (I repeat it once more that no one will accuse me of condemning a science that is dear to me) the more we believe in the reality of the truths of metapsychics, the more inexorable we should be in our criticism.

Illusion is so easy that human intelligence, in certain states of dream, hypnotism or trance, has an almost uncontrollable tendency to create new personalities.

The new personality which imposes itself on the normal personality is often of an astonishing exactness, and absolute coherence, and may continue for a long time. Gestures, language, writing, emotions and physiognomy, all adapt themselves to the new rôle. No actor can imitate a person with an equal perfection, without missing one of his gestures, one of his words.

Since it concerns for the most part persons whose good faith can not be questioned, who are not paid

EDITORIAL NOTE: Here is a remarkable contribution from one of the world's greatest students of psychic phenomena. Professor Richet is one of the best-known physicians in Europe, a scientist of established fame and a psychologist as well as a physiologist. He is therefore particularly well equipped for the investigation undertaken by the International Institute of Metaphysics of which he is one of the distinguished founders.

If the institute is to solve the mystery of death, which is its announced purpose, it is most important, as its founders believe, that first we understand the problem of the unconscious in the living personality here on earth. What has already been glimpsed by psychology presages startling disclosures of mysterious powers that we all of us may possess in our unconscious minds. The paper here contributed for THE DELINEATOR Psychic Department is a study of what has been found in the unconscious of Helen Smith. No tale of the "Arabian Nights" could be more fascinating reading. It is moreover a new formulation of scientific truth. Note that Professor Richet labels what happened to Helen Smith "psychic phenomena," located and explainable here in this world. But he also calls our attention to the fact that beyond psychic phenomena are others not limited in their origin to this world, but caused by forces beyond the earth planet. For these phenomena from the beyond, he has used a significant word new in the dictionary, when he speaks of them as "Metapsychical." In a future paper Professor Richet will tell us even stranger tales than this of Helen Smith, when he writes for us of metapsychical phenomena.

mediums, who have no incentive to play a trick; since during days, weeks, months, sometimes years, by automatic writing or hypnotic trances they consistently play the same rôle, one is gradually, in spite of oneself, led to consider that the impersonation is true, and it demands a real effort of reasoning to understand that it is only a farce.

I use this word farce intentionally. I do not mean deceit or trickery. It is a comedy played in all sincerity. The person represented has as much reality as Antigone, Falstaff or Hamlet, but Antigone is certain that she is Antigone, Falstaff insists that he is Falstaff. And the spectators assist in the fatal unchaining of the forces of the subconscious which, with a wisdom and a perseverance which are disconcerting, creates, invents, imagines or reproduces a new and convincing personality. But I refuse absolutely to admit that a separate personality exists, either an angel descended from heaven, a demon ascended from hell, or even a human being who has disappeared from the earth and has entered as the spiritists pretend into the body of a medium.

The most remarkable case and perhaps the most talked

of of these imaginary incarnations is probably the case Helen Smith (pseudonym), which has been studied in detail by Prof. Th. Flournoy of Geneva in his excellent book "Des Indes à la planète Mars" (1909).

When very young Helen Smith experienced singular phenomena, which converted her to spiritism. As a normal self she has a lofty and calm intellect and perfect honor. She lent herself with good grace to the numerous experiments, methodical and painstaking, which Professor Flournoy made on her personalities.

Her first personality to be incarnated was Cagliostro, Leopold, better known as Cagliostro, was a strange celebrated adventurer of the eighteenth century, something of a physician, something of a charlatan, something of a magician.

Gradually in the soul of Helen Smith, Cagliostro was her control, as spiritists use the word, yielded place to the illustrious Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. Her identity under this control was perfect. When Helen was Marie Antoinette she used the language, style, and haughty manners of the unfortunate queen of France, sometimes for hours at a time, without a trace of fatigue or effort. She was Marie Antoinette.

SUCH a comprehensive knowledge of history, and of psychology of a queen, is almost a miracle in this young woman who is employed in a business house in Geneva who has doubtless read only snatches of history, and who has traveled almost not at all. It is almost a miracle which is to say that it is not a miracle at all. Far from being explained very naturally when one admits that the unconscious intelligence has a subtlety and power beyond our human conception.

The problem was still further complicated when another personality appeared—that of the Indian prince Simandini.

The experience of this incarnation developed like a novel. Helen Smith might have lived five hundred years before in India. She was the daughter of an Indian chief named Pirux. She became the favorite wife of an Indian prince named Sivronka Nayaka, who ruled over the Kanara and built there in 1401 the fortress of Techandraguiri.

At the death of her husband she was burned on the funeral pyre, according to custom. She has come back to speak through the voice and think through the thoughts of Helen Smith.

This unlikely story would not deserve to be taken into consideration if certain strange facts were not present to give it an appearance of truth.

First of all, the strange names of Sivronka and the fortress of Techandraguiri are authentic. After a long search, Flournoy succeeded in discovering these words in a very rare book of 1828, buried in the depths of the library of Geneva.

Continued on page 82



"Solid sunshine mixed with joy!
That's the kind that's in it!
Eating such a soup—O boy!
It's summer in a minute"

"Come on over! Summer's fine!"

Never mind the weather. Let the wind howl if it wants to and the snow drive high on the pane. Serve Campbell's Tomato Soup—piping hot—and enjoy a fragrant whiff of the good old summer time right at your home table—today.

Choice vine-ripened tomatoes—the pure rich juice only—we blend with fine butter, granulated sugar and other delicate and nourishing ingredients. It is a soup which critics declare is "absolutely perfect!"

It may be served as a Cream of Tomato with croutons or a sprinkling of grated cheese or it may be served with rice or noodles added, thus making it as hearty as desired.

Served with crackers or plain bread and butter it is just the thing for the children's evening meal.

21 kinds

15c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



THIS POSTER-COVERED EYESORE COST THE TOWN FIVE POINTS



IF CATTLE ARE SCORED FOR GOOD AND BAD POINTS, WHY NOT TOWNS? PEOPLE OF CENTREVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA, SCORING THEIR TOWN

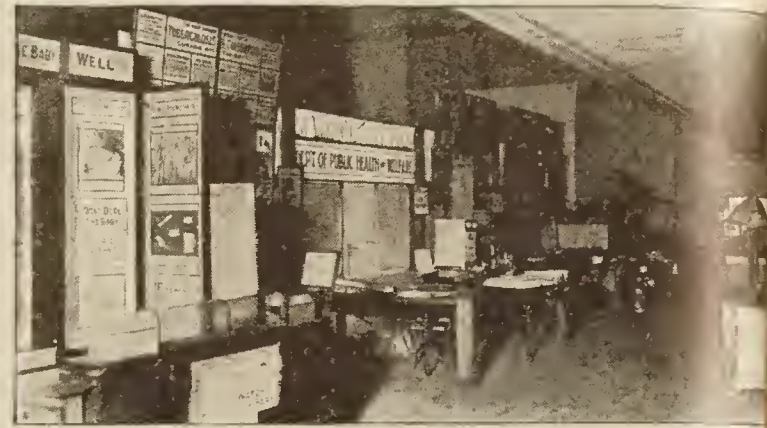
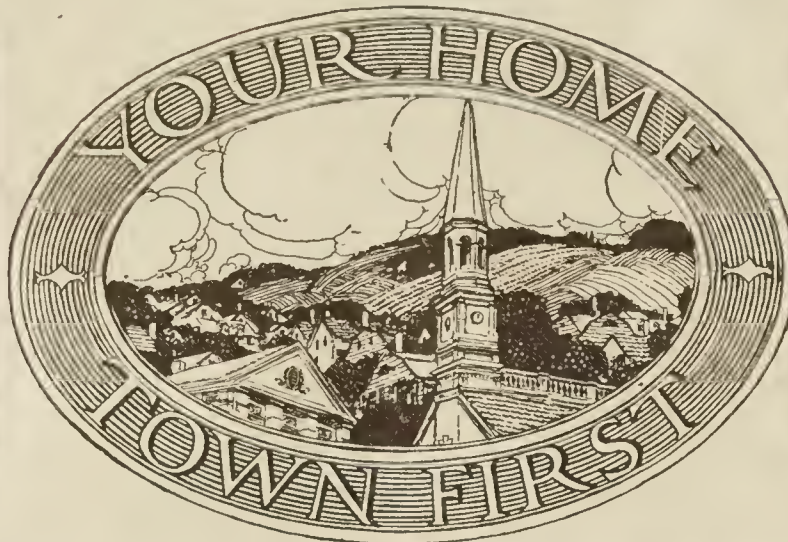


THE TOWN'S POSSIBLE THOUSAND POINTS REDUCED BY THIS HOUSE

BETTER TOWNS



WHAT FREE TRAPS AND A BOUNTY OF FIVE CENTS APIECE DID IN THE FLORENCE, ALABAMA, RAT-EXTERMINATION CAMPAIGN



KALAMAZOO'S MUNICIPAL EXHIBIT SHOWED THE WORKINGS OF THE CITY DEPARTMENTS TO OVER FIFTEEN THOUSAND CITIZENS

THE people of West Virginia found out not long ago that they could size up a town just about as easily as they could size up a cow—and in pretty much the same way. Twenty-three communities in that State determined to score themselves on a system of points as used in judging animals.

Ten general headings, such as history, government, business, farms, clubs, homes, schools, churches, health and social life cover the principal factors thought worthy of consideration in determining the strength and virility of the community. Each counted one hundred, so that a perfect town might score a total of one thousand points.

The scoring was done by the people of the community themselves with the cooperation of the State University. When several communities are scored, a friendly spirit of rivalry results and a community is also enabled to judge its own progress from year to year.

IN ORDER to furnish reading-matter for the patients of the visiting nurses, the clubwomen of a Western city placed boxes at the hotels and railroad-stations inviting travelers to leave in them their discarded reading-matter. Once a week a transfer company collects the magazines and delivers them to the clinic that serves as headquarters for the visiting nurses and they are thus distributed to the homes that need them.



THIS INVITING ENTRANCE TO A SMALL TOWN TAKES THE PLACE OF A "WELCOME" SIGN



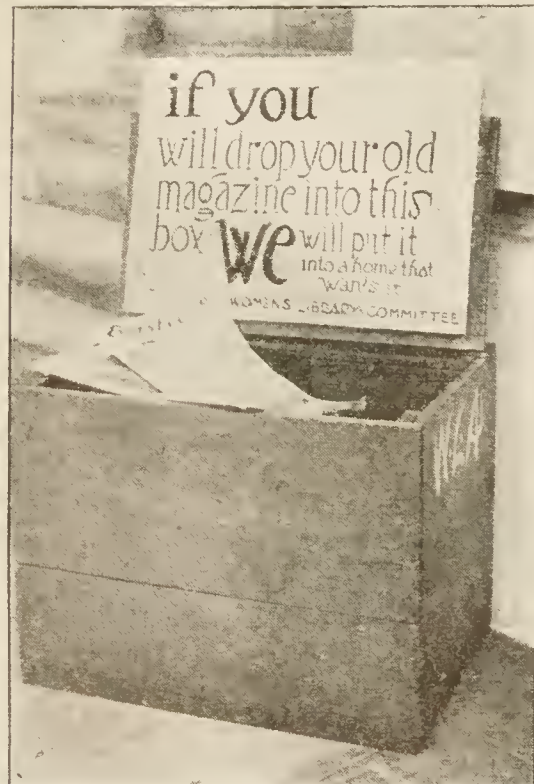
PEOPLE STROLLING THROUGH THIS PARK DO NOT RUN A GANILET OF STARING EYES

WHEN Florence, Alabama, decided to rid the town of rats, the Chamber of Commerce bought one hundred and twenty-five traps and loaned them to the Boy Scouts, offering to pay five cents for every rat caught. Over a thousand rats were caught and burned in the town incinerator.

MOST towns are plentifully supplied with signs telling automobilists how to get out of the town to some larger city. But street signs are few and far between. Strangers are bewildered, store deliveries are delayed, and much confusion results. The manual-training classes of Dixon, Illinois, solved this problem for their town by making street signs during school hours.

AS A means of getting before the public definite information relative to the city business, a Municipal Exhibit was recently held in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The story the city was told through charts, maps, diagrams and display of the materials by various departments. The exhibit lasted a full week and was attended by about fifty thousand people, no admission being charged.

MANY communities are planning special celebrations for the birthdays of Lincoln and Washington which occur in February. In some towns war veterans will be asked to address the school children day before the holiday and each child will be presented with a souvenir such as a paper hatchet or an American flag. Other cities will provide special celebrations welcome foreigners to their new citizenship. One interesting feature allows each nationality a few minutes on the program singing their folk-songs or national anthems, and afterwards have heard the entire audience joins in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner." In another city the motion-picture houses cooperate by showing special films of Lincoln and Washington, admitting all children free. From the town comes the idea of a Lincoln celebration featuring a log-splitting contest, with prizes to the person or team that soonest reduce five logs to rails.



LEFT—BOX PLACED IN EVERY HOTEL TO COLLECT MAGAZINES

DOES YOUR TOWN NEED MORE STREET SIGNS? LET YOUR HIGH-SCHOOL BOYS HELP

RIGHT—A WASTE-PAPER RECEPTACLE RESEMBLING A TREE-STUMP





Children love the flavor!

It's Campbell's way of bringing out the richness of the plump and meaty beans, Campbell's way of blending in the savory sauce of red ripe tomatoes, Campbell's spicing, Campbell's cooking, that make these beans the favorite kind with so many children—as well as grown-ups. Slow-cooked; easy to digest; delicious; nourishing. Serve them often!

15c a Can

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

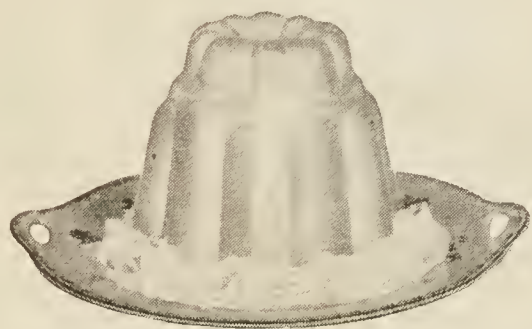
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Mrs. Knox's Corner

A Winter Fruit Season

I WONDER how many of us, when we are trying to think of something different to serve, overlook the delights offered in dried fruits—apples, peaches, apricots, and even our old friend, the prune.

During the months when fresh fruit is scarce, I have found that the most delightful and wholesome surprise desserts may easily be made at small cost, with Knox Gelatine and dried fruits. Try these two tempting recipes.



APRICOT CREAM PUDDING

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water
1 cup cooked apricots and juice
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1/4 cup sugar
1 egg white

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Put apricots and juice through a sieve, add lemon juice and strain into this the gelatine. Add sugar and when dissolved set bowl in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; add egg white beaten until stiff. Turn into wet mold or ordinary dish, garnished if desired with cut apricots and chill. (Any dried or canned fruit may be used in place of the apricots.)

To make a "twice-as-high," more creamy, won't-dry-out icing add one teaspoon Knox Gelatine, softened in cold water and dissolved over hot water to your favorite icing recipe. Beat in well before spreading on cake.

PRUNE ORIENTAL CREAM

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water
1/4 cup scalded milk
1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup cooked prunes
1/2 cup chopped nuts
or toasted cake
crumbs
2 egg whites

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in scalded milk and add sugar. Strain into bowl containing ice water and beat constantly until mixture begins to thicken; then add prunes, chopped nuts, or toasted cake crumbs, and egg whites beaten until stiff. Turn into a cold mold the bottom and sides of which are garnished with halves of cooked prunes; then chill. Serve cold, with plain cream, whipped cream or custard sauce.

There are many other winter desserts as well as salads, meat and fish molds or relishes given in my booklets, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy." Send for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX
KNOX GELATINE
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife



Photo by G. W. Harting

EVERY FAMILY WANTS A TABLE-CLOTH FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS. IN THIS PHOTOGRAPH OF A BEAUTIFUL DINING-ROOM IS SHOWN A TABLE COVERED WITH A RUNNER OF FILET LACE. HOME-CROCHETED OR MACHINE-MADE FILET IS EASILY ADAPTED TO SUCH A USE, OR PLAIN, HEAVY NET WITH A NARROW FILET NET BORDER MIGHT BE USED

NEW IDEAS IN TABLE-LINEN

BY RUBY ROSS GOODNOW

THE blithe spirit who caroled that he was sure we should all be as happy as kings because the world was so full of a number of things would have a change of heart if he could visit the world of to-day. It is perfectly true that the world is still full of the same wonderful things, but not even kings can afford them. With plain linen sheets at forty dollars a pair, we have learned not even to covet them, but the pleasant custom of having a supply of table-linen is harder to let go.

One sighs to recall the good old days when we bought an occasional dozen napkins, or a bargain table-cloth, not because it was needed but because it had been our custom for a hundred years or so to have a surplus supply. Nowadays one wonders how on earth one is to afford a damask cloth and a few dozen napkins for occasions. Hoarding linen is an unimaginable luxury.

The only people in the world who seem to have plenty of linen are those provident wives who accumulated household linens before the war and the peasants who have spun their linen with their own hands. With the prices steadily soaring, one must find new materials, new uses, new ideas.

Fortunately, Makeshift is a friendly witch, if we approach her gallantly. I know of no kinder aid, if we meet her half-way. And in assembling a supply of table-linen for a brand-new table that has no heritage we are forced to meet her half-way.

The passing of the large table-cloth has been a blessing to many of us. I think the real reason table-cloths first gave place to small pieces of lace and linen was because the family laundress rebelled. Washing and ironing table-cloths is a special art, and when it became fashionable to eat on a bare tabletop the laundress should have been congratulated on having set the fashion.

CERTAINLY the housewife should breathe a deep sigh of relief when she thinks of what each hour of her laundress's service costs—and of the hours when there is no laundress at any price—and thank Fortune that the large white damask table-cloth has ceased to be a necessary table-furnishing for three meals every day.

A few weeks ago I was in Atlanta, and in wandering through the up-stairs hall of a friend's house I saw a huge red parcel, an old-fashioned red table-cloth tied around a bundle of laundry. I remember the time when I despised red table-cloths and associated them with hired men and the kitchen table. But I pounced on that ungainly

bundle and asked my friend if she would sell me that red table-cloth.

NOW I like red. I've had to go through so many phases of pastel coloring and neutral tones with my various clients that when I see clear blue and sharp red I am really happy. I especially love red and white in washable materials, and in my country house I have something red in almost every room. My dining-room will admit of white linen or pink linen, but it will also admit red and white without a jar of scheme. For the breakfast-table, especially, I like red-and-white linen. So when I saw that table-cloth I had a real idea.

You know those table-cloths. They were so ugly! And I must confess they still are so ugly! But then ugliness comes from many causes. I think we considered them ugly because they weren't supposed to "show dirt." That in itself is so unpleasant one would hate colored cloths automatically. Then, too, they were of such hideous designs. Even if the field was plain, sprigged or polka-dotted or starred in some simple way, there was sure to be an overpowering border, usually very ugly in design.

This particular cloth I secured in such a high-handed way was a discard from the servants' hall, but I was fascinated by its plain Turkey-red ground, polka-dotted with small white dots. I cut the border off, leaving a much smaller square cloth of polka-dotted linen as smart as if it had just arrived from Paris, and finished it with a two-inch linen fringe dyed red. It is charming on the breakfast-table with old-blue-and-white china.

I fully realize that the market where linen fringe can be bought is limited, but as an alternative it is quite practicable to ravel the four sides of your table-cloth and make a knotted fringe. This will be white on two sides and red on the other two, but the effect will be good

and the result less expensive than purchasing linen fringe—if, indeed, it can be found at all.

Among my collection of red-and-white linen is a set made from ordinary check linen dish-toweling. The napkins are the square of the width of the linen—about eighteen inches—with hemstitched borders. The plate doilies are made oblong, twelve by eighteen, large enough to hold the plate and silver and so forth. I also have a set of these made of blue-and-white dish-toweling.

Another red-and-white set is made of the characteristic French linen printed in pastoral scenes in red. The cloth is a large one, finished with narrow cotton fringe or hemstitched. The napkins are small squares of the linen, each cut to show some bit of the pattern and also finished with the same narrow cotton fringe or hemstitching.

The idea of using a printed linen is full of variations, but care should be taken to select a design that has no special up and down. For instance, on the dining-table that boasts a set of Dresden china, or any sprigged china, a linen also sprigged with large and small flowers would be charming. Great care must be taken in washing the linen or cretonne sets. The dyes are so poor nowadays it is hard to find any colored fabrics that will wash. But with care it can be done and your doilies will last a long time.

STILL another set made for a small Connecticut house was of linen-colored cotton crash. This particular set was made into runners by cutting the crash, which is thirty-two inches wide, in half lengthwise and edging it all with tatted the same linen color. Or if you prefer white, you can get the bleached crash and edge it with any of the many attractive cotton braids one can buy.

Whoever has lunched or breakfasted at Laurent's in Paris, under the horse-chestnut trees in full bloom, will remember the yellow-and-white or red-and-white table-cloths and napkins one uses there. I remember so sharply the little tables, placed against a thick green hedge, with the horse-chestnuts blooming overhead, and the sweet, fresh air, and the little fringed colored doilies that I so adored. We have too little of this unpretentious table equipment in America.

Frenchwomen always use up their fragments of lace and linen in sets of doilies, or table-covers, or even bedspreads. Recently a woman I know, who had inherited a lot of expensive but unfashionable lace and linen curtains, ripped them up and remade them into several lovely table-cloths and also into pairs of runners, which may be used crossed on a square or round table, when only four persons are to be served.



Photo by M. E. Hewitt

A HANDSOME YET INEXPENSIVE TABLE-CLOTH FOR "COMPANY" DINNERS MAY BE MADE OF HEAVY LINEN SUITING WITH MACHINE-MADE FILET LACE AS A BORDER. IF THE CORNERS ARE CAREFULLY MITERED IT WILL LOOK LIKE A CONTINUOUS FILET PATTERN



The Miracle of the Golden Bar

The *whiteness* of white clothes washed with Fels-Naptha!! And without the labor of hard rubbing! How can it be possible?

You simply soap the clothes with Fels-Naptha, roll up and let them soak half an hour. A dousing in the foamy Fels-Naptha suds, or with some pieces a light rub; a good rinse—and there they are, the whitest of the white! Sparkling, sweet, clean.

A washday with nothing to tire you out!

It is hard to believe; yet such is the miracle happening weekly in millions of homes with Fels-Naptha.

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rics, is perfectly combined with good soap. The real naptha penetrates to every fibre of the fabric and makes the dirt let go without hard rubbing, and without boiling. Of course you may boil clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but there is no need to. Fels-Naptha suds flush the dirt away and leave the clothes spotless and sanitary.

Whether you do your own work or have it done for you Fels-Naptha will prove a wonder in your home in saving time and labor.

Three things identify the genuine Fels-Naptha—the golden bar, the clean naptha odor, and the red-and-green wrapper. Order it of your grocer today!



Smell the real Naptha in Fels-Naptha! Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps.

How many uses in your home?

Besides being a wonderful laundry soap Fels-Naptha takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bath tub, washstand, sink. Safely cleans anything cleanable.

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Nancette • Satin Negligée • Satin Crêpe • Satin Duchesse
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BELDING BROTHERS & CO.



Frieda Hempel

OPERETTAS FOR CLUBS AND HIGH SCHOOLS

BY FRIEDA HEMPEL

Miss Frieda Hempel, a world celebrity in song, writes with enthusiasm of operettas for amateur performers. Her directions for operetta study and presentation are authoritative because of her own extended experience in opera.

To make the practical value of the article complete, a list of operettas suitable for high schools and clubs has been prepared and approved by Miss Hempel. An additional list of costume-dance songs, which in the case of shorter operettas may constitute the second half of the program, has also been made. Both lists will be sent free on application to William Armstrong, Music Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope.

THERE is no more delightful form of amateur musical entertainment than the operetta. Nor will there be any difficulty in finding charming operettas for presentation. Very many of these are equally appropriate for performance by either club or high-school organizations. In this class are, for instance, Japanese, Chinese, Persian, and American-Indian operettas, in which the costuming heightens the picturesqueness of effect. There are fantastic operettas, both poetical and humorous in type; spectacular operettas; and operettas that are what is termed, professionally, straight comedy in character. Beyond these, and more suitable for general club performance, there is the romantic operetta with a love-story as its plot.

IN THE instance of clubs, musical and social enjoyment constitute the strongest interest in operettas; on the other hand their presentation is undoubtedly a source of culture and development. In the case of high schools, I feel that if the educational value of such performances were fully realized, every institution of this kind would have its operetta organization.

It is a mistaken idea that no kind of stage training is useful except for those intending to become professionals. There are certain things that can be learned more quickly and more thoroughly by preparing for and taking part in public presentations than in any other way. Take, for example, clear enunciation in speaking as required in the oper-

etta dialog; development of ease and freedom in bodily movement through acting; the mastery of thought concentration to the point that one remembers only what one is doing and how one is doing it to the exclusion of self-consciousness.

TWO more advantages brought by operetta singing must be alluded to: development of the imagination and improvement in breathing. Any doctor will tell you that comparatively a small per centage of people breathe to their lungs' capacity. Any trained musician will tell you that to sing effectively and artistically, singers must breathe, as it were, from their very toes. None can sing out and fill a hall with melody without using their lungs to capacity.

To act well without imagination is impossible. One must catch every point in a rôle and make the most of it, otherwise one will merely walk through the part. With experience in studying the author's words for his full meaning, and inventing detail in action that those words suggest, comes a deeper appreciation in all reading, for one will then oftener look beneath the surface.

Acting is not a sealed mystery. Instead, it is the art of realizing what a character really means, how it would do things it is bidden to do in certain situations, and then to go ahead and do them.

In learning a rôle in operetta I would advise you first to read through the libretto very carefully, both dialog and stage directions. Study not only your own part, but every other one in the piece. Then you will begin to find out your special place in the picture. Where several characters are on the stage at once each is dependent upon the other; all are important, all must work together, as in life, to produce an impression of reality.

IF I study a new rôle portraying a historical personage, I get all the pictures I can of the woman I am to represent; from these I select designs for the costumes. For the far more important undertaking, the characterization of the rôle, I read biographies of that person that I may know her temperament, how she did things herself, even to the

Concluded on page 72

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PICK YOUR VALENTINE

A CHOICE ONE FOR EVERY READER

FOR A FEBRUARY BABY

*OH, NEVER was the world more gray
And never sky less blue
Than on the wild and windy day
They went to find you;
But love looked out from round a tree
And beckoned them the way,
"And shall her eyes be brown," said he,
"Or will you have them gray?"*

*And so they took the road, my dear,
That love had bade them go,
And there were birds upon a mere
And willows in a row.
And all the birds began to sing
And all the sky turned blue,
And where pink roses made a ring
They bent and found you.*

—MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE FAIRY'S VALENTINE

*I SAW a little elf
Who was sitting by himself
In a hollow that was warm and sunny.
He had made a little pen
Of a feather of a wren
And he dipped it into golden honey.*

*And he wrote with all his might:
"Oh, my darling little sprite,
You are sweeter than the clover
That the bee is buzzing over.
And I love you, I adore you,
And I'm always longing for you,
And you're always growing dearer,
And I wish that you were nearer.
I can think of nothing clever,
But I'm yours, and yours forever
If you want it so or not!"
And he ended with a blot.*

*Then I copied out his letter
(Since I couldn't write a better)
And I'm signing it and sending it to you,
For it's true.*

—ARTHUR GUITERMAN

A VALENTINE IN VILLANELLE

*SAUCY little Sweetheart Mine—
Roguish eyes, tiptilted nose—
Is your heart my valentine?*

*Give me but a gracious sign;
Tell me how your favor goes,
Saucy little Sweetheart Mine.*

*Does your mood to me incline
More than to your other beaux?
Is your heart my valentine?*

*I've noticed eight or nine
Rivals that I count as foes,
Saucy little Sweetheart Mine!*

*Other maids I've thought divine,
But you're sweeter far than those.
Is your heart my valentine?*

*Your bright glances cheer like wine,
Your dear face is like a rose;
Saucy little Sweetheart Mine,
Is your heart my valentine?*

—CAROLYN WELLS

TO MY WIFE

*AS ONE who gropes his blundering way
With frequent slip and fall
From the better path, yet, star-led, keeps
His eyes ahead through all,
So, even though many a step divides
What I would, and do,
I hold my course if I can keep
My eyes on you.*

—C. H. H.

I WANT A VALENTINE

*SMALL doubt a bit old-fashioned is
Saint Valentine, the good.
I think to-day his ancient way
Is scarcely understood
By lovers true, who frankly woo
Our modern maidenhood;
But, oh! my granny treasures still
A square of lace and line,
A faded love, a tattered dove,
That was a valentine.*

*Quaint saint of all old lovers,
I wish their days were mine;
The new love brings delightful things,
Bridesmaids and wedding gifts and rings,
But never love-knots, darts and wings.
I want a valentine!*

—THEODOSIA GARRISON

MY VALENTINE

*WITH so many faces fair,
It grows harder every year
To choose one's valentine.*

*North and south and east and west,
Who shall say which girl is best?
Yours, of course—and mine!*

*Perhaps the easiest way to do
Is to let your girl choose you—
So it was with me.*

*And she chose so well—that now
If other girls exist I vow
I've no eyes to see.*

—RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

FOR A CHARMING OLD LADY

*HERE'S a valentine for you
To match your gentle eyes of blue.
And here's a pink to match your cheek—
Long and long I had to seek
For a shade as soft and rare.
And here's white—to match your hair.*

*But what color could I find
That would match your flashing mind?
Ahl there is no shade or tint,
No bright rainbow, gleam or glint,
That can half express your mind,
Loveliest of womankind.*

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

TO A BABY—(K. L. H.)

*OH, MAY I be your valentine,
The first you ever had?
While the world is a pleasant place,
Warm and good and glad.*

*You do not know how sweet it is,
Not knowing April yet.
Your Springs are all before you,
With nothing to forget.*

*Oh, may I be your valentine?
I who look behind
Know that love's the best thing
You may hope to find.*

—LOUISE DRISCOLL



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There's dainty charm and welcome refreshment in these gossamer-like sugar wafers that are so much in evidence wherever entertainment is a fine art:

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Nicholas M.

SKINS AND SCHEMES

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

"Oh, the Colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
Are sisters under the skin."

WHILE it rimes very nicely, of course it isn't true!

We always supposed it was, in spite of evidence to the contrary, until yesterday. We believed it because our faith in Kipling is as deep as the sea and as wide as the sky. But yesterday there walked into our office such strong proof that we are as different—we women—as night and day that, when it was all over, we sat down and looked that Kipling couplet straight in the eye.

Perhaps, just perhaps, if we seem so different and yet really are all alike under the skin, why, maybe it's the *skin*! We've always known skin was frightfully important!

Perhaps now we are going to discover that in some mysterious, inscrutable way, like the moon pulling the tide around, our skins make or unmake us! Maybe it's nothing but skin that causes some of us to seem selfish and shallow or hard and joyless and others of us patient and understanding and gay and brave!

Don't we know as a beauty editor that skins are responsible for more marriages than Heaven ever thought of being? That they burn up towns? Look at Troy; do you suppose Troy would have suffered like that if Helen had had acne? Oh, yes; skins have made history; we've always known that.

AND now maybe we are going to find that skin is the catch in the Kipling rime. Whereupon we clapped on our most persuasive hat and set out to see the Best Skin Specialist in this Largest City of this Great America. *Our* best, anyhow!

We had always meant to do it some day; to go down, down, down as deep as we could into this matter of skin.

When finally we sat before him, trembling in our throat, we just faltered out, "What is skin?" And suddenly he twinkled and answered us with a wonderful sentence. "Skin," he said, "is the index of a person's interior."

And there you are. There isn't any catch in the couplet; Kipling's wrong. We *can't* be alike under our skins because *skin is the index of one's interior*.

And everybody knows women's skins are as different as rough and smooth, thick and thin, pink and yellow and white and green. Think of it: your skin is the index of your internal condition; it isn't a thing all by itself, getting into trouble, because it takes a notion to; it's an advertisement of what you are underneath.

Think of it: your skin goes right down to the most remote little "internal working" you have. And *we* think it goes even deeper; we think it goes clear down to whether or not you have any working philosophy about

life, whether you really try to live by it, or you have one, because we believe with an inch of us that clogged intestines, bad circulation, chronic indigestion, frazzled nerves rest nine-tenths on the way you're looking at life; whether you meet it with fear and worry and fussing and hate, or whether you throw up your head with a laugh when it gets up and shakes its fist at you, and say "Hello, thing! You can't beat me!"

With that first plunging sentence of life, we knew we were going to get what we came for. And we did. He gave us a depth on depth of things that lie under our complexions, dull eyes, troubled skins, and happy hair.

He believes in cold-creams and intelligent stimulation of and care for the skin as a surface thing. He said: "All those things done rightly *help*, decidedly help, but removing the cause can permanently and absolutely remove the effect. To be fighting away only at the outside is slavey. Every one of these beauty specialists knows that a client has to keep at it faithfully for the effect of their treatments. We skin specialists know, for instance, that when a woman comes into our office with wrinkles who oughtn't to have wrinkles—she may be thirty, forty, fifty, or even sixty, and she's too young to have wrinkles—we find perhaps that she has kidney trouble or a bladder complication. We cure that and the wrinkles smooth out.

"Or perhaps she is very nervous and has many of those little wrinkles nerves make. We find she has been straining her eyes hard and didn't know it. Correct the eye-strain and the nerves smooth out, and so do the wrinkles. Perhaps those wrinkles have been greatly helped by the application of a cold cream, which softens the skin, smooths it, and tones up the tissue, and by circulation that has been intelligently stimulated—that helps. But the wrinkles won't come until the trouble is gone.

"I'VE had many bad skins come in to me that were sallow and of bad texture, clogged-looking. Nothing on earth was to matter with those women but clogged intestines. They didn't know it, but we had been piling up in their systems until they were poisoned through and through. I sent a trained nurse to them to irrigate them until they're clean. When they are, their health color comes back, the texture becomes smooth, their eyes bright."

When we take oily skins to him, he said: "I treat our scalps! The seat of the trouble is up there. Hair and skin are all one. The scalp is sending oil down into the face. Of course, that oily condition of the nose is nearly always intestinal, but a whole oily scalp has something wrong with its scalp!"

And now, before we go any further,

Concluded on page 73

In ten minutes— a perfect manicure

Three simple operations will give your nails the grooming that present-day standards require

ONCE, manicuring was slow, difficult and even dangerous. There was no way of removing the ugly, dead cuticle that *will* collect around the base of the nail—except by cutting. Most people felt that this could be done properly only by a professional manicurist. Even if they did do it themselves, it was an interminable business.

NOW, manicuring is so quick and easy that anybody can have smooth, lovely nails. Cutex has provided a means of removing the dead cuticle simply and safely without cutting. Just a few minutes' care once or twice a week will keep them looking always as if freshly done.

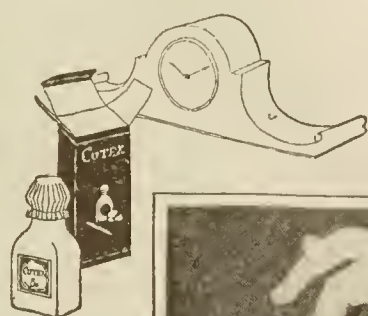


This is the way you do it

First, the Cuticle Remover. After the filing, shaping and smoothing of the nail tips, dip the end of an orange stick wrapped in cotton into the bottle of Cutex and work carefully around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Wash the hands; then, when drying them, push the cuticle downwards. The ugly dead cuticle will simply wipe off, leaving a smooth, shapely rim.

Then the Nail White. This is to remove the stains that will persist, and to give the nail tips that immaculate whiteness without which one's nails never seem freshly manicured. Squeeze the paste under the nails directly from the tube, which is made with a pointed tip.

Finally the Polish. Cutex has a polish to suit every taste and to meet every need. For a brilliant, lasting and water-proof polish, use first the paste or stick, then the powder or cake. If you want an instantaneous polish, and without burnishing, one that is also water-proof and lasting, apply a little of the Liquid Polish with the camel's hair brush that comes with it.



First, a smooth, shapely cuticle, then snowy white tips; then just the brilliant polish you have always wanted.

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It requires ten pounds of selected, cleaned, pared and sliced fresh pumpkin to make one pound of our golden "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour. We want you to try it. If your grocer does not have it, send 50 cents for a canister that will make ten large pies.

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FEBRUARY'S VARIED FUN

BY DAISY MCKAY

DID you ever give a neighborhood party? "A regular get-together," as the war workers would call it? Invite the neighbors, old and new, renewing old friendships and welcoming the newcomers in your midst.

Have a little child, quaintly dressed, carry the invitations around the neighborhood in a basket. It would be a very good idea to suggest to your guests that they dress in the style of 1860, as far as possible. A very good effect for the men is achieved by simply turning up a turn-down collar and improvising a stock. For the women, old brooches and earrings, and the hair brushed smoothly back, serve to create a proper atmosphere, in case old closets fail to yield up any treasures.

The entertainment should be old-fashioned in character, and here are a few suggestions: Try Presidential charades: Washington, Adams, Garfield, Lincoln, Wilson, are all good words to use for this purpose, and if the hostess is wise, she will have a clothes-basket full of "properties" already provided: old hats, scarfs, aprons, ribbons, walking-sticks, tambourines and what not.

Presidential anagrams is another old-time game in keeping with the character of the evening. Pass cards with twenty anagrams on them, and spaces for answers, and give ten minutes in which to work them out. Here are a few for examples:

1. The severe tool door.
(Theodore Roosevelt)
2. Shone ring wage got.
(George Washington)
3. Wall key nil mimic.
(William McKinley)
4. I am fat. Will T.
(William Taft)
5. Roar lazy yacht.
(Zachary Taylor)
6. Finer clear pink.
(Franklin Pierce)

When the ten minutes are up, the cards are passed and marked by the next neighbor according to the answers read aloud by the hostess.

For a singing contest appoint three judges, who leave the room. Divide the party into two groups and let each sing two verses of two old songs, and the judges decide on the relative merits of the contestants.

For a prize dance, the couple who can best dance an old-fashioned hop waltz to the music of the "Blue Danube," may receive a prize. A prize may be offered for the best Lincoln anecdote.

Score-cards with portraits of Lincoln, or little log cabins, may be made at home, and points be given for each game, and a prize for the highest number. A small bust of Lincoln, the Gettysburg address in small book form, or a life of Lincoln, make good prizes.

A VALENTINE DANCE

On Monday night when the clock strikes nine, My party begins for St. Valentine. If you have faith in this legend true, Come, I beg, and join our crew. Games there be, and dances plenty, And pretty girls all under twenty!

WRITE your invitations on pink, heart-shaped paper. Instead of having dance-cards for the girls, a pretty idea is to furnish each man with a number of pink hearts on which his name has been written and numbers corresponding to the number of dances. These hearts he gives in making dance engagements, and at the end of the evening each girl has collected a bunch of hearts which she wears from her belt, with the names of her partners and the number of their dances.

The Valentine Waltz is a pleasing novelty. In giving the men their heart cards, omit one—say the first waltz—and put all of the first-waltz cards in a hat and let the girls draw for partners.

Sew a red cheese-cloth heart upon a sheet and let the guests try to pin smaller hearts over it, blindfolded. The one who has the best luck is destined to have good fortune in affairs of the heart.

Have envelopes, each containing two red paper hearts that have been cut in jig-saw patterns. The men select their partners to help them solve their heart troubles. A prize is awarded to the first couple to straighten out this puzzle, known as "Broken Hearts."

Another good game that young people always enjoy is "Guessing eyes." In a curtained doorway, pin a cloth on which a face has been outlined, and two holes cut out for eyes. Have the girls stand behind this and take turns looking through the holes, during the time that you count ten.

To the men have been given cards on which to register their guesses. A prize may be given to the one who correctly guesses the largest number.

A heart-shaped box of candy, a book of verse, a framed picture of a poster-girl make acceptable prizes.

A COLONIAL DANCE

LITTLE folks, big folks, young and old, enjoy celebrating the Birthday of the Father of His Country. A Colonial party may be given with equal propriety for a group of any age. Of course the only "dressing up" permissible involves Colonial costumes; but these need not be difficult to devise. A very good effect may be obtained by the addition of fichus, caps, fans and patches for the girls; powdered hair and hoop-skirts of flowered chintz add immeasurably to the picturesqueness of the scene.

The boys, be they young or old, wear knee trousers, buckled shoes and powdered wigs.

The part of the house where the entertainment is given should be gaily decked in flags and bunting, and if possible only candles should be used for lighting. It is a very pretty idea to start the evening with the minuet. If the grown-ups do not know it, surely the children do, and dance it very effectively.

"Washington Crossing the Delaware" is a jolly game, suitable for old and young. Appoint two captains, who choose sides. The Delaware is formed by two strings or ribbons, stretched the length of the room, and as far apart as possible, leaving spaces on the sides for the participants to stand on the "banks."

The captains take their places at the head of the company, and start the game by saying: "A is coming to help Washington cross the Delaware." The first man then starts across, acting some adverb beginning with a, such as "awkwardly," "actively," "amblingly," the action having been previously decided upon between the captain and his men. The object is to make a return trip before the other side can guess the word being acted. If they do guess, however, the man must join their side.

It is then the other captain's turn, taking the next letter. He says: "B is coming to help Washington cross the Delaware."

The side which has the most men when the alphabet has been exhausted wins, and if scores are kept, each man on the winning team is entitled to a mark.

If prizes are awarded, a framed picture of Mount Vernon, a Jerusalem cherry-tree, a quill pen, or a small bust of Washington, makes an appropriate souvenir.

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No Grounds
No Waste
No Delay



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To Freshen Your Winter Menus

When the winds blow cold in the long winter evenings, and outdoor amusements lose their charm, there are three things which every home-lover wants — a good book, a warm hearth-fire and a heaping bowl of Walnuts.

And when there's company for dinner and the menu must be at its best — that's Walnut time, too.

Many delightful surprises — and no end of delicious, wholesome meals — are in store for the housewife who has not heretofore used Walnuts to brighten up and add charm to her menus. There are staple and economical dishes among them — substantial foods — as well as the salads, desserts, nut cakes and "tid-bits" that give variety and distinction to winter cookery.

Walnuts are healthful and nutritious — four times as rich in food value as the six most important meats. And they're really very economical compared to other foods, because Walnuts actually contain more nutriment — more body-building, life-sustaining elements to the pound — than any non-concentrated food you can buy.

There's just one thing to remember: When you purchase Walnuts, be sure to get the best — insist upon DIAMOND BRAND. What if they do cost a trifle more per pound than ordinary Walnuts! They are worth more — thinner shells, plumper meats — crack a pound and you'll see.

Your Dealer can supply you with DIAMOND BRAND Walnuts. But if you are not reasonably certain you are getting just what you order, have your Walnuts taken directly from the hundred-pound bag we ship them in, a miniature picture of which appears above. It pays to be particular.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A purely co-operative, non-profit organization of over 3000 Growers

Our yearly production over Forty Million Pounds.



Try these delicious Walnut Dishes

SIMPLE WALNUT BREAD

3 cups flour; ½ cup brown sugar; ½ teaspoon salt; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 1 cup DIAMOND BRAND Walnuts; 1 egg; 1 cup milk.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Mix in Walnut Meats. Add egg well beaten and milk. Pour into greased pan. Bake one hour. Have oven barely warm the first fifteen minutes, gradually increasing the heat.

NUT GELATINE SALAD

1 cup DIAMOND BRAND Walnut Meats; 5 hard-boiled eggs; 1 can pimientos; 2 sweet pickles; ½ cup small pickled onions; 1 package gelatine; 1 cup hot water; ¼ cup vinegar; 1 cup mayonnaise; salt, pepper and paprika.

Soak gelatine in two tablespoons cold water. Pour on boiling water. Add Walnuts, eggs, pimientos, pickles, and onions, all chopped fine, vinegar and seasoning. Let stand until cool. Stir in mayonnaise and chill. This can be made in one large mold or individual molds. Serve on lettuce leaves.

BROWN BETTY PUDDING

2 cups finely chopped apples; ½ cup brown sugar; ½ cup bread crumbs; ½ cup chopped DIAMOND BRAND Walnut Meats; cinnamon, nutmeg, butter.

Butter baking dish. Put in layer of apples. Sprinkle with sugar, bread crumbs, Walnut Meats and spices. Dot with butter. Put in another layer of apples. Sprinkle with Walnuts, spices, etc., and repeat until all ingredients are used, finishing with bread crumbs on top. Cover and bake 45 minutes. Remove cover and let brown on top. Serve warm with cream.

MARGUERITES

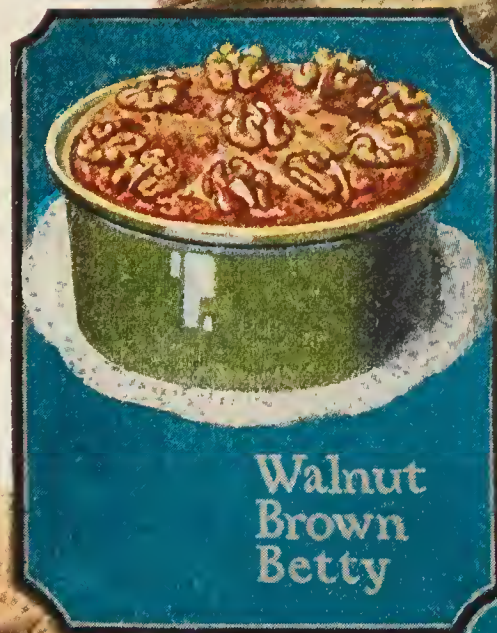
1 ½ cups sugar; ½ cup water; 5 marshmallows; 2 egg whites; ¼ teaspoon vanilla; 1 cup DIAMOND BRAND Walnut Meats; salted crackers.

Boil sugar and water until syrup will spin a thread. Add marshmallows cut in pieces and allow to melt. Pour slowly while beating constantly onto stiffly beaten egg whites; add vanilla and DIAMOND BRAND Walnut Meats cut in pieces. Spread crackers with mixture and bake in a moderate oven until puffed and delicately browned.

WALNUT CREAMS

White 1 egg; ½ tablespoon cold water; ¾ teaspoon vanilla; 2 cups confectioner's sugar; DIAMOND BRAND Walnut Meats.

Put egg white, water, and flavoring in a bowl and beat until well blended. Sift sugar and add very gradually until stiff enough to knead. Shape in balls, flatten out and place DIAMOND BRAND Walnut half on each side.



The recipes on this page — and many more just as tempting — are given in our new recipe book shown here. It contains the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers as well as the choicest Walnut recipes of a leading culinary expert. Send your Dealer's name and address for a free copy. Address Department J2.

And here are two new and convenient ways to buy Diamond Brand Walnuts — both packed in vacuum to preserve their natural freshness. Ask your Dealer.




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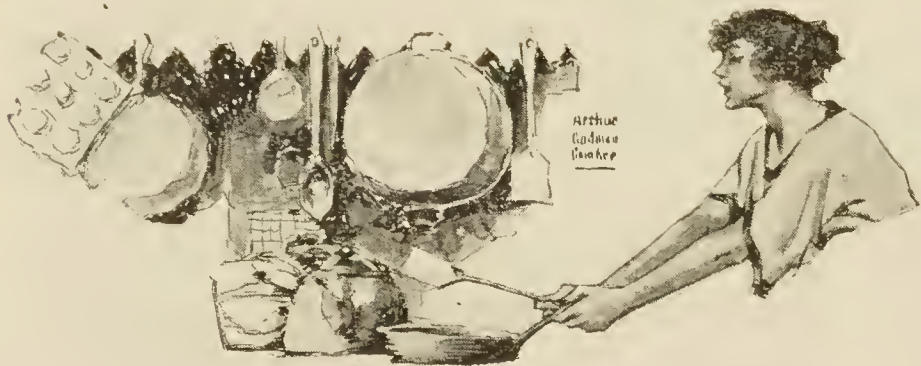
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"Good home-made food promotes happiness and contentment"

FOR PANCAKE TUESDAY

BY HELENA JUDSON

PANCAKE Tuesday" falls on February eighth this year, as the Lenten season begins on the ninth, ushered in with Ash Wednesday, the first day of fasting. It may be well to explain that this jolly-sounding name for the day before Ash Wednesday is now almost forgotten, as Mardi Gras (pronounced "Mar-dee Grah"), the French for "fat Tuesday," is the popular name and stands sponsor for the many Mardi-Gras carnivals held on that day.

Such feasting and revelry have quite supplanted the baking of Shrove Tuesday pancakes and having them ready to serve to the itinerant singers who roamed through the streets on the night before Lent.

The revival of this name gives the wide-awake housewife a good excuse to do a little experimenting to see what can be done in the way of pancakes other than the ordinary breakfast-table variety.

A good way to begin is to introduce your family to the vegetable pancake served with the main course of the meal. The potato pancake stands out prominently in this list of vegetable pancakes and is always a favorite with the men of the family. With pot roast and plenty of brown gravy, there is little else to be desired at a meal than crispy-edged potato pancakes.

POTATO PANCAKES

PARE, wash and put into cold water three large potatoes. Let soak overnight if convenient, but at least for three or four hours. Grate them into a bowl and add one well-beaten egg, one-half cup flour and one teaspoon baking-powder. Season with salt and pepper and add milk to make a pouring batter. Bake like ordinary pancakes on a griddle and serve with sausage, stew or ham with a cream gravy. These potato pancakes are also good with sirup, sugar or jelly.

SWEET POTATO pancakes are delicious when served with chicken or veal. The same recipe used for white potatoes may be followed, or for a change try finely-chopped boiled sweet potatoes stirred into an ordinary pancake batter until it will take no more.

Tomato and rice make such a delicious combination that it is well to try them in the novel form of a somewhat thick pancake as an accompaniment to liberty steak, which is the after-the-war name for "Hamburg." Place a portion of the steak on a tomato-rice pancake and pour a generous tablespoon of savory tomato sauce over all.

Canned corn is excellent made into thick pancakes and served in the same way, as the tomato sauce brings out the flavor of the meat. This arrangement makes an attractive-looking platter for the table, as the meat cakes may be placed on the pancakes and the thick tomato sauce, garnished with parsley, used as a border.

For lovers of oysters there is an excellent pancake particularly appropriate to serve with boiled or creamed fish. Parboil the oysters slightly in their own liquor. Chop coarsely and add to the pancake batter, which should be rather thicker than usual.

Place the pancakes in an overlapping row as a border around a piece of boiled fish and serve with a cream sauce, using the oyster liquor to give additional flavor. Such pancakes, made about the size of a very large oyster, served with cole-slaw and a cream dressing, make a good luncheon or supper dish.

APPLE pancakes as an accompaniment to roast pork or pork chops are always greeted as a welcome change from apple sauce. These are made in two ways, one by

the addition of as much finely chopped raw tart apple as the batter will take. The other method results in a cake more like an apple fritter, as a thin slice cut from a pared and cored apple is taken up with each spoon of batter.

HOLLAND PANCAKES WITH SAUSAGE MEAT

JUST because the rolled pancake is generally associated with jelly or some other sweet filling, there is no reason to limit these fancy pancakes to the list of desserts. A popular tea-room has built up a reputation for a delicious breakfast dish which is nothing more nor less than a novel way of serving griddle-cakes and sausage. Here's the way it is done:

A rather large, thin pancake is first brushed with fat from the pan in which the sausage meat has been cooking. There is an advantage in this as it saves butter! Then hot sausage-meat is spread over one side of the pancake and it is quickly rolled and laid on a hot platter waiting for its mate, as two of these constitute a portion. If there is not too much filling and the rolled pancake is laid with lapping side next the plate, there is no chance of its unrolling.

For luncheon or supper spread the pancake with creamed ham or chicken, a savory force-meat or any other appetizing mixture made from left-overs. Roll each pancake quickly and keep at the door of the oven until all are ready.

FRENCH PANCAKES

THE popular jelly-filled pancake, known as French pancake, is so easily made and so good that it should figure more frequently on the family table. Follow any good recipe for pancakes, spread each with softened tart jelly and roll while hot. Place side by side on a platter, lapped side down to prevent spreading, dredge with sugar and, last of all, with a red-hot wire toaster or fine broiler burn lines on the sugared pancakes, so that the brown lines show distinctly.

For a change, flavor the batter with orange, spread with orange marmalade and mix grated orange-peel with the sugar sprinkled over the rolled pancakes. A hot jelly or marmalade sauce may be served with these pancakes, if desired.

Or try making the pancakes as large as a dessert-plate, and, when five or six are ready, arrange like a layer-cake with plenty of butter and scraped maple-sugar or jelly between the layers and a generous supply of sirup or jelly sauce to pour over each portion as it is cut like a pie.

ALSATIAN PANCAKES

MAKE a batter of one-half cup milk, three well-beaten egg-yolks, two teaspoons sugar, two tablespoons melted fat, one-half teaspoon salt and one cup flour. Beat thoroughly and add another one-half cup of milk and the stiffly beaten whites of the three eggs. More flour or milk may be needed to make the batter just right.

Grease bottom and sides of a large shallow frying-pan. Pour in the batter and tilt the pan in all directions, so that a rim of batter is formed all around edge of the pan. When firm, remove to hot oven until center puffs and edges become crisp.

To serve, dredge with powdered sugar and squeeze over it some lemon-juice. Break down the puffed center of pancake, fold one side toward the middle, add more sugar and lemon-juice and then fold over the other side. Cut in three or four portions.

This is a splendid dessert to serve with coffee and is a great favorite with men.

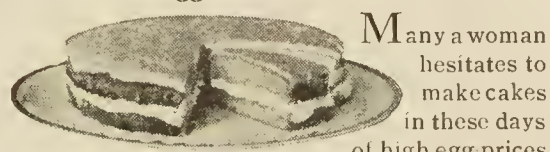
The Royal Baking Service

from
The Royal Educational Department

Author's Note—The best way to put a cake together; how to test the oven heat without a thermometer; how to make ten cakes from one easily prepared recipe—these and many other things which every woman wants to know are continually being proved by experts of the Royal Educational Department. So from time to time, we will give readers of "The Delineator" the benefit of the shorter cuts and new discoveries that are being worked out daily by this Department.

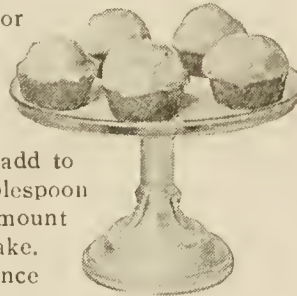
Cake Discoveries

Three Eggs to Make Two Cakes



Many a woman hesitates to make cakes in these days of high egg prices because she thinks it takes four or five eggs to make a really good cake. Yet illustrated here are two delicious cakes (recipes below) that any woman would be proud to say she made. The secret is this:—Use fewer eggs and more Royal; for example, in a four egg cake recipe omit two eggs and add two extra teaspoons of Royal Baking Powder. This will not alter in any way the palatability or appearance of your cake. Either the "batter" method or the method of creaming the shortening first can be successfully used in these cakes.

If butter, nut butter or other shortening is too hard to cream easily, rinse the mixing bowl with hot water, dry and add to the shortening a tablespoon of milk from the amount measured for the cake. With this assistance cold hard butter may be creamed in half the ordinary length of time.



Ten Cakes from One Recipe

AS many as ten cakes can be made from the recipe for Royal Drop Cakes given below. Here are a few examples—

Chocolate Cake—To cake batter, add two squares of melted unsweetened chocolate.

Mocha Fruit Cake—Use brown sugar, a half cup of strong coffee in place of half the milk, and add one cup floured and chopped raisins or dates.

Orange Drop Cakes—In place of the vanilla, use orange extract; bake in individual tins and cover cakes with white icing to which grated orange rind has been added.

Spice Cakes—Sift two teaspoons cinnamon with the other dry ingredients.

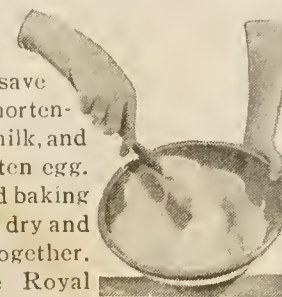
Layer Cakes—Bake in two or three layer cake tins and put together with jelly, marshmallow, chocolate, coconut, fruit, or cream filling.

Cake Success Secrets ;

- (1) Choose only the best materials to prevent cake failures. The best is most economical in the end.
- (2) Be accurate in all your measurements. All recipes appearing on these pages are made up with level measures.
- (3) For fine textured cakes, where egg whites are added last, stir them well into the batter, without beating, otherwise large holes are apt to appear in your cake.
- (4) Many a good cake beautifully mixed is ruined by putting it in too hot or too cold an oven. All cakes should be baked in the center of the middle shelf—where the heat is uniform. Layer and small cakes should bake quickly in a hot oven—loaf cakes at a moderate temperature for a longer time. Send to us for the glazed paper oven test.

Quick "Batter" Method of Mixing Cake

FOR cakes in which less than a half cup of shortening is used, save time by melting the shortening, floating it on the milk, and mixing with the beaten egg. Sift the sugar, flour and baking powder and mix these dry and liquid ingredients together. An example is the Royal Drop Cake recipe below.



Have You the New Royal Cook Book?

It contains the recipes you have admired so much in Royal advertisements, together with other recipes and discoveries. We will send it to you free and also answer any inquiries you have on home baking. Address—

ROYAL EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT
Royal Baking Powder Company, 119B William Street, New York

This is the second of the Royal Baking Service

Cut these out and Put in Your Cook Book

Orange Cream Layer Cake

½ cup shortening 1 cup sugar
1 egg 1 cup milk
1¾ cups flour ¼ teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup sweetened flavored whipped cream

Cream shortening; add sugar gradually, heating well; add beaten egg, one-half milk; mix well; add one-half flour sifted with salt and Royal Baking Powder; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour and flavoring; mix after each addition. Bake in two greased layer cake tins in moderate oven about 20 minutes. Spread whipped cream thickly between layers. Cover top—

Orange Frosting

1 tablespoon cream
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter
½ teaspoon orange extract
Pulp and rind of 1 orange

Orange Frosting (Cont.)

To the cream, add the sugar slowly. Add orange pulp, rind, extract and melted butter. Beat until smooth and spread on top of cake.

Royal Drop Cakes

¼ cup shortening 2 cups flour
1 cup sugar ¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
1 egg
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Sift together sugar, flour, Royal Baking Powder and salt; add melted shortening to the milk, egg and flavoring, mixed together. Combine the dry and liquid ingredients. Mix well. Bake in moderate oven in a greased loaf pan 40 minutes; in layer or individual tins 20 minutes. Cover with—

Jelly Meringue

White of 1 egg ½ cup currant or grape jelly
Put egg white and jelly together into bowl and beat with egg beater or wire whip until stiff.

NOTE: Royal Baking Powder retains its full leavening strength until the last spoonful is used. Keep your baking powder can covered and never use a damp spoon in measuring.

Royal Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste



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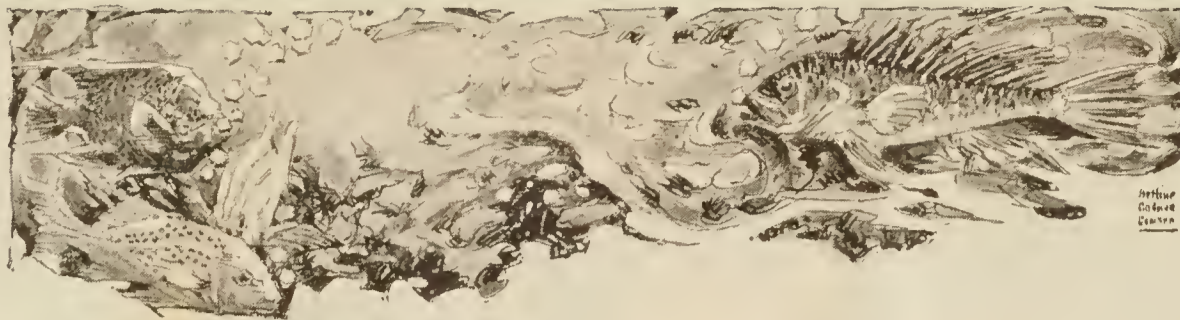
This is plainly indicated by the fact that a large number of Institutions, Hospitals and Hotels the country over have adopted **PEQUOTS** for their use, and this only after rigid competitive tests.

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FISH FOR EPICURES

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE'S CODFISH CAKES

IN REPLY to your request, I am sending you this recipe for codfish cakes which I consider very good:

MIX two cups of boiled potatoes (pressed through a potato-ricer) with one cup of shredded codfish which has been scalded and drained. Add one tablespoon of butter, a little paprika, one-eighth teaspoon of curry-powder.

Let cool and make into cakes, roll in fine cracker-crumbs and beaten egg. Allow to remain in cold place until required. Fry in deep fat.

Grace Coolidge

FRESH fish can be obtained in many places at this time of year. Halibut, perch and shad are always popular, as well as bass, whitefish and cusk. Salmon is frequently obtainable.

FRIED PERCH

AS SCALES are difficult to remove from perch, dip the fish for a moment or so in scalding water and scale at once. Wash, dry, dip in beaten egg and then in crumbs or flour, and fry in deep fat for ten minutes.

BROILED SHAD

PREPARE, season with salt and pepper, and broil on a well-greased gridiron over a bed of clear, bright coals, for fifteen minutes or more. Keep the gridiron covered with dripping-pan while broiling to give a more delicious flavor. Spread well with butter or butter substitute and serve.

BOILED BLACK BASS

1 black bass	1 tablespoon flour
1 onion	1 cup fish stock
8 peppercorns	Salt and pepper
1 blade mace	Celery salt
1 tablespoon butter	½ cup milk or cream
or butter substitute	

COOK this fish whole, allowing twelve minutes to each pound. Boil in the water with it, onion, peppercorns and blade of mace. Make a cream gravy by blending butter or butter substitute and flour, and adding one cup of the water in which the bass was boiled. Season with salt, pepper and celery salt, and add milk or cream in which a pinch of soda has been dissolved. Bring to the boiling-point and serve.

BAKED WHITEFISH

WASH carefully, dry, and stuff with bread-crumbs well seasoned; sew up with twine and put in a pan, with enough water to keep from scorching; baste frequently with butter substitute and water, and serve with egg sauce.

KEDGEREE (A BREAKFAST DISH)

2 cups fish	1 cup cooked rice
4 tablespoons butter	2 hard-cooked eggs
or butter substitute	Salt and pepper

FREE the fish from skin and bone. Melt butter or butter substitute in a saucepan, add the fish and stir gently. Put in the rice, the whites of the hard-cooked eggs, and season to taste with salt and pepper. Move gently about over the fire until thoroughly hot, and serve on a flat dish with the yolks of the eggs pressed through a ricer over the top.

THE Lenten season offers us all a good opportunity to become better acquainted with delicious fish dishes. More and more we are coming to realize the possibilities of canned fish, for there is little one can not buy in that form nowadays.

SPANISH FISH FLAKES

2 cups canned tomatoes	1 small onion, sliced
¼ cup canned pimentoes	1 can fish flakes (cod or haddock)
	½ teaspoon salt

COOK together the tomatoes, shredded pimentoes and sliced onion until the onion is soft, add the canned fish flakes and season with the salt and butter or butter substitute. Serve with plain boiled rice.

HADDOCK SOUFFLÉ

1 cup canned haddock	½ cup milk
1 cup mashed potatoes	Salt and pepper
toes	2 eggs

MIX haddock and mashed potatoes, milk, salt and pepper; stir in one egg, well beaten; put in an oiled mold or dish and set in the oven until hot; then beat white of the other egg stiff and stir into it the beaten yolk seasoned with salt and pepper; heap this over the fish and brown.

TUNA FISH SALAD

1 medium-sized can tuna fish	½ cup chopped celery
2 tart apples	3 chopped pickles
	Salad dressing

FLAKE fish with a fork. Add pared and diced apples, chopped celery (cabbage may be substituted, if necessary), chopped pickles and enough dressing to hold it together. Handle very lightly. Arrange nests of crisp lettuce on a platter or plate and fill with salad for individual servings. Top with a spoonful of dressing and a dash of paprika.

SALMON PUFFS

1 pound canned salmon	1 tablespoon lemon-juice
Salt and pepper	
½ cup soft bread-crumbs	3 eggs

REMOVE the skin and bones from the salmon, chop the meat fine, and add salt, white pepper or paprika, soft bread-crumbs, lemon-juice or fine vinegar and well-beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly and pack the mass in six or eight oiled cups, filling each cup even full. Set the cups at once in a pan containing hot water that does not reach their tops by nearly an inch, and bake for one-half hour. If the oven is very hot, lay a sheet of thick paper over the cups. Turn out upon a hot platter, into the center of each puff thrust a sprig of parsley or celery, or a clove, and pour about them any good fish sauce.

ALWAYS there is salt-fish which can be kept on hand very conveniently. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge, wife of the Vice-President-elect, has given us her recipe for codfish cakes, and it sounds delicious enough for any good American citizen. Here is another recipe for salt fish.

BAKED SALT MACKEREL

WASH a salt mackerel well and soak it overnight in three quarts of cold water, laying it with the skin side upward. In the morning lay the fish on its back in a shallow baking-tin not too large for the fish, and pour over it one pint of milk. Bake twenty minutes in a hot oven, stirring into the milk at the end of fifteen minutes one tablespoon each of flour and butter or butter substitute and a sprinkling of pepper, all rubbed together into a smooth paste. Serve with the thickened milk poured around the fish. This makes a very palatable breakfast dish.



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None Such Mince Meat made in our model kitchen of a wide variety of the choicest ingredients, sterilized and protected in every way, is the same wholesome mince meat that our forefathers enjoyed way back in Colonial days.

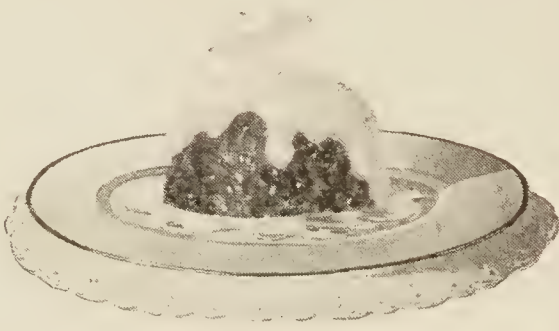
You add no sugar to None Such—the sugar is in it

*Thursday is None Such Mince Pie Day,
and as such is observed nationally*

MERRELL-SOULE SALES CORPORATION - Syracuse, N. Y.
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT, Ltd. - Toronto, Canada



None Such Pudding—Break into small pieces one package of NONE SUCH Mince Meat, and dust lightly with flour; add one cupful suet chopped fine. Sift together one cupful flour and two tablespoonfuls brown sugar. Then use enough milk, about one cupful, to make a thick batter. Place in individual cups covered with greased or waxed paper. Bake slowly one hour, or steam two hours. Steaming makes pudding lighter and more wholesome. Serve hot with sauce.



OLD VIRGINIA GOODIES

BY ANNIE FLEMING SMITH

Mount Vernon, "Ole Virginny"—what more timely month than February in which to savor the bounteous spirit of Washington's day?

The contributor of these choice recipes, which have come down through many generations, belongs to a historic Virginia family. These recipes, some of them from Mount Vernon, some from Fredericksburg—across the river from the immortal cherry-tree—are here given in their quaint original form, precisely as handed down. They have been tested in THE DELINEATOR kitchen with good results. In following these rules it may help one who is not used to weighing her flour and sugar to know that one pound of flour is the same as four level cups; and that two cups of butter weigh one pound; as do also two cups of sugar.

"CHOCOLATE" CAKES

THESE cakes were often served at Mount Vernon with chocolate thickened with the yolk of egg, of which George Washington was very fond, particularly in the afternoon after a long ride.

One-half pound brown sugar, one-fourth pound butter, one pound flour. Melt the butter with three-quarters of a cup of milk, knead into the flour, mixed with sugar, and knead until very light. Roll very thin and cut into strips about one inch wide and five inches long, and bake until crisp in a hot oven. Pile strips log-cabin fashion on plate and serve with chocolate.

VIRGINIA SUGAR BISCUIT

CAKES made from this recipe were always kept on hand in quantities for the Mount Vernon children:

One cup lard with as much butter mixed with it as you can spare; six even cups flour, one cup buttermilk; three cups brown sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon soda dissolved in warm water, one nutmeg, grated. Rub lard well into flour, beat eggs and sugar. Mix all together, roll moderately thin, cut the size of a biscuit and bake.

BATTER BREAD OR SPOON BREAD

ONE egg, well beaten; one teaspoon salt; one cup Southern corn-meal, two cups sour milk in which dissolve one level teaspoon soda; one tablespoon melted shortening. Beat well and pour into well-greased baking-dish which has been allowed to get very hot before pouring in mixture. Bake about forty minutes in hot oven.

SALLY LUNN

SALLY LUNN was first made in England by a famous pastry cook of that name. It was a favorite breakfast bread of George Washington and was often seen on his table.

One quart flour; four eggs; one-half cup melted butter or lard, one cup milk, one cup water, one-half yeast cake softened in one-fourth cup water; one teaspoon salt and two tablespoonfuls sugar. Beat the eggs very light, add the milk and water, which should be tepid, melted butter, salt, sugar and yeast. Stir well while the flour is sifted in; then beat hard until perfectly smooth. Rise in bowl in which it is made. When well risen beat down and give a second rising in well-greased pan in which it is to be baked. Turn out and eat while hot. It is much better to break it than to cut it.

SWEET POTATO PUDDING

PARBOIL, peel, and when cold, grate enough sweet potatoes to make one pound. Cream one-half cup butter with three-fourths cup of sugar and the beaten yolks of four eggs; a teaspoon each of powdered cinnamon and nutmeg; the juice and rind of an orange; a wineglass of grape-juice, and last of all the whites of two eggs, well beaten, saving the whites of the other two eggs for the meringue. Mix well, put in baking-dish and bake about twenty minutes. Then put meringue on top. Serve warm.

Editor's Note—In the original recipe an alcoholic liquor was used in place of the grape-juice.

TO COOK HAM VIRGINIA STYLE

LET ham soak in cold water six hours. Scrub well. Boil in clean cold water. Let simmer until skin seems loose. Turn out fire and allow ham to cool in the water in which it was boiled. Then remove skin and cover with one cup bread-crumbs, three-fourths cup brown sugar, a little cinnamon, allspice and black pepper and stick with whole cloves. Put in roasting-pan and let brown slowly in oven for about half an hour, basting it about twice with the water in the pan, into which has been placed two table-spoons of vinegar.

LAFAYETTE GINGERBREAD

THIS recipe was used by Mrs. Washington when Lafayette visited Fredericksburg, in 1824, and he was a guest at her home. It was contributed by the great-granddaughter of the physician of Mary, the mother of Washington.

One-half pound butter, one-half pound sugar, one pint molasses, one-half pint milk, four tablespoons ginger, one tablespoon cinnamon and mace mixed, the grated rind of an orange or lemon, one teaspoon soda dissolved in a little water, six cups flour, and six eggs. Cream the butter, sugar, spices and molasses together. Then add the well-beaten yolks, and the milk and flour alternately, then whites of eggs well beaten—soda last. Beat all well. One pound of raisins may be added.

FREDERICKSBURG, Virginia, Washington's home from the time he was six years old until early manhood, is generally famous for its cooks. Recipes such as the following have been handed down from generation to generation.

CARAMEL CAKE

THIS recipe has been used in the Mercer family for generations, handed down from the days of General Hugh Mercer of Revolutionary times.

Six eggs, one-half pound butter, one pound flour, one and one-half cup granulated sugar, one and one-half teaspoon baking-powder. Cream butter and sugar together, add yolks of eggs well beaten. Mix in flour and milk alternately, using enough milk to make a batter of the usual consistency. Fold in whites of eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Season with vanilla and bake in layers.

FILLING FOR CAKE

TWO pounds brown sugar, one-half pound butter, one pint milk. Cook for three hours very slowly (do not let mixture boil hard, but merely simmer), chop fine one and one-fourth pound English or black walnuts and put in twenty minutes before done. Let cool slightly and add whites of two eggs beaten to a froth. Spread between layers and on top of cake.

GENERAL R. E. LEE CAKE

MAKE sponge-cake layers. For the filling take the whites of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Add to them one pound of pulverized sugar, the grated rind and juice of one orange, and the juice of half a lemon. Spread this mixture on the layers before they are perfectly cold, placing one layer on another.

Concluded on page 63

Jiffy-Jell

Real-Fruit Desserts

Flavored with
Condensed Fruit Juice
in Bottles



You Get Eight Fruits

Real fruits condensed in bottles—in Jiffy-Jell Desserts

Think what Jiffy-Jell means to you in these winter months. There is nothing like it.

It brings to your table real-fruit desserts, rich in fruit essence—not a mere fruit taste. Each package contains a bottle of condensed fruit juice.

We crush the fruit where it grows, condense it and seal it. Thus we bring you much fruit for a trifle. For instance, we crush half a pineapple—in Hawaii—to make the flavor for one Jiffy-Jell dessert.



A bottle in each package

Eight fruits are placed at your constant call. Not flavors, but the real fruit essence, healthful and delightful—the fruit that all folks daily need. And they come in the queen of all desserts.

2½c per serving

A package of Jiffy-Jell serves six people in mold form, or 12 if you whip the jell. All for 15 cents. The fruit alone might cost as much as that.

Jiffy-Jell comes ready-sweetened. It comes acidulated with lemon or grape



Made with Style—H Mold

acid. Simply add boiling water, as directed on package, then the fruit essence from the vial, and let cool.

Thrice a week

Jiffy-Jell should be served in winter at least three times weekly. The ten flavors

offer variety. No other form of quick gelatine dessert offers you bottled fruits.

Millions now enjoy it. It has changed their whole conception of these fruity dainties. Compare it with the old kinds and you'll adopt it too.

Use lime-fruit flavor to make tart green salad jell. Serve with the salad or make a salad loaf. Or mix in meat left-overs for a meat loaf.

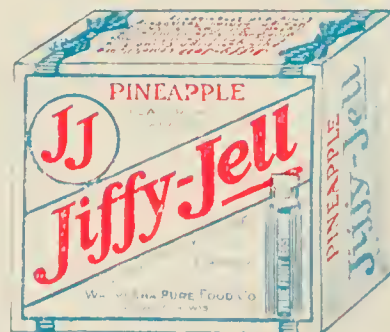
Use Mint Jiffy-Jell to serve with roast meats, hot or cold.

For desserts, try Pineapple and Loganberry—two of our best.

10 Flavors in Glass Vials

- Mint Lemon
- Lime Cherry
- Orange Coffee
- Strawberry
- Raspberry
- Pineapple
- Loganberry

A bottle in each package



A new, exquisite pattern of Wm. Rogers & Son silverplate, guaranteed 20 years. No advertising on spoons.



Jiffy-Cup



Dessert Molds Assorted Styles

Gifts

To Jiffy-Jell Users

Send us the Ⓜ trade-marks in the circle on the fronts of your Jiffy-Jell packages. We will supply you ways to serve Jiffy-Jell attractively.

Individual Dessert Molds

Aluminum molds in sets of six, assorted styles. Send six Ⓜ trade-marks for the set of six.

Pint Molds

All in aluminum—value, 60 cents each.

- Style—B—Heart-shaped.
- Style—C—Fluted Mold.
- Style—D—Salad Mold.
- Style—E—Pinnacle Mold.
- Style—H—Star-shaped.

Send six Ⓜ trade-marks for any pint mold.

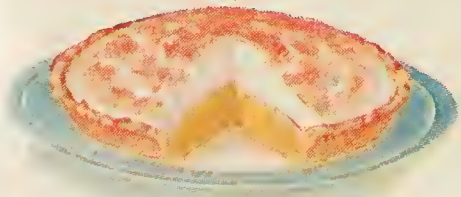
Jiffy-Cup

A half-pint aluminum cup to measure water for dissolving Jiffy-Jell. Send 2 Ⓜ trade-marks for it.

Dessert Spoons

Send 2 Ⓜ trade-marks for the first Wm. Rogers spoon, plus 10 cents for postage and packing. We will then offer balance of a set.

Jiffy-Pie



Another Jiffy Dessert Made With Real Fruit

One Pie Free—Jiffy Lemon Pie

Jiffy Lemon Pie also comes in a package. All ingredients—sugar, egg yolk, powdered milk, corn starch and tapioca. The lemon essence—derived from lemon peel—comes in liquid form in a bottle.

Simply add water, cook the mixture a little, and you get a real lemon pie filler, as good as the best cooks make. Send us two Ⓜ trade-marks from Jiffy-Jell and we will mail you a full-size package—enough for one large pie. Address Jiffy Dessert Company, Waukesha, Wis.

Check Gifts

- Pint Molds
-Style—B
-Style—C
-Style—D
-Style—E
-Style—H
-Set of Six Individual Molds
-Jiffy-Cup
-Spoon

Jiffy Dessert Co.
Waukesha, Wis.

Del. 627
MAIL THIS

Enclosed find Ⓜ trade-marks, for which send the gifts I check at side.

BEAUTIFUL hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women 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.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid For Children—Fine For Men.



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WATKINS
MULSIFIED
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



"IT'S JUST A TELEGRAM FROM YOUR BROTHER"

ELIZABETH MANAGES

BY BARBARA KAY

DEAR BUDDY:

Cross my heart and hope to die, I am quite a lot more grown up than I was when you knew me, and I understand the sacredness of confidences as I didn't at that time. You don't need to worry about trusting me. I love Ruth Farraday very much and I should think anybody might.

Well, she is not a happy girl. There is a man called Mr. Piggy Chambers—that is what Peggy calls him, anyway—who is in love with her and asked her to marry him.

She has refused him once, but he is around the place all the time and does not seem to be discouraged in any way. Peggy is furious at him. Whenever I see him on their porch, eating, in that wicker *chaise longue* they have, I can not tell you how I despise him, in spite of his being really very nice, if you like that kind. He doesn't seem to have any neck to speak of, and his collars look as if they would choke him. His eyes are small, though bright and animated-looking.

Ruth Farraday comes here a great deal, and she asks for you sometimes, too.

I guess there is one thing that I ought to repeat. Yesterday she said "How is your brother?" and I said, "He is about the same," and she said, "I've just discovered how ill he has been. I wish I had known it before," and I said, "Well, he might get discharged soon," because I didn't know what else to say. She said, "I should have written to him, if I had thought he cared." Well, what could I say? I didn't say anything, because you have warned me so against blabbing. Then she said, "I can't write him now very well. I can't."

Well, so this is about all I know. I wish it were something helpful, but it seems like nothing at all. I am only trying to write as I would be written by. (See the Golden Rule.) If I have not made you sicker, and you love me into the bargain, please tell me so.

Your sister,
ELIZABETH.

P. S.—I would write to her, if it was me.

She made a special trip to the post-office to mail this letter, and as she dropped it in the slot, she had a moment of dizziness, as if the floor of the post-office had suddenly shaken itself under her feet. Even the blue-

THE STORY THUS FAR

A very superior young person of nearly fourteen, Elizabeth Swift, comes down from Boston to Cape Cod to spend the Summer with her grandparents. Their ways are not her ways; she fails to see their charm and is very lonely indeed. She meets another city girl, Peggy Farraday, and slowly begins to thaw out a little. She meets, too, the Steppe children, whose mother is always too tired to care for them. Her days become full and increasingly pleasant, although she still writes long, lonely letters to her sick soldier brother, Buddy.

Elizabeth learns that Peggy Farraday is sister to the Ruth that her brother has known for years, and Peggy and Elizabeth, suspecting a thwarted romance, determine to let Ruth know how ill Buddy is. They feel that "Piggy" Chambers is much too wealthy a suitor to have about in Buddy's absence. Elizabeth starts a letter to him.

berry cake did not tempt her to eat very heartily at supper.

That night she crept away to bed as early as she could, and lay with throbbing temples against the cool white pillows in great-grandmother's guest-chamber bed, wondering if she had written wisely to her sick brother, and praying that she might have helped, not hindered, his recovery.

It was two days later that Peggy came to her with a troubled face.

"We've been having ructions over to our

house," she said, "and I'm frightened. Mother and Ruth have had an awful row. I don't know how it's coming out. Mother is trying to egg Ruthie on to take Piggy for her lawful-wedded. Anyhow, she claims Ruth ought to take him or leave him, with an accent on the take."

"Oh, Peggy!"

"Ruth told mother that she'd rather be the wife of a poor man that she was keen on, than to have a million. Mother said that Piggy Chambers had four millions. Ruth said that made about two, or one and one-half, since the purchasing power of a dollar was so reduced.

"THEN mother said that Ruth had been playing with Piggy, or nobody would have had any reason to think of the matter at all. It was all pretty raw, you know. I wouldn't tell any other soul on earth, but some way you are different."

"A lot of people tell me things," Elizabeth said, "and I love Ruth."

"I wish you'd come over to the house with me, Elizabeth. I'm honestly almost afraid to go home. The atmosphere is so thick you couldn't cut it with a knife, unless it had just been sharpened."

"All right, I will," said Elizabeth.

"Hello! daddy's come!" Peggy cried, as they approached the Farraday porch. "That makes it even more exciting, doesn't it?"

Mr. and Mrs. Farraday were engaged in earnest conversation as the two girls opened the screen door and stepped into the dainty space within.

"Hello, daddy dearest," Peggy cried, flying to kiss him.

Mr. Farraday had a nice smile. He looked very much like his youngest daughter.

"Ruth phoned me to come down," he said.

"How's my son?"

"She's feeling a lot better, dear, since she knows you're in the house," Peggy flashed back. "I'm the only son he's got, you know."

"Your father and I were talking, dear," Mrs. Farraday's smooth tones intervened.

"Here come Ruth, and Mr. Chambers."

Ruth threw up her small head as she came out of the house. She was very pale, Elizabeth noticed, and Mr. Chambers was very red. He was smiling, but Ruth's face was entirely grave.

"I am glad you are here, father," she said, "for I have an announcement to make to you."

"Shall I go?" Elizabeth asked.

"No, dear, I want you to stay. It's not a secret. It is merely that Mr. Chambers has asked me to marry him, and I have said that I would."

"Oh, Lord!" Peggy cried.

"Don't you want me for a brother-in-law, Miss Peggy?" Mr. Chambers asked. "You don't sound very much pleased at our news."

"I don't want any brother-in-law very much," Peggy said, "but I do want my sister to do what she wants to, and—to be happy," she finished lamely.

"I don't know what to say," Mr. Farraday admitted. "I feel just about the way Peggy does."

"A telegram for Miss Ruth." The maid came out and crossed the porch to present it.

"Who can be telegraphing now?" Ruth said.

She tore the crackling paper slowly, her mouth set in pinched, tense lines which changed suddenly and quivered for an instant piteously.

"It's just a telegram from your brother," she said to Elizabeth. "A few lines to inquire about me and wish me good luck. It's funny it should have come now—isn't it?"

ELIZABETH'S first impulse the next morning was to write to her brother. She did not know whether she ought to or not—it was the greatest problem she had ever been called on to face.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

I have got to use my own judgment about writing to you.

Mother said I was not to tell you anything that might trouble you, but I have got to trouble you. Buddy, Ruth Farraday is engaged to marry that goop, and her family have egged her on till she did not know which way to turn, and has turned this way. She told me and her family, and her face looked like death. I am not making this up. Peggy says so, and she knows. Ruth is not a happy girl, and we both know it. She has lost her lovely pink cheeks, and is a white apple-blossom now. A pear-blossom is more like it, only not pretty enough for her.

Well, Buddy, I have never had any real, grown-up trouble, but the kind of fourteen-year-old trouble I have had has seemed pretty hard sometimes. Grandmother says that you've always got to live, whether you can or not. I know you don't want my condolences, but I love you so that I can't help being sick over this. It's hard work for me to eat and sleep. I hope you can swear a little, because that will help you.

SISTER.

ELIZABETH and Moses took the shore road, and finally struck off across the fields and through the woods to make a short cut for the bathing-beach. Moses was going to initiate the new bathing-suit Elizabeth had bought him, Elizabeth was to sit on the beach and knit a sweater she was making for Madget.

A little later Moses was bobbing about in the water pretending to be a whale and Elizabeth was knitting so busily that she did not see Ruth Farraday approaching along the beach. It was not until a long shadow fell across her work that she realized her presence.

"Shall I sit down beside you?" she asked in her low, clear voice. "Peggy couldn't come down to the beach to-day. I was too lazy to go in swimming, but I thought I'd like a smell of the sea, all the same."

"I—I'm very glad to see you," Elizabeth said.

"I'm glad to see you. I haven't seen you since that other day at tea."

"No," said Elizabeth gravely.

"I haven't been feeling very well since then. It was nice of your brother to wire me, wasn't it?"

"I told Buddy that I thought you would be pleased to hear from him. It was my

Continued on page 77

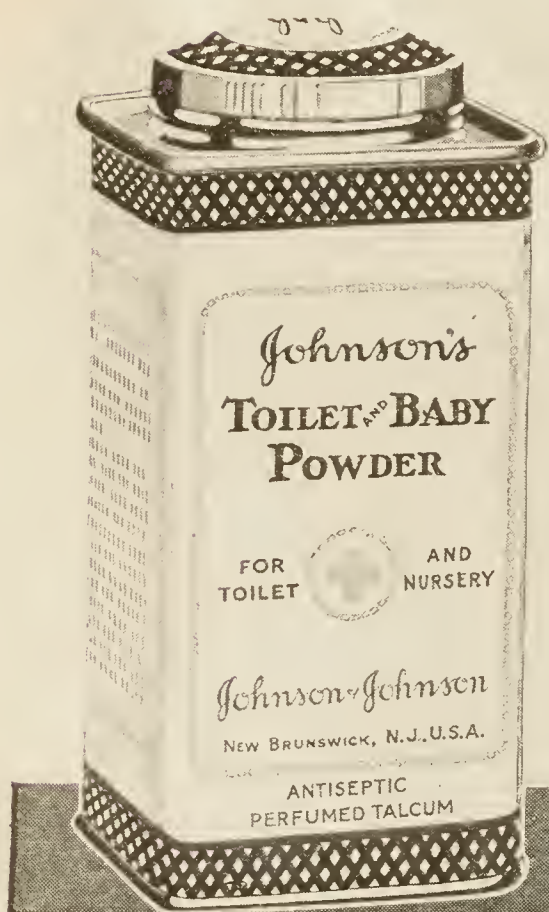


And the Stork Brings a Double Blessing

The softest, tenderest thing in the world is new baby skin. What folly to offend this tender tissue with ordinary grown-folks' talcum.

Johnson's Baby Powder is made especially for babies, in laboratories that prepare 400 articles for the medical profession. Of course, it is more comforting, more soothing to baby's fine-spun skin.

For your baby's sake, use a baby powder—Johnson's—and begin today.



Johnson's Baby Powder

Best for baby—Best for you

Your druggist renders a service which means convenience and safety to you and to others in your community—a service which merits increased patronage. Always "Try the Drugstore First."

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

Every personal cleansing need—from shampooing to baby's bath—needs antiseptic, fragrant Synol Soap.



THE CHILD'S SPEECH

BY MARY E. BAYLEY, R. N.

Approved by Dr. Frederick Martin, Ph. D., D. O. (Doctor of Oratory),
Director of Speech Improvement, Department of Education, City of New York

AS WE write there is with us a mental picture of a little girl of eight whose beautiful brown eyes filled with tears as her mother said in a voice none too kind: "Katherine, I have told you repeatedly that if you would take time to talk you would not make such a failure of it." It was then the mother imitated the child's stammering, in order, as she thought, to show her the ugly sounds. As the little girl turned, crushed and hurt, her mother said: "The distressing part of it is, she seems to get worse rather than better." And as we consider this mother's methods small wonder it is that her child's speech defect grew worse.

All defects are not the same. Sometimes there are deformed dental arches or teeth not in normal alignment, or perhaps some part of the speech mechanism is absent, as is the case when there is cleft palate. Imperfections caused by defective mechanism, however, are easily recognized. The remedy for such disturbances is either surgical or mechanical interference. But persons having speech defects of this nature are few in comparison with the large number who stutter and stammer.

Children do not stammer as soon as they begin to talk. We must remember that a child is never born with this defect. While the speech mechanism is present at birth, speech is a faculty gradually and unconsciously developed. Stammering usually begins about the third or fourth year, and, unless some counter influence is brought to bear, is inclined to grow much worse through the school period.

Stammering may be caused by fear of difficult sounds when speaking, or by nervous shock; it may be caused by imitation, or by mental contagion when the child is in constant contact with some one who stutters, or most often by improper speech training. A child tries to imitate speech as he hears it around him. If the words are spoken slowly and distinctly, the child will try to talk in this way. On the other hand, if he constantly hears very rapid speech, he will try to speak fast and then he may stumble.

There may be other causes for a child's stammering. The brain centers for the production of speech often do not keep pace with the centers where the mental images of words are formed. In other words, the child thinks faster than he can speak.

The practise of making a child read or use words much too difficult to articulate, pronounce or understand may tend to make him stammer.

And if the child is oversensitive, or if, through ridicule or scolding, corrections are made destructive rather than constructive, the habit may not only be continued but is frequently also driven in deeper.

Do not wait for the child to outgrow the habit. The golden opportunity for the correction of this speech defect is when it first appears.

THE attitude of the parents is most important, however. The stammering child is a nervous child. It requires more than the normal effort for him to talk. This is naturally a greater drain upon his vitality. In addition to a well-selected diet and all kinds of outdoor exercises, the child who stammers should have more hours of rest than are ordinarily allotted.

Everything tending to produce psychic disturbances, such as anxiety, fear or intimidation, should be avoided. And never should the clothing be so tight as to compress the respiratory or neck muscles.

The child should not be made to feel that

he is in any way different from other children. Do not call his attention to the fact that he speaks imperfectly. And does this mean he must not be corrected?

Not at all. But let your corrections be constructive. Gently check the child. But do not tell him what not to do. Show him how to speak correctly. Lead him gradually into a more confident, more deliberate and careful mode of speaking. *Never speak harshly.* To do so makes the child conscious of his trouble; it impresses the difficulty more deeply into his mind and adds to his fear. These in turn may lead to loss of attention and interest and often to backwardness.

Teach the child to think first of what he wishes to say, and then, when his thoughts are formed, to express them deliberately. In this way he will avoid the lack of coordination between thought and speech.

If, when speaking, the child feels embarrassment, endeavor by means of affection and cheerful intercourse (devoid of compulsion) to supplant the fear of stumbling with confidence in his ability to speak freely.

Always endeavor to prevent such a child from rushing into speech when he is excited. If he wishes to tell of an exciting happening, gently check him. This interruption may not necessarily take the form of a correction, but it must be effective enough to cause the child to stop and recover his normal poise; it must be made in a manner suggesting to the child calm and deliberate speech. Such an interruption may be something like this: "John, mother never understands when one speaks to her hurriedly."

WHEN there is a speech defect or even a tendency toward one, the mother should take time each day to go over carefully with the child all the vowel sounds. These, as given by the Director of Speech Improvement, Department of Education, are "Ah," "A," "Ee," "Aw," "Oh," "Oo" (the "a" used is that in the word *make*). The exercises should be practised standing.

"Ah" should be produced with mouth open wide, the tongue flattened, with its tip against the lower teeth. Practise words: Father, papa, car, barn, star, Arthur, and so forth.

"A" must be made as a pure tone without a diphthongal combination, as *ayee*. The tip of the tongue should touch the lower teeth, but the remainder of the tongue should be slightly arched above their level. Practise words: Ate, ache, blame, fate, make, baby, and so forth.

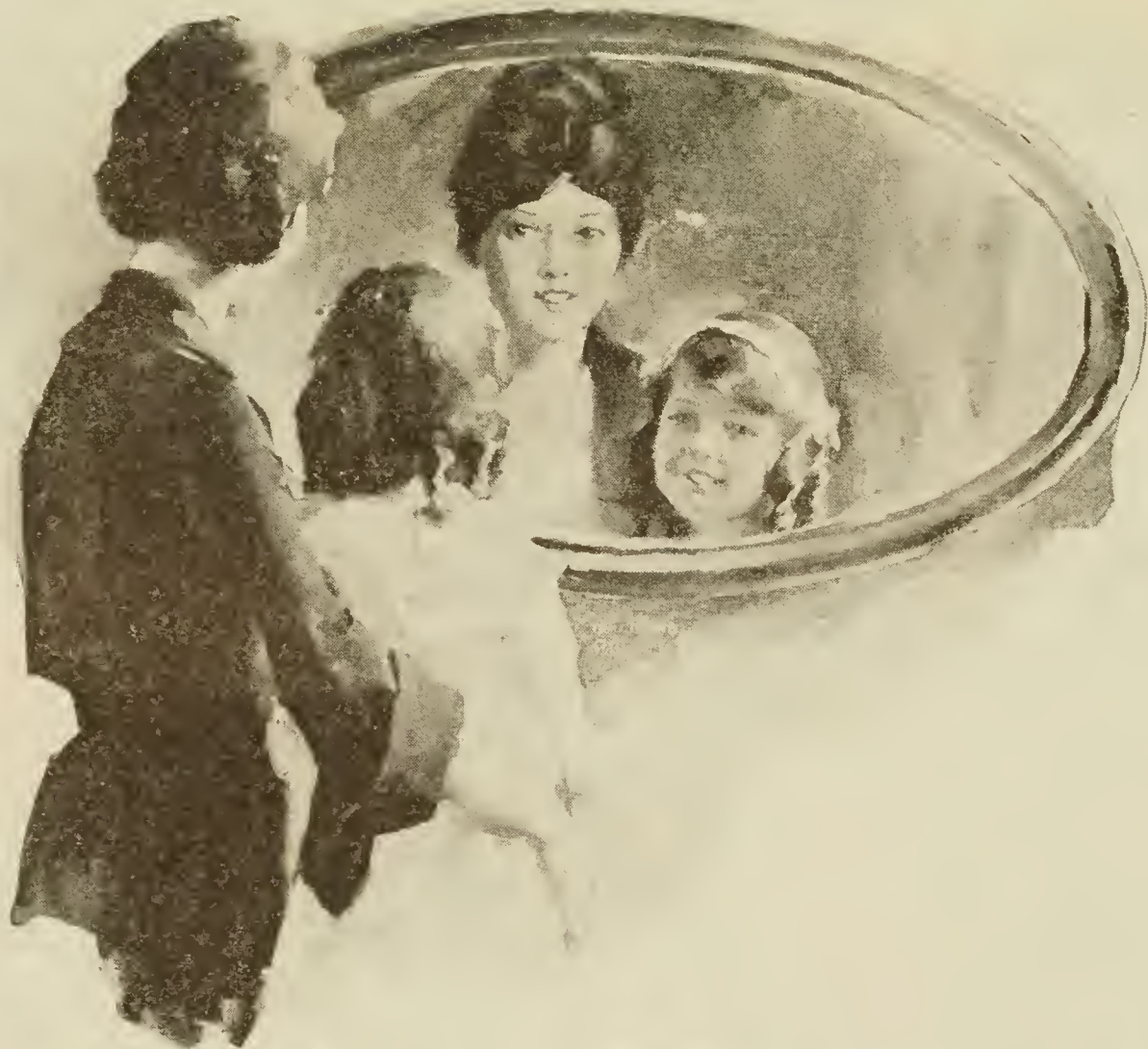
"Ee." Care should be taken that the upper and lower teeth do not meet and that the sound be made not too thinly. The tongue is held in a position similar to that for producing "A." Practise words: See, meet, need, feel, seem, eel, free, and so forth.

"Aw." The lips are extended, with the mouth well opened, the tongue slightly convex. Practise words: Raw, saw, jaw, awning, lawn, gnaw, yawn, and so forth.

"Oh." This is made with the lips round and pursed slightly forward. Avoid breaking the "oh" as though it were "o" plus "oh." The tongue is held flat (except for the back, which is very slightly raised), with the tip against the lower teeth. Practise words: Though, dough, and so forth. The same sound is found in words without the "oh," such as old, home, potato, and so forth.

"Oo." The lips are rounded and pursed forward. The tongue is held in a position similar to that for producing "oh." Practise words: Ooze, spoon, too, and so forth.

Concluded on page 62



See What Happens

when you brush teeth in this new way

Five desired effects

Five things happen every time you brush teeth in this new way which dentists now advise.

The salivary flow is multiplied. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent.

The starch digestant in saliva is multiplied. That is to quickly digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and form acid.

The alkalinity of the saliva is multiplied. That to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

The film-coat is attacked in two efficient ways.

The teeth are so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Three aids to Nature

Three effects are simply aids to Nature.

They would come through diet if you ate much fruit. But they must come regularly to prevent acid attacks on teeth.

Pepsodent brings them twice daily, whatever the diet. It combats the starch and starch effects when diet fails to do so.

Film—the great enemy

But the still greater object is to fight film, the cause of most tooth troubles. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it, and many serious troubles, local and internal, are now traced to them.

A many-year problem

Film has for many years been a great dental problem. Careful people have dentists remove it twice yearly. But there are months between when it may do a ceaseless damage.

So dental science has been seeking a daily film combatant.

Efficient methods have now been found and proved by ample tests. These methods are embodied in Pepsodent. Thus all these five desired effects are now secured by this one application.

We supply it free

Pepsodent is now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Millions of people daily employ it, largely through this advice.

The results are evident wherever you look, particularly in glistening teeth.

A 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. Also a book which tells the reason for each unique result.

This is to urge that you send for that tube. Watch the effects, learn their meaning, judge them for yourself. Then consider what they mean to you and yours.



Based on years of research

Pepsodent is based on years of research. Its principles have been evolved by some of the ablest authorities. It accords with the best modern dental opinion.

Its effects are now regarded as essential to proper tooth protection. So everyone should make this test. See how the teeth improve. What you see and feel will then decide your proper course. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which brings five desired effects. Approved by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Supplied by druggists in large tubes.

The visible effects

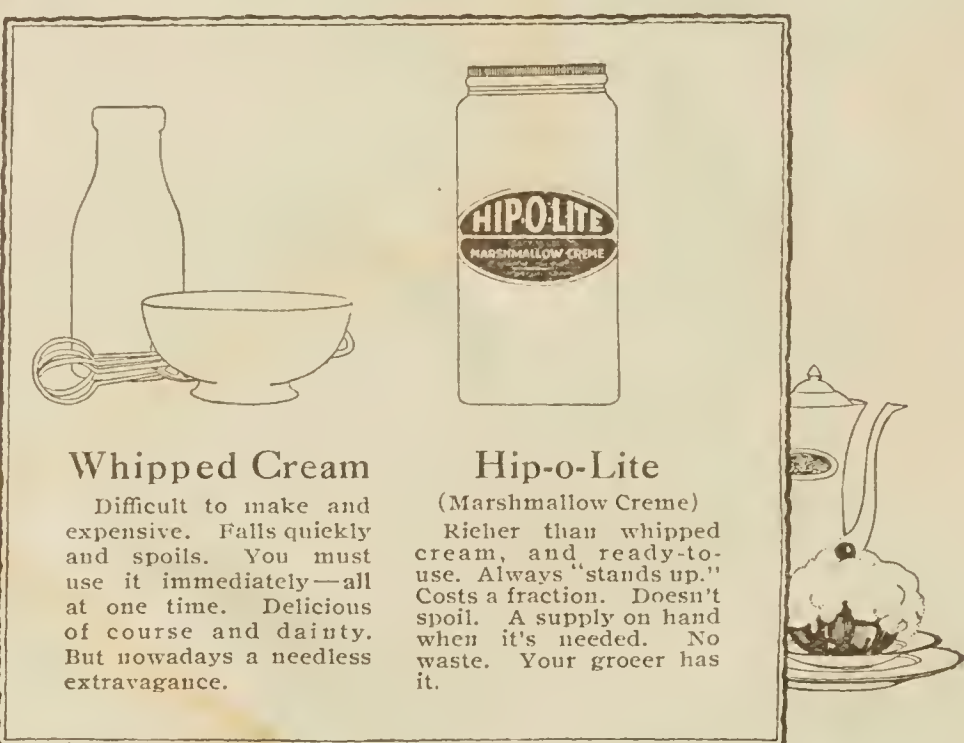
Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then let the book explain results less evident to you.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 266, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Compare it with Whipped Cream



Whipped Cream

Difficult to make and expensive. Falls quickly and spoils. You must use it immediately—all at one time. Delicious of course and dainty. But nowadays a needless extravagance.

Hip-o-Lite
(Marshmallow Creme)

Richer than whipped cream, and ready-to-use. Always "stands up." Costs a fraction. Doesn't spoil. A supply on hand when it's needed. No waste. Your grocer has it.

Culinary experts say it's richer!

And they urge housewives to use Hip-o-lite in *everyday* cookery; to serve it with *everyday* desserts.

It comes in crystal jars, costs as little as simple sugar sauces; and proves, without doubt, that Whipped Cream is a luxury you need never indulge.

"A teaspoon to a serving" is the rule to follow. The rule that makes home desserts absolutely what they should be. And quite different from what they *used* to be!

Heaped high with worlds of white lusciousness, and as attractive as delicious, they keep the family sweet tooth in a state of amazed delight.

No whipping, no mussing

Note too that Hip-o-lite is strictly ready to use. No *whipping*. Exquisite marshmallow creme, used by world famous caterers and chefs, whipped up to just the right daintiness for topping cakes and desserts.

But first, taste it! Mark its delicate flavor, its subtle sweetness.

The Hipolite Book of Caterers' and Chefs' Professional Recipes and "Simplified Candy Making" are well worth having. Free upon request. Write for them.

THE HIPOLITE COMPANY, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

And you will marvel at daintiness so alluring. Gay deliciousness by the jar!

Everything in a jiffy

Spread Hip-o-lite on cup cakes for the tea table. Between lady-fingers and vanilla wafers for the daintiest of marshmallow sandwiches. Mix it with canned peaches for *Compote Supreme* in a wink. A rare delight with hot chocolate. And for a cake filling that "stands up," or a frosting that Will Not Run, merely spread it on the layers and over your cake, like butter on bread!

Try *thinning* it with grape juice or any fruit juice; with milk or plain water. A wonderful sauce for any dessert. Even "poor man's pudding" cannot resist it! Serve with baked apples—custards, *blanc mange*. With puffed cereals as an after-school greeting. Let it contrast its delicate sweetness with the tart coolness of fruit-flavored gelatine desserts. And then you will know how *caterers* make *wonderful* desserts of simple desserts.

Surely you must ask your grocer for Hip-o-lite, today.



THE FESTIVE BOARD

RABBITS, PUNCHES, SALADS AND CAKES

(Originated in THE DELINEATOR Kitchen)

BY FLORA G. ORR, Home-Economics Editor

ARE you entertaining this month? And is it to be a Valentine party, a Lincoln or Washington celebration, a birthday feast, a rabbit supper, or just plain afternoon tea? In any case here is a solution to the ever-vexing problem of what to serve for refreshments.

A GOOD rabbit somehow touches the right spot after the dance or masquerade, or after the Winter hike and skating party, and it doesn't take long to make.

DICTIONARY (RABBIT)

1 can (2 cups) tomatoes 1 slice onion
1 cup grated cheese 2 tablespoons butter
1 green pepper, or butter substitute
1 pimento (canned) 2 eggs

MIX tomatoes, cheese, pepper or pimento, and onion. Melt butter or butter substitute, and add this mixture. Stir until heated and the cheese melted. When hot, add well-beaten eggs slowly, and cook until creamy, stirring constantly. Serve hot on toast or wafers.

IF YOU are serving dainty afternoon refreshments, perhaps these fruit punches will help you out. Make the drink a bit tart, always tempting, and of course, cold.

VALENTINE CUP

1 pint sugar 1 lemon
1 pint water 1 glass currant jelly
1 orange Charged water

MIX sugar and water, and heat to the boiling-point. Add orange and lemon-juice. Strain, and add a glass of currant jelly. Cool, and add charged water and shaved ice.

CHERRY PUNCH

1 quart canned red 2 cups sugar
cherries 1 banana
3 lemons 1/2 pound candied or
2 oranges preserved cherries
1 cup grated pine- 1 quart carbonated
apple water

MASH the cherries, add lemon and orange juice, and pineapple, and let stand for an hour. Press and strain. Add thinly sliced banana, candied or preserved cherries, and carbonated water.

HERE is something new in the way of sandwiches to serve with the punch. Be sure to have them dainty and appetizing. These should delight your guests.

WHIPPED CREAM SANDWICHES

SPREAD very thin slices of white bread with softened butter. Just before serving spread with stiffly whipped cream, sweetened, and flavored with vanilla, mixed with chopped nuts and candied cherries. Cut sandwiches in narrow strips and press a tiny piece of red cherry on the top of each.

PATRIOTIC SANDWICHES

CUT the crust from a fresh loaf of bread, or from a stale loaf which has been wrapped for an hour in a cloth wrung from cold water. Spread a very thin layer of butter on one end of the loaf and cut as thin a slice as possible. Mix cream cheese with a little cream so that it will spread easily. Color red with mashed pimentos and spread on each slice. Roll with the spread upward, and tie with blue ribbons to complete the red, white and blue effect. Pile on the serving-plate in log-cabin fashion.

FEBRUARY SANDWICHES

CUT bread as thinly as possible. Open each two slices like a book so that edges will fit together, and spread with a very thin layer of cream cheese, softened with cream. Cover with thin slices of ice-cold bananas, and spread with mayonnaise. Press slices together lightly and serve immediately.

ROSE SANDWICHES

SPREAD very thin slices of white bread with a very thin layer of butter. Add a layer of cream cheese, then raspberry jam, and lay slices together. Cut across diagonally, in each direction, to make four triangles from each sandwich.

FOR the more substantial afternoon or evening refreshments, perhaps you will want a crisp salad also to serve with the punch and sandwiches.

WASHINGTON SALAD

REMOVE the pits from bright-red canned cherries. Fill cavities with cream cheese mixed with chopped nuts. Arrange on a bed of crisp lettuce leaves, with a spoonful of dressing on the side.

TOMATO JELLY SALAD

1 envelope gelatin 2 cloves
1/2 cup cold water 1/4 teaspoon Cayenne
1 can tomatoes pepper
1/2 onion 1 teaspoon salt
1/2 bay-leaf 1 teaspoon sugar
1 stalk celery 2 tablespoons vinegar

SOAK gelatin in cold water. Stew the tomatoes with the remaining ingredients for five minutes. Strain. Bring to the boiling-point again, add soaked gelatin and stir until dissolved. Turn into one large mold or individual cups and chill. Remove from the mold on shredded lettuce and garnish with dressing.

VERNON SALAD

TO THE tomato jelly given above, add one cup of celery, washed, scraped and cut thin, one cup of chopped apple, and one cup of chopped nut-meats. Mold in individual cups and turn out on a bed of lettuce. Serve with salad-dressing, colored red.

AND now, to end up with—one of the new combinations of cake and ice-cream, or perhaps dainty, small, iced cakes. Serve them alone, bring them in with the punch or hot coffee, or use them as the finishing course, following the sandwiches and salad.

ICE-CREAM HEARTS

BAKE a white nut-cake batter in shallow cake-pans. Cut in heart-shaped pieces and split in two. Cover with a thick layer of vanilla ice-cream and replace top half. Mix equal quantities of marshmallow whip and raspberry jam and pour over the whole.

DAINTIES

MAKE a sponge-cake or plain white-cake mixture in two round layer cake-pans. Prepare butter icing and spread between the layers, and upon the outside of the cake. Press the remainder of the icing through a pastry-tube in any design. Score the cake in pieces for serving.

BUTTER ICING

BEAT one cup of butter or butter substitute until white and of such a consistency that it will hang but not drop from the spoon. Gradually add confectioners' sugar until the icing will hold its shape, and flavoring and color to suit.



Don't keep oranges out of a child's reach as you do other foods. Place them where the little hands can get at them any time of day.

The Temptation To Be Well

—Keep it Always in the Family's Way

Oranges are ever tempting people to enjoy good health.

Because Nature knows they're good for you, she has given oranges a most seductive color—the color of the sun itself, the greatest of all healthful influences.

Thus oranges themselves urge you to eat of them, so that you may be well every day.

What Oranges Do

Oranges make for *alkalinity* in the blood, a healthful offset to the acidity of fat foods.

They don't, as some think, *cause* acidity.

Their organic salts and acids are appetizers and *digestive* aids which increase the efficiency of *all* the other foods you eat.

Form the Habit

It's the orange-eating *habit* that brings the really beneficial results—not the eating of an orange merely now and then.

Note the people who are invariably bright-eyed and alert. You will find that they're the *daily* eaters of good fruit.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

The *uniformly good* oranges are Sunkist. Buy them *fresh* daily the year round at any first-class store. They are picked ripe in California every day throughout the year and shipped fresh daily by fast freight to every market in the land. Sunkist are practically seedless, juicy, tender,

firm and sweet. They cost no more than ordinary oranges.

Note our offer of a valuable free book in the panel to the right. It suggests the use of oranges in scores of attractive ways. But above all, keep a bowlful of tempting oranges always in the family's way.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers
DEPT. 1012, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Free Book

By ALICE BRADLEY

Miss Bradley, principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, an expert household economist, has written a special book for us containing more than 200 tested recipes and suggestions for the use of oranges and lemons.

All are accurate and practical. There are plain home dishes, salads and desserts prepared in a jiffy, and new ideas for those who entertain.

Just send a post card for a copy. It is free. Address Dept. 1012.





Painted for The Delineator by Charles S. Chapman

A SOUTHERN RICE-FIELD OF AN OLDER DAY

See article on page 47

THE STORY OF RICE

BY BLANCHE INGERSOLL

TO THOSE who really know rice, there is a world of interest clinging to each tiny grain. Its story began in the East thousands of years ago. Chinese history mentions it in 2800 B.C. Long before the white man invaded the western hemisphere the Indian had on rice and gave it a place in his ceremonies of worship. While the New England settlers cultivated the Indian corn, the Southern colonists planted the first American rice-fields down in South Carolina.

It was about one hundred years after the first cultivation of rice in South Carolina that the peaceful Acadian farmers journeyed across the prairies and down the Mississippi to establish new homes in Louisiana and Texas. It was near Beaumont, Texas, that these Acadians planted the first Western rice-fields. With broad stretches of land and plenty of water the rice was planted on a much larger scale than in the Eastern States. To-day the largest rice-fields in our country are those near Beaumont.

Closely following the Texas fields in size are those of Louisiana, then come those of Missouri and Arkansas, then the smaller ones of South Carolina, Alabama and Georgia, while California is rapidly becoming important for the amount of rice produced.

Rice-fields are particularly interesting, since rice is the only grain which grows under water. From six to eight inches of water cover the field until the rice is almost matured. In the Orient the rice-fields are very small and are surrounded by crude dikes, by means of which a field may be drained or flooded at will. Many times the fields are so subdivided by dikes that they look like toy fields or patchwork. The grain is sown broadcast and after the green shoots appear they are transplanted into rows. The only cultivation necessary is weeding. When the rice has almost matured, the fields are drained. This grown rice resembles wheat.

When the grain has ripened, it is bound into sheaves and allowed to sweat for a time before threshing. In the Orient all of this work is done by hand, but in the large Texas fields the grain is planted in rows by machinery and cultivated by machinery.

The great Texas fields are level stretches of inundated land without even a tree to break the monotony. Our artist has brought to us the more picturesque and older rice-fields of South Carolina and Georgia. These are much smaller and have the added charm of the old trees which seem to stand guard over them. The rice is planted in these fields by hand, somewhat after the Oriental fashion, and is cultivated by hand. The negro men roll up their trousers and the women tie up their skirts and wade barefoot among the fresh green shoots pulling out the grass and weeds. Our picture was made at a time when the green shoots were pushing their heads above the surface of the water.

Not all kinds of rice grow under water; some varieties even grow through the snow. "Paddy" is the rough brown rice and the rice-fields are paddy fields. The outer covering of the paddy grain is a rough brown husk. Just inside this husk lies the brown or outer cuticle, which in turn surrounds the layer known as the "meal." Inside the meal and surrounding the germ which lies at the lower end of the kernel is a thin layer called the "polish."

When the rice is milled in such a way as to remove the four outer coats and the germ, the result is "polished rice." The removal of the outer coats makes a finer, whiter product, and the removal of the germ prevents rapid decay. The polished grains are then coated lightly with glucose and talc for protection from insects, odors and various forms of deterioration. All rice exported from the United States must first be polished. The hand-milled rice of Burma is prepared in such a way that remnants of the four layers and a part of the germ still remain on the kernel. This rice differs from polished rice just as whole-wheat flour differs from white flour.

Because of the glucose and talc which coat the kernels, all rice must be thoroughly washed before it is cooked. These ingredients are not at all harmful, but the coated rice grains would not cook satisfactorily. The Oriental washes his rice very thoroughly and carefully in many waters, rubbing it through

his fingers in a dreamy sort of way until it is "just right!"

The Oriental also uses great care in cooking his rice. With him it is a serious matter and is not to be considered lightly. He uses a large amount of water so that each rice kernel has plenty of room to jump around as the water boils rapidly. This rapid boiling shakes the rice so that no stirring is necessary to keep it from sticking to the pan. Well-cooked rice with each kernel distinct and whole, yet tender and mealy, is an entirely different dish from the pasty mess prepared by many careless cooks.

A FAVORITE use of rice in the Orient is in a sort of stuffing called a dolma which is used to stuff various kinds of vegetables and vine leaves. The dolma is a mixture of rice and meat with plenty of onion and seasonings. The following recipe for stuffed cabbage is a typical use of the dolma:

STUFFED CABBAGE

1 head cabbage	½ cup raw rice
2 tablespoons cooking oil	1 cup cooked mutton
1 chopped onion	Salt
1 clove garlic	Pepper

REMOVE the large outer leaves of the cabbage and wash them thoroughly. Heat the oil and brown the onion and garlic in it. Add the well-washed rice and cook slowly, stirring carefully until the rice is brown. Add the chopped mutton and enough mutton stock to cover the rice. Simmer slowly until the rice is tender. Season with salt and pepper.

Fill the cabbage leaves with the rice mixture, roll and tie them and sauté until brown in oil. Add stock or hot water to about half the depth of the leaves and let simmer for about thirty minutes, turning the balls occasionally. The liquid in which the balls were cooked may be thickened and poured over them. This combination of rice and meat is very useful for making a little meat go a long way.

RICE blends well with the flavors of other foods which are used with it. The Oriental takes advantage of this characteristic of the rice, and some of his vegetable combinations are both unusual and interesting. Tomatoes and peppers are frequently stuffed with a dolma.

The Hindu is particularly fond of curry flavor and uses it with his rice. Curried rice combined with chicken is delicious.

CURRIED RICE AND CHICKEN

2 cups cooked chicken	2 cups cooked rice
1 teaspoon curry-powder	1 tablespoon flour
1 tablespoon chicken fat or cooking oil	1 cup chicken stock
	Salt and pepper

PACK the hot rice into timbale molds or cups, then unmold around the edge of a platter and arrange the minced chicken inside the rice molds. Melt the fat in a saucepan and mix it with the flour and curry-powder. Add the chicken stock gradually and cook several minutes, stirring constantly. Season with salt and pepper and pour over the rice and chicken.

THE Southerner believes that chicken is not chicken without an accompaniment of rice; in fact this use of rice as a vegetable is a custom of the Southland, while the Northerner may use his rice as a cereal or a dessert. There are many varieties of rice pudding varying all the way from "Poor Man's Pudding" to "Heavenly Rice." Probably the most delicious as well as the most simple of all rice desserts is the old-fashioned creamy rice pudding. The combination of milk and rice in this dish makes it very nutritious, and long cooking develops the natural sweetness and flavor of the rice.

CREAMY RICE PUDDING

½ cup rice	½ teaspoon salt
1 quart milk	½ cup sugar
Nutmeg	

WASH the rice and mix it with the milk, salt and sugar. Pour into a greased baking-dish and grate nutmeg over the top. Bake for three hours in a very slow oven, stirring occasionally during the first hour. Serve hot or cold.



Better Bread in Pyrex

PYREX bakes bread an inch higher—it uses *all* the oven heat. Every loaf is evenly browned—top and bottom—and uniformly perfect because you *see* when it is done and take it from the oven at the very moment of perfection. Use Pyrex every day, and insure baking success.

PYREX

TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

Remove the guess-work from Baking

Pyrex bakes everything better and keeps foods hot longer. You bake and serve in the same Pyrex dish. All foods usually cooked on top of the stove are better baked in the oven with Pyrex. There is a Pyrex dish for every baking need.

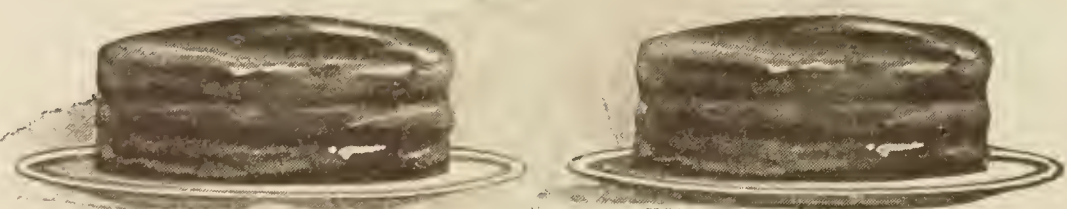
Pyrex is used everywhere for baking purposes. Pyrex does not chip, discolor, nor wear out. Genuine Pyrex is guaranteed against breakage from oven heat. Any Pyrex dealer is authorized to replace any piece of Pyrex that breaks in actual use in the oven.

Pyrex is the original transparent ovenware. Always look for the Pyrex label and the name Pyrex stamped on each piece.

Ask your friends about Pyrex. Sold by good houseware dealers everywhere.

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Two cakes may look alike

They may even be made of the same excellent quality butter, sugar, eggs, milk, flour and baking powder. Yet the one cake will be delicious and the other tasteless, depending on how they have been flavored.

It seems out of proportion that the spoonful or so of flavoring extract you use, should make or spoil your desserts. But since it is so, you can't be too particular about flavor and purity. With vanilla extract it is especially important, because you use it more than any other and there are so many different grades and substitutes sold.

Burnett's Vanilla gives always the same full flavor

There is no need for you to risk the goodness of your cooking by using a vanilla of doubtful quality. Simply asking for "Burnett's Vanilla" when you order from the grocer, protects you and assures you of "full flavor" and absolute purity. The important thing is to specify Burnett's. We have made it easy for your grocer to supply you. If by any chance he hasn't it in stock, he can obtain it quickly. Insist upon "Burnett's."



Burnett's Vanilla

Since 1847-Burnett's extracts
have meant full flavor

Do you get tired of making and eating the same desserts? Send for a copy of the new edition of "Dainty and Artistic Desserts." You'll find it full of recipes for all sorts of new and delicious desserts and lots of original suggestions. Just send your grocer's name and 15 cents in stamps or coin to cover mailing.

Joseph Burnett Company
Boston Mass.

Flavor
Counts
Most



A MONEY-EARNING CHURCH

BY SOPHIA A. NELSON

EDITOR'S NOTE—A good showing for a small church, as will be agreed. Does the reader know of some other church which can offer further ideas and encouragement?

IF YOU came to Mount Vernon, Washington, a stranger and decided to attend the Baptist church, your first impression would not be very favorable, for truly there is neither beauty nor comeliness about our building; and if you came during the Sunday-school hour, you would look in vain for a seat, for, like the old woman who lived in a shoe, we have so many children we hardly know what to do. Nevertheless that old building is the home of a very big little church.

We should have a church home to fit in with our ideal surroundings—one that would be adequate for our use. Over three years ago we thought we could have it, but the war came and our plans had to be postponed. Only the ladies' aid society "carried on." We put away every dollar we could earn toward the building-fund.

A year ago, when the plans were again resumed, we had five hundred and fifty dollars in cash and eight hundred dollars in war savings stamps to turn over to the building committee. At the same time we pledged ourselves to install the pipe organ in the new building, and went to work immediately, with the result that, at the present time, we have fifteen hundred dollars in the organ fund—three hundred dollars was a free-will Easter offering; the rest we have earned.

For the past three years we have conducted a stand at our county-fair grounds. Each year has been successful, but this last year exceeded all of our expectations. We have certain standards from which we never vary. We serve only home-cooked food and give generous portions at moderate prices. We serve only lunches. The hot things are always hot, and the service the best we can give. The following is our menu tried and found "not wanting":

Hot Coffee	Ham Sandwiches
Hot Baked Beans	Apple Pie
Hot Scalloped Potatoes	Ice-Cream
Potato Salad	Cake
Milk	

EACH thing on the menu is served for ten cents except milk, which is five cents, and ham sandwiches and ice-cream, for which we get fifteen cents per portion. From ten to fifteen women take care of the work each day, and each one has her special work to attend to. We have things as convenient and comfortable as possible. The stand is rather large, with counters and seats on all four sides; so we can serve a large number at one time. We use a number of gas-stoves and a steam cooker to keep things hot. We have a floor in the stand and have had the city water put in. We own all of our equipment and dishes. A great deal of credit for our systematic work is due to a capable, energetic leader.

We have less than seventy-five homes from which to draw our supplies and help. Our total church membership is three hundred and forty, including over one hundred children as well as a number of non-residents. Ours is not a wealthy church by any means. Most of us are hard-working people, but the easiest of all people in the world to solicit from, for all of us give what we can, willingly and gladly.

Two weeks before fair time a selected committee estimates the amount of food needed for each day of fair week and apportions the work among the women, according to circumstances. These lists of apportionments are given to ten women who do the soliciting; they report back to the committee before fair week, so that the committee knows exactly what can be depended on for each day. It is all very simple because whatever one is asked to furnish she knows the committee wants the same thing and same amount each day while the fair lasts, only on the big day, when those of us who can double the amount, furnished on ordinary days. For example, the amount assigned to one woman is one cake a day, or four pies, or one gallon of potato salad, et cetera, and even though we go up to work at the stand we prepare our supplies just the same.

We buy sugar, coffee, butter, cream (real cream), hams and bread. We use the Pullman sandwich loaf, baked especially for us. The beans are prepared each day by one person and our local baker bakes them for us in his bake-ovens. He also cooks our hams every day, so that our food is always uniform. Each morning before nine o'clock the supplies for the day are brought by our people to the church and several cars call for them and take them to the fair grounds.

The big day of the week three people are usually busy from ten A.M. until ten P.M. without any let up in making sandwiches. Twenty-eight pounds of butter, seventy loaves of bread and ten large hams were used on that day last year.

Our receipts in 1920 were as follows: Opening day, \$33.00; second day, \$135.68; third day, \$248.00; fourth day \$347.00; fifth day (big day), \$438.00; and the sixth day, \$262.28—making a total of \$1,463.96 taken in at the stand. After all bills were settled we had left in the treasury some nine hundred and fifty dollars for our week's work.

Our supplies were so well planned that when we closed the stand there were only a few loaves of bread and one pie left over. We doubled our receipts at the stand in 1920 over 1919, and we think it pays to give full value for cash received, as a customer pleased one year brings us half a dozen the next year.

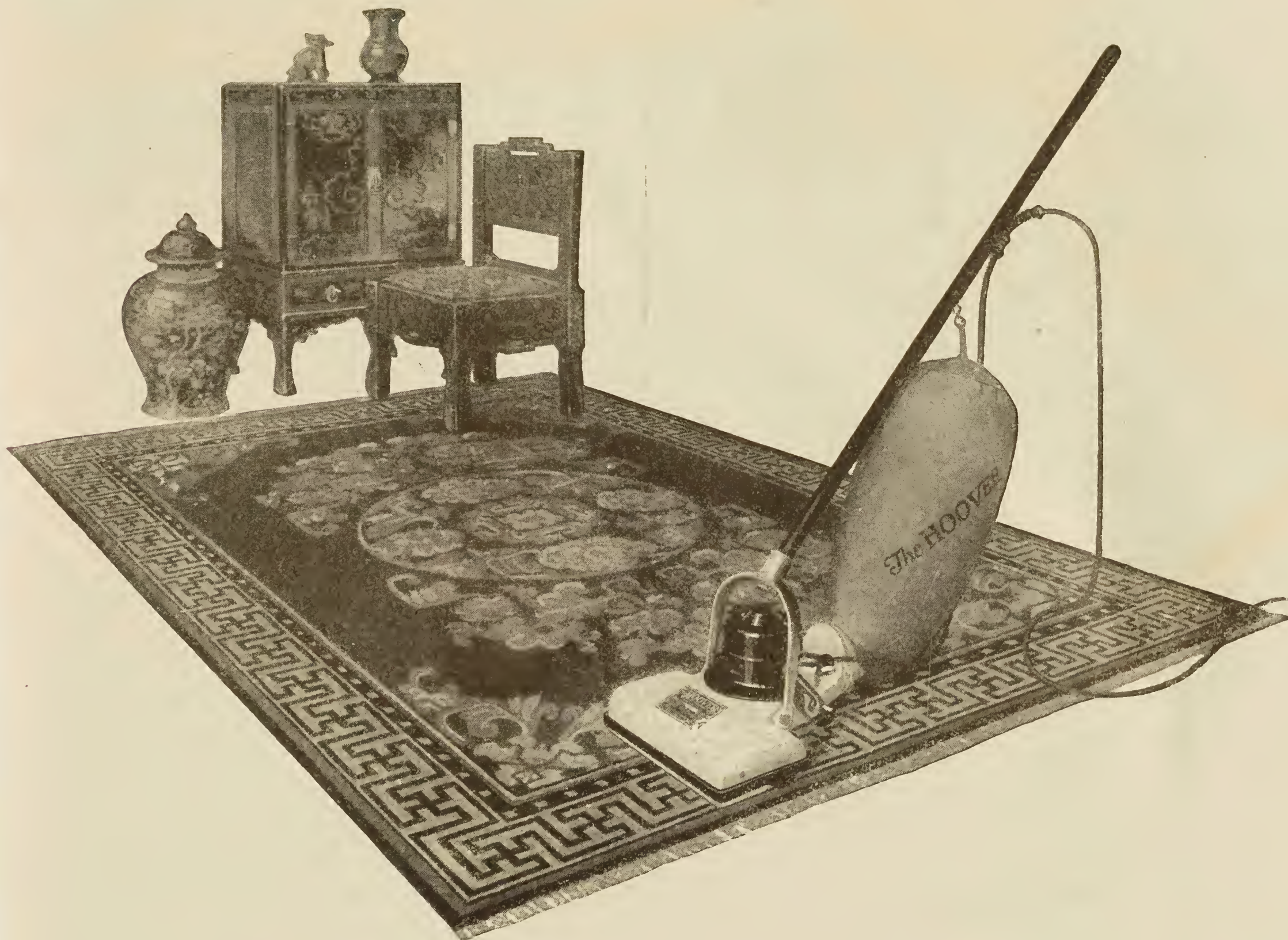
We hire a man to stay in the stand during the night, and one of our men is at the stand during the day to do any heavy work and cut the hams and bread.

It is a strenuous week and we get awfully tired, but we do have such good times together doing it that none who are able would miss it.

The fair is not so largely attended as a State fair would be. The record attendance this past year was six thousand.

Skagit County is large, but we have no large cities. Mount Vernon is the county seat with a population of about four thousand—one of the three largest towns in the county.

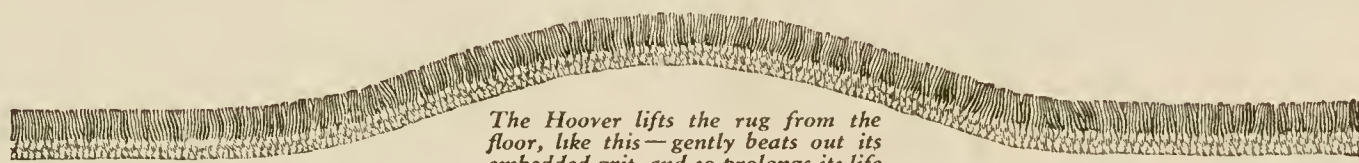
Our ladies' aid society meets once a month (oftener if needed) for an all-day session. We tie comforters for local stores and others, at seventy-five cents to one dollar apiece. We often tie eight or ten in a day. We give banquets for clubs whenever the opportunity offers, and the food is always donated, so our receipts are clear gain.



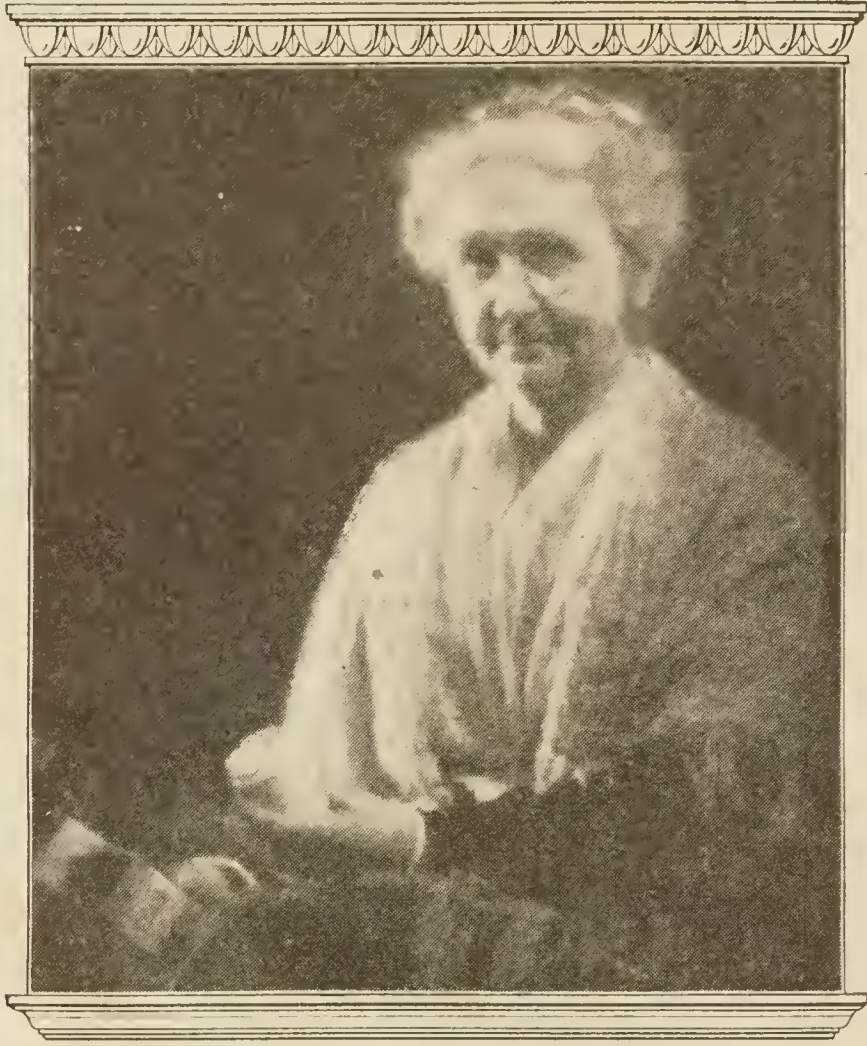
Actually it costs less to own a Hoover than not to own one. For this efficient cleaner saves the money you now spend in having your carpets cleaned. It eliminates the need or lowers the cost of much household help. As it scatters no dust to soil curtains or walls, it makes less frequent those bills for laundering and redecorating. Even of more importance is the sparing of your rugs from avoidable wear. By its exclusive ability to gently beat out all nap-wearing, embedded grit as it electrically sweeps and cleans by suction, The Hoover will pay for itself over and over in the prolonged life and beauty of your floor coverings.

The HOOVER

It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans



The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



She Says "It's Better Than a Mustard Plaster"

Many is the time that Grandma mixed a mustard plaster, in days gone by. For well she knew the virtues of this old-fashioned remedy. But now she relies on Musterole.

No fuss or bother, no stinging, messy plaster. Just a clean white ointment which is always ready to use.

For coughs, colds, aching muscles and twinging joints, there is nothing quite like Musterole. Rub a little on the aching or congested spot. It penetrates way down under the skin and generates a peculiar heat which soon dissipates congestion, and sends the pain away.

Musterole does not blister. Keep a jar on the bathroom shelf, where it is always handy in case of colds or other minor ills. For children as well as for older folks. At all drug stores, 35c and 65c jars. Hospital size \$3.00.



YOUR VEGETABLE GARDEN

BY ROBERT M. ADAMS

Assistant Professor of Vegetable Gardening, New York State College of Agriculture

SUCCESSFUL gardening requires knowledge and careful, patient labor. As Aristotle said of mathematics, "There is no royal road." Neither are there fixed rules applicable to all conditions. The best that may be done is to give certain high lights and side lights upon problems which are sure to arise.

The success of the garden is not insured merely by a good location, but failure may be inevitable in too poor a one. The essential requirements of a garden site are as follows:

1. Sunlight.
2. A soil of some depth and at least sufficiently fertile for weeds to grow upon it.
3. In humid climates, sufficient elevation or drainage to insure against flooding or excessive moisture.
4. In arid climates, an adequate supply of water for irrigation.

IF A site is notably deficient in any or all of the four essential requirements outlined above and the fault can not be corrected, it is not suitable for garden purposes and time or money spent in its cultivation is sure to be wasted.

Where the amount of available ground permits some choice, the following points should also be considered: Distance from the house, elevation and slope; water supply supplementing natural rainfall; wind protection; adaptation of the site to the proposed shape of the garden; type of soil.

Most plants are fixed in one spot and make their own food by combining materials which their leaves take from the air with other materials which their roots take from the soil. The green parts of plants are the machinery for this process. Sunlight furnishes the power, and the work of food production can no more be done without it than an engine can run without steam.

The presence of trees or bushes in the garden or close to it is undesirable, not only because of shade but also because of the great amount of moisture and food material which their roots take from the soil. There is also some evidence that trees throw off substances which are injurious to other plants growing near them.

Caution should be observed in condemning a suggested site because of poor soil. If no other land is available it is possible to bring some very unpromising soils under cultivation, but the first breaking of stiff soils which have been compacted by tramping may require the hardest kind of work with a pickax or a mattock. Stones and rubbish on or near the surface may be cleared away, but in the case of a city yard or vacant lot which was originally low and which has been filled in with stones, broken brick, etc., it may be necessary to bring in a sufficient amount of soil from somewhere else before gardening operations are possible.

LOW, wet lands should be drained before gardening is attempted. If complete drainage is not possible, a series of ridges may be thrown up and cultivated, even though water is standing in the ditches between them.

An adequate water supply, either from rainfall or from irrigation, is essential for the growth of vegetables. Even in humid climates, where irrigation is not commonly practised, the possibility of one or two thorough waterings at critical times during the Summer may make the difference between success and partial failure.

It is desirable that the garden be near the house for convenience in working and in gathering the products. This is a very im-

portant point for the gardener who works in spare moments and the housewife who can have vegetables in the best condition only by gathering them just before they are to be used. A location near the house, especially for a town garden, also offers some protection against trespass and theft.

A site which has lower ground near it is most likely to escape injury from frosts, since cold air is relatively heavy and tends to drain off and settle in depressions. The land may be level, but a gentle slope, preferably toward the south or southwest, gives the best exposure to sunlight in our latitudes. This means, other things being equal, that work can begin earlier in Spring and continue later in the Fall. Land which is too steep is likely to suffer from loss of moisture and from the washing away of soil and food material. It is also more difficult to work. In irrigated regions a slight slope is desirable.

To get the benefit of the full gardening season from early to late, some protection from north winds is needed. This may be a hill, a building, a forest, a hedge or a row of trees.

If horse cultivation is to be employed, a site should be chosen which permits of a long and relatively narrow strip, so that long rows can be made and unnecessary turning avoided. This shape is best also for wheel-hoe work.

Having selected a site, the good gardener should make on paper a plan of his garden showing approximately the amount and location of each crop. The following are some of the things to think about in this connection:

If the garden is to be cultivated by horse tools, the rows should run the long way. This plan is generally recommended in any case, since it makes somewhat easier the work of cultivation with a wheel hoe or even with a common hoe or a rake, and the garden may present a more attractive appearance.

THERE are, however, certain advantages in having the rows run the short way of the garden. Use of the smaller unit (1) permits the amount of each vegetable needed by the small family to be grown without having two or more vegetables in the same row, (2) facilitates prompt replanting when one crop is removed, and (3) permits ambitious vines like squashes and sweet potatoes, to be segregated at one end where they will interfere least with other crops. Moreover, one may often find time for fitting the soil and planting a short row when he could not plant a longer one.

If the garden has considerable slope, it will be best to run the rows in the direction which keeps them as nearly as possible on the same level throughout their length, whether this be the long or short way of the garden. This is especially important in regions subject to Summer droughts, since it permits those crops which suffer most from drought to be planted in the lower spots.

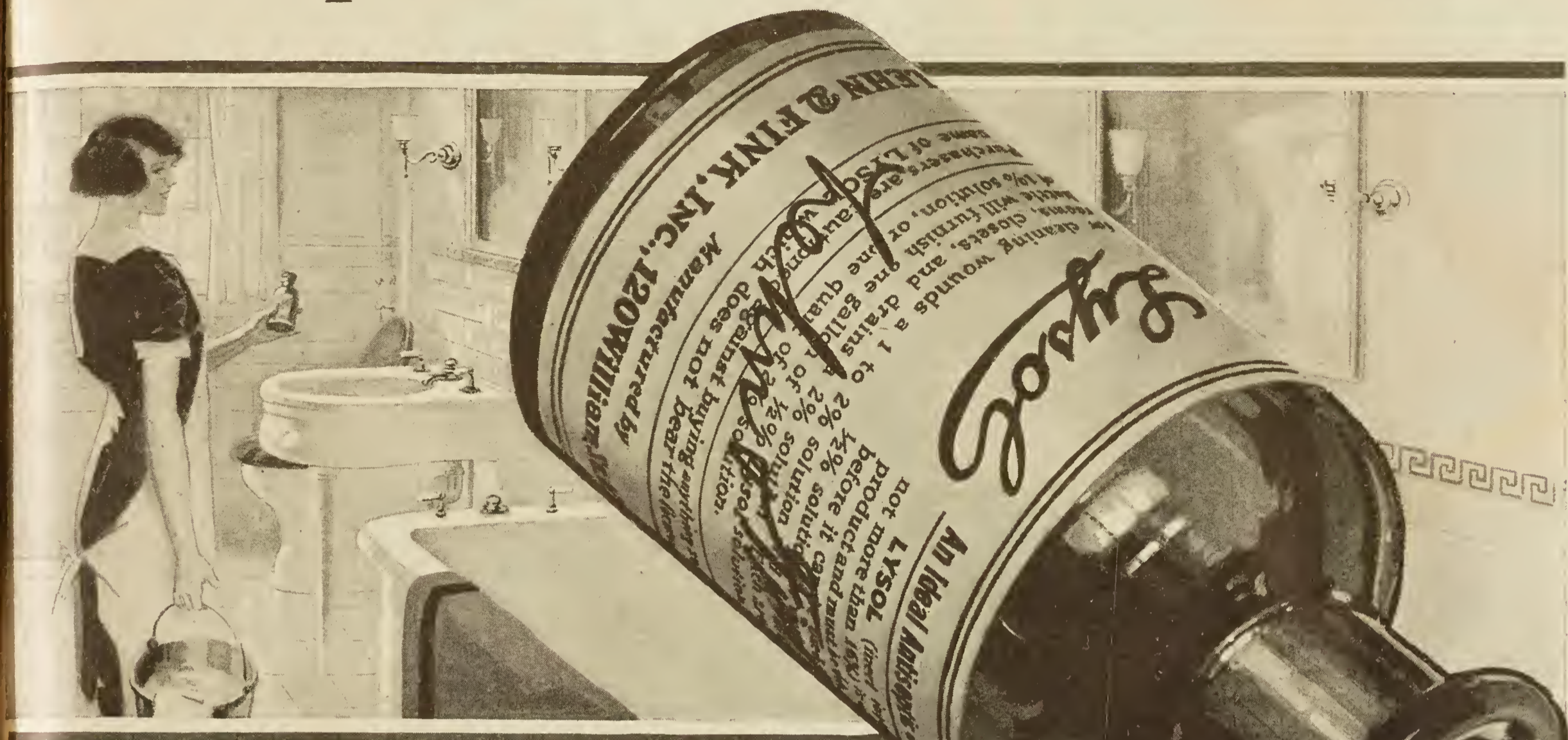
In deciding what vegetables to grow, consider the following points: the soil and climate; the size of the garden; the experience of the gardener or of those who can assist him; and the tastes of the family.

Besides the coarser or finer rock fragments which usually make up from sixty-five to ninety-five per cent. of its weight, soil contains also a greater or less amount of water, air and humus.

Humus is composed of the decaying bodies of plants. The black layer found on the surface of the soil in forests is almost pure humus.

Concluded on page 61

To Keep the Bath-room Germless



DISEASE germs breed readily in apparently clean wash-bowls, toilet-bowls, drain-pipes, and corners.

Twice a week, pour a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant, diluted with water, into all such places.

Once a week, clean the entire bath-room with water that contains a few drops of Lysol Disinfectant.

Lysol

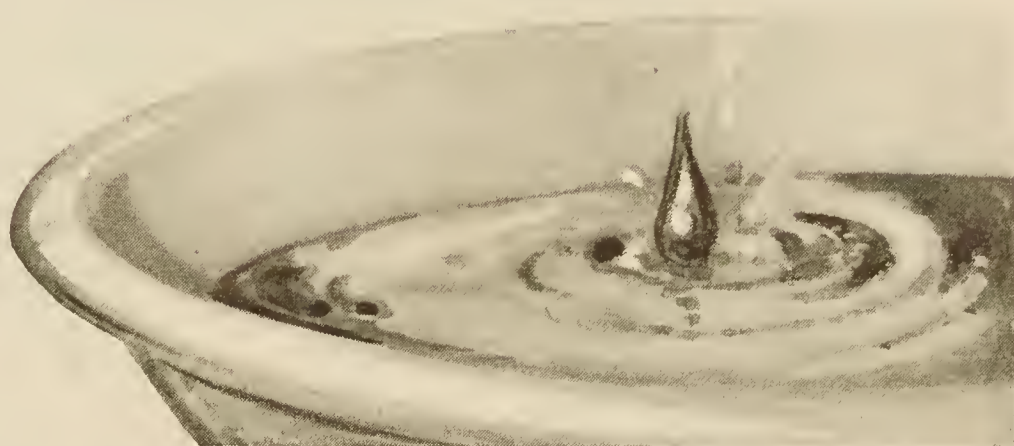
Disinfectant

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Kills germs, or prevents the breeding of them. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of powerful solution; a 25c bottle makes 2 gallons. Sold by druggists everywhere.

LEHN & FINK, Inc.
635 Greenwich Street, New York
Makers of Pebecco Tooth Paste

Canadian Agents: Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul St., Toronto



LINCOLN AND HIS SICK BOY



The nursing mother

HEALTH weaves a fairy charm about babyhood. It touches the starlike eyes with fresh beauty; it is the essence of that whiff of baby-sweetness that rises from the warm little bundle; it is the sole inspiration of those gurgly little noises born in the tiny throat.

With a keen yearning for baby's welfare, the wise mother watches her own health. She knows that her physical condition registers its effect upon baby through the milk.

Particularly is she careful to secure regular and thorough elimination of intestinal contents. Such waste, accumulating and allowed to remain in the body, creates dangerous and irritating poisons. These poisons are absorbed by the blood, carried through the body, and infect those cells which provide milk for baby's nourishment.

Leading medical authorities prescribe Nujol for constipation, particularly for the nursing mother, as it cannot be absorbed by the system, and, therefore, can not affect the milk. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Nujol can also be given to the infant with perfect safety and effectiveness.

Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Instead of forcing or irritating the system, it simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation—the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation



Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only bearing the Nujol trade mark. Nujol booklets, "Constipation in Infancy and Childhood", and "Constipation in Pregnancy and Nursing Period", contain much helpful advice and information for mothers. Send coupon for them, today, to The Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 708, 44 Beaver Street, New York. (In Canada, Address Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier Street, Montreal.)

Name.....
Address.....

Tad is ill, and Mrs. Lincoln is worn out and ill, too."

On arriving at the White House we went directly to Mrs. Lincoln's room, and Miss Dix presented me to her. And here was Mr. Lincoln standing before an open fire, his hands behind him and his tall, gaunt figure looming up as the center of interest. Miss Dix, introducing me, said: "You may feel she is too young to be trusted with your sick boy, but you will find her reliable."

I looked up at him, possibly with an appeal for a fair trial, for he approached me so kindly. Extending both hands to me, he said: "Well, all I can say is I hope she will turn to right away, for we need the help."

I looked up into that care-worn, homely face and felt all my heart go out to him. Those "tender, true, pathetic eyes" looked into the deep recesses, and I was ready to confide to him the dearest secrets of my life.

TAD was a patient, uncomplaining little man in his sickness. The fever was running its course favorably, and his fancies were gratified if possible. He was always content and happy in his father's presence, or watching for his return if absent. The wonder grew how the busy man found so much time to spend with the boy, and how the sad heart brought so much cheer. If the face was care-worn and clouded at the door, Tad did not see it; there was always a smile for him and a cheery word, "How's the boy?"

Late in the evening he would come, sometimes after midnight, after getting last advices from the front. If Tad were awake, he gave me some of the items from the front, but usually all was quiet for patient and nurse, with promise of rest for both. Yet he insisted on sending me off for sleep and staying himself. "For I can lie down here with the boy," he said.

I remember few conveniences in the sick-room—only the necessities—and in comparison with the necessities of to-day it was truly simple. Mr. Lincoln made light of inconveniences with great philosophy. One night Tad was restless and wanted some mineral water. Mr. Lincoln found the bottle, but to get it opened was the puzzle. He had no corkscrew in his pocket, not even a jack-knife, I fancy, and he seemed not to know where to look for anything of this kind. (The picture of that great man helpless with the small bottle is to be remembered!)

I found in my pocket a small pair of scissors, which I handed him, asking if that would help. He seized it, saying: "Why yes, Miss Maria, it's just the thing!"

Then, the cork being out, another trouble arose—only one tumbler, and that half full of water. He looked at it ruefully; said: "That's too much water. What shall I do with it?" He motioned to throw it on the fire, but as if with a happy thought desisted, and said: "I guess I'll drink it."

One morning Mr. Lincoln said: "Now pa has some writing to do to-day. Shall he bring it here where the boy can see him write?"

"Oh, yes!" said Tad with eagerness.

So Mr. Lincoln himself brought a round table, a suitable chair and all the necessary articles, together with an armful of army commissions to be signed. He placed himself in exactly the proper position for Tad's convenience, and wrote with eye and a smile upon the boy. And so he signed his name for hours till the commissions were transferred one by one to the floor.

AS THE last was laid with deliberate satisfaction on top of the pile I asked if he would kindly write that name once for me.

Taking the sheet of paper I held, he said: "Certainly, Miss Maria," and as he wrote he said: "When I write my name for the public, I have to sign it Abraham Lincoln, but I like best the A. Lincoln, so I write it that way for you."

Perceiving also that I held a letter to be mailed, he said: "Shall I frank your letter, too?" Which he did, to the pleasant surprise of my friend and the wonder of the village postmaster who received the letter in his mail.

Mrs. Lincoln, being worn out and prostrated by the illness and death of Willie, all responsibility for family affairs seemed to rest on Mr. Lincoln's already burdened shoulders. The only servant who came to

Mrs. Lincoln's room was "Aunt Mary," a dear old Kentucky mammy from Mrs. Lincoln's old home, who looked upon Tad as the darling of her heart.

I fancy it was a haphazard game to get the President to find time for eating with any regularity. While the guests remained, the dinner-hour was as usual, and then I dined with the family, while "Aunt Mary" took my place in the sick-room.

The table-talk was naturally of current events and of the difficulties encountered in the first days of the war, when all was confusion and the Government constantly baffled by resignations or desertions of officers whose sympathies were with the South. In our social life of the city we had met this element most unexpectedly, and some dear associations were thus rudely broken up, yet I was hardly prepared to hear of the defection in high places. I can remember only snatches of the talk; it was interrupted by messengers. Once the private secretary came and held a short parley with the President. When he spoke of a message from the House, Mr. Lincoln excused himself, saying "I suppose I must go."

This secretary was the young man, John Hay, whom the President chose in the face of protest against his youth and inexperience.

The talk was resumed on Mr. Lincoln's return, and he soon spoke of the resignation of Commodore Buchanan at the Navy Yard. He alluded to the pleasant social intercourse of their families and his great surprise at the resignation, adding: "There, So-and-So leaves the Navy Yard at the mercy of the South. I they had only known it, they could have come up the river to take possession, and we could not have prevented it."

He dwelt upon the time when the capital was cut off from the North through Baltimore. It was imperative to send a trusted messenger to Baltimore; so much seemed to depend on getting the right man. He said: "Seward was here and Scott was here, and we talked of Colonel B—— and others (names I do not recall). "At last we decided upon Colonel B——, and to hasten the thing, Seward jumped into my carriage to bring him here, so that Scott should give him the whole thing."

THE colonel returned with Mr. Seward, received instructions and orders from General Scott, and asked for a half-hour to prepare for leaving. At the end of the half-hour he returned to resign his commission in the United States Army, as he could not fight against the South!

At length Mr. Lincoln said: "We did not know which way to look, or who could be trusted."

The North was indignant and clamorous to have such things punished. The papers said: "They are traitors; why don't you hang them?"

"True," mused Mr. Lincoln, "they ought to be hung—but then! Well, you see, we couldn't hang everybody!"

The dinner was ended, and we waited for the host to move. He had apparently forgotten us, and sat as if in a reverie, with his hands on the table and his head bowed. Presently in a low, earnest tone he said, as if summing up the whole matter: "I do not know how we ever got through those days without the help of Almighty God."

This scene abides with me, a deep conviction of the man's abiding trust in God.

THE days of my ministration ended when Mrs. Pomeroy could be spared from her wards, and she came to give better care, no doubt, to the boy than I knew. He was gradually improving, and in time recovered to be again the pet and the torment of the household. He was with his father every possible moment; absent from him he was concocting every possible bit of mischief. He was a genuine, true-hearted, generous boy. Stories were told of his charity—especially how he took off his shoes and stockings for the barefoot boys he met, till his mother in despair absolutely forbade it. He argued: "They can't get any shoes. I guess you can buy me some more, and I'm so sorry for them."

After his father's death he said: "If pa had got well he would have forgiven the man who shot him; he forgave everybody."



A Gift From Dixie

GREENSBORO, N. C., has a famous drug store where O. Henry, America's greatest story writer, was a clerk, and where Vicks VapoRub was invented by Lunsford Richardson.

Believing that colds should be treated by inhalation and absorption, rather than through the stomach, Druggist Richardson worked out a salve combining the penetrating and vaporizing virtues of Camphor, Menthol, Turpentine, Eucalyptus, Thyme, Cedar, Juniper tar, Wintergreen and other Essential Oils.

For hours after Vicks is applied, its volatile ingredients, released as vapors by the body heat, are breathed right into the affected air passages.

Vicks in a few years became Dixie's favorite

treatment for all cold troubles. It was just being introduced in the North when influenza broke out. Everybody wanted Vicks. The laboratory was swamped with orders. Ingredients were bought by tons. Production was speeded up. Over 250,000 jars were made in one day. Since then Vicks, from coast to coast, has been the standby in millions of homes for cold troubles, skin eruptions, cuts, burns, bruises, sores, stings, and other inflammations of skin tissues.

Get a jar of Vicks. Melt a little in a spoon and inhale the vapors. You'll know at once how valuable it is. You'll want Vicks with you always. Write to Vick Chemical Co., Box 9190, Greensboro, N. C. A generous trial tube will be sent.

For All Cold Troubles

VICKS VAPORUB

Over 17 Million Jars Used Annually

To be had
wherever
medicines
are sold

To be had
wherever
medicines
are sold





Your Style with the Indian girl's Foot Comfort



"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Unless this trade-mark appears it is not a genuine ARCH PRESERVER SHOE. The exclusive arch construction offers firm support for the foot during the entire life of the shoe and gives the shoe longer life.

WHAT delightful satisfaction you would have if the shoes you are now wearing kept your feet as vigorous and happy as were the Indian girl's in her heel-less moccasins.

And you can have such satisfaction by wearing the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE which recognizes nature's plans by giving support to the entire foot and at the same time meets style's demand for heels of various heights.

The exclusive arch construction of the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE properly supports the arch and the weight of the body evenly, allowing the foot to rest as normally as when barefoot.

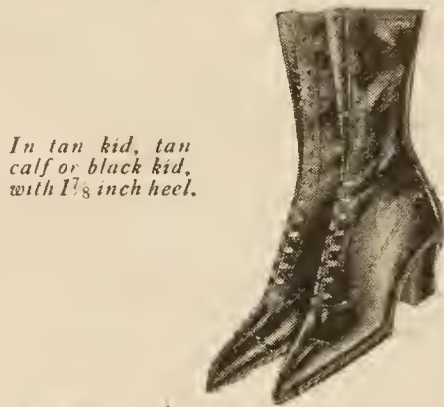
The well foot needs the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE because the well foot should be kept strong and vigorous throughout a lifetime. If foot troubles have already come, the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE will bring relief.

If you do not know your ARCH PRESERVER SHOE dealer please write us for his name. Write for booklet No. 22. "Why Suffer With Well Feet?"

Women's and Misses' ARCH PRESERVER Shoes and Low Cuts in a wide variety of styles for all occasions, are made only by

THE SELBY SHOE CO.
Dept. 12 PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

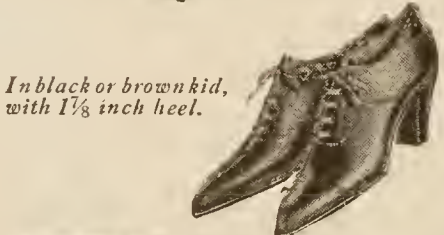
Makers of Women's Fine Shoes
for More than Forty Years!



In tan kid, tan calf or black kid, with 1 7/8 inch heel.



Sport Oxford, in white buck, black kid trimming, with 1 7/8 inch heel.



In black or brown kid, with 1 7/8 inch heel.



In black kid, combination last, with 1 7/8 inch heel.

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE



GIRLS, ASK NO QUARTER!

A BUSINESS WOMAN TO HER DAUGHTER—VI

BY ZORA PUTNAM WILKINS.

SPECIAL CONSIDERATION A HANDICAP

NEW YORK CITY, April 7, 1920.

MY DEAR SALLY:

You write me, "mad as a hatter," because Eunice has lost her job. It seems unfair to you that they noticed her lack of promptness and her frequent absences. They should have known she wasn't well, you think. And finally you give away the whole case by saying: "Of course, it isn't as if she were a man!"

Now, Eunice went out to do a man's work. If she wasn't equal, that was her misfortune, but not her employer's fault. As soon as you say "it isn't the same," you admit her incapacity. A woman can not have her cake and eat it too. If she wants to be protected like a woman, she can't ask to be respected like a man. Never let yourself look for special consideration because you don't feel well. As a man your employer may pity you; but as an employer he can regard only your poor health as a defect. He will probably feel sorry that you are ill, but he will at the same time decide that it will be better to have some one stronger in your place.

If you feel ill, try to conceal it. "Grin and bear it." When everything is going well, you can afford to smile; when it doesn't, you can't afford not to. Of course I do not mean that you are to abuse your own health. There are many ways to spare yourself for a day or a week without its being noticed. You can easily make up a few days of slighted work when your mind as well as your body is at the desk again.

The special consideration shown to women in business is a real handicap. If Bill Brown makes a blunder in the office, there's no mistake about what happens. The boss has him on the carpet and bawls him out. Bill won't make that particular blunder again.

If you make a mistake, the boss may not say anything about it because you are a girl. But don't fool yourself into thinking that he didn't notice it. Men don't like to scold women—outside of their own family. Besides he may be afraid you would cry. Your escape from open disgrace isn't a sign of favor; it isn't even an advantage. Bill Brown has been warned against future errors, but you have to warn yourself. If you keep on making mistakes, nothing may be said, but some Saturday you'll find a note in your pay-envelope saying that the services of Miss Sally W. W. will no longer be required.

One of the chief reasons why men hate to work with women is because women are liable to take every suggestion or reproof as a personal insult. Look upon it as education, and education, as a rule, comes high; whatever you gain only at the cost of a little mortification is an unusual bargain. Never act hurt on such occasions; and train yourself not to feel hurt.

As for Eunice—I'm sorry, but I'm afraid she is meant for "woman's work." But my Sally is made of sterner stuff—she will be the business daughter of

HER BUSINESS MOTHER.

MONEY TALKS

NEW YORK CITY, April 12, 1920.

MY DEAR SALLY:

You are patting yourself on the back so hard over the amount of money you've saved in the last term that I'm afraid you cherish a common feminine illusion. Many women feel that the only way to have more money is to save it. For those who have to depend on an unsystematic, not to say stingy, husband, that's all too true. Of course so long as you depend on an allowance from me,

you might say the same. But you must plan for the future.

Merely to put away money doesn't insure having a larger income. You might just as well expect to raise pop-corn by putting the kernels in a jar on the pantry shelf instead of bringing it to the light and planting it in the best-adapted soil. You make money not only by wise investing but often more successfully by spending it with judgment.

Money talks. To be sure, you can hardly expect twenty-five or thirty dollars a week to talk with the same power and persuasion as five hundred thousand a year. However much your thirty dollars strained their little silver throats or cracked their crisp comments, they wouldn't be heard any more than the crickets chirping in the midst of a bombardment or a Wagner opera. The reason the bullfrog in La Fontaine's fable burst his throat was because he competed out of his class.

This doesn't mean that your modest dollars must shrink away into secret hiding-places without daring to say a word for you. Don't forget that you can accomplish much by letting them speak where the acoustic arrangements are good. It may seem a little crude to supply them with megaphones, but at any rate let them blow their own trumpets.

So please don't debate about spending the money for the spread any longer. Ask the crowd and plan the "eats" at once. Also, I caught on to your hints about my being "so busy"; I shall surely find time to make you a monster fudge cake and send it in time for the party. It's rather nice to have a mother who's domestic as well as "strictly business," isn't it? I'll consider that you have given me a kiss of appreciation, and say good night.

MOTHER.

PLAY FAIR

BUFFALO, April 18, 1920.

DEAR SALLY:

Your notion that you ought not to try for the position with Gates & Gates because Florence is after it too is certainly Quixotic. Such romantic renunciations occur in novels, but not in real life. You know some cynics say that mankind, including womankind, is divided into two classes—those who eat and those who are eaten. According to that, your only choice is whether to be a rascal or a fool.

Don't take quite so dark a view of the business struggle. But it's just as well to recognize your danger. Nine times out of ten an act such as you propose would be set down to incapacity—not to generosity. Every man for himself is the principle of the business world. To play a lone hand, disregarding the rules of the game, doesn't awaken admiration—so much as distrust. Old players hesitate to trust a person who doesn't follow the rules.

Gates & Gates have a right to make their own choice between competitors—you aren't their employment manager. You can't know—in fact, it's rather conceited for you to believe—that you are more eligible than your friend. And if you are, isn't it false kindness for you to place Florence where she's not the best available candidate? Don't think you can stop the process of selection! In business it's the survival of the fittest always, and if Florence didn't make good she wouldn't hold the job. You only postpone the day when she may be displaced by some one more competent.

It's the same in your own case. It's not only your right but your duty to find out where you really stand. You can't decide what you're worth by yourself. The sooner you put the evidence before a competent court the better. You aren't playing fair to yourself if you don't.

MOTHER.



Launder your silk underwear this gentle way—it will wear twice as long

IT was putting that georgette and satin camisole away without laundering, or laundering it the wrong way, that made it go so fast.

The acids in perspiration attack the fine silk threads and make them tender. Leaving a vest slightly soiled even a single day will injure it—make it wear out quickly.

Your fine silk things must be laundered immediately and in the very gentlest way, if you want them to last. As soon as you take off your crêpe de Chine chemise drop it into a bowlful of pure Lux suds.

There is no harsh rubbing of cake soap on the fine fabric—there is not one particle of undissolved soap to lodge in the delicate threads to weaken or yellow them.

Lux is as delicate as the most

fragile fabric—it cannot injure anything pure water alone won't harm.

That jade bed jacket of charmeuse will come back from repeated Lux tubbings without the slightest fuzzy look. There is no rubbing to split or break the threads in your sheerest stockings.

The careful Lux launderings will lengthen the life of your silk underthings so that they actually wear twice as long.

Wash your most cherished possessions the Lux way.

They are too important—too expensive—for you to take chances. Lux keeps their sheen, their soft, fine texture, after innumerable launderings.

Your grocer, druggist, or department store has Lux. Lever Brothers Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To launder your fragile silk underthings

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds again and again through soiled spots. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in a towel—when nearly dry, press with a warm iron, never a hot one. Jersey silk and georgette crepe should be gently pulled into shape as they dry, and should also be shaped as you iron. Silk stockings last longer if not ironed.

Colored silks. Lux won't cause the color to run if pure water won't.

If you are not sure a color is fast, try to set it this way: Use half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours. Colors must be set before each laundering.



LUX

Copyrighted 1921 by Lever Bros. Co.

"A-choo!!!"



Any Weather—Any Time—Any Place!

IN WINTER, Luden's quickly soothe the throat; in *summer* they relieve dust irritation and ease hay fever. In the *morning*, Luden's refresh the mouth and clear the head; at *night* they relieve throat tickle. Luden's make dusty indoor or outdoor work more comfortable. You can buy Luden's everywhere—always in the familiar yellow package.

WM. H. LUDEN—in Reading, Pa., Since 1881

LUDEN'S

CONFESSIONS OF A TOMBOY

To prove and account for this, he criticized the immodesty of the narrow, short skirts and low-cut dresses of present-day styles. He had forgotten his history.

At Georgetown University, one of the oldest institutions in America, there hangs on the walls of one of the reception-rooms a portrait of the mother of John Carroll of Carrollton, signer of the Declaration of Independence, moralist and reformer. Mother Carroll could have nursed the baby without opening her gown. What would Dr. Hibben or any of the other moralists and reformers of to-day say, if a woman appeared at a dinner or a dance or a college reception in a gown that was cut in front almost to the waistline?

And the waistline—nineteen inches was the fashionable measure—no matter what the weight!

THERE was a fancy-dress ball on Long Island last Summer. In the attic was a gown worn by one of the "proud ladies," whose blood flows in this tomboy. That gown had been worn at the Inauguration of Abraham Lincoln. We thought it would be a very fine thing for one of us to wear it at the fancy-dress ball. None of us had the courage to try. What would a 1920 girl do in a nineteen-inch waistline? The thinnest of us could not squeeze into it. To-day we may bare our backs, but we at least cover more of our breast than grandmother did when Lincoln was inaugurated President of the United States.

There may be, as Dr. Hibben says, no more mystery between men and women, but mystery and romance, changed though they are, still exist in this generation. We know the road before we start to travel it, and our eyes are open. It is daylight and sunshine. The mystery of life and love is just as strong in my heart as it was in grandmother's, even though boys are no mystery to me. How could they be when I grew up with them, fought them, sometimes beat them?

Christie Mathewson's mother was a tomboy. She knew how to play ball. She taught Christie how to play. She taught him to play a straight, clean game. If we had no other justification, we would have the right to live as tomboys for the kind of mothers we are going to make for the boys of tomorrow. Because boys are not mysteries to us we shall understand our sons better, and be their comrades. Mothers now graduate in college with their sons. Grandmother could not have done that. Father knows it. He knows he had to grow up the best way he could, loving grandmother, looking up to the pedestal, not always believing her, knowing that sometimes she preached.

THE trouble with grandmother is that she thinks love and romance belong to youth. She loves to tell the story of Aunt Sally's romance. It began in the Civil War. Five officers arrived at the house one night and were to be put up. They were all strangers, but their letters and their rank were a sufficient introduction. Among them was that dashing young devil now known in the family traditions as "the old general," whose pranks and devilment had gotten him expelled from West Point. And then came the war and his enlistment. Grandmother and her sisters and two of her friends gathered in one of the upper rooms to discuss the young bloods. It was voted that the dark young captain—afterward the general—was the handsomest of the lot.

About that time a mouse ran across the floor. In the squealing that ensued one of the girls shouted, "We'll call him Bob Edwards"—afterward the general—"and the one who kills him can have the captain!" Aunt Sally was the brave girl who slew the mouse. The story went below stairs and was whispered and giggled over. The officers were in the house two days. Great-grandmother was a proper chaperon, but Aunt Sally and the captain were engaged in forty-eight hours. That was grandmother's idea of a romance.

We would call it reckless and foolhardy to-day, and even grandmother would disap-

prove of my choosing a mate for life in such a fashion. The old general was not a joy to live with. He was not a successful father; his boys left home. Aunt Sally has never been my idea of a happy old lady; or even a successful mother or grandmother.

And mother! Aunt Nell, mother's chum, is part of her college history. The story is that one of the younger members of the faculty went up the rope in the gymnasium and tied his handkerchief to a groin of the roof. He made the statement as he slid down that he would marry the girl who climbed up after it. The boast spread, and Aunt Nell made for the gym as soon as the girls had it again and got the handkerchief. I must say I have always approved of Aunt Nell, even before I heard that story.

Mollie Peters was married last Summer to Dick Currie. She skated and danced all last Winter with Dick, played golf and tennis and danced and swam with him all Summer. They were married on the lawn at Hilltop under the sycamores. The Peters car waited to take them off on their wedding-trip, but at the last minute an airplane dropped down quickly. Mollie and Dick jumped in before any one could realize what was happening. As the airplane rose Mollie dropped her bridal bouquet for us to catch. That is my idea of romance. And those two really do love each other. They have tried each other out.

What we are fighting for—we tomboys, if you want to call us that—the girls who play with boys and grow up with boys and marry a grown-up boy, is to keep love and romance through into old age.

THAT is the reason why falling in love is such an important thing in our lives. We want to discuss it, we want to know all about the man. No man goes into partnership without talking to his future partner and trying him out.

So when we meet a boy to-day whom we like, or a man who interests us, we are not ashamed to look him in the eye and say "Let's play around together." We face him squarely and admit that we like his company. Old people say that is not ladylike.

And yet we are the same inside our souls—the same women, the same mother natures. Before I was twelve years old, I had named four of my children. When I was sixteen, I had planned the kind of house I wanted. When I was eighteen, I knew the kind of man I wanted. I am twenty-two and I have found him. We expect to make life a prolonged romance. We have not fooled each other. Neither of us believes marriage is heaven.

Isn't there more romance in being a man's real comrade than in sitting on a pedestal, worrying over when the worship stuff will give out, as it's bound to do sooner or later? Even a perfect statue turns into a bother, and when the statue ladies became bothers they used to be very unhappy. If we live out-of-doors and do things with boys instead of being cooped up in stuffy houses, don't you see we'll be wholesome and unselfconscious, even if our feet are bigger and our talk less demure?

Our world turned topsy-turvy a little while ago. All the boys we knew went off into the army, navy and aviation, and the chances were even that they would never come back. We all grew about five years older in less than a year, and experience and knowledge crowded into our lives that we couldn't help.

We sometimes talked about things our grandmothers and mothers didn't know about. We had to face life squarely and do things and go places and meet people while at our age they stayed at home and embroidered, or went driving with their parents in the afternoon. Many of us drove heavy cars alone, and worked and ran things, and so came up against facts we never knew before existed.

And now that we know we're of some use in the world it doesn't seem to me that that ought to rob life of its romance for us. And we've gone back to playing again with the boys—the boys we grew up with—the boys we missed while we worked.



"California Syrup of Figs"

Delicious Laxative for Children

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative. Children love its fruity taste. Directions on each bottle. You must say "California."



Danderine is a "Beauty-Tonic"

After a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful. Each hair seems to fluff and thicken at once.

Don't let your hair stay colorless, plain, scraggly, neglected. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, radiant with life, and glistening with beauty.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty- tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All Drug Counters!

FREEZONE FOR CORNS

Just Lift Any Corn Right Off! It Doesn't Hurt a Bit!



Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers—Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of

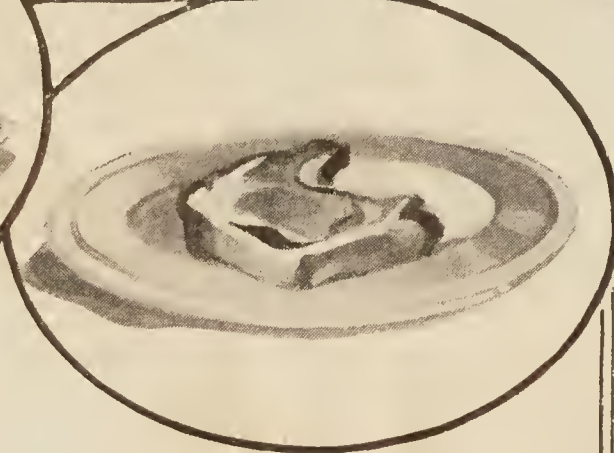
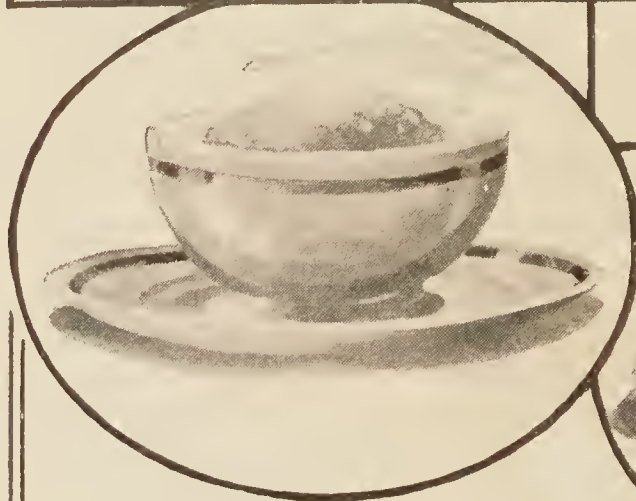
Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and painful foot calluses, without the least soreness or irritation.

A Quaker Oats

breakfast costs 1c
per large dish

Meat dishes

will average 8c per
serving



It Saves \$25

Per person per year

You save about 7 cents per person when you serve Quaker Oats in place of meat at breakfast. And that means more than \$25 per year.

But you gain more than that. The oat is a vastly better food. It yields 1810 calories of nutriment per pound, while round steak yields 890.

The oat supplies 16 needed elements in well-balanced form. It is rich in body-building elements, rich in minerals. As vim-food it has age-old fame.

The oat is the supreme food—the best food possible on which to start your day.



Each large package Quaker Oats yields 6221 calories of nutriment

It takes 21 pounds of fish to yield 6221 calories—

- Or 7 pounds of round steak—
- Or 7½ pounds leg of lamb—
- Or 9 pounds veal cutlets.



The best costs least

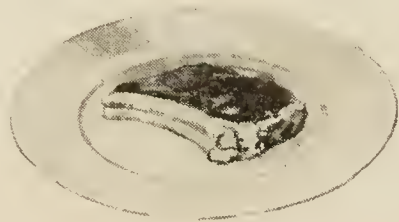
The best possible breakfast costs least. In fact a meat-dish breakfast costs from 7 to 12 times as much.

Each large package of Quaker Oats, used to displace meat, will save about \$3.50.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Serve your costlier foods at dinner. Then your children will be better fed and your food cost will come down.

Cost per 1,000 calories

Quaker Oats . . .	6½c
Average Meats . . .	45c
Average Fish . . .	50c
Young Chicken . . .	\$1.66



You can serve 12 people with Quaker Oats for the cost of a single chop.

Quaker Oats

Made supremely delicious

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Because of this flavor, oat lovers the world over send for Quaker Oats. You can get them for the asking, without extra price.

15 cents and 35 cents per package

Except in far west and south

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

TWO IN THE TOWN

She had colored prettily, and laughed. But her voice and eyes were eager. Marshall thought of the tiny hall bedroom, the one bureau with its small, distorted glass, and a sudden pity filled him, and he found no words to answer.

NOR did he find his fourth purchase till they were nearly back at their cross-street. It was a pair of elk-skin boots, knee-high, water-proof, the tremendous soles studded with Hungarian hobnails.

"But they'd dent Mme. Delorme's elegant floors," said the girl.

"They'd hold fast in the shale of the Continental Divide!" Marshall exclaimed. "Or on the head wall of Huntington Ravine. Those boots make me see the great, towering wall above Iceberg Lake, and smell the wine of the Rocky Mountain air and hear the little ice-water brooks come tinkling down from the snow-fields and dancing past the dog-tooth violets. They make this town fade far away. I'm free again in the windy world! My old climbing-shoes are worn out. It's no matter, anyhow, if I can't afford new ones. I'm a city slave now. Let's go to dinner."

"Yes, we'll have to be early to get a table to-night. It's Saturday. Papa Delorme was picking the chickens when I came home this noon."

"Oh, not at Delorme's!" said Marshall. "I'm sick of the soup and the salad and the eternal French pastry, and ten cents extra if you take a second one. Let's go to a regular place. You said this was a holiday, you know."

He looked at her again. Her eyes met his quietly, and she shook her head.

So they dined down-stairs at a small corner table.

"Let's go look at Broadway," said Marshall, as they finished. "I love the electric signs."

"My heart leaps up when I behold
A tooth-brush in the sky."

Outside he asked abruptly, "Miss Wickford, you know I'm a newspaperman and have a suppressed desire for landscapes and the Rocky Mountains. I know you want to get out of bed on a ten-thousand-dollar rug, but that's all. Won't you tell me a little more? You've gathered that I'm dull."

"Oh, not dull!" she laughed. "You've guessed I'm a poor working girl consumed with a fatal passion for luxury. But I sha'n't go wrong. I was born of poor but honest parents, and my employer has a family to whom he is really devoted, and I have great powers of resistance gained from early contact with New England Winters."

"You went to college?" He was persistent and refused to laugh.

"Must I confess that? Radcliffe!"

"And yet you neither teach school nor write plays!" he exclaimed.

"I can't afford to do either," she smiled. "I'm sending my sister to college."

"So you—?"

"So I'm a working girl, like at least a million others."

"In other words, it's none of my business?"

She put her hand quickly on his arm. "Oh, no, please! But if I tell you what you ask, I'm somebody who works in so-and-so's office. If I don't tell you, I'm just the girl in the hall bedroom, maybe just a little wee bit mysterious, anyhow a *person*."

"Is your name a mystery, too?" he asked.

"Why it was given to me is," she laughed. "It's Eliza Jane."

"Just the name for Uncle Abner's grand-niece!" he cried. "Eliza Jane—I like it, Eliza Jane."

She made no answer save a little laugh.

THE next week he got concert tickets from the music critic for two different evenings, and left them under her door. Each time, in the morning, a tiny note of thanks was pushed under his. This made getting up a pleasure! He took the notes back to bed to read, however. From the literary department he purloined *Punch* and from the exchange desk the *Manchester Guardian* and the *New Europe*, and put them by her door. He tried in vain all the week to get up to the house for dinner, but assignments prevented.

On Thursday morning, however, before he went out, he left a note on the mail table, claiming Saturday afternoon again.

Friday morning his opened eyes caught the bit of white beneath his door, and he sprang to grab it. She couldn't refuse! No, she didn't refuse. "Purchasing capacity unimpaired. Sincerely yours, Eliza Jane," is what he read. He snuggled down in bed again, contentedly, the note in his hand, and read it twice more before he went to sleep.

The day passed somehow, and the next day came. Marshall sat in his room waiting the sound of her step in the hall, his door open a crack the better to hear. Their greeting was like that of old friends; yet it was somehow challenging, provocative, at least to the man. A mystery about her? Yes—the mystery eternal of a woman's heart! The afternoon seemed somehow portentous.

"Let's buy you a whole gallery of pictures to-day," she was saying later, as they were absorbed into the current on the Avenue. So they dropped into half a dozen exhibitions in the galleries, loitering in front of pictures that intrigued them, passing rapidly by those which did not. But it was not a gallery they hung, it was a house. Marshall chose etchings for a library, the girl lingered lovingly before a brilliant eighteenth-century colored mezzotint to hang in a blue morning-room with orange silk window-hangings. They both yielded to the spell of dreaming out the sort of rooms one would like to live in, a spell that upper Fifth Avenue only too readily puts upon you.

"Money!" She was sober, almost bitter. "It's all so foolish. The men who really make those things probably have to live with golden oak. The men who sell them, and couldn't make the rung of a chair, live with walnut and mahogany."

"My editor can explain it all to you," said Marshall, himself not without bitterness. "If he couldn't, he'd lose his job!"

"I think I'll go live in a tent in your beloved Rocky Mountains," she exclaimed.

"Not without me!" he cried. "Oh, what wouldn't I give to take you over Piegan Pass instead of across the Plaza! Beauty costs nothing there. It's free to the eye that can see."

SHE said nothing, looking wistfully ahead. She seemed tired, he thought. Again a wave of pity came over him, and a great tenderness.

"Some day I'm going to take you over Piegan Pass, through the skyland meadows starred with violets," he found himself saying. He paused a second, astonished, and then plunged on, "and we'll camp by an ice-water brook, beneath the limber pines."

"Will we?" She looked up at him with an odd, wistful smile. "That *would* be a holiday!"

They were both silent then, and presently fell to talking of other matters, and came back at length to dinner at madame's. A chilly rain came on after dinner, and Marshall suggested, with some hesitancy and more hopeful excitement, that she come into his room, where he'd build a little fire, and they could read.

She hesitated a long moment. Then: "My room is a bit dismal, isn't it?" And she entered his.

He made a fire and arranged his most comfortable chair with cushions, and brought her a pile of books and then sat down himself with a volume on European politics. But presently he was looking to the fire, and then he was stealing glances at the girl beside him, and then he was looking steadily at her, while his heart seemed tight in his chest, and she raised her eyes in smiling inquiry.

"This—this is very nice," he blurted.

"Isn't it? I've not had an open fire for so long!" She stretched out her toes luxuriously.

"I wasn't thinking about the fire, but about having somebody in front of it. Do you realize that everything we've bought has been for a house, a—a home?"

"Except your boots—don't forget your boots," she said quickly, with a touch of nervousness in her laugh.

"They were for Piegan Pass," he said. Her eyes dropped before his, and they both stared into the fire a long time. Her hand rested on the arm of the chair. Presently he

Concluded on page 59

TWO IN THE TOWN

...opped toward her and touched it lightly with his lips. She did not draw it away. She did not rebuke herself, for she seemed to rebuke herself, for in a whisper she said: "We—we mustn't have so many holidays." "Can we?" he whispered back, taking the hand in his. "Can we, Eliza Jane?" Their fingers closed together and again they sat in silence, a blessed, sweet silence, while the sticks in the little fire fell into red embers, and he felt the warm clasp of her fingers on his very toes. Then she drew her hand away. "I'm afraid I can't," she answered, as if the question had just been asked. She rose abruptly. "Oh, must you?" She nodded, and turned her face quickly away, as two sudden, uncontrollable tears ran down her cheeks. "Eliza Jane!" He was by her side, his arm was about her.

SHE let her face be buried a moment on his shoulder, and then as suddenly broke away, dabbed at her eyes and laughed. "It's—it's the fire, and being called Eliza Jane, and—and having a holiday," she said. "Good night." She was gone. "I love her!" said Marshall aloud. When he left for breakfast the following morning she was not in her room, or he would have found an excuse to call her out. In fact, he had thought of several while dressing. When he got in late that night a steamer-trunk was in the hall. It looked like the one he had seen thrust under her bed; but all steamer-trunks look alike, he reflected. The next morning it was gone. That evening he managed to get up to madame's at dinner-time, and ran up-stairs to tell Eliza Jane, and ask her to go to the theater with him, for he had secured a minor opening as an assignment from the dramatic editor. He rapped gaily on her door—and a total stranger opened it!

"I—I beg your pardon!" he said, amazed. "Isn't Miss Wickford here?" "Hardly; I occupy this room now," said the stranger, an acidulous female, evidently; and closed the door. Marshall went down the stairs three at a time, and found Mme. Delorme at her usual place. "Where's Miss Wickford gone?" he demanded. Madame shrugged her heavy shoulders. "She did not tell. I ask her where to send ze mail. She say she would call for it some day. That is all I know." "But why did she leave? Do you know where she works?" "Where she works? Do you not know? How strange! I nevair ask." "Why did she go then? Do you know the?" "Because she paid twelve dollars for ze room, and now I could get fifteen." Marshall wheeled on his heel in angry disgust, and went down into the kitchen. Papa Delorme was more human, after all. He might know what expressman took the trunk. But he didn't. One expressman was as another to him. Eliza Jane had gone, without a word, without a single good-by, and left no clue. Marshall quite forgot to eat his dinner. He turned the puzzle over and over in his head—and in his hurt heart—till it was time for the theater.

SUCCESSFUL days still brought no word from her. He left a note for her, when she called for her mail, begging her to tell him where she was. He got up to madame's at dinner-time every night that week, though he had to skip his work to do it, in the hope of catching her. But she had called for her mail one morning, long before he was up, and she did not come again. Only, on the first Saturday after her departure, there was a little note for him, which he tore open, excited, only to read:

I shall miss the holidays, but the beautiful things are still there for you to buy, unless you're saving your pennies for a trip to the Rockies. They were much too pleasant to be good for me, I'm sure. You see, I'm a dreadful Puritan.

ELIZA JANE.

He must find her! That Saturday afternoon he walked up and down the Avenue

looking for her. Three times he had the illusion that he saw her, and hurried close only to find himself beside a stranger. The next week passed miserably. He was unutterably lonely, and sat for long hours in the chair she had sat in, living over again that one brief, delicious evening. On the following Saturday he sought the Avenue again. He stood a long time before each window where they had purchased, he visited each gallery, finally he went to the furniture-shop.

THERE were not many people in it, for the hour was getting late. Passing into a rear room, where stood a little walnut writing-desk which she had admired, his heart suddenly pounded. Some one stood before that desk who looked like her. But he had been deluded so many times! He drew near quietly. The girl did not hear him nor turn. It was she!

"Eliza Jane!" he suddenly whispered in her ear. She gave a startled little cry, and their eyes met.

He seized her hand. "I'm too happy to be angry at you," he said, and suddenly his eyes dimmed and overflowed and he had to turn away.

When he faced her again, her eyes were big and there was a look in them he had never seen before.

"Did it mean so much to you?" she said, in a low, tender voice.

He nodded. "It will take the rest of our lives to tell you how much," he answered.

"I—I can't believe it," he heard her whisper as if to herself.

"And now," said he, "you come with me and tell me why you've acted as you have. No—hold on a minute first!"

He looked about for a salesman.

"I want this desk," he said. "Mark it 'Sold,' please, and I'll bring in the rest of the money and the address Monday. Here's all I have now."

HE PRODUCED a deposit of fifty dollars, while the girl tried vainly to dissuade him, and then led her triumphantly from the shop. "Oh, you shouldn't have!" she kept exclaiming.

"I'm sick to death of 'shouldn't's,'" he answered. "I'm ready for a few 'shoulds.' Now—your explanation, please."

"I couldn't afford any more than the twelve dollars a week I was paying," she answered.

"Oh, Eliza Jane, don't, please! You know what I mean."

"But you may not know what I mean. We were lonely, both of us, I guess. It was easy to—to drift into holidays. But that wasn't quite fair to—to either of us, I thought. It—it was making something holy out of very little, maybe. And, besides, you are full of dreams and ambitions—oh, I know!—and who was I? Just a girl who'd had them too, but saw no chance of ever achieving them; doomed to be a cog in an economic machine that had nothing to do with them. Why wouldn't I, why wouldn't any girl, jump at a chance to escape from that machine? Well, if I was coming to look forward to—to our holidays, to you, as an escape from my machine, I felt I was doing you a grave wrong, and I know it was making me ashamed of myself. So when madame put me out I just went quietly. I thought it was for the best."

"That's a good deal to get all at once," said Marshall, his brows knit. "I'm trying to absorb it. But I'm awful full just now of the idea that I've got you back. Why have I got you back?"

"Because—because it wasn't just holidays," she said, so low he had to bend to hear. "Because I prayed and prayed to-day that you'd be looking for me. Because if you hadn't found me, I should have had to write. There! You mustn't make me say any more!"

"Not another word," he answered.

He led her across the Avenue and into the portal of the cathedral. The interior was suddenly dim about them, and he drew her quickly into the deepest shadow of a corner, and took her in his arms.

"I'm a true believer now," he whispered, when their lips parted. "I have reached Heaven through a church door."



SARAH FIELD SPLINT

Sarah Field Splint, formerly editor of *Today's Housewife Magazine* and a *United States Food Administration* chief during the world war, tells below why all women should use more genuine lima beans.

Miss Splint is an authority on foods, an expert housekeeper and a famous cook. She knows about nutrition as well as flavors. And so we asked her especially to tell you about this food.



Don't Overlook Them, Madam; They're

Nut-Like in Flavor

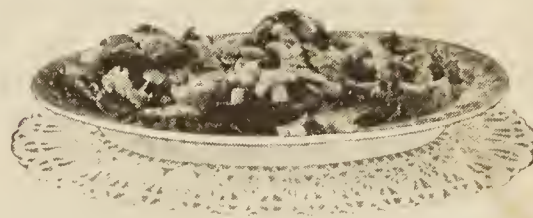
—Like Meat in Nutrition

Here's a Recipe to Try

I USE genuine lima beans in many dishes and have been asked to tell you why—so here are a few words of suggestion:

If you want to taste one of the most delicious bean dishes ever served, try the recipe below. Prepare it easily and simply with genuine California limas or baby lima beans.

Real limas are as sweet as nuts, the richest and most delicate in flavor of any beans.



Boil or bake them as you do other beans or use them in other recipes that common beans don't suit. Once taste their nut-like flavor, possessed

by no other beans, and I feel sure you, too, will be a devotee.

Like Meat and Wheat

Lima Beans average at least as much protein as meat and nearly as much carbohydrate as wheat. In dried form they furnish 1600 calories of energizing nutriment, per pound.

So Limas and Baby Lima Beans are like nutritious meat and cereal combined, and you can serve them often in place of meat.

Cook them with or without soaking. They are easy to prepare.

Dried Limas are the most economical because you pay for nutriment—no water.

I serve limas and baby lima beans more frequently than any other kinds mainly for these reasons, and they are reasons that I believe will appeal to you.

Sarah Field Splint

Lima Bean Loaf

1 cup dried lima beans	1 egg, slightly beaten
1/2 cups bread crumbs	Salt
1 cup milk	Pepper
	1 tbsp. bacon fat or butterine

Wash and soak the beans over night. Cook until soft. Drain and rub through a coarse sieve. Add other ingredients, turn into a greased mold and bake in a moderate oven. Serve with white sauce or tomato sauce. Serves about five.

12 Menus Free—With Recipes

Send for twelve "meatless menus" in which Limas take the place of meat, with complete tested recipes for each bean dish. They are in convenient form for pasting in your cook book. They are free. Send coupon for them now.

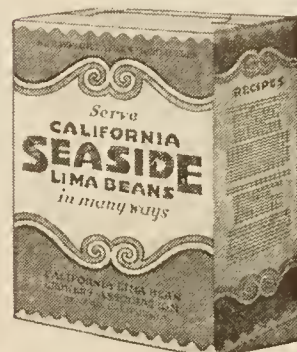
SEASIDE CALIFORNIA LIMAS and BABY LIMAS

To be sure of getting genuine Lima Beans, ask for the "Seaside" brand. Thin-skinned, tender, nut-like. Rich in protein. "Seaside" are selected beans. Grown only in California

on rich soil near the sea, where the sea fogs lend their aid. Large or Baby size. Either size equally good in any recipe. Just what you have been looking for so long.

California Lima Bean Growers Association

Oxnard, California



Always ask your retailer for "Seaside" Lima Beans.

He'll gladly show you the large sack stamped "Seaside," in which these beans are shipped to him.

Some retailers can supply convenient 2-lb. cartons labeled "Seaside Lima Beans."

California Lima Bean Growers Association, Dept. 46, Oxnard, California.

Please send me, without charge, the 12 "Meatless Menus," with complete tested recipe for each bean dish.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Sani-Flush

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PATENT OFFICE
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Surprisingly Easy

CLEANING the closet bowl is easy when you do it with *Sani-Flush*. Just sprinkle a little into the bowl according to directions. Flush. The work is done. The bowl and hidden trap are made spotlessly white without any dipping out of water, scrubbing or scouring. *Sani-Flush* cannot harm the plumbing.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price 50c.)



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Toronto

SOMETHING-AROUND- THE-CORNER

Daniel took her hands and held them very tightly. "He's gone, Emmy—cleared out, bag and baggage, I believe. And he'll never bother you or frighten you again. You must believe that, dear. He's wiped out of your life for good and all."

SHE held herself away from him, staring up at him with an incredulous face. "Do you mean that you—you know, Daniel?"

"I know enough to believe in you, dearest! I know that the man's a yellow cur, and whatever hold he had on you is finished, now that you have had the courage to come back and face it."

"I didn't know there was anybody in the world as dear as you are, Daniel!" she sighed. "But you must know that I was silly and wrong-headed. I made a mistake, and I made other people suffer. Dan, I—I ran away with that man once, or at least I started to run away with him. You must know that, before we can go on, dear."

It was plain that in his soul Daniel winced, but his eyes and his hands holding hers were steady. "That's all right, Emmy dear. I suspected something of the sort, but it doesn't matter."

"It does matter, Dan," she persisted. "I don't know now how I could have been so blind, such a fool. It began down there in Burma, when I was nearly dying of loneliness and unhappiness. My father never loved me. I was just in his way. He sent me back to England to school when I was nine. He let me have only one or two vacations with him in India, and then I used to be unhappier than ever, for our isolation only made me feel more keenly how much in the way I was. I was hungry for love from him. I could have gone anywhere in the world with him and been contented, if only he had been willing to take me into his life. For I was awfully proud of him."

"HE IS really a big man, Daniel. When I was a little girl at school, the other girls used to laugh at me because I was always showing them his books and boasting about my wonderful father. He almost never wrote to me, but when he did I carried the letter for weeks. I used to let them look at his signature, until they made so much fun of me I became sensitive and stopped."

Smiling, with a far-off expression in her eyes, she leaned her head against Daniel's shoulder. And Daniel, after glancing once rather uneasily into the shadows where Revenel stood, made her sit down and he himself took a seat on the arm of her chair. With a slightly grim expression, as if to say to the silent figure in the shadows, "This is what you deserve!" he prompted her with:

"And when you tried to get a little joy out of life with some one your own age, your father objected?"

"He was quite right about Anthony Da Silva," she came back unexpectedly, "only I was so inexperienced I couldn't see it. I could only see that he was charming to me, and I—I suppose I was fascinated. In Burma I met him once or twice for rides unknown to my father. But some one told him, and I was shipped off to my aunts in England by the next boat. I can't tell you, Daniel, how much damage that did me. It seemed to make me feel hard and proud. It hurt me terribly to be treated as if I was not to be trusted, but worse than that was the feeling I had that it was a relief to my father at last to have an excuse to send me back to England. He did not seem sorry to have me go, and that hurt me so, Daniel!"

IT SEEMED to Sarah, straining her eyes toward the shadowy far end of the room, that a sigh floated out from the hidden figure there. But there was no movement.

"And so I went back to my aunts in the worst sort of mood. I've told you about them, Daniel—about their desolate, stuffy house, and their narrow lives. I think they never really forgave my father for marrying an unknown American girl, and they seemed always waiting for some bad or underbred trait to break out in me. I don't know how it happened, but it seems that some gossip

of myself and Da Silva drifted back to them. Perhaps my father told them—and yet, I don't believe he did. He wasn't petty."

Emily cupped her face in her hands and stared at the floor. When she looked up again her face wore again that slightly impish, perverse expression that had puzzled Sarah when she first saw it. She knew it now for a delicate replica of an expression that she had seen in Lawrence Revenel's face, wilful and headstrong.

"I gave them an awful time of it," Emily went on, "after I got back. I flirted with the only man ever invited into the house, the curate. I talked over the back garden-wall with a broker's clerk, and I refused to go to evensong more than once a week. I wanted to learn to do something to make my own living, but that frightened them. None of the women of their family had ever done anything like that. I was bored until I was desperate. Then Anthony Da Silva turned up in London. He wrote me, and I answered. We met once or twice for tea or luncheon when I was supposed to be at the dentist's. I knew it wasn't decent of me—I felt beastly about it—but it was the only bit of color in my existence."

SHE paused, looked up at Daniel bravely. "You mustn't idealize me, dear. I knew it was playing with fire, and I went right on. Then my aunts somehow came to suspect that I was meeting some one—I suppose I looked more alive or something—and they got their maid, a middle-aged creature as hard as nails, to spy on me. She saw me meet Da Silva in the tube station, and of course she told. There was a dreadful scene when I got home that night."

"Poor darling! I'd like to wring their necks!" he muttered.

"I was to go that week-end to visit a girl I had known at school, and my aunts threatened to keep me home, to tell my friends everything. It was too humiliating! So that when I finally got off I was miserable, sore and dazed. I really meant to keep the promise they had dragged from me never to see Anthony again. But I couldn't help his meeting me at the junction where I made a change of trains. I had actually forgotten telling him where I was going for the week-end. But there he was. I was full of my own unhappiness. I confided in him. He was perfect, so kind and strong. I let one train go by to have tea with him for the last time. While we were at tea he went out to telephone a friend, he said. I found out afterward that he sent a wire to my aunts, telling them I was going off with him. I know now that he intended to compromise me hopelessly, so that I would be driven to him. But he needn't have done that, for I was almost ready to run away with him and be done with the bickerings and loneliness."

HER face was flushed and she looked up at Daniel pleadingly. "Girls have their reckless moments the same as men, and I had mine that afternoon. I felt as if it was not I myself who was having tea there in a corner of the great desolate station tea-room, but an excited, bitter person in some sort of feverish dream. When Anthony told me that he had ordered a motor-car to take me the rest of the way, I did not refuse. I remember, as I took my place in that car with him, I said to myself: 'I don't care what becomes of me. I won't go back to my aunts.'"

"But I hadn't counted on myself—on the blood of all my ancestors, I suppose. God knows how far I might have gone if the accident hadn't happened. The chauffeur said something was wrong with the engine, and we had to stop. It was growing dark and threatening rain. Anthony and I went into a frowzy-looking inn that was near. We were alone in the parlor there, and suddenly I knew that I was afraid of him. He came close to me, and my breath seemed to stop. He caught me to him and tried to kiss me, and I—it seemed as if every drop of blood in me went wild. I fought as if I had to get away from something horrible."

Concluded on page 61



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

Skating makes Betty's skin chap

THAT used to take away a lot of the fun of winter sports. Brother Tom—whose face sometimes smarts after a shave—recommended

Mentholatum

A HEALING CREAM

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Dictograph Products Corp.
1384 Candler Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

YOUR VEGETABLE GARDEN

and garden soils in which it is abundant are usually dark in color. A good supply of it is needed in garden soils for the following reasons:

It enables sandy soil to hold water. It loosens up clay soil, preventing puddling and baking, and permitting air to circulate more freely.

It contains food materials for plants. The acids formed by its decay dissolve other food materials already in the soil so that the crops can use it.

It furnishes food and favorable living conditions for beneficial bacteria in the soil.

If the soil is very poor, it is often wise to grow beans and tomatoes only. If the garden is small, thirty feet by forty feet, for instance, it is usually best to omit crops like potatoes, corn and squashes, which require much space. Beginners in gardening will do well to confine themselves to a few of the more easily grown crops.

Overplanting of lettuce and radishes should be avoided. Probably half the home-garden radishes are wasted each year. These crops are easily grown by the beginner; so are beets, chard, onions from sets, beans and tomatoes.

In city and town gardens where space is limited the gardener should endeavor to keep the ground completely and continuously occupied in order that the greatest possible returns may be obtained. This may be done (1) by companion cropping, that is, planting quick-growing crops between slow-growing ones, the former maturing before the latter need the ground, and (2) by succession cropping—that is, following one crop by another on the same ground the same season.

Radishes are often planted as companion crops between rows of carrots, beets or turnips, and lettuce not only between rows of cabbage but between the plants in the row.

The crops which follow each other successfully in a given locality will depend upon the length of the growing season, the seasonal rainfall and so forth. It is well for the beginner to write to his State experiment station for a list of possible succession crops for his locality.

For the placing of the various crops many recommendations are made in works on gardening. All those given below have some value, but they are not entirely consistent one with another. The gardener will need to consider the particular garden spot and adopt only those suggestions which meet the conditions found there.

Perennials like rhubarb, asparagus and sage should be grown on one edge of the garden.

It may be desirable—To place the tall-growing crops, like corn and beans, on the north side where they will not shade other crops. This suggestion has less force where rows are widely spaced.

To have pumpkins, squashes and sweet potatoes on one side or one end where they will least interfere with other crops.

To have on one side crops like parsnips, parsley and salsify which require the whole season for growth.

To plant certain crops like peppers on the richest spots in the garden and certain others like beans on the poorer spots.

To plant certain crops like celery and root vegetables in the most moist part of the garden. So to place the different vegetables that none shall grow where the same or a related crop grew the year before. The reasons commonly given for this precaution are: first, avoidance of injurious insects and diseases appearing the previous year, and second, maintaining the fertility of the soil by growing plants with different food requirements in successive years. In a small garden any insect present will be sure to find his prey wherever it is located and in a properly fertilized garden the plant-food supply will be maintained, but the danger of disease is a sufficient reason for changing the location of most vegetables from year to year.

Detailed information regarding planting lists, the proper amount of space to assign to each vegetable, quantity of seed required, etc., based on the recommendations of the United States Department of Agriculture, will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope. Address Garden Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.

SOMETHING-AROUND-THE-CORNER

Out of the shadows Revenel moved as if impelled beyond his will.

"Emily, Emily—don't!" he groaned. "It was my fault, and I can't bear any more."

The girl sprang to her feet, staring wildly. "It can't be you—father?" she whispered.

He held out his hands with a humble gesture, unusual to him. "My dear, my dear, I've heard what you said! Can't you forgive me and—love me again?"

Her face hardened. "You've listened to what I said," she cried, "but you haven't heard yet how I went back to my aunts after wandering around all night, trying to decide what to do. I went back to ask to be forgiven, to start in anew, and they turned me out of their house! They gave me a few hours to pack, but they said they were through with me. And just before I left your cable came. Father, I wanted to die! And you ask me to forgive you so easily."

"Emily, I know, I know! I don't deserve it, but I ask you to forgive me. Let us begin over, dear. I can't—I need you, Emily!"

THE turn of the most intense moment often hangs on something so insignificant as to be sublimely ludicrous. As Emily and her father stood, the one with a proud head held high and her face unrelenting, the other pathetically waiting, there stepped in at the door a ruffianly cat with half a tail and one yellow eye. It moved with some caution and a great deal of curiosity across the threshold and came to a sudden pause. Its one eye went from its master to the girl. And then it emitted a small sound that pierced startlingly the absolute silence of the room.

The next instant there was a pounce, a cry of "Mitzi!" and the ruffianly cat was in Emily's arms. Its furry paws worked in and out upon her arm, it made itself heavy and

sprawly—the true cat way of expressing utmost love and trust—and it did not even try to shake off the glistening tears that fell upon its whiskers from Emily's eyes.

"Oh, Daniel, it's my cat, my old Mitzi!" Emily was crying between laughter and tears. "He knew me; he cried! Did you hear him? You old darling! How did he get here?"

The last inquiry was directed toward her father, who was trying not to look his unbounded satisfaction.

"Brought him in a basket," he said. "Carried him half around the world—thought you might like to see him."

Emily's face quivered, its resentment broke all at once into soft lines of wonder and happiness. Sarah and Daniel, as by a common instinct, stepped softly out and closed the door behind them.

A yellow moon sailed high above them, leaving a blurred trail on the sleeping river. Daniel clasped Sarah's arm.

"To think that chap was Emily's father!" he murmured.

"You told me he'd gone for good. How do you think he happened to come back, Sarah?"

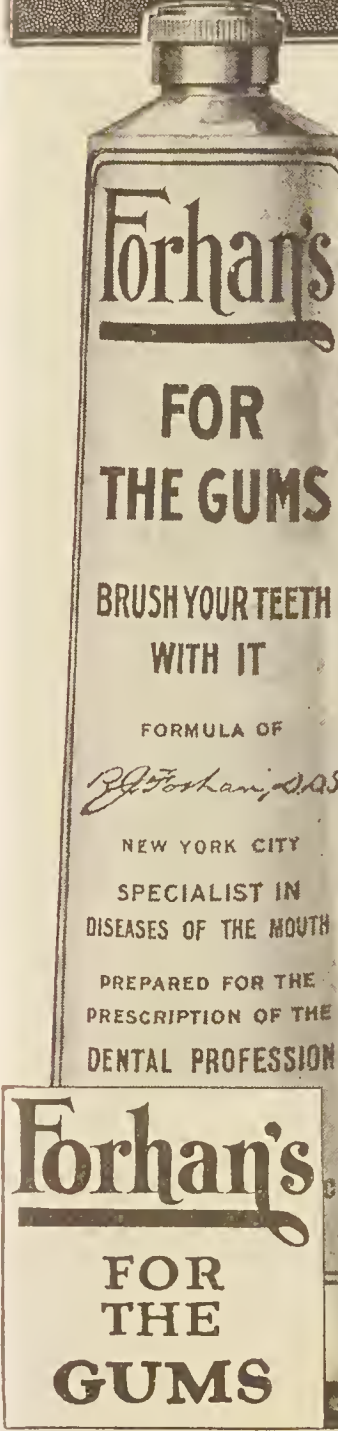
Sarah smiled deeply, a secret smile that would have amazed Daniel not much less than it would have piqued all her relatives who had thought of Sarah for years as a predestined old maid.

Her reply struck him as rather obscure, but as he heard it with only half an ear, the other being occupied in listening for Emily's footstep, it was not strange that it had little meaning for him.

"I have always believed," she murmured, "that there's always something around the corner."

The End

A danger signal —
tender and bleeding gums



HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can.

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Write me confidentially at my New York Salon. I will reply, telling how my Home Course covers your needs, and will send you my new book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," which discusses every detail of good looks.

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Fresh air, exercise and rugged health—that's what the youngster has every day in the year when he drives a Choo-Choo Car.

Get your child a Choo-Choo today—and be sure it's a Choo-Choo. You'll find the name just like this

CHOO-CHOO CAR

stamped right on the seat where you can easily see it. You'll be glad afterwards you made sure it was a Choo-Choo.

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Then the Choo-Choo Car is strongly constructed. Each part is made to stand up and give long service in spite of the roughest kind of handling. There's no "upkeep" after you buy a Choo-Choo.

The wheels are solid pieces of hard, rock maple and there are two in front to prevent upsets. The horse's head is of five-ply veneer that can't split or crack. The seat is a single piece of selected basswood.

Write us if your regular toy store does not carry Choo-Choo Cars.

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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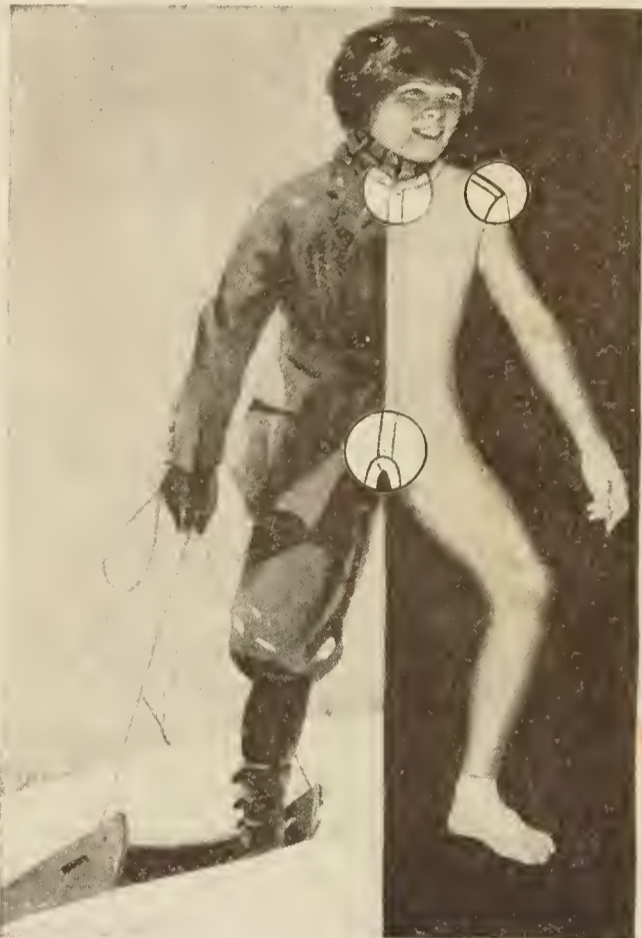
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Boys - You'll want to wear Hanes Tainsook Union Suits next season!

Concluded from page 42

THE CHILD'S SPEECH

If the child has trouble in articulating these, the mother should have him observe the position of her articulating organs as they act in producing the sounds. After the vowels then practise some exercises containing letters and words with which there has been special difficulty.

"Irrespective of the primal cause," says Dr. Frederick Martin, "it will be found that ninety per cent. of our cases have not their vocal organs fixed in the correct position for producing the sound which they are attempting to make. A boy may try to say 'mother' with his mouth wide open; an impossible position for the letter 'm,' which requires that the lips be pressed together.

"Therefore make him produce this sound correctly and, by breaking up the word into its component parts, or phonograms, see that he coordinates his vocal organs so as to give each sound in its proper sequence. In the beginning the process is slow and conscious, but very soon fear of speech itself is dispelled, confidence restored, and a new subconscious control of the organs instituted—all of which makes for perfect speech."

There are also some tongue gymnastics that should be practised. These are: 1. Pointing tongue outward and upward to nose; 2. Pointing tongue outward and downward; 3. Rotating around lips, beginning at right and going up; 4. Rotating, beginning at left and going up; 5. Raising tip of tongue; 6. Curling tip of tongue under; 7. Lalling—raising tongue to palate; 8. Expanding and relaxing the soft palate.

TONGUE gymnastics are necessary in order to develop a faster coordination of the lingual muscles and a quicker response to stimuli, just as exercises to develop the muscles of the body are often necessary.

Nursery rimes and poetry read aloud by the child are of value in helping to overcome a speech defect, but he should not be taught to a beat or in an unusual intonation of voice. It is also a mistake to attempt to correct stammering by conscious control of the breath, since the disturbance is not caused by a lack of breath. This is proved by the fact that stammerers, invariably, can sing without difficulty and singing requires greater lung power than speaking.

Sometimes a child will use one letter for another as "t" for "c" or "k" for "g." This is usually either because he has not acquired the use of the muscles at the back of the tongue which cause these sounds to vibrate or when speaking he presses the tip of the tongue upon the gums of the upper incisors. If the child seems unusually slow in developing these sounds, hold down the tip of the tongue with a teaspoon and ask him to repeat the sounds he has been unable to produce. This effort will, after a short time, show surprising results in overcoming the difficulty.

Stammering and stuttering in practically every case is curable if corrective measures are applied in childhood. But if left until adult life there are few afflictions more difficult with which to deal. In fact, by this time it has become such a fixed habit, has so deranged the nerve mechanism, and the element of fear has become so pronounced, that the whole character often has to be reconstructed and the whole inner life reorganized.

IN THE past there has been much misleading advice and innumerable panaceas suggested for the cure of stammering and stuttering, the majority of which only served to aggravate the condition. But today this branch of science has come into its own and thousands, both young and old, whose lives have been largely bound by silence are being helped.

The Board of Education of the City of New York has instituted a department to cope with the situation in the public schools. There are said to be in New York City thirty thousand stammerers, eight thousand of whom are of school age.

Many other cities have also adopted a definite program to help stammerers. The State of Pennsylvania has recently selected one of the workers from New York City to organize speech improvement work. There is little doubt that before many years the universal school curriculum will provide for these sufferers.

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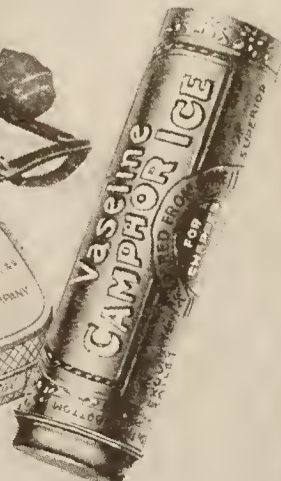
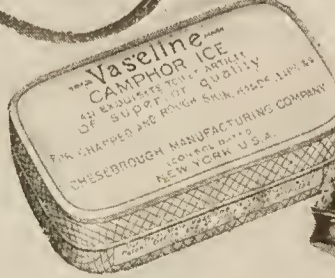
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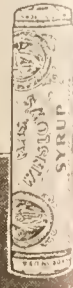
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OLD VIRGINIA GOODIES

MRS. HILL'S SUGAR CAKES

MRS. HILL was a celebrated housekeeper and cook, who lived in Fredericksburg about sixty years ago.

Four eggs, one pound sugar, one-half pound butter, spice to taste (mace preferred), one teaspoon of soda and two of cream of tartar. Work in flour to make a soft dough. Roll very thin and bake in a quick oven.

VIRGINIA BEATEN BISCUITS

1 quart flour $\frac{2}{3}$ cup fat
1 teaspoon salt 1 cup sweet milk

SIFT flour and salt, rub in the shortening and mix with milk. This should be a stiff dough. Beat for fifteen minutes or put through meat-chopper twice. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes.

CORN PUDDING

1 can of corn $\frac{1}{2}$ cup top milk
1 egg Salt

MIX together well. Put in baking-dish. Put lots of butter on top and a little pepper. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen to twenty minutes.

DELICIOUS CHICKEN STUFFING

3 cups of broken-up bread $\frac{1}{2}$ onion (chopped fine)
1 cup milk Pepper and salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ground peanuts

PREPARE chicken for roasting. Fill with above dressing and cook till tender.

CORN MUFFINS

2 eggs 1 tablespoon lard
2 cups corn-meal (mctcd)
2 teaspoons baking-powder 1 teaspoon salt

MIX all together well, adding milk enough to make quite a thin batter. Grease muffin-rings and bake one-half hour.

CARAMEL ICE-CREAM

MAKE rich custard of three pints of milk and five eggs, sweetening eggs first. Cook one-half pound white sugar slightly moistened with water until it burns a light brown. Stir this into hot custard until well dissolved, then add level tablespoon of butter, and one-fourth pound blanched almonds chopped fine. Add teaspoon vanilla and when cold add one pint of cream.

FLUMMERY

MAKE a rich custard—six eggs to one quart of milk, using sugar to taste. Soak two ounces of gelatin in one-half cup of milk. Scald one and one-half cup of milk, add gelatin and stir until dissolved. Have one quart of cream whipped with one-half pound of sugar, to a stiff froth. Add custard to gelatin and when quite cool stir in whipped cream and pour in molds. A dozen or more crushed macaroons can be used. Season to taste with vanilla.

MACAROONS

BLANCH one pound of almonds and beat them in a mortar with rose-water or put them through the fine blade of the food-chopper. Whip the whites of seven eggs to a froth, gradually put in one pound of powdered sugar, beat well, and then put in the ground almonds. Mix well and drop by spoonfuls on a sheet of waxed paper. Sift sugar over them and bake quickly. Be careful not to let them get discolored.

NESSELRODE PUDDING

SOAK one-half box of gelatin in one cup of water until it is swelled and soft. Put one pint of milk to heat in the upper part of the double boiler. Beat yolks of five eggs with two-thirds cup of sugar, and add the hot milk. Put in a dozen crushed macaroons, one-half cup of blanched almonds and two-thirds cup of Muscatel raisins. Cook in a double boiler until thickened, stirring constantly; add the soaked gelatin, five drops of almond extract and one teaspoon vanilla, and set in a cold place. When it begins to stiffen fold in beaten whites of five eggs. Mold and serve with cream.



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is secured in colic and other minor ailments by using a water bottle. Also needed for warming nursing bottle from chilling.

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\$3.50 for two qt. size \$3.75 West of Mississippi

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There's a Taylor Thermometer for every purpose O-58

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Cut Out—Mail To-day!

This advertisement will bring you all particulars and our little booklet, "Turning Your Spare Time Into Cash." No experience. No obligation. Write to-day.

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Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

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MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

From the hour of his arrival I never left his side.

As soon as he arrived he took off his narrow black-silk tie—a style which he has never altered to this day—and exchanged his city clothes for a loose white or tan linen suit, big hob-nailed shoes, and a little soft felt hat, exactly like the one the *poilus* learned to love when he visited the trenches during the war. Nothing on earth could ever persuade him to exchange that hat for a helmet, and all the war pictures showing him in a helmet are faked.

BEFORE we dressed in the morning, the three of us took possession of his big bed, and shared his chocolate and the delicious brown bread, toasted over a wood fire. During the rest of the day I followed him as best I could through garden and field, but alas! he took such big steps that I was soon outdistanced. My Aunt Sophie, however, a sturdy and adventurous soul, used to be taken for long tramps in the surrounding country, in which my father knew every living creature and every by-path. He always left for these excursions carrying a long, iron-bound walking-stick, which was the fashion in that part of the country.

I remember that as soon as my father arrived there was a perfect stream of peasants from the village of Feole and the surrounding country, who came to the house to consult him. [Clémenceau had studied medicine.—Editor.] They were always sent into the "green room," an immense, unoccupied apartment on the ground floor, so named because it had formerly been hung in tapestry known as "Greenery." When the "Blues" invaded the castle in 1793, they tore the tapestry from the walls and burned it in a huge bonfire built in the middle of one of the courts. Some of the pieces were rescued, and sewn together into an immense carpet, on which I walked all through my childhood.

The young Paris doctor was very popular with the country people, especially his patients, who worshiped him blindly. The most intelligent of his neighbors he converted to his own ideas, and the blacksmith shop of the village was the scene of many a serious political discussion.

My father ran a free clinic for his people of Montmartre and as soon as he reached Aubraye he found an equally large clientele awaiting him. Tuberculosis was rife in that country. Several of the poor people were saved by his treatment, and lived to a good old age, always worshiping my father as a sort of god, although when he was away they were rather relieved to turn again to their district doctor or to conjurers and quacks.

Fate sometimes amuses herself with ironical jests at our expense. I remember a wretched little boy named Ernest who, when he was only three years old, began to drag one foot and then to limp very badly. My father examined him, and fearing hip disease, he warned the parents that the child would have to be put into a plaster cast, that the case was serious, and no time must be lost.

HIS advice did no good, however, and every time my father returned home he found poor Ernest limping down the road with the other small boys of the village.

But suddenly an astounding thing happened. After a year Ernest began to walk as straight as if he had never been lame at all, and the boy's mother proceeded to give my surprised father a good dressing down.

"Well, sir," she said triumphantly, in her native dialect, "just suppose, now, that I had listened to you. Old Mother Shemut is a wonderful sorceress, and she told me how to cure him. It wasn't a bit hard. I just picked a bunch of parsley from the foot of a pear-tree, and said some magic words, then I tied it to Ernest's cradle. You'd never have thought of that!"

I am forced to add that from that day Ernest continued to walk like any normal boy.

I was four years old when my grandmother began to teach me to read and write. My father followed my progress very closely, always insisting upon confirming it for himself, and at five I could write him real letters without any help. As a reward he used to send me prizes of beautiful fairy books, in which he inscribed the most amazing and fantastic

prefaces, written so elegantly that I was much impressed. There was the story of "Gilboulle," and the story of "Pea-Blossom," and Perrault's "Fairy-Tales," with a fairy painted on the pale sky-blue cover.

I owned any number of toys, but the oldest and the best-beloved was a brown rubber doll, brought back from a trip to a small village near by. My father, who always christened our dolls, had her named "MacMahon." MacMahon was the most ordinary doll in the world; she had a painted face and imitation rubber curls; she soon lost all her clothes, and met with a terrible accident from which she never recovered. Her body was torn open from top to bottom, almost from her head to her heels, and as she was perfectly empty inside, the effect was rather appalling.

In my eyes, however, MacMahon lost none of her charm, and she continued to be a most important member of the family.

I was also much interested in drawing. My father, who was quite gifted, and could have developed a real talent if he had so desired, used to draw pictures for me of all sorts of animals and people which I tried hard to copy. The "old régime" still held in the castle of Aubraye. Luncheon was at ten, and dinner at five, a big bell at the top of one of the towers sounding the meal hours.

Our grandfather we never saw except at the table. He lived all alone in a gloomy little room on the ground floor, sitting all day in a straw-bottomed chair drawn up before the fire. My father, when he was at Aubraye, used to accompany us on our excursions, as driver, which made rather a heavy load for Minette, our donkey. Grandmother would put up a good lunch, and off we went for a day of fishing in the pretty river of Lay, either in the dams of the mill at Feole-Feu or at Rochette. My father had had a pretty white boat made, named *Ophelia*, in which he used to go rowing on the river, fishing with a long pole, to the end of which was hung a square net, called a *carrelet* by the peasants.

WE WERE never allowed to go with him, because of the treacherous growth of grass and rushes under the water, and it was a great source of mortification to me that I could not brave the same dangers as the grown people concerning whose safety I began to agonize the minute they left shore.

Every one gathered for noon lunch in the pleasant meadow, under the shade of the willows that bordered the river. The grown people had tea, which was almost unknown in France at that time, except as a medicinal brew to be used in case of illness. It was a great favorite at Aubraye, where the whole family had drunk nothing but water for generations, and held all wines and alcoholic drinks in abhorrence.

Tea-making was almost a ritual with us as it is in Japan. It was prepared with extraordinary care, and only the finest and most expensive brands were used. My father always brought back a package from a special store on the corner of the Place Vendôme and the Rue de la Paix. Later, when he developed a taste for works of art from the Far East, and began his beautiful Japanese and Chinese collection, he adopted the use of dark earthenware Boccero teapots, of which he had some very fine specimens. He used to declare that he could tell in which one of his teapots the tea had been prepared, and after comparing them all he chose one particular pot and refused to use any other. A box with a padded cotton lining was made for it, and when he traveled he used to carry it in his hand like some priceless object. My father was an unusually fine horseman, even in our family whose men were all good riders and the women experienced amazons. It never satisfied him to break in a saddle-horse; he must be put into harness as well. An old gig was kept especially for these occasions, of which my grandfather thoroughly disapproved, but which took place nevertheless. (The decisions of Destiny are not to be escaped.) They usually ended in disaster.

He was a great hunter, too, was my father, and he often tramped through the wet Autumn woods, over thick hedges, and across wide ditches, stirring up companies of red-and-gray pheasants, or rabbits and quail and wild doves.

The château of Aubraye was not on very

Concluded on page 74



SENG-EQUIPT Beds of Wood

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Two eggs well beaten; 1 cup sugar; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk; 2 cups sifted flour; 2 teaspoons baking powder; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup melted shortening; 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Beat eggs, add sugar, sift flour and baking powder; add to mixture gradually with milk, beat until smooth, add melted shortening and extract. Pour in 2 greased layer cake pans, cover top with uncooked pitted Sunsweet Prunes and sprinkle with nuts. Bake in moderate oven.



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"Absence Can Not Hearts Divide"

SISTER SUE

"What do you mean?"

"It is absurd, out of the question. I can not go away like that."

"But you may take your sister, a companion, any one. I told you that."

She shook her head a bit impatiently now.

"You don't understand. I can't leave my home. I have duties here—my father—the home—my brother and sister—"

"Stuff and nonsense!" he interrupted with the rudeness of a spoiled autocrat whose will is crossed. "You have some duties to yourself, haven't you? Any one can do your work here. But the chance I offer you—See here, young woman, you don't seem to realize that you have talent, extraordinary talent. Are you going to waste it all in teaching scales and five-finger exercises to a dozen urchins who'll never know the difference between a Beethoven symphony and 'Johnny, Get Your Gun'? Haven't you any ambition? Don't you ever want to do something worth while in the world?"

LONG before he had finished speaking she was on her feet. There was no smile on her lips now nor amusement in her eyes. She was white and shaking. Her voice, when she spoke, was not steady.

"Ambition? Something worth while in the world?" she repeated. And then, all reserve swept aside, she told him her heart's longings. She told him what the great music-master had said. She told him what she hoped and hungered to do. And so vividly did she tell it that even the startled man across the room seemed to hear at least the echo of that call: "Encore, encore! Susanna Gilmore, encore, encore!"

She paused then, but only for breath. In a moment she went on chokingly. She told him of the failure and all the horrors and terrors that had walked in its wake. She told of her father's condition now and of how dependent on her he was. She spoke of Gordon and of May and her hopes for them. And as she talked Donald Kendall was irresistibly compelled to see that the position of Sister Sue in her home was one around which, as on a pivot, the whole family had for years revolved. All the while she spoke kindly, yet fervently, with little half-finished phrases more eloquent by far than if they had been completed. It was a rush of long-pent-up forces that had suddenly found vent. Then, without warning, in the middle of a sentence, she broke off with a little sob:

"Oh, what have I said? What have I said?" she moaned. "I must have been beside myself to talk like this to you—to any one. But the things you said— If you can, forget; and—" Then very calmly, "There's Carrie now, for her lesson. If you will excuse me, please."

The next moment Donald Kendall, at first chagrined, then dumfounded and dismayed, and with a feeling almost of humiliation, found himself alone. Almost at once came the droning one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three from the room across the hall, and then Mr. Donald Kendall arose, picked up his hat and went home.

SUE was still very tired when Martin Kent came that evening; so tired that she was not like herself. She sat back in her chair on the veranda, listless and preoccupied, while May and Martin chatted over the events of the day before. Frequently they turned to her with a question, and she answered, still listless and still preoccupied. Yes, Viola Sanderson was very winning and very affable indeed. No, she didn't care much for the novelist. Yes, Donald Kendall was a fine player. Yes, she danced with Cy Bellows, once. No, she didn't call him handsome. Yes and no; no and yes. That was all.

When May went into the house after a time and left them together, and when Sister Sue gave an abstracted "No" to his last question asking her if she had ever seen worse weather than that of the day before, Martin Kent promptly remonstrated.

"Sue! For Heaven's sake, what's the matter with you to-night?" he asked. "No, no; yes, yes. That's all anybody can get out of you. And I've just proved that when you say even that much you haven't any idea as to what you are really saying. I asked you if you had ever seen worse weather than we

had yesterday, and you very serenely answered 'No'; while, as it so happened, there couldn't have been a more perfect day."

The girl aroused herself and laughed shamefacedly.

"Martin, I beg your pardon. I'm horrid, I know it; and I wasn't thinking of what you were saying. But I will now, I promise. Try me."

"But, what is the matter with you?"

"Tired, I suppose."

"Of course you're tired! Digging at that old piano every minute since Monday evening when that fool violinist first found out you could play. Didn't the man have any sense?"

Sister Sue laughed.

"Well, to tell the truth, I don't think he had a superabundance of it when he got his violin in hand. But I didn't mind that, really. The long hours of practise—I loved them. It—it was to-day—all day—those impossible children stumbling through their lessons!" She paused, then went on with a whimsical smile: "You know it isn't easy to come down to peeling potatoes after having had a little fling at eating frosting."

"H-m! I suppose not." Martin Kent was still fretting. "But the eternal practising for that exacting man had something to do with it just the same," he maintained. "It was wearing, very wearing."

"I didn't feel it; not that. I loved it. But, Martin! You should have been here earlier that Monday night, when he first came in, and heard the instructions the dear man gave me about not dragging and not playing at all if I couldn't keep up with him."

"Yes, I know. May told me," grunted the man. "Impertinent puppy!"

"He wasn't exactly polite," laughed Sister Sue, "but, as Gordon says, 'he can play!'"

"So can you," retorted Martin Kent. "But he needn't think, just because of that, he can keep you playing for him all the time."

"I don't think he does." An amused expression had come to Sister Sue's face. "He said this morning—but never mind," she broke off with a shrug and a quick change of manner, "he's gone now."

"Yes, he's gone now," echoed Martin Kent with a sigh that was obvious in its content. "And as for those tiresome, never-ending children, they'll be gone one of these days. Just wait till my 'Trixie' makes a hit!"

"I'm waiting," smiled Sister Sue mischievously.

"You don't believe in it, but listen: I received a letter from the publishers to-day and they report a very good advance sale. A very good one," he repeated impressively with aggrieved emphasis.

But Sister Sue laughed again and said: "I'm waiting."

WITH the passing of Old-Home Week Gilmoreville settled down and went about its usual business. With the tent removed and the sidewalk attractions banished, there was little but memory to remind the villagers of that one glorious week of debauch.

In the Gilmore homestead it seemed to Sister Sue that life had reverted even more than ever into a mere matter of potato-peeling. Martin Kent had gone back to the city, and she and May told each other they did not know how much his breezy visits meant to them until they were without them. School had opened and Gordon was enrolled as a pupil, but he was plainly holding himself very much aloof from the other boys and also making himself and everybody else miserable. May had definitely given up trying to enter college.

"But May! I could help you a lot, and maybe I could pay it all, after a little," pleaded Sister Sue.

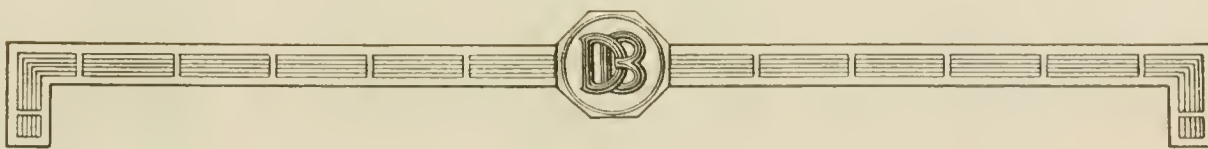
"Yes, and how would I feel with all my old friends swelling around in their good clothes and me behind their chairs waiting on them, and begging for their silk stockings to darn! Mercy! Sue, I couldn't do it."

"I suppose it would be hard," replied the elder girl.

"I'm going to write here at home. Martin says I can. I told him before he went away that I wasn't going to let you slave yourself to death helping me through college."

May pursed her lips virtuously. "And

Continued on page 68



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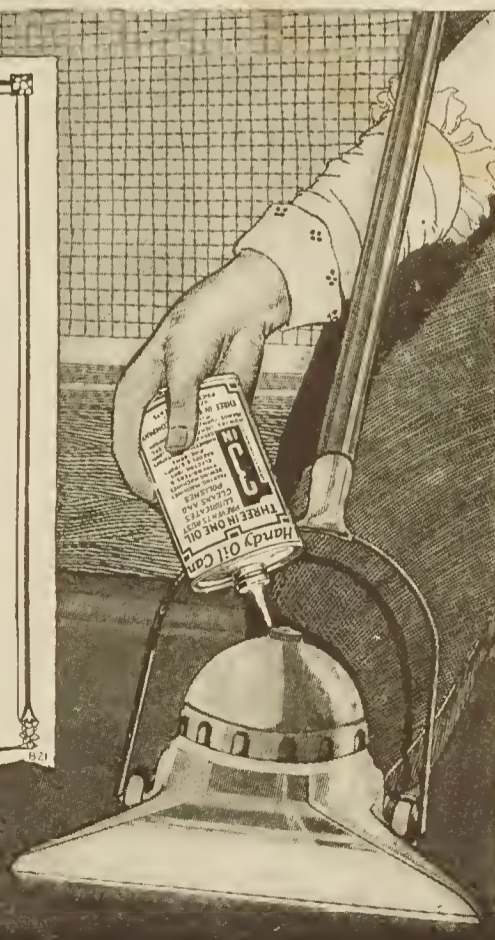
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SISTER SUE

we have it all fixed. I'm to write my story, send it to him for correction, then I copy it and send it to an editor. That won't cost anything but stamps and paper and type-writer-ribbons. Martin's going to send me his old machine, you know. I told you that."

"Yes, you told me that. Martin's very kind, very kind. Still, that is not like college for you," replied Sister Sue as she turned away.

In the hall she met her father with his garden-trowel in his hand. "I'm going out to do a little digging," he said. "I think I'll transplant some of those asters."

"Yes, but, father, it's too cold," she remonstrated, gently taking the trowel away and turning him toward the stairs. "And you haven't even your hat on. Come, dear, let's go back to your room. You know it's September now, and we can't dig so much in the garden."

"OH, YES. I see, I see." Meekly the old man let himself be led back to his room.

It was never any trouble to make John Gilmore "see." He was always "seeing" whatever they wanted him to see. It was only that they had to make him see the same things so many times over and over. And now that the weather was cooler and he could not be out-of-doors so much among his beloved flowers he was more restless and uneasy than ever, taxing Sister Sue's tact and patience and ingenuity to the utmost.

Gordon, too, was "pulling away" and after a consultation with Granny Preston, Sister Sue decided that she must do something positively sociable.

"I suppose you couldn't get together a big enough crowd to have a real country-style candy-pulling, could you, Gordon? Say for next Wednesday evening?"

"Couldn't I? Just try me and see." As if Sister Sue didn't know that Gordon never passed any sort of a dare!

"Well, how many could you get?"

"How many do you want?"

Sister Sue calculated rapidly. "Why, perhaps six boys and six girls."

"All right! You give us the candy to pull and I'll see that you have the crowd here to pull it."

"Good! Next Wednesday night then, at eight o'clock," said Sister Sue. And to hear her nonchalant voice one would never suspect that she had spent hours planning just how to approach Gordon with the subject, and that she was even then quaking in her shoes lest she had said too much or not enough.

For the next few days Sister Sue was busy arranging things around the house and getting her plans into shape for Wednesday night. May had declared that she would have nothing to do with any of Gordon's crowd and was surprised that her sister allowed him to invite them. She did not propose to put herself in a position where she would have to speak to every hoodlum on the street or else pretend not to see them. As it was, it was humiliating enough to have her own brother speak to them when she was walking with him.

"WHAT do you suppose the Kendalls will think when they see Joe Anderson and his sisters with their beaus from the Whipple shops coming in here?" she asked.

"I don't know," replied Sister Sue. "I have heard that Joe Anderson won the hundred-dollar prize for the best set of housing-plans for the employees of the Kendall shops and that he has been promoted to a very responsible position in the company's office. And I heard that George White had talked with the men at the Whipple shops and persuaded them not to go on strike last week."

"Yes, I know all that," rejoined May, "and I also know that George White's brother Tom was found in a barn down on the Meadow road dead drunk the next day after the big ball-game and the Kendalls' superintendent discharged him as soon as he heard of it. Gordon has invited him here, and Gordon says he has accepted."

"I have heard that story," replied Sister Sue. "Gordon told me, but Gordon does not believe that Tom was intoxicated, he thinks he had been drugged and robbed at some gambling game."

"But are you going to have him here, now,

in the face of the talk about him all over town?" asked May in astonishment.

"Yes, I wrote a special note to Tom and told Gordon to make him promise he would surely come Wednesday night, that I wanted him to sing and let me play his accompaniments. You know Tom has a wonderful tenor voice," quietly explained Sister Sue.

"Oh, Sue! How could you? What will Martin say? You first neglect Martin to play Donald Kendall's accompaniments, and now without consulting him, you propose to play accompaniments for Tom White. You must be crazy over your old piano-playing," angrily cried May.

But Sister Sue had no time for argument. She still had much to do before her work for Wednesday night was finished. May could not help now because she must finish the manuscript for her new story which Martin Kent had recently corrected and returned to her. Its title was to be "On the Mountain Top," and Martin had written that it was the best piece of work she had ever done, and any publisher would be glad to get hold of it; or so she told Sister Sue the day she received it back with Martin Kent's corrections.

When Wednesday night came all was ready. Sister Sue had taken out the rugs and tables and chairs from the big, wide hall, and had moved the piano to another corner in the parlor, making room for several more chairs and a few small tables. The evening was cool and the air crisp, and Delia in the kitchen was very happy with a large kettle of boiling, bubbling sirup on the stove, and plates and spoons and flour and butter on the kitchen-table. Mrs. Preston had said: "Delia is a dabster at fixing up molasses for candy-pulling and pop-corn balls," and so it proved.

GORDON had been true to his word and his "crowd" was all there. Three girls, Kitty Sanborn and Bessie Merrill and Grace Walker, came first. Then came George White with his sister Ruth. He told Sister Sue his brother Tom had not been home since the day before, but thought he intended to come. Joe Anderson came alone, but said his sisters were on their way with their beaus. A few minutes past eight Tom White came. Sister Sue had been watching for him and was at the door to meet him.

"Good evening, Tom," she said.

"Good evening, Miss Gilmore. I am sorry I am late, but I had something important, that is, it was important to me, which I wanted to get before I came here," he said, "and I had to go down to the Junction to get it. I have it here," and he handed her a folded piece of paper. "Please read it, Miss Gilmore."

Sister Sue opened it and read:

mister Tom white. kendalls Supe gave us the names of his men what had dough in thare pockets we gave him five dollars a name we doped them to get thare stuff He told us to make you good & sick & we did i no why he fired you & it was a dirty trick. if he dont put you back on your job d— quick he will here things. Show him this letter
STUBBY.

p s Im the Supes bruther.

"I am glad, Tom, that what we heard was not true," said Sister Sue as she handed the note back to him.

Tom flushed, and said, "Some of it was true, Miss Gilmore. I did gamble, but I'm through. I shall ask the superintendent to write me a letter offering my old job back and saying he was mistaken in his reason for discharging me, but I shall not go back there to work nor will I show the letter to anybody unless it is necessary." Just then Ed Baker and Frank Woods came with the two Anderson girls.

By ten minutes past eight exactly six boys came down-stairs in a bunch and vainly tried to appear unconcerned while exactly six girls in the parlor immediately began to chatter and laugh as they appeared. Sister Sue told them she had been lonesome ever since Old-Home Week and had wanted a little party to liven things up for her. She told them she wanted some music and singing and was very glad they could all come.

As she talked to them, she sat at the piano

Continued on page 71



Coconut for Every Coconut Purpose

You can now buy Baker's Dry Shred Coconut, the old-fashioned, sugar-cured kind in paper cartons—Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut WITH the milk in the blue label can—and the latest Baker canning achievement, Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut, MOIST but WITHOUT the milk, in the can with the distinctive yellow label.

TRUE COCONUT FLAVOR is assured whenever you use Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut. Every bit of the goodness that Nature places in the nut is SAVED for you by Baker's *exclusive* process.

Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut has that same delicate, alluring flavor that has made coconut the staple article of food wherever the coconut grows.

Buy a can of this entirely DIFFERENT coconut today and note how much it adds to the success of every recipe in which coconut is used.

Recipe for the coconut pie illustrated above will be found on the inner side of can label. A FREE RECIPE BOOKLET is also available for you or any friends you mention. Write for it.

If Baker's Canned or Dry Shred Sweetened Coconut is not obtainable at your grocer's, send 20 cents in stamps for full-size can or package and please mention your dealer's name.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BAKER'S COCONUT



What rice is to the Chinese and what bread is to the people of the North, COCONUT is to the millions who live in the tropics. It is the staple article of food and is eaten in some form at nearly every meal. Not only is it used as a food, but the milk forms an important part of native medicinal preparations.



Raisins Are a Beauty Food

Due to Their Iron Content — *According to Authorities*

Raisins are one of the richest of all foods in *assimilable iron*, and it's iron in the blood that brings the pretty rose-tint to women's and children's cheeks.

So raisins may be called "a beauty food." Served daily they promote the beauty that results from perfect health.



Here's a delicious raisin pie. The book we send you tells you how to make it.



Fruit and Nut Rolls (get the recipe book). If you haven't tried them you've missed a treat.

Use raisins in simple puddings, breakfast foods, cakes, cookies, custards and in

scores of other dishes which need only a dainty touch to make those dishes luscious.

Raisins add nutrition, too—supplying 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Ask for Sun-Maids if you want the finest raisins. Made from tender, thin-skinned, juicy, California table grapes, kinds too delicate to ship long distances in fresh form. You'll always want these raisins if you try them once.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

Send for Free "Sun-Maid Recipes"; contains suggestions for scores of delicious raisin foods. Send for it. It is free. Learn what you can do with raisins.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.,
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Have You Ever Tasted
Gingerbread Like This?

- 1 cup SUN-MAID Seeded Raisins.
- 1 cup brown sugar.
- ½ cup shortening.
- 3 cups flour.
- 1 teaspoon ginger (or to taste).
- 1 cup baking molasses.
- 1 cup boiling water.
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon.
- 1 teaspoon baking soda.

Put sugar, molasses and shortening into bowl, mix well, add water and baking soda, which has been dissolved in a little hot water; add ginger and cinnamon. Sift flour, add and beat well; last, add the well washed and dried raisins. Bake in Turk's head or brick pan, which has been lined with paper, in moderate oven 40 minutes.



SISTER SUE

playing softly little alluring snatches of rag-time and old country-dance music, and she asked if they supposed there was room enough in the hall for some of them to dance while Delia was getting things ready out in the kitchen for the candy-pulling. She looked toward Gordon for a reply, and he at once asked Kitty Sanborn if she would try it with him. Then Joe Anderson went over to Ruth White, who was tapping her toe in time to the music, and asked her if she would start off with him. The music was now changing into a lively little two-step, and soon four couples were forgetting their embarrassment in the witchery of the dance.

Sister Sue turned to Tom White while she was playing and asked him to bring Grace Walker to the piano so they could talk and arrange for some songs after giving the dancers a few more turns at the two-step.

IN A few minutes the music began to slow down. The dancers clapped for more, but Sister Sue smiled and drifted into the familiar melodies of "Old Kentucky Home," "In the Starlight," "Music in the Air," then Tom and Grace sang "Annie Laurie," followed by "Clementine" and "Jingle Bells," and soon the voices of the whole crowd were heard either joining in or humming at parts of the chorus until Delia appeared from the kitchen announcing:

"If you folks want to pull any candy, now is the time. And come quick!"

With the boys' "Hurrah for Delia!" and "You bet we want to pull candy!" and the girls' excited little screams and shrieks of laughter, they all rushed into the kitchen where Delia had two or three well-buttered plates of thick masses of soft, hot sugar ready for pulling.

"Now, some of you just git out on that back piazza; there ain't room enough for all of you in here," she told them. "I've got to have standin'-room while I learn some of you how to pull-it."

Then she rubbed flour over her hands and took up one of the portions of soft, hot sugar, stretching it out and folding it together quickly and repeating it a few times, occasionally flouring or buttering her hands lightly to prevent the sugar sticking to them.

"Now, Joe, you and Kitty wash your hands and wipe them dry and rub them over with flour and take this bunch I'm doin'. Be spy about it or it'll git too cold to pull," she ordered.

"And you, Tom White, you and Bessie Merrill git your hands fixed for this bunch and go out on the piazza with it. Stretch it way out, double it over and give your end to Bessie, then stretch it ag'in and make Bessie give you her end. Stretch it so it'll be kinder flat-like. Keep a-stretchin' and doublin' it until it begins to git kinder hard to stretch, then pull one end 'way out, 'bout as far as you can and as flat as you can, lay it on one of these here buttered platters and cut it off. Then stretch out some more the same way and cut that off. You'll have to be mighty quick or it'll git hard and won't stretch."

Meanwhile, in the big parlor, Sister Sue had arranged the tables and chairs and had brought in some cake and lemonade and was ready for the young people when they came in with plates heaped with the candy and pop-corn balls of their own make.

WHILE they were eating and merrymaking, Sister Sue was lightly touching the keys of the piano, improvising little tunes and weaving into them bits of harmony from Schubert and Chopin and Liszt as she followed the moods of her guests. When they had finished their candy and cake and had drunk their lemonade and were talking of going home, she asked them to give her just one more song and then she would let them go. After that, somewhat reluctantly, they went up-stairs for their hats and wraps. The boys, as they came down, told Sister Sue her "party" was the "best thing ever" and that she was "all right" and "we hope you will have another one soon." The girls told her they enjoyed the dance, and candy, and everything, and just wished they could have her to their houses some time.

"I thank every one of you so much for coming to-night, and if you will come again I will be very glad. You've all made me very

happy and I am so glad you have enjoyed it, too," said Sister Sue to them as they went down the walk.

"You're a brick! A regular brick!" exclaimed Gordon as she closed the door, and he emphasized his statement with a hug—a very unusual thing for him to do. "I was having a tough time getting the fellows to say they would come here until I told them they could dance and do any old thing they wanted to. They took my word for it, and now the whole bunch wants to know if you'll have 'em here again."

"They may come again just as soon as you want them and as often as they want to," she replied. "Perhaps we can fix up that large room over the kitchen for a headquarters and you can get up some kind of a club if you want to."

"Bully good idea!" exclaimed Gordon as he started up-stairs for bed.

"Trixie" came out the first of November. It did not prove to be the Great American Novel, but it did become that other will-o'-the-wisp and unexplainable surprise, a "best seller." It was the sort of a book that one person, having read it, immediately says to his neighbors on both sides of him "Have you read 'Trixie'? Well, you want to, right away." That's the kind of a book nothing can stop. By December it had sold forty thousand copies. Christmas swelled it another forty thousand, and the new year saw it still going strong with the hundred-thousand mark in sight.

MARTIN KENT accepted his success gracefully, even modestly, in a way, though to his fiancée he did write a trifle boastfully: "What did I tell you?"

From her and from May, as from all his friends, he received hearty congratulations. May in particular, wrote him that she was fairly green with envy. He was interviewed, dined and banqueted. In magazines and newspapers his portrait appeared together with his quoted opinion—occasionally accurate but usually otherwise—on all manner of subjects, ranging from the best time to eat apples to the worst habit of the Fiji Islanders. From all over the country came letters requesting autographs and locks of hair. Movie men and screen bureaus approached him with offers; and "Trixie" drinks, cigars, pajamas and silk stockings appeared on the market.

In February the successful author, pleased and proud, but a little dazed with it all, ran up to Gilmoreville to see his fiancée.

"I just tore myself away," he said, "and I've got to go back to-morrow. I'm guest of honor at a banquet, and I have to speak before a Woman's Club the next day. But I've been trying for so long to get here."

In the evening, when John Gilmore had been put to bed and May and Gordon had left the two lovers to themselves, Martin Kent told why he had come. He said that surely now there need be no further delay. He wanted to be married, and he *could* be married now that this blessed book had made it possible.

He was very tender, very affectionate. He uttered some very beautiful sentiments that would have thrilled any girl's heart and that certainly would thrill the heart of a very tired little girl who for so long had borne the weight of heavy, heavy burdens. And they did thrill Sister Sue to whom all eyes had turned, all hands had reached and all feet had run when anything under the sun was wanted.

It was with a very long sigh of utter weariness then, but of content as well, that Sister Sue said yes. She would marry him in two months—yes, in one month if he liked.

"Fine! In one month then, please! My little sweetheart—my wife," breathed the man with a fervent kiss. "And down there with me, once away from this, we'll have those roses back in your cheeks, dear."

"Away from this!" She drew back startled. "Why, Martin, you know I can't leave—here—"

"Nonsense! Of course you can leave. You don't think I was coming here to live, did you, sweetheart?"

"Why, y-yes, I did, Martin. I—I thought that was what we'd always planned." Her eyes were troubled.

Continued on page 74



Sleepless Nights — Late Mornings

If coffee's effect on nerves and rest plays tricks with your hours of sleep, quit it and try

INSTANT POSTUM

A table beverage with an attractive coffee-like flavor but wholesome in every respect.

Your Food On Its Travels



STARTING with the haul by team or truck to railroad car or steamboat dock, and handling; the ride in freight car or hold of boat, and handling; the arrival at warehouse, and handling; the haul—and more handling, from warehouse to your dealer's store; the long or short wait there—more handling; the last leg of the journey from his store—more handling—to your pantry. The point to consider is this:

This food—flour, sugar, rice, fruit, vegetables, etc.—if PROTECTED on its journeyings as above, from ALL FORMS OF CONTAMINATION, en route, by

NICE CLEAN Wooden Barrels

"A Wall of Wood Around Your Food"

would arrive at its final destination—your pantry—pure and sweet—"The Good Kept In, the Rest Kept Out." You deserve to get it in that condition. You can't have this SURE feeling, though, where the containers are absorbent—can you?

For good health's sake—yours and your loved ones—you should begin at once, NOW, and KNOW the ins and outs of this all-important package question.

Begin with your dealer. He is a "pure food" dealer, you'll find.

Your question about the "non-taint" matter of the package will show him that you are fully alive to the seriousness of this angle of the pure food problem and you are going to insist and keep on INSISTING that everything you and your family eats is free from any suspicion of taint, from this time henceforth. Your insistence will make him do some insisting where he buys. "A little leaven leavens the whole lump." The coupon will bring you our FREE BOOK, "Some Light in Dark Corners." Interesting, informative, educational. Send for it TODAY. Address,

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OPERETTAS FOR CLUBS AND HIGH SCHOOLS

way she walked. If the character happens to be a fictitious one, I study the manners, customs and dress of the times in which she is supposed to have lived.

Of course, in studying operetta, no such exhaustive research is required as for opera, nevertheless a certain amount of it is absolutely necessary. If, for instance, you are giving the part of Betsy Ross, the maker of the American flag, and have only a single song to do, you can make yourself a real and outstanding figure in the piece. To do this you will need a knowledge of the dignified, courtly manner of the Colonial period; the freedom from haste in movement, the well-modulated voice.

THE operetta of a racial type, whose book tells a Persian, Japanese, Chinese, or American-Indian story, should be made as nearly as possible a true picture. To do a rôle properly in such operettas, it is wise to read books about the people whom you would impersonate, to study their manners, dress and social customs. This knowledge will give you many ideas for detail in action.

In operetta of the fantastic description greater leeway is given to your talent for invention. The characters are unreal, and you can make them as fanciful as you desire. But you must be consistent and let every detail in your action be in keeping with the kind of character you represent. If the rôle is pathetic, let all you do be along these lines; if frankly funny, try to sustain the fresh spirit of humor from start to finish. Gestures, the attitudes you take, the way you walk, should all belong to the part.

The purely romantic operetta that tells a modern love-story needs no special directions for its performance. Only I would recommend above all things that you be your natural, sincere self. Beyond that the impersonation depends for its success on individual magnetism and charm.

ONE point, and an important one requires attention in each and all kinds of operetta. Lights above and footlights below cast strange shadows and reflections that make the best complexions of slight value. Elsewhere the youthful face needs no artificial aid to enhance it. But on the stage some kind of make-up is indispensable to allow you to appear as you do naturally.

This is the way I make up: I wash my face with a cleansing cream and dry it thoroughly with a piece of cheese-cloth or Japanese paper. Then I put a little rouge on cheeks and chin, make a dark shadow under the eyes, and powder. Next I brush out the powder from the eyebrows and make strong shadows on the upper eyelids. I line the eyebrows very little, but put melted black grease-paint on the eyelashes very heavily. From the end of the eye I draw two little lines that meet. Use lip rouge, following the line of a Cupid's bow, but do not exaggerate.

Upon no factor of an operetta presentation does more depend than upon the chorus. The volume of tone from fresh, pure voices, combined with animated action by the singers adds incalculably to the life of the whole performance. No operetta can produce effect where the chorus, though singing well, becomes an inanimate background against which the principal characters appear. Every chorus member must be alive, and appear to find joy in doing his or her part. In an operetta performance things should move swiftly. By this I do not mean hurry or boisterousness, but vivacity, and vim; never to lag, never to drag.

TO make my meaning clearer, if the scene happens to be a workroom full of girls, live up to it by really working. Imagine you are engaged in millinery and are paid for being industrious, not idle. Go to get a flower, a bit of ribbon; sit down and try its effect on the hat you are trimming. Pause between times if you have a line to speak. Let everything be as in real life. Then you will have a scene full of animation.

As a final word let me say that the more numerous the rehearsals the better the performance; and—this is a fixed superstition with us professionals—a bad dress rehearsal is sure to bring a fine public presentation.



Can We Be Comrades?

Is Friendship Possible Between
a Man and a Woman?

Or Is It Only Love in Disguise?

W. L. George—English novelist—says,
“It’s easy to be flippant when one
discusses the relations of men and women.

“The belief in friendship between men
and women prevails only where English
circulates. The rest of the world laughs
at the idea or does not consider it at all.

“Between every man and woman, a
warmth of feeling must arise; it may not
be love, but it’s love’s little cousin from
the country.

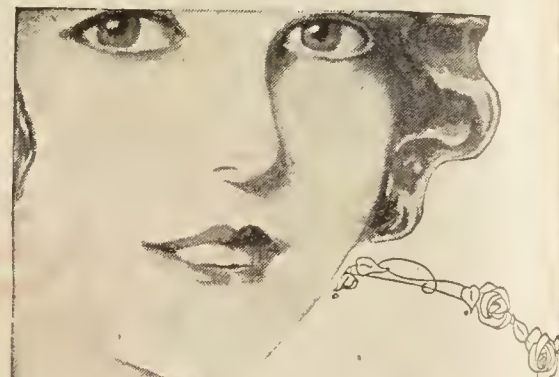
“Every smile between man and woman
has its meaning however faint; every
letter from a man to a woman is a ghost
of a love-letter”—

Says W. L. George
in the March number of

THE DELINEATOR

\$2.50 a year

In Canada, \$3.00



A Lovely Skin

—is the result, not of the application of cosmetics, but of the general bodily health. It is clear blood which imparts the blush of youth to cheeks.

Experience has taught the discerning beauty to rely upon a good aperient to clear the complexion. A dainty box of NR Tablets is her helpful agent. Each tablet acts pleasantly to insure better health, to keep the skin clear and free from blemishes, to help restore and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All druggists sell the 25c. box of NR Tablets



Used for Over 30 Years



You would not have had to stay awake last night with that dry cough if you had taken



KEMP'S BALSAM

Just enough to moisten the throat will stop that irritating tickle.

Get a bottle today from your druggist.

Le Roy, N. Y.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Do you want to better your position?

We will train you and place you before you pay us. Study at home or at our College. Shorthand, Typewriting, Bookkeeping, Accountancy, etc. Address Greenfield Business College, Dept. 22, Greenfield, Ohio.

SKINS AND SCHEMES

have to do a thing that hurts us awfully to do; we have to go back on something we've told you. Blackheads aren't dirt!

We've asked all the beauty specialists we know and they all said blackheads were dirt. "Dirt!" scoffed the Best Skin Specialist, "they're a disease! A bacillus at the root of the pore, and you could scrub with soap or cleanse with cream until you were dead and you would never get rid of them. They are a disease; they need to be scraped out and have a little sulfur application put down there at the root of the pore. Then they'll go!"

WE'RE on our knees. We've tried so hard never to make any mistakes in these articles. But there is a little palliative cause for that mistake. Real blackheads keep coming and won't yield, but there are things that look like blackheads that aren't blackheads at all. They are stained pores, and that is dirt, and you can get them clean by softening them with cold-cream, then press them out and put on an astringent. Only don't press so hard that you rupture veins. Press with a little cotton under your fingers.

Skin food should not be left on all night, but just fifteen or twenty minutes, then wiped off with a soft cloth or tissue. Leaving it on so long will cause "fuzz" to grow if there is any tendency toward that.

There are many injurious cold-creams on the market. And it was there that he told us that his offices were full of people who had been poisoned by dishonest cold-creams and cosmetics. The lead and bismuth in powder in connection with certain other ingredients will cause blackheads and other serious skin troubles.

Very cold water is good for the face in the morning and it freshens the eyes. Very hot water should never be used and just as we've always told you, *mes amies*, steaming is the crime of crimes! and massage is bad—it stretches and stimulates falsely, causing the skin to hang in folds and wrinkles unless you keep everlastingly at it even unto your dying moment. Wrinkles, you know, are relaxed tissue. Your business in life is to tone up the tissue and not do one single thing to relax it. A skin that is too dry belongs usually to a person who has too much acid in the system, or twangy nerves.

ACNE is a constitutional disease. It goes way down deep. Back of all those bad old pimples are blackheads. Acne needs a doctor just as much as diphtheria does. Not a family practitioner, the B. S. S. says, but a good skin specialist.

"There isn't a good skin specialist in this city," said the B. S. S., "who isn't badly overworked, who wouldn't be relieved if somebody dependable would take at least a third of his practise away from him. I'm telling you because I'm taking you at your word and trying to help you help women. Acne needs the best skin specialist one can get. It is dangerous to treat it with X-ray. It is no use to treat it with violet ray. Ultra violet ray is good. There are young women to-day—and young men—who will go through life with scarred skins and coarse skins because at the time of puberty they were neglected. Somebody—the family doctor perhaps—when he was asked to look at the pimply skin, said, 'Oh, don't worry about that, they'll outgrow it.'

"They did outgrow it, but their skin is forever coarse and possibly marred with acne scars. That can be softened and hidden a little, but it can never be restored. And besides, those children went through a sensitive, self-conscious, unhappy period that they didn't need to go through. Youth should be taken care of—skin, teeth, hair and bowels—if we want beauty and health and normality in men and women."

WE HADN'T suspected him of such gentleness—and I think I'll have to call it *wistfulness*—as he showed when he talked about protecting youth.

And then we talked about spanking the face. And he approves of it—the patting—but it must not be so severe as to cause a venous condition; light and flexible patting over a cold-cream foundation stimulates and tones up.

Anyway, we know exactly where we're going if our skin ever lies down on us and cries for help!



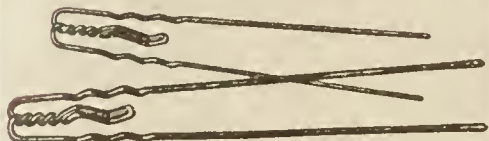
Sage Tea Turns Gray Hair Dark

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural dark color and lustre to the hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome.

Nowadays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound." You will get a large bottle of this old-time recipe improved by the addition of other ingredients, at very little cost. Millions use this preparation now, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one strand at a time; gradually the gray hair disappears; your hair becomes beautifully dark and glossy—you look years younger. The color desired is obtained by the number of applications. The Wyeth Chemical Co., New York, N. Y.



HUMP



HAIR PINS

Your Hair Always in Place

Supreme Hair Pin Quality
Unequaled Hair Pin Merit

Sold Everywhere
5c and 10c packages

HUMP HAIR PIN MFG. CO.
Sol H. Goldberg, Pres.
Chicago

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun," hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet—

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. D Aurora, Ill.



"DOVE" Night Gown No. 841 shown here—Square-neck style, made of good quality, lustrous-finish, white Nainsook. Trimmed with white Val. lace and organdie medallions. Shirring at waist and ribbon bow at neck. Matches "DOVE" Envelope Chemise No. 842.

Lingerie You'll Love to Wear

In dainty cottons, there are "Dove" Under-garments, novel in fabric and style, some with fine lace or embroidery trimmings, others depending for their charm on fancy stitchery and hand-embroidery.

Then there are silk styles in "Dove" Under-garments of Crêpe de Chine and Satin—caressingly soft and luxuriously feminine with their trimmings of fine laces and touches of ribbon and embroidery.

There's a Store Near You That Sells "Dove" Under-garments

D. E. SICHER & CO., INC., 45-51 West 21st St., New York
"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"

DOVE  Under-garments
Beautiful Well-made Lingerie

Your Beauty Ideals

You have three beauty ideals; to attain the wondrous charm of a lovely skin; to cherish its beauty in all seasons and all weathers; to maintain its dainty softness and smoothness against the passing of the years.

D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream combines all three of these ideals. This is why famous beauties and social leaders of three generations have relied upon it to cleanse and refresh the skin, to beautify and preserve the complexion.

The greatest charm of all, a radiant, beautiful complexion, is easily attained and enhanced through the daily use of D. & R. Perfect Cold Cream. In sanitary tubes 12c, 30c, 60c. In handy glass jars 40c, 60c, \$1.00, \$1.65.

FREE trial tube on request. Address: Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1217, D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDSELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"



MEMORIES OF MY FATHER

good terms with its neighbors. Such an aversion had been stirred up by the Royalist and Clerical party against this Republican family of ours, with our democratic ideas, who had planted ourselves in the midst of Chouannerie country, that more than once I had seen the mistresses of neighboring castles ride past our driveway in their old-fashioned "berlins," and make a sign of the cross, not daring even to look at the house, which to them was literally the home of the devil.

My father, however, had friends in the small villages of the neighborhood whom he used to join at the opening of the hunting season, a solemnly celebrated occasion.

NOW and then the old castle of Aubraye was the scene of the most mysterious happenings. In the evening, immediately after dinner, my father would leave us, with the explanation that he had a sick man to visit far out in the country somewhere, so that he could not get back for our bedtime. That hateful ceremony always occurred at a fixed hour, and I knew there was no use trying to postpone it.

Accompanied by Aunt Sophie, who was all dressed for a long trip, my father went off, while I, completely fooled, joined my brother and sister who were playing at nurse's feet in the Treasure Tower.

Suddenly we heard a strange sound. We could scarcely believe our ears! It was a trumpet call, loud and nasal, incredible in such a place and at such a time, when the vast silence of evening was beginning to fall over the countryside.

My grandmother opened the door, and we saw before us a large screen, with our three little chairs lined up before it.

Suddenly a marvelous *Punch* in a gold-

stitched costume of rose-and-blue satin appeared above the screen. To the accompaniment of jokes and funny remarks that sent us off into gales of laughter, he announced that having been told that we had all been behaving nicely, he had come this evening to give us a wonderful entertainment.

The play began. *Punch* cut his usual capers, *Punch's* wife appeared in her thankless rôle, and the *Chief of Police* received his classic beating. Then came a distribution of candy and presents, and a Lilliputian display of fireworks, which ended the evening.

Dazed and mystified, I let myself be put to bed. I did not see behind the screen my father and my aunt, both as delighted as we, carefully putting away the silent puppets and their accessories, which only a few moments before a fantastic and humorous imagination had endowed with life. I would give a great deal to-day to possess the text of those first dramas written by the future author of the "Voile du Bonheur."

But they did not last long, those happy days, when the old house, drowsing among its century-old elms and chestnut-trees, woke to life under the spell of a vigorous young personality. Leave-taking followed all too quickly upon arrival.

To me that farewell meant black, dire calamity. I cried hopelessly for three days. I can still feel those hot, bitter tears on my cheeks. With my father gone, the whole place seemed to fall asleep again. Our life continued its monotonous way, with only an occasional infrequent disturbance at the news of an election, or one of those terrible duels that upset the entire house, or perhaps a copy of some important speech made in the Chamber. And this was only the beginning of the young deputy's career.

Continued from page 71

SISTER SUE

He laughed lightly.

"But plans change, you know, when circumstances change. Surely, darling, you weren't thinking of making me spend the rest of my days in Gilmoreville, were you?"

"You—you wouldn't want to then, even for—for a time?"

He laughed again lightly.

"I'm afraid not, my dear."

"But you liked it; you said you liked it."

"SO I did—for a visit." He frowned a bit impatiently. "But to live here is quite another matter. Why, Sue! I'd stifle here—starve—grow mad! As for thinking of writing here—impossible! I'm sure, dear, you

don't want to interfere with my career now."

"No, no. Of course not!" She spoke quickly, but her eyes were still troubled. "I was thinking of father, of course." She paused. The man said nothing. After a moment she went on, more slowly: "I'm afraid he won't be so contented anywhere else, and it's easier here, where he knows everybody and everybody knows him, to take care of him and keep him occupied."

"Of course, of course! I wouldn't think of moving him," said the man in cordial agreement.

"You—mean—you don't mean for us to go and leave him here?" Sue cried incredulously.

Continued in the March DELINEATOR

Concluded from page 10

LINCOLN AND THE LADIES

web of spun sugar had been thrown. There were silver cake-baskets, from many households, holding gold, silver, marble and sponge cake intermingled with colored jelly. There were tall glasses filled with custards, and plates of candied fruits. In another room was a table loaded with cold ham, turkey, quail, pickles and hot coffee."

To Lincoln and his wife, those days, this was the superlative degree of elegance.

He was in the library of the State House when the telegram reached him announcing his nomination for the Presidency. He rose and said:

"I must go. There is a little woman down the street who will want to hear the news."

He carried his simple, homely habits to the White House. He lunched at noon on a glass of milk or a little fruit and dined between five and six. In the evening Tad used to sit in the office with him and often fall asleep there. His labors over, the President would shoulder the sleeping boy and carry him up-stairs to bed.

Once in a telegram to Mrs. Lincoln he said:

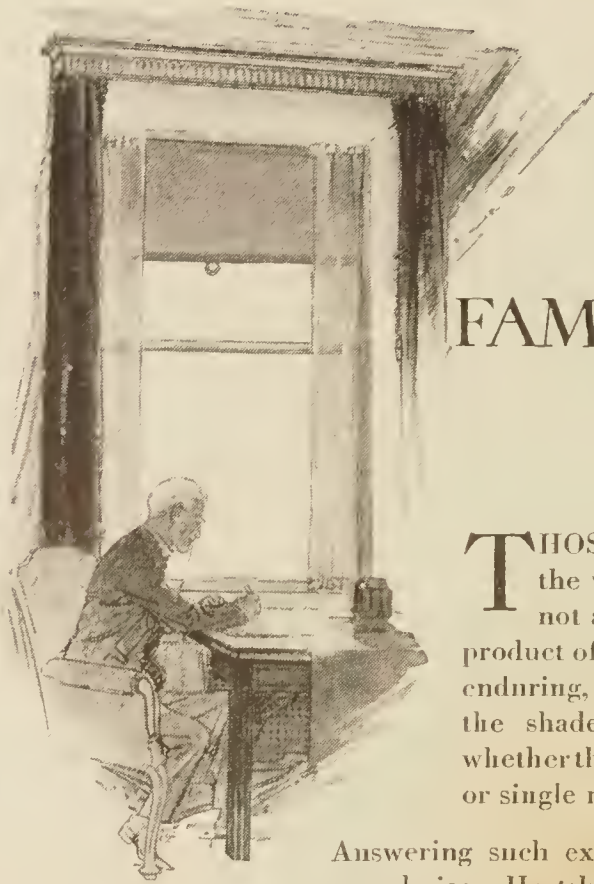
"Tell Tad the goats and father are well, especially the goats."

He never lost the playful spirit of his youth. In a speech he once said: "I have never studied the art of paying compliments to women, but I must say that if what has been said by orators and poets in praise of women were applied to those of America it would not do them justice for their conduct during the war. I close by saying, 'God bless the women of America.'"

Touching the rights of women, he once wrote: "I go for all sharing the privileges of the government who assist in bearing its burdens. Consequently, I go for admitting all whites to the right of suffrage who bear arms or pay taxes, by no means excluding women."

He could never resist a woman's plea for the life of a son or husband during the war. To Stanton he once said: "We have enough weeping widows in this country."

When I study his spirit I am reminded of a sentence in Lowell's essay on Dante: "He was a window for the light of truth and the splendor of God to shine through."



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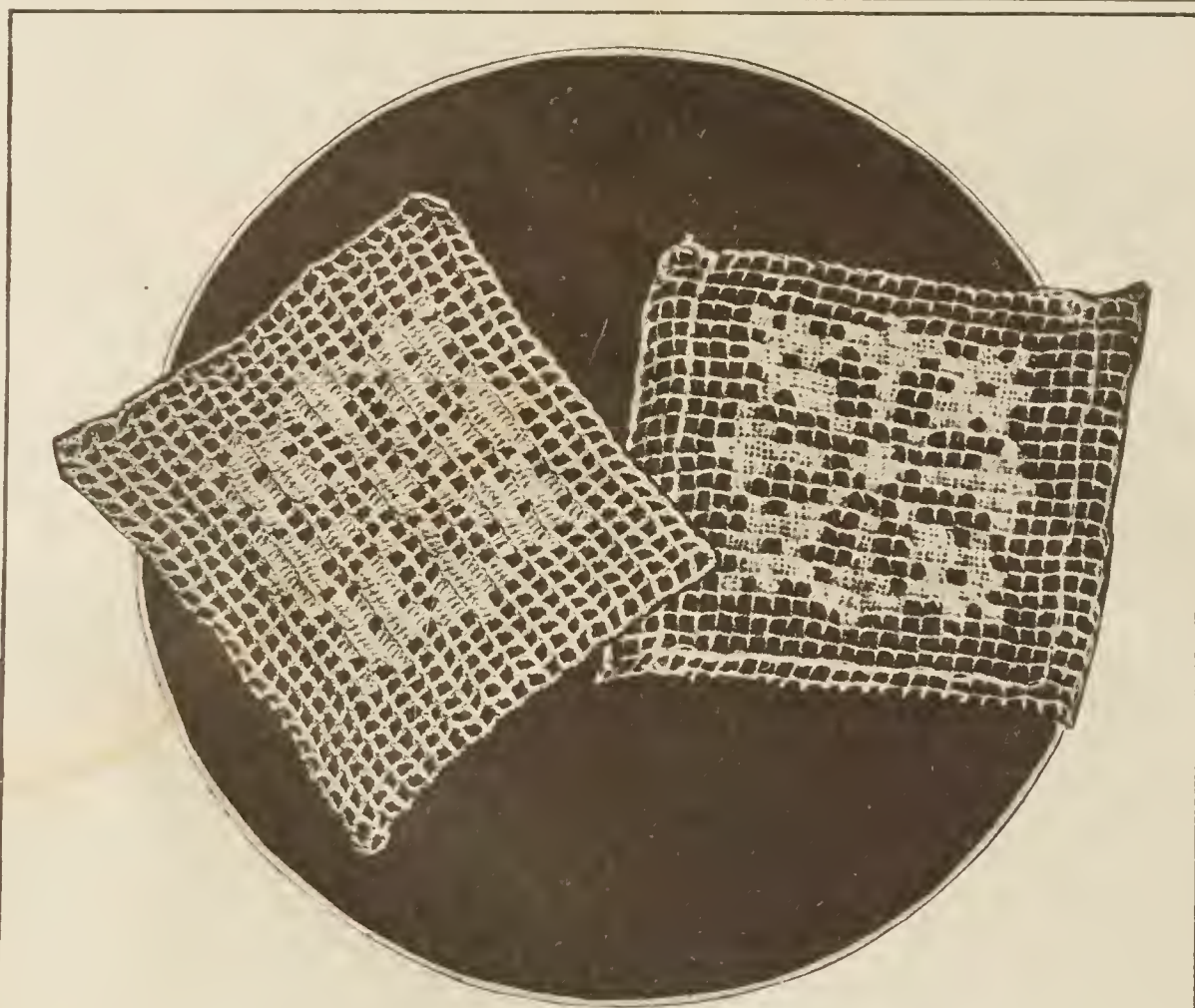
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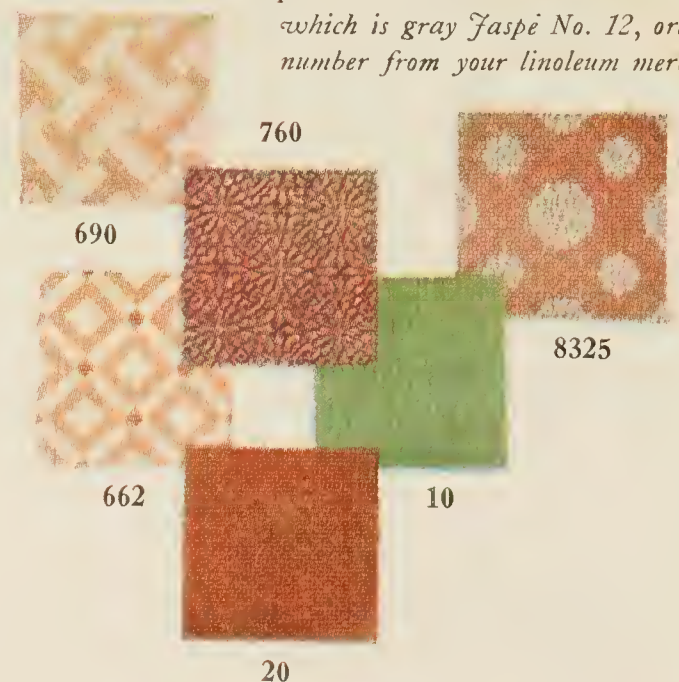
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BLUE RIBBON PEACHES

(DRIED)



Steamed Peach Pudding

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup BLUE RIBBON PEACHES, softened; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter; $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar; 2 eggs, beaten; 1 cup flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 1 pinch salt. Cut peaches into small pieces. Beat butter and sugar to a cream, add the eggs, peaches, flour sifted with baking powder and salt. Mix well, turn into a greased mold, cover with greased paper or lid and steam steadily two hours. Turn out and serve with peach syrup heated, or with sweet melted butter sauce. If desired, 2 tablespoons each of chopped nut meats and candied citron peel may be added.

You are looking for a new idea for your table, a dessert that will be delicious as well as economical? May we suggest that you try BLUE RIBBON PEACHES? They can be used for fresh fruit in any recipe, and such desserts are always pleasing as well as bright and colorful.

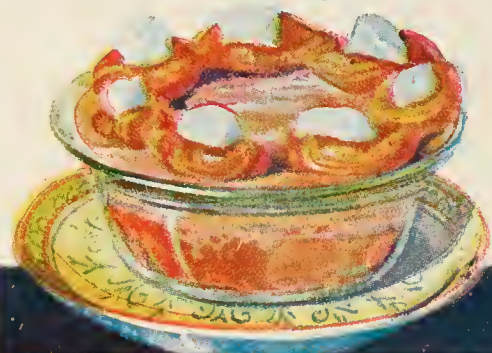
Steamed Peach Pudding is only one of many recipes that is contributing to the popularity of dried peaches. Peach Cobbler—Peach Dumpling—Peach Pie—Peach Fritters—Peach Marmalade—Peach Salad—Peach Sauce—Peaches and Cream, and scores of other ever-welcome dishes are now in great demand in American homes.

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Blue Ribbon Peach Cobbler

Three cups BLUE RIBBON PEACHES (softened overnight and stewed slowly); 2 cups sugar; flavoring; butter; flaky pie crust. Put the sugar into a saucepan, add three cupfuls of the water in which the peaches were softened, boil for ten minutes and pour over the softened peaches and allow to cool. Flavor to taste. Line the sides of a large, deep pudding dish with pastry. Put in the peaches, dot the top with tiny pieces of butter. Cover with pastry, brush over with beaten egg and slash the center crosswise. Bake until the paste is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.



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ELIZABETH MANAGES

fault. I shouldn't have told him, if I had known."

"If you had known what?" asked Ruth Farraday lightly.

"That you were going to marry somebody else."

"Somebody else?" she laughed.

"Somebody that wasn't Buddy," Elizabeth said bravely.

"There was never any question of my marrying your brother. We were very good friends before he went abroad. Then he seemed to let it—our friendship—die a natural death."

"I told you about his being sick," Elizabeth said, "and I told you that there weren't any other girls."

"There not being any other girls doesn't—didn't necessarily mean—"

"Oh, yes, it does, with Buddy."

"He didn't tell you so, did he?"

"He—he—" Elizabeth stammered.

"You—you said that you told him to communicate with me." Ruth was having almost as much difficulty in speaking as Elizabeth.

HE WROTE and asked my advice, and I told him I would, if I were he; and that was why he did it, and then I had to write him that you were engaged."

"Oh, you've written him that already?"

"I had to," Elizabeth said miserably. "He's very sick, and he wrote and asked me what to do."

"When did he write that?"

"Just the other day."

"And you wrote just the other day?"

"There was time for him to get my letter before he telegraphed to you."

"And then you wrote again to say that I was engaged?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm still engaged," Ruth Farraday said lightly. "When you write to him, won't you tell him that I thank him for remembering me so—so pleasantly. Send him my love and tell him—oh, tell him he was a day too late."

"I will," said Elizabeth.

With one long, indrawn breath, Ruth Farraday turned and walked back along the beach.

"She's shivering as if she were cold," Elizabeth thought as she watched the diminishing figure.

It was five days after her meeting with Ruth upon the beach that the evening mail brought her two letters, one in her mother's handwriting and one in Buddy's. Judily brought them in and put them in her lap.

"Oh, grandmother," Elizabeth said, trembling, "will you hold my hand while I read these letters? I—I am so worried about Buddy."

Grandmother drew out the little footstool that matched the rocker she was sitting in.

"Well, you just open that and read it, and after that you'll find you're sitting here the way you were before, with your grandma's arms around you."

DEAR LITTLE SISTER:

I can't tell you how much I thank you for your two letters. They cured me. I've been seeing ghosts, but "being gone, I am a man again." I'm going to get my discharge if I have to bust the whole hospital, and I'm coming down to Cape Cod. While there, I shall tell you what I think of several things, including the opinion I have of a man who sits in a cloud of vapor all day in a United States base hospital, and lets things go some other man's way.

You tell Miss Ruth Farraday that it's never too late. No, don't tell her anything, but whenever you see the man in the case, stick out your sweet little tongue at him. I'm sick—sure I'm sick—but I'm a well man, just the same. You wait and see. I'm coming to Cape Cod.

YOUR BUDDY.

Elizabeth buried her face in the ample folds of her grandmother's white apron.

"He's better. He's going to get well," she sobbed. "Oh, dear, I was afraid I had killed him, but I didn't! I did him good."

"He needed something to rouse him," grandmother said.

"He says he's going to get out and come down here right away."

"I thought 'twas about time."

"He's so sweet and dear and handsome, and he was so brave, and, oh, I love him so! I guess I can read mother's letter aloud. It's longer than Buddy's."

ELIZABETH DEAR:

The strangest thing has happened to your brother. He has suddenly taken a new lease of life. When I left him night before last he was the same as ever, and this morning when I went to see him at about ten o'clock he was another boy. I don't mean to say that I found him in any seraphic mood. He was literally fighting mad at the hospital authorities, and his whole mind seemed concentrated on getting out. At first I thought his fever had risen, but the doctor assures me that the subtle cloud that has been resting over his mind has lifted. His mind has kept his body sick and he has believed that his physical trouble was incurable.

At any rate, the worst is over now. I don't dare to hope we'll all get down to Cape Cod as soon as he thinks we shall, but I am inclined to think that he is too lively a character for the United States Government to hold very much longer.

You have been my brave, darling daughter, and I love you more than I can tell you. I am sending your shoes by this post.

MOTHER.

"I hope he'll get here while it's still cucumber season," grandmother said. "My how that boy used to eat herrings and cucumbers! I cooked a whole half-dozen once, and I vow he ate the whole lot, and I don't know how many cucumbers. Ain't that our ring on the telephone?"

"YES, it is," Elizabeth said, as the imperious instrument sounded one long and four short signals distinctly. "I'll answer."

"Elizabeth, where have you been all day?" Peggy's voice inquired. "I particularly want to see you about something, but mother insists it's too late for me to come over."

"I went swimming with Moses," Elizabeth said, "and finished Madget's sweater, and made a chocolate cake. What is it that you've got to tell me?"

"I can't tell you very well over the phone."

"Is it pleasant or unpleasant?"

"Unpleasant," Peggy whispered, with her mouth close to the receiver.

"Oh, Peggy, tell me! I've just about got to know."

"Well, listen close. It's going to be hurried up."

"What is it?"

"The—well—you know. Somebody's receiver is down. They are listening in. Don't you hear that clock ticking?"

"Oh, don't mind that. Tell me."

"They've hung up, I think. Guess what I mean. It's going to be in two weeks. Now do you know? It begins with 'w.'"

"You mean Ruth is going to be—"

"Yes, but don't breathe it. We want you at it, you know, the 'w.' You and me, dressed alike in blue dimity. There won't be many people."

"Oh, Peggy, I couldn't."

"Yes, you can. The way I look at it is that we might as well be philosophical about it and have a good time, even if our hearts do hang down to our boots. Don't you say so? Mother is calling me and I've got to go. Don't breathe a word. I'll tell you all about it to-morrow. I'll be over. Good-by."

"Oh, good-by," said Elizabeth.

MRS. SWIFT hugged her daughter. "You've grown up so, Elizabeth," she said. "I hardly know my child."

"I'm not really a child any longer, mother dear."

"I don't suppose you would care to walk down the block and get a quart of ice-cream so soon after breakfast, would you, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mother, I can always eat ice-cream," Elizabeth swept the gingham frock she was making for Madget out of her lap and rose hastily.

"I don't think I've quite lost my little girl," Mrs. Swift smiled.

"For that, mummy darling, I won't go. You are just playing tricks on me, the way you always do, and I fall right into the trap the way I always do, and oh, it's so good to have it happening again! But I've grown older, mother, and soberer."

"You've taken hold of life better. To tell you the truth, I was worried about you this Spring."

"Well, there is something I wish I could tell you about, but I can't."

"You mean about Buddy and Ruth Farraday?"

"I didn't know you knew," Elizabeth gasped.

"I didn't, until the night I came away, and then Buddy told me."

Continued in the March DELINEATOR



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STORM-CLOUD

Storm-Cloud quivered in his tracks. It was not the language of his mother, and yet there was something mightily familiar in the sounds. He wagged his tail vigorously.

"Ataboy!" came from the face above the river. "Whose dog are you? I'm Butch Tate, and I got a day off from driving Freier's wagon, because it's the Fourth of July." He swam toward the bank, Storm-Cloud drawing back slowly. "Don't be scared," said the boy as he stood white and dripping before the dog. "I ain't going to hurt you. Say, but you're black as a storm-cloud!" Then he dressed hurriedly.

"Now you keep still or I'll hand you one," warned the boy as the wild dog struggled to get away, snapping furiously. Then, suddenly, Storm-Cloud felt a human hand caressing him, and he ceased trying to get away. The freckled face was tucked down beside his long snout. "I guess you ain't got any home," Butch was saying. "Gee, you're all skin and bones! Dog-gone it, I guess you belong to me! I ain't got any home neither, except the bunk back of the butcher-shop." He sat down on the log, holding Storm-Cloud tightly under his right arm, and fished into a pocket from which he pulled a ball of stout cord. Before Storm-Cloud knew what had happened, his freedom was gone. For a while he struggled desperately to get away, but Butch, like any other healthy boy, was no more afraid of a dog than a dog is of a grasshopper. The fight for freedom was soon lost, for Storm-Cloud had had nothing to eat for a long time and was weak.

"Poor old fellow!" said Butch, kneeling on the ground beside his captive. "I wonder if you were born out here in the woods?" Storm-Cloud felt a great and wonderful love creeping into his heart and swelling it almost to the bursting-point as the freckled face came nearer to his snout.

"Come on now and behave yourself." Butch was rubbing his eyes with the back of his hand and tugging at the stout cord. "Come on and I'll git you some eats."

Storm-Cloud, whimpering, followed the barefoot butcher's boy through the silent woods that had now grown wondrous deep to the outer world of civilization and humanity.

"HEY, Butch, where'd ya git tha mutt?" The boy, sometimes dragging his possession, sometimes carrying him in his arms, was hailed by many of the village lads, ridiculed by others, and terrified by grown people who looked askance at the parentless urchin on the clean sidewalk of the main street. The mongrel that Butch was fighting for was not and could not be an asset to the village. One taxpayer, in disgust, kicked at him as he passed.

"Got a license, Butch?" asked the constable, red-nosed, watery-eyed, a little white paint-brush on his chin moving up and down briskly.

"I ain't got it yit, but I'm goin' to git it." Butch's heart was in his mouth and Storm-Cloud in his arms. He got away as fast as he could, carrying his burden gamely, crossing the railroad-track to the poorer side of the village, the broken stone of the road's ballast cutting his feet and marking his trail with drops of blood. He reached the little butcher-shop and let himself into the back door and the little cubby-hole he called home, the only home he had known since Herman Freier had taken him from the foundling asylum and had signed guardianship papers which gave him possession of his body and soul for three years.

Storm-Cloud had never been within four walls before. Hungry and lonely, he had had the great privilege of knowing but two dimensions, heaven and earth; but the quiet of this little corner was welcome, and the tremors that had beset his body all through the village died away as Butch lifted him to his bunk and pulled a part of his blanket over him. He had seen already enough of civilization and humanity. But he was alone with Butch, who knew how to grin and who knew how to grieve. There had been no God in his heaven until the sympathy of this freckle-faced, amphibious thing called a boy had grinned to him from the middle of the Tenakill River.

"Don't you move, Storm-Cloud," his master ordered as he placed a chair against

the door connecting the cubby-hole with the butcher-shop. The little yellow eyes watched Butch until he had wriggled through the transom. The wild dog was sure that his master was of his own sort, and felt that beyond the hole into which he had disappeared there might be some of the treasures he had seen his own lost mother unearth for him during hard times.

"Trimmin's!" Butch's face, split in half by a grin, showed in the hole above the door and then a shower of meat-scrap hit the bed, and Storm-Cloud struggled to his paws and began to devour them.

In the little room, besides the bunk, were a wash-stand with pitcher and basin, a little table, one chair and a broken valise on the outside of which was painted in white "B. Tate." Butch explored this receptacle of his belongings and brought out a dog-collar and a little cloth tobacco-bag in which his savings jingled. "Got the collar for you, Storm-Cloud, and the money for the license," he exclaimed joyously.

BUTCH'S long, dark nights alone in his little hole back of Freier's were changed to evenings of great sport as, in the light of his oil lamp, he taught his friend the tricks that only a boy can teach a dog. Storm-Cloud learned to walk on his fore-paws with his lithe black body balanced in a graceful curve in the air, learned to turn handsprings, cart-wheels and back-somersaults, and could play dead so well that his performance would make a mummy feel ashamed of itself.

The only discordant note in their life was the penury of Freier, who was always fearful that Butch would use some of his meat for his four-footed friend. Scraps and bones were precious to him, for he sold them to the soap manufacturers who sent a truck through the valley twice a week for the refuse of the butcher-shops. He hated the dog as only a miser could hate one, but tolerated him because of Butch's honesty and faithfulness, knowing that it would be hard to replace him if he ever ran away from his servitude.

One Sunday afternoon the boy once more wriggled through the transom for a meal for his friend, sent him a shower of "trimmin's," watered him, and then started off with Storm-Cloud at his heels to walk the railroad-tracks and study the bill-boards on which were pictured the wild animals of the menagerie, the clowns, the trapeze and bare-back artists, the lady in pink skin-tights, as Butch described her fleshings, and all of the other wonderful things that only a real big circus can offer a boy.

But there was one poster that held Butch fascinated. It depicted "Splinters, the Highest-Paid Clown in the World, and his famous dog, Alexander." They were doing the same stunts that he and Stormy got so much fun out of doing.

THE crescent moon was riding over the top of the wooded Palisades, like a fairy gondola of silver, when Butch and his friend reached the village. As they approached the back door of the butcher-shop, Storm-Cloud drew back on his leash, his hair rose along his spine, and his white teeth showed.

"What's the matter, boy?" asked his master. A low growl of warning was the answer. Butch picked him up in his arms and went on, unlocking the back door. A flood of light shot out into the night and a shout of "Here he is!" was his greeting. The place was filled with people, the constable in his blue uniform and large, white-metal badge being the most conspicuous. Freier and his wife were there, excited, the latter in tears. Storm-Cloud liked none of them, and struggled frantically to attack the nearest one. They drew back, afraid of the sharp and shining teeth.

"What's the trouble?" asked Butch. "What's the trouble?" demanded Freier, and at the sound of his mean, grating voice Storm-Cloud fought more desperately to reach somebody's leg. "What's the trouble?" repeated Freier. "You've robbed me."

"Robbed you?" gasped Butch. "I don't rob anybody. I ain't a thief." His freckled face grew as white as the first snow of Winter, and a great fear came to his heart. It was bad enough in a foundling asylum, but jail!

"What'd you do with the money?"

Concluded on page 81



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Spring
Style Book



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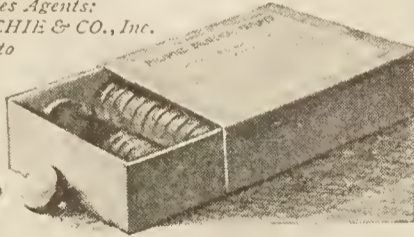
For Over Seventy Years BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have been invaluable to public speakers and singers for clearing the throat, allaying hoarseness and soothing the irritation caused by vocal exertion.

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You must give Nature the aid she needs in keeping the skin pores active. This means washing your face and washing it thoroughly, regularly, every day.

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You needn't be afraid of the effect of soap on the skin—not if your soap is right. Use Palmolive and make washing a daily beauty treatment.

Palmolive is the mildest of soaps and the gentlest of cleansers. Palm and Olive oils—ingredients of Palmolive—were ancient Egyptian cosmetics. Cleopatra used them as beautifiers as well as cleansers.

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This mild, gentle soap produces a profuse creamy lather which you should apply to your face with your two hands.

Massage it softly into your skin, so as not to roughen its delicate, sensitive texture. Then just as gently rinse it away.

It carries with it all dangerous, clogging accumulations—the dust and oil secretions, the remains of the day's rouge and powder. It leaves your skin healthfully, thoroughly clean.

Keep that school-girl complexion

A fine and fresh complexion

The gentle washing and rinsing stimulates minute glands and capillaries to beneficial action. This keeps your complexion fine and fresh and encourages natural, becoming color.

Be liberal with Palmolive Cold Cream if your skin is dry. Apply it before washing and again after, and your skin will be beautifully smooth.

Why Palmolive isn't 50 cents a cake

If made in small quantity it would be. We can't make it better.

The gigantic demand for Palmolive keeps the price moderate. It keeps the Palmolive factories working day and night, which reduces manufacturing cost.

It permits the purchase of the costly oils, imported from overseas, in such vast volume that the price is much reduced.

Thus Palmolive is popular priced—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

It is for sale by leading dealers everywhere and supplied in guest-room size by America's popular hotels.

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When the Sand Man comes

When the Sandman comes, that's the time coughs and colds develop. PISO'S is for tender little throats when sore and "scratchy"—and for irritating coughs. Children like it because it is so easy to take—and grown-ups use it themselves because it is effective. It is good for both. To prevent real sickness, keep PISO'S always on the medicine shelf, ready when winter ills first come. Buy PISO'S today.

Contains no opiate 35c AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S Good for young and old

PISO'S Throat and Chest Salve is remarkably effective when used with PISO'S for coughs and colds. Priced also at 35c.

STORM-CLOUD

branded the constable, still holding back through fear of the dog. "What money?" asked Butch. "The money you took out of the till," snapped Freier. "Give it back, Butch, and we say nothing," urged Mrs. Freier. "I never stole a cent in my life," the boy cried, his voice breaking and the tears streaming down his cheeks. "You never, eh?" sneered the constable. "Well, if you won't repent and return the money, you'll go to the penitentiary for burglary. I got a good case on you. There's the broken till and"—his drink-marked face took on a leer of great cunning—"there's all the dust off the transom where you crawled in. There's greasy finger-prints on the door and the marks of your toes and knees as you limbed in and out."

BUTCH was astounded as he realized that while he and Storm-Cloud were down the railroad-track looking at the circus-posters some one had entered the place and robbed it. But he stammered out the facts. They made Freier and the constable laugh. Some of the curious villagers, gathered at the first thrilling news of a robbery, joined in the merriment. Butch looked from face to face. No one showed a trace of belief in his story, although more than one expressed sympathy for him.

"I guess you'd better come to the lockup with me," he heard the constable saying. There was but one thing that a homeless boy would do under the circumstances and he did it. He did it so swiftly that it took the breath away from the crowd. He turned and darted out of the back door into the night, Storm-Cloud leading him after the first wild leap. Butch knew every step in the twisting alley back of the shop, and by the time the constable and the Freiers got started he had doubled through a hole in a fence and was off at full tilt in the opposite direction.

His hunters would be sure to search every nook and corner of the village during the night. It would be great sport for them, more excitement than the village had ever experienced. But the woods would be safe. The voices of his pursuers grew fainter. The fugitives reached the open country road, skirting the brush, swiftly, furtively. Storm-Cloud had had more than enough of civilization and humanity and so had Butch.

All the next day they remained hidden, the fear of jail in the heart of the boy increasing. From the distant village came the tolling of the school-bell at nine, again at noon, and then at one o'clock. The afternoon passed and hunger gnawed at their vitals. Storm-Cloud went in search of a varmint, and Butch chewed some sassafras-root.

At twilight the dog returned, hungry and tired. He had been too long away from the woods, safe in the bunking-place of his friend. The little skill taught him by his mother had been lost, wasted in the ease of human existence. No rabbit or chipmunk had fallen to his lot. Mighty endeavor with a whetting appetite had brought him disappointment and a keener edge to his hunger.

ABOUT midnight the shriek of a locomotive awakened Butch. His bare legs were stiff with cold and his head was dizzy with hunger.

Storm-Cloud cuddled close to him. In the distance came the clatter of cars being shifted to a siding.

"By jings, Stormy," cried the boy, "it's the circus!" There was no resisting the call. Here was food for his boy's soul if not for his body.

So Butch, with his friend close at his heels, joined the busy throng at the switch. He knew that the one person he feared, the constable, would be deep in a rum-riveted sleep at home. Great flares from gasoline lamps shed light and warmth for the hundreds of heavily muscled circus men as they brought from the long train all the wonders of the big show.

"Hey, kid!" some one challenged. "Lead these ponies, will you?"

A stockily built man with gray hair and bright, kindly blue eyes handed him the bridles and a beautiful pair of piebalds. "They're all right, son. Just follow that elephant, there, pushing the wagon."

"C-c-can I ride one of 'em?" asked Butch.

"Sure."
"And can Stormy ride the other one?"
"What Stormy? The dog?"
"Yes, sir."
"Can he ride?"
"He can do anything what I can do."

Butch jumped astride one of the ponies, slapped the other on the back and Stormy leaped upward in obedience. Butch watched the kindly eyed man's face closely. *Could he be Splinters?* He looked a little like the picture.

"That's quite a dog, son," the circus man said. "Does he know any tricks?"

"He knows most all of 'em, I reckon, mister," Butch replied. "Are you Splinters, mister?"

The face of the circus man broke into smiles. "Yes, son," he admitted.

"Stormy," commanded Butch, "salute!" Stormy sat up stiff on the back of the pony and brought his right paw to his head.

"Fine!" said Splinters. "When you get to the grounds just wait there with the ponies for me, son, and I'll fix you up a ticket for the show."

Master and dog rode behind the mountainous elephant to the grounds, where already the canvases were spreading the big top and the smaller tops to shelter themselves and their charges for two days and nights.

The morning star shone in the heavens and faded with the smile of the new day. Splinters had not yet come with that precious ticket. Butch felt another dizzy spell coming on. The circus kitchens had been started up. Perhaps it was the smell of the food. His head drooped forward and he was sliding gently off the patient little beast beneath him when some one caught him.

"What's the matter, kid?" It was Splinters. "The poor little fellow! Here, wake up!" The great clown looked down into the little freckled face in the bend of his arm.

"I wonder if he's hungry?" Stormy followed them to one of the rolling kitchens and saw his master's new friend hold a cup of coffee to his lips.

"Where do you live, son?" Splinters asked the boy in his arms. It was all that Butch could do to shake his head.

"Haven't you got any people?"

"Only Stormy." The little body shook as with a convulsion and the white face became flushed. An anxious, half-frightened look came to the countenance of Splinters. "Hi, Martin!" he called to one of the men. "Find the doctor and hurry him to my car. This boy is mighty sick. Come on, Stormy."

WHEN Butch opened his eyes he was sure that he had entered heaven and his first thought was of Stormy. Would they let dogs in heaven? Yes. They had let Stormy in, anyhow, for there he was, coiled on the foot of the bed. Beyond sat a woman near a window. She was sewing on a most beautiful costume of gold and silver and thin, white, fairy-spun material, probably some new clothes for one of the angels. Two men were talking near him, but he could not see them. "He's safe now," he heard one of them say, "but it was a close call. Pneumonia is hard to fight when kids haven't had enough to eat."

"Thank God!" He recognized the voice of Splinters.

"Just leave the rest to your wife, old fellow," the other man said, "and he'll be in the ring with you in a few weeks."

Butch studied the walls of the little room. Between two windows was a picture of a boy about his own age and inside the glass covering was pressed a lock of blond hair, almost red, just like his own hair. There was a pleasant, droning sound broken by a rhythmic click-click, clickety-click, and a little bouncing feeling to the bed. They were moving and moving fast. They weren't in heaven at all, then, but on the circus-train, hurrying across the country.

"Mother, the boy's awake!" "Hello, there!" hailed Splinters. "Whose boy are you?"

"Yours," said Butch.

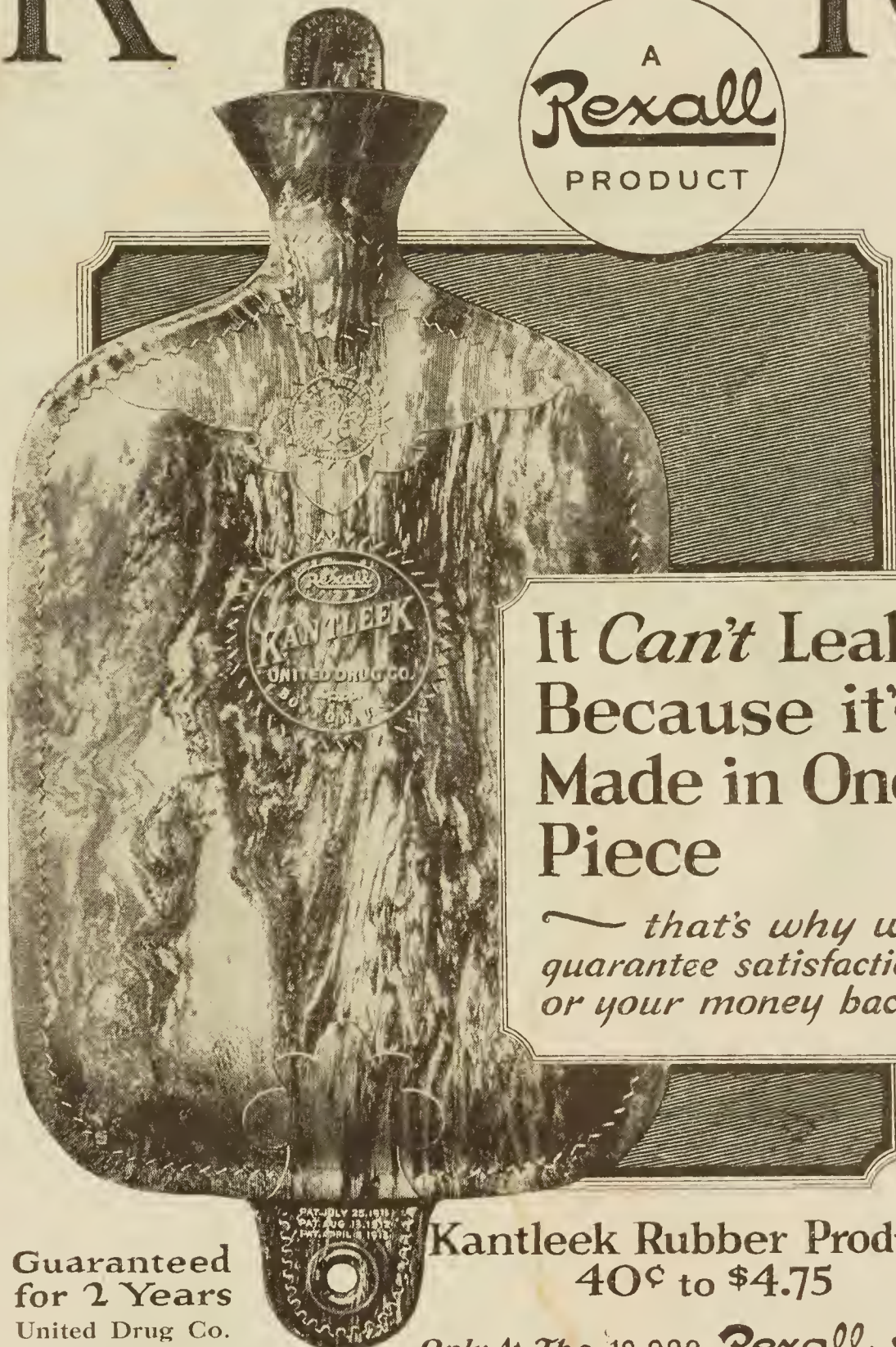
Storm-Cloud sat up on the foot of the bed at the faint sound of the voice he loved.

"And mine, too?" asked the woman.

"Yes, ma'am."

And Stormy, not knowing what to do, but sure that something was expected of him, sat up and saluted.

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Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

THE STRANGE STORY OF HELEN SMITH

However unlikely is the hypothesis that Helen Smith had laboriously rummaged through the library at Geneva to collect documents on Simandini, Sivronka and Techandraguri, it is, by and large, less likely than the return to Geneva five hundred years after her death of the unfortunate princess, Simandini. It matters little that Helen has all the gestures of an Indian woman, that she takes the poses of a priestess, sings exotic melodies, plays with a monkey (imaginary), stretches languorously on a sofa with the snake-like movements of a real Hindu princess. This is only the semblance of that personality that lived on earth centuries ago. One can not accept psychologically the idea that the princess Simandini has reappeared on earth after the funeral pyre had burned her body.

BUT there is still more. The new princess, Simandini, speaks Sanskrit. She speaks it badly, with glaring mistakes; however, it is Sanskrit. This language, mother of all the Aryan languages, is extremely difficult, and in Europe one meets hardly any one who speaks it fluently. Sanskrit grammars are rare. How was Helen Smith, whose good faith is unquestioned, able to acquaint herself unconsciously with this tongue? It is true, that there was found in the room where Helen used to come to give her experiences one old Sanskrit grammar, but how was she able, during these séances, to study the grammar?

How did she know, for instance, that the letter *f* does not exist in Sanskrit? For never, in what she says or in what she writes, does the consonant *f* appear. This is inexplicable, and we can readily imagine that spiritists are indignant at Professor Flournoy because he holds absolutely to the theory that the Sanskrit Helen uses is simply a memory of certain portions of Sanskrit that she has read, during the séances, or while she undressed, and which her state of semiconsciousness and her excellent memory enabled her to hold on to.

THERE is still another imposed personality, very interesting also, in Helen Smith. She imagines that she has visited Mars, and she tells of strange beings, whose faces she even describes, beings almost human, for whom she has created a Martian language.

It is hardly necessary to say that all this Martian episode is pure fantasy, and that it would be necessary to lose the small amount of good sense with which psychologists are endowed, to pretend that on the planet Mars there are anthropoids and half-human beings who speak the language of which Helen has given us numerous examples.

But what an extraordinary memory! What a fertile imagination! What a pleasing power of the subconscious! To create a language with a complicated vocabulary and a full grammar. To speak and write this language for entire hours!

But marvelous as it is, it is not metapsychical; it is not occult. One can and does admit that it is the work of a human intelligence—very human. There is no intervention either of the real Cagliostro, or the real Marie Antoinette, or the real princess Simandini, any more than of a real Martian lover of Helen. We are in the realm of utter fiction as much as in the "Thousand and One Nights." But all the same it ought to make us think deeply, for new horizons are opening for us. We do not yet know, in the face of these won-

derful experiences, to what point, deep, vast, penetrating, creative, our intelligence will go. We know only the conscious parts. The unconscious part has escaped us as it still escapes us. But we suppose that in this unconscious mind there are treasures of logic, invention, fantasy, which can unveil themselves only in shadows.

Let us have the courage to announce that we know only a very little of our inner selves. An old anatomist of the eighteenth century speaking of the brain, from the anatomist's point of view, said: "What a strange thing the brain is! It recognizes the plants and the animals, the rocks and the mountains, the seas and the stars; but when it wishes to penetrate within its own confines, it knows nothing." Psychology is still less ordered. Before taking up occult psychology and metapsychics, we must try to understand the normal psychology of our own personality. This personality is mysterious enough to tempt our curiosity.

I do not wish to imply by that that the occult, the metapsychical, does not exist. In a second article I will cite the facts which prove that there are around us, near us, unknown forces and mysterious vibrations moving always our unconscious, sometimes our conscious mind. But we shall be able to admit of these unknown forces only when we have first totally eliminated the hypothesis of unconscious intelligent human forces.

WE WILL take a very simple test. All that the conscious intelligence is able to do, we suppose that the unconscious intelligence is capable of. A medium composes verses, makes sketches, writes sonatas, gives a synopsis of one of Dickens's novels, and works out equations in mathematics. An intelligent human being can do all this. So we should not foolishly attribute to a superhuman being intellectual operations that a human intelligence can accomplish.

It is only thus that the new science can be solidly grounded; we must disassociate the occult sciences from legends and superstitions. The mythological era is over; we must begin the scientific era. The facts are numerous and striking enough to carry conviction. Chemistry would never have become the most beautiful and precise science that it is if it had not resolutely renounced the crucible of the alchemist and the philosopher's stone.

So, in order to give a place to metapsychics in the rich domain of science, we must clearly separate metapsychics and psychics, and accord to metapsychics only what the intelligence of man is absolutely incapable of doing.

TO RETURN to the example that I cited a while ago: If Helen Smith had never read a book of Sanskrit, and yet spoke Sanskrit, I should say that it was a metapsychical phenomenon, for a human intelligence can not invent Sanskrit. But, rather than go to this extreme, I should suppose that she must have glanced through the pages of a book of Sanskrit and remembered some phrases or sounds of that difficult language. This is the psychical explanation, which is always preferable to the metapsychical explanation when it is not impossible and absurd.

We shall see later that there are certain facts incompatible with a normal explanation, and that it is necessary then to admit the hypothesis of the occult, in other words, unknown forces moving in the immense cosmos.

FREEDOM

LIKE Autumn leaves
My buttons fall away
My shirts and socks
All haste to swift decay.

Bacon and toast
Each morn I carbonize;
They burst in flame
If once I turn my eyes.

The faucets drip—
They drip and never cease.
Each plate and dish
Is filmed with horrid grease.

The bread-knife's cut
My finger to the bone—
My wife's away.
I'm keeping house alone.

—JOHN F. HAYLOCK.



Skinner's for wear

"MY advice, Madam, is to use Skinner's. When you go to the trouble and expense of making up a gown, you want to be sure of your silk. There's nothing like Skinner's for wear."

For 73 years this has been the verdict of America's Dry-goods stores

"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

None genuine without it

For gowns ask for Skinner's "404" All-Silk. Always remember Skinner makes the best lining satins in the world

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Not a Silver Thread

Silver threads among the gold are out of date. Science has discovered a way to stop it. It offers a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water, which restores the original color in 4 to 8 days. This preparation is easily applied. No one need know you use it. You simply comb it through the hair and the gray disappears.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Refined women who would never use repulsive, crude dyes, have no hesitation in applying Mary T. Goldman's.

The hair is soft and fluffy, ready to curl and dress. It doesn't interfere with shampooing. It won't wash off.

Don't take our word for any of these statements. Coupon carefully and mail it today. You will receive a trial bottle and application comb.

Test as directed on a single lock of hair and watch the gray disappear. Then buy a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us as you prefer.

But—be careful—be sure that you see the name MARY T. GOLDMAN'S. There is nothing just as good—there is nothing that will suit you—there is only one MARY T. GOLDMAN'S Hair Color Restorer. Mail the coupon for trial bottle.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
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MARY T. GOLDMAN,
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Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is

black..... jet black..... dark brown.....
medium brown..... light brown.....

Name.....
Street.....
Town.....
Co..... State.....

The Delineator

FEBRUARY

1921



PARIS AGAIN THE MAGNIFICENT IN HER DRESS

Sketches by Soulié

THEORETICALLY February is the month when the great French dressmakers tell the world what it will wear. In reality it is the world itself that makes the mode by what it accepts and what it rejects. This Spring it appears to be in an acquisitive mood, for it has taken both the soft, straight and rather narrow silhouette and the new wider skirts, wearing them alternately or even at once, as in the case of the full-length circular tunic over a narrow foundation skirt. The same catholicity of taste is to be seen in the new suits where jackets vary from the straight box-coat to the fitted tailor-made of classical lines, or are discarded altogether for a draped basque-like blouse worn with a full skirt



THE formal life of Paris is made brilliant by the use of much silver and gold and splendid color. A wrap characteristic of the new order is made by Worth of black velvet opening over a tissue of Chinese red embroidered in silver and with sleeves of gray fur

THE
DIVERSE CHARM OF
THE SPRING MODES
AS SKETCHED BY
SOULIÉ



When it comes to colors, the Parisienne loves darkness better than light and clings to the elegance of black. In this instance it is satin brocaded with silver flowers and girdled with cut steel. The edge of the apron tunic is fringed with monkey fur. From Martial et Armand



In many cases there is more in the name and fame of the new princess dresses than in the actual cut which does not always follow preconceived ideas. Premet makes a so-called princess gown of flame-colored crêpe satin, embroidered with Chinese designs in silver, with the colors reversed in the tulle



The round neck and the body that makes its own fractional sleeve is gaining ground in Paris. Jenny makes a very beautiful gown of copper-brown "astarte" embroidered in seal brown, with the lower part of the dress in seal-brown satin



There is no one who can be simpler than the great French dressmakers, but it is simplicity raised to a fine art that can drape satin so that it calls for no decor, as Jenny has done in this absolutely untrimmied dress of turquoise crêpe de Chine



The silk suit has almost disappeared in Paris, and in its place there is the silk dress with the cape en suite. Under a black satin cape wrap Chanel uses a dress of black net with king's blue embroidery on the peasant apron tunic and the blouse



Worth makes a delightful costume with the basque coat and flat volants of gray wool and with rust-colored embroidery on the coat.



Paris shows a decided preference for the short box-coat for her Spring suit. It is almost always embroidered, as in the case of this Martial et Armand costume of black tressarella with a gray lamb's-wool collar and gray embroidery worn over a gray blouse

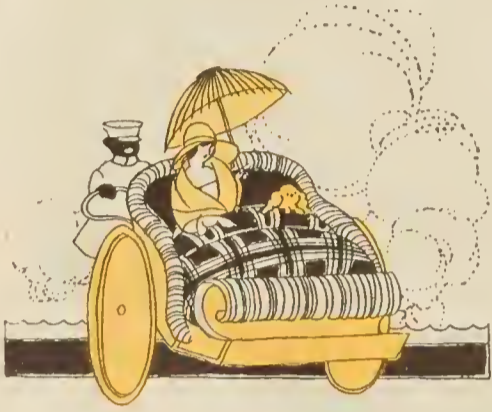


Another instance of where the cape takes the place of the coat is in a Chanel suit of black and red tartan plaid with a straight chemise dress and a cape gathered to a yoke. The dress is banded at the low waist and buttoned over side straps

Paris uses either appliqué or inlaid work on many of her new dresses. Here the apron tunic of a seal-brown cloth dress is cut out over inlaid work of Chinese blue silk and the same blue is used in the collar and plastron. By Premet



SOUTHERN SKIES REFLECT FRESH USES
OF SCALLOPED TRIMMING, DAINTY
RUFFLE, QUAIN COLLAR AND TUNIC



Dress 2885
Bag 10775



Dress 2842
Embroidery design 10823



Dress 2844



Dress 2877
Embroidery design 10875



Dress 2845



Dress 2857

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104



Dress 2766

Waist 2083—Skirt 2855
Beading design 10819

Dress 2682

Dress 2843
Embroidery design 10812

THE EVENING SILHOUETTE MAY BE STRAIGHT, BUT PARIS EVADES THE QUESTION WITH SASH TRAINS, HIP BOWS, LOOSE PANELS AND TRANSPARENT TUNIC

2885—Ruffles always appear in the lingerie wardrobe in one way or another, but edged with rick-rack braid they are something quite fresh and interesting. The waist has wide bretelles trimmed in the same fashion and the skirt beneath the ruffles is cut straight. A blouse body lining that can be cut like a camisole is offered. Use organdy, swiss, batiste, net, lace and cotton voile. The bag is an adaptation of beading design 10775. Lower edge 50 inches. This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2842—Paris watches for the most advantageous places such as this knee-deep hem to place her deep scalloped outline. Beneath the collar the waist has the back coming over the shoulder where the front is softly gathered to it. Organdy, plain swiss, cotton voile, batiste, Georgette and net or taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and satin crêpe, are suitable. Lower edge 63 inches. Embroidery design 10823 trims it attractively. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2845—Fashion turns her mind from the gray days of Mid-winter to Southern shores and light frocks. Given one of the prettiest collars she merely adds a group of tucks to the straight skirt. The dress closes in front at the left side. It is possible to use a blouse body lining. Use dotted swiss, plain swiss, organdy, cotton voile, batiste, net and handkerchief linen. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, taffeta and crêpe meteor are also suitable. Lower edge 63 inches. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2844—Any woman is more than willing to take the height of smartness upon her own shoulders when it is the charming cape-like collar. The frock itself has a straight skirt over which a tunic opens in front. Plaiting below the hip gives the tunic a new line. Cotton voile, organdy, swiss, batiste and crêpe de Chine can be used. Georgette is pretty over foulard, satin, taffeta or lace; and taffeta, charmeuse, etc., are used alone. Lower edge 54 inches. This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2877—From the first appearance of the deep and numerous scallops haven't you just ached to start your lingerie dresses? A very simple model has applied straight trimming bands and a surplice collar finished in this way. The skirt is straight and you can use a blouse body lining cut in camisole style. Bias bands in contrast are also smart. Use organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, net or Georgette. Lower edge 63 inches. Embroidery design 10875 is used for scallops. This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2857—It's only fair that the side that has the hip sash should not have so much of the tunic. The diagonal line of the straight tunic is new and very pretty for lace flouncing with taffeta, satin, or all-over lace. The waist slips over the head and closes at the left side and the skirt is straight. Use crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, taffeta, charmeuse, foulard or cotton voile. Lower edge 54 inches. This is a pretty dress for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

2766—It is just as well not to take the evening frock at its face value for you will soon discover through the transparency of the flaring tunic that the silhouette is quite straight. The waist is draped and has a blouse body lining to which the drop skirt is sewed a little above the normal line. Use taffeta, satin, satin crêpe and velvet with lace or these materials and crêpe de Chine and flowered silks with silk net, lace or chiffon sleeves. Lower edge 49 inches. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2083—2855—With the sleeveless and almost backless, if you like, evening bodice and straight slender-lined skirt to begin with, several flying panels of beaded chiffon are all that are necessary. The draped girdle crosses at the back and can end in a sash. It is made over a lining. An outside skirt of lace can be used. Satin, taffeta and velvet can have panels of Georgette or silk voile. Lower edge 49 inches. Beading design 10819 trims the panels. The waist is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2682—One sacrifices the stately train for the agility demanded by to-day's dance steps and for the far newer sash trains of Paris. Both drop skirt and transparent skirt are straight and the differing length of these and the sashes give the broken hemline. Use a lace, net, tulle or Georgette skirt with a bodice and sash of satin or taffeta and a drop skirt of satin or taffeta to match the bodice or skirt in color. Lower edge of outer skirt 1¾ yard. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2843—You can turn back upon the world with good intent when you have the graceful line of loose panel from shoulder to Oriental hem. The soft lines of the bodice and straight skirt which is caught under to a straight foundation skirt are lovely for satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, brocade, velvet, taffeta or figured silk. Lower edge 50 inches, when falling free. Embroidery design 10812 is used to trim. This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2805



Dress 2873
Embroidery design 10826

Blouse 2890
Skirt 2892



Dress 2797
Embroidery design 10874

THE PARISIENNE CHOOSES THE YOKED SKIRT FOR HER DRAPED BLOUSE AND SUGGESTS A NEW WIDTH IN SOME SKIRTS BY THE USE OF THE DEEP SCALLOP, BUT KEEPS TO THE NARROW HEM FOR OTHERS

2844—Fashion uses the hide-your-light-under-a-bushel plan to her own advantage for she veils the loveliest laces with chiffon. A charming frock that can be made this way has a cape-like collar and an open tunic under which there is a straight skirt. Use Georgette over foulard, satin, taffeta or lace; or use crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, organdy, swiss, batiste, or taffeta, charmeuse and satin crêpe alone. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2861—Often it is a strategy and not actual material that records the new width seen in some French skirts. A deep scallop outline used at the hem of a straight, rather short skirt suggests fulness. The dress closes in front. The waistline is slightly raised. Use crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, taffeta, charmeuse or satin alone, or with chiffon, silk voile or Georgette. Plaid silk, foulard and stripes can have a plain silk bib; crêpe de Chine a taffeta bib. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2862—2705—Spring suits have a bright outlook on the world considering the gay colored vestee such as captured by this slender-lined, belted model. The vestee can be removed. The bead trimming is adapted from embroidery design 10855. The two-piece tailored skirt has a slightly raised waistline. The Spring suit can be of serge, tricotine, gabardine or checks. Lower edge 54 inches.

This coat, 2862, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses. The skirt, 2705, is suitable for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2823—A sure sign of Spring is that irresistible longing for a new one-piece tailored frock. The attractive peasant sleeve is used in this one which closes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm. Many French dresses of this type are elaborately embroidered or braided. Use tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, duvetyn, velours, or charmeuse and satin. Lower edge 57½ inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2868—The apron style redingote is one of the latest importations. The embroidery is taken from design 10847. The closing comes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm and the straight skirt is finished with the normal waistline. You have the opportunity of using a blouse body lining and making it with a camisole top, if you like. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, light-weight velours and duvetyn alone or over satin and charmeuse, or use taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, etc. Lower edge 49½ inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2857—Here is a tunic that proves, contrary to fact, that the shortest road to smartness is the diagonal line. The waist slips over the head and closes at the left side. The skirt which is sewed to it a little above the normal waistline is cut straight. Crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, taffeta, charmeuse and foulard; or lace flouncing with all-over lace, taffeta or satin can be used. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Other views of these designs are shown on page 104

2805—When a deep-scalloped hem starts things going you may be sure that the frock is completed with such French notes as a waist softly draped to the figure and made with a loose panel back. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist a little above the usual line and a blouse body lining that can be finished in camisole style is offered. Use crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, satin, foulard and taffeta. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2873—Paris makes her popular frocks the easiest to get into. This long-bodied model slips on over the head. The new scallop outline is used at the joining of the straight skirt and body, the hem and on the peasant sleeve, which is cut in kimono fashion. Use satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse or taffeta, or use tricotine, gabardine or serge, alone or with charmeuse. Embroidery design 10826 is used. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2890—2892—If you would be up to your ears in Parisian smartness start your semi-fitting blouse there, drape it softly to your figure and wear a flaring, straight skirt made with a two-piece yoke which begins where the blouse finishes and ends about 1¼ inch above the normal waistline. The blouse has a long shoulder. Wear a satin, etc., blouse and a duvetyn, etc., skirt. Lower edge 2¼ yards.

This blouse, 2890, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2892, is suitable for ladies 35 to 42½ hip.

2797—The surplice closing of a charming frock results in a soft hip sash which continues below the straight tunic. The dress is made with a drop skirt. A blouse body lining, which it is possible to cut like a camisole, can be used. The leaf embroidery adapted from design 10874 is very smart. Use crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, satin or charmeuse alone or with a lace tunic. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2844



Dress 2861



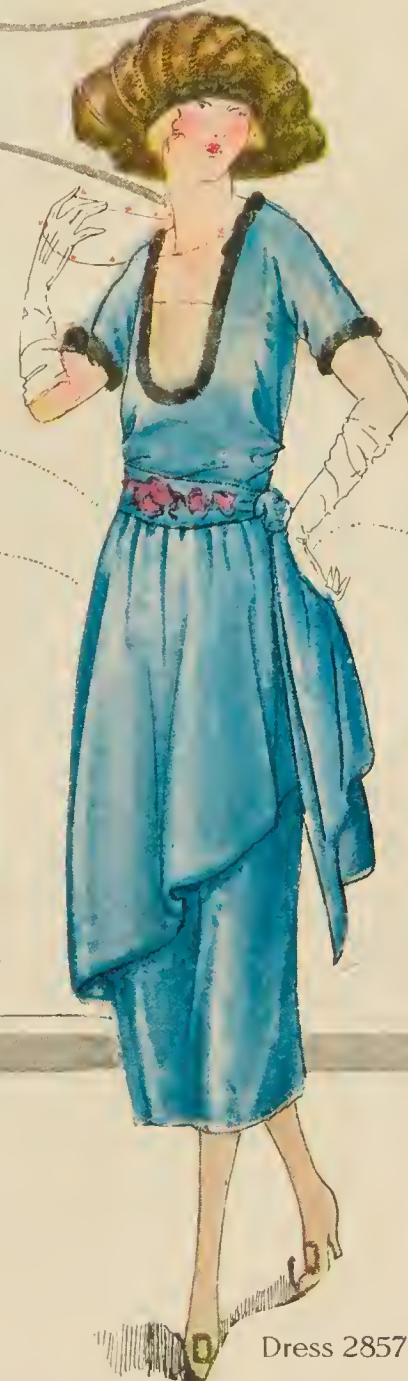
Coat 2862
Skirt 2705
Beading
design 10855



Dress 2823



Dress 2868
Embroidery
design 10847



Dress 2857



Waist 2821
Skirt 2655

Dress 2812
Embroidery
design 10872



Dress 2865
Embroidery
design 10708



Dress 2846

Dress 2842

Dress 2815
Embroidery
design 10873



Waist 2821—Skirt 2855
Beading design 10850

Coat 2888
Skirt 2739

Coat 2882
Skirt 2773

Dress 2891
Embroidery design 10820

TAILORED, QUAIN'T OR DELIGHTFULLY SOFT ARE SOME OF FASHION'S MOODS

2821—2655—That certain softness necessary for the afternoon frock is achieved by the use of draped lines in the waist and a straight, open tunic worn over a drop skirt. The waistline is a little above normal and a French body lining is used. Combine charmeuse and satin with Georgette, etc., or tricotine, gabardine and serge with satin; or use crêpe meteor, etc., alone. Lower edge 54 inches.

This waist, 2821, is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 2655, for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

2812—When a smart frock is kept within the limits of a straight silhouette something distinctive like this pointed vestee of scarlet and the bugle beading adapted from embroidery design 10872 is always the result. The long collar stands high at the back of the neck in the French way. The dress is in one piece and slips over the head. It can have a blouse body lining. Use velours, duvetyn, tricotine, serge or charmeuse and satin. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2865—Paris, ever on the alert, plans new ways of making the fashionably established overdress. The jumper style ending in loose panels is the fresh version. Beneath there is a straight skirt. Use charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor, satin, or tricotine, soft twills, serge, etc., alone, or combine the silks with Georgette and the wool fabrics with satin. The embroidery is an adaptation of design 10708. Lower edge 49½ inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2846—There is a decided tendency toward quaintness in many of the imported frocks. A redingote model has its rather long body laced and the lower part cut circular. The two-piece skirt is sewed to the blouse body lining. The fuller lines are at the smartest worn rather short with the redingote cut the same length as the narrower skirt beneath. Use gabardine, tricotine, serge, charmeuse or taffeta. Lower edge 49½ inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2842—With the present vogue for elaborate costume embroideries and hand trimming, the Parisienne takes delight in having just one frock that is sufficient unto itself. The knee-deep hem and fichu collar, finished in scallops are used for this self-sufficient type. Beneath the collar the front of the waist is gathered to the back which comes over the shoulder. The straight skirt has a slightly raised line. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and satin crêpe, or organdy, plain swiss, cotton voile, batiste, Georgette and net for Southern wear can be used. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2815—A very new version of the embroidered frock is the untrimmed long body with the skirt claiming more than its share of handwork. The cross-stitch trimming is adapted from design 10873. The skirt is straight. The closing comes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm. Use tricotine, gabardine, duvetyn, serge and plaids alone or with satin or charmeuse, or make the dress of satin crêpe, etc. Lower edge 62 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Other views of these garments are shown on page 105

2821—2855—The fashionable world has shown its approval of the Oriental hem, so Paris devises a new one, by catching loose panels to the straight skirt beneath. The waist with its bib drapery has a French body lining. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse and taffeta alone; or combine satin with Georgette or gabardine with satin. Beading design 10850 is used to trim. Lower edge 49 inches.

This waist, 2821, is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 2855, is suitable for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2888—2739—The classical tailor-made suit more than comes into its own this season, for it is seen at informal restaurant luncheons and teas as well as in the more usual places. This model has a slightly fitted coat and the four-piece skirt is finished with the waistline a little higher than normal. Use serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, homespun, stripes or checks. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This coat, 2888, is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust; the skirt, 2739, is suitable for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

2882—2773—Many women class this youthful belted type of suit as a wardrobe necessity. In a well-cut model the coat can have stitched or dart pressed plaits at the back and a group of plaits at each side of the straight skirt. The plaits can fall free or be stitched to below the hip. The waistline is a little higher than normal. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, checks or stripes. Lower edge 2 yards.

This coat, 2882, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; the skirt, 2773, for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2891—You can never lay your finger on the captivating point of these French frocks, for the broken line of the front tunic and the grace of the soft puffed sleeves and drop yoke are all intermingled in a charming way. The back is cut in one piece and a French body lining is used. The appliqué flowers are broadcloth. Embroidery design 10820 is used for a foundation and you can see how they are made on page 101. Use crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

SKIRT FROCK FOR

STREET WEAR



Blouse 2792
Embroidery design 10838

2792—The French way of affecting a variety of costumes is by having many blouses to wear with one's suit. A triple row of ruffles at the bottom of a slip-over-the-head model makes a delightfully fluffy blouse out of a very simple one. Embroidery design 10838 can be carried out in either French knots or beads. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, Georgette, or cotton voile, handkerchief linen or batiste. If the ruffles are omitted the blouse is smart in silk or wool jersey, duvetyn, satin or crêpe de Chine.

This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2901—It's all in the way you hold it, claims the Parisian, who takes a straight cape and drapes it on herself in the most charming way. She puts a hand on each edge of the cape, crosses her right hand over the left, raising it a little and wrapping the garment about the figure in a natural way. Beneath the large collar there is a very small round yoke to which the cape is plaited. Light-weight velours, serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, or satin, crêpe de Chine, taffeta and charmeuse are suitable. Lower edge 2 1/8 yards.

This cape is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2900—2624—Beneath the smart fitted coat of the classical tailored suit you find an interesting one-piece skirt. It has a straight lower edge but the fulness at the top is inverted over each hip. This type of suit is very good style and the flare of the coat is becoming. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, Oxfords and checks can be used. Lower edge 51 1/2 inches.

This coat, 2900, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt 2624, is good for ladies 35 to 45 hip.



Coat 2900
Skirt 2624

Cape 2901



Coat 2897
Skirt 2437

Coat 2899—Skirt 2170
Embroidery design 10693

2897—2437—An interesting way of flaring a tailored suit over the hips is by the use of inverted plaits. The two-piece skirt is drawn up on a cord at the normal waistline. The fulness can be arranged at the sides or across the back. The skirt could be sewed to an inside belt a little above the normal line. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, and soft twills. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

This coat, 2897, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses; this skirt, 2437, for ladies 35 to 47 1/2 hip.

2899—2170—Spring means box-coats. The straight skirt can be accordion-plaited in two different widths or gathered. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge or light-weight velours for the coat and make the skirt of tricotine or gabardine to match or of plaids, checks or stripes for contrast. Embroidery design 10693 makes an attractive trimming. Lower edge 2 7/8 or 2 1/4 yards.

This coat, 2899, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses; the skirt, 2170, is suitable for ladies 35 to 42 1/2 hip.

2898—Some of the French houses show the new width in skirts and it has a particularly smart flare when the two-piece skirt is cut circular and sewed to the rather long body. Beneath this a blouse body lining can be used. Tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, light-weight velours and duvetyn can be used alone or combined with satin; or the dress can be made of taffeta, charmeuse or satin. Embroidery design 10847 makes an attractive trimming. Lower edge 2 1/4 yards.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust,



Dress 2898
Embroidery design 10847

Other views of these garments are shown on page 105

IN THE REALM OF BLOUSE AND SKIRT UP-STANDING FRILL, A MANNISH OVERBLOUSE AND NEW PEPLUMS, DRAPING AND POCKETS ARE SEEN



Blouse 2847
Skirt 2820

Blouse 2876
Skirt 2828



Blouse 2830
Skirt 2884

2847—2820—Among your every-day costumes you will treasure the tailored blouse made with a rather long shoulder and new collar and worn with the two-piece skirt with the waistline a little higher than usual. Blouses of crêpe de Chine, silk shirting batiste, handkerchief linen and cotton voile, are worn with tricotine, gabardine, serge, etc., skirts. Lower edge 63 inches.

This blouse, 2847, is suitable for ladies 32 to 50 bust; the skirt, 2820, for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

2876—2828—The Parisienne turns up the frill of her Spring blouse in this fashion and wears a very smart belt on the simplest of two-piece skirts. The fulness in this blouse can be plaited or gathered to the shoulder yoke. Use organdy for the upstanding frill and crêpe de Chine, Georgette, batiste, etc. for a soft one. Make the skirt of satin, stripes, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 61 inches.

This blouse, 2876, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2828, is for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2830—2884—The full-length convertible collar, worn open, gives distinction to a simple blouse made with a shoulder yoke and rather long shoulder. A two-piece tailored skirt is worn with it. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, batiste, etc. for the blouse, and tricotine, gabardine, serge, velours, tweeds, etc. for the skirt. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This blouse, 2830, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2884, for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.



Blouse 2806
Embroidery design 10712

Blouse 2887
Embroidery design 10868



Blouse 2893

Blouse 2869
Embroidery design 10864

2806—If your blouse is becomingly draped it is a success for that is all there is to one of the newest models. The trimming is adapted from embroidery design 10712. The blouse slips over the head and is constructed on the simple kimono lines. Satin, charmeuse, duvetyn, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, Georgette and cotton crêpe, batiste and cotton voile are used.

This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2887—A peasant sleeve and wide band of embroidery at the waist are two of the smartest touches you can use on the very simple, collarless type of blouse. It slips over the head and the closing comes on the shoulders and at the side. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, silk or wool jersey, Georgette, silk voile, or cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe and batiste. The embroidery is an adaptation of design 10868.

This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2893—Peplums used only at the sides of a blouse break the line at the front and back in an interesting way. These peplums and the sleeves are finished with the new scallop seen in so many of the imported frocks and blouses. Crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, taffeta, silk or wool jersey, and handkerchief linen also would be very attractive made up in this way.

This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2869—It is unusual to have a mannish type of blouse that can be worn outside of the skirt. One that is very smart in line can be daintily trimmed with embroidery such as design 10864 offers. The long collar and cuffs have straight edges that make the typically French hand hemstitching possible. The blouse slips over the head and has a shoulder yoke. Use crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, etc.

This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are seen on page 105

YOUR DAUGHTER ADAPTS THE BEST OF GROWN-UP FASHIONS TO
HER OWN NEEDS

2859—When the joining line of long body and straight lower part is unusual, bugle beading adapted from design 10868 emphasizes it. Use tricotine, satin, etc. Lower edge 59 inches.
This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2864—With the kimono overblouse your daughter wears a straight plaited skirt which is sewed to an underbody. Use serge, gingham, etc. It can be trimmed with embroidery design 10851.
This dress is pretty for girls 6 to 15 years.



Dress 2859
Beading design 10868

Dress 2853

Coat 2894
Dress 2595

Dress 2864
Embroidery design 10851

Dress 2860

Dress 2809
Embroidery design 10847

Dress 2874

2853—Beneath the big collar you will find a deep yoke to which the straight skirt is sewed. Use batiste, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, nainsook, etc.
This dress is pretty for little girls 2 to 6 years.

2860—Slipping over the head and closing on the shoulders this makes a convenient as well as attractive school frock. The skirt is straight. Use serge, checks, plaids, gingham, etc.
The dress is smart for girls 8 to 15 years old.

2874—Youth goes back a few generations in planning for the season ahead and decides upon a fitted waist sewed to the flaring, straight skirt at the normal waistline. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, etc., or crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe and taffeta. Lower edge 2½ yards.
This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2889—2648—For very early Spring the small girl will be smartly dressed in a becomingly belted coat and a fabric hat. Use velours, serge and gabardine for the coat and velvet ribbon, satin, etc., for the hat.
The coat, 2889, is smart for girls 8 to 15 years; the hat, 2648, is pretty for girls of all ages and also ladies.

Coat 2889—Hat 2648

Other views of these garments are shown on page 105

2894—2595—If the tailored suit is the young girl's choice, she will find the easy-fitting coat worn with the long-bodied dress a becoming costume. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills. Lower edge 1½ yard.
The coat, 2894, is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women; the dress, 2595, is suitable for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

2809—Loose panels are particularly new when they fly from the long body line. The dress closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm and the skirt is straight. Use tricotine, gabardine, etc., alone or over satin. Embroidery design 10847 trims it. Lower edge 49 inches.
This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; also to small women.

FASHION RECEIVES AN HONOR MARK

AT THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES



Dress 2881

Dress 2765



Dress 2878
Embroidery design 10746

Dress 2755

2881—Each ruffle is a mark of merit when Fashion makes the awards at commencement. Beneath the becoming fichu collar the front of the waist is softly gathered to the back which comes over the shoulders. The straight skirt is sewed to this waist a little above the normal line. If you have a blouse body lining under transparent materials it is usually made with the camisole top. Use organdy, plain swiss, point d'esprit, net, etc. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is suitable for misses 15 to 20 years.

2765—Below the youthfully draped lines of the kimono waist the flare of the somewhat circular tunic which is worn in apron fashion is very smart. This is dainty for graduation frock of crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, charmeuse or taffeta. The neck is cut rather low at the side and back and the straight skirt has a slightly raised waistline. Foulard and soft serge would also be suitable for other than graduation use. Lower edge 50 inches. This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years, it is also suitable for small women.



Dress 2817

Dress 2785

Dress 2841
Embroidery design 10732

2878—In the sheer materials such as organdy, plain swiss, cotton voile, batiste, Georgette or net dresses the knee-deep hem is a very simple way of getting a distinctive effect. Beneath the large fichu collar the back of the waist is brought over the shoulder where the front is gathered to it. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and satin crêpe can be used without a deep hem. Embroidery design 10746 trims the dress. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is suitable for misses 15 to 20 years, also for small women.

2755—Commencement festivities mean a new dance frock, and if you want something delightfully French you will choose the one-piece body with the newest excuse for sleeves. Over this there is a straight skirt sewed on at the low waistline. The dress slips over the head and can have a blouse body lining. Use taffeta with flouncing, Georgette, tulle, chiffon, net or point d'esprit; or taffeta, etc., alone. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is suitable for women 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2817—Smart must be used in reference to your small daughter's frock as well as her state of mind if you choose one that can have the new deep-scallop outline on both the becoming bertha and pretty tunic. A drop skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal waistline and over this is the straight tunic. It is a very simple little dress to make and can be very daintily trimmed. Organdy, net, taffeta, Georgette, point d'esprit, batiste, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile and dotted swiss would be the materials that you would use. The scallops can be finished in any number of ways.

This dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2785—This season of the year brings many parties and also the more important graduation exercises for most every little girl. Either occasion demands a very special frock. If you choose point d'esprit, net, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, lace, organdy, cotton voile, batiste, swiss, lawn or mull you can have a ruffled frock with the quaint fichu collar. If the dress is of taffeta the fichu could be of net, point d'esprit or organdy; if it is cotton voile or dotted swiss the organdy collar is pretty. Cotton voile made with organdy fichu and frills would be unusually dainty in effect.

This dress is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

2841—A dainty way of making up the lingerie materials that are particularly sweet for your smallest girl's graduation exercises is the bolero style. Side tunics can have the same fashionable deep-scallop outline of the bolero. The straight skirt is sewed to an underbody at the normal waistline. Use organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile, net, point d'esprit, Georgette or crêpe de Chine. If you are making a party-dress a taffeta bolero with lace, net, Georgette and point d'esprit is pretty, or taffeta and flowered silk with Georgette. Embroidery design 10732 trims it very prettily.

This dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 105

THE SMART COSTUME FOR YOUR CHILD

IS THE SIMPLE ONE



Dress 2867
Tam-o'-shanter
1477

Coat 2879
Hat 1125

2875—2714—With an Empire coat and Napoleonic gored hat she naturally reigns supreme wherever she appears. Make the coat of velours and broadcloth, or of taffeta, faille or satin for Spring, and have the hat match the coat.

This coat, 2875, is suitable for girls 2 to 12 years; the hat, 2714 for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

2896—Half of the good time at a party is the frock you wear. One that mother can make up in no time has the scalloped-edge skirt sewed to the waist at the normal line. It can be made of taffeta, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, organdy or swiss.

This dress is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

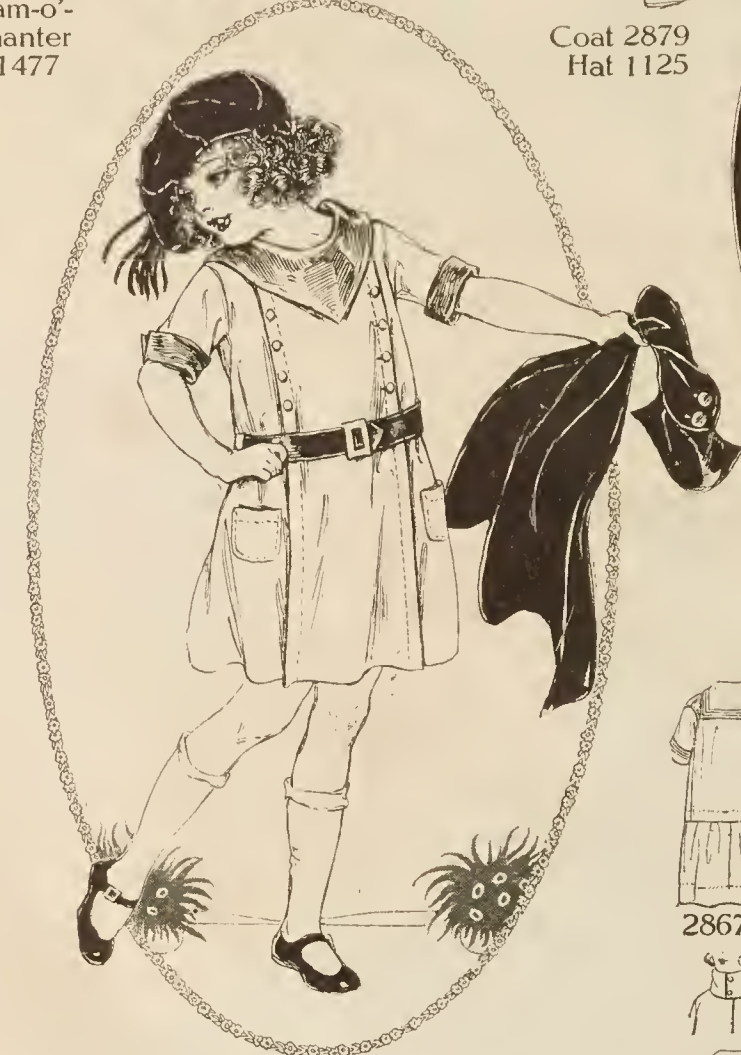


Coat 2875
Hat 2714

Dress 2896



Blouse 2872



Dress 2850
Tam-o'-shanter 2564



Coat 2895—Dress 2760
Tam-o'-shanter 1477



Coat 2895
Suit 2552
Hat 9850



2867



1125



2879



2850



2564



2895



2552



9850



2872



2875



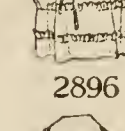
2896



2760



2895



2552



9850

2867—1477—For school wear nothing surpasses the sailor dress made with a slip-over blouse that can have a yoke facing. The straight skirt can be plaited or gathered to an underbody or belt. Use serge, flannel, drill, linen or cotton poplin.

This dress, 2867, is suitable for girls 6 to 15 years; the tam-o'-shanter, 1477, is suitable for girls and also ladies, misses and children.

2879—1125—A new way of marking the Empire line is used in a very smart little coat that has quite a ripple to it. Velours, broadcloth, serge and gabardine can be used for this season and the hat can be of velvet, velours or corded silk.

This coat, 2879, is suitable for girls 2 to 12 years; the hat, 1125, is suitable for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

2850—2564—One piece and a great deal of smartness are about all there is to this frock and the fetching gored tam is worn with it. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, piqué, serge, checks or plaids for the dress.

This dress, 2850, is suitable for girls 4 to 12 years; the tam-o'-shanter, 2564, is suitable for girls and also ladies, misses and children.

2872—Any boy will tell you that well-cut comfortable clothes put pep into him. The new blouse has the slight fullness of the back gathered to a yoke. The full-length sleeve can be finished with a regulation or French cuff or cut in shorter length. Use flannel or silk shirting, pongee, madras, galatea or cotton shirting.

This blouse is suitable for boys 4 to 14 years.

2895—2760—1477—This typically English reefer is worn with a smart tam and middy dress and made of cheviot, chinchilla, men's-wear serge, checks, Oxford, mixtures or tweeds.

This coat, 2895, is suitable for girls or boys 2 to 12 years; the dress, 2760, is suitable for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years; the tam-o'-shanter, 1477, is nice for girls and also ladies, misses and children.

2895—2552—9850—Boys as well as girls wear the English reefer or overcoat with a sailor suit and hat. Cheviot, chinchilla, men's wear serge, checks, Oxfords, mixtures and tweeds are used.

This coat, 2895, is suitable for boys or girls 2 to 12 years; the suit, 2552, is suitable for little boys 2 to 12 years; the hat, 9850, is suitable for boys 2 to 12 years.

GARMENTS YOU CAN EASILY MAKE FOR YOUR FAMILY

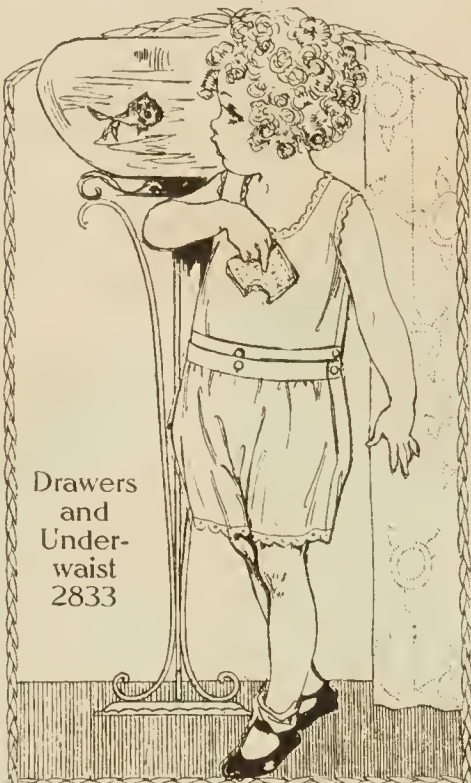


2870
Rompers 2870
Smocking design 10870

2870—One would aim to look her best when she has smocked rompers of chambray, dimity, linen, etc., to live up to. If the smocking which is adapted from design 10870 is not used, seersucker, gingham, etc., are suitable materials. These rompers are good for children 1 to 5 years.



2833



Drawers and Underwaist 2833



2833

2833—A goldfish has a bright outlook when these new drawers and underwaist appear. The underwaist can be made of muslin, etc., while nainsook, cambric and muslin are suitable for the drawers.

Drawers and underwaist are good for children 1/2 to 5 years.

2856—Knicker fashion is a pretty way to make a small girl's drawers. Use nainsook, cambric or muslin drawers with an underwaist of cambric, muslin or twills.

These drawers and underwaist are suitable for children 1 to 6 years.



Drawers and Underwaist 2856



2856



Infants' Outfit 2851

2851—In this carefully planned outfit is a pretty tucked dress and slip that can have the fulness inverted beneath the arm or a gored underarm seam. There are the kimono, nightgown, little wrapper or sack, also the Gertrude petticoat, shirt, bib and moccasin.

This is a complete outfit for infants.



Bloomers 2886

2886—Well-cut and simply made bloomers do away with the petticoats which the small girl considers bothersome. Made of serge, cotton poplin or linen they can be sewed to an underbody of lining material, and if made of chambray or gingham to a cambric or muslin underbody.

These bloomers are splendid for girls 2 to 12 years

2852—For wear under the tailored skirt there is nothing quite so satisfactory as well-cut dainty, knickers. They are made with a reinforced crotch. Use crêpe de Chine, silk jersey, wash satin, China silk, soft fine satcen, or batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, cotton crêpe or cotton voile.

These knickers are pretty for misses 14 to 20 years; also for small women.



Union suit 2866



2866



Chemise 2883
Embroidery design 10829

2883—If your small daughter shows a preference for that very simple and fine type of lingerie she will like this chemise which can button or be seamed on the shoulders and finished with a dainty scallop design such as 10829 offers. Use nainsook, long-cloth, cambric and muslin.

This chemise is pretty for girls 1 to 19 years; also small women.

2866—The active man or boy chooses this simply constructed type of union suit for its comfort and good appearance. It can be made of cross-bar, madras, nainsook, muslin, linen or long-cloth. It is very easy to put on and take off.

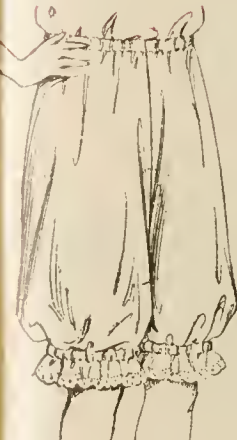
This union suit is splendid for men or boys measuring from 24 to 52 inches breast.



2883



Knickers 2852



Knickers 2852

THE MOST ATTRACTIVE WAY OF MAKING SOME
WARDROBE ESSENTIALS



Camisole 2871
Drawers 2858
Embroidery design 10677

Envelope chemise 2849



2849

2849—To start the slender silhouette in the way it should go you would do well to build your hopes and costume on the envelope-chemise foundation. This undergarment is simple in line yet has enough well-arranged fulness to make it soft and dainty. These chemises can be made in no time. You can use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, crêpe de Chine and wash satin.

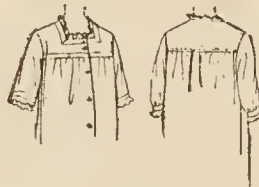
This chemise is pretty for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2880—If you find it necessary to have extra warmth in your nightgown there is a new long-sleeved model that is made with a quaint square-cut yoke. This yoke can be very daintily trimmed with tucks or insertion if you make the gown of muslin, nainsook or long-cloth, or with blanket-stitch or feather-stitching if you use outing flannel. The long sleeve has one seam and it can be cut in a shorter length.

This nightgown is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



Nightgown 2880



2880

2871—2858—Today's well-dressed woman selects her lingerie with two essentials in view—daintiness and simplicity. A camisole which slips over the head is worn with the new step-in drawers. Use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, cross-bar, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine and wash satin. Camisoles of Georgette are lovely and embroidery design 10677 makes an exquisite hand trimming. Lower edge of leg 31 inches.

The camisole, 2871, is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the drawers, 2858, for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

2854—You will find that you can tackle your household duties with a lighter heart if you are attractively as well as suitably dressed. A very becoming house dress is cut all in one piece and simply made. Two plaits at each side of the front and back start at the yoke and continue to the hem. Gingham, chambray, percale, madras and cotton poplin are durable materials and launder nicely. Lower edge 2 yards.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 52 bust.



2854

2848

2848—Easy to look at as well as easy to make and easy to get into is this house dress that has the convertible double-front closing and is fastened by merely the buttoning of the belt. A model like this can be used as a house dress or slipped on over a dress. The cap is becoming and will prove very practical when the household tasks become arduous. Chambray, gingham, percale, madras and cotton poplin are materials to use. Lower edge 61 inches.

This house dress or overall apron is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2863—A great time-saver on the household schedule is the apron that slips over the head and does away with troublesome fastenings. The apron is cut in kimono fashion and has slashes at each side of the front that can be interestingly trimmed. It is very simple in construction and can be made of gingham, chambray, percale, madras or seersucker. Lower edge 60 inches. The pockets are useful and serve as trimming.

This apron is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



2863



House dress or overall apron 2848

Apron 2863



House dress 2854



WHEN ALL IS A WHIRL OF COLOR AND JOY



2485—A charming costume is the Japanese dress.
This Japanese kimono or dress is suitable for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 44 bust.

Japanese Kimono or Dress 2485



Folly Costume 6403



Spanish Dancer's Costume 6301

6301—Vivid in effect is the Spanish dancer.
This Spanish-dancer's costume is suitable for ladies, misses, girls 26 to 38 bust.



Pierrot Costume 7398



Martha Washington Costume 6169



Continental Suit 6235



Turkish Dress 7234

7234—One willingly enters the harem for a night.
This Turkish dress is suitable for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 42 inches bust.



Pierrette Costume 6027



Clown's Suit 5226



Pierrette Costume 1948

6027—Versatile Pierrette can be decorated to represent many things.
This Pierrette costume is for ladies, misses or girls 26 to 38 inches bust measure.

5226—The clown is a fitting master of ceremonies for the masquerade.
This clown's suit and cap are suitable for persons 24 to 44 inches breast measure.

1948—Widened hip and evening bodice add to Pierrette's charms.
This Pierrette costume is lovely for ladies, misses, girls 26 to 38 inches bust.

6403—It were folly to be wise when gay colors captivate the ball.
This folly costume is pretty for ladies, misses and girls 28 to 40 bust.

7398—There must always be a Pierrot for every lovely Pierrette.
This Pierrot costume is splendid for men and boys 28 to 44 inches breast measure.

6169—The Colonial costume is very picturesque and stately.
This Martha Washington costume is suitable for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 42 bust.

6235—For this costume knee breeches, vest, hat, coat are needed.
This Continental suit is splendid for men and boys 26 to 44 breast measure.



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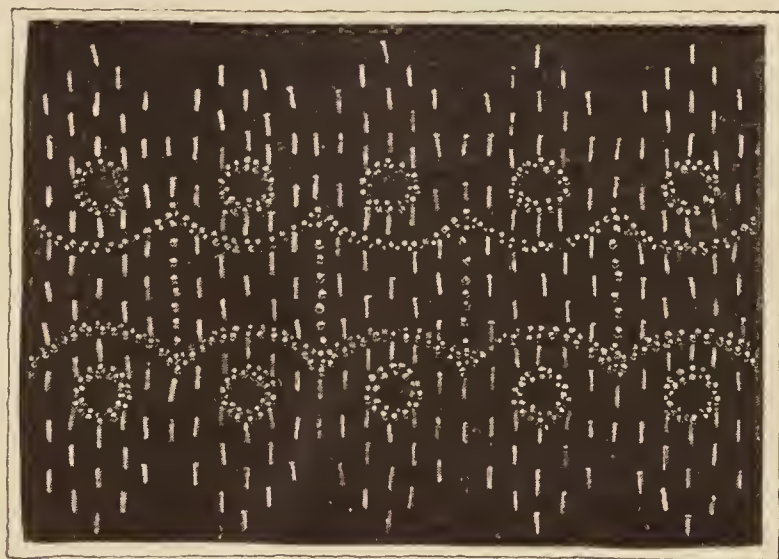
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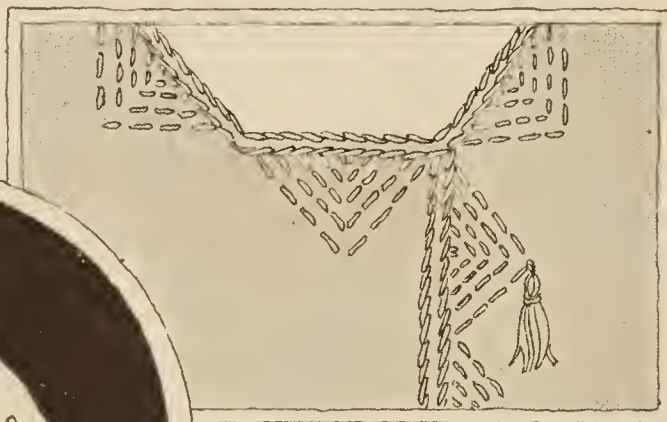


"THINGS are not what they seem," is the French way of explaining the myriad of new costume trimmings. Given a simple but interesting design for a foundation you can achieve really amazing results in delightful variations of appliqué or cut-work, eyelet effects, the very new yet very quaint carpet embroidery, the fashionable bugle beading and such distinctive trimmings. The embroidery designs that you usually carry out in rope silk or wool or braid and beads can be the source of all these trimmings.

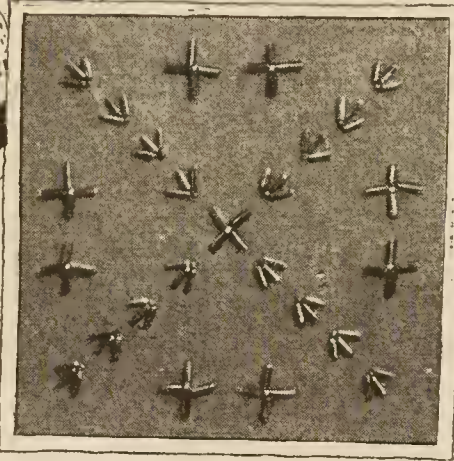
If you want to trim your costume with the new long bugle bead you would select one of the simple designs that is suitable for one-stitch. This type of trimming whether embroidered or done in beads works up very quickly and is highly effective. These designs are sometimes planned for one-stitch alone and often it is one-stitch in combination with French knots, as in the case of embroidery design 10841. Here if you used the bugle bead you would use the smaller round bead in place of the French knot and have a very attractive combination. The cross-stitch motif is very smart for costume embroidery and a very new



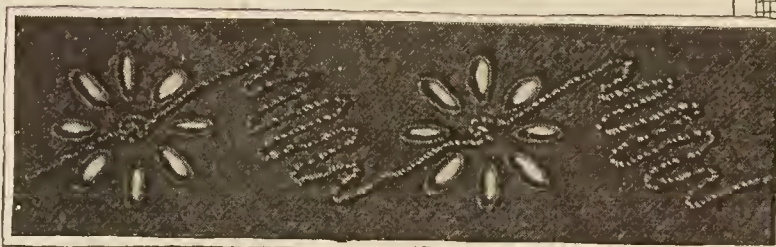
Embroidery design 10841



Embroidery design 10855



Embroidery design 10873



Embroidery design 10714

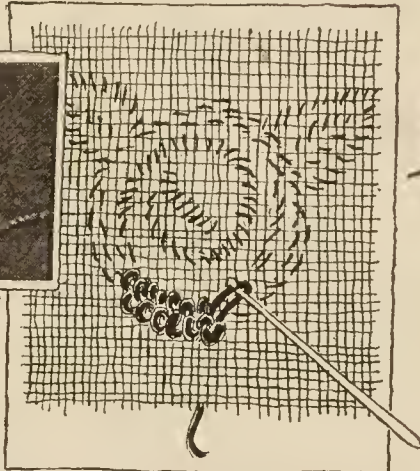
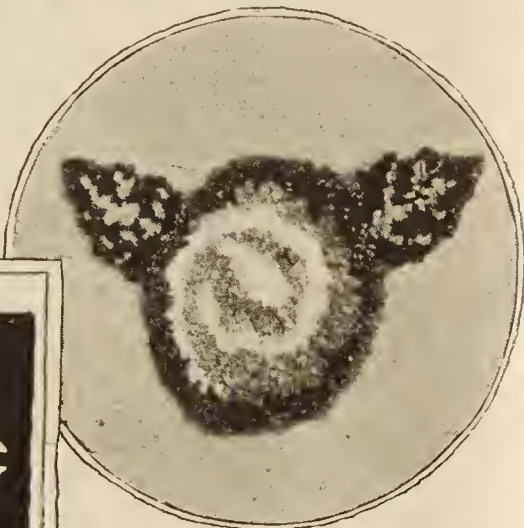


Illustration 2



Illustration 1

Embroidery design 10826



Embroidery design 10717

note used in this way. The short straight stitch necessary in this kind of a design is just the correct length for the bugle bead. Embroidery design 10873 is one of the most recent designs for cross-stitch and you can see how attractive it would be in bugle beads and how very easily it could be done.

To add to the becomingness of the youthful collarless neck outline an embroidery design such as 10855 can be made use of. You could cut off the pointed edge of one of the bandings and fit it to the neck of the frock and continue it in side-closing effect. This would be a pretty way of embroidering a little girl's serge frock. The original of the one illustrated was made of navy-blue serge and embroidered in a red worsted. The little tassels hung from each point of the closing were very dainty and new. To make these tassels you cut a piece of cardboard three inches long and wind the worsted around it twelve times. You then tie both ends and slip the yarn off the cardboard. You cut one end and wrap the worsted around the tassel three-eighths of an inch from the opposite end.

If the result were not so disarmingly charming you might think Fashion rather reckless in the way she plunges through her lovely

silks and wool fabrics of the season, only to embroider them again in eyelets, a type of work that heretofore has only been seen on lingerie fabrics, underwear and linens. An embroidery design that can be adapted to this eyelet work is 10714. The eyelets are made just like the embroidery eyelets in centerpieces and such articles. You first outline the eyelets and then with buttonhole scissors you cut through the center of the oval from end to end. Pushing the material back with your needle you

overcast the edge with even stitches placed close together. (Illustration 1 shows you how.)

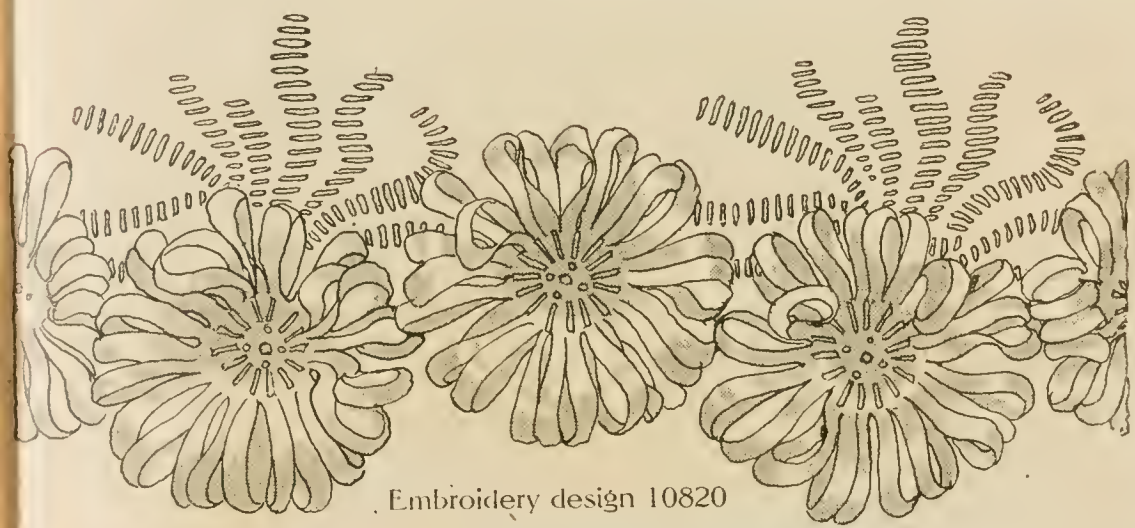
Suggesting an echo of the past's quaintness yet with a strong prophecy for the approaching season's trimming comes the carpet-style embroidery. This carpet embroidery is made on canvas in very much the same way that the old-fashioned hooked rugs were made. It is always worked on canvas and applied to the dress material when it is completed. For this work you need a piece of fine white canvas, a ball of four-fold German-town yarn and a No. 8 steel crochet-hook and a blue stamping embroidery design. You stamp the design on the canvas. Hold the yarn on the opposite side of the canvas and with the crochet-hook draw a loop of the yarn, about one-half inch long, forward through the canvas, beginning at the edge of the stamped design. You draw another loop next to the first and continue to draw loops through until the design is completely filled in. (See Ill. 2.) (The loops must be very close together.) You then cut the tops of the loops off with a pair of scissors. Cut the canvas away within 1/2 inch of the design and appliqué it down on your material. Carpet embroidery is very smart on wool or silk street dresses and it is also pretty for dainty, light-colored negligees. It is exquisite when several shades or colors are combined. The rose design that is illustrated here was originally worked in three shades of rose and two shades of green, embroidery design 10826 being used for the foundation. Three rows of the darkest shade were worked around the edge, the medium shade followed

the line of the design through the center and the lighter shade filled in the space. Light green was the color used for the stemming of the leaf, the lines through the center of the design being followed. The remainder of the leaf was worked in a darker shade of green. The rose was applied to pink taffeta.

Noticeable among the types of handwork on the imported costumes are cut-work and appliqué. For this typically Parisian style of handwork broadcloth comes into its own as a fabric, for the edge can be cut and stitched down without being turned in at all. On all other

DRESS TRIMMINGS SUCH AS CARPET EFFECT, THE REALISTIC APPLIQUE FLOWER,

AND ELABORATE BEADING CAN BE EVOLVED



Embroidery design 10820

materials it is necessary to turn under and buttonhole the edge or it can be overcast like Illustration 1. A bright color is placed under the cut out fabric. For the cut-work illustrated embroidery design 10717 was used. It was cut out of dark-blue broadcloth and had red silk for a background. A similar effect can be achieved by applying the cut-work to a contrasting color fabric. The effectiveness of this appliqué work is well illustrated by the use of embroidery design 10782. If the appliqué is made of broadcloth the outline of the design should be carefully cut out and stitched down. If you use a material that ravels or frays at the edge you must stamp the design twice—once on a piece of light-weight cardboard and again on your material. You cut the cardboard out on the edge of the design and you cut the material out leaving one-half inch margin around the design. Then lay the cardboard cut-out over the design on the material and turn the extra half-inch up over the cardboard, pressing it with an iron to make the edge turn up more evenly. Then slip the cardboard out and hem down the design.

Paris will make Luther Burbank fear for his laurels, for on a Spring frock from there blooms a new type of appliqué flower. Just the center of this is applied to the dress, the remainder falling away in petal fashion. These flowers, like the other appliqué work, should also be made of broadcloth or felt, as the edge of these materials does not ravel.

You must cut a circle of broadcloth five inches in diameter and draw a circle one and one-half inch in diameter in the center. Cut the material into one-fourth inch pieces, (see Ill. 3), stopping the cut at the circle in the center. When the edge is all cut turn each end into the circle in the center and sew it down. Stamp embroidery design 10820 on your material and work it in one-stitch, using silk to match your broadcloth. Sew an appliqué flower between and below each flower embroidered. Then work eleven long stitches in the center of the broadcloth flowers and work French knots in the center. The loops of the broadcloth flowers are not held in but allowed to fall naturally.

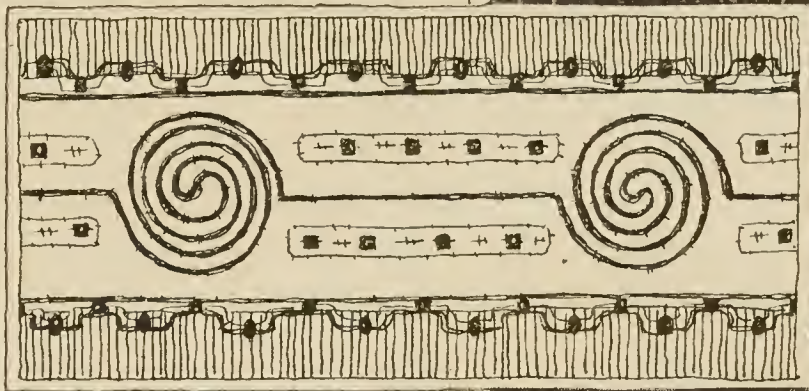
Spangles introduced in a very simple embroidery design such as 10716 are very rich in effect. The original piece of embroidery trimmed a navy-blue serge costume. The embroidery itself was done on an applied band of French-blue broadcloth for a background. The design was worked in black rope silk with a metallic thread of gold running through it. Spangles both oval and square covered the spots that would originally be worked solid. It made an elaborate trimming yet was very simple to carry out.

Machine stitching is seen on many of the smartest frocks and is really a very inexpensive way of trimming a costume. For a foundation you would use one of those open, all-over designs such as 10871. Any other design of this type can be stitched in the same way, but you must take care not to select one where the turns

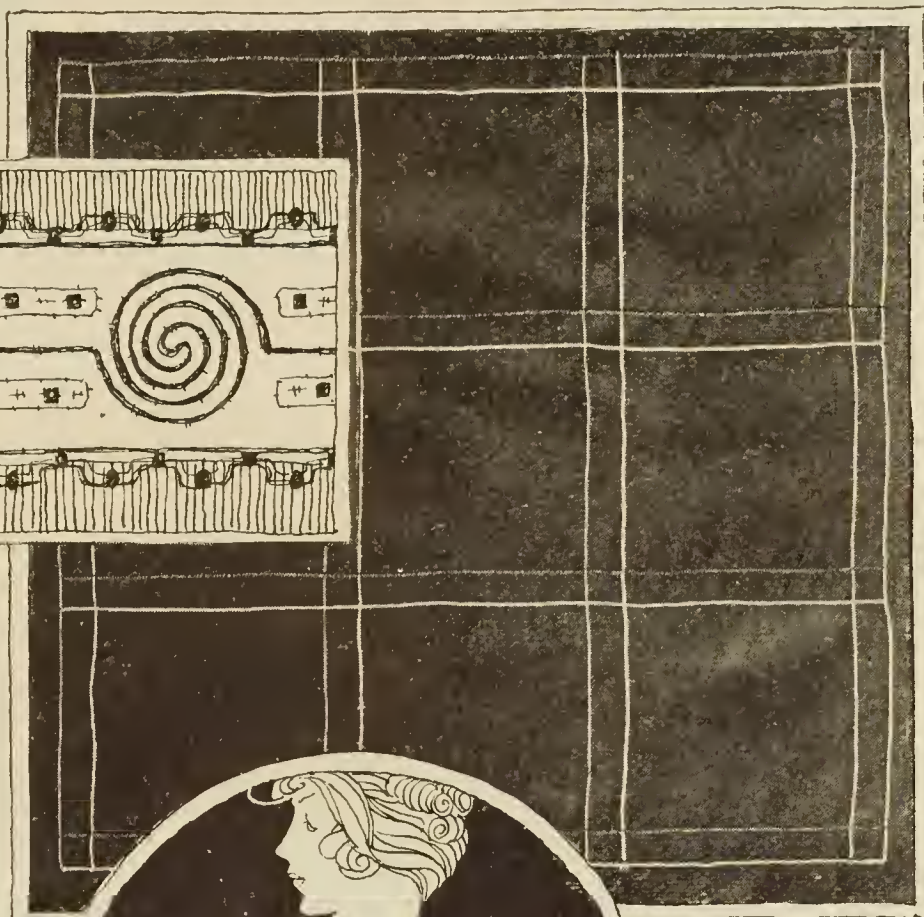
are too sharp. The machine stitching illustrated was done on a midnight-blue taffeta. Stripes of tan, red, green and yellow stitching were used, and the plaid effect achieved was very good-looking.

Very often you can take a beading design and with a skilfully added touch and interesting color combination carry it from the simple class into the realm of elaborate and exquisite handwork. Now a beading design such as 10819 can be worked in the small bead. Then, as the illustration shows, large beads and the enlivening metallic thread can be introduced. An unusually lovely background for beadwork is the veiled chiffon effect.

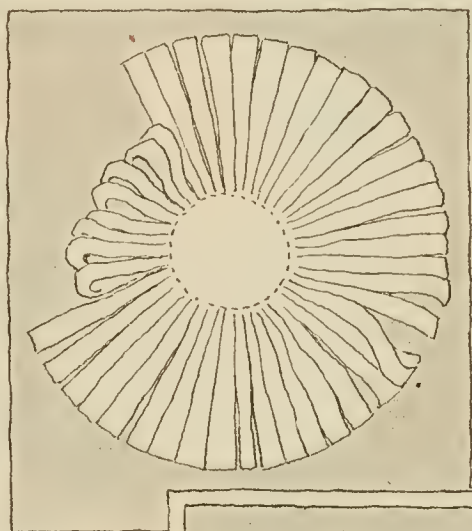
The beading illustrated on this page was done on an orange chiffon veiled with a dark-brown chiffon. The beads were of bronze. A bead was sewed to each dot on the design. The single dot at the end of each design was worked in large coral beads and a silver thread ran between the coral beads. The effect of it all was exquisite. This beadwork done on veiled chiffon is lovely for chiffon blouses or such touches as vestees, collars and the widening lower part of the peasant sleeve. Very lovely touches of color or color combinations can be achieved by the use of veiled chiffon.



Embroidery design 10716



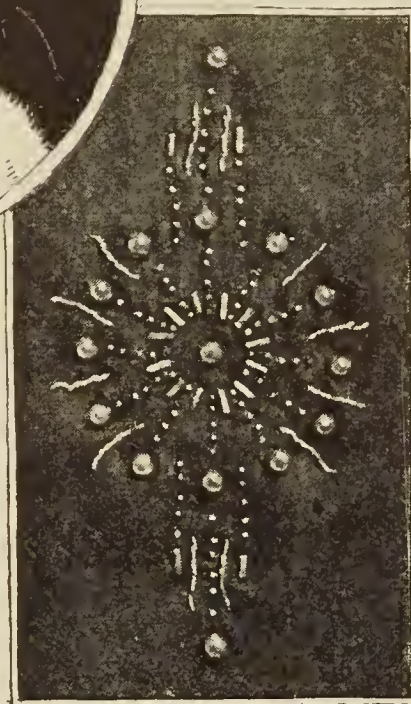
Embroidery design 10871



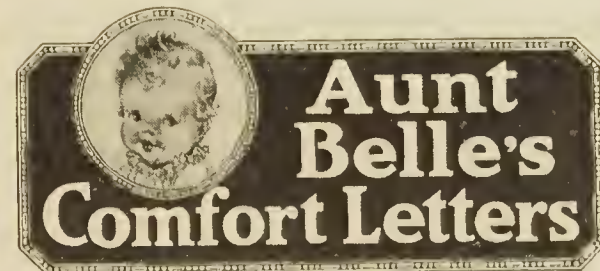
Ill. 3



Embroidery design 10782



Beading design 10819



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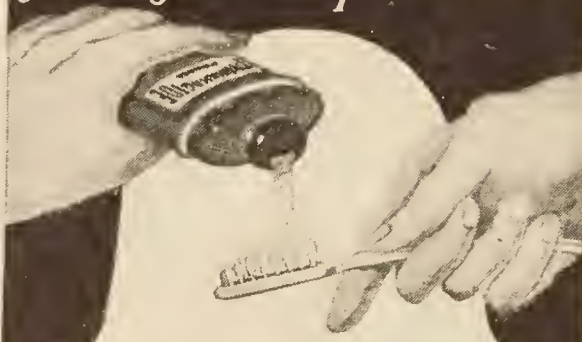
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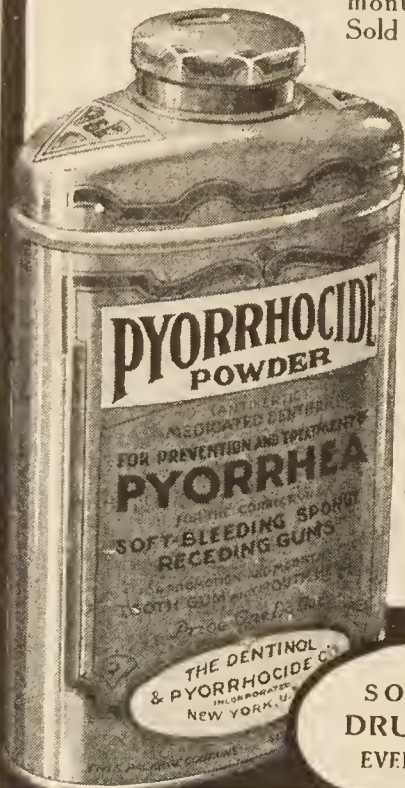


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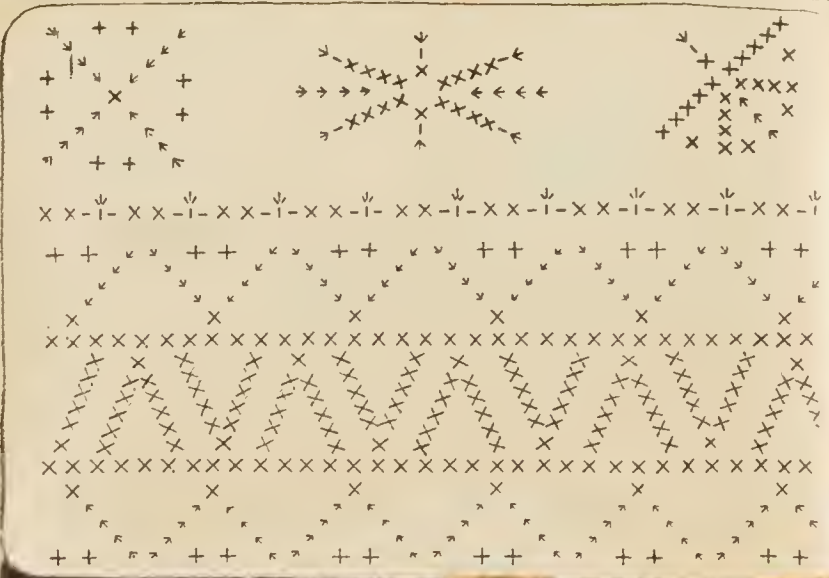
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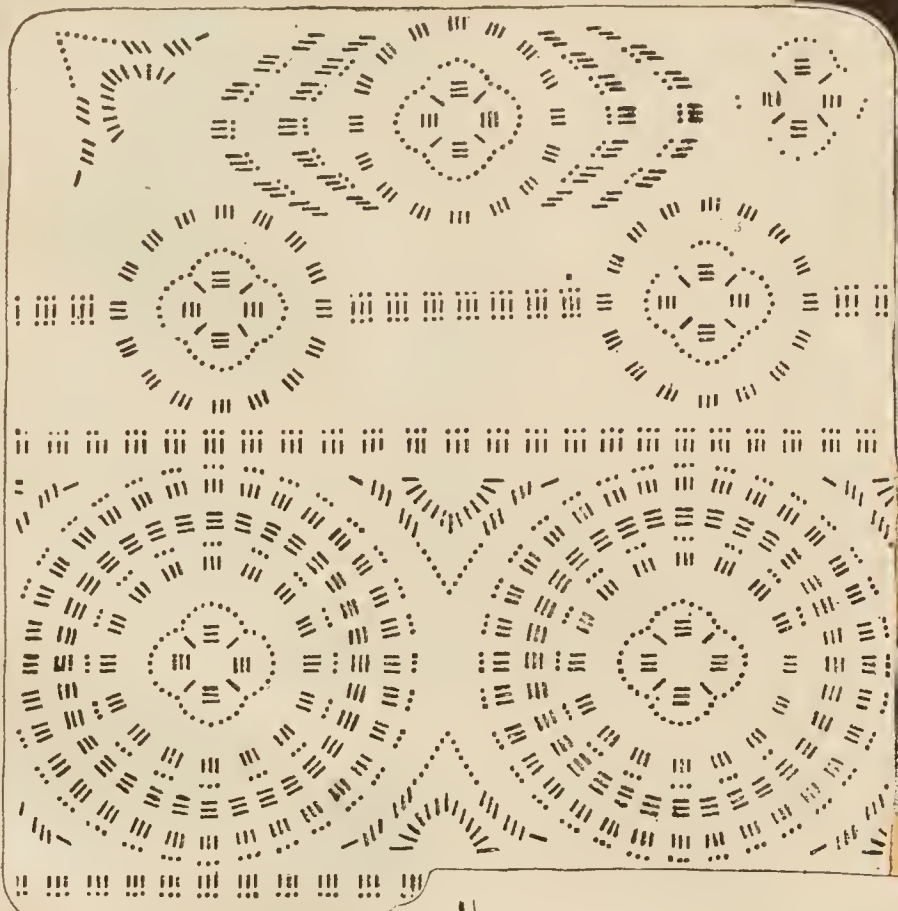
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Embroidery design 10873

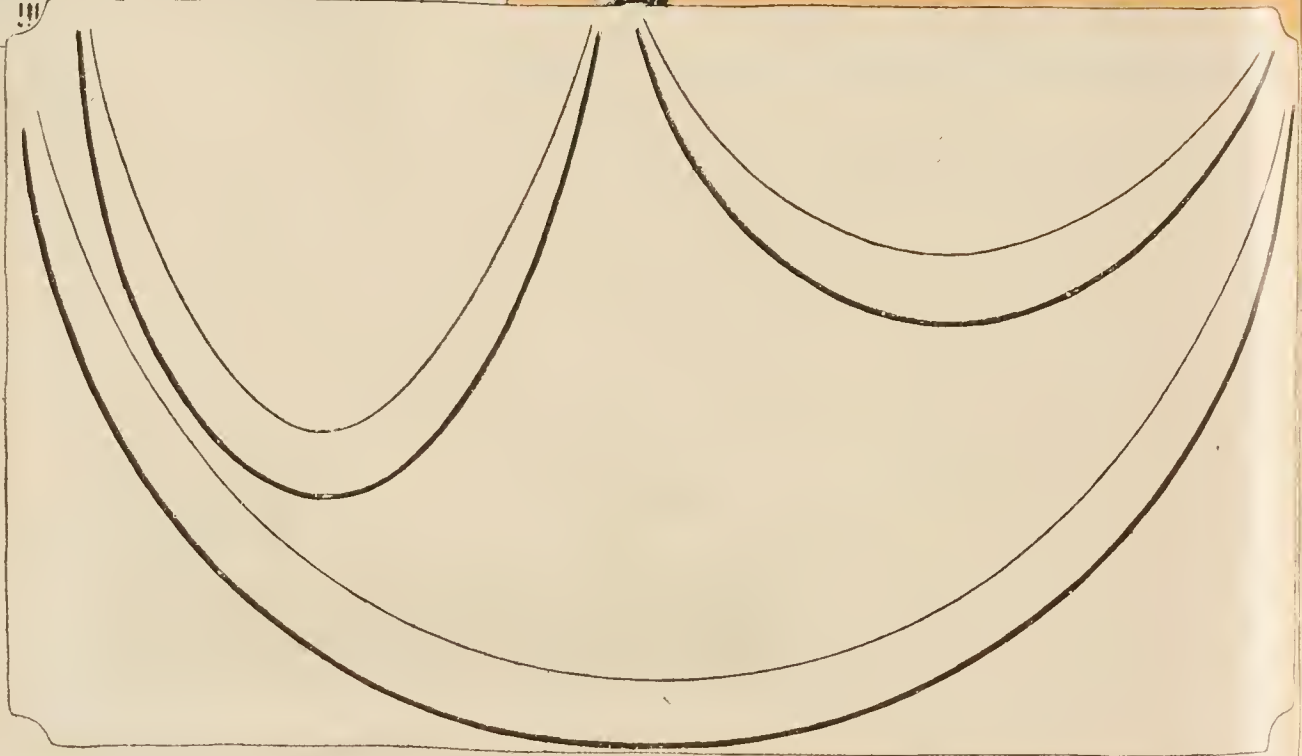


10873 — Cross-stitch, after having led an active but somewhat retired life in the realm of nursery frocks and furbelows and the simpler household linens, now chooses the smartest costume for its appearance in the fashionable outside world. Very interesting effects can be achieved with this easily worked type of embroidery and the new long bead can be used in designs of this kind. Cross-stitch is seen on frocks, blouses and costumes of all sorts and it is very smart on some hats. Different colored beads can be combined in one design to give a more elaborate effect. This design is adapted to $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of banding $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, 4 motifs $6\frac{1}{4} \times 2\frac{7}{8}$ inches, 4 motifs $3\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 4 motifs $3\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches and $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of banding $\frac{9}{8}$ of an inch wide.

Beading design 10872



Embroidery design 10875

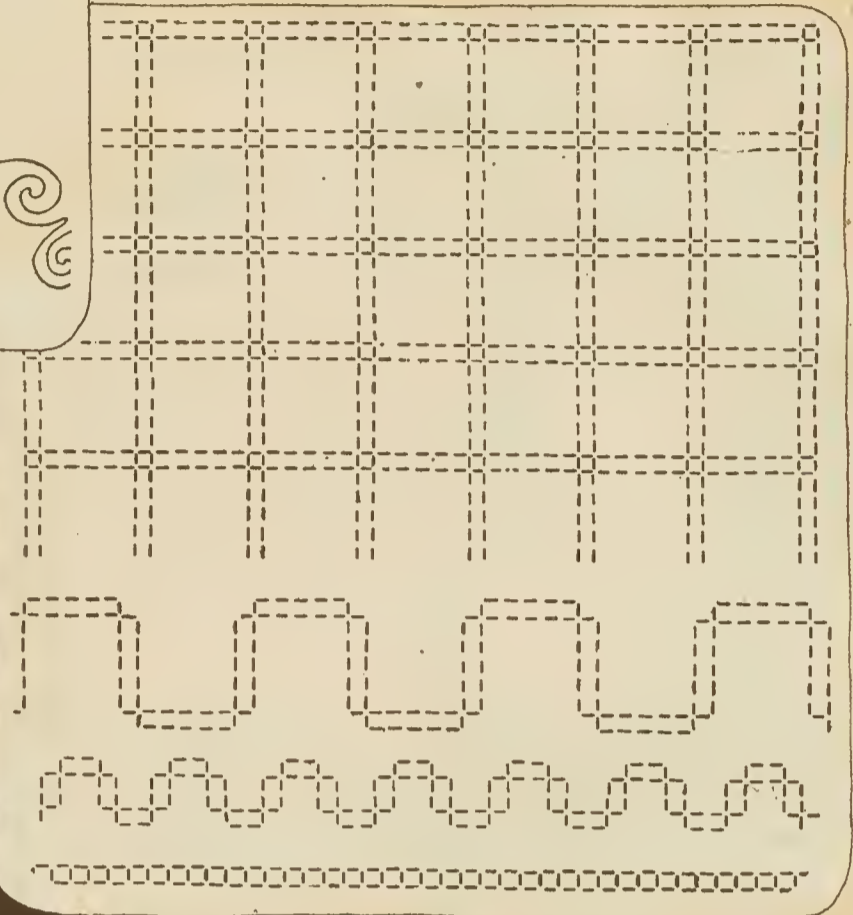


10872—When one mentions beading, this season, there is room for discussion as to whether it is the small round bead or long bugle bead referred to. A new design for the costume settles the question, as it calls for a combination of both. Circle motifs and banding carried out in this way or in French knots and one-stitch, if embroidery is preferred, make a distinctive trimming for coats, frocks and blouses and even hats. The design is adapted to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $4\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide 3 motifs $10\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 27 motifs $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter and 6 corners $3\frac{3}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

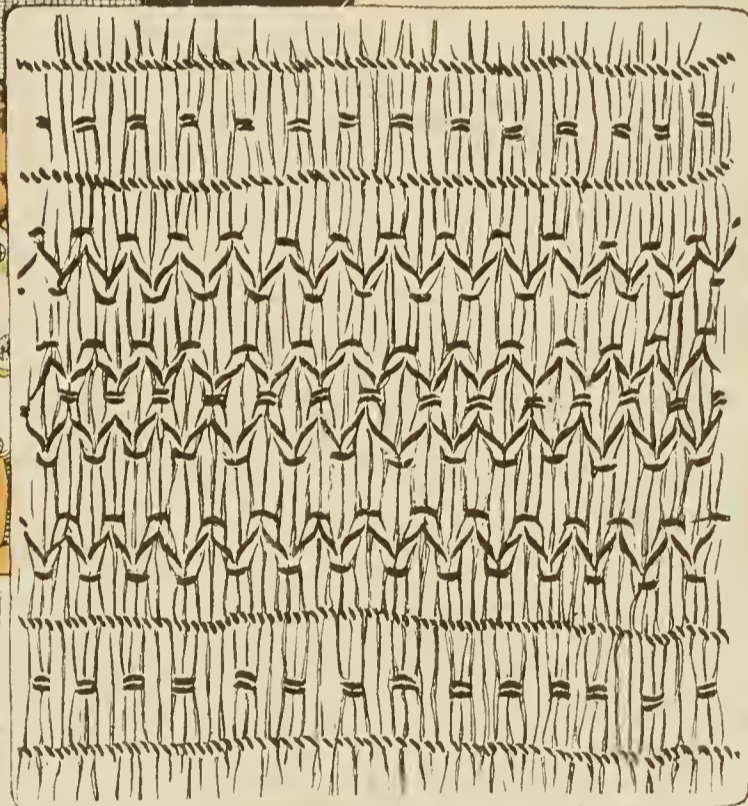
10875—The Parisienne claims that if anything such as the flare of a tunic, the length of a sleeve or the width of a skirt is new it is worth noting with the deep scalloped outline. The wider scallops are used on lingerie and taffeta dresses, large collars, skirts and such costumes. The smaller scallop is still one of the finest ways of finishing the edges of household linens. The scalloped edge beside being very new and smart makes a very durable finish. These scallops can be adapted to $10\frac{1}{4}$ yards of scallops 2 inches wide, $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards of scallops 5 inches wide and $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of scallops $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches wide.



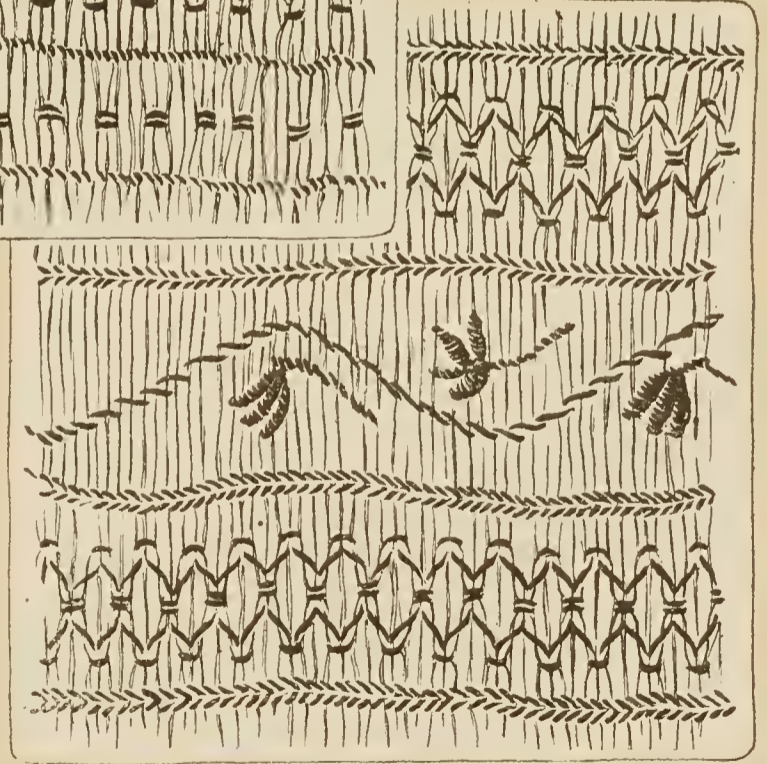
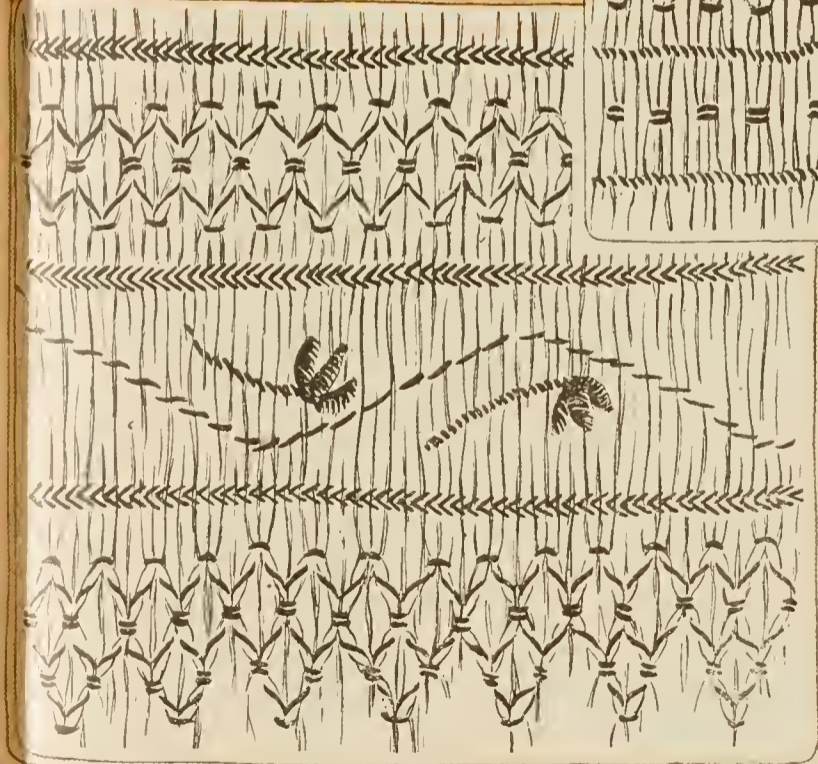
Embroidery design 10874



Embroidery design 10871



Smocking design 10870



10871 — All-over embroidery is very often used where an elaborate contrast is wanted. In this easy way a blouse or frock or any such costume made of all one fabric can have a certain part of it brought out by the use of this hand-work which is the simplest kind. A lattice-work design that can be done in one-stitch or bugle beads is adapted to $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of banding $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of banding 5 inches wide, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of banding $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide and $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of banding $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch wide.

10874—Perhaps she inherited it from Eve—this liking of the modern woman for leaves on her costume. To-day they are only for decorative purposes, however, and are worked in outline stitch or chain-stitch. If carried out in braiding, the very pliable rat-tail variety is the kind that is used. Many of the French coats display embroidery of this kind, and it appears on frocks and all such costumes. It is elaborate in effect yet it is so open that it works up very quickly and easily. It can be adapted to $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of banding $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding $6\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide and 12 motifs $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{5}{8}$ inches.

10870—The result of smocking is always delightful but there are different ways of arriving at it. In this new design the actual smocking is all of the quaint diamond-shape variety, but in the plain area various fancy stitches are introduced. This is an excellent trimming for all sorts of children's clothes, and it is also smart on some blouses and frocks and a certain type of lingerie. A garment can be smocked in white or in its own color or a French blue; rose or yellow are pretty on white, particularly for children. Each of these styles of stitches can be adapted to $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of smocking dots.

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When exposed to wintry weather Cuticura Soap and Ointment will keep your face and hands free from chapping, redness, roughness and irritation. Cuticura Talcum is delicately medicated and exquisitely perfumed. It is indispensable for every toilet table.

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Diamond Dyes

FAST  FADELESS

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 86, 87, 88, 89 AND 90

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 86 and 87



2845



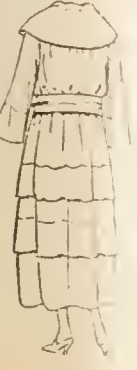
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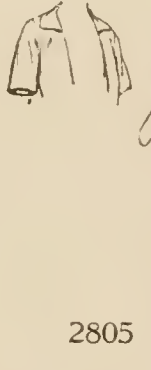
2766



2083

2855

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 88 and 89



2805



2873



2797



2890



2890



2705



2844



2861

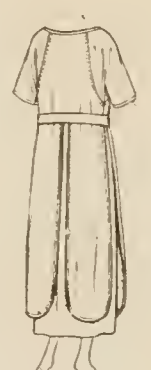


2857



2868

Other views of these garments are shown on page 90



2865



2812



2815



2846



2842

2821

2655

"TREO" TRIUMPHS

THE "TREO" GIRDLE

MADE entirely of porous woven surgical elastic web, which "gives" freely to every movement of the body, yet firmly holds the figure. Lends grace with absolute comfort. Our patented method of construction and character of materials used, make it equally desirable for street, dancing, evening or sport wear; white or flesh tint. Retail Misses' lengths, \$5.00 to \$7.00; Adults' lengths, \$5.50 to \$15.00.

CAUTION. The TREO GIRDLE has the feature strip of elastic above the elastic waist-line band and, therefore, supports the body above and below the waist-line. Other similar all-elastic garments are simply hip-spreaders, and Not Elastic Corsets. If your dealer cannot supply you, write for FREE Booklet.

TREO "Paraknit" Brassiere is made of "Paraknit," a new kind of light weight, open work, elastic material, invented by us, which is very flexible, extremely stylish, and healthful.

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Insist on the genuine

On and off like a coat. Always fits the growing body comfortably.



NO BUTTONS NO TROUBLE
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

You can be quickly cured, if you

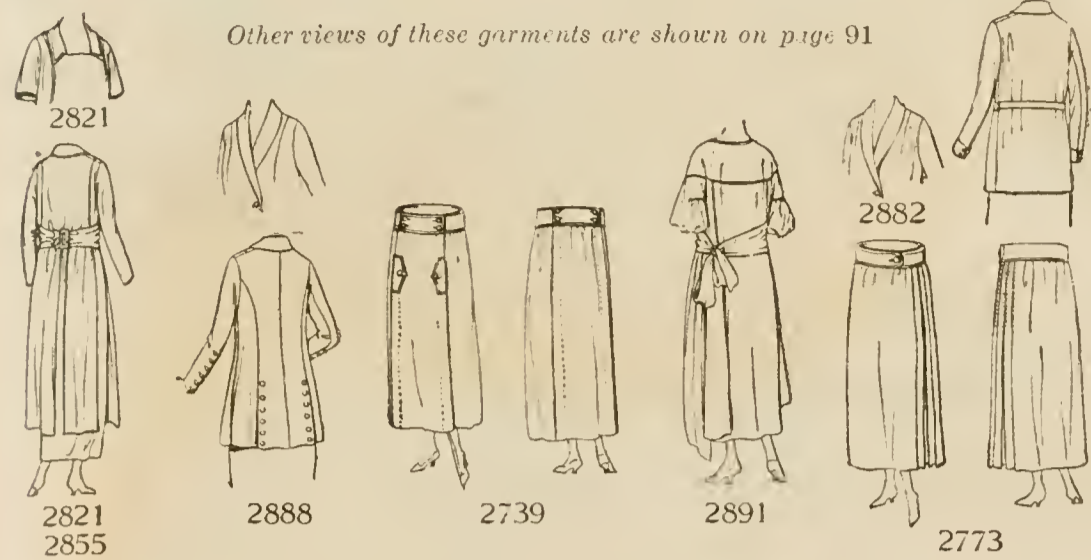
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Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. **B. N. Bogue,** 6614 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 91, 92, 93, 94 AND 95



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Embroidery Package Outfits

Spring 1921 line of Royal Society Package Outfits is ready for inspection at your Royal Society Dealers.

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A thread of unmatched smoothness, lustre and excellence—six cord, hard twist, made of long fibre Sea Island cotton, the finest grown. These qualities should prompt you to select it for making those innumerable articles whereon you bestow time and care. Their form and beauty are assured for years through the permanency and quality of Cordichet. White and Ecru made in Sizes 3 to 100; Colors, Sizes 3, 10, 30, 50, 70 and all sizes and colors retail at a uniform price.

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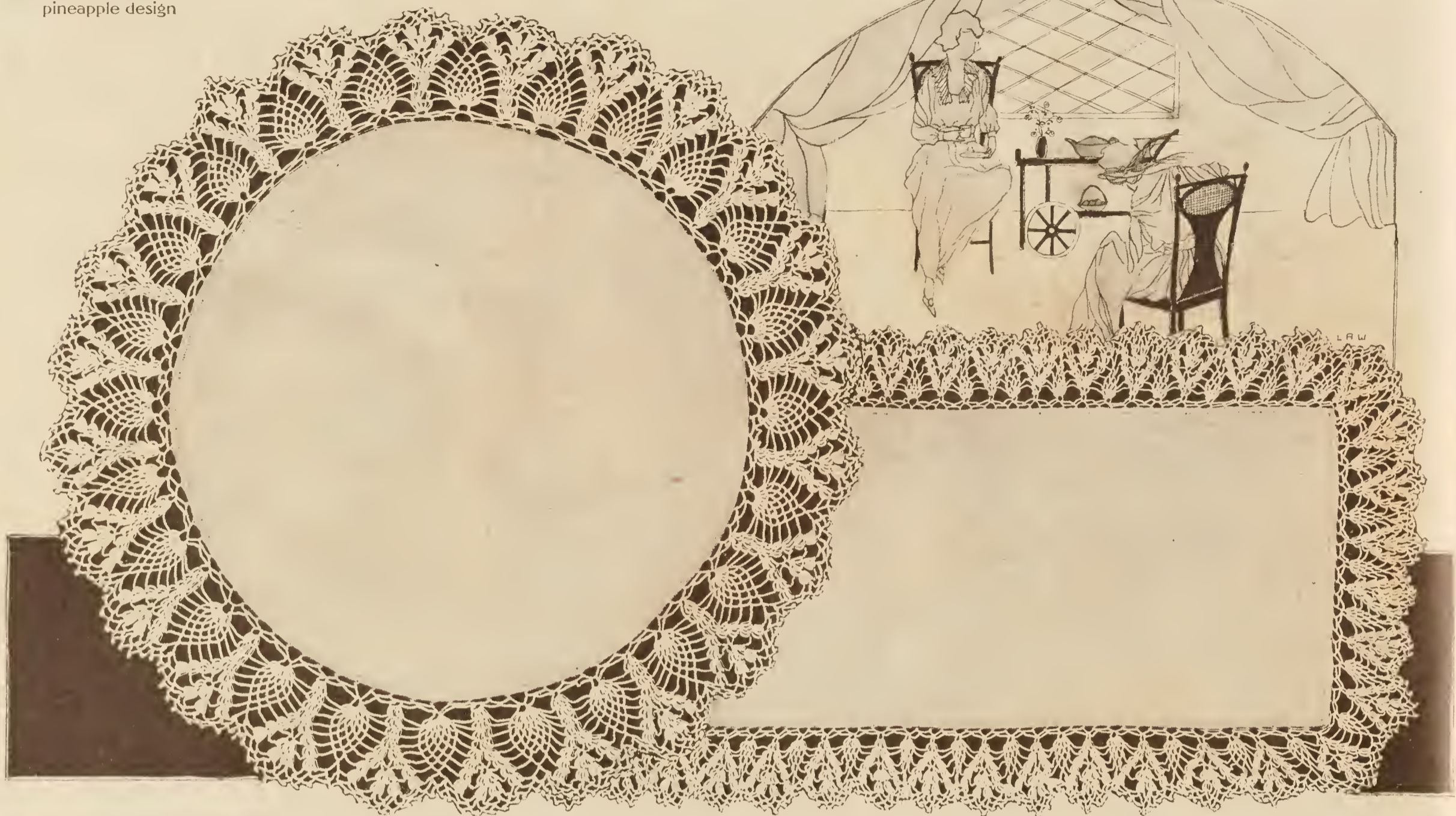
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Heavy thread makes an effective edging in a new pineapple design



A CROCHET EDGE IN ROLL STITCH CARRYING OUT A PINEAPPLE DESIGN

NO. 5 Crochet cotton. No. 1 Steel Crochet-Hook. The hook must have a straight handle. The original set was made of Indian Head.

CENTERPIECE

THE edge is 5 inches wide; cut a circle of Indian Head 21 inches in diameter for the centerpiece. Have this circle hemstitched by machine about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the edge. Work s. c. close together all the way around taking a stitch through each space in the hemstitching and covering the extra half-inch of material. (If you cannot have the edge hemstitched roll a hem and work s. c. close together all the way around taking the stitches through the material.) * 7 ch., skip 5 s. c. of previous row, 1 s. c. into next stitch. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. Break thread, end it off securely. The number of loops in this row should be divisible by four.

Second row—Join thread in center of last chain of previous row. * 6 chain, 1 s. c. over next chain, 4 ch., 1 s. c. over same chain 6 ch., 1 s. c. over next chain. Repeat from * all the way around. Break thread. Join end securely.

Third row—Join thread in first loop of 4 ch. of previous row, draw thread out in a $\frac{1}{2}$ inch loop. Work 1 roll stitch over this chain. To make a roll stitch wind thread 18 times around the needle draw thread through loop of 4 chains of previous row, draw this same thread through all 20 stitches on the needle. 1 ch. Make 7 more roll stitches over same loop. * 8 ch. work 4 roll stitches into next loop of 4 chains, 8 ch., work 8 roll stitches into next loop of 4 chains. Repeat from * all the way across. 8 ch., sl. st. into top of first roll stitch.

Fourth row—* (5 ch., 1 s. c. into 1 ch. between next rolls.) Repeat between parentheses 5 times, 8 ch., 1 roll between next 2 rolls of previous row. 2 rolls between next rolls. 1 roll between next roll, 8 ch., 1 s. c. between next rolls of previous row. Repeat from * all the way across. Close row with sl. st. into first loop of 5 chains.

Fifth row—* (5 ch., 1 s. c. into center of next loop of previous row.) Repeat parenthesis 4 times more. 7 ch., 1 roll between next rolls. 2 rolls between next rolls, 1 roll between next rolls, 7 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row. Repeat from * all the way around, sl. st. into first loop of Fifth Row.

Sixth row—* (5 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of same row.)

Repeat between parentheses 3 times more. 8 ch., 1 roll between next roll of previous row, 2 rolls between next rolls, 1 roll between next roll, 8 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. into first loop of sixth row.

Seventh row—* (5 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row.) Repeat parenthesis twice more, 6 ch., 2 rolls between next rolls of previous row, 2 rolls between next rolls, 4 chain, 4 rolls, between next rolls, 6 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. into first loop of seventh row.

Eighth row—* (5 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row.) Repeat between parentheses once, 6 ch., skip 1 roll of previous row. Work 4 rolls between next rolls, 4 ch., 1 s. c. over next chain of previous row, 5 ch., 1 s. c. over same stitch, 4 ch., skip next roll work 4 rolls between next rolls, 6 chain 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with 1 s. c. into first loop of eighth row.

Ninth row—* 5 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row. 6 ch., skip 1 roll, 4 rolls between next 2 rolls, 5 ch., 6 rolls over next loop of 4 chains of previous row. 5 chain, skip next roll, 4 rolls between next rolls. 6 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. into first loop of ninth row.

Tenth row—* 6 ch., skip next roll of previous row. 4 rolls between next roll, 6 ch., skip next roll, 4 rolls between next roll, 5 ch., skip 1 roll 4 rolls between next roll, 6 ch., skip 1 roll, 4 rolls between next roll 6 ch., 1 s. c. into next loop of previous row. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. into first ch. of row. Break thread. End off securely.

EDGE—Join thread in center of last 6 ch. of previous row. * 6 ch., 1 s. c. over center of next chain (6 ch., 1 s. c. in center of next group of rolls, 6 ch., 1 s. c. over next chain). Repeat parenthesis 3 times more. Repeat from * all the way around.

Second row—* 9 ch., sl. st. into fourth stitch from hook to form a picot. 3 ch., 1 s. c. over next chain. Repeat from * all the way around.

SCARF

THE edge is 4 inches wide. Cut a piece of Indian Head 16 inches wide, and 72 inches long (or any length desired). Have it machine hemstitched $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the edge

(or roll the edge in a hem) work s. c. close together around the edge. If the edge is hemstitched work the stitches into the hemstitching. if not, work them into the material.

First row—* 6 chain, skip 4 s. c. of previous row. 1 s. c. into next stitch. Repeat from * all the way around arranging the work so 1 s. c. is worked in each corner of the scarf. Break thread. End off securely. The number of loops should be divisible by 4.

Second row—Join thread in loop before a corner. 5 ch., 1 s. c. over next loop (around the corner) * 4 ch., 1 s. c. over same loop 6 ch., 1 s. c. over next loop. 6 ch., 1 s. c. over next loop. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. Break thread.

Third row—Join thread in first loop of 4 chains of previous row, draw out a loop $\frac{1}{2}$ inch long, work 3 rolls into this chain. (For directions for making roll see directions in third row of centerpiece.) * 6 chain, 5 rolls into next loop of 4 chains, 6 chain, 3 rolls into next 4 chains of previous row. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with 6 chain, sl. st. into top of first roll of same row.

Fourth row—* 3 rolls between next 2 rolls of previous row. 6 ch., 3 rolls between next 2 rolls, 6 ch., 1 s. c. between next 2 rolls (6 ch., 1 s. c. between next 2 rolls). Repeat parenthesis twice, 6 ch. Repeat from * all the way around. 6 ch., 1 s. c. into first roll.

Fifth row—* 3 rolls into top of second roll of previous row. 6 ch., 1 s. c. over 6 ch., of previous row, 6 ch., 1 s. c. over same chain. 6 ch., 3 rolls over center of next group of rolls. (6 ch., 1 s. c. over next ch.) Repeat parenthesis twice. 6 ch. Repeat from * all the way around.

Sixth row—* 3 rolls into top of second roll of previous row. 6 ch., 6 rolls over next loop, 6 ch., 3 rolls over second roll. 6 ch. 1 s. c. over next loop, 6 ch. 2 s. c. over next ch. 6 ch. Repeat from * all the way around.

Seventh row—3 rolls into top of second roll of previous row. 6 ch. 3 rolls between second and third rolls in next group of six. 6 ch. 3 rolls between fourth and fifth rolls in same group. 6 ch. 3 rolls into top of second roll of next group, 6 ch. 1 s. c. into next loop. 6 ch. Repeat from * all the way around.

Eighth row—* s. c. into center roll of previous row. 6 ch., 1 s. c. over ch. Repeat from * all the way around.

Ninth row—* 9 ch. p., 3 ch., 1 s. c. over next ch. Repeat from * all the way around.



Orange Jell-O

© 1920 BY THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY



WE Americans have a way with desserts that is all our own. It is an Anglo-Saxon trait to eat a heavy pie or pudding that is a meal in itself after a hearty dinner; and we alone of all people discourage the flow of gastric juices by generous servings of frozen ices and creams as a last course. The ideal dessert is one that is light, not too sweet, delicate and not an added burden to digestion; a dainty, for a gracious "farewell," not a substantial course.

Dishes that have gelatine as a basis have just these characteristics. They melt in the mouth, they are chilled without being frozen, solid without being hard, and they furnish nutrition in the way of protein and sugars, supplemented by the whipped cream or fruit that is added to them. Plain or with cream, they make an ideal dessert for children, giving a sweet taste without an undue amount of sugar.

ANNE LEWIS PIERCE
Director, New York Tribune Institute

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Colgate's Charmis restores the natural oil to her wind-whipped cheeks. After any exposure, her complexion needs this satiny cream, to guard the texture of her lovely skin from the fine lines that might come from neglect.

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March
1921

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Down underneath the smudgy coat of obstinate fingermarks and clinging dust, the white paint—as white as ever—awaits the magic touch of Bon Ami to reveal it again.

A gentle rub, with a wet cloth carrying a dab of the soft crumbly Bon Ami, loosens the grime without scouring away the paint.

I'll Bon Ami the bathtubs next!

"Hasn't
Scratched
Yet"



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whichever you prefer.



THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME XXVIII MARCH 1921 NUMBER TWO

Mrs. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor
JAMES EATON TOWER, Managing Editor



THE DELINEATOR'S EDITOR

BY GEORGE W. WILDER
President of The Butterick Publishing Company

PRESENT to you Mrs. William Brown Meloney, who is now the editor of THE DELINEATOR.

Time and uncommon gifts have combined in preparing her for the position. She is a wife. She is a mother.

Mrs. Meloney was born in Bardstown, Kentucky, thirty-nine years ago, of the Colonial family of Mattingly.

When only seventeen years old she first dipped her pen in the inkpot of American journalism and except for lapses due to the care of a home, motherhood and occasional ill-health, she has continued dipping it ever since.

This first early association was with the *Washington Post*, wherein she attracted attention by a naive and humorous series of feature articles on national political celebrities of the time. Her real daily stint, however, for that paper made her responsible for the diplomatic news of the day.

With the confidence and interest of men like the late Lord Pauncefoot, the then British ambassador; Baron Cassini, the Russian ambassador, and Wu Ting Fang, the Chinese minister, who were friends of her family, she, a girl still in her teens, was able to write with an authority which soon ranked her with the gray heads in that particular field of journalism.

In 1900, when only eighteen, Miss Mattingly attended the Republican Convention at Philadelphia as a correspondent of the *Post* and as a specialist for the *World* of New York. From the Republican Convention she went to Kansas City to attend the National Democratic Convention for the *New York World* and the *Washington Post*.

Shortly thereafter she joined the Washington bureau of the *New York World*. Distinction had marked her work. Success had begun to reward her. But she was to remain with the *World* for only a brief time. Ill health compelled her to leave Washington. She went to Denver and there joined the staff of the



MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

Photo by Nicholas Muray

Denver Post as a writer of special articles. A few months later, with health improved, she returned to Washington as special correspondent and bureau chief of the *Denver Post*.

A woman bureau chief in Washington twenty years ago was an unusual personage. But Miss Mattingly was not resented. Instead she was elected by a unanimous vote of the standing committee of newspaper correspondents at the Capitol to a seat in the Senate press gallery—the first woman to be admitted to this privilege.

Once more a break in health forbade her continuance in Washington, and in the Spring of 1901 Miss Mattingly borrowed \$500 and went out to the Arizona desert. She boarded on a cattle ranch for a while. Later she rented a forty-acre patch of alfalfa with an adobe hut on it. Before the end of the year she was physically fit and money ahead.

Then, she moved to New York and became one of the rare group which was making the *Sun* of those days—the *Sun* of the Dana tradition. She was the first woman ever employed on the general staff of the *Sun*, with a desk in the city room of the ancient office in Park Row. To the old-timers that was simply unthinkable!

She won her spurs on the *Sun*. It fell to her lot during the following three years to record the public activity of women and the progress of every phase of the equal franchise movement. Thus she founded her knowledge of women which has grown with the years. It was she who put the Children's Court into the news of the day. Her stories of the New York court

became one of the distinguishing features of the *Sun*. Thus began her understanding of children, of the sociological problems of modern life, of a genuine and abiding sympathy with the poor and the unfortunate, and of a distinct point of

Concluded on page 72

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CAN WE BE COMRADES?

IS FRIENDSHIP POSSIBLE
BETWEEN A MAN AND A
WOMAN, OR IS IT ONLY
LOVE IN DISGUISE?

BY W. L. GEORGE



IT IS easy to be flippant when one discusses the relations of men and women; it is a custom so well established that even the most earnest among us tend to smile half affectionately on engaged couples and to grow facetious at weddings. Thus it is normal that so many should laugh at the idea that men and women can be "friends," and no more; it is perhaps more remarkable that so many should believe these friendships to be possible.

One need not be of those who see romance everywhere to suspect that obscure love emotions hide behind the friendly relation, one need not be skeptical as old Cephalos in Plato's "Republic," who remarked that "he did not regret being too old, for age had deprived him of a terrible enemy!" one can recognize that one obviously can not marry the various people one may love, to say nothing of those one merely likes; one can grasp the danger, particularly for a man, of letting the emotions run too freely, and realize that he who begins as a Mormon may end up as a woman-hater.

One may be in that perfectly sensible state of mind and yet acknowledge that men and women must attract one another in a special way, therefore, the comradeship between the sexes is not so simple a matter as is made out.

Yet a great many people believe—or think they believe—that young men and women can consort in games, in social entertainment, and be free from the assaults of love. In other words, they believe that a man and a woman can be comrades just as two men or two women may be chums. And the first idea that occurs to me is that this opinion exists in no part of the world except the United States, Great Britain and the British Dominions. In other words, the belief in friendship between men and women prevails only where English is spoken, and where literature written in English circulates. The rest of the world laughs at the idea, or does not consider it at all.

I lived twenty years in France, and never heard "comradeship" even discussed; in Germany, where they discuss everything, I never found anybody who had the slightest doubt that men and women could either love or dislike each other; but to be friends? Never! Italy, Spain, the whole of South America, the Near East, still practically lock up their daughters and see intrigue in the faintest smile of a married woman. If we leave out the yellow and Indian races, whose women live more or less confined in a harem, we make the amazing discovery that we, the English-speaking races, alone believe that relations between the sexes need not inevitably exceed friendship.

That is rather a shock, for can it be that we alone are right? That we are more civilized? More idealistic than other peoples? We may be more idealistic, but none of us can claim to be more civilized, more intelligent than, let us say, the French, with a thousand years of culture behind them. And as the decision on this point: "Can we be comrades?" is not a matter of idealism, because idealism deals only with what we want to be, but a matter of common sense, which deals with what we are, we can not merely say: "Europe is wrong, and we are right." We can't dismiss Europe like that; we have to discuss her point of view. It is a perfectly simple point of view.

W. L. George, the British novelist, who has recently completed a lecture tour of this country, is well known here, not only for his stories but for his keen observations upon the present-day woman. His reactions to American life will no doubt be quite as illuminating. We all like to know how we look; Mr. George certainly knows how to express what he thinks about us.

Mr. George was educated in France, as he says, "successively as an analytical chemist, an engineer, a barrister, a soldier and a business man." He took to journalism about 1907, and has contributed to most London publications—and many in America—on topics ranging between the art of the troubadours and the finance of railways. During the war he was a section officer in the Ministry of Munitions.

Of his novels probably the best known in America is "The Second Blooming." "Caliban," the most recent, is a story of modern journalism, and "Blind Alley," a photographic study of war conditions in England.

We Americans are particularly proud of the natural friendships between our young people. Mr. George is inclined in this article to puncture our pretty pink-silk balloon.

Is he right in thinking that men and women can not really be friends? Are we all deceiving ourselves in putting our trust in our whole social system, from the kindergarten to the university?

What do you think? Do you agree with him?

Europe believes that men and women can not mix like brothers and sisters, because they are not brothers and sisters. It is ready to admit that this is a pity, that it would be very good, both for men and for women, to have frank and simple relations, but Europe considers this to be impossible because we puzzle one another, because we are inevitably curious of one another, and because we can not help being attracted by one another's strangeness, by the discoveries our curiosity makes. There is another name for that attraction, and that is "love."

In several of his short stories, De Maupassant shows the powerful attraction of the strange woman, the woman of another class, the foreign woman. She attracts because she is strange, and in the same manner "friends" attract each other, just because they have not grown up together like brothers and sisters, have not witnessed their naughty, selfish, sulky, moods; they are not commonplace to each other and as they slide into intimacy they must find it difficult to avoid sliding into love. Yet relationships seem to exist between men and women without conversion into love. It is worth while asking ourselves how these friendships manage to survive.

A CYNICAL comment was made on the subject by Tolstoy, when saying: "I am told that between a man and a woman there can exist companionship, community of tastes, fellowship of the soul, but it is strange that young men should so seldom enjoy companionship, follow common tastes, or discover fellowship of soul with a woman who happens to be old or ugly." I feel that Tolstoy went too far; I believe all this can exist between a man and a woman, provided at least one of the pair is old and ugly.

I have in my note-book a number of cases where a man and a woman conducted a friendship. The following

extracts will show what happened to these relations:

Case F-9: The woman was ten years older than the young man, who was a philanderer and was not in love with her. When, some years later, he married, she practically confessed that she had loved him all the time, but knew she could not marry a man ten years her junior.

Case F-3: The man was distinctly attracted. The woman, not caring for him, offered friendship, and thereupon used the man for several years to procure amusements and gifts.

Case F-11: Both parties were attracted, but one was a widow who would lose her income if she remarried or caused scandal. They decided to be merely friends, but the strain broke the relation in a few months.

Case F-5: The woman was intelligent, but ill-favored. When, about a year later, the man fell in love with another woman, he at once abandoned his "friend," having found a stronger interest.

You will draw your own conclusions from these four cases, which I select because each one shows male and female comradeship from a different angle. It seems to me fair to say that these cases, which are only a few among a great many of exactly the same kind, show that friendship between men and women, if it manages to survive at all, must be an unsteady affair, liable to break up on any provocation, or to find itself converted into love, either mutual or one-sided.

My own opinion is that relations between men and women can stop at friendship only in very definite circumstances, that most of the people who think friendship possible are deceiving themselves. And, especially, I believe that in most of the cases where the words of love remain unspoken, the emotion is there all the same, kept down, hidden, because the one who harbors love knows that the other can not respond, and maintains silence, fearing that the avowal of his passion may destroy a relationship which, however imperfect, is still sweet.

WITHOUT going so far as to say that comradeship is possible only between men and women who are incapable of experiencing love, I do suggest that it can not exist between people of ardent disposition. Not everybody is capable of falling in love, in the complete sense of the word, and there are men and women of a rather dry, academic kind, and rough-minded people devoted to open-air sports, who can maintain Platonic friendships; the former care for culture, education, art; the latter prefer golf or riding, but both kinds may be practically devoid of emotion. Where a man or a woman is capable of emotion, some one must receive that emotion, the "friend" is the natural vehicle, and becomes the object of it when the pressure grows too great. In other words, you will seldom find true friendship, friendship without underlying love, except among people where the fountain of romance has gone dry. You will, at this stage, protest that I exaggerate and that you know many cases of pure comradeship among young and attractive people who would never think, etc. I do not deny it, but I do suggest that most of these friendships are fraudulent—that in the case of ordinary people who are young enough and attractive enough to inspire love, friendship is generally a pretense or a half-loaf. Association between men and women produces something akin to love as naturally as the clash of flint and steel produces sparks; the fact that these apparent comrades do not publish

Concluded on page 52

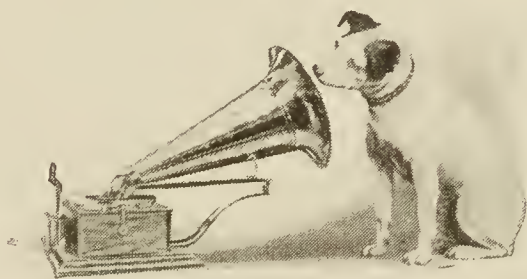
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WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME

ARE THEY QUITTERS OR PIONEERS?

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS



DLD Home Week in a brisk and growing American city. A group of returned "boys," all well established in life—you may have noticed that it is the successful ones who come back to the old town on these occasions—sat late at the club in a haze of smoke and reminiscence. The morning paper had supplied them with a topic for moralization, the arrest for forgery, in a distant city, of a home-town youth, son of one of their contemporaries who had "stayed put" and become a wealthy manufacturer. A sad case, all agreed; but logical, indeed, inevitable. Had not the youth run away from as good a home as a boy could have, after various troubles in school and out? Therefore it was just what might have been expected. Poor old Bart Tilworthy, though! Pretty tough on him.

"The first time I ran away from home," began a heavy voice, and paused as the owner of it pulled thoughtfully at his pipe.

"Did you ever run away from home?" asked another of the reunionists incredulously, turning to the speaker, who was a distinguished architect.

"Of course. Didn't you?"

"No."

"Why not?"

The other, a sleek and amiable broker, looked surprised. "Eh? Well, I suppose I wanted to at times. But I never did. Afraid, I guess."

"I'll bet a hat Dr. Vernam did," offered the first speaker.

"Who? I?" The president of a famous New England college stirred smilingly in his chair. "Why, yes," he murmured. "As a matter of fact I did. For one day. You see, they tried to make me read the 'Rollo' books."

"It might have been worse," put in a white-haired elder from across the table. "With me it was Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.'"

"You don't look that old, judge," returned the pedagog politely. "What I wanted was not *Rollo*—may he perish and be buried in the dust of back shelves—but *Frank* and *Archie*. And when my aunt sent those two heroes back to the penny library, I naturally took to dime novels in the wood-shed. The next event of importance was when I inquired of the brakeman where the wildest Indians were to be found. I was returned undamaged and not specially repentant."

"Daredevil Dick," sighed a surgeon from behind his cigar. "Silent Seth," or the 'Chief's Ven. eance.' Where are the idols of our youth?"

"Out of print," answered the college president. He leaned toward the architect. "You were going to tell us about the first time you left home, Harry," he said, "when the rest of us cut in."

"No," returned the other composedly. "I was just trying to start something. I've started it."

"Finish it, then," suggested a voice.

"That's up to the rest of you. How many here present have never skipped from home, or at least started to skip, when they were boys? Hands, please."

Out of twelve present, five raised their hands. They looked rather shamefaced about it, too. The architect pounced upon a reform politician who, in his own specialty had made a national record for stirring up trouble among those deserving of trouble; for making things uncomfortable in the haunts of inertia, inefficiency and graft.

"Well, what have you got to say for yourself?" he challenged.

"Oh, I was a prig," admitted the accused. "As a kid I lived by rule and rote. Line of least resistance. Bless you, I read 'Rollo'—and liked it."

"In consequence, look what you've done since," pointed out the other. "Raised hob generally and specially. Made the whole country uncomfortable instead of just one household, because you cut loose so late in life. Took it hard, like measles. Oh, we're all proud of you and your record, of course," he added as some of the others started to protest. "I'm only making the point of what the belated spirit of adventure will do to a man who didn't give it rein while he was a kid."

"Take Jerry, then, for a horrible example," suggested the reformer. "His hand was up."

"Oh, well, Jerry!" replied the architect in mock disparagement. "A tramp. A hobo, with natural history for a cover to his vagrancy; hunting animals that nobody ever believed in all over the map. How did they ever keep you tied, Jerry?"

"The dad gave me a gun," said the scientist simply.

"The wise dad that knew his own son! Your excuse is accepted. I'll hear the others after school."

"Is the inquisition closed?" inquired the judge, and, on receiving an assent, added, "because, if it is, I would like to follow it up with an investigation of our criminal propensities. Is there any one here who hasn't committed a crime?"

"What d'you mean, crime?" grumbled the surgeon.

"Penal offenses. See dictionary. I know of five or ten years properly coming to some of us—barring the statute of limitations."

"WELL, I used to help raid old Fanshaw's chicken-roost," confessed the broker. "But that was just kiddishness."

"Larceny," observed the judge, "is its other name."

"I seem to recall breaking into the old Durham mansion to swipe lead pipe," proffered the college president.

"Burglary."

The pastor of a fashionable New York church spoke up. "Member how we set fire to that ancient ruin of a hovel out on East Main, that had been an eyesore to the town for twenty years, and the fire department saved it?"

"An attempt in the interest of pure esthetics," answered the architect, to whom the question had been put.

"Arson," supplemented the uncompromising jurist.

Others contributed their quota of lawlessness: poaching, petty looting, piracy on the near-by lake, house-breaking and the various forms of mischief.

"And here we sit," murmured the college president, "moralizing over Bart Tilworthy's boy, who seems merely to have gone on where we left off. Or is the present day less tolerant of boys than our time?"

"I guess this was one pretty tough little town in our day," opined the broker; "and we were a fine young bunch of jailbirds who escaped what we richly——"

"Nonsense!" cut in the judge vigorously. "Just like any other town. No worse than any other boys. Romance. Adventure. That's at the bottom of our misdeeds. Curiosity. The pioneer spirit. The ineradicable lust for change. There's our motive for running away. Why, if boys hadn't wanted and done these things through the ages, 'Othello' would never have been written, steam would be merely a by-product of cookery, and the earth would still be flat."

HAS your boy run away yet? No? Wouldn't think of such a thing? That's a point upon which it doesn't do to be too dogmatic. If one thing is more certain than another in the obscure psychology of boyhood, it is that any normal boy has at least thought of running away, some time in the course of his bringing up, and probably many times.

Here I can see parents of well-conducted and contented households lifting shocked hands in protest. "Why should our boy harbor any such desperate, ungrateful and unnatural notion? Isn't our home good enough for him? Hasn't he always been kindly and affectionately treated? Doesn't he possess everything he wants; at least, everything that is good for him?"

Very likely. Yet young hopefuls of just that sort do run away from homes of exactly that kind, for reasons best known to themselves—or perhaps quite uncomprehended by themselves; they just go. In the large majority of instances they come back overnight, and no harm done. But sometimes opportunity awaits them like an evil fairy outside the door; they fall in with the vagrants and criminals of the outer world always on the lookout for apprentices, and the end is tragedy; such tragedy as the ruin of young Tilworthy from the old town.

So far as figures can be procured, some four hundred thousand American boys under the age of sixteen every year run away, or, at least, break away from home, with results serious enough to bring them under arrest. Records in New York City show that the number of "ungovernable children"—which means those who have broken away from home in spirit, though not always in fact—has increased fifty per cent. in the last four years. Is there a new and more turbulent motif in the developing generation? Or is the home following the church losing its grip on the young?

To say that this question involves the future of the nation is the merest truism. Many times as I have

watched the course of juvenile legislation or sat in courts where the little delinquents were being brought face to face with the rigor of the law, I have thought back to that Old Home Week gathering and wondered how many parents had the wise, the tolerant, the remembering attitude toward youth and its obscure eagernesses evoked in that hour of frank reminiscence.

I have found that spirit notably exemplified in such important and valuable institutions as the Children's Courts of New York City and of Syracuse, presided over respectively by Franklin C. Hoyt and Ben Shove, judges who handle their difficult problems with unwearied patience, infinite tact, and the sympathy inherent in the rare type of man who has never let himself forget what it is to be a boy, intensified and ripened by long experience. It would be difficult to find any other social work so vital to the public interest as this which is carried on by the juvenile courts of the few cities which maintain these institutions.

Out of the hundreds of cases which I have either seen or studied in the minutely careful reports of probation officers, two may stand as typical of the so-called "criminal" child, and of the "habitual delinquent"; both of them rich in potentialities of ruin to the subject and damage to society had they been handled otherwise than wisely. The "hardened criminal" boy (to quote his father in the first access of grief and anger) was the son of a comfortable though cramped household in a "five-room flat" district of New York. Casually helping an expressman with some packages one day, he saw a diamond ring on a dresser and pocketed it. Immediately he quit his home. He had to, in order to dispose of his treasure in the only proper and romantic way, that is, by burying it. One can not bury a diamond ring in a flat. So he became a runaway. While he was about it, he "hooked" a trowel for his purposes of inhumation. He secreted his booty in a flower-bed in the park. Every night he visited the spot, crawling on his stomach, darting from tree to shrub, savoring all the thrill of the hunted, and dug up his jewel to enjoy his little secret and gloat over it before putting it back. Meantime he was living a tramp's life in packing-boxes, freight-yards, vacant lots, and eating where he could. In a week the romance and novelty had worn thin. The diamond had lost its luster; the adventure its excitement. Wearied of it, he attempted to smuggle the ring back to the place whence he had taken it, and was caught.

A FEW years ago, in any city in the United States that child would have been sent to a penal institution, branded as a thief, in all probability developed into a thief by the system which prevails in such places; even to-day in most of our cities his case would, I fear, be handled after the same stupid and ruinous formula which masquerades as justice. Yet to the understanding mind, such as he encountered in the probation officer and the Children's Court judge, he was nothing worse, in intent, than a casual runaway incited to his first essay at vagrancy by the sudden and overpowering flash of romance from the myriad glittering facets of a diamond, most romantic of jewels.

Of course it was criminal, by the strict letter of the law; but most boys have these "criminal" instincts, dim-echoing traditions from the days when robbery was the normal method of property transfer, and stealth or violence the alternative rules of life.

The other case was one of an apparently confirmed runaway. Four times he was brought into court while his parents professed inability to afford any clue to his errandies. Nothing could be extorted from the culprit in answer to the most tactful and friendly questioning as to his reasons, except:

"Aw, I dunno." "Nothin'." "Naw; that ain't it," while he shifted from foot to foot with hunched shoulders and shamed eyes.

At length the judge bethought himself of a possible solution. He called a classmate of the boy into private conference. Could he throw any light on the mystery? The answer was prompt and decisive:

"Sure, judge! They make Ted wheel the baby carriage every day between school sessions."

"Where the other boys can see him?"

"Yes, sir. And the girls, too," replied the witness srowdly.

Laying this theory before the young prisoner, the judge got an unwilling admission of its truth.

"Why didn't you tell me what was wrong, son?" he asked gently.

"You'd 'a' laughed at me," snarled the boy.

"Not I! In your place I'd have felt like running away, too. Now, you go back home, Ted. I'll see your father, and there'll be no more trundling of baby carriages in yours."

That lad, as it turned out, was on the brink of permanent corruption. He had fallen in with a set of the gamblers, hangers-on and "shills"—criminals all—who follow a State Fair, and had planned to go away with them simply because he could not stand being made



"GOOD-BY, OLD PAL, GOOD-BY!"

ridiculous. Few boys can. I know one wise and experienced adviser of youth who holds that more boys are alienated from their homes by ridicule and humiliation than by actual physical brutality and neglect.

Suppose, now, we take the testimony of the person who should know most about this complicated question of why boys leave home: the boy himself. Remember, if you please, that he is a reluctant, suspicious, and rather inarticulate witness, who finds great difficulty in expressing the truth, even when he wants to tell it. The literature of juvenile "confessions," as I have sought it in court records, from judges and probation officers, from officials of the Boy Scouts, Big Brothers and others who come into more or less confidential contact with youth in its troubles, is meager and often discouragingly unreliable, as in the common phenomenon of the youngster in the toils "owning up" with pretended reluctance to an arrest or two which never occurred! This, familiar to every court which handles juvenile cases, is the instinct of self-dramatization, the desire to pose as a hero, a "bad man." Here are a few typical explanations of runaways, derived from the wanderers themselves, and presumably genuine, if not, perhaps, complete.

"I READ a piece in the paper about a kid no older'n me makin' fifty dollars a week." A sound, normal desire for self-betterment is at the bottom of many of these departures.

"My father wouldn't let me play on the football team." The resentment natural to thwarted ambitions.

"I didn't have my lessons; so I didn't dast go to school; and I was afraid they'd find out at home that I was stay-

in' out, so I skipped." This is the most common single cause of runaways.

"They" (*i. e.*, his parents) "licked me for wantin' to be a prize-fighter."

"I was feelin' pretty sore, and" (with the virtuous emphasis of one who justly places responsibility where it belongs) "the ol' freight train stopped right in front of me."

"The roads got so bad I couldn't get in to the movies, Saturday nights." A farm youngster, of course, this was.

"THE air smelled queer." Which may seem inadequate, as a cause, but when it is considered that the time was the first warm and fragrant day of April, perhaps quite explicit enough.

"No place to play." A frequent and rather tragic answer of the metropolitan youngster.

"I'm sick of school. I want to get a job." A response far more frequent now than formerly, in a precocious and ambitious generation. And, what is the first answer of practically all the would-be adventurers and the last of many: "I dunno."

Do these explanations seem, for the most part, trivial and unsatisfactory? Time and again in court have I heard an exasperated mother or bewildered father exclaim:

"Why, that's no reason!" and perhaps seen a look of obstinate and injured incredulity on their faces, when the judge, with deeper sympathy and comprehension, answered: "It's the best reason he's got. And it may be

Continued on page 69



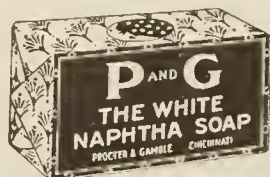
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DOES THIS MEAN "SEX-WAR"?

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST



ARE you going to send your boys and girls to college? Are you going to college? If so, what kind of a college will you choose? Will it be a one-sex or a coeducational college?

Your answer to these questions has become more important because of the recent revolt of a small group of men students at Cornell University against coeducation.

The significance of this disturbance is indicated by the strong stand taken, immediately following it, by educators all over the United States.

Educators do not agree upon this subject. Students from various types of educational institutions differ in their opinions. Some thinking men and women hold that a sex-war has broken out among our young people. Others, particularly the older men, declare that it is a counter-revolution against the fight women have made for fifty years in this country, which culminated in the Eighteenth Amendment giving women equal suffrage.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, for forty years the president of Harvard University and an educator of international standing, in a letter to the editor of THE DELINEATOR, referred to the conflict between men and women students of to-day as "the hottest educational controversy of the times." In a telegram which preceded this letter he said:

DR. ELIOT'S VIEWS

"IN MY opinion boys and girls may be taught together in the same classes without disadvantage to either sex up to the age of puberty. In a school system it is safe to put that age early; because it differs rather widely among individuals in each sex. During adolescence, that is, the period which includes the secondary school and the college, I believe that the two sexes had better be kept apart. At the period of graduate schools, young men and women may in general work together without undue distraction, and for individuals with distinct advantage from competitive stimulation.

"The common argument in favor of coeducation, to the effect that boys and girls grow up naturally together in the family, and therefore they ought to be permitted to grow up together in the school and the college, has no force for me. In family life the idea of marriage between brothers and sisters is absolutely precluded. In school and college intercourse, marriage between school or college mates is not only not precluded, it is for some dispositions warmly suggested."

DR. WILBUR'S OPPOSING OPINION

THE views of Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of Leland Stanford Junior University, which has always been a coeducational institution, are entirely opposed to those of Dr. Eliot. His response to our telegram reads:

"Coeducation is a success at Stanford University. I think the presence of the women at Stanford elevates the general moral tone of the university. It brings about a perfectly natural relationship between young men and young women and does not feminize the men or brutalize either sex. The happiest marriages that I know of are those between university trained men and women who have become acquainted in coeducational institutions.

"A much more intelligent and larger idea of citizenship is developed by constant normal association of men and women in the classroom and in the various social events. There are of course exceptions in all communities to the general trend, either for good or bad. The great difficulty in this question is that there is injected into it a lot of abnormal and more or less antique prejudices, some of them institutional. The whole question should be judged by the general benefits received, not by isolated instances."

While Leland Stanford Junior University is and always has been a coeducational institution, it has a limited number of women students—one-fourth of the student body, which is also restricted to two thousand. This ratio was determined by the figures of women and men of college age in the State of California.

Ignoring Dr. Eliot's argument that the relations in college are opposed to those of home life in the mingling of the sexes because a brother and sister relationship can not be applied to men and women without consanguinity, Dr. James R. Day, Chancellor of Syracuse University, declares his faith in coeducation in this message:

FAITH IN COEDUCATION

"I DO not know anything about the merits of the discussion of the Cornell students on the question of coeducation in that institution. We have no such problems in this university. It seems to be an ancient

the intellectual advancement of women, their sense of public duty and their capacity for performing it."

In the light of these conflicting opinions, I went to Cornell to see how conditions were shaping themselves.

THE SKIRMISH AT CORNELL

NINE male students of Cornell University, all undergraduates, constituting themselves representatives of the student body, on November thirtieth last, issued a ukase against coeducation. Without the authority of the Student Council and the two senior honorary societies it was submitted to the public through the medium of the Cornell Daily Sun, a newspaper run by students of the university and generally acknowledged to be the official organ of the reactionary element.

The publication of the report followed closely upon the heels of a demonstration against women students in Bailey Hall on Thanksgiving Day. A number of the members of these fraternities hissed a screen picture of Sage Hall, the women's dormitory, and loudly hissed and groaned when pictures of the women's activities were reeled off. This outburst, however, was only a resumption of hostilities. Through fifteen years, at different times, there have been similar sporadic uprisings, always with the excuse that the alarming growth in the percentage of women students threatened the prestige of the institution.

During the war these hostilities ceased. The men were going away to fight. The women had to do the work. And since, in many instances, they did do the work and did it well, it was thought expedient to let bygones be bygones.

In 1919 and 1920 it was different. Again the women had "made good" in their various masculine duties taken over because of the war. Some few of them rather resented having to give them up. However, they did so with good grace, outwardly at least.

Things were quiet until Cornell lost the 1920 football games to Pennsylvania and Dartmouth, when the women in the colleges were made the scapegoat.

"He was not up to form because he's been queening too much. Why, I saw him twice the week of the football game taking a girl to the movies and to the ice-cream parlor afterward," said they.

"Yale and Harvard laugh at us because we're a sissy school," said another group.

On Thanksgiving evening the bubble burst.

At once Acting-President Albert W. Smith sent a letter of reprimand and protest to the Sun. The letter was run as the first editorial, with some editorial comment not fully an apology as a student prolog and addendum.

In the letter President Smith reminded the students that when Ezra Cornell endowed the university in 1865, it was his proviso that its halls would be open to all people of all lands who wished to obtain knowledge there; that when Henry W. Sage made an additional endowment in 1873 his condition was that "instruction shall be afforded to young women by the Cornell University as broad and as thorough as that now afforded to young men," that Ezra Cornell and Andrew D. White, the latter Cornell's first president, heartily approved of the condition; that coeducation was a provision of Cornell's charter; that, while any man of the faculty or the student group has a right to his own opinion of coeducation, he knows clearly when he enters that Cornell is coeducational, and that if he can not accept coeducation and treat women students fairly and respectfully in accordance with the ideals of its founders, he should go elsewhere. The letter ended with a defense of women students, their scholarship, their characters and their rights.

The editorial comment spoke of the outburst as a "tempestuous teapot" brought about by bubble sentiment.

Continued on page 62



"DOES COEDUCATION HELP ATHLETICS?" THE "HE-MAN" ASKS

arrangement for both sexes to grow up in the same household, to attend the same elementary and secondary schools, to mingle together in the same communities, and men and women have united here upon equal terms of harmony, mutual help and improvement in their college work. It seems to me that it is rather a late date, when woman is taking her larger place in affairs which have been exclusively managed by men and is addressing herself to the larger question of humanity and civilization, for us now to segregate her in higher education."

President Burton of Ann Arbor, Michigan, telegraphed: "There is nothing to discuss regarding coeducation. Women are citizens of the State and must be and should be offered equal opportunities for education with men."

From the State University of Wisconsin, speaking through its president, E. A. Birge, comes this contribution:

"The principle of coeducation was settled in Wisconsin more than fifty years ago. The experience of a half-century has confirmed the correctness of that settlement. Coeducation is not the only method of higher education nor does it escape all difficulties, but it affords rational and successful conditions of higher education for the youth of both sexes. In particular it has been and continues to be of inestimable value in furthering



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LIKE A VISION, THE GREAT CITY RISES BEFORE THE NEWCOMERS

WHERE BAD CITIZENS ARE MADE

WOULDN'T YOU HATE AMERICA IF IT MET YOU THIS WAY?

BY MARIE DE MONTALVO AND ROSE FALLS BRES

Read this story of what women and children endure at Ellis Island, where many immigrants get their first taste of America. Then, while you are still boiling with the sense of injustice and outraged decency, write your congressman that conditions must be changed.

Talk the cause of these immigrant women and children in your church. It will not stand for this gross violation of Christian principles. Talk it in your club. The hatred that Ellis Island breeds is spreading like a plague to increase the discontent which menaces our institutions and the Government itself.

DO YOU know what happens at Ellis Island, in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, to the women who come to America from other lands because they think that this is the land of freedom, of justice and of plenty—women whose only crime is poverty, whose only offense is ignorance of our language and our ways?

Never mind the millions of men who are pouring into this country, and the millions more who are waiting over there to come, some with passports, waiting for a few inches of space on some America-bound ship, and millions more still waiting for passports. They constitute a problem of enormous importance—but we can leave it to the men. The thing that concerns the women of this country is that the proportion of women coming to this country is increasing and nothing is being done about it.

National and international problems are coming to a point of confusion and complexity which makes us feel that a man who seems to know what he thinks must be mistaken. Immigration is one of the complicated problems about which people think and feel, and hardly any one knows anything. Yet it may be possible to make one assertion which we can all agree to:

There are just two things to do with the immigrant—keep him out or treat him fairly.

Now, women of America! Do you know that women surrounded with children, carrying small babies, squeezed into airless rooms among men, are forced to stand day after day and week after week waiting for a man with a megaphone to yell their unpronounceable names at them so that they may know their relatives have come for them?

Do you know that after they disembark at Ellis Island they are pushed and jostled and shouted at and bullied by so-called "officials" whose qualification for the job seems invariably to have been a harsh voice and a hot temper?

Do you know that women with babies and baggage are forced to stand in line for at least half a day, and some-

times several days, and negotiate several flights of stairs, carrying with them everything they own on earth, before they pass their physical examinations, which could



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TWO THOUSAND MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN REMAINED FIVE DAYS AT ELLIS ISLAND RECENTLY, WITHOUT BUNKS, AND HAD TO LIE ON THE FLOOR OR SIT UP ALL NIGHT, SIX SQUEEZED TOGETHER ON EACH BENCH

all be performed much more quickly and effectively on the same floor?

Do you know that there are 2,089 bunks on Ellis Island, provided with two blankets apiece; that because detained immigrants must be segregated into classes, only 1,500 of these beds are available—since if there are only ten Chinese, and the dormitory for Chinese holds twenty-five, the remaining fifteen bunks must remain empty rather than fill them with white people—and that recently on the Jewish holiday, Yom Kippur, 3,500 people remained five days in Ellis Island, of whom 2,000 men, women and children were without bunks and had to lie on the floor or sit up all night, six squeezed together on each bench?

Do you know that there is no place for women to wash themselves, their clothes and their babies, except at a sink out in the public hall? And no place to dry their clothes except on lines strung over their bunks in unventilated dormitories, with bunks four deep up and down the walls, where they must remain anywhere from a single night to a year?

CAN you imagine the mental attitude of government employees who stopped up the faucets in the eating-halls because they might drip on the floors if immigrants were allowed to drink water with their meals?

Have you a picture of a baby whose underclothing remains unchanged for so long that its skin peels off with its garments when they are finally removed?

Do you know the inadequacy of the sanitary arrangements—such that a visitor hates to inspect them because their awful presence is made known long before they are visible to the eye?

In brief, do you smell Ellis Island when you read these words?

When United States Commissioner of Immigration Frederick A. Wallis first went to Ellis Island, he noticed the women holding babies in their arms, who must stand in line for a day, sometimes, waiting their turn to pass. It was trying and tiring and sickening enough for strong men who were not so burdened to drag their luggage up and down the interminable flights of stairs, then stand and wait for hours. Think of what it meant to the mother of eight little children, one of them in arms, with eleven pieces of baggage!

"Women with children first," was the first rule laid down by Commissioner Frederick A. Wallis.

It seems as if some other commissioner might have thought of that years and years ago. Surely if there had been a woman at Ellis Island she would have thought of it very quickly.

Next he saw the crying children. And one of the terrible things about Ellis Island is that you can't ask people why they cry. If you ask, they can not tell you. You must go and hunt up some one, perhaps a long way off, to find out for you. After you've been there half an hour, you'd rather know another language than own a million dollars.

The children cried, the commissioner found out, because the milk was sour. If it wasn't sour, it was always cold.

Any woman would have known long ago, at Ellis



"IT MIGHT BE JUST AS WELL FOR AMERICAN WOMEN TO GET ACQUAINTED WITH THEIR SISTERS TRAVELING THIRD-CLASS FROM ABROAD"

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Island, that cold milk makes little babies ill. It is nothing against former commissioners that they didn't know. Men just don't seem to find out those things. Mr. Wallis did, and from the time that he first went there warm, fresh milk has been served to mothers and their babies at intervals during the day.

The newly appointed commissioner noticed next that these poor creatures slept with their clothes on, and asked the social workers to "teach them how to go to bed," and then he inquired what had become of all the towels.

Towels! The employees of the Island threw up their hands in wonder. What sort of man had been sent to them in authority? Towels for immigrants! What had immigrants ever done to deserve them? Very likely they had never had towels where they came from. Why should they have them here?

They had no information on the subject of towels, and so stated to the commissioner. Whereupon the commissioner looked again at a certain inventory, noted the plain statement of a stock of thirty-odd thousand towels, brought them forth—and now immigrants are using towels.

And these same employees at Ellis Island—have you seen how they talk to the immigrant women? Have you been there, in the shadow of the Statue of Liberty, and wondered whether a harsh voice, a rough hand and a hot temper were the only qualifications necessary to get a job welcoming strangers to our fair land?

"Get back! Get along there! Quit that! Here, you, get a move on! Hey, you, Ivan Ivanovitch, get out of there! Come here! What are you waiting for, you, Olga? Can't you hear? Are you deaf? No, I won't listen to you, come out of that—"

The tone is mightily like that of "Gee!" and "Haw!" when oxen are being driven, and the scene is a roped enclosure holding several hundred human beings back from a door just outside which, and just out of their longing sight, relatives are waiting, day after day and week after week, to claim their immigrant kin.

A MAN stands on a bench in that great crowded room shouting names through a megaphone—long, twisted, often incomprehensible names. And toward him on all sides in the crowded room are turned faces—the faces of children, white or swarthy, or glowing with the last fires kindled by the sunshine of a recent voyage; faces with delicate, hollow cheeks and high cheek-bones from Czechoslovakia, with the vivid, insolent beauty of Sicilians, or silvery Scandinavian blondness—but all of them anxious faces. For upon the calling of a single name depends the fate of families who come in through Ellis Island.

That delicate face under the Paisley-patterned head-dress—it had been upturned to the man with the megaphone every day now for three weeks, while shadows

other remained below. But the girl in the Paisley head-dress knew only that the only creature she knew and was able to speak to in this strange, new land, had been taken away from her, and she thought perhaps she might never see her again. This she explained to the interpreter, while swift eager smiles at being able to talk and be understood broke through her despair.

"Take her up-stairs," said the director of social service, "and see to it that she finds her cousin and talks to her, if it's only for two minutes."

And a radiance like sunshine lighted the shadowed, anxious face under the Paisley head-dress.

Here in this place, startlingly like the pens and runways of a slaughter-house for cattle, not long ago a woman waited, sickening in the foul air, weary of standing where there are no seats, frightened into despair because her child was ill and had been taken from her, terrified because her husband had not come for her. More than a week she waited—and all the time her husband, not five feet away, out of sight behind the next partition, was waiting too, sick with anxiety—because the man with the megaphone had been unable to pronounce their name.

I VAN and Olga are a youth of fourteen and a woman of twice that age, and each carries heavy bundles tight-packed with their worldly goods and chattels. The woman is in dingy black, and the boy has a string of black for a tie. The relative who waits for them—undoubtedly the brother of the woman, from the resemblance of feature and expression—has a mourning-band on his cheap hat. It does not take a vivid imagination to piece out the story of a war widow and her son, and their search for a home in the new land. They are both gathered after many days in the arms of the waiting relative, and the sobs and kisses of their relief bring a lump into the throat of the visitor—until America, in the form of a bully, shoves them apart with rough hands and not a little help from his ready, rough-shod foot, and again comes the greeting of America: "Get along there! Whaddye mean, blocking the passage? Out of the way! Move on! Get out!"



"THE STREAM HAS BECOME A FLOOD. THERE ARE WAR WIDOWS, MANY OF THEM; THERE ARE THE WOMEN LEFT DESTITUTE OF FUNDS BY THE WAR, COMING HERE 'ON THEIR OWN' TO EARN A LIVING"

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darkened around its wistful eyes, only adding to their beauty. The little girl from Czechoslovakia—she may have been fifteen—had shown real fortitude. But today it had reached its climax, and she pulled down the Paisley head-dress to hide her tears.

The visitor to Ellis Island lost all her manners and pulled the sleeve of the director of social service.

"That girl there"—she made herself heard through the babel of foreign languages—"couldn't you find out why she is so worried?"

Of course it was against all the rules, but those who deal with the humanities, and that means, most often, women, find it their chief duty to see that all rules are broken once in a while. So the slip of a girl from Czechoslovakia found an arm about her, and she was led away from the crowded room to talk to an interpreter.

Nothing much was wrong. That was the pity of it. The girl had come with a cousin, and the cousin had a child. That made a different kind of a "case," and she and her child had been sent away up-stairs while the

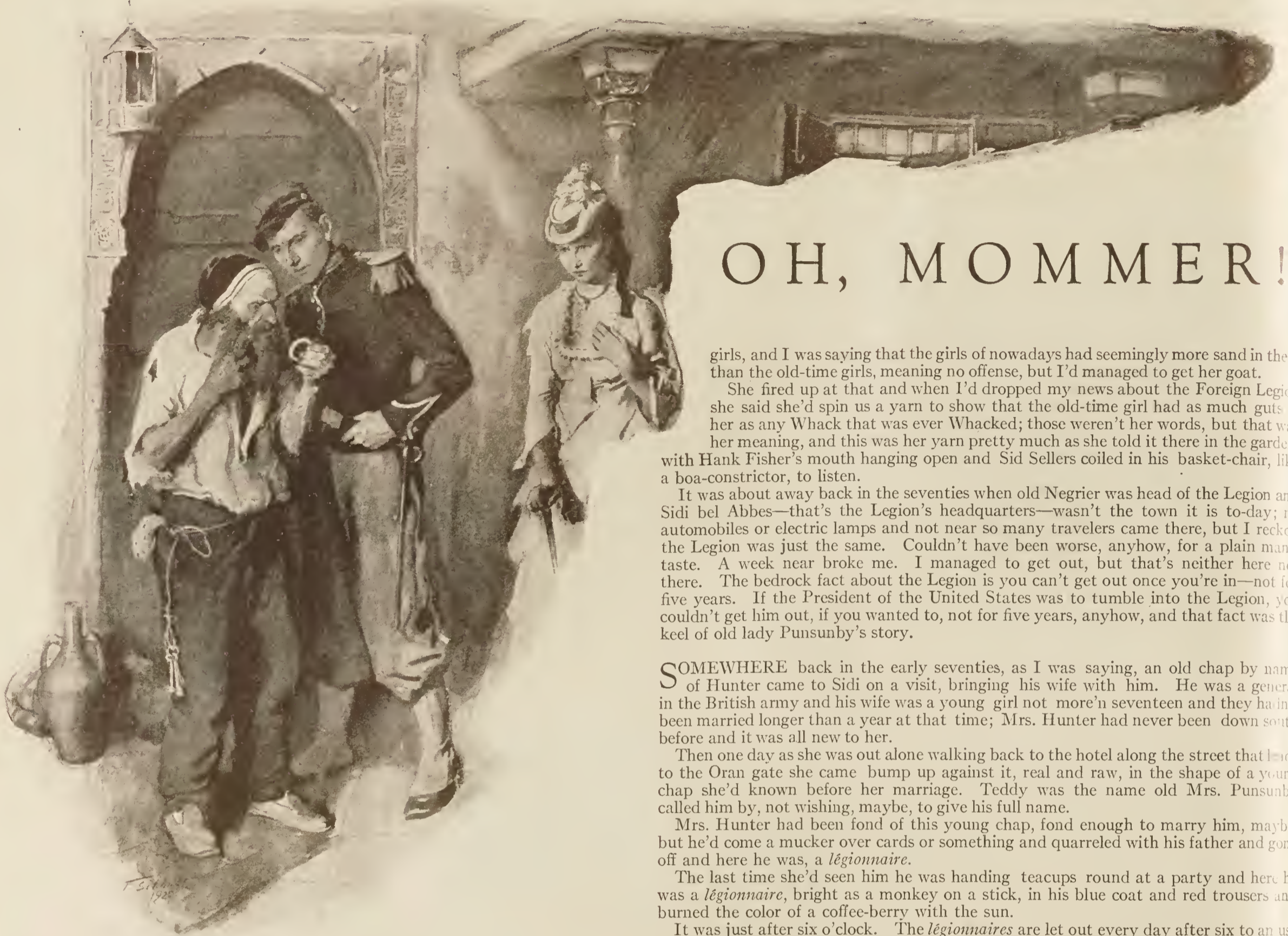
It is a scene enacted once a minute under the signs upon the wall labeled in large type "Treatment of Immigrants" and containing in plain English half a dozen excellent commands to be kind.

You ask, then, why this brutal rounding-up is tolerated?

The answer is equally brutal, but it is true. Rough tones and shoves from ungente hands are the only language the immigrant understands. These strangers are from every land under the sun. America can not furnish an army of attendants, such that a Russian may call for the Ivanovitch family and take them to where they may talk and kiss to their hearts' content, and a Dutchman do the same for the little Dutch family, an Italian for the Italians, and so on; but unfortunately there is a tone which in any language means go when you are bidden and come in haste when you are called, and that is the tone, aided by the foot and hand, which is used to immigrants.

And this brings us back to the original premise: We

Continued on page 54



HE OFFERED FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS RIGHT OFF

OH, MOMMER!

girls, and I was saying that the girls of nowadays had seemingly more sand in them than the old-time girls, meaning no offense, but I'd managed to get her goat.

She fired up at that and when I'd dropped my news about the Foreign Legion she said she'd spin us a yarn to show that the old-time girl had as much guts in her as any Whack that was ever Whacked; those weren't her words, but that was her meaning, and this was her yarn pretty much as she told it there in the garden, with Hank Fisher's mouth hanging open and Sid Sellers coiled in his basket-chair, like a boa-constrictor, to listen.

It was about away back in the seventies when old Negrier was head of the Legion and Sidi bel Abbes—that's the Legion's headquarters—wasn't the town it is to-day; no automobiles or electric lamps and not near so many travelers came there, but I reckon the Legion was just the same. Couldn't have been worse, anyhow, for a plain man's taste. A week near broke me. I managed to get out, but that's neither here nor there. The bedrock fact about the Legion is you can't get out once you're in—not for five years. If the President of the United States was to tumble into the Legion, you couldn't get him out, if you wanted to, not for five years, anyhow, and that fact was the keel of old lady Punsunby's story.

SOMEWHERE back in the early seventies, as I was saying, an old chap by name of Hunter came to Sidi on a visit, bringing his wife with him. He was a general in the British army and his wife was a young girl not more'n seventeen and they hadn't been married longer than a year at that time; Mrs. Hunter had never been down south before and it was all new to her.

Then one day as she was out alone walking back to the hotel along the street that leads to the Oran gate she came bump up against it, real and raw, in the shape of a young chap she'd known before her marriage. Teddy was the name old Mrs. Punsunby called him by, not wishing, maybe, to give his full name.

Mrs. Hunter had been fond of this young chap, fond enough to marry him, maybe, but he'd come a mucker over cards or something and quarreled with his father and gone off and here he was, a *légionnaire*.

The last time she'd seen him he was handing teacups round at a party and here he was a *légionnaire*, bright as a monkey on a stick, in his blue coat and red trousers and burned the color of a coffee-berry with the sun.

It was just after six o'clock. The *légionnaires* are let out every day after six to amuse themselves—if they haven't been misbehaving—and when they'd got over their surprise at the meeting, they turned and walked the other way from the hotel, along the street that leads to the Oran gate.

Teddy, by all accounts, was one of those irresponsible parties that take life pretty much as it comes, and he did most of the talking. Told of the row with his father and how he'd left England and what he'd been doing till he signed on in the Legion. Nothing much, he had a pretty clean sheet, foolishness was his main fault, and he'd been nine months in this rat-trap and was going to escape. He was quite joyful over the fact that he was going to escape, seemed to look on it as a joke, though he knew well what would happen to him if he was caught, and told her: penal battalion, road-making down south, and worse.

Women have more sense in some things than men, and she tried to argue him out of it, showing him he had only four years and a bit more to serve. Then she put up the idea of buying him off with the help of friends, but he flattened that out with the fact that the Bank of England hadn't the dubs in its till to buy the liberty of one five-cent *légionnaire*.

Then she offered money to help him, but he said he had enough, he had two hundred francs and he reckoned that would do, and having settled that matter, he told her of his plans.

A *légionnaire* has no clothes but his uniform; you have to sell your duds when you join up, but Teddy knew of a house by the old wall of Sidi near the Daya gate where he could get a rig-out for a hundred francs.

There are several of these places in Sidi; you go there with your money and strip off your uniform and exchange it for a twenty-franc suit and a pair of boots worth ten cents with a hat thrown in, then you pay the dealer a hundred francs and he does your uniform up in a bundle and dumps it close to the barracks where the authorities can find it; that makes it a lot easier for you if you are caught, the punishment being double if you lose your uniform when trying to escape.

Teddy put her wise to all this and then they talked of old times for a bit and she told him she was married; that seemed to give him a joggle and he hung pretty silent while they walked back toward the hotel where she was staying, and then he said good-by to her, asking her to say nothing about him or his plans to any one.

She'd forgot her husband when she made that promise. She wasn't a girl to hide things from her husband, either; but what could she do? Leaving out the escape business, Teddy didn't want people to know he'd been in the Legion, no more than he'd want them to know he'd been in a penitentiary; it wasn't her secret, it was his; still, it went against her to keep her mouth shut to the one man who ought to have known everything she knew, and when they sat down to their dinner that night she wasn't in a talkative mood, said she had a headache, and the old general, fearing she was sickening for something, got so rattled that she knew for sure he loved her better'n himself, and that made her so confidential that she was near telling the whole story right out. But she didn't.

She kept her mouth closed and brightened up and they went to the theater that night

THE funniest thing I struck in England was an old lady, name of Punsunby but spelled different.

We were driven over to tea with her, three of us, and she lived in a village 'way back of Braintree in Essex County, got to by the twistiest old roads the Romans ever forgot to lay down in England.

I reckon the Columbus that first discovered that village must have found it with a corkscrew, but it was worth finding, at least on a Summer's day like that, with the flowers and things all out and the bees making hay in the lindens.

When we left the car in front of the old Punsunby house, you might have stood an hour and heard nothing but the bees in all that village, except maybe a cow letting off in the fields over beyond the little old red-topped houses. Silent as a sun-dial, and the house, when they let us in, to match, with a big hall all black oak, and a six-foot clock ticking slow, and an open door beyond showing the garden, where tea was laid out on a table under a tree and old lady Punsunby was waiting for us.

She was as beautiful as a china ornament; looked as if you might have crushed her with a pinch; had on a lace shawl and jewels enough to make a crook's eye bug out of his head and stick—and the manner of Queen Elizabeth, yet as sprightly as a young girl, talking all the time and showing us round till the girl brought out the teapot—showing us the tulips and the what-nots and a corner back of a big Canadian maple where if you listened hard enough you could hear a grumbling noise that wasn't the bees but the guns in Flanders.

I did all the talking, mostly, and Sid Sellers and the other guy managing to keep their heads shut, she began to gather that all Rookies weren't duds from the back blocks of Nebraska spelling dear Mable with an e in its middle.

Sid's six-foot-four and an undertaker for silence; never seems to be taking anything in, but when his head splits, the stuff that comes out is worth its while exuding. Hank Fisher's at it all the time with his tongue, but the old Punsunby girl had froze him. I expect the sight of her, after all the girls in breeches driving lorries and smoking fags, had laid out his powers of speech.

Anyhow, they saved the American nation till the tea came and then they were so busy stuffing themselves they were out of count, and the talk between her and me turned to the war and the French, and she got the surprise of her life when she heard I'd been in the Foreign Legion, which I was for one week in May, 1914, managing to do a bunk and get back to the States June twenty-fifth, it was. I'd been in other things, too, done most everything from stoking a cattle-boat to keeping school, but I let all that rest—the Foreign Legion had pinned her.

Before that we'd been talking of the ambulance girls and the Whacks and the land

BY H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Author of "The Pools of Silence," "The Blue Lagoon," etc.

And next day she kept her eyes skinned for Teddy, fearing to see him, but there wasn't any sign of Teddy, nor the day after.

But she couldn't keep the boy out of her head. It seemed to her pretty low down and mean that she should be living in comfort and enjoying herself and Teddy in that penitentiary, and when she slept at night she saw him escaping and being hauled back and half murdered by the French and the Arab police, till the very sight of a Frenchy or an Arab turned her sick.

Then the time drew on till it came to the day before they had to leave, and that made her sicker than ever with the idea of going off and never knowing what had become of Teddy or whether he had escaped or not.

It was somewhere about three o'clock that day, and she was filling a trunk, when up came a hotel servant with a note saying there was a boy down below waiting for an answer. She opened the note. It was from Teddy.

I RECKON if there was such a thing as a bad-luck factory Teddy'd have made a fine manager of it. There are chaps like that. This is what he'd done, though it wasn't all written down in that note. Instead of waiting for the six-o'clock lazy time when a *légionnaire* wouldn't be wanted back till ten, he'd legged it at two, leaving the barracks on the pretense that he was being sent on a message. Then, when he'd reached the house by the Daya gate, he found he'd been robbed of his money.

Now there's not a man in the streets of Sidi that'd bother to put his hand in a *légionnaire's* pocket, seeing they're such a stone-broke lot. He'd been robbed in barracks just before he left, for there were several fellows in the know and one of them had done the trick and done it neat and clever; however, that was neither here nor there; the fact was the money'd been taken and there was Teddy, dished, in the house of old Lazarus without the dibs to pay for his change and with nothing to save him but a pencil and a bit of paper. He wrote the note and a boy took it. It was short and sweet, saying he'd lost his money, was trapped, and nothing would save him but two hundred francs cash down or words to that effect.

It didn't need underscoring. She knew he would never have sent to her if he hadn't been right at the end of the bough, and she sat for a moment, turning the piece of paper over, feeling she was on the same tree, only higher and maybe further out.

She told the servant she'd be down in a minute and see the messenger, and then she sat doing some more thinking and turning over.

She hadn't two hundred francs. She never bothered to keep much money about her; the general did the paying, and only that morning she'd paid away three-fifty for some rubbishy brass bowls she could have hove out of the window, as she looked at them. If the general had been home, she'd have told the whole story quick to get the money, but he wasn't nor likely to be till dinner-time, and by that, if the hurry in the note meant anything, Teddy would be cooked and gobbled.

She opened her purse, knowing quite well what was in it: three francs and a hairpin; then she shut it with a snap and did some more thinking.

If a man had been in her place he'd have, maybe, gone to the hotel-keeper and tried to raise the money, but she never thought of that; she'd never borrowed in her life and the idea didn't come to her.

A present-day girl would borrow from Jim Satan to pay her cigaret bill or her gambling debts, but the old-timer would sniff at borrowing from a hotel-keeper to save the chap she was fond of from the penal battalion of the Foreign Legion—that's to say, hell. Well, this old-timer, after another think, did a dive down-stairs to interview the messenger, and there he was alone in the courtyard kicking his heels and pretending to know nothing. All she could get out of him was "*nix comprends*" till she opened her purse and gave him a franc and promised him another. That did the trick, and when he'd promised to take her to the gentleman who had sent her the note, she ran up-stairs again, telling him to wait.

She had a lot of jewelry, rings and brooches and such things, mostly given to her by her husband, but she had a bracelet of her own that laid over all the rest and was worth a couple of thousand dollars. Teddy had told her of the ways of the chaps that help *légionnaires* to escape, and she reckoned this bracelet would do the business as good as money. She was free to give it, too, as it was her own property, but you see how she was fixed; she couldn't send it by that scarecrow waiting in the courtyard, the diamonds in it never would have got to their destination, a hundred to one, and Teddy's case was too hard to take risks on.

So she'd fixed in her mind to take it herself. She never thought of the danger or the trouble she might get into—or maybe she did, for as she was leaving the room, after having put on her hat and picked up her gloves, her eyes fell on the case that held old Hunter's revolver. She took the revolver and, having seen it was loaded, stuck it in her pocket with the bracelet.

Then she started.

SIDI BEL ABBES is slashed across by four big streets, making the shape of a cross; one runs to the Daya gate and one to the Tlemcen gate and another to the Mas-kara gate; the fourth goes to the gate that leads to the Oran road.

These were the streets she knew best; any woman might have walked about in them safe as in the streets of Paris. There were big shops and cafés and the people about were mainly French, officers of the Legion or traders or visitors and so on.

She made the messenger go ahead, and as she walked, following his lead, she wondered how she'd explain if she suddenly came butt on her husband. She'd have given



AFTER HIM CAME ONE OF THE ARAB MOUNTED POLICE

a thousand dollars to have met him there and then, but the idea that was bothering her was how she'd tell the whole story with the messenger thrown in and tell it in two minutes and a half, same as if you had to tell a story when you're running to catch a train.

And it wasn't till that moment that the thought came suddenly bang into her head that the general was there in Sidi on behalf of the British Government, on a friendly visit, making inquiries about the working of the Legion and hand-in-glove with Negrier. A guest, you may say, while his wife was helping a *légionnaire* to escape!

That put the cap on the nightmare, right over its ears, but she had no time to bother, for the scarecrow leading her turned off from the street and made a dive down an alley not ten feet broad.

Here there were old-clothes shops with dealers standing in the doors, and shops selling punkins and vegetables and old brass lamps that made you think of *Aladdin* in the pantomime, and little old cafés and dope-houses where you could see chaps lying on benches smoking pipes.

FROM that they turned into a broader alley where there were shops selling carpets and holes of places where men were sitting rolling cigarets—yellow men who seemed to have been doing nothing all their lives but rolling cigarets for sale, never looking up or taking notice.

Then the messenger does another dive and lands her in a street where there were no shops, only walls on each side with holes for doors, and here, all of a sudden, she found herself mobbed by a dozen Arabs who jumped up from nowhere. Not town Arabs, either, but chaps just in from the desert.

There's not a lower-down dog in creation than the desert Arab, take it from me—except, maybe, their women-folk.

The messenger, when he saw these guys, did a bolt, and there she was face to face with this lot jostling round and crowding her, pleased as boys who've got hold of a stray cat.

She couldn't understand their language nor their insults, but she could understand their manners, and this, coming on top of everything else, instead of flattening her out, raised the injun in her, so that when one of them reached and put his claw on her shoulder she whipped out the revolver from her pocket and put it to his head—*plonk!*

Next minute there wasn't an Arab there—they had business down-town and suddenly remembered it, and she found herself putting the gun back in her pocket, with the messenger, who had bobbed up again, beckoning to her from the end of the street.

Many a man would have been cursing Teddy by now and laying about for an excuse to let him go hang; but she wasn't a man, just an old-time girl that'd have

run from a mouse, and she kept on, and the next thing was a string of sniffy, burbling camels in from the desert and loaded up with bales of grass. They shouldered her into the gutter and one tried to gobble her hat till she hit it a belt on the nose.

Then the messenger suddenly came to a halt and she found herself at the house of Lazarus.

An open doorway in a big blank wall and, inside, an open courtyard showing the sky, with a gallery running round it; that was all there was to it, and she followed the chap in and up a crazy old stairs into a room with nothing in it but a heap of rags in a corner. The chap signed to her to wait, and left her, shutting the door, and there she was, alone.

There was an open window with a drop of about fifteen feet on to a lane that ran straight for two hundred yards or so to a cross-street; that gave her heart, for at a pinch she could have bundled through the window, risking the drop, and it made her feel, at all events, that she wasn't shut in. Then she heard steps and the door opened and in came Teddy, uniform and all, and after him an old rascal, washing his hands and crying out that ruin would be brought on his house if Teddy didn't clear prompt.

He didn't give them much time to talk, and when she clapped the bracelet into his hands and when he'd taken one squint at the diamonds, he didn't waste time bargaining. He offered five hundred francs right off and a full rig-out for Teddy.

THEN he whisked Teddy off to change, Teddy shaking her hand and saying good-by and the old chap pulling her by the arm and she half crying.

Then she found herself alone again and she ought to have gone, but she didn't. She wanted to see the last of Teddy, see him go off and maybe say another word to him.

She hung waiting, with the door half-closed, making sure he'd come along the gallery.

No man in his senses would have acted like that. She'd paid up, Teddy had his chance, and she ought to have bunked, but she was a woman and Lord only knows if she wasn't in love with Teddy more than she was with the old general—anyhow, there she hung, and five minutes went by, and ten, and she could hear a chap playing a guitar somewhere and the muezzin chap from the mosque letting off his signal about Allah, and the pigeons coo-hoing on the roof, and then she heard horse-hoofs in the courtyard and the voice of the boy shouting.

At that her heart gave one knock, and, *lub-a-dub-dub*, she heard something jangle and then—boom!—the door burst open, knocking her behind it against the wall and Teddy in his new rig shot into the room, made for the window and scrambled through. He'd never seen her. Thought her gone, most likely.

After him came one of the Arab mounted police. That guy must have picked up the news that a *légionnaire* was in the house of old Lazarus, dolling up for escape, and reckoned to storm that gazabo alone and get the kudos. He didn't know the hornet that was waiting for him, didn't see her, saw nothing but the window and Teddy dropping out, reached the window and got down on one knee, resting his rifle on the ledge.

Mrs. Hunter came right behind him. She saw Teddy, who'd picked himself up, limping along and then beginning to run, she saw the big nigger squinting along the sights of his gun and she heard him give a laugh like the grunt of a pig.

Teddy was a dead man—would have been, only the revolver was in her hand.

She clapped it to the brute's back and fired, got him right through the spine, high up, must have, for next moment he was kicking on the floor like a cat poisoned with strychnin. Then he gave a woof and lay on the boards turning gray.

She put the gun in her pocket and left the room. She was thinking: "Now I'm going to be hanged." She must have been in the way a chap gets in a dream when he's been eating Welsh rabbit for supper and everything seems natural that isn't.

In her proper senses she'd have screamed, maybe, at seeing this thing done by some one else, let alone by herself, and raised Cain and brought in maybe more of those black straddle-bugs of Arab police and landed herself in the penitentiary and raised a row that would have been heard all over Europe; as it was, she just walked out on to the gallery and into the arms of the old dealer who, taking it that Teddy had done the firing and killing, bundled her down the stairs to the courtyard where the horse was standing tied to a post.

Then she was in the street.

There was no one in the street and it came to her suddenly that she was free.

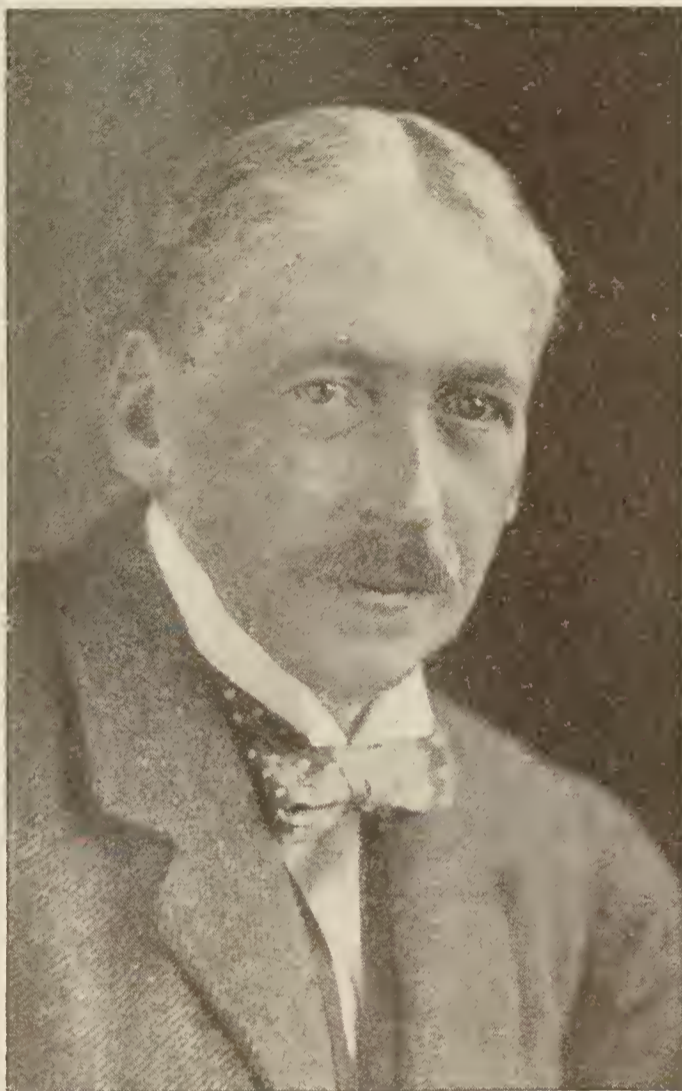
She walked along and hadn't got more'n a hundred yards when she heard the clatter of horse-hoofs. She looked back and there was the horse. It had just been fired out and was trotting away in the other direction with its bridle hanging loose; it went off round the far

end of the street, and at that minute out of the house came running the old dealer and another man, carrying the corpse between them. They dumped it twenty yards from the doorway and ran back like rats, and the street was empty again, all but her and the corpse and a pigeon or two that had lit in the roadway strutting and wigwagging about in the sun.

She turned down a lane, hit another lane running west into Daya Street where there were crowds of people and there she found herself looking into a shop-window.

She'd got back her mind now, and wasn't rattled. It came to her that what she had done wasn't the killing of an Arab but the saving of Teddy's life.

She got along back to the hotel. She'd only been gone an hour and a half, but it seemed ten years. She put the



H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

ANY afternoon you may, if you are walking in Essex, England, come upon the author of "Oh, Mommer!" striding across country, a Scotch collie, or perhaps two, at his heels. He is on his ten-mile way to have tea with his friend, Mr. H. G. Wells, at Easton Glebe, Dunmow, after which, "Stacky," as Mr. Wells will call him at tea, will take his ten-mile way home again at sunset.

The twenty-mile walk in an afternoon is nothing to Mr. Stacpoole; he is essentially an outdoor man. He has trod the world as well as England—Europe, Africa, Asia, the islands of the South Seas. The versatility of place and situation and the reality of each is one of the remarkable characteristics of his writings. In "The Pools of Silence" you are caught in the tangled leaves of the dark rubber forests of Central Africa; in "The Blue Lagoon" you breathe the soft languor of a coral island in the blue Pacific; in others he makes you feel the peace of the English countryside.

At Rose Cottage, which he keeps as a vacation retreat, he is surrounded by his flock of small dogs. He has even taken his family of dogs to France, which necessitated a return trip by airplane because the laws of England forbid the landing of a dog on its soil. He used to have big dogs, but the little ones imposed themselves on him, he says, and there they are.

Mr. Stacpoole is a doctor, and you will find a doctor in most of his stories. Moreover, he is a philosopher, and shot through the texture of his plots is the gold thread of his own most workable and delightful philosophy. And for ability to write just a sheer good story (regardless of his handling of the American idiom) he can not be surpassed by more than one or two mortals. "Oh, Mommer!" we may state, proves just that.

revolver back in its case, trusting to luck that the general wouldn't want to look at it, then she rang the bell and ordered some tea and went on with her packing till a faint took her and she did a nose-dive into the trunk, where the hotel servant bringing the tea found her, else maybe she'd have been smothered in dry-goods.

Girls don't faint nowadays, but there are precious few girls who'd have sat down to table that night and

swallowed their food with a stiff upper lip as she did, with that dead Arab on the plate before her and the general noticing nothing except that she seemed a bit tired with the packing.

She'd fixed it firm in her mind that she could never tell him; things happen that can't be told, and this was one of them; and the funny thing was that no one knew what she'd done but the Almighty and herself and the dead Arab, and even he didn't know who'd hit him a whack on the back and sent him heels over head to Hades. Teddy didn't know, and the old dealer, by the way of him, put the killing down to Teddy.

She dreamed all night she was shooting Teddy and being chased by Arabs, and next morning, when they were in the train and the wheels beginning to go round, she put up a thanksgiving prayer with a codicil at the end of it for Teddy.

But she hadn't done with Teddy yet.

SECOND station out from Sidi she looked through the window as they were drawing in, and there was Teddy, dressed in his mufti clothes, and quite respectable he looked, and as different from himself as a *légionnaire* as a sparrow from a hummingbird. He was smoking a cigaret, too. He must have hoofed it down the Oran road and joined up with the station, but she knew nothing of that and drew back so that he couldn't see her. She got to the window at the other end of the carriage, and not seeing her, what does the blighter do but open the door and get in. She turns and they both says "Oh!" with the shock of it. Done, clean done, with the old general looking on and watching them both recognizing each other. There was no drawing back either, and she rose to it, gave Teddy her hand and his name and asked him what he was doing in that part of the world, and Teddy says he was out there prospecting the country for oil or some rubbish and had been called home by a telegram and had lost his luggage, and she introduces him to the general, and off the train goes and they all chatting like 'pies.

She could have chucked herself out of the window. The dead Arab was nothing to this, for here she was deceiving her husband with every word and hating herself for it, doing it right to his face. But what else could she do? Blessed if I know! It wasn't her yarn to tell. Teddy was making his escape and there was no knowing what would happen if she split, and anyhow the crux was, it wasn't her yarn to tell.

They joggled along to Oran.

"We're going in the *General Chanzy*," says the general. "Leaves at noon; what's your boat?"

"Same as yours," says Teddy. "Only I'll have to go third class, as my money has run short."

Out the old general pulls his wad and forces five thousand francs on that guy and overcomes his resistance and makes him pouch it.

Notice that Teddy's luck was beginning to turn? Maybe it was the killing of that Arab took all his bad luck away; anyway, the tide was with him strong.

They get on board the *General Chanzy* without trouble and Teddy gets his ticket and they all stand talking like a family party and the boat getting up steam, when on board comes a squad of Oran police hunting for an escaped *légionnaire*. Sidi had telegraphed Oran to look out for Teddy. They couldn't telegraph what he was dressed in, not knowing, and the police chaps, seeing that family party with Teddy clacking away to a pretty girl and all, passed without even sniffing at him.

Only for that he'd have been nailed. For he had no luggage, no papers, nothing.

At Marseilles he passed off with the Hunters and their luggage and got into Italy, where the first thing he heard was that his father was dead and he was the owner of more money than he could spend, and a baronet.

Luck had turned, you see.

But that wasn't all either. The old general died next year and two years after he married that girl.

There's the story old lady Punsunby told. She said also that the young man, whom she called Teddy, had been dead some years but that his widow was still alive, that's to say, the Mrs. Hunter that was.

Then she hung silent at the end of her yarn and you could hear the bees buzzing in the linden-trees and a cuckoo, miles away, punching holes in the silence; and I was going to say something to thank her for her story, when that long skite, Sid Sellers, uncoils a few yards of himself and leans forward and: "Say, sister," says he, "was that young man's name, by any chance, Punsunby?"

He'd hit the target and rung the bell. You could hear it ringing all over the garden, soft and quiet, as she sat there not able to say "No," half laughing but a bit upset.

And to look at her in her lace shawl sitting there with her little hands folded soft in her lap and her thin old lips that could no more smoke a cigaret than let out a cuss-word and—Oh, mommer!



"BUT YOU SAID YOU COULDN'T BEAR THE SIGHT OF ME!"

THE FAT OF THE LAND

BY MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM



FROM the days of Adam, probably, the lean man has patronized the fat man. From the days of Eve, undoubtedly, the slim woman has regarded her plumper sister with contemptuous condescension. Harelips, humps, crossed eyes and clubfeet arouse a sensation of pity in the beholder, but not so

avouirdupois. A fat person in the eyes of a thin person is a transgressor; is of the earth, earthy and a glutton, a gourmand, one of grosser, more material substance than he or she of the willowy (and hence spiritual) shape and form.

Though the thin, nervous man be possessed of an enormous appetite and feed excessively upon cream soups, chocolates, lobster mayonnaise and French pastries and the fat man dine at the same table on orange-juice and tea, yet will the thin man assert positively that "Fat is all a question of diet."

The Harrington family, with the exception of Elvira the eldest daughter, were all aristocratically fragile and slender. And the Harrington family united in blaming Elvira for her curves as ardently as they admired the straight lines in the rest of the brood. Elvira insisted in her own defense that the fault was not hers, but that of her great-great-grandfather Harrington, who emigrated from England to Pennsylvania in 1805 and married a Pennsylvania-Dutch woman.

"Any one with half an eye can see that I am built like a German *hausfrau*," she would assert. "I don't see

why you should blame me. Is it my fault that my great-great-grandmother was fat?"

"My dear, four generations? Nonsense," Elvira's mother protested mildly the first time this theory was advanced. "If you would just try and eat a little less——"

"You're right about the *hausfrau's* figure, Sis," Elvira's brother Tom said with brotherly frankness. "Why don't you cut out breakfasts?"

"It does seem unfortunate that you have such an appetite," sighed Mrs. Harrington sadly. "Now Genevieve says that it is all she can do to eat a bite in the mornings, but you are always hungry."

Elvira glanced enviously at Genevieve's slim daintiness as she sat curled gracefully in a big, high-backed chair by the fireplace munching a piece of nut fudge Elvira had just made.

"I notice Gen manages to choke down her breakfasts," answered Elvira almost tartly.

"I never eat anything but toast and coffee for breakfast, and you know it," said Genevieve reaching for another piece of fudge. "I only take that to keep from having headaches. Ev dear, that blessed fudge of yours has made me thirsty. Can't we have a pitcher of lemonade?"

Only too glad to escape further discussion of her shape and her appetite, Elvira escaped to the kitchen. Elvira was always glad to escape to the kitchen, for though she was unconscious of the fact, most of the girl's happiest hours were spent at the cook-stove and mixing-table. For Elvira had inherited other things from her

great-great-grandmother than her figure. Almost instinctively, for she had never been taught, Elvira developed into a famous cook and housewife. It was due, perhaps, more to her talents in this line than to Genevieve's beauty and vivacity that the Harrington home became the most popular gathering-place in town for the young people.

There was always a cake in the cake-box, four or five layers deep and heavy with frosting. The cooky-jar was always running over with spicy, crumbly cookies. There was always cider in the cellar in Winter, and corn to pop, and big bowls of red and russet apples and nuts in the living-room.

THE Harringtons prided themselves on their hospitality. The little Mid-Western city of Westover in which they lived was near enough the Southern border to have many Southern traditions and much Southern blood among its "best people." The late Mr. Harrington had come from the East, but Mrs. Harrington's father hailed from Kentucky, and of course Mrs. Harrington always clapped madly when "Dixie" was played and whenever she thought of it dropped her r's.

Unfortunately, when Mr. Harrington's chronic dyspepsia proved too much for him he was still fairly young and not too well provided with worldly goods. He left his widow a big rambling frame house with broad verandas and white pillars set in a large, shady lawn, and a slender income on which to maintain it and bring up her four children. Mrs. Harrington was no business woman, just

Continued on page 42

THE CITY OF ESCAPE

AND ITS GAY, TRICKY BACK YARD, BROADWAY

BY MAUDE SPERRY TURNER



RUTH CHATTERTON IN SIR JAMES BARRIE'S PLAY, "MARY ROSE"

WHAT is it all the world is looking for? Why do we love fairy-tales when we are seven, tragedy at seventeen, realism at twenty-five, romance when we are forty, dreams when we are ninety?

Escape!

To the child of seven, the fairy-tale is a spinning, many-hued pair of wings to carry him out of this uncomfortable world into one more like his expectations. To the old man of ninety, dreams are the misty chariot that he slips gratefully into, to escape from a self grown too full of effort, too empty of beauty.

And all the way along, in between, we are trying to escape. From our dull or driven lives, from somebody, something, just a little hour of escape.

Into New York every day there pours a stream of people from all over the country. They come for many things, but one thing is common to them all, the belief that here they will find a little escape. To them this is the City of Escape. And the first pair of wings they reach for is the theater, that country that lies "east of the sun and west of the moon," the Land of Pretend.

For a long time the present writer has been watching the kind of time the seekers after escape have at the theater. It has been found that there are many obstacles between the seeker and his happiness. He sets out confidently, in spite of the exorbitant price he has paid for his pair of wings at the hotel desk or the ticket agencies. But he rarely escapes. He has been tripped up by that gay, tricky back yard, Broadway.

Between him and his desire whirs all that busy machinery in the form of the profiteering speculators—the agencies and hotels that have bought up large blocks of seats before the play is produced, and then it proves to be a poor play; they must sell those seats to some one, in the form of clever advertising of the plays in the newspapers—how are you, the seeker from out of town, to discriminate? In the form of famous names of players hiding a weak or bad play, or as a poor play whose backers are pushing it—spending thousands and thousands of dollars because they refuse to accept the verdict that it is not what people want. Good and bad plays are up and down Broadway, all in beautiful theaters, with names of stars in electric lights and streams of eager people going in. How are you to know?

This magazine would like to help the visitor pick out a good pair of wings, one that will carry him into the Realm of Illusion instead of dropping him in the back yard. It accordingly offers a service of information. When you are ready to come to New York for a visit, you may write in (sending stamped, self-addressed envelope), and ask as you would of a friend who lives here,

"What do I want to see?" A list will be sent you characterizing every play or light opera or musical comedy running in New York.

The magazine is in no way beholden to the theaters; gets from them no money or advertising or advantage, and therefore can and will tell the unsparing truth about every play.

You will be told what plays you must write ahead for in order to get seats. It proposes to see to it that you get what you come for, that you do not waste your time and money on half-way or poor entertainments. The head of the department goes to the theater with *your* eyes and ears, the eyes and ears of one who is to be here a short time, who wants the best, who is not here to analyze plays and acting, but to be entertained.

There are more good plays this year than there have been for many seasons, and by the time this article reaches you there will be others one could put in a top list, for new ones are coming thick and fast.

A new Barrie play is, as I write, on the eve of production—"Mary Rose," Ruth Chatterton playing the title-rôle. It has been running successfully in London since early last Spring, and seems to be one of the eeriest of the Barrie productions,

as delicate and bodyless as the changing lights in an opal.

It always sounds a bit young and unreliable when one says anything is "flawless," but to me "Enter Madame," written by Gilda Varesi and Dolly Byrne, played by Gilda Varesi and Norman Trevor and an almost perfect cast, is very nearly flawless. It is a comedy built around a crucial situation, the eve of divorce between a temperamental Italian prima-donna wife, *Madame Lisa Della*



GILDA VARESI, COAUTHOR OF AND LEADING LADY IN "ENTER MADAME"

Robbia (Gilda Varesi), and an equally temperamental Irish husband, *Gerald Fitzgerald* (Norman Trevor).

From the moment the curtain goes up it moves, sparkling, true, now and then winging its way up to real heights—a comedy with a soul. *Madame Lisa* is another kind of *Peter Pan*. She doesn't refuse to grow up, but she does refuse to grow dull, and refuses with just as much mischief and wistfulness as Barrie's immortal *Peter*.

IN SPITE of a son and a husband, she flashes through life impressionistically, like a meteor, brilliant, exciting, with a long tail consisting of a devoted, temperamental staff of attendants. At times husband and son are part of the tail; at times, not. There are times when *Gerald* refuses to flash, tired of being *Mr. Lisa Della Robbia*, or having homes that are only "coaling-stations," tired of toting *madame's* small, patient white dog. Absent five years from the enchantment of *madame*, he decides never to flash again; he has, in fact, selected an attractive blond person, *Flora*, to grow old comfortably with him in front of the fire so soon as *madame* comes home and gives him his freedom to marry again.

Then *madame* enters. From the instant she steps into the room until she leaves it at the final curtain in the same gay tornado of exit, she is the embodiment of that



THE MEXICAN "BAD MAN"—HOLBROOK BLINN

flame every great artist has in place of his sense of duty. Kindled, wistful, ecstatic, "too wise to forget pain altogether or to neglect a moment's happiness," she swings you along with her. "I am old as the moon and young as eternity!" she exults. "You are a conceited, middle-aged woman!" *Gerald* thrusts back, fascinated, rebellious, fighting the enchantment he always feels when with her, determined in spite of it to settle down in carpet slippers, with his handsome, comfortable blonde.

He leaves. *Madame* suffers. "They say that there are great, pitch-black places between the stars. I think they are between people, too." But something—a new frock, the charm of her son—brings back her confidence.

On the very night of the final decree of her separation from her loved *Gerald*, she gives a dinner for *Gerald* and his *Flora*—the most diverting dinner-party in history, I think. Once more she is joyous, meteoric, wittily putting her world again into shape. "We are young!" she cries to *Gerald* when she has managed to send his *Flora* and the rest of the dinner-party home. "We still have illusion. We can still see people as they are not! That is the secret of youth."

Gilda Varesi, to my mind, is the most gifted actress on Broadway. To write a comedy of wit, to play opposite that finished artist, Norman Trevor, are severe tests. She has stood them. Whatever you do, wherever it is, don't miss "Enter Madame."

Continued on page 56



MAY STOOD LOOKING FROM ONE TO THE OTHER

SISTER SUE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Pollyanna," "Mary-Marie," etc.

THE STORY BEGINS HERE

Sister Sue is the mainstay of the whole Gilmore family. Her father and brother and sister call on her for everything, though she has much talent for music and would like to study more. Martin Kent, her fiancé, complicates matters, too, for he wants her to marry him immediately. When her father suddenly loses his money and his health, no more is said of an immediate marriage. There is no one to nurse Mr. Gilmore or make the new life possible but Sue. She does the packing up for the move to the tiny village in Vermont, and the cooking and the housework when they get there.

Martin comes to visit them in the Summer, but Sue is so busy giving music lessons that it is more often May who entertains him.

When the town decides to have an Old Home Week, it is Sister Sue who engineers the plans, gets Miss Kate Farnum, the author, Cy Bellows, the famous ball-player, Viola Sanderson, the opera singer, and Donald Kendall, the violinist, all natives of the town, to come back and help celebrate. Much to Kendall's surprise, Sister Sue is able to play his accompaniments. The celebration is a great success. Shortly afterward Martin's novel comes out, and he proposes that Sue shall marry him now. "You don't mean for us to go and leave father here?" she says.

go. Sister Sue'll stay. But it's time all that was stopped. It's time Sister Sue had more chance to live her own life."

She smiled a little wistfully.

"Yes, I know. I sometimes have longed for a rest,

just a little rest for a while, but some one must do these things. What you say sounds all very pretty, but, Martin, you know as well as I do that there are some things that have to be done. I was going to live my own life—until that day when father was brought home unconscious. Everything changed then. It had to change, Martin."

"Yes, yes. I understand," admitted the man irritably. "But that was then. Things are different now. 'Trixie' hadn't made a hit then. I wasn't in a position to do anything then. I am now. I want you, and I need you. I need you for incentive, inspiration. Seems to me you ought to consider me and my needs a little."

"Oh, Martin!" She smiled at him reproachfully.

"WELL, I do. I'm considering you. Seriously, dear, now listen. I want you to get away, quite away, from all this care. And it can be done if you'll only be sensible and reasonable. If the people here can't take proper care of your father, we'll find a good sanatorium somewhere that can. Gordon will soon be going to college, and May'll be getting married. Until then they may stay with us."

"Thank you, Martin." The girl's voice trembled a little, though she was speaking now very quietly. "But father would not be happy in a sanatorium and to be away from me, too. Martin, I can't do that. I shall have to have him where I can look after him myself."

"But how can you stand it, dear, to see him like that? So broken and childish—not himself at all. I can't. It makes me positively ill. It unfits me for everything. I can't bear—"

"You won't have to, Martin," interrupted the girl very quietly, but very pleasantly. "Come, we won't

BUT I do, dear." The man spoke pleasantly, with a cheerful, matter-of-course manner. "Your sister May is here, and Gordon, and you have Delia in the kitchen. And Mrs. Preston is right in the house. Your father will be all right, dear. Don't worry. Besides, you can run up yourself to see him now and then whenever you feel like it."

She gave an impatient gesture.

"Run up and see him, indeed!" she scorned. "Martin, can't you understand? Can't you see that what you ask is impossible, simply impossible? You don't know how much he depends on me. He always did, even before he was sick—they all did."

"Yes, I know they did," interposed Martin Kent gently.

"Martin, don't you see? I can't leave them here; I can't. I shall have to take them with me. Can't you see that I will?"

"No, I can't." Impatiently the man got to his feet and began to move restlessly up and down the room. Then abruptly he stopped and faced her.

"Sweetheart, can't you see that that is exactly what I want, to get you away from it all? You are wearing yourself all out. You've done enough. Let some one else take the burden now."

"Martin!"

"Yes, I know you think I'm urging you to do something wrong and selfish. But it's not that way at all. They're selfish themselves to want you to give up your whole life to them. Oh, yes, I know they depend on you. They always have. It's been Sister Sue'll do it. Sister Sue'll

talk any more about it, please. It can't do any good; you know we can't possibly agree. As father is now, I can't marry you, for I can't leave him. Now let's talk of something else—your book, your work; what you are doing that's new and interesting.”

“But—but—dearest—”
 “No; please, Martin. Don't let us spoil the whole of this one evening we are together.” Determinedly and with brisk cheerfulness she began to talk of “Trixie” and the curious letters that had come to him from all over the country.

When he had gone an hour later she still carried the same air of brisk cheerfulness up-stairs to her room. She even hummed a meaningless little tune, just such a little tune as one would hum if one was trying very hard not to think.

FEBRUARY passed and March came. “Trixie” had reached the hundred-thousand mark now, and was still selling, so Martin Kent wrote. Martin Kent's letters to his fiancée were still frequent, still affectionate, still brightly full of his doings and of the honors being showered upon him. He was tenderly solicitous of her health and welfare; but he said nothing whatever about being married.

Sister Sue's letters in return were also frequent, affectionate, and frequently full of the doings and sayings in the Gilmore household, but they also said nothing whatever about marriage. The subject was tacitly tabu.

Sister Sue pursued her daily round with at least a semblance of serenity and good cheer. In reality she was still humming that meaningless little tune of the woman who does not want to think. She was so busy, however, through the day that she had little time to think, and she was so tired when it came night that her insistent counting of sheep jumping over a wall usually brought the desired sleep.

AND Sister Sue was indeed busy. The number of her pupils had increased, and she was teaching in the Gilmoreville graded school, as well as in the school at the Junction, ten miles away. In a rash moment of sympathy for a much-harassed minister she had taken upon herself the playing of the piano for the Sunday-school. The rehearsals of her home-talent orchestra made still more demands on her time, to say nothing of the increasing popularity of her sings and candy-pulls. Even May had to be counted in for no small share of attention, for May was already trying to sell her stories, and when they came back, decorated with their cruel rejection-slips, there was no one quite like Sister Sue to soothe her and give her comfort and sympathy and to put those undiscerning editors where they belonged with a few well-chosen words of sharp, stinging rebuke, which May wished they could only have heard.

And above all else, there was always the childish old man who was growing day by day more exacting.

Gordon was graduated from the high school in June. He was valedictorian of his class. His sister was proud of him and told him so. He was eighteen years old that Spring. He had told Sister Sue that he had carefully considered the matter from all sides and had decided not to go to college. He was going in business, he said. And he said it with a very brave show of meaning it, too, but she was not so easily deceived by his words.

So Sister Sue laughed and said “Nonsense!” He was going to do no such thing. She could arrange beautifully now to send him, she was sure, if he wouldn't mind being a little economical and didn't choose too expensive a college and would perhaps help a little himself.

And Gordon kissed her—a quite extraordinary tribute for him to pay—and said she was a peach, and a brick, and he'd wanted to go all the time, only he didn't want to be a selfish pig about it. And of course he'd help pay his way. He'd black boots, or wait on tables, or shovel paths, or anything. She'd see! He said he *could* begin this Summer to earn some money, but, in thinking it over, he didn't believe he would after all. Better start fresh in the Fall. Besides, he had another chance to go camping this Summer where he had such a good time last year, and he knew Sister Sue would want him to do that. And Sister Sue said, “Yes; yes, indeed! Of course!”

And so, on the first of July he went.

Martin Kent came on the sixth. All the Spring he had been writing his fiancée that he was coming to Gilmoreville for a vacation. He said it was just the place he needed, and he was really looking forward to the quiet of the old town with its quaint, comfortable inn. To say nothing of his longing to see her, his dear sweet-heart.

He arrived at five o'clock, and at eight o'clock he walked down the long, elm-shaded street leading to the big, white Colonial house known as the old Gilmore homestead. Sister Sue was the first to see him coming. She was sitting on the veranda with May and her father. She gave one comprehensive look at the tall figure exhibiting so unmistakably, even at that distance, the handiwork of a city tailor, then she hurriedly rose to her feet.

“Come, father. It's time we were going in, I think.” And she took firm hold of his arm.

“Oh, no. I don't want to go in,” he said gently but decidedly.

“But we'll have to. Come, father, come!” she cried.

box of paper pictures or to ask if she wouldn't please take him home. The latter meant always that, if he was to be made happy, the two of them must put on their hats and walk up or down the street and across to the other side, coming back again to their own doorway, which never failed to elicit a contented, “Oh, I'm so glad to get home,” from the weary man at Sister Sue's side.

But it was this, all this, that Sister Sue did not want to happen in Martin Kent's presence. Hence her ceaseless endeavors to have her father well out of the way and happily occupied when her lover was in the house.

Not that Martin Kent himself said anything to make this necessary. On the contrary, he was always very pleasant, even gently cordial when, in spite of Sister Sue's vigilance, he and John Gilmore sometimes met. He often inquired, too, very solicitously for his health. But Martin Kent was very affable, very gracious, in all his ways these days. He was all tenderness and sympathy for Sister Sue when he found her so tired in the evenings, and he was tireless in his efforts to help May in her story-writing. May told Sister Sue he was perfectly lovely, and not spoiled a bit by all his wonderful success, and he was *such* a help to her! And Sister Sue smiled and said she was glad, very glad.

And Sister Sue really was glad. She was glad not only to have May so aided in her work but she was glad that there was some one in the house who could help entertain Martin Kent and make up for her own delinquencies as a hostess. For with her father and her pupils Sister Sue was finding very little time to give to Martin Kent except the evenings. And Martin Kent was often there through the day. He liked the cozy vine-shaded veranda, and he liked to help May all he could, so he said. Besides, there was a chance, once in a while, that he might occasionally catch a peep at Sister Sue, he declared. So almost every day he came to sit on the vine-shaded veranda with May. Not that he always sat there. Quite frequently he suggested a walk. He said it was cooler up on the hill in the pine grove back of the house, and they could work better up there. That there was not the same chance up there of “catching a peep” at Sister Sue evidently did not occur to him.

BUT it did occur to Sister Sue. She was ashamed to admit it even to herself. But a great many things were occurring to Sister Sue these days, instigated, she very well knew, by the chance sentences that had come to her ears one Sunday when she was on the way out of Sunday-

school. In front of her were two slow-moving teachers, and she was obliged to slacken her own eager steps for a moment. And it was at that moment that the sentence floated back to her.

“It was Sister Sue—yes—that played. And he's engaged to her; but everybody says they should think 'twas the other one, the way they're gallivanting off together all the time.”

Unseen, Sister Sue slipped to one side through the crowd and waited until the two women were quite out of sight. Then she came down the steps and walked home, a little hurriedly and with her cheeks pinker than usual.

Silly gossip, of course, but what a pity! Must she forbid their going out at all together without a chaperon? She had never thought it necessary before to have a chaperon in this little country town, their own home town as well. And Martin Kent, the child's future brother-in-law, too! What a shame that idle tongues should try to make capital out of a simple daylight walk to the little pine grove on the hill back of their own house! And when they went obviously, with books in their hands, to study. And very plainly in an effort to get away from the tiresome thumping of her pupils at those eternal scales and five-finger exercises! How absurd! How wicked, too! Gossip like that always hurts a girl! It was a shame.

But to stop it, that was the problem. To say in so many words, “You must not talk nor walk together any more.” Oh, she could not do that! She never could! Why, it would look as if she distrusted them and was cheaply jealous of her own sister! And if she explained, told them about the gossip, that would be worse-

Continued on page 58



THE MISFORTUNATE

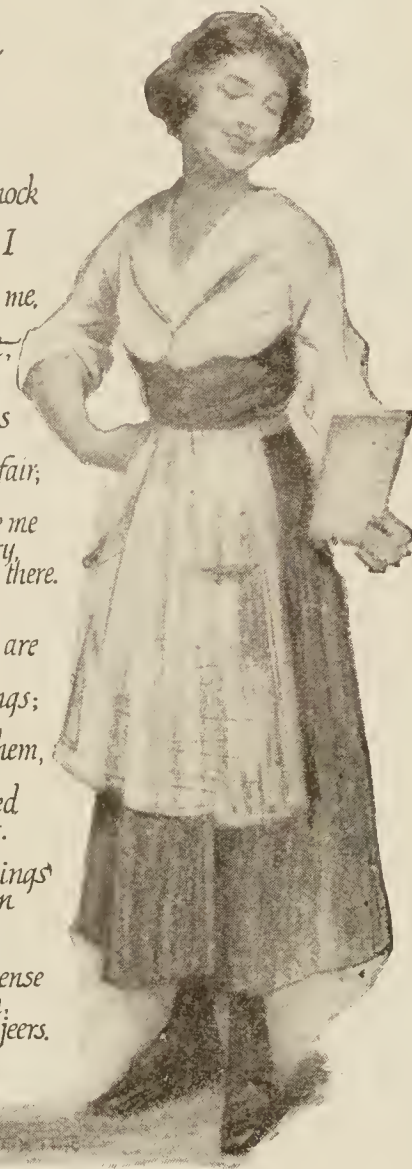
by THEODOSIA GARRISON

*'TIS the great joy Kate Duffy has to scoff and mock
 and tease me,
 Pokin' fun at me regalia and the photograph I
 gave her;
 And here is Dolan's Mary, doin' all she can to please me,
 With her soft eyes and soft ways and softer heart,
 God save her!*

*What is it ails the heart of man, the way it goes
 contrary?
 The like of any leapin' calf you're draggin' to the fair;
 Times I've coaxed and pulled and lashed to drive me
 mind to Mary,
 And walkin' out with her I'll be and sorrow that I'm there.*

*'Tis more are drawn to gentleness, and lucky lads are
 all of them;
 But I was born misfortunate to follow flouts and stings;
 Other lads has girls like doves, comin' at the call of them,
 'Twas left for me to chase a wasp the like I craved
 for stings.*

*Troth, it takes the world's grand fool to hunt the things
 that hurts him
 Missin' all the happiness that's comin' to his peers;
 It's in the right, Kate Duffy is, to laugh when sense
 deserts him,
 The way he'd leave a kind heart to tear his own with jeers.*



“Please come, quick!” And so urgent was her voice this time that it penetrated even the befogged brain of the mumbling old man, and he rose as if impelled by some hidden force. They were well out of sight, indoors, by the time the tall, well-groomed figure of the man came up the walk.

It seemed to Sister Sue afterward that this little incident was portentous of all the experience that followed during the next few weeks. As the days passed, always she was luring her father into the house, or up-stairs, or out-of-doors, somewhere, anywhere, so that he might not offend the eyes of Martin Kent with his undesired presence.

ALL day Sister Sue might hum those meaningless little tunes so that she might not think, think, think, yet she always was remembering what Martin Kent had said about seeing her father. She did not have to think to remember it!

Sometimes it seemed to her as if the task of keeping her father and Martin Kent apart was an impossible one. For a considerable time now John Gilmore had been showing himself more and more averse to being left alone. He always wanted to be with somebody. If left alone in his own room it wouldn't be long before he would be seeking Sister Sue or May or Gordon, or even Delia. Only in his flower-garden was he content to be by himself. And it was there, whenever possible, that his daughter would lead him at sight of Martin Kent coming along the street or up the walk.

Fortunately, however, night found the man very tired, and he was always ready to go to bed early. For Sister Sue, it left the evenings free from her ever-present fear that her father would walk into the room to show his



ROBERT FERGUSSON—A FAMOUS RAEBURN PORTRAIT

The subject, a Scottish poet of Edinburgh, was a friend of Robert Burns and of the painter. Fergusson died insane, as the result of an injury, in his twenty-fourth year



“OLD IRONSIDES”—THE GOOD SHIP “CONSTITUTION”

From a painting by Ogden. © by Campbell Art Co.
This “Eagle of the Sea” is still doing naval duty for the United States as a receiving-ship at the Boston navy-yard

LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—V

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MYSTERIES IN THE MIND

THE UNCONSCIOUS IS CAPABLE OF AMAZING PERFORMANCES WHICH HAVE BEEN OBSERVED IN THE PSYCHICAL RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF A GREAT AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

BY DR. JOHN EDGAR COOVER

Editorial Note: Are you interested in psychic phenomena? Here is an absorbing psychological discussion of them by great scientists who have given the subject special study. Also THE DELINEATOR inquires: Have any psychic phenomena happened to you? If you have had any experiences of this kind, we invite you to write us about them. Address DELINEATOR Psychic Department, Butterick Building, New York.

revealed by the cornea through the closed lids. Thus she actually expresses her numerical idea by a *motor automatism* that could be very skilfully read by any one after sufficient practise.

But Miss B. had never tried to determine eye-positions through closed lids before, and the lighting was not

or moving. he did not know it was writing, and what it has written is "news" to him. The hand will also answer whispered questions, and, if encouraged, it will assume a personality and a name. This is *automatic writing*.

The person who has developed "regional anesthesia" in the limbs or the body or in the vocal organs will not know except through secondary sources when they are active and will disclaim any responsibility for their expression. The patient says he sees his hand write, but he is not doing it; or he writes that he hears his voice speak, but some one else is using it.

The hypnotic subject performs acts, speaks rationally, performs creative work, of which he may recall nothing in his waking normal state.

The victim of concussion of the brain may lose his identity, and develop a secondary personality which may alternate with his old primary personality. He then has two mutually exclusive streams of memory. The conduct in one state leaves no trace in the memory that belongs to the other state.

A "personality" sometimes appears, in the treatment for dissociated personality, that shares the memories of other personalities independent of each other: a co-conscious personality (like "Sally" in Morton Prince's case, Miss Beauchamp).

Thus, keeping strictly within the field of normal and abnormal psychology, we recognize as well established the phenomena of *motor automatisms*. They grade off from the simple involuntary ideomotor activity into the purposive acts for which there is regional anesthesia, and give place to the more striking phenomena of hypnosis and dissociated personality. They become associated with a split-off phase of consciousness that, as progress is made up the gradations indicated, becomes more and more extensive until it constitutes a definite dissociated personality. While the simple involuntary ideomotor movements reveal the content of clear consciousness, the more complex motor automatism and trance states are fitted to reveal the content of marginal and dissociated phases of consciousness. Applications to psychical phenomena will be made below.

THE SECRET OF MYSTERIOUSLY CORRECT GUESSES

AS TO the influence of subliminal impressions, and other subconscious factors, upon conscious processes: When a subject looks at a letter or digit that is large enough to see clearly, but is exposed through a screen for so brief a time that he can not see it (less than three-thousandths of a second), and he is required to record his guess, his correct guesses greatly exceed the practical limit of chance.

When he looks at a letter exposed just long enough to permit him to see it and record it correctly, and is required to guess any digit (number) that comes into his mind, a digit having been presented with the letter but in peripheral vision where it is impossible to see it, his correct guesses again greatly exceed the limit of chance.

Similar results were obtained when the names of numbers and letters were presented to the ear in whispering so light that they could be neither recognized nor inferred. These conclusions are drawn from a research (in our laboratory) consisting of over 15,000 experiments. Subliminal sensory impressions influence the conscious processes.

Sensory impressions that are not perceived because attention is fully engaged upon other matters, nevertheless have their effect also. It is a common experience to hear the clock stop ticking when one is so engrossed in his reading that he did not hear it ticking. How can you stop hearing what you did not hear? The stimuli were not subliminal; they were received in marginal consciousness.

Guessing is unconsciously influenced by mental habits. In guessing letters of the alphabet, digits, or playing-cards, when these are chosen by lot, a subject might be expected to distribute his guesses impartially over the

Continued on page 67



Photo by Abbe

particularly favorable for locating the oval of the cornea. Although she was apprized of the locations of 10, 20 and 30 in Miss T.'s number-form, and felt confident that she had read a few of the involuntary signs accurately, she thought the results as a whole would make a very poor showing because, as a rule, she could not see the signs and had to resort to guessing. The results show, however, that *subliminal impressions* of the signs influenced her guessing; that is, correct guesses were caused by subconscious perception of the involuntary signs.

Is this merely a plausible hypothesis, or is it the application of verified psychological principles?

MOTIONS BETRAY THOUGHT

AS TO "motor automatism": On the football bleachers, the "fan," at the expense of displaying rudeness, exerts a physical force with his shoulders that in no way helps his team, and the direction in which he is shoving his neighbors reveals his partizanship. In the laboratory, the tracings of Jastrow's automatograph show that ideas of motion or of direction tend to express themselves quite legibly in involuntary motions of the hands. Above this lowest and simplest level of the phenomenon there is a graded series of involuntary conduct, or of conduct that is not registered in normal consciousness.

In a state of worry or intense preoccupation a man performs purposeful acts that leave no trace in his memory. He winds the clock, and retires; suddenly recalling that he neglected to wind the clock, he proceeds down-stairs only to find the result of an automatism.

The hand of a student, who is following *Sherlock Holmes* through a gripping adventure, is placed behind the screen where it writes, from whispered dictation, discourse that must pass through the student's ear to his hand, yet which he does not take notice of and can not recall immediately afterward. He insists that although he knew his hand was behind the screen and was moved

COLLEGE boys are accustomed to match coins to determine which of the two shall pay the street-car fare for both. Usually the matching is performed in such a way that the results follow the laws of chance, and neither man, in the long run, gains or loses. But occasionally some men become known as consistent winners, and others as consistent losers.

One man said last year that he would not match with Jim any more. "Jim's luck doesn't turn; he must read my mind." And a local barber complained: "Bill's luck is uncanny. He matched coins with me to see whether he should pay double or nothing, and he got free hair-cuts the whole year! I think he's a mind-reader."

In these occasional cases the matching was performed in such a way that the first man knew how his concealed coin lay, and the second laid his coin "heads" or "tails" according to his judgment, not according to chance. So the "subconscious" was given opportunity to effect a result that is sometimes regarded as "occult."

It is my purpose in this article to describe some seemingly occult phenomena that I have observed, to show how they were effected by "subconscious" causes, and to provide illustrations that may assist in classifying such cases and in indicating the extent to which they may operate in producing physical phenomena.

A laboratory instance will perhaps be the most interesting for the reason that it permits analysis, classification of factors, and measurement of the effect of the "subconscious" causes.

SUCCESSFUL GUESSING OF NUMBERS

MISS T., with eyes closed, thought of one of three numbers (10, 20 or 30), chosen by lot; Miss B., who sat facing her, "guessed" which one of the three she was thinking of, and recorded her guess; then Miss T. recorded the number she had concentrated on. Thus the records of each experiment consisted of the number "thought" and the number "guessed."

The result of sixty experiments indicated that forty per cent. of the guesses were right, because of some cause in addition to chance (a third of the remaining guesses were right, of course, because of chance coincidence). In the drawing-room, observers might readily accept this result as "proof" of telepathy, for they could easily fail to notice the extra-chance causes to which we shall now attend:

Miss T. has a definite number-form; that is, she thinks of the numbers as arranged (on a chart) in front of her as follows:

10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
9										39
8										38
7										37
6										36
5										35
4										34
3										33
2										32
1										31
										30

When she thinks of a number her eyes are involuntarily directed to the location of that number in the form; and if the lighting is favorable, the direction of the eyes is



"RUTH IS AN APPLE-BLOSSOM GIRL," SHE SAID THOUGHTFULLY

ELIZABETH MANAGES

BY BARBARA KAY

THE CRISIS OF OUR SERIAL FOR GIRLS

"OH, MOTHER, what shall we do?" Elizabeth wailed. "Ruthie is going to be married next week. Maybe before Buddy gets here."

"Grandmother told me last night. I don't think there is anything to do, except to let things take their course."

"But couldn't you go and see Ruth and tell her?"

"Tell her what? That my boy loves her and that she should have loved him?"

"Well, she should. She almost does, I think. She's just marrying because—"

"Elizabeth, if you are in the confidence of the Farraday family in any way that I am not, you must not share that confidence with me."

"But it's Buddy's future we are talking about."

"I think I can manage to get a perspective on Buddy's future without gossiping about the Farradays."

"Well, why can't you go and tell Ruthie about Buddy? Tell her he—he loves her, right out?"

"Why didn't you do that, dear?"

"I—I was scared to; besides it would have been sneaky to Buddy. But now she'll be married, if somebody doesn't do something."

"I am afraid there is nothing to be done but sit still and let her be married."

"But how can you, mother?"

"I don't know how I can, to tell the truth. That's about the hardest thing any mother does, to sit still and let things happen that involve her children."

"Oh dear!" said Elizabeth.

"Oh dear!" echoed Madget.

"Aren't you happy, Madget?"

"I want some ice-cream and some doughnuts and some cookies and some boiled ham, and I want to come and sit on your lap."

"You may have some ice-cream pretty soon, and you may come and sit on my lap now. Will that do?"

"I know who I love," Madget said, pushing aside the folds of gingham and climbing into the coveted place, "but I won't tell."

"Do you want to see the beautiful present that my mother brought me, Madget?"

"I want a beautiful present," said Madget.

"I am going to give you a present," Elizabeth said, "but not now, because you asked for it. It isn't nice to ask for things. You must wait until people give them to you."

"All right," Madget said unexpectedly.

"That's the way those children are," Elizabeth explained seriously, "Moses especially. You tell them what isn't nice, and then they agree with you, and there isn't any argument. It just leaves you feeling flat."

"Madget is only waiting seraphically for her present to come without asking," Mrs. Swift said. "It seems so extraordinary to have you in charge of a family of children."

"Well, somebody had to take an interest in them. It's grandmother that takes the real care of them, though, I only help as I can."

Mrs. Swift smiled with deep satisfaction into her embroidery.

"I am very pleased with you, dear," she said.

"MOTHER," Elizabeth's gaze became fixed out of the window, "a boy comes to call on me sometimes. I don't think you would disapprove, because grandfather invited him—but there he comes now."

"He looks like a nice boy."

"He is. He's quite sensible, when you get to know him."

"Well, go to the door, Elizabeth. He looks as if he might run away if he wasn't admitted instantly."

"I guess he has heard you're here."

"How do you do?" Tom Robbins said to the widening crack that gave him his glimpse of Elizabeth.

"How do you do?" said Elizabeth.

"Is Captain Swift at home? I don't want to see him, but I have to ask for him because he told me to."

"No, but my mother is," Elizabeth said.

"Well, I want to see her."

"Here she is, then. Mother," Elizabeth led the way into the living-room, "this is Mr. Robbins."

"I'm glad to meet Mr. Robbins. I think that his other name is Tom, or if it isn't it ought to be, for he's the image of the Tom Robbins I knew."

"Father remembers you," Tom cried. "He used to see you when you were first married."

"Take some chairs," Elizabeth said.

"That's our joke," Tom explained. "The first time I came here Captain Swift was so full of fun and everything—"

"That—well, I got rattled," Elizabeth explained, "so I said, 'take some chairs,' and we always say it now."

"Taking chairs just about describes me when I go into a place. I move around a good deal," Tom said.

"If I could have my present," Madget interrupted from the sofa, "I would be good."

"At dinner-time I am going to give it to you."

"All right," Madget said. "I'll go ask Grandma Swift to have my dinner."

"Isn't she cunning?" Tom looked after her as she trotted off. "Oh, Elizabeth, I'm going to give Moses my old bicycle. It isn't doing any good now. I'm making him a rack to go in front, to carry milk-bottles on."

"Grandfather will give him a job carrying milk," Elizabeth said. "Won't that be fine?"

"IT SEEMS to me that you children are quite practical philanthropists. I think you are doing wonders for the Steppes."

"It's all Elizabeth," Tom said. "She's the one that got us all thinking of it. What I came in this morning for is this, Mrs. Swift. Our family is going to give a big, old-fashioned clambake on the beach the first pleasant day after Monday, and we wanted—that is, I did—we thought perhaps Peggy and Elizabeth might like to come. Of course it's just a family affair, Mrs. Swift, but I'm sure if you would like to come, too, we should all be so very glad."

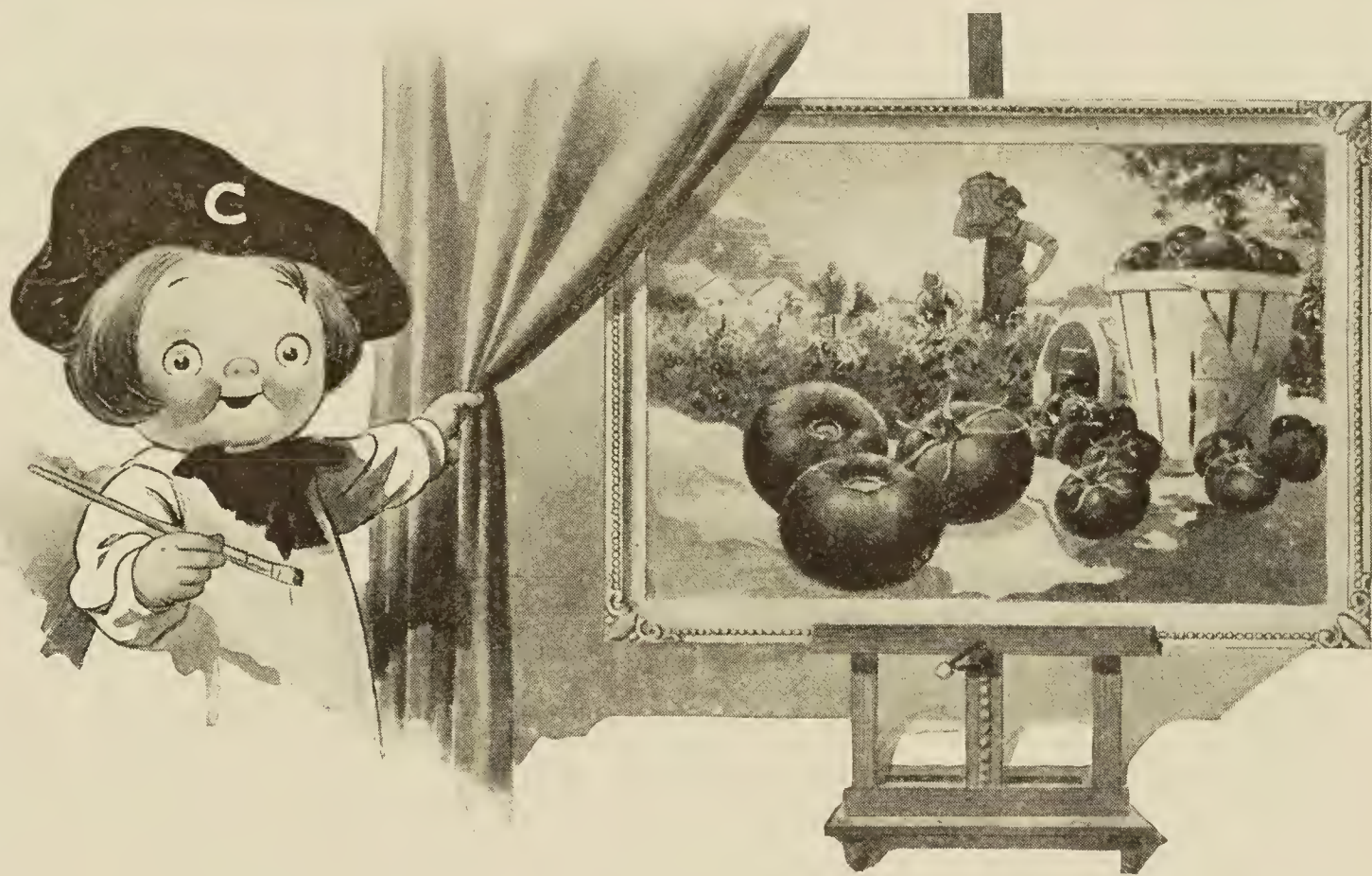
"That's very kind of you, Tom, but I shouldn't be able to go. I am expecting my husband and my sick son almost any day now, and my object in coming ahead of them is to get everything in running order for them, but I am sure Elizabeth would be delighted to go, and I should be very glad for her, too."

"I think it will be beautiful," Elizabeth said. "I am so glad mummy will let me go."

She sighed as she watched Tom's retreating figure. "I wonder where Peggy is," she said. "I must telephone."

"You don't need to use the telephone," Peggy cried from the door-step. "I came and I brought the bride along with me, what there is left of her."

Continued on page 51



"Here's the loveliest scene I know
Where Campbell's fine tomatoes grow
Each golden day they're on their way
And you and I know where they go"

"Let me show you a picture" —

Sunrise on one of Campbell's tomato farms. The glowing fruit of the vine hangs solid, juicy, red-ripe, ready to be picked and carried in baskets direct to Campbell's kitchens and made into soup the same day.

Here the pure juice is blended with choice butter, granulated sugar and other tasty and nourishing ingredients which render this delicious natural product even more tempting and nutritious.

You can enjoy this delightful Campbell's soup with its inviting summer-time flavor, its healthfulness, its appetizing zest, on the home table any time at three minutes notice, even on the stormiest winter day.

By serving it with croutons or rice or noodles you can make it as hearty as you please.

Enjoyed by every one and good for all. Why not have it for dinner today?

21 kinds

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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

A NEW DRESS FOR YOUR TOWN

BY FRANCES DUNCAN MANNING

JUST as a mother or grandmother, aunt, nurse or teacher will sometimes take a reluctant small boy, scrub behind his ears, push up his shirt-sleeves and wash from his wrists the dusky line (which he protests is tan), insist on a clean collar or a fresh blouse—so women will be quite likely to do with their town now that the city fathers or the selectmen reluctantly (or gladly) are sharing civic authority with them.

The first thing the women of Pasadena did with the vote was to sow with wild flowers a vacant lot that had been an eyesore. The cost was trifling, but the improvement great.

Towns and cities are like people: there's none but has some point of beauty or grace of charm that may be emphasized and heightened, few but have some defects which might be lessened or rendered unnoticeable. Put the matter of improving your town's appearance "up" to the Garden Club—if you have one; if not, to the committee that engineered the war gardening, which in most towns was very competently managed. Think, first, what your town needs, and, before any action is taken, consider what existing "beauty points" your town has, and, instead of blotting them out, improve them. It would be well for any village improvement society to read the annals of Philadelphia, and to notice how incessantly the worthy Penn labored that the city might be beautiful, that there might be garden space about each house, how he urged that the river front be kept for a promenade, that all might enjoy its beauty. Again and again in the council did this come up, but Penn was at last defeated by the utilitarians, and wharfs and warehouses are still in complete possession of what might be a beautiful river front.

If your town has beauty, hold on to it! Get your garden club to cooperate with your real-estate folk, so that new developments will be along the lines of real beauty for the town and not hopelessly commonplace first. Then when this is done—and not before—think about making it beautiful.

Besides your real-estate developments—watch your telephone wires. It is perfectly possible for wires to be put up and the roadside remain unspoiled, the trees unmutated. In Cornish, New Hampshire, are miles of telephone wires along roads that are not in the least the worse for them—sometimes the wires are put up on trees, sometimes on posts set unobtrusively, where one does not notice them in driving or walking. Yet I remember also a beautiful avenue of old willow-trees on Long Island completely ruined when the wires were put up—the poor old trees hacked and butchered in a way that was perfectly unnecessary. It might be well for every garden club and every town to have its vigilance committee and safeguard the town's fortunes in this respect.

As to how to go to work to make your town lovely, take a block, or a street—take a street on which a number of your club members live, so you will be sure of several who will work cooperatively. One of the loveliest things about gardening is its infectiousness. I do not believe any one ever made a pretty garden that some one else was not tempted to go and do likewise; wherefore if one block is fragrant with tree-blossoms in May, the folk of the neighboring block will be asking what was planted and how and when.

If you only tuck a few dozen crocus bulbs (they cost about \$1.50 per 100) into the sod of your little grass plot in front and get your neighbor to do the same, you will find that another season almost every one on your block will be doing likewise. In his dooryard on Beacon Street in Boston, some years ago, the owner planted crocus bulbs; home after home on the street followed his example, and now in late February and early March many a Bostonian and many a stranger go to see the "Beacon Street crocuses," the brave array of little flowers in their white and purple and gold.

In many parts of our country we have a bleak Winter and a harsh and disagreeable early Spring, and there is nothing more welcome than the sight of the early-flowering trees of which we as a country are wonderfully rich. So, beside the crocuses in the grass for the earliest coming, plant some gay, flowering shrub or tree—a golden forsythia, a Japanese quince for its brilliant crimson, a crimson-flowering peach, a laburnum, a lilac, or a flowering apple, whose tiny blossoms are like little rosebuds. Suppose every one on your block planted a fragrant magnolia—several sorts, *stellata*, *conspicua*, *soulangeana*, *Lenne*, *purpurea* (they are named in the order of blooming)—so that when one is passing another would be in blossom—how



very lovely the street would be. Only don't plant magnolias on the north side! If yours is north, plant instead a rhododendron or a mountain laurel.

For inaugurating any village improvement, your own yard or your own street is the best beginning-point. Next, it might be well to go to the worst section, and see that your town is scrubbed, as it were, "behind the ears." Take a look at the foreign section, if you have one. Here you will be likely to find the close-set rows of squalid, ugly, uninteresting houses or tenements. Probably none among us so crave color and beauty and picturesqueness as some of our foreign-born citizens, and to none do we so consistently and uninterruptedly hand out monotony and ugliness as surroundings for their



MAIN STREET IN LAKE FOREST, ILLINOIS, USED TO BE JUST LIKE THREE THOUSAND OTHER MAIN STREETS. BUT PUBLIC-SPIRITED CITIZENS GOT BACK OF THE IDEA OF A BEAUTIFUL TOWN AND THE RESULT IS SHOWN BELOW. WHAT WILL YOUR TOWN DO TO BE PROUD OF THIS YEAR?



E. L. Fowler, Photo

Howard Van Dorsen Shaw, Architect

lives. Wherefore, in Americanizing, let us look first to the housing.

STREET TREES

PLANT street trees, and, in selecting them, notice what grows well and easily in the wild in your vicinity. The Norway maple and the Carolina poplar are not the only street trees. Beside low, marshy land, willows attain wonderful growth and beauty. An avenue of horse-chestnut trees is a fine sight—and rarely met with. The Oriental plane is a stately tree of fine habit, so is the pin oak—and the latter is of fairly rapid growth. The great elms of old Deerfield are famous—yet the early settlers only planted what was at hand—the common

American elm. Some of the most beautiful avenues in the South are due to the same governing reason—the giant live-oaks were planted because they were at hand, grew well and gave admirable shade. A street tree ought not to need coddling. It should not be maltreated, but should be able to thrive abundantly in the soil and climate in which it is to grow.

Quite as soon as one's own dooryard comes the school. Women will have very little patience with school-yards as bare and unattractive as if the school were a jail. If you can manage it, have a permanent garden near the school as the nucleus of a botanic garden, where plants of every sort and kind find a home—a garden that can be enriched every year. If you can't compass this, then make the school grounds more attractive—don't take off from space the children might have for play, but take a narrow two-foot-wide border next the schoolhouse wall and in this bed plant vines to climb the walls, wisteria and clematis and a rose or two, and at their foot set bulbs, scilla and crocus and daffodils and tulips—such planting will require little care and afford much joy to the youngsters. Next to the fence make another border and plant it with stout shrubs and early-flowering trees—hawthorn and other crataegus, laburnum, wild cherry, vitrum and native barberly, red-fruited alder and white mulberry for the birds. Such planting will demand little care, and the trees will soon be able to withstand unhurt possible onslaughts of the little folk, nor will they grow tall enough to darken the schoolroom windows.

SPECIAL OCCASIONS IN YOUR TOWN

HAVE you a time of the year when every one wishes the town to look its prettiest—for "company"? Have you a university or a college or an academy of which the town is proud, or a Summer school or a conference of any kind?

If so, why not, in planting your dooryard, and something that will be in bloom at that time? If visitors flock to the town at commencement, why not let them depart thinking it is the prettiest place they ever were in, and let the graduates carry away the same impression? It is a notable day in the boy's or girl's life—each will remember how things looked that day. In June peonies in crimson and white and rose color are in bloom, so is a hedge of wild roses, and although spires may be looking dusty, there is a beautiful and rarely planted shrub, *Evocorda grandiflora*, with blossoms like glorified blackberry-blossoms, which keeps company with the roses.

HAVE A PLACE FOR THE OUTDOOR FÊTE AND THE FÊTE WILL COME

IF YOUR town has no place whatever for an outdoor gathering, you should take steps to provide one, for they are delightful. The old fashion of the village green—a wide, grassed, central space, with houses grouped about—was not a bad one. Many of the older towns have such a place, and the newer ones might well follow their example. I do not mean a park, but an open space—just grass and trees. Here band concerts may be given, or a flower market held. Here is the place for the community Christmas tree, the outdoor pageant of the school-children. Here might be a May-pole dance or a Hallowe'en frolic. Perhaps there is a good chance for an outdoor theater.

If there is the chance for some such festivity in the town, some one will be pretty sure to suggest that some group avail themselves of it. Try a flower-show, for a starter—and then a community Christmas tree if you can't do anything between. Philadelphia has a flower market yearly in Rittenhouse Square; Baltimore, under the auspices of its garden committee, has one that lasts several days.

It might be interesting to give a Thanksgiving dinner in the open, a very literal representation of the first Thanksgiving, with boy and girl Scouts dressed as friendly Indians to serve it.

If a bricked or flagged place were made on the green where an open fire might be built, it would be a delightful place for a con-roast or a clambake, or possibly a barbecue. Here also would be a safe place for the inevitable bonfire on Election night.

Here in America, except for the comparatively small proportion whose incomes are portly, our houses and apartments are now made too small for any possible return to the hospitality and the "open house" of an earlier day, wherefore the need that the town afford the chance for merrymaking, both out-of-doors and indoors. To share happiness and good times is one of the best means of attaining the union for which we hope in this country, and in which we believe.



From Campbell's famous kitchens

Campbell's Beans are made in kitchens renowned through half a century for good food products. Quality is the strict Campbell's standard. Only the best ingredients and the best culinary methods are used. Campbell's are the best-liked beans in the world. Slow-cooked until thoroughly digestible; blended with red, ripe tomatoes. A delicious, wholesome, nourishing dish.

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is milk in enticing dessert form that tempts the appetite of child and grown-up. It is more easily and fully digestible than plain milk because it is "pre-coagulated" by the pure "rennet" in the Tablet or Powder, exactly as it is or should be coagulated by the "rennet" in the stomach—which is the first and most important natural process in the digestion of milk.

Junket can be made plain or in a wide variety of dainty desserts.

Junket Powder is the same as Junket Tablets, except that it is already prepared with sugar and flavor—you simply add the milk and have a very tasty, attractive dish.

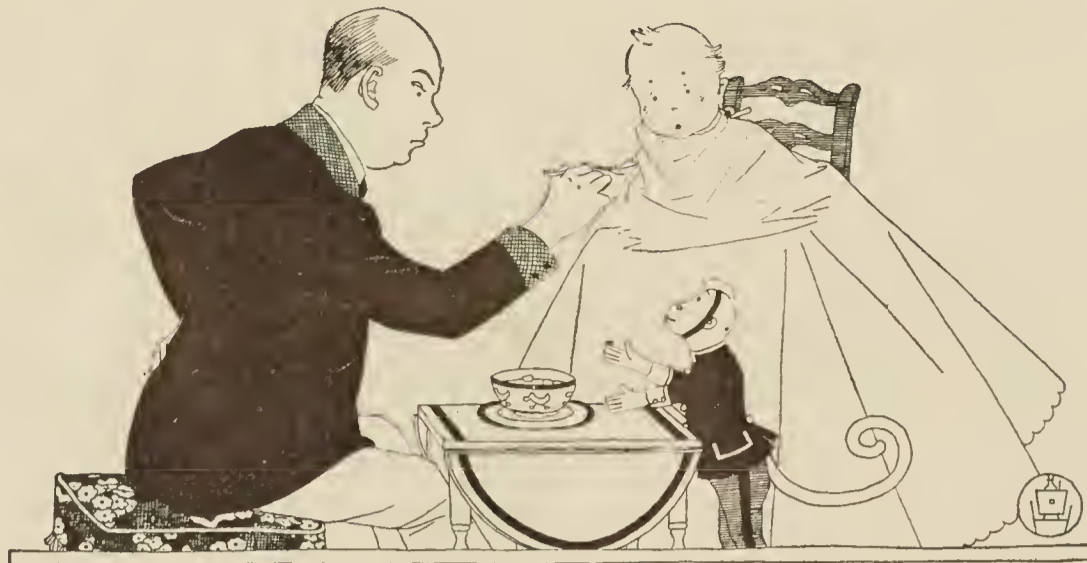
Ask your grocer or druggist. Or send 4c for recipes and sample of Tablets or Powder—or 15c for a full size package of either.

THE JUNKET FOLKS, Little Falls, N. Y.



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Chr. Hansen's
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Use Junket for
making velvety,
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HEALTHY, HAPPY CHILDHOOD FREED, BY PROPER DIET, FROM INSIDIOUS FOES

BY MARY E. BAYLEY, R. N.

This article has been approved by Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley, of New York, Baby Specialist

AMONG infants and children constipation is a troublesome derangement, having a far-reaching effect. Direct causes of the trouble are: errors in diet, deficient intake of fluids, irregularity of habit, improper posture when putting children to stool, or some abnormal condition about the rectum.

While it is sometimes difficult to determine in a given case the reasons for constipation, it is usually found that among bottle-fed babies the chief cause is too much protein or too low a percentage of fat in the milk. Both of these causes may be removed by consulting a physician about the proportions of fat and protein suited to the child.

If cutting down the protein and raising the percentage of fat does not correct the trouble, or if it is impracticable to reduce the protein, many physicians replace part of the milk sugar by maltose (a laxative), or they give one feeding daily of malted milk to replace the customary feeding. Some, in preparation of the formula, use, in place of boiled water, oatmeal water, which is laxative.

Orange-juice is of great value in helping to relieve constipation. It may be given as early as the beginning of the fourth month. Begin by giving one teaspoonful daily, strained and diluted with a little water. This may, a little later, be increased to a teaspoonful twice daily between feedings. Then, when well taken, it may be gradually increased until at six months the child is taking four teaspoonfuls twice daily, and at one year, one ounce twice daily.

If, after regulating the formula and giving orange-juice, constipation still persists, some physicians advise fifteen to thirty drops of pure cod-liver oil three or four times a day, or a teaspoonful of sweet-oil two or three times daily.

WHEN the breast-fed baby is constipated, it is most often because the baby is responding to this condition in the mother or because the mother is not paying sufficient attention to diet and exercise. The first consideration of the mother should then be to look carefully after her own regimen. She should eat an abundance of fruit and fresh vegetables, taking very little tea or coffee, but milk, cocoa, creamed soups and much water. Daily exercise is also a most important factor. At least three hours daily should be spent in the open air.

If, after the mother has carefully and faithfully regulated her bowels and her daily life, constipation in the breast-fed baby still persists, "In treating the child," says Dr. Charles Gilmore Kerley, "my first step is to give cream. Not cream purchased as such, but cream which rises upon the best milk obtainable. I give from one to two teaspoonfuls in quite warm water immediately before nursing." In case the cream does not agree with the child or is not effective it is Dr. Kerley's practise to give the pure cod-liver oil or sweet-oil as mentioned for bottle-fed babies.

The errors in diet causing constipation in "run-about" children are usually too much milk to the exclusion of other foods, failure of the child to learn to like vegetables or to

eat the coarser cereals and breads, or lack of sufficient fruit in the diet.

The diet of a constipated "run-about," should in addition to oatmeal, hominy, cornmeal mush, green vegetables and coarse breads, include much fruit. Stewed fruits should be given at meal-time and raw, ripe fruit freely between meals.

AT ALL ages, one of the body's greatest necessities is that sufficient liquid be supplied. This is necessary so that normal elimination by the skin, kidneys, lungs and bowels may take place. All too often infants and sometimes "run-about" are given practically no fluid except milk.

In children, especially when there is muscular weakness of the intestinal walls, the contents of the bowels are moved forward very slowly. During this leisurely process the fluid portions become absorbed. And as a result, the stools become hard and dry and are naturally more difficult to expel. Water should be given freely several times daily to infants and children.

It is of great importance to establish the habit of regularity in bowel movement. As early as the fourth month it is possible to begin to train the child to have stools at regular intervals. At stated periods each day he should be placed upon a small bowl or infant's chamber. This should be small enough to comfortably fit the buttocks and, in order that the baby's back may be supported, should rest on the lap. Once or twice a day the child should be placed on this vessel.

The best time to select for the first effort is shortly after the first feeding. This is true, not only because, when taking food into the stomach, a worm-like motion is started along the intestinal tract, tending to move forward its contents, but it is well to establish the habit of moving the bowels the first thing every morning.

If not convenient to do this after the first feeding, it may be left until the second. While the effort may not in the beginning be successful, if persisted in the child will be sure to respond to the regularity and thus the habit of moving the bowels at a certain time each day will become established.

The habit of regular performance must not only be early established, but the child must also be taught to go to stool at the same time each day and remain until his bowels move.

Sometimes there is about the rectum some abnormality, such as cracks or slight tears in the mucous membrane just inside the anal opening, or a relaxed condition of the rectum, called prolapse. While both these conditions may have, in the first instance, been caused by constipation (diarrhea may also cause fissures), their continuance may be a cause of constipation.

The first condition, because of the pain produced by the passage, causes the child (particularly older children) to put off the ordeal as long as possible. The second condition results in more or less inability to expel the movements. Abnormalities such as these always require the care of a physician.

And now just what is constipation? Is it merely inability to have a daily stool with-

out artificial assistance? No. In the healthy child there must be not only a daily evacuation, but this must be normal. Even though there may be a daily movement and possibly more, if this is dry and comes away in hard pieces, the child is still constipated.

During the first six months infants usually have two stools daily. Many may, however, have only one, and if this is normal in character, constipation is not present. The stools of the bottle-fed baby, while not likely to be as frequent (when feeding is properly carried out) as in the breast-fed, are larger and more bulky.

The aim should always be to relieve constipation by dietetic measures and habits of regularity. If, however, these fail, temporary relief must be obtained by recourse to other expedients.

Massage of the abdomen will often aid in the relief of constipation. It is best given for about five minutes night and morning. Let the child lie on his back with abdomen exposed. Then, after moistening the hand with warm olive-oil or petroleum jelly, gently massage the abdomen, using a light, circular motion and very little pressure. Begin just above the right groin, proceed to the margin of the ribs, then across the body and down on the left side. This should never be done just after feeding and care should always be exercised to avoid chilling.

IF WHEN putting a child to stool results are not forthcoming, the use of a soapstick or gluten suppository may be all that is necessary to bring on an action. In an effort to establish the habit of moving the bowels at a certain hour, the gluten suppository may be used for several successive days, but should be employed only as a temporary measure.

When the child is badly constipated and needs immediate relief, it may be necessary to give an enema of plain warm water (95 degrees Fahrenheit), or, in especially severe cases, of warm olive-oil—one or two tablespoonfuls. In older children when the constipation is especially obstinate, an enema of two or three ounces of warm olive-oil is often given at bedtime for several successive nights. This is given through a very small rubber tube attached to a bulb syringe. The oil is intended to be retained until morning when after breakfast the child is placed at stool.

Enemas should not be commonly employed. When used promiscuously, they may for two reasons result in more stubborn constipation. First, their indiscriminate use tends to cause the bowels to lose their tone and to soften and dilate the bowel wall, and second, the child soon learns to wait for this stimulation and does not have a stool without it. For these reasons their use should be supervised by a physician in order that the character and frequency of the enema may in each case be adjusted to the needs of the individual child.

Drugs should never be used unless ordered by a physician. The use of castor-oil for chronic constipation is to be avoided, since its after-effects are constipating.

FELS-NAPHTHA



What does "Fels-Naptha" mean?

It means the perfect combination of good soap and *real* naphtha.

What is Naptha?

A wonderful dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen dainty fabrics and restore delicate colors. *Naptha* makes dirt let go, and carries away all odors from clothes. Naptha is good for clothes because it thoroughly cleanses; and thoroughly clean clothes last longer.

Why combine Naptha with Soap?

Because when combined the Fels-Naptha way, the cleansing quality of naphtha is added to that of good soap, and together they do the work quicker and better than either naphtha or soap alone.

Why not use Soap alone and pour Naptha into the Wash-water?

Naptha of itself will not mix with water. But it *does* mix when carried into the water by Fels-Naptha, because of the individual Fels-Naptha process which makes naphtha soluble in water. Therefore every bubble of Fels-Naptha suds contains naphtha. It works through every fibre of the clothes loosening *all* the dirt.

Aren't all "Naptha" Soaps alike?

No. The word "naphtha" has been misused. Fels-Naptha is the *original* naphtha soap. It contains *real* naphtha. The exclusive Fels-Naptha method of combining good soap and real naphtha has never been duplicated. Fels-Naptha holds its naphtha. Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naphtha odor.

What Color for Soap?

Color has little to do with the purity or cleansing-value of soap. Some good soaps are black; others white, green, brown, yellow and golden. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the natural color of the good materials that help to hold its naphtha. Fels-Naptha makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

Why isn't Fels-Naptha hard as a Brick?

Hard soaps mean hard rubbing. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes, and a backache. Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves in the wash-water. The cleansing work is done by soap, naphtha and water all thoroughly mixed.

What Soap for Washing-machines?

Fels-Naptha is the ideal soap for the washer because its naphtha loosens the dirt even before the washer starts. Then the suds churn through and through the clothes, quickly flushing all dirt away. And the inside of the machine will not be sticky.

Are there Fels-Naptha Flakes?

No, but it is a simple matter to make your own—and more economical. Just shave off into the water the chips or flakes of Fels-Naptha *as you need them*. This gives you the added cleansing value of naphtha in washing woolens, dainty lingerie and all fine things.

How many other Uses has Fels-Naptha?

The housewife constantly finds new uses for Fels-Naptha. Besides laundry-work, Fels-Naptha is wonderful for taking spots from rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Always keep a cake in the bathroom for very dirty hands and for enamel of bathtub and washstand. Give your home and yourself the benefit of the real naphtha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

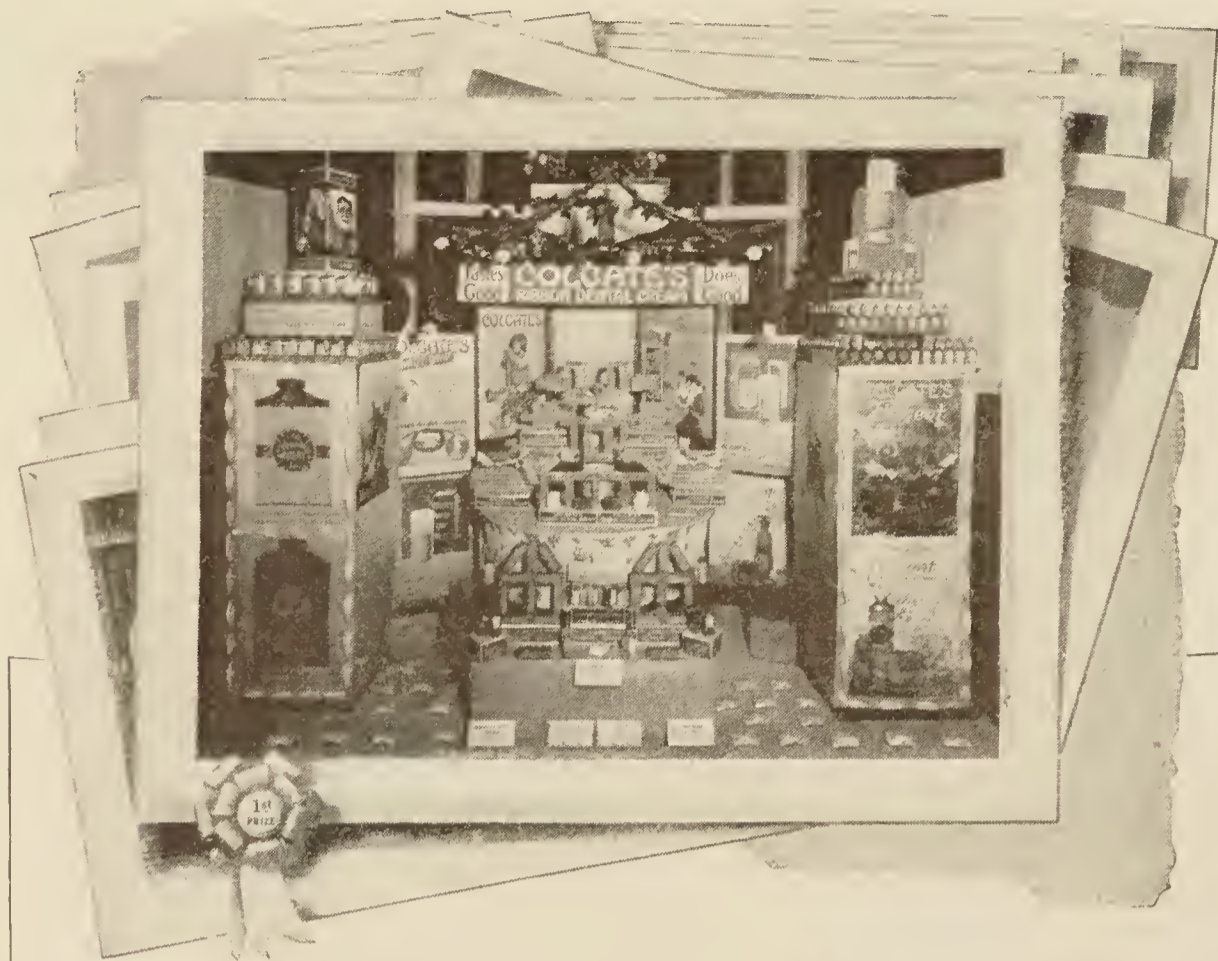
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Three things identify Fels-Naptha — the red-and-green wrapper, the golden bar, the clean naphtha odor.

Fels-Naptha safely cleans anything cleanable and washes anything washable.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



\$1005.00 Awarded in Colgate Photographic Contest

HUNDREDS of boys and girls entered the Colgate Contest last October and from near and far sent in Kodak pictures of their local dealer's Colgate window displays.

Very interesting these pictures proved to be, although many windows displayed different Colgate products in addition to Ribbon Dental Cream, Shaving Soap, Talc Powders, Soap, and Face Creams—instead of using one product at a time to gain the greatest decorative value.

The editors of *St. Nicholas* cheerfully undertook the task of judging the entries, and the result of their judgment, based on photographic values, is given in the following list of prize winners:

First Prize, \$100.00

Vera Rogers, Saginaw, Mich.

Second Prize, \$50.00

Merle K. Ohle, Oakland, Cal.

Cortland Griswold, Brooklyn, N. Y. Norman B. Finch, Fremont, O.

Third Prize, \$25.00

James Wiles, South Bend, Ind.
Emma Bartic, Stony Brook, L. I.
Louis C. Moran, Lockport, N. Y.

L. C. Gould, St. Charles, Mich.
Helen Detwiler, Hamilton, Ont.
Lydia Ford, Nevada, Mo.

Charles Stewart, Ithaca, N. Y.
Thelma Miller, Three Forks, Mont.
George G. Chain, New Haven, Ct.
John P. Manning, Highland Park, Mich.

Fourth Prize, \$5.00 (101 Prize Winners)

Adelaide Levy, New York City
Carleton Green, Troy, N. Y.
Catharine B. Ward, Baltimore, Md.
Rosemary Gaumont, Worcester, Mass.
Julia E. Sheedy, Salem, Mass.
Henry Scibetta, New York City
Betty J. Kuder, Parsons, Kans.
Mildred B. Mueller, Woodhaven, N. Y.
Samuel Kessler, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Agnes Norton, New York City
Elizabeth F. Bartlett, Philadelphia, Pa.
Joe Cummins, Flagstaff, Ariz.
Margaret Larson, Cheyenne, Wyo.
Florence Youngs, Toledo, Ohio
Herbert Heyel, E. Portchester, N. Y.
Harold Adair, Elwood, Ind.
Carolyn Hull, Troy, N. Y.
Cora Johnson, Northford, Conn.
Edward J. Aitken, E. Boston, Mass.
Gilbert Haus, Baltimore, Md.
Leslie Davis, Perry, Mo.
Nan Williams, Philadelphia, Pa.
Elizabeth Kendall, Covington, O.
Katherine Burton, Cleveland, O.
Beatrice Satterlee, Stockton, Cal.
Robert S. Jordan, Charlotte, Mich.
Ruth Greason, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Clarence Girard, St. Paul, Minn.
David Bob, Buffalo, N. Y.
Thomas Conway, Seattle, Wash.
Mildred Philipp, Dayton, O.
Anna B. Taylor, St. Paul, Minn.
Edward Zaleski, Toledo, O.
Francis J. Morley, Chelsea, Mass.

John A. Shipley, Baltimore, Md.
Doris G. Robinson, Glendale, L. I.
Frederick Fisher, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Wm. Deaver, New York City
Lois Posey, Sheridan, Ark.
Dorothea Kichline, Lebanon, Pa.
George Stockvis, New York City
Richard Lewin, Camden, N. J.
Marion L. Van Doren, Fremont, O.
Charles W. Zimmerman, Phila., Pa.
Henry Perlmutter, Philadelphia, Pa.
Perry Irwin, Fillmore, Calif.
Pauline Irwin, Fillmore, Calif.
Leo J. Lawler, Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Elizabeth Demurjian, New York City
Selma Jones, Clinton, Mass.
Wildridge C. Cannon, Oakland, Calif.
Anna Trail, Baltimore, Md.
Julia Pelletier, Utica, N. Y.
A. Hamilton, Strathcona, Alb., Can.
Robert S. Smith, Pawtucket, R. I.
Elaine McDermand, Manitowoc, Wis.
Helen Barker, Plymouth, Ind.
David Reifman, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Carl Crabb, Los Angeles, Calif.
Allan B. Morse, McCook, Neb.
Max Newman, Bronx, N. Y.
G. L. Halstead, Kansas City, Mo.
Charles F. Feast, Jr., Baltimore, Md.
A. H. Middleton, Jr., E. Oakl'd, Cal.
Elmer Morris, Shreve, O.
W. T. Metzger, W. Arlington, Md.
W. C. Butler, Jr., Washington, D. C.
Gale Klein, Greeley, Colo.

Gerald Felger, Hillsdale, Mich.
Edith B. Emery, San Francisco, Calif.
J. F. Welch, Binghamton, N. Y.
K. E. Ergood, W. Collingwood, N. J.
Helen E. Crum, Louisa, Va.
Mildred A. Thompson, New Phila., O.
Malcolm W. Jones, Winchester, Mass.
Alice McNett, So. Philadelphia, Pa.
Florence Parker, W. Collingwood, N. J.
V. Middleton, Grand Rapids, Mich.
Richard T. Mannon, Anderson, Ind.
Ben Delralle, New Orleans, La.
Jack Taylor, Seattle, Wash.
Walter Dill, Detroit, Mich.
John M. Bissell, Germantown, Pa.
Foster Niles, Cheyenne, Wyo.
I. J. Barber, Clark's Summit, Pa.
Betty Hall, Tarrytown, N. Y.
Angelo Pisarra, Jr., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Dorothy Sell, Wausau, Wis.
Caroline Cantor, Philadelphia, Pa.
Bennie Lowrey, Red Bluff, Calif.
Clady L. Corl, Fillmore, Calif.
Michael Friedlein, St. Louis, Mo.
Josephine W. Boylan, New York City
Norman E. Rogers, Montrose, Pa.
Roy Wirth, New Orleans, La.
Betty Davis, Detroit, Mich.
Rosa Jackson, New Orleans, La.
Harold J. Dunn, E. Lynn, Mass.
Mary M. Smith, W. Collingwood, N. J.
Alice Kimmel, New York City
Alvin G. Buderer, Sandusky, O.

We regret that every contestant could not receive a money prize, but we were glad to mail to each one a trial tube of the safe, sane, and delicious—

COLGATE'S

RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



HEART SONGS

BY ERNESTINE SCHUMANN-HEINK

NO HIGHER authority could be found to write on the subject of *Heart Songs* than Madame Schumann-Heink, whose sympathetic interpretation of them is known throughout this country. A list of favorite *Heart Songs* that she sings in concert will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope by William Armstrong, Music Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City. Mr. Armstrong will also send any three of the following lists upon receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope: *Songs for Children*, selected by Madame Alma Gluck; *Favorite American Songs*, selected by Madame Galli-Curci; *Opera on the Records*, by Pasquale Amato; *Selected Operatic and Instrumental Records*.

THERE is a lovely old poem which tells of a scene in the Crimean War, when one of a multitude of soldiers resting on their muskets before a battle began to chant the song of "Annie Laurie." By degrees other voices took it up, until at last every man there had joined in, each singing with a different image of his own *Annie Laurie* in his heart. The simple, tender lines of that poem describe more aptly than anything I can recall the emotions aroused in listeners by sincere singers of heart songs. And to sincere singers the heart song, next to songs that are sacred, is the most precious gift.

Classical songs by the great masters, splendid arias from immortal works, have each their honored place in music, but sing a heart song in English and observe the effect upon an audience of our own people. The cause for this is plain. The song carries to every individual there a personal message that fits emotionally into his or her own life, just as the words of "Annie Laurie" bore to each soldier an image held very dear.

How many wonderful scenes I have witnessed in my singing of heart songs to a great audience! Those that I prize most came to me during the war, when I went from one camp to another trying to cheer our boys. Then it was not the songs of victory and glory that stirred them deepest, though both aroused them strongly, but the heart songs that told of home and mother.

And of all boys in the world, I think it is the Americans who cherish a tenderer feeling toward their mothers, one that is apart and characteristic in its chivalrous gentleness.

I have seen those soldier boys, twenty thousand deep, closely packed rank on rank as far almost as eye could reach, listening with a stillness almost deathlike while I sang to them of that dear mother left at home. Many a hand has stolen with quick, furtive movement to brush away a tear that those boy listeners may have felt unmanly. God bless them! It was manliness that prompted it, at memory of those dear, almost broken-hearted mothers left behind.

There has been a tendency in many quarters to forget the war, and never to speak of it. That is a great mistake. We should ever remember it. Not in a spirit of vengeance or vindictiveness, but with a treasuring of the sacred things that war has brought so closely to us as a people; the brotherly striving, shoulder to shoulder, the tender emotions that it aroused.

Music has gained a bigger place in America to-day than it was ever given before, because the mass of the people learned in those sad, strenuous times that

music was, above all, human, and held a great place in their daily lives.

TO TURN from the appreciative to the technical side of heart songs is no easy matter, because of the love I hold for them through memories they have brought me. But any singer who would sing heart songs well, with full emotional effect and true musical value, should observe certain important things. The first three of these are simplicity, sincerity, feeling. Two more remain to add, expressiveness of tone and a distinct enunciation.

Unless the song is clearly understood by the listener, there remains only the melody to be appreciated. In that case the vitally important part of the song, its message, is completely lost. My idea in studying heart songs, and songs of every kind, is first to read aloud the words with clear distinctness, giving emphasis where it belongs, and placing a slight stress on the final syllables. By placing this stress the closing consonants of each carry clearly. Too often a singer's failure to enunciate well, comes from the fact that the last syllables are slurred over, the first alone being allowed prominence. In giving this slight stress there must be naturalness in enunciation, no exaggeration.

Indeed simplicity, both in delivering the words and singing the melody, makes the very key-note of a proper performance of heart songs. When we feel things very deeply we speak with a sincerity and simplicity that carry conviction of the depths of our emotion. That is exactly the spirit in which we should approach songs.

THERE are some who think that by showing great emotion, by being themselves visibly affected by the words they sing, they will more greatly affect their hearers. This is, of course, a grave mistake. One must command oneself in order to impress others. If at first the pathos of the words moves us emotionally, so that we give way, there is but one thing to do; sing them many times until we grow accustomed to them, and can deliver them unflinchingly. Then, remembering how they first moved us, we should try to express that feeling in our tones.

When we consider the expressiveness of the tone, the fitting of it to the individual word so that the meaning may be heightened, we come to an important point. To reach desired results there must be a thorough understanding of the mood in which a song is written, for that is vital to its interpretation.

Take, for example, the song "Danny Boy." This melody of tender longing is Irish, and was originally composed in the year 1400 to the words "Would I were a tender apple-blossom." The poem by Weatherly, as sung to-day to that old melody, is a clear guide to the mood of the song and the kind of tone required of the voice in singing it.

There are almost as many moods in heart songs as there are leaves upon a tree. That mood may be one of supreme tenderness, as in Edward MacDowell's song, "Thy Leaning Eyes"; it may be caressing, with a touch of whimsical humor, as in Charles Hueber's lullaby, "Pirate Dreams"; it may be a passionate, dramatic outburst, as in Mary Turner Salter's "The Cry of Rachel." But all of the moods presented may be mastered by a singer if she sings with heart as well as voice.

Remove the Finger Prints



YOU know that dull, blue, grimy film that accumulates on furniture? You can easily and quickly remove it with Johnson's Prepared Wax and give your furniture instead a bright, hard polish which will not finger-print—and to which dust and lint cannot cling.

But Johnson's Prepared Wax does more than clean and polish—it preserves and rejuvenates the original finish, giving an air of immaculate cleanliness. It protects with a satin-smooth, transparent coating which answers the same purpose as plate glass over a desk or dresser top. It takes all the drudgery from dusting.

JOHNSON'S *Paste - Liquid - Powdered* PREPARED WAX

Johnson's Prepared Wax is also the proper polish for floors of all kinds—wood, tile, marble, linoleum, etc. It does not show scratches or heel marks—and floors polished with it can be easily kept in perfect condition. Acts as an odorless disinfectant.

Johnson's Prepared Wax comes in three convenient forms: **Liquid Wax** for polishing furniture, phonographs, leather goods, woodwork and automobiles—**Paste Wax** for polishing all kinds of floors—**Powdered Wax** for a perfect dancing surface.

Send for booklet "*The Proper Treatment for Floors, Woodwork and Furniture*" which tells about Johnson's Wood Dye, Perfectone Enamel and other Wood Finishes. Sent postpaid on receipt of 10 cents.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, RACINE, WIS., U. S. A.

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Canadian Factory: Brantford



SUNSWWEET

Prune Pastrri-Pie

Just as the happy hours of childhood linger long in your memory, so this "happy idea" dessert will prove a new taste-adventure you will not be apt to forget.

It's a pie, of course—but a pie with a new and healthful meaning. A layer of tempting, sugar-sweet prunes nestling between crisp, flaky crusts—you can't imagine anything that tastes quite so good. For the baking brings out in a new way the fine fruit-flavor that Nature has put into Sunsweet Prunes. Sweet, but not cloying. Rich, but naturally so! Just such a pie as Mother can make—if she has Sunsweet Prunes to make it with.

For they are natural sweetmeats—rich in fruit sugar and tonic iron—the finest prunes California can produce!

CALIFORNIA'S
NATURE-FLAVORED
PRUNES

Easy to make, too!

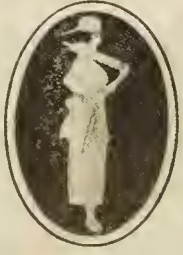
Take 2 cups Sunsweet Prunes; $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar; 2 teaspoons butter; 2 tablespoons flour; 1 teaspoon lemon juice. Wash prunes and soak in cold water to cover two hours or more. Cook slowly in same water until soft. Remove stones, cut prunes in quarters, mix with sugar and lemon juice. Line plate with pastry, cover with prunes, pour over prune juice, dot with butter, dredge with flour, place strips of pastry crossed in lattice fashion and bake in moderate oven.

Send for Recipe Packet

This recipe for Prune Pastrri-Pie—uncommon and delicious as it is—is but one of 35 Sunsweet Recipes prepared for you by a domestic scientist of national repute. Printed on gummed slips [5 x 3"] so you can paste them in your cookbook or on recipe filing cards. Send today for this Recipe Packet—it's free! Address California Prune and Apricot Growers Inc., 2023 Market St., San Jose, Cal.

A cooperative association of
10,000 growers

Ask your grocer for Sunsweet Prunes—either in the 5-lb. carton or from the regular 25-lb. box of Sunsweet Prunes carried by grocers everywhere.



Let the KITCHEN MAID Be your KITCHEN Aid

—in Convenience
and Sanitation

YOU can have more than convenience in a kitchen cabinet. Step-saving is important, but no more so than absolute cleanliness and sanitation in the place where you keep and prepare the food you eat.

You get both essentials of a modern kitchen cabinet in the Kitchen Maid.

It has a glass front removable flour bin, moisture-proof pastry compartment, metal lined bread drawer with self-closing cover, tilting sugar jar with automatic lid, places for cook book, recipe files, utensils, dishes and foods.

And in addition it has the exclusive advantage of being free from corners and cracks. For the Kitchen Maid has no panels—every outside surface is smooth and instantly cleanable. And it has rounded corners, as easy to wipe as a bowl. 78 dust-catching corners eliminated.

You can see this sanitary cabinet at your dealer's or get a full description by writing us, Dept. D3.

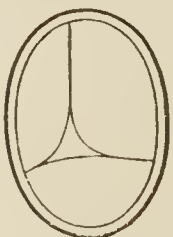
WASMUTH-ENDICOTT Co.
Andrews, Indiana



Kitchen Maids come in snow-white or golden oak, with removable porcelain top

KITCHEN MAID
THE SMOOTH SURFACE ROUND CORNER
KITCHEN CABINET

Rounded Interior Corners
AS EASY TO CLEAN AS A BOWL



THE SAP DRIPS SLOWLY, BUT THE COLLECTING IS FUN
Photo by Iveson Bros.

PURE MAPLE SWEETS

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

MAPLE-TAPIOCA CREAM

2 tablespoons tapioca $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk 2 eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup maple-sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla

COOK the tapioca in the milk in the upper part of the double boiler until transparent. Add the shaved maple-sugar and salt. Stir in the beaten egg-yolks and cook about one minute, then remove from the fire. Add the vanilla, and when partially cool fold in the stiffly beaten egg-whites. Serve in sherbet-glasses. Top each serving with a red cherry.

FOAMY MAPLE PUDDING

1 cup maple-sugar $\frac{1}{4}$ cup flour
 $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold milk
2 eggs

HEAT the shaved maple-sugar and milk together in the upper part of the double boiler. Mix flour and cold milk to a smooth paste, add beaten egg-yolks, and stir in hot liquid slowly. Return to the double boiler and cook, stirring constantly till thick. When cool, fold in egg-whites beaten very stiff, and serve in glass sherbet-dishes.

ALMOND-MAPLE CUSTARD

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple-sirup $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
2 cups milk 3 eggs
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup almonds

COOK the maple-sirup until it is brittle when a little of it is dropped in cold water. Pour the hot sirup into individual custard-cups, tipping each cup so that the bottom and sides are well coated. Scald the milk, and pour it slowly on a mixture of the sugar, salt and slightly beaten eggs. Add vanilla. Fill each cup with this custard, set in a pan of water and bake in a moderate oven until firm. When done, sprinkle with the almonds, which have been blanched, browned and finely chopped.

MAPLE-SIRUP CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or butter substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups pastry flour
2 eggs $2\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons baking-powder
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup maple-sirup $\frac{2}{3}$ teaspoon soda
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger

CREAM the butter or butter substitute and slowly add the sugar, then the eggs beaten without separating the whites from the yolks, sirup, milk and flour sifted with the baking-powder, soda and ginger. Bake in a tube-loaf pan for about fifty minutes.

MAPLE MOUSSE

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple-sirup 1 egg-white
2 egg-yolks $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream

HEAT the maple-sirup to the boiling-point, and pour slowly over the beaten egg-yolks. Beat the egg-whites and cream and fold into the custard mixture. Pack immediately, using equal parts of salt and ice, and let stand for about three hours.

MAPLE ICE-CREAM

2 cups milk 2 eggs
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup maple-sirup 1 cup cream, whipped
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon nutmeg

HEAT milk in double boiler. Mix maple-sirup and add hot milk slowly. Cook, stirring constantly, until custard thickens. When cold, add cream and nutmeg. Freeze as usual, using three times as much ice as salt.

HOT MAPLE SAUCE

2 cups maple-sirup $\frac{1}{4}$ cup evaporated milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water

BOIL the sirup, evaporated milk and hot water until a few drops of the mixture dropped in cold water will form a hard ball. Pour while hot over a serving of ice-cream. Half a cup of cream or one-fourth cup each of milk and butter may be substituted for the evaporated milk and water.

MAPLE-SUGAR ROLL

2 cups flour 2 tablespoons fat
4 teaspoons baking-powder Milk (about $\frac{3}{4}$ cup)
1 teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{3}$ cup maple-sugar

SIFT the flour, baking-powder and salt together. Cut in the fat and add milk enough to roll. Turn out on a slightly floured board, roll to one-half inch in thickness, spread with melted butter and cover with shaved maple-sugar. Press with rolling-pin, then roll up like a jelly-roll, and cut one-inch pieces from the end. Lay outside down on a slightly oiled pan, put a dot of butter on the top of each, and bake in a hot oven. Serve hot with butter. These are delicious for supper or with afternoon tea.

VERMONT PENOCHÉ

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cup white sugar 1 tablespoon butter
1 cup maple-sugar Pinch salt
1 cup milk $\frac{3}{4}$ cup chopped peanuts
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond flavoring

COOK the white and maple sugar, milk, butter and salt until the thermometer registers 240 degrees Fahrenheit or a few drops of the mixture will form a soft ball when dropped in cold water. Set in a dish of cold water without jarring or stirring until thoroughly cool, then add nuts and flavoring, and beat until creamy. Pour into a buttered tin, and when almost cold, cut in cubes.

MAPLE PRALINES

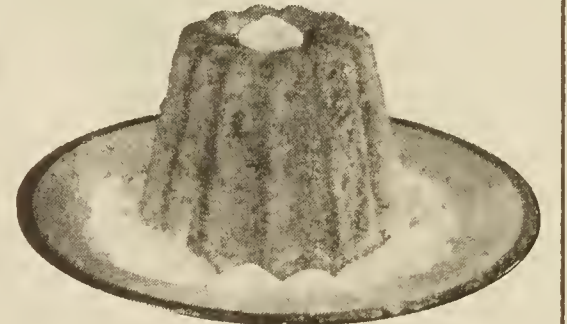
2 cups powdered sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
1 cup maple-sirup 2 cups pecans

BOIL the powdered sugar, sirup and cream until, when tried in cold water, a soft ball is formed. Remove from fire and beat until creamy. Add whole nuts, and pour in flat rounds on oiled paper. The mixture may be poured into a buttered tin and cut in squares with a sharp knife if desired.

Mrs. Knox's Corner

A Great Recipe from "The Green Gabled Farm"

RECENTLY I lunched at a little green gabled farm house in an apple orchard, where I enjoyed a most unusual apple dessert in which I recognized Knox Sparkling Gelatine. Of course, woman-like, I asked for the recipe, which is Knox Apple Charlotte, and give it herewith, together with a recipe for a Rice Mold which was sent in from the South.



APPLE CHARLOTTE

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
1 cup sugar 2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup cooked apple pulp
Whites of 3 eggs Lady fingers or stale cake

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved, add lemon juice. Strain; cool slightly and add apple juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat (using a wire whisk) until light; then add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff, and beat thoroughly. Turn into mold lined with lady fingers, or stale cake. One pint whipped cream may be used in place of whites of eggs.

One package of Knox Gelatine will serve a family of six with four different desserts or salads for four different meals, or make in all twenty-four individual servings.

RICE MOLD WITH PINEAPPLE

$\frac{1}{2}$ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water Few grains salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup scalded pineapple juice $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
1 cup cooked rice 1 cup whipped cream
1 tablespoonful lemon juice

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup in hot water. Add pineapple juice, sugar and salt to rice. Strain into this the gelatine, and mix thoroughly; cool slightly, and add whipped cream and lemon juice. Turn into mold lined with slices of canned pineapple. Chill, and serve with or without whipped cream. Other fruits may be used in place of pineapple and two egg whites used in place of the whipped cream, if desired.

An Unusual Collection of Recipes—Free

My recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," containing many unusual recipes, will help you in planning unusual meals for your family. Write for them enclosing four cents in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

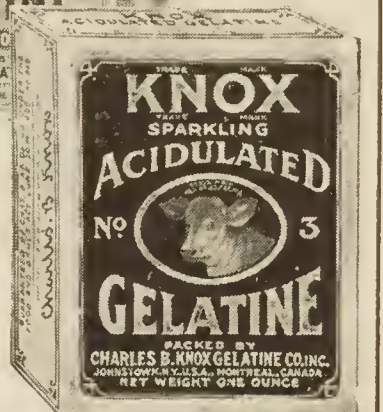
MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE

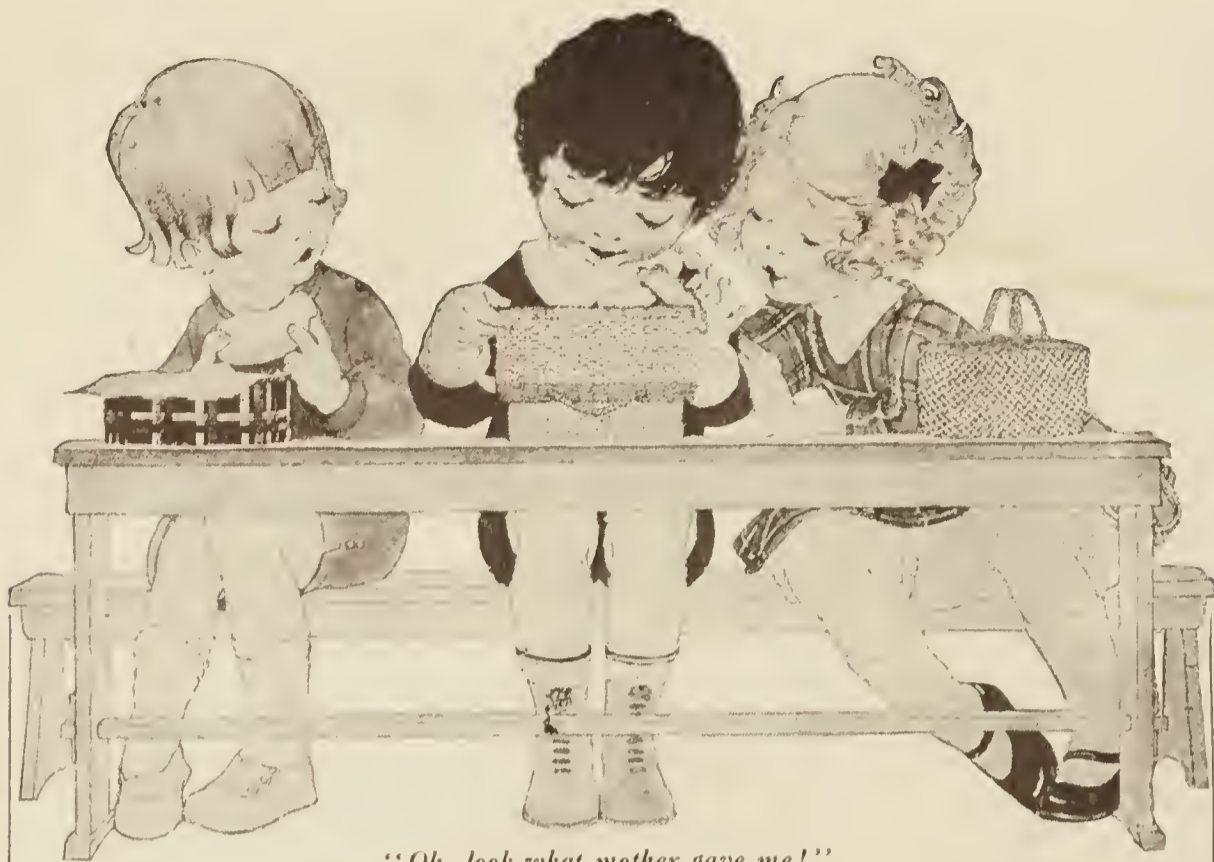
166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



"Wherever
a recipe
calls for
Gelatine—
it means
KNOX"



This package
contains an
envelope of pure
Lemon Flavor
for the convenience of the
busy housewife



"Oh, look what mother gave me!"

The Royal Baking Service

from

The Royal Educational Department

Author's Note—Sandwiches of home baked nut and fruit breads—home made cookies, cup cakes, and muffin surprises—with what youthful glee is each new thing in the dainty mother-packed lunch box pounced upon and devoured!

Not only children but grown-ups too like these unusual sandwiches—appropriate for parties, picnics, long journey lunches, or light Sunday night "sandwich suppers."

Space does not permit giving all the lunch box dainties made up by the Educational Department, but if you want other suggestions for the children's lunches or help in preparing other lunch recipes, as well as a copy of the new Royal Cook Book, write today to the Educational Department, Royal Baking Powder Company, 133-C William St., New York.

Lunch Delights for Children and Grown-ups

Getting the Right Combination

JUST what to put in the children's lunch box—getting a wholesome yet different combination five days out of seven is a puzzle indeed! Each lunch should include a meaty sandwich, a refreshing drink, and a sweet; any of the following with a glass of milk or a cup of hot cocoa makes a light but adequate lunch:

- 1 Date bread sandwiches spread with butter or cream cheese, peanut cookies, orange.
- 2 Peanut butter bread sandwiches spread with butter, orange cup cake, apple.
- 3 Biscuit sandwiches with chopped chicken, banana, two or three pieces of fudge.
- 4 Biscuit sandwiches with crisp lettuce, cup custard, filled cookies.

Things That Children Love to See

THE unexpected always pleases children and a new cookie, muffin, or a paper of candies, included in the lunch will delight them.

A Muffin Surprise—Put a tablespoon of muffin batter into a tin. Place a stoned date, a piece of pineapple, a stewed apricot, or a bit of red jelly in center. Cover with another tablespoon of batter and bake. What a surprise when the plain muffin is opened!

Cookie Delights—Place one cookie atop another with an in-between stuffing of marshmallow, ground raisins, nut butter, jam or best of all, ground figs!

New Biscuit Ideas

For Sandwiches—Instead of ordinary bread, nice crispy biscuits make delightful variations. They are delicious with almost any filling, and with grated maple or brown sugar are wholesome and especially popular with children.

Cinnamon Buns—Spread the thinly rolled biscuit dough with butter, sprinkle with cinnamon and brown sugar, roll like jelly roll, and cut in one and one half inch slices and bake.

Filled Biscuits—Roll biscuit dough thin, cut, butter, spread with ground raisins, put another biscuit on top, press edges together, and bake.

Tart—Roll dough thin, cut hole in center of one biscuit, place on top of another buttered biscuit, press together. Fill each with stewed cranberries or other fruit and bake into a lovely lunch tart!

Now for Packing the Lunch!

THE daintiest lunch in the world can be spoiled in packing. Cut sandwiches thin and into "lady fingers" or attractive pieces easy to eat, and wrap each individually in wax paper. A covered jelly glass or screw top jar nicely holds a baked apple; a custard or chocolate pudding can be packed in the cup in which it was baked, and don't forget the spoon.

Remember, too, that boys hate to fuss with desserts if compelled to carry a cup or spoon home; an apple or other raw fruit is better for the boy's lunch box.

Cut these out and Paste in Your Cook Book

Biscuit Sandwiches

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
1/2 teaspoon salt
3/4 cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt; add shortening; rub in very lightly; add liquid slowly; roll on floured board to about one-half inch thick (handle little as possible); cut out biscuits. Bake in quick oven 15 to 20 minutes. When cold, split, butter, and fill as desired.

Peanut Cookies

1 cup flour
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup chopped peanuts
1/2 cup sugar
1/4 cup milk
1 egg
1 teaspoon lemon juice

Sift dry ingredients together. Add melted shortening to beaten egg. Add milk and lemon juice, and mix well with the dry ingredients to make soft dough. Add peanuts; mix well and drop with teaspoon on greased pan. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. This recipe makes about four dozen small cookies and requires 1 quart peanuts.

Whole Wheat Fruit Bread

2 cups whole wheat flour
1 teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 cup molasses
1 pound dates or other fruit
2 cups white flour
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup soda
2 cups milk

Sift together white flour, sugar, salt and baking powder; add to whole wheat flour. Add fruit, chopped fine. Add milk. Add molasses and soda beaten till foamy. Bake in one large or two small greased loaf pans, in slow oven about 1 hour. For tea or reception sandwiches, add 1 cup chopped nuts to above recipe.

Scotch Fingers

2 cups rolled oats
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 tablespoons melted butter
1/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup molasses
1/4 cup milk

Grind in the food chopper rolled oats, mix with salt, baking powder, and sugar. Stir in milk, molasses and butter. Mix well. Roll out in a very thin sheet, and cut into narrow oblongs. Flour board with ground rolled oats. Bake 20 minutes in moderate oven.



MRS. WARREN G. HARDING

ON FOODS LIKE THESE RECIPES FROM THE HOMES OF

HARDING WAFFLES

2 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 pint milk
1 pint flour
2 heaping teaspoons baking-powder

BEAT the yolks of eggs and sugar together, add salt, melted butter, milk and flour. Beat the whites of eggs and add with baking-powder the last thing before baking.

MRS. WARREN G. HARDING.

BUTTER-SCOTCH PIE

1 cup brown sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons butter
2 eggs
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon corn-starch
1/2 teaspoon salt

BEAT sugar, milk and butter together in the upper part of the double boiler. Beat the egg-yolks, add flour, corn-starch and salt. Add to the mixture in the double boiler and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Cool, and fold in the beaten egg-whites and vanilla. Place in a pie-crust shell previously baked, and frost with whipped cream. MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE.

COOLIDGE SALAD DRESSING

2 eggs
1 tablespoon dry mustard
Salt
Paprika
1/4 cup vinegar
1/4 cup water
1 tablespoon olive-oil

BEAT eggs and add dry ingredients. Stir in water and vinegar, and cool in the upper part of the double boiler until thick, stirring constantly.

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE.

FRUIT-AND-NUT ROCKS

1 cup sugar
2 eggs
1/2 cup butter
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
Pastry flour
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon soda
Liberal measure of chopped nuts, dates and raisins.

MIX sugar and well-beaten eggs. Add melted fat, spices, soda, and chopped nuts and fruit. Add sufficient pastry flour to make moderately stiff batter. Drop on greased pans and bake well but not too brown. MRS. MANLEY L. FOSSEN, Minneapolis, member of the Republican National Executive Committee.

ITALIAN POLENTA À LA McCORMICK

1 cup corn-meal
1 teaspoon salt
4 cups water
2 tablespoons butter
3/4 cup grated cheese
Celery salt
Onion sauce
Bread-crumbs

USE white or yellow corn-meal. Boil to a mush with the salt and water. Add butter, cheese and seasonings. Allow mixture to cool in a mold, cut in thick slices, sprinkle with seasoned bread-crumbs and fry or bake quickly until brown. Sprinkle with grated cheese and serve.

MRS. MEDIE McCORMICK, Chicago, member of the Republican National Executive Committee.

SANTA ANA BREAD

WHEN preparing dinner boil four or five large potatoes until well done. Measure one large cooking spoon of flour, one of sugar, one of salt, and a tablespoon of fat. Moisten with cold water. Stir smooth and scald with the boiling potato-water. Stir well and cool with cold water until lukewarm. Add to this one cake of dry yeast, previously moistened, two cups of mashed potatoes, and let stand until morning. Sift four sifters full of flour (hard wheat preferred) and warm through. Stir into this the liquid yeast made lukewarm and mix stiff. Let rise in a warm place and make into loaves when raised double size. Bake in moderate oven until done.

MRS. E. E. REMSBERG,
Santa Ana, California.
(Sister of President Harding.)

NORTHAMPTON BAKED BEANS

1 pint California beans
1 teaspoon soda
1/4 pound salt pork
1/2 cup dark-brown sugar
1 teaspoon dry mustard

PICK over and wash the beans. Soak overnight. In the morning parboil the beans until the skin breaks very easily. Before taking from the stove add soda. As soon as the water foams up well, remove from the stove and drain, and rinse the beans in fresh water. Place them in a bean-pot, add sugar and mustard. Score the pork and place it in the center of the pot, sinking it until the rind is level with the top of the beans. Cover with boiling water and place in the oven. Add more water from time to time as needed. Bake eight hours. If a gas-range is used, gas may be saved by baking the beans in a top oven placed over the simmer burner. MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE.

COOLIDGE PIE-CRUST

2 tablespoons shortening
1 cup flour
Cold water (about 3 tablespoons)

CUT fat into flour. Add water slowly, using only enough to hold the dough together. Roll, and bake in a hot oven.

MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE.



MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE

© Underwood & Underwood

OUR LEADERS THRIVE STATESMEN AND NOTED WOMEN

SOUTHERN CORN PONE

2 cups corn-meal 1 tablespoon butter
1 teaspoon salt Cold water

SCALD the corn-meal slightly. Add salt and butter and enough cold water to make a dough just stiff enough to handle. Make into small dodgers or pones, brush lightly with butter, put in a hot oven and bake until a nut-brown color.

MRS. JOHN GLOVER SOUTH,
Frankfort, Kentucky,
Assistant Secretary to the Republican
National Committee.

REPUBLICAN CREAMED POTATOES

BAKE medium-sized potatoes until thoroughly done, but do not bake too long. When perfectly cold (they are best after a few hours) slice rather thin and put in a skillet. Sprinkle with flour, and turn them very carefully, so that each piece is covered with flour. Sprinkle with salt and dot with small pieces of butter. Pour in enough rich milk or cream to almost cover the potatoes. Place on the fire and when the cream begins to cook, lift up the potatoes with a spatula or pancake turner to avoid having them stick. Disturb them as little as possible, and never stir them, for baked potatoes crumble very easily. When rightly cooked they should be shiny and the cream should be entirely absorbed. There should be no liquid.

MRS. HARRIET TAYLOR UPTON,
Warren, Ohio,
Vice-Chairman Executive Committee,
Republican National Committee.

CHICKEN TURBIT À LA CAPPER

5 chickens 1 pint cream
2 tablespoons butter 1 pint stock
2 tablespoons flour 1 can mushrooms

BOIL the chickens and cut in small pieces. Melt the butter and add the flour. Stir in cream and stock (or milk) and cook until thickened. Mix all together and bake in a buttered pan. Cover the top with buttered bread-crumbs.

MRS. ARTHUR CAPPER,
Wife of Senator Capper of Kansas.

CAPPER DATE PUDDING

2 eggs 1 teaspoon baking-
3 tablespoons water powder
1 cup powdered sugar 1 cup English wal-
2 tablespoons flour nuts
2 teaspoons vanilla 1 cup dates

BEAT the eggs, add water, sugar and flour and baking-powder sifted together. Add vanilla, nuts, and cut-up dates, and spread in shallow greased tin. Bake twenty minutes.

MRS. ARTHUR CAPPER.

TAPIOCA PURÉE ILLINOIS

1 cup pearl tapioca 1 quart milk
1 quart soup stock 1 tablespoon flour
1 cup cream

SOAK the tapioca overnight, cook it in the soup stock for half an hour or until the tapioca is clear. Add the milk. Thicken with the flour, salt to taste, add cream and serve.

MRS. FRANK O. LOWDEN,
Wife of Governor Lowden of Illinois.

A FAVORITE SOUTHERN CHICKEN PILAU

CUT up and stew a fat hen in water enough to almost cover it. When almost tender add from two to three cups of uncooked rice, and let stew slowly until the chicken is thoroughly done and the rice has absorbed the liquor. The rice must not be stirred, but care must be taken that it does not stick. All of the broth should be absorbed by the rice. Season well. Serve on platter with the chicken surrounded by the rice.

In the South red pepper is used, but this is optional.

MRS. WILL HAYS,
Wife of the Chairman of the
Republican National Committee.

ORANGE MARMALADE

6 oranges 1 large (or 2 small)
1 grapefruit lemons
Sugar Water

SQUEEZE the juice from the fruit. Put the skins through the food-chopper and add to the juice. To every cup of the mixture add three cups of water. Soak twenty-four hours. Boil for one hour and let stand for twenty-four hours. To every cup add three-fourths cup of sugar; more if taste requires it. Boil about one hour or until it gives a jelly test. This amount makes about fifteen glasses.

MISS MARY GARRETT HAY,
New York,
Chairman of the League of Women Voters.

LUNCHEON CAKE

2 cups brown sugar 2 teaspoons cinna-
2 tablespoons fat mon
2 cups water 3 cups flour
1½ teaspoon salt 1 package seeded
2 teaspoons allspice raisins
1 teaspoon soda

BOIL sugar, fat, water, salt, spices and raisins together for five minutes. When cool, add flour, sifted with the soda. Bake in shallow or loaf pan for forty-five minutes.

MISS MARY GARRETT HAY.



These are Greater Values

Wider usefulness, greater conveniences, longer service, more freedom from kitchen work—these are greater values the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet brings.

They are sound reasons for the preference women everywhere give it.

These superiorities are due to the more scientific design of the Napanee. Meals can be prepared more quickly at this cabinet because of its more efficient arrangement, its exclusive features and conveniences. So kitchen hours are shortened.

The longer service and lifetime satisfaction of the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet are due to its construction and workmanship. The Napanee is built by devoted cabinet makers—not by carpenters. Its superiority is like that of a really fine piece of furniture to the handiwork of a shed builder.

Through years of hardest service it retains its beauty and finish; the drawers and doors fit smoothly and perfectly; the fine selected woods remain undisclored and unwarped. Every Napanee expresses the painstaking ideals of its builders. Ask your dealer to show you its superiorities. Compare the Napanee with other kitchen cabinets—then compare the prices!

You should have one of these

"What We Learned About Built-in Features" will be a very valuable booklet to you if you are planning to build or to remodel. Another interesting booklet—"More Time Out of Your Kitchen"—will help you improve kitchen methods. We'll gladly send either with our compliments. Write.

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Nappanee, Indiana





Fresh Pumpkin Pie from California

Freshly picked in the full glow of their sun-rich flavor, California's garden pumpkins now come to your kitchen in "CALADERO" Pumpkin Flour.

"CALADERO" Pumpkin Flour is made from fresh, selected pumpkins that have been cleaned, dehydrated and then ground and bolted into a fine golden flour. A pumpkin is about 90 per cent water, and all we do is to take out the water by our wonderful "Caladero" process of dehydration that seals in all the flavor. All you do is to add the water, and you again have the selected golden pumpkin delicious and full of taste.



Ask your grocer for "CALADERO" Pumpkin Flour. If he does not have it, send 50c for a canister that will make ten large pies at the usual cost of one.

Always ready — always fresh, one tablespoonful of

"Caladero" Pumpkin Flour

will make the most delicious pumpkin pie you ever ate — without waste, muss or dirt.

Our great plant is one of the largest in the world and produces the famous "Caladero" Dehydrated Products — peaches, apricots, apples, Bartlett pears, French prunes and "Caladero" vegetables. We will send you a booklet telling you about them with your sample order of "CALADERO" Pumpkin Flour.

Cut out the coupon and send to us for a sample canister of "CALADERO" Pumpkin Flour. Your money back if not pleased.

CALADERO PRODUCTS CO.
Atascadero, California



A tablespoonful of
"Caladero"
Pumpkin Flour
makes a pie.

CALADERO PRODUCTS COMPANY,
DEPT. C, ATASCADERO, CALIFORNIA

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 50 cents. Please send me postpaid one can of "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour (enough to make 10 large pies). My money to be refunded if not pleased.

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THE HOSTESS'S BUSY MARCH

BY HELENA JUDSON

DON'T forget Inauguration Day! A national event that comes only once in four years is certainly deserving of some notice in the household.

Use national colors to decorate the table, put pictures of the incoming President and Vice-President in conspicuous places. Here is a sample of "something a little different" to eat:

Individual Veal Pies
Hot Corn Bread Mashed Potato
Jellied Tomato and Celery Salad
Prune-and-Apricot Whip
Marshmallow Gingerbread

SHAPE the crust for the individual pies over inverted custard cups, if possible, so that they may be higher and narrower than the usual muffin-tin. Stamp out a round of pie crust larger than the top of the pie, to allow for shrinking, cross two strips of paste in the middle of each round as an ornament and at the intersection place a ball of crust to represent a knob or handle by which the lid of the pie is to be lifted off.

These cases may be made in the morning, as the piping-hot creamed-veal filling will heat them sufficiently for serving, so that the lids only need be reheated at the time. Place each case on a foundation of mashed potato, to insure a firm base, and do not fill the pie until arranged on the individual serving-plate. This gives meat and vegetable on the same plate and in attractive form.

Creamed tuna or other fish may be substituted for the veal.

Make a savory tomato jelly, and as it begins to stiffen stir in as much finely chopped celery as it will take. Mold in a ring shape and at serving time invert on a large round plate, preferably a glass one, and in the center space set a stemmed glass holding boiled salad dressing. Decorate the outer edge of the mold with selected leaves from the celery tips. This is very ornamental when placed on the table, and yet it is inexpensive and easily made.

For the prune-and-apricot whip mix equal quantities of the two fruits, stewed, finely chopped, beaten hard, using one stiffly whipped egg-white to each cup of fruit pulp and serve ice-cold in a pretty glass with a whorl of whipped cream and a dot of each kind of fruit as a finishing touch. Flavor the cake only slightly with ginger, bake in a shallow tin, mark off in inch-and-a-half squares, on each put a half marshmallow cut side down and run into oven until the marshmallow softens and begins to spread. If possible, serve warm.

FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY

ANOTHER March attraction for the hostess is St. Patrick's Day, March seventeenth. If one has social obligations to repay, it is well worth while to select this day for an afternoon tea or reception, or an evening card-party and dance. Be sure to have an appropriately decorated serving-table, for this gives the key-note to the affair. There is nothing easier and more decorative than the combination of green and white.

A novel effect is gained by using high, inexpensive glass vases as pedestals for glass dishes of small candies or cakes. Fill the

vases with green-tinted water so that they look like the colored-glass globes in the drug-store windows.

Top these shimmery green columns each with a glass dish of suitable size, filling one with bonbons twisted in green-edged paper, another with green and white peppermints, a third with green fruit paste and a fourth with balls of fondant rolled in chopped pistachio-nuts. Tie a fluffy bow of green tulle on the stem of each vase, this material being so airy that it does not look so heavy as green ribbon.

Within the square formed by this decoration place some ornamental arrangement of salad or dessert, with small dishes of sandwiches and cakes here and there on the table, ready to be passed to guests. The following is a tempting combination for a light supper:

St. Patrick's Day Salad
Triple sandwiches
Charlotte Russe with Pistachio-Nuts
Coffee Chocolate Bonbons

THE salad is a simple one of stuffed eggs, the filling in the center masked with green-tinted mayonnaise, stiffened with gelatin, so it will not spread beyond the white margin. Serve each on a lettuce leaf with a sandwich on the same plate.

Instead of two thin slices of bread for each sandwich have three. Spread the first slice with a white filling either of minced chicken or flaked tuna fish. Cover with the second slice which has been brushed with softened and seasoned butter. Spread this slice with a green mixture, either highly seasoned minced spinach with olives or cream cheese colored with chopped parsley. Top with the third slice of bread and press well before cutting in finger strips. A full-slice sandwich should cut into three of a finger-strip size.

An inexpensive charlotte russe requiring cream only as a garnish is made from a gelatined custard, as follows:

1 pint milk 3 tablespoons sugar
3 eggs-yolks 1/4 teaspoon salt

COOK until mixture coats the spoon. Remove from fire and add one ounce of gelatin softened in some of the cold milk and stir thoroughly until dissolved. Flavor with a half-teaspoon each of vanilla and bitter almond, the latter emphasizing the taste of the pistachio-nuts.

When mixture begins to stiffen, fold in whipped whites of the three eggs and turn into a wet mold. Charlottes should properly be molded in oval forms, and sometimes a vegetable-dish with straight sides or a baking-dish can be found for this purpose. If not, use a round mold.

For garnishing, have ready a sufficient number of lady's-fingers so that when open and arranged singly they will border the mold. Frost each half with pistachio, invert the charlotte on serving-plate, spread with stiffly whipped, sweetened and flavored cream, embed the green frosted halves of lady's-fingers in the cream, like a fence, around the entire mold. Sprinkle finely chopped pistachio-nuts over cream on top. This makes an ornamental dish and does away with the serving of additional cakes.



Dromedary Dates and Cereal

Any well-cooked or dry cereal has a more delicious flavor if served with Dromedary Dates, stoned and cut in half. No other sugar or sweetening will be required.

Serve Dromedary Dates

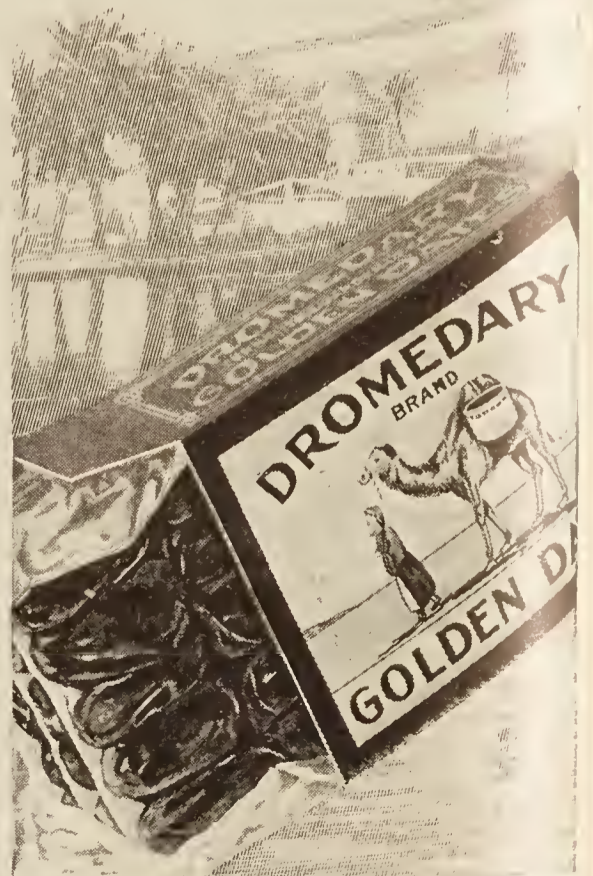
PLAIN or in combination—with cereals, salads, muffins, and sandwiches—Dromedary Dates add a wholesome sweetness and delicious flavor.

Children need no coaxing to eat their morning dish of cereal when you add Dromedary Dates—delicious sweet fruit from the Garden of Eden—fresh and clean, satisfying and wholesome.

Specially selected from the choicest crop, golden Dromedary Dates are fresh, moist, and luscious. They are healthful and easily digested. Write today for "1920 RECIPE BOOK."

Free on request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. E, 375 Washington St., New York





Premium Ham Shank—with string beans

The shank of a Premium Ham, the small end, is the boiling piece. Boiled with string beans it makes a dish that appeals to every appetite. The delicate flavor of the Premium Ham gives a nice variety to the beans and the two together make a really tempting dinner dish.

Let the ham simmer twenty minutes to each pound. A half hour before the meat is done, put in the beans which have been cut for cooking. Skin the ham just be-

fore serving. Your dinner will be a delightful satisfaction.

Do not forget that the flavor of the dish depends upon the delicate, sweet, ham flavor. Always insist upon having Premium Ham.

Swift's Premium Ham is a carefully selected ham which is just as carefully cured. Smoked enough—mild enough, sweet, it comes to you with so rare a balance of flavors it does not need parboiling before frying or broiling.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's
Premium
Ham



It is not
necessary to parboil
Swift's Premium Hams
before broiling
or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice

Every young girl's ambition —to make a perfect pie

The finest pie crust is easy to make. Those interested should read this carefully and understand the art of pie making

SOME PEOPLE still think that the making of flaky, delicate and easily digested pie crust is an art. Perhaps it used to be. Today even the inexperienced girl

can make the finest pie crust. Only two things are necessary. A good recipe—which is given here. And Mazola—which is sold by all grocers.

Mazola is so readily adapted to pie crust making that even those who first try it are assured of flaky, tender crusts.

The liquid form of Mazola, and the fact that it is 100% pure, highest grade vegetable oil, is in a large way responsible for the satisfactory results. Crusts are too tough or too short in many cases. This is due to the inaccurate measuring bound to occur when hard fats are used. With Mazola you can measure the amount needed *exactly*.

*Equal to butter at half the price —
better than lard*

ORDINARY cooking fat that many people use quickly absorbs moisture from the fruit juices. It keeps the crust from getting the full cooking value from the heat. So, by the time the top crust and the filling of the pie are baked, the bottom and side crusts are still under-done. This is one of the reasons why Mazola has the largest sale of any cooking oil, and why good cooks prefer it for pies, pastries and all cooking purposes.

And quite as interesting as the perfect result, is the economy of Mazola. You use $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ less Mazola than of lard or other fat. Because Mazola contains no moisture.

*Make this demonstration yourself tonight—
easily accomplished*

GET a can of Mazola from your grocer today and try this recipe for perfect pie crust:

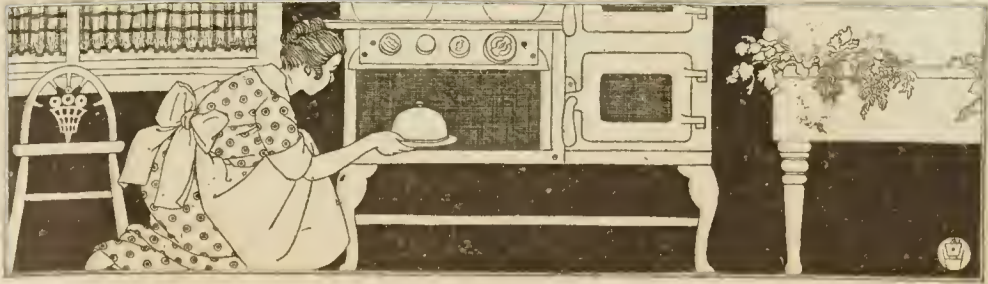
2 cups flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Mazola Pinch of Salt Ice water

Work Mazola well into the flour and salt, add enough ice water to hold together (about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup) and roll out at once. $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of Baking Powder may be added if desired.

FREE The handsomely illustrated Cook Book contains 64 pages of practical and tested recipes by expert cooks. Write today. Corn Products Refining Co., P. O. Box 161, New York.



If the undercrust of your pie is soggy, your pie is not perfect. Mazola insures the same crispness with the bottom crust as with the top crust.



GOOD EATING, AND CHEAP

(Recipes tested in the DELINEATOR kitchen)

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

CHUCK STEAK IN CASSEROLE

CUT one or two slices of chuck (large enough to fit your casserole), and at least two inches thick. Brown well in some of the fat, place in the casserole, add enough hot water, or meat or vegetable stock to cover. Cover the casserole closely and cook in the oven for one and one-half hours, or until nearly tender. At the end of that time, add several small onions which have been par-boiled, sliced raw carrots, small potatoes, and salt and pepper. Cover and continue cooking until the vegetables are ready to serve. If a thickened sauce is desired the liquor may be drained off and thickened with flour, then added to the vegetables and meat. Serve from the casserole or arrange on a platter.

BEEF LOAF

3 pounds lean beef 2 tablespoons lemon-juice
 1/2 pound salt pork
 6 whole crackers 1 tablespoon salt
 1/2 cup milk or water 1/2 tablespoon pepper
 Few drops onion-juice

MIX ground beef and salt pork with rolled crackers. Mix well with milk or water, lemon-juice and seasonings. Press firmly in a loaf-pan, and bake slowly three hours in a moderate oven or in the fireless cooker. Prick occasionally so that the pork fat penetrates the whole.

BEEF-HEART MEAT LOAF

BOIL a beef heart until tender, or cook it in the fireless cooker. Left-over heart may also be used. Chop it very fine with a little fat bacon or salt pork. Season well, and mix with an equal amount of boiled rice. Press in a mold. Steam until heated through, and serve with well-flavored tomato-sauce.

BEEFSTEAK-AND-KIDNEY PUDDING

1 pound beef from rump Flour
 1 beef kidney Salt and pepper

CUT the beef in cubes, mix with the kidney suet, and roll in seasoned flour. Wash the kidney, remove the membrane and cut in eight pieces. Use with the following crust:

CRUST

3 cups flour 3 teaspoons salt
 2 tablespoons baking-powder 3/4 cup finely chopped beef suet

SIFT the flour, baking-powder and salt. Work in the suet, and add enough cold water to make a stiff paste. Roll out thicker than pie-crust, and line a bowl with it. Put in meat, season with onion-juice, and add water or stock to within two inches of the top. Wet the edge of the crust, cover with the rest of the paste, and press edges well together. Wrap a large cloth out of boiling water, flour it, place it over the top and tie it down. Cook in a steamer for two and one-half hours. Remove the cloth and cut a hole in the crust before serving.

TRIPE À LA CREOLE

3 cups tripe Pepper
 1 tablespoon onion 1/8 green pepper
 2 tablespoons butter or 1 tablespoon flour
 butter substitute 1/2 cup stock
 Salt 1/4 cup drained tomato
 1 fresh mushroom

CUT the tripe in pieces two inches long by one-half inch wide, using enough to make the required amount. Put in a pan and place in oven so that water may be drawn out. Cook the finely chopped onion in the butter or butter substitute until slightly browned, add seasonings, finely chopped pepper, flour, stock, tomato, and sliced mushroom. Add tripe, and cook five minutes.

CHINA CHILE

2 pounds scrag end of lamb 2 sliced onions
 1 cup dried beans 2 cups boiling water
 1 head lettuce Salt and pepper

CUT the meat into small pieces, discarding all superfluous fat. Soak the beans overnight, and drain. Add beans, shredded lettuce, onions, water, and seasonings. Simmer until meat is tender, about three hours. When the meat is done there should be very little broth.

OLLA PODRIDA

3 cups boiled rice 3/4 cup grated cheese
 1 1/2 cup fried onions 1/2 cup pimentoes
 2 cups tomatoes

COVER the bottom of an oiled baking-dish with the cooked rice, spread with the other ingredients, then cover with another layer of rice. Repeat until the dish is full, finishing with a layer of rice and cheese. Bake three-fourths of an hour.

RICE CROQUETTES

1/2 cup rice 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1 1/2 cup milk, stock, or 1 tablespoon butter
 tomato or butter substitute
 1 slice onion 1 egg-yolk
 Left-over meat

COOK the rice in the milk, adding the onion and salt. When tender, add the butter or butter substitute, and egg yolk, and cool. Shape in balls, and roll in bread-crumbs. Press the center with a spoon to shape the balls into nests, dip in beaten egg, and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat. When serving, fill the centers with the chopped meat, well seasoned and mixed with gravy.

STEAMED PUDDING

1 cup bread-crumbs 1 teaspoon salt
 1 cup flour 1 cup sugar
 1 teaspoon cinnamon 1 cup hot water
 1/2 teaspoon cloves 1 egg
 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg 1 cup raisins
 1 teaspoon baking-powder 1/2 cup nuts

MIX bread-crumbs, flour, and other dry ingredients. Slowly add hot water and beaten egg. Stir in rasins and nuts. Pour into a covered can, or in oiled bread pan, covered with oiled paper. Steam two hours.

This pudding keeps fresh indefinitely. Serve hot with hard sauce, or with any pudding sauce.

APPLE-SAUCE CAKE

1 cup sugar 1 1/2 cup unsweetened apple-sauce
 1 tablespoon cinnamon 2 1/2 cups flour
 1/2 teaspoon cloves 1/2 cup melted fat
 2 teaspoons soda
 1 cup raisins

MIX sugar, cinnamon and cloves. Stir the soda into the apple sauce, and let it foam over into the mixing-bowl. Add flour, melted fat, and floured raisins. Bake in a loaf tin or muffin-pans in a moderate oven.

EGGLESS CAKE

2 cups sugar 1 teaspoon nutmeg
 2 cups water 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 3/4 cup lard 1/4 teaspoon salt
 1 cup raisins 1 teaspoon soda
 1 cup currants 2 teaspoons baking-powder
 1 teaspoon cloves 3 1/2 cups flour
 1 teaspoon allspice
 1 cup nuts

COOK the sugar, water, lard, fruit, and spices together for five minutes. Cool a little, add soda and baking-powder sifted with the flour. Add nuts, beat well, than bake in a slow oven forty-five to fifty minutes. This makes a large cake which keeps a long time.



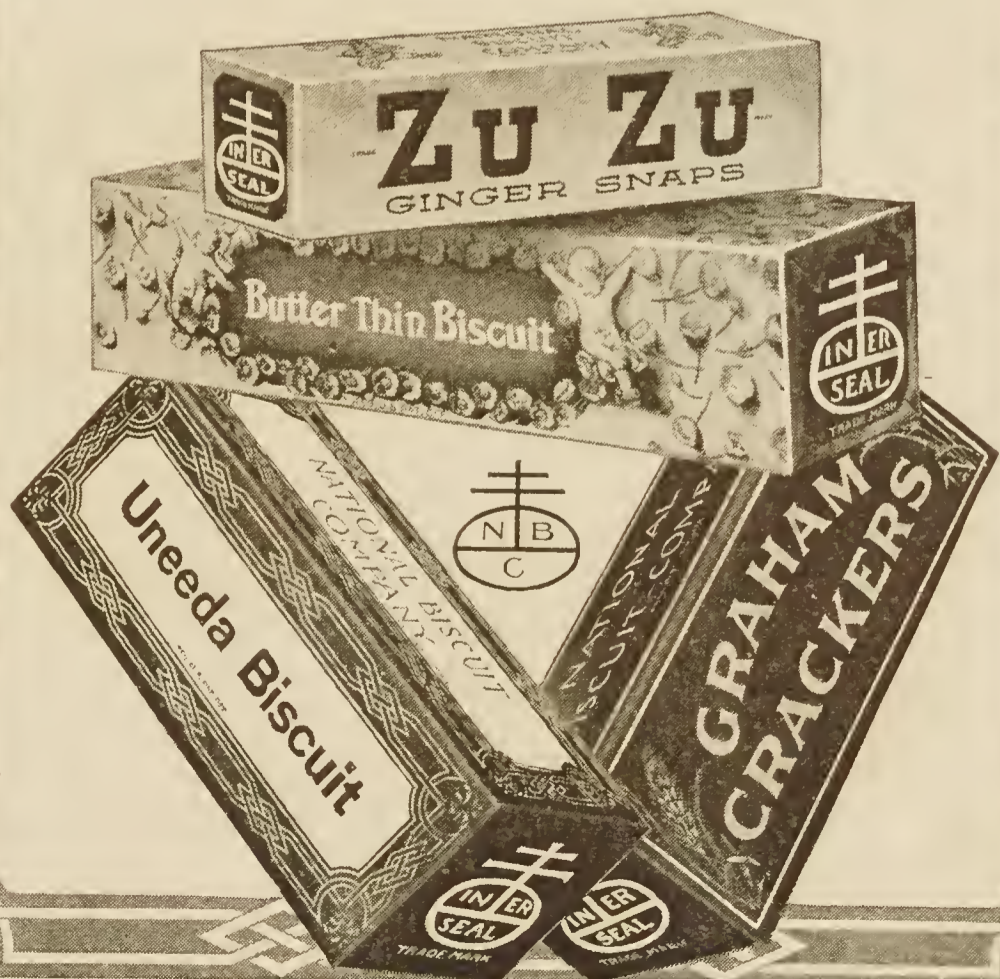
Appetite Builders

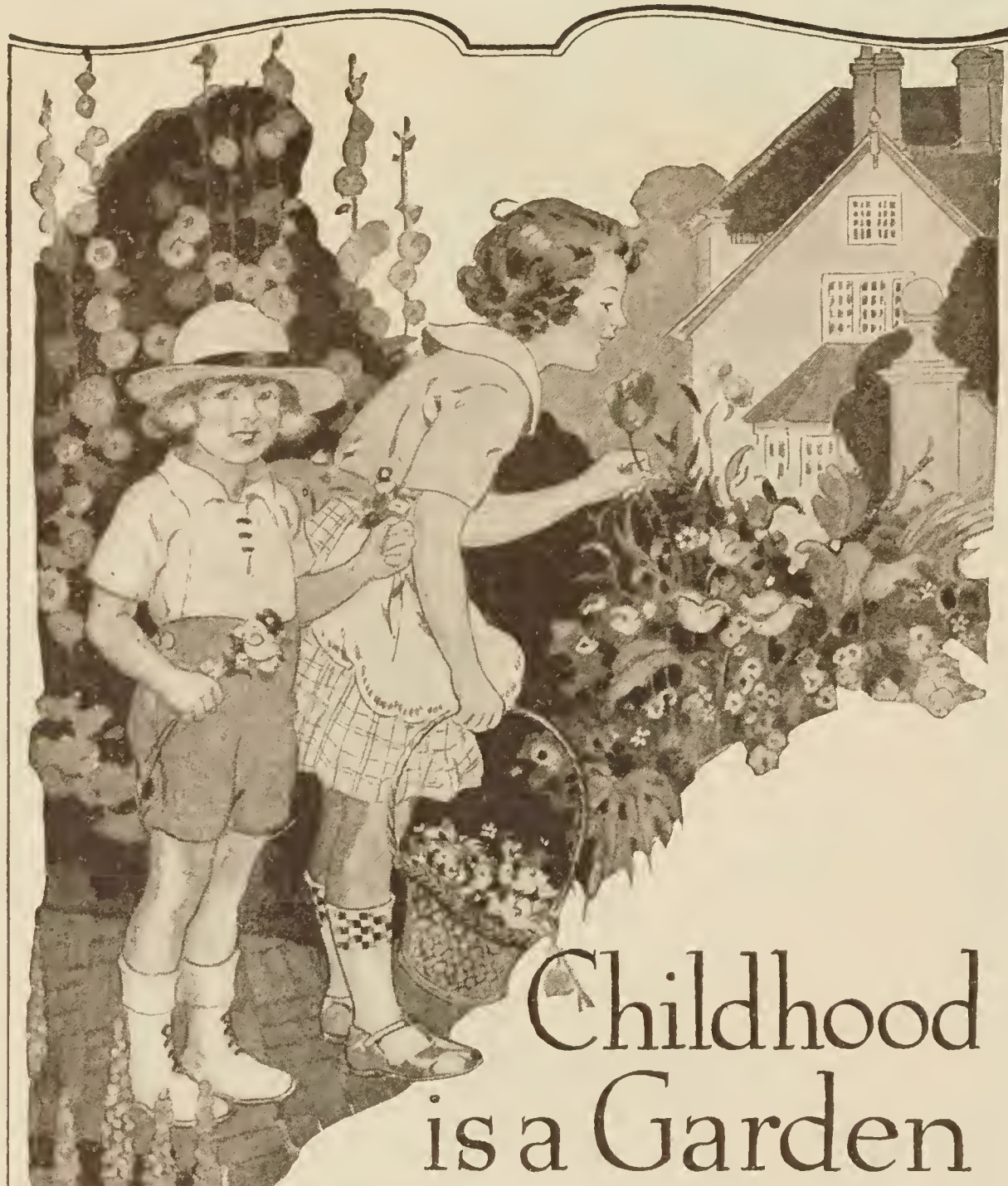
After all's said and done, the reason for the great and ever-growing popularity of National Biscuit Company products is that they are *appetite builders*.

Tired appetites respond readily to their hearty appeal. Appetites that know them day by day *never* tire of them. Wherever there is a pantry shelf stocked with them there is never any food emergency that cannot be met instantly and well.

There's an N. B. C. appetite builder for every course—from morning cereal to dinner dessert. Keep a supply of these quality foods in *your* pantry.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





Childhood is a Garden

A CHILD has been compared to a garden—fertile ground for good-habit flowers or bad-habit weeds.

In mother's keeping rests the fate of these little gardens. She should plant early the seed of sound habits of health; particularly the good habit of regular and thorough elimination of food waste. For of all the habits learned in childhood, this is by far the most important in safeguarding the child against illness and promoting its health all through life.

Particularly valuable for children

Nujol is particularly valuable for relieving Constipation in children; for instead of forcing or irritating the system, *Nujol simply softens the food waste.* This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. It is absolutely harmless, does not upset their little stomachs, cause griping nor interfere with their school or play. And they like it.

Leading medical authorities agree that over 75% of human illness has its origin in unnatural conditions in the intestinal tract—in constipation—and prescribe NUJOL particularly for children.



Nujol

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Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark. Write today to the Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 709F 44 Beaver Street, New York, for booklet "As The Twig Is Bent"—Constipation in infancy and childhood.

Name

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A GROUP OF PLANT IMMIGRANTS BEING INTRODUCED INTO THIS COUNTRY BY THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE IS SHOWN IN THIS PICTURE AND AT THE TOP OF PAGE 37

TO BRING ABUNDANCE MAKE A SUCCESS OF BY ROBERT M. ADAMS

THERE are four ways in which the soil of the home vegetable garden may be rendered more productive: by increasing the actual or available supply of plant-food materials; by increasing the supply of humus (decaying vegetable or animal matter); by improving the physical condition of the soil, and by correcting soil acidity.

These lines of improvement are not distinct and independent, for the same material or operation may give results which further more than one of them. The application of animal manures, for example, often benefits the soil in all four ways, while liming concerns three of them, as will be explained later, in this article.

The elements most likely to be lacking in soils are: calcium, nitrogen, phosphorus and potash.

CALCIUM occurs in the soil as a constituent of lime, which has the following important uses:

It causes particles of clay to unite into flakes, so that a soil of that type may acquire, to some extent, the advantages of sandy loam soil.

By correcting the acidity of some soils, it makes conditions more favorable for the life of beneficial bacteria.

It is a food material itself, and its chemical action in the soil sets free other food materials, especially nitrogen, for the use of plants.

Of the garden vegetables, peas, beans and tomatoes seem least affected by acidity in the soil, while cantaloups, onions, lettuce and beets are especially sensitive to it. The good growth of the latter crops in a garden, therefore, would indicate that there is no great need of lime to make the soil less acid, but it may be desirable for the other purposes indicated.

The amount of lime needed depends upon the soil in question. One ton to the acre, every three years, is often recommended as a fair average requirement. This would be, on a small scale, nearly equivalent to a pound for every twenty square feet. This is entirely too much for light sandy soils, especially if they are poor in humus, and too little for heavy clay soils rich in humus.

THE best general fertilizer for the garden is stable manure. It benefits the soil in three ways: by supplying food materials of all kinds; by supplying humus, and by fostering beneficial bacteria. Stable manure contains varying amounts of nitrogen, phosphorus and potash, being especially rich in nitrogen. Annual applications of twenty-five tons to the acre will not be too much on land which is being gardened intensively; that is, where there is a continuous succession of crops throughout the growing season. This would be about one ton (one two-horse load) for a garden thirty by sixty feet.

Fresh stable manure should not be applied to a garden in the Spring. It contains

much readily available plant-food, especially nitrogen, and may cause too great a growth of stem and leaves in some plants at the expense of the fruit. This is especially true of tomatoes. Moreover, it is not possible to divide the manure finely nor to mix it thoroughly with the soil.

Root crops like parsnips, carrots and salsify send out roots toward the lumps of manure or turn in that direction and so become forked or twisted. If the manure has much straw, it makes the soil loose, drying it out and breaking the connection between the upper and lower portions. The growth of the plant depends upon this connection being maintained, so that water may be drawn up from below by capillarity, as oil is drawn up in a lamp-wick. For these reasons fresh manure should be applied in the Fall and plowed or spaded under. Well-rotted manure may be spread in the Spring and worked into the soil.

WHERE manure is not to be had in large amounts commercial fertilizers may be used. It must be remembered, however, that the latter will not produce satisfactory results without a good supply of humus. Some soils already contain so much humus that they will give good yields for years with commercial fertilizers only, but even these will in time become exhausted unless they receive regular supplies from stable manure, green manure or some other form of vegetable material. Many gardeners maintain a compost heap where leaves, lawn clippings, and so forth, are mixed with lime and left to decay for a year. They are then worked into the garden soil like manure.

When commercial fertilizers are to supplement a limited supply of stable manure they need not contain nitrogen but only phosphoric acid and potash. A commercial fertilizer containing these may be purchased, or acid phosphate and hardwood ashes may be mixed in equal amounts. In either case the application usually should not exceed one pound to every forty square feet.

Poultry and pigeon manure are especially rich in nitrogen. They should be used with caution (one pound to ten square feet) and thoroughly mixed with the soil.

Hardwood ashes are recommended above for the potash which they contain. Softwood ashes contain much less potash. Coal ashes have no fertilizing value but are very useful to lighten and loosen heavy clay soil.

SOIL should not be broken when it is too wet or too dry. Only experience enables one to tell when it is in just the right condition, but some indication may be obtained by squeezing a little of the freshly-turned earth in the hand. If the earth remains in a sticky ball when the pressure is removed it is too wet. If it falls to pieces readily on being struck it is assumed to be in condition for working. Sandy land is not likely to be seriously injured by being plowed too wet, but clay soil may dry in lumps and bake



THESE UNUSUAL VEGETABLES INCLUDE CASSAVA, YAUTIA TUBERS, YAUTIA GREENS, TAMOPAN PERSIMMONS, WATER-CHESTNUTS, ROSELLE, SOY-BEANS, GOA BEANS, CHAYOTES, ARRACACHA, EDIBLE CANNA, ARROWROOT AND DASHEENS

FOR THE HOME TABLE THE KITCHEN GARDEN

New York State College of Agriculture

so hard that nothing but a Winter or two of freezing and thawing can bring the land into good condition again.

Fall plowing has some advantages over Spring plowing.

Sandy soils with a subsoil which is also sandy may retain more moisture if left undisturbed until Spring. Even this type of soil should be plowed in the Fall if not previously tilled for some time.

The surface layer of the soil dries to a workable condition earlier in the Spring.

For all small seeds, plowing or spading should be followed by fining the soil with a rake. Stones should be removed and clods broken up or removed. Clay soils should not be worked too fine, however, as such treatment causes the particles to run together during rains and increases the tendency to bake.

IN COOL climates some vegetables need to be provided with an early start by being planted under sheltered conditions. The vegetables which require this start in some climates do not require it in other, warmer ones.

A window-box should be three inches deep and may be of any convenient length and width. Perhaps the easiest way to make it is by sawing off the top of a packing box. Small holes are made in the bottom to let surplus water out and these holes are covered with small stones or something of the sort to keep the soil in. Seeds are planted in little furrows about two inches apart.

Essentials for success in growing plants indoors are good seeds, sunlight, a temperature of about 70°, a soil not too fertile, light and loose enough not to pack or bake over the seeds, and water enough to keep the soil moist but not soaked or muddy. In this case, as in all artificial watering, it is best to water thoroughly at comparatively long intervals rather than to give water often in small amounts.

A covering of glass or paper over the box will retain moisture, but it should be removed as soon as the plants start to come through the soil. Too much watering after the plants are up causes the development of a fungous disease called "damping off" which destroys the young seedling.

Plants are not usually left long in the box in which they start growth, though, if not crowded, they may remain there until set in the field. Those which have been transplanted two or three times before being set in the field, however, are usually more sturdy and have better root systems.

THE tools required for a small garden are few and simple. Those which need to be purchased are a spade or a spading fork, a hoe and a rake. If the garden is to be plowed the spade or the spading fork, though desirable, is not essential. For watering, any vessel which will hold water in sufficient amount is all that is required.

The planting line to keep the rows straight is made by tying a piece of strong cord of the desired length to two stout sticks long

enough to hold the cord, when stretched tight, about a foot from the surface of the ground. A hand weeder and a dibble to make holes for transplanting and to press the soil around the roots of the plants when set in place are useful. Both of these may be made by the gardener. A wheel-hoe saves much labor, and may be profitable in a large garden.

ONE very common mistake of those doing garden work for the first time is too thick planting. Rather thick planting is justified (1) if the seeds are known to have a low percentage of germination; (2) if the soil is so stiff that delicate seedlings have difficulty getting through; (3) if it is desired to utilize the extra plants, either for greens or in some other way, as in the case of beets, carrots, lettuce, and turnips, and (4) if there is danger that many of the plants will be destroyed by insects or other pests.

Vegetables which come too thick should be thinned before they crowd one another much.

Seeds may be tested for germination between layers of moist blotting-paper or on a plate with another plate inverted over them. If one hundred seeds of each variety are tested the percentage of germination is obtained by simply counting the seeds which have germinated. In dry weather it is often helpful to soak seeds overnight, before planting them, and to wet the soil where they are planted. Another method is to take off the dry surface soil leaving a shallow trench wide enough so that the earth will not wash in. In the moist earth of the trench the seeds are planted. Later cultivation gradually fills the trench.

Level culture should be practised. This means that vegetables, except in very wet ground, should be planted in such a way that when they are covered the surface of the ground is level. The only exception is in the case of sweet potatoes, with which the best practise seems to be to plant upon the crest of broad ridges six or seven inches high at the highest point. This arrangement insures a bed of rather loose earth in which the tubers may form.

In order that seeds may germinate it is necessary that moist earth come closely in contact with them. After they are covered, therefore, the soil if at all dry, should be pressed down upon them. In clayey soils a gentle tapping with the flat of the hoe blade will probably be sufficient, while in sandy soils it may be best to walk along the planted row, bringing the weight of the body to bear upon it. Close packing of the soil is especially desirable in the case of beets and Swiss chard. After the soil is pressed down over the seeds the surface should be loosened with a rake.

INFORMATION WITHOUT CHARGE

Would you know which vegetable to start indoors? The times to plant given crops in your section? All questions concerning the home garden will be answered promptly and without charge on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Garden Editor, THE DELINEATOR, New York City.



Valspar— mischief-proof, too!

THOSE vexing little accidents—water spilled on the floor, basins overflowing, grease spattering, hot dishes placed on the table! What havoc they play with ordinary varnishes—but *not* with Valspar.

When scalding or ice water leaves a Valsparred surface undamaged, when Valspar emerges from strong acid tests unscathed, it is easy to understand why this varnish is used so widely for furniture and for woodwork both indoors and outdoors.

Valspar is waterproof, weatherproof, spot-proof. It is the well-known varnish that will not turn white.

Valspar has proved its worth by gruelling tests and constant service. If anything is worth varnishing, it's worth Valsparring.



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Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

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Special Offer

For your dealer's name and 15c. in stamps we will send you a 30c. sample can of Valspar—enough to finish a small table or chair. Fill out coupon.

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Your Address _____



Del., 3-21

How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

Why the Beauty of Your Hair Depends on the Care You Give It



Copyright 1920. The R. L. W. Co.



POLLY PLATT, IN "LASSIES"

Photo by Able

THE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it 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 women 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.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly, and briskly with the finger tips

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the

dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair; but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

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 is.

If you want always to be remembered for your 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 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 Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for the children—Fine for men.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water



A CROWN REGAINED

TREATMENT OF THE HAIR AFTER ILLNESS

BY MARY E. BAYLEY, R. N.

Personal beauty questions will be answered free. Enclose stamped envelope.

I WAS seeking information on "toxic baldness." My quest led me to the office of a dermatologist.

"Doctor," I said, "I am anxious to write something about 'The Care of the Hair After Influenza,' something that will be of assistance to the many women distressed about their hair and to the many others who may be future sufferers."

"Most people," he replied, "have one, I may say, fixed idea about falling hair—that somewhere in the world there is some tonic, lotion or salve that, when applied to the scalp, will prevent one's hair from falling, or will make it grow. I have no such formula and neither has any one else."

It was then that the physician explained that healthy hair and physical health are so closely interwoven that the two simply can not be separated. In other words, since the growth and nutrition of the hair are directly under the control of the body, it can hardly be wondered that a debilitating disease should affect its condition.

The hair can not be considered apart from the scalp from which it derives substance and life. The scalp is, of course, the skin of the head and, like all the rest of the skin of the body, is composed of three separate layers: the external layer or (as it is called in physiology) epidermis; the middle or horny layer; and the lower or granular layer.

The hair springs from a depression in the scalp which is tube-like. This is called a follicle. The root or bulb of this follicle rests upon a little projection or tip of tissue called a papilla. It is from this papilla that the hair derives its nourishment. But the elements which enable the papillæ to nourish the hair are brought to it by means of certain blood vessels. This means that the condition of the hair depends largely upon the blood supply.

I have said that the hair springs from a tube-like depression in the scalp called a follicle. Along the course of the follicle there are one or two little glands or sacs. These are called sebaceous or fat glands. It is their function to supply oil to keep the hair soft and lustrous. Connected with the hair follicle there are also other little glands. These are called sweat-glands.

In health, the hair has a very firm hold on

the scalp, but during an acute debilitating disease, such as influenza or pneumonia, various poisons are generated in the system. These poisons cause not only a derangement of nutrition, but also more or less inactivity of the glands connected with the hair follicles. In other words, the glands do not function properly. This causes the hair to become dry and lusterless; it is easily broken, and scales appear upon the scalp.

But this is not all. In most instances after such a disease there is an excessive loosening of the hair—the slightest combing or brushing causes it to come out in large quantities. This condition is called "toxic baldness," because it is due to toxins (poisons) generated in the system.

THE very first step toward the renewal of healthy hair is to cease worrying over the fact that it is coming out. Worry, by suppressing the bodily activities, interfering with the digestive juices and lessening the desire for food, keeps the body in a low state of health. And it is the return to health and vigor, with a consequent supply of rich blood to nourish and stimulate the hair glands, that is going to do more to restore the hair than is anything else. The chance of regaining the hair in its former abundance is always good. In the majority of cases after one has returned to health, the hair proves to be more luxuriant than before.

As to cutting the hair—this is unnecessary. There is no proof that cutting makes it grow. This belief has become prevalent, since, after typhoid fever in many instances the hair has been cut and it has come in more luxuriant than it was before the illness. On the other hand, there are just as many instances where the same result has been obtained without cutting. In fact, in some cases where it was possible to make comparisons it has been noted that when the hair was not cut better results were obtained.

But does this mean that the restoration was due to the fact that the hair had not been cut? No. It merely means that there are individual differences. It means that while there is no proof that cutting the hair harms it, there is likewise no proof that the cutting causes the luxuriant growth.

Concluded on page 46



“I’ve worn it and worn it—
yet my corset is still like new!”

JUST think what a satisfaction that brings! How wonderful it is to feel that your corset fits beautifully *all* the time. To have that coveted smartness just as long as you wear your corset—or until it fairly wears out!

Most corsets don’t live up to your first expectations. Almost after the first week, the boning becomes “played out”, the smart lines sag—the perfect style is gone. For, as so many women have learned, the style-life of *any* corset lasts only as long as its *boning*.

But your American Lady corset *always* keeps its first smartness. That’s because every model is boned throughout with *Mightybone*—the supple, figure-guiding boning that is *lastingly* lithe.

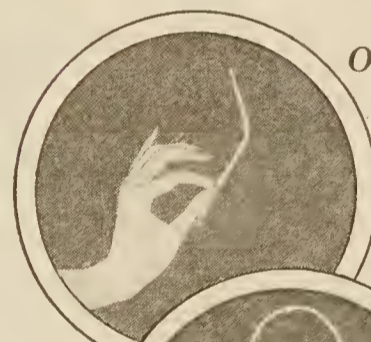
And because of the pliant, yet firm guidance it lends, *Mightybone* makes needless the “overboning” that gives the stiff, “boxed-up” effect so ruinous to true grace.

To be certain that your corset will give you style, service and comfort that *endure*, find the *Mightybone* tag on the model you choose. It is your assurance that your first pleasure in wearing your corset will *last*.

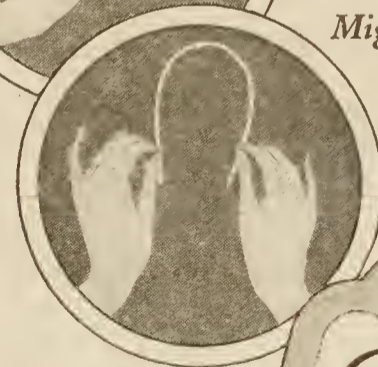
YOUR dealer has a complete range of American Lady Corsets—a special model for every type of figure and for every purpose. There are models of Batiste, Coutil and Brocade—all dainty, all smart.

Back Lace, \$2.50 to \$10.00 • Front Lace, \$3.50 to \$10.00

AMERICAN LADY CORSET COMPANY, Inc.
DETROIT • NEW YORK • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO



Ordinary Bone



Mightybone

TOP picture shows ordinary boning after corset had been worn but a short time. The lack of resilience is indicated by angle at which boning is now permanently bent. The lower picture shows a rib of *Mightybone* that has come through the same test with all its original springiness still alive. That is why American Lady Corsets, boned throughout with *Mightybone*, and bearing the *Mightybone* tag pictured here, ensure permanency of comfort and style.



American Lady Corsets

BONED THROUGHOUT WITH

Mightybone



THE DELTOR IS THE GREATEST MONEY SAVER IN THE HOME-SEWING AND DRESSMAKING WORLD

This patented invention by Butterick is second in importance only to Butterick's invention of the first paper pattern.

The DELTOR is not a pattern, it is a picture guide for making even the most simple frock into what one enthusiastic woman calls a "confection."

The DELTOR shows in pictures:

- [1] *How an expert would cut your pattern in your size, from your material. (Often this saves in material from fifty cents to five dollars on the cost of a single dress.)*
- [2] *How an expert would put the pieces together without trouble, worry or mistake.*
- [3] *How an expert would finish this dress of yours. (The finish is the most important thing of all.)*

The DELTOR shows you by pictures how to cut out your particular pattern in your par-

ticular size from the particular width of suitable material you may have purchased.

NOT JUST AN AVERAGE

Please understand, the DELTOR is not simply one average layout for one average size, for an average width of material. Averages are a help, but to save material, time and worry just think of having an expert tailor at your elbow to show you in pictures how *your own* specific dressmaking problem is to be done for your *exact* size and in *every* width of *suitable* material.

A DELTOR for each new Butterick pattern is enclosed with the pattern itself and in Butterick patterns only.

The DELTOR is patented not only by the United States Government but also in Canada, Great Britain, France, Italy, and patent has been applied for in Japan.

With the DELTOR any woman may cut into the finest material with all the calm certainty of the most experienced craftsman—on the very first dress she makes under guidance of the DELTOR. She cuts every piece with the right grain and pattern of the cloth. She puts the dress together with the perfect certainty of the professional. She finishes it with little





French style-tricks that are the envy of ordinary dressmakers and the mark of genius.

EXACT AMOUNT YOU NEED

This important improvement enables a woman to make her garment from the smallest possible quantity of material. Heretofore we have only been able to give the smallest possible amount of material which the *average* woman could use in laying out the pattern. It has never been safe to give the smallest possible amount on which our highly trained experts could place the pattern, since they could always cut it from less material than an untrained home dressmaker. With these new layouts, however, we are able to give the smallest amount that our experts would use, since we are able to show a woman with the illustrated layouts just how to follow our expert's "trick-lay."

SUGGESTS MATERIALS

Each new Butterick pattern with its DELTOR lists the most suitable fabrics for that garment—lists them by name—a very helpful feature. When you go to the dress goods counter, select the material you want. Find out its width. Consult your Butterick pattern with its DELTOR,

and you will find in plain figures the exact amount needed of *that* width, for *that* pattern, in *your* size.

Think what this certainty of the DELTOR saves in trouble and money, through the danger of buying too little. Think what this certainty saves in money through the avoidance of buying too much—a DELTOR saving of waste up to two, three, and even four dollars where the material is expensive.

The DELTOR represents no change in the Butterick pattern itself, which now, as always, is the perfect pattern. The DELTOR is an *addition* to the Butterick pattern—it is the name of a wonderful service—a short cut to results—the means to the desired end—the one last thing needed.

Each of the new Butterick patterns that are issued monthly now has its individual DELTOR created especially for that pattern, and enclosed with the pattern in its envelope. The DELTOR is made only for Butterick patterns and can be used with no other. Your Butterick merchant will gladly show you the DELTOR.

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY
NEW YORK CITY



THE FAT OF THE LAND

as she was no housekeeper, and the neighbors all said frankly that they did not know what that family would have done if Elvira hadn't taken charge.

When Mr. Harrington's stomach finally wore out, and he died, pretty, plump, big-eyed Elvira, who had hitherto been happily immersed in girlish dreams or in the heavy volumes in her grandfather's library, found the burden of the family on her shoulders. Elvira was only fifteen at the time.

It seemed quite natural that the stricken mother should lean on her eldest daughter. It never occurred to her as unusual that a girl of fifteen should leave school and devote her life entirely to making her family comfortable. It never occurred to the boys that they imposed on their sister a hundred times daily. And least of all did it occur to Genevieve that she might share Elvira's load—and help with the housework. When they could get a cook the Harringtons had one, but the cooks were always incompetent and exceedingly intermittent, so most of the time Elvira managed alone.

IF ELVIRA had been thin, things might have been different, for she was really very pretty and the boys liked her. She had soft, wavy brown hair and big, dark-gray eyes and soft, beautiful little hands and a clear, golden-brown skin. If her family had admired her occasionally and made fewer jokes and frank criticisms of her figure, she might have grown less shy instead of more quiet and retiring year by year. But Elvira was plump even in her teens, and at a little more than twenty, she began to take on fat. At twenty-five her figure was "ruined" as her mother often tragically exclaimed.

Genevieve, fortunately, remained as slim and graceful as a swaying flower. She could not cook, but she did not have to. With her creamy skin with the red showing through and her copper-colored hair and her big, brown eyes with the long, gold-tipped lashes, she was a thing to dream about. Then Genevieve sang and played. Genevieve was never diffident and shy and self-conscious. Genevieve was nearly always sweet-tempered and pleasant—however, all the Harringtons were that—and naturally enough she was her family's pride and joy. She was more than that. She was their castle in Spain, their rainbow with a pot of gold at the end, their laden treasure-ship that was some day to sail proudly into port and recoup the family fortunes. Though it was never spoken of aloud, the manner of it was quite clear in the Harrington minds.

The greatest get-rich-quick scheme that was ever invented is marrying money, and Genevieve was expected to marry money—lots of money—and thereafter the Harringtons should live in opulent ease. It was natural then that Genevieve should be spared all degrading toil, and her nails kept clean and pink and shiny. It was natural that she should have the best dresses and go to all the parties. When a rich aunt in the East offered a year to one of the girls in a fashionable finishing-school, of course it was Genevieve who went; and Elvira never protested.

IF THE Harringtons had been practical people they might have asked themselves just where Genevieve expected to find her millionaire suitor, for there were certainly none looming either large or small on the Westover horizon, but the Harringtons were trusting souls and unconsciously regarded Mr. Micawber as a great philosopher. And certainly Providence seemed to make a special effort to reward their faith, for when Genevieve was twenty-three and at the height of her beauty and charm, the golden prince came to Westover for the Summer.

It was really very romantic. He came to visit his aunt, Mrs. Peyton, who lived right next door to the Harringtons, and his name was Arthur George Edmund Fitzpatrick, and he was the second and only surviving son of Sir James William Archibald Fitzpatrick of Strathmore Park, Lincolnshire, and Berkeley Square, London. He was not heir to the title, unfortunately, for his eldest brother, who was killed in the war, left a four-year-old son behind.

Mrs. Peyton was Lady Fitzpatrick's

sister, and of course every one in Westover had heard endless tales of her illustrious connections. The Westoverites listened politely enough, but they were not slow in making fun of Mrs. Peyton's distinguished "kin." However, after the war there was no more fun made of them, for of Sir James and Lady Fitzpatrick's four strapping sons the war left them only one. It was he who was coming to Westover, and he was coming because he was ill and broken in health from two years' experience as a prisoner of war in Germany.

The Peytons welcomed him with open arms, as, indeed, did all Westover. To have a son of a real English baronet and a bachelor at that, as a visitor in their midst was enough to stir a flutter in every feminine breast. And none fluttered more than those in the Harrington household. It was never mentioned audibly between them, but they quite understood that Genevieve's great chance, her great golden opportunity, had come at last fairly knocking at her door.

It was too bad he wasn't heir to the title, thought Mrs. Harrington, but then the Fitzpatricks were rolling in money, and Mrs. Peyton had hinted that the little heir was sickly and ailing. Of course they hoped the dear child would live and grow up, but how beautifully Genevieve would grace a title. How lovely Genevieve would look in a tiara being presented to the queen. And how wonderful it would be to visit her at Strathmore Park, Lincolnshire, and Berkeley Square, London.

IT SEEMED unfortunate that with all the expectations aroused Arthur George Edmund should prove so extremely disappointing to every one—and especially to the Harringtons. They were prepared to greet a handsome, dashing young blond viking in uniform, with an arm in a sling, perhaps, and a romantic tinge of melancholy adding a touch of seriousness to his otherwise immobile countenance. They found instead an excessively tall, excessively thin young man with a stoop, who wore very shabby, mussed-looking clothes and nose-glasses of marvelous mechanical construction, and who looked as if he had never even seen a uniform in his life. Instead of an arm in a sling he walked with an unromantic limp. Moreover, instead of being a blond he was a brunette, although his eyes, when you happened to meet them wide open, were of a surprising blue.

Instead of thrilling his hearers with tales of his German dungeon and of life among the English nobility, he said nothing whatever unless spoken to and then answered only in monosyllables.

Genevieve was convinced that he was her Fate, and it seemed a pity he had to be such a lemon; but she rather fancied herself going through life as a victim of a haunting sorrow, a sacrifice to family pride and ambition.

Strange to say, Elvira liked the overseas visitor from the first. Because she was so shy and sensitive herself, she was quick to divine that his brusque manner came from shyness and sensitiveness and not from "stuck-up-ness" as was commonly believed.

Then once or twice Elvira had caught the Englishman with his blue eyes wide open gazing at some of the "crowd" on the porch with such a look of pain and longing and bitter questioning that her kind little heart fairly ached to help him.

Because she was so very, very sorry for the young man, Elvira was very, very good to him. She found many opportunities, for as the weeks passed a certain sort of intimacy grew up between him and the Harringtons. Only a low hedge separated the Peyton and Harrington lawns and in Summer-time the Westoverites were apt to use their shady lawns as out-of-door living-rooms. Then Mrs. Harrington or Genevieve or Tom saw to it that the Peyton guest was constantly invited to their home, either for dinner or luncheon or late Sunday-morning breakfast, or perhaps to an informal tea or picnic on the lawn. He always came when invited, always ate enormously, talked politely but briefly to Mrs. Harrington during the meal, and said very little afterward. But after some of his shyness wore off he seemed to like to be with them and came quite often of his own accord.

Continued on page 45



Ask Them

Ask the food expert the best way to serve cereals. He will say, "As Puffed Grains, with every food cell blasted—easy to digest."

Ask the grocer. He will say that the lovers of Puffed Grains have multiplied in late years.

Ask the children. Those who know them will vote supreme place to some flavory bubble grain.

Matchless delights

These three Puffed Grains hold topmost place among all cereal-food delights.

Two are whole grains steam-exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size. One is toasted corn hearts puffed to flimsy bubbles.

All are made by Prof. Anderson's process—by first applying fearful heat, then shooting the grains from guns.

The heat creates a most delightful flavor.

The puffing makes the texture flimsy as a snowflake.

Exploding every food cell fits each granule to digest.

Serve them morning, noon and night, and all three kinds.

Puffed Wheat

in bowls of milk

Puffed Rice

with cream and sugar

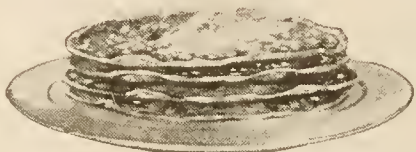
Puffed Corn

in either way or with melted butter



Now in Pancake Flour

Now we blend ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake mixture. The broken food cells make the pancakes fluffy. The flavor gives them a nut-like taste. You never tasted pancakes so delicious. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

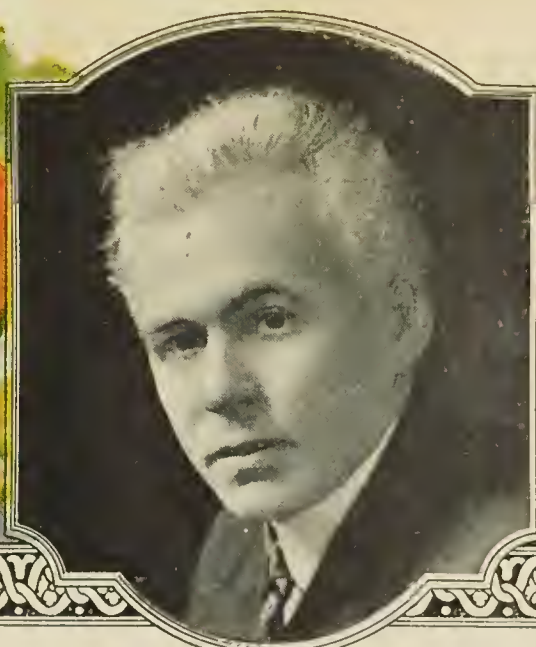


The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



Apricot Salad



Prof. Lewis B. Allyn is director of the Westfield Laboratories, compiler of the Westfield Book of Pure Foods and nationally known as a lecturer on foods and nutrition. Formerly Food Editor of Collier's Weekly, McClure's, and Inspector for the U. S. Food Administration.

Why you need fruit in the winter menu—and how to serve it conveniently and economically all the year round

By Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, Director of the Westfield Food Laboratories

IT is not so many years ago that canned fruits were still regarded by many people as luxuries and eaten largely for their agreeable flavor. Modern dietetic research has shown that they really are one of our most important every-day necessities—particularly during the winter months.

In cold weather almost everybody is inclined to eat too much heavy, energy-creating food. This tendency, accompanied by lack of exercise and confinement to overheated houses, leaves the system clogged with waste matter, renders the blood highly acid, and frequently leads to impaired bodily functions.

At such times fruit becomes an almost indispensable element in the daily menu. It acts as an efficient regulator and balance food, and being rich in minerals that are quickly and easily absorbed by the system, fruit is a food tonic of highest value that should always find a prominent place in the diet.

Another important reason for serving fruits liberally is because they provide the bulk and body so necessary to enable the digestive fluids and ferments to act and at the same time to stimulate the peristaltic action of the digestive tract.

Just because fresh fruits are scarce, of inferior quality, and very expensive except for a few months in the summer season, is no reason for omitting them from the menu or serving them less frequently during the rest of the year. Modern canning has changed all that. For the housewife who knows the uniform high quality, fine flavor, and the wide variety of products packed under a dependable label like DEL MONTE, it is the simplest matter in the world to serve the choicest fruits and vegetables at economical cost all the year round.

DEL MONTE products were among the earliest to be listed in the Westfield Book of Pure Foods, which is read wherever civilized food is eaten. For many years I have regarded this line as typifying the highest excellence achieved in the canner's art, and I am sure that the deliciousness, convenience, economy and almost unlimited menu possibilities of the many products packed under the DEL MONTE label offer the modern housewife a delightful opportunity for adding tempting, healthful and satisfying variety to every-day meals, no matter what the season of the year.

The recipes illustrated on this page are taken from our book "Good Things to Eat" by Marion Harris Neil, the well-known cooking expert. This book, containing 64 pages of exceptional, palate-tempting delicacies, has been published expressly for the benefit of housewives who are in search of new and unusual dishes suitable for use on those special occasions where the most exacting service is demanded. A copy may be had for 10 cents in stamps, the actual cost to us. Ask for Publication No. 107.

"Del Monte Recipes of Flavor," another book containing over 500 simple recipes and thrifty suggestions for serving appetizing, wholesome foods at economical cost, will be sent free upon request. Ask for Publication No. 610. Address Dept. D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

Peaches in Cream Nests



Frozen Pear Delight



The DEL MONTE shield on canned foods stands for the highest quality and finest flavor, insured by a rigid and scientific inspection made possible only through long experience and ceaseless devotion to the DEL MONTE ideal of perfection.

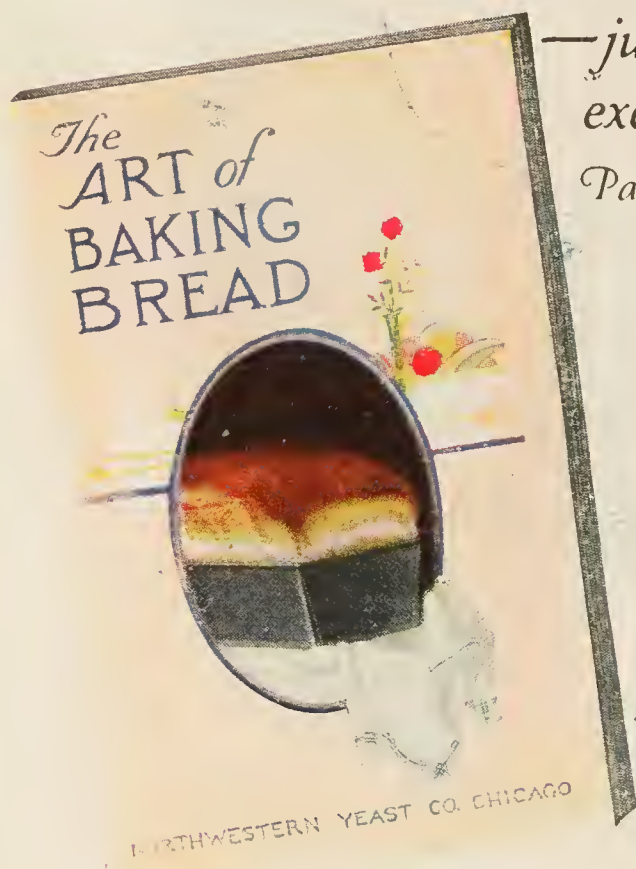


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*Is your bread dough
always sweet and well-raised?*

Magic Yeast
Yeast Foam

*—just the same
except in name
Package of 5 cakes — 10¢*



*Send for
free booklet*

EVERY home bread maker wants more than anything else to be sure of a light, sweet dough.

That's why millions have preferred Yeast Foam for fifty years.

Yeast as a Health Builder

Science has discovered the remarkable curative powers of yeast. It is being widely and successfully used to promote good health. Send for instructive booklet.

"Dry Yeast as an Aid to Health"

Northwestern Yeast Company Chicago

THE FAT OF THE LAND

Genevieve wore her prettiest dresses in his honor, played for him, sang her gay little songs in her gay little voice, taught him the American dances and dimpled adorably whenever he came near her, teased him, joked with him, flirted with him, until he ceased to regard her with what Genevieve called "his melancholy stare" and always smiled at her approach.

Elvira had no pretty new dresses, and she couldn't sing and play, and she was too shy to flirt. Elvira, however, fed him. She found out that he was passionately fond of what he called "sweets." So when he came to her home Elvira piled his plate with his favorite edibles again and again without asking him whether he wanted more. She baked endless cakes and pies and tarts for him.

HE SPENT a great deal of his time lying in a hammock hung between two elms on the Peyton lawn and whenever Elvira made anything especially delectable, she was apt to look out of the window to see if he were in his hammock and then to slip out with several slices of hot cake and something cool and delicious tinkling in a tall glass, or perhaps with an egg-nog and sandwiches, or a plate of fudge. When she came with her favors, the recipient always insisted that she sit down and talk to him while he ate, and gradually a friendship grew up between them.

She called him Ted, and he called her Ellie. He said he wanted to call her that because it was such a soft little name and suited her. Elvira had always hated her name, but now, for a wonder, began to like it. Elvira was very happy that Summer. She sang at her work, she bubbled over with quiet fun, she even laughed with the others at jokes about her figure—and she lay awake for hours, night after night, dreaming of those startlingly blue eyes and ways to take the pain and bitterness out of them.

Gradually she found ways. For one thing she brought him a puppy with a broken leg to care for, and though it was only a wretched cur, the scion of the English nobility spent hour after hour out in the Peyton barn nursing it tenderly. Then she brought him kittens—a whole apronful of adorable cuddly kittens who thereafter romped with the canine invalid on the lawn or slept happily curled up in the hammock, snuggled close to the aristocratic form of Mr. Fitzpatrick. Again, as he lay staring at the blue sky, she brought him books, and when she found he had never read O. Henry, her delight was unbounded.

"Never read 'Cabbages and Kings'? Never even heard of it?" she inquired.

"Never."

"Then you have something to live for."

Thereafter, as he lay in his hammock, Ted ceased to brood and question.

So Elvira grew happier and happier and her dreams rosier and rosier. She had more time for dreaming now, for Ted had grown stronger, and Elvira sent him off on frequent long tramps with Bob, or driving with Genevieve. Ted always insisted that Elvira go too, but there was always something at home to claim her. Elvira's dreams, as she sewed or baked or brewed, were always of Ted.

AT FIRST they were only of ways to help him and interest him, but later, as he was so kind to her and seemed to like her so well, they grew bolder. Sometimes she even dared to dream of how wonderful it would be if he should care for her instead of Genevieve. She dreamed of the tone of his voice, the look in his eyes, the touch of his lips on her work-stained little hand the day he had gratefully kissed it.

Elvira's awakening came very suddenly and very harshly. Tom had telephoned late one afternoon that he was bringing home some friends for dinner, and Elvira had slipped out at dusk into the back garden after fresh flowers for the table. She was stooping down behind the hedge, picking nasturtiums, when she heard Ted and his aunt talking on the other side. "You seem to be great friends with the Harrington girls," Mrs. Peyton was saying. Almost before Elvira could speak she heard Ted's answer.

"Ripping girl, the younger one. Awfully

pretty she is and sweet as a peach. Liked her from the start. Didn't care much for the other one at first, but now I've got used to her and don't mind her much."

"But she's so good to you, Ted," exclaimed his aunt indignantly.

"Oh, yes, awfully jolly girl and all that. I'm really awfully grateful, you know, for the bother she goes to. It's her figure I don't like—rather pretty face she has. I mean she's built like a German woman. Reminds me of those I used to see passing the prison-camp. Couldn't bear to look at her at first, but now I rather like her. But the other one—ripping!"

They passed out of hearing, and the gathering dusk hid Elvira's stricken face and figure. "Reminded him of a German. Couldn't bear to look at her at first, but awfully grateful and all that!" And his tone was positively glowing when he spoke of Genevieve. Of course it was natural he should like Gen; she was so pretty and so lively and entertaining. It was only what she had expected right along, in her heart of hearts; but she could have borne it better if he had not said she herself reminded him of a German woman. Elvira cried herself to sleep that night and many nights thereafter. She had never hated any one before in her gentle little life, but now she felt she hated her great-great-grandmother. "If I'd only been thin!" she sobbed.

Fortunately, perhaps, the Harrington cook left next day and Elvira was very, very busy, for there was a school friend of Genevieve's visiting in town, and there was much entertaining. At first Elvira avoided Ted, but after a while she decided that wouldn't do and she would go on being friends with him as before.

AFTER all, she had helped him, she knew that, and he had said that he rather liked her now that he had grown used to her. He was happier than he had been, but he was still far from happy and strong and still needed mothering. Genevieve would never mother him. She would always demand more from him than she gave, but she would stimulate and amuse him. Perhaps that was what he needed most after all. Elvira would do what she could, but that was very little. Still it would be something to remember.

Because she did not want to remind Ted of a German any more than she could help, Elvira unearthed a copy of "Eat and Grow Thin"—it had been given her one Christmas amid shouts of mirth from her family—and studied its menus diligently. She sighed over them ruefully. Still she could try it—and did! The result was just as she expected. She stuck as well as she could to her diet, though she hardly got enough to eat, and grew thin and pale in consequence. Bob said Ev needed some golf, and took her on for two rounds.

She stuck it out, but fainted when she got home, and her mother sent her to bed and got dinner herself; and Elvira stayed in bed two days and wished she was dead and cried over the lovely hothouse flowers Ted sent, and ate the broths and custards Mrs. Peyton brought over, and felt better. When she came down-stairs Ted made a great fuss over her and insisted that she take his hammock, and brought her pillows and books and told her funny stories and was so genuinely concerned and genuinely kind and gentle that she felt sure he did like her a little bit. She spread a light shawl over her hated German form, so that he could see only her face—he had said she had a pretty face—and they had a very good time all that afternoon.

The next day, however, Elvira felt better and the new cook proved impossible and had to be broken in and there was no one to do it but Elvira. Then she felt it would never do for her to see so much of Ted; she had got to the point she couldn't bear it, so every time he came around she sent him off with Genevieve. A little later she noticed he was looking very pale and wan himself, and she surprised a hungry, longing look in his eyes, and he again took to lying in his hammock, but banished the kittens when they came to play with him. At first Elvira couldn't imagine what the trouble was till she discovered

Concluded on page 48



1c
per dish
remember,
buys the
food of foods

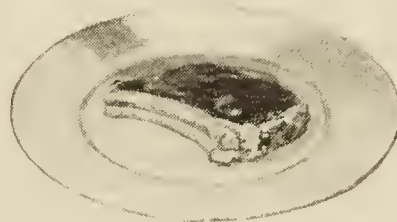
Quaker Oats—the supreme food for breakfast—costs but one cent per large dish. The average cost of meat-dish servings is some ten times that.

When you figure by calories—the energy measure of nutriment—the difference is about as great.

When you figure by food value every factor favors Quaker Oats. This is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. As a vim-food and a food for growth it holds a unique place.

Quaker Oats should be served each day to guard against underfeeding, if for nothing else. It supplies the 16 elements which the body needs. Most other foods are deficient in some of them.

Start the day on Quaker Oats. It will save a great deal on your breakfasts. It will supply an exceptional, well-balanced nutriment. Then get your variety in other meals with costlier and lesser foods.



A single chop costs about 12 cents at this writing

Cost per 1,000 calories	
Quaker Oats	6c
Average of meat, fish and egg dishes . . .	55c

Quaker Oats

Flaked from queen grains only

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

The result is a flavor which has won the world. Millions of people in every clime use it. Yet that extra flavor costs you no extra price.

15 cents and 35 cents per package

Except in far west and south

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

A CROWN REGAINED

that actually follows in some instances.

And as to what tonic or salve had best be used, I have this to say: If the hair which has already grown out has loosened its hold on the scalp (due to toxins produced by the germs of disease) and is already "ripening for the tomb," any kind of treatment applied to the scalp or the hair itself, in the hope of tightening its hold on the scalp, is worse than useless. The life of that hair is spent; tonics and salves can not restore it.

And now I can hear many dissensions from this statement. Only a short while ago I met a friend who, after influenza, had lost most of her hair. For many weeks she was afraid to wash it for fear of causing the hair to loosen its hold on the scalp. Then some one told her that applications of crude oil to the scalp would stop the hair from falling out. She applied this faithfully, in the meantime washing the hair thoroughly every second or third day. And when, after weeks of this, the hair ceased to fall, there was a "verdict" attributing this to the application of oil to the scalp. But was it due to this?

No! She was taking a tonic, spending much time out-of-doors, and her appetite was improving. In other words, she was returning to health and vigor. The oil loosened the scales from the scalp and the frequent washing kept the scalp clean. The hair ceased falling and a new growth began to come in.

And this brings us to the second most important factor in caring for the hair.

Keep the scalp clean. It is impossible to raise a good crop of anything on soil overgrown with weeds. The scalp is the soil and the hair will not thrive if the pores of the skin are choked with dandruff and dirt.

FIRST, let us say, there is no injury that can be done to the scalp by frequent shampooing, any more than one can injure the hands by repeated washing. The scalp, like the hands, must be kept clean. As a general rule, the frequency of the shampoo should be regulated by the amount of dirt and dust to which the hair is subjected. But after a debilitating illness there is another reason for frequent shampooing. And this reason is that the skin must be kept active.

For in most cases the skin is in a half-dead condition. We know that physical exercise, by toning up the muscles, enhances the beauty and symmetry of the figure. But just what is it that leads to this result?

It is the proper stimulation of the skin. The exercise promotes active functioning of the sweat and fat glands enclosed within it. And so it is with the hair. The glands of the scalp, which fill an important function in promoting the growth and well-being of the hair, must be spurred to activity. Often the galvanic current is of value in stimulating the glands beneath the scalp.

But if the pores are kept free from dirt and dandruff and the hair is brushed regularly, even this is rarely necessary. Salves and lotions, in so far as they aid in cleansing the scalp, have a place in the care of the hair, just as cold-cream has its place in the care of the skin and face.

But do not let any one confuse you with inaccurate suggestions; such for instance, as "the juice and vitality will run out of the hair after it is clipped, unless the cutting is immediately followed by singeing to close the pores."

This is a fallacy. The hair contains no pores and no juice with the exception of the fat, which is distributed to the hair by the oil glands in the scalp.

It is often remarked that frequent washing of the hair takes out the natural oil. And so it does. But this condition exists for a few hours only. It afterward stimulates the oil glands and increases the flow of oil. The requirements for a good shampoo are:

Clear soft water and a bland, non-irritating soap, which will make a good lather. Cleanse the scalp as well as the hair and rinse out the soap thoroughly.

The best way to dry the hair is to sit in a sunny, open space out-of-doors and rub it with a towel.

The hair should be brushed twice daily from five to ten minutes.



French Twist—An ever popular style of hair dress particularly refreshing in these days of extreme puffs over the ears.

How brushing your hair improves its appearance

Your hair must first of all be healthy. It can be healthy only by being *well brushed*. Use your comb only for dividing and parting the hair. Snarled hair should be brushed until it is disentangled. Combing breaks it, pulls and hurts the scalp and weakens the hair follicles.

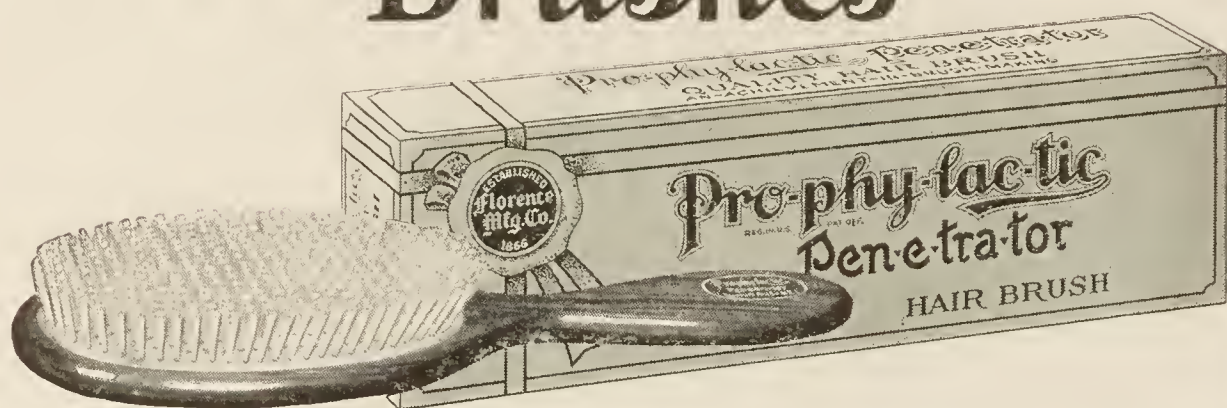
Brushing your hair with the right kind of a brush gently distributes the natural oils of the scalp and gives your hair that rich, beautiful lustre you want it to have.

The stiff, strong bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush tightly set into its patented back make most women enthusiastic about this brush.

Made by the same people that make the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth-Brush. Always packed in the yellow box. Ask for it at your druggist's. It is a real first aid to hair health.

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Only long strands of the finest human hair, processed for invisibility and strength, are used in making West Hair Nets. Each tiny knot is tied by hand. All colors. Cap and Fringe Shape.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Three brands:—Beach and Motor, 15c
Tourist, 3 for 50c Gold Seal, 25c

West Electric Hair Curler Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Makers of West Electric Hair Curlers
Card of 2 Curlers, 10c Card of 5 Curlers, 25c

Your Masterpiece —Yourself

ARE you fading and looking old? It is not due to age, but because you are letting parts of you die! A dull, bleached skin shows that its tiny capillaries are drying up; the blood is not carrying off and replacing dead cells. To be charming, you must be gloriously alive in every fibre. Build for beauty and health at the same time. If you have any of the following, check them, cut out this advertisement, and send to me:

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Lines, Wrinkles	Double Chin
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Constipation, Nervousness	Lifeless, Graying Hair

Write me confidentially at my New York Salon. I will reply, telling how my Home Course covers your needs, and will send you my new book, "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," which discusses every detail of good looks.

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Exactly where desired by wearing

Dr. Walter's
Famous Pure Gum
REDUCING RUBBER GARMENTS

Cover any part of body. Endorsed by physicians. At druggists or send for illustrated booklet. Best Reducer, \$6, Chin Reducer, \$2.50. As illustrated, Dr. Jeanne D. E. Walter, Billings Bldg. (4th Floor) 353 5th Avenue, New York (Ent. on 34th St., 3rd Door East)



A skin you love to touch

EVERY day your skin is changing. Each day old skin dies and new forms in its place.

By giving this new skin intelligent care you can make it what you will—you can gain the charm of “a skin you love to touch.”

Begin today to give your skin the particular care it needs. You will find the special treatment your type of skin needs in the booklet of famous treatments, which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

If your skin has lost its fine texture, use this famous treatment every night:

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Dip the cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap in water, then rub the cake over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on a few minutes until your

face feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse your face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice.

A miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations will be sent you for 25 cents. This set contains your complete Woodbury treatment for one week. In it you will find the treatment booklet, a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1903 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio. If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1903 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.





Ask Any Beauty what she uses on her teeth

Millions are now using a new method of teeth cleaning. In every gathering you now see uniquely pretty teeth. Ask the owners and you will find, we think, that they use Pepsodent.

The luster comes largely through film removal and high polish. It is that cloudy coat which makes so many teeth look dingy. Remove it on your own teeth and see how they appear.

You must fight film

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. So millions have found that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Film causes most tooth troubles. And those troubles have been constantly increasing, despite the daily brushing.

You are welcome to a test

A 10-Day Tube is now sent free to everyone who asks. This is to urge that you accept and let this new way prove itself.

Pepsodent attacks the films in two effective ways. Then it polishes the teeth so highly that film cannot easily adhere.

It also aids Nature in ways now considered essential. It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch

digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay.

All these effects come with every application. Thus the teeth are constantly cleaned, whitened and better protected. The results will delight you. The benefits may be life-long in extent. Send the coupon now and see them for yourself.

Now ways to end it

Dental science, after diligent research, has found ways to combat that film. Able authorities have proved the methods by many careful tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

For home use the methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people, twice a day, employ them to fight film.

PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, acting to protect the teeth in five important ways. Approved by highest authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 571

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

A week will show

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. Then watch the other good effects. It will bring to your home a new conception of clean teeth.

THE FAT OF THE LAND

that Genevieve was flirting rather violently with a certain Dick Strange, who had been one of her more or less constant swains for years.

"Ted's getting too sure of me," she laughed. "A little competition never hurt any one."

The next afternoon Ted asked Elvira to go for a walk, and because he looked so acutely unhappy, Elvira gave many explicit directions to the cook concerning dinner, and went. She felt sure that Ted wanted to confide in her about Genevieve, and, if it made him any happier, Elvira felt that she must endure it. They did not go far, only a mile or two into the woods, where they climbed a hill that overlooked the river and sat down under a massive black oak, whose thick leaves made a swaying green canopy of shade.

"RIPPING view," said Ted. "Ripping country. Thought before I came over America was a sort of wild prairie with a house standing here and there surrounded by broken bottles and tomato-tins and all that sort of rubbish. Awfully ignorant, wasn't it?"

He was hatless, and lounged at his ease, pipe in hand, very close to Elvira. She longed to put her hand on his short-cropped black hair and feel how silky it was, but of course she did not.

They were silent for a while, while a little breeze played about them, ruffling Elvira's hair and cooling her flushed cheeks. Ted took her hand and kissed it and then did not let it go.

"Small girl," he said gently, "I've been awfully unhappy trying to decide what I ought to do. Thought perhaps you'd help me out. I've had a letter—ought to go home very soon. Perhaps next week. You see it's a sad country, England. Over here you can't understand how everybody's suffered over there—and how it's changed us. Take my family, for instance. My mother and the governor are getting old. They'll never get over losing their sons, all so close together."

"And Bertie's little boy—that's my eldest brother—isn't"—Ted gulped suddenly—"won't live very long. He's a corking little chap, no end of fun. Now the *mater* writes he has developed pernicious anemia, and he wants to see me. May live several months, but can't get well. He's named after me, you know, and we've been rather pals; and all that. Of course I have to go, next boat. But sometimes I feel I can't go through with it; as if I hadn't anything to live for."

"You have a great deal to live for," said Elvira softly.

"What?" asked Ted suddenly.

"Why, your family, of course. Now that your brothers are gone and there's only you, your mother and father must need you terribly."

"YOU think a lot of your family, don't you?" asked Ted quietly. "Perhaps you've thought I haven't noticed you always doing things for them, but I have. I'm fond of mine, of course, but I never did much for them, I'm afraid. Some people can live for their family and be happy, I suppose, but I can't. Anyway, I'm in love; most awfully in love. You know that. And she's such a dear, happy little girl I don't feel as if I could go back home and leave her behind—and ever be happy again. But even if she cares for me, it doesn't seem just right to ask her to share the unhappiness—and I'm not sure she cares. I'm a sad wreck of a man. I don't see how she *could* care."

"Perhaps you had better ask her and let her decide. You have a good deal to offer, and I'm sure—I'm quite sure—Genevieve would be very happy to go with you."

"Genevieve? Who said anything about Genevieve?" said Ted, sitting up abruptly.

"Then who on earth are you talking about?"

"You."

"Me?"

"Why, of course. Thought you guessed long ago. Haven't I been sitting in your pocket, dogging your every footstep ever since I first saw you?"

"But I heard you one night out in the garden. I didn't mean to, but it was almost

dark, and I was picking flowers; and you said you couldn't bear the sight of me—said reminded you of a German."

"Oh, but I never said that. Said Genevieve reminded me of a German. Shouldn't have said it, of course. Not her fault. But she's so thin. I always think when she crosses her knees she'll cut through her skirts. I can't stand thin people. Regular bean pole myself—hate it. I used to like thin girls rather, but after I was in Germany I changed my mind. They would go by our camp, the women, to work in a factory. Regular walking skeletons they were, most of them. I see them in my sleep sometimes slouching along, shawls over their heads, thin, bony, red hands, shivering, trying to keep warm. And poor, dirty little brats tugging at their skirts. They were horrible."

"But you said the elder Harrington girl I heard you."

"I know. Thought you were the younger one till my aunt told me afterward. Never would have guessed you were over twenty. You are so soft and gentle and youthful—like those kittens of yours, only sweeter and more comforting. From the moment I first saw you, something cold and hard that was frozen inside of me began to melt and thaw out. I'm most awfully fond of you. I'd be different man if I had you with me always. I dreamed last night that you and I were on the steamer going home. We were walking the deck and you were holding on to my arm to keep from falling. When I woke up and found it a dream I almost cried."

"But what would your father and mother say? They must have other plans for you."

"They'd be only too glad. Any family would be tickled silly to have you in it. My aunt's awfully gone on you—told me today to go in and win. And the last thing the *mater* said to me was: 'Do fall in love with some nice American girl and cheer up. Ellie dearest, do you think you could ever care for a spineless old grouch like me? Do try to be good to you—always.'"

IT WAS after six when Ted parted with Elvira in the shadow of the Harrington front doorway. While her lover was with her Elvira was wildly happy, but the moment he left her her heart sank. She remembered suddenly she had told Marveltina, the new black cook, to put the roast in at four, and she was sure Marveltina had forgotten it.

Tom and Bob were always impatiently kept waiting for their meals. And how *could* she face her mother and Genevieve and tell them she had stolen her own sister's sweetheart from her? Genevieve would be furious, especially when she learned that the little boy wouldn't live and Ted would have the title. Elvira was glad she was going to be married next week, glad she wouldn't have to face their accusing eyes very long. Ted would be over that evening. Ted would uphold her and brave it out. Very meekly she came into the hall. It was dark and there were no lights on, but she heard voices from the library and went there timidly. All the family were there, and they all seemed to be talking at once and were very much excited and hardly noticed Elvira. Genevieve sat huddled in a chair crying. Mrs. Harrington also was wiping her eyes, and the boys looked like thunder-clouds.

"What on earth's the matter?" cried Elvira, alarmed.

"Genevieve's engaged to Dick Strange," wailed Mrs. Harrington tragically. "It's perfectly terrible. I don't know what we'll say to Mrs. Peyton after the way she's encouraged Ted. I'm afraid the poor boy will never get over it."

"I can't bear him," sobbed Genevieve. "He reminds me of an ogre, always hungry. Of course, if you want me to ruin my life, I'll marry him—but I'll always love Dick."

"Oh, Elvira, what *shall* we do?" cried Mrs. Harrington. "You know all I want on earth is for my children to be happy."

"Better let Gen marry Dick if she wants to. Ted doesn't want to marry her."

"How do you know?" asked Genevieve, suddenly sitting up.

"He told me so. He doesn't like thin girls. He's going to marry a fat one—next week."

"Who?" chorused all four Harringtons.

"Me!" said Elvira, and fled.

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the Airtight
Can

fresh!



MRS. IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN has written a new cook book, using Snowdrift in all her recipes. We should be glad to send you a copy, with our compliments, on request.

Please address—Southern Cotton Oil Trading Company
New Orleans, Louisiana



“IF IT WERE ONLY DICK!”

ELIZABETH MANAGES

"I didn't know it was going to be quite so much trouble to be married," Ruth Farraday said after the flurry of greeting was over. "Perhaps if I had, I wouldn't have attempted it."

"Well, this is the last marriage I can ever have in my family," Peggy said, "unless I take the fatal step myself, which I won't. Shall you, Elizabeth? You've only two chances in your family."

"I don't think Buddy will ever marry," Elizabeth said, looking at Ruth Farraday.

"My son is coming to-morrow or the next day," Mrs. Swift said hastily. "We hope that Cape Cod is really going to make him well again."

"He'll be here in time for the wedding," Peggy said, "if he is invited."

"We were planning to have only the family," Ruth said, "but not having two sisters to add the proper touch of picturesqueness, I asked Elizabeth to stand with Peggy."

"She never opens her mouth," said the incorrigible Peggy, indicating herself, "expecting to put her foot into it."

"Hush, Peggy," said Ruth, whitening a little. "Mrs. Swift understands. Peggy regards this wedding as a sort of cross between a picnic and a visit to the dentist's."

"I certainly do," said Peggy, "only you don't have to have so many clothes on those occasions. I don't see why you can't just be married in what you've got. Well, anyway that clambake is going to be a ray of light through the gloom. That's something we can enjoy without any mixture of our emotions."

"I shall have to come some day without Peggy," Ruth said, rising. "This time we were just going by to the post-office and she dragged me in."

"She gets a letter every mail," Peggy explained, "and sometimes twice a mail. If you think I've said awful things, Mrs. Swift, I'm sorry, but—but—"

"I assure you they are nothing to the things she could say," Ruth laughed. "I'm glad she has Elizabeth's restraining influence. I suppose the two are so different that that's the reason they get on so well."

"Elizabeth's a perfect lady," Peggy said. Mrs. Swift stood at the window and watched the two girls go down the path. "Ruth is an apple-blossom girl," she said thoughtfully. "Poor Buddy!"

"Oh, mother, mother, mother," Elizabeth wailed, flinging her arms around her, "isn't it perfectly terrible? I am so glad you are here. I don't believe I could have borne it another minute without you."

"WELL, baby."

"Well, daddy."

Elizabeth and her father were the first ones down to breakfast on the morning after his arrival with Buddy—the first of the visiting family, at least.

"What is all this radiance for this morning, Elizabeth? Me or Buddy or the new car?"

"You and Buddy and the new roadster, father darling. The roadster was the completest surprise, but I am more intimately fond of you and Buddy. I just can't believe you are here. I gave myself a good hard pinch every time I woke up in the night, to try to make myself believe it. The last time I got up and sneaked to your door and listened to hear if you were breathing."

"Well, was I?"

"You were doing more than that, daddy."

"Well, children," grandmother appeared, behind a platter heaped high with crisp, hot doughnuts, "have you got a good appetite for your breakfast?"

"It seems so funny to think of your being grandma's child," Elizabeth said.

"But I am."

"Well, it's hard to believe it." Grandfather, who had followed on his wife's heels, paused to pull a lock of Elizabeth's hair before he took his place at the head of the table and shook out his napkin.

"I've heard tell of a feller that went driving down Chatham way one day," he said, "and he come to an old house in the woods, and there he found a little old man sitting on the door-step, that was so old and palsied and shaky he could hardly make out to speak. Well, this feller he wanted to find out how the old man happened to be left alone at his great age, with no care nor companionship

Continued on page 52



LET YOUR SKIN POSSESS THE GLOW OF NATURAL BEAUTY

Don't spend tedious hours in kneading and rubbing the skin with lotions which at best can only produce artificial beauty. Give to Resinol Soap the responsibility of building a fresh natural complexion.

This wholesome soap combines in its soft, agreeable lather, all the properties you need for overcoming blotches, redness, roughness, excessive oiliness and other complexion defects. It is one of nature's aids to a more perfect skin.

But perhaps your skin is unblemished. Then let Resinol Soap help to preserve that natural beauty which is every woman's charm. Try it for your toilet and bath and note that freshened feeling which is the indication of returning skin health. Sold by all druggists and toilet goods dealers.

RESINOL SHAVING STICK contains the same pure ingredients and is very popular with men who like the way it soothes the face. Resinol products, trial size, sent on request. Dept. 3-A, RESINOL, Baltimore, Md.

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DeMiracle Every Woman's Depilatory



Hair-free Underarms

WHETHER your costume be athletic togs or evening gown, the underarms should be smooth.

The only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs is to devitalize it. DeMiracle, the original sanitary liquid, alone works on this principle. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is the quickest, most cleanly and easiest to apply. Simply wet the hair and it is gone.

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Try DeMiracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money.

Three sizes: 60c, \$1.00, \$2.00

At all toilet counters, or direct from us in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes war tax.

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Absolutely Harmless

When entertaining or being entertained, you will find exquisite satisfaction in having your skin so beautiful. Accept no substitute.

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In mirrored box with puff.

Either article sold at every toilet counter or sent prepaid upon receipt of 53c, stamps or money order; in Canada \$1.00.

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Concluded from page 2

CAN WE BE COMRADES?

their passions, and indeed often marry elsewhere, does not prove that love is inexistent: it proves only that love is one-sided or repressed.

In comradeship love can be repressed mainly in two ways. Consider again the four cases I have quoted. In case F-9 and case F-11, an obstacle stood in the way of love; in case F-3 the man alone was attracted; in case F-5 the man abandoned friendship for love. It follows that comradeship can survive only if there is something that prevents development into love. The obstacle may, as in these cases, be age or money; it may be the fact that one party is already married, or that the couple is frequently separated by journeys; there are many varieties of obstacles, but where there is no obstacle, where the people are normal, pleasant people, love usually follows. If there is an obstacle that can not be removed, comradeship can exist, because the parties then take what they can. Unable to enjoy love, they enjoy friendship. But to pretend that those are cases of innocent comradeship, to deny that they are anything but unsatisfactory substitutes for love, seems to me rather dishonest argument.

Likewise, in case F-3 you have a situation where the man is attracted and discovers that the woman does not respond. If he gives up the prosecution of his passion, if he accepts that she does not love him, and contents himself with her friendship, here again is no innocent comradeship, but only a case where the parties are taking what they can get. One of the two is not experiencing friendship; he is humbly picking up the crumbs of companionship that fall from the table of love where there is no seat for him.

To sum up, I do not go so far as to say that every man is in love with every woman, but I do say that where two individuals distinctly like each other, love can almost invariably be found by their side, if only as a shadow. Between every man and every woman, a warmth of feeling must arise; it may not be love, but it is love's little cousin from the country. Every smile between man and woman has its meaning, however faint; every letter from a man to a woman is the ghost of a love-letter. I know that my view conflicts with established ideas. Is that not perhaps evidence that this view may hide some truth?

Continued from page 51

ELIZABETH MANAGES

nor nothing, so he asked him; he says 'Do you live all alone here?' he says. The little old man he was so deaf he couldn't hardly hear nothing, but this feller he asked him again, and he put his hand up to his ear and just made out to catch the question. 'No,' he says in his high-pitched, quavering voice. 'No, I don't live here all alone, I live here with my father.' 'Your father?' this feller says, all taken aback, 'your father? Have you got a father? Where is he?' The little old man he hardly made out to get this question at all, but after a long time, when it had been repeated to him over and over again, he managed to understand it. 'Where's father?' he says. 'You ask me where my father is? Well, where should he be, 'cepting up-stairs, putting grandfather to bed.'

Mr. Swift laughed immoderately. "I suppose it does look a little like that to Elizabeth," he said. "She's used to thinking of me as being about as old as that kind of relative gets to be."

"Grandfather's whole life is spent in teasing me," Elizabeth said.

"By the way, father, where is your pie this morning? I didn't know that you ever started the day without it, but I don't see it on the table."

"Now, I am going to tell something on father," grandmother said slyly. "He ain't had a piece o' pie for his breakfast since Elizabeth come, and he wouldn't let me put none on the table, either."

"Why, Granddaddy Swift," Elizabeth said, "have you been going without your breakfast pie on my account?"

Concluded in the April DELINEATOR

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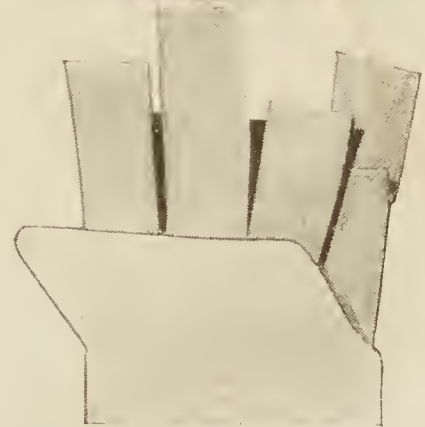
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April Number of

THE DELINEATOR

Madame Curie has not a grain of the precious stuff with which to experiment. The editor of *The Delineator* started the movement to raise the money to provide her with some, from which she hopes to produce a force which will wipe cancer and other ills from the earth.

Beginning with the April number of *The Delineator*

Martha Van Rensselaer

head of the Department of Home Economics of the College of Agriculture of Cornell University, will be head of the Department of Home Economics of *The Delineator*.

The most beautiful American working girl pictured by the famous French artist, Helleu, forms a most attractive cover.

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"Figgers Can't Lie"

by Samuel A. Derieux

about the old colored man who could not write, but who followed in Mandy's footsteps. "When I come home from payin' Mr. Rowley, I go in by de front do' and I notch de pine stick. When I come in from payin' urr people, I go in by de back do' and I notch de oak stick." A most dramatic court scene makes this charming, tender, yet humorous, story unforgettable.

And:

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by W. B. Maxwell

well-known English writer who knows well his English bachelor of thirty-five who marries Miss Streatly "for her money," so her relatives say. Does he get it? That's the story, for she does die.

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Continued from page 9

WHERE BAD CITIZENS ARE MADE

should either treat them right or keep them out. The saddest thing on the face of the earth is the sight of a woman with a baby in her arms being roughly driven, and the knowledge that, as conditions are now, anything else is impossible.

Women of America, you have a duty toward your immigrant sister: Either see to it that these conditions change, or that she does not come here.

If the stream of incoming women were a thin one, the welfare-workers, of whom Col. Bostedo is head, could help and ease their lot. But the stream has become a flood. There are war widows, many of them; there are the women left destitute of funds by the war, coming here "on their own" to earn a living; there are the women relatives of men already here who earned enough during the war to bring their families over now; and there are pitiful groups of refugees from Bolshevism who have seen their menfolk slaughtered and tortured before their eyes, their children dead of hunger, and a future of nameless horrors stretching out before themselves. And the whole forms a torrent sweeping toward America by the million, enough holding passports in their hands right now to crowd every incoming ship for the next five years. The only thing that can be done for these foreign women is for the women of America to constitute themselves each a unit in the army of home defense. Figures show that far the larger part of our population is born of immigrant women, and thus that the future of America is in their toil-worn hands, their anxious hearts, their ignorant, untaught minds. And so they constitute a problem which, notwithstanding their soft eyes, their tears and their humility, may threaten the very foundation of American institutions.

EVERY time a woman suffers excessive hardship *en route* from debarkation to somewhere in America there is nourished in the bosom of the land an enemy—and hardship for those passing through in such unpremeditated numbers is inevitable. But conditions incident to such overcrowding are the sort that women know more about than men do, for they are the problems of housekeeping on a large scale.

No woman who has ever arranged a slide through which to pass hot soup from the kitchen to the pantry instead of carrying it around through the door would tolerate for one moment the fact that three medical examinations are made at Ellis Island on different floors when they might be done on the same floor. No woman would submit her family to the condition which permits immigrants to be detained in a room that holds eight hundred people and contains six benches, each one big enough for three. No woman exists but, given the power, would devise some way for an immigrant to buy, even with foreign money, a two-cent stamp to write to his relatives the first day after landing, instead of the last day before he is released, when all his money is changed.

Of course there are inevitable hardships. We can not have *suites de luxe* reserved at our leading hotels for incoming immigrant women and their children. A perfect world is not expected by the quite sane, and it is only poets, sentimentalists and Bolsheviks who preach the doctrine of freedom from all restraint, wealth without work and elastic civic conditions to meet any need. But many that we have noted are hardships which we should avoid if we are to let the immigrants come at all, or we will suffer in the end as a nation much more than the immigrant does as an individual.

The search-light of inquiry turned upon male aliens at ports of entry discovers a startling number equipped with blackjacks and black intentions. These men, if they do not have them written on their faces, carry evidences of criminal bent in their pockets. But women over there, no less than here at home, have found that their sphere need not be bounded by kitchen stoves and wash-tubs. They have taken a hand in things in Europe. They have actually fought in the trenches. They have led mobs. They have organized revolutions. And some few there may be of these who hide with humility and tears their active, red-thinking minds, if not a knife in the sleeve.

Concluded on page 57

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Continued from page 14

THE CITY OF ESCAPE

Another wildly successful comedy of this season is "The First Year." It, too, was written by the actor who plays its principal rôle, Frank Craven, one of the most skilful and lovable comedians of his time. There are plays that flirt with you, challenge you, invite you, plays that shake you up, plays that lull you into dream. Frank Craven's play comes and sits on your lap as confidently as a child. It *knows* you'll like it. Not a single brilliant line in it, not one theatrical situation, not so much as one little aim at suspense or mystery; yet it is the most delightful, shoutingly funny, absorbing entertainment. It can be summed up: In the first act they got engaged; in the second, they quarreled; in the third, they made up. But the awful suspense of their getting engaged—you are tense with it! The shouts of laughter over their quarrel and some sly wiping of your eyes in the midst of it, too! The relief at their making up!

The wonderful thing about Frank Craven's play, the thing whose price is above rubies, is that it is not of theater stuff. It is life. Mr. Craven, who wrote it; Winchell Smith, who directed it; John Golden, who produced it; and every actor who plays in it, have seen to it that it is flesh and blood, not tricks and make-up. It will probably be running when our great-grandchildren go to the theater. It is not a thing of time, it is human beings, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow.

And there's a man's play in town. Most plays are for women. But the men claim this, though the women seem to love it just as much. It is "The Bad Man," with Holbrook Blinn starring.

HE'S A melodramatic and fascinating person, this bad *Pancho Lopez* of Holbrook Blinn's, wearing a swagger and a reckless sombrero. He gives you something—romance, illusion, and a shooting-up philosophy—a satire upon the conventional and half-hearted enforcement of law—that seems to work.

"He one evil man!" he protests. "In way of nice peoples I love. I keel him." And when he is asked: "Who judges whether he is evil or not?" "I do," he replies unabashed.

Mr. Blinn, an excellent cast, and beautiful stage-settings make it worth seeing. It stimulates you and makes you a bit wistful, too, to find somebody as simple and sure as *Pancho*. "I like free contree. Like Mexico," he says. "The United States? Bah! She is the mos' unfree contree what is. Every man, every woman is slave. You get up such time, eat such time, every day work such time. And you call it free contree! Ees only one free contree. Ees one in which man does as she—please. Like Mexico." You see why we go? And then go again? We're homesick for a "free contree."

When a great artist like Zimbalist sets out to do a thing he usually does it better than anybody ever has before. That is true of Zimbalist and "Honeydew," a "play with music." It has a good story, an unusually good cast to present it, and music that you expect to hum all the rest of your life.

Hal Forde as *Henry Honeydew*, a composer of light operas, is a delight. He would be a delight even if he couldn't sing. And he can. Ethelind Terry, who a year or two ago was a sixteen-year-old girl in school, adds to the freshness and radiance of her youth a sincerity and simplicity that could not be surpassed by real technique. She was "discovered" by Alma Gluck, the singer and the wife of Zimbalist, who heard her singing a part from one of the operas of last year. Theresa Maxwell Conover is, to me, the most satisfying comedienne on the musical comedy stage. You want to take "Honeydew" home to the baby; you want to thrust your arm through the first person's you meet outside and say, "Don't you miss *that!*" You want to sing all the songs, and copy all the clothes, and fall in love with somebody you never have fallen in love with before. I suppose that I am trying to say that it is a sort of renewal of everything glad and young and romantic within you.

Three other things not to be missed are "Lightnin'," a comedy with a tear in its eye, in which Frank Bacon gives a performance comparable to that of Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle"; "The Gold-Diggers,"

Concluded on page 57



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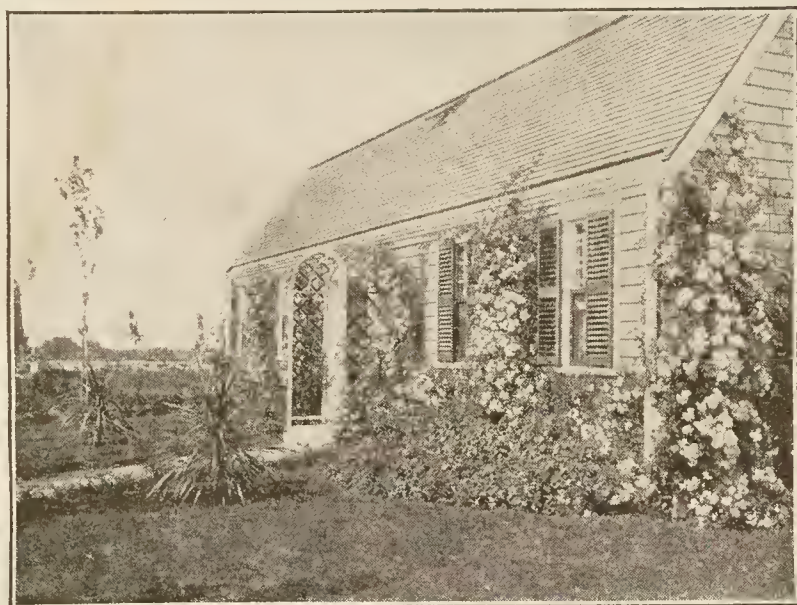


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WHERE BAD CITIZENS ARE MADE

Along with inquiries about foodstuffs, new fashions in local laws and club activities, it might be just as well for American women to get acquainted with their sisters traveling third-class from abroad. Surely American women can cross wits with the women from any land and win. Perhaps the need to do so is at the very gates of America in the tide pressing there for admission. Mostly the foreign woman's unlawful bent lies in her ignorance. She does not understand, and incidents which may start her on the wrong track can be seen by the dozen at Ellis Island.

Note the case of the woman who came over with four children, of whom one on the day of arrival came down with scarlet fever. It was taken from her to the hospital, and, obviously she could not be allowed to see it. Next day another child was stricken and removed from her, and on the next a third—and all three died. And when the last one sickened and an attendant came for it she screamed and fought, crying: "Don't take this one away and kill it too!"

In time that woman will pass into America's melting-pot, her heart and brain seared with grief and desolated with the loss of her children. She will go her way among other foreign women believing her children have been killed, and telling others so. Sullen, pressed down by poverty, she will sow discontent from the time of her landing and will be forever an unreconstructed rebel, unless American women help her. And it isn't flights of oratory in lady-made speeches that are needed. Foreign women are hard to get to, harder to "get next" to, hardest to lead from native customs and loyalty to friendly fellowship with American institutions—but there is a language among women which only women understand, and it is universal.

Only women can explain to the newcomers why this or that condition may be almost intolerable but can not be helped without time and legislation, and that no oppression is meant to strangers by it. And it is very necessary that women should be there to explain, for even without hardship to endure the immigrant is homesick, and with many miles between, the miseries at home seem less, the old country looks rosy far away, and little Giovanni and Heinrich and Pat and Olga and Sonia will imbibe with their mothers' milk a warmed-over loyalty to foreign lands, and a new, hot hatred for this one.

Immigrant women will be mothers of Americans. What should we do with them?

Concluded from page 56

THE CITY OF ESCAPE

with Ina Claire and a wonderful Belasco cast, a delicious comedy that takes you flying over thin ice, but you never get your feet really wet; and "Irene," at the Vanderbilt, a good musical comedy. All three ran all last year and are still selling tickets weeks in advance.

"Just Suppose," with Patricia Collinge, is a fragrant, haunting love-story, excellently presented. "The Bat," at the Morosco, is a mosaic of all the melodramas in the world skilfully put together by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood. Makes you sit on the edge of your seat all evening and gasp with horror or laughter or surprise.

"Welcome Stranger" is a heart-warming, daring, entertaining treatment of two widespread prejudices, the one dealing with religious, the other with racial intolerance.

Fred Stone, in "Tip-Top," provides exciting, amusing and beautiful musical comedy.

"Call the Doctor" is a well-acted, diverting play on the marriage question. "French Leave," war comedy, very slight, but spiritedly acted.

"Spanish Love," a strong love-story, mutilated by slapstick comedy "relief."

"Little Old New York," a poorly built play with good material and a most appealing character finely played by Genevieve Tobin. It is laid in the New York City of early last century. And always and ever there's that enchanted circus, the Hippodrome.

In this side-war of ours to make Broadway safe for the visitor we do not attempt to cover all the plays that have been reviewed. The private list covering all of them will be sent upon receipt of the stamped, self-addressed envelope.



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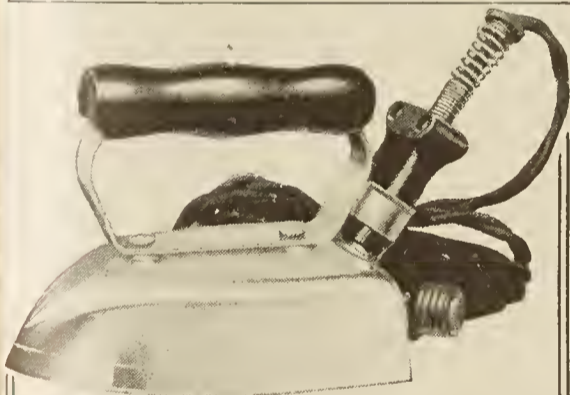
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The Most Economical Form of Permanent Construction

The air cells of Hollow Tile protect health by insulating against heat, cold and dampness. The burned clay never decays; it resists fire's ravages; and it reduces repairs and upkeep expenses. The large sizes of the tile permit erection of larger wall areas at lower costs.

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Babies are sensitive to the cold. They must have warm clothing.

THE RUBENS INFANT SHIRT

with its double thickness over chest and stomach is the snuggest, warmest baby garment made.

And it is fastened with a simple safety pin—no bothersome buttons.

Babies that wear these shirts are warm and well—and happy.

Sizes for all ages—in many different materials.

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Rubens
Look for this Trade-Mark
Insist on the genuine

On and off like a coat. Always fits the growing body comfortably.



NO BUTTONS NO TROUBLE
Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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CREX THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY ALL YEAR ROUND
GRASS RUGS
WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING

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Vol. 42 of the internationally famous Cypress Pocket Library, New Edition.

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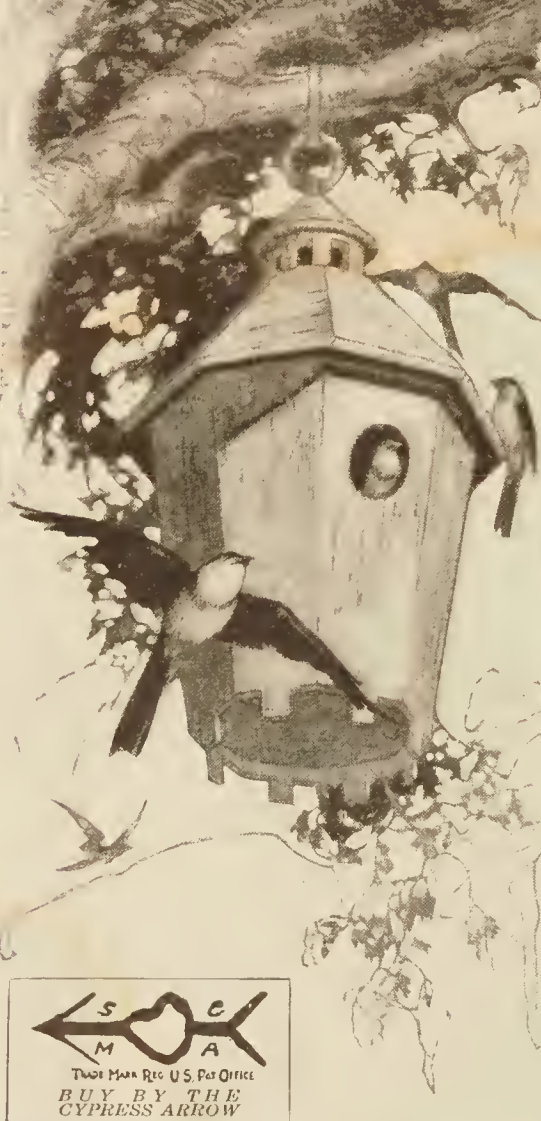
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SISTER SUE

It would make them self-conscious. It would entirely spoil their frank comradeship, and of course put a stop to the "lessons" with all their wonderful aid and encouragement to May. What a pity to do all that just because of a silly bit of gossip!

Of course, if there were any truth in it— And just here came to her with almost blinding force: *What if it were true?* What if they had begun to care for each other? What if— But that was absurd, of course. She would not so misjudge them. Certainly she could drive away such unworthy thoughts from her mind.

But this was just what she found she could not do. In spite of her determination and her scornful denials to herself, she found herself watching, always watching, whenever she saw them together. She found herself inventing excuses to go out on the veranda when her sister and Martin Kent were there, and she found herself knowing the minute they left the house for a walk to the pine grove on the hill, and watching the clock till they returned.

AND she saw that Martin Kent's eyes lighted up when May came into the room, and that they followed her as she moved about; that he deferred to May's wishes and whims and opinions on all occasions; that he worried as to whether May was too warm or too cold, when it never seemed to occur to him that his fiancée might need a fan or an extra wrap; and that he and May had many little jokes together in which she herself had no part.

Sister Sue studied herself in the mirror one day. She flung the shade far up and let the sunlight in, and she was shocked. Undeniably she was looking old and care-worn. She had grown thinner since coming to Gilmoreville, and the little hollows in her cheeks and the dark circles under her eyes were not becoming. Her hair showed lack of care, and not the simplicity of taste in arrangement, but the simplicity of haste—which is quite different in effect. Her dress too, was plainly selected for its durability and not for its attractiveness. She remembered that she didn't have the leisure to give Martin Kent whenever he sauntered over in search of companionship and amusement. The house, her father, a pupil—there was always something to detain her. And when evening came she was so utterly worn out with it all that very likely she was stupid and unattractive. Moreover, she did not have that "community of interest" with Martin. Plots, local color, atmosphere, bored her only to a degree less, perhaps, than her music bored him. He had never cared much for music. It might not, then, be so very strange after all if Martin Kent should turn to her sister May.

Prepared, however, as Sister Sue was, it came to her as a distinct shock when she came into the living-room late one afternoon and found May in Martin Kent's arms. With a little cry from May they sprang apart. Then May stood looking from one to the other, biting her lips and twisting her fingers nervously. The man's face had grown first colorless, then a dark, painful red. With a very obvious effort he began to speak, his eyes on the girl in the doorway who had stopped short and was standing quietly, her face a little white.

"THERE isn't anything—I—can't, Sister Sue," implored the man.

Sister Sue stirred suddenly. It was as if the familiar appeal of "Sister Sue" had cleared away a fog of indecision. She came forward at once, at the same time slipping a ring from the third finger of her left hand. Very faintly she smiled.

"No, there is nothing you can say, Martin, except what you have said. It is—'Sister Sue.'" She dropped the ring on the table by which he stood, then turned and left the room swiftly.

That evening, on the veranda, when it was so dark one's face could not be plainly seen, May came to her and dropped on a low stool at her feet.

"Sue, won't you just let me talk to you?" she faltered.

"Why, certainly. Talk all you like." Sister Sue's voice was calmly expressionless. "I know there isn't anything I can say—

not anything," choked the girl, "that will do—do any real good, or take away the— the awfulness of the thing. But I—I want you to know that—what you saw to-day—never happened before. It—it was the first time, and we—we were just as much surprised as you were."

"Were you?"
"Oh, I know, I know!" exclaimed May feverishly. "Nothing I can say will seem to do any good, when you saw with your own eyes. But, Sister Sue, listen! Thoughtless, and silly, and selfish, and everything else that I am that's bad and foolish, I don't lie. You know I don't lie. You do know that."

"Yes, I know that, May."
"Well, then you must believe me when I say that was the first time—what you saw—and we never realized where we were drifting, until—until it was right on us, or that we cared—that way. And I want you to know that we're going to kill it—both of us—in going away."

"Nonsense, child! You'll do no such thing! As if I'd let you!"

"But, Sister Sue, we're in earnest, really. We're not going to meet again for a long, long time. Martin is going to write to you and— and explain—and ask you to forgive and forget and take back the ring. And he's going to bow in the dust. He said he was."

Sister Sue gave a short laugh.

"And does he think I want a lover—out of the dust? No, May. All that is impossible, quite impossible. You'll see it yourself after a little thought. Do you think for an instant that I would want to marry a man who cared for another woman, and that woman my sister, who cared for him, too? Don't be absurd, May!"

"But we're so sorry. So heart-broken."

"YOU shouldn't be. You should be glad that you've found it out before it's too late. I am."

"Are you, really?"
"Very glad. It would have been unfortunate, you know, if you had found it out after he had married me."

"But it looks as if we'd been so false," quivered May. "And, truly, Sister Sue, we never thought—we never dreamed—of such a thing," she hurried on feverishly. "And it was over such a silly little thing that we—we found out. I got a splinter in my finger out on the board fence when I was reaching through for nasturtiums, and when I came in I found Martin here, and I asked him to get it out, and he did, and—and—I honestly, Sister Sue, I don't know how it happened, but all of a sudden he had me in his arms and—and was kissing me and—and saying things."

"Then—you came. Oh, Sister Sue, it was awful! What did you think? And we were just as surprised as you were. But I know now that it—it's been coming on a long time with me. I always liked him, and thought he was perfectly lovely. Then when he began to help me, and we had such a lot of things to talk about—I know now that I was always watching for him, and that I was never so happy as when with him, and he says it's been the same way with him too. He found himself watching for me and waiting for me, and glad when we could be off by ourselves. He told me that to-day—after you—you went away. But right off—we agreed that we'd kill it, and we will, Sister Sue, because I'm sure we can. Oh! we're going to try so hard, and—"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Sister Sue, rousing herself briskly. "Don't talk that way any more, May. When I dropped that ring on the table I dropped myself quite out of Martin Kent's life, except, of course, as 'Sister Sue.'" she amended, with a slight lift of the eyebrows.

"Now, come. We know what is to be done. The only thing left is to decide how and when to do it. You will be married, of course. The sooner the better, I think, under the circumstances, which will suit Martin Kent, I am sure. He wanted to marry me last March, so he'll be ready; merely a change in brides, that's all."

"Sister Sue! You—you're awful!"

"Awful? Not a bit of it. I hope I'm sensible. That's all."

"But—but Martin is going to write you."

Continued on page 61



Made in the cup at the table

There Is No Coffee-Pot Waste If You Use G. Washington's Coffee

G. Washington's Coffee is absolutely pure soluble coffee. Each cup made to order without waste. Dissolves instantly in hot water. Always delicious, healthful, economical. The finest quality coffee.

Measure the cost by the cup—not by the size of the can

For sale by Grocery, Delicatessen and Drug Stores, and served at Soda Fountains. Send ten cents for special trial size. Recipe Booklet Free.

G. Washington Sales Co., Inc., 522 Fifth Ave., New York

G. Washington's COFFEE

ORIGINATED BY MR. WASHINGTON IN 1909



Rosy Cheeks and Raisins

Go Together—Note the Reasons

According to Authorities

THERE are other reasons than luscious flavors for the serving of delicious raisin foods. One is the raisin's *natural iron* content.

RAISINS, in truth, may be called "a beauty food," for it is iron in the blood that brings the tint of roses to women's and children's pretty cheeks, and is necessary to ruddy health in men.

One needs but little iron daily in his food, but that

need is vital. Raisins are one of the richest of foods in assimilable iron.

Use raisins in plain foods like boiled rice, oat-meal, simple puddings, cakes, cookies, custards, ready-cooked cereals, et cetera.

Learn how much better everybody likes these foods with *raisins*. The luscious fruit-meats are like natural confections. They tempt the appetite.

Increase nutrition, too, for raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Use SUN-MAID RAISINS, made from thin-skinned, juicy, tender, fragile California table grapes—kinds too delicate to ship fresh many miles.

You may never taste these grapes, but you can buy the raisins anywhere. Once know them and you'll always get this kind.

THREE VARIETIES: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds

removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

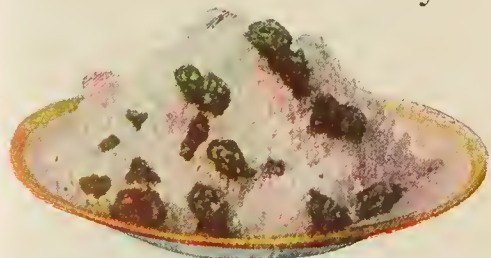
Don't Miss This Book

Get "Sun-Maid Recipes," a *free book*, containing scores of tested recipes for delicious, appetizing raisin foods. Learn what you can do with raisins and what raisins can do for you.

Delicious Raisin Roly Poly—Try It

- 1 cup SUN-MAID Seeded Raisins
- 1 cup flour
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon butter
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 2 teaspoons shortening
- ½ cup milk
- 2 tablespoons sugar

Sift flour, baking powder and salt into bowl, add shortening and rub in very lightly with tips of fingers, add milk enough to make dough to roll out ¼ inch thick. Cover with raisins, which have been stewed, thickened and sweetened with one tablespoon sugar, roll the same as jelly roll; place in bake pan which has been brushed with a little butter; sprinkle top with one tablespoon sugar and dot with the balance of butter. Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with lemon sauce or milk.



Try Rice-Raisin Pudding for a delicious plain dessert made "fancy" with the raisin.



Make Raisin Fudge if you would know a tasty home-made candy. Be sure to get the book of recipes.



CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA





Two great makers of wool garments tell how woolens should be laundered

THE name of Carter stands for the first quality in baby underwear. No matter where you live, when you shop for your baby, the store offers you a Carter shirt or band. Read why this company, one of the oldest and largest in the country, advises you to wash your baby's woolens with Lux.

THE finest quality outer knit goods for infants and children have been made by Simon Ascher & Co. for nearly 50 years. Bootees, sacques, sweatersuits, sweaters, all "100 per cent Pure Wool," are found in good stores in all states. Read the way these experts in woolens recommend laundering knitted things.

THESE two great manufacturers, by the very nature of their business, were compelled to find out the correct way of laundering wool—the way that would be best and safest. Incorrect methods mean a heavy loss to them just as incorrect methods mean a heavy loss to you in the wear and in the appearance of your own and the children's woolen things.

Read carefully the detailed directions below which tell you just exactly how to wash woolens—the way recommended by these two great manufacturers of children's woolens.

Cut this page out and keep it. You will find that you will want to refer to it all the time. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

To keep woolens soft and unshrunk

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Dip garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly through soiled spots. *Do not rub.* Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—*do not ring.* Press with warm iron—never a hot one.

Colored woolens. If you are not sure the color is fast, try to set it as follows: Use $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of vinegar to a gallon of water and soak for two hours. Lux won't cause any color to run water alone won't cause to run.

Woolens should be dried in an even temperature; that of the ordinary room is the best. Heat increases shrinkage. Do not dry woolens out-of-doors except on very mild days. Woolens should never be dried in the sun.

Flannels may be dried flat and stretched to shape, or when absolutely dry, they may be pressed, by placing a damp cheesecloth over the material and using a warm iron.

Shirts and stockings should be dried on wooden forms.

Knitted garments should never be wrung or twisted. Squeeze water out, and pull and pat garment into shape. Spread carefully on a towel to dry.

Knitted blankets and afghans, like other knitted articles, should never be hung up to dry. Spread them on a towel and pull into shape.

Wool scorches easily. Press challis and other light woolens while still a little damp. Use a warm iron, never a hot one.

The makers of Carter's Knit Underwear tell how to wash woolens

"Sometimes we receive complaints," says the Carter Company, "that our woolens have shrunk. This, of course, is a mechanical process and due to the wrong way of washing.

"We wish every young mother would wash her baby's shirts and bands in the safe way set forth in the Lux advertising.

"We have had Lux analyzed and know there is nothing in it which could injure the delicate wool fibre. A soap with free alkali or an ordinary harsh soap will make wool shrink.

"Lux is also excellent for woolens because its thin flakes dissolve so completely that no solid soap can stick to the wool and yellow it.

"We are glad to endorse Lux; its use on our garments means greater satisfaction to our customers, and thus to ourselves."

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

The makers of Ascher's Knit Goods tell safest way to wash knitted things

"Infants and children soil their clothes so quickly," says Simon Ascher & Company, "we give especial attention to the way our garments are laundered.

"Woolens will not shrink or stiffen if they are washed the proper way. When you find a knitted garment with the surface matted up, it usually means that a harsh soap has been used or that the garment has been rubbed.

"Lux is ideal for woolens because it meets both conditions. It is so pure that it cannot injure the sensitive wool fibre. Its thick lather does away with the rubbing of the garment even between the hands. This means that the delicate softness and beauty of the wool is preserved.

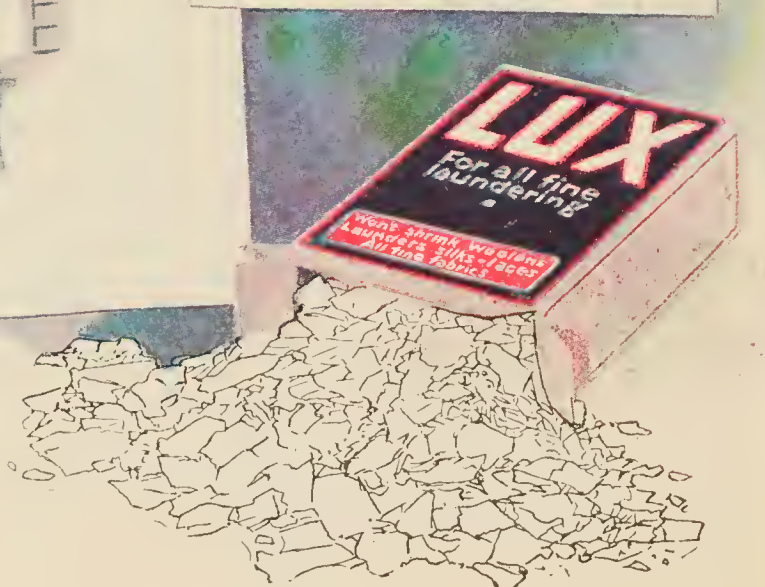
"We are very glad that the Lux advertising is teaching women the safe way to launder woolens."

SIMON ASCHER & COMPANY



LUX

Won't injure anything
pure water alone won't harm



SISTER SUE

"Very well. I'll answer. And he'll like my letter, never fear. This isn't a penny dreadful or a stage melodrama that we're living, you know. There'll be no hysterics, nor heroics. We will conduct the matter with dignity and with as little cause for gossip as possible. You will go away to live, of course. I'm glad of that. It wouldn't be so easy to keep tongues quiet if you were here as a perpetual reminder."

"But, Sister Sue, you—" faltered May. "Don't worry about me." Sister Sue's lips came together a bit grimly. "As I told you, there'll be no hysterics nor heroics, and I sha'n't die of a broken heart. Never fear." "Sister Sue, I—I think you're wonderful," breathed the younger girl.

"Wonderful? Not a bit of it. I—I'm just Sister Sue, that's all."

"Sue, Sue, Sister Sue, are you out here?" queried a man's voice from the doorway. Even her father called her "Sister Sue" sometimes.

"YES, father. I'm coming." With a sigh that was quickly stifled, Sister Sue got to her feet and went into the house.

Grimly, Sister Sue faced the thing. Calmly she threshed it out in her mind. There would, indeed, be no hysterics nor heroics. She was not that kind. She thanked Heaven for that. Besides, when one comes right down to it, the thing that he was doing was not so different from what she had been doing all her life. She was merely substituting a lover for the larger apple or the bigger piece of cake, and letting little sister have it. That was all. Surely, she ought to be used to that sort of thing by this time!

To be sure, it was not exactly soothing to one's pride to be thus so lightly tossed aside for a younger, fairer face! There would be a slight period of rather painful readjustment. There was bound to be that.

Women, like the two gossips coming out of Sunday-school that day, would love to roll the thing over their tongues and nod, "I told you so!" to each other. She must expect that. Other people, their own friends and acquaintances, might stare and marvel a little at the metamorphosis of the bride. That, also, was to be expected. But at the worst it would be but a nine-days' wonder, soon over. Then some other matter elsewhere would claim their attention.

As for her own feelings in the matter, Sister Sue was experiencing the realization of a curious phenomenon; where before, ever since her talk with Martin Kent in February about leaving her father, she had been trying hard not to think of Martin Kent, she now was conscious of no such effort on her part. She was quite willing to think of him. He seemed already a being quite apart from her life. She was amazed and a little troubled, but she could think of him in that way so calmly—so almost indifferently. Was she, then, so cold-hearted, so fickle-minded? Surely, when one's lover failed one so utterly as to—

LIKE a flash in the dark there came the explanation why she, ever since February, had been mentally humming the meaningless little tunes so as not to think of Martin Kent, and why now she could think of him so calmly, so indifferently.

It was not now that her lover had failed her. A thing that was already black could not become blacker. She knew now that it was in February that he had really failed her, in February when he had pleaded for an immediate marriage, peremptorily suggesting a sanatorium for her father and at the same time so unmistakably indicating his own abhorrence of the presence so dear to her. She knew now why something had seemed to snap within her at that time. She knew now why she had then grown so numb and cold, and why from that moment she had always unconsciously been putting the thought of Martin Kent from her as far as possible. She knew now, why, when she saw his arms about her sister, there wasn't the sharp stab of a new hurt, but the dull ache of an old one.

As she looked back at it now, there had, for a long time, been this growing sense of hurt and disappointment, which had culminated now in a thing that precluded excuse and that most certainly could not be

dismissed with a placating, "Oh, that's just Martin's way." She still felt, however, that it was not now that she had lost her lover, but months ago, on that day in February, just as she felt that no matter when her father should die, she had really lost him on the day he was brought home unconscious from the office.

As for May—Martin Kent would very likely make May happy. Certainly she hoped he would. They would at least have the same interests, and May had no household cares or filial duties to prevent his taking her where he liked.

There remained, then, only the readjustment of matters so as to create as little commotion and talk as possible in gossipy Gilmoreville.

In the morning came Martin Kent's note by special messenger. It was a beautiful note. Not for nothing was Martin Kent a fiction writer. He did, as May had predicted, bow himself to the dust. He did not attempt to offer explanations or excuses. He declared that he couldn't do that. It would be useless. But he was all contrition, all shame in his application for mercy and forgiveness. And in the end he begged that she would take back his ring and wear it.

Sister Sue answered immediately. Her note was not beautiful. It contained no heroics and no thrills. Sister Sue was not a fiction writer. It contained no bemoanings, no reproaches. It was cheerful, matter-of-fact, and cordially interested in plans for his and May's happiness. It said, no, thank you, she did not care to wear the ring again, and she was very glad the true state of affairs had been found out before it was too late. It said also that there was no reason why he and May should not be married as soon as May's simple trousseau could be made ready, and that he need feel no hesitation in coming to the house with the old freedom and informality, and that she really hoped he would come soon.

AND she signed herself "Sister Sue."

And Sister Sue did hope he would come soon. She longed to get over the awkwardness of that first meeting. After that it would be easier, she knew.

She was glad, therefore, when two days later Delia told her that Mr. Kent was in the living-room and wanted to see her. She went down at once. She gave him a cordial hand and smiled straight into his eyes, and she promptly hushed the rush of words on his lips. After a very little while she took him out on the veranda where May was waiting, then she left them with the cheery suggestion that they'd better be making their plans or the Summer would be gone before they knew it.

After all, it proved to be even less difficult than Sister Sue had feared. Matters at home seemed hardly to change at all except that it was May now, instead of herself, that spent the evenings on the veranda with Martin Kent. The daytime hours May had always spent with him, anyway. True, the explanations to her father and Gordon were not easy, and certain other words had to be given out in various quarters. These, too, were not easy. As for Gilmoreville, Sister Sue simplified matters there by saying to Mrs. Preston: "My sister May and Mr. Kent are going to be married in September. If any person says to you that they supposed it was I who was to marry Mr. Kent, do you suppose you could answer very lightly, something like this: 'Sister Sue the one? Oh, no, it's May. Oh, there was a fancied something once—perhaps—between the other two—but that's all over now. May is the one.' Could you do that for me, Mrs. Preston?"

"Could I?" The little old lady threw a keen glance into Sister Sue's face. "You just wait and see. An' I'm thinkin' I'd be addin' that whatever it was between Martin Kent and Sister Sue it didn't never come to much, I guess, or else Sister Sue wouldn't be so happy and gay over fixin' up her sister to marry him."

"I thought I could trust you," laughed Sister Sue as she turned away.

And she could, as Mrs. Preston soon proved. For it was in a measure true, as Gordon had once asserted, that whatever

Continued on page 72

A Food That Merits Your Attention Grape-Nuts

—not alone for its delightful taste but for the sound health-building values it provides for every age.

Grape-Nuts is more than something good to eat. This blend of wheat and malted barley was specifically devised to include certain elements from the grains not generally used but necessary for best results in health, growth and body maintenance.

All the goodness of the grains is here preserved, ready-cooked and easily digestible, in truly economical form.

Children especially love Grape-Nuts and it builds strength and sturdiness.

"There's a Reason"

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.



Ever in an Old Freight-Shed?

The old freight-shed down by the railway-tracks is a very necessary unit in the shipping program, but a questionable stopping place for the food products which are without adequate package protection.

A place of pungent odors, and "close contacts," and other things too numerous—and too unpleasant—to mention.

For years upon years these old floors have borne an ever-changing burden of assorted commodities, food products among the rest, the latter, in all too many cases, poorly protected against contamination—human and animal—because they were not properly packed for their long journey.

Flour and sugar rubbing elbows with coffee and potatoes, and all in many cases, occupying the same place on the freight-shed floor where other commodities—kerosene or fertilizer or any of the other non-edible necessities—had rested in other days.

It's not a pleasant thought, is it? We can make it a thing of the past when we all rise up in our might and demand that our food products—sugar, flour, fruit, rice, vegetables, etc.—shall be protected in transit by

NICE CLEAN Wooden Barrels "A Wall of Wood Around Your Food"

so that when they arrive at their final destination—your pantry—they shall be sweet and clean, and you will know that they are.

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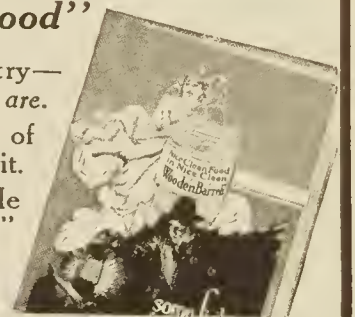
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DOES THIS MEAN "SEX-WAR"?

While deprecating the hissing, it put the blame upon the women, citing as two good reasons for it the fact that the women students joined the men in the demonstration when the Cornell football team went forth to battle with Pennsylvania a few weeks before, that women sang Cornell songs on the Hudson ferry-boats, and that two women had asked Romeyn Perry, the head of the athletic council, why it was they were not given representation on all athletic boards.

On the front page, the first story of the day was the report of the committee of nine, who were supposed to represent the upper classmen. The report, three thousand words in length, contained the following assertions:

"Not long ago a campaign was started by undergraduates for the purpose of making clear undergraduate and alumni sentiment on certain university problems. All was in readiness for the launching of the campaign when, upon the advice of men closely associated with the administration of the university, publicity was avoided because they argued that it would 'get into the press and hurt the endowment campaign.'

"Cornell is an Eastern college. Coeducation is not indigenous to the East. It is idle to point to a Western institution and say it works there. If it did it would not concern us. The fact is it does not work there or anywhere else, nor will it.

"It has no association with women's rights, as some small minds are inclined to think. It should be properly associated with women's wrongs.

"Women are here and can not be at once turned out, although the same has been done at other Eastern institutions which years ago made the mistake of confusing coeducation with emancipation. We can, however, take the step which Northwestern, Leland Stanford and other universities have taken and limit the proportion of women students until such time as we can set aside a separate college for their instruction.

"THE leading women educators of the country oppose it, and with the increasing activity of women in educational administration it will soon be displaced either by entirely separate institutions or coordinate education.

"To-day there are a hundred per cent. more women than there were in 1915. There are women instructors in several departments. When women begin to predominate in a course men cease to elect that course.

"If something is not done soon we will never be able to check the idea which exists in some quarters that Cornell is a woman's school. Cornell is and always has been essentially not only a man's but a HEMAN'S school.

"The greatest pride of the undergraduate is the athletic prowess of Cornell. What will happen when the women equal and outnumber the men? Will they in any way help Jack Moakley or John Hoyle or Gil Dobie (the Athletic Council)?"

"Where are the promising athletes going? Not to Cornell. And when our athletic prowess declines where are any of the red-blooded American youngsters, athletes or no, going? Not to Cornell.

"As humble undergraduates we submit that a permanent restriction is not only advisable but essential to the preservation of Cornell."

The faculty hastened to insist that the report was an outrage. The student body, especially the men of the Agricultural College, the School of Medicine, and the College of Architecture, rallied to the defense of the women.

COEDUCATION STOUTLY UPHELD

THE fraternities kept silent, until the newspapers and the public of Ithaca, outraged, almost as a whole took sides against them, when some said they were not in accord with the report, individual members deprecating it vehemently. Indignantly one and all the bodies which these nine young men claimed to represent, repudiated the report as something on which they had not been consulted.

And through it all the women were silent. The members of the faculty, feminist and anti-feminist, the students, fraternity and non-fraternity, sorority and non-sorority—and the alumnae—whom I questioned, held

Continued on page 63



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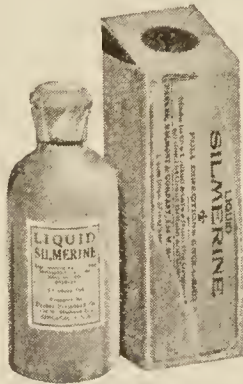
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DOES THIS MEAN "SEX-WAR"?

different individual opinions, but as a whole, coeducation was upheld.

First let me quote Acting-President Albert W. Smith: "It is foolish even to discuss coeducation at Cornell. It is a fact, and any attempt to abolish it must naturally fail. The entire disturbance is juvenile in proportions and intentions and not the voice of Cornell."

"This particular objection to the women, is that a few of these young men think that because Cornell is coeducational it does not rank with Harvard and Yale and Princeton. Also they feel deeply Cornell's recent failure on the gridiron. As cowards they blame their failure on coeducation."

"They must be made to understand that primarily Cornell is an institution of learning and not a gymnasium nor an athletic field."

"The contact of men and women together in classes and in the social life of the university enlarges the social conscience and gives them a better sense of human relationships. There are better advantages for the women in coeducational institutions because of higher faculty standards. As for scholarship, women do just as well as men in many branches—and better than men in some."

Reverting to the women he concluded:

"THE standard of Cornell is no better upheld nor expressed than by the attitude of its women students under the present provocation. They are acting with dignity and character. Their silence should shame their opponents into capitulation."

Mrs. William Vaughn Moody, a graduate of Cornell and a member of its Board of Trustees says: "Coeducation is at Cornell. Nothing can change that. Only two courses are open to dissatisfied Cornellians: One is to go to a non-coeducational college, although I should be sorry to have them do so, for they are at best young men whose minds are occupied with public questions and would therefore make valuable friends of coeducation if they were to become convinced of its value. The other—and the first looks to the second—is for the men who decide to support Cornell even though, or perhaps because, it is pledged by its charter to coeducation, to do everything in their power to make it a place *par excellence* where women are so favorably situated that they will be colleagues in whom men will take deep university pride. *I am heartily in sympathy with that part of the senior societies' report which expressed the desire that there should be an increasingly high standard of admission for both men and women to our university.*"

Miss Georgia White, Adviser of Women at Cornell, felt it was the best thing that could have happened as it would help to clarify the atmosphere. Translating it into terms of world psychology, she said, "It reflects all the causes of opposition to women's suffrage. The feeling in some men's hearts against the woman vote is still reflected in the male young. Many of these boys, having been taught that woman's place is the home, resent the presence of women here. Others resent the fact that most of the women students are here for the purpose of study and education and, devoting all of their time to their books and classes, have proved dangerous rivals in the competitions for prizes and scholarships. Also, a number of the fraternity men aspire to the same prestige accorded Harvard and Yale and Princeton, and because they can not compete with these older universities in athletics, which to many of the younger male minds is the measure of a university's glory, they blame the women, maintaining that because of the distraction due to women in the colleges the men do not give sufficient thought nor practise to their athletics."

By no manner of means, however, must it be understood that all of Cornell's men students are on record against the women. Miss White emphasized this fact when she said, "All of this trouble has been stirred up by a moneyed autocracy composed of a small and self-constituted group of the wealthier members of about fifteen or twenty of the fraternities. Because of the backing they are able to give the college publications, and because of the threat that if women were given adequate representation their patronage would be withdrawn, the publications have had to obey their mandates."

Continued on page 64



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Little Jack had
a head cold

HE snuffled and sneezed
and couldn't get rid
of it. Mother at last re-
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of his nose with it. Next day
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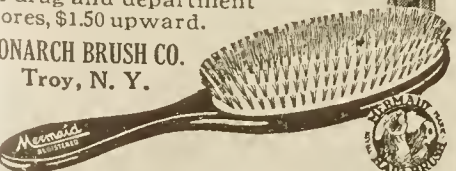
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"PATRIA"

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Both photos
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Beauty of fabric governed the designing of these two Lucile frocks

FOR an afternoon frock, the beauty
of the gleaming bamboo colored
lengths of Satin Patria fairly de-
manded the simplicity of the longwaisted
coat frock, unrelieved save by the
"cartridge belt" effect and a row of
self-covered buttons.

For her dance frock Irene Castle chose
the deliciously light and bouffant Corticelli
Taffeta, and Lucile, not satisfied with
a very full short skirt, added more of it
in a scalloped flounce that overhangs
foamy ruffles of silver threaded lace. A
girdle of blue and citron ribbons was

decreed to stress the exquisite orchid
shade of this taffeta.

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DOES THIS MEAN "SEX-WAR"?

As for the women students' attitude, Miss White recommended non-resistance. "The women have acted just as I would have had them act. They are holding themselves superior to the attack made upon them."

Miss White branded as false the contention in the report that two women students had waited upon Romeyn Perry, head of the athletic council and demanded a place upon the council. Romeyn Perry, himself, denied the occurrence or that he had ever made such an assertion.

A faculty member, who prefers to remain nameless, refused at first to discuss the situation, dismissing my question with the statement which prologued every faculty member's opinion. "Coeducation in this university is beyond discussion. It is here to stay, and what one man or many men may think of it, it can not be helped."

But further conversation drew from him something of the expression of the anti-feminist. He said, "I will say this: 'If I had a daughter I would not send her to Cornell. I do not think that women should be men's equals, but their superiors, and, therefore, their culture should be only in the realms where man is too coarse to follow.'"

ANOTHER professor asked me why I had sought an interview with him, and I told him because I had heard he was opposed to coeducation.

He drew in a mouth, already drawn in tight lines from loneliness, perhaps, and from monotony, exclaiming, "Deny that, please. I am not against it." He then tried to make this explicit by defining woman's intellectual prowess, interpreting scholarship more in terms of disposition than in mental attainments. "Women are apter in their studies than men because they are more docile. Obedience is one of the supreme demands of learning. The girls in my classes do what they're told. But they can not improvise or create. It is this lack of revolt which makes poor creators of them, and it is this disobedience which really helps men to be the inventors and creators in art and science. Women do better at college, and I must say that our women graduates have shone with a greater light in the world than our men, but given a real man no woman can touch him."

"We can not judge intellectual integrity by averages but by types, and taking types of success in men and women the women are far behind the men." And then he fell back upon the anti-feminist's main standby. "There is an incontrovertible reason for this—the biological difference. Women can not work as hard as men—if they are able to and do so, they debilitate their child-bearing processes. God saw to this when he created man and woman."

And then with a real smirk he demanded, "Show me one profession in which women have excelled men. Even in your own province you take second place. All good cooks are men, and all the best dressmakers."

As I reeled off the number of women designers who had come to the fore in both France and America, he held up his hands and acknowledged that he was out of his province, reiterating, however, that no matter how the environment and activity of woman changed she could never be a creator.

His attitude and that of a few of the members of his class coincided. One young adolescent—a fraternity member and said to be one of the wealthiest "men" in college, with an enviable complacency assured me, "I have been taught to believe that woman is man's inferior. Therefore do I suffer humiliation when I am defeated by woman, and my chivalry assailed when I defeat her." Inquiry proved that he had suffered deep humiliation in recent competitions for a prize.

Another young "he-man," when I told him that I understood that the Agricultural College as a body was defending the women students exclaimed, "Those simps and hicks! The few of them who could get into a fraternity don't feel that way."

Another still, as did several others, cited as the cause of their antagonism toward coeducation Cornell's inability to rank high in athletics. "Why, we were sixteenth on the list of twenty universities. That can't go on. And it is up to the women. They keep the men up late. They make us the laughing-



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95 What Next?

DOES THIS MEAN "SEX-WAR"?

stock of other universities so that the red-blooded young men of the country will not come here. Why, they sang Cornell songs on a ferry-boat, and they—" Here words failed him. "Well," he at last stammered, "they're all right in their place—but it isn't here."

On the other hand the large mass of the student body as a whole, as well as the majority of the faculty, are standing bravely by the women. I interviewed twelve deans, professors or instructors, and eight of them were decided in their stand on coeducation. I must have talked with fifty students, men and women, for and against and neutral, and the opponents of coeducation among them were not more than ten.

A professor of English, and one who stands high in literary and intellectual circles of the world, said: "A few students with minds and ideas that belonged in the last century have taken it upon themselves to try and run things here. They are doomed to failure. If I had my way all of those fraternity members directly responsible for this trouble should be expelled."

In addition, because the college publications had not upheld the women, as many thought they should have done, a rosy little sheet called *The Critic* and approved of by Acting-President Albert Smith and epitomized by him as "A Gadfly Come To Sting Us," printed a brilliant and disconcerting diatribe against the anti-feminist agitators, characterizing them as Prep-School Philosophers and satirizing the committee who published the provocative report as the "Nine He-Men of Cornell," and exhorting them in bold-faced type, "Oh, you big, strong men, preserve unsullied your virgin masculinity!" One of the editors, who was also managing editor of the *Cornell Era*, was asked by the committee directing its activities for his resignation which he cheerfully tendered.

The Mourning Male rose to heights of satirical journalism in its first issue, born under the pressure of public feeling in Cornell and in Ithaca, and turned the aspects of the situation to ridicule.

I THACA papers became rampant feminists and published column after column of letters from interested citizens who defended the women with often caustic comparisons between the ethical standards of the men and women Cornellians.

And through it all the women have remained silent.

Miss Martha Van Rensselaer, head of the Department of Home Economics of the Agricultural College, outlined the minds of the women students on the matter when she said, "The girls are capable of taking the non-resistant attitude because they are right. It is my belief that they should be allowed to work this thing out in their own way. If they ask advice, I give it to them, and it is always that they must maintain their splendid attitude of tolerance and amusement. They have received word that if they attend college dances they will be without partners or escorts, and that girls from Ithaca and out of town will be the reigning belles. Because of this they have decided to remain away from the dances—it would not be fair to expect them to go where they anticipate insult. One exception to this is the Agricultural Assembly—for here they are sure of being given the right sort of a welcome. They shall go on studying and doing the best they can. Their tolerance can not fail to be a rebuke to those who have so rudely attacked them."

I found two "queens," as the women students favored with the attentions of the fraternity men are called, who took a neutral stand. One was a little butterfly thing who walked across the campus with me. Her dress was about two inches below her knees. She wore high-heeled pumps, thin silk stockings, a sealskin coat and a feathered hat. "Brother belongs to a fraternity," she lisped, "and of course I feel differently. The girls are all right in their place but they ought to let the boys dominate. Naturally they take the scholarships because they don't have so many outside activities as the boys. But they ought not to want representation on the publications which are really the boys' organs. I don't think they ought to have the same class-rooms or the same

Concluded on page 66

Beautiful



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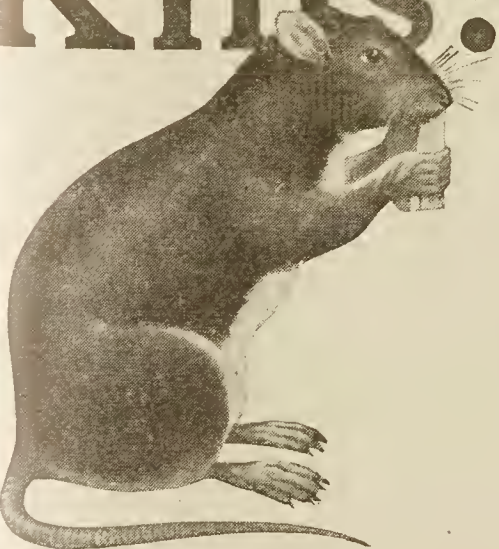
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DOES THIS MEAN "SEX-WAR"?

professors. They should have separate colleges, and their social life should be entirely outside college circles."

That the men students had some provocation can not be denied. Some few of the women students have not played fair either to themselves or to the institution. In one sorority with a membership of twenty, eight failed to pass their last-year examinations and the boys who took up their six or seven evenings a week failed also. Too much rouge, too short dresses, cheek-by-jowl dances, and too great a laxity in chaperonage has existed—but only among the few. And as a dean of one of the colleges said to me: "In every group of men and women there will always be the few of both sexes who do not conduct themselves as they should. Against these there must be concerted action of the whole mass of either sex."

The college records show that out of three hundred and ten honor students in the year 1920, ninety were women; that the honorary societies as distinguished from the senior honorary societies, whose membership is due not to scholarship but to class prestige, last year showed an enrollment of about forty-six, twenty-six of which were women; that in the Arts and Sciences, out of fifty scholarships twenty-four were awarded to women; that in the honor groups of this same college which enrolled ninety-five students, forty-four were women; and that the entire attendance at the College of Arts and Sciences was four hundred and seven, with a ratio of men to women of three hundred and forty to sixty-seven.

AND of course there is something to be said for the men here. At Stanford University, which was cited in the report of the committee of nine, the ratio of men to women is set at not less than three to one. The entire enrollment is kept down by charter to two thousand—fifteen hundred of which may be men and five hundred women.

The ratio of attendance, men to women, at Cornell is five to one, this year's enrollment being five thousand men and one thousand women. But in the College of Arts and Sciences, which with the Law College, is the chief intellectual stamping-ground of the fraternity men, and which is supposed to maintain the standard of the men, there is a ratio of about two and one-half men to one woman.

Restriction of all students and limitation of women by colleges is what the fraternity men and a small part of the faculty are after.

This might seem a small concession to grant if it were not that restriction and limitation began at Wesleyan and gradually grew narrower and narrower until coeducation was abolished.

At Wesleyan University in the '60's and '70's but two or three women trespassed upon the men students' acreage. By 1895 the number of women entrants had grown to twenty per cent.

Immediately there was evidence of hostility among the men students against coeducation. They felt that should Wesleyan become a half-and-half institution, where the women equaled if not predominated over the men, then it would lose its prestige and its right to rank with such colleges as Amherst and Williams.

Thus the boycott began. Men refused to attend dances given by the women. When they attended fraternity dances or college dances their partners were chosen from outside the student registry. No man student, under pain of reprisal, walked upon the campus with a woman student or called upon one. Women—or "quails," as they were dubbed—were barred from representation in the college publications. And finally, as more and more the anti-feminist students became alumni, the restrictions against women tightened and tightened. In 1910 coeducation was abolished at Wesleyan.

Cornell University is looked up to throughout the country as the example and main bulwark of coeducation. If it swings the tide against it, there may be a reaction throughout the country. The State Universities alone may be saved, since they are supported by public moneys, and women have the vote and occupy seats in State legislatures and therefore have much to say about appropriations. It may be but a feeble attempt at a sex war, but it is one in which there is a challenge to all thinking people.



Bountiful Health

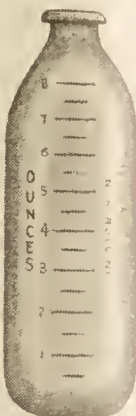
for baby is more likely if proper aids are employed.

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The tip on the top is your guarantee smooth inside; easily cleaned; best grade black rubber; packed two in sanitary package; popular price.

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has many advantages that appeal to mothers; will not roll because oval; convenient for baby to grasp; no corners; easily cleaned; withstands boiling, which is necessary for proper sterilization; 6 and 8 oz. sizes; popular prices.



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Mother's Worries

are lessened when she is prepared to guard against the ill-effects that may follow exposure or accidents.

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THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

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LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—V

whole field, but such is not the case. One man guessed *C* and *P* nine times each and neglected entirely *G*, *Q*, *R*, *W*, and *Y*, another guessed 3 thirteen times, 7 eighteen times, and 9 fifteen times, neglecting entirely 0, 1, 2 and 8, and still another guessed four of hearts six times, five of hearts eight times, nine of diamonds ten times, and the ace of spades ten times, while he neglected entirely thirteen of the other piped cards. The fact is that no one is free from preference that must involuntarily influence his guessing.

PRISON SENTENCES INFLUENCED

IT INFLUENCES the judges' sentences so that terms of commitment are not nicely proportioned to the gravity of crime; more prisoners are committed for ten years than for any other length of term beyond five years. It, in the same way, interferes with justice in teachers' grades of pupils on a percentile scale, and it has prevented accuracy in the astronomers' estimation of the magnitudes of the stars.

Mental habit influences the judgment of spatial or temporal magnitudes. It has introduced error into thermometric readings at Pike's Peak, Greenwich, Dundee; into reports of amount of rainfall in New England; into observations of cloudiness at Bremen; into estimates of the transits of the stars; into evaluation of small magnitudes in our own laboratory. The greatest care is required to keep scientific judgments free from these ever-present insidious sources of error.

THE ACTION OF MIND UPON MATTER

THE operator balanced upon a piece of plate glass a rod about a yard in length, from which were suspended six pieces of metal by cords varying in length. While the operator held the plate glass in his hand, motion could be induced in the pendulum upon which either the operator or a sitter concentrated his attention. The motion was supposed to be caused directly by the power of the mind, and the glass was used to "insulate any influence of the operator from the pendulums."

The explanation is that the sitter unconsciously revealed the pendulum upon which she was concentrating, now by the eye and again by a synchronous swaying of her body, and the operator as unconsciously communicated the movement to the rod that corresponded to the periodic swing of that particular pendulum.

These causes I verified by observation and by taking part in the experiment; and that they were not suspected by the operator is indicated by his journey of many miles at his own expense to give the demonstration. This involuntary muscular activity enters also into the use of the divining-rod, and into table-tipping, where it is sometimes thought that the motion is produced by electricity, magnetism, or occult forces.

MIND-READING

IN THE coin-matching already mentioned, success lay in the second man's shrewd interpretation of the first man's involuntary indications of acceptance or avoidance as the second coin was being placed. The interpretation could even be based on subliminal or marginal impressions, when it would take the form of a "hunch," or an "intuition." The responses of "educated" animals; the demonstrations of the mind-reader who drives through the city, opens a safe on the tenth floor of an office building, takes out a rose and presents it to the mayor's wife; the performances of naive telepathists, have all been found to depend upon involuntary signals of a conductor, and often, with human subjects, upon the unconscious use of those signals.

VISIONS AND CRYSTAL-GAZING

ONE of the students to whom subliminal impressions of digits were presented, was found to be able to see pictures in a crystal. Instead of guessing at the digits, he looked in the crystal and recorded the digit he saw there. His results indicated that the digits he could not see when presented appeared more often than chance would permit in the

Concluded on page 68

The New Way to Use Face Powder.

NOW you can use a face powder that cannot spill. The powder is in cake form, covered with porous cloth. You can drop it on the floor and the compact will be just as perfect for use. You wipe the puff on the cloth covering of the compact and the powder comes through as needed. You could powder your nose in the dark and you would not get too much powder, and you are sure not to spray your clothes with powder. This new, perfect way to use face powder was invented by the specialist who perfected the famous, harmless La-may Powder. There are two qualities of packages. Both are very flat and convenient to carry. One box with compact and puff sells for fifty cents. The other, a German-Silver Gold-Plated Vanity Box with hinged cover and two-inch mirror, containing compact and flat lamb's-wool puff, sells for only one dollar and fifty cents. This beautiful La-may Vanity box looks like solid gold and will not tarnish. It will last a lifetime. The La-may compact in the La-may Vanity Box contains enough pure La-may Powder to last for generous use for about two months. When the La-may Vanity Box is empty, you refill it by asking your dealer for a fifty-cent La-may compact. The compact and puff from the fifty-cent package is made to fit the La-may Vanity Box. Ask your face-powder dealer to show you this splendid new idea. Remember, here, at last, is an entirely new idea in face powder. The powder cannot spill and it comes out so evenly you could powder your face in the dark. La-may Face Powder is also sold in the loose form for thirty-five cents and sixty cents. La-may is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless. Because it is pure and because it stays on so well, it is now used by over a million American women. If your dealer refuses to get you a La-may Vanity Box, you may order by mail from Herbert Roystone, 16 East 18th St., New York City. There is also a delightful La-may Talcum that sells in a beautiful large package for only thirty cents.



Shoulder straps that never slip

SINCE the back is cut narrower than the front, the shoulder ribbons come closer together in the back than on other underwear. That is why they cannot slip. The styling Kayser had been years developing on their "Italian" Silk Underwear has been applied throughout to their Knit Underwear. Julius Kayser & Co., New York.

Kayser KNIT UNDERWEAR
Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized

Like Greased Lightning

Swiftly, smoothly, easily runs every light mechanism regularly oiled with 3-in-One.

Sewing machine fairly hums with little effort; rattle gone; wear reduced to zero. Talking machine operates without hitch or jerk. Vacuum cleaner cleans cleaner. Washing machine pumps faster. Cloeks keep time. Hinges are squeakless. Locks and bolts never stick. All this bliss because the "lady of the house" knows and uses

3-in-One

The High Quality Household Oil

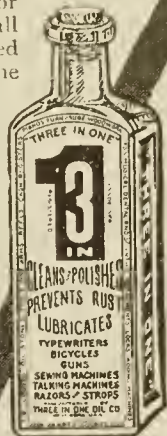
It's all oil—pure and clean. No grease, grit or acid. Never dries out or turns rancid. Penetrates to all friction points. Works out caked grease and dirt. Stays in the bearings. Lubricates perfectly.

Try. Buy. Use regularly.

"Sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans."

FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. To save postage, request these on a postal.

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Infantile Paralysis

Left William White's leg in a crippled condition, forcing him to walk on his toes. Less than five months treatment at the McLain Sanitarium produced the satisfactory result shown in the lower photograph. Read his mother's letter.

When William was three years old, he had infantile Paralysis, which left him crippled in his left leg. He went to your Sanitarium October 24, 1919, at the age of 13—walking on his toes. Came out April 20 with his foot flat on the floor and can walk as good as anyone.

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The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"; also "Book of References," free. Write for them.

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You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER

Send 10 cents for 288-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. B. N. Bogue, 6615 Bogue Bldg., 1147 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis.

LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—V

crystal; Miss X looked through a window, and was startled to see on the pane a newspaper notice of the death of a friend; she found the notice in a paper adjacent to a column of items she remembered having read.

Miss B. looked into a crystal and witnessed a complex murder scene in a wood by a lake; it was a correct representation of a scene in one of Marie Corelli's novels which she had once read but had forgotten.

MESSAGES EXPLAINED

MISS C. in hypnotic trance narrated highly elaborated fabrications of her forgotten experience; on one occasion a "personality," purporting to have lived in the time of Richard II., gave many intimate details about the Earl and Countess of Salisbury; the data were found after much critical historical research to be correct, although in her waking state Miss C. could not imagine how she could have obtained this knowledge, for she was in entire ignorance of it. It was found almost precisely as given, however, in "The Countess Maud," a book that had been read to her by an aunt fourteen years before.

"Spirits" from Mars, communicating through the same medium, give no information that satisfies an adult's curiosity concerning the biology, geology, sociology, civil or political organization, the fine arts, religion, commerce or industry of Mars, but offer a picture of a world just like ours except for such details as the fancy of a twelve-year-old imagination would remodel.

A dissociated personality is not only resourceful in selecting and using subliminal and latent memories, but it is marvelously inventive in fabricating elaborate plots, and is uniformly dramatic in expressing its fabrications as "messages" dictated in the first person. Moreover, it subtly levies tribute on the sitters by filching information from conversation and unconscious expression, and by receiving guidance from involuntary muscular movements.

PHYSICAL PHENOMENA

THE séance personality, "Wm. James," exerted one and one-quarter pounds of pressure on the prepared pan of a pair of kitchen scales—with his right hand, it was claimed—with the result that he left the imprint of a woman's closed left hand protected by a wrapping of silk-lisle fabric. The medium after the dark séance remembered nothing that had taken place in it, and could suggest no explanation for the result, although the lampblack had been carried from the scales to a trumpet through which the medium's control later spoke.

While Miss Burton's hands were held, "independent" whistling occurred in the dark séance through a renovated trumpet that afterward revealed the medium's offensive catarrhal breath; and a photograph secured in cooperation with her control, shows her out of her chair with a tambourine in her teeth, ready to throw it into the air for the picture. Her waking consciousness was honest, but her trance personality was deceiving her.

The ingenuity of a dissociated or trance personality is almost past belief, and phenomena thus effected, although not known to the medium's waking consciousness, often pass among critics for legerdemain with intent to deceive.

SUMMING UP

(1) SENSORY and motor automatisms give expression in psychical phenomena to subliminal, marginal, and latent memories.

(2) The phenomena of trance or dissociated personalities show the further power of marvelous resourcefulness in inferring information from unsuspected sources, in fabrication and invention, and in dramatization.

(3) To prove that information in visions, impressions, intuitions, or "messages" is not the reproduction or elaboration of experience in some phase of the automatist's personality, it will be necessary to control the facts to be reproduced in some such way as in card-guessing, and to use upon the results the calculus of probabilities.



Crêpe Garments need no ironing!

CONVENIENCE and economy are two good reasons for the popularity of these pretty "Dove" Under-garments of crinkled crêpe. Just wash them out, hang them up so they'll dry straight, and there they are—ready to wear without starching or ironing.

In fine nainsooks, batistes, and novelty cloths trimmed with fancy stitchings, laces or embroideries, there are many other dainty "Dove" styles. "Dove" Silk Under-garments of crêpe de chine and satin are most becomingly feminine in their use of frilly laces and embroidery motifs. Luxurious in appearance, but most serviceable in wearing qualities—their ample cut assures satisfaction and their prices are exceptionally reasonable.

There's a Store Near You That Sells "Dove" Under-garments
D. E. SICHER & CO., 45-51 West 21st St., New York
"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"

DOVE  **Under-garments**
Beautiful Well-made Lingerie

"DOVE" Night Gown No. 861 made of white Windsor Plisse Crêpe. Trimmed with an attractive design of pink and blue hand-embroidery; V-neck finished with blue hemstitching. Blue shirring at waist.

"DOVE" Night Gown No. 862 made of flesh-color Windsor Crêpe. Trimmed with dainty design of hand-embroidery in pink and blue; round neck and sleeves finished with hem of twiststitching. Blue shirring at waist.



YOU can secure for your hair all the natural beauty of health by simply giving it proper care through the use of

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

which is so very easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the lustre, color and waviness that are natural to their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt, and gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

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No Good Hair Wash Costs Less

One reason for the great popularity of Canthrox is that it requires so little trouble or time to use it. You just apply the fragrant invigorating lather thickly, rub thoroughly into the hair and scalp, rinse out carefully with clear warm water, after which it dries very quickly and easily.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 208, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

Free Trial Offer You ought, at least, to try Canthrox since to prove its merits and to show that in all ways it is the most satisfactory hair cleanser, we send a perfect shampoo to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

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I TEACH you how to sit, stand and walk correctly, give you grace, abundant vitality—courage to undertake and do things.

I build you up or reduce you to normal—all in your own home.

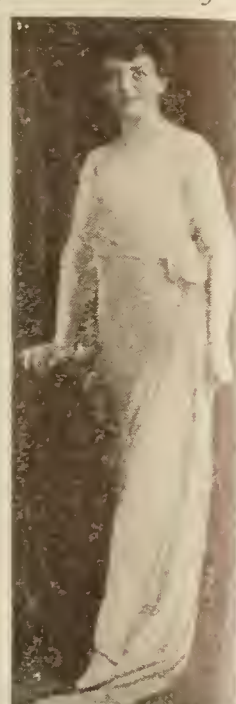
In a few weeks you can surprise your family and friends.

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It's easier to be well than to be sick, when you know how. If you are troubled with any of the following, or any other ailments, write me.

Indigestion Constipation
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My 20 years' work has won the endorsement of leading physicians.

What I have done for 100,000 women I can do for you. Write me. Your letter will be held in absolute confidence, and you will be under no obligations. Write today, before you forget. I will gladly send you my illustrated booklet telling how to stand or walk correctly, free.



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Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps conditioned our men.

LABLACHE FACE POWDER

Lablache is so popular because—it's so natural. It adds to woman's sweetness, is beneficial to the complexion, has such uniformly fine consistency and it closely adheres. Just a touch suffices. Lablache possesses an uncommon and elusive fragrance, ever refreshing, always welcome.

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They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 75c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c for a sample box.

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None Genuine without the Label

THEY AID NATURE

B & P WRINKLE ERADICATORS or FROWNERS

smooth out the wrinkles and crow's feet that mar your beauty—while you sleep. They are absolutely harmless—simple and easy to use—a toilet necessity. Made in two styles. Frowners for between the eyes. Eradicators for lines in the face. Either kind sold in 65c and \$1.00 boxes—trial package 35c—including booklet "Dressing Table Hints." At drug and department stores everywhere. If your dealer is out, sent direct, postpaid on receipt of price.

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Entire tuition earned in a few weeks. Two months' trial of the course with money refunded if dissatisfied. Send for catalog and sample lesson page.

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—all ready to pour over crisp, hot waffles. She makes it, and so can you, with

MAPLEINE

The Golden Flavor

The flavor of the syrup is like maple, the color is rich and brown, the taste is so delicious it appeals to every member of the family. To those who never before have tried it, Mapleine Syrup is a revelation—and it is made in a moment like this:

1 cup sugar dissolved in boiling water from the teakettle, add 1/2 teaspoon Mapleine, and you have a pint of syrup. Mapleine also flavors corn and cane syrups which grocers sell.

—And is delightful for giving maple flavor to frostings, ice cream, candies, desserts. Contains no maple sugar, syrup nor sap, but produces a taste similar to maple.

2 oz. 35c Canada 60c also larger sizes.

Stamp and trademark from carton brings Mapleine Cook Book of 200 recipes.

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MAPLEINE The Golden Flavor TO PROTECT



Ever-ready for the emergency—for the sore throat, the painful cough, the irritating hoarseness that comes so suddenly—Piso's should always be kept handy to prevent these little ills from growing big. It is good for young and old. Contains no opiate. Buy it today.

35c at your druggist's

PISO'S for Coughs & Colds

Women of Refinement
who wish to remove superfluous hair permanently in their own boudoirs—with no risk of failure—will find THE MAHLER ELECTRICAL APPARATUS DE LUXE a valuable and attractive addition to their dressing-tables. Get it from your dealer or send 3 stamps to D. J. MAHLER CO., Bldg. No. 33, Providence, R. I.

Continued from page 5

WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME

better than we suppose. Try to understand his point of view."

Change is the most imperative voice that calls to childhood. The city urchin longs for open spaces, trees, hayricks, lions and bo-constrictors; the farm lad yearns for the glory that is New York and the grandeur that is Chicago; and every land-bred, land-locked, horizon-cramped son of earth thrills to the thought of tossing waves and the swell of canvas taut in the wind that blows through the highly imaginative posters of our Navy Department:

"... the beauty and mystery of the ships
And the magic of the sea."

One of the shrewdest, kindest, most sagacious and skilled handlers of boys in the country, in an official capacity, began his practical education in the subject by leaving via the fire-escape one night to embark on an outbound vessel, and awoke to repentance and the unwelcome news that the next port of call would be Lisbon, Portugal! Perhaps that is why the shyest and most difficult of hard cases trust and confide in him intuitively. He, too, is of their fellowship, having known their vision and their dream.

MONOTONY is the bane of the farm boy.

To one familiar with rural districts the wonder is not that he sometimes runs away but that he ever stays at home! To him the open is not adventure; it is chiefly "chores." And, since the war, from which Older Brother has returned telling strange tales of the Great World outside and singing:

"How yah gohn-tah keep um
Down on the farm,
When he has seen
Broadway?"

a new spirit of restlessness has developed which is sorely troubling the Farm Bureau experts and may well disturb all those who are forethoughtful of economic probabilities. At the age when the average youngster is finishing his schooling, only one boy out of every fourteen in New York State is a farm boy. So he has, in great measure, to produce food for the other thirteen. If the proportion is further reduced, it needs no prophet to forebode danger.

In the ten miles of road between my farm in central New York and the nearest city I pass within sight of no less than seven unworked farms, most of them having lapsed from production because the sons of the soil have deserted the soil. Therefore it is a highly pertinent question that the song puts: How are you going to keep him down on the farm? Accent the word "down" and the chief cause of the trouble becomes apparent. The average farmer does keep his boy down; gives him no share or interest in the enterprise except the vague expectation that some day he will inherit "the place," which, after all, connotes to him only drudgery and monotony.

A shrewd agriculturist of my acquaintance has settled this matter for himself and his offspring. Each of his boys, upon reaching the age where he can begin to help around the place, gets something of his own; a litter of pigs, a heifer, a few acres of land, or a woodlot, the responsibility and the profits to be wholly his. Result: at a time when land all around him is running to weeds for lack of labor, this farmer—or, rather this family—is extending its holdings and increasing its profits year by year. Agricultural democracy.

IN MY boyhood days literature of a tabued class was supposed to and probably did fester the vagrant spirit. The dime novel, lurid with the hues of perdition, to be caught in the perusal of which invited stern penalties, has vanished. In its place we have the motion-picture, as satisfaction and stimulus to the romantic instinct. Taking the good with the bad—the erotic films exert an evil influence—the movies could probably prove up on the credit side of the ledger.

When we come to take expert testimony as to why boys leave home, we find a curious unanimity of opinion, though delivered from different angles. Judge Franklin C. Hoyt of the New York Children's Court, probably the best qualified of all the students of boys,

Continued on page 70



Soft White Hands

Nature's Lotion, Lemon Juice, Will Bring Them

RUB half a lemon over the hands night and morning for a few days. Rough, red, dry hands soon become soft, white and smooth under that natural treatment.

No need any longer to hide your hands from other's view—you're glad to use them now where everyone can see.

Lemon juice is Nature's dainty lotion,

CALIFORNIA
Sunkist

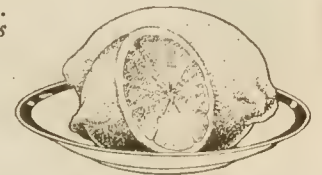
Uniformly Good Lemons

the whitener bleach which millions use to transform ugly hands into pretty ones. If yours are pretty now, 'twill keep them so.

Keep a half lemon handy in a saucer. Try it for a few days. See how lemon juice removes stains from the hands. Then tell your friends what you have found.

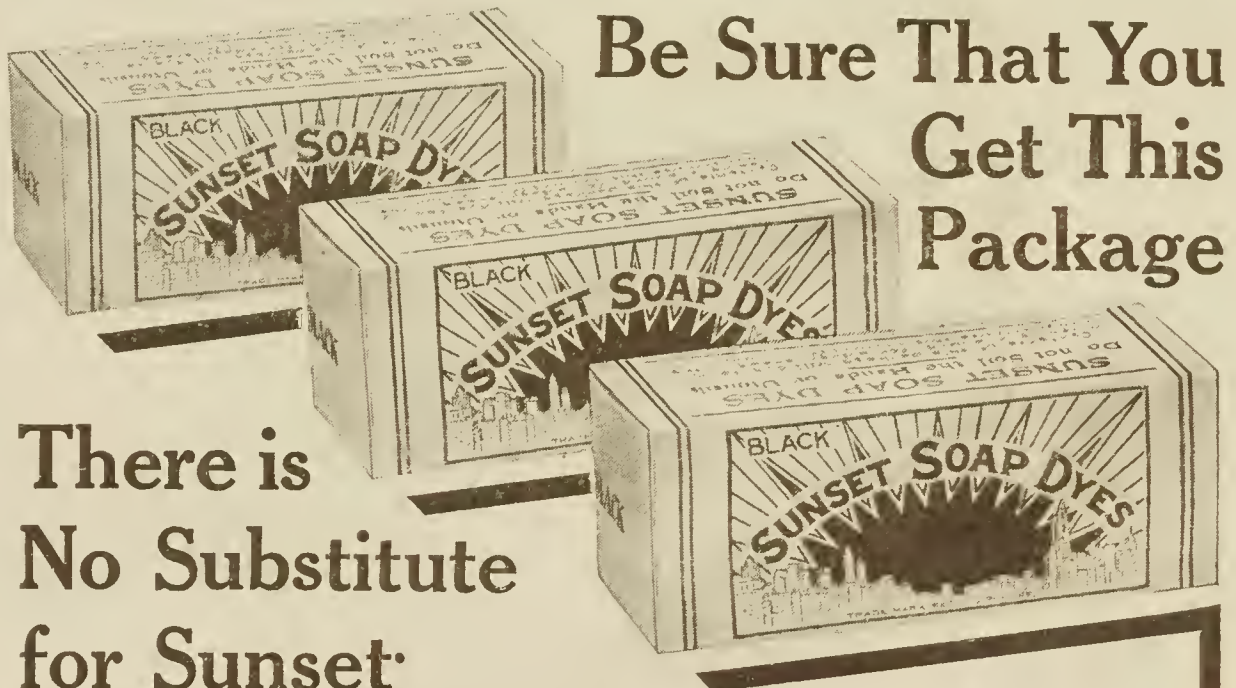
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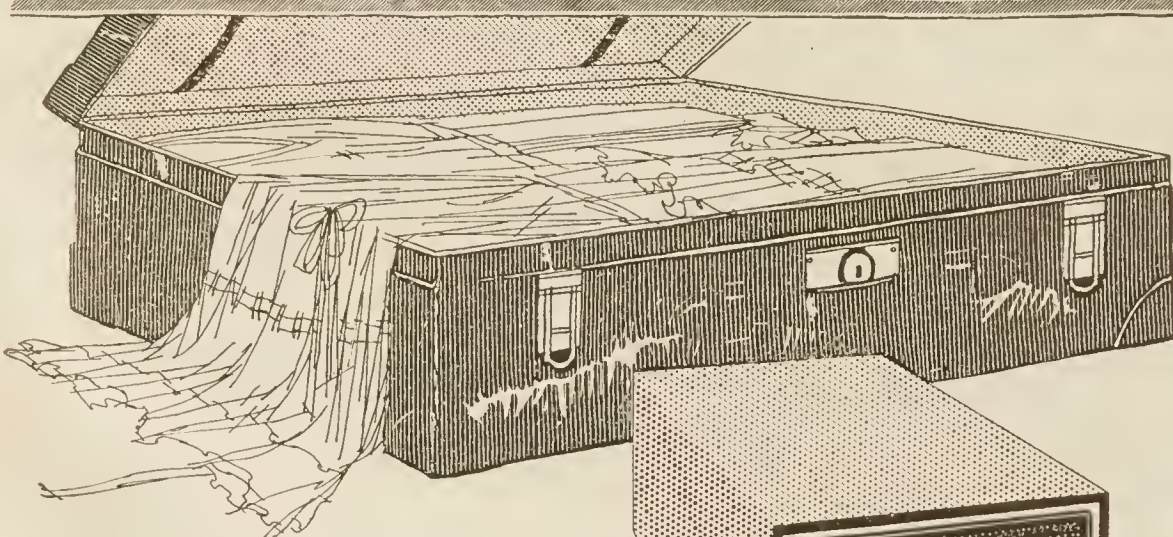
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Continued from page 69

WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME

by experience, temperament and sympathies, believes that lack of opportunity for self-expression and expansion is the principal reason for the alienation of boys (and girls as well) from the home environment.

"It would surprise the public," says Judge Hoyt, "to see how many of those who are brought into this court have broken loose in a more or less conscious aim at a fuller life; not alone to make money and improve their condition, but to get ahead, to learn, to achieve something. It is the fault of society at large as well as of the individual home that the ambitious youngster has not the opportunities he demands.

"We lack as much in recreational facilities, vocational training, even the fundamental safeguarding of health and morals. We talk of delinquent children; it might be more to the purpose to consider the delinquencies of the State which so signally falls short in providing care for the destitute, the un-governed or ill-governed, and the defective."

Dr. George J. Fisher, Deputy Chief Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, believes that boys leave home "because of lack of sufficient democracy in the family. One of the gravest offenses against the younger generation is underestimation of their abilities. We fail to show the confidence in them which their qualities deserve."

A PROBATION officer of the New York Children's Court says: "Petticoat government. At home and at school the boy is 'bossed' by women, until there comes a time when he resents it. He needs a man's influence and authority over him. Does he get it? No; not the kind of boy we see in our work. The 'old man' is too busy with other things: his job, or baseball, or beer, or the movies. It's the breakdown of the institution of fatherhood that makes boys run wild." To this Dr. Fisher also subscribes, pointing out that four-fifths of the boys who come under his observation claim the mother and not the father as guardian and "boss."

"In about ninety per cent. of my cases it is the home rather than the boy that ought to be brought before the bar of justice," says Mrs. Thalheimer, chief probation officer of the Syracuse Children's Court.

The root of the whole matter is reached, as it seems to me, by Judge Shove in his insistence upon the fact that it is the under-privileged child who deserts his home and gets into trouble. Usually this means the offspring of poor parents, though poverty alone is seldom the incentive; but it may also be true of the opposite social phase.

Through all these expert opinions runs the thread of one implication: that the home rather than the child is most frequently at fault, a heretical dogma, I am well aware, and counter to the old American tradition which imputes the largest share of original sin to the young of the species, holding loyally to the principles if not the precepts of the Pilgrim Fathers, who believed that the path of a righteous upbringing is hedged by birch rods and moral precepts.

Various valuable agencies, official and unofficial, are at work striving to supply the deficiencies of the home and correct the delinquencies of those who abandon it. The Boy Scouts supply in rather dramatic (and therefore the more appealing) form the demand for adventure; for the life and chances of the open. The Big Brother movement is a broadly useful recognition in the way of unobtrusive watchfulness, friendliness and companionship, of the guardianship due from all members of society to the rising generation. The more enlightened and progressive Farm Bureaus are busy with the problem of social centers and community relations for the lonely rural child.

THE Friends of Boys, now, after years of accomplishment in New Haven, spreading to other cities, has been so successful that it is actually planning to insure the families of boys under its care against truancy or serious misbehavior.

The Children's Courts, far too few in number, stand as a bulwark between youth and crime, where the old-time police courts delivered over their juvenile victims to those hotbeds of criminal culture, the old-time "reformatories." But the weak spot in the

Concluded on page 71

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WHY BOYS LEAVE HOME

system is that, with very few exceptions, there is no place to which the child without a home or with a hopelessly unfit home may be safely committed.

Here, in a most important function, our social system fails. It is hardly too much to say that it has never even made an intelligent attempt, in any general sense, to solve the problem. In his address before last year's Child Welfare Association convention, Judge Shove made a plea for the homeless and blameless child:

"We adjudge these children to be in need of the care and protection of the State. That is well and good, but the State is a pretty big institution, with many interests. It is rather a big guardian for a poor, lonely child. Many of these children who are sent away to institutions are kept and maintained for years, far away from family, kindred or any one particularly interested in them. Sometimes they never come back; oftentimes they become wanderers and frequently they join the vagrant and criminal classes. Others come back to the city or community from which they were sent with all sense of home ties or family affection deadened, and frequently they, too, become wanderers and join the vagrant and criminal classes. The home instinct is one of the great saving elements of childhood. How shall we escape our responsibility if we destroy that instinct?"

"THE three State schools at Randall's Island, Hudson and Industry were founded primarily for the care and training of the juvenile delinquent; that is, the child who is clearly showing criminal, vicious or immoral tendencies, yet to these State schools are constantly being sent the ungovernable child, the exploited child, the child under improper guardianship. I greatly fear many of these children are sent to these State institutions for the simple reason that they thus become a State charge and cease to be a direct charge upon the community in which they live. It is self-evident that in an overcrowded institution a child can not receive that individual care and attention and love which every child nature needs and demands for his successful up-bringing.

"And what about the underprivileged child under twelve years of age who has become ungovernable or delinquent? The State schools can not receive him. Probation frequently fails because of improper home conditions and surroundings, and this little child is also sent far from home to any institution that will accept him."

EVERY other State is equally delinquent with New York in this respect. As a remedy Judge Shove advocates home schools, like the truant schools, from which the actually vicious or immoral child should be excluded; every city of more than fifty thousand to maintain such an institution. Unquestionably that would help to solve the most pressing phase of the problem; but its proponent does not claim it as a preventive.

The preventive lies in the home itself, and the responsibility is upon the individual family. When the question arises as to why boys should leave home it should immediately be matched with an equally pertinent query: Why shouldn't they?

By honestly facing the second, we may eventually arrive at a solution of the first.

AFTER A STORM

I THINK that I shall never know
A sight so lovely as the snow
On bending pines;

Unbroken whiteness all below
Except where little bits that blow
Off of the trees

Drop tiny holes down in the snow,
And for the tracks where squirrels go
And rabbits' feet.

I think that I shall never know
A sight so lovely as the snow
On bending pines.

—MARY PRESCOTT PARSONS

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NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

How can I keep little "scolding locks" from hanging down in the back?

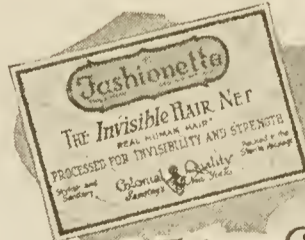
"MY hair looks so nice when I finish arranging it, but half an hour later all the little, short hairs are hanging in a fringe around my neck. How can I prevent it?" wrote a despairing woman to the Fashion editor of a magazine. The answer was prompt and emphatic—"Just wear a Fashionette! It will keep every wave and lock just where it ought to be and it's absolutely invisible, too."

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SISTER SUE

Granny Preston knew the whole town knew, but it was also true that the town knew only what Granny Preston chose to tell it. And in this particular case Granny Preston's words were chosen with great care and discrimination.

After all, even in Gilmoreville, it was only a nine-days' wonder, and long before the day set for the wedding Sister Sue knew that she had ceased to be the cynosure of every curious eye the minute she appeared on the street.

EVEN had it been otherwise, however, Sister Sue was much too busy to pay attention to what Gilmoreville was thinking or saying, for Sister Sue was trying to create a trousseau attractive enough to suit May's particular taste and inexpensive enough to be encompassed by the slender funds at her command. And it was no small problem, either.

But it was not the first struggle Sister Sue had had with "clothes." From the days of their affluence they had brought with them to Gilmoreville a well-filled wardrobe. But the supply was getting low now.

There were, however, two or three evening dresses and a somewhat faded pink challis, from which, with a few packages of dye, some new patterns and Mrs. Preston's help, Sister Sue had evolved three very pretty little frocks which found a measure of approval even in May's critical eyes. This left most of the money at Sister Sue's command to go for shoes and gloves and hats, and, by going without the new suit she had planned for herself, she was enabled to provide a trousseau that May said would "pass," albeit she said it with so obvious a discontent that Sister Sue opened her lips as if she had something she wanted very much to say. But she did not say it.

The wedding took place on the third of September. It was very simple, but pretty. Ruth Henderson came on to be bridesmaid, and two or three other Boston friends came also. It was said at the wedding that Sister Sue looked as radiantly happy as the bride. And perhaps she did. Sister Sue understood very well that she couldn't expect Granny Preston to do *all* her fighting for her. And Sister Sue particularly wanted to look happy at that wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kent left on the afternoon train for a brief honeymoon trip, after which they were to go to Boston to live. Three weeks after the wedding Gordon left for college.

WHEN he had gone, Sister Sue sat down and drew a long breath; but she did not sit long, her father called her and said he had lost his shears and could not find them anywhere. He thought perhaps Sister Sue could find them for him. Sister Sue then went to look for the missing shears.

There were other things, too, which her father had lost, and some things which he had found and cut which he should not have found and cut. Two buttons were off his coat, too, and his linen looked shabby. In fact, the old gentleman showed plainly a lack of the thoughtful and loving care usually bestowed upon him.

"My! But I guess we've got to be traded to now," said Sister Sue brightly as she rummaged in her work-basket for two black coat buttons.

"But never mind, dear. They're all gone now, and there's just our two selves here together."

Continued in the April DELINEATOR

Concluded from page 1

THE DELINEATOR'S EDITOR

view as to charity, organized, unorganized, and disorganized.

In 1904 Miss Mattingly married William Brown Meloney, author and publicist.

In 1913 Mrs. Meloney became associated with the Butterick publications; first as a contributor and later as a consulting and executive editor. Since that time she has been one of the important influences in most of our undertakings in the publishing field. Her view-point has been broad, constructive and effective. Many of the distinguished editorials on national subjects which the house published during the vital war and pre-war periods were her anonymous work.

IN 1914 Mrs. Meloney, with a vision not common to many in those days, worked out and filed in Washington the plans for the Junior Red Cross. She saw not only all of Europe at war, but the inevitable participation of the United States in the conflict. In 1915 she made a survey of the military state of the country, which contributed largely to the turning of the tide toward preparedness. Her stalwart and faithful friends and supporters through all this period were Colonel Roosevelt and General Leonard Wood.

"A woman with the heart of a patriot and the spirit of a soldier" was the way the Colonel classified her.

Her husband, William Brown Meloney, who had taken a leading part in the preparedness movement and the foundation of the army training-camp system, entered the army the day war was declared and served in France, as a major of artillery.

During those fearful days the heart of the wife never faltered, or, faltering, got new courage by more intensive work, at times for the Federal Government without pay, at times for us, with pay. Touched to the quick at the very beginning of the conflict by the suffering of the babies of France and Belgium, she appealed to American mothers for clothing and necessities, an appeal which resulted in the forwarding to Belgium and France of ten thousand baby outfits; and this was but an item among her self-imposed tasks.

Only those associated with Mrs. Meloney in our offices have an idea of how much she gave of herself, physically, spiritually, and mentally during the terrible war years. Still one thing stands out, uniquely—never once did she serve on a committee or don a uniform.

IN 1917 Belgium conferred on her the *Medaille de Charlevoix*, and at Christmas-tide, 1919, she was decorated by the Queen of the Belgians with the coveted *Ordre de la Reine Elizabeth* "for distinguished service rendered the Belgian cause in the United States from the beginning of the German invasion."

In April, 1920, Mrs. Meloney went to France as a commissioner of our publications to inspect the relief work to which The Butterick Company has given its support. It became her task to organize the Memorial Day exercises at Romagne Cemetery, and the readers of the November DELINEATOR will remember her report of what took place in the silent white city under Montfaucon on May thirtieth last. They will remember, too, the pledge which she brought back to America from the French people—the oath to tend and preserve as their very own the last beds of our sleeping warriors.

THE editor of THE DELINEATOR is one who cares not who gets the credit for doing a thing so long as the thing is done. She can work with people, but what is more, she can work herself. She has a genius for friendship and she has judgment. She must have judgment or she could not have had the friendship and confidence of such leaders among a host as Theodore Roosevelt, Leonard Wood, Franklin K. Lane, Lindley Garrison, Dr. Eliot of Harvard, Chester Lord, Dr. King of Oberlin College, and the late John Purroy Mitchel.

Mrs. Meloney has Roosevelt's faith in the United States. She knows history and, knowing it, has no illusion that the millennium is going to come to pass to-night. She is as good a housewife as she is an editor; and withal, she is very human and very feminine.



An Old Gown with Silk as Good as New

NO matter how old, how antiquated its style—the fabric of a Belding Silk dress is as strong, as lustrously beautiful as when new.

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BELDING BROTHERS & CO.

THE DELINEATOR

MARCH
1921



Agnès enlivens the somber elegance of a black-and-silver brocade dinner-gown, with emerald-green satin beneath the brocade panels of the veiled skirt. The sash trains at the side are formed of net and silver lace



Paris insists that one who sees only darkness in black is a hopeless pessimist, for does not Doucet choose it as the most luminous background for blue "celeste" beading on a dress of crêpe Georgette. Many crêpe handkerchief draperies, hung from black silk motifs, soften the otherwise straight silhouette

DOUCET AND AGNÈS SHOW THE
SPRING MODE IN A
SOFTER MOOD

ALTHOUGH the Spring suit and the chemise dress retain their narrow lines there are many multiples of the softer, fuller skirts in the draperies, sashes and volants of the new fashions. In some cases the width of the skirt is actually increased by the use of the circular cut, but more often it is the skilful looping of panels or arrangement of tunic, drapery or redingote that simulate these fuller lines. Even the long-hip sash and hand trimming, if deftly used, will appear to soften the straight silhouette. Sleeves following the same tendency, end in puffs above the elbow or the wrist, and many capes are gathered on deep yokes or have the fullness so placed on the shoulders that it gives the yoke effect. With the inevitable, yet ever interesting Spring suit, blouses come to the fore, their contrasting waistcoat effects being well worth showing.

SKETCHES BY SOULIÉ.



SOULIÉ SHOWS THAT IT IS NOT

IN REGARD TO THE INCREASING

THE LITTLE WAYS IN



Premet knows that for this Spring the straight way to the heart of the Parisienne is the box coat, so he plans a new costume where the navy serge coat, edged with blue kid, opens over a blue serge dress, marked in a yellow and red tartan design and with the apron front bound with blue leather ribbon



Madeleine et Madeleine pay homage to the source of their secret for loveliness when they embroider an ivory chiffon velvet tunic in Sphinx paillettes. From the slit at the side comes a wing-like sash of black charmeuse like the cross-over drapery of the underskirt



Darwin's theory about the monkey is not half as attractive as Renée's who believes that monkey fur should end the loose front panels and straight hanging back of a black satin cloak



Paris can not say it is in favor of a complete disarmament of nations when military tradition inspires Beer to use red and gold embroidery on a navy popeline costume. The black pipings are of waxed braid

SO MUCH WHAT PARIS DOES

WIDTH TENDENCY BUT RATHER

HAS OF DOING IT



Jenny comes to the front when Paris speaks of the new, fuller lines, for that is where she puts the circular skirt frills. The volants on the bell sleeves are edged with gold like the sash end which crosses the plain back and ties at the side



Intent upon the serious business of being smartly costumed, the Parisienne finds this tailleur from Doeuillet indispensable in her occupation. Made of brown vigogne the sac coat is trimmed with buffalo buttons and has its various pieces stitched in an interesting way



A gabardine jacket in ruby shade rippling over a navy gabardine skirt is another idea of Jenny's for making Spring the smartest season of the year. Navy bands on the coat open back over a white organdy collar and a hint of longer skirts is seen in the detached front band of the skirt



Jeanne Lanvin, always serving youth in her creations, becomes capricious, for she starts a navy serge dress with a large armhole and ends it with a tight sleeve. Black patent leather scales form the low-line belt and mark the extra length at the back of the jumper bodice



Waist 2172
Skirt 2855



Dress 2932

Dress 2843



Dress 2766

HAPPY THE BRIDE ON WHOSE TROUSSEAU THE FASHION RAYS

OF SPRINGTIME PARIS SHINE

2766—A graceful way of introducing the fashionable combination of lace with taffeta, satin or satin crêpe is carried out in this evening dress with the softly draped waist and deep scalloped, straight tunic. The drop skirt is sewed to a blouse body lining. Taffeta, etc., could have silk net, etc., lace or chiffon sleeves. Lower edge 49 inches.

36 bust requires 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard lace flouncing 16 inches wide, 1 yard flouncing 9 inches wide. This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2932—With that soft stateliness in mind that is so necessary beneath the picturesque sweep of the bridal veil, Paris designed this beautifully draped front tunic for crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse and taffeta. The slip-over waist has a camisole lining. Lower edge 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

For 36 bust 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2843—Lace, the traditional and exquisite requisite of the bridal gown, can be used with satin, charmeuse or taffeta when a straight skirt of it veils a straight foundation skirt.

36 bust requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards satin 40 inches wide, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard flouncing 40 inches wide, 1 yard flouncing 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Lower edge of skirt when falling free 50 inches. This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2172—2855—Enlivening glimpses of fine lace or Georgette can be caught through the satin, charmeuse or taffeta jumper arrangement of the waist and the loose, Oriental turned panels of the straight skirt.

36 bust, 38 hip require 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards crêpe satin 36 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 49 inches; outer skirt about 54 inches.

This waist, 2172, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2855, for ladies 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2917—If you plan to use contrasting fabrics the strap arrangement which comes down from the waist over the yoke of the two-piece skirt is splendid.

36 bust requires 2 yards tricotine 44 inches wide, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Beading design 10855 makes an attractive trimming.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2914—The Oriental note is struck in a low-waisted frock with a broad girdle and loose panels caught under on the straight skirt.

36 bust requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2 yards satin 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10847 makes an attractive trimming. Lower edge 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2255—This well-cut but simply constructed type of cross-saddle riding coat and breeches can be made of wool mixtures, tweeds, Oxford cloth, black-and-white wool checks, cravenetted khaki, covert cloth, forestry cloth, etc.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94

36 bust requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards tweeds 54 inches wide for coat and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard covert cloth 54 inches wide.

This cross-saddle riding coat and breeches are suitable for ladies 34 to 44 bust; also misses and girls.

2890—2892—A delightfully Parisian costume is this small semi-fitted draped blouse and straight skirt flaring from deep yoke.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 yards crêpe satin 40 inches wide, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard velours 54 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt measures 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

This blouse, 2890, is suitable for ladies, 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2892, for ladies 35 to 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2920—The influence of the present French tendency to soften the silhouette is shown in this frock of crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta, etc. It is made in simple fashion with a two-piece skirt. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

36 bust requires 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10820 trims it smartly.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2891—One succumbs to the generosity of Paris when broken hem line, new puff sleeves and drop yoke appear in the same afternoon frock. The back is in one piece and there is a French body lining. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, etc.

36 bust requires 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards crêpe satin 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10820 forms an effective background for the appliqué flowers. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 40 bust.



Dress 2917
Beading design
10855

Riding coat and
breeches 2255

Dress 2914
Embroidery
design 10847

Blouse 2890
Skirt 2892

Dress 2891
Embroidery
design 10820

Dress 2920
Embroidery
design 10820

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



Blouse 2876

Blouse 2925

Blouse 2923
Beading design
10824

Blouse 2893
Skirt 2170

Blouse 2911

Blouse 2919
Embroidery
design 10868

Blouse 2903
Beading
design 10838

Blouse 2903

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94

FASHION PREPARES TO HAVE HER BLOUSE COME TO THE FRONT OF THE SUIT AND WIDENS HER SILHOUETTE

2932—Paris, realizing the possibilities of beautiful drapery, rests the laurels of a lovely evening frock on that alone. It is the tunic that is draped, and its irregular line, together with the dignified length of the hip sash and the shorter skirt, gives the new broken hem. The waist slips over the head and has a camisole lining. A formal evening gown, dinner frock or afternoon dress can be evolved according to the color, fabric and length of sleeve. Use crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse or taffeta. For 36 bust $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. Lower edge 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2939—If you do not care to widen the silhouette of your frock, you can start with your cape. The deep yoke which has the straight lower part softly gathered to it is becoming to young girls as well as women. Duvetyn, light-weight velours, tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin and taffeta are used for Spring capes. The Parisienne often wears them over frocks of the same fabric and color. For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. This cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2942—There is that soft charm which distinguishes so many of the French frocks this Spring in a model made with the flare of its circular skirt beneath the gracefully draped waist which has the long shoulder and a blouse body lining. Crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse and taffeta would be very pretty for these lines, and tricotine, gabardine and serge would make a smart street dress. For 36 bust 4 yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery design 10806 makes an attractive trimming. This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2949—To carry out the idea of fulness yet retain the narrow hem one French house uses a skilfully arranged straight-edged tunic over a two-piece skirt. The waist has the neck cut a little lower than usual at the back. The skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal line. It is the type of dress that the Parisienne trims with drawn-work and hemstitching. Use crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor or silk voile, and Georgette alone or over satin or foulard. For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



Dress 2949

Dress 2942
Embroidery design 10806



Dress 2932

Cape 2939

2923—The simply achieved low waistline effect explains the marked French preference for the over-the-skirt blouse. Made in kimono style it can have the high-closing collar. Use crêpe meteor, satin, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin or cotton voile, etc. 36 bust requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Beading design 10824 is a simple trimming. This blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2893—2170—Fair-minded Paris adds the scallop outline when she has the peplums only at the sides. Use crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, taffeta, and silk or wool jersey and for the straight skirt tricotine, etc. 36 bust and 38 hip require $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard taffeta 36 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards tricotine 44 to 54 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard. This blouse, 2893, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2170, for ladies 35 to 42 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2919—Smartness, like necessity, happens to be the mother of invention, for a front and back panel are extended to give the over-blouse effect. The embroidery, adapted from design 10868, makes a French trimming. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or taffeta, or combine crêpe meteor with Georgette, etc. 36 bust requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2903—Drawing the fulness up on a ribbon is the French way of achieving a becoming and new neck outline on a slip-over blouse. It has a long shoulder and can be made of Georgette, lace, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, satin crêpe, wool or silk jersey or cotton voile, cotton crêpe and batiste. 36 bust requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. Beading design 10838 trims it attractively. This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2876—A charming frame for the face is the up-standing frill that appears on many of the French Spring blouses. Organdy is the material used and the fulness can be gathered or plaited to the shoulder yoke. In crêpe de Chine, Georgette, lace, net, batiste or cotton voile the frill falls softly. 36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide. This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2925—Something decidedly different in an overblouse is this French style finished with straight edges for the hand-hemstitching and drawn-work, which make the imported blouse so exquisite. The fulness is tucked or gathered to the shoulder yoke. Use cotton voile, handkerchief linen, batiste, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. 36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards handkerchief linen 36 inches wide. This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2911—When the Parisienne considers her Spring suit, she puts great faith in her blouse, which strikes the new note of the whole costume in its buttoned collar and surplice vest front. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin and taffeta or combine fancy silk, satin and pique with crêpe de Chine, or use pique with cotton voile. 36 bust requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yard novelty silk 36 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard satin 40 inches wide. This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2903—Another slip-over, long-shouldered blouse which tempts you to open your suit coat has the new contrasting front and a round yoke effect at the back and puff ending of the sleeve. Use Georgette, lace, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, satin crêpe, wool or silk jersey or cotton voile, etc. 36 bust requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard contrasting crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94

PARIS WALKS ABROAD IN YOUTHFUL SUIT AND FROCK OR SMART CAPE

2952—2855—The Spring to the Parisienne means the youthful box-coat but in a new version. It has the deep scallop outline and a removable vestee and is worn with a straight skirt over which there are several loose panels looped under in Oriental style. It would be smart in serge or gabardine, or crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine and taffeta.

For 36 bust, 38 hip $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt 49 inches, outer skirt 54 inches.

The coat, 2952, is smart for ladies 32 to 42 bust; also for misses; the skirt, 2855, for ladies 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ hip.



Coat 2952
Skirt 2855



Coat 2957
Skirt 2705



Dress 2955
Braiding design
10795



Coat 2954
Skirt 2705



Cape 2953
Embroidery design
10806

2957—2705—Fashion has extended her loose panel style to the suit coat, for that is the way the part beneath the belt of a new coat is slashed. It is a simple way of achieving a very smart effect and of easing the straight silhouette. The two-piece skirt can have narrow side extensions. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge or light-weight velours for a suit of this type.

For 36 bust, 38 hip $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The coat, 2957, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses; the skirt, 2705, for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2955—Paris introduces that becoming softness of line in the tailored one-piece dress by draping the front ever so little under the arm and marking the waist at the low line. An elastic run through a casing can take care of the fullness at this line and a blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, wool repp, wool poplin, wool jersey or satin and charmeuse. The trimming is adapted from braiding design 10795.

For 36 bust $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

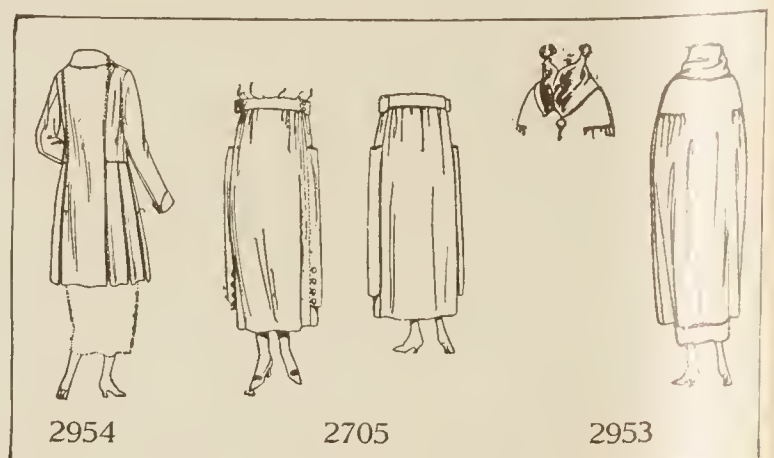
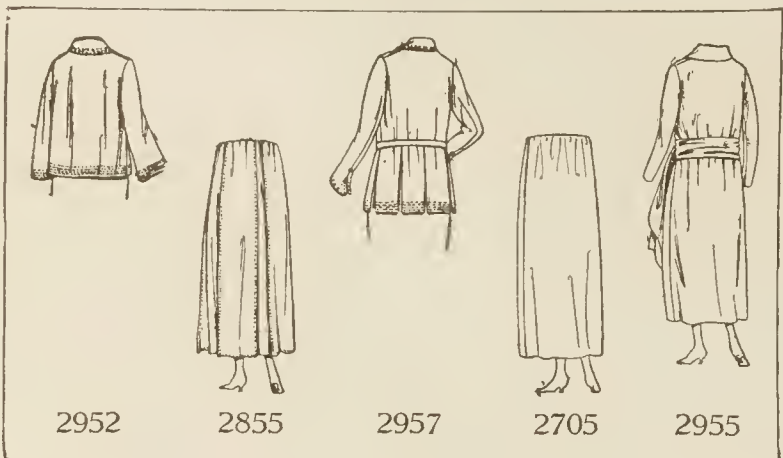
2953—With a tendency toward the new, more generous lines, a French cape has the fulness skillfully arranged on each shoulder below a yoke effect. This cape although smart and picturesque with its huge collar is simply constructed, having a straight lower edge. Velours, duvetyl, tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, satin and taffeta are the materials to use. The attractive trimming is adapted from embroidery design 10806. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. This cape is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2954—2705—Something quite different in tailored styles is the rather low waistline, with its plaits below, used at the sides of this suit coat. The slender lined two-piece skirt that completes the costume could have narrow side extensions made in tuck effect and the waistline is a little higher than normal. Tricotine, gabardine and serge make smart Spring suits.

For 36 bust, 38 hip $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The coat, 2954, is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 2705, is good for ladies 35 to 45 hip.





Blouse 2933



Blouse 2931



Blouse 2931
Skirt 2928



Blouse 2847
Skirt 2906



Blouse 2908
Skirt 2909



Coat 2882
Skirt 2705

AMONG THE TAILORED FASHIONS ONE SEES SUCH VARIATIONS AS A CIRCULAR SKIRT, MANNISH OVER-BLOUSE AND A CERTAIN DEGREE OF SOFTNESS

2933—Something decidedly new for the tailored wardrobe are these mannish overblouses. A slip-over-the-head model is made with a yoke at the back and has a most attractive, youthfully rounded collar. Crêpe de Chine, pongee, radium silk, tub silks and satins, silk shirting, silk broadcloth, wool shirtings or dimity, madras, linen, cotton shirtings and cotton voile make very smart blouses of this type.
For 36 bust 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard contrasting crepe de Chine 40 inches wide.
This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2931—These mannish overblouses, although fundamentally simple, have infinite possibilities. A slip-over model is finished with very narrow plaited frills and has a yoke of unusual outline at the back. It is good-looking made of crêpe de Chine, pongee, radium silk, tub silks and satins, silk broadcloth, wool shirting, dimity, madras, linen, cotton shirting or cotton voile.
For 36 bust 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard cotton voile 40 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard contrasting voile 36 inches wide.
This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2931—2928—The new width that some French houses are introducing is used attractively in a two-piece circular skirt

which is finished 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ inch above the normal waistline. Made of tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, wool poplin, wool repp, velours, stripes, checks or plaid it can be worn with the mannish blouse described in the preceding paragraph. Lower edge 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards pongee 36 inches wide, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide.

The blouse, 2931, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2928, for ladies 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2847—2906—A side attraction becomes the main issue when your straight skirt has a yoke, also cut straight, over each hip. Made of tricotine, gabardine, serge, stripes, checks, crêpe de Chine, etc., and worn with a rather long-shouldered blouse it is a very smart costume. Use crêpe de Chine, silk shirting, washable satin, batiste, handkerchief linen, etc., for the blouse.
For 36 bust, 38 hip 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards dimity 32 inches wide, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard serge 48 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The blouse, 2847, is smart for ladies 32 to 50 bust; the skirt, 2906, for ladies 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2882—2705—Many women would consider their Spring wardrobes incomplete without one of these straight-lined tailored suits. Stitched or pressed dart plaits can be used at the back and side extensions, resembling tucks, are a smart addition to the two-piece skirt. Suits of this type are made of tricotine, gabardine, serge and checks.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The coat, 2882, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses; the skirt, 2705, for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2908—2909—For the indispensable tailored costume your blouse can have the soft fulness plaited to a shoulder yoke in front and back, and the straight skirt plaited in inverted fashion at intervals. Straight edges on the collar and cuffs give you the opportunity of using hand-hemstitching or drawn-work. Blouses of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash silk, cotton voile, batiste, organdy and handkerchief linen, are worn with skirts of tricotine and serge.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards serge 50 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt measures 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

The blouse, 2908, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2909, for ladies 35 to 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



Blouse 2887
Slip 2930
Beading design 10866

Dress 2945
Embroidery design 10831

Dress 2936
Beading design 10872

Dress 2865

SPRING BRINGS THE FITTED AND BOX-CUT SUIT COAT, MANY LOW WAISTLINES, OVERBLOUSE
AND ONE-PIECE COSTUMES AND SMART ARRANGEMENTS OF TUNIC AND PANEL

2887—2930—Under these little French slip-over blouses that disregard the waistline you need this new slip. It fastens on the shoulders and at the side and takes the place of an under-body and skirt. Make the blouse of satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, etc., and the slip of satin, crêpe de Chine, etc.

For 36 bust $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 36 or 40 inches wide. Beading design 10866 trims the blouse. Lower edge slip $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard; flounce $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

Both blouse and slip are suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2945—Perhaps you're not ready to make an unconditional surrender to the French flare. In which case you can sew a two-piece circular tunic to the low waistline of the high-collared draped body, and have a narrower, straight drop skirt and blouse body lining beneath. Tricotine, wool poplin, wool repp, gabardine, serge, etc., are smart alone or over satin.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches. Embroidery design 10831 is an attractive trimming. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2936—Just a slight suggestion of drapery which comes at the sides of the front of a one-piece frock adds interest to the line of the slender silhouette. The dress closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm, and it can have a blouse body lining. Tricotine, wool poplin, wool repp, gabardine, serge and soft twills, satin, charmeuse or taffeta are the materials to use.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge 55 inches. Beading design 10872 is an attractive trimming. This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2865—Rounded in petal effect are the loose panels of a new jumper style overdress. The skirt beneath is straight and has a normal waistline and a blouse body lining is offered. You

can use tricotine, soft twills, serge and gabardine, alone or with satin; or use charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor and satin alone or combined with Georgette.

For 36 bust $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard gabardine 54 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2898—If you choose the two-piece circular skirt you could not emphasize its smart flare more surely than by combining it with the rather long and typically French collared body. In Paris this new skirt width is seen in frocks of tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, light-weight velours, duvetyn, taffeta, charmeuse or satin. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

36 bust requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards tricotine 50 inches wide. Embroidery design 10717 is a simple trimming.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2900—2739—Wherever smart women gather you will find the classical tailored suit. This fitted coat has an interesting flare over the hips and the four-piece skirt is finished a little above the normal line. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks and light-weight velours.

36 bust and 38 hip require $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards homespun 54 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

The coat, 2900, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2739, for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

2926—An interesting compromise between the straight and bouffant line is made when loose panels are looped under the straight skirt which is sewed to a body at the low line. The dress slips over the head and can have a blouse body lining. Use crêpes, satin crêpe, or tricotine alone or with satin, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard

material 40 inches wide for skirt. Embroidery design 10880 trims it attractively. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2922—Of late Paris measures the width of some skirts with a more generous hand. There is the two-piece circular style which is sewed to the soft waist at the low line. The frock closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm and it has a blouse body lining. Use silk crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard, or tricotine, etc.

36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10820 trims it smartly. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2899—2610—One knows that Spring is at hand when Paris plans the three-piece costume with its smart box-coat and long-bodied frock that slips on over the head and has a straight plaited lower part. Use tricotine, serge, etc., or plain woolen with plaids or checks. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

36 bust requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards gabardine 50 inches wide. Embroidery design 10709 trims the coat attractively.

The coat, 2899, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses; the dress, 2610, for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2934—The possibility for softness even within the fairly narrow silhouette is shown in a new redingote costume. It closes on the shoulder and beneath the arm and the straight skirt is finished at the normal waistline. A blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, wool poplin, wool repp, gabardine, etc., alone or with satin. Lower edge 50 inches.

36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards serge 50 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10847 trims the dress.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



Dress 2898
Embroidery design
10717



Coat 2900
Skirt 2739



Dress 2926
Embroidery
design
10880



Dress 2922
Embroidery design 10820



Coat 2899
Dress 2610
Embroidery design 10709



Dress 2934
Embroidery design
10847

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



Dress 2938
Beading design
10819



Dress 2947
Beading design 10853



Dress 2878



Dress 2902



Cape
2901



Dress 2874
Embroidery design 10845



Dress 2905
Embroidery design 10812

YOUTH DIVIDES HER ATTENTION BETWEEN SILK AND WOOL FABRICS
AND DISCOVERS DELIGHTFUL WAYS OF USING BOTH

2938—When deep scallops emphasize the rather low waistline and soft fulness of the straight skirt, the frock is made of crêpes, satin crêpe, etc. The closing comes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm.

For 16 years $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Beading design 10819 trims it attractively.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; also to small women.

2947—A fresh version of the jumper and loose panel combination has a straight skirt sewed to a kimono underbody at the low line. The frock slips over the head and closes beneath the arm. Lower edge 50 inches.

For 17 years 3 yards Georgette 40 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Beading design 10853 makes a pretty trimming.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; also to small women.

2902—Quaintly Victorian in the shoulder line of its huge collar is an afternoon frock made with a soft, straight tunic over a drop skirt. A blouse body lining that can be finished in camisole style is offered. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, etc.

For 17 years 4 yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 49 inches.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2874—The flare of the new, wider straight skirt is delightfully accentuated by the fitted waist to which it is sewed at the normal line. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, tricotine, gabardine, serge, etc.

For 16 years $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery design 10845 is a simple trimming.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2878—If you're the type for frilly trimming and surplice collars you'll want this dress of taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or satin crêpe. The front of the waist is gathered to the back, which comes over the shoulder. The skirt is straight.

For 16 years $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years; also for small women.

2901—The Parisienne wraps her straight cape, plaited to a little round yoke, about herself to drape it in the French fashion. Use light-weight velours, serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, satin, crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

For 32 bust, 15 to 16 years, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

This cape is good for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

2905—Ready for street or schoolroom is this smart frock made with a slip-over blouse and side or accordion plaited straight skirt.

For 16 years $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge of plaited skirt $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards, gathered about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Embroidery design 10812 is a pretty trimming.

This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



Coat 2862
Dress 2837
Beading
design 10878

Coat 2897
Skirt 2904

Dress 2881

Blouse 2455
Skirt 2904

Dress 2913

TAILORED SUIT OR THREE-PIECE COSTUME AND
ATTRACTIVE FROCKS FOR YOUR DAUGHTER

2862—2837—Under the smart belted suit with its removable vestee is a long-bodied dress made with a straight skirt and fastened on the left shoulder and beneath the arm.

For 16 years $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Embroidery design 10878 is an attractive trimming. Lower edge 59 inches.

The coat, 2862, is good for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies; the dress, 2837, for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2881—Every girl will want a ruffled frock. Underneath the quaint fichu the front of the waist is gathered to the back, which extends over the shoulders. The skirt is straight and the blouse body lining offered can have the camisole top.

For 17 years, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is pretty for misses 15 to 20 years.

2913—These new circular-skirt frocks are particularly pretty for the young girl. The flare below the rather long body is very smart. The skirt itself is in two pieces and a blouse body lining is offered. Use taffeta, charmeuse and satin; or tricotine, etc.

17 years requires 3 yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also small women.

2859—For the long-bodied slip-over kimono-cut model with the soft straight lower part you can choose tricotine, gabardine, soft serge, soft twills, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or satin crêpe; or combine silk voile with satin, crêpe, etc.

16 years requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards taffeta 36 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 59 inches.

This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2455—2904—The apron outline of a slip-over kimono blouse is most effective with a simple two-piece skirt.

For 17 years $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard crêpe satin 40 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard plaid 50 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

The blouse, 2455, is smart for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies; the skirt, 2904, for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2897—2904—A well-cut, classical tailored jacket has some fulness arranged over the hip in inverted plaits, which can be pressed or fall free. The skirt is two-pieced. Use tricotine, etc.

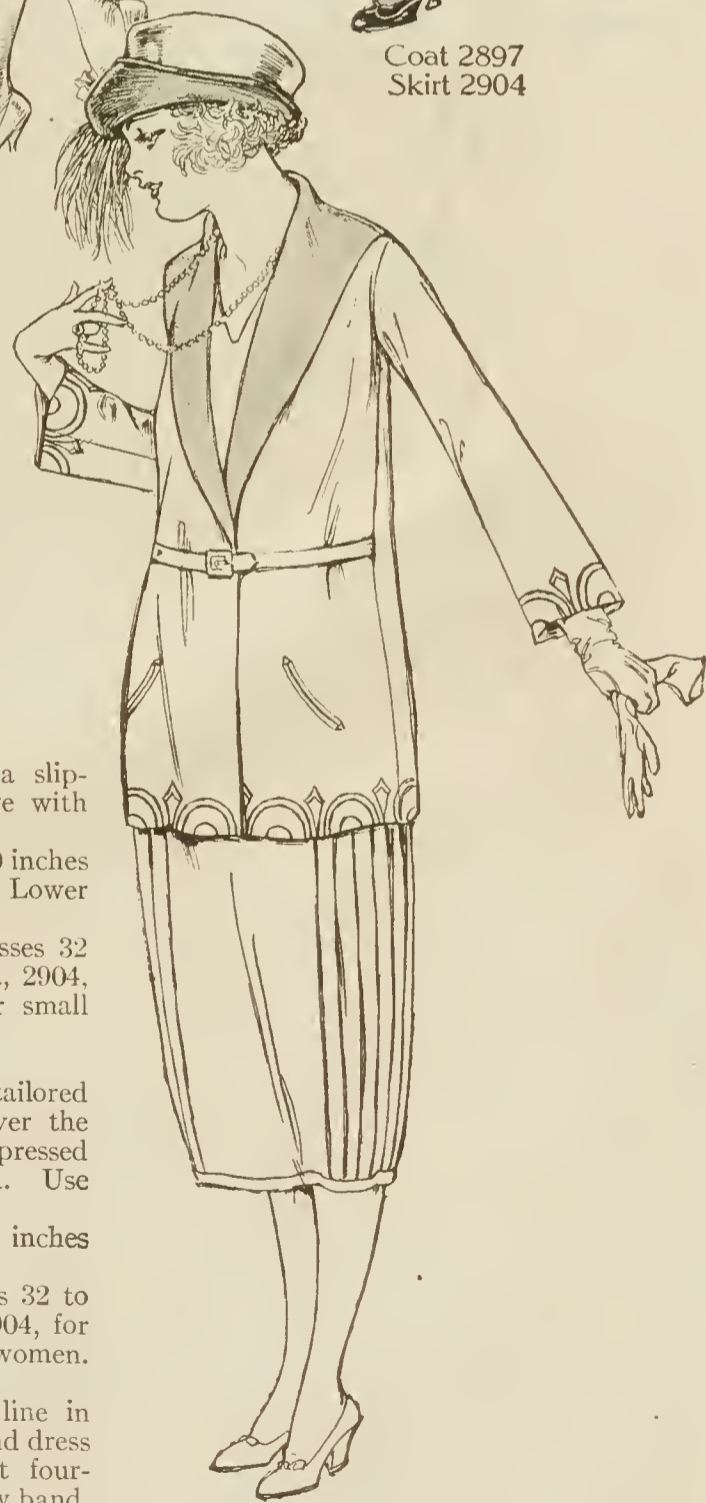
For 17 years 3 yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

The coat, 2897, is smart for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies; the skirt, 2904, for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2899—2670—To retain the slender line in the three-piece costume of box-coat and dress the plaited sections of the straight four-piece skirt are caught in with a narrow band.

For 16 years $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge with band 43 inches. Embroidery design 10789 is a smart trimming.

The coat, 2899, is smart for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; the dress, 2670, for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women.



Coat 2899
Dress 2670
Embroidery design 10789



Dress 2859

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



Dress 2940



Dress 2944
Embroidery design 10833



Dress 2948



Dress 2950
Embroidery design 10877



Dress 2915
Smocking design 10870

SMALL FOLKS MANAGE
THE NEW SPRING
THEIR VERY

2940—Hand in hand with the smart Parisienne goes her equally smart daughter in a simple, angelically frilled frock. The dress has a straight lower edge, and dimity, organdy, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, etc., can be used alone or with an organdy frill. Point d'esprit, silk mull, etc., are also pretty, and taffeta or crêpe de Chine could be used alone or with a net or organdy frill. This dress is pretty for little girls 1 to 10 years.

2944—When one's bloomers are made in riding-habit style, she proudly displays them beneath the dainty slip-over frock. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, serge and taffeta are used. The bloomers are separate and the dress could be worn longer. Embroidery design 10833 is a very attractive trimming. This dress is smart for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2948—Made with the soft simple lines so characteristic of this season's imported frocks is this dress for your young daughter. The surplice closing is becoming and the straight skirt is gathered to the waist at the normal line. Serge, pongee, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen and cotton voile would be the materials to use. This dress is good for girls 8 to 15 years.



Reefer 2916
Dress 2946
Tam-o'-Shanter 1477



Cape 2943



Coat 2921 Hat 2782

2916—2946—1477—This well-cut reefer is good looking made of cheviot, chinchilla, men's wear serge, checks, oxfords, mixtures and tweeds and worn with a one-piece sailor dress. This reefer, 2916, is good for girls or boys 2 to 10 years; the dress, 2946, for girls 4 to 15 years; the Tam-o'-Shanter, 1477, for girls; also ladies, misses.

2943—Even in this diminutive version you can easily see how pretty and typically Parisienne a style the circular cape is. The straps across the front, the military closing or the soft hood arrangement can be used. Tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, checks and broadcloth are suitable. This cape is smart for girls 2 to 14 years.

2950—An unusual yet very youthful way of making a girl's dress is this slip-over blouse style. The straight skirt worn with it can be sewed to an underbody or a belt. Lined finished cottons, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray, or taffeta, plaid or check silk, or serge can be made up in this fashion. Embroidery design 10877 is a pretty trimming. This dress is smart for girls 8 to 15 years.

2915—You often see the Empire line used on a small girl's frock but not always to such advantage as this one in new outline with the smocking, adapted from smocking design 10870, below. The skirt is cut straight. Lawn, nainsook, cotton voile, chambray, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, etc., can be used. This dress is dainty for girls 2 to 12 years.

2921—2782—A Spring coat and bonnet are momentous affairs in the life of a four-year-old young lady. The becoming little coat flares at each side because the fulness is gathered there at the Empire line. Use serge, gabardine, tricotine, herringbone, cashmere, faille, taffeta, satin and silk poplin, and make the hat of corded silk. The coat, 2921, is smart for little girls 1 to 10 years; the hat, 2782, for girls 2 to 12 years.



2940



2944



2916



2948



2943



2921



2950



2915



Dress 2850



Dress 2946



Dress 2912
Tam-o'-shanter
2564



Dress
2907



Coat 2924
Hat 2650

TO DISPLAY MANY OF
FASHIONS WITHIN
LIMITED SPACE

2850—For the young lady who cherishes secret ambitions of being a tailor-made girl when she grows up there is a smart one-piece dress with an attractive panel effect at the front and back and the choice of the smart Buster Brown collar or a new rounded collar. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, piqué, serge, checks or plaids.
This dress is becoming to girls 4 to 12 years.

2946—Fashion adapts the navy costume to her own needs and makes a good-looking one-piece dress for a small girl. It is slipped on over the head and has two at each side of the front and back. These dresses are becoming and suitable for school or play made of serge, checks, flannel, chambray, linen, cotton poplin or drill.
This dress is smart for girls 4 to 15 years.

2912—2564—Another type of sailor dress has the slip-over blouse turned up in Balkan style. The use of the front yoke facing is optional and the straight skirt is buttoned to the underbody. Use serge, flannel, linen, drill or cotton poplin. Make the gored tam of velours, polo cloth, etc.
The dress, 2912, is good for girls 4 to 15 years; the tam, 2564, is good for girls, also boys, misses and children.



Reefer 2916; suit 2513; hat 9850

Suit 2927

Blouse 2910; knickerbockers 6626

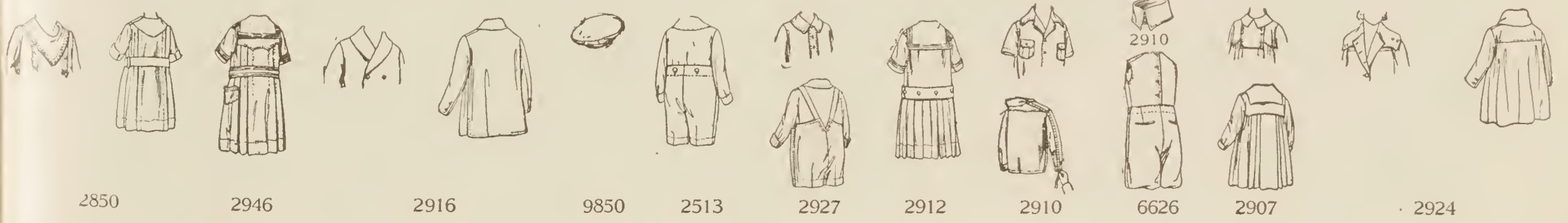
2916—2513—9850—These simple reefers are very smart made of cheviot, men's-wear serge, etc., worn with the middy hat and little suit with its straight trousers.
The reefer, 2916, is smart for boys or girls 2 to 10; the suit, 2513, for little boys 2 to 7; the hat, 9850, for boys 2 to 12.

2927—The smallest man of the family won't mind a frill or two if they are on the waist of a good-looking little suit made with straight trousers and a new suspender arrangement. Use chambray, pongee, linen and cotton poplin, or combine handkerchief linen or lawn with heavy linen, etc.
This suit is good for little boys 2 to 5.

2907—When the Empire line has such a new turn to it the rest of a small girl's frock may be very simply planned. The little skirt is straight and the sleeve has only one seam. The fulness is arranged prettily in clusters of plaits at the front and back. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, white lawn, serge and checks can be used with the collars and cuffs in contrast.
This dress is pretty for girls 2 to 6 years.

2924—2650—If one wants to emphasize the attractive ripple of her new coat, she can use a square yoke above and top the costume with a becoming gored-crown hat to match. Use broadcloth, serge, velours, taffeta, faille, silk poplin or satin. The hat could be made of corded silks.
The coat, 2924, is good for children 1 to 10 years; the hat, 2650, for girls 2 to 12 years.

2910—6626—A well-cut blouse can have a convertible collar or be finished with a neckband with which removable collars are worn. The knickers can have leg bands or elastic, and the use of the underwaist and fly is optional. Blouses of flannel, madras, galatea, etc., are worn with serge, etc., trousers.
The blouse 2910, is good for boys 4 to 16; the knickerbockers, 6626, for boys 3 to 12 years.



2850 2946 2916 9850 2513 2927 2912 2910 6626 2907 2924



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THOMSONS "Glove-Fitting" CORSETS

BECOMING FROCKS FOR GIRLS



Dress 2853



Dress 2896



Dress 2864
Embroidery design 10812

2853—Being only four has its compensations because one can be adorably dressed with so little effort. This little frock has a straight skirt gathered to a deep yoke. The French make these simple little dresses of batiste, fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, nainsook, lawn, crêpe de Chine, dimity or taffeta.

This dress is pretty for little girls 2 to 6 years.

2896—Your small daughter's frock can have the soft French lines, the scalloped hem and the fashionable normal waistline, yet with all it can be becomingly simple and easy to make. The little skirt is straight. Taffeta and crêpe de Chine would be pretty for a party frock. Cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, batiste, organdy and swiss are very dainty and serge would be smart made in this fashion.

This dress is pretty for girls 6 to 15 years.

2864—For the girl who seems to sprout up overnight the dress with the slip-over kimono blouse and straight skirt which is plaited or gathered to an underbody is becoming. Use serge, gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, pongee or taffeta. Embroidery design 10812 is an attractive trimming.

This dress is smart for girls 6 to 15 years.

2860—For the girl in the schoolroom there is a good-looking frock that slips over the head and fastens on the shoulders. It has a straight skirt which can be either plaited or gathered and the new round collar or youthful Buster Brown style can be used. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, serge, checks and plaid are suitable materials.

This dress is good for girls 8 to 15 years.



2853



2864



2896



2860



Dress 2860



2860



Suit 2552
Embroidery design 10656

Suit 2589
Embroidery design 10648

2552—The captain of the goldfish-bowl wears a sailor suit made with a slip-over blouse that has no shoulder seam and straight trousers. Use linen, chambray, galatea, etc. 6 years requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards top 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10656 trims it. This suit is good for little boys 2 to 12 years.

2748—All boys like a manly look of little suit made with a belted coat and straight trousers. Serge, mixtures, chevots, corduroy, worsted and homespun are durable fabrics. Knickers can be used. 6 years requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards top 54 inches wide. This suit is splendid for boys 2 to 16 years.



Suit 2748

2589—Your small son will fle smartly dressed in this little suit with its short, straight trousers and Buster Brown collar which can be removable or sewed on. Use linen, galatea, piqué, chambray, poplin, serge, gabardine, corduroy, mixtures or tweeds.

4-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards chambray 32 inches wide. Embroidery design 10648 makes a pretty scallop.

This suit is becoming to little boys 2 to 7 years.

1606—1115—A simply constructed coat and well-cut trousers can be made at home. For office or similar use mohair, brilliantine, alpaca, duck and linen are suitable for the coat. Serge, mixtures and flannel are good for general wear. Make the trousers of serge, flannel, cheviot, or worsted.

38 breast, 34 waist require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards drill 36 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard homespun 54 inches wide.

The coat, 1606, is good for men 36 to 48 breast; also boys; the trousers, 1115, for men 32 to 50 waist; also boys.



Coat 1606
Trousers 1115



1606



1115



2552



2748



2589



2748

Dye it Right!

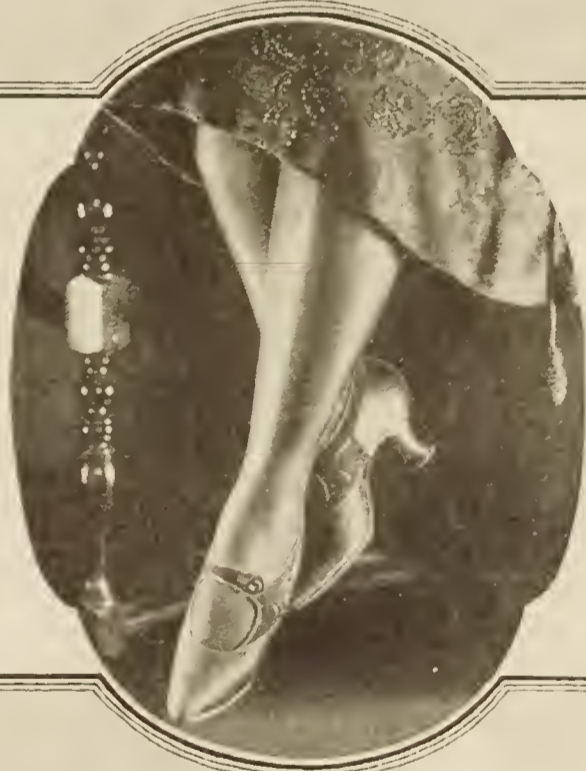
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EASILY CONSTRUCTED NECESSITIES THAT YOU
SEW ON IN YOUR ODD MOMENTS

2918—For an attractive apron that cuts from a small amount of material you can use gingham, chambray, percale, seersucker or madras and make it with the side closing and rather deep, comfortable armhole. The bow at the back is a most becoming touch. Lower edge 62 inches.
For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards gingham 32 inches wide.
This apron is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2937—These new sleeves which can be fit into a dress with a normal armhole require for 12-inch arm measure, view A, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard material 40 or more inches wide; view A-1, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard material 36 or more inches wide; views B, B-1 and B-2, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard material 40 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard material 40 inches wide for facing; views C and C-1, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard material 40 inches wide.
These sleeves are suitable for ladies' dresses and should be made according to arm measure.

2951—These gay stick-out rompers couldn't be much easier to make as they have the one-piece construction. Gingham, chambray, linen-finished cottons, cotton gabardine, seersucker and cotton poplin are the materials to use. Little appliqué figures such as these adapted from embroidery design 10833 make an attractive trimming that the children like.
For 3-year size $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard chambray 32 inches wide.
This romper is good for children 1 to 4 years.

2929—The scalloped outline at the hem marks this as one of the newest negligées. It is simple in line yet unusually dainty in effect. Crêpe de Chine, silk and cotton crêpe de Chine, wash silk, wash satin, silk mousseline, taffeta, cotton crêpe, cotton voile and dotted swiss are used.
For 36 bust $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards.
This negligée is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2769—Narrow ribbon is used to mark the pretty Empire line of a lovely negligée. The upper part has the simple kimono construction and the lower part is straight. The new negligées are made of crêpe de Chine, crêpe mètre, fancy silks, taffeta, dotted Swiss, lawn and cotton crêpe.
For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches. Embroidery design 10812 makes an attractive trimming.
This negligée is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



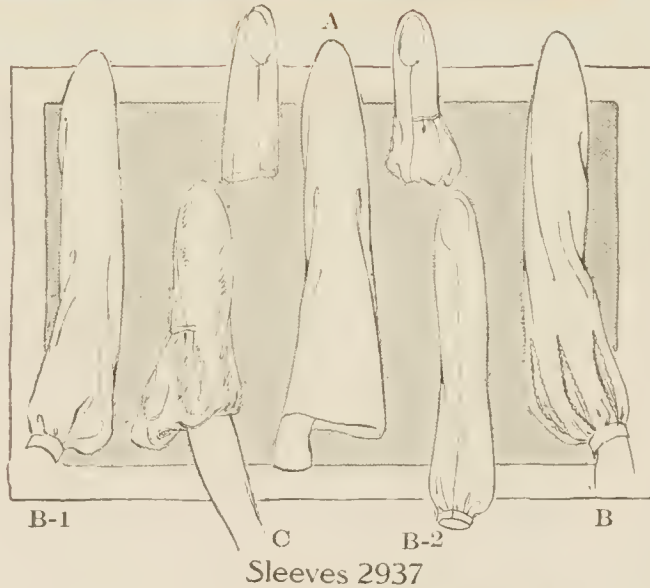
Apron 2863

House dress 2848

Apron 2918

2863—First aid to the busy housekeeper is the becoming slip-over apron made in kimono fashion. Gingham, chambray, percale, madras and seersucker are fresh looking, durable materials. Lower edge 60 inches.
For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards chambray 32 inches wide.
This apron is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2848—A well-cut garment that serves as either house-dress or overall apron has the convertible double front. You can make it of chambray, gingham, percale, madras or cotton poplin. A becoming cap goes with it. Lower edge 61 inches.
For 36 bust $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards percale 36 inches wide.
This house dress is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



Sleeves 2937



Negligée 2929

Negligée 2769
Embroidery design 10812



2863

2918

2951

2848

2929

2769



Romper 2951
Embroidery design 10833

LINGERIE FOR ALL AGES IS
DAINTY AND SIMPLE

2852—With a certain soft fulness arranged well within the limits of the straight silhouette these knickers are just the right foundation for the narrow tailored skirt. They have a reinforced crotch. Crêpe de Chine, silk jersey, wash satin, China silk, soft fine sateen, batiste, nainsook, longcloth, cotton crêpe and cotton voile are all suitable materials.

For 16-year size 1½ yard wash satin 36 inches wide.

These knickers are pretty for misses 14 to 20 years, also for small women.



Chemise 2883 Drawers and Underwaist 2856
Embroidery design 10687

2883—If your daughter likes the chemise undergarment you could not select a style easier to make or daintier than the new one that can be buttoned or is seamed on each shoulder. It could be made of nainsook, longcloth, cambric or muslin. Girls of all ages wear chemises like these and small women also find them suitable.

For 9-year size 1½ yard nainsook 36 inches wide.

This chemise is pretty for girls 1 to 19 years, also for small women.

2856—Under the very short dresses such as the smart little French children wear the wide knicker drawers are prettiest. A simple little underwaist comes with them. You would make the drawers of nainsook, cambric or muslin and the underwaist of cambric, muslin or twill. The wide stride is splendid for an active child.

4 years requires 1¼ yard nainsook 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10687 makes a pretty scallop finish.

These drawers and underwaist are good for children 1 to 6 years.



1016 Petticoat 1016 2852 Knickers 2852



Slip 2930 Pajamas 2529 Camisole 2871
Embroidery design 10812 Embroidery design 10699 Petticoat 2935

2871—2935—When thin frocks are to be considered the four-piece petticoat with shadow-proof panels back and front and the dainty slip-over camisole become wardrobe necessities. Use satin, crêpe de Chine, wash silk, longcloth, etc., for the petticoat. Camisoles are made of crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 55 inches.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 5/8 yard batiste 32 to 40 inches wide, 2 1/8 yards taffeta 36 inches wide.

The camisole, 2871, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the petticoat, 2935, for ladies 35 to 47 1/2 hip.



Nightgown 2941
Embroidery design 10732

2930—Something every woman needs under her different overblouses is this slip. It is very simple to make and takes the place of an underbody and skirt. It is also worn under thin dresses for its unbroken lines are smarter under any thing transparent. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, Japanese silk, etc.

For 36 bust 2 1/2 yards wash satin 36 or 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10812 trims prettily. Lower edge of slip 1 1/2 yard; of flounce 2 1/2 yards.

This slip is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2529—Whether she's quite grown up or just a little bit of a thing your daughter will choose these pajamas. They can have the simple kimono construction. The front is all in one piece. Cotton crêpe, batiste, mull and crossbar, crêpe de Chine, silk mull, Georgette, wash satin and China silk make dainty pajamas.

For 16 years requires 3 yards batiste 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10699 is an attractive trimming.

These pajamas are good for misses, girls and children 2 to 18 years.

2941—The Empire line in a nightgown always suggests the many attractive possibilities for embroidery. It can be daintily made of batiste, nainsook, longcloth, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, wash silk or wash satin. Cambric and muslin are more durable materials. Embroidery design 10732 is a pretty trimming.

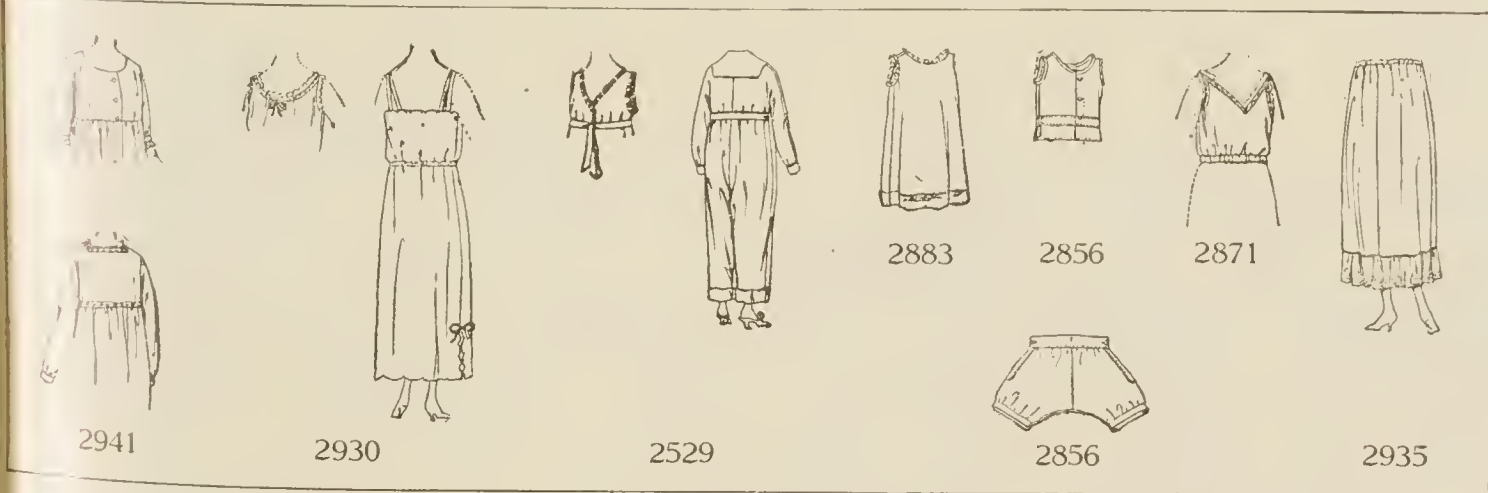
For 36 bust requires 3 1/2 yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

This nightgown is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

1016—Simply planned yet with enough softness in the many phases of its flounce is this two-piece petticoat. A gathered or plaited flounce can be sewed or buttoned on. Sometimes beneath the circular flounce the skirt is cut away. Sateen, crêpe de Chine, wash silk, wash satin, or, longcloth, nainsook and batiste can be used.

For 16 years 2 1/8 yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge of petticoat 1 1/2 yard.

This petticoat is pretty for misses 14 to 19 years, also small women.



2941 2930 2529 2883 2856 2871 2935 2852



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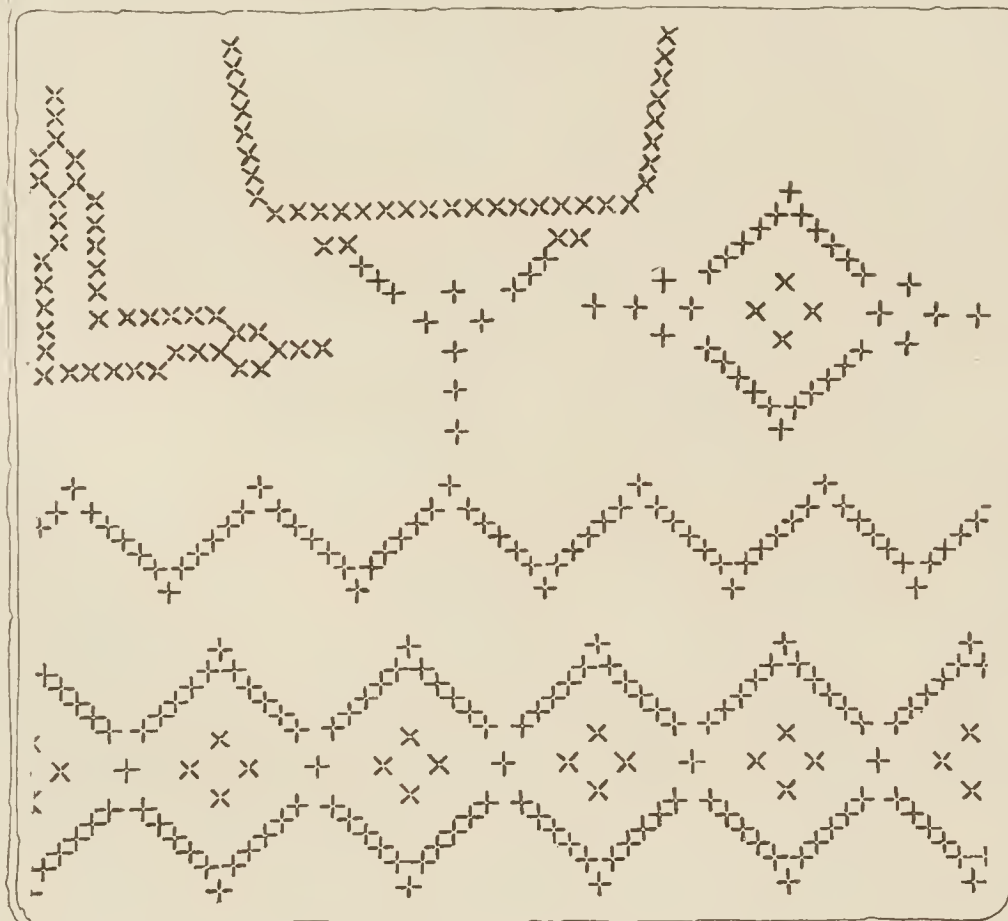


PARIS HAS APPLIQUÉ WORK
STITCH IN HER SPRING

10879—Good things do not always come in small packages. There is this instance of a costume trimming for large surfaces that can be carried out in braiding, outline, chain-stitch or couching. The open type of work is very smart used in all-over effect on a frock, skirt or overblouse. The design is adapted to 2¼ yards of banding 31 inches wide.



Embroidery design
10879



Embroidery design 10878

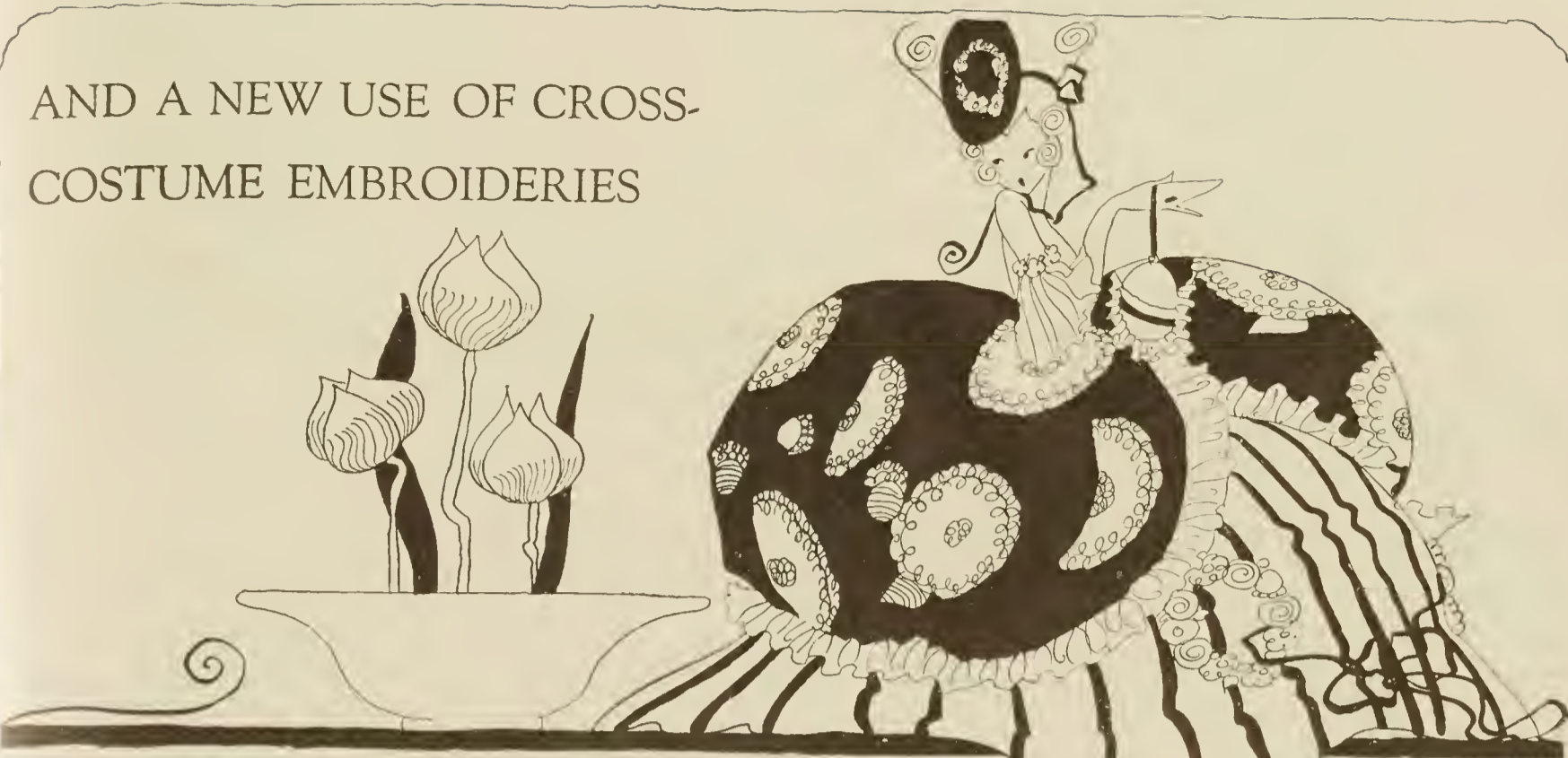
Embroidery design 10876

10876—For that dainty touch of hand-work which distinguishes the French blouse, collar, lingerie and children's frocks there is a flower-like design that is worked in eyelets, satin-stitch or French stemming. It can be adapted to 1½ yard scallops ¼ inch wide, 2½ yards banding ½ inch wide and 13 assorted sprays.

10878—Cross-stitch once referred to as *quint* now steps into the ultra-smart class and is seen on many costumes. A new way of working these cross-stitch trimmings is in bugle beads. This design can be adapted to 3½ yards banding 4⅞ inches wide, 3½ yards banding 2¼ inches wide, 6 motifs 7½ x 4¾ inches, 6 motifs 5 x 4 inches and 4 corners 5⅜ x 4¼ inches.



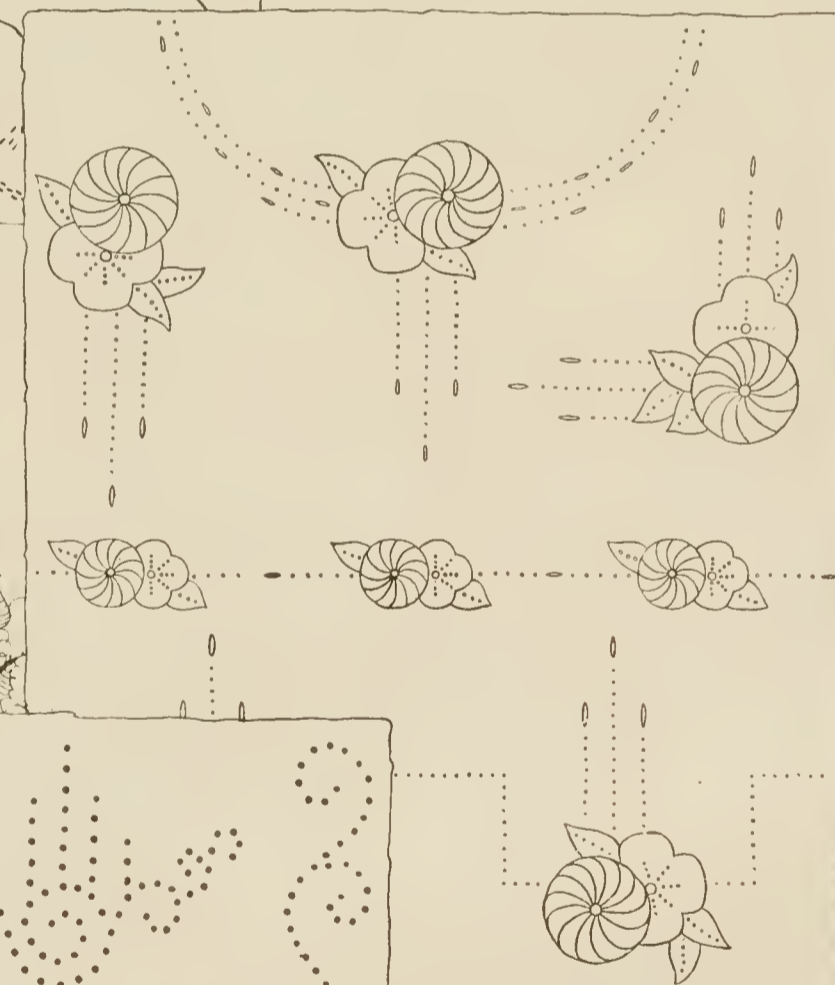
AND A NEW USE OF CROSS-
COSTUME EMBROIDERIES



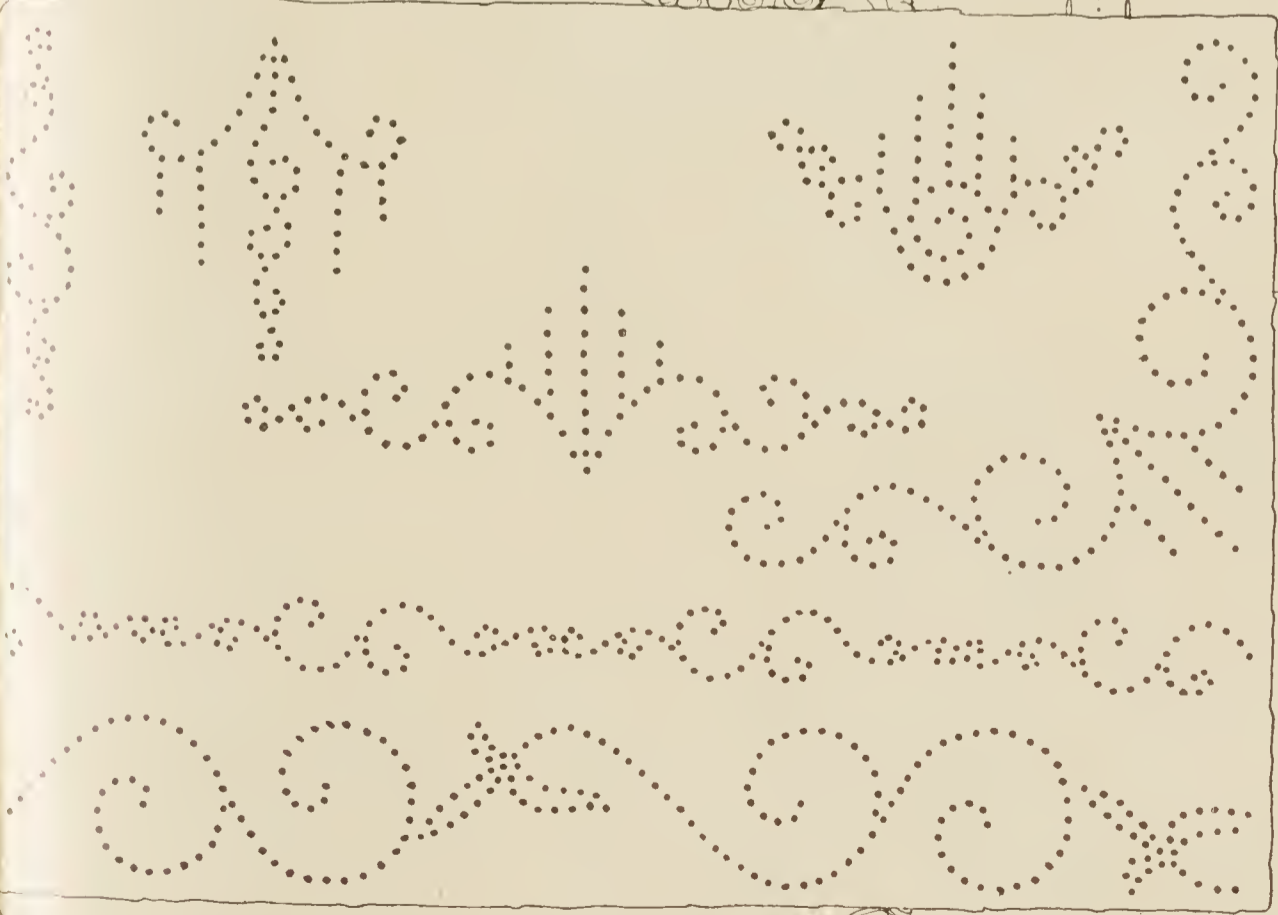
Embroidery design 10880

10880—A deep banding of embroidery or beading is often used by the Parisienne on her frock, skirt or coat. She also uses a design such as this on blouses and hats. It can be worked in a combination of one-stitch and outline or bugle beading and is adapted to $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of banding $19\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $\frac{5}{8}$ inch wide.

10877—Appliqué work is a very new note in costume trimming and it can be effectively combined with beading or French knots. The flowers could be done in outline or chain-stitch. Embroidery like this is pretty on frocks, blouses and skirts and also hats. The design can be adapted to $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of banding $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding $1\frac{7}{8}$ inch wide, 4 motifs 5×9 inches, 2 neck outlines and 4 corners.



Embroidery design 10877



Beading design 10881

10881—If you are beading a blouse, frock or skirt this scroll-like design offers some very smart banding and motifs that work up quickly. If you prefer embroidery to beadwork, French knots can be used. The design is adapted to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards banding $\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide, 4 motifs $7\frac{7}{8} \times 2\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 4 motifs $2\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$ inches, 4 motifs $3\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{7}{8}$ inches, 4 motifs $8\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{8}$ inches and 6 motifs $4\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{3}{4}$ inches.



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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 76, 77, 78, 79 AND 81

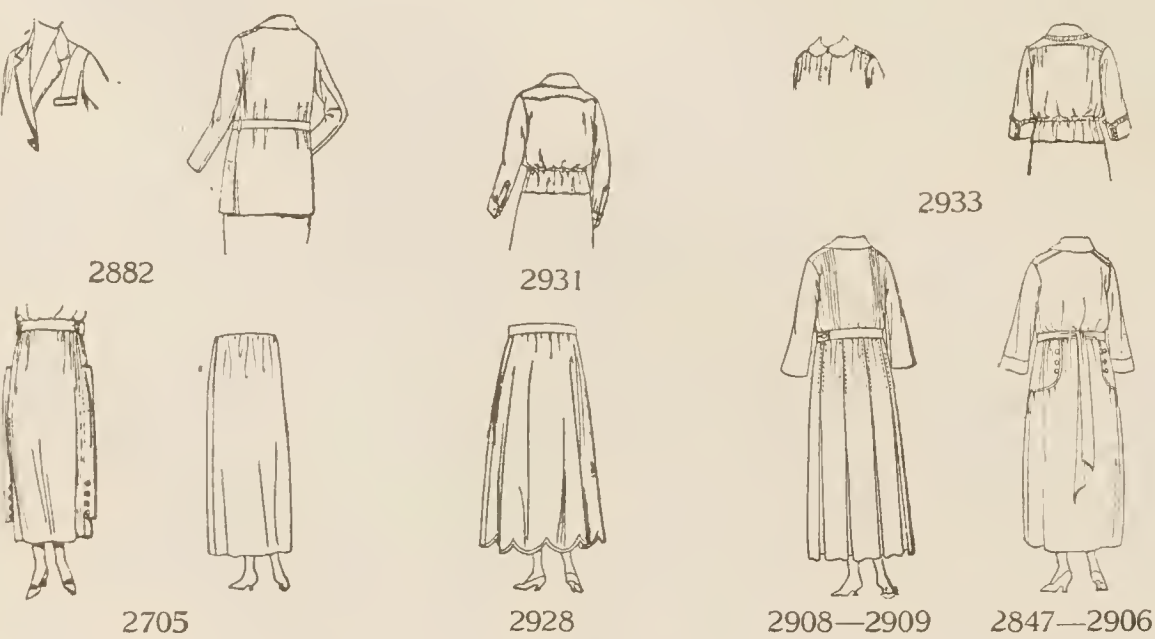
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 76 and 77



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 78 and 79

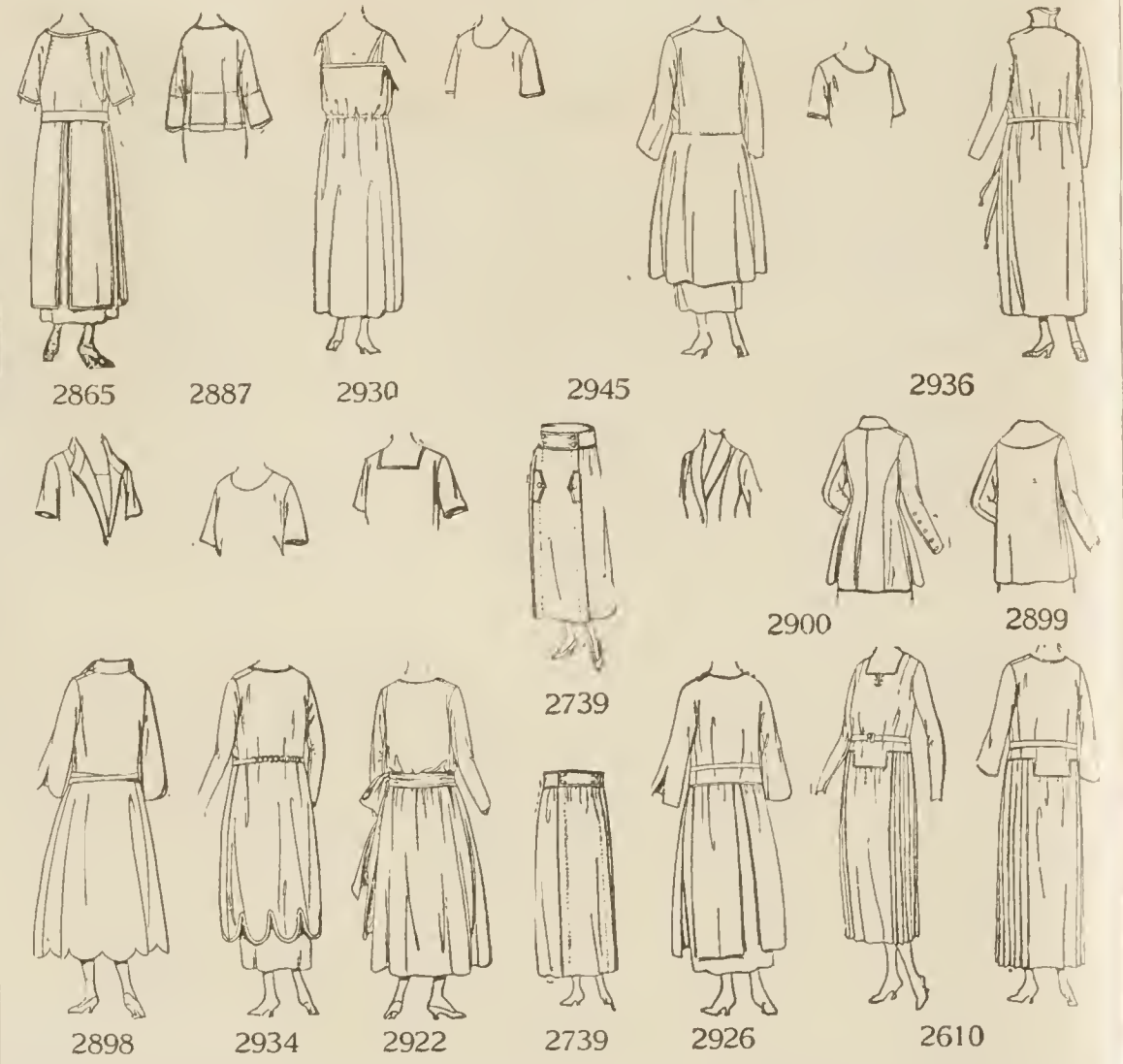


Other views of these garments are shown on page 81



OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 82, 83, 84 AND 85

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 82 and 83



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 84 and 85





DOROTHY is five years old to-day. As usual on such occasions mamma has made up a big Cherry Jell-O dessert, and while Nan brings it on and serves it, cousin Betty and Peg congratulate each other on their good fortune. Bobbie's gleeful face expresses his sentiments, and Dorothy, with her arm about him, is happy.

For little party affairs, and for big ones,

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THE DELINEATOR



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THE GREATEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD: MARIE CURIE

APRIL, 1921

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

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THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME XXVIII APRIL 1921 NUMBER THREE

Mr. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

JAMES EATON TOWER, Managing Editor



THAT MILLIONS SHALL NOT DIE!

EVERY little while a man or a woman is born to serve in some big way, and such a one is Marie Curie, the discoverer of radium, whose story THE DELINEATOR publishes this month.

Madame Curie is not only great because of her contribution to science, but because of the spirit in which she bestowed her gift upon the world.

When the editor of THE DELINEATOR sought Madame Curie in Paris it was only with the idea of preparing an article for the two million women who read THE DELINEATOR.

A woman's magazine should be an institution of service, and the editor of THE DELINEATOR saw an opportunity for real service, not merely to the great Curie, but to mankind and particularly to woman-kind, many of whose physical ills may be solved by this woman's work.

But Madame Curie has no radium with which to experiment.

The money turned over to her for her work by foreign governments, the French Government, the Carnegie Foundation and the Nobel Prize Foundation, has been used by her in her investigations.

France is poor and there is less than a gram of radium at the Radium Institute in Paris, and this is needed for hospital use. While the French Government recently ordered two additional grams of radium, these too are for hospital use only and will not make it possible for Madame Curie to further her service to humanity by a possibly successful experiment. The opportunity for service which the editor of THE DELINEATOR saw, lay in providing Madame Curie with the radium she needs to continue her experiments.

One appeal to the readers of THE DELINEATOR would probably have raised the full amount. It was not necessary to make an appeal in the press.

The editor of THE DELINEATOR brought the facts to the attention of a group of representative American women, who pledged themselves to collect the required sum—one hundred and thirty thousand dollars.

It has been one of the dreams of Madame Curie to some day visit the United States. She is particularly interested in the radium activities here, the laboratories where original research work is being done, the pitchblende fields of Colorado, where Mother Earth has hidden the greatest known wealth of unrefined radium. But the country itself interests her. She has for many years wanted to see the Grand Cañon of the Colorado.

The great Curie has been asked to come to America to receive from American women the gift of a gram of radium which shall be hers, unrestricted, for experimental work.

CONTENTS

ABOUT FAMOUS PEOPLE

Martha Van Rensselaer	<i>Eva Nagel Wolf</i>	2
Helleu, Painter and Engraver	<i>Gutzon Borglum</i>	4
The Stage's Inmost Heart (Interviews)	<i>Maude Sperry Turner</i>	9
The Greatest Woman in the World		15

STORIES AND VERSE OF RARE INTEREST

Figgers Can't Lie	<i>Samuel A. Derieux</i>	7
Sister Sue (Serial)	<i>Eleanor H. Porter</i>	13
At the Road's End (Poem)	<i>Theodosia Garrison</i>	14
"All to Husband"	<i>W. B. Maxwell</i>	19
Elizabeth Manages (Serial)	<i>Barbara Kay</i>	22

Doll Cut-out for the Children (In full color)		18
"Anxious Moments" (In full color)	<i>Josef Israels</i>	50

TIMELY ARTICLES

That Millions Shall Not Die! (Editorial)		1
Oh, Jerusalem!	<i>Talbot Mundy</i>	10
New Homes For Old		12
Listening in on the Universe—VI	<i>Dr. Leonard T. Troland</i>	20

OUR HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

Rhubarb: Dessert and Tonic	<i>Lucille Brewer and Alice Blinn</i>	24
Big Business, This	<i>Martha Van Rensselaer</i>	26
These Dainty Foods from Despised Whey	<i>Lucille Brewer and Alice Blinn</i>	30
Home Treatment for That Worn Chair	<i>Margaret Larrabee</i>	36
New Desserts from Old Rules	<i>Mrs. Nell B. Nichols</i>	42
How Do You Wash Dishes?		62
À La Cherokee	<i>Alice M. Robertson</i>	68

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Do You Fear Cancer?	<i>William J. Mayo, M. D.</i>	35
To Bee or Not to Bee	<i>Celia Caroline Cole</i>	38
How the Housekeeper May Cheat Old Age	<i>Martha Van Rensselaer</i>	40

OTHER PRACTICAL HELPS

A School City	<i>Earle E. Wilson</i>	29
Rural Play-Days		32
FASHIONS		85

Among the scientists in America who are supporting this undertaking and who will receive Madame Curie when she arrives in this country are:

Dr. F. C. Wood of the Crocker Memorial Cancer-Research Laboratory; Dr. Will J. Mayo, President of the American Medical Association; Dr. Duane of Harvard; Dr. Robert Abbe of New York, who was the first surgeon in this country to work with radium; Dr. William Taylor of Philadelphia, president of the Medical College of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. James Ewing of Cornell University; Professor Pegrum of Columbia University; Dr. Carrel and Dr. Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute; Dr. Greenough of Harvard; Dr. Taussig and Dr. Franklin H. Martin.

The small group of women who have formed the organization to assure the gift of radium to Madame Curie for experimental work are:

Madame Jusserand, Mrs. Robert Mead, Mrs. Edward H. Harkness, Mrs. V. Everitt Macy, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., Miss Florence Marshall, Mrs. Arthur Woods, Miss Mina Bruère, Mrs. William Vaughn Moody, Mrs. W. B. Meloney, Mrs. Robert Woods Bliss, and Mrs. Vernon Kellogg.

Mrs. Robert G. Mead, who is the secretary of the committee, founded the American Society for Control of Cancer. She has been identified with scientific and philanthropic work started in New York, which has developed into nation-wide significance.

With fine understanding, the group of American women who undertook to complete the purchase of radium for Madame Curie resolved that no one should be asked to add a dollar to the fund—only those who felt it a privilege to contribute would be permitted to add to the gift of American women to the world's great woman.

The Equitable Trust Company was appointed the depository of all money raised by the committee, and a trust was established in the name of the Marie Curie Radium Fund.

Madame Curie made no appeal for this help. She would never consent to a request for financial assistance being made in her name. In a recent letter to the editor of THE DELINEATOR she said:

"It is true that I am not rich, but that is nearly always the case with French scientists and I live like other professors of the University; so I do not complain or feel unhappy about it. My gift to the Radium Institute was not so much in money as in radium produced by me."

It is characteristic of this great woman to speak lightly of her priceless gift, but time must not slip by without opportunity being given her to do the only thing she asks to do—render further service to humanity.

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MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

THE DELINEATOR'S NEW HOME-MAKERS' EDITOR

BY EVA NAGEL WOLF

NO LONGER need a girl take up the duties of housewife and mother unprepared, with mere intuition as her guide; she can now be taught these duties, and in a college, thanks to the indefatigable energy of a woman who knows the needs of women.

"Taught how to be a mother," you ask? Yes, just that; scientifically, too, with a real baby for a text-book, a real home to run, real food to buy and take care of for the preparation of well-balanced, appetizing meals.

It took a woman to realize the needs of women: a woman who lived and worked among women; a woman who has given up honors for herself to serve her sisters in her own State. This is the knowledge that she earnestly desires to pass on to a million other women—to the readers of *THE DELINEATOR*.

Martha Van Rensselaer was for years a high-school teacher in western New York. Each of nine Summers was spent in taking courses. When the time arrived to allow women to enter public office, she was asked by the women of western New York to be candidate for the office of school commissioner. She was elected by the people and served three years. A second term she was nominated by the Republicans and endorsed by the Democrats, so well had she served.

As commissioner she had charge of public schools. Visiting each in turn, she acquired an intimate knowledge of rural conditions, which were pitiable so far as the women were concerned. In practically every case they were overworked, without the aid of labor-saving devices, with an inadequate knowledge of food values, of the preparation and care of food and habitually too tired to give intelligent attention to the needs of the many children. No amusements, and little time to attend them, if any were offered, made life for farm women a dull affair of hard work for mere existence.

These were conditions that Martha Van Rensselaer determined must be changed. And this is exactly what Martha Van Rensselaer told Liberty Hyde Bailey, dean of the State College of Agriculture of Cornell University, when asked what the State College of Agriculture could do for farm women—that while the education given was sufficient to equip women mentally, it was entirely inadequate to fit them for the most important thing in the world: their life work of housewife and mother. He replied: "But you have no standing in the world of pedagogy." This did not daunt Martha Van Rensselaer, who became one of the first two women professors at Cornell University.

THE New York State College of Agriculture offered extension work for farmers and nature studies for children, but nothing for women. Reading courses for the farmer were provided in the science of farming. The farmer is a studious person and takes time to devote to the study of his problems.

To Martha Van Rensselaer was given charge of the extension courses for farm women. She organized reading classes. Using the farmer mailing-list for a beginning, she prepared and sent such interesting circulars that the farm women could not help but be interested. They were told how to simplify their work. They were told they could save many steps a day.

Their reading courses or study clubs were divided into literature and home economics. A meeting-place would be arranged with some farmer who had a large house, or for the schoolhouse, and men, women and children would drive for miles to attend these affairs. Miss Van Rensselaer saw to it that the lectures were made as interesting to the women as to the men. In every case she found the women both serious and earnest.

As a result of this extension work, and to aid especially those women of the farm, a Winter course was opened at the State College of Agriculture, and many women, from the younger ones about to be married to women whose years numbered nearly fifty, took the three months' unprofessional course without university credit in house-



MISS MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
HEAD OF THE SCHOOL OF HOME ECONOMICS, CORNELL UNIVERSITY

keeping, house management, and the values and preparation of food. These women, of course it must be understood, had to have at the very least a high-school education to admit them to the Winter course.

The outcome of this clever and constructive work of Miss Van Rensselaer was discussed by the trustees, who finally decided to make a Department of Home Economics in the State College of Agriculture leading to a degree of B. S. Miss Van Rensselaer, who determined to qualify in the world of home economics, registered as a student at Cornell and specialized in economics and arts. She graduated in 1909. Still she was not equipped with science. The head of the Department of Home Economics must necessarily have a knowledge of science. She recommended Miss Flora Rose, who had been among the visiting lecturers on home economics as assistant professor in the Kansas State College. Miss Rose, when asked whom she would recommend, said that no one was better fitted as manager and executor of such a department than Miss Van Rensselaer. The dean, impressed with the qualifications of these two women, made them both heads of the department. He frankly said that this unusual situation would work itself out within a year as to who was better fitted for the position.

AS A commentary on the friendship and cooperation of women in the world of work, let it be understood that for twelve years these two women have been joint heads of the Department of Home Economics of the State College of Agriculture of Cornell University. They have received equal salaries, equal rank and equal responsibility.

Miss Flora Rose, who has the degrees of B. S., Kansas State College, and M. A. from Columbia University, was particularly well qualified to lead socially and well trained academically to form a strong department.

There is a great advantage in having two heads of a department, despite the opinion of many to the contrary. One can always take charge when the other is away.

In this instance, Miss Van Rensselaer is taking her sabbatical year and her department need not suffer, for Miss Rose is there to take charge. That this is a wise arrangement was proved when the State Food Supply Commission received an appropriation by the Legislature during the war; they called on the dean of Cornell for some one to take charge of the conservation of food in the State of New York. The dean in turn called on the already well-organized department of home economics. Miss Rose was made state director in charge of the laboratory and publications, and Miss Van Rensselaer was sent to Washington under Hoover in charge of the Division of Home Conservation.

Miss Van Rensselaer has a just right to be proud of the work she really started in three rooms in the attic in the Agriculture Building, with a common pine kitchen-table for a desk. The staff of one is now increased to a splendid one of sixty; the three rooms to a fine building of home economics, which they have now about outgrown.

THE trustees recently changed the Department of Home Economics to the School of Home Economics, making the first professional school in Cornell University. They have everything but the name of "College of Home Economics"—an appropriation, staff and equipment; it but remains for the Legislature to designate this school a college.

In connection with the School of Home Economics there is a practise house—a real home complete in all its appointments. Each senior spends a month in charge of the house under the guidance of an instructor, with a group of six. The students buy the food, prepare the meals, care for the house and take full charge of the baby—adopted when an infant of three weeks. The freshmen made its clothes, and its feeding and care through the first year have resulted in a healthy, happy baby. Intelligent care of an infant! How few mothers are as well trained as these college girls! But it is the pioneer work of Miss Van Rensselaer that makes this training possible and open to all who really wish to know.

Through pamphlets and club programs, lectures and traveling schools, farm women throughout the State are learning home-making scientifically. They are learning to prepare varied menus of well-balanced meals and intelligent care of children. They are learning sanitation, home furnishing, the lighter tasks of farming, such as egg-marketing, poultry-selling and especially the intelligent operation of the income. This leaves more time for taking up the pleasant and serious things of life, more time for mental development and interest in civics, especially as it affects the work of the farmer—the production and marketing of produce. They have more time for community interests and group work such as community recreation and industries.

This is the woman who is to head the department of home economics of *THE DELINEATOR*. She knows just what women all over the country want, rich and poor and those who are neither. She found out what they needed; she lived among them—"boarded around," as she says. She was indefatigable in going through all sorts of hard work, in traveling and doing much investigation, not to mention the Summers when she took special courses so as to fit herself to give the women what they wanted, to train them in being intelligent housewives and competent mothers.

HER forebears would be proud of their descendant. Her father, Henry Killian Van Rensselaer, and his wife were intellectual leaders of Randolph, Cattaraugus County, New York, and direct descendants of Stephen Van Rensselaer, one of the first patroons in Colonial days, and of Henry Killian, a major-general in the Revolution.

This daughter of a fine race of Americans, this fine, earnest, purposeful woman, bent on reaching and helping all women, is as cheerful and happy as a girl. No work of party is complete, according to her staff, without her.



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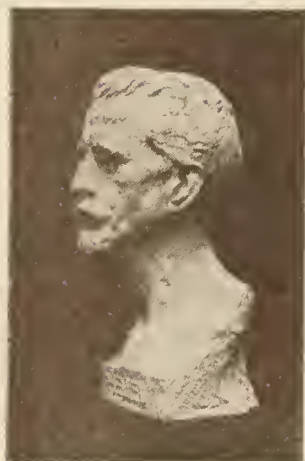
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HELLEU, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER

BY GUTZON BORGLUM



BRONZE OF HELLEU,
BY GUTZON BORGLUM

FORTY-THREE years ago, in a little bare room which was all his means permitted, a young French art student, then but eighteen years of age, was showing his sketches to another student six years his senior. After looking over the drawings, the elder remarked:

"What is that pastel on the floor?"

"Oh, that is not of much value. Do you like it?"

"Very much. May I have it?" the other asked.

"Why, I shall be pleased to give it to you," said the young artist with evident sincerity.

"No," replied the elder, "I'll give you a thousand francs for it."

One must be a poet—a man who takes his dreams seriously, develops them and tries to sell them, and starves doing it—to realize the emotions of this young man. And one must be something closely akin to a seer to pay a thousand francs for a sketch by a young and unknown man, and not whittle it down to eight, or six, or one hundred francs, according to the bare necessities of the artist at the time of the negotiation. And this artist, though he had heard of it, had never seen a thousand francs in his life. But the elder man insisted and paid it, after the hesitation natural between friends.

The young artist was Paul Helleu, famous now for his brilliant and popular style of feminine portraiture, who is in America today producing by his beautiful craft types of American womanhood. His friend, who bought the pastel off the floor for a thousand francs, was John Singer Sargent, long known as one of the great painters of portraits of our time. The friendship between Helleu and Sargent, formed in the wistful years when both were struggling for mastery of their art, remains to-day as it began, a delight for both; and it was Sargent's suggestion that first brought Helleu to America.

Paul Helleu was born in the little but famous city of Varmes, Bretagne, France, just about the time that Lincoln was picking his Cabinet; and in general appearance and structure—tall, slight and wiry—he is not unlike the great American.

VARMES was sacked twice by Julius Cæsar, and twice he slew about "thirty thousand of its inhabitants and carried as many into captivity," confining them to the lagoons and mud-holes about ancient Venice. These they turned into comfortable abiding-places, and they and their descendants have made that mud-hole the beauty spot of Italy. So says Helleu with national pride; and I am sure that if you scratch deep into the ancestral records of the city you will find members of this tenacious, clannish race still claiming that they are of Brittany—Frenchmen, not Italians.

Helleu is French, strongly, characteristically French, of the good ancient type; gracious, frank, and always a Frenchman, speaking little or no English. His youth in Paris was precisely like that of ninety-nine per cent. of all adventurous souls born to the pursuit of beauty. A contemporary of nearly all the masters of the past century, he has suffered with them and been successful as few have been. He began his studies as a painter and pastelist and thinks of himself to-day as a painter, not an etcher, saying with genuine pride: "I sell few pictures, but those have all been sold to artists."

Yet when addressed as "Master," he replied: "Don't call me master," adding humorously: "When I die, I hope they will cut on the little marble slab with which it is the fashion to mark the dead, the words of Péron,

who said of himself: 'In life he was nothing, not even an Academician.'" Péron was a great literary figure of the time of Voltaire, an enemy of Voltaire, and used the biting wit of the eighteenth century in France. Such a remark implies the reverse of its literal meaning. Helleu has an international reputation. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. His work commands high prices. But he places far more value on the memory of a day when his master, Gérôme, after looking at a study of a nude which Helleu had just finished, threw his arms about Helleu and said affectionately: "You are saved!" In the endless line of those who try and fail and die, none knew better what Gérôme's words meant to a young adventurer in the world of creative art; and when Gérôme had left the classroom young Helleu indulged in tears of joy, too happy to remember his abject poverty.

Helleu is sixty-one years of age, looks fifty, acts forty. He is as alive and full of suggestion as if at the beginning rather than the summit of his career. He rises early and

reminiscent activity of his own richly stored mind. Helleu has succeeded, beyond any other man living, in making portraits of women and of children in his chosen medium and style. The most distinguished women of Europe and America, among them former Queen Alexandra of England, have been his sitters. He is known everywhere among those who are interested in the dry-point or in copper-plate work.

HE HAS done more. We have been deluged with products of Europe by the dealer and the picture broker. Few of Europe's artists have had the honor or courage to visit our shores; and still fewer have come here with any intention or desire to study the American character for the purpose of developing that character in their art. Helleu has.

"What is it that you see in America that attracts you and brings you back to us?" I asked him, "for you are an artist and have not come here for money."

"Quite right," the artist replied.

I could, I would never let my work be bought. Any true artist works for the pleasure of it, and I would rather give my products away than receive money for them. The fine arts must be lifted above the market value; they should not be produced for bargain-counter, even though the bargain-counter be the Salon. To-day, and in centuries past, even sacred art is produced like the other furnishings of our habitations mainly because some one will pay money for it; because money is necessary for economic freedom and can be exchanged for food and clothes. Yet no great piece of art is ever made, to use Bacon's phrase, for the money reward in the eye.

"But America cares for my work; and young women are beautiful. It is this which brings me to America. And I always remember that it was the American artist Sargent, who gave me my first encouragement, who bought my first sketch, and who urged me to come. I can not dissociate the generosity of that young man from the great new country; and for that I have always loved America. Because of Sargent I feel that I owe all my success in life to America.

THEN the type of the American woman is extraordinary. It is the most beautiful in the world, fine—remarkable profile, lovely hands, lovely feet, and wonderful poise. It is impossible to go anywhere in New York without seeing your wonderful women. The other day I was taking breakfast alone in the restaurant of my hotel and there were about twenty women in the room. Every one was beautiful. I felt as if I were in an Oriental paradise."

"What do you think of the American man?"

"I do not know. The type I find in New York is less characteristic than the men of other countries; they look so much alike. Men affect to despise uniform, yet they in modern dress the most uniform product of art. The soldiers of the world are more varied in manner, dress, habits, than the gentlemen. The men of all peoples are alike, dress alike, act alike, they even try to think alike. In women alone one finds the individuality, the delightful and eternal surprise and variety with which God endows each human being. She appreciates her solitariness and plays it to her utmost advantage in the feminine world, naturally holds the world's attention."

It is difficult to get at the real Helleu until one speaks of art; for this is the motive underlying all his activities. I found him reserved and diffident until I suggested making a sketch of him. It touched many memories; he has sat for Sargent and Boldini; and it was during that sitting, lasting a week, that I really came to know the Frenchman. In twenty years I have not heard such direct, honest, vigorous discourse on the real question involved in the production of a work of art. All the



A SKETCH OF HELLEU'S DAUGHTER

is through with breakfast and ready to work at eight o'clock. He retires early, but only after making all of the day he can. These men of France have a will and an enthusiasm for their work that exceeds anything we know. It is this which inspires every student who goes to Europe, quite as much as their art treasures. No effort, no labor, no undertaking nor period of struggle seems too severe for them. Helleu has this, as strongly as when he was a student. It breaks out in his conversation; he constantly interrupts himself with ideas which he wishes to express in his art, suggested by the occasion or by the



STUDY OF AN AMERICAN TYPE. HELLEU REGARDS THIS AS HIS BEST DRY-POINT

upward, inward and ever nearer the eternal in nature. He treats his art as a craft whose goal and limitations lie within itself, rather than as a medium of expression. His art is final in itself, and establishes its own standard in manner.

He should be judged in this way, by the standard he himself creates, and not as a seer, prophet, philosopher, or pioneer, wandering alone into new fields of beauty. This standard is worthy of respect and serious judgment. The French alone in this age have consistently demanded and maintained a fine technique in all the arts, perceiving that no end can be attained without knowledge of the means. Such men as Helleu conserve and broaden and perfect this knowledge, and hand it on as a heritage to their successors in art. What they do is well done.

In Helleu's work one finds little of the severity, none of the brutal truth or dramatic action which made Millet and Rodin and Gérôme, and which he admires and acclaims in them. His art is light and delicate. If he deals in color, it is in the high notes, the light tones. His painting of the Cathedral of Rheims was inspired by the charm of color of the famous and inimitable window now lost forever. If one studies closely Helleu's selection of subjects for paintings and pastels, one sees always this urge from the brilliancy of color values. He even interprets and fixes them with light and shade in his dry-point work; for it is the tone masses and shading that attract and interest him in a model rather than the form or the line.

ALSO Helleu delights in the symbols of culture, the forms and refinements that go with leisure and wealth. These are what he loves to reproduce; and he seeks his sitters among the people who possess them. He depicts studied elegance. He is as much interested in the velvet, the fur, the hat, the plume on the hat worn by his sitter, as in the face they frame, because he sees them as accessories proper to the woman who wears them. He is carried away by the beauty of luxury rather than by the hard facts which may underlie it. He is more interested in the suggested beauty of a feature than in the irregularities that may accompany it. With all his French love of truth, he is indifferent to it when he is seeking beauty, and when necessary he ignores or avoids it. Thus he makes little use of the single line which defines. He has adopted instead a technique which in itself adds the charm of mystery to a subject.

Dry-point etching, for which Helleu is best known in America, although in Paris he ranks equally as a painter and pastelist, is done directly from life, on a plate of burnished copper, with a diamond-pointed graver's tool. This produces a very clear, sharp, or hard line. But Helleu has acquired a facility in shading or massing lines which gives them great lightness. A striking example of this sure and delicate touch is his portrait of Miss Carol Harriman. All his lines are suave, as if he were working with tone crayon or pastel instead of a diamond. This method is peculiarly adapted to the subjects he chooses, and to the rendering of rich and elegant accessories. His massed blacks are deep and soft; he renders hair and head-dress perfectly and with great beauty. He takes the utmost care that these qualities shall not be lost in the print. The diamond-point when it cuts into the surface of the copper also raises a little ridge of the metal; and in making a print this furrow holds the ink as well as the incised line, thus adding greatly to the richness of the impression. But the raised furrow is quickly worn away and this value lost. Therefore Helleu usually limits his etchings to six proofs from one plate, after which the plate is destroyed. If

Concluded on page 61



A BEAUTIFUL NEW YORK GIRL

workman in him came to the surface—for the artist is a workman. He was frank, courageous, absolutely honest. He looked at nature, desiring only the best results. His power and fearlessness, this almost rude brutality in putting down the fact as the artist sees it and rendering the figure as it is, without mercy or favor to the sitter—though he himself was the sitter—all reminded me that Helleu's life has covered the best years of France's heroic period in art, that he has associated with the best men of that period; and that he spoke France's best thought.

LIKE a true artist, he regretted that Rodin in his later days had allowed too much of his work to be duplicated and copied by artizans in his employ. Yet, he said, Rodin was a great artist, probably the greatest sculptor that France has produced; his portrait busts, for example, are the greatest that have ever been produced. Helleu spoke of his master Gérôme, of Cézanne, Caroux, Millet, Diaz, of Corot, whom he described as the "regent" Corot; of the mighty little Dalou and proud Paris de Chavannes, of Fortuny and of Sargent, whom he never refers to without affection; of Degas—"one of the greatest draftsmen of our time." When I remarked that there is no soul and no dramatic quality in the work of Degas, who for a quarter of a century drew women on the stage, but never gave us the mood, the travail these artists of the dance must endure to master their art—Helleu said Degas gave us nothing but a flitting figure with nimble legs—Helleu said again: "Ah, but he could draw! Nobody could draw such wonderful figures as Degas." The workman admired the workman. Ingres arouses in him an even greater admiration. Not even Degas could draw like Ingres, he declared, describing and illustrating with gestures the fine lines the delicate hands that Ingres drew. Jules Léfevre too he knew, Ingres's pupil (and my own master, it happens); all the notable men of his period he has seen, met, admired. Helleu is a great craftsman in manner, thought, and way of life. He is unlike the great who use art as a medium, the creative souls who bend the common course of progress



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FIGGERS CAN'T LIE

BY SAMUEL A. DERIEUX



OLD Uncle Dan Abel, colored, shuffled along the road home, full of rheumatism and trouble. The cause of the rheumatism lay, he would have told you, in the east wind that whistled across the serc cotton and broom-sedge fields this bleak Winter morning. The cause of the trouble lay in a bill that reposed in the pocket of his ragged overcoat, which this same wind flapped about his sturdy legs.

The bill, handed him this morning in Rowley's store, was for balance due on the season's fertilizer and supplies. According to his own estimate, this balance due was exactly nothing. According to Luther Rowley, lien merchant with whom he had done business this past season, it was something over one hundred and fifty dollars.

Now it was a matter of common report in the community that if you dealt with Luther Rowley you would sooner or later get your fingers burned. And the reason old Dan Abel had dealt with him, and the reason others did likewise, lay in that secret shrewd belief common to most of us, and highly developed in the simple and unlearned: "He may get the best of most people," this belief runs, "but he can't get the best of me."

Old Dan had protested when the bill was handed him, and Rowley had flown into a passion, and finally ordered him out of the store. "Here are my books!" the lien merchant had cried. "Here are the figgers in black an' white! Figgers don't lie—figgers can't lie!"

And this argument had silenced Dan. He could neither read nor write, and he had the illiterate man's belief in the potency of figures—the illiterate man's shame, too, in the presence of them.

"Somethin' done lie, I know dat!" the old man muttered to himself as he shuffled along home.

A mile down the road he turned off toward the old Duncan place. As he did so, a rabbit hopped across the road in front of him, going to the left. That was bad luck, and brought the old man up with a start. He watched the bobbing white tail, shook his head and continued on his way.

He was the only tenant of Mrs. Sally Duncan. "The widow's mite," a local wag had called him. He had been born on the place, born a slave. He was one of the surviving loyals, tens of thousands of whom when freedom came had stuck to their white folks. He had stuck to Captain Jack Duncan as long as the captain lived and to Mrs. Sally Duncan ever since.

The Duncan place had been a great plantation once. But Captain Jack's schemes and visions had been more extensive even than his acres—a man of large and sanguine dreams, a rainbow chaser, one who saw El Dorado always over the next hill.

Across those bleak fields whose broom-straws bowed to the wind stood a rotting shed of vast dimensions, under which were huge, rusting boilers and crumbling stone vats, where the captain had proposed to extract turpentine from pine-cones. In the woods beyond a mass of scrapped machinery and twisted iron cables, all tumbled about in a deep hole, marked the spot where some vagrant prospector, returning empty-handed from the West, had claimed to discover gold and had, one dark night, told his secret to Captain Jack.

In all these schemes and in many others old Dan had stood by the captain, believing in him as wiser men had believed. But the plantation had had to pay. Acre by acre it had dwindled; and now the captain rested from his dreams—it is to be hoped—and old Dan alone remained to stand by the widow who had had to pay, too.

AS FOR her, she now lived in the old Duncan house with her memories, and with two grandsons, boys of eight and twelve, whose parents were dead. The three of them formed a rather happy group, with Dan as main dependence. His cabin stood in the back yard, one of the many outbuildings, the others unused now, that formed a hollow square behind the mansion. The farm he worked, together with some waste land, all that remained of former vast possessions, lay round about the big house that had seen so much better days.

It was this cabin the old man, fresh from his tilt with Rowley, entered. Mandy, his wife, who had cooked for half a century for Mis' Sally, had died two years before. In front of his lonely fireplace the old man squatted and blew the coals into a glow. His hands still trembled as he piled the kindlings on the blaze.

Misfortunes never come single-handed, and to-day, as has been said, the wind blew fatefully from the east.

It whistled through the naked branches of the oaks, it slapped open and shut the up-stairs blinds of the old house, weathered gray and unpainted these many years. Suddenly old Dan, still squatting before the fire, was aware of the entrance of some one. Malvina stood in the doorway as if she had been wafted in. She was his granddaughter and helped Mis' Sally about the house: a slip of a girl, slim as a magpie, black as a crow, sunk in depths of lassitude.

"Miss Sairly—her want to see you," she whined.

STILL in his overcoat the old man crossed the yard, wondering if the lady had heard about the quarrel in the store. It was a strange thing: but twice lately he had seen in front of the house Rowley's black, ill-kept car, and had known that the man was within, talking to the old lady. This had disturbed him mightily.

"Ef you see a buzzard settin' still on a tree you know dey's somethin' aroun' ready to die," he had muttered. "An' ef you see dat white man hangin' 'roun', it mean somebody in trouble an' he waitin' to feas' on dey trouble."

He climbed the high steps of the back porch and dropped his tattered hat in a chair as he had dropped it so many times. The boys were at school now, and he shuffled down the wide, cold hall that echoed emptily to his step, and knocked at the living-room door. At her "Come in, Dan," he entered a lofty, old-fashioned room, where the fire burned brightly, and where she sat near it, her sewing-basket beside her.

"You sont for me, mis'?" he asked.

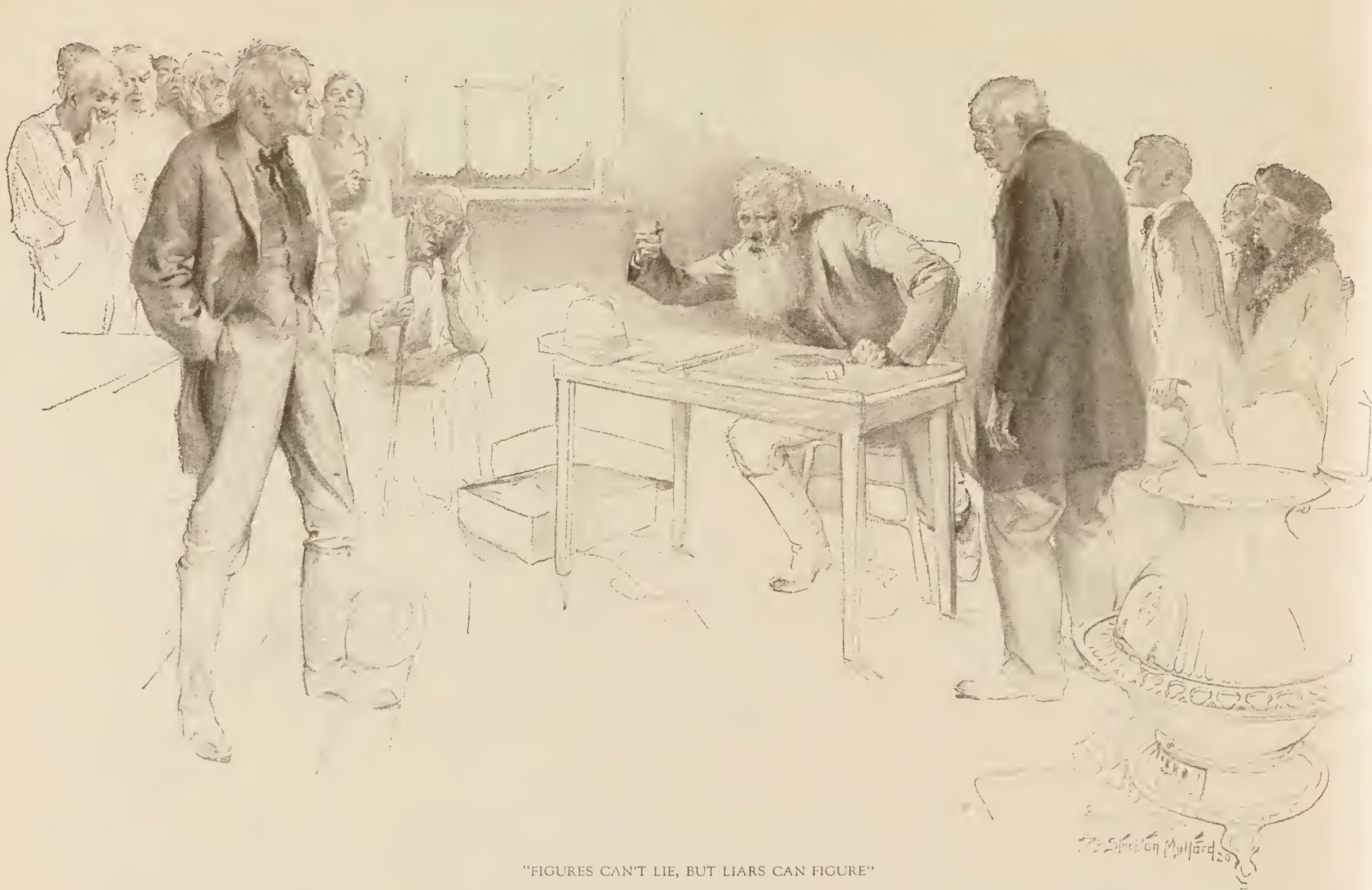
"Yes, Dan—sit down."

He tilted a cat out of a chair, on the side of the fire opposite her, then sat down on the edge, his rusty hands on his knees, his face earnest and solemnly expectant, as if he were in the presence of royalty. She was a thin old lady, dressed in black, with starched white collar and cuffs. You could see in her mouth and eyes traces of the beauty that had been, though now the fine-cut face was deeply lined and the hair white as snow.

It was staggering news she had to tell him. She must sell the place at once. Her husband had left mortgaged even what remained. This mortgage had been held by one of her husband's friends. She had not been able to pay the interest, but this friend had renewed the mortgage for five years. Lately, though, he had died, and the lawyers in settling up his estate had sold the mortgage. The man who bought it had notified her that he must have all interest, present and accumulated, by the first of February. If not, the place would be sold at auction.



HE REMOVED THE BALE OF COTTON THAT HAD BEEN HIS



"FIGURES CAN'T LIE, BUT LIARS CAN FIGURE"

"Mis', you don't tell me dat!" gasped Dan.

"The man has made me an offer," she went on. "He will take over the place quietly, and the mortgage left by my husband, which I have kept secret, Dan, even from you, will not be mentioned. Otherwise the sheriff——"

"Mis'," he demanded, "who de man?"

"Mr. Rowley."

"An' he gwine deject you an' de little boys out in de road?"

WELL, it wasn't as bad as that, she explained and tried to smile. He had given them two weeks. They could find somewhere to go. You could hardly expect Mr. Rowley to act differently. He was not a particular friend.

"No, mis'," the old fellow broke out. "He ain't a fr'en' to nobody but de debbil. Him an' de debbil ol' fre'n'. Mis', you know why he want dis place? Kase den he kin set here whar better folks is set an' say he own de ol' Duncan place. Kase Capt'n Jack warn't afraid of him, or he paw befo' him. Kase when ol' man Rowley try to cheat Steve out'n a year rent, Cap'n Jack set up in co't an' testify 'bout dey reputation for trufe an' ferocity. Da's why, mis'—da's why!"

She said nothing to this. She knew the truth of it as well as he. He asked her how much the interest was. She told him it amounted to six hundred and thirty dollars in all.

"Why don't you borry, mis'? Dey's folks will len' Mr. Kirby, he——"

"No," she said with gentle firmness. "It would not be borrowing, Dan. It takes all I get to live and send the boys to school. I could not pay it back. It would be asking charity."

"What de mor'gige come to, mis'?"

"Three thousand dollars."

He leaned forward, the firelight shining on his broad ebony face and glistening in his eager eyes.

"Mis', listen to me. You git hold of dat intrust. In five year we liquefy dat mor'gige. I improvin' de place. I done dreen de swamp an' mighty nigh clear it up. I gwine git anudder tenant, Paul Woodward. He done contract to come. Mis', borry de money. Gimme time. 'Fore Gord, I flustrate dat man scheme!"

She looked long and searchingly at his eager black face. Then she shook her head. She had seen such sanguine hopes before in human eyes.

"I can not borrow," she repeated. "It would be asking charity."

Old Dan bowed his head.

"You must not speak of this, Dan. It must seem that I chose to sell and move away."

"Mis'"—the voice trembled—"you don' want to sell de ol' place, do you?"

"My heart is here, Dan," she replied. "Oh, I don't know what will become of the boys!" And then quietly she began to cry.

The old man came out into the hall. Carefully he closed the door behind him. "It mean somethin' when mis' cry," he said. He looked up the wide, deserted stairway where in other days so many happy feet had trod. He thought of Captain Jack, to whom he had gone and his children had gone in time of trouble, and never been turned away; of old Mandy lying sick and Mis' Sally nursing her to the end. The ghosts of other days came down those empty stairs and pleaded with him. "Oh, Jesus, marster," he whispered, "he'p a ol' nigger to see dis thing fru!"

OUT in his cabin, with trembling fingers, he fumbled in a bureau-drawer and got out a thin worn bank-book, the savings of years that were to help him out when his enemy rheumatism laid him low. He hurried toward the enormous barn occupied now only by his ancient mule. Suddenly he stopped. He almost cried out, for in front of the shed wherein his only remaining bale of cotton was stored a wagon stood, and two young negroes were climbing out.

"Heb—what you doin' dar?" he demanded.

The biggest buck grinned. "Cap'n Rowley orders," he said. "He say you owe him dis; he got a mor'gige on it. Git out de way, ol' man. Hist her dar, Jim, hist her—all togedder!"

They brushed him out of the way. They loaded the wagon and picked up the lines. The old man saw his bale hauled off, and with it his plan go glimmering. And while he stood in the road looking after it, the two boys, Ralph and Frank, hurrying home from school, cried out with shrill joy:

"Say, Uncle Dan. It's goin' to snow, ain't it?"

All the remainder of that afternoon he brooded before his fire. He saw the place sold; his mistress an object of charity. Once the boys came in, excited over the prospect of snow. He ordered them gruffly out. Gradually the plan on which he acted was formed. How

hard it would be to carry out only the old who have lived all their lives in one place can know.

He ate supper silently in the kitchen. He took counsel with no one. But in the darkness of that night he secretly and laboriously removed from Rowley's cottonshed to his own wagon the bale of cotton that had been his. He was stopped once on the way home, but next day, in a town ten miles away, he sold it and drew his savings out of the bank. It was dusk when he pulled his weary mule up in front of Rowley's store.

His heart was pounding. What if Rowley had already missed the bale of cotton? A light shone out of a front window, barred like the window of a jail. Out of the store came a big tall man, with spectacles, and a gray beard tucked inside his long overcoat. With sudden and acute anxiety the old darky scanned the face of this man. It was Squire Kirby; he had never been afraid of Squire Kirby before.

But the first words of the squire laid his fears at rest.

"How's Mrs. Duncan an' the boys?"

"Dey's all right, suh. Mr. Kuhby, would you min', suh, steppin' in de sto' a minute wid me?"

"Not a bit, Dan. What's up?"

"Jus' a little matter of business, suh."

Squire Kirby leaned against a counter, while old Dan made his way to the rear. In a railed-off space under a smoky kerosene lamp sat Luther Rowley. Close to him the old fellow went, face twitching, eyes shining under his tattered hat.

"Mr. Rowley," he whispered, "Mis' Sally sout me wid dis money. She say it intrust on a mor'gige. She say you give me a receipt."

ROWLEY rose. He counted the money. He looked at Dan with hard, suspicious eyes.

"Where'd you get this?"

"Whar I git it? Mis' give it to me. She say you understand'."

"Where'd she git it?"

"Dat her business, suh. It ain't none o' mine an' it ain't none o' yours. She say you give me a receipt. Intrust in full on mor'gige. Da's what she say."

"This ain't my understandin'," declared Rowley.

"It money, ain't it?" demanded Dan. "Money better'n understandin'."

Rowley tried to stare the old man out of countenance,

Continued on page 70



Ira D. Schwartz

A TENSE MOMENT IN "HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

THE STAGE'S INMOST HEART



Photo by Abbe

ELIZABETH RIISON OF "HEARTBREAK HOUSE"

A Few Hours Inside, Behind the Glitter

BY MAUDE SPERRY TURNER

ONE slushy day we felt like *Pippa*. Not that we went stirring up consciences, like Mr. Browning's *Pippa*, by singing through the town "The year's at the spring . . . God's in His heaven," but that, as we passed along the streets, we knocked at any door we wished and slipped inside and became a part of what was going on in there.

Margaret Wycherly started us off. She stood up at the end of the long luncheon-table, on her head one of those big floppy hats she always wears, and said, "Come on! Soon as you can. Before our money all runs out." Then she slid out the door, off to the matinée at the Bramhall Playhouse, where she was playing the leading part in "Mixed Marriage," a stirring play of Ireland by St. John Ervine.

And instantly we abandoned our luncheon and fol-

lowed her. "We wept our *head* off," we said, talking about her play.

"I saw you," she answered; "I was glad."

"It's so simple and human; no tricks, no theater stuff, and so like everybody we know; messing life all up because they don't know any better." And then we

talked about her performance—there was not a finer one to be seen anywhere—and about her "notices"; there was not a critic who did not heap praise upon her head, pressed down and running over. And we admired her restraint in her big, emotional scene.

"It isn't restraint," she refused swiftly. "If I don't shout, they call it 'restraint.'"

"What did you mean back there at lunch when you said, 'money runs out?'"

Her fingers caught mine. "That. Awfully. Nobody suspects us, but we put this play on ourselves. They all think we have an angel," (that is the theater's title for a financial backer) "but we haven't so much as a feather. Just the little group playing in it have put in whatever money they have saved up, and we're all the

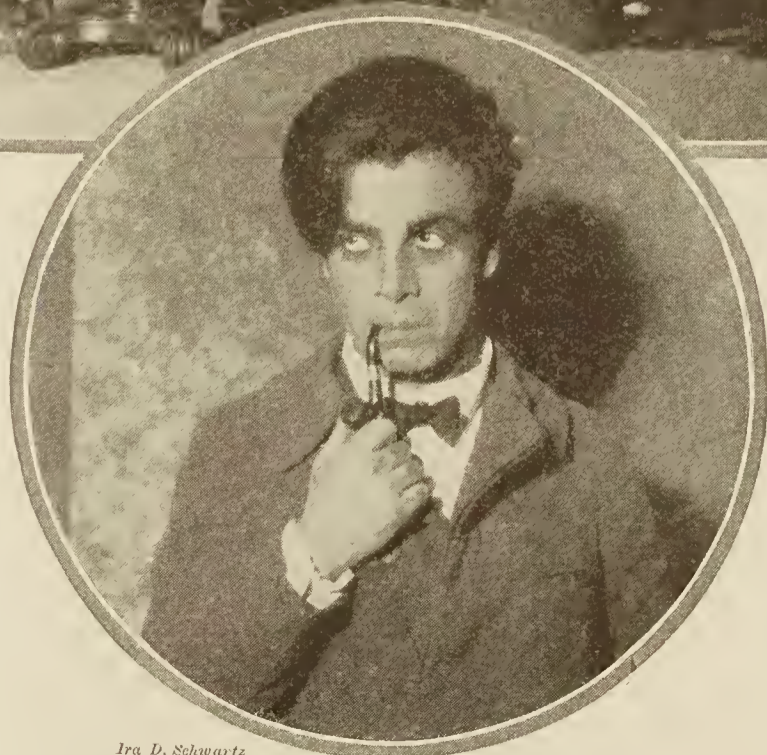
Continued on page 58



Ira D. Schwartz



White Studios



Ira D. Schwartz

"SAMSON AND DELILAH," UP TO DATE, IN WHICH BEN-AMI IS THE LEADING MAN



Old Masters

IN "THE MIRAGE" FLORENCE REED ENACTS THE RÔLE OF A BEAUTIFUL OUTCAST



THE HOLY CITY SEEN FROM THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

OH, JERUSALEM!

BY TALBOT MUNDY



NOTHING ON WHEELS IS ALLOWED WITHIN THE WALLS



HERE is a story of an old-time Jewish philosopher who came on hard times, and, in order to re-establish his fortune, offered for sale an infallible recipe for making gold. His previous reputation for integrity was such that everybody flocked to buy. The recipe looked simple, the price was

reasonable, and he gave to each purchaser a money-back guarantee against failure, provided the rules were strictly followed.

"But you must observe them all," he insisted, as he pocketed the price. "Principally don't forget the first rule, that when compounding this prescription you must on no account think of a white rhinoceros. Once permit a white rhinoceros to enter your thoughts and success with my prescription is impossible."

Well, they all tried it, but of course the horned ruminant proved too intrusive, and the philosopher kept the money.

Try to think of existence without Jerusalem. Just try it! Two-thirds of the world, at least, has had Jerusalem drummed into its consciousness from childhood in one shape or another. Hymns, prayers, Bible classes, history books, newspapers, jokes innumerable, sermons, travelogs—religion, superstition, and now the Zionists—have all had their effect, and in one way or another Jerusalem has grown into the consciousness of statesman, soldier, priest and public, and remains there. Some grow fervent, some worried, some abusive at the very mention of the word, but it means something of some sort to every one. Nevertheless, it is not in the least like anybody's absent concept. It is rather a medley of all the world's oddities and unexpectedness.

The place is almost as sacred to Moslem as to Christian. The Arabs call it "El Kudz" ("The City"), and hold it next in importance to Mecca. Irreverent young British subalterns, who fought for the place like bears, buried their comrades on Mount Zion, brought in clean water, and cleared the dead donkeys out of the moat, call it "Juicy Jeroosh," and spend their leisure evenings dancing with young women of all nations in a Zionist hotel to American jazz music played by a Syrian band. The ex-Kaiser regarded it as the coming capital of the world, and laid his plans accordingly.

Inside the ancient city, within the walls, that is to say, there are no really modern buildings of any kind, but the suburbs have been spreading in every direction since the ex-Kaiser made his famous pilgrimage, and wherever you see a really sumptuous, well-built edifice it almost certainly is German. The grandest of all, the most dramatic and ornate, is the German Hospice on the Mount of Olives, visible from everywhere, even from far-away Jericho, with a tower from which the British wireless now communicates with Paris and Calcutta.

WITHIN the chapel of that hospice the whole story of the secret of the Kaiser's ambitious dream is done in gaudy pictures on walls and ceiling. He and the ex-Kaiserin are represented seated on thrones amid all the hierarchy of heaven. In one picture the ex-Kaiser is surrounded by his ancestors from David downward, and, lest the full meaning escape the casual observer, David's mustache is made to turn up exactly like the Kaiser's, forcing to the point of sheer absurdity the family likeness that the artist has been at pains to emphasize in a dozen ways. The great hospice is now permanently made over to the British Administration for headquarters purposes.

Disillusionment, of a kind, begins for every visitor to Jerusalem down in Egypt, where they rubber-stamp your passport and make you pay for telegrams while you wait for reservations on the strictly limited "Jerusalem Express."



THE WIFE OF A BEDOUIN CHIEF



THROUGH THE DAMASCUS GATE

"Going up there? Well, the train has square wheels. If you've false teeth, you'd better carry them in your pocket. Better wash before you start; there's only one bath in the city and that's reserved for troops. Look out for thieves, and don't pay more than a quarter of the price you're asked for anything—except your railway ticket; they'll hold you up for that."

They say that the thieves of Palestine are trained in Hebron, the oldest city in the world; and Hebron itself convinces you of that. It is one of the few thoroughly convincing places in all the Holy Land. The bones of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and their wives are said to be there in the cave of Machpelah, over which the Arabs have built a marvel of a mosque; and, for some reason perfectly clear to Arab psychology, that is supposed to give the Hebron men a prior right in all matters pertaining to robbery, rioting and sudden death.

You can never understand Jerusalem in the least until you have seen Hebron.

Comparatively very few "unbelievers" of any race have ever been admitted to that famous mosque at Hebron, inside which the fanatical true believers drop little pieces of paper with prayers written on them down through a hole in the rock to attract Abraham's attention; but Jews are never admitted on any account, and may only approach as far as the seventh step from the bottom of the long approaching flight.

Hebron represents the concentrated essence of the Arab point of view in Palestine. Whenever there is trouble in Jerusalem the British round up the Hebron

men and chase them back home, after which the trouble usually peters out of its own accord. But they always come back again, and you can see them any day swaggering through the crowd, their covetous brown eyes appraising other people's goods.

It is useless to try in this short space to give any clear account of the scenery from the train amid those grim Judean hills. Every inch of the country has been fought over a dozen times. They tell you that the little red anemones that grow wherever a pinch of dirt finds lodgment in the rock are made that color by the blood of Hittites, Hivites, Jebusites, Israelites, Romans, Egyptians, Saracens, Crusaders, Turks and Englishmen.

The first view of Jerusalem from the train is disappointing, but only the first view. The station is a long way from the city, and the yelling Arab cab-drivers who pounce on the passengers, all fighting for the richest-looking fares, distract attention from everything except one's baggage. Three or four yelling pirates are quite likely to drive away with most of it in different directions, and the remainder will be adopted by pirates' mates on foot (from Hebron probably) unless the traveler can fight and swear in three languages and look three ways at once.

But from the moment when you are settled in a cab at last and driving along the winding, dusty road toward the city disappointment ceases and bewilderment begins. For there is not a phase of human interest, or a crank idea, or a creed, or a superstition, or a brand of politics in all the world that has not sent some representative, and sometimes many of them, to the Holy City. And the beauty of the ancient walls, especially when the Moab hills are outlined beyond them in the setting sun, is past belief.

YOU can get the details of the countless sacred places from a guide-book, but never the sensation or the smell that greets you as you step out of the way of a laden camel, trip over a tethered goat, and plunge down David Street between two rows of little arches that were once the quarters of crusading Knights Templar and are now the frontless shops of Jew and Arab vegetable venders, butchers, shoemakers and dealers in wool and hides. There are guides galore, all trying to save money enough to go to America, where the dollars grow on maple-trees and the people are born who pay the asked price for souvenirs.

Nothing on wheels is allowed within the city walls, and in the rioting season, which is Easter, all foot-passengers are usually searched for weapons as they pass in and out of any of the gates. If a Bedouin chooses to ride in, he must get off his horse and be searched by the British guard; but Thomas Atkins is usually too laughingly good-natured to do the job thoroughly, and many a stately son of the desert gets by with cutlery concealed about his person to fall foul later of a Sikh patrol somewhere amid the maze of narrow streets.

The Sikh respects nobody except his officers, and suspects everybody, treating Greek and Catholic priest to exactly the same inquisitive search as he does the orthodox Jew, Abyssinian deacon, or any other individual with flowing garments. He alone of all the strangers in Jerusalem has no particular iron in the fire, and no interest beyond his duty. The sacred places mean nothing



"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCH THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT"



AN ORTHODOX JEW

to him, except in so far as he has orders to protect them.

What do they fight about? Anything and everything, although, because Jerusalem is first and foremost a city of religion and almost all the religions are represented there, sooner or later every trouble takes on a religious hue.

It used to be much simpler under the Turk, for when the ructions started, he simply hanged one of each contending faction at the Jaffa Gate, perfectly indifferent as to whether or not they were guilty, and let it go at that. Politics consisted in those days of paying taxes to and flattering the Turk; everything else was sedition and was treated accordingly. But now, with the British for masters, and the pronounced British objection to ruthless execution for a handicap, the amenities of interracial and interreligious jealousy are not so easy to observe.

The great, pervading dread in the Arab mind—or at any rate the greatest talking point—is the threatened horde of a million or two Russian Bolsheviks supposed to be waiting only for transportation to bring them to Jerusalem in the wake of the Zionist movement. The Zionists vow that no such horde will come, and the British say that only "reasonable immigration" is to be permitted.

The coffee-shops are where the talking all gets done. Wander through the narrow, winding streets of the ancient city at any hour between dusk and midnight and you will pass at intervals through the yellow light that flows through the open door of a whitewashed, arched room that was once a Crusader's quarters, and in which the Saracens' descendants now drink coffee over long-stemmed water-pipes and endless cigarets.

THE loudest voices in the coffee-shops are the younger, blood-and-thunder men; but nobody takes them very seriously.

One plot a day is about the average, but very few of them come to a serious head because somebody always gets jealous and spills the beans. Jealousy is perhaps the key-note of the Holy City, sect against sect, race against race, individual against individual; and they all go to the Governor of Jerusalem in turn, to accuse the other fellow and excuse themselves. The Governor of Jerusalem has to be a man of many parts and a most elastic patience. He is most of all on tenter-hooks at Easter-time, for then he has to represent officialdom at the various religious celebrations that the rival Christian churches carry through with all the pomp and circumstance permitted, paying equal official recognition to the Moslem ceremonies that are run in deliberate opposition to the Christian; knowing all the while that bloody rioting may break forth at any minute, especially now that the Zionist problem has been added to the rest; and knowing, too, that he himself will be blamed by everybody, whatever happens.

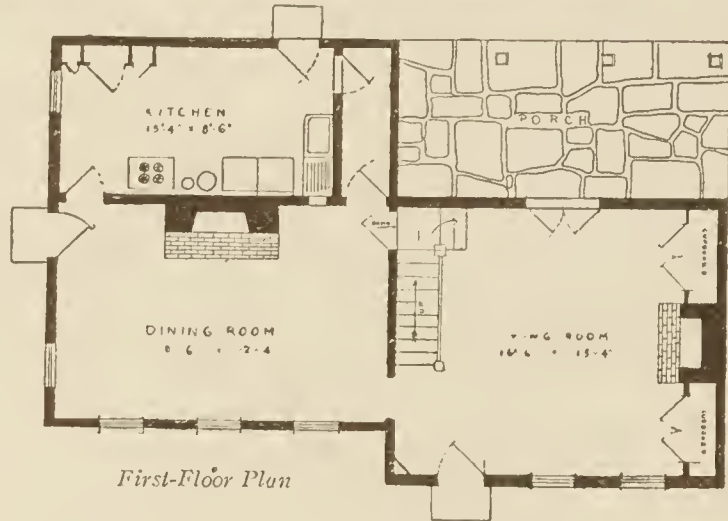
Only once in living memory was there no rioting in Jerusalem at Easter. That was the first year of British occupation, when the military force was so overwhelming and so deliberately careful that the street dogs could not have started a fight without being arrested instantly. This year there is a new High Commissioner—Samuels, a Jew, with Zionist sympathies, but not a professed Zionist himself—a man of vast experience in state affairs, who has already shown almost superhuman ability to get on with Arab and Zionist, Christian and Jew alike. Last year there were three days of trouble, with nearly three hundred casualties. It remains to be seen what this Easter will bring forth under his auspices.



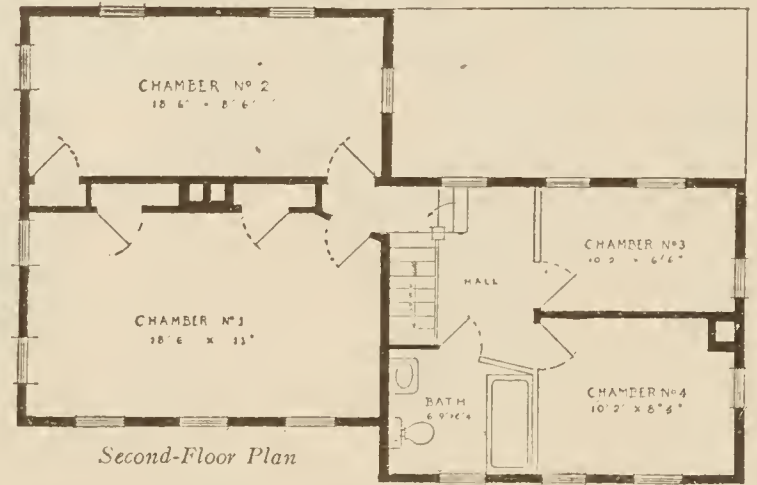
JUST BEFORE THE RIOTS AT THE DOME OF THE ROCK, EASTER, 1921



NEW HOMES FOR OLD



THE WELL-HOUSE

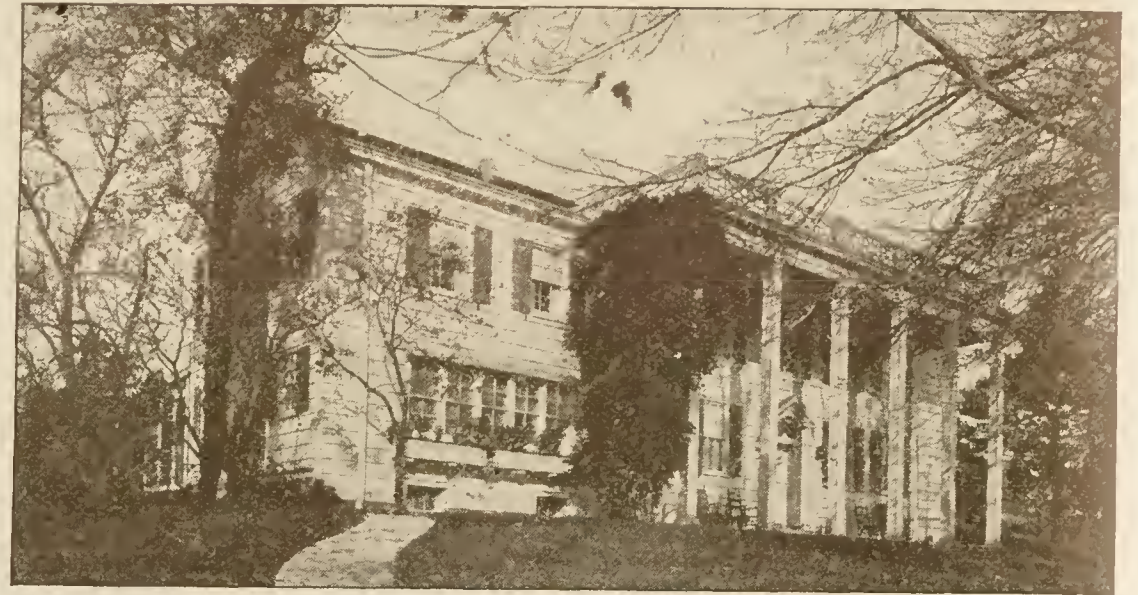


THE OLD COTTAGE ABOVE, WITH AN EXPENDITURE OF A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS, BECAME THE ATTRACTIVE HOME PICTURED IN THE OPPOSITE CORNER OF THE PAGE

HERE IS THE DAINTY COLONIAL COTTAGE EVOLVED FROM THE FORLORN AFFAIR AT THE LEFT. A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CHANGES IS GIVEN ON THIS PAGE



A STURDY OLD FARMHOUSE, ITS SIMPLE LINES MARRED WITH GINGERBREAD TRIMMINGS



REMODELED IN A CONSISTENT STYLE, IT BECOMES A DIGNIFIED MANSION

THE worn, tired shell of a cottage in the upper left-hand corner of this page was an eyesore in its suburban neighborhood, yet not without its small place in history. Within its walls William McFee wrote two famous books, "Casuals of the Sea" and "Aliens." But Mr. McFee had left the New Jersey village in which it was situated, and its hollow eyes were but a mockery of its vivid past, and the neighbors marked it for early destruction.

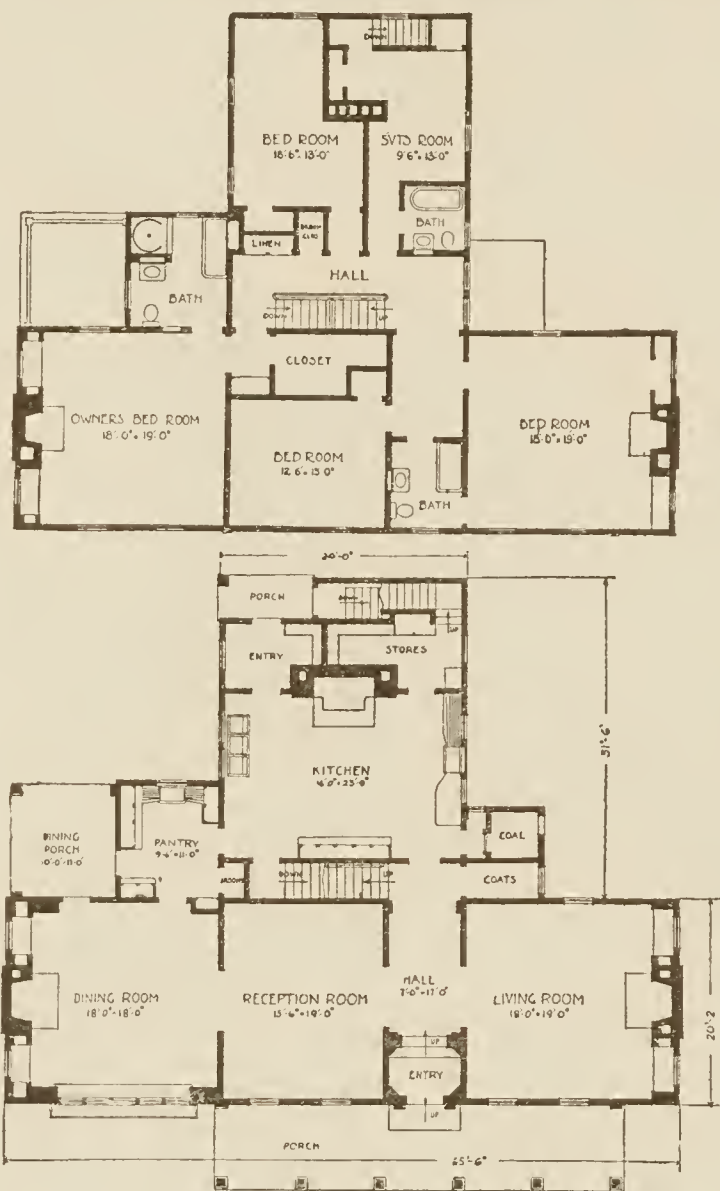
Then came a young artist, who saw its possibilities as they have since been realized. The upper right-hand corner shows the cottage as it is to-day. The neighbors point with pride to a home of no little charm and distinction.

The cost of the transformation might prove misleading with reference to another house, in another place, under different conditions. The artist-owner who planned and designed the alterations, Mr. Ralph Rich, suggests as a minimum figure \$4,000 for the changes, to be divided roughly as follows: main carpenter bill, \$2,000; mason's bill, \$780; plumbing, \$700; electrical work, \$180; painting, \$220. The pretty well-house, pictured in the upper middle of the page, cost about \$100; the latticework on the house a trifle more. The shutters cost \$40 a pair, complete with hardware.

The cottage is white, with wide clapboards and green shutters; the Colonial spirit was observed, so far as possible, in the design.

The woodwork indoors is ivory-white; the wall-paper is of putty color.

Slight changes were made in the floor plans. The present layout is shown in the diagrams on this page. Peculiarities of room arrangement may be accounted for by the fact that the original dwelling had floors with varying levels, up-stairs, and other idiosyncrasies commonly found in old houses. The house, however, is proving convenient and thoroughly "livable."



FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR PLANS OF THE COLONIAL HOUSE ILLUSTRATED ABOVE

GIVEN good foundations and good proportions, an old house, cleverly remodeled, is more interesting than the smartest new mansion. The Bogert house at River Edge, New Jersey, illustrated in the middle of the page, shows what ingenuity can do with a perfectly ordinary house. The architects, Forman and Light, say in *Architecture*:

"The dining-room wing (to the left in the illustration) was the oldest part of the house and dated from about 1750. The main part of the house was added at about the beginning of the nineteenth century.

"It was found necessary to tear down the original dining-room wing, as its shape could not be brought into harmony with the rest of the house.

"The original window openings of the main part of the house had new sash fitted to them. Some of the original oil-flashed iridescent glass from the old house is still in use.

The old and new portions of the building were covered with red-cedar beveled siding, each course of which was exposed ten inches to the weather. To make these courses work in with existing window-frame heights was a job, but it was done.

"All of the shutters are new and the fasteners (grape clusters) are patterned after the old pattern. The colonnade porch, which is entirely new, makes use of part of the cornice detail of the original house. The floor of this porch is of brick laid on the flat in a simple pattern. The wisteria vine, which in the picture of the original house is shown climbing over the porch, was preserved on a cedar pole and in the present house forms the tree-like mass of foliage to the left of the new porch.

"All of the interior trim of the main rooms of the house is new, and the attempt has been made to preserve in it the dignity and charm that characterize a properly rendered Colonial production, whether of the last century or of yesterday."



HE ROARED AND SCOLDED AND SNAPPED AND SNARLED

SISTER SUE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Pollyanna," "Mary-Marie," etc.

THE STORY OF A DEVOTED DAUGHTER NEARS ITS CONCLUSION



SLOWLY, as September passed, Sister Sue got back "into harness" as she expressed it. Her pupils came and she welcomed them eagerly. Sister Sue was counting her money very carefully these days, and every dollar helped. The wedding and the first payment toward Gordon's college expenses

had made no small hole in Sister Sue's savings and she was beginning to worry a little about the future. If they should have a big doctor's bill! And there was the fuel for the furnace! And if Gordon was to be put through college nobody knew how much would have to be paid out for him.

With all this, and more, in mind, Sister Sue began to economize in her household matters even more rigorously than ever. Gordon and May being gone, she told herself she could do it. There were now only her father and herself to feed, besides Delia, and they could have very simple food, the cheaper cuts of meat, and no rich pies or cakes. She should not go out much, so she would need but little in the way of clothing.

She wished she could let Delia go, but that was hardly possible—not if she kept her pupils, and certainly to let

her pupils go would be the height of folly. She could close part of the house. That would be a *good* idea, and very promptly she put it into effect. By moving the piano into the living-room, and changing her own bedroom to the little room next her father's, she was enabled to shut up the greater part of the rambling old house, which left much less to heat and care for. She settled down then for the Winter. When the early December snows came and piled high around the doors and windows she wrote May and Gordon that she was as snug as a bug in a rug.

IT WAS not an easy Winter. The snow came early and stayed late. It drifted deep through the roadways, and almost defied Mr. Preston to keep the paths open for the children coming to their lessons. Sister Sue went out but little. Twice her father fell sick with severe colds, and once Delia was shut up in her room for a week with a bad throat. Sister Sue thought her days were full before, but she soon learned that there is nothing quite so elastic as a busy day to encompass yet other tasks.

From May came glowing letters telling of a whirl of gaiety among new friends and old. Running through them was only one thread of disappointment: Martin's new book, "The Unknown Highway," was somehow not

seeming to catch on. The advance sales had been fair, but there were almost no reorders, and the booksellers reported overloaded shelves with few sales after the first spurt. Moreover, the reviews had not been at all satisfactory, and the general report was that people did not like the book. May said that *that* was absurd!

From Gordon also came glowing letters telling of gay times and Winter sports. At the bottom of almost every letter he said he was awfully sorry, but he hadn't yet found a decent job at waiting on tables. But it was coming, oh, it was coming! Once he wrote that he *had* tried shoveling, but it made his arms so lame that he was unfitted for study the next day, and of course he knew Sister Sue wouldn't want him to do *that*! In the meantime he was awfully sorry, but he was afraid he would have to ask for a little more money if Sister Sue could spare it.

And of course Sister Sue spared it.

To Sister Sue, as the Winter passed, the days came to be one endless round of dreariness and monotony. Sometimes she cried. Sometimes in the privacy of her own room she stormed hotly at the cruel turn the fates had played her, though always she was ashamed of this, and afterward she usually would do contrite penance by some special tenderness shown her father. Sometimes to Mrs. Preston she would say that the pan of potatoes she was

peeling didn't seem to lower much notwithstanding her long labors. But she said this, as both knew, merely to get the comfort of Mrs. Preston's swift response:

"Never mind. Petaters is petaters, an' 'way ahead o' turkey when ye come right down ter bein' necessary!"

Sister Sue still fled to her piano, when time permitted, for rest and refreshment of soul. But she never lay awake nights now, visioning herself as bowing to entranced multitudes, though still in her dreams sometimes she heard the clamorous call of "Encore, encore, Susanna Gilmore, encore, encore!"

FROM the south came warm breezes and gentle rains. Higher and higher in the heavens rolled the sun. The huge drifts disappeared and were not. Here and there a bit of green flashed back smile for smile. Little brown brave-hearted buds swelled to bursting with the promise of good things to come.

And it was Spring!

Gilmoreville never had known such a Winter. Never did the inhabitants want to see its like again, and never had Spring looked so good to them. All of which Sister Sue in the old Gilmore homestead echoed quite fervently.

And Spring did indeed bring to Sister Sue a most welcome respite from many things. There were no more frozen water-pipes, no more shivery mornings with the fire almost out, no more blizzards that threatened to cut them off from all mankind. There was now, instead, the never-failing interest for John Gilmore in the garden, which gave the shears and Sister Sue a rest. There were sunshine, soft air, singing birds, and the wonderful marvel that Spring always is after Winter.

Sister Sue drew a long breath, shook off the lethargy that seemed to have benumbed her senses for months past, gloried in Summer frocks and low shoes even though they were a bit old and shabby, and said she was glad she was living, anyway. Such is the magic of Spring after Winter.

May wrote that she was coming home in June. She wasn't a bit well, she said, and she presumed very likely the country air would be good for her. Martin thought so. The baby was coming in October, she said. She shouldn't go back to town, of course, until after that. Martin would come with her to Gilmoreville, but he wasn't planning to stay at all. He had a wonderful chance to go on a three-months' camping-trip in Maine, and he was going. He *ought* to get some good copy, he said. Anyhow, he needed the trip to freshen up. He'd had a hard Winter. But he would not be in Gilmoreville. Sister Sue needn't plan for him, therefore, but she might plan for May to be there in June and to remain until after October, anyway. And she was her affectionate sister, May.

Sister Sue read this letter and bit her lips, and sat thinking for some time. She had just reached the decision that, yes, she would write her sister May that she might come, when, upon a second reading of the letter, she discovered that this would be an unnecessary formality. May had already written that she was coming.

FROM Gordon that week came a letter saying that some friends had asked him to go with them on a motor-trip through Canada, and if she didn't mind he guessed he'd go. He'd come home, of course, first. He'd have to do that, anyway, for some new clothes. His old clothes were in awful shape. Could he have some new ones somehow? Of course, being on a motor-trip, he wouldn't need so many as he would for—for a trip to Palm

Beach, say—but he positively had to have something.

And Sister Sue promptly wrote back that he could, of course he could. He should have what was necessary, certainly. Then she went up-stairs to the attic and took out the despised old challis that had been discarded as quite impossible when May's trousseau had been planned.

"I could dye it, I think," mused Sister Sue, eying it critically. Then she gathered it into her arms and carried it down-stairs.

It was one evening in early June, before either Gordon or May had arrived, that Sister Sue, sitting alone on the veranda, heard a quick step coming up the walk. She turned to see Donald Kendall coming up the steps.

"Why, Mr. Kendall, I did not know you were in town!" she exclaimed, getting at once to her feet.

"I wasn't till four o'clock to-night. Thank you, I will sit down," he said, accepting a chair at the wave of her hand.

He sat down. Sister Sue waited for him to speak, but as he still remained silent, she hazarded:

"Is your mother feeling quite well. Mr. Kendall?"

"Eh? What? Oh, I beg pardon. Yes, quite well, thank you," he added, plainly as an afterthought.

There was another silence. In her corner Sister Sue smiled. She opened her lips once as if to speak, but she closed them again with no word said.

After a time the man stirred restlessly.

"You don't mind if I smoke?" he questioned.

"Not at all."

"Thanks."

Another silence, a longer one. The man had something to do now.

HE STAYED perhaps half an hour. He talked a little, a very little. Sister Sue, still smiling in her corner, met him half-way, cordially, but inasmuch as the most of the subjects introduced were discussed by him with a short "Yes" or "No," or "I don't know," she did not attempt any lengthy discussion.

It was not until he rose abruptly to go that she learned the real intent of his visit.

"Miss Gilmore, I suppose I was—well—er—perhaps a bit rude to you on that last morning before I went away after Old-Home Day. I'm sorry." His lips snapped tight shut with the irritability of a man performing an annoying duty. Then still irritably, he said: "Miss Gilmore, I expect to be around here about a week. If quite convenient to you, I'll be over here to-morrow morning at nine o'clock with my violin. That is, I mean, may I?" he amended, with the impatience of one not accustomed to asking favors.

Sister Sue laughed merrily.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Kendall, but you mayn't, not at nine o'clock," she smiled. "I have pupils all the morning, and most of the afternoon, but I'll be glad to have you come in the evening, as early as seven, if you like."

"Thanks. I'll be here."

The next moment Sister Sue was alone, laughing all by herself in the dark, in the vine-shaded corner of the veranda.

Promptly at seven the next evening Donald Kendall appeared with his violin and his music. And promptly at seven every evening for the next week he did likewise, to say nothing of several other times during the day when her pupils were not expected.

And when the week was over and he was gone, Sister Sue declared to herself that it was the happiest seven days she had known since she had come to Gilmoreville. To have lived again, even if for only one short week, in the atmosphere of music that was music, was something to hold dear to one's heart; something that would help to tide one over many a dreary day when music was only Johnny Smith's scales or Ruth Reynolds's five-finger exercises; something to think of and to live over and over again in memory. And it would help through so many things.

Sister Sue was so glad afterward that she had had that blessed week of joy, for it did help through so many, many things—and she sorely needed it, for if the Winter had been a hard one, the Summer that followed was even harder, though in quite a different way.

MRS. MARTIN KENT'S baby came early in October. It was a little girl. May named her Martia. She said it was the nearest she could come to "Martin." They had wanted a boy. They had planned to call him after his father, and she was disappointed to have it turn out to be a girl, after all their plans.

May was really quite fretful about it. But that was nothing new. May had been fretful all Summer. She had been sick and nervous, and very difficult to

Continued on page 81



AT THE ROAD'S END

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

SOMETIMES THE ROAD WAS A TWISTED RIDDLE,
WHERE ONE MIGHT STRAY FOR A CROOKED MILE;
BUT, OH, SHE DANCED TO THE PIPES AND FIDDLE
MOST OF THE WHILE, MOST OF THE WHILE.

SOMETIMES THE WIND AND THE RAIN TOGETHER
BLURRED THE HILL THAT SHE NEEDS MUST CLIMB;
BUT, OH, SHE TRIPPED IT IN PRIMROSE WEATHER
MOST OF THE TIME, MOST OF THE TIME.

WHO MAY SAY THAT THE JOURNEY TRIED HER?
NEVER A ROMANY WENT AS GAY,
SEEING THAT TRUE LOVE WALKED BESIDE HER
ALL OF THE WAY, ALL OF THE WAY.



MARIE CURIE, WHO DISCOVERED RADIUM, IN HER LABORATORY IN PARIS

THE GREATEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD

BY MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

ONE morning in the Spring of 1898, about the time this country was going to war with Spain, a woman in Europe stepped forth from a shack of a laboratory in Paris with the greatest secret of the century literally in the palm of her hand.

It was one of the silent, unheralded great moments of the world's history. Radium, a hitherto unknown force, had been found, and it was a woman's gift to the world.

The discovery of radium was no accident. It was the triumph of faith over hardship and doubting men. Marie Curie, with her husband, Pierre Curie, with whose name she shares all of her honors, had labored for many months, running into years, pursuing the elusive power of nature which lay beneath the bosom of the earth. That was twenty-three years ago. Most of us have heard about radium. Few of us know much about the man who discovered it.

Time will reach back through the centuries and point to our generation as the age of radium. History will make immortal the name of Marie Curie.* Scientists, laymen and governments have proclaimed its fact.

Caesar's fame is wider to-day than it was when he set out to conquer the world.

Buddha was known to only a few tribes when he walked the earth.

When Christ died on the cross, His name was not known five hundred miles from Calvary.

And Madame Curie, who, after long, hard years of struggle against resistant nature wrested from the earth the secret of radium, is too poor to purchase the precious stuff for further and much-needed experiments.

We may think that radium is too scientific for us to understand. And perhaps it is. But its uses and effects enter into our every-day life. Men on the battlefields and in the hospitals of France and all over the world bless the discoverer of radium.

Men have grown rich from the great secret Marie Curie extracted from the earth, but she would not reach out her hand to grasp control and corresponding wealth and power for herself nor for her own children.

"I gave the secret to the world. It was not to enrich any one. It was for all people."

Madame Curie said that to me on the morning of May 18, 1920. That is the key-note of the woman.

"It was for all people."

That was the spirit of the mind that had reached into the bowels of the earth for one of the healing secrets of God.

At the beginning of the war there were not enough scientists to do the highly specialized work. And so she went to the front and worked with her own hands.

She took her young daughter with her. She gave all she had—her knowledge, her power, her pennies.

Out in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, there is an enormous plant. Its tall stacks plume the sky with smoke day and night, while its furnaces reduce millions of pounds of minerals to new forms until compressed nature is resolved into that fiery, mysterious power—a grain of radium, one gram of which is worth a million francs.

The men who control this plant count their wealth in millions.

They have cars and servants and palatial homes.

I met Madame Curie first in her institute on a beautiful morning in May, 1920. The Institute Curie is a new building, not a jarring, but certainly a modern, note in old Paris.

TWO things about it are French—its clocks and flower-garden. For the rest it might have been built in America and furnished by Grand Rapids.

The reception-room—a little room perhaps ten by twelve feet—was almost as bare as a nun's cell. There were seven stiff wooden chairs and a plain oblong table. On the walls there were two maps, one of Paris, one of France, and the plainest clock I ever saw in France.

It was a cold, bare room, stripped of all human frivolity and pretense. It was like a blank canvas on which a great character would stand out in bold relief.

The door opened and a woman entered. She was tall

and very thin. Her plain, black-serge dress was partly covered by a black cotton apron. She came toward me with a light, springy step of youthful energy. But there was no youth in her voice nor in her face. Her hands showed the toil of many years. The rounded shoulders and slightly bowed head evidenced a lifetime of desk work. These details registered for a moment and then were lost in the wonder of her face.

It is the face of a medieval saint. Sorrow, courage and calm are stamped upon her. Her very attitude is one of supreme patience, of one who can wait and wait and wait. Her eyes are the cold, detached, impersonal eyes of a scholar. They are tragic eyes—tragic as the wide acres where the youth of France is buried.

When she spoke of France or of the battle-fields where she fought for the lives of men, those eyes melted with tenderness, and she might have been the mother of a *poilu*.

She was a little uncertain at that first meeting about being interviewed. It was unpleasant for her. She had made it a rule to avoid interviews.

If I had found her in one of the marble palaces on the Champs Élysées, I should have felt more comfortable about it.

But the world needs to be told of Madame Curie. I tried to make her understand this. She insisted that her life had been simple and uneventful, just a life of study and work and her home and her children.

"I CAME to Paris when I was young, to study," she explained. "There are many students working in Paris to-day, just as I worked—more advantages perhaps and easier for women. I had no great ambition. My family were all teachers. At first, I think I only meant to teach—to be a very good teacher—and I have just gone on studying and teaching, and working.

"My husband and I worked on radium many years before success came. But we had support in our researches. There were people who believed in the work. And then it came. We did not keep the secret. It was not to enrich any one. It was for all people. We did not even keep enough to provide for our children. I do not regret this, but I have not radium enough here with which to work, because it is so very much needed for the biological and medical work of this institute.

"France needs for her hospitals the radium now here. During the war medical work was started in this institute and it can't be stopped now. We need more radium to carry forward scientific experiments while the work for treatment of diseases should still be going on."

The next time I saw Madame Curie I spent the morning with her at Institute Curie.

As she entered the room—this time in her best dress, the black silk in which her photograph had been made three years ago—she smiled and said: "It was a beautiful attention, sending me the roses of France. It was very extravagant, but they gave me a great pleasure."

Five dollars' worth of roses had given her great pleasure! And she meant that literally. It was no polite mouthing. The rare smile that came into her patient face told more than her words: "They were so very, very beautiful."

I thought of the private greenhouses in Pittsburg.

Madame Curie is remote from the Rue de Rivoli. Science changes; theories and experiments vary from day to day; but clothes—they are to cover the body—and Madame Curie hasn't shopped since the war.

MADAME CURIE is a woman of rare beauty. She has a classical head. The high, broad forehead, the full temples, the generous back, have the lines of an old Greek statue. But the face is not Greek. It is softer, fuller, more human. It has suffering and patience in it.

It has the mother look. Understanding, patient eyes. Deep-set, inquiring eyes, that seem to be looking out into eternity. Steady, attentive eyes, consistent with the firm, sensitive mouth. She has not the muscular mouth of an orator, but the relaxed lips of one who listens much and speaks little.

Every line of her slender body bespeaks

patience. She stood in her laboratory, waiting for the ten minutes that come twice each week when the radium emanations are being extracted from the Government's small store to be used in the hospitals, watching in that dim-lit room for the exact moment when the miracle of fire, like a star from heaven, should spring into existence and trickle slowly through a tube fine enough to pass through the eye of a needle.

She leaned slightly against the door of the radium room. She was apparently oblivious of her surroundings. She watched the light coming. She was the epitome of patience. She might have been waiting a million years—even as the world has been waiting—for the miracle about to happen.

The first time I met Madame Curie I asked her to consider writing her biography. There were two arguments. First, it would be done some day, and it would be better for her to give it authentically. And then there was the material reward which she should be reaping—and it would buy radium.

She said she would write or collaborate with some one in writing her life. "It will be a little book. There is not much to tell about me. I was born in Poland. My family were teachers. I was educated in Poland, in Warsaw, until I was nearly twenty-five. That is the first part of my life.

"Then I came to Paris. All of my work, the chief part of my life, has been done here. Paris is my home." Those four words brought the rare smile which is the tender revelation of this woman.

FACTS ABOUT RADIUM

TWENTY-FIVE years ago thousands of tons of lumpish, reddish powder were dumped out of the uranium mines of Bohemia at the disposal of any one who chose to cart it away. Hidden away in this dust were particles of what is now known to be the most priceless stuff in the world.

Radium comes from pitchblende or uraninite, a mineral found in Saxony, Bohemia, Cornwall, Colorado, and a few other places.

It takes months of work to extract from a ton of ore enough radium to cover the point of a knife. All the radium that exists in the world to-day, extracted and purified, amounts to only sixty grams, a quantity so small it could be carried around in a man's pocket.

Pure radium can be determined in five minutes by a wireless-telegraph instrument, by which radium rays are measured. Radium is sold by the weight of the rays measured thus, not by the size or weight of the radium crystal. Radium is the strongest force in the world. The power contained in a gram is enough to raise a battle-ship of twenty-eight thousand tons one hundred feet in the air.

A very little radium mixed with zinc crystals will make an object permanently luminous. This property of radium was utilized especially during the war to make luminous watches and compasses which were invisible to the enemy. Last year there were four million radium watches manufactured in the United States. There are now on the market guns with luminous sights, luminous buttons for flash-lights and fire-extinguishers, and radium-lighted fish bait.

True diamonds can be detected by radium. A diamond held near radium, even if the radium is in an iron box, will glow in the dark. A glass or paste diamond will remain invisible. A skeptical lady asked a doctor to test her ring which was set with four large stones. In the dark only three showed. Then she remembered that twenty years before she had lost one and a jeweler had replaced it for her, at a good price. She had never suspected it of being glass.

The force of radium will pass through any substance but lead or steel. It will pass through a pile of books or through four or five inches of oak or pine wood with equal ease. A piece of radium must therefore never be carried in the pocket in a pasteboard or wooden box, but in a thick lead container. Even when carried in lead, it has the power to make uncomfortable blisters if forgotten.

In one hospital a very faithful night-watchman was told to put a specimen of radium in the safe after the nurse had removed the tube from a patient. He was so afraid to put it away until he had been on his rounds that he put it in his inside coat pocket and forgot it for several hours. Two weeks later he was treated for a big blister on his ribs which took several weeks to heal.

Radium can cause blindness, paralysis, or even death to any one exposed directly to it. Scientists who experiment with it even with the utmost care are therefore in constant danger.

The rays of radium are used in the treatment of diseases, in diagnosing diseases of the eye and in the treatment of cancer, tumors and skin diseases.

"I have worked here in Paris, studied and taught married and had my children here. They have always been here. During the war I was separated from them because part of the time I was in the hospitals at the front. But I was only a few hours away from them and if anything had happened or they had needed me badly, I could have come immediately. During the war, one had to do such things."

She felt she had to apologize for being absent from her children, even in the war.

When the world war started, seven years ago, Madame Curie was at work in her laboratory, spending part of her time in Austria near the radium-fields and part in Paris at the Radium Institute. She was teaching chemistry at the Sorbonne and working with other scientists at the Pasteur Institute.

With the reports of wounded and dying men increasing day by day, Madame Curie put aside all thought of scientific research and offered her services in radioactivity to the French Government for the army hospitals.

It is estimated in the French War Office that more than fifty thousand lives were saved by this science.

There were not enough trained specialists to do the hospital work in this department. Madame Curie took her elder daughter and some of her students and went right down to the battle-front, to the first hospital behind the lines, where she trained her assistants and ministered to suffering men.

Institute Curie [was closed for the period of the war. Laboratories in the enemy countries, Austria and Germany, continued to work undisturbed by the groans of millions of suffering men. The cold, analytical minds were concentrated on the elusive facts and toms of undiscovered secrets.

Nothing but service to suffering men counted with the great Curie for a moment. She was mother and minister to an agonized people. Science could wait.

And now she teaches radioactivity at the Sorbonne. She gives lectures and demonstrations, and she has the responsibility of the direction of the Radium Institute in Paris.

I asked if she had ever been to America. "No," she said with real regret, "and I have wanted to go so much; but I am a mother and I could not leave my children."

A volume in that sentence. She could not leave her children.

LIKE the words: "It was not to enrich any one. It was for all people."

Madame Curie's elder daughter Irene, twenty years old and is following her mother's work.

"I have had to bring the children with myself. Their father was killed, I know, when the baby was only eight months old. After that I could not go to America. It is so far away.

"It takes six weeks out of one's life to go and come and have time to see very little of that great country."

The radium room is in the cellar, where it was installed when the Germans threatened Paris.

Speaking of that she said: "If they had ever gotten to Paris I should have stayed right here to protect the place."

I felt no power would have conquered here. I had been through the laboratory, down into the damp, cold cellar where the radium is kept and guarded and where the work is done. There are four radium rooms. Three of them were empty. The fourth is making radium tubes for government hospital use. There is not radium enough for experiments and for medical work.

When we returned to the bare little reception-room, I asked the great Curie what she would choose if the whole world were at her feet.

"A little radium with which to carry further experiments," she replied with hesitancy.

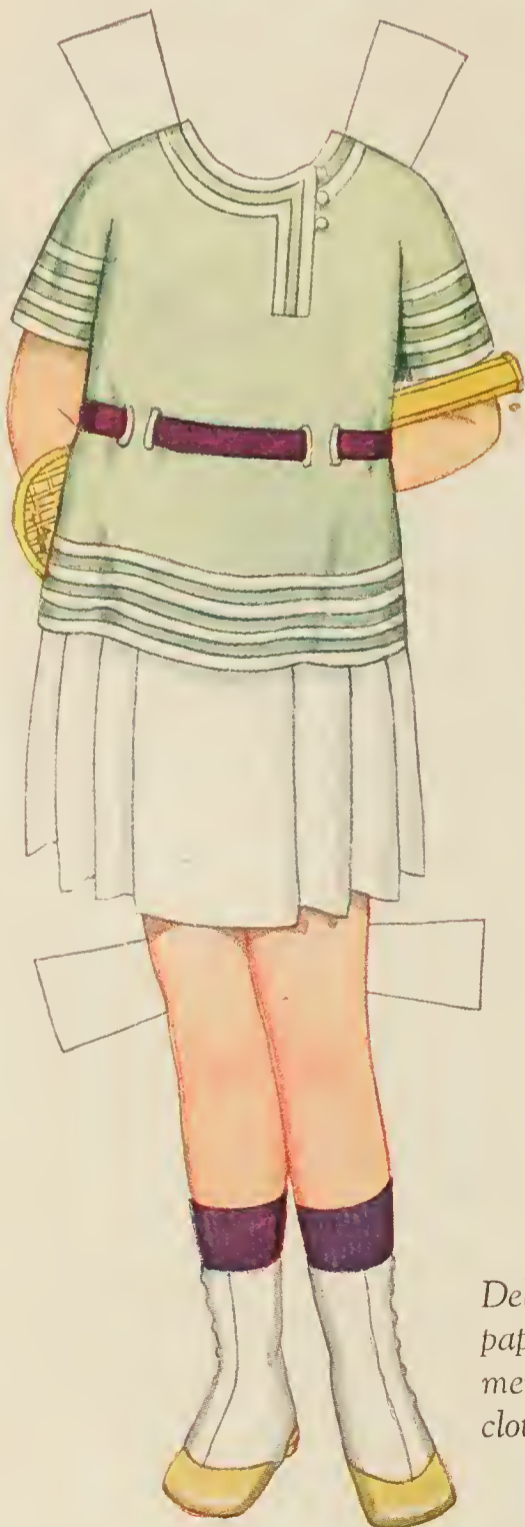
Her answer was not intended as a rebuff nor a plea, but understanding of its significance reveals human nature's highest impulse. It is a challenge to those of us who neither dream nor do.

And life is passing and the great Curie getting older, and the world losing, and she alone knows, what great secret.

And millions are dying of cancer every year!



M A D A M E M A R I E C U R I E



Dell is a very lucky little paper doll. Do you remember all the nice new clothes she had in the Winter?

Well, here are some more new ones that her mother has just made for her from the latest Butterick designs



TO-DAY WAS ONE OF MRS. JOHNSON'S BAD DAYS

"ALL TO HUSBAND"

BY W. B. MAXWELL

Author of "The Devil's Garden," "Glamour," etc.

BEFORE turning the corner of the road that led to Clapham Common Mr. Johnson always looked back to admire his house—or rather his wife's house.

It was one of the few old-fashioned buildings that still remained in this overcrowded, too-much-modernized neighborhood; quite a little "place," with its white walls, green shutters and the diminutive carriage-drive so nicely shaded by laburnum-trees and lilac-bushes. To Mr. Johnson's simple eye it surpassed the standard of mere gentility and touched grandeur.

Twelve easy and contented years had passed since he married its owner—for her money, as the lady's relatives said.

She was older than himself, a large spinster who parted her none-too-luxuriant hair in the middle and wore silk dresses and a gold locket on her ample bosom; but the amenities of the white house, the luxurious furniture, the glass decanters and silver dishes on the sideboard at once decided Mr. Hector Johnson that she represented

the chance of a lifetime. He did not for a moment hesitate to go for the chance. He had been a quartermaster-sergeant in the old regular army, and he had the veteran soldier's horror of work and danger, together with his immense love of comfort and security. Sweethearting and adventure are all very well, but the universe holds nothing more delightful than a permanent soft job.

At the period of his courting he was about thirty-five; and Miss Streatley fell an overripe victim to the allurements of his big nose, carefully plastered hair and sanguine complexion. She could not resist his swaggering walk and open-air voice. Even his sergeants'-mess humor did not strike her as vulgar. She was entirely independent of her relations, and their feeble opposition counted for nothing with her. One of them, an uncle, since deceased, tried to interfere; but he had to make the best of it and be reconciled, eventually assisting in the formalities needed with lawyers and clergymen, merely consoling himself by prophecies that she would soon find out her mistake and be made to regret it by Hector Johnson's cruelty.

Uncle John's forecast was not fulfilled. She continued

to adore her husband, and he, for his part, had always done his duty by her.

He was doing it now, at the corner of the road. He could detect a bulky form at one of the first-floor windows, and, although he could not see this, he guessed that she was waving to him affectionately. He took off his silk hat with a flourish, and kissed the tip of a gloved hand to the good, kind wife who had given him the use of the house and all the nice things in it.

Then he turned his broad back and walked briskly away; a prosperous, middle-aged, military-looking gentleman about to spend a blameless morning—to exercise himself on the Common, to read newspapers or talk politics at the conservative club, to inspect meat at the butcher-shop, to draw some light stores at the grocer's, and to come home sharp-set for the excellent luncheon—in fact, to do what he had been doing day after day for such a long time and with such perfect satisfaction.

At home again, all things smiled a welcome. In the dining-room a white-capped parlor-maid stood with her back to the sideboard; the roast mutton in the patent

Continued on page-45

LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—VI

HONORARY CONSULTING BOARD:

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THE TRICKS IN THE TRADE

MUCH THAT SEEMS PSYCHIC A CLEVER CONJURER CAN ACHIEVE BY MAGIC

BY LEONARD THOMPSON TROLAND

With this edition ends the series of articles written by the distinguished experts of our Honorary Psychic Consulting Board. There have been a great many replies to our invitation for psychic experiences. Among the manuscripts submitted are several which, because of peculiar human interest, we may publish when the board of experts shall have passed upon them.

THE association between so-called psychic phenomena and "magic" is intimate in more than one respect. Historically, the two things have developed from the same source, namely, from the practises and pretensions of priests or medicine-men. In the beginning magic was a very serious business, intended by the magician to defraud his audiences so that they would attribute to him supernatural powers. With the advancement of civilization, however, the tricks of primitive priesthood became a heritage of the theater, and the modern prestidigitator uses his art merely to amuse his audience, although if he is a real artist in legerdemain he momentarily creates an atmosphere of mystery and wonderment at his powers. The professional medium or psychic, on the other hand, maintains the traditional purposes of the priesthood and if such a medium has recourse to fraud it is to attain the same ends.

Between these two classes of modern purveyors of the apparently supernatural there is a great gulf fixed. Of all moderns the modern magician is the last one who would entertain a belief in the reality of any so-called psychic manifestation. He knows as a part of the business by which he earns his daily bread that apparently supernatural effects can be produced by the simplest devices. He knows the gullibility of audiences, how human beings delight in being fooled, and the inability of even skilful observers to detect the conjurer's ruses. He sees that mediums operate usually under conditions which are extremely favorable for deception and that their failures can always be explained by the momentary "weakness of the psychic forces."

Whether the professional magician is or is not correct in his complete skepticism regarding psychic phenomena, it is certainly very pertinent to consider some of the physical and psychological factors involved in his trade. There can not be the least doubt that a very large number of alleged psychic manifestations are actually performed by the devices familiar to magicians. Countless numbers of mediums have been shown to be mere tricksters, often utilizing elaborate systems for gaining information concerning their sitters and for producing the psychological effects upon them which insure their continued patronage. In large cities intricate organizations of "psychics" have been discovered, the purpose of which is to collect information concerning those persons known to be most susceptible to the lure of the supernatural.

A class of psychics, however, still remains who are apparently quite honest and whose phenomena are perplexing to the physical skeptic. Some of these may be simply exceptionally cultivated and clever tricksters, others may be *unconscious magicians*. It is certain that many psychics possess split personalities, that is, they have a mental nature which consists of two or more separate systems of thought and action. One of these systems, the normal self, is commonplace and upright, but one of the others, a normally subconscious personality, may be a trickster and a swindler. Of course, if we are completely unprejudiced, we may still entertain the view that some small residuum of actually supernatural processes still exists, but we should certainly scrutinize this residuum very carefully in the light of the principles of *scientific* rather than supernatural magic.

The effects produced by the professional magician are



Photo by Abbe

THE CARD WHICH HE SELECTS IS ACTUALLY THE CHOICE OF THE MAGICIAN

so varied that in one case or another they utilize almost every physical or psychological principle. Laws of electrical action and optics almost as mysterious in their actual nature as the apparent magic may be utilized. Elaborate mechanical devices contribute to such pretentious exhibitions as those of Keller and Thurston. However, the greater part of the magician's stock in trade is psychological. The cleverest conjurers use very little apparatus because the lay mind can see through apparatus, however complex. What the conjurer relies upon mainly is "fraud and swindle." A really scientific and refined exhibition of magic and supernatural, if it were possible, would fail on the public stage. The magician is not so much a skilful juggler of cards and coins as he is a *juggler of the consciousnesses of his audience*. He entrances their attention, misdirects it, and carries out operations often of the simplest and most open kind "before their very faces and eyes" without being detected.

The magician's type of fraud makes use of what a friend of mine who is skilled in the art calls "the blind spots of human perception." The essential skill of the sleight-of-hand performer lies in discovering such blind spots or in producing them. It is a familiar fact that in the field of vision of each eye there is a region in which objects can not be seen, although in normal life we are completely unaware of the existence of this condition. Similarly, in the larger life of the mind there are situations in which one is presented with obvious facts, but entirely fails to notice them. I have more than once been guilty of ignorance of the name of a street which I have passed down hundreds of times.

Similarly, the professional magician discovers situations in which normal human perception fails to notice

exactly what is occurring. He directs the attention of his whole audience so that often large objects, for example coffee-pots or even human beings, can be bodily substituted for others without any one noticing that it has occurred. Something happens, but it is of such a nature that the audience naturally pays no attention to it.

This principle of the blind spots of human perception which plays such an important part in legerdemain also operates to produce most of the difficulties met by the scientific imagination in its attempt to unravel the mysteries of nature. Upon its operation depends the fascination of all of the classical puzzles with which the history of tricks and toy-making has provided us; upon it also depends the psychology of the conundrum, over which we may ponder for hours before we "give it up," only to call ourselves fools when we perceive the simplicity of the answer.

When I am led to decide that my inability to "see" how a certain effect has been produced by normal physical means is equivalent to proof that normal means were actually not operative, it may be that the explanation lies simply in the fact that the image of the true answer falls upon one of the temporary blind spots of my thinking. The history of science shows that this has been the final account of thousands of apparent violations of the uniformity and continuity of nature. Most of us who have the scientific habit of thinking, believe that this will be the ultimate disposition of the psychic "residuum."

The psychologist can appreciate more readily than the layman the reality of the magician's power to manipulate the perceptions of his audience. The layman believes that his consciousness of the external world is a direct presentation to him of physical realities. The psychologist, however, knows that the world of each individual's perception is directly only a construction of that individual's *brain*. The only reason why the world of perception has any relation to the permanent universe of physical science lies in the fact that the brain's

operations are very largely under the control of the sense-organs. However, the leash which connects them with eye and ear is none too strong and in the processes of imagination, distraction, etc., consciousness breaks away from physical realities and constructs a universe of its own. The skilful magician is able to control these subjective forces and make them minister to his purposes.

The exact methods used by magicians vary greatly from individual to individual and also from age to age. The cleverest conjurers employ methods which are characteristically their own, and it is often almost as difficult for one magician to tell how another one actually produces his effects as it is for the layman to determine his method. Many magical illusions can be produced by a multitude of different means. The great magician, Herrmann, won his reputation largely by the novelty of the devices which he employed, as he utilized practically none of the methods of his predecessors.

The principle of the perceptual blind spot was very clearly illustrated in one incident concerning which I have been informed, in which a clever magician performed a new trick before a considerable audience *practically all of whom were themselves professional conjurers*. The trick was of a telepathic type and was accomplished by means of a complete and very simple swindle, but *no one in the audience was able to guess the method*. Individual magicians are naturally very loath to reveal the means by which they accomplish their fascinating effects, since once the method is understood the performance loses its glamour; although the cleverest of conjurers can so hypnotize his witnesses that they can not see what he is actually doing even when they know precisely the mechanism of the trick.

Continued on page 64



Asparagus Soup

What a treat to have the real flavor and fragrance of fresh asparagus! Juicy, tender tips, cut every morning are brought straight to Campbell's kitchens and, with fresh milk, creamery butter and seasoning, made into a delicious creamy soup the same day. You never tasted a more savory dish.

Celery Soup

Crisp stalks of celery, gathered in the autumn when field-blanching to a creamy whiteness, are made into a puree and blended with rich milk, creamery butter and delightful seasoning. A refreshing delicacy—wonderfully appetizing and invigorating.

Pea Soup

You will relish this delightful essence of selected peas, sifted and refined with the utmost care. Daintily prepared by a Campbell's recipe to retain their delicate aroma and flavor, smoothed with fresh milk and creamery butter, they make an extremely palatable soup—an enticing luxury.

Enjoy these delicious soups often

You could not have anything more tempting on your table than one of these delicate creamy soups with their fragrant inviting savor and aroma.

All the enticing natural flavor and sweetness of these favorite vegetables the Campbell's method completely retains.

Enriched as they are in the making by fresh milk and choice creamery butter, the simple addition of milk or cream, instead of water, when serving renders these soups even richer and more inviting.

Especially during Lent, the absence of meat broth places these three Campbell's Soups among the most popular in American homes. Enjoy one of them on your own table today.

21 kinds

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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

ELIZABETH MANAGES

BY BARBARA KAY

(CONCLUSION)

WHO said breakfast pie?" A gaunt figure in khaki appeared in the doorway, and Elizabeth, with one admonishing finger still up-lifted, turned from her grandfather and hurled herself upon it.

"Emerson, the well-known sage of Concord," Buddy continued, "used to eat pie for his breakfast, pumpkin pie, and it goes very well with coffee."

"Grandfather won't let me have so much as a snitch of coffee," Elizabeth pouted, still clinging to him.

"I'm going into father's office, did you know it?" Buddy said. "Until day before yesterday I might just as well have thought of getting a job with J. P. Morgan, and then suddenly this opening came, and my old boss recommended me for it. I began to get busy on the hospital wire, just as soon as I realized I was cured, and my old boss is a white man, if ever there was one."

"Not going to Russia just at present?" his father asked.

"Not going to Russia," Buddy said steadily.

After breakfast Elizabeth had her first minute alone with her brother. They were in the living-room, in grandmother's and grandfather's chairs, respectively, with the big fern branching between them.

"Well, sister?" Buddy said.

"Well, Buddy!"

"What do you know about Ruth, now?"

"You mean how—how is she?"

"I mean, tell me everything you know that you haven't told me before."

"Haven't you talked with mother about her since you came?"

"Not a word."

"Hasn't she told you—"

"Nothing."

"Well, then I've got to."

"You certainly have, and quick," said Buddy. "What is it? Fire away."

"Ruth—Ruth is going to—to get married next week—Thursday."

"Oh!" Buddy's jaw shut on the monosyllable.

"It was hurried up all of a sudden."

"We'll see about that. Is this Chambers fellow around?"

"No, he is in Boston, but he comes down to see her all the time."

"We'll see about that, too. What's her telephone number?"

"Thirty-two, ring eleven. You have to ring in, you know—that handle on the box, and ask Central."

"I WANT to speak to Miss Ruth Farraday—Mr. Swift."

He put his hand over the mouthpiece, the fingers trembled slightly, but his voice was cool. "I guess that was your friend Peggy. Sounded like a flapper's voice. She's gone to call her. Oh, hello, Ruth," he said into the instrument. "This is John. Yes, I managed to squirm out. Fine, thank you. A little under weight, that's all. I want to see you. Now, this morning, may I come over there? I wouldn't take up much time. Yes, it is important. Oh, all right, that will be better yet. I am perfectly able to make it, but I'd rather have you here if you'll come. All right. In about half an hour. All right. Good-by."

"She's coming here," he explained to Elizabeth. "It's awfully decent of her."

"She is awfully decent."

"She's scared."

"Who wouldn't be?" Elizabeth said. "My gracious!"

"I suppose I ought to try to get into some kind of other clothes."

"She'd like you better in those," Elizabeth said positively.

"How do you know?"

"I don't know how I know, but I know," Elizabeth said. "I'm a girl, and I know."

"I guess you are," Buddy said. "I never thought of it



"WHO SAID BREAKFAST PIE?" A GAUNT FIGURE IN KHAKI APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY

before, but you're a girl and you've got a line on girls. Do I look pretty punk to you? Cadaverous and all that?"

"You are the handsomest thing," Elizabeth cried, "that I ever saw, Buddy. You used to be good-looking, but now you've got a kind of—look—a soulful look—that—"

"That'll do. I was only interested in my physical aspect."

"I think men are the funniest things," Elizabeth said. "It isn't that they don't want to be loved—"

"NO, IT isn't," said Buddy. "Go tell mother to keep the coast clear, will you, and then come back. No, don't come back. I'll watch for Ruth and let her in. No, you watch for Ruth and let her in. You bring her in here, and then get out unless I tell you to stick around. See?"

"You can't tell me that before her."

"I can tell anybody anything before her."

"All right," Elizabeth said, "but—but I'm scared, Buddy."

"You—you go to the deuce," her brother said, and only then did Elizabeth realize the strain under which he was laboring.

It was with a face nearly as white as Buddy's own that she opened the door to Ruth a few minutes later.

"Buddy's in there," she said weakly, in answer to Ruth's inquiry.

"Come and show me," Ruth said.

"Right this way," Elizabeth said superfluously. "Buddy, here's Ruth."

"All right," said Buddy, unfolding his long legs from the rocking-chair, and advancing so slowly that Elizabeth knew he was trembling with weakness. "You may go now, Elizabeth."

"Please," said Ruth Farraday in her low voice, "let her stay." She put out her hand, and then when Buddy would have taken it, withdrew it.

"I am going to be married," she said, "next week. Did Elizabeth tell you?"

"Yes," said Buddy. "It's me you should be marrying. You know that, don't you?"

"NO," SAID Ruth Farraday. "Yes, I do know it, I think. But it's too late now."

"You are my girl," said Buddy, "and you know it."

"Supposing I do," said Ruth Farraday, "what then?"

"This marriage is a lie. It can't happen."

"It has—happened, as far as I am concerned. I have given my word."

"Ruth, you can't mean that."

"But I do."

"You mean you haven't the courage to break away?"

"I mean more than that. This has happened, that's all. I've given my word. I've let things get where they

Continued on page 48



“What beans shall I buy?”

For millions of housewives the answer to that question is: “Campbell’s.” They know the value of the Campbell’s label—its promise of good food. They know that a great national reputation can only be built on quality. So they buy Campbell’s every time. Carefully selected beans,—slow-cooked, digestible, and delightfully appetizing with their famous tomato sauce.

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

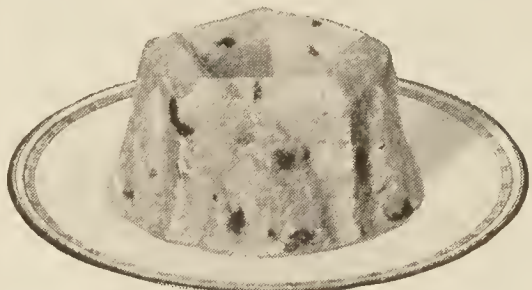
LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Mrs. Knox's Corner

Most Delicious Dishes from Just Plain Rice

I HAVE found so many exquisite dishes can be made of rice and meat or fish, or rice and fruit, that it seems to me it should have a much more frequent place in our daily fare.

Here are two very simple but delightful dishes in which rice is given a new charm with Knox Sparkling Gelatine.



RICE PEACH CHARLOTTE

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1 cup canned peaches, apricots or pineapple pressed through sieve ½ cup cold water
4 cupfuls of cooked rice ½ cup boiling water
2 tablespoons lemon juice Whites of 2 eggs
Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar, and when dissolved add lemon juice. Strain, cool slightly and add peach or other fruit juice and pulp. When mixture begins to stiffen, beat (using a wire whisk) until light; add whites of eggs, beaten until stiff and beat together thoroughly. Line the sides of a buttered mold with the rice, pressing it in tightly. Pour gelatine mixture slowly into the center. When firm, turn on platter and serve with cream, whipped or plain, or a marshmallow or peach sauce.

Left-over coffee, combined with Knox Sparkling Gelatine, makes delicious Coffee Jelly, Coffee Spanish Cream or Mocha Sponge, recipes for which are found in my booklets.

SALMON RICE LOAF

½ envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cupful cold water 1 can of salmon
1 teaspoonful salt 1 cupful cooked rice
½ teaspoonful pepper ¼ cupful milk
1 tablespoonful melted butter
Soften the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by adding the hot milk. Add the seasonings, salmon, rice and butter. Pour into a wet mold and let stand until set. This may be served cold on lettuce as a salad or with a hot tomato sauce in place of meat at dinner. (Any other fish or meat may be used in place of salmon.)

Knox Sparkling Gelatine, being transparent, colorless and unflavored, may be used with all foods, fish and meat, as well as fruit and vegetables.

MY RECIPE BOOKS—FREE

My recipe books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" contain many other new ideas for serving rice, fresh fruits or meats. Send for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

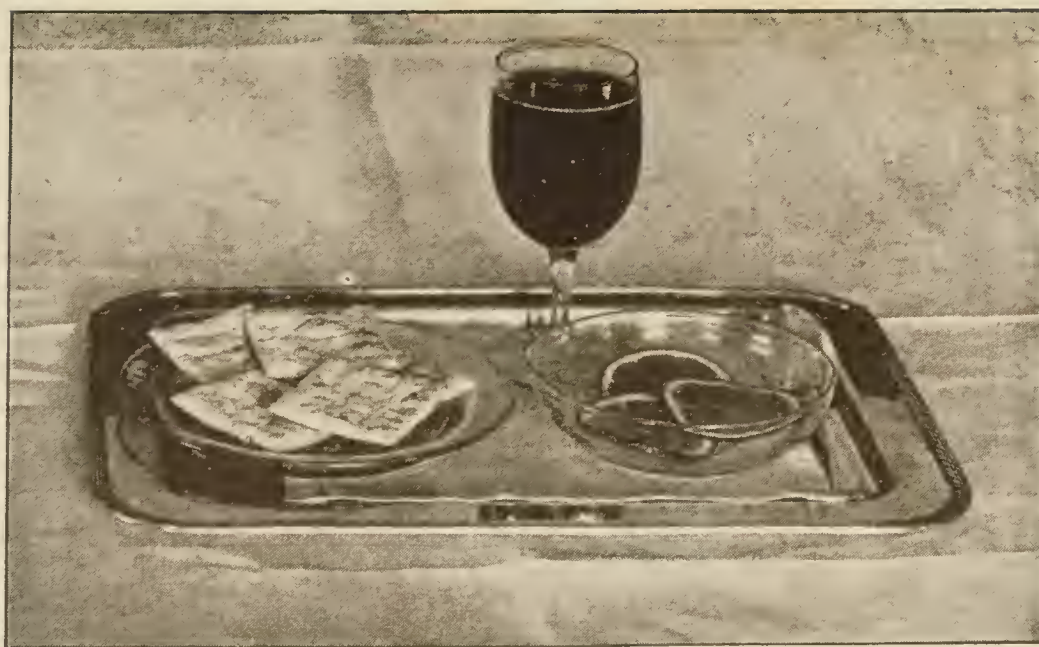
MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE

166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife.



THERE'S "PUNCH" IN RHUBARB—OF A VERY HEALTHFUL SORT

RHUBARB: DESSERT AND TONIC

BY LUCILLE BREWER AND ALICE BLINN

RHUBARB possesses highly desirable nutritional qualities and is procurable at a reasonable cost. It is rich in the mineral salts, which all persons are likely to need as a Spring tonic, and, like most fruits and vegetables, acts as a mild laxative.

The first novelty in cooking rhubarb may be overcoming an old prejudice in favor of removing the skin. This thin red skin should be left on if one is to secure an attractive, beautifully colored product, no matter what rhubarb recipe is to be followed. Another innovation in the plain preparation of rhubarb is baking rather than stewing it. Alternate layers of rhubarb and a generous sprinkling of sugar, placed in a baking-dish with a few small pieces of butter and a little grated lemon-rind or cinnamon on top, will give the family an entirely new conception of rhubarb sauce.

All during the hot Summer months rhubarb itself, or rhubarb juice or jelly, will make a pleasant, cooling item on the week's menus. In gelatin desserts, sherbets, punches or in shortcake or pudding, on cooler days, rhubarb has its place. Once it becomes popular to the family taste, some must be canned for Winter use.

RHUBARB SPONGE

2 tablespoons granulated gelatin 1 cup rhubarb sauce
¼ cup cold water ½ cup sugar
Whites of 2 eggs 1 cup milk

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water until it is soft. Scald the milk, and dissolve the sugar in it. Pour the hot milk over the gelatin, and stir it until the gelatin is dissolved. Set the mixture in a cool place until it begins to stiffen. Then beat it well with an egg-beater, add the rhubarb, and fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Turn the mixture into a mold that has been rinsed with cold water and chill it until it is set. Serve the sponge with whipped cream.

RHUBARB PUFFS

1 cup flour ½ cup milk
1 teaspoon baking-powder 1 tablespoon melted fat
¼ teaspoon salt 1 egg, beaten
¼ cup sugar Rhubarb sauce

COMBINE all the ingredients, except the rhubarb, in the order given, and beat the mixture until it is smooth. Grease individual molds or cups, and into each put three tablespoons of rhubarb sauce and then one tablespoon of the batter. Steam the puffs for twenty minutes and serve them warm with cream and sugar or with foaming sauce.

FOAMING SAUCE

¾ cup rhubarb-juice
Whites of 2 eggs
1 cup sugar

BOIL the sugar and the juice until the sirup threads. Pour it over the well-beaten whites of the eggs, and beat the mixture until it is smooth and thick. Serve the sauce cold.

RHUBARB SHORTCAKE

3 eggs 1 cup flour
3 tablespoons lemon-juice 1 teaspoon baking-powder
1 cup granulated sugar ¼ teaspoon salt

BEAT the yolks of the eggs until they are light. Add the lemon-juice, and gradually beat in the sugar. Beat the whites of the eggs until they are dry, add them to the mixture and beat it well. Sift together the flour, baking-powder and salt. Fold the dry ingredients lightly into the egg mixture. Bake the cake in two layers in a moderate oven.

RHUBARB PUDDING

1 pint rhubarb sauce ½ cup melted fat
1 pint bread-crumbs

MIX the fat with the crumbs. Arrange the rhubarb and the crumbs in alternate layers, having a layer of crumbs on top. Sift cinnamon and nutmeg over the top, and bake the pudding until it is brown in a moderate oven.

FILLING

2 teaspoons granulated gelatin 1 pint red rhubarb cut in small pieces
¼ cup cold water 1 cup sugar
Juice and grated rind of one-half orange

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water to soften it. Cook the rhubarb with the sugar until the sauce is thick. Add the gelatin and the juice and rind of the orange, beating the mixture well. When it is cold, place it between the layers of the cake and heap whipped cream on the top.



TRY SOME RHUBARB SHORTCAKE

RHUBARB SHERBET

1 tablespoon granulated gelatin 4 cups rhubarb-juice
2 cups sugar
¼ cup cold water Juice of 2 lemons

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water until it is soft. Make a sirup by boiling the rhubarb-juice and the sugar for five minutes. Pour the hot sirup over the gelatin, add the lemon-juice, and stir the mixture well. Strain it, allow it to cool and freeze it.

RHUBARB PUNCH

RECIPE I

1 cup sugar 3 cups rhubarb-juice
½ cup water 1 cup pineapple-juice
Juice of 2 lemons

BOIL the sugar and the water for three minutes, and add it to the fruit-juice. Chill the punch before serving it.

RECIPE II

1½ cup sugar 3 pints rhubarb-juice
¾ cup water 1 pint green tea
Juice of 3 oranges twice the ordinary strength
Juice of 1 lemon

BOIL the sugar and the water for three minutes, and add it to the fruit-juice and the tea. Chill the punch before serving.

CANNING RHUBARB FOR SAUCE

THERE are at least two good ways of doing this:

1—Pack the rhubarb as tightly as possible into a jar. Fill the jar to overflowing with hot, heavy sirup made of twice as much sugar as water and cooked until the sirup forms a thread when dropped from a spoon. Adjust the rubber and the lid, but do not seal the jar. Sterilize the jar for fifteen minutes on a rack in a covered pan of boiling water. The water around the jar should come about one inch above the top of the jar. Seal the jar, and move it from the water, invert it on a cloth and allow it to cool. Store it in a cool, dark place. Rhubarb canned in this way makes good sauce or filling for pies.



RHUBARB SPONGE

2—In a pint jar place a layer of sugar of half inch deep, then a layer of rhubarb of equal depth and alternate in this way until the jar is filled, having a layer of sugar on top. Adjust the rubber and the lid, and sterilize the jar in boiling water, as previously directed, for twenty-five minutes. Seal the jar, remove it from the water, invert it and allow it to cool. Store it in a cool, dark place. This makes a rich sauce than does the method previously described.

Some persons advocate canning rhubarb without cooking it. The jar is filled with rhubarb and placed under the water faucet where the cold water is allowed to run over the rhubarb, packing it into the jar and filling every crevice. The jar is then sealed and stored in a cool, dark place. It must not be moved or disturbed in any way until it is opened. The rhubarb is sweetened when the jar is opened for use. Although this uncooked rhubarb may keep satisfactorily, the flavor is generally not so good as that of rhubarb canned by one of the methods previously described.

If one wished to paraphrase an old proverb it might be said that more desserts may be achieved with rhubarb than the world ever dreamed of. Too often Mrs. Housewife is welcomed in market or garden the first shoots of this delicately flavored, delicious acid fruit, which is really a vegetable, since only the stalk is eaten, but after serving it once or twice between the crisp, brown crusts of a pie, her enthusiasm has waned. Both she and the family soon tired of rhubarb and it has been allowed to drop into oblivion for the remainder of the season. The fact is, Mrs. Housewife never has come really to know rhubarb for all it is worth. Every home garden should have at least a few plants of this fine old vegetable.



Smell the real naphtha!

The exclusive Fels-Naptha process makes the naphtha *stay in* till the good golden bar is all used up. Unfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naphtha odor.



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Fels-Naptha removes spots

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The Bloom of Youth

Comes Mainly From Eating the Right Foods

Note Why Raisins Are Important

RAISINS are delicious, but don't eat them for their lusciousness alone. Use them for their natural iron content also. Your daily food should furnish iron. A small supply is needed daily to keep the blood in good condition.

Iron brings the *bloom of youth* to women's and children's cheeks, and is vital to true vigor in all men.

Raisins make scores of plain foods taste luxurious while

adding but a mite to cost. Try them in your boiled rice, oatmeal, cornbread, cakes and cookies.

Always use them in bread pudding, and in other simple puddings and desserts. See how much better the whole family likes these foods with raisins.

Raisins increase nutrition also. They furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Try This Raisin Custard en Casserole

- | | | |
|-----------------|---------------------------------|---|
| 1 cup sugar | ½ cup SUN-MAID Seedless Raisins | 4 tablespoons cornstarch (flour may be substituted) |
| 2 cups milk | | 1 teaspoon vanilla or lemon extract (flavor to taste) |
| ¾ teaspoon salt | | |
| 3 eggs | | |

Put milk in top of double boiler; mix cornstarch with a little cold milk; add salt and cook thoroughly and until mixture thickens sufficiently to hold raisins; then stir in the well beaten eggs and add raisins, flavoring and sugar; turn into buttered pudding dish and bake in moderate oven fifteen or twenty minutes. Delicious served with flavored whipped cream or lemon pudding sauce.

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Ask for Sun-Maid Raisins when you order. They are made in California from the finest table grapes, kinds too delicate, thin-skinned and juicy to ship long distances as fresh grapes. You may never have these fresh grapes.

but you can buy them anywhere as *raisins*. Try them. See how good they are.

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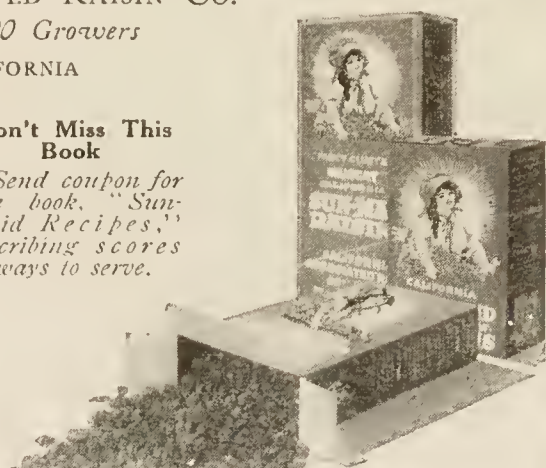
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BIG BUSINESS, THIS IS THE HOUSEKEEPER A SILENT PARTNER

BY MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Editor the Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR

MILLIONS of dollars are spent each year for food, clothing and for the expenses incidental to operating a household. The outlay is largely under the direction of women for the benefit of their homes and their families. There are some twenty-five million of these individual homes in this country. Individually the expenditure does not seem large nor important, and little thought is given by the public to the way it is used.

On the other hand, the production of all this money has become organized into big business and it is safeguarded at every point. Scientific methods of management are inaugurated to protect the interests and skilled and trained persons are employed to direct it.

Is the undirected spending of all these millions any safer for the interests of big business than a failure to give careful direction in producing them?

Is not the housekeeper, who is the largest factor on the spending side, really a silent though hitherto unrecognized partner?

If she proceeds extravagantly and makes wasteful use of materials, is she not undermining the prosperity and permanence of good business as surely as the man who fails to direct it wisely at the producing end?

The security of the business of the country has been and always will be partly controlled by the women, and when we recognize this silent partner, the individual housekeeper, and train her to spend wisely, we shall have taken a long stride toward stabilizing business. Housekeeping is a complex industry and skill and training are both needed in solving its difficult problems.

A HOUSEKEEPER told me not long since that she was never able to tell whether she could write a check until she called up the bank and asked the condition of her bank-account. Still another housekeeper confessed that she always bought all of her traveling outfit before leaving home, even at a financial disadvantage, because she could have the things charged.

Contrary to these examples of heedless spending, I have observed the skill in spending and the careful watchfulness of the checking account which are habitual to many housekeepers; assets that doubtless have been the salvation of fortunate families.

This is all as it happens, however, though rarely do I come across a housekeeper who has been prepared for her complex task with the exactness and forethought that have been given to training men and women to conduct any business of equal importance to the public welfare.

When war was declared, the housekeeper enlisted at once, and though she did not wear khaki, she saved the food for those who did. Housekeeping as a business became all but well established on a partnership basis, with responsibility placed upon each member of the family who shared in the income. But the time was too short thoroughly to stabilize the business of spending.

Unfortunately, many men and women who conserved faithfully during the time of greatest need reacted against thrift. All the things

they had gone without during the war peeled doubly to them after the period of rice, and there followed an orgy of buying. Wages were high and Liberty bonds were negotiable. Standards of living in many households underwent radical changes. Luxuries began to be regarded as necessities. The fact became more and more evident with these other changes prices also soared and jobs were becoming a little easy to procure. We should seek the cure and the cure if we were still to flourish.

Many households are now endeavoring to maintain standards which were set when wages were abnormally high and jobs were overabundant. They are confronted with the task of building a program of thrift out of a wasteful past.

WE HAVE clamored for lowered prices. We are now getting them.

If the housekeeper, however, spends wisely and well, if she uses with care and understanding the materials she has purchased, she is trained to control the family in intelligent use of the materials she has secured and prepared, her value to the public is inestimable.

The housekeeper as a spender saved the situation during the war. She should recall herself to service in the task of stabilizing for all time a long-neglected business in which huge investments have been made. If she ever longed for a chance to display executive ability, to woo art, science, psychology and economics, she has now abundant opportunity in the challenge to save increased human efficiency with a minimum expenditure for food, shelter and clothing.

The efficiency of the world's workers depends upon diet, good housing, comfortable clothing and adequate recreation, and the housekeeper more often than not holds the key to the situation. What can she do about it? Her standards create the demand.

If every mother in the land knew how to nourish herself and her babe before its birth and after, and could rightly direct the feeding and care of her little children, ever with present means, an average of three years, at least, could be added to the working life of the average individual and the efficiency of all persons would be necessarily increased during the whole lifetime. Think what it would mean in terms of human effort! It would probably add not far from a hundred million years of productive labor effort to the sum total of effort of each generation of people alive in this country now. That is indeed "big business."

HOUSEKEEPING as a part of big business demands that we try out on the spending of the income some of the big business principles which have governed successful production. This means rigorous cutting away of the non-essentials and an economy of time, strength and money. Labor, time and money applied to that which will bring satisfaction next year is building for the future. We must base our expenditures

Concluded on page 80

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Delights

You Cannot Buy

YOU never will know how delicious they are, unless you try the Royal Recipes given here and find out how easy it is to produce them yourself at home with ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Cocoa Cakes

4 tablespoons shortening	1 cup sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk	1 egg
$1\frac{3}{4}$ cups flour	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cocoa
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	
1 teaspoon vanilla extract	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Cream shortening; add sugar and well beaten egg; beat well and add milk slowly; sift flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa into mixture and stir until smooth; add vanilla; pour batter into well greased shallow pan; the batter should be about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes; when cool, and before removing from pan, cut diagonally across from opposite corners to make diamond shaped pieces; cover with boiled icing. These make very attractive cakes to serve at afternoon tea or luncheon.

White Cakes with Fruit Icing

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	1 cup granulated sugar
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup water	2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	
Whites of 2 eggs	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon flavoring	

Cream shortening and sugar together until very light; add water very slowly and beat constantly; add flavoring; stir in the flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together twice; fold in the beaten whites of eggs; put spoonful of batter into individual cake tins and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, or bake in shallow pan and cut as in above recipe.

Fruit Icing

1 egg white	$\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioner's sugar
$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons strawberry, raspberry or other fruit juice.	

Put unbeaten egg white in shallow dish; with wire whip, beat in the sugar a little at a time; add the fruit juice and spread on top of cakes.

Cream Puffs

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening	1 cup flour
1 cup boiling water	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	3 eggs

Heat water and shortening in saucepan until it boils up well; add flour, sifted with salt, all at once and stir vigorously. Remove from fire as soon as mixed; cool and mix in unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Add baking powder, mix well, and drop by spoonfuls $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart on greased tin. Shape into circular form with wet spoon. Bake 25 minutes in hot oven. With sharp knife, cut slit near bottom of puff to admit filling. Fill with sweetened whipped cream.

Tea Biscuits

2 cups flour	$\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	
2 tablespoons shortening	1 tablespoon sugar
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup water	1 egg

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together into a bowl; add well beaten egg and melted shortening to water; add to dry ingredients to make soft dough; roll out on floured board to about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick; cut with biscuit cutter and bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes.

Four hundred other delicious recipes, which economize in the use of eggs and other expensive ingredients, are given in the New Royal Cook Book. Write for a free copy.

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Their salts and acids are digestants, and scientists as well as dieticians now believe they are one of the richest, if not the richest of all foods in the valuable "vitamines."

We asked twelve famous New York chefs—men who have studied the culinary art in European and American capitals—to tell you how they serve them.

* * *

Write for book, "Chefs' Directions," in which we have described their dishes and illustrated them in color. You'll find the book valuable when entertaining. Send for your free copy now.

Sunkist

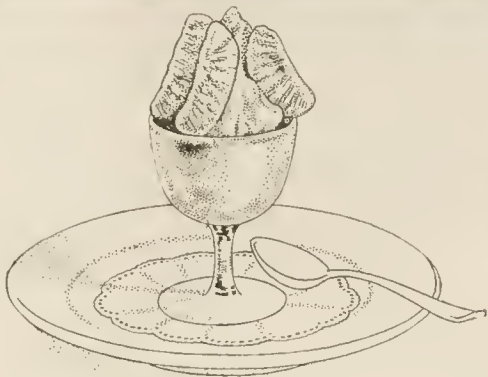
Uniformly Good Oranges

California Fruit Growers Exchange

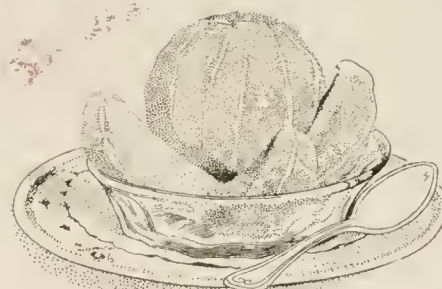
Dept. 1010, Los Angeles, California



Fruit Salad Louise in Orange Basket, at Hotel Pennsylvania



A delicious orange frappé served at the Hotel Belmont



Breakfast at the McAlpin brings oranges like this



This is the way the Commodore serves them sliced



The Ritz Carlton Chef's idea is Orange "Salad Miami"



The Claridge's dainty serving of halved oranges for breakfast



Another salad, from the chef of the Waldorf-Astoria



The Hotel Plaza's salad surrounded with cracked ice



"Duckling Bigarrade" is Hotel Vanderbilt's specialty, which is famous among connoisseurs



Orange salad at the Biltmore is delicious and unique



Hotel Astor serves "Duckling Valencienne" with oranges, and orange sauce

COMPLETE DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING THESE DISHES ARE GIVEN IN THE BOOK WE SEND YOU





AN OFFENDER BEING TRIED BY A JURY IN A SCHOOL CITY COURT

A SCHOOL CITY

BY EARLE E. WILSON



WHEN it was decided to establish a School City at the Rogers School in Stamford, Connecticut, perhaps the greatest difficulty was that of arousing the mass of pupils to a sense of their added responsibilities. As a starting point the following statement was drawn up by the principal and teachers, and served as a basis for talks at morning assembly—

We believe the purpose of the School City is:

1. To develop the power of initiative and habits of self-control.
2. To cultivate a spirit of cooperation between pupils and teachers.
3. To develop the ideal of social service and responsibilities.
4. To teach respect and thoughtfulness for the rights and feelings of others.
5. To acquaint the pupils with the practical workings of representative government.
6. To teach the pupils that the ballot and the court may properly be used to modify their environment and to correct their grievances.
7. To teach a practical civics, a higher patriotism and the need of a social "right-mindedness that exalteth a nation."

The School City idea in government is carried on by a City Council consisting of the following officers elected from the pupils: Mayor, Police Commissioner, Fire Commissioner, Commissioner of Public Works, Health Commissioner, Athletic Commissioner and City Treasurer. The court officials, sheriff and the judges are appointed by the teacher of the graduating class.

The mayor is the chief executive officer and is expected to see to it that every department does its work promptly and efficiently. He calls a meeting of the commissioners at least once a week when the work of each department is freely discussed. Newly appointed officers are approved and those who are neglecting their work are checked up and others reminded of their responsibility as officials as the occasion requires. Frequently these commissioners' meetings are held at morning assembly before the whole school, to give the citizens an insight into how their executive council does its work.

The police department is perhaps the most active in its work. Its members have their regular stations about the school grounds and are supposed to be on duty twenty minutes before school and ten minutes after school closes. They see that the pupils are orderly in entering and leaving the school building and grounds; that there are no fights nor quarrels. In fact, they have to see to it that any rule that is passed is enforced. In cases of absences where the teacher is in doubt as to the reason, and want to find out, absence slips are filled out and sent to the homes by one of the

police force, thus saving the truant officer much unnecessary investigation, only the worst cases being turned over to him.

The members of the fire department are really the policemen for the interior of the school building. They see that the doors are unlocked promptly fifteen minutes before school opens in the morning and in the afternoon. They see that pupils enter in an orderly manner, take off their rubbers and go directly to their rooms without any talking or disturbance. They also look after the lines at dismissal and assembly and take charge of the fire drills.

The public works department's members pick up all papers or litter of any kind about the yards or schoolhouse. They see that the sinks and toilets are not littered up with papers, etc., clean off any marks they may find on the school building or fences and keep the schoolhouse and grounds looking tidy and shipshape.

THE health department is of especial assistance to the school nurse and school doctor. Its members distribute health notices among the pupils and take to the parents the notices which the nurse or doctor wishes to send to them concerning any child who needs special attention. They inspect the faces and hands of the children of the lower grades regularly at the opening of school each morning and noon, and make a detailed report to the superintendent of school each month, concerning the number of cases of contagious diseases in school, number of non-contagious cases and other health details.

The athletic department has its busy seasons in the Fall and the Spring of the year in arranging for games, meets and other events. Besides having charge of the sports of the school they act as ushers at school entertainments and are generally useful at all social functions.

Thus it can readily be seen that the School City renders much valuable assistance to the principal and teachers in the general management of the school. The principal can be absent from his school and feel perfectly safe about it. He knows everything will be all right. He does not have to be bothered about the hundreds of petty details of school routine. Many cases involving small offenses pass through the hands of the police and the court that the principal knows nothing about; and thus the tiresome, irksome details of discipline are reduced to a minimum by the children themselves.

Through the School City our pupils are learning one of the most important lessons of school life, self-control, respect for the rights of others and the meaning of responsibility. They are made to feel that school discipline is their affair, that they must make it a success; and that to be proud of their school they must work for its good name and success.

For Better Babies

AUNT BELLE has written a really great book—great because it goes to the very heart of the subject of baby culture. And how *practical* she is! No sentimental generalities—just matter-of-fact, common-sense advice on almost every problem that baffles young motherhood.

Her wonderful, reassuring, comforting first chapter tells how to prepare for the baby. Just this one chapter will mean health and sturdy growth to thousands of coming infants.

And then,

chapter after chapter, she guides and counsels on each phase of baby's development—clothes, food, nursery furnishings, the first critical weeks, baby ailments, the bath, baby's skin, teeth, first steps, habits, weight, first aids—until the sturdy little youngster, romper clad, is larking with playmates—one more "Better Baby."

The book is carefully indexed, beautifully illustrated and contains charts, tables, etc.

It is a genuine delight to offer this wonderful book to mothers at a nominal price of 25 cents, because it is the appreciation of three generations of mothers which has made Mennen Borated Talcum known the world over as the perfect, safe, talcum for baby.

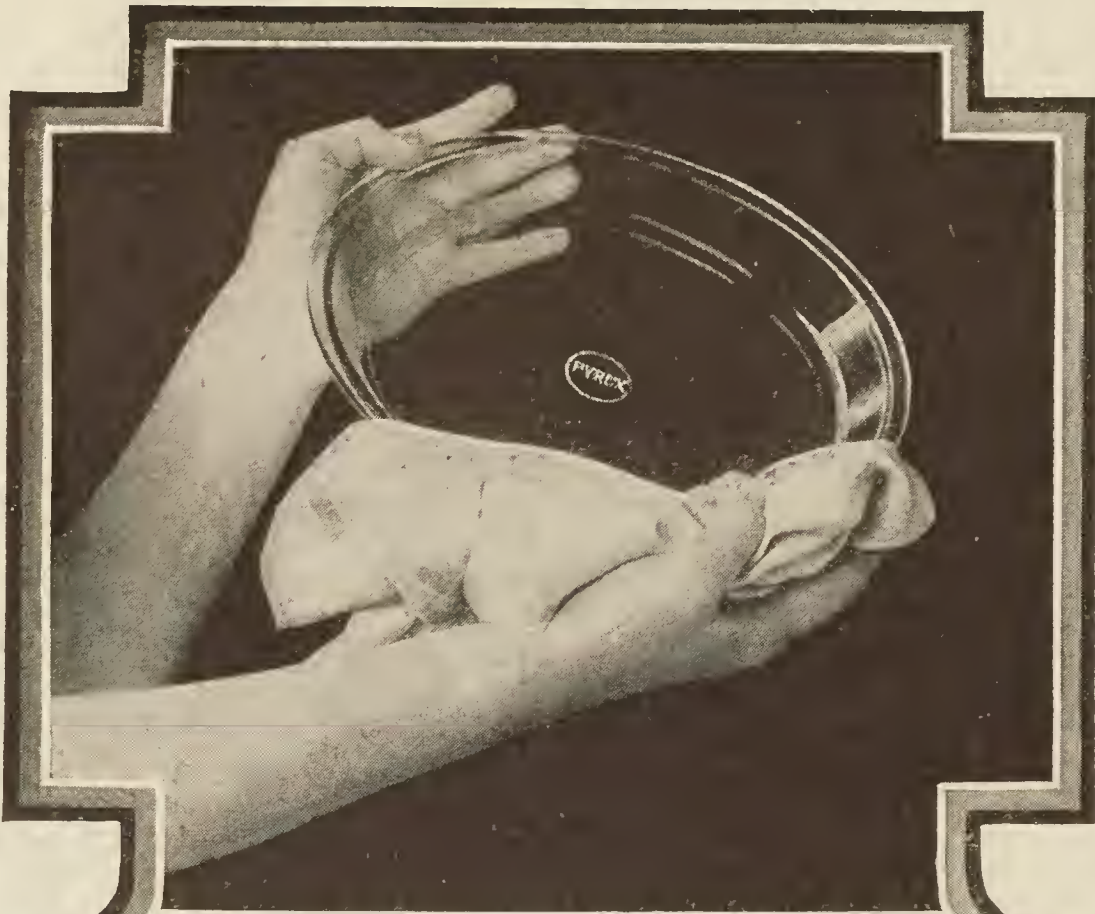
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Pyrex Is Clean

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TRANSPARENT OVEN DISHES

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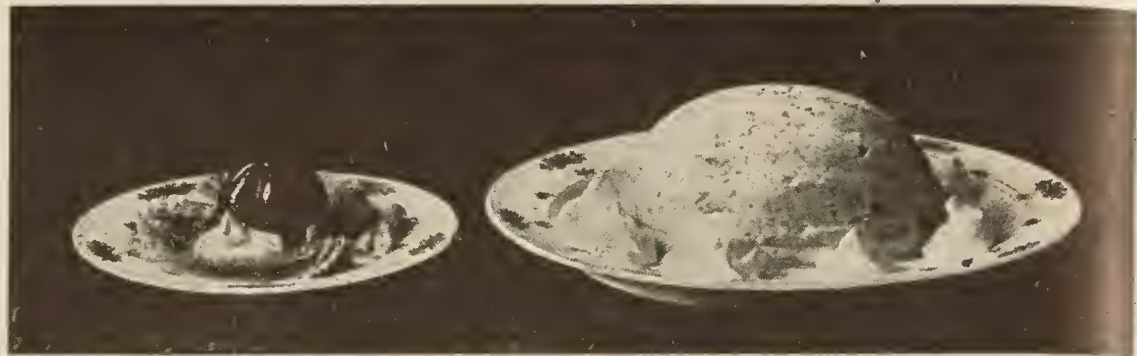
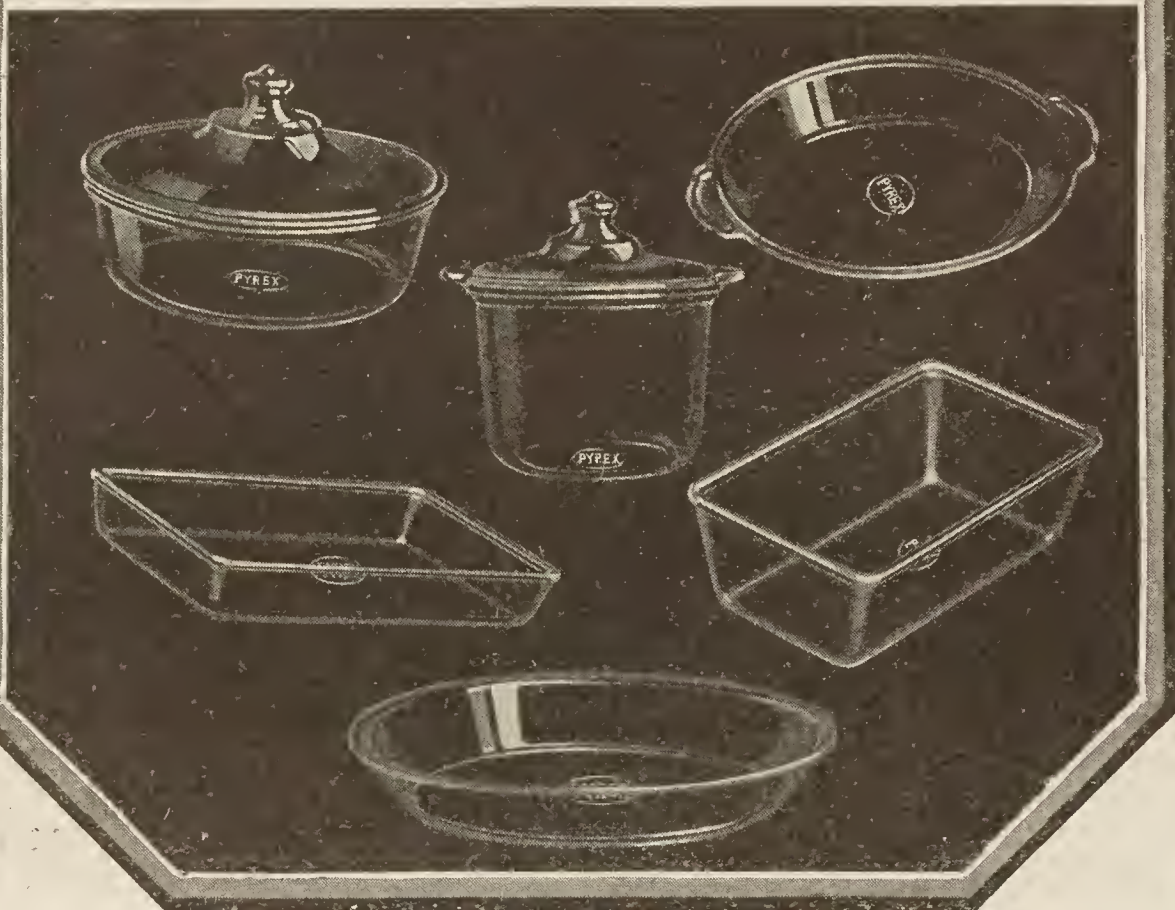
Pyrex improves all foods—it distributes heat better—no burned baking or spoiled meals, because you see when your baking is done in Pyrex. You serve from the same Pyrex dish in which you bake—no mussing—no extra pan washing.

Pyrex is used everywhere for baking purposes. Pyrex does not chip, discolor, nor wear out. Genuine Pyrex is guaranteed against breakage from oven heat. Any Pyrex dealer is authorized to replace any piece of Pyrex that breaks in actual use in the oven.

Pyrex is the original transparent ovenware. Always look for the Pyrex label—and the name Pyrex stamped on each piece.

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Pyrex Sales Division
CORNING GLASS WORKS
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COOL, GREEN AND TEMPTING— A WHEY MINT SALAD
A WHEY SPONGE WITH GRATED CARROTS GIVES THE RIGHT FINISHING TOUCH TO A MEAL

THESE DAINTY FOODS

OCEANS OF WHICH NOW

BY LUCILLE BREWER

WHEY is the thin, watery part of milk which is left when some of the proteins and other solids have been coagulated and collected, either by souring or in the process of cheese-making.

In the bottle of milk which has inadvertently been allowed to sour, the housewife has noticed the thick, white, coagulated curd rising to the top, leaving the pale, yellowish whey in the lower part of the bottle. If she has no use for such a quantity of sour milk in her every-day baking, too often both curd and whey have gone down the kitchen sink. Or if by chance she has already formed the habit of making a bit of cottage-cheese for salads from her sour milk, rather than proverbially weeping over it, it is still probable that she has failed to recognize the value of the whey that remained.

HOW TO SECURE WHEY

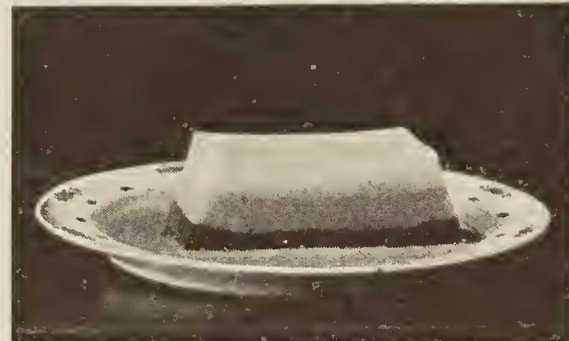
IN ORDER to secure either curds or whey for the modern family of *Muffets*, the usual practise of making cottage-cheese is to be followed. Milk for making cottage-cheese should be thoroughly clabbered or coagulated. The pan of clabbered milk is set in a pan of hot water and heated slowly until the curd separates from the whey, care being taken not to let it get too hot, which makes the curd tough. The best temperature is between ninety-two and ninety-four degrees

they will add nourishment to any dish and its slight acidity may lessen the amount of other food acids used. It is particularly adapted to gelatin desserts and salads, and corn-starch puddings and sauces to which it adds richness and flavor when used instead of water. It also forms a good basis for tomato, vegetable or bouillon soups.

Whey should be used when only slightly acid and should be scalded and cooled before being used in any product which is not to be eaten when first made. The scalding is especially necessary when whey is used in



A WHEY SHERBET WILL FIND A WELCOME PLACE ON ANY SUMMER MENU



CORN-STARCH PUDDING MADE WITH WHEY, AND CALLED RIBBON PUDDING, IS A NOVELTY

bread-making. In recipes in which the whey is to be heated, it should be strained before heating, as the tiny curds of casein which may remain in the whey are hardened by scalding and may be unpleasant in the product.

The following group of recipes are suggestive of the possibilities for the use of whey.

WHEY PIE

$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar	1 lemon, grated rind and juice
3 tablespoons corn-starch	1 tablespoon melted fat
1 cup whey, strained	Salt
	2 eggs

MIX the sugar and corn-starch and add them to the boiling whey. Cook the mixture until it is thick. Add the beaten egg-yolks, melted fat, salt, lemon-juice and rind and cook it for two minutes. Pour it into a crust which has been baked. Cover the top with meringue made by beating the whites of eggs until stiff, adding two tablespoons of sugar and a little flavoring, and beating until it is glossy. Spread the meringue on the pie and bake in a slow oven twenty-five minutes.

Whey pie has outstripped the old favorite lemon pie in popularity, particularly with the men of the family.

WHEY SPONGE

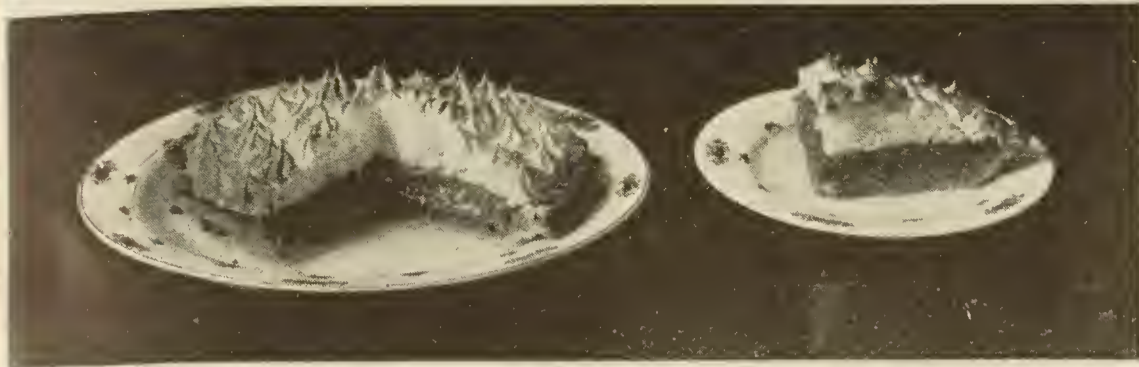
2 cups whey	1 cup grated raw carrot
2 tablespoons gelatin	Grated rind and juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water	
$\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar	
1 egg-white	

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Dissolve it by setting the cup in a pan of boiling water. Mix the gelatin thoroughly with the whey, add the sugar and set the mixture in a pan of ice-water. When it begins to thicken around the edges, beat it well with a Dover egg-beater, add the lemon-juice and grated rind and the grated carrot. Fold in

Fahrenheit, not quite so high as body temperature. When the curd is entirely separated, turn it into a strainer lined with a piece of cheese-cloth wrung out of hot water and placed over a bowl to collect the whey as it drips through. Then turn the curd into a bowl, crush it with a fork and add salt and other seasoning as desired. Both cottage-cheese and whey are then ready for use.

Cottage-cheese and whey may also be made from sweet milk by the use of junket. For this four quarts of sweet skim-milk, one cupful of sour milk, one-eighth junket tablet and one tablespoonful of cold water are required. The sour milk is added to the sweet milk and the mixture heated until it is lukewarm. The junket tablet must be dissolved in cold water and added to the lukewarm milk. Then it is set aside at room temperature overnight. In the morning the clabbered milk is turned into a cloth to drain. The whey is collected in a bowl and the cheese remains behind in the cloth.

The next step following the discovery and possession of any new material or the rediscovery of an old one is finding uses to which it is adapted. A trial or two shows that the pleasant, slightly acid flavor of whey combines well with fruit or vegetables and is particularly delicious in Summer desserts, salads and beverages. The constituents of



A WHEY LEMON PIE WHICH HAS BROUGHT NEW POPULARITY TO AN OLD FAVORITE

FROM DESPISED WHEY GO DOWN THE DRAIN AND ALICE BLINN

the well-beaten white of egg and turn the mixture at once into a mold. Serve the sponge with soft custard or whipped cream. Strawberries, rhubarb, pineapple, orange or peaches may be used instead of carrot.

WHEY SHERBET

1 quart of whey
Juice of one lemon
1 tablespoon gelatin
1/2 cup cold water
1/4 cup sugar

1 cup crushed pineapple, peaches, berries, cherries or orange-juice

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water and dissolve it over a pan of boiling water. Mix together all the ingredients except the crushed fruit. Pack and freeze. When the mixture begins to thicken add the fruit and continue freezing.

WHEY PUNCH

BOIL one and one-quarter cup of sugar and one cup of whey together for five minutes. Cool, add one quart of whey, the juice of two lemons and one cup shredded pineapple. Mix well. Serve with cracked ice or very cold.

A few fresh mint leaves, bruised by twisting slightly in a cloth, may be added instead of the pineapple. Cherry, raspberry, strawberry or peach juice may be used instead of pineapple.

Whey punch has a delicious flavor and is very refreshing. Cherries, mint leaves, or juicy cuts of lemon may be used as a garnish.

WHEY CUSTARD

1 cup whey
1/4 tablespoon sugar
1/4 teaspoon vanilla

1 teaspoon sugar
1 egg-yolk

HEAT the whey, add the sugar and flour mixed together and pour the mixture slowly over the beaten egg-yolk. Cook the custard in a double boiler, stirring it constantly until it coats a spoon.

WHEY CORN-STARCH PUDDING

4 tablespoons corn-starch
1/4 cup cold whey
Salt

1 pint scalded whey
4 tablespoons sugar
1/4 teaspoon vanilla

MIX the corn-starch with the cold whey and add this to the hot whey, stirring the mixture rapidly. Cook it, stirring it constantly until it thickens. Add the sugar and continue cooking in the double boiler for thirty minutes.

RIBBON PUDDING

BEFORE pouring the mixture into molds to cool, divide it into three parts. Leave one uncolored and tint one brown with chocolate or cocoa and the other pink with fruit paste. Pour the mixture into a mold, alternating the layers of color, beginning with the white layer, then adding the pink and last the chocolate.

WHEY MINT SALAD

1 1/2 tablespoon gelatin
2 tablespoons lemon-juice or vinegar
2 cups whey

1/2 cup finely chopped fresh mint
1/2 cup sugar
Salt

SOAK the gelatin in one-quarter cupful of cold water and dissolve by setting the

cup in a pan of hot water. Strain the whey through a cheese-cloth and add the gelatin, sugar, mint and acid. Pour the mixture into molds and chill. The mixture may be tinted green with any vegetable coloring before it is poured into molds, if desired. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

This salad is particularly refreshing in a Summer luncheon menu.



WHEY RECIPES ARE WELL SUITED TO SUMMER DESSERTS AND BEVERAGES

WHEY SALAD DRESSING

1 cup whey
1/4 cup vinegar
1 teaspoon mustard
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons melted fat

1/8 teaspoon turmeric
3 tablespoons flour
1/4 cup sugar
Paprika

HEAT the whey and vinegar together. Mix all the dry ingredients and add them to the whey. Add the melted fat and cook the mixture until it is smooth and thick.

FORTUNATELY the public is now beginning to realize the value of whey products and combinations as a protein-supplying food, sometimes to the advantage of both health and income. Although the value of the milk curd has thus become fairly well known, little or nothing has been said about whey.

An analysis of whey shows that it still contains so much protein that in several of the Old-World countries a cheese is made from the whey alone. Surely, if this is possible, whey should no longer be considered a waste product.

It is also true that sufficient butter-fat is left in the whey to make it advisable for large cheese-making concerns to reclaim this fat by separating the whey and churning it into butter. In the light of the present knowledge of the necessity for the fat-soluble vitamine in the diet, the housewife can scarcely frown upon any source of this substance even if found in small quantities in so obscure and humble a substance as whey. Here, too, is found some of that illusive water-soluble vitamine necessary to the proper nutrition of both young and old. The vitamins alone should stay the hand that threatens to condemn whey to the sewer; but if more evidence of worth is needed, the analysis further shows that practically all of the milk-sugar and a part of the mineral content of milk, especially the lime and phosphorus, remain in the whey. The curd carries most of the protein of the whole milk, part of the lime and phosphorus and part of the growth-promoting substances.

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1900
1921

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- Since Burnett's Vanilla was the original and standard 74 years ago—and still is,
- Since competitors have always attempted to sell their goods by claiming "just as good,"
- Since its purity and full flavor are nationally recognized by all those taking pride in their cooking,
- Then aren't these pretty good reasons for asking your grocer for it by name?

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BOSTON MASS.

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Since 1847 Burnett's extracts have meant full flavor.



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The stylish shoe that is built to preserve the arch!

A SMART, stylish shoe, built with a special arch construction to afford the kind of walking base Nature requires for the foot—such is the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE.

Your feet look as you wish them to look. There are models for all occasions. And in addition you have such foot health and vigor that you really forget you have arches in your feet. (Your feet feel as they did when you were a little girl.) More than mere foot comfort—it's a real foot exhilaration!

The ARCH PRESERVER SHOE is for well feet—to keep them well and comfortable throughout life. It affords the same walking base you would have if you went barefoot. Yet you are permitted to wear heels of various heights, according to the model of shoe you wish to wear. However, if you already have foot troubles, you will find delightful relief by wearing the ARCH PRESERVER SHOE.

Please write us for name of your ARCH PRESERVER SHOE dealer if you do not know him. Ask for Booklet No. 22 "Why Suffer with Well Feet?"

Women's and Misses' ARCH PRESERVER SHOES and Low Cuts in a wide variety of styles for all occasions, are made only by

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"KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

Unless this trade-mark appears it is not a genuine ARCH PRESERVER SHOE. The exclusive arch construction offers firm support for the foot during the entire life of the shoe and gives the shoe longer life.



In black kid, combination last.



In Black or Brown kid



Suede Strap Pump



In tan kid tan calf or black kid.



Courtesy University of Wisconsin

A GOOD OUTDOOR GAME LIKE "THREE-DEEP" SOWS THE SEEDS OF CO-OPERATION AND GOOD FELLOWSHIP

RURAL PLAY-DAYS

THE story is told of two brothers who had not seen each other for years and who found out quite by accident that they had been living on the same block in New York for twelve years. Neighborhood sociability in big cities is often lacking because the ordinary course of city life brings a person in contact with many people in other sections of the city, thus establishing a basis for friendship and acquaintance. In many smaller towns and rural sections, however, where every advantage for neighborly entertainment exists, there is an utter lack of social life. Where people do not see each other very often, small differences of opinion are apt to grow larger until even a small group becomes divided into factions that disrupt the neighborhood life.

One of the solutions of this condition is the holding of regular neighborhood or township play-days that provide an occasion where one neighbor meets another, establishing a bond of companionship between young and old and providing children with that which many of them need badly—more ideas for playing and games.

The logical way to organize township play-days is to make use of the existing school system. If the play-day is to be a county-wide policy, it should be discussed at a teachers' meeting and temporary chairmen appointed for each township, who in turn appoint or elect a president, secretary, treasurer, as well as committees on arrangement, lunch, program and games.

When a suitable day has been decided upon, the next important step is to advertise it. This is best done by sending out letters of invitation to the homes of the community, by announcing the coming event in the schools, churches and newspapers. Having aroused this interest, it can be kept alive by having the school-children practise the various competitive games during school recess, as well as making copies of songs for distribution among the people on play-day. Still another feature to add interest and enjoyment is to make definite plans for a "play-day" costume. This costume should be more substantial than the "best" dress or suit, but at the same time should have a festive air.



An interesting program is most important. The following all-day program is suggestive.

- | | |
|------------|---|
| 10:00 A.M. | Ball game for boys. |
| | Dodge ball for girls. |
| | Cat and mouse for small children. |
| 10:00 A.M. | Quoits for men. |
| 11:00 " | Tug-of-war for schoolboys. |
| | Tug-of-war for schoolgirls. |
| 11:30 " | Last couple out and three-deep for children and adults |
| 12:00 NOON | Picnic dinner. |
| | Cooking contest. |
| 1:30 P.M. | Short informal program of singing, flag salute, and addresses. |
| 2:00 " | Prisoner's base match team between boys and girls of the northern and southern halves of the township. Two halves of 10 minutes each may be played. |
| | Potato race—a team of four from each school. |
| 2:45 " | Bingo, and rabbit's nest, for children and adults. |
| 3:30 " | Nail-driving contest for women. |
| | Sack-races. |
| | Teachers'-footraces. |
| 4:00 " | Singing, "Star-Spangled Banner." |

As the entire success of the play-day rests upon the efficiency of the various committees, the following suggestions may be of value: The committee on management should make provision for possible showers, and should provide seats sufficient for the few who want to rest. The committee on lunch plans the menu, arranges for a few women from each district to help in its preparation and serving. Paper plates will save a great deal of annoyance and trouble. The committee on program takes charge of the singing of patriotic and folk songs, flag drills and salutes and any speakers that may have been invited to address the gathering. To the committee on plays and games falls the important task of arranging a varied program that will include every one, young or old, bearing in mind that the purpose of the day is to make every one acquainted and happy.



Courtesy University of Wisconsin

THE PLAY-DAY LUNCH HOUR FINDS THE WHOLE COMMUNITY HUNGRY AND HAPPY

THE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE



Recipes
worth saving

Little Chocolate Cakes
 1/2 cup Libby's Evapo- 4 eggs
 rated Milk 1 teaspoon vanilla
 1/2 cup water 3 cups flour
 2 1/2 cup butter 4 teaspoons baking
 2 cups sugar powder

Cream butter and sugar; add egg yolks, well beaten. Mix and sift dry ingredients and add alternately with the liquid to the butter mixture; flavor. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Bake in cup cake tins and cover with chocolate butter frosting

Chocolate Butter Frosting
 1/2 cup butter 2 cups powdered sugar
 3 squares melted chocolate

Cream butter and sugar and add melted chocolate to 3/4 of the mixture; color the remainder of the frosting pink or green. Cover the cakes with the chocolate frosting. The cakes are very attractive if the colored frosting is put on with the pastry bag

White Cake
 1 1/4 cup Libby's Evapo- 3 teaspoons baking
 rated Milk powder
 1 1/4 cup water 1 teaspoon vanilla
 1/2 cup butter 4 egg whites
 1 cup sugar 1 1/4 teaspoon
 1 1/4 teaspoon salt cream of tartar
 2 cups flour

Cream the butter and sugar. Mix and sift flour and baking powder. Add the dry ingredients and the liquid alternately to the butter and sugar. Add the cream of tartar to the partially beaten egg whites, beat until stiff, add vanilla, and fold into the cake mixture. Bake in layers and cover with a boiled frosting. The cake may be varied by sprinkling fresh cocoanut between the layers and over the frosting

If you could just make cake with cream!

How often you say to yourself—"If I could use all the eggs I want, what a wonder of a cake I could make!"

Did you ever think what it would be if you had cream to cook with?

For cream gives the rich, delicate quality, the fine grain, so hard to get nowadays. The butter fat of cream does this, because butter fat is unlike any other fat—more delicate of flavor, lighter when mixed with other things, imparting a rich tenderness all its own.

And this is just the reason why Libby's Evaporated Milk makes such wonderful cake. Its butter fat content is so high that when properly chilled it can be whipped like cream, and so it has the enriching quality of cream for cakes and for all milk cooking.

For twenty years Libby experts have been enriching and improving this milk. First they sought out the rich dairy sections in this country. Here they encouraged the breeding of splendid

milk herds. And here they established their condenseries so equipped as to assure absolute purity and cleanliness.

At these condenseries the milk from these fine herds—with the cream left in—is canned for you. Libby's Evaporated Milk is just fine pure milk with half the water removed by evaporation—nothing is added. It is packed in air-tight containers and sterilized, so that it comes to you as pure as when it left the spotless Libby condenseries.

Unopened it keeps indefinitely. After opening the can use what you need. The rest, when put in a cool place, keeps much longer than ordinary milk.

Try Libby's Evaporated Milk in one of the cake recipes on this page or in your own favorite recipes. Try it for all your milk and cream cookery.

Your grocer has this rich milk or will get it for you.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 804 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Send for leaflet telling how to whip Libby's Evaporated Milk

Libby's



Color in Room-Making

BY selecting appropriate linoleum floors you can establish your favorite color scheme for any room in your house. Green or rose, mulberry or buff, yellow or brown—you can live among the colors that reflect your good taste and make a home livable.

Besides, a linoleum floor is sanitary—the easiest floor to keep clean. It is silent and easy to walk on. Always tight and snug, it adds to the comfort of your home, and the cost of installation and upkeep is considerably less than other floors.

The floor in the sun-room, illustrated here, is one of the new Armstrong Inset Tiles with a plain linoleum border. There are ten color arrangements, including several marble effects. Ask your merchant to show them to you.

Armstrong's Linoleum has the combined virtues of beauty and utility. Cemented down firmly over felt paper (by your merchant), it is a permanent floor—one that is worthy of any fabric rug. It does not bulge, crack, or splinter. Waxed occasionally, it stays like new and resists spots and mars.

"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 color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM RUGS

Armstrong's Linoleum is also made in rug form. For a sanitary floor-covering for your kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, etc., these rugs are fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of twenty-three pleasing and artistic designs.

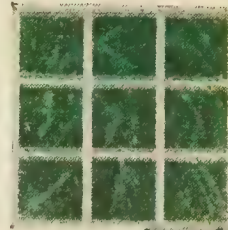
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Armstrong's Linoleum

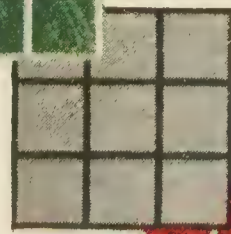
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for Every Floor **A** in the House



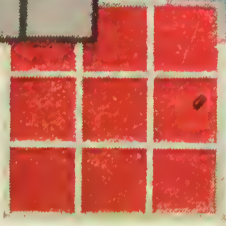
M 60



T 42



T 40



T 43

If you prefer any of the Armstrong Inset Tiles shown here to the one used in this sun-room, which is number M 63, order by number from your linoleum merchant. Also ask him to show you suitable Armstrong designs for the other rooms in your house.

The Circle A trademark on the strong burlap back is the guarantee that you are getting Armstrong's Linoleum. Genuine linoleum—such as Armstrong's—is flexible and not easy to tear.

Armstrong's Linoleum is made in plain colors, Jaspé, and Inlaid patterns, with the colors running clear through to the burlap back; also with artistic designs printed on the surface.

Before you decide on a decorative scheme, why not send for our book, showing how effectively linoleum can be used in every room in the house.

Armstrong Bureau
of Interior Decoration

Write this Bureau for advice as to patterns to match any scheme of interior decoration. Trained decorator in charge. No fees.



DO YOU FEAR CANCER? HALF THOSE WHO DIE MIGHT BE SAVED

BY WILLIAM J. MAYO, M. D.
Rochester, Minnesota

(A talk delivered before employees of the War Department)

FACTS AND FIGURES WHICH MUST BE FACED

More women over forty-five years of age, in the United States, die of cancer than from any other disease.

More women than men die of cancer in this country. According to the census of 1917, of all women over forty-five dying in that year, one in eight died of cancer, and of all men over forty-five, one in thirteen.

Remember this: Cancer is frequently curable if properly treated in the early stages. DON'T DELAY! The wonderful work of Madame Curie, of Paris, on behalf of cancer sufferers, is described in an article on page 15 of this issue.

IN THE United States there are more than three hundred thousand persons afflicted with cancer and approximately eighty thousand die each year of the disease. The real tragedy of this is the fact that more than half of these deaths are preventable and half of the remainder could be prevented by early operation. While we do not as yet know the cause of cancer, we do know the conditions leading to its development. These are in a large measure preventable.

Cancer is an abnormal growth. The normal cells of the various tissues of the body have an orderly development. In the early embryonic stage the cells are not differentiated, they may greatly resemble one another, yet each in its further development becomes like the tissue of which it is a component part. Each cell has within itself the power of orderly development and when growth is complete it operates according to the function of the tissue. From causes that have not been fully determined, these embryonic cells may stop short in their development without having acquired the power to function, and they remain in a more or less undifferentiated functionless condition. Cancer is the result of a rapid growth of these undifferentiated cells, quantitative rather than qualitative. The growth of the tumor invades other tissues directly by permeation and indirectly through the lymphatics (minute capillary tubes pervading the body and carrying lymph) and vascular channels (pertaining to blood circulation); it maintains through all its lapses the characteristics of the embryonic tissue in which it originated.

THE great question as yet unanswered is: Why do these cells in the embryonic stage cease their development, multiplying and heaping up without function?

If it were known what stopped the development of the cell and started the unlicensed growth, the tumor could readily be accounted for. There are three well-defined theories which attempt to explain the phenomenon:

First: The so-called "inclusion theory," that these growths have their origin in accidents of the location of tissues in development, that is, in various parts of the body a tissue of a certain character contains within itself a misplaced remnant or "rest" of another tissue and without function because of its wrong location. The belated growth of this remnant once begun develops cancer characteristics. In other words the growths are an abnormal overgrowth of cells normally present in the body in certain positions.

Second: That cancer is due to a parasite which directly affects the embryonic cell. The parasitic theory has had very strong adherents, and much time and attention have been given to it in experimental cancer research, but the parasite has not been discovered. Erwin Smith in experimental work, by means of certain bacteria, is able to produce cancer in plants which is com-

parable to cancer in animals. In these parasitic plant-tumors the arrangement, progression, lack of function and orderly development have a startling similarity to cancer in animals, but the many differences between plant and animal make it impossible to draw conclusions, particularly in the face of total failure to demonstrate such parasites in man. It is true that parasites get into the tissues of the body through the lesions of the protective mechanism. I am impressed with the possibilities of studying and detecting the parasites in such lesions. It is probable that if parasites have an influence in the causation of cancer it is indirect and the result of chronic irritation.

Third: It is held that the tissues, when subjected to irritations, increase their activity in order to protect themselves against injury. At first nature brings up mature cells for defense, but, failing in attempt to heal the breach of continuity in this manner, immature or undeveloped embryonic cells are called into action. These gather in an unregulated and uncontrolled force and the result is cancer.

THE relation of cancer to preexisting conditions is very clear. There is on the body a lesion, such as a wart or a mole. This after a long time may become irritated and ultimately cancer develops. Had there been no lesion there is every reason to believe this particular cancer would not have developed. It is not known whether this is due to a parasite entering the lesion and finding lodgment, or to the failure of the reparative power of nature acting as a disturbance to the mode of growth. Indirectly, the seat of chronic irritation is as important as the cause, as without it the cause would have been ineffective. It may then be said, that preceding cancer in the tissues there is an interference with their normal state.

The age of the individual plays an important part in the susceptibility of the tissues to cancer. The common form of cancer is essentially a disease of later life. It has a predilection for tissues which show age and have lost their function, and for those of poor quality having failed of full development. All these factors may be summed up in the words "tissues of congenital or acquired weakness of development." It is also true of overdeveloped tissues, as seen in persons who have taken arsenic for considerable periods of time, causing an overgrowth of the skin which may be followed by cancer.

SO FAR as man is concerned cancer is not hereditary. That certain families may have tissues which when subjected to the proper influence may more readily than others develop cancer, may be assumed. The actual influence, however, of such a factor on the development of cancer must be small. When it is considered that one in nine women and one in thirteen men die from cancer, or taking the statistics of

Concluded on page 67



Charm that has a Single Source

IN beauty which serenely stands the scrutiny of repeated glances, artifice plays small part.

A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, the brightness of the eyes and the sheen and lustre of the hair have but a single source—internal cleanliness. Internal cleanliness is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness.

Nature uses the blood as a means of feeding the skin. Each one of the millions of skin cells lies as it were on the bank of a tiny blood-stream, whose function it is to bring nourishment to the cells.

If the organs of elimination do not function properly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood; and these tiny streams bring contamination, not nourishment, to the skin cells. Do you not see the danger? It is these poisons that are the most common cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness are all traceable to them.

Nujol has been found by many women to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant complexion. It encourages the bowels to regular and thorough evacuations, thus keeping the body free of those poisons that mar the skin and endanger health.

Nujol relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

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Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles, in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world, and the single source of beauty, attractiveness and personal charm.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

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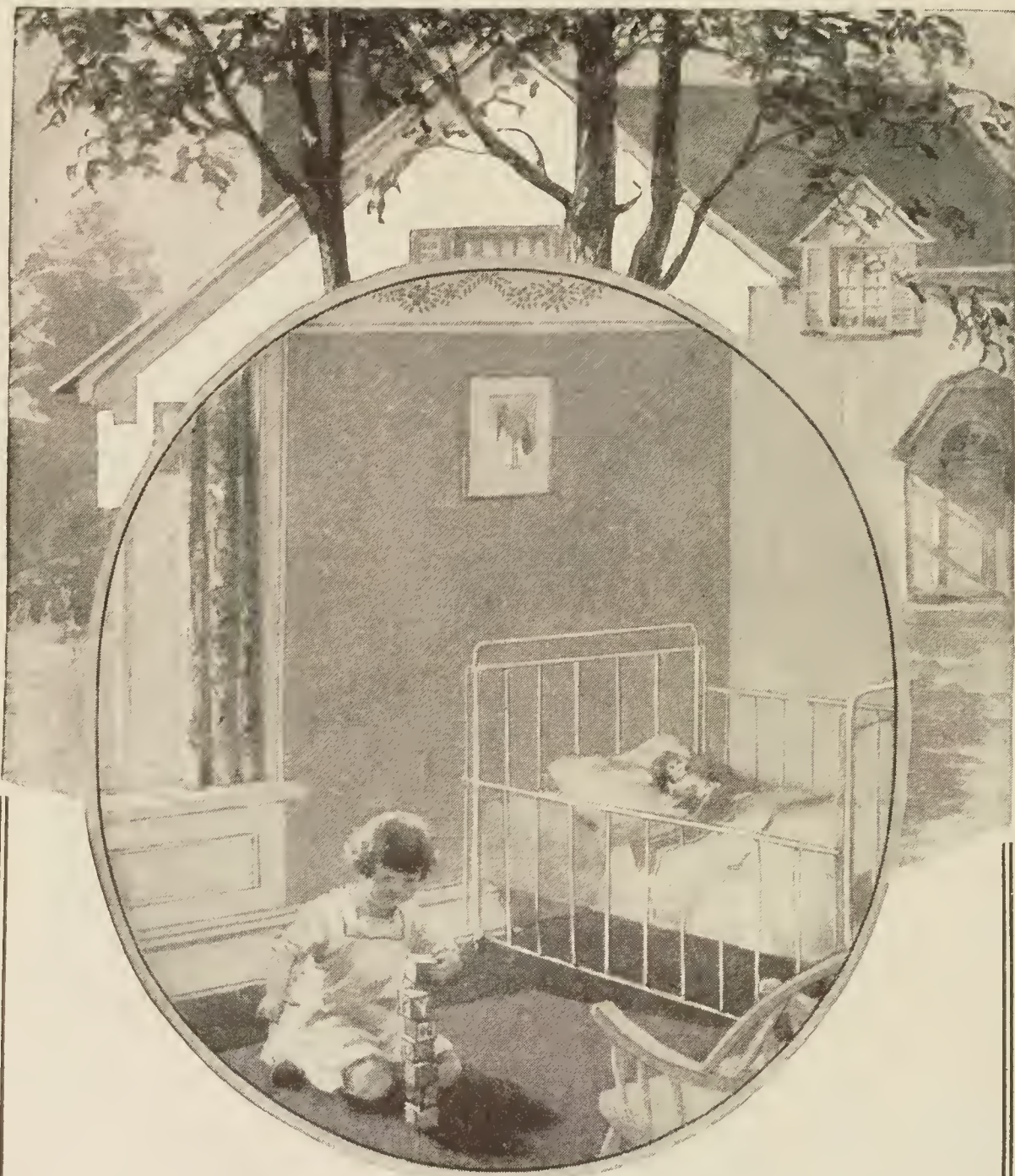
Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark.

How and why internal cleanliness will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a plain, instructive and authoritative way in the booklet "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN". Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 713 F, 44 Beaver Street, New York. Please send me a copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN".

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IN homes or hotels; in schools, churches, hospitals and public buildings, modern methods of decorating call for Alabastine, the sanitary wall coating. No one knows to what extent walls are responsible for sickness. Certainly unsanitary walls are dangerous and when beautiful effects—the harmonious color matching of rugs and draperies—may be obtained by using an absolutely sanitary wall coating such as Alabastine, there can be no excuse for continuing to have walls which are lurking places of disease germs. Especially in sleeping rooms and living rooms where the family congregate, and above all in children's rooms, Alabastined walls while most appropriate and artistic are positively safe from a health standard.

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Alabastine comes ready to apply. Just mix with water and put on with a suitable brush over any interior surface, plastered walls, wallboard, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall-paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes. If the color you desire is not one of our standard shades, any variation may be obtained by intermixing. It is so simple that even the inexperienced use Alabastine with satisfactory results where decorators are not available.

Send for Our Color Chart

Popular and attractive suggestions for wall tinting are shown in a practical Alabastine color chart which will be sent to you free upon request. Our Service Department will be glad to advise you upon any special decorating problem. Do not hesitate to write in detail.



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*Your Local Dealer Is
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YOU WILL BE SURPRISED TO FIND HOW SIMPLE IT ALL IS

HOME TREATMENT FOR UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE

BY MARGARET LARRABEE

IN MAY we moved to the country. Our little apartment in town had looked very nice to us, and we had had five very happy years there, but when our second child was born we felt that the country was the place for us. So one lovely Spring day we moved our Lares and Penates to a little house in the country with lots of sunshine in every room and a yard for the children to play in. We spread our belongings out over the two floors and were a little discouraged with the result—things looked rather dingy and the relentless sun showed up all too plainly the defects in our upholstery and curtains and rugs.

It had cost a great deal to move, and how to freshen things up with only a small

me dreadful at that time—and paying seven dollars for the work of putting my material in the smallest chair—I realized that it could not be. I should have to devise some other way. I had always been quite handy about the house, making slip-covers for my furniture to use in the Summer, and the thought came to me to do the work myself. But I dismissed it as impossible—how did one ever get to the back of the seat to tack down the covering and how make the buttons in the back stay in place? But the desire persisted to have those chairs covered. So one day I measured as carefully as I could and found just how much material I would need. Then I announced I was going to try anyway and see what I could do upholstering those chairs. I bought a figured velours, fifty-four inches wide, and with tacks, hammer, and a great many misgivings, I set to work.



AN UPHOLSTERER'S NEEDLE IS NEEDED FOR FASTENING THE COVERED BUTTONS

First I ripped off the back side of the back of my chair and one of my problems was solved at once, for I found it was a very simple matter to tack down the seat covering. The construction of an upholstered chair is such that one can easily pull the material from the front of the back and the seat firmly into place and tack at the back. After I had removed the back I ripped off one-half of the chair covering to use as a pattern and the other half I left on the chair to show just how and where to put on the new covering.

I began with the seat—it was very simple. First I cut the material just like the half I had cut off, but making it double and a little longer so as to have something to hold on to when pulling it smooth. Then I tacked the front of the seat in place, pulled my material through the back and tacked that in place, taking great care that my covering was absolutely straight. At the two corners of the back there are two pieces of wood—parts of the framework—and to

amount to spend was our problem. The curtains could be replaced at a small cost and inexpensive rugs could be purchased at that time, but what could we do to the upholstered chairs with tufting in the back and arms? And the couch looked very shabby under a sunny south window. I talked to an upholsterer in town, but when I had figured on purchasing yards of material fifty-four inches wide at four dollars a yard—which seemed to

get around those, pieces were cut out of the material. The sides went easily into place and the seat of my chair was done, all but the braid which went on when my chair was completely covered.

I then tackled the back, which was tufted, beginning at the first row of buttons. In removing the back side of the back, I had seen how the buttons were tied to the webbing in back. I purchased a long heavy needle



LAY THE MATERIAL ON THE CHAIR AND CUT "TO FIT THE FIGURE"



Valspar renews your old linoleum—

VALSPAR will do wonders for your linoleum, congoleum or oil cloth. It not only brings out the colors like new, but adds years of extra wear.

For Valspar gives these floor-coverings a new surface—tough, waterproof, wear-resisting—a surface that is proof against hot greases, acids and spilled liquids, hot or cold.

And all over the house you'll find any number of things that will be the better for a protecting coat of Valspar. For anything varnished with Valspar will not only wear longer but can be washed with soap and hot water without harm.

Use Valspar on floors, furniture and all woodwork indoors and out.

Valspar Varnish is easy to apply and dries hard over night.

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DeL. 4-21

THAT WORN CHAIR READILY RE-COVERED

from an upholsterer and with this implement and good heavy twine my buttons, which I had covered myself with the material, went on very nicely. Of course the upholstery underneath the covering was already indicated so that my problem was only to get the covering on smoothly. The plaits went into place when the buttons were pulled in tight and sewed to the webbing. After my four rows of buttons were all finished the bottom of the back of the chair pulled into place just where the back of the seat had gone and when the top and sides were in place my back was done. I had purposely chosen a chair without arms to begin on, so now the whole front was done and it looked extremely well.

The outside of the back was very simple and was in place in no time. The braid remained to be put on. The upholsterer had told me to get fish glue. You put a small amount of boiling water into a jelly glass, then put in about a dozen pieces of glue and stand the glass in a pan of hot water on the stove until the glue has melted. With a small flat stick I applied the glue to the braid and put it all around the outside of my chair, covering the tacks. A piece of black paper-muslin tacked over the bottom of my chair absolutely completed the work and my first chair was covered. It did not look amateurish at all and I was as proud as could be, as I had never known any one who had had the courage to cover a tufted chair before. This was my first job, but not my last by any means. Since then I have covered five or six chairs, all different—some entirely tufted, with wings and arms, and some plainer. I have even covered a couch, and while it is tiresome and takes a long time, is no harder I have learned that materials with good body, such as velours, etc., are easier to handle than linens and cretonnes, and most important of all I have learned not to cover a chair that is not in perfect condition as to springs and upholstery. If your seat sags, send the chair first, before you take off the covering, and have a good upholsterer put the springs in order—then cover your chair. See that all the webbing used on chairs or sofas is also tight and strong.

If a large figured covering is used, care must be taken to have the pattern properly

centered. For this reason plain materials or materials of small designs are more economical to cut and easier to apply.

The principal rule to keep in mind is to note carefully in removing the old cover how it was put on.

You will be surprised, as I was, to find how simple it all is, and if, like me, you are encouraged to tackle other pieces of furniture, you will find each easier than the one before.

Little details that are difficult to explain in words will solve themselves gradually, and if you have any knack at all for this kind of work, you will be delighted not only because you can with your own hands keep your furniture in order, but because you can save money. A considerable sum of money, too, it may prove to be.



COVERING THE SEAT IS REALLY MUCH EASIER THAN ONE WOULD IMAGINE

THE reader is cordially invited to send us her upholstery and furnishing problems and difficulties. What to select for new furnishings—curtains, wall-papers, tables, chairs, etc., etc.—or how to repair and refinish those already owned. Please be as definite and thorough as possible in stating your problem. Address, with stamped, self-addressed envelope, Interior Decoration Editor, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York.



Your skin is changing every day

This is your chance to make it what you will

ASKIN clear, radiant! If you would have a good complexion, you must take care continually of the new skin that is forming every day.

Every day, as old skin dies, new forms to take its place. By the proper care and treatment, you can make this new skin *what you will!*

Skin specialists say that the best way to keep the skin in a healthy, active condition, is by proper cleansing and stimulating treatments with a soap carefully prepared to suit the nature of the skin.

To make your skin soft and lovely, use the following treatment daily:

Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse first with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Always be careful to dry the skin thoroughly.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin today the treatment your skin needs.

A 25-cent cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

"Your treatment for one week"

A miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

In it you will find the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1904, Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1904 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



For the commoner skin troubles

You will find complete treatments and scientific advice in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.



TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

If you feel that the toilet preparations you are using are not, for some reason that you do not understand, giving you the best results, or if you need a special bit of advice about the care of your hair or skin or hands, or if you just feel the need of talking to somebody who understands and who is interested in you and in this never-ending problem of making the best of oneself—write to the Beauty Editor, care of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York, enclosing a stamped self-addressed envelope for reply.

THE word "bee" comes from the root *bhi*, which means "to fear."

From time to time letters come in to us from women who say, "It's all very well to talk about patting, and the right cold-creams, and all that, but when you work hard eight hours a day, or more, and never have the burden of self-support off your chest for a minute, and though you are perfectly willing to *want* to work at *something* as long as you live, you don't like to think you are going through life without ever having a husband, a home and some youngsters—tell me, how are you going to compete with the woman who doesn't have to work, who has time to pat, and take a nap in the afternoon?"

"You're invited to the same dinner-party with her. You tear home from the office and do the best you can with yourself, and then you're lined up at the party beside her freshness and restedness, her careful grooming and freedom from worry. Tell me, what are you going to do about that?"

And we answer, with bees.

To fear or not to fear.

The bee race is divided into workers, queens and drones. The workers make the honey and earn and put away the food that keeps the tribe alive all Winter, the queens keep the race going and the drones sort of sit around and sing.

In a way those bee-women have more sense than we have. They go about the business of life, and the drones, the bee-men, scarcely matter at all. They let them hang around until needed, but they never make them a point of competition between themselves.

How we fell from that self-respecting attitude of the bee-women, and that fine, high estate of the woman of the Matriarchate who looked over the crowd and picked out the man who attracted her most and said, "I think I'll take him," and he hurried right along as pleased as *Punch* and became her husband, I don't know. But I do know that nine times out of ten when we working women have the blues, it's because we feel we haven't the chance at life that "queens" have, and life means a man, romance, excitement, safety, home, children, love.

WANTING a husband isn't anything to be ashamed of. It's human—and laudable. It's not only that we want to come home from work to somebody we love or have somebody come home to us, a nice man-person, big-voiced and blundering and comforting and way inside of him something of a little boy that needs you—it's not only that, it's also that you need to bump up constantly against a man's view-point in order to be a well-rounded person.

And so competition has grown up among us. We aren't content, we workers, just to

buzz along making honey and let the queens have the pick of the drones. There is some excuse for us, too, fighting one another, our drones may not sing so loud, but they get more done.

Just why a queen is a queen, I don't know. Some silly bee "divine right" makes them queens. They're born bigger and they live three times as long, but their wings are shorter; they can't keep everlastingly in the way the worker can, and they haven't any jolly big pockets to take the honey home as the worker has. But there they are born to be queens, and the drones buzz around.

TO-DAY if you were to tally up the advantages of the woman who works against the advantages of the woman who doesn't work, I believe the woman who works could beat her by at least five good, vital points.

Worker	Queen
More understanding.	Lighter heart, more gaiety.
More balance.	Fresher looking.
Ability to keep on, even when she doesn't feel like it.	More frankly living for love and romance.
More intelligence.	Lure.
More courage.	More pretty "small talk."
	Softer personality.

To bhi or not to bhi.

With such qualities is the worker going to fear life, or rivals, or the years? The queen hasn't half the chance at life that the worker has, unless the latter works much too hard. Because, as a matter of fact, the woman who doesn't work usually thinks too much about herself. She is ill when the worker wouldn't allow herself to be. And often that inviting softness of personality has a rift of shallowness in it. The worker has had to set her teeth so often and face things down, that she may look a little hard or grim, but the look is lighted up by courage—unless she pities herself.

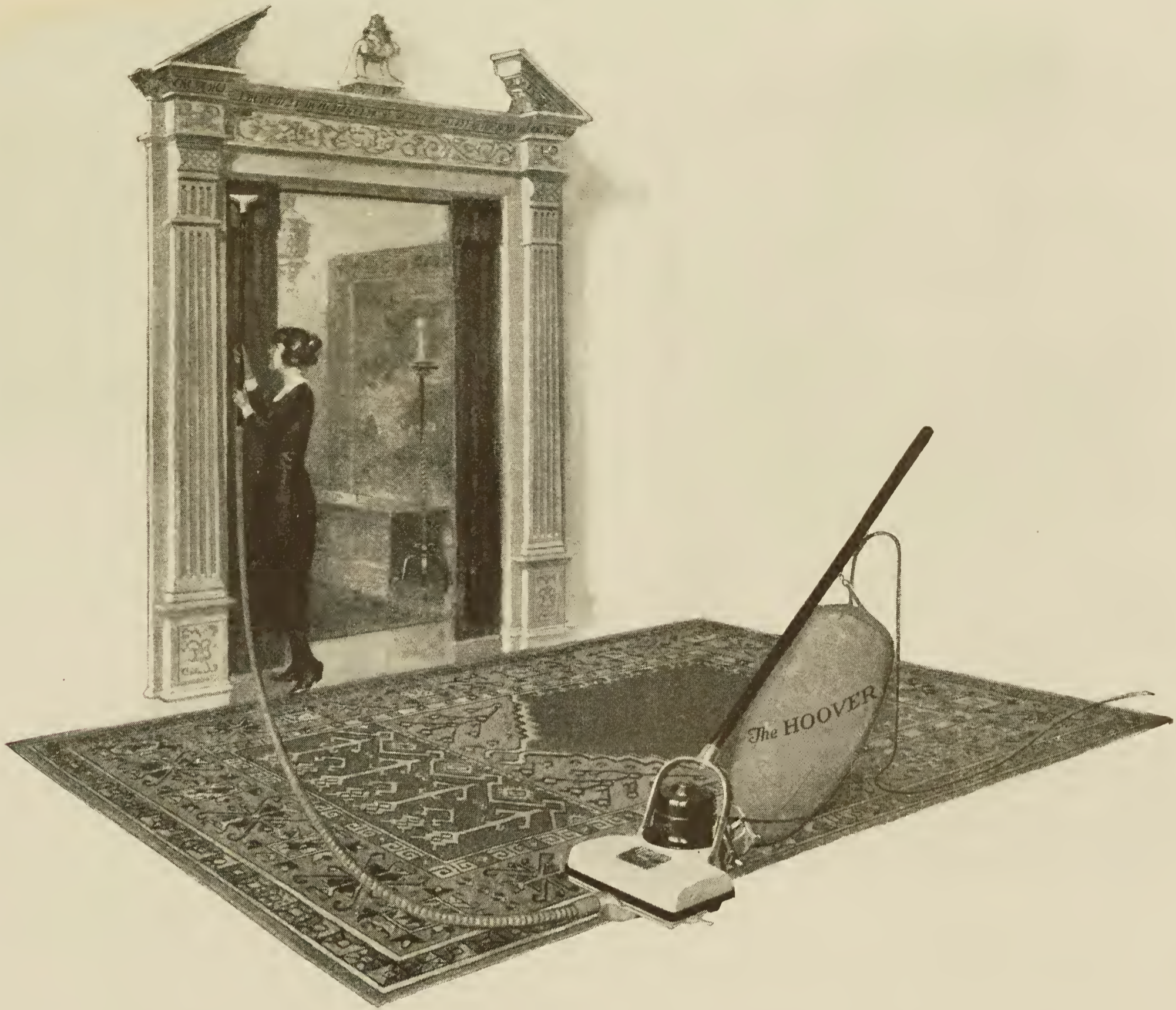
In the worker class, of course, are the housewives and the mothers who bring up their children themselves; not just the women in offices.

And when that dinner-party comes along, if you live at all sensibly, not driving the machine *too* hard, you can hold up your head with the best of them. The first thing you do when your work is done and you are home is to cleanse the face with cold-cream and astringent. Put on a skin food or some pore-cream mixed with a little of the right kind of oil, take a warm, lazy bath if you have time; if not, then a quick, hot bath, followed by a cold shower or cold water splashed over you. Then, wrapping a warm bathrobe or a blanket around you, lie flat on the floor with all lights turned out. Lie there ten minutes, or more, with every muscle you relaxed, no pillow under your head, flat. It is the only way you really will relax. Then let go of everything that worries or excites you—just for ten minutes, escape.

Think a smile, and you'll feel the muscles of your face contract and pull up. Escape—out of your work, out of your room, into a garden, or the air, or anything that makes you feel bodiless and floating and free.

On your face over the skin food you'll have

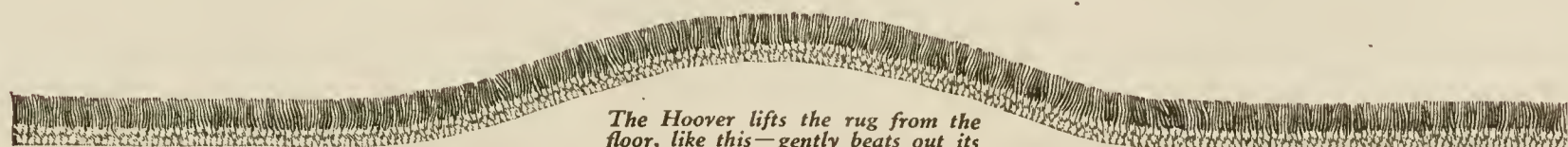
Concluded on page 74



From the deep folds and softly cushioned surfaces of even the finest upholstery, all lint and dust may speedily be suctioned away by the air attachments of The Hoover. But for the vastly more difficult task of cleaning rugs, so as to prolong their life, The Hoover brings into play all three of its forces. Gently it beats out all nap-cutting, embedded grit. Briskly it sweeps up all clinging litter, erects matted nap and freshens colors. Vigorously it cleans by air. Only The Hoover discharges all these duties. And it is the largest-selling electric cleaner in the world.

The HOOVER

It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans



The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life



This Better Cabinet makes every motion count

THE superiority of the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet was attained by what efficiency engineers call scientific "motion study." It is designed to make motions, and minutes, count.

It serves you better because it contains more conveniences arranged in more efficient order. Its design is a marvel of scientific efficiency.

It is due to this unusual arrangement of its compartments and conveniences, as well as their number and completeness, that meals can be prepared more quickly on the Napanee Dutch Kitchenet. So it gives more freedom from kitchen hours.

The exclusive features of the Napanee are but parts of its perfection. From the selected woods and metals to the last detail of finish and workmanship, the Napanee possesses the quality that insures generations of faultless service.

Its builders are not carpenters. They are cabinet makers, rich in the skill of their painstaking craft. Their ideals are those of the famous furniture craftsmen whose names still mark types of fine furniture. Each Napanee, like the finest furniture, truly expresses those ideals. Ask to see the Napanee at your dealer's. Compare it with other kitchen cabinets—then compare the prices!

Address Department 31

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK, Nappanee, Indiana



Helpful Booklets

"What we learned about Built-in Features" is an interesting booklet that will solve some big kitchen problems for you if you are planning to build or remodel.

"More Time Out of Your Kitchen" is another booklet that will show you the way to more leisure with your present kitchen.

Write for either—they are valuable, but FREE.



IN STOOPING. THE KNEES SHOULD BEND AND THE LARGE MUSCLES OF THE LEGS SHOULD CARRY THE BODY WITHIN REACH OF THE OBJECT

HOW THE HOUSEKEEPER HER WORK, RIGHTLY DONE,

BY MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Cling to your youth. It is an artist's stock-in-trade. Do not give out that you are aging, and you will not age.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

YEARS do not count so much toward old age as the way one habitually uses the body. The person who is able to work can practise simple rejuvenating exercises to prevent stiffness of joints, settness of muscles, stooped body, heaviness of movement. One needs to begin young to grow old gracefully.

Young housekeepers full of energy are not only not acquiring a reserve for old age when they work beyond their strength, but are laying up a distaste for housework. They need to treat themselves rather more as the

good horseman does his valuable animal which he exercises under most favorable conditions, in order that his power may become cumulative and his value be continued for years as a financial investment, or as a machine is cared for which runs without friction, no motion lost. Millions of dollars will be invested to make such machines. Human bodies are worn out by friction and constant worry. Wrinkles are added to the face and spirit and body become depressed.

AS EFFECTIVE as exercises for keeping the body vigorous is the habit of relaxation, which, if begun early in life, is as easy to acquire as the habit of strain. The tension of nerve, brain and muscle must be released at frequent intervals if the welfare of the human machine is to be protected.

A few minutes snatched from hectic days may well be spent in total relaxation. If this period of recreation is taken before the tension is too great, long days of illness may be prevented. It was a philosophic housewife who said she took a vacation whenever she had fifteen minutes to spare. Vacations are accorded the teacher, the pastor and the clerk as recognized necessities. Vacations are very personal, however, and may mean the frequent fifteen minutes' rest or the longer period of complete change. It remains for each of us to define our own understanding of a real vacation.

DELINEATOR readers will be glad to hear from housewives as to the type of vacation they like best. It should become an established rule that a certain period of the year belongs to the housekeeper for a complete change. Vacations are most enjoyable if taken before one is obliged to stop and while one is in condition to enjoy them. The benefit of recreation to the housekeeper is not hers alone, but is shared by the entire family because of her changed point of view and the spirit which she brings back to the intimacy of the family life. The little rest and change has removed mountains which were not real and carried her around bridges which need not be crossed.

Perhaps it might be well to call attention to the word "recreation" and emphasize it as one which is running over with meaning. We associate it rightly with wholesome pleasure and fun, but we need to go a step further and recognize pleasure and fun as forces which have the power to recreate us. Recreation means re-creation. Rightful play renews our life forces.

As life demands more work than play, recreative features should be introduced into our daily work. The program to be followed daily is to say the words: "I own



IF THE BODY IS ERECT, IN SWEEPING, THE MUSCLES OF THE WAIST FIRM AND THE WEIGHT FORWARD ON THE BALLS OF THE FEET, THE MUSCLES OF THE BACK ARE RELIEVED, AND WHEN THE BROOM IS THE ONLY AVAILABLE APPARATUS, RHYTHM AND EASE MAY BE EMPLOYED



MUCH HOUSEWORK MAY BE DONE IN A SITTING POSITION. SIT WELL BACK ON THE SEAT OF THE CHAIR, ENERGIZE THE LOWER PART OF THE SPINE, CURVE IT INWARD AWAY FROM THE CHAIR-BACK



Given Away!

A can of Old English Wax will be given away with every Waxer-Polisher. This entirely new Old English device puts the wax on the floor and polishes the floor. *Not a weighted floor brush.* It makes floor-polishing as easy and simple as running a carpet-sweeper. It lasts a lifetime. If your dealer can't supply you, we can. Use the coupon below for this short-time offer.

Are your floors getting talked about?

They will be if you follow this inexpensive method

Beautiful floors, with that soft lustre and mellow glow which everybody loves, that grow more beautiful with age and last for years - you, too, can have such floors if you follow the right method.

All you need is a soft rag and a can of Old English Wax. No special skill necessary. Just apply a thin film of Old English Wax and a few minutes afterwards a little rubbing will bring it to a velvety polish. Or you can use the Waxer-Polisher shown in the picture. Be sure to read the free offer above.

Simple dusting will keep waxed floors clean and bright. Now and then you can "touch-up" with fresh wax the spots where floor is most used. You don't have to wax the entire floor. Heel-marks, grease

or scratches can't penetrate its hard, wear-resisting finish.

It's easy to wax any kind of floors - hardwood or softwood, varnished, shellaced or stained.

Get a can of Old English Wax at your paint, hardware, drug, or housefurnishing store and see for yourself how beautiful it makes your floors, woodwork and furniture.

Read the Coupon Offer

Fill out the coupon and get a free copy of our book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture - Their Finish and Care." Contains expert advice based on over a quarter of a century of experience in finishing—

Hardwood Floors	Softwood Floors
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Phonographs	Linoleum
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Old English Wax

How to Clean Your Floors

The easy way to clean your floors—waxed, varnished, shellaced, or stained—is to use Old English Brightener. It's the floor cleaner that takes away that dingy, dusty, dull appearance *without destroying the finish.* It leaves a light film which polishes beautifully, brightens the floor, woodwork, or furniture, and protects against wear. Will not collect dust, discolor the wood, or soil rugs like oil. Doubles the life of your floor finish.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 1108 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me your free book on the Care of Floors, Woodwork and Furniture.

Send me, all charges paid, an Old English Waxer-Polisher—at the special time-limited price, \$3.50 (Denver and West, \$4.00), which I enclose.

Name _____

Address _____

MAY CHEAT OLD AGE PRODUCES BODILY VIGOR

Editor, Home-Makers' Department

world"; to pull the chest up, to lift up corners of the mouth; to breathe deeply, to loosen the jaw, to smooth the forehead, to

or even while enduring a scolding anathema.

The habit of stretching, yawning, relaxing every muscle of the body, and throwing yourself prone upon a smooth surface, letting the couch hold you instead of endeavoring to hold up the couch, even if practised but a few moments daily, will bring positive relief from tension and help to dispel discord and weariness.

The habit of a few moments' rest before a meal will aid digestion. The housekeeper will wonder how she can ever do this if she is responsible for getting the meal on the



WASH WINDOWS WITH THE CORRECT STANDING POSITION. THE ARM MAY PLAY OVER THE SURFACE IN RHYTHMIC MOTIONS, FIRST WITH ONE HAND AND THEN THE OTHER, THE BODY YIELDING GRACEFULLY TO THE MOTION INSTEAD OF PULLING AWAY FROM IT



HOURS ARE SPENT AT THE WORK-TABLE WITH VARYING MOVEMENTS, WHICH SHOULD BE FROM THE HIPS, KEEPING THE BACK IN THE CORRECT DOUBLE CURVE. BETTER ACCOMMODATE THE HEIGHT OF THE TABLE TO THE WOMAN THAN TO ALLOW HER TO SACRIFICE HEALTH AND COMFORT

table. However, her poise while the meal is served is essential for the contentment of the family, and the effect of rest before the

Concluded on page 79



"There's a great big secret behind the flavor"

THERE'S no use guessing how Baker keeps the wholesome, refreshing flavor of the freshly picked nut right inside the Baker container. See if YOU can find the secret in the can.

In the can:—Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut—canned in its own milk.

In the package:—Baker's Premium Grade Dry Shred Coconut—sugarcured.

By the way, have YOU a copy of the free Baker Recipe Booklet? If not, you'd better write for it NOW!

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THERE'S DISTINCTION IN A CHOCOLATE SWISS ROLL

NEW DESSERTS FROM OLD RULES

BY MRS. NELL B. NICHOLS

THERE is scarcely a dessert in the world but that offers possibilities for being changed so it tastes and appears differently. Take the old-fashioned gingerbread, for instance. It almost needs an introduction when it comes to the table with a filling of melting marshmallows and a topping of whipped cream.

And then there is the familiar cream puff, universally liked by those enjoying sweets. The hostess, however, is not likely to serve it alone for the last course of the luncheon. But what could be more appetizing than a well-made cream puff with a filling of banana or coconut cream and the whole served with a hot chocolate sauce?

The ordinary sponge-cake assumes an air of distinction when made into the form of a jelly roll with a chocolate filling. Thin slices can be cut and served with whipped cream if one desires. Canned fruits are reasonable always and for this reason can be depended on when the time for preparing the dessert is limited.

When biscuits with jelly fail to awaken the enthusiasm of those about the table, a cinnamon roll made of the same food materials with the addition of cinnamon pleases all. Served with a suitable sauce, the dessert is new—at least it is different from biscuits in taste and appearance.

Baked apples are a favorite dessert, but frequently one tires of them. When this occurs, the cook can make something different by stuffing them with marshmallows, brown sugar and nuts and serving them in grape punch. While ice-cream is another ever-popular dessert, a variation in the ingredients used is enjoyed now and then. Almond cream made with pineapple, for example, makes a pleasing change. It is not much more expensive than plain ice-cream, as such a small amount of cream is used.

CREAM PUFFS WITH CHOCOLATE SAUCE

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup melted fat $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water
2 eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour

PUT the butter or butter substitute and water into a saucepan and place over heat. As soon as the boiling-point is reached, add flour all at once and stir vigorously until the mixture separates from the pan. Remove from fire, cool slightly and add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating thoroughly between each addition. Drop by spoonfuls on to a greased sheet one-and-one-half inches apart. Shape as round as possible, slightly piling in the center. Bake until the puffs are set, in a moderate oven about thirty minutes. Make a cut in the top of each with a sharp knife and fill with whipped cream, coconut or banana cream filling and serve with hot chocolate sauce.

HOT CHOCOLATE SAUCE

1 square unsweetened chocolate $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
2 tablespoons water
1 tablespoon melted fat 1 teaspoon vanilla

MELT chocolate over boiling water, add melted fat, sugar and water. Boil fifteen minutes, cool slightly and add vanilla. Serve with cream puffs while hot.

MARSHMALLOW GINGERBREAD

$1\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ginger $\frac{1}{2}$ cup molasses
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sour milk
1 teaspoon soda $1\frac{1}{2}$ cup marshmallows
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cocoa $\frac{1}{3}$ cup melted fat

SIFT flour, spice, salt, soda and cocoa together. Cream fat and sugar, add molasses, egg and sour milk. Add dry ingredients. Bake in a moderate oven about thirty minutes. Remove from oven and cut open through the center. Spread lower half with the marshmallows cut in fine pieces and cover with upper half. Cut in squares, arrange on pie-plates and serve while warm with whipped cream.

BANANA-CREAM FILLING

1 cup milk $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon lemon-juice
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon corn-starch $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
1 egg 1 cup sliced bananas
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar

MAKE a sauce with the milk and corn-starch. Make a boiled custard with remaining ingredients, using the corn-starch sauce as the liquid and adding the bananas when the custard is cool.

CHOCOLATE SWISS ROLL

2 eggs 1 cup flour
1 cup sugar 1 teaspoon baking-powder
Rind of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water

SEPARATE the whites from the yolks of the eggs. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Divide and add one-half cup of sugar to one-half of the beaten egg-white. Beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Add other half of sugar gradually to the egg-yolks and continue beating. Add grated rind of lemon, then boiling water. Add one-half cup of flour with the egg-whites which have been mixed with sugar. Add other half-cup of flour, sifted with baking-powder and salt with the remainder of the whites and fold in carefully. Bake in a moderate oven. When done, add chocolate filling and roll. Cut thin slices from the roll; place whipped cream between two slices for a dessert.

CHOCOLATE FILLING

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk 1 tablespoon chocolate
 $1\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoon corn-starch 1 egg
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla 4 tablespoons sugar

SCALD milk, add corn-starch, chocolate and sugar mixed together. Cook until thick. Add well-beaten egg and flavoring.

CINNAMON BISCUIT DESSERT

ROLL out a biscuit dough to about three-eighths inch thickness. Spread with melted fat, cinnamon and sugar, roll like a jelly roll and cut off pieces three-fourths of an inch thick. Place on a greased tin and bake fifteen minutes. Serve with cinnamon sauce.



"Caladero" says the pumpkin - here's the secret of all-year round pumpkin pies

There's magic in the "Caladero" Canister—magic, and a world of tempting menu possibilities for you.

To a heaping tablespoonful of the beautiful golden flour which it contains, simply add water, and you have enough delicious "fresh" pumpkin to make a pie—a canister makes ten.

"CALADERO" PUMPKIN FLOUR is nothing more nor less than choice, selected fresh pumpkin—without the water. Our perfected "Caladero" process of dry-heat dehydration takes out the moisture (which is 90 per cent of the bulk) but keeps in all the delicacy and fine flavor. Simply add water again and you have fresh pumpkin—ready for use on short notice at any season of the year.

Don't put off any longer the enjoyment of the delicious old-fashioned fresh pumpkin pies which this wonderful new product makes possible. Ask your Grocer. If he is not yet supplied, fill in the coupon and send for a sample canister today. Your money back if not pleased.

"Caladero" Pumpkin Flour

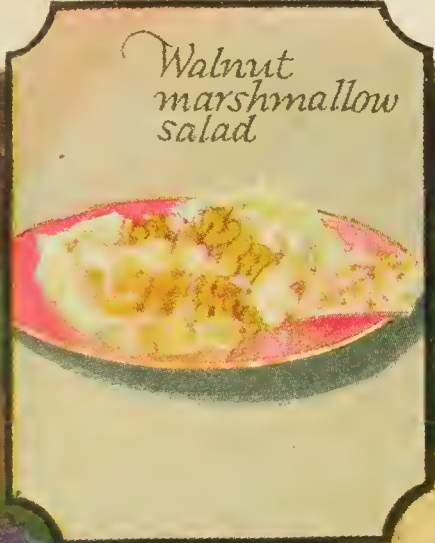
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Our great plant is one of the largest in the world and produces the famous "Caladero" Dehydrated Products—peaches, apricots, apples, Bartlett pears, French prunes, and "Caladero" vegetables.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find 50 cents. Please send me postpaid one can of "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour (enough to make 10 large pies). My money to be refunded if not pleased.

Name _____
P. O. Address _____
City or Town _____
State _____



Is your favorite Walnut dish here?

Did you ever try cored apples, stuffed with Walnuts, sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar, and baked to a luscious golden brown?

This is one man's favorite Walnut dish. And it's only one of hundreds. Five other favorites, equally tempting, are pictured above.

You don't need to be a vegetarian to appreciate this wonderful nature food. Walnuts *supplement meat* — make many meat dishes better — and in salads, desserts, cakes and candy, they "dress up" and add charm to any meal.

The better the Walnuts, of course, the more nutritious they are, and the greater the satisfaction in eating them. That's why housewives buy forty million pounds of DIAMOND BRAND Walnuts each season. Finest Walnuts from California's famous groves — selected varieties, *better grown*, carefully graded, culled three times by hand, and even weight-tested and sample-cracked to prove them thin-shelled, plump-meated, perfect. Try them in the tempting recipes below:

Every woman ought to have our new recipe book, shown here. It contains the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers as well as the choicest Walnut recipes of a leading culinary expert. Send your Dealer's name and address for a free copy. Address Dept. P 1.



WALNUT RICE LOAF
1 cup chopped Walnut Meats; 1 cup bread crumbs; 1 1/2 cups cooked rice; 1 egg; 3/4 cup milk; sage, salt and pepper to taste. Beat egg, add milk and other ingredients. Mix well and bake in buttered baking dish thirty minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

WALNUT SURPRISE
1 cup Walnut Meats; 1 cup brown sugar; 1 cup chopped dates; 1 cup flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 3 eggs; 1 teaspoon vanilla. Beat egg yolks, add sugar

and other ingredients. Fold in whites of eggs well beaten. Bake in thin sheet in moderate oven. Serve warm with cream.

SANDWICH FILLING
1/2 cup chopped Walnut Meats; 1/2 cup sharp Eastern cheese, grated; 1/2 teaspoon salt; 1/2 teaspoon dry mustard; 1/2 teaspoon paprika. Mix with enough mayonnaise to spread.

MARSHMALLOW SALAD
1 cup marshmallows cut in pieces; 1 cup pineapple cubed; 1/2 cup Walnut

Meats. Mix together with boiled salad dressing and arrange on lettuce. Serve with French Nut Wafers.

FRENCH NUT WAFERS
1/2 cup butter; 1 cup powdered sugar; 1/2 cup milk; 1 1/2 cups flour; pinch salt; 2 cups Walnut Meats. Cream butter and sugar; add milk and flour sifted with salt. Grease bottom of large dripping pan and spread thin with batter. Sprinkle generously with chopped Diamond Brand Walnuts. Bake in moderate oven. Cut in two-inch squares while warm.

Better order a supply now — ask your Dealer for DIAMOND BRAND. And if you are not reasonably certain you are getting just what you order, have your Walnuts taken directly from the hundred-pound bag we ship them in, a miniature picture of which appears below.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A purely co-operative, non-profit organization of over 3000 Growers
Our yearly production over Forty Million Pounds

DIAMOND BRAND WALNUTS



"Crackin' Good Walnuts"

And here are two new and convenient ways to buy DIAMOND BRAND Walnuts — both packed in vacuum to keep them fresh. Ask your Dealer.



Jiffy-Jell

Real-Fruit Desserts

Flavored with condensed fruit juice in bottles, in a bottle.



We Give
Dessert Molds, etc.
to serve it attractively

New-Type Desserts With the real fruit essence in bottles

JIFFY-JELL is the only dessert which brings you real fruit in condensed form, in a bottle.

We crush the fruit, condense the juice and seal it. The full fruit flavor, fresh and abundant, comes to you intact.

The vial in each package contains the essence of much fruit. Added to Jiffy-Jell it makes a rich fruit dainty. Not a mere flavor, but the real fruit juice is in it.

Compare it with the old-style quick desserts. Learn what deliciousness this real fruit essence adds.

Less Than Fruit Costs

The fruit we use to flavor Jiffy-Jell would often cost you more than the whole dessert.

Here you get a complete dessert. Simply add boiling water as directed on package, then the essence from the vial, and let cool.

One package serves six in mold form, or twelve if you whip the jell—all for 12½ cents.

Fruit Needed Daily

Fruit is a daily essential. But that means real fruit, not mere flavor. In Jiffy-Jell it costs but little. There are 8 fruits to select from. And they form the finest desserts you can serve.

Begin to enjoy them, as millions are now doing.



Bottle in Each Package

Let Us Supply You The means to serve it attractively


We supply aluminum dessert molds and other things to users. Send for what you need.

Five pint molds as follows: Style B is heart-shaped; Style C is fluted, like small mold at side; Style D is a salad mold; Style E a pinnacle mold; Style H is star-shaped—see below.

Set of Six individual molds, assorted styles. The six will serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell.

Jiffy-Cup is a half-pint aluminum cup to accurately measure the water.

Dessert Spoons in teaspoon size, in an exquisite new pattern of Wm. Rogers & Son AA silverplate. Guaranteed 20 years. No advertisement on them.

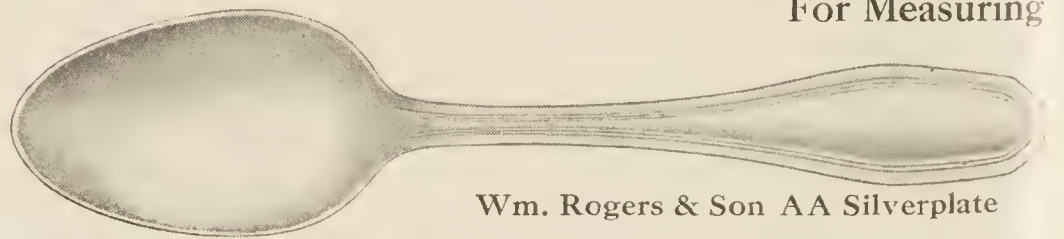
Cut out the  trade-marks in the circle on Jiffy-Jell packages. Send 6 for any pint mold or the set of six. Send 2 for Jiffy-Cup. Send 2 for one spoon, plus 10 cents for postage and packing. We will then offer you the balance of a set of spoons.



Individual
Dessert Molds
Set of Six Assorted
Styles



Jiffy-Cup
For Measuring



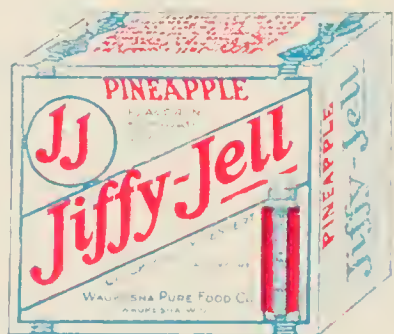
Wm. Rogers & Son AA Silverplate

Also Salad Jell and Mint Jell

Lime-fruit flavor makes a tart green salad jell. Mix in your salad articles and make a salad loaf. Or make an appetizing meat loaf by using meat left-overs.

Mint flavor makes a rich mint jell, to serve with roast meats, hot or cold. It is much better than mint sauce.

Note the package carefully so you get real Jiffy-Jell.



10 Flavors in Vials

Bottle in Each Package

Mint	Lemon
Lime	Orange
Coffee	Cherry
Strawberry	Pineapple
Loganberry	Raspberry

2 packages for 25 cents



Fruit Dessert for Six

Made with one package Loganberry Jiffy-Jell, using star-shaped pint mold


Style H Dessert costs 12½ cents

Jiffy Dessert Co.,
Waukesha, Wis.

Del. 640
MAIL
THIS

Enclosed find.....  trade-marks for which send the gifts I check below.

Pint Molds Set of Six Molds
Check style wanted Jiffy Cup
—B —C —D —E —H Wm. Rogers Spoon

Send 6  trade-marks for any pint mold or the set of six. Send 2 for Jiffy-Cup or 2 and 10 cents for the spoon.

'ALL TO HUSBAND'

dish was already on the table with other silver-plated dishes containing no doubt the vegetables cooked as he had directed; cut-glass decanters with red wine and yellow wine sparkled gaily; jolly little rolls showed their brown noses where they lay snug in prettily folded napkins. It was all extraordinarily attractive and inviting.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Johnson, rubbing his hands and looking at it all with almost as much pleasure as if he saw it for the first time.

THEN Nellie Price came tripping into the room.

"Mrs. Johnson will be glad of your arm to help her down, sir. She 'as come over rather faint on the landing."

He hastened gallantly to the rescue. "Emmie," he called cheerfully as he dashed to the stairs, "Emmie, my dear. You're a standstill, I'm told."

"Oh, Hector!" gasped his wife. "Oh, Hector! You must get me down slowly to-day."

And as he and the girl supported her on either side, almost lifted her from step to step, she uttered breathless instructions and apologies. "Take me slower. There, give me an easy—I'm an awful weight, Hector. I know it. Was I on your toes, Nell? So sorry, dear."

But for that patent dish, the mutton would have been cold before they had her seated at the table.

Already large at the date of her marriage, she had now become altogether unwieldy. When the corpulence began to increase, he still insisted on carting her about for Summer holidays, patiently crawling with her along the pier at Margate, sitting by the side of her dress at band concerts, fetching and carrying for her in the lounge halls of boarding-houses. After the first few years he had to promenade her in a Bath chair; then, a time went on, her excursions became restricted to their own back garden; and now it was often a difficult task to get her downstairs for meals. She had many illnesses, too. Indeed, the bulkiness was symptomatic of various diseases.

To-day was one of her bad days. On the morrow she lay ill. Weeks passed, and still she never emerged from her bedroom.

She had a companion, Nellie Price. Nellie had come there as a housemaid, quite young; and Mrs. Johnson, "taking to her," promoted her to be lady's maid, personal attendant, companion. Nowadays she was addressed as "Miss Price" by the tradesmen.

Although not in truth pretty, she affected Mr. Johnson subtly by the charm of her youthfulness, the fresh color of her cheeks, her robust but slim little figure. He did not mind her rather ugly hands, and was tolerant of her occasional mispronunciation—although as a rule he was rather a stickler for propriety of diction, having studied hard to improve himself in this and other respects during his married life. Anyhow, Nellie had plenty of time before her in which to learn the arts of genteel speech. Meanwhile her seductive power could be summed up in those two words, youth and health.

But his conduct in regard to Miss Price was scrupulously correct. He tried not to think of such things. Nevertheless, he was thinking of them now, as he sat with "Whitaker's Almanac" open before him on the writing-table in what was called the library. If Mrs. Johnson was taken from him, there could be no harm in seeking solace for the remainder of his days. Really he would have earned it.

Not a word had been spoken between the two. Not a sign had passed. Only, one evening when he had taken her at his wife's suggestion to a cinema, he laid his hand gently on her hand as it lay on her lap in the darkness. She had her glove on, and she withdrew the hand, presently putting it back in the same place; and when he touched it again he found to his surprise that she had taken her glove off. The unexpected sensation of touching the bare, smooth finger instead of the rough suède covering sent a little thrill through him; and then the trifling incident began slightly to disturb his mind. It seemed to show that Nellie

had been to a cinema before with somebody else, and it seemed also to imply that she had construed his friendly act into something savoring of gallantry.

On the way home with her he took the trouble to show that there had been no lapse from normal relations, patting her shoulder several times as they walked up the hill from Clapham Junction, saying, "I don't know what Mrs. J. would do without you, Nellie. Your faithfulness and care of Mrs. Johnson are beyond praise, and I can assure you I appreciate it highly."

To each of these compliments Nellie said very modestly, "Thank you, Mr. Johnson," or "Please don't mention it."

At the gate he gave her a last pat, of the most unemotional and fatherly description, saying cheerfully: "Now I hope we sha'n't find Mrs. Johnson any the worse for neglecting her throughout the evening while we have enjoyed our little treat, which we owe entirely to her thoughtfulness in not wishing to mew us up forever in that stuffy room." This speech put everything absolutely in its proper aspect.

YET he could not really deceive himself. Nellie knew, all right.

Once, when speaking of destiny and the future, he had said: "If ever I was left a widower, I should never part with the house."

"No," said Nellie, "but you'd do it up a bit?" And she spoke with enthusiasm of improvements that could easily be made—red-satin curtains, gilt frames to looking-glasses, a "cozy corner" in the drawing-room.

"Steady, young lady," said Hector. "A precious penny you'd run me into if I listened to that sort of advice."

"Oh," said Nellie. "What's the good of having money if you aren't ever to spend it?"

Nellie knew. And what is more, Nellie's mother knew, too. Mrs. Price came sometimes to see her daughter, drank tea with her in the apartment called the housekeeper's room, and wore Mrs. Johnson's cast-off pelisses and bonnets. She was objectionable to Mr. Johnson, as a carneying, cadging sort of person, and he did not like her way of bowing and smiling when they were alone together.

"Thank you, sir, for your kindness to my girl. She's a good girl. I know she's safe here. No 'umbug in this house. Not that Nell'd go and do anything stooipid. No, that little head of hers is screwed on tight enough. She recognizes love's a very nice thing, but a comfortable home's better. These 'umbugging young ne'er-do-wells that marry a girl one day and leave her in the lurch to-morrow aren't Nell's game—no fear."

He turned the leaves of "Whitaker's Almanac," and the book almost opened of itself at the page he had consulted so often. "Intestates' Estates": "All to husband."

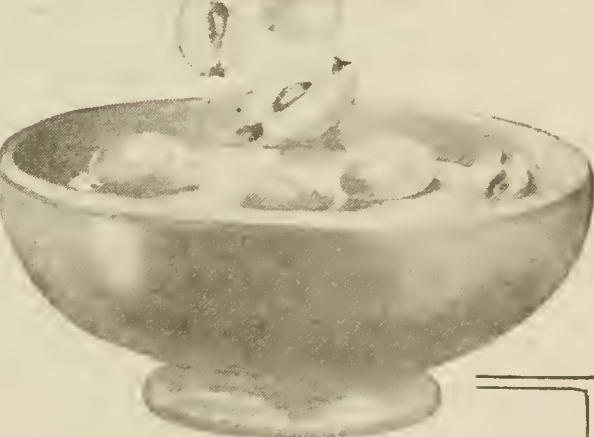
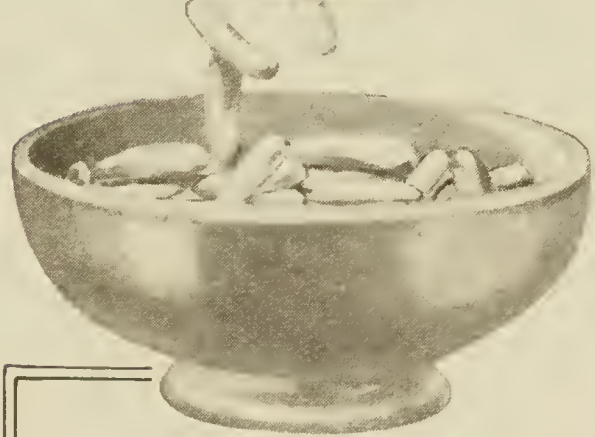
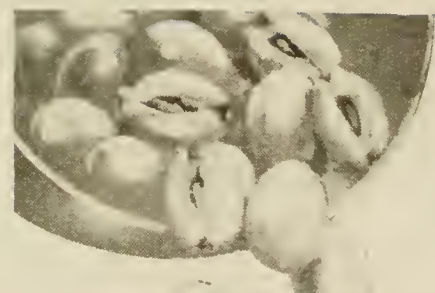
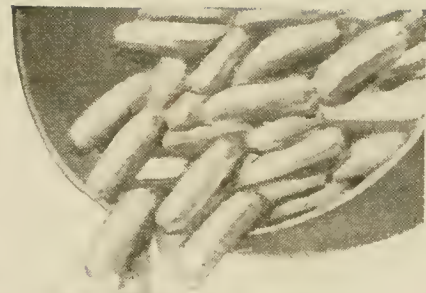
Those assiduous relations of his wife frequently got on his nerves; and she had a silly trick of saying to them, if she fancied they were inattentive or wanting in deference to her: "Remember, I haven't made my will yet. I can leave my money to any one I choose." He reproached her for this trick—simply tormenting the poor wretches; and she always said the same thing in reply: "Of course I shall leave it to you when I make my will."

BUT why should she be trouble to make a will at all? Here it was in black and white, the law of England. "Intestacy—Personal property—All to Husband." Well, it was personalty, every bit of it, including the house. Leaseholds are personalty.

The illness continued. Her bedroom was stuffy; but she kept a blazing fire, and, except at night, did not care to have the door that communicated with his room left open for ventilation. Nellie sat there reading novels aloud. Mrs. Johnson had always been a voracious novel-reader. Mr. Johnson, paying a visit to the sick-room, stood by the closely shut window, wiped the perspiration from his forehead and looked out at the view.

The room was at the back of the house; and, looking down-hill over the narrow strip of garden, you had a wonderful view of the South Western and the Brighton Railways, a wide sea of house-roofs and in the far

Continued on page 46



Morning—Night

The finest dish is a Bubble Grain

Puffed Grains hold supreme place among cereal dainties—as food delights and as scientific foods.

None can imagine cereals more enticing. Here are airy, toasted bubbles—grains flimsy and flavory, puffed to eight times normal size. As fragile as snowflakes—as delicious as toasted nuts.

Millions of children revel in them, morning, noon and night. Sometimes with cream and sugar, sometimes with melted butter, sometimes in a fruit dish, sometimes in bowls of milk.

Prof. Anderson's ideal foods

But Puffed Grains are not mere delights. A scientist invented them for hygienic reasons.

One is whole wheat with every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. One is whole rice. One is hominy bits—sweet inner corn—toasted and exploded.

The grains are sealed in guns. An hour of fearful heat is then applied. Then the guns are shot, the steam explodes—every food cell is broken.

Thus Puffed Wheat yields whole-wheat nutrition. All elements are utilized. Ordinary cooking at its best leaves most food cells unbroken.

Mothers who ponder these facts are more and more serving grain foods in this ideal form.



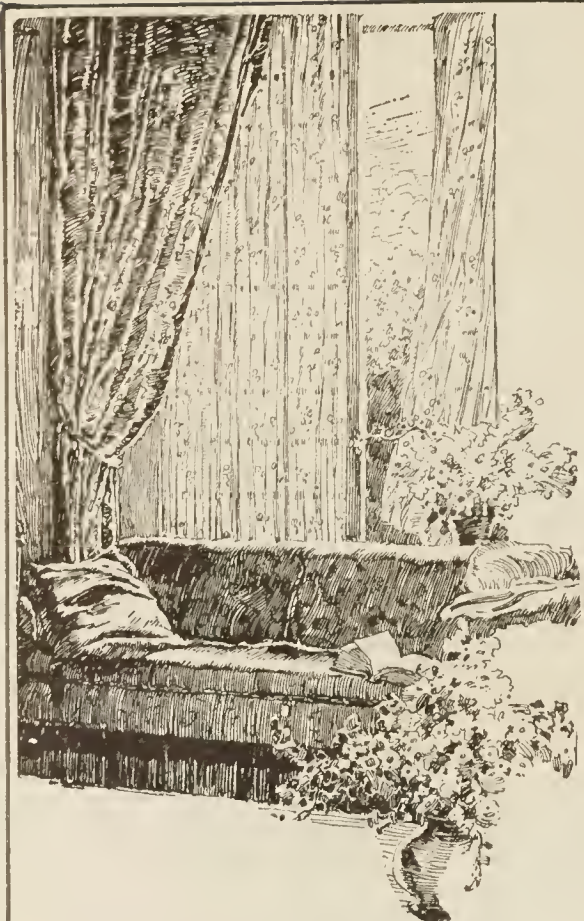
Nutty, fluffy pancakes

Now ground Puffed Rice is blended in a perfect pancake mixture. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. These pancakes are the finest ever served. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour—self-raising.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Puffed Corn
Also Puffed Rice
Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



You probably have
been told that—

no draperies are absolutely sunfast and tubfast. Perhaps you have purchased so-called "Sunfast" draperies and found they soon faded on exposure to the sunlight or in washing.

That is why we say not to ask merely for "Sunfast" draperies, but for Orinoka *Guaranteed* Sunfast Draperies. Insist on seeing the Orinoka Guarantee Tag attached to every bolt. Then you will be sure of the colors.

Orinoka

GUARANTEED SUNFAST
DRAPERIES & UPHOLSTERIES

Hang Orinoka *Guaranteed* Sunfast Draperies at your sunniest windows; wash them as often as you please, they will hold all of their exquisite colorings and lustre. A special process in dyeing, used by The Orinoka Mills, makes their colors—no matter how delicate—permanently sunfast.

Orinoka *Guaranteed* Sunfast Draperies come in a wide variety of colors, designs, weaves and weights, from sheerest easement cloths to heavy velours. Their lasting colors and wear make them most economical.

You will find Orinoka *Guaranteed* Sunfast Draperies at all of the better stores.

GUARANTEE

"These goods are guaranteed absolutely fadeless. If color changes from exposure to the sunlight or from washing, the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price."

THE ORINOKA MILLS, NEW YORK



"ALL TO HUSBAND"

distance domes, towers and steeples that seemed to swim vaguely in a golden haze. Mr. Johnson loved the view for its vastness and varied interest. In happier times he used to stand at the window with a map of London and a compass, picking out remote monuments—the towers of South Kensington Museum, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, Notting Hill.

"Ah!" The invalid was sighing. "Turn me over, can you?"

And together Nellie and he did it; getting the huge, helpless body into movement by the aid of a draw-sheet, pulling her right around till she lay facing the other way. The perspiration was rolling off Hector when the feat had been accomplished.

"My word," he said. "It is warm in here."

"I FEEL chilled to the bone," sighed the invalid. "Go on, Nellie"; and she spoke of the fiction on which they were engaged. "I believe the duke was changed at birth. Bet me sixpence I'm not right, Nell. Go on, dear."

The poor soul was fond of Nellie.

At night she called to her husband in the next room.

"Hector, I can't sleep. I'm bad. Get Dr. Gibbs first thing in the morning."

"I will without fail." He had come to the open door.

"Can you turn me?"

He did so, without assistance, and she lay gasping.

"Fetch Nellie. I'll get her to read to me."

"Oh, would you roust her out now? She's had a longish day."

"Yes, I want her. It shall be made up to her when I'm gone."

Hector started.

"What did you say, Emmie?"

"I sha'n't forget her in my will."

Then he summoned Nellie. She came down wrapped in an ulster, showing her nightdress inside it at the neck, and she sat and read aloud. He had no fear that she would catch cold. The hot air came into his room through the doorway when he had gone back to bed. He heard Nellie's voice reading on:

"The Countess Glicka drew herself to her full height; her eyes flashed," and so forth.

Nellie soon read *him* to sleep.

Next morning the doctor told Mr. Johnson that in his opinion the sick lady would not get over this illness.

"You surprise me," said Hector.

"I don't think you ought to be surprised. You have had many warnings."

"I know. But now the blow seems to come so suddenly."

"Just so. Well, I have told her that if she has any business matters to settle she had better not delay. I thought it only right."

"Oh dear," said Hector, "this is very sad."

In the course of the morning his wife spoke to him of her will. "I want to make my will. I don't want any further delay. I ought to have done it long ago."

But he put her off with gentle words.

"Emmie, there's no hurry. I can't bear to hear you talk as if there was."

"Hector," she said earnestly, "I don't give up hope, but there is hurry. I can't be easy until I've done it."

"You break my heart, Emmie, when you say such things."

"I must say them. Tell Mr. Alderley to come out and see me. Write to him now, or telegraph."

HE SOOTHED her distress and let her suppose that he would give effect to her wishes.

"Now rest and get a snooze," he said tenderly. "You don't give yourself a fair chance by worrying."

After luncheon he went out for a walk across the Common. The sun shone warmly and softly on this April afternoon; and it was as if two voices were speaking inside him. The speech of one voice he directed himself, and it said: "I am threatened with the dreadful bereavement of my poor wife. This loss is befalling me. Poor soul, poor soul! Dear, dear—how sad it is that death cuts short the best of us." The other voice spoke for itself, saying: "You are going to be free, to be your own master"; and he tried to silence it.

He was genuinely sorry for her; sorry as he had been when the sergeant-major died of blood-poisoning, or when Captain Dale broke his neck in the regimental point-to-point, thinking: "He has been a good friend to me, and I wish it hadn't happened." She had been a good friend to him.

But with this sorrow, which he endeavored to encourage, there came a gladness which he could not repress. He struggled against the wave of joy that invaded his breast each time that he thought of the future.

The fresh, sweet air blew softly on his forehead and sent little puffs of dust dancing along the wide roadways. All round him there were gaiety and brightness; and when he looked upward he saw the limpid sky with fleecy little clouds at an immense height, like flocks of sheep basking on slopes of blue mountain meadows. In the gardens of the new red-brick terraces daffodils were nodding their yellow heads; girls with great baskets of narcissus and branches of mimosa stood laughing at a street corner; the varnish on motor-cars gliding by seemed to burst into fire as the sunlight caught it. All over the Common itself the delicate vernal tints were showing, ochre and amber on the tall trees, warm purple on the ash and emerald on the hawthorn. Young men and women walking in couples wandered from the set paths, passed under the trees and among the bushes, as if seeking sylvan recesses wherein to hide their love from prying eyes; and far away, beyond all the trodden grass, the stucco-fronted houses were faintly perceptible in the tremulous, pearly mist that one sees only in Springtime.

HE SAT on a bench, struggling in vain against his thoughts. He would be able to take Nellie in his arms, clasp her to his broad chest, kiss her red and white face, and say: "Do not deem this unseemly of me. It is perfectly virtuous and proper what I am doing, although the nuptials can not take place yet a while. But we may consider ourselves sweethearts, if you are agreeable." And she would be agreeable.

He got up, pulled himself together, drove away the thoughts, and stumped homeward.

During the days that followed his wife returned often to the subject of her will, but he always dodged away from it. He had explained his omission in not writing or telegraphing to the solicitor by saying that he thought it would be better and more courteous for him to go and see Mr. Alderley himself. But then he had not liked to leave Emmie even for a few hours while she was feeling so low.

"Yes," she said fondly, "I do miss you every time you're out of the house. It's a comfort to me just to know you're downstairs in the library smoking your cigar or having your nap. But, Hector, it *must* be done. The delay is too dangerous."

Once she touched upon her possible dispositions.

"There's one or two I must do something for. I can't do much. There's too many. If I left them all my money it would be nothing for each. They'd devour it like a pack of wolves and be no better for it."

And she paused to recover breath. Then, after resting herself, she went on again:

"A thousand for Agnes Yates. She's so wretchedly poor."

Hector winced.

"Five hundred for Richard."

He winced again.

"Fifty to Jane, and the same to Elizabeth, to buy themselves clothes. You can spare it?"

He said: "I have told you not to think of me."

"And there's something I've set my heart on, if you don't mind. A thousand pounds for my faithful little Nellie. There, that isn't much out of the lot."

"Two thousand six hundred pounds you've mentioned so far," said Hector promptly.

"Get Mr. Alderley here by noon to-morrow. I haven't the strength to-day."

He went out into the garden and paced to and fro beneath the windows of her room, thinking; and he simply could not stand this encroachment on the capital that he regarded as due to him. He was full of gratitude for his wife, he wanted to humor all her fancies

Continued on page 52



Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Why Buy Pequot?

BECAUSE—PEQUOTS are the recognized standard of sheeting excellence.

This is plainly indicated by the fact that a large number of Institutions, Hospitals and Hotels the country over have adopted PEQUOTS for their use, and this only after rigid competitive tests.

For Quality, Durability and Appearance

insist upon having PEQUOT—no other is "just as good." Sold in the piece or made up in Sheets and Pillow Cases. Also Pillow Tubing by the yard. Ask your dealer.

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Selling Agents



Use

Dromedary Cocoanut

MACAROONS—the golden brown ones, made particularly delicious with Dromedary Cocoanut—deserve a frequent place on your menu.

Many dishes besides macaroons, where cocoanut is required, can be more easily and quickly made by using Dromedary, for you take no time or bother to grate a fresh cocoanut. When you open a package of *fresh-keeping* Dromedary, it is ready for instant use. And more, Dromedary has the flavor that rivals the fresh nut. Use only as much as you need; the remainder keeps fresh in the "Ever-Sealed" box till the last shred is used.

Treat your family to some of the many tempting dishes made appetizing by Dromedary Cocoanut. Because it is high in food value, you are also giving them fuel and energy.

Cocoanut Macaroons is one of the many new recipes contained in our "1920 RECIPE BOOK" for cocoanut cakes, pies, puddings, cookies, candy, and tartlets. Sent FREE on request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. E, 375 Washington Street, New York

Also Importers and Packers of

Nature's Confection **DROMEDARY** From The Garden of Eden
FRESH KEEPING DATES



THE native pictured here is climbing the cocoanut tree to gather this favorite food. From the West Indies to the Orient the cocoanut is the staple food of the natives. Fresh-keeping Dromedary Cocoanut brings to your own table this delightful taste of the tropics.



"Dad Says Grandma Used a Mustard Plaster"

And what a scene there was! Probably Dad didn't mention that—how he fussed and squirmed when Grandma put the sticky, messy plaster on his protesting chest. It was a harsh but effective remedy.

Now when Dad's son has a cold, Mother uses Musterole. She just rubs a little of that clean white ointment on his chest and throat. First there is a gentle tingle, then a soothing coolness. And way down deep underneath the coolness, where the Musterole has penetrated, there is generated a peculiar heat which soon dissipates congestion and sends the cold away.

Musterole is good for so many things—for aches and pains, for instance, as well as for colds. Keep it always handy in the house. At all drug stores, jars at 35c and 65c. \$3.00 hospital size.

Better Than a Mustard Plaster



ELIZABETH MANAGES

are. If you wanted to marry me, you should have told me when I was free. I waited for you, for just a word or a line from you."

"I was sick."

"I wasn't waiting for you to get well, and write me you were well. I wanted to know that you thought of me when you were sick."

"Oh, Ruth, I didn't think of anything else."

"I waited as long as I could, that was all."

"Ruth," Buddy said, "Ruth"—he took a long step toward her—"get out of this room, Elizabeth," he said steadily.

Before the door had closed on her he had walked across the floor and taken Ruth Farraday in his arms.

IT WAS nearly half an hour later that Elizabeth, watching from the room above, saw Buddy walk with Ruth to the gate, open it for her, and stand with his head bared as she walked down the street. She ran down the stairs breathlessly to meet him as he came in.

"Is it all right?" she asked. "Oh, Buddy, is it all right?"

"It's all right, little sister," Buddy said, "it's all right anyway, the way she wants it. She won't break it off. She thinks it wouldn't be honorable."

"But she must break it off, Buddy. It'll kill you if she doesn't."

"No, it won't. She must do what she wants to do."

"But she doesn't know what she wants," Elizabeth cried.

"She knows what's right for her."

"I don't believe she does at all."

"You don't know."

"I do know this," Elizabeth cried, "you can't stand it, Buddy, it will kill you. It will kill you."

"All right then," said Buddy, "let it. But I don't think it's going to. She wouldn't want it to, you see."

The small reception-room in the Farraday cottage had been converted into a temporary sewing-room, and here Elizabeth and Peggy were sewing on their own blue-dimity frocks, fitted to them by the Boston seamstress, who had been working in the house, and finished except for the hemstitching.

"Piggy's—I mean, Mr. Chambers's parents have sent the flat silver," Peggy announced, "and to my taste it's very hideous. It's the kind with a beading all around it. If you are going to have elaborate silver, why—have it. Have Cupids and little birds building nests, but if you are going to have it simple, why then it's a crime, I think, to have a little trimming on it."

"Mr. Chambers came back, didn't he?"

"I told you he would. They are on the porch now, having a powwow."

"Peggy, don't you wish that Ruth had just happened to fancy my Buddy and to have married him instead?"

"Goodness, yes! Anybody. I'd rather she'd marry Bill Dean than Piggy Chambers."

"It would be nice to have lots of money," Elizabeth said.

"Hark!" said Peggy. "They're at it again. If they row like that before they are married, what will happen to them in their honeymoon stages?"

"He's going," Elizabeth said. "She's letting him out of the front door."

"GOOD riddance to perfectly good rubbish," said Peggy, "till dinner-time."

"No." Ruth's clear voice rose distinctly, "no, no! I mean what I say."

"So do I mean what I say. I'll see you at dinner."

"If you like."

"Oh, I like!"

"At seven then."

"At seven."

The door closed after him, and Ruth, looking wearier and paler than Elizabeth had ever seen her, opened the door that led from the reception-room to the hallway and came in.

"Well, children," Ruth said, "you don't need to go on with those dresses. You won't have occasion to wear them."

"What?" said Peggy.

"I've just told Mr. Chambers that I won't marry him."

"Does he know it?"

"Well, not exactly, Peggy—that's his trouble—but he will know it. I'm—I'm through."

"I don't believe it," Peggy said.

"I do, and that's the principal thing," Ruth said. "I never realized how he felt about certain things before. I hadn't given much thought to his attitude about the war and all that. I knew he had been a sort of pacifist and that he had German friends and business connections. I like a man to be broad-minded. I don't mind a man that sticks to honest conclusions, if they're sincere—but when I find they are colored by physical or moral cowardice, why then I—I'm through. Albert Chambers is a coward, and he's a selfish coward. We've had it all out and I know."

"Hooray!" said Peggy. "I could have told you that any time this Summer."

"And I'm through with marriage or any idea of marriage; so there we are."

"I don't envy you the sweet task of breaking it to mother."

"Haven't you got any feelings, Peggy? Don't you care how hard are the things I've been going through?"

"Don't I?" said Peggy. She flung the folds of muslin wide, and made an impetuous dive for her sister. "Oh, Ruthie, Ruthie Ruthie," she cried, "I'm so glad, I'm trying not to believe it, for fear it isn't so."

"I'll write a note to your brother, Elizabeth, when it's settled," said Ruth.

"I won't tell him."

Ruth smiled.

"I might have known you wouldn't," she said. "Your own kind of people have your own sense of decency and the others never have."

IT WAS hard to sit through the midday meal with the secret that would change Buddy's world for him locked in her breast, still Elizabeth managed it somehow.

They took a drive in the new roadster the afternoon, and Buddy seemed so happy and so free during the entire course of the day that Elizabeth was entirely unprepared to find him, as she found him some time after supper, flung across the bottom of the four-poster bed in the guest-room, with his head buried in his hands.

"Buddy," she said. "Buddy dear."

"Oh, I'm all right, sis. Run along."

"I thought perhaps you wanted to walk with me to the post-office."

"I do, but it isn't time yet."

"It's nearly time."

"When it's time, we'll go."

"Buddy, I wouldn't feel too bad. Things mightn't be so dreadful as you think. I wouldn't give up."

"I've given up everything I can give up. I'll come through all right. I am all right. Got to be."

"Oh, Buddy," Elizabeth said, "you will be all right."

"It's a funny thing, little sister, that you don't irritate me more. It seems to me that you used to be quite an irritating child, and now I scarcely mind you, no matter how Paul-Pryish or Polly-Annaish you get."

"I could irritate you more, if I wanted to."

"I'm perfectly willing to take what is granted."

Just as they reached the post-office, they met the Chambers' car piled with a full luggage equipment. Albert Chambers sat in the lonely state within, looking neither to the right nor left.

"He didn't go back to dinner, after all," Elizabeth thought, "or, at any rate, he didn't stay."

Buddy made no comment on this encounter, but he walked composedly through the crowd overflowing the little building, his head held high, and all the color drained from his white face. He even insisted on stopping at the drug-store and regaling Elizabeth with her favorite marshmallow-and-maple nut-sundae, though he refused all refreshment for himself.

They made a detour and came out by the Flatiron field, where the station road divided itself into two separate byways, in the corner of which was a letter-box. Ruth Farraday was in the act of mailing a letter there, when she dropped inside as Elizabeth and Buddy approached.

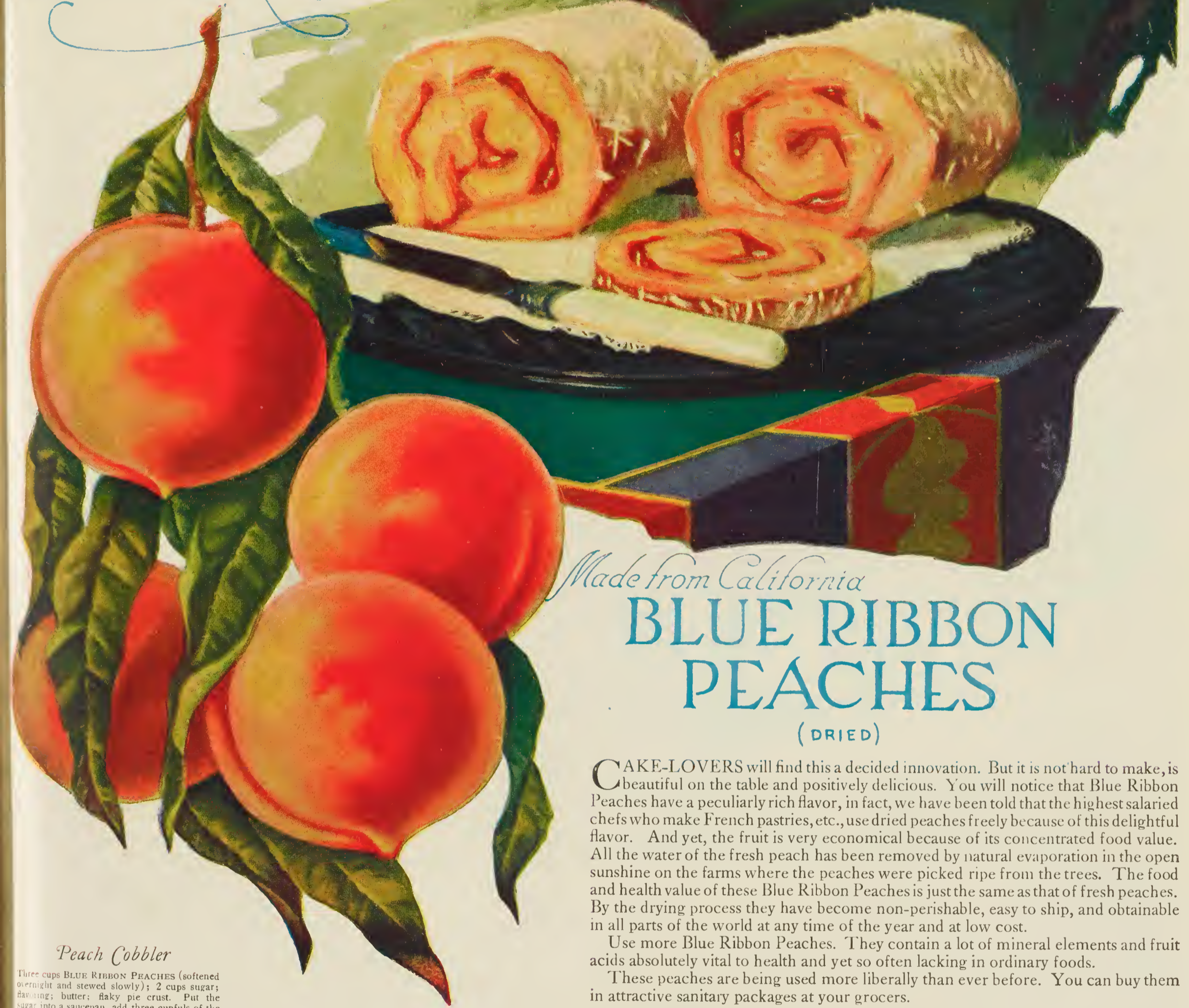
"I was just mailing you a letter," Ruth said.

"Can't I get it out?" Buddy asked.

Continued on page 51

GENOESE PEACH ROLL

A Delicious Recipe



Made from California
**BLUE RIBBON
PEACHES**

(DRIED)

CAKE-LOVERS will find this a decided innovation. But it is not hard to make, is beautiful on the table and positively delicious. You will notice that Blue Ribbon Peaches have a peculiarly rich flavor, in fact, we have been told that the highest salaried chefs who make French pastries, etc., use dried peaches freely because of this delightful flavor. And yet, the fruit is very economical because of its concentrated food value. All the water of the fresh peach has been removed by natural evaporation in the open sunshine on the farms where the peaches were picked ripe from the trees. The food and health value of these Blue Ribbon Peaches is just the same as that of fresh peaches. By the drying process they have become non-perishable, easy to ship, and obtainable in all parts of the world at any time of the year and at low cost.

Use more Blue Ribbon Peaches. They contain a lot of mineral elements and fruit acids absolutely vital to health and yet so often lacking in ordinary foods.

These peaches are being used more liberally than ever before. You can buy them in attractive sanitary packages at your grocers.

Free Recipe Book: Compiled by a good cook and an eminent food authority will be sent free to any address. Get this book and try the many new ways of preparing peaches. Address Dept. H

CALIFORNIA PEACH GROWERS INC.
MAIN OFFICE, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA OVER 6500 MEMBERS

Peach Cobbler

Three cups BLUE RIBBON PEACHES (softened overnight and stewed slowly); 2 cups sugar; flaxing; butter; flaky pie crust. Put the sugar into a saucepan, add three cupfuls of the water in which the peaches were softened, boil for ten minutes and pour over the softened peaches and allow to cool. Flavor to taste. Line the sides of a large, deep pudding dish with pastry. Put in the peaches, dot the top with tiny pieces of butter. Cover with pastry, brush over with beaten egg and slash the center cross wise. Bake until the paste is nicely browned. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream. A very palatable dessert.

*How to make
Genoese Peach Roll*

Four eggs; 6 tablespoons sugar; 1/4 cup flour; 1 teaspoon baking powder; 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract; 6 tablespoons butter, melted; 2 cups BLUE RIBBON PEACHES, sieved; chopped nut meats or coconut. Soften and slightly sweeten peaches; rub them through a sieve and keep them warm. Beat up eggs and sugar five minutes, then beat over boiling water ten minutes, take from water and beat until cold. Remove beater, sift in flour mixed with baking powder, add lemon and butter. Mix carefully, turn into a greased and floured jelly roll tin and bake in quick oven twelve minutes. Turn out on a paper sprinkled with sugar, spread quickly with peach sauce, roll up at once and sprinkle over with chopped coconut or nut meats.





Original in the Amsterdam Galleries

ANXIOUS MOMENTS. By Josef Israels

ELIZABETH MANAGES

"No," Ruth said; "turn and walk with me home, and I'll tell you. Elizabeth knows already. I've broken my engagement. No, don't say anything. I just want to tell you, that's all."

"There is so much I *might* say!" Buddy said.

"The reason I broke it has nothing to do with anything else—except that I broke it," she explained incoherently. "It doesn't mean anything but that. I shall never marry now. I'm going into reconstruction work abroad."

"Not—not right away," Buddy said.

"AS SOON as I can make my plans; but there is one thing I want you to believe. I've written it in the letter, but I don't know whether I've managed to make it as clear as I meant to. I've broken my engagement only because Mr. Chambers and I were not suited to each other."

"I—know that," Buddy said.

"So this might just as well be good-by between us."

"I wish it so."

"Do you doubt I wish it?"

"No," Buddy said, "I know how you feel."

"Then—then good-by."

"Right here?" said Buddy. "I thought we were going to walk home with you."

"I'm nearly home," Ruth said. "Say it now, please."

"Good-by," said Buddy. He stood looking for a moment levelly into her eyes. Then he turned away, wheeling as if he were under orders to march.

"Tell me what you know, Elizabeth," he said as they walked on, and Elizabeth told him of what had happened at the Farradays' that morning. "But I thought things were going to be all fixed," she concluded miserably. "I don't see what she's sending you away for."

"That's all right," said Buddy. "I see."

"But she said it was good-by."

"That's all right. It's an ethical question with her. She split up with him because she couldn't stand him, not because she wanted me. She wants me to understand that."

"But you do understand it, and I don't see why she has to be so cool."

"I want her to be cool," said Buddy. "What do you think I wanted? To go in and spend the evening?"

"Well, that would be better than this."

"No, it wouldn't," said Buddy.

"I don't understand you," Elizabeth said. "Perhaps you are not feeling very well, Buddy. You looked awfully pale there in the post-office."

"I'm not pale now, am I?"

"No, but you look so kind of queer, and you act queer too, Buddy. I understood why you respected her feelings when she wouldn't break her engagement, but now that she has, I don't see why you go right on respecting them. I—I thought you wanted to marry her yourself."

"Marry her? Why, I'm going to," said Buddy. "That's the point."

"When—when?" said Elizabeth.

"Just as soon as I can get three weeks' salary in my jeans."

"But she said she was going away, and— and everything."

"Oh, I'll attend to all that!" said Buddy happily. "Don't you worry, sister."

ELIZABETH was making a round of farewell calls. Her Summer on Cape Cod was over. Her trunk had already been sent by express to New York with all the other family baggage excepting the light motor-trunk and bags that they were to carry in the car.

Moses and Madget and Mabel surrounded her when she arrived at the Steppes'.

"You look like a lady in them clothes," Moses said. "I didn't know you."

"She's got gloves on," Mabel said, "and a pink hat."

"Lovely gloves," said Madget dreamily. "I want a pink hat."

"I want flowers on *my* hat," said Mabel critically.

"How nice your house looks," Elizabeth said. "The kitchen floor is clean, and everything put away."

On the two shelves over the pump, an

array of formidably colored, coarse crockery had made its appearance. Large pink roses heavily smeared with gilt were the prevailing decoration. Three pink coffee-cups, with a gilded mustache-protector in each occupied a place of honor.

"Me and marmar and Mabel has these," Moses informed her proudly. "Madget, she drinks out of a mug. It's only a plain white mug, so we don't put it where it will show. Ma she says she had just as soon we would eat out o' them dishes if we'll clean 'em up after."

"Who does the cooking?"

"I told you I done the cooking once," Moses said. "How many times have you got to be said it over to?"

"Moses!"

"Well," said Moses argumentatively, "if you was old enough to boss me, it would be different, but you ain't."

"Boss yourself, Moses. Tell yourself to be good, and then mind yourself. I do."

"Who says so?"

"Miss Laury Ann says so, for one. She—she showed me how to do it."

"Well, I'll see about it," said Moses, "but if I do it, *they* got to," he pointed to his sisters.

"Try it a while for yourself, and then if it works, teach it to them," said Elizabeth with sudden inspiration.

"Here comes marmar," Mabel cried.

"I just slipped over to Mis' Hawes's," Mrs. Steppe explained apologetically. "I had a matter I wanted to consult her about. My spine kinder give way last night, and I thought when she was going into a trance she might see if 'Little Eva' had anything to say about it. It ain't important enough for her to go into one special for."

ELIZABETH stared at the vision in purple velvet—a tight-fitting basque of obsolete make gripped the eighteen-inch waist inexorably, and the skirt, cut to the prevailing eight inches above the floor, exposed high, white-canvas shoes with knotted laces, shoes that had apparently never been cleaned in the course of their long and useful existence. Mrs. Steppe had not prefaced this elaborate toilet by arranging her hair, and the light strands stood out from her face, straggling and unkempt as usual.

"I'm glad to see you," Elizabeth said a little confusedly. "I just came in to say good-by."

"What train be you taking?"

"I'm not taking any train. We're motor-ing."

"Well," said Mrs. Steppe, "I'm glad you got an automobile to go in. I'm one of those that likes to see my friends get on in the world."

"So—so do I," said Elizabeth. "What a pretty color that dress is!"

"I like to wear silks and velvets," Mrs. Steppe said, with the slightest emphasis on the "I." "Some people don't care nothing about it."

"I love silks and velvets myself, and that's a lovely quality."

"When I put my money in anything, I like to put it in something good. That's quite a little car, ain't it?" Mrs. Steppe surveyed the new roadster from the vantage-point of the window. "For my taste, I like these limousines, but anything that will go is better than nothing. Well, good-by. Take care of yourself. I hope you'll find me in better health next Summer than you have this."

"Good-by," said Mabel. "Come again."

"Oh dear!" said Elizabeth, as she drove away with Buddy. "It doesn't seem as if anybody with so little intelligence could be so selfish as that Mis' Steppe is. It saddens me every time I go there. I know I've had a funny call, but it doesn't seem funny to me. It never does."

"Now, you want to be dropped at Peggy's, don't you? Give Peggy my love and tell her to keep us informed about her sister."

"I guess you've kept informed about her ever since she left."

"A little additional information at times won't do any harm. I don't want her to spring anything on me—like getting out of the country."

"She's getting ready to go abroad."

Concluded on page 52



Silks That Outlast Styles

WELL dressed women in every fashion period of the past two generations have worn Belding's Silks. Mothers have handed down to their daughters the tradition of Belding's enduring beauty.

And in your own wardrobe—styles change with the seasons but the Belding's Silk in last year's gown will clean and "make-over" perfectly for another term of service.

Our name on the selvage shows you the genuine Belding's—when you see it, you are sure of quality.

Belding's

Enduring Silks • Fabrics • Spool Silk

Nancette

Satin Crêpe • Satin Negligée • Satin Circé • Satin Duchesse
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BELDING BROTHERS & CO.

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BE on the alert so that others may not observe the first tattling gray streaks in your hair before you discover them yourself. Then do not stop to grieve but act promptly to banish them.

It is easy to escape the severe penalties everywhere visited upon the woman who neglects her hair when it begins to fade.

Unightly gray streaks, when tinted with "Brownatone" to bring back their original color and to restore to all the hair a youthful lustre, may challenge microscopic examination, so perfect is the result produced.

BROWNATONE

is not a paste but a clean, one bottle, liquid preparation, easy to apply, instant in its effect and indispensable in the lives of hundreds of thousands of women who have proved its efficiency.

Sold everywhere by leading druggists—50c and \$1.50. Two colors: "Golden to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black."

For a free trial bottle of "Brownatone" with simple directions send 11c to pay packing, postage and war tax to—

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.
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"ALL TO HUSBAND"

now, he hated the idea of thwarting her in her helpless, defenseless state; but really he could not stand it. He could not deplete himself for the benefit of those greedy, hanging-on relations! And he was not cheating Nellie. *She'd* be all right.

The invalid was worse next day. She spoke with difficulty, and her distress and anxiety were most painful to see. Hector soothed her as best he could.

"For God's sake," she moaned, "don't let me die without a will!" and she feebly beat upon his hands.

He went on soothing her, holding her hands in his and gently rubbing them. They were very cold. By nightfall she had lost consciousness, and she never recovered it.

Several of the relatives came to the funeral. He could not prevent that, of course, but he naturally thought he would shake them off at the graveside, and he therefore felt some irritation when they insisted on returning to the house with him and Miss Price.

Nothing had been prepared for such undesired visitors; but Nellie did the honors charmingly and without the least bashfulness. As she poured out glasses of wine and handed round the silver biscuit-box, he noticed how the somber black dress heightened the lively tints of her complexion.

Then Miss Agnes Yates, a tall, mournful woman, began to speak eagerly and at the same time choked herself with biscuit-crumbs. After her coughing fit, her pale-blue eyes watered and her face was all red as she went on talking.

SHE said she was anxious to know about the will. Was he going to read it to them?

His own face reddened as he replied. He said that, so far as he knew, there was no will.

"Oh, but surely?"

And another of them said: "Bound to be. People with money always leave wills. I know that Cousin Emily was very unbusinesslike, but she'd never neglect a duty like that."

"No," said Agnes. "It wouldn't be fair

to others. She might be careless about business, but she had a kind heart."

"I tell you," he said firmly, "there's no will. I have reason for knowing that she never made one"; and seeing the consternation in their faces, being irritated by the sight of it, he added with a touch of truculence, "In that case, as you may be aware, there's no hope for any one but the husband."

"But," said Agnes dolefully, "she may have left a paper giving her wishes."

"Yes," said another, "it's often done. I know you'd respect her wishes."

"I haven't seen such a paper."

"She may have sent it to the solicitors."

"I'm going there to-morrow, and, if there is, I'll acquaint you."

"We'll come round in the evening."

Then he rounded on them and warned them off. "No, thank you. If your noses are out of joint, you can mend 'em your own way. I don't want to see 'em again." Unconsciously, under the stress of irritation, he abandoned the dignified manner and courtly, almost pompous, diction that he had acquired in the last twelve years, and dropped to the style of barrack-rooms and camping-grounds. As he spoke now, holding up a warning finger, he was like the quartermaster-sergeant outside his stores addressing a knot of scared cooks and mess orderlies. "It's new rules henceforth. You've had the end of your pickings on these premises. For the future this house is marked 'out o' bounds,' so far as you are concerned, ma friends."

He had entirely recovered his dignity when he reached Messrs. Alderley's offices next morning. He sat facing young Mr. Alderley in the impressive apartment that he had visited years ago during the life of the young man's father; and he looked prosperous, composed and grand as he shook out a black-bordered handkerchief and ran it round the brim of his new silk hat to remove a little dust that had been gathered in coming to the city.

Mr. Alderley asked as many questions as Agnes Yates; but he felt no irritation, because the solicitor was not an interested party. *Concluded on page 56*

Continued from page 51

ELIZABETH MANAGES

"She thinks she's getting ready to go abroad."

"She's getting her passport."

"I want her to," said Buddy affectionately. "I want her to have everything go the way she thinks she wants it to go, and then at the end I want to step right in and smash it."

"I don't believe I'm going to be able to bear this," said Peggy. "I couldn't sleep last night, thinking of it."

"Neither could I," said Elizabeth.

"It's a whole year till next Summer."

"I know it."

"I figured it out. It will be at least two hundred and seventy-two days before we are down here together again."

"Will it? We might visit each other in the Winter."

"We might, but will we? You know my parents and I know yours. They always have other plans for their offspring during vacations. Elizabeth, do you know what I found out about Ruth?"

"Oh, what?"

"I found out why she broke her engagement. I would have broken mine. She found out that he falsified his income-tax report. He thought it was smart. She wouldn't stand for it. If he hadn't given himself away, she'd be Mrs. Millionaire-Slacker-Piggy-Chambers, and half over to Europe by this time. Think of it, Elizabeth—Elspeth."

"I don't like to," said Elizabeth faintly.

"Well, then, think of me," said Peggy. "You don't care as much as I care. You are going back to your Jean and you like her best."

"Good by," said Elizabeth. "There's Buddy's horn again."

"Good-by," said Peggy. "Oh, I won't say good-by. I—I guess I'll come over there and see you off."

"She won't," Elizabeth thought. "She's just saying that to postpone the evil hour."

"All right, Peggy dear," she said aloud. "Good-by till—good-by!" and she flung her arms around Peggy's neck in a suffocating embrace.

IN THE old valanced rocking-chairs before the living-room windows, Grandfather and Grandmother Swift sat alone in the gathering darkness.

"House seems kinder lonesome to-night, don't it, mother?"

"Times come and seasons change," said grandmother. "We have to expect to let 'em go. We are lucky to have them coming, even if we do have to let them go again."

"You remember the first night Elizabeth come, father? You was kind o' disappointed in her."

"So was you, but you didn't let on nothing."

"You said that you kinder hoped that John's girl was going to be a little more like folks."

Grandfather chuckled.

"Did I?" he said. "Well, she turned out to be a good deal more like folks than most people ever gets to be."

Grandmother wiped her eyes.

"There," she said. "I'm most always able to be philosophical about everything, but to tell the truth, I don't know how I am going to be able to get along without that child."

"Well—" Grandfather took off his spectacles and wiped them carefully, before he transferred his attention to the process of mopping his forehead. "Well, I don't know how I'm going to get along without her either," he said.

The End



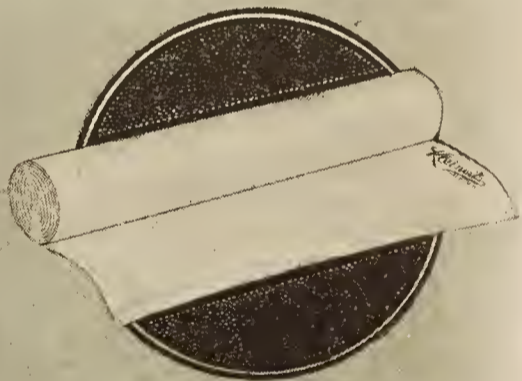
Perfect Protection— Kleinert's Gem Dress Shields

Note their famous double cover—with a new and even better fabric—their lining of pure gum rubber—which cannot be improved—the ease with which they can be washed. All these advantages make *Kleinert's Gem Dress Shields* the most desirable and best possible protection for your gowns.



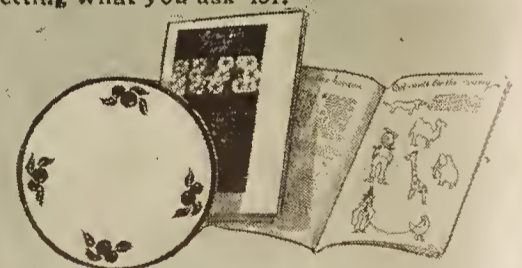
He's Ready In A Jiffy

Cunning little garments are these *Jiffy Baby Pants* shirred at waist and knee. On and off they go in a jiffy, without pins to scratch or buttons to break. They're pretty, comfortable for baby, and absolute protection for his clothes. Your satisfaction is guaranteed by the name Kleinert.



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Kleinert's Double-faced Rubber Sheeting is equally good on both sides. You can turn it over and over—prolonging its life far beyond that of two single-faced sheetings. Kleinert's is made in three colors and you can buy it by the yard, or the square. The name on the selvage assures your getting what you ask for.



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All sorts of fascinating things from dollies to rain capes can be made from *Kleinert's Rubber Sheeting*. Editors of leading women's magazines planned them. Kleinert's Book of Gift Suggestions pictures and describes them so that anyone can make them easily. Send four cents in stamps for your copy.

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American Lady Corsets

Boned throughout with *Mightybone*

“My dear, even now . . . it is as smart as when I first put it on!”

HOW wonderful to realize that about your corset! To be sure that you have at last found the right corset! From the first time you put on your American Lady corset, you know that it is different from others you have worn. But perhaps you may not realize at once how different.

Only when you see, after a perfect age of wear, how wonderfully your American Lady corset still keeps this first perfect smartness, will you discover what a great difference there is in the marvelously flexible boning—*Mightybone*—that keeps every American Lady corset, even after the longest time, as smart as when you first put it on.

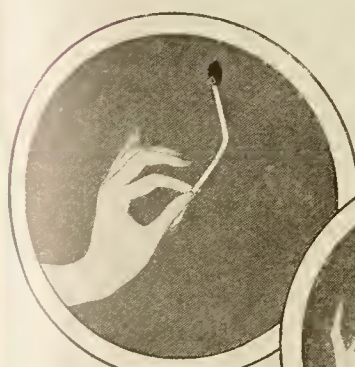
For while other boning is soon permanently bent, “played out”—*Mightybone* keeps its lithe suppleness, holds the corset’s smart lines, and does away, too, with the hard look that simply ruins natural charm.

The same advantages of lasting fit and comfort are embodied in each model of American Lady corsets—newly styled each season with the utmost skill of designing art. You need only find the *Mightybone* tag, to be always sure of this satisfaction in style, fit and daintiness that last!

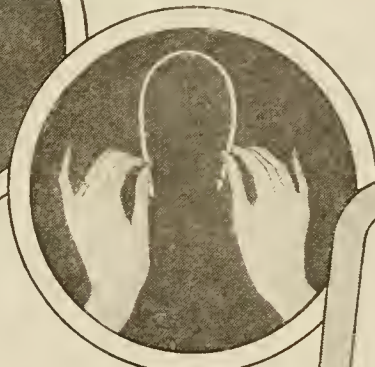
YOUR dealer has a complete range of American Lady corsets—a special model for every type of figure and for every purpose. There are models of Batiste, Coutil and Brocade—all dainty, all smart.

Back Lace, \$2.00 to \$10.00 · Front Lace, \$3.50 to \$10.00

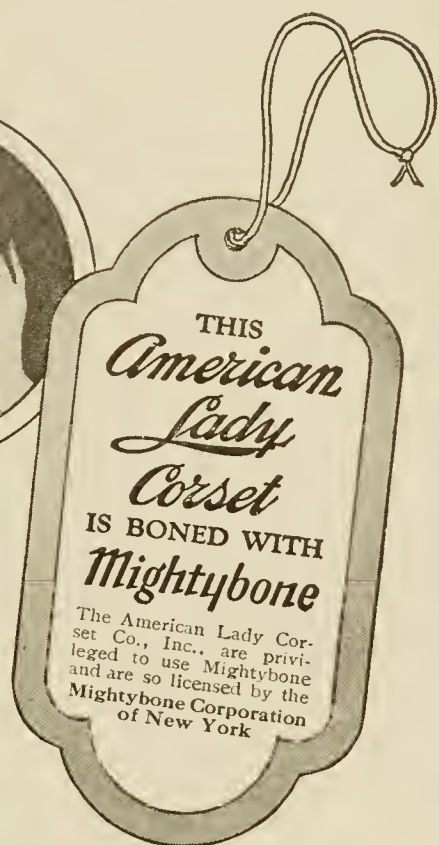
AMERICAN LADY CORSET COMPANY, INC.
DETROIT · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO



Ordinary Bone



Mightybone



TOP picture shows ordinary boning after corset had been worn but a short time. The lack of resilience is indicated by angle at which boning is now permanently bent. The lower picture shows a rib of *Mightybone* that has come through the same test with all its original springiness still alive. That is why American Lady Corsets, boned throughout with *Mightybone*, and bearing the *Mightybone* tag pictured here, ensure permanency of comfort and style.

Painting features American Lady Corset. In pink brocade with rubber top, No. 717, at \$4.00. Same model in pink coutil, No. 276, at \$3.00.

Did you ever make a dress?

—all yourself?

ARE you one of those women of not unlimited means who love pretty clothes—and never have as many evening frocks, sports clothes, and intriguing negligées as you'd like?

And yet you don't sew.

Because you feel sure, in that clear, critical brain of yours, that nobody would ever mistake one of your creations for anything but what it shrinkingly was—Home-made.

You didn't know—you couldn't know before, because we're just announcing it—that there's a new word, the name of the most simple and amazing invention since the sewing-machine, that will turn you—you—into a successful copyist of French gowns, if you'll only have the faith to say across the counter of your favorite shop—

DELTOR

The New Word for The New Way

The trouble with the old patterns—even Butterick Patterns, the best of them all—was that the original creator and



the pattern drafter couldn't go along in the envelope. Alone, with only those pieces of paper pattern and your shining lengths of material, you lost that slashing courage that makes cutting-out, fun—and seaming up, a breathless progress—and trying on, a little triumph all its own.

But with the new word, you get a series of pictures—pictures of your dress, your coat, your negligée, from the time you lay the pattern on the goods, straight through to the last stitch!

Cutting

Cutting charts aren't new? This one is! It doesn't show size 36 only when you have bought 42. It doesn't show it for 40-inch goods, when yours is 54. It shows the pattern-drafter's own "trick-lay" for every size and every width of goods. And in so doing, it often saves you dollars in material.

Putting Together

And then you won't have to debate any more as to what to do first. And whether that's the back or the front of the sleeve. And how the belt goes on. And why, oh why you can't seem to make the cuff behave. It's all in your DELTOR. In pictures. With nice little brief instructions.

Finishing

And there's a page that's worth its weight in dressmaker's bills—a page of finishing instructions, those little-big things that make all the difference between a French model and a Sixth Avenue imitation. Not general finishing instructions, but specific instructions for making that one dress of *your* material, in *your* size.

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"ALL TO HUSBAND"

"Well," said Mr. Alderley at last, "if it's really true that she never executed a will, I'm afraid that you're in a very unfortunate position."

"Unfortunate position! In the case of intestacy a husband's position is only the more strengthened."

"Not in *this* case."

"How so?"

"Well, because of the settlement—the marriage settlement."

"What's that got to do with it?"

"Why, everything."

"Pr'aps you'll be good enough to explain."

Hector's cheeks had flushed, and he put a large hand to his stiff collar as though it had suddenly tightened and was irking him. "Out with it. What d'ye mean?"

Well, Mr. Alderley meant, as surely Mr. Johnson remembered, that the late lady on her marriage had made a settlement, a voluntary settlement. The trustees to this settlement had been herself, her uncle, Mr. John Streatley, and Mr. Alderley's father. Since the death of these two latter Mrs. Johnson had been sole trustee. By a provision of the settlement she was given power of appointment by will. But, failing the exercise of such power of appointment, her property returned to her own family to be divided by them. In other words, she could leave all her money to her husband or to anybody else; but if she left it to nobody, it automatically went to her blood relations.

"Say that over again," gasped Hector. "I don't understand."

And Mr. Alderley repeated the explanation, adding further details. The provision described had been introduced by Mr. John Streatley, doubtless with a view to protecting the wife and keeping the husband on his best behavior. "Not knowing your excellent qualities at that time," said the solicitor politely, "it was not unnatural, perhaps. In other respects the settlement was very generous to you—who were not bringing a penny into it. She reserved power to raise money for your advancement in life—that is, to provide capital if you adopted a trade or profession. That power was not exercised either, I think."

"Stop; give me time to think."

He remembered now how he had come here with her two or three times. He never saw the reason for a settlement, but believed it to be a sort of rite usual in good society. Never for a moment had he understood the provision put into it by that blackguardly

uncle. When once assured by her that she was not signing away her rights in her money, he had taken the whole thing with a lofty indifference. "The long legal document," as he called it, had been read aloud to him in this room, and he had scarcely listened to it, taking it as a mere formality. He remembered that he had been rather overawed, too, wishing to look dignified at his case, not caring to show that in defects of education he did not comprehend the long words and the lawyer's jargon.

But he understood now. He saw the devil's trick that they were trying to play upon him.

"I won't be tricked. I'm not going to be cheated by a gang of hungry sharks and pettifogging lawyers."

"Oh, please strain yourself."

Restraint was impossible to him. He shouted and cursed. He looked like a soldier turned nut on parade about to run amuck.

used the soldier's adjective and soldier's substantive as he raved about Mr. Alderley, Uncle John and the other relatives. It was bad half-hour everybody began to turn and he went out and raving down the stairs and into the street.

But he had no hope really. His fury could not conceal his despair even from himself. The money was going from him. It was all going to the people he had crowded over and insulted yesterday.

He walked through the streets, not knowing where he was, not caring, hours and hours. After night had fallen, he got to the door of the house that had been his home.

The lighted windows were pitifully warm and comforting after the dark and the cold. Nellie, in her dress, all smiles and softness, came to meet him.

"You are late," she said. "Mother has been sitting with me. She is there." The scrutinizing face, "Oh, what the matter with you?"

"Nell," he said, "it's all up. I'm ruined—done for. Not a stiver."

"Whatever do you mean?" said Nellie.

He made her understand the bitter truth. "Nellie," said Mrs. Price wrathfully, "put on your hat, and pack your things, and call a cab, and come home with me."

"Then you are deserting me, Nell?"

"Well, what do you think?" said Nellie. He made no effort to detain her. He stood there till the shrill and angry voices ceased and the house became silent. She was gone. And he sat dully thinking of her and everything else that he had lost forever.



W. B. MAXWELL

W. B. MAXWELL, the author of "All to Husband," is a famous son of a famous mother. He is the son of M. E. Braddon, one of the great story-tellers of the Victorian age. Forty years ago every girl read "Lady Audley's Secret," "John Marchmont's Legacy," and the other Braddon novels.

Maxwell didn't get round to playing his mother's game for a long time and then he fell into it without meaning to. He happened one day to meet Mr. Grant Richards, the publisher, according to Mr. Maxwell then "in the heyday of his reckless youth." He daringly commissioned Maxwell to write an arresting and soul-stirring novel of modern life. The result, "The Ragged Messenger," fulfilled the publisher's hopes and was an instant success.

Maxwell is a great horseman and used to hunt regularly in the New Forest in the south of England where he had a cottage. This skill stood him in good stead during the war, especially when he was serving as galloper to a well-known general on the French front. For the rest, he is a genial host in the Queen Anne manor-house where he lives in Richmond, a charming village, only nine or ten miles from Charing Cross and the busy heart of London. There is usually a goodly crowd of painters, poets, musicians and journalists for Sunday evening tea, the kindly, artistic folk that Mr. Maxwell describes in his latest novel "Glamour."



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THE STAGE'S HEART

backing it has. If you don't come soon, we go under."

She stopped short. "Oh, if people would only understand," she cried, "that that's nearly always the way with a play that has no big Broadway producer's name connected with it! It has only a little money back of it. You hear that it's good—not high-brow, but good—a good entertainment, and you decide to see it. But you wait. The next thing you hear is that it is closed. You helped close it. You have to go soon or they can't hold out."

We thought about that as we turned off to go to our own matinée, "Heartbreak House," the Bernard Shaw play produced by the Theater Guild. The courage of them! These little groups, rising up to "do the thing as they see it," and thereby coming into competition with the capitalists of their profession—the Broadway producers.

WHY should Margaret Wycherly, with her triumphs—she could still be playing the little old spiritualist in "The Thirteenth Chair," if it is money she wants, or *Jane Clegg*, in the play of that title, if it is fame she wants—why should she take her earnings and back an enterprise financially doubtful?

What is it that has brought these many small "group" theaters into being: the Provincetown Players, the Neighborhood, the Theater Guild, the Greenwich Village Players? They go at their work like Crusaders, they talk and think of nothing else. It isn't money; you have only to be with any of them five minutes to know that it isn't money.

The Theater Guild, that most successful of all cooperative theaters, had nineteen dollars and forty-three cents in its treasury the night of its first opening. They didn't want to make money, they wanted only to make enough to stay alive, to become permanent, so that they could go on doing the thing as they saw it.

And here they were, right in front of us now—for we had reached the Garrick—producing the thing they wanted to produce, a thing that had been refused by any number of Broadway producers as not the sort of entertainment the public likes. But there we were streaming in, some of us for the second or even the fourth time, to see the Shaw play that brought tears into your throat. At "Heartbreak House" you not only burst into laughter repeatedly and chuckle all the way along, but you are startled by finding tears pushing up into your eyes.

"Heartbreak House" is one of this season's biggest successes and yet nobody cared to produce it but the Theater Guild. And why did Elizabeth Riison, who so gloriously plays the part of *Ellie Dunn*, leave Broadway and come over to the Theater Guild? It was not for an engagement, because she already had one if she chose to go on with it. It was not for money, because the Theater Guild doesn't pay "salaries." The actor gets a percentage.

No matter how hard and bitter has been his experience, how despairing he is of his future, the actor wouldn't do anything else if he could. He may be driven to something else, but his heart stays on the stage.

THE best of actors know they have chosen a tragic and dangerous profession; tragic because of its injustices and the fact that just as they are reaching their prime they are cast aside, for Broadway wants youth; dangerous because it unfits them for other work and because it turns them in on themselves, feeds the most subtle and destructive enemy one has, his egotism.

And we, from the outside world, sit "out front" hoping to be stirred to laughter and tears, to be inspired, made more human, to renew. To those people back of the curtain, sitting in their little rooms all up and down the funny, twisting iron stairs, painting their faces in order that we may be pleased, to them we are an uncertain instrument upon which they must play—we startle them by laughing in the wrong place, or by incomprehension, or by sneezing furiously in the big scene—a strange, blurred uncertain power out there that they must capture and hold and control.

Miss Theresa Helburn, the executive di-

rector of the Theater Guild, slipped into the seat beside us for a moment. The Guild board of directors is made up of a banker (no, he's not their angel; they haven't any a lawyer, a playwright, two actors, and Bryn Mawr graduate. Miss Helburn is the B. M. G. I hurled my "why" at her. "Why are you people in it?"

She smiled. "Well, we are in it. I think because we want to give the thing, as we call it, a chance. Plays sincerely written, sincerely acted, and sincerely produced. Freedom for a thing to move around in, and grow. You see, we think the terrifying public life good things. Just as we do. And we like to give freedom to the people who want to write good things and to act them."

Still in the melted, thoughtful mood "Heartbreak House" leaves you in, we see Ina Claire's name shining in front of the Lyceum and we suddenly had a strong desire to see some one gay and electric and shining satiny head, quick of mind and bold steel under velvet, Ina Claire, who has played *Jerry Lamar* in "The Gold Digger" ever since September 19, 1919, without missing a single performance.

Her dressing-room door was thrown open. But before we could ask our "why" she said: "I honestly think I'm going to leave the stage for a whole year and rest my voice and learn some more technique from pictures. You know I did one picture and it taught me a lot. I'm hipped on technique the more the better, the kind of thing Marie Tempest did what she wanted to with herself and her audience. All the great ones have it; they go without saying. I'm studying with a Frenchwoman who is a wonder! I'm going to work and work."

Her lovely, long hand closed, and I again thought of steel under velvet. "You know I had a sort of mother-complex for a while. She said 'Don't' to most everything and I didn't. Now I know that I must live my own life and know many things to be an artist." "Power," we muttered; "you have it, power."

HER hands came out to mine and she suddenly just a little, eager girl: "Honestly? You think I have? Oh, I'm going to work. I'm going to know technique backward. I'm going to work."

We think she is already far on her way to being the American Marie Tempest.

And then we began to have the *Pippin* complex. We found the actress we liked best, and picking up a small, patient, white dog on the way we deposited him in the lap of his beloved mistress, Gilda Varesi, in the plain little dressing-room at the Fulton Theater, where she is playing "Enter a dame," the delightful comedy written by herself and Dolly Byrne. I watched her slipping out of her costume and into street clothes; the gentle, thoughtful way she always speaks to her maid—breeding, sympathy, fineness, cover her like a mantle and we thought of the long, weary climb she has made: twelve years of small parts, ways beautifully done but never giving a chance.

She told us once of how some critic had watched her work said to a manager, "Why don't you give Varesi a chance? I think she's an actress." And the manager had replied, "The public don't want actresses. They want blond girls." "Ah!" nodded Varesi with her soft Italian accent, "I was biographic of me." And now here was famous, successful, rich, all through her own brain and talent and courage.

"What made you keep on through all these hard years?"

Her hands flew up. "It was the only thing I cared about! I taught. I did my own things. I had to earn my living. But I cared about nothing but this. You love person or you don't. You love work or you don't. This is my love. And that were bright spots in those lean years."

"I love it. And every night it is different. You have a new audience out there to and hold. Some hysterical person will laugh where he should weep. You must reach out to him and control him, if not make him weep where he should weep, terrify him into silence; terrify him with your art, your power, whatever it is you have."

Concluded on page 61



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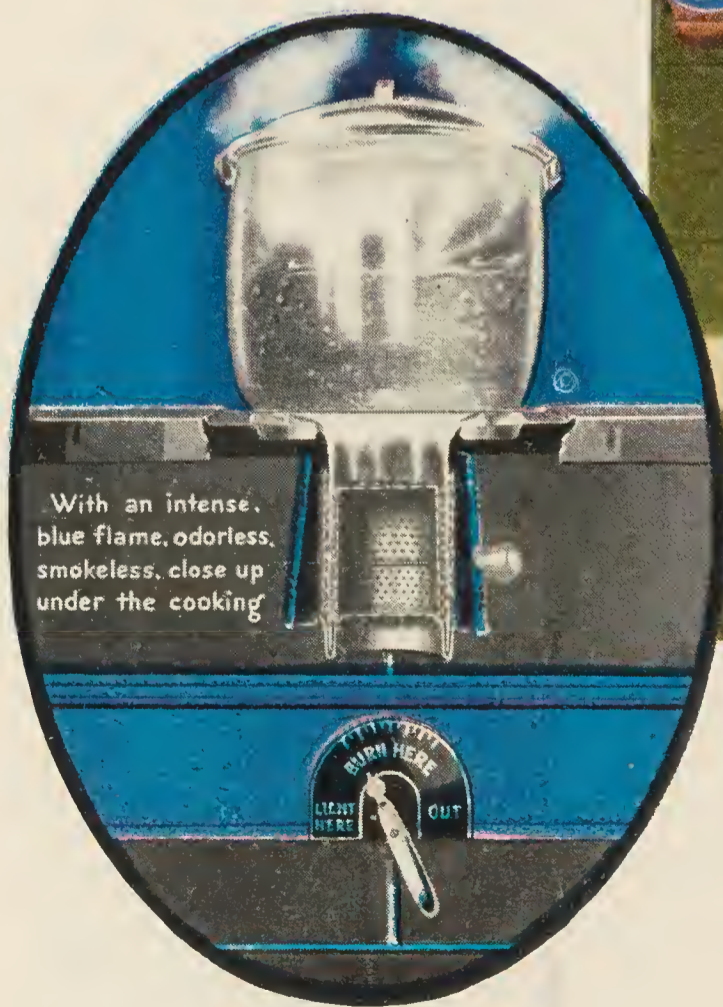
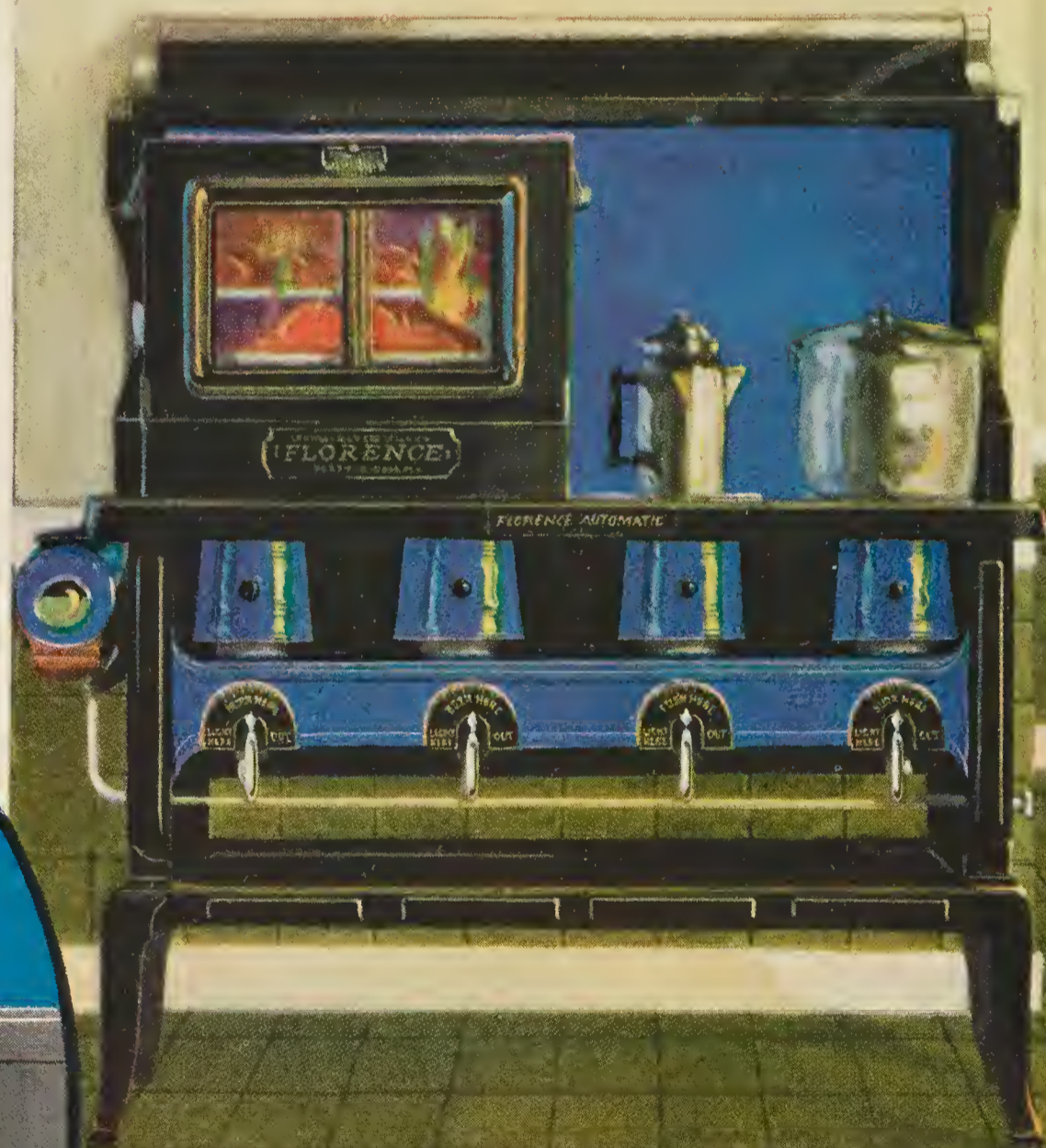
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THE STAGE'S HEART

We thought of Florence Reed. We knew that at this very moment she would be sitting in gorgeous Chinese trousers and coat before an open fire in the most magnificent Chinese apartment in all New York, eating an incomparable dinner off of a perfect Chinese table. We were introduced on the way to Mr. Arthur Hopkins. If we had prayed for an interview with a Broadway producer, we would have specified our preference for Arthur Hopkins.

In the darkness of the cab rushing through the rain we shouted, "You belong!"

"No I don't!" he denied stoutly. "I don't belong to anything."

"Why do you belong to the theater profession?"

"Because I like it." Then he gave us one piercing, scrutinizing look. "And I don't care a picayune about 'types.' I pick people for parts because I think they can do them. And I never think of the public when I choose a play, because it wouldn't do me any good if I did. I couldn't possibly guess what they'd like any more than the village beau can guess which suit the girls will like him best in—the brown one or the green one. I pick a play because I like it, because I think it's good stuff and ought to get out to the public. I can't do anything but do the best I can; can't judge anything for anybody else."

"Ben-Ami!" we threw in.

"I brought Ben-Ami up from the Yiddish Theater and put him on Broadway because I think he is a great actor and the world ought to see him, and I put him in 'Samson and Delilah' because I think it's a good play, and besides he just learned to speak English this Summer and he is used to that play. He came over from Russia."

We had reached our destination. "We thought you'd have long hair," we tossed the last word at him.

"No, short and thin," he tossed after us.

When we had bowed to the Chinese panels on the walls of Florence Reed's glorious

putty-colored and temple-orange room, prayer panels that high-class Chinamen bend to, and were seated on a wonderful Chinese chair, eating chicken à la Maryland, we asked, "What made you change from being a concert pianist to an actress?" We knew that she was almost ready for the concert stage when she suddenly changed and joined the stock company at Proctor's.

"My father's death," came the swift answer. "He wouldn't let me, though I knew always that was what I wanted to do. It was so written from the beginning. I couldn't have done anything else."

"You believe that?"

"I do. It is all written. For everybody. All the discord and pain and waste come from not listening to the voice within. Your ancestors pass down to you the thing we call race inheritance, that influences you in every act, their voices talk to you, within, but you must listen or you can not hear. Your way is marked for you, but you must obey or you'll stumble. I know this. I have been guided constantly."

"Last year, for instance, in Channing Pollock's 'The Roads of Destiny,' I had a part so small and unimportant, seemingly, that both my mother and my husband begged me not to take it; they even went to Mr. Woods and asked him to give me another play. But I *knew!* I was guided from within. And I did it ver-rie w-e-l-l!" she nodded her beautiful head at us.

"I never gave a better performance or had better notices. This is my *metier*. It was written. I couldn't have been anything else."

Are you coming to New York very soon? Would you like a list of current plays, with unsparing estimates of all of them? If so, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Mrs. Turner in care of THE DELINEATOR. The plain truth will be told, for this magazine receives no consideration of any kind from the theaters and can direct you without fear or favor.

HELLEU, PAINTER AND ENGRAVER

more than this number of prints are required, as in the case of the well-known engraving of the Duchess of Marlborough, then the plate is subjected to an electroplating process which precipitates a thin film of steel upon the surface. This treatment makes it possible to print as many as a thousand proofs of the same quality as the first.

Helleu has fixed upon a single beautiful feature of life. He draws the flower, not the whole plant, and devotes all the resources of his art to rendering that one phase. He does not seek to show his subject's relation to the entire world. He is not a sociologist, nor an internationalist; he is a Frenchman, a lover of beauty, and an artist. It is interesting to watch him at work on the portrait of a child. He entertains the child. He brings out all the grace and charm possible, not only on the plate of copper, but in the subject before him.

It is hard to imagine Helleu making a portrait of a modern man, such as Rockefeller, Edison, Schwab, Roosevelt or Wright. His art is, in this sense, feminine, as Holbein's was masculine. Holbein's direct line lent itself to portraits of men. Holbein was merciless; if there was charm in a subject, there is charm in the result; otherwise not. Helleu's line is caressing, it invests his subjects with its own graciousness.

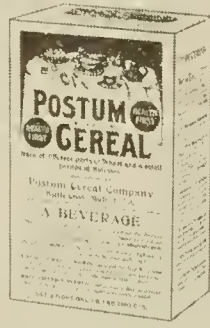
His portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough is not only an excellent portrait, but a beautiful example of Helleu's art at its best, and a study of a distinctly American type. But it is seldom that Helleu treats his sitters with the directness, the definiteness of line, which we find in his portraits and studies of Mme. Chéruit and the Comtesse Renée de Béarn. Here is a portrait that must be true, it is so certain, elegant and well drawn.

He will leave in American homes many of his charming etchings, done in his attractive and popular manner. But my hope is that he will find not only the charm but the form of American womanhood, and fix

it as he can in clear, definite line. In the sketch of Miss Dunn, made for THE DELINEATOR, he was greatly interested in bringing out the type as well as giving a portrait. Asked to describe it in words, he explained: "I find in the older faces a length of feature and refinement of the nose which reminds me of the American Indian face. One might conclude that this is the inevitable indigenous type, because while the modern American face is often shorter, squarer and fuller than the Colonial type, it seems, to judge by the older faces, to be evolving again toward the Colonial, which was thin-nosed and long-featured." And while he worked on the drawing, he brought out these characteristics. It is my own opinion that this change in type is due to the infusion of Mid-European blood in the last forty years. The people who first settled America were British and French, and were of an older race than the elemental people from the hinterland of Europe who came later and who are now being Americanized.

Helleu was also greatly interested in the Lincoln mask, and remarked upon the structure of the face and brow, the deep-set eye, all the lines of character and experience. He asked for photographs and further data. When I asked him if he would make a Lincoln, he said: "I want to." It should be very interesting to see what this urbane Parisian Frenchman, who hardly speaks English, will do with the plainsman of the rugged face, Lincoln, who should have been drawn by Holbein.

Helleu has made his residence in Paris since his student days, and has gone abroad only as a visitor. His home and his studio are in the heart of the city, 45 Rue Émile Menier, Avenue Bois de Boulogne. In his temporary workroom in New York he always hangs portraits, done by himself, of the charming Mme. Helleu and their young daughters, which are among the most pleasing examples of his art.

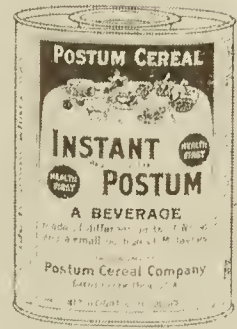
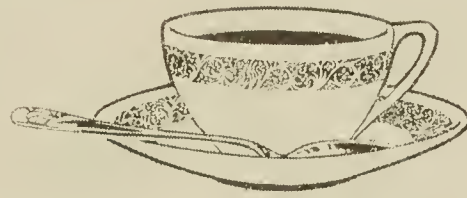


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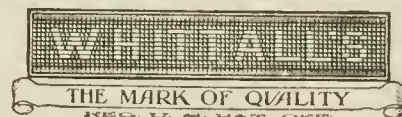
Reflect
the Beauty
of the Orient



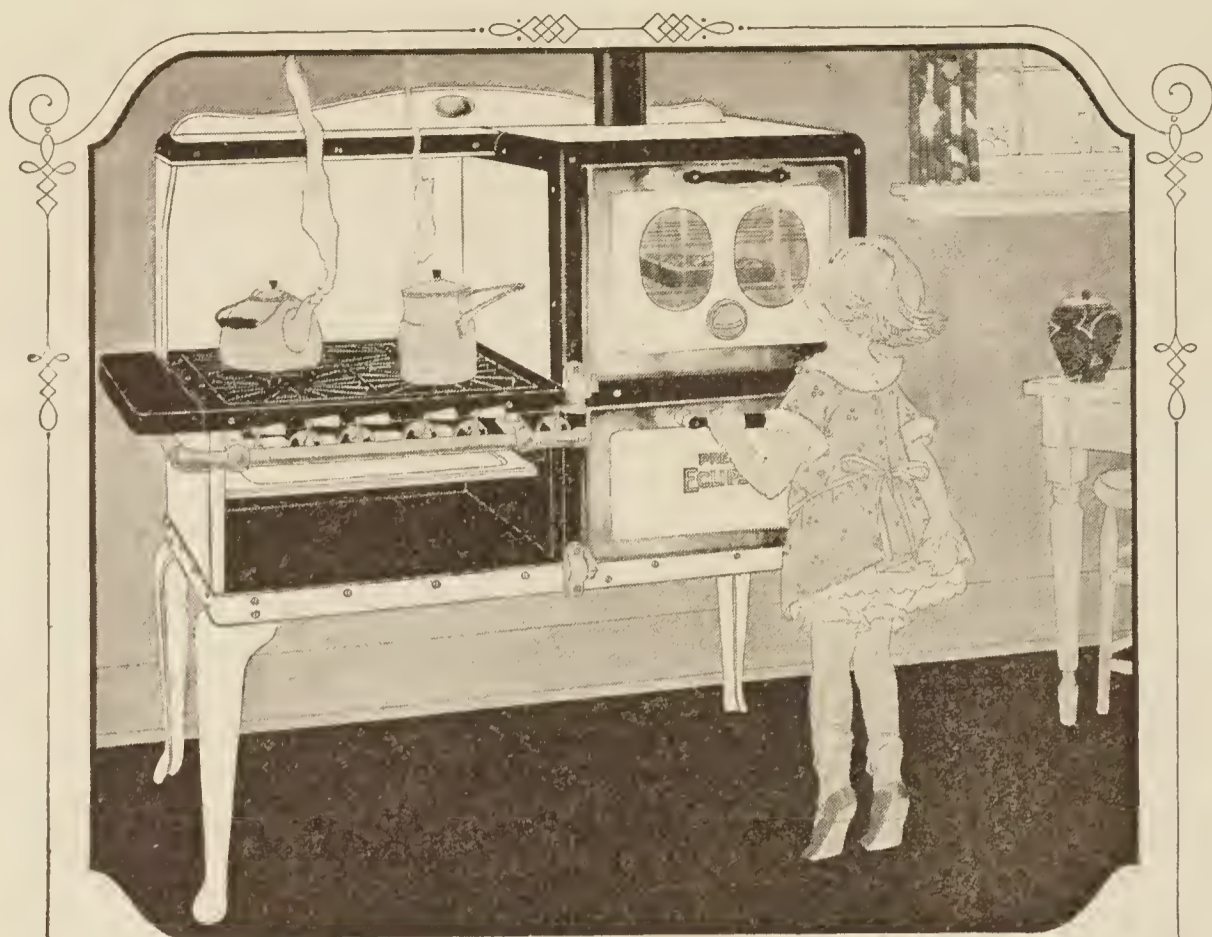
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HOW DO YOU WASH DISHES?

If You are Without Electricity

NOT A DREARY TASK

I DO not mind dish-washing as many women do. It takes very little time and energy if one but goes at it in the right way. The first essential is plenty of hot water—and when I say hot, I mean hot, not warm. Then always put water over your dishes as soon as you are through using them. I wash my supper dishes and breakfast dishes together, having let the supper dishes stand covered in water. I use a dish-drainer for all the dishes except glasses and silver, and it is such a help. I wash my cooking utensils used in preparing my dinner as soon as I am through with them.

I leave my supper dishes until morning, because my husband enjoys the half-hour after supper if I am free to sit down with him. It is the first free time we have together during the day, for at noon he has to hurry back to his work. Others might think leaving the dishes a very slack thing to do. I myself was brought up to that idea, but now, when in a home of my own, I look to the pleasantness of my own home-making rather than to the mere business of it.

Mrs. J. H. G., Montana.

WORK SAVERS

MY DISHES are washed and dried with a dish-mop and towel, but I have several ways of making the task easier than it sounds. I use steel wool for cleaning baking-dishes and some of my pet pots, a wooden skewer for the corners of the food-chopper, lemon-squeezer and so forth, and a cork and scrubbing-brick for kitchen-knives and skillets. One of my greatest work-savers is the habit of putting all dishes and cooking utensils to soak as soon as used. When I have plenty of hot water at the end of my dish-washing, I scald the dishes, and leave them in the wire drainer to be put away at my leisure after they have dried themselves.

Mrs. F. A. M., Massachusetts.

ONLY TWICE A DAY

MY PENNSYLVANIA-DUTCH neighbors view with alarm my dish-washing methods. But I am firm, and the dishes are never washed oftener than twice a day. I pile the supper dishes neatly on the drain-shelf each night; after breakfast, I wash them, with the breakfast set, and stack them in the drainer. After emptying and hanging away the dish-pan, I set the drainer into the sink and allow the hot water from the spigot to run over the dishes. Then I dry the silver with a cloth and leave the dishes to dry on the drain-shelf. Mrs. F. A. F., Pennsylvania.

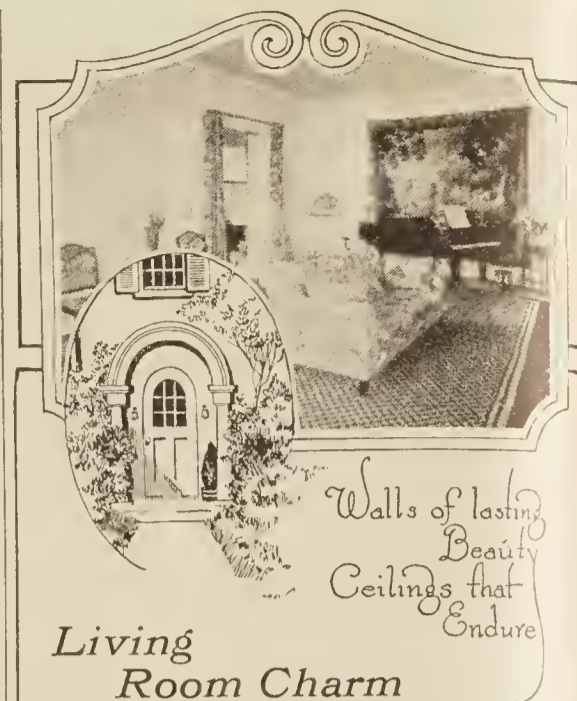
NO EXTRA STEPS

I WASH dishes but once a day unless there are very unusual reasons. I use a large pan deep enough to soak nearly all the dishes while I am wiping the silver and glass. This is not the usual oval dish-pan, but a foot-tub. I rinse dishes in scalding water in another pan small enough to stand beside the wire drainer on the drain-board, and I change the water often enough to secure perfectly clean dishes. I never wipe them. Usually I wash pots and pans first, each one under the hot-water faucet in its turn. I abhor the greasy dish-water in which I have often seen kitchen utensils washed.

My dish-washing loses much of its drudgery through the logical and step-saving arrangement of my equipment. Everything needed near the sink is placed within reach. When we bought our house, the first thing my husband made for me was a long, narrow shelf to put above the sink. On it I keep all the things likely to be needed near the running water—washing-powders, silver polish, steel wool, soaps, ammonia, borax, stain-remover, pumice-stone. Suspended from the under side of the shelf is a long towel-bar on which my dish-cloths hang. Back of this on the wooden rail is a row of books for brushes, dish-mops, soap-shaker and other aids.

Another great aid in dish-washing is a movable table which my husband made. It is narrow enough to go through any door and can be wheeled to the dining-room to clear off all the soiled dishes at once, or to the pantry to put everything away at once. I keep the wheels well oiled, so that it moves with the touch of a finger.

Mrs. A. T. P., New York.



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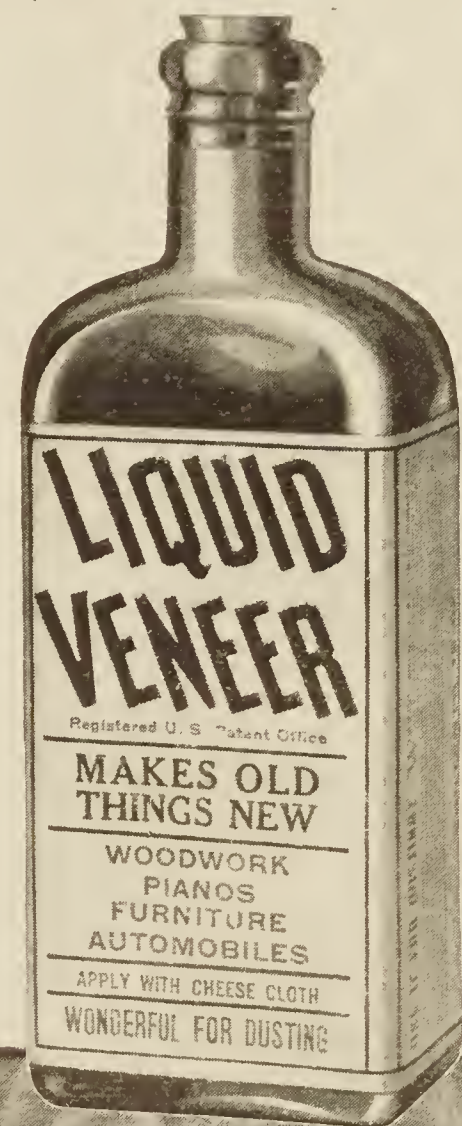
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LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—VI



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However, it will be interesting to consider a few concrete examples of methods employed by magicians. Least interesting, perhaps, from our present point of view, are those illusions which depend upon a more or less elaborate stage mechanism.

In this class belong Keller's famous skeleton and decapitation illusions, in which the magician seats himself in a chair within a cabinet and is seen to dissolve into a skeleton or to be deprived of his head. Both of these effects are accomplished by means of a large sheet of plate-glass interposed between the performer and the audience at an angle such that an image reflected from the glass can be substituted for one seen through it by an appropriate turning on and off of lights.

ANOTHER trick of this character is Herrmann's flotation trick in which a boy or girl rises from the floor into a horizontal reclining attitude with no visible support except a slender metal rod under one elbow. This is accomplished by a purely mechanical ratchet arrangement attached to the steel rod and operated by a powerful leverage. The mechanisms of these tricks are fairly obvious to any person acquainted with scientific principles, and their effectiveness in the hands of such artists as Keller or Herrmann depends not upon their crude visual nature, but upon the dramatic and suggestive manner in which the magician stages them. The audience is enthralled by an atmosphere of mystery and the magician explains his processes in mystical terms as a result of "magnetism," some new form of radiation, or any novel conception which the public does not thoroughly understand. Herrmann, for example, at first explained his flotation experiment to his audiences as a manifestation of the effects of chloroform, which at that time was new.

The most important accessories of the magician's art, however, are not to be found in cumbersome optical or mechanical devices. The most skilful magicians are men of wonderful poise and address, completely lacking in "self-consciousness" in the usual sense, yet accurately aware at every moment of the nature of their bodily movements and of the attitude of their audiences. The skilful magician moves one part of his body as if he were performing a certain operation, which is the one his audience believes him to be performing, while at the same time he is moving some other portion of his body with quite a different end in view. His left hand behaves as if it did not know what his right was doing.

HE APPEARS to pass a coin from the left hand to the right, the right hand appears to grasp and to hold the coin, and then after the audience is firmly convinced that the coin is actually there he shows them that it has vanished. In reality it never left the first hand. A member of the audience is permitted to choose a card from the pack, but the card which he selects is actually the choice of the magician, who adeptly "forces" him to take a particular one. The magician not only utilizes extraordinary skill in the control of his muscular activities, but he often has a highly developed keenness of sense. The French magician, Cozeneuve, for example, was able to pick any desired number of cards from a pack by one movement; simply by feeling he could tell whether his finger-tips were in contact with six, sixteen or twenty-six cards. Robert Houdin and his son developed remarkable powers of perception and memory which they utilized in producing astounding psychical effects.

As an example of an illusion which rests on a gross deception, made possible by the power of the performer to control the attention of his audience, we may consider the following. The magician produces three silk handkerchiefs which are red, white and blue in color. Then with a wave of the hand he transforms these into an American flag measuring six by four feet in size. Owing to the very large dimensions of the flag the trick is a very surprising one, which even a professional magician who does not know its mechanism may fail to understand. It depends upon just one bold move made at the psychological moment. At the beginning of the trick the flag, which is rolled into a compact bundle

about two by four inches in size, is in the performer's right-hand trouser-pocket. Just as he produces the colored silk handkerchiefs, he cries out: "Three cheers for the red, white and blue!"

The patriotic sentiment and suddenness of the exclamation forces every spectator's eyes to fasten themselves at that instant upon the three handkerchiefs. Precisely at the same instant the performer grasps the flag bundle from his pocket with his left hand and brings it together with the three colored handkerchiefs with one bold sweep. He then immediately allows the flag to unroll and gathers the silks into a pocket sewn into the corner of the flag.

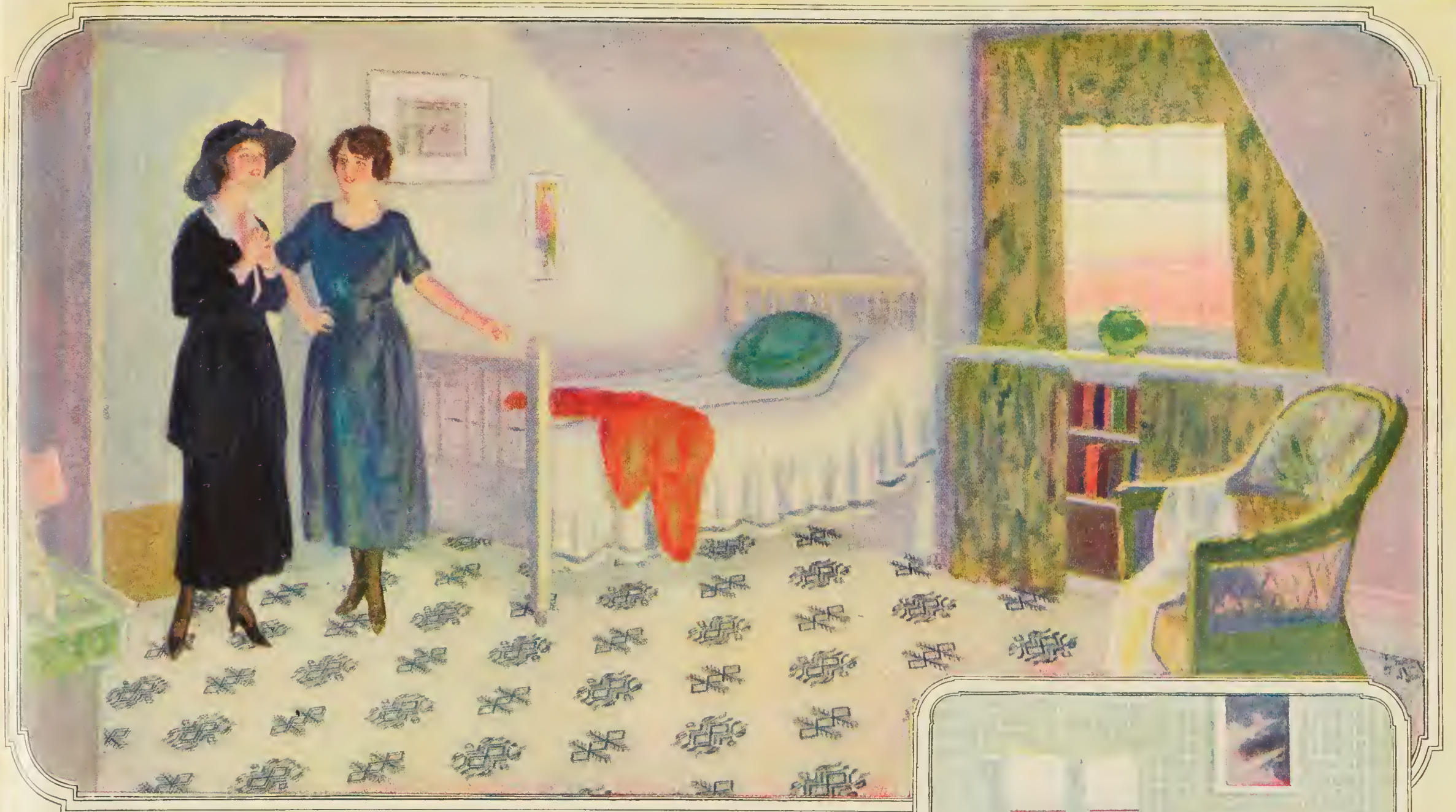
These moves are not made with any great speed, but at precisely the moment that the attention of the audience is diverted. It may seem incredible that so large a bundle as this flag can be openly taken from a pocket and moved across the person of the performer without being observed by any one, yet this artist deceives hundreds of people with the ruse every night. Even when you know the secret you will most likely turn your eyes toward the three handkerchiefs when the magician gives the cue "red, white and blue."

Mediums or psychics fall into two classes as regards the nature of the magical effects which they produce. There are those who deal in supernatural information. Their methods, if they are fraudulent, often depend in part upon clever confederate systems. The fact that some of them have been shadowed by detectives does not disprove this, as detectives are very easily duped. Many of these mediums employ powers of subconscious perception and interpretation which have the effect of mind-reading, although they are actually dependent upon purely physical perception. Professional magicians who perform tricks of this sort recognize that subconscious mechanisms play a part in their work. In one case a certain Boston medium who was very successful in this line of work noted that although she was not always able to tell exactly how she achieved her results, an impairment of eyesight quite deprived her of her powers.

THE other class of mediums deals in physical manifestations more closely resembling the operations of the professional conjurer. Eusapia Palladine, a famous Italian medium, widely advertised in this country is an example of this sort. The sophisticated magician regards her as a complete and completely conscious fraud, a very clever woman using mostly antiquated methods so old as to be almost novel.

Her only new manifestation was her so-called "cold breeze," which apparently emanated from her temple. This was probably produced by means of a bulb secreted between the thighs or under an arm, with a tube leading either through her coiffure or along one sleeve, the hand being directed toward the temple in drawing attention to the phenomenon. She was only able to produce this effect on special occasions, probably coinciding with seances in which she did not expect to have a thorough examination of her person. Her trick of moving furniture and touching people while held was undoubtedly accomplished by a clever shifting or "switching" of the arm, so that her two controllers got hold of the same arm at different levels, instead of having both, as they supposed. There are various ways of doing this: the performer usually makes some quick movement, apologizes to the controllers and in the meantime has shifted their grip. This trick is known technically as "the battery." With the released hand things can be done which to the naive observer—in the obscurity of the seance-room—seem miraculous, as the trickster learns to reach unexpected places. Tables can be tipped by the toe at a considerable distance, which is invariably magnified in the reports of witnesses.

The ideas which I have expressed in this article are derived mainly from conversation with members of the genial cult of modern magicians, several of whom I have the good fortune to know. Personally, I am inclined to sympathize with their view that psychic phenomena actually rest upon the same physical and psychological processes as their own art; but still both are wonderful.



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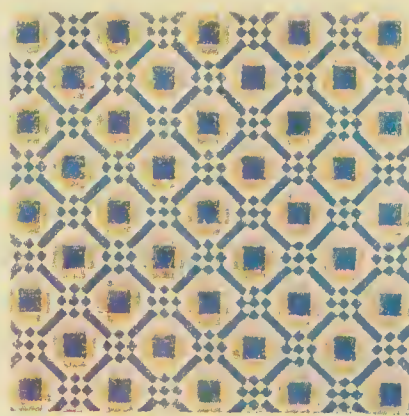
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REMOVE SEAL WITH
DAMP CLOTH

DO YOU FEAR CANCER?

Guy's Hospital, London, that one of eight deaths is due to cancer, the mathematical possibility of cancer percentage is apparent, just as an honest card-player may hold four aces or a royal flush in a definite percentage of hands at cards. This is equally true of cancer houses and cancer towns. Hoffman, in his statistics from the actual mortuary tables of the great insurance companies, shows that cancer in families appears to have no effect on the frequency of cancer in the insured.

CANCER is not contagious in the sense that it can be carried from one person to another, and there is no definite proof that it is contagious under any circumstances. That several members of the same family have suffered from cancer at the same time, that husband and wife have simultaneously so suffered, has been generally recognized, but so far as can be shown these examples are in the nature of coincidences and are definite mathematical equations illustrating the law of chance. Cancer is contagious in the same person and may be carried and transplanted from one site to another.

STATISTICIANS believe that cancer is rapidly increasing, but this seems to be open to doubt, because cancer has not increased in the skin and visible mucous membranes of the body, where, if it existed, it could easily be identified. The greatest increase has been in internal cancer, about which until recently we have known little. To assume, however, that cancer has increased in frequency in the internal organs without an increase in external and familiar situations is not logical. Inasmuch as the average human life has been lengthened about twenty years since 1860, the number of persons of cancerous age is becoming larger and this of itself must naturally account for a great increase of the disease. Savages are said not to have cancer to any great extent, but the exact facts are not well known. Medical missionaries agree that cancer does exist among savages, but the percentage of primitive people who live to the later period of life when cancer is frequent is small. The savage, when afflicted with cancer, is in evidence but a short time at best, because he has no opportunity to care for himself in a manner to prolong his existence, as may his civilized prototype.

The influence of the x-ray in the diagnosis of internal cancer can hardly be overestimated and has in many cases, before unsuspected, doubled early diagnosis. Examination of the frozen section of the growth while the operation is in progress that the nature of doubtful tumor tissues may be known within from two to five minutes, is a very great addition to the surgical treatment of cancer. If the tumor is benign, a comparatively simple operation will be sufficient; if malignant, the most thorough operative procedure offers the best chance. In this way many early cancers are detected, especially those forms which have arisen in connection with chronic irritation.

CERTAIN occupations may lead to cancer. The worker in aniline dyes absorbs deleterious substances which are excreted with the urine; irritation of the bladder results and sometimes cancer of the bladder develops. The cobalt worker often has cancer of the lungs from inhalation of irritating particles of cobalt. The worker in tar develops irritations at points where the tar comes in contact with the skin. This may later lead to cancer. Soot has the same irritating effect on the skin, and the chimney-sweep with cancer of the groin is an example of this. Those who work in arsenic and its preparations may absorb enough to over-stimulate the skin, and cancer, especially of the hands and feet, may develop. Persons working with the x-ray often develop dermatitis of the hands, and on this base cancer is formed. In certain parts of Australia, rodent ulcer, a peculiar type of cancer of the skin, especially about the face, is exceedingly common, but only those whose occupations lead to exposure to the peculiar influences of atmospheric conditions suffer it.

Cancer is found in all vertebrate animals and in man in every country and every climate. Old countries have more

cancer than new countries because they have more people of a cancerous age. The exigencies of a new country demand the energy and ability to withstand hardships which the young possess. This is true of towns in older settled communities; so that while cancer in new countries is comparatively rare, when the newness has given way to maturity, the percentage of people with cancer increases correspondingly.

CANCER is referred to in the history of the earliest times. There has been a connected description of this disease for more than two thousand years. Throughout the early period and through the Middle Ages the references to it are so inexact as hardly to be called knowledge. In the latter part of the eighteenth century, under the influence of the Hunterian school, cancer was carefully studied so far as it could be studied with the naked eye, aided by the microscope of primitive design, and much was learned in regard to its gross appearance and clinical course. In the middle of the nineteenth century the eye, aided by the improved microscope, began to discern it more minutely. One of the early observers, speaking of the appearance of epithelioma (skin cancer) under the microscope and referring to the peculiar nesting of epithelial cells, said it looked like a cut tomato, and for many years it was believed by the ignorant that the tomato was the cause of cancer. In 1899, under the influence of the late Dr. Roswell Park, cancer institutes for the study of this disease were established, first in New York State, later in Boston and many abroad. In these institutions animal experimentation has been called on to furnish evidence which could not be obtained in man.

IN A general way cancers readily group themselves:

First: Those having their origin in the epithelial structure, the coverings of the body and its mucous membranes and secreting glands. These are spoken of as carcinoma.

Second: The sarcomas. These are the representatives of the unregulated development of the embryonic cells of those structures of the body which give rise to form and locomotion—bones, muscles, and the connective tissues generally.

Third: Between the two great primary groups there is a group not well differentiated which partakes of the characteristics of both, such as the mixed tumors of the parotid (near the ear).

All vertebrate animals suffer from cancer in situations which are affected by their habits or conditions of life, leading to local lesions in the protective mechanism. We must, therefore, look on local lesions as an invitation to cancer, without regard to just what its ultimate cause may be. It is probable that a large majority of human beings possess an immunity to the disease; that a lesser number possess a partial immunity, while a minority are without these protective agencies, which render ineffective the local lesion. The term "precancerous," while not strictly accurate, has become allowable through custom, and graphically describes a clinical condition.

The microscopic picture in these cases shows in the character of the cells a change quite different from the normal, but showing as yet no malignant invasion. Pathologists, however, are striving to establish a criterion whereby the change in the character of the cells may be shown to indicate malignancy before invasion takes place. Such microscopic appearance is found in the periphery of malignant growths and in chronic lesions which have been known later to develop malignancy. Strictly speaking, therefore, the term "precancerous" should not be applied to all local lesions which may be followed by cancer, but only to those in which cellular changes, surpassing the normal attempt at repair of the lesion itself, are taking place, but which are not infiltrating surrounding tissues. The local lesion acts as the invitation, the precancerous stage as its probable acceptance.

The balance of this address continuing the practical consideration of the predisposing causes and prevention of cancer will appear in the May DELINEATOR.

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CONGRESSWOMAN ROBERTSON

À LA CHEROKEE

BY ALICE M. ROBERTSON
Congresswoman from Oklahoma

IT WAS in Indian Territory, before we were the State of Oklahoma, that a party of commissioners from the United States came with full powers plenary to treat with the government of the Cherokee Nation for a cession of land to the United States. In those days I was the only stenographer in Indian Territory.

On this occasion the commission had a delightful temporary home with a Cherokee family whose roomy, old-time mansion with big fireplaces and blazing log fires we found pleasing indeed. One Sunday we were all invited out, and the family went away to an all-day service, the negro servants also being allowed the day off.

Just as we were preparing after church to go to our dinner engagement, there came a messenger saying that sudden illness on the part of our hostess made it necessary to recall the invitation. There was consternation on the part of three distinguished commissioners and one secretary. Finally the chairman and the secretary formed a delegation to throw the commission upon my mercy for dinner. The secretary made a fire in the cook-stove while I searched through cupboards bare of cooked food; evidently the servants had taken their dinner along.

But I soon had some rice boiling merrily, and in another saucepan a generous quantity of golden yams, peeled, split, and with enough boiling salted water to cover them. Then I made a visit to the smoke-house. No hams remained, but there were bacon and the remains of several venison hams.

Venison is a dry meat, so I prepared a mixture of equal portions of wild-grape jelly and catchup, adding a few drops of onion-juice, a dash of Cayenne and salt and pepper, thinning with a little hot water and turning my steaks about in it.

I gathered a basketful of eggs in the hen-house. I diced some bacon and whipped up a lot of eggs, separating them and adding a tablespoon of cold water to each two yolks. Before this I had made a shortcake mixture—there was plenty of milk and butter—sifting salt and baking-powder into the flour, cutting butter finely through it, wetting it to a dough just stiff enough to pat into round, flat cakes. These I put on to bake.

Meanwhile the steaks were floured and dropped into deep fat to brown.

The yams, now soft, were lifted carefully into an iron frying-pan with lots of butter on the bottom; I put butter and sugar on the top, and covered the pan to let the yams cook slowly. The pantry revealed some wonderful piccalilli and some wild-plum jelly.

Part of the beaten eggs were quickly brought together and poured into a hot mixture of butter and bacon fat in a sheet-iron frying-pan. The diced bacon was then added. A fluffy omelet was the result. More short-cakes had been put to bake, and as the omelet disappeared I made more of these. I had made coffee.

Afterward we sat in front of the cheerful blaze in the sitting-room fireplace, and the chairman described a dinner at court with all its pomp and ceremony, but which he solemnly assured me did not taste so good as mine.

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It pours because its crystals are cubes; roll off each other. No flakes in Morton's—they would stick together. And no chemicals—they would impair the flavor that Morton's gives to foods.

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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.



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Test as directed on a single lock. Watch the gray vanish! Note how clean and dainty is this clear, colorless liquid. How nice it makes your hair—how easy to apply. Then get a full sized bottle from your druggist or direct from us. But—don't take anything else—there is nothing just as good. Insist on the original MARY T. GOLDMAN.

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The natural color of my hair is black..... jet black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown.....

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Street.....

Town.....

Co..... State.....

FIGGERS CAN'T LIE

but the eyes under the tattered hat met his squarely. Yonder stood Kirby. Others were dropping in. He sat down at his desk and wrote. The old hand closed greedily over the paper.

"Now git out!" ordered Rowley.

The old man took the paper to Kirby. "Will you read dat, please, suh?"

Through his spectacles the magistrate scrutinized the document. "It's a receipt for six hundred and thirty dollars."

"Do it say intrust on mor'gige?"

"No."

Back to the merchant the old fellow came. "You ain't specify intrust on mor'gige. Mis' say—"

The merchant snatched the paper and added a few words. This time after Kirby read it he looked at Dan.

"I didn't know there was a mortgage on the Duncan place."

"It a secret, Mr. Kuhby," said the old fellow eagerly. "Don't say nuttin' 'bout it, please, suh. It made out regular now?"

KIRBY nodded. At the front of the store Dan paused long enough to buy an envelope in which he placed the paper. It was done. Mis' Sally would continue to live on the place, Mis' Sally and the boys. Before the five years were out Ralph would be big enough to look after things. A chorus of angels was shouting "Glory halleluia!" in his old heart as he clambered into his wagon and picked up the lines.

"Git up, mewl!" he cried. "Git up!"

But once home, he unhitched the mule and led him solemnly into the stall. "Guess it de las' time I ever feed you, mewl," he said sadly. He went round to the side of the house, stopped under the living-room window and called, "Ralph!" and when the elder of the two boys appeared at the lighted window, "I want to see you, buddy. Got somethin' to tell you. Oh, nuttin'," he laughed when other faces appeared, "jus' a little secret betwixt me an' buddy."

Big-eyed, the boy came out to the cabin, where the old man lighted the lamp, then shut the door and got out the envelope.

"Buddy," he said, "you Mis' oldes' gran'-son. You know how to keep a secret, don' you? Yes, suh—da's a man, da's a man! I don' want you to tell nobody, not even Frank you sleeps wid. Frank he a little boy, not much more'n a baby."

The lad nodded, looking the old man straight in the face. He was clean-cut, dependable, clear-eyed. He and old Dan had been on 'possum-hunts together. There had grown up between them the understanding bred by nights together in the woods.

"See dis here envellup, buddy? I want you to tek it an' hide it. To-morrow yo' gran'ma birfday. Oh, dat use to be a gret day when yo' gran'pa was livin'—company an' all, an' presents. He was de kin' o' man dat niver forget t'ings like dat. He a good man, buddy, a good fr'en'. We all got our weakness. But here what I comin' to. Now you listen an' git it straight. To-morrow some time when dey ain't nobody in de room, you go in an' han' dis envellup to yo' gran'-ma. You tell her somebody han' it to you an' 'ques' dat he name be not mention. Kin you carry dat out, son?"

"Sure I can."

"DA'S a man, da's a man!" And the old fellow chuckled. "You gwine be one to count on when you's growed. You gwine bring de ol' Duncan name back to what it use to was. Buddy, mebbe I gwine 'way a little while. I ain't say I is—I say mebbe. If I do, dough, an' folks ax you whar I gone, you tell 'em you don't know, kase you won't. If folks ax you what I tell you when I call you out here, you say I jus' spoke 'bout a rabbit paf I see in de pasture, a-good place to set a rabbit gun—kase I is spoke of it, see? An' don' you tell 'em no mo'."

He stood in the cabin door while the boy crossed the yard and ran up the back steps. "Dat boy gwine mek a man," he said wistfully as he turned back. "He gwine tek de load off'n Mis' shoulder befo' she die." From underneath the bed he got out an old gnawed telescope and dumped its contents on the floor. A thin lath he left in. "Dat might come in handy some day," he said. From a bureau-drawer he got out a wool

shirt, some underclothes, and a pair or two of heavy socks. He tied the telescope together with twine. He blew out the light. In the yard he stopped and quietly closed the cabin door.

He had planned it all out the day before. Shortly before Captain Jack died, a group of men from the city had come out, and all had gone into the big river swamps camping and hunting. Dan had been taken along as cook.

At night around the camp-fire he had listened to their talk. He had heard them tell about a place where, as he gathered, people went when they were in trouble. It seemed one of their friends, whom they had expected to join them, was there now.

The midnight local passenger-train, stopping at Sandhill station, picked up an old darky with a telescope; and a few minutes later Conductor Chase, coming down the aisle of the Jim-Crow car, his lantern on his arm, stopped beside the seat where this latest passenger had settled and said: "Tickets."

"I ain't got no ticket," replied the old man. "I gwine pay my way, suh."

"Where to?"

"Reno."

"Reno? Reno, Nevada?"

"Yessuh—da's de place."

"What're you goin' to Reno for?" Chase asked; then when the old man did not reply, "This train don't go there. This is a monogamous train. You pay your way to Columbia. You have to change there, anyway."

The fare to Columbia collected, Conductor Chase passed on, and old Dan settled down, face worried; f r as he boarded the train at Sandhill he had made out on the platform Jake, one of Rowley's hands, and though he had kept in the shadows, Dan was afraid Jake had seen him.

At last he fell asleep, his head on his chest, the light above him shining on his white wool, for his hat had fallen off. He was awakened by a hand on his shoulder. The train had stopped. An electric light was shining in at the window. The man above him was a policeman.

"Better come along," said the policeman.

"Who—me?"

"Sure—an' don't forget the grip. Might be a bale of cotton in it."

AND so it happened that old Dan Abel finished in jail the nap he had begun on the train. Next morning early Tom Kelley, rural policeman, came after him, duly armed with warrant and summons; and, seated with the officer in the front of Squire Kirby's car, old Dan was driven back to the country whence he had fled.

Shame bowed his head. Never before had he been arrested, charged with even a minor offense. Old Dan felt as if he were returning to his own funeral.

This feeling was heightened when they came in sight of the plantation commissary store in the corner of Squire Kirby's yard, where the squire held court as occasion rose. In front dozed his old mule, hitched to the buggy. There, too, were other buggies, and Rowley's car. The crowd would laugh at him; he would be an object of scorn.

Then the devil tempted him. He came not with cloven hoof, but in shoes and overcoat and confidential and insinuating manner. It was Luther Rowley himself, who hurriedly left the store as the car drew up.

"Tom," he said to the policeman, "I want to speak to Dan here. This way, Dan."

"Now, uncle," he began, when they were at the rear of the store, "I know you took that cotton, know it as well as if I'd seen you." He lit the stub of a cigar and rolled it about in his mouth.

"I even know what you did with that cotton. You used the money you got from it an' yo' own money to pay off that interest. Now I've got a proposition to make: You get that receipt back an' give it to me; tell Mis' Sally you've got to have it, see? an' I'll pay you the balance, all but what the bale of cotton brought. I'll go right in now and tell Squire Kirby that me an' you've come to an agreement. He'll drop the case. I'll say I was mistaken. I'll even go that far. I'll say you never done it. Ain't that fair?"

"Hold on. I ain't through yet. I'm goin' still further. I'll give you a place to live on

Continued on page 73

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

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and gums that bleed easily, are the first symptoms of pyorrhoea. If these conditions are not corrected, loss of teeth may follow.

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Use it daily for healthy gums and clean, white teeth.



Pyorrhicide Powder is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply. Sold by leading druggists and dental supply houses.

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To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. At drug and department stores.



Great silk and silk blouse manufacturers tell how silk should be laundered

**"Wash silks this way,"
say Belding Bros.**

"As makers of a delicate product like silk we are much concerned with the treatment it gets after it leaves our hands.

"Our wash silk fabrics can, of course, be laundered as safely, and as often as cotton, if proper care is exercised.

"We have found Lux to be ideal for washing silks because of its great purity and gentleness. There is nothing in it that could attack the delicate silk fibre.

"Another point in favor of Lux is that its thick lather eliminates all rubbing of the fabric on the washboard or between the hands. This means, of course, that the silk does not 'fuzz up,' and that the threads will not pull or split.

"We find Lux equally successful on our white or colored silks.

"We are glad to see the publicity given by Lux to the safe way of laundering silks."

BELDING BROS.



Colored silks—Lux won't cause any color to run, pure water alone won't cause to run. If you are not sure a color is fast try to set it this way. Use one-half cup of vinegar to a gallon of cold water and soak for two hours.

Wringing or twisting makes the smooth silk threads slip over

one another. This gives the fabric a wavy appearance which is permanent. Water should be squeezed or shaken out.

Press silks on the wrong side while they are still damp. Sprinkling a silk will make it look spotty, and this appearance can only be overcome by relaundering.

For years, Belding Brothers have been making silks. They make millions of yards each year, and they make all kinds—from the frailest georgettes and chiffons to the sturdy satins, taffetas and crêpes de Chine. The panel to the left gives Belding Brothers' interesting letter on the proper way to launder silks.

You will find blouses made by Max Held, Inc., in most of the smart specialty shops and good department stores throughout the country. Read why this famous maker wants you to wash his blouses with Lux.

THESSE two great merchants, by the very nature of their business, were compelled to find the proper way to launder silk—the way that would be best and safest. Incorrect methods mean a heavy money loss to them just as incorrect methods mean a heavy loss to you in the wear and appearance of your fine silk things.

Read carefully the detailed directions below, which tell you just exactly how to wash your silks—the way recommended by one of the largest silk manufacturers in the world, and by a man whose silk blouses are worn by thousands of women each year.

Cut this page out and keep it. You will find that you will want to refer to it all the time. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Launder your silk things this gentle, safe way

Whisk one tablespoonful of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of very hot water. Add cold water till lukewarm. Dip the garment up and down, pressing suds repeatedly

through soiled spots. Rinse in 3 lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out—do not wring. Roll in towel; when nearly dry, press with warm iron—never a hot one.



A hot iron should never be used on silk. It will cause the silk to split. It also makes it stiff and papery, and will yellow it.

Press first the sleeves of a blouse, next the fronts, and then the back. The fronts will set better if ironed from the shoulder down.

Ruffles should be pressed by

holding straight on the hem edge and then ironing up into the gathers. Nose the iron well in.

Tucks should be pulled taut and ironed lengthwise.

Jersey and georgette crêpe should be stretched to shape before they dry and should also be shaped as you iron.

**The maker of a million
silk blouses tells how
to launder them**

"Once in a while," writes Max Held, Inc., "a blouse is returned to us as unsatisfactory. We are sure of the materials we use in making our blouses and we are sure of our workmanship. What we are not sure of is the treatment the blouse gets after it is in the hands of the owner.

"If women would wash their blouses with Lux, 90 per cent of our complaints would disappear.

"Frayed, pulled threads do not always mean a poor quality of silk, but a blouse that has been rubbed to get it clean. The thick Lux lather makes rubbing unnecessary.

"The other day a crêpe de Chine blouse was returned to us which had 'gone' under the arm. The owner had put away the blouse, which was badly soiled with perspiration. The perspiration acids had eaten the silk, and a harsh soap and rubbing completed the destruction. If that blouse had been washed with Lux as soon as it was soiled we would not have had the complaint.

"For our own protection, we recommend the use of Lux in washing silks."

MAX HELD, Inc.



Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm



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1921

Djer-Kiss Eau de Toilette
Djer-Kiss Vegetale

Un Luxe?

Mais non! Une véritable nécessité!

Made in France—in the atelier of M. Kerkoff in Paris itself—no other *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss* possess more of French toilettried charm and skill than do Djer-Kiss Eau de Toilette and Djer-Kiss Vegetale.

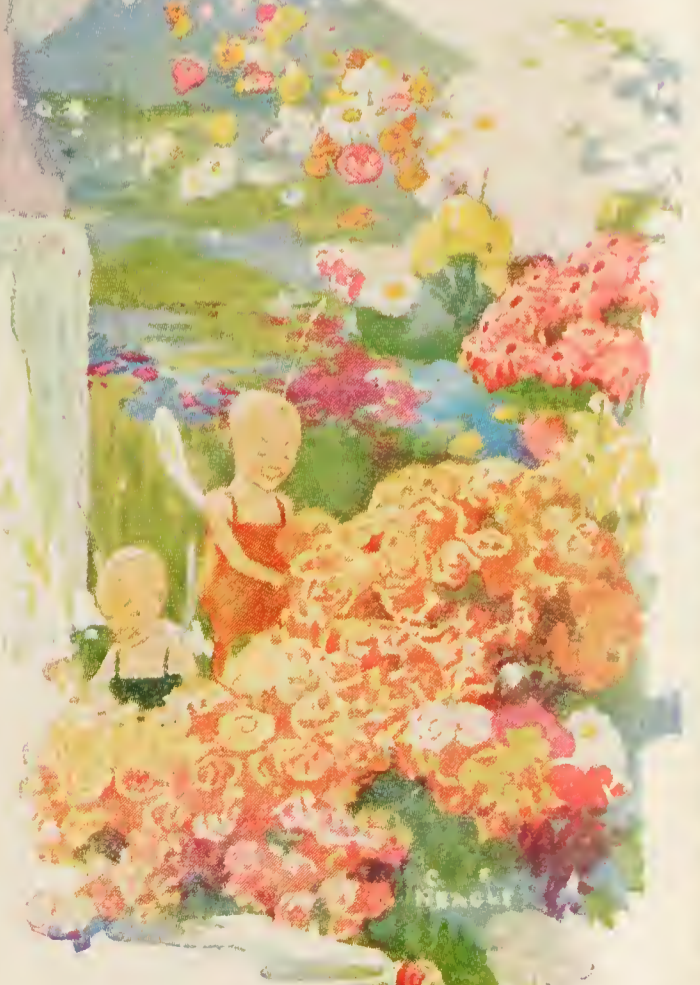
And so daily useful to both *Madame* and *Monsieur*! Djer-Kiss Toilet Water. To bathe the face and hands when *Madame* is fatigued—you need but a few drops on a wet wash-cloth! To perfume the hands after any task! For the *toilette* and bath! Djer-Kiss Vegetale—especially prepared for use on the skin—so acceptable to *Monsieur* for the bath and after shaving. So soothing always—so softly fragrant!

Truly when you use them you will be more than content.

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TALC • SACHET
TOILET WATER
VEGETALE

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Send 20c to A. H. Smith Co.,
34 West 34th St., New York,
and receive tiny serviceable
samples of Djer-Kiss Face
Powder, Extract, Cold and
Vanishing Creams and Sachet.



FIGGERS CAN'T LIE

as long as you're here—the same cabin if you want it. I won't charge you as much rent as you're payin' now. I'll do all that because I like you an' ain't disposed to be hard on you."

He paused, still rolling the cigar about in his mouth.

"If you don't take me up, though, I'll push this case to the limit. Squire Kirby'll bind you over to co't. You'll be sent to the pen here as you're standin' here. You're old. You will never come out. Now I don't want to do all that, an' I won't do it, if you'll meet me half-way." He took the cigar out of his mouth. "What about it?"

"I don't even know what you been talkin' about, suh. Sellin' my own cotton an' usin' my own money to pay intrust! You talkin'iddle to me. I tell you now, like I tol' you before—Mis' give me dat money, an' tol' me to bring receipt. It was her money, it was her receipt!"

"You stick to that lie—you, a deacon?"

"I sticks! Yessuh, I sticks! Dey ain't no way to say no mo'. Mr. Rowley, you wastin' of bread!"

"Then you go to the pen!"

"Well, suh, if I goes, I goes."

"Tom Kelley," called Rowley, "come get his nigger!"

AND so, followed by the officer, old Dan entered the store. Mrs. Duncan and the two boys were there, but old Dan saw only Squire Kirby seated behind a table, big, white-bearded, his face stern. He was a cotton-planter himself; to steal a bale of cotton was to him a heinous crime.

"Stand there, Dan Abel," he commanded. "Take off yo' hats, gentlemen. Shut the do', Tom Kelley. Step up here, Mr. Rowley."

And the trial of old Dan Abel was on.

Rowley told of the bale taken from his shed; of negroes who had seen Dan Abel driving in that direction the night of the theft; of another who had seen him board the train.

"I've got all the witnesses here. Jake——"

"One minute," said Kirby. "I'll call 'em when I want 'em. Step up here, Dan Abel. Put yo' han' on the book. You solemnly swear the testimony you give in this case will be the truth, the whole truth, an' nothin' but the truth, so help you God. Did you take a bale of cotton out of Mr. Rowley's shed?"

"Yes, suh."

"Did you try to leave the country?"

"Yes, suh."

"Where'd you aim to go?"

"To Reno, Nevaddy, suh."

"Silence back there!" ordered Kirby. "What did you aim to go there for?"

"I hear folk talk 'bout dat place, suh. I hear dey got diff'ent laws dar. Mo' lenient."

"Well, I reckon it's against the law to steal cotton, even in Reno. Silence in the court!"

Rowley pushed impatiently forward. This was trifling. Business was business.

"There ain't nothin' for you to do, Mr. Kirby, but bind this nigger over to co't."

Above Kirby's luxuriant white beard his cheeks, though lean, were as ruddy as autumn apples; and now, ever so slightly, these cheeks flushed.

"Dan Abel," he resumed, "what did you do with that bale of cotton?"

"I s'pose of it, suh."

"What did you do with the money?"

"I s'pose of dat, too."

"How did you dispose of it?"

Dan's heart jumped into his mouth. "Is blegged to answer dat, suh?"

"No, not unless you want to."

"Den Mr. Kirby, I beg to be 'skused. I s'pose of it. Money ain't hard to git shed of."

KIRBY had been looking straight at him, as if in an effort to get at the motive; and now old Dan, meeting the keen blue eyes under the haggard brows, thought he saw in them quick signal of comprehension, of understanding.

"Better put some mo' wood in the stove, Tom Kelley," he said, "an' punch up the fire. This case ain't over yet. Thank you, Tom. An' Abel, befo' you come, I'd been askin' Mr. Rowley some questions, an' it seems that you took a bale from the rear of the shed, whereas there were other bales nigher the shed an' consequently mo' convenient. Why did you do that?"

"It was de same, 'dential bale he cause to be taken out my shed dat mornin', suh."

"I had a mortgage on it," broke in Rowley angrily.

"Dan Abel, did you know there was a mortgage on that cotton?"

"I knowed dere was 'cordin' to his figgers."

Rowley interrupted again. "Mr. Kirby, this nigger has confessed to stealin' a bale of cotton. You ain't called on to go any further. I'm a busy man, an' so are you. I've got two travelin' men waitin' for me at my sto'. This ain't circuit co't."

"It's my co't, suh!" said Kirby, "an' I run it to suit myself. I'm questionin' this witness, an' I propose to continue to question him. Dan Abel, you said there was a mortgage, accordin' to Mr. Rowley's figures. From that I gather there wasn't any accordin' to yours. Did he present a bill, and did you dispute that bill?"

"Yes, suh, he present it an' I s'pote it, an' I s'pote it vig'rous. I tol' him I pay ev'y Gord cent!"

"Have you got any receipts?"

"No, suh. I ax him for 'em each time I pay. I 'sist on 'em. But he say he let me see him sot de figgers down in a book. He say dat same as receipt. He say figgers can't lie."

"Can you read?"

"No, suh, not fluent."

"He can neither read nor write, Mr. Kirby," said Mrs. Duncan quietly.

"To save my life," broke in Rowley, "I can't see the use in all this. Mr. Kirby, do you give a nigger a receipt every time you have dealin's with him? You know as well as me they'd lose 'em or light their pipes with 'em. You just treat 'em fair, same as I do, an' let it go at that."

Again Kirby flushed. Rowley's hands, in the rear of the crowd, began to grin. Their captain was getting the best of the magistrate.

"Tom Kelley," spoke Kirby, "'spose you put another stick in that stove. Dan Abel, what records have you got, if any, to show that you paid this bill?"

"Mr. Kubby, like Mis' tol' you, I can't neither read nor write. I jus' notch dem payment on a stick."

"Have you got that stick?"

"It out dar in de telescope, in the kyar."

"Tom Kelley, go out an' bring that telescope into co't."

WHEN the officer came back with the grip, the old ducky, hands trembling, untied the strings and removed the top. Apologetically he handed to Kirby an old plaster lath of heart pine, with notches in groups on its edges, making it look like a wooden saw. Kirby held it up so the crowd could see.

"There's nothin' funny about this, gentlemen," he said. "Explain it, Dan."

"Ev'y notch," declared Dan, "represent five dollar pay on de bill. See, suh? Dey in group. Dar ten notches contagious to one anudder; dat mean I pay fifty dollar. Dar twelve notches whar I pay sixty dollar. De whole aggrivate fo' hund'ed dollars."

"Did you ever notch any other payments besides those you made to Mr. Rowley?"

"No, suh. I been 'ticular 'bout dat. I keeps urr payments on anurr stick. It ain't a pine stick, but a oak stick, made out'n a bow I fashion for Mis' boys. I keep 'em in separate room, suh. When I come home from payin' Mr. Rowley, I go in by de front do' an' notch de pine stick. When I come in from payin' urr people I go in by de back do' an' notch de oak stick. Mandy allus keep count dat way befo' she die, an' I follow in her feetsteps. Dis de fus' time, suh, in all dese years de merchant bill an' de stick ain't 'gree. Dis de fus' time I ever trade wid Mr. Rowley. I call dat cu'ius."

"Now look here!" Rowley started forward, face pale, eyes blazing, "that makes twice this nigger has insinuated——"

"Stand back there!" Kirby had risen half out of his chair. Ralph, the lad, stepped between Mrs. Duncan's chair and Rowley. "Stand back, sir. Don't you move. This here's a co't of justice if it ain't in a co't-house. That's all right, son," he spoke to the boy. "If yo' grandma or any other lady ain't safe in here, then I've changed mightily these past ten years!"

Continued on page 76

DODGE BROTHERS 4 DOOR SEDAN

The simplicity of the Sedan appeals to women almost as much as its convenience and beauty

It is exceedingly easy to handle, easy to care for, and easy to adjust to any change of weather

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



From Trousseau to Kitchen Apron

YOU'LL find garments of every description, for every need, for women as well as children of all ages—smart frocks, clever suits and wraps, and practical every-day clothes—all shown in a variety of designs in

Butterick Quarterly

All this and more you will find in this wonderful book that forecasts fashions for the entire season, for pages of color schemes are given and the just-right accessory suggested.

Get your copy to-day at the pattern department

Lingerie of Exquisite Daintiness

THE silk styles of "Dove" Under-garments are most feminine—fashioned from crêpe de chine and satin, and trimmed with soft laces and hand-embroidery. Their ample cut and careful sewing endow them with wearing and laundering qualities that mean satisfaction for you.

In dainty cottons—fine nainsooks, batistes, and novelty weaves—there's a wide variety of becoming "Dove" styles on which fancy stitchings, laces, or embroideries vie with each other in producing the prettiest effects.

Reasonable prices and unusual durability are excellent reasons for indulging one's natural preference for the daintiness of "Dove" Under-garments.

New for April

"DOVE" Camisole No. 226.—Heavy Satin of excellent quality, hemstitched, hand-embroidered in dots, and trimmed with beautiful three-inch Calais lace.

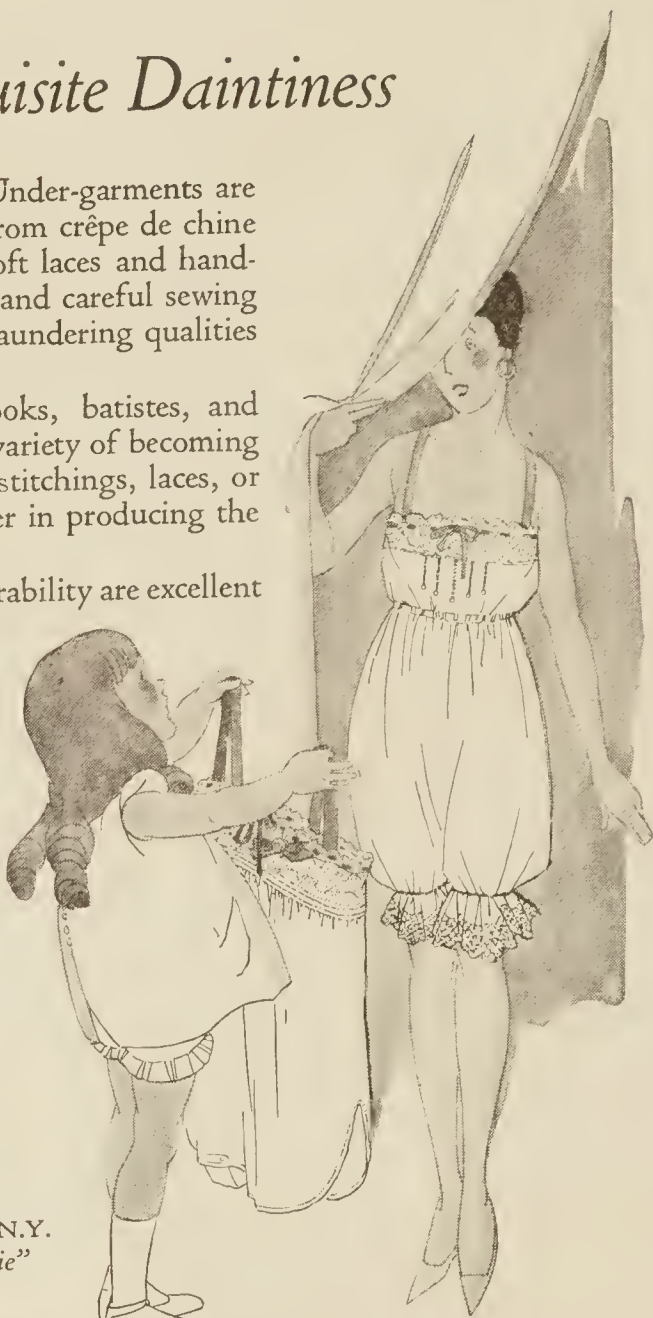
"DOVE" Bloomer No. 465.—A roomy, comfortable bloomer of excellent quality, pure finished Crêpe de Chine with fine Calais lace at the knees.

"DOVE" Envelope Chemise No. 872.—Fine, lustrous Crêpe de Chine trimmed with edging and insertion of best quality Calais lace. Cut amply for comfort.

There's a Store Near You That Sells "Dove" Under-garments

D. E. SICHER & CO., 45-51 W. 21st St., N.Y.
"World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"

DOVE  **Under-garments**
Beautiful Well-made Lingerie



TO BEE OR NOT TO BEE

little cotton pads, just pieces of absorbent cotton wrung out of the coldest water you can get and then out of a good, stiff astringent. Just before you are ready to lie down, get them ready, then bind one under your chin, good and tight, with a strap of cheesecloth or old linen tied up around your head. And when you are flat, put a pad on each cheek, on your forehead and a little one on each closed eye. In ten or twenty minutes your face will feel as fresh and fragrant as April rain.

Remember that though clothes are awfully important, the face is *the thing*. Rather than hurry nervously to fix some dress, wear it as it is. We went to the most million-dollar dance the other night where there were gowns that the Queen of Sheba couldn't have approached, but the woman who seemed to draw the most pleased expressions around after her like a procession had on a white crêpe de Chine gown, very simple in line, no trimming, no flowers and not so much as a ring jewel.

SHE wasn't a bit more beautiful in face than many others there, but she was true to her type—soft, cloudy, dark-red hair, very simply arranged, long brown eyes that were gay and escaping, and a short nose that challenged the world. You couldn't think of her in terms of modistes and evening-gowns, just, "Hello, *this* looks as though it might be fun!" So she washed her face and slipped into something white and went.

Women who work must learn how to rest. To rest in the midst of confusion, to seize that idle minute in the office, or store, or house; to escape, to rest on the street-cars or trains, let go, *escape*; escape into romance, make-believe, anywhere, just so it is escape. Then when you can lie down, lie perfectly flat, without a pillow and let go utterly, just relax as if you were going to disintegrate. Rest.

But a very good book we read every day says, "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing." And Dr. Frank Crane says, "Every act of disloyalty or jealous meanness or malice is on the road to meet somewhere a sword or a sorrow."

It's an act of disloyalty to worry. It's doubt of the *you* that is divine, the *inside you*, or it's doubt of the justice, the *divinity* of somebody else. One of the worst ways you can fail people is to expect less than the best of them; one of the worst ways you can fail life is to expect less of it than the best it can give.

Women can pat and primp and pay large sums for clothes and never get into life at all if they don't give the spirit its value. The woman who works has to call on her spirit for help pretty often, even the little fluffy-headed ones among the "stenogs," and the clerks and those in other business life have to tell themselves pretty frequently, "Well, cheer up! It's all in a lifetime!" The business woman has a better chance at charm than any other if she will only take it.

WHAT one needs to send her right up to the head of the beauty class is never to waste an atom of energy pitying herself, to learn to relax at an instant's freedom, to eat sensibly, to get it out of her head that there are times when she shouldn't be working, times when she needs special care.

Don't let a queen live three times as long just because she worries less.

There is a family of bees called the solitary bees, those we have been talking about are the social bees. Among these solitary bees are some called *Andrenidae*. They've feeble, wabbling wings and legs, not much good to any one. They don't get much honey made and help the increase of the race very little. They flit around without getting anything done and finally crawl off into a corner and die without ever having really lived. They are quite properly known as the parasite bees.

Workers have the best of it! Queens, parasites, buzz around and, like everybody else, get out of life what they put into it. But give the worker a sense of values as to her beauty and charm and the way to protect and increase them and she sails right up into the high skies and gets something!

You see, she has something to give!



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Every Woman's Depilatory

Hair Remover

Genuine—Original

BY actual test genuine De Miracle is the safest and surest. When you use it you are not experimenting with a new and untried depilatory, because it has been in use for over 20 years, and is the only depilatory that has ever been endorsed by Physicians, Surgeons, Dermatologists, Medical Journals and Prominent Magazines.

De Miracle is the most cleanly, because there is no mussy mixture to apply or wash off. You simply wet the hair with this nice De Miracle sanitary liquid and it is gone. De Miracle alone vitalizes hair, which is the only common-sense way to remove it from face, neck, arms, underarms or limbs. Try De Miracle just once, and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the De Miracle guarantee and we will refund your money. Write for book free.

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At all toilet counters, or direct from us, in plain wrapper, on receipt of 63c, \$1.04 or \$2.08, which includes war tax

De Miracle

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Be Well why not?

IT is easier to be well than to be sick when you learn how. When you learn to daily build your vitality, disease germs, gripe and cold have little effect upon you. Be free from nagging ailments! Weigh what you *should* weigh! Have a good figure! Be happy! Enjoy life! Be a source of inspiration to your friends. In other words—live.

You Can Weigh exactly what you Should

by following a few simple, healthful directions at home. I know it, for what I have done for 100,000 women I can do for you. Are you too fleshy? Are you too thin? Does your figure displease you? Let me help you.

I want to help you to realize that your health lies almost entirely in your own hands and that you can reach your ideal in figure and poise.

My work has grown in favor because results are quick, natural and permanent, and because it appeals to COMMON SENSE.

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You can free yourself from such nagging ailments as

Excess flesh in any part of body	Incorrect Walking	Indigestion	Headache
Thin Bust, Chest, Neck or Arms	Poor Complexion	Dizziness	Sleeplessness
Round Shoulders	Lack of Reserve	Rheumatism	Torpid Liver
Incorrect Standing	Nervousness	Colds	Mal-assimilation
	Irritability	Poor Circulation	Auto-Intoxication
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If you are in Chicago, come to see me, but sit down and write me now. Don't wait—you may forget it. I will send you free my illustrated booklet, showing you how to stand and walk correctly and giving many health hints.

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So Easy to Shake Into Your Shoes

WHO, in these days would deprive themselves of the comfort afforded by the use of

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

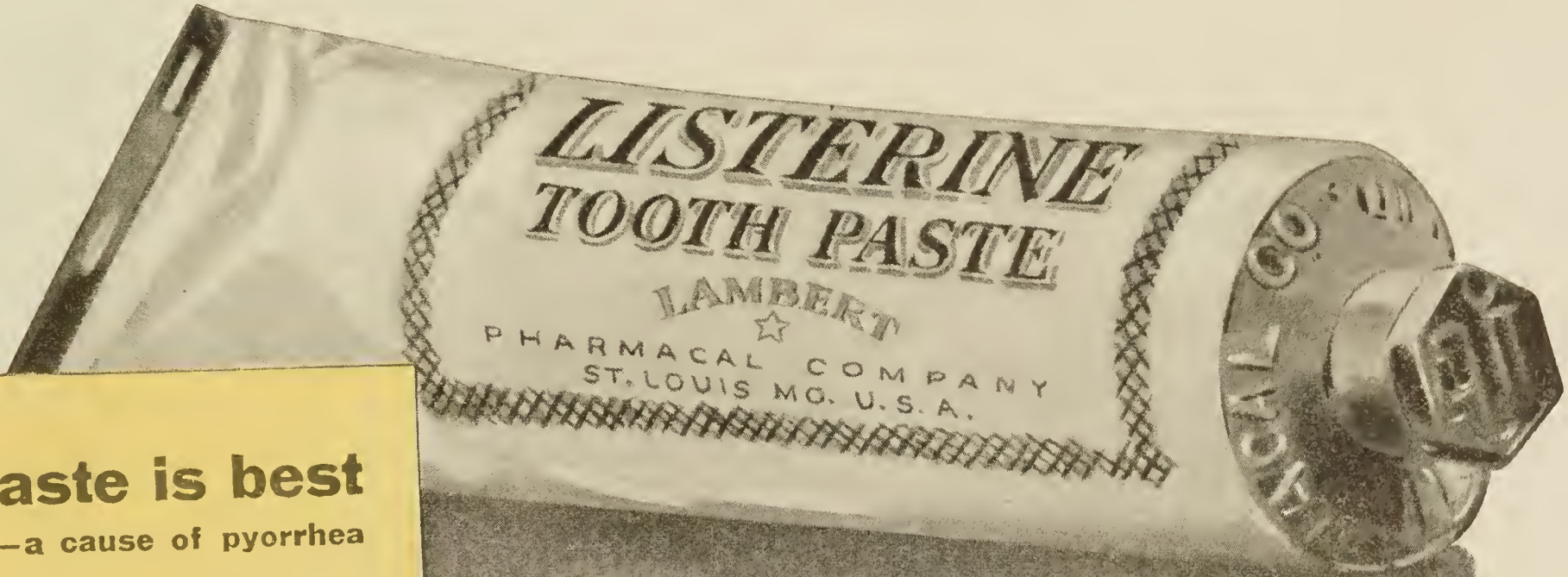
This Antiseptic, Healing Powder makes tight shoes feel easy, relieves the distress of hot, tired, aching, swollen feet, and gives new vigor. Over 1,500,000 lbs. of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

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LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS MO. U. S. A.

An acid paste is best

Prevents "tartar"—a cause of pyorrhea

YOU cannot help being intensely interested in this circular, which explains why this new product, Listerine Tooth Paste, is slightly acid. Read it carefully.

You know the Lambert Pharmacal Company, through their famous anti-septic solution, Listerine. The composition of Listerine Tooth Paste is based on forty years of observation in the employment of Listerine in dental practice.

Why Listerine Tooth Paste is acid

Our study and experience has convinced us that a slightly acid tooth paste is not only essential to overcome an acid condition in the mouth, but actually deters the accumulation of "tartar." Tartar deposit is a contributing cause of pyorrhea.

So you see why you will want to read carefully. Satisfy yourself—we make it very plain why a mild fruit acid is present in Listerine Tooth Paste.

"Acids bad for the teeth? Not at all"

"Acids bad for the teeth? Not at all. The proper use of fruit acids will do more than any other precautionary means to prevent decay," says Dr. William G. Gies, Dept. of Biological Chemistry, Columbia University.

But why acid for acid condition?

Naturally that question comes into your mind. You know from your dentist that an acid condition in your mouth occurs easily, and is very harmful. How can an acid tooth paste help this? The theory has been that an acid condition could best be met with an alkaline dentifrice.

Here is the answer to your question:

It is now acknowledged that the best way to neutralize an acid condition in the mouth is with a flow of alkaline saliva. An acid dentifrice induces a greater flow of the alkaline saliva. An alkaline dentifrice decreases the flow of saliva below normal.

If you are interested in the exact scientific proof of this statement you will find it on the last page.

Your saliva glands need exercise

Listerine Tooth Paste does not decrease their activity. All soap, chalk or other alkalis of foamy consistency have been excluded from Listerine Tooth Paste. You will notice that your dentist never cleans your teeth with any "soapy" preparation. He knows better.

Try this: think of lime juice or lemon juice. Your mouth "waters" copiously; even the thought of these familiar fruit acids stimulates saliva.

Now you understand why Listerine Tooth Paste contains a pleasant fruit acid—why we have made it slightly acid in re-action. You see why an acid paste is best.

And Listerine Tooth Paste cleans

How it does clean; you'll notice yourself that your teeth actually become whiter! Listerine Tooth Paste has been composed to secure the utmost in cleansing qualities. It supplies just enough friction; not too much. And refreshing! You have long known the clean, after-sensation from the use of Listerine in your mouth. You will feel this same effect after Listerine Tooth Paste.

tastes like Listerine

Listerine Tooth Paste has the good, clean taste of Listerine. Naturally, we have not made the mistake of adding to this any superficial or candy flavors, which might be injurious. In the use of this paste you get results—not entertainment.

For the benefit of your teeth

Your teeth are among your most valuable assets. Not only does proper care benefit the teeth themselves, but your entire bodily health is safeguarded by the right attention.

With this in mind we want you to understand that we fully realize our responsibility in making our statements. We feel that we are qualified to speak with conviction after forty years' study of oral hygiene. *And the reputation of Listerine has created an obligation for its makers.*

Listerine and the Listerine Specialties
are made only by

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the makers of LISTERINE
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The resistance you feel when you push down your sewing machine pedal is caused by friction in the bearings. The greater the friction, the greater the resistance—the more tired you become and the more your legs ache. Reduce the friction by regular oiling with 3-in-One, and you reduce or eliminate the leg-ache.

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All pure oil, gritless and greaseless, 3-in-One works out all caked grease and dirt. Its high viscosity keeps it in the bearing, lubricating perfectly. Won't evaporate or become caked or gummy.

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400,000 persons are now hearing clearly by aid of the Acousticon.

A New York Physician says: "It is of great value to me. I should have been obliged to give up the practice of medicine long ago, if I had not obtained this best of all devices for the aid of hearing."

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Just write, saying "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon." Give it a fair trial amid familiar surroundings—thus you can best tell what it will do for you. Remember, however, that the Acousticon has patented features which cannot be duplicated. So no matter what your past experience has been, send for your free trial today.

Dictograph Products Corp.
1384 Candler Bldg., New York City, N. Y.

FIGGERS CAN'T LIE

"I beg pardon," said Rowley surlily. "Only it's hard, Mr. Kirby, an' you know it is, to have to take an insinuation off'n a nigger. I tell you, I ain't used to havin' my books disputed. I keep 'em myself an' keep 'em straight. I put down every item with my own hand. If a man buys a plug of tobacco, it goes down specified. If he makes a payment, that payment goes down befo' his eyes. My books are open to everybody an' anybody—"

"Tom Kelley," broke in Kirby, "take my car, go over to Mr. Rowley's sto' an' fetch that account-book."

The crowd made way for the officer when he returned, a stout ledger bound in red under his arm.

"Now," said Kirby, "we'll see how this book an' this stick agree."

He got out of his pocket a spectacle-case and adjusted the spectacles to his nose. Out of another pocket he took some envelopes and a pencil. The sun had risen high now, and shone through a cobwebby window to his right, making an aura of his white hair and beard.

"HERE'S the first payment—fifty dollars on the book, fifty on the stick. So far so good. Here's the second, forty-five on the book, sixty on the stick."

"I pay dat sixty, too," spoke Dan. "I member, kase—"

"Let me figure!" commanded Kirby.

Humbled, the old man relapsed into silence. The figuring went on. The crowd packed close. At last Kirby straightened up.

"There's a hundred an' fifty dollars' difference on the credit side. Mr. Rowley, what's this seventy-five dollars included in the total debits here an' not specified?"

"Where?" demanded Rowley.

"Here. Your figures."

"Mr. Kuhby," interrupted Dan, trembling, "I hope you'll skuse me, suh, for imposin' dis way. But dat de intrust, suh, de intrust for carvin' me. He 'splain dat. I don't 'spute it; I never is 'spute it. I jus' certifies I pay it."

"What is it, Mr. Rowley?" insisted Kirby.

"Part of it's interest. Part other things."

"What other things?"

"A suit of clothes, for one."

Kirby had been looking hard at Rowley. Now he glanced at Dan, who stood trembling with desire to dispute this last statement, but afraid to. Underneath the old man's ragged overcoat his clothes showed still more ragged. Clean rags, decent rags if you will, but rags, ingeniously patched.

"Looks like to me," said Kirby, "he would have worn that new suit to Reno. Silence back there! Mr. Rowley, why didn't you specify that suit of clothes? You specified everything else."

"Because I didn't take the time. That's why."

"But you said, sir, you did take the time. You said you yourself entered every item, down to a plug of tobacco!"

"Mr. Kuhby!" Dan couldn't hold in any longer. The magistrate was getting switched off the track. "Mr. Kuhby, I ain't bought a suit of close for seven year dis comin' March. Dat seventy-five dollar for intrust. He 'splain dat. Folks hear him do it. I ain't never 'spute it. All I claim is I pay it. What de matter, Mis'? I ain't tellin' nuffin' but de trufe!"

"SHE thinks you've made a long enough speech," said Kirby. "So do I." He closed the book with a bang. "I've learned all I want to know." He took off his glasses, deliberately replaced them in the case, and as deliberately put the case back in his pocket.

"I come here this mornin'," he began, "expectin' to spend about ten or fifteen minutes on this case. But right in the beginnin' several things come out that caused me to think this case might bear lookin' deep down into. One was your impatience, Mr. Rowley."

Rowley was leaning against the counter, looking at the magistrate with contemptuous eyes.

"I didn't like that impatience, Mr. Rowley. You're a busy man, you say. So am I. But both of us can afford to spen' one mornin' of our lives lookin' into the case of an

ol' nigger who's been faithful to his white folks for over fifty years, but who, if he's guilty, as alleged, will spen' the rest of his days in the penitentiary. I don't know no better way to spend a mornin' than that."

Old Dan swallowed. Kirby went on:

"Dan Abel took a bale of cotton out of yo' shed. All right. He ought not to have done it. But there's a mighty big difference between takin' a thing an' stealin' it. Did Dan Abel steal that bale of cotton? If he did, he committed a heinous crime. But a man can't steal his own property. If Dan Abel had paid you what he owed you, then that bale of cotton was already his, an' he was only recoverin' his own property that had been forcibly removed from his premises."

"Now, Mr. Rowley, had he paid his bill? You say he hadn't. He says he had. Here's your book to bear out your statement. Here's his stick to bear out his. One's evidence, the other's evidence. An' to my mind, there ain't much choice between 'em; an' furthermore, I believe the courts would sustain me in that opinion."

"The notched stick goes far back in law. Long befo' men had ledger-books, the notched stick was the means by which they kept accounts. In England, where our common laws all rose from, the king's sheriffs used to keep account of money collected from the king's subjects by notchin' the same on a stick. These sticks were split in-two, the king keepin' one, the subject the other. If there's ever been any decision throwing out the stick as evidence, I never heard tell of it. Therefore, to my mind, an' I believe in the eyes of the law itself, this ol' nigger's notched stick is just as good evidence as your book."

Dan, standing beside Mrs. Duncan's chair, had been staring at the magistrate, eyes big with wonder at his learning. At this last statement he gasped. "Lordy, Lordy, you hear dat?" he muttered to himself.

"So," went on Kirby, "the evidence so far as records go is the same. Now what about the circumstances that will tend to throw this case one way or t'other? First, Mr. Rowley, this ol' nigger asked you for receipts. You say I don't give 'em. Whether I do or not's got no bearin' on this case. I'll say this, though: I don't give receipts because my hands don't ask for 'em. But no man, sir, white or black, ever asked me for a receipt he was entitled to without gettin' it."

"IN THE 'the second place, Mr. Rowley, Dan Abel says, an' you don't deny it, that you told him you would let him see the payments entered in a book, claimin' in his presence an' in the presence of others that this was the same as givin' a receipt, an' that figgers can't lie. In the first place, suh, you knew he couldn't read an' was ashamed to own it. You knew that if you put down sixty dollars or sixty cents or six cents, for that matter, it would be all the same to him. In the second place you knew that your statement that figures can't lie is, so far as bein' an assurance of fair dealin' goes, ridiculous an' absurd. Figures can't lie, Mr. Rowley, that's true; but liars can figure."

"Da's it!" chuckled old Dan to himself.

"Da's what I been try to say an' couldn't!"

"Keep quiet, Dan," whispered Mrs. Duncan.

"So here we are," went on the magistrate. "So far as records go the case is balanced in my mind, whatever a higher co't might decide. But now comes in the circumstance of them receipts, which he asked for an' which you refused, an' of them misleadin' an' absurd statements you made. An' these facts, sir, weigh against you in this co't, an' would weigh against you in the circuit co't, an' in the State Supreme Co't, an' in the Supreme Co't of the United States, an' befo' The Hague Tribunal if it got that far, which it won't. An' now for that seventy-five dollars."

"Mr. Rowley, look at me. There ain't no use to try to act in a contemptuous manner, because this here's a little two by fo' sto' an' we haven't got hangin' around us the trappin's of justice. You charged that ol' nigger seventy-five dollars interest. I know it so well that I ain't even goin' to argue it. You charged him seventy-five dollars interest on a bill of three hundred an' twenty-five dollars for a period of less than one year."

Concluded on page 79



First Aid for Cuts

Apply "Vaseline" Carbolated Petroleum Jelly. It relieves pain, prevents infection and hastens healing. A mild antiseptic dressing for cuts, scratches and other household emergencies. Sold at all druggists and general stores, in sanitary tin tubes or glass bottles.

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is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At Drug and Department Stores.

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Pompeian Beauty powder



Why Is He Fascinated?

Enraptured, he gazes upon her loveliness. He is fascinated by the warm glow of her youthful coloring that gains by contrast with the glorious beauty of the rose. She always has the same delicacy of skin, the same radiant glow of youth, for she possesses the secret of Instant Beauty—the complete “Pompeian Beauty Toilette.”

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance. Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM

for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty? Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich, warm tone for darker skins. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM (a rouge that won't crumble)—light, dark, medium. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.

Marguerite Clark Art Panel—5 Samples Sent With It

Miss Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel entitled “Absence Can Not Hearts Divide.” The rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are revealed in dainty colors. Size 28x7¹/₄ inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder, Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

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“Don't Envy Beauty
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Gentlemen: I enclose a dime for the 1921 Marguerite Clark Panel. Also please send the 5 samples.

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Naturelle shade powder sent unless you write another below.

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The name Pompeian on any package is your guarantee of quality and safety. Should you not be completely satisfied, the purchase price will be gladly refunded by The Pompeian Co., at Cleveland, Ohio.



Absence Can Not Hearts Divide



The girl you stop to look at

SHE may be dark or fair (a tall girl, or short), but she has the fresh and faultless skin which ever has been the foundation of all charm—3,000 years ago and today.

Wash your face daily

If you tell your doctor that you fear to wash your face with soap and water, that you depend on cold cream alone for cleaning, he will reply that you are taking a great risk.

He will explain that most skin troubles result from dust infections. That blackheads come from pores filling up with dirt, that pimples follow when this dirt carries infection and inflammation.

If you wash your face every day with a mild, pure, soothing soap, such as Palmolive, you help protect yourself against skin troubles. You keep the pores clean and active. This aids clearness and fine texture

Gentle cleansing

Use a little cold cream to remove rouge and powder, wiping it off with a soft cloth. This is also beneficial if your skin is very dry. Then gently bathe your face with Palmolive, massaging the mild, creamy lather well into your skin. Don't be afraid to be thorough, it is too mild to irritate.

Then after rinsing and drying, apply more cold cream. Your complexion will delight you with its soft smoothness and becoming glow.

Made from cosmetic oils

The ingredients of Palmolive are those historic oils discovered 3,000 years ago in ancient Egypt. Oil of Palm and oil of Olive figure in ancient hieroglyphics. They were the cosmetics of royalty, used by Cleopatra.

If science could discover milder, more beautifying ingredients, we would use them

in Palmolive. But Nature produces nothing finer. Palm and Olive oils, after 3,000 years, still hold their place as the most perfect of all natural cleansers.

How we can afford to make it for 10 cents a cake

By reason of gigantic volume and modern manufacturing efficiency. The millions who use Palmolive keep the factories working day and night. This requires the purchase of ingredients in vast volume, which reduces cost.

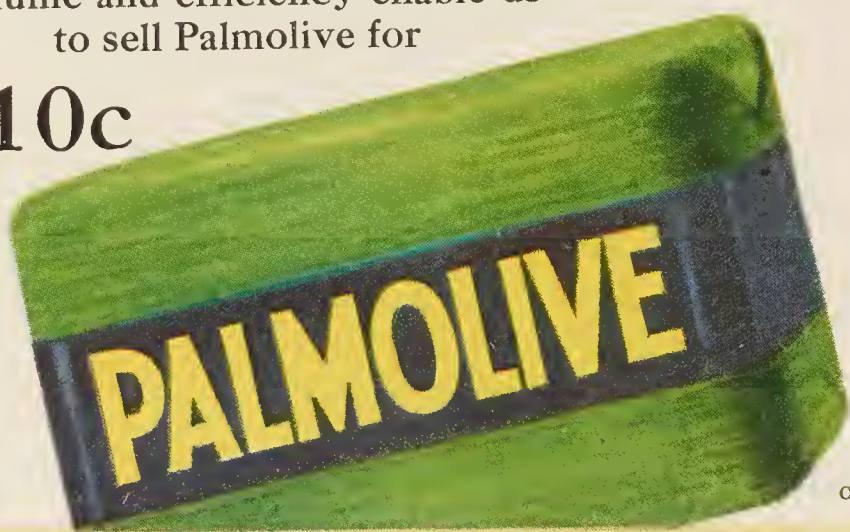
So while if we made Palmolive in small quantities it would cost at least 25 cents a cake, we have been able, except in war times, to maintain the price at 10 cents.

Money can't buy better soap, as every user knows. Palmolive is the greatest luxury as well as an economy.

*The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.
The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited,
Toronto, Ont.*

Volume and efficiency enable us
to sell Palmolive for

10c



"No part of the body bears vigorous washing better"

From "The Care of the Skin and Hair"

D. Appleton & Co., Publishers

By William Allen Pusey, A. M., M. B. (Professor of Dermatology in the University of Illinois)

"No part of the body, except the hands, is so much exposed to extraneous dirt as the face, and because of abundant fat secretion no part of the body bears vigorous washing better. One sometimes encounters the superstition that washing the face is bad for the complexion and because of that belief try to get along with oils and creams as a substitute for soap and water. The layer of dirt and fat that such persons accumulate on the face is a poor makeshift for a clean, clear skin and a constant invitation to various disorders of the skin."

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FIGGERS CAN'T LIE

"Now, Mr. Rowley, you know what the legal rate of interest is in this State. It's seven per cent. You know that to exceed that rate is extortion or usury, an' is punishable by a long sentence or a heavy fine or both—preferably both. An' you have charged this ol' nigger, who can't read an' write an' who knows nothin' of such matters, something like forty-two per cent. interest!"

"I'll appeal the case!" said Rowley hoarsely.

"No you won't. You dasn't. For if you do there'll be friends of this ol' man that'll testify what they've seen an' heard this day. An' there'll be one at least I know that'll testify as to his reputation an' yours. So you ain't goin' to appeal this case. But, Mr. Rowley, if you are ever tempted to do it, in the middle of the night or any other time, just you get up, open to this ledger-book, an' look at that seventy-five dollars not specified."

He rose, trembling slightly.

"MY FINDIN' is," he said, "that the defendant, Dan Abel, is not guilty of stealin' a bale of cotton as alleged; that he only recovered what was his already and which the plaintiff had unlawfully seized; that he is the victim of extortion, an' if he so chooses can bring indictment for the same."

"An' my advice is that Luther Rowley drop this case as he would drop a hot fryin'-pan he had picked up unbeknownst off the stove, that he pay Dan Abel the sum of fifty-^{to} dollars, or thereabouts, the same bein' excess interest he has charged in violation of law; an' that Luther Rowley never try to molest in any way this ol' man, Dan Abel, or any of those interested in him."

"An' my warnin' is that if he does so molest them, individually or collectively, I will use whatever influence I have, includin' my pocketbook, to see that he is brought to trial for the same. An' now, this case bein' disposed of, co't stands adjourned."

Old Uncle Dan Abel hurried along the

road home full of joy and thanksgiving. The others had preceded him in the buggy. The noonday sun shone warm and mellow out of a sky incredibly lofty and blue. There was no wind, but if there had been, it would have come straight from the south.

He had reached the corner of the yard when Malvina, the slip of a girl, came to meet him. She was bareheaded, and even into her profound and monumental lassitude had entered an element of excitement. Mis' Sally wanted to see him, she called, and her voice was shrill. He hurried through the back yard, up the steps, and down the hall.

He knocked at the living-room door and at her summons he entered. She held in her hand an envelope and paper.

"You sont for me, Mis'?" he asked.

"Yes, Dan. You did this. I know now. I can not take it. It's all you have."

Then the old fellow stood before her, eyes pleading.

"All I got, Mis'? You all I got, you an' de boys an' we-all place. What I want wid money, Mis', when you gone? Mis', you gwine mek me a miser'ble man? You gwine let dat white man deject me out in de road? Whar I gwine, Mis'? I ain't got no place to go. Listen to me, Mis'. I payin' back a debt. Long time ago when Mandy have dat pendulum operation an' stay two monf at de horspittle, after she come out I went to de doctors an' de surgeons an' de horspittel people. I fin' all dat debt wipe out. I ax 'em who clean de slate. Dey say a fr'en'. It was Cap'n Jack. He was my fr'en', Mis'. He sperit speak to me dat day I come out'n yo' room. He say: 'Dan, he'p her, ol' man.' Da's what he use to call me—Dan, ol' man. Oh, Gordamighty, Mis', don't say you ain't gwine tek it. Don't turn me out'n my house, don't mek me hang my head in shame!"

The old negro knelt before the lady, and caught her skirts with trembling hands. And the thin hand of the lady rested for a moment on the gray, woolly head.

CHEATING OLD AGE

meal will enable her to enjoy a meal of her own preparation as much as others enjoy it who have come to the table refreshed.

It may seem presumptuous to tell housekeepers that they need physical exercise rather than they now have, and that it is often because they do not perform correctly the ordinary acts of life, as breathing, walking, bending, standing, sitting, sweeping and washing. The fine mechanism of the human body rebels against the unnatural posture which makes one organ bear a burden that another should carry.

Overexertion in the household labor is often due to incorrect exertion. The active housekeeper really has the advantage over women who lead more sedentary or leisurely lives, because a passive physical existence is not conducive to good health and long life.

A gymnasium wand is much like a broomstick in appearance, lacking only the effective working end, but exercise with the broom does not always carry with it the same resilience as exercise in a gymnasium. It could be improved in this respect by studying correct posture in sweeping and, by starting up a record and sweeping to music. It may sound wild to many circumspect housekeepers to suggest this use of the music machine, but any psychologist will recognize the value of motions accomplished to the accompaniment of music.

WHEN the unusual in physical exertion occurs, as hill-climbing or housecleaning, certain muscles rebel because of long disuse and consequent weakening. Domestic work may lead to a one-sided development and a lack of suppleness, grace and ease unless an attempt is made to modify these exercises to give strength to more obscure or disused muscles.

When the housekeeper has reached the backaching point in her daily routine, she thinks very little of the possibility of relief

from getting her spinal column brought back to a line of strength which will probably support the organs and adjust it to the movements which her work requires. If obscure muscles are strengthened and the line of strength, flexibility and beauty is cultivated, she may expect increasing endurance and the appearance of youth and suppleness which belie her years.

HEALTH, strength and endurance may be the outcome of daily household activities by maintaining the double curve of the spine upon which primarily depends the correct position of vital organs. Deviations from this line will constantly occur according to the activity, but it is essential always to bring the spine back again to its natural position.

The upper part of the trunk should be in advance of the abdomen. A line extending from the tips of the toes upward will clear the abdomen and touch the chest. This position is necessary for a firm and strong waist; the vital organs are well supported, with no cramping, crowding or sagging. The center of gravity is over the balls of the feet. The chest is high, the shoulders flattened. The result is lightness of movement, greater physical endurance and buoyancy of spirit.

Servants are hard to secure. Nature furnishes the woman four sturdy servants. They should be employed instead of the back to do the lifting, carrying, scrubbing, stooping, climbing the stairs, reaching and sewing. The woman's health and strength, her good looks and her youth are worth saving.

There's a lot to know about making housework agreeable exercise instead of hard labor. Write freely to Miss Van Rensselaer, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope, asking her definite questions about how to meet your greatest difficulties of this kind.



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KABO CORSET CO.
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Reducing the Wallace way is *fun*. Each lesson leaves you eager for the next. I tell you just how to do the exercises, and count for you throughout the lesson. My interesting records will *make* you exercise—to music. You'll no more think of the exertion than in dancing.

You'll find this new method of reducing *irresistible*. Your enthusiasm will grow as you see and feel results. They come quickly. Yet, my natural method of removing superfluous flesh leaves a well-balanced figure—the real foundation of all womanly beauty.

No matter how stout you are
—or where you are too fleshy—my course speedily reduces you to normal proportions. You will acquire grace of form, carriage, poise; a figure easily gowned. If you are but *slightly* overweight, let me put you at the weight where you will look your best. My instruction by records with photographic poses is just as direct and resultful as if I stood before you. More convenient, for you take your daily lesson of 20 minutes whenever you like in absolute privacy, without restraint.

Your first lesson FREE
Don't pay for my services until I demonstrate their value. I'll put you through one lesson free. Then decide whether you wish to reduce this quick, effective way. I have less than a thousand records to spare for this free demonstration, so please be prompt. Use coupon:

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BIG BUSINESS

permanency. If we follow the advice of the economist we must decrease the demand for non essentials which waste labor and material.

Every time we buy what we do not need we are not only wasting our own money, but we are keeping people at work using up material to make something which we shall not use wisely, when the time of the worker might have been used to make something needed by some one else and the material might have gone into something really useful. When we spend dollars for essentials we are adding to the country's prosperity. When we spend dollars unnecessarily we are taking away from the prosperity of the country.

There is a large class of imitators all the way up the various strata of society. Those with the smallest income strive to live like those next above, and those next above aim to live like those higher up.

The woman in front of the counter is helping to establish standards for the one behind the counter. The woman of wealth and leisure may set a false standard of ephemeral and wasteful garments or foods or habits imitated far down the line until the health and efficiency of the imitator are often sacrificed to satisfy the desires created by unwise use of wealth.

SHE should remember that nations and individuals have risen or fallen according to their manner of spending their leisure and their surplus. If the surplus is spent on an artistic living which is permanent and of public advantage, the individual spender and the nation are building a productive future. If it is spent on the passing extravagance, it is selling the future for a thing of passing pleasure. Our investment of the surplus, after the necessities of life are accomplished, in health, schools, art, books, music, magazines, better architecture, will determine our individual and national growth.

WANTED OPINIONS

WILL those who know tell us whether it is sensible to discuss before marriage these things? What is the income needed to support the married couple for the first year and how much should be allowed for added expenses in subsequent years? Is the young woman of the present day as well prepared to spend wisely the income, as the young man is to earn it? Should the spending of the income be based upon as good budgeting and accounting as the earning of the income?

If a young woman is not prepared to spend the income wisely, is it because she has not learned the value of a dollar by having dollars of her own to spend, and by having a limitation which will cause her some study? Is this a woman's affair altogether? Is there any member of the family who has no responsibility in determining the source of the income and how it shall be spent? Are the men ready to say whether they would have their daughters learn from them how to manage an allowance or would they throw the responsibility upon their sons-in-law?

ALL married women have on a solemn occasion heard "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." Has any one ever explained the meaning of the law of this expression? Does it mean that all bills will be paid by the one who holds the worldly goods without any knowledge or responsibility on the part of the woman who was thus endowed? Does it mean that if she has been endowed with these worldly goods, she probably has apportioned for her use a certain amount for household and personal expenses, which will enable her to place her house upon a business basis? Or is every one satisfied with the statement "Everything that I have is yours and since I have pockets, I will take care of it."

There is some justification in the handling of the pocketbook by the wage-earner, since from many girls has been withheld the knowledge of business, the value of the dollar, and responsibility for securing subsistence. The home economics editor can not solve your family problems, but men and women who are meeting these problems can do much to help those who are still in the dark by contributing their experiences. It is a mighty question which we may as well all be frank about and work out together.

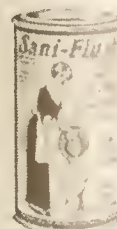


Don't Scrub The Closet Bowl

It is as unnecessary as it is unpleasant. *Sani-Flush* will clean your closet bowl with scarcely any effort on your part. And it will clean it more thoroughly than you can do it by any other means—so thoroughly, in fact, that disinfectants are not necessary. Sprinkle a little *Sani-Flush* into the bowl according to the directions on the can. Flush. Then watch the result. Markings, stains, incrustations will all disappear, leaving the bowl and hidden trap as spotlessly white as new. *Sani-Flush* cannot harm the plumbing.

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Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)



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But that's not true in full today,
My point is this," says Winthrop Wise,
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One Operation—that's all. Take a can of Kyanize Floor Finish (any color, Light Oak to Dark Mahogany) and a good brush—apply without mixing. Before your eyes, old furniture disappears. In its place you have a handsome ornament. Stained and varnished in a single operation.

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Waterproof—of course—and gritty heels cannot scratch it white.

Our booklet, "The Inviting Home," awaits your postal request. It's free for the asking but its attractive colored illustrations may furnish the home-beauty suggestion you desire. With it comes the name of the nearest Kyanize Dealer.

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Learn To Bead Your Own Frock

—you can learn in one lesson how to crochet the beads on the material—'twill save time and energy. Learn also how to knit one of the smart new sweater dresses. These lessons and all kinds of designs for fancy-work you'll find in

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by causing good digestion and regular bowel movements. Contains nothing harmful—no alcohol—no opiates—just the finest vegetable properties. Especially recommended for teething time.
At all druggists

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3 Times the Wear of Silk at 1/3 the Cost
None Genuine without the Label

SISTER SUE

please ever since she came, as Sister Sue found out.

It was not strange then, perhaps, that it was a good big breath of relief that Sister Sue drew when, in November, Martin Kent took his wife and young daughter back to Boston.

Gordon had not come home at all from his Canadian motor-trip, but had gone directly to college. He had needed money, of course, and Sister Sue had sent him a goodly sum. He had written her that she was a peach. Yes, she was! And he declared that he was going to make them all proud of him. He had said, too, that this year he was sure, he was very sure, that he could find that table-waiting to do, or something.

Sister Sue had answered back that it would help a lot, of course, if he could find something of the sort to do, but that the main thing after all was that he should do well in his studies, graduate with honor, and then make something really worth while of his life; make them indeed proud of him. Then she said something else, and something that, if Gordon could have known or if he had had the vision to understand, covered a big heartache between the lines.

"I do want you to succeed, deary," she wrote. "May has given up her story-writing now, and you know what Sister Sue has come to."

This was in September.

In December, when Sister Sue and her father were again alone in the old house, came the unexpected from Gordon. Sister Sue had to read the letter twice before she got its full meaning. Then from the incoherent, rhapsodic tangle of blue eyes, golden hair, moonlight, darlings and sweethearts, she unraveled this information:

HE WAS going to leave college. He had fallen in love. The dearest girl in all the world had promised to be his wife. She was the most beautiful creature Sister Sue had ever seen, with blue eyes and golden hair, and a voice that was like the voice of an angel—liquid purity and melted moonlight were rasping noises beside it. Her name was Miss Mabel Billings.

And now, as he had said in the first place, he would give up college. He would have to, of course. He would have to go to work to support his wife, of course. And already he had found a job, a splendid opening. Mabel's father was going to take him into the store (he kept a grocery-store, a big one right there in town). He was to have fifteen dollars a week at the start, with the promise of rapid advancement and a place in the firm later, owing, of course, to the fact that he was to be the son-in-law of the "old man." Not every one in the store, of course, could have such a chance.

Twice Sister Sue read this letter, then, in the terror and dismay of the realization of its meaning, she sat down at once and answered it without planning in the least what to say. As a result, the terror and dismay and absolute horror in her heart were all on the written sheets that were dispatched by return mail to the love-sick youth who had but a short twenty-four hours before poured out his heart to her.

Sister Sue had received his letter, but, oh, did he understand what he was doing? Did he realize what it might mean to be tied all his life to a Billings who kept a grocery-store? And to be in the grocery-store, too? Was he sure he would like that? When he had had such dreams! And was he sure that the young woman would make him happy? Golden hair and melted moonlight were all very well, of course. But hair turned gray and moons didn't always shine. And, oh, was he sure, sure, sure, that this Mabel person was going to satisfy all his deeper feelings? Why, he was nothing but a boy, not yet twenty-one. And to give up college now. And all his hopes and ambitions! Oh, he did not, she was sure he did not, realize in the least what he was doing.

By return mail to Sister Sue came back his answer. And this letter she did not need to read but once before getting its meaning, and realizing her mistake. It was short, cold, and not at all incoherent. It was also plainly grieved, and hurt, and angry.

Gordon had received her letter. He was sorry, he was sure, if he had displeased Sister

Continued on page 82

SANITAS

MODERN WALL COVERING

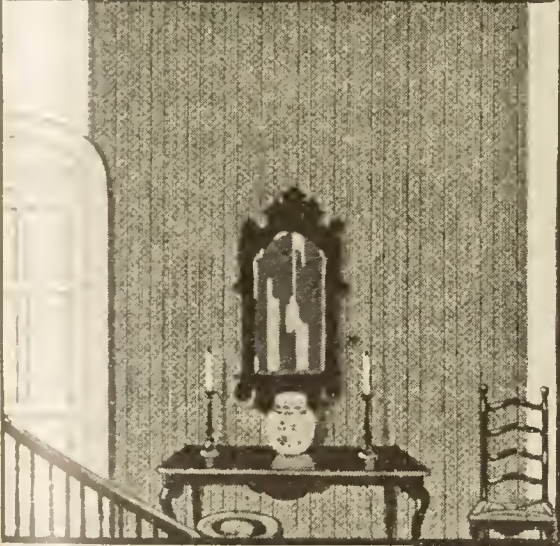
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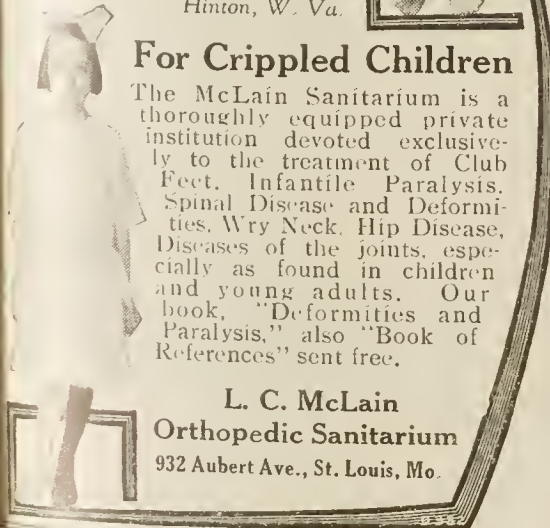
Infantile Paralysis

Caused this Deformity

When your old Irene Harvey walked on the toes of her right foot when she came to the McLain Sanitarium. The result shown below was accomplished without Plaster Paris casts. Her mother writes:

"When Irene went to your Sanitarium on September 22nd, she walked on her toes. When she left there, her foot was straight as anyone's."

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Harvey
Hinton, W. Va.



For Crippled Children

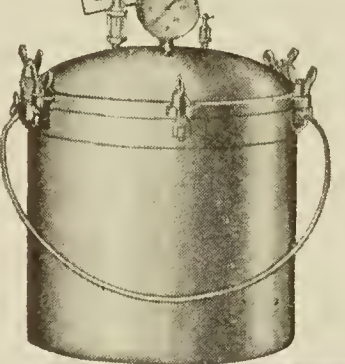
The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.

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Pompeian Olive Oil

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OLD WAY	NATIONAL WAY
90 Min. CHICKEN	30 Min.
30 Min. POTATOES	10 Min.
4 Hrs. HAM	50 Min.
3 Hrs. PORK AND BEANS	40 Min.



The NATIONAL Steam Pressure Aluminum Cooker, endorsed by Good Housekeeping, saves $\frac{2}{3}$ the time and $\frac{3}{4}$ the fuel ordinarily used in cooking.

It will cook an entire meal in 30 minutes. Meat, vegetables and dessert are prepared at one time, on one burner, over a low flame. Food requires no attention—can

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The NATIONAL lasts a lifetime. Pays for itself in six months in food and fuel saving. The NATIONAL can be used over any stove—wood, coal, gas or oil. Mail the coupon today, and we will send you the name of the NATIONAL dealer nearest you, as well as profitable and interesting literature. Mail the coupon now.

A few of the many articles appearing in leading magazines on Steam Pressure Cookery may be found in: Pictorial Review, March 1920; Successful Farming, May 1920; The Delineator, Nov. 1919; Modern Priscilla, Nov. 1919; The Farmer's Wife for Nov. 1920.

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They fit every window. Single, double or triple rods secure any effect; extension style or cut-to-length.

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Author of
"Routledge Rides Alone"
"Fate Knocks at the Door"
"Down Among Men"

This new three-part novel after appearing in *The Delineator* will be sold in book form.

"Through the Needle's Eye"

by W. L. George
Author of "Caliban," "Blind Alley,"

is a story of a wealthy young man who gave up his fortune.

These are only two of the stories in the
May number of

THE DELINEATOR

Be sure to read:

about the American women who have made it possible for Madame Curie to obtain Radium for her experiments.

"The Court of Happy Endings," by Genevieve Parkhurst. How domestic problems taken to this court are straightened out, and unhappy people shown the way to be happy.

Table Manners, by Flora Rose.

"Strawberries and Cherries," by Martha Van Rensselaer, head of the Home-Making Department.

And above all else, turn to the fashion section for the last word from PARIS and NEW YORK. SOULIE, the clever French artist, shows fascinating frocks that you will love—in the May number. Remember *The Delineator* is only twenty-five cents a copy, but you had better take a subscription—\$2.50 a year; in Canada \$3.00—and be sure you'll get it every month in the year.

Continued from page 81

SISTER SUE

Sue. But a man must marry to suit himself. She must realize that. He was aware, of course, that he was not yet twenty-one, but he had hoped to have her consent to his marriage. He purposed to earn his own living from now on, anyway. A grocery business might not suit persons with snobbish tastes, but it was eminently respectable and suited him perfectly. As for Miss Billings and her satisfying his deeper feelings, his only doubt in regard to that matter was lest he be unworthy of her. And he begged to inform Sister Sue that he did emphatically understand and realize what he was doing. She need not fear. He would see that they never annoyed her with their presence. Would she kindly send him, then, what few belongings he had in the house?

And he signed himself "Very truly yours, Gordon Halstead Gilmore."

Sister Sue hastened to set aright her mistake. As if she were going to let anything come between her and Gordon! He might marry all the Billingses and grocery-stores in Christendom—he was still her brother and she guessed she was *not* going to send him "his belongings." Not trouble her with their presence! Indeed! As if she were going to let that boy marry a girl she did not know! She should have her up at once, of course, and get acquainted with her. And if Gordon still insisted on marrying her and she proved to be making him unhappy, surely then he would need his Sister Sue! As if she were going to do anything to estrange that boy now!

And Sister Sue sat down and wrote her letter.

Albeit, she shivered a little as she sealed the letter, after reading it over twice to make sure there was nothing more she could add, and she did not breathe freely till his reply was in her hands. She took a long breath then, for Gordon was very glad he had been mistaken in the tone of his Sister Sue's other letter and he should be pleased to bring Miss Billings up for a real country Christmas, thank you, and he enclosed her address therewith.

IN DUE time from Miss Billings herself came a violet-scented, pink note, written with obvious care in forming each letter, saying that she would be pleased to accept Miss Gilmore's kind invitation to Christmas, and she was "Yours very respectfully, Miss Mabel Billings."

Sister Sue was somewhat prepared, therefore, to find her brother's fiancée just what she did find her to be, an exceedingly pretty, pleasant young girl, a little timid, anxious to please, but obviously quite unused to the sort of society Gordon had been accustomed to.

The Christmas visit was not so hopeless after all. As the first shyness wore off, Miss Mabel was not so awkward nor so distressed over her efforts to do things just properly. And she became more natural. Her really good qualities displayed themselves. She was sweet-tempered, kind-hearted and sincerely anxious to be of service. And she was not coarse. Sister Sue, noting all this, told herself that, after all, time and good associations might soften the girl's defects, and certainly her virtues were of the sort that made for smoothness in running the machinery of daily living.

That she was not inherently coarse would certainly make it easier for her to acquire the little niceties and refinements that Sister Sue feared Gordon would miss some day—if she did not acquire them. One thing was certain, they were very much in love with each other, and the fact that Gordon was willing to work, and work hard in order to marry, might not be without a salutary effect, so far as character-building was concerned.

The Winter passed and Spring came again. The Winter had been less severe this time, and for Sister Sue it had not been so arduous. There were not so many shivery mornings with the fire out, nor quite so many frozen water-pipes. The family had been measurably well, and the pupils had been more regular in attendance. Expenses had not been so heavy, and no checks had to be sent to Gordon. Indeed, Sister Sue wrote to May that she was making money, was growing rich, so rich that she was going to invest in a new Spring suit.

Continued on page 83

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SISTER SUE

When June came, bringing Gordon's wedding, she went into an even deeper extravagance and bought a brand-new, pretty little frock for the occasion, "neither dyed, nor mended, nor turned inside out," she wrote May. But what was still more thrilling to Sister Sue, she went to the wedding, venturing to leave her father to the Prestons' care for three brief days. It was the first time in four years that she had been away from home overnight, and she told May at the wedding that the smoke of the locomotive was like the perfume of Arabia to her nostrils.

It was a very pretty wedding. Most weddings are. It would be a sorry thing indeed that could take away all the beauty of a wedding. Beauty, with its charm of youth, lights, flowers, music, radiant faces and holiday garments. Miss Mabel Billings, in her white satin and tulle, was a picture of loveliness, and her shy embarrassment rendered her all the more appealing. Gordon was a handsome and a beatifically happy-looking bridegroom. The guests represented the usual mixture of smiling or teary-eyed relatives, some rather noisy schoolmates on the lookout for a chance to play pranks, and a few intimate friends of the family. The father and mother of the bride, Sister Sue owned to herself, she genuinely liked. They were simple, kindly, and very evidently were possessed of a generous fund of good common sense. Sister Sue went home reflecting that, while keeping a grocery-store might not bring to Gordon a Ph. D. or an A. B., yet, after all, grocery-stores occupied a place of no mean value in the scheme of daily living, and that it was just as necessary to have potatoes to peel, as it was to peel them—sometimes.

It was soon after returning from the wedding that Sister Sue's daily paper carried the information that the great violinist, Donald Kendall, had gone down a twenty-foot embankment in an automobile. He had come out of the accident with multiple cuts and bruises and a badly broken right arm. It would be some time before he could play the violin again, the article said.

TWO weeks later Sister Sue's telephone bell rang at nine o'clock one morning.

Sister Sue heard this over the wire, spoken in Mrs. Kendall's voice:

"Is this Sister — er — is this Miss Gilmore?"

"Yes, Mrs. Kendall."

"Will—will you be so good, please, as to come right over? My son wants to see you."

Sister Sue smiled.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Kendall, but I can't just now. I have a pupil."

"But, Sister Sue, can't you excuse her, or him, or whatever it is, for this once? My son has broken his arm, you know. Really, he's in a dreadful state."

"Yes, I know. I heard that he was injured and that he came home yesterday. I'm so sorry. How is he?"

"I've just told you, he's in a dreadful state." Mrs. Kendall's voice was waxing more and more impatient. "I can't do a thing with him, really, if you don't come. Can't you dismiss that pupil this once? You're the only person he's been willing at all to have. He hasn't had a mouthful of breakfast."

Sister Sue's merry laugh went over the wire.

"And does he want me for breakfast, Mrs. Kendall?" she chuckled. Then with quiet seriousness, she added: "Indeed, Mrs. Kendall, I'm very sorry, and I'll be glad to do anything I can. I have an hour from eleven till twelve and I'll run over then. I can't come before. Indeed, I can't. I'm sorry. But I'll be over soon after eleven."

"Well, if that is the best you can do," accepted Mrs. Kendall grudgingly. "Er—thank you," she added, as an unwilling afterthought.

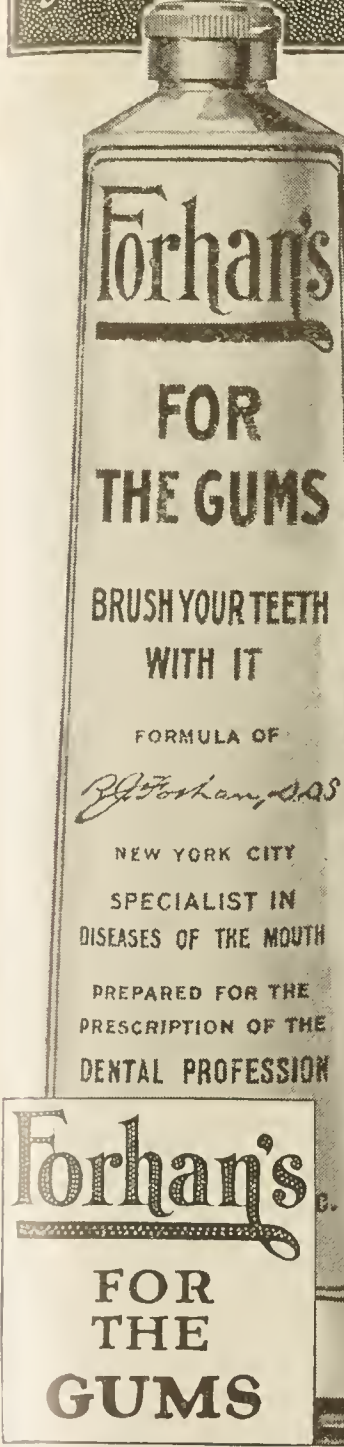
Sister Sue was still smiling as she turned away from the telephone, and for some reason the smile continued in her eyes if not on her lips all the rest of the morning.

Just after eleven she went through the garden gate and up the walk to the Kendalls' veranda. Before she could ring the bell, Mrs. Kendall met her at the door.

"Thank Heaven, you're here! I thought 'twould never come eleven o'clock."

Continued on page 84

Unhealthy gums denoted by tenderness and bleeding



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Continued from page 83

SISTER SUE

"Oh, yes, I'm here," smiled the girl. "But, Mrs. Kendall, what—what is it? What do you want me to do?"

Mrs. Kendall threw up her hands. "Heaven knows, child, I don't! I don't believe even my son himself does. He's restless, and—and I'm afraid, irritable. He's always been perfectly well and strong, and he doesn't know how to be sick. He isn't sick now."

"Is it more than just the broken arm?" "Nothing serious. Only a few cuts and scratches. His head is still tied up—with plasters. But his arm—it was a bad break. The doctor says it will be weeks before he can use it. He can't play, you know, and always before he's been able to vent his feelings on the violin, just as you do on the piano."

"Yes, I know," smiled Sister Sue in her turn. "But, Mrs. Kendall, he will be all right, in time?"

"Oh, yes. If he doesn't fret himself to death in the meantime, but—"

"When are you two women going to get done with your talking?" demanded an irate masculine voice from the library doorway down the hall. "How do you do, Miss Gilmore? I beg your pardon, of course, but mother said you were coming to see me."

"And I am coming to see you," nodded Sister Sue, laughing a little as she came forward. "Though I understand you are anything but pleasant company just now."

"Yes, I know I am a beast," admitted the man cheerfully. "Come into the music-room; I want you to play for me."

"For you!" Sister Sue bit her lips the minute the words were out. She had not meant to put it quite like that. But she had her fears for nothing. The man did not take it as she had thought he would.

"Yes. You take it out on the piano, don't you, when things go wrong?"

"Why—yes," laughed Sister Sue. "And when they go right, too."

"Humph!" grunted the man. "Well, I don't need that kind just now. But I do need the other. Now sit down, please, and play."

"As I feel?"

"No! As I do," he snapped.

HER eyes began to twinkle, but he kept on speaking with no abatement of irritability. "I'm going to grumble and growl all I want to. I—I'll try not to swear. But I want to let it out for once—and as I talk, you play. Understand? And let me tell you right now, you'll have to do some lively playing if you're going to fitly express what I say!"

Sister Sue laughed joyously and brought her hands together in a soft clap. More than anything else in the world, perhaps, Sister Sue loved to improvise.

"I can do it. I can do it. Oh, I know I can do it!" she cried, running to the piano and seating herself. "Ready. Begin!" she commanded, letting her hands rest lightly on the keys.

And he did begin, and he kept on. He roared, and scolded, and snapped, and snarled, and bitterly assailed a cruel fate that had played him the beastly trick. The car, the road, the chauffeur, the slippery mud, the steep embankment, the doctors, nurses, medicine, the smells and sights and sounds of the past detestable three weeks, they were all there too. The louder he talked the louder she played; the faster flew his tongue the faster flew her fingers, until they were both in gales of laughter—and with a rippling run and a crashing chord Sister Sue brought the performance to a triumphant end.

"Well! Have you two gone crazy?" Mrs. Kendall stood in the doorway. Her son drew a deep breath.

"No, but I was headed in that direction and Miss Gilmore saved me. I'm sane now, for a while, anyway. My! But that felt good!" he sighed.

"I'm glad, I'm sure, if I have been of any assistance," smiled Sister Sue demurely. Then, glancing at her watch, she got to her feet, saying: "I'll have to go now, I'm afraid."

"But you'll come again?" begged the man.

"Of course she'll come again, whenever you want her," spoke up the relieved mother before Sister Sue could answer.

Concluded in the May DELINEATOR



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The DELINEATOR

APRIL
1921



THE PARISIAN INTERPRETATION
OF SIMPLICITY AS DESIGNED
BY MOLYNEUX AND SKETCHED
BY SOULIÉ

IN PARIS the world is not the same world as before the war. The curtailed fortunes of the great French families have made it necessary for the smart Parisienne to content herself with one frock where she formerly chose four or five. Her dresses, therefore, are of the simplest possible type, since they must be neither conspicuous nor tiresome in their many appearances. The dress from Molyneux which Soulié has sketched for this page is an excellent illustration of the new *genre*—elegant, of great distinction, but also of the greatest simplicity. It is made of black satin lifted to the low waistline in an easy, effortless drapery at the side and worn with a corsage bouquet of orchids and a black lace hat.

Satin will be worn for this Spring, but not so extensively as the Canton, Marocain and other weaves of crêpes. With the silk gown the Paris dressmakers use a cape of the same color and the same silk.

BETWEEN THE RESTRAINT OF DAY FROCKS AND THE NO-
GOWNS, PARIS STRIKES A HAPPY MEDIUM IN THE

Sketches by



Straight from Fairyland comes a robe of yellow serge trimmed with navy-blue linen. The skirt, a mere matter of two plaited ruffles, makes a vigorous denial of the rumor of longer dresses for the younger set at least. The beret is also of yellow serge plaited into a band of copper-colored leather



A dress and coat suit from Charlotte, and a chemise dress from Alice Bernard offer ample explanation of why the Parisian refuses to turn from the simple type of day dress. Charlotte has used a combination so popular this Spring, a box-coat over a one-piece frock, making them both of putty-colored cloth embroidered with gold thread and brick-red silk

A frock from Alice Bernard is of white Marocain crêpe, embroidered in Chinese-blue thread



A dress that answers delightfully to the charming name of Amadine is made by Marion Belle of almond-green taffeta and embroidered with silver and red beads. It is very straight, very simple and excessively French

The younger generation in Paris has discovered that the cape costume is "quite the ideal" for Spring. Marion Belle trims a cape of currant-red wool velvet with blue-and-green wool braid, posed over a dress with a quaint vest-like bodice and plaited skirt. The trimming of the hat matches the braiding on the cuff



A dress with a Spanish brilliancy of color is made with black satin looped over a tunic of gold lace and great flowers of waxed red satin at each hip, from Paton

NECK INSTEAD OF LOW-NECK OF THE SLEEVELESS EVENING CLOTHES DESIGNED FOR ITS YOUNGEST DAUGHTERS

Soulié



For a youthful and distinctly Parisian Ex. Fairyland designs a dress of white tulle cross-striped with narrow ruffles of Madonna-blue taffeta ribbon sagged to the dress with a silver stitch. The opening at the sides is made gay with silver buttons and silver ribbon is used as a sash



Fine black lace crosses itself and makes the usual short circuit of the present-day train on a dress of black taffeta and lace from Marion Belle

Flowers of pink, gold and blue brocaded on a blue ground appear and disappear under a cloud of blue tulle drapery on a formal evening gown made by Georgette

Pink and green changeable satin d'amour makes a type of evening dress which is known as a good mixer, since it is equally at home in formal or semi-formal gatherings. The apron tunic appears only at the front and the pink velvet flowers are placed at the low waist. From Marthe Wingrove



France loves its national colors and uses them in its dress with great taste and success. Here Berthe Hermance has embroidered a dress of blue crêpe satin with red feathers and white beads. In the skirt the honors are evenly divided between the draped tunic in front and the embroidery on the back of the straight foundation

EASTERN ACCENT ON MAROCAIN AND CANTON CRÊPES

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

Photograph from Manuel

I DO NOT wish to compete with the Cumaean Sibyl, but I can assure you that a day is coming, and much sooner than you at all fancy, since it is sure to find you unready. For if you were ready the day wouldn't come. Do you follow me? Probably not. Yet the idea has a quite Chestertonian lucidity.

The day I refer to is the day when your Winter coat suddenly becomes unbearably heavy, your Winter suit a bit baggy at the knees, your Winter hat, viewed dispassionately in the light of the Spring millinery displayed in shop-windows, ceases to be a hat and becomes a shapeless, charmless dough of velvet or duvetyn. If forewarned, you had provided yourself with a smart little Marocain turban, a stripe of a Spring color in a new chemise dress, and a pair of strap slippers in place of the boots or goloshes that now hug your protesting ankles, this day of reckoning with the immediate need of a new wardrobe would not have come.

But here it is, and you are seized with a passionate thirst for accurate information as to what—and of what—the new clothes should be.

THE Spring modes are versatile and many variations appear in the new models. Lanvin and Poiret are making longer skirts, but the generally accepted fashion remains moderately short, about ten inches from the ground for a woman of average height and much shorter for young slim girls. Suit skirts, chemise dresses and foundation skirts are distinctly narrow—in fact their smartness depends on their brevity and lack of width. Afternoon dresses and a certain type of wool frock that makes use of a circular skirt or tunic are wider, though not really wide in the old acceptance of the term. Much of the apparent width comes from the loose ends of panels, the soft Turkish effect of a hem, a few plaits, tremendous sashes and the wide look of the new lower waistline that has a most curious effect of giving an immediate ease to the skirt.

Necks are high or low, or both as in the new waistcoat blouses with strap-like collars that can button up under the chin or be worn open over the collar of a tailored jacket. The collarless neck is used a good deal in dresses that are to be worn under capes or coats or with a fur neck-piece, and its desirability under these conditions is easy to see. A collar high in the back and open in the front is really newer and is much more becoming to most women.

There has been very little change in sleeves since last season. The wide peasant sleeve is still the most popular for day dresses and the new box coats. The long plain sleeve is used for tailored coats and the more severe type of street dress and the very short sleeve for the afternoon. Puff sleeves with the puff above the elbow are newer than the extremely short sleeve.

IT IS rather difficult to say just what will interest you first for Spring. A suit perhaps, as you have probably worn a long coat and dresses all Winter and are a little hungry for the *fron* of a white blouse at the front of a well-cut jacket. The newest coat of the year is the short box-coat trimmed heavily with braid or embroidery at the bottom and at the wide sleeves. Not every woman, however, can wear this type of jacket, since it belongs first and foremost to a young and slender figure. The longer coat with often a little fulness at the side is easier to wear. With the long coat the skirt is always narrow and straight in line, though perhaps not actually straight in cut. With the short sack coat many houses are using a circular skirt. It is very pretty if it is worn sufficiently short. The straight narrow skirt and the accordion-plaited skirts are also very pretty with the box-jacket, and so is a yoke skirt, either the fairly narrow



THE NEW STRAP-LIKE COLLAR IN A MODEL FROM PANGON, PARIS

skirt with the yoke at the sides or the full straight skirt gathered all around to a hip-deep yoke.

Wool suits are made for the most part of tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, wool repp and wool poplin. The classical tailor-made and the sports type of suit with straight lines and a narrow belt are made of checks, stripes, plaids, oxford, camel's-hair suiting, wool jersey, cheviot and homespun. The silk suit is made of crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, satin, satin cashmere, shantung, faille, silk eponge, taffeta and pongee. The smartest suit colors are the beige, string, sand and navy shades for wool, and black, navy and the new grays—lead, aluminum, etc.—for silk.

The hand-made lingerie blouse has had a revival of popularity, though it is no longer elaborately embroidered. The best French blouses are trimmed with hand hemstitching, or hand drawn-work, and are made with straight peplums and straight collars and cuffs to be used for this purpose. When they are embroidered, the embroidery is usually limited to the collar and cuffs or to single rather large motifs often combined with drawn-work on each side of the front. These blouses, especially when they are trimmed with the hand drawn-work, are made of scrim, cotton voile, handkerchief linen and batiste. Net plaitings are used on handkerchief linen and crêpe de Chine, and lace, usually filet, real Binche, fine Irish or Valenciennes is smart on batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile and Georgette.

Another thing that is noticeable among the newest blouses is the use of a plastron or bosom in contrasting color. They are seen in the lingerie blouses and also in the crêpe and satin waists. Silk blouses are made of crêpe de Chine, thin silk jersey, crêpe meteor, satin, plaid and checked silk, Canton crêpe, Georgette and silk voile. They are often collarless, a convenience under coats, especially if you wear furs. Many of

these waists are cut in surplice fashion with a sash bow at the side or back, and practically all of them are worn over the skirt. Waistcoat blouses are very smart in silk or metal brocades with Georgette sleeves.

There is another type of waistcoat blouse with the standing collar and with drapery at the waistline which is very good looking in Japanese crêpe, heavy Canton crêpes, crêpe de Chine and satin. The mannish shirt-waists are made of the tub silks and shirtings as well as the lingerie materials, and in crêpe de Chine, dimity, etc., are trimmed with double plaitings of the material and frequently worn outside the skirt.

THE separate skirt has an accepted place even in the city wardrobe on account of the great vogue of sweaters and knitted blouses. It is made of flannel, serge, knitted fabrics, novelty twills and sports satin. With a sports coat of polo cloth, tweed, homespun, mixtures, camel's-hair cloaking, a sports coat, sweater and skirt make a useful costume for ocean travel, motoring, etc.

The position of the separate coat is between the sports coat and the more elegant cape. For Spring it is made of the light weights of velours, duvetyn, gabardine, tricotine or serge and is usually a wrap.

Wool dresses of the simple chemise and long-body type are made of tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, wool poplin and occasionally duvetyn with satin in the upper part. It is new to trim wool dresses with piqué or heavy linen and to use piqué for vests. Of course the wool materials are beautifully embroidered, braided or beaded frequently almost to the hip, with less trimming on the waist, none at the neck and a good deal in peasant style on the wide sleeve.

Silks are used to-day far more generally than they ever were before, since they are now no more expensive than wool materials and are more comfortable as the

days grow warmer. The smartest afternoon costume of the Spring is the silk dress and cape *en suite*, a black, dark-blue or dark-brown silk frock with a cape of the same material and color. The silk is usually one of the crêpes, the new Canton or Marocain crêpes or the meringed crêpe de Chine. There are innumerable weaves, some quite rough and pebbly, almost as rough as raw silk, and others with an almost imperceptible crêpe surface, as in the case of the crêpe satins and crêpe meteors. They are used for suits, dresses, capes, blouse, evening gowns, in short for practically everything, though one sees them most frequently in afternoon costumes. They are usually plain materials in plain colors, though brocade patterns and designs are used occasionally for the long body with a plain satin or crêpe skirt, or for the waistcoat part of a blouse with a handsome suit. For added design and color the French dressmaker turns to hand-embroidery, or for a very elegant afternoon dress uses Chantilly lace over taffeta or satin.

AFTER Easter week evening dress reverts to a semi-formal character. The brocades and velvets disappear and gowns are made of the silk crêpes, taffetas and satins, with a good deal of tulle and Georgette for young girls, and lace when the occasion demands a more formal dress.

Spring wedding-dresses are apt to be less elegant than those for weddings earlier in the year, though for a large church wedding the dress may be of brocade, silver cloth, satin or silk crêpe. For a simpler wedding there is nothing as lovely as tulle. Georgette is very satisfactory too, and also crêpe de Chine. The tulle veil is as long as the dress or train. Lace should not be cut and is not likely to be too long. Any evening dress with a half sleeve and modified décolletage or any formal afternoon dress is suitable for a wedding gown.



The Roman stripe that has made such a gay showing among the new braids has been translated into straw for a small hat by Blanchot



Blanchot combines the good points of the small hat and the wide brim in a hat of soft straw with a high, jet-like luster. The side is considered the best point of departure for the new trimmings



The Morocain turban for motoring or traveling is draped with its own veils, and is made of fine straw and crêpe de Chine. From Blanchot

PARIS EMPHASIZES THE IMPORTANCE

OF THE SIDE LINE IN

ITS SPRING MILLINERY



With a chemise dress or suit the Parisienne wears a hat of moderate proportions and modest trimmings, usually a bow or loop of ribbons at the side as in the case of this hat from Blanchot



Hats are used again in Paris with semi-formal evening dress. A hat from Lewis is as light as the feathers it is made of and as transparent as the lace or tulle used for so many evening hats



The much talked about off-the-face hat is made by Blanchot of black satin with a pompon of uncurled ostrich feather at the side. A hat of this type is correct with an afternoon frock of crêpe or lace



THERE IS A CHARMING DIGNITY TO THESE SHORT
BRIDAL DRESSES AND ELEGANCE OF LINE IN THE
SIMPLEST DANCE AND DINNER FROCKS



Dress 2690
Beading design 10807

Dress 2980

Dress 2891

Waist 2083
Skirt 2336
Beading design
10736

2690—Paris completely surrenders to the huge hip-sash fashion when she uses them on a one-piece, chemise style dinner frock. A blouse body lining which can be cut in camisole style is offered. The sunburst motifs are worked out in bugle beads and round beads as in beading design 10807. Use satin, taffeta, brocade, charmeuse, or crêpe meteor with tulle or net sash panels; or Georgette with a taffeta or ribbon sash; or make both dress and sashes of taffeta, satin, crêpe meteor, etc., or dress and panels of Georgette, crêpe de Chine, etc.

For 36 bust 3 yards net 40 inches wide, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2980—For the bride there is this charming short skirted frock. Its soft full lines are very lovely under a generous sweep of veil. The surplice waist which is cut rather long ties in a hip sash. There is a blouse body lining and the two piece skirt is finished a little above the normal waistline. It can have the scallop or plain lower edge. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta and crêpe de Chine. In foulard it would make a smart Spring frock. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

For 36 bust $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards brocaded crêpe 40 inches wide.

This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2083—2336—In flower-petal effect is the skirt of a charming dance frock that has four apron tunics over a straight drop skirt. The draped girdle and sash are cut in one and there is a lining beneath. The elaborate motif on the bodice can be worked in beads and satin stitch as in embroidery design 10736. Use taffeta or satin with lace, tulle, etc.

For 36 bust, 38 hip, 4 yards taffeta 40 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

This waist, 2083, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2336, is smart for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2990—This two-tier arrangement is a fresh version of the loose panel frock that closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. The straight skirt and body are joined a little below the normal waistline and the blouse body lining is cut rather long. Use Canton crêpe with tricotine, etc., panels; or use crêpe de Chine, wool jersey, etc., alone. Lower edge 50 inches.

For 36 bust $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards crêpe satin 40 inches wide.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2934—An exceptionally smart redingote that closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm is worn over a straight drop skirt finished with the normal waistline. Use wool poplin, wool repp, gabardine, serge and soft twills or satin, charmeuse or taffeta, etc. The wool fabrics can be combined with satin.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2920—A very soft effect about the waist can be achieved by continuing a surplice closing into sash ends and tying them at the back of the frock. The two-piece skirt is trimmed with wide tucks. A blouse body lining is offered. Use crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta, satin, serge, tricotine and gabardine. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

For 36 bust $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards foulard 40 inches wide.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2891—Just enough stateliness to satisfy tradition and the smartest lines of the season has Paris put into this lovely bridal gown made with a deep yoke and soft front tunic. The back is cut in one piece and there is a French body lining. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe, satin, charmeuse and soft taffeta. Lower edge 54 inches.

For 36 bust $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards crêpe meteor 40 inches wide.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 110

2914—Loose panels assume a new softness when hung from the low waistline over a straight skirt. The dress is made with a blouse body lining that can have the camisole top. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, satin, charmeuse or taffeta, alone or in contrasting colors; or Georgette with satin and foulard; or tricotine, serge, gabardine and soft twills with satin. The narrow motif is very effective used on the length of the panel. It is worked in a combination of outline and one stitch as in embroidery design 10886. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

For 36 bust $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards Canton crêpe 40 inches wide.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2983—2930—These simple slip-over blouses are particularly effective worn over the slip which takes the place of under-body and skirt. This blouse closes on the left shoulder and at the side. Use wool jersey, soft linen, scrim, Japanese crêpe, silk jersey, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, plaid and check silk or tub silks. Make the slip of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc. It can also be worn under transparent dresses.

For 36 bust $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 36 to 40 inches wide. Lower edge of slip $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

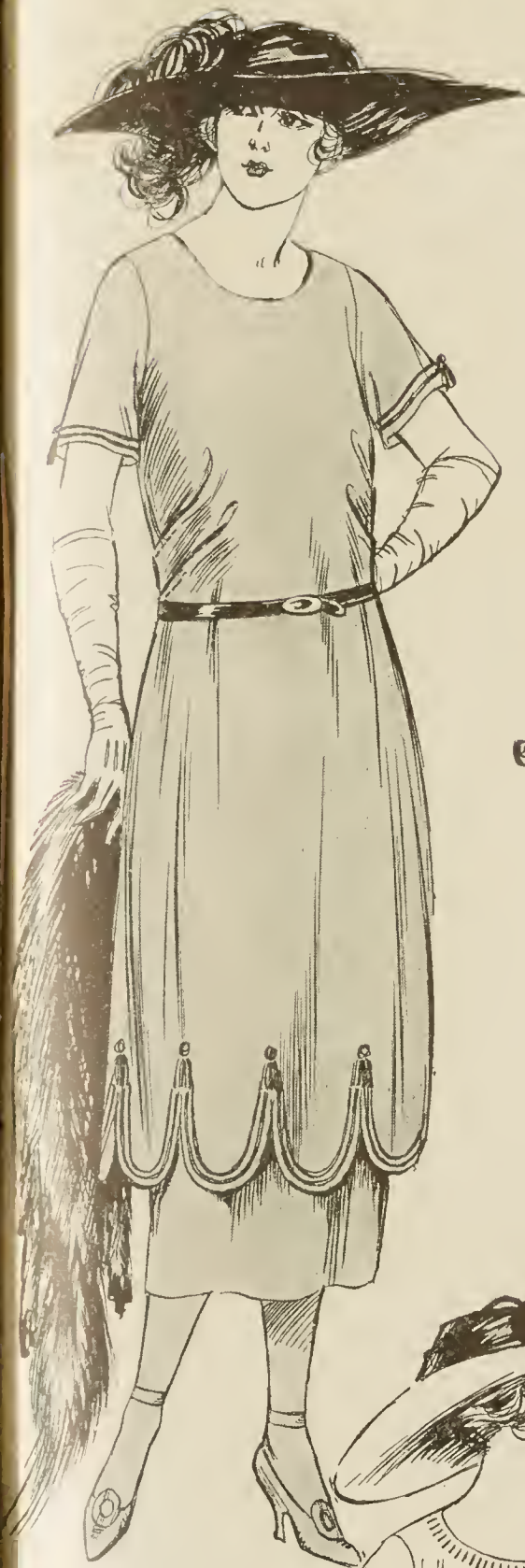
Both blouse and slip are smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2998—A smartly cut overdress has the straight lower part sewed to a long body. There is a two-piece slip beneath. Use serge, soft twills, gabardine, Canton crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or foulard. The wool materials can be combined with satin; or Georgette with satin, taffeta, or foulard. The roses can be worked in large beads or French knots as in beading design 10796.

For 36 bust requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards gabardine 50 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

THE FAIRLY STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE
IS OFTEN WAYLAID AND SOFTENED
BY NEW GROUPINGS OF PANELS OR
TUCKS AND THE DEEP SCALLOP
OUTLINE



Dress 2934



Dress 2920



Dress 2914
Embroidery design
10886



Dress 2990



Blouse 2983
Slip 2930



Dress 2998
Beading design 10796

Other views of these garments are shown on page 110.



Dress 3000
Embroidery design 10708



Dress 2936
Beading
design
10838



Dress 3002



Dress 2917



Dress 2945
Embroidery design 10717



Dress 3006
Beading design 10885

Other views of these garments are shown on page 110



Coat 2899; skirt 2705
Embroidery design 10781

Coat 2957; skirt 2437
Embroidery design 10857

Coat 2952
Dress 2525
Embroidery design 10844

Coat 2954
Skirt 2974

THE SPRING SUIT AND FROCK AS PARIS SEES THEM

3000—Paris does interesting things within the slender silhouette. The panel line is broken by the surplice closing, and across the sides straight-plaited pieces are sewed to the body at a rather low waistline. A French body lining is offered. These lines are becoming to the stout figure too. Use tricotine, gabardine and serge alone or with satin; or use satin, charmeuse or heavy crêpe de Chine. The trimming above the plaits can be worked up in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10708.

For 36 bust 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

This dress is smart for ladies 36 to 52 bust.

3002—The open line of the tunic following the vestee gives a smart length of line to a simply constructed frock. The straight skirt and tunic are sewed to the waist, which can be bloused or drawn down at a rather low waistline, and the use of the blouse body lining is optional. It is an attractive dress made of crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor and foulard, or tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills. The wool fabrics can be used over satin. Lower edge 50 inches.

For 36 bust 5 yards foulard 40 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3006—A charming frock with the collar standing high at the back, as the French wear it, and its soft fulness arranged over the hips is made in one piece and cut with a straight lower edge. It can have a blouse body lining. The circle banding done in long beads as in beading design 10885 is used on the long body line and on the edge of the sleeves. Tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, taffeta and satin are used for this type of dress.

For 36 bust 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

2917—Suggestive of the fashionable long body is the arrangement of the strap trimming of the waist and deep-yoked skirt over a contrasting fabric. The dress closes on the left side of the front and the skirt is sewed to the waist a little above the normal waistline. Tricotine, serge, gabardine, and soft twills are used alone or with satin, and it is a pretty dress for crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc.

For 36 bust 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard foulard 36 inches wide, 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yard tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2945—The circular flare of an overdress worn with a straight, narrow drop-skirt beneath is very smart. The two-piece tunic is sewed to the draped body at the low waistline and there is a blouse body lining. The embroidery is effective worked up in a combination of satin-stitch and outline as in embroidery design 10717. Use tricotine, wool poplin, alone or with satin, or use satin, etc.

For 36 bust 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2936—In line with the soft effect which Paris is so devoted to is the slight draping at each side of the front of this one-piece dress. It closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm and it can have a blouse body lining. This ray-like trimming which can be made of brilliant colored beads as in beading design 10838, is very pretty. Use tricotine, wool poplin, wool repp, gabardine, serge, soft twills, satin, charmeuse or taffeta. Lower edge 55 inches.

For 36 bust, 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also smart for misses.

2954—2974—Something unusual in a tailored suit is this coat cut with a rather low waistline at the sides beneath which the fulness is arranged in plaits over the hip. The skirt is two-pieced. Use tricotine, soft twills, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

For 36 bust, 38 hip, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

The coat, 2954, is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 2974, is smart for ladies 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2899—2705—The smart Parisienne places a loose belt across the front of the youthful box-coat and to the two-piece tailored skirt she can add narrow side extensions. The conventionalized flower which can be worked out in satin-stitch and beading as in embroidery design 10781 is effective on the peasant sleeve. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge and light-weight velours.

For 36 bust, 38 hip, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards tricotine 48 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The coat, 2899, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, it is also smart for misses; the skirt, 2705, is smart for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

2957—2437—Slashing the lower part of a suit coat in panel style gives a very fashionable ease to its simple lines. The fulness of the two-piece skirt can be drawn up on a cord at the normal waistline or arranged on an inside belt. Some narrow motifs worked in outline and one-stitch as in embroidery design 10857 can trim each panel. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills or serge. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

For 36 bust, 38 hip, 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards gabardine 50 inches wide.

The coat, 2957, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also smart for misses; the skirt, 2437, is good for ladies 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2952—2525—The French wear this short box-coat with its detachable vestee over the long-bodied frock, the four-piece lower part of which is cut in one with the back panel. The all-over embroidery trimming worked up in one-stitch as in embroidery design 10844 brings out the coat in smart contrast. Use satin, taffeta, tricotine, serge, gabardine and checks.

For 36 bust 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

The coat, 2952, is smart for ladies 32 to 42 bust; the dress, 2525, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; both are smart for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 111



Dress 2932



Dress 2942; embroidery design 10716



Dress 2994; embroidery design 10709



Dress 2914

THERE IS A TENDENCY TO LENGTHEN THE WAISTLINE,
IF ONLY IN EFFECT

2932—When such beauty and dignity of line are put into the drapery and long hip sash of a front tunic, the frock itself can be very simple. The slip-over waist has a camisole lining. The French make such a frock of crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse or taffeta, and use it for a formal afternoon dress, dinner frock or evening gown, varying the color, fabric and length of sleeve according to the use.

For 36 bust $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge $47\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2942—You mark the flare of a circular skirt when you combine it with a long-shouldered waist that is softly draped just above the hipline. This two-piece skirt is finished at a little above normal and there is a blouse body lining. Use crêpes, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, taf-feta, tricotine, gabardine or serge. The large circle motifs are worked up in chain-stitch as in embroidery design 10716.

For 36 bust 4 yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2994—A new type of street frock that Paris introduces for Spring has the fashionable fulness plaited in straight pieces that are set in at the low waistline on each side. The dress slips over the head and it could have a blouse body lining. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, wool jersey, charmeuse, taf-feta or satin. The embroidery which trims the sleeves and marks the hipline can be worked in satin stitch or outline as in embroidery design 10709. Lower edge 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

2914—The Oriental note struck by the turned-under panels and soft, low line of the waist is very charming. The skirt is straight and beneath a transparent material the blouse body lining is usually finished with the camisole line. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpes, satin crêpe, etc., alone or in contrasting colors; or combine Georgette with satin, or foulard, tricotine, serge gabardine, etc., with satin.

For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2 yards foulard 40 inches wide. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2955—Even the tailored one-piece frock shows a certain amount of fashionable softness in the suggestion of drapery and the marking of the low waistline where there can be a casing through which an elastic is run. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, satin, etc. The trimming on the collar and at the hem can be worked out in braiding or couching as in braiding design 10795. Lower edge 54 inches.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust. It is also smart for misses.

2980—A charming and very simple way of making up such Spring silks as Canton crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taf-feta, foulard or crêpe de Chine is this tying-the-sash style of the rather long surplice waist over the two-piece skirt. The lower edge could be plain instead of scalloped, and there is a blouse body lining. Satin-stitch and outline embroidery are combined in the waist trimming as in embroidery design 10806.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards crêpe satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2949—Drawn-work, almost a fashion in itself, is made possible by the straight edges of the tunic, cuff and vestee. The waist has the neck cut a little low at the back and the blouse body lining can be finished in camisole style. The tunic is sewed to the two-piece skirt at the normal waistline. Use crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe or crêpe meteor; or combine silk voile with satin and Georgette with foulard.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards foulard 40 inches wide. Lower edge $53\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 111

2922—The French make their new circular skirt frocks on very simple lines, using the soft, rather low waistline and wide hip sash. This dress closes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm and the skirt is in two pieces. There is a blouse body lining. Use silk crêpes, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, tricotine, etc. The large motif is a very effective touch of color and can be worked up in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10847. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

For 36 bust $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide.

This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2988—Within the straight silhouette are found such interesting lines as the joining of this two-piece skirt and body. The dress slips over the head and it can have a blouse body lining. Use canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, taffeta or foulard with tricotine, gabardine or soft twills; or Georgette with satin, etc. The embroidery can be a combination of beading and one-stitch, or round beads and bugle beads as in beading design 10832.

For 36 bust $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard canton crêpe 40 inches wide, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 51 inches.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2960—Loose panels and a rather low waistline soften the silhouette of a very lovely afternoon frock. The surplice closing is effective with this low line. The skirt is straight and a body lining, a little longer than usual, which can be finished in camisole style is offered. Combine Georgette and silk voile with satin or foulard; or use crêpes, etc. The trimming on the panels is worked up in large beads as in beading design 10850.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, 2 yards satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



Dress 2955
Braiding
design 10795



Dress 2980
Embroidery
design 10806



Dress 2949



Dress 2922
Embroidery
design 10847



Dress 2988
Embroidery
design 10832



Dress 2960
Beading
design 10850

Other views of these garments are shown on page 111



Blouse 2931



Blouse 2962



Blouse 2967
Embroidery
design 10838



Blouse 2965



Blouse 2971



Blouse 2933



Blouse 2958



Blouse 2969
Embroidery
design 10880

Other views of these garments are shown on page 111



Blouse 2908
Skirt 2981



Blouse 2985

Blouse 2919
Embroidery design 10886



Blouse 2925
Skirt 2974



Blouse 2975
Skirt 2170

2971—A charming suggestion of the waistcoat comes with the slightly fitted and side-slashed lines of this slip-over blouse, which closes at the left armhole and beneath the arm. Use heavy crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, satin crêpe, etc.

For 36 bust 1 1/4 yard cotton crêpe 40 inches wide. This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2985—White or one of the lighter shades can be introduced in a dark blouse made with the set-in bosom, of crêpe de Chine, satin, Georgette, crêpe meteor, silk or wool jersey, canton crepe, cotton voile, batiste or cotton crêpe.

For 36 bust 1 5/8 yard foulard 40 inches wide, 5/8 yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2908—2981—The new circular skirt, made with a slot seam at the front and back, is smart worn with a hand-hemstitched French blouse of cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, etc.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 1 7/8 yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 1 5/8 yard wool poplin 54 inches wide. Lower edge 2 1/2 yards.

The blouse, 2908, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt 2981, is smart for ladies 35 to 49 1/2 hip.

2919—A little thing like a prolonged front and back panel can carry a very simply constructed blouse into the more elaborate overblouse class. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and taffeta. The embroidered border on the panel is done in a combination of satin-stitch and one-stitch as in embroidery design 10886.

For 36 bust 1 5/8 yard Georgette 40 inches wide. This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2925—2974—The French make their exquisitely hand-hemstitched blouses with straight edges and wear them with slender-lined, two-piece, tailored skirts.

For 36 bust 38 hip 1 3/4 yard cotton voile 40 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards checked wool 48 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The blouse, 2925, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2974, is smart for ladies 35 to 47 1/2 hip.

2969—Very often when you plan to remove your suit coat you like to complete your costume with one of these draped, slip-over blouses carried out in the color of the skirt. The hand-work on the sleeves is a combination of one-stitch and outline as in embroidery design 10880.

For 36 bust 1 3/4 yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2975—2170—Drawn-work and hand hemstitching are wonderfully effective on this French scrim blouse. It is made to slip over the head and has straight edges and a kimono sleeve and is worn with a straight accordion-plaited skirt. The threads can be drawn on a cotton voile, batiste, crêpe de Chine and Georgette crêpe blouse, but if you do not trim it in this fashion, crêpe meteor, etc., are also suitable. Use tricotine, gabardine, plaids, satin, etc., for the skirt. Lower edge 2 7/8 or 2 3/4 yards.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 1 3/8 yard scrim 36 inches wide, 2 5/8 yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

The blouse, 2975, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2170, for ladies 35 to 42 1/2 hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 111

2931—Fashion makes a new departure when she slips this well-cut mannish blouse over her head and wears it outside of her skirt. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, radium silk, tub silks and satins.

For 36 bust 1 7/8 yard striped tub silk 36 inches wide, 3/4 yard plain silk 36 inches wide.

This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2965—The line of the new bosom front is followed by the drawn-work or hand hemstitching of this slip-over blouse made with straight edges for hand hemstitching and drawn-work.

For 36 bust 1 3/4 yard cotton voile 40 inches wide.

This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2967—Paris chooses this soft slip-over kimono type of blouse in Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, crêpe meteor or satin crêpe as a background for effective hand embroidery or beading. The motifs that trim this blouse are worked in beads as in embroidery design 10838.

For 36 bust 1 1/2 yard canton crêpe 40 inches wide.

This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2962—Many a smart Spring suit discloses a bosom-front blouse. Made with a straight peplum sewed on at the normal waistline this is an effective blouse for crêpe de Chine, Georgette, batiste or cotton voile alone or in two colors; or Georgette with taffeta.

For 36 bust 1 3/8 yard Georgette 40 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting Georgette 40 inches wide.

This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

2933—Another blouse cut on these smart mannish lines is made with a certain degree of softness in its tiny plaited frills and slight fullness arranged beneath the yoke at the back. It slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, radium silk, tub silks and satins, silk or wool shirtings and silk broadcloth.

For 36 bust 2 3/8 yards pongee 36 inches wide.

This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2958—The French have gone quite mad about drawn-work and hand hemstitching. A soft, draped model of scrim, cotton voile, batiste or crêpe de Chine is trimmed exquisitely in this fashion.

With a satin, crêpe meteor, satin crêpes, wool or silk jersey, etc., the drawn-work would not be used.

For 36 bust 1 7/8 yard scrim 36 inches wide.

This blouse is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

THE PARISIENNE HAS HER LONG CAPE MATCH HER DRESS, OR WEARS THE SHORT ONE AS PART OF A SUIT, AND CUTS ALL WRAPS GENEROUSLY IN CONSIDERATION OF THE FULLER FROCKS

2953—The innumerable ways she knows of making it may be at the bottom of the Parisienne's fondness for the cape. There is this new model that has the fullness gathered at each shoulder below a deep yoke effect. It is cut with a straight lower edge, and tricotine, velours, duvetyn, soft twills, serge, gabardine, taffeta and satin are smart materials to use.

For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also smart for misses.

2939—Over the fuller, softer frocks of Spring you will need one of the capes that shows the increased width at the hem. The lower part of the cape is straight and gathered to a deep yoke. It is a very smart wrap for the young girl too. Use crêpes, tricotine, light-weight velours, crêpe de Chine, satin, taffeta, soft twills, serge or gabardine. A conventional motif can be worked up in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10778.

For 36 bust $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards satin 40 inches wide.

This cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also smart for misses.



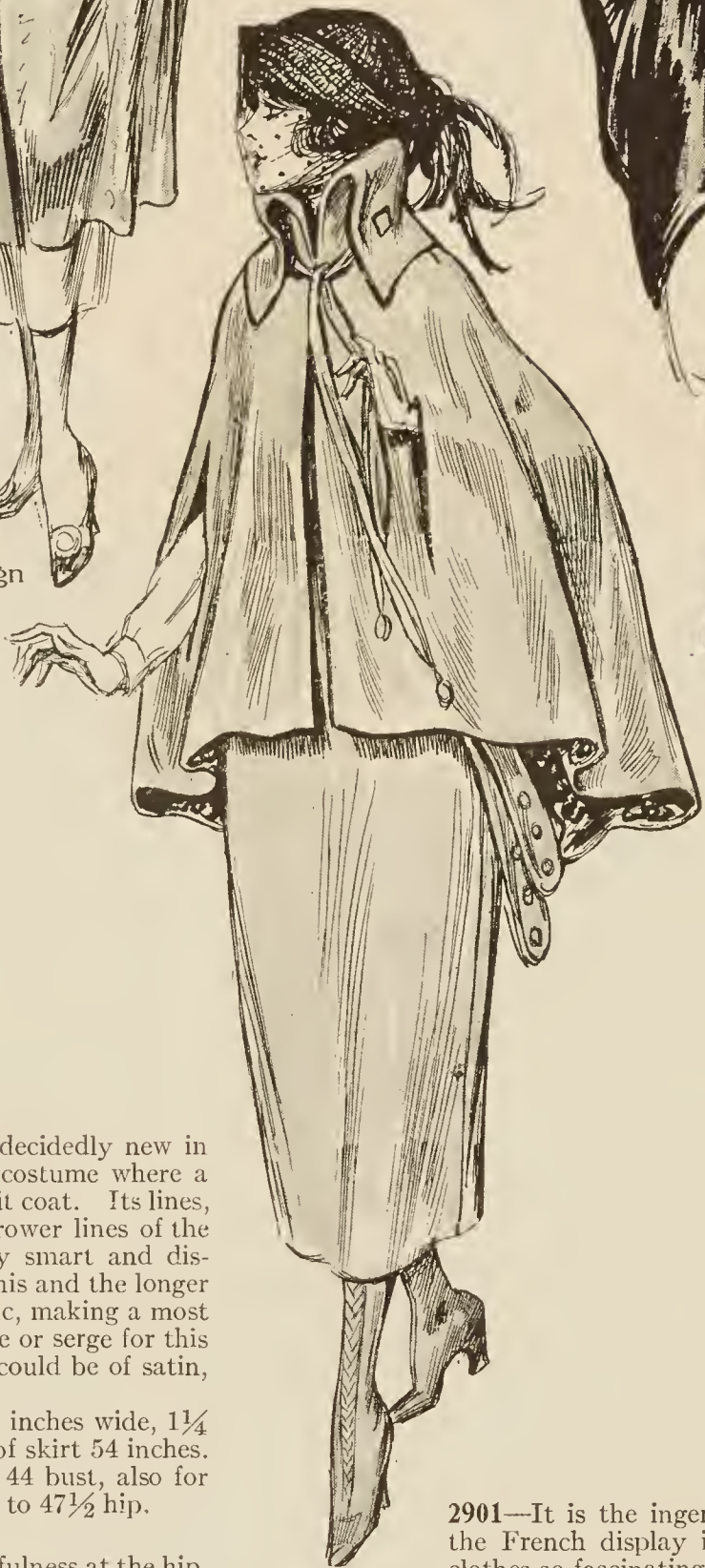
Cape 2953



Cape 2939
Embroidery design
10778



Cape 2901



Cape 3004
Skirt 2974



Wrap coat 2978
Embroidery design 10849

3004—2974—If you are seeking something decidedly new in suits you will choose this typically French costume where a short, full cape is substituted for the usual suit coat. Its lines, circular in effect are in contrast to the narrower lines of the tailored two-piece skirt, resulting in a very smart and distinctive silhouette. The French also wear this and the longer cape over dresses of the same color and fabric, making a most attractive costume. Use tricotine, gabardine or serge for this combination and over a silk frock the cape could be of satin, satin crêpe, taffeta or charmeuse.

For 36 bust, 38 hip $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt 54 inches.

The cape, 3004, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; the skirt, 2974, is smart for ladies 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2978—Emphasis is placed on the fashionable fullness at the hip. It is arrived at by the very interesting way in which the sides of a new wrap coat are cut. These softer wrap coats although very simple in construction are often effectively embroidered, and upon such trimming and the choice of your fabric rests the degree of elegance you wish to achieve. Use velours, duvetyn, serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, satin, taffeta and charmeuse. The banding is worked out in outline stitch as in embroidery design 10849. Lower edge 56 inches.

For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards light-weight velours 54 inches wide. This wrap coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

2901—It is the ingenuity as well as the art that the French display in designing that makes their clothes so fascinating. They cut a simple, straight cape from comparatively little material, plait it to a small round yoke and then depend on the way it is held for the effective draping. They suggest that you take a front edge in each hand, cross the right hand over the left, lifting it up and wrapping the cape about the figure. Use satin, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, charmeuse, serge, tricotine, gabardine and soft twills. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. This cape is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also smart for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 110

CIRCULAR FLARE, LOWERED HIP

SASH AND BOX-CUT OR RIPPLE COATS

SHOW THAT SMART EASE OF LINE

3009—As Paris widens the cape she shortens it and has it match her frock, so achieving the smartest effect. This ripple cape is cut circular. The lower edge can be plain or scalloped and there is an elastic arrangement at the neck which holds the cape in place on the shoulders. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, wool poplin, broadcloth, velours, duvetyn, wool repp, satin, taffeta or charmeuse. The hand-work is a combination of outline and one-stitch as in embroidery design 10713.

For 36 bust $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge in longer length $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

This cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also smart for misses.

3008—2928—The brevity of the Eton coat together with the flare of the two-piece circular skirt makes a very youthful and smart Spring costume. The coat has a separate slip-over suspender vestee and sash. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, wool poplin, wool repp, taffeta or satin. The hand-work can be done in satin-stitch and bugle beads as in embroidery design 10886. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

For 36 bust, 38 hip $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards wool poplin 54 inches wide.

This coat, 3008, is good for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses; the skirt, 2928, is smart for ladies 35 to $49\frac{1}{2}$ hip.



Coat 3008
Skirt 2928
Embroidery
design 10886

Cape 3009
Embroidery
design 10713

Coat 3012
Dress 2649



Dress 2976
Embroidery
design 10882

Dress 3011
Embroidery
design 10693

3011—The bloused-over line where the straight skirt and waist are joined is very soft when placed rather low and accentuated by a wide hip girdle. The dress closes at the left shoulder and underneath the arm and a blouse body lining can be used. Use canton crêpe, crêpe satin, charmeuse, tricotine, gabardine or soft serge and work the trimming at the neck and on the sleeves in a combination of one-stitch and satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10693.

For 36 bust $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards crêpe metcor 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2976—These long-waisted frocks are particularly smart when several loose panels are worn over the straight skirt. This slip-over dress closes on the left side and the neck is cut a little lower than usual at the back. There is a rather long body lining that can have the camisole top. Use Canton crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette, serge and tricotine. The trimming on the panels can be worked in a combination of beading with appliqué as in embroidery design 10882.

For 36 bust $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Coat 3010
Skirt 2974

3012—2649—The Parisian chooses the fuller lines even for her useful top-coat. The pronounced ripple is very smart over the narrow lines of a plaited dress unusual in its long body effect. Make the coat of velours, polo cloth, serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, wool poplin or homespun, tweed or mixtures.

For 36 bust 3 yards homespun 54 inches wide, 3 yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge of dress $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards, with band $46\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This coat, 3012, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; the dress, 2649, for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3010—2974—In this season of varying silhouettes the French introduce a softened straight line. This necessary ease of line is given by the box cut of the coat which has a detachable vestee and becoming shawl collar. The tailored skirt is two-piece. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills or serge. Plain coats are smart worn with plaid or check skirts.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 3 yards soft twills 54 inches wide. Lower edge measures 54 inches.

This coat, 3010, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, it is also good for misses; the skirt, 2974, is smart for ladies 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 110



2913
Dress 2913
Beading design 10740

Blouse 2967
Appliqué embroidery design 10877

Coat 2996
Dress 2670
Embroidery design 10784

Coat 2952
Dress 2913

Cape 2939
Embroidery design 10806

2989—It is usually the curve of the pocket and arrangement of the belt that make these simple two-piece tailored skirts interesting. This is a very smart model for tricotine, serge, checks or plaids.

For 16 years $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard wool repp 54 inches wide. Lower edge 53 inches.

This skirt is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also smart for small women.

2996—2670—Beneath the flare of her box-coat the young Parisienne wears a plaited frock, the fulness of which is caught into a narrow band at the hem. The embroidery banding is a combination of outline and chain stitch as in embroidery design 10784.

For 17 years $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge with band 43 inches.

The coat, 2996, is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; the dress, 2670, for misses 14 to 19 years. Both are good for small women.

2967—An attractive blouse is half the success of the Spring suit. Many of the smartest models are made in this simple slip-over kimono fashion of Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe, batiste, etc. The flower trimming is a combination of appliqué and beading as in embroidery design 10877.

For 16 years, 32 bust, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. This blouse is good for misses 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

2991—Skilfully suggesting the coatee, the straight skirt of a smart frock is softly gathered to the body at the low line across the side and back. A blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, satin, etc. The trimming is worked in bugle beads or one-stitch as in beading design 10865. Lower edge 63 inches.

For 17 years $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also smart for small women.

Dress 2991
Beading design 10865



2967

Dress 2905

2952—2913—For a young girl's suit of tricotine, serge, gabardine, satin or taffeta Paris uses the youthful box-coat over a long-bodied frock that has a two-piece circular flare skirt.

For 16 years, 32 bust, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

The coat, 2952, is smart for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; the dress, 2913, is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

2905—When you make your frock with a slip-over blouse, that can have a blouse body lining closed at the back and a straight side-plaited skirt, use wool jersey, tricotine, satin crêpe, etc., or combine plain silk or wool with plaid silk or wool.

For 17 years $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards serge 50 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard foulard 40 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

This dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2913—A typically French silhouette is that of the circular flare two-piece skirt and rather long body. Use tricotine, soft twills, serge and gabardine alone or with satin; or use taffeta, charmeuse or satin. A blouse body lining is offered, and the smart motif used to trim the body can be worked in beads or French knots as in beading design 10740. Lower edge $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

For 17 years 3 yards taffeta 40 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.



Skirt 2989



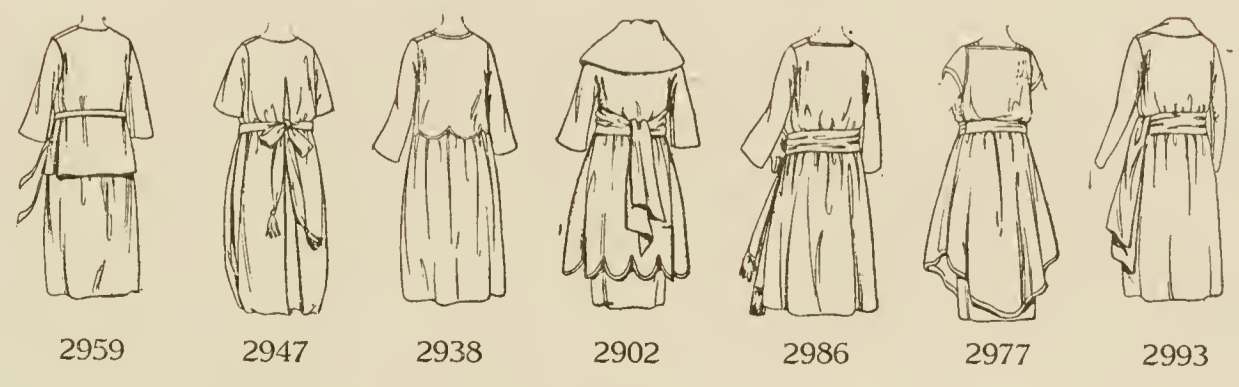


IN THIS SEASON OF YOUTHFUL FASHIONS A GIRL FINDS MUCH TO SUIT HER FANCY

2959—If you plan to use contrasting fabrics for your Spring costume there is the frock with a slip-over blouse cut in jumper style. The straight skirt is sewed to the underbody at the normal waistline and it closes on the left side. Lower edge 54 inches. For 16 years requires 1 3/4 yard serge 54 inches wide, 3/4 yard satin 40 inches wide. This dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

2947—A new jumper arrangement used over a kimono underbody carries out the effect of the loose panels worn over the straight skirt. This rather low-waisted frock slips over the head and closes beneath the left arm. For 16 years requires 1 1/2 yard tricotine 54 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards satin 36 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches. This dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

2938—For the figured foulard the simple lines of a youthful low-waisted frock that closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm are very smart. The skirt is straight and the use of the blouse body lining optional. Use crêpes, satin crêpe, tricotine, serge, etc. For 16 years, 2 3/8 yards foulard 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard. This dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.



2902—There is something essentially youthful about the quaint draped lines of the bodice and the full straight tunic with the narrow drop skirt below. A blouse body lining which can be made in camisole style is offered. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, etc. For 16 years requires 4 1/8 yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge 49 inches. This dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

2986—A charming fashion for the young girl is this low bloused-over line with its huge soft hip sash. The dress closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm and is lovely for canton crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin or foulard. For 16 years 3 1/2 yards crêpe satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches. This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

2977—Just to the hem at the front and back and higher at the sides is the new French cut of a two-piece tunic. This frock is pretty for crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse etc., and has a slip-over waist and a straight drop skirt. For 17 years requires 3 5/8 yards taffeta silk 40 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches. This dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

2993—This dress has the bib effect coming up from the straight skirt, which is sewed to the waist at the normal line. The wild-rose motif is worked in couching as in embroidery design 10674. For 17 years 2 3/4 yards crêpe satin 40 inches wide, 1 1/3 yard contrasting crêpe satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard. This dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.



Dress 2995



Dress 2982



Dress 2915
Smocking
design 10870



Dress 3005



Dress 2999



Dress
2940



Dress 2950
Embroidery design 10816



Dress 2948

2995—The soft flare of the straight skirt beneath the plain lines of a long body are pretty in a slip-over dress of gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen, cotton poplin, serge, plaids, checks, taffeta, or pongee. Chambray, lawn, etc., can be combined with gingham, and nainsook with colored cottons, etc.

This dress is smart for girls 6 to 15 years.

2940—There is nothing to it but the daintiest of frills and a straight lower edge, yet made of dimity, organdy, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, swiss, Georgette or net, with a frill of the same material or of organdy, it will be one of the most becoming frocks in your small daughter's wardrobe. Point d'esprit, silk mull, lawn, etc., can have frills of the same material.

This dress is pretty for little girls 1 to 10 years.

2982—She holds her frock out to show just how much fashionable fulness can be drawn up on the Empire line at the sides. It slips over the head and fastens on the shoulders and the hem can be scalloped or cut straight. Use net, dimity, organdy, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, swiss, Georgette, point d'esprit, silk mull, taffeta or crêpe de Chine.

This dress is pretty for girls 2 to 10 years.

2915—At the age of seven one can't have too many smocked frocks particularly if they are all as pretty as the Empire model that has the fulness of the straight skirt arranged in this fashion. Lawn, nainsook, cotton voile, chambray, pongee, etc., can be trimmed with smocking which is done in diamond effect as in smocking design 10870.

This dress is good for girls 2 to 12 years.

3005—Now it is the soft type of frock gathered at the neck, scalloped at the hem and puffed at the sleeve that has the separate pantees showing below the slip-over dress. Use fine cotton crêpe, chambray, taffeta, pongee, crêpe de Chine, fine gingham and linen. The French make these frocks very short.

This dress is pretty for little girls 2 to 8 years.

2999—The difficult age becomes a most attractive one when the soft lines of fashion are called upon for aid. A simple little frock made with a slip-over waist and a straight skirt sewed to the body lining at the normal line is very pretty for taffeta, crêpe de Chine, plaid or figured silks and serge; also for cotton voile, organdy and dotted swiss.

This dress is good for girls 8 to 15 years.

2950—The low lines of a simple dress are very becoming to the growing girl's more or less indefinite figure. The blouse slips over the head and the straight skirt can be joined to an underbody or belt. Use linen finished cottons, gingham, taffeta, etc. These conventionalized roses can be worked in satin stitch or outline as in embroidery design 10816.

The dress is smart for girls 8 to 15 years.

2948—There is something very youthful about the soft draping into sash-ends of a surplice waist. The straight skirt is sewed on at the normal waistline. Taffeta and crêpe de Chine would be pretty for this dress and serge, pongee, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen and cotton voile can be used.

This dress is good for girls 8 to 15 years.





Dress 2997

Coat 2921
Hat 2782

Dress 2907

Dress 2979

Dress 2946

Dress 2944
Embroidery design 10860

Dress 2972; tam-o'-Shanter 2564

Dress 2987

2997—Youth and smartness are synonymous this season, so your small daughter chooses a frock that has the straight skirt gathered to the soft bloused-over waist at the low line. Use taffeta, serge, plaids and checks, or gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen or cotton poplin. This dress is pretty for girls 6 to 15 years.

2921—2782—For Spring days there is an adorable outdoor costume of a coat with the Empire line at the sides only and a poke-bonnet hat. Use faille, taffeta, satin, silk poplin, crêpe de Chine, serge, gabardine, tricotine, henrietta and cashmere for the coat and corded silk for the hat. The coat, 2921, is smart for little girls 1 to 10 year; the hat, 2782, for little girls 2 to 12 years.

2907—Upon the rise and fall of an Empire line depends the charm of a simple little dress. The straight skirt, with its clusters of plaits at the front and back and soft gathers at the sides, is sewed to the body. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, white lawn or serge and checks. This dress is good for little girls 2 to 6 years.

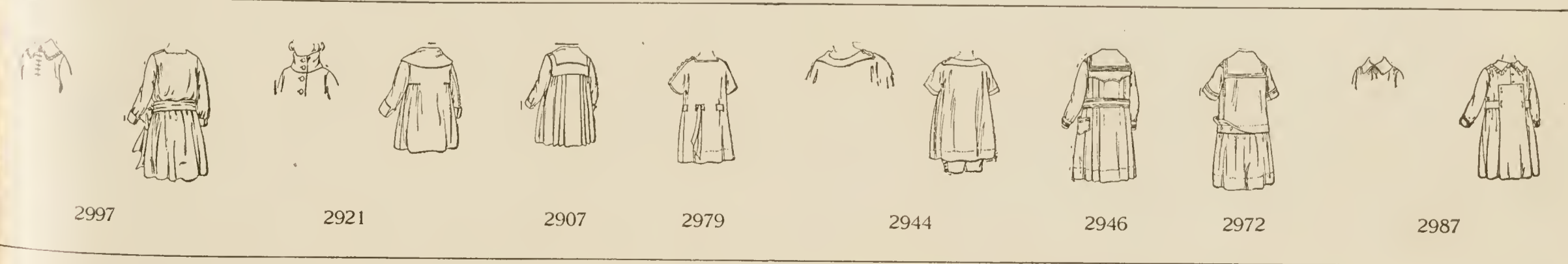
2979—Many of the imported frocks for children are simple little slip-over-the-head affairs trimmed with hand-hemstitching or drawn work. One that closes on the shoulders and has a straight lower edge is made of cotton voile, batiste or handkerchief linen. The hem can be deep or narrow. On linen, piqué, gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, taffeta, etc., the drawn-work would not be used. This dress is smart for girls 2 to 12 years.

2944—If one must show her separate bloomers beneath the hem of her dainty slip-over frock the riding-habit style is the newest way of doing it. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen, serge and taffeta. The nursery rhyme figure can be worked in outline stitch or appliqué as in embroidery design 10860. This dress is good for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2946—One way of enlarging the navy that everybody would favor is the increasing land force of small daughters dressed in these one-piece tucked sailor frocks that slip over the head and are splendid for school or play. Use serge, checks, flannel, chambray, linen, cotton poplin or drill and trim it in contrast. This dress is smart for girls 4 to 15 years.

2972—2564—When a slip-over frock has the straight skirt buttoned or sewed to the upper part beneath a wide tuck the middy-blouse effect is achieved. Use serge, flannel, linen, drill and cotton poplin and make the gored tam-o'-Shanter of velours, etc. This dress, 2972, is smart for girls 4 to 15 years; the tam o'-Shanter, 2564, is good for girls; it is also smart for ladies, misses and children.

2987—Contrasting fabrics show to advantage the interesting line of a schoolgirl's frock that has a straight skirt sewed to the blouse at the normal waistline on the sides and coming up in panel effect at the front and back. Use gingham with nainsook, chambray with lawn, linen with batiste, etc., or serge with plaid or check silk, pongee, etc. This dress is good for girls 6 to 14 years.



2997 2921 2907 2979 2944 2946 2972 2987



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Cape 2992

Cape 2943
Tam-o'-
shanter 1477

Cape 3001

Suit 3007
Tam-o'-shanter
2564
Embroidery design
10857

Coat 3003
Smocking
design 10610

2992—There comes a time in the affairs of the nine-year-old when her wrap must be more than just a wrap—it must be an adorably pretty affair worthy of the party frock it is usually worn over. The new capes are the thing. They are so fashionable and very simple to make, and they are most becoming to a little girl. A model with a pretty ripple to its lines is cut in three pieces and can have the scalloped outline at the bottom. It is smart worn either in the full or shorter length. Use serge, soft twills, tricotine, gabardine, broadcloth, velours and duvetyn. This cape is pretty for girls 2 to 14 years.

3003—One doesn't have to be many years on earth to capture one of the sweetest coats of the Spring season. For a very little girl there is a delightful coat made with a most unusual yoke, below which the lines are soft and full. The smocking which takes care of the fulness is done in the simple diamond effect as in smocking design 10610, but the coat could be gathered instead of smocked if you would rather make it that way. Serge, broadcloth, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, cashmere and henrietta are the most suitable materials to use. This coat is pretty for children 2 to 10 years.

FULL AND SOFT ARE THE PRETTIEST WRAPS FOR THE YOUNGER GENERATION

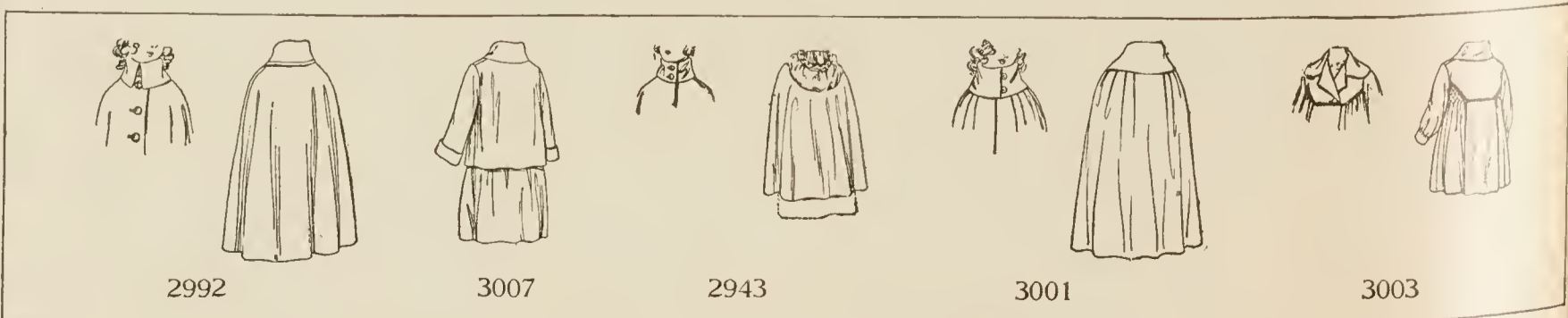
3007—2564—Since Paris has chosen "eternal youth" for her slogan even the *first* suit can be an ultrasmart model. A box-coat with a most attractive closing and ripple at the hem is worn with a slip-over jumper dress the straight skirt of which is sewed to the body at the normal waistline. The embroidery which introduces a pretty note of color on the collar is done in a simple outline stitch as in embroidery design 10857. Use gabardine, serge, soft twills, tricotine, checks or taffeta, and make the becoming gored tam-o'-shanter of velours, polo cloth, camel's-hair cloth, faille, taffeta or satin.

The suit, 3007, is smart for girls 6 to 15 years; the tam-o'-shanter, 2564, is becoming to girls; it is also smart for ladies, misses and children.

3001—Every small girl has her very special light frocks, and she should also have one of these softer capes to wear over them. The French make these capes very simply. This one they have cut straight and plaited to a small yoke which the contrasting collar covers. It is smart worn in this shorter length, particularly when finished with the fashionable scallop outline. You can cut it in the longer length if you want to completely cover the frock. Use serge, gabardine, soft twills, tricotine, checks, broadcloth, duvetyn, light-weight velours and taffeta. This cape is pretty for girls 2 to 14 years.

2943—1477—The flare of the circular cape and the tilt of the tam-o'-shanter make a charming combination for your daughter's street costume. A cape cut in this fashion could have the military style closing or it could be finished with a soft hood arrangement. Duvetyn, light-weight velours, tricotine, soft twills, serge, gabardine, checks and broadcloth are smart materials to use, and for the tam-o'-shanter there is velours, satin or faille.

This cape, 2943, is smart for girls 2 to 14 years; the tam-o'-shanter, 1477, is pretty for girls; it is also smart for ladies, misses and children.



2992

3007

2943

3001

3003

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Her dress is made of Skinner's "404" All-Silk. Her coat is lined with Skinner's "404" All-Silk. Her hat is made of Skinner's Satin, her shoes are made of Skinner's Shoe Satin, her corset of Skinner's Corset Satin and her petticoat and lingerie of Skinner's Silk.

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(36 inches wide)

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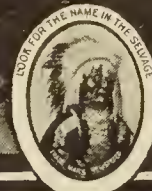
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Trousers 1482

9850

Suit 2927

Suit 2961

Suit 2964

Reefer 2916
Suit 2552
Hat 9850

WELL CUT CLOTHES IN WHICH YOUR SMALL BOY WILL BE HAPPY

2916—2552—9850—The new reefer, worn over a becoming sailor suit and with a middy hat to match, makes one of the smartest and most practical costumes for this season of the year. Use cheviot, men's wear serge, checks, Oxfords, mixtures and tweeds. Make the suit of linen, chambray, etc., and the hat of serge, etc.

For 6-year size reefer 1 3/8 yard serge 44 inches wide, 3/8 yard serge 44 inches wide.

The reefer, 2916, is good for boys or girls 2 to 10 years; the suit, 2552, is good for little boys 2 to 12 years; the hat, 9850, is suitable for boys 2 to 12 years.

2927—The woman who chooses for her small boy the suspender-type suit, which allows for a freshening change of blouses, will like this new model with the pretty outline at the top of the straight trousers. Chambray, pongee, linen or cotton poplin can be used, or the blouse could be of handkerchief linen, madras or lawn, and the trousers of heavy linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, repp, piqué, drill or serge. Pongee can be used with serge, and crêpe de Chine or pongee with faille silk.

For 3-year size 3/4 yard cotton poplin 36 inches wide, 1 yard lawn 40 inches wide.

This suit is good for little boys 2 to 5 years.

2961—One of the most becoming types of suits for the small boy is this Russian closing style. It is manly and simple in cut, and the length of the belted blouse emphasizes the short line of the straight trousers. The collar and cuffs used on this model are unusual and trim the suit smartly. They can be of a contrasting fabric or color. Chambray, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, repp, galatea, serge, wool gabardine and corduroy are the best materials to use.

For 5-year size 2 3/8 yards piqué 36 inches wide.

This suit is good for little boys 2 to 7 years.

2910 1482—For Spring with its many outdoor play hours your small boy will need a good-looking comfortable blouse and these straight trousers. You can have the convertible collar, or finish the blouse with a neckband if removable collars are to be used. The trousers can be sewed to an underbody and made with or without a fly. Blouses of flannel, madras, galatea, percale and khaki are worn with serge and gabardine trousers.

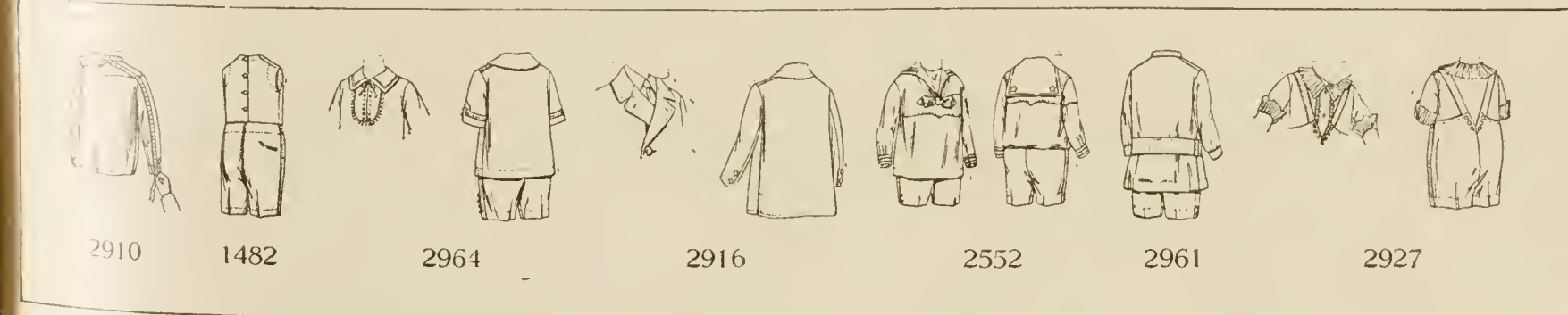
For 10-year size 1 3/8 yard madras 32 inches wide, 3/4 yard homespun 54 inches wide.

The blouse, 2910, is good for boys 1 to 16 years; the trousers, 1482, for boys 3 to 12 years.

2964—When one is only four he is not bound down by man-made rules but can indulge in interesting costume departures such as this hatless suit. The blouse slips over the head and has a little vestee in contrast, and the trousers are cut straight. Chambray, pongee, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, repp, piqué, drill; or wool gabardine and serge can be used, and for the formal occasion there is faille silk.

For a 4-year size 1 3/8 yard linen 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting color linen 36 inches wide.

This suit is good for little boys 2 to 6 years.



2910

1482

2964

2916

2552

2961

2927



WELL informed women know that Serpentine Crêpe is an unrivaled fabric for beauty and wear. Dainty patterns are chosen for practical undergarments because they require no ironing. Tub them, shake them into shape, allow them to dry and they are ready to wear.

This applies equally well to sturdy little dresses for the younger members of the family—to lounging robes, kimonos, house and porch frocks. Mothers of families who spend long vacations in the great out-of-doors select Serpentine Crêpe garments for the wardrobe of the entire family. Especially is it adaptable for traveling.

For hangings, slip covers and pillow covers for the home it is selected for its attractive patterns, its small cost and excellent laundering qualities. Remember that

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Color schemes and patterns are exquisitely dainty for undergarments; a wide range of suitable patterns and colors and plain colors for lounging robes and kimonos; and conservative designs in charming color combinations as well as black and white for porch and house frocks, rompers and pajamas, with an equally suitable collection for hangings and plain white for napery.

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Pacific Mills
Lawrence Mass.



Sleeves
2937



Breakfast coat or negligée 2973

Apron 2968

2973

Kimono or dressing-sack 2970

2970 2968

THE NEW FRENCH SLEEVE AND SOME VERY INTERESTING

2937—Paris carries its fondness for soft lines even into the sleeves of a frock and offers delightful variations of the puff style and the graceful peasant model. They are cut to fit the normal armhole. The puff sleeves are pretty in soft silks, satin,orgette, net, silk voile and chiffon.

These sleeves are suitable for ladies' dresses and should be made according to arm measure.

2973—To start the day right you need this dainty breakfast coat or negligée, which is charming in its simplicity. The straight flounce is gathered to the body. Use crêpe de Chine, taffeta, washable silk, corduroy, cotton voile, dotted swiss, lawn or fine cotton crêpe. Lower edge 2 yards.

This breakfast coat or negligée is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2968—Many women find the apron which covers the frock completely not only a practical but also a very becoming costume. Gingham, chambray, percale, seersucker and madras are used for this simply constructed model which slips on over the head, is made with the kimono sleeve and has conveniently large patch pockets. Lower edge 63 inches.

This apron is very good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2970—Fashion disproves the theory that the kimono or dressing-sack is essentially a thing of comfort rather than beauty. The new model is tucked below the shoulders and the armhole is a little deeper than usual. Use cotton crêpe, lawn, printed silks, albatross and cotton voile. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This kimono or dressing-sack is good for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

Brassière
and
Bandeau
2984



Pajamas
2963

Slip 2966

Nightgown 2941

2941

2966

EVERY-DAY NECESSITIES MADE IN
AND SIMPLE WAYS

2984—Necessities are turned into acquisitions when the brassière and bandeau are so attractively cut. They close at the back and the brassière is made of heavy batiste, cotton brocade, wash satin, crêpe de Chine and heavy net, the bandeau of ribbon, wash satin, crêpe de Chine, silk jersey or batiste.

The brassière and bandeau are good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2963—For the woman who selects pajamas for her sleeping garment or negligée there is a new model very simply made and daintily finished. Crêpe de Chine, washable satin, Georgette, or cotton voile, mull, batiste, dimity, nainsook, long-cloth and fine cotton crêpe can be used.

These pajamas or negligée are pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

2966—In these days of the fashionable overblouse every young girl is sure to need this slip which can serve as both underbody and skirt. It is also a very dainty foundation beneath the transparent dress. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, Japanese silk, satin, batiste, etc. Lower edge of slip 1½ yard; flounce 2 yards.

This slip is pretty for misses 14 to 20 years; it is also pretty for small women.

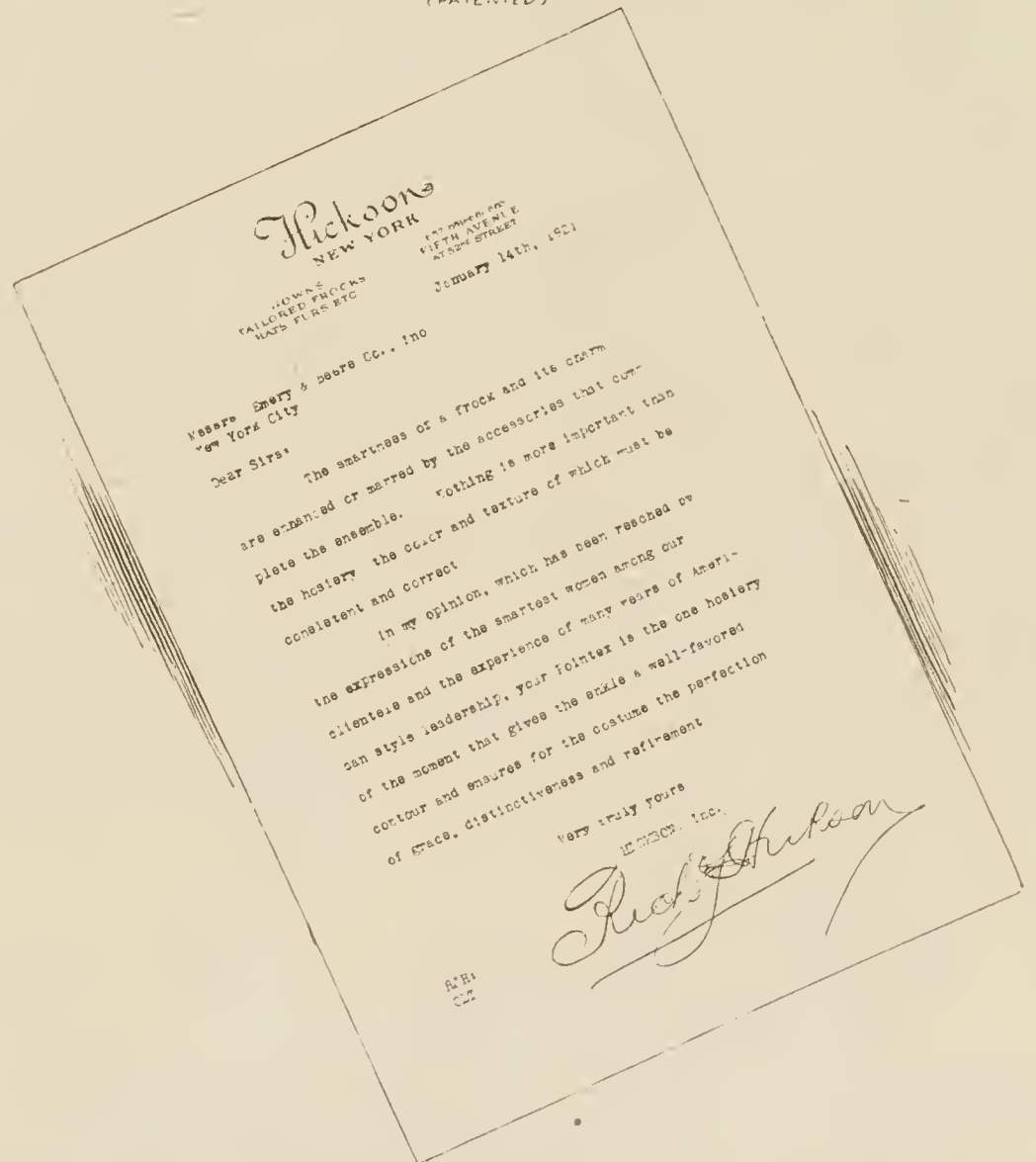
2941—A new nightgown made with the Empire yoke line has a very pretty arrangement of insertion for trimming. This type of nightgown is often embroidered. Use batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, cambric or muslin, and crêpe de Chine or wash silk or satin.

This nightgown is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



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Fashion Authority
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with "Pointex" Heel
(PATENTED)



THE "Onyx Pointex" Heel adds grace and distinction to trim feminine ankles. Such an endorsement coming from Hickson, confirms the style judgment of the thousands of women who have always preferred "Onyx Pointex."

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cient floss; instructions if necessary,
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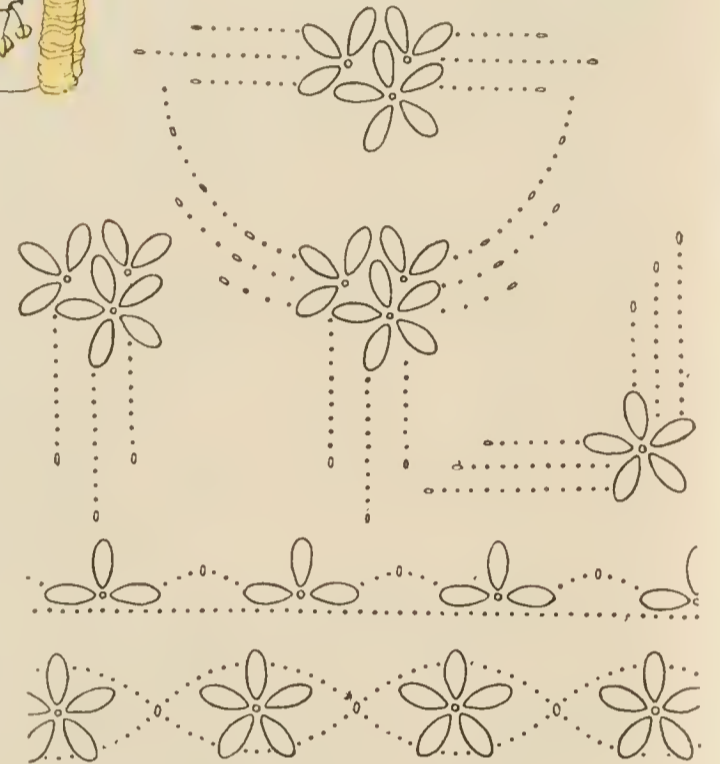
FASHION PREPARES FOR BRIGHT SPRING
CROSS-STITCH COSTUME-TRIMMINGS
THE WAY OF



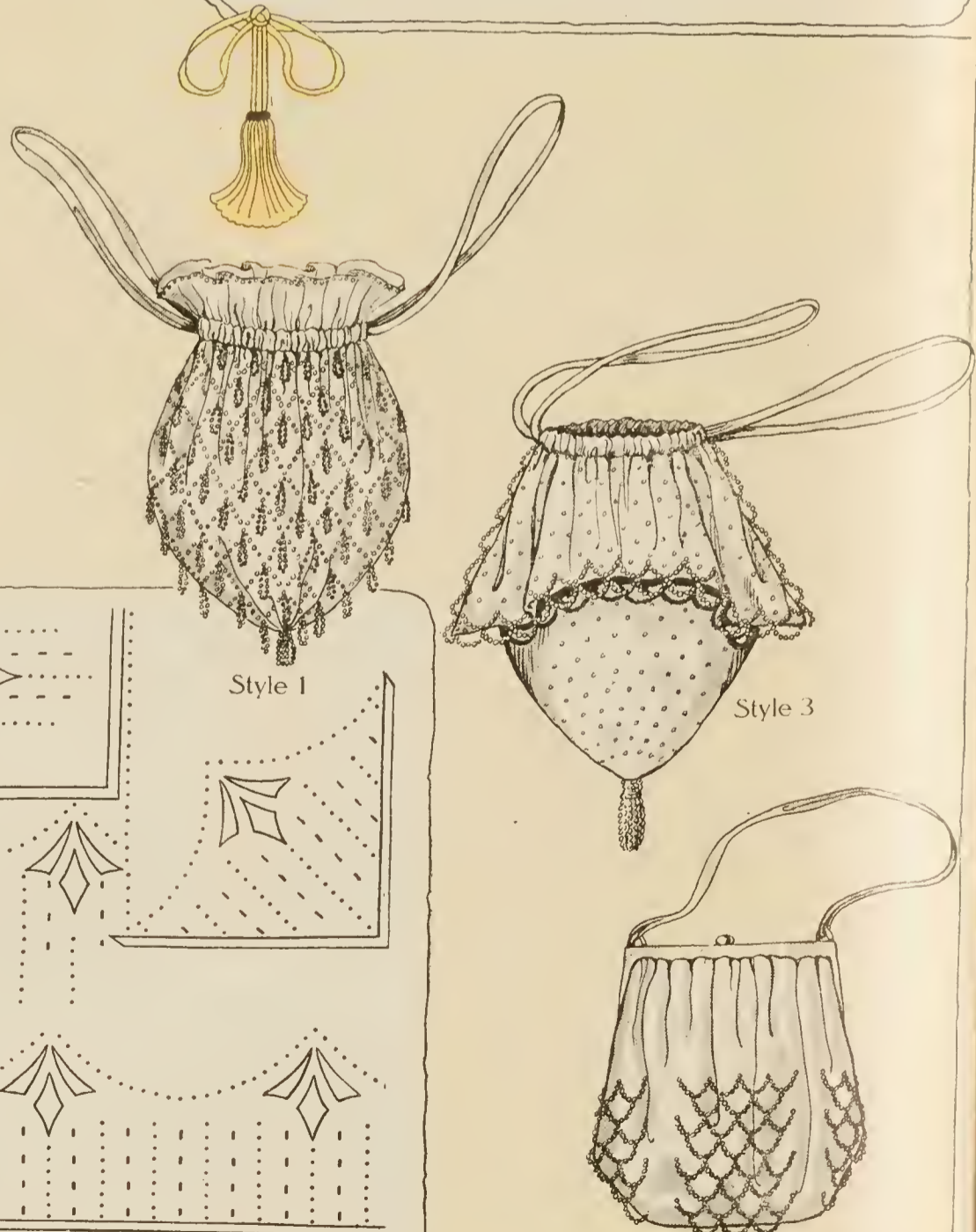
10882—For the appliqué trimming which the Parisienne
chooses for so many of her Spring costumes you can
use this design with the flower motif. The petals are
worked in appliqué and the rest of the design in bead-
ing or French knots. Outline or satin-stitch embroi-
dery could be used in place of the appliqué, if you
preferred that type of work. The design can be
adapted to 3 yards of banding 2½ inches wide, 3
yards of banding that is 1½ inch wide, 4 motifs 10½
x 3¾ inches, 6 motifs 7 x 3½ inches, 6 corners and 2
neck outlines.

10887—When smartness of costume is the first con-
sideration, the accessory such as the hand-bag becomes
a necessity. There are three typically French shapes
that can be made up in any of the gay Spring silks and
beaded. The idea of the looped bead trimming is
very simple to do yet very handsome in effect. The
design can be adapted to two bags made in the first
style, oval in outline and covered with loops, one bag
in the third style, with the ruffle effect at the top,
and one bag of the second style, which is made with a
metal or shell top.

10883—Much of the bead work that is
so fashionable this season is combined
with some of the simple embroidery
stitches in a most interesting way. For
a new dress trimming the bugle bead,
small round bead and outline or chain-
stitch embroidery are all used. One-
stitch can be substituted for the bugle
beads and French knots for the round
beads, if you like. This design can be
adapted to 3¼ yards banding 4 inches
wide, 6 motifs 8 x 2½ inches, 6 motifs
4 x 2½ inches, 6 motifs 3¾ inches
square, 4 corners and 2 neck outlines.



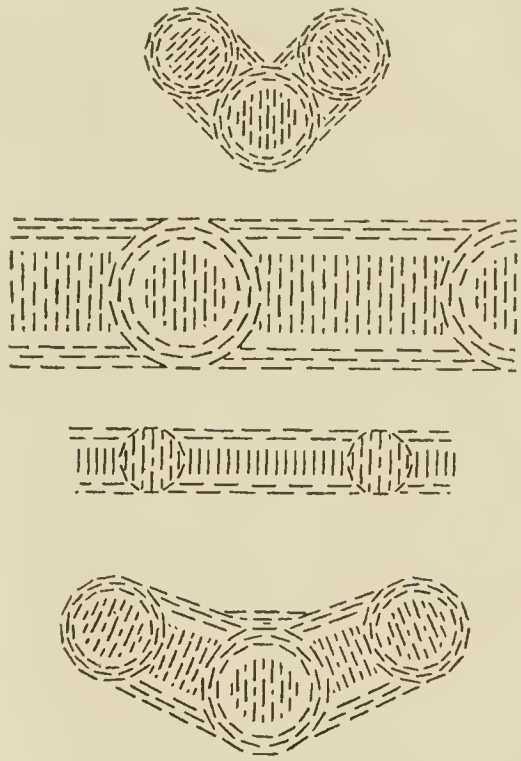
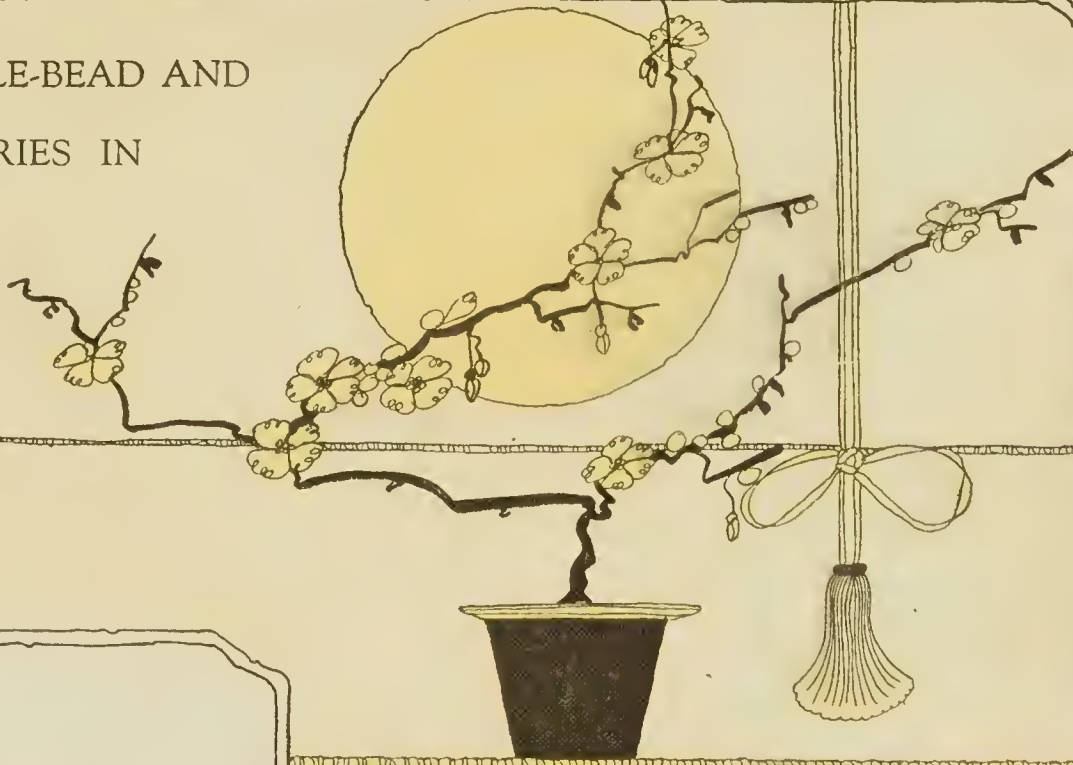
Appliqué embroidery design
10882



Beading design 10883

Bag 10887 Style 2

DAYS WITH APPLIQUÉ, BUGLE-BEAD AND
AND CHARMING ACCESSORIES IN
BEADED BAGS

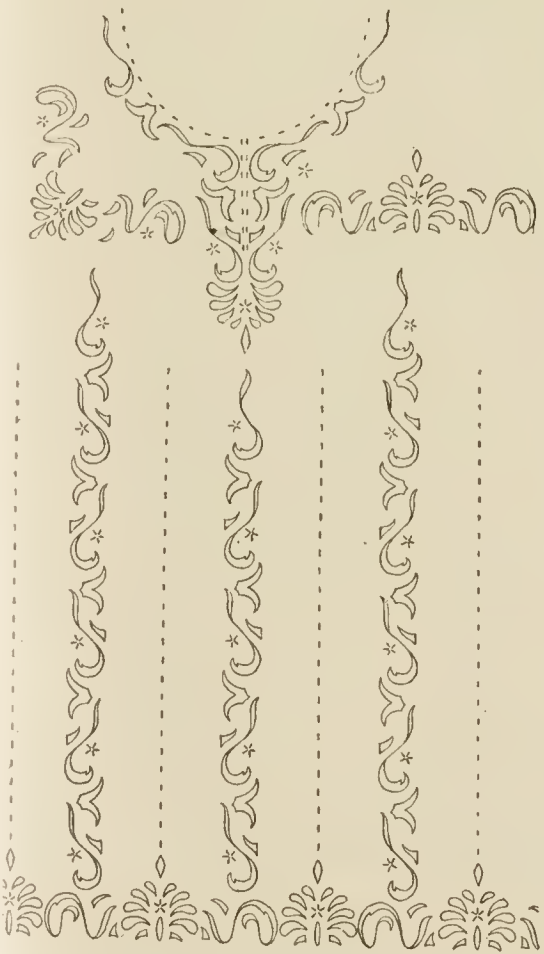


Beading design 10885

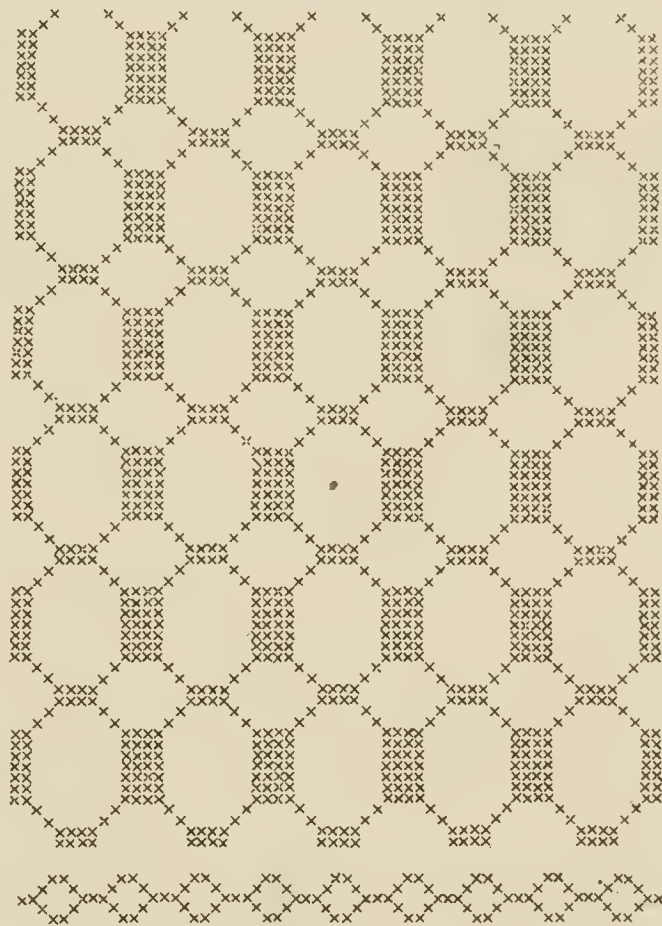
10885—Particularly smart for the Spring costume of wool is this conventional design to be worked out in bugle beads. If embroidery, rather than beading, is better suited to the fabric selected for your costume, you can carry out this same design in one-stitch. Simple hand-work of this type is seen on many of the newest blouses, coats and hats as well as frocks. Although quite elaborate and solid in effect, it works up very quickly. The design can be adapted to $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of banding that is $3\frac{5}{8}$ inches wide, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding that is 1 inch wide and 2 corners for each, 4 motifs $6\frac{1}{4} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

10886—An embroidered trimming which can run up and down instead of around a costume is very smart worked in a combination of satin-stitch and bugle beading. If you wanted to work it out very quickly, you could use outline or chain-stitch instead of satin-stitch and one-stitch could replace the bugle beads. The design can be adapted to $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard banding $22\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, 9 motifs $7\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 6 motifs $6\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches and 3 neck outlines.

10884—The French have a way of enriching the simpler fabrics by using all-over embroidery or bead trimming. A very effective design can be done in cross-stitch, one of the newest costume embroideries, or it can be worked up with the smart bugle beads. Blouses, dresses and coats and many of the Spring hats are trimmed in this way. The design can be adapted to $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding that is $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding that is $21\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide.



Embroidery design 10886



Beading design 10884

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Veils

VAN RAALTE
Veils

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you're buying a
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look for this little
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every veil





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Back cut narrower than front

—just as it would be in a blouse. A good four inches narrower. The front does not draw, the back cannot bunch or wrinkle. This styling which Kayser had developed on their "Italian" Silk Underwear after years of study has been successfully applied to their Knit Underwear. Each garment is cut separately by hand. Julius Kayser & Co., New York.

Kayser KNIT UNDERWEAR

Cotton, Lisle and Mercerized

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 90, 91, 92, 98 AND 99

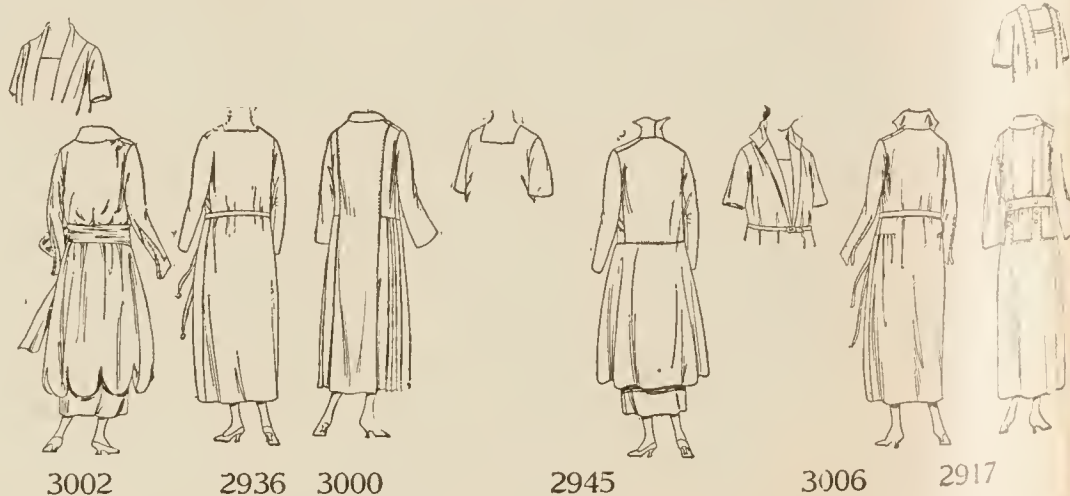
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 90 and 91



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 98 and 99

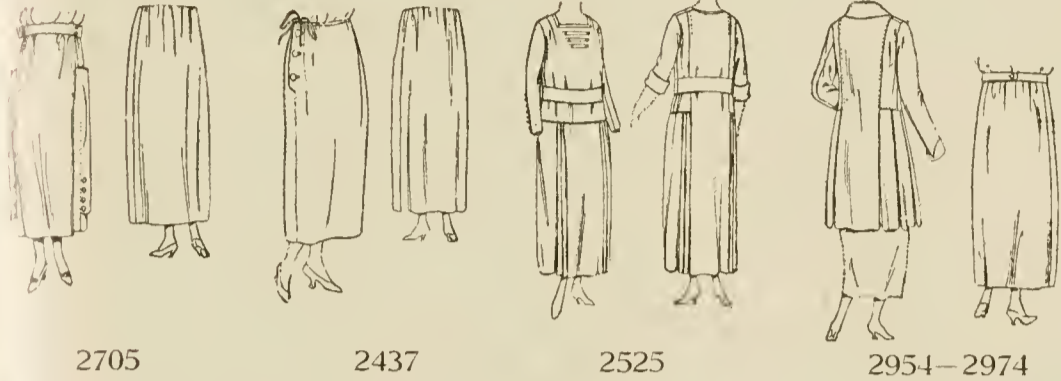


Other views of these garments are shown on page 92

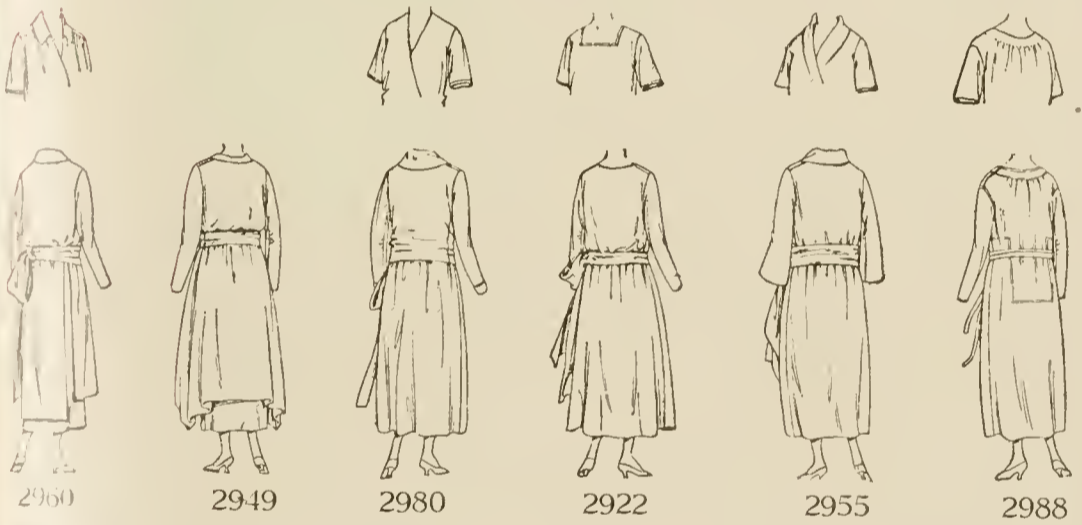
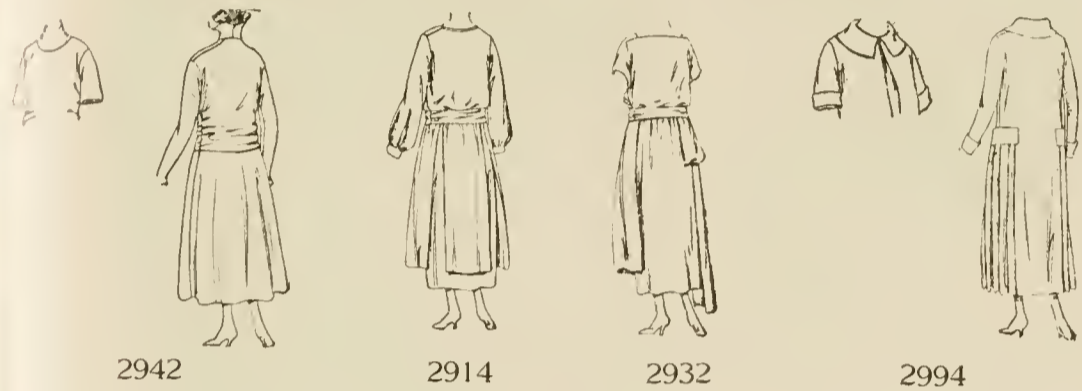


OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 93, 94, 95, 96 AND 97

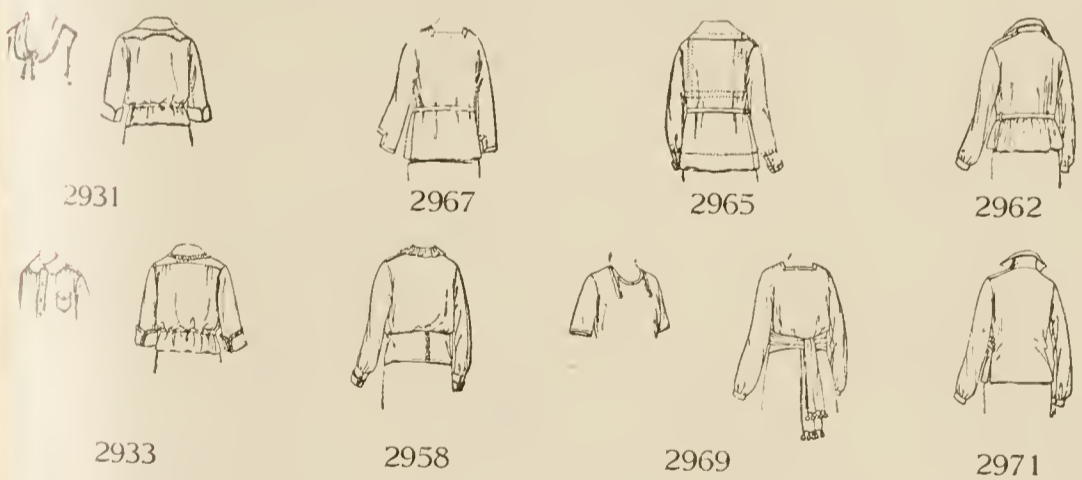
Other views of these garments are shown on page 93



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 94 and 95



Other views of these garments are shown on page 96



Other views of these garments are shown on page 97



Dye it Right!

Read before you Experiment with a "One-for-All" Dye.
Wool and Silk need a Different Dye than
Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods

Most women know why there is a Diamond Dye for Wool and Silk, and another Diamond Dye for Cotton, Linen, and Mixed Goods. Wool and silk come from animals. Cotton comes from a plant. Therefore no "One-for-All-Purpose Dye" can possibly dye both materials right.

Buy "Diamond Dyes" only, then your garments or draperies will not streak, fade, or have that "dyed-look." Each package contains easy directions. Your druggist will sell you the correct Diamond Dye if you tell him what material you wish to dye. He will also show you Color Card of actual fabrics diamond-dyed in a wondrous range of colors.

Don't Stain Hands or Pan

Diamond

FAST  FADELESS

Dyes



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Insist on "La Camille," for no other corset has its three great exclusive features:

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A soft insert that prevents spinal pressure.

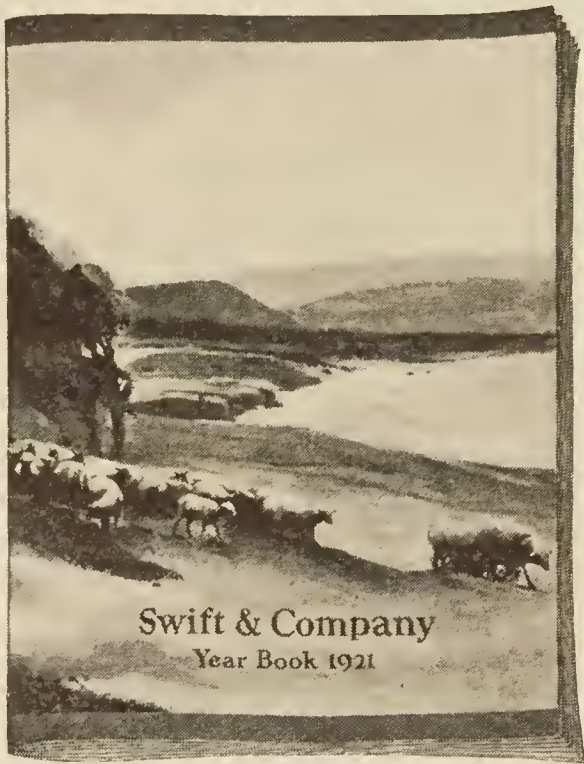
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A SYSTEMATIC CLOSET

AS A very young girl, I spent a vacation with a school friend in the south of France. It was a lovely home with lovely grounds, and I enjoyed a wonderful holiday, but the predominant impression I carried away from that visit was of closets.

Did you ever see a French closet? My descriptive powers fail to do them justice. They are really a room, lined with mirrored doors, each opening on a cretonne-lined closet. At first I marveled at their neatness, but later I found it was simply a matter of systematic arrangement that made it easier to put things in their place than anywhere else. In my little apartment in a crowded city I can not have such a closet, but by judicious arrangement, I find one can put quantities into the small recess that goes by that name, and it looks so pretty when the door is open.

I think the first rule in a systematic closet is cleanliness. A bare floor that has been shellaced and can be kept clean is essential to cleanliness. All side-wall hooks should be removed and the walls lined with denim or cretonne. This lining extends from the shelf to the floor and is fastened to the wall with thumb-tacks, so it can be taken down and laundered every three months. You will also line the wall above the shelf.

The shelf should be edged with a shelving, three inches wide, made of the same material as that used for the lining. The top of the shelf should be covered with paper. The wardrobe is hung on shoulder hangers on a pole extending the length of the closet. The door is equipped with a combination laundry and shoe-bag, with a pocket for corsets.

Cut the foundation of the bag 27 inches wide and 36 inches long. Cut the six shoe pockets 8 x 13 inches. Cut the corset pocket 13 x 20 inches. Bind one 13-inch edge of each pocket with white tape. Fold a 4-inch box plait in the center of the opposite end, folding each side of the plait under two inches.

One in Which It Is Easy to Put Things in Place Is a Reality at Last

Stitch the pockets to the foundation of the bag, placing them like the pockets on diagram 1. The laundry-bag is made around an oval wooden

embroidery hoop 12 inches long. Cut a piece of material 30 x 22 inches. Seam short ends. Bind one open end with tape. Turn the opposite end over embroidery hoop and sew it securely. Stitch a double strip of material to the back of bag and sew it to in diagram 1. Close lower edge of bag with buttons and buttonholes. Cut a piece of material 9 x 14 inches. Curve one long edge. Bind all edges with tape. Stitch above laundry-bag, 12 in diagram 1. Bind all the edges of the foundation with tape.

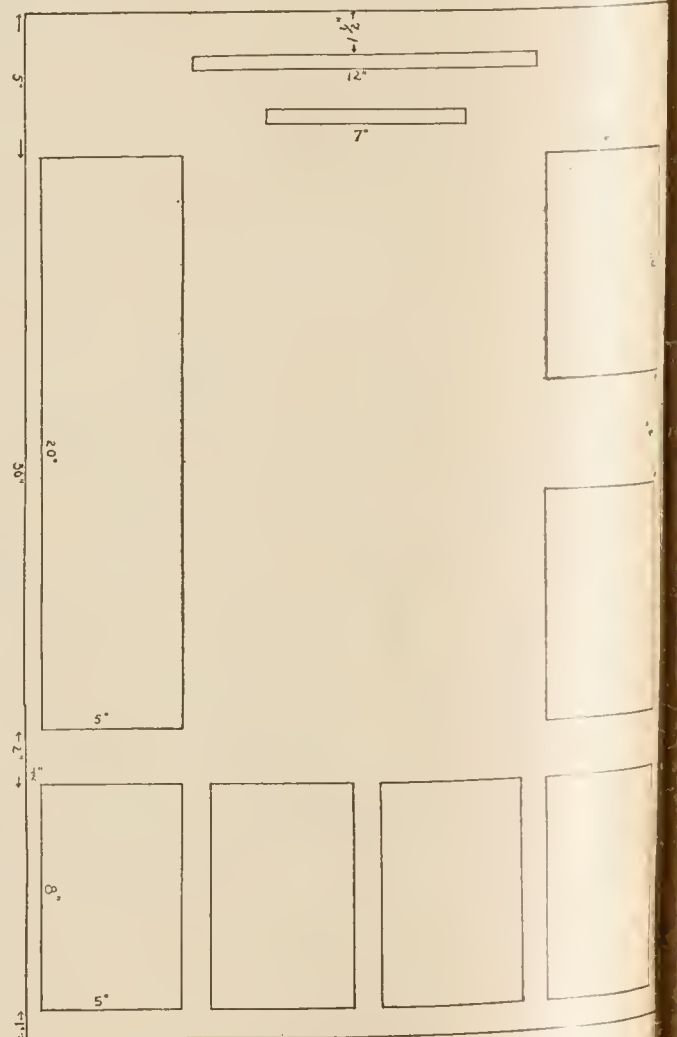


Diagram 1

COLGATE'S



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THE DELINEATOR

MAY 1921



His Father's Eyes

BEGINNING A SERIAL ROMANCE

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

STORIES AND ARTICLES BY W. L. GEORGE, IRVING BACHELLER, FLO FIELD
ELEANOR H. PORTER, MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER, GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

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Minneapolis New York





THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME XCVIII MAY 1921 NUMBER FOUR

Mrs. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

JAMES EATON TOWER Managing Editor



READ WHAT THE POSTMAN BROUGHT US—

TEN thousand letters come to THE DELINEATOR every week. They come from all parts of the world.

They are the sorrows and the joys of the farm woman, the problems of the rich, the trials of the poor. They come from the wise and the foolish, but chiefly from that great mass of struggling, thinking women who keep this old world moving and growing better.

They are the joy and the laughter of light-hearted people. They are the aspirations of the young, the philosophy of the old. They are from the busy homemaker, the active club woman and the business man.

Here are a few of the letters that have come to the editor's desk.

FROM RUINED POLAND

THIS homesick message is from the American wife of a teacher in Poland:

"Here is one of your former friends and readers of THE DELINEATOR.

"I left the United States in September, 1920, where I had lived all my life in Detroit, Michigan. I followed my husband, who took up a position as superintendent of schools in the city of Kalisz (Kalisz). Kalisz is a city that had been the most bombarded and ruined in Poland during 1914.

"Despite the great loss, the national spirit did not change and it is wonderful to watch the people here and to help rebuild and change the old compulsive system to the better, free, American way. Americans are greatly respected here and their advice eagerly sought.

"I miss our American publications and especially I miss THE DELINEATOR.

"Due to the small value of Polish money in exchange for American money, according to my husband's monthly salary out here, at present value, it will take one-fourth of his salary for one year's subscription to THE DELINEATOR."

Poland has her teachers'-pay problems.

AND PEKING!

THIS letter from an American traveler in Peking, China, dropped out of the mail-bag recently.

In your Midsummer issue you quote a verse, saying you do not know whose is the credit. The verse is:

"When the whole blamed world seems gone to pot,
And business on the bum,
A two-cent grin and a lifted chin
Help some, my boy, help some."

I can tell you the author. He is totally blind and almost totally deaf, with no hope of any change. He earns his living by securing advertisements for the *Outlook for the Blind*, published in Boston. He has written a number of jingles, and while the one you quote may not be great poetry it has its uses. His name and address are: Clarence B. Mudge, Esq., 10 Province Court, Boston, Mass.

THIS BLIND MAN'S PHILOSOPHY

WE WROTE to this blind man, whose answer began "How cheerful vibrations do vibrate!" He tells us he is living quite alone with his dog Zuke, and he adds:

"A Boston blind man has a dog, one of those cultured Towsers,
That's so well bred and fine, 'tis said, he never pants;
he trousers."

AND AN ORIENTAL'S AMBITION

WE WONDERED what globe-trotter or American-far-from-home gave this poor Oriental a copy of THE DELINEATOR. Smile at the English

and then try to find somebody who could ask in Chinese for a box of tea or some other native product.

HONoured SIR: Most humbly and respectfully I beg to state that I am in want of learning full course of tailoring. I hope that your honour will be kind enough to call me under your kind control or send me the course so as I would use or learn easily and your honour will be kind enough to give me the information about the fees because I am poor man and family man and it is very hard to live on my wages and nobody is to help except God and your honour and all world knows that the American are merciful and preserver. Awaiting favorable reply, I beg to remain, sir,

Your M. G. Servane,
MIAN GUL AHMED,
Galan Post, Kota Bharu, Kalantan.

Ambitious Ahmed, we value Butterick patterns very highly, but we wonder if you are making blue-and-yellow pajamas and green-and-gold kimonos for your fashionables, or are you struggling with the mysteries of draped skirts and sleeveless gowns?

AND RIGHT AT HOME—

OUR attention is called to a great need by Miss Mary Adelaide Nutting, Professor, Department of Nursing and Health, Columbia University:

During the recent war Dr. S. Josephine Baker, head of the Bureau of Child Hygiene of the Health Department of Greater New York, made and proved the statement that "it is nine times safer to be a soldier in the trenches than a baby in the cradle."

The world is waking up. A demand has come for experts, not only to care for those already ill, but to teach people who are well the things they must do to stay well.

Upon whom does this duty fall? Upon the public-health nurse—the school nurse, the industrial nurse, the maternity nurse, the social-service nurse who visits the homes.

But just as the world is beginning to see the value of this sort of thing—just as governments are beginning to realize that it is cheaper to keep people well than to take care of them in asylums and homes—the world is confronted by the tragic fact that there is no one to do the work. There are not enough nurses. There is not enough money to teach enough women to become nurses. One of the signs of the times is the appeal of the Johns Hopkins Hospital School of Nursing for a fund of one million dollars to carry on its work. Until now schools of nursing have "got along" somehow on the money allowed them out of hospital budgets after other needs have been paid for.

FROM Bengal, India, the land of tigers and turbans, of jewels and silks and sandals, comes a poem about Butterick patterns:

TO BUTTERICK PATTERNS: AN APPRECIATION BY THEODOSIA J. THOMPSON

OF THE phrases made historic by poetic adaptation
Of the meter to the meaning, and association old,
There are few touch life so closely, few so metrically perfect,
As "The triple perforation on the lengthwise fold."

"Triple perforation"—the syllables go dancing,
Hear the tissue-paper rustle as the pattern is unrolled!
See the dainty dots and gashes in the creamy, filmy substance—
"The triple perforation on the lengthwise fold!"

"The lengthwise fold"—'tis a sadder, graver measure;
The material lies waiting for the touch of scissors cold,
Patiently submits as you pin the paper to it—
"The triple perforation on the lengthwise fold."

I have heard the phrase in Lebanon; I've heard it by the Hudson;
In India's steaming jungles; on her Himalayas cold;
In the sunny ways of Durban; in the mists of Merrie England—
"The triple perforation on the lengthwise fold."

We hear the phrase in childhood; we use it through our lifetime;
And if in spirit regions we wear raiment (as we're told)
I am sure that we shall murmur as we fashion robes celestial,
"The triple perforation on the lengthwise fold."

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 22

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AN APOLOGY FOR BURGLARS

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "A Man for the Ages," "Eben Holden," etc.

THE last time I visited Mark Twain I found, on a placard over a mantel, an address to prospective burglars. So I have written to be hung in my hall with a light above it, to be kept burning after hours, this notice:

TO THE NEXT BURGLAR

Please excuse this barren waste. It has been a bad year and the fact is, others in your line got here first. You will find the family jewels in a pill-box on a shelf in the tall clock. All that is left of the silver is in a small wallet on the dining-room mantel. There is a good piano in the parlor and an unfinished novel on the desk in the study. If you conclude to take either or both, do it with as little noise as possible. Do not start to read the novel as, being short of help, we do not like to have burglars stay for breakfast. If after looking the ground over you wish to leave something for the children's Christmas, put it in the vase on the parlor table.

These days we hear much complaint of burglars and highwaymen. It only provokes bitterness. We forget that their trade has a large and growing membership. The time has come when we must consider the burglar vote. Then, too, I would not have you forget that the trade is improving. It is growing more and more respectable. There was a neighborhood I knew in my youth that was noted for the number and flavor of its polecats. It was rocky, barren land near the big woods. A fellow of the name of Bill Sniffles moved on a farm there. A year or so later I went into that country fishing and met Bill. He was a sight. He stood as still as a tree, looking down at me. He had a full top of hair and whiskers, but his bark looked as if it had been gnawed by horses.

"How are you getting on with the polecats?" I asked.

"Wall, sir, when I first came here I despised 'em," said he. "They stole my chickens an' it wasn't safe to go out nights. By an' by I begun to steal chickens myself. Had to or die, an' ye know the nearer I got to the polecat level, the better polecats looked to me. They've growed kind o' respectable. They don't come around here no more. I guess it's because they feel above me or maybe they're scared o' my looks."

SO YOU see that respectability is largely a matter of comparison. Sometimes I have dared to think that if we could place the burglar against his proper background and surround him with people in allied trades, our bitterness would be softened. He is an unobtrusive person. Consider his methods:

While the family is at dinner, he enters their home and does it in a way to create as little disturbance as possible. He comes in by the second story. He doesn't even wake the baby or the police. He allows them to keep on resting. Moreover he is careful not to take anything of which we are in much need. He does not take our food or clothing. Nobody is going to be hungry or cold by reason of his act. He grabs a few jewels that are doing very little good and quietly steals away. Of course he resorts to violence, if necessary, but he doesn't seek it. He tries to avoid that. If some lady talks too much, he gags her. It isn't gentlemanly, but we have all seen moments when we felt like doing the very same thing. If you find fault with his work, it is quite possible that he may kill you. That is bad, I grant you, but there are worse things that can happen to one.

I know an old lady, friendless and quite alone and almost penniless. She has been heard to say that she would think it good fortune to be dead. Years ago her father left her a large amount of stock in one of the most valuable and conservative properties in America. It fell into dishonest hands and was looted by men ostensibly respectable; and thousands of women like her have been living in the valley of despair and eating the bread of poverty. The burglar is not so bad!

Of late, in many cities, the busy highwayman has been holding up bank messengers at the point of a pistol. He is no gentleman. I am willing to admit that; but we should not get excited about him or the burglar. They are merely symptoms of something far worse; they are like a pain which is not nearly so important as the condition which produces it. Turn your eyes from him to men like Brindell and his legions, who have held up the building trades in many cities, threatening them, not with death at the point of a pistol, but with paralysis and ruin. Because of their crimes, what a host of men, women and children are practically homeless or paying the toll of extortion, month by month, to keep a roof over their heads in the Winter's cold.

The highwayman has never been so low in getting his. He takes what you may happen to have with you at the moment. He does not and could not and probably would not put a tax on you and your children for years. That is going too far. He is not so indecent. He is on a higher plane and, as I have said, he is only a symptom—a symptom of moral disease, of bad government in the cities where he finds continuous and uninterrupted success, a government in which the defenders of law and order are indifferent or inefficient or both.

Many things have happened to exalt the calling of the burglar, just as some things have happened to exalt the calling of the polecat. A young man of an excellent family, who was with our Expeditionary Forces in France, tells me that often when freight-cars were side-tracked near his regiment, they went and broke into the cars and helped themselves to their contents—shoes, clothing, blankets and the like. What a lovely school for burglars!

RUSSIA seems to have become a permanent school of the bloody arts of burglary and highwaymanship. Two well-known bandits have seized the reins of government and slain and robbed and imprisoned and terrorized the only people in the land who had property and opinions. The rest are mere children—a hundred and some millions of them—with about the intelligence of the average American boy of nine. They can not read or write. They are without knowledge save of a dull, monotonous routine like that of a bee. They see not beyond the day in which they live. They are as fickle as childhood, as gentle and as strong as oxen. You could buy the devotion of most of them with a stick of candy, and the devotion would last no longer than the candy. They have not character enough to be true to a leader when he arrives; so he is presently betrayed and slaughtered. Yet we are told that the Russian situation must take care of itself, and I suppose it must, but meanwhile the civilized world beholds the spectacle of two bandits and their armed assistants holding up a race of helpless infants and robbing it not once but every day.

I am no pessimist. The world will, by and by, right itself, but just now it is not in a healthy condition. America is losing its old spirit. Do we not find everywhere an overvaluation of money? Isn't the dollar a bit above par with us? Have not the best of our young men been absorbed by the growing demands of a growing commerce? Where are the great, unselfish souls who spoke with the tongues of men and of angels in behalf of liberty and human rights? We see them no more, but men as able as they are still with us. They have gone into business, lured by the appeal of wealth. Some of them are speaking with the tongue of great generosity for charity and human welfare. That is good. But what we need is not generosity but justice and security and inspiration.

They tell us that the arts of the poet and orator are dead. Then the spirit of man is losing or has lost its noblest vision. How may we restore it? By getting busy with the young in the home and in the schools.

I WANT to see in every large school a special department calling the boys and girls to public service. Let them take a solemn pledge of allegiance to the Republic and forswear the love of wealth. Let them understand that they are preparing to be a kind of priesthood of the State; that their portion is to be honored and loved even by strangers, not to be enriched.

I would call them the Sons of Lincoln and the Daughters of Lincoln. I would organize them into a small school legislature in which they would learn parliamentary practise and the management of important details of school discipline. I would have little conventional teaching—no humdrum, soporific text-books—just live and simple talk by good men and women designed to fill the boys and girls with the high spirit of our great martyr. Little by little, I would lead them into the understanding of statecraft.

I should look for no immediate and astonishing results. It would only create an environment, an atmosphere, an impulse favorable to a common spirit of unselfish devotion. Perhaps among the poor lads, now and then, we should find an Al Smith or once in a generation an Abe Lincoln.

The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord. We must keep the candle burning or our democracy will be lost in the darkness and our commerce be turned to spoils and plunder.



Rachmaninoff himself chose the Victor

Rachmaninoff knows music. Knows how to compose it, how to play it—and how it should be reproduced. It is significant that the great composer-pianist in the light of previous experience has chosen to associate himself with the other famous artists of the world who make records for the Victor.

Hear Rachmaninoff's Victor Record of Debussy's "Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum" played on the Victrola and you hear the great pianist exactly as he wishes you to hear his own work.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J.



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VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.
Camden, N. J.

WHAT DID *THEIR* ELDERS SAY?



MRS. HAMMOND

PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS
NATIONAL GALLERY, WASHINGTON



LADY REID

PORTRAIT BY GEORGE ROMNEY
CLEVELAND MUSEUM



AMY SIDDON

PORTRAIT BY THOMAS SULLY
WORCESTER MUSEUM



MRS. SAMUEL CUTTS

PORTRAIT BY JOSEPH BLACKBURN
COURTESY OF R. C. & N. H. VOSE



SALLY BASS

PORTRAIT BY JOHN JOHNSTON



MRS. MARY SICARD DAVID

PORTRAIT BY THOMAS SULLY
CLEVELAND MUSEUM

WE HAVE been asked by readers who saw in a recent *DELINEATOR* the lovely picture of a young girl of to-day posed before an eighteenth-century portrait of a woman in the more than generous décolletage of her era, if that *grande dame's* costume was typical of her time. The magazine thereupon gathered many portraits of the Puritanical eighteenth century, a few of which are reproduced on this page. They speak for themselves.

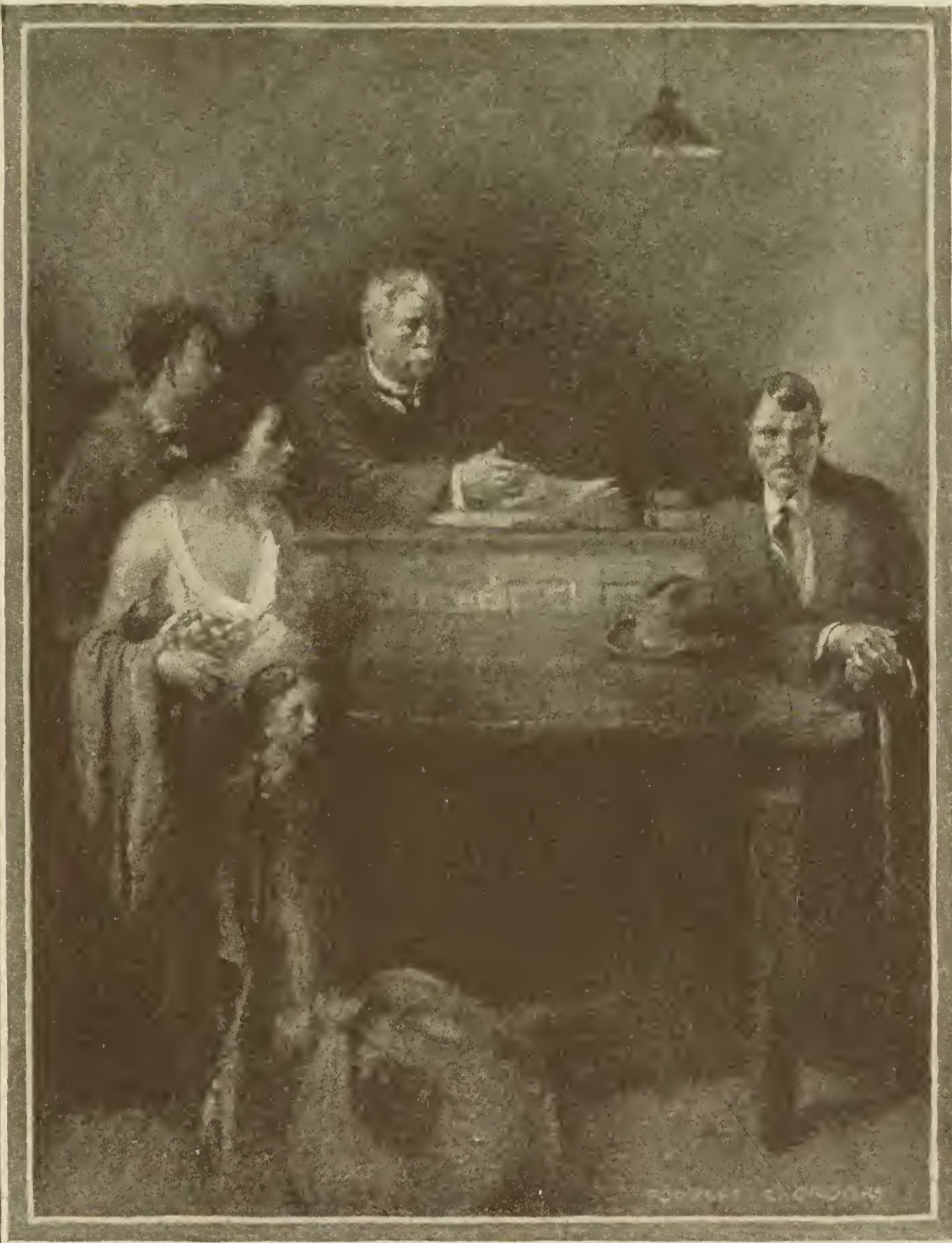
What, in its final analysis, is modesty in dress? The multiple wives of the Eastern harem veil their faces when they go upon the street, but are they more modest than the singular wife of the Western home who contents herself with a hair-net and lets it go at that? The whole subject of dress is as complex as woman, as many-sided as civilization. Primarily a matter of physiology, it is influenced by physical, social and economic laws. The uni-

forms of our war-time conductorettes would have scandalized our great-grandmothers who lived in an age when there was no economic place for a woman outside the home, no tremendous shortage of man-power to force women into men's work and men's working-clothes.

No untruer word was ever said than the old adage that times change. They do not. We will always have youth—lovely, lawless and reckless, with its passion and perversity, its mystery and sorcery, with its quest for beauty, its irresistible though often only half-understood sex-urge toward self-adornment, and its impatience of all restraint.

Side by side with youth we will always have the criticism of the caprice, the provocation and the enticement of the dress of youth from those whose mating period has passed and whose youth is dead.





IF YOU LIKE DRAMA, TRY THE DOMESTIC-RELATIONS COURT. YOU'LL BE SURPRISED AT THE NUMBER OF HAPPY ENDINGS. HERE RECONCILIATIONS ARE PREFERRED TO CONVICTIONS AND A HAPPY ISSUE OUT OF ALL THE AFFLICTIONS THAT MATRIMONY MAY BRING

THE COURT OF HAPPY ENDINGS

BY GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

EVERY day except Sunday, from the time the housewife first thrusts her towel-turbaned head out of the window to sniff the day's savor until the shopkeepers in the neighborhood have closed their doors for the night, a steady stream of women and men and children surge in and out of certain court-houses in several of our larger cities. The women, young, middle-aged and old—most of them with babies in their arms, children clinging to their skirts or other young lives on the way—are of all types and nationalities. There is the Slav, high of cheek-bone, narrow of chin, her luxuriant hair drawn into a graceful knot at the nape of the neck; the Italian, sloe-eyed and olive-skinned, with her sleek hair coiled in a coronal; the Scandinavian woman, blue-eyed and crimson of cheek and lip, blond and vigorous; the colleens fresh from Ireland, whose eyes rival the June sky and whose locks the raven's wing. There are sallow women from the Ghetto, rose women from the lane called Broadway, hatless women, gaily millinered women, women with dark shawls drawn over their heads and

shoulders, women with bright scarfs draped about them, ragged women, tawdry women, shabby women, few of them rich women, most of them poor women, but all of them sad women. Sisters in sorrow, they seek the common grail of a common justice.

The men, too, are heterogeneous—from all walks and from all countries—ragged and unkempt, neat and clean, well-to-do and smug. Brothers in transgression, their eyes mirror not the shadows of sorrow, but the darker clouds of defiance. For this court is the Domestic Relations or Family Court, and these men are the shirking husbands and sons whose sins of omission are the source of that never-ending line of disillusioned wifehood and motherhood.

To the casual observer there is humor in these women who have the persistence to bring their men to time. To those who take life more seriously there is a poignant pathos. But underneath the humor and the pathos which are its outward aspects the Family Court is performing a deep and far-reaching human service. It is not merely a court of law where husbands and wives may air their differences for settlement. It is a laboratory in the science of marriage, and from its experience it is formulat-

ing a working principle whose adequate application can not fail to work wonders in social and public economy. Already its "fields are white with harvest." Wherever these courts or their supplements, Domestic Relations Bureaus, flourish, there we find not only a saving in the city funds, but a salvage in human health and life and an economy in the modes and demands of living.

In New York City last year, according to the reports of Judge Francis X. Mancuso and Chief Probation Officer Alfred Cooley, \$1,500,000 was collected from delinquent husbands and sons and turned over to their wives and mothers who thus were enabled to look after their families, instead of becoming public charges at a cost of a dollar a day to the city for each dependent. The average American family, according to census standards, is composed of father, mother and four children. Eliminating the father, we have eleven thousand multiplied by four at a dollar a day, which, had the city been compelled to look after them, would have meant an outlay of \$44,000 a day for such time as they were without means of support. This was money collected from men who, without a specialized court to regulate their conduct, might either

Continued on page 37



*Actual photograph of gown **after** washing with Ivory Flakes.*

This gown with statement of original owner on file in the office of The Procter & Gamble Company.

Would you think this gown was photographed after washing?

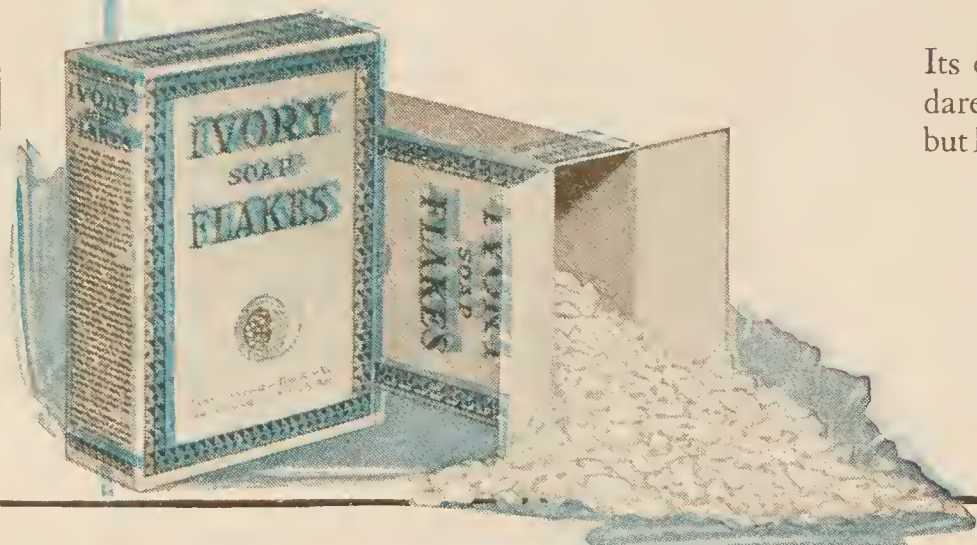
Send for free sample with instructions for the care of delicate garments. Address Section 17-EF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Yes, it was washed — in soap and water — after it had been worn and cleaned several times — and it came from the suds as you see it in the picture; flesh silk, flesh chiffon, printed white georgette crepe and white silk lace as charming as ever.

she could trust it to the Flakes, because they are genuine Ivory Soap, the purest soap that can be made, flaked for instant, easy, rubless hand-laundering.

Its owner says that she would not have dared to wash such a gown with anything but Ivory Flakes. She knew, however, that

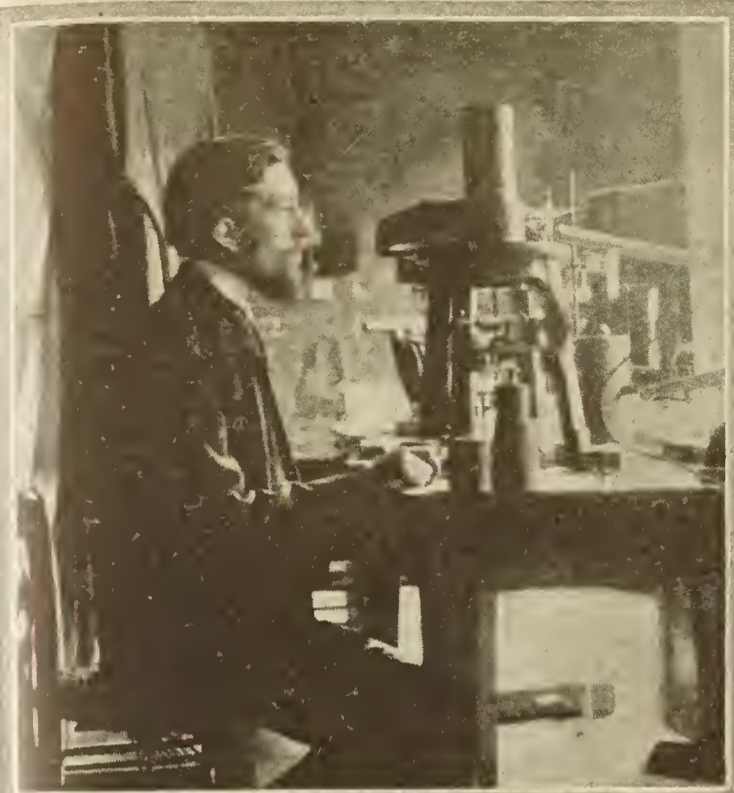
So long as Ivory Flakes washes harmlessly such a frock as this, you may be sure that it is absolutely safe for the blouses, lingerie, and other dainty garments that require frequent washings.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer





MADAME CURIE

HOW RADIUM IS EXTRACTED

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT

MADAME CURIE must have spent more than one hundred thousand dollars to obtain the speck of radium compound with which she once electrified the world, and the pictures on this page show her comparatively crude apparatus.

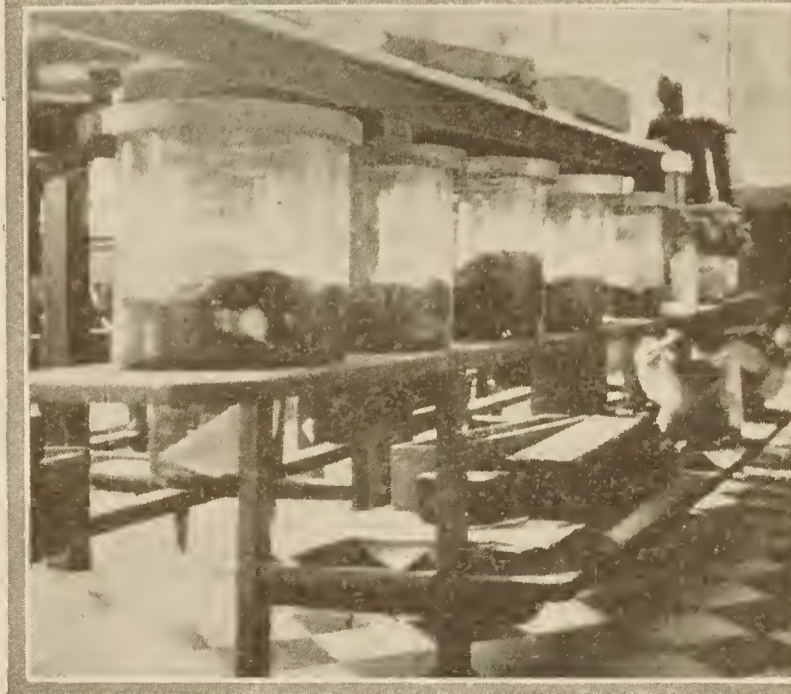
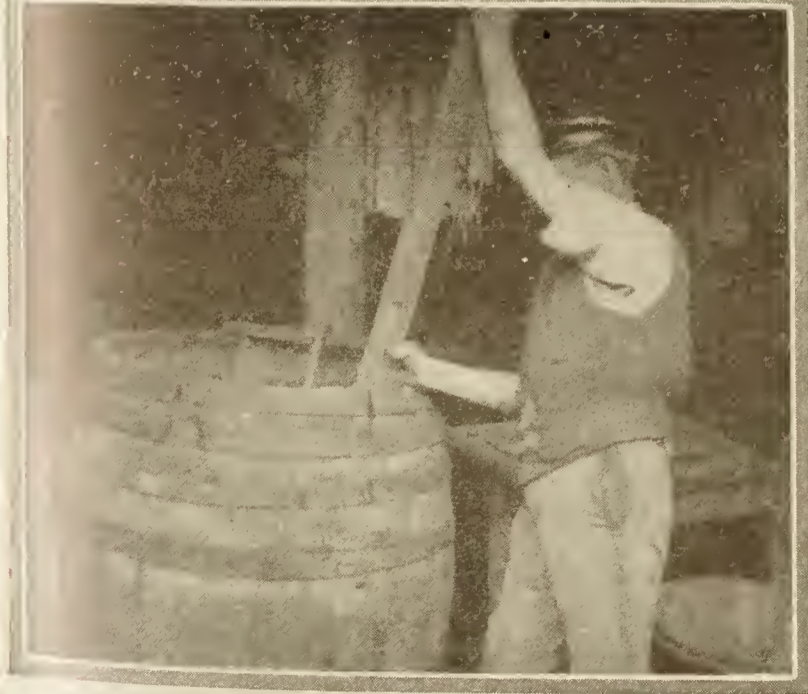
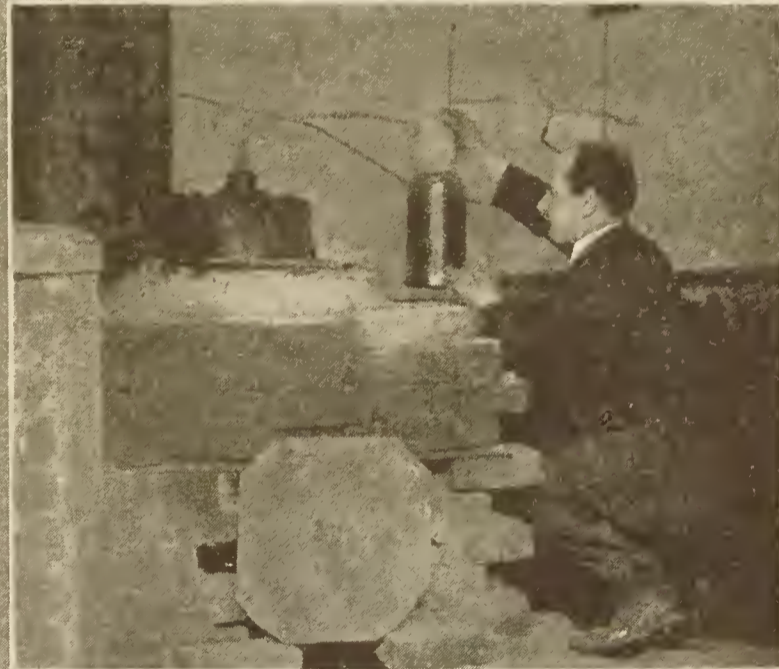
Madame Curie's radium came from pitchblende, a highly complex ore, but the huge radium-reduction laboratories of to-day start with the carnotite of Colorado, the autunite of Portugal and Tonkin, or certain rare minerals of Madagascar. The average ton of ore contains about one-one-hundredth of a gram of radium and a gram is about a thimbleful.

This means that the amount of radium compound usually supplied to physicians in little tubes, three and one-half inches long and one-quarter inch in diameter, has been reduced from about ten tons of ore. In addition, the process has required three tons of hydrochloric acid, five tons of carbonate of soda, one ton of sulfuric acid and at least ten tons of coal, not to mention an electric or oil furnace. And time has been needed—a month of it.

The ore is crushed into powder, then a kind of lye is formed of it with strong acid, and this has to be treated with a weaker acid. The product is washed with hot distilled water.

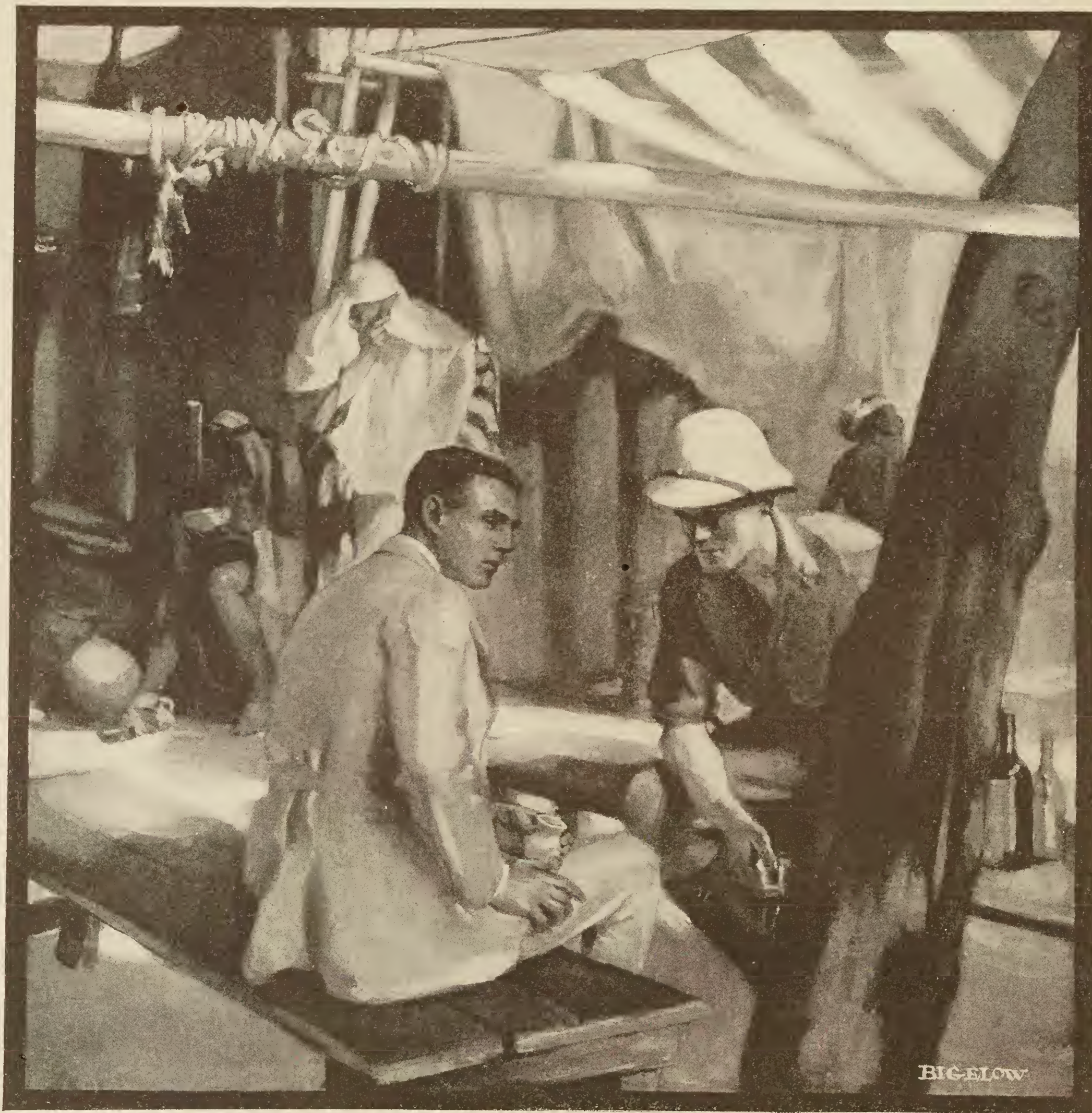
There are scores of operations after this and before the ten tons of ore are ultimately reduced to one hundred milligrams, the quantity ordinarily supplied to physicians, the various products must have been crystallized no less than five hundred times in order.

But if radium bromid answers medical requirements, why can not the process be simplified and some way be devised of obtaining it in ton lots? It can not be done. If a ton of radium could be obtained by some herculean process, the producer and his thousands of assistants would be killed before the last ounce had been piled up.



AT HEAD OF PAGE, THE LATE PIERRE CURIE (PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME). CRUDE VATS WHERE MADAME CURIE AND A FEW WORKMEN PRODUCED THE FIRST RADIUM

TO THE RIGHT IS SHOWN MADAME CURIE'S OLD LABORATORY AT VIVY, A SUBURB OF PARIS. BELOW, OTHER PROCESS ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE SIMPLE FIRST WORKING APPARATUS



"WHITE MEN HAVE GONE IN THERE, BUT THEY NEVER COME BACK," CONANT SAID

NO RETURN TICKET

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," "Down Among Men," etc.

One expects adventure in Africa. Young Cheverly got it, and with it a gorgeous fairy-tale of a love-story as thrilling as anything since Rider Haggard's "She"

A LEAN-FACED man of thirty sat alone under the awning on one of the benches in Carlotta's arrack-shop at Aden. His face was dark with tan and a bit grim. He had come up from Mombasa two or three days before, on the little coaster *Srin'asti*, and was supposed to be on his way back to New York, on extended leave, having put in twelve solid years of field-work in Africa. His name was Archer Conant. He was a planthunter, and very well known in his cult.

Thousands of times he had lain under the stars south of Aden and speculated without much feeling upon this time of possible return to New York. There was a steamer in two days more, yet he hadn't negotiated passage. Whatever lure New York had held seemed to have died out of his heart. It would be easier to go back to Mombasa. He shut his eyes now. The skin drums of the Somali herders beat through his brain . . .

He heard the swinging doors of Carlotta's arrack-shop behind him. This establishment had always interested him curiously—black and white and yellow men forever swishing in and out through those cane doors, with thirsts that never stayed quenched. There were men and women sprawling on the other benches, or men together; Conant sat alone. It was characteristic. He was alone in any company. For weeks or months afield with the best field-men, stretching blankets alongside, and still he had really been alone. It was a sort of doom with him since one rainy night back in New York, more than twelve years ago. His last night in America, and a face had looked up at him through the rain!

Many had found Archer Conant a brave man; some had found him grim, like his face; a very few had found the secret underneath, a tender and scarcely tellable thing. He was one of those silent chaps who give all or

nothing; who so often give all and lose, and move like an automaton the rest of their days—the deep print of one tragic shock forever unspoken, yet discernible in every feature and action. Conant had come to Africa actually hoping to end life quickly; but what most men would call luck pursued him through incredible adventures, keeping him alive and unhurt against any odds.

The cane door whipped the air again. A huge, erect young man passed Conant, glancing down; then strolled on beyond the boisterous crowd to the far end of the garden, only halting at the edge of the cliff. The young man's figure and face somehow meant America to Conant in his present musing—meant everything he had ever missed. This idea didn't come up into his thoughts abruptly, but leisurely settled as the other strolled back toward him along the cliff. Near by, he faltered as if in

indecision, then came forward to Conant's table with an embarrassed smile.

"Excuse me, but one of the Asiatics inside told me you had just come up from Africa——"

Conant nodded.
"Don't let me put you out in any way, but he said you had been in the heart of things down there for many years——"

The plant-hunter nodded again.
"Would you mind, some time at your leisure, if I asked a few questions? I'm on my way down there."

"Commercial enterprise?" Conant asked.

"No."
"Anything I can to help you. As you see, I am not rushed."

"Thank you much. I'm afraid it won't take long. I'm from Indianapolis. An old neighbor of mine back there—a crippled Cornishman, named Manningly—has told me a certain story about Africa, or parts of a story, off and on for ten years. I've listened, in fact, all the way up from knee-pants. He lost his brother in Africa long ago, more than twenty years ago, and he talks about it yet, when there's any one to listen. Most people think he is cracked a bit, but his story pulls me. I've come down to see about it. Maybe you can tell me if there's anything——"

CONANT smiled. The other had halted with a deprecatory look, not in the least unattractive.

"It's not much of a life-work," he said, "but it seems I had to get this straightened out before I really did anything else."

"The trouble with you," Conant said, "is that you've been hearing old Mammy Africa call. It wasn't all your old friend's story. It's Africa herself. Tell me about yourself. We'll get to the old man later."

Conant watched covertly as the other talked. The figure was clean-cut, in spite of size. The tints and arcs that belong to the face of youth were not entirely rubbed away. Hands and gestures of a gentleman; eyes straight, with a laugh in them; head well held, nothing street-bred about the neck and shoulders, a young man accustomed to athletics as well as school. His name was Cheverly.

"Your idea is that I may straighten you out on the old Cornishman's African story?" Conant said at last.

"Just that."

"What do you want to know first?"

Cheverly looked as if he were about to play a big stake. "Did you ever hear of the valley of the Whispering Ravines in Africa?" he asked slowly.

"Yes."
"You did? Gad!"

He spoke the last with devout relief.
"Yes," Conant said. "Two of our men, Fife and Blackstone, plant-men, went in as far as that within the last year, and found the great blooms, the great orchids I mean, *Espiritu Santo* and *Madre de Dios*, supposed to be half legendary. They told a very attractive story."

CHEVERLY was leaning forward now. "Did you ever hear of a tribe of natives in there, farther than the Ravines, called the Ichitis?"

"Yes."
"Then the old man was straight."

"Straight, so far. What else did he have to say?"

"A lot. He said that the Ichitis were a queer 'gray' outfit of mountain people away in there under the equator, after you come to the Whispering Ravines. He was in there with his brother twenty years ago, traveling with an English hunting-party—Sir Gunnison Swope, or some name like that. They were after big game—lions and rhino and elephant. For days they had been within sight of mountains. Again and again he told it—just how the day looked, the hour, the lay of the land where he was, where his brother was, where the rest of the party was stationed and all the native beaters—when seven or eight little black men, flecked with gray—very silent and all pulling together—ran between him and his brother, who was a young giant in size. They didn't want him; they only wanted his brother. In fact, they pushed him back, but he fought his way into the midst of them, as they carried the brother forward at a run. Finally they turned upon him as he raised his rifle. It was struck from his hand. He was dropped with the blow of a club."

"When he came to, his hunting-party had found him. He related what had happened, and some of the native bearers came forward with the information that his brother had been taken over by the Solitary People—called the Ichitis. There was no use searching, they said. The city of the Ichitis was in the heart of the mountains, a trail not to be followed by mortal man. Just the same, Sir Gunnison made an attempt to rescue Manningly. His party encountered terrible suffering of thirst on a big sun-burned plateau. Finally the survivors reached the Ra-

vines on the way back, and started in to Mombasa, all except the old man; that is, my old friend in Indianapolis. He wouldn't leave. Now this story gets harder to remember—a jumble of African tribes and all that. You see, he stayed around that country for a long time, trying to organize native rescue-parties among the different tribes, but not one would make the attempt for any kind of money. The tribes in there have no use for the Solitary People. Sometimes he called them that; sometimes the Mountain People."

Cheverly talked on:

"As near as I can understand, he went all around the Ichiti nation—that is, around the mountain-ranges in which they live, trying to get in. No white man ever got next to a whole lot of blacks as this Manningly did. Away back of the mountains he found an unexplored jungle country—little black men in there no one else ever heard of, called the Boangans. Did you?"

Conant shook his head.

"That's what he said," Cheverly went on. "No one ever heard of them but him. They're on the other side of the mountains where the Ichitis are. But even the Boangans wouldn't help him get into the Ichiti nation. The more Manningly learned about the Ichitis, the more they haunted him. They seemed sort of riding his mind when he talked to me. You see, he was crippled and couldn't go back to Africa. The strange part to me is the Ichitis didn't seem bloodthirsty. The other natives say they're not cannibals."

Conant liked the boy as well as the story. The latter might have happened exactly. No one, to his knowledge, had ever gone over the mountains.

"And what are you going to do when you get down there?" he asked.

CHEV laughed. "Don't know yet, but I've got to see it through," he said. "What have you heard about the Ichitis?"

"White men have gone in there, but they never come back," Conant said. "That's the word about the Ichitis among my friends in Africa: To go into the Ichiti country means *no coming back!*"

He had spoken the last with queer inflection, meanwhile studying the boy's face.

"That's what old Manningly impressed upon me," Cheverly said. "No return ticket."

Continued on page 48



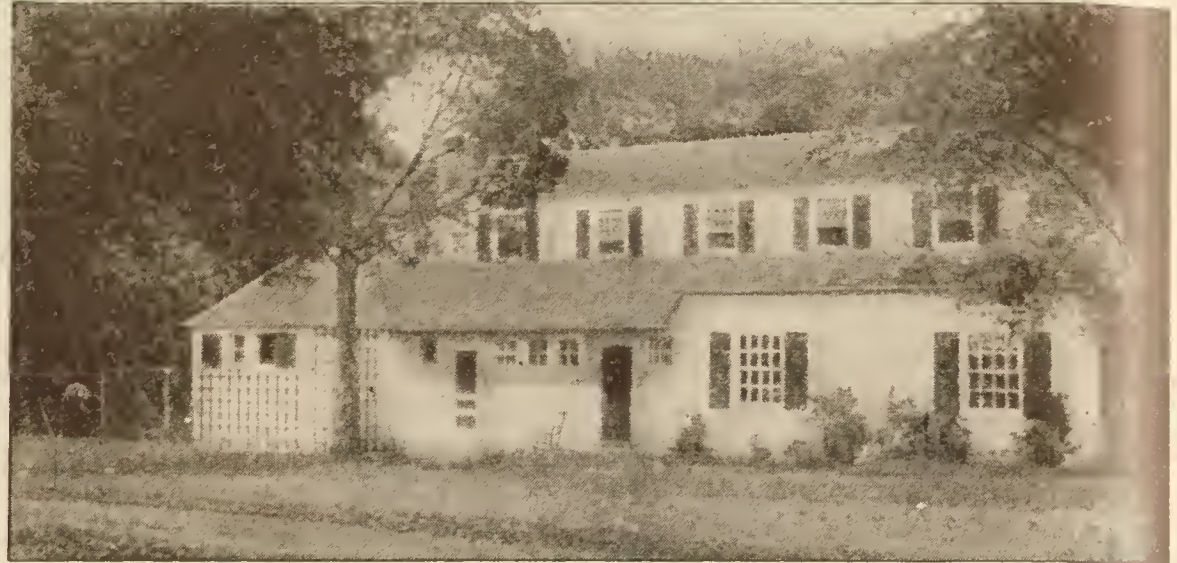
MORE FIGURES APPEARED FROM THE THICKETS, CLOSING IN UPON THEM

FROM BARN OR SHACK: A HOME

SUCCESSFUL AND ECONOMICAL REMODELING



THIS BARN WAS NOT SO BAD, BUT THE HOUSE MADE FROM IT, AT THE RIGHT, IS A BEAUTY



LIKE A BUTTERFLY FROM THE GRUB, THIS EX-BARN (SEE OPPOSITE)

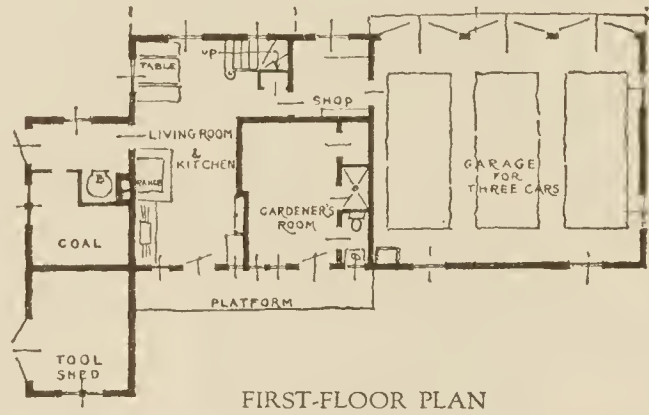
THIS house was originally an old barn, and has been converted into a garage and residence. The exterior was of vertical clapboard covered with battens and the alteration of the exterior consisted only in the addition of adequate dormers, changing the windows, and the introduction of dormers and hood over the entrance to diversify the exterior.

The result is a distinctly modern and very attractive home. The architect who wrought the changes, Mr. Aymar Embury 2d, has the following advice to offer *DELINEATOR* readers who contemplate rebuilding:

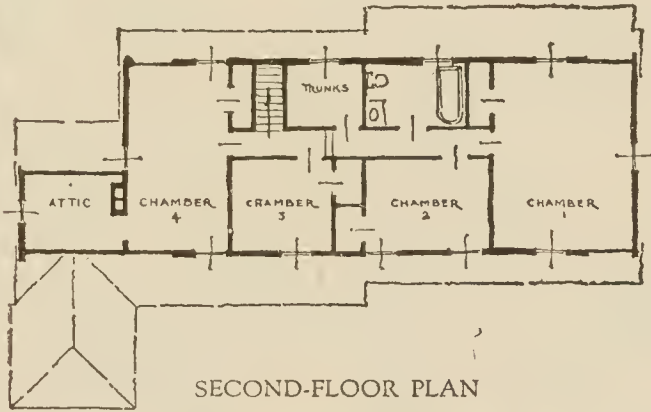
"I would strongly advise any one contemplating the purchase of a house and its alteration to get his architect to go over the house with him before he concludes its purchase; he may escape very serious difficulties in repair or remodeling. Your architect can tell you whether what you want accomplished is simple or complicated, and how the cost of the house and its alteration will compare with that of other houses you have seen with their alterations. If a house needs much done, don't buy it: it is not worth while to buy trouble because it is cheap. An important factor in determining your choice will be how anxious you are for external beauty. There are many ugly old houses which can be made comfortable very easily, but beautiful only with difficulty and at great expense; and if you are particular about what your house is to look like, the general shape and proportions both of the mass of the building and of its detail are of first importance. Most ugly houses can be transformed—at a price—and some with surprising ease, but occasionally one is discovered which resists every effort of the architect, and must be left alone if looks are any consideration.

"There is one house only a block or so from my own home which I have struggled with three times; and each time unsuccessfully. The last time the owner and I, working together, put up a gallant fight, but when we surveyed the field I felt compelled to tell him that he had better build a new house, for the few changes in the interior and the improvements contemplated on the outside had resulted in drawings calling for the change of nearly all interior partitions, and the rebuilding of all but half of one side of the exterior walls. We had saved the cellar and some of the roof.

"Yet that house was not an aggressively ugly house to begin with. In fact, it just fell short of being an attractive one both inside and out, but its original de-



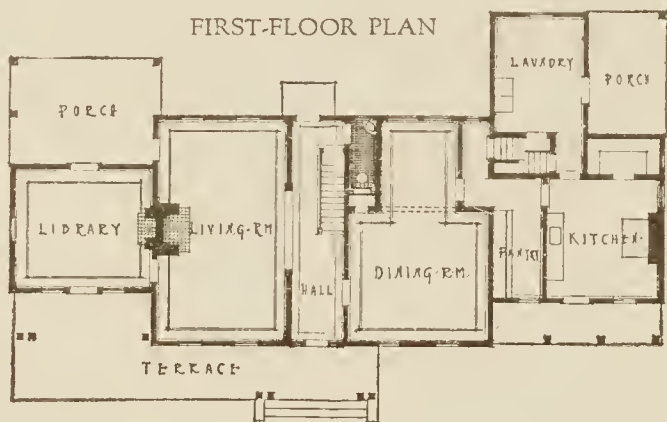
FIRST-FLOOR PLAN



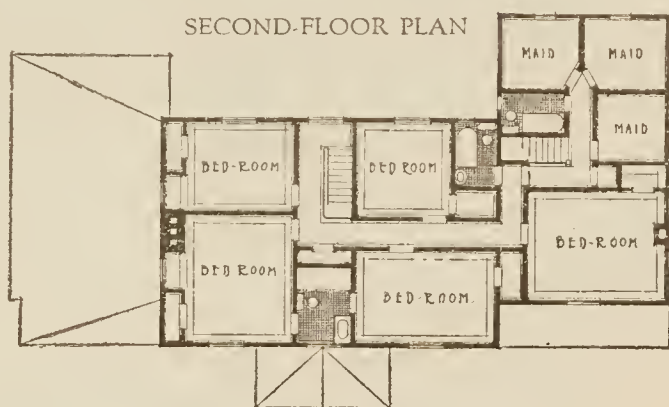
SECOND-FLOOR PLAN



ABOVE, A NICE LITTLE FARMHOUSE BUILT IN 1830; BELOW, A FINE RESIDENCE WROUGHT FROM IT NINETY YEARS LATER



FIRST-FLOOR PLAN



SECOND-FLOOR PLAN

signer had not been able to resist the temptation to make little off-sets in the walls and to use windows of a dozen different sizes and shapes in an effort to be picturesque.

"The easiest house to alter is the one which is a simple oblong block with a plain gable roof."

"TO INCREASE the comfort and convenience of the house, and adapt it to the requirements of the family which is to occupy it.

"While enhancing its beauty, to preserve the character and atmosphere of the dwelling.

"To achieve all this with less money than a new house would cost."

With gratifying success, Mr. Henry Busselle, architect, has attained these ends in the rebuilt farmhouse pictured in the lower half of this page. The transformation of the exterior tells its story almost at a glance. It was a modest farmhouse, built about 1830, and the old detail was preserved so far as possible. The front of the entire building was raised in order to provide more light for the bedrooms on the second floor. Casement windows were introduced, which allow for complete opening. Trellises were placed on the walls in such a way, as the architect says, "as to excuse the change of height." The old leaders were utilized.

The enlarged house, in its setting of fine old trees, possesses a character and distinction of its own. This is due in no small degree to its fine proportions.

Inwardly, the improvements have been very great. In the old house were two low, ill-ventilated bedrooms in the wing, and the division of space throughout was inconvenient, many of the rooms being much too small. One bedroom, down-stairs, became the library. Two parlors were merged in a big living-room. One of the wing bedrooms found itself a porch. A small porch replaced the veranda. But there is in the rebuilt house a fairly spacious veranda at the corner, with a railing of Colonial type. A tiny bedroom became a breakfast alcove opening from the dining-room. A storeroom was merged with the hall. These sweeping changes represent the transformation in the lives of the occupants in the past ninety years since the building was put up.

The cost of the alterations (in Westchester County, New York) was eight thousand dollars. A new house of equal convenience and charm would cost, by the architect's estimate, fourteen thousand dollars. These figures, of course, are apart from the lot, which does not come into the reckoning.

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE

BY W. L. GEORGE

Author of "Caliban," "Blind Alley," etc.



ABOVE Ralph Carway's head the languid light fell from the chandelier, so faint that it made dim the faces of the multitude that was gathered about him. He felt surprised by his own presence in this great hall, where, without intent, he had followed the crowds that struggled through the streets

of the black mining town. He had gone in with them, these men and women, in whom mystical excitement raised hoarse laughter, who shoved each other as they joined the assembly, rough as in a public house. Their emotion made them self-conscious; they shouldered one another brutally, made coarse jokes to convince themselves they were still men, to drive back into their secret being the souls of which they were ashamed.

Now they sat about him, crowded beyond the amphitheater into the upper gallery, where clustered men and women, so many that even round the pillars hung concretions of humanity, like swarms of bees. In the pale light of the chandelier, in the midst of the November night, the masses eddied in an uneasy movement, as if reluctantly participant in a mystery, pausing at its boundary. And in Ralph Carway's brain there rose a hot excitement.

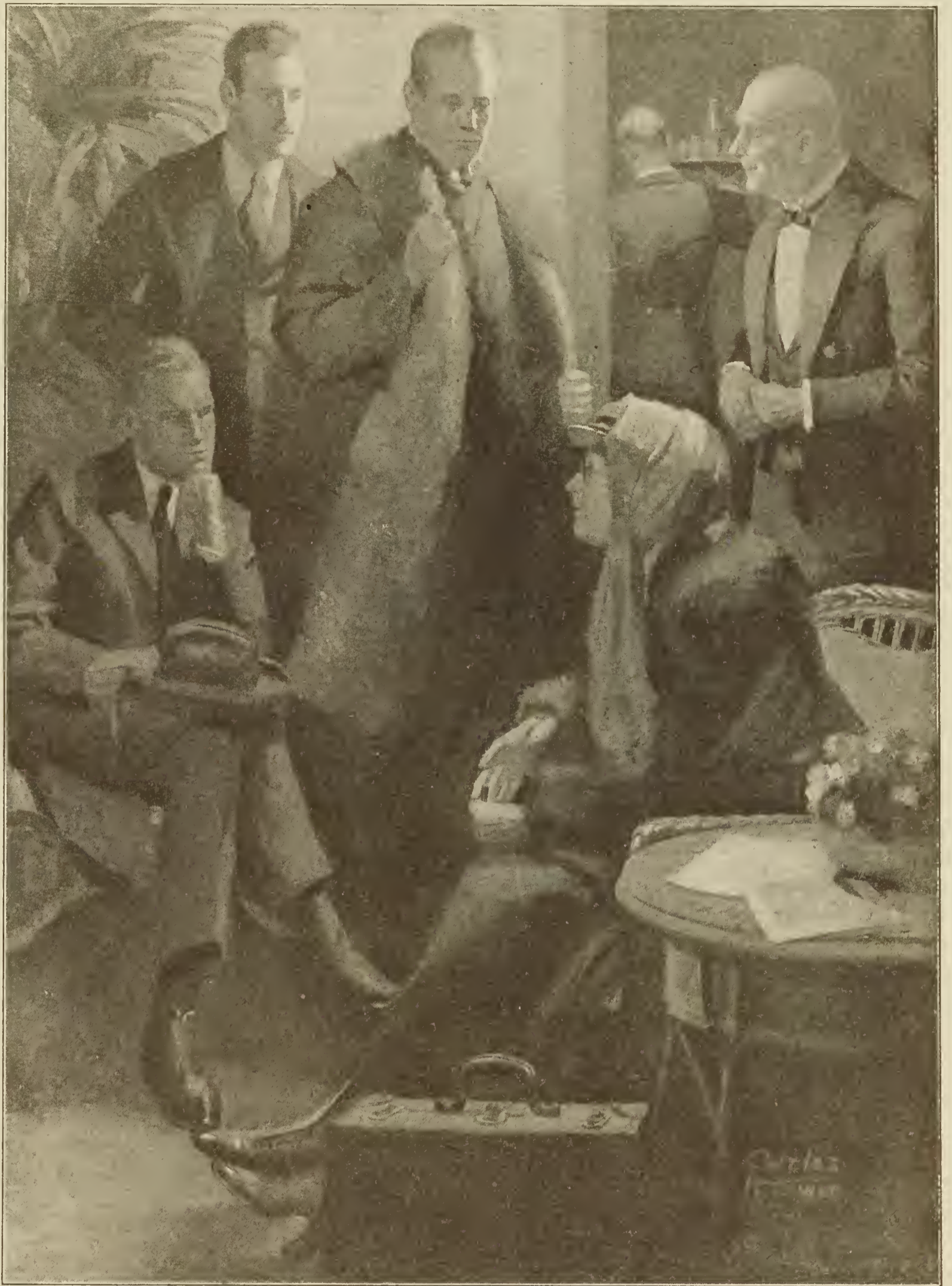
He was only twenty-one, just down from college, a rich, tall, handsome young man, with a wave in his fair hair; a young man who more naturally would have found himself in a London club than at a revival meeting. But two threads had drawn Ralph Carway into this company: One was the immense reputation of Evan Llanfaes, the young preacher who, as he went from town to town, left behind him a trail of tears; who went to a chorus of hopes and despairs, of impossible aspirations; who his dark, distended eyes fixed upon a goal visible to him, trod a path of broken and contrite hearts. Ralph Carway wanted to see this man who knew how to stir human agony into mystical desire.

Also, here was the second thread: he wanted for himself this ecstasy. His features, when one considered them again, were rather hard, and the eyes set close together. He was handsome, but metallic.

As he sat, suddenly the organ let forth its vast call. He was thrilled, his breath came quickly. An emotion akin to passion made his heart and his throat swell. His tongue could not take up the hymn that rose above him.

Suddenly, as if in preparation, the last of the speakers sat down. The organ pealed forth a strange song of exaltation, *vox humana* pleading to *vox celeste*, both pausing as the bourdon crashed forth. An electric tinkle of excitement went through Carway's head as he waited in the hush, dominated by that distant contest. Then it stopped, and for a second there was in the hall an emptiness of sight and sound, as if the great audience had been taken up by an invisible hand. In that hush a door opened, and a black figure, young, incredibly nimble, as if possessed, ran down the steps of the orchestra, fell against the rail, its eyes revulsed, its flat, black hair tumbled, its two bony white hands extended toward the assembly in a tortured gesture of self-offering and appeal.

Not a word came from him. Not the stirring of a body responded. Evan Llanfaes stood so, his still, white hands clutching at them, so agonized, so avid, that when at last his first words came, they proved a relief, almost an anticlimax to the terrible urgency of his attitude.



HE TOLD THE MANAGER THAT HIS CAR HAD BROKEN DOWN

When all was done, Ralph Carway tried to remember what Evan Llanfaes had said. He remembered neither argument, nor text, nor appeal save the last; he had only an impression of a voice whose softness continually melted into cries of passion; while Llanfaes from time to time fixed unseeing eyes upon a region too distant to be conceived, while always his hands came forward, blessing, entreating, tearing, Ralph Carway only knew that in him something intimate strove to escape, to fly, knew that some subtle fluid flowed from his body, to mingle itself with the passionate ether which exuded from the agonized lips that spoke for him, only for him. The young man's enchantment did not pass when, quite suddenly, toward the end of the address he realized that others about him were more completely stirred, that a woman near by had thrown herself upon her knees, and, her face buried in her hands, was loudly weeping. At last Carway discerned the cry of Llanfaes: "Come ere the night fall! Come ere the night fall!" he cried again, and unleashed the multitude: men and women arose in groups, weeping, crying out, babbling confused sins. And, as the voice stopped, in this atmosphere of pain and desire, Ralph Carway found himself on his feet and irresistibly taken toward the platform.

There, for a moment, he was alone in the presence of the revivalist. Then he came to know those dark-brown

eyes set in the large whites; then the voice mellow as a love-song said to him: "What is your name?" He was able to reply with a new ease, as if already the embarrassments of his humanity were fallen from him. He told Llanfaes who he was. The revivalist kept fixed upon Carway those enchaining eyes, and, when the young man had done, said: "What can I tell you except just this: Give all you have to the poor and follow the Light."

For a moment something rebelled in Carway. He wanted life, earth life. But death, that is life in another form, called him through the exquisite tones which wooed his ear. As Evan Llanfaes repeated, "Give all you have to the poor," Ralph Carway flung back his head; the look of ecstasy which had lain on the woman's face fell upon his features, as he whispered: "I will."

"MR. CARWAY," said the solicitor, hesitating, "I would not say this if I'd not been a friend of your father's all his life. But are you quite sure you want to do this?"

"Quite."
"I don't want to seem impertinent, but you'll allow me to point out to you that you're very young." A hint of hypocrisy came into the lawyer's voice. "I don't say that hospitals and missions are not worthy of all

the support we can give them—within our means. Any right-minded man would agree with you. But you're giving all you've got."

"Every penny," said Carway.

When it was done, Ralph Carway took up his hat, but the solicitor stopped him: "I say," he remarked, in a rather bluff tone, which contrasted with the velvet courtesy which he had until then thought due to a young man of great wealth, "what are you going to do?"

"Earn my own living."

"Let's try to be practical. You don't expect to be fed by the ravens, do you?" The tone grew almost rude, as the ink dried on the deeds. "I'll help you if I can. What would you like? A clerkship?"

"I've had no experience of offices."

"No, that's true. Is there anything you can do?"

"I can drive a car."

"Oh, that's no good. Every motorcyclist takes that up when he's out of a job. Still, ever made your own spare parts?"

"Yes. I'm a bit of a mechanic."

"All right. I'll give you a letter of introduction to a small engineering client of mine."

Ralph Carway thanked the lawyer and walked away. He was very happy. Dross had fallen from him, and he went light. Without guilt, without responsibility, just himself, owning only his clothes, he walked away through the town, smiling, desiring no companionship sweeter than that of his new-born soul.

WITHIN two days he was following the new life. Clad in a blue smock stained in many places with machine oil, his feet shod in canvas and cord, he stood behind the machine which he minded, feeding it with copper strips from which were punched the blanks out of which are shaped buttons. It was a thoughtless, easy job, a girl's job, given to him at the barest living wage to teach him his trade. Feeding the strip, keeping it straight, setting aside the waste, hour by hour, day by day. From time to time, as a relief, he sent a jet of oil between two cog-wheels. Hour by hour, until the whistle blew, and it was six, and time to go home. Hour by hour among forty machines, all clattering, all demoniac of voice, by the side of a belt that whirred, and, when he looked at it, dazzled him in its swift brown journey.

From time to time the foreman passed among the machines, an angry eye seeking negligence, a trained ear listening for the knock which betrays some badly oiled toggle-joint. But he found no fault with Carway, who had now been promoted to setting his own tools. The employer kept the young man's secret; but the foreman, whose business it was to judge men, realized in the soft-spoken youth something that daunted him, something soft, and yet harsh.

Thus, within a few weeks, Carway found that his life was flowing away without event or accident, and he was glad. His pay kept him alive, earned him his bed as a lodger in the house of a brass-finisher, where he shared a room with his landlord's two sons. He ate his crude but not unsatisfying meals; after supper smoked a pipe; read the morning paper; and slept until another day. One day was as another; he worked that he might eat; he ate that he might work. And a great ease was his; life was almost not life, so uniform and irresponsible.

In the fifth month of his work, when at last February had taken its chill from the earth; when March came, moist and sweet, it seemed as if there grew in Carway's being an unexpected unrest. He had a sudden impulse toward the green fields, and spent his Sundays in long walks in the country, where sometimes he hung over a stile, seeking the first primroses along the inner hedges. As the life of the earth revived, there arose in him a desire to mingle with it, to live like the earth. As the season grew warmer, as the loving tears of April bathed his face, a discontent seized him. The harshness that lay under his gentle ways came out. He had a quarrel with the foreman, who charged him with having broken a tool by improper setting. Ralph replied that the steel

was bad, and probably contained antimony. "Who do you think you are?" asked the foreman, "a — chemist?"

"No, but I know what I'm talking about."

"Do you? Well, keep it to yourself if you don't want to be heaved out of here at the end of my boot. See?"

The foreman walked away, furious, but as that day four more tools broke, the chemist analyzed the steel and told the foreman to scrap it, owing to its impurities, one of which was antimony. Then the foreman realized that his workman knew more than he, and began to hate him.

It was this atmosphere of growing suspicion and dislike

back to ordinary life, which he had just escaped. He turned away from them, but at last he had to listen because their argument was growing louder.

"I say, Muriel, how could the colonel see if they didn't leave the door open?"

"Oh, do shut it. Why didn't you buy a program?"

"It's you who wouldn't buy one."

In the sulkiness that ensued, Carway turned to his neighbor and said: "Would you like to see my program?"

She laughed nervously: "Oh, thanks. I couldn't read it in the dark."

"That's all right," said Carway, striking a match. A small, dark hand took the program, and two heads

the near one dark, the other chestnut, bent down to read. He had to strike three matches to light them, and, while he did so, he was disturbed by this contiguous femininity, by pretty dark hair with a crisp wave, a blunt nose, full lips, and a rather mischievous glance that lifted to him through black eyelashes. When he was thanked and took back his program, his hand for a moment touched hers. Receiving an unaccountable thrill, he asked himself why he knew only of the other girl that she had chestnut hair. The implication disturbed him.

THE silent girl by his side troubled him more than if she had chattered. She sat as if waiting, looking away from him. He could just see her eyes shine. She did not speak during the first interval, and when again the room was darkened it became a precise agony to sit so near to a creature so aloof. He even felt a crazy impulse to seize her. She must have perceived this, for during the second interval she suddenly turned to him, smiled, and apologized for needing the program again. He blushed. Civilities were exchanged. He said the room was hot. She, that she didn't mind heat, that she felt wretched in the winter.

With an awful sense of boldness, he pointed out that men felt the heat more because they wore stiff collars. And, as they went on, using phrases that contained no ideas, as they said to each other things that needed no saying, unconsciously their eyes were seeking one another, doubtful and pleased. They said that the band was very good, and thought: "Are you anything to me?"

Meanwhile, the girl with the chestnut hair performed the act of self-sacrifice due by every girl to her companion when the latter is in good fortune. She absorbed herself in signals to a friend in front; she made for the other two a little

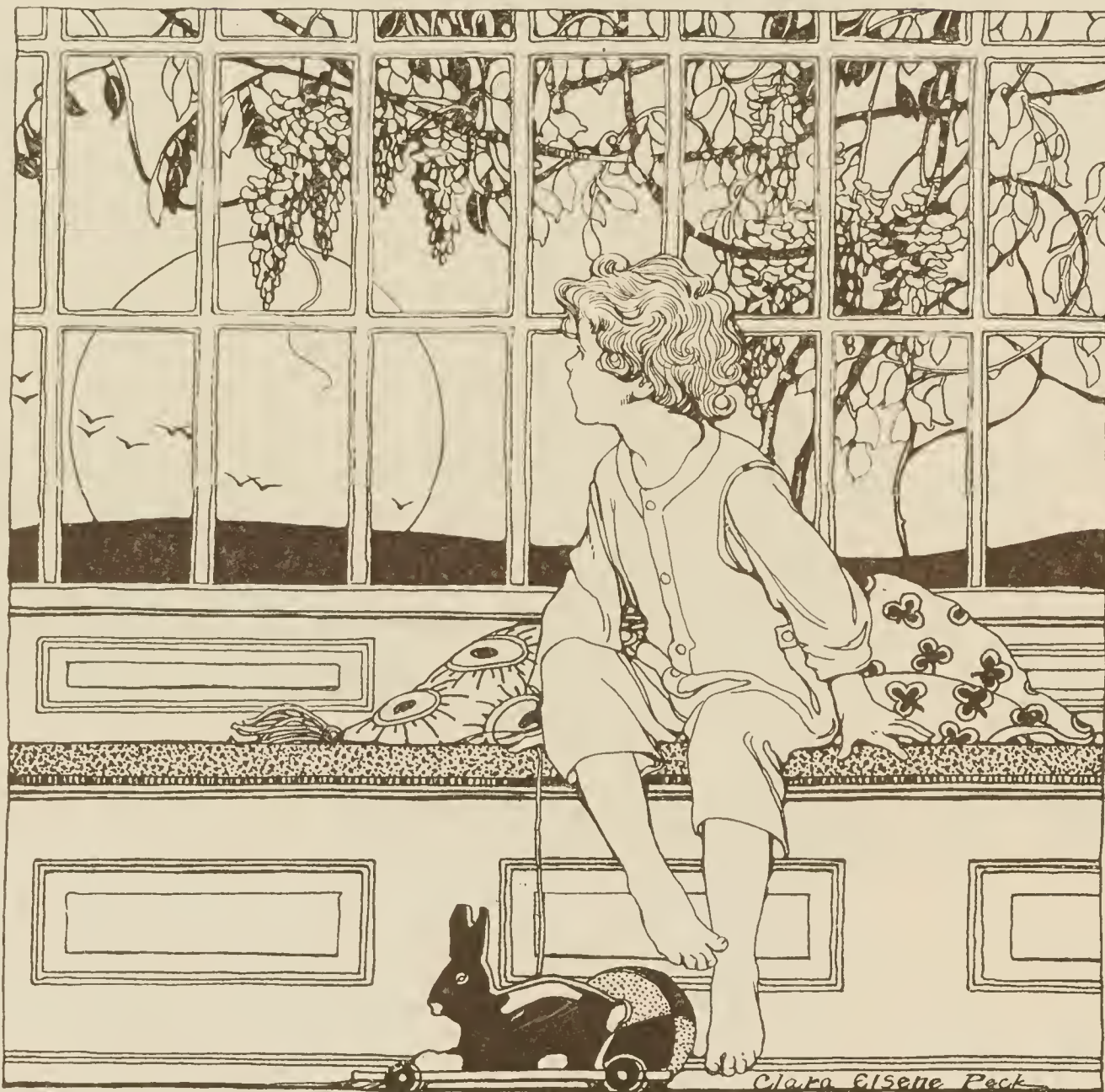
island of familiarity. Then again the dark and the anxiety. Ralph Carway despised himself because he was moved. He could not take women lightly; indeed, no woman had yet left a mark upon his memory. So, as he sat by the girl's side, he watched the dim outline of her hands. She moved him in a way that, to his ascetic mind, suggested abomination. He had to look away from her at last. She was unbearable to him. But, when the show was finished, he found himself forced by the crowd to go out with the two girls. He tried to be careless.

He thought: "When we get out, I'll go straight home." But the crowd pressed him against the dark-haired girl. He could not resist: he had to touch her hand. He told himself: "She'll think it's an accident." But, to his horror and delight, her fingers closed about his; hand in hand they went out, carried by the crowd, he half swooning and upheld by the packed bodies.

The three stopped with an uncertain air outside the theater. They were like three people who dislike one another and do not know how to part. They stood stupidly, shifting from foot to foot. At last the chestnut-haired girl, who understood, remarked: "I say, it's late. I can't go your way back to-night, Muriel. Mother said she'd give me a hiding if I wasn't back by half past ten."

"So-long," said Muriel carelessly.

Continued on page 54



SUN-TIME

BY MARION M. BOYD

WHEN you see the great sun sink,
Does it not seem strange to think
That, in countries miles away,
It is just the break of day?

When your prayers have all been said,
And you jump into your bed,
Boys and girls in Chinese shoes
Are just combing out their queues!

that drove Carway farther into himself. Also, his way of life oppressed him. A third share in a bedroom had at first been exquisite sacrifice; it became an uneventful fact; now it was turning into an irritation. His companions were decent youths, but their form of humor sickened him.

He wanted something, something unknown; he was aware only of a desire.

ONE July night, after hesitating, for he could not afford it, he went into a picture palace, and, after another hesitation, bought, not the cheapest seat, but one just short of the dearest. He wanted space, comfort, just once. He considered without interest the first film. As he had come in in the middle, he did not understand the action, but he sat contentedly in the half-darkness. People whispered, and couples laughed. He felt comfortable, a gentleman at large.

When the lights went up, a girl who was sitting by his side giggled in answer to another's remark. Carway noticed a small, dark face, thought the giggle silly, and took up his program, for the next film was a long one with a complex action. Soon it amused him. Three love-stories intertwined in it, so that it was almost a mathematical pleasure to see one character react upon the other. So complicated was it that doubt and disturbance left him. But the girls by his side annoyed him. They whispered and giggled; they brought him



SHE WONDERED WHY SHE HAD COME AT ALL

HER OWN GAME

BY MIRIAM CRITTENDEN CARMAN

IT WAS at four that Adelaide Tatem, with all the ardor of those accumulated years, had wished that some day she might know everything in the world there was to be known.

At ten Adelaide had mastered most of the major poets and was drawing breath preparatory to launching into the minor ones. She lived in a large and splendid wonder. At fifteen she took up Strindberg, Shaw and Ellen Key, mingling the crudite three with a little social work under the direction of the local charity board.

It had seemed to the faithful two who comprised her immediate and adoring family, inured as they were to her really gorgeous fancies, that it was well to tether her by means of some such active service.

"It won't hurt her, you know," Philip told his father. "She's already—er—thoroughly optimistic; the real meaning of life, you might say, still goes away over her head."

"Or rather," Mr. Tatem suggested, "you might say Adelaide's head is still above the real meaning of life."

But if they had thought to hold her long by such altru-

ism, they reckoned without Adelaide's consuming spirit. At seventeen it was perhaps not odd that she should feel the need of tilling in other, larger and more fertile fields of progress.

"Books and the poor are one thing, but a girl's got to have more, father." She sat on his study table, swinging her feet, her hands thrust deep into the pockets of her blue serge skirt. "Lots more!"

"For instance—what?" Mr. Tatem lit his pipe and swung around facing his daughter. She met his amused gray twinkle unsmilingly.

"Well, for instance—love!"

Mr. Tatem sighed. "Your brother and I have tried to give you quite a fair share of that, my dear; in fact, I rather think Philip has quite outdone himself."

"Oh, father, it's not that kind I mean, dear." Adelaide shook her head from heights of superior pity. "I'm in for the real thing!"

"Oh, you are, are you? Heaven pity you, my dear! You're young—leave such things alone."

"I'm seventeen," she challenged, "and young for my age, and I don't intend to die single, not if I know myself; I simply intend to get some one to fall in love with me."

"There's Danny," he suggested, clutching at the chance straw of neighborly fate.

"Humph—Danny! Danny doesn't know the difference between Socrates and Shaw, for all that he's a senior."

"But he's a nice, boy, Danny—and he already seems not exactly averse to your society."

Adelaide considered her father with puckered brows. "I never thought of Danny—he's nice eyes—"

"Very—and he's a good boy."

"That's just it—I don't want to take up with a lolly-pop, you know!"

"Oh Danny's more than just good," Mr. Tatem amended hastily. "Moreover, he's handy."

"Yes—that's just it—Welcome on the door-mat! Nix!" She slid off the table and laid a caressing hand on his hair. It was a tone and gesture he had reason to fear.

"Have your fling, my dear," he said, "but remember your family, and be at least—decorous!"

That night he spoke to Philip over a late cigar. "I sicked Danny on her," he concluded boastfully.

Philip grinned provokingly. "The only thing to do with Addie is to beat her at her own game—give her an overdose."

"I won't have Adelaide hurt, Phil!"

"Neither will I, pater. That's why we're doing this."

Continued on page 59

ON BEAUTIFUL HANDS

BY BETTY SHANNON



THE TELLTALE PEASANT HANDS STAMPED WITH CENTURIES OF TOIL

THE old masters did not demand that hands be small, long-fingered and tapering, though such painters as Reynolds, Van Dyck and Gainsborough, who painted people in high estate, usually gave them aristocratic hands whether the subjects had them or not.

It is not in the shape of the hand, but in the grace, the freedom and the character which it shows, that all artists have delighted. They have taken the hands of their subjects wherever they have found them, in the field, at the plow, at prayer, at work or at rest. Sewing women with hands made graceful by delicate work have often been painted.

The Dutch painters gave sensible, large hands to the women they painted. And the hand of Leonardo da Vinci's "Mona Lisa" is in fact not so beautiful in shape as in the long, flowing, graceful line of wrist and hand with which we are all so familiar. There are no ungraceful knuckles showing. None of her fingers are drawn at sharp angles, as even many who have beautiful hands



ABSENCE OF ORNAMENT AIDS IN MAKING BEAUTY OF SHOULDER AND ARM FLOW INTO WHAT MAY BE OTHERWISE HOMELY HANDS

are apt to have. The hands of the "Mona Lisa" are worth studying for repose.

Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor, makes the statement that the shape of the hand is not nearly so important as the way it is used. It is a statement with which all artists, whether they be of the paint-brush and easel, the mallet and chisel or of the stage, will agree.

The structure of the hand is determined at birth. The shape and size, the length or thickness, are factors forecast by what our forebears have been and done. Physically the hand can only be changed in minor ways, such as widening the span by piano or violin practise.

Mothers know that a child's fingers may be pointed and made tapering by gentle and frequent pinching of

massage them with a good skin-food at night, stopping to push back the cuticle and pinch down the tips. She avoids extreme temperatures in water, too, knowing that nothing makes more surely for stiff joints. In this day of kitchen appliances, washing-machines and vacuum cleaners there is no excuse for hands made ugly from work.

Our woman of wise hands does not wave them aimlessly about in the air. She does not work them nervously together. When she has something to say that will be made more clear, more appealing or attractive, she illustrates it by a simple gesture which is instinctively right. There are no rules which can be laid down for this sort of expression. It comes from within. As *Deburau*, the clown in Mr. Belasco's latest play by that title says to his son who is going on in the father's place:

If you want to convey "What a pretty girl!"
Think it and do whatever comes into your head to do . . .

If it's madness or love,
That you're frightened, or pleased, that your head's in a whirl,
Think, think hard, think intensely
That you are in love, or in a fright.
And steep yourself in it
For the millionth part of a minute,
Then . . . let yourself go,
And it'll come right.

The people of the stage are, of course, past masters at the art of making their hands feel at home, at

getting the most out of them and of making them appear beautiful when they are not. There are some simple and effective things worked out by Franklin H. Sargent, the distinguished dramatic teacher, for the benefit of his students of the stage. They are just as valuable for women like you and me who are trying to keep ahead of the dish-pan and the wash-tub so that our hands will be presentable at the club meeting or the office or the reception as they are for the future Julia Marlowes of Mr. Sargent's classes.



HANDS EXPRESS THE REAL YOU. DO THEY REVEAL LIFELESSNESS OR ENERGY?

the plastic tips. Lillian Russell advises grown persons to do the same thing every time they wash their hands.

The Frenchwomen have tiny celluloid caps which they place on the finger-tips at night.

We have learned through centuries of constant endeavor to hide emotion from our faces. But our hands, those telltale hands, give away everything we would conceal.

The use we give our hands is a true expression of ourselves. Our gestures, our movements, conscious and unconscious, tell the story of us, the richness or baseness of our lives, our imaginations, thoughts, hopes, ambitions and fears.

No woman can say that she is not nervous and ill at ease when her hands are darting hither and thither, trying to hide, clasping and unclasping, crumpling themselves up into a miserable ball of hard knots.

Too conscious and mincing fingers, crooking themselves over teacups, tell the world that the owner is vain and artificial.

The brazen pose of hands on hips is the correct gesture for *Carmen*. *Carmen* was employed in a tobacco-shop in Spain. She was descended from generations of hard-working mothers who planted their hands on their hips to straighten out aching backs and give them rest from their toil.

The woman of poise uses her hands naturally, dexterously and with a grace that is unconscious. Her hands are carefully cared for and she moves with the assurance of one who does not have to apologize for their appearance. Her nails are neatly but not extravagantly manicured. The long pointed finger-nail with an overbrilliant polish is not considered in good taste. Her hands are white and smooth and supple because she is willing to take the time to exercise them, to dry them thoroughly every time she takes them out of water and to



A STUDIED GRACE OF HAND CENTURIES IN ADVANCE OF THE PEASANT HAND ABOVE

Here are some that are particularly good for women who find their hands growing stiff and with a tendency to curve inward like a ball from the constant handling of broom and mop. One thing to be distinctly remembered is the importance of relaxing when you are told to relax.

This means withdrawing all active resistance from the hand, really taking all life out of it. If you find you can not relax all the muscles and tendons at once do it a finger at a time.

Continued on page 28



RELAX YOUR HANDS. THOUGH THEY BE PLAIN, GRACE WILL APPEAR IN THEM



THE SLEEPING BERESFORD DREAMED OF EARTHQUAKE

MISTER MONTAGUE'S PREMISES

BY FLO FIELD

THE Carltons were absorbed in apprehension. "I tell you, we ought to have a cordon of police around the house. We won't be safe until we do!" Florrie, the youngest sister, usually looked to the future. "Well, we had a night watchman and we were nearly robbed before." Jennie, the gray, had carried on housekeeping so long that she was always thinking with the past. "I don't think Mister Montague thoroughly realized his responsibility then as he does now." Mattie's beauty, gold, blue and pink peach-blossom of the Spring, was slight with the freedom of vacation from city work. She had supported the family since the last Carlton man lodged responsibility in death. Yet she remained as unsophisticated as the two who stayed at home. "Montague is always on guard now." "He won't let a kitten on the yard. He nearly killed the iceman yesterday!" Since some one had tried to steal the Carlton family silver, timidity had occupied the household. At any noise or interruption of the even tenor of their day, they flew for the precious heirlooms, which they gathered and

cached in different corners. The old brown house had shut tight behind its bulwark of roses.

But the old street was tranquil. Live-oaks and gray Spanish moss, arched it with quiet. A stranger, just then hefting along a traveling-bag and folded easel, fitted into the picture. Thin, wraith-like as the melancholy moss, his face was like a remembered lyric.

Under his wide hat, a pattern of the picturesque, his hair fanned in the breeze. Opposite the old house he was inspired to pause—to squint and inhale. "Wonderful! wonderful! A house where it is always afternoon!"

On the gate-post was lettered "Arcady." As he read this, he exclaimed, verified a letter from his pocket and crossed the road.

The old-time bench spanning the weedy gutter invited him to rest and muse. "The garden of Hesperides! There should be ladies like lilies, chaste repose—" He opened his bag, fished out a bottle, drank lingeringly and dropped it into the long grass. In that moment one might have seen in the scanty contents of the bag a curious silver cup. He chucked it under cover.

He rose presently with weak unsteadiness and approached the gate.

Crash! Bang!

A fusillade of bones, bricks, denunciation and dog.

"Hi-hi-hi-hi! Sick 'em, Prince! Suh-suh-sick 'em! Go fer'm!" The air was shaken by a wealth of well-directed curses.

The stranger's face tilted as to a cooling draft, but he moved.

"What Power of Darkness have we here?"

Ivy strands parted and the shifting Shadow stepped hotly forth, a bald-headed, herculean old negro with muscles boldly sculptured under patched garments.

"Puh-puh-puh-pow? Mah name's Mister William Montague! Hi-hi-hi-hi! Wha-wha-wha-wha—" Peals from the paleozoic!—"What's yoh'n?"

"I am Omar Beresford. Is this where Miss Carlton—"

Again the air shattered. The quiet went to silver splinters almost visible, like an explosion in a glass-factory. "Ah-Ah—I ain't lettin' nobody 'n dis yawd! Anybody come 'n dis yawd, dey gwine be a new face in torment!"

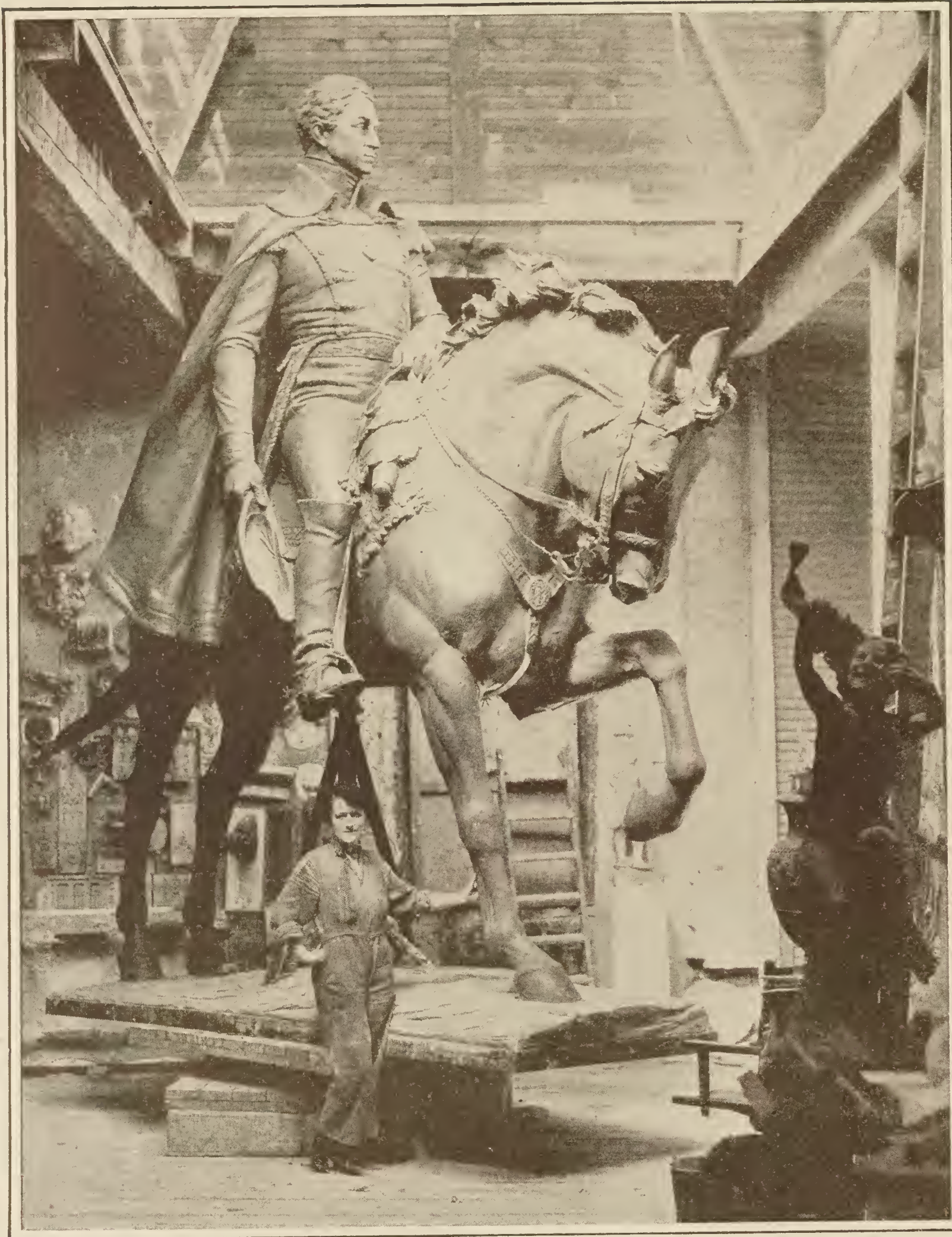
"A moment, please. Is this where Miss Carlton lives?"

"I's gardeen er de premises."

"I have a letter for Miss Carlton."

"Wuh-wuh-wuh—we ain't payin' no bills!"

Continued on page 43



THE LARGEST STATUE EVER MADE BY A WOMAN

SALLY FARNHAM'S ART

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

AS SPRING comes to Central Park and, on its western edge at Eighty-third Street, the long-heralded statue of Bolívar, the great South American liberator, is finally dedicated as a gift from the people of Venezuela to the City of New York, that towering monument enters the annals of American sculpture as the largest work by a woman which history anywhere records. It is not quite a new thing for a woman sculptor to fashion an equestrian monument of heroic proportions, for that lovely mounted figure of Jeanne d'Arc which looks out across the Hudson from Riverside Drive is the work of Anna Hyatt. But it is a loftier figure, this one of Bolívar, which is to stand in Central Park. It is the work of Sally James Farnham.

The great Bolívar is the work of an unschooled, self-taught artist who never had a lesson in her life and, what is more, it is the work of one who was a grown woman, the mother of two children, before she did her first modeling; indeed before the idea of being a sculptor at all ever entered her much-preoccupied head.

Mrs. Farnham's is one of the few instances on record where an art taken up in adult years has been carried forward to the goals of financial and critical award.

The curious thing is not merely that, when she decided to become a professional sculptor, she was well past the age and circumstance popularly assigned to a novice, but that a year prior to this decision she had never even thought of such a thing, never dreamed that her now unmistakable gift was in her. Looking back now on the earlier years, there were only two clues to what was coming—very faint clues at that. One was a trick that she had as a child of carving with scissors, of cutting out of blank paper all manner of figures of men and women and elephants and giraffes and such appealing subjects. To this day Mrs. Farnham can pick up a piece of paper and, with her fingers, tear out a perfectly recognizable portrait of the person sitting opposite her—a disconcerting trick, by the way.

The other foreshadowing of the Bolívar was her very special passion for sculpture—not as something to do, but

as something to look at and adore. As a young girl she had seen a good deal of the best the world has to show. At an age when most girls are at school Sally James and her father—the late Colonel Edward James—were jaunting over the face of the earth. In Paris, for instance, instead of strolling in the Luxembourg Gardens or standing with nose glued to some beseeching show-window in the Rue de la Paix, her friends would often find the usually sportive Miss James subdued to abject silence before the winged "Victory" in the Louvre, the incomparable *mutilée* whose ageless spell held her hour after hour, day after day.

The discovery of her talent was not only late but comically casual. It happened when she was bedridden for some weeks in a New York hospital and craved some thing to occupy her mind. She had quite exhausted the amusement afforded by her medicated surroundings when a friend chanced to place some modeling-clay in her hands. She soon found herself greatly diverted and somewhat surprised by the figures into which one, or this or at least, could shape the stuff—using for the purpose an orange stick, the only sculptor's tool available.

When she was permitted to go home, her mind was full of this new accomplishment, and she found it amusing to go on with it. Her friends said it was very charming and all that, but what of it? "What," they asked, "would you do if you ever had to earn two dollars?" This nonchalant taunt had an extremely irritating effect on Mrs. Farnham. It goaded her into engaging a studio and trying to show them. As it happened, it was just as well, for before long the whirligig of time had brought in a decided necessity for her to make two dollars and more. Yes, a good deal more, for in her first professional year she cleared more than twenty thousand dollars.

More than any one else, it was the late Frederic Remington who had encouraged her to this point. In her new studio she had fashioned a mad Spanish dancer and, hearing that Remington, whom she had known all her life, was over at the Roman Bronze Works in Brooklyn, she got a cab, took her little statue in her arms, and in a pouring rain, set forth to find him so that she might put the question squarely: "Am I fooling myself or is this really good enough to justify my going on?" The cabman lost his way and Mrs. Farnham got great rained on, and the important legs of the dancer fell off. That on her arrival a much-bedraggled sculptor had to sit down before them all and repair the havoc the journey had wrought in her work of art. Remington watched with undisguised and slightly profane astonishment.

"WELL, I'll be —," he said at last, "I don't know how you learned it. Of course, she (referring to the dancer) is as ugly as —, but she's full of ginger. Keep it up, Sally."

So she did. Her first order was for a fountain. She had made a sketch for it which so delighted Colonel Emerson of Baltimore that he bought a garden just to justify its purchase. His check was the first money she ever earned. The amount was five thousand dollars.

The combination of professional and domestic existence seems to have been taken by Mrs. Farnham as a matter of course, though she has occasionally been obliged to remind folks that she had other things to do besides adorn public parks. Once, when an up-State committee, needing her services for a soldier's monument, telephoned her casually to step up to Rochester, she wired back that she was busy completing an important piece of work which would take about six weeks more of her time.

As that interval approached its end, they made further inquiry. Was the new job finished? "The new job satisfactorily accomplished," she replied, in effect, "and weighs about ten pounds. I am nursing him at present and have my oldest boy to install in school and am moving into town for the Winter, and I also have a few guests to entertain, but I think I can tackle your monument next week."

The Bolívar is by far the biggest and most ambitious thing she has attempted. General Simón Bolívar was born the year peace was signed between the British crown and its upstart colonies across the Atlantic, and he came to be the Washington of South America. The liberator of Venezuela, Peru and Ecuador and the founder of Bolivia, he died in exile and poverty; but in time his memory took on luster and his name became the greatest in South American history. As one expression of the feeling that we of North America have been rather negligent of the heroes bred on the other side of the isthmus, Venezuela wanted to place a monument to him in Central Park, particularly as a quite painful equestrian statue of Bolívar had previously been taken out of the playground and hidden somewhere by New York's Municipal Art Commission. For the new statue twenty sculptors competed, and of the three models finally chosen and sent to Venezuela, Mrs. Farnham's was accepted by acclamation.



PRINCESS LUISA DE TASSIS—BY VAN DYCK



Reproduced from Painting by Van Leer in the Morgan Collection. Courtesy of Metropolitan Museum of Art.

AN OLD DUTCH FLOWER PIECE

OUR great grandmothers probably had no idea how delightfully decorative their flower paintings were, nor that we would frame them carefully and interior decorators would build rooms around them. Fruit and flower pieces done by the masters of two or three hundred years ago, not quite so naive and much more brilliant than grandmother's artistic efforts, are to-day very much in vogue. One does not need to own one of these original still-lives, however, like the one reproduced on this page, from the Morgan collection in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Colored prints of these paintings may be purchased and at present they are much used in rather formal rooms.

A reproduction of the picture on this page has been used in a beautiful hallway. The print, which must be about two and one-half by four feet, is framed in black and gold, and hung over a wide chest of drawers, of dark green, with Italian painted decorations and a little gold ornamentation. On the chest is a Chinese figurine, and two vases with flowers. On each side of this group is a single walnut chair of severe lines.

In using these quaint flower pieces, one must be careful to keep things about them simple. They are so delightfully full of detail, charming as they are at a distance, that they can't bear competition. They need plain walls and spaces all around them.



NETTE HOLDS TIGHTLY TO THE WILLOW BRANCH

THE MAN IN THE WELL

BY EYRE DE LANUX

WHEN it is evening over the orchard and the wood and the hills, when the world is watching for the darkness, comes the moment when all secrets are eager to be told, when the most close-locked confidence is only dangling by a thread. The eleven-year-old head bends down to the seven-year-old.

"Only five more minutes! Let's go to the garden."

"No."

"Why not, Michel?"

"Because."

"Are you frightened at the dark?"

Michel does not need to answer; his sad little face speaks for itself. He is afraid, and Annette can see she has reminded him of some grave trouble.

"Michel! Annette! It is seven o'clock! Wash your hands for supper!"

And now there is not time enough. Michel, full of the need for confession, with anguish in his voice, his words tumbling over each other, whispers his secret into Annette's ear. At the end of the garden lives the Man in the Well. Every night at twelve he comes out and walks up and down the paths and if he finds a disobedient child he picks him up and takes him back into the well.

"You know, I don't believe it," adds Michel, "but ever since, I'm frightened at the dark. That's all."

Two hours later, as she climbed the stairs on the way to her room, Annette thought over her parents' conversation at dinner. Why is it that the people one loves the best are so unfair and sometimes talk in such a way that one is ashamed for them? "I suppose every one

makes mistakes, even me," she admitted, in a burst of justice, as she skipped over the eighth step—the one that squeaked.

For, a little while before, a wasp had flown into the dining-room and buzzed impudently around each person in turn. Papa glowered a little and threateningly held his napkin ready; mama made one or two nervous gestures with her hand; when the wasp came to Annette, she got up in confusion, but when it alighted near the youngest child he took a glass and tranquilly crushed it. So that the parents praised Michel for his manly courage and laughed a little at Annette.

And then the father, as usual, gave a dissertation on the natural courage of boys and the nervousness of girls. Mama had smiled, Michel was proud and laughed, not meaning to be unkind. But Annette had reddened terribly, and suffered because once more she had not been understood. She did not know how to say it, but she felt she was as good as Michel—as any boy—and even for courage—yes, especially for courage.

BUT then, why had she gotten up so quickly and seemed so afraid? She had imagined how the bite would hurt, when Michel had never thought of it. Nor would she have wanted to kill the wasp, crushing a thing is so horrible. Her reasons are bad and she is unhappy, and her eyes are heavy with tears. And as Annette finishes her undressing, she is sure that they have judged her a coward.

And really, Michel didn't believe it, but he wasn't sure where the lie ended and the danger began. Even if there was no old man in the well. Not a day goes by but there is something one has done wrong. And how do you know when it's midnight? After it begins to get dark, midnight might come at any moment. Moreover, Michel had not been scolded that day, so he was a little uneasy.

"But who told you all that?"

"The new cook—don't know her name."

Nette had heard enough. She stiffened with indignation. Strong with her sense of right, she went straight to the kitchen and, planting herself in front of the guilty one, began in a strict little voice, without any preamble.

"You have told stupid things to Miche. There is no Man in the Well. But now he's frightened. I am going to tell mama."

So the maid was angry, and for her vengeance she told the story again, elaborating on the details. She told it so well that, in spite of herself, Annette was impressed—but her obstinate little head still refused.

"Show him to me, then," she said.

"He only comes out at midnight."

"Then come out at midnight and see!"

"Ah! No! I'm in bed and asleep by then! I have to be up to my work early enough, I do!"

"Then it's you who are afraid—so there!"

And with this last accusation, Annette went out of the kitchen, closing the door behind her.

The second bell rang for dinner.

And the worst thing is, that she must accept the condemnation until she has proved the contrary—until she has proved the contrary.

How burning they are—the tragedies at eleven years, when indignation or conscience racks and tosses under the pillow, while the clock strikes its unknown hours, until, late into the night, come the hot tears bringing sleep.

BUT that night Annette did not go to sleep. An idea was tempting her and she did not let it go till she had forced it into a resolution. But it gave relief to her troubled conscience and it was the proof she needed before she could make peace with herself. Her heart beat fast, but she lay still, waiting till the moment came. Time passed, and one after another in their order the regular happenings of the house took place.

Shutters banged closed; bolts grated. Overhead the floor squeaked as the maid crossed the room. Then—silence. A long time later the father and mother went to their room. The light shone for a little while under their door. Then—the night.

Annette threw back the covers and sat up, leaning on her elbow. She listened, holding her breath. But silence—the entire and terrible silence of the sleeping countryside.

And Annette gets up.

The little feet on the carpet make less noise than wind in the wheat. As stealthily as a cat stalking a bird she finds her slippers and slips her feet into them. Over her long nightgown she puts her hooded cape. She is ready. Like a phantom she creeps across the room and takes the door-knob in both hands and patiently she turns it, succeeding in opening the door without the tiniest noise. Then her light body disappears into the shadow, while the sleepers, groaning vaguely and changing their positions, make more noise than the childish wanderer descending the stairs.

Concluded on page 34



MARTIA WAS A VERY EXACTING CHILD. SHE "TOOK TO" SISTER SUE AT ONCE

SISTER SUE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Pollyanna," "Mary-Marie," etc.

CONCLUSION



OH, YES, I'll come again—when I have time." Sister Sue was still smiling, though the emphasis of her amended sentence was unmistakable.

And she did come again. She came many times during the next month, and when the bandages and plasters ceased to decorate

Donald Kendall's head and face he crossed the yard to Sister Sue's garden-gate and went to see her. They played checkers, chess and cribbage together. They read together, and not infrequently Sister Sue sat at the piano again and let him vent his rage through her own finger-tips. And when the arm was out of the sling and the violin could be held again in position and the bow drawn, it was Sister Sue who played the piano for that first song of rejoicing.

It was August by that time, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Kent and little Martia soon arrived. Donald Kendall did not come to the house after that and before long he left town.

It was just as well, perhaps, that Donald Kendall went when he did, for after the Kents came Sister Sue had little time that she could call her own. Martia was a very exacting child. She "took to" Sister Sue at once, and

May said she was so glad, for she herself needed a rest, and she could take a *real* rest, she declared, whenever Sister Sue had the baby, for then she didn't worry at all.

Late in August Gordon and his wife came up for a week, but May did not care for her new sister-in-law and showed it plainly, which did not contribute to the happiness of either guests or hostess. May was ironical and sarcastic and bored and sulky, and Gordon annoyed and angry. Poor little Mabel, obviously ignorant as to the cause of it all, chatted away cheerily to each one, saying how perfectly grand it was for them to be there all together!

In September, at the end of a Summer that Sister Sue spent alone with her father, Donald Kendall came to his mother's home for a week's visit. He had been in town just ten minutes when he hurried over to his neighbor's to tell Sister Sue that there was nothing the matter with his good right arm *this* time. And, indeed, there certainly did not seem to be, judging by the way he made use of it during the seven days he was there.

From morning until night—and it would apparently have been from night until morning if Donald Kendall could have had his way—the two were playing every spare minute that Sister Sue could wring from her busy life. And when the week was over Sister Sue declared to herself that that one week had fully compensated for the

long Summer of distress and loneliness, besides fortifying her for whatever the future had in store. It seemed so good to live with real music once more, Sister Sue told herself. Nor did it occur to her that the player of the music, the real music, had anything more to do with her rest and refreshment and joy than that he was merely the willing instrument through which the music poured.

It did occur to Granny Preston. After Donald Kendall had gone she asked the question of Sister Sue: "If your father got better, really himself again, so ye could leave him all right, would ye go on, that is I mean have ye given up all idea of ever goin' on an' bein' that concert player ye wanted ter be?"

Sister Sue's face instantly flamed into excited eagerness. "Given it up? No, no! Indeed, no! If father should get better, and if I wasn't too old! I'm only twenty-five now, you know! I could do it! I know I could! You should hear the nice things Mr. Kendall says about my playing. Oh, no, I haven't given it up, not yet!"

All of which only goes to prove that not even yet were those clamorous calls of "Encore, encore, Susanna Gilmore, encore!" quite silenced in Sister Sue's ears.

Martin Kent's newest book came out in October. As usual, Sister Sue received an autographed copy from the author, and very promptly read it. As was usual, also,

Continued on page 67

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I see in store for you
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Good fortune is your due.



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Campbell's Cream of Tomato Soup is a tonic and invigorating food that promotes healthy digestion through the sheer satisfaction of its enticing flavor. You will relish its appetizing deliciousness, especially as a Cream of Tomato.

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21 kinds

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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE Home-Makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR is to encourage rational living, and to consider as well the problems and relationships of home and community life. Civilization will never be more advanced than the homes of the world where ideals are formed.

THERE are no more worthy objects for research than to determine the science of nutrition, the economics of clothing and housing, the physical welfare of child life and the principles of household engineering. Here is where our dollars and our health are invested.

Congress has appropriated large sums for investigations concerning plant and animal life. It has a bill before it for research in those subjects which relate to rational living, or for research in home economics.

If we would teach men how to live and spend their incomes, we must delve for truth.

It is too late to feed men and babies by instinct. We have learned this lesson from animal feeding and animal breeding. When will we do as much for our babies?

HOME economics has been written into party platforms as follows:

Republican—"Federal aid for vocational training should take into account the special aptitudes and needs of women workers."

Democratic—"Increased appropriation for vocational training in home economics."

Prohibition—"As a means of increasing the efficiency of the home and reducing the cost of living, we urge increased Federal support for vocational training in home economics."

The Fess Bill is H. R. 12078 and is a bill "amending the Smith-Hughes act by adding sections appropriating, for vocational home economics, sums equal to those appropriated for agriculture and trade and industrial education and regulating their expenditure."

Women in industrial life are a certainty whether altogether desirable to be so or not. To educate them without this in mind means expensive and unstandardized labor.

The competitive struggle for existence opens a broader field for women in domestic arts than in any other, and at the same time prepares them for work in their homes.

Vocational training for girls means a training in textiles, in the manufacture of clothing, in an understanding of mechanical devices for household needs, in the development of an artistic sense to be shown in finished product, and a scientific interest in the manufacture of foods as well as in the facts of human nutrition.

The application of scientific laws to the facts of daily life is the gap to be filled in the public schools.

WHAT is the motor power back of the sweeping and washing and beating and turning and wringing in your home? Is it muscle and nerve straining, or is it electricity, gasoline or water-power? Which costs more in the long run?

A WOMAN who had done her housework for years in the house in which her mother and her grandmother had worked before her was asked why the two steps between the kitchen and the room where her refrigerator was kept and where her milk was cared for, should not be removed by raising the level of the floor of the refrigerator-room which served also as a wood-shed.

After some reflection she said: "I never thought of it before; but I think we won't do it, for if we did that, my husband would have to take two steps up when he brings in the milk, and I know he would spill it."

She has been taking those two steps for forty years. She reckoned she averaged twenty-five daily trips from her kitchen to the milk and refrigerator room. Each trip down and back covered four steps.

In forty years she has taken 1,460,000 steps unnecessarily, and all because when the house was built the floor of the kitchen and that of the outside room were not made on the same level.

Her son, who was to marry a neighbor's daughter, was asked if they would remain on the farm.

He said emphatically, "We will live in town. My fiancée does not want to work as hard as my mother has on the farm, and there is nothing else to do."

ACCORDING to the New York Sun, the White House cook is an important adjunct to American life.

She is not a professional chef, but the cook of the President's family for many years, a Georgian and retaining the best art of the race of colored Southern cooks whose rules will never be described in the modern cook-book.

She specializes in waffles with chipped-beef gravy. Her fish is boiled, placed in a pan, and over it is poured butter and beaten egg. Then it is baked until just a little crisp, and served with her own unique sauce made with cream, butter, onions, a bit of mashed parsley and a dash of paprika.

The White House cook boils her potatoes until mealy, and in a little water. She keeps the lid on till the last and then peels and mashes them until she says they are like velvet.

She adds salt, butter and milk and covers them in a baking-pan with chopped onion, and spreads them thick with grated cheese and a bit of butter. Then she bakes them in the oven.

If things go right in the nation, the cook is partly responsible.

THE building of a home is a partnership affair. Not all women sit by waiting to have a house built for them, but their strength and courage and patience are woven into every part of it. Here is a true story told to THE DELINEATOR.

"I am one of those people who have dreamed dreams, not in a rocking-chair at twilight, but over wash-tubs, ironing-board or dish-washing.

"Our life has been and is still a struggle toward those dreams. I think the starting-point was eight years ago, when we found we had to move, making the seventh move in thirty years. In disgust, we decided to buy a house, but fifty dollars comprised our whole fortune. We found a house whose recommendation was sound walls and a large lot.

"We paid our fifty dollars down, promised to pay fifty dollars more, and borrowed the rest.

"It was June, but I planted a garden and raised vegetables. I also took in dressmaking. At the end of four months we had paid that fifty dollars.

"Later we painted the outside and white-enameled the work inside.

"I stained and varnished floors, cemented the cellar floor even mixing the cement myself, and I did all the laying-work side by side with my husband.

"We built retaining-walls and chicken-houses (I have no 100 chickens), put up fences, laid cement walks and built a two-sash hot-bed. We have bought an upright piano and a talking-machine. This year we had the frame kitchen torn down and a brick one built, with a bedroom above.

"This year, I have built cupboards and a pantry, lathed and plastered, papered four rooms, hall and staircase, helped my husband build a porch with cement floor and cement steps to the cellar, also another chicken-house, doing most of the work on the latter myself.

"The combined weight of my husband and myself is but two hundred and thirty pounds, yet we moved cement slabs that by four feet and six inches thick.

"I ought to add that we have paid bills for sewerage, street paving and installing a modern bathroom and hot-water heat and building front steps of cement and stone. We have four children and my husband earned only fifteen dollars a week when we came here; now he earns thirty dollars.

"Our dream of a real home is gradually being fulfilled but still needs hard work, courage and perseverance."

DEPARTMENT Circular 148, United States Department of Agriculture, is a discussion of farm women's problems based upon a survey of 10,044 farm women in the Northern and Western States. The survey follows the farm woman through a week's routine, and interprets the data collected. It constantly points out the value of the household worker.

Is it expensive to lose the strength and the time of the worker by not putting enough horse, man or electric power ahead of her?

WHO is the greatest woman in history? The question put to two hundred school-teachers. The one who received the prize for her answer passed over Eve, Queen Elizabeth, Queen Victoria, Frances Willard, Susan B. Anthony and said: "The greatest woman of history is the wife of a man of moderate means who does her own cooking, washing, ironing and sewing, and who brings up a family of boys and girls to useful members of society, and finds time for intellectual improvement."

This woman is well known. She lives in many communities and in the hearts of many sons and daughters who have their chance in life through her efforts and guidance.

There are women in history who have found that the world as well as their families needs them; who have not only served but who have helped establish freedom and who have been known in science and art.

Will DELINEATOR readers name the greatest woman in history, and tell why she is considered the greatest? The DELINEATOR will publish the list, closing the inquiry within a month of the date of issue of this number.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

STORIES AND VERSE OF RARE INTEREST

	Page
No Return Ticket (Serial) <i>Will Livingston Comfort</i>	8
Through the Needle's Eye <i>W. L. George</i>	11
Sun-Time (Poem) <i>Marion M. Boyd</i>	12
Her Own Game <i>Miriam Crittenden Carman</i>	13
Mister Montague's Premises <i>Flo Field</i>	15
The Man in the Well <i>Eyre De Lanux</i>	19
Sister Sue (Serial) <i>Eleanor H. Porter</i>	20

"Princess Luisa De Tassis" (In full color) <i>Anthony Van Dyck</i>	17
An Old Dutch Flower Piece (In full color)	18
"Child with Cat" (In full color) <i>Thomas Gainsborough</i>	58

TIMELY ARTICLES

Read What the Postman Brought Us—(Editorial)	1
An Apology for Burglars <i>Irving Bacheller</i>	2
What Did Their Elders Say?	4
The Court of Happy Endings. <i>Genevieve Parkhurst</i>	5
How Radium Is Extracted <i>Waldemar Kaempffert</i>	7
From Barn or Shack: a Home	10
Sally Farnham's Art <i>Alexander Woolcott</i>	16

FOR OUR BUSY HOUSEKEEPERS

The Home-Makers' Department <i>Martha Van Rensselaer</i>	22
The Stunning, New Slip-Covers <i>Margaret Larrabee</i>	24
Strawberries <i>Martha Van Rensselaer</i>	38
Mother Nature's Spring Tonics <i>Lucille Brewer and Alice Blinn</i>	40
Our Questions Answered <i>Martha Van Rensselaer</i>	61

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

On Beautiful Hands <i>Betty Shannon</i>	14
Good Manners at the Table <i>Flora E. Rose</i>	26
There's Hope a Plenty <i>William J. Mayo, M. D.</i>	29
Tennis for Women <i>Ina Kissel Eaton</i>	53

OTHER PRACTICAL HELPS

Old Photos Come to Life <i>Grace Belton</i>	60
FASHIONS	75

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



Slow-cooked and digestible

Campbell's Beans are slow-cooked until they are thoroughly wholesome and digestible. They are so carefully prepared in the famous Campbell's kitchens that you obtain the full food value of the highest quality, selected beans. The flavor of rich, lean pork and the appetizing relish of the tomato sauce make this dish as delightful as it is strength and energy building.

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



Steamed Date Pudding

2 eggs
1 cup Dromedary Dates, chopped
2 cups flour
2 cups bread crumbs
1 cup chopped suet
 $\frac{1}{2}$ -cup sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ -teaspoon salt
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon mixed spices

Beat eggs, then add Dromedary Dates, flour, bread crumbs, suet, sugar, salt, milk, and spices; mix well and pour into buttered mold, cover with buttered paper, steam for two hours. Serve decorated with whipped cream and whole, stoned Dromedary Dates.

Serve Dromedary Dates

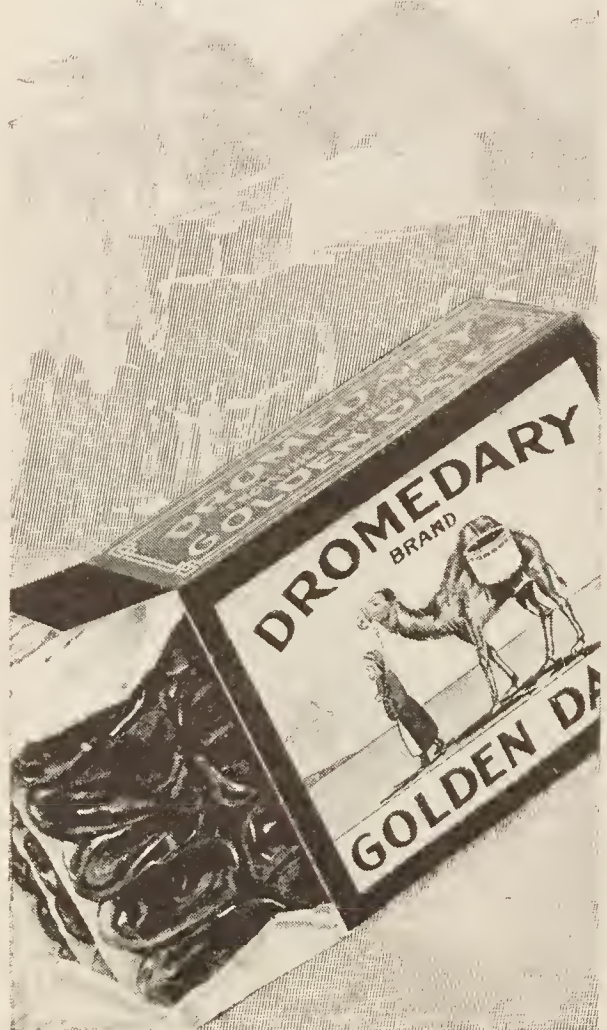
THERE are many ways to eat Dromedary Dates besides right out of the box. They are delicious in steamed puddings and in countless other dishes.

This golden, sugar-laden fruit from the Garden of Eden, selected from the choicest crop, delights children and is easily digested.

Carefully layered and wrapped in paraffin paper, Dromedary Dates come to you in a dust-proof package.

Our "1920 RECIPE BOOK" sent *Free* on request.

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.
Dept. E 375 Washington St., New York



MAKING SLIP-COVERS IS NOT DIFFICULT. FIRST MEASURE CAREFULLY TO LEARN HOW MUCH MATERIAL IS REQUIRED



TO CUT THE MATERIAL, LAY THE BACK LENGTH OVER THE CHAIR. BE SURE THE MATERIAL IS STRAIGHT



CUT THE BACK LENGTH ABOUT SIX INCHES LONGER AND THREE INCHES WIDER THAN THE BACK OF THE CHAIR

THE STUNNING NEW SLIP-COVERS ECONOMICAL AND EASILY MADE AT HOME

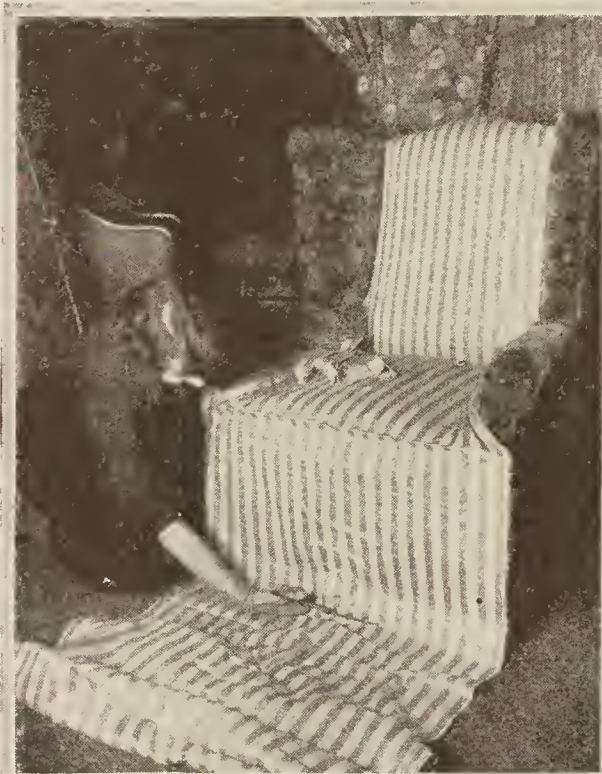
BY MARGARET LARRABEE

SLIP-COVERS, once dreary of aspect, have improved and are now lovely, being made of attractive materials and fitting perfectly. Several houses that I know of are infinitely more attractive when thus dressed for the Summer than in

wings. In the same manner cut out the material for the seat, beginning at the front,

allowing the same amount to tuck in where the seat joins the arms, wings and back. By allowing this extra width and length to push in, the chair-seat will stay in place better.

Take great care that you keep the cretonne straight and that your design



CUT YOUR COVER TO THE FLOOR. THIS ALLOWS AN INCH FOR A HEM AND GIVES PLAY TO THE CASTERS



ALLOW ENOUGH TO TUCK IN AS FAR AS YOUR HAND WILL GO INTO THE UPHOLSTERY



TAKE ALL THE PIECES AND PIN THEM CAREFULLY TOGETHER OVER THE CHAIR BEFORE YOU BEGIN TO SEW

the Winter with their heavy brocades and tapestries. The slip-covers are frequently used as all-the-year-round coverings and are suitable for any room, from parlor or library to bedroom. Among their great advantages are these: they can be cleaned or washed easily, they are not expensive, and, lastly, they can be made at home. I have done it myself and the process is very simple.

Bearing in mind one or two things, you can't fail. Of all the materials I know, a good firm cretonne is the best, although satin or linen or cotton repp can be used; they are good-looking, inexpensive and suitable. I will tell how to cover a large upholstered wing-chair, which offers most of the problems one is likely to meet.

First measure the chair and see how much material you will need. Begin with the front of the back of your chair. Lay the material against it and cut the top out exactly the same shape as the top of the chair. Cut the back length about six inches longer and three inches wider than the back of the chair to enable you to push in the slip-cover at the places where the back joins the seat and the



IF YOU MEAN TO BIND THE SEAMS, PIN COVERING RIGHT SIDE OUT. IF FRENCH SEAMS, PIN IT WRONG SIDE OUT

straight. If you have a bird or a large flower design, be sure it comes in the middle of the chair and also the center of the seat. Cut out the wings and arms in the same way as the back and seat, making the same allowance to tuck in.

You will find that a seam will be necessary where the arm of the chair joins the wing. Allow for the spread of the arm. This is not a French seam; make it as inconspicuous as possible. Next a small piece will be needed in the front to complete the arm. Cut a straight piece one-half the width of the distance from the seat of the chair to the floor for the apron if you use a box plait at the bottom. If you do not, make it the whole distance.

Now start on the outside of the chair. In cutting the back, if the bottom is narrower than the middle or top, there will have to be an opening all the way down the back to allow the cover to slip over the chair. See this opening down about three inches from the top and snap it the rest of the way. The edges should of course be hemmed and lapped.

Concluded on page 34



The Golden Bar for Snow-white Clothes

In the safest, quickest, easiest way known Fels-Naptha washes clothes snow-white!

Fels-Naptha is a perfect combination of good soap and *real* naphtha. It is unlike any other soap. It has *never* been duplicated or successfully imitated.

The exclusive Fels-Naptha process makes the naphtha *stay in* till the golden bar is all used up. Smell it! The clean naphtha odor proves the naphtha is always there.

The naphtha, even when cool or lukewarm water is used, works its way through every fibre of the clothes and *makes the dirt let go*. Only an occasional light rub is necessary.

Boil clothes or use hot water if you wish, but you don't need to go to that trouble or discomfort. The foamy Fels-Naptha suds flush away *all* dirt; and clothes are left sweet, wholesome, spotless.

It is so *easy*! Try the simple Fels-Naptha way shown on the wrapper, for daintiest finery and everything washable.

Get Fels-Naptha—the *real* naphtha soap—of your grocer today!



Smell the *real* naphtha in Fels-Naptha

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FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE



BECAUSE ALL her silverware is in the same pattern, she takes the greater pride in showing it to her friends.

This harmony of design in the complete silver service—Coffee and Tea Sets, Vegetable and Meat Dishes, Trays, etc., as well as Spoons, Forks and Knives—is a distinctive feature of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware.

The acquiring of the silver service may be begun modestly and other pieces added from time to time. For this reason "1847 Rogers Bros." makes the ideal anniversary gift.

Tea Spoons \$4.00 for a half dozen.

Sold by leading dealers. Write for folder E-17, illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Queen Anne Pattern



BETTER NOT TILT THE SOUP-PLATE, BUT IF YOU MUST, TILT IT AWAY FROM YOURSELF. PUSH THE SPOON IN THE SAME DIRECTION



FROM THE SIDE OF THE SPOON SIP YOUR SOUP—WITH EXCEPTIONS DESCRIBED IN THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE

GOOD MANNERS HAVE YOU EVER BEEN

By Flora E. Rose

School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE small points of good breeding count more at the table than anywhere else in one's contact with people. Just decent human kindness will carry a real man or a real woman through almost any other situation, but a kindly heart in the bosom doesn't tell one how to hold a knife, nor yet which is the salad-fork.

The person who has poor table manners is apt to be seriously misjudged. Any meal,

I wished I had *known* I was right! I believe in being sure of one's ground and in knowing that there may be more than one way of doing a thing correctly.

The rules which follow have been outlined with all possible care and with an attempt in most cases to state the reasons for them. They have been formulated to try to encourage those seeking definite knowledge to think for themselves and to select what is good and reasonable and so make human intercourse an easier and pleasanter matter.

THE USE OF THE KNIFE, FORK AND SPOON

THE knife may be used for cutting food and for spreading or pushing it. Less than one hundred years ago, when forks never had more than three thin tines and more usually had only two, the knife was the proper conveyer of food. It had some time before taken over the performance of this important function from the fingers. The reason why the knife has been thus demoted should be obvious now that we have a fork with four tines, rounded bowl and generous size.

The fork may be used for carrying food to the mouth, for anchoring food to the plate while it is being cut, for cutting soft foods



WHEN KNIFE AND FORK ARE USED TOGETHER, THE KNIFE IS HELD IN THE RIGHT HAND, THE FORK CARRYING THE FOOD TO THE MOUTH

even an every-day family dinner, is a function which has real social significance. Special equipment has been gradually developed to give it a background of cleanliness, order and dignity. And gradually certain rules have been accepted everywhere as guides to the individual in the right use of this equipment and to indicate the way to the greatest convenience, comfort and pleasure to every one at the table. In studying the rules which follow, this thing should consistently be kept in mind: Good rules have good reasons back of them. If at any point a carefully analyzed rule fails to reveal a good reason for its observance, let us have the courage of our convictions and modify it to suit our needs.

My own interest in good manners at table was aroused when I was a schoolgirl. A companion criticized me rather severely one day for the way I was using my fork to carry food to my mouth.

Being young and sensitive, her ridicule made me feel crude and uncouth and I wanted to hide my shortcomings under the table instead of exhibiting them above it. I had a distinctly analytical mind, however, and I soon began to question the sentence imposed upon me. Reason told me that my method of manipulating my fork was based on good mechanical principles and that in appearance it was not awkward; so I set out to find the truth.

My final discovery that there was more than a single correct way to handle a fork restored my self-respect. I have always remembered the mortification I felt and how



IN RAISING THE FOOD TO THE MOUTH, THE WRIST IS RAISED TO THE LEFT AND UPWARD IN A GRACEFUL MOTION

like croquettes or salads, and for pushing when it is used with a spoon.

When the knife and fork are used together, the knife is held in the right hand with the cutting edge of the blade down, the end of the handle resting in the palm of the hand, the thumb extended along the left side of the handle, the forefinger extended and bent not more than one-half to one inch down the blunt edge of the blade, and the remaining fingers curled around the right side of the handle.

This is the *only* correct way to hold the knife, because it insures maximum efficiency with minimum effort.

The fork is the most commonly misused table implement. It should be held in the left hand with the tines down and the bowl part of the fork up. The end of the handle should rest within the palm of the hand, the



THE KNIFE IS USED BY ITSELF ONLY FOR SPREADING. DON'T SPREAD A WHOLE SLICE AT A TIME; THIS IS BAD FORM



THE BACK OF THE SPOON HANDLE SHOULD REST ON THE CURVE OF THE FINGERS, THE SMALL PART BETWEEN THUMB AND FOREFINGER

AT THE TABLE IN DOUBT WHAT TO DO?

thumb is extended along the right side of the handle of the fork, the forefinger is extended and braced against the part of the fork just where the bowl curves up and the remaining fingers curve around the left side of the handle of the fork. This is the only right way to hold a fork when cutting with the knife. Any other way results in awkward motions.

The backs of the hands should be fairly close together and as nearly parallel and horizontal as possible. This method of holding the hands and the knife and fork makes it easy to keep the elbows close to the sides.

If the mechanics of this handling of the knife and fork be studied, these rules will be found to be quite reasonable.

Each piece of food that is cut from the main portion should be cut with as little effort and sound of the knife on the plate as possible and should be eaten before another piece is cut.

This maintains a more attractive looking plate and distributes possibly disagreeable motions and sounds. An exception to this is when the food must be cut up for children who are too small to do it properly for themselves.

After a single piece of food has been removed from the main portion it is permissible to use the knife to push a small amount of potato or other food a short way up the back of the tines of the fork; then, without changing the handling of the fork, the wrist is raised to the left and upward and the food is carried to the mouth.

This method of carrying food is altogether correct. It is more generally used in the Southern than in the Northern States, and is the method commonly used in England and by the English people throughout the world. It has certain advantages of preciseness, of convenience and of saving motions that are lost in the method to be described further on in this article.

The knife and fork should not be constantly in the hands while eating. When not in use, they should be placed side by side on the plate.

Informally at home the plate may be passed for a second helping. Then the knife and fork should be placed parallel and close together slightly to one side of the plate, the knife to the right of the fork with the sharp edge of the blade turned in, the fork to the left of the knife with the tines up and the bowl down.

When the meal is over, the knife and fork should always be left in the position just described. It is very hard for the person who has to clear the table to avoid accidents where knives and forks are left sprawling at all angles on plates; and,

moreover, disordered table equipment is ugly to behold.

When the fork is used alone, it is held in the right hand. If it is used first for cutting a food like croquettes, it is held in the same way the knife is held; but in this case the left side of the tines would represent the cutting blade of the knife and the bowl of the fork would face outward.

If it is used for carrying food to the mouth, the back of the handle is allowed to rest on the curve formed by the fingers, and it is held



THE KNIFE MAY BE USED TO PUSH A SMALL AMOUNT OF POTATO OR OTHER FOOD UP THE BACK OF THE FORK

between the forefinger at the left and the thumb at the right. The food is then lifted as by a shovel on top of the tines of the fork and with a turn of the wrist is carried to the mouth. This position permits very free use of the wrist and does not necessitate raising the elbows when food is carried to the mouth.

It has been erroneously regarded as bad form to carry food to the mouth with the right hand as has been described with the left.

Food must not be pressed between the tines of the fork. It must not be lifted by being speared on the tines of the fork, but by resting on the top of the fork. These seem to me foolish injunctions against ways of eating that are dainty and accurate. I have closely observed frequent infringement on these unreasonable prohibitions and my sense of fitness has not been offended. Also you will find statements to the effect that lettuce should never be cut with a knife. I ask, Why never? Except for the necessity of being supplied with an extra knife, eating salad with a knife and fork is as dainty an operation as to eat it with a fork and a cracker. If solid Boston head lettuce is served, the fork alone



WITH A COMBINATION OF SOLIDS AND SOFT FOODS, THE FORK AND SPOON MAY BE USED TOGETHER

Concluded on page 30



The "Iron Foods" Like Raisins Bring Youthful Looks

—According to Authorities

HERE are luscious raisin foods that help promote youthful looks by keeping the cheeks rosy.

Raisins are rich in iron, which is necessary to keep the blood supplied with red corpuscles. Your daily food must not fail to furnish this tiny bit of iron. Raisins are one of the richest of foods in the assimilable kind.

Thus a few raisins every day will meet the vital need. Learn what raisins add to

boiled rice, bread pudding and other puddings and desserts.

Serve them with the children's oatmeal, and in cakes, cookies, rolls, corn bread, et cetera.

Serve stewed raisins with stewed prunes. Note the new zest in these foods with raisins.

Raisins increase nutrition also, furnishing 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Who's Had Biscuits Like Them

1 cup SUN-MAID Chopped Raisins
2 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup milk
2 teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour, salt and baking powder into bowl, add the shortening and rub in very lightly, add enough cold milk to hold together, add the raisins and mix. Place dough on floured board, roll or pat with hands until one inch thick, then cut with biscuit cutter and brush tops with cold milk. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

SUN-MAID RAISINS, which every grocer sells, are made from California's finest table grapes.

You may never taste these grapes, because their fragile, juicy, thin-skinned delicacy prevents long-distance shipping.

But you can have them in the form of luscious, tender, meaty raisins.

THREE VARIETIES: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

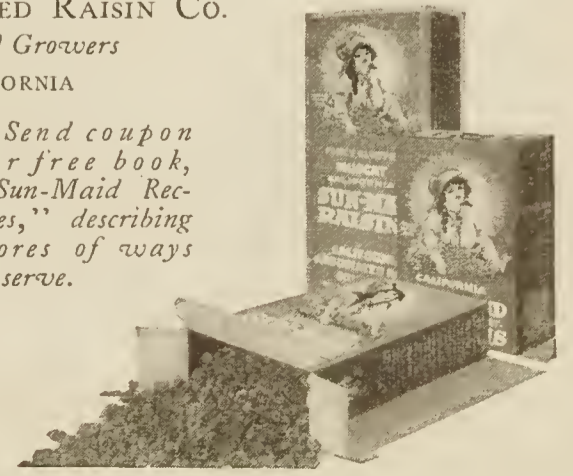
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Please send me, without charge, copy of "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name.....
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Send coupon for free book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," describing scores of ways to serve.



ON BEAUTIFUL HANDS

Place the hands in front of you, fingers almost touching, and shake vigorously and loosely until tired. Then, tips down, shake again.

For particularly stubborn hands: Relax one hand and work each finger and the thumb back and forth with the other hand, then reversing. This should be done with great vigor several times a day, especially after using the hands in water.

Relax one hand thoroughly and knock it about with the other as though you were batting a ball.

Rub the hands together in a sort of wringing movement; massaging them toward the wrist, as if you were putting on a glove, rests tired, cramped hands, forcing sluggish blood out and encouraging suppleness. Also if you rub them at the same time with some simple lubricant it will soften and whiten the skin.

FOR grace and balance of the fingers and arms: Bring the tips of the fingers to rest on the thumbs. Spread the fingers slowly apart and repeat. Then place the two hands out straight from the shoulders, keeping tips of middle fingers in sight of the eye under the palms. Hold these middle fingers steady, as if fastened. Relax rest of hand and move it around in a circle, a sort of weather-vane effect.

If your hands are weak and flabby—and let us hope for your sake they are not, for it betokens a weak and flabby moral fiber, too—clench them and release them slowly and with great energy whenever you think of it. This exercise if persistently used will tighten up weak muscles and drive out the flabbiness, giving your hands power and character. Some good hard work, with a mop-handle or the garden-rake, will be found very effective for hands in this condition.

Another exercise, good for suppleness and strength, learned abroad by Mrs. Paul Althouse, wife of the opera singer, is this: Place your hands straight in front of you, palms up. Have some one lay the open sheet of a newspaper on each palm. Then crumple the sheets into balls, without letting either hand assist the other.

Mary Garden, that past master of the art of acting, told me how she takes care of those wonderfully expressive hands of hers that can make her understood clear up to the last row of the gallery to people who do not know a word of the language in which she is singing.

"I manicure my hands myself," said Miss Garden. "I could not stand to have them

manicured by any one else. I do my hands in bed, usually on the day I am going to sing. It rests me to soak them in a little bright-colored bowl of tepid water and Castile soap. I file the nails quite rounded, not long and pointed, so that they follow the line of my finger-ends. Then I put a little vaseline on the cuticle. I put vaseline on them every night and shape the base of the nails with an orangewood stick every night, anyway. And that's really all the manicuring I do.



IF YOU COULD SEE NOTHING BUT THESE HANDS, WHAT WOULD THEY SAY TO YOU?

"An opera singer has to keep in very good form. She has to exercise hours upon hours and diet and keep thin. She never has a chance to dine out. And she has to go at it so hard, with her mind on her work, that her hands take care of themselves. She's in good condition all over."

"But Miss Garden," I objected, "you do not scrub floors."

"I could," she flashed back, "and I'd like to do it, too."

And she would. That is one reason why Miss Garden is an artist. She could do, and has the will to do, anything in the world, no matter how difficult. She gives that impression in her acting.

"The way your hand lives, the way it moves and acts, is just you," Miss Garden continued emphatically. "No one can tell any one else just how to act. It comes from within. If one knows interesting things, one is sure to move one's hands interestingly."

MISS GARDEN, like the divine Sarah, knows the art of dressing the arm to affect the appearance of the hand, something that every one should know. Unless in evening dress, she always wears long sleeves, so long that they come gracefully down over the wrist and reach part way down the hand. This gives a charm and sweep of line. Women with unlovely arms and hands, or with short arms, should take advantage of this. Miss Garden, being a merry soul, loves bracelets and wears several of them, onyx and jade and diamonds together. They give a gay little jingle as she goes about. "Just like a kitten with a bell on its neck, so we may always tell where she is," one of her staff remarked. And even with a tailored coat Miss Garden's blouse sleeve comes down lower than the coat-sleeve.

Sarah Bernhardt's hands are, as some one has said, "neither large nor small, thick nor thin, long nor short, yet can be made to seem all these by their extreme flexibility." She has always had a trick, whether conscious or not, of bringing together the last two fingers and the thumb, leaving the index and second finger to do the talking for her hand, thus giving it a long, artistic impression.

John Barrymore's long, lean hands, one of his chief features, are not long and lean at all. Mr. Barrymore uses them long and leanly.

Concluded on page 30



Blackheads are a confession

BLACKHEADS are a confession that you are using the wrong method of cleansing for your type of skin. Try the following treatment and see how easily you can keep your skin free from this disfiguring trouble.

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice*. Dry carefully. To remove the blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's brings.

You will find treatments for all the commoner troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury facial treatment and for general use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

"Your treatment for one week"

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

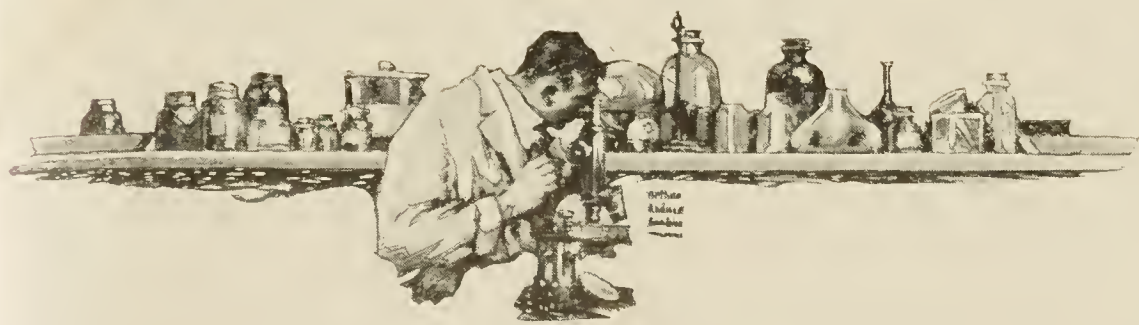
Send 25c for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

In it you will find the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; a trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder. Write today for this special outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1905 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY COSTUME REQUIRES AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY POISE OF HAND. TRAIN YOUR HANDS TO THE GRACE AND EASE THAT GO WITH A FAN AND A MINUET



THERE'S HOPE A-PLENTY IF THIS MALADY IS ATTACKED EARLY

BY WILLIAM J. MAYO, M. D.

Rochester, Minnesota

(A talk delivered before employees of the War Department)

Remember: Cancer is not contagious, is not hereditary, is often curable. Yet out of forty-five deaths of women in this country, eight are from cancer. Because patients fail to recognize the disease EARLY.

This is the second and concluding article; the first appeared in the April number of THE DELINEATOR.

SITES of local irritation may be divided into three general groups: Congenital, traumatic (wounds) and chronic irritative.

Congenital or acquired neoplasms, such as moles, warts and benign tumors of various sorts may undergo malignancy. Keen, in 1901, called attention to the danger of degeneration of local lesions of this character and presented most interesting and instructive data in regard to their relation to cancer. Bloodgood, in recent years, in a series of excellent papers on the cancer problem, points out that of eight hundred and twenty pathologically fully developed cancers of the skin and visible mucous membranes, he was unable to find a single case with a well-taken history, showing the absence of a previous defect which might be looked upon as a "pre-cancerous" lesion.

Coley calls attention to the influence of traumatic injury not only in the development of sarcoma, which has been an accepted fact for a generation, but also to the fact that trauma (wound) has a strong influence in the production of carcinoma. He made an analysis of two hundred and fifty cases of carcinoma (the histories were taken by himself) which came under his personal observation. There was a history of antecedent trauma in thirty-eight per cent. of these cases. Any injury which fails to heal promptly should be investigated at once to determine, if possible, the reason for the delay.

THE PRINCIPAL FACTOR

CHRONIC irritation is the greatest factor in the production of cancer, whether it is the result of mechanical, chemical or infectious agencies, and it is undoubtedly the most potent influence in the development of the disease following congenital lesions and trauma. What has been said with regard to the great influence of the relations of chronic irritation to cancer in men is equally true in lower animals. The horn-core cancer occurs in the cattle of India that pull their loads by means of a rope passed through holes bored in the roots of the horns. Cancer at the base of the horn from this cause is extremely frequent, and is almost never seen under other conditions.

Fibiger, of Copenhagen, in getting rats for experimental purposes, found that in certain sugar warehouses the American rat had cancer of the stomach with great frequency. This was not true of the Danish rat or rats found in warehouses containing sugar from the West Indies. He found that all rats ate cockroaches, that the American cockroaches were infected with nematodes (thread-worms). These bored their way through the gastric mucosa of the rats and this form of chronic irritation led to cancer. By feeding Danish and West India rats with the American cockroach he was able to produce cancer with the same frequency that existed among American rats.

In man it may be noted that cancer in any part of the body which is open to inspection may, in practically every instance, be shown

to be preceded by a local lesion. Can our knowledge of the development of external cancer be applied to the solution of the problem of internal cancer?

Admitting, according to the mass of evidence, that chronic irritation in its various forms is the most important factor in the production of cancer in the parts of the body exposed to the eye, must we not conclude that cancer on the inner surface of the body depends on the same "pre-cancerous" conditions? It is difficult to obtain evidence as to the appearance of cancer of the internal mucosa of the body, because in the early stages there are, as a rule, no manifestations which lead to an examination. But we have observed a large number of such early cases of cancer in the mucous membrane of the inner surface of the body, and in all there was conclusive evidence of a previous local lesion.

VARIOUS TYPES OF CANCER

IT IS of interest to review somewhat in detail the various types of cancer in man having their origin in a local lesion. Each example carries its own lesson as to the prevention of cancer.

In parts of China where the head is partially or entirely shaved in public places, the razor used is ragged and dull. The continuous scraping of the scalp produces a form of irritation from which cancer often develops. Chinese men suffer from cancer of the posterior wall of the pharynx and upper esophagus, due to their ordinary food of hot rice which is thrown into the mouth with considerable force. Chinese women eat at the second table, when the rice is cold, and seldom have this form of cancer. In India and the Philippines the natives chew betel-nut, a rough nut wrapped in a leaf with certain condiments which is held between the gum and cheek. In Madras, India, more than fifty per cent. of all the cancers seen in the mouth are due to the betel-nut. In one province both men and women use betel-nut, and both suffer equally from cancer of the mouth; in other parts of the country women avoid the practise and do not have the disease.

Cancer of the mouth in civilized countries has been remarkably reduced by good dentistry. In former times the condition was exceedingly common in connection with rough, ragged teeth; when now seen, it usually has such origin or comes from smoking.

Eighty-five per cent. of cancers of the lip are in smokers. Formerly, to a considerable extent, the clay pipe was used, through which the heat was conducted. There has been a very marked reduction in the number of cases of cancer of the lip since clay pipes have been discarded, but the smoking habit will be found in the majority of instances as the cause of cancer of the lip, the tongue and the floor of the mouth.

In Kurdistan, India, where the natives wear Kangri baskets filled with hot coals across the lower abdomen to protect themselves from cold, more than fifty per cent. of all cancers are so-called Kangri sores of the lower abdomen and groin, a form of cancer

Concluded on page 32



Never Sleep With a film-coat on your teeth

Millions of people leave a film-coat when they brush their teeth at night. And in a short time the acids formed in it may attack the tooth enamel.

That's why teeth discolor and decay despite all care. Film is the cause of most tooth troubles. And the old ways of brushing cannot effectively combat it.

The film is there

Your teeth are now film-coated. You can feel it with your tongue. That viscous coat clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Watch these five effects

Pepsodent attacks film in two efficient ways. It also brings other much-desired effects with every application.

It multiplies the salivary flow. That is Nature's tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which otherwise cling and may form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. It leaves the teeth

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people, young or old, escape these film attacks. Despite the tooth brush, these tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

You can combat it

Now you can combat that film. Dental science, after diligent research, has found effective methods. Clinical tests have amply proved them. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Millions of people now know its effects. And a ten-day test will be sent to you to show them, if you ask.

so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

These are studied effects, desired by the highest modern dental authorities. The chief of them are simply aids to Nature.

See these results. Learn the reason for them. Compare for a few days this new way with the old. Then judge for yourself which method your home should adopt.

Cut out the coupon now

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant which brings five desired effects. Approved by highest authorities, and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

Some effects are seen and felt

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears. It will be a revelation.

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 527, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

ON BEAUTIFUL HANDS

This is done by holding the fingers close together.

Julian Eltinge, playing feminine rôles, has found it necessary to use many subterfuges to make his hands look small. For one thing he pinks his fingers, not only on the tips and palms, but between them, extending the color down each side of the fingers, leaving a narrow white stripe down the center. He also wears black velvet ribbon around his wrists, an old-fashioned custom, come down from our grandmothers, who knew, no doubt, in their coquettish way, that nothing makes a hand look whiter and smaller than a closely fitting band of black.

The band of black around the wrist breaks a straight, long line and shortens the effect of hand and arm. Women should always think of this when putting on evening dress. No actress with a long arm and hand would think of appearing in a sleeveless gown without bracelet or band at the wrist, or else on the upper arm as the ancients wore them. The woman with the short, plump arm does not need this shortening effect. The elbow-length sleeve is a hard one to wear, unsuited to people with ungainly arms or to older women. It is a distinctly juvenile style, and should be affected only by young girls with dimpled arms.

AND here, let me tell you of an interesting and economical scheme used by Mercita Esmond, a clever actress. Every night after she has finished her evening stint of massaging her hands with almond-oil cream to keep them plump and well rounded, she finds the palms of her hands covered with cream. Ordinarily a woman at her toilet would wipe that off on a towel. Miss Esmond applies it to her elbows with the flat palm of her hand, working it in until all the cream is absorbed. Her elbows have none of those calluses and red marks so common to women's arms. The elbow, she points out, tells the age just as quickly as crow's-feet and wrinkles on the face, and she does not intend to let any one guess her age by her elbows.

One of the greatest abominations and handicaps to a beautiful and graceful hand is

the three-quarter sleeve. Witness the pictures of Carroll MacComas as *Miss Lulu Bell*, accompanying this article. Whenever an actress wants to make her hands appear awkward and self-conscious, she wears a sleeve that cuts off half-way up the forearm. In a flowing sleeve this effect is not so strong as in a tight sleeve, but it still is not good.

There are other things to be discovered from a consideration of the pictures of Miss MacComas. Her fingers are stiffly curled under. See how harsh that effect is. She has made her hands appear dull and uninteresting because she is picturing a woman whose life is drab, who is without hope of future happiness. The veins are swollen. She is tired. The blood does not circulate freely through those tired hands, which she always holds down.

HOW different are the limpid, flowing lines of the dancing-girl, with her bird-like fingers. These fingers point up. They express buoyancy and hope. The fingers rest apart, each single one beautiful in itself. Her hands are white. There is no excess blood in them. Remember this when you are going to a social gathering and want your hands to look nice. Many an actress holds her hands up on a level with her head for several seconds before she goes on the stage.

Actresses always cover their hands and arms with liquid powder so that the white will be evenly distributed.

Be sure, while doing your housework, to wear rubber gloves whenever your hands are working in water, or as often as possible. There are housemaids' gloves of white.

Always have a lemon handy, to take off stains, and, of course, the pumice-stone.

And remember—never wash your hands without doing a thorough job of it. Soap and a good bristle brush will take off any annoying dirt that gets down into the knuckles. After your hands are clean, thoroughly dry them on a soft towel. This is most important. An extra second here may save many seconds when your hands are chapped. The main thing is to keep your hands in that condition where you will not be ashamed of them.

Concluded from page 27

GOOD MANNERS AT THE TABLE

offers serious difficulties, particularly because it is a striking illustration of our tendency to do and not do without any analysis of the reason for it.

When the fork is used alone without the knife with food that offers any resistance, bread or crackers should be used as a pusher. Fingers quite obviously should not be used for this purpose.

The fork should not be used to remove bits of butter from the bread-and-butter plate, because left-over pieces of butter are commonly used for cooking.

Neither the knife nor the fork should ever be used in gesticulating.

AS SOON as food is taken on the fork, it should be eaten. The knife is used by itself only for spreading. When bread is being eaten, it is not permissible to spread a whole slice at once with butter or jam. Only a small piece, as nearly a mouthful as practicable, is taken at a time, and this is buttered and a single portion of jam added, and it is eaten before another piece is broken from the main portion. This rule is good because it results in cleaner habits.

The fork and spoon may often be used together more gracefully, conveniently and effectively than when the spoon is used alone. With many desserts and with fruits, such as stewed prunes and baked apples, this is the case where a combination of solids and soft foods exist. The fork is then held in the left hand in the position which is described for its use with the knife and is used both as an anchor and a pusher. The spoon is then used and handled first as a cutting implement and then as a carrier.

This method of using the fork and spoon together is common in England.

The spoon is ordinarily used alone in this country for carrying to the mouth those foods which are too soft to be held by the fork. The spoon is held in the same way that the fork is held, with the back of the handle resting on the curve of the fingers and the small part or waist of the handle held between the thumb at the left and the forefinger at the right.

If a food is too soft to be eaten with a fork, it should be served in a side-dish. No food served on the dinner-plate should be carried to the mouth with the spoon, since the fork is there for that purpose.

SOUP should be sipped from the side of the spoon, unless it contains large pieces of solid food. These must be eaten in the regulation way from the tip of the spoon. Because of the difficulty in eating soups containing solids like oysters, they are served only at the less formal meal.

The soup spoon should be filled by a motion away from the body; and if the plate is tilted, it also should be tilted in that direction.

The spoon is used for stirring a beverage briefly if cream, sugar or lemon has been added or for tasting it to test heat or flavor.

When desserts or other foods are served in cup-like dishes, the spoon when not in use should never be left in the dish, but should always be placed on the plate at the side of the dish. The reason for this practice is obvious. It reduces the danger of breaking and spilling accidents.

(Other illustrated articles by Miss Rose on Table Manners and Table Arrangement will follow in later issues of THE DELINEATOR.)



Poise and Charm

These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention—particularly her complexion.

She is equally at ease in the witching candle light of the tea room and the bright sunlight of the busy street because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft—delicately lovely.

RESINOL SOAP is often found among the toilet requisites of such a woman. Its wholesome, cleansing qualities, together with its freedom from anything which could injure the skin's texture, make it a favorite.

It refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to oiliness, roughness, blotches, chapping and other blemishes. Buy a cake today and try it for your bath as well as your complexion. All druggists and toilet goods dealers sell the Resinol products.

Resinol Soap



Miniature cake free on request.
WRITE NOW to Dept. 4-D
RESINOL, Baltimore, Md.

American Lady Corsets

Boned throughout with *Mightybone*



Painting features American Lady Corset, in pink coutil, daintily trimmed, Model No. 202, at \$3.00

First — or Hundredth Time

THE first time or the hundredth time! It doesn't make any difference how long you wear your American Lady Corset—it will keep right on giving you the style lines for which you bought it.

It isn't their skilful designing alone that gives American Lady Corsets this permanency of style. It is a distinctive feature—the most modern advance in corsetry—*Mightybone*, a boning that "gives" easily with the body—yet keeps its lines of smartness in the corset after perfect ages of wearing.

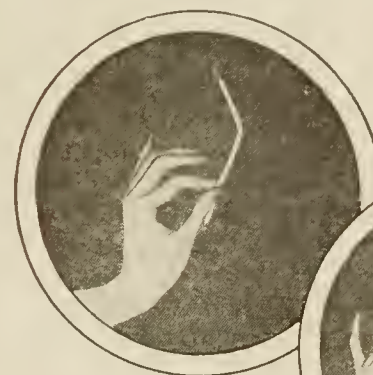
Mightybone has supple strength. It makes for corset comfort because it obviates the necessity of "overboning." And for the same reason your American Lady Corset never makes your figure look unyielding and stiff, but draws it into its *natural* lines of youthful grace and smartness.

To look for the *Mightybone* tag is corset economy. This little mark of identification, coupled with the American Lady signature on the corset itself, promises you comfort *always*, lasting style and satisfaction that *endures*.

YOUR dealer has a complete range of American Lady Corsets—a special model for every type of figure and for every purpose. There are models of Batiste, Coutil and Brocade—all dainty, all smart.

Back Lace, \$2.00 to \$10.00 · Front Lace, \$3.50 to \$10.00

AMERICAN LADY CORSET COMPANY, INC.
DETROIT · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO



Ordinary Bone



Mightybone

Top picture shows ordinary boning after corset had been worn but a short time. The lack of resilience is indicated by angle at which boning is now permanently bent. The lower picture shows a rib of *Mightybone* that has come through the same test with all its original springiness still alive. That is why American Lady Corsets, boned throughout with *Mightybone*, and bearing the *Mightybone* tag pictured here, ensure permanency of comfort and style.



THERE'S HOPE A-PLENTY



*The Doctor says:—
“Don't wait for danger signals”*

“NATURE sends out danger signals when the intestines become clogged. These warnings are often coated tongue, drowsiness, headache and a disinclination to eat. They warn that the blood has absorbed poisons from the intestines and that they are flooding through the body, reaching every tiny cell.

It is a serious condition

“A person so affected, is not only subject to troubles within the body but is weakened against illness from without. He becomes an easy prey to such ailments as colds, grippe or influenza. A constipated child is more exposed to measles, whooping-cough, scarlet fever and so on. And in the case of a nursing mother, blood that is loaded with such poisons affects those cells which provide milk for the baby, thus injuring the infant.

“Just a little care will keep your family in good health. See that their intestines are kept clean. The most efficient way to do this is to give them Nujol, regularly.”

Why Nujol relieves

Without irritating or forcing the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system, regularly and thoroughly.

Nujol relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Constipation

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark. Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 718F, 44 Beaver Street, New York. (In Canada send to Nujol, 22 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.) Please send me booklets marked:

- “Constipation—auto-intoxication in adults”
- “Constipation in pregnancy and nursing”
- “Constipation in infancy and childhood”
- “Constipation as a cause of piles”
- “Constipation in old age”
- “A lovely skin comes from within”

Name.....
Address.....

which develops in the burn. Cancer in this situation is extremely rare among other people.

Gall-stones, causing chronic irritation, are found in more than eighty-five per cent. of all cases of cancer of the gall-bladder. Cancer of the large intestine and rectum frequently originates from diverticulum (pouch or pocket without an outlet). These little pockets are usually acquired, and contain hardened masses of feces which cause chronic irritation.

Locomotive drivers have cancer of the skin due to long-continued irritation and exposure to the heat while standing next to the fire-box. I have already spoken of the development of cancer in tar, pitch, paraffin and arsenic workers, in Roentgen-ray burns and the lungs of cobalt workers, and in the chimney-sweep from riding on the soot-covered rope. Billroth observed that cancer almost never arises in the normal breast, and that it is usually preceded by small lesions of a degenerative character.

The important, noticeable fact is that when cancer exists to great excess in one part of the body, in one race of people and not in others, it must be owing to a single cause. So far as I have been able to learn, cancer of the breast is exceedingly rare in all races where it is the custom to permit the breast to hang completely exposed to the air and without covering.

CANCER OF THE STOMACH

CANCER of the stomach forms nearly one-third of all the cancers of civilized man. So far as I know, this is not true of lower animals or of primitive people. Trustworthy evidence on this point is, for obvious reasons, difficult to obtain. The food supply of civilized man, primitive man and the lower animals is practically the same. Why is there this extraordinary frequency of cancer of the stomach? Is the stomach a trap and the cancer a parasite strained out into the stomach? If so, why is cancer of the stomach not so frequent in the lower animal as in man? Is it not possible that there is something in the habits of civilized man, in the cooking or other preparation of his food, which produces the precancerous lesions? Can the taking of hot foods have anything to do with the development of cancer of the stomach?

We see the effect of heat as a cause of chronic local irritation, in connection with hot rice and cancer of the pharynx, cancer on the lip from the clay pipe, of the burn from the Kangri basket, and the heat of the fire-box on the skin of the locomotive driver, as well as its frequent origin in irritated spots, the result of the sun's rays, chronic heat irritation and Roentgen-ray burns. We see the same condition in animals from branding with the hot iron. The only essential difference that I know of between the habits of civilized man and those of the lower animals and the savage is that animals and savages take their food, especially their drinks, cold. Any one who will experiment a little can not help being impressed with the fact that drinks are often swallowed hotter than they can be held in the mouth. The stomach is not as well protected as the mouth against the effect of heat, but, as it does not have sensitive nerves in the mucous membrane, the injury is not immediately manifested by pain.

PESSIMISM NOT JUSTIFIED

THE prognosis (the foretelling of the course) of cancer, taken as a whole, is much better than is generally believed. Experience shows that if cancer of the breast is removed before there is glandular metastasis, eighty per cent. of the patients are cured; after the lymphatic glands are involved, twenty per cent. are cured. The pessimism of people in general, and of some of the medical profession, is not justified by the facts. The idea that cancer is hereditary and carries with it a stigma, tends to make its possessor exceedingly careful about revealing his condition. Even if he has had a cancer and it has been removed, with a resulting cure, he believes the knowledge would be a matter of anxiety to his family who would fear they might inherit the disease. He believes also that because of having had cancer his future career would be hampered, in that

permanency of employment would always be open to question. The result is that of the thousands who have had cancer and have been operated upon successfully, nothing is known, while those who have had cancer unsuccessfully operated upon, or in whom a palliative operation has been made for the purpose of relief, without the expectation of cure, are known to every one. The facts in the latter cases can not be concealed, and the long illness, painful, and often accompanied by foul discharges, presents a tragic picture that is known to the whole neighborhood.

The prevention of cancer is possible to great extent. It means the prevention of all causes of chronic irritation and the relief of all such conditions when established. If such conditions can not be quickly relieved, the possibility of a precancerous lesion must be thought of and expert advice sought. This is the great opportunity. Small tumors, warts, moles, etc., that are becoming irritated, sores and abrasions which fail to heal, injuries which have not fully resolved, all such conditions at once assume great importance. Everything which has been said about lesions of this kind on the visible parts of the body applies equally to concealed situations. The early removal of gall-stones, ulcer of the stomach, stones in the kidney, etc., are conspicuous examples.

The future of the cancer problem is hopeful. Whether or not cancer is a mode of growth, whether it is the result of some agency introduced from without or within, we do not know, but our knowledge of its extraordinary relationship to chronic irritation makes possible a high grade of prophylaxis against cancer. Cancer is certainly curable while still local, and may even be cured later. Even in the apparently hopeless cases, by means of cleanliness, heat, radium and the x-ray much can be done to relieve the suffering it produces. And now let us set forth some of the salient points:

MANY CASES ARE CURABLE

CANCER in its early stages is always local. It does not in the beginning include neighboring parts, consequently, being local, is by surgical means subject to permanent cure. But from those who think that cancer is always incurable, the cry goes up—it will return. If not in the original place, in some other part of the body. The answer to this is:

Cancer is not, when removed in its initial stages, subject to return. For in the local stage, it has not, either through lymphatic or blood circulations, been carried to any other part of the body. But when allowed to progress, it invades neighboring tissues, and spreads by metastasis to other parts of the body. It has then become a general disease and is beyond the hope of permanent cure.

Cancer causes thousands of needless deaths. This is largely due to the fact that at first the symptoms are always minor. In the beginning there may be a small spot or lump in the breast; there may be a little bleeding between the menstrual periods or there may be a slight chronic indigestion. But, since there is very little real pain or illness, if any, many people conceal the trouble and wait too long. When at last pain has driven them to a physician, oftentimes it is too late for permanent cure. For with the passing of each precious week the disease has spread farther from that local area, until at last no one can trace and remove all the cancer cells.

So far as is known, cancer is not contagious and is not hereditary. It is usually associated with some kind of long-standing irritation of the part affected.

The so-called benign tumors may and often do become malignant. It is safer to find out what they are. In other words, the legal dictum of holding every one innocent until proved guilty should, where these growths are concerned, be reversed. For every growth, lump, sore that refuses to heal, abnormal flowing or discharge, or other suspicious symptoms should be considered guilty until proved innocent.

Thousands of lives have been saved and thousands of others could be saved by prompt attention to these and other danger signals.

Kleinert Shield



A Page of Protection

A UNIVERSAL CIRCULATION

The Kleinert Rubber Company
725 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

ESTABLISHED
41 YEARS AGO

Gem Makes New Record

Present Close-Woven Cover Fabric
Surpasses Even Pre-War Standard



The two features which have made Kleinert's Gem Dress Shield famous for nearly half a century are its rubber lining—impervious to any known acid—and its double cover of fabric which completely absorbs moisture.

We couldn't improve on the pure gum rubber lining.

But a return to more normal conditions has enabled us to produce a cover fabric, closer woven, stronger, and whiter than ever before. Moreover, it is superior in absorbent and laundering qualities even to the high grade materials used in the Gem before the war.

Shields for every gown are now regarded as indispensable by the really smart woman and of course she suits the shape and style of the shield to the garment.

There is a Regular shape—ample in proportions—for use in cloth dresses and tailored waists; and the small Crescent which fits so inconspicuously into sheer gowns and blouses. For evening wear, you will want the cleverly cut Opera shape, and if you chance to be a bit stout, there is the Highpoint Gem specially designed to meet your needs.

Every Kleinert Shield is as easily washed as a handkerchief.



New Grayline Now Doing Service

Eandy little waterproof tourist cases are these with cunning pockets to hold all your toilet necessities. They're covered in a soft French gray—real travel color—that defies spots and soil to dim its freshness.

Tuck in your wet sponges, tooth brush, etc., and shut your bag with perfect confidence—the name *Kleinert's* is your assurance that every Grayline is dependably waterproof.



H. R. H. Jiffy

His Majesty's Mother reports that no article in his wardrobe is more appreciated than his Kleinert's Jiffy Baby Pants.

It's on and off in a jiffy with no scratchy pins, no bothersome buttons, no tapes to bind. Waist and knees are prettily shirred over an inside band designed to lie flat and smooth.

Jiffys are made in three sizes so that even the most bouncing young Hercules can find one to suit, and every real Jiffy bears the name *Kleinert*.



Buster Brown Helps Sturdy Youngsters

John and Jane can climb trees, race, and wrestle without restraint in these stretchy Buster Brown Garters. They're made of good live rubber—placed properly *below* the buckle teeth so they will wear twice as long.

Helps Prevent Wrinkles



Kleinert's Sanitary Dress Protector will keep your skirt from wrinkling when you travel or sit at your desk all day. It is easily adjusted, washable, and affords adequate protection on all occasions.

Your Dealer Can Get These Items From His Jobber

Nearly every store near you carries the Kleinert specialties and if the particular article you are seeking is not in stock at your favorite merchant's, just ask him to order it for you from his jobber.

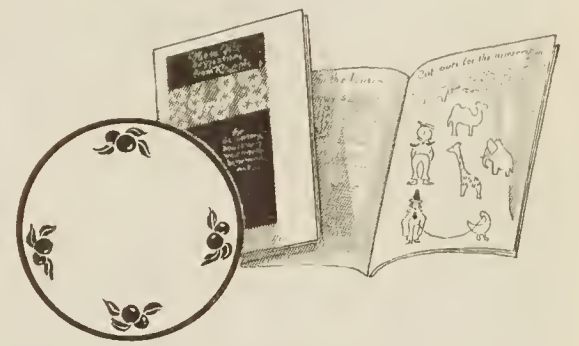
New Way to Please Husbands!



He expects you to wear pretty clothes—of course—but he also likes good dinners and a tidy house, doesn't he? *Kleinert's Household Apron* will keep your prettiest frock perfectly safe beneath its ample waterproof folds, even while you clean vegetables or wash dishes.

Paris Comes to Kleinert's for Bathing Caps

Jaunty caps of every hue are included among the *Kleinert's Millinery for Mermaids*. Plain, tightly fitted head shapes for the girl who dives, also smart tams and becoming hats trimmed with rubber flowers and ribbons—all sure to be satisfactory if they show the *Kleinert's* label.



Gift Suggestions Send Four Cents for Your Copy

All sorts of fascinating things can be made from our old household standby—Kleinert's Rubber Sheeting.

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THE MAN IN THE WELL

Cleverly she has crossed the eighth step without touching it. Here is the last, this block of stone, which will bear all her weight and give no telltale sound. Annette regrets that she has not rolled something into her bed to look like a little girl asleep. If they should come into her room. But it is too late.

The locks are more complicated on the big door—but then one is farther away from listening ears. And without too much trouble, standing on tiptoe, and gently pulling and pushing the bolts, Annette at last watched the door slide open.

THE garden in the light of the moon! Something extraordinary and new, a delight that really belongs to another world. Drenched in the stillness of the white light, the trees greet her with unreal gestures.

Is she going to dare to cross that, all alone? It is cold, and she feels shy, an intruder in this sleeping garden that was not expecting her. She is embarrassed as though she had discovered a secret—as though, without wishing it, she had looked through a keyhole.

She goes the way of the long path, straight across the orchard, and he would indeed be surprised who should meet with the little eleven-year girl at that hour, and in that strange attire, the hands moist, and with the inspired face of an angel fulfilling her first mission.

Here is the freshly tilled field, where the earth is uneven and treacherous to the feet. Annette feels it dirtying her bare legs—too bad!

Here is the end of the garden, the wildest part, where the willows grow at the edge of a hole. And the hole—is the well. Annette takes hold of a strong branch and leans over. You can't see anything, but down there in the black you know it is hollow and dead. And you can smell a stale smell. With the point of her foot Annette pushes some loose clumps of earth. Silence—then, plouf!

Nette holds tightly to the willow branch, her eyes widening.

The well is silent—uninhabited—empty! The proof is made. Annette knew that no red giant man with three rows of teeth and the frightful laugh—a horror that had never been seen before or since—would rise at her from that hole. And what a good chance for him! On the question of disobedience, he would have been satisfied. And it was because she had never believed in him, even for a moment, that it was so easy to be brave.

Softly she calls: "Hey! Old Man in the Well!"

Silence and shadow. She draws back a

step, then screams with all her strength: "Hey! You dirty old man with a crooked nose and your great big head that doesn't scare me!"

A silence a little too oppressive, and that refuses to be disturbed by a little girl's voice. Even Nette is surprised at the sound it makes and hardly recognizes it in this dead garden.

She looks around her and suddenly sees how far away she is and how very much alone. The house is hidden at the other side of all those shadows, and quickly Nette turns, and somehow her foot slips—big mass of earth sinks in beneath her. She had just time enough to cling to her branch—it bends but holds firm.

A wave of cold runs up her back as she hears the hollow, sucking "plouf!" far down. And suddenly, at the great noise, something moves in the grass at her feet. Could it be a rat? It runs terribly fast, and is gone.

Annette too runs fast, escapes from the thicket, and finds herself in the powdered field, in an agony of fright, her knees weak and trembling. The garden is calm, calm. Ah! Run, run quickly to the house, close the door and the windows, and touch the familiar things! And she gallops to the house—the sound of her feet bewilders her, she stumbles, picks herself up again, and behind her she hears the brushing patter of ten thousand rats, with the Man in the Well at their head, brandishing a big knife.

At last she reaches the door, her heart beating furiously. Without looking behind she glides into the hall, climbs the stairs—the step squeaks, but no one hears it, and somehow she is in bed, pulling up the blankets, and her teeth chattering so loud that Michel turns and groans in his sleep.

Now comes relaxation—perhaps the garden is invested by evil and phantom spirits—no matter. No harm comes here. She is relieved. She cries a little. She knows that to-morrow and the day after to-morrow she will be happy to have done it; but now, to-night, more than anything else, she is sleepy—so very sleepy.

AND, her head in the bend of her arm, Annette sleeps dreamlessly till the morning comes.

In the morning there were questionings from one end of the house to the other, and the mystery of the unbolted door, the mud on the stairs, Annette's bruised knee, and the strange, earthy little slippers had to be investigated. But here the grown-up people had so much to say that it is not worth the telling.

STUNNING NEW SLIP-COVERS

over at least two inches. Then cut the outside of the wings and arms in one piece.

Take all the pieces and pin them carefully together over the chair. If you intend to bind the seams on the right side with upholsterers' tape, pin your covering right side out; but if you are going to make French seams, pin it wrong side out. It should fit easily over the chair, making allowance for your seams and shrinkage. Push in the material you have allowed at the back and seat and see that the wrinkles are all out and that it sits easily and smoothly over the chair. You may find that the chair is not upholstered deeply enough to require six inches extra at the back and three at the sides. Cut this off then, but be sure you have enough to tuck in as far as your hand will go. When you are satisfied that it fits perfectly, remove it without unpinning and it is ready to sew together.

You should have a French seam or binding all around the outside edge of the arms, wings, top of the back and front of the seat. All the other seams are flat.

Cut your cover to extend to the floor. This will allow for an inch to make the hem and give the casters free play. If you wish to make a plaiting, cut the material on the outside of the sides and back as long as the apron is in front. Make a box plaiting of plaits two inches wide, joining them underneath

and stitching to within four inches of the floor. Make the spaces between them two inches. If you prefer a wider or narrower plait, remember to keep these and the spaces between the same width. When in place it should come to the floor, so that when you have turned the hem the finished plaiting will be an inch from the floor. Then your cover is done.

There are several things with which great care should be taken. It is very hard to tell how much to allow for shrinkage. Better make the cover fit loosely and it is possible to have the covers cleaned rather than washed, as washing shrinks them. If you get a cretonne with a dark ground, it will not need cleaning very often.

French seams are much more satisfactory than bindings; it is easier to make a cover with seams and they launder better. If you want to make a binding of the same material, be sure and cut your strips on the bias. It is possible to work out attractive combinations with these strips. For example, I have seen a French-blue cover made of satin and bound with tan strips of the same material. The effect was charming.

The chair I have described is one of the hardest to cover and it may be wise for you to begin with a simpler design. However, if you work carefully there should be no difficulty that you can not overcome easily.

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That soft, beautiful lustre you've admired in friends' homes; that good taste in every room; that spick-and-span look of floors, furniture and woodwork—you, too, can have it easily.

Spread a thin film of Old English Wax on the surface. In a few minutes a little rubbing brings it to a beautiful finish, a hard, wear-resisting finish.

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The easy way to clean your floors—waxed, varnished, shellaced, or stained—is to use Old English Brightener. It's the floor cleaner that takes away that dingy, dusty, dull appearance without destroying the finish. It leaves a light film which polishes beautifully, brightens the floor, woodwork, or furniture, and protects against wear. Will not collect dust, discolor the wood, or soil rugs like oil. Doubles the life of your floor finish.

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Try serving Premium Ham baked with a spicy currant sauce the next time you are anxious to have a particularly nice dinner. It is so easy to prepare and yet it makes an otherwise ordinary meal seem quite like a holiday affair.

The especially long, careful Premium cure gives this ham the unusual sweetness of flavor that contrasts so well with the tartness of the cur-

rant sauce. Make sure of getting it by looking for the Swift's Premium brand and wrapper when you buy ham.

Boil the thick end or butt of a Swift's Premium Ham—allowing twenty minutes to the pound. Remove the skin and bake it in a moderate oven one-half hour. Baste it frequently with a sauce made by adding a cup of hot water to a glass of currant jelly. Thicken the currant sauce left in the pan and serve it with the ham.

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THE COURT OF HAPPY ENDINGS

have gone to jail where they would have been on expense to the city, or would have escaped judgment and their families left to shift for themselves as best they could.

In addition to these court cases 22,000 reconciliations were effected. It almost requires infinite calculus to figure the economy in these instances, for the mere money saved, to the city, about \$88,000 per day if the families had been left destitute—is a cipher in comparison with the general economic feat accomplished. A family divided means two homes instead of one; it means greater expenditure all the way through. More important, it means a tremendous waste in human integrity. The records of the juvenile courts of the entire country agree that fifty-five out of every hundred delinquent boys are from homes where there is no father to guide and discipline them.

Probation Officer Cooley maintains that at least 3,000 of the 11,000 husbands who were given probation instead of being sent to jail last year were on the verge of becoming human derelicts, and the understanding and encouragement which they met with under probation service have redeemed them.

IN 1910, when the Probation Bureau, Alimony Bureau and Domestic Relations Court were first properly established and correlated, there were thirty-two thousand delinquent husbands who were sent to jail, their families becoming public dependents. The cost in actual dollars to the city far exceeded a million dollars. The human loss is incalculable.

And this is only a small part of the good accomplished, for the New York Court of Domestic Relations is the pioneer mother of Family Courts which are springing up all over the country, and its workers have contributed their store of wisdom to help other communities even beyond the help they are able to give to their own. For the best part of this work is by no means confined to the large cities. Throughout the country small towns, especially those where there is an industrial population, are beginning to see the need of such a court where the *Darby and Joans*, their first flush of romance paled under a popinquity which cruelly exposes their faults as well as their virtues, put marriage down as a total failure and are for quick repudiation of its obligations, whereas the exercise of a little judgment would adjust the difficulty and the fabric of the family not only be maintained but strengthened.

Mrs. Ida Upshaw, the Superintendent of the Bureau of Domestic Relations, outlines the formula for patching up these broken romances. And Mrs. Upshaw knows what she is talking about. For she has been the superintendent of this bureau ever since it was begun, and it was her own better understanding, nearly twenty years ago, that was responsible for its very beginning. A worker in the Department of Public Charities, her investigation of the relief cases which came under her administration often bade attendance in the courts. Here she saw much unnecessary misery because of the improper handling of the troubles between husbands and wives when a little preparatory attention might have kept them out of court.

THUS began the Bureau of Domestic Relations.

But even with the bureau things did not go as well as they could. It was seen that what was necessary was a Domestic Relations Court, where both men and women could tell their stories to a judge who would take a special interest in these cases, and behind closed doors.

Here began the first Domestic Relations Court—it was in the Spring of 1905. In 1907 the city of Philadelphia having followed the processes and results of the New York court, sent representatives to Mrs. Upshaw and other workers in the cause for advice, and the second Domestic Relations Court in the country was established. Next came the Domestic Relations Bureau in Chicago. In 1915 Judge Hoffman of Cincinnati started the Family Court which has since become world-renowned for its effi-

ciency. The same year a Domestic Relations Bureau as a part of the Women's Court was established in San Francisco. And now throughout the country in small towns of eight and ten thousand these bureaus are springing up as a necessary part of all courts in which husbands and wives figure as plaintiffs and defendants. In addition Canada has founded courts in Toronto and Montreal.

"At least two-thirds of the cases," says Mrs. Upshaw, "are reconcilable."

Under the head of what irks most in marriage, Mrs. Upshaw outlines a number of given causes. "Until the Eighteenth Amendment drink was the basic cause in about thirty-five per cent. of the cases. In the last year there has been a practical cessation of these and the number of delinquent husbands has fallen off about thirty per cent. Now the most frequent cause is actual mismatching—such as different religions, too great a difference in the ages, dissimilarity of tastes.

"Interference of in-laws is one of the most significant causes which frets the bureau, but it is also one easily remedied. Unemployment and the economic pinch work great havoc in marriage. Nagging is one of poverty's direst results and it is a powerful factor in the destruction of domestic happiness. Hard times in the family sometimes create the necessity for a boarder. The boarder in turn creates trouble. By removing the boarder we remove a multitude of indiscretions and bring peace to many homes."

As a last cause, Mrs. Upshaw names the lack of domestic education. "This is more prevalent than is generally supposed. Some women have no idea how to spend the family money. Also, even among the poorer classes, men complain that their wives do not take sufficient interest in their appearance. It is my dream to have a Domestic Education Bureau attached to the court where women can be taught the fundamentals of household economy."

For three days I sat with Judge Francis X. Mancuso in the Domestic Relations Court in New York.

JEALOUSY appears to be the supreme reason why "father" so often leaves home. And this in most cases is an obsession rather than an idea founded upon fact. There were Pietro and Lucia—both not long from sunny Italy. Pietro loved his Lucia, with a love not perfect enough to cast out the fear that some one might take her from him.

The tale that Lucia told upon the stand showed that Pietro's course of discipline was that of the old-fashioned parent. "Sure I slappa," said Pietro unabashed.

The knowledge that slapping was not a legal process between husband and wife in America, brought from Pietro an astonished, "No?"

"No," the court emphasized. And Pietro, much a little boy himself, meekly answered, "All right, I no slappa some more."

Sometimes, of course, the women are to blame. But the pertinent fact is that no matter what the difference between the man and his wife, the father must support his children and they must have proper care.

"This is one of our handicaps," the judge said. "There is no law in New York City which can compel a man to work. Also, while there is an extradition law between States for the father who does not support his children, the police do not always consider the matter of enough importance for drastic action. There is no extradition where there are no children. I hope some day to see a Federal law, with extradition between countries as well as States. But that is in the millennium, unless the women take it up as part of their political program."

Judge Jean Norris, the first woman to be appointed city magistrate of New York City, says: "The average layman has no idea of the infinite human progress to be accomplished by this work. Eighty-five per cent. of those who come before us seeking some sort of adjustment in the home are aliens. Myriads of children are now given an even chance to survive and to grow into stanch Americans."



No Longer Any Dust Storms Inside

OF COURSE we shouldn't have gone to the matinee and left the windows open, but we never counted on a dust storm.

Mercy, the house was a sight when we got home at six. I could trace the alphabet on the living-room table. Right then the telephone rang. It was George.

"I've just seen the Andersons," he said. "They're coming over to call after dinner."

"Don't carry on so, Mother," said Daisy. "We've got a Premier. Hurry along the dinner while Esther and I do some cleaning."

The girls got out the Premier. In a few moments I could hear the motor, and the talented little rubber-fingered brush driven by powerful air currents busily at work on the rugs and floors. And by the time dinner was ready there wasn't a vestige of dust downstairs. Then they snatched a bite and tackled the rest of the house. A little polishing and things were spick and span; and when the Andersons came, we were all dressed.

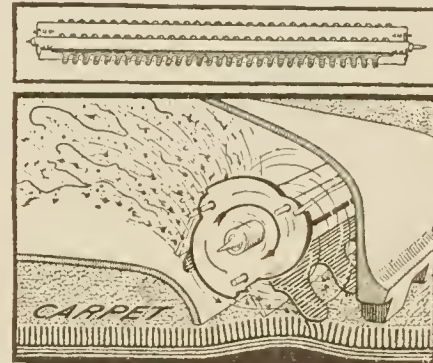
But what a fright the house would have been, if we had not had a Premier—if we had swept with brooms!

The Premier Vacuum Cleaner makes short work of inside dust storms. Its effective but gentle rubber-fingered brush—an exclusive Premier feature—picks up paper, hair, lint, thread and pins, while its powerful suction thoroughly removes every atom and particle of dust.

There is a great difference in cleaners. Before buying any cleaner, you owe it to yourself to have a TEN POINT DEMONSTRATION of the Premier—first among cleaners—in your own home. Phone your nearest dealer and arrange for it. Learn the advantages of Premier's specially designed bag, self-balancing handle, notched nozzle, rubber brush and direct connected attachments. Test its light weight, powerful suction and efficient attachments.

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The Premier Rubber-fingered brush at work! Note the gentle but effective action of the rubber tips. Hairs and clinging litter do not wrap around this brush. They are drawn into the air chamber.



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No one at home —but Valspar

MRS. R. B. J. of Bronxville, N. Y., is a Valspar enthusiast—and no wonder.

On the evening of July 9th, 1920, she was at the movies when it began to rain in torrents. Suddenly she remembered she had left her dining room window wide open.

The moment the rain ceased, she rushed home. Puddles lay on the floor, the wind had blown over a vase of flowers on the table, water everywhere. The room looked a wreck.

“My husband and I started mopping,” she says in her letter telling us of the incident. “Of course, we thought the finish on our varnished floor and table would be ruined. But neither floor nor table ever showed a trace of the accident—both were Valsparred.”

Incidents like these have earned for Valspar the name of the accident-proof varnish. Water, scalding hot or icy cold, acids, hot grease—none of these things can mar Valspar's surface—*Valspar never turns white.*

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STRAWBERRIES EIGHT WAYS TO SERVE THIS FRUIT

BY LUCILLE BREWER AND ALICE BLINN

School of Home Economics, Cornell University

IT IS small wonder that some of the American Indians, being a devout people, offered up a special thanksgiving service to the Great Spirit for the coming of the first Spring fruit which they welcomed after a long Winter by a festival named and held in honor of the strawberry. Delicate in flavor, lovely in color and adapted to many uses, this berry might seem a gift direct from the gods. Aside from the staple strawberry shortcake and strawberries and cream, there are many other uses for this berry of worship.

The art of successful preservation having been developed, the housewife with a truly grateful heart will preserve a goodly amount of this fruit in order that no month in the year may be without its unequalled flavor. The deliciousness of this berry may be made to go farther and the color of the fruit retained by combining it with rhubarb. A combination of strawberry, pineapple and rhubarb is also excellent.

The recipes herewith given cover only a portion of the possibilities of this fruit when used fresh. A number of recipes are given for preserving berries. Either wild or cultivated strawberries may be used in all the recipes except that for the candied fruit.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES

FILL jars which have been cleansed by boiling for at least fifteen minutes with strawberries, shaking the jars in order to obtain a full pack. Make a heavy sirup of two parts of sugar to one part of water, boiled until it spins a thread. Allow about one-half cup of sirup for each quart jar of berries. Pour the boiling sirup over the berries until the jars are full. Place a clean rubber and cover on each jar and seal the jars. Place them in a vessel containing sufficient boiling water to cover them completely, and cover the vessel tightly. Allow the jars to remain in the water until it has become cold. Then wipe them, label them, and store them in a cool, dark place.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES

MIX thoroughly equal measures of strawberries and sugar, place the mixture over the heat and stir it until it boils. Boil it for six minutes, pour into hot clean jars and seal the jars. Store in a cool, dark place.

CRUSHED STRAWBERRIES

USE one and one-third pound of sugar for each pound of strawberries. Add the sugar to the berries and crush the berries with a heavy spoon or potato-masher. It is necessary that each berry be completely crushed. Put the fruit in a cool place for about twenty-four hours, stirring it occasionally. When all the sugar is dissolved, fill cold jars with the berries, seal the jars, and store them in a cool place.

STRAWBERRY, PINEAPPLE AND RHUBARB SAUCE

CUT the pineapple in dice and cook it in a small amount of water until it is tender. This requires about twelve minutes. Use equal quantities of strawberries, pineapple and unpeeled rhubarb cut in one-half-inch pieces, packing them in layers in the jars, if desired. Fill the jars with a hot, heavy

sirup made of four parts of sugar to one part of water boiled for one minute. Place the rubbers and the covers on the jars and sterilize them for sixteen minutes in a hot-water bath. Remove the jars from the cooker, seal them, and invert them on a cloth to cool. Store the jars in a cool, dark place.

STRAWBERRY-JUICE

STRAWBERRY-JUICE may be used in beverages, sauces, ices, or as a basis for gelatin dessert. It makes an excellent jelly when combined with three times its volume of apple-juice. Small, inferior berries that are not suitable for canning or preserving may be used for juice.

Cover the berries with sufficient cold water to allow them to float. Simmer them until they are soft and have begun to lose their color. Turn them into a jelly-bag and drain off the juice. Measure the juice, heat it, and when it is boiling hot, add one-sixth its volume of sugar. Bring the juice again to the boiling-point, skim it, and seal it in hot bottles or jars. If bottles are used, the corks, also, should be boiled for fifteen minutes. After the cork is adjusted the top of the bottle should be dipped in melted paraffin.

STRAWBERRY WHIP

2 cups strawberries 1 teaspoon gelatin
1½ cup powdered sugar soaked in 1 tablespoon cold water
Whites two eggs

WASH, hull and crush the berries. Dissolve the gelatin by setting the cup in a pan of hot water. Put all the ingredients in a bowl and beat them with a wire whisk until stiff enough to hold a shape. Pile the whip on a dish and chill. Serve with soft custard or thin cream.

STRAWBERRY MOUSSE

1 pint cream 1½ tablespoon gelatin
1 pint strawberries atin soaked in 4
⅔ cup sugar tablespoons cold water

WASH and hull the berries, add the sugar, crush the berries and sugar together and put the mixture through a sieve. Add the gelatin which has been dissolved over hot water. Set the mixture in a pan of ice-water and when it begins to thicken stir it well and fold in the cream which has been stiffly whipped. Turn the mousse into a mold, cover it, and pack the mold in ice and salt and let it stand for four or five hours.

CANDIED STRAWBERRIES

1 pound sugar 1 pound strawberries

WASH and hull the berries, cover them with sugar and let them stand for one hour. Place the mixture over heat and bring it slowly to the boiling-point. Boil it for five minutes. Remove from the stove and let it stand overnight. Lift the berries from the sirup with a small strainer. Boil the juice for ten minutes and return the berries to the sirup. Turn the mixture into a large platter or clean granite pan. When a film forms over the top of the fruit, turn it on to a cheese-cloth placed on a wire screen and dry until the berries are no longer sticky. Roll the fruit in oiled paper and store it in closed glass jars.



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In Mirro Aluminum, nearly every woman recognizes instantly a true beauty—a beauty intended primarily for use.

She sees that the heavy metal of which Mirro is made has lost nothing of strength, though shaped into a utensil of pleasing proportions and graceful lines; that its finish is not less easy to care for because it is rich; and that the design is not less practical because it is new.

How fully her admiration is justified is best proved, however, in her own kitchen.

Here, Mirro will serve for many, many years—even into the second generation. And to the last day of

its long life it will serve efficiently, because of its special Mirro features of convenience. In this Mirro Aluminum Colonial Tea Pot, for instance, you will note that there are nine. Note also that one of these is the famous Mirro guarantee.

In considering this guarantee, remember that it is made by America's foremost manufacturer of aluminum ware, and that Mirro perfection of design, Mirro flawlessness, is the result of nearly thirty years' experience in the making of better aluminum ware.

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Send for miniature Mirro catalog.

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- ⑤ Rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob.
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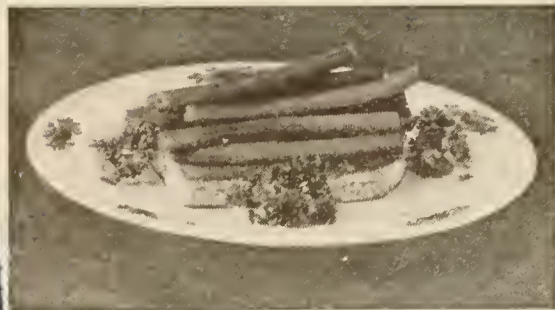
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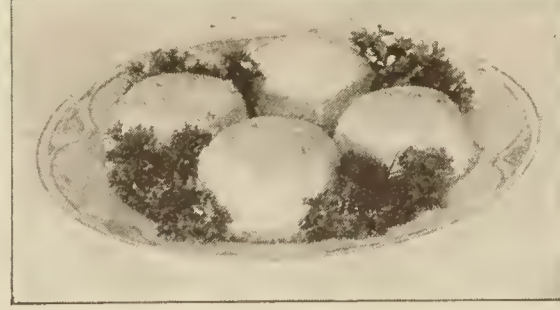
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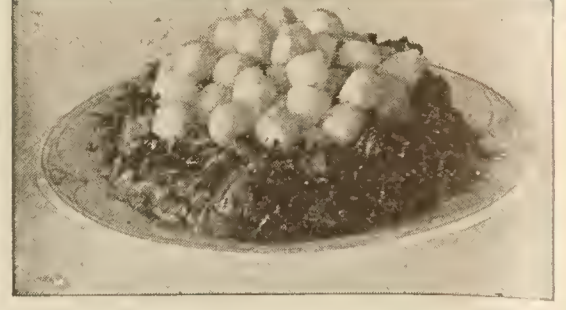
BURDOCK STEMS ON TOAST



GREENS WITH POTATO MARGUERITE



TIMBALES GARNISHED WITH GREENS



A NEST OF GREENS AND POTATO-BALLS

MOTHER NATURE'S SPRING TONICS

BY LUCILLE BREWER AND ALICE BLINN

IN THE matter of Spring tonics for her children, Mother Nature is prodigal. Nobody need lack iron or that tantalizing vitamine which hides away in the leaves and stems of plants. Be the price of spinach or endive what it may, there are still the dandelion and the cowslip to be had for the taking.

Not only are these two familiar, golden-crowned friends offering their gifts, but from the time the snow first leaves a few bare places until Midsummer, delicate pot-herbs and salad plants may be found in field or meadow, hedgerow or roadside, marsh or woods.

Wintercress is the first to make its appearance, the glossy green rosettes showing in a strong contrast to the rest of the sleeping earth. Watercress may be found in the streams. But be sure that the waters are free from pollution. Either of these plants may be cooked as greens or served in salad form with a French dressing, which gives just the right combination of flavors.

To a jaded Spring appetite, a bit of the wild onion or garlic, when chopped and added to a salad, creamed potatoes or scrambled eggs, will restore the needed zest. The garlic when young may even be cooked with a small quantity of water and a pinch of soda, chopped and served on toast.

The dandelion is probably the most familiar of all wild greens, perhaps because, as weeds go, it is the most "pesky."

An astonishing number of uses may be found for the dandelion, either cooked or raw. In soup or timbales it may pass for unusually good spinach; as greens, with tomato sauce, bacon, potato-balls or rice-balls, the glorified dandelion comes into its own. Combined with cottage-cheese, cucumbers, hard-boiled eggs or apples, it is almost irresistible. A sandwich filling made from the fresh inner leaves and stems of the dandelion minced very fine and seasoned with a drop or two of onion-juice, celery-salt, pepper and boiled salad-dressing will make the hostess the envy of her guests.

Then come the narrow-leafed dock, the marsh marigold or cowslip, horseradish, milkweed, nettle and mustard. Any of these plants make excellent greens, if the young, first leaves are cooked. Sometimes a more pleasing flavor is secured by combining two or three varieties of greens together, as

for example: dandelion, horseradish and mustard.

Many pot-herbs with which people in this country are now little familiar are cultivated for food in European countries or have become weeds because they have escaped cultivation. Field sorrel, a plant with arrow-shaped leaves filled with a sharp, acid juice; live-forever, a thick-leaved plant once used as a garden ornament; chicory, the root leaves of which are used as food; and lamb's-quarters, are among the edible weeds of this class.

Still other weeds, which at first thought might seem impossible as food, are delicious. The burdock, for instance, has a stem which, when young and tender and scraped free from its fuzzy outer coat, has a crispness and delicious flavor most pleasing in salads or when eaten with salt, as celery is, or even creamed or served on toast, in the manner of asparagus.

The young shoots of pokeweed, likewise, rival asparagus, although the roots and berries of this plant are poisonous if eaten in quantity. In fact, the early shoots of pokeweed are considered so good that some persons gather them and store them in moist sand in the cellar, removing the shoots as a Winter delicacy as fast as they sprout forth.

Samphire or glasswort, a product of the salt marshes along the Atlantic coast, is largely used for greens in that vicinity and is sometimes pickled. The young, uncurled shoots of bracken and common fern, if stripped of their woolly covering, are also used as food. Bellwort and Solomon's-seal may be found on a Spring walk through the woods. The young stalks of these plants are frequently eaten as food.

All the edible wild greens should be gathered when young and tender and only the first, or if late in the season only the inner leaves and stalks, should be chosen for food. Greens must be carefully examined, washed first in hot water and later in at least three successive cold waters, being rubbed thoroughly each time between the hands. If they are not to be used immediately, they should be drained and wrapped in a damp cloth and kept cool.

Lest these wild greens have too much of a taste of Spring bitters, they should be plunged into boiling water and boiled for at

least five minutes, then removed, drained and again put on to cook in hot water.

Spring greens may be canned and used as appetizers throughout the Winter. The cold-pack method is used for all greens. The jars of greens should be heated intermittently for one hour on each of three successive days in the hot-water bath, or in a steam-pressure cooker for forty minutes under ten pounds of pressure. The addition of one tablespoon of diluted vinegar to each pint of greens makes it possible to can greens in the hot-water bath in one period of one and one-half hours. Recipes are here given for a few dishes from Spring greens:

TIMBALES

- | | |
|------------------------|--|
| 2 eggs, beaten | 1 teaspoon onion-juice |
| 1½ cup milk | 1 cup chopped cooked |
| 2 teaspoons melted fat | greens (dandelions, milkweed, narrow-leaf dock or varieties) |
| ¾ teaspoon salt | |
| ⅛ teaspoon pepper | |

MIX the ingredients in the order given. Turn the mixture into greased molds, place the molds in a pan of hot water and bake the timbales in a moderate oven until they are firm. Remove them from the molds and serve them with tomato sauce.

TOMATO SAUCE

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 tablespoon melted fat | Salt and pepper |
| 1 tablespoon flour | 1 cup strained tomatoes |
| 1 teaspoon onion-juice | |

MELT the fat, add the flour and stir the mixture until it is smooth. Add the liquid and the seasoning and cook the mixture until it is smooth and thick, stirring it all the time. Serve at once.

GREENS AND POTATO-BALLS

COOK potato-balls in just enough boiling salted water to cover them. Season them with butter. Arrange the potato-balls in a nest of greens that have been chopped and seasoned with salt, pepper and butter, and shake paprika over the top.

WILTED GREENS

PREPARE tender leaves and stems of dandelion, mustard, dock, horseradish or other greens and arrange them on a plate.

Add very thin slices of onion. Cut slices of bacon in small pieces, and broil them until they are crisp. Add boiled salad dressing to the bacon and when the mixture is hot and smooth, pour it over the greens and onion. Serve the dish immediately.

DANDELION AND APPLE SALAD

CUT the tender young leaves of the dandelion in small pieces. Add an equal quantity of tart apple cut in cubes and one teaspoonful of celery-salt. Mix the salad well with either boiled or oil dressing and serve it on dandelion leaves. Wintercress, sorrel or burdock stems may be used instead of dandelions.

SPRING SALAD

- | | |
|------------------------|---|
| 2 tablespoons gelatin | 1 teaspoon salt |
| ¼ cup cold water | ¼ teaspoon paprika |
| 2 cups hot water | 1 small onion, sliced thin |
| 4 tablespoons sugar | 1 canned sweet red pepper minced |
| ½ teaspoon celery-salt | 1 cup inner tender leaves of any greens which is good in the raw state. |
| 1 teaspoon onion-juice | |
| 1 hard-cooked egg | |
| 5 tablespoons vinegar | |

SOAK the gelatin in cold water until soft. Dissolve it by setting the cup in a pan of hot water. Add all the other ingredients except the egg and mix them well together. Cut the white of the egg in rings and arrange them around the edge of a mold that has been rinsed with cold water. Pour the mixture into the mold, garnish it with the greens selected and serve it with salad dressing.

BURDOCK SALAD

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| 1 pint burdock stems, peeled | 1 small white onion cut in ½-inch pieces |
| ½ minced cucumber | |

MARINATE with French dressing and serve cold. Finely sliced cabbage may be used instead of cucumber.

BURDOCK STEMS ON TOAST

PEEL the small inner stems of burdock and cook carefully in a small amount of water. Drain and add melted fat and paprika to season. Serve on nicely toasted strips of bread.



BURDOCK



SOLOMON'S-SEAL



COWSLIP



POKEWEED

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Miss Bradley is one of America's foremost teachers of cooking and practical dietetics. She is author of "Food Values and Economical Menus," etc., is cooking editor *Woman's Home Companion*, contributor to *Modern Priscilla*, the *Boston Herald* and other publications, and is a lecturer of ability on all domestic science subjects.



Fruit Recipes that keep the Spring Menu healthful, tempting and economical

By Miss Alice Bradley
Principal, Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, Mass.

THE value of a well-planned meal is being appreciated more and more as we better understand the requirements of the body for those foods that promote health. Especially in the spring, after months of hearty eating and too little exercise, do we need fruits and vegetables to regulate the system and help to throw off accumulated poisons. Years ago doctors prescribed spring bitters and grandmothers dosed their families with sulphur and molasses and herb tea. Now we know that such things are not necessary if fruits and vegetables have been included in the diet throughout the winter and if they are served abundantly during the spring months.

Of course fresh fruits are out of the question for most people in winter, and even at this season of the year, on account of their scarcity and high cost. But that need not keep anyone from serving the finest fruits grown every day in the year at really economical expense. In our school work we use canned fruits and vegetables all the year round in making hundreds of delicious healthful dishes to suit the season. We really prefer DEL MONTE fruits and vegetables in many instances to the fresh product because we know they are always of the same high quality—choicest fruits from the world's finest orchards—"packed where they ripen the day they are picked"—and brought to one's table with all the natural fresh flavor and delicacy that kindest nature can impart. Even during the fresh fruit season we often find DEL MONTE products more economical than fresh fruit of equal quality, and of course being ready to serve they are always very much more convenient to use.

The wide variety of DEL MONTE products and the many tempting ways to use them enable us to vary our fruit dishes as much as we please. Frequently we use them just as they come from the can, but more often in salads, desserts and the made-up dishes that add a touch of charm and novelty to every-day meals. Here are a few particularly good examples of how you can use DEL MONTE fruits to keep the spring menu healthful, tempting and economical.

Peach Pie

Put syrup from 1 can Del Monte Peaches in sauce pan, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and cook peaches a few at a time until glazed. To syrup add $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch mixed with 2 tablespoons cold water and cook until thickened. Reserve 6 halves of peaches, cut remainder in thin slices and add thickened syrup. Fill baked pastry crust with the peaches, garnish with reserved peach halves and with meringue.

Apricot Bavarian Cream

In double boiler put 1 level tablespoon granulated gelatine, 1 cup syrup drained from Del Monte Apricots, 2 egg yolks, grated rind and juice 1 lemon, and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Mix thoroughly; cook over hot water, stirring constantly until slightly thickened, and strain. Add 1 cup sliced apricots and set in pan of ice water. When slightly stiffened beat until light and fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup heavy cream, beaten stiff. Turn into oiled mold decorated with pieces

of apricot, chill, remove from mold, garnish with halved apricots and whipped cream.

Quick Cherry Pudding

Sift 1 cup bread flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and 1 level tablespoon baking powder. Add 1 cup Del Monte Cherries stoned and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Put in small greased individual molds or cups and steam ten minutes. Stone remaining cherries and cut in pieces, add cherry syrup, 3 tablespoons sugar and few grains salt. Boil ten minutes and serve with puddings.

Del Monte Pears with Chocolate Sauce

Drain 1 can Del Monte Pears, sprinkle with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup powdered sugar and saute in 3 tablespoons butter until brown. Arrange in serving dish. To butter in frying pan add 1 tablespoon cornstarch mixed with syrup drained from pears and 1 square of chocolate. Stir and boil 3 minutes. Pour around pears and serve hot or cold.

For over 500 other equally delightful ways to use canned fruits and vegetables all the year round you should send for "DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor." For a free copy write to Department D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, Cal.

Cherry Pudding

Peach Pie

Pears with Chocolate Sauce

Apricot Bavarian Cream



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MR. MONTAGUE'S PREMISES

"I'm not a bill-collector. I am an artist—I mean I was an artist and an etcher. Now," he mourned, "I am only an engraver!"

The old negro reeled wrathfully and the dog, Prince, relaxed.

In the rear of the domain the Carltons riced around.—Jennie, true to the household care, with the coffee pot. "It sounds as if we were attacked! Florrie, the silver this time at the foot of the spare-room bed. Lavinia, help me lift the mattress."

"Jen," Mattie advised, "do remember where you put it!"

"Mattie! I don't see how I remember anything except burglars." She gave a shriek. "Montague, what is it?"

"Dey a man out dere tryin' to bus' in."

"Thank goodness, we got the silver into the spare-room bed. Did he give a name?"

"Sub-suh-suh-suh-say he name Ol' Man Bear's Foot."

"Ridiculous! What's he selling?"

"Ain't sellin' nuttin', Miss Mattie. He say he cetcher an' grave-digger."

"Heavens!"

"Law, 'tain't nuthin' but the sextant lookin' fer the cimita'y."

"MONTAGUE, tell him it's toward the woods."

Montague boomed back. "De-de-de mad-am say de graveyawd down de road; jes' keep a goin'."

Beresford's eyelids fluttered. "Grave-yard? Ah, no, let me die in this garden."

"Hi-hi-hi-hi! Dis ain't no bone-yard!"

There was pandemonium.

Above the *impasse* the front door opened. In the flower-shadowed frame Mattie stood, sheer white ladyship, disseminating peace. "Mister Montague, please stop the noise! Open the gate. Will you come in?"

"Miss Carlton? I have a letter of presentation from Mrs. Wellington." His eyes lighted with recognition of the beautiful.

Mattie smiled apology. "Pray come in. Our old man servant is nervous about any one coming into the garden. We're so dependent on him to attend to everything. I feel I ought always to explain that we call him 'Mister' Montague in a spirit of gentle satire."

She led the way through the great hall from sparkling Springtime to smiling Past. The Carltons' drawing-room was cool with the charm of old belongings exquisitely kept. It was scented with potpourri.

Beresford abandoned himself to the cushions of the claw-foot sofa and a sense of the quiet loveliness of it all.

Mattie, looking over highly embossed stationery, was startled. He was so bizarre, picturesque in a forgotten style, yet frail, pale; the face of a Burne-Jones "Sorrowing Fury." And the lilting music in his voice!

She returned to the letter. With a high social hand it deposited Mrs. Wellington's protégé in the Carlton household.

Hospitality, a noble Carlton inheritance, perhaps, but in poverty, a weakness, responded at once. Mattie glowed.

"LOVELY of you to come to us! You will find so much to paint here."

"Ah, Miss Carlton, I do not paint now! Once I took up dry point, but that, too, is past. It is a commercial age."

"We must not ask too much of life."

"Ah, Miss Carlton, all I have ever asked of life was a lamb-chop and the shadow of a rose."

"We have a garden full of roses." Mattie laughed. "I will call my sisters."

To Jennie and Florrie she bore the glad tidings.

Lavinia eased from her head the white Summer cloud of wash with which she was departing.

"Ei it's that kin', I better stay hyah the week, 'cause people what ain't no trouble is goin' to make you run yo' laigs off!"

"Lavinia, if we could afford it—"

"Law, Miss Mattie, I ain't goin' to chawge you! One tribberlation is enuff."

"Come, girls, he'll think we are not hospitable."

They smiled him along to his room. "If you wish anything, Montague will wait on you."

"Oh—ah—I—yes! He is Pan of the rose! Charming!" Beresford reconciled these ideas

with sweet relief. "Pan of the rose! Wonderful!" The door closed gently and his dreamy gaze rested upon the polished four-poster bed. "To fall among those dreams 'breathed on the burnished mirror of the world!'" he sighed.

The Carltons had hurried to the preparation of dainties.

"He'll need plenty of nourishment. If the chickens were only laying, it would save buying meat."

"Yes, Jen, but they're not. Montague had better go for some lamb-chops."

Montague having *déjeuner à la fourchette*, looked over a pie-pan heaped with salt meat and cabbage.

"Luh-luh-lam'-chop? I don't eat no lam'-chop!"

"Yes, I know, but we can't have the odor of salt meat and cabbage while we have company. Smells like that would distress him. Mr. Beresford is in the spare room."

There was a general movement of chair, utensils and victuals.

"Da-da-da-dat ol' Bear's Foot stove up hyah atter de silver! Whar mah ax? Whar mah ax?"

"Mattie, he must not kill him!"

"Mister Montague, I'll give you a dollar next week."

Lavinia set down her bowl of coffee. "Fer Gawd's sake Mister Monnyqueue, 'tain't no use fisticuffin'. Company like chillun. When Gawd sen' 'em, He sen' 'em!"

And Beresford, stretched to utmost ease, breathed the cool old linen that had lain in bundles of Louisiana vetiver. "May the gods forget!" he drowsed on.

At dusk the sleeping Beresford dreamed of earthquake.

"Guh-guh-gittin' late! Gotter feed mah stock." The mattress upheaved, the room shook, the earth departed carrying a sack and slammed the door. It was Montague rescuing the silver from the spare-room bed.

He carried it to Jennie. "Puh-puh-put de silver in de armor," he commanded, "'cause I ain't trus' dat man!"

"Do you think such a thing, Montague?"

"THINK nuttin'! Ah—Ah—I knows! Puh-puh-put dat silver whar he can't git it!"

Upstairs Beresford sighed back into his temperament and other outer garments. The Carltons awaited him with thoughtful services, such as lamb-chops, and tea served on the rose-screened veranda in the twilight. His temperament craved that and music. If he could have a little iced tea and "Thais"?

Mattie would sing.

In an antiquated steamer-chair he lounged fragily, looking through the long French window into the dim room. A soft light shone upon Mattie's slender, golden beauty. It touched old mahogany, the bent head of Florrie, the crimson roses blotting into shadow on the far end of the grand piano.

"Toot-a-loo! Toot-a-loo! Toot-a-loo!" a high falsetto imitation of Mattie's song sounded through the dark. "Sangaree an' ceremony! Sangaree an' ceremony! Luh-luh-lay up dere like a chicken wid de pip! But Prince gwine git you at de gate."

A GUEST presents problems where money is scarce and ways difficult. By selfless means the elaboration of meals and added expense was solved.

"We can serve him delicacies on a tray in the garden," Mattie offered.

"And we *all* needn't eat lamb-chops; we can pretend we're vegetarians," Florrie cried.

Mattie came out to the grape-arbor in the morning gathering an arm of color.

He dropped his cigaret, swaying to meet her with the loose walk of the sick.

"Your garden is a lost art, Miss Carlton."

"You must feel that it is your garden absolutely, while you are with us," Mattie told him gently.

His eyes kindled with sudden light.

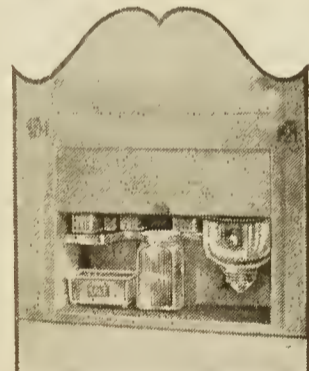
"Guh-guh-guh-guh-gotter cut de grass! Ain't gwine hab nuh-nuh-no volunteer per-tater rootin' in hyah! Lam'-chop! Lam'-chop! Hi! I don't eat no lam'-chop. Lam'-chop ain' cut no wood. Lam'-chop can't draw no water. Lam'-chop ain't nuttin'! Wha-wah-wah-what's de matter wid y'awl ladies anyhow? Can't you see?"

Beresford dreamed through a shadowy day.

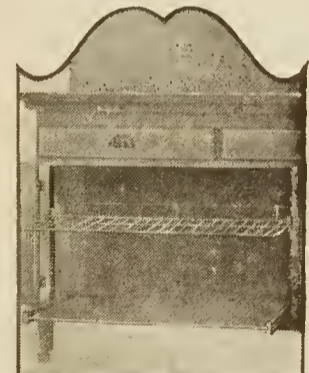
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MR. MONTAGUE'S PREMISES

Really, it was Life and Love coming to a fragile being, suffusing him with a rare, unquestioning peace.

"Ah, if I had not lost my best self! I want to give you my best self," he told Mattie, gathering the daily bouquets.

Her smile was tender.

"Goh-goh-gotter klair er out! Gwine plant me some onion an' cabbage. Onion an' cabbage!" Thunder bore down through the jasmine. "Cawpet bagger, dat's what I say! A-a-a-ain't I seed 'em, big hat an' bushy haid, beat dey way on de *Jesse K. Bell*? Hi! You can't tell me nuttin! I ain't bohn yisterday!"

Beresford was up and out at dawn in a rhapsody, squeezing tubes of paint, glimmering at views. At last he found the foreground that his vision craved within the dark arch of the ancient carriage-house.

Lavinia under the fig-tree, interposed faith and the day's ironing between the guest and interruptions. The amber thread of her hymnal trembled into the vista. Beresford, whose cult translated music into color and color to soul, perceived this.

"It is the lost garden," he told her mystically.

"No, sir, 'tain't los', jes' need spadin' up!"

For a moment he studied the velvet smoothness of her calm face. "Lavinia, I suspect you of being very wise."

"Law, Mister Bear's Foot, I ain't nuthin' but a ol' nigger wif a two-dollar coat. I ain't had no mother to say, 'Lavinia, don't do this—an' 'Lavinia, don't do that.' Ef it hadn't been fer the Word, I couldn't er made it."

"I had the Word, Lavinia. My mother gave me the Holy Grail. The Grail," searching among his brushes, "is a silver cup."

"Yas, sair, ev'ybody what is anybody, got some fambly silver."

"But I did not drink the Holy Spirit from my cup. I drank Life from it!"

"Yas, sir, but you still got the cup, ain't you?"

"I still have the cup."

"Gotter git back to mah i'nin'."

He fell to work with a sense of being alone with his power. The very motions of work brought back mislaid skill and technique.

"I WANT to make studies of the street by moonlight next month," he told the Carltons.

"Nuh-nuh-nuh-nex' weck? Nuh-nuh-nuh-nex' munt?" Montague collapsed on the front bench. "Hi! We got er seben-year eetcher come hyah to live an' die. Me er him gotter walk de gang-plank!" He whisked up-stairs.

"Y'awl laudies come hyah! Duh-duh-duh-duh-dey's sump'n' y'awl gotter know!"

The Carltons gathered. Montague took stage center.

"Ain't I done tole yer? Dat 'ere Bear's Foot a plum teef! He done tuk de silver out'n yo' armor! Ain't I tole yer? Fin' it! Fin' it! Hi-hi-hi! I done look ev'ywhar."

Jennie rushed to the *armoire*.

"Mattie, it is gone!"

"Have him searched!" chimed Jennie and Florrie.

Mattie drew herself up. "Accuse a guest? He couldn't take it."

"Well, there's been no one else here!"

"If you insist on such a thing!" Mattie was troubled. "But wait until the picture is finished and we can do it graciously."

"Hi! Dat ain't gwine move 'im! Let 'im git out!"

The finishing of the picture was a day of thrill for Beresford. His hair straggled, paint smudged his hands, but he was the quick-eyed, confident worker.

"There. It is yours, Miss Carlton." His look burned softly for Mattie.

The Carltons' admiration momentarily overcame their constant distress of suspicion. It was their garden—yet more. It was the Happy Past seen with longing. The crimson, blue or roses—a kiss—a sigh!

Montague peered.

"Ya-yas'm, sell 'er!"

"Oh, it should be exhibited," Mattie exclaimed. "Mr. Bale, of the Delgado Museum, ought to see this. We can go to his studio to-morrow night. And, Mister Montague, I'll give you fifty cents if you'll carry the picture down."

When the Carltons were dining he de-

parted on his errand and when he returned, shadows of vine and tree hid Arcady.

"Tell 'em mah lan'! Tell 'em!" He fetched the yellow cur and tied him to the front gate. Time passed.

Crash! Bang!

"Suh-suh-sick 'em, Prince! Go fer'm! Git a move on you dar!"

Beresford unwound himself from the dog. "Montague! Hold up there! Come out here. Where have you left the picture?"

"Luh-luh-lef' er wid yo' bag at de deepo! Whar you reckon?"

"You took my things to the railroad station? Why?"

"'Lowed you'd be movin' on some time er ruther an' mout as well be now. Mah folks ain't got de money dey had. An' Fuh-Fuh-Fuh-Fuh-Florrie 'fuse meat wid her tongue hangin' out! Hi!" Rising indignation. "Muh-Muh-Mis' Houston can't wuk hyah fer nuttin' longer'n a week, no how! Sh-sh-sh-she got er business an' Miss Mattie ain't gittin' no pay while she res'! Time we git thoo feedin' you lam'-chop, I gwine stawve to def on dis yawd! Yas I is, yas I is!"

Beresford pressed thin fingers over his eyes. He was thinking now.

"NO, SIR! No, sir! Mah folks ain't got de money dey had. Dey ain't got nuttin' but de silver, an' dey ain't got dat now. Hit's gone! Miss Jinnie 'lows you tuk it."

"I—stole their silver?"

"Yas, sir! Miss Jinnie 'lows dey ain't been nobody else hyah!"

"And *that's* why you took my things to the railroad station!"

He turned away, down the street.

"Ol' man Bear's Foot gone atter his things an' I done turn 'em inter de deepo! He gone! A-a-a-ain't fool wid me! I was hawn-gry an' dey was hawn-gry, an' he was hyah to stay! I 'lowed nuttin' but blatin' gwine move 'im! Hi! I gotter step down an' bring de silver up out'n mah baid, 'cause Miss Jinnie worry enuff."

Lavinia looked at him quietly.

"In Gawd's name, Mister Monnyqueue, is that what you done? You better tote yo' prayers to the Lawd fer corruption a gemp-man! Gawn down to that deepo an' bring him back! What you reckon Miss Mattie goin' to say? Ain't you see Miss Mattie *love* that man? Gawn, Mister Monnyqueue! Tell 'im we done foun' the silver an' Miss Mattie say fer him to come back!"

Montague clapped on his hat.

"Miss Mattie love dat man?—Hi! I gotter make time!"

And he found Beresford pale among his belongings awaiting a train for somewhere. To him the message that Montague brought was all part of the dream from which he was awakening with active purpose and the hunger of a great love.

"Ah, no! When I have earned the right, then I'll return." His smile faded. He opened his bag and took from it his ancient silver cup. "But carry this back to Arcady. It—it holds my heart. You have been wonderful, Mister Montague!"

Montague hot-stepped out. His head was high. He was carrying back to his madam what was to be her happiness, her love-token—and Beresford was gone!

—and Beresford was gone!

ON THE front gallery Mattie paced to and fro.

"Lavinia, you say Mister Montague found the silver? I knew it all the time! And you say Mr. Beresford went to the railroad station?"

"Yas'm. I think he stawt fer Cincinnati."

"And you say Montague went after him to bring him back? Oh, bless his heart. He knew! He understood!" She looked out into the night. The moon filled the garden with a ghost of day-dream.

From the tree-cast shadows suddenly came a booming. Montague, as Lavinia said afterward, rolled into the house like Jordan.

"Hyah she is!" he clattered up the wide steps and from his bosom drew out the silver lily of glory.

"Ah—Ah—I couldn't git 'em fer you, Miss Mattie, but he sen' you his hawt in dis cup an' he say jes' as soon as he earn right smawt, he gwine come back. An' you muh-muh-muh-mout as well keep dis fer his room an' bo'd!"



Millions of Mothers Thank the Inventor

Ever since kiddies have worn anything at all, mothers have been waiting for this sensible, comfortable and altogether perfect Sexton Unionsuit for boys and girls.



Adjustable Shoulder Strap

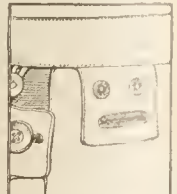
Children love it, for it is cool and comfortable, never binds, is put on in a jiffy, does away with a clumsy waist and allows entire freedom of movement for active, squirming, pliant little bodies.

The material is a fine quality of nainsook, light and cool but very strong.

It launders easily and can be worn without ironing if desired.

Sexton sewing is old fashioned in its sincerity. Seams don't rip, buttons stay on.

The girls' style of Sexton Unionsuit has bloomer legs with elastic. It comes in all white and with white waist and pink, blue or black sateen bloomers.



Garter Tab

The boys' style is cut like Dad's, with open, knee length drawers.

Both styles have buttons for attaching outer garments and garter tabs so arranged that garters can go inside or out.

Sizes—2 to 12 years.

If you don't find them at your regular store, we shall be glad to direct you to a store which sells Sexton Underwear and Nightwear for men and children.

SEXTON MFG. COMPANY
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SEXTON
UNDERWEAR & NIGHTWEAR for Men & Children



A Smiling Baby

is a healthy baby! Nothing is so pitiful as a sick baby—nothing so absolutely adorable as the dimples and shining eyes of perfect health!

For your baby's sake, to insure his getting his birth-right, a sound body, you cannot be too careful in the selection of a Maternity Corset.

Choose the Ferris Maternity Corset. Its every detail has been perfected by years of scientific study, and the design fulfills to the utmost its important mission of giving proper support to the mother and protection to the child. Special models for every type of figure.

Thousands of prospective mothers have appreciated the comfort that they derived from the graceful, concealing lines of Ferris Maternity Corsets.

Send for Free Catalog illustrating all styles of Maternity Corsets, also Corset Waists and Corded Corsets for women and misses.

Be sure to ask for the "Ferris"—and make sure that the name is on the corset.

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Ferris
GOOD SENSE
Maternity Corsets





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Every day, in their little-world-of-make-believe, the children offer countless Kodak opportunities. Mary, entertaining at five-o'clock tea or with motherly solicitude putting Dolly to bed; little Jim, manfully mastering his spirited wooden steed or in Indian garb carefully stalking a mountain lion, impersonated by Tabby who is blissfully blinking beneath the hydrangeas—such are the pictures that mean the most.

It is pictures of these every-day happenings that give to the Kodak Album its intimate, human interest. To-day, it is full of charm; to-morrow, when the children have outgrown childhood, it will be priceless.

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The LINES OF PARIS

in a gown, in a sports coat, or in a delicate negligee, are to women what the lilt of true verse is to a poet.

The secret of Paris, the secret of dress, the secret of all that's charming and *chic* and engaging—is *line*.

Until yesterday, line as conceived by the artist was obtained only by those rich women whose dress allowance reached to Paris itself.

But that was yesterday, and yesterday is gone, and today—*today* the line of Paris, the finish of Paris, the charm of Paris, may be had in any home with the help of the wonderful

DELTOR

AND AT A

SAVING of from 50c. to \$10.00
on your next gown

The DELTOR shows how to save from one-quarter of a yard to as much as one and three-eighths yards of material. The saving amounts to \$2.00, \$4.00 and as high as \$10.00 with expensive materials. Even with average-priced materials, it saves more than the cost of both pattern and DELTOR.

The saving of material, the saving of time, the saving of money, is but a part of the service of this wonderful invention included with the new Butterick Patterns.

The DELTOR shows in pictures—

- [1] *how to lay the pattern on the least possible material at a great saving;*
- [2] *how to put the pieces of material together quickly, expertly, delightfully; and,*
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Demand the DELTOR
BUTTERICK
Style leaders of the world



NO RETURN TICKET

"But you—" Conant pursued. "How about your not coming back?"

It was a moment when one merely acting would have to be consummate to make good.

"I'll take a chance on that," Chev said quietly.

That sentence hit the bull's-eye, so far as Conant was concerned. It was the remark of an outdoor man; not a taint of the dramatic about it. The plant-hunter now ventured to tell, or just to touch upon, his own years and experience in jungle and desert. He wasn't a talker, but the quality of Cheverly's listening made him forget himself for moments at a time. It was hours afterward, at dinner, that the thought struck Conant for the first time to see the boy through on his adventure. He could take two years' leave, if he wanted it; all the time there was, for that matter. The steamer for New York came and went. Conant still loitered in Aden with Cheverly.

THEY were at sea in the flaming yellow stillness south of Aden. The shores of Africa were on the right as the little steamer slid down the calm. Sometimes they were so close as to fancy a stir of figures on shore and the white movement of the sleepy surf. In three days more they would reach Mombasa. It was like traveling with his own forgotten youth to the plant-hunter. Chev was that—youth unwhippable!

As for Conant—it was an old, grim story to him. He didn't like pain or sickness or the terrible fatigues that sometimes spoil a man for days, and sometimes leave him less for the rest of his days, but as for being snuffed out, he had his own private relation to that.

The two spoke nothing of the Ichitis in Mombasa. They were afield with five Mascari bearers before Cheverly began to get straight the difference between Somali and Abyssinian. Past charted jungle and desert districts they made their way in toward the valley of the Whispering Ravines.

The Mascaris were singing, drowsing around the supper fires over which they had grilled great cuts of antelope meat. There were hills to the left of their camp; hills vivid a last moment and decorated with the tints of sundown, young night sweeping over them.

Even Conant was drinking it in. Eyes and lungs and heart, he was weathered to this sort of thing, yet glad to be in it again. He was yet to find Chev's weakness. In town and on the ship, among old friends in Mombasa, and now after days afield, that weakness had not been revealed, unless it was for soap and water. Chev would go without drink for more bath-water. He seemed just as good outdoors as in—naturally broke to the open—acid smoke and bugs and burdens all belonging to the humorous end of the game. Perhaps when real danger—

They had passed the valley of the Whispering Ravines. It takes nerve to keep on going in a country that belongs to a black stranger, and where there are no authoritative records of white men going before. Each day takes more nerve. Scores of men can follow, putting some sort of blind faith in another's initiative, but the man who takes other men deeper into a strange land knows something of what Columbus knew when he pushed on day after day with three ships and every man aboard expecting to fall off the square edge of the world.

THEN for days they moved toward mountains, and softly, almost imperceptibly, they found themselves among the foothills; then following a gorge with a booming, icy little stream that wanted to tell all its story at once. They had to camp back a little from the torrent in order to get a word in to each other.

"It's over this range of mountains we come to the Ichiti country, as I understand it," Conant remarked that night. "A good time right now to turn back. We've gone pretty far already, pretty deep, I should say. Fife and Blackstone only went in as far as the Ravines."

He was watching closely as he spoke, but Chev ignored the point of turning back entirely.

"I'd almost forgotten what we were out after," he said. "Ichiti—Ichiti—it's been the conjure word with me ever since I was a kid. And now it's just over the range—"

"There's no positive record of white men getting in this far," Conant added quietly. "Of course there are those who haven't come back. Will you listen to that bit of a river? It's like an orchestra."

The plant-hunter wasn't sure of himself on the point of bringing the boy into this danger. Each day he became less sure. It was hard for him to turn back, but there was more in his warnings now than the words implied. His trained senses had made him aware of something going on around them. There was a strange pain in Conant's eyes as he glanced at the other, but also the resigned look of a man who has accepted the fact that he is in for it. His hand stole across to the younger man's knee. And the boy had a sudden revelation of how simple and tender a man can be—it he isn't spoiled altogether—after fifteen years of Africa like this. And this was the grim, silent, bleak-faced Conant. In queer embarrassment, Chev found himself telling how he loved the wide, free, open spaces—how he threatened to smother to death if he were shut up in a tight place without possibility of breaking free.

"They only shut me up once in a tight room, when I was a little kid," he declared. "They might just as well have held me under water. You see, I have to manage to keep out of jail somehow. It's a mark of some kind. I'd get black in the face, even with an ocean breeze blowing through the cell."

Conant listened carefully, but made no comment. That night Chev awoke and found Conant sitting up listening.

"What is it?" he asked in a whisper. "Something I can't make out. The sound is back of the sound of the orchestra, my son. The Mascaris are finding it cold in the gorge. See, they get up and build their fires."

Conant raised his voice then to the nearest African, a playful warning to be careful of the fire, careful not to burn up the mountain.

The Mascaris trudged on as usual that day in the mountains. Conant spoke few words, even in their halt for food at noon.

After supper he began casually: "This makes me think of what Blackstone told me of his last trip out with Fife—the time they got to the Ravines, and they were following the scent of the orchids I told you about. All one afternoon they followed through those dim, glady bottoms—every little while catching a breath of unearthly perfume; and all afternoon in the thickets, a yellow-eyed cat followed them, a big cat, but not a lion. They only saw the eyes. It's like to-day."

"How do you mean?" Chev asked.

"I mean we're being stalked, my son."

"OUR Mascaris don't seem to mind," Chev said softly, after a moment. Conant smiled. "We take liberties with the Mascaris," he said. "I have always thought it was questionable. The Mascaris don't know. They haven't the eyes or ears of a trained white man."

"But last night, you seemed to find them wakeful."

"Only cold. I thought at first they were catching on, but they didn't. They don't know we're being watched and followed now. Why, they don't even know where we are."

The next day at mid-forenoon they came to the head of the gorge; it was a breaking-out into deadly sunlight. A depression, almost as tangible as nausea, crept over them as the sound of the running water died away.

"Looks like table-lands ahead—with no water served," Conant said.

Even Conant granted that afternoon that he had seldom seen Africa hotter than this. They longed for night—something almost like a tinge of insanity in the need. The canteens steamed when they unscrewed the tops, unless the wool coverings were continually soaked.

"Are we still being stalked?" Chev asked. The plant-hunter nodded. Within an hour later he caught the young man's sleeve and pointed swiftly to a whitened stone or stump eighty or ninety yards distant. A dark gray shadow had just settled behind it. Chev gulped.

"And you—and you keep going with that moving on with us?"

"It's always a delicate thing to turn back," Conant remarked.

Continued on page 50



Why some women don't have pretty hair

Hair should not be allowed to stay frowsy and dowdy just because it is short and thin.

Keep the scalp clean. Shampoo once a week. Brush the hair regularly twice a day with a Pro-phy-lactic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush. Do this for four weeks and then see the tremendous improvement in the way your hair looks. Study carefully different styles of arranging your hair so that it becomes you most and best expresses your personality.

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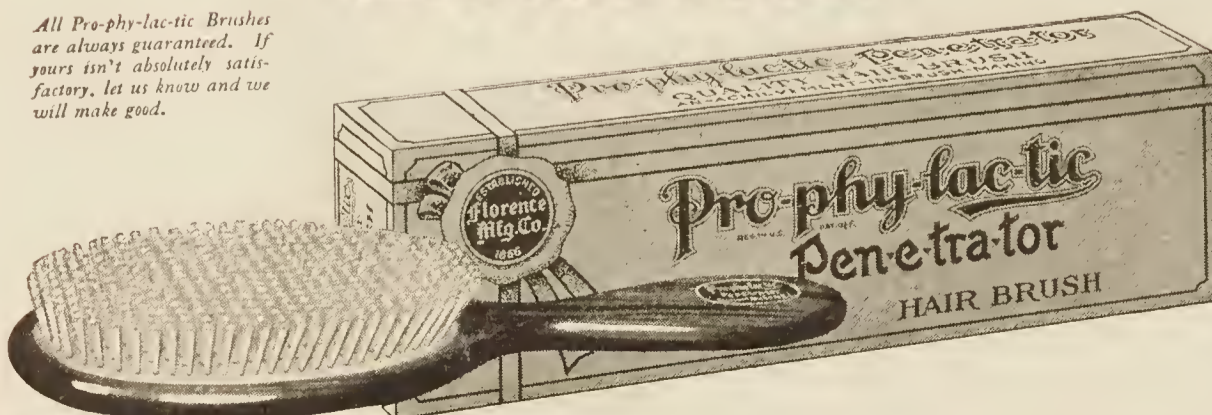
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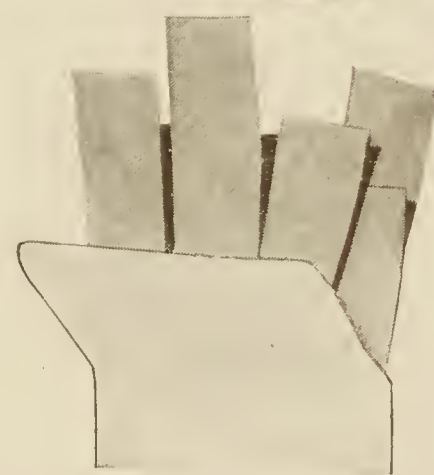


The Charm of Your Smile Is in Your Teeth

With the sparkle of clean white teeth missing from the mouth of the mask, the joy and the charm of the smile is gone. The slightest contraction of lips to hide teeth that are not white and clean destroys the charm of a natural smile.

If your teeth are subject to decay, look to the cause. Perhaps it is "Acid-Mouth," the condition re-

sponsible for so many bad, ugly, painful teeth. Pebecco Tooth Paste will cleanse and whiten the teeth and counteract "Acid-Mouth." Regular use of Pebecco, night and morning, will help you keep your teeth and gums fresh and healthy, and tend to check the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth." If you have never used Pebecco, give it a trial.



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NO RETURN TICKET

Chev looked ruefully the way they had come.

Conant laughed. "You can't make me believe you want to turn back—only for those gurgling waterfalls. You want to sit on a shady rock and play with the soap."

"Don't—"

"No, son, I've watched you since we left Aden. The germs of the turning-back disease would have flowered long before today if you had 'em in you. I'm the one who made the mistake. I should have taken you back two days ago. It's a bit late now."

"That was really a native?"

"Sure, a human on all fours."

Chev chuckled.

"And this has been going on since day before yesterday?"

"YOU didn't really believe it, did you, until you clamped your eye on this one just now."

"It didn't strike me like this. And what do you think he wants?"

"You'll have to ask old Mammy Africa herself what this particular batch of her sun-cured children want."

Two days more on that burning ridge; two brief nights with the stars so close and brilliant as to frighten one. The heavens were like a great ball-room seen through a thin gauze, and the Milky Way was merely an added fold of the film. The white men looked rather drawn and leathery to each other under their helmets. On the third afternoon the plant-hunter halted abruptly.

"It's a show-down, Chev. I'm going to find out what these little folks want. They're too patient for me."

Turning to the Mascaris he ordered them back, as if the return journey were about to be made without halt. Chev didn't understand. Within ten minutes after the turn was effected, the scrubby white shelters of rock and bone-dry wood became alive with human figures. They heard swift feet and low voices; finally a dozen or fifteen little men, gray and faded and lean, stood before them, with steel-tipped lances, the handles as long as their bodies. Conant laughed quietly.

"As long as we walked their way they let us go on."

More figures appeared from the thickets on the trail, closing in upon them.

"I begin to see why nobody comes back from the Ichiti country," Chev replied in the same low tone.

"Don't resist," Conant warned him.

His own hands were held out, palms upward. Chev did likewise. Conant turned back to the Mascaris with orders for them also to accept capture. Then the hands of the Ichitis were upon them. Their chief interest seemed to be in Cheverly.

SLOWLY now there came over Archer Conant, as he strode forward a prisoner in the midst of the little men, a leisurely but all-absorbing sense of defeat. There hadn't even been any fun or gamble about it. He felt like a conjurer whose magic has been exposed by a clumsy helper. Neither was there anything brave about what they had done. They were fools, plain fools. Cheverly was less to blame; also Cheverly had more life to lose—a lad, virgin so far as all his illusions of life were concerned.

Conant stared back at one nameless black day of his career. He had been ready to end it ever since. Yet he had lived on, year after year, lonely year after lonely year. Of course it was because of *that*; otherwise, he never would have taken such a chance as this. He hadn't dared even to tell the fellows of his work in Mombasa, that he and Cheverly meant to keep on going after the valley of the Whispering Ravines. They would have been thought insane; and indeed he, Conant, was—insanely cruel and selfish to bring young Cheverly through to this dull extinction. He must have been dazzled by his youth.

They were marched for two hours or more in the midst of the Ichiti tribesmen, when a halt was made and their eyes covered and bound. The idea of murder at the hands of these people hadn't really gripped Conant, except for a moment or two at the time of their capture. Moreover, for days they had been at the mercy of these strange and persistent stalkers; literally under their lances. Yet now,

as he was bound and blindfolded, after two hours of marching with the party, Conant's throat felt queerly naked and exposed.

"What do you make of this blind-man's buff?" came Chev's steady words.

The question thrilled him somehow, and then suddenly he found himself aware of what was doing.

"It's all right, Chev," he explained. "It's only a matter of concealing the trail from our eyes. We're not supposed to see the way into the Ichiti country."

"Or out," Chev answered.

Conant's limbs were shoved back now. Hands upon his shoulders pressed him down. Submitting, he presently found himself lying on a sort of thin wooden frame that sagged slightly under his weight. The whole affair was lifted with him, a litter, and he was being carried forward.

"Are you being carried, too?" he called.

Chev's voice trailed back.

"I sure am. Feel like a young queen."

Lying back in the darkness, half suffocated with heat, Conant gave himself over to the battle with his own sense of failure. His Mascaris bearers had been sent back. The Ichitis had taken only half of their water-bags and sent the five black men on the way they had come, nearly a month's journey. They might never live to reach Mombasa. If they did, Blackstone and others of the service, hearing of their capture by the Ichitis, might start something in the way of a big rescue party, but it wouldn't do any good. Years hence, Chev and himself would merely have become part of the tradition of the little dark gray race within the mountains—two more white men who had gone that way and never come back. And he had walked the young man right into it, with all his fine life ahead of him, the gamest, cleanest—

Just then, they felt a heavenly touch of coolness.

EVERY little while hands touched their faces, adjusting and making sure of the bandages. The coolness continued. They smelled and heard the movement of water, but not like a ravine torrent that falls over rocks. It was almost like still water, and a queer "feel" of darkness about it. Conant was vaguely puzzled by the tune the bearers hummed. They kept it up singly, or all four in unison. Now it had become actually challenging. The words, often repeated, were something like this:

"Athick doubla obmer sole
Lemme tooder bostrick vii."

The tune was like something he had heard before—that is, the shadow of the dream of it was like something he had heard long ago in the little house of the old preacher.

"What's that they're singing?" Chev called presently.

"I can't make head or tail of it—'Athick doubla obmer,' he repeated. "But there's sure water in this world; I can smell it."

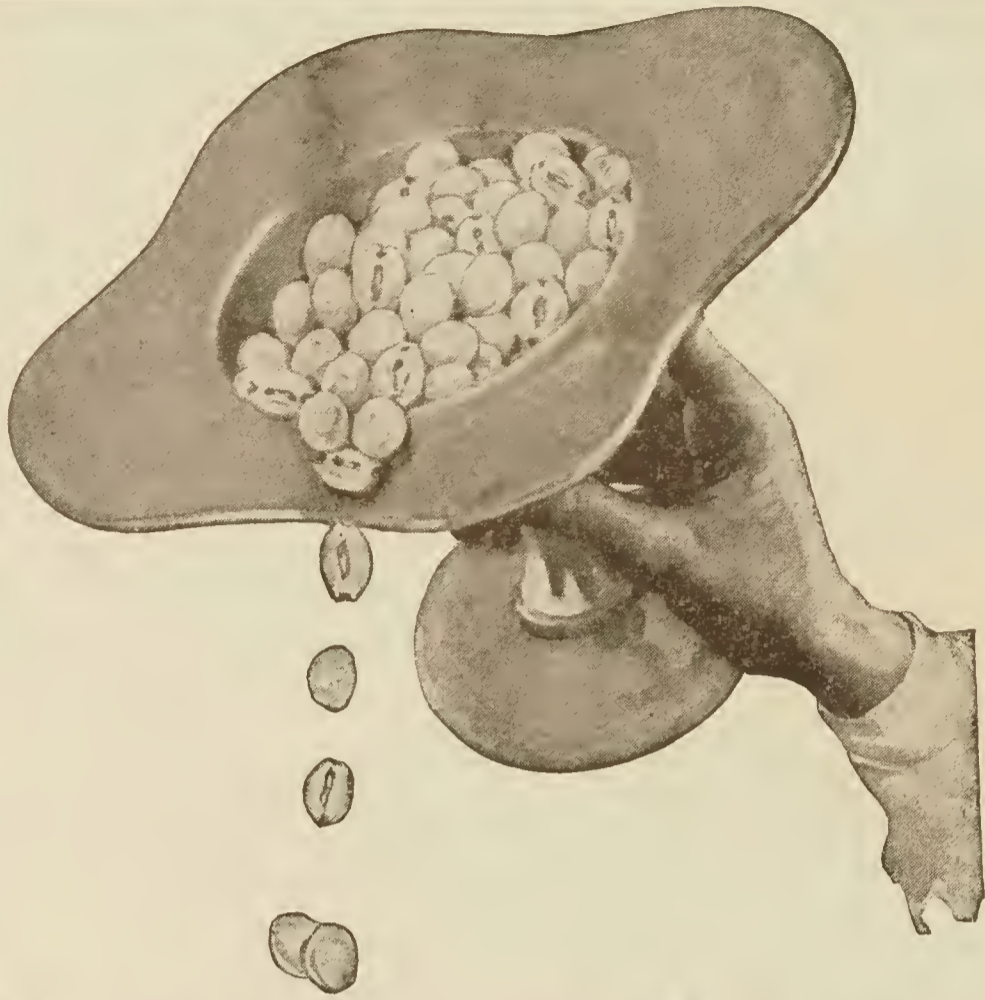
The Ichitis were uncommunicative. The business at hand of this party, which numbered nearly thirty, was to escort their prisoners deeper and deeper in-country. They didn't do much else—dry, smileless little men, a queer gray cast in the black of their skin that betokened age somehow, even in the younger men. Chev was first to point out that they didn't sweat, didn't smile, that they drank very little water. The prisoners were blindfolded for two full days, but late the third afternoon—the coolness and smell of water had been a memory for several hours—they were permitted to look about them once more and to use their own very good legs.

Again, on the last day of the journey, their eyes were covered and they were carried down a steady descent, through interminable hours until they heard voices of women singing. When the bandages were removed, a veritable sea of brown thatches opened before them. The site of the Ichiti city was an amphitheater in the midst of great mountains. Crowds of women and girls were approaching with song and flowers.

"I wonder if the celebration is for us, or for the honor of the natives who brought us in," Chev asked.

Conant didn't answer. He was watching a sort of flying group of lithe maidens in the lead of the approaching throng. There was

Continued on page 56



Exploded Wheat

Puffed to flimsy, toasted bubbles

Eight times normal size

Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded.

The grains are sealed in guns, then rolled for an hour in a fearful heat. The moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam. When the guns are shot, over 100 million food cells are blasted from within.

The method is Prof. Anderson's. The purpose is to fit each granule to digest. The whole wheat kernel, with its 16 elements, is made available as food.

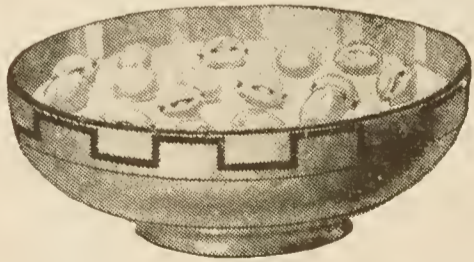
Makes whole wheat tempting

Whole wheat is thus made a confection. The taste is nut-like, the texture is flimsy and flaky. Children eat more whole wheat in this form than in others. And every atom feeds.

So with Puffed Rice—whole rice steam-exploded

Every food cell is broken. Digestion is easy and complete. And the airy, flavory morsels taste like fairy foods.

These two grains are now served in this ideal form. Millions of dishes every day take the place of lesser grain foods.

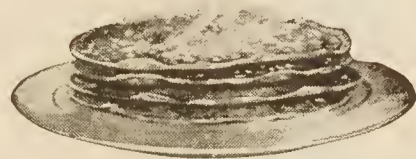


With cream and sugar in the morning
In bowls of milk at night



Like Nut-Flour Pancakes

Now ground Puffed Rice is blended in a perfect pancake mixture. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy, and gives a nut-like taste. The finest pancakes ever tasted are being made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Ask your grocer for it.



Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Also Puffed Rice
Pancake Flour

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Sole Makers



*“—the richest cake
I ever tasted—and made
without butter”*

MANY housewives still think that butter is needed for making rich cakes and pastries. This is an old-fashioned idea—rapidly being abandoned by modern cooks.

People who have been using butter, lard or ordinary fats in cooking can hardly realize how rich and satisfying—yet light and thoroughly digestible, their cakes, pies and pastries are when Mazola is used.

As every good cook knows, the old-fashioned way of cooking with animal fats makes cakes heavy and pie crusts soggy.

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Even beginners get perfect results with Mazola. Cakes are rich and wholesome—bread and biscuits light and delicate-tasting. Pie crust is always brown and flaky—and so appetizing that you want to eat every bit of it.

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Not only is the food more delicious and digestible, but you use $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{3}$ less

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Mazola is free from moisture, as found in butter, lard and ordinary cooking fats. It is an absolutely 100% pure vegetable fat.

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FOR SALADS



FOR FRYING



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It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

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Cocoonut 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.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified Cocoonut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A four-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid For Children - Fine For Men

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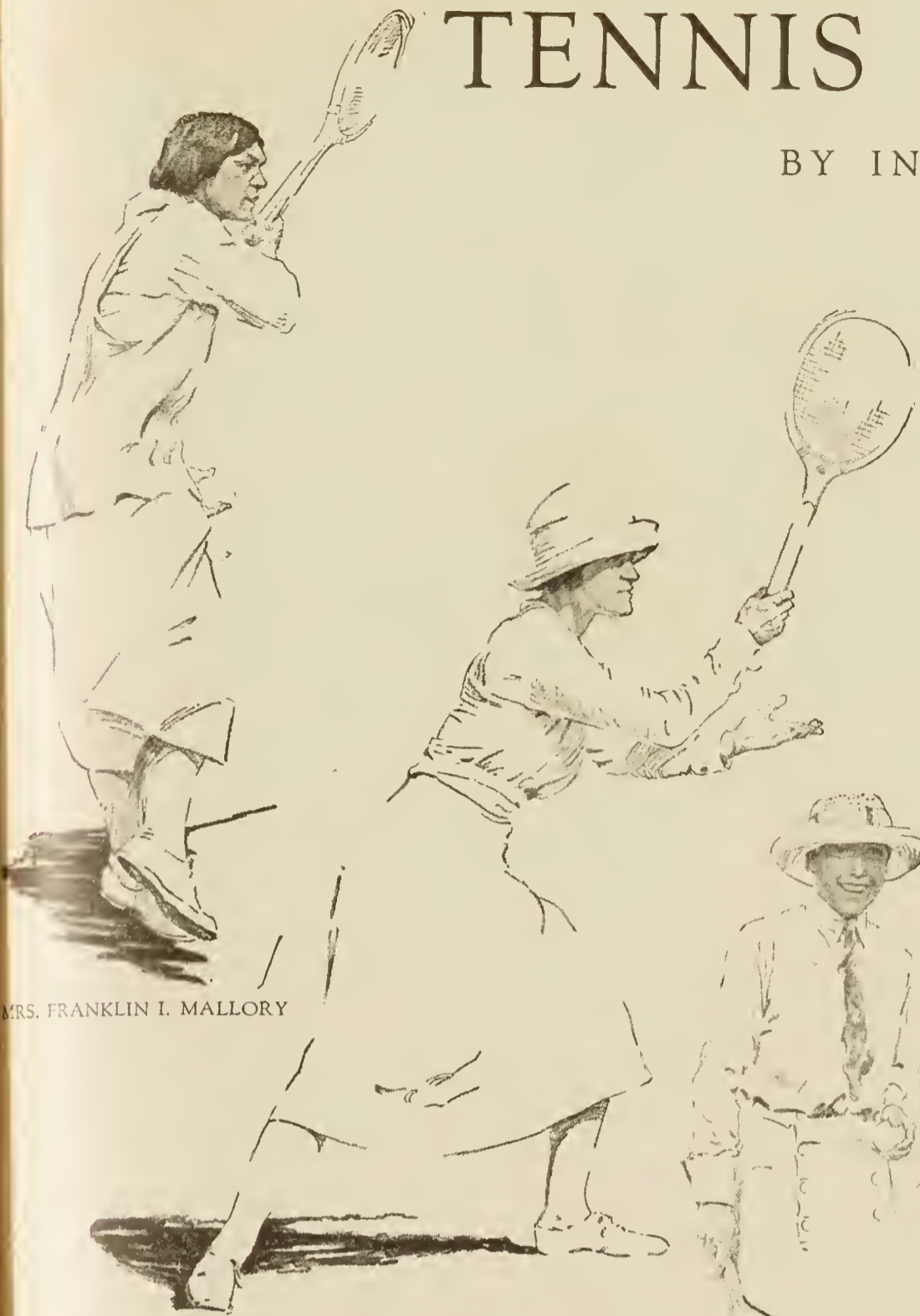
TENNIS FOR WOMEN

BY INA KISSEL EATON

THE DELINEATOR has opened a Department of Sports for Women. Mrs. Ina Kissel Eaton, who will edit these articles, is a well-known amateur sportswoman. She believes in women playing games for the health and beauty that is in it and for the sheer joy it contributes to life.

If there be any question you want answered, bearing on sports for women, she will be glad to advise you.

A bulletin devoted to Home Tennis Tournaments, how to start and conduct them, will be sent on receipt of stamped, self-addressed envelope. Write Mrs. Eaton, in our care, for it.—The Editor.



MRS. FRANKLIN I. MALLORY

MISS MARGUERITE DAVIS



MISS ELEANOR TENNANT AND MISS MARION ZINDERSTEIN



MRS. G. W. WIGHTMAN



Mlle. SUZANNE LANGLEN



MISS HELEN SEWELL

YOU have no doubt often heard it said that, as compared with men, women do not understand fair play, that they use underhand methods, that they sulk or lose their tempers when they do not gain their point.

I have always felt that the fundamental reason for this difference lay in the fact that from time immemorial men have engaged in games and athletic contests and have developed a sporting instinct.

Tennis calls for more of good sportsmanship than any other game.

Do you realize that, when you are very tired, just to go out and have a really good time is the best way of resting?

Tennis is a game that any one can play—old or young, inexperienced or not.

If you are not strong, all the more reason for playing as you need the physical exercise.

The development of coordination of mind and muscle will not only help you in play but will be of inestimable value in the more serious business of life.

The majority of ranking women tennis players are over thirty years of age and nearly one-half of them are married women.

Mrs. Wightman was national champion for three consecutive years. Her marriage did not hinder her from again winning the national championship in 1919. Many of these players are professional business women with little spare time.

You who have energy and youth on your side will find tennis worth while.

THE COURT

IF THERE is no tennis club in your neighborhood, you can build a court of your own. All you need is plenty of enthusiasm and a small amount of money. If none of you have ever played before, so much the better; competition will be so much the keener. There should be a fairly level vacant lot near by, or an old baseball diamond, or even some one may have a back yard large enough. If you have a place too small for much back space, at least be sure to have the actual playing surface marked out the full regulation size.

A friend of mine, who played an exceptionally good net game, had learned to play ten-

nis on a court built across the back yard. This yard was just large enough for the actual court, but no runback, so in order to avoid losing points when the ball bounded too near the fence, she played up at the net as much as possible. So you see even an imperfect court has its advantages.

Having selected your lot, have it plowed if necessary and made as level as possible. The finished surface should have a slight pitch, so that the court will drain promptly after a rain.

If there is any road repairing being done near by, persuade the steam roller to come in and go over your ground once or twice. This will settle your ground well and give you a firm foundation.

IF YOU want a top surface, the best mixture is forty per cent. clay to sixty per cent. sand. This should be not less than three inches thick and thoroughly rolled down.

If there is much loam in your soil, you will have more trouble with weeds. Of course these must be kept off the court. The more a court is played on the less the weeds grow. Also an occasional sprinkling of salt discourages these pests.

The chief care of a court consists in raking and rolling and remarking after a rain-storm or after much play. If your climate and location are dry, an occasional sprinkling helps to keep a good surface. In return for the privilege of using your court at specified times the men and boys will no doubt help you take care of it.

less than three by three inch lumber. They are best set in concrete bases. If not, they should be at least four feet long below the surface of the ground, as otherwise the frost will heave them during the Winter. Iron posts, which fit into sockets in the ground, I have not found as satisfactory or as durable as wooden ones. It is essential to have the posts absolutely rigid so that the wire cable in the net can always be pulled taut.

RACKETS AND BALLS

THE most important point of the game is to have good rackets and balls. The racket should be well strung and hard. A soft racket is a tremendous handicap. However, if you take good care of your racket, keep it in a press and in a fairly dry place of average temperature, it should last a whole season. The frame can be restrung each Spring, and will last many seasons, provided it is not cracked or has not been left in the rain or played with a great deal in damp weather.

The balls should have a reasonably good bound and should be uniform. I would rather have all poor balls than some good and some bad on the court at the same time.

SUITABLE DRESS

WHEN a woman feels that she is neatly and well dressed, she can ignore her costume and devote her whole attention to other matters. While in the case of tennis we must be sure to combine comfort with looks neither need suffer.

All white from head to foot always looks the best. (Please don't ever wear dark stockings with a light skirt.) In order to be sure that they are just right, I always make my own dresses. I sew the waist and skirt together, making the waist measure several inches larger than my other dresses. I have a simple turnback collar, high at the neck to avoid excessive sunburn, and do not wear a tie, as it flaps when I run and is most annoying. I find a long sleeve more comfortable than rolled-up or short sleeves, provided the cuff is wide enough when buttoned not to bind when the arm is raised. An unbuttoned cuff flaps and is a nuisance. The armhole should be loose. Kimono sleeves are hopeless and bind whenever you move your arm. The skirt should be just as short as the law allows and at least two and one-quarter yards at hem. You will be surprised to find how easily you can produce a skirt of the desired width and yet have it fit the fashions.

Most of you, no doubt, have dresses or waists and skirts which you can use. The chief difficulty in the latter combination is that the waistline is apt to look untidy, especially if you leave off your corsets—a measure I strongly advise.

Concluded on page 66

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE

Instinctively Ralph Carway followed Muriel, while she chattered of the film they had just seen, told him where she lived, and said that it wasn't far. He did not speak. He went by her side, tall and awkward; she looked up at him from time to time, her dark eyes seen through lash and curl as the still water of a pond through brushwood. When at last they reached a street of red-brick villas, she stopped: "You mustn't come any farther," she said.

"Why not?" and wondered whence came his boldness.

"Mother wouldn't like it. You see, since I went on the stage she thinks things."

"Are you an actress?" asked Carway. The idea terrified him. To him the theater conveyed an idea of looseness, which that night was horribly attractive.

"WELL, not exactly," said Muriel. "I'm in the chorus, when I can get a shop." As he stared at her, his fairness and youth were so pleasing that her artificiality fell away.

He took her hand. He hated to think her unsuccessful. She did not resist, but went on as if speaking to herself: "Girls like me, who are trying to get on, men think they can take liberties with them. Oh, I don't mean you," she said, smiling, and pressed his hand.

She stirred him profoundly. Her prettiness, her failure, the suggestion that this failure was brought about by her virtue, made a picture whose appeal he could not resist. She charmed him. And she must have realized this, for suddenly she grew serious, asked him a few questions about himself, which he answered briefly. Then they stayed silent, still hand in hand, until she grew awkward, and muttered: "Let me go. I must get back now."

"Can't I see you again?"
"If you like." After a hesitation she told him her name and the number of her house in the street. Still they stood, unwilling to part. It was very dark. Not a footstep was heard. Muriel laughed low and, suddenly throwing an arm about his neck, drew his head down, kissed him upon the cheek, half-affectionate, half-mischievous, and ran away, her laughter following.

Ralph Carway wrote to her that night. One month later, when their understanding was complete, he visited her home. Her father was an engine-driver. The parlor was used only on Sundays. It was decorated with texts and mourning-cards. Her mother pulled her hair flat off her forehead, and her hands smelled of washing-salts. After tea there was a singsong; her brother played the concertina. But when Carway was alone with her, the awkwardness of her poor home ceased to oppress him. He took her into his arms, and as, responding to his caress, her eyelids fell, he knew that he loved her.

THOUGH his fellows at the works disliked his superior manner, Carway was not stupid, and had now been promoted to the care of the boilers. He was, for his position, earning good wages, but he was preoccupied. His house displeased him. It was a cheap house, built of the worst material, with wood that warped, window-sashes that did not fit, without water except in the yard. Dirt got into the corners.

Muriel, after three years of marriage, had accepted with pleasant courage to be a workman's wife. She still sang, and ridiculed her husband. She still knew how to ally humor with sweet surrender. But she was tired and overworked, and a preoccupied frown brought her eyebrows together. She had had two children in three years; soon another would be born. So, as Ralph Carway glanced at the pressure-gage, he thought all the time: "We can't manage on what I'm getting. There isn't enough. Three children soon. More food, more boots." And it hurt him that Muriel should not have the green silk blouse they had seen together in a shop. But the ascetic in him was still strong.

Still, the Carways couldn't save anything

and the first quarrel arose from this. To his anguish, Carway found himself flushed and his wife tearful. She'd said he must get more money, and he had repulsed her as if the suggestion were unclean.

They kissed and forgot the incident, but the suggestion remained, and its effects were felt when, by accident, Carway invented a new tool. Three days of excitement, irritations due to clumsy design, and the thing was done. His invention would not revolutionize industry; it was no product of mechanical genius, but it was a very useful implement which would reduce by a third the number of tools employed. The need to patent it was agonizing, for there was no money. Carway, besides, disliked commercial dealing, and it was only necessity that sent him to his master with the idea.

He came out of the interview flushed and a new man. He had not before encountered commerce. The commercial man's suggestion seemed to him ignoble. He, Carway the inventor, was to have a tenth of the profits. He left the works before the whistle blew, now determined to make the most of his idea. He was not going to give it over to thieves. This new determination took him to his father's old solicitor, who laughed at him, told him patents were the graves of fortunes, and smilingly lent him the money.

A few months later Mr. Read, his employer's strongest competitor, made with Carway an agreement for the working of the new tool; this appointed Carway manager of a small factory; he had a controlling interest in the shares, and was to earn as much in a week as formerly in three months.

SUCCESS was almost immediate. The advantages of the new mechanism were such that not only the neighboring works took it up, but inquiries came from all over the world, from Germany, America, from unexpected factories in India and wild places. It was impossible to execute all the orders, and when, at the end of two years, Carway's old employer was the last to give, and to buy at a high price the tools of which he might have been part owner, a little thread of satisfied hate ran through Carway: The man! He'd got him down.

For already Carway had discovered the industry is a fighting affair. Soon after his factory opened, he had trouble with men over some detail of workshop practice. The reply of the young employer, handsome, hard-mouthed, and elegant in his black braided coat, was brief: "Give in, or I lock you out." And as the men did not give in, Carway had the courage to refuse orders, to put out the boilers, and to close the factory at an hour's notice. Next day he received the surrender of his staff, and thenceforth found himself its master.

As the years passed, the fighting animal in Carway enjoyed the discovery that force and desire alone can overcome force and desire. His home troubled him no more for Muriel at thirty was much more charming than the dark-eyed girl who had sat on his side in the picture palace. She was broader, well dressed; she had learned the speech of her new class; her children wore Greenaway frocks and went to dancing classes. And all of them loved the autonomy of their well-being, this harsh, handsome young man: it wasn't much use arguing with him, because he always had his way.

And so time passed. The works were extended; subsidiary works were erected in America and various parts of Europe. Carway's firm found it advantageous to own their own foundries, and even to run their own iron-mines. He had built upon a hill outside the town a house surrounded by a wall that was more than a mile long. His park deer went free. And in his quieting hall, little by little, all who were noble, beautiful and witty found their seat.

One day he asked Muriel whether it would amuse her to be a peeress. When she asked how that could happen, he told her not to worry, and that she'd be a viscountess on her next birthday. He smiled as he looked

Concluded on page 56



What Satisfaction!

To Have Beautiful, Soft Hands

NO need to hide them or feel embarrassed when they're in use if they are soft, smooth, pretty hands. Use lemons—rub the hands with half a lemon, night and morning, if the skin is dry, rough, red or cracked. Note the transformation in a few days. Lemon juice seems to affect most hands as no other agent can. It's Nature's lotion,


a whitener which millions use today to insure youthful looking hands. Why not take advantage of it? See how it removes stains. Don't apply only to rough hands, but also to pretty hands for their protection after exposure to hard usage. Begin now to use this method daily. Keep a half lemon handy in a saucer by the sink or wash bowl.

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Uniformly Good Lemons

The richest juice, best for the hands, comes from California Sunkist Lemons. Be sure to get this kind. All first-class dealers sell them.

Write for FREE book, "Toilet Uses for the Lemon—How it Helps to Beautify."

*Made in the cup
at the table*

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Each can of G. Washington's Coffee is equivalent to ten times its weight in roasted bean coffee. Mr. Washington's refining process has eliminated all woody fibre, chaff and waste. The finest quality coffee. Pure—always delicious—healthful—digestible—economical. Dissolves instantly in hot water. For sale by Grocery, Delicatessen and Drug Stores and served at Soda Fountains. Send 10c for special trial size. Recipe booklet free G. Washington Coffee Refining Co., 522 Fifth Avenue, New York

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"Served Perfectly!" How it is done with America's Favorite Beverage



You meet few men with skill like that of the soda fountain expert. He takes a six-ounce glass and draws just one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup — the precise base for the best drink — service that eliminates waste.

Take a six-ounce glass, not a larger or a smaller one.

One press on the syrup syphon, with the soda man's sense of touch for exact measurements, gives one ounce of Coca-Cola syrup — you know just where it should come to in the glass to be precisely the right amount.

Full the silver faucet for five ounces of pure, ice-cold carbonated water — with the one



With a deft, sure hand he adds the ice-cold, sparkling water. It looks for an instant as though the glass would overflow, but it doesn't. The amount is five ounces — exactly the right proportion.

ounce of syrup, this quantity fills the glass.

You may take up a bit of the proportion of water with ice, as a small cube or crushed. Stir with a spoon.

Done quickly? You bet. The rising bubbles just have time to come to a bead that all but o'ertops the brim as the glass is passed over the marble fountain for the first delicious and refreshing sip.

That's the soda fountain recipe for the perfect drink, perfectly served. Coca-Cola is easily served perfectly because Coca-Cola syrup is prepared with the finished art that comes from the practice of a lifetime. Good things of nine sunny climes, nine different countries, are properly combined in every ounce.

Guard against the natural mistakes of too much syrup and too large a glass. Any variation from the ratio of one ounce of syrup to five ounces of water, and something of the rare quality of Coca-Cola is lost; you don't get Coca-Cola at the top of its flavor and at its highest appeal.

Coca-Cola is sold everywhere with universal popularity, because perfect service and not variations is a soda fountain rule.



It has all been done in flashes. The glass is before you before there is time for conscious waiting. Thirst is answered by the expert with Coca-Cola in its highest degree of deliciousness and refreshingness.

Drink

Coca-Cola

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE

out over his park: how completely shut off was the buzzing factory far away, with its thousands of his workmen! He held them, all of them; people knew him now as the hardest man in the country, who feared nothing, faced anybody, and held all who opposed him in his race for millions under the thrall of his imperious will.

"No, I don't remember you," said the preacher. Carway recalled the place and the date. "Yes, I remember that occasion, but one can't remember every wandering soul that comes to the fold. Such knowledge is not given to mortality." Then: "Are you happy, brother? Since you've found the Light?"

Carway shifted and said: "Oh, no, I didn't last. I found out what the world was. Slay or be slain. I've made no money. I'm a peer of the realm. Things get into my way: I smash 'em. Good things run away from me: I catch them. I've made millions because it's slay or be slain. And I slew."

Then, and this was horrible, as if Carway's fall took from the revivalist his last courage, as if the triumph of force were life's last outrage, Llanfaes, instead of replying, flung himself upon a chair, and, burying his face between his hands, began to weep.

CARWAY had to stand there, waiting until he recovered, and it seemed to him as if Llanfaes were no longer a dusty preacher in a deserted iron chapel, it was as if he himself sat there weeping, vainly weeping. Llanfaes was crying his tears, the tears of all the world. Crying the tears of the poor, the unsuccessful; perhaps the tears of the strong and of the rich.

When at last Llanfaes raised his face and wiped his eyes, a lingering softness came into Carway's voice. He put his hand upon the shoulder of the embodiment of his memory: "It can't be helped," he murmured. "The world's like that. I was harsh because I was poor; poverty is the source of crime. I'm not a bad man, Mr. Llanfaes."

"I didn't say that," murmured the preacher.

"No, I'm not a bad man; but I was a poor man. Perhaps that's almost the same thing after one's lived a little while."

ONE night, in a small town in Wales, a handsome man of fifty or so threw off his skunk-lined coat in the hall of a hotel, told the manager that his car had broken down and would he have it garaged. Leaving his handsome wife and his two big sons, both of whom wore the tie of the Grenadier Guards, he went out into the town to send a telegram. It was just before eight. Lord Carway, older now, and self-assured, looked about him, as if saying that he'd buy this place if he fancied it. He asked his way to the post-office. It was complicated, and took him through small streets, where he lost himself on the way back. In one of the darkest of these streets he stopped before a placard stuck outside a tiny chapel with a galvanized-iron roof. The placard said: "To-night at 7—Evan Llanfaes."

A half-humorous impulse sent him in. The exhortation was just finished. Evan Llanfaes had hardly changed in the face; only his hair was white, but his eyes, as before, burned in their big whites; still the eternal appeal of his white, tortured hands touched those who came in. And what a congregation! Nine old women and a boy. He hadn't got on. There was no crying now, no beating of breasts.

But something of Carway's romantic youth clung to him. He wanted to speak to Llanfaes: that would bring up that night thirty years before, when he was a young man; it would bring up the good old times, when he was so unhappy, times which in his aging years seemed so exquisite. When all had gone, he went up to Llanfaes.

Continued from page 50

NO RETURN TICKET

a fling to their movements, but no beauty about it.

The extraordinary thing was the long skirts they wore. They seemed of thick wool or plaited straw—no give to them and very large, so that the slender upper parts of their bodies seemed absurdly attenuated.

"They're modest—" Conant began. "You've said it—modest as a churn-handle."

AS THE girls and women neared, they heard the tune so long familiar, but with a new turn to it from the feminine rendering.

"Athick doubla obmer sole Lemme tooder bostrick vli—"

"They've collected a missionary before us, Chev! Sure as you're seeing daylight. It's 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul,' they're singing!" "I get it now," Chev said solemnly.

The songs and coming forth of the Ichitis were an expression of their gladness in the capture of the two strangers, especially in Cheverly. What the white men thought of it, however, seemed to have nothing to do with the matter—that was the mystery. Night was falling in the great amphitheater when they were led into the central square of the city and brought to a halt before the gate of what looked on the outside like a vast corral. Within they saw many low buildings, all run together apparently, from where they stood, several acres under one rolling, irregular thatched roof. Into this they were led, the throng of the people left behind at the outer gate. They were conscious of hurried feet, low voices and faces from behind the curtains as they passed through rooms and halls to a candle-lit chamber with an earthen floor.

A curtain moved, and a bony hand appeared protruding from a yellow robe; then a close-cropped gray head of a white man,

bowed with years. Pallid, wasted, but still young, that face, aristocratic even in its ruin. It made Conant think of the features of a mouse priest who had turned politician in the ictus of his power and fallen swiftly into decay. There was a queer cavernous thicket in the room; but, save for the twinkle in the old gray eyes, one would not have guessed that the chuckle came from him.

"Hullo," he said genially, "an' it's two of 'em, them more for the lie-sentence."

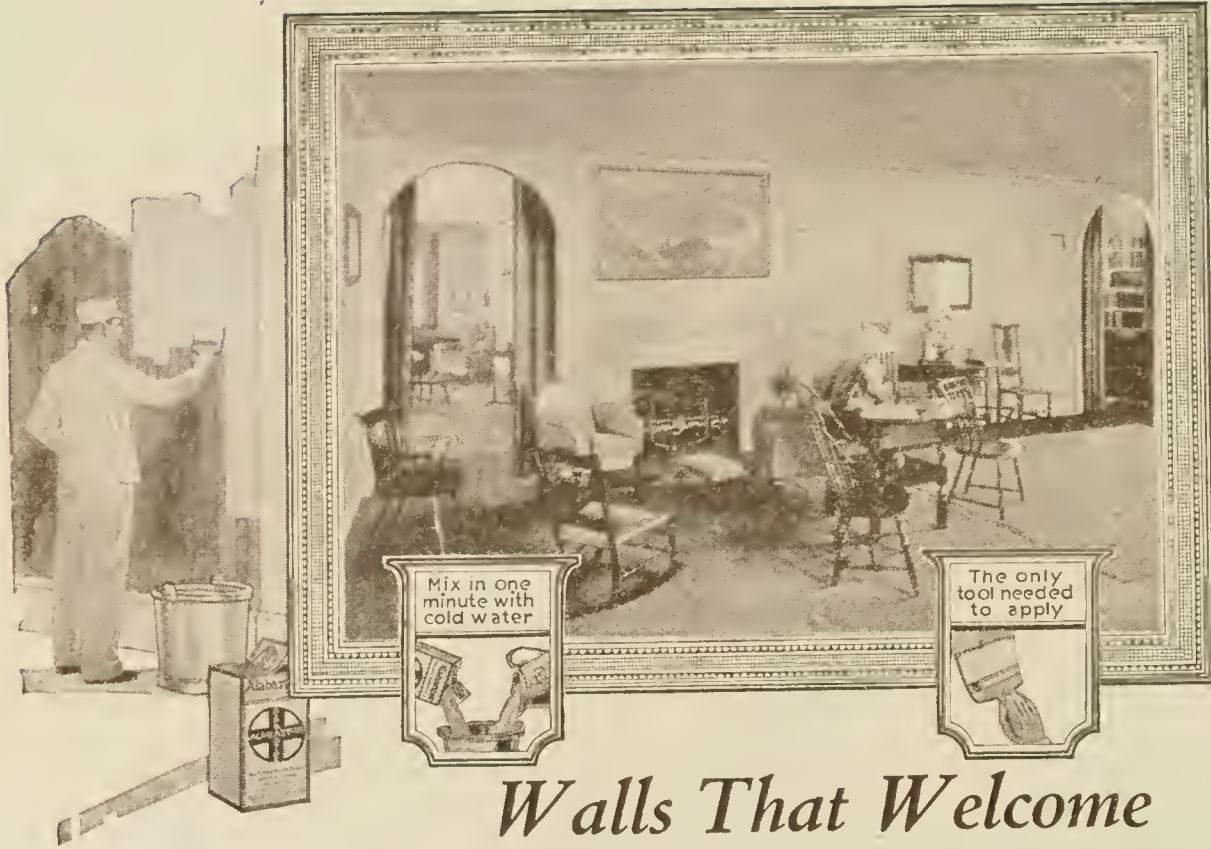
No more words that night from the yellow-robed king. There was brief ceremony, at which they were led to quarters apparently set apart for them. All their bags were there and nothing touched, not a thread changed except for the conspicuous absence of the rifles and short pieces. The place was cozily lit with candles. The two white men faced each other—a sweating, stifling silence fallen between them. Conant broke it with effort.

"Get squared away as soon as you can Chev, so we can douse these hot lights." They were oppressed by a sort of mass fatigue, as if from the whole journey from Mombasa. Cheverly had become pale and drawn within an hour. Conant recalled that he had noted an ashen flicker across the boy's face when the yellow-robed one spoke of the lie-sentence.

The curtain was pulled aside and a girl-servant appeared. Entering, she passed Conant, and touched Cheverly's sleeve, signifying in her smileless way that he was to rise and follow. He obeyed, stood like a sleep-giant above her; then without a word vanished after her through the curtain, and Conant let him go.

In the background of his mind for hours the question never left for an instant: "What are they doing to Chev?"

Continued in the June DELINEATOR



Walls That Welcome

IN thousands of homes hospitality is reflected by walls which almost speak their welcome—walls in those warm, pleasing, delicate tints to be obtained only by using

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall-Paper

For with Alabastine standard colors—or by intermixing them, wall tints charmingly matching rugs and furnishings are easily obtained. See that Alabastine is brought in original packages with the cross and circle printed in red on each and your decorator can carry out your individual ideas with invariable accuracy. Indeed no special skill is necessary with Alabastine; you can do the work yourself if a decorator is not available. Just mix Alabastine with pure cold water and apply with a suitable brush to any interior surface; over plastered walls, wallboard, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes.

Let Our Experts Advise You

Write for our interchangeable color chart with the newest and most popular color schemes for home decoration. And individual advice will be given upon any special problem that may occur.

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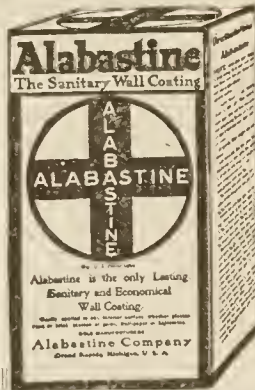


Illustration from the January House Beautiful

The House Beautiful

Is your living-room so cozy that your big son settles down with a sigh of content in the deep armchair under the reading-lamp, and your daughter's chums find this just the one room in which to discuss their new frocks and the latest dancing party?

Does your husband throw open the front door when ushering in a guest with the feeling that here, indeed, is a home of which he well may be proud?

When you return from shopping, or the movies, do you glance around your well-arranged reception hall, go to your room with its soft-colored walls, simple cream hangings and cretonne draperies, and with a sigh of content feel that indeed there is no place like home?

To bring about these results in your home is to taste

The True Success of Life

Does this mean that you must spend a great deal of money? Not at all. It only requires a little time and some knowledge. No doubt you already possess the table, the bookcase, or the armchair, which will give the proper "note" to your living-room but which up to this time has not been properly placed. If you are not contented with your home why not consult

The House Beautiful

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FUDGE SQUARES

1 cup Diamond Brand Walnut Meats; 2 squares chocolate; ½ cup butter; 3 eggs; 1 cup sugar; ¾ cup flour; ½ teaspoon baking powder; ½ teaspoon vanilla.
Melt chocolate, add butter, stir until butter melts and set aside. Beat eggs, adding gradually one cup sugar. Mix and sift flour with baking powder and salt and add to eggs. Also add Diamond Brand Walnut Meats chopped fine, and vanilla. Then add chocolate mixture. Spread in shallow pans, bake about ten minutes and cut in squares while warm.

TOASTED WALNUT SANDWICHES

Mix 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, ¼ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon paprika with ½ cup cream or cottage cheese. Spread on one-fourth-inch slices of graham bread; then sprinkle with 6 tablespoons chopped Diamond Brand Walnut Meats. Put together in pairs, remove crusts, cut in finger-shaped pieces and toast.

WALNUT MARSHMALLOW DELIGHT

Dissolve 2 tablespoons gelatine in two tablespoons cold water; then add 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar and ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour over whites of 6 eggs, beaten stiff. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and beat until stiff enough to mould. Divide in three parts and color one-third yellow. Put layer of white in mould and sprinkle with chopped Walnut Meats and shredded coconut. When set, add yellow layer and balance of Walnuts and coconut (one cup of each is needed). Then add white layer. Chill and serve with marshmallows, cut in pieces.

WALNUT COFFEE CAKE

3 cups flour; 5 tablespoons sugar; 1 egg; 1 ¼ teaspoons salt; 4 teaspoons baking powder; ¾ cup milk; 3 tablespoons shortening; ½ cup Diamond Brand Walnut Meats; ½ cup raisins.

Mix and sift dry ingredients. Add raisins and Walnuts, milk, melted shortening and beaten egg. Mix to a soft dough. Roll out, cut into strips and twist into shape indicated above. Sprinkle with a little sugar and chopped Walnut Meats. Let stand in pan 15 minutes. Bake in moderate oven 25 minutes.

Freshen your Spring menus with new and attractive Walnut dishes

"I've always served Walnuts," wrote one pleased woman recently, "but never so many as now. One reason is, your DIAMOND BRAND assures me uniform Walnut quality; another is, you've shown me how to use Walnuts in so many new and delightful ways."

"In so many ways"—that's the interesting development today in serving Walnuts. A bowl of Walnuts on the table has long been recognized as an American institution. Now Walnut salads, sundaes, puddings, candies and cakes are in almost as general use.

Few foods are so good and so practical for spring and summer menus as Walnuts—few are so appetizing—few lend themselves so easily and readily to the housewife's need at this season for dishes that are new and attractive—few help out so daintily in preparing the picnic lunch.

In buying Walnuts you'll find it pays to insist upon DIAMOND BRAND. They're better. They're most economical because they give you so many more meats to the pound than ordinary Walnuts. California Walnuts are recognized as the best in the world, and DIAMOND BRAND nuts are the very cream of the California crop.

Your Dealer can supply you with DIAMOND BRAND Walnuts. But if you are not reasonably certain that you are getting just what you order, have your Walnuts taken directly from the hundred-pound bag we ship them in, a miniature picture of which appears below.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A purely co-operative, non-profit organization of over 3000 Growers

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CALIFORNIA
WALNUTS



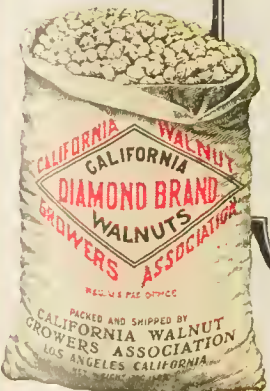
Every woman ought to have our new recipe book shown here. It contains the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers as well as the choicest Walnut recipes of a leading culinary expert. Send your Dealer's name and address for a free copy. Address Department S-1.



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"Crackin' Good Walnuts"





Reproduced by Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

CHILD WITH CAT. From the painting by Gainsborough

HER OWN GAME

It's kinder than not. If we give her a long enough rope, she'll hang herself ultimately. The thing is to keep the sacrifice on our own premises."

"That's why I thought of Danny."
"That's not beating her at her own game—that's helping her to it! What we've got to do is to trot on a Wellington from the great outside!"

"O-ho—so that's it! I begin to see!"
Through the haze of smoke about them the eyes of the two men met in a mutual understanding. They saw nothing amusing in the idea of two gentlemen, upper middle class, somewhat owlishly plotting out the way to decorum for the younger generation. It occurred to neither of them that the younger generation had done with decorum—as they knew it.

"Very good," Mr. Tatem said. "This Wellington—now—who's drafted?"

FOR the first few days following her declaration Adelaide went about her chosen task with acumen and zeal. Left largely to herself during the day, she spent long, dreamy hours before her mirror, twisting her soft, pale hair into new and becoming lines, studying her possibilities, weighing and balancing the effects of various touches of color against her pretty white throat.

"It's a sure thing," she promised herself, "though it may take time." The last was a concession to the available's protracted surrender. Somehow Danny did not come under with quite the celerity she had hoped.

"Gosh, Ad, you really oughter take a little exercise," that young gentleman advised, sitting cross-legged on the grass before her recumbent figure, artfully ensconced in a steamer chair. "You'll get hefty!"

"Why, Danny Jones, I think you're—"
She bit off the offending adjective warily. "Funny," she amended. "You know I never did care much for sports."

"You used to play tennis last year. And you looked a whole lot healthier, too!"

"Did I?" Adelaide asked with barbed sweetness. "You're so young, Danny!" He recoiled hotly before that onslaught.

"Oh, I say, Ad, don't let's fight!" he suggested finally.

"Fight?" She opened her eyes wide upon him. "Why, Danny dear, I wouldn't fight for anything in the world—with you!" She held out her hand, the smile under adroit management breaking into a trilling laugh that provoked an answering grin.

"I should say not! You're a pretty good old scout, kid!" He leaned forward and brought his palm down on her knee with a resounding slap. "If you were only a boy, now."

Adelaide sat up briskly. She had stood a good bit since June. It was now early August.

"I think," she said tartly, "I think, Danny Jones, that you are a very stupid, stupid boy! Perhaps it's not in you to rise to any great heights of passion—I doubt it—I really do. Undoubtedly," she added, seeing the amazement in his face, "undoubtedly you are not one of the chosen!"

THE available, thus accosted, rose rather stiffly to his feet. He stretched his arms over his insensate head and yawned luxuriously. It was a very critical moment. Adelaide also arose. They stood facing each other, and Danny continued opening and closing his mouth with the air of a man suddenly come into his own.

"Gee!" he said at last, "gee, I guess I must be sleepy!"

In the front hall Adelaide stopped, confronted by a pile of luggage just inside the green door. There were two suitcases and a traveling-bag, an easel, four or five canvases strapped together, a small pochade-case, an umbrella and a large white sunshade, and a canary singing lustily in a wicker cage.

"I didn't know we were opening an old ladies' home," she said later, over the soup. "When does the first inmate arrive?"

"I suppose you mean Murray, Bates," Philip suggested. "He's coming here to visit a bit."

"Oh, is he the funny man you used to come with? The man who knows so much and says so little? Long, lank, loose, big head—derby hat on a bean-pole?"

Philip smiled. "Murray was called distinguished even in college, Addie. He's something of a person, now."

"Humph! He's something of a spinster, I should say!"

Mr. Tatem, at the head of the table, cleared his throat. "Very uninteresting man, as I remember. Nothing at all in your line, Adelaide. I hope, however, that you'll be agreeable to him while he's hanging about, daubing up the country." Under the table Mr. Tatem kicked what he thought was Philip's foot.

His daughter raised her head and smiled sweetly. "Oh, well, popsey, perhaps he won't stay long. Cheer up!"

Of Murray Bates, however, Philip inquired: "What's the idea of the bird?"

"Thought I'd do some decorative, outdoor things, after Parrish. Didn't know whether you had one or not. No objections, I suppose?" Mr. Bates smiled pleasantly. It was the evening of his first day. "Your little sister—I'd forgotten there was one—she'd go nicely in one of 'em."

"Look out for Adelaide," Philip warned. "She's taking a fling at love these days. None of us are really safe. She's about wined Danny."

Philip licked the ashes from his cigaret.

"Look here, Bates, the truth is we're a bit worried over Adelaide. She has that damnable sophistication of youth that runs amuck of life; thinks she's omniscient—and by George, she is, at times! Funny mixture. The pater and I try to keep her under—but you might as well try to give spelling lessons to the Delphic Oracle!"

"Sounds interesting!" Murray Bates observed. "What's my cue?" He threw up the window-shade and leaned out into the fragrant night. "Not much of a hand with girls, you know," he said over his shoulder. "Glad to help you out, though!"

"To be frank, Bates," said Philip, "I'd be no end grateful if you could see to it, now and then, that she's kept amused and out of mischief. I don't want you—er—inconvenienced, you understand, but I've got to be away during the day, so you'll be pretty much on Addie's hands, anyhow."

"Will I?" said Murray. "Thanks for the tip!"

ADELAIDE arose the following morning, fresh and joyous. She read Danny's note as she dressed. Rather, she reread it. It was written on his mother's monogrammed paper, in the running style affected by youths of the day. There was only one line:

DEAR AD: Cut the soft stuff.—D. J.

Adelaide smiled happily to herself and tucked the note into her belt. Things, it seemed, were going very well. Undoubtedly D. J. had been on his side of the hedge the previous evening.

Murray Bates was not at all what she had expected. Indeed, she was not quite sure just what she had expected. Perhaps she had not foreseen that he would stare at her so openly, or accept so solemnly and with such stately mien her suggestion that they see the garden by moonlight. In an inexplicable way she had felt, while they strolled, as though she were conducting an awed and reverent tourist through the mysteries of some ancient ruin.

She was genuinely surprised, therefore, to find Murray Bates smoking a pipe in the steamer chair under the trees before breakfast.

"Good morning!" he said, rising. "Are you Aurora, or one of Pan's foundlings?"

"Oh, how pretty!" she cried, flushing under his open gaze.

"Yes, I think so myself!" Murray Bates admitted, without removing his eyes elsewhere. Indeed, it seemed to Adelaide, glowing and aware, as though those light, steady eyes were in actual contact with her glowing cheek.

"If he's going to stare like that all the time—" she thought. The book slipped from her arm and fell at his feet, the title uppermost. He bent his tall body forward, swaying like a giant flower on a slender stem. Just as she feared he might snap off, he straightened with the book in his hand.

"You like this—really?" There was genuine

Continued on page 62



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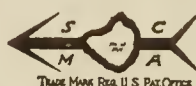
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OLD PHOTOS COME TO LIFE

BY GRACE BELTON

GRANDMOTHER'S OLD PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM BROUGHT UP TO DATE. COME!

See and hear the performing pictures in the Grace Church Social Rooms, May Fifth; at Eight o'Clock. Admission Twenty-five cents.

IN RESPONSE to the above invitation a large company gathered at the social rooms. On a raised platform stood an object which looked like a mammoth book, with the gilt-lettered cover of the old-fashioned photograph album. Beside it stood a little girl, who announced with pretty importance:

"I'm glad to see so many folks here! I'm going to entertain you by showing you the pictures in our family album. You know everything is improved over what it was in grandmother's day, and the family album has kept up with the times. The new pictures don't just look like people—they talk like them and act like them, too.

"The first one is my great-great-grandfather and his bride. He fought in the Revolutionary War, and she had a lovely voice. She used to sing the old home songs and lullabies for her babies. If you don't frighten her, I think she will sing for you now."

THE little girl opened the cover of the album. There stood grandfather in powdered wig, knee-breeches and silk stockings, holding by the hand a demure, sweet-faced maiden with puffed hair and wearing a gown of flowered satin. She waited a moment for the ripple of appreciation to subside and she sang, without accompaniment, "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes."

"The next picture shows how grandmother's little daughter Priscilla spent Sunday," announced the small entertainer. A delighted murmur went up at the sight of little Priscilla, adorable in white ruffled kerchief and cap, seated in a straight-backed chair, reading aloud "Christian's encounter with the lions" in "Pilgrim's Progress."

"When our new draft law was framed, we all thought our boys of nineteen were too young to be soldiers," Miss Announcer continued, "but this is the way my grandfather and his three chums looked when they marched away in 1861 to fight for the Union."

The four lads in suits of Union blue were about seventeen years of age. They sang "When This Cruel War Is Over," and their song brought the mists to many eyes. "There were colored troops too, and they were always happy."

Again the album opened, disclosing a group of coal-black lads who broke forth in the strains of "Dixie" and "Old Black Joe."

"Mother and children stayed at home." Mother, in the hoop-skirt and tight basque of the sixties, and a little girl in short-waisted frock and pantalets were knitting socks, while a small boy in homespun clothing brandished a rake.

GRADUALLY the pictures came down to our times. Then the proud little exhibitor showed:

"Brother Tom, who was an aviator. He can play the banjo.

"My cousin Bob, of the Marines. He fiddles just as well as he fights.

"My sister Nellie, in her graduation dress. "My first school-teacher."

A group of sailor lads sang rousing sea songs, and two khaki-clad men led the whole crowd in "There's a Long, Long Trail" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning." There were machine gunners, Red Cross nurses, motor-corps girls, a very modern mother and child knitting a helmet and a scarf.

From the last page of the album six misses stepped down, bringing trays of sandwiches and hot coffee to finish what was unanimously voted "The best show ever!"

The album was made by fastening a screen-door frame in place and painting it white with scrolls of gilt, after the manner of the margins of the old-fashioned album. The cover was made of light wood hinged to the door-frame at the side, so it swung open easily. It was painted brown, with decorations and lettering of gilt. Screens stretched from either side of the album to the dressing-room.

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No Scrubbing—No Scouring

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Beautiful Birch

OUR QUESTIONS ANSWERED

EDITED BY

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

TO HAVE a "Your Questions Answered" column is the usual procedure of a magazine, but we shall have a column in which you are asked to answer our questions. There are questions asked in this issue, in articles of the Home-Makers' Department, which you may be able to answer or about which you may have some interesting ideas.

May we have your opinions? This does not mean that you may not ask questions. They will be welcomed and answered if possible. Please don't forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope.

QUESTION: Is it possible for a woman left with the support of the family and the care of the farm, without funds, to keep the family together and run the farm?

An interesting reply to this query comes from Mrs. J. L. C., of Pennsylvania, who writes: "I will just give you a little insight of what a woman can do if she is willing to put her shoulder to the wheel in earnest, and I find it will turn every time.

"My mother and myself were left with a farm of one hundred acres, eleven cows, a good team, and a great many debts. Last Summer I milked thirteen cows most of the time; twice a day fed calves and pigs; took cows to and from pasture. Have work for one man whom we have by the day.

"I take care of our garden, and have red and white raspberries, red and white currants, gooseberries, garden long blackberries, cherries and apples. My mother will be seventy-nine the 5th of March, and does much of the housework, but I do all of the hard work. An old lady stays with us who is eighty-seven, and she is a great care. The past Winter I have taken care of twenty head of cattle, fifty hens, one hog and two horses most of the time, and they all look fine."

HERE is further testimony from Ohio. Mrs. S. writes: "Soon after we came to this place my husband died, and I was left to care for the farm and the family. It took careful management to get the work done outside and in. Everything had to be carried up two steps that went out of the kitchen. I had a door cut in the wall about four feet long and two feet high, so we could put all the dishes and other things through, thus saving many steps.

When my husband was alive, we worked together. I fed the calves and the pigs and when he was very busy I helped pick potatoes and carrots. He would help me in the house drying dishes, sweeping and cleaning vegetables, and it was pleasanter than working alone.

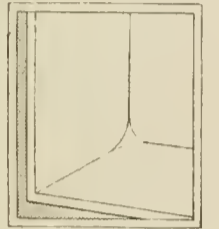
"Now I must do the work outside and in, with occasional work by the day from a neighbor. I have a little one not two years old. I put her in a wheelbarrow with some playthings, and she enjoys it as much as I do. This enables me to go about the farm to do the work."

QUESTION: Can the simple routine of work afford contentment to the woman, interested though she may be in building a home?

Light is thrown upon this perplexing problem by Mrs. J., of Montana. She writes as follows:

"Aside from attending church on the Lord's day, we have no recreation whatever as we live too far from town to attend lectures. And when I tell you that nine-tenths of the settlers here had to build small houses you can imagine about how much we had to spend for reading matter. We have, one by one, put up the little frame cottages and planted trees and shrubbery. Yet, when I step out in the fresh air after the day's work is done and see the little lights twinkling about in the little homes, there is something very pathetic about it all to me. Hardships and privations we have endured. Sickness and death have come to some of our dear ones and no physicians within call. When the coyote begins his dismal howl, I wish we could fly back to the old home and forget it all."

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This illustration shows how inside corners are rounded, as easy to wipe as a bowl.

"—and you can keep it clean because it has no paneled surfaces"

Two things are important in your Kitchen cabinet. You want everything in one convenient place, and you want that place clean. Sanitation is essential in the place where you keep and prepare healthy, wholesome food. You get both these advantages in the Kitchen Maid. Rounded interior corners make this cabinet as easy to wipe as a bowl.

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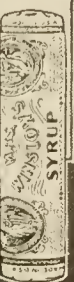
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AT HOME! With your own phonograph! My personally dictated records make it *easy* to restore a normal figure in two months, or even less. My quick reduction course for women never fails; their letters *Wallace* prove it.

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No matter how stout you are—or where you are too fleshy—my course speedily reduces you to normal proportions. You will acquire grace of form, carriage, poise; a figure easily gowned. If you are but *slightly* overweight, let me put you at the weight where you will look your best. Reduction is sure, and *permanent*.

Your first lesson FREE

Don't pay for my services until I demonstrate their value. I'll put you through one lesson free. Then decide whether you wish to reduce this quick effective way. If you make the start now, you *can* and *will* have a normal figure two months from today. Use coupon:



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Send prepaid, in plain wrapping, record for free lesson, prices, terms and complete information. I will either send my enrollment for entire reducing course with first payment of \$5, or return your record within 5 days.

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pleasure in his voice. "Thought grown-up girls didn't care anything for 'Alice in Wonderland' these days."

"Oh, yes, at times, as a—mental diversion," Adelaide explained carefully. "One's mind needs to recreate, don't you think? I really meant to bring Ellen Key's 'Love and Marriage'—I am reading that now."

"Find it interesting?"
 "Oh—yes! I adore the thought of choosing one's parents—or is that in one of her other books?" She stopped, distressed. Murray Bates laughed down at her in candid enjoyment. He said nothing.

"Anyhow, I never knew mother, of course, but I don't really think I *could* have done any better than father and Philip!" She turned wide, sweet, earnest eyes up to his.

"Good Lord!" Murray Bates asked himself, "is she real?" Aloud he said:

"Do you know I always wanted to do some new *Alice* in Wonderland? How'd you like to be *Alice*?"

"Me—*Alice*!" Adelaide sat down on the edge of the vacant steamer chair and stared at him. "Don't—don't you think I'm too—old?"

"I THINK you're all right!" Mr. Bates assured her heartily. "Just what I've been waiting for—to paint, you know—waiting to paint."

At breakfast Adelaide sat demurely behind the coffee-urn pouring for the three gentlemen. Her own two were wrapped in the customary morning lethargy that always closed them in until the first cup was drained. That did not trouble Adelaide. It was the uncertain quality of Mr. Bates's silence that puzzled her.

Mr. Murray Bates, however, had other thoughts. "Found just the place," he announced over a second cup. "Where you go down the rabbit-hole. What do you say to starting right in before the sun gets too high?"

Adelaide said nothing for a moment. She was watching Philip and her father mutely signaling to one another. Ever since she had received that misdirected kick, a few nights before, she had known something was afoot, and held herself in readiness to meet it. Now her worst fears were realized; she could have stood anything better than being thought too young to affiliate agreeably with a genius of twenty-eight. They were afraid she would annoy or bore Mr. Murray Bates. Quick little banners of outraged dignity unfurled in her cheeks and her eyes grew large and soft.

"Thank you, Mr. Bates," she said grandly. "I shall be glad to help serve you in any way whatsoever." And then, conscious of their six startled eyes upon her, she smiled warmly at them in bewildering, girlish naïveté.

"BUT I'm pretty mad, Phillie!" she told him, coming up behind him as he was leaving the house a while later, her arms heaped with "dress-up clothes" which she had corralled from an old trunk in the attic.

"I know you are, Addie, deucedly pretty!" He ducked a small red slipper she hurled after him. "Be good to him, honey, he needs it!"

"Just watch me, Phillie!" she called after him. "Just watch me!" Whereupon she set off to that remote corner of the garden where Murray Bates was putting up his easel and umbrella.

"Will these do?" she asked expectantly, dropping the bundle of "show-clothes" beside him.

"Hope so." He squinted at the canvas and the sun meditatively before he looked at her. "Merciful Heaven!" he cried; then, taking in the bundle on the grass: "Don't need all these, you know. *Alice* didn't. Something simple—and white stockings. Can you get into these?" He held up the red slippers. Adelaide nodded. "And this—what's this? Looks about right." He picked up a straight slip of a garment, yellow from age, with tiny puff sleeves, and a plastron of heavy embroidery hanging from the open neck in front, half-way to the supposed waistline.

"That is a chemise my mother wore when she was a little girl," Adelaide explained with simple candor. "Do you want me to wear that?"

"Would you?"

"Of course!" She took it from him and ran back into the house. Murray Bates watched her light, nimble feet chasing her shadow on the smooth lawn. She was back shortly, or rather he supposed it was she.

"Look about seven!" he called to her, as she came up. "Hardly knew you!"

"Oh, won't I do?" She stopped a yard or so away from him and twirled about on the red slipper toes. Her hair, held back from her forehead by a wide black band, fell in soft profusion over her shoulders. Murray Bates thought he had never seen anything so deliciously, transparently young.

"You'll do!" he said briefly. He began blocking her in, narrowing his eyes and turning his head about from side to side.

"Mr. Bates," Adelaide said suddenly, "why did Philip tell me to be good to you? That you needed it?"

"I'm sure I don't know—did he?" Murray Bates went on working at the canvas.

"I thought perhaps you had been crossed in love—and I was sorry. I'm glad if you haven't."

"No—not yet." Mr. Bates's tone implied almost anything.

"Do you think, perhaps, that it is necessary to one's—one's enlightenment—to get what you want as soon as you want it?"

"Never thought much about it," he confessed. "Did you?"

"Oh—yes—I think a great deal about it. Marriage is such a *big* adventure—don't you think?—one ought to start young."

Murray Bates held his pencil poised in mid-air to stare at her. "Start marrying, you mean?"

"Oh, no! Of course not. Start getting ready, I mean. So one can have plenty of time to get crossed and uncrossed. I used to think I couldn't stand one man around all the time, but I see that was because I didn't know very much about life. I feel differently now."

THAT afternoon Adelaide suggested a walk. Her idea of a courteous hostess left no thought of a possible entertainment unturned. Mr. Bates had seemed abstracted during luncheon. Even Mr. Tatem, coming in for a hasty bite, had noticed it.

"Keep him interested, daughter," he said. "He can't daub all the time, I suppose."

As they took the road to the hills, Adelaide, restored to the proper habiliments of seventeen, laid her hand fleetingly on his coat sleeve. "Please tell me about yourself!" she said.

"There's nothing to tell, really." Murray Bates took her hand and drew it through his arm. Adelaide had a feeling that it was not as it should be, but she suffered it to remain.

"Why not tell me more about yourself?" he suggested.

"I think we might find something more interesting to talk about!"

"I doubt it!" Murray Bates said, the laugh creeping back into his voice. Adelaide dropped her eyes, and they walked on silently.

"Danny says I'm getting hefty," Adelaide said when the silence grew heavy between them. She ran on ahead of him up the slope, slender and elfin as a wood nymph.

Murray Bates did not reply, but the smile grew and deepened in his eyes.

Their daily walks for the next two weeks were the subject of much speculation in the family.

"What on earth do they see in it?" Mr. Tatem growled. "They must have fine-combed these hills by now!"

"Undoubtedly," Philip agreed, "but they seem to enjoy it, so why worry?"

"I don't. Thought he came to paint?"

"He does—when the light's right."

"That dinged bird of his wakes me up before daylight every morning. I suggested to Adelaide that we might hang the cage elsewhere, and she burst into tears. You don't think that he—"

"No, I don't. Murray never looked at a girl unless she was selling him something behind a counter—"

"The worst kind—the very worst kind!" Mr. Tatem pushed a box of cigars toward Philip. "What'd you draft him for?"

"Just because of that. He's slow and honest. By October Addie will be ready for

Concluded on page 65



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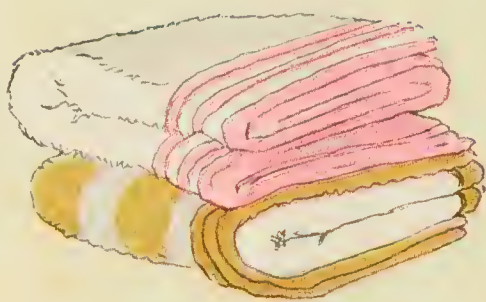
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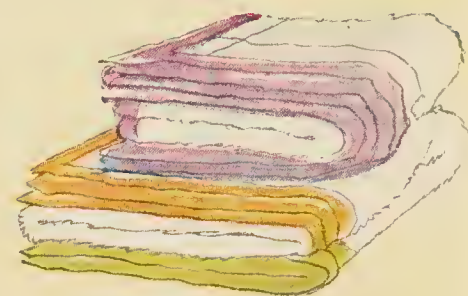
Drying: It makes blankets fluffier to let them drip dry. If this is not convenient, run them through a loose wringer. Never twist them. To avoid stretching and dragging hang the blanket double, and if possible lengthwise, over the line and pin it at frequent intervals.

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HER OWN GAME

the cloisters, as I figure it. I dropped a hint that we'd like her kept interested and amused, and Bates's idea of keeping a girl interested and amused isn't exactly exhilarating."

At dinner Mr. Tatem was still magnificently aggrieved. "Your cousin, Bessie, has gone and got herself engaged to some young man. That means a wedding-present from us, of course." He fixed his eyes on a melancholy eye. "Something simple in cut glass, Addie."

"Cut glass," Philip objected, "is the last sort of a feeble intellect. It's like handkerchiefs at Christmas."

"What do you suggest as denoting serious thought?" Mr. Tatem inquired. "I tremble to think of the decisions forced upon us when Adelaide here steps off."

ADELAIDE was sitting on the top step of the veranda. The face of all the world had changed for Adelaide. Gradually the outlines of the familiar Danny had been turning into the ubiquitous Mr. Bates. He both delighted and frightened her. "It's being a genius about," she told herself, though that hardly seemed to explain why she had cried herself to sleep for no apparent reason more than once; or why, now that the painting of *Alice* was finished, she should avoid openly meeting his eyes, or lament secretly when he looked elsewhere.

And yet, in spite of the new mystery to her, Adelaide was not unhappy. She was still drifting pleasantly, when Murray Bates came out, sat down beside her on the steps and suggested that they go and see the sunrise from the nearest hilltop.

"Would you like it?" he asked, taking his hand out of his mouth and bending over her.

"Oh, I'd love it—I'd just love it!" she answered, but a premonitory little wave of fear broke over her.

THEY left the house the following morning while the stars were still paling in the heavens. Though the path they chose was steep and pebble-strewn, Murray Bates, leading ahead, did not offer to help her. They climbed in silence, and as they rose higher and higher it seemed that the day was following, to break about them in sudden dawn. When they reached the summit, the east was a golden flame.

"It looks like a gorgeous bonfire somewhere, doesn't it?" Adelaide suggested. The silence was beginning to terrify her.

"Yes," Murray Bates agreed rather listlessly. He took off his hat and began mopping his forehead with a large handkerchief. Adelaide sat down on the ground, feeling suddenly tired and absurd. She wondered why she had come at all.

Murray Bates stood and waited for the sun. A flame in a fiery ball over the edge of the horizon and rolled in splendor up the sky. "Come," he said at last; "time you had something to eat!"

They had breakfast at an old farmhouse on the slope of the hill. Murray bargained for toast and coffee with the air of an accomplished provider. They sat at a square, top-leaf table, set up for the occasion in the unused, immaculate parlor. The room filled Adelaide with something very like horror, and to which was the fact that in all her life she had never sat so intimately opposite a man at any meal, least of all so cozy a one as breakfast.

"It's noisy, isn't it?" The sound of her voice startled her. Murray Bates looked up.

"What?" he asked.

"HE—the—toast." Adelaide took a swallow of coffee hastily. "It—it—kindly reverberates when you bite into it!"

"Does it? I hadn't noticed." He passed his hand across his mouth, but his eyes as he looked upon her were very kind.

As they rose to leave, Murray Bates took her hand and raised it to his lips.

"You're very sweet!" he said, enveloping her in his open gaze. "Why did you say you'd never marry?"

Adelaide shrank from him, agitated and confused. A pulse in her throat began beating a tiny tattoo. She put up her hand that might not see.

"Oh, please!" she cried, looking over her

shoulder. Murray Bates mistook the words and gestures.

"I beg pardon!" he said. "Didn't mean to annoy or distress you. Don't you know I wouldn't hurt the simplest thing you had looked upon?"

She raised lovely, shy eyes to his. So did she bring Babylon crashing about her ears.

"Don't you know," he closed in upon her possible retreat, "don't you know I only want to fetch and carry for you—and button your dresses—and hear your prayers, you little—little—thing?"

Adelaide stared helplessly at him, timidity turned to a newer pity. She felt dimly sorry for him, he was so fervent.

"Oh—please—oh—please!" she cried.

"Dear little girl, I love you," Murray Bates said. "May I wait for you until you grow up?" He put his arm gently about her shoulders and kissed her flaming cheek.

After that there was only one thing to do. She turned and fled from him, through the open doorway, down the hillside, home. Half-way across the front lawn she met Danny, tennis racket in hand, swinging along in vacuous contentment to the tennis-courts. His cap was on the back of his head and he was whistling a merry tune. If he had suffered a fall, he was surprisingly whole again, and that was not at all as it should be.

"Huh!" Danny snorted. "Up early exercising, I suppose! Where's the learned Lilliputian?"

"How on earth should I know?"

"You're his keeper, ain't you?" Danny flicked her with the words after the fashion of one using a whip.

She hurried on. "Heavens!" she said to herself. "Heavens!" In the window overlooking the garden Mr. Bates's canary sang a trilling welcome to the morning.

"Oh, Phillie!" Adelaide cried, falling upon him as he came out of the house. "Oh—Phillie—Phillie!"

"What's wrong, honey?"

"Oh—Phillie—he—he—oh—Phillie—Phillie!" She burst into a passion of tears.

"If it's Bates, Addie, don't mind anything he says. He only means to be amusing, honey." He put her down in the porch swing and went off in search of his father.

"What do you make of it?" he asked, after a brief summary of what he did not know.

"Wellington's overshot the mark!" Mr. Tatem said. "That's plain, isn't it? I was afraid of something like this." He got up and walked out on the veranda. "I think we might as well finish the fight in the open, sonny. The base ingrate—daubing up the country!" Though his tone was light, there was very real concern underlying it.

ACROSS the grass they saw Murray Bates approaching. He did not look like a base ingrate.

"Adelaide back yet?" he called, before he reached the steps.

"Yes—quite!" Mr. Tatem answered. Behind them he could hear her smothered sobs.

"Afraid I frightened her," he said, coming up beside them. The sobs ceased. Adelaide was holding her breath.

"Tried to play fair, but it was no use," Murray Bates went on. "I'll do whatever you wish, of course—"

"Yes, I rather imagine you will!" Mr. Tatem interrupted, inflating his lungs.

"Sorry I did it without speaking to you first. I love her, and I told her so!"

"You—what?" Mr. Tatem leaned against a pillar, a sort of collapsed efficiency in his attitude strongly suggesting a pin-pricked balloon.

"If you'll let me wait for her until she grows up, I'll—I'll—be very happy!" Murray Bates finished simply.

His words fell into an awful silence. Neither Philip nor Mr. Tatem appeared capable of articulation. It was Adelaide, resurrecting herself from the swing seat, who stepped into the breach. She looked at the three helpless men with April laughter.

"I wasn't frightened, M-Murray," she said, "I was just—overcome!" A lovely, soft flush stole up her cheeks. It reminded Murray Bates of the promise of dawn coming up over the edge of the world.

"Do I get what I want?" he said tensely.

"Ask Adelaide," Mr. Tatem suggested. "It's her game—I guess!"

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PLAYING HINTS

THE most important point for every one, beginner or champion, is to keep the eye on the ball. Don't look away from the ball to view the court; you should know subconsciously where you are in your court and just where your opponent is going. You should not even look at your racket; always look at the ball and your racket will then quite naturally connect with it.

Don't merely shove the ball, but take a good swing and hit it *hard*. It is far better to err by putting a ball out of court occasionally than constantly to dribble it into the net. Then, too, a fast, hard ball is not only harder for the opponent to reach, but also more difficult to return.

Do not give up, no matter how far away or difficult a return appears. Try for everything. I could name several of the best women players in this country who win mainly because no ball is apparently ever beyond their reach.

Practise at the net whenever possible. After a short time you will find yourself "running in" to finish a rally with a quick and accurate cross-court shot or a nice placement smash.

Nathaniel Niles of Boston, who for many years has been among the topmost players of this country, told me once that in order to improve his net game he practised every day in a vacant lot, batting the ball up against the wall of his office building. You must never let the ball touch the ground in this sort of "net" practise.

THERE are various methods of taking a ground stroke. Some players take the ball just as it reaches the top of the bound, others wait longer.

A safe rule for beginners is always to keep the head of the racket level with or lower than the handle. For a fore-hand stroke, have your left shoulder toward the net, the line of your shoulders being approximately perpendicular to the line of the net. For a backhand stroke, reverse this position, with the right shoulder toward the net. Give your backhand strokes as much practise as the others.

Even from the beginning you can use head work. Try to force your opponent out of his position on the center line, and just as soon as you feel he has left some portion of his court unprotected, try to put the ball in that spot. Play against better players when possible, or with a variety of players. Get the men to play with you; insist that they play and hit the ball just as hard as they would if playing with men.

Read up newspaper reports of matches. Years ago, when I was just a beginner, and the two famous Doherty brothers came over from England to win our national honors, I was at a Summer resort where they played in a tournament. I never missed one of their games. Their service and their backhand strokes were noticeably better than those of most Americans and differently made.

MY FATHER, in conversation with them, discovered many little points to explain their superiority—how they held their rackets, how they stood, etc. I set out to do likewise, and as a matter of fact my backhand strokes are to this day stronger and surer than all my others.

Competition or tournament play is of great help in improving your game, for it not only gives you an opportunity of playing with different people, but it makes you try hard to put your very best into the game.

Competition play is also great fun, especially in any large open tournament which may be within reach.



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SISTER SUE

she wrote a note of congratulation and best wishes to her brother-in-law. The note this year had been a little harder than heretofore to write. Sister Sue worried a little over it after she dispatched it. She *hoped* it had not shown the disappointment she had felt in the book. She had been growing more and more disappointed in them all, but this *latest* was quite the worst she thought. He had named it "Blixie." It was obviously an imitation of his first and only success, "Trixie," and a weak one at that.

As the Winter came on John Gilmore grew more feeble. He came down-stairs less frequently now, spending much of his time sitting quietly in his room, looking out upon his snow-covered garden. He did not seem to be suffering any pain and Sister Sue refused to think that he was really not so well.

"It is just that he can't get out-of-doors," she said to Mrs. Preston one day. "He'll be all right when Spring comes and he can get to digging in his beloved garden again."

SHE said the same thing to Donald Kendall one day just after Christmas. The violinist had come on to spend the holidays, ostensibly with his mother, though in reality he seemed to be spending them with her neighbor, Sister Sue. It was then that Donald Kendall, curiously enough, asked Sister Sue a similar question to that asked by Mrs. Preston not very long before:

"Miss Gilmore, have you quite given up all idea of a musical career? That is, if your father should get very much better, so that he did not need you at all, would you take up your music again?"

He had asked the question diffidently, and Sister Sue smiled. He was thinking of that peremptory command of his that she go with him as his accompanist, of course! But she would show him most emphatically that that couldn't be.

So she answered him very much as she had answered Mrs. Preston; and she let him understand that, yes, oh, yes, she assuredly should go on with her music.

"I should go straight to Signor Bartoni," she declared, "and I should ask him to put me in shape again, if 'twas necessary, and then tell me where to go and what to do to train myself for a concert pianist."

She said more, very much more. Because she believed that Donald Kendall had sympathetic ears and would understand, she let him see deep into her heart, deeper than ever before, of what had been her hopes, her longings, her ambitions. And when she had finished and had turned back to the piano, flushed and trembling with the excitement of anticipation, Donald Kendall realized a little something of what those long years of sacrifice and waiting had meant to this girl whose companionship he so craved.

Donald Kendall had understood, but he had not sympathized. It was not now for an accompanist on his concert tours that he wanted Sister Sue. He had found that out. He wanted her accompaniment, yes, he told himself bitterly, passionately, but it was her accompaniment to *all* his life, not merely to his violin. And if still she was cherishing hopes of pursuing that infernal career of hers, one—

THE thought that he might as well enjoy these exceedingly satisfying accompaniments as long and as often as he could must have occurred again and yet again to Donald Kendall, for that Winter he fell into the way of running up to Gilmoreville between engagements, on one or two days' visits, and in the month of May he thought he had found a whole week to stay.

Donald Kendall believed that Sue would be free very soon now. He had seen John Gilmore many times during the Winter and had watched him moving about and felt then that the feeble old gentleman could not live through till Spring, surely not a month longer now. He learned, too, from his mother, that the general belief in the village was that the end was near. When that end came, the girl would be free to live her own life. In Donald Kendall's eyes was the vision of her as she had talked to him that December day, flushed and shining-eyed.

In December he had loved her and he had run away—for a night, because he loved her

Continued on page 68



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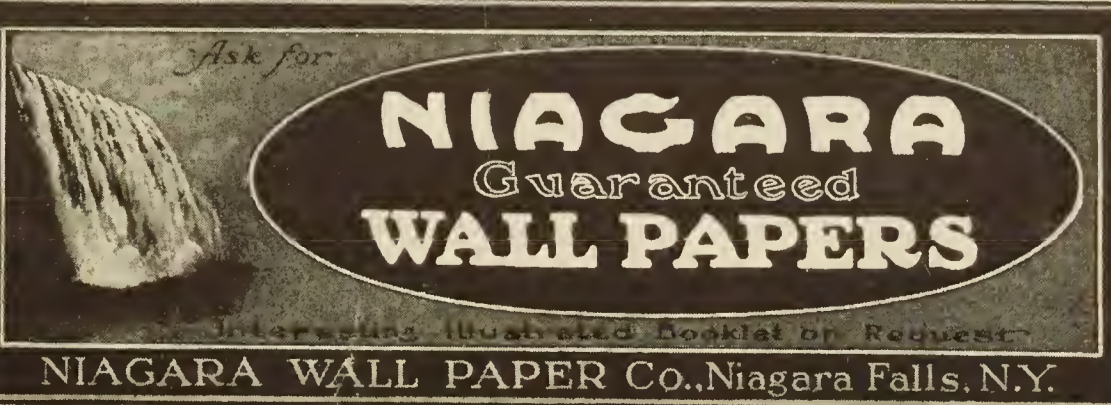
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NIAGARA WALL PAPER Co., Niagara Falls, N.Y.

SISTER SUE

and could not have her for his own. He still loved her and he was going to run away again. This time for always—perhaps. He now loved her too well to ask her to give up her dreams of success for the sake of marrying him; and he loved her so well now that he did not dare remain and run the risk of some time letting her see just how dear she was to him and how necessary she was to his happiness.

And so, on the evening of the third day, he went through the side gate and up the garden walk with a very determined air—and he did not carry his violin. He had planned to stay as short a time as possible.

"I HAVE come to say good-by," he began in a particularly gay voice as he ascended the steps.

"G-good-by?" Sister Sue's voice was startled. "Why, I thought you were going to stay a week! And where is your violin?"

"That's it—I can't stay—and I didn't bring it. That's what I came over to tell you—I'm going away—" rapidly talked the man and in the same particularly gay voice. "I'm going to-morrow morning—invitation (which was true)—week-end—to the Bentons'—down at the North Shore. They've just opened up their cottage."

"To the—the Bentons'—at the—North Shore!" Sister Sue echoed the names, because evidently she knew not what else to say. Her eyes were puzzled, questioning.

"Yes, the Bentons," he nodded. Then, because he wanted to talk of anything but themselves and their own minds and feelings, he plunged at once into a somewhat voluble description of his host's family. "Nice people. Really a good sort, you know, in spite of their loads of money. There's a daughter Beth, who sings, and a daughter Helen, who paints—very well, too. Then there are two boys, twins, in Harvard. There's always something doing at the Bentons'."

"Yes, I—I should think so."

"And—so I'm going to-morrow—yes, to-morrow morning."

On the porch, alone, when he had gone, Sister Sue shivered as if with a sudden chill. Pulling her coat a little more closely about her, she waited a moment, then went into the house. She sat down at the piano after a while and began to play, and there was in her music a thread of questioning that seemed not to have found an answer even when the player rose from the piano a long half-hour later.

JOHN GILMORE did not die that Spring, nor in a month, nor yet in two months. He lived on through the Summer and into the next Winter. But he took to his bed in June and from that time he suffered in a way that made not only his own days and nights a torture to him, but to his daughter Sue as well.

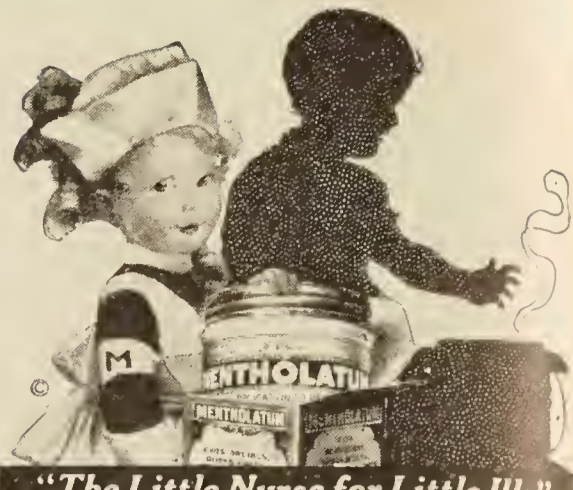
Sister Sue was alone again that Summer with her father, except for Delia in the kitchen. Both May and Gordon had suggested a nurse, and one had been hired for a time, but was soon dismissed. True to his habit for so long, John Gilmore wanted his daughter Sue—no one else.

Fortunately he did not, through the Summer, need very frequent attention, so Sister Sue was still enabled to keep on with her pupils, much to her satisfaction and relief.

Sister Sue was ashamed and dismayed. She admitted it to herself now. She was in love with a man who was not only supremely indifferent to herself—of that she was very sure—but very evidently was in love with another woman—a Beth who sang, or a Helen who painted.

Sister Sue wondered sometimes just how long she really had been caring for Donald Kendall. She had suspected it first at the time when he had gone away so suddenly that week in May and she had found how empty were those last three days of the week which she had expected would be so full. But she had put the thought out of her mind at once with an indignant "Absurd! Ridiculous! Why, the idea!" In spite of this, however, she found herself watching for his return and even asking Mrs. Kendall one day when her son was coming back. It was the answer, perhaps, that had really opened her eyes to that which she had before refused to see in her heart.

Continued on page 69



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SISTER SUE

"Back here? Well, not at all, I'm afraid, this Summer," said Mrs. Kendall. "He's gone now on a yachting cruise with the Bentons and I can't see from the plans he tells me of that he's leaving any time at all for Gilmoreville. A shabby way to treat his mother I think, don't you?"

But September brought him. Sister Sue knew that he was coming, but she did not know the time of his expected arrival. She hated herself because each day her feet would every little while take her to the window commanding a view of the Kendalls' front walk, and because her ears each day would listen for the sound of a motor-car coming up the street.

AT FIVE o'clock one day he came, and at half-past seven he rang the Gilmores' door-bell. For fifteen uncomfortable minutes he sat stiffly erect on the old haircloth-covered sofa making polite inquiries as to the state of her own health and that of John Gilmore and talking of inconsequential nothings. Then he arose to go. And because he was so desperately afraid he would take her in his arms and tell her that he could not live without her, he rambled on very gaily about his yachting cruise with the Bentons. And because Sister Sue was so desperately afraid she would show him how she longed to put her head on his shoulder and be petted and comforted, she gave little hard, short laughs and said she was so glad he'd had such a lovely time, and were the Bentons all well, especially the charming daughter who sang and the other one who painted?

Then they shook hands and the outer door banged. On one side of it Donald Kendall strode down the steps with a choking sound in his throat that might have passed for a cough. On the other side Sister Sue threw herself into the big chair with a sound in her throat that would never have been mistaken for anything but what it was—a great big sob.

It was that night that the real beginning of the end came with John Gilmore. He had a bad sinking spell and when he came out of it he was feebler than ever in mind and body, though his sufferings seemed less. A nurse had to be sent for, and her coming disturbed him not at all. Yet he lingered, with the strangely tenacious hold on life that the frailest of invalids sometimes show, through October and November and into December, going peacefully to sleep at last just before the New Year.

ON THE fourth day after the funeral Sister Sue went into Mrs. Preston's kitchen where the old lady sat by the window in the sun. Wearily Sister Sue dropped into a chair.

"Well, Mrs. Preston, I—I've decided," she began, flushing a little.

"About—?"

"What to do. I'm—going. I've got to go, Mrs. Preston. You don't know, but all these days—since—since father went—I've been fighting a battle."

"Yes, my dear."

"They want me. Gordon wants me, and May wants me. They say I needn't feel I'm a burden nor that it's charity to give me a home." The little old woman gave an indignant sniff, but Sister Sue went on without seeming to notice it.

"They say I can do enough, plenty enough, for my beard and keep." The old lady sniffed again, but still Sister Sue kept on unheeding. "And it's true, I can do enough. I know I can. I'm really needed in both places, and that's the worst of it. I know I'm needed, but—I'm going to run away."

She paused, but only for breath.

"Mrs. Preston, I've got to run away. I know I'm a good cook and a good nurse and a good manager and a good seamstress. But I'm tired of helping out. The other day I read of a little girl who was asked what she was going to be when she grew up, and she answered 'I'm going to be myself.' Mrs. Preston, that's what I want to be. I want to be myself. And I never have been. All my life I've been only Sister Sue. I now want the biggest apple and the biggest piece of cake, and I don't want to tie anybody's shoe-strings but my own—for a while. Oh, I know that sounds selfish and horrid, and you don't know what I mean, anyway. But

Continued on page 70



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Freeman's FACE POWDER

SISTER SUE

I can't help it. I am selfish and horrid today. Mrs. Preston, I'm nearly twenty-seven years old now. Am I selfish and horrid to want to be—be myself for a little while?"

"My land's sakes! child, *no!*" emphasized the old woman vigorously. "You're just right."

"Thanks. That helps a lot," sighed the girl, "even if I do know it's not so. You see I've made up my mind I'm not going to May's or Gordon's though; I'm going to Boston. I'm going to Signor Bartoni's and study again. I'm going to try to be what I've longed all my life to be—a concert pianist. You don't know, Mrs. Preston, how hungry I am for music, real music. And I'm going to hear, oh, such a lot of it when I get to Boston. And I'll teach, of course, after a while. I'll have to, for the money. But I've got enough to start with, and there'll be a little more I suppose from the estate. Mr. Loring's tending to that, of course. And we're going to keep the old place in the family, Mrs. Preston, so don't worry about having to move."

"That's good, I'm glad," breathed the old woman fervently. "When are you going?"

"Next week. Monday morning. I'm going the first minute I can get away. I've got to have some things to wear, of course. I'll get some here, but I'll get more in Boston. *Boston!* Oh, Mrs. Preston, you don't know what just the sound of that word means to me!"

"Don't I?"

"You can't. Nobody can. And to think that I'm going just next Monday! And so I shall write to May and Gordon, but I sha'n't write till Saturday. I don't want to be here when they answer. I want to be already gone."

All the way to Boston Sister Sue caught herself looking furtively over her shoulders. She could not get rid of the idea that she was running away, and that she would be followed and taken back home, like a naughty child.

WHEN she arrived in Boston, however, all pictures vanished. In the waiting-room she found Mr. Loring watching for her; and in the Lorings' beautiful home that night she slept the sleep of a tired child. For nearly a week she "just played and rested."

And then she went to see Signor Bartoni. He was busy with a pupil, said the trim little maid, ushering her into the old familiar reception-room. Would she please wait? It would not be for long. Sister Sue drew a long breath then—and sat down. She was glad to wait. Perhaps her heart would not beat so fast nor her hands tremble quite so much after ten minutes of quiet rest in the dear old room.

Slipping off her coat and gloves, she got her music in readiness.

From behind the closed door leading to the rear drawing-room came the sound of a Chopin nocturne, played rather indifferently and with frequent interruptions in Signor Bartoni's high-pitched staccato voice. It came to an end at last and the door opened to admit Signor Bartoni. He came forward at once with outstretched hands.

"Mees Gilmore! It is Mees Gilmore!" he exclaimed. "I am delighted, delighted!"

Sister Sue laughed and blushed and drew in her breath with an ecstatic little catch. Like a cloak, then, the intervening years fell away and left her the girl of twenty.

"I HAVE come, yes—to learn to be the great artist," she breathed.

Briefly then she told of her past few years and of her chance now to be herself. "And so, may I play to you?" she finished.

He said: "Yes, yes. By all means!" There was a little time now, but not much before the next pupil. But he would take time. Hear her play? Indeed, he would! And he led the way to the rear room, closing the door after them.

"You see I—I want to know what—to what to do," stammered Sister Sue a little breathlessly as she arranged the music. "I want to know—whether you want me to stay with you—or go to some one else."

"I see, I see," nodded the man.

Then Sister Sue began to play. She played a scherzo from a concerto, a Liszt

Continued on page 71

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SISTER SUE

rhapsody, a little of Beethoven, a bit of Chopin, then she rose from the piano.

Signor Bartoni, watch in hand, had given a sudden exclamation:

"My pupil. It is past time! Look!" he cried. "But, listen. Can you wait? She is the last to-day. One little half-hour and she will be gone. Then I talk to you. You'll wait?"

"Yes, oh, yes! I won't mind waiting a bit," cried Sister Sue, gathering up her music and hurrying toward the door.

In the outer room they found a young woman, and a very distinguished-looking older woman. Toward the latter Signor Bartoni rushed, with outstretched hands.

He turned then and presented Sister Sue, and, at the name, Sister Sue felt like pinching herself, for it was the greatest woman pianist the world knew.

"Now, wait, please, you two," begged the music-master. "I want to see you *both*. And I am glad. You will be compance for each other."

Sister Sue found herself alone then with the Great One.

The lady began to talk. She spoke of Signor Bartoni, his fine skill as a teacher, and of her own long friendship for him. Then she spoke of the weather and the snow in the streets, the bad "going," of a new book, the latest play. Amiably she chatted on, of nothing in particular, her hands idly toying with a letter she held.

IT WAS when Sister Sue spoke of her own ambitions and the "worth-while" life of the Great One that the great pianist burst forth suddenly.

"No, no! Don't say that—don't say that!" she cried. She was sitting erect in her chair and speaking with curious passion. "You don't know—you don't understand. My life isn't the worth-while one. It's the one there, right there in that letter, that's really worth while." She held up the letter she had been playing with.

"You poor child! You don't know what to make of me, and no wonder. But what you said stirred me profoundly. I'd just been reading this letter. It's from a woman in a little town away up in Vermont. She was a schoolmate of mine. We used to talk and dream together of what we would be. I was all music, and wanted to become a great pianist. She had a wonderful skill with the pencil and paint-brush, and said she wanted to be a great artist some day.

"I went away and studied. I became what I am. My friend—my friend did not go away. Just as I left town my friend's mother fell and broke her hip, and became a lifelong cripple. There were younger children—four of them. And there was not much money. The father was a poor sort, rather shiftless, and never could seem to get much ahead.

"Well! Mary cooked and swept and washed and ironed and mended, and waited on her crippled mother. She had a lover, but she gave him up. Of course she gave up all thought of painting. She had none of these but the talent, and that was only an aggravation—worse than nothing alone.

"And so that has been her life. Her mother died peacefully ten years ago. Her father a year later. Two sisters are married, and one brother has been sent through college; how, I don't know. She's 'Aunt' Mary now.

"AND yet that woman has the presumption to tell me she's glad I've made my life so 'worth while'—that hers has been 'so barren.'"

She paused, but Sister Sue did not speak. The girl's eyes were turned away as if she were a little bewildered. After a moment, the older woman continued passionately:

"Barren! No woman is living a barren life who is needed by *some one*. My friend Mary's life was not 'barren.' Somebody *wanted* her. Somebody wanted her, every moment of the day. Isn't that worth anything? Nobody wants me, except when they want to be amused—perhaps. Why, Miss Gilmore, my friend Mary has made her life something 'worth while' twice over what mine is. She is *needed*."

"Needed!" It was the triumphant cry of one who has made a sudden joyous decision.

Continued on page 72



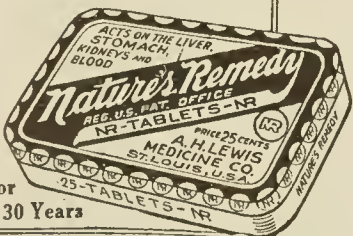
Which is the Mother?

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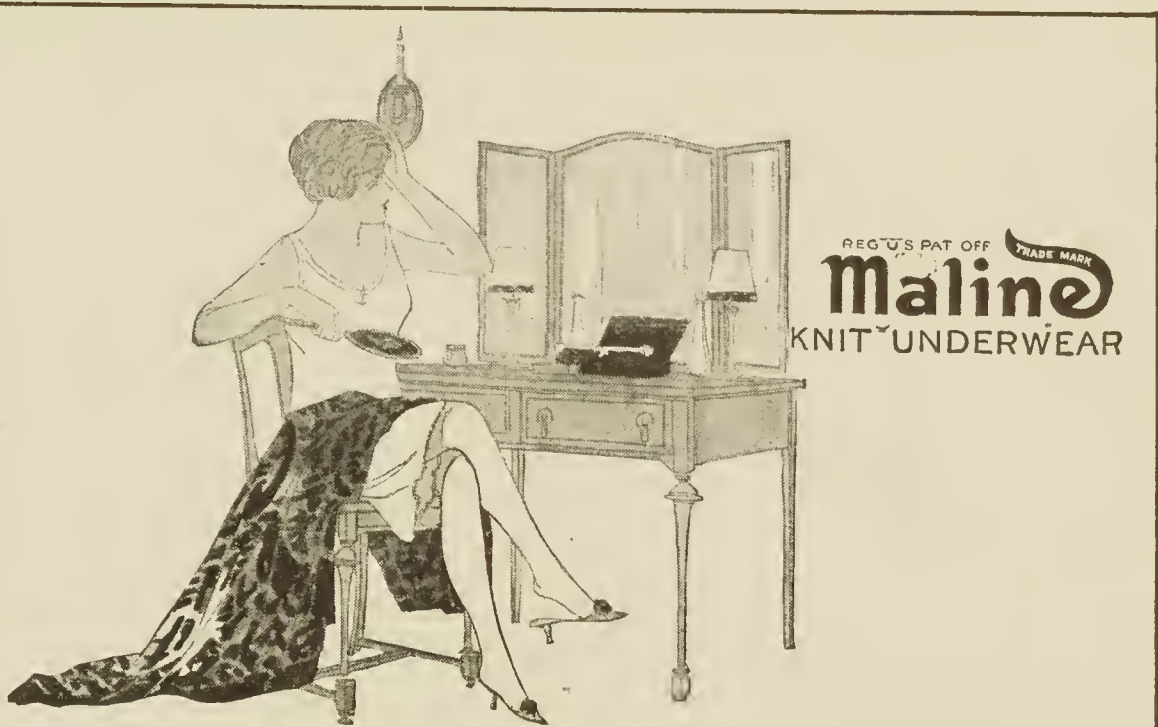
If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, wavy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

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The
Delineator
for
June

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While money is the rock on which most marriage ships split, blame for extravagance is not to be shouldered by women according to

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the famous pulpit orator, who writes in the June number of THE DELINEATOR ON

Money and Marriage

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Do you know that radical doctrines are being taught the students in our colleges? Is socialism to gain hold on our young people because only one side of the question is being presented?

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gives an astounding recital in the first of a series of articles on how the colleges are handling radicalism—bolshevism—socialism—how the young people are reacting to such methods in both church and college, for churches are not exempt from this charge.

These are only two of the features of the June number of this remarkable woman's magazine. Just two reasons why you should subscribe to a magazine that keeps you in touch with the problems of the day—there are many more reasons in the service and the unusual fiction contained every month in

The Delineator

Continued from page 71

SISTER SUE

Sister Sue was on her feet, her face alight.

"Will you—would you—please tell Signor Bartoni that—that I suddenly found I must change my plans? Tell him I will write and explain. I—I don't want to talk to him just now. Please?" And Sister Sue was gone.

Signor Bartoni had about finished the story of Sister Sue:

"So—she comes and plays to me. And I—I can not tell her the truth. Not with her shining eyes begging me, beseeching me. But it would be a pitee and a cr-crime to let her go on and on, thinking one day she will arrive. She will never arrive now. It is too late. But I can not tell her. I can not."

"You won't have to," smiled the woman who had told Sister Sue that the greatest blessing in all the world was to be needed by some one.

"YOU won't have to, I'm sure you won't. She will write to you, and she will tell you that she has changed her mind. She does not want to be the great pianist."

"Thank Heaven! Let us hope you speak the truth," breathed the music-master fervently.

The Lorings were very much surprised to have Sister Sue tell them she was going back to Gilmoreville right away. They were more surprised when she told them that she had decided, after all, not to go on with her music just at present. But she departed, with two letters, one from Gordon and one from May, that seemed to have made her very happy.

It was on the same afternoon that she went back to Gilmoreville that Donald Kendall sharply rang her front door-bell. A moment later he stepped into the still hall in response to Mrs. Preston's invitation.

"Miss Gilmore is away, I take it, then," said the man as he sat down, with obvious impatience. "When did she go?"

"Why, just last week, Mr. Kendall. Monday, I think." Into the old lady's eyes had crept a curious twinkle.

"When is she coming back?"

"Well, she didn't say—when she left—except that 'twould be quite a while, probably. Ye know she went down to Boston, to do her music again."

"No, I didn't know," snapped the man.

"Well, she did. Oh, they offered her a home with them, her brother and sister—"

"Did they!" cut in the man sarcastically.

"Yes." The old lady was not looking at him now. She was carefully smoothing out a wrinkle across her knee. "They were very kind. They said that she needn't feel beholden to 'em at all or call it charity, that she could do enough for her board and keep!"

"CHARITY! Board and keep! Good Heavens!" exploded the man.

"Yes, sir." Mrs. Preston's eyes were still on the wrinkle she was smoothing. "But, as I said, she didn't go to them. She went to Boston to do her music."

"Can you blame her?"

"N-no. Perhaps not. Still, if 'twas ter marry, now, an' go into a home of her own—"

"Miss Gilmore is not the marrying kind."

"How do ye know?"

"Eh! What?" The man turned sharply. But the little old lady met his eyes with serene unconcern. "Why, I—I don't know. Did ye ever ask her?"

"Did I—?" The man stopped, and got to his feet abruptly, his face dark with anger. But the little old lady was still smiling straight into his eyes.

"Well, why don't ye?" she queried.

With a low chuckle the little old lady thrust her hand into the pocket of her apron and took out a yellow envelope.

"Read it. It jes' came this noon."

A minute later he looked up with puzzled eyes.

"From Miss Gilmore. But she says—she is coming back," he stammered.


"This afternoon. Yes."

"But, why?"

With a funny little shrug, the old lady threw him a sidelong glance.

"She didn't say. An' I don't say, either. I don't know. But if I was a great big six-foot man, right here on the spot an' wanted ter find out, I'd—find out."

Continued on page 73



Secrets

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SISTER SUE

At six o'clock Sister Sue arrived. Leaping flames in the big old fireplace of the living-room gave her a welcome no less cordial than the one Mrs. Preston bestowed upon her.

Mrs. Preston asked no questions, nor did she even have much to say when, after supper, Sister Sue commenced, a little diffidently:

"You see, I—I've changed my plans, Mrs. Preston. I—I am going to live with May or Gordon, whichever one needs me the most—needs me, you know. I had two beautiful letters from them to-day."

"Yes, yes. Well, is that so?" murmured Mrs. Preston, who had been keeping a nervous eye on the clock for ten minutes past. "Well, I'm glad, if they wrote ye nice letters, I'm sure. But never mind that, now. Ye can tell me all about it to-morrow. You jes' go inter the sittin'-room an' rest, an'— My land! If there ain't the bell this minute. Now, *who* do you s'pose that *can* be?" she dissembled, as she hurried into the front hall.

IN THE living-room, a minute later, Sister Sue was greeting Mr. Donald Kendall.

"Why, Mr. Kendall! *You?*" she cried.

"Yes. I came on for a couple of days' stay," said the man as the door closed behind Mrs. Preston. "I heard this afternoon you were to be here to-night, so I came over. You don't—mind? I didn't bring my violin—I feared you'd be too tired to play."

"I'm glad to see you," said Sister Sue. And because it seemed as if he must hear the quick beating of her heart, and read aright what she felt was a telltale color in her cheeks, she began to talk of what he had been doing.

They spoke then of her father. And Donald Kendall said a few low words of sympathy, of his understanding of what all those years had meant to her and to her father. And, as he talked, it seemed to Sister Sue that it was a new Donald Kendall, a different Donald Kendall, there before her; a Donald Kendall with all the old charm, but with a softened, chastened something about him that doubled that charm and quite did away with his old, imperious, disagreeable manner. She caught herself wondering if it were the Beth who sang or the Helen who painted that had brought about this wondrous change.

"But yourself," he was saying. "You have told me nothing of your own plans. You are— Are you going back to Boston?"

She shook her head.

"No. You remember—perhaps you do not remember—but I—I told you once that some time I was going back to my music, if I could, and—and study for the concert stage."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, I—after father went and I was alone—I thought the time had come, and I decided to go. I went to Boston. I even went so far as to play to Signor Bartoni. Then something—never mind what—made me change my mind, and—I came home."

"YOU mean—that you have given up all idea of going on with your music?"

"Yes, and—"

"You mean that? You *know* you mean it?" he cut in eagerly.

"Why, yes. Yes, I do," she repeated, her startled eyes questioning him a little.

"Thank Heaven, then!" he breathed fervently. "That frees me. I can ask you now for myself. I can plead with you to come with me—"

"No, no. Please! Don't ask me. You don't understand. I am going to live with Gordon or May. That is why I came back. Mr. Kendall. They need me—so much."

"They need you. Well, how about *my* needing you?" It was unmistakably the old Donald Kendall who said this, the imperious Donald Kendall.

"Oh, no! No! No! I couldn't go with you!" she cried shudderingly.

In Sister Sue's distracted vision was a picture of herself, trailing from place to place, playing accompaniments for this man who would of course by that time be married to a Beth who sang or a Helen who painted.

Before the abject horror in her face the man fell back dismayed. His own face grew white.

"But if I could make you see what it means to me? I would wait. I'd be willing to wait—if you thought—that only some time—"

His voice broke, and he fell silent.

Concluded on page 74

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SISTER SUE

"But—but it couldn't be—*ever*," she faltered with dry lips. "I don't seem to have made you understand. I have given up my music, as a public profession, I mean. I couldn't play for you, and—"

"Play for me!" Suddenly his countenance changed as with a flood of light.

"For Heaven's sake, girl! What do you think I've been asking you to do?" he demanded.

"Why, to—to play your accompaniments on your concert tours, as you asked me to before. Wasn't that what you meant?"

"Well, no. It wasn't." A curious mixture of emotions was struggling for expression on the man's face. Relief, doubt, hope, fear; they were all there. "I was trying to ask you to be—my wife."

"Wife? Why I—I thought the Beth who sang or the Helen who—" At the sudden flame of a joyous something that flashed into his face she stopped short and turned quite away. She had suddenly realized what her words must have implied.

He was at her side instantly.

"As if all the Beths or Helens that ever grew could be compared for one minute with you! Why, dear, I've wanted you—always—not to play for me, though you will play for me sometimes, I know, but to be with me always. I need you, I—"

AT THE word *need* she turned—at the same time drawing away a little.

"No, no. Oh, I forgot. How could I have forgotten? I am going to May and Gordon. They need me. That is why I came back—"

But he wouldn't let her finish. He laughed, he stormed, he pleaded. He was masterful and beseeching by turns. He told her of the long, long months when he had kept away from her because he loved her too well to be with her and still know that he could not have her. He told her how he had made up his mind that never, never would he stand in the way of her accomplishing her dreamed-of career—if the chance ever came to her. And, when her father died and the chance did come, he told her he thought he was then going to be brave and stay away.

"But I couldn't stay away," he declared. "I couldn't. I had to come. I was in torture. All day I thought of you, and all night I dreamed of you. Surely, darling, after all that, you're going to give me—my reward?"

"But—what about Gordon and May?" He drew himself up into stern uncompromisingness.

"Now, look here, 'Sister Sue.' Yes, I am calling you that on purpose. It's a dear name, and you'll be 'Sister Sue' [to all of us as long as you live. You have given that blessed brother and sister of yours just—er—just twenty-five years of your life. That's May's age, if I mistake not. And that's enough. It is time you gave more thought to—I was going to say to—yourself, but of course you won't do that, Sister Sues never think of themselves, so I will say it is time you sacrificed for me for a while. Let me have what I want, and I want—you."

SISTER SUE'S eyes were luminous. An adorable color stole to her cheeks.

"Oh, just that wouldn't be any sacrifice! That is—I mean—" she began to correct herself hastily. But it was too late. With one triumphant sweep he had her in his arms.

Later—some time later—when, a little breathlessly, she was smoothing back her ruffled hair and rearranging her rumpled collar, she said:

"Of course it isn't as if—as if Gordon and May wouldn't be—be— Well, I had some beautiful letters from them just to-day, about their wanting me to be happy in my own way."

Donald Kendall sniffed his disdain with the superiority of one who looked down from the height of a goal attained.

"Oh, no doubt. I understand and fully appreciate the kind solicitude of Brother Gordon and Sister May. But all the same, whether they permit or not, I want them and you to understand that, from now and henceforth and forevermore, you are going to be my 'Sister Sue.'" Then, with a low, tender laugh, he breathed: "'Sister' Sue is no more, but now," as he drew her into his arms, "my wife, Sue."

The End



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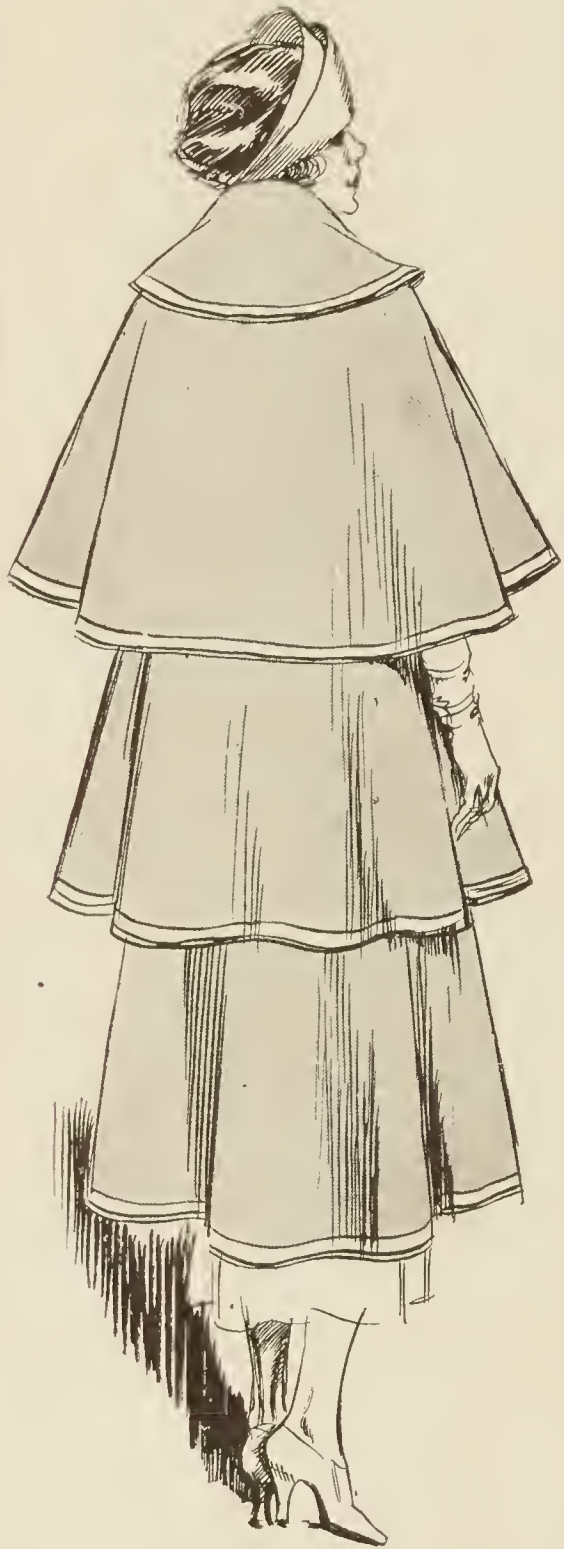
MAY

1921



WHEN PARIS GOES MAYING IT IS BY MOTOR TO THE GARDENS OF THE CAFÉ MADRID OR TO THE WHITE-AND-PINK BEAUTY OF ARMENONVILLE IN THE BOIS. FOR THESE GAYEST OF RESTAURANTS SOULIÉ DESIGNS A GOWN OF PALE-ROSE CRÊPE GEORGETTE IN WHICH THE EMBROIDERY OF SILVER THREAD AND PEARLS DEFINES THE LONG BODY AND FOLLOWS THE OBLIQUE LINE OF THE TUNIC.

"INCREASE AND MULTIPLY" IS SOULIÉ'S ADVICE TO THE MODES OF
THE EARLY SUMMER



A mantle "en trois étages," as Soulié puts it, of dark-blue serge bordered with narrow bias bands of gray cloth

IN A season of conflicting silhouettes Paris has at least agreed on certain important details of the mode. Waist-lines are low, and skirts are of a moderate shortness that shows malice toward none since they do not insist on a juvenile brevity that is unkind to many women, nor on a length that is maturing to all. They vary above and below the ten-inch-from-the-floor length to suit the individual. On the subject of Summer clothes Paris has declared itself for greater fullness for thin materials, retaining the narrow hem for chemise dresses, underskirts below panels and tunics, and slips under redingotes and overdresses. For serge dresses these redingotes are often used over slips of a contrasting color or over a foulard silk. For her trimmings Paris will use the "festoon" outline of large scallops, drawn-work, many tucks, the new cut-work embroidery and cut-out flowers, much embroidery and a good deal of rather wide braid. Her newest wraps are the cape and the satin or taffeta coat. Both the cape and the suit coat shrink in length as the Spring advances and a very short ripple jacket is taking its place among the sack-coats.



Green taffeta, marked off into squares by fine lines of black, is used in a redingote over gray crêpe de Chine with a corselet girdle. Soulié keeps to the peasant sleeve, but compromises on the high collar for Spring



An originality of Soulié's is a dress of gray poplin trimmed with galons of the same color. The basque-like overblouse echoes the circular flare of the skirt

In a dress of mingled blue and gray crêpe Georgette, Soulié uses the cape collar from sleeve to sleeve at the back, and a collar-like cuff at the wrist



Soulié departs from the chemise line in a frock of old-rose serge in which the bodice hangs, bolero-fashion, over the peplum and skirt. The dress is trimmed with galons of black satin



In this dress Soulié shows himself in two minds on the subject of wider styles, for he employs the new fulness in the skirt, only to draw it into a narrower band at the hem. The gown is made of Parma colored chiffon and ochre lace



Margaine Lacroix quilts a dress of blue cotton crêpe, with many fine tucks on the long body and soft full skirt. Save the tucking the sole trimming is a fairly narrow braid of blue and beige



A quaint combination, when one stops to think of it, of the Victorian neckline, the present-day sleeveless corsage and the Hawaiian girdle in a dress Soulié has designed for black satin with black chiffon over an underskirt of silver and pearls



A charming costume of blue - and - white foulard united with white serge in the short jacket and underskirt. Designed by Soulié



Dress 2949



Dress 3002
Embroidery
design
10717



Dress 2960
Embroidery
design 10891



Dress 2990



Dress 3017

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98

NORMAL IS THE HIGH-WATER MARK FOR THE FASHIONABLE WAISTLINE, MANY OF THEM BEING LOWER THAN THAT

2976—Loose panels hung from a rather low waistline are particularly effective in one of these graceful slip-over models. The dress closes at the left side. The skirt is straight and the neck is cut a little lower than usual at the back. The body lining which can be finished like a camisole across the top is cut on the same rather long lines of the waist. Canton crêpe, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette and also serge and tricotine can be used for this type of dress. For a smart combination there is Georgette over satin, taffeta or foulard; or tricotine and serge over satin. The glimpse one catches of the contrasting skirt beneath the movement of the panels is very pretty.

For 36 bust $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide, 2 yards contrasting satin crêpe 40 inches wide for vestee, sash and skirt. Lower edge 54 inches. This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2980—The soft treatment of the waistline is an outstanding feature of this season's fashions. In a very simple frock that is delightful for many of the new Spring silks it is the distinctive note. The waist closes in surplice fashion and ties over the hip in the new way suggesting the fashionable elongated waist. The straight skirt is very soft in appearance and has the deep scallop outline. It can also be finished with a plain edge. Canton crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta, foulard and crêpe de Chine are the best materials to use. The flower motifs that mark each scallop and are used on the peasant sleeve can be worked in a combination of beads or French knots and satin-stitch or appliqué as in embroidery design 10882.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3026—Much of the new fulness is skilfully arranged over the hips and when the dress is made in this slip-over style it adds an interesting softness yet retains the simplicity which is so charming. The straight skirt is gathered to the body at a rather low line across the sides and a blouse body lining is offered. The dress closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, charmeuse, taffeta or crêpe meteor. Foulard can have crêpe de Chine, etc., plaitings and soft serge, tricotine or wool jersey can have satin crêpe, etc., plaitings.

For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards foulard 40 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.



Dress 3026



Dress 2976



Dress 2980
Embroidery design 10882

2949—Paris might well be suspected of deciding upon the use of her exquisite drawn-work which she is so fond of and then planning the dress around it. It is on these simple, soft frocks with more or less of the new fulness that it is so very lovely. The pointed tunic has the straight lower edge which makes the drawing of threads possible. The two-piece skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal line and the neck is cut slightly low at the back. The blouse body lining can be finished in camisole fashion. Use crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe or crêpe meteor, or combine silk voile with satin, or Georgette with foulard. Lower edge $53\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2990—The arrangement of the loose panels in double-tier effect is a fresh version of a very well-liked fashion. The panels start at the rather low line where the straight skirt is sewed to the body. The dress closes on the left shoulder and beneath there is a blouse lining which is cut a little longer than usual. Use Canton crêpe or satin with tricotine, fine serge or gabardine panels; or use crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, taffeta, crêpe satin, wool jersey, tricotine, gabardine, serge, twills, wool poplin or wool repp alone. Lower edge 50 inches.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide. This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3002—The French have a trick of opening the tunic in front when the waist of a frock is made with a vestee and so achieving the redingote effect. The soft bloused lines of this dress are very new but they can be drawn down if they prove more becoming. The tunic and straight skirt are sewed to the waist a little below the normal waistline and the use of the blouse body lining is optional. The deep scallop outline is a pretty finish for the tunic. You could use crêpes, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor or foulard; or combine tricotine, gabardine, serge and soft twills with satin. The wool fabrics could be used alone. The conventional motif which trims the sash would be effective in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10717.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards Canton crêpe 40 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard contrasting crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2960—When the silhouette is fairly straight, loose panels do much to suggest the new softness without actually increasing the width in any way. The waist is cut in surplice fashion and the straight skirt is sewed to it a little below the normal waistline. A rather long blouse body lining that can have a camisole top is offered. Combine Georgette or silk voile with satin or foulard, or use crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe or soft taffeta. The hand-work on the panels is worked in eyelets as in embroidery design 10891. It could be carried out in outline or satin-stitch.

For 36 bust 4 yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3017—If you drape the slip-over waist into sash ends over the skirt of a frock you lengthen the waist in effect and get the typically French soft lines. The skirt is straight and the blouse body lining offered can have the camisole line across the top. This dress is made with straight edges so the cuffs, collar and vestee as well as the skirt can be trimmed with drawn-work or hand-hem-stitching on cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, Georgette, etc. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe Canton, taffeta, satin crêpe or Georgette. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards foulard 40 inches wide. This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

STREET DRESSES KEEP WELL WITHIN THE SLENDER LINE, BUT THE
ADVANCE SUMMER FROCKS ARE MORE ADVENTURESOME



Dress 3006
Embroidery design 10880



Dress 3043
Beading design 10889
Bag 10887



Dress 3050
Embroidery design 10778



Dress 2988

3006—Centering the soft fulness on the hips makes a most attractive frock of a very simple one-piece model. The line of the collar, which comes to a point at the belt, is very smart and the contrasting vestee is becoming. The dress is made with a straight lower edge and it can have a blouse body lining. Tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, taffeta and satin are splendid materials to use, and it would be nice for Summer in gingham, linen, cotton poplin or cotton homespun. The deep banding on the skirt is worked in one-stitch and outline as in embroidery design 10880.

For 36 bust, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3043—You can slash the lower part of a redingote up to the hip line and achieve a fresh version of the loose-panel effect. The redingote is in one piece and has a detachable vestee. Beneath there is a slip-over underbody which closes on the left side and is joined to the straight skirt at the low line. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills alone or over satin. The dress can be made of charmeuse, taffeta, Canton crêpe, etc. The circle motifs are worked in bugle beads as in beading design 10889. The peplum-trimmed bag is worked in beads as in bag 10887.

For 36 bust, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3036—When lingerie dresses are so delightfully dainty and simple, one would like to have one for every day of the Summer season. In this case the dress slips on over the head and closes beneath the left arm. The straight tucked skirt is sewed to the waist at the low waistline, giving the fashionable lengthened line, and a rather long body lining is offered. Use cotton voile, batiste, dotted swiss, organdy, Georgette, foulard, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor or taffeta. Drawn-work used above the hem and tuck would be very effective.

For 36 bust, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3019—One can easily see how greatly the Parisienne is influenced by her fondness for drawn-work in planning her light frocks. This dress is made with straight edges so that the threads can be drawn. The straight tunic is worn over a drop skirt and sewed to the waist at the normal line. The blouse body lining can be finished in camisole effect. Use cotton voile, organdy, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, swiss, Georgette, net, crêpe de Chine and soft taffeta; or combine organdy with lace, etc. The butterflies can be worked in beads as in beading design 10888.

For 36 bust, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards contrasting cotton voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2988—The French have a trick of cleverly emphasizing an unusual line by introducing a contrasting material. Such is the case in the slip-over frock, the two-piece skirt of which is joined to the body in a distinctive outline. The soft arrangement of the fulness at the neck is typically Parisienne. You can use Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, taffeta or foulard with tricotine, serge, gabardine and soft twills; or combine Georgette with satin, taffeta, foulard or shantung; or silk voile with satin, taffeta or shantung; or cotton voile with linen, cotton poplin or ratine. A blouse body lining is offered.

For 36 bust, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard tricotine 54 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard foulard 40 inches wide. Lower edge 51 inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98

3050—For late Spring you will find that the smart, well-cut one-piece frock is indispensable. This model has the sleeves sewed into the blouse body lining. It is a particularly good arrangement for this season of the year because you can make the sleeves of a lighter-weight fabric if you choose. The dress closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. Use tricotine, wool repp, wool poplin, gabardine, soft twills or serge alone or with satin; or use satin, charmeuse, taffeta or shantung. The conventional motif can be worked in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10778.

For 36 bust, 3 yards serge 44 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge $54\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust; it is also pretty for misses.

3034—No Summer wardrobe is complete without its sheer lace frock, and the ruffled fashion is one of the prettiest ways of making it. The waist closes on the surplice line and ties in a generous sash over the hip, carrying a certain softness and lengthened effect in its draping. The ruffled skirt is straight and finished a little above the normal waistline. The camisole line can be used in the blouse body lining which is offered. Use taffeta alone or make the waist of taffeta or satin and the skirt of lace; or combine satin with point d'esprit; or make the dress of dotted swiss, organdy, etc.

For 36 bust, 2 yards taffeta 40 inches wide, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard flouncing 15 inches wide, 4 yards flouncing 13 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt 50 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3032—Just tucks and charm—such is the stuff that organdy frocks are made of. Fashioned on the new long lines that are so graceful and simple, this dress slips on over the head. The straight skirt and waist are joined at the low line and a blouse body lining can be used. The round yoke effect gives a new and very youthful neck outline. It is a lovely frock for Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, Canton crêpe, cotton voile, organdy, net, batiste, plain swiss or handkerchief linen.

For 36 bust, $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of organdy 40 inches wide. The lower edge measures $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

This dress is very pretty for ladies measuring from 32 inches to 42 inches bust.



Dress 3019
Beading design 10888

Dress 3036

Dress 3034

Dress 3032

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98



Dress 2998
Beading design 10893

Dress 3022

Dress 3028

Dress 2994

Dress 3011
Embroidery design 10886

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98

PARIS FINDS ROOM FOR HER NEWLY ACQUIRED WIDTH IN THE CIRCULAR SKIRT AND SHE MAKES A WAY FOR THIS WIDTH IN THE SOFT TUNICS AND PLAITS OF THE RATHER STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE

2998—Fashion marks the line of the long body and the hem of a new overdress with the effective, deep-scallop outline. The lower part of the overdress is straight and is gathered to the long body and a two-piece slip is worn beneath. Use tricotine, serge, soft twills or gabardine alone or with satin; or make the dress of Georgette alone or with satin, taffeta or foulard; or use silk voile alone or with satin or taffeta. The conventionalized flower inserted in each scallop is worked in eyelets and bugle beads as in beading design 10893. It makes a very pretty trimming.

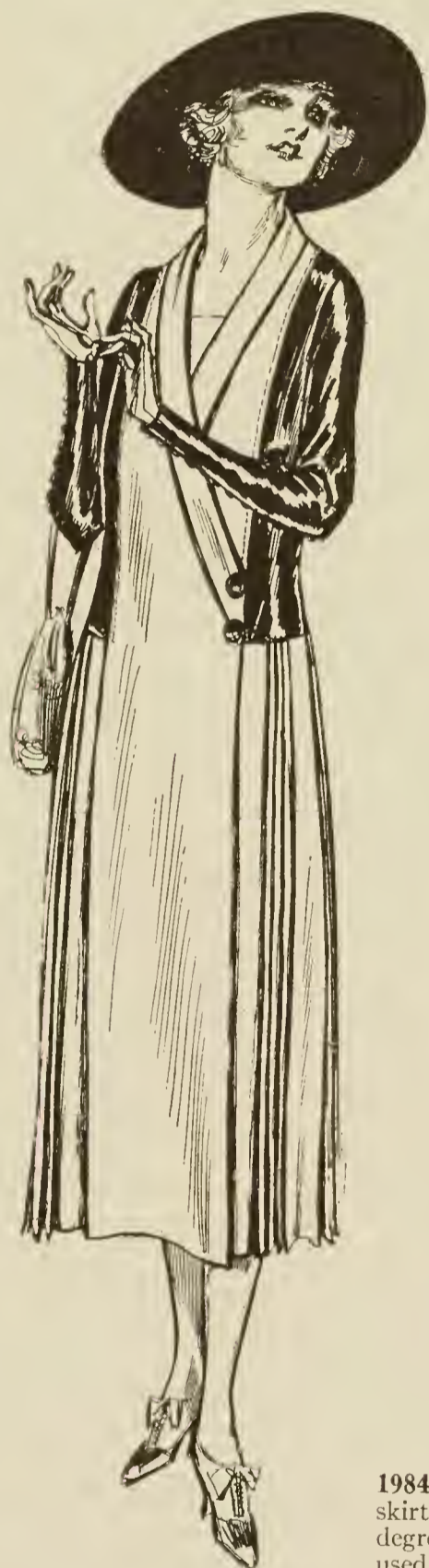
For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge: 50 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3022—One of the simpler types of afternoon frock is made on full, soft lines, the waist blousing over the straight tunic at a rather low waistline. Beneath this tunic there is a narrower drop skirt and the blouse body lining can be cut in camisole fashion. This version of the cowl-like collar showing the contrasting vestee effect is very pretty. Use silk voile, Georgette, crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, taffeta or foulard, or combine Canton crêpe with satin, silk voile with satin or taffeta and Georgette with satin, taffeta or foulard.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 3000



Waist 1984—Skirt 3039
Embroidery design 10847



Dress 3030
Embroidery design 10814

3000—The unbroken panel line of the front and back of this frock is in smart contrast to the fulness arranged in plaits over the hips. This straight plaited piece is sewed to the body at a rather low waistline across each side and a French body lining is offered. The surplice closing together with the general length of line is very becoming to the stout as well as the more slender figure. The smartness of these lines can be effectively emphasized by the use of contrasting materials. Use tricotine, gabardine or serge alone, or combine these wool fabrics with satin, or make the dress of satin, charmeuse or heavy crêpe de Chine alone.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 1 yard charmeuse 40 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

1984—3039—It is the French ingenuity in cutting the circular skirt of this frock that makes it possible to have a maximum degree of width when only a minimum amount of material is used. The absence of the deep yoke at the front carries out the panel suggestion of the vestee. The sleeve is made in one with the body and the waist can have a camisole lining. These circular skirt frocks are very smart made of charmeuse, satin, tricotine, gabardine or serge. The embroidery emphasizes the yoke in an attractive way and it can be worked in satin-stitch, or outline embroidery as in embroidery design 10847. Lower edge $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

For 36 bust, 38 hip $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard satin 40 inches wide.

The waist, 1984, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 3039, is smart for ladies 35 to $42\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

3030—The use of the jumper-line in this one-piece redingote offers a splendid opportunity for an interesting combination of fabrics such as tricotine, wool repp, wool poplin, gabardine, soft twills or serge with satin. Any of the wool materials could also be used alone. The straight skirt is sewed to the body lining a little below the normal line. It is also smart for taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse or Georgette. The motifs that trim the belt and also the sash ends are worked in a combination of beading and outline stitch as in embroidery design 10814.

For 36 bust $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3028—When the waist is made with a vestee and the tunic opens in front over the straight skirt one achieves very much the smart effect of the redingote. Both skirt and tunic are sewed to a blouse body lining, which can have a camisole top, at the normal waistline. It is the type of dress on which one sees the very fashionable drawn-work or hand-hemstitching as the edges of the collar, tunic and cuffs are straight. Use crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, foulard, Georgette and silk voile; or combine Georgette with taffeta or foulard; silk voile with satin or taffeta and serge with satin.

For 36 bust $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards foulard silk 40 inches wide, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard plain silk 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2994—From Paris comes the street frock which is smartly tailored in effect yet adorably soft in line. It slips over the head and has a straight plaited piece set in at the low waistline on each side. This fairly straight silhouette that carries just a slight suggestion of the lines of the figure is new, and the slashed effect of the front showing the vestee is becoming. It is a splendid model for tricotine, gabardine, serge, wool jersey, or charmeuse, taffeta or satin. A contrasting fabric can be used to trim it. The dress can be made over a blouse body lining.

For 36 bust $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard flannel 36 inches wide. Lower edge measures, with the plaits drawn out, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

3011—The broad, low hip girdle adds a very attractive, soft touch to this simple bloused style of dress. The mere suggestion of the vestee is very pretty and brightens the front. The dress could be drawn down instead of bloused, if you prefer, and it closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist at a rather low line. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, charmeuse, tricotine, gabardine or soft serge. The effective hand-work is a combination of chain-stitch and bugle beading as in embroidery design 10886.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide, 1 yard satin crêpe 40 inches wide. The lower edge of skirt measures 63 inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98



Blouse 3044
Embroidery
10778

Blouse 3015
Skirt 3029
Bag 10887
Embroidery design 10708



Blouse 2983
Embroidery design 10892

Blouse 3035

Blouse 2975

Blouse 2985

IN THE WELL-PLANNED WARDROBE SMART BLOUSES AND NEW COLLARS APPEAR IN PROFUSION

3051—You would make the long narrow collar of organdy, batiste, etc.; the long wider one of organdy, satin, etc.; the deep round one of net, crêpe de Chine, etc.; the deep square style of net, etc.; and the higher youthful collar of piqué, etc. For medium size, view A, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard lace edging 5 inches wide; A-1, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard batiste 36 inches wide; B, B-1, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide; C, C-1, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard eyelet embroidery 36 inches wide; D, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard net 40 inches wide; E, E-1, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard piqué 36 inches wide.

These collars are very becoming to both ladies and misses.

2983—The longer the blouse the better the ending—would seem to be the rule this Spring when a simply constructed but delightful-looking overblouse ends in deep scallops. This blouse is softly belted at a more or less low line. It slips on over the head and fastens on the left shoulder and at the side. You would use wool jersey, silk jersey, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, plaid or check silks, tub silks or soft linen, scrim or Japanese crêpe. The motif repeated in every second scallop is worked in the fashionable eyelet-stitch as in embroidery design 10892.

For 36 bust, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard contrasting crêpe 40 inches wide.

This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2975—Paris chooses scrim as the most effective background for her new love—hand-hemstitching and drawn-work—and makes it up in the fashionable banded style. The blouse falls over this band in a very soft way. It has the kimono construction, is made with straight edges and it slips on over the head. Blouses of this type are exquisite in effect yet quite inexpensive to make. The threads can be drawn on cotton voile, batiste, crêpe de Chine and Georgette crêpe as well as scrim. With crêpe meteor, silk voile, Canton crêpe, satin crêpe, satin and silk or wool jersey you would not use the drawn-work.

For 36 bust, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard scrim 40 inches wide.

This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3044—Carrying the soft drapery of a blouse below the normal waistline to the hipline gives the graceful lengthened effect of the season. This blouse is semi-fitting and follows the lines of the figure in a very becoming way. It closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. You can make it of charmeuse, novelty silks, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, satin crêpe, crêpes, silk jersey, or fine cotton crêpe, Japanese crêpe or linen. The flower motif used to trim this blouse can be worked up in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10778. It is a very effective type of trimming.

For 36 bust, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard satin crêpe 40 inches wide.

This blouse is smart for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 bust.

3035—The latest version of the over-the-skirt blouse is the one with the banded effect. This band is a particularly smart finish for the tailored type of blouse. It suggests the lengthened waistline which is so fashionable and so generally becoming. Blouses of this kind are made of crêpe de Chine, silk shirting, tub silks and satins, radium, pongee and crêpe meteor, or linen, dimity, madras, cotton shirting or wool shirting. They are very good-looking with the collar and cuffs finished in contrast with the band to match.

For 36 bust, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard linen 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrasting linen 36 inches wide.

This blouse is good for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 bust.

2985—The set-in bosom comes to the front in fashion circles and adds distinction to the soft-draped blouse which ties in hip-sash style over the skirt. This type of blouse is very simple to make and is unusually smart when contrasting fabrics are used. It is a pretty blouse for crêpe de Chine, satin, Georgette, crêpe meteor, silk or wool jersey, cotton voile, batiste or cotton crêpe. The bosom can be of the same material or in contrast. Canton crêpe would also be smart.

For 36 bust, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard figured foulard 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 40 inches wide.

This blouse is good looking for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 bust.

3015—3029—The French have drawn-work and hand-hemstitching in mind when they make a blouse with straight edges. There is a shoulder yoke and the shoulder is rather long. The straight one-piece skirt can be cut from one width of a fifty-four-inch fabric. In this case the loose-plaited panels would not be used. Make the blouse of cotton voile, batiste, crêpe de Chine, etc., and the skirt of serge, satin, etc. The hand-bag with its peplum-like frill is worked in beads as in bag 10887 and the rose motif is carried out in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10708.

For 36 bust, 38 hip, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard batiste 36 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 51 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The blouse, 3015, is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 3029, is smart for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98



Blouse 2965

Blouse 3023

Blouse 2958

Blouse 3033
Embroidery design 10749



Blouse 2967
Braiding
design 10803

Blouse 3031
Beading design
10853

Blouse 3013
Skirt 3025

MUCH DRAWN-WORK TRIMMING AND THE WAISTCOAT EFFECT ARE SEEN AMONG THE NEW BLOUSES

3033—One can't have too many blouses in the Summer wardrobe, particularly of the kind that are just the background for drawn-work and hand-hemstitching. A model that is cut in kimono fashion slips over the head. It is constructed with straight edges to make the drawing of the threads possible. Use cotton voile, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, scrim, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, chiffon cloth, silk voile and silk or wool jersey. The grape motif is very unusual and can be worked in satin-stitch and outline as in embroidery design 10749.

For 36 bust $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2965—One of the longer overblouses that is made on rather straight lines slips on over the head. Trimmed with drawn-work or hand-hemstitching it would be very exquisite yet quite inexpensive and no great trouble to make. The edges are straight so that this work can be done. The threads can be easily drawn on linen, scrim, cotton voile, batiste, Georgette or crêpe de Chine. Any of these materials could also be used without the drawn-work and if crêpe meteor, silk jersey, wool jersey, satin or taffeta were used it would not have drawn-work trimming. The bosom line followed by the drawn-work is new.

For 36 bust $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard cotton voile 40 inches wide.

This blouse is very pretty for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 bust.

2958—In this charmingly draped blouse it is the arrangement of the fashionable drawn-work at the bottom that gives the banded effect which is so new. This blouse was planned especially for drawn-work or hand-hemstitching and you will find that scrim, cotton voile, batiste, crêpe de Chine, soft linen, Georgette or silk voile are the fabrics in which the threads can be easily drawn. It is also a splendid style blouse for satin, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe and wool or silk jersey.

For 36 bust $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for frills.

This blouse is very pretty for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 bust.

3031—A new departure in the realm of overblouses is this smart model, closed in surplice fashion and with a decided suggestion of the semifitted line with all its softness. It is a very unusual blouse yet a simple one to make. It has the long shoulder which gives a graceful line and is very becoming to most women. You would use Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, satin, charmeuse, silk or wool jersey, heavy crêpe de Chine, Shantung, Japanese crêpes, cotton crêpe, or novelty silks. The rose motifs make it very rich-looking. They can be worked in beads as in beading design 10853. They could also be worked in French knots.

For 36 bust $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard charmeuse 40 inches wide.

This blouse is very smart for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 inches bust.

3023—Paris suggests the smart lines of the waistcoat by draping a new blouse ever so little at each side and leaving slashed openings below. It is very simple in construction and made to slip on over the head. Canton crêpe, satin, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, Georgette, silk voile and silk jersey would all be effective made up in this fashion. For a lingerie blouse cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, Japanese crêpe and batiste are the best materials. Its very simplicity and distinctiveness of line make it unusually effective in a figured material.

For 36 bust $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of figured crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

This blouse is very smart for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 inches bust.

2967—The slashes at the waist make way for the soft belt and the deep scallop outline is the distinctive note. This very simple blouse is cut in kimono style and slips on over the head. It is the type of blouse that the French make quite elaborate with braiding, beading or hand-work of some sort. It can have either a round or square neck outline and the materials to use are Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe, batiste, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or satin. The effective trimming is carried out in braiding design 10803.

For 36 bust $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard silk voile 40 inches wide.

This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also good for misses.

3013—3025—For the lingerie blouse that one wears inside of the soft simple skirt, this becomingly collared type, exquisite with hand-work, is used. This blouse is made with straight edges so that the threads can be drawn for the hand-hemstitching and drawn-work. There is a shoulder yoke and the shoulder is rather long. Use cotton voile, handkerchief linen, batiste, organdy, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, Georgette, wash satin, pongee or net. The straight one-piece skirt can be made of novelty silks, wash satin, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, pongee and organdy.

For 36 bust, 38 hip $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard batiste 40 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge 58 inches.

The blouse, 3013, is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt is good for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98

THE FRENCH INTRODUCE THE SILK
COAT AMONG THE SMARTER
OUTDOOR COSTUMES



Coat 3048
Embroidery design
10806



Cape 3009
Embroidery design 10712



Coat 3008; skirt 2828
Braiding design 10748

3048—Paris makes a new departure this Spring and comes forth in a silk coat soft but irresistibly smart in line. To get the new long-blouse effect an elastic is run through a casing at each side. This casing can be placed at the normal waistline or just a little below it. If the bloused line is desired the straight effect may be used, the fulness being taken care of by a sash or girdle placed at any becoming waistline. The French make this type of coat of satin, charmeuse, taffeta, shantung, silk faille, silk poplin, serge, tricotine, gabardine or soft twills. The trimming is carried out in satin-stitch and outline as in embroidery design 10806. Lower edge 67½ inches.

For 36 bust 3¾ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide.
This coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3009—One of the Parisienne's favorite Spring costumes is her new cape which she considers very smart worn over a frock to match. Cut in a new shorter length and made on circular lines it has a pretty ripple to it which takes care of the soft fulness. Sometimes a cape of this kind is worn in still shorter length and finished with a scalloped lower edge. There is an elastic arrangement at the neck which holds the cape in place on the shoulders. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, wool poplin, broadcloth, velours, duvetyn, wool repp, satin, taffeta and charmeuse. The hand-work could be carried out in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10712. Lower edge 3¾ yards.

For 36 bust 2½ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.
This cape is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also to misses.

3008—2828—The abbreviated line of the Eton coat only serves to emphasize the lengthened waistline effect achieved by the soft, broad Roman sash. This is a very youthful type of suit. The slip-over suspender vestee and sash of the Eton coat are separate. The tailored skirt is two-pieced, and despite its slender lines has the suggestion of softness which Paris now insists upon. It would be smart in satin, and for slender figures soft serge would be good. The scroll-like trimming is worked in braid as in braiding design 10748.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 2¼ yards serge 54 inches wide, ⅝ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 61 inches.

The coat, 3008, is smart for ladies 32 to 42 bust, also for misses; the skirt, 2828, is good for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3066—Fashion pays particular heed to the vestee and makes the style with the revers of organdy, batiste, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine, eyelet embroidery, pongee, linen, etc. The vestee with the youthful rather high-cut collar is very smart in eyelet embroidery, dimity, check gingham, linen, piqué, etc. Satin, crêpe de Chine, novelty silks, linen, etc., would be good for the vestee with the surplice closing and for the model with the soft frills, net, lace net, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, batiste, etc., are prettiest.

For medium size, view A, ⅝ yard chiffon 40 inches wide; B, ¾ yard crêpe de Chine 36 inches wide; C, ⅝ yard novelty silk 36 inches wide; D, ¾ yard eyelet embroidery 40 inches wide.

These vestees are splendid for ladies, also for misses.

3065—2705—If you decide upon the straight silhouette for your Spring suit there is a loosely belted, well-cut coat that is very simple in its construction and a tailored skirt that has a slight variation in the tuck-like side extension. The long collar and single-button closing of the coat are very attractive. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge or light-weight velours. A plain fabric coat could be worn with a plaid or check skirt. The ray-like circle motifs are carried out in bugle beads as in beading design 10889.

For 36 bust and 38 hip 3½ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This coat, 3065, is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust, it is also good for misses; the skirt 2705 is suitable for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

3063—2974—A splendid suit for general use is this smart model made on youthful lines of the sports type. The tailored coat is loosely belted and has four patch pockets for trimming. The skirt is cut in two pieces and finished a little above the normal line. It has interesting crescent-shaped pockets in front and although very simple it has the necessary softness in its gathers at the belt. It would be very smart made of tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge or checks. It would also be very smart for Summer in linen.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 3¼ yards homespun 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This coat, 3063, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, it is also suitable for misses; the skirt, 2974, is good for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

3067—3025—There is something delightfully youthful about these shorter, unbelted suit coats. A new model has a soft ripple to it that suggests the flared line in a smart way. The skirt of this suit is simple. It is in one piece and straight. The suit is very good-looking in satin. Coats like this are used in tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge and taffeta suits, and the skirt is splendid for sports wear in novelty silk, wash satin, crêpe de Chine or pongee. The hand-work is done in bugle beads and small round beads as in beading design 10868. Lower edge 58 inches.

For 36 bust, 38 hip 4¾ yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide.

This coat, 3067, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; the skirt, 3025, is good for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

3064—Always charming in every version are these long bodied slip-over frocks, but the one with the cape at the back is particularly new. The straight skirt is sewed to the body a little below the normal waistline and the use of the blouse body lining and also the cape is optional. Use serge, tricotine, soft twills or gabardine alone or with satin or tulle; or combine plaid, check or striped silk or wool with plain silk or wool; or use linen, gingham, ratine, etc., with batiste or cotton voile; or make the dress of silk or wool jersey, satin, etc. The grape motifs are worked in eyelets and outline as in embroidery design 10892. Lower edge 54 inches.

For 36 bust 3½ yards Canton crêpe 40 inches wide.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98

STRAIGHT LINES ARE USED FOR MANY OF THE SIMPLER SUITS AND DRESSES, THE SHORTER, BELTLESS COAT APPEARS AND MANY INTERESTING VESTEES COME TO THE FRONT



D A Vestees 3066 C B

SO INTERESTING are the new French vestees that one could hardly be censured for planning her costume around them just for an excuse to use them. These vestees are shown in great variety and any one of the many styles add an attractive touch to your suit, frock or sweater. All-over lace and nets in white, cream and ochre, or Georgette, cotton voile and such materials in any of these shades or in flesh color are lovely for the soft frilly type, whereas the more tailored, youthful vestee, with its plain front is often seen in pongee. Made of gingham in red and white, blue and white and green or yellow and white check it is particularly smart with a dark-blue costume. The yellow-and-white combination is especially pretty with snuff color and wood brown. The typically French surplice-draped vestee is used with a suit and is effective in pique, check gingham and pongee, as well as the different silk fabrics and the simple, narrow frill-trimmed model is often made of canary, flesh, deep-rose, old-blue or water-green organdy and also of check gingham, dimity or satin.



Coat 3065
Skirt 2705
Beading design 10889



Coat 3063
Skirt 2974



Coat 3067; skirt 3025
Beading design 10868



Dress 3064
Embroidery design 10892

Other views of these garments are shown on page 98

PARIS UNDERSCORES THE LIGHT CHARM OF HER SUMMER STYLES WHEN SHE MAKES

HER PANELS, TUNICS AND OVER-
DRESSES OF THE NEW DARNED NET

BY MARIE ASHLEY



Dress 2926

Ill. No. 1

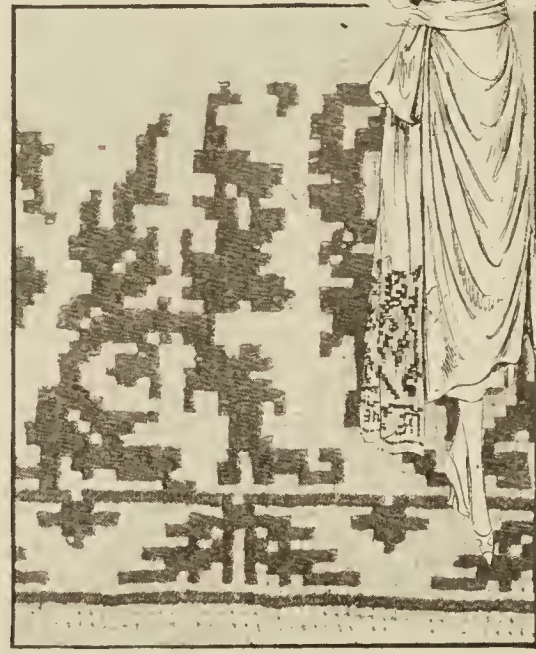
Panels of black net are darned in bottle-green



Dress 3019

Ill. No. 2

Flowers of unnatural but lovely colors on natural colored net



Ill. No. 3

Black net woven with scarlet silk ends the train of black satin dress



Dress 2797

Dress 2932

Ill. No. 4

Many of the handsomest nets are woven entirely in self-color

THE vogue of handsome laces has inspired Paris to design a new type of lace-like net which is very beautiful, has all the qualities of real lace, and it is also comparatively inexpensive and extremely easy to make. I have shown four ways of using the net: the panel, the overdress, the trimming of a sash or train, and the tunic. It would also make very handsome over-blouses if you use a foundation of finer mesh of net or of Georgette or chiffon. These darned nets are used on three types of dress: on very elegant afternoon dresses of silk, silk crêpe, satin or Georgette, on evening dresses of the same materials, and on Summer lingerie dresses of handkerchief linen, batiste, organdy or very fine cotton voile.

In these trimmings the designs are either woven or couched on the net. You can use the silk or cotton net in any size square mesh. In the nets that I have used the mesh was wide, running about nine squares to a square inch. For the darning, use a six-ply silk on the silk net and cotton floss on the cotton net. The couching is done with a loosely twisted cotton cord about as large round as a number three amber knitting-needle. The weaving is done with any needle, but a blunt-pointed needle is best.

FOR darning the net, make a knot in the end of your silk, pass the needle under one bar of the net and through the knot (Illustration A). Pass the needle under the first bar of the net and over the second bar (Illustration B). Darn and pass the needle under the second bar and over the first bar (Illustration B). Continue to weave back and forth until the squares are filled (Illustration C). When two or more squares join each other in the same row, draw the needle back and forth across the desired numbers of squares, placing it over one bar and under the

next (Illustration C). When the end is reached, turn and weave back, alternating the weaving.

In following the design a square should be darned for each black square in the diagram. Various colors can be introduced in the design, but the handsomest nets are either darned in self-color or in brilliant colors.

THE darned net in Illustration 1 is used in panels of a very graceful dress (design 2926) of black satin. The panels themselves are of black silk net darned in bottle green. This makes a very smart afternoon frock which you can use for restaurant luncheons, teas, etc. Your panel should be forty-nine squares wide and the length of the panel of dress 2926. Finish the edges of the panel with buttonholing or a solid row of weaving.

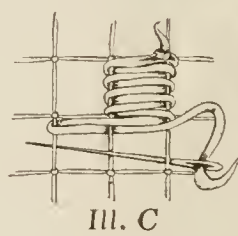
Begin the weaving one square from the edge of the panel and weave the design for the edge across two rows of the net, following Diagram 1. Then weave the leaf in the corner and complete the design.

The dress in Illustration 2 is a very charming afternoon frock (design 2797) of a light shade of green crêpe de Chine in the slip, with an overdress of twine-colored silk net couched and woven with soft shades of green, blue and mahogany color. The couching goes very rapidly and is used for the straight lines (see Diagram 4) and for the outline of the large flowers. The flowers and the straight lines nearest them are of white cord couched down with mahogany-colored silk floss; the straight outer lines are couched in green silk matching the dress.

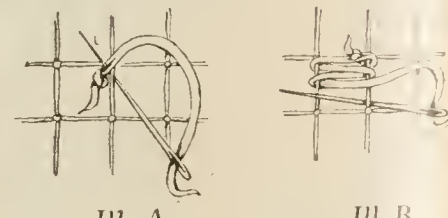
The veins in the center of the petals of the leaves of Diagram 4 are worked in green silk, weaving in and out of the net, following Diagram 4. After the veins are worked, outline the leaves with blue silk, turn and over-cast back, taking the stitch over the thread you have just woven in. These overcasting stitches need not be close together. Work the dots in Diagram 4 as rosettes. They are made by fastening the thread as shown in Illustration A; weave around and around the crossed bars of the net, placing the needle over one bar and under the next all the way around. Work around four times, fastening off and breaking the thread.

The evening gown in Illustration 3 is a French model of great elegance and distinction, yet of the most perfect simplicity (design 2932). It is made of black satin and absolutely the only trimming is the square of black silk net darned in cardinal red which finishes the end of the sash. For this net panel you will need a piece of black silk net forty-seven squares wide and forty-nine squares deep. Darn it in red silk, following Diagram 2.

FOR a lingerie dress of the new school, string-colored batiste was used for the dress in Illustration 4 (Design 3019) with the natural-colored net darned in self-color. Cut the tunic by the tunic pattern of design 2797 and buttonhole the lower edge. Darn the large rose at intervals over the net, following Diagram 3. When the roses are finished, darn a scroll design from one to the other, holding them together (Diagram 3).



III. C



III. A

III. B

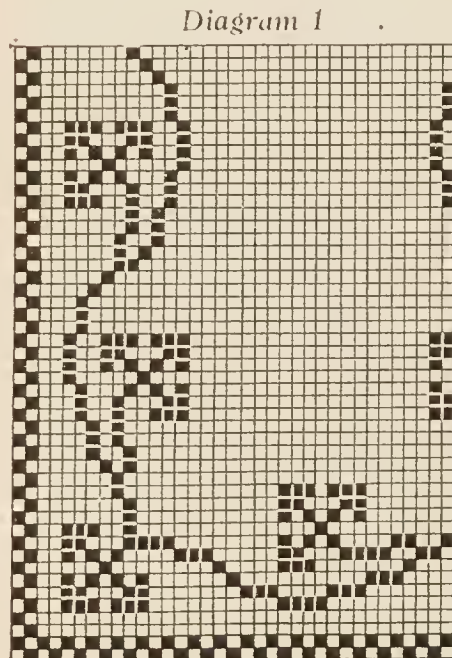


Diagram 1

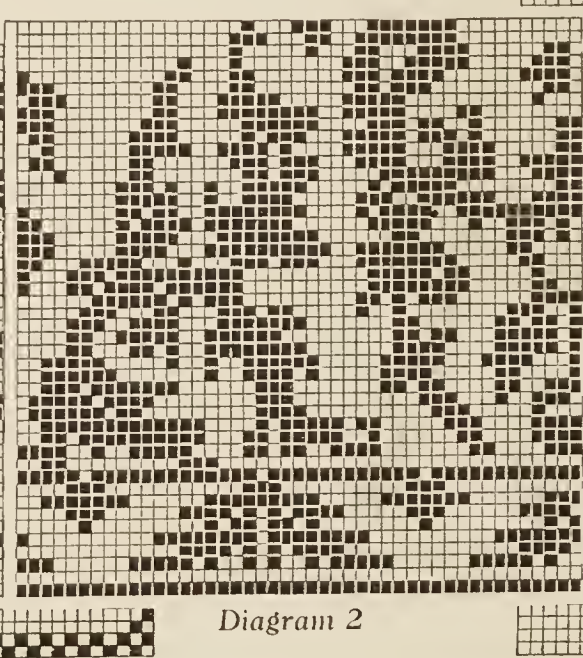


Diagram 2

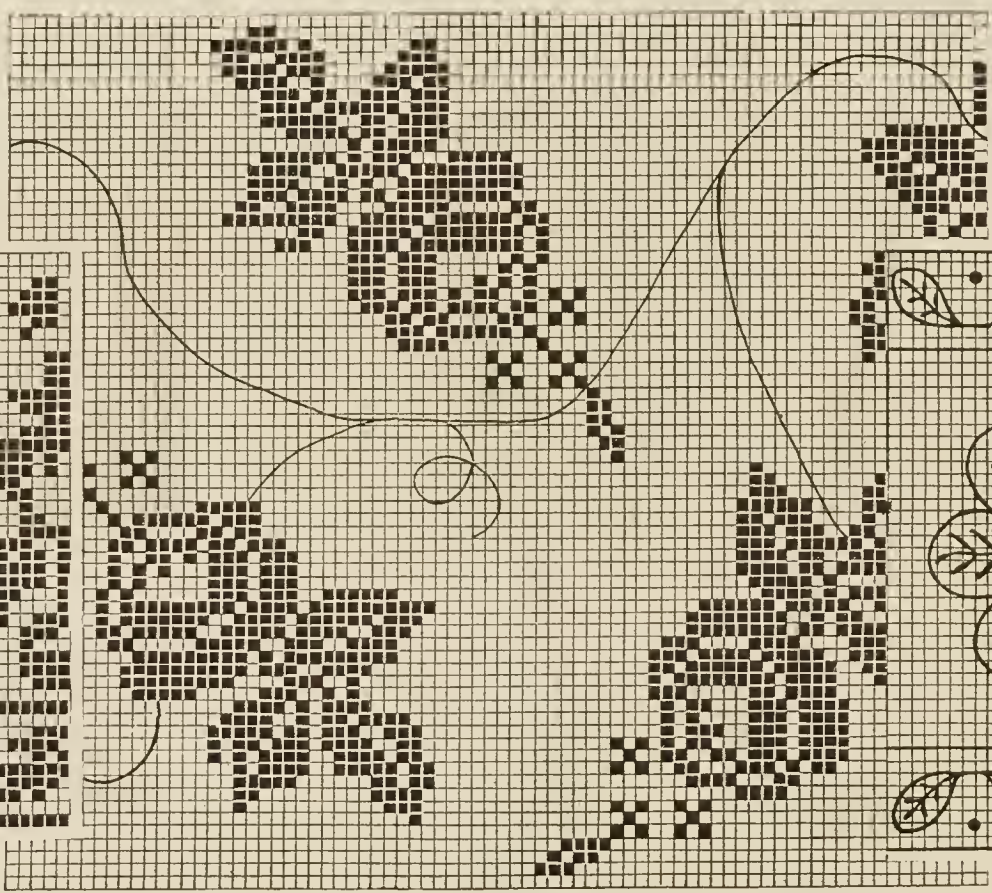


Diagram 3

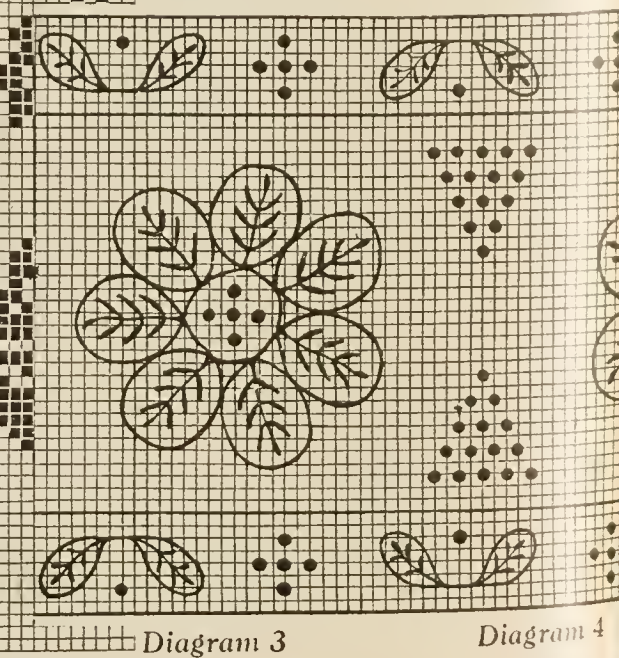
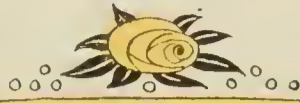


Diagram 4

PARIS SAVES THE FACE OF TOO FAMILIAR SUMMER FABRICS BY CHANGING THEIR APPEARANCE WITH DRAWN-WORK, SCALLOP TRIMMINGS, APPLIQUÉ FLOWERS AND CUT-WORK

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS



Photograph by Kadel & Herbert

A SUMMER DANCING FROCK FROM MOLYNEUX. MADE OF "UPHOLSTERY" BROCADE WITH APPLIQUÉ OF SILK FLOWERS



FASHION is a super-feminist who obeys no laws, not even her own. Confronted by the traditions of her past where styles were either wide, narrow or medium in well-defined periods which repeated themselves at fairly regular intervals. Fashion refuses to choose among the three and wears them all. She is coquetting with the wide circular skirt and tunic, adopting them for certain types of silk and wool frocks but refusing to relinquish for their sake the slim lines of the straight, narrow skirt. That she retains unchanged in width for her suits and chemise dresses. There are silk and lingerie dresses that seem to strike a medium between the two silhouettes, yet on examination one finds that there is little real addition to their width. They look fuller because their panels, soft hems and low waistlines give them an easier look.

THERE are two points in the new fashions which permit of little variation. All waistlines are large and low, and all skirts are fairly short—longer than the knee-length of last year's Paris styles, but a good ten inches from the floor for any woman to whom that length is becoming. Eight inches is considered conservative.

The flower of the early Summer family of materials will be cotton voile. If it is not exactly new, there is at least nothing that is newer and there are several things that contribute to its vogue. The first of these is the great popularity of drawn-work, which is easier to do on voile than on any other material. On voile, where you can pull three or four threads at a time, drawn-work is almost no work at all, and you can use it in the reckless French fashion of three or four rows to a tunic or skirt and as much of it as you like on the blouse and collar. Drawn-work is very lovely done in a color on white or in a darker color on a light one—dark blue, for example, on flesh-color, lemon, pale green or orchid. Dark blue and old blue are both pretty on white and old blue is lovely on flesh color.

VOILE is also a very easy material to use for the bound scallops which appear in so many of the new French lingerie frocks. Paris uses scallops of two outlines, one quite wide and rather shallow, and the other wider and deeper. They can be picoted, but they are really at their best bound in a contrasting color, a lingerie color on white, or white on a lingerie color. They are used on tucks, folds, ruffles and tunics, sleeves and collars.

Cotton étamine, cotton marquisette and scrim have the same easy drawing qualities as voile and will be used in much the same way, though not to the same extent. Swiss promises to be very popular on account of the new fulness in many skirts. It has an outstanding quality that gives its full value to this new style. It also has a crispness and freshness that is very delightful in our warm weather. It is a little newer than organdy and perhaps a little smarter on that account.

ORGANDY is a delightful background for appliquéd flowers, which are used so much this year. In fact, most materials this year are chosen with an eye to their adaptability to the new trimmings. Net, for example, will be fashionable for very elegant afternoon gowns because it can be used in the new darned patterns which really make it an antique filet lace. The net dress of this kind is very useful in Summer, for you can wear it for either afternoon or for informal dinner and dances. Georgette belongs in the same class as net, but the darned net is really newer. Handkerchief linen or batiste are quite all right from the fashion standpoint, but the batiste does not come in the same range of colors that one can find in voile, and handkerchief linen crumples so easily that it is not a very practical material.

The new note in Summer morning dresses is the use of cut-work on linen or cotton poplin. It makes very handsome dresses of the chemise, long-body or redingote type. Gingham and chambray will be used again, but are not as new as the linen and cut-work. They are indispensable, however, for the simpler type of morning dress and are very smart-looking trimmed with rickrack braid.

There is a decided tendency in Summer dresses to shift from cotton materials to the silks wherever it is possible. Crêpe de Chine and Georgette, for example, wash quite as satisfactorily as cotton materials and from many points of view are decidedly more useful. They are certainly more dependable and keep a good deal of their freshness after a hard season. The thin foulards are cool, especially when they are made with the short sleeve, round collarless neck and the long body that scarcely touches the figure. Here, too, you have a dress that is always ready to use, which keeps its shape and color and only has to be cleaned occasionally. The silk crêpes, taffeta and satin are very smart for Summer dresses in dark colors, black, dark blue or brown, especially for women who have to be in town. Of these three, taffeta is really the most comfortable, for it is the coolest and has a stand-away quality that is grateful on a hot day. The crêpes are much more clinging, and satin is

really unpleasant to the touch on a hot day. Of the three the crêpes are the newest and the smartest.

AT THIS season of late Spring to early Summer the smart costume will be the silk dress with a cape of the same material, or else a long satin coat bloused at the low waistline and almost covering the dress underneath. Many of the new capes are quite short, a welcome change at this season when one does not need the warmth of a long cape. In the silks they are made of satin, taffeta, charmeuse, and they are also made in the light weight of duvetyn, wool poplin, tricotine, gabardine, broadcloth, wool repp and velours. The long coats are made of satin, charmeuse, taffeta, shantung, silk faille, silk poplin or of light-weight velours, soft tricotine, gabardine or soft twills.

Many women would feel lost without a silk suit, but for the majority they have been replaced by dresses and wraps. For warm weather there is this to be said for them, that the blouse, which is the part of the costume with which you come in closest contact, can be changed daily. The short Eton jackets are being used this season and are very satisfactory, for they make a suit that looks like a dress, and the abbreviated jacket makes it cool and comfortable. For Summer they are made in taffeta, satin, silk faille and heavy crêpe de Chine, but if you need a wool suit you can use tricotine, gabardine, wool repp, wool poplin and soft twills. They are very pretty either with the straight, rather narrow skirt, or with the flare of the new circular skirt or circular tunic. The short box-coat is used in the same way. For the sport-suit the straight-belted jacket, usually with pockets, is the most popular type. It is often sleeveless.

THE tremendous popularity of sweaters has created a demand for under-the-skirt blouses with prettily trimmed collars and fronts. The blouses that are trimmed with the new hand drawn-work are made of course, of cotton voile, scrim, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine and Georgette. The same type of blouse is used for the Canton crêpes, satin, crêpe meteor, silk voile, silk jersey, fine cotton crêpe and Japanese crêpe. But on these materials it is not possible to pull the threads satisfactorily. The under-the-skirt blouses worn with sweaters are

usually trimmed with filet, Binche, Irish crochet or Valenciennes lace, and with either drawn-work or hand-embroidery.

The separate skirts that are worn with sweaters and blouses are usually made of sports silk, crêpe de Chine, one of the new silk crêpes, satin, taffeta or flannel.

WOMEN who are leaving town for a long Summer at the shore are interested even this early in the year in their bathing-suits. For the real both-feet-off-the-bottom swimmers, the bathing-suit is of the simplest possible chemise type made without sleeves and worn over tights. For women who bathe a little and sit on the beach much, a bathing-suit is a costume, and as such shows some reflection of the season's styles in its long body, jumper, etc. All suits are made very short, showing the straight trouser leg or the riding-breeches cut of the knicker. Taffeta is always a satisfactory material for bathing-suits because it is light and stands the water very well. Satin is also used, especially the surf satin, which has more body than the ordinary dress satin. Shantung makes a nice-looking suit, and last Winter gingham was used at Palm Beach and Miami, made with many braided ruffles and the shortest of skirts. Brillantine is the choice of the conservative woman, and for children flannel is really the safest thing.



Dress 3038



Dress 3060



Dress 3062



Dress 3057
Embroidery design
10799



Dress 3046
Embroidery design
10812



3052

Dress 3052
Embroidery design 10877



3055

Dress 3055

3038—The drawn-work which is seen on so many of the imported frocks is lovely for the young girl's graduation dress, for it is exquisite in effect yet very simple. This dress is made with straight edges to allow for the drawing of the threads. The handkerchief tunic falls in graceful folds giving the fashionable soft fullness. Beneath there is a straight drop skirt that is sewed to the waist at a rather low line. Cotton voile, batiste, dotted swiss, organdy and Georgette can be used. Georgette, or silk voile can be combined with satin and taffeta; or Georgette would be pretty with foulard or taffeta. The dress would also be smart made of Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or taffeta. It is a very simply constructed frock.

For 17 years $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3060—For the small girl's sheer frock for special occasions there is no more effective or easier way of making it than the beruffled style. In this dress the narrow ruffles are arranged at the sides. They follow an unusually interesting line on the waist and they edge the quaint little puff sleeves. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal waistline. Cotton voile, organdy, batiste, swiss, Georgette and point d'esprit are all lovely materials to ruffle in this fashion. Among the silks crêpe de Chine and taffeta are most suitable for a girl of this age.

For 13 years $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards batiste 40 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard batiste 40 inches wide for ruffles.

This dress is pretty for girls 8 to 15 years.

3062—When one lowers her waistline to the fashionable depth it leaves plenty of room to do adventuresome things with the collar. This large, double Bertha-like collar is very becoming to a girl and gives distinction to a very simple little frock. A cluster of tucks in the straight skirt is the only other trimming. This skirt is sewed to the waist a little below the normal waistline. Net, Georgette, cotton voile, swiss, batiste, organdy, crêpe de Chine, Georgette and taffeta are the materials to use. It is a very easy dress to make.

For 14 years $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide including frills.

This dress is lovely for girls 8 to 15 years.

3057—She chooses the Empire line because it allows for greater opportunity in using more of these delightful new ruffles that are scalloped in pointed style. The simplicity of the attractive little Empire body accentuates the softness of the straight ruffles in a very pretty way. The straight skirt is sewed to the body and the ruffles which are also straight could have the round scallop or plain outline if you preferred. It is just the dress for taffeta, crêpe de Chine, organdy, swiss, cotton voile, batiste, net, Georgette or point d'esprit. The tiny sprays of flowers are worked in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10799.

For 10 years $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards point d'esprit 40 inches wide. This dress is pretty for girls 4 to 15 years.

3046—Daintiness is the first requisite for the Summer party frock and when you use organdy you are sure of achieving it. A pretty way of making up a dress of this kind is with the surplice-cut waist combined with a straight ruffled skirt. The waist is draped over the skirt in a way to suggest the fashionable lowered waistline, and it has a blouse body lining which can be made in camisole fashion. The skirt is finished a little above the normal waistline. This dress could be made of taffeta, dotted swiss, organdy, cotton voile or batiste. It would also be pretty if the waist were made of taffeta or satin and the skirt of lace. Satin could also be combined with point d'esprit. The rose motifs can be worked up in satin-stitch as in embroidery design 10812.

For 16 years $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is very pretty for misses 16 to 20 years old.

3052—Start a frock in the way it should go and you'll end up successfully. In this dress it is the slip-over jumper that has the fashionable scallop outline and the trimming bands on the skirt immediately take heed and do likewise. The straight skirt is sewed to the underbody at the normal waistline. This makes a pretty little party frock and it is really very simple in construction. You could use cotton voile, organdy, batiste, swiss, Georgette, crêpe de Chine or taffeta; or flouncing net and point d'esprit with a jumper of taffeta would be lovely. The flowers are worked in appliqué and beads as in embroidery design 10877.

For 12 years $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard batiste 40 inches wide.

This dress is smart for girls 6 to 15 years.

3055—If you are planning your daughter's commencement frock you'll find nothing lovelier than this tucked model, which retains the necessary simplicity with all its charm. Made on the soft lines so much featured in the French frocks, it slips on over the head and fastens on the shoulders and underneath the left arm. The straight skirt and waist are joined at the normal line. The scalloped outline of the tucks is new and the puff sleeves are very pretty. Use organdy, batiste, cotton voile, swiss, net, Georgette, handkerchief linen and crêpe de Chine.

For 16 years $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide, including sash and plaitings. Lower edge $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

This dress is lovely for misses 16 to 20 years.



3038



3060



3062



3057



3046



FINISHED WITH RUFFLES, TUCKS
THE DEEP SCALLOPS

3053—No doubt she decided upon drawn-work and then picked out the frock to suit the purpose. Made with a straight-edged vestee, long collar and tunic which opens at the front it is just the type of dress on which the exquisite hand-work of this kind is used to the best advantage. The tunic is of course straight and beneath it there is a drop skirt which is sewed to the waist at the normal waistline. The blouse body lining can be cut in camisole style. It is a delightful model for cotton voile, organdy, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, swiss, Georgette, net, crêpe de Chine or soft taffeta. Georgette can be combined with foulard, taffeta or satin; figured voile with plain voile, dotted swiss with plain swiss or colored cottons with white cottons.
For 17 years $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.
This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also pretty for small women.

2999—Daintiness and simplicity are the two surest ways of making the very young girl's graduation frock attractive. The soft slip-over waist ties in a sash over the straight skirt giving the low-waisted effect. The skirt is sewed to the body lining at the normal waistline. The scalloped hem is very new and gives just the right touch to a dress of this type. The frilled trimming which marks it heightens the effect of the easy ripple of the skirt. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, plaid or figured silks, cotton voile, organdy or dotted swiss. It would also be very smart made up in serge. The construction of this dress is very simple.
For 13 years $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide.
This dress is pretty for girls 8 to 15 years.

3054—Many ruffles make the small girl's world go round when she decides upon her lingerie frock. This ruffled skirt is very pretty when the waist is made in slip-over jumper fashion. The skirt is straight and it is sewed to the underbody at the normal waistline. The square scallop outline of the jumper adds a distinctive touch. It is the type of dress that you would make of organdy, swiss, batiste, cotton voile or Georgette. You could use a taffeta jumper with a point d'esprit, net or lace skirt.
For 14 years $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide for ruffles.
This dress is pretty for girls 6 to 15 years.



Dress 3045 3021 Dress 3021

3027—Life is just one ruffle after another when graduation and its ensuing parties arrive. The many ruffles are very pretty combined with the soft bloused lines of the long waist. This waist and the straight skirt are joined at the low waistline. The dress slips over the head and closes at the left side and on each shoulder. Its youthfulness is emphasized by the rounded neck outline and short puff sleeves. It would be lovely for net, point d'esprit, Georgette, organdy, dotted swiss, cotton voile or batiste. Taffeta is also good. A contrasting ribbon sash is pretty on any of the sheer materials.
For 13 years $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards point d'esprit 40 inches wide.
This dress is lovely for girls 6 to 15 years.

2977—Cuff-turned plaitings accentuate the unusual career of this pretty tunic which has its ups and downs. The slip-over waist of the dress has a suggestion of soft drapery in its lines and the blouse body lining beneath can be cut in camisole fashion. Underneath the two-piece tunic there is a straight drop skirt which is finished a little above the normal line. Use crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard or cotton voile for a dress of this type; or combine Canton crêpe with satin; silk voile with satin or taffeta; or use Georgette with satin, taffeta or foulard. The soft draping at the front of the waist is very becoming to a young girl.
For 17 years $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard organdy 40 inches wide for plaitings. Lower edge 50 inches.
This dress is lovely for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also very pretty for small women.

3045—The tucks may only be an excuse for the use of the fashionable hand-hemstitching above but nevertheless they serve as a very charming trimming. The deep round collar is very becoming to a small girl, and the waist beneath it is soft and pretty. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist at a rather low line. It is the type of dress that you would select for Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, cotton voile, organdy, net, point d'esprit, batiste, swiss or handkerchief linen. The narrow plaited frills on the large collar and cuffs make a pretty trimming.
For 13-year size $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards batiste 40 inches wide, and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard extra batiste 40 inches wide for the plaitings.
This dress is good for girls 6 to 15 years.

3021—Virtue may be its own reward but fashion helps matters along by planning charming frocks for the young girl's commencement exercises. The softly draped slip-over waist can be made over a blouse body lining which it is possible to finish in camisole style. The skirt is straight as are the edges of the collar, etc., so you can use drawn-work. Use cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe Canton, taffeta, satin crêpe and Georgette.
For 16 years $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard extra for plaitings. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard.
This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.



3053 2999 3045 3054 3027 2977



2698

Coat 2996
Dress 2698
Beading design 10868

Coat 3056

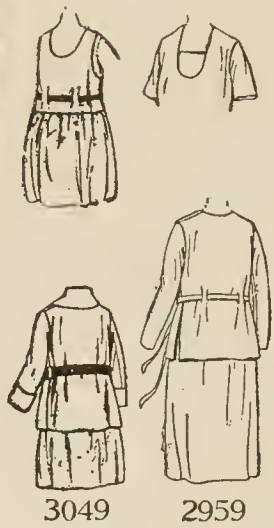
Dress 2987

Coat 3078
Tam-o'-shanter
2564

Suit 3049
Braiding design 10803

Dress 2991
Embroidery
design 10877

Dress 2959
Braiding
design
10748



3049

2959

2996—2698—The French consider the three-piece costume very, smart and especially youthful and suitable for a young girl. The box-cut coat is unusually good for this type of costume as its easy-fitting lines look well over a dress. This coat has a detachable vestee and the long-waisted dress closes at the back and has a straight skirt. The use of the blouse body lining which can be made in camisole fashion is optional. You can use tricotine, gabardine or serge, and satin is also very good for this season of the year. The coat and skirt could be of a wool fabric and the long body of satin. The border with its sunburst motifs can be worked in a combination of small round beads and bugle beads as in beading design 10868.

For 17 years $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches.
The coat and dress are smart for misses 16 to 20 years; both are good for small women.

3056—She chooses the flared silhouette and accentuates it by having the plain little Empire body in contrast to the ripple of the lower part of the coat. The double-breasted closing effect is very smart and the flaps of the set-in pockets mark the Empire line prettily. It is a splendid model for checks, gabardine, homespun, cheviot, tweeds, serge, tricotine, broadcloth or silk faille, satin or taffeta. The use of the stitching on the collar and cuffs makes a very simple and inexpensive trimming. The collar and cuffs could be in contrast. It is a very simple little coat to make.

For a 5-year size $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of gabardine 54 inches wide. This coat is very pretty for little girls 2 to 8 years.

3058—2564—The reefer with its well-cut, simple lines is one of the smartest coats for Spring wear and it is a very becoming style for a little girl. A gored tam-o'-shanter completes the costume. This coat can be cut longer if the full length is preferred to the reefer length. The removable collar offers the possibility of a freshening change. Make the coat of serge, cheviot, checks or gabardine and the tam-o'-shanter of velours, polo cloth, camel's-hair cloth, faille, taffeta or satin.

For 8-year size $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard serge 54 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard velours 54 inches wide for tam-o'-shanter.
The coat 3058, is good for girls 2 to 12 years; the tam-o'-shanter 2564, is becoming to girls, and is also smart for ladies, misses and children.

3049—If the youngest daughter shows promise of being a tailored girl she will want this smart suit for her Spring costume. These rather long, belted coats are very good-looking worn over a slip-over dress, the body of which is cut in jumper style to allow for a freshening change of guimpes. The skirt is cut straight and sewed to the jumper at the fashionable, rather low waistline. The jumper arrangement is more becoming to most girls than a separate blouse and skirt would be. Use gabardine, serge, soft twills, tricotine or checks. The trimming which finishes the pockets and cuffs is carried out in braiding as in braiding design 10803. Outline stitch or couching could also be worked in the same way. Hand-work of this simple but effective variety is very smart on suit coats and wraps.

For 14-year size $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. This suit is smart for girls 6 to 15 years.

2991—When an unbroken panel line intervenes in the front of a frock the rather long body has very much the appearance of the coatee. The straight skirt is softly gathered to this body across the sides and back and a blouse body lining can be used. Tricotine, gabardine, soft serge, soft twills, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, Canton crepe, crepe satin, crepe de Chine and crepe meteor are suitable. The flower trimming can be worked in a combination of applique and beading as in embroidery design 10877. Lower edge 63 inches.

For 16 years $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

2987—As her years number only a dozen, the nearest she can come to the separate blouse-and-skirt costume is this unusual frock. It has the bib-like continuation of the skirt in front and back that suggests the panel line. This straight skirt is sewed to the blouse at the normal waistline across the sides. Use gingham with nainsook, chambray with lawn, linen with batiste or cotton poplin with dimity; or combine serge with plaid or check silk, pongee or crepe de Chine; or use a plaid or check wool skirt with a taffeta blouse.

For 12 years $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide, 1 yard eyelet embroidery 36 inches wide.
This dress is pretty for girls 6 to 14 years.



2996

2698

3056

2991

2987

3058

2959—The youthful, easy-belted lines of the overblouse style are introduced in a young girl's frock. The slip over blouse is made in jumper fashion and the straight skirt is sewed to the underbody at the normal line. The dress closes on the left side. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, wool jersey or checks, alone or with satin; or use satin, taffeta, etc., alone or combined with Georgette. The scroll-like trimming can be worked in outline, couching or braiding as in braiding design 10748.

For 16 years $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard wool jersey 54 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.
This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also good for small women.



Dress 3024
Embroidery design 10891



Coat 3061



Dress 3020



Dress 3005



Dress 2993



3059

Apron and sunbonnet 3059

Dress 3042

Embroidery design 10817



3042

3024—The young girl finds the lowered waistline of the present season so becoming that she accentuates it with the low hip girdle. This soft, simple frock can be bloused over the belt or drawn down. It fastens on the left shoulder and underneath the arm and a blouse body lining can be used beneath. The skirt is straight and it is sewed to the waist a little below the normal line. This is the type of dress that is seen in Canton crêpe, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, charmeuse, foulard, gabardine, soft serge and tricotine. It is also pretty in linen, gingham or cotton poplin. The hand-work is done in eyelets as in embroidery design 10891. This eyelet trimming is very fashionable and is seen on many imported frocks.
For 16 years $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge 59 inches.
This dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

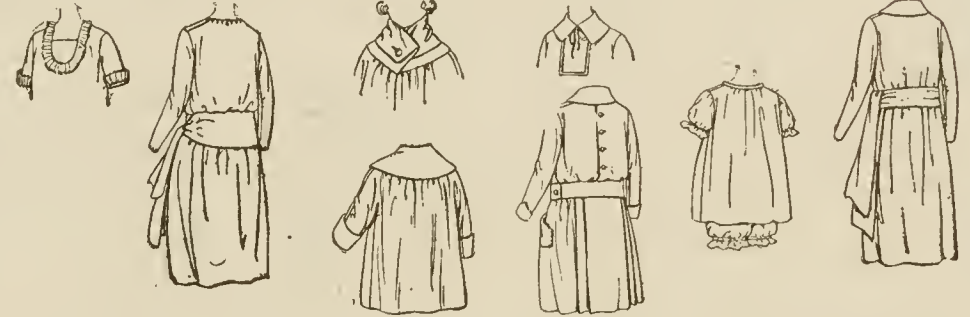
2993—When Paris decreed softness in all frocks she had infinite ways in mind of achieving this effect. It is the tying of the sash that does it on a very simple frock that is charming for a young girl with its draped bib arrangement. This dress has a straight skirt which is sewed to the waist at the normal waistline. There is also a blouse body lining which can be used or not, just as you please. This dress can be made of serge, gabardine, tricotine, plaids or checks. Any one of these materials could be combined with satin. It is also pretty for taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin or pongee; or it could be made of cotton homespun, linen or gingham.
For 17 years $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards foulard 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.
This dress is lovely for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3061—Even at the age of four life has its compensations, for when the temperature demands that the prettiest of Spring frocks be covered up Fashion is ready with a delightful silk coat. This coat is cut on kimono lines and the fulness is prettily arranged on a smart yoke which comes to a point in the front. It is a splendid coat for serge, velours, checks, broadcloth, soft twills or tricotine, and it is also pretty in tulle, taffeta, pongee or satin. The pointed line of the pockets is very new and adds a smart touch to the coat at no expense.
For 4 years $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard faille 40 inches wide.
This coat is pretty for little girls 2 to 10 years.

3005—We are not sure whether it is the influence of her great grandmother or her tendency to be very modern that brings the small girl forth with her pantees in full view, but whatever the cause the result is very delightful. This smart little dress is very soft in effect with its gathers at the neck and the scalloped hem. The puff sleeves are unusually pretty for a little tot. The dress is very simple to make. It slips on over the head and the pantees are separate. They are smart worn very short. You would use fine cotton crêpe, chambray, fine gingham, linen, taffeta, pongee or crêpe de Chine for this type of frock. The ruffled effect on the pantees is very pretty and dainty.
For 5 years $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard taffeta 40 inches wide.
This dress is pretty for little girls 2 to 8 years.

3059—If contrary Mary's garden grows half as quickly as one's admiration does when they see her in this pretty apron and becoming sunbonnet it will be getting along beautifully. These pinafore aprons are simple to make and very pretty with their large pockets and sash bows. Little girls like to wear them and they save their frocks. You could make both bonnet and apron of chambray, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, gingham, dimity, chintz, cotton crêpe, seersucker or percale. They can be bound in contrast.
For 8 years 3 yards figured silk 27 inches wide for apron and bonnet.
This apron and bonnet are nice for girls 2 to 14 years.

3020—You abolish the awkward age when you dress your growing girl in one of these attractive long-waisted frocks. The joining of the bloused waist and plaited skirt comes at a rather low waistline and the contrasting hemisette effect in front is becoming. The fulness of the skirt could be arranged in gathers, if you preferred. The dress would be very smart in gingham, chambray, cotton homespun, linen, cotton poplin, serge, checks, plaids, taffeta or plaid silk.
For 14 years $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards linen 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard contrasting linen 36 inches wide for collar, cuffs and yoke.
This dress is smart for girls 6 to 15 years.



3024

3061

3020

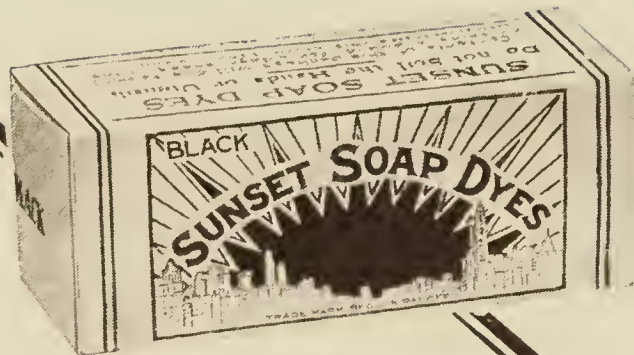
3005

2993

3042—The French claim that the simpler a very little girl's frocks are the better, but they still insist upon a fashion point such as the new fulness being included in this simplicity. In this dress the fulness can be plaited under the arm and at the center back. A gored underarm seam could be used. Puff sleeves, tiny pockets and any one of the three pretty neck outlines are all there is to the dress. Use nainsook, batiste, lawn and dimity. The flower sprays worked on children's frocks are carried out in eyelets and combined with scallops as in embroidery design 10817.
For 2 years $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard dimity 32 inches wide.
This dress is pretty for children $\frac{1}{2}$ to 5 years.

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Suit 2961



Suit 2964

MANLY LITTLE SUITS

2961—A well-cut suit that your little boy will like is made with the long blouse closed at the side in Russian fashion, and has the short straight trousers beneath. It is very smart in line yet very simple to make. You would use chambray, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, repp or galatea for this season of the year.

For 5 years 2 yards cotton poplin 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard contrasting poplin 36 inches wide.

This suit is nice for little boys 2 to 7 years.

2964—A new but interesting departure in small boys' suits is this unbelted model. The blouse, with its brightening bit of vestee, slips over the head and the trousers are cut straight. You would use chambray, pongee, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, repp, piqué or drill. For more formal occasions faille silk is good. The collar, vestee and cuffs can be in white in contrast to the suit.

For 4 years $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard chambray 32 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard piqué 36 inches wide.

This suit is good for little boys 3 to 6 years.



Suit 3040
Embroidered
design
10656



Suit 3037

3040—Everybody loves a sailor and your youngest son will think it great fun to look like one in this smart sailor suit. Made on regulation navy lines it is very becoming. The blouse can slip over the head or it can be closed down the front. It has no shoulder seam. Drill, khaki and duck are the materials to use and serge and gabardine are good if you want a wool suit. The naval emblem on the sleeve is worked up in satin-stitch as in embroidered design 10656.

For 7 years $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards drill 36 inches wide.
This suit is nice for boys 3 to 12 years.

3037—It's a foolish frog that turns his back on so new a fashion note in boys' clothes as the tab arrangement of this suit. The style of contrasting waist and trousers is very becoming to the small boy. It is simple in construction for the body and sleeve are cut in one. The trousers with the tab at the top are straight. Use linen, madras, galatea, chambray, repp, poplin or piqué. Crêpe de Chine can be combined with silk poplin or shantung and dimité with poplin or linen.

For 4-year size 1 yard dimité 32 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide.

This suit is good for little boys 2 to 7 years.



3040



2961



2964



3037

ATTRACTIVE WAYS OF MAKING
SOME NECESSITIES

3016—With the low-bust corset and soft costume, all figures need the support either of this brassière or bandeau of heavy batiste, linen, cotton brocade, wash satin, etc.

For 36 bust, view A, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide; A-1, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard cotton poplin 36 inches wide; B, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard cotton brocade 36 inches wide; B-1, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard heavy batiste 36 inches wide.

This brassière and bandeau are good for ladies 34 to 52 bust.



Pajamas or lounging-robe 3018
Cap 2040

Apron 3047

3018 Dress 3014

Negligée 3041 3041

3018-2040—Any woman will admit that her mind as well as her body rests in attractive pajamas or lounging-robe and a fascinating doir cap. The pajamas are cut in one piece. Use crêpe de Chine, cotton crêpe, etc. The cap can be of crêpe de Chine, etc.

For 36 bust, 4 yards wash satin 36 inches wide; for ladies' cap, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard net 40 inches wide.

These pajamas, 3018, are pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; the cap, 2040, is suitable for ladies, also for misses.

3014—A well-cut house dress which is made on the same lines as the dress of a nurse's uniform has the Gibson style shirt-waist. The three-piece skirt is sewed to this waist at the normal waistline. It is very good-looking and it is easy to launder. Use gingham, chambray, seersucker, cotton poplin, linen-finished cottons and madras.

For 36 bust, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards seersucker 32 inches wide. Lower edge of the skirt measures 2 yards.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3047—Fashion takes it upon herself to furnish the silver lining to the housework cloud, for in this dainty apron you will be sufficiently covered yet look quite charming. It slips over the head and has the straight skirt sewed to the kimono body at the normal waistline. Use gingham, chambray, percale, seersucker or cretonne.

For 36 bust, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards flowered chintz 27 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This apron is very good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3041—A negligée is dependent upon its coloring and daintiness for its beauty, so it can be made on very simple lines. A new model has the most becoming large collar. The lap is wide and the armhole deep—both insuring comfort and ease. Use crêpe de Chine, wash silk, silk-mull, silk and cotton crêpe de Chine, corduroy, challis or albatross.

For 36 bust, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

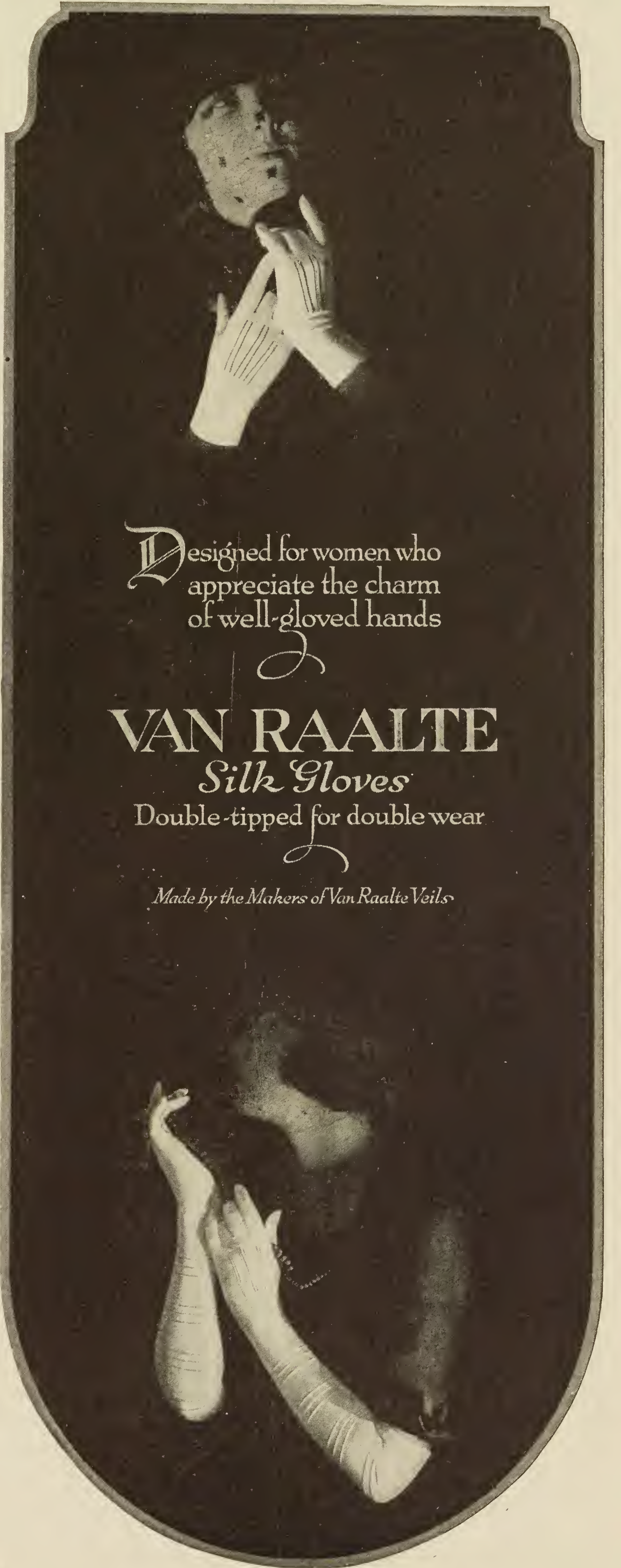
This negligée is pretty for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



Brassière and bandeau 3016



3047



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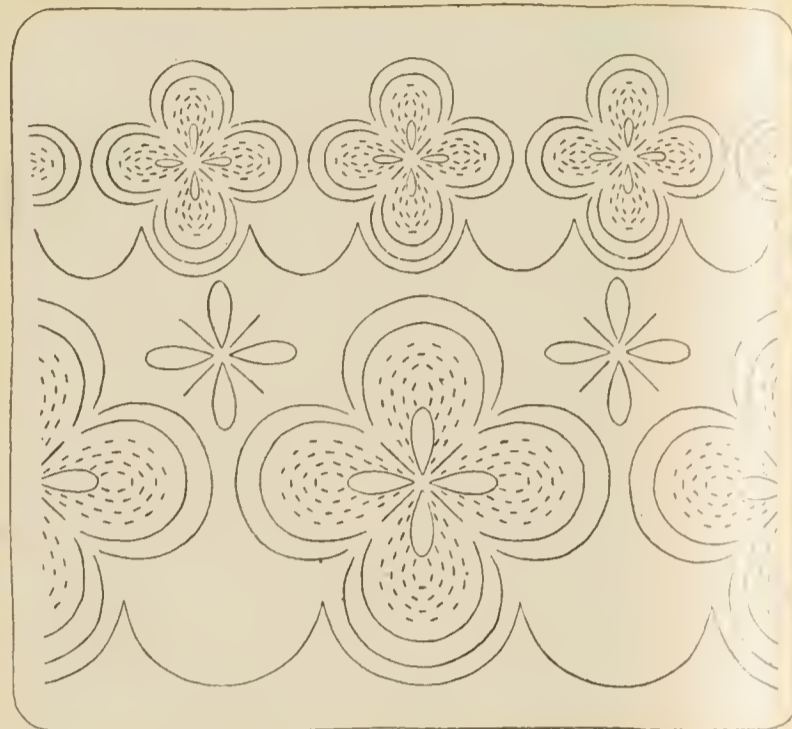
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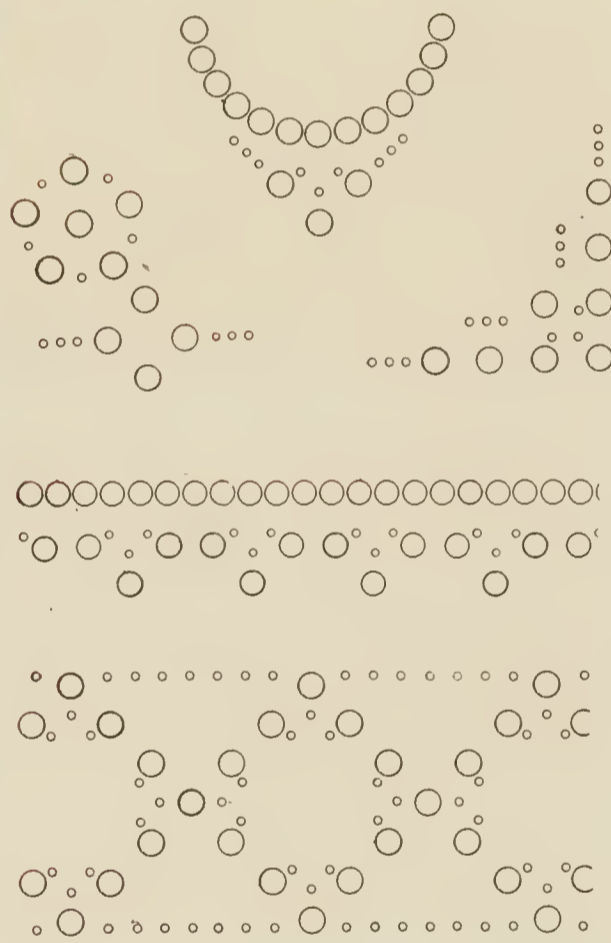
THE FRENCH EMBROIDER THEIR FROCKS WITH COLOR TOUCH WITH APPLIQUE



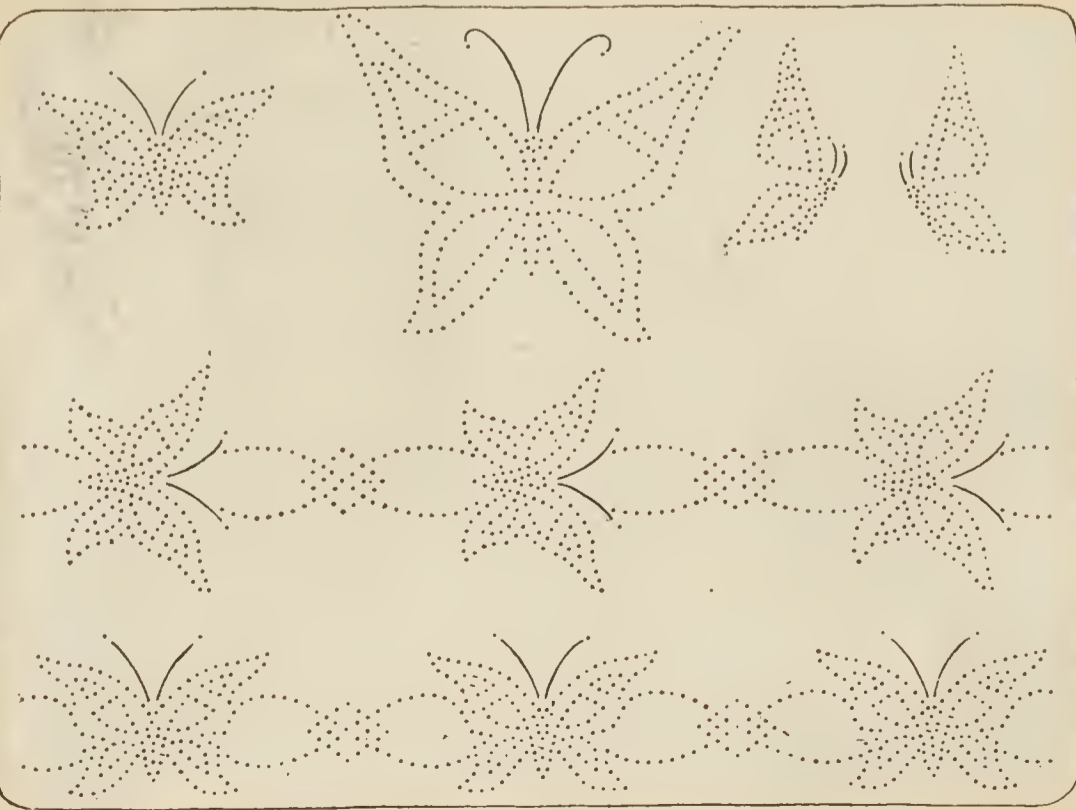
Appliqué design 10893

10893—The conventionalized flower is a smart design for the appliqué work one sees on so many of the imported frocks, blouses and hats. Satin-stitch or eyelets and bugle beads or one-stitch embroidery could be combined. The scallop outline is also very smart. The design can be adapted to 2 1/4 yards banding 10 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards scallops, 4 7/8 yards banding 5 1/4 inches wide, 4 7/8 yards scallops, 15 motifs.

10891—Paris allows you to see right through the charm of her new embroidery, for she works much of it in eyelets on all sorts of fabrics. The coin dot design is very fashionable and could also be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. It can be adapted to 2 1/2 yards banding 8 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards banding 2 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards banding 3/4 inch wide, 9 motifs 6 1/2 x 3 1/8 inches, 9 motifs 3 3/4 inches in diameter, 3 neck outlines, 6 corners.



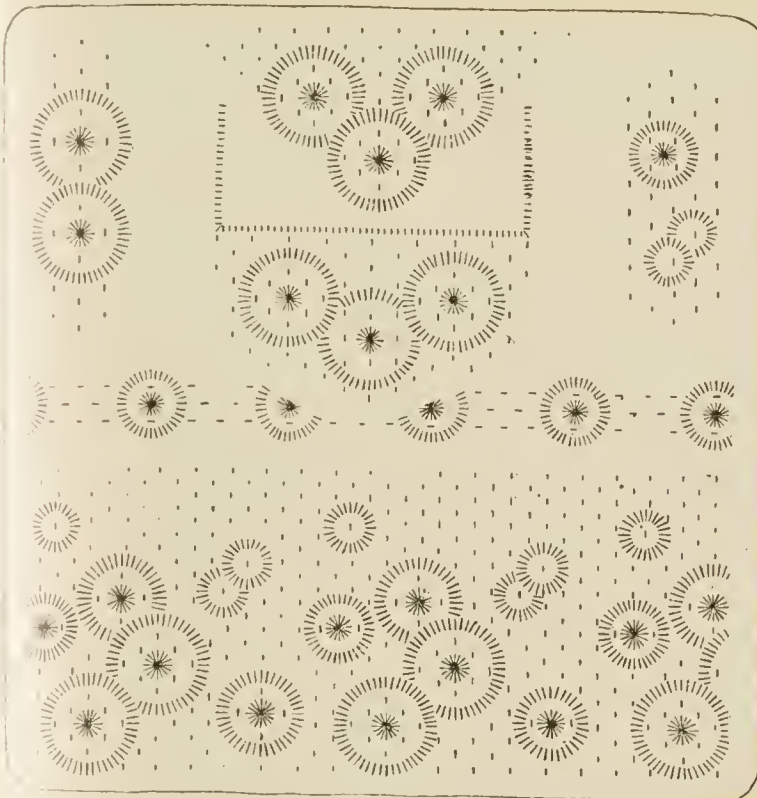
Embroidery design 10891



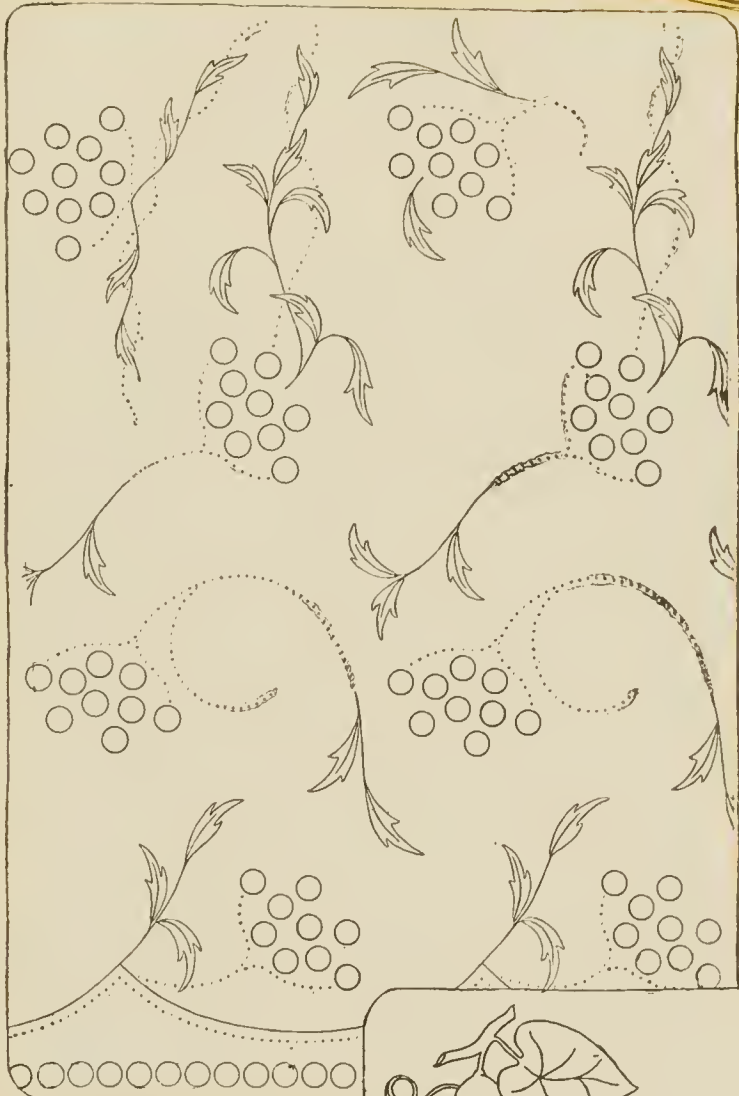
10888—Butterflies are particularly pretty when the trimming on your frock or blouse is worked up in beads alone. There is also the possibility of using French knots if embroidery were more suited to your fabric than beading. The design can be adapted to 3 1/4 yards of banding 2 1/2 inches wide, 3 3/8 yards of banding 3 1/2 inches wide, 8 butterflies 6 1/4 x 5 inches, 8 butterflies 3 1/4 x 1 3/8 inches, 8 butterflies 3 3/8 x 2 3/8 inches.

Beading design 10888

EYELETS AND ADD MANY A DELIGHTFUL
WORK AND EFFECTIVE BEADING



Beading design
10889

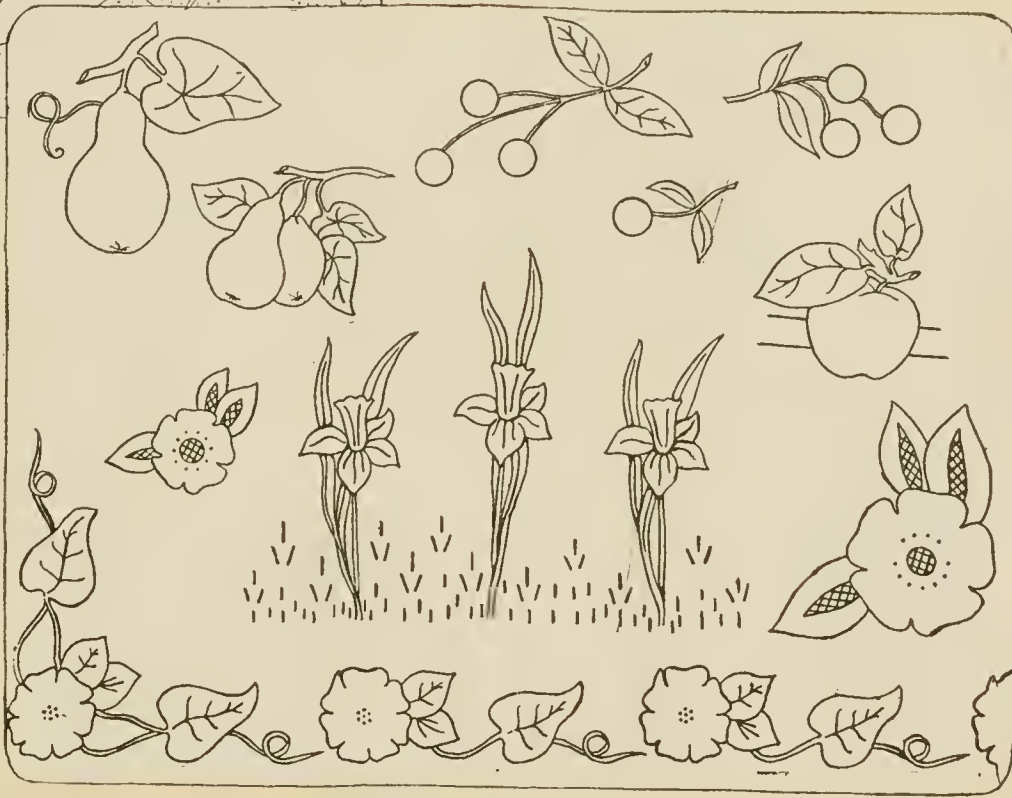


Embroidery design
10892

10889—Bugle beads are seen on many of the smartest dresses, blouses and coats. A design in ray-like style is very good for this long bead. It could be worked up in one-stitch or one-stitch could be combined with the bugle beads. The design is adapted to 2½ yards banding 7⅞ inches wide, 4¾ yards banding 1¾ inch wide, 6 motifs 7½ x 2⅝ inches, 9 motifs 6½ x 2¼ inches, 6 motifs 9¾ x 4¾ inches, 3 neck outlines.

10892—The grape motif makes a very distinctive costume trimming and is unusually suited to the new eyelet work. It is effectively combined with beading and outline embroidery. Satin-stitch could be substituted for the eyelets. It is very simple to do, yet most effective when carried out. The design is adapted to 2¼ yards of banding 30 inches wide, 2¼ yards of banding ¾ inch wide, 4 corners 12 x 5¾ inches, 4 motifs 6 x 7 inches.

10890—Appliqué work appears not only on the smart frock or hat but it is often the bright color spot on an apron, smock or small tot's clothes and it is also used on household linens. These fruits and flowers work up prettily and are also good for outline embroidery. Appliqué work of all kinds is very fashionable. The design is adapted to 3⅜ yards of banding 2½ inches wide, 44 cherries in 4 assorted designs, 42 assorted motifs.



Appliqué design
10890

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Negligees
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Manufacturers also of Skinner's Pure-dye Taffetas and Skinner's famous Lining Satins

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New York Boston Established 1848 Chicago Philadelphia

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 78, 79, 80, 81, 82 AND 83

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 78 and 79



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 80 and 81

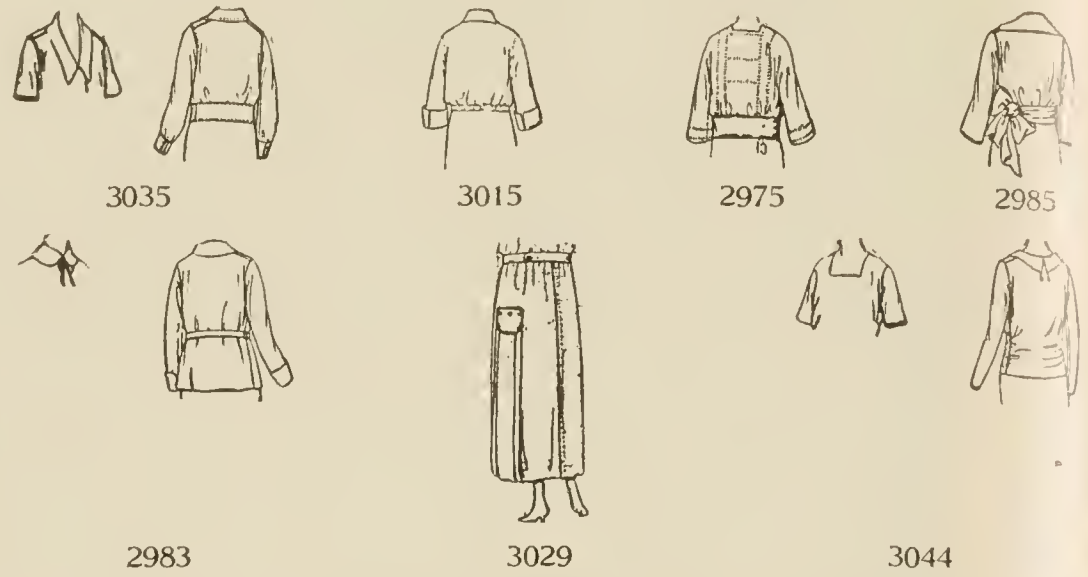


Other views of these garments are shown on pages 82 and 83



OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 84, 85, 86 AND 87

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84



Other views of these garments are shown on page 85



Other views of these garments are shown on page 86



Other views of these garments are shown on page 87



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At house-cleaning time, there's nothing equal to Old Dutch. It makes everything spick-and-span and sanitary — doors, windows, floors, walls, fixtures, utensils.

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THE DELINEATOR



ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC—by CALVIN COOLIDGE

AS PARIS AND NEW YORK SEE THE SUMMER STYLES.

JUNE, 1921

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

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This rug pattern (No. 380) with its blue, rose and grey tones on a buff ground, lends itself particularly well to an upstairs sewing room or den.



"I REALLY like to sew here. . . when I'm through, it's so easy to brush up the odds and ends! Cleaning this room has really been no work at all since we've had the Congoleum Rug—I can mop it up clean in a jiffy."

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ALL over the country, women are discovering that "it's easy doing your own work" with Congoleum Rugs.

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1½x3 feet	\$0.80	6 x 9 feet	\$9.75
3 x3 feet	1.60	7½x 9 feet	11.85
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3 x6 feet	3.20	9 x12 feet	19.00

Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

What the Gold Seal Does for You

There is only one grade of Congoleum and that is Gold-Seal Congoleum, bearing this Gold Seal with the promise which makes your purchase *absolutely safe*:—"Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." It covers every quality of Congoleum—sani-

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Write for our free booklet, "Modern Rugs for Modern Homes, showing the many patterns in full color.

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Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS



Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 372



THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME XCVIII JUNE 1921 NUMBER FIVE

Mrs. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

JAMES EATON TOWER Managing Editor



A \$100,000 THIMBLEFUL

A LASTING gift to a great woman for the cause of humanity!

A gift that will be useful when most of the present governments have faded, when the whole structure of society may have changed. Two thousand years is a long period of usefulness!

And this to a woman—Marie Curie—who has been called the greatest of her time, because she found and gave the world a new element—radium. It is a wonderful story.

And for the cause of humanity? What could be greater than to discover means to alleviate if not eradicate one of the world's greatest scourges—cancer?

The women of this country have collected one hundred thousand dollars to purchase a gram—about a thimbleful—of radium for its discoverer. Madame Curie is now on her way to this country to receive the gift.

When the editor of THE DELINEATOR was in Europe last Summer, she discovered through inquiry among scientific men that Madame Curie's research work as to the curative power of radium in cancer cases was halted because there was no radium for her to experiment with. Madame Curie owned the first radium she produced, but she gave it for hospital work, believing that provision would be made for her to take up her experiments again. But after the war, France was in no position to develop its scientific laboratories, or to supply radium—the costliest substance in the world. So Madame Curie resumed her teaching at the University of Paris, working with radium only when visiting scientists brought over small stores and their own instruments, and possessing her soul in patience during the empty hours.

THE editor of THE DELINEATOR brought these facts to the attention of a group of important American women, and then, as interest in the work increased and requests came from women's organizations to participate in the great undertaking, the situation was laid before the public.

How closely allied the mind and the heart are is written indelibly in the Radium Book which is to be a record of the givers to the radium fund.

The gram of radium for Madame Curie's future work is a truly American gift. It represents money from America's richest families and from its poorest. Business girls' clubs, cleaning women, college women, some women, have sent in their bits.

A woman, dying of cancer in a hospital in New York, sent for her doctor. She had been a house



MADAME CURIE AND HER DAUGHTER IN THE MILITARY HOSPITAL BEHIND THE LINES IN 1918. SHE GAVE ALL OF HER PRECIOUS RADIIUM FOR HOSPITAL USE

MADAME CURIE

*As she from tons of cruder stuff
Her priceless gift refined,
So fame will cull her from time's list
As—big of heart and scientist—
The chief of womankind.*

worker for eighteen years. For thirteen years she had paid twenty-five cents a week insurance to provide for "a decent burial." She had suffered the tortures which come to sufferers from cancer and in the end this was her message:

Her family was dead; there was no one to shame. She asked to be buried in the potters' field and have her three hundred dollars go into the radium fund and "help some other poor devil miss the agony I have known."

Her money was not accepted, but one hundred dollars was given in her name.

THE Carroll Club—a club of business girls whose average earnings are probably twenty-five dollars a week—raised one thousand two hundred and ninety dollars for the fund.

A wealthy woman walked into the Equitable Trust Company with one thousand dollars to deposit to this fund, and her name was listed next that of one of the cleaning women of a down-town office building, who had put down one dollar. School-girls contributed pennies and dimes; college

girls added their quarters and dollars.

One of America's great editors asked us to accept one hundred dollars in the name of Julia Ward Howe.

Every woman's college and coeducational college in America is represented in this gram of radium.

With a check for five hundred dollars came this message:

"The check I send you represents the covering for my parlor furniture, and the new gown I intended getting, and a new paper for my room; but I shall enjoy the big hole in the sofa, and the stained, torn paper, and the substitution of a last-year cotton crêpe for a new crêpe de Chine; there is something pleasant in one's shabbiness, when it means anything besides shiftlessness or injustice."

And so the fund grew—sometimes with a leap, sometimes with a creeping step, but always toward the goal of enough radium to enable Madame Curie to undertake a series of further experiments with

this new element.

The foremost American scientists say that Madame Curie, provided with a single gram of radium, may advance science to the point where cancer to a very large extent may be eliminated.

This is of particular interest to women, because last year over fifty thousand of their number in the United States died of cancer.

Dr. Robert Abbe, the eminent surgeon and first scientist in America to work successfully with radium, said of Madame Curie:

"It is the privilege of the women of this country to choose this time to lay this tribute at Madame Curie's feet—a gift of radium instead of a wreath of laurel—with which she can, and will, return to them a thousandfold in value; a hoped-for revelation of its power, when its forces can be tamed and used in cancer, that dread scourge."

Herbert Hoover, himself a scientist and one of the world's great humanitarians, wrote to the committee:

"Madame Curie is the foremost living woman of science, and her work has been not only of great assistance but of immense value to mankind."

SOME of America's leading universities are conferring honorary degrees upon her and scientific societies have had gold medals struck to present to her. Women's organizations and other intellectual groups have planned special recognition for her.

We women greet Marie Curie in our country as the great scientist, but even more as the truly great woman.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 22

OUR UNITED STATES BRANCHES:

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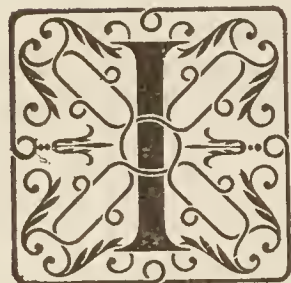
TROUBLES ABOUT MONEY BEGIN BEFORE MARRIAGE WHEN FATHER ASKS SEARCHING QUESTIONS

MONEY AND MARRIAGE

BY HUGH BLACK

Author of "Friendship," "Culture and Restraint," etc.

In their pocketbooks and Bibles thousands of Americans keep clippings with a few sentences by that great pulpit orator, Hugh Black. For he says things that really help. "Happiness is not a matter of income, but of output. There is a whole philosophy of life for you in this article, which puts money in its place.



IT SEEMS like desecration to speak of money and marriage together. Each is an important subject, and each has an immense bearing on human happiness, but it seems cynical to place them together. The consideration of money is, in one form or other, inevitable in our present state of civilization, but to speak of it in the same breath with marriage, we are apt to feel, is to profane a relation that should be sacred. That is our foolish idealism, which inhabits the middle air and never gets down on solid ground; it avoids fact with fatal persistence.

The truth is that there are no two subjects which together deserve more serious thought than these. There are few discussions of more vital importance. Perhaps more marriages are damaged, if not wrecked, by foolishness here than by any other single cause. The record of the divorce court proves this, and of course that suggests only a small part of the unrecorded cases. According to statistics of the courts, one of the chief causes of marital troubles is financial. But the importance of

money in relation to marriage is far bigger than its share in breaking the marriage tie. Its influence begins before the event, and persists through all the days, and often leaves its mark after the play is played through.

The problem of money is not confined to the actual state of matrimony. Troubles about it begin before marriage. Anxious questions are asked by young people whether they have the right to get married without some more or less certain provision. Some of the very poorest people have too little prudence, it may be, but many other young people have too much. A young man wants to be sure that he and his wife can live as they have been accustomed to do in their fathers' homes. He has a natural anxiety to save his bride from unnecessary privation. He wants to make her happy. He hates to think that she should be worse off by marrying him.

There may be mistaken ideas as to what being "worse off" means, and as to what the true sources of happiness are. Many a man has lost years of happiness by lack of courage. Also, it often is to underestimate the worth of a good woman to assume that she thinks only of comfort, and is not prepared to make sacrifices for love. Happiness can not be bought for gold, nor is it always lost

by lack of it. Happiness is not a matter of income, but of output. It comes through the exercise of capacity and faculty. Both men and women have confessed to me that they were happier in the harder days of early married life, when it was a struggle to make ends meet. They planned together and sacrificed together. Even little success was a mutual triumph. When they moved into their first little house it seemed to them a palace.

It is impossible to give a definite rule about marrying without money. Each case needs to be judged on its own merits. Except that this general remark can be made: that common sense dictates that there should be a fair prospect of the competency needed for the type of life aimed at. Given health and opportunity, only the craven-hearted refuse the great human experiences because there is no assurance of safety. We are never safe till we are safe in the grave. It is a great thing to face facts unblinkingly, with full knowledge of all they mean, and then to take the risks of life courageously.

There is some ground for the accusation that the young people of the comfortable classes are brought up too softly. The proverb: that love flies out of the window

Concluded on page 58

The instrument chosen by the greatest artists

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One of the popular-
priced models
\$150

The most cherished possession of the great singers and instrumentalists is their art, and their keenest desire is that under all circumstances they shall be heard at their best. It is in appreciation of this fact that the greatest artists of this generation have become Victor artists, and their unqualified endorsement of the Victrola is the most conclusive evidence of its artistic superiority.

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Camden, New Jersey

Victrola

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THE Government of the United States, and its constituent parts, is the only government in the world which, through free speech and a free press, permits, and, in fact, invites, criticism of itself to the point of opposition.

By the action of public opinion, expressed through party organization, the people have the power, lawfully, and in accordance with provisions of the Constitution, to make such changes in their institutions as they may desire.

Here there is the power of revolution, not, as in other lands, through war, but through peace and in strict compliance at all times with the law of the land. But such action, because it is peaceful, because its method has the sanction of the law, may be none the less radical, none the less revolutionary, and none the less destructive of every right that for three hundred years Americans have treasured above ease, above money, above life itself.

Whether we have reaction and revolution, or a continuation of the orderly progress which marks our history, depends entirely on what people think. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."

IMITATION AND READY-MADE OPINIONS

THE power of the race to survive has depended upon the faculty of imitation more closely than on that of originality. It is more easy and natural to be imitative than to be original. It requires time and effort to think. Amid the multiplicity of cares attending the transaction of modern business, average persons have little time to give to the problems outside of their own means of livelihood. They, for the most part, have to rely on the ready-made opinions of others. It takes so much effort to be proficient in their own specialties that they have little time for original investigation. The ability is there. A crisis will reveal it. But most of the time too much is taken for granted.

It has therefore become more important than ever that the ready-made opinions that are to pass current should be correct. They should be sound. They should reflect respect, not disloyalty, toward our institutions.

If the American Republic is to endure, the American Republic must be taught. If democracy is to survive, people must think democracy.

ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC

ARE THE "REDS" STALKING OUR COLLEGE WOMEN?

BY CALVIN COOLIDGE

Vice-President of the United States

THIS is the first of a series of three articles written for THE DELINEATOR by the Vice-President of the United States in the interest of our country's common weal. Nothing in the scheme of civilization transcends in importance the subject to which Mr. Coolidge has here addressed himself with his characteristic calmness, terseness, clarity of expression and abiding faith in American institutions. In the preservation of this Republic lies the hope of mankind. Yet the Republic can be destroyed. And all about us active and insidious forces are working toward that destruction with the sheer strength of obsession.

Mr. Coolidge says that he does not intend what he has written to be taken as an indictment. He means it, however, to be a warning. His array of facts will prove startling. But it has been possible for him to set down barely more than an index to the whole story of what is going on in radical effort in American colleges and universities. Conscious of THE DELINEATOR'S audience the Vice-President stresses and emphasizes the appeal of his facts to the women—the mothers and the mothers-to-be of America. But the case he submits is not, we feel, for mothers alone. It is rather a case for fathers and mothers. It is time for them to put their heads together and ascertain exactly what manner of instruction their children are receiving in school, in college, in university. It is time, too, we think, if investigation discloses such an atmosphere or such results as are herein recorded, to have a thorough house-cleaning. Better a sane heaver of wood or drawer of water in one's family than a university graduate who has nothing more than antagonism to contribute to the service of society.—THE EDITOR.

MIGHTY INFLUENCE OF WOMEN

FOR the fostering of sound and loyal opinions we must depend on the home, the press, the pulpit, and the schools. Especially must we depend on the higher institutions of learning, the college and university, for there teachers are educated and their opinions largely formed. With the great increase of colleges for women and those who attend them, with the teaching of the nation so largely entrusted to women, with the greatly augmented power conferred by equal suffrage, and with the predominance of the mother at the home, the instruction given and the opinions prevailing in women's colleges will more than ever before create a mighty influence in the determination of America's future. Mothers feel more keenly than all others that they have given hostages to the future. They know that they are wrapped up in the welfare of posterity. If that influence fails, there is no influence for good that can succeed.

THE RADICAL SPIRIT

THERE is no doubt that the heart of our women's colleges is sound. Their organization appears to be healthy and vigorous. But they are now ministering to a new element which, sometimes, exhibits morbid tendencies. Besides, there is evidence which is circumstantial, but of considerable strength, that they are the object of adroit attacks by radical propagandists to an extent creative in some colleges. An element of radicalism decidedly hostile to our American form of government, to the established personal right to hold property and to the long-recognized sanctions of civilized society.

JUST ANTAGONISTIC

THE spirit of this radical element is all too cleverly expressed by a student in *The Vassar Miscellany News*. "I know what I am. I'm not pessimistic. I'm optimistic. I'm just antagonistic." There one has it. That is not a sporadic incident of

sophomore conclusion. There are graduates, not confined to those who may have imbibed them from the home influences surrounding some of the new elements of American environment, who express similar views.

An examination of recent student publications shows a friendly familiarity with that antagonistic attitude toward our institutions and not without support by some faculty members, who permit its exercise under a cloak or claim of academic freedom.

In another copy of the *Miscellany* we find that Miss Smith, of the Vassar faculty, during the 1920 Spring vacation, "was in Washington where she went to various hearings before the Senate committees. The most interesting was the Martens hearing, where Miss Smith was quite favorably impressed by the Soviet ambassador, and struck by his moderation and intelligence compared to the narrowness of some of the committee."

PROPAGANDISTS

THE principal method of propagating radicalism in the colleges and universities seems to be the formation of clubs for the study and discussion of radical literature and the hearing of radical lectures. These clubs are usually chapters of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, which has its headquarters at 70 Fifth Avenue, New York.

The Intercollegiate Socialist Society was formed in 1905 ostensibly for the study of Socialism, but with the declaration:

"We, the undersigned, regarding its (Socialism's) aims and fundamental principles with sympathy and believing that in them will ultimately be formed a remedy for many far-reaching economic evils, propose organizing an association to be known as the Intercollegiate Socialist Society for the purpose of promoting an intelligent interest in Socialism among college men and women, graduate and undergraduate, through the formation of study clubs in colleges and universities, and the encouraging of all legitimate endeavors to awaken an interest in Socialism among the educated men and women of the country."

This call met an enthusiastic response from some hundred college men and women, who met and named the late Jack London as president; and Upton Sinclair, J. G. Stokes Phelps, Morris Hillquit, Harry W. Laidler (now secretary), George H. Strobell and others as an executive committee. It claimed to be for study and discussion rather than political organization. It exacted no pledges and had no economic creed welcoming those who sought or wished to assist in the work of enlightenment. It was and is an educational organization. But few join unless interested in Socialism and the activities of the society show there is a strong influence in it toward Socialism by means of political propaganda.

PROSELYTING IN THE COLLEGES

ONE of the activities of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society has been to arrange lectures on Socialism each year before thousands of college students, in college chapels and in economic classes and meetings held under student and faculty groups. There is often difficulty in choosing a lecturer not too radical to meet the approval of the dominant group of the faculty. Another activity has been the organization of undergraduate chapters of the society in the more important colleges, with a resultant stimulation of the study of Socialism.

During the wave of patriotism caused by the war, these chapters have fallen off. In some cases, as at Hunter College, New York City, the chapter was broken up. In some colleges, as at Bryn Mawr, there are no chapters, but only individual members of the society. The University of Wisconsin has a chapter of over one hundred members. This is said to be the largest. To enlarge chapter membership, reduced dues are allowed.

In addition there are alumni chapters, the more important of which are in Boston, Los Angeles and New York. The New York membership is over four hundred.

The Intercollegiate Socialist Society outlines study courses for college chapters which are not always following. For many years it has published a periodical called the *Socialist Review*, giving information of "labor" and Socialist activities throughout the world and containing a forum for discussion. This goes to all members paying three dollars or more annual dues. It is to be found listed in most college libraries.

BOLSHEVISM

THE *Socialist Review* reveals a pro-Bolshevist leaning. The editorial policy is radical. In the December, 1919, number there is an article on the publication itself, by Vida Dalton Scudder, professor of English Literature at Wellesley College, author of "Socialism and Character," and there reported as second vice-president of the society.

"In brief," writes Professor Scudder, "every radical view which can be defined as Socialism is to find free outlet in these pages. . . . Here people who derive their faith in a fraternal world from the teachings of Jesus shall speak their mind side by side with comrades who hold the Christian creeds to be enemies of progress and organized Christianity a vicious instrument of exploitation."

THE I. S. S.

THE character of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society is further revealed by published reports of meetings held under its auspices. In the columns of *The New York World* of January 15, 1910, it is related that Frank Bohn, then an extension lecturer of Columbia University and president of the New York chapter of the society, said he felt like saying to the people:

"If it's the Government that makes you suffer these dreadful conditions, then I say 'To hell with the Government.'"

Again on May 5, 1911, Victor L. Berger, Socialist congressman, at another meeting attacked the Constitution of the United States, the Supreme Court and the Senate. And again on January 21, 1913, Joseph Ettor is reported to have been one of the New York chapter speakers.

These reports should indicate clearly enough the nature of the effort in which the Intercollegiate Socialist Society is engaged, the beliefs it holds, the opinions it undertakes,



to teach. Its executive committee claims as members representatives of seventeen colleges. About half of these are women's colleges or institutions of learning to which women are admitted. Some of this committee are, and have been, on the faculties of these colleges.

Can this be interpreted as anything else than an attempt to make Socialists of college students and college graduates? Can it be denied that it is meeting with some success?

WHAT IS GOING ON IN OUR COLLEGES

TURN to the daily newspaper reports; take the periodicals of the different colleges themselves. There will be found reflected what is taking place in the minds of the students and what is the prevailing thought of the colleges.

For instance, there is a marked amount of discussion of Socialism in the *Bulletin* of Barnard College. It corroborates the report of the *New York Tribune* of December 31, 1913, of the convention dinner of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, saying:

"Miss Freda Kirchwey, of Barnard, made a hit when she contradicted a Williams boy, who averred that undergraduates knew little about Socialism. 'You can't go through Barnard without knowing the principles of Socialism,' she declared. 'And the time will come when we will not only know Socialism, but will go out and work for it.'"

Miss Kirchwey is now of the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society.

BARNARD

THE *Bulletin* of November 9, 1917, reports at length an address of Professor Montague on "The Socialistic Movement and the College Student," in which he says:

"Inherited fortunes . . . are unearned increment. . . . Socialism appeals to the desire for Internationalism. . . . There is no conflict between Socialistic Internationalism and American Idealism."

And the December thirteenth issue relates that at the Socialist Club *soirée* Miss Hutchinson, discussing Bebel's "Women Under Socialism," said:

"The inspection of one radical idea usually acts as an entering wedge for others."

The *Bulletin* of January 10, 1918, reporting the Intercollegiate Socialist Society Convention, says:

"The newly organized and enthusiastic chapter of Wellesley, the chapters at Tufts, Simmons, Boston University, Radcliffe and Harvard form the league of greater Boston, which cooperates for large meetings and prominent speakers. . . . A man from Harvard took first prize for his scholarly speech on conscription of wealth."

"CHARMING" PROFESSOR ROBINSON

AMONG the speakers at that convention were Frank Bohn, Louis Boudin, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Henry Bruere and Harry Laidler.

At the society supper, reported in the *Bulletin* of February twenty-first, Scott Nearing, speaking on "The Student and the Community," "was pessimistic about the part that the student would play in great social changes in the future, because the colleges were foisting philosophy of a past order on the student. Our own Professor Robinson was very charming when he said that Dr. Nearing flattered the colleges. They were antiquated, but not intelligent enough to be malignantly so . . ."

The *Bulletin* of October tenth reports the opinion of Evans Clark that the "discouraging aspect was that publicly owned universities were no more democratic in their government than private institutions. Wisconsin was as autocratic as Yale! Still there are some hopeful

Continued on page 66

C O O L I D G I S M S

Whether we have reaction and revolution, or a continuation of the orderly progress which marks our history, depends entirely on what they (the American people) think.

The power of the race to survive has depended upon the faculty of imitation more closely than on that of originality.

If the American Republic is to endure, the American Republic must be taught.

If democracy is to survive, the people must think democracy.

It has . . . become more important than ever that the ready-made opinions that are to pass current should be correct. . . . They should reflect respect, not disloyalty, toward our institutions.

. . . There is evidence which is circumstantial, but of considerable strength, that they (the women's colleges) are the object of adroit attacks by radical propagandists to an extent that has been able to create in some colleges an element of radicalism decidedly hostile to the American form of government, to the established personal right to hold property and to the long-recognized sanctions of civilized society.

Adherence to radical . . . doctrines means the ultimate breaking down of the old sturdy virtues of manhood and womanhood, the insidious destruction of character, the weakening of the moral fiber of the individual, the destruction of the foundations of civilization.

Sound principles will prevail, but they will prevail only because patriotic citizens holding sound opinions take action that makes them prevail.

With the greatly augmented power conferred by equal suffrage, and with the predominance of the mother in the home, the instruction given in women's colleges will, more than ever before, create a mighty influence in the determination of America's future.

An examination of recent student publications shows a friendly familiarity with that (an) antagonistic attitude toward our institutions, not without support by some faculty members, who permit its exercise under a cloak or claim of academic freedom.

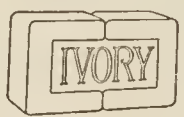
Mothers feel more keenly than all others that they have given hostages to the future. They know that they are wrapped up in the welfare of posterity. If that influence fails, there is no influence for good that can succeed.



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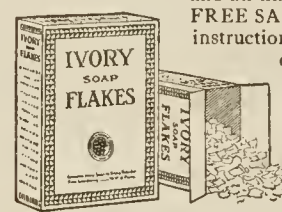
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HIS SECOND WIFE

By

MAY CHAPMAN STARKEY

AT THE turn in the stairway, Louise caught up her train and leaned over the balustrade. Laughing down into the upturned faces of the merry, jostling group below, she held her bridal bouquet high for one teasing moment, then swiftly passed it toward the many uplifted hands.

But Louise was too vigorous. High over the heads and hands of the expectant young people the fragrant mass of lilies-of-the-valley and fragile fern soared and fell straight into the unexpectant arms of the bride's own mother.

"Oh, mumsey, that's too bad!" the little bride laughingly exclaimed, as Margaret Winthrop in dismay held aloft the trophy her hands grasped.

"I guess that bouquet meant that you are to be dad's second bride, mumsey, and get some enjoyment out of life yourself—now that you're rid of me," Louise whispered, with her final hug. Margaret Winthrop smiled at the little conceit and, with tears bravely suppressed, watched the car that was taking her baby upon the first lap of her journey to her bridal home, roll out of sight.

A few days later Margaret stood at the big east window overlooking the driveway and watched a heavily laden truck start toward the station. It was piled high with treasures from the old home, destined for the new one of the bride. Chief among them was the carefully crated baby grand piano, that had been Louise's coming-of-age present. Surrounding the piano were boxes and crates that carried intact, even to draperies, the furnishings of her pretty pink and-white bedroom. Filling in the chinks were more treasures, gleaned from cellar to attic.

HER eyes and thoughts were still with the truck and its load when the front doorbell rang loudly. She heard, without heeding, Nora, the maid's quick steps crossing the hallway, and heard her assure some one that Mrs. Winthrop was at home; but only turned from her contemplation of the vanishing truck when the visitor was ushered into her presence.

Her eyes followed those of the caller as they roved over the room, noting the suddenly bared spaces.

"I didn't realize Louise had a lien on quite so much of the furnishings of this room until I commenced to cull them out," she explained apologetically. "Henry and I will almost have to set up housekeeping over again in here."

"I wish Tom Deering's three had been daughters instead of sons," said the visitor. "Perhaps then I shouldn't have had so much worry over the problem of weaning him from those frightful, stuffed plush monstrosities."

Mrs. Winthrop laughed. "From what I hear, Eunice, the weaning is progressing pretty satisfactorily."

Mrs. Deering's face took on a complacent look. "We've been married a year now—and there's only a hall davenport and a bedroom set of golden oak between me and the plans I drew up on our honeymoon."

Margaret's eyes opened wide with amazement. "Eunice Deering, you're certainly a wizard!"

Eunice Deering smoothed the magenta folds of her tailored suit with a self-satisfied air. "It would have taken me twelve years, instead of twelve months, to pry Tom Deering loose from that furniture and enough money to replace it if I had been his first wife instead of

his second. Men, my dear, look upon a second wife as a creature to be humored; they'll give her everything the first helped to accumulate."

Margaret laughed. But she had an idea and it was beginning to bother her.

Later that afternoon as she passed Louise's room, Margaret paused in its open doorway.

"Now, if I were really Henry's second bride, as Louise suggested," Margaret thought whimsically, "I'd buy a handsome mahogany set, twin beds, dressing-table and chiffonier, and old-rose draperies for this lovely room. How much better suited they'd be for it than that old discarded walnut set in the attic, or our own heavy oak one. The mahogany would, I do believe, be even prettier in here than Louise's set of old ivory. I—I wonder if I dare ask Henry for them."

Never, even to herself, had Margaret Winthrop ever been able to explain why it had always been so hard to express desires to her husband for things not absolutely necessary for herself. In the early days of her married life it had been necessary to count carefully the cost of everything; but those days were long since past. Henry Winthrop was safely classed with the more prosperous

citizens of his small city now and amply able to meet all demands his conservative family might put upon his income.

But even those nearest and dearest to him had to express their desires clearly or have them go unperceived, a difficult task for one of his wife's diffidence.

SHE had always been able to second her daughter in her freely expressed desires. But the slightest frown upon her individual plans or wishes effectually silenced them.

"Well," Margaret spoke aloud, with a deep-drawn breath, as she turned from her contemplation of the vacated room, "there's one thing certain, Henry and I must move into this room—I can't bear to let any one else use it—or shut it up."

"What did you say, Margaret?"

"Oh, I didn't hear you come in!" Margaret turned to greet her smiling husband, "I guess I was thinking aloud. What do you say to moving into Louise's room? I hate to pass it."

"I don't see why we shouldn't. It's a more comfortable room than ours and we might as well use it."

Continued on page 68



SHE HELD HER BOUQUET HIGH FOR ONE TEASING MOMENT

SALVAGE

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS



BENNY was a criminal. It may as well be admitted at the outset. Courts knew him officially, and the green-eyed stations of the police. Uninvited, he descended into cellars to play marbles, which

is Unlawful Entry. He surreptitiously mounted to tenement roofs to fly improvised kites, which is Trespass of a heinous kind. He lighted bonfires in vacant lots. Arson. He lawlessly shot craps with such other malefactors of great wealth as could afford to fade him a nickel. He played ball in public places, having no private places in which to satisfy his sinful propensities. When school intolerably oppressed him, he beat it for the open; he even—but why encumber the black indictment further? Benny's desperate character must now be sufficiently indicated to the open-minded. He was eleven years old, alert and wiry, and had the satisfied and virtuous expression of a kitten as it licks its lips over a meal.

"Benny," said the judge, peering over his glasses, "this is bad."

"Yes, ma'am," said Benny.

"I'm disappointed in you."

"Yes, ma'am," agreed Benny again.

What was there to do but agree? The records were all against Benny. This was the fifth time that the authorities had pinched him. Or was it the sixth? He was not quite clear upon the point. But the judge seemed perfectly clear, discouragingly so. And he was fortified by the official documents in the case, which seemed to Benny unfair. Like the teacher's having the arithmetic book always ready at hand to get the answer out of, whereas the kids had to work it out for themselves.

AFFLICTED by these evidences of injustice, Benny cast a rapid glance about the clean and lofty examination-room of the Children's Court, seeking possible opportunity. Though open, the door was partly blocked by a woman who leaned over a little girl sobbing brokenly. The kid's mother, probably, Benny surmised, and gave a moment's vague thought to the unknown problem of how it would seem to have such a thing as a mother around home. He turned his attention to the windows. Too high. Besides—

"Hum!" said the judge meditatively, having examined the papers.

"Yes, ma'am," said Benny, bringing his errant eyes back quickly.

"Yes, sir," prompted the probation officer, who had brought Benny in. "You mustn't call the judge 'ma'am.'"

"No, ma'am," said Benny courteously to the probation officer.

"Sir," insisted the probation officer, biting at his mustache to keep from grinning.

"Yes, sir, ma'am," assented the urbane Benny, still striving to please.

Experience had taught him that it pays to be polite when up against authority. And to Benny authority meant the school-teacher, or (worse still) principal. As these awesome functionaries were invariably women, the catchword of respect was necessarily ma'am.

To be sure, there was the probation officer; but that official, for all that he represented justice and retribution, was, on the whole, a pretty good guy, by no means insistent upon formalities, who held radical and refreshing views, such as that baseball in the street is a crime only if you're caught, and who understood that running away to the country, when the smell of April is in the air, differs essentially and profoundly from staying out nights with the hook gang.

You couldn't put anything over on the probation officer. But then, you didn't want to! Benny pon-



From painting by Dorothy Stanley

"There, but for the grace of God, is my own little George or Henry." That is why the juvenile court brings the tears to any mother's eyes. Nowadays, however, the little fellow has a friend and learns to understand the ways of those perfect mysteries—grown-up people's laws.

dered as to whether it would be advisable to try putting something over on this judge whom he had not before encountered. Was he, too, a wise guy? Or was he a boob? Covertly Benny scanned the face above him and decided that the judge looked rather like an owl he had seen at the Bronx Zoo; but a well-groomed, fresh-colored, handsome and good-tempered owl. Somewhere he had heard that owls were famed for wisdom. Did it follow that—

"BENNY"—the subject of his anxious cogitations broke in upon them—"why did you smash the electric-light globe?"

"Didn't," replied Benny.

"The policeman saw you."

Benny shook his head positively though rather hopelessly.

"But you were there in front of the Palatia, the big apartment-house, you know. Weren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"With your bean-shooter."

"No, ma'am," denied Benny. "Sir," he added hastily, interpreting the probation officer's nudge.

"You weren't shooting your bean-shooter there?"

"No, ma'am, sir."

"But the policeman found the bean-shooter in your pocket."

As this was, unfortunately, the fact, Benny said

nothing. For a moment he thought of lying the whole case before the judge; how he and two other kids had been ranging Park Avenue, pegging at sparrows in the bush-covered, railed-in ovals. When a fresh young cop had sneaked up on them, and, after a chase, grabbed him and one of his companions. The latter had evinced great presence of mind by tossing his bean-shooter into a bush, whereas Benny, with lamentable lack of forethought, had crammed his into a side pocket, where it was discovered after the cop had led them back to the front of the Palatia, shown them the shattered globe, and stated positively that he had seen Benny shoot at it. Now, Benny knew that his pebble had been aimed in quite another direction. But what's the use of wasting reason on a cop? And, as this judge seemed to stand in with the cop's views, why squander the truth on him?

"How did the bean-shooter get in your pocket, then?" asked the judge.

"I dunno," said Benny sulkily.

The judge leaned forward. "Benny, I don't want to put you away; I want to help you out of this mess. But you've got to help me to help you. Hadn't you better tell me the truth?"

The tone was persuasive. But Benny had been up against the police when their persuasions had proved merely a lure to betray him into damaging admissions. He feared the Greeks displaying vocal gifts of that sort.

"Why would I lie to you, judge?" he pleaded with well-modulated pathos.

"Very well. What about it, then?"

"It was some other kid," asseverated Benny. "I never done it."

The judge's face assumed an expression puzzling to the small, shrewd mind studying it. It looked weary. He leaned back and let his gaze run over the long record of misdemeanors. When it returned to Benny's face, he said in a brisk and interested voice:

"Where'd you get the shiner, Benny?"

The prisoner lifted a hand to caress a puffy eye. "He called me a Gerry Society kid," he explained.

"Oh! Did he? I hope you licked him."

Benny hesitated. Was this a trap? The term "shiner" was surprising and reassuring. Maybe the judge was all right—like the probation officer. Benny took a chance.

"I did; good."

"Was he as big as you?"

"Yep. Yes, ma'am." Encouraged by the judge's attentive expression, Benny recounted vividly the varying phases of the conflict, up

to the point where he got his opponent inextricably underneath. "I could 'a' bit his ear right off," he proclaimed with pride.

"Could you? Why didn't you, then?"

Benny jerked his head toward the probation officer. "He told me bitin' and kickin' wasn't square."

"Oh, that's it," observed the judge carelessly. "And you want to be square, eh?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Lying isn't square. You go over there and sit down and think this thing over carefully for a quarter of an hour. Then we'll talk again."

To the probation officer the judge said:

"It's a long record."

"It's a good boy, your honor," retorted the probation officer.

The judge tapped the formidable record before him.

"I KNOW," insisted the probation officer obstinately. "But from the time I really got next to him, he's been on the level with me."

"He isn't on the level about this."

"No." The other frowned unhappily. "He lied about this. He's scared."

"Well, let's have him back. If he'll own up like a man, we'll see."

In the interim Benny had thought profoundly and



BENNY'S EYES, RELIEVED OF THAT EVIL AND SUSPICIOUS SQUINT, GREW ROUND. HIS HAND WENT FORTH

concisely. Would it be safe to tell this owlsh personification of the terrors of the law—who seemed to be not wholly without the sagacity wherewith owl-kind was accredited—the facts, trusting him to interpret them with the deeper understanding which Benny had found all too rare in a hurrying and dogmatic world? Or was it wiser to stand pat? Benny wished he could get the probation officer aside and ask him whether the judge was really as reliable as his looks and conversation would indicate. He'd been all right in the matter of the scrap. Time! Benny's name was being called. As he stepped forward, he gave the arbiter of his destiny a swift, searching look, and took his hopeful resolution.

LET'S understand about this bean-shooter first, Benny," the judge was saying. "It was found in your pocket, wasn't it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"It belonged to you?"

A long, straining pause; then, "Yes, ma'am."

"You told the police you didn't know how it got here."

Benny nodded.

"Why did you lie to the police?"

"Why wouldn't I lie to the police?" returned Benny reasonably. "They lie."

"Oh, that's it!" remarked the judge. "Well, I don't lie."

Benny, regarding him anxiously, decided that this was probably true.

"So when you lie to me, you're not playing fair."

Benny's head sank. He hadn't thought of that.

"It wasn't true about the bean-shooter," pursued the judge gently. "What were you doing with it?"

"Sparrows," replied the muffled voice of Benny.

"Of course. I might have known," murmured the judge, and Benny's small and troubled heart warmed toward him. "You were shooting at sparrows. Well, there's nothing to that, if it weren't that shots go astray and do damage. You were aiming at a sparrow when the shot went wide and smashed the globe. Is that it?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, what, then? Were you shooting at the globe?"

"No, ma'am. I never hit the globe. It wasn't me, judge."

The judge shot a glance of half-humorous despair at the probation officer which said wordlessly; "Back where we started from!" To the small misdemeanor he said:

"But the policeman saw you do it."

"No, ma'am. He never."

"Then you aren't going to tell me the truth, Benny?"

Benny's lips, so firm up to now, began to quiver. He rubbed the puffy sac above his right eye, evidence of an approved heroism, and the resultant stab of pain was the straw too much. Two tears emerged from between his hard-pressed lids. His face puckered into an absurd and painful distortion.

"Why would I lie to you, judge?" he wailed.

"Take him away," said the judge wearily. "Next case."

Swinging on his heel, Benny trotted after the probation officer. His soul seethed with bewildered resentment. What was the use of trying to be square with any one? They'd only con you! Any cop's lie was good against the truth from a kid.

"I'd like to croak that cop," muttered Benny.

His thin, bitter, shrewd little face was lighted by a gleam, swift, ferocious, lurid, which might have been reflected from that dim and far background where the Destroyer and Another wage their eternal struggle.

The judge sat in his private room, wreathed about with smoke and thought. Before his vision repassed the parade of the day; all children; faces appealing, pathetic, terrified, brutal, mirth-provoking, aged, suave, trustful, cunning, bestial, defiant, dreamy, worn; clearest of all among them Benny's. The judge's mind was troubled. Years of grappling with the most difficult problems, incident to the administration of what men call justice, had convinced him that he knew very little about boys, which, as Solomon says somewhere, is the beginning of wisdom upon the subject. Or perhaps it was somebody else that said it; it is a long time since Solomon was a boy.

The judge, who laid no claim to being a Solomon, had not been a boy for quite a number of years himself; but neither had he forgotten how a boy thinks and feels, and he had kept his sympathies fresh by a hearty devotion to his job of human salvage. There were many Bennys in his experience. Through the clouds of tobacco-smoke, his mind projected a vision in which Benny moved with the omnipresent consistency of a hero on the flickering screen of a movie. Benny released from his impending confinement, hardened, a creature of prey, sullen and secret. Benny joining a gang, a postgraduate school of crime. Benny being instructed in pistol-practise in the cellar of a vicious resort. Notching his bullets before he slipped the cartridge in: "So they'll mushroom out an' kill; whaddyeh s'pose!" Benny in a taxi at midnight with a companion, the gun on the floor; the challenge by a motorcycle officer; the companion edging the gun toward



THIS little drama of every day is mostly human, but with perhaps a touch of the divine. There is Benny, very small, very shrewd, very ignorant, very important in the Scheme of Things—a proud person; The Judge, lofty, remote, fateful—from Benny's point of view incomprehensible and omnipotent—a wise and humble person; A Minion of the Law, clothed in power, but without a trustworthy person; and A Bean-shooter, the machine of the gods.

With such characters and a very few hundred words, Samuel Hopkins Adams has written a story of the kind that you will find impossible to forget.

Benny with her foot; the sudden plunge for it; the shot; escape. The trial, the death-chair, and Benny's face, a mask of gray ferocity, slipped into the lethal cap. The fade-out.

All of it a faithful record from the judge's memory. Not Benny. No; but another boy, hardly older than Benny, with no worse a record when the judge had first seen him, haled before the magistrate's bench in the days before the Children's Court was founded, with mercy set above justice for its guide. Not Benny. But—there, but for the grace of God and the halting help of man, might go Benny as had gone that other, because of blind, unyielding justice.

Shaking himself free of the vision, the judge went to his club for a rubber of bridge. There he met a boyhood friend; reviewed old days and escapades and adventures and ambitions; felt almost a boy himself as he walked up Park Avenue on his way home, waking the midnight echoes with the whistling of long-forgotten tunes.

THE Palatia, familiar landmark near his corner, glowed upon him with dimmer radiance from only one of its two staring eyes. Why only one? With a start he remembered that Benny had put the other one out with his bean-shooter. Well, thought the boyish judge, why not? There was something so smug about the remaining globe, so portly, so placid, so fatuous. It flaunted itself, superior to the wayfarer below. If the judge were a boy he knew what he'd do; knew it darned well. He'd take a crack at that thing if it cost him his life! The ray from the offensive lamp smeared itself across the bush in the parked space, just beyond the rail on which the judge was leaning. Among the foliage he beheld entangled an incredible something. A bean-shooter! A veritable bean-shooter!

The judge's avaricious fingers seized upon it. With his other hand he reached through the railing and scrambled up some pebbles. Providential! A glorious tempting, not to be resisted. He'd show that egregious and grinning lighthouse. He looked about him cautiously. Nobody. With deliberate care he fitted a pebble to his sling, took aim, and let go. Missed. Rotten! Benny would have done better. Now the contemptuous spirit in the globe was openly deriding him. All right; just wait a second.

The second missile was delivered pointblank from ten feet. Straight to the mark it flew. Ping! That was all.

The pebble returned harmless and impotent from the heavy glass globe to the feet of the marksman.

"Well, if that didn't break it," said the astonished and disillusioned judge, "how could Benny's bean-shooter? It couldn't. Then what did? What the deuce did it matter, anyway?"

At the turn of the corner the judge broke into a run. Somebody behind him was yelling "Police!" He got home safe.

Court opened sonorously for the Saturday session. In a corner sat Benny. His meager face had hardened and set overnight. Children's faces will do that, sometimes

Concluded on page 56

GOLF IS A WOMAN'S GAME

BY INA KISSEL EATON

Last month it was tennis, this time golf for women. Our new Department of Sports for Women will cover each month this field of woman's interest. Mrs. Ina Kissel Eaton, who edits the department, herself a well-known amateur sportswoman, will answer (send stamped envelope) your questions on sports.—THE EDITOR.



Levick

MRS. J. E. DAVIS
A well-known player



Photo by Nicholas Murray

INA KISSEL EATON



MISS ALEXA W. STIRLING
United States Champion



MISS CECIL LEITCH
British Champion

MISS MARION HOLLINS
Former Metropolitan Champion

DID you think that golf was too difficult for the average woman? Well, madam, golf is the only athletic game in which a woman can compete on even terms with the men. And women are taking it up in greater numbers every year. I can not think of any one for whom golf has not some particular benefit, some special appeal.

To many the appeal is merely because it is "the thing to do," but whatever the reason for starting when once under way you are its slave forever.

Golf appeals particularly to the business woman who is busy all the week indoors, and who gets her week-day exercise, if she gets any, by dancing, or some other indoor sport. It appeals to the housekeeper or mother whose duties are necessarily indoors, and who gets no outdoor exercise. Just try an hour on the course in the open and see how all your worries and cares disappear or your troublesome problems simplify!

It should have an especially strong appeal for the woman who has never been athletic, and wants to start in some mild way, or the woman who is physically prevented from indulging in any more strenuous sport.

There are few women who are not able to take a walk. An average eighteen-hole course covers about one hundred acres of land and a player walks about six miles during a round. The pace can be slow or fast, as the player chooses. One round of nine holes takes from one and one-half to two hours and is as much as many people play at one time. If this is too much, two, three or four holes will give enjoyment, and gradually you will find yourself playing the full nine holes without any fatigue. I know of a woman who as a young girl had supposedly never had any strength or vitality. She took up golf and before long she not only found her strength above the average, but she one day surprised herself by winning a large tournament. The self-confidence and determination that she developed in this way encouraged her to go into business, where she has made a real success.

THERE is many an example among the ranking players of women who took up the game late in life and continued to play well long after they had reached the age limit for other games. If a national championship were held for "mothers and sons," or even for juniors and grandmothers, there would be a large entry of very excellent players.

I do not mean to suggest by this that golf is only for older people.

At Summer resorts where not so many years ago there used to be endless stretches of crowded porches and no interest in sports, so many young people have taken up golf that extra golf courses have been built to accommodate all the players. At all times boys and girls play together.

Two of the strongest pleas for golf are totally contradictory. It is one of the few games that can be played and enjoyed without any opponent. There are many times that you find yourself alone and yet can go out and have an excellent time trying to beat your own score.

ON THE other hand it is the most sociable of all games. You can enjoy many pleasant visits with people while walking along between shots. It gives husbands and wives, father and daughters, and friends, many happy hours in a pleasant companionship.

Golf is the only athletic pastime in which it is possible for woman to take her place on a plane with man. In many clubs now women and men play in the same tournaments. Before long all handicaps will be based on score, regardless of sex.

To illustrate the possibilities in golf for women, this Spring may see one of the most spectacular sporting events of a highly spectacular year. This most important match is not only to be between two women, but between two superwomen golfers: Miss Alexa W. Stirling of Atlanta, Georgia, and Miss Cecil Leitch of England. Miss Stirling has won the United States championship for the past three years, during which time she has never been beaten in a tournament match. No man has ever attained such a remarkable record. Miss Leitch holds in Great Britain an equal supremacy, having won with ease the British title for many years. Each of these women would successfully hold her own against all but the greatest men players. Barring some misfortune, these

two women will meet in the British championship the latter part of May.

Golf is not necessarily an expensive game. Nearly all the large cities and many small ones have municipal golf courses, which are either free to all or where the charge per year, month or day is very small.

A player can very easily manage with from four to seven clubs. If these are well taken care of they should last indefinitely. The Sunday golf-bag is inexpensive and very light in weight. It can easily be carried by the player, eliminating the expense of a caddy. The first clubs to get would be a brassy midiron, mashie and putter. The next clubs to add to your bag would be niblick, a cleek, a spoon or driving-iron.

There are many varieties of golf balls manufactured. For ordinary golfer one style is about as good as another. Most sporting-goods stores and all professionals have inexpensive repainted balls on sale.

Golf does not mean any special style of dress, though the golf course is a wonderful setting for all kinds of bright sports clothes. Any comfortable clothing can be worn. The armhole and sleeve should be loose and not bind anywhere. The shoes should be low-heeled.

If you are a beginner at the game it is well to go to a professional and allow him to select your clubs for you. He will know just what length and weight suits you the best. It is a good plan for the beginner to take a few lessons, to be sure of starting with correct form. If you have been good at any other game which requires co-ordination of hand and eye, you will learn very quickly. The average person will need about twelve lessons fairly near together. You can, after this, continue with the help of some good book plus constant practise.

IN A most helpful book, "Golf for Women," the author claims that the most satisfactory way for a beginner to take up golf is to commence with the putting, the simplest and last stroke on the green, and from there work backward until the driving or first stroke is reached. Most people have a back yard, garden patch or piece of lawn, where they can practise short approaches and putting.

The majority of golfers are very poor in these two points and they are the shots where man's superior physical strength is not a consideration. You women who are beginning, why not start right? Perfect these two points and you will soon find yourselves bringing in a better score than many of the men. Don't be discouraged if there is no golf course available, or because you can not afford to join a club or pay the fees of the public links. It is possible to play very good golf on a course of a few holes laid out in a pasture.



SHE WAS FAIR AS IVORY. CONANT WAS SMILING AT HER

NO RETURN TICKET

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," "Down Among Men," etc.



HE servants brought him food which he scarcely noticed and did not taste. Then they laid padded skins upon a bench for his bed, but Conant waited where he sat, listening for the boy's return, almost straining for the sound of that voice above the muffled, haunting din.

He sprang to his feet at the sound of laughter. So acute had been his listening that the boyish chuckle from Chev outside just now, seemed to release a tense spring in every cell of his body. Yet the other's laugh was utterly tired. They stood together in the low, broad room, the big curtain fallen back into place after the younger man's entrance. Conant saw something in the other's eyes that one had to be close to see—not only close in inches, but close in understanding. There was something stricken there, the beginnings of a white death.

IF YOU MISSED LAST MONTH

They met in Aden; Conant ready to sail for home after a long botanical expedition, young Cheverly on fire to get into the very heart of Africa. He had heard of a strange race of little people, and he wanted to go after a man who had been captured by them years before.

Conant dropped his own plan and went with him. They were both captured by the little gray men. Now they are held prisoner by the elderly white king and his daughter Maisie.

"No end of a place," Chev muttered. "Why, it is nothing like what you'd take it for, from the outside. It's a palace, in and in, with a white princess named Maisie in the center of it.

"A princess—a white girl—with the faintest possible trace of old Ireland on her tongue. And, gad, the gold and ivory lying about!"

Chev was trying to be enthusiastic, but something of the laughless people had stricken him.

"She's royalty," he went on. "As different from the Ichitis as a queen bee is different from the rest of the hive. The Ichitis have always had white kings, she says. They get 'em from the outside."

"Sit down and rest yourself, Chev."

"They wanted me to stay in there, in the other part of the house. I told them I belonged to you. She said to-morrow she would see you."

Chev had opened his shirt at the throat. He held up his face as if it were difficult to breathe. That moment Conant remembered what the boy had said on the way in, about it being necessary for him to keep out of jail, because he would smother in a cell, even if an ocean breeze were playing through.

"Sit tight as you can, Chev," he said. "I'm right here with you. It is a bit sweltery, but I'm standing by. You'll always understand that. More and more, you will understand that one thing."

Conant wondered at his own tones. Something new in them, a queer, low tenderness which had not been called from him for years.

"It is out of the question for one of us to wilt down after we have come so far," he went on. "If we stand together gamely enough, all the Ichitis in the valley——"

Chev clutched his hand queerly.

"It isn't a valley, old man," he said. "It's a coop! Didn't you see it, the mountains tight and high all around? You called it an amphitheater to-day, but it's worse than that. It's a coop!"

"As you like, Chev, but just as there was a way in, there's a way out. I'm telling you straight."

BREAKFAST was between them on the earthen floor in the morning when the girl servant came, as on the evening before, with the word that Chev was wanted again. Conant turned his face aside, but the other caught his smile across the wooden dishes of fish, fowl and fruit. This time he was gone only for a few minutes.

"I don't please her somehow," he explained in half-humorous apology. "I thought as much last night, but this morning I'm sure."

"Lie down a while, old chap," Conant said. "Always figure there are two of us. Don't let your mind fool you that we can't breathe here for a few days. There's a way in and a way out."

"It's yellow," Chev said quietly. "It never occurred to me that my yellow streak would work away out here Hello, it's your turn——"

The Ichiti maid had come for Conant this time. They passed through many halls, brushing through many mysterious curtains. At length they broke into sunlight and smelled flower perfumes. Across an open space, at the same instant of finding the light, he saw the flutter of a slim arm through the leaves, then a laugh and running feet and the slenderest, strangest little dynamo of all the world stood before him—fine as wax, full of life as a wild thing in the perfection of its earth allegiance.

Conant looked down at her. He found her dark-gray eyes fixed upon him in surprise and shock. She turned away, but looked back once more; her hands lifted, but fell again. She was fair as ivory. Conant was smiling at her.

"Hello," he said. "Why, you're different from anyone—anywhere!"

"Hello," she said, as from a trance.

"Are you Princess Maisie?"

"Yes."

The man laughed aloud. "And what are you frightened about?"

"You."

"Surely I wouldn't frighten any one. Were you afraid of Cheverly, too?"

"No, just afraid of you."

THEY were in a half-shaded open area, standing in the midst of dripping plants and breathing the sweetness of a jungle without its usual dank accompaniment. Here all was bloom and no decay. Conant, looking down among the leaves as he stepped aside, saw that the princess's feet were bare. One was hiding behind the other. She pressed him into a rocky seat in the midst of the great leaves, made him sit down with her hands as she would a child, then turned and ran.

There he sat for many minutes among the low, dripping leaves, until the princess returned in sandals and an entirely different robe, a resolute look upon her face, saying: "Come. I am not afraid any more."

Yet, as she leaned forward to lift him by the hands, he heard her heart beating rapidly. Now, following through sunny verdures and into dim halls again, he noted that wherever the princess moved there was silence near by in the great bungalow. He liked that, and never an Ichiti appeared within sight of her without being called. Now they crossed a second open area with several low, darkened doors on the opposite side.

One of these she entered, and after a moment turned at an inner door and looked up at him, saying:

"I wouldn't bring you here if I were afraid."

Conant entered, but did not look around at first. The place was dim, and deeply shaded from the equatorial light. It was very faintly perfumed as from sunlit pine-trees, but also cool and still. The princess fixed the leather pads upon the cool stones. They sat down together, and a great fan above them stirred and began gently to swing. This was evidently her place in the great bungalow. There was a balcony overlooking the inner court; also there was a curtained inner room.

She asked why he had come so deep into Africa as to be taken over by the Ichiti people. He told her something of the story, speaking much of Cheverly.

"And what are you going to do with my friend, princess?" he asked finally.

"He does not belong to me," she said.

"Does that mean that he can be set free; that he will be taken back toward the Ravines and the open country?"

"Oh, no; no one is ever taken back."

Conant leaned toward her and said gently:

"Would it have been better for my friend Cheverly if he did belong to you?"

"Oh, yes; everything is better here."

"Here?" he repeated.

"In this city and palace."

"What will become of him, then?"

"HE WILL be taken to one of the other divisions of our people. This is the main city, but there is a white family in each of the other settlements."

"But the Ichiti tribesmen were very much pleased at finding Cheverly. And the people who came forth last night were all interested in his coming. They hardly saw me."

"How do they know anything?" she said angrily. "They are so ignorant that they can settle everything easily. It was only by chance that they brought you here, only by chance that I saw you at all. It is your friend who will go deeper into the mountains among the lesser cities, not you!"

"It would be very bitter to be separated from the boy," Conant said.

Now her face came nearer and there was the queerest glimmer of a smile upon it.

"But you can not both stay in the palace with me!"

"And can you do just as you want about all these things?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Then you are ruler here?"

"My father is king in name, but a woman always rules the Solitary People."

"What is that?"

"It is always white men who are brought in from the outer world," she answered, "never a white woman. So all the white women whom the Ichitis know are those who are born here among them, and they are very few, because they are wanted so much to keep up the ruling line. Oh, the Solitary People are very proud of their white men and women!"

"But I could not stay here with you if my friend were sent among the lesser cities," Conant said.

"Do you know I am being very kind to you?"

"I feel that."

"But I am the one to say who shall stay and what this one shall do who does stay."

"I am sure you will speak wisely and with kindness, princess."

He saw the flash of her gray eyes. She was quite superb in a sense of her own invincibility, and Conant grew suddenly cold and weary before her. There was not that in him even to play. His heart seemed unquicken. The present-day interests of his life were all with Cheverly, and the great smoldering passion of his heart, was it not fixed for all time, a one-pointed

flame? Without playing, how could he cope with this creature for Cheverly's good?

"You know young Cheverly is like a son to me," he said. "Why, princess, he never could have come into the heart of Africa if it hadn't been for me."

"So I'm responsible for his life," Conant went on, "and he isn't doing well here. The thought of not being able to get out smothered him. You wouldn't want him to die, would you? Especially since the blame would fall on me?"

"Why did you come with him?"

"One never knows, princess. And then, life is nothing to me, but to him it's everything."

She had turned and left him again.

The grace of her swift passing caught his eye and his gaze was held now in the dim aperture where she had

she had the say of things. It grew very clear to him now that he was a poor hand to deal with this girl. His own fate amounted to so little—here or the lesser cities of the Ichitis were as one to him—but Cheverly was smothering!

She had left him alone here, in her own peculiar place of the palace. Conant was a bit hushed in the breath of these rooms. He had been in Mammy Africa's wide open too long; camped and tramped too much with men not to be superlatively sensitive to an atmosphere as feminine as this. It was exquisite as she was; yet this was not so much from things seen as the subtler sense of appeal. From the inner room he heard running water. Something living of her remained in this place for his senses.

Now the great idea dawned. If Cheverly would really get to see the magic of the princess, he might become involved enough to forget his paralyzing illness. They would be a pretty pair together. Surely such a boy would have everything to satisfy the princess. He, Archer Conant, would promote her interest.

Maisie was coming. There were three-petaled purple flowers with long bronze stems across her arm, and behind her walked the maid servant, carrying a long pitcher, made of the end of an elephant-tusk, and two shallow vessels of roughly beaten gold.

She held the low gold cups while the girl poured. Conant drank with her and the cups were filled again. It was a sweet, golden sort of liquor, with a queer bit of spirit stirring in the bouquet of it.

"It is made of flowers. The bees help to make it. It will not make you silly," she said.

"Every little while I have to run away from you."

"And why?"

"I get angry, but it isn't that—"

SHE placed the two shallow gold cups one in the other. They did not fit exactly and she turned the upper one around and around. Her hands were slender and very quick and accurate in movement. They looked pale so near the gold. Her narrow face was turned away. The yellow of her sandals was deeper than the grayish-yellow of the robe she wore.

"And so, after every few minutes with me, you have to run away to keep from blowing up?" he laughed.

The silence was coming over her again.

"Really, I don't belong here," he said with that sincerity which is of the masculine heart alone. "But, princess, you really should know Chev better. I'll never forget the afternoon he came to me first in Aden. You never heard much about Aden, did you, princess?"

She spoke slowly:

"I should like to hear about Aden, and I should like very much to hear about white women and what they do and how they live, but I shall surely blow up again if you don't stop speaking of 'Chev'!"

Cheverly was still lying down when Conant returned. He whistled and chatted, but did not get

up. Later in the day he appeared greatly relieved when Conant was summoned, without him, to the big chamber where they had faced the yellow robe together the night before. The plant-hunter waited many minutes before the curtain stirred and the startling, aged, priestly face appeared again. No yellow robe this time, but white flannels and an ancient cork helmet.

Perhaps this was the last treasured regalia out of Europe, possibly the suit and helmet he had been captured in. Evidently the old chief was accustomed to a cane when alone, but he jerked forward now without it, squaring back the narrowed wreck of his fine shoulders, saying:

"So you're the new wan? An' the other's sick—is it? An' how did you pass the night?" He went on, nervously slapping his pockets:

Continued on page 60



THE PROPOSAL

IF YOU will be my sweetheart
(For oh, I love you so!)

I'll build a little house for you
And paint it white as snow.

'Twill have a dozen windows
With little diamond panes,
And it will have a golden roof
To shut out sun and rains.

I'll make a little garden plot
With tulips red and blue,
I'll sprinkle it with golden bells
And periwinkles, too.

I'll plant it thick with daffodils
And pansies row on row.

If you will be my sweetheart
(For oh, I love you so!)

'Twill be a fairy story
(I've read them and I know.)
If you will be my sweetheart,
For oh, I love you so!

But otherwise I'll wander
Through Winter and through Fall,
For, if you will not dwell with me,
I'll have no home at all.

—MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON

vanished. That was it, he thought, she was like nothing else under the sun. One didn't need to make allowances for the princess because she dwelt among the Ichitis. Cut off from the world, yet in her own inimitable way she would have shone in any company.

As the moments passed and his thoughts roved on the question actually came to him: were his faculties acting normally—this vast dim palace of a white line of leaders, under the thatches of the most primitive of men?

She was a child, he thought—perfect as the currents of earth and the rays of the sun and the flow of pure water and air could make her. She was a child, but a woman had looked out of her eyes at him. That was why Archer Conant had become weary before her. He would only have remembered the child but for that. He smiled because he had forgotten in her presence that he was a prisoner. She had even been forced to remind him that



"THERE WAS A TIME WHEN I EXPECTED YOU TO COME TO OUR WEDDING IN A WHEEL-CHAIR"

THE CRICKET

BY HARRIET WELLES

M

ARY WINGATE was born with a happy spirit—and with feet that were somehow wrong.

During the first two years of her life her mother insisted, in the face of her own rising doubts, that time would correct certain tendencies; that Mary's feet were as they should be; that all small children's feet were queer; but by the time Mary was three Mrs. Wingate had ceased, even mentally, to argue.

It was a tragedy for every one concerned—except Mary.

For her happy spirit was a singing thing, like the merry lilt of a dancing tune. Quite contentedly she cooed at the sunshine that threw a golden bar across her crib; cheerily she clapped her small hands at the hurrying painted leaves bound on unguessed errands before the October wind; and for each person who dominated her little world, from Miss Gray, the starched nurse, to the young second chambermaid, she had a smile—a smile that persisted somewhat wanly at times, after the great surgeons and specialists came into her life—but still, faint and wavering it did persist.

The months between her fourth and seventh years were a period of recurring operations. Sometimes the happy spirit was quite filmed over by pain, and the child mind

groped tiredly for the unformulated answer to the problem of why, if one lived in a lovely world full of birds and flowers, one should not be allowed to enjoy it? A child matures rapidly in the school of suffering.

But in her seventh Summer there came a change. The doctors left off their harrowing ministrations and ordered a course of outdoor living. Bed and wheel-chair moved out on a specially constructed porch where a fireplace and glass doors tempered the wind.

During that Summer Mary became intimately acquainted with Bob, the boy whose people lived in the big Elizabethan house visible through the grove of trees; and with Ebenezer Gryllidæ.

Bob, carefully drilled and instructed by his mother, came "to play," came with very apparent reluctance at first, but very soon with equally apparent enthusiasm. For Mary-of-the-happy-spirit was a charming playfellow.

Together, assisted by Miss Gray, they went around and around and around the world with Nellie Bly on a game-board. Mary played like a boy, taking her "go back seven days," or "wait here three turns," with stoical calm. Or, from her wheel-chair, she assisted in the much-needed training of Peter, the Airedale puppy, with negligible results, for Peter was a free lance. Purrkins, the Siamese kitten, proved to be more amenable, especially when not disturbed, and there was Ned, the donkey, who drew the basket-cart.

Bob grew to look forward with pleasure to his afternoons with Mary.

Ebenezer was different. Mary made his acquaintance accidentally one afternoon when, after being covered up and bidden to rest, she lay, looking through the flowering shrubs, down a long garden path to where a fountain dripped drowsily and a sun-dial numbered only sunny hours. It was so quiet and peaceful that Mary felt almost resentful at the intrusion of a cricket that flew in and, perching on the ledge, fiddled a gay song with ingratiating friendliness.

"Well?" she demanded when the concert was over.

"Very well, thank you," he answered unabashed, and added: "I've been wanting to stop and talk to you of what is going on in the garden ever since you've been one of us—living out-of-doors."

Mary accepted his conversational gifts without comment. "What is going on in the garden?" she inquired.

"Oh, just every-day things. Mrs. Blue-Jay is quarrelling with her husband. She says that he left a sharp twig sticking up in her new nest, and that in these emancipated days a lady doesn't have to stand—or sit on—things she doesn't like. She's mad all the way through. Then the outlet to the fountain is clogged with leaves and some of the water drips over the side and makes a lovely wet spot. Matilda Mosquito discovered it yesterday, when I saw her just now she'd already laid two hundred

and nine eggs. She said that she hopes to break her record before the gardener gets around to clean out the pipe."

"How interesting!" cried Mary. Ebenezer agreed. "Industry is a great thing," he said. "There's a family of industrious rabbits digging among those bulbs your father is so interested in."

"How kind of them! Father likes people to notice those," answered Mary. Something attracted her attention. "What is Peter barking at?" she asked.

Ebenezer stood on his hind legs to look. "Good gracious!" he ejaculated. "I nearly forgot! Sally Skunk and her five babies have moved into their new quarters under your garage, and Sally asked me to tell you that if you didn't stop that dog of yours from digging around she'd have to discipline him. She said she didn't like to do it without first notifying you."

MARY shook her head. "None of us can make Peter mind," she lamented.

"Well, leave it to Sally," he recommended comfortably; "she'll tend to it." Like a hospitable host he inquired: "We all hope that you are enjoying your Summer. Some of the less busy birds have put their names down to sing for you in that Japanese maple every morning."

"I'm having a beautiful Summer," said Mary. "First I met Bob—and now, you. I shall hate to go indoors when Autumn and the doctors come back."

He chirped cheerily. "All Summers are fine! What I hate is the first heavy frost—so choky and horrid. It's a tradition in the Gryllidæ family to hate frosts—but they have to be! We all catch them!" He stretched his wings and balanced lightly.

"Don't go!" cried Mary.

Ebenezer smiled. "I'll stick around," he promised. "I decided, as soon as you came to live out-of-doors and I had a good look at you, that I'd adopt you. I'm never really going now, until you go with me!" With a little whirring chuckle he swung himself down.

Mary, opening her eyes, stared at his empty place. Miss Gray rustled starchily out. "What a nice nap you've had!" she congratulated.

Ebenezer came often that Summer; and Bob as often as his mother would allow. There was always something happening around the wheel-chair on the wide porch. Even a lively boy could count on unexpected amusements.

HE arrived one afternoon to find Mary indulging in the most unusual tears. She had been presented, a few days before, with three incubator ducks which were physically unfitted to weather the chilly blasts of every-day life. Two of them had tactfully given up the ghost during two ensuing nights and their remains had been turned over to an under-gardener, who disposed of them in a pile of leaf-mold near the potting-shed in the garden.

But the third had chosen to join the mighty army of those too soon separated from their incubator, at three in the afternoon, and Mary had seen the tragic occurrence from the porch. None of Miss Gray's starchy blandishments availed to comfort her.

Only when Bob suggested an elaborate funeral did her sobs cease. Preparations were soon under way. A half-hour later the solemn procession wound its way across the lawn.

Miss Gray went first, carrying the departed in a satin-covered candy box; Bob came next, grinding assorted selections from a small music-box; Mary, in her wheel-chair, carrying a trowel, followed Bob; while the small second chambermaid who propelled the chair had also to struggle with Peter who, uninvited, insisted on accompanying the mourners.

UNFORTUNATELY the spot chosen for the interment was the same pile of soft leaf-mold where the gardener had buried the other ducks and the fourth trowelful brought their draggled remains into view of the horrified assemblage.

Only Peter failed utterly in showing the proper feeling and had to be forcibly restrained from further excavating. "He always does the wrong thing!" wailed Mary. From a crotch of the apricot-tree a cricket watched them. Mary passing, nodded to him.

"Hello, Ebenezer," she called huskily. The cricket ignored her greeting.

"He talks to me when I'm alone," explained Mary.

That evening as Bob stopped to say good night to his parents before starting to bed, he made an announcement. "Mary Wingate thinks of animals and insects just the way she thinks of people. She can talk to them. I thought I ought to tell you that I shall marry Mary when I'm through college and she's grown up."

When the Autumn winds and rains arrived Bob went to boarding-school; Mary moved indoors, and the solemn specialists came back. With them came new experiments and the old suffering. During the next five Summers Bob saw little of Mary. There was no play in her

as, with painful effort, she trundled about in elaborate metal and leather contrivances or, exhausted, rallied feebly from recurring operations, while numerous bustling, efficient nurses supplemented the efforts of Miss Gray, and Mary grew silent and her eyes took on a look of patient suffering.

TRUE to his word Ebenezer "stuck around." Sometimes during these hard days Mary would hear his cheery song raised to hearten her through an ordeal. "Is it the fire that crackles so pleasantly?" asked Miss Gray. Often, in the early dusk, he dropped in before her supper.

"Did you doze off, dear? You look rested," said Miss Gray. And always, when she was wheeled out on the veranda, Ebenezer speedily joined her and recounted the happenings in the garden or about the grounds where Peter, now approaching sedate middle age, barked bad-temperedly at any one who approached.

"It's been the saving of Mary that as soon as you people leave her alone she can drop off to sleep," remarked Miss Gray to a haughty visiting nurse. The visiting nurse sniffed.

Those were the years when Mrs. Wingate's hair showed the premature shine of silvery threads and her laughter was seldom heard. This culminated on the day when, after hearing from a pompous doctor that another operation was necessary, Mr. Wingate sat helplessly down and remarked, with bitter discouragement: "It's my belief that after assuring themselves that you or your estate can pay the bill, there isn't any operation the modern surgeon wouldn't attempt."

Perhaps her father's mood was communicated to Mary, for that day, for the first time, she was refractory, and when the nurses began certain too-familiar preparations she broke into frenzied crying and fought off their ministrations with weak hands and voice. Miss Gray was



ARNOLD BENNETT

Just about long enough now, since the armistice, for Arnold Bennett to finish a first-class novel. It is here, and it begins in THE DELINEATOR for July.

"Mr. Prohack" is the story of an average family; father on a salary, mother at the age when she begins to like the lights kept low, son restless since the war, interested only in planes and motors, and daughter looking about for something more than an ornamental occupation. The salary won't stretch; their needs don't shrink. That is the situation when an old friend turns up from America and sets the Prohack family by the ears.

Well, what would you and your family do with a big war-fortune?

well-nigh distraught and Mr. Wingate, clumsily attempting to hearten his wife, suddenly voiced a resolution: "We've had enough of this! If there isn't any cure for Mary, at least we'll try to find some one who won't make her life miserable."

Only Ebenezer was cross. Mary, struggling with the nurse, saw him arrive and heard his breathless demand. "Why didn't you let me know a little ahead that you'd need me? What's the hurry?"

"I didn't know myself," whimpered Mary.

His voice changed. "I was out in the orchard with Lemuel Woodchuck and Elias Squirrel, watching your cat catch a snake. Every one was enjoying it—except the snake—when suddenly one of those big red apples dropped and darned near killed me. I can't see why people have those ugly, dangerous things hanging about!" fumed Ebenezer.

MARY was choking and fighting against the anesthetic. Ebenezer, watching her, forgot his grievances. "Oh, come, now!" he urged; "take it naturally—don't make it so hard. You're forgetting that a first frost comes to all of us. It has to be; it has to be."

Mr. Wingate was true to his promise. The surgeons, full of warnings and dark apprehensions, conversationally expressed, departed to sing one last swan-song in the shape of an enormous bill, and Mr. Wingate, after diligent search and inquiry brought a young doctor to fill their place. One glance at Mary's terrified face seemed to steel him to do his best, and he did it quietly. Peace settled on the house and serenity on the big porch. Mary ceased to begin her tired crying when the doctor appeared, and quite early he won her cooperation by explaining what he was doing and why he was doing it.

At first, it seemed a futile, tiresome proceeding; every day, week after week, month after month, the treatment went forward until the time when Mary and the doctor laughed excitedly together over a secret. There came at last a day when Miss Gray, watching, realized what was to happen and, sworn to secrecy, went about with a tremulous smile on her face. Mary was so happily busy that she hardly noticed Ebenezer's protracted absence—it was years before she saw him again.

And then just as Mr. and Mrs. Wingate had settled down to the conviction that life, for Mary, was to be at least comfortable and unharassed they were asked, one morning, to go to her room, and when they were there and Mary's pink kimono had been put around her, she very carefully, but without help, put her two small feet firmly upon the floor—and stood on them!

BUT the surprise was not an entire success. Mrs. Wingate, after one glance, gave a little gasping cry and toppled sidewise from her chair.

The Winter before the United States entered the war the Wingates, for the first time in years, took a house in New York and sent out cards for a reception.

"It isn't appropriate to entertain now, but my old friends know of Mary's long illness, and now that she is well again it seems only fair that she should meet people and see other girls," said Mrs. Wingate sensibly.

And so during one Winter, Mary danced on light and careful feet and glanced, with childlike pleasure, at her many-colored satin slippers with their shining buckles.

But her heart never wavered in its allegiance. Bob finished at college that Spring, and just before he left for a training-camp their engagement was announced.

They were quietly married on the big veranda of the house in the country the day after he received his commission.

"Be sure to save those!" he said, indicating her white satin slippers with their knots of tulle and orange blossoms. "There was a time when I expected you to come to our wedding in a wheel-chair. Those slippers are the prettiest part of your outfit!"

The camp where Bob's regiment was shaken together was an unprepossessing spot sprawled over the muddy, almost treeless pastures, half-way between two small Southern cities. The roads leading to the camp were so rough and so dangerously crowded that automobiling was impracticable. Visitors patronized a loitering, leisurely trolley line.

EACH morning Mary, with eighteen other brides, repaired from various hotels and boarding-houses in the larger city to the trolley, and fared forth to the Visitors' House porch of the camp. There, in nineteen chairs, they waited, with what patience they could, for occasional conversations with their husbands or, when leave was granted, rejoiced over the additional hour in the trolley-car. At meal-time they repaired to the canteen, and at night returned to the city. Incidentally, they picked up much floating information and learned to hate the commanding colonel with a deadly and unreasoning hatred, all the more bitter because it must be hidden under an ingratiating and tactfully meek exterior.

Concluded on page 72



"WE DIDN'T MEAN TO SPY ON YOU AN' YOUR PLACE"

HONEYMOON HOUSE

BY SARA LINDSEY COLEMAN

THE house was not visible from the hilltop, but one could see the plumes of the tall pines behind it. Mary Cameron had always loved the quaint old farmhouse folded under the hill. Her memories brought her back to it.

She had fled from the place in terror. But she came back. Philip had loved it. It was full of his presence. Here they had spent their first days together—young, rapturous April days.

Now, on her tour of inspection, when she had taken possession, she walked up the new brick steps built under the cedars and dropped into a seat looking down at the place. It was very still.

She and Philip had stolen an early morning ride the day of their marriage. They had dashed up a climbing hill and dipped, racing, down, down, into what seemed the blue and white Spring sky.

A fascinating little road running off the main road had led her and she had darted into it. Philip had followed. A few hundred yards away they had come upon the farmhouse hidden under the hill.

Old and gray and worn it slept under the early sun. In the tall grasses spicy pinks peeped up, breathing a fragrant welcome. Off in the distance there was the faint, harsh cry of crows.

"Philip," she had cried, her girl heart in the cry, "I wish we weren't so rich. I want to have our honeymoon right here."

It was just at that moment that the woman, old and worn and gray like her house, came up the walk. She drew down her calico sleeves and wiped her hands on her apron.

"Howdy?" she said simply. "I been lookin' fer ye, ef I didn't know ye. All the signs is fer company this mornin'. When I dropped the dish-rag I knowed they'd be hongry, so I fried the chicken meant fer dinner. Light an' hitch an' come in."

With laughter-filled eyes they had obeyed. At the close of the merry meal, out under the pines ready to mount their horses, Philip had said: "She says her biggest ambition's to make me the happiest man in the world. What is yours?"

The old woman's eyes had darted to the hill. "I allus wanted stones at the graves o' my dead. But every time I saved the money the livin' needed it."

With a laugh, perhaps at the shadow she had brought

to their faces, she had then confessed that in sinful moments she had wanted to eat all the oranges her hide would hold and to wear a black silk dress to meeting.

THEY bought the black silk dress and a bushel of oranges.

They assured each other solemnly that it was an impossible thing to do with an expensive suite of rooms engaged in an expensive hotel, but that night, the ceremony over, Philip had pushed the chauffeur aside and she had followed him, knowing their destination was the farmhouse.

At parting Philip had given their quaint little hostess money enough to buy stones for forty graves, he had told her that they would come back to the dear place to honeymoon every April. But for them there had been no other April.

"Philip," her head dropped into the covert of her arms, "I can't live without you. I've tried. Ashes of living, Philip. And I can't forget you. I've tried. It's been more than a thousand days, and when it's a million—and I'm old and with white hair—Philip! Philip!" It was Life's futile cry to Death.

Continued on page 64

CECILIA BEAUX—PAINTER OF HEROES

BY GUTZON BORGLUM

Cecilia Beaux, beloved of the American public for her beautiful pictures of women and children, has been chosen to paint the portraits of the great war leaders which are to be exhibited permanently in Washington. Gutzon Borglum, the famous sculptor, here tells of her life and the qualities of her genius

AN AMERICAN woman was chosen to paint the portraits of the great characters of the World War as a special gift to this country. Portraits of Clémenceau, the Tiger of France, Cardinal Mercier, Belgium's spiritual comforter and defender, and Lord Beatty, to whom Germany yielded up her sea power, are to hang in Washington permanently. And the person the committee chose to paint these pictures—from the long list of competent American artists available—was Cecilia Beaux. She is already probably our best-known woman painter, especially for her lovely portraits of women and children. Now she will receive even greater honor for the portraits that express so strongly and so poetically the emotions and the tenseness of the war years.

The story of Cecilia Beaux is picturesque, happy in its successful artistic achievement, and notably individual and American.

Born in Pennsylvania, in an enterprising, commercial atmosphere, her artistic impulse expressed itself while she was still a child. As early as the age of fourteen she was coloring photographs. From this she progressed naturally to crayon drawing, and then to oil portraits of her family and friends. She attended the usual schools, and met with the usual success. Finally, through years of exhibition of her work, she has become known as the leading painter, certainly the leading woman painter, of women and children. With a background of this nature, it was little short of a shock to me to find in her studio the portraits just mentioned.

We have become so completely a "one-rail" race that we have ceased to believe in the universality of real ability. We have lost all sense regarding the character of master mentalities. We do not know or remember that education is "to learn to observe and to think without prejudice."

We have, in truth, never realized that the quality of real ability is very sane—observes accurately and thinks without prejudice—and this is the quality of pure genius, capable of producing abilities that give great results.

Had Miss Beaux, in other words, observed "The Tiger" through a film of memories of lovely childhood, which she has seen so truly and done so well, she would never have seen accurately this man who weathered every storm that beat against the heart and soul of France for those long, terrible years.

If I should describe the true artist, the real artist, the great creative artist, it would be that sane, balanced observer. As Kipling put it, one of those who draw things as they are.

I would draw a mind, a heart, a soul, large enough to understand, capable of using mediums that served the subject in production, master of the agent and not the slave of an art. Then I would have a great artist, a great seer, a great human being.

Take, for instance, her portrait of Clémenceau. Except for some slight mannerisms in brush technique, and those indulged in only in the painting of his famous suede gloves, one forgets completely that one is looking at a canvas by Cecilia Beaux. One is not only lost completely in this study of "the Tiger of France," but of the complete surrender of mannerism, of technique, in the rendering of the extraordinary head.

One realizes also that Miss Beaux possesses in a marked degree the sense of drama, more even than Sargent or Zörn, to whom she attributes this great quality and regrets that the world has not properly appreciated this power in either of her great contemporaries. Personally I do not agree with her as to Zörn, who I think did not possess this merit. Sargent fails to show it in his apostles but certainly has it in his portraits.

Miss Beaux, clearly, selects her pose. She determines the presentation of the character of the sitter. She determined the pose of Admiral Beatty as certainly and after considering other poses as she determined the pose

of the defiant Clémenceau, and for the specific purpose of dramatizing the great characteristics of world mastery peculiar to his nation.

Cecilia Beaux comes of a musical family, was tested out as to her musical abilities before the age of twelve and, she says, found wanting. Then drawing was tried on her and she was asked to make copies of pictures. This seemed more satisfactory, and she was guided into the life, as we call it, of an artist. She appears to have



© National Art Committee

CECILIA BEAUX HAS PAINTED TO EVEN THE MOST CASUAL EYE THE NOBILITY OF A FEARLESS SPIRITUAL LEADER. BUT THE STERN SORROWS OF BELGIUM'S WAR YEARS SHOW, TOO, IN EVERY LINE. SHE WENT TO BELGIUM TO DO THIS PORTRAIT OF CARDINAL MERCIER

been "successful" from the beginning; that is, she sold what she produced, and she tells me she never had any trouble making money with her art.

I am recording this because, while this should be the normal condition in even a mediocre civilization—that is, that the art products of the community, few as they always are, should have a waiting market—that is not so in reality, not even in France. The path in art for the great or the less able is one of suffering, unlike that found in the records of any other creative activity of mankind. Millet, Rodin are two of the great modern examples. Correggio died in his forties of heart failure, rushing home in happiness with a sackful of coppers for one of his masterpieces. These stories follow all creative efforts of men and women. Our civilization has not yet learned that the most valuable asset it possesses is its creative, productive man or woman and has not learned how to protect this creative force.

So I record this extraordinary statement of Miss Beaux, that she has never been in need for want of selling her works; they have always been in demand. This has made her career comparatively easy. Since success is more dangerous than struggle and failure to most of us, the fact that Miss Beaux, in the maturity of her art and years and successful, has preserved her clear vision, speaks as words can not, for the sound, healthy mentality that has guided and protected her gifts.

Painting portraits has an advantage over cutting portraits in stone or other material, not only because the medium admits of a closer likeness, but also because color, and especially oil, possesses a power of charm and interest all its own. Oil painting, or, rather, paint in oil, possess a charm of fluid translucency little short of crystal in fluid form.

EVERY other character of paint is exploited by the average, as well as by the master of painting, more than this. Rubens occurs to me as possibly the finest of the masters in this, as he is in some ways the master painter of them all. Velasquez occurs to me as another who knew and used consciously this quality of color in oil. I have seen a single head by Van Dyck which possesses this strange, limpid quality and charm of having been painted and completed while all was a wet, dripping fluid mass, vibrant, fresh, the expression of a single sitting. Painting in a medium which retains its fluidity for several hours possesses qualities which permit the technique and quality of the molten mass.

Cecilia Beaux's painting makes one definitely conscious of this peculiar charm of the medium of painting in oil, and "artfully" and "cunningly," as she herself admits, she struggles long and hard over her canvas to give and retain this unity of plasticity and quality of tone that comes with the single painting. Curiously enough, she, too, considers Rubens as perhaps the first of our great painters, and when I suggested "as a great brush man," she replied thoughtfully:

"That was not what I was thinking. I mean his dramatic sense."

"Dramatic sense," I retorted. "Are you old-fashioned enough to praise drama in art?"

"Why, drama," she replied, "drama of a portrait is the only thing that lifts it above photography, plus good craftsmanship, if it is well painted. Don't you think so?"

"Don't I!" I replied. "The incidental life may be loaded with drama—it may not—it may interest as the unstudied may and have charm, but I belong to the school of artists who believe it is the action, the movement of the mood in life that makes everything important—yes, beautiful. A face may be beautiful, as a colored mask or as a retouched photo. It is a hundred times more beautiful in action, caught in a mood, moved with a smile, tears or anger.

"Some time ago I made a Lincoln statue. Lincoln is seated alone on a bench and

being Lincoln and unlike many Presidents, he sits at the end of the bench instead of the middle of it. He is bowed, tired, pensive. The statue is unusually popular. I am positive its popularity is due to the great human note of suffering and fatigue which grips you first; that you discover later it is Lincoln, sanctifies the mood created and adds personality."

"IN OTHER words, you think with me, that the dramatic value of the figure is the cause of its success" she interjected.

All this gives us a clue to the motive of Miss Beaux's art activity. She boasts no abnormality of genius. She did not run away from opposing parents or starve for a quarter of a century "just to paint." She just sanely labored with color and oil and brush, and so has found the minds and moods and motives of human existence and painted them.



In the permanent collection of the Toledo Museum of Art

“AFTER THE MEETING”

By Cecilia Beaux, N. A.



LITTLE PRINCE TOOFAT

I—HIS TRIP TO
LOOKING-GLASS LAND

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

LITTLE PRINCE TOOFAT lay curled up in the great chair in front of the fireplace that cast flickering lights into the big, dim room, and shook his fist at his round little self in the glass. You see, he had done most everything in the world, and played with most everything in the world, and he was tired of everything. He had just been reading fairy-tales; the book lay in the fireplace, now half burned up. He was tired of that, too. There was no one else to scold, so he turned to himself in the glass and said:

"I don't b'lieve in fairies, anyhow." Then he shook his fist at himself again. Himself in the glass shook his fist back at Prince Toofat. That image was the only creature in all the land that dared do that. Then the Prince Toofat made a face at himself, and himself made one just like it, only the other side over, of course.

Then little Prince Toofat sat still and frowned at himself, but this time

himself made a worse face than ever, and shook his fist back at the prince on his own accord. This was not usual, and the prince grew interested, so he made another face at himself in the glass. Himself, then, without another word of warning, jumped right out of the mirror, and running up to Prince Toofat, slapped his face. The prince spluttered with anger.

"Guards, ho, without there!" he bawled. "Behold me this person." He attempted to shout, but the words, squeezed up in little solid balls as fast as they fell out of his mouth, and his other self picked them up and threw them into the fire, where they cracked and sizzled and went off up the chimney.

"I saved your head for you," said his other self. "If you'd had mine cut off you'd have lost your own."

"Who are you, anyhow?" asked the prince, beginning to be scared.

Concluded on page 70

GROWING UP HAPPY

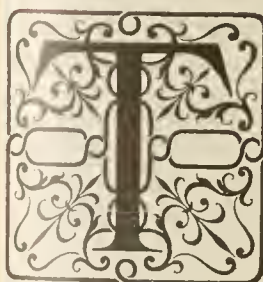
BY ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON



THERE'S HAPPINESS IN EVERY ONE OF THESE TWENTY-FIVE FACES



EVERY BEAD ON THESE ROBES MEANS AN ACHIEVEMENT. NO WONDER THE CAMP-FIRE GIRLS TREASURE THEM



THIS is the story of Ruth, the girl who was robbed of her dolls.

Dolls as mere creatures of sawdust, bisque or composition may not be important factors in the social scheme; but the ideals for which they sometimes stand are significant, momentous. Later, these ideals may develop into what

we grown-ups are pleased to call suppressed desires. And who will deny that a suppressed desire is about the most dangerous thing running around loose in society?

It all depends, you see, upon the girl in question. And Ruth's history is an unshining but hideously clear example of the-thing-which-never-should-be-done.

Ruth was born with a doll in her dimpled fist. Not that any one actually saw it there when she arrived at an every-day sort of clapboard house, in an every-day sort of town, but on her first Christmas it was noticed that she ignored the gay, colorful offerings of fond relatives, and clung to a small doll of crocheted white wool. And from that day a doll of some sort must be cuddled in her arms or laid on her pillow, if she were to drift off contentedly to sleep.

During pre-school days, she bathed and dressed her dolls, cooked for them, nursed them through imaginary illnesses, wailed over their accidents and buried them ceremoniously when accidents were beyond repair. As soon as she could handle a needle, she spent her play-hours joyously devising ornate wardrobes for them. The two shelves in the old bookcase which constituted her "doll-house" were models of ingenuity and neatness. The last attribute was her undoing. Her parents decided that any girl who was so neat, so accurate, would become a successful stenographer. So Ruth was advised that it was high time for her to settle down to the real things of life. She was too old to be fiddling round with dolls. Other girls in her set had laid them aside long ago.

Thus it happened that Ruth took the business course,

and, with meticulous care, filled many note-books with the cabalistic signs of commerce. From the high school she graduated to a position with the Union Hardware Company, where she made few mistakes and had her salary raised at pleasant intervals. But she did not really care whether John Smith, contractor, was appeased by her carefully typed explanation that the express company was responsible for the delayed delivery of three kegs of nails. To her, John Smith was a name, not a customer, and a job was not an opportunity, but something which bought what one needed, and saved one the humiliation of teasing one's parents for a new sweater or dance

frock or money for the Saturday matinée. Which will prove to any employer or successful business girl that Ruth was a tidy square peg, rattling about in a round hole.

So Ruth developed a talent for clerical detail, a fairly good taste in tailored styles and a tendency to nervous headaches.

She did not indulge in self-pity. She thought she was just like other girls. She enjoyed buying pretty clothes; she liked the movies and she was almost enthusiastic about some of the new dances. She never saw herself as a woman-creature robbed of her rights; but a psychoanalyst would have reveled in studying her checked impulses.

The result was inevitable. Ruth married the first man who offered her a home and babies.

ACCORDING to the rules of fiction she should have unleashed her suppressed desires and found happiness in her new environment. But this is a story of real life, and Ruth lacked preparation for her ultimate profession of wifehood and motherhood. All her early impulses had been checked and diverted, not developed. She who had hungered for a home of her own had not been instructed in tending its fires. Mere yearnings for baby fingers at her throat, her breast, had not taught her how to sterilize bottles. And there's a ghastly difference between a bisque doll and a human baby, subject to colic!

Strangely, the mother who had failed to recognize her child's divine gift for home-making now gave Ruth little help. "It'll all come to you in time. Taking care of a house and babies is natural to most women."

But it really is not! And so Ruth lived unhappily ever after.

America can count her Ruths by the hundred thousand. By day, bending over typewriters, desks, counters and looms. By night jazzing with young men who can not afford to marry them. But in time, most of them will marry, thereby increasing the number of tenants in

kitchenette apartments and the income of delicatessen dealers.

And this brings us to the secondary story, which may be termed the reason for relating the history of Ruth who was robbed of her dolls. It is the joyful story of one hundred and twenty five thousand Camp-Fire girls who have been given every opportunity to escape her fate.

Camp-Fire is a movement organized by adults who have never quite grown up and who will never be old.

I like to see it as an organization which grounds girls in happiness through efficiency, which prepares girls for their great profession of wifehood and motherhood, which develops normal desires instead of suppressing them, and which gives its members that most precious of gifts, the power of self-expression.

Camp-Fire comes to the rescue of the young victim of changing economic conditions by reestablishing friendly relations between the growing girl and her home, by merging preparation for wage-earning with preparation for home-making. The Camp-Fire program recognizes the fundamental differences between girls and boys and meets them, but it also recognizes the restlessness of the modern girl, her groping for those privileges denied her mid-Victorian grandmother.

The symbol of the organization is fire, because around the fire the first home was built.

The Camp-Fire girl's watchword is Wohelo. It combines the first two letters of three words which play a tremendously interesting part in the life of every woman, Work, Health and Love.

The law of the Camp-Fire girl is:
Seek beauty; Give service; Pursue knowledge; Be trustworthy; Hold on to health; Glorify work; Be happy.

THE girl who lives that law can emerge, triumphant, from the most cataclysmic social revolution.

Contrasting the Camp-Fire girl's opportunities with the tragic repression of Ruth who was robbed of her dolls, consider first the sort of work which is glorified by this movement.

Camp-Fire activities are divided into these groups: Home-Craft; Hand-Craft; Health-Craft; Nature-Lore; Business; Patriotism.

Their range is as broad as the life and interests of woman. They could be regrouped under the headings of "work" and "pleasure" if the two ideas were not so delightfully entangled in each craft. Inevitably the Camp-Fire girls find that congenial work is pleasure.

Each step in a Camp-Fire girl's progress is marked by an "honor" awarded on counts. She has seven crafts and nearly a thousand honors from which to choose, and a Guardian to aid her in the absorbing task of making her selection.

The most natural choice for the girl entering her teens is Home-Craft. It would have appealed to Ruth, and during her free hours, afternoons, Saturdays and Sundays, she would probably have achieved the following honors:

Cook meats in four ways: roast, broil, fricassee, boil.

Cook three common vegetables, each in three ways. Pick, dress and cook a fowl.

Market for one week on two dollars and one-half per person, keeping accounts and records of menus.

Continued on page 71



The well-bred woman crosses her feet smartly at the ankle. It gives finish to her appearance



You can't let your feet sprawl about all day and have them trim and well-behaved for evening wear, too.



Underwood & Underwood

You can not begin too early in teaching the child's feet in the way they should go—and never let her walk without heels



The self-conscious woman twists her feet as the self-conscious little girl twists her handkerchief



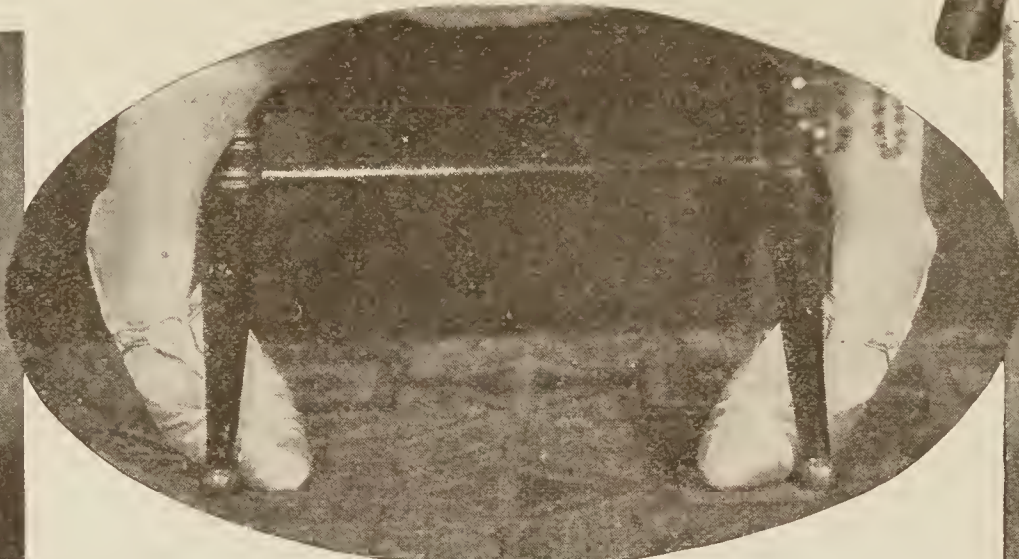
The Greeks stood heels close together. Feet wide apart give an unsymmetrical appearance

F E E T

BY BETTY SHANNON



Turned-over heels are very common offenders against good form in feet. They are slovenly and are dangerous to health



Only feet that are ashamed of themselves try to hide behind the legs of a chair



Some girls think it is cute to toe-in. It isn't. Toeing-in knocks knees together and throws spinal columns out of line. It should be corrected



Even our easy-going century feels embarrassed at this



Underwood & Underwood

The natural, well-balanced poise of the natural, well-balanced girl



Photo by Charlotte F...

This is not only cruelty to feet—but cruelty to onlookers

This Campbell's case deserves a place
 In every woman's favor—
 Judges agree without a plea
 This soup has wondrous flavor.



The winning case

Any woman can be the judge. To Campbell's delicious Tomato Soup belongs the place of honor among household economies. Such a saving in money, fuel and labor! So many uses!

An exquisite Cream of Tomato, a savory ingredient in baked spaghetti or rice, a tempting addition to potatoes, eggs, or vegetables, a piquant sauce for meats, fish, salads—these and scores of other enticing dishes are made with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

The juice of luscious red-ripe tomatoes—all their natural appetizing flavor and tonic vigor, blended with pure granulated sugar, creamery butter and delightful seasonings. A case in your pantry will convince you of its rare quality and value.

Campbell's Bean Soup

Do you like Bean Soup? Nearly everybody does. Campbell's Bean Soup gives you the full rich satisfying flavor. Order a few cans from your grocer.

21 kinds

15c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

WHAT HAVE PARENTS TO SAY?

THEY were riding in a wheel-chair on the board walk at Atlantic City. "Who are these thousands of people who have suddenly appeared?" the business man and his wife were wondering, "and what are they here for? They look as though they were talking about things worth while. I wish we could go to their meetings."

The crowds of interesting-looking people were the educators at the recent meeting of the National Educational Association. College and public-school men and women, presidents of colleges, deans of men and deans of women, specialists in all topics within the educational program made both the board walk and the hotels interesting meeting-places for groups who were discussing the reconstruction program in education.

After all, why shouldn't parents go to teachers' meetings, and discuss with the educator what the world holds for their children after school-days are over, and how well the school is doing its work to prepare them for their work in life?

Most of the discussions of this convention dealt very little with the methods and the content of subjects familiar in the schools, but took up instead the ways to make boys and girls into healthy, keen men and women, with high ideals of American citizenship.

The point was made continually that the schoolroom and its examinations were not the end and aim of education but the straightaway path to broader and better home and community living.

The home-economics meetings considered for the most part how to improve the training of girls in home-making. It was recognized in its larger aspects with reference to teaching both girls and boys the living facts of body requirements and the source and economic value of the foods they eat, the clothing they wear, and the houses they live in.

Will DELINEATOR readers tell the Home-Economics Editor what they would like their children to believe and become when they are through with school? THE DELINEATOR offers its columns as an open forum for this discussion.

WHOSE MONEY IS IT?

AS DR. ANNA SHAW was about to be introduced to an audience of three thousand rural men and women she asked me: "What shall I say?"

I replied: "Tell them of the importance of the woman who does her own work."

She told her audience that on her mother's eightieth birthday she found her crying.

"What's the matter, mother?"

"Oh, nothing."

"But there must be; what is it?"

"Well, I was thinking, I have worked hard all my life. I have brought up my family and they are successful, and I haven't a cent in my pocket."

We should like opinions as to whether there should be a common checking account or whether the wife shall have a separate appropriation for personal and household expenses.

ARE YOU PRO-ALLOWANCE?

I ASKED a college girl how much the past year had cost her. She told me she never knew how much her clothes cost, because her mother sent them to her or she had them charged and the bills went to father.

I asked if she had an allowance. "Oh, no," she said, "when I get out of money I just write home for more."

Fathers, of course, can teach their daughters how to spend an allowance, or they can throw the responsibility upon their sons-in-law.

If parents give their children an allowance, will they ask how the children spend their money?

Should boys and girls, rich and poor, have an opportunity to earn money in the home? Should they earn outside the home, or should the allowance be by gift?

Do girls have as favorable opportunities as boys for earning and for an understanding of the value of a dollar?

The editor of the Home-Economics Department of THE DELINEATOR would like in a future issue to give the opinions of young people who have an allowance, and of those who have not; as well as an expression of opinion of adults, out of their experience and observation, as to whether an allowance to children is likely to bring greater financial responsibility and individual prosperity.

FLOOR-SPACE AND CITIZENSHIP

THE United States faces a shortage of a million houses. Until some solution arrives we must expect the results of unhealthy, overcrowded and ugly living in tenement rooms.

Is this a good environment for future citizens?

The hard-worked factory woman who was sent to the country for a vacation returned before her time was up, saying she liked people better than stumps.

Children used to the gangs, like the city street, and fathers stay where they can get the pay envelope.

The great offensive against disease, crime and immorality requires more courage than to go to war.

The Americanization program may well be partly worked out through better housekeeping in the back

street. Milk stations, visiting housekeepers and nurses are in the advance guard of the Americanization movement.

Is there a milk station in your town?

Is there a visiting housekeeper or nurse to care for and advise the people of your community?

It is a humane movement started in the big cities. How far has it advanced in the smaller towns?

THE COUNTRY STORE

THE country store is a community center. All the neighbors come here to buy and to sell. It is at the center for the exchange of ideas and neighborly chat. Local standards of business principles are formed at this center of trade.

The merchants' selection of goods determines for many persons who do not go often to larger centers what is supposed to be right or wrong in household furnishing and personal attire. The store window is a great educator.

Retailing is the weakest link in the chain of distribution and yet it greatly affects the cost of living.

The retailer waits on demand. How can the housekeeper secure better service and lower prices? Is it pooling of orders? Is it placing orders in advance? certain bulk goods? Is it "cash and carry"?

A column of THE DELINEATOR is open to the housewife who buys; the retailer who sells. Can they help each other to lower costs and standardize goods?

Mr. Retailer, how can Mrs. Housewife help you serve her better?

HAVE YOU A COMMUNITY CLUB?

I WAS invited to visit a group of farm men and women who had organized a country club away back in the hills, seven miles from a railroad station and as far away from a church or a movie.

The snow was deep in the road and we drove from the railroad station through the fields to the home of the president who had organized the club. I asked the husband how they happened to get started.

He said: "My wife was a school teacher before we were married. We have worked hard on the farm to get started. She does all the housework and we have a young baby."

"I thought she had enough to do but she said one day, 'I have to tell you all I know and you have to tell me all you know and life is getting monotonous.'"

"You must harness the team," she said. "I will take me to see all the neighbors within ten miles. We will have a club and get together to study and read and play a little.' It wasn't long before we were getting our neighbors interested."

After the program, they played games and finally all joined in a supper which had been brought by the members.

Readers may write to me at THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, for programs and community meetings. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope and tell what subjects you are interested in.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

GOOD STORIES AND VERSE

	PAGE
His Second Wife <i>May Chapman Starkey</i>	7
Salvage <i>Samuel Hopkins Adams</i>	8
No Return Ticket (Serial) <i>Will Livingston Comfort</i>	11
The Proposal (Poem) <i>Margaret Belle Houston</i>	12
The Cricket <i>Harriet Welles</i>	13
Honeymoon House <i>Sara Lindsey Coleman</i>	15
"After the Meeting" (In full color) <i>Cecilia Beaux</i>	17
Little Prince Toofat (In full color) <i>George Randolph Chester</i>	18
The Bubble Fairies (In full color) <i>Eliza Wynkoop</i>	54

OUR HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

The Home-Makers' Department <i>Martha Van Rensselaer</i>	22
Salads for All Tastes <i>Flora G. Orr</i>	37
King Carrot <i>Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn</i>	38
The Fine Points of Successful Canning <i>Winifred Moses</i>	42
In Cherry-Time <i>Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn</i>	46
Kitchens Built to Fit <i>Flora G. Orr</i>	48
Fresh Eggs Every Day <i>Helen Canon</i>	56

IMPORTANT ARTICLES

	PAGE
A \$100,000 Thimbleful (Editorial)	1
Money and Marriage <i>Hugh Black</i>	2
Enemies of the Republic <i>Calvin Coolidge</i>	4
Cecilia Beaux—Painter of Heroes <i>Gutzon Borglum</i>	16

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Golf Is a Woman's Game <i>Ina Kissel Eaton</i>	10
Growing Up Happy <i>Anna Steese Richardson</i>	19
Feet <i>Betty Shannon</i>	20
A Preventable Scourge <i>Mary E. Bayley, R. N.</i>	30
Camp: the Ideal Family Vacation <i>Harriet Stocking</i>	32

OTHER PRACTICAL HELPS

Lovely Garden Extras <i>Harriet Gillespie</i>	24
The Summer Offensive Against Garden Pests <i>Robert M. Adams</i>	26
Sensible Saving <i>Benjamin R. Andrews, Ph. D.</i>	28
Summer Music for Fun <i>Harold Bauer</i>	34
When the Car Is Sick <i>B. D. Thornley</i>	52
Show It to Dad	55
Grandmama's Bustling Days	57
Fashions	73

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS



Order by the case for summer

Then you have them ready at an instant's notice to give you a delicious dish, hot or cold, made doubly tempting by Campbell's famous tomato sauce. For the picnic, for the outing, the motor or boating trip or for regular use on the home table, the quality and convenience of Campbell's Beans make them an ideal summer food.

2 cans for 25c

Except west of Mississippi River and in Canada

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Mrs. Knox's Corner

What is your Favorite Dessert?

WHAT is your favorite gelatine dessert? Which of the one hundred desserts given in the Knox booklet "Dainty Desserts" is most popular in your home? I imagine it will be one of the three recipes given here, each so delicious it is hard to select the best one. Make them up for different luncheons or dinners—(less than one package of Knox Gelatine is needed to make the entire three desserts, each one of which will serve six persons)—and write me your vote so that I may present to the women of the land the nation's most popular Knox Gelatine dessert.

I believe every woman will be interested in the result of this test which I will publish in this column. Here are the recipes:

STRAWBERRY BAVARIAN CREAM

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water 1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 cup strawberry juice and pulp 1/2 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups heavy cream beaten until stiff

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve by standing cup containing mixture in hot water. Strain into strawberry juice mixed with lemon juice. Add sugar and when sugar is dissolved, set bowl containing mixture in pan of ice water and stir until mixture begins to thicken; then fold in cream. Turn into wet mold lined with strawberries cut in halves, and chill. Garnish with fruit, selected strawberries, and leaves. A delicious cream may also be made with canned strawberries.

LEMON SPONGE or SNOW PUDDING

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/4 cup cold water 1/4 cup lemon juice
3/4 cup sugar Whites of two eggs
1 cup boiling water

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, dissolve in boiling water; add sugar, lemon juice and grated rind of one lemon, strain and set aside; occasionally stir mixture and when quite thick, beat with wire spoon or whisk, until frothy; add whites of eggs beaten stiff, and continue beating until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pile by spoonfuls on glass dish. Chill and serve with boiled custard.

RICE PARFAIT

1/2 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 cups hot boiled rice 1 cup sugar
1 1/2 cups milk 1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup cream 1 cup chopped nut meats
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Soak gelatine in milk ten minutes and dissolve in hot rice. Add sugar and salt, and when cool, fold in cream beaten until stiff. Add nuts and flavoring. Turn into a mold, and pack in ice and salt.

Send for "Dainty Desserts" The Favorite Dessert Book

There is only room here to give three of the one hundred delicious dessert recipes given in my book "Dainty Desserts" which also contains recipes for ice creams, sherbets, salads, candies, etc.

Write for a free copy before sending in your family's vote on the nation's most popular dessert. You may find in it a dessert you like even better than any I have published here. Enclose 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

MRS. CHARLES B. KNOX

KNOX GELATINE

166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.



"Wherever a recipe calls for Gelatine—it means KNOX"

This package contains an envelope of pure Lemon Flavor for the convenience of the busy housewife.

LOVELY GARDEN EXTRAS

BY HARRIET GILLESPIE



J. H. McFarland

YOUR GARDEN SHOULD BE AS CAREFULLY FURNISHED AS YOUR PARLOR

THE use of ornament in the garden is important, for even flowers, to which a garden owes its existence, take on an added charm when combined with even the simplest architectural features. The homely charm, for example, of a border of sweet-william when contrasted with a quaint garden seat; a bed of old-fashioned flowers, sown "hit or miss," against a sun-dial in the distance; the glossy foliage of a dwarf orange with an ornate concrete tub in which it is growing; or the fascinating glimpses of a picturesque Colonial fence that forms a visible yet elusive enclosure, all strike valuable staccato notes in the garden ensemble.

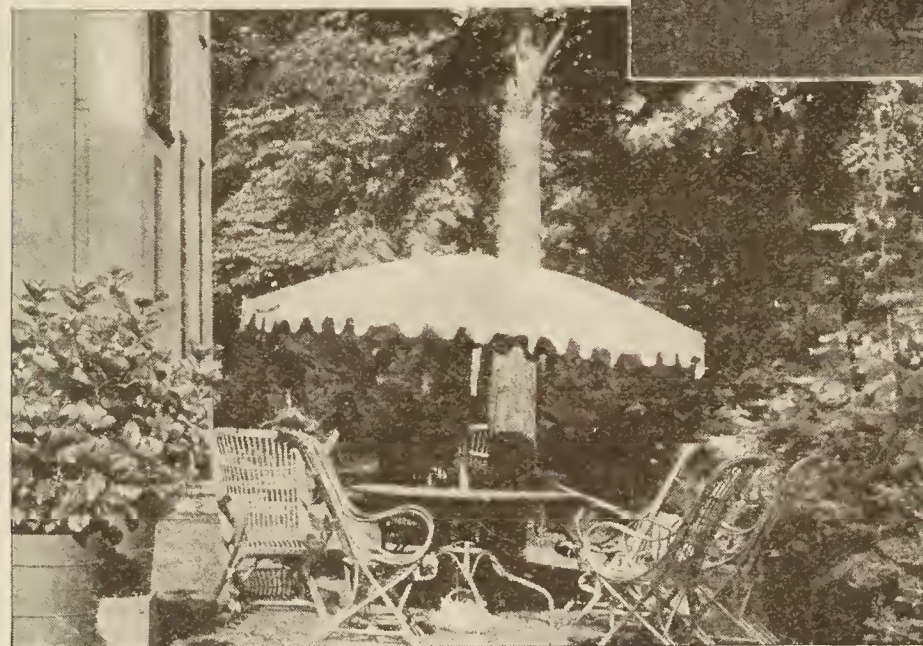
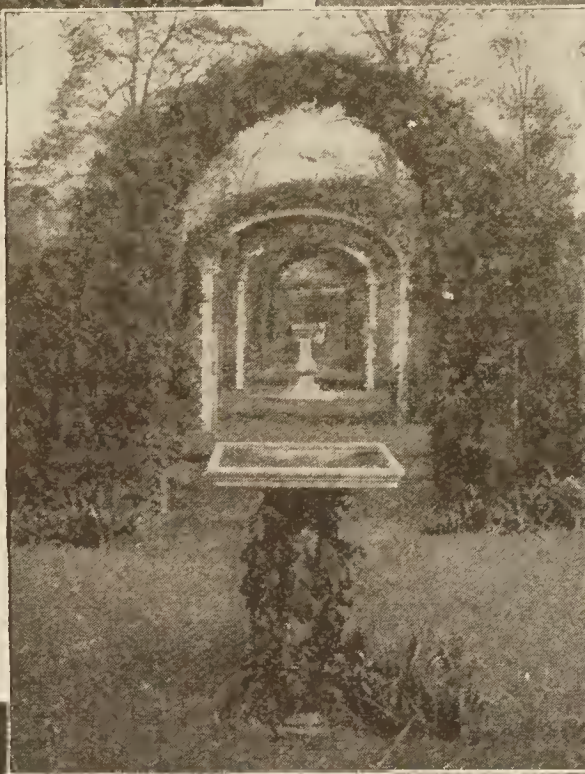


Mattie Hewitt

A SINGLE FOUNTAIN OR BENCH WILL OFTEN MAKE OVER A GARDEN

ARCHITECTURAL features for a garden, which, if wisely used, serve to break up uninteresting areas and give pictorial quality, also contribute a sense of completion and give it a finished appearance. From the many concrete seats, pots, shrubs, fountains, sun-dials and birds' baths (of which there is a bewildering array to be seen just now) it is possible to select those simple and inexpensive designs.

The home carpenter can reproduce many of the benches in wood, and the result, provided the design is good, far outweighs the time and labor involved, and makes a simple arrangement most effective.



Mattie Hewitt

THERE IS ALWAYS AN AIR OF ELEGANCE ABOUT A MARQUEE FOR THE LAWN. THE TABLE AND CHAIRS—ARE MADE OF IRON AND PRETTILY PAINTED IN APPLE-GREEN



Frances E. J. ...

SOMETIMES AN OLD CHURCH PEW OR OTHER OLD OAK BENCH, MADE OF SEASONED WOOD AND WITH WOODEN PEGS, BECOMES THE CENTER OF THE GARDEN

A GARDEN takes on an elusive charm when seen through the frame of an arch (center photograph above), and if the arch be a series of rose-covered trellises, as in this instance, planted now and then with a picturesque sun-dial, a quaint birds' bath, a gazing-globe or a fountain figure, the effect is in the nature of a fairy lane. This effect can be obtained by wire trellises at a comparatively small cost and inexpensive garden ornaments selected with taste.

I know of several gardens of unusual charm where old oaken benches, relics of Colonial structures, have been used with delightful effect. One in particular is that of a managing editor, in which two pews from an old Quaker meeting-house form a delightful center in a wonderful rose-garden where the owner and her friends can sit and rest and enjoy the queen of garden flowers. The benches lend an air of old-time sanctity that is quite in keeping with the history and tradition of the place.

An inviting pergola (right), wisteria embowered, with low, comfortable seats, provides an ideal resting-spot in the garden. Simply as a trellis for vines, a pergola possesses a pictorial quality and an architectural charm.



Mattie Hewitt

THE LINEAL DESCENDANT OF THE FAMILY GRAPE-ARBOR OF THE EIGHTIES, MORE GRACEFUL AND A GOOD DEAL MORE COMFORTABLE AS A RESTING-PLACE



Your loveliest china

Greasy streaks impossible with FELS-NAPTHA

The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha dissolves all grease from dishes without the slightest injury to delicate gold and color decorations. And with merely lukewarm water! Use scalding-hot water if you prefer, but there is no need for that discomfort to hands, or danger of cracking your rich cut glass and fragile French china.

The real naphtha does its work, vanishes completely, and leaves the dishes sweet and glistening. The snowy suds rinse off instantly, with no trace of clinging soap to be rubbed off the dish upon the towel.

Fels-Naptha is just as wonderful for laundry and housework. It makes whitest clothes without destructive rubbing. Takes spots out of rugs, carpets, cloth, draperies. Brightens woodwork instantly. Cleans enamel of bathtub, washstand, and sink—safely cleans anything cleanable.

Fels-Naptha is a perfect combination of good soap and real naphtha. Its process has never been duplicated. It holds its naphtha till the golden bar is all used up. Smell it! You can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naphtha odor.

Get the real naphtha soap—Fels-Naptha—of your grocer today!



Smell the real naphtha in Fels-Naptha!



© 1921, Fels & Co., Philadelphia

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



Outdoors and the Skin

The keen exhilaration of the great outdoors has its physical opposites—it promotes the fine, free flowing of the blood, even while it endangers the smoothness, the natural beauty of the skin to wind and sun.

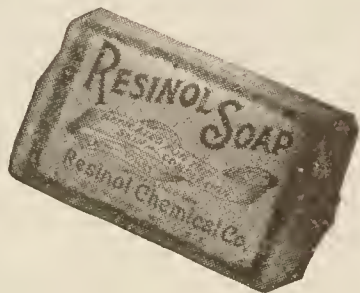
The complement to the exercise of The Sports Woman is the constant use of Resinol Soap. The blemishes on the delicate skin will be mitigated and the complexion improved, as you commence its beneficial use.

The constituents of Resinol Soap tend to prevent the spread of facial flaws, to preserve the bloom of the fairest skin, and to present to the world of The Sports Woman the delight of life so enhanced by purity of color and of feature.

Buy a cake today from any druggist or toilet goods dealer, then persevere in regular daily treatments and watch your complexion improve.

Upon request we will send you a sample of Resinol Soap, accompanied by a booklet on "Resinol Soap and how to use it for the skin, hair, and bath." Address Dept. 4-E, RESINOL, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap



THE SUMMER OFFENSIVE AGAINST GARDEN PESTS

BY ROBERT M. ADAMS

New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University

IF YOU really mean to succeed with your garden, you have many things to consider besides just planning and planting it. The beginner does not always realize the constant necessity of loosening or working the soil. The deep working of the soil by plowing or spading has come before planting. Now you must keep right on tilling the soil to permit a freer circulation of air in the soil, to conserve moisture, and to kill the weeds.

This surface tillage with the hoe, rake or cultivator makes a surface layer of loose soil which helps the soil beneath to retain its moisture. Any covering which is used to protect the soil from too much evaporation is called a mulch, and if the covering be of loose soil, it is called a soil mulch.

In most climates, a soil mulch is very important. It should be established over the surface of the garden as soon as the crops are up and should be maintained throughout the season. Rains destroy or impair it, and it should always be restored as soon as the soil is again in workable condition. This will be sooner in sandy soils than in clayey ones. Even if no rain occurs, the mulch will need loosening every week or ten days. Good gardeners can not bear to see a crust over the surface of the soil and can not rest easy until it has been broken up to form a mulch.

Great injury may be and often is done to the roots of vegetables by too deep hoeing after the plants have made a good root growth in the space between the rows. The gardener should examine frequently the soil turned up by the hoe or the cultivator and if fine, white roots are found in it, he should thereafter cultivate more shallowly.

You may have to water your garden in time of drought, but do not give it frequent light surface waterings, either with a hose or a sprinkling-can. Each watering destroys the soil mulch, requiring much labor if it is restored each time, and allowing a crust to form if it is not. Moreover, if the surface of the soil is made the wettest part, the roots of the vegetables grow in that direction and are injured when the surface dries out again.

WATERING SCIENTIFICALLY

THE better practise is to soak the soil thoroughly about once a week, preferably in the evening, restoring the surface mulch in the morning.

Another good method is to open small furrows alongside the rows, let water flow the full length and soak in, and then fill the furrow with loose earth. Water is thus put down where the roots can reach it and the surface mulch is left in good condition. In like manner newly set tomatoes and cabbages may receive water from small holes dug near each plant and later filled with loose earth.

Most gardens are going or gone in August instead of still coming along as they should be. The latest safe dates for planting various vegetables depend, of course, upon the average date of the first killing frost and the first real freezing weather in Autumn. You must know your own local conditions. Much more Summer planting is feasible in most sections than is commonly thought. Look

at these figures. The time required by some of the more common vegetables to ripen as estimated by the United States Department of Agriculture is: Bush bean, 40 to 65 days; beets, 60 to 80 days; cabbage, 90 to 130 days; carrots, 70 to 100 days; cauliflower, 100 to 130 days; celery, 120 to 150 days; sweet corn, 60 to 100 days; cucumbers, 60 to 80 days; eggplant, 100 to 140 days; kale, 90 to 120 days; lettuce, 60 to 90 days; muskmelon, 120 to 150 days; watermelon, 100 to 120 days; okra, 90 to 140 days; onions from seeds, 130 to 150 days, and from sets, 60 to 120 days; parsley, 90 to 120 days; parsnips, 125 to 160 days; peas, 40 to 80 days; potatoes, 80 to 140 days; radish, 20 to 140 days (the latter figure for some Winter radishes); spinach, 30 to 60 days; bush squash, 60 to 80 days, and vine squash, 120 to 160 days; tomatoes, 80 to 125 days; turnips, 60 to 80 days.

LATE PLANTING

THERE are, of course, other factors involved besides the number of days to maturity. Turnips and radishes, for instance, will be strong and tough if started in hot weather. Peas, lettuce, kale and spinach are also unsuitable for hot-weather planting.

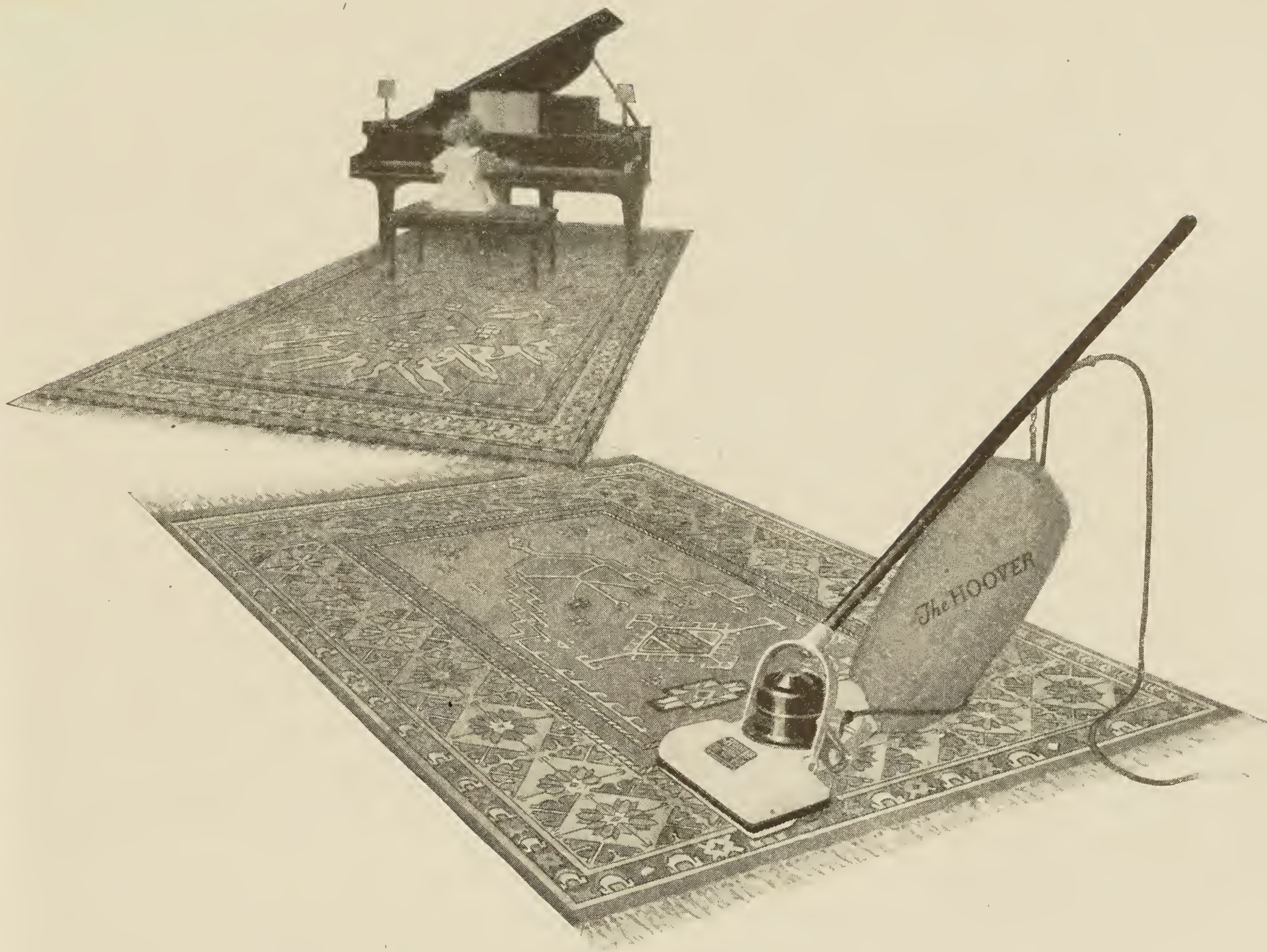
Unless the heat is excessive, a late crop of carrots and beets may be started. There is some difficulty, however, in getting good germination, because these seeds are not planted deep and the top soil where they are tends to dry out. To avoid this, boards are sometimes placed over the row until the seedlings appear, or they may be planted in a trench sunk below the general surface of the garden and wide enough so that earth will not wash in.

To prevent bacterial diseases in the garden one must carefully examine any plants one buys; control insects that spread disease; keep the garden clean by destroying weeds and bury crop residues promptly (unless they are diseased, in which case they should be taken from the garden and burned); rotate the crops, and spray.

Bordeaux mixture is the spray most commonly used for disease control. It may be made at home according to directions which will be furnished free by any State experiment station or by the United States Department of Agriculture. It may also be purchased in a powdered form, requiring only the addition of water.

Spraying is the principal method of preventing or controlling insect attacks. Biting insects may be controlled by poisonous substances sprayed on the leaves which they are eating, but sucking insects can be killed only by contact sprays which burn their bodies or clog their breathing pores. The poison most used in gardens for biting insects is lead arsenate, though Paris green is more often used on potatoes. Kerosene emulsion is a remedy for most sucking insects, though some tobacco preparation is used for plant-lice.

Other means of insect control are Fall plowing; collecting the insects and destroying them, and special means for certain insects, such as a cloth covering over cucumbers and poisoned bait for cutworms. Toads and most birds are destroyers of insects and the gardener should protect them.



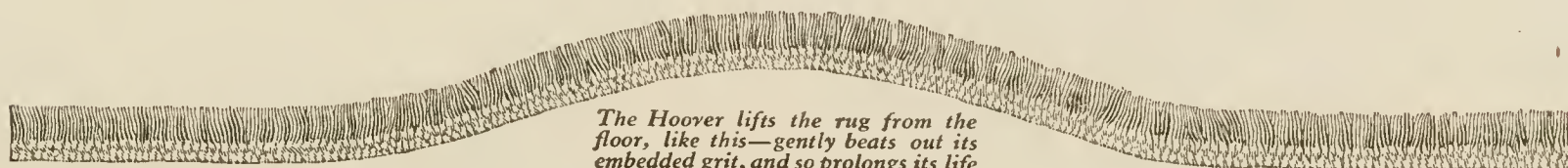
Rarely does an indisputably safe investment yield so high a dividend, over as long a term of years, as an investment in a Hoover for your home. For this efficient cleaner actually returns its full cost every twelve months through the savings it effects. It pays this 100% annual dividend by reducing your present carpet-cleaning expense, by lowering the cost of household help, by cleaning so dustlessly that less laundering of curtains is required, by bettering the family health through fostering greater sanitation, and by very materially prolonging the life of your valuable rugs. Only The Hoover gently beats out all nap-wearing, embedded grit, as it electrically sweeps and suction cleans. *Invest in a Hoover.*

The HOOVER

It Beats — as it Sweeps — as it Cleans

Write for booklet, "How to Judge an Electric Cleaner," and names of authorized dealers licensed to sell and service Hoovers bearing our guarantee.

THE HOOVER SUCTION SWEEPER COMPANY, FACTORIES AT NORTH CANTON, OHIO, AND HAMILTON, ONTARIO



The Hoover lifts the rug from the floor, like this—gently beats out its embedded grit, and so prolongs its life

The Proper Care of Children's Hair

How to keep it Beautiful, Healthy and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes their hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it 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 use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greasless product cannot possibly injure and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water.

Then apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.



When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.



Rinse The Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

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 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 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 Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Simply moisten the hair with warm water, pour on a little Mulsified and rub it vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS Mulsified COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



SENSIBLE SAVING

BY BENJAMIN R. ANDREWS, Ph. D.

Teachers College, Columbia University

Copyright by Benjamin J. Andrews

THERE was once a wise gentleman in New York State who had received a letter from a Chicago promoter urging him to buy some questionable stock. "I wrote back," said he, "that if his proposition was as good as he said it was then there were millions in Chicago banks just waiting for a good investment like his—so why write to me, nine hundred miles away?"

His remark has that canny lack of faith in what the stranger tells you about investments which is always needed if you wish to save and accumulate safely.

A friend of mine began his son's education in savings just as soon as he could understand the simplest methods of investment. The boy had a savings bank account before he was eight. He was even then finding out what safety in investment means and how fast compound interest increases a fund.

Before he was ten, the father and mother had started him in the purchase of \$1,000 worth of building loan shares, costing \$5 a month. These had the great advantage of requiring regular payments; moreover, the shares would mature at the \$1,000 value when the boy at twenty-one years of age would be needing a fund for his education or start in life.

The father met their full cost at first, but the boy looked after the payments and in a few years he was himself earning enough at odd tasks to meet the \$5 monthly payments. It was teaching him the rule of regularity in saving: "If you want to save successfully, undertake some regularly recurring payment." A little later this boy bought a gilt-edge investment bond with a part of his savings bank fund, that brought him five and one-half per cent. instead of the lower, bank-interest rate, and his father had made plain to him the fact that choice bonds are the average man's one best investment. So in time he owned a piece of real estate, and then a small mortgage as an investment. Whenever interest money came in, the boy was led to reinvest it immediately—getting the power of compound interest behind his accumulation.

OCCASIONALLY the family read financial advertisements together, good ones, and stock-exploiting circulars, bad ones, and discussed them. The boy learned from them the ear-marks of the most common frauds, the verbal traps set for the unwary: "Let you in on the ground floor"; "Offered only to a few"; "Bonuses in common stock to the first purchasers of preferred"; "Telegraph at our expense to reserve shares for you," and the like.

The boy came to know the great national names in the investment field from the house of Morgan down. He knew that buying bonds which were "legal investment for New York and Massachusetts Savings Banks" was playing safe; that a mortgage loan was desirable when one wished to put money away for a period of time; that such mortgages can be had in the large cities from responsible institutions that guarantee principal and interest payments to the lender; that one's banker is ready to give personal financial service and counsel in investments as well as receive money on deposit and make loans.

So his father led him around the usual pitfalls and got him on the highway of regular saving, just as a part of a normal, healthy education.

But why save anyway? Because saving is giving up that part of present spending which you can just as well get along without, in order to get together money for some future expensive need that you can't meet without accumulated funds in hand. There are many future possibilities of the somber sort that will call for more money than the current income of that time can provide—



illness, disability; business reverses that upset one's whole economic situation; personal needs, relations and others that have a claim on one's purse. Every day looks like a rainy day when one starts in to list the possible needs that savings may be called upon to meet.

On the other hand savings are just as useful for the sudden remarkably sunny day—the business chance you did not anticipate which, with a savings fund ready in hand, would have led you to fortune; the opportunity for travel or for special education.

I know a college teacher who told me that as a young instructor he and a friend were spending their incomes as fast as they got them, when they decided to stop every unnecessary expense and save for a trip to Europe. They got there the third Summer and meantime they had lived as well as they spendthrift colleagues.

One of my students last Summer finished her graduate degree and told me that up to about three years before she had never saved anything to speak of. Then a desire seized her for graduate study. She set her finances in order, began to keep regular account of her expenditures, found she could set aside a liberal share of her monthly salary when she had down in black and white where her money was going, so that she soon eliminated much inexcusable, thriftless squandering of money. In her case, account-keeping and setting allowances for various expenditures and keeping within the limits set, together with a motive worth saving for, made her saving a success. Her advanced training brought her a better position at an advanced salary. Her saving certainly paid her.

THERE are three types of saving. There is advance or budgetary saving, putting aside for saving as the first claim on earnings a part of all income received.

Then there is current saving. One of my colleagues tells me that during the war-thrift campaign he and his wife started a thrift pocket to which they transferred the dime or nickel saved by this or that small economy. "We were startled to find our total amounted to \$8.50 at the end of the first four days, so quickly that it shocked us."

Then there is final saving, or the funding of any surplus left after the week's or month's spending. This is the weakest and most uncertain of the three plans, just as pinching current expenditures involves a habit of mind that, carried too far, becomes unwholesome. The first method, saving in advance, setting aside the definite sum weekly or monthly, seems to be most often practised by successful savers. It can and should be supplemented, of course, by economies that occur in current spending and by the final surplus left over.

The final demand for saving is that it benefits society as well as the individual. The business capital and working equipment of the country is largely created out of individual savings. Your reserve money put into the bank is loaned into industry and business and there creates capital goods on which prosperity depends.

POINTERS TO PASTE IN YOUR POCKETBOOK

SAVE the first dollars out of money received, and plan your living on what is left. Get worth-while concrete goals for saving. An education, a start in business, starting your home, owning your home.

Save in the years before marriage, young men and young women alike; and save in the years when your children are small.

But investment in children, is as always a gilt-edged bond; don't let money-mania get in the way of family-building.

Concluded on page 41

BOOTT MILLS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A B S O R B E N T T O W E L I N G



Morning, Noon, and Night

Little hands have to be washed and dried many times a day. In homes where children play, good absorbent towels—and plenty of them—are needed morning, noon, and night.

A bolt of Boott Mills Absorbent Toweling will supply two dozen towels when cut and hemmed. Boott Towels are soft, full-bodied and bright-white. They absorb the moisture quickly. Made of selected cotton, they launder to look like new.

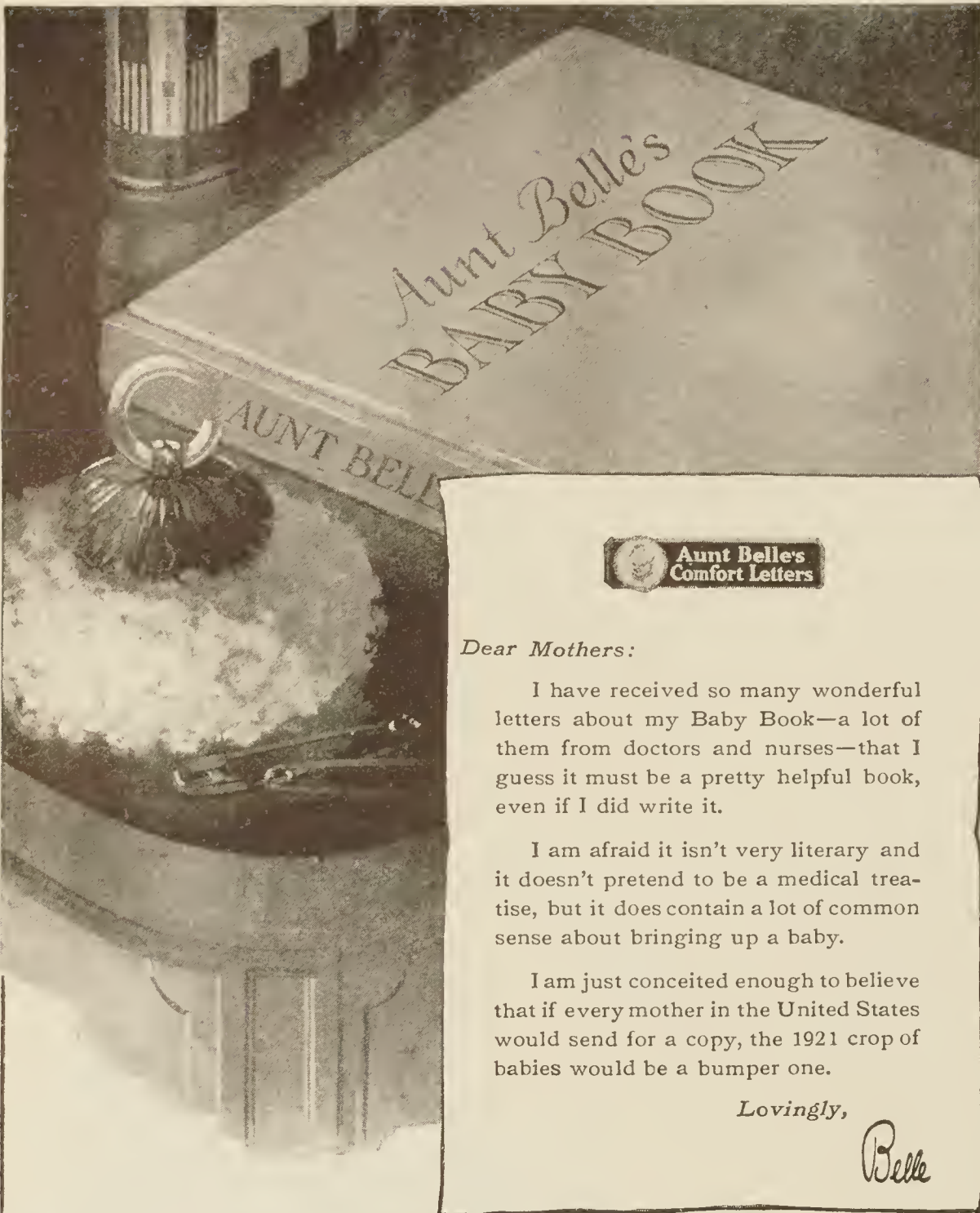
Buy Boott Mills Absorbent Toweling by the bolt. It is a most economical way to have a generous supply of good, practical towels. The low cost is a revelation. You can use this toweling for hand towels, roller towels, baby's bath towels, bibs, aprons, table runners, bureau scarfs, and many other household articles.

BOOTT MILLS, Lowell, Mass.

*Parker, Wilder & Company, Boston and New York
Selling Agents*

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**Aunt Belle's
Comfort Letters**

Dear Mothers:

I have received so many wonderful letters about my Baby Book—a lot of them from doctors and nurses—that I guess it must be a pretty helpful book, even if I did write it.

I am afraid it isn't very literary and it doesn't pretend to be a medical treatise, but it does contain a lot of common sense about bringing up a baby.

I am just conceited enough to believe that if every mother in the United States would send for a copy, the 1921 crop of babies would be a bumper one.

Lovingly,

Belle

Everyone Says It's Great

We wish you could meet Aunt Belle personally. She is a splendid type—modern, practical, intelligent and efficient—the sort of woman that any harassed young mother would delight to have drop in and advise about Baby.

She has succeeded most remarkably in putting into her book something of her own buoyant personality and common sense viewpoint regarding baby culture. After reading it you will feel that bringing up a baby isn't so mysterious and difficult after all.

It's an intensely practical book, but as readable as a novel. You will consult it constantly during the first two years at least. It is carefully indexed for this purpose.

Please don't imagine, because we publish it, that it is just a talcum book. Aunt Belle, of course, advises you to use Mennen Borated Talcum and Mennen Kora-Konia, but only because she believes that both are indispensable for Baby's toilet.

Aunt Belle's Baby Book is an expensive one to make and would ordinarily sell for at least a dollar. We shall be glad to send you a copy for 25 cents.

Please send at once before the edition is exhausted.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

THE MENNEN COMPANY, LIMITED
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I enclose 25 cents for a copy of Aunt Belle's Baby Book.

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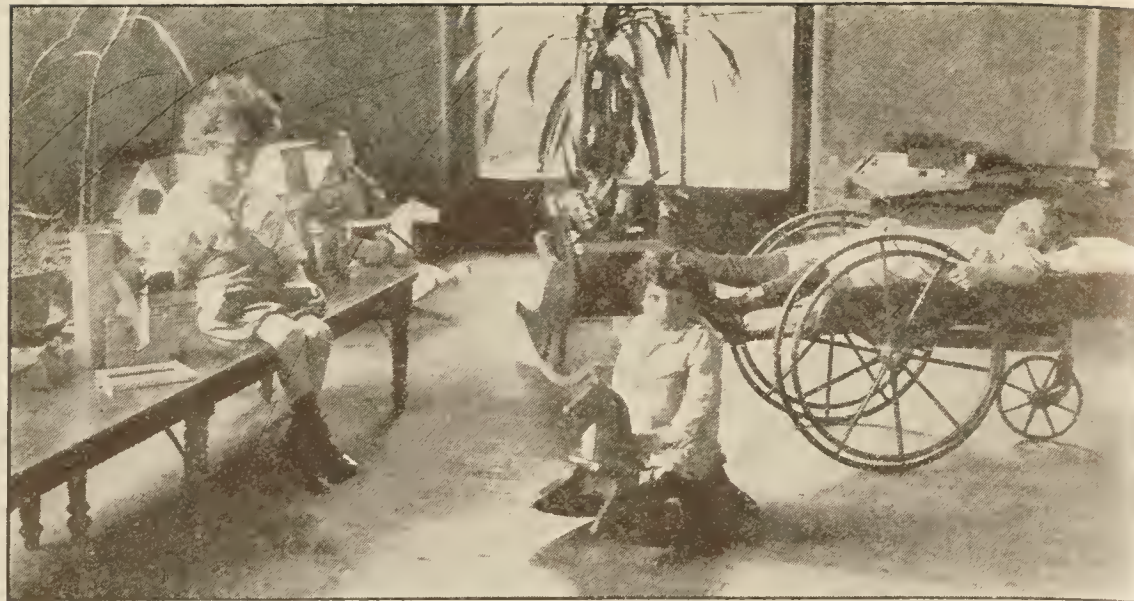
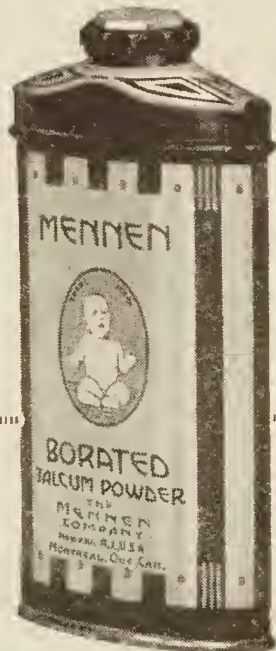
What Mothers Think

"I have never read anything so helpful—and hopeful. It solves all my problems."

"Aunt Belle knows it's the little points that bother—things you can't ask a doctor about. Her book has been a wonderful help."

"Aunt Belle is a super-mother—her book has made mine a better baby."

"Every single page has been helpful."



IN THE HOSPITAL FOR RUPTURED AND CRIPPLED CHILDREN, NEW YORK

A PREVENTABLE SCOURGE HOW TO FOIL INFANTILE PARALYSIS

BY MARY E. BAYLEY, R. N.

(This article has been approved by Dr. Edward H. Rogers, Baby Specialist, of New York)

SOMEWHAT as the Angel of Death smote the Egyptians, when (according to Moses) the first-born of every household lay dead in the morning, was the way infantile paralysis, "a pestilence that walketh in darkness and wasteth at noonday," desolated some communities in our own country. In the Summer of 1916 this disease swept through New York City, taking a death toll of more than twenty-four hundred, and leaving thousands of children with a blighting deformity. It moved on into other States, laying its blighting hand upon no less than twenty-seven thousand victims, mostly children. This epidemic made a profound impression upon the public, for three reasons:

First, the severe and dramatic results seen in those attacked.

Second, the policy of absolute frankness as to the limitations of scientific knowledge.

Third, the publicity given to the fact that in such epidemics the problem is almost as much social as medical, since they can not be eliminated and prevented without public cooperation.

Few diseases are more terrible than infantile paralysis, which all too often leaves its victims crippled for life. And in order that children may be guarded with every precaution from its blight, it is of supreme importance that every person should know something regarding its sinister character and, so far as is known, its methods of dissemination.

Infantile paralysis—the name "acute anterior poliomyelitis" describes it far more accurately—while recognized and described as early as 1840, did not until 1907 become a serious problem in America. At this time a pandemic of the disease arose in the United States, France and Germany. This led to redoubled efforts in the fields of research, in which were employed the more subtle channels of later bacteriological methods. While comparatively little is yet known concerning the disease, this research work, led by Dr. Simon Flexner and his associates, has established certain definite facts:

FIRST: The disease is due to a micro-organism so minute that it passes with great readiness and with little or no loss of energy through the pores of the densest and finest porcelain filters.

Second: The entrance of the micro-organism or so-called filterable virus into the system is by way of the mucous membrane of the nose and throat.

Third: The same portal of entry can and probably does act as the pathway of exit for the germ to be transmitted by contact or carrier to new fields for reinfection.

Fourth: The virus, through the bloodstream, reaches the spinal column, there producing lesions which cause more or less degeneration of the sensory and motor cells.

The name "filterable virus" is applied to some disease-producing organisms because they are so tiny as to be beyond the range of microscopic vision and can pass through the pores of the densest and finest filters. While there is some doubt as to whether the virus causing infantile paralysis has actually been

seen, there is conclusive evidence that it is a living organism, since quantities as small as one one-thousandth to one one-hundredth of a cubic centimeter of the filtrates suffice to cause the disease in monkeys, after the usual incubation period (time elapsing between implantation of contagion and the appearance of disease) when injected into the brain.

"That the virus is a living organism must be concluded," says Dr. Flexner, "from the fact that such minute quantities of it suffice to carry infection through an indefinite series of animals," adding: "We have propagated the virus now through twenty-five generations, representing twenty-five separate series of monkeys, and as many removes from the original human material supplying it, and the activity of the virus for the monkeys has increased rather than diminished in the course and as the result of the successive transplantations."

Infantile paralysis is most frequent during the dry Summer months, from June to October, although cases are reported throughout the year. While preeminently a disease of early childhood—the greatest number of victims being between one and five years—it does not wholly spare older children or even adults.

AS TO the symptoms, there is no one classification that will cover all cases, since the disease occurs in many different forms and in varying degrees of severity. Its multiform character is due to the fact that the virus by affecting different parts of the nervous system causes different symptoms. In general, they are those of an acute infection. In many instances gastro-intestinal symptoms predominate; in others there may be stiffness of the neck, bending of the head, sweating, marked nervous irritation and general sensitiveness.

The chief terror of infantile paralysis lies in its appalling power to produce deformities. This is due to the impairment of motor function of certain of the cells controlling muscular action—most often in the legs. The motor paralysis appears after the acute onset. Generally this paralysis reaches maximum about the second day, hardly ever later than the sixth day.

It is not generally known that there is a type of infantile paralysis called the "abortive type," which very often is not brought to the attention of a physician, thereby resulting in dissemination of the disease. This is called the abortive type because true infantile paralysis of the paralytic type does not develop. There may be an illness resembling an acute febrile attack, lasting hardly longer than twenty-four hours before the beginning of convalescence.

WHILE many of these cases show suspicious weakness of the muscles during convalescence, happily for the child the usual paralysis does not develop and the little one is allowed to be about. While such an outcome is indeed fortunate for the child, he is none the less dangerous to those with whom he comes in contact.

Concluded on page 57



Lysol

Disinfectant

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Cleans the kitchen, kills germs

Ordinary cleaning will not dislodge the germs that breed in the sink, wash tubs, waste pipes, and corners. When disregarded, such germ life often causes serious contagious disease.

Sprinkle such places twice a week with Lysol Disinfectant diluted with water. That kills germs, or prevents the creation of them.

On cleaning day, go over the

entire kitchen with water that contains a little Lysol Disinfectant. Being soapy in substance, Lysol Disinfectant cleans as it disinfects.

Use it in solution according to directions on the package. A 50c bottle makes 5 gallons of germ-killing solution. A 25c bottle makes 2 gallons.

Lysol Disinfectant is also invaluable for personal hygiene.

Send for free samples of other Lysol products

Lysol Shaving Cream in Tubes

Thousands of men use it because it takes the stubbornness out of beards almost immediately. Protects the health of the skin. Renders small cuts aseptically clean. At druggists everywhere.

A Postcard Brings Free Samples

Let us send a sample of Lysol Shaving Cream for the men folks. A sample of Lysol Toilet Soap will also be included. Have the family try it. Send name and address on a postcard.

Lysol Toilet Soap 25c a Cake

A rich, delightful soap that your family will like and want to use regularly. It is refreshingly soothing, healing, and helpful for improving the skin. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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Makers of Pebecco Tooth Paste

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For convenience, keep a solution of Lysol Disinfectant handy in a jar or bottle. Use it regularly.



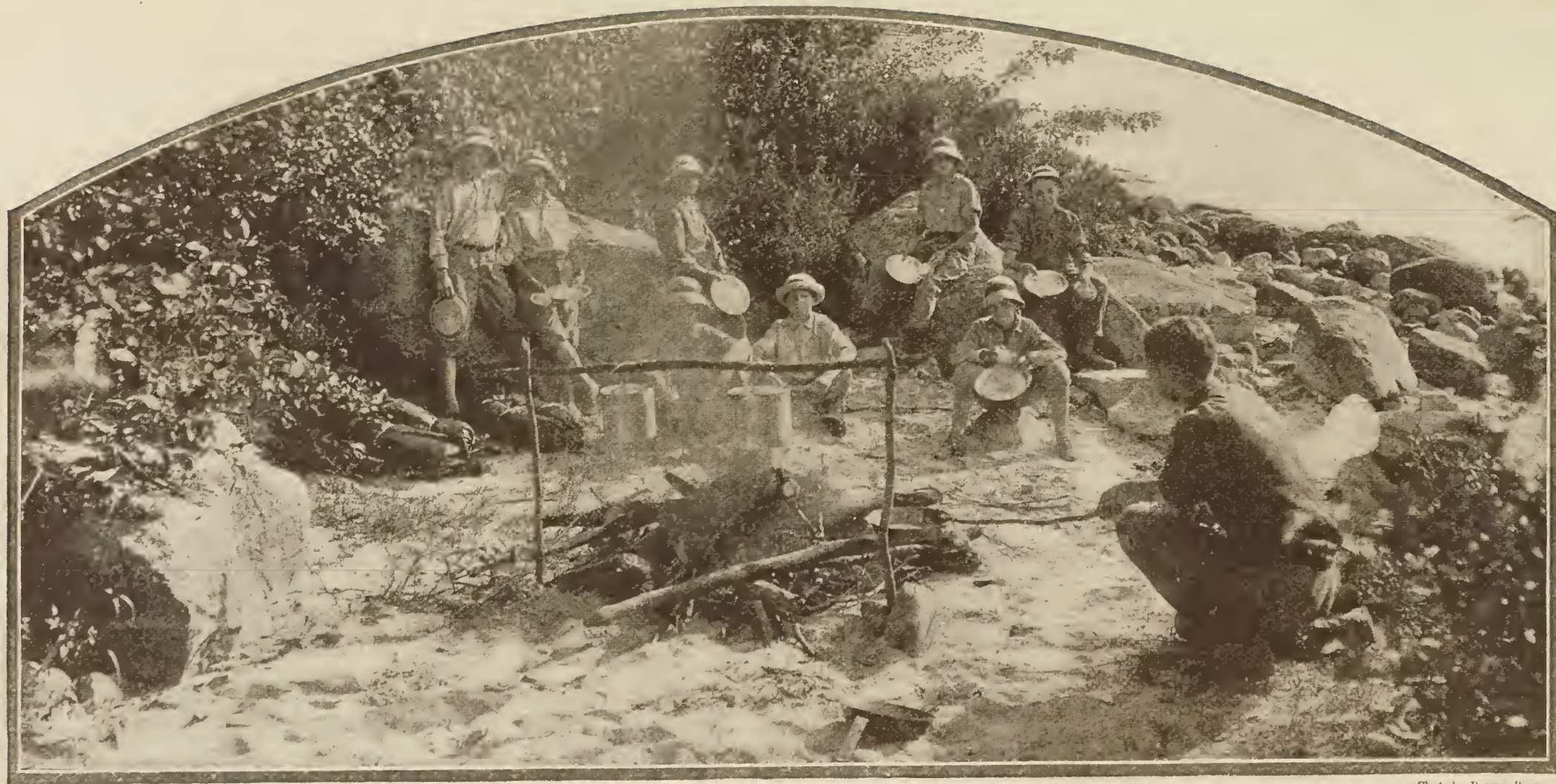


Photo by Brown Iron.

CAMP: THE IDEAL FAMILY VACATION

BY HARRIET BLISS STOCKING

Have you always wanted to go camping and have never quite known how to go about it?

Or did it seem too utterly impossible to take the whole family when you couldn't get away any other way?

Then you will be interested in this account of exactly how one woman actually does camp every year with her whole family. Also exactly what she takes along.

THE suggestions which follow are based entirely upon the experience of my own family during the past nine years, living in an open camp in the Adirondacks. By "open," I mean in tents, without floors, and cooking on an open fire. Our family consists of father, mother and four children, the youngest of whom was two and a half years old the first year we camped, the oldest ten.

It is not wise to try to go to the woods in June in the North. Mosquitoes are then numerous and voracious, likewise black flies, and both may persist until the middle of July. The woods are delightful from the middle of July until the last of September.

The equipment to be used in camp depends upon the duration of the vacation, the size of the family, and very largely, upon how much you can dispense with; that is, how willing you are to put the conveniences of conventional civilization behind you and get along with only the necessities.

There are some things which you must have. There is neither virtue nor pleasure in trying to live without a proper ax and a good bed. Get a tent in which you may stand upright. The little pup tents are sufficient for a canoe trip but not for a long vacation. Lumber can usually be shipped in for a tent floor, but this is difficult and expensive. A small piece of old carpeting, which can be used in the canoe during the day, and in front of the bed nights, serves fairly well. A canvas floor is difficult to keep clean, and in many ways is not as satisfactory as the bare ground covered with small evergreen boughs.

Be sure that the tents are absolutely waterproof, or else have sufficiently heavy flies over them. We made, very successfully, two flies of heavy unbleached muslin, and waterproofed them, using one gallon of turpentine and one and a half pounds of paraffin.

As for beds: The army cots are compact and easily transported; some sort of mattress or blankets makes them really comfortable.

Or you can make a "balsam bed." Use for a frame two small logs laid side by side, a

little longer than one's body and as wide as desired, with crosspieces nailed at each end to keep the logs from rolling. Fill them in between with rather fine evergreen twigs and layers of newspaper or flexible oilcloth, and cover the whole with as many blankets as you have. Again, nails can be driven into the tops of these logs, and over the nails can be hooked a network of heavy cords, like the old-fashioned tied hammock. This is extremely comfortable, considering the small amount of space it occupies in packing, and it can be tightened as it stretches down.

Take all the bedding you would need at home in Winter and then add more, as the nights in the mountains even in August are extremely chilly. Layers of newspaper under the bedding will be found helpful in keeping out cold and dampness, better still are pieces of flexible oilcloth. The bedding must be thoroughly aired and sunned, at least on alternate days, or it will be found to be cold and clammy. Cotton blankets are more satisfactory than sheets.

Kitchen utensils can mostly be taken from home. Crockery is too heavy to transport; tin plates are preferable, and are cheap. Paper plates, to be burned after they are used, are bulky. Get tin cups, knives, forks and spoons, a set of small unbreakable bowls or basins for soup or sauce, one utensil of each sort for each person and two or three extra for serving or in case of loss. Do not forget the toaster, egg-beater, long-handled spoon and fork, can-opener, pancake turner, paring knife and carving knife, and a piece of sharpening stone. If you can take an oil-stove and a small oven, the possibilities of a variety of styles of cooking are greater, and the problems of a rainy day are minimized; it is possible to do all the cooking over an open fire, although all the food must be boiled, broiled or fried.

TAKE ALONG THESE GOOD FRIENDS

USE enamel-ware pails for cooking over an open fire instead of kettles, as they hang better. There should be one pail for coffee, with which a little ten-cent percolator can be used; two or three for cooking in general; one for mixing; and one for carrying water.

There should be one large and one small steel frying-pan and, if you wish pancakes, a steel griddle. The handles of the frying-pan and griddle can be lengthened by wiring a green stick to the handle. A collapsible wire grate, which may be procured at

any camp supply store, is a great convenience for supporting utensils over the open fire. You will want a little washboard; also a dish-pan, although some people prefer to wash dishes in the lake. Then there must be two or three dish-towels, some old cloths, and an oilcloth for the table. A few yards of mosquito netting will be found invaluable.

One of the things most often overlooked and always needed is a real man-sized ax. Furthermore we always remove the blade from our buck-saw and take that with us. To it, handles made from short pieces of broomstick are easily fitted with small bolts, and there we have a cross-saw which can easily be carried in the duffel. It is really fun to saw wood in this way, and it equalizes the labor, for those who can not chop can saw.

THEN THE RIGHT CLOTHING

FOR lighting, nothing is better than electric flashlights when one is in haste, or for short periods. Kerosene is always to be had and always reliable. A good lantern or two, together with candles, really furnishes as much light as is necessary. You must get your wood and do all your chores before dark to save artificial light. A folding candle lantern of aluminum or tin is a great convenience.

Other important things are a good hammer, with nails of various sizes; a little flexible wire, and a pair of pincers. With these few tools and the saw and ax, you can do almost anything in the way of building. Ingenuity and the ability to make something else do is one of the fundamentals of camping out. Very good tables and seats can be constructed, and there is no end to the possibilities in camp furniture.

An Adirondack pack-basket is absolutely necessary. Let it be a good size, strong, and with broad shoulder-straps. Nothing else is so convenient in carrying supplies to camp, and for use on hikes. It can be easily tied to the side of the car and holds a vast amount.

Comfort and convenience must be the standard by which all clothes are judged. For the men and boys, wool knickerbockers are best, or ordinary khaki, a flannel shirt and one of cotton for hot days, a felt hat that will protect the eyes from the sun, a warm sweater and a coat.

The women and girls must have either short skirts and bloomers, bloomers alone, or the breeches worn by women who ride. These riding breeches are easily made or

bought. Breeches ought not to daunt the average woman camper in these days. They are not at all uncommon. A flannel blouse for cool days, and a cotton one for warm days, a light-weight felt hat, a sweater and a heavy coat are the other essentials.

All underclothing should be of a material which will not need ironing. The same general sort of clothing is needed by the children, but possibly a little more in quantity because of the child's affinity for dirt and water. Some sort of raincoat and overshoes for each member is necessary. With barely enough clothing for constant use, drying facilities limited and a physician far away, there must be no chance of having to keep on wet clothing. There should be the usual articles of personal toilet, with one good towel for each member of the family and three or four extra ones. Also a bathing-suit for each camper.

One heavy pair of shoes, for general use, and another pair, to be worn when the first pair is drying or the feet are tired, are necessary. A few hobnails help in mountain-climbing and walking over slippery logs, but are not advisable in a canoe. Many people find sneakers comfortable, and out-of-door moccasins, but one should always have one pair of fairly heavy shoes. Stockings may be either of wool or cotton, but should be stout and fairly new, unless mother wants to spend her days darning.

"ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME"

THIS limitation of clothing does not mean that one can not be as clean as at home, but it means washing a garment as soon as you change to another. To be sure, if you can drive to your camp site, and transportation facilities are good, take all you choose, but if not, remember that when carrying a pack on your back for miles, every ounce is a pound. Take along some gauze, absorbent cotton, and a good antiseptic, for possible cuts; something for burns; ear-ache medicine if the children are subject to it; and a cathartic. These few remedies will tide you over until a physician can be reached, if you need one. But you will never need one!

For transportation, boxes or trunks may be used. Duffel bags are excellent for soft articles, and bags of light-weight canvas or heavy unbleached muslin, waterproofed, which can be made at home, are good. If possible, use a medium-sized box for the hardware, on the inside of which nail small cleats.

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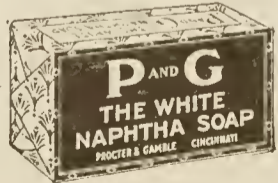
Speed with Safety

THE fastest working soap that can be made, yet harmless to clothes and in all general cleaning—that's P AND G The White Naphtha Soap. It combines speed and safety as they never were combined before.

This soap saves hours in the laundry, in the kitchen, and all over the house because it has within itself the dirt-moving energy which your own hands and arms must supply slowly and painfully when using ordinary soap. It is so efficient that it washes clothes without rubbing, and without boiling if you so desire; cuts grease and soot from dishes and utensils almost at a touch; and does all the weekly cleaning in an unbelievably short time.

Yet it does not injure anything it touches because its cleansing power is due—not to destructive chemicals—but to naphtha and to its high grade materials of which *whiteness* is the outer sign.

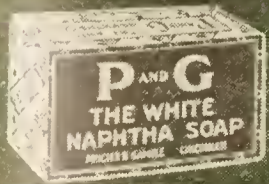
You can't imagine how much this soap will save you, and without taking any toll from the things it cleans. But get a cake and you will know why millions of women have used it continuously since their very first trial.



Look for the blue
and white wrapper

*Not merely a white laundry soap;
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But the best features of both, combined.*

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Ivory Soap



P AND G - THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP





Madam Butterfly—A style of hair dress suggestive of the Far East. Especially becoming to brunettes who are blessed with a fine head of hair.

You, too, can dress your hair so that it expresses your personality

Is there a more becoming way of fixing your hair than the way you do it now?

A thorough brushing of the hair is absolutely essential to a good coiffure. And regular twice-a-day brushing with the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush will make your hair more healthy and give it that fine, lustrous look so desirable in fashionable hair dressing.

The long, stiff bristles of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Brush go between the strands of the hair, smoothing out all kinks and snarls—properly exercising the scalp and hair, and

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Well-brushed hair glistens with beauty. Give your hair the thoughtful care it deserves and you will be delightfully surprised at the great improvement in its looks, its texture, and its "feel."

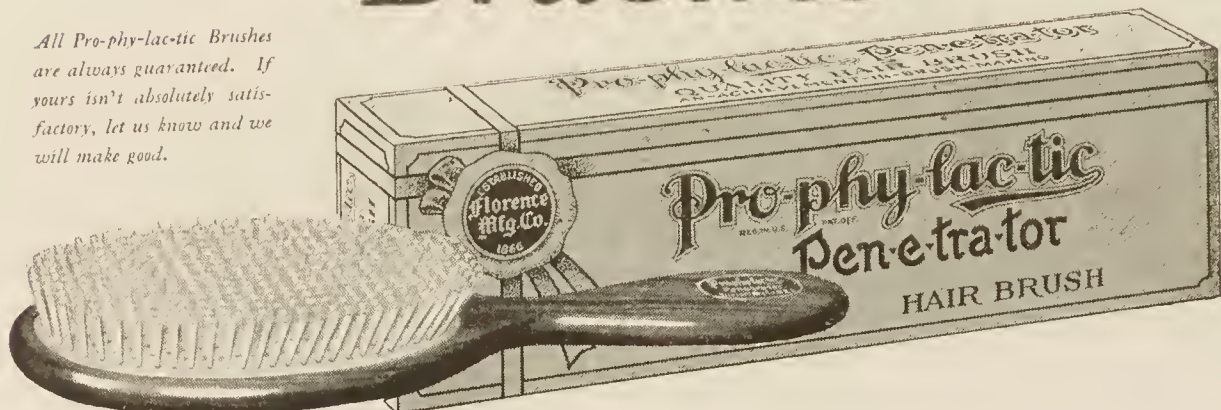
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair Brush is sold at your drug, dry goods, and department stores. Always packed in a yellow box and made by the same people that make the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

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SUMMER MUSIC FOR FUN

BY HAROLD BAUER

HE IS one of the world's acknowledged great pianists and he is interested in all piano students, even the tiniest. He has some interesting ideas about keeping up the children's music in the Summer-time—that bugaboo of all careful mothers.

A list of attractive duets of the kind described in this article and of enjoyable little books on music will be sent free on receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope, by William Armstrong, Music Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.

THE children's music is too generally allowed to drop automatically from early June until late September when school begins again. In consequence, after vacation is over, the younger ones have forgotten half they knew, and the older children need the first month or so to get back to where they left off.

I would not sentence any little child to technical drudgery at the piano through sunny, Summer hours. Exactly the opposite. I think that during vacation season music should be made of as vital interest as any game. And the Summer holidays will prove an ideal time for just this, for during that time children have no general studies to take their first attention.

Children take music quite seriously in their games. To make music live and interesting, instead of a something abstract, it must first of all be made entertaining; it must be linked up with real pleasure.

There is nowadays a mass of little pieces that should bring joy to any child, and Americans have shown a special deftness in composing them. Children should have these first, and five-finger exercises later, when they become ambitious of themselves. There are, as I suggested in an earlier article, the helpful duets for teacher and pupil, by Leopold Godowsky, in which the pupil's part is written within the compass of five notes.

FOR holiday times there is another, a fascinating sort of interest: the playing at sight of duets which are suggestive of play. Duet playing brings a greater stimulus than the child will get from playing his little pieces alone. Be careful that duets are easy enough for the child to read easily. A child should never be given a part to play in any duet which it can not master moderately on a few repetitions. Always the piece should be decidedly less difficult than the one of which it is capable after practise, and easy enough to be read at sight without strain or effort.

Indeed a first consideration in selecting duets for this kind of playing is the individual ability of the child to read at sight. Some have natural aptitude for it; others are not so gifted or, having paid little attention

to sight reading, are not proficient in it. On the other hand, the part to be played by the second performer may be of any degree of difficulty. The fuller the tone volume that second part, the more will it delight the child's ear. And there will be awakened the consciousness that it is assisting in a superior kind of music-making, more ambitious than the little solos it has learned.

For very small players there is a multitude of duets suitable for holiday diversion at any season, and all within the reach of tiny fingers. For older children beyond invariable regard for proper degree of difficulty, there is no limit in the range in which choice of duets may be made. There are very easy classical sonatas; there are simple arrangements of noted piano pieces; there are operatic selections; there is music of a popular kind, and there is dance music in the various forms.

INVARIABLY, however, I would advise that the child be given due share in the selection of those duets played; anything that will stimulate its interest and appeal to its intelligence will be improving. The length of time daily devoted to duet playing, I would also advise left in reasonable measure to the child's decision. Sustained interest for even a few minutes on the part of a little one will prove of greater musical advantage than many hours of sitting at the piano and being filled with an ardent longing to be at the outside.

In many cases the mother may assist in these duets, and generally with better results than would result with any teacher. Again, when such course is impossible, there are young musicians, themselves early students not yet ready to begin teaching as a profession, who are well equipped for directing this branch as "practise teachers."

There is another point that must not be neglected, and one too often overlooked: the awakening and sustaining of musical interest in the child, and that is the best of reading little books on music. These books to be had, written entertainingly and strong in their appeal as any story. They give the human side of great composers; they tell of thrilling anecdotes of their childhood; they tell of what they themselves were like, and what their music meant at last to the whole world.

After one Summer of playing easy and suggestive duets, and acquiring knowledge from a little book or two on music, the child will likely be found more eager to resume lessons than it has ever been before. Instead of time-wasting abstinence from all relating to the piano or its study, you have substituted a practical force arousing that kind of interest which means incentive to real progress.

Pour la Belle Saison

Now—for the summer season, more than any season—will you need these two enchanting *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss*:

DJER-KISS FACE POWDER—
now back to its 1914 pre-war price
of 50c

In its lovely tints so matchless for every complexion—so beautifying—protecting, too, in its purity and soft *raffinement*! Chic, is it, this Djer-Kiss Face Powder—and so fragrantly Parisian.

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— 000 —

AND THESE TWO *Spécialités de Djer-Kiss*—in their fragrant French exquisiteness—are not only made in France. They are packed also in France, for you, in those graceful French boxes in which they come to you. Surely you will wish to buy now and use these pure Parisian *poudres* the whole summer through!

In return for 20c

the A. H. Smith Co., 34 West 34th Street, New York, will be pleased to send you the Djer-Kiss Week-End Specialty Box which contains tiny serviceable samples of Djer-Kiss Face Powder, Extract, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Sachet.

Djer-Kiss

Made in France

EXTRACT • SACHET • TALC
FACE POWDER • TOILET WATER • VEGETALE

These Spécialités—Rouge, Soap, Compacts and Creams—temporarily blended here with pure Djer-Kiss Concentré imported from France

©
A. H. S. Co.
1921





Raisins—a “Beauty Food”

It is iron in the blood—a tiny supply of it daily—that helps to bring the bloom of youth to women’s and children’s cheeks.

Raisins, rich in immediately assimilable iron, therefore may be called a “beauty food.” Eat raisins daily and be sure that you get all the iron you need.



Raisin Pie

- 1 cup SUN-MAID Seeded Raisins
- 1 cup water
- 1 level teaspoon salt
- 1 tablespoon corn starch
- 1 teaspoon sugar (may be omitted)

Wash the raisins, put in saucepan with cold water, bring slowly to a boil; add sugar, salt and corn starch, which has been mixed with a little cold water; boil three minutes; pour in pie tin which has been lined with crust, while hot; cover; brush top with cold milk.

Pie Crust

- 1 ½ cups flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2 tablespoons shortening

Sift flour and salt together; add shortening, rub in very lightly with tips of fingers; add a little very cold water, just enough to hold together. The less you handle the dough the better the crust will be, and if made as the recipe tells, it will be a very dry crust.

The Luscious “Energy Dessert”

Serve to tired men at dinner

Try a raisin pie tonight—made according to the recipe at the left.

See how delighted your men folks will be. And note how it “sets them up” in spirit and in strength after a hard day’s work.

They’ll be surprised to feel the energy and

new vigor which are almost immediately imparted through the raisins.

Raisins are nature’s own confection in a pie—sweet, tender and delicious. The juice forms a luscious pie sauce. It’s an epicurean dessert. Try it now. Learn what *real* raisin pie is like. Every first-class baker has this pie.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

Sun-Maids are the *clean, sweet, wholesome* raisins, packed in California, in a great immaculate glass-walled plant. They’re your own American raisins, and you know they’re *good*.

Luscious, tender, juicy, meaty raisins, made from finest table grapes. Always ask for them *and get them*. Use in cakes, pies, cookies, puddings, salads, etc.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem). Insist upon the Sun-Maid brand.

Send coupon for free book, “Sun-Maid Recipes.” Learn how to use in many attractive ways.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO., FRESNO, CALIFORNIA
Membership 10,000 Growers



FREE—“Sun-Maid Recipes”

California Associated Raisin Co.,
Dept. 100, Fresno, California

Please send me a free copy of your book, “Sun-Maid Recipes.”

Name

Street

City

State



SALADS FOR ALL TASTES

Recipes originated in the DELINEATOR Kitchen

BY FLORA G. ORR

FRUIT-SALAD DRESSING

1 cup pineapple-juice 1 tablespoon flour
 1 cup orange-juice 3 tablespoons water
 Juice of 1/2 lemon 1 egg
 1/4 cup sugar 1/2 cup cream, whipped

SOAK fruit-juice. Mix sugar and flour, add cold water and mix to a smooth paste. Add beaten egg and stir in hot liquid slowly. Cook in double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened. Cool, and when ready to use fold in whipped cream. This makes about two cups of dressing.

NEW SALAD DRESSING

PUT two ounces of blanched almonds through the fine blade of the meat-chopper. Pound to a fine paste. Add one cup of mayonnaise, one-half cup currant jelly, the juice of one-half lemon and a cup of whipped cream. Serve with fruit salad.

PEAR SALAD

DRAIN halves of canned pears or of stewed dried pears. Fill the halves with a mixture of chopped nuts and dates, and invert on a bed of lettuce. Just before serving cover with French dressing and sprinkle with grated cheese.

CANDLE SALAD

ARRANGE a slice of canned pineapple on a bed of lettuce. In the center insert a section of banana to represent the candle. Top with a red cherry and make a handle to the candlestick with a strip of pimento. Serve the dressing on the side in a cup made from the lettuce heart.

CHERRY SALAD

DRAIN canned cherries. Remove stones and fill cavities of half of them with nutmeats. Stuff the remainder with small balls of cream cheese. Arrange on lettuce and serve with fruit-salad dressing.

PRUNE, RAISIN AND CHEESE SALAD

1 cup prunes 1/4 cup raisins
 1 cup nut meats 2 stalks celery
 2 cup grated cheese

CLEAN prunes, steam until tender and remove stones. Fill with a mixture of chopped nuts and raisins. Arrange prunes and cut-up celery on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing. Garnish with the finely grated cheese.

MARSDEN SALAD

CUT a bed of lettuce, romaine or endive, in one-quarter of apple, and sections of pimento and oranges. Garnish with strips of pimento and serve with French dressing.

APPLE SALAD

3 large apples 3 bananas
 1/2 cup lemon-juice 1 cup cream
 1/2 cup sugar

WASH and cut up the apples into small pieces. Add lemon-juice and cut-up bananas. Just before serving whip the cream and add the sugar. Mix with fruit and serve very cold. This mixture makes a very good dessert salad.

BAKED-APPLE SALAD

WASH and core desired number of small red apples. Fill center of each with a section of banana and sprinkle sugar over the top. Cover the bottom of a shallow dripping-pan with water and set apples in it. Bake until tender, but not out of shape. Serve on lettuce with boiled dressing or mayonnaise.

ORANGE-JELLY SALAD

1/2 envelope (1 table- 1/2 cup sugar
 spoon) gelatin 1 cup orange-juice
 1/4 cup cold water Juice of 1 lemon
 1/2 cup boiling water 1 grapefruit

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Add the boiling water and sugar, and stir until dissolved. Add orange and lemon-juice. Cool, and when beginning to set pour into individual molds. Arrange sections of grapefruit in each mold. Serve on lettuce with any desired dressing.

FROZEN-FRUIT SALAD

1 cup oranges 1 cup green grapes
 1 cup bananas 1 cup fruit-salad
 1 cup pineapple dressing
 1 cup whipped cream Sugar, if necessary

DICE and mix the fruit. Add remaining ingredients and mix lightly. Fill mold and pack in equal parts of salt and ice for four hours.

PEACH SURPRISE

1 cup nuts 6 canned peaches
 1 cup cottage-cheese Fruit-salad dressing

MIX nuts and well seasoned cheese. Fill centers of peaches, arrange on lettuce and cover with dressing.

PINEAPPLE DELIGHT

Spanish onion 1/2 cup preserved
 1 cup white cabbage pineapple
 1/2 cup finely chopped French dressing
 celery Red-pepper slices

RUB the bowl with the onion. Toss together the cabbage, celery and diced pineapple with the French dressing. Arrange on lettuce and garnish with the pepper slices.

JELLIED WALDORF SALAD

2 tablespoons gelatin 2 cups chopped apples
 1/2 cup cold water 1 cup shredded celery
 1 cup boiling water 1/2 cup nuts
 4 tablespoons sugar 6 stuffed olives
 4 tablespoons lemon-juice Fruit-salad dressing

SOAK gelatin in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Add sugar and stir until dissolved. Add lemon-juice. Cool. When almost set, add apples, celery, nuts and turn into individual molds garnished with the sliced olives. Serve on lettuce with the salad dressing at the side.

HEAD-LETTUCE SALAD

1/2 cup stuffed olives 3 pimentos
 1/2 cup nut-meats Mayonnaise dressing
 Head lettuce

MIX the chopped olives, nuts and pimentos with the salad dressing. Cut lettuce in wedge-shaped pieces and cover with dressing just before serving.



Puffed Wheat

Bubble grains, flimsy, flavory,
 toasted—floated in milk

Nights in June

The supreme supper dish for children is Puffed Wheat in milk. It means whole wheat with all its 16 elements fitted to digest.

The grains are puffed to airy tid-bits, 8 times normal size. And they taste like toasted nuts.

Nothing else that you can serve is so ideal for bedtime.

The greatest of cereal delights

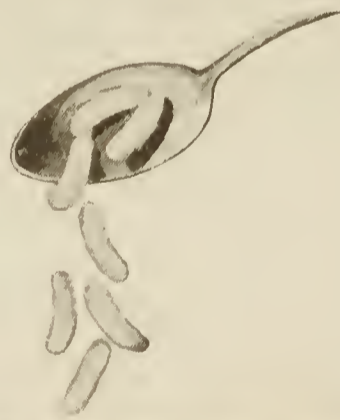
Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat are the finest cereal foods created.

They taste like confections. Their texture is flaky and crisp. They even use them on ice cream and in home candy making.

Yet they are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods. Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion. Every element in the whole grain is fitted to digest.

Foods so enticing and so hygienic should be served in all the ways you can.

One way is between meals. Crisp and douse with melted butter. Let children eat like peanuts. They are better than sweetmeats or pastry.



Puffed Wheat

Grains puffed to bubbles

Puffed Rice

8 times normal size

In the morning—

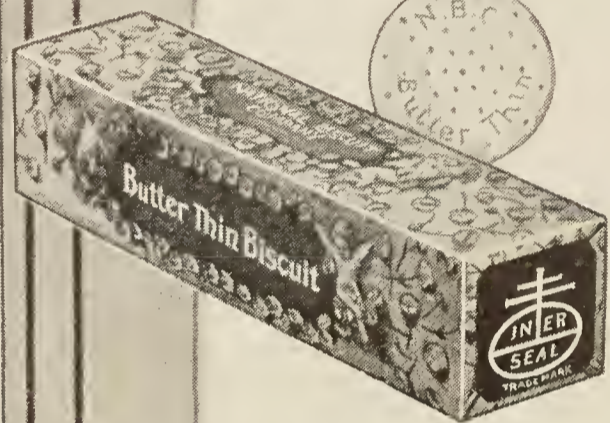
Puffed Rice with cream and sugar,
 or mixed with berries

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

N.B.C. BISCUITRY

First Aid to The Rolling Pin



What has become of those baking hours which once imposed their weekly toil?

Ask Biscuitry.

Why these new hours for pleasant tasks, for play, for time now spent out-doors?

Ask Biscuitry.

Why these ready foods for daily meals, and every serving in-between?

Ask Biscuitry.

What are the words that compliment and speak of meals that do not tire?

Ask Biscuitry.

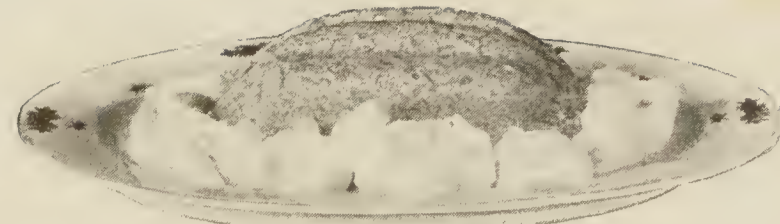
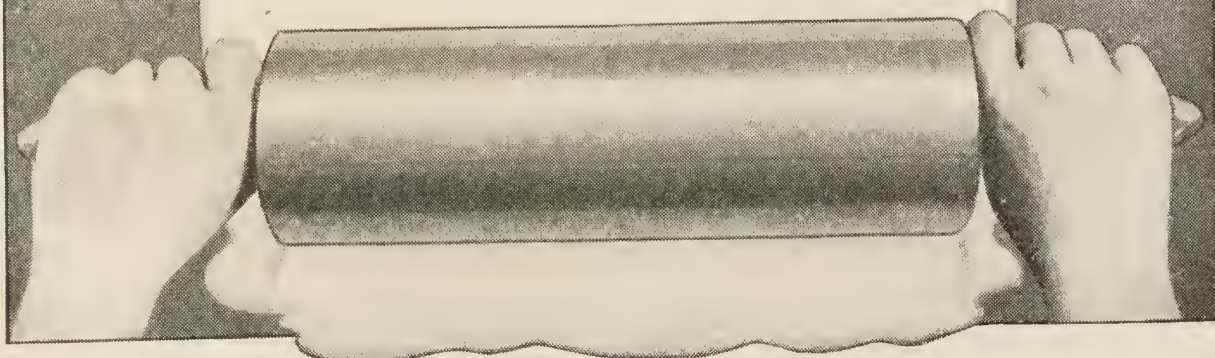


Keep a supply of N. B. C. products in your pantry, and see how Biscuitry saves your time and serves your table.



Sold in the famous
In-er-seal Trade Mark package

NATIONAL BISCUIT
COMPANY



Carrots in a sponge dessert look and taste like fruit

KING CARROT DESTINED TO REIGN

BY LUCILE BREWER AND ALICE BLINN
School of Home Economics, Cornell University

EVERY now and then some old food standby blossoms forth with new possibilities. The latest humble vegetable to become really quite smart is the carrot. It always *was* pretty, and we're finding out now that it contains the newly discovered and valuable fat soluble vitamin.

To be at its best, the carrot should be young and tender and fresh from the garden. Frequent sowings will insure young carrots throughout the growing season. But even the mature carrot allowed to become old and wrinkled may be restored to youthful freshness by soaking in cold water until crisp and by using only the outer layers and discarding the pithy, woody center of the root-stalk.

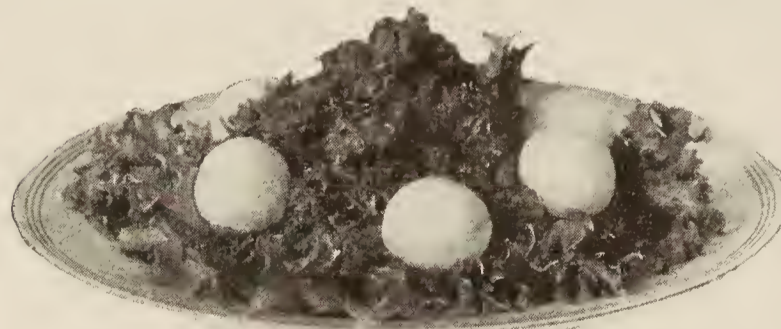
Mature carrots may be kept in good condition in the cellar by storing them in moist sand. It is even worth while to can the young carrots for certain Winter uses.

Whether young or old, and for whatever purpose used, the carrot should always be cooked in briskly boiling salted water in an uncovered vessel.

Epicurean dishes made from this vegetable include soup, cutlets, croquettes, breaded carrots, buttered carrots, carrots scalloped with rice, cheese or tomatoes; carrot casserole with beans, rice, peas or left-over meats; and a carrot loaf for the second or main course; carrot-salads with American or cottage cheese, apple and onion; or a quivering, colorful carrot-jelly salad for the third course; and plain carrot pie or a combination of carrot with apple, custard, lemon meringue or mock mince pie, a carrot sponge, carrot cookies, carrot honey or carrot tarts for dessert; and candied carrots to be served with the nut course. As a relish, the carrot appears in pickles, in a carrot-and-green-pepper butter, and many varieties of conserves.

CARROT PIE

1 cup mashed carrot
1 cup milk
1 egg
3 tablespoons molasses
Salt, mace, cinnamon
Nutmeg to taste
1 tablespoon melted fat



Try a salad of grated raw carrot and cream-cheese balls served on lettuce

ORANGE AND CARROT MARMALADE

6 carrots, medium size
3 oranges
Sugar
1 lemon, juice and
grated rind

DICE the carrots and cook them until they are tender in as little water as possible. Cut the oranges and the lemon in small pieces. Measure the carrot and fruit, and add two-thirds as much sugar. Simmer the mixture until it is clear. Turn it into jelly-glasses, and, when it is cold, seal it with paraffin.

CARROT PUDDING

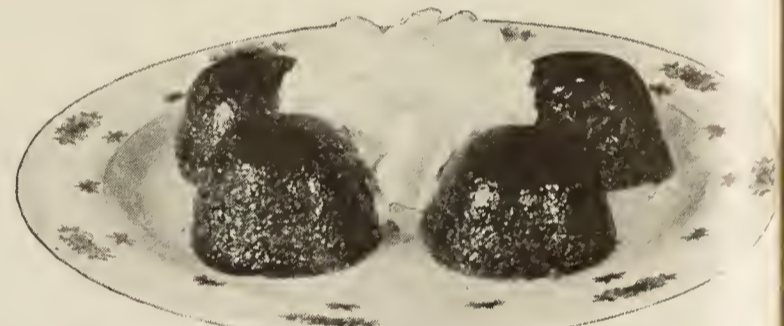
1 cup ground raw carrot
1 cup ground tart apples
1 cup raisins
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup molasses
1 cup ground suet
1 teaspoon baking powder
1 cup flour
1/2 cup bread-crumbs
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 teaspoon cloves
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon soda

STEAM the pudding for two and one half hours and serve it with a cream sauce.

CARROT LOAF

1 1/2 cup ground carrot
1 cup boiled rice
1 cup ground peanuts
1 cup milk
1 egg
Salt, pepper
1/2 teaspoon mustard
2 tablespoons minced pepper, red or green
3 tablespoons minced bacon or other fat
1 tablespoon onion juice

MIX the ingredients in the order given and bake the loaf in a moderate oven for one hour. Serve it with tomato sauce if desired.



Colorful carrot jelly makes a delicious Summer salad

SOFT CUSTARD

1 cup milk
1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg-yolk
Vanilla

HEAT the milk and pour it slowly over the well-beaten egg-yolk. Cook the mixture until it coats the spoon, stirring it constantly.

CARROT SPONGE

1 cup grated raw carrot
1/3 cup sugar
1 cup milk
2 tablespoons gelatin
White of 1 egg
Salt
Vanilla

HEAT the milk and add the sugar. Soak the gelatin in four tablespoons cold water. Dissolve over heat and add to the hot milk. Set the mixture aside until it begins to harden around the edges. Beat it with an egg-beater and add the grated carrot, salt, vanilla, and fold in the well-beaten egg-white. Turn into a mold. Serve with soft custard.

CARROT-JELLY SALAD

1 1/2 tablespoon gelatin
1/4 cup sugar
1/2 cup finely grated carrot
2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 cups water
Salt

SOAK the gelatin in one-fourth cup of cold water and dissolve by setting the cup in a pan of hot water. Add the two cups of water, lemon-juice, sugar and grated carrot. Pour the mixture into molds and chill. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

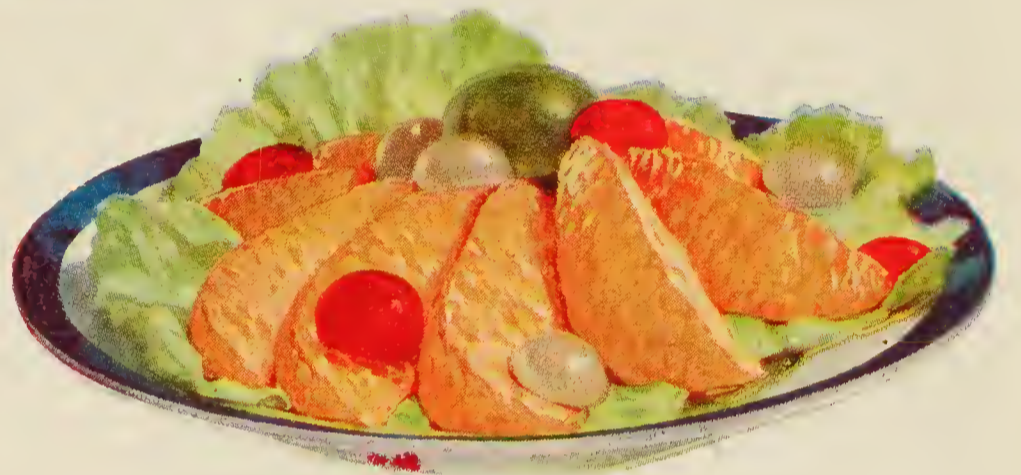
Concluded on page 41



What could be more attractive! Peeled sections of luscious, juicy, tender oranges and crisp, green lettuce with French dressing. Just you try it.

Five-Minute Lunches—*for Busy Women*

Delicious—Healthful—Quick



Quick and easy to prepare. Simply a few orange sections, lettuce leaves and grapes. You'll find this a delicious salad—and healthful, too.

YOU can make a meal of oranges—a quick, delicious meal. There's nothing else so good, and there's no cooking, fuss or trouble.

Five minutes, and you have a luscious fruit dish, a cup of tea and bread and butter. And that's as healthful and as nourishing a repast as any woman wants on busy days.

An orange dish is "salad and dessert in one"; and there are scores of combinations with cocoanut or other fruits to gain variety.

Our free book suggests "five-minute dishes" of this kind. See our offer in the panel below.

Why spend hours on *any* mid-day meal when there's a convenient, luscious, healthful fruit so handy?

You need orange foods also to help balance heavier meals. For orange juice contains organic salts and acids which are both natural appetizers and digestive aids.

And although oranges are known as "acid fruits" their reaction in the blood is *alkaline*—a healthful offset to the *excess acidity* caused by the "unbalanced eating" of meat, fish and eggs.

So oranges are of great dietetic value. Hospitals serve four times as many as do most homes, because *they know*.



Here's a "fruit cocktail" perfectly delightful to try. Cut an orange in sections, remove the membrane, and place in cup with a few cherries and white grapes. Sprinkle a little sugar to taste.

Sunkist

Uniformly Good Oranges

Alice Bradley's Recipes Sent Free

MISS ALICE BRADLEY, Domestic Scientist and Dietician, is principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, in Boston. We asked her to prepare a book of recipes especially for us. It contains more than two hundred—all tested and proved by Miss Bradley, so they're sure to work. It includes several so-called "five-minute dishes." Send for a copy. It is free to women who reply to this announcement. Just mail a post card and get one by return mail. Dept. 1014.

Serve sliced or halved for breakfast, in salad for the lunch and in desserts at dinner.

Let the whole family have the benefit of this fine fruit in some form every day.

Sunkist oranges are firm, but tender, juicy, sweet and practically seedless. They slice best and are easiest to separate and cut. All first-class dealers sell them. Get a delicious dozen now.

CALIFORNIA FRUIT GROWERS EXCHANGE
A Non-Profit Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers
DEPT. 1014, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA





Your Favorite Color

OFTEN the starting point for decorating the home is the floor. By using Armstrong's Linoleum you can establish your favorite color motive, to be emphasized in wall coverings and draperies. The complementary color can then be deftly employed in the decorative accessories with charming results.

Beauty is but one of the many advantages of Armstrong's Linoleum. Easy to clean and sanitary, it makes housework much easier. It is comfortable to walk on and noiseless. For the new home you are building, or to cover an old floor, it costs less than any other floor material.

Armstrong's Linoleum is durable and

flexible. It may be recognized by its strong burlap back, on which the Circle A trademark appears.

When cemented down firmly by your merchant, it is a *permanent* floor that never splinters, bulges, or cracks. An occasional waxing keeps it like new. Armstrong's Linoleum is made in Plains, Jaspés, and Inlaid, in which the colors run clear through to the burlap back; also with the color designs printed on the surface. The printed patterns are also obtainable in rugs.

For a better appreciation of the charm and practical value of linoleum "for every room in the house," send for our book, which tells about its use in many decorative schemes.

"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 color plates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM RUGS

Armstrong's Linoleum is also made in rug form. For a sanitary floor-covering for your kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, etc., these rugs are fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing color plates of twenty-three pleasing and artistic designs.

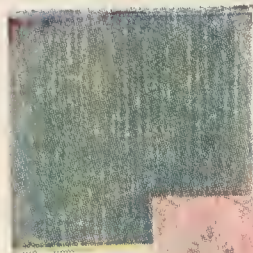
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Armstrong's Linoleum

CIRCLE A TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

for Every Floor **A** in the House

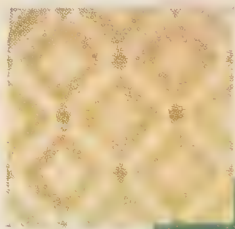
If you prefer any of these Armstrong patterns to the one used in this living-room, (No. 752), order by number from your merchant. Also ask him to show you suitable designs for the other rooms in your house.



14



742



662



21

KING CARROT

EMERGENCY PICKLE

1 quart carrots 2 pints vinegar
1 cup celery 1½ cup sugar
2 green peppers 2 teaspoons mustard
1 red pepper ½ teaspoon turmeric
1 cup white onions Paprika
1 cup string-beans 1 teaspoon salt

DICE the carrots and cut the beans in short pieces. Cook them in salted water until tender. Add the other ingredients cut in small slices and add the vinegar, spices and sugar. Cook the mixture until it is clear. Seal in hot jars.

CARROT SOUP

1 pint milk 1 tablespoon onion-juice
1 cup cooked carrot juice
pressed through a 1 tablespoon minced
strainer parsley, celery or
tablespoons butter celery-salt

HEAT the milk, combine the other ingredients, beat them and add them to the heated milk.

CARROT AND APPLE BUTTER

1 pint tart apple 2 cups sugar
1 pint grated raw carrot Grated rind and juice
rot of 1 lemon

COOK the apple until it is tender, then put it through a strainer. Add the other ingredients. Cook the mixture until thick and clear. Seal in hot jars.

CARROT AND CHEESE SALAD

1 pint grated raw carrot Salt
¾ cup grated cheese Paprika

Toss the ingredients lightly together and serve them on lettuce with either French or boiled dressing.

CARROT CANNED IN PINEAPPLE-JUICE

1 pint pineapple juice 1 cup sugar
1 medium orange sliced 1 pint cooked car-
rot thin rots, diced

COOK the carrots until tender, cut in slices or strips. Make a sirup of the pineapple-juice and sugar boiled for five minutes. Add the carrot and orange to the sirup and cook until the carrots are clear. Seal in hot jars.

CARROT CATCHUP WITH GREEN PEPPERS

1 pint carrots, cooked 1 teaspoon mustard-
and cut into small seed
dice 1 cup sugar
2 green peppers ¾ cup vinegar
2 medium onions 1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon paprika

ADD vinegar and sugar to carrots. Take all inside out of pepper and cut finely; add spices.

Concluded from page 28

SENSIBLE SAVING

Use local savings banks and thrift institutions, if run by worthy men; use the United States Government's savings stamps and certificates and bonds, as well as other investments.

Educate your children in thrift by savings plans and practise.

Life insurance and savings should supplement each other; the insurance should be greater while one is accumulating and while there are special needs, as when the children are small; less perhaps after accumulation is made.

Provide by insurance and savings for three contingencies:

Suppose your wife and children were left alone?

How will you meet your own old-age problem?

What would your family do if you were a chronic invalid or helpless and others had to provide support?

Get the best solution you can give to these three possibilities.

How much have you saved to date? List your property and your debts and find their difference, or your "net worth" to-day. Write down the amount. Try this again twelve months hence. Are you going ahead or backward financially?

Get compound interest on your side, by reinvestment of interest receipts immediately. The interest on money at six per cent. doubles the principal in sixteen and two-third years, but if the interest money is reinvested at once at six per cent. it doubles in twelve years.

As income increases, a relatively larger part of the increase than of the former salary should be saved; if you save seven per cent. of a \$3,000 salary, and it is increased by \$500, you should save ten per cent. or more of the increase. But increase, too, the proportion going for a broader cultural life, and the proportion that goes to help others.

Concluded from page 32

CAMP: THE IDEAL VACATION

To fit these, cut thin boards for shelves, and a kitchen cupboard is ready for use as soon as camp is reached. The cover can be hinged, thus forming a door to keep out the mice and squirrels at night. Boxes of boards are priceless in camp.

In choosing your camp-site, the first requisite is drinking water. Most camping sites are near a water supply in the mountains as there are many clear, cold springs near the lakes. The greatest care must be taken to keep them unpolluted. Let the site be sufficiently open to the sun to insure dryness and draining. The ground should be as flat as possible where the tents and beds are to stand.

The fire-bed must be built upon sand to prevent its working down into the leaf-mold and causing trouble. It can be surrounded by stones upon which to rest the utensils.

The matter of milk supply for the young children is the most difficult food problem. Evaporated milk may be eaten upon cereal, and the powdered milk in its fluid form be used as a beverage. A little cocoa gives variety in flavor. It is practically never possible to get fresh milk if the camp is really in the woods,

so babies beyond the nursing age should not be taken unless trial at home proves that the child can thrive on prepared milks, or some other foods. For meat, there is always bacon and ham, both of which can be purchased in quantities. Be sure you hang them by wires, from your tent ridge-pole, or the coons and porcupines will have a feast. It may be possible, and usually is, to buy fresh meat where you procure your bread and other groceries, but the chief standby is canned goods. Vegetables of all sorts can be purchased canned, and usually some fresh vegetables may be bought at the little supply stores. Baked beans are a standby, either canned or those you bake yourself in the hot coals.

For desserts, there is the canned fruit, cookies, crackers and candy which the family delights in making over the camp-fire and often blackberries and blueberries. The children like to pop corn. We also carry with us a quantity of home-made jam and jelly put up in two-pound tin cans with pressure tops.

If you can find a steady rowboat for the children and a canoe for the expert members of the family, your camp will be complete.

A Double-Action Dentifrice

By the double action of chalk and soap, safe and thorough cleansing is effected

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM polishes and cleans teeth by the *direct* action of its principal constituents—fine, precipitated chalk and pure vegetable oil soap.

The fine calcium carbonate (chalk) which forms the basis of this superior dentifrice, when brought into action by the brush, *loosens* deposits that gather upon the teeth.

At the same time, thorough washing is effected by the pure soap ingredient, actuated by the wet brush.

It is well to understand these principles—to be *sure* about the action and the merits of the dentifrice you use.

Take no dangerous risks

The normal condition of the healthy mouth is slightly alkaline. Be careful to use a dentifrice that will clean without causing abnormal mouth conditions. A dentifrice that is too strongly alkaline, or strongly acid, will upset the normal conditions, and *may* cause serious trouble.

The slight alkalinity of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream about equals that of the clean, healthy mouth. For this reason the *habitual* use of Colgate's tends to keep the mouth in a normal condition.

Acid is the chief immediate cause of tooth decay. Common sense and scientific observation indicate the wisdom of using a dentifrice that is free from acid and that has a mild alkaline reaction, sufficient to maintain normal mouth conditions.

Preparations that introduce acids should be considered with caution. And gritty pastes may damage tooth enamel or irritate the gums and delicate mouth tissues.

Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice. This is not an unsubstantiated claim, but has been established by an exhaustive investigation, the proof of which is in the safe deposit vault of the Title Guarantee and Trust Co., New York.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is free from any druggy taste, but has a delicious flavor. Children use it without urging.

COLGATE & CO.

Dept. 53

199 Fulton Street

New York



For sale everywhere—

or generous trial tube sent for 2c.

Good Things
from 9 Climes
poured into
a Single Glass!



The glass that answers thirst.

Coca-Cola was created to appeal to taste with a distinct and inimitable flavor.

Coca-Cola is made delicious and refreshing to satisfy thirst.



Harvesting cane for sugar.

Coca-Cola is prepared with the finished art that comes from a lifetime of practice.

Sweetened and made nutritious with pure cane sugar—

Flavored with a perfect blend of choicest savors—

Colored with the dark amber of caramel—

Alive with the bubbles of sparkling, pure water that come to a bead at the top—

Coca-Cola is an unequalled com-

ination of good things from Mother Nature that flower and come to fruit in the sunshine of nine different climes—nine different countries.



Ships from nine countries.

An average of approximately 6,000,000 glasses and bottles of Coca-Cola is sold every day. That's why dealers are able to multiply profits by turnovers in Coca-Cola syrup at a rate which is a pace-maker for successful merchandising—how thousands of prosperous businesses have been built up with small investments—an unanswerable argument for selling Coca-Cola at the lowest possible price to develop the largest possible volume of business—the cause



A lemon grove—one source of Coca-Cola.

for the public in general knowing the inimitable quality of Coca-Cola and being supported by the highest court in the land in demanding that the genuine always be served—why the legend below is a sign of popularity.



Drink
Coca-Cola
DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING
THE COCA-COLA COMPANY, Atlanta, Ga.



FLAWS IN THE GLASS WHICH INTERFERE WITH THE SEAL MAY BE DETECTED BY RUNNING THE FOREFINGER AROUND THE RIM OF THE JAR

THE FINE POINTS OF FOR UNIFORMLY GOOD RESULTS

BY WINIFRED MOSES

School of Home Economics, Cornell University



PRESERVING foods by canning means, first, to destroy the yeasts, molds, bacteria and enzymes that infect the food; second, to keep others from taking their place. We accomplish the first by heating the food hot enough to kill the micro-organisms and ferments; the second by keeping the food in hermetically sealed jars.

Two methods have been used in canning: the open-kettle and the cold-pack process. In the open-kettle method the food is cooked and sterilized in one container and the jars are sterilized in another. This food is then placed in the sterilized jars, which are sealed.

In the cold-pack method the food is prepared and packed in clean jars and the two are heated together for a time sufficient to cook the food and destroy any micro-organisms that may be present in the food or on the jars.

THE OPEN-KETTLE METHOD

ONE of the first steps in canning by the open-kettle method is to wash and test the jars and put them on to sterilize. Jars are tested so that those which have not a perfect seal may be eliminated. The top edge of

a jar and the lid of the jar should feel smooth to the touch. The lid when placed upon the jar and tapped should fit evenly; if it rocks when tapped with the finger, it should be discarded and another selected until one is found that fits. Partially fill the jar with warm water, adjust the rubber and lid and seal the jar. The jar is then inverted. If no water escapes, the jar has a perfect seal and is suitable to use in canning. When the clamp is adjusted, it should snap on. If it is too tight, it may be loosened by pressing the thumbs against the inside of the top clamp. If it is too loose, it may be tightened by pressing the thumbs against this part of the clamp from the outside in.

The tested jars are sterilized by placing them upside down in a vessel containing enough water to cover them and boiled twenty minutes. Care should be taken to keep the covers with the jars to which they belong. The rubbers are sterilized by dipping in boiling water.

While the jars are sterilizing, the food is prepared, completely cooked and put into the sterilized jar. Unless the jar, the cover, the rubber and all the utensils which come in contact with the food are kept sterile during the process of filling the jars, there is danger that the food will be reinfected, and that it may spoil after the jar has been sealed.



FOOD TO BE BLANCHED IS PLACED IN A CHEESE-CLOTH AND LOWERED INTO BOILING WATER OR A TIGHTLY CLOSED STEAMER FOR A REQUIRED NUMBER OF MINUTES. A COLD DIP FOLLOWS THE BLANCHING



VEGETABLES MUST BE CANNED BY THE COLD-PACK METHOD. LEAVE YOUR JARS INVERTED FOR SEVERAL HOURS AFTER STERILIZATION TO DETECT ANY LEAKAGE

SUCCESSFUL CANNING

CANNING FRUIT BY THE COLD-PACK METHOD

IN CANNING fruits, one of the most important factors in securing a good pack is to select well-grown, firm, ripe, but not over-ripe, fruits, and to can them the day they are picked, for both fruits and vegetables begin to lose flavor and otherwise deteriorate almost as soon as they are gathered.

The fruits must first be washed, then pared or otherwise prepared. All bruised or decayed spots should be carefully removed. If there is much variation in size, the fruit should be graded and small fruits put in one jar, medium-sized in another, and large in a third. This insures uniformity in cooking and the finished product looks better.

The cleaned fruit should now be packed in clean, tested jars to within one-half inch of the top. The jars should not be packed too firmly, for unless the pressure cooker is used, it may be difficult to secure a sufficiently high temperature to destroy organisms in the center of a closely packed jar.

The jars may now be filled to within one-fourth inch of the top with boiling sirup. Care should be taken that the liquid fills all the spaces between the fruit, that is, that no air spaces are left. The rubber may now be adjusted, the cover put in place, and the jar partly sealed. Only new tested rubbers should be used.

The jars are now ready for sterilization either in the hot-water bath, the steamer, or the pressure cooker. If the water-bath is used, the jars should be completely immersed. The time of sterilizing begins only when the water is boiling, and it should be kept boiling

throughout the entire period of sterilization.

The steam cooker may be used for acid fruits and for those canned with heavy sirups, for both acids and sugar aid in inhibiting the growth of micro-organisms and lessen the time and the temperature required when products are canned without these aids.

When the jars have boiled or steamed for the required time, they are removed from the sterilizer, sealed immediately, and inverted to cool quickly in some place free from drafts. It is advisable to leave jars inverted for several hours. If they are not hermetically sealed, the leakage appears immediately; the fruit may be repacked and reheated before spoilage sets in.

The jars are now ready to test, wash, label and store. To test a jar, the clamp is loosened and the jar is lifted by the lid. If the lid sustains the weight of the jar, the seal is perfect and the jar is ready to be reclamped and stored. All jars should be thoroughly washed and uniformly labeled. Store the jars in a cool, dark place.

CANNING VEGETABLES BY THE COLD-PACK METHOD

IN CHOOSING vegetables for canning it seems best to select those that are young and have had a quick growth. Young, quickly grown tissue is much more easily penetrated by heat than that which is stale or of slow growth. Also, it is wise to choose clean rather than dirty vegetables. Dirt is not only the lurking place of micro-organisms, but more time is required to care for dirty vegetables.

Concluded on page 51



CANNING EQUIPMENT FOR HOME USE; THE HOT-WATER OUTFIT, CONSISTING OF A WASH-BOILER AND A RACK; OR THE STEAM COOKER; AND THE STEAM-PRESSURE COOKER

LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR



Note the temperature divisions of the "Lorain" wheel. It is as easy to set as turning a door knob.



She smiles because "Lorain" baked bread is always uniformly good. Her baking never fails because the "Lorain" always gives her exactly the right oven.

One easy turn of this wheel

on your gas range oven makes your every baking as successful as your best one

Even the most skillful cooks have occasional failures in baking. This is not due to the mixing, or the ingredients that are accurately measured by the appliances every woman owns. It is caused by improper oven heating, due to the lack of a means of measuring heat.

Such failures are annoying and expensive. You can avoid ever having failures in baking if your gas range is equipped with a "Lorain" Oven Heat Regulator.

The "Lorain" is a device attached to gas ovens by which you can measure the heat as accurately as you measure a cup of milk. So simple a child can do it. The first time you try it you can measure oven heats more accurately than the most expert cook who hasn't a "Lorain."

It controls oven heats

By a simple turn of the wheel the "Lorain" places at your command any of 44 different degrees of temperature, the entire range of baking heats. In this way you *measure* the

exact, predetermined heat desired for any kind of oven cooking or baking. Not only do you get the exact oven heat but the "Lorain" automatically controls the oven temperature you have selected all through the cooking period, whether it be half an hour or ten hours.

The modern cooking schools, freed from old fashioned methods by the invention of the "Lorain," are now giving exact oven temperatures in degrees.

You will read in the most progressive magazine recipes: "Bake for 40 minutes at 350 degrees." This is modern cooking.

To get this exact heat, as given in the recipes, you merely turn the wheel until the indicator rests on 350 degrees. That is all.

Try whole meal cooking

Try "Lorain" whole meal cooking in the oven. Once you have enjoyed its delicious results you will never cook any other way. The entire meal, from roast to dessert, can be prepared in less than 30 minutes, placed in the oven, in ordinary covered vessels, and the wheel set for slow time cooking. Then you don't touch it until time to serve dinner. The "Lorain" cooks the whole meal for you without watching.

There is a "Lorain" dealer in your town. Watch for his "Lorain" ads in the local newspapers. Go and ask him to demonstrate this wonderful invention. Get our book, "An Easier Day's Work." If he hasn't it, write to us for a free copy.

READ THIS

If you have a good range you don't feel like discarding, use a thermometer in getting oven temperatures, watching the oven to see the temperature is maintained. This is only an approach to "Lorain" regulated heat, but it will help till you get a "Lorain."

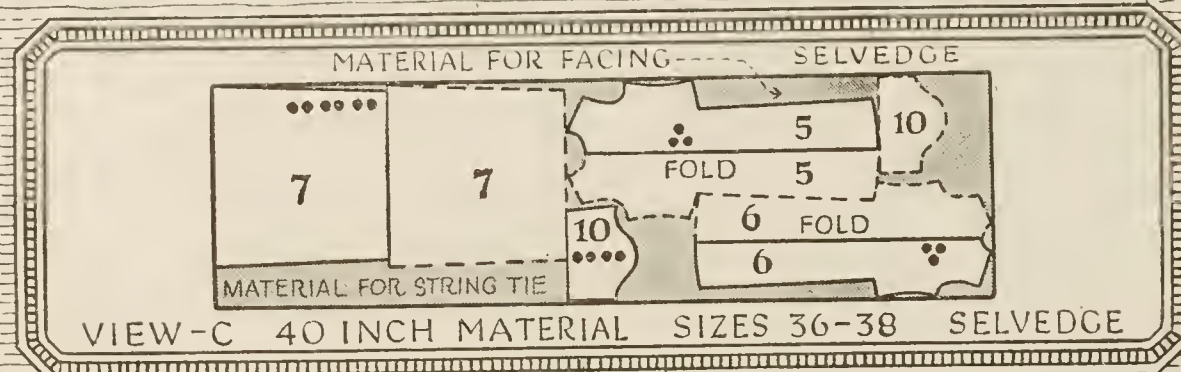
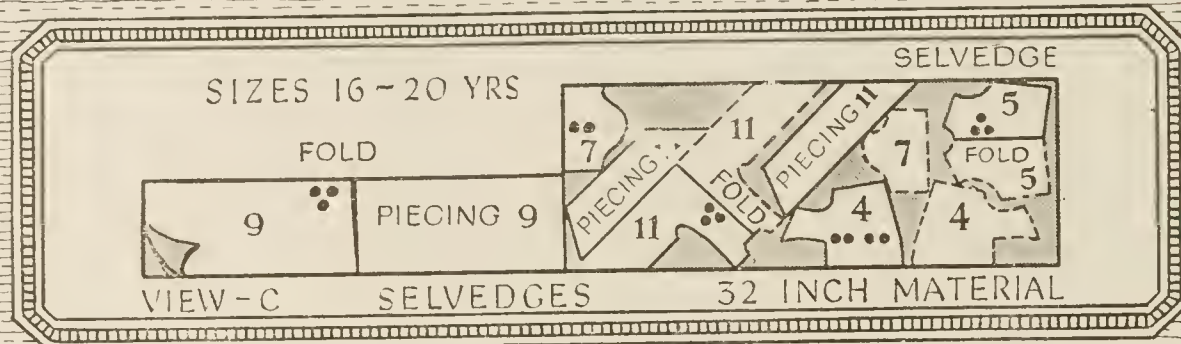
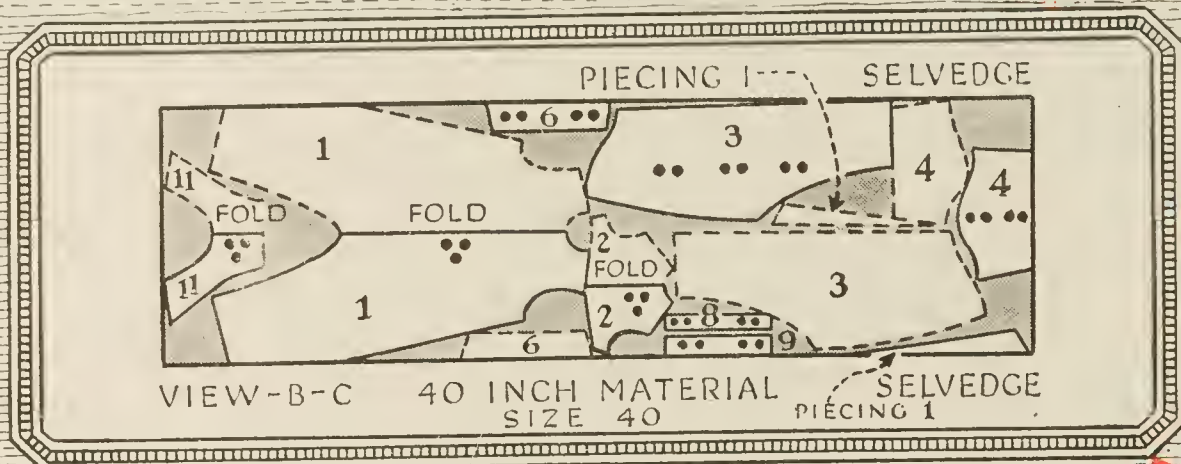
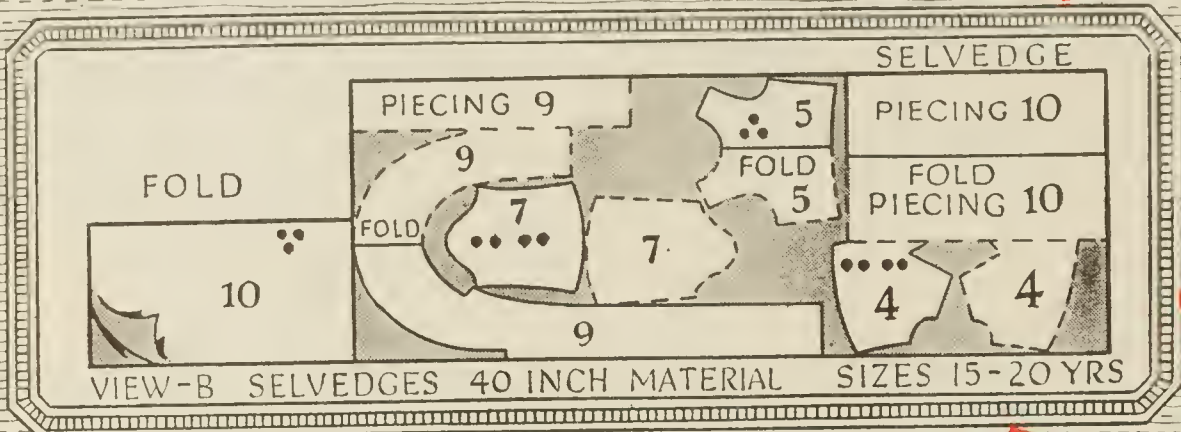
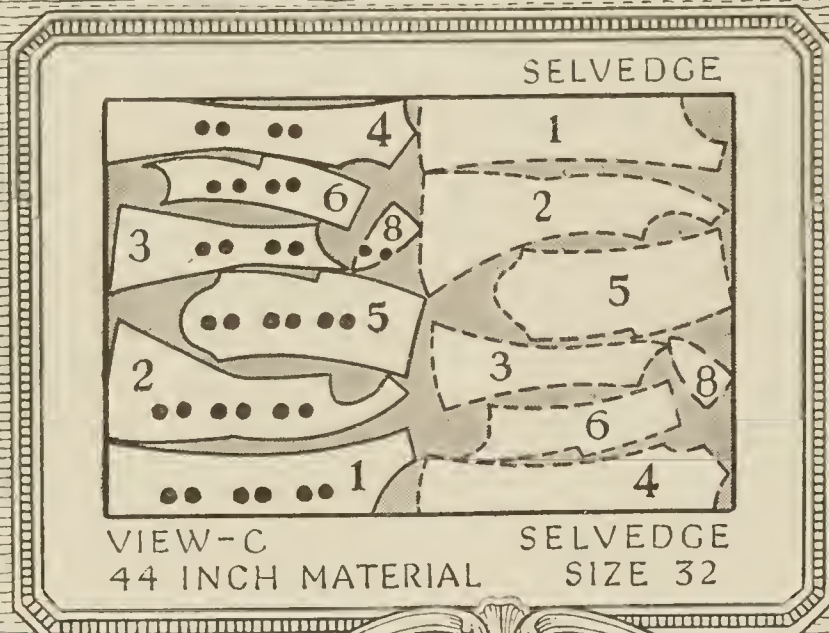
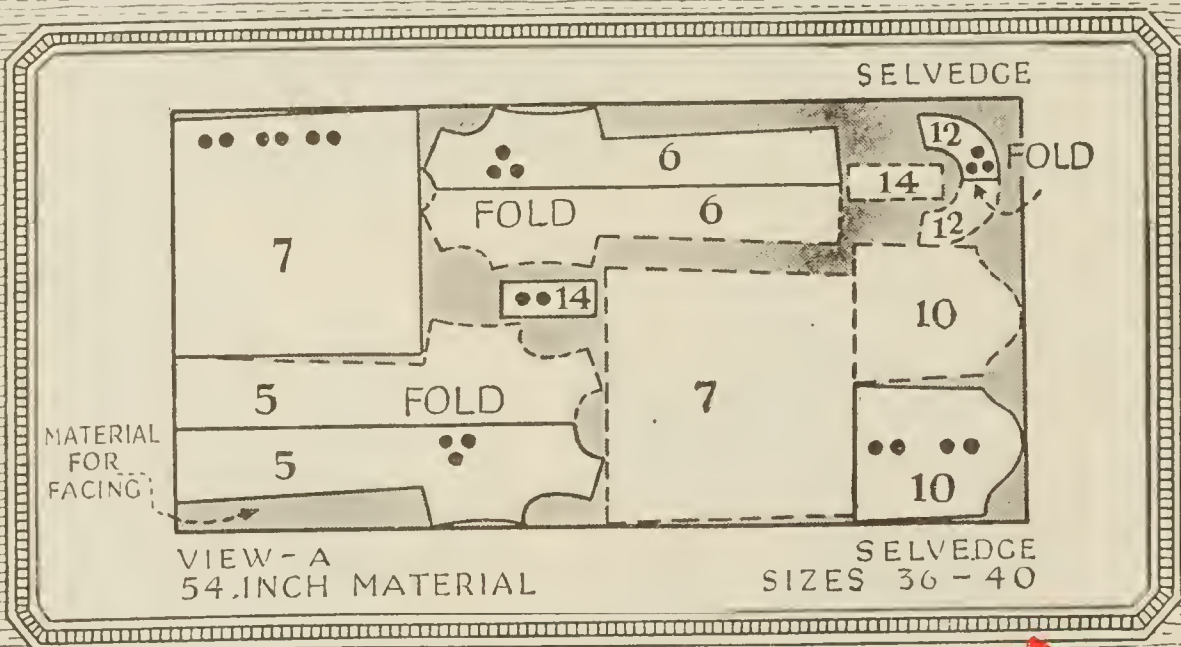
Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the "Lorain"

CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
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We manufacture oil and coal stoves for use where gas is not available

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 96 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

THE PRACTICAL WAY



WOULD YOU DO IT THIS WAY

Even if you are experienced in dressmaking, would you do the clever things that you will find in these close lays of our expert designers? They show you in their "trick-lays," as they call them, how to save from a $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ and as much as $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of material. Remember, every new Butterick Pattern has a DELTOR. In the cutting out section of the DELTOR there is a layout for every size pattern and every suitable width of material.

One lady, experienced for years in using patterns, tried unsuccessfully for an hour, without the DELTOR, to fit the pieces of her pattern on this small amount of goods. With the DELTOR she did it as rapidly as she could pin the pieces to the material.

Would you juggle 5, 6 and the two 7 pieces the way the expert did in this lay? It would take you much time. The DELTOR saves you the time, and what is of more importance—it saves you material.

Most women would fold material in half to cut the collar-sash piece of this pattern, instead of folding it so as to accommodate piece number 9, pushing sleeves up in the remaining piece. This DELTOR lay saves $\frac{3}{8}$ of a yard of material.

Would you cut the collar first? If you place it anywhere else than where the DELTOR does in this particular lay, you'd need more material.

Plaids always make complications, even for those experienced in dressmaking. Would you have placed the bib and sash-end piecings as the DELTOR does here to get the plaid on true bias?

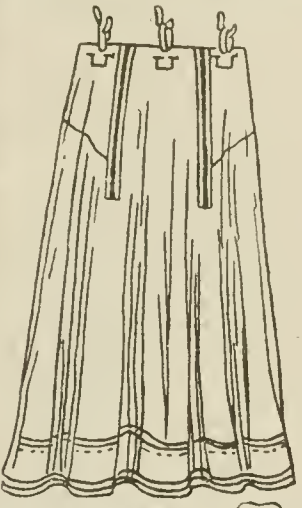
Place 5 and 6 as they are placed in this lay? Knowing where to fold your material, when cutting out a pattern, means saving many inches of material. This DELTOR layout saves here $\frac{7}{8}$ of a yard.

DELTOR

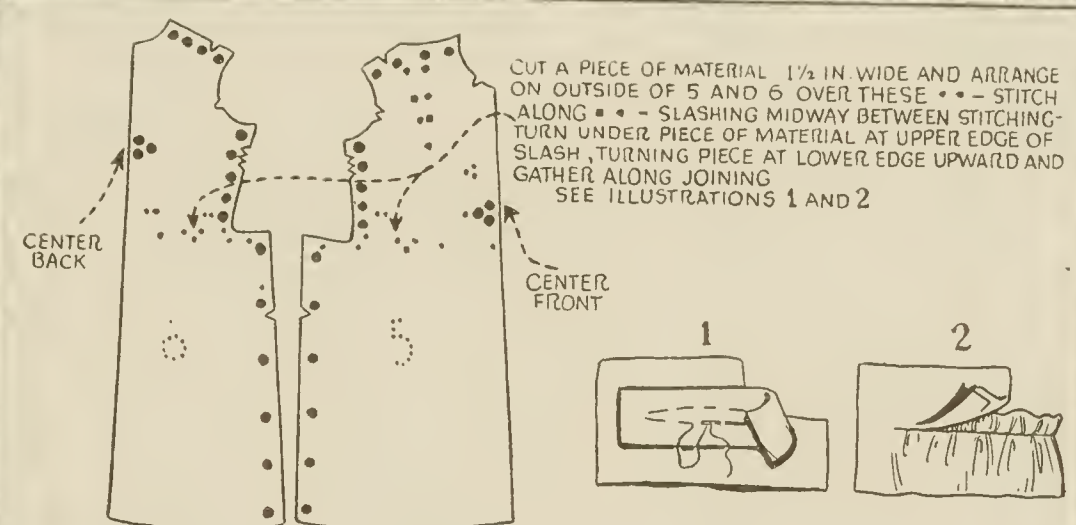
BUTTERICK

OF THE DELTOR

HANGING SKIRT TO PREVENT SAGGING



USE STRIPS OF MATERIAL ABOUT 4 OR 5 INS WIDE AND PIN TO LOWER PART OF SKIRT USING FOUR OR FIVE THICKNESSES PIN TWO HALVES OF SKIRT TOGETHER AT TOP AND PIN LOOPS OF MATERIAL TO SKIRT BY WHICH YOU CAN HANG IT UP SLIP LOOPS OVER HOOKS PLACED FAR ENOUGH APART TO HOLD OUT THE BELT EVENLY AND LET THE SKIRT HANG TWO OR THREE DAYS UNTIL THE WEIGHT OF THE STRIPS HAS STRETCHED IT THOROUGHLY THEN YOU CAN TURN UP THE LOWER EDGE OF SKIRT



CUT A PIECE OF MATERIAL 1/2 IN. WIDE AND ARRANGE ON OUTSIDE OF 5 AND 6 OVER THESE •• - STITCH ALONG •• - SLASHING MIDWAY BETWEEN STITCHING - TURN UNDER PIECE OF MATERIAL AT UPPER EDGE OF SLASH, TURNING PIECE AT LOWER EDGE UPWARD AND GATHER ALONG JOINING SEE ILLUSTRATIONS 1 AND 2

CENTER BACK CENTER FRONT

CAPTURE THE LINES OF PARIS

With the DELTOR picturegrams—they are progressive pictures that just talk and say to the amateur or to the experienced, “this is the professional way!”—as easy as following the movies, you follow the picture-story of putting the garment together with the charm of the original model gown from Paris.

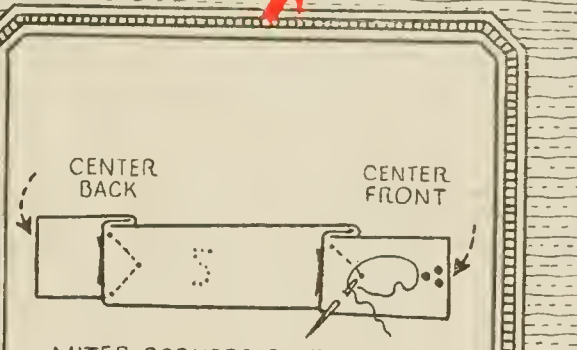
Circular skirts are in again. Nothing is as ugly as an uneven skirt hem and no skirt is as difficult to “hang” evenly as the circular skirt. This is the DELTOR way to prevent the new circular skirt from sagging.

Would you know how to handle the fulness of a skirt at the side of a one-piece dress without bungling it? This is the professional DELTOR way of doing it. So simple!

Know how to miter corners, so necessary when finishing a blouse cut with a square neckline? Try the DELTOR way.

Pockets, troublesome things! To get a professionally tailored effect with a slashed pocket like this one, make it the DELTOR way.

When you tuck a waist, do you sew up the underarm seam first? The DELTOR does.



CENTER BACK CENTER FRONT

MITER CORNERS OF 5 WITH •• MATCHED



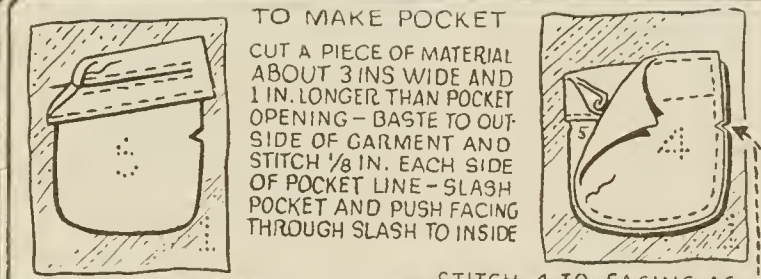
CENTER BACK

ARRANGE DRESS ON LINING

IF LINING IS OMITTED LAP DRESS OVER 4 WITH MATCHED - BASTE TO POSITION ON RIGHT SIDE LEAVING LEFT SIDE FREE FOR CLOSING

CENTER FRONT

ARRANGE A STRING BELT (1 IN.) WIDE WHEN FINISHED

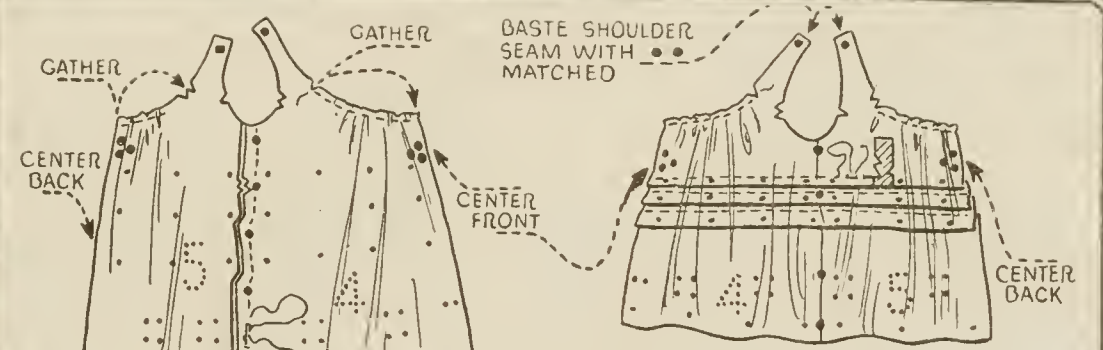


TO MAKE POCKET

CUT A PIECE OF MATERIAL ABOUT 3 INS WIDE AND 1 IN. LONGER THAN POCKET OPENING - BASTE TO OUTSIDE OF GARMENT AND STITCH 1/8 IN. EACH SIDE OF POCKET LINE - SLASH POCKET AND PUSH FACING THROUGH SLASH TO INSIDE

5 SLIPPED UNDER FACING AND STITCHED TO POSITION

STITCH 4 TO FACING AS ILLUSTRATED AND THEN STITCH SECTIONS TOGETHER WITH V MATCHED TO FORM A POCKET



GATHER GATHER BASTE SHOULDER SEAM WITH MATCHED

CENTER BACK CENTER FRONT CENTER BACK

BASTING 4 TO 5 WITH W AND •• MATCHED

MAKE 3 DOWNWARD-TURNING TUCKS, CREASING AT ••, BASTING LOWER TUCK 1 IN - MIDDLE TUCK 3/4 IN. AND UPPER TUCK 1/2 IN. FROM CREASE, USING GAGE TO KEEP AN EVEN WIDTH

DELTOR

BUTTERICK



"See if you can find the secret in the can"

THAT wonderful natural flavor that you've noticed in Baker's Coconut didn't just happen. Baker's Coconut is DIFFERENT coconut because it was prepared by different methods. YOU can find the secret in the can.

In the can:—Baker's Fresh Grated Coconut—canned in its own milk.

In the package:—Baker's Dry Shred Coconut—sugar cured.

Have YOU a copy of the Baker Recipe Booklet? If not, write for it NOW—it's free.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



IN CHERRY-TIME

BY LUCILE BREWER AND
ALICE BLINN

School of Home Economics, Cornell University



THE active season for canning in most sections of our country begins in June. The ambitious housewife can carry over into Winter cherries and currants, pineapple, blueberries and raspberries, late asparagus, string beans and peas, all more delicious when fresh, but lacking little in flavor when preserved in new forms for the Winter menu. They afford a pleasing variety, and are an excellent substitute for expensive out-of-season vegetables difficult to secure.

Rows of jars of fruits and vegetables are a pride to the household and the best sort of an addition to the Winter's meal.

CHERRY-JUICE

COVER unpitted cherries with cold water. Simmer them until the cherries are very soft. Drain them as for jelly. Measure the juice and add one-half cup sugar to each quart of juice. Bring the juice to a boil and seal in clean hot jars. This juice is excellent in beverages and frozen desserts.

CHERRY PUNCH

2 cups water 4 cups cherry-juice
1 3/4 cup sugar 1/4 cup lemon-juice
BOIL the sugar and water together for five minutes. Cool and add the cherry-juice (the recipe just above), the lemon and a small piece of ice to cool the mixture. When ready to serve, add a small spray of mint to each glass.

CHERRY ICE

4 cups water 2 cups cherry-juice
2 1/4 cups sugar Juice of 1 lemon
MAKE a sirup by boiling water and sugar together for ten minutes. Cool the mixture, add the lemon-juice and the cherry-juice and freeze.

PICKLED CHERRIES

SELECT large, firm cherries—either the red or black variety. Wash, dry and pack the cherries closely in jars, being careful not to crush them. Make a sirup, using for each quart of fruit one cup of white vinegar and two-thirds cup sugar, boiled together for five minutes. Pour the boiling sirup over the fruit and seal the jars.

CHERRY-AND-PINEAPPLE CONSERVE
1 quart sour red cherries, pitted 1 pint tart apple, diced
1 cup grated pineapple 4 cups sugar

MIX all the ingredients and cook until the mixture is thick and clear. Turn it into jelly-glasses. When cold, cover with hot paraffin.

SUNSHINE CHERRIES

1 pound cherries 1 pound sugar
1 cup water
BOIL the sugar and water until the sugar spins a thread. Add the cherries and bring the mixture to a boil. Set aside until cold. With a perforated spoon lift the cherries from the sirup into shallow granite pans or platters. Boil the sirup for five minutes and pour it over the cherries. Allow the cherries to dry until they can be turned on to a clean cheese-cloth spread over a screen. Dry until no longer sticky. Store in glass jars. These are excellent as a confection.

BLUEBERRY-AND-APPLE BUTTER

USE tart apples. Remove the stem end, but do not pare the apples. Cook them in sufficient water to cover them until they are soft and put them through a strainer. Use equal parts of berries and apple-pulp and two-thirds as much sugar as fruit. Cook the butter until it is thick and clear, and seal it in hot, clean jars.

BLUEBERRY-AND-APPLE CONSERVE
1 pint blueberries, fresh or canned 1 pint tart apples, diced
3 cups sugar Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
Juice of 1 lemon

BLUEBERRY-AND-CRAB-APPLE JAM

EQUAL measures of canned blueberries and crab-apples may be used, or one-third as much of the berries as crab-apples. Remove the cores from the crab-apples, but do not pare them. Put them through the food-chopper. Add enough water to almost cover the apples, and cook them for ten minutes. Add the blueberries and the sugar, using two-thirds as much sugar as fruit by measure. Cook the jam until it is clear, pour it into clean, hot glasses, and when it is cold cover it with hot paraffin.

BLUEBERRY-AND-GOOSEBERRY CONSERVE

1 quart blueberries 1 quart gooseberry-pulp
3 pints sugar
COOK the gooseberries until they are very soft and put them through a strainer. Add the pulp to the blueberries and the sugar and cook the mixture until it is thick and clear. Turn it into clean, hot glasses, and when it is cold cover with paraffin.

CANNED BLUEBERRIES FOR SAUCE

USE one-fourth to one-third as much sugar as berries by measure. Mix the sugar well through the berries, being careful not to crush them. Let them stand overnight. In the morning add water, allowing three-quarters cup to one quart of fruit. Heat the fruit quickly and cook it until it is tender. Seal it at once in clean, hot jars. For best results, only a small quantity should be cooked at one time.

SPICED BLUEBERRIES

5 pounds blueberries 1 tablespoon cloves
3 pounds sugar 1 tablespoon cinnamon
1 pint dilute vinegar
1 tablespoon allspice
TIE the spices in a cloth. Boil the sugar, the spices and the vinegar for ten minutes. Add the berries, which have been washed and well drained, and simmer them until they are done. Seal them in hot, clean jars. If cooked too long, the berries will have a shriveled appearance.

BLACK-RASPBERRY-AND-CHERRY CONSERVE

1 cup pitted cherries 1 cup black raspberry-pulp
2 cups sugar
COOK the cherries in a very small amount of water until the skins are tender. Add the raspberry-pulp and the sugar and cook the mixture until it is thick and clear. Cover when cool with hot paraffin.

SOUR-CHERRY-AND-CURRENT CONSERVE

2 quarts pitted sour cherries 1 pound sugar for each pound fruit
1 to 3 quarts currants
WASH the currants, drain and stem them. Crush a few currants and put them in the bottom of the preserving-kettle. Then arrange the fruit and the sugar in alternate layers, and let it stand overnight. Cook the mixture slowly until it thickens. Pour it into clean, hot glasses, and when it is cold cover it with hot paraffin.
This recipe makes a tart conserve which is good to serve with meat.

ASPARAGUS PURÉE

IN CANNING asparagus the large, tough ends may be used for soup instead of being wasted. Cook the pieces in as little water as possible until they are soft enough to press through a sieve. Turn the pulp into clean jars and for each pint jar add one teaspoon of salt and one tablespoon of grated onion. Boil the jars for three hours in the hot-water bath, or cook them for forty minutes under ten pounds of steam pressure.
This purée may be made into an excellent cream of asparagus soup, or it may be added to any kind of meat stock.



Why Pequot Means Satisfaction

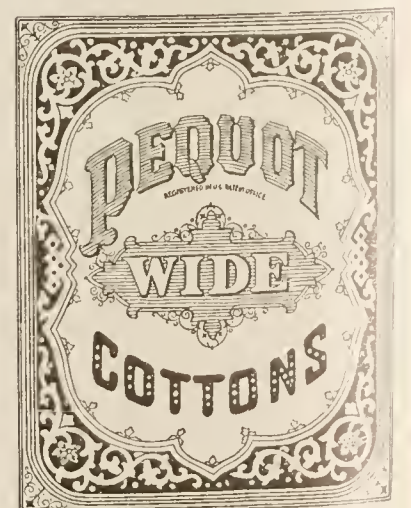
PEQUOT Sheets and Pillow Cases are white. They are finely woven. They are of fine quality. They launder well and give long service. Every sheet and pillow case is torn and carefully hemmed.

Pequot Sheets come in all the wanted sizes. We recommend 63 x 99 or 72 x 99 for single beds; 90 x 99 for double beds. If you like a wide facing of sheet over your blankets, we suggest the 108 length.

The Pequot Shield is your guarantee of long service and comfort. If you prefer sheeting or pillow tubing by the yard, you will find that all good dealers carry the yard goods as well as Pequot Sheets and Pillow Cases made up ready for use. They can always be identified by the ticket reproduced below.

Made by
Naumkeag Steam Cotton Company
Salem, Massachusetts

Parker, Wilder & Company
Selling Agents
Boston and New York



1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERPLATE



Ambassador

The AMBASSADOR Pattern is the newest representative of 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. It is substantial and dignified, possessing the fine qualities which its name implies. All who love beautiful silverware will find fresh points of beauty in the graceful lines and attractive decoration of this new pattern. An Ambassador Table Service started now can be completed later, by the addition of other pieces in the same pattern. This feature of pattern harmony is distinctive with 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate. Teaspoons, \$4.00 for six.

Ambassador
Teaspoon

Ambassador
Medium Fork

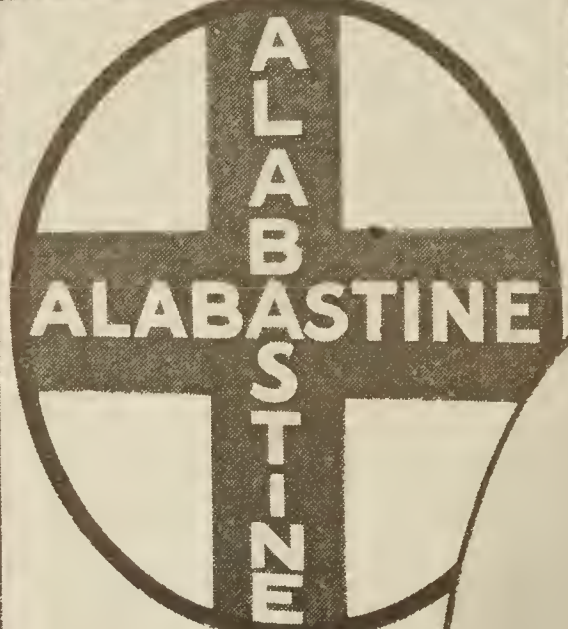
See the dignified Ambassador Pattern at your dealers, and write for folder F-17, illustrating other patterns, to the International Silver Company, Meriden, Conn.

The FAMILY PLATE for SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS.

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

Alabastine

The Sanitary Wall Coating



Both trade name "Alabastine" and trade mark "Reg. U.S. Pat. Office"

Alabastine is the Last Sanitary and Economical Wall Coating

For any interior surface whether plaster, wall, wood or brick, instead of paint, wall paper or

MANUFACTURED BY

Alabastine Company
Grand Rapids, Michigan, U. S. A.

DIRECTIONS FOR MIXING ALABASTINE

NOTE: Alabastine is a white, non-toxic, and odorless material which is used for the purpose of covering interior surfaces of walls, wood, or brick, instead of paint, wall paper, or other wall coverings. It is applied with a brush or roller, and is suitable for use in all climates. It is especially recommended for use in hospitals, schools, and public buildings, where a sanitary and durable wall coating is desired.



The Secret of Attractive Homes

THOUSANDS of homes owe their charm to "the cross and circle printed in red." For it is the use of Alabastine instead of kalsomine or wall paper that gives expression to your taste—the exact matching of rugs and furnishings—tints easily obtained by intermixing standard Alabastine colors.

Wherever beautiful, sanitary and artistic interiors are desired use Alabastine. Just mix with water and apply with a suitable brush, over plastered walls, wall-board, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall-paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes. Tell your decorator to bring Alabastine in original packages. If he is too busy or for any reason not available you can do the work yourself.

Send for Our Color Chart

Many attractive suggestions for wall tinting are shown in this chart. If you do not find here what you want send a color sample and our Service Department will tell you just how to get the color you desire.



Alabastine in 5 lb. packages is for sale at Paint, Drug and Decorating stores everywhere.

ALABASTINE COMPANY
477 Grandville Ave.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Your Local Dealer Is Entitled To Your Trade



KITCHENS BUILT TO FIT

BY FLORA G. ORR

WHEN women get to thinking, things are bound to happen. THE DELINEATOR subscriber who wrote answers to the questions in our "Telling Your Troubles" contest is thinking about her sink and her kitchen table. In many cases she is wondering whether her furniture was built to fit her or some other woman.

"I am five feet five inches tall," says a Maryland woman. "My sink is thirty inches high—too low, but I didn't build my home or it would not be—and it won't be much longer."

"My kitchen table is too high," a minister's wife in a Middle-Western city reports, "but I can not cut it down, because it is a parish table."

STILL another wide-awake wife says: "I am five feet six inches tall. My sink is thirty-four inches low, which means to the top of the sink, whereas a dish-pan rests on the bottom of a sink, and that means that I work at a height of about thirty inches, which is distressing. A friend recently had a new sink put in her kitchen and the plumber measured her before placing the sink, and made it comfortable for her height."

These women know that a crouched, uncomfortable position means neck-ache, back-ache, and fatigue of the worst kind. They know that a surface placed too high tires the arms and makes the work more difficult, because you can't use your muscles to good advantage unless there is a chance for a "swing" between strokes.

As I have studied the problem it has seemed to me that there are, roughly speaking, three kinds of work done in a kitchen. First of all, you work with your arm bent at right angles at the elbow, or very nearly at right angles. You mix cake and bread with your arm in this position. Some day have some one take measurements as you stand that way with a spoon and a mixing-bowl. Then check up on your mixing-table.

DOES it need to be raised or lowered? Saw off the legs, or build it up with blocks, according to your needs. Or, if it is too low, try mounting it on casters, and you can move it whithersoever you will.

According to my figures, thirty-one inches is a good mixing height for a woman five feet one inch tall; thirty-two inches for a woman five feet three; thirty-three and one-half inches for one who is five feet five; thirty-four and one-half inches for one five feet seven; and thirty-six inches for one who is as tall as five feet nine.

Of course these figures are merely approximate. It makes a great difference if you have grown accustomed to something else. That is where the human element comes in. And even if this weren't to be taken into account, there is another thing which upsets the figures, and that is the length of your arm. The long-armed woman will always take a lower surface than one of the same height who has an arm of more usual proportions.

The second variety of kitchen work includes, for example, washing dishes, and paring or scraping vegetables. For this you will want a surface a little lower than your mixing surface, for you naturally hold your arm straighter than you do when you are beating something in a bowl.

Plumbers—at least those of the old school—seem to think one is very queer if she demands a sink over which she will not have to bend double. One of our women writes: "I am five feet five inches. The sink is thirty-four inches from the floor to the top of

the bowl. I forced the plumber to raise it two inches. I asked for three inches, but he refused, saying that sinks came regulation height and that I was the only person who had ever complained that the sink was too low." Apparently the plumber thinks that women come in regulation heights, too.

It is usually expensive to adjust a sink after it is in. The cost will depend upon the local plumber's charge for his time and the sort of material used; but if one is going to remain in the house for some years it is often better to spend the money than suffer with backache.

Even if you can not have the sink raised you can raise your dish-pan in the sink by means of wooden or wire dish-draining racks (inverted if necessary) or by using a little wooden platform built to fit your sink. Such devices help somewhat, particularly if you are going to work at the sink for a long time at a stretch.

WHAT we sometimes forget is that the bottom of a sink, not the top, is the working surface. But the bottom of a deep sink can not be set as high as the bottom of a shallow one, because it is awkward and tiring to reach over a high wall. It should not be necessary for the worker's arm to be bent at the wrist.

In general it seems to me that the bottom of a sink six inches deep should be twenty-six inches from the floor for a woman who is four feet eleven inches tall; twenty-nine and one-half inches for the woman who is five feet three inches. Thirty-one inches should fit the woman who is five feet five inches, and thirty-four inches, the one who measures five feet nine inches.

IN THE third type of kitchen work there must be some pressure exerted. This means, doesn't it, that the arm is even straighter than it is for sink work? It seems to me that rolling out pastry, cookies, and so forth, as well as kneading bread are the sort of things one does with the arm in a fairly straight line from the shoulder.

Here again, in determining what the height of this working surface should be, let some one measure you. Perhaps you will find that a height suitable for your mixing-table surface, or just a little lower, will be the most satisfactory. Sometimes the rolling and kneading board is of the sliding variety just below the cabinet or table top, which should make it just about right.

In ironing you have your arm in a fairly straight line, too. But your working surface for your right hand here is not the ironing board—it is the top of the iron, though of course the left hand must be considered, too.

LAUNDRY tubs are a rather special problem. A tub which reaches to the hip line is best. Remember to measure the tub from the upper edge to the floor. If the tub can not be changed, a low platform will make the work easier for the very short woman. However, it must be large enough so that she does not have to step off very frequently.

One of our subscribers, for example, says: "I am five feet six inches in height. My laundry tubs are thirty-three inches. I had a platform built to order, and the carpenter thought it was a freak, but I don't have to stoop to wring or rub the clothes."

A table giving approximately correct working surfaces for women of various heights will be sent on receipt of self-addressed, stamped envelope. Write to Home Makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City.



Famous makers of dress fabrics and wash dresses tell how to launder them

The Pacific Mills of Lawrence, Mass.; Dover, N. H.; and Columbia, S. C., have the largest Print Works in the world, where they produce an unrivalled output of Printed, Dyed and Bleached Cotton Goods. They are also the largest manufacturers of Cotton Warp and All Wool Dress Goods. Their letter on how to launder Wash Dress Fabrics is of interest to every woman who wants to make her cotton dresses and blouses last.

At one exclusive shop in every city you will find Betty Wales Dresses sold. From practical serges, gingham and other wash dresses for school and street wear, to frilly organdies and silks, every Betty Wales Dress is correct in design and style, honest of fabric, cleanly manufactured and of full value. Read why these famous dressmakers advise laundering fine cotton frocks with Lux.

BOTH of these great manufacturers realize that no matter how fine its material and workmanship, a dress or blouse may be utterly ruined by one careless washing. For their own protection, as well as the satisfaction of their customers, the Pacific Mills and the Betty Wales Dressmakers recommend washing cotton dress fabrics according to directions given here.

Keep these directions. You will want to refer to them whenever you have anything particularly nice to wash. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

The safe, gentle way to launder Cotton Wash Goods

Whisk a tablespoonful of Lux into a lather in very hot water. Let *white things* soak for a few minutes in the hot suds. Press suds through. Do not rub. Rinse in three hot waters and dry in sun.

For colored cotton wash goods, have suds and rinsing waters almost cool. Wash very quickly to keep the colors from running, and hang in shade.

Lux won't cause any color to run that pure water alone will not cause to run.

If you are not sure a color is fast. To set colors in cotton, use one cupful of salt to a gallon of cold water and soak article for two hours just before washing. Colors must be set before each laundering.

Always press *dotted Swiss* on the wrong side on a well padded board. This makes the dots stand out.

Tucks should be pulled taut and ironed lengthwise.

Ruffles should be pressed by holding straight on the hem edge and then ironing up into the gathers. Nose the iron well in.

Embroidery and lace should be pressed on the wrong side. The design in Irish Crochet can be "picked up" with a pin. Lace is often improved by shaping with the hands after it has been pressed.

If lace is frail baste on a piece of shrunken cheese cloth and just let it stand in the lukewarm suds. Rinse thoroughly and pin the cheese cloth flat for drying. This makes ironing unnecessary.



World's largest makers of printed Wash Fabrics give laundering directions

"The secret of washing printed wash fabrics is to do them quickly. If a delicate fabric must lie in strong suds while soap is rubbed on the soiled spots, it will not stand many washings. The colors will fade quickly and the threads will become rough and coarsened.

For this reason we advise the use of Lux—which is a pure "neutral" soap—containing no free alkali. Lux makes an instant suds and requires no rubbing.

We have used Lux in washing our printed wash fabrics and find that they retain their original colors and their smooth, even texture. The pure, mild lather loosens the dirt without rubbing, and so quickly that a garment is in and out of the suds before the colors can be affected.

As manufacturers, we would be glad if all of our customers would make a point of washing Pacific printed wash fabrics according to the directions set forth in the Lux advertising."

PACIFIC MILLS



Great dress manufacturer says: "Launder cottons as carefully as silks"

"We are very much interested to see that the Lux advertising is teaching women to launder their fine lingerie dresses and blouses as carefully as their silk ones.

The colors in our wash dresses should be fresh and bright after many washings. When women ask if our colors are fast, we say that it depends largely upon the washing. No color is fast enough to withstand the brutal laundering that some people give their most delicate garments.

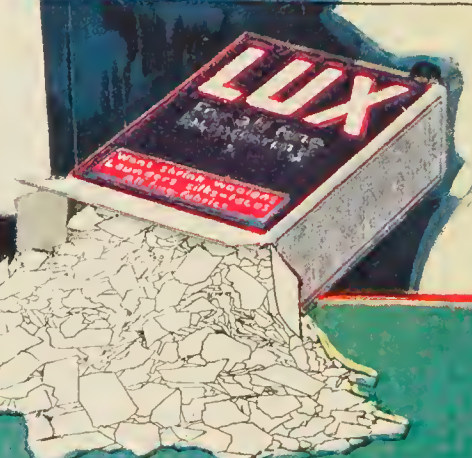
The Lux way of washing a garment without rubbing—gently pressing the lather through the soiled spots until every bit of dirt is removed—saves not only the color but the smooth surface of the fabric, the fine laces and embroideries that are on so many summer dresses, and the delicate handwork.

It would be very gratifying to us if all our customers would wash their Betty Wales Dresses in Lux."

BETTY WALES
DRESSMAKERS

LUX

Won't injure anything pure water alone won't harm



Here are facts that interest the mother and father of every child in America

Are you paying enough attention to the energy value of your children's food?

THE science of proper nutrition is one of the most modern of all exact sciences. We are finding out new things about food every day.

It isn't enough just to eat *any* kind of food. You must eat the *right* kind of food to get the best nutritive results.

There are foods that build up the system and there are other foods that supply heat and energy to run the system.

The most important of all these energy foods is *Dextrose*, the wonderful energy sugar, which is absorbed directly into the blood.

What is Dextrose?

You could not live long without Dextrose. The starch and sugar in all the food you eat—bread, vegetables, rice, potatoes or fruit—must be changed into Dextrose before your system can use them as energy foods.

These are scientific facts, supported by the very highest authorities.

There is a very large percentage of Dextrose in Karo syrup, and Karo itself in a form to be most easily digested and absorbed into the system.

This is why food experts everywhere are recommending Karo—the great energy food,

for children, as well as for everyone who works hard and uses up a lot of energy.

Why children must have plenty of nourishing food

Children need more food than adults. Their active life and more rapid growth demand, in proportion to their weight, just about twice the amount of food a grown person needs.

A child uses up a lot of vitality in active play and study. This explains the perfectly natural craving of almost every normal child for a wholesome sweet like Karo.

What some authorities say about Karo and Dextrose

Dr. Edwin F. Bowers, noted writer on foods, says "Karo is one of the most valuable of all energy foods for growing children. It is unusually palatable, and its heavy dextrose content makes it an ideal food for little human dynamos in short dresses and knickerbockers."

Dr. William H. Porter, great food authority, says that dextrose "develops increased resistance to fatigue, and a greater capacity for sustained mental and physical effort. The nervous system shows more stability. Children



seem to develop a better color, as well as an increase in the appetite, and in the capacity for assimilating food."

Dr. William J. Gies, Professor of Chemistry at Columbia Medical School, says "Quantities of dextrose, equal to reasonably large shares of the requirements for heat-yielding material, may be eaten daily, indefinitely, with high nutritive advantage."

Give the children all the Karo that Nature tells them to eat—on well-done pancakes, spread on sliced bread, or made into pure home-made candies, and in all your cooking and baking.

It will make them sturdy and robust, and more active for work, play or growth.

FREE A booklet every parent should read. Tells all about the wonderful value of Karo; explains the meaning of Dextrose and why children thrive on it. Sent free with the beautifully illustrated Corn Products Cook Book of sixty-four pages. Write Corn Products Refining Company, Argo, Ill.

Your Protection

Do not be deceived by cans containing syrup that might look like Karo. The name "Karo" is on every can of original Karo—look for it and be assured of full weight cans and highest quality.



BLUE Karo

The standard table syrup. Also for cooking, baking and candy making. Light brown color, delicious flavor—a heavy-bodied syrup.

GREEN Karo

Flavored with highest grade real maple sugar. Very moderate in price—absolutely pure. The makers of Karo are the world's largest users of the highest grade maple sugar—over a thousand tons used annually.

RED Karo

The Ideal Syrup for every use—for cooking, baking, candy making and preserving. Because of its honey-like appearance many prefer it as a spread for cakes, biscuits, breads.

© 1913 C. P. R. Co.

THE FINE POINTS OF SUCCESSFUL CANNING

Vegetables, like fruits, should be canned as soon as possible after gathering. This is particularly true of asparagus, peas, beans and corn. Not only do they lose flavor, but bacteria begin to multiply, and this makes sterilization more difficult.

The vegetables are first cleaned and prepared as for cooking and then graded so that the contents of each jar may be as nearly uniform as possible. In canning vegetables it is not advisable to attempt to handle large quantities at one time, especially in hot weather, for if vegetables are left about in a warm place either before they are canned or during the various stages of canning, flat sour may develop. Flat sour is said to be responsible for more spoilage in peas, beans, asparagus, corn and greens than is any other factor.

The vegetables are now scalded or blanched by placing them loosely in a cloth or in a wire basket and plunging them into boiling water or by steaming. It is advisable to blanch only a small quantity at a time so that the heat may penetrate equally to all parts. Vegetables are blanched for varying lengths of time and for various purposes. All greens should be blanched, preferably by steam, until they are thoroughly shrunken.

Corn on the cob, beans and asparagus should remain in the boiling water for about five minutes, the corn to set the milk, the beans and asparagus to make them more flexible for packing. Beets, carrots and tomatoes, and among the fruits, peaches, pears and apples, are blanched to aid in the removal of the skins.

Young beets and carrots require from six to ten minutes. Old roots require longer, while tomatoes and peaches require only from one to two minutes. Rhubarb, dandelion greens and green peppers are sometimes blanched to remove acid flavors.

As soon as the vegetable is removed from the blanching water, it should be immersed quickly in a large quantity of cold water. This process is called the cold dip. The vegetables should be allowed to remain in this water only about one minute. Cold, not warm, water should be used for this purpose. Allowing vegetables to remain too long in the cold dip is said to be one cause of flat sour.

When the vegetables are removed from the cold dip, if necessary the skins are removed and they are then packed neatly, but not too firmly, in clean, tested jars to within one-half inch of the top. One-half teaspoonful of salt is added to each pint jar.

In the case of some vegetables the flavor may be improved by the addition of a small quantity of sugar. In canning carrots, beets, corn, peas, beans, asparagus and greens, if a pressure cooker is not available and one desires to use the continuous method instead of the intermittent, and does not object to the flavor of the acid, a tablespoon of vinegar may be added to each pint.

The jar is now carefully filled with boiling water to within one-fourth inch of the top, a new rubber is placed, the cover adjusted, and the jar is partially sealed. The jars should be placed at once in the hot-water bath or in the pressure cooker and sterilized the required length of time.

It is recommended that, unless acid is added, beans, corn, succotash, greens, asparagus, pumpkin and squash be heated by the pressure cooker or by the intermittent method.

From this point, if the continuous method is employed, the same rules should be followed for vegetables as for fruits.

CANNING MEAT BY THE COLD PACK

IN CANNING meats by the cold-pack process, the continuous method, either in the hot-water bath or the pressure cooker, is used. The meat selected for canning should be in perfect condition. Tough cuts lend themselves to canning, as well as tender. The meat is freed from bones and cut into suitable pieces for packing in the jars. The bones may be saved for soup stock. If addi-

tional flavor is desired, the meat is seared or browned with a small quantity of fat in a hot frying-pan.

The meat is packed in clean, tested jars to within three-fourths of an inch of the top. One-half to one teaspoon of salt is added to each pint of meat. Other seasoning, such as chopped onion, celery leaves or bay-leaf may be added if desired. No water is added. The new rubber and the cover are now adjusted and the jar is partly sealed. It may be sterilized in the pressure cooker under ten pounds pressure for one hour or in the water-bath for five hours.

Following are time-tables which are the result of practical work:

TIME-TABLES FOR CANNING FRUITS, CERTAIN VEGETABLES AND MEATS BY THE CONTINUOUS METHOD OF HEATING IN THE HOT-WATER BATH

Food	Time of cooking (minutes)
Apple-cider	20
Apples	20-30
Apricots	16
Beets	120
Blackberries	16
Carrots	180
Cherries	16
Elderberries	16
Fruit-juices	20
Grapes	16
Huckleberries	16
Peaches	20
Pears	20-30
Pineapples	60
Plums	16
Quinces	60
Raspberries	16
Rhubarb	16
Sauerkraut	120
Tomatoes	22
Tomatoes and corn, equal parts	45
Tomato-juice	20
Meat	300
Fish	210

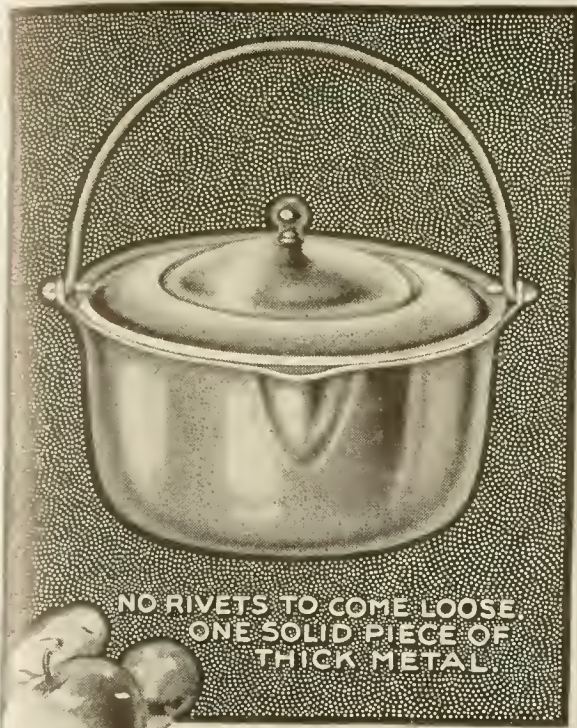
TIME-TABLE FOR CANNING WITH THE PRESSURE COOKER

Food	Time of cooking ten pounds pressure (minutes)
Vegetables:	
Asparagus (may be canned by the acid method)	40
Beans (may be canned by the acid method)	50
Carrots	40
Cauliflower	40
Corn (whole green) (may be canned by the acid method)	50
Parsnips	40
Peas (may be canned by the acid method)	40
Pumpkin	50
Spinach and other greens (may be canned by the acid method)	40
Squash	40
Succotash	50
Meat	105
Fish	90
Fruits:	
Pears (hard)	15
Pineapples	45

POINTS TO BE REMEMBERED

It is well to remember the following points in home canning:

- (1) All fruits and vegetables should be canned as soon as possible after they are gathered.
- (2) The jars must not be too firmly packed.
- (3) Liquid should fill all spaces between the parts of the food in the can.
- (4) The jars must be immersed in the hot-water bath.
- (5) The time of sterilizing should begin when the water begins to boil.
- (6) The water should boil continuously during the sterilizing process.
- (7) The jars should be sealed immediately on removal from the sterilizer.
- (8) When jars are removed from the sterilizer, they must be cooled immediately in a place free from drafts.
- (9) Food should be packed only in tested jars.
- (10) Only new tested rubbers should be used.
- (11) Jars should be inverted when they are removed from the sterilizer.
- (12) In the open-kettle method the jars must be sterilized before the hot food is put into them.
- (13) The addition of acid aids in the sterilization of certain foods, and is therefore a factor of safety in canning.



NO RIVETS TO COME LOOSE. ONE SOLID PIECE OF THICK METAL.

The Better the Kettle, The Better the Food!

IT'S a real pleasure for the housewife to use a Wagner Cast Aluminum Kettle in her canning. This kettle is sanitary, durable, and not affected by acids. There are no rivets to catch dirt or pull out; no danger from chips or grit! Wagner Preserving Kettles are cast in just the right thickness to prevent burning or scorching. They give all the real fruit flavor. And they're so light it's a real delight to handle them.

WAGNER
CAST ALUMINUM
WARE
PRESERVING KETTLES

"From Generation to Generation"

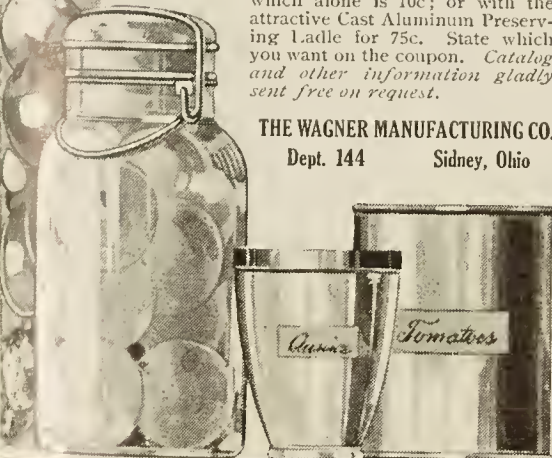
In eleven sizes from 2 quarts to 24 quarts. For every possible preserving need. With or without cover. Furthermore, you can use them in your general cooking at all seasons of the year.

You should know other Wagner Cast Aluminum Cooking Utensils. They answer every possible requirement. All are cast—not stamped. Seamless and jointless, they retain their shape without warping or denting.

Special Offer

Send the coupon below for the book, "The Art of Preserving and Canning," which alone is 10c; or with the attractive Cast Aluminum Preserving Ladle for 75c. State which you want on the coupon. Catalog and other information gladly sent free on request.

THE WAGNER MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 144 Sidney, Ohio



The Wagner Mfg. Co.
Dept. 144, Sidney, Ohio



Enclosed 75c for "The Art of Preserving and Canning" and the Ladle shown here. (Enclosed is 10c for the book alone.)

Name _____
Address _____



How to Enjoy Milk

Every one should use more milk for the sake of Health. To enjoy milk and to get its fullest possible benefits as food, eat it in the form of JUNKET.

Junket is more attractive to the eye and taste than plain milk. More than that, it provides an ingredient which adds to the value of milk and aids in its proper assimilation. It is this quality that makes Junket so highly nourishing.

Junket

MADE with MILK

When made into a dainty dessert, how pretty it looks! How delicious it tastes! And how nourishing it is for grown folks and children!

Junket Powder

You can now get Junket in either the regular Tablet form or the new Powder form. Junket Powder comes already sweetened and flavored, in 6 different flavors, and needs simply stirring into the milk. It saves time in making a finished, flavored Junket—that looks good, tastes good and is good.

Sold by grocers and druggists.

Send 4c in stamps and your grocer's name, for Sample. Full-size package of Junket Tablets mailed on receipt of 15c, or 20c for Junket Powder.

THE JUNKET FOLKS

Little Falls, N. Y.

In Canada: Chr. Hansen's Canadian Laboratory, Toronto, Ont.
Use Junket for making velvety, wholesome ice-cream





DODGE BROTHERS 4 DOOR SEDAN

All over the country it occupies the same high place in the appreciation of active women

No matter what the function, there is always the long line-up of Dodge Brothers Sedans

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



A "CANARY" IN THE SPRINGS IS AN UNDESIRABLE PET

WHEN THE CAR IS SICK

BY B. D. THORNLEY

WHEN a car is sick, nine times out of ten the owner blames the factory, when, for carelessness or ignorance, he ought to put the fool's-cap on his—her—own head.

In the case of our car—our Jane, we christened her—all the friction surfaces were made tight to begin with—almost too tight—so that they could gradually wear to fit. A sudden spurt of speed may heat them beyond recall; or it may not. This depends entirely on microscopic inequalities in the steel. The trouble may be apparent to-day, or not for six months. It may be a matter of a few dollars or a few hundreds. But the sensible motorist reads the wind-shield advice and follows it meticulously, knowing that a fool may get away with his folly once or twice, but the time when he doesn't get away with it is sure to be expensive.

Other warnings, equally necessary and by most of us equally neglected, concern the frequent examination of the storage battery anent its water content, the occasional draining and changing of oil in the crank-case, the washing out of the radiator and the changing of water in the cooling system. All the motor-car makers say that these things should be done; all the motor-car owners know that this is true. And yet an annual toll of hundreds of thousands of dollars is paid to that last-minute rush that carries America out of the garage, with all of them cheerfully postponed till next time.

Equally important is the elimination of friction and vibration. A locomotive runs on a track for two hundred miles. Then it is taken off, gone over by a crew of experts, cleaned, oiled, and every nut and bolt on the whole complicated mechanism is tightened up.

Your car runs on a rough road. There is infinitely more jarring and jouncing. Yet how often do you go over her to tighten the nuts? Quite likely you don't do it at all unless a rattle has developed.

A THOROUGH tightening-up every time you oil is preventive medicine of the best kind, not only because loose parts cause friction that, in turn, shears off the surface, but because the ensuing vibration has a great deal to do with that mysterious "fatigue of metals" that means the death of steel.

The steering-knuckles, axles, and other members of the springless section of the car are the most apt to suffer from the effects of continued vibration. So—tighten when you oil.

Have we realized that when the fellow who got up the oil chart said oil *all* the holes, he didn't mean just the easy ones? Or have we done a few mental hope-so's as we squirted a full allowance into the most accessible

places with commendable frequency—and left the others for future attention once or twice a season?

Springs are a frequent source of trouble, largely because they aren't properly oiled, or because the dirt forced in with the oil gradually stiffens the metal leaves, meant to move freely on each other. Ninety per cent. of those maddening "canary birds" have their cages in the springs or the spring-bolts.

To obviate this, some authorities advise binding the springs, originally a racing idea, but now taken up enthusiastically by the every-day motorist in England, and by an increasing number of wise men over here. This binding is done as follows:

After thoroughly cleaning the spring, cut strips of felt two and one-half inches wide and, beginning at the ends of the spring, wind in toward the center, exactly as you would bandage a broken arm. This casing is held in place by an outer winding of twine which may be put on to cover the felt entirely, as is done in some racing cars, or spirally with the laps a quarter of an inch apart, which will be found much less tedious in the doing.

THE motorist who has gone to all this trouble will not only be permanently freed from the "canary," but is apt to be complimented by everybody on the rising qualities of his car.

One is continually warned against under-inflation of the tires. Under-inflation, when not sufficient to cause rim-cutting, sets up internal friction, resulting in the separation of the layers or the cords out of which the casing is made.

Over-inflation, on the other hand, constitutes a very real menace.

If the tire is too hard, the shock is transmitted through the springs to the body of the car and undue vibration results. Jane suffers in silence at first, but afterward, having loosened a bolt or two, she protests vigorously. The cure for all this uncomforness is to believe that the expert, who gives the proper degree of inflation and prints it on the tire, meant what he said.

The chauffeur of a twenty-thousand dollar car never parks the haughty beauty on the sunny side of the street. Nor would he dream of allowing his charge to be washed in the sun, or even washed in the garage and taken out while still wet.

No one who has any thought for the labor or the expense of refinishing a car ever attempts to dust it. Let the dirt stay on until you have plenty of water to moisten it so that it doesn't scratch in its removal.

A gentle stream of water, plenty of rags, or better still, sponges, and a nice clean chemical to end up with—can't you hear Jane purring?

If You Are Looking for a way to Increase Your Income

If you have to figure close—keep track of carfares, "go slow" on lunches; if you have to do without pleasures, the many things that make life worth while, we can help you. We have solved the extra-money problem for thousands of busy women. In their spare time, they earn \$25.00 to \$250.00 a month. You can do the same.

Sell Us Your Spare Time

We will pay you liberally for every minute of it. Simply take care of the new and renewal subscriptions for the four popular Butterick Magazines which can very easily be secured in your vicinity. No experience is necessary. All instructions, supplies and information will be mailed immediately on receipt of this coupon, at absolutely no expense to you. Clip it out and mail to-day.



MANAGER, STAFF AGENCIES DIVISION
Box 698, Butterick Bldg., New York

Please send me, without obligation, all particulars concerning your splendid money-making plan; also a copy of "Turning Spare Time Into Cash."

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

Pompeian Beauty Powder



The Lure of Beauty

No wonder he finds it hard to say good night. With the warm coloring of her cheeks, her lustrous skin and radiant eyes, her beauty fascinates him. You will share the secret of her beauty, instantly—when you, too, use the complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

Now a touch of Pompeian BLOOM for youthful color. Do you know that a bit of color in the cheeks makes the eyes sparkle with a new beauty?

Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the Bloom. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant! (Above 3 preparations may be used separately or together. At all druggists, 60c each.)

TRY NEW POWDER SHADES. The correct powder shade is more important than the color of dress you wear. Our new NATURELLE shade is a more delicate tone than our Flesh shade, and blends exquisitely with a medium complexion. Our new RACHEL shade is a rich cream tone for brunettes. See offer on coupon.

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder—naturelle, rachel, flesh, white. Pompeian BLOOM (a rouge that won't crumble)—light, dark, medium. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream (60c), for oily skins; Pompeian NIGHT Cream (50c), for dry skins; Pompeian FRAGRANCE (30c), a talcum with a real perfume odor.

Marguerite Clark Art Panel—5 Samples Sent With It

Miss Clark posed especially for this 1921 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel entitled, "Absence Can Not Hearts Divide." The rare beauty and charm of Miss Clark are revealed in dainty colors. Size 28x7¹/₄ inches. Price, 10c. Samples of Pompeian Day Cream, Powder and Bloom, Night Cream and Fragrance (a talcum powder) sent with the Art Panel. With these samples you can make many interesting beauty experiments. Please tear off coupon now.

THE POMPEIAN CO., 2099 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio
Also Made in Canada



These three for Instant Beauty

"Don't Envy Beauty
—Use Pompeian"

GUARANTEE

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"Absence Can Not Hearts Divide"



THE BUBBLE FAIRIES

*The early morning fairies
I very seldom see,
And all the midnight fairies,
The twinkling, shiny fairies,
Are much too late for me.*

*But when I'm making bubbles
On any sunny day,
The little bubble fairies,
The pink-and-goldy fairies,
Come out with me to play.*

*A little fairy dances
In every one I blow.
It isn't just a game to me,
A play-pretending game to me—
I've seen them, and I know.*

— ELIZA WYNKOOP



SHOW IT TO DAD

Wives and mothers, this page is not for you! It is for the men of the family, especially for father. THE DELINEATOR will have now and then, a corner of interesting information or anecdotes by, about and for men. If the men in your family or the neighborhood have done something interesting, tell us about it. If you have a story which interested the men you know, send it to us. We will pay you for it if we can print it.—THE EDITOR.

DESKS WHICH SPEAK

BY M. M. M.

ASK Dad what he thinks about the things the world is saying about him just now. In addition to all the charges Berta Ruck, the English novelist, made recently, Americans are beginning to say: "We are materialistic; we haven't any real sentiment; American men are too busy and too hard-pressed in their struggle to have time for sentiment."

Ask Dad what he thinks about it. A man of international reputation recently echoed the charge in my office. A few minutes later I went into the office of the President of the Butterick Company. He is one of the busiest men in the world. Minutes count for a great deal with him. But—

On his desk was a clock. It did not tell the time of day. It had stopped at one forty-three. It had stopped some years ago at one forty-three—the last day of life of the elder Wilder—and the son, a hard-pressed, overworked, practical business man, never let any other hand wind the spring.

Next to the clock there was a picture of the babies of the family. That is not materialism; it is sentiment, real sentiment. When an apparently engrossed business man keeps his father's clock above his desk as "the old man left it," it means that sentiment plays a big part in his life. This started us looking at the desks of the big leaders of America. Here is what we found:

COLONEL ROOSEVELT kept a silver horseshoe, turned by John L. Sullivan, and worn by some famous trotting-horse, on his desk. There was also an elephant hoof—the hoof of the first elephant killed by the colonel's son. In the middle of his desk, in the place of honor, was his favorite picture of Mrs. Roosevelt—one which he never gave to the public. The lower right-hand drawer of the desk was kept sacred for the doll-baby of the little Derby girl, Colonel Roosevelt's oldest grandchild. When the colonel died, the doll was still there.

That is how sentiment entered into the life of one of the most practical of our great Americans.

UP IN the State House in Boston, Calvin Coolidge—austere, reserved, apparently unemotional New Englander—kept before him on his big, flat-topped desk a portrait of his mother, taken when she was a young girl.

WHEN Frank A. Vanderlip was the president of the National City Bank, financiers, manufacturers and other big business men saw on his desk a tiny silvered shoe. It was the first bootie ever worn by Mr. Vanderlip's first baby. He had it silvered and kept it on his desk. Whenever he had a memorandum for something affecting his children or his home, he slipped the paper into the little shoe.

FRANKLIN K. LANE, when he was the Secretary of the Interior, kept a picture of his wife and babies on his desk in Washington, and always before him, as an inspira-

tion, a framed letter written by Sam Blythe in France and telling one of Mr. Lane's friends how "square and white" young Lane had proved himself to be.

THE Doctors Mayo, two of the world's most famous surgeons, have a picture—an old-fashioned, wool-embroidered motto—hanging back of their desk. It belonged to the old doctor, their father, and was worked by their mother when she was young. It is the theme of their lives, and it reads: "Though you live in the heart of a forest, if you have something the world wants, it will cut a path to your door."

MR. J. PIERPONT MORGAN'S desk is kept so nearly bare that it is hardly more official than personal. He likes to have it literally clear before him at the day's end. The personal is concentrated in the picture that hangs on the wall behind him—a fine portrait of his father, with whom Mr. Morgan's relation was always a special friendship and comradeship.

BISHOP LUTHER B. WILSON, of the Methodist Church, the president of the Anti-Saloon League of America, keeps in his New York office memories of the days when he was a much-loved chaplain in France. Three American flags stand on his desk-top, and in his desk drawer are the tattered remnants of a little French flag that he picked up in a ruined church. In the safe is a block of polished wood from the cathedral altar at Verdun. Beside the door hangs an even more personal treasure—the photograph of an attractive child, his grandson.

MR. GEORGE KITTREDGE, chief engineer of the New York Central Railroad, also saved from the war a bit of sentiment for his desk-top in New York. It is a picture of "Pretty Baby," his homing pigeon, the first bird to carry a message over the trenches.

OVER Mr. John D. Rockefeller's desk, which is dedicated to business is a little American flag and photographs of Chicago University, one of his father's creations, and of Brown University, his own *alma mater*. Elsewhere on the walls hang pictures of Mr. Rockefeller, of President Harper of Chicago University, of a church somewhere in Colorado; over the open fireplace, an unaccustomed homelikeness, is the picture whose universal romance has a peculiar fitness here, in this office, a photograph of New York's mighty, stately sky-line.

AT THE PARSON'S EXPENSE THE REV. ABRAHAM RIBBANY of the Church of the Disciples, Boston, arrived in New York a poor immigrant from Syria and picked up his English from many sources, not all of them of classical purity. After a fine dinner in the home of a well-to-do friend he rather surprised the hostess by remarking upon leaving: "Madam, I thank you for excellent grub."

THE REV. FREDERICK GRIFFIN of Philadelphia possesses an endless fund of anecdotes. One of his best is on himself. When a four-year-old he was making a pastoral call with his father on an invalid parishioner. The boy was already showing his trend toward the ministry by his fondness for chicken, and was trying to raise poultry. He had saved several eggs, but could not get a setting hen. A bright thought struck him. Creeping up to the bedridden woman, he whispered: "Aunty, would you mind keeping some eggs with you in your warm bed until they hatch?"

Work around the nail base with the Cuticle Remover, rinse the fingers, and the surplus cuticle will simply wipe off



Strauss-Peyton Photo.

Geraldine Farrar, supreme in all the dainty arts of grooming, says of Cutex: "So beautifully smooth and even does Cutex leave the skin at the base of the nails that I never think of allowing my cuticle to be cut"

The delicate art of manicuring

How you can do your own nails as perfectly as a professional

MANICURING used to be so complex and difficult that only a professional could do it. It was even dangerous, because there was no way of removing the surplus cuticle about the base of the nail except by cutting.

But now women who are skilled in all the arts of grooming find it easy and delightful to keep their own nails always in exquisite condition.

We no longer have to cut the cuticle. All those hard, dry edges of dead skin we now remove simply and safely without cutting. Just a dab around the nails with Cutex, a rinsing of the fingers, and the surplus cuticle simply wipes away, leaving a beautifully even, thin, transparent nail rim.

And, in the Cutex manicure, all the rest of the process is just as delightful. A snowy whiteness under the nail tips with the Nail White; the delicate jewel-like shine of the quick and lasting Cutex Polishes—and the manicure is complete and perfect in only about ten minutes.

The amazing results of a single trial

Your first Cutex manicure will be a revelation to you of the perfect grooming you can give to your own hands. However ragged the cuticle may have become through constant cutting, a single application of Cutex will make an astonishing improvement. You will be pleased, also, with the immaculate beauty of your nail tips after the Nail White, and with the delicate sheen that you get from the Cutex Polishes.

If you will spend only ten minutes on your nails regularly, once or twice a week, and every night apply Cutex Cold Cream around the nail base you will keep them always in perfect condition.

Cutex Manicure Sets come in three sizes. The "Compact," with trial packages, 60c; the "Traveling," with full sized packages, \$1.50; the "Boudoir," the finest and most complete set, \$3.00. Or each of the Cutex items comes separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores.

Complete Trial Outfit for 20c

Mail the coupon below with two dimes for a Cutex Introductory Set containing enough of everything for six complete manicures, to Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York; or, if you live in Canada, to Dept. 1206 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

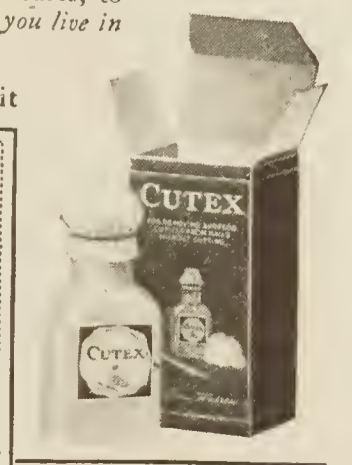
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FRESH EGGS EVERY DAY

BY HELEN CANON

THE shortest and quickest line between Biddy and the table insures the most desirable service of a valuable food.

The difference between an egg laid to-day and one laid one, two or six months ago is the difference between perfect and mediocre food.

We can not all have access to the hatful of eggs just gathered, however, but we can adopt a means of successful preservation, and, at the same time, make a considerable saving in the expense.

Eggs, if properly preserved and absolutely fresh when packed, can be held over successfully from Spring until the Winter months, as many thrifty housewives throughout the country can testify. For baking and other general cooking purposes these preserved eggs are practically as good as the fresh. The flavor is slightly changed; some persons do not like them soft-boiled. But even fifteen dozen eggs preserved merely for baking purposes for a family of four represent a considerable saving during November, December and January, when eggs are generally their highest in price.

HOW TO PRESERVE EGGS

THERE is nothing difficult about using water-glass; what you need is storage space, and every one except a city apartment dweller can manage to stow away a few stone crocks. Water-glass can be bought in the form of a solution at almost any drug-store. For thirty dozen eggs, mix one and one-half quart of this solution with eighteen quarts of clean, cold water. If the water is not pure as is ordinarily understood for drinking water, boil it and cool it. Three four-gallon stone

jars or two six-gallon jars are sufficient for thirty dozen eggs.

Clean the jars thoroughly, pack the eggs in them, and pour the water-glass solution over them, allowing at least two inches of liquid over the eggs. Cover the jars to prevent evaporation as far as possible, and store them in a cool place where they will not be disturbed. It may be necessary to add more water from time to time during the Summer if the solution evaporates and becomes thick and jelly-like.

Preserve only absolutely fresh eggs. If you are not sure of the freshness, test them by placing them in a pan of salt water (one-third cup of salt to one quart of water). If an egg sinks, it is reasonably fresh. To candle eggs, cut a hole about one inch in diameter in a cardboard or other shield that can be placed in front of a bright light, such as an electric bulb or a kerosene lamp. In a fairly dark room the light so concentrated will reveal the contents of an egg that is held in front of the hole. A fresh egg should appear clear inside, with the air cell in the end not larger than a nickel. Dark spots mean imperfections, and an egg containing them should not be preserved. Use clean eggs that do not require washing.

Spring eggs keep better than Summer or Fall eggs and are likely to be cheaper. Infertile eggs are better than fertile eggs for preserving.

To boil an egg that has been preserved in water-glass, prick a small hole through the large end of the shell before placing it in the water, to allow the air to escape and prevent the shell from bursting.

Concluded from page 9

SALVAGE

when the owners are too brusquely disillusioned about life. Benny had even declined to discuss matters with his friend, the probation officer. What was the use! As for the judge who had seemed so sympathetic and understanding—well, Benny wasn't going to be bunked again by any of that stuff. A crook, that's what he was, a dirty crook.

"Well, Benny," said the crook—yet, somehow, he didn't look like a crook, after all—"Here we are again."

"YES, ma'am," said Benny, still courteous through prudence.

"And we've got some things to straighten out between us."

Though he thought it impracticable, Benny wearily acquiesced. The sooner it was over with, the sooner could he get back to his plans for the future which included train-robbing, piracy, gang-leading, and a wholesale and soul-satisfying slaughter of policemen, magistrates, and other officers of an unjust and despicable legal system.

"You still stick to it that you didn't break the globe?"

"I never done it," returned Benny sullenly.

"Who did?"

"Search me, ma'am."

"Well, I know you didn't, at any rate."

Benny looked up with distrust in his squinted eyes. Traps and pitfalls. They wouldn't catch him!

"I know because I tried it myself."

"Huh?" ejaculated the startled Benny.

"With a bean-shooter."

"Geel!" whispered Benny.

"Which I found sticking in a bush."

"Shorty's," said Benny and bit his lip savagely in the reproachful fear that he had given away a pal.

"It can't be done. I hit it square. The glass is too tough."

"How'd it get broke, then?" asked the staring Benny.

"I don't know. It doesn't matter. The policeman was wrong."

"I told you the cop lied, ma'am," was Benny's emendation.

"Circumstantial evidence," murmured the judge. "However—Benny, didn't Mr. Hale advise you to own up having done it?"

Hastily and dubiously Benny considered

the probation officer. Was it possible that he had been snitching?

"Oh, he didn't tell me," added the judge, promptly reading the boy's mind. "I guessed. I guessed right, didn't I?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then why didn't you take his advice and own up?"

"I didn't do it," asserted Benny doggedly.

"Yes, yes; I understand that. But you'd have saved trouble, wouldn't you, by saying that you did? Well, why didn't you do that?"

"I—you—" began the bewildered urchin. "I dunno."

Out of the somber welter of his thoughts flashed the swift, incredulous conviction that this guy was really a friend. He didn't see how it could be; it wasn't in the nature of things, and yet—he believed it against all the defensive promptings of caution.

"ALL right. Don't bother about it. What's the Giants' percentage to-day; did you notice?"

"Six forty-one," barked Benny.

"Going strong, eh? Well, I've got a couple of tickets that I can't use this afternoon. If you'd care to go and take a friend—"

Benny's eyes, relieved of that evil and suspicious squint, grew round. Benny's hand went forth. His fingers closed around the tickets. Grand-stand seats; exquisite works of art, delightful of hue, bewitchingly engraved.

"Thank you, ma'am," whispered Benny.

"That's all right. Wish I could go with you. And any time you want to come back here and tell me what made you stick to your story when it would have done you more good not to, I'll be glad to hear."

Benny's candid gaze lifted slowly until it met the clear and friendly look of the other.

"Why would I lie to you, judge?" said Benny.

His small, loyal, shrewd features were for that fleeting moment lighted by a gleam, lucid and radiant, as from that far and dim background where the Destroyer and Another stand forever at grips; and a swift reflection of it flashed across the tired face of the judge who was once a boy, giving him the will and the courage and the passion to pursue his endless and hopeful task.

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CRYSTAL



White as a cluster of orange blossoms.
Delicate as their wafted scent.
Pure as the rustling air of the grove.
That is Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt. Fine in texture and free-flowing.
Enhances the flavor of good cooking.
Sanitary package; easily opened cap.
Please ask for

Diamond Crystal Shaker Salt

Interesting booklet, "One Hundred and One Uses for Salt," on request
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Since 1887, Makers of DIAMOND CRYSTAL "The Salt that's all Salt."
In sanitary boxes or sacks—for table and cooking use

Be Independent!

Have all the extra money you need. Don't depend on dad, brother or hubby, the next time you see something you would like to have. Just think how much better you will feel when you possess the means—earned by yourself—to

Buy What You Want—When You Want It!

You can, very easily. Those spare moments—the time you ordinarily waste—can be turned into cash through a little pleasant work, representing *The Delineator*, *The Designer*, *Everybody's Magazine* and *Adventure*. The demand for these popular, splendid publications exists everywhere. Take advantage of it.

Surely you can do what so many others are doing. No experience is necessary. All instructions, supplies and information will be mailed immediately on receipt of this coupon, at absolutely no expense to you. Clip it out and mail to-day.

Manager, Staff Agencies Division
Box 699, Butterick Bldg., New York

Please send me without obligation all particulars concerning your splendid money-making plan; also a copy of "Turning Spare Time Into Cash."

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GRANDMAMA'S BUSTLING DAYS

A PIONEER diary, kept by a woman in western New York, was published a few years ago by the *Censor*, a newspaper of Fredonia. Written in 1824, it shows what hardships our grandmothers endured in the early years of the nineteenth century.

Is the housekeeper of to-day a busier woman than her counterpart of 1824? The home-economics editor will be glad to secure a similar diary for modern times, kept by a busy woman on the farm. If none has been written, it would not take much imagination for a woman to outline the daily routine and events of the year.

Following are passages from the diary of 1824:

March 10, 1824. Isaac says he won't have to cut any more trees to browse the cattle. The oxen are looking well. Our two cows are rather thin. We could not spare the milk or we should have dried off the cows in January.

March 25. My husband and Varnum went hunting to-day and brought home a deer. We have had no meat but venison and a few partridges since October last. A bear carried away our hog in November and the foxes caught all the chickens the hawks left.

April 6. Sold three bushels of wheat to-day for three shillings and ninepence per bushel, the first money we have had since January, when Isaac sold two fox skins, eleven mink skins and two quarters of venison for six dollars.

April 15. Heavy rains last night that put the fires out and wet the punk; had to go to Mr. Trow's to borrow fire.

(There were no matches in those pioneer days and places.—EDITOR.)

May 20. Commenced to card and spin to-day; our ten sheep sheared thirty-five pounds of wool.

May 26. Had company. Used the last half-pound of tea we got when Ira was born; he will be two in July.

June 9. Had a very dry time; set the slashing on fire; it is now burning fiercely.

Concluded from page 30

A PREVENTABLE SCOURGE

Striking instances of this type of the disease were encountered by doctors and nurses in the house-to-house inspection made in some of the crowded districts during the 1916 epidemic. Children were frequently found going around showing a slight limp. The history of each case always brought out the fact that the child had been ill. As the mother would describe it: "He has been a little sick, but not enough to stay in bed."

But what did this mean? It meant that the child in being about at a time when the weakened muscles should have been at rest was threatened with permanent injury; it meant also that such a child was a center of contagion for other children. In sections where the disease has been in evidence, the appearance of symptoms in a young child suggestive of an acute infection is always suspicious. Particularly is this true if the illness is accompanied by sweating, nervous irritability, neck stiffness and general sensitiveness. For safety, all children having fever should be isolated pending the diagnosis.

DURING an epidemic of the disease, children should be kept from crowds and all public places of amusement. They should not be allowed to go to parties, picnics or other places where they will freely mix with other children. This can not be too forcibly emphasized.

Well do we remember a tragic incident of 1916. A little girl—an only child—living in a town in New York State, where some cases of poliomyelitis had been reported, was being taken by automobile to the country. While passing through a town in another State, the mother decided the child needed some additional clothing, so ventured with her into a department-store. This little girl, within the usual time after exposure, developed poliomyelitis and is to-day a pathetic cripple.

August 1. Isaac has got ready for logging. We brewed root-beer for logging.

August 6. Had a logging-bee to-day. There were eight yoke of oxen here; some of them came five miles. Royal Putnam and John Robinson took charge of the bee. Our root-beer is first-class; the men prefer it to whisky [sic].

August 20. Gathered goldenrod and sumac to color flannel for underwear.

September 2. Set the logging on fire.

September 8. Had a good burn. Commenced to-day to gather ashes. We are very choice of the ashes. Everything must be put aside until we get them to the ashery.

October 25. Went to the store; took our black salts and ten bushels of wheat. Sold the lot for \$75; got \$50 in money, the balance in goods. Our land payment is due January 1st, amount \$100. Don't know where the other \$50 is to come from. Got a side of cowhide and a half side of sole-leather for our boots and shoes, half-pound of tea, two pounds of loaf-sugar and a fine-tooth comb; it took the rest to pay our account.

December 1. Isaac went through this morning to Laona with cart and oxen to get the shoemaker, Mr. Seymour. Had the good luck to get him, bench, lasts and all. This is the fourth time we have been for him.

December 20. Commenced spinning flax; want to make fifty yards of linen for sheets, bags and towels.

December 25. Started at daylight to spend Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, in Portland. They came from the same town we did in Vermont. The cross-ways are well covered with snow. Our oxen are good walkers, sled new. Mr. Taylor has seven children, which with our five made a roomful. Got home at 11 P.M.

December 28. Got a letter from Aunt Davis, postage two shillings. Most of our mail is sent by emigrants, postage is so high.

January 1, 1825. We sold our cow, a steer, and some ox yokes Isaac had made for some newcomers, and got together the \$100 to make our payment on land.

While no one can say absolutely that the child, while in the crowded store, was exposed to the virus of infantile paralysis, it was a grave risk to take.

Especial care should also, during an epidemic, be given to food. It should be carefully selected and should be well cleaned with pure, cold water. Food should be carefully protected at all times against contamination from dust, flies or other insects.

MEASURES tending to prevent bringing what might be infectious dust and dirt into the household, tracking this into carpets or rugs, especially into rooms where young children may be playing around, is during an epidemic an important factor of prophylaxis. To avoid this, there should be outside the main living-room a broom or cloth for the shoes and one for the clothes, each person, before entering, taking care to remove as thoroughly as possible the street dust from the clothes.

It is not definitely known how the infecting organism of infantile paralysis is transmitted. While various agencies have been accused of being the carrier, their culpability as the medium of transmission has not been proved. It is Dr. Flexner's belief that the nose and throat secretions of infected persons dry, and as dust become potent sources of infection, and that "house-flies act as passive contaminators, since the virus survives on the body and within the gullet of these insects." Careful clinical observations have pretty generally substantiated these theories as modes of infection. That the organism may be conveyed directly by kissing, sneezing, etc., is no longer questioned. There is as yet no known method of aborting the affection or limiting the paralysis.

A second article on infantile paralysis will appear in an early issue.



New Beauty Will come if you whiten the teeth

This pleasant test has shown to millions the way to prettier teeth. Also to cleaner, safer teeth.

To countless homes it has brought new tooth protection. This is to urge that you find out how much it means to you.

Combats the film

One object is to combat the film—this viscous film you feel. Most tooth troubles are now traced to that.

Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Old brushing methods did not effectively combat it. So very few people have escaped some troubles caused by film.

Film-coats discolor, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar.

It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Attacks it daily

Now dental science has found ways to daily combat that film. Many careful tests have proved them efficient. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. Each use attacks the film in effective ways. Then it keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

The delightful effects

There are other effects now considered essential in view of starchy diets.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow. That is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits, which otherwise may cling and form acid.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the

saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer of the acids which cause tooth decay.

All these results come from every application. And the benefits show quickly. You will see and feel effects which the old ways do not bring. You will realize what they mean to you and yours.

Make this pleasant ten-day test and watch your teeth improve.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, which brings five desired effects. Approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists supply the large tubes.

A few days tell

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Then read the reasons in the book we send. Act now.

Ten-Day Tube Free 627

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 662, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

MONEY AND MARRIAGE

when poverty knocks at the door, has of course obvious truth in experience, but that is because it is often a test of the real stuff of which love is made. It is tried as by an acid, and found sterling or base metal after all. George Whitefield makes a quaint remark about his father's second marriage, when George himself was a boy of ten—"An unhappy match for temporals, but overruled for good."

Some escape the problem of marrying without money by marrying *for money*. Unless something else comes into the relation, this on the whole finds its own appropriate hell. Even when money is not the only factor, great disparity of fortune creates special problems. It needs all the more wisdom and grace to avoid offense that can wound to the heart. There is an arrogance which comes easy to wealth, and the temptation stays with it. I once knew a couple where the woman had brought a very substantial marriage portion, and in moments of irritation she would taunt her husband with the fact. Of course she was a fool and embittered her own life. Over some trivial dispute in the presence of others, she reminded him of the exact sum she had brought as a wife. He replied, "Yes, madam, and you were dear at the price!"

I DISMISS all cases of marriage for money with the single sardonic remark of Sir Henry Taylor, a once noted English poet: "The man who marries for money has one advantage over those who marry for other considerations: he can know what he gets; and if he can feed upon husks and draff it is competent to him to see that his trough is filled." This in its measure applies also to women who marry for money. Only their judgment is even surer and quicker. The more they have asked of life, the more tragic is the death of their dream.

It is part of our English-speaking tradition that marriage should be for love. We rather despise the practise common on the continent of Europe of arranging marriage by a kind of barter. If it has to be a case of choice between these two alternatives, our instincts tell us which side to choose. There is more chance of success in a relation where neither can throw responsibility on some third party. Esteem, or gratitude, or the force of habit are poor substitutes for love as the supreme binding quality of life. At the same time mere passion is as insecure a foundation as prudence. Also, the modern tendency among us to delay marriage to a later age than used to be the custom is partly due to the same prudence which is the ground for marriages of arrangement. It is more difficult for young people to set up house wisely in our complex civilization.

In the married life of ordinary people money remains a problem, and is often the rock on which their ship splits. One chief cause is the lack of complete frankness about it. Somehow many of us, who can be frank and speak freely about more important intimacies, are strangely reticent here. There are countless men who for one reason or another do not keep their wives informed of their financial affairs. They may grow richer or poorer, but the wives never know until something happens. One will declare that he does not want to trouble her with his business worries. Another will jocularly remark that he does not tell his wife because he does not want her to spend it all. Another, because he holds that women are devoid of money sense, that they have no judgment about the value of money, though they will acknowledge their skill and wisdom often in expenditure.

SOME extravagance is due to this lack of frankness. When circumstances grow easier and there is more money to spend, naturally the wife knows this, but if she does not know *exactly* she is tempted to treat the extra money like a blank check. The husband may growl on occasion, but he pays. She suspects that there is more money than he admits, or even than there is, and acts accordingly, until the idea grows on the man's mind that his wife thinks of him only as a means of getting money. He rails at her extravagance, and she retorts on his meanness.

All extravagance that is responsible for

unhappy marriage is not to be laid at the wife's door. After all, a lot of it is attributable to the scale of living set for the family, and that is usually done by the man. At least it is not done when he is asleep or unconscious. The location of the house, its size, the purchase of an automobile, and such like to a large extent settle the expenditure. Sometimes the man thinks that it is due to him, his reputation, his position in business, to live on a certain scale, and if the shoe pinches after a time it is hardly fair to put all the blame of extravagance on the woman's shoulders.

Of course some women, like some men, are downright selfish. In the long run they can neither be happy nor be the source of happiness to others. But, personally, I think that the average woman spends money more carefully and with more discrimination than the average man. She is accustomed to disbursing money for the varied needs of the family. She plans beforehand about how much she can afford for this and for that, and her purchases are governed by her budget. In spite of the common jokes about extravagance, women are more economical in spending than men. This is because men usually do their buying and selling in other regions. What they spend, or lend, or give in their private capacity is not looked upon as part of their business. Whereas the expenditure of money in ordinary marketing is part of a woman's business. She usually receives a certain fixed sum with which to supply a family's needs. It is wonderful how she manages to cut her coat according to her cloth.

When the income is a fixed sum, wage or salary, there is needed to be put into the common stock not only the money, but as much wisdom and mutual thought as possible. In some other cases one is struck by the lack of common sense displayed. Any other partnership has some *definite* arrangements, especially in financial affairs. I have known the wife of a rich man who never had any money except some occasional gift of odd pocket-money. She could order and buy anything she liked from countless stores where they had a charge account, and the husband paid the bills without too many grimaces. But there were times when she could not give ten cents to a beggar if he wished. It was a humiliating position. There are probably few cases as bad as that, but is it to be wondered if many women do not possess what men call money sense? They have been allowed no experience or training in the care of money.

IT IS very bad preparation for certain possibilities in the future. In the event of the husband's death many women have been helpless. Some of them have fallen into the hands of sharks, who promised alluring interest. The average woman never learned, as a man learns through sad experience, that a high rate of interest means a corresponding loss of security. She does not realize the importance to her of the safety of her capital.

Take a reasonable and sane view of the subject of money. Do not despise it as unworthy of consideration. Folly here can let this same question of money corrupt love and destroy happiness. Still, do not overestimate the importance of money. It is only a relative thing after all. You can increase a fraction as easily by reducing the denominator as by increasing the numerator. It is astonishing the number of things in the world that we don't need, and that are of no earthly use to us.

As in all other married relations there is needed mutual consideration, and what the college boys call "team-work." The true social unit is the family. No member can really gain at the expense of the rest. We are bound up in that bundle of life and there is no real escape. This whole question of money can be made an extra bond instead of a subject of disunion. Many a man has found in his wife a shrewdness and an intuition which were of value even in business problems, when he has taken the trouble to make her counsel worth having. Many a woman also has had a new and more tender thought of her husband, when she has had a chance to realize the burden which he was carrying for her and the family.

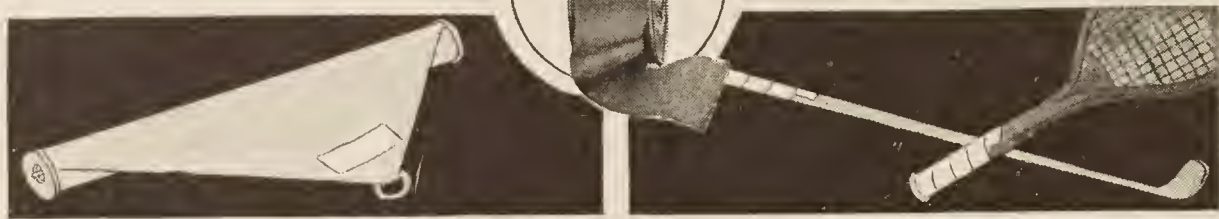


A Bit of Tirro saves money

A tiny piece or a large—as the occasion demands—is ready for any sort of mend, break, leak or split. Toys, garden tools, kitchen utensils, anything of glass, metal, wood, etc., can be saved. All it takes is imagination to use Tirro. It is ever-ready, adaptable and inexpensive.

Tirro is an improved sticky tape, water-proofed, insulating.

It becomes a part of the article mended. A thousand uses occur to the handy man or woman. A leaky hose, a broken jardiniere, a broken window pane, a torn tent, a split handle—here are some of the many. Once you use Tirro, you'll discover constant employment for it. It is not mussy—it stays fresh. It can't spill.



Water-proofed

Tirro

Extra Strong

The Ideal Mending Tape

Don't throw things away—use Tirro. Use it single-ply or multiplied. Color it to match, if you wish. Keep a spool handy at home, at office, at shop. It pays for itself many times over. Tirro comes in *two sizes*, on handy spools. Prices in the United States: medium size, 3/4-inch wide, 30c; large size, 1 1/2-inch wide, 50c. For sale by all druggists.

FREE STRIP

To those unfamiliar with Tirro, we'll gladly send a free trial strip, 12 inches long, together with our Book of a Thousand Uses. Merely write us. You'll see instantly that Tirro is a friendly little helper, always on the job, a time and money saver.

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products



The Keds pumps for children, shown at the left, are made on wide comfortable lasts. There are also oxfords, sandals and high shoes for children.



One of the new Keds—smart oxford with leather trimming—either white or brown. Selt construction sole composition rubber. Also comes in a high heel.



One of the most popular Keds is shown above. It is made with or without heels and with ankle strap if you prefer. Smooth or corrugated rubber soles.

Very popular Keds sport shoes. Of heavy canvas with smooth or corrugated rubber soles. Both high and low models.

Forgotten—

the years of hot, clumsy shoes

Today twenty million people have a new idea of summer footwear

JUST notice for yourself how many people are wearing them—everywhere you go—right through the summer.

Stand on any street corner in your town—person after person wearing canvas shoes with rubber soles.

In the last few years our ideas have changed about summer shoes. We are learning how to look fresh and cool and summery and be relaxed and comfortable. How to really enjoy summer pleasures. That's why millions of people put on Keds when warm weather comes.

Wear Keds all day long right through the summer. You will find them cool and comfortable, fresh and trim looking for general everyday wear and just right for all kinds of sports—for tennis, sailing, canoeing. They make you lighter, quicker—less likely to get tired.

Keds will give you an entirely new idea of canvas rubber-soled shoes—the various attractive models, the trim lines, the careful construction which makes them hold their shape and wear so well. You will notice immediately the fineness of the canvas, the whiteness of the rubber—a special process—the carefulness given to the finish, the details.

There are other kinds of Keds in addition to the models shown above. Many practical shoes for children, sandals, pumps, oxfords and high shoes. There are also Keds for men and for boys. You can get the style you wish at your dealer's. If he does not have them, he can get them for you.

Keds were originated and are made by the United States Rubber Company only. Be sure to look for the name Keds on the shoe.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

All canvas rubber-soled shoes are not Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoes.

The Day of Corns

is over for the folks who know

THERE are millions of people nowadays who never let a corn ache twice.

They stop the pain, then end the corn completely. Thus, year on year, they are keeping free from every corn annoyance.

Their method is Blue-jay, either liquid or plaster.

They apply it by a touch. The corn is then forgotten until it loosens and comes out.

The inventor was a chemist who studied corns for many years. The maker is a surgical dressing house of world-wide repute.

Blue-jay makes harsh methods unnecessary. It is gentle, yet nothing could be more efficient.

It makes paring ridiculous, for paring is dangerous, and it never could end a corn.



© B & B 1921

Watch one corn

Watch the effect on one corn. It will change all your ideas. It will win you, as it has won millions, to this newer, better method. Do this for your own sake.

The best time is tonight.

Plaster or Liquid

Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

BUTTERICK PATTERN PRICES

Buy patterns at the nearest Butterick agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, at the following prices:

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Ladies' House Dresses, Negligées and Bathrobes,	35 and 40 cents
Ladies' and Misses' Blouses, Waists, Skirts,	35 cents
Juniors', Girls' and Little Girls' Dresses and Coats,	35 cents
Boys' Overcoats, Norfolk and Older Boys' Suits,	35 cents
Bathing-Suits,	40 cents
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TORONTO, CAN.,	468 Wellington Street, West
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA,	319 Elgin Avenue

NO RETURN TICKET

"Me see-gars—sure I've forgotten again!"

"Here are papers and tobacco."

The old man's hand jerked forward. "Have ye more?" he demanded hoarsely.

"Plenty here, more back in the bags, also my young friend Cheverly has an ample supply."

Wrinkled hands were lifted queerly before Conant's eyes, and a ray of purest sunlight shone for a second in the hardened wintry face.

"Tut," he said briefly.

"Shall I roll it for you?" Conant asked.

"'Tis a small affair to spend words on, but ye may do that same—"

Here was a gamester of other days by every move and gesture. His name was Donovan—"of the Tyrone Donovans"—but just now ranking ruler of the Ichiti nation, always excepting his daughter Maisie. The plant-hunter told him of the manner of his capture and Cheverly's.

A chuckle came somewhere from the depths, yet the face before him did not change from its ruin of imperial dignity.

"An' they stalked you for days, because you were comin' this way! 'Twas not so in my experience."

There was a disconcerting twinkle in his eye as he went on:

"SHE'S dead now, is Maisie's mother. She was the king's daughter. Hah, the years! Her father was an Englishman, the missionary king, still alive when I was brought in, over thirty years ago. An' the natives are livin' his ways yet, more than mine. 'Tis not what they do best—is to change—the Solitary People."

Conant thought of "Athick doubla obmer sole," and the heavy, plaited straw skirts of the dancers.

"A pious man was the old king, my son; an' pious the daughter av him. You may well say it. But a great girl, in her way, though sore displeased with the likes av me, to the last."

Old memories flocked in with the smoke clouds. Conant gradually appreciated the fact that he was in audience with one who had been a famous wit in the dinner and drawing rooms of England and Ireland "over thirty years ago."

The old missionary king and his daughter lived again in the smoke wreaths under the magic of King Donovan's talk, and Conant liked well to hear of the zealot who accepted his capture among the Ichitis as a divine appointment, and went to work immediately. Yes, the old missionary was blarneyed back into life—even his bigotries, wraths, triumphs and holy consternations. But even more, the daughter of him lived again—the true child of her father, breath and body and being, but no longer a child in years, when the wild young Irish globe-trotter and nobleman was brought in for her choice.

And now Conant was told of the birth of Maisie, their first and only child—and how Maisie proved more Irish than English, and more nobleman than missionary. He told of his own coming—"a lad with a career in the Irish state; a house and lands, do ye mind, and a girl av his own waitin' for him—to be took without warnin' be a party of psalm-singing niggers, and niver to be heard of afterward."

HE TOLD of his own plight; how watchful for escape he was the first year; how during the first months he kept his nerve very well, never losing hope for a minute that something would break; that the way out would somehow be disclosed. Then the slow dawning of hopelessness—"and many's the wan as couldn't have lived through, I'm tellin' you, sir; what with the little gray bodies niver laughing, niver angry, going on forever, to and fro. Hah, the years, the years! The heart of wan goes out with them, sure—"

It became a positive concern of Conant's now lest Chev hear something like this. Old Donovan hadn't the slightest intention of being cruel; he was merely lost in his own tale, forgetting how it would sound to one not yet twenty-four hours in captivity.

"How many white men are there in here among the Ichitis?" the plant-hunter asked. Nine white men were now held by the Ichitis, he was informed, but each of these was at the head of a considerable family.

New blood was at this time needed from outside, on account of two grown daughters now ready to start families of their own. One of these young women was none other than Princess Maisie; the other was the daughter of an old lion-snarer in Arrontik, which was the name of the farthest city. The name of this city of the amphitheatre which they were in, was Laplik.

"How long has this been going on?"

"'Twas so when I came; 'twas so when the old missioner came, and long ago," said, there was a party of white lads who came here."

"And are all of these white men captives?"

"No one could find the Solitary People; they were not brought in—unless, sure, they came in from behind, which no white man has done."

"And do they quietly sit down and become rulers when they are brought in?"

The king laughed bitterly. "For some who laugh hardest the first month, 't is suicide the third month; or death of oneself, which is a starin' at the wall; if not noisier insanity. You roll them much better than I do, my son. And a sulfur mate from the outer world! 'Tis a rare luxury."

"And so those who can last out a year or so fall into the ruling habit?"

"'Tis easier to rule than to be ruled; easier to live married than alone; easier than to give somethin' you know or can do to the poor little gray bodies. Some of us bring iron and its handling; there was a Cornishman named Manningly who did that, and some of us bring law and its layin' down; some of us bring skirts to the ankle, or knowledge of plants like yourself, sure. Sure the worst av us whites can bring the best av the blacks something to live by. 'Tis so."

"And Princess Maisie, is there none for her in the other white families, no boy who will do?"

"Wan look she gave thim!"

Conant heard much more from Maisie's father of Manningly, the Cornishman, the brother of Cheverly's old friend, who dwelt in one of the villages, and brought the tempering and forging of steel to the Solitary People; and of the scouting bands of Ichitis who ranged far out from their own country to bring in white men when there was need of the varied industry of the people and their traditional adjustment to white leadership. Also he was told of the Cave of Steam, and to this last he led Cheverly at once upon his return to their quarters.

WARM, dripping rocks with earth-steam rising softly from between the fissures; hanging lamps glowing in ghostly fashion through the warm mist. The rocks were smoothed by ages of wear, and in the hollows pools of warm water formed. The constantly rising steam and its play upon the rocks kept the whole cave cleansed and bending over the fissures, they could hear running water far below.

"The royal baths," said Conant, and they sat together in the genial mist he told Cheverly of his conference with the Irish nobleman of another day; and all the time it became more pitifully clear that the wasn't much fun in it for Cheverly. One must be on the outside, looking in, to follow the play of a comic-opera world like this. There was silence for a time, and Conant remembered how the princess had impressed upon him not to talk to Cheverly. The vision of a serpent on a rock was simple compared to her ways.

"She's a loyal little thing, if she's for you," the plant-hunter said abruptly.

"Meaning whom?"

"The princess. You're not really averse to being nice to her, Chev. It has to do—"

The other was laughing. "She's not giving me a chance to be nice or not."

"But what's wrong?"

"Wrong, why I just spoil her picture."

"I think she's a little touchy on the thing being arranged for her," Conant said. "Can see how it would be in her blood, from what her father says."

They were back in quarters when the word came for Conant to have supper with the princess. His eyes met the other's in a fleeting glance.

Continued on page 62

Dove Lingerie in Fascinating Variety for Summertime and Vacation Needs



Something different in Lingerie

The observing shopper will notice something altogether new this season—the "Dove" Satinées. This is the same chosen by the designers for these delightful garments which combine the durability of batiste with the beauty of satin tops exquisitely embroidered. Then there are nightgowns fashioned of a sheer, new material with the prettiest of crossbarred designs whoseaintiness well deserves its name of airy Batiste. An ideal fabric for summer wear.

Two-piece pajamas present another solution of the problem of sleeping comfort and these new "Dove" styles are especially attractive and becoming.

"Dove" Union Suits of Athletic cut are Ideal for Summer

In these feministic days it's not surprising that sister should have cast envious eyes on the cool comfort of brother's attire. Hence—the athletic style union suit for women—roomy, cut low under the arm, designed for the maximum of comfort.

She may choose a "Dove" style that opens down the front and has a regulation armhole, or she may decide on one a bit more feminine in a step-in design with shoulder straps.

Being an efficient Miss, we hardly need remind her that in addition to their comfort, "Dove" Union Suits possess the virtue of being really *two* garments in one.



New for
June

DOVE "Sport" Under-skirt No. 6861—Made of white cambric with double panel front and back, elastic waistband, and scalloped edge.

DOVE "Sport" Under-skirt No. 6860 made of white cambric with double panel in front, elastic waistband, and deep, hemstitched hem.

Two garments that combine to perfection

So many women have confided to us that this is their favorite combination of under-garments—a short vest chemise and a step-in envelope drawer.

In "Dove" styles, the vest is cut with ample fullness and just long enough to be comfortable. "Dove" step-in envelope drawers come in many materials in both flesh and white, and the measurements allow for a roominess which increases their length of service many times.



When you pack your Trunk

Their wide variety and very reasonable prices explain why "Dove" Under-garments predominate in so many Summer Wardrobes.

From athletic union suit and sport skirt to the laciest, frilliest envelope chemise, there are "Dove" styles to fill every vacation and day-to-day need. Materials range all the way from the simplest nainsook or batiste to luxurious Crêpe de Chine and Satin. Every "Dove" style is well-made, serviceable, and fairly priced.

You will want a great many "Dove" Under-garments and you can well afford to buy as many as you want. Look for the "Dove" label.

The very feminine charm of Lace and more Lace

Much as we all love the simplicity of tailored styles, there are some occasions when we long to dress ourselves in the softest, laciest under-garments we can find. They seem so feminine, so alluring—these becoming "Dove" garments of batiste and nainsook with their pretty, frilly laces and embroideries and bits of ribbon.

It's a great comfort to remember, too, that the laces and trimmings on all "Dove" styles are chosen with an eye for service as well as beauty.



No starching or ironing for these pretty Crêpes

Banish the iron and the starch box! Here are under-garments as pretty as one may wish, that require only to be washed gently, hung up to dry straight, and laid away ready for use again.

For traveling or to lighten the Summer ironing, why not lay in a supply of these handy garments? "Dove" crêpe styles are to be had in flesh-color or white with colored stitchings, or in novelty patterns of gay colored flowers.

Inquire at a "Dove" store for "Dove" Under-garments of Plissé Crêpe—you can buy nightgowns, pajamas, bloomers, etc.

Their first cost is most modest and nothing could be less trouble to keep fresh.



And—oh! the Luxury of "Dove" Garments of Silk!

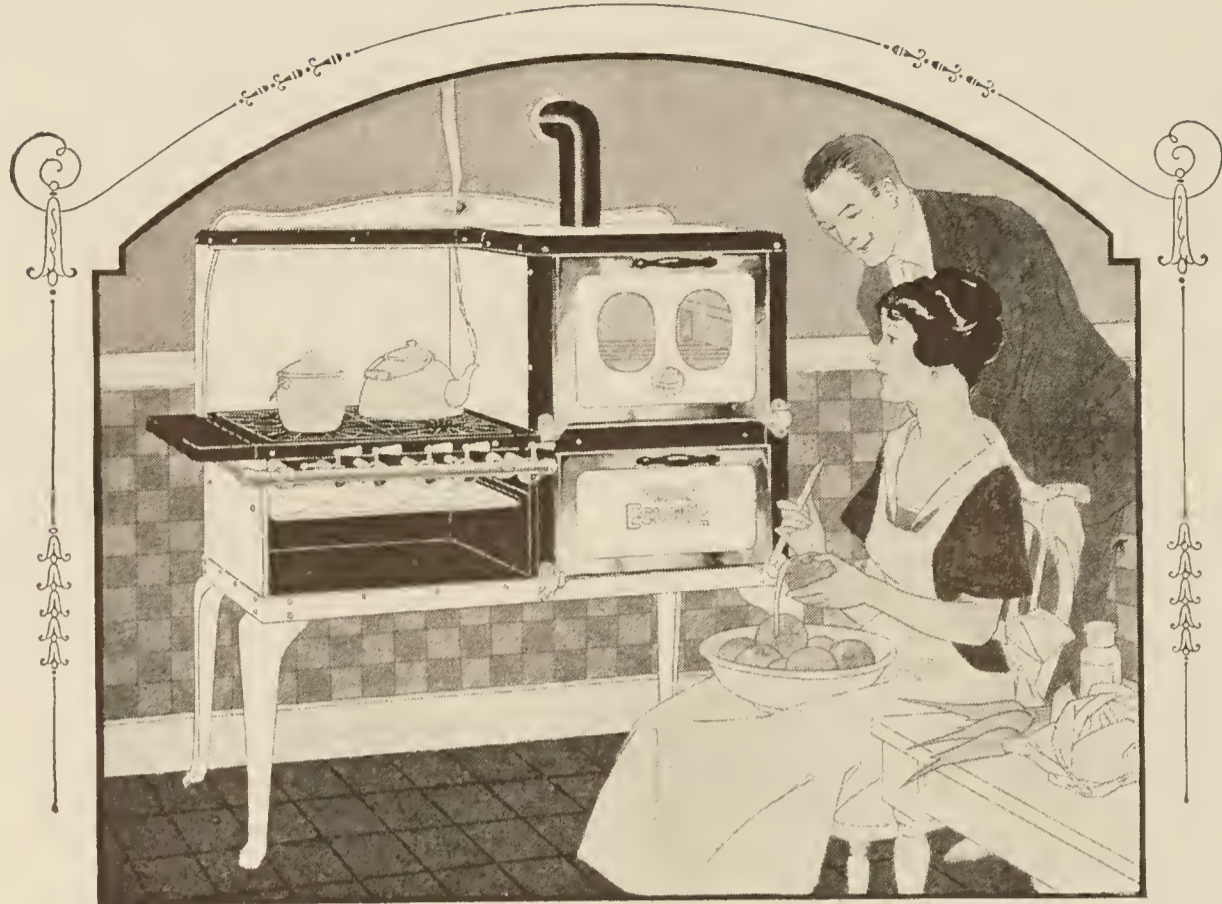
It's a long way from the cocoon on a Chinese mulberry tree to the "Dove" Silk Under-garments in your wardrobe, but every step of the intricate process is justified by the luxurious caress of their lovely fabrics. Crêpe de Chine and Satin—most feminine in their silken softness—are elaborated with delicate laces, colorful ribbons, and exquisite embroideries.

"Dove" Silk Under-garments are indeed a luxury, but modern manufacture brings their price within the reach of very economical purses.

Ample measurements and painstaking workmanship are still further reasons why thrifty purchasers look for the "Dove" label when they buy silk lingerie.

DOVE  **Under-garments**
Beautiful Well-made Lingerie
Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

D. E. SICHER & CO., Inc.
New York City



KITCHEN COMFORT depends largely upon the range. And the Premo Eclipse has been designed with the user's comfort first in mind. It is finished entirely in porcelain enamel and nickel, and can be kept new looking for years with a damp cloth. Its graceful lines, rounded corners and sparkling finish give Premo real beauty. And its unusual convenience is a daily joy. Little things—like lever valves and the windows and thermometer in the oven door—make kitchen work simpler and easier. The cast iron oven bottom will not warp, rust or burn out. It distributes the heat uniformly, makes Premo Eclipse a perfect baker and gives years of service. The extra boiling lid in the oven bottom comes in handy when the meal is large and in cooking strong odored foods—all smells are carried out through the flue. Ask your dealer to demonstrate Premo Eclipse or write direct for your copy of the "Eclipse Cook Book". The Eclipse Stove Company, Department C, Mansfield, Ohio.

PREMO ECLIPSE GAS RANGE



Money Magic?

Here's your Aladdin's Lamp. Whatever you long for, you can have. No matter what it may be—a new dress, a roadster, your own home, a piano, a Victrola—you can get it through our easy plan of making money.

The demand for *The Delineator*, *The Designer*, *Everybody's Magazine* and *Adventure* is so great that additional representatives are needed in every section of the country. This is your opportunity to join the ranks of the prosperous Butterick Subscription Workers. A few hours of your spare time will bring you liberal commissions and extra bonus check.

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New representatives are being appointed daily. So it is very important that you act immediately. Send for our little booklet, "Turning Your Spare Time Into Cash." It will tell you how to start and carry on the work. No experience, no capital is necessary. No obligation. Just clip out this advertisement and mail it at once.

INSIST ON BEING SHOWN THE GENUINE

CREX THE IDEAL FLOOR COVERING IN TOWN AND COUNTRY ALL YEAR ROUND
GRASS RUGS

WITH NAME WOVEN IN SIDE BINDING

NO RETURN TICKET

"She knows you're under the weather, Chev," he explained. "I told her this morning you wanted to be quiet for a day or two."

Supper was in the closed garden where he had found her first just after the morning watering. She listened with great eagerness as he told her of all the flowers and plants; of the life he had lived in Africa, and that the greatest thing which could happen to a plant-hunter hadn't happened to him at all, but to two fellows of the cult, Fife and Blackstone, who had found the rare orchids—*Espiritu Santo* and *Madre de Dios*—among the Whispering Ravines.

"And you have been here twelve years," she said breathlessly, "and all that time working among the flowers and trees of Africa?"

"Yes, nearly all the years you have lived, princess," he added.

"Nearly! Why for six years I lived before that."

"Eighteen?"

"Past," she said impressively. "But you must have come to Africa—very young."

"I was a man grown."

"But why did you come to Africa?"

"IT SEEMED the farthest place from New York. It called me more than Asia in those days. It seemed darker and deeper."

"Did you hate yourself?"

"I hated being alive, princess."

"But why hate yourself, such a boy?"

"I was as empty as an old man, though younger than Cheverly, but everything is still ahead for him."

Her face that had been so clear seemed now to have caught the dusk of evening.

"If he had not come," she began. "I mean, if you had been brought here alone—"

"That would have been very simple. I have little care for myself."

"You love him very much, don't you?"

"He is brave and kind and tireless and genuine."

"Is he?"

"You can hardly imagine what he is to travel with, he is so changed here."

Conant felt now that he was making progress.

"When he was a little boy, some one locked him in a tight room," he went on. "It shocked him so terribly that now he can't breathe in a place where he can't get out."

"Poor boy!"

"It was when your father said we had received the life-sentence that he began to break down. All the way in, every danger and fatigue only brought out more light and fun from him."

"You didn't tell me why you hated life, twelve years ago."

"Some time, princess."

He heard his own words with amazement. He had no intention ever of telling any one that story.

She laughed softly.

"What is it, princess?"

"Why, you are the boy, not your friend!"

"I?"

"You are the boy, and you do not know. You have only thought you were a man. You have something in your heart that keeps alive—keeps you alive! You are a boy, and you are the only one I have ever seen who has a chance to grow into a man!"

"Why, princess—"

"YOU think I am a child knowing nothing about men or women or the world or books; but this I know about love, that it is in your eyes!"

She was standing above him now, and took his face between her hands and turned it to the western sky where the light remained.

"It is there! It is there!"

"What do you mean, princess?"

"The thing I have known I would find somewhere, some time, even that would come to me away down here in the hollow of the mountains!"

"But, child, all I know of love is the long, long ago."

"It has never been spoiled. It has stood true. It is there!"

He arose beside her and looked down, but she spoke before words came to him:

"It is in the world, as my heart said—a love bigger than houses, bigger than gold or

ivory—oh, bigger than anything ever near of here! It is in the world."

Now a storm of passion and pain suddenly came to her clear eyes. He took her shoulders in his hands. They were shaken with emotions he only vaguely understood in his objective consciousness.

"Ah, princess, don't cry!" he whispered. "You have been so splendid even to dream what love means!"

She came close to him an instant and his face was bowed in his hands. The sound from her lips was like something that one might hear in the high mountains, then he words:

"Don't be afraid for her! I would not hurt her, but to think—to think that could come as I dreamed—the love that alone can know—that it should come for me, even here—yet not come for me!"

She ran from him, and he stood with huddled shoulders in the darkness, the fingers of his left hand wet with her tears.

"To-morrow I'll get up," said Cheverly that night. "Just got a little tired from the long hike."

He yawned playfully and stretched, clenching the muscles of his shoulders and upper arms. The next morning he was up, blithe and whistling, but Conant walked abroad alone that day. The amphitheater looked different to him; not so sinister and impassable as at first. Always he studied by old habit, the terraced fields and gardens, the citrus and deciduous trees, the different shrubs and flowers; following the gorge with his eyes up into the foothills and beyond.

The Princess Maisie was dawning upon him. She of the eager interest in the outside world, with an insatiable interest in the way of white women, had something which he had not found in the world before. From the very first moment, from one angle or another he had been making allowances for her. Sometimes he had thought of her as very little, sometimes as absurdly whimsical, normal, her emotions not to be relied upon. Yet this was all his own fancy. She was always more than he expected. He had been the slow one, the clumsy, the stupid one.

AND this mystery that she had put upon him at the last dawned and loomed. The world had not shown him quite the thing that she had risen to. In his mind he was still bewildered, but his heart understood her and revered her. Sometimes as he walked alone and became rapt in his thought he almost expected to turn and find her meet her around the bend of the road.

The Ichiti people washed for gold in the icy mountain rivers. He saw the smudges of their furnaces on still higher ground, doubtless their iron-smelters. Again and again he came across groups of women washing clothes on the rocks; unlike any African women he had seen before. They were curiously impersonal, nothing of the sensuous light-heartedness of the women of the native tribes. Their movements seemed spiritless, but they did not lack physical energy. It was sinister to him that the women of the river banks should toil together without chat or laughter. In all his way he was unmolested; the Solitary People seemed so sure of him that it was not necessary to look twice, save perhaps because he was one of the two strangers.

Without intention, on his return, he had come softly to the curtain of his quarters. Cheverly, hearing him too late, made a pitiful attempt to be on his feet for his companion. There was a suggestion of a frightened horse rising from a thicket. Though he was shaved and fully attired and Conant laughed with him, the boy's actual condition was clearer than before.

Noon passed and the hours of great heat the afternoon was like an interminable journey, no word or sign of the princess or the king. At last, before the dusk again the native girl came and in her unobtrusive way placed a little paper in Conant's palm. Cheverly's face had long been turned to the wall as he lay, but at this moment he faced the other.

"It isn't that I have to lie down," he said with resolution. "It really isn't, you know."

Continued on page 63

NO RETURN TICKET

It's that I breathe better down here—cooler—next to the ground!"

"Sure, I understand." Chev turned to the wall again. Presently Conant held the paper to the light and read.

"If I can not have it, at least I can serve it."

It was for supper again that Conant was called to the princess. She was in a little plain dark robe. He thought it black at first, but it was of midnight blue. Her hair, at least on the right temple, had been drawn back, as if with a dampened brush; and curiously the child of her appealed to him from this little effect. The blue of her robe added life to her eyes, a part of the same magic that the oncoming night had brought to her eyes the evening before. This time she asked about Cheverly.

"The boy will die," said Conant.

"And you would never survive that, would you?"

"I could not get past the fact that I had made a mistake. You see, we didn't push in-country past the Ravines without my knowing something of the danger of capture."

"And you, your heart was broken once—you would never recover again."

"Your thought of me is wonderfully dear," he said. "It makes me think of your part, princess, as well as Cheverly's."

Her face was whiter. "What do you mean?" she whispered.

LET me ask what you mean to do—your thought of serving us?"

"It is to let him breathe."

"To permit him to escape?"

"To help you and him to escape."

"When I thought only of Cheverly, his escape was my great hope; but thinking of you, too, makes it impossible, unless—"

"I were sure your part in helping us would not draw trouble upon you."

"I would have to go with you, part way."

"And face the music when you came back! That would not be the way for a man to treat a friend like you. No, little comrade, yesterday I might have accepted Cheverly's escape at any price, but to-day have you to think of."

The night was cooler than before. The dark had stolen in upon them. The one maid servant, called Maffa, who appeared to be the only one the princess tolerated near her, was lighting the candles in the near-by branches. Maisie arose from her place across the little table and moved to Conant's side, sitting down on the bench beside him.

"We can't let him die," she said presently.

Conant perceived a wonderful thing, that his problem had become her own. She turned to him quickly, whispering: "Tell me about her!"

"Almost I could—some time I can tell you, princess," he said. "But it would be some time—when it started of itself; some time—"

"When I did not ask," she finished.

"Yes—"

"When we forgot and found ourselves just talking?"

"Yes."

"Was she very beautiful?"

"That is part of it," he said quietly.

"Don't tell me any more. I should not have asked that. There is only one way of escape for you and your friend, one possible way. I've been thinking about it."

For a second he scarcely followed the abrupt change of her thoughts.

IT WOULD have to be by the way of Arrontik, the farthest city. You might never reach your own people. Almost any one would rather stay here than trust to the angles of the Boangans."

"But, if it's a gamble—" he began eagerly.

"Your friend might breathe better taking this chance. Can he live fourteen days more?"

"I think so, if there is hope for him to live."

"There is hope. You know he is to be sent to Arrontik soon, anyway. That is where you would have gone," she added quickly. "Now in fourteen days the teachers and leaders of Laplik, our city, start on a

journey to the other communities, reaching Arrontik last. My father used to go with them, years ago, but he is too old now. This journey takes place every other year at least, and the second time ago I went with them, and it was all very dismal and ugly, except the Overhanging Castle above Arrontik!

"The Overhanging Castle is a great, hollowed house on the white cliffs. It is far up on the side of the portal which marks the way out and in to the city of Arrontik, because no one can come over the mountains. The castle bulges out over the great precipice and the ledge is very narrow. It is said that ten men could keep off a thousand there. I used to think I would come and bring—"

She stopped, and he knew by her eyes that the dream had come some time to bring her lover.

"If we could reach there, and arrange to spend a night in the castle, we three, there is a chance that a dash might be made."

"But don't the men of Arrontik keep a guard at the castle?"

"No, their guard is farther out. The castle is a place to fall back on."

"We would have to pass those outer guards?"

"Yes."

"Tell me how we three—"

The color came and went in her face. "I am speaking of all that," she said slowly. "You see, I could go with the Laplik party to Arrontik this time."

He wondered how it could all be managed, but he said:

"It would mean the end of your life here—on its present basis—to help us. I could not allow you."

Her hand under the table rested lightly for a few seconds on the back of his. "Let's not think of that yet. Nothing turns out as you would think. You could not even go there with me unless something happened."

"Will they send Cheverly to Arrontik—sick, like this?"

"They will carry him. It is part of the tradition that white men brought here are ill at first, but not so soon as your friend. They usually think their troubles are over when they find they are not to be murdered, but are given high places over the little people."

A touch of scorn was in her last words. "You said, 'unless something happened.'"

"NO ONE could ever escape from here," she went on hastily, "but from Arrontik—if one dared to trust himself to the Boangans—"

"It's a gamble to take a chance on the Boangans, but there's no gamble among the Ichitis—at least, as Chev sees it—nothing but the life-sentence."

"If you reached your world and told the story of the Solitary People, it would mean the loss of treasure and the end of the race."

"We wouldn't tell the story, princess." After a pause he added: "But your part keeps on troubling me."

"You see, I was born here," she went on. "They are not so foreign to us who are native born. I would hate to see them harmed. The three—"

She turned from him, but he caught her wrist, laughing.

"You mustn't run away now. I haven't done anything for you to 'blow up' about. I can't wait to hear the rest."

"It's everything, surely, that hinges on that!" she said, white with excitement. "Let me go—I can't breathe good."

The man laughed deep within himself. In her dilemma the faintest trace of her father's tongue touched her own words.

"But, princess, I must hear now!"

"If you could hear all in a word, I could live—but there's need to explain."

"I can't wait until all is told, without even a thought—"

"Shut your eyes and don't die."

He obeyed, still holding fast to her hand.

"It is that we should have to be married before we could go together."

This time she managed to slip her hand from his and really run away.

Concluded in the July DELINEATOR



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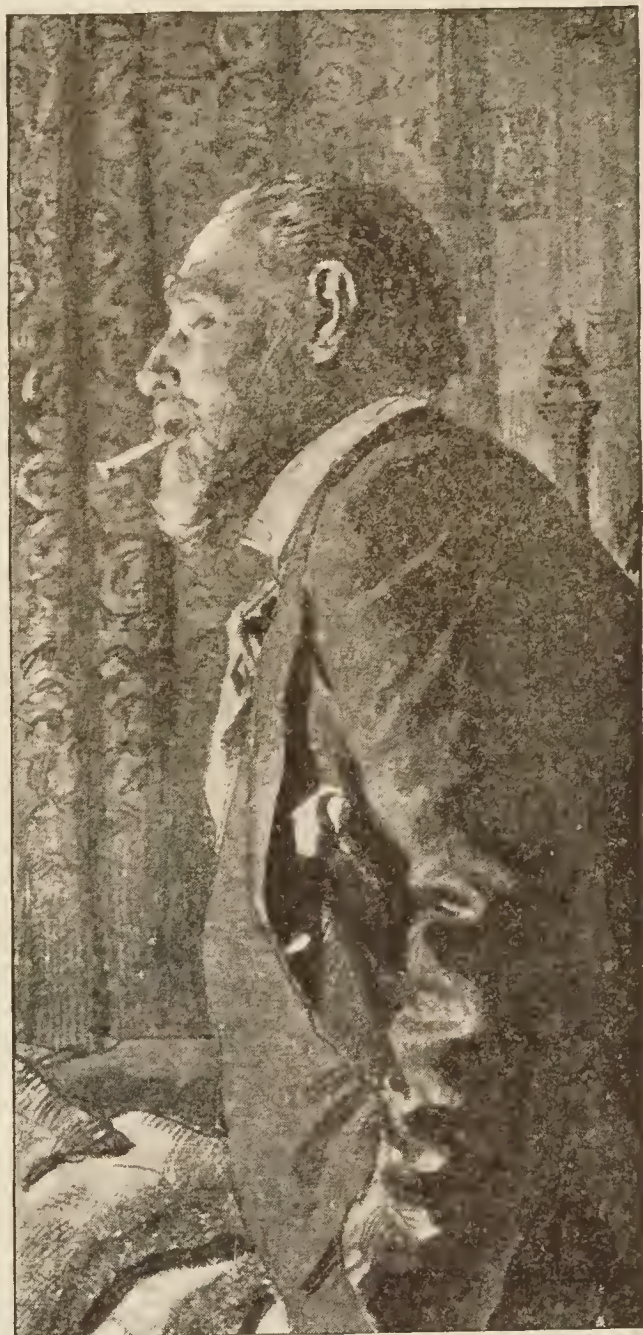
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HONEYMOON HOUSE



*He had not told her quite everything,
and he wondered—*

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THE DELINEATOR

Better begin your subscription with this number, so as to be sure to have each instalment of the serial of this remarkable Englishman.

At the beat of galloping hoofs, at the sound of merry voices, she lifted her head and looked at the two young people right there in her drive.

She got up from the seat and went to them. She opened her lips to speak and closed them again, inarticulate. She stood before them in silence, one slim, jeweled hand moving nervously, the sunlight falling on her golden head, on her young body so expensively gowned. Deserted by the poise and reserve that were the very fabric of her being, she faltered:

"It is a runaway road."

The girl bent from her saddle, her audacious little face framed in the loveliest of chestnut curls, sobered.

"We didn't mean to spy on you an' your place. There's lots that said they'd do a purpose what we've done not meanin' to—come like 'twas a accident an' see if you'd invite 'em in."

Under Mary Cameron's look the girl's brown eyes, bold but very lovely, dropped, her color mounted.

"Little Eve Edwards," she said it musingly, as if more to herself than to the girl. "Why, of course I invite you in." Her self-possession regained, she smiled upon them.

"Why, say, you don't know me? Of course everybody round here knows you. We see yore man drivin' you in that big machine 'most every day. An' once I saw you runnin' a little cyar."

MARY CAMERON turned to the young man. "Come down and see my place. Come and have some tea with me."

The girl's face sparkled. She slipped from her horse, stepped out of the riding-skirt she wore over her wash-frock, flung it up on her saddle and said to the boy:

"Come on, Frankie. Gee! Ain't it a peachy place! The carpenters bragged about it till everybody's crazy to see it. We're in luck, ast to tea—like rich folks in books. Meet Mr. Miller, Mrs. Cameron. He's up from Camp Sevier on furlough."

The big fellow blushed to the roots of his red hair.

Mary Cameron showed them her place. The girl, daring to the point of boldness and distractingly pretty, ecstasied over everything in a slangy way not common to mountain girls. The boy was quiet, but his eyes, which held something dumb and honest in them, turned continually to the girl.

Tea was brought them in the pergola. The girl grew quiet. Her eyes devoured the silver tray and its appointments. "It's wonderful to be rich and have fine clothes and automobiles and servants to wait on you, ain't it, Mrs. Cameron?"

"Wonderful to have nothing but money and the things that money can buy?" A shadow clouded the woman's face; her voice went dull.

As if in apology for the girl, the private spoke:

"I don't know what's come over Eve. She ain't like herself. She ain't talked 'bout a thing but white kid shoes an' white silk stockin's an' pink Georgette waists since I come back.

"Every time I talk to her 'bout marryin' me—we growed up together an' she allus promised to marry me—she allus said she wanted to till I went off to camp—she raves 'bout dancin' down at the lake an' havin' fun an' all the rich fellers she's been meetin'. She's feared to marry me, I reckon."

THAT night the stealthy fear that had all day slunk at her heels caught her at the throat. The house was finished. There was nothing to do. What could she do? Even the activities of house-planning and of building had not saved her from that moment of waking with its consciousness of bereavement.

She sat down by the window. The night brought on its still wings the swell and ebb of music, the beat of moving, dancing feet from the pavilion at the lake. For a long time she sat motionless listening to the music. Frankie's words came back to her: "Every time I talk to her 'bout marryin' me she raves 'bout dancin' down at the lake an' all the rich fellers she's been meetin'."

"The little minx!" Mary Cameron thought indulgently. "She's dancing right now with

her rich feller who's probably a chauffeur with a stolen machine, while Frankie looks on." Instinctively she knew that Frankie couldn't dance.

Suddenly her brows drew together in quick irritation at the girl and her airs and her affectation. She saw Frankie's eyes as he turned them on her, heard again the pain in his voice as he said, "I don't know what's come over Eve."

In the village next day making some purchases of the café proprietor, Mrs. Cameron asked:

"Do you know little Eve Edwards?"

"Reckin I do," the man grinned. "Everybody round here knows that sassy little dickens. But she's a good central. Got them other girls beat to a batter. Right next door. Up that flight of outside stairs. Turn in to the first door and you'll find her."

Mary Cameron had had no definite purpose in asking about the girl. She put the bundles in the car, stood irresolute a moment, then crossed the sidewalk and mounted the stairs. At the head of the stairs she entered a big, untidy room. Through another half-open door she saw little Eve at the switchboard.

The girl didn't see her. "Number?" she was saying in her little affected way, putting on airs for the benefit of the voice at the other end of the line.

"The doctor's gone, Mrs. Dillingham. Won't be back till night. Jugtown. Lots of sickness up there."

Br-r-br—

"That you, Mrs. Meddler? Mrs. Brown's not at home. She's out paying bills. Just left here. You'll catch her at Gates's."

She sat back, her wires still for the moment. A mask seemed to slip from face and manner. She looked childish, wistful, bewitchingly pretty.

"Number? Nancy Black?" she shrugged her shoulders, tossed her curls. "A washer-woman? She can't wash. Anyway, she's got no phone. She brings clothes in dirtier 'n she takes 'em out. Do I know anybody? Try Maggie Miles. No'm, but I can holler for her. She'll come to the café phone."

Mary Cameron agreed with the café proprietor. Little Eve had a number of centrals beat to a batter.

THAT night she went to the lake. Little Eve wasn't there. It was a lovely, moonlit night, and the scene was gay. Walking home alone across the creek and over the foot-log, up the hill and into the wood so still and different in its night mood, her fancy played about Frankie and little Eve. Vague thoughts, at first, that stirred uncertainly like unfledged birds in a nest.

How lovely the house was under the wizard spell of the moon. She had a wonderful idea. She would do it. She would.

Next morning she dressed, humming a snatch of song. There was no dawdling at breakfast; eight-thirty found her in the village. Her machine drew up behind a big gray car that had stopped directly in front of the outside stairs. A man of about thirty, stockily built, flashily dressed, and with a heavy face, was stepping from the car. "Telephone manager up-stairs?" he asked of the café proprietor who stood in his own doorway.

"No."

"Guess I'll go up and wait." He disappeared up the stairs.

The café proprietor came to the machine to see if he could serve Mrs. Cameron. "Tain't the manager," he grumbled. "Knows the manager's not down yit. He's running here after little Eve. She's carried off her feet with his fine clothes and that gray cyar."

"Little Eve!" In the act of stepping from the machine Mary Cameron stood still and stared at the man. She put out her tongue and moistened her lips that felt dry.

"Nothing to-day, th-thank you," she stammered, and got back in her own car.

She hadn't dreamed little Eve. She remembered. She remembered perfectly. She had been on the upper portico and the two painters had been on the side portico eating their lunch.

One had said: "Know little Eve Edwards? You don't? That's so, you ain't lived here long. I've lived here all my life. Her old dad's the meanest man in this county. Folks

Continued on page 65

HONEYMOON HOUSE

say he crawls through the hole in the gate to save his hinges. And he holds a tight rein on the girl, trying to break her spirit and cow her like he's cowed her ma, I reckon.

"Well, I was late going home last night. A big gray car come leavin' and purrin' up the road and stopped in at the big gate just where the creek takes that sharp bend. The fellow blew two long blasts of his horn and one short, sharp one. I stepped into the bushes to see what was up.

"I'll be blessed if there wasn't little Eve come flying down the hill and through the gate that was open; devilish black eyes a-dancing, little pointed face full of color, head flung up, dandy curls tossing. She was all excited and laffing. 'I ain't never rode in a fine automobile or been driving at night,' she said as she got in. 'I wouldn't ever met you if I hadn't stolen to the lake when they thought I was asleep.'"

Mary Cameron's fingers, playing nervously with the watch on her wrist, trembled. The painter had said, "Maybe it's all right—just a lark. But I got a girl baby at home. God Almighty! I don't want no town dude stealin' her out atter dark."

That had been a month ago. And the signal? She had heard it herself not a week before, the night she had driven far up the creek to have a storm send her into a house for shelter. It had been just after nightfall.

AS SHE rounded the bend above the house that sat on the hilltop—the house that was little Eve's, for the big gate was below it, and just there the creek took its sharpest bend—two long blasts from an automobile followed by a short, sharp one had sounded. It had meant nothing to her then. She had not connected it with the painter's words. She had forgotten the painter's words.

The chauffeur swung from the highway into her private road. The mists were lifting. An unseen hand was rolling back the curtain of this vast theater, mountains piled on top of mountains, their shining heads lost in the clouds. She did not heed.

Little Eve like that! Why, why, the mountain girls were not like that. They were like the sturdy spring flowers on their own steep mountains that the clean winds kissed, glory of light and color, flutter of bird wing, ripple of song. And little Eve like—

She went up the brick steps and began to pace back and forth under the pines. She felt the flutter of the wind-blown world; felt whisperings, and its mystery. It made her fanciful, for she saw again the tall poplar there on the hill at Eve's home.

Eve's home—bare of all beauty—a father a by-word in the community and a mother who trembled at his wrath. The long empty road ran below the house; across the creek a line of mountains lifted against the sky like a prison wall. Youth beat against it, youth with its intensity, its desire, its fierce necessity—youth like a rose that flames but once.

Back and forth, and not alone now, for little Eve's light steps kept pace with her own; little Eve as she was in that unguarded moment at the switchboard, childish, wistful.

Back and forth—she never knew how she came to feel the girl's need of her; she did not question it; it was all a part of the blowing, whispering world.

SHE darted to the garage, climbed into the big car, backed it out, swung it into the road and out on the highway. She raced down the hill, swept over the bridge, up again, turned to the right, ran down the hill, and let the car out on the sandy road that followed the creek's windings. In the sharp bend opposite the big farm gate she pulled up abruptly.

With that strange sense of being needed thrilling her, she hunched in her seat. Night deepened. Across the creek, above the barrier mountains, the moon lifted, big, golden, and a little past full. An hour, two hours.

The honk of a car from far down the road stirred her to action. She blew her horn, two long shrill calls and one short, sharp one. She leaped from the machine, flung the big farm gate open and jumped back into her seat.

The car sounded nearer. Again she gave the signal. A minute passed—two minutes. The little figure that ran down the hill,

through the gate and up to the machine was breathless.

She lugged a suitcase and darted around the car to the door Mary Cameron had opened. She thrust the suitcase in without looking up. She was in a desperate hurry. "I'm 'fraid I waked up my folks," she said.

Mary Cameron drew back in the car, away from the moon's revealing light. Half-way in the car and half-way out of it, Eve saw that its occupant was a woman, gave a startled cry and tried to scramble down.

Mary Cameron caught her, drew her in, slammed the door closed and sent the car forward at a sharp speed.

"Why didn't he come? Why did he send you?" she quivered.

"He did not send me."

"You, you—who sent you?"

"Perhaps your good angel."

She showed no fight, just slumped in the seat.

As they whirled round a bend headed for the mountains, the signal came on the still air, the two long calls and the short sharp one.

On and on they swept. Silence and the night and the moving water of the creek and that softly swinging golden ball of moonlight encompassed them. Little Eve seemed to shrink, to grow smaller and smaller, whiter and whiter.

But Mary Cameron did not turn. When the road grew too rough for speeding, she brought the car up with a jerk, backed it, swung it again into the road and came to a standstill.

"Well?" she looked down at the crouching figure, all its bright audacity gone.

"If you take me to my daddy, he'll just about kill me." Suddenly with a flare-up of courage, "I'd rather go with him than stay with my daddy."

"You'd rather go with him than marry Frankie?"

"Frankie's got to go to France. I'd still have to stay home."

"But you should have turned to Frankie. Frankie would have taken you away. Frankie would give his life for you." Mary Cameron spoke through clenched teeth.

AS IF she didn't notice the interruption, Eve spoke tonelessly. "I been ridin' with him; he's been givin' me candy and some flowers an' a swell waist; he's been good to me.

"This mornin' he come to tell me his company was sendin' him off, way off, and when I told him how mean my dad was he said he would take me with him. I didn't want to go at first, but he's good to me an' just anywhere'd be better'n home."

"And just any old girl—the sort of a girl you'd be—did you think about that, Eve?"

But her heart leaped. Little Eve was clean. She had not clearly sensed what she was about to do.

"Listen to me," and again she spoke through clenched teeth. "My Philip went to war to avenge the women who were thrown in the path of war—your Frankie's going. I didn't ever feel it before. Maybe it took just some fool thing that a foolish little girl like you meant to do to make me feel it."

Something ruthless came into her voice, something mystic, luminous, more than the moon's light on her face. Her body seemed to lift, to listen, for a moment she forgot the girl beside her. "All our gallant men are going to avenge those women." The words were really for herself. She could hear the swing of their feet, marching—marching—led on by that great invisible host of the dead—the little French and Belgian girls with their ruined lives—never more to dance like joyous butterflies in the sunshine—

With a rush of contempt she came back to the girl at her side. "And you, you, willing to fling away what they would have given the souls out of their bodies to have kept!"

As though afraid of what her two slim hands might do to Eve if she kept them inactive, she jerked them on to the wheel and spun it down the road—a mile—two—three miles—to bring up abruptly.

"Did you love that man you were going off with to-night?"

"Not mu-much."

"What do you know about him?"

"Not mu-much."

Concluded on page 67

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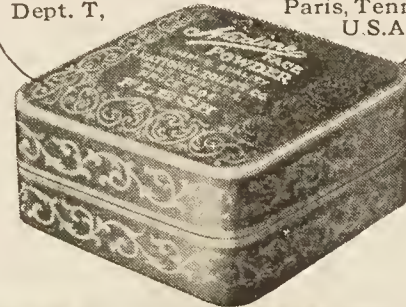
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ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC

signs. President Lowell, of Harvard, wants professors to tell the truth. *The Rand School of Social Science has grown astonishingly and it is a democratic institution of which one may become a voting member by a nominal subscription.* The Association of University Professors begins to voice the rights of the faculty and may develop into something like a labor union.

The Bulletin, of April 16, 1920, reports Arthur Gleason saying: "A Socialist workers' republic is inevitable in England."

So much for Barnard.

SMITH SEEMS SANE

THE study of Socialism at Smith appears to be more academic. Reviews of books on radicalism and Socialism are held in Smith's clubs apparently to know what is going on in the world. There are the Polity Club, where Bolshevism and Socialism have been discussed; the Sociology Club, which has discussed radical literature, and the Philosophical Club, which has discussed internationalism from the historical and philosophical points of view. There is a course on "Economic Theory and Theory of Socialism" (Adam Smith to Marx and since Marx) under competent professors. The Economics and Sociology Library has books by Sinclair, Marx, Hillquit, John Spargo, Engel, Bebel and Trotsky and others. They are not frequently used.

The Smith College Weekly, of December 13, 1913, reports a lecture by Harry W. Laidler on Socialism, in which he said:

"Instead of being an impractical dream, Socialism is a just system of society, which is to lead to a larger democracy, to liberty and the happiness of man."

The issue of October 22, 1919, mentions a meeting of the Sociology Club, which planned from two divisions to discuss radical literature and labor problems, both under direction and supervision.

RUSSIA—"PARADISE ON EARTH"

THE Weekly, of December tenth, reports a lecture by Wilfred Humphries on "Soviet Russia," in which he asked his audience "to believe that it [Russia] is a Paradise on earth . . ." which was too good to be convincing to the reporter. In the same number is a very pertinent editorial comment that "no matter how fully convinced we are that one side is right and reasonable, as intelligent college students we ought, at least, to try and (sic) find out the opposing arguments before we form a definite opinion."

The Smith College Monthly for April, 1919, has an article which probably represents very fairly the college attitude.

" . . . The social status of most college students binds them to conservatism. In this way they are representative of a much larger group of people. Yet it is a fact, which should be realized; it is one cause of the cowardly attitude with which many questions are faced. How many students can examine Socialism, or sincerely look at the fundamental truth in Bolshevism? How many refuse because of fear to concede that there is truth in any radical plan for the social, economic, or religious reconstruction of the world? It takes unusual courage and clearness of mind to grapple frankly with difficult fundamental problems."

MT. HOLYOKE

MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE has no Socialist club; no course in Socialism. There are radical books in the library used for reference in the economic courses. Still the "Case Against Socialism" is most used.

Howell Cheney has spoken there and Harry W. Laidler lectured on "Socialism After the War," but the college literature scarcely mentions any radical discussions.

BRYN MAWR

VERY much the same condition seems to exist at Bryn Mawr as at Mt. Holyoke. There is no Socialist club and no listed course in Socialism. There are books in the library favorable to radical ideas, but a rather complete representation of books in opposition to Socialism, which have been much more read than like books in opposition in other colleges. A graduate department of social economy and research has recently purchased

a list of books of a radical nature, dealing largely with the Russian situation.

Dr. Jonathan Day, formerly of the Labor Temple, New York, who says he is called an I. W. W., has spoken at Bryn Mawr. So has Zillboorg. But the reports do not indicate much interest, or any particularly radical utterances.

WELLESLEY AND THE FLAG

AT WELLESLEY, as noted in the *Socialist Review*, there is a "Club for the Study of Socialism." The Wellesley periodicals have articles which, while not representing the college, may reflect the attitude of some member of the faculty. The library has books for and against Socialism, which show considerable use. A course on "Social Ideals in English Letters" is given by Vida Dalton Scudder, to whom reference has already been made as one of the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society. There is a Mary Calkins, professor of Philosophy (she is said to have voted for Debs for President at the recent election), who is reported in the *Wellesley College News* of October 4, 1918, as holding that "It is not necessary for us to part with our flag, as long as it stands for nothing wholly and separately American, and as long as it represents the highest spiritual ideals of truth, righteousness and brotherhood."

Evidently the creed of Internationalism.

APPLAUSE FOR HUN SOCIALISTS

IN THE Wellesley College Magazine for March, 1918, an article by a student on "German Socialism Put to the Fire Test" commends the German Socialists, who, during the war, opposed war loans. It goes on:

"Those who believe that 'the World War is Socialism's baptism of fire' are the true seers. Already its flames have melted Russia's shackles and from the dying embers of the International the Bolsheviki have kindled a new torch of democracy and are brandishing it aloft to enlighten the world."

The Wellesley News of June 6, 1918, reports the work of Harry W. Laidler as "Hundreds of lectures delivered before a half hundred I. S. S. chapters. He has visited more than a score of colleges and addressed students. . . . And 'the recent wave toward collectivism, the growing power and purposefulness of the Labor and Socialist movements, as a result of the war and problem of social reconstruction, which will inevitably arise after the war is over, have developed among college men and women a more vital interest than ever before in the message of industrial democracy.'"

The News of January 25, 1919, reported that literature issued by the Intercollegiate Socialist Society would be sent on request. On October ninth it announced that "To meet this desire and carry on the purpose of the Socialist and Suffrage Clubs, which were discontinued as a war measure, the Forum has come into existence. It hopes to have well-rounded discussions and is particularly anxious to receive the support of the conservative as well as the radical members of the faculty and student body."

In the Wellesley Experimenter of November, 1919, there are two articles dealing with Russia, one "All Power to the Soviets," which is sympathetic with Bolshevik rule and another "Down with the Bolsheviki," which is hostile to their methods, saying the hope of Russia is in a Constituent Assembly, which they refuse to convoke.

RADCLIFFE

AT RADCLIFFE COLLEGE there are three clubs, the Socialist, the International Polity, and the Radical, now called the Radcliffe Liberal Club. There are courses like "Trade Unionism and Allied Problems," "Social Problems and Social Policy," "Recent Theories of Social Reform," but no course in Socialism. The Radcliffe library has files of *Soviet Russia* and the *Socialist Review*, and is well equipped with Socialist books, which are mostly used for reference in Economics and by the Socialist Club. The Socialist Club introduced Dr. Lubelin to Radcliffe. He spoke on "The Sawdust Trail and the Soap Box." The International Polity Club was formed in 1917 to discuss international questions. The

Concluded on page 67



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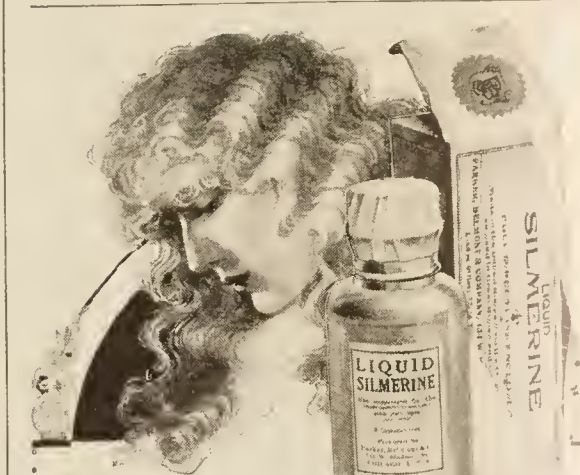
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Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

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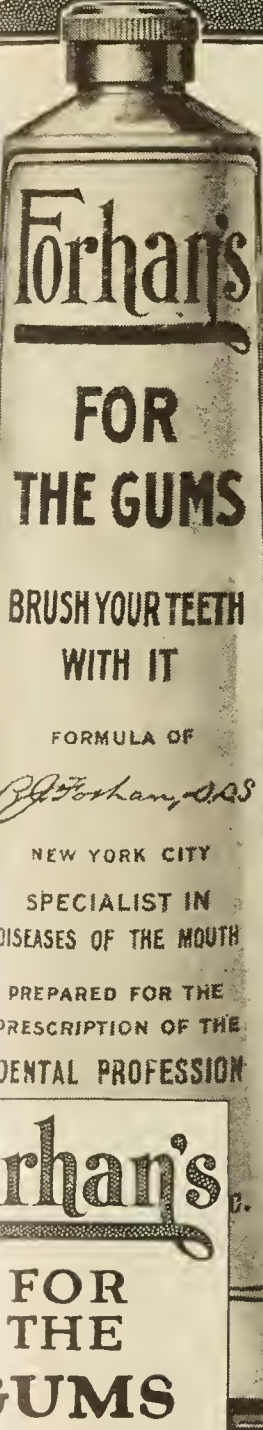
is applied at night with a clean tooth brush. Use any kind of curlers. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At Drug and Department Stores.

Lloyd

Baby Carriages and Furniture

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The dread Pyorrhea begins with bleeding gums



PYORRHEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proved this. Many diseased conditions are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhea infection. Don't let Pyorrhea work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for tooth and gum inspection. And watch your gums yourself. Pyorrhea, which afflicts four out of five people over forty, begins with tender and bleeding gums; then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisons generated at their base. Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy—the teeth white and clean. Start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has set in use Forhan's according to directions and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment. 35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Can. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S. FORHAN CO. New York Forhan's, Ltd. Montreal

Do You Dare
to raise your arms freely in this season's thin waists and gowns low cut? Your mind will be at ease if you use **DEL-A-TONE**
It is a preparation made scientifically correct for the purpose of safely removing hair from the face, neck or under-arms.
It leaves the skin clear, firm and perfectly smooth—and is easy to apply.
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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff
If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.
The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.
By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.
You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.
The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

Concluded from page 66

ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC

Liberal Club aims to notify students of labor, Socialist and radical meetings held in Boston and vicinity and provide material for the liberal side of debates. Speaking before this club, one Arthur Fisher said:
"A revolution which will put industry in the hands of labor is sure to come, yet charity is necessary as a palliative in the interval just as hospitals are necessary until preventive medicine is developed."

"HOTBED OF BOLSHEVISM"
IN MAY, 1919, Radcliffe was called a "hotbed of Bolshevism." The charge was denied, it being alleged in defense that the Socialist and Radical clubs embraced less than one-tenth of the college, and that members of the Socialist club are not necessarily Socialists.

The Radcliffe News of May 11, 1917, reported a speaker before the Socialist Club: "Every society must have a state, and we must not stop with our little United States of America, but go on and achieve the United States of the World." In the News of November 15, 1918, the Radcliffe Club hoped that more and more the colleges would find through the war "a means of active service to the principles of democracy and internationalism."

The March seventh issue announced that at an open meeting of Socialist clubs Harry W. Laidler would speak on "Ideals and Achievements of Modern Socialism." The issue of October twenty-fourth contained an editorial article defending Harold J. Laski, of the Harvard Faculty, for expressing his sympathy for and support of those Boston police who had, at that time, left their posts and gone on strike although, on May 18, 1917, he is reported to have told the International Polity club that "International Socialism is one of the most childish conceptions that ever sprang from a human brain."

This called forth a sharp reply in the News Letter Box, and on October thirty-first there was a defensive editorial rejoinder.

AWAY WITH INJUNCTIONS!
THE issue of November fourteenth criticized the Federal Government for securing an injunction against the striking coal miners. The News of December fifth had an article, "The President on the Labor Situation," saying: "A genuine democratization of industry must be brought about."

On December twelfth the News reported Wilfred Humphries, lecturing on "Soviet Russia" before the Civics Club, and as saying: "The Bolsheviks rely on the press rather than on artillery. If a disturbance occurs in any district, instead of ordering out the militia, the government orders so many thousand pamphlets to be distributed. The results are really remarkable." The News, January 9, 1920, printed an editorial article criticizing the arrest and deportation of undesirable aliens, saying:

"In our great fear of Bolshevism, we are quite willing to resort to the methods of Czarism to root it out—alleged illegal seizure

of papers and literature, sudden arrests on the vaguest grounds, and deportations."

A week later there was an editorial article criticizing the attempt to exclude the five Socialists from the New York Assembly.

And Radcliffe representatives in an inter-collegiate debate supported the affirmative in the question: "Resolved That the recognition of labor unions by employers is essential to successful collective bargaining."

In order to present first-hand evidence of what conditions exist it has been necessary to sacrifice an orderly and logical narrative to such accuracy of quotation as will enable the readers to draw their own conclusions.

I. S. S. PURPOSE EVIDENT

IT SEEMS clear that the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, notwithstanding its assertion that its purpose is informative and "to promote an intelligent interest in Socialism among collegians, . . . not a political propagandist organization" is an effective instrument in teaching Socialism by its publications, its lectures, and its conventions. So far as known it has had no anti-socialistic speakers and, except for the purpose of answering objections, presents but one side of this question.

There are other sources of the same nature which reach out broadly into the home and into the public schools and are not without effect upon some of the clergy. What these are and what remedy can be applied will be considered in later articles.

Sound principles will prevail, but they will prevail only because patriotic citizens holding sound opinions take action that makes them prevail. It is not a time to be alarmed, but a time to be at work.

A WARNING

ALL of this is a recital of facts rather than a criticism. It is by no means intended as an indictment, but as a warning.

There can be no objection to the study of any development of radical thought or any social or economic movement or the hearing of radical speakers. Such activities by students, however, ought to be pursued under competent direction and instruction, as appears to be done in some of the colleges cited.

It may be repeated that the heart of the colleges is sound. Still, radical doctrines are gaining some hold, here and there, with faculties, but more extensively with students.

It is not merely a question of economics, or of a larger humanitarianism expressed in a profounder realization of a brotherhood of man. It is not progress or reform that is to be criticized. It is the breaking away from the old faiths. When one of these goes, the rest are likely to follow.

Adherence to radical doctrines means the ultimate breaking down of the old sturdy virtues of manhood and womanhood, the insidious destruction of character, the weakening of the moral fiber of the individual, the destruction of the foundations of civilization.

Concluded from page 65

HONEYMOON HOUSE

"What did he promise you?"
"Pretty clothes and—and fun."
"How old are you?"
"Seventeen."
"Seventeen! I thought you were older. Why, you're nothing but a baby."
"Nothing but a baby," she said again, to have a perfectly unreasonable tenderness surge through her. Impulsively she reached out and gathered the girl in her arms.
"Oh, little Eve," a sob caught in her own throat, "love never dies. It can't die. It only takes new forms. But you've got to suffer so cruelly before you are willing to open your eyes and see that it does."
Little Eve didn't answer, she only clung desperately.
The sharp bend in the road and the big farm gate reached, Eve stepped out first. Neither spoke. From the bushes there was a sound like a snarl, there was a rush like a beast.
"Frankie, Frankie!" Eve screamed.

He flung the girl aside and came lurching on.
But Mary Cameron was too quick for him. The pistol that had glinted in his hand lay harmless in the dust of the road. As tall as he, she held his crazed, bloodshot eyes.
His face ran a gamut of emotions.
"It's all right, Frankie," she said.
The boy looked dazedly from her to Eve. "I told him 'twas a lie—an' I beat him up—that feller who said watch an' see who she's drivin' nights with. Then—then some devil pulled me here. An—an' I mighter—killed you, Eve."
But little Eve had run to Mary Cameron and had hidden her face in her skirts.
"It's all right, Eve." Mary Cameron said. A sob burst from the boy. He flung himself down by the roadside.
Presently little Eve Edwards dropped to her knees beside him. Her repentant little face searched till it found his, then his arm reached out and closed about her.



Mothers—

FROM the time a boy is two until he's sixteen, his underclothes concern him only as far as convenience and comfort go. He wants a suit that's on and off in a jiffy, with buttons that won't come off and bother, and buttonholes that won't tear out.

"M" Waist Union Suits for summer meet his needs to his complete satisfaction. Mothers prefer them too, for "the wear is always there".

Pants, waist and shirt are combined in a cool and comfortable suit for summer, of knit and cambric styles. Suspender-like tapes carry the weight of attached clothing from shoulders. "M" Waist Union Suits for girls are daintier, but none the less durable than Brother's.

"M" Infant's Diaper-Supporting Band holds the diaper firmly, yet comfortably in place so that it will not fall about baby's knees. Made in two styles, one for the three-cornered diaper and one for the panty or oblong diaper. Carefully finished.

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For your children's health and comfort look for the red "M" in the wreath on every undergarment you buy. It's a certainty of satisfaction. Sold at all good dry goods stores.

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Beautiful
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Looks? Quality?
Or Both?

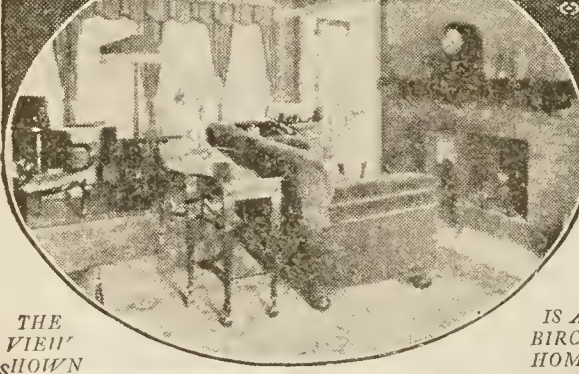
Buying things by the looks is a bad but widespread habit. When it comes to so important a matter as the wood from which to make the trim, doors and furniture of your new house (or remodeling of the old house) it certainly pays to learn about *more than looks*.

People who investigate thoroughly (we make investigation easy) pretty often and always wisely insist on "Beautiful birch," because birch is not only of surpassing beauty but is also very hard, strong and wear resisting, easily stained for *any finish you desire* and perfect for enameling.

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EverSweet is a smooth white un-scented cream—soothing and most marvelously antiseptic. EverSweet neutralizes all bodily odors; it gives that fresh-from-the-bath sweetness throughout the day and night. All that is necessary is to pat a little EverSweet under the arms, on the foot or between the toes. EverSweet will not stain the clothing or injure the skin in any way. At Drug and Dept. Stores 25c and 50c a jar. EverSweet Co., Dept D-1 62 Cliff St., New York

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun," hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S FRECKLE CREAM

Made especially to remove freckles. Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet—

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair?" Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists.

STILLMAN CREAM CO.
Dept. D Aurora, Ill.

HIS SECOND WIFE

"And why"—suddenly finding courage for it and plunging in while the mood was upon her—"why couldn't we leave our room as it is and get a new set of furniture for this one?"

"Pshaw, what do we care whether they match or not—guess we can sleep just as soundly." Henry Winthrop airily dismissed the subject and led the way down-stairs.

The change to Louise's room was made the following day, and Mrs. Winthrop decided the old-oak set was not so out of place after all, after she had made new curtains of her favorite shade of old-rose. The room she and her husband vacated was then furnished passably with odds and ends that had accumulated in the attic, and, with the consoling thought of a new piano which Henry had casually announced he would be getting soon, Margaret tried to be satisfied with the result. If there had been need for this economy, she would have been perfectly content. But there was none, and tiny, rebellious thoughts had to be loyally routed more than once as she surveyed the finished room.

SHE knew that it was her own fault that her desires were so seldom gratified, and with Louise's parting injunction still ringing in her ears, Margaret tried hard all that Fall to school herself to express her wishes oftener and more readily. But early habits in her own case were hard to break, too. It was usually easier to deny herself than voice her wants.

Once, in the late Fall, her eyes were caught by the exquisite beauty of an amethyst pendant in a jeweler's display window. The gem was surrounded by tiny pearls and hung from a slender chain of platinum. "Just the finish I need for my lavender evening dress," Margaret reflected.

Upon her next trip down-town the jewel still beckoned from the window, and Margaret found herself again gazing upon it. That night mention happened to be made of her approaching November birthday, and a sudden inspiration came. Why not ask Henry for the pendant as her birthday gift?

Her mind made up, Margaret waited only for a favorable opportunity. It came a few days later, when, while returning from an evening's entertainment, Henry stopped to buy a magazine at a news-stand two doors from the jeweler's display window. Now was the time to speak.

"I want to show you something, Henry." She touched her husband's arm, then led the way to the brilliantly lighted window. "Isn't that the dearest necklace you ever saw?"

"It is a beauty, sure," he commented admiringly.

"I—I—don't think I ever admired one more." Margaret moistened her lips for the final plunge. "I—I would like—"

"By Jove!" Mr. Winthrop interrupted. "The very thing for Louise's birthday; I'd almost forgotten it is so near." Louise had arrived in the Winthrop household twenty-two years before, just twenty-four hours after her mother had celebrated her own birthday.

Margaret's heart sank. "But, Henry, Louise already has three or four necklaces—"

"Well, I wouldn't feel right not to give her some trinket, she loves pretty things so. Send her the scarf you're making and I'll get the necklace to enclose from her old dad."

MARGARET said no more. She, too, wanted Louise to have pretty things. As her husband helped her into the car she wondered that he did not know that her heart was crying: "Henry Winthrop, how could you have lived with me these many years and known me no better? Don't you realize that I love pretty things, and would cherish that gift for years; while Louise will just carelessly toss it among her others?"

A few days later the scarf and necklace were started on their way to Louise, and as Margaret addressed and sealed the parcel she felt glad that her daughter could never know that, for the first time in her life, she begrudged her a worldly possession.

All speculation as to her own gift was settled when beside her breakfast-plate Mr. Winthrop placed a check for fifty dollars, saying: "I heard you say you needed a new tailored suit, Margaret. If that is not enough, I'll add to it."

"Thank you," she managed to utter.

Looking across at her husband as he glanced over the morning paper, while they waited to be served, she wondered rebelliously if his own faultlessly tailored suit might have been considered an appropriate gift from her on his own birthday.

"All that I have is yours, my dear," Margaret had heard him assert many times; with especial emphasis when, in their early married days, she had occasionally suggested that a regular allowance would be more satisfactory than the constantly recurring need of requests for necessary funds. After many attempts she had finally succeeded in having a sum set aside each month for household expenses; but all suggestions that her own personal needs be put upon the same basis were always frowned upon.

"Why should you hesitate to ask for what is your own, Margaret?" Mr. Winthrop had said, almost angrily, when she tried to make him understand that it was hard to have to ask, as would a child, for money that she must pay out. Margaret had then given up and tried to look at the matter from her husband's view-point, but it had never become an easy task.

This morning, looking at her husband across the table with that ache in her heart, Margaret saw, as never before, lines of selfishness and self-satisfaction in the placid face before her, and felt that her long-established rôle of self-effacement had become the unappreciated and expected thing.

This mood would have worn off with the day, as always before, had not another hurt followed fast upon the first one. With the bringing in of grapefruit came also the morning mail. Margaret busied herself with letters from both son and daughter, voicing birthday wishes and telling of the forwarding of presents to her, and was finishing their reading when Mr. Winthrop suddenly exclaimed:

"Hurry Nora up a little, Margaret. I have to go to the city this morning. Burton, the local agent for our automobile, told me some time ago that he would have the general agent in the city notify me when the new shipment reached there. This letter is from headquarters; they want me to run over today and select the model that I wish to turn our car in on."

BREAKFAST was hurried through, a handbag hastily packed, and then, with a parting kiss, Mr. Winthrop departed, remarking as Margaret followed him to the door: "I wish Louise were here to go with me."

Yes, Margaret well knew that Louise had enjoyed little trips to the city with her father. She herself had long ago commenced dividing that pleasure with the daughter, and of late years had, as the accepted thing, let Louise go upon all occasions.

Her despondent mood made Margaret view even her children's birthday offerings in a new light. The electric motor was a dear thought of Howard and Miriam, but why couldn't they have sent something pretty instead of useful? It wasn't Louise's gift as much as her letter that was at fault. "I know you'll like the nest of aluminum ware, mumsey, because you're such a practical old dear and care so little for ornamental things," Louise had written. "Who was it that always thought of the ornamental things for you, Louise, even to the Japanese prints and little jade dresser pieces that you hardly knew existed until I bought them for you?" Margaret cried in imagination to that unimaginative daughter. "Nora will enjoy the aluminum ware—but this is my birthday, not hers."

Margaret did not unpack the gifts when the expressman brought them later in the morning. She was at the telephone and was making, for her, a most momentous decision.

"You say a number of the club members are going, and will be away two days? Leave at four this afternoon? Why, yes, I—I believe I will go! Yes, I knew of the convention, but hadn't thought of going before. Thanks ever so much for calling me up. You'll come by for me? That will certainly be fine. I'll be ready and it will suit me just right to start early, as I'll have to get a check cashed on the way to the station. Good-by."

Margaret hung up the receiver with flaming cheeks. "It will take most of the check

Continued on page 69

Sani-Flush
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WITHOUT SCRUBBING, Sani-Flush dissolves stains and incrustations in the closet bowl, removes sediment from the trap and by thoroughly cleaning destroys all odors. Sani-Flush does all of the hard work for you. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl according to the directions on the can. Flush. The bowl and hidden trap are as shining white, as spotlessly clean and odorless as new.



Sani-Flush is sold at grocery drug, hardware, plumbing, and house-furnishing stores. If you cannot buy it locally at once, send 25c in coin or stamps for a full sized can postpaid. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

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Destroys
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"ZIP is indeed the only actual hair destroyer."

Faithfully,
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DEGREES OF SOUND
VIBRATION, VOLUME
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—SOUNDS THE KEY
NOTE OF YOUR EAR—
The Latest Triumph
of Science

THE Magniphone

Ask for circular "Makes You Hear." This tells all about it and how it becomes yours.
The Magniphone Co., 29 E. Madison St., Chicago, Dept.

HIS SECOND WIFE

for ticket and expenses, but if necessary I can get along this Winter on my last year's suit. I've wanted to attend these annual conventions several times. I'll be extravagant once in my life for a birthday-gift to myself."

Nora was informed of her mistress's plans, instructions given for the two days' absence, Mr. Winthrop was to return the following day, and her suitcase packed before lunch. These duties attended to, Margaret approached the two express packages, still where the messenger had left them in the entry hall, with the intention of unpacking them.

Scissors in hand to cut their heavy binding cords, she paused. Picking up in turn each of the bulky packages, she turned them over and over in indecision; hesitated a moment longer, then suddenly yielded to an idea that had crept into her mind while preparing for her unexpected journey.

"Why not?" she mused, still holding one of the packages by its heavy cord. "I spoiled them myself. Why not at least attempt a cure?"

LAYING down the parcel, Margaret resolutely went and got a fountain pen. She crossed out her own name and address on each of the express packages and substituted therefor the name and address of each sender. Then, fearing her courage would fail her if she gave herself time for reflection, she hastened to call a neighbor's small son, who often went upon her errands, and immediately started the two gifts upon a return journey.

DEAR LOUISE:

I am going to give back to you the very useful set of aluminum ware, just received. I know you will not take offense at this, for, you see, I really have no use for it myself, and I find Nora has all the cooking utensils she needs. So it would be a pity to have these lie around unused—and I expect they will fit in beautifully in your own dainty kitchenette. Many thanks for remembering my birthday so bountifully—but hadn't you forgotten your admonition of your wedding night when you selected it, dear? You'd expect "dad's second bride" to prefer something frivolous to adorn herself or her boudoir, now wouldn't you, Louise? Excuse hasty note. I'm off on a jaunt to a club-woman's gathering in Brookhaven.

With much love,
MOTHER.

Louise's letter addressed, Margaret began again:

DEAR HOWARD:

I know you will not take offense when I tell you that I am returning your splendid birthday gift, because it would be a shame to keep it and have so little use for it as I would have. You see, since both my birdies have flown the parent nest, I seldom do any sewing. And, remembering how much of it Miriam now does, with her two little girls and their never-ending need of new dresses, I thought it a much better plan to return this useful gift and let her have the benefit that I could not get from it. I appreciate the loving thought that prompted the gift just as much and thank you both for your generosity. Excuse short letter; I'm becoming quite frivolous these days, and am leaving this afternoon for a club convention at Brookhaven.

With love to all the little family,
MOTHER.

Letters to both son and daughter sealed, Margaret completed her task by writing a note of explanation to her husband:

DEAR HENRY:

I am going to use your birthday gift to me in a way that will gratify me much better than buying a new suit with it. Clothes aren't proper gifts anyway; they're necessities, you know. And I'm going to confess that I expected that long-promised piano for my gift this time—had even selected the style I wished at Thompson's.

Well, to explain, Gertie Douglas phoned to remind me of the big club convention at Brookhaven this week, and asked me to go along with a number of women from here, leaving this afternoon. I've long planned to take more interest in such things; so thought this an opportune time to begin. I'm all excited over the trip, for I haven't been anywhere in so long, and I believe I'm going to enjoy it almost as much as I would have enjoyed going to the city with you, which I might have done if I hadn't been too 'fraid-eatty to ask you to take me with you. I'm to pair off with Gertie, and you know what a spendthrift she is, so best meet me when we return, on late afternoon train, day after tomorrow, as I may not have even car-fare left.

Lovingly,
MARGARET.

With trembling fingers Margaret sealed and addressed the letter to her husband. She placed it in a conspicuous place on his chif-

foniaer and laid with it the letters received that morning from son and daughter before she left.

Two days later, tired, but with happy memories that would linger long, Margaret stepped from the train in the early evening and found her husband awaiting her. Henry greeted her as if it were quite the usual thing to return from a trip from home and find his wife had also flitted away in his absence.

It was not until the early evening that opportunity came for reference to the letter. As they entered the living-room, Henry covered the electric-light button with his hand.

"Wait a moment, Margaret. I had a piano sent out to-day, something I should have attended to long ago, but thoughtlessly neglected. Before you see it I want to explain that it is to be exchanged for any style you wish, if my selection is not entirely satisfactory."

Mr. Winthrop switched on the light, and speechless with surprise Margaret blinked, almost unseeing, at the substitute for Louise's vanished possession.

"Oh!" she exclaimed when speech had returned and Henry had gently led her within touch of the new occupant of the space under the north window. "I couldn't have chosen better myself, it's the very make I wanted!"

Henry nodded. "Thompson said he thought this the identical piano you had admired."

"I—I went in one day when I thought you were going to get one right away."

"Now read these." He drew two telegrams from his pocket. "Nothing to be frightened over. Just messages from Louise and Howard—seem to be replies to messages from you."

Howard's message was:

Dear Mother Miriam is very happy over her gift from you we had planned to get her one later we are mailing you an engraved ivory bureau set love from all
HOWARD

Without looking up, Margaret read the other message. Louise had wired:

Dear Mumsey I was delighted to receive the aluminum set please pardon my stupidity I selected the set because I admired it for myself fair exchange is no robbery I am mailing you the necklace with a world of love
LOUISE

HENRY WINTHROP'S face was wreathed with smiles as Margaret looked up and met his eyes. "Louise and Howard were true chips off the stupid old block, it seems," he chuckled.

Margaret hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

"What I can't understand," meditated Henry, "is how you got up the courage to do it, after letting the whole family act like a bunch of blind idiots for years! Honestly, honey, until I read your letter yesterday I'd somehow had the idea that you'd rather save a dollar than spend it any day, and I'd thought you couldn't bear to be away from home, even for a single night."

"I—I did enjoy saving while we had to, Henry, but—but I'd always looked forward to the time when it wouldn't be necessary. And then when that time came I realized that I'd spoiled every one of you into thinking that was all I cared for. Haven't you realized, Henry, you dear old stupid, that it was always agony for me to tell you that I wanted anything for myself?"

Henry Winthrop shook his head. "No, I honestly didn't, at least not as I should. When you suggested anything and didn't insist upon it, as you did at times, I supposed you didn't really care, and promptly forgot it myself, like the stupid numskull I was."

Margaret's hand slipped into the big one lying across her shoulders and gave it a reassuring squeeze. "Don't call yourself names, dear. I shouldn't have been such a silly 'fraid-eat all these years."

"Well, we're going to remedy this 'fraid-cat business by giving the feminine partner of Henry Winthrop a checking account of her own." Margaret gasped chokingly and clung tightly to the big hand enclosing hers. "But what I can't yet grasp, as I said a moment ago, is where this new-found courage came from so suddenly."

Concluded on page 70



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ANTISEPTIC
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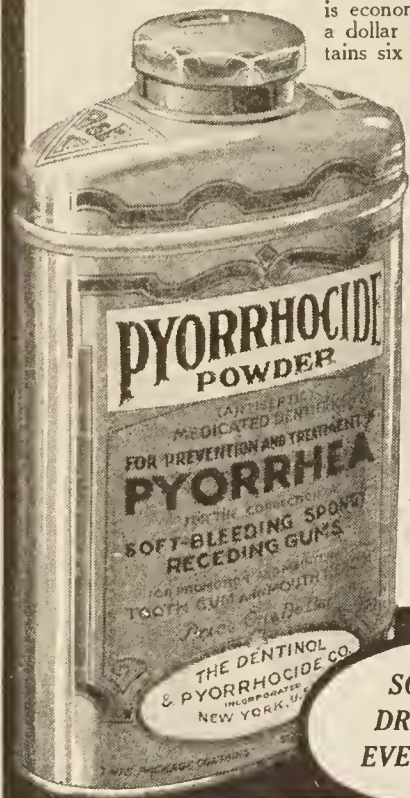
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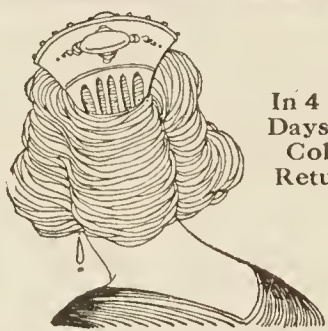
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LITTLE PRINCE TOOFAT

"That depends entirely on who's doing the talking. Now, if it's somebody else talking about you I am Himself, but if you are talking about me I am Myself, but if you are talking about you I am Yourself. Now, you just study about that a while and you'll get the headache. Come on!"

"Where to?" asked the prince.

"You mustn't ask so many questions," said Himself sharply. "You've nearly worn my patience out all our lives, and I'm not going to stand it any more. I suppose you think now you're the most important person in the world."

"Why, of course!" said the prince, surprised.

"WELL, you ain't. That's just what spoils you. There ain't any biggest person in the world. When you find the biggest one there's always one bigger than him."

"But when you find that one?" suggested the prince.

"Then there's one bigger than him."

"But when you find the very biggest one of all the big ones?"

"Then there's one bigger."

"But when——"

"Now, look here, there's always one bigger than the very biggest one you're going to talk about the last time you say anything about it. Now keep still, because we've got to hurry if we want to reach the fairy court-house before closing time."

"Why, there ain't any——"

"Ain't any what?" interrupted Himself sharply. The prince looked at Himself a little while and then said meekly:

"How are we going to get there?"

"Well, I believe it's the quickest to go through Looking-Glass Land. Come right on through." And Himself stepped back into the mirror.

"I can't—I've tried it," said the prince.

Himself came bustling out again, making awful faces.

"I declare," he exclaimed. "You provoke me so sometimes that I'm sorry I got the job of being Myself. Of course you couldn't, stupid, because I was always there to push back, wasn't I? When you put your hand up I put mine up, too, and pushed as hard as you did, didn't I? Of course I did. That's part of my business. Now, just you push yourself up in through between ways and you'll get through all right. Anybody can walk through a mirror into Looking-Glass Land if he'll just get Himself out of the way and squeeze up in through between ways. That's right. You see this room is just like the other one, only it's dimmer and the floor tilts up. That don't make any difference, though, because in Looking-Glass Land the center of gravity is always at right angles to the jokes. Now, follow me."

The prince looked up and saw Himself just darting out at the door. With a run he started after Himself, and just when he thought he ought to pass through he bumped

up against a hard, cold wall. A mocking laugh greeted him, and he heard Himself call out.

"You stupid, you ought to know that in Looking-Glass Land, when you want to go any place you go the other way."

Well, the prince did know that, if he'd only stopped to think. Anybody does. So he turned around and walked right away from the door, and when he was far enough the door hurried, and was right there for him to pass through.

Outside he found Himself waiting.

"I hate to go down this stairway alone, they look at one so," he heard Himself mutter; then, following the example of Himself, he slid up the banisters and found Himself down-stairs. A low laughing filled the whole entry, and looking up he saw that the ceiling was lined with faces hanging down by one lock of hair, and laughing all the time.

"What are those?" he asked Himself.

"Those are chuckleheads. They have their bodies extracted without pain every Thursday, and live on nothing but laughing-gas ever after. Hurry up, we are going to start now."

"How are we going?" asked the prince.

"Going to ride on the hallway, of course," was the answer. "Just sit down on that hall tree and watch us scoot."

THE prince sat down on the hall tree, and instantly he was scoozeling through the air at a trewhichorous rate, and all alone.

"Wait! Wait! Wait!" he heard Himself cry in a faint voice, and instantly he felt the hall tree falling until it came bump on the ground. In a few minutes his guide caught up with him and sat down. Then they started again, faster than ever.

"Where did you come from?" asked the prince.

"Out of breath," was the cross reply. "I suppose you'll ask next what made you stop so quick. Well, it was the weight. You heard me, didn't you? Now mend the breaks and loosen the brakes and away we skegallop again. Hi! Hi! I suppose you notice we're getting smaller all the time. That's the ease of the Looking-Glass Land route. You see the farther you get away from the mirror you came in at, the smaller you get. I suppose even you have noticed that. Well, when we get as small as the fairies, we stop, and then we can see them. We must be careful, though, not to go too far, because we might get so small the fairies wouldn't notice us and might step on us, and then we'd die like any other footpads. Hi! Hi! We're small enough. There's a fairy. Period! Period!"

As soon as he called "Period!" they came to a full stop, and that's how the little Prince Toofat and Himself reached the home of the fairies behind the looking-glass.

Next month I will tell you about the adventures they had in Looking-Glass Land.

HIS SECOND WIFE

In spite of her emotion Margaret Winthrop giggled, giggled as if she were a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl.

"It—it was thinking of Louise's parting admonition on her wedding night—and—and seeing how happy Eunice Deering is as a second wife."

Her husband stared. I don't grasp the combination. What's second wives got to do with my wife?"

"It—it's this way: You remember Louise accidentally threw her bouquet to me on her wedding night?" Henry nodded. "Well, when she came to tell me good-by she said she guessed the bouquet meant that I should be dad's second bride, and get a lot of fun out of life myself. Then—then when I saw how easy it was for Eunice Deering to have everything she wanted and—realized that of the two I ought to feel more free to ask my husband to gratify my ambitions, because I'd helped in the accumulation of all we had, I—I began almost to wish I were Henry Winthrop's second wife. And at last I made

up my mind to try to act as if I were, instead of his silly, scared first one!"

His shoulders shook with suppressed laughter. "Say, I rather like this 'second wife' idea—gives us an excuse for a second honeymoon! What do you say to taking about a six-weeks' run down to Florida? And a coupé roadster for a wedding-gift?"

But while Margaret was trying to find breath for reply her husband's eyes fell upon her almost ringless hands and he held them up for inspection.

"Come to think of it, diamonds are better. Perhaps you'd rather have a diamond ring?"

Margaret's breath came hard, but she resolutely held back the threatening tears and looked up with eyes sparkling with mischief. "Henry," she said soberly, "Henry, it's going to be awfully hard to decide between them; I—I guess I'd better——"

"Take both?" Henry interrupted, chuckling.

"Yes, both," she nodded happily, "both."

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Advices from big growers in Holland indicate great scarcity of bulbs this coming season and enough cannot be grown to meet the demand. To insure getting your supply send us your order at once. **Until July 1st, not later,** our present low prices for the choicest varieties of bulbs grown by specialists in Holland will hold good. By ordering from us now instead of waiting until Fall, you make a large saving, get a superior quality of Bulbs not usually to be obtained at any price in this country, and have a much larger list of varieties to select from.

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GROWING UP HAPPY

Know the best season for chief fruits and vegetables available in your locality and a reasonable price for each.

Wash and iron a shirt-waist and skirt.

Air and make one bed a day for two months.

Put away clothing, rugs, furs and blankets for the Summer.

Wash and wipe dishes and leave dining-room in order after one meal a day for two months.

Clean an ice-chest thoroughly twice a week for two months during the Summer.

Entertain three or more little children for two hours a week for at least two months.

Know how milk should be prepared for a six-months-old baby; know what is good milk and how it should be tested for a baby a year old.

Make a mustard plaster and two kinds of poultices.

Take entire charge of a household for one week, allowing the mother to go on a visit or vacation.

RUTH would select these tasks from 116 "honors," and each time she worked out an honor her Camp-Fire would give her a colored bead, a symbol of the work she has done, with which to decorate her ceremonial costume.

If Ruth were a country girl, she might choose other tasks:

Care for at least two kerosene lamps every day for a month.

Take care of the milk and cream from at least one cow, and see that the pails and pans are properly cleaned, for two months.

Make two pounds of butter once a week for two months.

Play the piano or organ for one Sabbath service each week for three months.

Have a party for ten, with refreshments costing not more than one dollar; keep accounts.

Cook and serve two Sunday dinners while mother rests.

Make three pounds of soap.

Practically every honor offered under the head of Home-Craft leads the girl back from the schoolroom, the playground, the store, office or factory to the home—and mother's companionship. And it takes her back in a new spirit, with a new appreciation of mother-tasks, of mother herself. Between mother and daughter, new equality, understanding and comradeship exist.

Nor is mother the only one who profits by the Camp-Fire ideals of her child. The community reaps material benefits. In rural districts, Camp-Fire girls lead in raising produce, canning and drying it for market. All over the country, Camp-Fire girls play a leading part in Baby and Child Welfare week. In Fall River, Massachusetts, one group took entire charge of a health examination center, weighing over eight hundred babies in one week. In a Texas town, the Camp-Fire girls ran a day nursery during one Summer, calling for and returning their small charges, serving the midday meals and planning the routine of naps. During the war, Camp-Fire girls everywhere tended young children whose mothers entered industries to release men for military service.

Hand-Craft honors appeal strongly to the girl whose strongest instinct is to beautify the home, and whose mind is constructive.

They include basketry, carpentry, sewing, painting, furniture, etc.

IN AN amazingly short time, Ruth learns that she can not do good work nor have deft, firm hands unless she has good health. She becomes interested in gathering a rosary of health honors. Her selection depends upon her environment. The girl who is miles away from any body of water can hardly learn to swim. The girl who lives in the sunny South must forego skiing. But Camp-Fire Health-Craft supplies outdoor sport suggestions for any climate.

Assuming that a girl like Ruth lives in a small city or town in the Middle West, within hiking distance of a lake, she would probably start to win these honors:

Abstain from chewing gum, and from candy, ice-cream, sundaes, sodas and commercially manufactured beverages, as well as from eating between meals, for two consecutive months.

Sleep outdoors or with wide-open windows for two consecutive months between October and April, inclusive.

Play singing or dancing games for not less than fifteen hours in one month.

Walk forty miles in any ten days (not necessarily consecutive). This means tramping in the country, or walking to and from school or business.

Take a glass of cold water the first thing in the morning, the last thing at night and between meals for sixty days in any ten consecutive weeks.

Take ten minutes' exercise, including deep breathing, either outdoors or in front of open window, at least sixty times in ten weeks.

Take a cold-water bath or quick rub every morning, with three minutes' setting-up exercises, on sixty days in ten consecutive weeks.

Take seven hours of outdoor exercise a week for three months.

Paddle or row twenty miles in five days (not necessarily consecutive).

Swim one hundred yards.

Play any of the following games for not less than twelve hours in any one month: Team games: hockey, volley ball, basketball, archery, baseball, soccer, prisoner's base or captain ball.

The desire to win health honors inevitably leads the girls to camp-craft, with all the health-giving pleasures of actually living outdoors in suitable weather. There are thirty camp-craft honors.

If environment and conditions will not permit camping out for any period, nothing can deprive a Camp-Fire girl of the opportunity to earn Nature-Lore honors. The city girl has her chance during her Summer vacation, and at all seasons of the year in the public parks, the near-by suburbs and on Camp-Fire hikes. The small-town or farm girl has the best chance of all.

There are business honors which help girls to test their earning ability and their qualifications.

AND finally we come to the Patriotism Honors, won by study of American history, local traditions, conservation, and papers of national import, such as the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and by service to the nation and the individual community.

"What a formidable program!" you may exclaim. "What girl could achieve so many results?"

No girl does make such a record, in a single year, any more than she covers a full grade-school course of instruction in the same period of time. But if she joins Camp-Fire at twelve, the minimum age, and remains with the organization until her twentieth year, which is the prescribed limit, she enjoys eight years of steady, pleasurable development in health, efficiency, appreciation and happiness. The honors won are merely symbols of growth in body, mind and soul.

If your imagination carries you beyond this page to the side of a typical Camp-Fire girl, absorbed in her pursuit of honors, you will realize the wisdom, the subtlety with which its founders planned this organization. It is built on a system of awards, not on admonitions; on community spirit and teamwork, not on selfish individual interest.

The Camp-Fire girl may perform her tasks alone, but she thrills at the thought that a hundred thousand other girls are doing the same thing at the same time in the same way. She is part of a throbbing body of her own kind, working toward a common goal, happiness.

And why smile at the Indian robe of the Camp-Fire girl, when you have often stood at the curb cheering the Masons marching past in silken aprons, or Pythian Knights flaunting white plumes. And come to think of it, Little Miss Camp-Fire puts it all over her father and big brothers. They can buy their lodge trappings, but she must earn and make hers.

There is not room here to tell you the history of Camp-Fire, to mention the names of nationally known men and women who stand behind it, the method of organization, the manual with all its liturgies, the steps

Concluded on page 72

CLEAR YOUR SKIN



SAVE YOUR HAIR



WITH CUTICURA

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment, promotes a clear skin, good hair and soft white hands in most cases when all else fails. Always include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.

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I TEACH you how to sit, stand and walk correctly, give you grace, abundant vitality—courage to undertake and do things.

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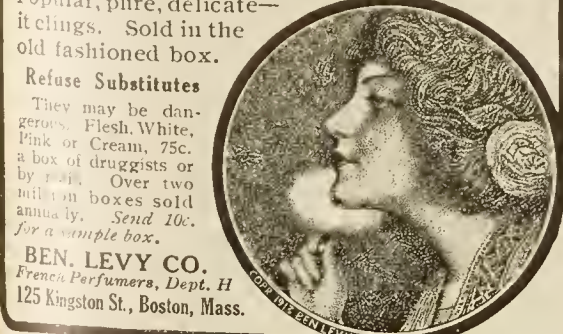
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THE CRICKET

The colonel retaliated by muttering unvoiceable lamentations against the existing order of things and yearning with heartfelt sincerity for the privilege of recruiting a regiment from among the occupants of monasteries.

To Mary's mother the occurrences on the porch of the Visitors' House were such as would have been inconceivable the year before. But such was the case. And during those weeks Mary made friends who were to add a wide and sympathetic interest to her whole life.

AND when embarkation time was very near the colonel, quailing before the storm he feared to invoke, sent his orderly with a message to the occupants of the nineteen chairs on the Visitors' House porch, "The colonel requests that the ladies will not return to-morrow," there was no storm. After one stunned moment of comprehension "the ladies" arose and departed to the trolley station. Soberly, quietly, understandingly—but without tears.

Mary, recounting the forlorn exodus to her mother, added illuminatingly: "We were proud of ourselves! Not one of us cried—at least not there." And Mrs. Wingate of war-time days nodded comprehension.

Mary hesitated thoughtfully. "I should have been terribly forlorn in that horrid place if it hadn't been for the crickets; they were chirping everywhere! It's such a cheerful sound," she added quietly, remembering that neglected companion of gray days, Ebenezer.

During those anxious months when Bob, abroad, was learning to venerate the magnificent heroism of commonplace men; facing without comment the chance of death at every turn; treasuring at last with comprehending sincerity the realization of a precious and dearly bought patriotism, Mary at home was collecting a growing pile of tiny garments of exquisite fineness and minute perfection. And while a little heartache lingered behind the shy rejoicing in her letters, she never owned to a secret apprehension, or expressed her desire to have her husband at home when the momentous day should arrive.

"It seems the biggest thing in the world to me," she admitted to Miss Gray, who had returned for the great event, "but, of course, to the makers of wars the individual details seem insignificant. And yet, the women and the children are what they're really fighting for. It's curious, isn't it?"

Miss Gray indulgently agreed. "I can't see, after what we've been through together, how women can ever be willing to go back to the old, futile, selfish ways with which they filled their lives before. When Bob gets home—" She stopped with a little gasp, then added firmly: "When Bob gets home—for, of course, he's coming!"

Ebenezer Gryllidae, balancing on the

window-sill and looking across the room, noted disinterestedly the anxious faces of hurrying doctors and nurses and heard the thin, protesting cry of a new arrival before he gave the piping whistle with which, since the old days, he had announced to Mary his coming. It had been a long time since she had needed him, but he harbored no resentment as he swung lightly to and fro and chanted the familiar call. And Mary, far away, heard him and struggled through long leagues of overlapping mist to come where she could see him, while he, with a patience new to him, sang on. This time, quite remarkably, Ebenezer seemed not to be in a hurry. Mary, glancing toward him, noted without astonishment that she could see the window-frame through his iridescent body.

He smiled at her. "I've come for you! All those other times I hoped you'd go away with me—but this time is the finish!" he said, and sang a bar of his cheery song. "It's nice outside! You can hear the flower buds laugh as they unfold; the blue jays are quarreling in the sycamores—they can't agree as to whether Spring began on Tuesday or Wednesday; the columbines are trying color effects in shadows, on the rocks—they've almost decided that they like blue and violet best; the soul of a cardinal bird passed me as I came in, you could hear the ghost of his call like trickling water; but the butterflies find it cold. There are a lot of them holding an indignation meeting on the warm side of the garage; they're planning to strike as a protest at being ordered out too soon. You and I will stop and laugh at them in a few moments!"

HE HOPPED to the glass and, looking out, called to some one below: "Stick around! Stick around! We're coming!" Then, turning to Mary: "That Airedale of yours still barks," he vouchsafed, mentioning the long-departed Peter. "We're all waiting for you to join us—out-of-doors!"

Through the waves of gray mist that were surging around her Mary could hear her mother's voice, sobbing. Very far away it seemed and an intrusion on her spirit winging itself for flight. Almost fretfully she tried to ignore it.

But what was the other sound? Small, insistent, infinitely pathetic. Her mind groped wearily for an explanation of the unaccustomed cry, and then quite suddenly she knew. This was no test of tolerant endurance, but the golden reason for exultant rejoicing.

She could barely see Ebenezer's fading, silvery outline even as she indicated with a weak gesture the crying baby, and whispered: "I'd like to go with you, Ebenezer. I'd like to! But of course—of course—I must stay to welcome Bob. I've been so worried—but now it's over and I can tell him how glad—how thankful—I am—that the baby's feet (you can see them Ebenezer!) are all right."

GROWING UP HAPPY

which you must take when you decide to start Camp-Fire work in your own community. All this data you can secure by dropping a line to National Headquarters, Camp-Fire Girls, 31 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

The object of this article is to prove how different had been the fate of Ruth who was robbed of her dolls if they had been replaced with Camp-Fire honors, if the dreams and yearnings of adolescence had been met and guided and developed by Camp-Fire ideals and activities.

Sometimes as I walk through stores where girls in their teens wrap bundles or carry change; through offices where more girls sort mail; through mills where ten times as many young things toss bobbins or feed machines, I wonder how many of them have battered dolls and cracked toy dishes hidden in far corners of dark closets or bureau drawers, how many of their girlish impulses are being ground down into suppressed desires.

The passing generation accuses young people of extravagance, immodesty and rest-

lessness. Why should the young people of to-day enjoy hiking, skating and other simple outdoor sports when an automobile is reared, like a golden calf, on the family altar? Why should any girl wish to share her mother's household duties when she is urged to earn the money to escape them? Why should you expect a girl to thrill at the song of a lark when you've fed her musical taste on rag-time?

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Eight Inches of

BY ELEANOR

I HAVE heard people say that there are no children any more—that modern science has introduced them to operations at the early age of adenoids, that motion-pictures permit them to take an intelligent part in conversation touching on the drama and the stage, that they play a pretty good game of auction, and are important exhibitors at all the dog and horse shows.

Photograph from Underwood and Underwood

Just the same when I walk up Fifth Avenue and into the park on a sunny afternoon or motor out through the Bois when I am in Paris in the Spring, I see little girls and boys who look surprisingly like real children to me. They have firm little bare necks and beautiful, strong bare legs, and they are just as busy and expert with their skates and skipping-ropes as the pre-movie child of an earlier day. They are very simple in their dress, these small, correct, delightful sons and daughters of New York and Paris, but it is a beautiful simplicity that sometimes costs a great deal of money.

For example, there is the gingham collar that cost a thousand dollars. Would it interest you to hear the story of that eight-inch strip of gingham? A story of keen, serious-minded business men who were willing to spend a thousand dollars for less than a quarter of a yard of gingham.

THE story of it has to do with the Deltor for a very innocent-looking pattern of a child's simple dress. I don't have to tell you what the Deltor is if you belong to the large class of intelligent women who complain if there is not a Deltor in every pattern they buy. But if you belong to the unenlightened few who are not familiar with the Deltor and what it does, perhaps I should explain that the Deltor is the new pattern invention which shows you how to cut your garment from an extraordinarily small amount of material, puts it together for you with pictures, and tells you just how a French dressmaker would finish it so that it will have a Paris stamp instead of a home-made look.

As to this particular Deltor, the story began when I decided that a certain little dress should be sketched with a gingham skirt and a batiste blouse with a gingham collar, just as these little dresses are made by "Fairyland" in Paris and the smart Fifth Avenue shops.

It sounds simple, doesn't it? But my decision meant that the pattern envelope had to tell just how much gingham was required for the skirt and collar and that the Deltor layouts had to show how to cut them both so that there would be no waste. When the Deltor for that particular pattern was finished, it was found that forty layouts had been made because of that little collar.

Gingham Gold

CHALMERS

I don't want to tire you with technicalities, but I think it might interest you to see just how the problem worked. We showed three pictures of the little dress. One with a gingham skirt and collar and a batiste blouse. A second with the skirt of one material and the blouse of another. A third in the same

combination as the second, but the blouse had a long sleeve instead of a short one. Now if we had simply given materials and layouts for the first picture the woman who wanted the second picture with its all-batiste blouse would not have had enough batiste for the collar and would have wasted the gingham allowed for the collar in the first view. And the woman who wanted the third picture with the long sleeve would not have had enough batiste for the long sleeve. Yet if we had given only the quantities required for the all-batiste blouse with the long sleeve all the women who wanted the gingham collar and the short sleeve would have wasted the batiste allowed for the collar and long sleeve, and would not have known how much gingham to get for the collar.

SO IN order to save a fraction of a yard in each case five of our experts worked for a day and a half making forty layouts which would cover every size, view and width of material which we gave. When it was finished, and expert statisticians had figured the cost of that collar, it came to a little over a thousand dollars. A great deal of money, a great deal of time and an enormous amount of work could have been saved if we had sketched the batiste blouse with a batiste collar. But the pattern user would not have been shown how she could make that little dress in the smartest way and the Deltor would not have saved her eight inches of gingham.

"BUT," you may object, "I am a spinster lady with no little girl so that gingham does not interest me."

Perhaps not that actual strip of gingham, but if you use Butterick patterns you will find that same saving or a very much greater one in every pattern with the Deltor. For the same care, the same high standard of service, the same passion for perfection goes into them all.

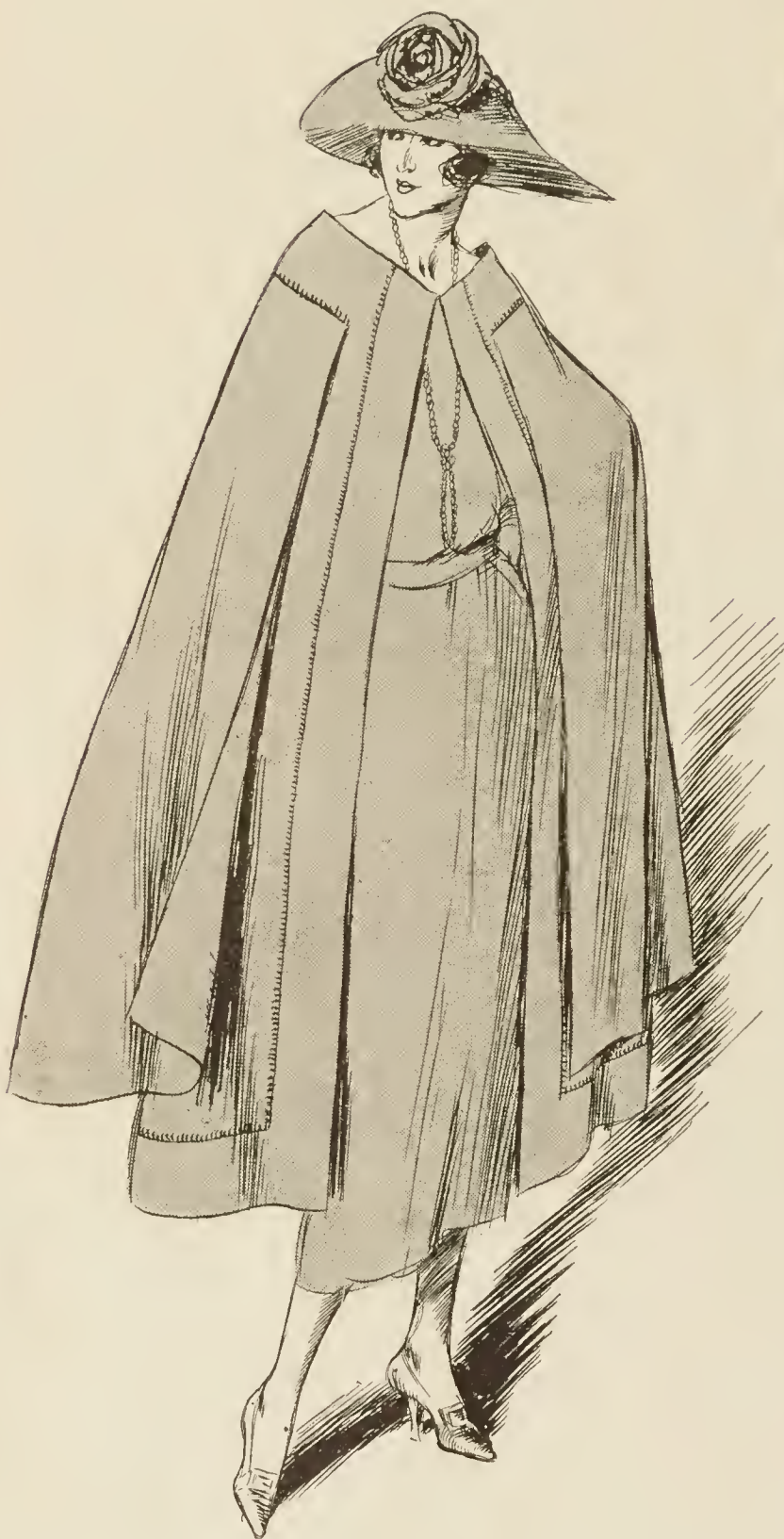
The Butterick Publishing Company can spend such a sum on patterns for two reasons. One is that the cost distributed over so many patterns is covered by the price of the pattern. The other is the understanding of the very human desire of the pattern-user to get something for nothing. When women realize that the pattern with the Deltor costs less than nothing because of the saving on material they will use no other pattern. They can't afford to. That is why sometimes a slip of gingham even at a thousand dollars is a sound investment.

THE FRENCH DESIGNERS SHOW A
PREFERENCE FOR ELEGANCE OF
LINE IN ALL TYPES OF COSTUMES



Soulié, past master at interpreting the genius of other artists, tries his own hand at the game and suggests a slender-lined frock of old-rose crêpe de Chine enlivened with blue and gray embroidery

We have a suspicion that Soulié is partial to the flared line, for in this tailleur of banana lisselaine so goes the line of the coat at the hips, the standing collar and the open sleeve. The ciré braiding of the same shade is used



Because the Parisienne is loath to cover up her long-waisted frock of chamois-brown crêpe Georgette, Renée makes a double circular cape of the same fabric and shade and edges it with an openwork band to tempt her



Beer combines elegance and charm with simplicity in his afternoon gown of black crêpe Madeleine which has panels embroidered in Louis XVI beaded flowers marking the plaited front at either side



"Contrast is the spice of fashion" claim Martial et Arnaud who use black ciré voile for the short flared coat and plaid ciré voile for the high-collared dress of a three-piece costume



Long revers give an almost Eton look to a redingote of stone-white Moroccan crêpe worn over a black satin dress embroidered with white silk and yellow beads. From Doucet



Faint arabesques of silver cast their sheen over a brocade of geranium and lemon color—a typical Worth fabric in a typical Worth gown draped at the hip with straps of platinum and diamonds over the shoulders



Jenny chooses crimson "lissine" to emphasize the smartness of this costume which has a brocaded white jersey waistcoat with touches of white piqué on the sleeves and collar and many rows of finely plaited red silk braid in unusual outline



After studiously ignoring sleeves for some time Jenny now lays great stress on them, making them in one with the tunic of Chauve-Souris, a frock of black lace with a bodice of astarte satin. Black jet motifs mark the low waistline



Premet raises knitting to its heights when he makes a hip bolero coat that way. It is of white knitted cotton with beige and rose stripes. The high standing collar and great cuffs of rose "popla" match the skirt

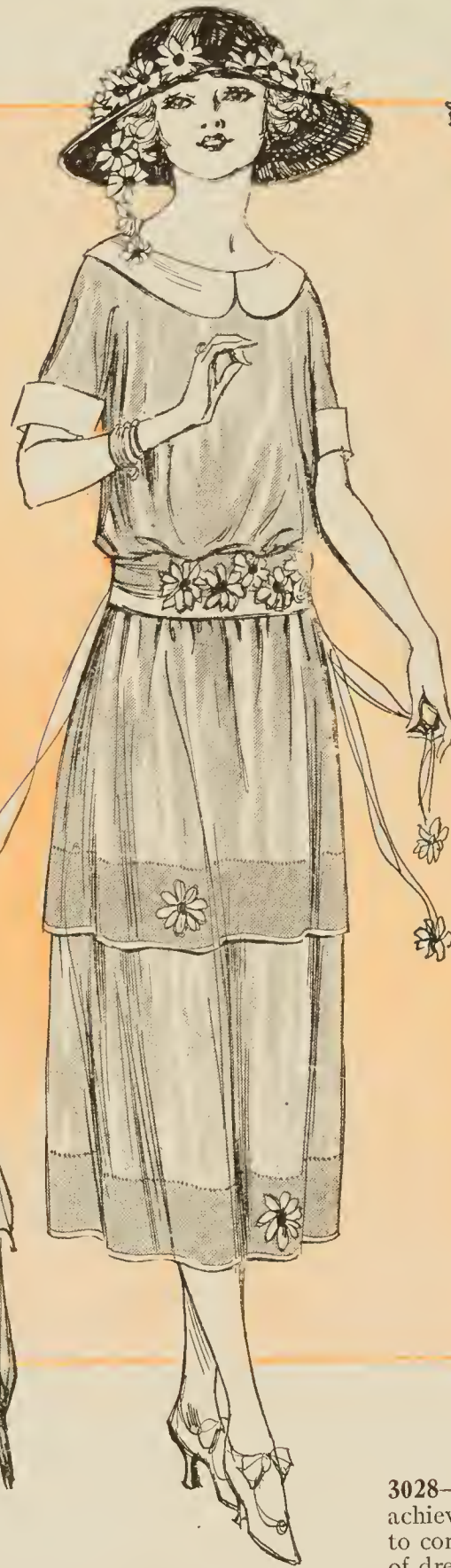
PARIS ADMITS THAT THE SUMMER FROCK SHOULD BE SIMPLE
BUT SHE SUGGESTS MANY WAYS OF MAKING IT INTERESTING



Dress 3017



Dress 3019



Dress 3036



Dress 3068

3017—The soft fulness of the prevailing fashions is particularly pretty in the dainty Summer cottons and silks. A new frock which is trimmed with many narrow-plaited ruffles is made with a slip-over waist and straight skirt. The skirt is finished a little above the normal line but the waist is draped over it, tying in a sash on the hip and giving the fashionable longer effect. A blouse-body lining which can be finished in camisole style is offered. The dress is made with straight edges so that drawn-work or hand-hemstitching could be used in place of the plaited ruffles. Cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe Canton, taffeta, satin crêpe and Georgette are the materials to use.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide without plaitings. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3019—Lovely in line yet really very simple is this organdy frock trimmed with wide bands of sheer lace. The soft sash is tied at the normal waistline where the straight tunic and drop skirt are sewed to the waist. The collar, vestee and cuffs are made with straight edges so it is possible to use hand-hemstitching and drawn-work there as well as on the tunic in place of the lace. The blouse-body lining can have a camisole line. Use cotton voile, organdy, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, swiss, Georgette, net, crêpe de Chine or taffeta; or combine organdy with lace or embroidery flouncing; Georgette with lace, foulard, taffeta or satin; or use net with lace. Lower edge 54 inches.

For 36 bust $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3036—A tuck or so, a becoming collar, a scattering of the new hand-made flowers and you have the most charming of lingerie frocks. The dress slips on over the head and fastens beneath the left arm. The straight tucked skirt is sewed to the waist a little below the normal waistline and a rather long body lining is offered. Drawn-work and hand-hemstitching are often used on this type of dress, giving a very exquisite effect at no expense whatever. Use cotton voile, batiste, dotted swiss, organdy, Georgette, foulard, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor and taffeta. Lower edge $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting organdy 40 inches wide for collar, cuffs and sash. This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3068—The effective line of the surplice closing is accentuated by the long collar of a very pretty Summer frock. It is the type of dress that you would choose for Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, Canton crêpe or foulard, and it would also be suitable for cotton voile, batiste, mull and lawn. The skirt is two-pieced and sewed to the waist at the normal waistline and the arrangement of the sash tends to bring the waistline still lower in effect. The use of the blouse-body lining is optional.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

3032—10812—Paris knows that many tucks make the world turn around for this lovely frock claims no end of attention. Although effective the construction of the dress is of the simplest kind. It slips on over the head and the straight skirt is sewed to the body at the low waistline. The round yoke and soft puff sleeves are typically French. Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, organdy, net, batiste, plain swiss and handkerchief linen would be very pretty made in this fashion. A blouse-body lining is offered and the rose motifs can be worked in satin-stitch embroidery.

For 36 bust $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3091—A refreshing way of making the Summer frock is in this jumper fashion which suggests the use of contrasting fabrics. This dress slips on over the head and fastens underneath the left arm. Beneath the jumper which is draped at a rather low line there is a kimono underbody. This underbody and the straight skirt are joined at the normal waistline. The blouse-body lining offered can be cut in camisole effect. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta, satin, foulard, Georgette, cotton voile, crêpe voile or fine cotton crêpe.

For 36 bust 3 yards organdy 40 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting color organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94

3028—Much of the smart effect of the redingote is achieved when you open the tunic of your skirt in front to correspond with the vestee of the waist. This type of dress is so pretty made up in the colored and white combination. The straight skirt and tunic are sewed to the blouse-body lining and the dress is made with straight edges to allow for the drawing of the threads for hand-hemstitching and drawn-work on the collar, cuffs, vestee and tunic. Use crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, foulard, cotton voile, organdy, batiste, Georgette or silk voile; or combine Georgette with satin, taffeta or foulard; silk voile with satin or taffeta; and lace with satin. Lower edge 54 inches.

For 36 bust 3 yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide.

This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3034—10890—Deep ruffles lend themselves beautifully to the charming ways of the lingerie frock. In this type of dress the French usually scallop the lower edge of the ruffles and close the waist in surplice fashion, draping it at a rather low line. The blouse-body lining offered can be cut in camisole style and the skirt beneath the ruffles is straight. Use dotted swiss, organdy, batiste, cotton voile and taffeta; or combine taffeta with lace; or satin with point d'Esprit or lace. The cherries are worked in appliqué embroidery.

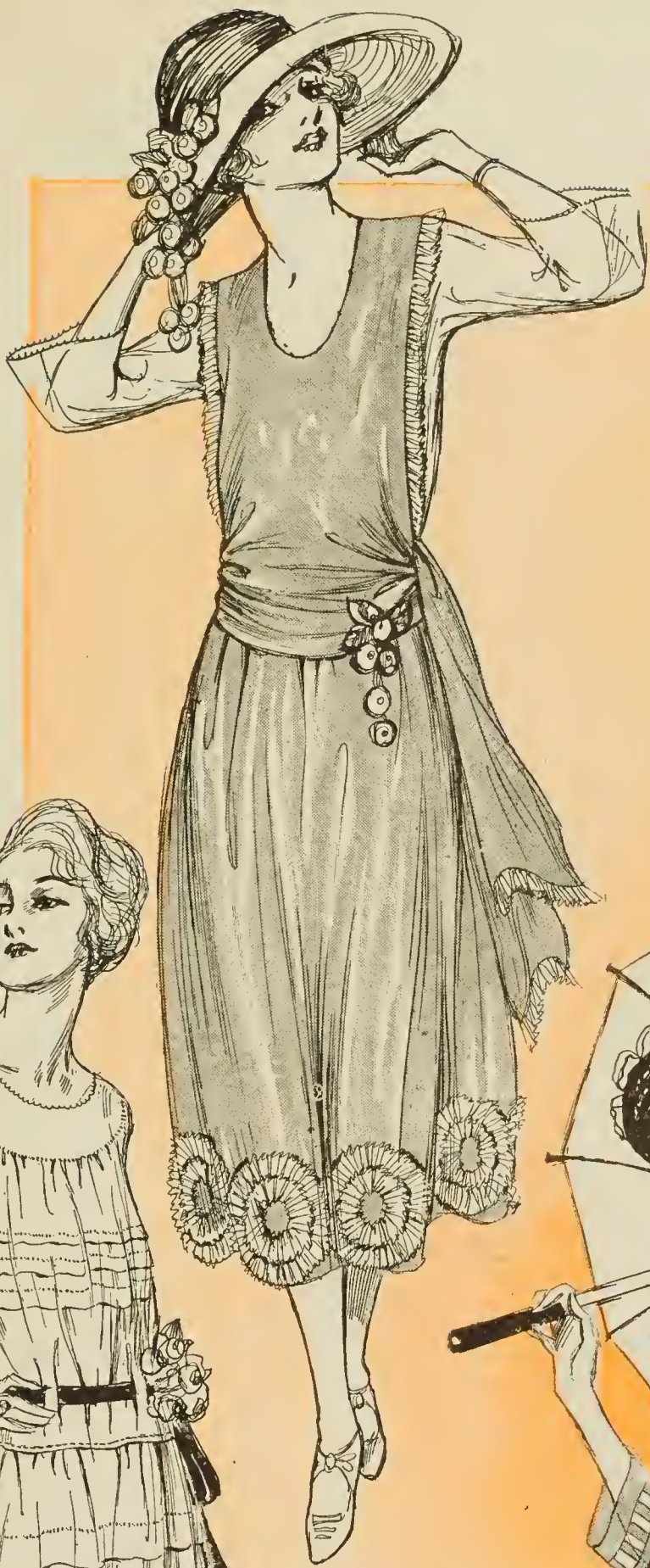
For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards material 32 inches wide for skirt. Lower edge of skirt 54 inches; lower ruffle 2 yards.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3072—Summer frocks are something you want in great quantity so fashion plans delightfully simple affairs that can be made up in no time. In one dress she places a wide tuck at knee-depth on the straight two-piece skirt and brightens the waist with a contrasting vestee. The joining of the waist and skirt comes at the normal line and a sash ties over it. A blouse-body lining can be used. Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, Canton crêpe, foulard, cotton voile, batiste, lawn and mull are suitable materials for a dress of this type. It can be trimmed in contrast.

For 36 bust $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards novelty cotton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 52 bust.



Dress 3091



Dress 3072



Dress 3032
Embroidery
design 10812



Dress 3028

Dress 3034
Embroidery design 10890



Other views of these garments are shown on page 94

FASHION KNOWS MORE WAYS THAN ONE OF LOWERING HER WAISTLINE

3026—The new cotton frocks are essentially simple, depending very much on their coloring and freshness for their smart effect. A delightful model for such fabrics as linen, gingham, ratine and cotton poplin is made in slip-over fashion and closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. The straight skirt is gathered to the body at a rather low line across the sides. A blouse body lining is offered. Use foulard with crêpe de Chine, etc., platings or use Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, etc.

For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards striped cotton 36 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3089—Foulard veiled in self-color makes a delightfully cool and very useful frock for Summer. The tunic style is very suitable for this fashion, particularly when the blouse body lining can be cut off at the camisole line and made of the same material as the drop skirt. The straight tunic and drop skirt are finished a little above the normal line, but the surplice waist is draped at a lower line. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., or combine Georgette with taffeta, etc.

For 36 bust $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards foulard 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3030—Roman stripes mark the fashionable low line in a one-piece redingote which is cut in jumper style. Beneath this redingote the straight skirt is sewed to the body lining at a rather low waistline. Redingotes are very attractive because they suggest the soft full lines so favored by the French. Use linen, cotton poplin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, pongee, Georgette, or tricotine, etc. The wool fabrics can be combined with satin. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards linen 36 inches wide.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3082—Beneath the soft drapery of the waist which comes well below the normal line there is the easy swing of the front and back tunics which hang from the normal waistline. The skirt is straight and the sleeves are sewed into a blouse body lining. The dress closes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm and it is so constructed that it can be trimmed with the hand-hemstitching and drawn-work. Use satin crêpe, foulard, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, charmeuse or taffeta; or use gray or henna over black, tan over brown, or gray over blue.

For 36 bust $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge 52 inches.

This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 3030

Dress 3078

3078—For the heavier tub fabrics, such as linen, gingham, ratine and cotton poplin, the slip-over dress that has tunics at the front and back hanging from a rather low waistline is an excellent style. There is a straight skirt beneath these tunics and the use of the blouse body lining is optional. The vestee outlined by a long becoming collar brightens the front of the frock and suggests the use of contrasting materials. It is also a good model for satin, charmeuse and taffeta; and serge, tricotine, gabardine and soft twills could be used alone or with satin. In plain materials embroidery is very effective on the tunics. The scalloped lower edge is sometimes used also.

For 36 bust $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards gingham 32 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3110—Tucks with their subsequent deepening of color show up prettily on the finer cottons such as organdy, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, handkerchief linen or dotted swiss and also on Georgette. A very new model of this simple type of dress is made with a separate shirtwaist of the new school with groups of tucks at each side of the front and back. The straight skirt is also tucked and sewed to a long body lining. This lining can be cut in camisole style. The dress closes at the back and has a very becoming shoulder-to-shoulder collar, and if the long sleeve is used, narrow white cuffs to match are very pretty. It is also a splendid style for tub silks, wash satin, pongee, taffeta, crêpe de Chine and Canton crêpe. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

For 36 bust $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards dimity 27 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3087—10847—The wide band effect which has proved so popular in the overblouse is suggested in a very attractive way in this slip-over dress. The skirt is straight and over it there is a tunic. Both the tunic and the skirt are sewed to the waist at the normal line and the dress closes beneath the left arm. The use of the blouse body lining is optional. Linen, ratine, gingham, crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, taffeta, satin, crêpe de Chine and crêpe meteor are suitable materials to use, and serge, tricotine and gabardine could also be used. The flower motif on the skirt makes a pleasing spot of color worked in satin-stitch embroidery.

For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards gingham 32 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard white cotton 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 3026



Dress 3022
Embroidery design 10893

Dress 3089

3074—The white vestee outlined by the long collar makes a very cool and fresh-looking front for an attractive cotton frock of gingham or linen. The waistline of this dress is rather low, and the broad, youthful sash accentuates it. Beneath this sash the skirt, which is straight, is joined to the waist. Large pockets trim the skirt and a blouse body lining is offered. It would be very pretty in crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, crêpe meteor or foulard, and if you are considering a wool frock at this season there is tricotine, serge and gabardine.

For 36 bust $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards striped cotton 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 62 inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3022—10893—Given a large sash, a becoming collar and a refreshing combination of a color and white, you have an attractive Summer frock. Add to this a rather full straight tunic which with the drop skirt is attached to the waist a little below the normal line and you have something that is very new and smart as well. The blouse body lining can be finished in camisole effect. Use cotton voile, silk voile, Georgette, crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, charmeuse, taffeta or foulard; or combine Canton crêpe with satin. The conventionalized flowers are worked in a combination of appliqué and one-stitch embroidery.

For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards colored organdy 40 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards white organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



Dress 3074

Dress 3082

Dress 3110

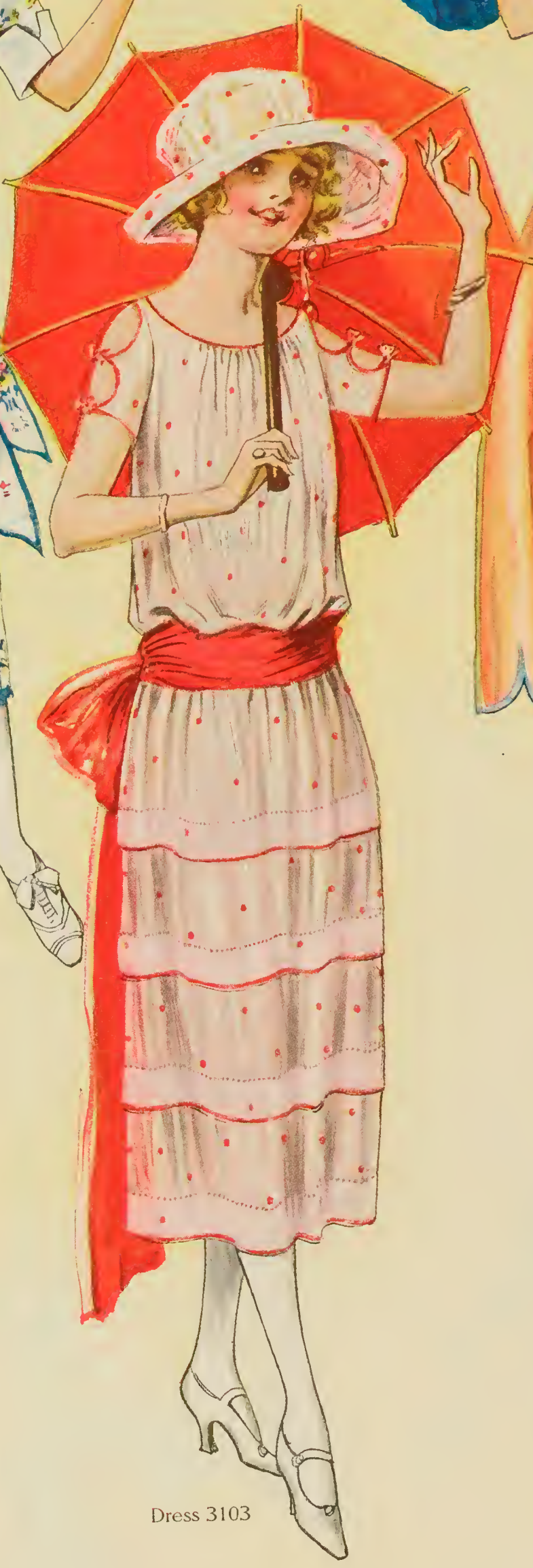
Dress 3087
Embroidery design 108-17

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



Dress 3099

Dress 3083



Dress 3103



Dress 3105
Embroidery design 10749



Dress 3107

Other views of these garments are shown on page 94



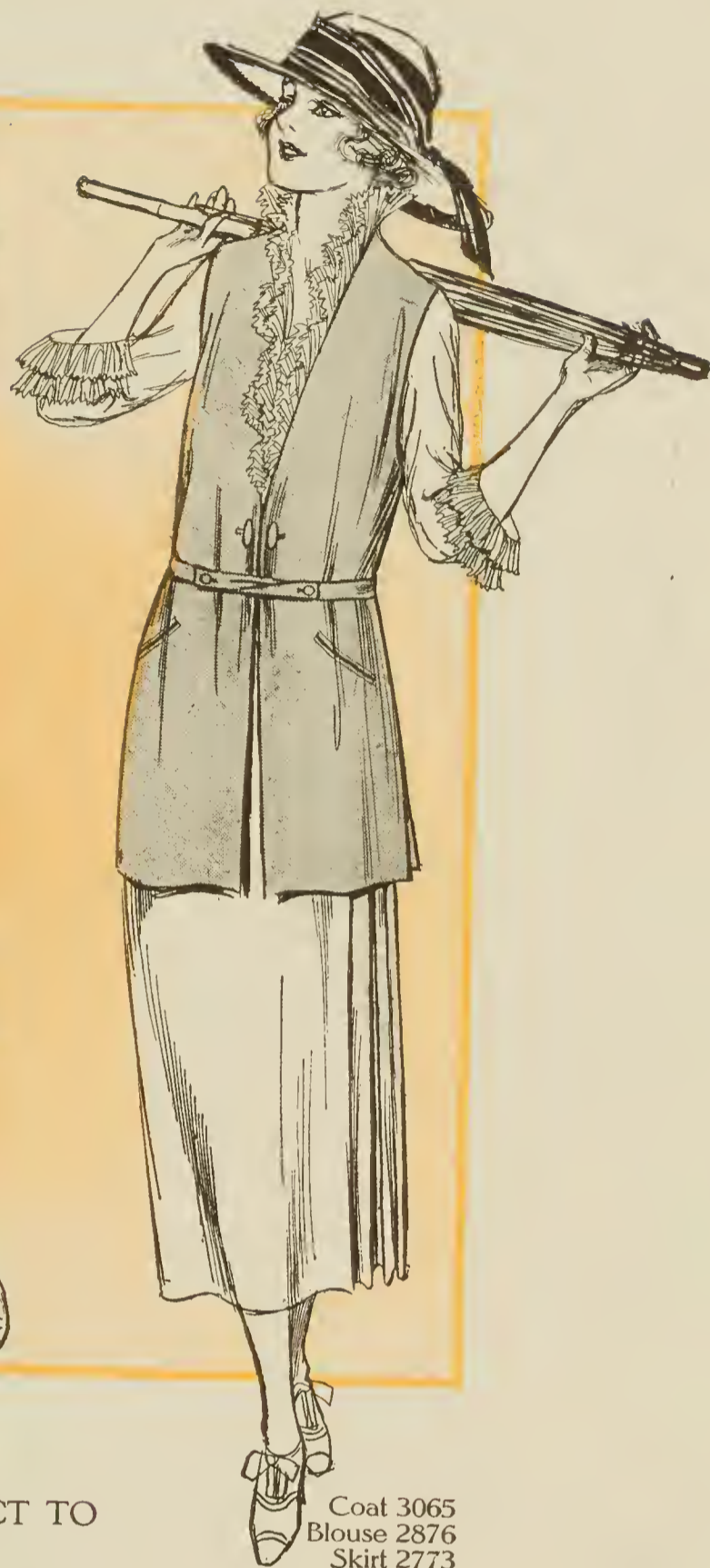
Dress 3070



Dress 3093
Embroidery design 10894



Dress 3043



Coat 3065
Blouse 2876
Skirt 2773

LINES VARY FROM THE QUAINLY FITTED EFFECT TO
THE SOFT BLOUSED STYLES

Of late Paris has discovered the way of having the soft line so dear to her heart yet retaining the marked simplicity of the one-piece frock. The line of the front is attractively broken with a deep, pointed vestee and the fulness is gathered over the hips. The dress slips on over the head and it could have a blouse body lining. Use linen, gingham, ratine, cotton poplin, satin, taffeta, charmeuse or pongee. Tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, plaid, checked and striped silk or wool and wool jersey are also smart. For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards figured dimity 32 inches wide (with skirt up and down). Lower edge 54 inches. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

10894—Side tunics gathered to a rather long body in the line at the hips in a very charming and typically French way. The dress is made to slip on over the head and a straight skirt beneath the tunics. The use of the blouse body lining is a matter of choice. Use gingham, linen, ratine, Canton, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta, foulard and satin. Tricotine, gabardine and serge are also smart. An all-over trimming can be carried in eyelet embroidery. For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards linen 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

The lower part of a one-piece redingote is slashed in the effect and worn over a slip-over underbody that closes on the left side. A straight skirt is sewed to this underbody at the waistline, and the vestee, which extends below the belt, is detachable. Use linen and cotton poplin with the vestee of the same material in contrast or of eyelet embroidery or checked gingham or use crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, taffeta, charmeuse, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, pongee or satin with the same material or in contrast. For 36 bust $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards cotton poplin 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard checked gingham 27 inches wide. Lower edge measures 50 inches. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3099—These overblouse dresses with their flat little collars and narrow cuffs of white are so very fashionable because of their happy knack of emphasizing the individuality of the wearer. Simple in construction, this model is made with a slip-over blouse and straight skirt. Groups of tucks trim both the skirt and blouse. Wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Canton, taffeta, pongee, linen, linen-finished cottons and small checked gingham are the materials to use for this tailored type of dress. Lower edge 54 inches. For 36 bust $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards wool jersey 54 inches wide. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3065—2876—2773—At the deep V opening of the sleeveless sports coat appears the upstanding French frills of an organdy blouse which is worn with a straight skirt plaited at the sides. Use light-weight velours, linen, pongee, satin, velvet, etc., for the coat; organdy, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, batiste, etc., for the blouse, and checks, stripes, plaids, satin, sports silks, etc., for the skirt. For 36 bust, 38 hip, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard light-weight velours 54 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards sports satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards. The coat, 3065, and blouse, 2876, are smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the coat is also good for misses; the skirt, 2773, is good for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

3083—The young girl may demand simplicity in her frocks, but she does surprising things with it, such as making this youthful slip-over model in a quaintly flowered cretonne. It is a one-piece dress. The lower edge is straight and any fulness there is arranged in gathers over the hips. A blouse body lining can be used and the broad sash can be worn at the low waistline or the narrow belt can be adjusted at the normal waistline. Use gingham, linen, ratine, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, wool jersey, tricotine, serge, gabardine or soft twills. Lower edge 54 inches. For 16 years $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards cretonne 32 inches wide. This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

3103—For one who apparently has so little use for sleeves the Parisienne must spend a great deal of her time in planning them when she evolves such charming affairs as these of this Summer frock. The dress itself is very simple, made to slip on over the head, with a straight, tucked skirt joined to the body at a rather low line and a long body lining that can be cut in camisole effect. Use organdy, cotton voile, dotted swiss, batiste, Georgette, net, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor and taffeta. For 36 bust 4 yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches. This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3105—10749—Just to emphasize the new fulness of her straight skirt Paris chooses the quaint line of the fitted bodice, but suddenly remembers her fondness for softness and adds a great bertha-like collar for good measure. The closing comes at the back and the skirt and waist are joined at the normal waistline. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine and taffeta. A bertha of organdy, Georgette or net could be used with taffeta, and a bertha of organdy or batiste could be used with gingham, linen and linen-finished cottons. The grape motif can be worked in satin-stitch. Lower edge 3 yards. For 36 bust 4 yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

3107—A new departure in the tailored one-piece frock is this jumper dress with its separate shirt-waist. Besides being very smart and new it has the added advantage of allowing you the opportunity for a freshening change of blouses. And the contrast of the blouse and dress very often proves interesting. If you used linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton homespun or gingham for the dress, you could make the shirt-waist of dimity, madras or linen. With wool poplin, wool repp, tricotine, gabardine, serge or twills you would use a satin, taffeta, pongee, plaid or check silk or small checked gingham shirt-waist. For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards linen 36 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards checked dimity 27 inches wide. Lower edge 53 inches. This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 95

WRAPS AND COATS ARE FULL AND EASY IN CONSIDERATION OF
THE SUMMER FROCK BENEATH



Cape 3120



Coat 3118



Coat 3121



Wrap 3122



Embroidery design 10895 Dress 3119

Other views of these garments are shown on page 95

3120—You welcome the Summer breeze in more ways than one when you have a soft attractive cape to throw over your Summer frock. The becoming collar ties in front and the fulness is skilfully arranged across the shoulders. The cape, with the exception of the collar, can be cut from one width of a 54-inch material. Velours, duvetyn, serge, tricotine, plaids, light-weight steamer rug, satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine and heavy satin crêpe can be used. Crossing the ends of the collar in front is also a very smart arrangement.

For 36 bust 2 yards polo cloth 54 inches wide.

This cape is smart for ladies; it is also good for misses.

3118—Paris finds it very much to her advantage to compromise on the "cape or coat" question, for when she plans a new coat with rippling lines and adds cape sleeves that flare attractively she achieves very smart results. These fuller, easy coats are very necessary for this season of the year. Easy to slip on and off, they do not crush the frock or costume beneath and, made with collars that can be worn closed or open, they can keep up with the fluctuating temperature. Velours, twills, polo cloth, tweeds and satin are the materials to use.

For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

This coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3119—10895—For the sheer fabrics of Summer there is nothing lovelier than this simple tucked frock, long of waist and youthfully trimmed with a broad sash that ties in a big bow at the back. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the low line and a long blouse body lining which can be cut like a camisole is offered. The dress closes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm. Use organdy, cotton voile, dotted swiss, batiste, dimity, Georgette, silk voile or crêpe de Chine. The flower motifs with their connecting sprays of leaves can be worked in French-knots and one-stitch, or in beading and bugle beads.

For 36 bust 4 yards cotton voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3121—That the good always comes to the top is proved in the case of this well-cut top coat, very smart in the flat and its rippling lines. Coats of this type are unusually effective when made in large plaids. One gets a great deal of very practical wear out of them, yet they are always an attractive addition to the costume. Its length is very good-looking, but the full lines also look well in a still shorter length. Velours, polo cloth, serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, homespun tweeds and mixtures are the most suitable fabrics to use.

For 36 bust (in longer length) $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards novelty woolen coating.

This coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is smart for misses.

3122—There is always a new way of making the wrap, and the claim of the French, and they add these particularly pleasing sleeves just to convince you. The full-length collar held in by the narrow belt which appears only in front is very becoming. This type of wrap can be used for general wear or for dress according to the kind and color of your fabric. Velours, tricotine, serge, plaids and checks are very good for former use and for the latter there is satin, heavy crêpe or taffeta.

The construction of this wrap is very simple, yet the details are unusually smart.

For 36 bust 4 yards heavy charmeuse 40 inches wide. Lower edge about 58 inches.

This wrap is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

THE SHIRT-WAIST IS RECLAIMED ON NEW CONDITIONS WHICH
STIPULATE IT SHOULD HAVE MUCH OF THE SOFTNESS
OF BLOUSE AND SMOCK

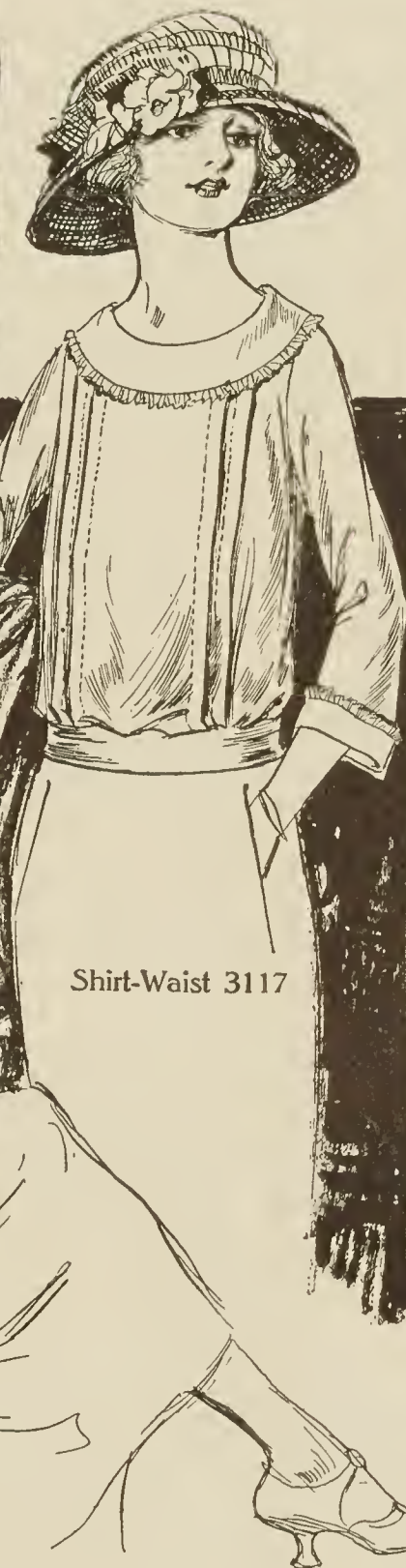


Blouse 3096

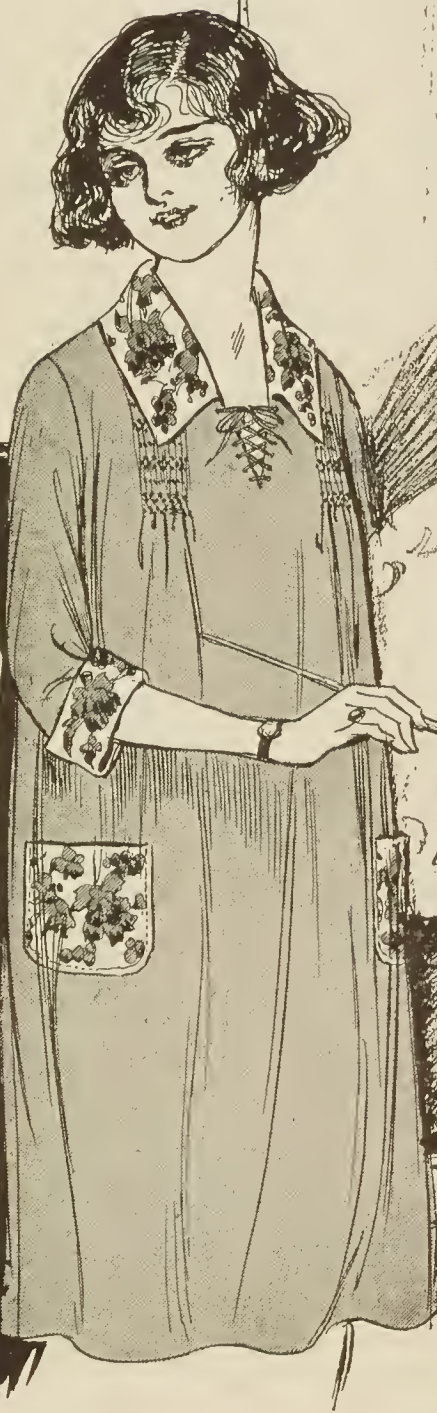
Shirt-Waist 3111



Shirt-Waist 3117



Smock 3115
Smocking design 10744



Blouse 3108



Blouse
3106
Embroidery
design
10847

3096—Narrow plaited frills mark the unusual arrangement of the fulness at the sides of this blouse. The effect is very much the same as a broad girdle, the drapery ending in a sash and softening the waistline in the fashionable way. This blouse slips on over the head and has the flat rounded collar which is so becoming. It is suitable for Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta, Japanese crêpe, silk poplin, wash satin, silk jersey, satin, pongee or wool jersey.

For 36 bust $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.
This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3108—The drapery of the front of this blouse comes to a good end, for it appears in the new band effect at the back. The blouse slips on over the head and is so constructed as to make drawn-work and hand-hemstitching a possible trimming. In scrim, cotton voile and soft linen the threads can be very easily pulled. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette and silk voile are more difficult to draw. With Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, satin, chiffon cloth, silk jersey, wool jersey or fine cotton crêpe, you will have to dispense with this hand-work.

For 36 bust $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard scrim 36 inches wide.
This blouse is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3069—10709—Even in this era of soft fulness one finds the slender-lined, two-piece skirt, but always with some such arrangement as this broad girdle and sash to ease its plain but smart lines. This girdle is particularly effective when the skirt is worn with a box-coat, bolero or sports coat. Use linen, cotton poplin, tricotine, gabardine, serge, checks or stripes. The conventional design which trims the sash ends can be done in outline and filled out in one-stitch embroidery.

For 38 hip $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This skirt is smart for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

3111—Even the tailored shirt-waist falls before the demands of Paris and softens its lines. This model has the new, rather high-cut youthful collar and it can be made with or without a shoulder yoke, just as you prefer. The best materials to use are dimity, madras, linen, cotton shirtings, crêpe de Chine, pongee, radium silk, tub silks and satins, silk shirtings and silk broadcloth.

For 36 bust $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards dimity 27 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard gingham 32 inches wide.

This shirt-waist is smart for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 bust.

3117—Fashion has reclaimed the shirt-waist, but she has taken it back on terms of her own. She closes it down the back, brings it out over the skirt, finishing it with a narrow band, and softens the front with wide tucks and a most becoming round collar. Use crêpe de Chine, pongee, tub silks, washable satin, silk shirting, radium silk, silk broadcloth, dimity, madras, linen, cotton shirtings, batiste and cotton voile. The collar and cuffs could be made in contrast.

For 36 bust $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards tub silk 36 inches wide.

This shirt-waist is smart for ladies measuring from 32 to 44 bust.

3115—10744—One's frock will appear just as pretty and fresh after a day's work in the studio if you cover it with this attractive smock. It slips on over the head and it could be cut in a shorter length and belted if you like. The latter style makes a very pretty blouse-costume when worn with a separate skirt. Use Japanese crêpe, linen-finished cottons, pongee, crêpe de Chine and chintz. The smocking is worked in little diamond-shaped designs.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards Japanese crêpe 32 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard cretonne 27 inches wide.

This smock is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3106—10847—Paris now ties her blouse on the side. In fact she ties it on both sides when the front and back are made in panel effect. The kimono side body and this panel effect are joined together. Crêpe Canton, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon cloth, cotton voile and fine cotton crêpe can be used in one color or in contrasting colors. Crêpe meteor is very pretty alone or with Georgette, and Georgette, silk voile, chiffon cloth and cotton voile are effective in plain and figured combinations and wash silk, silk jersey and wool jersey are used alone. The conventionalized flower motifs are very effective worked out in satin-stitch embroidery.

For 36 bust 1 yard Georgette 40 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard crêpe meteor 40 inches wide.

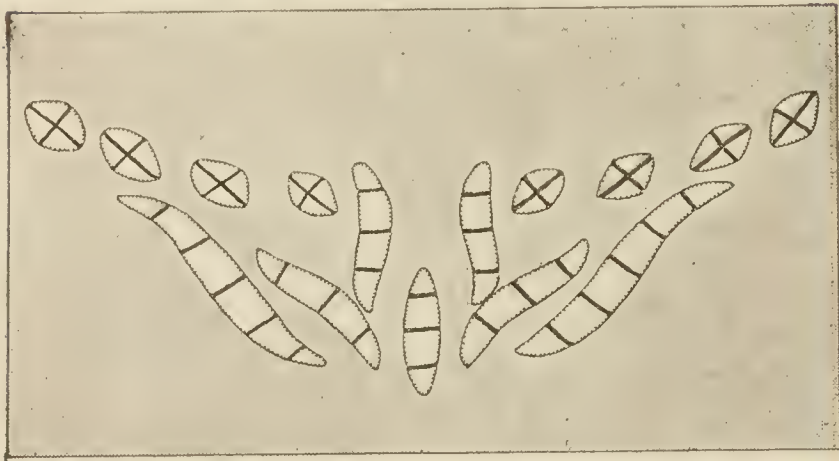
This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 95

FASHION FINDS A SPLENDID OPENING
AND CUT-WORK AND CALLS UPON

THE Parisienne is a fair enough creature, for, having fascinated the whole world of fashion by her interesting use of eyelet embroidery and the new cut-work for costume trimming, she immediately busies herself with discovering the easiest way of doing it. With the new demand for this type of trimming, machine hemstitching proves a valuable ally in the realm of embroidery.

Large round eyelets, large long eyelets and cut-work designs that do not have too many curves can be hemstitched. You stamp your transfer on your fabric and have the hemstitching follow the lines that you want to cut. You then cut the hemstitching in two to form an eyelet. In working cut-work designs in hemstitching it is necessary to work the bars across before cutting the material.



Embroidery design 10793

This eyelet and cut-work embroidery is particularly lovely on taffeta, chiffon, Georgette, linen and organdy, and in many cases one sees it on the smart cloth fabrics. Voiles and very stretchy crêpes are not recommended for this type of trimming. The round eyelet is the most used and it is the simplest to make. If you are going to work your eyelets in embroidery instead of using the machine hemstitching, you stretch your material over rings. The small round eyelet should be punched with a stiletto (special ones being made for this purpose). If many eyelets should be punched, a stiletto with a gauge will help you make them a uniform size. Eyelets over one-quarter inch in size can not be



Embroidery design 10848

punched, except on very loosely woven materials that stretch easily. You can test a piece of material yourself. If the material tears before the stiletto reaches the right size of the eyelet, it must be cut. When the eyelet is punched, overcast the edge with close, even stitches (Ill. 1). Very small eyelets do not need to be outlined, but an outline is an advantage in medium eyelets and a necessity in large eyelets. Eyelets over one-quarter inch in diameter should be cut. Outline the eyelet, then cut a small hole in the center and make three slits to the edge (Ill. 2). With your needle push the surplus material under the eyelet and overcast the edge closely (Ill. 1). Oval eyelets must always be cut. If they are small, cut from the center to each point, if larger you must also cut to each side.

To work cut-work successfully, baste the



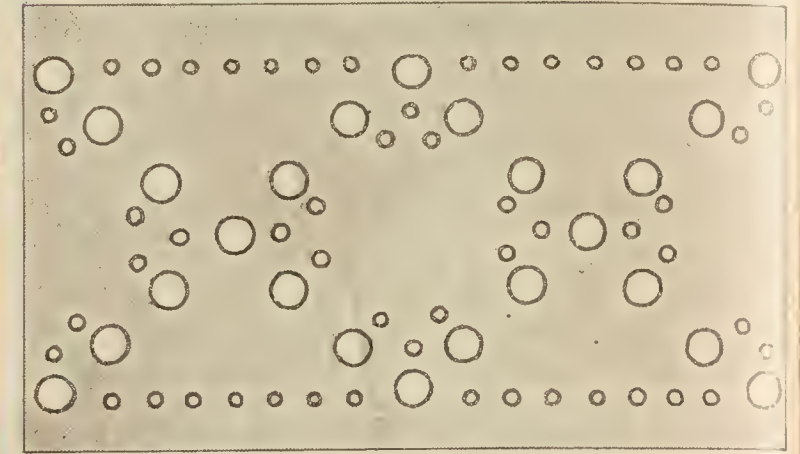
Dress 3028

Embroidery design 10892

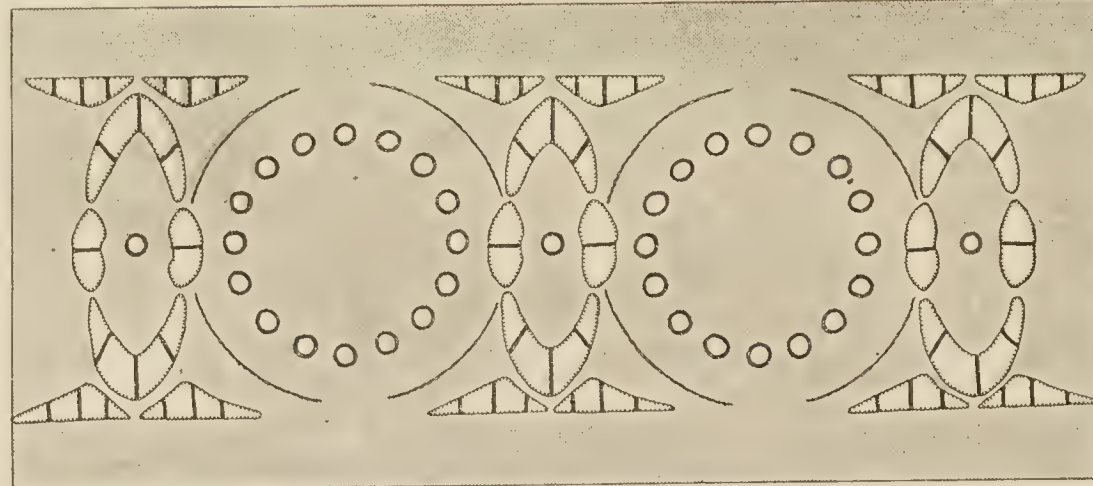
FOR COSTUME TRIMMING IN EYELETS
MACHINE HEMSTITCHING FOR AID

are found in embroidery design 10848 were originally intended for beadwork, but Paris carries them out in eyelets, adding a scattering of beads to heighten the effect. A conventionalized design such as 10735 can be carried out in cut-work and eyelets, the cut-work being hemstitched and cut in two. Bars were worked across to hold the edges together. (There were no lines in the original design for these bars, but it is a simple matter to insert them.) The circles were too small to be hemstitched, so they were cut and worked in eyelet embroidery.

An exquisite appliqué trimming for a Summer frock can be evolved from embroidery design 10893. Two colors of organdy are used on white. You can stamp the larger flower on rose color and have the edge hemstitched. Cut out the edge and apply the flower to the white organdy. Stamp the inside



Embroidery design 10891

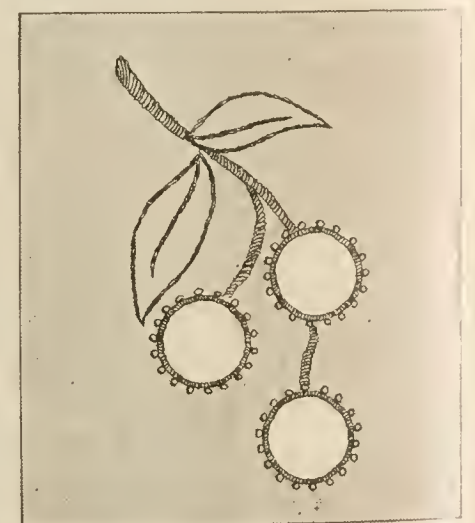


Embroidery design 10735

material down on oilcloth, basting closely around all parts of the design that are to be cut. Pass the threads across the lines and buttonhole them, cutting the material away underneath when the work is finished; or you can cut the design as you would a long eyelet and overcast the edges with close, even stitches. The first method is the easier. Much of the charm of these French dress trimmings is in their unexpectedness. They have the simplest embroidery designs as their source and the most unusual and distinctive effects as a result. A simple one-stitch design such as 10793 can be worked in cut-work with a contrasting fabric showing up from beneath. The design was stamped and the edges were hemstitched and a bar worked across every other line in the design. The hemstitching was then cut in half. Dainty flower motifs such as

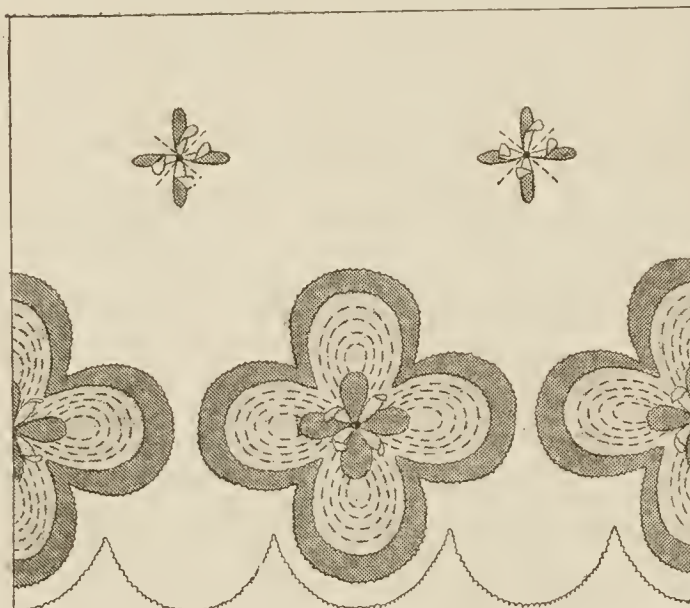
flower on blue, have the edge and eyelets in the center hemstitched. Then cut the hemstitching, apply the blue flower to the rose flower and sew the centers you cut out of the small eyelets between the eyelets of the flower and let them roll up loosely.

An embroidery design such as 10882 can be worked in machine hemstitching. Have the whole design hemstitched. Cut the hemstitched petals to form eyelets and work a satin-stitch circle in the center of each flower. Linen is also a very effective background for eyelet work. You can choose a simple embroidery design of the coin-dot variety such as 10891. The small eyelets can be punched. The large ones will have to

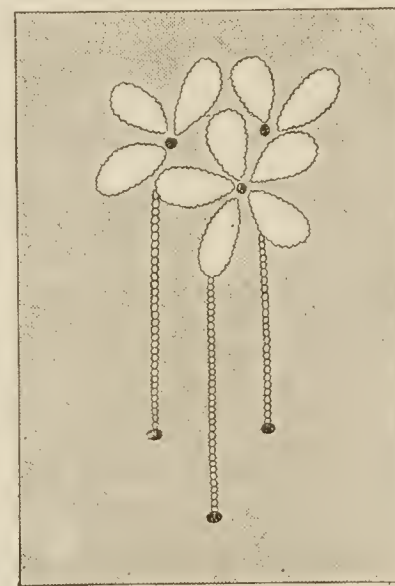


Embroidery design 10890

be cut. In a cherry motif such as embroidery design 10890 a new French note is introduced. The cherries are hemstitched and cut out and then encircled with a row of tiny beads. The same effective outline of beads in steel can be used on an all-over embroidery design such as 10892, which brings out in smart contrast the rather full, open tunic of a taffeta frock such as 3028. The frock is navy-blue taffeta over gray Canton crêpe. The blue taffeta tunic can be stamped with the embroidery design. The circles of this design are large enough to be hemstitched and cut. The remaining part of the design is carried out in outline stitch. Small steel beads outline the eyelets and introduce the gray note of the skirt, which shows through the eyelets. The whole effect is very charming and quite elaborate.



Embroidery design 10893



Embroidery design 10882

THE MODE OF THE MOMENT IN HATS IS
YOU TO SUIT THE PLACE, THE

AS VARIED AS IN FROCKS, AND PERMITS
TIME AND YOUR OWN TYPE

Photographs by H. M. Talma



There is a lovely play of light and shadow in the fluted Georgette brim of a large hat trimmed with small white grapes and foliage. From Yerlés



Coq is having its night as well as its day, and is employed in small hats intended for restaurant use.
By Jane et Marthe



A useful type of hat follows smart lines and lends itself to the costume needs of a silk frock or a Summer suit.
By Paim



Crinoline throws a new light on the large hat and casts a double halo around the head. The flowers follow the under side of the brim.
By Blanchot



Lewis never wearies of his love for lace and jet, and uses them both with matchless skill in a graceful hat that would serve for both tea and restaurant dinners.

SIMPLICITY IS THE FOUNDATION OF SUCCESS IN YOUR DAUGHTER'S
SPORTS CLOTHES AND OTHER FROCKS



Dress 3112
Embroidery design 10890



Dress 3095



Dress 3076



Blouse 3084; skirt 2686
Embroidery design 10415



Dress 3080
Embroidery design 10803



Coat 3063
Blouse 2967
Skirt 2989

3112-10890—An organdy sash skilfully accentuates the grace of the low waistline, which is the point where the straight tucked skirt and waist are joined. The double effect of the flat collar is new and the back closing is very smart. A blouse body lining is offered. Use gingham, linen, linen-finished cottons, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, pongee, tub silk, crêpe Canton, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta or wool jersey. Tricotine, gabardine and serge would not be tucked. The apple motif can be worked in appliqué embroidery. This appliqué work makes a very smart costume trimming and is particularly effective in these fruit designs.

For 17 years $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards gingham 32 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard organdy 40 inches wide.

The lower edge of skirt measures 59 inches.

This dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years.

3095—If you choose simple, delightful little frocks such as this slip-over model, the dresses in your Summer wardrobe can be as numerous as your heart desires. The waist is cut in kimono fashion and the straight skirt is sewed to it at the low line. A blouse body lining is offered. Use gingham, ratine, linen, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile, Georgette, crêpe Canton, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta, satin, foulard, wool jersey, etc., or combine chambray with gingham; cotton voile with ratine; batiste with linen; etc. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

For 17 years 3 yards striped cotton crêpe 36 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard plain crêpe 40 inches wide.

This dress is suitable for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3076—These simple, flat-collared little frocks are so charmingly typical of youth and particularly pretty when gingham is used for the frock and refreshing white organdy for the collar, cuffs, vestee and sash. The straight skirt is gathered to the body at a rather low line and a blouse body lining is offered. Linen, gingham, ratine and cotton poplin are smart, and crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor and foulard would be very pretty. It would also be good-looking in tricotine, serge or gabardine.

For 16 years $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards gingham 32 inches wide, 1 yard organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 64 inches.

This dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

3084-2686-10415—A smart middie which is gathered into a band like the newest blouses makes a splendid sports costume when worn with a plaited skirt. The plaits in the skirt are inverted and occur at intervals. They can fall free or be stitched to the hips. The lower edge is straight. Make the blouse of linen-finished cottons, jean, twill, pongee, heavy crêpe de Chine, serge or flannel, and the skirt of plaids, stripes, checks, crêpe de Chine or satin. The script initial can be worked in satin-stitch embroidery. It is simple to do and adds a very smart touch to the costume.

For 16 years $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide.

Lower edge $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

This blouse, 3084, is smart for misses and girls 6 to 20 years; the skirt, 2686, is smart for misses 14 to 19 years; it is also good for small women.

3080-10803—The soft draping of the surplice-tie waist emphasizes the attractiveness of a girl's figure in a very pretty way. It is a smart type of dress for gingham and linen and for such Summer silks as crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, charmeuse, taffeta or crêpe meteor. Tricotine, serge, gabardine, etc., can be used. The waist comes down over the skirt, giving the lengthened-waist effect; but the skirt is sewed on at the normal waistline and there is a blouse body lining. The cone-shaped motifs can be carried out in braiding to match the trimming on the collar and cuffs.

For 17 years $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3063-2967-2989—The sleeveless, narrow-belted coat worn with a slip-over kimono blouse and two-piece skirt makes a smart sports costume. Use checks, wool jersey, light-weight velours, pongee, shantung or linen for the coat; Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe, batiste, cotton voile and fine cotton crêpe for the overblouse, and linen, cotton poplin, etc., for the skirt. Lower edge 53 inches.

For 16 years $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard velours 54 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard batiste 36 inches wide, 2 yards linen 36 inches wide.

The coat, 3063, is good for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; the blouse, 2967, is pretty for misses 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; the skirt, 2989, is good for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 95

MUCH HANDWORK AND CONTRASTING PIPINGS ARE USED ON
THE YOUNG GIRL'S FINER COTTON DRESSES



Dress 3055



Dress 3021



Dress 3085
Embroidery
design 10812



Dress 3053



Dress 3038



Dress 3046

305—Heretofore organdy was a frivolous fabric to be thought only in terms of ruffles and frills, but now it appears in the early simple class, serene in the consciousness of its new developed tucks. The bloused effect of the waist which is added to the straight skirt at the normal line is very soft and a group of narrow tucks makes a pretty finish for the peasant style. The dress slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders and underneath the left arm. The French puff sleeve trimmed with narrow tucks could be used if you wanted shorter sleeve. Organdy, batiste, cotton voile, swiss, net, Georgette, handkerchief linen and crêpe de Chine are the materials to use. They are all very pretty materials to use.

For 16 years $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.
This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years.

301—Summer frocks are things to be reckoned in quantities they must necessarily be simple, but they need be none the less charming. So much can be done with a model that has a drop-over waist with just a slight suggestion of drapery at each side and a soft, rather full straight skirt. Straight edges on the collar, vestee and skirt suggest the possibility of drawn-work or hand-hemstitching as trimming. The blouse body lining offered can be cut in camisole effect. Use cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin crêpe or Georgette.

For 16 years $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.
This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

305—10812—In this dainty puff sleeve and becomingly finished yoke youth has captured two of the smartest fashions, she rests content with the simplest lines in the frock itself. The rather low waistline is the joining point of the straight skirt and soft body. The dress slips over the head and it can have a blouse body lining. Organdy, cotton voile, batiste, plain swiss, handkerchief linen, net, Georgette, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and Canton crêpe would be lovely made in this way. The roses scattered over the bodice can be worked in satin-stitch embroidery.

For 17 years $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.
This dress is lovely for misses 16 to 20 years.

3053—Delightfully refreshing are these cool colored organdies and swisses used over white, and just the dress to select for such a fashion is this youthful model with its rather full open tunic. Both the drop skirt and the straight tunic are sewed to the waist at the normal line. The blouse body lining can be cut like a camisole and the straight edges of the collar, cuffs and tunic make drawn-work and hand-hemstitching a possible trimming. Besides organdy and swiss there is cotton voile, batiste, fine cotton crêpe, Georgette, net, crêpe de Chine and soft taffeta or the combination of Georgette with foulard, taffeta or satin; figured voile with plain voile; dotted swiss with plain swiss or colored cottons with white cottons.

For 16 years $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards colored organdy 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards white organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3038—Paris marks the interesting career of a new handkerchief tunic with her beloved drawn-work. Both the tunic, which is delightfully soft and full, and the straight drop skirt are sewed to the waist at a rather low line. This dress has been planned with straight edges to make the drawing of threads possible for the fashionable hand-hemstitching and such trimming. Use cotton voile, batiste, dotted swiss, organdy or Georgette; or combine Georgette with satin, foulard or taffeta; or silk voile with taffeta; or use Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or taffeta. Lower edge 49½ inches.

For 17 years $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards handkerchief linen 40 inches wide.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3046—Deep ruffles and dotted swiss are a combination that the young girl will be unable to resist. The straight skirt beneath the ruffles is finished a little above the normal waistline, but the waist, closing in surplice fashion and tying in a sash at the back, comes down over the skirt giving the desired low-waisted effect. There is a blouse body lining that can be made in camisole style. Taffeta, dotted swiss, organdy, cotton voile and batiste can be used. A taffeta or satin waist would be very pretty combined with a skirt of lace. Satin is also seen with point d'esprit.

For 17 years $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide, 2 yards material 36 inches wide for skirt. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 95



Coat 3113 Smocking design 10592



Coat 3086



Dress 3100



Coat 3116



Dress 3073

THE CAPE SLEEVE MAKES ITS APPEARANCE AMONG THE NEWER COATS AND TUB FROCKS ARE MORE CHARMING THAN EVER



Dress 3102 Embroidery design 10890 Smocking design 10870



3102

3113—10592—Where there is a yoke there must be fulness below and if it is a little girl's coat, smocking is one of the most attractive ways you can take care of this fulness. These little unbelted coats are very pretty for the small girl and very simple for her mother to make. Crêpe de Chine, taffeta, cashmere, henrietta, pongee, and serge are good materials to smock. The smocking is arranged in little groups at each side of the front and back and it can be carried out in the attractive diamond-shaped design.

For 4 years $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard taffeta 40 inches wide. This coat is smart for little girls 1 to 6 years.



3073

3100—There is a suggestion of the coatee in the way the waist of this little dress opens in front to show the vestee and buttons in tab effect on the belt. It is very simple in construction, the straight skirt being sewed to the waist at a rather low line. This lengthened waist effect is very becoming to a growing girl. Gingham, chambray, linen-finished cottons, cotton poplin, pongee, serge, checks, plaids and tricotine are the best materials to use.

For 14-year size $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide.

This dress is smart for girls 8 to 15 years.

3086—A splendid top-coat for your small daughter is this tailored model, simple in line but very well cut. It is made in raglan style and carries a great deal of smartness in the flare of its unbelted ripple lines. It is also very good-looking with the collar closed high and the fulness arranged beneath a narrow leather belt. Tweeds, mixtures, homespun, camel's-hair cloth, polo cloth, wool velours, checks, cheviot and serge are the best materials to use.

For 10-year size $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard cloth mixture 54 inches wide.

This coat is smart for girls 2 to 14 years.

3116—Something very charming and new for your little girl's coat is the cape sleeve which Paris introduces because of its effective ease of line and simplicity. This makes a most attractive wrap for a child and one that would be exceptionally smart for velours, tricotine, serge, checks or twills. For this season this type of coat is also seen in taffeta, pongee, silk poplin, Shantung and heavy Canton crêpe. The many rows of machine stitching make a very effective but inexpensive trimming.

For 12 years 2 yards tricotine 54 inches wide. This coat is smart for girls 8 to 15 years.

3102 — 10890. — 10870—Smocked frocks are always smart but when they slip over the head and have this new arrangement of the fulness and the fashionable flat collar they outdo themselves. Use chambray, small checked gingham, linen-finished cottons, cotton crêpe, dimity, plain lawn, plain cotton voile, nainsook, etc. The cherries can be worked in appliqué and the smocking is worked out in a fancy design.

For 6 years $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for girls 2 to 10 years.

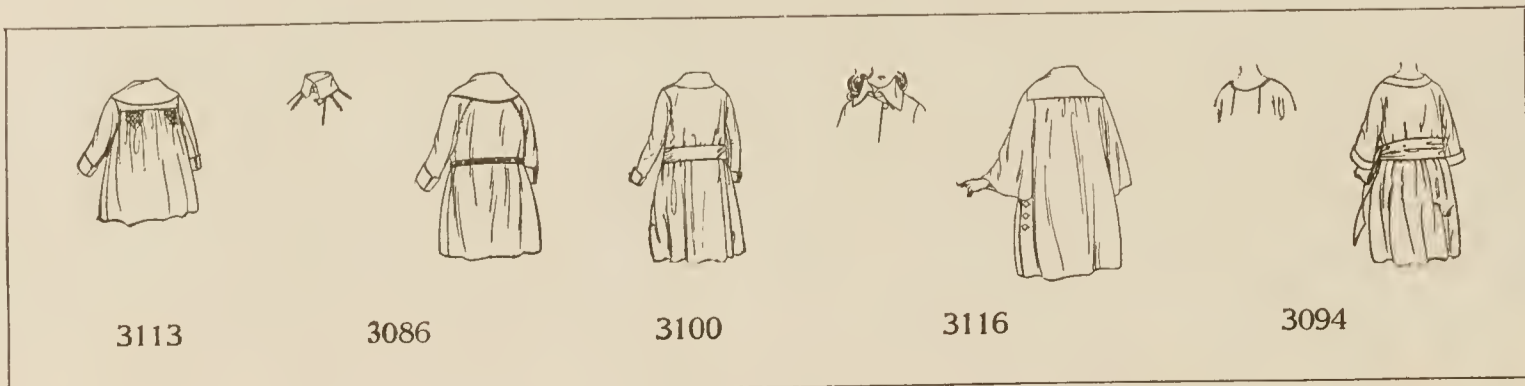


Dress 3094

3094—The line of the blouse which ends in a sash is so pretty that one does well to make with a contrasting plaid fabric. The kimono body of this dress is joined to the straight skirt at the normal waistline. Use dimity or dimity with linen, cotton poplin or gingham; chambray with gingham; white cotton poplin or linen with color poplin or linen. Gingham, chambray, etc., could also be used alone.

For 13 years $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards chambray 32 inches wide.

1 yard gingham 32 inches wide. This dress is smart for girls 8 to 15 years.



3113

3086

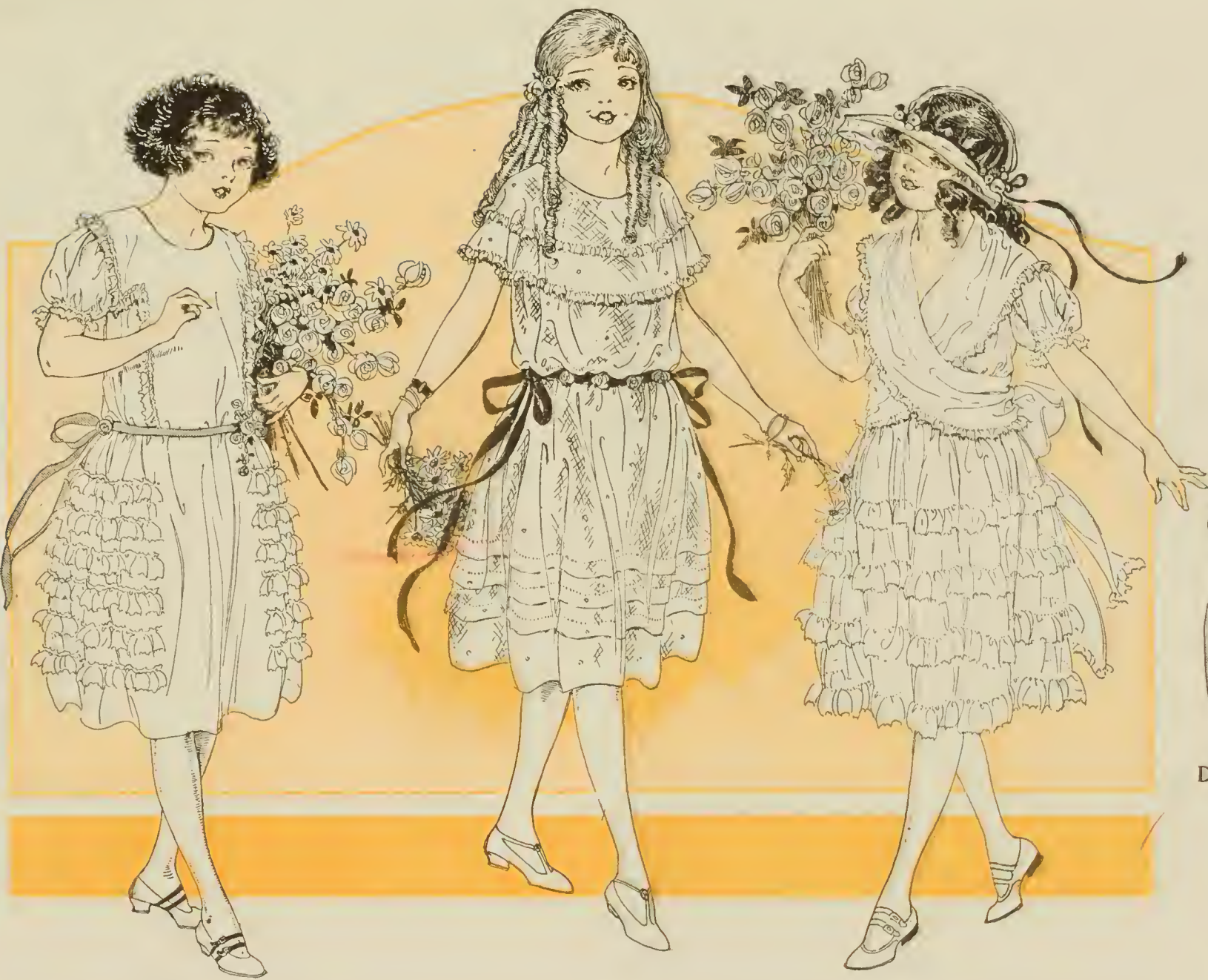
3100

3116

3094



Dress 3071
Emb. design 10627



Dress 3060

Dress 3062

Dress 3077



Dress 3090



Dress 3045

RUFFLES AND TUCKS FOR PARTY FROCKS, AND SMART COLLARS AND PRETTY YOKE EFFECTS FOR OTHERS, BUT FULNESS FOR ALL

3071—10627—Along with one's first efforts in walking one might just as well keep in step with fashion. This little round-yoke dress with its pretty, free flare is very dainty. The dress can have a straight lower edge with the fulness arranged in an inverted plait beneath the arm or a gored underarm seam can be used. For an older child the waistline can be marked at either Empire height or French depth. Use nainsook, lawn, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, flouncing, mull or handkerchief linen. The flowers on the yoke are worked in eyelets and satin-stitch embroidery.

For 2 years $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard batiste 36 inches wide.
This dress is pretty for children $\frac{1}{2}$ to 3 years; also for infants.

3060—Perhaps she is to graduate or maybe she's going to be a flower-girl at her big sister's wedding, but in any case the ruffled frock is the prettiest for very special occasions and a style that is very simple for mother to make. On this straight skirt which is sewed to the waist at the normal line the ruffles are only used at the sides. The puff sleeves are very youthful and soft in effect. Use cotton voile, organdy, batiste, swiss, Georgette, point d'esprit, crêpe de Chine and taffeta for dresses of this type.

For 12 years $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide.
This dress is lovely for girls 8 to 15 years.

3062—Not one but two deep bertha collars are your daughter's share of good luck if she chooses this very simple but lovely frock for parties and such affairs. The waist is very soft and it is joined to the straight skirt at a rather low line. A cluster of tucks trims the skirt. Net, Georgette, cotton voile, swiss, batiste, organdy, crêpe de Chine and taffeta are the prettiest materials for this type of dress and ribbon can be used for the sash.

For 14 years $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of point d'esprit 40 inches wide.
This dress is pretty for girls 8 to 15 years.

3077—At the garden party one might be taken for one of the flowers when she makes her appearance in this ruffled frock of organdy. The fichu collar is very soft and in keeping with the quaintness of the puff sleeve. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal line. Use organdy, swiss, cotton voile, batiste, net, Georgette or taffeta; or combine taffeta with an organdy fichu; fancy voile with plain organdy; colored cottons with white; or make the waist of net and the skirt of lace flouncing.

For 13 years $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards organdy 40 inches wide.
This dress is lovely for girls 6 to 15 years.

3090—Contrary Mary in this season of the lowered waistline chooses the Empire line but makes the frock so charming that no one will say her nay. The dress slips over the head and has the rather full, straight skirt sewed to a plain body. The smart scalloped outline is used at the lower edge and the becoming collar ties in a sash at the back. Use gingham, cotton poplin, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton prints, cotton homespun, pongee or taffeta.

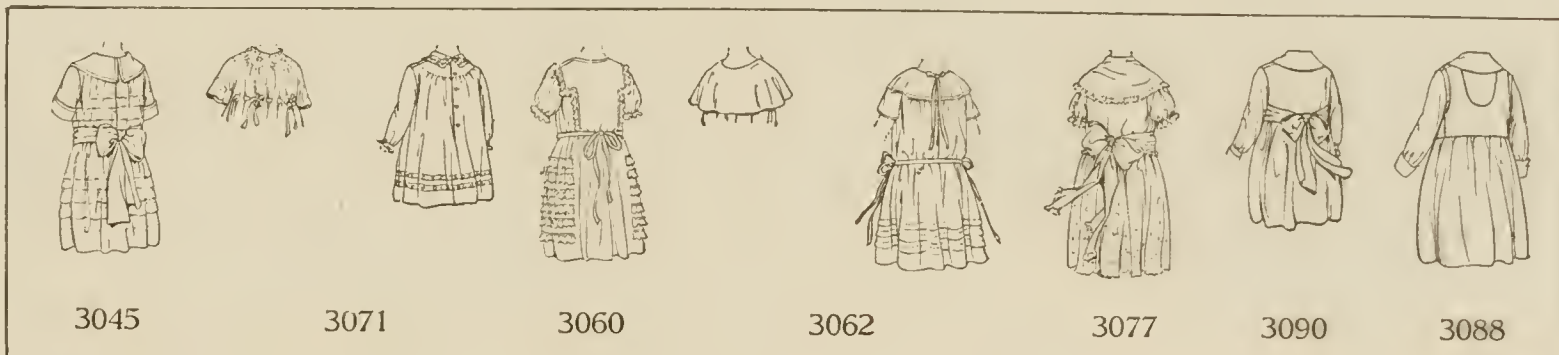
For 7 years $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard striped chambray 32 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard lawn 32 inches wide.
This dress is good for girls 3 to 10 years.



Dress 3088
Embroidery design 10878

3045—Graduated tucks in the skirt and waist add to the soft effect of a small girl's frock. This dress is very simple to make. The skirt is straight and it is sewed to the waist at the slightly low line, the grace of which the broad ribbon sash accentuates. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, cotton voile, organdy, net, point d'esprit, batiste, swiss and handkerchief linen. A row of hand-stitching above each tuck would be very pretty.

For 11 years $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards batiste 36 inches wide.
This dress is pretty for girls 6 to 15 years.



3045

3071

3060

3062

3077

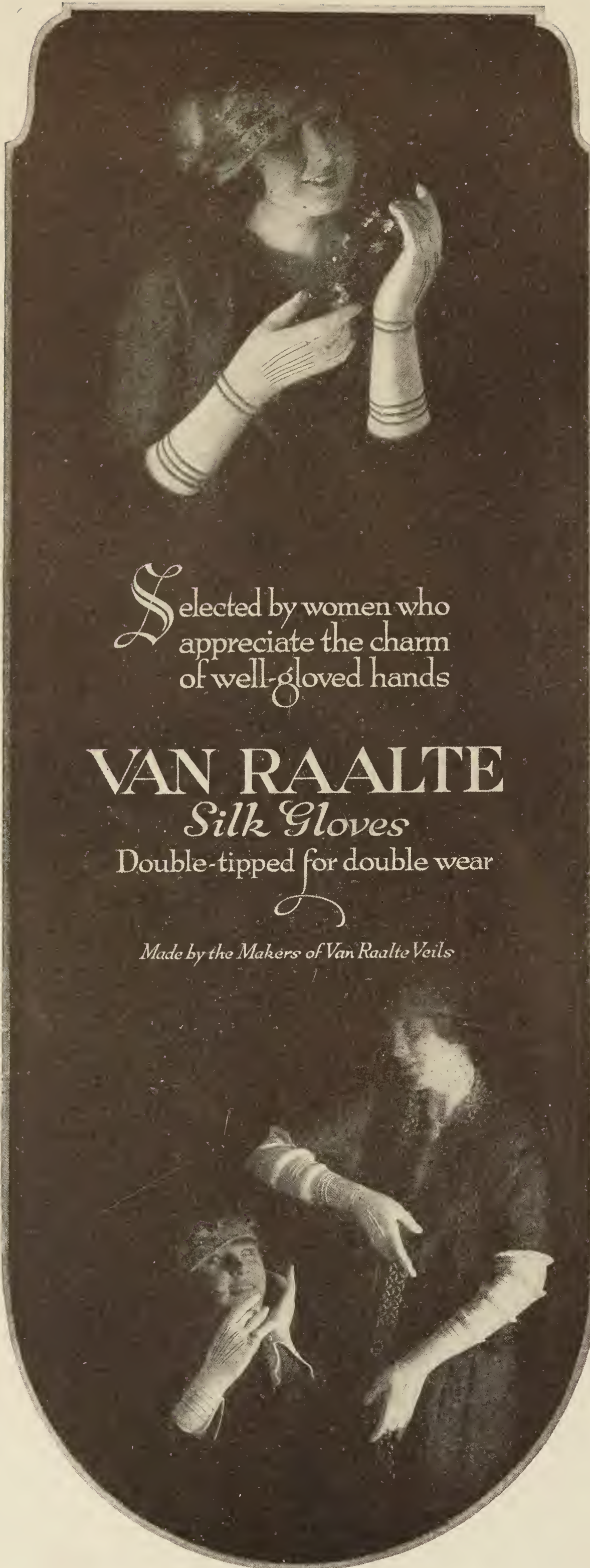
3090

3088

3088—10878—The possibility of a freshening change of blouses is always welcomed. In this dress the straight skirt is joined to the slip-over jumper at the normal line and the blouse is separate. Use chambray, gingham, linen-finished cottons, cotton voile or pongee with a blouse of lawn, nainsook or batiste. The hand-work can be carried out in cross-stitch embroidery.

For 12 years $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards checked gingham 32 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard nainsook 36 inches wide.

This dress is smart for girls 6 to 15 years.



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Bathing-suit 3109
Embroidery design
10890



Bathing-suit and cap 3114

Bathing-suit and cap 3104 Bathing-suit and cap 3101

THE NEW BATHING-SUITS LAUGH AT THE "DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER" ADMONITION

3109—10890—These very full bloomers which are sewed to the body at the low waist-line dispense with the need of a skirt. The suit closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. Use surf satin, surf taffeta, heavy silk crêpe, silk poplin, stripes, checks, gingham and galatea. The cherries can be worked in appliqué embroidery.

For 36 bust 4 yards surf satin 36 inches wide.

This bathing-suit is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3101—An interesting version of the one-piece type of suit demanded by the swimmer is this slip-over tucked blouse with its becoming round collar. There are separate bloomers and a handkerchief cap, too. Surf satin, surf taffeta, heavy silk crêpe, silk jersey, galatea and brilliantine are the best fabrics to use.

For 36 bust $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards taffeta 36 inches wide.

This bathing-suit is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also pretty for misses.

3104—A charming way of making one of these new gingham bathing-suits is in this youthful, rather long-bodied fashion. The slip-over blouse has a straight skirt and the knickers are separate. The cap is very new and can match the suit of surf satin, taffeta, silk poplin, stripes, checks, gingham, galatea, silk jersey, wool jersey or surf velvet.

For 36 bust $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards gingham 27 inches wide with cap cut crosswise.

This bathing-suit is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3114—One can do so much with these simple little suits. Made with a slip-over blouse and separate knickers this model has the flat collar with its lacing below as its new note. Use surf satin, surf taffeta, surf velvet, silk poplin, heavy silk crêpe, stripes, checks, silk jersey, wool jersey, brilliantine, gingham or galatea.

For 36 bust 4 yards striped galatea 32 inches wide.

This bathing-suit is good for ladies 34 to 46 bust; it is also good for misses and girls.



SEWING THAT YOU CAN PICK UP IN
YOUR IDLE MOMENTS

3097-10833—As free as the bird on her finger is this small girl who wears this dainty little slip-over frock slashed up the sides. The frilly little bloomers which make their appearance below the frock are separate. It is a very comfortable little garment for the active child. Use gingham, chambray, linen-finished cottons, piqué, Japanese crêpe, pongee and taffeta. The chicks which will delight any youngster can be very easily worked in appliqué embroidery.

For 4 years $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide.
This dress is pretty for little girls 2 to 10 years.



Dress 3097
Embroidery
design
10833

3081—Sunbonnets and gingham have a charm all their own and are becoming to little and big girls alike. A very simple apron is cut in kimono fashion and trimmed with a broad sash and flat collar and cuffs of white. It slips over the head. The sunbonnet is excellent for the beach or garden and is very picturesque besides. Use chambray, gingham, seersucker, percale, chintz, lawn, dimity, batiste, cotton voile and cotton crêpe.

For 12 years $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards gingham 32 inches wide.
This apron and sunbonnet are pretty for girls 2 to 18 years.



Apron and
sunbonnet
3081

3092—Softly belted with a narrow ribbon sash that slips through the slashes this very simple kimono would be pretty in crêpe de Chine, wash silk, silk mull, silk-and-cotton crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, figured silks, cotton crêpe, cotton voile and dotted swiss. It could also be finished in dressing-sack length.

For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.
This kimono or dressing-sack is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Kimono or dressing-sack 3092

3098—Aprons these days are such very satisfactory affairs, for besides seeing their duty and performing it in a very capable manner they add so to the attractiveness of one's appearance. This plain body type with its gathered skirt and big sash is very pretty and does not require very much material. The crossing of the straps at the back prevents them from slipping off the shoulders. Aprons of this type are made of gingham, chambray, seersucker, percale, cotton crêpe and chintz.

For 36 bust $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards chambray 32 inches wide.

This apron is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Apron 3098



3092



3092



3081



3097



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In black kid
combination
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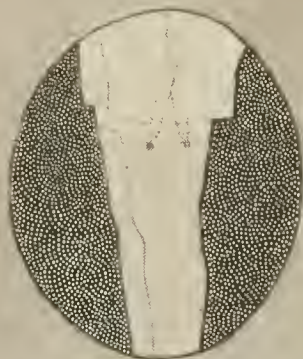
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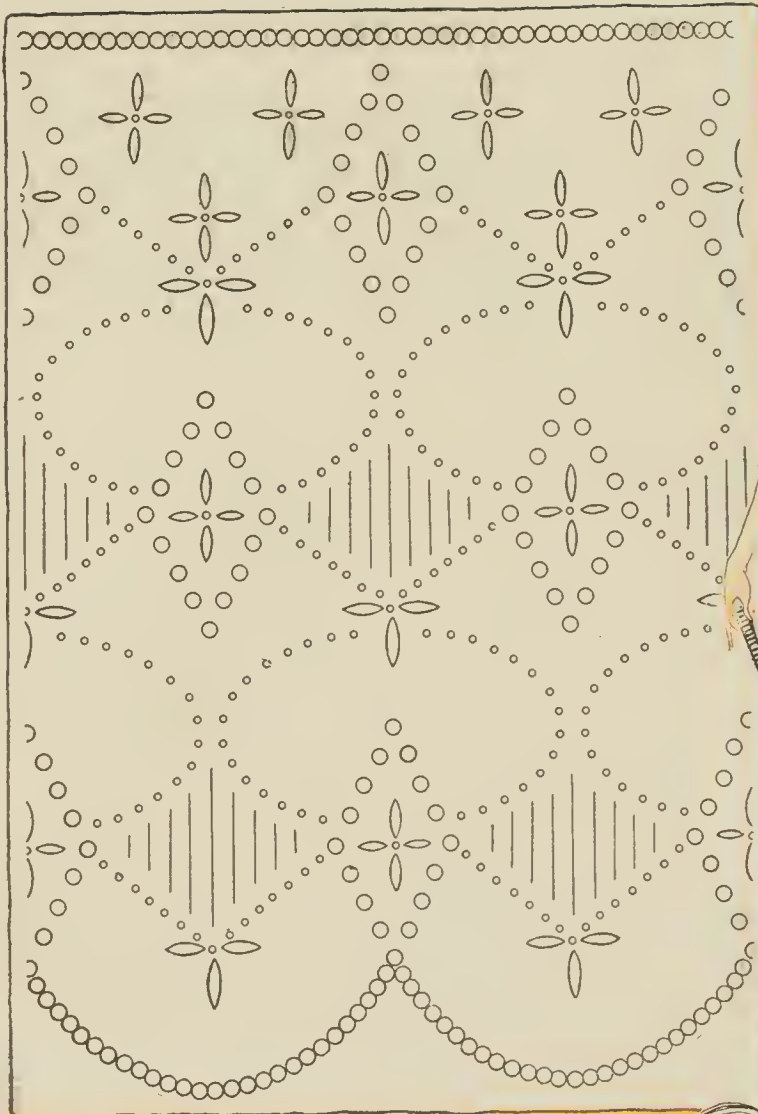
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Embroidery design 10894

10895—The appearance of Summer frocks upon the scene would naturally stimulate the growth of flowers, if only of the conventionalized type, among the newer costume embroideries. A very pretty version of this trimming is the arrangement of the motifs in the corners of the soft, full tunic of a very smart, yet delightfully simple frock such as 3019. This dress has the normal waistline accentuated by a wide sash and other motifs similar to those used at the corners are scattered over the tunic and waist. Small beads or French knots combined with bugle beads or one-stitch could be used for these motifs which are suitable for skirts, blouses and hats as well as frocks. The design can be adapted to $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards banding $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide, 4 motifs $16 \times 10\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 6 motifs $3\frac{3}{8} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 8 motifs $6\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 4 motifs $7\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



Dress 3019



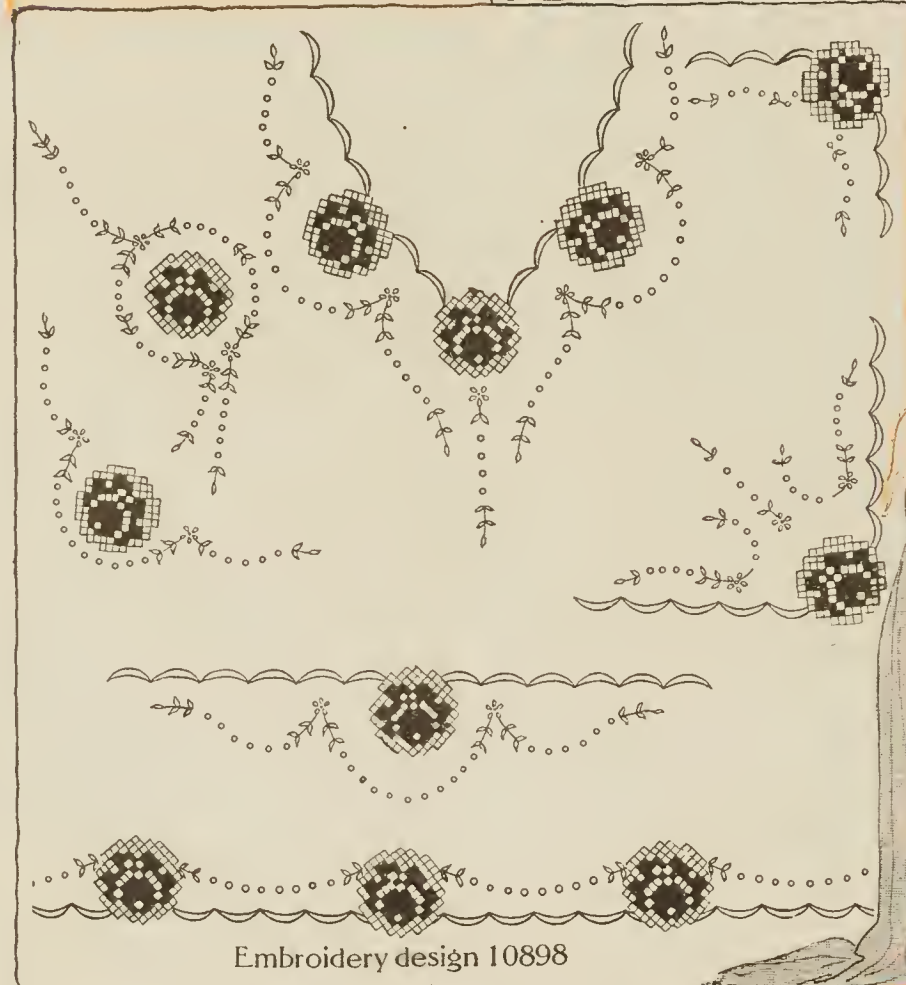
Dress 3087

EMBROIDERY WILL OUT OR SEEN THROUGH ON THE VERY

10894—Paris predicts that all frocks seen through the new eyelet embroidery will be very smart. This new costume embroidery is effective on many kinds of dress fabrics, but it is particularly lovely on the dainty lingerie materials and many of the soft Summer silks. The eyelet work has outline-stitch combined with it and, if you prefer, satin-stitch could be substituted for the eyelets. Beads could be used in place of the smaller eyelets. This type of embroidery used in all-over effect brings out the smart lines of the tunic of a charming slip-over frock such as 3087. It is also repeated at the bottom of the graceful peasant sleeve. This design can be used on blouses, skirts and other costumes as well as on frocks. It can be adapted to $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards banding 30 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards banding $\frac{3}{8}$ inch wide and 24 motifs.



Embroidery design 10895



Embroidery design 10898



Camisole 2871; drawers 2858

10898—Filet medallions and flowerlike sprays form an exquisite combination of handwork of the type that the French use on their finest lingerie. A slip-over camisole such as 2871 and the new one-piece step-in drawers such as 2858 are the simply constructed type of garments that this lovely work is usually seen on. They are very easy to make and are very lovely and fine in effect when trimmed with this kind of work. The handwork itself though beautiful is very simple. The sprays are worked in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming, lazy-daisy stitch and outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard fancy scallops 2 inches wide, 1 V-neck outline, 1 straight neck outline, 2 motifs $9\frac{7}{8} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$ inches and 9 corners in 3 assorted designs.

WHETHER ON THE FROCK
SOME TRANSPARENCY
NEW LINGERIE

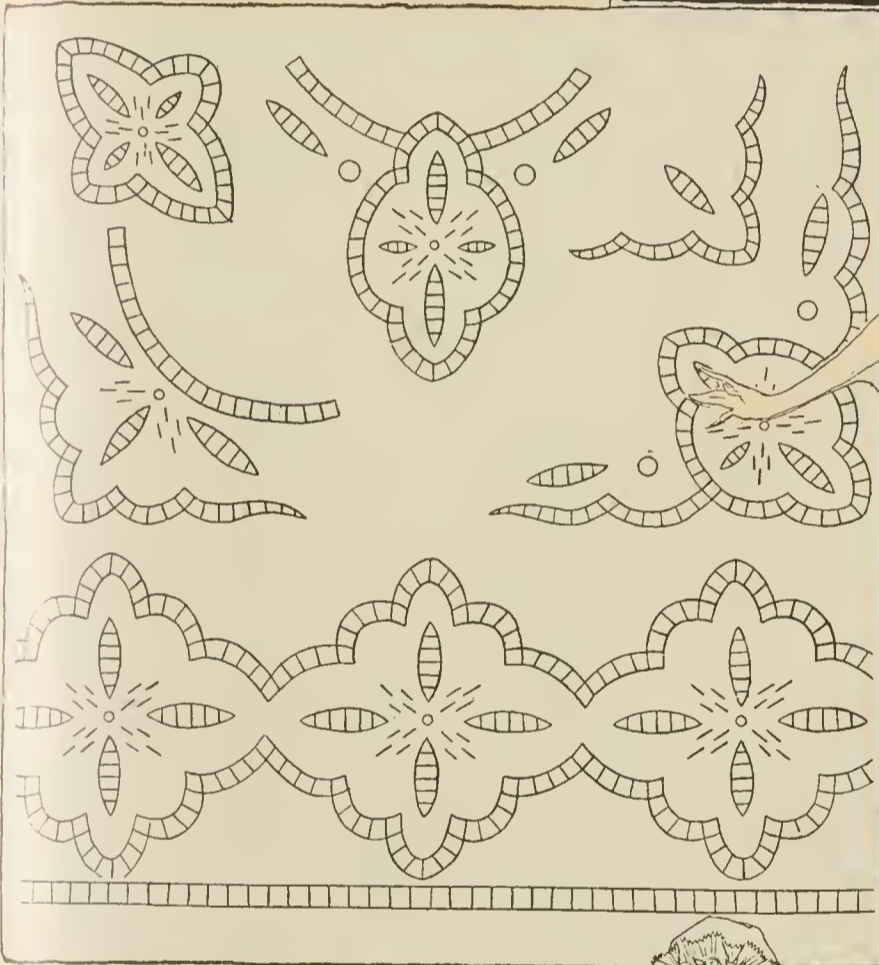
10899—The embroidery needle has a trick of covering a great deal of fashionable ground in very short order and one-stitch is the way it does it. This very simple type of embroidery can be worked out in some effective designs that are also smart in their boldness. It can be arranged in separate motifs or in banding. The latter is unusually pretty used just above the hem on a rather full skirt of a delightful Summer frock such as 3017. These very simple frocks with their soft-draped waists and huge sashes need a touch of hand-work to bring out their distinctiveness. This one-stitch embroidery is also seen on blouses, revers, collars and hats. The design can be adapted to $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards banding 6 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards banding $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, 6 motifs $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 6 motifs $11\frac{5}{8} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ inches and 6 motifs $8\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



Dress 3017



Embroidery design 10899



Embroidery design 10897



Blouse 3023
Skirt 2170

10897—It's quite apparent that the Parisienne wants you to understand her new hand-work, for besides introducing eyelets and drawn-work she suggests another costume trimming—the new cut-work. A blouse draped in waistcoat effect, such as 3023, worn with one of the straight side or accordion-plaited skirts, such as 2170, makes a very smart Summer costume and the distinctive trimming on the blouse gives just the necessary touch. Underneath much of this cut-work and eyelet embroidery a fabric of contrasting color is often seen. This design could also be worked in one-stitch or outline embroidery which are both effective. It can be adapted to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding that is 8 inches wide, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of banding $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, 9 motifs $6 \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 6 corners 9×11 inches, 6 corners $4\frac{3}{4} \times 4\frac{7}{8}$ inches, 2 neck outlines.

10896—The French do amazing things with their needles when it is the costume to be trimmed, but for one's personal lingerie they cling to the dainty flower sprays which are very simple and lovely. Embroidery of this kind is worked in French knots, lazy-daisy and outline embroidery and it is used on children's clothes and household linens as well as on lingerie. On a simply constructed nightgown, such as 2531, which has the fulness drawn up on a ribbon at the Empire line, the quaint basket-motif is a pretty touch and a daintily ruffled boudoir cap, such as 2040, completes the charming effect. This design can be adapted to three widths of fancy scallops, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches wide, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, 8 corners, 53 assorted motifs.



Nightgown 2531; cap 2040



Embroidery design 10896



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Brassieres
that Beautify

FASHIONABLE women prefer De Bevoise Brassieres for the stylish figure lines they emphasize.

Women who love pretty undergarments appreciate the dainty materials and trimmings that look so well under sheer blouses.

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Send for our illustrated booklet. It will help you to choose at your favorite shop the De Bevoise style that best suits your figure.

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World's Oldest and Largest
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for the "debb-e-voice."
INSIST on this label

DeBevoise
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ORIGINAL-BEST



"Onyx" Hosiery

for Sportswear

Light weight Sport Hose in Silk, Lisle, Fibre, Wool and Mixed Fabrics for Summer Wear.

Ask for our "No. P 60"

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.

Sole owners and wholesale distributors
NEW YORK



OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 76, 77, 78, 79 AND 80

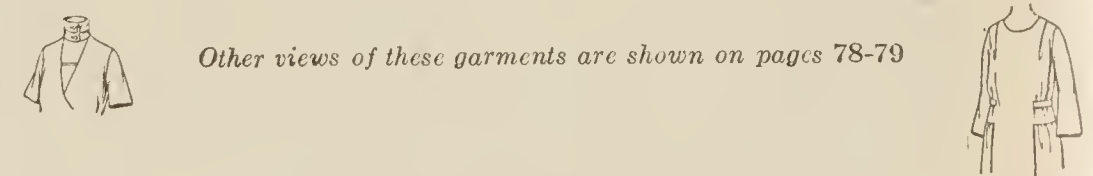
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 76-77



3017 3068 3019 3036



3034 3032 3091 3028 3072



3089 3022 3030 3078 3026



3082 3110 3074 3087



3105 3107 3083 3103 3099

Other views of these garments are shown on page 80

Let Your Hair Look Its Best ALL the Time.

"HOW lovely your hair looks this evening!"

Of course you're pleased—we all love compliments—but why shouldn't it look lovely all the time?

It really takes very little longer to arrange your hair in one of the becoming styles in vogue at the moment and if you protect it with a Fashionette, it will keep so trim you won't need to touch it again all the rest of the day.

It makes such a difference with hats, too. Even a Paris chapeau loses its chic over untidy hair, and many a clever girl has discovered that careful attention to her coiffure adds more smartness to her hat than many dollars.

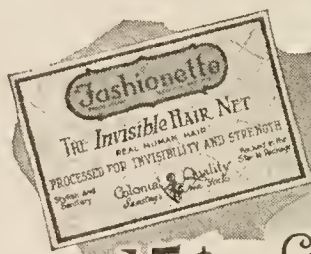
Fashionette Hair Nets match every shade of hair and they are made in shapes that preserve the naturalness of every style of hair dressing.

Fashionette Hair Nets are sold in department stores, specialty shops, and good drug stores, everywhere. Usual shades 15c each; white or grey 30c.

Buy them by the dozen

Send for Colonial Quality Booklet.
SAMSTAG'S, 1200 Broadway, N.Y.

Fashionette Invisible HAIR NETS



15¢

Colonial Quality Samstag's New York

Be a Nurse Learn at Home

If over 18 and under 55 you can become a successful nurse through the famous CHICAGO system of Home Training. Thousands of successful graduates in last 22 years.

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Entire tuition fees often earned in few weeks. Earn while you learn. Lessons simple, practical and interesting. Splendid for Practical Nurses. Hospital experience if desired. Low tuition fees. Easy terms. Authorized diploma. School chartered by State of Illinois. Write to-day for catalogue, sample lesson pages, and Trial Study with Money-Back Guarantee. Address CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Department 66, 421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh — Youthful Looking



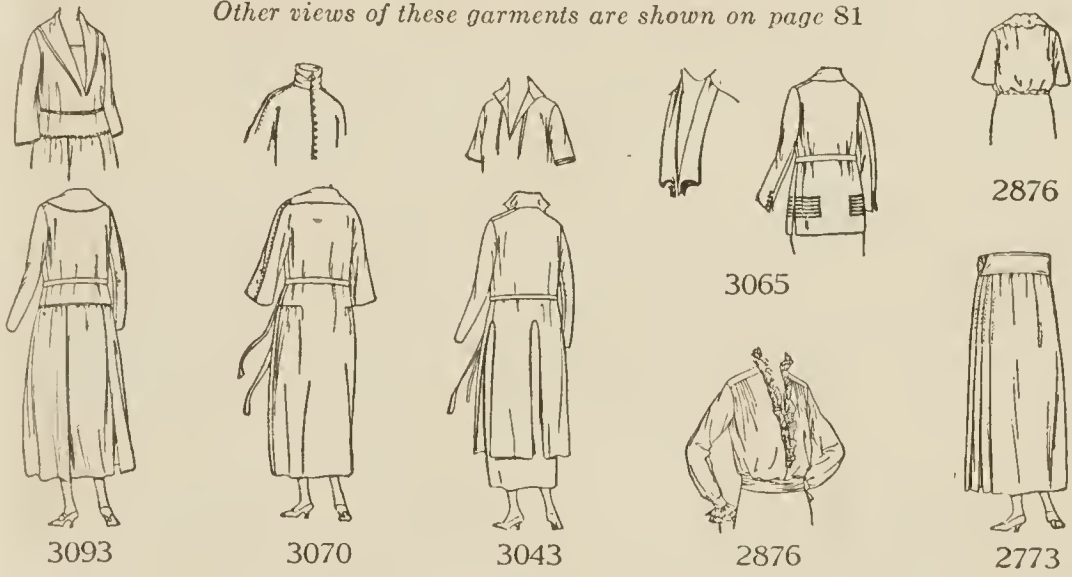
To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

Powdered SAXOLITE

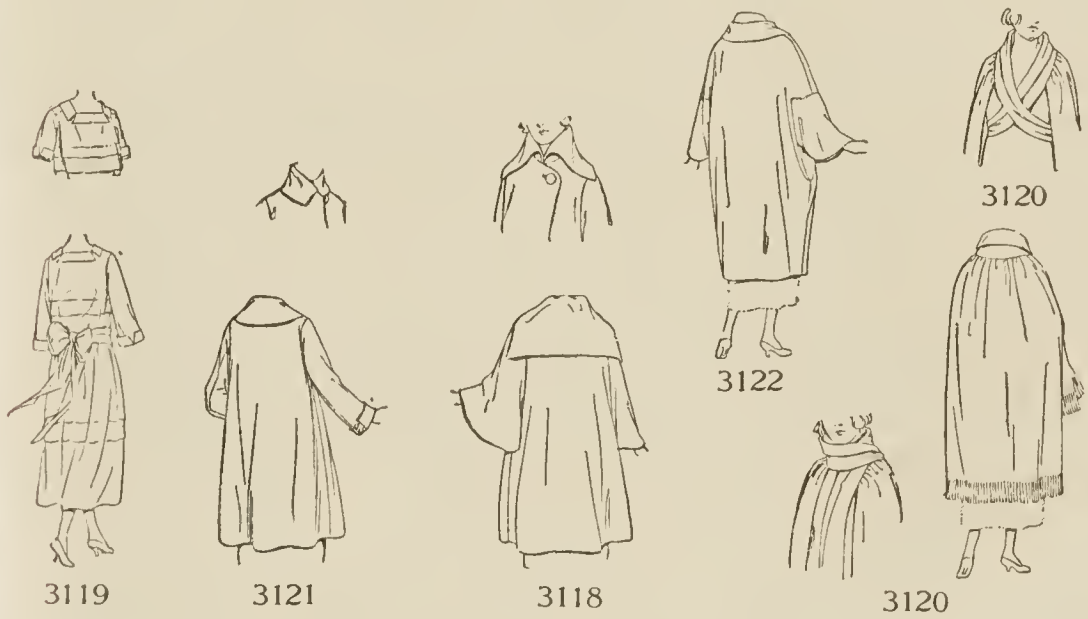
Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. At drug and department stores.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 81, 82, 83, 86 AND 87

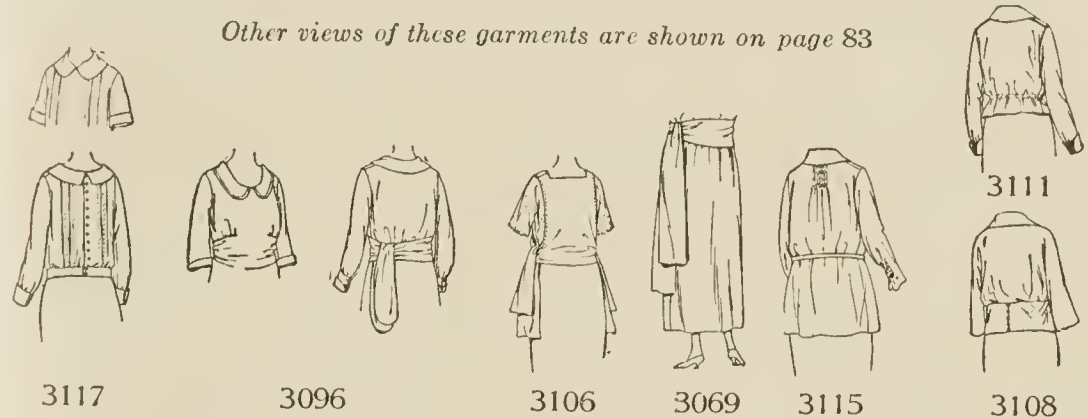
Other views of these garments are shown on page 81



Other views of these garments are shown on page 82



Other views of these garments are shown on page 83



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 86-87



REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. **Maline** KNIT UNDERWEAR

Maline—the Popular Knit Underwear

IF the name "Maline" is on your knit underwear or the children's, you may be sure of the excellent quality yarn used; the slim, well-cut lines that permit no bunchiness; the flatlock seams, the carefully tailored finish, and the wonderful coolness that makes Maline underwear so popular.

Maline Knit Underwear is noted for its special features—the vests and union suits with the "StaUp" shoulder straps placed just right so that they neither slip off the shoulders nor show up close at the neck, and the special elastic finishing stitch at the bottom of the vest that will not break and allow the material to ravel. The union suits are made in both open and closed styles—some with strictly tailored tops, others a bit more elaborate.

Then for children, there are soft little vests and union suits, made of the same excellent yarns and just as carefully cut and finished as those for grown-ups.

If your local store cannot supply you with just the Maline Underwear you want, write us direct.

THE MALINE MILLS, Dept. 3-F, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



THE Summer Girl owes much of her charm to lustrous, abundant hair, and the surest way to hair-health and beauty is to use

CANTHROX SHAMPOO

which is so very easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who want to bring out the lustre, color and waviness that are natural to their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt, and gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

For Sale at all Drug Stores
No Good Hair Wash Costs Less

One reason for the great popularity of Canthrox is that it requires so little trouble and time to use it. You just apply the fragrant, invigorating lather thickly, rub thoroughly into the hair and scalp, rinse out carefully with clear warm water, after which it dries very quickly and easily.

Free Trial Offer You ought, at least, to try Canthrox since to prove its merits and to show that in all ways it is the most satisfactory hair cleanser, we send a perfect shampoo to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 221, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.



Casserole of Lamb

2 lbs. breast or shoulder of lamb
 2 cups diced potatoes
 2 cups diced carrots
 1 small onion, chopped
 1 cup canned tomatoes
 Seasoning

Cut lamb in small pieces, roll in flour, and brown well in hot fat with the onion.

Put in well-greased casserole with the tomatoes and 1 cup hot water. Bake 2 hours, replenishing water from time to time.

Add potatoes and carrots and bake ¾ hour longer. Thicken the gravy and serve very hot, with fresh baking powder biscuits.

Lambs are coming to market

Lambs are now coming to market. If you haven't been using this savory and tender meat as much as it deserves to be used, now is the time to eat more of it.

Lamb is a light meat, ideal for summer and fall. Although many people seem to think that only rib chops and leg of lamb have the delicious quality for which lamb is famous, there are other cuts which are just as delicious and just as nutritious—cuts which can be obtained at lower prices because some housewives overlook them.

The shoulder, for instance, ordinarily sells for less than the better-known cuts. From it your butcher can cut for you excellent chops, a roast, or stew, as your fancy dictates.

Breast of lamb is also frequently overlooked, although when it is stuffed and roasted, or braised, it is a great delicacy.

If you have not been using these and other savory and tender cuts of lamb to give agreeable variety to warm weather meals, now is the time to do so.

Like the price of meats in general, the price of lamb depends upon supply and demand.

In summer the supply is generally good, and in many localities the demand for certain cuts is not very strong. Wherever this is the case, you will find that the less-known cuts are decidedly cheaper

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 40,000 shareholders



GOOD-LOOKING CLOTHES FOR THE SMALL

BOY'S ACTIVE SUMMER DAYS

3079—The long belted blouse with the short straight trousers beneath is a new and good-looking style suit for a little boy. The construction is very simple and such that the little boy can easily put the suit on and take it off himself. Suits of this type are made of chambray, linen, pongee, cotton, gabardine, cotton poplin and piqué, and are often trimmed with collars and cuffs of contrasting material.

For 5-year size 2 yards chambray 32 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting chambray 32 inches wide.

This suit is very good for little boys 2 to 7 years.



Suit 3079



Suit 3075
 Embroidery design 10656

3037—Little suits planned for contrasting fabrics are particularly becoming to the very small boy. A new model has an interesting tab arrangement on the straight trousers and the body and sleeve cut in one. Use linen, madras, galatea, chambray, cotton poplin or shantung; or use dimity with poplin or linen. The latter combination is particularly cool for Summer.

For 4-year size 1¼ yard dimity 32 inches wide and ⅞ yard cotton poplin 36 inches wide.

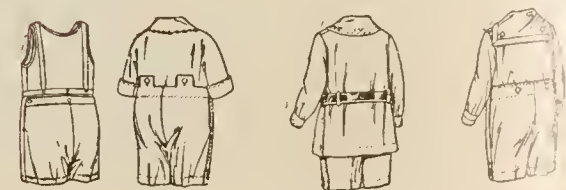
This suit is very good for little boys 2 to 7 years.



Suit 3037



Union Suit 2387



2387 3037 3079 3075

3075—10656—Placing himself in the naval air force this young man wants a special type of sailor suit such as this model with the straight trousers buttoned to the slip-over waist. Galatea can be combined with chambray, madras with repp, dimity with linen and repp with cotton poplin. The waist and collar could be made of galatea, repp or madras and the trousers of serge or gabardine; and repp, chambray, linen, serge, galatea and madras can be used alone. The emblem which is used on the sleeve can be worked up in satin-stitch embroidery.

For 4 years 1½ yard linen 36 inches wide, ¾ yard linen 27 or more inches wide.

This suit is becoming to little boys 2 to 7 years.

2387—Any small boy realizes that he must go in training to grow into a fine man like his father, so he starts with a well-cut union suit that will give him plenty of freedom for his athletic and strenuous life. Boys like this garment because it is comfortable and made just like the older boys' and men's union suits. It is also very simple in its construction. Nainsook, mercerized cotton, cross-bars, linen mesh, white cambric and white muslin are the most practical materials to use.

For 6 years 1½ yard cambric 36 inches wide.

This suit is suitable for boys 2 to 12 years.

Peach Amber

Made from California Blue Ribbon Peaches
(DRIED)



*Peach Amber**

2 cups BLUE RIBBON PEACHES, (softened over night and stewed slowly); 4 tablespoons sugar; 3 tablespoons butter; 2 tablespoons lemon juice; 3 eggs separated; pie pastry; cherries; 2 tablespoons powdered sugar. Line pudding dish with pastry. Rub peaches through sieve, with sugar, butter and lemon juice, stir in yolks of eggs, pour mixture into prepared dish. Bake in moderate oven until pastry is cooked and peach mixture set. Beat whites of eggs to stiff froth, beat in powdered sugar and a few drops lemon juice. Pile meringue on top of pudding, decorate with cherries, place in cool oven to become browned.

DESSERTS made from these high-grade dried peaches give color and attractiveness to your dinner. The fruit is rich in flavor and makes a wonderfully tasty dessert, because it is picked from the trees only when fully ripened and full of sugar.

Simple to prepare and economical, attractive and appetizing, they offer an opportunity to vary the monotony of the daily menu with gratifying results. The more frequent use of dried peaches means the sustaining of good health, for they possess in abundance mineral elements and fruit acids lacking in most foods, but absolutely essential for good red blood and exhilarating health.

The dried peaches sold in sanitary cartons under the "Blue Ribbon Brand" are just like the fresh peaches out in the country except that the water has been removed by natural evaporation in the open sunshine. In this dried form, peaches can be purchased anywhere in the world and at any time of the year. They can be used for fresh fruit in any recipe. Try them. Get BLUE RIBBON PEACHES from your grocer and serve them often.

CALIFORNIA PEACH GROWERS INC.

Main Office Fresno, California
Over 6500 Members

Address Dept. I for
a free recipe booklet
by Marion Harris
Neil.

Peach Chocolate Layer Cake

1/2 cup butter; 1 1/2 cups sugar; 2/3 cup milk; 2 squares chocolate, unsweetened; 2 cups flour; 1/2 teaspoon baking soda; 1 teaspoon cream of tartar; 1/4 teaspoon salt; 3 eggs separated; 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. PEACH FILLING: 1 egg; 3/4 cup sugar; 1/4 cup butter; 2 lemons; 1 cup BLUE RIBBON PEACHES, softened.

For cake, beat butter and sugar till creamy, add milk, chocolate, melted; flour sifted with soda, cream of tartar and salt; add vanilla and fold in whites stiffly beaten. Mix carefully and bake in two layers. Cool and put together with filling made as follows: Into a small saucepan put the three yolks of eggs, add whole egg, stir in sugar, add butter, grated rinds and strained juice of lemons and stir over hot water till thick. Then add peaches which have been rubbed through a sieve. Mix well and cool before using.

If desired, this cake can be frosted and decorated with halves of softened and sweetened Blue Ribbon peaches.

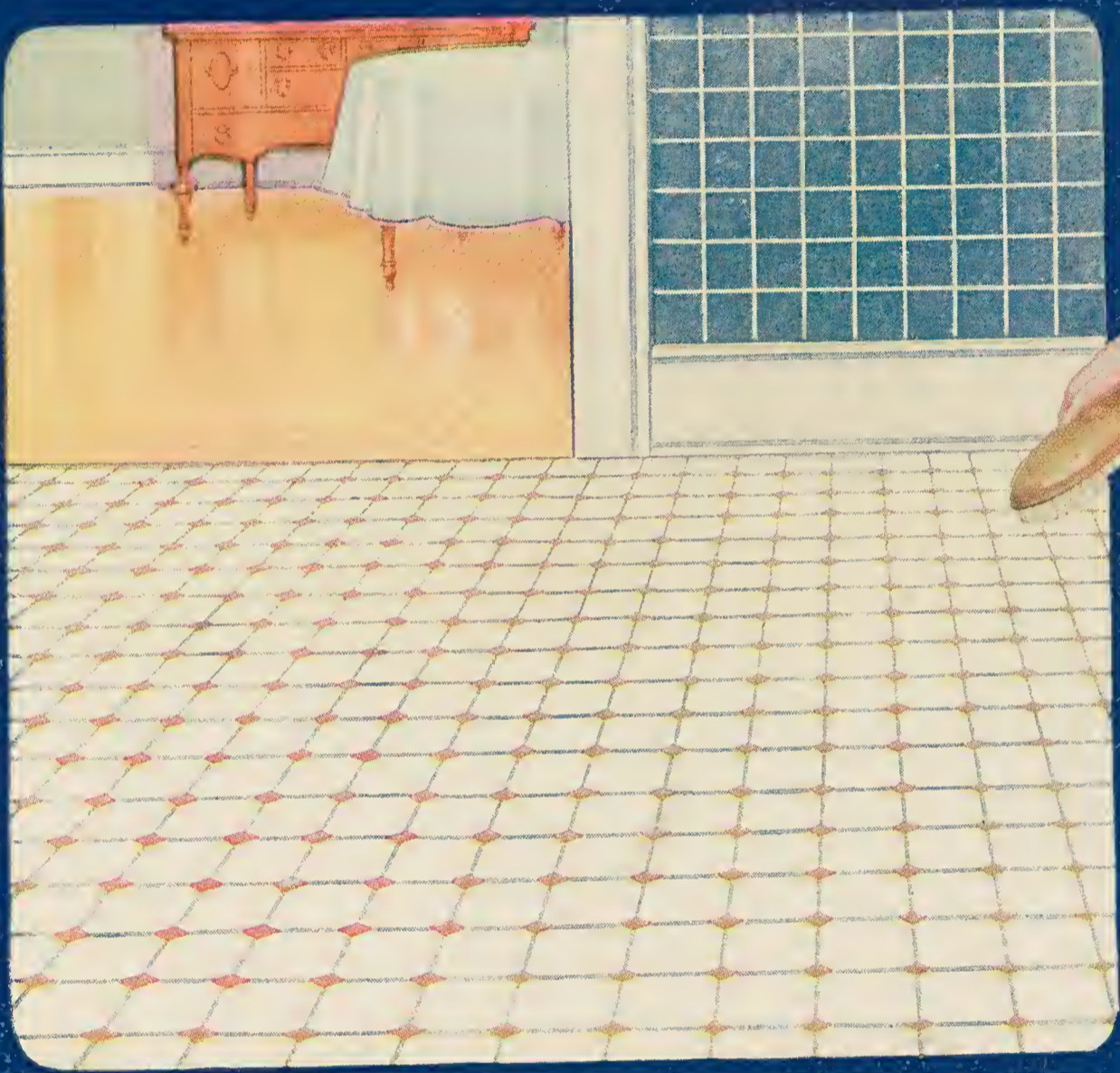
Blue Ribbon Peach Cobbler

3 cups BLUE RIBBON PEACHES, (softened over night and stewed slowly); 2 cups sugar; flavoring; butter; flaky pie crust.

Put sugar into saucepan, add 3 cupfuls of water in which peaches were softened, boil for 10 minutes, pour over softened peaches and allow to cool. Flavor to taste. Line sides of large, deep pudding dish with pastry. Put in peaches, dot top with tiny pieces of butter. Cover with pastry, brush over with beaten egg and slash center crosswise. Bake until paste is browned. Serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.



Easy and Efficient



Old Dutch Cleanser makes scrubbing easy. Does more and better work; saves time and labor. Cannot roughen or redden the hands. The quality insures economy.

THE DELINEATOR

JULY 1921



E. N. Donaldson

His First Love

BEGINNING ARNOLD BENNETT'S GREAT NOVEL, "MR. PROHACK"

AN IMPORTANT COLLECTION OF NEW SUMMER FASHIONS

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CENTS THE COPY

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

\$2.50 A YEAR
\$3.00 IN CANADA

BLABON ART Linoleums

Beauty lies in this sleeping-porch

In perfect harmony with the tasteful furnishings this Blabon floor of plain green linoleum lends its restful tone. And the Blabon floor in the dressing-room shown here is a charming carpet inlaid linoleum (pattern 615) that adds a cheery note to the boudoir.

Blabon floors are in good taste for any room—upstairs or down. Their sanitary work-saving features also make a strong appeal to the housewife. The smooth surface of Blabon linoleum is easy to keep clean through merely a light regular going-over with a damp cloth or mop. It makes housework easier.

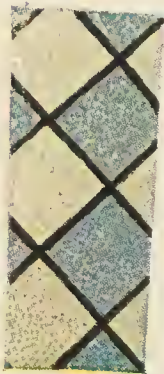
When used as a background for fabric rugs, the rugs may be removed for the summer, and saved from wear till fall; and you will have beautiful floors that give a cool refreshing atmosphere to the house.

For genuine linoleum look for the name Blabon. Write for illustrated booklet.

The George W. Blabon Company Philadelphia
Established 70 years



For Sleeping Porch

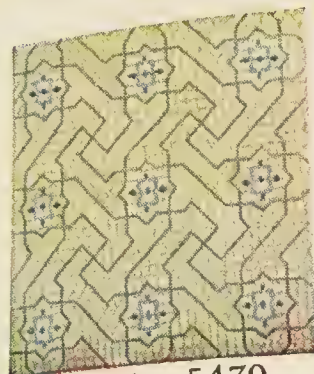


300 (Inlaid)



413 (Inlaid)

For Bed Room



Matting 5470 (Printed)



5300 (Printed)



Look for this label on all Blabon Art Linoleums

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum have the soft rich colorings of costlier rugs at a fraction of their cost. Mothproof, sanitary, durable. Ask your dealer.

Important Notice: Floor coverings (including rugs) made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum, and to describe, advertise or sell them as linoleum is a violation of the law. Felt paper floor coverings have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge.



THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME XCVIII JULY 1921 NUMBER SIX

Mrs. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

JAMES EATON TOWER Managing Editor



YOUR BOY AND THE FOURTH

WE HAVE been thinking about the Fourth of July—and what we shall say to our boy on that day. We turned to a few well-known Americans for guidance. They are parents, these Americans, and leaders in their walks of life. First, we saw a minister whose oratory and books have made him a name and a small fortune. He would advise his children to approach the day with reverence, to consider the blessings of this country and our obligation to the rest of the world—and, he concluded, we must bring disarmament and spread the word of God among the heathen.

He talked for half an hour and then said: "That is not what you wanted me to say, is it?"

It was not what we wanted, but it is what most of us get—on the Fourth of July. And if we were that minister's child, we would know what to do when the sermon ended.

We should take the advice of a famous statesman, who, when we asked him also what he would tell his children on the Fourth of July, said:

"Tell them to read the Declaration of Independence—and then go fishing."

We asked a number of other public-spirited men the same question.

Most of them drew a long breath, came to the soap-box attitude and delivered the stereotyped Fourth of July "Give me liberty or give me death" oration. They spoke without serious thought or deep feeling.

ONE HONEST ANSWER

AND then we entered the office of Theodore Roosevelt, Acting Secretary of the Navy, and we repeated our question.

Colonel Ted had been giving a political handshake and a public-man's smile to the public—but my question struck the political mask from his face. Very seriously he said:

"I am going to try to talk to my children as my father used to talk to us. I've got to do some thinking for myself first.

"We are the future of our forefathers. We are the people of whom they were thinking when they framed the Declaration.

"If it means anything to us at all, we should live the Fourth of July in the spirit in which it was created. There are a lot of things we can worry about to-day—pressing problems.

"But for one day we should give serious thought to the protection of our children's children, and weigh the things we are doing to-day in their effects upon the generations to come when we shall have been forgotten."

An echo of T. R.

In the midst of all the mouthings, the chattering of unthinking people, how many of us are thinking of the future, and the destiny we are creating for our children's children?

A HIGH-SCHOOL boy wrote the following composition on the subject "The Washington Monument." Franklin K. Lane, formerly Secretary of the Interior and also one of America's most distinguished writers, says he wishes he might have written it. Its strength and its simplicity make it worthy of reprint.

"The Washington monument is built of stones contributed by the nations of the earth to honor the founder of this Republic. In its shadow it looks like a finger pointing to the stars. From Arlington, where they bury men who die for America, it looks like a giant spike God might have driven into the earth and said: 'Here I stake a claim for the home of liberty.'"

INDEPENDENCE DAY

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Assistant Secretary of the Navy

THE Fourth of July is our great national celebration. Around it center the body of traditional ideals for which our country stands. Traditions are splendid things for countries or for individuals only if they are translated into living aspirations. We have all seen men or women who spend their entire time boasting of their ancestors. This amounts to nothing and those who do it are entirely useless. In the same way the country which looks back on its traditions and does not attempt to turn them into action for the present or for the future is dying of dry rot. When we celebrate our national holiday, we should try to make it stand out to ourselves and our children in vivid terms of the present day. We should try to make it more concrete. We should try to translate our high thought into high action. The obligation laid upon us by our forebears when they promulgated the Declaration of Independence is not merely to praise and revere them for so doing but really to see that their doctrines of democracy, justice and equal opportunity are continued, that the great work which they set under way is carried to a successful conclusion. Nine-tenths of Righteousness is good acts, not good thoughts.

MAIN STREET'S OTHER SIDE

WE HAVE at least one trait in common with the English. We don't care what is said about us. We are unmoved even by what our own people say about us. We are the most tolerant people on the globe, but we turn the virtue of patience into the voice of disloyalty. We not only tolerate criticisms, we accept them as true.

But though it is seldom that a hand lifts the mirror before our eyes in this morning hour of the New World, there are, thank God, men and women who understand the true meaning of America. There are wise men from afar who see our destiny.

Europe and the Orient, India and the Near East, are old. They have labored a long time—through centuries of little science and slow development. They have now put on their spectacles and settled down in dignity and Sunday clothes to contemplate the world with philosophic maturity, if not settled old age, this medley of events we call the world.

America is young. She is virile and full of energy. She is building her home. She knows hard work, but she dreams! And the big majority of us live, not in the big cities, but in the country and in the small towns. We count in our number the woman who sells butter and eggs to send her boys and girls to college, and the store clerk who, while he sells cabbage slips, dreams a dream for his boy, and helps it to come true.

Old Doctor Mayo, who worried about the fuel bill for the log-cabin school-house, had two boys born in a cabin. They are now the famous Mayos, of Rochester, Minnesota. Their hospital is a mecca for sick people from all parts of the world. They saw the great American vision from an American village.

And there are all those Presidents of the United States born on farms or in small towns, and that host of authors—Mark Twain, Gene Field, O. Henry, Longfellow, and many others—who as boys played on village streets. In "Who's Who in America" there are many people who go back to the small town to vote. These leaders leaven the great mass that is America—and if we could not believe it worthy of the leaven, the hope of the world would be dead.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 28

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MADAME CURIE—THROUGH FRENCH EYES

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor-in-chief of the "Matin," Paris

SHOULD any one want to write the story of Madame Curie's life, it would have to begin just as the old fairy-tales do:

"Once upon a time, in a large town of Poland (Warsaw), there was a little pupil on whom had been showered every intellectual gift, but who was very poor. An old fairy, who had been neglected at the christening, avenged herself by refusing to endow the child with riches. . . ."

Very soon, however, the fairy-tale would change into a simple, very touching story—a story of our own times. In order to be able to earn a living, the young girl became a teacher, going from house to house, subjected to all the trials that accompany this kind of work and that are so trying to a sensitive soul.

Little by little she saved enough to go to Paris—Paris, the city of famous schools since medieval times, the home of the Sorbonne, the blessed place where one studies and works. Her only dreams were of work and study.

It is pleasant to follow the young girl in imagination and to picture her arrival in noisy, feverish and luxurious Paris in her search for knowledge. At the university was an assistant as modest as he was learned. They met; they worked together; they were married. And that is how Mademoiselle Sklodovska became Madame Curie.

WHAT followed is known to all. Madame Curie worked day and night by the side of her husband, Pierre Curie. With him she discovered that most precious substance, radium, and shared her husband's fame. But alas! one fatal day, Pierre Curie, while crossing a small side street of Paris, was thrown down by a heavy cart, was picked up with his skull smashed, and died a few hours later. Madame Curie was a widow.

French science, knowing all that it owed to this wonderful woman, asked and obtained that Madame Curie should succeed to her husband's professorship at the Faculty of Science. A woman professor at the Sorbonne! Such a thing had been unheard of since the University of Paris existed. A French tradition had been smashed.

IT BECAME a fact, however—on November 5, 1906, the day on which the illustrious doctor of science appeared in the great amphitheater to deliver her first lecture.

I shall never forget that day. There was present a large crowd of celebrities, statesmen, Academicians and all the Faculty. Suddenly through a small side door entered a woman all in black, with pale hands and high arched forehead. That magnificent forehead was all one saw. It was not a woman who stood before us, but a brain, a living thought.

Her appearance was enthusiastically applauded for five minutes. When the applause died down, Madame Curie bent forward with slightly trembling lips. What was she about to say? Would she speak of her husband? Would she thank the minister and the public? No, she began quite simply as follows:

"When we consider the progress made by the theories of electricity since the beginning of the nineteenth century—"

MADAME CURIE took up the lecture at the exact point where her husband had left off before he died.

The feeling of the French people for Madame Curie is the most curious and complex one that can be imagined. Physically she is the least known of women. Intellectually she is the most famous of her sex. Not ten thousand Frenchmen, perhaps, have seen Madame Curie, but not ten could be found in all France who are ignorant of what she has done. She is never seen at any public function. One never comes across her at the Bois de Boulogne or the Opéra or on the boulevards or at the French Academy.

One may peruse newspaper collections for years back



MME. CURIE IN HER PARIS LABORATORY

AMERICA—TO FRANCE

The men and women whose dollars and pennies made possible the presentation of the radium to Madame Curie at the White House will appreciate the place and manner of its ceremony.

Contrary to all precedent, the White House has been made the scene of a public presentation. Great men have received honors in Congress; Madame Curie has been first to receive hers in the White House—the traditional home of America's President. The White House is more than a house or an official residence. It reflects also the ideal of the simple American home, enhanced and glorified by its rôle in the state. America could in no more direct and intimate way have taken this great French woman to her heart.

without once finding her name, and it would be vain to search the show-case of a photographer for a picture of her. But on the other hand her fame has reached the poorest and remotest village of France; the oldest peasant there as well as the youngest child will know what her name stands for.

They all know that she is the discoverer of the most precious substance to be found on this earth, a substance of which there are not more than a few ounces in the entire world and which produces miraculous effects; a substance a few grains of which have sufficient power to lift an ironclad weighing twenty-five thousand tons one hundred feet in the air; a substance which makes it pos-

sible to see at night, to distinguish real from paste diamonds; a substance which causes death and preserves life.

Our French peasants, who have an eternal feeling for romance on quiet evenings in their cottages around the fire, repeat the story of Madame Curie and of radium as they would some marvelous tale of olden times. Women see in her the most startling proof of what woman can accomplish. Madame Curie has done for woman's rights in France what a century of propaganda and political struggle would not have achieved. And yet she never meets people, she does not go out, she does not show herself in public. What a demonstration of the inanity of advertising!

I MENTIONED above that the first time I saw Madame Curie was on November 5, 1906, on the occasion of her first lecture at the Sorbonne. The last time I heard her voice was one evening in March of this year 1921. My telephone bell rang. I unhooked the receiver and to my amazement I heard the words: "Madame Curie wishes to speak to you." Madame Curie wanting to speak to any one!

What extraordinary event, what tragedy, perhaps, might this not mean! And suddenly over the wire came the sound of a voice I had heard only once before, but which had stayed in my memory, the same voice that had once pronounced the words: "When we consider the progress made by the theories of electricity since the beginning of the nineteenth century—"

"I want to tell you that I am going to America. It was very hard for me to decide that I would go, because America is so far and so big. If some one had not come for me, I would never have made up my mind; I would have been far too frightened. But to this fear is added a deep joy; I have devoted my life to the science of electricity and I know all we owe to America in the field of science and electricity. You are among those, I am told, who were strongly in favor of this

distant trip; so I wanted to tell you, but please don't let anybody know."

This great woman, the greatest woman in France, was speaking haltingly, tremblingly, like a little girl. She who handles daily a particle of radium more dangerous than lightning was afraid when confronted by the necessity of getting on a boat and appearing before the American public. Truly, a rare instance of simplicity and modesty!

MADAME CURIE carried with her to America a remarkable gift. As part token of her appreciation of the welcome she has received in America, she has presented to the library of the College of Physicians in Philadelphia an instrument used in the actual discovery of radium. With a cabinet of mementos used by Benjamin Rush, Lister, Jenner and Pasteur, Madame Curie's instrument was presented to the library by Doctor Abbé, of New York City, in May.

It is probable that Madame Curie will no more forget her wonderful trip to America than any American will fail to remember the wonderful story of Madame Curie. But it is equally certain that the French people will never forget the touching homage of all American women—the suggestion of one of them—to the greatest woman of France. France never forgets.

What won the heart of France to America long ago is not so much what America has done for France as the way she has done it. There is an old saying that the value of a gift lies in the way it is offered. America has always possessed the art of knowing how to give where France is concerned, and that is why we feel her so close.

In spite of her strength and power, America never appears to our imagination in the guise of a colossus; we always see her as a woman—one of the hundred thousand women who have once again dropped a smile full of sweetness on our heavy task.



DO WOMEN DRESS FOR MEN?

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

WHAT are you going to wear?" "Do you think it's becoming?" These are the great feminine passwords. No two sisters under the skin talk long before the art of dress comes up for discussion. Speak of Mrs. Van Blank, the new president of the Women's Club; she's an excellent executive, but good heavens, her hats! Whereas every one knows that little Mrs. Brown-Smith is an untidy housekeeper, but how clever she is at putting on a veil! The conversation lingers over her admiringly. She is an admirable woman! Votes and jobs and citizenship have not lessened for women one jot of the importance of clothes. Because women find them important, because they are an expression of her sex, her clothes are her second self. Because she is sometimes as extreme and extravagant about her clothes sense as men are about golf, or automobiles, or business—she is a problem. Regularly, since the days of Diogenes and Jeremiah, men rise up to denounce the folly of feminine fashion. This controversy over clothes, which has raged spasmodically ever since Eve put on an apron, has lately occupied space in many newspapers. Dr. Charles W. Peabody, President Emeritus of Harvard University, has startled the world with his criticisms of Boston society women, and their garb on the streets. "Our mothers would call it indecent," he is quoted as saying. He finds against to-day's girl a serious indictment.

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF PRETTY CLOTHES

MEN write to the papers about the shock of seeing nice girls rouged; silk stockings cause distress; and legislation on modesty has been reported pending. So I asked several well-known psychologists two leading questions: "Is it worth while for a woman to spend time, money and energy on her clothes?" "Why do sensible women wear such silly costumes?" Dr. Caroline F. J. Rickards is a physician of wide experience and among her patients are to be found women of unusual wealth. She is herself one of the best-dressed professional women I have ever met. And the first thing she said was that she had thrown over the idea of a uniform for women in favor of good dressing. "Pretty clothes give pleasure to every one who sees them," explained Doctor Rickards. "The streets are brighter when women turn out in bright hats and clever

IS YOUR HUSBAND FIRST in your mind when you select a new hat? The psychology of many a marriage is revealed in what the wife is wearing. Some women dress to make their neighbors stare; others to save their husbands' money; still more to keep alive a flickering love. Miss Hopkins believes in the quest for beauty. The next time you purchase a hat or a frock, her analysis may help you to buy the right one.

little frocks. A well-dressed woman literally gives happiness to those she meets, even though they are hardly conscious of her presence. A group of daintily gowned women spread a holiday air in the dreariest neighborhood."

Of course they do, when you come to think of it. Gray business blocks turn into flower gardens when the stenographers stream out at five o'clock, wearing orange and red and blue and lavender sweaters. Easter hats bring Spring to the cities. A pretty gown chases despair.

"Equally important," went on Doctor Rickards, "is the way women can spend on their clothes superfluous energy that might otherwise do actual harm. In order to make sure that the race shall be carried on, no matter what happens, we have in this world a surplus of sex energy. We used to think that only men had to cope with this problem, but we are beginning to admit that women, too, must take thought concerning their emotional life.

THOUSANDS of women are thwarted in their love life. Civilization forbids their taking love except under certain conditions. When a woman has not, for one reason or another, a satisfying love life, she must find other channels for the release of her natural sex instinct. This thwarted energy may turn her into a scold or a gossip or a nervous invalid or something else as undesirable unless she utilizes it in work and play. A delight in pretty clothes is one of the minor sex characteristics in which every one can indulge. A woman can get a great deal of legitimate emotional pleasure out of her clothes.

"Almost all women dress nicely a part of the time, but many have a tendency to let down their standards when

they are not interested in some particular man or when he is not present. One gets more continuous happiness by spreading out the dressing-up impulse until it becomes a habit and not a matter of especial occasion.

"The self-confidence which a becoming dress encourages in a woman and the poise which it gives her in meeting difficult situations is a factor which a doctor takes into consideration in dealing with women patients. Oh, yes, I believe in pretty clothes!"

"Pretty clothes for all women" is the slogan of every psychologist whom I interviewed. Rich and poor (especially the poor), beautiful and plain (especially the plain), are all, all better workers, pleasanter companions and happier humans when they give themselves the delight of being well dressed. The psychologists emphasize that point.

Yet the average wife and mother feels guilty whenever she spends money on her own clothes, unless she gets the very cheapest and plainest, even if it is unbecoming. If the household budget has to be cut or if money has to be found to paint the house or send a child to college, mother goes without something. Her fashions are decided by how little she can spend. Sometimes she gets to a point where she actually prides herself on doing without. A woman who has reached that stage should be ordered a new dress on a doctor's prescription. She is sick.

OUR SUBCONSCIOUS MOTIVES

MY SECOND question, "Why do sensible women wear such silly costumes?" brought out replies which explained a great deal to me. The superficial retort has always been that men designers are responsible; or that fashions are made in Paris. Yet it is clear that women have a good deal of leeway, even those who buy their clothes ready-made have a range of selection. The difference in their appearance shows this.

The psychologists, in explaining how women choose their frocks and shoes and hats, reminded me that each person has two minds, a conscious mind and a subconscious mind, and that the under mind is not always as tame as the top one. This subconscious, less civilized mind exerts a great, a tremendous influence over one's likes, dislikes and decisions. It is our secret master.

Psychoanalysts who have studied the emotional reactions of thousands of men and women say that most normal people do a lot of thinking unawares, in addition

Concluded on page 49

Actual photograph of sweater after 55 washings with Ivory Flakes. This sweater and statement of original owner on file in the office of the Procter & Gamble Company.



This wool sweater had 55 washings before this picture was taken

A Chicago girl wore this coral wool sweater and washed it fifty-five times during the past three years. After the first twelve washings she altered the neck and armholes with some of the *unwashed* yarn. Much to her surprise, *the new yarn could not be told from the old!* And through the other forty odd washings, the sweater has kept its color, its woolly softness, and its original shape. It looks good for another three years' wear.

Its owner credits this remarkable record to the fact that she used nothing but Ivory Soap Flakes for every one of the fifty-five washings. Ivory Flakes gave her the unequaled purity of Ivory Soap plus the convenience and safety of *rub-less* laundering. She says each washing took only five minutes.

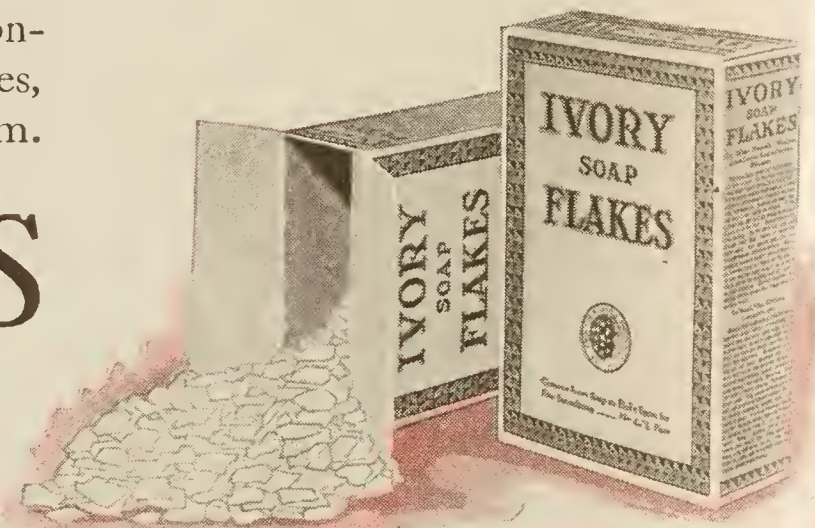
You may never need to wash a sweater as often as this one was washed, but you undoubtedly own garments which you do not want to subject to the dangers of rubbing and of doubtful ingredients in soap. For such delicate pieces, Ivory Flakes will give you the utmost convenience and safety. Use it for woolens, silks, satins, laces, chiffons. It will harm nothing that water alone will not harm.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

Makes pretty clothes last longer

Send for FREE SAMPLE

with directions for the care of delicate garments. Address Section 17-GF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.



The first instalment of a modern domestic fantasy

M R . P R O H A C K

A Novel of the New Poor

BY ARNOLD BENNETT



ARTHUR CHARLES PROHACK came down-stairs at eight-thirty as usual, and found breakfast ready in the empty dining-room. This pleased him, because there was nothing in life he hated more than to be hurried.

The dining-room, simply furnished with reproductions of chaste Chippendale, and chilled to the uncomfortably low temperature that hardy Britons pretend to enjoy, formed part of an unassailably correct house of mid-Victorian style and antiquity; and the house formed part of a correct square just behind Hyde Park Gardens.

Mr. Prohack was a fairly tall man, with a big head, big features, and a beard. His characteristic expression denoted benevolence based on an ironic realization of the humanity of human nature. He was forty-six years of age and looked it. He had been for more than twenty years at the Treasury, in which organism he had now attained a certain importance.

Despite this, the great public had never heard of him. His portrait had never appeared in the illustrated papers. His wife's portrait, as "War-worker and wife of a great official," had never appeared in the illustrated papers. No character sketch of him had ever been printed. His opinions on any subject had never been telephonically or otherwise demanded by the editors of up-to-date dailies. His news-value indeed was absolutely nil. In *Who's Who* he had only four lines of space.

I

"AH! SO I've caught you!" said his wife, coming brightly into the room. She was a buxom woman of forty-three. Her black hair was elaborately done for the day, but she wore a roomy peignoir instead of a frock; it was Chinese, in the imperial yellow, inconceivably embroidered with flora, fauna, and grotesques. She always thus visited her husband at breakfast, picking bits off his plate like a bird, and proving to him that her chief preoccupation was ever his well-being.

"Many years ago," said Mr. Prohack. "You make a fuss about buying the *Daily Picture* for me. You say it humiliates you to see it in the house, and I don't know what. But I catch you reading it yourself, and before you've opened the *Times*. Dear, dear, I suppose that your son and daughter are still asleep?"

"Well, dearest, you know that they were both at that dance last night."

"They ought not to have been. The popular idea that life is a shimmy is a dangerous illusion." Mr. Prohack felt the epigram to be third-rate, but he carried it off lightly. "This is one of your pernickety mornings."

"Seeing that your debauched children woke me up at three-fifteen—!"

"They woke me up, too!"

"That's different. You can go to sleep again. I can't. You rather like being wakened up, because you take a positively sensual pleasure in turning over and going to sleep again."

"You hate me for that."

"I do."

"I make you very unhappy sometimes, don't I?"

"Eve, you are a confounded liar, and you know it. You have never caused me a moment's unhappiness. You may annoy me. You may exasperate me. You are frequently unspeakable. But you have never made me unhappy. And why? Because I am one of the few exponents of romantic passion left in this city. My passion for you transcends my reason. I am a fool, but I am a magnificent fool. And the greatest miracle of modern times is that after twenty-four years of marriage you should be able to give me pleasure by perching your stout body on the arm of my chair as you are doing."

"Arthur, I'm not stout."

"Yes, you are. You're enormous. But hang it, I'm such a morbid fool I like you enormous. This coffee is remarkably thin."

"Let me taste it."

"Yes, you'd rob me of my coffee now!" said Mr. Prohack, surrendering his cup. "Is it thin, or isn't it?"

Eve (as he called her, after the mother and prototype of all women—her name was Marian) sipped the coffee.

"Yes, it's thin," she said. "But I've had to ration the cook. Oh, Arthur, I am going to make you unhappy after all. It's impossible for me to manage any longer on the housekeeping allowance."

"Why didn't you tell me before, child?"

"I have told you 'before,'" said she. "If you hadn't happened to mention the coffee, I mightn't have said anything for another fortnight. You started to give me more money in June, and you said that was the utmost limit you could go to, and I believed it was. But it isn't enough. I hate to bother you, and I feel ashamed—"

"You're reveling in your own virtuousness, my girl. Now in last week's *Economist* it said that the index number of commodity prices had fallen these last few weeks."



Photo © by Pirie Macdonald

ARNOLD BENNETT

begins in this issue a new serial about to-day's changing world, never again to be the place it was before the war. His men and women, like all of us, are disturbed by the strange ways of this generation. They do not know what the world is coming to. They make perfect material for Mr. Bennett, who returns in this story to the humor of "Buried Alive." A second great artist is his coworker. MATANIA, the gifted young Italian whose pictures have been a London sensation, is the illustrator. With a foreigner's detachment, he has depicted Mr. Bennett's types with brilliant veracity and amazing art

"I don't know anything about indexes and the *Economist*," Eve retorted, "but I know what coffee is a pound, and I know what the tradesmen's books are—"

At this point she cried without warning.

"No," murmured Mr. Prohack. "You mustn't baptize me. I couldn't bear it." And he kissed her eyes.

"I know we can't afford any more for housekeeping," she whispered, sniffing damply. "And I'm ashamed

I can't manage, and I knew I should make you unhappy. What with idle and greedy workingmen, and all these profiteers! It's a shame!"

"Yes," said Mr. Prohack. "It's what our Charlie fought for, and got wounded twice for, and won the M. C. for. That's what it is. But you see we're the famous salaried middle-class that you read so much about in the papers, and we're going through the famous process of being crushed between the famous upper and nether millstones. Those millstones have been approaching each other—and us—for some time. Now they've begun to nip."

"To think," Eve remarked with calmness, "that you're called the Terror of the Departments, and you're a great authority on finance, and you've been in the Government service for nearly twenty-five years, and always done your duty—I consider the Government's treated you shamefully. Why, we're much worse off than we were before the war!"

"THE Government has treated me shamefully. But then it's treated hundreds of thousands of men shamefully. All governments do."

"But we have a position to keep up!"

"True. That's where the honest poor have the advantage of us. You see we're the dishonest poor. We've been to the same schools and universities and we talk the same idiom and we have the same manners and like the same things as people who spend more in a month or a week than we spend in a year. And we pretend, and they pretend, that they and we are exactly the same. We aren't, you know. We're one vast pretense. Still, we have one great advantage over the honest poor, who sometimes have no income at all; and also over the rich, who never can tell how big their incomes are going to be: *We know exactly where we are.* We know to the nearest sixpence."

"We can't move into a cheaper house."

"No," Mr. Prohack concurred. "There isn't one."

Years earlier Mr. Prohack had bought the long lease of his house from the old man who, according to the logical London system, had built the house upon somebody else's land on the condition that he paid rent for the land and in addition gave the house to the somebody else at the end of a certain period as a free gift. By a payment of twelve pounds per annum Mr. Prohack was safe for forty years yet and he calculated that in forty years the ownership of the house would be a matter of some indifference both to him and to his wife.

They discussed devices. One servant fewer. No holiday. Cinemas instead of theaters. No books. No cigars. No taxis. No clothes. No meat. No telephone. No friends. They reached no conclusion. Eve referred to Adam's great treasury mind. Adam said that his great treasury mind should function on the problem during the day, and further that the problem must be solved that very night.

"I'll tell you one thing I shall do," said Mrs. Prohack in a decided tone as Mr. Prohack left the table, "I shall countermand Sissie's new frock."

"If you do I shall divorce you," was the reply.

"But why?"

Mr. Prohack answered:

"IN 1917 I saw that girl in dirty overalls driving a thundering great van down Whitehall. Yesterday I met her in her foolish high heels and her shocking openwork stockings and her negligible dress and her exposed throat and her fur stole, and she was so delicious and so absurd and so futile and so sure of her power that—that—well, you aren't going to countermand any new frock. That chit has the right to ruin me—not because of anything she's done, but because she *is*. I am ready to commit peccadillos, but not crimes. Good morning, my dove."

And at the door, discreetly hiding her Chinese raiment behind the door, Eve said, as if she had only just thought of it, though she had been thinking of it for quite a quarter of an hour:

"Darling, there's your clubs."

"What about my clubs?"

"Don't they cost you a lot of money?"

"No. Besides I lunch at my clubs—better and



"DON'T," SAID SISSIE, "I'M VERY GLOOMY. I MIGHT BURST INTO TEARS AT ANY MOMENT. I'M VERY DISAPPOINTED—"

cheaper than at any restaurant. And I shouldn't have time to come home for lunch."

"Couldn't you give up one?"

"Lady, it's unthinkable. You don't know what you're suggesting. Abandon one of my clubs that my father put me up for when I was a boy! I'd as soon join a trade union. No! My innocent but gluttonous children shall starve first."

"I shall give up my club!"

"Ah! But that's different."

CHAPTER II

FROM THE DEAD

"WELL, Milton, had a good holiday?" said Mr. Prohack to the hall-porter on entering his chief club for lunch that day.

"No, sir," said the hall-porter, who was a realist.

"Ah, well," said Mr. Prohack soothingly. "Perhaps not a bad thing. There's nothing like an unsatisfactory holiday for reconciling us all to a life of toil, is there?"

"No, sir," said Milton, impassively, and added: "Mr. Bishop has just called to see you, sir. I told him you'd

probably be in shortly. He said he wouldn't wait but he might look in again."

"Thanks," said Mr. Prohack. "If he does, I shall be either in the coffee-room or up-stairs."

Mr. Prohack walked into the majestic interior of the club, which had been closed, rather later than usual, for its annual cleaning. He savored anew and more sharply the beauty and stateliness of its architecture, the elaboration of its conveniences, the severe splendor of its luxury. And he saw familiar and congenial faces, and on every face was a mild joy similar to the joy which he himself experienced in the reopening of the club. And he was deliciously aware of the "club feeling," unlike, and more agreeable than, any other atmosphere of an organism in the world. Somehow at the doors of a good West End club there was an invisible magic sieve, through which the human body could pass but through which human worries could not pass.

This morning, however, Mr. Prohack perceived that one worry could pass through the sieve, namely a worry concerning the club itself. . . . Give up the club? Was the sacrifice to be consummated? Impossible! Could he picture himself strolling down St. James's Street without the right to enter the sacred gates—save

as a guest? And supposing he entered as a guest, could he bear the hall-porter to say to him: "If you'll take a seat, sir, I'll send and see if Mr. Blank is in the club. What name, sir?" Impossible! Nevertheless he had decided to give up his other club. He must give it up only to keep even with his wife. The saving would be unimportant, but the act would be spectacular.

He sat down to lunch among half a dozen cronies at one of the larger tables in a window-embasure of the vaulted coffee-room with its precious portrait of that historic clubman, Charles James Fox, and he ordered himself the cheapest meal that the menu could offer, and poured himself out a glass of water.

It was then that a remarkable coincidence occurred.

"I saw Bishop at Inverness last week," said Sir Paul Spinner to Mr. Prohack, apropos of nothing whatever.

Bishop (Fred Ferrars) was a financier, a close friend of Prohack, of Sir Paul, and of several others at the table, and a member of Prohack's secondary club.

"THAT'S strange," said Mr. Prohack. "I hear he's in London."

"He most positively isn't in London," said Sir Paul.

"Then that shows how little the evidence of the senses can be relied upon," remarked Mr. Prohack gently. "According to the hall-porter he called here for me a few minutes ago, and he may call again."

At the same moment a page-girl, the smart severity of whose uniform was mitigated by a pig-tail and a bow of ribbon, approached Mr. Prohack's chair, and, bending her young head to his ear, delivered to him with the manner of a bearer of formidable secrets:

"Mr. Bishop to see you, sir."

"There he is!" exclaimed Mr. Prohack. "Now he's bound to wait lunch. Why on earth can't we bring guests in here? Waitress, have the lunch I've ordered served in the guests' dining-room, please. . . . No doubt Bishop and I'll see you chaps up-stairs later."

He went off to greet and welcome Bishop, full of joy at the prospect of tasting anew the rich personality of his old friend.

Bishop was not on the bench in the hall where visitors were appointed to wait. Only one man was on the bench—a spectacled, red-faced person. Mr. Prohack glanced about. Then the page-girl pointed to the spectacled person, who jumped up and approached Mr. Prohack somewhat effusively.

"How d'ye do, Prohack?"

"Well, Bishop!" Mr. Prohack responded. "It's you!"

It was another Bishop, a Bishop whom he had forgotten, a Bishop who had resigned from the club earlier and disappeared. Mr. Prohack did not like him. Mr. Prohack said to himself: "This fellow is after something and I always knew he was an adventurer."

"Funny feeling it gives you to be asked to wait in the hall of a club that you used to belong to!" said Bishop.

The apparently simple words, heavy with sinister significance, sank like a depth-charge into Mr. Prohack's consciousness.

"AMONG other things," said Mr. Prohack to himself, "this fellow is very obviously after a free lunch."

Now, Mr. Prohack suffered from a strange form of insincerity, which he had often unsuccessfully tried to cure, partly because it advantaged unsympathetic acquaintances at his expense, and partly because his wife produced unanswerable arguments against it with mortal effect. Although an unconceited man (as men go), and a very honest man, he could not help pretending to like people whom he did not like.

So that when the unexpected Mr. Bishop (whose Christian name was Softly) said to him: "I won't keep you now. Only I was passing and I want you to be kind enough to make an early appointment with me at some time and place entirely convenient to yourself." Mr. Prohack proceeded to persuade Mr. Bishop to stay to lunch.

Mr. Softly Bishop was delighted with his reception, and Mr. Prohack began to admit that Mr. Bishop had some personal charm. Nevertheless when the partridge came, Mr. Prohack acidly reflected:

"I'm offering this fellow a portion of my daughter's new frock on a charger!"

They talked of the club, Mr. Bishop as a former member being surely entitled to learn all about it, and then they talked about clubs in the United States, where Mr. Bishop had spent recent years. But Mr. Bishop persisted in giving no hint of his business.

"It must be something rather big and annoying," thought Mr. Prohack, and ordered another portion of his daughter's new frock in the shape of excellent cigars.

"Well, I'd better tell you what I've come to see you about," said Bishop. "You remember that chap, Silas Angmering?"

"Silas Angmering? Of course I do. Used to belong here. He cleared off to America ages ago."

"He did. And you lent him a hundred pounds to help him to clear off to America."

"Who told you?"

"He did," said Mr. Bishop, with a faint, mysterious smile.

"What's happened to him?"

"Oh! All sorts of things. He made a lot of money out of the war. He established himself in Cincinnati. And there were opportunities . . ."

"How came he to tell you that I'd lent him anything?" Mr. Prohack interrupted sharply.

"I had business with him at one time—before the war and also just after the war began. Indeed I was in partnership with him." Mr. Bishop spoke with a measured soothing calmness.

"And you say he's made a lot of money out of the war. What do you mean—a lot?"

"Well," said Mr. Bishop, looking at the table-cloth through his glittering spectacles, "I mean a *lot*."

His tone was confidential; but then his tone was always confidential. He continued: "He's lost it all since."

"Pity he didn't pay me back my hundred pounds while he'd got it! How did he lose his money?"

"In the same way as most rich men lose their money," answered Mr. Bishop. "He died."

Although Mr. Prohack would have been capable of telling a similar story in a manner very similar to Mr. Bishop's, he didn't quite relish his guest's theatricality. It increased his suspicion of his guest, and checked the growth of friendliness which the lunch had favored.

"Married?" he questioned, casually.

"ANGMERING? No. He never married. No relations, either."

"Then who's come into his money?"

"Well," said Mr. Bishop, with elaborate ease and smoothness of quiet delivery, "I've come into some of it. And there was a woman—actress sort of young thing—about whom perhaps the less said the better—she's come into some of it. And you've come into some of it. We share it in equal thirds."

"The deuce we do!"

"Yes."

"How long's he been dead?"

"About five weeks or less. I sailed as soon as I could after he was buried."

"I wish you would explain," said Mr. Prohack. "You say he's been rich a long time, but he didn't pay his debt to me, and yet he goes and makes a will leaving me a third of his fortune. Wants some explaining, doesn't it?"

Mr. Bishop replied:

"It does and it doesn't. You know he was a champion postponer, poor old chap. Profoundly unbusinesslike. It's astonishing how unbusinesslike successful men are! He was always meaning to come to England to see you; but he never found time. He constantly talked of you—"

"But do you know," Mr. Prohack intervened, "that from that day to this I've never heard one single word from him? Not even a picture post-card. And what's more, I've never heard a single word of him."

"Just like Silas, that was. Just! . . . He died from a motor accident. He was perfectly conscious and knew he'd only a few hours to live. Spine. He made his will in hospital, and died about a couple of hours after he'd made it. I wasn't there myself. I was in New York."

A silence fell—respectful to the memory of the dead.

And at length Mr. Bishop remarked, musingly:

"Yes. Thanks to the exchange being so low, you stand to receive at the very least a hundred thousand pounds clear—after all deductions have been made."

"Do I really?" said Mr. Prohack, also musingly.

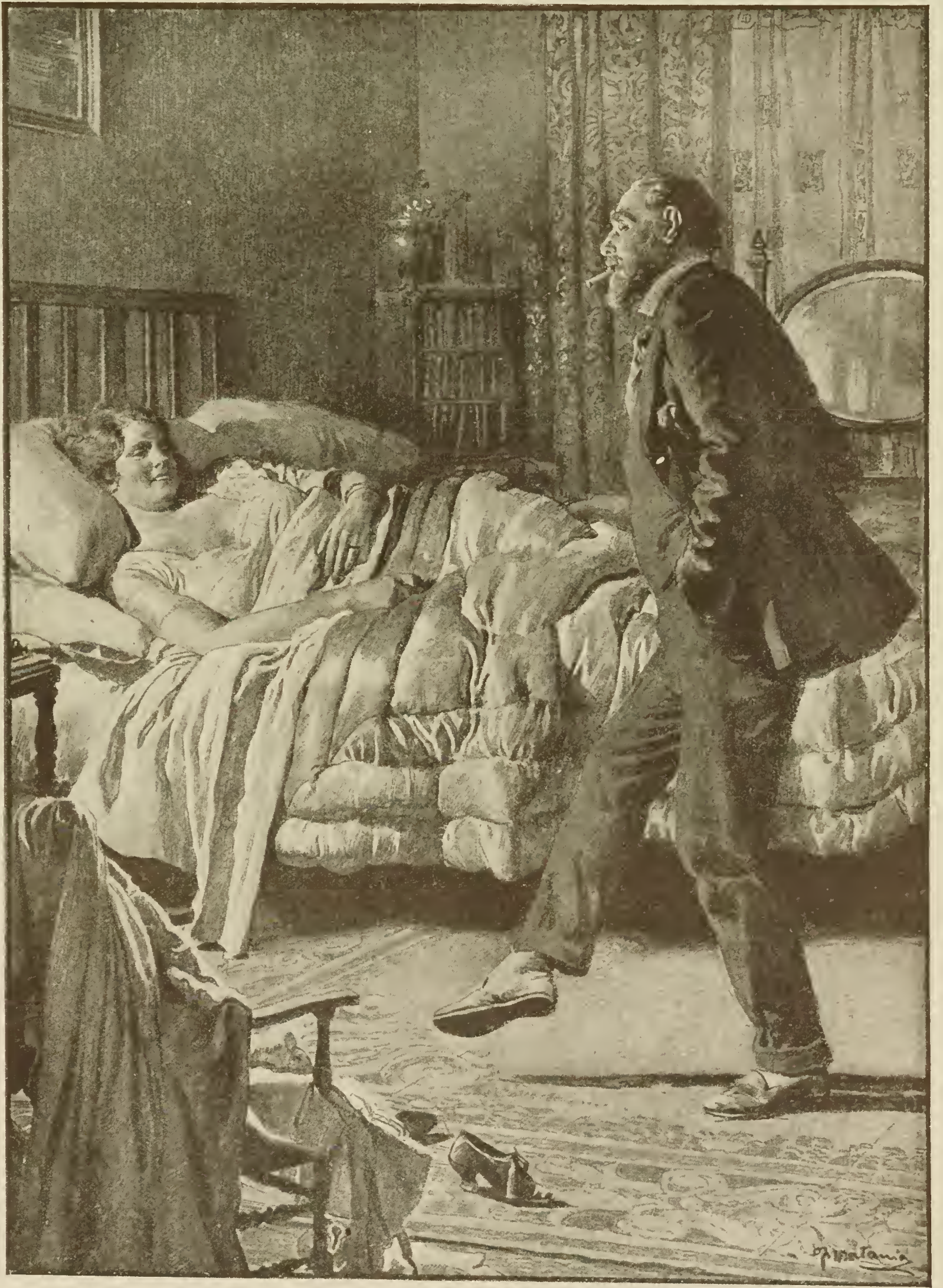
CHAPTER III

THE LAW

HIS tranquil tone hid the immense anarchy within. Silas Angmering had evidently been what is called a profiteer. He had made his money "out of the war." And Silas was an Englishman. While Englishmen and Americans had given up lives, sanity, fortunes, limbs, eyesight, health, Silas had gained riches. There was nothing highly unusual in this. Mr. Prohack had himself seen, in the very club in which he was now entertaining Softly Bishop, a man who had left an arm in France chatting and laughing with a man who had picked up over a million pounds by following the great principle that a commodity is worth what it will fetch when people want it very badly and there is a shortage of it.

But between excusing and forgiving a brigand (who has not despoiled *you*), and sharing his plunder, there was a gap, a chasm.

These considerations, however, had little to do with the immense inward anarchy that Mr. Prohack's tone



THE SOUND OF SISSIE PLAYING A WALTZ CAME UP FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM. MR. PROHACK STARTED TO DANCE ALL BY HIMSELF

had concealed as he musingly murmured: "Do I really?" The disturbance was due almost exclusively to a fierce imperial joy in the prospect of immediate wealth. The origin of the wealth scarcely affected him. The associations of the wealth scarcely affected him. He understood in a flash the deep wisdom of that old proverb (whose truth he had often hitherto denied) that money has no smell. Perhaps there might be forty good reasons against his accepting the inheritance, but they were all ridiculous. Was he to abandon his share of the money to Softly Bishop and the vampire-woman? Such a notion was idiotic. It was contrary to the robust and matter-of-fact common sense which always marked his actions—if not his theories. No more should his wife be compelled to scheme out painfully the employment of her housekeeping allowance. Never again should there be a question about a new frock for his daughter. He was conscious, before anything else, of a triumphant protective and spoiling tenderness for his women. He would be absurd with his women. He would ruin their characters with kindness and with invitations to be capricious and exacting and expensive and futile. They nobly deserved it. He wanted to shout and to sing and to tell everybody that he would not in future stand any d—d nonsense from anybody. He would have his way.

"Why!" thought he, pulling himself up, "I've developed all the peculiarities of a millionaire in about a minute and a half."

CHAPTER IV

EVE'S HEADACHE

THAT afternoon Mr. Prohack just got back to his bank before closing time. He had negligently declined to comprehend a very discreet hint from Mr. Percy Smathe, the solicitor who was handling the Angmering estate, that if he desired ready money he could have it—in bulk. Nevertheless he did desire to feel more money than usual in his pocket, and he satisfied this desire at the bank, where the September quarter of his annual salary lay almost intact.

Having entered his house as it were surreptitiously, and avoided his children, Mr. Prohack peeped through the half-open door between the conjugal bedroom and the small adjoining room, which should have been a dressing-room, but which Mrs. Prohack styled her boudoir. He espied her standing sideways in front of the long mirror.

Mr. Prohack kissed her and told her to sit down on the little sofa.

"You know that Oxford Concise Dictionary that I bought just before the war? Where is it?"

"Arthur!" she said. "What's the matter with you? You look so queer. I suppose the dictionary's where you keep it. I never touch it."

"I want you to be sure to remind me to cross the word 'economy' out of it to-night. In fact I think I'd better tear out the whole page."

"Arthur!" she exclaimed again. "Are you ill? Has anything serious happened? I warn you I can't stand much more to-day."

"Something very serious has happened," answered the incorrigible Mr. Prohack. "It may be all for the best; it may be all for the worst. Depends on how you look at it. Anyway, I'm determined to tell you. Of course I shouldn't dream of telling anybody else until I'd told you." He seated himself by her side. There was just space enough for the two of them on the sofa.

"Oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Prohack, with apprehension.

WHEN he married her he had assumed, but was not sure, that he loved her. For thirteen or fourteen years she had endangered the bond between them by what seemed to him to be her caprices, illogicalities, perversities, and had saved it by her charming demonstrations of affection. During this period he had remained as it were neutral—an impassive spectator of her union with a man who happened to be himself. He had observed and weighed all her faults, and had concluded that she was not worse than other wives whom he respected. He continued to wonder what it was that held them together. At length, and very slowly indeed, he had begun to have a revelation, not of her but of himself. He guessed that he must be profoundly in love with her and that his original assumption was much more than accurate—it was a bull's-eye. His love developed into a passion, not one of your eruptive, scalding affairs, but something as placid as an English landscape, with white heat far, far below the surface.

"Do you remember a fellow named Angmering?" he began, on a note of the closest confiding intimacy.

"Yes."

"What was he like?"

"Wasn't he the man that started to run away with Ronnie Philips's wife and thought better of it and got her out of the train at Crewe and put her into the London train that was standing at the other platform and left her without a ticket? Was it Crewe or Rugby—I forget which?"

"No, no. You're all mixed up. That wasn't Angmering."

"Well, you have such funny friends, darling. Tell me, then."

"Angmering never ran away with anybody except himself. He went to America and before he left I lent him a hundred pounds."

"ARTHUR, I'll swear you never told me that at the time. In fact you always said positively you wouldn't lend money to anybody. You promised me. I hope he's paid you back."

"He hasn't. And I've just heard he's dead."

"I felt that was coming. Yes. I knew from the moment you began to talk that it was something of that kind. And just when we could do with that hundred pounds—heaven knows! Oh, Arthur!"

"He's dead," said Mr. Prohack clinchingly, "but he's left me ten thousand a year. Ha, ha! Ha, ha!" He put his hand on her soft shoulder and gave a triumphant wink.

"Dollars, naturally," said Mrs. Prohack, after listening to various romantic details.

"No, pounds."

"And do you believe it? Are you sure this man Bishop isn't up to some game? You know anybody can get the better of you, sweetest."

"Yes," said Mr. Prohack. "I know I'm the greatest and sweetest imbecile that the Almighty ever created. But I believe it."

"But *why* should he leave you all this money? It doesn't stand to reason."

"It doesn't. But you see the poor fellow had to leave it to *some* one. And he'd no time to think. I expect he just did the first thing that came into his head and was glad to get it over. I dare say he rather enjoyed doing it, even if he was in great pain, which I don't think he was."

After a long meditative pause which her husband did not interrupt, she murmured: "So I suppose we shall be what you call rich? I wonder what the children will say! Now, Arthur, don't go and tell them at dinner while the maid's there. I think I'll fetch them up now."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," said Mr. Prohack sharply.

sprinkle some eau-de-cologne on the bed, to deceive the lower orders. Fourth, you must be content with some soup for your dinner, and I'll smuggle you up some dessert in my pocket if you're hungry. Fifth, you must send word to those children of yours that you don't wish to be disturbed."

"But you want to treat me like a baby."

"And supposing I do! For once can't you be a baby to oblige me?"

"But it's too ridiculous! Why do you want me to go to bed?"

"You know why. Still I'll tell you. You always like to be told what you know—for instance, that I'm in love with you. I can't tell those kids to-night, and I'm not

going to. The rumpus, the conflict of ideas, the atmospheric disturbance when they do get to know will be terrific, and I simply won't have it to-night. I must have a quiet evening to think in or else I shan't sleep. On the other hand, do you suppose I could sit through dinner opposite you, and you knowing all about it and me knowing all about it, and both of us pretending that there was nothing unusual in the air? It's impossible. Either you'd give the show away, or I should. Or I should burst out laughing. No! I can manage the situation alone, but I can't manage it if you're there. Hence, lady, you will keep your kind promise and hop into bed."

Without another word, but smiling in a most enigmatic manner, Mrs. Prohack passed into the bedroom.

"Arthur," she called from the bedroom.

"Hullo?"

"I do think this is really too silly."

"You're not paid to think, my girl."

A pause.

"Arthur," she called from the bedroom.

"Hullo?"

"You're sure you won't blurt it out to them when I'm not there?"

He only replied: "I'm sorry you've got such a frightful headache, Marian. You wouldn't have these headaches if you took my advice."

A pause.

"I'm in bed."

"All right. Stay there."

When he had finished his cigaret, he went into the bedroom. Yes, she was veritably in bed.

The sound of Sissie playing a waltz on the piano came up from the drawing-room. Mr. Prohack started to dance all by himself in the middle of the bedroom floor.

WINDING ROAD

A WINDING road up hill and down,
Between green fields, away from town,
Where doming clouds ride in the sky
And dusty feet plod noiselessly.

Where mountain brooks come down to greet
The wayfarer through Summer's heat,
And every hay-cart leaves behind
Its Summer incense on the wind!

But best of all I love the road
When it slips past a white abode,
Past old, gray barns and maple-trees,
Into the forest's mysteries.

What lies ahead beyond the bend?
What shall we find at journey's end?
The hemlock shadows dusk the way,
The forest oaks are tall and gray;

Beside our path the ferns appear,
A hidden thrush is singing near,
A pewee whispers, thin and sweet;
The ground is cool beneath our feet.

Oh, road that beckons round the bend,
We care not what's at journey's end,
So that our happy feet have strayed
Through ferny banks and hemlock shade!

—WALTER PRICHARD EATON

CHAPTER V

CHARLIE

WHEN Mr. Prohack, in his mature but still rich velvet jacket, came down to dinner, he found his son Charlie leaning against the mantelpiece in a new dark-brown suit, and studying the *Owner-Driver*. Charlie seemed never to read anything but motor-car and light-car and side-car and motor-bicycle periodical literature; but he read it conscientiously, advertisements and all.

"Your mother's gone to bed with a headache," said Mr. Prohack.

"Oh!" said the young man apathetically. His face had a wearied, disillusioned expression.

"Where's Sissie?" said Mr. Prohack.

"Hanged if I know!"

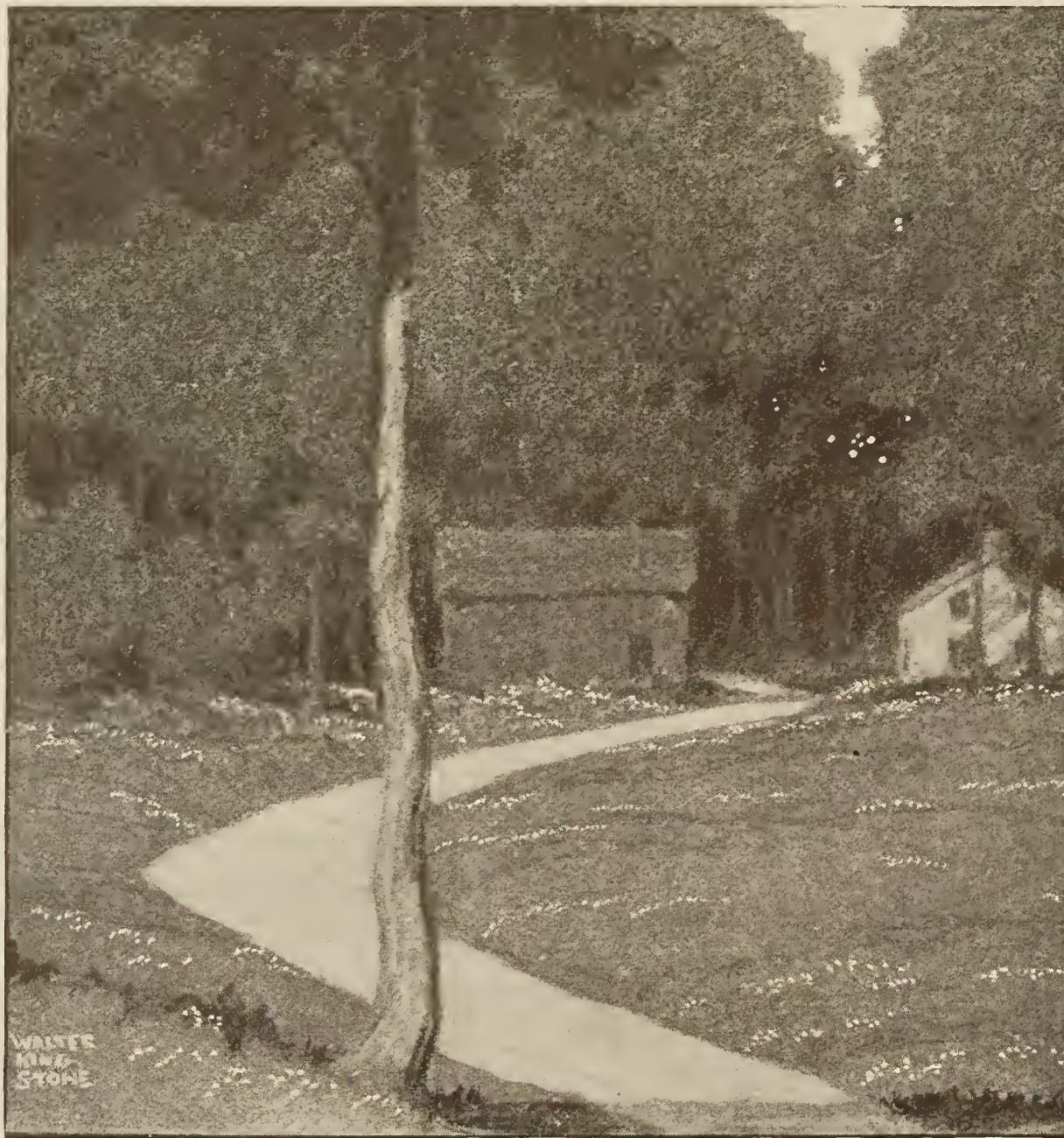
Machin, the house parlor-maid, then intervened: "Miss Sissie had a telephone call, and she's gone out, sir."

"Where to?"

"She didn't say, sir. She only said she wouldn't be in for dinner, sir. I made sure she'd told you herself, sir."

The two men, by means of their eyes, transmitted to each other a unanimous judgment upon the whole female sex, and sat down to dine alone in the stricken house. The dinner was extremely frugal, this being the opening day of Mrs. Prohack's new era of intensive economy, but the obvious pleasure of Machin in serving only men brightened up somewhat its brief course. Charlie was

Continued on page 50





THE GREEN LOCO

Brought Wishart back his lost dream—and with it the right girl to start his fires . . .

BY M. L. C. PICKTHALL

IT MUST be remembered that right through—Wishart was young. He was also lonely. He was extremely young on the day Uncle Randolph and Tom Wilson took him to that expensive store to buy him a working model of a locomotive. The great store was full of working models. A man with black hair displayed them to the fascinated gaze of Uncle Ran and T. W., who grew excited. The sleek man laid a circular track on the floor, and Uncle Ran and T. W., breathing hard, watched a working model, spouting real steam, career round and round it. They forgot Wishart, who was present. He went investigating. In a dusty recess at the back of the store he found his loco. He knew it right away. He gathered it in his arms and took it to Uncle Ran. "This," he said, "is my loco." The working model had subsided in a strong smell of varnished enamel. Uncle Ran gazed from it to the thing in Wishart's arms, which was not a working model; not even clockwork. It was built of chunks of wood painted green, and— "Why," cried Uncle Ran, scandalized, "you pull it by string!" Wishart carried his loco home with him. Thereafter there was not one of his solitary games or his dreams into which it did not enter. Games and dreams were of one prevailing type; the green loco bore him down a humming right of way to a country where he would not be lonely any more. When he went to school—he was young for school, at Uncle Ran, his legal guardian, thought the kid'd be better there—he locked the green loco away; but he still dreamed about it. He was young when he left school and was trained as a construction engineer; young when a friend of Uncle Ran's found him a job in a far and fluid South American state, and Uncle Ran, with a comfortable sense of duty on his mind, bought him an outfit and dispatched him thither. He was given a lonely job, right back in the hills. He did not make good somehow. Then the manager found

him something to do in Santa Lucida. The people were not his any more than the working models in the store had been his. Things to help you forget loneliness are sold in Santa Lucida of the Line—they come in poultry feathers, greenish glass and black silk. Wishart was young. He tried them.

He was young on that day when the manager said to him: "I'm afraid it's no good, Wishart." "It—doesn't seem so, does it?" agreed Wishart wearily. The manager looked at him. "I can't understand you," he said. "You've got a good brain, a good training, a good chance. And yet you're dead, boy, you're dead!" "Yes," said the tall boy with the black rings round his eyes. "I'm dead. Like a first-class loco with the fires down." The manager again looked at him curiously.

"THERE'S a month's salary due you," he said presently and quite gently. "Go to Renwick—and come back to us when you've got your fires going."

"Thank you," said Wishart. It was the manager's idea that sheer want would pull the boy together. But Wishart did not go to Renwick; he went to the manager's house and asked for the manager's daughter.

She was alone on the veranda—a pretty girl, who flushed when she saw Wishart. The attentions of a young man already labeled "wild" had flattered her. Wishart went to her, a glow in his lonely eyes. He said abruptly: "I'm discharged."

The girl looked annoyed. That meant he would go just when he was beginning to be thrilling. She said primly: "I'm sorry to hear it, Mr. Wishart."

"Are you?" answered Wishart. "Your father's been

very patient. He told me this morning that he was afraid it was no good, though, and I agreed." He smiled grimly. "I've all the qualities of success, you see; but, some way, they don't work. I'm a dead engine—no pressure, fires down."

The girl stirred. To come in this condition! But it was thrilling. She sat still. Then she wished she hadn't. For Wishart laid both hands on her wrists; she felt them shake. His eyes still stared into hers with that strange, bright, drugged look. She was afraid, and Wishart knew it.

"What I want to know is," whispered Wishart, "if you care enough to take a chance on starting those fires?"

For a moment she did not understand. Then she said indignantly: "Mr. Wishart! You forget yourself!"

He stared at her still; then, quite suddenly, the light went out of his eyes. He let go of her wrists and stood up. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I—thought you cared. I see. You might do to help keep up the pressure, but you'd never get the fires going." He walked across the veranda, down the steps, into the jungle.

That was the last any one saw of Wishart for some time.

THE jungle is like the sea. Wishart was lost as in the sea. But hidden in it are islands of life, paths mysterious as the tracks of ocean currents. Down one of these wandering, endless paths he traveled, eating and sleeping where he could; absorbed by hunger, fever and rags; steeped in the problem of failure that was himself.

As he wandered farther and farther from Santa Lucida and its forms of oblivion, he seemed to return to something he had lost. He dreamed again of the old green loco of his childhood. It was there. It was his. He summoned it behind his shut eyes and it bore him thundering down some unknown right of way to the unknown country at the end.

All the central part of that State is jungle. One day Wishart emerged from the jungle as suddenly as you step from water on to land. He had crossed the State.

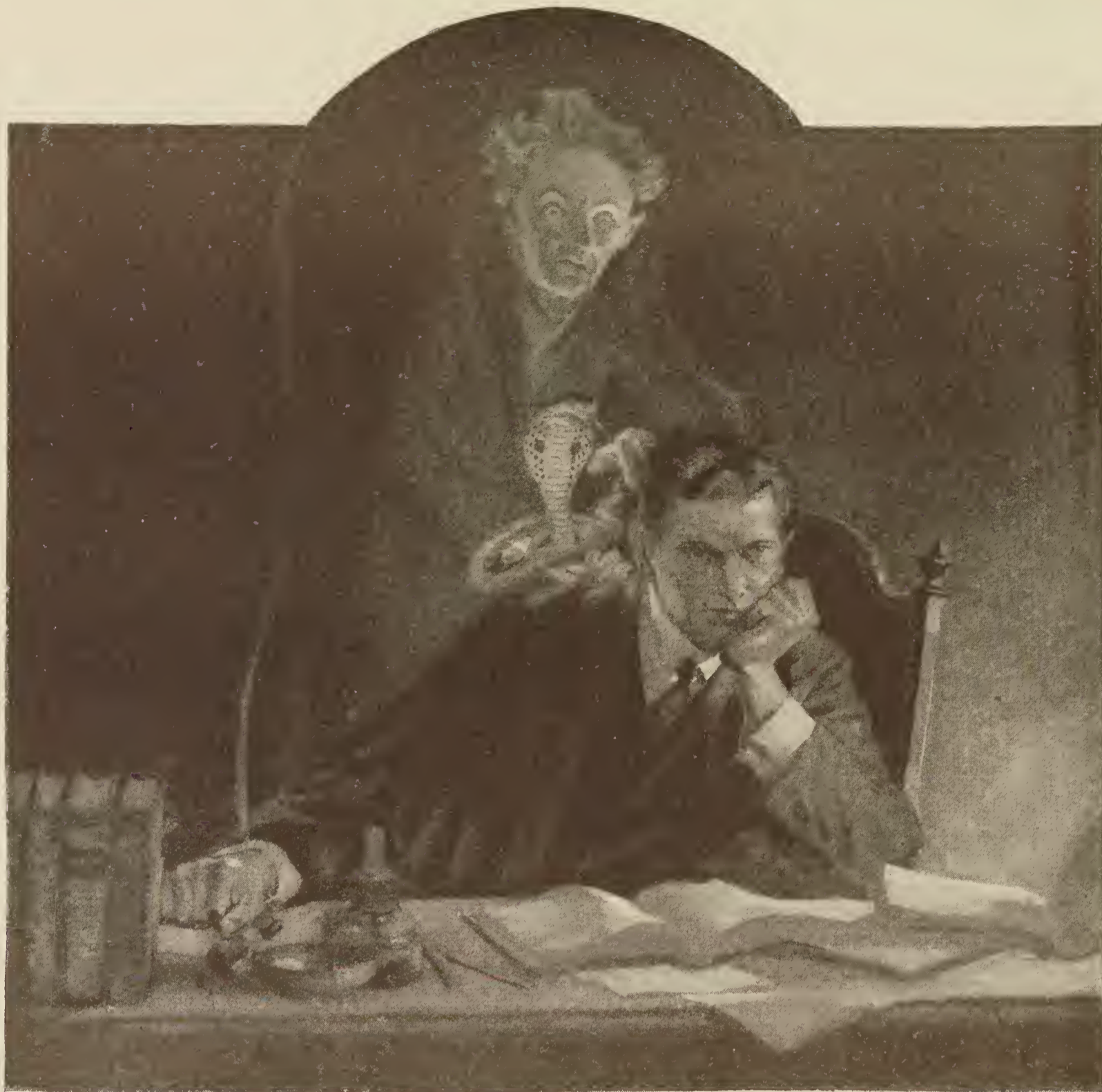
He came out on a railway line.

He was soaked, bleached, worn with the jungle. Somewhere he had acquired a broken palmetto hat and native shoes. He blinked like a night-bird in the sun.

Continued on page 46



MORE MEN WERE AHEAD, GROUPED AT THE BASES OF THE ROCK SPURS THAT BUTTRESSED THE CUTTING



ARE OUR SONS BEING BENT IN THEIR MENTAL GROWTH, OR ARE THEY BEING TAUGHT THE WHOLE TRUTH OF LIFE AND HISTORY? DO YOU KNOW?

ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC

TROTZKY VERSUS WASHINGTON

BY CALVIN COOLIDGE

Vice-President of the United States



HE American people are conservative.

As a people, they probably rank as the most conservative in the world. This has been many times demonstrated at elections, but never more forcefully and unequivocally than in the congressional and national elections of

1918 and 1920 and in the Massachusetts election of 1919.

Conservatism does not make much noise, but it is none the less powerful. It is not easily overcome.

There are many reasons for this state of mind among our people, but the chief one lies in our form of government. Demonstrably it is the result of the rule of the people themselves.

The property of the nation is owned by the people and is more evenly distributed than anywhere else on earth. Here opportunity lies open to all, to each according to his ability to grasp it.

The people have such complete possession of private and public affairs that any attack upon these is an attack upon the people themselves.

The nation's success is their own success, but they also realize that the nation's mistakes are their own mistakes.

No other institution ever had so strong a foundation. It is based on self-interest. It is supported by enlightened reason.

Yet this condition is not self-existent. The good is never self-existent. It exists because some one has made it his choice, instead of evil.

"THESE are not pleasant things for an American to have to relate of his fellow countrymen," writes Mr. Coolidge of the facts he here sets forth, "even though he be firmer than ever in the faith that the people are sound and that the great masses of men and women are straight . . ."

But "when men know an evil they correct it," he believes, and we, too, believe. And that—correction of evil—is the purpose of this second article as it was of the one printed in THE DELINEATOR in June from the distinguished pen of the Vice-President of the United States.

This article is as startling as its predecessor in its calm, repressed statement of facts concerning the processes of radicalism, antagonism and cynicism gnawing at the roots of our American institutions.

It is a challenge to all Americans—to every father, every mother, who participates in the faith of the founders of the Republic, to satisfy themselves forthwith as to what is going on in our schools, our colleges, our universities and our churches.

With Pope we believe that, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined." On the evidence, it may be asserted that the master minds and leaders of those who would destroy the heritage of America understand this truth.

It is upon the theory of bending the twig that Trotzky and Lenin predicate their hope of ultimate success. That is why they have made the children of Russia, the coming generation, charges of the State. Bent twigs, bent trees!

Are our own sons and daughters—those of our own blood and those who come to us from other lands—our twigs, being bent in their mental growth, or are they being taught the whole truth of life and history? Do you know?—THE EDITOR.

Humanity is prone to change. Empires have come and gone. Even peoples who, for a time, cherished a republic have not been able to withstand the ravages of evil. They have seen patriotism diminish, the domestic virtues decline, industry cease, general decay and ruin overwhelm them.

Strong and vigorous as we seem to be, there are those who see discontent and cynical attitude toward our institutions alarmingly prevalent. They can, among other instances, point to the radical outbreak in the Northwest, now seemingly on the decline, but which at its height was no less than revolutionary.

COLLEGE FACULTIES AS LABOR UNIONS

IT IS never wise to disregard the reports and opinions of trained observers. In *The New Republic* during May, 1920, one made report of the Middle West in these words:

"The academic men are quiet and almost cynical in their acceptance of the opportunism and hypocrisy of the governments in their suppression of democracy and free speech in behalf of the exploiting classes. They are in a middle ground where they await the coming of a sort of 'revolution'—not a revolution of violence, but one which will radically and peacefully change things—with a degree of patience.

"But workingmen—both those who work with their hands and those in the lower clerical positions—seemed to be more impatient and bitter."

This investigator was especially surprised, however, at what he found in the colleges. He met the wife of a

university professor, who told him of having been at a dinner where there were a number of young instructors. "Do you know," she said, "they were all Bolsheviks?"

Besides he found organized faculty unions in a number of universities—unions affiliated with the American Federation of Labor.

Further: "Workingmen everywhere maintain that our Government is a Soviet with the labor representatives left out."

Said a district labor union representative:

"I am only an engineer, but it doesn't take much brains to see who rules this country. If labor doesn't organize politically, it ought to be enslaved—and probably will be."

And a prosperous member of the board of trade of a larger city said:

"The sooner we adopt the Soviet system of government the better. It is the best form. Why make such a fuss about it?"

But the reporter is sure none of these people are fooled by any half-considered revolutionary propaganda; at least, *not yet*. Only an accurate analysis of the popular mind—a representative cross-section—will prove that.

That cross-section was taken in early Spring at the time of election when great prosperity prevailed. It is the opinion of that locality as represented by professional, labor and business men. If the result of the election is interpreted as a desire for a change, and the result of discontent in part, the cross-section is a remarkably accurate representation of what is being thought in the American home. While the result is believed to be more fully accounted for as the expression of the conservatism of the nation, this attitude of mind undoubtedly did play some part in it.

GNAWING AT THE ROOTS

A VERY interesting and, perhaps, illuminating sidelight on the report this observer makes of the state of mind of some members of college faculties of which he learned on his tour is given in the *Iowa Magazine* of February 5, 1920. This is a publication of the Greater Iowa Association of Davenport.

In an article on "Radicalism in Our Universities" is reproduced what purports to be a facsimile of a letter by Arthur W. Calhoun, who, when he wrote it—July 29, 1919—was instructor of sociology and political economy in Ohio State University at Columbus. He is now of the staff of the Rand School of Social Science, of 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York.

The letter is addressed to a Professor Zeuch, who was then an instructor at the University of Minnesota.

A part of the letter follows:

"DEAR ZEUCH: I think I accept all you say about the condition of the proletariat and the impossibility of immediate revolution. But I am less interested in the verbiage of the Left Wing than in the idea of keeping ultimates everlastingly in the center of attention, to the exclusion of mere puttering reforms. One of the things that will hasten the revolution is to spread the notion that it *can* come soon. If the Left Wing adopts impossible methods of campaign, I shall stand aloof, but if they push for confiscation, equality of economic status, and the speedy elimination of class privilege, and keep their heads, I shall go with them rather than the yellows.

"If Gras is doing what he says and I am doing what he says, the Left Wing is right in saying that he is doing the better job. I wonder, however, how many of his students draw the 'necessary' conclusions; and I wonder whether I do all my students' thinking for them.

"Ellery is feeling at Columbus and also at Illinois. . . .

"I have accepted the professorship of sociology at De Pauw University. The job pays two thousand two

hundred dollars this year, with assurance of two thousand four hundred dollars if I stay a second year. The president has been here three times and had long interviews with me. Besides, we have written a lot. I told him I belong to the radical Socialists. . . .

"I'm afraid Greencastle is too small to do much with the co-op."

The article states: "Professor N. G. B. Gras is a member of the faculty of the University of Minnesota." Again it inquires: "What do you suppose Ellery was 'feeling' for?"

THE RED TRAIL

REFERRING to "the co-op," the author reports: "When I ascertained from Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, that Professor Calhoun is a director of the 'Tri-State Cooperative Society' of Pittsburg, and that the society's business is the production and distribution of vicious 'red' propaganda, I began to see the connection."

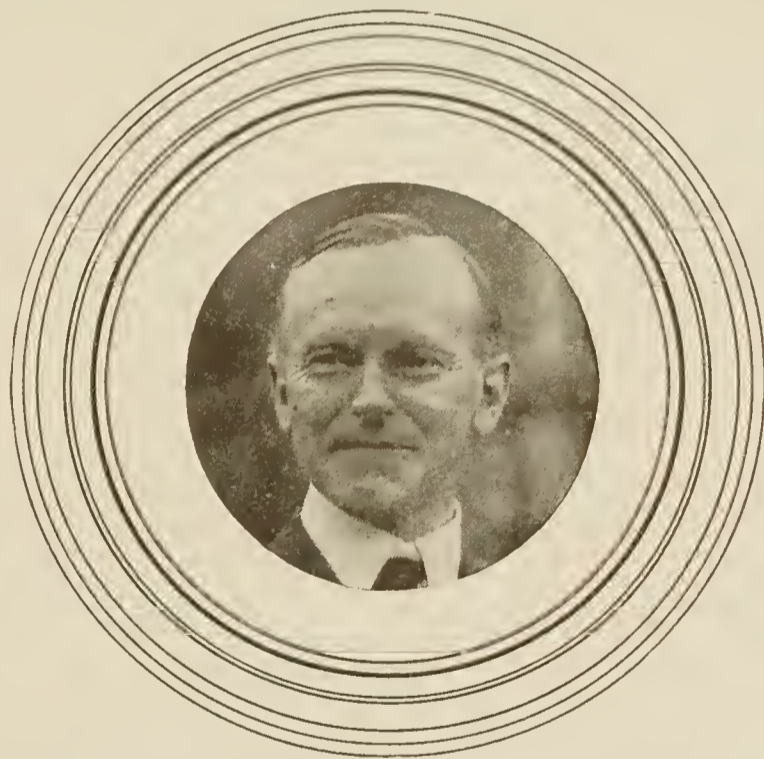
In this connection it should be interesting to note that the *Occident*, a student publication of the University of California, in the May, 1920, issue, reports and severely criticizes the mobbing of a man who sold radical papers at the University gates.

While the Iowa magazine article is rather severe, it disavows any blanket indictment of colleges or faculties.

"Our universities have been, are, and will continue to be," it holds with unassailable soundness, "the bulwark of our advancing civilization. But they must be kept clean."

STRANGE SERMONS, STRANGE ACTIVITIES

THIS tendency to discontent which has affected the man in the street, in the country, and on college faculties, has also been manifest among some of the clergy. Nor can they be altogether blamed for the reaction they make to some of the conditions which, in the past generation, have confronted them. They, too, as a body are preeminently sound, wise and self-sacrificing teachers, devotedly patriotic and altogether holy men. That being so, it is all the more worthy of note, all the more reason for serious consideration and solemn warning, that among them are those who preach radical doctrines and hold radical views. That it may be argued that they are undoubtedly honest in their conviction only adds to the gravity of the problem they present. Every reader of THE DELINEATOR knows some of these.



They hold strange views, preach strange sermons, write strange books, engage in strange activities, and get strange newspaper fame.

In the city edition of the New York *Evening World* of April 27, 1920, there was a news article about "Dr. Harry F. Ward, Professor of Christian Ethics in the Union Theological Seminary, New York." The article was based on a letter written the *Evening World* by a Mr. White. It appears that a meeting had been held to raise money for the defense of those accused of crime as a result of the death of American Legion boys in the disturbance at Centralia, Washington. The letter alleges that Dr. Ward had "acted as chairman of 'Red' Doran's meeting, in the Rand School Auditorium on February ninth last and lauded the I. W. W. as a peaceful organization, suffering unjust and un-American persecution from our Government."

A PROUD CLERGYMAN

THE article says: "When located to-day at his home, No. 25 Franklin Street, Englewood, New Jersey, Dr. Ward admitted, with pride, that he attended the meeting referred to in Mr. White's letter, and declared that he was active in raising money to aid in the defense of the men who did the killing at Centralia, Washington.

"I am a member of the American Civil Liberties Union," he said, "and our aim is to get a fair trial for all our people who are arrested in their efforts to bring about the new order."

"Dr. Ward would not speak further for publication, but pointed to a passage in one of his books which expressed his views, he said.

"The passage follows:

"It is plain that no significant change in human history has occurred without violence, and, therefore, in the present situation, some violence is inevitable. The question is whether warfare is to be the main method of advance."

"In another of his works, he [Dr. Ward] pointed to these passages on the I. W. W.:

"Whenever there is any kind of a fight to be waged for the folks at the bottom, the I. W. W. is more than willing to wage it. Whenever there are heads to be broken, its heads are cheerfully and gallantly offered."

The White letter was directed to the attention of the chairman of the Board of Trustees of the Union Theological Seminary by the *Evening World*. The chairman, among other things, said:

"We will meet in the middle of May, and it is likely the matter will be taken up. . . . You may say without fear of contradiction that the teaching of Bolshevism or anything savoring of the I. W. W. is absolutely foreign to the purposes and aims of the Union Theological Seminary."

It is very obvious that clergymen have access to the literature which goes out to the religious world. They have access to Sunday-school and denominational publications. Such books as they write are likely to be on sale wherever books of a religious nature are sold, like Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. book-shops, or available in their reading-rooms. Coming from these sources to the ordinary reader, they carry with them the sanction of religious faith.

THE RAND SCHOOL

STILL there are other avenues of approach to the people at large. One of these is the Rand School of Social Science, at 7 East Fifteenth Street, New York.

The Rand School was founded some fifteen years ago by the late Mrs. Carrie Rand to aid immigrant workers

Continued on page 38

C O L I D G I S M S

Here opportunity lies open to all, to each according to his ability to grasp it.



In a knowledge of the truth our freedom lies.



No other institution [the American Government] ever had so strong a foundation. It is based on self-interest. It is supported by enlightened reason.



The time is upon us as Americans to give of ourselves, of our bodies to toil, of our hearts to effort, of our souls to sacrifice.



For when men know an evil they correct it.



For the regeneration of that which is evil there must be toil and effort and sacrifice.

There may be plans to destroy faith in the Republic, to pervert the minds of the young with false doctrines and suggestive books, to shake the loyalty of the mature toward the government of the fathers, but they can not prevail against the reasonable efforts of unselfish patriotism.



The good is never self-existent.



It is never wise to disregard the reports and opinion of trained observers.



The property of the American nation is owned by the people and is more evenly distributed than anywhere else on earth.

They [some of the clergy] hold strange views, preach strange sermons, write strange books, engage in strange activities and get strange newspaper fame.



Conservatism does not make much noise, but it is none the less powerful.



There can be no adequate consideration of the public attitude toward the Government and the institutions of America which does not inquire as to what is going on in the public schools.



Under meager compensation and with scant appreciation they [our public-school teachers] toil on side by side with the clergy, holding the ramparts of civilization, molding the minds of youth for all eternity.



DIRECTLY ACROSS THE AISLE SAT HILDA, THE ONE PERSON IN THE WHOLE WORLD WHOM HE WISHED TO AVOID. NOW, BY THE SUDDEN WILD POUNDING OF HIS HEART, HE KNEW THAT HE WANTED . . .

“FOR BETTER—FOR WORSE—”

BY CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER



STEWART saw her as soon as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light within the church. He had come late, and had slipped into the last pew as the wedding-party was forming in the vestibule. It was a small wedding, and several rows of unoccupied seats lay between him and most of the other guests; but directly across the aisle sat Hilda, the one person in the whole world whom he wished to avoid.

At least he had told himself that he wished to avoid her. Now, by the sudden wild pounding of his heart, he knew that he wanted just the opposite. He even acknowledged that it was in the hope of seeing her that he had given in to Perry's urgent request that he come to the church. They had met at the station as Perry was rushing for a train; but he had stopped long enough to welcome his old friend back, and implore him to come next day to see him married. Stewart had promised; and even while he called himself a fool for playing with fire, had wondered if Hilda would be there.

Well, she was there. How many times in the two years he had been away he had told himself bitterly that he was glad to be rid of her! Yet he knew, as he looked at her profile silhouetted against the stained-glass window, that she was the only thing in his life that had ever counted. It seemed a monstrous and incredible thing that she was not his wife, that she might even have married some one

else. The thought made him faintly sick—then angry. Of course she was his wife! No court in the land could alter a fact like that!

He was hardly conscious of the faint strains of the “Lohengrin” until he saw Hilda's handkerchief go nervously to her lips, as if to hide their trembling. He wondered if she was remembering their own wedding in this very church. *He* was remembering it, and the dewy eyes she had lifted to him when they made their promises. Her voice had rung out clear and unflinching, much clearer than his own. “For better, for worse, for richer, for poorer; in sickness and in health—”

It all came back to him in snatches: a sickening memory of vows which neither of them had kept. He knew, with the knowledge born of the last two years, that life had been made too easy for them. Money, friends, gaiety, had been their portion. Neither had been called upon to sacrifice anything for the other. There were no children. Hilda had not wanted children. Indeed their last quarrel had started when Stewart innocently remarked that he envied Tom Norton his three sturdy little sons. It had been a ghastly quarrel. Stewart had left the house that night, and two days later had gone away, leaving no address, after turning over a good part of his property to Hilda, and writing her that she would have no trouble in divorcing him for desertion.

FOR himself, he had not cared what happened. There was no one dependent on him, neither parents, brothers nor sisters. Since then he had been anywhere

where he was not likely to meet acquaintances: queer, out-of-the-way places that could in no way remind him of the past.

Nearly two years had passed, when a sudden hideous loneliness had turned him back, and here he was, the very day after his arrival, sitting across the aisle from Hilda!

THE wedding-party was upon them, obliterating Stewart's view of the only thing he cared to see. It was the conventional wedding; bridesmaids, maid-of-honor, and the bride in shimmering satin leaning on her father's arm. They were past now, taking their places at the altar, the organ playing softly. Stewart glanced across the aisle to where his one-time wife stood with bowed head. There was something new in her face, he thought. She looked thinner, yes, and older, but it wasn't that. Something spiritual was there which had been lacking in the old days. He longed—

“Dearly beloved,” came the deep voice of the minister, “we are gathered together, here in the sight of God—”

The familiar words brought a sense of intolerable pain, and Stewart stirred. His impulse was to leave the church, and as he moved suddenly he knocked a neglected hymn-book to the floor. The sound brought Hilda's eyes to where he stood, and for a moment she stared at him, wide-eyed. Then she glanced away, but he saw that the color had left her face.

Stewart did not hear the rest of the service. One thought obliterated everything: He must see Hilda and talk with her, whatever the cost to them both. He

must make her understand that he no longer blamed her wholly for what had happened. In the long months since their parting he had threshed things out and seen his own faults clearly. They had both been selfish and intolerant, but at sight of Hilda's face his anger vanished. He must tell her that. At least there should be no bitterness between them.

His thoughts were interrupted by the triumphant strains of the wedding-march. He must act quickly if at all. Relentlessly he tore a leaf from the hymn-book, and scrawled hastily: "I shall wait for you behind the church. Please come." Then, as the wedding-party passed them, he rose quietly and dropped the missive in Hilda's lap.

It seemed to Stewart that he waited a long time behind the church. It was a secluded spot fronting a row of carriage-sheds unused in these days of automobiles. One by one he heard the motors leave the church, and

had just made up his mind that Hilda was not coming when she came. She was a little breathless, yet she spoke first and her words were commonplace.

"I'm sorry to be so long, but I had to talk with people. Did you want anything special? I shall have to ask you to go home with me if you don't mind. I'm late already."

She raised her parasol and Stewart took it from her, glad of something to occupy his hands. He felt terribly shaken at her nearness. She was thinner even than he had thought and very pale. There was a fragility in her face that frightened him. For a moment he could not speak; then he said bluntly: "Hilda, are—are you married?"

She flushed hotly and looked away; but he saw that she nodded and his heart sank. He felt suddenly dizzy. He had thought himself prepared for anything, but not *this*. He could not believe it. When he spoke, his voice sounded, to his own ears, far away.

"May I ask—that is—is he some one I know?"

She nodded again; then cleared her throat nervously and spoke: "Can't we leave him out of it?"

They walked on in a constrained silence. He wondered dully where she lived. Of course he would not go in. There was no need now to say what he had meant to. They were moving toward "home," but when she turned in at the familiar gate he stopped.

"You're still *here*?" burst from him in surprise.

"Yes. Come in, Billy. I want to see you."

He thrilled at his name upon her lips, and followed her into the wide, beautiful hall that had been his pride.

"If you'll wait in the living-room, I'll be with you in a moment," she suggested.

He obeyed, gazing about him with fast-beating heart. Nothing was changed. Each book and picture seemed an old friend welcoming him home after a long absence. What manner of man had Hilda married, he wondered scornfully, who would be willing to come into the home built by her divorced husband? Was she supporting him on her alimony—or whatever she called the generous sum he had left behind? Well, what mattered it if she were happy? Yet he could swear, as he thought of her pale face, that she wasn't happy—not happy as he wanted her to be.

He sighed and sank down in his old chair, brushing his hand dazedly across his eyes. This was home, yet he could not stay here! Hilda was *his* wife, yet she belonged to another! Oh, if they had had children this wretched nightmare never would have occurred. Children would have taught them unselfishness, perhaps, and forbearance—would have kept them together. He rose hastily at Hilda's step, but she motioned him to sit down, and seated herself in her own big chair beside him.

"You had something to say?" she began, as if anxious to get it over.

HE WAS watching her hands, fascinated. She wore a wedding-ring, but his diamond was gone. He winced.

"Yes; but it's hardly necessary now. You see—" his throat felt parched—"I didn't know you'd—married. I haven't seen a Boston paper for two years; nor any one I knew."

"You've been—where?" she questioned eagerly.

"Everywhere—where no one else would go. It doesn't matter. But I've had time to think; and I wanted you to know I wasn't angry—now. I don't say you were in the right, but I know I was wrong too, and I'm sorry. That's all; only—I hope you're happy."

He coughed to hide a huskiness in his voice. Hilda stirred uneasily; then said with a sudden rush: "I've had time to think too, Billy. I can see so many places where the fault was mine. We were spoiled, perhaps. Everything we wanted was ours so easily. I suppose that suffering and—and sacrifice—"

She faltered, and for the first time he smiled. Hilda had always loved his smile, and her eyes misted.

"So you made that discovery, too?" he questioned.

She nodded, and for a minute there was silence. He was wishing fervently that it were not too late for them to start again. The hall clock, a clock that had been his grandfather's, tolled the hour, and he started nervously. He wanted both to stay and to go away. He wanted, more than he had ever wanted anything, to take Hilda in his arms; to tell her he loved her; to ask her to forget the bitter quarrel that had led to their undoing—and he had no right! The thought choked him as he looked at her. She was—oh, so much lovelier than he remembered her! But there was no use playing with fire. To-morrow he would fare forth again. Better an exile than a traitor. He started to rise, but Hilda put out a protesting hand.

"WAIT, Billy, I want to say something. You went so hastily, and—well there are things here you must want. Your grandfather's clock, and—"

Stewart was staring at her. She faltered before something in his gaze. Then he burst out with a touch of his old anger: "What do I care for *things*, when I've lost all else? Keep them. They are nothing to me. To-morrow will find me gone. I was a fool to come back. I—"

"Billy," she interrupted, leaning forward, her hands clasped tightly, "tell me—*why* did you come back?"

"Why?" he echoed.

That she should ask him *that!* His heart pounded. Well, let her have the truth. He raised his eyes, meeting hers without flinching, and for the first time voiced the thing which he had refused to acknowledge, even to himself.

"I came back, my dear, to ask you to forgive me and start again. It seems I am too late; but—" she winced at the coldness in his voice—"do not offer me *things*, Hilda, when you have given to another the possession I hoped might be irrevocably mine."

There was bitterness in his voice, and her lips trembled.

Concluded on page 48



THERE WAS A FRAGILITY IN HER FACE THAT FRIGHTENED HIM. FOR A MOMENT HE COULD NOT SPEAK; THEN HE SAID BLUNTLY: "HILDA, ARE—ARE YOU MARRIED?"



MRS. ARTHUR WOODS—Portrait sketch by John Singer Sargent.

In this charcoal study of Mrs. Woods, the granddaughter of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, America's most widely known artist has produced a portrait of characteristic distinction.



SHE WAS NOT WEARING THE BROWN, HIGH-HEELED WALKING BOOTS

BROWN BOOTS

BY HAROLD CARY

SHE had disappeared utterly. Since eleven o'clock on Monday morning, the fourteenth of April, no one had seen her.

The big chief had Martin Proctor on the carpet trying to make sure that he didn't know more about it than he admitted.

"Was she sore about anything, Martin?"

"No," protested Proctor. "She was as enthusiastic as she had just won a bet."

"When did you see her last?" asked Swasey, the chief, frowning.

"About eleven, the morning she left," answered Proctor.

"Hmph. She hasn't been seen since eleven o'clock that morning," mused Swasey. "You're the last person in this organization who saw her. I've followed every place we had and I can't locate her."

"He never did."

"How Lon Sikes found her is a small matter, but it took me a flat six months to discover why she skipped in such a fashion. He let me know enough to piece the thing together. First he invited me to dinner."

"What restaurant?" I asked.

"None at all," said Lon, smiling. "I've a special invitation for us to a home-cooked meal."

"By the way, do you remember Fluff?" he continued, as we were climbing down the subway steps at Grand Central.

"Well, rather," I said, hoping not to interrupt his train of thought. Fluff, the lady copy-writer at Brown & Swasey's advertising agency, is the girl who disappeared. "It would be interesting to see what becomes of her," said enigmatically.

Isn't it true that every big office in New York boasts, or apologizes, for at least one heart-snatcher who always gets his way?

He makes ten hearts beat as one as he goes down the stenographers' aisle. He is a bit of a Beau Brummel and as often as not his hair is tinged with gray—just setting off his young face.

Some men blush and stammer when they tell a girl that she is—oh, say, "leaner" or "more filled-out-looking," whichever she wants you to say—than she was yesterday. But the office sentiment thief can make compliments to the veriest old maid which would get a less successful trifler into matrimony.

Often as not, too, he is married to a beautiful member of the opposite sex. He keeps her out in the Bronx, or in Melville Gardens, playing all day with a dog, a baby and a stove. That is not because he is selfish. He thinks woman's place is in the home.

It was hardly my intention, but in spite of myself I have described Martin Proctor and his relations to society.

He did the above things, had the above family and loved his above wife most dearly. He said sweet things to sweet things only because he did it unconsciously.

He used his unconscious ability the first time he saw Fluffy. Fluffy was charmed. She was excited. She radiated joy—yes—over work he asked her to do on the silk-stocking account.

He had come down from his sanctum raving. Returns from the December advertisement had been hopeless. He walked into the department madhouse—all copy departments are madhouses, either from noise or temperament—and by some strange coincidence found it nearly empty. The rest of us had left as early as we dared for a bite of lunch. It was nearly one o'clock.

He saw Fluff alone, in the darkest corner, picking out

words on an ante-advertising typewriter. She had as yet been assigned to no regular work.

"You writing advertisements for us?" he asked with his motion-picture-hero smile, and most gracious, doff-the-hat expression.

"Not yet, but that's what I'm hired for," she answered with a smooth little throw of her fluffy head. "Haven't you something there I could help on?"

By then he must have taken in the extremes of her appearance. He must have realized that, consciously or not, she had dressed for the stage part of the lady copy-writer. He must have seen those heavy, high brown boots, that dark tweed skirt, that silk shirt-waist with its four-in-hand tie, all topped by that fluffy, adorable head.

He came forth with his unconscious blarney.

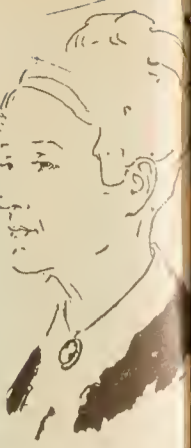
"INDEED," said Martin, "and that is just the very best news that I've had for many a long day. I can tell that you are going to have a success with Brown & Swasey. It makes me dour to think that I must start you off in such a hurry and demand most unseemingly that you take a little whack at this miserable mess that I hold in my hand."

"It's stockings, you see," he continued, "for Silks Embroidered, and we've only a few hours. I've taken the liberty of ordering a layout and suggesting a headline without consulting you about what you are going to write, because haste is essential."

"Mind you," he said it didactically, but with such a smile that you felt it was merely a cautioning note, "just make them feel. Make them feel that they must have these stockings."

With that he was off and the girl was fluttering about in an orgy of excitement. He made himself so delightfully her superior. He had made her want so very much to do what he wanted done.

Continued on page 55



TOO MUCH MOTHER

BY ANNA WILLIAMS

Are you one of those unselfish mothers whose only interest is your children? If so, this article has a warning for you. Let us hear your reaction.



LISTEN, you women, whether young or old or middle-aged mothers of daughters, how are you loving them? Are you dependent on them for your steadiest pleasure and are you worried and uneasy when they are away? Are their activities your greatest interest, their actions your greatest concern? Are their lives your only reality?

If you must honestly answer "yes," it is time to stop and think. Read these few stories—of the thousand true stories that could be told—of mothers' over-love. As you read them, do you see yourself?

Consider the history of Lelia, whose mother sent her to college—though why or how she happened to do so remains a mystery. Lelia was a brilliant student, an excellent dabbler in color. Moreover, she had so attractive a personality that young gentlemen moths fluttered about her at college and even ventured to her home town. Thence, one by one, we saw them go, singed of wing and ready for the cure-all of Another Girl.

We wondered mildly—but not after we knew Mother better. She was very decent to the young moths; laid out honey for them, but after a pleasant twilight fluttering she could always point out to Lelia things that Lelia could never have seen for herself; how patchy the spots were upon their wings, how sure the powder was to rub off.

One by one the moths ceased to flutter and the evening calm of Lelia's front porch became gradually undisturbed.

Lelia went in for charity fêtes. Among her neighbors was a publisher who needed just such a nurse for his newest baby magazine. He persuaded mother to let Lelia go in with him. But Lelia must live at home. She must commute a long distance daily to work.

MOTHER spent the evening pointing out to Lelia that her salary scarcely more than bought her railway ticket and paid for her clothes. Lelia stuck to it, however. Eventually there came to her another opportunity. In the running for the same chance was Sally. Not a large salary, but another try at nursing a baby magazine into a healthy youngster, able to walk alone. And one of the Giant Tribe, this time. It was the fork of the road for Lelia.

Well, mother was on the other road. It was a beautiful road, laced with wonderful colors of pale mauve and amber, service and care and devotion. Lelia chose it. She walks it still.

Two years later, at a dinner in New York, I met Sally. To be there (except in my own case) was a seal of accomplishment, a sign of those merits which accomplishment implies: self-control, perseverance, choice, courage.

All the evening I saw Lelia in Sally's chair. She had shown Sally's ability. She had, I knew, the courage and the perseverance. I do not know whether Sally had a mother.

Lelia and her mother are still going on with it. When mother finally goes to her heavenly rest, we shall see poor Lelia pick up the knitted shawl and heelless slippers which mother has abandoned and lay herself into the dent made by mother in that old, unnecessary sofa.

An exceptional case? It is an extreme one—that is why I chose it—but it is not an exceptional one.

Ettie's life story has its tragic side. She was a govern-

ment clerk in Washington. Ettie's brother became a successful business man. She had to go to work and for reasons of economy she and mother lived together. As soon as he could afford it, her brother offered to release Ettie from her job. But Ettie would not. They offered mother a separate establishment. She would not take it. They suggested that mother should divide her time between the son and the daughter.

But mother felt that Ettie was most congenial. She liked to see Ettie off on time in the morning; she liked to have the table set with her own hands when Ettie got home in the afternoon, she liked to mend Ettie's clothes and put away Ettie's papers for her and fill Ettie's ink-wells and show Ettie at every turn how much she loved her.

THUS life went on for Ettie till, when she was forty-nine, her mother died. During all that time Ettie had never signed a check. She had brought home her salary and mother had given her her due proportion: Ettie was a little girl of nearly half a century.

During those years her dream had been to own a little home on a hill looking over the Potomac, to furnish it and to set up housekeeping in it, cooperatively, with a Certain Friend of her own choosing. They had bought their lot; they had made their plans. But they had postponed the building from year to year.

Something had gone out of Ettie. She was exactly like some lovely fringed gentian which, the gravelly hillside blasted away, lies by the road, outwardly whole, but incapable of taking root again and flowering into seed. Mother had lived to be ninety. Ettie died less than four months after her mother—a little girl of nearly half a century.

Lelia and Ettie and the others like them would be the last to admit that they ever made any sacrifices. Living for others is beautiful. It is living *in* others that is degrading. The penalty for such existences is that the character suffers, that the love of mother and daughter which should be as strong at the end of life as it is at the beginning suffers most of all.

As in so many other relationships of life, our virtues betray us. Generosity becomes extravagance; devotion may become tyranny. Unpleasant as it may be to realize, we must force ourselves to admit the danger. And the escape into genuine happiness for both mother and daughter lies not alone in the daughter's apartness, but in the mother's independence.

WALKING down Massachusetts Avenue the other day I met one of the vigorous old women of Washington. She is "old" in years and in experience of life and of people and of affairs. She has a big house in Washington; she gives big parties; she dandles diplomats and she laughs at senators; and she has sons and grandsons who console her largely by their absence.

We had a talk about campaigns and people and the bond market and the work of Paul Manship. Nothing much of a mother she'd been, I always thought. But as I left her I realized in her person the effect of not being too much of a mother.

Was it merely a matter of money and exceptional opportunities? Is that all? What about the average woman of limited means, as she gets older? For example, Mrs. Porter—let's call her Mrs. Porter—of Waupun, Wisconsin.

Mrs. Porter is well in her sixties. Her daughter married a Philadelphian—whom we will call Park—and the "children," as they called themselves, urged her to give up her white frame house and her picket-fenced garden and her horse and buggy to come to Philadelphia and share their suburban hollow-tile house. But Mrs. Porter refused.

She visits Philadelphia once or twice a year. There she takes in the orchestra concerts, runs over to Atlantic City, shops, goes to church, compares notes with every friend her daughter has on every conceivable subject from jam recipes to the Democratic party; plays cards every afternoon and sees whatever shows there are in town. Then she suddenly departs for Waupun. When the Parks urge her to stay, she assures them they do not play bridge well in Philadelphia and she has to go home for a good game.

When the Parks go out to Waupun to visit, they find the same old house and garden. But the local Red Cross makes use of the left-over space; an elaborate system of experiments conducted by mail, under the direction of the University Agricultural Department, is going forward in the garden, and a Ford has supplanted the horse and buggy.

TRUE, Mrs. Porter has a little money—not much. It is not financial dependence we are talking about. Money doesn't matter. You may take money from whom you will without loss to the soul. But mental dependence is an eating disease that will waste the fiber of your being. There are too many women turning the wheels of the community life; too many women managing the lay interests of the churches; too many doing the nameless things that make life tolerable and civilized to think for a moment that the possibility of independent interests for women is limited by income.

When mother has made for herself an interest—bee-keeping or tatting designs or the making of jellies in the hospital—she will begin to know that her job of molding her offspring is finished. She will realize that her married daughter is no longer a little girl; in that instant mother will grow up herself.

The mere determination to create your own interest to accept your daughter's mental apartness from you without thinking any more about it—that is the solution of the problem. Women accept tacitly the fact of living their life out without their sons. As a result there is sheer joy in the relationship on both sides, gaiety and companionship.

From his cradle you have the poignant tenderness of your boy that springs from the sense of how evanescent—though how everlasting—your relationship with him must be. That inevitable time when he will leave home gives to your companionship the temper of a furlough. He is home on leave, as it were. "Breaking Home Ties" was never painted of a young girl. Who will paint the new picture?

Cut the willow-wand in Spring and see how hard the buds must push to break their casing of varnish-brown—and yet how profound, how inevitable the urge for growth.

It behooves you, mothers and daughters, to see that the old molds are broken, new molds as fair take their place. If the old relationship made daughters unselfish, shall not the new make mothers more vividly interested in life?



THE OLD CRÊPE SHAWL From the painting by Arthur Garrett



LITTLE PRINCE TOOFAT

II—The Fairies in Looking-Glass Land

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

OF COURSE, you know how little Prince Toofat got into fairy-land. He was talking to himself in the glass one day, and at the invitation of Himself he went through the mirror into Looking-Glass Land with Himself, and the farther they got away from the mirror the smaller they got, till they ungreww to the size of the fairies. And then they were there.

Underneath a big bush they saw their first fairy, dressed in a suit of bright green, whistling a hole in the ground. Did you ever try that? It's awful easy, but you have to have just the right kind of ground and whistle in a minor key. A trunk key has been tried, but it won't do. And, first, you must whistle a real sharp cord, and when your cord is about a foot long you whistle flat, and that smoothes your hole.

Well, Himself hustled up to this fairy and asked the way to the fairy court-house in a hurry, but the fairy said:

"I'm awful busy. I'm planting a tombstone."

"A tombstone!" said Prince Toofat. "Why, they don't grow!"

"Look here," said the fairy shortly, "did you ever see a tombstone not grow?"

"No, but——"

"Well, then, how do you know so much? You must remember that a bird in the hand saves nine, and keep still the next time you attend my funeral."

"Your funeral!" said Himself. "Why fairies don't die, do they?"

"Who said they did?" said the fairy. "Where did you unlearn all you never knew anyhow? You don't suppose we're to be cheated out of a funeral on that account? I'm just finishing mine, and when this tombstone grows up I'll have another if I can find another berry-bush that's empty.

Concluded on page 56

MUSICAL PRODIGIES

Art Is a Long Road, and Some
of Its Pilgrims Are Mere Children

BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG



Photo by Nicholas Murray



Photo by Nicholas Murray

These three graces on the left, in their best white frocks, are the Hilger sisters, Crele, Marie and Elsa, lately arrived from Czecho-Slovakia. Their instruments differ, but they get along harmoniously on the concert stage. They are good alike as soloists and in ensemble playing. Whereas before they booked Prague and The Hague, they now tour New York, Albany and points west

Mildred and Eugenia Wellerson—below—are twins. When they were younger than they are to-day, their mother taught them to play. Twins look well together, and now they dazzle the concert stage with their performances on the cello and the violin. Their father was a pupil of Dr. William Mason and their mother was a concert cellist abroad

THE MUSICAL PRODIGY is dear to the public's heart. The child wonder, making harmony with the facility of an angel, has been a romantic tradition since the night young Mozart's astonished parents found him seated at the piano. He became a great artist and composer; so too did Liszt and Schumann and our own Josef Hofmann. They were prodigies destined to be great artists; they were not merely precocious. Musical New York had last year a season of baby débuts. Time alone will tell whether the talent now so amazing will grow into a mature genius or fade the way of a mere precocity. It's a wise teacher or parent who lets genius burn slowly.



Photo by Nicholas Murray

This young gentleman in the black-velvet suit and the operatic wave to his hair is Sammy Kramar, seven years old, a violinist of promise. The violin has been his only interest since he was three, and he has mastered concertos and whatnot with an audacious certainty. Sammy has bowed to the applause of several cities, including Boston, Philadelphia and New York



Photo by Nicholas Murray

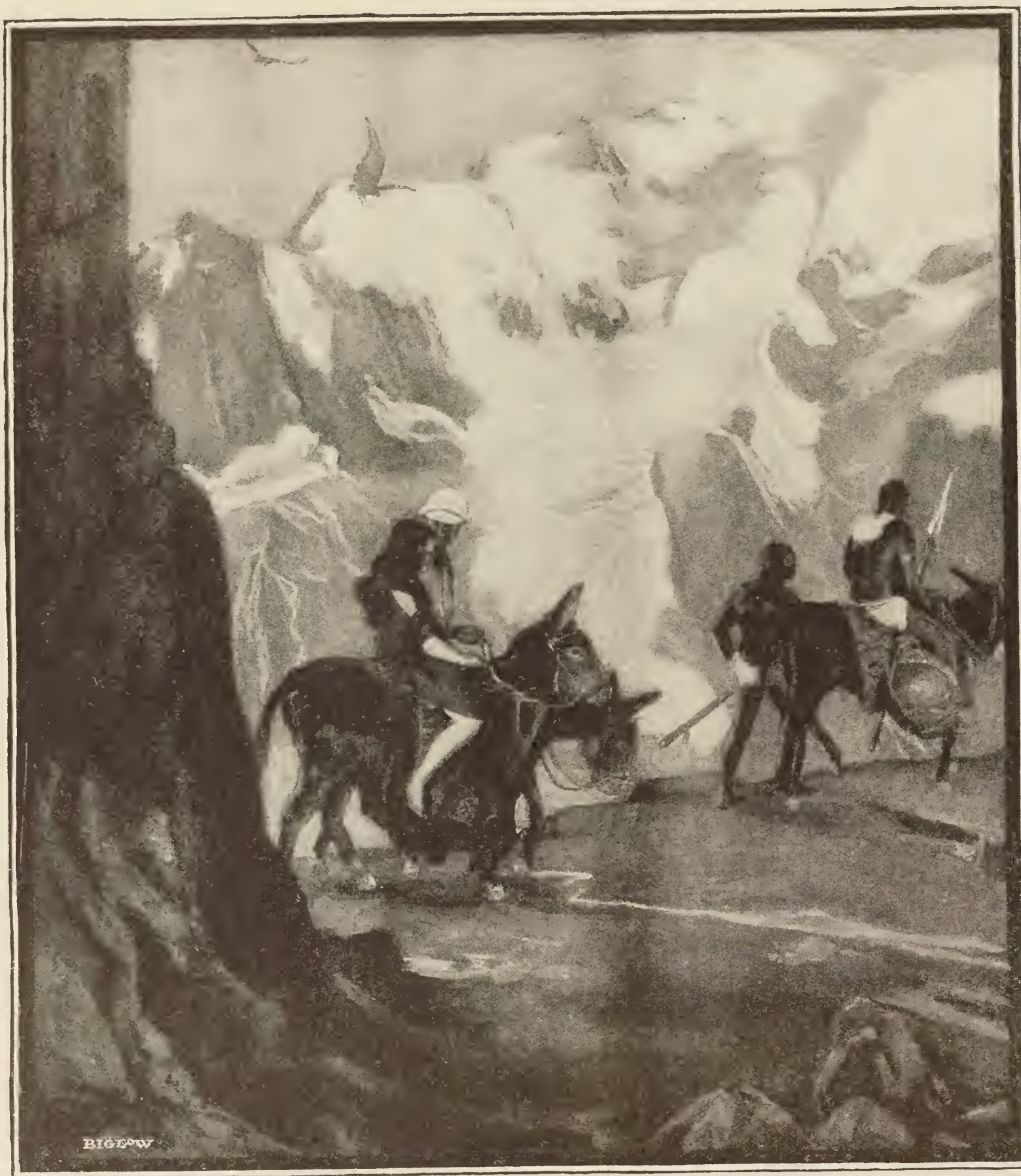


© Mishkin

This mature young lady is Matilda Locust, of Russian parentage. She has seen America first, for after settling down in Holyoke, Massachusetts, she went to California, where some one overheard her at the piano. Sophie Braslau, of the Chicago Opera, took her to New York, where she is now studying

Ervin Nyredghazi is really the child champion. He has the most unpronounceable name and he began to play by ear at the age of three. At five he made his debut at Fiume—a stormy beginning. At six, Ervin composed a serenade for the cello. As a small boy, he played all over Europe, and last Winter, at the age of seventeen, he came to New York, where, with the New York Symphony Society, he played Tschaiikowsky's Second Concerto. The audience recalled him eight times. He is famous—at seventeen. Are there any thrills left for Ervin?





THE PRINCESS DREW CLOSER TO CONANT AS THEY APPROACHED ARRONTIK

NO RETURN TICKET

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

Author of "Routledge Rides Alone," "Down Among Men," etc.

CONCLUSION



HERE was one word, if he could only think of it, which seemed to have something to do with Maisie and himself. He drummed his fingers on the table. The moments tortured by. A breeze would come and dim the candles; again perfumes would press in until he was conscious of them and nothing else. The figure of Maisie moved in his mind. He had underestimated her in the beginning; had been ridden with his own idea to make light of her. All that was changed, but this big, generous impulse of hers—

He smiled in the candle-light, and then the old, haggard, grim look came into his eyes and hardened his lean jaw. He looked up into the faint haze of stars with revolt and hatred, away into the cold dark of the past. He heard her step and the rustle of her garments among the leaves. His head shook roughly as he brought his thoughts in. What did this mean, this lovely child, finding something in him to love, talking of marriage in connection with *him*, Archer Conant, whose heart in its wild loneliness could only find a correspondence in the darkest parts of the Dark Continent?

She sat down again in her old place opposite and there was faint huskiness in her tone. Her eyes met his.

"I shall never run away from you again. Long ago when my grandfather, the missionary, used to speak to me, I would run away. I will not do it again to you. You look—you look as if you were lost—"

"It would be no wrong to her. It would only be to help you, to help us. It would make us free to work together—for him."

"BUT," he said, "you mustn't be caught tied to me, when your lover should come."

"My lover has come," she said and hurried on: "What I found in your face was the answer to my waiting. Because you belong to another is a great mystery, but it does not change it at all. That which I have found is not elsewhere. I have ceased to look elsewhere. That which I can not have I can serve. Your purposes are my purposes."

"Is it because you have been alone always, away from all world ways, that you see so clearly, princess?" he asked.

"I do not know, but I know that for me all life is changed. I thought he would come for me alone; and now all is cold and desolate, except only this: If I serve you, *I serve her*."

"By helping him I help you and helping you I help her. That—that is what I have to do. The ceremony will

not change us," she went on quickly. "It will cut you off from nothing, because you are true to her. It will cut me off from nothing, because I have seen—what I have seen—and only one can have that in his eyes for me. We shall be comrades until you go. For a little time we shall be *comrades*, you and I."

Then Conant realized that she had spoken the word he had been trying to think of.

THAT night Conant tried to bring the light of hope back into Cheverly's eyes. He didn't tell the boy all the princess's plan. Somehow that was hard to talk about so far. He couldn't say that the whole thing had come about to help Cheverly breathe open country again, nor did he intimate that events were tending toward Cheverly's being sent, for such life as remained in him, to Arrontik, the farthest city.

He only said: "We are to go with the princess. The out journey will take the better part of a fortnight, for we stop at the different settlements. We're scheduled to know the Ichitis before we're through, Chev. Our dash for the open takes place from Arrontik, the farthest city."

"I can do anything if we get out of here," said Cheverly.

"She says that we hit real old African jungles again on the opposite side of the mountains, that we land in the center of the Boangan tribes if we make the getaway," Conant went on. "It's a chance for the coast again—Mombasa later! Hear that? A way out, Chev!"

"Fourteen days and we'll be on our way. Don't breathe it, in or out of sleep. I told her you'd jump at the idea of ramming through Boanga, even without firearms."

"But how about you?" Chev asked suddenly. "Aren't you and the princess hitting it off rather well?"

This was dangerous ground. Conant couldn't explain what the word comrade had come to mean, for it would look funny to any white man from the outside. So he remained silent.

In the days that followed Chev regained much of his old grip on life; even his laugh returned. Conant saw no more of the princess than before, though he was much in her part of the palace. If there was in him the faintest idea of her guile when the plan was first broached, it slipped away long before the end of the fourteen days. She thought of everything, not only Archer Conant and the life of his friend, but some one of long ago who was responsible for the grimness and also for the fidelity which she had found in Conant's face.

In giving herself to the cause of that one, Maisie crept into Conant's heart as she could have done in no other way. By identifying herself with that old story she became one with it.

At the end of a long day, their marriage day, he looked at her, standing on the balcony which opened on to the court from her part of the palace.

"It's been hard for you," she said. "The day has been so long and the people so tireless with all their ceremonies."

CONANT laughed. "Hard to stand and look into the heart of your world—to stand with you—to be made one with you, in their eyes?"

"I wonder if he will be lonely to-night!" she said, for Conant's personal effects had been brought from the old quarters into this part of the palace, leaving Cheverly alone.

"He only laughed about it," Conant said. "Each day he gets a bit more eager. I think he'll come to himself again when we pass out of Laplik, this circle of mountains, even before we make the dash for open country."

A night bird went by close to their faces, not a bat, but muffle-winged, possibly a little owl. The sense of the widest solitude he had ever known crept over him, as if they had the whole of Africa to themselves. He saw that her eyes were fixed upon him, and for once he could look into them almost without self-consciousness. Murmurs came to them from the city.

"Aren't they strange, in their thousand little huts to-night?" she asked, speaking of the Ichitis. "They are happy about us; a burden has fallen from them because I have taken you. All over the city they will be blessing us to-night. . . . blessing us and praying that our little baby will be a girl baby. Aren't you sorry for them? We mean so much to them."

"They will not disturb us—no servants. Even Maffa is not to come to-night. So you will have to help me—now. Come to my door and take the things that I hand you."

He followed, and presently from the inner room she began to pass out pallets and pads and coverings for his couch.

"I will fix it for you," she said. "The best place is on the balcony where we stood."

"But, princess," he demurred, "have you left any for yourself?"

"Oh, there are many more. In the morning, we'll take you all back to one place."
 She insisted on doing her part, and he was permitted to have no suggestion as to how his couch was to be laid on the worn, warm stones of the balcony under the starry sky. For a long time he lay staring up at the stars. Then from out the inner room he had not entered, her voice stole to his ears:
 "Are you asleep yet?"
 "No."
 "Good night!"
 "Good night, princess."
 Afterward, as he was falling asleep, he heard faintly far away from the city:

Athick doubla obmer sole
 Lemme tooder bostrick vli.

* * *

TEN days afterward, Conant and the princess, riding with the party of leaders and teachers from Laplik, reached the borders of the farthest city. Cheverly rode behind them. The little gray people were very perfunctory about the rights of Maisie and her chosen one. Pough for them was too good for any one else. Long before they had reached Arrontik, the plant-hunter had proof of what he had heard about conditions being better in the city of the amphitheater than anywhere else among the Ichiti people.

The white family of Arrontik was under the leadership of a former lion-snarer who had captured animals for European menageries a quarter of a century ago. Under a leaf-thatched canopy ahead on the road, "the royalty" of this farthest city now waited to give them welcome. "See the one with the plume in her hair?" the princess whispered.

"The big girl with the plume is the one who is waiting for your friend."

"Are you sad that I would not let *you* come?"

"Ah," he said, looking for the girl with the plume. Maisie did not answer his glance at all, but she was examining the little cavalcade for the figure of the big white man riding alone. Conant knew the instant that her

boring eyes settled upon his friend. There were six or seven greedy-faced children around her, and an old man and woman who nodded and ogled at him, not in the direction at all of the eyes under the plume.

"We'll have to make a quick jump," he muttered. "Princess, it really must be to-night, for Chev's sake!"

He saw her eyelids close an instant, her face held straight ahead.

There was no singing. Ahead they saw two great white cliffs standing close together, as if a river flowed between them; the rest was mountains, range upon range, such as they had traveled through for ten full days. He had heard from Maisie that the way to open country was through those white cliffs.

He was thinking of the pain in Maisie's face when he had spoken of making a "quick jump." All the plans that had to do with Cheverly had also to do with leaving her. The old look of grim revolt came to Conant's face. It was a bit too much for one man in a lifetime—that long-ago agony, and this that confronted him now—leaving the comrade he had found. The very fact of her invincible courage seemed to hurt him all the more.

This was Arrontik, the end of their journey, which lay farther in the heart of Africa than any white man, save the captives of the Ichitis, had ever been before. This was supposed to be Africa's unknowable, and things were different here than at the other end of the nation. Maisie's city of the amphitheater was protected by a trail which it was impossible to follow without knowledge, as it followed an underground river. Laplik was near the coast, and the coast meant white men and the outer world.

Coming into the farthest city of the Solitary People was one of the darkest hours of Conant's life. Sometimes he put himself in Cheverly's place, as if he himself were being brought to stay here in Arrontik. Or suppose he should reach the outer world with Cheverly—the outer world which meant nothing to him—worse than nothing!

IF HE could only go back to Laplik with the princess, to be only her comrade! At such times he was afraid of himself; afraid of betraying the first law of his code, that of standing by a friend. Deeper than that was the fear of betraying the law of his being—fidelity to one of that long-ago day. Maisie was coming to mean that one, not to take her place, but to identify with her! Conant in even harboring these thoughts felt that he was becoming an abomination in the eyes of whatever gods looked on.

They were riding higher and higher through the city toward the portal. Maisie still declared that Arrontik would not dare to disobey her wish to spend the night in the Overhanging Castle. Crowds were silently following them. Arrontik seemed to him like a beleaguered city as the night fell.

At this instant he loved Maisie as never before.

He knew now that he could stay straight with Cheverly. He would see the boy through. If he had even the thought of dishonor toward the woman, he would at least act honorably toward the man.

There was a halt, and he heard the princess repeating to her own native leaders that there must be no festivities to-night, as she was very tired and wished to go at once to the Overhanging Castle. Maisie reiterated that her lord wanted his friend with him this last evening,

before he took his place in the other household. The old Ichitis did not seem to understand her. As dusk thickened they were climbing a steep trail of broken white stone and followed a ledge along the inner wall of the cañon. Below them lay the river. The great thatches belonging to the lion-snarer's household were far behind.

Arrontik was not pleased with their plans for the night as an arrangement had been made for a celebration in honor of their guests. These Ichitis were like the others: slow and difficult to change. The leaders from Laplik did their best, tirelessly holding the position between the lion-snarer's household and Maisie herself, but protests from the city did not subside for hours after they had reached the Overhanging Castle.

"There is the arsenal," Maisie whispered as they passed a cave with natives at the entrance. "Thousands of spears and great rocks are in there to keep off the invader. The castle is only a little way now."

The three were not alone until hours after they had reached the castle.

CONANT saw how this place must have fascinated the child of three years ago, for it was like a stone nest on its overhanging ledge of white rock. She turned to the open door and he followed her to the ledge:

"Only the outer guards stand between," she whispered, "but we must wait longer until everything is still."

"You're positive they won't think you had a hand in this?" asked Conant.

She shook her head as Cheverly passed them, walking slowly along the ledge to the right and rolling a cigaret.

"It's hard for him," she whispered. "He's beginning to know that you're doing it all for him."

"He'll never know what I'm doing for him," Conant said before he thought.

They could not endure the torture of staring at each other. All their talk seemed wayward and unavailing and their voices artificial.

"No, they will not hurt me after you have gone. They will merely think you have run away from me, too," she said. "You will go quietly along the ledge. There will not be many guards. Perhaps you can get away without arousing any of them."

"If you could get by them silently, and have the full night's start, the six or seven hours until daybreak, you would reach the jungles before they could overtake you."

Once he had to leave the light and walk out on the ledge alone. Cheverly searched his face when he came in. The boy's eyes showed bleak for an instant, as if the old hopelessness and suffocation had come again—all the joy had gone out of the night's adventure. It was only an added hurt to the plant-hunter. There was nothing more that he could do.

It was close to midnight. Cheverly had walked on a little way ahead.

"And now you must go!" she said at last.

"Yes, princess."

"You need every moment now. You must not keep him waiting. Yes, the door will be shut. They will not bother until morning. If you can only go quietly past the guards!"

"But, princess, won't you know always that I'm turning back this way to the comrade?"

"Yes, but go."

"Won't you know that what you have shown me I could never have known but for you, that it is a lasting thing you've done?"

"But you never told me about her!" she said suddenly, her fingers closing upon the big pocket-flaps of his blouse.

"It is—as if you had become her! Hate me, if you must, but it has grown into that to me. You had to know, little Maisie."

"Even if it breaks your dream, I can't keep it—that you have come into that one place in my heart—but it does not seem as if any one were driven out!"

"Is it true that your love for her has become your love for me?" she asked slowly.

"Yes, princess."

All was darkness about them, and then he heard her tones, low, as if her fingers were pressed to her lips:

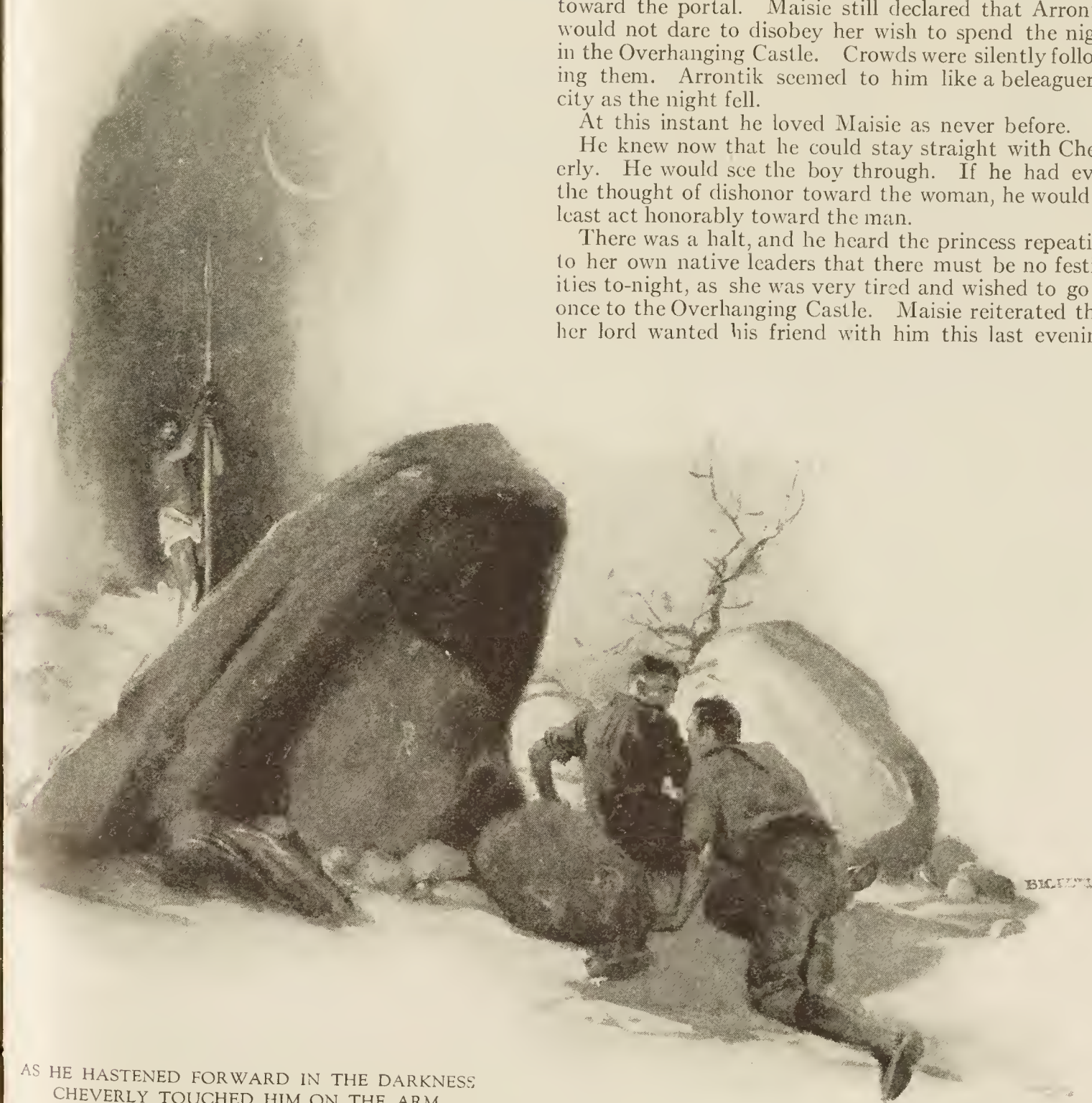
"Yes, go now—softly—go softly along the rocks."

THEY could see faintly the great rift of night sky above the gorge. Step by step, from the instant they moved out of the light of the stone doorway where Maisie stood, their progress along the ledge was through utter blackness. They were carrying their boots, and the thick woolen stockings were an inadequate protection for their tender feet.

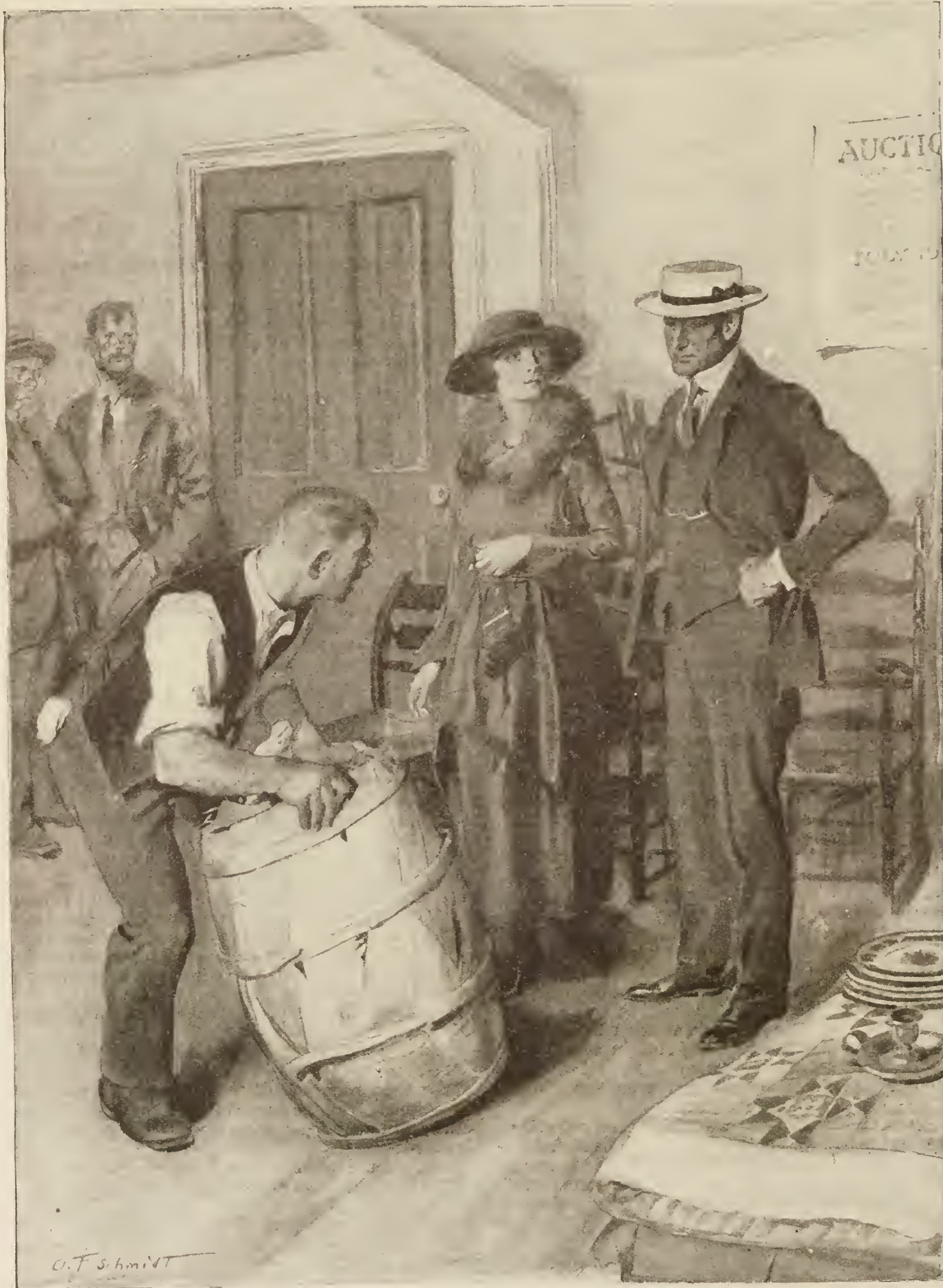
Conant's trained senses were keenly awake, but within him something reiterated: "It is over! Every step farther!" The ledge was broadening and the descent began. He had utterly forgotten Cheverly, until the boy clutched his hand.

"Listen," said Cheverly hoarsely, "I can't let this go on. I can't stay blind that you're doing this all for me!"

Continued on page 47



AS HE HASTENED FORWARD IN THE DARKNESS
 CHEVERLY TOUCHED HIM ON THE ARM



"WE'RE GOING TO LEAVE THIS BARREL OF JUNK," SAID PHOEBE. "I'VE GOT ELIJAH, THAT'S ALL I CARE ABOUT. OH, PHILIP, ISN'T AN AUCTION FUN!"

ELIJAH and the WIDOW

BY WALTER A. DYER

Having your own way is a hazardous sport. Take a lesson from Phœbe, who set her heart on a man—and also his widow



PHOEBE had the fever for antiques before we were engaged. My idea of a home included a Mission dining-room and a living-room in which leather-cushioned Morris chairs and a well-stocked smoker's cabinet were the outstanding features. I also had a weakness for red portières and a shiny brass bed. Her artistic education and taste was further advanced. She yearned for plain walls with only a few well-chosen pictures and dull-rose silk curtains at the windows. And for furniture she desired the antique.

We furnished our flat in accordance with Phœbe's ideas. When we could not get genuine antiques, we got reproductions. My dream of a shiny brass bed gave place to twin beds of a late Colonial pattern. My Mission dining-room was eventually furnished throughout in mahogany after the manner of Heppelwhite. Antique chairs and tables of various types adorned our living-room. Even the smoker's cabinet, the one concession to masculine depravity, was a debased Martha Washington sewing-table.

Eventually I became rather proud of all this.

But when we moved at length to a home in the suburbs we were faced with problems of furnishing on a larger scale.

We fell into the clutches of a plausible dealer on Fourth Avenue who wore a red fez and who spoke in low, confidential tones. My education proceeded under Phœbe's tutelage until I could distinguish between a walnut highboy and a mahogany bureau.

Then we got the Ford, and Phœbe proposed that I use it not for pleasure alone, but for the purpose of scouting the country in search of the treasures of a bygone day.

ONE Labor Day we toured the greater part of Long Island without tangible results. The only antique that we saw outside of the shops was a Windsor chair on the porch of a large white house on the Merrick road.

"Phœbe," said I, "this idea of hunting antiques in the Ford is a good one, but I am haunted by the suspicion that some one has thought of it before. I have a hunch that some one has toured Long Island ahead of us."

"Well," she responded, "then we will try Connecticut and New Jersey."

There is something sinister in the persistence of the antique habit. I doubt if even prolonged sequestration would cure the victim of it. It invariably returns with the first glimpse of a pair of rusty old andirons or a broken blue pitcher. No amount of discouragement is sufficient to dampen permanently the enthusiasm of the devotee, and a little success may lead to a frenzied debauch among the antique shops, than which I know of nothing more degrading.

The next Summer I found myself spending my two weeks vacation at the wheel of my Ford.

"Just a lazy ramble, a sort of gipsying—that's the idea," I observed, and to this Phœbe acquiesced.

But when at last we started, I found to my dismay that I was taking part in a personally conducted antique hunt through the rural districts of Connecticut.

We drove peaceably along over quiet country roads and at night we put up at some modest inn or Phœbe's choosing, or occasionally at a hospitable farmhouse. For a while the flivver behaved admirably, but on the third day Phœbe's familiar demon began to display the cloven hoof. We stopped at an out-of-the-way farmhouse where a home-made sign, "Antiques for Sale," arrested Phœbe's attention. We discovered that the inmates of the house concealed beneath a naïve and rustic exterior a highly sophisticated regard for the money value of certain old rubbish, but Phœbe refused to depart empty-handed.

AFTER that we began stopping at village shops and tea-rooms and at promising farmhouses, and the end of the fifth day found the rear of our small car so crowded with the trophies of the chase that I was forced to cram up the bulk of them to ship home. My impression is that we paid the simple-minded rustic about twice as much for some of these things as they would have cost in town. There was an adorable little dressing-glass with a jeweled drawer, a stock of assorted candlesticks of brass, pewter, Sheffield plate and porcelain, an ugly brogue Bennington dog, a battered old foot-warmer, and a faded sampler worked in the year of 1827 by a devoted Jane Armstrong at the tender age of seven.

Then at Atterbury—I think that was the name of the place—Phœbe's eye fell upon a red flag ahead of us. I took note of a fair-sized white house of the 1840 period with a porch across the front and a square cupola on top. There were crowds of people in the front yard and I observed that they were examining sundry pieces of furniture on the porch and in the yard.

"Oh, Philip," cried Phœbe ecstatically, "it's an auction—a real country auction! Aren't we in luck!"

It was fortunate for us, with our limited financial resources, that the particular family whose goods were being converted into cash had lived in the hair-clothed black-walnut age when mahogany was considered unfashioned, and that they had apparently disposed of everything of value long since. I never saw such a lot of junk in my life, from kitchen tinware to a funeral bouquet of dingy wax flowers beneath a cracked glass dome.

PHOEBE was disappointed, but I found myself amused by the eagerness of the populace to outbid one another for the possession of mysteriously combined lots of crockery, bedding, coal-scuttles and croquet sets.

Phœbe at last unearthed a plain table of solid mahogany, an Eli Terry shelf-clock, a badly broken Windsor back chair and a pair of Staffordshire statuettes representing those Biblical characters, Elijah and the Widow. She announced that we would tarry until these things were put up and I settled myself on a slippery sofa to await the outcome.

When the clock was offered for sale, a hawk-faced old man began to bid with a certain air of determination. The bidders dropped away until at last Phœbe and the stranger remained the sole contestants.

Continued on page 54

UNDER THESE HISTORIC TREES . . .

BY MIRIAM CRITTENDEN CARMAN



This tulip-tree, still standing on the end of Manhattan Island, has seen centuries go by. The Indians used to trade with the Dutch settlers in its shadows, and old Hendrik Hudson passed it on his first trip up his famous river. The Indians welcomed him with arrows



When Alexander Hamilton moved to New York City, he planted on his estate thirteen sweet-gum trees in honor of the colonies. They fell before the advancing city



A debutante in the Trees' Hall of Fame is the Naturalization Tree at Camp Zachary Taylor, in Kentucky, where during the war thousands of friendly aliens swore allegiance to the United States. The Daughters of the American Revolution have adopted it



In the third grade, you learned about the Charter Oak, in which the Connecticut patriots hid their Charter in 1687. That old tree, like Methuselah, lived to be a thousand; in 1858 it was buried with solemn dirge and public ceremonies. The Speaker's chair in the State Senate is made from its wood



Under the Washington Elm (center) at Cambridge, George Washington took command of the Colonial forces. Two hundred years old, the tree still stands, thanks to care and scientific forestry. Two centuries in the shadow of Harvard no doubt makes for culture



The oldest tree in the world is General Sherman, the giant redwood in the Sequoia National Park in California. Two thousand years before Columbus sailed to see America first it had climbed almost three hundred feet in the air. If trees could talk, what lively stories old General Sherman could narrate



"I HADN'T ANY VALUE—GOOD FACTORIES DIDN'T WANT ME. I COULDN'T FIND MY PLACE IN THE SUN"

SHE CRITICIZED HER HUSBAND

As wives do, once too often—and Love flies out of the window

BY MAUDE SPERRY TURNER



WE COULD hear the sea bellowing with rage up over the steps as it came slapping at our doors and window-panes with its last bit of infuriated strength. Sometimes it slapped hard, and then the window-panes would peer back at us like square eyes white with fear. In front of the fire, five of us sat on the big davenport huddled close together.

Big Billy was on the rampage. He glowered in a rage as big as the sea's.

"It's the only kind of loyalty that's worth a cent!" he exploded. "Oh, you don't tell people that your husband gets drunk or makes his money dishonestly or commits murder or cheats at cards. And you don't allow your best friend to run him down. But you criticize him!" he broke off in answer to Leila, who had lifted her sleek, black head.

"Criticize him," emphasized Big Billy. "And you'll work your fool head off for him and make the bluff outside that you work because you like it and, of course, you'd die for him, you'll always die for 'em," he grinned, and we three women set our mouths at him hard, "but," he

cried, "you'll hold him up before a crowd of friends and discuss his private, intimate little weaknesses and habits! You'll bemoan his failure to understand you and——"

"But we *never* do it," broke in Marshie, her gold-amber eyes raking Big Billy's face hotly, "unless they're there, sitting right there to hear it, too!"

Up went Big Billy's hands and down thumped his feet from the foot-rest. "You see? That's the damnable part of it! You not only betray him, but you make him watch it! You strip him of his dignity and decent reserve and say it's all right, he was there, he could have stopped you. Stop you! He's too ashamed! He can't even comprehend what makes you do it! Bad women don't do it—just good ones. Oh, take it from me, the Lord gets his worst shocks from good women! Wives mostly."

He knocked his dead ashes into the fire and we three sat and looked at him. We could feel our husbands thrusting out their chins.

Big Billy was the only one of us who had never been married. He had loved one of us with all his heart, the littlest one of us. And after her marriage he had subdued and conquered his broken heart, and a few months ago had come back among us to scold and gibe and

make us secretly aghast at the taming ties of marriage. Leila went back to her solitaire and Billy-Ned, who her husband, stretched out his legs complacently.

For an instant I glanced along the davenport. Growly. I'd give every drop of life in me for Growly the clasp of his hand makes me know that I'm afraid of nothing in the world.

BUT—for instance, the night before, he had got into bed before me and I had turned with my brush suspended and looking at his sleepy, leonine face and the great powerful head that had decided from his judge's bench the life and death fate of many a human being. I had asked, "Did you wash your face?"

I dropped my hands down into my lap at the memory. And Growly, who is supposed to sit always on the north side of life, but who really never misses a single breath from the south, or a sunset, or a violet out of the snow, slipped a look at me that twinkled with recollection. Then he remembered his dignity that Big Billy asserted had been assailed, and jerked on his Growly look and powdered it with a dust of self-righteousness.

Jang—who is called Jang because he is just like the sound of that, *plump* into the midst of things and st

there—stared straight into the fire, thunder-clouds in his eyes.

Jang was angry. Marshie had been getting on his nerves. There were always times when he dwelt on Marshie's duties as a wife, the darning of hose, the paying of bills, buttons; the whole business of system; and he would grow grumpier and jangier with every item. Not that he really cared much because a button was off or his purple hose undarned—he had other hose and things with buttons on—but he cared because Marshie hadn't done it. Because she hadn't felt it *essential* that she do it. Jang seethed. Marshie *didn't do her duty!*

Any one with a sense of humor or fitness would never connect Marshie with duty! She did perfectly heavenly things from *love*, things that swallowed up duty as a sunset swallows up the humdrum world. But Marshie didn't have anything to *do* with duty.

SHE sat now, crumpled and yet shining, beside Growly, like a kitten against a big, cross dog.

You always felt that there was a yellow lamp burning inside of Marshie. Her eyes were amber gold; there were gold tints in her skin and gold flashes in her light-brown hair. She was so vivid and fluid that she made you ache for the rest of the stiffly corseted, lumpy world. Marshie was something you *sang*. No one except Jang could think of her as being where she said she'd be, or doing things when she said she'd do them.

And now she sat in a shimmery heap because she had brought down Big Billy's wrath on our heads.

And such a little, amusing incident had done it.

Marshie, walking along the board walk that afternoon, had turned her ankle. And it had hurt. But Jang didn't say a word, not even a little "Too bad, honey!" Not a word. He looked at her as if that were one more inefficient thing she had done and his patience were about worn out.

Marshie forgot for one moment that that was only evidence of a certain type of man, the man who is cross when he's scared. She stood balancing her injured foot off the ground and looked at Jang's impatient face. When no sign of sympathy came, she said gravely: "The difference between being lovable and unlovable is the

difference between being responsive and unresponsive."

And Jang had barked: "I turn my ankle often, but I don't have to have anybody whine over me!"

Marshie couldn't say, "You're a man, you don't need anybody to whine over you!" because, you see, she's a follower of that banner that says women are not, *not* in any way, weaker than men.

So she said nothing for quite a while—the pain was frightful—and then she repeated. "Being unresponsive is very bad husband business."

AND at night, cozily, to the seven of us and the fire, she told it, partly because she thought it was amusing, but mostly because it was a perfectly good feminine thing to do.

And then all at once all the rest of us, as if suddenly released, told funny little things about our mates which pretended to be amusing, but which really were complaints.

And our husbands all wore the usual embarrassed, pretend-to-be-amused husband look.

But Billy, who loves Marshie better than life or honor or life-to-come, leaped into a rage, and lopped off the heads of all three of us women.

"Oh, it isn't the big things," he repeated at the end. "It's the little shy things, that a man thinks of as *intimate!* Individual ways of making love or not making love—like Jang this afternoon"—he bit down on his pipe till it broke—"or personal things like walking blocks to use a five-cent telephone because he thinks ten cents is exorbitant, or snoring peculiarly, or having one good joke that he always springs. And you correct his grammar before people, and his manners, even the times of washing his face are dragged out into the light." (You can see what I'd told!) "You interrupt him when he's telling a story and contradict him. Oh, Lord, how you contradict him, little fool points nobody cares a hang about. He doesn't drag you out into the light, with your cold-creams and your fibs, your business methods, your ignorance of geography, and your suspicions about things and people a man would be ashamed to suspect! Does he? No, you bet he doesn't. He's a whole sex above that."

The silence that fell down on us was thick and filling.

I scrambled around for some words that would fit into each other, but they were all in a jumbled mess.

Leila played solitaire. And Marshie sat up straight, staring deep into the fire.

Then a smile fled out from Big Billy's face right over to Marshie's wide eyes. "How's your ankle now?" he asked in a warm, sympathetic tone.

"Gone," answered Marshie. "Died of shame."

Then the clock struck, and mentally we all stood up and straightened our hair and smoothed down our clothes, because the mahogany clock is like a stately old lady in a black silk dress and old lace and a deep contralto voice. We always defer to her when we sit in that room. But outdoors we gibe at her and say, "Poo! Time was made for slaves!"

So now Leila telescoped her cards. Marshie slid to the floor, and Big Billy growled at Jang: "Play you a game of billiards!"

MARSHIE waved along between them toward the billiard-room, and whirled up-stairs ahead of us, and shut her door softly but with a firmness that said "Good night."

But that didn't keep me from undressing hurriedly and stealing out into the hall to Marshie's door. I bumped into another figure coming from the other hall.

"Jang's a beast," I said.

"Right," nodded Leila. As a matter of fact we were both devoted to him.

And then we tapped. There was a scurrying inside, a soft, scrambly sound, and then a little "Come in?" very sweet and questioning.

We opened the door. Marshie stood in a black velvet robe over her white satin nightie. And above it, her lovely gold eyes and straight little nose and parted red lips were saying, "You! You! You should have been Jang!"

"Hello," is what her mouth said.

While Leila and I drew our feet up under us on the bed, she pulled out the drawers and shoveled out of them all the things she had been mending when we tapped at the door and she thought it was Jang. There were hose and shirts and B. V. D.'s and pajamas that limped because the buttons were off one side or shuffled because the draw-string was out. Marshie sewed fast but carefully because whatever Marshie did *had* to have beauty. And she wouldn't let us sew because there was a certain fierce pride in her that wouldn't let other womenfolk do things for her man.

We chattered about everything that wasn't husbands. And when she was almost frantically done except one shirt with a button off, we heard the men coming up-stairs with loud tramp. We scuttled to our rooms, and Marshie slid things into drawers and looked around the room imploring any secret untidiness that she didn't see to come out *now* and show itself and not wait until Jang got in. Marshie didn't feel untidiness—she could feel even the tiniest little speck of infinitesimal dirt, but the room could rattle with misplaced things and she would never know it.

Jang came in with a closed look about him. Big Billy had beaten him at billiards, and besides he had felt cross all day. His pet investment, a new kind of ice-machine, had failed in its test the day before, and Jang's seven years of working with and supporting the inventor were evidently to go on forever. Of course nobody knew this because Jang never talked about his troubles—even to Marshie. But long after, Marshie told me about it, at the end of that time when she had wrung our hearts dry with fear. Jang was carrying a burden that night that had grown too heavy.

SHE smiled up at him as he began to undress, wishing she dared go up and put her arms around him and tell him that she was sorry. But she had done that before when he was in this mood, and he had unlocked her arms and said: "What's the use of being sorry! It doesn't change ways any." You see, Jang and Marshie were young, and Jang was like a perfectly running machine, always on time, always orderly, the pigeonholes of his life always cleaned up.

She asked him about the game in a polite, small voice. "Beat me. Have I any dark green hose for tomorrow?"

"Yes," eagerly, longing to run to the drawer and get them out for him all nicely darned, but longing more to have him open the drawer and see the neat piles of hose lying there.

He did open it, and took the green ones out without a word. Almost any other time he would have complimented her. And then he began to pick out a shirt. Marshie's throat clicked with the fear that he would want the only one that didn't have its button on. But he didn't. He laid one out and walked over to his ties.

Then he looked across at her with a tie in his hands and his face tight and dark. "You didn't clean the spot out of this tie as I asked you to, three days ago."

Continued on page 51



IT WAS A ROOM LIKE NO OTHER ROOM IN THE WORLD. IT WAS ALL MARSHIE—IMPULSE AND MOOD . . . JANG WALKED SLOWLY IN, WHILE BIG BILLY STOOD ON THE THRESHOLD

SIMPLIFIED SWIMMING

BY INA KISSEL EATON

Are you afraid to go in the water? This article by Mrs. Eaton, the noted sports-woman, who conducts this department for THE DELINEATOR, will take the fear out of swimming for you. Learn to swim this Summer and write to Mrs. Eaton (sending stamped envelope), who will answer your questions on sports.—THE EDITOR



Helen, the Olympic champion, and seven other little Meany's—youngsters all very much in the swim



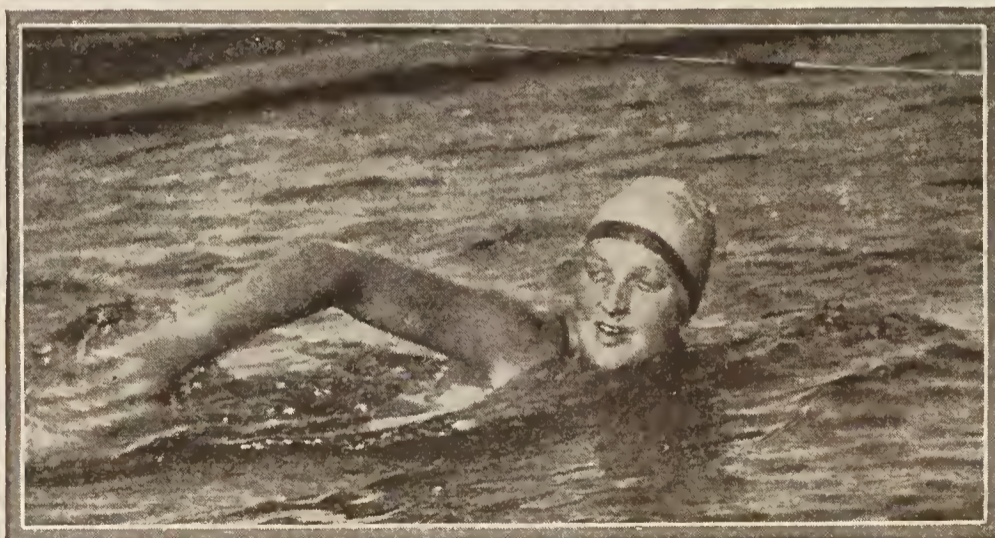
Highflying is half the art in fancy diving. This is Helen Meany, the fourteen-year-old American champion high diver and Olympic winner



Ethelda Bleibtrey doesn't care what the wild waves are saying, she can swim through them. Her strong arms have made her national champion in long-distance swimming



The Amazons are still with us. Helen Wainwright set the world's record for fast swimming in 1920 and is Junior National 100-yard champion for 1921: an all round aquatic star



You can do what Miss Bleibtrey has done. She was an invalid as a girl—now her list of American and world's records is too long to read. She is Olympic champion and record-holder at 100 and 300 metre swimming

faster and faster through the water. Then the fun begins. I know of no exercise which offers quite this attraction. All your muscles are in action, your circulation is speeded up, your skin is stimulated by the friction of the water as you move rapidly through it. A small boy once said "I like swimming the best, because it is the only exercise you come out of clean."

Swimming is an inexpensive sport. The world is full of water provided by nature free for all. If you live near the shore you can find plenty of good places to bathe. Do not be discouraged if you have no good beach. Get some of your friends to join you and buy or make yourselves a boat or raft. Then anchor it firmly out in deep water where you will not

have to step on the rocks or mud bottom. This could also be done on an inland pond or lake where there is an uninviting bottom or poor shore line. If you are only learning to swim, you can tie a rope around your waist and a friend on shore or on the raft can hold the other end.

Swimming is not only a warm-weather, outdoor sport. Most Y. W. C. A.'s and many towns have indoor pools in use the year around. In most places the charge for admission is very little. This indoor swimming in winter-time is an ideal way of getting exercise and, furthermore, a swimmer exercises more in a short space of time than in any other sport.

A swimmer must learn first to put the head under water.

Continued on page 48



IF YOU are one of those people who spend your Summer timidly bathing each day in the ocean or the lake, this article is for you. Having read it, I want you to spend this Summer learning to swim. Swimming combines all elements of the most healthful, most pleasurable exercise. Sun, wind and water are one's playmates—one lives in three spheres. Swimming never bores; it offers countless incentives—for the beginner, the breathless moment when she first "makes" a few yards unaided; for the more expert the emulation of the girls whose pictures are reproduced on this page.

Your own safety, if not your health, necessitates your learning to swim. Doctors and physical culturists recommend swimming as one of the best methods of building up a weak constitution. Annette Kellerman was an invalid child; Ethelda Bleibtrey, the holder of numerous American and world's records, was a frail girl before she learned to swim in 1918. Swimming develops muscular coordination, creates vitality and stamina. It is a marvelous and pleasurable reducer.

Age doesn't matter, either. I know of a woman over sixty who not only learned to swim, but to dive from a reasonably high spring-board. Most of the girls who go

in for racing or competitive swimming or diving start naturally at an early age. Helen Meany who last year won the national championship for high diving is only sixteen. She is the oldest of a family of ten, all good swimmers but the baby.

MOST good swimmers have exceptionally good health. Their flesh is firm, their skin clear, their physique perfect. Swimming develops all the muscles of the body, and it necessitates deep, regular breathing.

Learning to swim may be dull at first. The teacher will stand over you and count. For good results the strokes must all be timed correctly. Before long you will feel the natural rhythm of the stroke and begin to move



NO DOG OR CAT IS TOO FORLORN TO CONSULT THE OMNIPOTENT DOCTOR

EVERY DOG HAS HIS CHANCE

At the house in Shinbone Alley, the animal world's delight

BY MIRIAM CRITTENDEN CARMAN

A DOG'S life is no longer what it used to be. Since that day in New York City, when a great lady and an aristocratic dog went out to walk together, Fido and Tabby and old Dobbin, the grocer's horse, have a less arduous struggle for existence. That great lady was Mrs. James Speyer; the

dog was Wu Ting Fang, a blue-blooded chow, named for the late Chinese ambassador. That casual walk resulted in a great animal hospital, where injured and ill pets receive medical treatment and care. Since 1910, when the New York Women's League for Animals opened the great new building on Shinbone Alley, near Lafayette Street, New York City, more than thirty thousand dogs and cats, rabbits and goats, and even a canary bird, have been treated at this dispensary.

Wu Ting Fang, the chow dog, was a great personage. He was an aristocrat of the best type, interested in his fellow dogs and their welfare. Like his mistress, his sympathies always went out to the poor and the mangy and the ill fed. One day, in the course of their daily walk,

Wu and his mistress found a dirty, ragged little urchin sobbing his heart out on a curbstone. Beside him lay the body of his dead terrier. "I don't want to live 'thout Dandy," the child cried over and over, his grimy hand stroking the dead mongrel's stiff, clotted hair. "Dandy and me was pals, we was pals three months, and I don't want to live if he don't." Wu Ting Fang sniffed at him and growled a friendly welcome. But the child refused to be comforted.

"That kind don't get no chance," the friendly policeman told Wu's mistress. "They get in a fight with a dog with a swell collar, like this one did, and you might as well put a bullet through 'em, they come out so banged up and busted. The swell dog gets doctored—he's got money. But take it from me, nobody's looking around to help the poor kid's dog out! I hated to shoot him—but honest, lady, what else could I do?"

That was ten years ago. And to-day there isn't a child in the city who can rightly say he can't give his dog the same chance any other fellow's dog has; or a work horse whose owner's family need suffer because there isn't money enough in the household to put the chief source of maintenance in good physical condition. Even the

poor woman's kitty has nothing to fear. For now, thanks to our newest form of child training, the horrid little boy who lived like Sally, in the alley, and tied tin cans to helpless tails has disappeared, and pussy-cat fears stones less than disease and automobile accidents.

Down in Shinbone Alley, in the heart of New York's commercial district, the Free Hospital and Dispensary is the outgrowth of Wu Ting Fang's walk. It exists for injured and ill pets and it is the friend of the four-legged world.

"Dispensary Hours, 10 A.M.-12:30 P.M., 2-4:30 P.M.," reads a plate on the outside wall of the three-story granite and brick building. "Clinic for Horses, Clinic for Dogs and Cats" flanks the other plate.

I went in behind an Italian woman holding an odd protruding bundle of something under her shawl. From the mysteriously heaving shawl a little, gray, furry head appeared. "The doctor is operating," said the young woman at the desk. "What's wrong to-day?"

"Mine kitty," the woman explained. "I pick him up in the street two, three weeks since. I like him lots—and now he eat poison mice! Nice little kitty, hey?"

Continued on page 53



THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

EDITED BY MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

THE WISE SEX

AN ANCIENT Peruvian said: "When women plant maize, the stalk produces two or three ears. Why? Because women know how to produce children. They alone know how to plant corn to insure its germination. Then let them plant it. They know more than we do."

Mrs. J. B. T., of Iowa, writes THE DELINEATOR:

"I wonder if the difficulty in securing married men as tenants to work on the farm is not because of the fact that in farm meetings they talk about the big death rate in the country, the insanity among farm women and the many inconveniences of the farm home, instead of pointing out the attractions. We have lived for several years on our farm, and we enjoy the good milk, butter, home-cured hams, fresh eggs, beautiful views, good air and the freedom much better than we did the smoke and confusion of the city.

"To be sure we miss our bathroom and running water, but if farming continues to prosper, there is no reason why we should not soon have these conveniences. There is not one in our family who would willingly give up farm life."

FOURTH OF JULY ROCKETS

GENEROUS education should be the birthright of every child in America.

Democracy is birth freedom which considers the rights of each member of the family to be well nourished, to be properly housed, educated, protected.

True politics is domestic, since there is no wealth but life and life begins at home.

Government study by women's organizations is not what the State can do for women, but what women can do for the State to create a better place in which to bring up the family.

Without democracy men could not prosper; with democracy women must stand by their side.

NOW THE TOWN SLEEPS

THE families of a certain little town were almost entirely the employes of a large steel mill. The mill was run in an up-to-date way and wages and hours of work were generally understood to be satisfactory. Yet there was discontent among the men. One of the physicians of the corporation, a keen observer, was sent from the main plant to determine the cause of the unrest. The first night brought an answer to the doctor's problem. He was kept awake by the crying of babies. He deduced that the fathers and mothers were likewise kept awake. Investigating, he found that the town's milk supply was poor and insufficient. The physician reported the situation to the authorities who improved the milk supply. The babies stopped crying, their parents slept and the satisfaction of the workers increased.

THE ROMAN HOUSEWIFE

FROM the treatises of Cato in Roman Farm Management, domestic duties are thus summed up:

"The overseer should be responsible for the duties of the housekeeper. If the master has given her to you for a wife, you should be satisfied with her and she should respect you. Require that she be not given to wasteful habits; that she does not gossip with the neighbors and other women. She should not receive visitors either in the kitchen or in her own quarters. She should not go out to parties, nor should she be a gadabout.

"She should not practise religious observances, nor should she ask others to do so for her without the permission of the master or the mistress. She should be neat in appearance and should keep the house swept and garnished. Every night before she goes to bed, she should see that the hearth is swept and clean. She should take care that she has food cooked for you and the hands."

THE SCIENCE OF CANNING

THE DELINEATOR presents this month the second of a series of articles upon food preservation. The material marks the great change which has taken place in our knowledge of food preservation since the days of our grandmothers. Canning has now become a matter of scientific investigation. In research laboratories both biologists and bacteriologists work together to study the causes of food spoilage and the methods which must be used to prevent it. A part of their work is in the interest of improving our methods of canning food. A part of it is also to study methods of canning food which will prevent the loss of life caused by eating poorly canned foods. It is to the point at this time to warn against a disease

known as botulism, which comes from eating canned food being spoiled through the action of an organism called *bacillus botulinus*. Even to taste food which has been spoiled in this way may result in death. The United States Department of Agriculture through its bureau of chemistry has recognized the need for information on this subject and has recently sent out a circular written by Charles Thom, saying that no matter what the method adopted there is danger of canned food spoilage. Canned food which by sight or smell seem to indicate the slightest unsoundness should be discarded. They should not be salvaged as food.

The August DELINEATOR will present an article upon jelly making. The author has made a thorough investigation of methods of canning, preserving and jelly making.

ONE WIFE'S RECORD

A STATISTICALLY inclined farmer's wife of the present day kept track of some of her housekeeping activities for one month. She felt that she owed to herself and her children a permanent record of the duties which occupy a considerable portion of the time of an average farmer's wife.

At the close of the month she found that with the certain assistance of her two older children, she had cooked for her family of six persons 270 eggs, 605 potatoes; had baked 8 cakes, and had made 200 cookies, 10 doughnuts, 64 loaves of bread, 200 biscuits and 360 pancakes. She had made 30 puddings of various kinds. She had fried 20 pounds of sausage and bacon, and had cooked 30 pounds of other meat.

She had set the table 90 times; had washed and wiped 1,220 spoons, 900 forks, 700 knives and about 3,500 dishes. She had made beds 120 times; she had swept

rooms and had dusted the equivalent of 128. She had mopped floors; had darned 50 pairs of stockings. She had washed 16 sheets, 2 pillow-cases, 60 towels, 175 handkerchiefs and nearly 200 pieces of personal laundry.

Also she had answered the telephone more than 120 times and had carried on the usual duties incident to bringing up a family which did not lend themselves well to statistical narration.

BLIND ALLEY

AFTER oil had been struck on the farm and the family had moved into town, a wife said that her husband was worth forty thousand dollars, forty million, she had forgotten which. She had a safe margin in either case.

The spender travels through the blind alley ignorant of values, blissful as long as the money lasts. Then comes an awakening. There is a remedy, however, to be given in childhood: an allowance and training in spending it.

Did you have an allowance in your youth? Has it been a benefit to you? Are your children given an allowance? Small precautions, but taken in youth, they make for security in age.

CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER

FICTION AND VERSE

	PAGE
Mr. Prohack (Serial) Arnold Bennett	5
Winding Road (Poem) Walter Prichard Eaton	8
The Green Loco M. L. C. Pickshall	9
For Better—For Worse Christine Whiting Parmenter	12
Brown Boots Harold Cary	15
Little Prince Toofat (In full color) George Randolph Chester	18
No Return Ticket (Serial) Will Livingston Comfort	20
Elijah and the Widow Walter A. Dyer	22
She Criticized Her Husband Maude Sperry Turner	24

HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Simplified Swimming Ina Kissel Eaton	26
Manners in a Motor Emily Rose Burt	34
As Your Hair Is Arranged Elsie Waterbury Morris	42
An Enemy of Childhood Mary E. Bayley, R. N.	43
Fashions—Late Summer and Early Fall	57-77

ARTICLES AND FEATURES

	PAGE
Madame Curie—Through French Eyes Stéphane Lauzanne	2
Do Women Dress for Men? Mary Alden Hopkins	3
Enemies of the Republic Calvin Coolidge	10
Mrs. Arthur Woods—Charcoal Sketch John Singer Sargent	14
Too Much Mother Anna Williams	16
The Old Crêpe Shawl (In full color) Arthur Garrell	17
Musical Prodigies William Armstrong	19
Under These Historic Trees	23
Every Dog Has His Chance Miriam Carman	27

OUR HOMEMAKERS' DEPARTMENT

The Home-makers' Department Martha Van Rensselaer	28
Green Gardens and Summer Orchards Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn	30
Little Houses for Small Incomes	32
Fine Art of Fruit Preserving Winifred Moses	37
Our Questions Answered Martha Van Rensselaer	44
A Home on Wheels A. May Holaday	44

With Campbell's we steer refreshingly clear
Of the worry, the heat and the fuss.
To be faring like this, out of care into bliss
Is an everyday outing for us.



A treat in summer

Two of the big satisfactions in life are the leisure to be out and the health to enjoy it. Campbell's Tomato Soup not only frees you from the hot stove — not only energizes you with its tonic vigor, but delights all the family as well by its enticing appetizing flavor.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

Is made from fresh red vine-ripened tomatoes blended in Campbell's famous kitchens with choice creamery butter, granulated sugar and fine seasoning. Merely the addition of milk or cream makes a Cream of Tomato, even more nourishing and delicious. For pleasing variety serve it sometimes with croutons, rice, noodles or cheese. Any way you try it, you are sure to like it.

Price reduced to 12c a can

A tasty recipe for macaroni

Fill a casserole with boiled macaroni and pour over it the contents of 1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup. Mix well, adding grated cheese. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and dots of butter. Bake in oven till brown on top.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

GREEN GARDENS AND SUMMER ORCHARDS

Supply Vegetables for Salads and Fruits for Cool Desserts

BY LUCILE BREWER AND ALICE BLINN

School of Home Economics at Cornell University

THERE was a time when our grandmothers prescribed sulfur and molasses when they recognized a depleted condition of body forces. Later, doctors prescribed iron capsules, blood purifiers and nerve tonics for the same condition. To-day the man of medicine is likely to change his prescription to an admonition to eat plenty of fruits and vegetables. This form of taking mineral salts, organic acids, and the new and mysterious vitamins, would seem more pleasing than either of the others.

The present-day salad is a product of the evolution from a raw vegetable eaten with salt to a bewildering array of interesting combinations of foods. The crispness and succulence of both fruits and vegetables are developed by being mixed with delicious dressings, so that if incentive is really necessary, no person need neglect to eat of vegetables a plenty during the salad season.

Summer desserts likewise tempt us to eat more fruits, and whether the fruit is eaten direct from the tree or combined in chilled or frozen desserts or in puddings, the health of the individual profits thereby.

In nearly all recipes for fruit desserts a study of flavors will make it possible to substitute one fruit for another as the season changes.

SPRING SALAD

SELECT small round red radishes. Cut them in thin slices crosswise and arrange them on a lettuce-leaf in a half-circle, with the edges overlapping. Place a lettuce-leaf cup in the opening of the half-circle, and fill this with mayonnaise dressing—fill the space between the lettuce-cup and the radish-rings with small green onions cut in thin slices. Serve with French dressing.

VEGETABLE SALAD

Crisp endive Cauliflower
String-beans Green pepper
Tomatoes Young beets

ARRANGE the endive in a mound in the center of the salad-platter. Place the vegetables around it in groups. The beans and cauliflower should be cooked in slightly salted water until tender. The beets should be cooked in unsalted water until tender. Remove the seeds from the peppers and cut in thin slices crosswise. Cut the tomatoes in sections, place the beets and beans in lettuce-cups. Pour French dressing over the entire salad. Serve at the table, giving each person a portion of each vegetable arranged daintily on endive.

CUCUMBER-JELLY SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin 1 teaspoon onion-juice
1/4 cup water
1/4 cup vinegar 1 tablespoon lemon-juice
1/4 cup sugar 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup diced cucumber Paprika
1/4 cup minced green pepper

DISSOLVE the gelatin in the water, add the vinegar, lemon-juice, sugar, salt and paprika. Let the mixture stand until it begins to stiffen. Add the diced cucumber, the green pepper, and the onion-juice. Turn the mixture into molds, chill and serve on lettuce or endive with mayonnaise dressing.

AMERICAN SALAD

FILL small greased molds half-full of cooked peas. Cover with cold boiled rice which has been seasoned with finely minced pimento, parsley and onion-juice. Press the rice in lightly to fill the mold. Loosen with a knife or spatula and turn out on a salad-plate garnished with lettuce or endive. Serve with French or mayonnaise dressing.

BEET, CELERY AND PEA SALAD

2 cups diced cooked beets 1 tablespoon minced onion
1 cup finely cut celery 1 tablespoon horseradish sauce
1 cup cooked peas drained Salt, paprika

MARINATE the ingredients with French dressing and let them stand for two hours. Serve on lettuce or endive with mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING

Yolks of 3 eggs 1/4 teaspoon paprika
1/8 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon mustard
1 cup vinegar



The present-day salad is a product of evolution. The lowly vegetable has riotous color possibilities; cold, and attractively served, it is most healthful and refreshing.



Spring salad makes the most of its favorite flowers—the onion and the radish. Slice and combine with fresh green lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

BEAT the yolks of the eggs slightly, and combine the ingredients in the order given. Cook the mixture in a double boiler, stirring it constantly until it is smooth and thick. Use the dressing with equal parts of whipped cream.

If cream is not to be used, add one tablespoon of butter just after the dressing is taken from the stove.

BEAN AND CARROT SALAD

2 cups cold cooked string-beans 1 small onion, minced
1 medium-sized carrot, cooked and cut in dice Yolk of 1 hard-boiled egg
Salt, paprika

MIX the ingredients with boiled salad dressing, serve on lettuce and use egg-rings as a garnish.

JELLIED STRING-BEANS

2 cups tomato-juice 1 tablespoon finely minced onion
2 tablespoons gelatin 1 bay-leaf
1/2 cup cold water 1 cup cold, cooked string-beans
Salt, paprika Parsley

MAKE a plain tomato jelly by softening the gelatin in the cold water and dissolving it in the hot tomato-juice in which the seasoning ingredients have been cooked. Add one cup of cold string-beans cut in small pieces to this mixture. Pour the jelly into molds and allow it to chill. Serve on lettuce with either boiled or French dressing.

FRENCH DRESSING

6 tablespoons salad-oil 1/2 teaspoon salt
2 to 4 tablespoons vinegar or lemon-juice 1/2 teaspoon mustard
Paprika

MIX the dry ingredients and add the acid and the oil. Beat the mixture until it is of a creamy consistency. The dressing must be well mixed just before using.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

1 egg-yolk 1 teaspoon salt
1 to 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon-juice 1/2 teaspoon sugar
1 teaspoon mustard Paprika
1 cup oil



Beets, celery and peas make an excellent and substantial combination. The secret of a good salad is chilling the ingredients before mixing.



Cherry fluff will become your family's favorite dessert. Served with soft custard, or cream, and garnished with whipped cream and cherries, it makes a summer day bearable.

BEAT the yolk of the egg. Add the acid and the dry ingredients mixed together. Beat the mixture well and add the oil a little at a time until the mixture begins to thicken. Add the rest of the oil gradually, beating the mixture constantly.

CHERRY FLUFF

Is a seasonable dessert. To make it one needs:
2 tablespoons gelatin 1/2 cup whipped cream
1/4 cup cold water 1/2 cup pitted cherries (or other fruit-pulp)
2 cups cherry-juice (or other fruit-juice)
1/2 cup sugar

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water, and dissolve by setting the dish in a pan of hot water. Add the dissolved gelatin to the cherry (or other fruit) juice and the sugar, stirring until gelatin and sugar are thoroughly dissolved. Set aside until the mixture begins to stiffen, then beat it well and add the cherries (or other fruit). Add three tablespoons sugar to the whipped cream and fold lightly into the cherry (or other fruit) mixture. Turn into a mold and chill. Serve with soft custard, a fruit-juice sauce or cream. Garnish with whipped cream and cherries.

CURRANT ICE

1 cup currant-juice 1 1/4 cup sugar
1 cup water 2 teaspoons gelatin

SOAK the gelatin in two tablespoons cold water; dissolve by placing over hot water, and add it to the other ingredients mixed together. Freeze and garnish with

clusters of currants. Other acid fruit-juices may be used in this same way.

BERRY PUDDING

1/4 cup fat 2 1/2 cups flour
1 cup sweet milk 4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup berries
1/2 cup sugar 1/2 teaspoon salt

CREAM the fat and sugar and add the milk. Mix and sift the remaining dry ingredients together and then add the first mixture. Mix well and stir in the berries. Turn into a buttered pudding mold, cover and steam one and one-half hours. Turn out the pudding on a hot serving-dish and serve it with whipped cream or with a sauce made from berry or other fruit-juice.

BLUEBERRY MUFFINS

1/2 cup sugar 2 1/2 cups flour
1/4 cup fat 4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 egg
1 cup milk
1/2 teaspoon salt 1 cup berries

CREAM the fat and the sugar together and add the beaten egg and milk. Reserve one-half cup flour to be mixed with the berries and added last. Mix and sift the remainder of the flour, the baking-powder and the salt and add to the first mixture. Bake in greased muffin-tins for thirty minutes.

Blueberry muffins may be served as a sweet muffin with a simple dessert, or alone as a dessert with whipped cream or a sauce made from blueberry-juice.

PINEAPPLE CREAM

2 cups milk 1/4 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup sugar
4 tablespoons corn-starch 1/2 cup shredded pineapple, drained
Whites of two eggs

HEAT the milk in a double boiler. Mix the dry ingredients and add them gradually to the hot milk, stirring the mixture constantly until it thickens, and then occasionally until it has cooked for fifteen minutes. Remove the cream from the fire and add the shredded pineapple and the whites of the eggs beaten until stiff. Mold, chill and serve with pineapple sauce.

PINEAPPLE SAUCE

1 cup pineapple-juice 1/2 cup sugar
1 tablespoon flour 1 teaspoon butter

HEAT the pineapple-juice. Mix the flour and the sugar and add them to the hot juice.

Cook until clear. Add the butter, cool, and serve with the pineapple cream. This is a delicious dessert.

RHUBARB BETTY

1 quart rhubarb Juice of lemon or orange
2 2/3 cups sugar
1 quart bread-crumbs Grated rind of lemon or orange.
3/8 cup melted butter
Cinnamon or nutmeg

MIX the rhubarb and sugar together and beat slowly until sugar is dissolved. Cook until rhubarb is just tender.

Mix the butter and crumbs together. Arrange a layer of buttered crumbs in the bottom of a greased baking-dish. Cover the crumbs with a layer of the rhubarb sauce. Alternate the layers of rhubarb and crumbs until the dish is filled, adding a little of the fruit-juice, grated rind and cinnamon or nutmeg to each layer of rhubarb and making the last layer of crumbs. Bake the betty in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Do not let it cook too fast.

A few raisins may be added to the rhubarb for flavor if desired. This is an attractive use of a healthful and refreshing vegetable.

Seven Soap Superstitions

Do you know them?

1. Do you believe color means quality?

Soap is like a lot of other things. You get out of it just what is put into it. The actual quality that is built into Fels-Naptha is responsible for its remarkable results.

Some good shampoo soaps are black. Some good complexion soaps are green and brown. Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of the combination of ingredients of this, the *real* naptha soap.

Fels-Naptha, the golden bar, makes snowy suds and whitest clothes.

2. Do you believe clothes should be boiled?

A housewife who does *not* boil her clothes may have whiter clothes than her neighbor who *does* boil her clothes. What is the reason?

You boil your clothes to get perfect cleanliness and whiteness. If you were sure of this result *without* going to the bother and expense of boiling wouldn't you welcome the idea?

You *can* be sure. Use Fels-Naptha. Boil your clothes with Fels-Naptha if you wish, but the point is, there is no need for the expense of heat and the discomfort of boiling clothes. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go. It works through every fibre of the clothes and loosens the dirt whether the water is cool, lukewarm or hot.

Therefore the temperature of the water is simply a matter of your own preference.

3. Do you believe hard soap means economy?

Results count. A soap that "lasts" may be a slacker as far as cleansing is concerned. It is *dissolved* soap—not the solid bar of soap itself—that does the cleansing work. Hard soap means hard rubbing to get it into action. Hard rubbing means wear on clothes. Worn-out clothes means increased expense.

Fels-Naptha rubs off easily and dissolves readily in water, so that you can get the soap into the wash water with the least effort. The perfect combination of naptha, soap, and water loosens the dirt without hard rubbing, thus saving clothes and work.

4. Do you believe hard rubbing is necessary?

Some people think so because it seems too good to be true that dirt can be loosened *without* hard rubbing. Others have the idea that anything that will loosen dirt must be "strong" enough to harm the clothes.

Naptha is used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen even the most delicate cloth and finery. Therefore it *must* be both effective and harmless.

Fels-Naptha is *good* soap and *real* naptha combined. Its naptha *makes the dirt let go* with little or no rubbing and without harm to finest fabric.

5. Do you believe soap causes aches and irritation of hands?

Keeping hands in cold water for some time and neglecting to dry them thoroughly may redden and roughen the hands, particularly in cold weather. Therefore to keep hands in good condition find a cleanser that saves your hands from being in water so long.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes the dirt let go—*quickly*. Why not soak the dirt out of clothes with this safe soap instead of keeping your hands in water to rub and rub?

6. Do you believe in "doping" your clothes?

It is poor economy to use soap that needs something else added to it to help it make good.

Why buy inferior soap and then buy a compound or mysterious something to *help* the soap, when by using Fels-Naptha you get clothes clean quickly and safely without "doping" the wash?

7. Do you believe the odor of naptha can stay in clothes?

Clothes washed the Fels-Naptha way have that delightful clean-clothes smell. The naptha in Fels-Naptha completely deodorizes the wash and entirely evaporates after it has done its work. It makes clothes hygienically clean. A good rinse, and they are fresh and sweet through and through. Prove it yourself.

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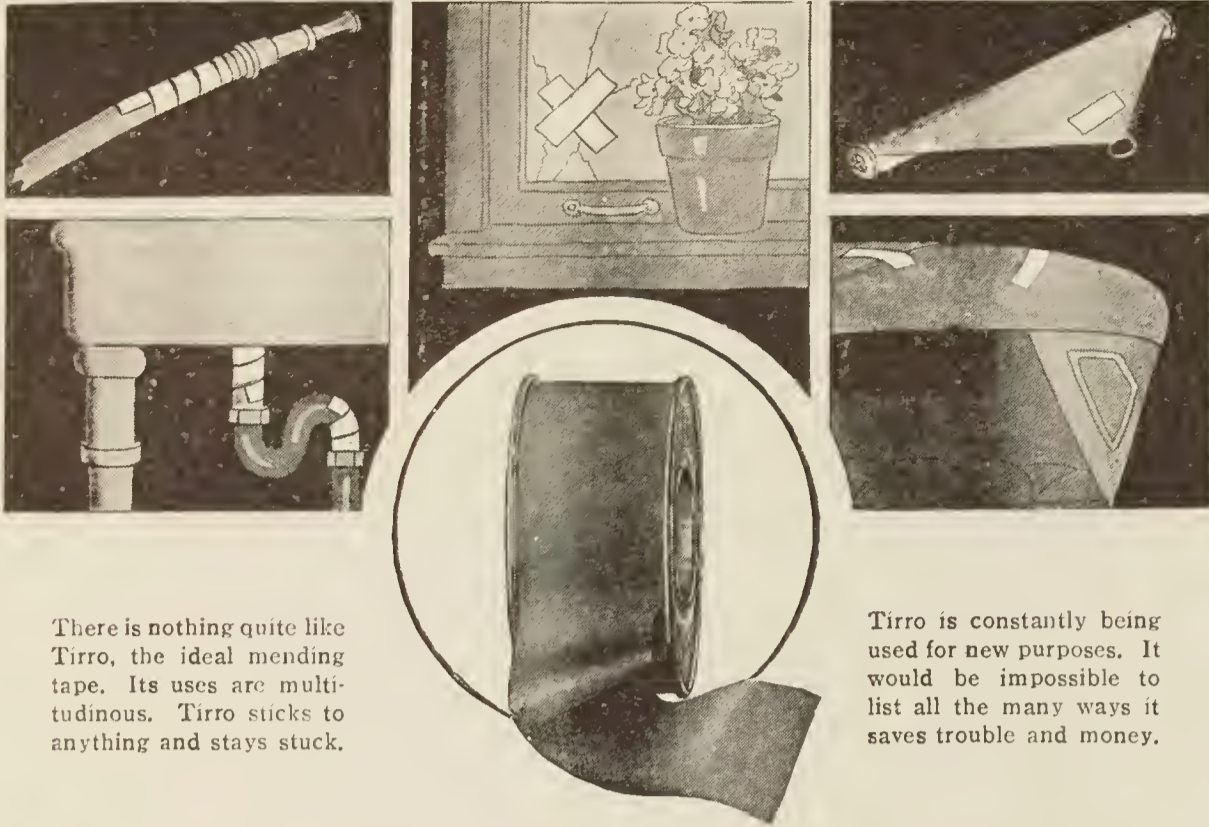
Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha! Blindfolded you can tell Fels-Naptha from all other soaps by its clean naptha odor.



Don't let tradition or superstition stand between you and the easier, quicker, better way of washing and cleaning with Fels-Naptha. Get the *real* naptha soap. Order Fels-Naptha of your grocer today!

FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



There is nothing quite like Tirro, the ideal mending tape. Its uses are multitudinous. Tirro sticks to anything and stays stuck.

Tirro is constantly being used for new purposes. It would be impossible to list all the many ways it saves trouble and money.

Tirro—The Trouble Ender

A handy, waterproofed, sticky tape—sticks to everything

Tirro, the ideal mending tape, is a welcome handy-andy in thousands of homes, offices and shops.

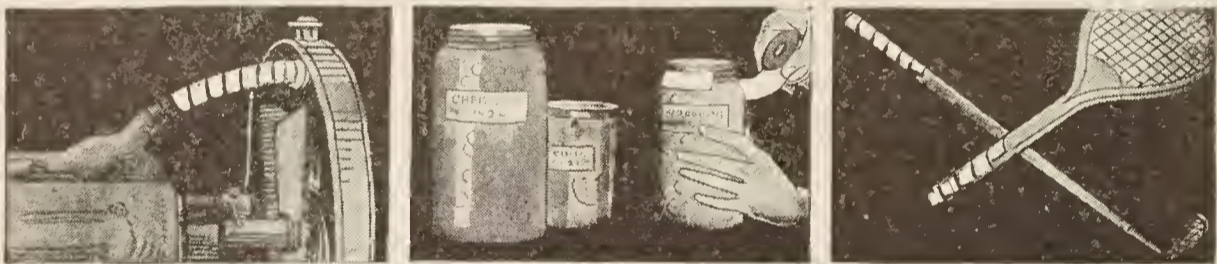
It comes on a spool. It is a strong fabric tape. One side is coated with a clinging compound. It sticks to china, rubber, wood, metal, glass, anything. It is instantly ready, and is applied without heating, wetting or mussiness.

Tirro is waterproofed before

we coat it. Then the sticky material is viscous rubber. So it is both leak-proof and an insulation.

Tirro stops leaks in rain-coats, in leather, in umbrellas, in automobile tops, water pipes, hose, etc.

Tirro wraps, binds, mends. One thickness or several gives the proper strength. It can be painted to match anything. It becomes a part of the article.



Saves its cost many times over

Tirro not only saves money, but it keeps things we have become attached to in service. Children's toys, for instance. Or mending a tear in a picture. (Put a bit of Tirro on the back.) It keeps tools in service. A broken jardiniere may be mended from the inside.

Favorite books and music can be kept. Many articles would have to be replaced if it weren't for Tirro. That's why it has won such success. Once you buy a spool of Tirro, you, too, will find dozens of uses for it. You'll never be without it. It keeps indefinitely.

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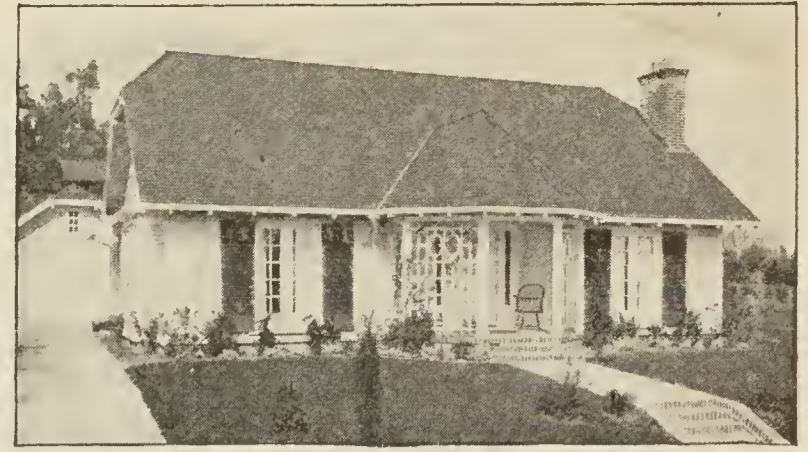
We'll gladly send you a 12-inch free strip and our Book of a Thousand Uses, if you're unacquainted with Tirro or want to test it. Or you can buy it at your druggist's. It comes in two sizes and lengths. Prices in the United States: Large size, 1 1/8-inch wide, 50c; medium size, 3/4-inch wide, 30c. Write for free trial strip or buy a spool of Tirro at the drug store.

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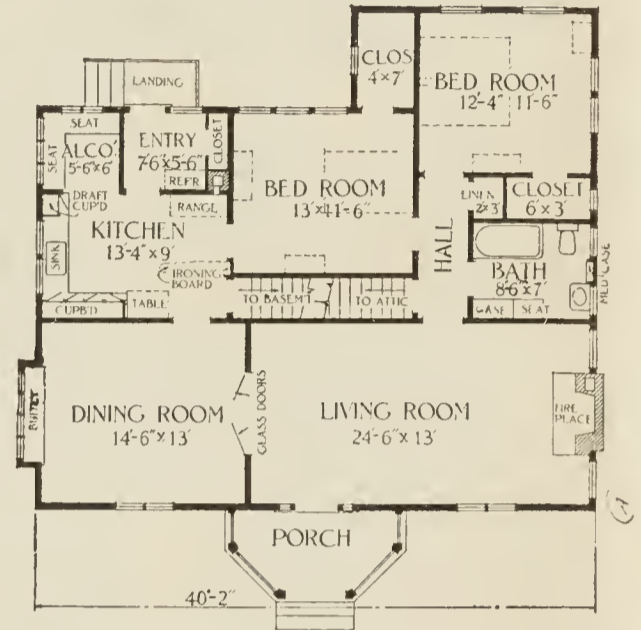
LITTLE HOUSES for SMALL INCOMES

Designs by E. W. Stilwell & Co., Los Angeles

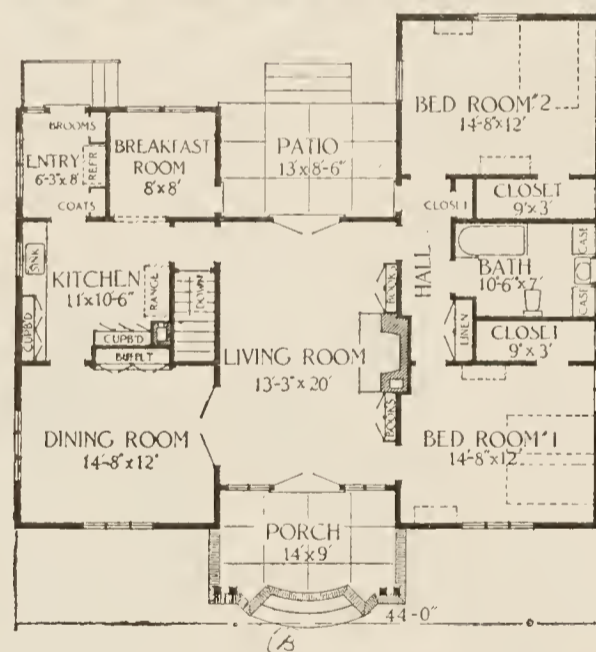


The bungalow, while most highly developed in California, is adaptable to any climate. The designs on this page are convenient, inexpensive and attractive. The house, all on one floor, achieves for the woman in the suburbs and the small town what the apartment does for the city dweller: economy of steps and time. None of these houses costs more than \$8,000, pending changes in building cost during the current year. If these houses interest you, write to us for further information about their plans.

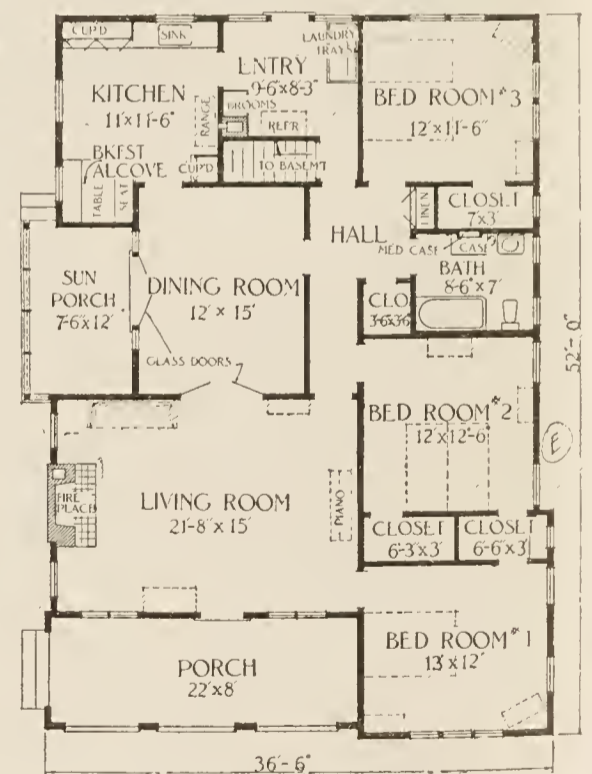
THE EDITOR.



The New England Colonial has influenced the style of this bungalow, (above) of white clapboards with green shutters. This five-room house has a nine-foot storage attic in the center. The ceilings are nine feet high, all rooms painted and enameled, all walls but bath and kitchen papered. The basement is divided into four compartments, for furnace, fuel, fruit and laundry. Estimated average cost: \$7,000—\$8,000.



The shingled bungalow, above, stained red or brown, rests the eye. The casement windows in front add charm. Ceilings are nine feet high, and the basement is large and roomy, with outside and inside stairs. The back terrace porch may be enclosed with glass during the winter, providing an extra room. Average cost: \$7,500—\$8,000.



This white stucco bungalow with side entrance porch provides the comfort of a big house, with conveniences of a small one. The roof is bright red asphalt; the low attic is ventilated, and the rooms and closets are extra large. The porch may be glassed in as a sun-room. A good cellar provides space for furnace, fuel and vegetables. Average cost: \$7,000—\$8,000.





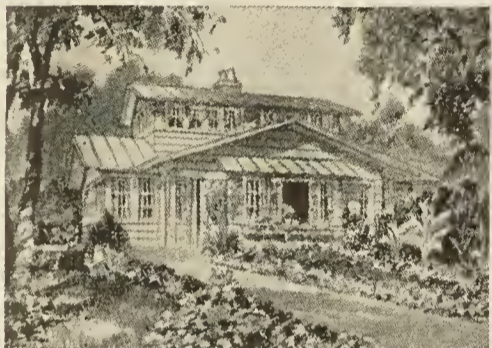
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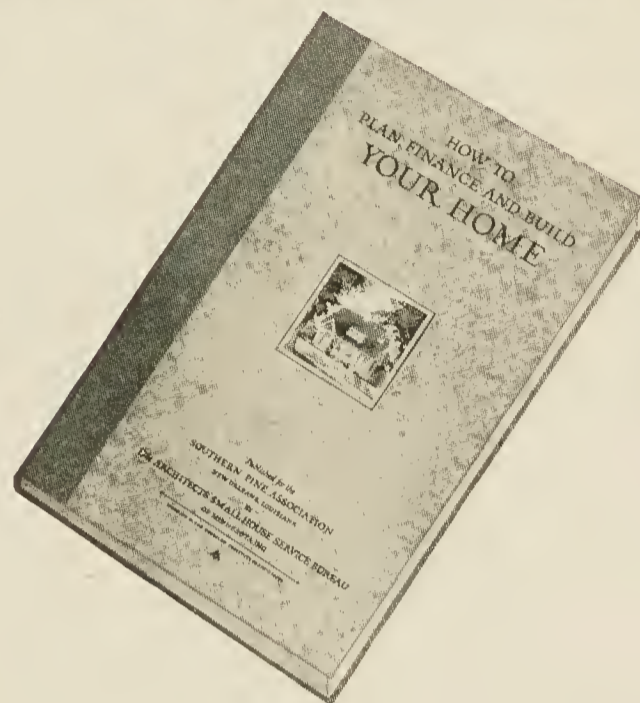
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MANNERS

in a

MOTOR

BY EMILY ROSE BURT

Do you know how to behave in a motor-car? For guest and host, politeness pays

NO DOUBT you clearly recollect your first ride in an automobile. That was in the early days before they were called "cars" and when only one friend in a hundred was an owner of one. It was an event when the telephone rang and an invitation to go for an "auto-ride" came for you over the wire. The fact that "they'd be along in about ten minutes" didn't dampen your ardor a whit. Every one in the family flew about in a furor to collect proper apparel for the outing. In the end you would be wearing either your own wind-catching, wide-brimmed sailor or your grandmother's bonnet because it was the only small hat in the house. Then, having left your lunch in the middle of a lamb-chop, you would sit peering expectantly from the parlor window for three-quarters of an hour before a hoarse honk heralded your host and hostess.

All would be well till the speedometer began to register thirty-five or forty, but suddenly at that point your hat would be wrenched painfully and untidily free from its anchorings, although it had seemed entirely secure as you pinned and veil-tied it before the hat-tree mirror. Then would follow tortured moments of readjustment in a flying gale, while you sensed exasperation in the minds of your hosts that so crude a motorist should have fallen in their midst.

"Why doesn't she know enough to fasten her hat on firmly before she starts autoing?" the lines of your hostess's mouth seemed to say. The curve of your host's nose betokened an inward, "Goodness knows we are furnishing the ride; we can't be expected to furnish hats too!" And you comment inwardly, with irritation, "They needn't be so snippy about it. I never needed a regular motoring hat before this."

TRIAL BY MOTOR

A LITTLE more grace on both sides would have prevented this sharp little eddy in an afternoon otherwise flowing with good humor and enjoyment. But there are certain motor host and hostess habits which all unconsciously make a guest uncomfortable from the start to the end of the drive. An invitation to motor into the country in a padded limousine should bring joy into the eyes of Mary, who works all the week in a stuffy office; but how can it, if she feels she is expected to be a sort of social entertainer en route? In case she permits any unusual charm of scene or vista to slip by without comment, it is noted verbally for her by the hostess. Silence is interpreted as lack of appreciation. She must keep the stop-cock of her admiration continually turned on. "After all," she can not help reflecting, "what right have they to this proprietary air! They hadn't a thing to do with making all this beauty, which I should like, sometimes, to be permitted to enjoy in silence. You'd think every mountain was hand-turned on their own lathes, and every river woven on their particular looms. Out-of-doors ought to belong to everybody."

Mary would love having the windows down to breathe in the fresh country air, but often she must ride for forty miles into the country boxed in the same air in which she started from the dusty city.

In the main, however, motor hosts and hostesses are surprisingly thoughtful. I remember a series of occasions which illustrate this. Two young women who were once spending the week-end at a quiet seashore resort were joined on the veranda after



THE PICNIC LUNCH, OUTDOORS UNDER THE RIGHT TREE AND NEAR THE CONVENIENT BROOK, PROVIDES THE RESTFUL BREAK IN A DAY'S MOTOR JOURNEY. MAN WAS MADE TO EAT OUTDOORS

breakfast by one of their table-mates—a friendly middle-aged man. Presently he inquired if either of them drove a car. Inwardly flattered, they confessed that they didn't.

"Going to say you could take mine out, if you wished," explained their acquaintance, and he motioned to one of the finest of roadsters parked under the trees.

Each of these girls would gladly have sacrificed even the lively swimming-hour to have taken advantage of such prodigal generosity as this. Inwardly each vowed that the minute she got home again she would "make Jimmy teach her how to run his flivver." Followed an invitation to "have a spin anyhow" with the host at the wheel. But their astonishment knew no bounds when, well out of town, their host smilingly turned first to one and then to the other with a "Don't you want to have a try at the wheel?" and forthwith began to reveal to his beaming pupils the secrets of steering, gear-shifting and speed-regulating. Jimmy and his flivver were promptly and forever forgotten, for they had "learned on a regular car!"

Now, the female of the species is likely to be more deadly than the male when learning to drive a car, but the man with the wonderful roadster seemed to have taken this fact into due consideration before he proffered the wheel. He showed not only courage but faith in his young pupils, and, be it said for them, he was duly rewarded by the aptitude with which they became familiar with his car's peculiar ways (for every car has ways peculiar to itself alone). It wasn't merely the society of these two young things that this man wanted. He must have known that he could have had that without giving a ride and motor-lessons to boot. He had a positive passion for perfection in the art of auto-entertaining, and he had to satisfy it, come what might.

THE PERFECT HOST

THE especial gallantry of this host is no argument for passing over the wheel to every or any guest; it is merely an example of "going the limit" in making guests feel at home in your car.

There is another sort of host who creates a comfortable feeling in you as you climb into his luxurious car. You sink back into soft cushions and know you're going to enjoy every moment—this car is open house to you. You feel part owner, not a mere pedestrian who has been lucky enough to get a lift. It's subtle, it's indefinable, but you know the feeling. He who would be a Sir Gallahad of the super-six must make his guest feel, for the moment, joint owner and equal sharer with himself in all the joys of

his car from its front-wheel mud-guards all the way back to its shining tail-lights. It takes imagination, it takes tact, but the appreciation and understanding that are thus elicited from his guest makes it more than worth the effort on his part.

Having, as it were, served an apprenticeship by long and varied experiences as guest, you come with true preparedness to occupy the rôle of host. By that path only lies the genuine appreciation of your privilege and powers. What a bright-colored joy is yours as in your own right you hold the wheel and steer the destinies of the trip!

SOME GUESTS STARVE

NO LONGER need you gaze wistfully backward at a field of daisies wishing you could stop and gather some to fill the jar beside your big stone fireplace. On go the brakes and out you skip to pick whatever flower piques your fancy. Having suffered severely in being debarred from following such impulses yourself, you sense your guest's unspoken wish, and if she looks lovingly at a fairy crown of milkweed, or an appetizing bunch of butter and eggs by a meadow gate, or even a mere stalk of burdock, you offer her a chance at it.

As to independence in the matter of stops for a cup of tea or a strawberry ice, nothing quite compares with the free feeling of having the whole wayside flock of Bluebirds, Green Parrots, Red Lions, Gold Dragons and Black Cats at your disposal. Time was, you remember, when hungrily pining, after an afternoon of motoring, for waffles and chicken at one "Aunt Betsy's" alluringly predicted by a series of signs, you despairingly saw yourself whizzed by the very gate. Perhaps either your hostess was too accustomed to the best hotels to venture to stop at an untested eating-place, or maybe she didn't care for waffles and never dreamed that her guest was both fainting for food and longing for adventure.

However, the number of waffle and anti-waffle hosts is no doubt divided about fifty-fifty. There comes agreeably to mind a certain ride through the late October fields, three youngish adults tucked snugly into the smallest of cars. The air blew chill. The host proposed sandwiches and hot chocolate at the next drug-store. The fact that the country proved well-nigh uninhabited for many miles after that—certainly uninhabited by hot-chocolate-makers—mattered little. The mere thought and promise of it lessened the chill in the frozen bosoms of the guests.

The real trouble with car-owners and motor hosts is that they are too often lacking in imagination and the spirit of adventure. It's the folks who haven't cars who picture

the fun to be had in them. They think not merely of motoring but of the things it may lead to. Their idea, for instance, is not merely to have a picnic hamper and thermos bottles under the seat, but they must find a delightful spot in which to spread the feast. Yet beware of pushing the idea of the *mise en scène* too far. On one well-remembered ride the back-seat wife had stipulated a brook to eat by. Husband-at-the-wheel had orders to keep that fact in mind.

As noon came and passed, the members of the party were counseled to watch for a brook. Cries of "There's one!" "There's a good place!" were followed by sighs that there were no trees or it was swampy or it looked like private grounds. The upshot was, of course, since no place seemed quite beautiful enough, that lunch was eaten at a tea-time, minus a brook, by a fainting crew under a worm-eaten apple-tree beside the dusty highway.

Of course it doesn't really matter whether you're host or guest, so long as you have the same angle on brook picnics. The hitch comes when a brook-hungry host is driving a "what-does-it-matter-where-we-eat" guest.

Of picnic lunches what is there that might not be said! It is a fertile topic. Do you remember the time that the lemonade upset in the basket and how, forty miles from nowhere, we took out the hamper with mouths watering for a cool drink, and found—Oh, horrors! Sandwiches soft and soggy, fruit soaking and sticky, cake with the icing melted off and not a drop of lemonade left in the thermos bottle!

THE PERFECT PICNIC

BUT then haven't you known hostesses whose luncheons were faultless examples of the picnic art? How could they foretell so exactly what would taste good out-of-doors alongside a stone wall three hours hence? Brown-bread and cream-cheese sandwiches, fat olives and crisp hearts of celery and fruit salad which comes out of the hamper in a wide-mouthed bottle to be distributed in individual paper saucers. Hot coffee or cocoa is almost always more satisfactory than an iced drink unless the weather is scorching. It may be served attractively in little nickel cups with handles to be attached, which are better for hot drinks than paper drinking-cups, certain of which disconcertingly flower too wide and spill their contents on to the goldenrod. Perhaps there are cold chicken and potato-chips, and always there is a finale of salted nuts and chocolate peppermints, to leave that cool tang on the tongue.

Next month a woman car-owner will tell how she learned to run a car and disclose a few pointers to help novices behind the steering-gear. — EDITOR'S NOTE

Follow these directions

Comb your hair over your face, freeing it from tangles. Wet thoroughly, for the wetter your hair the more profuse the lather.

Dip your fingers into the shampoo (previously poured into a cup or glass) and massage it into the scalp. You will find a profuse, fragrant lather follows your fingers, which soon envelops your head like a cap.

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SILKY texture and satiny gloss are attractions you need not envy. You can acquire these qualities very easily. Stop the careless washing, which makes your hair rough, dull and brittle and use Palmolive Shampoo which cleanses more thoroughly without drying out the hair.

After a Palmolive Shampoo your hair is beautifully soft. It is silky and it has that well-groomed look. Brush it carefully, massage it gently once a day and shampoo every two weeks and everyone will admire your glorious, glossy hair.

Used by Scalp Specialists

Palmolive Shampoo is rich in olive oil, the great hair beautifier used by scalp specialists to revitalize thin, lifeless, falling, unhealthy hair.

It gives the all-desired gloss and a beautiful,

silky quality. It keeps your hair soft and makes it seem abundant.

This olive oil is blended with palm oil, another oriental oil of beneficial action, and coconut oil is added for the sake of its lathering qualities.

Send for trial-size bottle

It is sent absolutely free, accompanied by a booklet which explains home treatment of the hair and scalp to help make it grow thick and beautiful.

Acquaintance bottle and book together introduce you to the secret of glorious, glossy hair, beautiful with health and the well-groomed look women envy and men admire.

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A. The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.



Contains almost twice the quantity of other shampoos

To make a perfect Cherry Pie, follow the exclusive recipe for "Berry Pie" in the special cook book offered below.



Cherry Pie

—learn how to keep it from soaking the crust!

How can juice be kept in fruit pies?

This is just one of scores of cooking problems solved in "The Whys of Cooking," the cook book in which Janet M. Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School, tells the cookery secrets that have made her famous, and gives many of the choicest of her exclusive recipes. This book gives the practical cookery help that every house-keeper wants. Well bound. Illustrated in color. More than 100 pages. Every copy costs us 26c wholesale, but is sent to Crisco users for 10c in stamps. Not for sale elsewhere. Send for your copy now, to Section F-7, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio



Get Crisco from your grocer, in sanitary dust-proof containers, holding one pound or more, net weight. It never is sold in bulk.

Crisco is also made and sold in Canada.

BAKE a juicy pie in a glass plate in a hot oven (with the heat coming from below) and it will have a dry, crisp crust. The glass heats quickly and bakes the lower crust before the juice can soak in. Reduce the heat to finish baking the pie.

There are remedies as simple as this for every one of your pastry troubles. Using Crisco for shortening will prevent many of them. Crisco helps to prevent tough pastry because it is the richest shortening and works into the dough with little handling. It prevents indigestible pastry because it is a healthful vegetable product. It prevents all greasy taste because it has neither taste nor odor; its delicacy permits the full flavor of the pie filling to prevail.

Make pie crust once with Crisco, according to the approved domestic science rules (see cook book offered to the left) and you never will go back to the old-fashioned methods. This modern cooking fat is different from anything you have used—unlike lard in origin and effect. Use it for all your cooking. See how much it improves everything that you make.

CRISCO

For Frying - For Shortening
For Cake Making

THE FINE ART OF FRUIT PRESERVING

BY WINIFRED MOSES

School of Home Economics, Cornell University

LONG before the introduction of canning as a method of preserving fruits and vegetables our foremothers put up their fruits in sugar and honey. To insure "keeping" and to prevent "working," the housewife used pound for pound of sugar and fruit. The result was a very sweet product in which the original flavor of the fruit was much changed. While the proportion of sugar to fruit was nearly always the same—namely, pound for pound—the results were varied.

Preserves, marmalades, butters, jams—all these are different types of fruit preserving. This month we will talk about preserving—the process in which the fruits, when cooked, retain their shape, and the surrounding liquid remains more or less clear.

PRESERVES

PRESERVES are whole or large pieces of fruit cooked in sugar sirup, glucose or honey. In the finished product the fruit should retain its shape, remain whole, clear and transparent, and should be plump and crisp, rather than shriveled, tough or soft. Each cell should be filled with the flavored sirup in place of the original fruit-juice. The surrounding sirup should also be clear and of the proper density.

There are two problems in preserving fruit. The first is to kill or arrest the growth of all micro-organisms that are contained in the fruit and to prevent the recurrence of others. The other is to produce a preserve that has the desired properties. The first is in part accomplished by the cooking with sugar. Bacteria do not grow in a sugar solution unless it is very dilute, and the growth is entirely stopped if the percentage of sugar is high.

Yeasts will grow in some sugar solutions and cause the alcoholic fermentation known as "working" in preserved foods. But if the sirup contains from forty to fifty per cent. of sugar the growth of yeasts is prevented. Molds, however, will flourish on a product that contains much sugar. But as molds require air they grow only at the surface. To prevent this, it is necessary to seal the containers either by pouring hot paraffin over the tops of them or by putting preserves into jars which can be hermetically sealed and by processing them for a short time in the hot-water bath or in the pressure cooker. If the pressure cooker is used for processing, the valve should not be closed.

The second part of the problem in preserving fruit is to introduce the sirup into the fruit so gradually that it permeates the fruit thoroughly without causing it to shrink and shrivel. If the change occurs too rapidly, it causes it to burst and the product shrivels. For this reason it is best to introduce the fruit into a thin sirup and gradually increase its density until the product is of the desired consistency.

EQUIPMENT IN PRESERVING

THE equipment to be used in preserving should include enamel, agate, porcelain lined or aluminum kettles; measuring-cups, scales, wooden spoons or paddles, sharp paring knives or knives that do not tarnish, and trays or platters for cooling the fruit. It saves labor to use sharp knives in preparing fruit. They should be scoured and washed frequently during use so that the cutting may be done with greater ease.

There should be some sort of equipment for processing the jars, if that method is used in sealing; or a small saucepan, enamel pitcher or other utensil for melting and pouring paraffin into the jars, if they are to be sealed with this melted wax.

A thermometer is useful to indicate when the sirup has been cooked to the desired thickness or density. For instance, the finishing point of many preserves is approximately two hundred and twenty-two degrees Fahrenheit or one hundred and five and a half degrees to one hundred and six and a half degrees centigrade. Some sour fruits, such as sour cherries and currants, are cooked to a higher temperature—two hundred and twenty-four degrees Fahrenheit; that is, one hundred and six degrees to one hundred and

eight degrees centigrade—because they contain much acid.

A saccharometer, or hydrometer, an instrument for measuring the thickness or density of the sirup, is also useful in the last stage of preserving. There are several kinds of saccharometers: The Brix and the Balling give percentages of sugar in solution and the Baumé the degrees. The number of degrees may be multiplied by two to give per cents. approximately. These instruments may be bought from chemical-instrument companies.

PREPARATION OF FRUIT

IN SELECTING fruit for preserving, that which is firm and free from blemishes should be chosen. It should neither be over-ripe nor under-ripe. To secure the best results, use freshly picked fruits if possible.

The method of preparation for preserving varies somewhat with the kind of fruit to be preserved. In preparing berries, they must be carefully washed by putting them into a strainer or colander and running cold water over them until they are clean. The fruit is drained and the stems and poor fruit removed. Such fruits as apples and pears, pumpkins and pineapples are washed, peeled, cored and sliced or cut into halves and quarters. As fruit is pared, it should be dropped into cold water.

A little lemon-juice squeezed over pared fruit will prevent it from turning dark.

Small fruits, such as crab-apples, plums, cherries, are preserved whole.

The plums and cherries may be seeded.

When coring fruits, every portion of the core should be removed. The stems of pears may be retained. If they are to be preserved without removing the seeds, they are pricked with a fork.

Peaches are blanched—that is, plunged for one minute in boiling water—in order that the skin may be easily removed.

Hard fruits, such as quinces and hard pears, should be cooked in water until soft before beginning the cooking in sirup.

PREPARATION OF THE SIRUP

THE fruits are now ready to be cooked, and the next step is to prepare the sirup in which the fruit is to be preserved.

Sirups used in preserving may be made of sugar and water or of sugar and the expressed juice of the fruit. The sugar is added to the water or fruit-juice, placed over the fire, and stirred until the sugar is dissolved. The proportion of sugar to water varies with the kind of fruit with which it is to be used and the richness of the product desired.

A thirty-degree sirup—For what is technically known as a thirty-degree sirup, three pounds nine ounces of sugar to one gallon or four quarts of water should be used. This is a little less than two cups of sugar to one quart of water. The sugar and water are mixed and brought to the boiling-point. This is the density of sirup to be used for preparing preserves such as pears, peaches and watermelon-rinds. Juicy fruits, such as berries, may be put into a sirup of forty degrees because the juices of these fruits reduce the thickness or density of the sirup before shrinking takes place.

A forty-degree sirup—For what is technically known as a forty-degree sirup, five

pounds and a half of sugar to a gallon of water, or a little less than three cups of sugar to a quart of water, should be used.

A fifty-degree sirup—The finished preserves are packed in a sirup ranging from fifty to sixty degrees. This is equivalent to eight pounds six ounces of sugar to a gallon of water or four and one-quarter cups of sugar to a quart of water. The sirup is usually brought to this density by boiling.

TESTING THE DEGREE

THE degree of a sirup may be tested by different methods.

A small amount of a fifty per cent. solution may be made and used as basis of comparison. For instance, if fruit is cooked in a thirty-degree sirup until it is soft, it is then removed from the sirup and the sirup cooked until it reaches the same degree of thickness or density as the fifty per cent. sirup. It is then ready to pour over the packed preserves.

The density of the sirup may be tested by a saccharometer or hydrometer, which is used for determining the density of sirup. Some of the sirup to be tested is poured into a tall narrow bottle—an empty olive-bottle with straight sides is suitable for this purpose—and the saccharometer is placed in the sirup. The degree on the instrument at the surface of the liquid indicates the density of the liquid. Sirups for use in canning, in making ices and punches, may be made in this way—that is, by dissolving sugar in water until it has reached the desired density. The sirup having been prepared, the fruit is added and cooking begins.

COOKING THE PRESERVE

AS HAS been stated, it is best to begin cooking the fruit in a thin sirup in order to insure the slow mixing of the outside sirup with the juices in the fruit and to prevent shrinking, shriveling and toughening, and to insure a plump and tender product.

Preserves should be cooked rapidly over a hot fire. Rapid cooking produces a clear, sparkling preserve, while slow cooking often results in a dark, dull and unattractive product.

The fruit while cooking should be completely covered with the sirup, otherwise the parts above the surface of the liquid shrivel and dry out before they have absorbed sufficient sirup. If pieces tend to protrude, they should be pushed into the liquid with a wooden paddle.

Only one layer of fruit should be cooked at one time. When this is tender, plump and transparent, it may be removed to a shallow enameled tray or pan or to a platter and another layer cooked.

PACKING THE PRESERVE

WHEN all the fruit is cooked, the sirup is poured over it, and it is allowed to stand overnight. Standing in the sirup helps to plump the fruit. Preserves should be cooked rapidly. This secures a better color and flavor.

The preserves should be packed cold. Pack carefully and drain off the surplus sirup in order to obtain a close pack.

When the jar is full of fruit, bring the sirup to the boiling-point, strain and pour over the packed preserves, filling every space. If

air-bubbles are present in the jar, remove by inserting a wooden paddle or spoon. If the sirup is not thick enough, allow it to boil until it reaches the proper density before pouring it over the fruit.

To insure safety from molds, the jars may be sealed in either of two ways. They may be partially sealed and cooked in the hot-water bath for a short time. A better flavor results if the product is cooked at a temperature below the boiling-point for about thirty minutes rather than at a higher temperature for a shorter time.

The other method of sealing is to allow the preserves to cool and then cover the top with hot melted paraffin. The heat of the paraffin is sufficient to kill any spores of mold that may be present on top of the jar.

The covers and clamps may now be adjusted and the jars washed, labeled and stored in a cool, dark place.

SUN PRESERVES

SOME fruits, such as cherries, currants, raspberries, or combinations of these, may be preserved in the sun. This can only be accomplished in a climate where there is a great deal of sunshine. The berries should be washed, drained, stemmed, sorted and weighed. One pound of sugar and two tablespoons of juice are allowed for each pound of berries. The berries are placed in shallow trays and the fruit-juice and sugar heated and poured over them. The trays may be covered with plates of glass to protect them from dust and insects. They are placed in the sun for three or four days or until the fruit has absorbed enough of the sirup to make it plump and the sirup has become thick and jellylike. The fruit is brought in at night.

Quick-method preserves—Another method of preparing preserves from berries is to measure the fruit and allow from three-fourths to one pound of sugar for each pound of fruit. The fruit and sugar are placed in alternate layers in a kettle and allowed to remain overnight. In the morning, the mixture is brought to the boiling-point and cooked for ten minutes. Skimmed and stored in jars.

The most important points to remember in making preserves are: First, to select perfect, not over-ripe, firm fruit. Second, to cook the fruit in a thin sirup and gradually increase its density. Fourth, to cook the fruit rapidly. Fifth, to let the fruit stand in the sirup overnight. Sixth, to pack them cold in clean jars which have been tested. Seventh, to cook the sirup to the required thickness or density. Eighth, to seal them properly against molds, yeast and bacteria. Eighth, to store them in a cool, dark place.

PRESERVING HARD FRUITS

FRUITS such as pears, quinces, citron or watermelon rind that require to be cooked until soft before they are put into the sirup may be preserved in the fireless cooker. Green ginger-root may be preserved in this way also. The fruits are prepared as for preserving by the usual method, water is added to the fruit in the fireless cooker kettle, the whole heated until boiling vigorously, and then placed in the fireless cooker overnight or for a period of from six to eight hours. Add the sugar to the softened fruit, and the mixture is again brought to the boiling-point. Place in the fireless cooker for four hours or more. At the end of this period the preserved fruit is packed into jars, the sirup cooked to the desired consistency and poured over the fruit.

Candied fruit is only another form of preserved fruit. The prepared fruit which may be either whole or sliced is dropped into boiling water for a few minutes. Drained thoroughly and covered with a sirup made by boiling one pound of sugar with one cupful of water for each pound of fruit, it should be boiled rapidly for fifteen minutes. Remove from the fire and stand overnight. The next morning it is again boiled for ten or fifteen minutes and allowed to stand in the sirup. The heating and cooking is repeated until the fruit becomes plump, transparent and bright. It is then lifted from the sirup and dried in the sun or in a cool oven.



A SACCHAROMETER MEASURES THE THICKNESS OF THE SIRUP



A THERMOMETER IS USEFUL IN PRESERVING TO INDICATE WHEN THE SIRUP HAS BEEN COOKED TO THE DESIRED THICKNESS



WHO can account for the whims of Fashion? Women don't attempt to. They simply accept them. And how quickly are those whims sensed and felt to be inevitable?

So the vogue of Florient Talc comes very naturally as an outcome of the present mode. The art of the Orient enriches every phase of Fashion's fancies. Oriental colorings and designs in costume call for "Flowers of the Orient" in the boudoir.

Florient Talc best carries out the feeling of this art. Its perfume seems a very part of these costly fabrics.

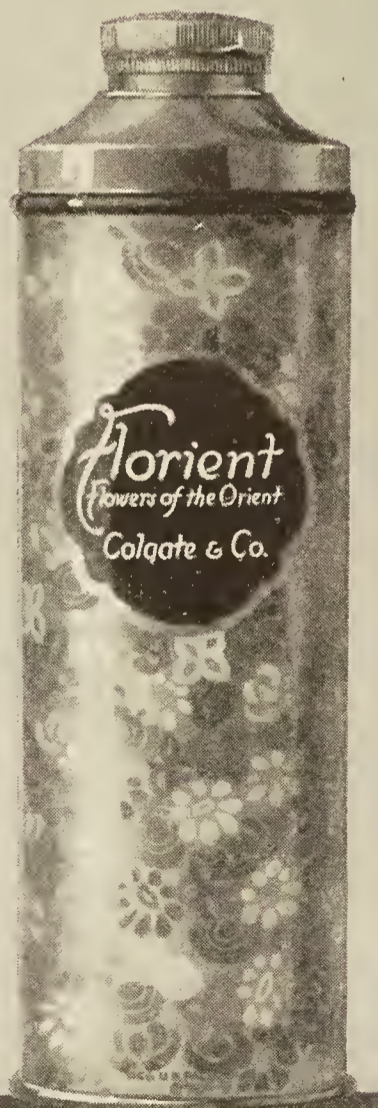
The color too, is different, a warm Oriental tone, just off the white.

And again one senses another vogue—a new use of Florient Talc. For while it is fulfilling the duty of an after-the-bath powder, Florient Talc imparts a delicate fragrance which lingers exquisitely about the woman who uses it—as a powdered perfume.

For trial box of Florient Talc send 4c to
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199 Fulton Street New York
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Florient Talc
Flowers of the Orient

Sold at your favorite store—Florient Talc,
Face Powder, Extract, Toilet Water, and Soap



ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC

in the study of English and the social sciences, to the end that they might acquire the earliest understanding of American institutions. However, it has become a somewhat different influence under the direction of Morris Hillquit and Algernon Lee, who is now its "educational director."

According to the *Rand Bulletin* for 1920-1921, the school staff is composed of about fifty men and women, some of whom, like Harry W. Laidler and Alexander L. Trachtenberg, are connected with the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, of 70 Fifth Avenue, New York. Arthur W. Calhoun and Scott Nearing, whom we have before mentioned, are also members. But about half of the staff names are foreign and do not indicate a former environment or training sympathetic with our national ideals.

RED PEDAGOGY

THE *Rand School News and Book Review*, of November, 1920, in reporting that the fine of three thousand dollars imposed on the school, under the Espionage Act, by the United States District Court of New York for publishing "The Great Madness," by Scott Nearing, who was tried jointly but acquitted, had been upheld by the Supreme Court and paid, said:

"Reactionary forces have again failed to destroy the Rand School of Social Science. . . ."

In the same issue one finds it reported that students from thirty States in the Union, in addition to Canada, Mexico and other countries, were enrolled in the "correspondence course" for the preceding year for a "comprehensive study of Socialism."

And in the *Rand Bulletin* it is to be ascertained that the school has been subject to "bitter and ruthless persecution at the hands of the reactionary elements, who, under the cloak of so-called patriotism, have been trying to establish in this country an autocratic and militaristic régime similar to that which the peoples of Russia and Central Europe have overthrown."

The Legislature of New York passed a bill "for licensing and supervision of schools." The school asserted that this act was aimed at it. It was vetoed by the Governor—no doubt wisely.

On the other hand, the Rand School reports having the indorsement of the Socialist Party, which "has demonstrated" its confidence by commissioning the Rand School to prepare the party's campaign text-book for 1920 and also to prepare a text-book for Socialist children's schools.

"Another new feature is the presentation of a number of courses on Education, which should be welcomed by those who are interested in the Socialist Sunday-schools and the Young People's Socialist League, which has, in most cases, been treated with far too little attention to pedagogical method."

"THE PEOPLE'S HOUSE"

IN THE schedule of the Rand School of Social Science are listed nine courses on Socialism alone and many others, like twelve courses in Economics and eight in Trade Unionism, susceptible to treatment in accordance with that standard. In addition the Rand Book Store "is an auxiliary to the school in two senses—for its educational value in disseminating Socialist, Labor and Radical literature, and also that all its profits go toward meeting the school's deficit."

The *New York World* of July 23, 1918, reported Scott Nearing, of the Rand staff, as saying:

"Law and order mean but one thing—the law of property and the order of property. . . . The capitalists and upper classes have made a perfect machine in order that they might use the workers to advantage. When you invest a dollar in Liberty bonds, that dollar does not stop there. It will go on for years and years collecting five and six per cent., even though the working man is unemployed."

On November 23, 1919, the *World* tells how "the Socialist Society at the Rand School tried to get around Mayor Hylan's red-flag order. Let's hire trucks and load them up and hang out the largest red flags we can get."

And on January 14, 1919, the *World* reported this:

"One of the centers for the spread of Bol-

shevik ideas among working men and women is the People's House, 7 East Fifteenth Street, the home of the Rand School of Social Science;

"David Berenberg, director of the correspondence department, said yesterday:

"I would say that the school does spread Bolshevistic ideas, but we are not advocating violence."

This record, mostly from its own publications, reveals very completely the purpose of the Rand School of Social Science, and its attitude during the war and since toward American institutions.

WAR'S REVELATIONS

IT IS not well, however, to give too much significance to actions which arose during the disturbed state of mind caused by the war. The war, of course, produced bias on all sides and it became very easy to assign unpatriotic motives to those with whose opinions there was disagreement. Still it is at such times that conditions are revealed which otherwise would remain unknown or so unobtrusive as to escape public notice.

OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS

THERE are in the nation scores of thousands of public-school teachers. As a class there are no more patriotic and self-sacrificing public servants. Under meager compensation and with scant appreciation they toil on side by side with the clergy, holding the ramparts of civilization, molding the minds of youth for all eternity. There can be no adequate consideration of the public attitude toward the Government and the institutions of America which does not inquire what is going on in our public schools. Yet such inquiry should be made, not for captious criticism, but sympathetically and in encouragement of what is good and the remedy of what is bad.

In the city of New York we find the largest number of teachers. There are about twenty-two thousand, many contending with adverse circumstances. At the war's outbreak the inhabitants of that great municipality signed and sent to President Wilson a sincere and patriotic pledge of loyalty. All save thirty teachers joined in this. They refused to sign.

About the same time eighty-six teachers signed and sent to the Board of Education a protest against subscribing to the following pledge of loyalty:

"We, the undersigned teachers in the public schools in the city of New York declare an unqualified allegiance to the Government of the United States of America, and pledge ourselves by word and example to teach and impress upon our pupils the duty of loyal obedience and patriotic service as the highest ideal of American citizenship."

The protest, however, ended with the assertion: "We withhold nothing in our allegiance to the spirit and principles of our American Republic."

The president of the Teachers' Union of the city of New York headed the protest. It was also signed by the secretary-treasurer and the recording secretary of the union and by three teachers later dismissed.

Apparently there had been a disagreement for some time over the question of discipline in the schools, certain teachers claiming that the school authorities exercised autocratic control and that there should be democratic control secured in part by a delegation of considerable of the principal's duties to a committee of teachers.

THE DE WITT CLINTON CASE

ALL these conditions came to public notice in the De Witt Clinton High School case when, on a charge of "conduct unbecoming a teacher," six instructors were transferred and three were dismissed from service. On appeal this decision was confirmed by the State Education Department, in whose opinion and finding the specifications of the charges against one of the dismissed teachers were that he "fails to live up to his duty as teacher, inasmuch as he conceives it proper to maintain before his classes an attitude of strict neutrality in class discussion dealing with—

"(a) The relative merits of anarchism, as compared with the present Government of the United States;

Concluded on page 39

ENEMIES OF THE REPUBLIC

"(b) The duty of every one to support the Government of the United States in all measures taken by the Federal Government to insure the proper conduct of the present war."

The charges against the second teacher were that he—

"1 . . . stated that patriotism should not be discussed in the De Witt Clinton High School.

"2 . . . stated that persons wearing the uniform of a soldier of the United States should not be permitted to address the student body in the assemblies of the De Witt Clinton High School.

"3 . . . stated that the Board of Education had no right to institute military training in the schools.

"4 . . . wrote a bibliography of contemporary literature, copies of which he caused to be placed on sale in the store of the De Witt Clinton High School which contained works which should not have been called to the attention of the students of that school."

The charges against the third teacher were that he—

"1 . . . considered it not to be his duty to develop in the students under his control instinctive respect for the President of the United States as such, Governor of the State of New York as such, and other Federal, State and municipal officers as such.

"2 . . . That in making written criticism of a certain letter dated October 22, 1917, addressed to the President of the United States, written by . . . a pupil under his instruction, the said . . . failed to make such criticism of the contents of the said letter as would lead the pupil to perceive the gross disloyalty involved in his point of view as expressed in the said letter.

"3 . . . stated that as an instructor of the said pupil he would consider it proper to allow the said pupil to write and to read aloud to his classmates similar seditious letters addressed to the President of the United States.

"4 . . . as evidenced by newspaper articles printed over his signature, has a contempt of his function as teacher that renders him unfit to be an instructor in the high schools."

SOVIET SCHOOL RULE

A COMMITTEE of the Schoolmasters' Association of New York and Vicinity prepared a pamphlet on "Unpatriotic Teaching in the Public Schools," which sets out at length the facts on which this case arose. Therein it says:

"The committee finds that there exists in the teaching staff of the New York schools a group of teachers who continually oppose any act or policy in educational affairs, and likewise in municipal, state and national affairs, which is not in accordance with their individualistic notions with reference to that act of policy, . . . supporters of the Hillquit-Berger branch of the Socialist Party."

This pamphlet was published by the American Defense Society.

The New York Times, referring to the De Witt Clinton High School case, said:

"That school, dishonoring a revered name, has been too long conspicuous as a seminary of sedition, anti-Americanism, Socialist . . . The teacher's desk has been made a soap-box platform. Pacifism, opposition to the war, attacks upon the Government, have prevailed. . . ."

"It is intolerable that the city should pay for its own demoralization, for the perversion of the children to false and fatal doctrine, for the denial and contemplated destruction of free government, for the education of traitors. It is intolerable that the schools should be turned into factories of internationalism. . . ."

THE NONPARTISAN LEAGUE

WHAT went on in New York was not without its counterpart in the Northwest. About that time the *Iowa Magazine* article, to which reference has been made, reports:

"The Nonpartisan League, under direction of Townley and Le Seur, has taken possession of the schools of North Dakota—and may get control of the schools of Minnesota next Fall. Radical doctrines are becoming part of the regular curricula. I have a statement from C. B. Burtness, representative in the North Dakota Legislature from Grand Forks.

"Here it is:
"The board of administration has placed in charge of the State library—to select the reading for our schools—C. E. Strangeland. He is telling our country school children what to read. I found in our State library the other day a bundle of books, all ready to be sent to one of our country schools—a circulating library. If the farmers of North Dakota could have seen what I saw, they would have come to Bismarck and cleaned out the whole Socialist gang.

"Here are the titles of some of those books:

- "Socialism and Modern Science,' Ferri.
- "Evolution of Property,' La Farges.
- "Not Guilty,' Ellen Key.
- "Love and Ethics,' Ellen Key.
- "The Bolshevik and World Peace,' Leon Trotzky.
- "The History of the Supreme Court,' Meyers.
- "The Profits of Religion,' Sinclair.
- "Anarchism and Socialism,' Harris.

TROTZKY VS. WASHINGTON

THERE was not a book that would give the young men and women of our country schools the likeness of Washington or Lincoln or Grant, but there is a book that gives the picture of Leon Trotzky. The time has not come when the portrait of Leon Trotzky must be honored in the public schools of this State."

Nor, it seems, is the effort to reach school children confined to teachers.

No longer ago than last December (1920) Dr. Thomas R. Killiles, a Municipal Civil Service Commissioner of New York, reported to the Allied Patriotic Societies that there were clandestine organizations which make a practise of taking children on Sunday excursions, showing them the churches and the rich mansions on upper Fifth Avenue and the large office buildings of the city and telling them that when the Communist or Soviet revolution comes these places will be turned over to them for their enjoyment; that the way to accomplish this is to join the movement to overturn the American Government.

Further, according to Dr. Killiles, in certain sections of the East Side many of the school children, when asked to express their opinion of Bolshevism, said that the poor people had been robbed by the corporations, aided by the Government, and these buildings they expect to enjoy under Soviet rule had been stolen from the poor people.

"IN TRUTH OUR FREEDOM LIES"

THESE are not pleasant things for an American to have to relate of his fellow countrymen, even though he be firmer than ever in the faith that the people are sound and that the great masses of men and women are straight.

It is with a deeply abiding faith in men that these things are related. For when men know an evil they correct it. In a knowledge of the truth our freedom lies.

There may be plans to destroy faith in the Republic, to pervert the minds of the young with false doctrines and suggestive books, to shake the loyalty of the mature toward the government of the fathers, but they can not prevail against the reasonable efforts of unselfish patriotism. Exposed to the light their perpetrators recognize and turn from their own shame. But they must be resisted. For the regeneration of that which is evil there must be toil and effort and sacrifice.



Don't hide a poor complexion— overcome the defects.

The resort to cosmetics to cover up complexion defects is a hopeless task. Face powders and creams have their proper use—but it is not to hide an ugly, rough, blotchy appearance.

Underneath most unattractive skins is a clear, pleasing complexion. Begin today the following Resinol treatment to clear away the blemishes and bring out the hidden beauty.

Bathe your face with Resinol Soap and warm water—working the rich lather gently into the pores with the finger tips. Wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, then rinse thoroughly with gradually cooler water. Finish with a dash of cold to close the pores. Do this once or twice a day and note the glow of returning health.

Resinol Soap is for sale wherever toilet goods are sold. Buy a cake today.

Address RESINOL, Dept. 5-C, Baltimore, Md., for dainty trial size cake, free.

Resinol Soap

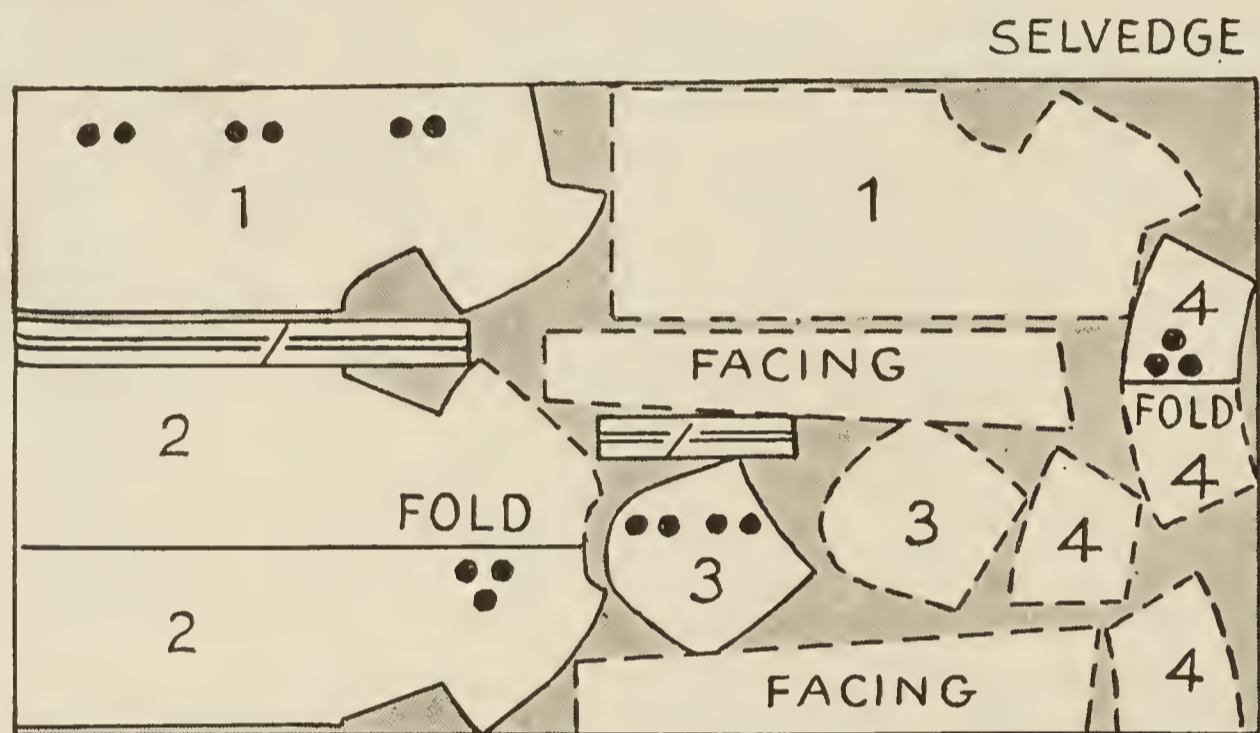


The third and last of Vice-President Coolidge's series, "Enemies of the Republic," will appear in the August DELINEATOR.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

DELTOR Means Smarter Frocks at a Saving of 50c to \$10.00

With the aid of the DELTOR you can save $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of material on every garment you make. These expert layouts show you just where every piece of your pattern should be placed on your material. All you

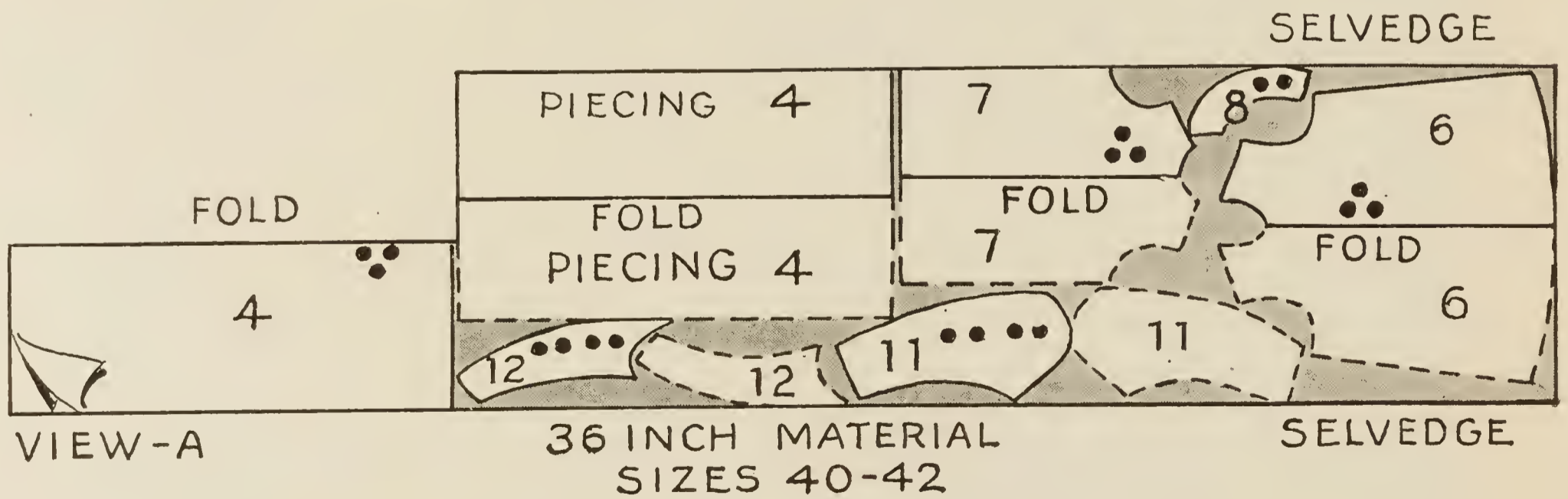
have to do is to pin the pattern to the material as fast as you can—then cut. For example, here is a smart wrap. The least possible amount of cloth is called for, yet there is ample provision for every piece of the pattern.



VIEW - A - B
54 INCH MATERIAL (WITH OR WITHOUT
DISTINCT NAP) SELVEDGE
SIZE 36

Most women would cut this wrap on the material as it comes folded in half. But when the material is opened up,

this clever placing of the pieces saves at least one length of this garment—a material saving of $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.



VIEW - A SELVEDGE
36 INCH MATERIAL
SIZES 40-42

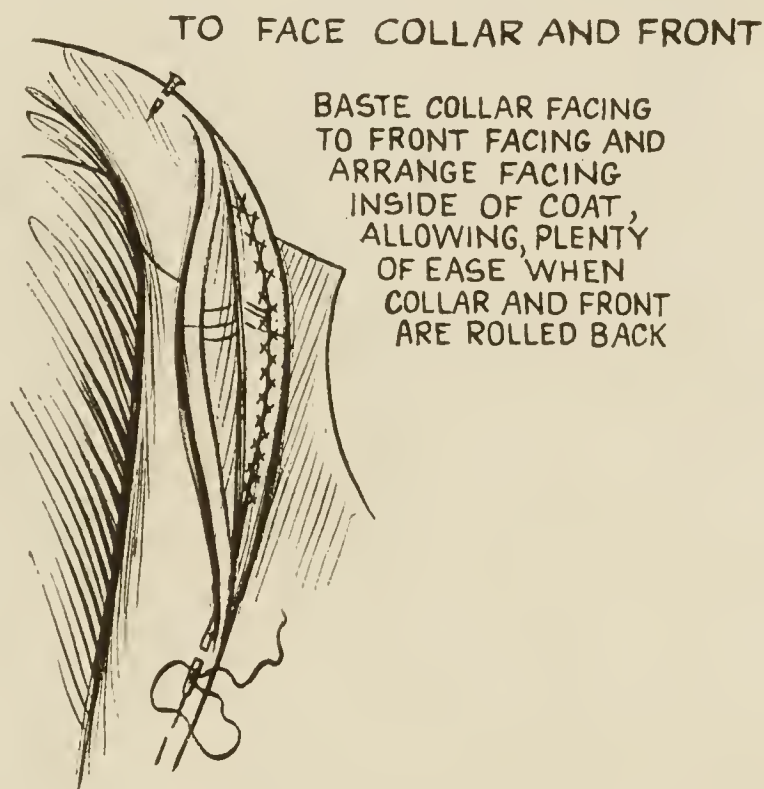
Notice the unusual placing of the sleeve pieces, only possible when opening up the material. See how piece number 8 is tucked into the armhole of number 6.

Remember there is a layout for every size pattern for all widths of suitable material in the DELTOR which is now included in all new Butterick Patterns.

DELTOR Saves not only Material but Time and Worry

Just as you save material in following the DELTOR layouts for cutting out, the DELTOR saves you hours of fussing in putting together your garment. Ripping out and doing over is a thing of the past, for DELTOR shows you how the very first time

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Facing collar and front of a coat. You'd hesitate to do anything as difficult as this.

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IMPORTANT!

CONSULT the DELTOR enclosed with your pattern if you would cut your garment from the small quantity of material called for on the envelope.

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B U T T E R I C K

Style Leaders of the World

AS YOUR HAIR IS ARRANGED

BY ELSIE WATERBURY MORRIS



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COLD CREAM POWDER.
In The LITTLE PINK & WHITE BOXES

SOME women were born to conform to fashion's favored type. Others, with a very little coaxing, might be made to approximate it sufficiently to come within the magic circle of acknowledged beauty. Such women bent all their energies toward conformity. But when the standard changed they slipped from sight, to give place to younger women who had caught a newer note.

To-day we wonder where the sloping shoulders of the early Victorian age have gone. No one has them any more. The regular-featured tailor-trim Gibson girl who flourished so severely twenty years ago can not be found. The strange, hollow-chested creature who adopted that extraordinary "debutante slouch" at a subsequent period has disappeared from the world.

What type has taken the place of this long line of traditional beauties—stately, athletic, exotic, *gamine*?

No type in particular, I believe. Rather, have we reached one of those fortunate periods in which an increasing premium is placed on individuality. The less one conforms, provided one is not attempting to attract attention by the lack of conformity, the more distinction one possesses in the modern world.

The secret to-day lies in being oneself. The successful first impression is not one which registers, "This is a pretty woman whose clothes came from Fifth Avenue," or, "Doesn't she remind you of Kitty Screenstar?" but rather, "This is Mary Smith. She is real, vital. She has personality. I shall never confuse her with any one else in the world."

OUR clothes to-day are designed with this idea in mind. Mary wears narrow clinging frocks because she likes them. Jane adopts bouffant taffeta and crisp organdy. Mary has sleeves to her wrists. Jane's stop above the elbow. One wears high heels, the other, low. One has no perceptible waist-line; the other favors a tight little basque. One—to get down to the subject of our discussion—leaves her black hair unwaved; the other has the most fascinating little undulations put in every six months. But both, to the intelligent critical eyes of their mutual world, are cleverly dressed and smartly coiffed because they have not attempted to look alike, but have accented their distinguishing individualities.

In the matter of the hair, certain kinds of coiffures are utterly and irredeemably bad, and can never be becoming to any one, no matter what her type. Arrangements which do not follow the shape of the head, which introduce meaningless transverse lines—such as those rolls and "buns" over the ears—are now, happily, passing off Broadway into forgetfulness. Coiffures of this type originated under the fingers of men who were not artists, for women and girls who were not ladies. They have a certain periodical vogue, it is true, but not among those who know. Their outline is bad, their detail is confusing, and they do not give that effect of sleek simplicity and exquisite cleanliness approved by the modern world.

BOBBED locks, adopted with distressing enthusiasm by all sorts of women, are appropriate for certain types, but should never have been tried by the feminine public at large. No one who is not young should attempt short hair. In general, it should be restricted to women with small features, women who are short enough and slim enough to suggest that piquant grown-up child for whom the coiffure seems to have been expressly made.

Foreheads and ears are a matter of principle with me. Unless one has deep wrinkles

When a group of New York Society women opened their own Beauty Shop, contributing their favorite recipes, Mrs. Gouverneur Morris was chosen to take charge. She is vitally interested in beauty as "Primrose House" understands it—not a covering up of defects, but the gradual eradication of them. Beauty is not artificial, bizarre, the product of cosmetics, but rather a fine smooth skin, well-molded muscles, and healthy hair simply arranged. In this article Mrs. Morris reflects the taste of conservative New York society in the arrangement and care of the hair.

THE EDITOR.

from an inability to keep straight locks under the net. The best hairdressers tell us that dark hair should always take a large loose wave. Blond hair may take a smaller curl. But unless you know the operator to be skilful that he needs no direction, don't dream of trusting your hair to him. Consult some one whose clientele speaks for itself.

The opinion of an expert is a very good investment. He can see good points at a glance and will make the most of them. If you have pretty ears, a lovely hair-line, a well-shaped head, or any other charm, he will arrange your hair to play it up. If you can't go to such a man, take the candid opinion of your most trusted and worldly wise friend. Mirrors are all very well, but they never show you the sides and the back of your head as they appear to the unprejudiced bystander.



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild

FITTING THE HAIR TO THE HEAD—AND THE TYPE—IS HALF THE BATTLE OF ACHIEVING A SUCCESSFUL COIFFURE

that can not be eradicated, or too high a brow in proportion to the lower part of the face, it is a grave mistake to bring the hair down to the eyes in a hard line. Many an utterly delightful widow's peak is lost to the world under the mistaken impression that this quaint little gift of nature no longer finds favor with the artist. There is an equally lovely hair-line at the back of the neck that some women have and hide, all their lives, because they have never been told to dress their hair high.

ONE would think that nine women out of ten were ashamed of possessing ears. Yet the best hairdressers permit the tip to be seen under a glossy wave. Some women's ears are among their chief claims to consideration. Yet, like a flock of sheep, women continue to cover their ears at the dictates of a vague idea that "ears are not being done this season."

The permanent wave seems to have swept over the country like high tide up the Bay of Fundy. It has been responsible for a great deal of personality wreckage. In the first place, there are straight-haired types who should remain so. Wavy hair is easier to manage. But the satiny, closely coiffed straight hair is vastly becoming to some women. To sacrifice this for conformity to a generally accepted mode is a serious mistake.

More women to-day ruin their faces by framing them in fuzzy, untidy, ill-made waves than ever suffered in grandmother's time

WHEN you have realized these good points of yours, adopt a style of coiffure that makes the most of them. Except when one is very young, very beautiful, or unusually adaptable, conforming to every puff of the winds of fashion utterly destroys one's effectiveness.

Of course, as with clothes, so with coiffures, the time of day and the use to which one intends to put the next few hours make a good deal of difference. For the evening, a loosely piled arrangement is suitable for a tall woman with a good deal of dignity, as well as for the younger woman capable of carrying it off. If the hair is not naturally curly, dress the smaller waves close to the head, as curly hair grows, to give an effect of naturalness.

For the afternoon, the hair should be arranged to suit the hat as well as the face, but the detail in back is of relatively little importance. The illustration shows a *jeune fille* arrangement suitable for any time of the day and quite easy to do. The hairdresser proceeds as follows: first he makes a small round foundation by rolling a section of the hair taken from the center back below the crown of the head. He pins this securely. Then he arranges the front and the sides, turning the ends under and being careful to keep the flow of the line from front to back, rather than up and down, as so much home-made hair

dressing goes. Lastly, he divides the back hair in two, slightly "roughs" each section crosses them—left to right, right to the left and makes of each a big loose loop, turning the ends under.

BEFORE we leave the subject of hair arrangement, for a little talk on its care, I should like to say a word about that potential American lady now in school. The wise mother never permits her little daughter's hair to be curled and tormented until its life is gone when she grows up. The wise mother keeps in mind the woman that is to be. Children look best with simple clothes, bobbed, uncurled hair.

Many of us don't have our hair shampooed frequently enough. Healthy hair requires a shampoo every two weeks; oily hair every week or ten days; dry hair once a month. Shampoo powder is not only cleansing but stimulating to the scalp. If this is the case with the one you use, your hair will be noticeably brighter and its color will be intensified after the shampoo. If not, change your preparation.

Don't trust to the shampoo to keep your hair clean. Nightly cleansing is a necessity. If your hair is oily, don't try to do this by brushing it, for you will just carry the oil from the scalp along the hair. Saturate a piece of absorbent cotton with a good hair tonic and rub it on to the scalp. Then cover the brush with cotton and go over the hair lightly, strand by strand.

AN ENEMY OF CHILDHOOD

The Scientific Care and Treatment of Infantile Paralysis

BY MARY E. BAYLEY, R. N.

This is the second of two articles on the prevention and care of that disease justly called the scourge of the innocent. Infantile paralysis is not necessarily fatal, but in complete recovery, after-care plays a tremendous part. This article has been approved by Dr. Edward H. Rogers, a baby specialist of New York

LIKE fire in a dry forest is epidemic infantile paralysis. Easy to defeat if discovered in time; but momentum once gained, a terrible struggle ensues before it can be conquered. Like so many other scourges, it is preventable. If the world could be cleansed of poverty, ignorance, carelessness and superstition, there would be but little need to hunt down mysterious germs stopped by no filter and disclosed by no microscope. But since the beginning of the Elysium is not yet, epidemics may be prevented only by an awakening of public conscience to the vital necessity of cooperation in the enforcement of health and sanitary regulations.

Quarantine and other measures against infantile paralysis have been specifically approved. The Committee on Poliomyelitis of the State and Provincial Boards of Health, meeting in Washington in April, 1917, suggested certain minimum requirements for control of the disease. Among these were:

First—That an isolation period for a patient of not less than two weeks nor more than three weeks from onset be required, unless the temperature has not returned to normal in the meantime.

Second—That children of the same household in contact with a patient be excluded from places of public assembly for a period of fourteen days from last date of contact, as determined by the health officer.

Third—That an adult of the household, if patient is properly isolated, may continue his vocation, provided it does not bring him into contact with children at any time.

When infantile paralysis develops, or even if it is a suspected case, call in a physician

and avoid contact with other members of the family. If medical and nursing care can be given and facilities are adequate for proper isolation, the child may be cared for in the home.

The room selected should be quiet and should, if possible, adjoin a bathroom. It should be freed from excess furniture, carpets and hangings and must be efficiently screened, for under no circumstances must flies or other insects have access to the patient or his excretions. If two nurses are required, two isolating rooms will be necessary, one to be used as a sleeping-room. A bare floor is very desirable, since it should be mopped every second day with carbolic solution one to forty or at least sprinkled with some dampened material, such as sawdust, so that no dust may arise when cleaning. The dusting should also be done with a dampened cloth. The necessity for keeping dust in abeyance in any infectious disease can not be over-emphasized.

THE DANGER OF DUST

THIS inference is based upon the most fundamental teachings of bacteriology: bacteria cling to moist surfaces, and while in a moist condition can not be swept into the air or carried from one point to another, save by animal agents. When allowed to dry, however, as they must in dust, they may, scattered abroad, become a potent source of infection. For this reason dust should be reduced to a minimum and removed without scattering.

When arranging for isolation, some of the earliest necessities are:

- One large foot-tub for use in disinfecting the bedclothing.
- One medium-sized covered pail in which the water used for bathing purposes may be disinfected before being carried to the toilet.

Two wash-basins, one to be used for lathing purposes, the other for cleansing the hands after caring for the patient. One hand-brush for use in cleansing the hands after contact with the sick or any of the excretions.

Several large paper bags in which may be placed gauze or other refuse for burning.

One round basin for use in washing dishes.

One mop and a small dusting-basin.

A large glass bottle or some container for carbolic solution.

In addition there should be, if possible, some way of providing hot water without going to the kitchen. If a room can be had



Photo Pubbery Studios
THE CHILD RECOVERING FROM INFANTILE PARALYSIS SHOULD MAKE HASTE SLOWLY. HIS EXERCISE AND PLAY MUST NOT BE VIOLENT

adjoining a bathroom, isolation can be made much simpler. The linen can then be disinfected in the bathtub and the stationary wash-basin may, of course, be used for cleansing the hands. Anything taken into the room should be left there, unless it may be boiled or thoroughly cleansed and exposed to the sun.

NURSING HYGIENE

THE nurses or attendants should take entire care of a child ill with infantile paralysis and no one else, save the physician, should be allowed in contact. When entering the room and before approaching the bed, the clothing should be protected by a long gown, or an apron with sleeves. This should hang just inside the sick-room, easily accessible upon entering. It should not be worn outside the room. Cats, dogs and all other household pets must be excluded from the sick-room.

The discharges from the mouth and nose should be received in gauze, old linen or paper handkerchiefs, deposited in a paper bag and burned at least once a day. Bowel excretions should be promptly disinfected with chlorid of lime or other disinfectant designated by the physician. This is most important, since the virus has been detected not only in the secretions of the nose and throat but in the intestines of patients suffering from either true infantile paralysis or the abortive type.

After handling the patient or any of the discharges the hands should be promptly washed with hot water and soap, using a hand-brush. To be effective this must be very thorough. The attendant should also wash the hands similarly before leaving the room and especial care should be used in cleansing the hands before going to meals.

The soiled linen should before it is taken away be soaked for twelve hours in a one-to-forty solution of carbolic acid. It should

then be wrung from the solution, transferred to a covered pail and boiled separately from the clothes of other members of the family.

The safest and most convenient way to have carbolic around is in a five per cent. (or 1 to 20) solution. From this as a stock the weaker solution of two and a half per cent. (or 1 to 40) may be made by diluting one-half. To make a 1 to 20 solution one calculates the amount of carbolic equal to one-twentieth of the entire quantity desired. Thus to make a quart of one to twenty: A quart being equal to thirty-two ounces, the amount of pure carbolic acid required would be one-twentieth of thirty-two ounces or one and three-fifths ounces, or approximately one and one-half ounces.

When making carbolic solution very hot water should be used at first, otherwise globules of the solution will remain undissolved and any one of these will burn living tissues.

The dishes used in the sick-room should be left there. The refuse should be scraped into a paper bag and burned. If too many dishes accumulate, they may, after a thorough washing in hot water, be transferred to a pan which has been left at the door, taken to the kitchen, covered with cold water and boiled. After dishes have been boiled for five minutes it is perfectly safe to use them.

In caring for one ill with any grade of infantile paralysis, it is particularly important to secure for the sick child the maximum degree of rest and quiet. The disease is an inflammation of the spinal cord associated with hemorrhage and the recovery of the spinal centers is obviously hastened by rest and quiet.

RECOVERY IS SLOW

WHEN the isolation has been terminated, the entire body of the child should be bathed and the hair washed. The child should then be wrapped in a sheet which has not been in the sick-room and carried to another room. The floors and woodwork of the vacated room should then be thoroughly cleaned with hot water and soap. The mattress and pillows should be brushed with a whisk-broom which has been lightly dipped into carbolic solution, then spread over chairs, while the room is aired for at least twenty-four hours.

Nowhere is the old saying "Make haste slowly" more applicable than to the convalescent stage of infantile paralysis. The greatest danger is fatigue of the weakened or paralyzed muscles. These muscles are sick with deranged nerve and blood supply. They tire easily, not only by active but also passive use by excessive manipulation, massage, electricity and muscle training. This needs emphasis, since parents very often are led through anxiety and the fact that much is heard of wonderful recoveries under certain treatments to disregard doctors' instructions.

It must be remembered that while massage, electricity, manipulations and muscle training all have a place in the treatment of weakened and paralyzed muscles resulting from infantile paralysis, no two cases may be alike and the amount of such treatment beneficial to one may be detrimental to another. For this reason all such applications should be given by trained attendants under the guidance of a physician.

The convalescent period of infantile paralysis extends practically over two years; the greatest gain must be made during this period.

Although the recovery is a slow and painful process, parents must not become discouraged or lose faith in the doctor. Intemperance in exercise, eating or playing may set the child back considerably. Violent motions, sudden frights or noises shock the nervous system of the child, which is unusually delicate during this period.

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Sani-Flush was made for just one thing—to clean the closet bowl—to clean it better than any other means and to clean it with less labor. Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush into the bowl, according to the directions on the can. Flush. Stains, rust marks and incrustations will disappear like magic leaving the bowl and hidden trap spotlessly white and absolutely sanitary.

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Our Questions Answered

EDITED BY MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Every month we ask the questions—and we want you to answer them. Your ideas and reactions will not only be of interest to us; they may be of actual service. Your answers to these questions, your opinions of the subjects discussed in the Homemaker's Department, may differ. They will surely be stimulating, and we will answer if possible. Please don't forget the stamped and addressed envelope.

IS HOME SERVICE worth five thousand a year? This is our first question.

Do you feel that the work which you do in your home and in bringing up your children should be regarded in the light of a vocation?

The reply of Mrs. J. D. R., Sioux City, Iowa, is as follows:

"Your question about the work of women in the home interested me very greatly, because I feel that my husband and I have some definite opinions on the subject. We are both college graduates. Before my marriage five years ago I was receiving a salary of \$1,800. My husband is a professional man and is at the present time receiving a salary of \$2,500. We now have three children.

"The size of our income makes it necessary for me to do much of the work in our household and all of the children's sewing. Even a considerable amount of washing for the children, as well as most of the ironing, falls to me. My health is perfect. My training, which included good courses in home economics, and my professional experience, which dealt with the teaching of home economics, have done much to prepare me for my work in a family. The five years' experience I have had in keeping my house, in bearing, in caring for, and in feeding my children, and in looking after my husband, has, I believe, greatly added to my professional value.

"MY HUSBAND announced to me the other day that he had come to the conclusion that the services I give to this household are at least equal in money value to the income which he contributes. He believes we might safely argue, on this basis, that our combined efforts are equivalent in value to the family to an income of five thousand dollars a year, assuming that he were alone with the children and had to pay to have them cared for. Of course, this means that the type of service I am trying to give must be rated as skilled professional service. I earnestly hope it is so, and my husband assures me that it is.

"His conclusion concerning my money value to the family was reached through the experience of a college friend. This man had the great grief to lose his wife at the birth of their third baby. The wife, likewise, was a college graduate, trained in home economics, who had earned a good income in her profession previous to her marriage. She, too, had given devoted and trained service to her family. In order to secure any

one to replace her satisfactorily, it has been necessary to find ways and means for raising a salary of eighteen hundred dollars and full maintenance. In this way my husband's friend has been able to interest a young college woman to come and to try to fill the place that the mother took in caring for the children.

"Every woman who contributes time in her home should be made to feel as my husband has made me feel, an equal contributor in making the home."

"In our community we have some natural resources that rightly protected might become a source of wealth. We have water power, forests and good land. To my mind, however, none of these is comparable, as a source of ultimate national wealth, to the children that are being produced here. I am the mother of three babies, none of which has yet reached school age. Very little had been done by this community to help to protect me before my babies were born, nor

before its birth and the care and training it receives during the first years of its life are far more important in determining its health and mentality than are the later years when it goes to school.

"May I make this plea from the pages of your magazine, that at least as much attention be given to training mothers to meet their responsibilities to the children before they go to school, as is now being devoted to training teachers? The latter take up the work which has been in many cases inadequately started by the mothers. I would like to know how other mothers feel about this situation, and if they have any suggestions to offer for its solution."

THE FEATHER BEDS

WHAT shall be done with our feather beds and bolsters? Shall they be relegated to the attic, except for those who still like to snuggle and be enfolded in their warmth just as our forebears used them when furnace fires were not so common in our cold climes? Rachel F. Dahlgren gives some valuable advice:

"Feather coverlets, deliciously light, warm and luxurious, may be made at nominal cost from a discarded bed or old-fashioned bolster filled with goose or duck feathers. We may whisper in passing that these feathers should first be thoroughly cleansed at a steam laundry.

"Unbleached sheeting or drill makes a good inside slip. Stitch up a bag of the desired size, 75 to 80 inches in length, the width varying from 40 inches for a cot to about 60 inches for a full-sized bed. Turn right side out, and stitch in lengthwise sections about 12 inches wide.

"Fill (not too full) and sew up the open end. A puffy, old-time bolster or pair of square pillows will supply feathers enough for a coverlet, while a bed will easily furnish one for each member of the average-sized family. In transferring the feathers, retire to the barn or outhouse, if possible, make a small opening, and transfer by handfuls.

A. MAY HOLYDAY.

Wear a cotton dress and a sweeping-cap, and the matter is quickly disposed of.

"Now lay your coverlet on a bed or table, distribute the feathers as evenly as possible, and either run crosswise every 12 or 15 inches or tie at fairly close intervals.

"For the outside covering, there are many pretty figured materials; or mercerized goods in two solid colors, such as tan and old-rose, may be combined with pleasing effect. Tack or tuft lightly with floss of a harmonizing shade.



A Home on Wheels

A RAISE in rent holds no terrors for the tourist or camper owning a house on wheels. Containing all the comforts of home, this perfect country residence may be mounted on a trailer behind an automobile, or on an ordinary truck. When traveling, the back steps are drawn up, and the porch becomes an ideal observation-car for the itinerant family.

Inside, the house is a miniature home. Space

provides for a small kitchen, with a cook-stove oven for baking and canning when passing through fruit country in the summer. A folding-table converts the kitchen into a dining-room. The bedroom is at the front of the house, with room for a child's crib. Closets and cupboards built in at the side. One of the most unique features is a water supply, made from an old automobile gas-tank holding fifteen gallons, always insuring fresh water.

YOUR TOWN'S RESOURCES

WHAT is the most important natural resource in your community, and what is your community doing to conserve it?

Mrs. S., of Ogdensburg, New York, makes this reply:

"Perhaps you may feel that the answer I am going to make to your question about the conservation of our natural resources is not to the point. I feel so strongly about it that I am impelled to make this contribution.

at the time of their birth or early infancy.

"I attended the schools in this community and when I had finished high school I spent a year in a training-class where considerable effort was given to making me a good teacher. Previous to my marriage I taught for two years. In all that time, however, almost nothing was done to prepare me for the ordeal of bearing three babies, nor for the problems which I was to face in caring for them and training them. I am told again and again that the care of the baby

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1921. State of New York County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443. Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City. Editor, MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, JAMES EATON TOWER, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City, N. Y. Stockholders: KATHERINE G. BAKER, 2 East 56th St., New York City. JOHN M. DONINGTON, 37 Wall St., New York City. Estate of W. H. GELSHENEN, care of Garfield National Bank, New York City. JOHN J. HOGAN, 15 West 23rd St., New York City. ERNEST STAUFFEN, JR., 120 Broadway, New York City. THOMPSON BROS., Milroy, Pa. ABBY L. WILDER, 70 East 77th St., New York City. FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. Stockholder of FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY: THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Sts., New York City. Stockholders of BUTTERICK COMPANY: GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill. JOHN M. DONINGTON, 37 Wall St., New York City. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William St., New York City. GUDE, WINMILL & Co., 20 Broad St., New York City.

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FORM 3526.—Ed. 1916.



Have You Had Your Teeth X-Rayed?

Many ailments are traceable to conditions of the teeth that an ordinary examination cannot disclose. Trouble in a tooth socket is not always locally painful. The fact that such trouble can be diagnosed from an X-ray plate by a competent specialist is another one of the blessings of modern science.

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A twice-daily brushing of the teeth and gums with Pebecco Tooth Paste will, first of all, make the teeth clean and white.

In addition to making the teeth pleasing to the sight, Pebecco leaves a fresh, invigorating sensation in the mouth—a feeling of fine cleanliness.

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A simple test will show whether or not your mouth is in an acid condition.



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These Test Papers Will Tell You—Sent Free With 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebecco

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Just send a post-card for Free Test Papers and 10-Day Trial Tube of Pebecco.

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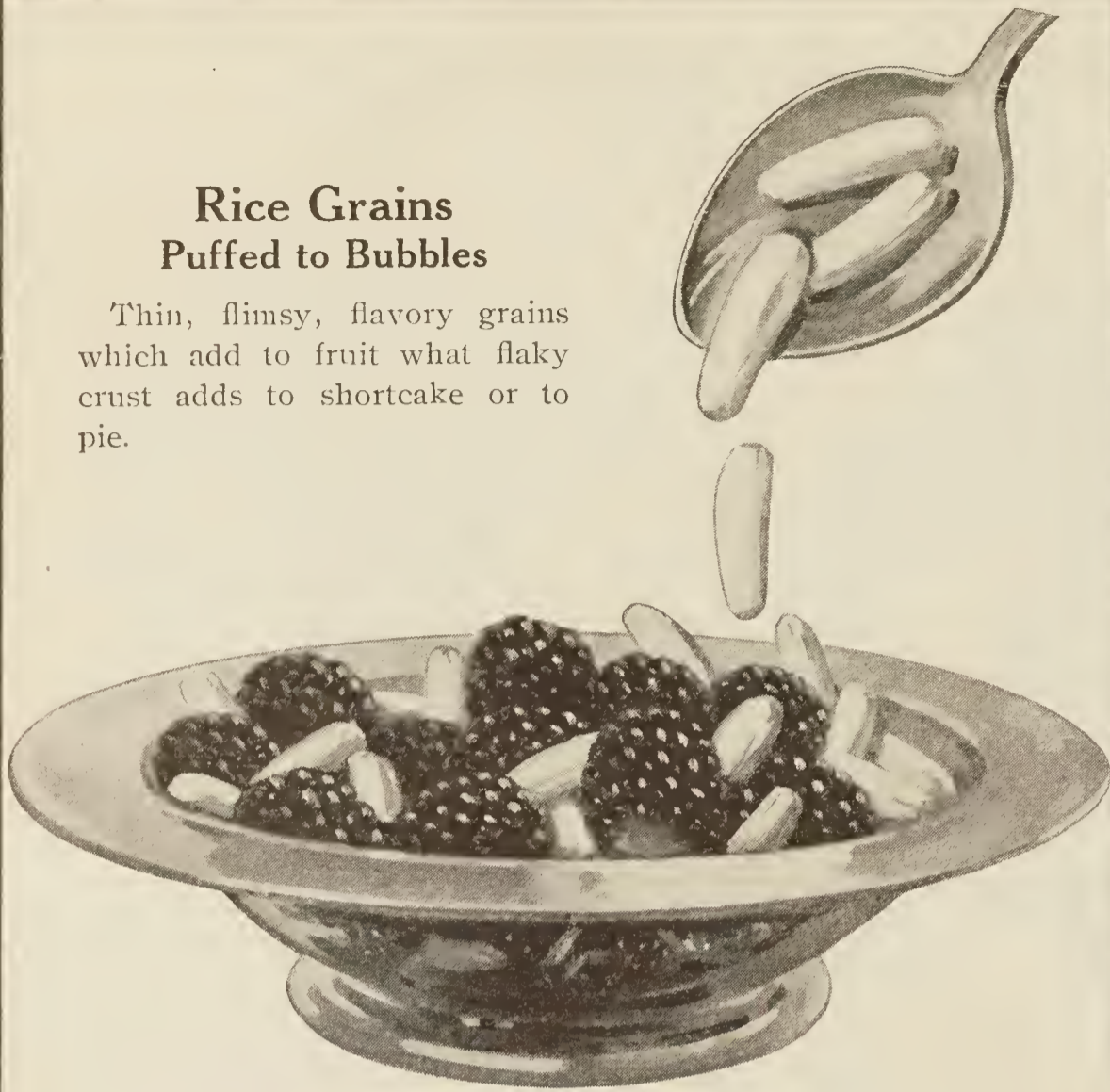
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Rice Grains Puffed to Bubbles

Thin, flimsy, flavory grains which add to fruit what flaky crust adds to shortcake or to pie.



Start July Days

With Puffed Rice mixed with berries

Or served with cream and sugar. You have never known a cereal food so flavory and delightful.

These nut-like morsels are used in candy-making. Chefs use them to garnish ice cream. Think of serving such foods as a breakfast dainty.

Also crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children between meals. They are better than nuts or sweetmeats or cookies. Puffed Rice has every food cell blasted so digestion is made easy and complete.

End July Days

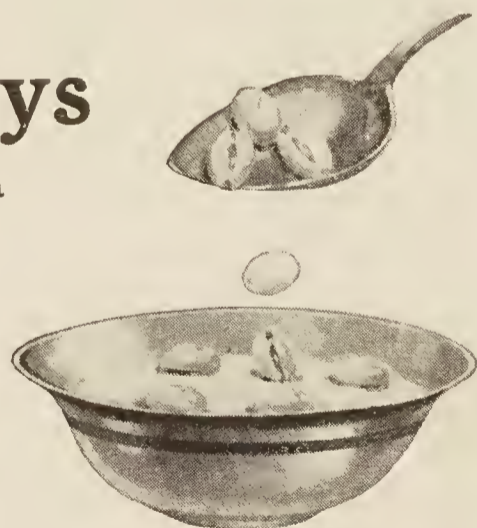
With Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk

This means whole wheat—the ideal food—with every food cell broken. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

These are Prof. Anderson's foods—the best-cooked cereals in existence. This process does completely what cooking merely starts. Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. In this form all those elements are utilized. Think of scientific grain foods which to children seem confections. Serve them in these summer days morning, noon and night.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers



Whole Wheat

Puffed to airy, toasted globules, 8 times normal size. They make whole wheat a fascinating tidbit.

THE GREEN LOCO

He heard a noise up the line, and tramped toward it.

He came abruptly on what seemed to be a goods yard filled with an excited leather-colored crowd. A small loco came panting in pushing a single coach. Before the loco came to a standstill the coach seemed to explode a half-dozen passengers. The crowd yelled. A white man in dripping singlet and trousers swung on to the footplate of the loco, waving his arm while his mouth opened and shut. A receding hubbub marked where the passengers yet bored their way through the yelling crowd.

Wishart began to walk toward the locomotive.

He was a head higher than the crowd. As he approached, he saw that a fireman, apparently badly frightened, was tied up in the cab behind the engineer; and that long streaks glittered in the paint. He worked his way nearer. An old man and a girl in a white dress came hurriedly out of an office building. The old man spoke to the man who danced on the footplate and the crowd stopped their noise to listen.

"It's no good, Hughes," said the old man. "We're done."

"DONE?" yelled the engineer. "Find me some more passengers and I'll show them and their sham revolution if we're done! Where's the drafting-room staff?"

"Guarding culverts."

"To—Brazil with the culverts! What about the franchise? Find me a couple more passengers! I'll run her right back to Camissa if you'll get me some passengers! I paid those jumpin' kangaroos three per and they ain't earned the half of it! Fired on? Yeh, they've a machine gun of sorts in the Deloro cutting." He glared at the crowd. "Ten dollars American to the hombres that will come back with me to Camissa!"

Wishart moved forward. "I'll come," he said.

Hughes held out a bill. "Five down," he said curtly, "and five more when we reach Camissa."

"I don't want the dollars."

Hughes, for the first time, looked at him. "Then what do you want?" he snapped. "Why're you comin'? It ain't fun!"

"I'm coming," said Wishart, "because she's painted green." He jerked his head at the loco and climbed into the coach.

"That's one," appealed Hughes. "Say, ain't there another of you howlin' coyotes to keep him comp'ny? It ain't legally a train, sir, unless there's two. Ten per back to Camissa. Ain't there a hombra among you with that much gizzard?"

"I'll go!" said a girl's clear voice.

A gruff one answered angrily: "You will not, Jean."

"Why? It's my place to go! I'd go if I was a man. I—I wish I was a man. Dad, I ought to go! It's—it's our line."

Wishart thought there were tears in the voice. Hughes's voice rang in, resigned, and scornful. "Not one? Well, guess I won't wait while you frogs warm your feet. I'll be gettin' back."

THE loco wheezed, grunted and moved. The crowding yellow faces, the buildings and the green began to slide past.

Suddenly there was a shout and a wild commotion. Wishart leaped to his feet to see a bright head at the unglazed window. He smashed his fist through the wooden shutters, caught her wrist, braced her while he kicked the door open and drew her in. She sat down on the opposite bench while the funny little chicken-house of a coach rocked and swung as Hughes drove the green loco through the blunt switches. For a little while neither of them spoke.

Then the girl asked serenely: "Will you tell me what you meant when you said you came because the engine was green?"

"I had a green engine when I was a kid," he replied. "It was made of wood and you pulled it by a string. This one is much the same shape!"

"That's why you're here?"

"Yes. You know, you oughtn't to be here."

"It's our line," she cried. "If—if I can't do anything to help, I can at least be a passenger."

"Will you tell me," continued Wishart, "why we are passengers?"

"It's because of a clause in the franchise," she explained. "No one knows just how it came there, but it calls for one passenger train a day to be run from Deloro—that's Deloro we've just left—to railhead at Camissa and back again. To be a passenger train, there must be two passengers. It never paid us," she continued gravely, "to run that daily train. But if it does not run for a week, the Government can take over our line and pay adequate compensation. You know what *that* means. Well, we just ran it. It was no trouble—until we began to return big dividends."

"Oh, I see," said Wishart.

"EXACTLY," nodded the girl. "After that, every accident on the line happened between Deloro and Camissa. Now a revolution has burst out and the revolutionaries are between Deloro and Camissa. The State troops don't disturb them. All they want to do is to cut the line, so we can't run that train. Do you see? They're quite useful revolutionaries. We've run it so far—with increasing risk. To-day it looks—for the first time—as if we might not get her through."

Her voice faltered. "And Dad will be fierce with me."

"If you mean that we are to run the gauntlet of those single-minded revolutionaries, I hope he will be," said Wishart. Her stare reminded him of his yellowed linen, his unshaven chin, his feet in the flapping shoes. He burned with shame. After a long silence Wishart said abruptly: "Will you get down on the floor? That was a bullet."

Something ripped through the sun-shutter and flattened against the opposite door. Wishart leaned over the girl, his hands on either side of her head. "I'll stop here," he explained, "until you make up your mind."

She slipped down on the floor and Wishart sat beside her with an odd sense of familiarity. He seemed to know her, the swaying of the coach and the roar of speed.

Hughes was running with an open throttle. "She's really only a yard-engine. They ditched 283. She'll kick us off if he goes any faster," said the girl.

"There don't seem to be any more shots. And he's slowing down," replied Wishart.

"Why," breathed the girl, "he's stopping."

WITH a long slow grind of brakes the engine stopped at the foot of a grade.

Wishart looked out, but could see nothing. He opened the door, dropped out, ran along and climbed into the cab of the engine.

A man lay with his head half-out and bleeding. Wishart turned him over and saw that it was Hughes. The fireman was gone. He had probably made his escape when Hughes dropped, after first setting the brakes.

"Is he dead?" asked the girl.

"He has only fainted. Help me carry him to the coach."

They carried him and laid him on a bench in the silence of the sun and the jungle. The firing had stopped.

"We must get her into Camissa," said Wishart.

"Can you?"

He whirled on her savagely. "I used to work on a railroad before I became fit only to be a passenger."

She smiled at him, gravely said: "I'll fire for you."

"Can you?"

"Yes. For that distance. I'm very strong."

As they ran back to the engine, Wishart suddenly laughed because he had never in his life cared for anything as he cared to get that train into Camissa.

The girl took up the shovel and Wishart started the engine. In a moment he was enveloped again in that roar of speed. And like a dream his life was nothing but the machine thundering under his hand, the gleaming right-of-way that climbed through the walls of green to the unknown land, and the shining head of a girl, rising and sinking monotonously as she coaled for him.

"We're near the cutting now," she called to him.

"Keep down, then."

A half-mile ahead a man ran suddenly across the line and ducked into the jungle. Another followed; then another. Wishart

Concluded on page 53

NO RETURN TICKET

"I can't take this from you. You're making good to me—but leaving everything."
"I ask you to stop. It is dangerous!"
Conant said coldly.

There was a moment of amazed silence; then a low laugh.

"Pretty slow, I was—pretty slow, not to get this before. Why, you're a new man in the last two weeks—a new man in a new world, and you're chucking world and all for me—right now!"

"Cheverly, you're spoiling our chance!"
"To have those little chaps hear me now—wouldn't be the worst thing that could happen to you!"

In the hot darkness Conant tried to explain:

"You don't understand, Chev. It's a chance for my life to make good on this—more than you know, more than I can possibly tell. I swear to you there would be nothing for me but death and failure not to make good with you."

"But if you're not allowed!"
"That's another affair. You and I must stand clean to each other, dead or alive!"

There was silence, and then Conant heard something pitiful in the other's tone: "I guess I don't quite get you."

Cheverly turned and resumed his way through the blackness, and the plant-hunter followed him. The old love for the boy rose in his heart. It made it easier, somehow; one of the mysteries of love.

THEY had been on their way for twenty minutes before they saw a low fire ahead on the ledge, and two erect figures, several on the ground asleep. It was the Ichiti outpost.

They halted at a distance and watched. Sometimes the two erect figures disappeared entirely into the darkness, then came into the light again and passed each other at the fire. The white men realized that they were walking past from the edge of the escarpment to the inner walls of the cliffs, a distance of seventy or eighty feet.

"You are to go first," Conant whispered. "If you get through safely, halt a little distance down the ledge and wait. If I should be caught, remember you can do nothing by coming back to help me. It will be a signal for you to make your dash for the jungle."
"Leave you?" said the other in a dazed voice.

"Yes. But I'll get through if you do. Wait now until they meet by the fire once more."

They timed it so that Cheverly would cross the post as near as possible at the instant when the two sentries met at the center of the ledge. Conant grasped his hand and immediately the boy vanished in the darkness. Time seemed to pass in heavy, aching moments. Brain and heart and body the plant-hunter ached, before the shadows moved again in the firelight ahead and the two sentries appeared at the center of the ledge. Cheverly had safely crossed the post.

If he would only go forward alone! Conant's heart stood in his mouth. He visualized returning to Maisie, to tell her . . . He almost heard her words: "You who brought him in—you let him find his way out alone!"

The two sentries had met again at the fire. In a moment he began to steal forward, and was ready to cross at their next meeting. He was cold in every fiber. A perverse part of his being wanted an accident, but fate wasn't playing him that way. Not a roll or a crunch of stone. As he hastened forward in the darkness Cheverly softly touched him. The boy's face strained close for a second.

The gorge slowly opened out, the rift in the sky grew wider, the walls were lowering and the trail on the ledge began to sink. They had hastened stealthily for more than a half-hour, when Cheverly halted before a little spring which dripped from the rocks over the ledge. The green things about it were fragrant in the darkness. Chev's hand was rigid on the other's arm.

"No use, Conant. I can't go on any farther!"

"Square to each other, dead or alive—that's all right for you! But what about me? I couldn't look you in the eyes if we ever got out. You didn't bring me in here; I brought you—brought the story to you in Aden. I'm not such a kid. I'd stay and draw cards in Arrontik, but I can't breathe. You can—you can breathe as never before!"

"What do you want, Chev?" Conant asked hoarsely.

"It isn't a want. It's all settled. You're going back. I'm going on alone."
"Sh!"

Cheverly started to speak again, but the other's hand found his lips. He saw that Conant's face was turned from him toward the up-trail, and that he was listening. Several seconds of silence passed before he heard soft, hurrying feet, then Maisie's low voice.

CHEVERLY was standing alone. The repressed cry from his companion's throat still rang through his heart. The burst of knowledge which had come to the younger man with that sound stunned him momentarily. Then both Conant and the woman seemed weeping softly together, before he heard:

"But I had to see what white women are like!"

Then, an instant later:
"But I couldn't stay! You made it all different—those last words of yours! It isn't infidelity, it's part of the mystery!"

From the man all Cheverly heard was: "Maisie, Maisie, but Maisie!"

As they stood in the darkness in the scent of the green things growing around the spring, the plant-hunter whispered to her of the peril of jungle and man-tribe and creature of jungle-shadow. He made it plain that there was no chance of the three trying to escape together. He was conscious of Cheverly's exultation over Maisie's coming, and he knew that in a moment all their lives had been changed. Finally he heard Cheverly saying:

"Besides, there's a chance of my reaching Mombasa—always a chance—and if I put it before your department, a party will be sent in here—for you both!"

Conant was silent. He kept his part back and it was Maisie who answered:

"But that would bring the greed of the world upon the little gray people. It will come, but it must not come from us!"

Conant, thinking of the Kongo, said:

"No, you'll have to forego that, Chev. It's a matter of forgetting us, as far as the outer world goes. Why, we've got everything—oh, yes, quite. We'll slip back as we came."

"Ah," said Maisie, "you'll be our boy—going out into the world—our only boy!"

The hands of the three met in the darkness. Cheverly bent over them for an instant and turned away. When he looked back, he saw only a tapestry of interlacing leaves above their heads. Where they were standing it was an unbroken shadow.

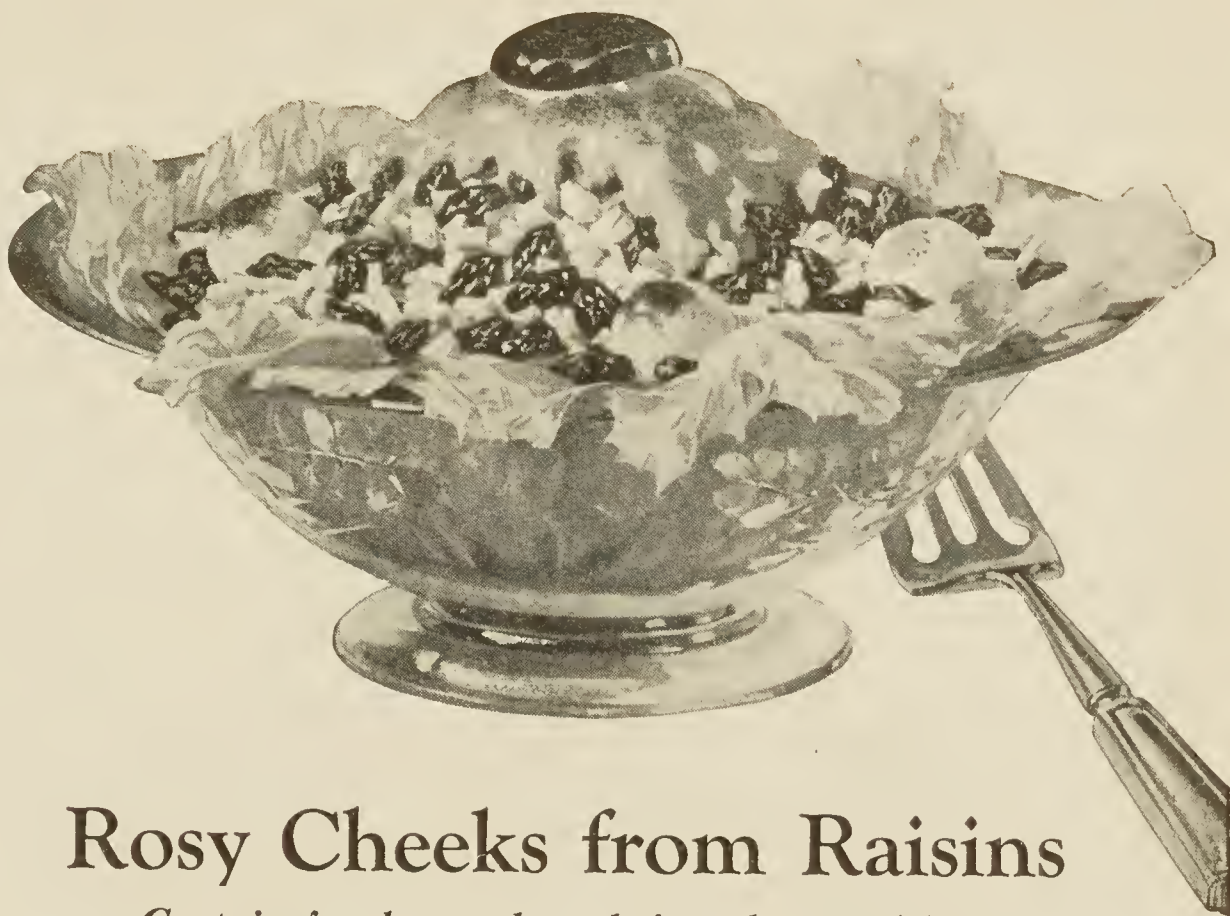
The End

TWO TRAVELERS

When we went out to Grandpa's town
We spent a morning on the train,
And I had such a lovely time
But Mother said, "It looks like rain!"
We crossed a river where I saw
Some rowboats, painted white and green;
And little boys in swimming, too,
But Mother read a magazine.

I saw a calf, I saw a church,
I saw a boy that waved his cap,
But Mother shut her eyes and said,
"I am going to take a little nap."
And when we got to Grandpa's town
I was so glad I most could skip,
But Mother shook herself and said,
"My! What a tiresome, dusty trip!"

J. LILIAN VANDEVERE



Rosy Cheeks from Raisins

Certain foods, madam, bring the good looks of good health, due to the food-iron they contain. This luscious raisin salad is one of them



Raisin Salad

- 1 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
- 1/4 cup lemon juice
- 2 cups chopped apples or pears
- 2 cups coarsely shredded lettuce
- 1 cup cream mayonnaise

Wash and dry the raisins, add to the apples and lemon juice. Line bowl or plates with shredded lettuce, pile raisins and apples in center, cover with mayonnaise; serve with Neufchatel cheese balls and garnish top with small pieces of red, tart jelly. Shredded lettuce is a matter of taste. It will go farther and decorates better if shredded.

Send for 97 other "Beauty" Recipes

Don't fail to send the coupon for 97 other "beauty" recipes. Raisins lend charm and healthfulness to many other foods, also increasing their nutrition. The book is worth while and is free, so send for your copy now.



There's more than merely flavor in the luscious raisin foods that we suggest.

There's food-iron—an essential to good health.

Without your necessary supply of iron in the blood you are paler than you should be to be pretty.

The bloom of youth which shows on young girls' and children's cheeks is evidence of that proper supply of iron. It is the *true beauty*—the good looks of *good health*—and there's no reason why all women shouldn't have it.

Serve raisins frequently in salads and desserts—in puddings, bread, pie, cakes, rolls, etc. Stewed raisins is a luscious breakfast dish and one of the most healthful known. Great sanitariums, like that at Battle Creek, Michigan, prescribe them for anemic patients.

The raisin is also slightly laxative, which helps to keep complexions clear.

* * * *

Use Sun-Maid Raisins—California's finest, made from thin-skinned, tender, juicy table grapes. *Clean, sweet, wholesome American* raisins—the kind you *know are good*.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

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SUN-MAID RAISINS

FOR BETTER OR WORSE

"Aren't you unjust? How could I know—"
 "You are quite right," he interrupted.
 "I am unjust. Call it vanity if you like, but it is a blow for a man to find himself so easily forgotten."

He stumbled at the word, but she understood his meaning and said: "There is plenty of time, and we are quite alone. Billy, I—I tried to find you after you went away."

Her voice pleaded, but he hardened his heart.

"And failing," he said sarcastically, because he dared speak no other way, "you consoled yourself as soon as the law permitted?"

She flushed and at this his mood changed.

"Forgive me, Hilda," he said gently. "I hardly knew what I was saying. You see—I love you; but I'm going now. I shall not bother you again; but keep the things, dear, and be happy. Why should two lives be spoiled? Perhaps—who knows?—I may some day pick up the threads of life myself."

They had both risen, and he tried to smile at her reassuringly. She was breathing hard, and at last she spoke almost painfully: "There has been—no other woman?"

He drew an amazed breath. For a moment he gazed at her speechless, then cried passionately: "No! And before God there should be no other man for you!"

Totally swept away by his emotions, he caught her close, covering her face with kisses. She felt the wild beating of his heart, but she did not resist. Indeed, it was he who pushed her from him almost roughly.

"Billy!"

He turned. There were tears on her cheek—tears, he thought bitterly, which he could not kiss away. Already he was hot with shame at his lack of self-control. He had thought himself a man.

"Billy," she said again, "come here. I—I have something to show you."

Dumb with misery, he followed her through the familiar dining-room to the little porch beyond. There he paused, filled with a subtle fear—a fear that was justified when Hilda, who was bending above a canvas hammock, faced him with her baby in her arms!

This was, thought Stewart, watching her

glorified face, the essence of cruelty. She was speaking to the baby, her voice low and tender.

"Mother's own precious little son," she was saying softly. "Daddy's come home to us!"

Even then Stewart did not understand. He turned quickly, like an animal at bay, prepared to confront that which he dreaded more than all the world. But Hilda understood. With a smothered cry she laid her baby down again, and going to her husband put her arms about him.

"Oh, my darling," she cried brokenly, "I did not mean to be cruel! He is yours—yours—do you understand? I thought you'd know when you saw him. I didn't divorce you, Billy. I never meant to, but—but when I found that baby was coming you were—gone. Don't you see why I let you misunderstand me this afternoon? I had to know—"

She stopped to kiss his cheek repentantly and draw him down beside her on the window-seat; and she went on quietly:

"We hunted for you everywhere, and always missed you. I was almost crazy; and when the baby came, Billy, I was sick, oh, terribly sick, for weeks and weeks. But I couldn't die, could I, till you'd forgiven me, and I'd told you about sonny? And you were gone so long, dear, he—" her voice broke queerly—"he's a big boy now. You've missed so much of him. Billy, *don't cry!* I've held in so long I've got to cry myself, and if both of us—"

They were the tears that heal, not hurt. Baby called them back to earth with a lusty demand for attention that brought real laughter.

"You'll find," said Hilda, as she obeyed his summons, "that William Bailey Stewart, Jr., is sometimes as unreasonable as his parents."

Stewart smiled; but he was not smiling a moment later when she put the baby in his arms. Hilda had dropped to her knees, and was looking up at them, her eyes starry with happiness. He did not speak, but inwardly he voiced a stumbling little prayer:

"Help me, oh, Lord, to keep her eyes like that!"

SIMPLIFIED SWIMMING

In most strokes the face is under water half of the time. Practise at home in your bath or with a basin full of water. Inhale a long breath through your mouth, plunge your face into the water, exhale slowly through your nose. Repeat until you find it easy to count regularly one while inhaling, three while exhaling.

PRACTISE the "dead man's float." Take a deep breath, stretch your arms out in front of you and fall face down in the water completely relaxed. Next learn to float on your back. Stretch your arms straight out to the sides, bend your head way back and lean slowly against the water. Do not bend at the waist and do not get scared and raise the head, as this will make you sink. As long as you keep your head back and body straight you are bound to float. When you have thoroughly overcome any nervousness about being under water and have learned that the water naturally holds you up you can learn to swim, to move the arms and legs in definite strokes to gain distance and speed.

I myself learned to swim as a child. I was incorrectly taught by amateurs. One day I happened upon a book on swimming. It inspired me to take up the sport intelligently. First I read the description of each stroke, and practised the motions in my room. After this I went to the Y. W. C. A. pool to practise. At the very first attempt I found the breast and back strokes quite easy.

Both of these strokes are important for life-saving or resting in a long-distance swim. The scissors kick used in the side-stroke and in the trudgeon is hard to do correctly from the description. If you have some one to correct you, it is a great help, for it is hard to recognize your mistakes by the feeling. In the crawl, the fastest stroke of all, the leg

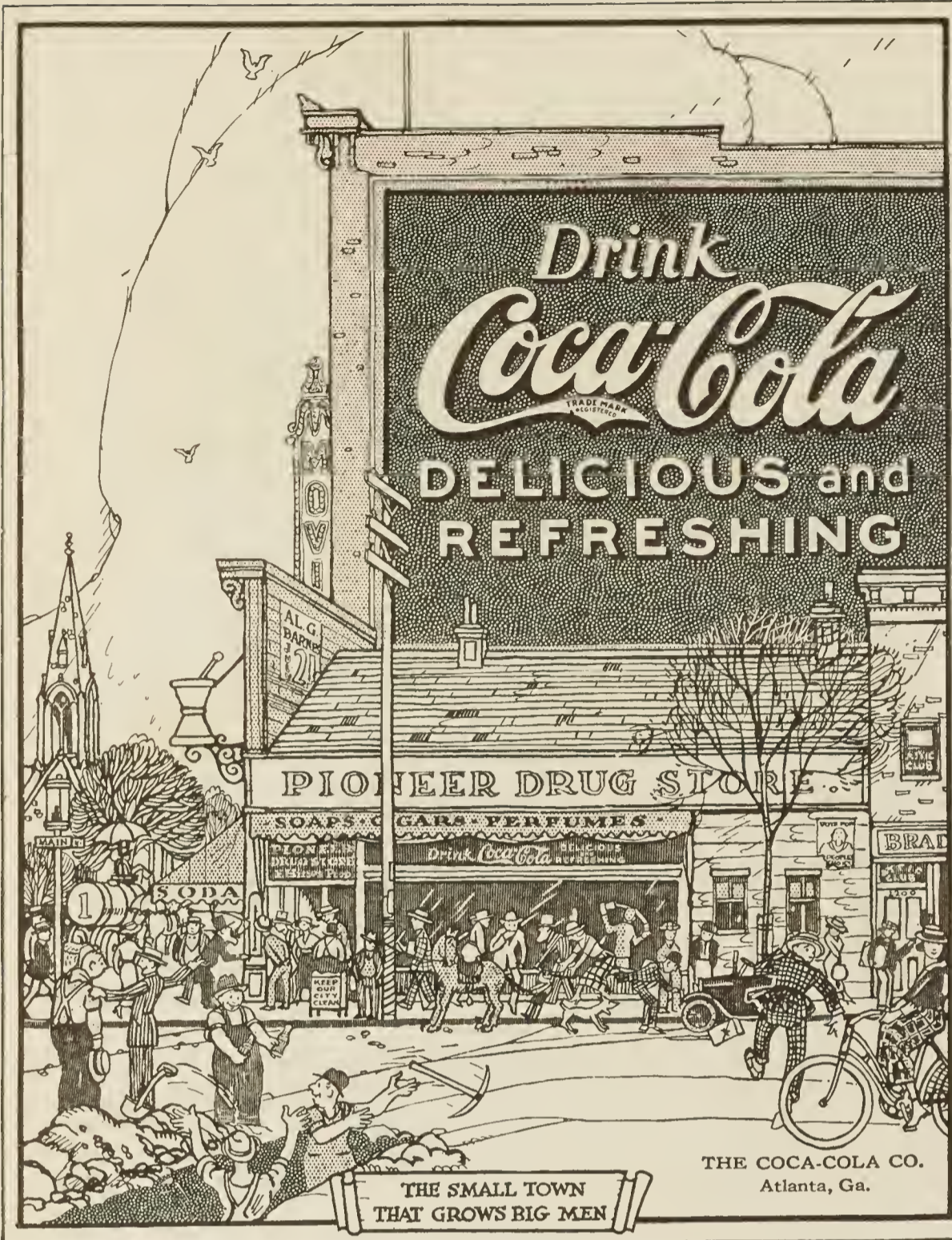
stroke is a quick repeated thrashing up and down from the knees near the water's surface.

In both the trudgeon and the crawl double overarm stroke is used while the body is face down in the water. The head is turned sideways merely when taking breath. There are slight differences in the arm movements and breathing in these two strokes which a coach or teacher would easily point out to you. I found that in three lessons I learned enough about these strokes to give me a great deal to work on.

Diving is a very profitable and interesting form of exercise. Ability to dive is invaluable. Many good swimmers have drowned or come near to it because they became confused by falling into the water. Dive at least enough to overcome the beginner's natural fear of going into water head-first. I can still remember the strength of mind I needed to take my first plunge; even now I hesitate when diving from a high board. Make up your mind before approaching the board and continue firmly and steadily until you are in the water. It is fatal to stop and gaze down into the water before diving or to turn back.

SURF bathing is safe enough if the waves are not very high and the beach gradually sloping so that you can walk out far enough to jump the waves as they roll in. Perfect conditions are exceptional. Either the beach is uneven and full of holes or the waves are too high to jump over and you must suddenly dive under them. There is no time to stop and consider, to retreat.

I should not advise you to try surf bathing in stormy weather unless you are accompanied by an experienced surf bather. This sport, once mastered, is thrilling. You are matching your strength and brain against the power of the ocean.



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DO WOMEN DRESS FOR MEN?

to the surface thinking of which they are clearly conscious. They say that this unconscious thinking has a great deal to do with the choice of fashions.

The conscious standards by which women choose their costumes are warmth, decency and decoration.

Two unconscious motives also play their part in almost every selection of apparel. They are the desire to attract attention and the desire to satisfy day-dreams.

The assertion that women dress to attract attention has a familiar ring. It is usually made as an accusation and bitterly denied by women.

"Do you think that women dress to attract men's attention?" I asked Mr. André Tridon, who writes and lectures on psycho-analysis. He knows the inside of the human mind. His French training, perhaps, has given him a rather startling way of saying what he thinks.

"Of course women dress to attract men, and men should be grateful to them for taking the trouble," he said. "Most of them hope women will never stop trying to please them."

"But some people say that women dress to make other women envious," I objected. "Which is it?"

"It is the same thing," replied Mr. Tridon. "At an afternoon tea where only women are invited each dresses so that she would be the one to attract a man's attention—if he were present. Each woman judges the dresses of the others as a competitor and enjoys her own superiority or gloomily admits her failure. The imaginary man is always present."

SEX COMPETITION

WELL, there is probably something in what Mr. Tridon says. But sometimes, I believe, women dress to give each other pleasure.

Once one accepts the hypothesis that there exists in the human heart a strong, even though repressed, desire to attract attention, then many puzzling fashions become understandable.

When dainty Myrabel tiptoes like a disgusted pussy along a sloppy pavement, we are more likely to notice her if she wears thin-soled high-heeled pumps than if she splashes along in sensible overshoes. Better be censured than ignored, is Myrabel's unconscious motto.

In January she flings her fur coat open to air her white throat in a snow-storm and in June she wraps white fox skin about her. It is not that Myrabel does not like to be dry on wet days, warm in shivery weather, and cool while the world swelters; but even better does she like to see men smile indulgently as they shake their heads at her folly.

She doesn't admit this to herself. She explains, "Why, it is the fashion, mother. All the girls are doing it."

Back of every freakish fancy in clothes lies a reason. When you dig up the cause, you often find a surprising factor. One very plain woman has held the close attention of her handsome husband for ten years by consistently shocking his strong sense of conventions. We all forget her extreme plainness in our excitement over her bizarre clothes.

A PLAIN WOMAN'S RUSE

HER outraged husband refused to ride in the motor-car with some of her costumes. He travels by subway in preference. As he sways on the strap he is so indignant at her for causing him such discomfort that he never even sees the gaily dressed creatures jammed up against him and the pretty faces turned like flowers toward the big, handsome man.

He is always thinking about his wife! Wrathfully but exclusively. It is the queer, topsy-turvy way that the two make love to each other! Better be hated than neglected is this wife's motto.

Rouge is associated with immorality. Therefore rouge on a Sunday-school face bewilders us. We know that certain girls are good girls, yet they paint! We know that their minds are set on marriage, yet their whole appearance suggests the possibility of a more casual relation. We try to explain away the incongruity by saying that they do not realize how they look. That is where we

are wrong. These very nice girls jolly well know what they are up to when they rouge their cheeks like Summer sunsets and forget to sew in the backs to their evening gowns. At any rate their unconscious minds know even if they don't admit their desire frankly to themselves. They are bent on attracting by shocking.

A lively young friend of mine persuaded her man-o'-the-world husband to take her to a midnight restaurant advertised by its spicy scandals. As they crossed the huge room blazing with light, noisy with music and crowded with dancers, a gorgeously dressed and beautifully enameled lady called out from a near-by table: "Why here is Jimsy. Thought you said you were in for a domestic evening, old chap!"

It was an embarrassing moment, but the husband carried it off by pretending not to hear. The enameled lady realized her mistake and subsided with giggles. The next day the young wife spent three hundred dollars on what she called a "vamp" gown.

"It is worse than that creature's," she assures me. "If that is what Jimsy likes, I'll provide it myself," says she dutifully.

Thus little white lambs put on wolves' clothing. For even the lambs to-day go out to seek their prey! A tiny bit of wolf nature hides in the heart of the most lamb-like girl; she is not always wholly content to wait in her safe corral.

"There is no country in the world where women have to work so hard to attract men's attention," said Dr. Carl Jung of Zurich when he visited New York a few years ago. And his words apply as well to smaller cities and towns all over the country. "There is in your Metropolitan Museum a bas-relief which shows the girls of Crete in one of their religious dances about the god who took the form of a bull. These girls of 2000 B.C. wear their hair in chignons; they have puffed sleeves; their corseted waists are very slender; they are dressed to show every line of their figures just as your women are dressing to-day.

"At that time the reasons which made it necessary to attract men to themselves in this way had to do with the morals of their country. The women were desperate—just as they are to-day without knowing it."

On Fifth Avenue I am constantly reminded of that bas-relief. All the women, by their dress, by the eagerness of their faces, by their walk, are trying to attract the tired men of their country.

Doctor Tridon thinks that men should be grateful to women for taking so much pains, but Doctor Jung seems to sympathize with the women for their trouble.

LIVING IN DAY-DREAMS

THE desire to satisfy day-dreams (which psychologists give as the second unconscious motive in the determination of extreme styles of clothing) dovetails very neatly with the desire to attract attention.

Every man or woman with the rudiments of imagination has day-dreams. A life of fantasy runs alongside of reality in the mind of every intelligent person. This fantasy life is made up of all we would like to be, all we would like to have and all we would like to do. Some of these hidden desires are of a primitive nature.

A woman in the depths of her soul is as much beaded savage as white-robed angel. There is no woman alive but has some very "naughty" impulses; held in check, to be sure, but restive at times. The attitude toward clothes is one method through which these thwarted and repressed impulses manifest themselves.

The whole policy of some women's dressing is to look as if they had more money than they have. It is even gloriously advocated that a woman aids her husband's business standing when she shows by her clothes how prosperous they are; especially if they aren't. Women's clothes reveal their unfulfilled wishes.

The statements which the psychologists offered sum up thus: Women should allow themselves the privilege of being as well dressed as they can manage, because it makes them happier and more competent, gives pleasure to others and acts as an emotional safety-valve. Good clothes have esthetic, emotional and practical value.



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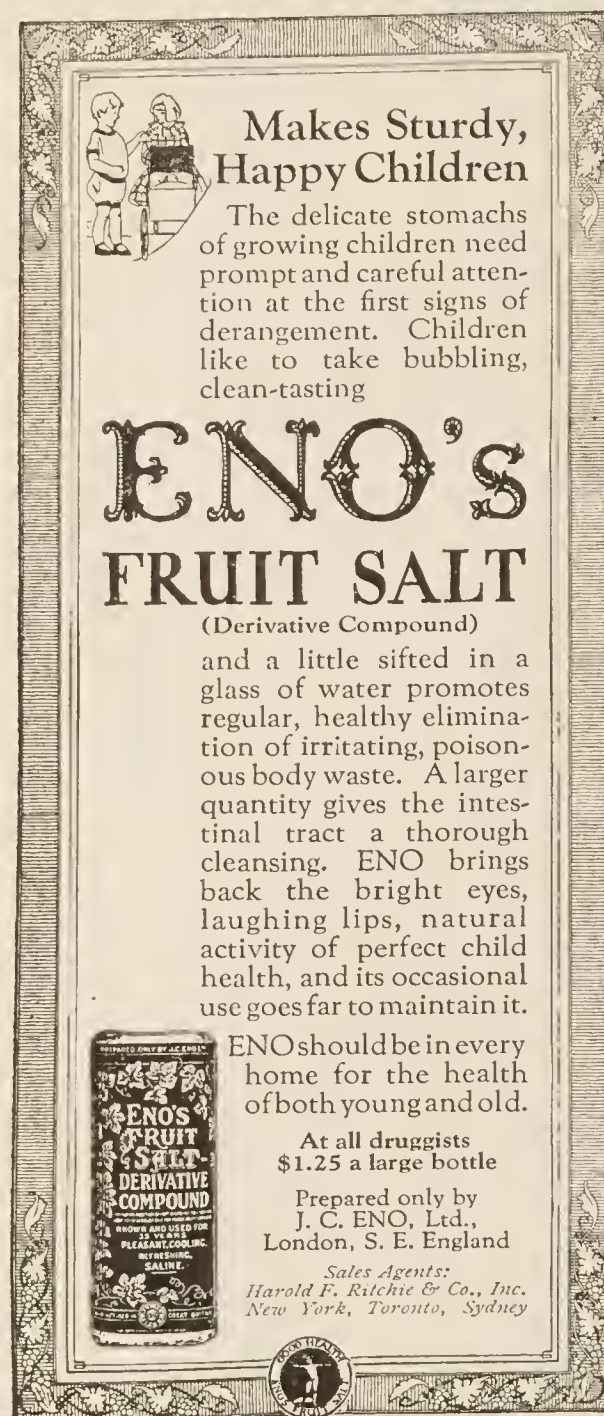
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taciturn and curt, though not impolite. Mr. Prohack, whose private high spirits not even the amazing and inexcusable absence of his daughter could impair, pretended to a decent wo, and chatted as he might have done to a fellow-clubman on a wet Sunday night at the club.

MR. PROHACK'S son was, in some respects, a great mystery to him. He could not understand, for instance, how his own offspring could be so unresponsive to the attractions of the things of the mind, and so interested in mere machinery and the methods of moving a living or a lifeless object from one spot on the earth's surface to another. Mr. Prohack admitted the necessity of machinery, but an automobile had for him the same status as a child's scooter and no higher. It was an ingenious device for locomotion. And there for him the matter ended. On the other hand, Mr. Prohack sympathized with and comprehended his son's general attitude toward life. Charlie had gone to war from Cambridge at the age of nineteen. He went a boy, and returned a grave man. Thoughtless and light-hearted he went, and returned full of magnificent and austere ideals. Six months of England had destroyed these ideals in him. He had expected to help in the common task of making Heaven in about a fortnight. In the war he had learned much about the possibilities of human nature but scarcely anything about its limitations. His father tried to warn him, but of course failed. Charlie grew resentful, then cynical. He saw in England nothing but futility, injustice and ingratitude. He refused to resume Cambridge, and was bitterly sarcastic about the generosity of a nation which, through its War Office, was ready to pay to studious warriors anxious to make up university terms lost in a holy war decidedly less than it paid to its street sweepers. Having escaped from death, the aforesaid warriors were granted the right to starve their bodies while improving their minds. He might have had sure situations in vast corporations. He declined them. He spat on them. He called them "graves." What he wanted was an opportunity to fulfil himself.

Mr. Prohack knew nothing of Charlie's meditated revenge upon society, did not suspect it. If he had suspected it, he might have felt less compassion than on this masculine evening he did in fact feel. For he was very sorry for Charlie. He longed to tell him about the fortune. But he could not tell because it had been tacitly agreed with his wife that he should not tell in her absence.

"Nothing exciting to-day, I suppose," he said, when the silence had begun to distress him in his secret glee.

"No," Charlie replied. "I got particulars of an affair at Glasgow, but it needs money."

"What sort of an affair?"

"Oh! Rather difficult to explain. Buying and selling."

"What money is needed?"

"I should say three hundred or thereabouts. Might as well be three thousand so far as I'm concerned."

MR. PROHACK drew in his breath with an involuntary gasp, and then said:

"I expect I could let you have three hundred."

"You couldn't!"

"I expect I could." Mr. Prohack had never felt so akin to a god. It seemed to him that he was engaged in the act of creating a future, yea, a man. Charlie's face changed. He had been dead. He was now suddenly alive.

"When?"

"Well, any time."

"Now?"

"Why not?"

Charlie looked at his watch.

"Well, I'm much obliged," he said.

Mr. Prohack had brought a new check-book from the bank. It lay in his hip-pocket. He had no alternative but to write out a check. Three hundred pounds would nearly exhaust his balance, but that did not matter. He gave Charlie the check. Charlie offered no further information concerning the "affair" for which the money was required. And Mr. Prohack did not choose to inquire. Perhaps he was too proud to inquire.

The lad ran up-stairs, and Mr. Prohack sat solitary in delightful meditation. After a few minutes the lad reappeared in hat and coat. Mr. Prohack thought that he had heard a bag dumped in the hall.

"Where are you off to?" he asked.

"Glasgow. I shall catch the night train."

He rang the bell.

"Machin, run out and get me a taxi, sharp."

"Yes, sir," Machin flew. This was the same girl of whom Mrs. Prohack dared to demand nothing. Mr. Prohack himself would have hesitated to send her for a taxi.

"Rather sudden this, isn't it?" said Mr. Prohack, extremely startled by the turn of events.

"Well, you've got to be sudden in this world, guv'nor," Charlie replied, and lit a fresh cigaret.

Mr. Prohack was again too proud to put questions. Still, he did venture upon one question:

"Have you got loose money for your fare?"

The lad laughed. "Oh, don't let that worry you, guv'nor . . . !"

"What must I say to your mother?" demanded Mr. Prohack.

"Give her my respectful regards."

The taxi was heard. Machin dashed into the house, and dashed out again with the bag. The lad clasped his father's hand with a warm vigor that pleased and reassured Mr. Prohack in his natural bewilderment. It was not consistent with the paternal dignity to leave the dining-room and stand, valedictory, on the front doorstep.

"Well, I'm dashed!" Mr. Prohack murmured to himself as the taxi drove away. And he had every right to be dashed.

CHAPTER VI
SISSIE

"HAD any dinner?" Mr. Prohack asked his daughter.

"No."

"Aren't you hungry?"

"No; thanks."

Sissie seized the last remaining apple from the dessert-dish, and bit into it with her beautiful and efficient teeth. She was slim and rather taller than necessary or than she desired to be. A pretty girl, dressed in a short-skirted, short-sleeved, dark-blue, pink-heightened frock that seemed to combine usefulness with a decent perverse frivolity, and to carry forward the expression of her face.

"Where's mother?"

"In bed with a headache."

"Where's Charles?"

"Gone to Glasgow."

"Gone to Glasgow?"

"Yes."

"What, just now?"

"Ten minutes ago."

"Whatever has he gone to Glasgow for?"

"I don't know—any more than I know why you went out before dinner and came back after dinner."

"Would you like to know why I went out?"

Sissie spoke with sudden ingratiatingness.

"No, not at all. But I should like to know why you went out without telling anybody. When people are expected to dinner and fail to appear they usually give notice of the failure."

"But, father, I told Machin."

"I said 'anybody.' Don't you know that the whole theory of the society which you adorn is based on the assumption that Machin is nobody?"

"I was called away in a frightful hurry, and you and mother were gossiping up-stairs, and it's as much as one's life is worth to disturb you two when you are together."

"Oh! That's news."

"Besides, I should have had to argue with mother, and you know what she is."

"You flatter me. I don't even know what you are, and you're elementary compared to your mother. Here! Have another." Mr. Prohack took the apple from his pocket, and threw it across the table to Sissie, who caught it.

Mr. Prohack was extremely happy; and Sissie too, in so far as concerned the chat with her father, was extremely happy. They adored each other, and they adored the

awful woman laid low with a headache. Sissie's hat and cloak, which she had dropped carelessly on a chair, slipped to the floor, the hat carried away by the cloak. Mr. Prohack rose and picked them up, took them out of the room, and returned.

"So now you've straightened up, and you're pleased with yourself," observed Sissie.

"So now," said he, "perhaps I may turn on my curiosity tap."

"Don't," said Sissie. "I'm very gloomy. I'm very disappointed. I might burst into tears at any moment. Yes, I'm not joking."

"Out with it."

"Oh, it's nothing! It's only that I saw a chance of making some money and it hasn't come off."

"But what do you want to make money for?"

"I like that. Hasn't mother been telling me off and on all day that something will have to be done? I thought I'd got hold of a scheme. But it's too big. I have fifty pounds of my own, but what use is fifty pounds when a hundred's needed? It's all off and I'm in the last stage of depression."

She threw away the core of the second apple.

"SO THAT you're short of fifty pounds?"

said Mr. Prohack. "Well, I might be able to let you have fifty pounds myself, if you would deign to accept it."

Sissie cried compassionately: "But you haven't got a cent, dad!"

"Oh! Haven't I? Did your mother tell you that?"

"Well, she didn't exactly say so."

"I don't mind telling you then, that I've backed a winner to-day—not to-day, but some little time since—and I can, if necessary and agreeable, let you have fifty pounds."

Mr. Prohack as it were shook his crest in plenary contentment. He had the same sensation of creativeness as he had had a while earlier with his son—a godlike sensation. And he was delighted with his girl. She was so young and so old. And her efforts to play the woman of the world with him were so comic and so touching. Only two or three years since she had driven a motor-van all one Winter in order to defeat the Germans. She had received twenty-eight shillings a week for six days of from twelve to fourteen hours. She would leave the house at eight and come back at eight, nine or ten. And on her return, pale enough, she would laugh and say she had had her dinner and would go to bed. But she had not had her dinner. She was simply too tired and nervously exasperated to eat. And she would lie in bed and tremble and cry quietly from fatigue. She did not know that her parents knew these details. The cook, her confidante, had told them, much later. And Mr. Prohack had decreed that Sissie must never know that they knew. The experience seemed to have had no permanent effect on her, but it had had a permanent effect on her father's attitude toward her.

"Can you definitely promise me fifty pounds, dad?"

Mr. Prohack made no articulate answer. His reply was to take out his check-book and his fountain-pen and fill in a check to Miss Sissie Prohack or order. He saw no just reason for differentiating between the sexes in his offspring. He had given a check to Charlie; he gave one to Sissie.

"THEN you aren't absolutely stone-broke?" said Sissie, smiling.

"I should not so describe myself."

"It's just like mother," she murmured, the smile fading.

Mr. Prohack raised a sternly deprecating hand. "Enough."

"But don't you want to know what I want the money for?" Sissie demanded.

"No! Ha-ha!"

"I've decided to teach dancing," said Sissie, beginning again nervously, as her father kept a notable silence.

"I thought you weren't so very keen on dancing."

"I'm not; but perhaps that's because I don't care much for the new fashion of dancing a whole evening with the same man."

Continued on page 52

SHE CRITICIZED HER HUSBAND

"I forgot it," Marshie said, terrible appeal for forgiveness in her big eyes.

"I suppose so." Silence. Then, "There are such dozens of ties there, dear. Couldn't you wear another of the green ones?"

"No, I don't happen to want to." He put back the hose and took out purple ones, put back the shirt and began hunting in the drawer for another one. Marshie waited for him to ask for the shirt without its second button.

"Where's that shirt with the fine lavender stripe?" it came at last.

"Oh, just a minute!" cried Marshie. "It needs a button. I'll sew it right on."

IN A silence that shrieked, Jang went to the tie-rack and picked out his purple tie.

"I don't suppose you've written that note, either, that I asked you to the day before yesterday."

Marshie's voice came with a gasp. "How dare you question me like this, Jang?"

"Well, how much longer is this kind of thing going on?" Jang answered coldly. "I never had times like this before I was married. My clothes were always ready for me, notes were answered, bills were paid."

"You get away with things because people like you and excuse you. But they've never lived with you."

"You're—you're not happy, then?" she asked in a strange little voice.

"Why, no, I'm not happy. How can I be when I never know a thing will be done when I ask it and—all the rest of it?"

"But, Jang, we love each other!"

"Well, I suppose we do. But I can't see that it gets us anywhere," he went on, tramping up and down. "There's more to marriage than just love. There's mutual consideration, obligations. You may love me. I think you do. But you certainly don't make life any easier for me."

"But you've been—happy some of the time," she breathed.

"Course I have. As a sweetheart, you're wonderful. The man would be pretty hard to please that you couldn't make perfectly happy—for a few months!"

Marshie sank back against the pillow as if the last ounce of strength had slid off of her with her robe.

"I see," she said quietly.

Three minutes later Jang was in his bed. He leaned over and kissed her, a tired kind of kiss that didn't feel like a kiss at all, but like the touch of indifference. "Good night."

"Good night," Marshie's stunned lips answered. She tried to think long straight thoughts. But something was shrieking: "Jang isn't happy! You're all right for a few months!"

And the few months were over.

The next morning when Marshie came down, my heart gave one leap and landed in my throat. She looked as all-out as the fire!

She twittered and laughed and made jokes with us, but there was something so awful about it. I kept gibbering a prayer inside of me, "Oh, God, hurt Jang! Hurt him!"

AND then we took the train to town. After Marshie had kissed us *au revoir*, she came running back and kissed us again. When she had slipped away, I remembered the look in her eyes. I ran after her calling, "Marshie, Marshie!" frantically. But she was gone.

That night when I was tucking my biggest baby into his dreams, the telephone shrieked out at me with a sharpness that made me run to answer it.

"You, Flosse?" came Jang's voice sharply.

"Marshie there?"

"No, Jang!"

"By."

"Jang!" I called him back.

"Well?"

"I can't find her."

"Leila's?" I gasped.

"Not there."

"Wait! I'm coming up."

He was waiting for me in the big room in the great, gay, lonesome hotel where they were to have spent the night.

Drawn and gray was Jang, but not blighted and all out like Marshie of the morning. And a sudden rage shook me. I could have crushed him as I looked at him. But

abruptly his steely gray eyes leaped at me like a cry of torture.

"My God, Florence, where is she?"

"What did you say last night?"

"That she wasn't livable," he dropped into a chair, "that I wasn't happy, oh—my—God!"

I stared at the black top of his head which had sunk into his hands. Then I touched his shoulder with a little pat. But I knew then what we all knew later: Marshie had gone.

On Jang's bureau she had arranged his brushes and toilet articles; his cigars and ash-tray were on the stand beside his bed. And there, on the little stand under the cigaret-box, was an envelope.

I touched Jang. He looked at it as motionlessly as if he were rooted, and then with almost one move he was upon it and had torn it open. Groping it out toward me, he turned away, and was gone.

"Jang dear," I read, "I'm all right. I'm just going away—the few months are over. I'm sorry not to have found you an apartment, but I couldn't feel sure what you'd like. It's all right and I'm glad I've had you—but oh, Jang, I thought we were happy!"

"Don't try to find me, you never can—I've gone."

MARSHIE.

We raked that great, clotted, rackety city from one terrible end to the other. But there was no gleam of Marshie.

Eight months dragged by. Jang went to live with Big Billy, huddling in their torture close to each other.

Then late one hot August afternoon, Jang, on his way home to the new apartment they had taken, walking slowly, mechanically scanning every face he passed, came upon her. So frail and dull-tinted she was that at first he was not sure she was real.

THEN Marshie's hands fluttered forward as if she were blind and feeling her way.

In a moment his arms were about her. A sob ripped up from his throat. Without a word he half carried her toward the apartment which was but a few doors away. Up the three long flights of stairs he carried her into the great, soft, shaded studio and sat down in the big chair with her still in his arms.

And sobs came up again out of his throat; curious words that he didn't know he said. "Oh, God, I will! Oh, God, I will!"

Big Billy in his bedroom heard the sound of Jang's voice and came stumbling in, shaken with sudden hope. When he saw them sitting there in the huge chair under the shaded skylight, the gray-faced man, the little white wisp of a Marshie, all the youth blotted from both, a mighty rage shook him. She sat up and stretched out her hand to him with a little smile.

Then Marshie took a long breath. "You moved, didn't you?" she smiled. She got up and walked a little way around the room.

"Oh, my God, Marshie, where have you been?" Jang groaned out.

"Queer!" she answered. "For the last three months I've been just three blocks away, down the next street. In that factory."

"That underwear factory?"

She nodded. And then her head went up with a little of the old play, "I'm on piece-work, now, and do as much as any girl."

Jang's face dropped into his hands.

"They're wonderful girls," she said. "Such courage, such brave playing, such system!" she turned unconsciously to Jang at that word. "Why, those girls work all day in that hot, close place and then go home and help get dinner or put the kiddies to bed, wash out their waists or a dress and are fresh and really chic for the evening's fun!"

"That factory has damnable conditions," broke in Jang sharply. "What made you go to that factory?"

"Because they take anybody."

Something in her tone shut the hearts of the two men up like an iron door.

"Why didn't you go on with your painting?" cried Jang.

"I did. I tried to. But I'd lost my sense of color."

Big Billy turned away quickly and began

to poke into the empty fireplace with the poker, his hand clenching up the poker as if it were Jang's throat.

Jang got up and, taking Marshie by her shoulders, said: "Marshie! Tell me, what have you been through?"

A look writhed over Marshie's face, a frightened, dreadful, agonized memory. Jang sat down beside her and held her hand in his strong clasp.

"You see," she began, "I wanted to learn things I didn't know, things I needed to know. But I found I hadn't any value to anybody, that I'm the kind that is strong and well when she's happy, and frail and nothing when she's not. So good factories didn't want me. I didn't last. I couldn't clerk in stores or anything for fear of being seen by people I knew—I don't know—I just couldn't find my place—in the sun"—she smiled faintly. "And one late afternoon I was walking down Broadway with my bag—I'd had to leave my room because I didn't have even one cent of money and I couldn't get work. Isn't that funny?" she broke off.

"But I couldn't."

THEY did not answer. They had known all along that she'd die in the ditch before she would come back, beaten.

"I was all sort of misty inside," she went on. "I hadn't eaten for two days and I had sat on a bench in the park all night the night before. And then I met Paul Eagan. You remember Paul Eagan, the playwright?"

Billy nodded. Jang's eyes fixed themselves on Marshie's face. "Well, I almost fainted as he passed me, and he caught me and recognized me. We were in front of a restaurant and he took me in. He didn't ask me anything, he just chatted along like a monolog and ordered dinner for us." She stopped.

"We talked," Marshie went on after a moment, "until quite late. Then he asked if you were coming for me, Jang, and if not could he see that I got safely home. I was refusing him and telling him a lie about your coming when he put his hand over mine and said: 'I want you to tell me what's wrong.'"

"Then it all came rushing out. I had talked to no one for five months. And you know how it nearly kills me not to tell everything to somebody! That we had separated," her breath still caught at the word, "and what a frightful time I'd had making a living, because my only gift seemed a gift for being in love. For days that had been in the back of my head. You know, Big Billy, how I used to talk about 'gifts' when I was just a little girl? You remember? That a man must use his gift, must follow his bent—why, a man's bent is his life! If he doesn't follow it, he has missed the very thing he was sent into the world for! That had been going over and over in my head for days." Again she stopped.

"AND then Paul Eagan said, 'That's the greatest gift one can have. To make people happy through love, to fill the world with beauty for somebody. It is your gift. I understand perfectly. You can't make one man happy for always because love isn't like that. You can't keep it at concert pitch, no matter how much you want to. It's a flower, it's an ideal, it's April. It comes and is perfect for its little time—and then it fades, it shows its imperfections, it slips out of Spring into the monotony and over-ripeness of Summer.' He reached over and put his hand over mine; it felt so strong and steady and efficient! He realized, I suppose, that he had to get me away from there, I was going to pieces. 'There are people,' he went on, 'who should never marry. The lovers—born. They should never belong to a person—they belong to love. I'm going to take you home with me and you shall be my safe little guest until you are strong and well again.'

"Somehow I was awfully frightened. 'No, I can't,' I cried. We stood looking at each other.

"Then he smiled. 'All right, old conventions are talking in you. All gifts need training. Will you go to my sister's for the night? Tomorrow I'll get you a job.'

Big Billy, forgetful for a moment, stepped toward her to sweep her into his arms and silence this torturing narrative. Then he remembered, and, stopping short, looked at

Continued on page 52



Flavoring Secrets of Virginia Dare

How to Make Super Vanilla Ice Cream
How to Dress Salads in the Latest Fashion
How to Make a Raspberry Icing

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MR. PROHACK



TEARS were searing her eyelids, torturing her throat. It is said if a married pair can weather the first seven years, they'll live happily together the rest of their lives. The seven years were up and the Dawsons were quarreling again. Read in the

Midsummer Fiction Number of The Delineator

One Flesh

by Fanny Heaslip Lea

author of "Happily Ever After" and "Miss Casabianca," published in recent numbers of The Delineator

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Mr. Prohack

by Arnold Bennett

And this is only the fiction of the August number of that remarkable magazine

THE DELINEATOR

Still the point is that I'm a very fine dancer. Even Charlie will tell you that. Now I can find a hundred pounds, I have a ripping chance of taking over a studio—at least part of one; and it's got quite a big connection already—in fact, pupils are being turned away."

"And this is all you can think of!" protested Mr. Prohack with melancholy. "We are living on the edge of a volcano—the country is, I mean—and your share in the country's work is to teach the citizens to dance!"

"Well," said Sissie, "they'll dance anyhow, and so they may as well learn to dance properly. And what else can I do? Have you had me taught to do anything else? You and mother have brought me up to be perfectly useless except as the wife of a rich man. That's what you've done, and you can't deny it."

"WHAT is this wonderful chance you've got?"

"It's that studio where Charlie and I went last night, at Putney."

"At Putney?"

"Well, why not Putney? They have a gala night every other week, you know. It belongs to Viola Ridle. Viola's going to get married and live in Edinburgh, and she's selling it. And Eliza asked me if I'd join her in taking it over. Eliza telephoned me about it to-night, and so I rushed across the park to see her. But Viola's asking a hundred pounds for a premium and a hundred for the fittings, and very cheap it is, too. In fact, Viola's a fool, I think, but then she's fond of Eliza."

"Do you insist—shall you—insist on introductions from your pupils?"

"Father, how you do chop about! No, naturally we shan't insist on introductions."

"Then any man can come for lessons?"

"Certainly. Provided he wears evening-dress on gala nights, and pays the fees and behaves properly. Viola says some of them prefer afternoon lessons because they haven't got any evening-dress. Surely you've under-

stood, father, too that I shall have to live at the studio. Somebody has to be on the spot, and there are two bedrooms. But of course you'll be able to put all that right with mother, dad. You'll do it for your own sake, but a bit of mine, too." She giggled nervously, ran round the table and kissed her parent. "I'm frightfully obliged for the fifty pounds," she said. "You and the mater will be fearfully happy together soon if Charlie doesn't come back. Ta-ta! I must be off now."

"Where?"

"To Eliza's of course. We shall probably go straight down to Putney together and see Viola and fix everything up. I know Viola's had at least one other good offer. I may sleep at the studio. If not, at Eliza's. Anyhow it will be too late for me to come back here."

"Where's my dessert?" demanded Mrs. Prohack, anxiously and resentfully, when her husband at length reached the bedroom. "I'm dying of hunger, and I've got a real headache now. Oh, Arthur, how absurd all this is! At least it would be if I wasn't so hungry."

"Sissie ate all the dessert," Mr. Prohack answered timidly. He no longer felt triumphant, careless and free. Indeed for some minutes he had practically forgotten that he had inherited ten thousand a year.

"And why," Mrs. Prohack continued, "why have you been so long? And what's all this business of taxis rushing up to the door all the evening?"

"Marian," said Mr. Prohack, "I'd better tell you at once. Charlie's gone to Glasgow on his own business and Sissie's just run down to Viola Ridle's studio about a new scheme of some kind that she's thinking of."

"It's always the same," she remarked with indignation. "As soon as I'm laid up in bed, everything goes wrong. I suppose I'm very silly, but I can't understand it."

Nor could Mr. Prohack himself, now that he was in the sane conjugal atmosphere of the bedroom.

Continued in the August DELINEATOR

Concluded from page 51

SHE CRITICIZED HER HUSBAND

Jang. Jang sat, staring straight ahead. As if feeling Big Billy's eyes upon him, he said: "I know Paul Eagan. He's a rotter."

"I didn't know it," Marshie went on suddenly out of the dusk. "I saw him constantly for days and days. I took another room and paid for it with the money I earned from him. He was writing a play. I took his dictation."

"He was like the best kind of woman friend for days and days and days, and I was beginning to be a little less despairing. I was almost happy. I was doing things. I was even helping him—a little—I felt that—that he was a little finer because of me."

"And then one afternoon he—he kissed me, kissed me, and caught me to him and became a beast!" She grew rigid.

"Marshie!" Jang leaped to his feet.

"No!" she flashed back, and then, more quietly, "I got away—out of that room."

"Later I got into this factory." She stopped short, a pale, lovely glow seemed to emanate from her. "And there, Jang, oh, Jang, I found it! The thing I had been looking for so terribly. In that terrible factory I found my work. There we were in a room without sun, almost without air, and as I watched I knew that inventing, painting, singing, acting, creating, loving, were day after day dying before those iron machines."

She walked to the window, motioning them both to her. "See that house down there?" She pointed to a house farther down on the opposite side, fresh with window-boxes and crisp curtains. "That's mine!"

She met their stares with eyes shining with tears. "One night I left the factory and as if I were led I went straight to one of the richest women in America. And I told her about those people down in that factory."

"And there's my idea—alive!" She pointed again to the house.

"Come, let's go see! Now, this very minute!" The old impetuous Marshie floated to

the door. Big Billy and Jang followed her. They entered the door of the House-Down-the-Street. Over its inner door was written "FOR A MAN'S BENT IS HIS LIFE!"

Inside, every room breathed Marshie—beauty, responsiveness, joy. Groups of people sat about, working or listening to instruction. "Oh, Jang," she said, "isn't it wonderful? All they have to have to get in is a starved gift! And here," she opened a door at the top of the house.

It was a room like no other room in the world. It was Marshie. Impulse and mood, soft gold and blue like the highest skies, touches of violet like lavender mists.

Jang walked slowly in while Big Billy stood on the threshold.

"Mine," said Marshie softly. "You see, I failed because I didn't know how to apply my gift to life. And here in this room I'm going to keep others from failing, people who know about us in this house, who don't want to go to lawyers, who want to learn how to go on together, who love each other but have somehow got it all messed up. Oh, Jang!" she broke off. But Jang sank into a chair, his head buried in his hands.

There was a sound of a closing door, and Big Billy was outside. Jang was sobbing as small boys sob, long, quivering breaths.

Marshie fled to him. "Oh Jang, don't, don't! It's all over. I needed it. And I've learned so much."

She was in his arms now, her cheek against his wet one. His arms closed about her as though they would never let her go.

"Marshie, are you really going to do this?" Marshie's breath caught. Was this going to come between them? "Yes," she answered firmly.

His face melted into a smile of tenderness, a tenderness the Jang of other days had never known. "Could you—could you take one private pupil right away?"

THE GREEN LOCO

saw that they had felled a young tree and dragged it across the rails.

In an instant he was murderously angry. The yellow curs! To try and wreck the engine with her aboard! He had never in his life felt such a surge of cleansing fire.

Should he stop and be shot or go on and be ditched? Then he saw that, if he went on, there was a chance.

The men had not had time to finish. The tree was not set square across the metals, but at an angle; and he thought it was not tied. The chance lay in the angle.

Unconsciously he began to count aloud. "One, two, three, Jean; four, five, six, Jean!" At the fourth "Jean" the green loco struck the tree.

It buckled like a reed and a whirl of leaves blinded him. He felt the engine falter under his hand, for an eternal moment he felt the flanges slip the rails. Then the loco cleared the trec, flung it aside, and roared on, rocking like a ship.

"MY GIRL!" shouted Wishart crazily, "My own girl! We'll do it!" He had shouted that way in his dreams to the green loco. Jean looked up with a smile on her streaming face. In her eyes was a spark that seemed to kindle Wishart's soul. He laughed at her, and she laughed back.

"Steam for the cutting!" yelled Wishart. "Keep down!" Golden walls of rock ribboned toward them, replacing the endless green. It gave back already the roar of the exhaust.

They swept on, the fat little yard loco running with a brave thunder while behind her the tender and coach bucked and swayed. Wishart regretted that he had not thought to tie Hughes to the benches.

Still they mounted the humming rails. Wishart had stood, since he could remember, with his hand on the throttle, driving the old green loco to the land where he would not be lonely any more.

More men were ahead, grouped at the bases of the rock spurs that buttressed the cutting. He saw leveled rifles, a bunch of dark faces and pointing hands. He swung a moment out of the cab and yelled his scorn at them.

Something was rattling against the cab like hailstones. They were firing the machine gun from somewhere up the rocks. Wishart laughed, for he could conceive of nothing that could stop his career with the green loco that day.

HE ONLY knew he was hit when the girl dropped her shovel and came to him. He beat her off, storming at her with wild words. "Go, go back! Keep down! Steam—give me steam for the grade!"

She obeyed, her set white face turned to his.

The cutting fell behind them and the bullets ceased. The engine seemed to sing through a silence, in a great gold light. Something was pattering on the plates. He looked down. Scarlet—a little scarlet pool. He laughed again. As if that could stop him now!

The miles dropped away steadily. There was no more shooting. He lost count of distance as of time. He was glad he didn't have to look for signals, that he ran into

eternity with a clear track because the bright hot mist thickened like a cloud on the world; then thinned, and showed the endless unfolding green, the endless climbing right-of-way.

THEY slowed a little at the top of the grade and a man seemed to drop from nowhere on to the footplate—a man in uniform. He leveled a revolver at Wishart. Wishart laughed again. The girl was there behind him; he caught the shovel from her and drove with the edge at the dark face behind the little bright barrel. It disappeared and the engine throbbed on. Wishart said stupidly: "Where'd he come from?"

"There were fifty of them—right across the rails. You drove right through." She covered her eyes with her hand. "That one clung to the footplate."

"I didn't see," said Wishart. "Steam—give me steam!" She took up the shovel, shuddered, and thrust it in the flame.

The bright mist invaded the cab. Wishart swayed in it—burned and choked. In a moment it was gone, but it must have lasted for hours. There was a star in a darkening sky, the air smelt of dew, and far, far at the end of the right-of-way a tiny huddle of lights showed at the base of a rose-red hill.

Wishart knew that Jean stood at his shoulders and that her hands were over his as he drove the green loco. "Steam!" he said to her.

She smiled at him, though she looked at him through thick tears: "There's enough. It's all down-grade now to Camissa. She'll—she'll just roll home."

"Home," said Wishart. "I never knew what was at the end of the line before." Then he looked down. Scarlet—a great scarlet stain; and immediately he grew very sick and giddy. "I'm done. I—I think I'll quit."

"NOT yet!" There was passion in her voice, a passion of pride and pity. "Not yet. Don't give in. A little more. You've saved the line for us to-day. Take her in. They're waiting for us in Camissa. You must take her in."

Wishart laughed. "We'll save it again to-morrow."

Her brave eyes met his. "Who cares about to-morrow? We still have to-day! And the line's saved."

"You saved it," whispered Wishart, his eyes glowing.

"No, amigo. I—I only kept the fires going."

"You lit one."

She did not reply. Her arm passed about his ragged young body, supporting and steadying him. His unshorn face tilted back on her shoulder. Standing so, with her hands guiding his, he took the green loco down the gentle grade, to the clustered lights of home under the hill. The evening air passed them with a sound of wings. The beat of the wheels slowed—slowed. Voices.

The line was safe for another day. But Wishart did not know it. He knew nothing but that he had reached the place where he would never be lonely any more.

Later, he knew that this was the only thing in the world worth knowing.

Continued from page 27

EVERY DOG HAS HIS CHANCE

"Very," the young secretary explained. "We'll fix her up fine as silk."

"Who's first? The doctor stood in the doorway in his white suit, smiling. The operation was over and the clinic commencing. In the distance we heard the faint yapping of the patient coming out of the anesthetic.

Bennir was first. We crossed the threshold of the inner room together, and the boy put his wabby white puppy on the clinic table.

"Well, how's your dog?" the doctor asked. "I ain't got no more pills," Benny's shy, Semitic eyes were fixed on the doctor's face, "and he can't stand up. He go out with my mama, he runs—and then he vomit!"

"What you been feeding him this time?"

"Tea, coffee, milk, cream—" the child enumerated. The doctor held up his hands.

"No meat?" he asked. Bennie shook his head. "Well, land's sakes alive, boy, how do you expect the poor dog to stand up?—he's got to have something to stand on."

Bennie got some pills and a formula for correct diet, while the doctor explained to me that two-thirds of canine complaints came from improper nourishment.

THE next patient came rudely in, unannounced. As Bennie passed out, a large St. Bernard jumped off the bench in the waiting-room and sprang, barking, for the clinic table. The doctor stopped him before he landed in the middle of it.

"Wait for your turn, old top," he said, pushing the big animal through the door back to his small owner who was excitedly clapping

Concluded on page 56

ICED POSTUM

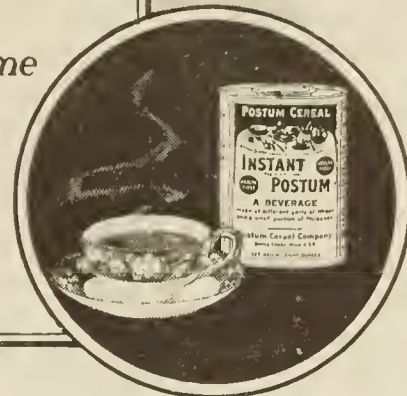


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While they were each engaged in keeping an eye on the other, the auctioneer slipped the figure of the Widow in with a miscellaneous assortment of cooking utensils and bric-à-brac and knocked down the lot for three dollars and eighty cents, leaving the bereaved Elijah standing alone in desolation. Phoebe and the dealer became aware of the situation simultaneously, and they were equally disgusted. The latter packed his purchases into a wagon and departed, but Phoebe's blood was up.

"I'll get Elijah anyway," she hissed. "But what good is Elijah without the Widow?" I asked. "They go in pairs."

"I'm going to have Elijah," asserted Phoebe. Eventually my sensible wife found herself the embarrassed possessor of a barrelful of unexplored treasures with Elijah on the top.

"We're going to leave this barrel of junk here on the lawn," she stated emphatically. "I don't even want to know what's in it. I've got Elijah, and that's all I care about. Oh, Philip, isn't an auction fun?"

She took Elijah under her arm and we departed, feeling a little like criminals because of the barrel left behind.

Phoebe's joy seemed to diminish with surprising promptness.

"We should have the Widow," said she pensively.

"Of course," said I; "but it's too late."

PHOEBE gazed long and sorrowfully at the snub-nosed figurine in her arms.

"Perhaps we can pick up a Widow in some shop to match him," I suggested.

"No dealer would be fool enough to own or sell half of a pair of anything," said she. "Philip, I want to go back and ask the auctioneer or somebody who got the Widow."

With a sigh I turned the car and started back. Phoebe went into the house alone.

"A Mrs. Thatcher bought the Widow," she asserted on her return. "She lives at the other end of town. I want to go there."

"Now, see here, Phoebe," said I, "I am prepared to do anything you ask in reason. But I am hungry and the shades of night will soon be falling. Let's find a place to eat and sleep, and then we can think it over." So we sought bed and board at the village inn.

The next morning Phoebe arose with her desire for the Widow undiminished and shortly after breakfast we started out to buy Elijah's mate. The Thatcher home lay over the brow of a long hill, and on that hill my engine became recalcitrant. After an hour of ineffectual tinkering, I gave it up.

We staggered back through the village to the local garage, missing and back-firing in a most abominable and embarrassing manner. The sad-eyed mechanic who tested my vibrator coils and spark-plugs informed me at length that the trouble was fundamental.

"Couldn't get at it till to-morrow anyway; maybe not till next day," was his ultimatum.

"Never mind," said Phoebe. "This is a pretty town and we're not obliged to get anywhere. Why not stay here a day or two and enjoy ourselves?"

"I'm glad you take it this way," said I as we passed out into the shady village street. "We will put up at Mrs. Thatcher's," she mused, apropos of nothing.

I PROTESTED but Phoebe led me to the Thatcher house and unhesitatingly rang the bell. A pleasant-faced woman in a sweeping-cap and apron opened the door.

"This is Mrs. Thatcher, isn't it?" began Phoebe volubly. "We're Mr. and Mrs. Atwater of Hempstead, Long Island. Our car has broken down and we've got to stay in town for three or four days. Could we persuade you to take us in? I understand that you sometimes take boarders."

Phoebe quickly came to terms with our reluctant hostess while I stood beside in dazed and doubtful speechlessness.

"Now, Philip," said Phoebe, "you run down to the hotel for our suitcase while I help Mrs. Thatcher get dinner."

When I returned, I found her bustling about the dining-room, carrying on a rapid-fire conversation with Mrs. Thatcher and a pretty but quiet young girl whom I took to be the daughter of the house.

"Oh, Philip, we're going to have fried tripe for dinner!" cried Phoebe in a voice of ra-

diant joy. I collapsed into a chair in the parlor. I hate tripe and so does Phoebe. What had come over the woman?

After dinner her attitude changed. She sank wearily on the bed.

"Three separate times," she moaned, "I tried to wheedle Mrs. Thatcher into selling the Widow, but she said she intended to keep the Widow forever as a memento of a very dear friend of hers who had died. She wouldn't listen to me; I couldn't budge her. And then Florence had to put in her oar. She said she had spent some of the happiest hours of her life at Aunt Maria's and that Elijah and the Widow had stood on the mantel in Aunt Maria's parlor ever since she could remember. I tried three times, and each time they were more decided. Now I'm going to bed."

THAT day passed not unpleasantly. Phoebe appeared to be enjoying the society of Florence. I found the girl depressing.

"What's the matter with that girl?" I asked. "Is she in love?"

"She is," said Phoebe. "Poor thing!"

"Ah," said I, glad that Phoebe had found something besides the Widow to engross her attention. "Is her lover cold?"

"No, but they've quarreled about cigarets."

"Great heavens!" I exclaimed in a shocked tone. "You don't mean to tell me that Florence Thatcher smokes cigarets! I would never have suspected it!"

"Of course she doesn't, silly. It's Sumner that smokes them and Florence doesn't like them. She can't bear cigarets. And she says Sumner smokes them all the time. She told him that if he didn't love her more than he did his filthy old cigarets he needn't come to see her any more. He said that if she didn't love him enough to put up with a little thing like his smoking she couldn't love him very much. They quarreled."

"Then he went away and hasn't been back since, but she has seen him on the street, still smoking cigarets. Her heart is breaking. Philip, you aren't taking this seriously."

The next day Phoebe showed no inclination to take up our journey.

"Let's stay a while longer," said she. "We can take little trips around and come back here at night. Mrs. Thatcher says she will keep us the rest of the week."

I grew suspicious.

"PHOEBE," said I, "you don't intend to steal the Widow, do you?"

"I have lost interest in Elijah and all other antiques," she replied. "I am interested in Florence."

"It interests me," I returned, "to know a girl so constituted as to allow a thing like a cigaret to come between her and happiness."

I found myself beginning to observe Florence Thatcher with a more compassionate interest and at last I enlisted with Phoebe to bring these two lovers together.

"We must first get acquainted with Sumner Beane," said Phoebe, and we got acquainted with Sumner Beane that evening by the simple expedient of stopping at his mother's house. Mrs. Beane invited Phoebe in to see her ancestral set of Lowestoft while I sat down on the top step of the front porch beside Sumner. He offered me a cigaret, but I declined with thanks.

"I used to smoke 'em," said I, "but I outgrew it. I found they made me nervous and I didn't get any real satisfaction out of them. So I took up the pipe. There's something about a pipe, you know, that is restful and soothing. Do you ever get the blues?"

"Sometimes," murmured Sumner.

"Well, take my advice and switch to a pipe then. Of course a good deal depends on the kind of tobacco you use. At first I tried a lot of different kinds. Some burned my tongue and some made me sick, but at last—I took out my pouch and held it to my nose—"I hit it right. Just smell."

Sumner sniffed obediently.

"What do you call it?" he asked.

"It's called the Heavenly Blend. I buy it by the pound and never let it get low."

I found a letter in my pocket, and filling the empty envelope with a handful of the tobacco, I passed it to him.

"Try it. Get a brier pipe to-morrow and try it. You'll like it, or I'll eat my hat."

Phoebe came out of the house at this point, so we said good night and departed.

The next morning we saw Sumner coming out of a store in the village.

"Hi!" he called, and I drew up to the sidewalk.

"Where did you say I could get the Heavenly Blend?" he asked eagerly.

"Get in," said I. "We'll take you home, and I'll tell you."

I told him and then forced upon him the contents of my pouch.

"I'll keep you supplied till you can get some," said I. "I have plenty in my room. I don't want to see you try any other. Tonight I'm coming up to have a smoke."

That evening I called on Sumner and asked him to take a little ride in the flivver.

"One of the beauties of a pipe," I remarked, "is that you can smoke it while driving."

We loaded and lighted our pipes before I threw in the clutch, and I noted with a feeling of triumph the expression of supreme satisfaction with which he inhaled.

"By the way," said I, after we had started. "I've promised to take in a couple of ladies, but that won't matter. They don't mind good tobacco smoke, at least my wife doesn't. In fact, she says I'm never cross except when I can't smoke."

I caught sight of two white dresses beneath the trees near the Thatcher house.

I DREW up and opened the rear door.

Florence placed one foot on the running-board and then stood as if petrified, staring at Sumner, who returned her gaze in evident embarrassment. The situation became a bit tense.

"I thought you wouldn't mind my bringing along Mr. Beane," said I, speaking somewhat rapidly. "You see, he and I have struck up quite an acquaintance. I've just introduced him to the mysteries of pipe smoking and he's already a devotee. He's chucked cigarets altogether; haven't you, Beane? Jump right in, ladies."

But Florence still stood with her foot on the running-board.

"Why—" stammered Sumner, "yes—but I—"

"Simply likes the pipe better," I broke in. "Off with the old love, on with the new. Hey, Beane, old top?"

Phoebe says my last remark startled her a bit under the circumstances, but the lovers did not appear to notice it. A mist gathered in the girl's eyes. This was too much for Sumner. He clambered down and stood awkwardly by her side.

"Well," said I, jovially, "since the ladies don't smoke, suppose we give them both a smell. You and Miss Thatcher get into the back seat, Beane, and let Mrs. Atwater sit with me."

FLORENCE slowly and doubtfully stepped into the car and Sumner followed her.

I don't know what they said or did on that back seat, and I don't care. We drove out upon unlighted roads and Phoebe chattered loudly to me about nothing at all. When we got back, they were both radiant, and Sumner kissed Florence boldly at the gate. Then he wrung my hand warmly, lighted his pipe again, and went staggering up the street. Florence had already vanished into the house.

"Well," said I to Phoebe, "what about it? Managed that little thing pretty well, didn't I?"

Some months later we received their wedding-cards.

"Now I suppose we'll have to buy a wedding-present," I grumbled.

"We have already bought one," Phoebe replied.

She went into the next room and returned bearing in her arms the shiny-faced and half-forgotten Elijah.

"Oh, that!" I exclaimed. "What do they want of that thing? Let's not play that trick on those two—giving them something we don't want ourselves. They're not antique fiends."

"Philip," she admonished, "try to show a little perception. You have apparently forgotten all about Aunt Maria. And I promised Elijah—didn't I?—that he should have his Widow."

The light broke upon me.

"Oh!" said I, and saluted Phoebe.

BROWN BOOTS

Proctor went off up-stairs and forgot all about her. He should not have done it, for from the start it was ninety or so to one that Fluffy would not be able to come to bat with anything which would be of any use.

About five o'clock she came up with the copy.

The piece was wretchedly typed. It had a misspelled word in it. It was too long.

But the magic was there. As she read it to him you could hear the swish of the silk, you could see the parade at Atlantic City on Easter Sunday, you could feel the texture of smooth silk as it caressed an elegant ankle.

The stocking ad for Silks Embroidered is rewritten every month. You judge the ability of the copy-writer who works on the account by the number of stockings that advertisement actually sells. Of course it is not to be expected that you will be so successful in January as you were in December. The month with Christmas in it should be a big silk-socking month.

NOR need you be so successful in February as you were in August.

Beginning her work in February, Fluffy shot March eleven per cent. ahead. April doubled on March, due partly, of course, to the early Spring buying season we had. The ads became better and better so far as sales were concerned and worse and worse so far as our expert criticism was concerned. We couldn't see why the stuff pulled.

That is, none of us could, except Big Lon Sikes, who maintained that she had achieved the ultimate possible at that moment.

Under ordinary circumstances, Martin Proctor would have fought as shy of Fluffy, the copy-writer, as he would have from a striped tiger of India. His office position, as company representative on some of our most important accounts, would not have permitted him to do any more than give orders to a mere copy hack.

Of course you are permitted to twit the typists, so long as you are well known to be fond of your wife. With a lady copy-writer it is just a bit different. She is almost on your plane as a member of the organization. Not quite, of course, yet she does do something which you could not do and probably could never learn to do, and when she sells so many silk stockings in February for Silks Embroidered, which is your most prominent advertising account, you must realize that the situation is different.

Then it is that you can have a truly ethical business friendship for the lady copy-writer. You may even become attached to the lady, in a purely business sort of a marriage, and demand that she be allowed to work on all your accounts. Such an attachment would never be frowned upon. The office went humming on its way without stopping to think or even to notice.

It was the Snowwhite account for which Martin wanted the girl last April.

SNOWWHITE, of course, was bread. Baked on the same recipe in forty different cities, eaten every day by nineteen million men, women and children, Snowwhite, the standardized bread that every one liked, was always the same.

Of course there were many varieties. Now it had been determined that every kind was to be written about in every publication in this land of ours by Inez Wendell—Fluffy. Coming down from Swasey's office, where he had fought for the right to use her skill, Martin Proctor poured the account into her lap on a golden stream of words.

"Just you and me. This is our great work. This shall make us famous together."

Fluffy's eyes were soft with suppressed excitement. "What's the very first thing that you and I are going to do?" she purred.

Certainly, there can be no doubt, she beamed at him. Nor is there any doubt that she, being a normal human being, thought that the words she heard were given to her to keep—like possessions.

"The very first thing for us two to do is to hike out to their nearest bakery together and spend about a week getting acquainted."

Do you see how that might be taken two or three different ways? Mind you, he was thinking of the golden shekels that were to come rolling into his pockets through the agency of mountains of Snowwhite, thinking,

too, of what those shekels would do for a golden-haired wife, the baby and the dog.

But she, Fluffy, was dreaming golden dreams not based on the coin of the realm. She was dreaming of a silver voice in her ears, a voice that was all for her. She thrilled at the thought that there was a two-edged meaning to a week "getting acquainted."

"I'll call for you here, at eight-thirty tomorrow morning," he said at length. "Then we will get an early start."

She was on hand bright and early next morning. She had been dreaming of that little forty-five-mile ride to New Brunswick and the bread-foundry. It was her first real adventure at Brown & Swasey's, and of course it was a mighty important job.

They drove across Forty-second Street, took the ferry and were jolting down that execrable pavement on Hudson Boulevard by ten o'clock. They hadn't said a word.

Without a doubt it was no different to Mart having her along on the job than it would have been had Big Lon Sikes himself been assigned to the work.

"Say!" he finally said, "I had my secretary reserve rooms for you in a hotel in New Brunswick. I'm going to stay at my old fraternity-house."

"Any time you get lonesome in the evening we'll take in a movie, if we don't have to entertain a lot of Snowwhite executives."

"Oh, I'd hate that," she said vehemently. "I don't like business after business hours."

"Well, little one"—and mind you he meant nothing by the diminutive, because that was the way he talked—"our job is business, morning, noon and night. The quicker we get through out here the better Brown & Swasey will like it. Costs a snag of money to keep a pair of highly paid persons like you and me in the country investigating."

She didn't answer him. She felt very differently. If it wasn't a holiday for him, it was for her, and she'd like to stay two weeks instead of five days.

Martin began work right after lunch and toiled like the very incarnation of energy. Unwittingly he made himself perfectly at home. He fitted. It did not matter where he went, he was followed by a train of hearts.

THE executives fell for him just as hard. He wasn't extremely rapid in his mental processes. Big Lon Sikes would have worked mental circles around him, but he was, nevertheless, the perfect diplomat. He put things over which would have left Lon panting in the reception-room.

Fluff told him what to put over. Theirs was a wonderful combination of talent which Mart but vaguely realized. She trailed him all over the huge bakery like the tail of a comet. Every now and then she called him aside and whispered a thought in his ear—something she wanted done.

Whatever it was, he procured it for her immediately, right down to the details of the last and most important study which they made together of the selling organization and the distribution.

She could have wept when he said that he had to go back.

But, anyway, she was going to drive thirty-five miles with him back to New York. A lot can happen over thirty-five miles in a roadster, she thought.

From Rahway to Newark they made fair time, so that it was only a little after ten when they discovered the Plank Road and started across the salt meadows.

Across the meadows on this road are cobblestones if you are going northeast.

"I'm glad about this road," said Martin, as they started to negotiate the cobbles with grasshopper-like progress. "I can hit it up. We'd skid if we were on the smooth side."

Then he stepped on the accelerator until that yielding button could be depressed no farther. The drizzle had not yet washed the cobblestones clean. They were oozy, slippery, ungrippable, horrid cobblestones.

When Martin depressed the accelerator so coolly and courageously, there being no traffic in sight, his little bucket-seated roadster waltzed prettily into the too-weak fence that runs alongside the Plank Road, and then sat down in the mud of the Newark meadows. Just before assuming the final position, the little car grunted. That was a rear wheel departing.

Just after the car settled down there were two queer little slathering sounds. That was Fluff and Mart getting up out of the meadows.

Martin scraped at his formerly immaculate business suit with a stick. He looked at Fluff.

HER eyes were sparkling. She was biting her lip. He looked at her again and couldn't very well help smiling.

"What's the matter?" he asked. They were the first words uttered after the roadster sat down.

"Why—I have lost my shoe," she said. "Lost a shoe?" he said, as though he could not believe that she was in earnest.

She had on one dainty, high-heeled buckled pump. The other one was somewhere in the marsh. They could not find it.

"We'll have to wait for a street-car," said Martin rather brusquely at last.

"Isn't there a strike on? I haven't seen one go by yet," she answered demurely.

Nothing to do, then, but wait for a kindly motorist. They waited an hour, during which Martin became restive.

A motor-car went by. Clear by. So swiftly that they weren't able to flag it. Martin talked. It was as though he felt it to be to his duty.

"I'll tell you what I'll do, little genius," he said finally. "I'll carry you to the tube or a taxi or something. You can't possibly walk in silk stockings. Up we go; pickaback."

He staggered off up the wet road, not realizing that he had started something which would be as difficult to finish as a world war. At three o'clock in the morning Fluffy let herself into her apartment, lay down on the couch and wept. If you had been there, you would have heard little but sobs.

There was just one sentence that was intelligible; "Why, oh why, didn't he kiss me?"

She missed one day at the office—overslept, I believe. Martin was away a week. When he came back on the next Monday morning she was eager to see him.

He came through the office carrying a red-brown box, stopping at all the desks.

He was shining like the Fire Island light. The cigars were purposely wrapped in packages. So when we each took one of the twin packages we pumped his hand again.

As he reached Fluffy's desk he put the box down on the corner.

"Well, well, little one, haven't you missed me at all for the past week?" he asked.

She jumped up eagerly and held out her hand. "Haven't I, though?" she said.

"I'm sorry these cigars won't interest you," he said, shining down on her, "but you can congratulate me just the same."

She looked at the box and then at him.

"I—I—I don't understand," she stammered. She reached gingerly into the box and took out one of the foil-wrapped packages. "They—they are twins!" she said.

"You bet they are," he exclaimed, shining brighter than ever. "Two of the snappiest twin boys you ever heard yell for milk." Then he passed out of the copy department.

Five minutes later Fluffy left the room. She never came back.

"Why! She never said good-by to me, the little monkey!" he said rather ruefully to Swasey.

As far as Brown & Swasey are concerned, that was the end of Inez Wendell, the lady copy-writer.

YOU have probably surmised by now that on that evening that Lon and I crowded into the Bronx express we discovered Fluffy. It was she who had invited us to the "home-cooked" dinner.

She is a changed person. Her hair is just as remarkable as ever, but she does not dress as she used to. She was wearing a kind of transparent gown with a soft neck, cut square. Her black silk stockings gleamed from a pair of French-heeled pumps.

Leaving out all the explaining which might be done—Lon and Fluff had been married for eleven days, six hours and fourteen minutes.

Lon was very careful to make one point clear to me. Fluff, of course—yes, he calls her Fluff—didn't know anything about the wife, the baby and the dog. His eyes snapped as he hammered it home so that I might never forget it.



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**An Easy Way to
Remove Dandruff**

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

LITTLE PRINCE TOOFAT

"Of course it is. That's where all grown-up fairies hold their funerals—under elderberry bushes—and darky fairies hold theirs under blackberry bushes. Here they come! Here they come!" And the fairy began to dance up and down on one leg.

In a moment more, two fairies came tearing through the grass abreast of each other, wearing little oil-cloth capes and carrying tiny torches and talking as hard as they could while they ran. After them came a great crowd of fairies hallooing and hullabalooing and carrying torches, too.

"What's all that?" asked the prince.

"WHY, they're running for office," the fairy said excitedly. "We do that every Fall. It's a game we call mollysticks, and we pick out two with good lungs and they start talking and never leave off until one of them beats and is collected."

"And what do they talk about?" asked the prince.

"Oh, nobody knows. They just talk. By the way," the fairy said suddenly, and turned to them, "what are you, Roublecans or Doublecrats?"

But before they could decide what answer to make, the fairy was waving his hands and running away.

By and by they stopped real quick and hung, jerking back and forth in the air for a little bit just like anything will when it's stopped with a jerk.

"Oh, dear," said Himself, "we're in a pretty fix now. If one of us was only near enough to a tree we could climb down to the ground, but I suppose we'll have to just stay here in the air till somebody tilts that mirror we came in at."

"My, oh my!" said the prince. "Will we be jerked around this way every time anybody moves that mirror?"

"Why, of course," snapped Himself, "and we may only be thankful it wasn't tilted face up or we'd have been jerked straight up to the sun maybe, and had nothing to live on but sunflower seeds. That's what makes the sun so yellow, you know—it's the sunflowers"

said, "Eney, Meney, Miney, Mo," backward, three times, very fast, and of course they had to go, because that's what you have to do in fairyland when they say that.

So they all went running through the woods as fast as they could till they came to a large stone right under the blackbird's nest.

Then one of the fairies said:

"Onery, orey, ikory, ann, three turns to the right, two turns to the wrong, one good turn deserves a bad one, jiggle it up and down," and a big door flew open and a big sign popped out.

Whenever you see a great stone—one about as high as your little brother Joe—right under a blackbird's nest, you try those words and see if the door won't open. Only there must be nothing but two small Easter eggs in the nest.

As soon as the door popped open, fairies sprang up from everywhere, and hustled and pushed and jabbered in behind them in a flustered crowd. Inside there was only a big room with an empty platform at one end and a slimming mirror at the other. A slimming mirror, you know, is a mirror bent around curved-ways up and down. When you look in it you look slimmer than anything, and real fat people like to stand in front of it, because they, too, look slender.

FREAKEREUM

THE crowd behind pushed and jabbered till the prince and Himself were up on [the platform. Then a funny little fairy, with his white hair done up in cuteinkles on both sides of his head, hopped up beside them and began to talk very fast.

"These," he said, "are two wild fat men captured on the inskirts of the Forest of Wiregrass. One of them is twins and the other is his brother. They eat nothing but spider's milk, and—Hay, there! Stop him, stop him!" and the lecturer jumped down and ran after Himself. But Himself was too quick for him, and sprang through the slimming mirror at a single bound and as Himself was a fat person he came out as nice and slender as any fairy there.

When the prince saw this he ran after Himself, but just as he went to jump through the slimming mirror, the lecturer turned it sideways over so it was a squeezing mirror, and he came out all squashed thick ways and twice as wide as before.

All at once a great roar sounded, and the fairies paid no further attention to the pudgy prince and the graceful Himself, but ran up and down crying: "The Great Fizzlewhich is coming! The Great Fizzlewhich is coming!"

Next month I'm going to tell you about the Great Fizzlewhich, and in the meantime you try that hole, and if you get one whistled nice and smooth you send me word. I want to see it.

Concluded from page 53

EVERY DOG HAS HIS CHANCE

his hands and giggling. "We'll fix your ear after Lena tells us her troubles. Bring your cat in, Lena. That big Bernard," he laughed, "has been coming here for three weeks. Every day he tries to beat the others."

Humanity hovers over this hospital like the pillar of fire over the Israelites. Upstairs in the dog ward, amid the yapping and yelping of the patients, the old negro attendant was heating the electric pads in the "maternity cage." The insistent din chanted the tale of dog sorrow and sickness. The horse ward is quieter. There are sick horses, and old horses, waiting to be put humanely away. A large part of the hospital's horse care is constructive. It provides non-slipping chain shoes, light-weight bridles, and in needy cases, blankets against unpreparedness for the wintry blasts.

It is of more than passing interest, this movement for humane education which the League has sponsored from the beginning. First, through lectures for children held at various Settlement Houses, on the proper care and treatment of animals; and since the bill making humane education compulsory in the schools of New York State was passed in 1917, through a printed syllabus outlining a course of humane study.

One of the teachers who has helped to start this school movement told me, "I try to teach my children never to put animals on the defensive. It brings out their ugliest side, as it does people's. If you tell a child day after day and week after week that he must be kind and reasonable with his pets, that they have as much right to live as he has, that child is going to be a pleasanter person to live with, and the chances are he'll grow up to be a decent, respectable man."

The boy-and-dog affection is a closely woven, complex tie. Built up without words, there is little room for misunderstanding in the relationship. It is the love of boy for boy, mingled with the fondness of long-trying friends. Love my dog and I'll love you is in the eyes of every small-boy dog-owner. And the dog agrees.

This undying friendship is the big ideal behind the hospital on Shinbone Alley. It is more than man's kindness, for this humane movement seeks to teach the child, through his friends the animals, to grow up kindly and wise and just. What one group of women are accomplishing here in New York, through the compelling power of love for all humanity, other women in other towns, can bring to pass.



Do This To Have Youthful Hands

FROM now on, night and morning, rub your hands with half a lemon. Note results in a few days, and you'll continue to apply this simple treatment.

If the hands were dry and rough before, they'll be soft, smooth and pretty now.

If you were wont to keep them hidden, you'll take a new keen pleasure henceforth in letting them be seen. Lemon juice is Nature's

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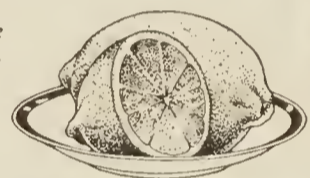
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Photo by Seeborg



ON WHYS AND WHEREFORES

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

JULY is just ahead, with its heat waves and the glare of its white beaches, the brilliant blue of its Summer seas, its flames of color where the rhododendrom follows mountain roads and trails. The gay world of London is lying back in steamer-chairs on its balconies overlooking green squares and parks, attending the race meets, watching the polo at Ranaleigh, preparing in its own leisurely manner to take to its flower-decked house-boats on the Thames. Paris is already taking thought of Deauville and Biarritz, the great hotels on the Normandy coast are beginning to open, and the French dressmakers are designing models for their Summer shops at famous *plages*, models made gay with field flowers and delicate colors and fine lace.

Your mind is on your own holidays, months perhaps at a cottage at the shore or a few crowded weeks at a smart hotel where the requirements of dress are varied and exacting. You have a good deal to get for yourself and for your children and you want to plan your dress expenditure wisely so that it will cover many delightful things. You have the true feminine *flair* for a good bargain—the desire to get what you want at a little less than the usual price. It is a fine art, this game of making your money go a little further and buy a little more and a little better things than another woman can get for a larger amount. Your pride in it is perfectly justifiable, for it takes brains and judgment and alertness.

WOMEN who are really keen on making their money buy as much as possible are using the Butterick Patterns with the Deltor because they know that the Deltor saves their money and their time by using less material than any other pattern and by enabling them to cut and put together with incredible swiftness and absolute accuracy. They know that they are making a tremendous saving on their materials, but they do not know just exactly how it is done, and naturally they are interested.

Under the old régime it was necessary to give a quantity of material that a woman would need for the most economical layout she could plan for herself. No woman would spend, as our experts spend, a day, or a day and a half, shifting the pieces from one intricate layout to another, each one reducing, a few inches at a time, the amount of material required by the pattern, often reaching a total reduction of over a yard.

No woman has the time to do that; few women, even professional dress-makers, have the skill. With the Deltor it is possible to give these small quantities of material because it is also possible to show you, in a picture layout that you can follow as swiftly as you can pin the pattern pieces on your material, the secret of the close layout that our expert worked out in a day and a half.

NOW if the Deltor only gave you one layout, showing one size, one width of material and one way of making the garment, the layout would help only the occasional woman who used that particular size, that particular width material and made the garment in that particular way. The minute that she used a short sleeve instead of a long one, used two ruffles instead of three, or made her collar in a contrasting material she would lose from three-eighths to a yard and a quarter—perhaps more. If, in addition to that loss, she used the layout for a wider material, she would have an additional loss of another half-yard. If she followed the same layout for another size, say a thirty-two or a forty, it would cease to be the most economical layout that she could make, and she would have an additional loss of another half or three-quarters of a yard. A single layout showing one size, one width of material and one way of using the pattern may lead to serious loss of time and waste of material.

The Deltor gives a layout for the minimum amount of material for every size, every suitable width of material, and every desirable way of making the garment.

There is nothing, I think, more maddening than a general direction. I know a woman who is always boasting of her cooking and when you ask her how long she cooks her grilled mushrooms or her soufflés she tells you helpfully, "Oh, just until they are done." Perfectly true, of course, but no help to you in dealing with the kitchen stove.

The value of the Deltor is that its help is specific and is for *you*, not for another woman who is going to use the other view, the 36-bust size, the 40-inch material of the one and only general layout, but for you, whichever view you are going to use, whether you are thirty-two bust or forty-six and whatever the width of your material, just as long as it is a width from which the pattern will cut without undesirable piecing. There is a layout that saves material and time made especially for *you*.

WITH THE
ARRIVAL OF SUMMER THE PARI-
SIENNE MAY CONSIDER CLOTHES
IN A LIGHTER MOOD, BUT SHE
TAKES THEM NONE THE LESS
SERIOUSLY

Sketches by Soulié



Madeleine et Madeleine have their own ideas on the things which comprise a delightful Summer, one of them being this rose-embroidered frock of white linon which is banded with many groups of very fine tucks

White figures on black foulard and a bit of green facing in the hip sash of a new frock are the wiles Doenillet uses to catch your attention, and charming grace with simplicity of line insure its safe-keeping



The "on-with-the-dance" movement is treated by Gabrielle Chanel with rare dignity, for she suggests a lovely frock of black net that has its apron tunic embroidered with black-and-white sequins. Bands of sequins appear under the arm and at the hem



Even in Summer one finds the navy serge frock too useful to cast to the winds and far too tempting when Bernard bands it with navy crêpe Georgette and opens it over a slip of red crêpe. Loops of navy ribbon are caught down with red embroidery stitches



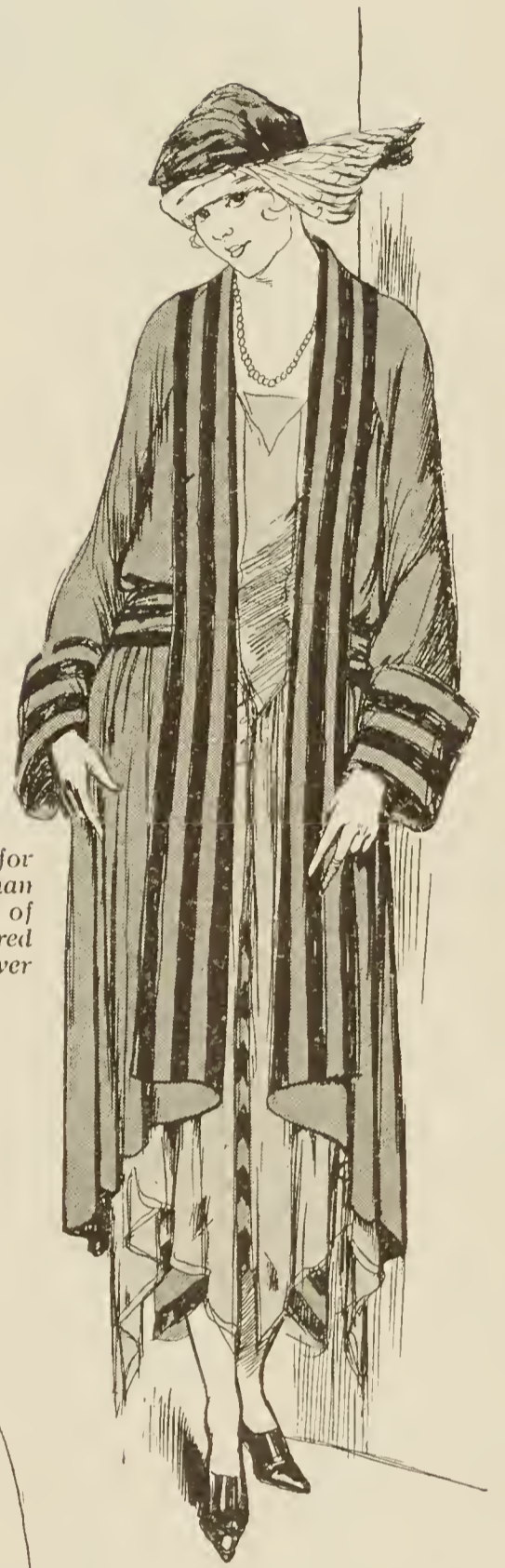
The more black taffeta the better seems to be the spirit of Drecoll, for this frock with its great collar and very full skirt is designed on generous lines. The wide band of white organdy is embroidered in black and finished with fine plaited ruffles



For this more or less informal season the Parisienne will admit a preference for simplicity in her dinner gowns, but she will sacrifice none of their charm, as is seen in this model of Agnès's, which has a bodice and scarf of shrimp-pink Georgette and a skirt of black charmeuse



There is a time and place for everything but none better than July and its background of blue skies for this tailored frock of white gabardine over black sateen, by Bernard



When the frock beneath is of chiffon, it takes a good deal in the way of a coat to induce one to cover it up; so Drecoll spends much time and thought on the matter, in the end achieving this model of brown crêpe Marocain with its striped collar and cuffs and soft low-waisted effect



There is some truth in the old adage that two heads are better than one, for it was Madeleine et Madeleine who planned this costume of white lissine, the jacket of which shows the interesting results of applying cut-out pieces of the same fabric and a new flare to its frill

A suit to gain favor in this season must tempt one mightily, but Agnès manages it in this costume of navy burcline that has a collar, most of the sleeves and in fact the greater part of the coat banded in striped fashion with blue burcline of a lighter shade

THE RUSSIAN CLOSING MAKES ITS APPEARANCE AMONG THE
NEWEST BLOUSES AND SMARTEST TUB FROCKS



Blouse 3152



Blouse 3148



Blouse 3159



Blouse 3129
Beading design 10866



Blouse 3169

3152—Fashion has gone quite mad about these simple long-sleeved overblouses that are trimmed with refreshing white collars and cuffs of the tailored type. They are very youthful in line and so practical because of their simplicity. This new model slips on over the head and is slashed at the front. A wide but shallow scallop outline finishes the lower edge in a very attractive way. Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, satin, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon cloth, pongee, silk jersey, cotton voile and fine cotton crêpe can be used.

36 bust requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of wool jersey 54 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of linen 36 inches wide.

This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3148—One can't have too many of these delightful blouses in one's Summer wardrobe. With them one can make a freshening change of costume in no time and an interesting change as well because they come in such variety. A very pretty blouse that is worn outside the skirt drapes about the waist in the new, soft way. Tucks grouped in band effect across the front add to this softness and trim the blouse as well. The sleeve, wide at the bottom, has a similar group of tucks. The blouse is cut in kimono fashion. Use cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, pongee, silk jersey, chiffon cloth, silk voile and Georgette.

36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of silk voile 40 inches wide.

This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3159—The political status of Russia may fluctuate but Paris predicts a successful future for the Russian closing. This full-length side closing adds a smart air of distinction to this overblouse, particularly when there is a slight draping at each side which suggests the waistcoat line. For this season the short sleeves and becoming round collar are very attractive, but it is a splendid type of blouse for the high collar which promises to be fashionable. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, pongee, silk jersey, novelty silks, wool jersey and fine cotton crêpe.

36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard figured cotton crêpe 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting cotton crêpe 40 inches wide.

This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3129—10866—Paris is a great believer in the power of suggestion, for often it is by the turning of some little trick that she holds your attention. In this simple blouse it is the very deep armhole which effects the jumper line. This blouse slips on over the head. It can be made of Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, fine cotton crêpe or cotton voile in one color or in contrasting colors. The crescent shape and star-like motifs are arranged in all-over effect and give the appearance of a figured fabric. They can be worked in large beads and bugle beads, or French knots and one-stitch.

36 bust requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard chiffon 40 inches wide.

This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3169—The tucked bosom has come to the front in the world of blouses and it meets with great approval, for it is very charming. The soft drapery of this blouse sets off the bosom front to very good advantage. This blouse looks so well with the open suit coat or sweater. It can be made of Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin, Georgette, silk jersey, dimity, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste or wool jersey. It can be of one material or the bosom front can be in contrast.

36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for the narrow plaitings.

This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3132—10890—The Russian closing is very smart in this simple type of one-piece dress which is so good-looking in the heavier tub fabrics such as linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton homespun or gingham. The dress can be made with a blouse body lining, if you like. It is also very attractive in satin, taffeta and wool jersey. The embroidered cherries make a very effective trimming on linen. These are worked in satin-stitch in a contrasting color thread. They could also be done in appliqué, or if you want to work them up very quickly you could do them in outline embroidery. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards linen 36 inches wide.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3126—The fichu-like collar which ties in a sash at the back gives such a fresh touch to the simple tub frock, particularly when the frock is made of a colored fabric and the collar is of white organdy. In this dress the straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal waistline and the use of the blouse body lining is optional. A gingham, dimity, fine cotton crêpe or taffeta dress could have an organdy collar and sash, or any of these materials could be used alone. With linen the collar and sash would be of organdy, and crêpe de Chine or tub silks could be used alone.

36 bust requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards gingham 32 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard organdy 44 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3130—A cotton frock that you can make up in no time and be very smartly dressed in is this long-bodied model that closes at the back and has wide tucks in the straight skirt. You can use a blouse body lining or not, just as you choose. The wide sash and plain collar are particularly youthful and pretty. Use gingham, linen, linen-finished cottons, fine cotton crêpe or crêpe voile. It is also a pretty dress for crêpe Canton, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta, pongee or tub silks.

36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of striped cotton 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge measures $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3134—Splendid for sports as well as general wear is this dress which combines the new, long-sleeved overblouse, that is trimmed with a flat white collar and cuffs to match, with the smart, tucked skirt. The blouse closes at the back and the straight skirt is very easy to make. Wool jersey, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Canton, taffeta, pongee, satin, crêpe meteor, linen, linen finished cottons and small checked gingham are the best materials for this dress. A blouse body lining can be used.

36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards wool jersey 54 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also becoming to misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 78



Dress 3132
Embroidery design 10890

Dress 3126

Dress 3130

Dress 3134

Other views of these garments are shown on page 78



Dress 3138

Dress 3142
Embroidery design 10708

Dress 3128
Embroidery design 10749

Dress 3140

Other views of these garments are shown on page 78



Dress 3119

Dress 3072

Dress 3103

Waist 3135; skirt 2761
Beading design 10904

FASHION PROVES THAT THE WAYS OF SIMPLICITY ARE DEEP AND IN ALL CASES INTERESTING

3119—Deep bands of fillet insertion artfully accentuate the tucks grouped on both the waist and skirt of an organdy frock. These soft, simple frocks are lovely for cotton voile, dotted swiss, batiste, dimity, Georgette, silk voile or crêpe de Chine. The dress closes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm. It can be bloused over the belt or drawn down, and the straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the low line. A long body lining which can be made in camisole style can be used if you like.

36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of organdy 44 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3072—Indispensable for warm days in town and charming for country wear is the dark-colored frock refreshing in its crispness and dainty white collar, cuffs and trimming. A delightful way of making such a frock is in this simple fashion with the two-piece skirt sewed to the waist at the normal waistline. There is a smart vestee and the use of the blouse body lining is optional. Georgette, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, cotton voile, batiste, etc. can be used. Lower edge 2 yards.

For 36 bust $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards dotted swiss 36 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard organdy 44 inches wide. This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 52 bust.

3103—The French make the sleeve conspicuous by its absence in this delightfully soft frock. The strap arrangement across the top of these very short sleeves is new and very cool for Summer. The dress slips on over the head. The straight skirt is tucked and sewed to the waist at a rather low line and the broad sash accentuates this fashionable length of line. The long body lining can be cut across the top in camisole style. Organdy, cotton voile, dotted swiss, batiste, Georgette, net, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor and taffeta would be pretty made up in this fashion. It is very simple to make.

36 bust requires 4 yards of flowered voile 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 42 bust.

3135—2761—10904—The vestee front and the arrangement of the loose panels at the side suggest the panel effect in this little frock. The straight lines of the waist make hand-hemstitching and drawn-work a possible trimming if the fabric you choose allows for the drawing of threads. A blouse body lining which can be made in camisole style can be used. Both the skirt and its panels are straight. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin or taffeta, etc. Bugle beads and round beads are combined in the circle motifs that trim the panels. The beads are so worked in as to leave a flower-like design in the center of each circle.

For 36 bust, 38 hip $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The waist, 3135, is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2761, is pretty for ladies 35 to $49\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

3138—Sheer yet fresh and crisp are the qualities of the new eyelet embroidery which tend to make it so fashionable. Combined with cotton voile in a Summer frock it is very effective. The straight tucked skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal waistline and a blouse body lining which it is possible to cut in camisole style can be used. The waist has a very pretty bib arrangement which drapes softly about the low waistline. Use fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, batiste, dotted swiss, organdy, crêpe de Chine, crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor or taffeta. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, batiste and plain swiss can be combined with eyelet embroidery.

For 36 bust $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard eyelet embroidery 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3142—10708—Much of the picturesque line of the shoulder cape is suggested in the new deep collar. This dress closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. The two-piece skirt and waist are joined at the low line and a long body lining which can be cut in camisole style can be used. Use crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, foulard, or Georgette; or an organdy, Georgette or net bertha with taffeta. The rose design is suggested in the formation of the conventionalized motifs which are scattered over the frock in figured fabric effect. These motifs can be worked in satin-stitch embroidery.

For 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards. This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3128—10749—Very youthful and soft are the lines of the draped long body and straight tunic. Beneath the tunic there is a drop skirt and a blouse body lining can be used or not, as you choose. Taffeta, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe, foulard and charmeuse are suitable, or there is the combination of gray or henna over navy blue or black; navy blue over henna or gray; tan over brown; or foulard over taffeta or satin. The grape motif which is used on the tunic and repeated on the sleeve makes a gay spot of color. It can be in self-color in a deeper shade than the dress. The design can be carried out in satin-stitch and outline embroidery. Lower edge of drop skirt 54 inches.

For 36 bust $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of taffeta 40 inches wide. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 78

3140—Chintz enters a new realm when it steps into fashion circles and acquits itself remarkably well if we are to judge by its success in this one-piece dress. Cut in the simplest manner possible and slipped on over the head this is a delightful frock for Summer mornings when made up of tub fabrics like chintz, linen, linen-finished cottons and gingham. These straight, slender lines are also very smart for satin and taffeta, and if you are considering a wool dress at this time, there is tricotine, gabardine, serge or checks. The use of the blouse body lining is optional.

For 36 bust 3 yards chintz 36 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.



Coat 3118

Wrap 3122
Embroidery
design 10879

Cape
3120

Dress 3105

Dress 3078 Embroidery design 10897

COATS AND WRAPS DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES WITH NEW
SLEEVES AND COLLARS, THE FITTED LINE EMPHASIZES
FULNESS AND TUNICS SUGGEST IT

3118—For the woman who hesitates between the cape and coat there is the new ripple coat, rather short in length, attractively flared in line and made with the very smart cape sleeve. It is a splendid coat for this season of the year being very easy to slip on and off, in no way crushing the fresh frock beneath, and having the large collar which can be closed high or worn open according to the variable temperature. Velours, tricotine, serge, checks, twills, polo cloth, tweeds and satin can be used for these rippled lines.

36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of velours 54 inches wide.
This coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also good for misses.

3122—10879—Paris calls this new black-satin garment a wrap, but with its full-length Tuxedo collar held down with a narrow belt across the front, and its attractively cut sleeve it carries much of the smartness of the coat in its lines. Heavy Canton crêpe and taffeta could be used as well as satin and velours. Tricotine, serge, plaids and checks would also be suitable. The embroidery on the collar and sleeve follows an interesting circle-like design. On the original model it was done in couching in a contrasting colored rope silk. The same design could be worked in braiding outline or chain-stitch embroidery.

36 bust requires 4 yards of satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 58 inches.
This wrap is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3105—There is a method to this French madness which in the midst of a season of soft lines introduces the fitted waist. For the very restraint of these lines only serves to emphasize the generous fulness of the skirt and the softness of the great collar. The dress closes at the back and the straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal waistline. The square-cut scallop is the newest of the new scalloped outlines. Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine and taffeta can be used alone; or taffeta can have a bertha of organdy, Georgette or net. For a tub frock you could use gingham, linen or linen-finished cottons with an organdy or batiste bertha. Rounded scallops used on the bertha and at the hem are also very pretty.

36 bust requires 4 yards of taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge 3 yards.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

3120—Easy to make, easy to slip on and very easy to look at is the ruling for Summer capes. The Parisienne chooses the simplest of models which has the collar tying in front and the fulness arranged in soft gathers. This cape, with the exception of the collar can be cut from one width of a fifty-four inch material. It is very smart in velours, duvetyne, serge, tricotine or plaids and it can also be made of a light-weight steamer rug. Satin, taffeta, crêpe de Chine and heavy satin crêpe would also make a very pretty cape. A wrap of this kind with its simple construction and great ease of line is a splendid garment to wear over the Summer frock which is usually more or less crushable.

In ladies' size this cape requires 2 yards of novelty plaid 54 inches wide.

This cape is very smart for ladies; it is also becoming to misses.

3078—10897—Even within the straight silhouette one is sure to find that softness of line which is such a feature of the smartest French costumes. In this dress it is the front and back tunics, hung from a rather low waistline, that suggest this approved softness. Beneath the tunics there is a straight skirt and a blouse body lining can be used, if you think it necessary. The dress slips on over the head. It can be made of linen, gingham, ratine or cotton poplin. Satin, charmeuse and taffeta are also smart, and serge, tricotine, gabardine or soft twills can be used alone or with satin. The motifs which are used on the tunic and sleeve resemble a flower in their design. The newest way of working them would be in cut-work which is very effective on linen. They could also be embroidered in one-stitch or outline. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of linen 36 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 78



Dress 3173
Beading
design 10895

Dress 3176

Dress 3174

Dress 3177

Dress 3175

THE SILHOUETTE AND FABRIC OF THE SUMMER FROCK MAY VARY BUT THERE IS ALWAYS THE NEW SOFTNESS OF LINE SUGGESTED ONE WAY OR ANOTHER

3177—An interesting line on a new tub frock is achieved by the use of a smart bib arrangement, and the deep flounce and the straight skirt give very much the same effect that a tunic would. The skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal waistline and the use of the flounce and a blouse body lining are optional. Use gingham, dimity, linen-finished cottons, linen, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, etc.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards of gingham 32 inches wide, ¼ yard of organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3175—Particularly lovely for the Summer frock is this deep bertha collar. It is simple yet picturesque. This tunic, short in front and back but hanging in deep points at either side, is also new. Like the skirt, it has a straight lower edge. The skirt and waist are joined at the low waistline and the dress can have a long blouse body lining which can be cut in camisole style if you think it necessary. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, Georgette, fine cotton crêpe or crêpe voile.

36 bust requires 4 yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt measures 54 inches.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3173—10895—A charming frock that starts out on the straight and narrow path is waylaid by soft draperies on each side. This one-piece dress is made in jumper fashion and has the sleeves set in on a one-piece slip which can be cut in full or shorter length and finished with the camisole top if you like. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, or combine crêpe-back satin, satin, taffeta, charmeuse, metal cloth or brocade with Georgette, chiffon, silk voile or lace. The hand-work which trims the belt and is so arranged on the dress as to suggest the panel line is carried out in a very pretty flower design. These flowers can be worked in small round beads and the long bugle beads or they can be done in French knots and one-stitch. Lower edge of jumper 54 inches; of slip 50½ inches.

36 bust requires 6 yards chiffon 40 inches wide. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3176—Wide tucks are so pretty on the sheer cotton materials and they trim a frock in a very simple way. The waist is cut in kimono fashion and crosses in surplice style, tying in a sash at the back. This brings the drapery down over the waistline in soft lines and suggests the lengthened effect. The straight skirt is finished a little above the normal line. You can use a blouse body lining with a dress of this kind, if you like. Under certain materials it would be cut in camisole style. You could use dimity, gingham, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile, dotted swiss, organdy, batiste, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or Canton crêpe for a dress of this type.

36 bust requires 5¾ yards of dotted swiss 36 inches wide, ¾ yard of organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3174—There is something very refreshing about these simple gingham frocks with the large white collars and youthful sashes. This dress has the attractive surplice closing, which suggests certain soft draping at the waistline and ties at the back in sash style. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal line. The use of a blouse body lining is optional. Dimity, gingham, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard and tub silks are the best materials to use for a dress of this type. The collar and cuffs can be in contrast to the dress.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards of gingham 32 inches wide, ¾ yard of organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1¾ yard.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 78



Dress 3163



Blouse 3171
Beading design 10903



Blouse 3143



Shirt-waist 3161



Dress 3110

PARIS INTRODUCES THE HIGH-COLLARED SMARTLY DRAPED BLOUSE
BUT RETAINS THE SOFT SIMPLE LINE IN OTHER COSTUMES

3171—10903—Now that sheer silks and cottons are the first consideration, one's interest centers upon blouses of this soft type which are so delightful made up in these Summery fabrics. This model is gathered into the new wide band at the bottom. This band gives the fashionable long-waisted effect. The blouse slips on over the head and can be made of crêpe Canton, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, silk voile, chiffon cloth, silk jersey, foulard, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe or batiste. The large flower-like motifs arranged in an all-over design give the effect of a figured fabric. They are very simple, but when worked up in beads or French knots are quite elaborate in effect. The narrow trimming of beads that edges the sleeves and band follows a scroll-like design.

36 bust requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide. This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3143—The Parisienne goes just so far and then she must have something different. So now that the new fuller lines are on every side of her she chooses this unusual blouse that is smartly draped to follow the lines of the figure. It is a very distinctive model and with all its simplicity has an unmistakably French air to it. The high collar is cut in one with the body and draped and the long sleeve effects the same suggestion of a flare at the wrists. This front closing is very new and the scallop outline finishes the blouse in an attractive way. Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, pongee, silk jersey, novelty silks, fine cotton crêpe, Japanese crêpe and wool jersey are suitable materials for a blouse of this kind.

36 bust requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of taffeta 40 inches wide. This blouse is very smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure.

3163—Distinctive of this season's styles is this new flat and rather high collar. Fashion now introduces it on a frock that has splendid lines for the heavier tub materials. The plain long sleeves have tailored cuffs to match the white collar. The dress is made in one piece and slips on over the head. The slash breaks the line of the front in an interesting way and also allows greater ease in slipping the dress on and off. This dress can be made over a blouse body lining if you think it necessary. It can also have a short sleeve if you prefer. Gingham, cotton homespun, linen-finished cottons and linen, or satin, charmeuse and taffeta can be used. The narrow leather belt adds a smart finishing touch.

36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards gingham 32 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard linen 36 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures $54\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3167—An extra skirt is always an asset in any wardrobe, particularly at this season when sweaters and sports coats are worn so much. This two-piece skirt has smart slender lines and is very simply constructed. The arrangement of the soft fullness in gathers across the back is well liked and the plain front is attractive. This skirt is finished a little above the normal waistline and the smart set-in pocket can be used or not, just as you like. It is a splendid style for linen, linen-finished cottons, flannel, satin, charmeuse, pongee, twills, serge, tricotine, wool poplin, wool repp, plaid, checks, stripes, homespun or tweeds. The narrow silhouette is of course the smartest for skirts of this type, but there is always a certain amount of softness in even the tailored skirt.

38 hip requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This skirt is very smart for ladies 35 to 55 inches hip measure.



Skirt 3167

3161—Indispensable for the carefully planned wardrobe is this well-cut shirt-waist. There is a certain softness to even the tailored waists this season. This model has a very becoming collar and an attractive sleeve that is gathered into a simple but pretty cuff. Very narrow plaited frills trim the blouse and the use of the shoulder yoke is optional. A different type of collar that could be worn open or closed high is also offered. Cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, dimity, cotton shirting, Georgette, crêpe de Chine, pongee, radium silk, tub silks and satin and silk shirting are the best materials for this blouse.

36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide for the narrow plaitings.

This shirt-waist is very smart for ladies 32 to 52 inches bust measure.

3110—This shirt-waist dress is a decided innovation in the world of Summer frocks and a most successful one. Its long slender lines are very attractive and becoming, and the shirt-waist and skirt being separate makes the laundering of this frock a simple matter. The dress closes at the back and the tucked straight skirt is sewed to a long body lining. This lining can be finished in camisole style. The shoulder-to-shoulder collar and the groups of tucks in the waist are very pretty in their simple way and the broad sash accentuates the softness of the low line. Use organdy, batiste, cotton voile, dimity, handkerchief linen, dotted swiss, tub silks, wash satin, pongee, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe or Georgette for this dress.

36 bust requires $7\frac{7}{8}$ yards dimity 27 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard organdy 40 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 78

Bathing-Suit 3109



Bathing-Suit and Cap 3101

Bathing-Suit 3114-A

Bathing-Suit and Cap 3114-B

Bathing-Suit and Cap 3104

Bathing-Suit 3114-C

BATHING COSTUMES ARE SMART BUT SIMPLE

3101—Rickrack braid emphasizes the new use of tucks on the blouse of a very smart bathing-suit. Made with a becoming round collar and the low waistline accentuated by the broad sash it is quite distinctive in spite of its simplicity. The blouse slips over the head, the knickers are separate and the cap is made in handkerchief style. Use surf satin, surf taffeta, heavy silk crêpe, silk jersey, wool jersey, gabardine and brilliantine.
A 36-bust requires 4 1/8 yards of striped galatea 32 inches wide, 7/8 yard taffeta 36 inches wide for cap.
This bathing-suit and cap are attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust; they are also pretty for misses.

3114-A—An interesting, new departure in bathing-suits is this long-sleeved blouse with its fairly high-cut flat collar. Besides being very smart in appearance it is a suit that covers one sufficiently to insure against sunburn on either the arms or neck. The blouse slips over the head and the knickers are separate. There is also an unusually attractive cap that ties in a large bow at the side. Surf satin, surf taffeta, surf velvet, silk poplin, heavy silk crêpe, stripes, checks, silk jersey, wool jersey, brilliantine, gingham and galatea can be used.
A 36 bust requires 2 1/2 yards wool jersey 54 inches wide.
This bathing-suit is smart for ladies 34 to 46 bust; it is also pretty for girls and misses.

3114 B—It is not the fear of the water but the thought of covering up her attractive bathing-suit that holds her back. This simple type of suit is becoming to a little girl. The slip-over blouse, finished at the lower edge with scallops, has the new, flat collar. The knickers are separate and the cap is very easy to make. Use surf satin, surf taffeta, surf velvet, silk poplin, heavy silk crêpe, stripes, checks, silk jersey, wool jersey, brilliantine, gingham or galatea.
A 10-year-size requires 2 yards of brilliantine 44 inches wide, 1 yard silk 36 inches wide for cap.
This bathing-suit and cap are pretty for girls 8 to 12 years. They are also good for ladies and misses.

3104—A suit that is very smart in line yet simply cut to allow for action is made with a slip-over blouse that has a straight skirt joined to the rather long body. The separate knickers are gathered in above the knee and the ruffle effect on the new cap is very attractive. The deep scallop outline gives character to a suit of this type. Surf satin, taffeta, silk poplin, stripes, checks, gingham, galatea, silk jersey, wool jersey and surf velvet would be the best materials to use.
36 bust requires 3 5/8 yards satin 36 inches wide, 5/8 yard contrasting satin 27 or more inches wide for cap.
This bathing-suit and cap are pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; they are also good for misses.

3109—When the swimmer does away with her skirt she chooses delightfully full bloomers which are joined to the body of the suit at the new low waistline. This attractive bathing-suit closes on the left shoulder and underneath the arm. The bloomers can be caught up at each side or left to fall softly. It is an unusually pretty suit and a practical one as well. Surf satin, surf taffeta, heavy silk crêpe, silk poplin, stripes, checks, gingham and galatea are the materials to use.
A 36-bust requires 4 1/8 yards taffeta 40 inches wide, including cap.
This bathing-suit is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3114-C—Gingham ventures into the water this Summer, for it is seen in some of the smartest bathing costumes. It is an essentially youthful style and is pretty made up in this very simple way. This is the type of suit the swimmer likes. The blouse slips on over the head and the knickers are separate, and an attractive cap which ties in a huge bow at the side can also be used. Surf satin, surf taffeta, surf velvet, silk poplin, heavy silk crêpe, stripes, checks, silk jersey, wool jersey, brilliantine, gingham and galatea are suitable materials.
A 16-year size requires 3 3/8 yards gingham 27 inches wide.
This suit is pretty for misses 14 to 18 years; it is also becoming to girls and ladies.

Other views of these designs are shown on page 78



Envelope chemise 2640



Nightgown 8140



Nightgown 8140

wings sufficient stiffness to spread them up and away from the garment, as though poised in flight. For the roses you cut a four-inch piece of one-half-inch ribbon. Fold one end over B (Ill.1). Gather B to A (Ill.1). Begin at B and roll the ribbon between your thumb and forefinger. Roll end tightly, then more loosely. Draw the thread end off and flatten the rose by squeezing it between your fingers. For the leaves you cut a one-and-one-half-inch piece of ribbon, sew the selvages together to form a point and gather ends.

An envelope chemise like 2640 can be finished and trimmed to match the nightgown. Of course you would not have the ribbons falling from the shoulder, but you could have a butterfly on each shoulder and the ribbons at each side where the lower edge curves up. The butterflies on the chemise are smaller than those on the nightgown.

A CRÉPE DE CHINE slip, 2930, of delicate blue is trimmed with narrow flesh-color and blue satin ribbons and has a deep flounce of blue Georgette and a fold at the top of blue Georgette. The picot edge is used on this garment, too, and the narrow ribbon run through the Georgette fold at the top is held in place by the tacking of the ribbon shoulder-straps. This is daintier in effect than the usual hem or casing and far less trouble. For the flounce you make eight ribbon roses and four bow-knots. Each bow-knot requires three-quarter yard of one-half-inch ribbon. You tack the ends of the bow to the flounce. There is a rosebud in between and a rosebud below each bow-knot. The top of the flounce is finished with entwined pink and blue ribbons. You cut a yard of three-and-three-quarter-inch pink ribbon and a yard of three-and-three-quarter-inch blue ribbon. Knit them together and every three and one-half inches you sew them to the top of the flounce. For the casing at the waistline you overcast the selvages of two pieces of one-half-inch ribbon together, hem the edge down and run the ribbon through. The ends of this ribbon are finished with rosebuds.

An essential in every well-planned wardrobe are these knickers 2816 and camisole 2871. Like the other garments, they are well cut but very simple in construction. It is the exquisite filet edge and the gay rose and blue ribbons that make them so adorable. A double row of blue ribbon on each leg of the knickers is used for a casing for the elastic and a flower-trimmed ring of rose ribbon catches down the ribbon bows at each side. Cut a circle of cardboard one-and-one-quarter-inch across by one-half-inch wide. You wind it with ribbon and sew a rosebud and two leaves to one edge. The camisole matches the knickers. It has rose and blue ribbon shoulder-straps caught down with the same ribbon rings.

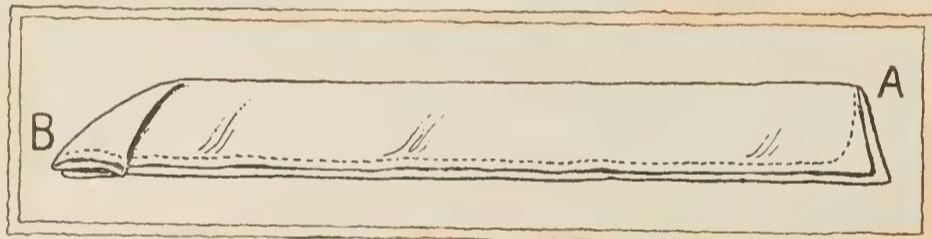
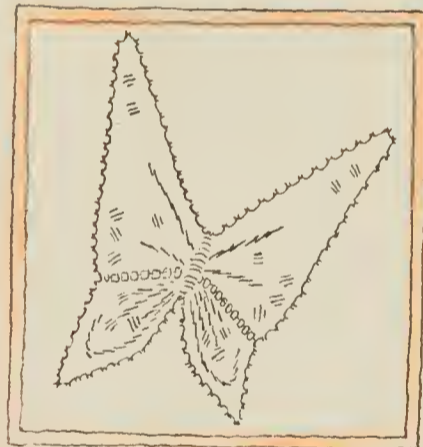


Illustration 1



Embroidery design 10699

SECRETS OF FINISHING THAT BRING
DAINTY UNDERTHINGS WITHIN
EVERY WOMAN'S REACH

EVERY woman feels that the possession of dainty lingerie is her birthright, but with many there is always the question of the expense and the trouble of the upkeep. No doubt the woman who figures this way does so on the theory that you can't have something for nothing, but this doesn't work with lovely underthings, for it is using discretion in the choice of colors, fabrics and ribbons and simple but fascinating little touches that count rather than elaborateness.

Much of the new silk underwear is very simple and can be very quickly made. Crêpe de Chine is the most used material because of its wide range of lovely shades, its softness of texture, so necessary under the new silhouette, and its splendid washing and wearing qualities. One of the easiest and prettiest ways of finishing crêpe de Chine underthings is with machine hemstitching, which is cut in half to leave the picot edge. This picot edge launders beautifully and wears very well on the slight figure, but for the heavier figure the bound edge is far more substantial and just as attractive.

ALL of these garments that are shown here are well cut and attractive in outline, but they are unusually simple in construction. It is the dainty butterflies, tiny ribbon rosebuds and generous use of ribbon that make them so irresistible. The flesh crêpe de Chine nightgown 8140 is finished with the picot edge, with a saucy butterfly poised on one shoulder point and orchid and blue ribbons falling from the other shoulder point. A garland of orchid and blue ribbon rosebuds is caught in front, and wandering down around the lower edge is another butterfly. A dainty butterfly such as embroidery design 10699 is very effective and simple in its outline. You stamp the butterfly on blue Georgette, laying this Georgette over another piece of Georgette with a piece of white organdy in between. You baste the three pieces together and have the butterfly outline hemstitched by machine. You then cut the hemstitching in half and embroider the lines and spots of the butterfly in orchid, blue and flesh-color silk. You sew only the body of the butterfly to the garment. The organdy gives the

Knickers 2816

Slip 2930



Camisole 2871

THE RIGHT SHOE AT THE RIGHT TIME IS ONE OF THE FIRST STEPS THAT PARIS TEACHES
US IF WE WOULD WALK IN A FASHIONABLE WORLD



A white buckskin low shoe is ready for town or country wear when it has a perforated tip and trimming of black leather and a black Cuban heel

EVEN though fashion threatens to lengthen skirts the well-groomed woman, now grown accustomed to the exceptionally smart shoe, has no intention of relinquishing her foothold. Strap slippers, varying in fabric, cut and heel, are worn with the afternoon frock and the evening gown, and for walking or sports there is the Scotch brogue and sturdy Oxford and the strap pump. Satin, suède, ooze and kid in black, brown, bronze, fawn and gray are used for afternoon wear. Slippers for evening are of metal cloth, brocade or satin to match the gown, or of black, with the gracefully curved heel the color of the gown.



For the lingerie frock there is a slender white kid pump with not one but three straps. Black shows through the perforated markings



A simple strap slipper of black patent leather of a type much used by the Parisienne is worn with a silk stocking of gray, mole or black, preferably with the "à jour baguette" or drop-stitch clock at the side



Photograph by Seiberger

If her hat is one of the Summer velvet models, even though all between is airiness and ruffles, the Parisienne considers black patent strap slippers a fitting end for the fairest and most summery of costumes



Below the stately drapery of the formal afternoon gown or dinner frock appears the satin slipper where not only straps but tiny square cut buckles are used for adornment. These buckles are of cut steel and jewels



Photo by Eidowes

Embroidery believes in starting at the bottom of the ladder to achieve its success, for here we find it worked in steel beads on the strap and edge of a black satin slipper



Photo by Eidowes

The classical cothurne in brocade, satin or metal cloth, with its lacings of satin ribbon, is perhaps the most beautiful type of evening slipper



Photo by Eidowes

For walking and a certain type of street costume nothing takes the place of the well-cut brogue oxford, with its low heel. Lisle or wool stockings are correct with a shoe of this type



Dress 3124
Embroidery
design 10844



Dress 3165



Dress 3127



Dress 3144



Dress 3137
Embroidery design 10890



Middy blouse
3133

IN THIS SEASON OF YOUTHFUL STYLES YOUR DAUGHTER FINDS
PLENTY TO HOLD HER ATTENTION

3124—10844—The appearance of the long body at the front and back makes this dress a most distinctive one. It slips on over the head and closes on the shoulders and it can be made with a blouse body lining. Use crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or taffeta alone or in contrast; or use gingham, linen-finished cottons or linen alone. The embroidered motifs are so arranged on the long body as to give the effect of a figured material. These all-over embroideries are very smart and take comparatively little time to work up when carried out in one stitch. A 17-year size requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard linen 36 inches wide, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards contrasting linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards. This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3165—Within the slender silhouette of this frock is one of the most unusual and smartest lines of the season. It is the joining of the two-piece lower part and body. The young girl chooses a plaid and plain material to accentuate the attractiveness of this fancy outline. The dress slips on over the head. It can be made with a blouse body lining, if you think it necessary. Use linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, ratine, taffeta or pongee; or combine white linen or cotton with colored linen, or chambray with gingham, or taffeta, foulard or satin with tricotine or serge. A 16-year size requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard chambray 32 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards gingham 27 inches wide. Lower edge $54\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3137—10890—This adorable frock is guiltless of any waist-line and has its separate knickers showing below. This little one-piece frock slips over the head and has a group of tucks just above the hem. The lower edge is straight and the fulness is arranged in gathers on a small round yoke effect. Fine cotton crêpe, cotton voile, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, crêpe de Chine, pongee and taffeta are the materials to use. The single sprays of cherries make a very effective trimming for this type of frock. They can be worked in a contrasting color in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch embroidery. A 5-year size requires 2 yards fine cotton crêpe 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting cotton crêpe 40 inches wide. This dress is pretty for little girls 2 to 10 years.



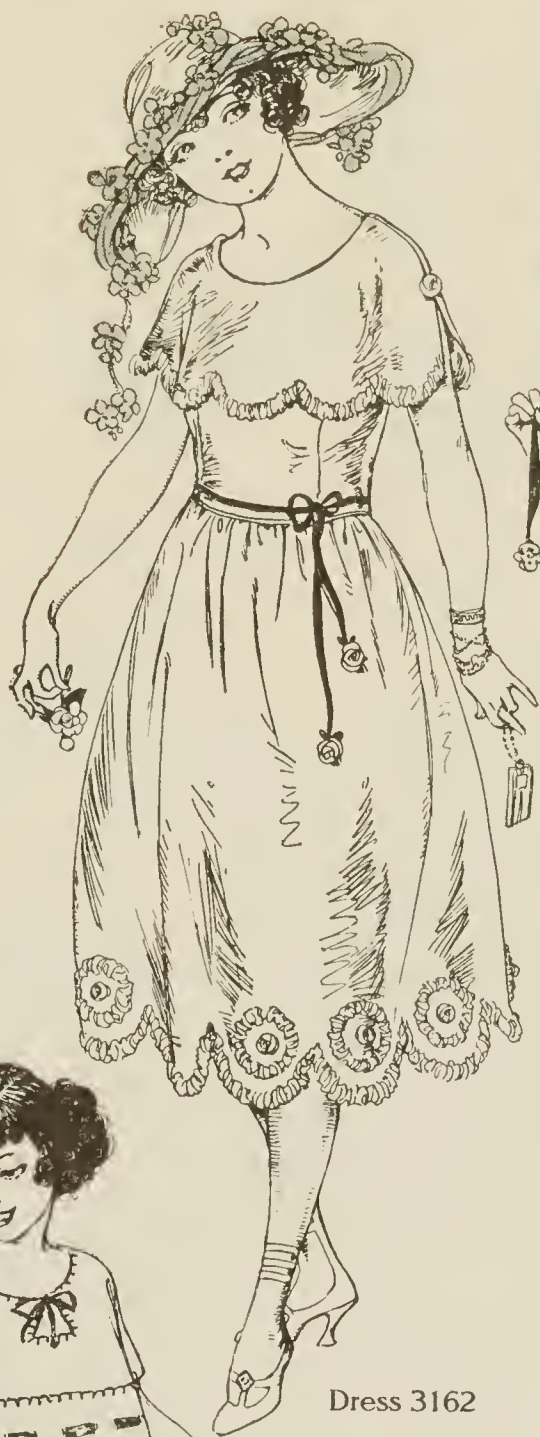
Tam-o'-shanter 3157

3157—For sports and motoring there is nothing quite so attractive and convenient as the tam-o'-shanter and for small girls it is very smart for general wear. It fits the head closely, keeping the hair in place, and it is delightfully light and comfortable to wear. Girls of all ages find these tam-o'-shanters becoming and women can wear them for sports. Duvetyn, velours, broadcloth, flannel, velvet and corduroy are the best materials to use. This tam-o'-shanter is very easily made. The band can show or not just as you please. The tam for misses' size requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard velvet 36 inches wide; for girls' size $\frac{1}{2}$ yard flannel 36 inches wide. This tam-o'-shanter is suitable for misses and girls and it is becoming to ladies and children.

3133—The ideal garment for the schoolgirl is the middy blouse, youthful and becoming in appearance, comfortable to wear and easy to launder. A new model is gathered into a band at the bottom. This band effect is seen in some of the smartest overblouses of the season. Linen-finished cottons, jean, twill, khaki, pongee, crêpe de Chine, serge and flannel make attractive and durable blouses. If the blouse is white, the collar and cuffs can be in color. Rows of narrow braid can be used for trimming. A 16-year size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of drill 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of contrasting-color drill 36 inches wide for the collar and the cuffs. This blouse is good for girls 6 to 20 years; also for misses. Other views of these garments are shown on page 78.

3144—When the waist closes in surplice fashion and ties in a sash at the back the stripes of a pretty tub silk have a very interesting career. The straight skirt of this frock is tucked and finished a little above the normal waistline, but the drapery of the waist coming down over the skirt suggests the fashionable lengthened line. This dress can have a blouse body lining which would be finished with the camisole line beneath certain materials. Use dimity, gingham, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, cotton voile, dotted swiss, organdy, batiste, taffeta or crêpe de Chine. A 16-year size requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of striped tub silk 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard plain silk 36 inches wide. Lower edge $58\frac{1}{2}$ inches. This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years.

3127—As the new blouse with the long sleeve and flat white collar and cuffs of the tailored type is an essentially youthful style, your youngest daughter is not going to pass it by. She uses it in a frock that has a straight plaited or gathered skirt. This skirt is sewed to an underbody and the blouse slips over the head. Use gingham, chambray, linen-finished cottons, linen, cotton poplin, cotton homespun, taffeta or wool jersey; or use a chambray or cotton poplin blouse with a gingham skirt; or combine colored cottons or linen with white cotton or linen or taffeta with plaid taffeta. A 14-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards wool jersey 54 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide. This dress is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years.



Dress 3162



Dress 3076
Embroidery design 10899



Dress 3146



Dress 3085



Dress 3139



Dress 3123
Embroidery design 10699



Dress 3131

THE LOW WAISTLINE IS FASHIONABLE UNLESS YOU
ARE ABOUT THREE AND CHOOSE THE EMPIRE

3076—10899—With softly bloused lines and the smart pointed vestee and rather high-cut, flat collar you have a very becoming style for the young girl. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist a little below the normal line and the softness is again accentuated by a broad simple sash that ties at the back. You can use a blouse body lining or not, just as you choose. Linen, gingham, ratine, cotton poplin, crêpe de Chine, Canton crêpe, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe meteor and foulard are suitable materials. The embroidered banding at the hem and on the sleeves gives the effect of large flowers in a very simple way. It is carried out in one-stitch embroidery and is very smart worked in a contrasting color.

A 16-year size requires 2½ yards Canton crêpe 40 inches wide, ¾ yard contrasting Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 64 inches.

This dress is lovely for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3162—Paris has returned to the fitted waist because she has discovered that it accentuates the charming, new fullness of the straight skirt it is combined with. The deep bertha collar is particularly becoming to the young girl and heightens the quaint effect of the fitted lines. The dress closes at the back, and the skirt and waist are joined at the normal waistline. Use Canton crêpe, crêpe de Chine or taffeta. An organdy, Georgette or net bertha could be used on taffeta or an organdy or batiste bertha on a gingham, linen or linen-finished cotton dress.

A 17-year size requires 3⅞ yards of taffeta 36 inches wide. Lower edge 3 yards.

This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3139—It is the placing of the trimming that gives this interesting wide-band effect on this very smart simple frock. The dress is made in one piece and slips on over the head. The necessary fullness is arranged in inverted plaits at each side. Linen, linen-finished cottons, Japanese crêpe, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray, unbleached muslin, crêpe de Chine, taffeta and pongee are the materials you would use for this type of dress. The running of ribbon through the double row of slashes is very pretty. The simple stitches that finish the neck and sleeves and mark the wide band effect are very attractive and no trouble at all to work.

An 8-year size requires 1⅝ yard of linen 36 inches wide. This dress is smart and becoming for girls who are 2 to 12 years old.

3146—A bib-like arrangement which ties in a sash at the back gives an unusually attractive line to an otherwise very simple frock. The skirt is straight and sewed to the waist at a rather low line. A blouse body lining can be used, if you think it necessary. Gingham, cotton homespun, linen, linen-finished cottons, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe voile, taffeta, crêpe Canton, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, plaid silk and tub silks are smart materials to use. On the colored tub materials a white collar and cuffs are smart.

A 16-year size requires 3⅝ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide, ⅜ yard organdy 40 inches wide. Lower edge 58 inches.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3123—10699—At the age of three it is smart to arrange one's new French fullness in puffs. There is an adorable little frock that has puff sleeves and a little puff effect between the square-cut yoke and Empire line. The straight skirt is gathered. Nainsook, lawn, dotted swiss, organdy, batiste and dimity would be pretty made in this fashion. The embroidery is worked out in butterflies. They make a very dainty trimming and are carried out in outline, satin-stitch, French stemming and eyelet embroidery. They can be white, self-color or in contrast. Embroidery of this type is simple to do, yet unusually effective.

A 3-year size requires 1⅞ yard of nainsook 36 inches wide. This dress is pretty for little girls who are 1 to 6 years old.

3085—A delightful long-bodied frock for Summer has a very charming round yoke and a new version of the puff sleeve: The straight skirt has the wide tucks which show up so effectively on sheer cottons and silks. The dress slips over the head and the skirt and waist are joined a little below the normal waistline. The narrow ribbon sash seen through the slashes is very pretty. A soft, wide sash could be used, if you prefer. The use of a blouse body lining is optional. It would be very pretty in organdy, cotton voile, batiste, plain Swiss, handkerchief linen, net, Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and Canton crêpe.

A 17-year size requires 3¾ yards Georgette crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is pretty for misses 16 to 20 years.

3131—The deep scallop outline marks not only the hem but the long-body line and short-sleeve line in this very smart frock. This little dress is simple but most becoming. It slips over the head and closes on the shoulders. The straight skirt is sewed to the body at the low line. The flat, rather high-cut collar is new and very youthful. It is becoming made in contrast to the dress. Use gingham, chambray, linen-finished cottons, linen, cotton poplin, cotton homespun, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, pongee, taffeta, check silk or plaid silk; or combine chambray with gingham. Plaid silk is also pretty with serge.

A 12-year size requires 2⅞ yards striped chambray 32 inches wide.

This dress is smart for girls 8 to 15 years.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 78

GIRLS! GIRLS!

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DAINTY FROCKS FOR ONE'S DAUGHTER AND WELL-CUT CLOTHES FOR THE MEN OF YOUR FAMILY



Dress 3151

3151—Your seven-year-old daughter proves that she has arrived at the age of reason when she chooses such a smart frock. There is a box plait at each side of the front and back and the closing comes at the back. This round, scalloped collar is becoming, and the flat, higher style is also very youthful. Use gingham, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons, piqué, crash, crêpe de Chine, serge or checks. The leather belt gives a very smart touch.

A 7-year size requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of linen 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of piqué 36 inches wide. This dress is very pretty for girls who are 2 to 12 years old.

3154—10817—Sweet enough to frame the fairest of baby faces is this little cap which can be finished in so many different ways. Crêpe de Chine, faille silk and fine muslin are the materials that can be used. The embroidery makes a very pretty trimming. It is arranged in little flower sprays which are worked in eyelets, French stemming and satin-stitch and the turned-back band is edged with tiny embroidered scallops.

The infants' size requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard batiste 36 inches wide.

This cap is pretty for infants and children 1 to 3 years old.



3154



3149



3151



Cap 3154
Embroidery Design 10817



3149



Suit 3149

3149—A new version of the ever interesting sailor suit is made with a slip-over blouse which can be worn with straight trousers or knickerbockers. These suits are very becoming to small boys. The collar and cuffs can be attached or removable. The removable style is used when the suit is dark and trimmed with light collar and cuffs. This allows for frequent laundering. Use chambray, galatea, poplin, madras, repp and linen-finished cottons.

A 5-year size requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards chambray 32 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard contrasting chambray 32 inches wide.

This suit is becoming to little boys 2 to 7 years.

3153—A new type of pajamas that is liked for its simple comfortable lines has the front cut in one with the trousers. These pajamas can be finished in a shorter length if you prefer. Madras, crêpes, percale, pongee, fine cottons, muslin and wash silks are used. These are also good pajamas for boys. The construction is very simple so they are easy to make, and they are also very easy to get in and out of. The pocket is convenient.

A 38 breast requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards madras 32 inches wide.

These pajamas are good for men 36 to 48 breast; they are also good for boys.



Pajamas 3153



Dress 3125
Embroidery design 10677

3125—10677—Little frocks like this, so simple in line yet so interesting, are really a pleasure to make and are particularly becoming to little girls. The fullness of the straight skirt is emphasized attractively by the plain lines of the deep yoke to which it is gathered. The collar is most unusual in outline having two pretty squares in front and ending in a deep point at the back. This type of dress could also have the flat collar. Dresses like this are made of dimity, lawn or nainsook, batiste, cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta and pongee. It is also pretty for gingham. This very fine type of embroidery is particularly dainty for children's frocks. This design is made up of tiny-grouped flowers. At the hem the flowers are connected with leaf sprays. This embroidery can be worked in self-color or in contrast.

A 4-year size requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard cotton voile 40 inches wide.

This dress is lovely for little girls 2 to 6 years.

NECESSARY GARMENTS THAT ARE SIMPLE
ENOUGH TO PICK UP IN ONE'S ODD MOMENTS



Bloomers
and
underbody
3147

3147—The very modern young lady does away with petticoats and wears circular bloomers under her play frocks. This reduces laundry efforts and bills. These bloomers allow much more action and freedom while playing. You can join them to an underbody, if you like. Gingham, chambray, linen, linen-finished cottons and cotton poplin bloomers are worn with a cambric or muslin underbody, and serge bloomers usually have an underbody made of lining material.

A 6-year size requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard muslin 36 inches wide for waist, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide.

These bloomers are good for girls 2 to 12 years old.



Rompers
3156
Smocking
design
10635



Nightgown
3170
Embroidery
design
10896



Drawers and
underwaist
3172



Petticoat and waist 3155

3170—10896—Even your youngest daughter longs for the daintiest of lingerie. A simple nightgown such as this is cut in one piece and slipped on over the head. The fulness can be drawn up on a pretty colored ribbon and fine hand-embroidery of the type the French use on lingerie can trim it. Nainsook, long-cloth, cambric and muslin can be used. The neck and sleeves are finished with tiny embroidered scallops and the dainty flower sprays are carried out in French knots, lazy-daisy stitch and outline embroidery. White is the color for embroidery of this type. This dainty embroidery is particularly lovely on lingerie and it launders nicely.

A 10-year size requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of batiste 36 inches wide. This nightgown is pretty for girls 2 to 14 years.

3172—A well-cut garment that you will find an asset in your small girl's wardrobe are these straight drawers which are buttoned to a simple underwaist. They are very simple in construction and allow plenty of room for action. Make the waist of cambric and the drawers of nainsook, or use muslin with cambric, or twill with muslin. A narrow lace edging makes a pretty finish that launders nicely. Tucks are also used on garments of this type. They trim it prettily, add no expense and there is always the possibility of letting them down as the child grows.

An 8-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard cambric 36 inches wide.

These drawers and underwaist are very good for girls 1 to 14 years old.

3156—10635—Rompers are such satisfying affairs because they are not only the ideal garment for a child to play in but they are one of the most becoming garments as well. This new smocked model is very simple in construction. The closing at the lower part is convenient. Chambray, small-check gingham, linen-finished cottons, dimity, unbleached muslin, crêpe de Chine and pongee are the best materials to use. The smocking takes care of the fulness and makes a pretty trimming as well. It is the diamond design and can be worked in white or self-color. A fancy stitch is used and the results are very attractive.

A 2-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard gingham 32 inches wide. These rompers are pretty for children 1 to 3 years.

3155—Children's undergarments meet with such frequent laundering that they must be practical as well as pretty. A straight little petticoat of this type can be sewed or buttoned to the simple waist. It is very easy to make. This dainty flounce is very pretty; but if you do not care for the flounce, tucks can be grouped at the hem for trimming. Nainsook, cambric and muslin are the best materials to use. If you were making the petticoat of flannel, you would use muslin for the waist. A scalloped edge would also be a pretty and durable way of finishing this petticoat.

The petticoat in 9-year size requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of nainsook that is 36 inches wide.

This petticoat is pretty for girls $\frac{1}{2}$ to 14 years.



WOMEN who are proud of their trim and dainty ankles buy BURSON Fashioned Hose because they fit perfectly and have no seams to offend the eye. BURSON stockings are shaped in the knitting to conform perfectly to the graceful lines of the leg. They hold their shape no matter how many times they are washed, and they wear a long time.

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3147

3170

3172

3155

3156



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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

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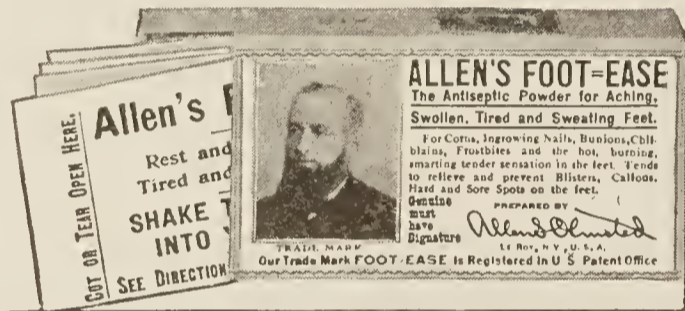
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Over One Million five hundred thousand pounds of Powder for the Feet were used by our Army and Navy during the war.

Ask for ALLEN'S
FOOT-EASE



Dressing-sack 3164

Petticoat 3158

Bloomers 3150



3158

3150

3136

House dress 3136

3164

Kimono or Pullman robe 3168

3168

ATTRACTIVE ESSENTIALS OF THE WARDROBE

3136—A well-cut attractive house dress is first aid to hard work. This one-piece model has a yoke and the vest front extends all the way to the hem, giving a new and very becoming panel line. Gingham, chambray, galatea, seersucker, cotton poplin, linen-finished cottons and madras make pretty, practical house dresses. A white collar and cuffs to match are fresh-looking.

36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of percale 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain white material 36 inches wide. Lower edge with plaits drawn out $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard.

This house dress is good for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

3158—Soft yet slender are the lines of this two-piece petticoat. A straight ruffle could be added. You can plait this ruffle in side or accordion style or just gather it. A shadow-proof panel can be used at the front and back. Use long-cloth, batiste, nainsook, sateen, crêpe de Chine, satin, tub silk, etc.

38 hip requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge of petticoat $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This petticoat is pretty for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

3164—A delightful little dressing-sack that is no trouble to make and an endless pleasure to wear is cut in one piece. It would be very dainty in cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dotted swiss, lawn, crêpe de Chine, wash silk, crêpe meteor, soft taffeta, figured silk, albatross or challis.

36 bust requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard chiffon 40 inches wide.

This dressing-sack is pretty for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3150—Many women prefer this long bloomer to the petticoat under their frocks. This model is particularly attractive and can be made with a reinforced seat and leg or with only a reinforced seat. Use crêpe de Chine, silk jersey, wash satin, China silk, satin, soft fine sateen and mercerized fabrics.

38 hip requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards silk jersey 36 inches wide.

This bloomer is good for ladies 35 to $49\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

3168—A wide contrasting band down the front and around the sleeves is an effective way of trimming a simple kimono of this type. With the hood it makes a splendid Pullman robe. Use cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dotted swiss, crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards cotton crêpe 32 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard plain crêpe 20 or more inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This kimono or Pullman robe is suitable for ladies 32 to 52 bust.



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50 cents at all toilet counters, or
send 5 cents for miniature box

Envelope chemise 3145



Chemise 3141

3160

3145

3160

3141

3166

Pajamas 3166

Pajamas 3160
Cap 2040

DAINTY LINGERIE THAT IS VERY EASY TO MAKE

3145—You can get a very pretty effect in your envelope chemise by arranging the slight fullness on a narrow band-like yoke effect. This chemise is very simple to make but can be trimmed as elaborately as you like. The lines are slender but have a certain soft fullness which is very necessary under the new silhouette. Use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, mull and crêpe de Chine.

36 bust requires 1 3/4 yard flowered crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

This envelope chemise is pretty for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3160—2040—These dainty pajamas, made with a one-piece front, can be used for a sleeping garment or a delightful negligée. Use crêpe de Chine, cotton voile, etc. The boudoir cap which has a very becoming ruffle trimming can be of crêpe de Chine, etc.

36 bust requires 2 7/8 yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide; the cap, in ladies size, requires 5/8 yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 3/8 yard taffeta 40 inches wide.

The pajamas or negligée are pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; they are also good for misses; the cap, 2040, is becoming to ladies and it is also pretty for misses.

3141—Delightfully soft under the new fuller lines yet very simple in construction are these new step-in chemises. This model is cut in one piece and can be trimmed with fine tucks in front and back, or this fullness can be arranged in gathers, if you prefer. The pretty outline at the bottom can be accentuated with a dainty lace edging. Use batiste, handkerchief linen, nainsook, long-cloth, cotton voile, crêpe de Chine and Georgette.

36 bust requires 1 7/8 yard batiste 36 inches wide.

This chemise is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3166—Pajamas of this simple and charming type are the newest sleeping garment in the world of fashion. Many women choose them for a lounging-robe. This blouse style is very attractive and has the kimono construction. Use crêpe de Chine, wash satin, wash silks, Georgette, pongee, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, mull, dimity, etc.

36 bust requires 3 5/8 yards of wash satin 36 inches wide.

These pajamas or lounging-robe are pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; they are also pretty for misses.



One of the Keds sport shoes. Excellent for tennis, canoeing, sailing. High or low.



One of the new Keds pumps. Either with a heel or without, also with ankle strap. Very trim and neat looking.



One of the children's Keds—made on Nature last. For dress up or play. There are also oxfords, sandals and high shoes for children in the Keds line.



One of the leather trimmed Keds. With either brown or white leather. Welt construction sole of rubber composition. Very popular.

To think that shoes could make such a difference in a summer

EVERYONE is discovering that canvas rubber-soled shoes—originally designed for sport—are just the thing for everyday wear.

When you are taking life easy—sauntering to the mail, visiting with a neighbor, working about the house, they are so restful, so neat, so cool-looking. They give you the relaxation you wish in warm weather.

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You will notice the difference right away. There is a shapeliness in the last, a fineness in the quality of the canvas and the rubber, a sturdiness of construction that makes them hold their shape.

There are many kinds of Keds in addition to the well-known tennis shoes—pumps with a low heel, oxfords, high shoes and low—all made of canvas with rubber soles. There are also many kinds for men and boys.

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Keds were originated and are made only by the United States Rubber Company. The name is marked on every pair. Be sure to look for it.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

Not all canvas rubber-soled shoes are Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. Look for the name Keds on the shoes.



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Appliqué embroidery design 10901

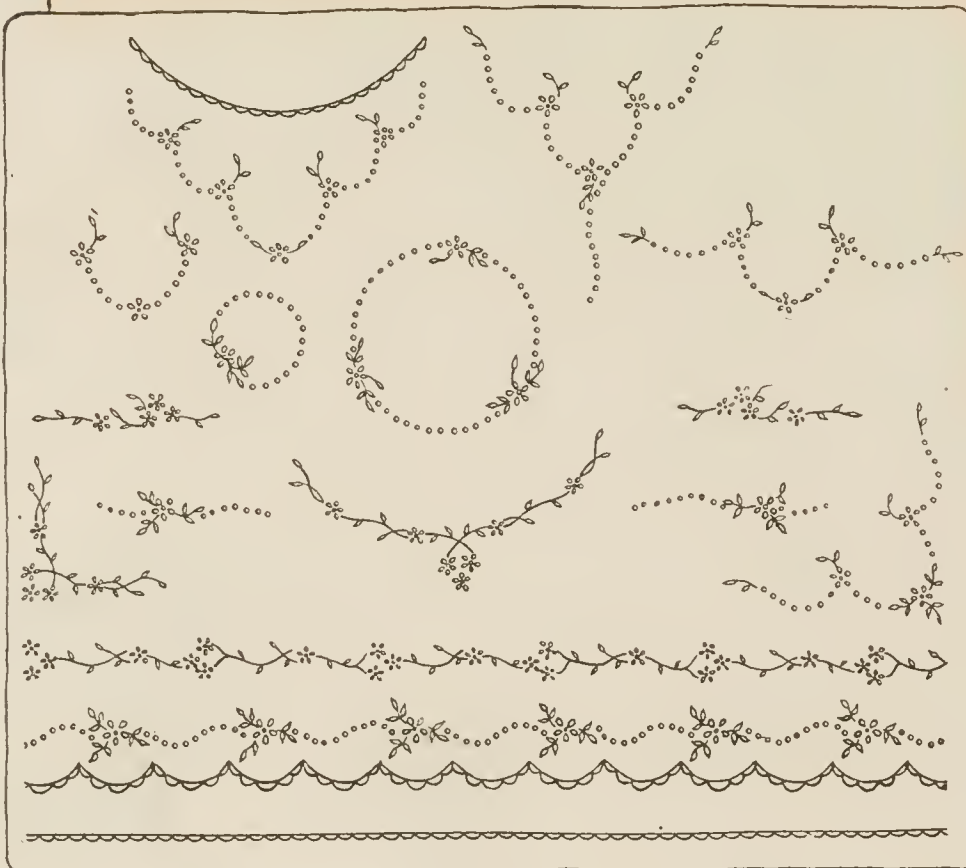


Appliqué embroidery design 10902



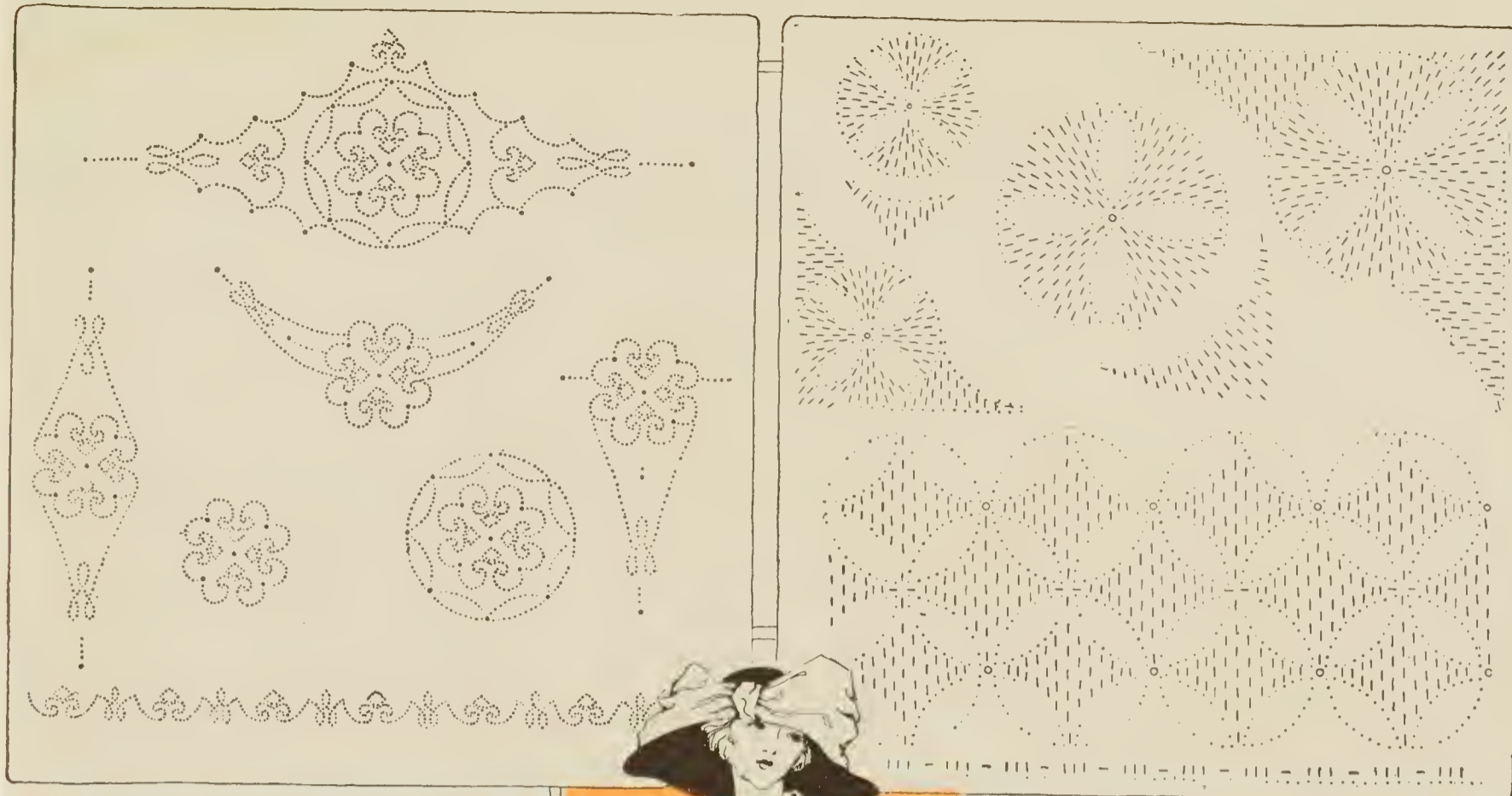
10901—Inherited from our grandmothers is this love of appliqué and patchwork, a great deal of which appears on the newest bedspreads. Effective floral designs are worked in varied colors on unbleached muslin. These flowers are also pretty in outline embroidery. They work up simply and quickly in any of these three ways. This design can be adapted to a basket 24½ inches high and 25½ inches wide that is suitable for the center of a single, three-quarter or double bed, 2 corners and a motif for a bolster roll; also a duplicate of each motif that can be used in appliqué.

10902—Appliqué or patchwork flowers of the same character as those used on the bedspread can be worked on curtains, bureau-scarfs, pincushions, sofa-cushions and scarf ends. This type of work is very easy to do, yet these bright spots of color on the simple background are unusually charming and attractive. The design can be adapted to a scarf 56 inches long and 18 inches wide, 1 pincushion 2 baskets 11 inches high and a duplicate quantity of each that can be used in appliqué or patchwork.



Embroidery design 10900

10900—This fine flower-like work is the type of embroidery that the French use on lingerie, blouses, collars and children's little frocks and infants' clothes. Eyelets, satin-stitch, lazy-daisy stitch, outline embroidery, French stemming and buttonholing are the different stitches that are used, and they are all very dainty in effect. The design can be adapted to 1½ yard scallops 1½ inch wide, ¾ yard scallops ¼ inch wide, 2½ yards banding 1 inch wide, 1½ yard banding ¾ inch wide, 33 assorted motifs, 3 neck outlines and 4 corners.



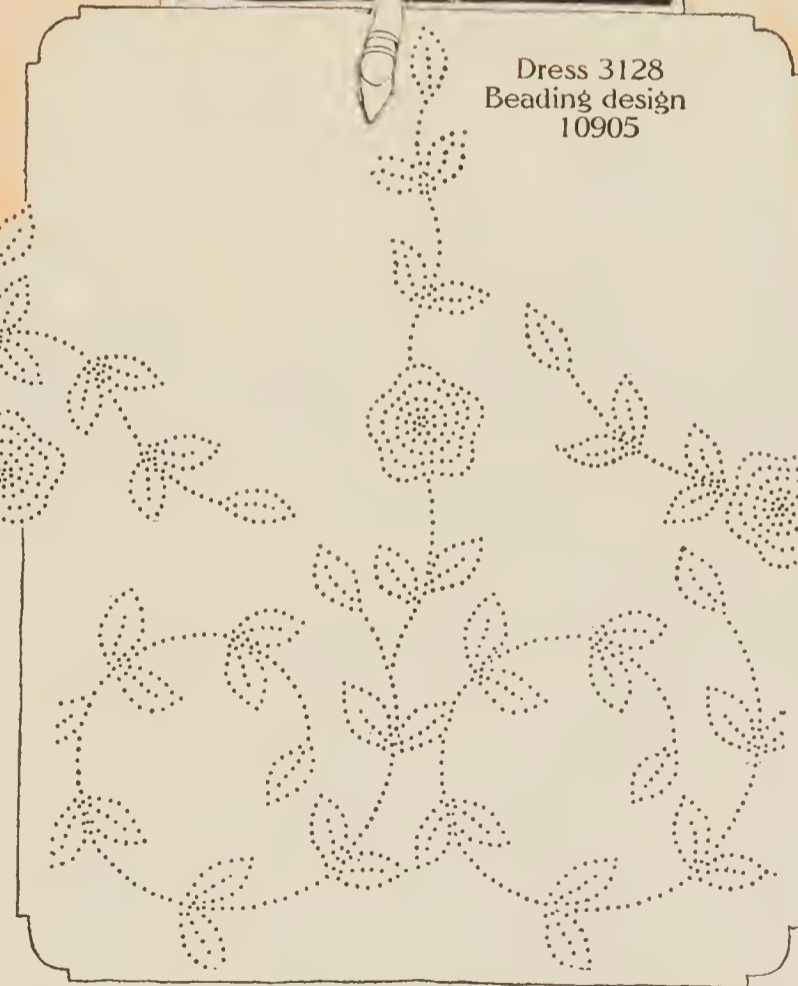
Dress 3103
Beading design 10903



Dress 3128
Beading design
10905



Dress 3142
Beading design
10904



10905—The French put just the right touch of simplicity in this rose trimming, which they carry out in beads. The garlands and leaves cover much space effectively. A lovely frock, such as 3128, which has the lengthened waist emphasized by soft drapery, acquires much distinction when the design is arranged on the tunic. This trimming could be worked in French knots instead of beads and the design can be adapted to $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding 28 inches wide, 8 corners 7 x 12 inches, 4 neck outlines.

10904—One sees much of the bugle bead on the smartest costumes, and it is particularly effective when combined with the small round bead and used in a conventional design like this. These simple designs are lovely on soft, slender-lined frocks such as 3142, which has the fashionable low waist and deep bertha collar. If you do not care to use beads, you could get practically the same effect with one stitch and French knots. The design can be adapted to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $8\frac{5}{8}$ inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards banding $\frac{3}{8}$ inch wide, 6 motifs $5\frac{3}{4}$ x $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches, 9 motifs $6\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, 3 motifs $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter, 3 motifs $5\frac{7}{8}$ x $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 3 motifs 3 x $1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 3 corners $10\frac{1}{8}$ x $14\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 6 corners $6\frac{1}{2}$ x $9\frac{1}{8}$ inches.



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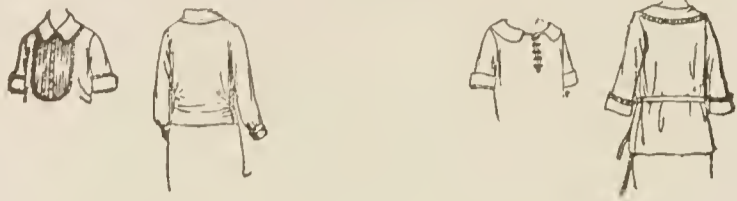
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 60, 61, 62, 63 AND 64

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 60 and 61



3169

3152



3159

3129

3148



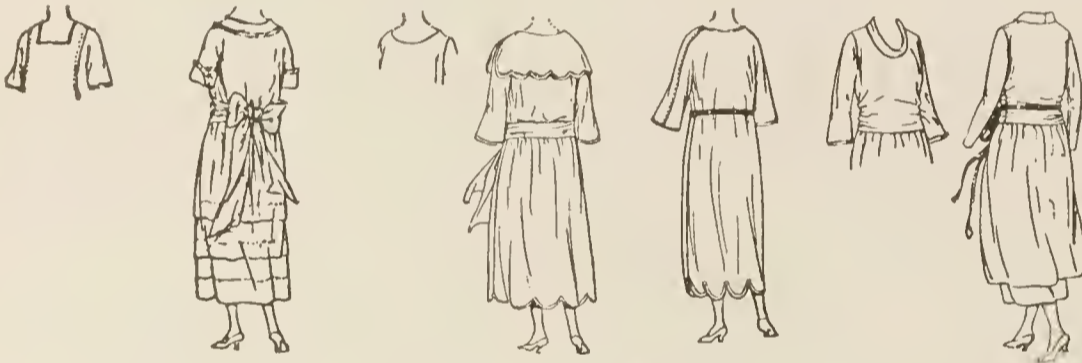
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Other views of these garments are shown on pages 62 and 63



3138

3142

3140

3128



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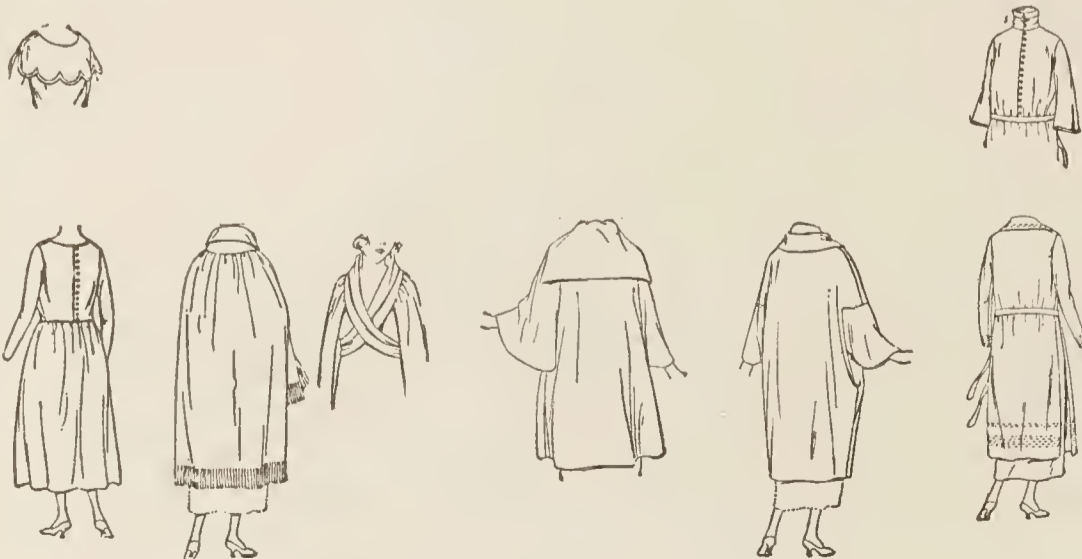
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Other views of these garments are shown on page 64



3105

3120

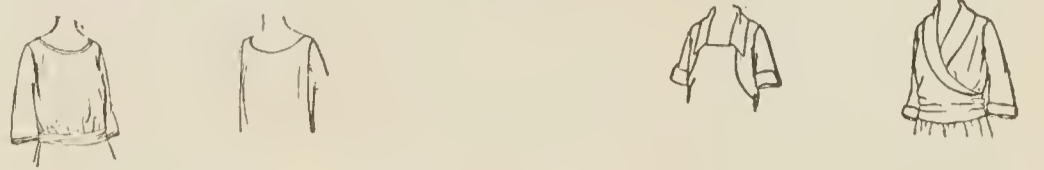
3118

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3078

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 65, 66, 67, 70 AND 71

Other views of these garments are shown on page 65



3175

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Other views of these garments are shown on pages 66 and 67



3143

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3110



3101

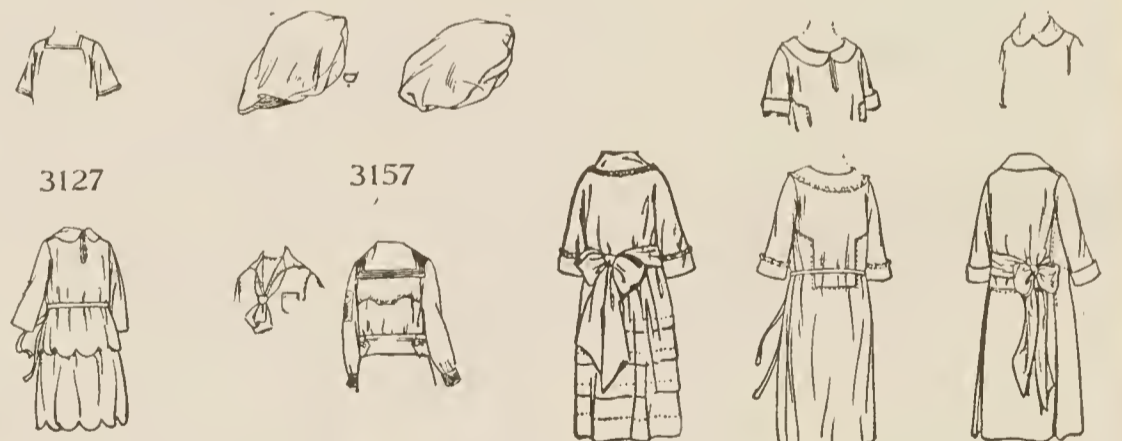
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Other views of these garments are shown on pages 70 and 71



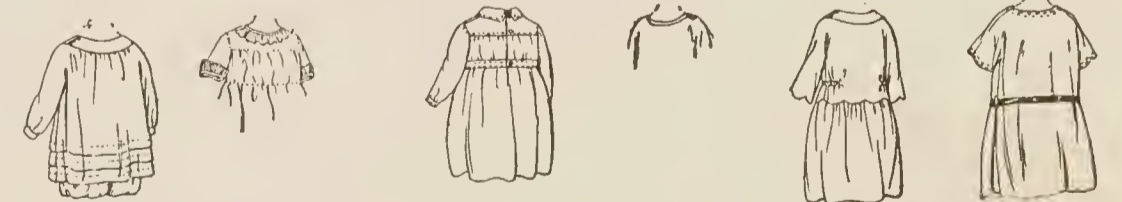
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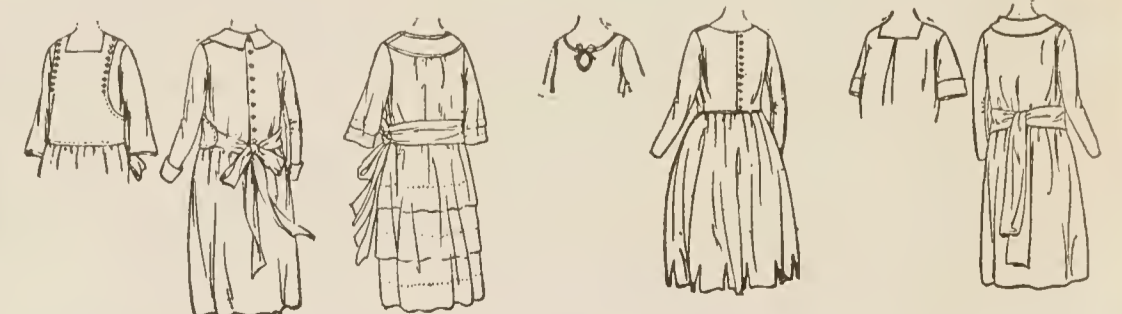


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Cinnamon Rolls made from bread dough (One and one-half dozen)

Take 4 cups (2 lbs.) bread dough, when ready to shape into loaves. Roll out to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thickness. Sprinkle with $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoon sugar and 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Make into long even roll and cut into 18 pieces. Set close together, with cut surface down, in buttered pan, let rise until twice their bulk. Butter tops, sprinkle with cinnamon and sugar. Bake in quick oven 20 to 25 minutes.

For sweeter, richer rolls, cream together: 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon butter or lard; 1 egg, and add to regular dough, together with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup raisins and enough extra flour to make medium dough.

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Package of 5 cakes 10cents



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