

THE DELINEATOR

December 1919

he
TT
500
D3
1.95
006
119

MISS S K Lott
Lott
N Y
23 Oct 2019
X X X X X X
S R
I N T
Lott



MONTANYE PERRY, GUTZON BORGLUM, WALTER PRICHARD EATON,
MABEL POTTER DAGGETT, JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, MARGARET
WIDDEMER, SAMUEL MERWIN, FRIEDA HEMPEL, JUDGE SHUTE

TWENTY CENTS
THE COPY

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

\$2.00 A YEAR
\$2.50 IN CANADA

Keeps your

Kitchen Spick and Span



Old Dutch quality insures thorough and economical cleaning with less work and better results. Makes everything in the kitchen — floor, walls, utensils, cabinet, etc. — bright and spotless.

THE DELINEATOR

HONORÉ WILLISIE, EDITOR

VOL. XCV DECEMBER, 1919 NO. SIX

JAMES EATON TOWER, MANAGING EDITOR

With the Editor

HOW MUCH?

IT WAS a tea-party and little Margery was there by special favor. There had been much conversation about the high cost of living and much bemoaning of the get-rich-quick methods of the butcher, baker and garage man.

Margery listened in well-trained silence for a time; then with the abrupt simplicity of the eight-year-old mind she said:

"Mother, how much money do you have to have before you are rich?"

A little laugh went round the room; then Margery's mother said lightly, "Enough to keep one from worry."

"How much is that?" asked Margery.

"You make me think of *Paul Dombey*, Margery," exclaimed Mrs. A—. "He asked his father what money was. And his father replied that money was something that could accomplish anything. And *Paul* said, 'Then why didn't it save my mother?' and the astute older *Dombey* had no reply.

"Well, what is money?" shrilled Margery.

There was a short silence. Then Mrs. A— said soberly, "I guess money is about what you make it, my dear; a little, sometimes, is a blessing and a great deal a curse."

"I was thinking last night," said Margery's mother, "that if I were back where I was ten years ago I'd be doing my own housework and not caring a fig about servants' wages. And John would be working in the garden Saturdays instead of playing golf."

"Oh, I know how you feel!" exclaimed Mrs. S—. "It seems sometimes as if it would be a relief if a crash would come and we'd all have to go back to the simple days of our grandmothers. Heavens! How it would simplify our problems!"

Margery wriggled in her chair. "But you don't tell me how much money makes you rich," she insisted. "I want to be rich some day, and I must know."

Little Miss R—, the librarian, leaned forward to take the child's hand.

"Oh, my dear!" she exclaimed. "It's not money that makes one rich. The people with money I know are mostly stupid and mostly unhappy. I have little money, but I count myself rich. I know through my work most of the great minds of the ages. I have enough salary to feed and clothe myself decently and to save toward my old age. And I envy no one. Who says I'm not rich?"

The child looked puzzled. Then she said: "Aren't all great people rich? I mean, don't they have lots of money?"

"Very, very few great people have been rich," replied the little librarian. "Much money clutters up the mind so that there is little room for the finer things."

"Were Christ and Abraham Lincoln poor?" asked the child.

"They were the richest men in the world, because they had everything but money," said Miss R—.

Margery sat staring thoughtfully at the cream-tart in her hand. Her mother sighed and smiled. "I feel as if I'd had a pretty fair sermon, thanks to Margery and Miss R—," she said.

"But nobody's told me how much money makes you rich," shrilled Margery. "And I want to know!"

DESIRE

IT WAS a day or so before Christmas. We were in the subway crush in New York City, fighting to get home to supper with the rest of the four million. A well-groomed, tired-looking man who got on with a friend at Wall Street clung to the strap next to ours.

"Once," he said across us to the friend, jammed

on the other side, "I spent a Christmas at the Grand Cañon. For days the memory of it's been haunting me. With all the unrest and worry of these after-war days, I tell myself nothing would seem so near heaven as to lock my office door and go out there for Christmas. I know exactly how it would look. The big gash, with the snow sifting into it, white drifting down on blue depths. The sun would slip clear just before setting. For a moment you'd see the black ribbon of river a mile below and the cañon walls, every color of the rainbow and the snow drifting and shimmering like wavering mist. Nothing can give you the idea of eternity that the Grand Cañon does. And the peace of it and the silence! Lord, Lord, the silence! I wish I could spend Christmas there. I believe I'd get back some of the religion I've lost here. Lord, the quiet of it!"

Then he stopped speaking with a sigh as though the hideous uproar of the subway discouraged him.

THE SERVANT QUESTION

A MAN said to us the other day that the maid and other questions of housekeeping efficiency would not be solved until the business men of the nation took hold of the matter.

Naturally we were filled with conflicting emotions by his statement. One feeling was of admiration for his courage. Undoubtedly the majority of men believe as does our friend, but few have the nerve to tell a woman so. Another feeling was of mild amusement at this renewed display of the eternal egotism of the male sex. And still another feeling was of humility, with the secret admission that, to a certain degree, he probably was right.

As far as the mechanical side of the house is concerned, the business man probably could organize far better than the average woman. The house would be more efficiently equipped, more simply furnished. Men's training has prepared them far better for this sort of organizing than has women's.

But with the maid question—well, we have serious doubts as to man's superiority here. He has not shown himself especially wise in handling labor questions. And the maid question is a labor problem of a peculiarly personal and delicate character.

We have several times on this page laid down the dictum that the servant problem is a matter of competing in hours and wages with factories. Yet a number of women have written us, after reading the dictum, that however they may meet or pass the factory pace, maids will not stay with them. On the other hand, we know women who keep their maids in spite of over-work and under-pay.

So, somewhat timidly, we lay down a new dictum. The servant problem can not be dealt with by generalities, for each case is a problem of personal relationship between two women. Regardless of sex, not one person out of ten thousand knows how to be a Boss. Tact, sympathy, unselfishness, and a blending of democracy with a capacity for leadership—all these must belong to the successful Boss. What training or experience does the mistress receive to qualify her for inspiring confidence, respect and affection in her maid? And the relationship between mistress and maid is so intimate that unless these three qualities exist, the relationship ceases.

What man will undertake to teach a woman to be a Boss?

AS OTHERS SEE US

A SERVANT who had been a working woman for twenty years talked to us about guests. She began by asking if it ever occurred to us that guests who appeared to the hostess as models of

good manners appeared often quite otherwise to the servant in the house.

"They'll say 'good morning' to you and the children and the other guests. They won't include the servant who is standing beside 'em, handing 'em a plate. They seldom say 'thank you' to a servant. They think because there's a servant in the house they needn't pick up their rooms. Women are worse than men in this. Half the women's guest-rooms is a *sight*. But the men haven't so many things to sling round and men are more orderly-like than women, anyhow. In a house where there's a lot of servants, these things don't matter so much. But in the one-servant house it makes a difference. I'd like to feel friendly to the guests and I'd like to see the same things in 'em as the madam does. But it's only once in a while I get a chance. Most guests have one set of manners for the maid and another for the madam."

We thought the matter over, blushed over our own many sins of omission and commission, and pass Mary's statement on to you for your consideration.

SMUT

A LITTLE boy of seven made his first appearance at school last Fall. It was a public school in a small Eastern town. At the end of the second day, just before he said his prayers at night, he asked abruptly:

"Mother, what does — mean?"

The mother gasped. The word was one of unutterable filth.

"I know it's bad," said the child, "but I don't know what it means. The kids at my school use lots of bad words, and they swear something awful. I suppose all kids do, so don't be surprised at anything I say."

The mother, the next day, went to see the teacher.

"Yes, it's true," said the teacher; "children get worse every year in that direction. We teachers do what we can, but that is very little. During the war the use of oaths among soldiers was enormous. Little boys are reacting to that now. Moreover, children are sent to Sunday-school less and less each year. They receive more intellectual and less spiritual training each year. No, I haven't any suggestions to make. You might try washing out his mouth with soapsuds. They do say public schools are worse than private in this direction—but I'm not at all sure of that."

TO INDIA'S CORAL STRAND

COMES now to our desk a little magazine, *The Woman Missionary's Friend*, published in Waltham, Massachusetts. It doesn't sound thrilling, does it? Yet, do you remember how Kipling's *Kim* intrigued your fancy? Do you recall how Kipling brought to the very door-step of your imagination the sound and scents and sights of India?

Here, then, is a little monthly that brings word in intimate, homely detail of the Christian missionaries in *Kim's* country. Somebody writes from Lucknow of the influenza plague that burned as fiercely there as here. Another tells the pathetic story of a little low-caste Hindu girl named Chandarmani. Chandarmani, little and neglected, who lives in Cawnpore, India! Some one else tells of a trip through the Ichang Gorge on the way to Chungking in Western China.

Wonderful women, these missionaries, who give their lives to carrying the Christian God to far places; brave beyond our stay-at-home understanding; wise, we surmise, beyond our limited conceptions; unsung except for casual mention in casual report. We are yet very sure that the world has marched upward on the sacrifices of such as they.

OUR UNITED STATES BRANCHES:

2231-2249 South Park Avenue Chicago, Ill.
609 Mission Street San Francisco, Cal.
79-89 Marietta Street Atlanta, Ga.
105 Chauncey Street Boston, Mass.
1201-3-5 Washington Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

Published monthly by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO.

George W. Wilder, President William A. Publow, Secretary
Charles D. Wilder, Treasurer

Butterick Building, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York

OUR FOREIGN OFFICES:

27 Avenue de l'Opéra Paris, France
83 and 84 Long Acre London, W. C., England
468 Wellington Street, West Toronto, Ont., Canada
319 Elgin Avenue Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO SUBSCRIBERS: The price of THE DELINEATOR is two dollars per year, or twenty cents per copy, in the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, Hawaii, Philippines, Panama, Guam, Turulla, and the city of Shanghai; in Canada, two dollars and fifty cents per year, or twenty cents per copy; in all other countries, three dollars per year per subscription, or twenty-five cents per copy. All Rural Free Carriers can supply postal money-order for the renewal of subscriptions. Subscriptions are registered within three days after their receipt by us. We always date from the current issue, unless otherwise instructed. We can not acknowledge single subscriptions. We should be notified of any change of address between the fifteenth and the twenty-second of second

month preceding month of issue. When you order a change, be sure to give the old as well as new address. If your magazine fails to arrive before the twenty-second of the month preceding the month of issue, advise us by postal and we will mail you a duplicate copy. To avoid confusion always sign your name the same as signed when forwarding the subscription. As an example: If your order is given in the name of Mrs. John Jones, do not write later in the name of Mrs. Mary P. Jones. The editors assume no risk for manuscripts and illustrations submitted to this magazine, but will use all due care while they are in their hands.

OUR GUARANTEE: We absolutely guarantee the reliability of every advertiser in THE DELINEATOR. If any reader incurs a loss through misrepresentation of goods in any advertisement in THE DELINEATOR, we guarantee that this loss will be refunded. If the advertiser does not make it good, we will. G. W. WILDER, President of The Butterick Publishing Company.

Copyright, 1919, by The Butterick Publishing Company, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. Entered as second-class mail matter July 12, 1879, at the Post-Office at New York, under the act of March 3, 1879.



GOSSIP

DO RIGHT, and fear no man.
Don't write, and fear any woman.
The picture post-card is man's greatest boon to man.
P. S. to a man means Postscript.
P. S. to a woman means Peruse Secretly.

TOO MUCH GAS

WHEN Henry K. Field, the editor and president of *Sunset Magazine*, was introducing Will Irwin to a San Francisco audience a while ago, he gave a considerable amount of time to eulogizing the speaker, who had just returned from the battle-front. So much introductory matter was hardly necessary in Mr. Irwin's home town, and the master of ceremonies was suddenly abashed to find that his audience, instead of taking his remarks with proper seriousness, was rocking with laughter.
He hesitated in his address and glanced at the guest of honor beside him. The situation was at once explained, for there sat Mr. Irwin with his face completely covered with a gas mask which he had hastily donned. The introduction went no further.

PREDESTINATION

MY SOUL, what stuff of cloud or mist
Forms your vague fabric, mortal-proof?
Of what strange weave do you consist?
What warp and woof?
And when you speak, then are you I.
Or nothing, answering in my stead?
Shall come question by and by
When I am dead?
Your whisper stirs the harp of Fate.
And Eros swerves and cries, "Enough!"
While Pan, through you, shall compensate:
My soul! What stuff!

UGH!

AN EASTERNER visiting San Francisco and its beautiful environs is perhaps more impressed by the eucalyptus-trees than by any other one feature of the dramatic landscapes. "Gums," the Californians call them, and groves of these strange, naked-trunked, quick-growing giants are found everywhere on that coast. A real-estate man was showing his friend, Mr. Field, a new suburb, pointing out the excellent building-sites where groves of eucalyptus were being cut down.
"I don't like the name we have for the place," said the promoter to his companion. "Can't you suggest a better one?"
"Well," said Mr. Field, looking it over thoughtfully, "why don't you call it Pyorrhoea? Just observe the receding gums."

HOROSCOPE

GIRLS born in this month, when the old year must leave us,
Will be Dainty, Enchanting, Coy, Eager, Mischievous;
While the lad who is born on a December day
Will be Bumptious, Erratic and Rash, so they say.

MAUDE ADAMS'S AUDIENCE

MAUDE ADAMS coming in "Quality Street"! The good news traveled up and down the corridors where girl students in the University of Wisconsin were wont to congregate. There were those of thrift and forethought who had seats in orchestra or balcony, but for the most of us—we were "going rush." We cut out classes, laid in a supply of chocolate bars, took along a book or two, and stood—hundreds of us—in a jam in front of the theater. The foremost of us were there seven hours.

Miss Adams saw us, and it touched her heart, but we knew nothing of that then. At seven o'clock the doors opened; our signal for a mad rush up the dark stairs to the topmost balcony. Another long wait, and the proper audience began drifting in. We lowered to them long lines, made up of old string, queerly pieced out with our red and blue ties, and the laces from our note-books.

The proper audience, catching sight of the odd fish-lines weaving in front of them, gave us a smile, and obligingly tied to the lines the programs our fifty-cent tickets didn't include. We fished until there was at least one program to every ten of us.

The curtain rolled up at last. There was a breathless silence, then applause. Miss Adams looked up, not merely a stage up, but up until she saw us, and her eyes and smile said perfectly plainly:

"I saw you, you middy-blouse girls, waiting dinnerless out there. I saw you fishing for programs. I'm proud to think you wanted to see me so much, and because you did, I'm playing for you to-night."

And she did play for us, looking not always out at the audience, but often up at us. Then, between the acts, she made a speech—not a box-

office speech, not a speech for the proper audience in their reserved seats; but to us, way up, breathless and thrilling, in "nigger heaven."

She said in words just what her eyes and smile had said all during the act. She made us feel as if we were the real audience, the one that mattered. Box-office receipts for once didn't count.

Miss Adams has no doubt forgotten, but we, widely scattered over a workaday world to-day, will never forget. For in our hearts, beating wildly under middy blouses during that little speech, were shrines erected and candles lighted, and those candles on those girlish shrines are the kind that burn forever. R. B.

MISS WILSON'S ENCORE

A SONG which Miss Margaret Wilson, the President's daughter, sang to American soldiers in France and Belgium, and that pleased them even better than "Madelon" or the *sabot* song—for which she put on wooden shoes or *sabots*, stamping with her feet as they stamped vigorously in unison—was the quaint old duet, "Madam, Will You Walk and Talk with Me?" Miss Wilson sang it with the tenor, Ross David, her teacher. With Mrs. David as chaperon and accompanist, the two made the long tour through the military zones.

Mrs. David, seeing that the popularity of the duet, given with action, might be made greater still, wrote some clever topical verses to interpolate. One of those verses, always winning hilarious approval, ran:

I will give you a *grand château*
Avec steam heat and *beaucoup de l'eau* (plenty of water).
Madam, will you walk with me?
I will give you, with Columbia on the prow,
A great big liner to take the boys home now.
Madam, will you walk with me?

Always the boys echoed wildly, the "Now! Now! Now!" One night the repetitions were unusually tempestuous. In the midst of it a soldier shouted, "Ask your old man when we are going home!"

"Yes, yes," came the chorus, tornado-like, "ask your old man when we are going home!"
"Boys," returned Miss Wilson, smiling and coming to the front of the stage, "my father is just as homesick as you are, but he doesn't know any more than you do when he can go home. You see, just like you, he has to stay here until all this work he came to do is done."

They thundered back cheers for her and then for the President. After that all joined her in singing "Smiles."

GOSSIP

CONDUCTED BY BURGESS JOHNSON

ENGLISH LIT.

"WHILE playing on tour in 'The Rose of the Rancho,'" says Frances Starr, "I received an amusing letter from a very young Chicago girl who had seen me act, suggesting a play in which she thought I could act:

"In looking through some of the dramatic works in my father's library recently, I came across a play which would suit your beauty and talent, Miss Starr. I have never heard of it being produced in America, though a note in the front of the book says it was done in England years ago.

"It's about a young girl who falls in love with a handsome youth and takes a sleeping-potion to escape marrying the man of her father's choice. When the handsome youth finds his sweetheart apparently dead, he seizes the remainder of the drug, drinks it and expires.

"Awaking, the girl sees what has occurred, and, crazed with grief, immediately takes her own life. I think the heroine's name is *Juliet*, but I can not recall who wrote the play."

"Shades of Shakespeare! I thought at once that there must be something wrong with the system of teaching English literature in Chicago. Perhaps the young lady had an early-developed sense of humor."

JUSTINIA

THE naming of individual motor-cars goes right on, with a greater or less display of humor—mainly less. Who has heard of a more pat name than that of a "Henry," whose owner is a Harvard professor, a learned and brilliant man who has a Summer place on the rocky coast of Maine? He has christened his car "Justinia."

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

MY SUPER-SOCIABLE dentist is a competent man, which means everything to me, but he drives me nearly to distraction by leaving me at three-minute intervals, while my mouth and throat are choked with a rubber dam, to chat with visitors. I'm sure if I were practicing his profession I'd try to put myself in my patients' place. But perhaps I'd be as unconcerned as my good old D.D.S. E. W. G.

HOW much longer are we women going to endure man-planned and man-made furniture which dislocates our spinal columns, strains our muscles from neck to heel, and damages our nerves? Women would never make sinks and tables of a height intended for pigmies, or chairs that would produce a hurry call for the osteopath. Julia.

BEING an eater in restaurants is no choice of mine; I'd rather "have my legs under my own mahogany." One of my troubles is the waiter who insists on wiping my plate with a cloth which he carries under his armpit—hot days as well as cold. Waitresses are neater than waiters. Welcome the day when our food is served by women exclusively. J. T.

ABOUT eight-thirty every week-day morning above the sidewalks of our business streets floats a cloud of the filthiest dust. This is the time when hundreds—thousands, I suppose—of clerks, girls as well as young men, are going to work.

The Amalgamated Association of Sidewalk Sweepers has to have its morning nap, and will not sweep until this time. But it is an outrage. Owners of buildings, I suppose, must control these sweepers. It seems to me if I were the boss of the sweepers, I'd see that the work was done before the heaviest traffic begins. H. H. Wells.

I BELIEVE I am sincere in asserting that I could attend church much oftener if I were not compelled to breathe the foul air until tortured with headache and nausea. Few churches are built with anything resembling a system of ventilation.

Fewer still make an effort to ventilate. I get up and walk out when half asphyxiated. The janitor is not allowed to open a window. Have not the clergymen some influence in this vital matter? W. E.

THE soda-fountaineer is richer than I. He gets fifteen or twenty cents for stuff that can't cost him half of that amount. If I were in his place, I'd have a sense of responsibility and some pride about the condition of the glasses and dishes on my counter. Ugh!

The clerks, you say, would walk out? Clerks who can't or won't observe ordinary rules of cleanliness should not be allowed to dispense drinks.

However, I know a few fountains that are models of neatness, with paper cups or an adequate force of dish-washers. I boycott the dirty places, but I see men, women and children—especially small children—marching up to an army of vile bacteria as heroically as our boys went over the top at Château-Thierry. E. M. N.

ARNOLD BENNETT has written a sentence that expresses exactly our ambition for *DELINEATOR* stories. Says his imaginary reader, "I acted more wisely then, I wasn't such a dupe then, I perceived more clearly then, I felt more deeply then, I saw more beauty then, I was kinder then, I was more joyous then, I was happier then—than I should have been if I had not read that book."

That's how we want our readers to feel—one of those ways—after they've read a *DELINEATOR* story.

Our stories are not chosen haphazard. There is a story for every member of the family, as well as some that every one in the house will want to read, in every number—from the girl who is too old for juveniles and too young for grown-up tales to the person who has been reading stories for years and years, and likes charm and finish above everything else in a story. Some of the authors who are writing stories to appear in 1920 are:

Mary Brecht Pulver, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Mary Hastings Bradley, Samuel Merwin, Joseph C. Lincoln, Alice Dyar Russell, Fanny Heaslip Lea, Agnes Mary Brownell, Lucille Van Slyke, Ethel Chapman Haring, Kay Cleaver Strahan, Shirley Seifert, Fannie Kilbourne, John Moroso, Ruth Comfort Mitchell, Nalbro Bartley, Zona Gale, Frederick Orin Bartlett, James Francis Dwyer.

GOOD verse, after real poetry, is in every number too. Marguerite Wilkinson, Sara Teasdale, Margaret Widdemer, Eleanore Jewett, Elizabeth Newport Hepburn, Theodosia Garrison, are just a few of the really distinguished American poets who write for you.

THE future of Democracy rests largely with our children. Their responsibilities and burdens are going to be unprecedented—terrific.

Dorothy Canfield Fisher, back from years of service in France, is deeply concerned about the training and education of the children, for their own sake and that of the nation and humanity. Since writing "Mothers and Children," "The Montessori Mother," etc., she has taken new stock of the world's problems.

Mrs. Fisher's message—an event in educational annals—will be delivered soon through *THE DELINEATOR* in a series of articles.

HOMELY, bracing amusement—kindly cheer—smiles that balance tears—all this and even more, in story-essays to be contributed to *THE DELINEATOR* in 1920, by Irving Bacheller. This most delightful of story-tellers will "sit in" with us the coming year and give us some of the treats of our lives. The best tonic for a harassed world.

This entire page could be filled to overflowing with the things we want to say about the treasures in store for *DELINEATOR* readers during 1920, but there simply isn't room here and now.



*A Christmas Message
from the
World's Greatest Artists*

TO EVERY LOVER OF BEAUTIFUL MUSIC THE GREAT ARTISTS WHOSE NAMES APPEAR BELOW SEND THEIR WARM CHRISTMAS GREETINGS. THEY CANNOT BE WITH YOU ON CHRISTMAS DAY BUT THEY CAN VISIT YOU THROUGH THE VICTROLA—THEIR "OTHER SELF." THEIR SONG, THEIR ART, THEIR LAUGHTER CAN HELP TO MAKE YOUR DAY HAPPIER AND REMAIN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR TO CHEER AND ENTERTAIN YOU.

MANY MUSIC-LOVERS ARE JUST NOW CONSIDERING THE PURCHASE OF AN INSTRUMENT FOR CHRISTMAS. THEY ARE URGED AND ADVISED BY THESE ARTISTS TO BUY THE VICTROLA. THESE ARTISTS MAKE VICTROLA RECORDS EXCLUSIVELY BECAUSE THEY BELIEVE THEM TO BE THE MOST FAITHFUL AND THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE WORLD. THEY BELIEVE THAT THE VICTROLA WITH ITS PURE EXQUISITE TONE IS THE ONLY TRUE AND ADEQUATE INSTRUMENT FOR REPRODUCING THEIR ART.

ALDA
BRASLAU
CALVÉ
CARUSO
DE GOGORZA
DE LUCA
ELMAN
FARRAR

GALLI-CURCI
GARRISON
GLUCK
HEIFETZ
HOMER
KREISLER
MARTINELLI
MCCORMACK

MELBA
PADEREWSKI
POWELL
SCHUMANN-HEINK
SCOTTI
SEMBRICH
TETRAZZINI
ZIMBALIST

Victors
and
Victrolas
\$12 to \$950

Victor dealers
everywhere

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U.S.A.

VICTROLA



To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on all products of the Victor Talking Machine Company.



What Does Your Mirror Reflect?

When you see your face reflected in a mirror, do you have that sense of pride and satisfaction which comes from the consciousness that your skin is healthy, glowing, and altogether charming?

Or are you discouraged instead, because you have tried so many recommended treatments and still your skin looks muddy, oily and colorless?

Try Resinol Soap now, and see if it does not make a blessed difference. Its refreshing lather, filled with soothing, healing qualities, searches every pore, and helps to cleanse them from the little particles which have lodged there,—giving the skin a chance to breathe.

RESINOL SOAP FOR BABY'S BATH TENDS GREATLY TO PREVENT CHAFINGS, AND TO KEEP THE TENDER SKIN SOFT AND HEALTHY.

For sale by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Resinol Shaving Stick soothes and refreshes the face while supplying a rich, creamy, non-drying lather.

Resinol Soap

THREE

A STORY OF THE FIRST CHRISTMAS, SO SIMPLE AND REAL THAT THE CHILDREN WILL LOVE TO HEAR IT, SO CHARMING THAT SOPHISTICATED READERS WILL ENJOY IT

BY MONTANYE PERRY

"THIS an outrage!" the man growled. "If we must be counted, let the great Caesar send his men throughout the land to number us where we dwell."

"It is very hard," the woman agreed, blue eyes fixed anxiously on the dark, frowning face. "But since we needs must go, let us go peacefully. By day the countryside is full of beauty, and to camp at night with our kinsmen and neighbors is not unpleasant."

"Oh, shall I go? Shall I, my father?"

It was a slim, straight little lad, with the fair hair of the mother, the deep, dark eyes of the father, who sprang forward, hands clasped tensely, cheeks aflush with desire.

The man eyed him sternly. "Dost speak when thine elders are not done, Rebah?" And, as the boy murmured abashed apology: "If thou wert not so rash and impulsive, I would be minded to take thee with us. But thou wouldst be running ahead in search of adventure, or lagging behind to explore some spot which took thy fancy, filling thy mother's heart with fear."

The sensitive face flushed crimson. The dark eyes went straight to the mother-gaze, pleading through a mist of hot tears. The woman spoke gently:

"'Tis many weeks, my husband, since our son hath wandered from home without permission. Doth he not deserve reward?"

"A righteous man doth rightly without thought of reward," was the answer, but the lines of the grave face softened a trifle.

"But Rebah is not a man, only a little lad, and I dread the long journey without him. I should be wondering momentarily if he were safe."

"To please thy mother, then, I will consent, my son. But mind, no racing away for what thou callest adventure."

"I will be very careful," stammered Rebah.

He longed to leap and shout for joy, but the Hebrew child is decorous in the presence of his elders. He pressed his flushed cheek against his mother's arm and the shy movement spoke infinite gratitude.

"May I run to the hilltop?" he asked. At her nod, he slipped quietly through the low doorway and was off up a steep path, running fleetly, fair curls blowing in the wind, young heart pounding with rapture.

Breathless, he dropped on the soft turf. Below him a village clung to the hillside, its narrow streets rising one above the other like white terraces bordered with flat-roofed houses. Beyond, a sea of mountains lifted their peaks to the very skies, cleft in one spot by a chasm through which came the glint of a river.

"We shall cross the valley and the river of Kishon," exulted the lad. "Over the wide plains and up the steep hills, and on, on to Jerusalem!" His eyes were aglow with the magic of long-treasured dreams. "I shall see the city walls, and the towers and the great, golden temple. I shall go to Bethlehem where my mother played when she was a little, little girl, and my father tended flocks on the hill-sides."

There for an hour he dreamed of delights to come. Then as the sun crept westward and the mountain-tops stood out against a golden background, he rose and ran down the path to the door where his mother waited.

"I am not late?" he asked anxiously. "My father hath not asked for me?"

"Nay," she smiled; "thy father hath gone down into the village to buy what is needful for the journey. And thou must go early to sleep, for we start with the sunrise. Thou wilt be very good, my little lad? Thou wilt not once forget and wander away from us?"

"I shall not forget," he promised, and she smiled at his earnestness.

Sunrise saw a long procession of travelers filing out of the village gates to follow the sun-baked road down into the valley, where barley-fields lay hot in the sun and quail piped among the thick stalks of ripened wheat; through the foot-hills, across the river, out upon the old royal road.

A day, a night, another day of wonder and enchantment, and Rebah did not forget his promise.

"I am pleased with thee, my son," said his father near the close of the second day, and the lad's heart leaped with joy at the rare words of praise.

They climbed the last pitch of the steep road from the Jordan Valley to the Highlands of Judea. "Look," said the father, one hand on the lad's shoulder, the other pointing. "Jerusalem!"

Against a sky of soft lavender and gold stood towers, terraces, colonnades, a vast huddle of flat roofs, the dark bulk of a Roman castle, and, dominating all, the glittering roof of the Temple.

"A-ah!" The quivering sigh of ecstasy was Rebah's only utterance, but the father, seeing the rapture of the young eyes, was satisfied.

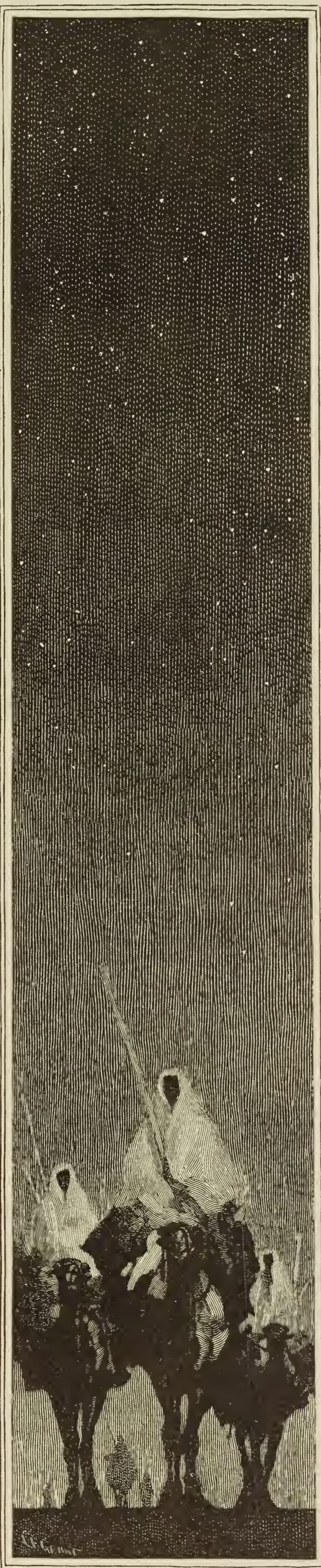
"In the morning we shall go on to Bethlehem and have done with our business there. You can see the road we shall take, straight from the city walls, across the hills. And when great Caesar's hirelings have numbered us, we shall come back to the city and thou shalt see its wonder."

Zealously Rebah ran to gather wood for the fires and soft green boughs for the beds. But when the evening meal was finished, he left the lads who romped at their games, and sat with his mother looking across to where the great city lay behind its battlemented walls.

"I am so happy, my mother!" he whispered.

"Because thou hast been good," she answered tenderly. "Go to thy bed now. To-morrow will bring new scenes and excitement and little lads must rest."

Rebah went willingly, creeping into the green nest with delight in its cool fragrance. Gradually the noises of the



KINGS

camp ceased, but Rebah, his mind racing with excited anticipations, lay wide-eyed, watching the wavering shadows of the camp-fire against the canvas; the white stars pricking through the triangular patch of blue beyond the tent door; the lone watchman who stalked now and again across his vision.

The hours dragged by. It was after midnight, for a new watchman had taken up the vigil. The lad was very tired of lying there, wooing the drowsiness which refused to come. He rose, crept from the tent, went down the green slope for a short distance and sat on the grass, looking across at the city of his dreams.

A full moon had risen, silvering the flat roofs, the dark towers and the Temple dome. Below, the mists lay in the valley like heaps of feathery snow. Down from the green slope ran a rough road softened now to a shining ribbon. And as he drank in the beauty, there floated up to him a faint, wailing cry, silence again, and again the cry.

"It is a lamb," Rebah said, leaning forward to listen; "a wee, lost lamb! And the shepherds were driving the flocks away to new pastures to-night. The little one was left behind. It will die!"

Again the cry, faint, clear, frightened. He sprang to his feet and stood listening anxiously. He thought of his own pet lamb at home. He loved all young creatures, but especially the tender, furry lambs, so stumbling and helpless. Longingly he looked toward the pasturelands, then turned a resolute face to the tent where his parents slept.

"I must go back to my bed." He took one step, and the faint bewildered call came again. The dark eyes filled with tears.

"I can not!" he sobbed. "I can not leave it to die alone!"

Beside the tent hung his own leathern flask, freshly filled with milk for the morrow's journey. He caught it up, slung its band about his shoulder and darted down the path.

At the foot of the first cliff he paused, voicing the call that shepherds use when flocks have scattered. No answer came and he looked about, uncertainly, and left the trail to explore a patch of shrubs. A moment later the cry trembled up and he followed the path again.

So he searched, now retracing his steps, now turning to search among the rocks, now coming back to follow the shining thread of road.

He came at last to where the path touched the valley's edge. The pastures were less barren now, there was almost a forest of low trees whose branches grew close to the ground, and against their darkness he saw a gleam of white. With a joyous exclamation he ran forward. The lamb was caught between two intersecting boughs, exhausted with its struggles, in a panic of fear at touch of human hands.

"A-ah, little beauty," crooned the lad, soothing the tiny thing until it lay quietly in the curve of his arm, while his free hand found the leathern flask and gave it to the eager lips.

Hunger appeased, the lamb fell fast asleep. Rebah, huddling the warm little animal, now his own, stretched himself on the ground where the fallen leaves lay thick.

"I will rest for one moment," he thought.

He did not sense the hour's lateness. The branches were thick above him. He did not know the moon had set and the stars were growing pale, nor that the eastward sky held a touch of silver, the first faint promise of dawn. Overhead a bird stirred and twittered drowsily. Rebah's closed eyes opened, closed again; the lamb stirred; mechanically he hugged it closer. Other birds twittered; shy, wild things moved through the underbrush; the band of silver broadened and brightened in the East—but Rebah slept!

It was the lamb's insistent cries that roused him at last. He sprang to his feet, stared dazedly at the patches of sunlight on the brown leaves, and the wonder in his eyes was replaced by piteous dismay.

"It is broad day! Mother will be frightened! My father will be angry!"

He darted out to the path, and as he came into the open space the enormity of his trouble burst upon him. For the sun blazed full and strong straight overhead.

"It is midday!" he sobbed, and began to run, stumblingly, blinded by hot tears. A plaintive cry followed him. He turned back, caught up the lamb, and ran again.

"They will be gone," he thought. "My father warned me if I strayed from them I must find my way alone."

It was an hour's swift climbing. To the frightened lad it seemed a whole day's journey. And when at last his eyes swept the green slopes, his fears were confirmed. Gone were the stretches of canvas, the horses, the donkeys, the whole paraphernalia of travel.

"And I had been good, and my father was pleased with me!" He caught his breath in an agony of regret.

Down the steep trail again—how long it seemed to-day! The road ran southerly now, across a valley where poppies nodded and bright anemones smiled; up again, skirting the walls of the great city; dropping sharply through tangled thickets of mulberry, then threading a gentle slope that came out on the elevation of Mar Elias. There another valley lay before him and half-way up its side the afternoon sun picked out a mass of low, white houses.

"Bethlehem!" breathed the lad. "And the sun is almost gone. I must make haste!"

But Rebah had traveled a long distance. He had eaten nothing since the early supper of the night before. The weight of the lamb, which had seemed nothing to his sturdy arms, dragged heavily now. But though he paused often to shift the lamb's weight from one aching arm to the other, he had no thought of abandoning the helpless creature.

The road ran into a broad highway which stretched across the valley, and it was packed with slow-moving caravans. From every corner of Caesar's domain the sons of Bethlehem were coming with wives and children and children's children. A new dread touched Rebah. Should he, after all, be able to find his parents before darkness blotted the whole scene into a formless mass of confusion? Even now, shadows lengthened across the valley and the distant peaks were blurred. The month was December, and the days were very short.

In and out among the hurrying pilgrims he darted.

Concluded on page 54

IVORY SOAP FLAKES—Ivory Soap may also be had in flaked form, thus giving you this absolutely SAFE cleanser in the most convenient form for fine laundering. Sample package free on request to The Procter & Gamble Co., Department 17-L, Cincinnati, Ohio.

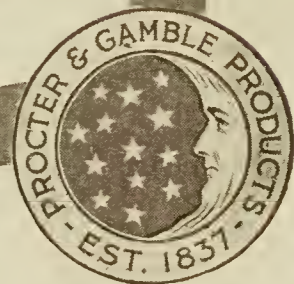


IT FLOATS

IVORY SOAP has *all* the good qualities that anybody could want in a soap for personal use. It is mild; it is white; it is pure; it is delicately fragrant; it lathers copiously; it does not dry on the skin; it rinses easily and completely; and it FLOATS.

IVORY SOAP

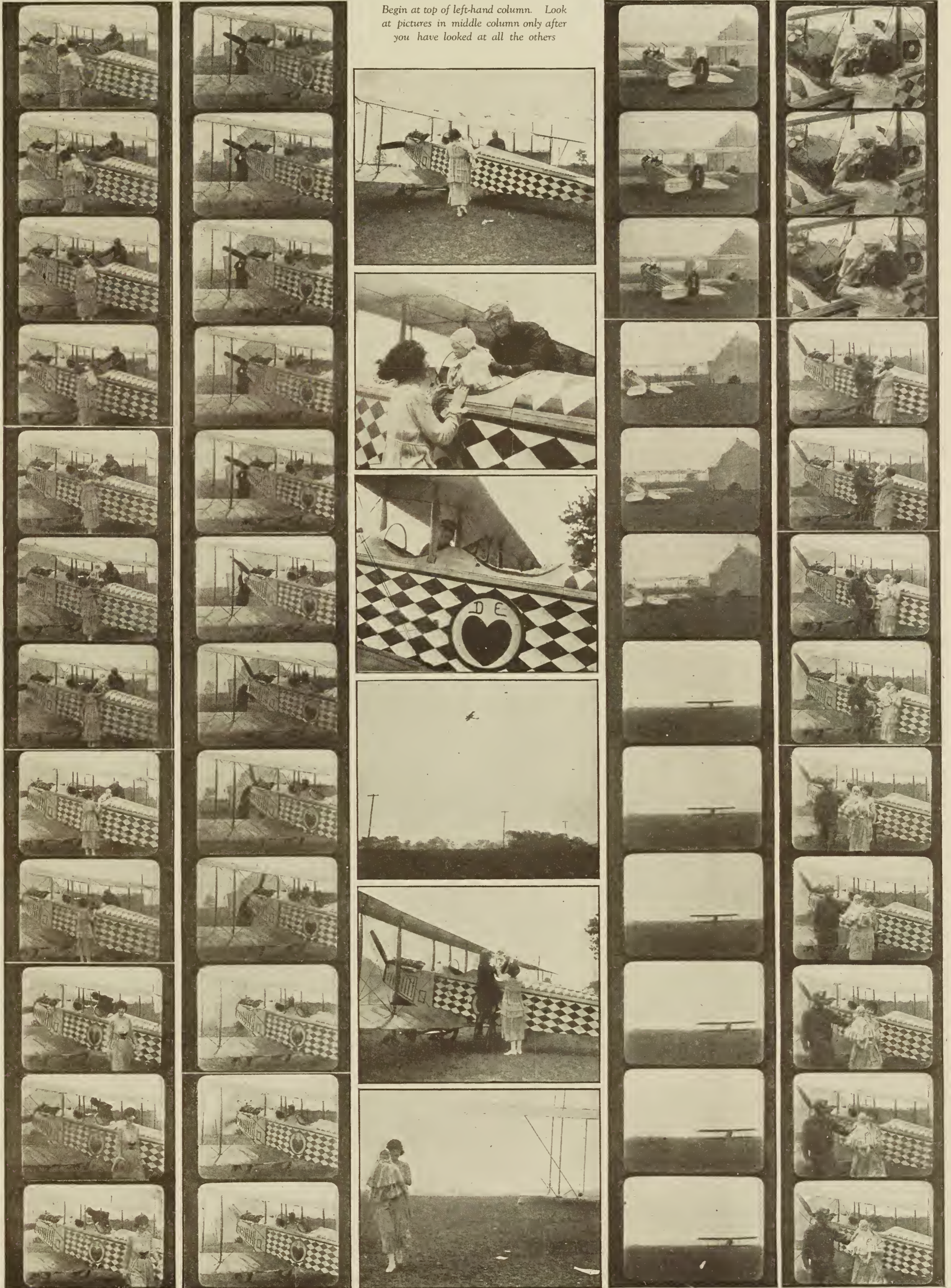
99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE



ROCKABYE BABY

HERE, IF YOU PLEASE, IS A TWENTIETH-CENTURY CRADLE, PHOTOGRAPHED AT SUCCESSIVE STAGES OF BABY'S VOYAGE BY A "MOVIE" MAN. OBSERVE THAT BABY OBJECTED TO GETTING OUT, FOR HE ENJOYED THE ADVENTURE

Begin at top of left-hand column. Look at pictures in middle column only after you have looked at all the others



ONE DAY TO DO AS THEY PLEASED

BY MATEEL HOWE FARNHAM

THEY had twenty perfect days together—twenty days of sunshine and calm and utter happiness while the big white steamer plodded its way steadily toward Japan. From Honolulu on they had the moon, a great glowing tropical moon that shot up each night from the horizon like a huge and magic Chinese lantern. They always watched it rise together, waiting for it as they leaned on the rail side by side while the warm sea breezes fanned their faces. Afterward they would slip away to the half-deserted upper deck where, snugly hidden behind a life-boat, they would talk for hours, thrilling with the joyous excitement of discovering each other, or just sit silently watching the ripple of the moonlight on the waters, too content to talk. By the time they were nearing Japan they had promised to love each other forever and ever and longer.

It was during the drowsy period of intensest sunshine that they lost one of their perfect days. It was a Tuesday morning when they reached the International Date-Line and crossed it and found it suddenly Wednesday morning without further preliminaries.

"It was such a beautiful day that I didn't want to lose it," laughed Marjorie to a school-teacher on his way to Manila, who was explaining the intricacies of Greenwich time to all those who had forgotten their schoolbooks.

"You'll get it back when you come this way again homeward bound," smiled the schoolmaster. "Doubtless you'll find it lying here on the ocean just where you left it and just as beautiful as today—I mean yesterday."

"But I'm not coming back," said Marjorie. "Father and I are going on around the world."

"Then you'll get it back in dribbles," said the man, while Marjorie protested that she did not want it back that way, but as whole and perfect as when she lost it. Marjorie was very young, barely twenty, and she clung sentimentally to regrets for her lost day. "I really did not want to lose that day out of my life," she told Hugh a little later. "I've thought about it ever since. Probably I'll never be as happy again as I am right now, and I can't bear to have lost a single minute."

Hugh might have laughed at her, but he did not; she was still much too wonderful to be laughed at, so presently he suggested half in earnest that they should consider the day loaned to the future, instead of lost, and payable on demand and that some time when things were all going wrong, utterly, hopelessly wrong, they should claim their day and take it. "Some time when the cook's sick and visitors coming and the furnace out of whack and the old man has a grouch on and picks on me, we'll just kick over the whole shooting-match and go off by ourselves and do just exactly as we please from daylight to dark. I think that's quite a scheme myself."

"But suppose we wanted to do something very dreadful?" said Marjorie.

"Then we'd go murder the skipper or drown the cook, if it made us any happier. But the probabilities are that we shouldn't pick out just those particular pastimes. You funny child!"

It pleased them to dwell at length on Hugh's fancy and they passed the evening in making plans for spending their day when they claimed it and in inventing imaginary and impossibly hair-raising difficulties from which they should elude to flee. Later they pledged themselves very seriously and gave their solemn words of honor not to back out when the time came and one or the other called. They had figured out that they would each live about twenty thousand days if they lived to be seventy. "Surely

we have a right to live one whole day just for ourselves," said Hugh rather soberly.

"We'll spend it just as if the world ended after our day," said Marjorie.

"But what if you got tired of me and wanted to spend the day with some one else?" she said at parting.

"I suppose, since this is a joint agreement, I'd have to let you tag along anyway. But I shouldn't worry about that, if I were you."

"But suppose that something happened and you met some one else and married her and then got to thinking about me and wanting to see me and—"

"Suppose the moon was made of green cheese," interrupted Hugh abruptly, gathering the slight figure close in his arms. "But don't spoil the rest of this trip by sup-

posing anything horrible like that might happen. You're going so far away from me so soon and I'm not sure of you yet, you wonderful, wonderful wonder girl!"

Marjorie's father, John Wainwright, said he had been born too far inland to enjoy the sea and he spent most of his voyage in his berth, reading or napping. He barely knew the young naval officer who came to him in Yokohama and demanded his daughter's hand. He was frankly unwilling to sanction the engagement, but he was too shrewd to forbid it.

"I'll have to think it over, Mr. Williamson," he told Hugh. "You see, it's pretty sudden to me, and she's the only child I have." With that Hugh had to leave it, as he had to go straight to Manila, while the Wainwrights were to linger in Japan.

The days in Japan were colored for Marjorie with dreams of her lover. She was not unhappy, hardly even lonely, for her love filled her heart to overflowing and in six weeks she was to see Hugh again. Then there was so much to see—so much that was strange and beautiful and different in this topsy-turvy land across the waters, where the tiny,

slant-eyed, yellow-skinned people lived and loved. She wondered whether any two loved each other as much as she and Hugh and smiled at the thought.

"I love you better than any one has ever loved any one else before," he had told her. "There has to be some one in all the ages who loves the most and that was the lucky one who won my girl." Hugh had an Irish mother and he had inherited her gift for pretty speeches. Marjorie had a hundred charming things he had said of her to dream over. "My golden girl," he called her once because her eyes were brown, her hair golden and her skin a faint creamy tint. Other times he called her his dainty little story-book lady or his girl of a thousand stars. He used to pretend that the stars had got tangled in her curls and that he could see them there in the moonlight, forming a halo for her face. He was a perfect lover, Marjorie thought. How happy she would be when they got to Manila and she could let every one know that he had chosen her from among all others! Marjorie counted the days to that happy time.

But in Manila her happiness ended—ended as suddenly as it had begun. It was at a large dinner given by the wife of an officer that Hugh drank too much. Later they all went to a dance at Cavite and Hugh continued drinking until his condition was evident to every one. Of course he was bitterly ashamed, bitterly repentant, and begged for another chance. Marjorie was willing, anxious, to give him not one but a dozen; but her father interfered. Marjorie was naturally of a yielding nature and she had deep and easily aroused emotions and a sensitive conscience. All night long her father sat up with her, arguing, pleading, appealing to her love and sense of duty, playing on her fears. Her mother's sister had married a drunkard and her father held her aunt's unhappy life constantly before the girl.

By daylight she yielded, largely from sheer weariness, and gave her promise to break her engagement.

"I'm so tired, so tired, I don't care," she sobbed.

She did not see Hugh alone again, and in the presence of her father the young lieutenant was tongue-tied and sullen. Marjorie and her father sailed that day for China. But it was a changed Marjorie from the laughing girl who had come to Manila—a pitifully white and silent Marjorie who cared not at all for the trip before her and only longed to get home to her mother's comforting arms. True, the new scenes and strange sights diverted her somewhat, but she was glad when the war cut short their stay in Europe. But once

home again not even her mother guessed how much the end of her dream had cost her. The pain and deep sadness left her after a while, but she grew more shy and reserved than she had ever been. And always deep in her heart was a sense of loneliness, as if she cherished there a little lonely empty room.

It was when she was loneliest that Robert Waring renewed his courtship. He was fifteen years older than Marjorie and her father's business partner and was considered the most eligible male in the town. He had admired Marjorie from the time she was in short skirts and was determined to win her. He was a big man with a big voice and a dominating personality. All his life he had fought for and won what he wanted, riding roughshod over all opposition and never giving up until he had attained his objective. A dozen times Marjorie refused gently to marry him, but still he persisted and refused to take no for an answer.

Gradually she got used to him, grew almost to depend on him; and gradually he wore down her opposition. He was always about somewhere, always looking out for her,



HE WAS A PERFECT LOVER, MARJORIE THOUGHT. HE CALLED HER HIS "GOLDEN GIRL"

posing anything horrible like that might happen. You're going so far away from me so soon and I'm not sure of you yet, you wonderful, wonderful wonder girl!"

Marjorie's father, John Wainwright, said he had been born too far inland to enjoy the sea and he spent most of his voyage in his berth, reading or napping. He barely knew the young naval officer who came to him in Yokohama and demanded his daughter's hand. He was frankly unwilling to sanction the engagement, but he was too shrewd to forbid it.

"I'll have to think it over, Mr. Williamson," he told Hugh. "You see, it's pretty sudden to me, and she's the only child I have." With that Hugh had to leave it, as he had to go straight to Manila, while the Wainwrights were to linger in Japan.

The days in Japan were colored for Marjorie with dreams of her lover. She was not unhappy, hardly even lonely, for her love filled her heart to overflowing and in six weeks she was to see Hugh again. Then there was so much to see—so much that was strange and beautiful and different in this topsy-turvy land across the waters, where the tiny,

home again not even her mother guessed how much the end of her dream had cost her. The pain and deep sadness left her after a while, but she grew more shy and reserved than she had ever been. And always deep in her heart was a sense of loneliness, as if she cherished there a little lonely empty room.

It was when she was loneliest that Robert Waring renewed his courtship. He was fifteen years older than Marjorie and her father's business partner and was considered the most eligible male in the town. He had admired Marjorie from the time she was in short skirts and was determined to win her. He was a big man with a big voice and a dominating personality. All his life he had fought for and won what he wanted, riding roughshod over all opposition and never giving up until he had attained his objective. A dozen times Marjorie refused gently to marry him, but still he persisted and refused to take no for an answer.

Gradually she got used to him, grew almost to depend on him; and gradually he wore down her opposition. He was always about somewhere, always looking out for her,

Continued on page 70

PADEREWSKI'S RENUNCIATION

BY GUTZON BORGLUM

Now I understand his great power. He is a great artist, and he has added his greatness as artist to that of statesman.

—MASARYK, Carnegie Hall.

MY FIRST meeting with Paderewski was in 1890—twenty-nine years

ago. I was on my way to Europe, an art student, filled with the dreams and illusions that sustain men in this difficult life. I was in Chicago, stopping at the Auditorium. The young Paderewski was playing. I listened and enjoyed him then as fully as I did in my mature years. I was in the back of the hall and one of the first to leave it, crossing through a side entrance into the hotel. As I was going down a wide stairway, suddenly Paderewski appeared, coming up, two jumps at a time, after finishing a terrific two hours' performance.

Slight, boyish, excited, he ran into me. The friends who were with me happened to know him and held him long enough for me to meet him. He probably will not remember it and I have never referred to it. I was so impressed with his face that I went immediately to my room and made a drawing of those finely chiseled features. I've forgotten the conversation of the few moments that he lingered.

I next saw him with his private car in one of the great Western cities. I was leaving my Pullman early in the morning to cross the tracks and I almost ran into him again. I stopped and looked this figure blocking my way squarely in the eyes. He was simply another man on the track. He returned the look. His face seemed set and very serious. A quarter of a century had passed since I had first seen him. He had suffered and succeeded; he had thought, read and lived very deeply. But I instantly recognized Paderewski. My interest in him attracted his attention and as I stepped past him and turned to look back, he also turned to look after me. A little gray had come into his hair, his hands were joined behind his back and he was alone, moving about as if he wanted to be alone. I walked on a pace and then looked back again. He was still watching me. Then I disappeared in the crowd.

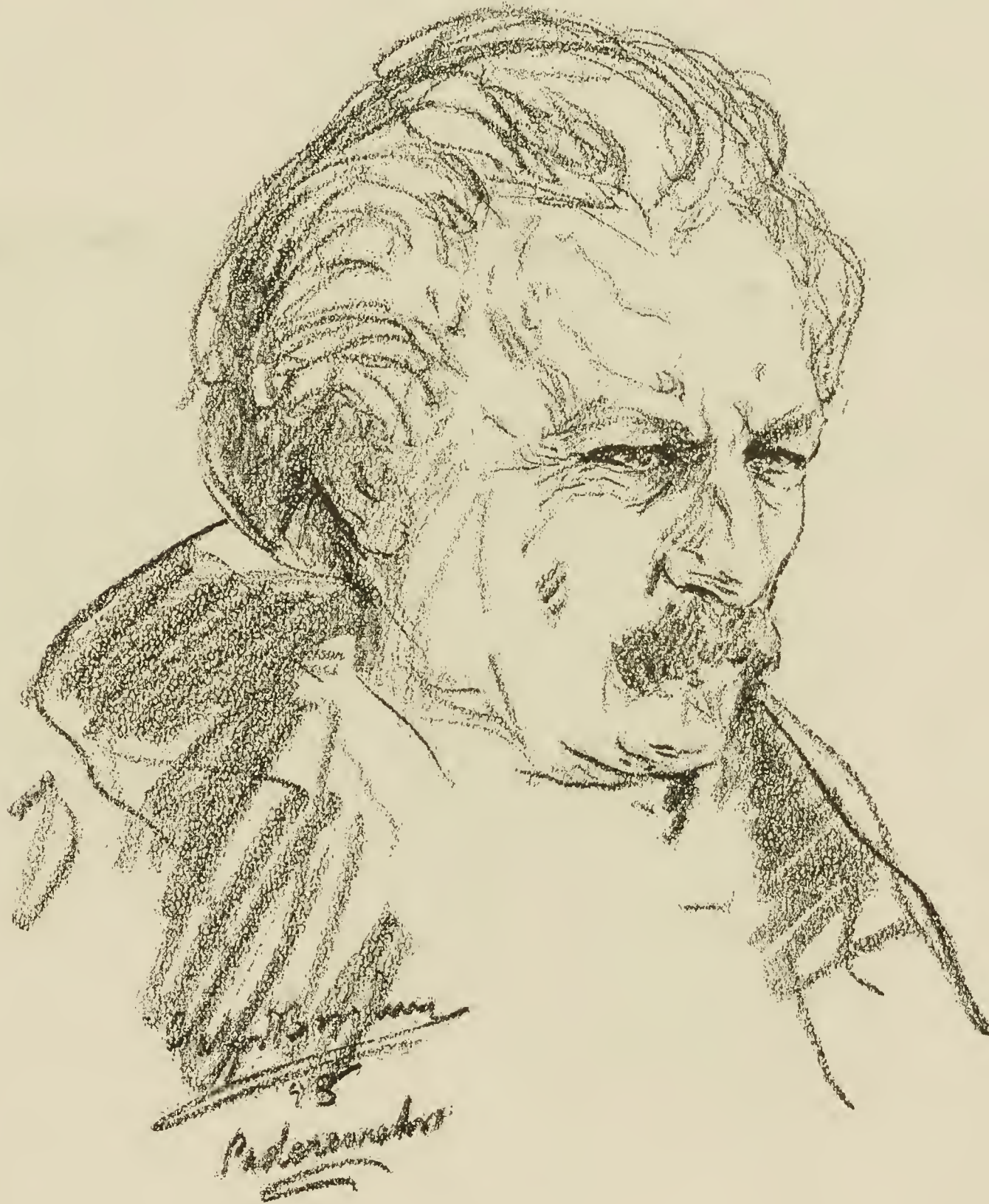
I did not see Paderewski again until a gathering of mid-European representatives in Carnegie Hall. The then chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of our Senate, Masaryk, *de facto* president of the Czechoslovaks, and several other able representatives, together with Paderewski, were to speak. I had heard that he spoke well, I was anxious that he should speak well. The speeches in general were good, narrative and oratorical in character.

Finally it became our hero's turn. Paderewski stood about five feet eight inches—and solidly on his heels. He opened with the usual acknowledgment of applause that has always acclaimed this artist. Then he began much as he plays—I suppose few thought of this—but as his nimble fingers move up and down the keyboard, so ran his nimble mind up and down the difficult and troubled frontiers of the Russian and Teutonic peoples.

He touched on their wanderings, their historical development and their difficulties. He touched on Poland and then left her, with reference to but an incident or two in her history and her language. He poured a volley of fine fury at her ancient enemies. He told how she had been invaded and quartered—how she had suffered.

Just what he said or its order I hardly remember—perhaps knowing Poland's history I was inattentive. I felt that I was listening to a great product of art, a gifted orator delivering the epic of a people. By some curious magic of his personality he had produced a hush and the audience listened with a tension that admitted no applause. The management of his voice, the oratorical effect of his speech, held together like a unit and were treated as an artist builds a masterpiece. His tones, low, controlled, suited the great hall as they suited the subject. He spoke little in praise of his own people. The laurels he placed on the brows of his brothers in the south, the Czechoslovaks. He dwelt definitely upon them and recounted the qualities that had brought them success.

His manner was simple and free from gesture, except the occasional raising of both hands as in a kind of benediction



Character study made for THE DELINEATOR by Gutzon Borglum

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

THE HEROIC POLE WHO MADE THE SUPREME SACRIFICE OF ABANDONING A UNIQUE ARTISTIC CAREER IN ORDER TO BECOME THE POLITICAL SERVANT OF HIS PEOPLE

in which he seemed to include the world. I have heard nearly all the great speakers of our time, excepting Gladstone—and I have heard none who seemed to have the power of Paderewski and the sincerity that made me think of what the great Greeks or Romans must have been. And everybody felt as I felt. The audience rose in its unrestrained homage.

When the applause had subsided, Masaryk stepped to the front of the platform. He was the speaker of the day and his oration was intended to close the afternoon. Silent, he looked at the chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, at the audience—at Paderewski. Then he spoke.

"I know not what to say. I, too, have been carried away by the masterly speech of Poland's great leader. I came here prepared to deliver these notes." He shook the written speech he carried in his hand. "But they are of no use now. As I sat and listened to the wonderful things Paderewski said, I could not understand how he, who has not spent his life in politics, could do this. Then it came to me. It is this—it is because he is a great artist." Then, as if trying to find his way, he turned toward Paderewski. "I know now! It is because you are an artist. You have added all your fine perception of the artist to that of the statesman. That is what has given you the advantage. That is why you can do what we have witnessed to-day!"

With this should be recounted an incident at the Metropolitan Opera House. America had just entered the war and Joffre was the guest of New York. The great musician was at his piano when the hero of the Marne entered his box. The audience rose in a pandemonium of applause. Paderewski did the great thing, the thing only a great heart would do. He redoubled his efforts, beat the instrument, raged at it. He demanded its utmost, thinking, I imagine, "This is my hour and my chance to help," as he thundered out his plaudits to the savior of France. Later he remarked, "Wasn't I lucky to be playing when he entered so that I could join in the applause!" And he added: "Finitis coronat opus! Think of it, it was Chopin's 'Polonais Militaire!'" This was his last appearance.

It was not until last Summer that I met, to really know,

Paderewski. By appointment I went to his hotel in New York. I had just forced investigation of the aircraft failure. As I came up to him he seemed to extend both his hands—and I felt the same toward him. And it is curious that in our greeting each said to the other at the same time, "I've been wanting to meet you!"

Then Paderewski said: "I've been thinking so much about you, an artist, and your work for the aircraft while I was trying to help Poland. And you don't know how much encouragement your fight gave me to keep on. . . . The trouble with men generally in politics is that they are recruited either from the legal or commercial ranks. They are mainly occupied with material values. Not one per cent. of our statesmen enter public life determined to affect the happiness, the mental or social development of the community."

"And of course," I added, "they are utterly without the psychological sense. Their ears are so close to the ground that they hear the footfall rather than the heart-beat." I asked him if he had kept watch of D'Annunzio, in Italy.

"Yes," he answered; "his fine enthusiasm has been a great help to the armies—he's rendered a unique service to Italy."

I continued: "When the hours grow heavy, don't forget that Angelo built fortifications, or that Phidias was Pericles's adviser—and you may be sure he was a good one. Don't forget, either, that Socrates was a sculptor." Then, with self-conscious humor, I added: "I know I could build fortifications that would be veritable shock-absorbers; and airplanes that could not plunge excepting under enforced direction, and then only until they reached dangerous velocity, when they would automatically right themselves. And I may tell you, also, that had our government followed my advice there would have been no 'flaming coffins.' Do you know," I asked, "that Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, was an artist?"

"No," he replied, and with much interest.

"Yes. I have the story of the first fare he received for carrying a stranded wanderer from Albany to New York. Tears came to his eyes when the man paid him the dollar he asked and remarked, 'This is the first money ever received for steamship travel.' Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, was a great artist. The best portrait in the New York City Hall is by him. If Da Vinci had had steam or gasoline, he would have been in the air four hundred years ahead of Langley."

This delighted Ivanowski, who was standing by. It is not generally known that this aid of Poland's first premier is also an artist, a Pole who studied in the Beaux Arts in Paris, married an American, and spent many years in America—and like Paderewski, abandoned everything when the war came to Poland.

With his own great craft Paderewski has wrought his name, letter by letter, with those who have advanced the graces of civil existence—with Angelo and Haydn, with Da Vinci and Keats, he will to sleep through the eons God allots for rest to those who labor so and lead. He made of himself a great artist. Something within him so willed it and took the frail child he was and for half a century beat and coaxed into perfection all that was great in this Pole in music.

Little more than a year ago the Argonne was German. Little more than a year ago our boys still had to win—and toll their losses. Little more than a year ago Poland dreamed only of her freedom. The rape of Russia and Prussia was still drawn in red through her bleeding race. It was little more than a year ago that Paderewski was still a musician in New York, brooding on all that was possible for his people, and with each swift change in the vast forces at war, he grew as a forced plant grows, from artist to patriot leader and national hero.

From the beginning he had worked with definite patriotic impulse, aiding his distressed nation. He spent his fortune, earned as an artist, as a patriot to help restore the political freedom of his people. He recruited troops from our large labor centers, Poles who had come to America to escape the tyranny of Russia, Prussia and Austria, sending them to France to assist in checking Teutonic despotism over Europe.

Concluded on page 78



"I KNEW YOU COULD DO IT IF YOU ONLY WOULD. AND I'M SO GLAD YOU DID"

THE PORTYGEE

BY JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Shavings," "Cap'n Eri," etc.

THE PEOPLE

CAPTAIN ZELOTES SNOW: Of South Harniss, Mass., ex-sea-captain, dealer in hardware and lumber. He is the hard-headed, shrewd, humorous, Yankee type, and carefully conceals from the common view the great disappointment of his life—the runaway marriage of his daughter, Jane, with an opera-singer named Speranza. That the man was famous meant nothing to him. He was a "Portygee." Captain Snow never saw his daughter again, and she died within a few years. When Speranza died there was nothing for his seventeen-year-old son, Alberto, to do but to go to his grandfather Suow.

MRS. OLIVE SNOW: Captain 'Lote's wife, a perfect grandmother.

LABAN KEELER: Bookkeeper for Captain 'Lote. A delightful person—all except his periodic sprints.

RACHEL ELLIS: Housekeeper for the Snows. She is in love with Laban, but will not marry him while he drinks. They have been betrothed for eighteen years.

ISSACHAR PRICE: Helper at the lumber-yard.

HELEN KENDALL: The minister's daughter, sweet, charming, and oh, so clear-headed!

ALBERTO MIGUEL CARLOS SPERANZA, THE "PORTYGEE": Captain 'Lote's grandson, who finds it hard, after the life of a fashionable boarding-school and New York, to settle down with a family of "rubes" and go to work in the hardware shop. He and his grandfather do not understand each other at all.

THE STORY SO FAR

Alberto became "Al Speranz" to the inhabitants of South Harniss before long. For though it was rumored that he wrote poetry, still he worked daily on his grandfather's books at the lumber-yard. What was more, Helen Kendall, whom every one liked and respected, saw a good deal of him. He made more headway with the young people than he did with Cap'n 'Lote. His grandfather could not bring himself to regard the son of a Portygee with anything but distrust, even though he was "Janie's boy."

IN MAY, which was an unusually balmy month, the Congregational Sunday-school gave an automobile excursion and box-luncheon party at High Point Light down at Trumet. As Rachel Ellis said, it was pretty early for picnicking, but if the Almighty's season was ahead of time there didn't seem to be any real good reason why one of His Sunday-schools shouldn't be. And, which was the principal excuse for the hurry, the hotel buses could be secured, which would not be the case after the season opened.

Albert went to the picnic. He was not very keen on going, but his grandfather had offered him a holiday for the purpose, and it was one of his principles never to refuse a chance to get away from that office. Besides, a number of the young people of his age were going and Gertie Kendrick had been particularly insistent.

"You just *must* come, Al," she said. "It won't be any fun at all if you don't come."

It is possible that Gertie found it almost as little fun when he did come. He happened to be in one of his moods that day; "Portygee streaks" his grandfather termed these moods and told Olive that they were due to "that play-actor breakin' out in him." He talked but little during the ride down in the bus, refused to sing when called upon and, after dinner, when the dancing in the pavilion was going on, stepped quietly out of the side door and went tramping along the edge of the bluff, looking out over the sea or down to the beach, where, one hundred and fifty feet below, the big waves were curling over to crash into a creaming mass of froth and edge the strand with lacy ripples.

The high clay bluffs of Trumet are unique. No other part of the Cape shows anything just like them. High Point Light crowns their highest and steepest point and is the flashing beacon the rays of which spell "America" to the incoming liner Boston bound.

Along the path skirting the edge of the bluff Albert strolled, his hands in his pockets and his thoughts almost anywhere except on the picnic and the picnickers of the South Harniss Congregational Church. His particular mood on this day was one of discontent and rebellion against the fate which had sentenced him to the assistant bookkeeper's position in the office of Z. Snow & Co. At no time had he reconciled himself to the idea of that position as a permanent one; some day, somehow, he was going to break away and do marvelous things. But occasionally, and usually after a disagreeable happening in the office, he awoke from his youthful day-dreams of glorious futures to a realization of the dismal to-day.

The happening which had brought about realization in this instance was humorous in the eyes of two-thirds of South Harniss's population. They were chuckling over it yet. The majority of the remaining third were shocked. Albert, who was primarily responsible for the whole affair, was neither amused nor shocked; he was angry and humiliated.

The Reverend Seabury Calvin, of Providence, Rhode Island, had arrived in town and opened his Summer cottage unusually early in the season. What was quite as important, Mrs. Seabury Calvin had arrived with him. The Rev. Mr. Calvin, whose stay was in this case merely temporary, was planning to build an addition to his cottage porch. Mrs. Calvin, who was the head of the Summer "Welfare Workers," whatever they were, had called a meeting at the Calvin house to make welfare plans for the season.

The lumber for the new porch was ordered of Z. Snow & Co. The Rev. Mr. Calvin ordered it himself in person. Albert received the order.

"I wish this delivered to-morrow without fail," said Mr. Calvin. Albert promised.

But promises are not always easy to keep. One of Z. Snow & Co.'s teams was busy hauling lumber for the new schoolhouse at Bayport. The other Issachar had commandeered for deliveries at Harniss Center and refused to give up his claim. And Laban Keeler, as it happened, was absent on one of his "vacations." Captain Zelotes was attending a bank meeting at Orham and from there was going to Boston for a day's stay.

"The ship's in your hands, Al," he had said to his grandson. "Let me see how you handle her."

So, in spite of Albert's promise, the Calvin lumber was not delivered on time. The reverend gentleman called to ask why. His manner was anything but receptive so far as excuses were concerned.

"Young man," he said loftily, "I am accustomed to do business with business people. Did you or did you not promise to deliver my order yesterday?"

"Why, yes, sir, I promised, but we couldn't do it. We—"

"I don't care to know why you didn't do it. The fact that you did not is sufficient. Will that order of mine be delivered to-day?"

"If it is a possible thing, Mr. Calvin, it—"

"Pardon me. Will it be delivered?"

The Speranza temper was rising. "Yes," said the owner of that temper succinctly.

"Does yes mean yes, in this case; or does it mean what it meant before?"

"I have tried to tell you why—"

"Never mind. Young man, if that lumber is not delivered to-day I shall cancel the order. Do you understand?"

Albert swallowed hard. "I tell you, Mr. Calvin, that it shall be delivered," he said. "And it will be."

But delivering it was not so easy. The team simply could not be taken off the schoolhouse job; fulfillment of a contract was involved there. And the other horse had gone lame and Issachar swore by all that was solemn that the animal must not be used.

"Let old Calvin wait till to-morrow," said Issy. "You can use the big team then. And Cap'n 'Lote'll be home, besides."

But Albert was not going to let "old Calvin" wait. That lumber was going to be delivered if he had to carry it himself, stick by stick. He asked Mr. Price if an extra team might not be hired.

"Ain't none," said Issy. "Besides, where'd your granddad's profit be if you spent money hirin' extry teams to haul that little mite of stuff? I've been in this business a good long spell and I tell you—"

He did not get a chance to tell it, for Albert walked off and left him. At half-past twelve that afternoon he engaged Vessie Young—christened Sylvester Young, and a brother to the driver of the depot wagon—to haul the Calvin lumber in his rickety, fragrant old wagon. Simpson Mullen—commonly called "Simp"—was to help in the delivery.

Against violent protests from Issy, who declared that



HE WOULD HEAR ABOUT VES YOUNG'S CART FOR YEARS TO COME

Ves Young's rattle-trap wa'n't fit to do nothin' but haul fish-heads to the fertilizer factory, the Calvin beams and boards were piled high on the wagon, and with Ves on the driver's seat and Simp perched like a disreputable carrion crow on top of the load, the equipage started.

"There!" exclaimed Albert with satisfaction. "He can't say it wasn't delivered this time according to promise."

"Godfreys!" snorted Issy, gazing after the departing wagon. "He won't be able to say nothin' when he sees that git-up—and smells it. Ves carts everything in that cart from dead cows to gurry-barrels. Whew! I'd hate to have to set on that porch when 'twas built of that lumber. And, unless I'm mistook, Ves and Simp had been havin' a little somethin' strong to take, too."

Mr. Price, as it happened, was not "mistook." Mr. Young had, as the South Harniss saying used to be, "had a jug come down" on the train from Boston that very morning. The jug was under the seat of his wagon and its contents had already been sampled by him and by Simp. The journey to the Calvin cottage was enlivened by frequent stops for refreshment.

Consequently it happened that just as Mrs. Calvin's gathering of Welfare Workers had reached the cake-and-chocolate stage in their proceedings and just as the Rev. Mr. Calvin had risen by invitation to say a few words of encouragement the westerly wind blowing in at the open windows bore to the noses and ears of the assembled faithful a perfume and a sound neither of which was sweet.

Above the rattle and squeak of the Young wagon turning in at the Calvin gate arose the voices of Vessie and Simp uplifted in song.

"Here's to the good old whisky, drink 'er daown," sang Mr. Young.

"Here's to the good old whisky,
Drink 'er daown!
Here's to the good old whisky,
It makes you feel so frisky,
Drink 'er—"

"Git up there, blankety blank ye! What the blankety blank you stoppin' here for? Git up!"

The horse was not the only creature that got up. Mrs. Calvin rose from her chair and gazed in horror at the window. Her husband, being already on his feet, could not rise, but he broke off short the opening sentence of his "few words" and stared and listened. Each Welfare Worker stared and listened also.

"Git up, you blankety blank blank," repeated Ves Young with cheerful enthusiasm. Mr. Mullen from the top of the load of lumber, caroled dreamily on:

"Here's to the good old rum,
Drink 'er daown!
Here's to the good old rum,
Drink 'er daown!
Here's to the good old rum,
Ain't you glad that you've got some?
Drink 'er daown! Drink 'er daown!
Drink 'er daown!

"Whee-e! Yip!"
And floating, as it were, upon the waves of melody came the odor of the Young wagon, an odor combining deceased

fish and late lamented cow and goodness knows what besides.

The dissipated vehicle stopped beneath the parlor windows of the Calvin cottage. Mr. Young called to his assistant.

"Here we be, Simp!" he yelled. "A-a-ll ashore that's goin' ashore! Wake up there, you unmentionably described old rum-barrel, and help unload this everlastingly condemned lumber."

Mr. Calvin rushed to the window. "What does this mean?" he demanded in frothing indignation.

Vessie waved at him reassuringly. "'S all right, Mr. Calvin," he shouted. "Here's your lumber from Ze-lotes Snow & Co., South Harniss, Mass., U. S. A. 'S all right. Let 'er go, Simp! Let 'er blankety blank go!"

Mr. Mullen responded with alacrity and a whoop. A half-dozen boards crashed to the ground beneath the parlor windows. Mrs. Calvin rushed to her husband's side.

"This is dreadful, Seabury!" she cried. "Send those creatures and—that horrible wagon away at once."

The Rev. Mr. Calvin tried to obey orders. He commanded Mr. Young to go away from there that very moment. Vessie was surprised.

"Ain't this your lumber?" he demanded.

"It doesn't make any difference whether it is or not," the clergyman retorted hotly, "I—"

"Didn't you tell Z. Snow & Co. that this lumber'd got to be delivered to-day or you'd cancel the order?"

"Never mind. That is my business, sir. You—"

"Hold on! Ho-o-ld on! I got a business, too. My business is deliverin' what I'm paid to deliver. Al Speranzny he says to me: 'Ves,' he says, 'if you don't deliver that lumber to old man Calvin to-day you don't get no money, see? Will you deliver it?' Says I: 'You bet your crashesty blank life I'll (hic) d'liver it! What I say I'll do I'll do! And I'm deliverin' it, ain't I? Hey? Ain't I? Well, then, what the—' And so forth and at length, while Mrs. Calvin collapsed half fainting in an easy chair and horrified Welfare Workers covered their ears—and longed to cover their noses.

The lumber was delivered that day. Its delivery was, from the view-point of Messrs. Young and Mullen, a success. The Spring meeting of the Welfare Workers was not.

The following day Mr. Calvin called at the office of Z. Snow & Co. He had things to say and said them. Captain Zelotes, who had returned from Boston, listened. Then he called his grandson.

"Tell him what you've just told me, Mr. Calvin," he said. The reverend gentleman told it, with added details.

"And in my opinion, if you'll excuse me, Captain Snow," he said, in conclusion, "this young man knew what he was doing when he sent those drunken scoundrels to my house. He did it purposely, I am convinced."

Captain Zelotes looked at him.

"Why?" he asked.

"Why, because—because of—of what I said to him—er—er—when I called here yesterday morning. He—I presume he took offense and—and this outrage [is the result. I am convinced that—"

"Wait a minute. What did you say for him to take offense at?"

"I demanded that order should be delivered as promised. I am accustomed to do business with business men and—"

"Hold on just a minute more, Mr. Calvin. We don't seem to be gettin' at the clam in this shell as fast as we ought to. Al, what have you got to say about all this?"

Albert was white, almost as white as when he fought Sam Thatcher, but as he stood up to Sam so also did he face the irate clergyman. He told of the latter's visit to the office, of the threat to cancel the order unless delivery was promised that day, of how his promise to deliver was expected, of his effort to keep that promise.

"I had to deliver it, grandfather," he said hotly. "He had all but called me a liar and—and, by George, I wasn't going to—"

His grandfather held up a warning hand.

"Sshh! Sshh!" he said. "Go on with your yarn, boy."

Albert told of the lame horse, of his effort to hire another team and finally how in desperation he had engaged Ves Young as a last resort. The captain's face was serious, but there was the twinkle under his heavy brows. He pulled at his beard.

"Humph!" he grunted. "Did you know Ves and Simp had been drinkin' when you hired 'im?"

"Of course I didn't. After they had gone Issy said he suspected that they had been drinking a little, but I didn't know it. All I wanted was to prove to *him*," with a motion toward Mr. Calvin, "that I kept my word."

Captain Zelotes pulled at his beard. "All right, Al," he said after a moment; "you can go."

Albert went out of the private office. After he had gone the captain turned to his irate customer.

"I'm sorry this happened, Mr. Calvin," he said, "and if Keeler or I had been here it probably wouldn't. But," he added, "as far as I can see the boy did what he thought was the best thing to do. And"—the twinkle reappeared in the gray eyes—"you sartinly did get your lumber when 'twas promised."

Mr. Calvin stiffened. He had his good points, but he suffered from what Laban Keeler once called "ingrown" importance," and this ailment often affected his judgment. Also he had to face Mrs. Calvin upon his return home.

"Do I understand," he demanded, "that you are excusing that young man for putting that outrage upon me?"

"We-ll, as I say, I'm sorry it happened. But, honest, Mr. Calvin, I don't know's the boy's to blame so very much, after all. He delivered your lumber, and that's somethin'."

"Is that all you have to say, Captain Snow? Is that—that impudent young clerk of yours to go unpunished?"

"Why, yes, I guess likely he is."

"Then I shall never buy another dollar's worth of your house again, sir."

Captain Zelotes bowed. "I'm sorry to lose your trade, Mr. Calvin," he said. "Good mornin'."
Albert, at his desk in the outer office, was waiting rebelliously to be called before his grandfather and

upbraided. And when so called he was in a mood to speak his mind. He would say a few things no matter what happened in consequence. But he had no chance to say them. Captain Zelotes did not mention the Calvin affair to him, either that day or afterward. He waited and waited, expecting trouble, but the trouble, so far as his grandfather was concerned, did not materialize. He could not understand it.

But if in that office there was silence concerning the unusual delivery of the lumber for the Calvin porch, outside there was talk enough and to spare. Each Welfare Worker talked when she reached home and the story spread. Small boys shouted after Albert when he walked down the main street, demanding to know how Ves Young's cart was smel'lin' these days. When he entered the post-office, some one in the crowd was almost sure to hum, "Here's to the good old whisky, drink 'er down." On the train on the way to the picnic, girls and young fellows had slyly nagged him about it. He knew he would hear about Ves Young's cart for years to come. The affair and its consequences were the principal causes of his mood that day; this particular "Portygee streak" was due to it.

The path along the edge of the high bluff entered a grove of scraggy pitch-pines about a mile from the light-house and the picnic ground. Albert stalked gloomily through the shadows of the little grove and emerged on the other side. There he saw another person ahead of him on the path. This other person was a girl. He recognized her even at this distance. She was Helen Kendall.

She and he had not been quite as friendly of late. Not that there was any unfriendliness between them, but she was teaching in the primary school and, as her father had not been well, spent most of her evenings at home. During the early part of the Winter he had called occasionally, but, somehow, it had seemed to him that she was not quite so cordial or so interested in his society and conversation as she used to be. It was but a slight indifference on her part, perhaps, but Albert Speranza was not accustomed to indifference on the part of his feminine acquaintances. So he did not call again. He had seen her at the picnic ground and they had spoken, but not at any length.

And he did not care to speak with her now. He had left the pavilion because of his desire to be alone, and that desire still persisted. However, she was some little distance ahead of him and he waited in the edge of the grove until she should go over the crest of the little hill at the next point.

But she did not go over the crest. Instead, when she reached it she walked to the very edge of the bluff and stood there looking off at the ocean. The sea breeze ruffled her hair and blew her skirts about her and she made a pretty picture. But to Albert it seemed that she was standing much too near the edge. She could not see it, of course, but from where he stood he could see that the bank at that point was much undercut by the Winter rains and winds, and although the sod looked firm enough from above in reality there was little to support it. Her standing there made him a trifle uneasy and he had a mind to shout and warn her. He hesitated, however, and as he watched she stepped back of her own accord. He turned, reentered the grove and started to walk back to the pavilion.

He had scarcely done so when he heard a short scream, followed by a thump and a rumbling, rattled sound. He turned like a flash, his heart pounding violently.

The bluff-edge was untenanted. A semicircular section of the sod where Helen had stood was missing. From the torn opening where it had been rose a yellow cloud of dust.

A GOODLY number of the South Hamiss "natives," those who had not seen him play tennis, would have been willing to swear that running was, for Albert Speranza, an impossibility. His usual gait was a rather languid saunter. They would have changed their minds had they seen him now.

He ran along that path as he had run in school at the last track-meet, where he had been second in the hundred-yard dash. He reached the spot where the sod had broken, and, dropping on his knees, looked fearfully over. The dust was still rising, the sand and pebbles were still rattling in a diminishing shower down to the beach so

far below. But he did not see what he had so feared to see.

What he did see, however, was neither pleasant nor altogether reassuring. The bluff below the sod at its top dropped sheer and undercut for perhaps ten feet. Then the sand and clay sloped outward and the slope extended down for another fifty feet, its surface broken by occasional clinging clumps of beach-grass. Then it broke sharply again, a straight drop of eighty feet to the mounds and dunes bordering the beach.

Helen had, of course, fallen straight to the upper edge of the slope, where she had struck feet first, and from there had slid and rolled to the very edge of the long drop to the beach. Her skirt had caught in the branches of an enter-

"And hang on as tight as you can. I'm coming down."

Come down he did, swinging over the brink with his face to the bank, dropping on his toes to the upper edge of the slope and digging boots and fingers into the clay to prevent sliding farther.

"Hang on!" he cautioned over his shoulder. "I'll be there in a second. There! Now, wait until I get my feet braced. Now, give me your hand—your left hand. Hold on with your right."

Slowly and cautiously, she clinging to his hand, he pulled her away from the edge of the precipice and helped her to scramble up to where he clung. There she lay and panted. He looked at her apprehensively.

"Don't go and faint now, or any foolishness like that," he ordered sharply.

"No, no, I won't. I'll try not to. But how are we ever going to climb up—up there?"

Above them and at least four feet out of reach, even if they stood up, which would be a frightfully risky proceeding, the sod projected over their heads like the eaves of a house.

Helen glanced up at it and shuddered.

"Oh, how *can* we?" she gasped.

"We can not. And we won't try."

"Shall we call for help?"

"Not much use. Nobody to hear us. Besides, we can always do that if we have to. I think I see a way out of the mess. If we can't get up, perhaps we can get down."

"Get down!"

"Yes, it isn't all as steep as it is here. I believe we might sort of zigzag down if we were careful. You hold on here just as you are; I'm going to see what it looks like around this next point."

The "point" was merely a projection of the bluff about twenty feet away. He crawled along the face of the slope until he could see beyond it. Helen kept urging him to be careful—oh, be careful!

"Of course I'll be careful," he said curtly. "I don't want to break my neck. Yes—yes, by George, it is easier around there! We could get down a good way. Here, here; don't start until you take my hand. And be sure your feet are braced before you move. Come on, now."

"I—I don't believe I can."

"Of course you can. You've got to. Come on. Don't look down. Look at the sand right in front of you."

Getting around that "point" was a decidedly ticklish operation, but they managed it, he leading the way, making sure of his foothold before moving and then setting her foot in the print his own had made. On the other side of the projection the slope was less abrupt and extended much nearer to the ground below. They zigzagged down until nearly to the edge of the steep drop. Then Albert looked about for a new path to safety. He found it still farther on.

"It takes us down farther," he said, "and there are bushes to hold on to after we get there. Come on, Helen. Brace up now; be a sport!"

She was trying her best to obey orders, but being a sport was no slight undertaking under the circumstances. When they reached the clump of bushes, her guide ordered her to rest.

"Just stop and catch your breath," he said. "The rest is going to be easier, I think. And we haven't so very far to go."

He was too optimistic. It was anything but easy; in fact, the last thirty feet was almost a tumble, owing to the clay giving way beneath their feet. But there was soft sand to tumble into and they reached the beach safe, though in a disheveled, scratched and thoroughly smeared condition. Then Helen sat down and covered her face with her hands. Her rescuer gazed triumphantly up at the distant rim of broken sod and grinned.

"There, by George!" he exclaimed. "We did it, didn't we? Say, that was fun!"

She removed her hands and looked at him.

"What did you say it was?" she faltered.

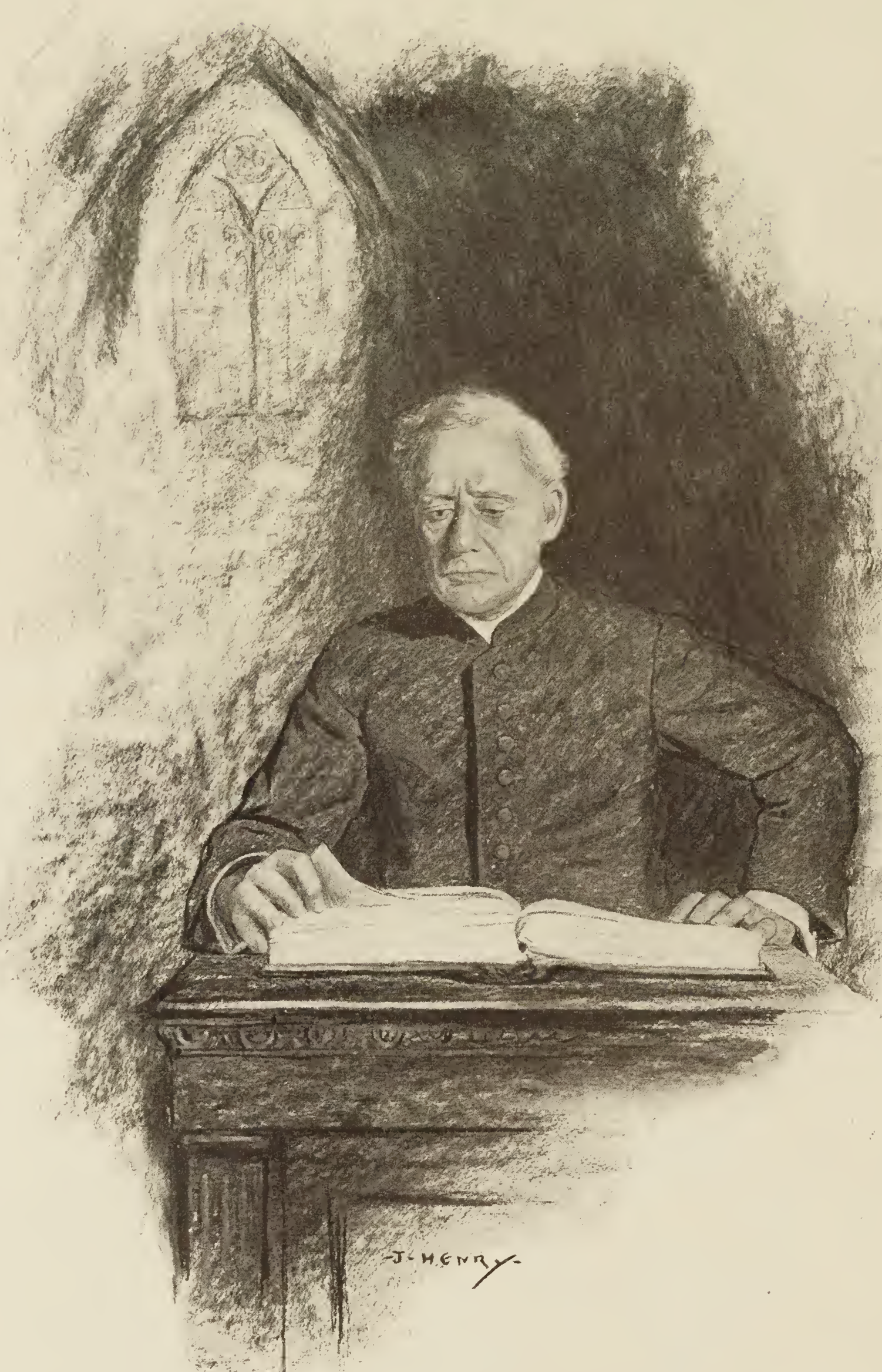
"I said it was fun. It was great! Like something out of a book, eh?"

She began to laugh hysterically. He turned to her in indignant surprise. "What are you laughing at?" he demanded.

"Oh—oh, don't, please! Just let me laugh. If I don't laugh, I shall cry, and I don't want to do that. Just don't talk to me for a few minutes, that's all."

When the few minutes were over she rose to her feet.

Continued on page 96



SERMONS TEN MILES LONG AND DRY ALL THE WAY, LIKE THE ROAD TO SETUCKIT POINT

prising bayberry-bush which had managed to find root-hold there, and to this bush and a clump of beach-grass she was clinging, her hands outstretched and her body extended along the edge of the clay precipice.

Albert gasped.

"Helen!" he called breathlessly.

She turned her head and looked up at him. Her face was white, but she did not scream.

"Helen!" cried Albert again. "Helen, do you hear me?"

"Yes."

"Are you badly hurt?"

"No. No, I don't think so."

"Can you hold on just as you are for a few minutes?"

"Yes, I—I think so."

"You've got to, you know. Here! You're not going to faint, are you?"

"No, I—I don't think I am."

"You can't! You mustn't! Here! Don't you do it! Stop!"

There was just a trace of his grandfather in the way he roared the order. Whether or not the vigor of the command produced the result is a question, but at any rate she did not faint.

"Now, you stay right where you are," he ordered again.



THE SECONDARY WIFE

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

SHE DID NOT REALIZE THAT SHE WAS GIVING UP HER WHOLE YOUTH, ALL THE ENERGY THAT SHOULD HAVE BEEN GIVEN TO A HOME AND FAMILY, NOT FOR HER OWN ADVANCEMENT IN BUSINESS, BUT FOR THE SAKE OF A DELIGHTFUL EMPLOYER. HOW SHE FOUND A NEW SCALE OF VALUES MAKES AN ABSORBING STORY FOR BUSINESS MEN AND BUSINESS WOMEN AND THE WIVES OF BUSINESS MEN

MR. ARCHER had not come back from luncheon yet, and his wide, much-windowed office lay in a full tide of the Spring sun. It was more like a study than an office; the other members of the firm, who were devoted to him, had seen to it that his was the pleasantest aspect, and that his chair was where it could face him toward the slim, cliff-like office buildings, outlined against a sweep of blue sky. One had a way of seeing to these interested, personal little things for Mr. Archer, out of pure human reciprocity; he did so many of them himself in his half-affectionate, half-amused way.

Miss Stephens, his secretary, saw that the door was set wide, and the sun streaming through in a way that would fall comfortably just as her employer came back. She smiled a little, with a comfortable, warm feeling back of the smile, and bent over the parcel she had brought back from her own luncheon-hour. She had passed Mr. Archer at the door of the elevator, and half-hidden the damp brown-paper thing, and they had both smiled intimately. It was more or less of a game between them, the flowers she kept his desk supplied with. She set the money for them scrupulously down, and turned in the bill to him, months' ends, but her selection and care of them made her always feel as if they were partly a gift of her supplying. She rose now and arranged them in a bowl that Mrs. Archer had brought in for the purpose, and, setting a capable, well-groomed hand at each side of it, carried it steadily in, setting it down between the carved tray that his little daughter had made him, and that always stood where he could see it, and the heap of contracts he had been working on before he left. Then she turned and adjusted the shades, with a view to a half-hour later.

Everything Anne-Mary Stephens did was done with a sure thoroughness and steadiness that was almost grace. Not a drop of water nor a stray leaf of the daffodils had touched the front of her dark satin frock, nor had she needed to move the daffodils the least bit, once she had set them down. With just such swift efficiency, one felt sure, had a line of foremothers kept their New England farmsteads shining, and stair-step broods of children clad and trained and sent into the world God-fearing and efficient themselves. Anne-Mary Stephens, at twenty-seven, had become a personage in her world—the big importing firm. When Mr. Archer was away she practically controlled his end of the business, and she knew it, and Grayson and Garrity knew it, though nobody said anything. It was a stately old firm, and prided itself on keeping to the ways of

gentlefolk in office hours as well as out of them. "Here's that invoice Mr. Archer wanted, Miss Stephens," said one of the younger clerks, standing at the door. He smiled respectfully as he handed it to her. There was a very friendly, courteous feeling through the whole staff of Grayson's.

"Yes, that's the one Mr. Archer wanted," said Miss Stephens pleasantly. "I'll just do it myself—he has enough on his shoulders to-day, poor man, with that Western customer!"

She dropped down at the desk, the fingers of one hand absently playing with the pipe Archer had left, while the pencil in the other hand went swiftly and effortlessly down the closely typed list in a preliminary checking. Mr. Archer rather disliked invoices, though he did them none the more carefully for that. One or the other of them had to check off such things personally. They were both accurate, as Mr. Archer himself had remarked musingly one day, to an amazing degree for such human souls. Mr. Archer made occasional amused comments on himself, which were—also—accurate. He knew he was very human and whimsical, and he rather liked it in himself. As for Miss Stephens, her humanness had been greatly a matter of his training, and she appreciated it. When she had come to Grayson's first, just out of Holyoke, she had been inarticulate, proud and shy to a point almost undreamed of before, even in a New Englander.

She finished the invoice, laid the pipe on it to weight it down, fastened back a lock of fair hair that was too low against her serene, white-and-rose-colored face, and went back to her own desk in the next room. It was a very lovely, fresh morning, and she felt very contented with life.

"It was good of you to take that beastly invoice off my shoulders, Miss Stephens," Mr. Archer's voice came warmly over her shoulder, an hour later, as she had known it would. She looked up and smiled.

"Two mean jobs in one day were too much for anybody," she retorted, "and I know that man from the West bored you to death!"

Archer smiled whimsically. He had a shock of prematurely gray hair, and a brown, pointed, elfish face, unexpectedly lit with the most friendly eyes in the world.

"It would have been three," he said. "No, I shouldn't say that. But going to hospitals does take it out of you, and Mrs. Archer and I were down at a department-store for a half-hour to-day. I lost Mr. Webbley as soon as lunch was over, and we went over to see poor Denny Barclay."

This was the Spring when the wounded men were being brought back from overseas. But one almost forgot—there was so much to do all over New York—about the hospitals full of hurt men. Miss Stephens felt a swift pang of self-reproach at her own oblivion to the sorrow in the world. Life seemed to be giving her everything she wanted, she who had started out with only her hands and her brain and her memories of a decent childhood; and poor Denny Barclay was down at the hospital with everything taken away! He had been one of the most promising of the younger men at Grayson's, a gay, brilliant boy toward whom she had felt, when she thought of him at all, an indulgent motherliness. Half the younger girls in the offices

had had cases on him. She and Mr. Archer had laughed about it together.

"Is he mutilated?" she asked, with the directness of speech that belonged to her. "Is it hopeless?"

Archer's mobile face darkened sympathetically.

"His foot is off at the ankle," he answered. "That's a pity, but by itself it wouldn't be so bad. They say they can play tennis and do all sorts of things, once they get artificial ones. It's shell-shock. He lies there half-stupid—takes no interest in any one or anything. It's a long, hard case. And he hasn't a soul belonging to him. I'm going to try to find time to drop in on him some more, but it's not encouraging. He doesn't care a hang whether you do or not."

Anne-Mary smiled understandingly. Mr. Archer did like to have people admire him when he did admirable things! It was a lovable little failing enough, she thought.

"I'll go and see him," she volunteered. "I might see if I couldn't take little Lucy Elliot. That promised to be quite an affair."

"Not a bit of it. Little Lucy shouldn't marry him now. He's scrapped, poor kid—he'll never have any economic value again. His mother might value him if he had one, but he hasn't. Don't go wasting our good employees that way, Miss Stephens!"

Something in the intonation of Mr. Archer's voice faintly jarred on Anne-Mary, but only very faintly, overlaid by the sense of well-being and brightness he always gave her. It was the note of mockery that went with his faun-shaped face, and was belied by the bright friendliness of his eyes. She reminded herself, still in that dim place of the mind where we thresh things out half-consciously, that she was too earnest-minded. He had often told her so by implication, in a way that made it seem rather a good thing to be nevertheless.

"Very well, I won't mention it to Miss Elliot," she answered quietly.

"And besides, Miss Elliot's engaged to Barton Myers," Archer told her mischievously. "She owned up to Miss Kahn last night."

They both laughed a little, and separated, Miss Stephens to finish the correspondence that the invoice had interrupted, Mr. Archer to see another important person. It was the time of year when many people had to be seen. Anne-Mary bent steadily to her work, sitting squarely at her desk, serene-faced, well-dressed, a little sturdy in her build. An exceptionally dependable and pleasant person, the members of the firm said. Archer went further; she was the perfect secretary, he boasted; and indeed the service she gave him was a very wonderful thing of its kind. But then he got that kind of service from most people in varying degrees. It was another thing of which he was pleasantly aware.

She got permission from the authorities to go and see poor Denny the next day. He scarcely seemed like the Denny she had known, the boy she had admired impersonally, taking pride in her freedom from desiring the attentions he flung light-heartedly about among the other girls. He was sitting up in a long chair, with his hands idly in his lap, and a big blanket thrown over him from

Continued on page 81



Scrooge bought the biggest turkey he could find



The Yule log must burn all night for luck



"Revelry is encouraged by the Squire"



Visitors are sure to be entertained



"I ope the door, I enter in;
I 'ope your favor for to win."



The "Farmer's Wife-Who-Has-Lost-Her-Way"

CHRISTMAS TIES THAT BIND

BY BEATRICE BARMBY



"I HAVE thought of Christmas as a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, and so a merry Christmas, uncle!"

"The blessings uttered by several of the poor convinced me that in the midst of his enjoyments the worthy old Cavalier had not forgotten the true Christmas virtue of charity."

To millions of us these words call up memories of the first time we read the Christmas stories of Charles Dickens, and memories of Washington Irving's picture of his English Christmas at the home of *Squire Bracebridge*. Through such writers as these, well loved by all of us who speak the same tongue, we have in our hearts intimate and personal pictures of an ideal Christmas-tide, with customs so quaint and old that they seem to date from the beginning of the world.

A few years ago a friend of mine was going to a country house in Yorkshire, there to spend her first English Christmas, and she said to me, "I am almost afraid to go for fear the ideal I have always cherished should turn into a dead illusion!"

But when I met her again in New York and asked whether her ideal was dead, she answered emphatically:

"No! I might almost have been living in the olden time! Further, the spirit of Christmas was there, the spirit which Dickens has immortalized for us out of the stony heart of *Scrooge*. As we sat around the hospitable table of my host and I looked at his smiling, happy face, I could have repeated Irving's words, 'I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old Cavalier before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of his family.'"

Perhaps the spirit of dead Christmases hovered in the air, the fragrance of customs kept by endless generations of mothers, fathers, children—kept by those first Americans before they left their homes for a new country.

This Christmas, when "peace on earth" is no longer an irony to the world, when America and England have re-established a spirit of unity, is a fitting time to refresh our hearts with memories of the spirit and customs of the old

English Christmas and see whether modern reality is colder than our ideal.

You remember how the *Ghost of Christmas Past* leads the stony-hearted *Scrooge* to the scenes of his childhood. It is there the softening process begins. He sees the lonely boy in school; he sees the lovely little sister come and take his hand and lead him home for Christmas Day: "I have come to bring you home, dear brother—home, home, home! . . . We're to be together all the Christmas long and have the merriest time in all the world."

And then the *Ghost* makes him look back upon the party at the *Fezziwigs*, before the worldly struggle had turned this enthusiastic young man into a heartless cynic. "In came the three Miss Fezziwigs' beaming and lovable. In came all the young men and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin the baker. In came the cook with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. Away they all went, twenty couples at once."

You see the spirit of Christmas—the selflessness, the desire to give happiness to people to whom happiness is scarce. "A small matter," said the *Ghost*, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed *Scrooge*, speaking unconsciously like his former, not his later, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our

service light or burdensome. The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

And then the *Ghost of Christmas Present* takes him to the home of *Tiny Tim*. And in came little *Bob*, the father, and *Tiny Tim* upon his shoulder. Alas for *Tiny Tim*, he bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchitt. "As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. He told me coming home that he hoped the people saw him in the church because he was a cripple and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day Who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

"Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this and trembled more when he said that *Tiny Tim* was growing strong and hearty."

"Spirit," said *Scrooge*, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if *Tiny Tim* will live?"

"I see a vacant seat," replied the *Ghost*, "in the poor chimney-corner and a crutch, without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

Again the *Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come* takes him to the same house. But there is a little figure missing. "The noisy little Cratchitts were as still as statues in one corner and sat looking up at Peter. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing, but surely they were very quiet."

"And he took a child and set him in the midst of them." Where had *Scrooge* heard those words?

You know the rest: how, after all, *Tiny Tim* did not die, and how *Scrooge* bought the biggest turkey he could find and sent it to the *Cratchitts*, and gave away his money to the orphanage. And how as he went into the streets, he looked so irresistibly pleasant that three or four good-humored fellows said, "A merry Christmas to you!" And *Scrooge* said often afterward that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard those were the blithest in his ears.

It's all very simple; nothing perplexing, nothing dazzling, just a homely story of good-will and family love.

And this same spirit glows under the more stately language of Washington Irving, as he writes of his "Christmas Day" in an English country home.



PLUPY'S REINDEER

BY HENRY A. SHUTE

IT WAS TIME FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE TO TAKE SOME RESPONSIBILITY IN THE CHURCH, DECIDED THE OLDER FOLKS; AND THEY ACCORDINGLY ACTUALLY ENTRUSTED TO PLUPY SHUTE THE MANAGEMENT OF THE CHRISTMAS-TREE CELEBRATION. IT WAS A FUNCTION UNIQUE IN EVERY RESPECT, AND VERY MUCH FUNNIER THAN PLUPY MEANT IT TO BE

IN THE early '70's the Fourth of July and Christmas were the *summa bona*, the *ne plus ultra*, the *pièces de résistance*, the—the—the—well, the two most important holidays of the year and the days from which and to which time was calculated and striking events referred. In this respect they were the successors of hog-killin' time, plantin'-time and sugarin'-time of earlier days.

In these days of a general overturning and improvement of everything, when the main ambition of the public appears to be to create and punctiliously observe as many holidays as possible, Christmas and the Fourth appear to have lost much of their individuality.

In the old days as soon as those who had observed the Fourth by suitable and patriotic celebration had recovered their eyesight or the use of their limbs and mental faculties, they turned their thoughts and anticipations toward the next real holiday, Christmas.

brand-new platform of freshly sawed boards and timbers, unplauded, so that adventurous small boys might not, unpierced by splinters, climb thereon, and from which the local silver cornet band alternately blew um-pah tones and dodged explosives, and plug-hatted and frock-coated orators smote the air and hoarsely orated, and at a certain time the best speaker of the local high or grammar school spoke in the rapidly alternating bass and treble tone of youth the Declaration of Independence.

And people listened religiously and attentively, although they knew it by heart, and applauded it vigorously. Which one of us can repeat a complete sentence of it to-day?

And Christmas had its literature and its music as did the Fourth.

And its fireworks, too, in the blaze of tinsel and colored candles on the Christmas tree.

And when was Christmas-tree celebration planned and carried out that did not have its exercises, at the end of which there would be a jingle of sleigh-bells outside, with Santa Claus entering? No make-believe Santa, but the real, flesh-and-blood, simon-pure Santa; at least all the children believed implicitly in him.

Indeed such for years had been the time-honored observance of these holidays in the little town of Exeter, in which our friend Plupy had passed a not uninteresting nor wholly blameless boyhood, and which town had been, so to speak, infested by Skinny Bruce and Tady Finton and Phoebe Taylor and Pop Clark and the Chadwick boys and Tommy Thompson and Pile Wood and Cawcaw Harding and Fatty Gilman and Melcher and Pewt and Beany and other desperate characters.

But the time arrived when each and every one of these

suitable missiles when one went by crowning the well-oiled and well-parted-in-the-back locks of some sterling and elderly citizen.

A remarkable change had happened to their mental perspective almost in a night. They began to realize that girls filled a larger place in the divine order of things than they dreamed of. Hitherto they had been wont to regard them as convenient weaklings to chase with caterpillars or earthworms dangling from a stick and to annoy by the chalking-up of aspersions on convenient fences.

They were slowly beginning to understand that hats were to be worn on the head instead of in the air; that neckties were to be worn in the place suggested by the name and not pinned to an elderly gentleman's or ancient beau's coat tail of an afternoon stroll adown the main street. It was at this period in the life of friend



THE CHAIRMAN WAS OF AN IMPORTANCE LITTLE LESS THAN THAT OF THE PRESIDENT



THE PORTLAND FANCY, THE GLIDE WALTZ AND HOP WALTZ, THE VARSOUVIENNE, THE POLKA REDOWA AND THE SCHOTTISCHE

To be sure Thanksgiving preceded Christmas by a month. But what of it? Thanksgiving was merely an incident, a sort of general gorge, when every worthy citizen of whatever age

Ate and ate and ate, 'twell he Couldn't stuff anudder mouful,

as a contemporary magazine article delightfully put it. To be sure there were turkey raffles and turkey shoots and antidotal church services, and the reunion of the veterans at the annual and old-fashioned football games in which every one took part and did penance for weeks thereafter with strained tendons and sprained ankles and lumbago and water on the knee and varicose veins and plain and comminuted fractures and intercostal neuralgia and enlargement of the joints and other distressing complaints, to say nothing of practical ruination of top hats and frock coats and gray-striped trousers and patent-leather shoes.

No, Thanksgiving was merely a chaotic incident in the limited procession of the holidays in the days when we were boys and youths.

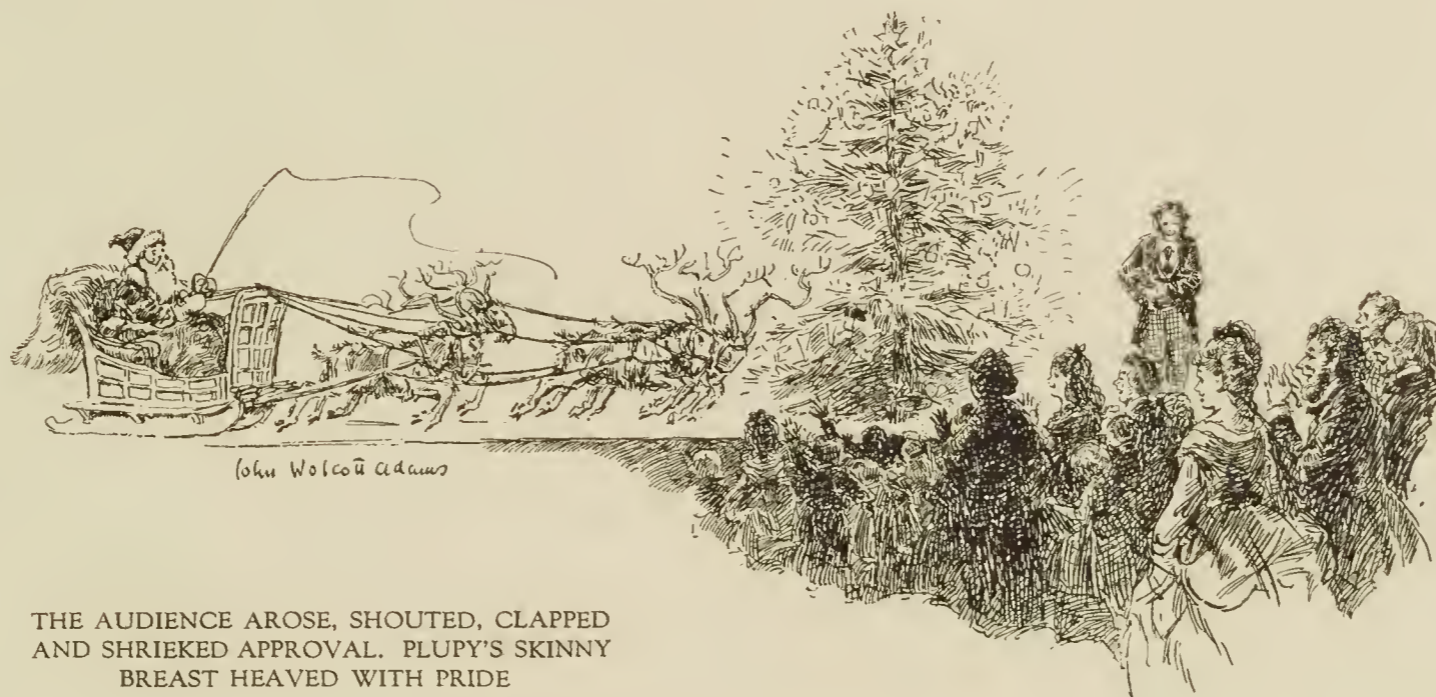
There was real patriotism in the boisterous noise of the Fourth and the prevailing good cheer. The lemonade, the punch and the ice-cream cemented the friendship of years so firmly that the terrific explosions which shattered sleep, nerves and the windows of unoccupied houses could not affect it at all.

There was no less patriotism in the quieter but equally delightful observances of Christmas, that season of good-will and of gifts.

And they were days of music and of oratory. On the Fourth the village square was gay with flags and pierced in its exact center by a

light-hearted miscreants began to undergo the inevitable smoothing-off process and took some thought for the morrow and what they should eat and what they should drink and in particular wherewithal they should be clothed.

And they began to realize that life held for them worthier ambitions than fishing and swimming and bullfrogging and the tripping-up of people at night with ropes and breaking windows and hooking apples and using inoffensive citizens and men of unblemished and Christian lives as shining targets for ripe tomatoes, immature apples on a limber withe or overmature cucumbers. They were gradually losing their boyish antipathy to the plug hat. To be sure they would not have worn one for the fabled and buried gold of Captain Kidd, but they no longer groped for



THE AUDIENCE AROSE, SHOUTED, CLAPPED AND SHRIEKED APPROVAL. PLUPY'S SKINNY BREAST HEAVED WITH PRIDE

Plupy—and after Thanksgiving in the early '70's—that he was appointed a chairman of the committee in whose hands depended the program arrangements for the annual Christmas Festival of the Unitarian Church by a committee that sought to shift the burden to more incompetent but willing shoulders.

It had been the custom of that favored and envied organization for several years to hold the Christmas Festival in the town hall, where after a most sociable parish supper the huge Christmas trees, ranged on the stage and ablaze with candles, festooned with pop-corn and hung with muslin bags of candies and loaded with presents, were denuded of everything but the candles, while the children cheered, yelled, raced across the polished floor, slipped, fell and bumped their heads astoundingly and with the utmost glee and enjoyment.

When the last present was given out and the last candle burned out, the children were wrapped up and taken home, and the youth and many of their elders danced to the inspiring strains of a most frank and outspoken orchestra.

In this unobtrusive way did the Unitarian Society seek to blaze the way and set the pace for the more conservative churches that frowned upon the merry dance even in the measures of the stately Quadrille, the graceful Cecilian Circle, the cheerful Lancers, the lively Portland Fancy, the intricate Lady Washington Reel, and the Czardas-like Rush of the Tempest, and held up their various denominational hands in horror at the Glide Waltz and Hop Waltz, the Varsouvienne, the Mazurka, the Polka Redowa, and the Schottische.

It is needless to say that the Unitarian Christmas-tree festival became a function that required the most careful and tactful management and made heavy demands upon the committee having it in charge, and thereby made the position of chairman one of an importance but little less than that of the President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, the chief of the local fire department or the first "seelickman."

It is a source of much gratification to Plupy to realize, forty years later, that he entered into the manifold and important duties of this his first and last assignment of the kind with the most sincere desire not only to keep the celebration up to its high standard but to improve it by the introduction of pleasing variety.

Indeed so insistent was he that at the meetings of the committee he was practically given a free hand upon the express understanding that he was not to verge too widely from the established custom. That is to say, he was not to sacrifice the trees, Santa, or the poem in his zeal for improvement. As Mr. Curdle remarked on one occasion to Nicholas Nickleby, "All would be unavailing without a strict observance of the unities."

So Plupy cast about in his mind to improve the celebration, while preserving and observing the unities, and being a youth of an active imagination soon hit upon a scheme to make this particular

Continued on page 66

THE GIFT TREE

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "Green Trails and Upland Pastures," etc.

EVEN a slight reading of that inexhaustible book, or rather series of books, "The Golden Bough," will acquaint the reader with the importance of trees in the history, the customs, even the religions of the race. In a very real sense, the Christmas tree is older than Christmas; it is as old as man's instinctive reverence for trees, his awe at the mystery of forests, his realization of the great boons of fuel and shelter and even food. The Christmas evergreen we hang with gifts and deck with candles for the delight of the children (and ourselves) is more than a symbol of our love for our fellows, annually renewed in memory of the great Disciple of Brotherhood. It is a symbol, too, of certain natural reverences which have been always in the world, reverences for the gifts of Nature, the boon of the earth's fertility, the forest's mystic renewal. For myself, never a Christmas passes that I do not cut a Christmas tree, and never one passes that I do not seem to see crouched beneath it, as it glows and sparkles in the dance of the firelight, a snow-shoe rabbit, to remind me, I think, of the wild place from whence it came, the long procession of forests stretching back into the dimmest days of history, with which man has contended, and yet without which he would find "this goodly frame, the earth" a sorry dwelling-place.

If I have a favorite Christmas tree, it is, I suppose, the balsam—a preference probably shared by most people. Above all other evergreens, of course, the balsam is deliciously, pungently fragrant with a peculiar and compelling odor. The little balsam, too, more than the other spruces, has a pronounced conical symmetry, a spired top, as well as longer and richer-colored needles. Like all the spruces, its limbs, even its twigs, are stiff and strong, holding up presents and decorations better than pines or hemlocks. But it is the odor which counts more than anything else.

In the region of Massachusetts where I live there are no balsams, even high up on my mountain. Because I can not cut this tree myself, I do not use it any more, for I would rather have a meaner tree cut with my own hands and brought home down the mountain while the wood smoke curls up from my chimneys into the still Winter air than the finest balsam brought by the express company. I enjoy my balsam Christmas trees in Summer. A little farther north they are occasionally found on the higher summits, but it is not there I seek them. I take the car and drive across the State line into Vermont, by a back road that makes for the heart of the Green Mountain divide. It is a pretty, winding country road, beside a brook and between rocky, pastured slopes and woods. Quite suddenly, less than ten miles into Vermont, especially on a hot day, the unforgettable odor strikes my nostrils and I tip back my head and drink it in, while my eyes go up the slopes beside the road and greet the tiny, spired forests of Christmas trees which are marching down to welcome me, the advance guard of the northern woods. We find a spot presently to leave the car and climb up amid the densest clumps of the fragrant young balsams—trees all the way from seedlings to sturdy fellows ten feet tall—where we lie out on the needles, the dry grass, the crushed ferns, reveling in odors, and eat our lunch, while a white-throat flutes near by, perhaps, or from the higher woods beyond a hermit sounds his elfin horn.

There are three other native spruces here in the East—the black, red and white. They differ among themselves in looks far less than they differ from the balsam. But the white spruce can not be crushed or bruised with impunity, because its always somewhat apparent odor is then extremely unpleasant, and has earned it the name of skunk spruce. It is decidedly to be avoided as a Christmas tree. Like the balsam, however, the other spruces have stiff branches and twigs, and are rigid, liberally based pyramids, excellent for bearing gifts and decorations. But their needles are shorter and much more tightly clustered around the stems, giving the whole tree a less velvety and graceful aspect. Their color, too, is lighter.

Out in the Northwest, especially on the Pacific slope of the Cascade Mountains, the Douglas spruce, I suppose, is the prize Christmas tree. This noble conifer is beautiful from the first to the very last years of its life. When it has reached a height of one hundred feet, with all its lower branches still alive and sweeping the ground, or a height of almost two hundred feet in the dense forest, it is a thing to bow before and worship. Alas! It is only to be had in the East from the nurseries, and costs alive a dollar a foot. Naturally, we do not know it as a Christmas decoration! The dwellers near the Rocky Mountains, of course, can employ the Colorado blue spruce, which in its young stages is one of the most lusciously full-foliaged, rigid, shapely, and yet velvety, of all evergreens. It is of a rare and charming color, too, though in an Eastern garden it always strikes me as exotic and out of place, much as a Rocky Mountain big-horn sheep would seem in one of our pastures. However, the price of this tree, like that of the Douglas spruce, precludes its use by us at Christmas, unless we ourselves have raised it from a seedling.

For the same reason that I do not cut balsams for my own house I do not cut spruces. In my immediate neighborhood there are no spruces. My choice is limited, if I am to sally forth in December and cut the tree, to pines, cedars and hemlocks. Yet I can not ask for pity on that account. There is nothing much more attractive than a well-formed little cedar column rising, dark red and green, above the snowy slope of the old sheep pasture, unless it be a tapering, feathery hemlock, its slender top adroop with a clinging bit of snow up along the stone wall that fringes the mountain woods, or growing under the very roof of the woods themselves and sheltering last night beneath its drooping lower branches some shy rabbit who crouched there to escape the prying eyes of a great horned owl. Perhaps, though, there is something even more attractive than that—a well-formed white pine, say ten years old, which expanded and grew freely and symmetrically, possibly in an abandoned rye-field, amid a whole colony of its brothers and sisters, making a fairy little wood, each roundish, long-needled tree like a rich puff of green smoke,

played upon by lights and shadows and hung with the cotton of the snow.

All things considered, the white pine (its giant cousin, the sugar pine of the West is included, of course) is both the most useful and the noblest tree common in America. There is nothing east of the Pacific Coast, certainly, to compare with a virgin stand of white pine—now, alas! something few can see. Such a stand of old giants, one hundred and



THE WOUNDED SOLDIER

"THEY CODDLE ME WITH CUSHIONS, PETTING, PRAISE,
WITH CUSTARDS, CIGARETS AND BOOKS OF VERSE;
THEY TALK SO SOFTLY, SMOOTHING EVERY PHRASE,
I LOOK ABOUT FOR CHAPLAIN, BEARERS, HEARSE!

"THEY PATTERN LIKE SOOTHING SUMMER RAIN,
AND LEAVE THE CHILDREN HOME FOR FEAR THEY'LL CRY;
THEY NEVER MENTION WAR OR DEATH OR PAIN—
THEY CHEER ME UP UNTIL I WANT TO DIE!

"BUT SHE—SHE BREEZES IN AND GRIPS MY HANDS;
SHE SMELLS OF WIND AND WOODS AND FLOWER-BEDS,
AND BORROWS BABIES FOR ME, UNDERSTANDS
HOW GOOD IT FEELS TO PAT THEIR DOWNY HEADS!

"WE PLAY WITH CARDS AND BLOCKS UPON THE BEDS,
THE CHILDREN CUDDLE CLOSE AT STORY TIME
AND SIGH, RELIEVED, BECAUSE THE GIANT'S DEAD!—
AND THEN SHE SINGS SOME HAPPY SILLY RIME.

"AT LAST THE CHILDREN GO; JUST SHE AND I
SIT SILENT IN THE DUSK, THE GREAT WAR SEEMS
AN ANCIENT LEGEND, ENDING HAPPILY,
AS WE TWO DRINK OUR TEA AND DREAM OUR DREAMS.

—Elizabeth Newport Hepburn

twenty-five to one hundred and fifty feet tall, seventy-five feet without a limb, vast brown columns towering up into the everlasting organ murmur of the wind, was Nature's cathedral. Yet in spite of the fact that we have cut off nearly all such glorious virgin stands, the white pine everywhere renews itself if given half a chance, and all about my house are acres upon acres of young new forest coming up, dense little thickets of puffy green where the snow lies thick on the limbs and settles but slowly through to the brown carpet beneath, where the rabbits run, the pheasants go to nibble the terminal buds from the lower branches, the chickadees in Winter find a warm refuge from the storms, and where I can enter with an ax and take a tree without any loss to the forest, which is the better, indeed, for a little thinning.

The pine-tree in the house is actually much more decorative than spruce or balsam, because its foliage, with the long, glossy needles, is so much more feathery and rich in shadows. Its boughs sag, to be sure, under the weight of a pound of candy, and all heavier parcels have to be placed on the floor beneath, or on a table; but no tree responds so gracefully to the weaving in and out of tinsel chains, the placing of gold stars and frosted decorations. It is fragrant, too, when newly cut, with the sweet, wholesome smell of pitch, the delicious aroma of the old sawmill—the one you remember beside grandfather's lily-pond and dam. I love the pine, too, for its bird and animal suggestions—pine grosbeaks, those soft-spoken, warm-breasted Winter visitors from the far north who tweet softly in its snow-laden branches; pine siskins; crows that build in Spring up in the tall pines in the swamp; chickadees and nuthatches and creepers and jays that seek the pine shelter in a storm, to dash out and feed from our window-ledges; chattering red squirrels that all Summer long gather and hide the pine-cones and all Winter dig them up from holes around the roots, and sitting on a stump shred them and eat the seeds. When I was a little boy, I once blew a bellows through a pine Christmas tree to see if I could recreate the sea-shell murmur. But, alas! That vanishes into silence when the ax is laid to the trunk.

A virgin hemlock forest is only a shade less wonderful than a stand of virgin pine; it is less Gothic, and more Druidical. But the young tree has little hint of its mature solidity and gloomy power. It is graceful, inclined to be slender and unsymmetrical, with delicate, rather drooping twigs. It is a lovely decoration in itself, but a poor support for Christmas adornments, especially if they are at all heavy. The young red cedar, for all its narrow, conical shape, is rather to be preferred.

Indeed, the cedar is to be preferred over every other tree if you live not in a house but in an apartment where space is at a premium. A spruce, balsam or pine tall enough to touch the ceiling with its leader tip (as any Christmas tree ought to do, for a puny tree, a flower-pot kind of tree, is no Christmas tree at all!) will, if it is well shaped, require six or seven feet of floor-space in each direction. An eight-foot-tall red cedar, on the other hand (or, less desirable though more fragrant, a conical arbor-vitæ) will go into two or three feet of floor-space.

Nor is the tight-packed foliage of the cedar column to be scorned for its at first glance somewhat rusty appearance in December. This rust turns out on examination to be a most beautiful shade, or rather shades, of red; the foliage, as the light plays upon it, is velvety with tiny shadows; the stiff branches hold weight well, and they can conceal mysteries put there by Santa Claus as successfully as one of my garden cedars hid all Summer the nest of a pair of ground sparrows. I love a cedar, too, for its spicy, characteristic smell, and its suggestion of those beautiful, trim birds which feed so much on its berries—the cedar wax-wings—and those woodland folk who nibble its branches (and the hemlock branches, as well), the deer. If it weren't for the fact that I can never bring myself to the point of cutting one of the hundreds of cedars which stand like slim sentinels all up the limestone ledges of my old sheep pasture, I think I should often bring in a cedar for Christmas.

But Christmas would not be quite Christmas if we brought in nothing but a tree over the December snow. There are the Christmas greens to gather—sometimes, it seems to me, an even more delightful task, for even at Christmas, and even for the good of a too thick stand, I can never lay an ax to a living tree without a twinge. Old-world legend and custom have enshrined the holly and the mistletoe as the royal Christmas greens, and in many parts of our new world we, too, have both in plenty. Yet, in my cold northern hills where we have neither, I find substitutes that I verily believe are "just as good." We back-country Yankees have an idea that wreaths of laurel leaves and wreaths of trailing evergreen and Princess pine (I have a gray birch wood where the floor is one yielding carpet of the ground pines) are beautiful to look upon and most acceptable in the sight of the Spirit of Christmas. We have an idea, too, that the jolly red berry of the partridge vine (*Michella repens*), which the ruffed grouse feeds upon as it shines on the forest floor amid its round little leaves that are so fair and fresh a green when you poke the snow away, is no less joyous than the holly; and though we have no mistletoe on our oaks, we have upon all our gray granite boulders that lie tumbled down from the cliffs in the mountain forest beds upon beds of polypodiaceous ferns, shining green and cheerful in the Winter sun that strikes through the leafless branches above them. There is no legend attached to these ferns, so far as I know, yet lips have met in Winter woods at their vernal inspiration—I do know that.

We gather the trailing evergreens, the laurel branches, the vines and ferns, in big sacks and bring them down the mountain, on snow-shoes, perhaps, while the sun is getting low and the far eastern hills are putting on their amethysts. There is a peculiar joy in wreathing the trailing evergreen, with its strong, clean, earthy smell from the black leaf-mold that clings to the stems and roots, and in building the hoops from the shining laurel leaves, with their suggestion of Greek brows crowned for victory, and in

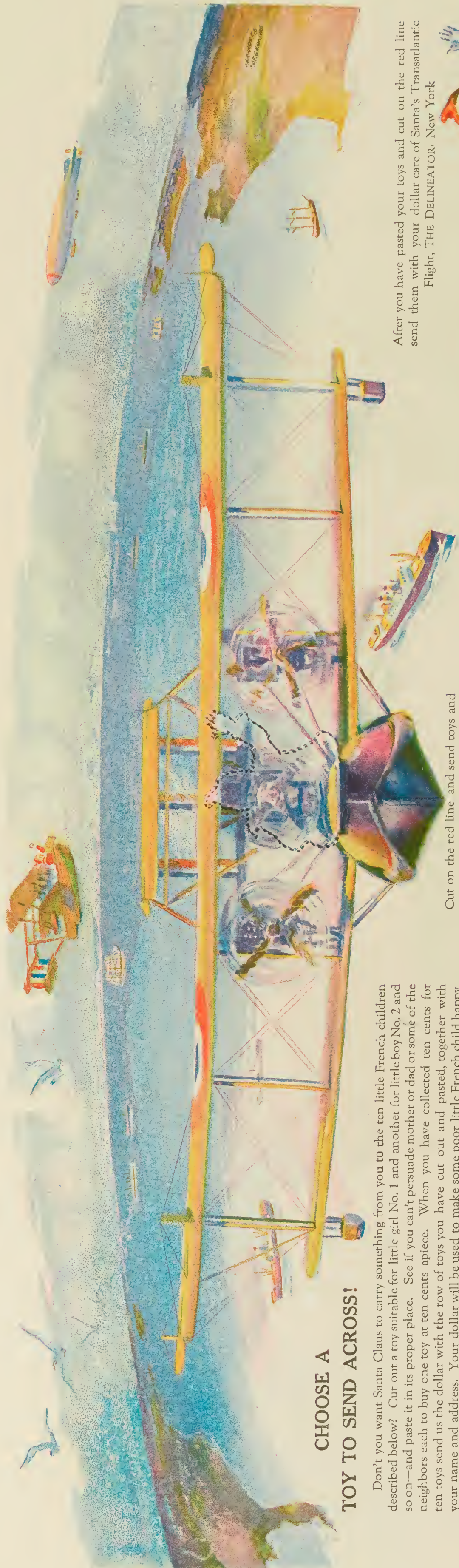
Concluded on page 64



THE REAL NAMES OF OUR CHRISTMAS TREES—DO YOU KNOW THEM?

From a Painting by Charles S. Chapman

LOOK AT YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE THIS YEAR AND DETERMINE FROM THIS PAINTING AND MR. EATON'S ARTICLE ON THE PRECEDING PAGE WHAT IT IS, AND GET ITS BEAUTY AND POETRY AND BIRD ASSOCIATIONS



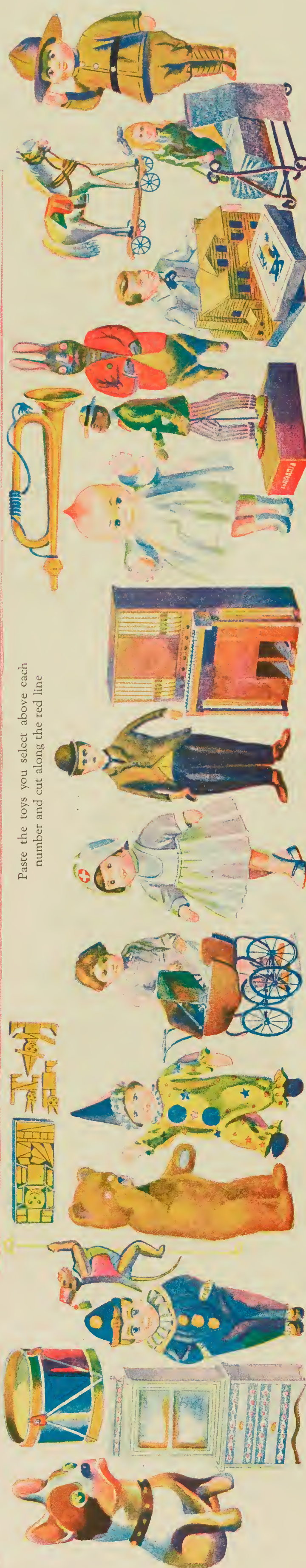
CHOOSE A TOY TO SEND ACROSS!

Don't you want Santa Claus to carry something from you to the ten little French children described below? Cut out a toy suitable for little girl No. 1 and another for little boy No. 2 and so on—and paste it in its proper place. See if you can't persuade mother or dad or some of the neighbors each to buy one toy at ten cents apiece. When you have collected ten cents for ten toys send us the dollar with the row of toys you have cut out and pasted, together with your name and address. Your dollar will be used to make some poor little French child happy.

After you have pasted your toys and cut on the red line send them with your dollar care of Santa's Transatlantic Flight, THE DELINEATOR, New York

Cut on the red line and send toys and your dollar to Santa, care DELINEATOR

| | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|--|---|--|---|--|--|---|---|---|------|
| 10c. | 10c. | 10c. | 10c. | 10c. | 10c. | 10c. | 10c. | 10c. | 10c. | 10c. |
| Choose a plaything which simply won't break to give to Lucienne, a very small tot who is just learning to walk. Remember that she'll want to take it to bed with her at night | Do you suppose Pierre, a little man of three, would scorn a doll? There are dolls here which look much more as if they ought to belong to a small boy than a small girl. Don't you think so? | If you don't give Louise, the twin sister of the three-year-old, a doll, she will insist upon playing with her brother's—and then there will be trouble. Pick out a good one! | Many a time when it is too cold or wet to play outside, Arlette of four to sit down in the house and play quietly. Give her something to play with | Henri is six years old, just the age when a boy wants to do things with his hands, the very things he has seen men do. Let Henri try his hand at building a house that looks real | Hundreds of French boys and girls scarcely knew how to laugh when the war ended—even now Emile does not have as many chances to laugh as you have. Pick out something that will make him | Liliane is a little French girl who is still longing for her dearest possession which was lost when her home was destroyed. Her parents aren't able yet to buy Liliane a new one | Jean is a big boy and is very scornful of the toys of his small brother. He calls them babyish or sissy. But his eyes will shine and his heart will beat faster when he catches sight of— | Raoul is one of the boys of France who got very close to the war, so close that he is still suffering from his experience. He deserves the very nicest toy of all. Choose carefully. Make him happy | There is a time in the life of every small girl when she wants to pretend that she is a grown-up lady with a real, truly, house of her own. Find a toy that will satisfy this youngster | |



Paste the toys you select above each number and cut along the red line

Put Santa Claus in his seat

SANTA'S TRANSATLANTIC FLIGHT
LEAVES DELINEATOR OFFICE, NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20th

THE TREE OF JOY—VI GLIMPSES OF THE GOLDEN-BOOK TOWN

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT



THE HOUSE OF GOD AT LANDRES ET SAINT GEORGES BEFORE THE GERMANS GOT THERE



WHAT THE GERMANS DID TO THE HOUSE OF GOD AT LANDRES ET SAINT GEORGES



GRAND RUE (MAIN STREET) IN THE DELINEATOR'S TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK



LA MAIRIE, HEADQUARTERS OF THE GOVERNMENTAL DEPARTMENTS THAT AMERICANS FIND IN THE TOWN HALL

JOHNNY-CAKE! Honest-to-goodness johnny-cake! Large and square and golden as if mother had cut it from a pan just out of the kitchen oven, the picture framed itself ahead of us on the rain-spattered windshield of our car.

There it was. Sure-enough johnny-cake! And it was crossing the sky-line of devastated France. A boy in khaki carried it, carefully balancing in the other hand a steaming cup of coffee. "My country, 'tis of thee," I could have sung for joy! In the pile of stones here that used to be the village of Varennes we had come upon a camp of American engineers.

You, who are living right along where there's always something to eat, I know won't understand. But take my word for it, when one wanders in waste places of the world, where there's going to be not even a cheap restaurant on the next corner, real food from home looks good.

We were the expedition that had set out in search of that village of Landres which is to be made THE DELINEATOR Town of the Golden Book. It lies on the edge of a war-wrecked world across the wilderness of ruin which was the Meuse and the Ardennes, over toward the German border.

It is a better village than others in the blasted landscape because there is enough of it to put together. There are those with not one stone left standing on another.

We came to our village past dead men's shoes. And dead men's helmets. And dead men's coats. And dead men's bodies. -Ay, some of them American dead men's bodies, too!

For these are the relics of war. All along the roadside they strew what is the world's highway of victory.

Through an abomination of desolation like this, for miles and miles we went where no life stirred in the awful scrap-

heap of what had been human habitations. Sometimes we even looked in vain for what had been the sign-post of a town.

There was, you see, literally no living person from whom to inquire the way!

Again and again we lost it. But just when we knew not how we should find it, nor food nor shelter, always a boy, like this one carrying johnny-cake, walked out of the cold French day ahead of our car. And the American Army took us in.

We had started from Paris in a touring-car very courteously placed at my disposal by the Ministère des Régions Libérées. Our party included my French secretary and a photographer who was an Irishman and an American woman Red Cross doctor who had not yet seen this sector.

There were no sight-seeing cars for the battle-fields in March, 1919. A rented automobile for this trip, if a car for rent could have been found at all, would have cost five hundred dollars and upward. And in any other than a government conveyance there would have been even more permits required.

As it was, it had taken three weeks to make the necessary arrangements and assemble all the *sauv-conduits* and bread-cards, alimentation cards, *cartes rouges* and white and blue and all the other colors by which existence might be assured. We had, of course, a small supply of food provided against emergency need: bread and chocolate and wine for where there would be no water safe to drink.

I thought, you see, I knew my way around where war had been. How many of its obstacles had I not already hurdled! Still there were more to meet. We were going now 'way beyond the last sign-board of promise which I

have told you hung over the ruins of France, "Comité Américain pour les Régions Dévastées."

Crossing *régions dévastées*, you come to *régions libérées*, which are worse. Wrested from enemy dominion in the last terrific struggle which it took America to win, these areas are literally shot to pieces.

It is the complete wreckage of all that used to be civilization. And the profound importance of saucepans and the social order in which people lie down to sleep at night confident of three meals the next day suddenly appears in the chaos of your personal schedule. I know I went back from the far front humbled to the idea that any hotel at all would do. Margarin no longer mattered. I could take my coffee black. Even the saccharin in a cologne bottle that makes you feel like hair-oil at the breakfast-table was not so hard to bear.

It was nine o'clock in the morning when with horn screaming we went tearing through the streets of Paris and any traffic regulations there might be. You just about go as you please over here, as does every other car, until you come to collision.

Outside the city walls we sped on and on, first through districts where civilization only began to break and at last through the ultimate areas where it went all to pieces. We lunched in an inn at Château-Thierry where at the "Big Show" Betty got her "trench look" as our boys fought their way across the Marne. It was in Belleau Wood the awful battle was. The town itself is not so entirely demolished. There are damaged buildings where you see a sign up that the hair-dresser is removed to some other *rue* or the *pâtisserie* shop is now in a different square. But there are plenty of houses quite intact.

Continued on page 75



"I KNOW YOU ALL THINK I'M CRAZY," LAUGHED MARY J. FLINT

CRAZY DAY

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

NO ONE CAN WRITE GIRLS' STORIES QUITE LIKE MRS. DONNELL. SO WE CHOSE HER TO WRITE OUR CHRISTMAS PAGE FOR GIRLS. THIS IS ONE OF HER BEST TALES

RHODA said that Christmasing in a dormitory was "worse and more of it," a cryptic and dire statement. But Rhoda was always saying things. Up to the day before Christmas, that is. That day she suddenly stopped saying much of anything at all.

Shirley and Elizabeth consulted together.

"Rhoda's got to be cheered up, poor dear! She never was away from home before at Christmas. Now, you and I—seems to me I never was *not* away Christmas. I've had the worst luck! The year the house was shut up and we children distributed round among aunts, and the Christmas the twins had scarlet fever and the one when I was quarantined at Aunt Ann's with measles—gracious!" Elizabeth laughed her laugh that always surprised people by being so big when she was so small.

"I can stand a Silloway Select School Christmas, I guess. Can't you?"

"There's nowhere else I'd rather be than I think of now," Shirley said rather drearily. She was thinking how lovely it would be to have folks in Idaho, like Rhoda's folks, or wherever Elizzie's folks were—folks somewhere, to have to stay away from. It would have been a curious thought to put into words, maybe, but she did not think it aloud. Having folks at all to be away from appealed to Shirley as a lovely thing. Shirley's folks were in heaven.

"But," continued Elizabeth briskly, "you and I've got to put our heads together—right smack together!—and think up some fun! Rhoda's got to be cheered up and I guess we can stand it, too! If our boxes from home haven't got here yet there isn't much chance for *that* fun—not in time for Christmas. Well!"

"Well!" echoed Shirley. "Here's my head, but it'll have to be smacked pretty hard. There isn't an idea in it."

"There's got to be an idea in it! Or in mine. Sh! Keep perfectly still while I think! Fun—fun—somebody's got to think up some fun!" Elizzie rocked her small body back and forth in the throes of thought. The fact that it was gray and misty out-of-doors and a rather hopeless back-ground outdoors or in, for anything like fun, only spurred her on the more valiantly. Suddenly she ceased her weaving motions and uttered a note of triumph.

"Fee, fi, fo, fun,

I smell the blood of one!

An idea, ahoy!"

"Tell it quick, before I have one, then you'll get all the glory," retorted Shirley.

"Well, we'll hang Miss Flint's stocking up to-night—doesn't that smell nice and bloody?"

"Elizabeth, you *inventor!* Let's go tell Rhoda. I've thought of something to hang in it so soon!"

"Oh, we'll think of things! Appropriate ones! We'll hang it outside her room, on the door-knob. After she has gone to bed. Cr-ee-p up—sh-h—and go to the hangin'!"

"Sounds cr-ee-py enough!" laughed Shirley.

Miss Flint was the Lady Whose Name Fitted, as Rhoda said. She was the teacher left in charge of the three girls, and she charged them faithfully and often.

"If she was only pretty—just one little molecule of her!" sighed Rhoda. "It's so much easier to hate homely folks. And if she wasn't quite so awfully Flinty!"

Rhoda welcomed the brilliant idea of Elizzie with instant approval. Her cloud of blue was rent asunder and lo, a silver lining! The three of them settled down at once to the absorbing business of filling the stocking of the Lady Whose Name Fitted. Appropriateness was to be the keynote—it was to be a stocking that fitted.

"We'll never have such a chance to get even again," Elizzie said practically.

"Yes, it's a great opportunity," Shirley agreed. "Let's us all make little lists of what we want to put into the stocking and then compare lists."

For a space of moments actually summing up into fifteen or twenty, there was silence in the little dormitory room. To Mary J. Flint in her room across the hall, the silence was almost alarming. She had come to dread silences more than noises.

"Mischief," she thought, and set her thin straight lips a little thinner and straighter. She was feeling a little thinner and straighter in her mind. If she could have asked a favor of Fate—to be allowed to creep off into a—into a hole and spend her Christmas! To pull the hole in after her and tuck it round her snugly!

The thin, straight line of lips actually curved a very little bit, and upward:

"It would be very peaceful in the hole," thought Mary J. Flint. "Peace is all I'd ask for Christmas."

That "J." in her name was the source of many guesses among the Silloway Select girls, though popular vote had it the beginning of Jane. Of course Jane. Could anything fit better than Mary Jane Flint!

Three lists resulted from the unwonted period of silence in Rhoda's room. Three heads knocked together above those lists—three giggles, three whispers.

"Your all-day suckers are inspirations, Rhoda! Aren't they, Shirley? Did you ever hear of lovelier Christmas candy?"

"To put in a beloved teacher's stocking!"

"And the handkerchiefs in a dainty tissue bundle tied with ribbon! Where'd you say you could get 'em, Elizzie?"

"At the five and ten, this afternoon. We'll go Christmas shopping. Mother always buys red bandannas for dust-ers. We'll get nice big ones!"

Rhoda was studying Shirley's list with delight.

"'A diamond engagement ring' from the Red Bandanna Emporium! In a perfectly darling little Russian leather ring-

case. I shouldn't think you'd want to give it up, Shirley."

Shirley drew her face into virtuous lines. "For the good of the Cause," she said. The giggles redoubled. It must be remembered right here—the sooner it is remembered the better—that these girls were young and very hard up for fun, marooned here in this empty and resounding desert of a Silloway Select dormitory with only three girls in it and one Flinty teacher to be cross to the three girls. Anyway, near-cross. Anyway, so homely and ancient and horrid that it was a good thing she *did* shut herself up in her room whenever she wasn't out on the scent for mischief. The more shut-upper the better, Rhoda said.

And it must be remembered, quick!, that this marooned time was Christmas-time. None of the girls could travel the long trail to their homes in so short an intermission.

Unfortunately no boxes had yet arrived and report had it that there was no hope—no hope. Crush of Christmas boxes—delay all along the line—a belated Christmas two or three days after Christmas was stone cold.

"Mummy's Kriss Kringle Kakes will get dry as a—a history exam!" scolded Elizzie.

"How do you suppose my Mocha layer-cake will taste in its second childhood!" Rhoda scolded.

"Well," drawled Shirley, "I don't suppose Guardy's gloves and handkerchiefs and books will taste any drier in a week from now, but I don't know's that's any reason I shouldn't get 'em."

Time and tide favored mischief, and hanging up the flinty one's stocking was the form it had taken. Item by item, the three went over the foolish little lists, adopting foolish items but reluctantly discarding the foolishest. Hair restorer? No, though it would "fit" the thin, strained-back locks. Flintlocks, Shirley called them. Lemons? No. They couldn't be vulgar in their fun.

"The *fitfullest* things we can't get," sighed Rhoda; "but we'll hang on like three puppy dogs to the all-day suckers. In a fancy candy-box, tied up with gold cord! Girls, what shall we fill up the chinks with? A long black stocking is so long!"

"Pop-corn," suggested Shirley. "Harmless and filling and—and colorless. We could pop it to-night over my coal grate."

"Pop it to-night is right," sang Elizzie. "In a foamy sea of pop-corn we'll float our loving and appropriate offerings."

Rhoda had the last word. "We'll fill the stocking in Elizzie's room and one of us can slip out and hang it on her door. Then to our couches."

In the afternoon they went Christmas shopping, making their purchases with much laughter and fun. After that each slipped away by herself on mysterious errands of her own that the other two must bide their time to discover. Rhoda spent much time selecting the handsomest and Christmassiest box of candy to be found for the little white sweet tooth of Elizabeth. Only on especial occasions, of which surely Christmas was the especial, was candy without stint allowed the Silloway Select girls.

Concluded on page 64

WHAT COLONEL ROOSEVELT TAUGHT ME

BY JOSEPHINE STRICKER

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY

FOURTEEN REQUISITES THERE ARE, MISS STRICKER SAYS, TO A GIRL'S BUSINESS SUCCESS AS A SECRETARY. SHE DESCRIBES THEM INTIMATELY AND CLEARLY IN THIS, THE THIRD OF A SERIES OF BUSINESS TALKS BY MISS STRICKER TO GIRLS WHO MAKE THEIR WAY

I DON'T suppose that Colonel Roosevelt ever thought of himself as a teacher. Yet I don't suppose that there is a thinking adult in this country who has not either directly or indirectly learned something about clean living and high thinking from that great, simple man who is with us no more.

He must have known that I was learning many things from him, but I am certain that he never dreamed of the really remarkable skill he showed in his training of a secretary. He did not teach by word, but by example! I would say that Colonel Roosevelt's leading virtues, taken in order of precedence, were devotion to his God, devotion to his family and to his country, devotion to his friends, forgetfulness of self, and sacrifice to duty. Combined, these embodied his practical religion. He was the living embodiment of the golden rule, and never forgot his "duty to God" and "duty to his neighbor," as expounded in the catechism.

Fortunately for me, I had determined very early in life that there were fourteen principles requisite to business success as a secretary. They were honesty, veracity, accuracy, conscientious application, thoroughness, discretion, loyalty, punctuality, ambition, economy, system, initiative, courtesy and efficiency. And no woman can afford to strike one of these from her list.

These principles I have always followed to the best of my

Colonel Roosevelt never accepted information off-hand. In quoting a book or a person, he looked up his reference and made his quotation exact. If a public man were quoted in a newspaper, Colonel Roosevelt would cite him "as quoted in — paper;" if he wished to refer to any official utterance of a public official, he insisted upon having an official copy of such utterance. Scores of alleged utterances or quotations from men of ancient or modern times were brought to his attention and he invariably verified these himself or delegated such verification to a trusted aid. "And it was just as well he did so," said one of these aids to me, "for of the various things I look up for him in papers, books, and so on, probably seventy-five or eighty per cent. are inaccurate or unuttered or unwritten."

Of the thousands of statements of fact or hundreds of quotations from men or books or papers made by Colonel Roosevelt probably not one per cent. were inaccurate. And accuracy was not only an obsession with him; it was also an armor of steel against counter-attacks by political enemies, ever on the watch to entrap him in his word. Any other man in this country in public or private life might talk recklessly, might talk without sincerity, might say one thing one day and another thing the next—might stultify

science by regarding duplicity as diplomacy, as a weapon used for their employer's protection. But other means of diplomacy and tact should always be employed. The exercise of this higher diplomacy may turn a false friend from his course and make of him a true friend instead.

To keep pace with Colonel Roosevelt in the infinite variety of his interests and activities, one might well imagine that his confidential secretary must of necessity be a man or woman of broad education. Yet such was not the fact. Indeed, Colonel Roosevelt himself on occasion ventured the comment concerning some individual that a "highbrow" education had "dimmed the diamond."



WALL STREET, TRINITY CHURCH, AND SOME BUSINESS GIRLS OF THE FINANCIAL DISTRICT



GIRLS EATING THEIR NOON LUNCHEON IN THE CHURCHYARD OF OLD TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK

himself even—and "get away with it," almost daily; but the people had learned that Colonel Roosevelt's yea was yea and his nay was nay, and anything other than this would have given his enemies a weapon with which they might have put him politically *hors de combat*. Moreover, this accuracy was adopted in the main by the scores of the newspaper men with whom Colonel Roosevelt came in contact, and nearly all showed their respect for this virtue in him by endeavoring to practise it themselves. Of course unscrupulous employees of unscrupulous sheets wrote and said what they chose, regardless of honesty, fairness or

justice, but such attacks Colonel Roosevelt ignored as beneath his contempt. So accuracy may be described as a primary virtue to be cultivated by every woman in a secretarial position and to be nurtured to ever increasing strength as she rises higher and higher.

And with accuracy are interwoven truthfulness and honesty—especially to one's chief and his friends. Some persons may be tempted to regard evasion and even equivocation to the enemies of one's chief as permissible or perchance laudable, in which case they would salve their con-

science by regarding duplicity as diplomacy, as a weapon used for their employer's protection. But other means of diplomacy and tact should always be employed. The exercise of this higher diplomacy may turn a false friend from his course and make of him a true friend instead.

At first I was perplexed and worried. But little by little I learned to attack calmly each matter as it arose and to master it as much as might be possible or necessary. Of course frequently much information was of value only for the moment. But however temporary the knowledge seemed to be, it was not lost. I was adding to my reserve store.

Let me warn you at this point never to let the pressure of many topics or disagreeable details irritate you. By keeping in good humor one suffers far less physical and mental strain. In my work with the colonel, small things tended to seem particularly irritating. They appeared so dreadfully small in comparison with the big things he had in hand that attention to them seemed waste of time; yet in the aggregate they made the day's success or failure.

After accuracy, in a position of great trust, such as mine was, comes discretion. I can not lay too great stress on this quality, for women are much more apt to lack it than men. I had forced it upon myself to some degree before going to Colonel Roosevelt, but after beginning my work with him I found it necessary to a degree difficult for an outsider to realize.

Of course it is a quality important to any secretary. The left hand must not know what the right hand does, and the tongue must know nothing at all. What one's chief may have in mind is the secret of one's chief. Every secretary must learn to submerge herself in the identity of her chief.

Discretion should be imprinted on every woman's brain in letters of poster size and red ink. "But the tongue can

Concluded on page 76

ability, but from the outset of my direct association with Colonel Roosevelt they seemed to take on a new importance, and three outstanding principles developed almost immediately as the result of the colonel's demands upon me. They were concentration, self-confidence and optimism.

A newspaper reporter once said to me that as a "cub" the first principles impressed on him were accuracy, early copy, clean copy.

The first three principles stressed for me by Colonel Roosevelt were accuracy! accuracy! accuracy!



OLD SUN AND FOUR OR FIVE OF THE SERVANTS WERE TALKING IN SOME EXCITEMENT

HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "The Passionate Pilgrim," "Temperamental Henry," etc.

BETTY did not get down for breakfast in the morning. And Mrs. Boatwright sent nothing up.

It was close upon noon when Betty, sketching-portfolio under arm, came slowly down the stairs. Mrs. Boatwright, at her desk in the front room, glanced up; called:

"Oh, Betty—just a moment!"

The girl stood in the doorway. She looked so slim and small and even childlike that the older woman, to whom responsibility for all things and persons about her was a habit, knit her heavy brows slightly. What on earth were you to do with the child? What had Griggsby Doane been thinking of in bringing her out here? Anything, almost, would have been better. And just now, too, of all times!

"Would you mind coming in? There's a question or two I'd like to ask you."

Betty paused by a rocking-chair of black walnut that was upholstered in crimson plush; fingered the crimson fringe. Mrs. Boatwright was marking out a geometrical pattern on the back of an envelope; frowning down at it. The silence grew heavy.

Finally Mrs. Boatwright, never light of hand, came out with:

"This Mr. Brachey—who is he?"

Betty's fringed lids moved swiftly up, dropped again.

"He—he's a writer, a journalist."

"You knew him on the ship?"

"Yes."

"You knew him pretty well?"

"I—saw something of him."

"Do you know why he came out here?"

Betty was silent.

"Do you know?"

"I should think you would ask him."

Mrs. Boatwright considered this. The girl was self-conscious, a little. And quietly—very quietly—hostile. Or perhaps merely on the defensive.

"Then you do know?"

"No," replied Betty, with that same very quiet gravity.

"I can't say that I do. He is studying China, of course. He came from America to do that, I understand."

"Did you know he was coming out here?"

Betty slowly shook her head.

"Have you been corresponding with him?"

Another silence. Then this from Betty, without heat:

"I don't understand why you are asking these questions."

"Are you unwilling to answer them?"

"Such personal questions as that last one—yes."

"Why?"

"You have no right to ask it."

"Oh!" Mrs. Boatwright considered. "Hmm!" She

THE PEOPLE

BETTY DOANE: Nineteen, charming, a thoroughly nice and very pretty girl. She has returned to China from America to live with her father, who is a missionary in T'ai-nan-fu.

GRIGGSBY DOANE: Betty's father, a man strong in every way. His religious convictions are changing into doubts, just as strong. He feels he is in the wrong work and he no longer is sure of his own beliefs.

JONATHAN BRACHEY: A curiously rude but sensitive young journalist who was on the liner when Betty crossed the Pacific. He fights it—but he falls deeply in love with her and she with him. He is married, most unhappily. He tells Betty the facts, and that he does not mean to see her again. They part miserably at Shanghai.

MR. AND MRS. BOATWRIGHT: Missionaries at T'ai-nan-fu.

THE STORY

Life in the missionary compound up in the Hills of Han is dull enough for the little American girl, in spite of the tenderness and sympathy of her father. There is much unrest in the province because of foreign concessions, and a young Chinaman, whom Betty met on the boat, commits suicide on the land of the French Ho Shan Company, as a conventional Chinese form of protest. Doane hears of trouble at another mission station and starts off afoot to see what he can do. He finds the mission destroyed and the battered body of a white engineer. In the Chinese inn, where he spends the night, is a woman from the seaport, who had come up with the murdered engineer. Griggsby Doane's doubts and troubles come to a culmination in his yielding to her cheap charms. In the morning he sends a letter to the heads of his church at Shanghai, telling them the whole affair and asking to be relieved from his post. While he is away, Brachey turns up, in spite of all his promises to himself, in T'ai-nan-fu. Boatwright has to help him out of passport difficulties, including incarceration in a native jail. Betty and Brachey have a short and poignant meeting on the stairs at the mission. They plan to meet again for a few moments, later.

controlled her temper and framed her next remark with care. This slip of a girl was unexpectedly in fiber like Griggsby Doane. There was no weakness in her quiet resistance, no yielding. Perhaps she was strong, after all. Though she looked soft enough; gentle, like her mother.

Perhaps, even, she was a person, of herself. This was a new thought. Mrs. Boatwright drew a parallelogram, then painstakingly shaded the lines.

"We mustn't misunderstand each other, Betty," she said. "In your father's absence, I am responsible for you. This man has appeared rather mysteriously. His business, his motive, is not clear. The taotai asked Mr. Boatwright to look him up, for it seems he hasn't even an interpreter. He has just been here. They've gone for an audience with the provincial judge. Mr. Boatwright has asked him to come back here for tiffin. Which was rather impulsive, I'm afraid—" She paused; started outlining an octagon. "I may as well come out with it. Mr. Boatwright told me a little of what happened last evening—"

"Of what happened? But nothing—"

"If you please! Mr. Boatwright is not a particularly observant man in these matters, but he couldn't help seeing that there is something between you and this Mr. Brachey. Now, since you see what is in my mind, will you tell me why he is here?"

During this speech Betty stopped fingering the crimson fringe. She stood motionless, holding the portfolio still against her side. A slow color crept into her cheeks. She wouldn't, or couldn't, speak.

"Very well; if you won't answer that question, will you at least tell me something of what you do know about him?"

"I know very little about him," said Betty now, in a low but clear voice, without emphasis.

"I must try to make you understand this, my dear. Here the man is. Within the hour we are to sit down at tiffin with him. It is growing clearer every minute that Mr. Boatwright's suspicion was correct—"

"You have no right to use that word!"

"Well, then, his surmise, say. There is something between you and this man. Don't you think you'd better tell me what it is?"

"There is nothing—nothing at all—that I need tell you."

"Is there nothing that you ought to tell your father?"

"You can not speak for him."

"I stand in his place while he is away. It is a responsibility I must accept. You say you know very little about the man."

Betty bowed.

"You met him on the ship, by chance?"

"Yes."

"Do you know any of his friends?"

"No."

"Anything of his past?"

Betty hesitated. Then, as the woman glanced keenly up, she replied:

"Only what he has told me."

"Do you know, even, whether he is a married man?"

Another long silence fell. Betty stood as quietly as be-

fore, looking out of frank brown eyes at the sunlit courtyard and the gatehouse beyond where old Sun Shao-i, seated on a stool, was having the inside of his eyelids scraped by an itinerant barber.

"Yes," Betty replied.

"You mean—?"

"I know that he is married."

Betty, as she threw out this bit of uncompromising truth, was stirred with a thrill of wilder adventure than had hitherto entered her somewhat untrammelled young life. The situation had outrun her experience; she was acting on instinct. There was a sense of shock, too; and of hurt—hurt that Mrs. Boatwright could look, feel, so forbidding. Her firm face, now pressed together from chin to forehead, wrinkled across, squinting unutterable suspicions, stirred a resistance in Betty's breast that for a little time flared into anger.

There was no telling what Mrs. Boatwright felt. Her frown even relaxed, after a moment. The outbreak of moral superiority that Betty looked for didn't come. Instead she said:

"How did you learn this?"

"He told me."

"Oh, he told you?"

"Well, he wrote a letter before he—went away."

"Oh, he went away!"

"Yes. He went. Without a word. I didn't know where he was."

"When was that?"

"When we landed at Shanghai."

"Hardly three weeks ago. He's here now. Tell me—he wouldn't have gone off like that, of course, leaving such an intimate letter, unless a pretty definite situation had arisen."

Betty was silent.

"Will you tell me what it was?"

"No."

"Then—I really have a right to ask this of you—will you give me your word not to see him until your father returns, and then not until you have laid it before him?"

Silence again. The eyelids fluttered. A small hand reached for the crimson fringe, slim fingers clung there.

Betty's thoughts were running away. She felt the situation now as a form of torture. That grim, experienced woman must be partly right, of course; Betty was still so young as to defer mechanically to her elders, and she had no great opinion of herself, of her strength of character or her judgment. She thought of the boys at home, who had been fond of her. She thought of Harold Apgar, over there in Korea. He was clean, likable, prosperous; and he wanted to marry her. It really would solve her problems, could she only feel toward him so much as a faint reflection of the glow that Jonathan Brachey had roused in her. But nothing in her nature answered Harold Apgar. For that matter—and this was the deeply confusing thing—she could not formulate her feeling for Brachey. She couldn't admit that she loved him. The thought of giving her life into his keeping—one day, should he come to her with clean hands, should he ask—was not to be entertained at all. But she couldn't think of him without excitement; and that excitement, last night and to-day, was the dominant fact in her life. She had no plans in which he figured. She was vaguely bent on forgetting him. During the night she had regretted her promise to meet him once more alone. Yet she had given that promise. Given the same situation she would—she knew with a touch of bewilderment that this was so—promise again.

Betty looked appealingly at Mrs. Boatwright. Then, meeting with no sympathy, she drew up her little figure.

"You said he was coming here for tiffin, Mrs. Boatwright?"

"Yes." The woman glanced out at the courtyard. "Any moment."

"Then I shan't come into the dining-room." And Betty turned to leave the room.

"Just a moment! Am I to take that as an answer? Are you promising?"

Betty turned; hesitated; then suddenly, impulsively, came across the room.

"Mrs. Boatwright," she said unsteadily—her eyes were filling—"would it do any good for me to talk right out with you? Probably I do need advice." She faltered momentarily, shocked by the expression on that nearly square face. "Oh, it isn't a terribly serious situation. It really isn't. But that man is honest. He has led an unhappy, solitary life—"

Her voice died out.

"But you said he was married!" cried Mrs. Boatwright explosively.

"Yes, but—"

"But! But! Child, what are you talking about?"

There was nothing in Betty's experience of life that could interpret to her mind such a point of view as that really, deeply held by the woman before her. She had no means of knowing that they were speaking across a gulf wider and deeper perhaps than has ever before existed between two generations; and that each of them, quite unconsciously, was an extreme example of her type. She turned again.

It was a commotion out at the gatehouse that arrested her this time. She felt that curious excitement rising up in her heart and brain. Old Sun was springing up from the barber's stool, with his always great dignity brushing that public servitor aside. Then Brachey appeared, followed by Mr. Boatwright.

The wife of that little man now caught the look on Betty's face, the sudden light in her eyes, and rose, alarmed, to her feet.

Talking in the situation, she said:

"I will send something up to your room."

Betty moved her head wanly in the negative. It was no use explaining to this woman that she couldn't think of food. She moved slowly toward the door. She was unexpectedly tired.

"Where are you going?" asked the older woman shortly.

"I've got to be by myself," said Betty, apparently less resentful now; it was more a rather faint statement of fact. And she went on out, not so much as answering Mrs. Boatwright's final, "But you will not promise?" It wasn't even certain that she heard.

Mrs. Boatwright stood thinking. Betty had run up the stairs. The two men were coming slowly across the courtyard, talking. Or her husband was talking; she could hear his light voice. The other man was silent; a gloomy figure in knickerbockers. She studied him. Already he was cataloged in her mind, and permanently. For nothing that might happen to present Brachey in another light could ever now shake her judgment of him. No new evidence of ability or integrity in the man or of



HE WAS HAVING DIFFICULTY WITH THAT SET SPEECH OF HIS. BETTY AVERTED HER FACE.

genuine misfortune in marriage would influence her. No play of sympathy, no tolerant reflectiveness, would for a moment occupy her mind. She was a New Englander, with the old, noneconformist, British insistence on conduct and duty bred in her bone. Her emotional nature was almost the granite of her native hills. And she was strong as that granite. She feared nothing, shrank from nothing, that could be classified as duty. No Latin flexibility ever softened her vigorous expression of independent thought. Her duty now was clear.

She went out into the hall and opened the door.

The two men were just mounting the steps.

"My dear," began her husband, sensing her mood, glancing up apprehensively, "this is Mr. Brachey. He—"

"Yes," said she, standing squarely in the doorway, "I understand. Mr. Brachey, I can not receive you in this house. You, of course, know why. I must ask you to go at once."

Then she simply waited, commandingly. From her eyes blazed honest, invincible anger.

Mr. Boatwright caught his breath; stood motionless, very white; finally murmured:

"But, my dear, I'm sure you—"

His wife merely glanced at him.

Brachey stood as she had caught him, on the steps, one foot above the other. His face was expressionless. His eyes fastened on the woman a gaze that might have meant no more than cold curiosity, growing slowly into contempt. Then, after a moment, as quietly, he turned and descended the steps.

Boatwright caught his arm.

"Really, Mr. Brachey—"

"Arthur!" cried his wife shortly. "Let him go!"

But Brachey had already shaken off the detaining hand. He marched straight across the court, stepped into the gatehouse and disappeared.

Betty, all hurt confusion, had lingered in the second-floor hall. At the first sound of Mrs. Boatwright's firm voice she stepped, her brain a tangle of little indecisions, to the stair rail.

She ran lightly to the front window and watched Jonathan Brachey as he walked away. Then she shut herself in her own room, telling herself that the time had come to think it all out. But she couldn't think.

Against the granite in Mrs. Boatwright, Betty, who understood herself not at all, had to set a quick, strong impulsiveness that was certain, given a little time, to work out in positive act. Very little time indeed now intervened between impulse and act. She scribbled a note in pencil.

DEAR MR. BRACHEY—I am going out to sketch in the tennis-court. You can reach it by the little side street just beyond our gatehouse as you come from the city. Please do come!

BETTY D.

She went down the stairs again, portfolio under arm, and on to the gatehouse. Sun, as she had thought, knew at which inn the white gentleman was stopping, and at Miss Doane's request sent a boy with the chit.

BRACHEY came suddenly into view around the corner of the wall from the little side street.

First Betty took him in; he was dressed almost stiffly—not in knickerbockers now, but in what would be called at home a business suit, with stiff white collar and a soft but correct hat; and he carried a stick—like an Englishman, she thought, careful to the last of appearances. As if there were no such thing as danger; only stability. She might have been back in the comfortable New Jersey town and he a casual caller. And then, after taking him in, in a quick conflict of moods that left her breathless, she glanced hurriedly about. But only the blank compound wall met her gaze, and the chimneys of the higher mission-house peeping above foliage. The gate was but a narrow opening near the farther end of the tennis-court. No one could see. For that matter, it was to be doubted that any one in the compound knew she was here. And beyond the little street stood another blank wall. And he had come!

She could not know that she seemed very composed as she laid her portfolio on the camp-stool and rose. Then

her hand was in his. Her voice said: "It was nice of you to come. But—"

"When I asked for a meeting—for one meeting"—her eyes were down; he was set, as for a formal speech—"it was, as you may imagine, because a matter has arisen that seems to me of the greatest importance."

She wondered what made him talk like that. As if determined to appeal to her mind. She couldn't listen; not with her mind; she was all feeling. He was a stranger, this man. Yet she had thought tenderly of him. It was difficult.

"You didn't come alone?" she asked, unaware that her manner, too, was formal.

"Yes. Oh, yes! I know the way."

"But it isn't safe. When I wrote—I heard what Mrs. Boatwright said—I was angry."

"She was very rude."

"It seemed as if I ought to get word to you—after that, I promised, of course."

"But your note surprised me."

"You thought I wouldn't keep my promise?"

"I wasn't sure that you could."

"If you hadn't heard from me, what would you have done?"

"I should have left T'ainan this afternoon."

"But how could you? Where could you go?"

"The provincial judge has assigned four soldiers to me. He was most courteous. He wants me to publish articles in England against the Ho Shan Company. He seems a very astute man. And he sent runners to the inn just now with presents."

"Oh! What were they?"

"Some old tins of sauerkraut. A German traveler must have left them here."

Betty smiled. Then, sober again, said:

"But you should have brought the soldiers with you."

"Oh, no. I preferred being alone."

"But I don't think you understand. It isn't safe to go about alone now. Not if you're a white man. I don't like to think that I've put you in danger."

"You haven't. It doesn't matter. As I was about to tell you—you must understand that I assume no interest on your part; I can't do that, of course—but after what happened, that night on the ship—"

He was having difficulty with this set speech of his. Betty averted her face to hide the warm color that came. Why on earth need he come out with it so heavily! Whatever had happened had happened, that was all! His voice was going on. Something about a divorce. He was to be free shortly. He said that. He sounded almost cold about it, deliberate.

And he had come clear out here to T'ainan just to say that. He was assuming, of course. To a painful degree. He seemed to feel that he owed it to her to make some sort of payment—for kissing her—and the payment, apparently, was to be himself.

She was moved by a little wave of anger. She managed to say:

"We won't talk about that."

"I felt that I must tell you. I will go, of course, now."

"But—"

"As soon as I am free I will write you. I will ask you, then, to be my wife."

He drew himself up, at this, stiffly.

Betty's blush was a flush now. She gathered up her drawing things; deliberately arranged the sheets of paper in the portfolio.

"I will say good-by."

"Wait," said Betty rather shortly, not looking up. "You mustn't go like this."

There was a long silence. Then abruptly he broke out:

"There is no way that I can stay. I would bring you only trouble. And it will be easier for me to go. Of course I should never have come. It has been very upsetting. I haven't faced it honestly. I wanted to forget you. I've been tortured. And then I learned that you were in danger. I—can't talk about it!" And he clamped his lips shut.

Betty opened her portfolio and slowly fingered the sheets of drawing-paper. Her eyes filled; she had to keep them down.

"Where are you going?" Her voice was no more than a murmur. She said it again, a little louder. "Where are you going?"

"Back to the inn. And then, perhaps—"

"You mustn't leave T'ainan."

"That is the difficulty. I couldn't save myself and leave you here."

"On your account, I mean. We're safe enough. I've heard them talking at the house. Pao will protect us. And Chang, the taotai. But if you were to go out alone—on the highway—"

"Oh, that is nothing. I have soldiers."

"You said four soldiers. Father was attacked right here in the city, with Chang and his bodyguard defending him. They even tore Chang's clothes."

"I don't care about myself," said he. She glanced up at him. She knew he spoke the truth, however bitter his spirit. He was talking on.

"Don't misunderstand me—"

"I don't."

"This journey has been a time of painful self-revelation. I used to think myself strong. That was absurd, of course. I am very weak. In this new trouble my will seems to have broken down. Yes, it has broken down; I may as well admit it. I had no right to fall in love with you. Already I have injured the life of one woman. Now, by merely coming out here in this ill-considered way, I am injuring yours. The worst of it is these moments of terrible feeling. They make it impossible for me to reason. At one time I can really believe that a fatal accident out here—an accident to

myself—would be the best thing that could happen for everybody concerned; but then in a moment I become inflamed with feeling and desire and a perfectly unreasonable hope."

"I wonder," mused Betty, moved now by something near a thrill of power—a disturbing sort of power—"if love is like that."

"I don't know. I don't even know if this is love. Part of the time I resent you."

"Oh! Well—yes, I can understand that."

"Then you resent me?"

"Sometimes."

"In my lucid moments I see the thing clearly enough. It is simply an impossible situation. And I have added the final touch by coming out here." He seated himself on a block of stone and rested his chin moodily on his two hands.

"That is what disturbs me—it frightens me. I have watched other men and women going through this queer confusion we call falling in love. I've pitied them. They were weak, helpless, surrendering the reasoning faculty to sheer emotion. Sometimes I've thought of them as creatures caught in a net."

"Oh!" Betty breathed softly. "I've never thought—I wonder if it is like that."

"It is with me. I see no happiness in it. I hope you will never have to live through what I've lived through these past few weeks. And now I sit here—weakly—knowing I ought to go at once and never disturb you again."

"But the thought of going—of saying good-by—is terrible. It's one more thing I seem unable to face."

Betty was struggling now against tumultuous thoughts. And without overcoming them, without even making headway against them, she spoke.

"I can't let you take all this on yourself. I must have—well, made it hard for you, there on the ship. I enjoyed being with you. I—"

This was all she could say about that.

There was a long, long silence.

Suddenly, with an inarticulate exclamation, he sprang up.

Startled, all impulse, she caught his hand. His fingers tightened about hers.

"What?" she asked, breathless.

"I'll go."

"Not away from T'ainan?"

"Yes. It's the only thing. After all, it doesn't matter much what happens to any individual. We've got to take that chance. When my—when I'm—free, if I'm alive, and you're alive, I'll write you. I won't come—I'll write. Meanwhile, you can make up your mind. All I'll ask of you then is a decision. I'll accept it."

Her fingers were twisting around his. She couldn't look up at him, nor he down at her.

"When shall you leave T'ainan?"

"Now—this afternoon."

"No."

"But—don't you see—"

"I don't know what to say."

near you? I can't look at you—you're so little, so pretty, so charming! When I'm with you, all the feeling, all the warm feminine quality, all the beautiful magic that's been shut out of my life comes to me through you. It drives me crazy—Betty, God forgive me! I can't help it—this once! It's good-by." He took her lightly, reverently, in his arms, and brushed his lips against her forehead. Then he rose.

"Good-by, Betty!"

"It's too late to start to-day. You can't travel Chinese roads at night."

"I'll start early in the morning."

"I'll—if you—I'll come out here this evening. I think I can."

"Oh—Betty!"

"It may be a little late. Perhaps about half-past eight. They'll all be busy then. Just for a little while."

He considered this. "It's wrong," he said. "But what's the good of my deciding not to come? Of course I will."

"You came clear to T'ainan."

"I know."

"And how about me!" she broke out. "I'm shut in a prison here. You're the only friend that's come—the only person I can talk with. Father is wonderful, but he's busy and worried, and I'm his daughter, and we can't talk much. And you and I—if you're going in the morning—we can't leave things—our very lives"—her voice wavered—"like this."

"I'll come," he said.

"And keep the soldiers with you."

"I'll come."

"I wonder if it is like a net," said she.

CHINA, in its vastness, its mystery, its permanence, its ceaseless ebb and flow of myriad, uncounted life, suggests the ocean. Chinese life, in city and village, as in the teeming countryside, moves in disorganized poverty about its laborious daily tasks, little more aware of the surface political currents than are crustacea at the bottom of the sea of ships passing overhead; while to these patient minds the mighty adventure of the Western World is no more than a breath upon the waters.

This simile found a place among the darker thoughts of Grigsby Doane as he tramped down into the fertile valley of the Han. Behind him lay bitter tragedy; yet on every hand the farmers were at work upon their narrow farms, that terraced the red hills to their summits. At each countryside well the half-naked coolies—two, three or four of them—were turning windlasses and emptying buckets of water into stone troughs from which trickled little, painstakingly measured streams to the sun-baked furrows of this or that or another parched field. The trains of asses and camels wound ceaselessly up and down the road that led from the northern hills to T'ainan. The roadside vendors and beggars chanted their wares and their grievances. The naked children tumbled about. Kites flew overhead. It was hard to believe that here could be or had lately been—violence and cruelty. The villages, always indolent, lived on exactly as always, stirred only by noisy bargains or other trivial excitement.

And every quaint sight and sound was registered with a fresh vividness on Doane's highly sensitized nerves. He was tired, unstrung, might easily, too easily, become irritable; a fact he sensed and struggled to guard against. Now, of all occasions in his life, he must exercise self-control. Difficult tasks lay directly ahead. One would be the talk with Pao Ting Chuan about the So Tung massacre. Pao was, in his Oriental way, friendly; but his way was Oriental. It would be necessary to meet him at every evasive turn; necessary to read behind every courteous speech of a cultivated and charming gentleman the complex motivation of a mandarin skilled in the intricate relationships of the Court of Peking. Helping avert trouble was one matter; Pao could doubtless, or apparently, be counted on to that extent; but assuming full responsibility for the taking of white life and the destruction of white men's property was a vastly more complicated matter. No other sort of human creature is so skilful at evading responsibility as the Chinaman; this, perhaps, because responsibility, once accepted, is, under the Chinese tradition and system, inescapable.

Another task, of course, would be the telling Boatwright of his personal disaster. It still seemed better to do this before the news could drift around in some vulgar, disruptive way from Shanghai. He couldn't plan this talk; not yet; but a way would doubtless present itself. He stood before his God, in his own strong heart, convicted of sin. There had been moments during the tramp southward when he found himself welcoming this nearly public self-arraignment with a bitter eagerness. But at such moments, pictures of Betty rose in his mind and of the gentle, beautiful wife of his youth—wistful, delicately traced pictures. His face would change then; the lines would deepen and a look of torment, of wild, hurt, animal strength that was new would appear in and about his deep-shaded eyes.

As he drew near the mission compound, his stride shortened and slowed. Once he stopped and for a brief time stood motionless, not heeding the curious Chinese who passed (dim figures with soft-padded shoes), his lips drawn tightly together over nervous mutterings that nearly once or twice came out as sounds. He was not a man who talks out overwrought feelings on the public way. The tendency alarmed him. He came deliberately into the gatehouse. Here, talking in some excitement were four or five of the servants. He paused to ask what was the matter. To take hold



WIVES

VI. MRS. AUBREY PAGE

Have I read all about her in the paper? Well I should say so! And I'm not surprised, Although that is a catty thing to say, And I'll admit it. No, I never liked her, The first time that I ever went to see her She was "at home" in that big stucco house. . . My dear, I've hated stucco ever since!

Well, I went early, and, while I was sitting On a gilt chair, and trying not to notice How tight her skirt was and how thin her stockings, A little, fixed-up, French maid came in Bringing a florist's box and a short note, "For Madam," she said, and Mrs. Aubrey took them. She shrugged her shoulders, sniffed and stamped a foot, Throwing great roses pettishly on a chair. "Why should he be so stupid," she said to me, "Married six months—by now he ought to know I never wear such roses except with black! I thought he might do something just like this, And so, this morning, when he went to work, I told him I would be wearing saffron crêpe This afternoon. But men are very queer— They never give you just the thing you want . . ."

I was a stranger and I didn't dare To moralize about it, for you know She would have been amused. Somehow I knew it.

My mind went back to one day years ago When Tom and I had lost our every cent And he was reading advertisements in the newspapers

And walking the streets all day to find a job. My birthday came, but I never said a word, Thinking he would be happier not to know Or to forget, since he could give me nothing. When he came in that night he looked at me And smiled, to show he would win out, some day,

And put into my hand a paper bag, Wistfully, shyly like a boy, and kissed me, And said, "I spent my last cold nickel, dear, To get you a present, but—it's only peanuts!" It was the nicest present I ever had And we sat down and ate them up together. I thought about those peanuts when she said, "Men never give you just the thing you want. . ."

Poor Aubrey Page! He did his best, I know . . . But now—oh, well—I'm not a bit surprised—I can be catty about a woman like that— Now all she wants of him is alimony!

Marguerite Wilkinson

He knelt beside her. "You dear child!" he murmured unsteadily. "Can't you see what a trouble we're in? It's my fault—"

"It's no more your fault than mine."

"Oh, but it is! I'm an experienced man. You're a girl. They're right in blaming me."

"No. People can't help their feelings."

"If they could! Don't you see, child, that I can't stay

ures with soft-padded shoes), his lips drawn tightly together over nervous mutterings that nearly once or twice came out as sounds. He was not a man who talks out overwrought feelings on the public way. The tendency alarmed him. He came deliberately into the gatehouse. Here, talking in some excitement were four or five of the servants. He paused to ask what was the matter. To take hold

Continued on page 90



“It certainly pays!”

Yes. And just now a handy supply of these wholesome soups pays you at its best.

Think of the appetizing zest they add to your holiday dinners, the inviting relish they give to the cold cuts and left-overs that follow, the ready nourishment they provide between times in the fatiguing days of shopping and “getting ready.”

And think of their economy—both in cost and in use. For example—

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

We include fifteen different vegetables in this tempting soup, beside barley and macaroni alphabets—all blended in a hearty stock made from selected beef.

The high energy value of this savory soup makes it lessen your need of expensive meats. Its appetizing quality makes all your food do you more good. It saves waste and cooking-cost. And everybody enjoys it every time.

Order a dozen or a case.

21 kinds

“A regular cut-up am I
Which nobody can deny
And cutting the ills
From house-keeping bills
Is the jolliest stunt I try.”



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

RESULTS—NOT RESOLUTIONS

GOOD IDEAS THAT HAVE WORKED IN OTHER TOWNS



THEIR HOME TOWN FELT NO RESPONSIBILITY. SO THESE CHILDREN HAD ONLY A MISERABLE TIN-CAN CHRISTMAS TREE

ARE the citizens of your town laboring under the delusion that every child in your town will enjoy a happy Christmas Day? Are they taking it for granted that just because he is a child he will have the Christmas joy that is every child's right?

Look at the picture above. It was taken on Christmas Day in one of our Middle-Western towns. Its citizens did take it for granted that everybody would have a merry Christmas. No, they didn't need a community Christmas tree—let everybody have his own.

The result you see above—two of the many children who in that town longed for the sight of a lovely, glit-



Copyrighted 1919 N. A. C. M.

peal as a suitable gift. Everywhere, nowadays, the need for such an institution is being recognized. And it will not be long before every town in the country will find it necessary to provide some comfortable place for the visitor or trader to rest amid congenial surroundings.

THREE WOMEN GET RESULTS

IN THE pretty little town of Logan, Ohio, the serious need of the community for a public building where women and girls could go to rest, read and have access to modern conveniences was felt by three public-spirited women. The situation of the village in the center of a large farming district, where young girls come by train and automobile to attend high school, as well as women and children on all public occasions when even business houses are closed, emphasized this need.

These ladies, resolved that their goal should be this much-needed building, appeared before the Village Council asking permission to build on ground owned by the village. This was readily granted, perhaps with the feeling that there was no danger of its having to make good.

The village not having great individual wealth, it was decided to ask the cooperation of the farming community through the Farmers' Institute and the Teachers' Association; also to endeavor to interest all women's clubs of the town in the movement. They secured the free use of a new business room and opened an "Art Loan" to which a small admission fee was charged. A few articles contributed for benefit were sold; others gave cash contributions; all of which netted a neat sum. And, besides, the publicity gained was valuable.

Next, a moving-picture show benefit was given, all clubs cooperating in selling tickets. A country market followed, giving the farmers a chance to donate produce which was sold to the village folks. Interest was now mani-



BUT THIS TOWN BROUGHT CHEER TO ALL ITS YOUNGSTERS—RICH AND POOR—BY ERECTING A COMMUNITY TREE

Building Committee, made a systematic canvass of the town, soliciting cash subscriptions and material and labor where it was desirable. Thus the local brick plant contributed brick for the entire building, the electric plant all the wiring, the gas company installed a complete heating and ventilating system and other firms donated lavatories, toilets, etc. A few farmers also solicited funds. A "Little Traveler" and circular letter was mailed to each teacher in the county asking a silver offering.

The committee next decided to compete for the cash prize offered for the most beautiful float in the Fourth-of-July parade. It won with a miniature brick "Comfort



HUNDREDS OF FARMERS COME TO THIS TOWN TO TRADE. THEIR WIVES AND CHILDREN HAD NO PLACE TO REST OR EAT



THE WOMAN'S CLUB TOOK HOLD. A COMFORTABLE REST ROOM WAS ESTABLISHED, WHICH WAS USED BY 18,000 WOMEN IN ONE YEAR



THE CHILDREN, TOO, WERE TAKEN CARE OF. A MATRON WAS PLACED IN CHARGE AND PLAYTHINGS WERE PROVIDED

tering, fairy-like Christmas tree with its gay-colored lights, tried to satisfy their longing with a poor makeshift—a miserable, barren, tin-can Christmas tree.

What a commentary on the listlessness and indifference, the petty bickerings and jealousies that are preventing many of our towns from cooperating in things that bring welfare and happiness to the whole community!

If there are people in your town who have doubts about a community Christmas tree, who are hesitating about helping the idea if you have it already started, just show them this picture. It will help them to realize what "peace on earth, good-will to men," really means.

A REST-ROOM GIFT

ALONG with trees and turkeys and holly and sleighs people at this time of the year are thinking about Christmas gifts. These are nearly always personal gifts. Which is as it should be. But there may be certain persons who want to go a bit further—who want to make a gift to their communities of something that will at once be permanent and of benefit to all their fellow townsmen.

To these, a community rest room or house may ap-

peal and, knowing man's weakness for being consulted, especially on a woman's movement, it was decided to interview the business men on "ways and means."

It was found that they were in sympathy with the movement and ready to give substantial aid, realizing it was a personal advantage to have a place for customers to retire to when through shopping. The three ladies, now the

Station" on a large platform, decorated with a pennant floating high in the air. "U-ne-da Comfort Station" doubtless appealed to the crowd on this hot July day. Besides taking the prize, the float was sold at auction, making a financial success as well as being good advertising.

The secretary then appealed to former citizens who had "made good" to help their home town, and succeeded in

receiving the largest individual cash donation from one, and a set of handsome furniture for the rest room from another; other gifts were added making furnishings complete. But after having an architect perfect the plans and specifications and local contractors estimate the cost, they found their funds still inadequate.

Determined to reach their goal, they went before the Village Council with a petition signed by hundreds of tax-paying citizens, asking that august body to contribute one thousand dollars to assist in erecting a creditable "Comfort Station" for women, and to maintain it. After a stormy session on a hot July night they came away victorious and the building was assured.

Thus three women's efforts achieved something splendid for their town.



EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA, USES ITS OPERA-HOUSE FOR A BIG COMMUNITY SING. THE NEGROES IN THE GALLERY ALTERNATE WITH THE WHITE PEOPLE IN RENDERING STANZAS OF A SONG AND A FINE EFFECT IS PRODUCED. THIS FEATURE HAS PROVED AN IMPORTANT FACTOR IN DEVELOPING A "GET-TOGETHER" SPIRIT IN THE CITY

Photo from Jessie Ingram

COMMUNITY EXCHANGE



PROVIDENCE BOYS SEE SHOPS

PROVIDENCE, Rhode Island, believes in showing its boys and girls that they don't need to go away to the big metropolitan cities for opportunity. The Chamber of Commerce arranges regular trips through the various industries and places of business in the town so as to allow every boy to decide at first hand the kind of business he thinks he will like. These trips not only show a boy the manufacturing end of a business, but include a special visit or talk where he is told how the products he has seen manufactured are sold and distributed to the consumer.

PRACTICAL TALKS TO STUDENTS

SMALLER towns can profit by the example of Ottumwa, Iowa, where the superintendent of schools arranges to have successful men from various lines of business in the community address the boys and girls on the opportunities for making a good living right in their home town. The talks are always interesting. One time it may be a successful farmer; another time a lawyer or dry-goods merchant will tell from his own experience just what he thinks of local opportunities.

How much better than letting your boys and girls just stumble into business, or feel that they must go to the big city to look for opportunities!

A "GO-TO-SCHOOL" WEEK

"GO-TO-SCHOOL" week was celebrated in Hopewell Township, New Jersey, during the time the schools were pledging themselves for war work, but the main feature of the occasion was the urgent invitation extended all patrons to visit the schools, get in touch with the work done there, and understand what part the community played in connection with the school. During that week 1,447 visitors were welcomed in classrooms.

TOLEDO HAS STORY-HOURS

STORY-HOURS for young children have proved very popular in the public libraries in Toledo, Ohio. Every Saturday afternoon all neighborhood children are invited to the libraries, where the librarians relate the world's best child stories. At first the story-hours were advertised in the daily papers, but they became so popular that advertisements had to cease, and instead of one story-hour the children have to be handled in instalments and the periods soon had to be extended over several hours.

Children who would otherwise never know the best literature and would never read it themselves, listen delightedly; and it is putting *Diamond Dick* out of fashion before he is ever introduced to the young people. In towns where there are no public libraries this might well be carried out by the schools, Sunday-schools and mothers' clubs; or regular children's story clubs might be formed by those who are interested in early forming a taste for only the best literature among the future citizens.

LEADS IN COMMUNITY SPIRIT

PLEASANT VALLEY school in Nicholas County, Kentucky, has been leading its State for five years in attendance, and it leads thousands of towns and counties in its community spirit.

Twelve years ago a little woman teacher found a dilapidated building and seventeen pupils, with unfriendly factions among their parents. She was on the verge of giving up when the community idea came to her, and, with the help of the trustees, she called a meeting of all parents in the neighborhood on a Friday night. Curiosity brought a surprising number and they were shown the condition of the building and told they were robbing their children of a birthright by keeping them from school.

A School Improvement League was organized and an ice-cream social was planned.

The following Monday the roll increased to forty-eight pupils and after the social, which was a huge success and just what the people had needed, the attendance became normal. After this a series of socials followed at which money was raised for a small library, organ, and paper, which last the farmers put on the walls themselves.

So much interest was aroused that the farmers decided to meet regularly. They now discuss agricultural bulletins and better farm conditions at their schoolhouse gatherings; and afterward the meetings are thrown open to the entire community for old-fashioned spelling-bees, debates, mock trials, candy sales when funds for improvements are needed, etc. The little old schoolhouse has become famous throughout Kentucky.

OUR SWIMMING-POOL

A letter from E. V. B. of Yakima, Washington.

DID you ever interview your mayor, aldermen or commissioners concerning an expenditure of actual cash which has for its fundamental aim the improvement of the mental, moral or physical status of those worthless liabilities—the boys and girls of a town? Try it some time. You will find yourself confronted with a stupendous task.

When we talked about establishing a community swimming-pool a number of years ago, it was merely a vague dream on the part of a few club women. We wanted a safe swimming-place for our boys and girls. Other towns no bigger than ours had municipal swimming-pools, so why couldn't we?

But when the war came along we forgot about swimming-pools and jumped head-over-heels into war work. Boy Scouts and groups of Camp-Fire Girls were organized overnight. Our 1917 efforts in saving and raising food brought big results and we turned many a scoffer into a booster.

EVERY ONE WANTED TO JOIN

WHEN 1918 came along we went after things on an even bigger scale, and as our record had been so good every boy and girl in the valley wanted to join. We negotiated with the county hospital, the county poor farm and the Y. W. C. A. cafeteria, agreeing to furnish fresh fruit and vegetables in season and canned and dried foods later on at a price that was attractive.

We guaranteed prompt and efficient delivery on a regular schedule which we lived up to. Our country clubs—canning, pig and chicken clubs—joined in.

Well, to shorten what might be a long story, we succeeded beyond our wildest dreams. We rendered a big service to our country, to our community and to ourselves, and we made money. The whole town recognized our work. Then the armistice was signed. Realizing that the patriotic note was no longer so compelling, we turned our attention to our home town and revived our swimming-pool project.

We told our public that while we were planning an appropriation for the boys who had risked their lives "over there" we also ought to show some material appreciation for the boys and girls that had worked hard over here. We felt we had earned our swimming-pool and we didn't hesitate to say so.

SUCCESS COMES TO US

OUR pleas were not unavailing. Our newspapers pushed the idea. Our citizens responded, the money was raised, and this year it will be built.

It will be a community swimming-pool in every sense of the word, because the community is responsible for it. And our boys and girls are going to keep the good work going. We have made big plans for the coming year, because we can't afford to let the community spirit, fostered by the great catastrophe, die out.

We realize as never before that boys and girls are our town's chief assets.



Seasoned By Devotion



Women who meet our scientific cooks will forever serve Van Camp's Beans.

"MY wife bakes better beans than you do," writes a man.

Thousands of others—particularly old people—feel like him. Home-baked beans are seasoned by devotion. And old tastes are hard to change.

But these are scientific days. We know that home ovens can't bake beans to easily digest. So they ferment.

We know that home beans, with slight baking, become crisped and broken. And never were home beans baked with a sauce such as we bake with Van Camp's.

This Must Be Done

Beans must be selected, for they differ vastly. We analyze each lot before cooking.

They must be boiled in water freed from minerals, else the skins are tough.

They must be baked for hours at 245 degrees. To do that, steam ovens are essential, else beans will burst and crisp.

They must be baked in sealed containers, else much flavor will escape. That's how we bake Van Camp's.

They must have tang and zest. Our culinary experts tested 856 recipes in perfecting the sauce for Van Camp's. Now they bake it with the beans so that every atom shares it.

Van Camp's Beans are digestible. They are nut-like and mellow. The flavor is delightful. The dish is ever-ready, appetizing, hygienic.

This great meat substitute, in these days, should be made inviting.



Van Camp's Beans are whole and mealy. None are crisped or broken.

VAN CAMP'S

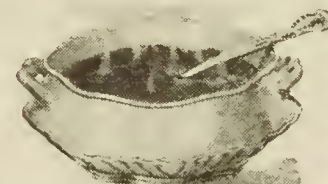
Pork and Beans

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

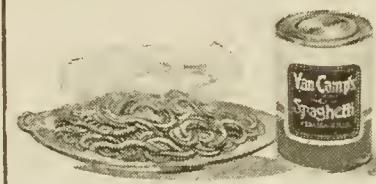
Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



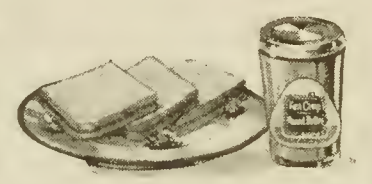
Van Camp's Soups 18 Kinds

Based on famous French recipes, but each perfected by our scientific cooks.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe, perfected in like way—the supreme Spaghetti.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

Made of toasted blended nuts with all bitter germs removed.



HOW PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND, SHOWS ITS SCHOOLBOYS OPPORTUNITIES AT HOME



Hair That Everyone Admires

You can have that same beautiful, soft, thick hair you envy so much in other women, if you will only give it regular treatment.

Hair responds marvelously to care and attention and is so much easier to arrange becomingly.

Give your hair a refreshing, stimulating, cleansing shampoo once a week with

Q-ban

TRADE-MARK

Liquid Shampoo

Daintily perfumed. Leaves just enough natural oil in the hair to give it that exquisite lustre so suggestive of complete cleanliness and health.

Q-ban Hair Tonic

will help growth. Nourishes the scalp like rich milk nourishes the body, prevents hair from falling out. Cures itching and irritation of the scalp—dissolves dandruff.

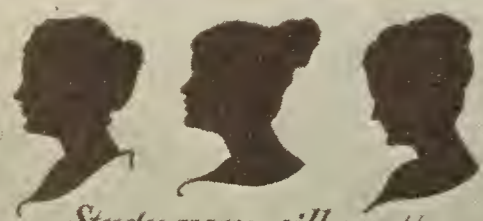
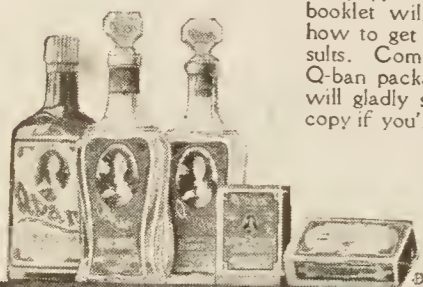
For Hair Health and Beauty

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------|
| Q-ban Toilet and Shampoo Soap | - \$.25 |
| Q-ban Liquid Shampoo | - .50 |
| Q-ban Hair Tonic | - \$.50—1.00 |
| Q-ban Hair Color Restorer | - .75 |
| Q-ban Depilatory | - .75 |

For sale at all drug stores and wherever toilet goods are sold.

Hessig-Ellis, Chemists Memphis, Tenn.

There is an ideal way to dress the hair for every type of face. Our booklet will show you how to get the best results. Comes in every Q-ban package—or we will gladly send you a copy if you'll write.



"A SECRET, PRIVATE-SORT-OF FAIRY CHRISTMAS TREE."

PERFUME AND PERSONALITY

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

WE'RE going to talk about perfumes because it is a frightfully important subject, and then at the very end we're going to say the thing we're just dying to say. And more than that, we're going to be in on the Christmas tree of every one of you!

And that's why the typewriter is clacking along this minute so fast it can hardly breathe, as fast as we dress on Christmas morning when we want to beat everybody else down-stairs to the TREE. (We've got something to say at the end!)

There are several persons in New York, wonderful-looking ladies in wonderful-looking shops, who make a business of studying people as to the kind of perfume they ought to use. And then they create marvelous scents for them, putting a pinch of this and a dash of that together until they get the same kind of a scent that the person is, belonging to her just as much as the perfume of the rose belongs to the rose.

Then they put it in a glorified kind of bottle and send it to her house by a glorified kind of page.

AND then they send her a bill that she never forgets.

But that's quite all right, that bill, because they have given her a wonderful thing and she shouldn't have gone to them if she couldn't afford it. It's for the rich.

But for those of us who are patting along under the weight of that fruitful curse upon Adam, the earners of bread by the sweat of our brows, for us there is danger among perfumes.

We must never, never, never buy without first smelling. At many shops they won't let you smell; then don't buy, unless, of course, you know that brand and that particular kind perfectly.

And we must never, never buy just because we like that kind. We must study ourselves just as we do for our clothes, or for the way we "do" our hair, or for the way we decorate our house which is to be the setting for us. We mustn't choose hit-or-miss any more than we do a hat, or a husband, or anything important to our harmony.

Fancy a nice, hollyhock person using Oriental perfume!

If we are wise, we Adamites, we won't use cheap perfume; we'll use sachet and toilet-water. Nothing is so cheap, somehow, as cheap perfume. There are a few inexpensive ones that have charm and breeding and all the things a perfume should have, but unless you are very sure of your good taste and your sense of smell, don't try cheap perfumes.

AND while we're on that subject of trusting oneself, don't ever trust yourself as to whether or not you have too much perfume on; ask somebody in the family, somebody who is fussy about that sort of thing—a husband, for instance, or a brother.

Men, nice, natural things that they are, don't much like the women of their name to be noticeably perfumed. It's a little vulgar, and they feel it, even if they haven't reasoned it out. Too much perfume has a cheap, unclean association, no matter how nice you are in other ways.

I know of only one perfume that everybody should have. And that is the perfume of absolute cleanliness—the daily bath, fresh clothes, clean scalp and hair. Just as every flower has first the fragrance of sun and air, so every human known to man should have the fragrance of cleanliness and freshness.

Then, if you want another fragrance, a more individual one, make it a part of you, delicate, almost not there at all, but with the quality in it that is in your whole personality. And have that as the fragrance one always associates with you, or, if you are the type of person that has several personalities, have a perfume to suit each personality. That takes thought and sensitiveness to type.

For instance, suppose you are the boy type in your outdoor clothes, tailored, boyish, with

a free, frank, runaway kind of personality—then, if you're wise, you won't use any kind of perfume; just the fragrance of wind and sun and rain cleanliness. But in your evening clothes you're a touch-and-go, challenging, will-o'-the-wisp person; then use that kind of perfume; not perfume, really, unless you can find a very, very elusive kind, but sachet—a bit of azure or sweet pea and rose or lily-of-the-valley and pine, or attar of rose and a little violet. Three or four scents together, if you are sensitive enough in your sense of smell to trust yourself, are always more elusive and charming than any one scent.

A little orris-root put in with your favorite flowers—roses, lilacs, violets, geranium. Mix them together, either in sachet or extract, until you get the fragrance you want, like the smell of a garden blown to you by the wind, elusive, enchanting, stirring to the imagination.

PERFUME is like imagination; it should be as subtle and indescribable, transforming a perfectly good, ordinary person into the kind of being one builds dreams around. And you know, if you've ever been with a person who has too much imagination, just how uncomfortable that kind of a person is. Either he is what is delicately known as a liar or he is a poet and goes soaring off on things you don't get at all, thereby making you feel like a cow doing a scarf-dance with Pavlova looking on. That's bad enough, but it isn't really so bad as too much perfume. That stamps you as cheap. It doesn't matter who you are, you have a cheap quality somewhere in you if you use too much perfume.

If you use sachet, shake a little over your heart. It should be next the flesh, if put on loose, or rub a little of it on your scalp. If you put it in your bodices, make little bags of satin filled with absorbent cotton and sew them in your bodice or your corsets. But be very, very sure you make them sufficiently delicate.

If you use perfume, just a drop on your eyebrows, or across your lips or your throat. It is always dangerous to put it on your handkerchiefs; you get too much. Keep your handkerchiefs in a box or drawer with a sachet-bag in it.

IF YOU use toilet-water, dash it across your lips a bit more freely, or your eyebrows, and on your hands. Your perfume should not be the noticeable thing about you; your eyes should be that, or your mouth, or your hair. The perfume should steal in, as an added pleasantness to your personality.

If you're the dominant, self-reliant type, not at all subtle, but straightforward, use geranium, or clover mixed perhaps with a little mignonne or sweet pea, just to show that, even though you can manage the nations with one little finger, you are feminine and like to lean now and then, and you own a pink negligée and can make the lightest kind of an egg soufflé.

The self-reliant, independent ones must never let people forget the tender side of them. Self-reliance is comparatively new in the history of women and we still need to be reminded of their love quality.

But all the rest is so individual that you simply can't lump it and say what's what! If you want to write to us and tell what kind of a person you are, we'll tell you what kind of perfume we think belongs to you, and we'll go sniffing around all the perfume shops we know to find the right kind, too. But probably most of you can tell for yourselves.

No matter how modest we pretend to be, we women, we pretty much know our high points—what's nicest about us and what our personality seems to give people. Are we spicy and independent like a carnation, or are we happy, rich in the gifts of sympathy and responsiveness and generous, like a rose? Are we free and sturdy and unconventional like leather, or are we exotic and mysterious and wrapped up in romance like jasmine?

Find out the sensation a given perfume gives

you. Is that the kind of sensation you give people, and, if it is, do you want to augment that sensation or would you like to qualify it by suggesting another quality of yourself that is a little hidden and not much felt?

What does that perfume express to you? What does it make you think of? What kind of a picture does it bring up? Do you tone in with that picture?

A BOTTLE of fine perfume is a common and very delightful Christmas gift, but don't ever buy it because it's a beautiful bottle and a scent you like. Study the person to whom you want to give it. Is she like that?

And when you meet a man who uses perfume, mark that down against him instantly. Perfume doesn't belong to him any more than laces and pale pink. Just why, we don't know, any more than we know why grass should be green and heaven so far away. We don't say that it's just and right, but it simply is.

And never for a second forget that while a perfume doesn't exactly make or mar you, it can go a long way toward it, not only socially, but, if you are in business life, financially. We can't tell you the number of business men we've heard growl about their employees' habit of perfuming. If you are going to perfume at all in a business office, do it with such a delicate touch that no one can be sure that you really have any on, that it isn't just a faint fragrance that was born with you.

And now here's the thing we've been dying to say: Let's all of us who once knew Pulcharia have a secret, private-sort-of-fairy Christmas tree. And when we open our eyes on Christmas morning we'll see it first thing floating in front of the window in the early light or sitting on the foot-post of the bed shining like the first Christmas tree we ever saw, the one we believed reindeer had brought all the way from a country that glitters and gleams like stars and diamonds and snow all together.

And on it is the secret gift, the thing we're giving ourselves, the one quality that we'd most like to have in our make-up. Maybe it's patience, or understanding, or tact, or a joyous way of looking at life; or maybe it's just a nice topknot, or a good complexion, or a gold tulle evening gown! Or maybe it's something wonderful, like a baby or a steadfast faith in God's nearness. Whatever it is, we've got it on the tree, labeled The Secret Gift. And personally I don't care whether we've given ourselves something that seems impossible or something that we can get by really trying; I believe if we want it hard enough and believe, we can get it. You see, I'm one of those who always stand up and wave a hand and cry, "I believe, oh, I believe!" when Miss Peter-Pan Adams leans out over the audience and begs in the name of the fairies, "Say you believe; oh, say you believe!"

AND all the trimmings on the tree are little qualities and charms we want to have, and then right at the top, hiding modestly behind the biggest star, is a gift Pulcharia is sending you. On the outside it says:

"Merry Christmas to you
from
Pulcharia-of-the-Beauty-Shop."

And on the inside it reads: "Enclosed is the power to look like a real person instead of a dodd or a marcelled-manicured-rouged-eyed-browed manikin. I send you the magic of Simplicity and Imagination. With love, Pulcharia."

And we've tacked on a little tail to it—that's where we come in—in the tail. We blow to you from our finger-tips the most lovely perfume of all, the ability to stand up with tears in your eyes and joy in your heart and cry back to all those beautiful things you want to believe and don't quite dare: "I believe, oh, I believe!"

HOW TO SET THE TABLE

BY LINDA HULL LARNED

(Descriptions of dinner and luncheon tables were given in the November issue)

Centerpiece and doilies of decorated enamel cloth make an effective table-covering for the Sunday-night chafing-dish supper. The table is set with: chafing-dish on silver tray; plates for meat or salad course;



bowl of fruit; silver bread-tray for toast; spoon and fork for chafing-dish; salts and peppers; small tray for seasonings and "tasting spoon;" bread-and-butter plate, with knife and butter-ball upon it; napkin; fork; spoon for coffee; knife for main course; glass for water; saucer and cup for coffee



The bride's table at the wedding breakfast or supper is covered with a handsome table-cloth of linen or lace. On the table are placed a low mound of flowers; one's best plates, usually service plates; candelsticks or candelabra; flowers (a bouquet) or favors for the ladies; boutonnières or favors for the gentlemen; glass for water; folded napkin; place-card, unless the names be painted on the ribbon round the favors; as many forks as are necessary for the menu, placed in the order in which they are to be used; knife for main course; bouillon spoon



A heavy white table-cloth is used for the buffet table at the wedding breakfast or supper. The service requires candelabra, with a vase containing flowers on either side, or one high vase containing flowers in the center; a dish of chicken salad or cold salmon with mayonnaise dressing; platter containing a hot dish; creamed sweetbreads, croquettes or patties; sandwiches of bread and butter or small bread-rolls; small cakes; bonbons; plates in piles; napkins in piles; forks in regular rows



"More Yum-Yums!"

HERE is a new Ryzon recipe—Ryzon Yum-Yums!—especially good for a holiday sweet.

It's a cake-candy, easy to make and so good that everyone likes it first taste! Yum-Yums are so simple and wholesome the children can have "more" as often as they want.

A box of Yum-Yums makes an ideal Christmas gift.

Ryzon Yum-Yums

- Egg 1
- Sugar 1 level cupful
- Milk 1 1/2 cupful
- Flour 1 level cupful
- RYZON 2 level teaspoonfuls
- Salt 1/4 level teaspoonful
- Dates 1 level cupful put thru food chopper
- Nuts 1 level cupful put thru food chopper

Mix ingredients in order given, sifting dry ingredients together. Pour into greased, shallow pan and bake in a moderate oven 30 minutes. While hot cut into shapes desired and roll in powdered sugar.

The Ryzon Baking Book suggests a wide variety of attractive and tempting candies, cakes, cookies and pastries for the holiday season. Christmas baking is a pleasure, sure to be successful, if you use Ryzon directions.

Ryzon is 40c for a full 16 ounce pound—also 25c and 15c packages.

GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK



The RYZON Baking Book (original price \$1.00) containing 250 practical home recipes, will be mailed, postpaid, upon receipt of 30c in stamps or coin, except in Canada.



The Material That Always Pleases

With Summer but a memory, and cold weather approaching, your thoughts naturally turn to the indoor garments you will make, and the fabric best suited to your needs.

Serpentine Crêpe meets every requirement of comfort, daintiness, style and economy. The manufacturers of this famous material have spared no effort to make it the most attractive cotton fabric in the world. It is of soft texture, with a permanent crinkle that becomes more beautiful with laundering.

Serpentine Crêpe is made in over forty different patterns, including the large striking floral and Japanese designs so much in vogue for kimonos; the new patterns in small tasteful checks, stripes and florals of unusual colorings, designed for house dresses, blouses, children's dresses, rompers, etc.; the plain shades in the softer crêpe for lingerie, and dark shades in a wide range of patterns especially suitable for Winter garments.

You will recognize the genuine by the words

Serpentine Crêpe

imprinted on each yard of selvage. This protects you against inferior imitations.

In case your dealer should not have just the pattern or coloring you want, please write us for samples and we will send them free of charge if you will mention The Delineator in writing.



Pacific Mills
Lawrence Mass.



Opera study by Jean De Striebeck

FRIEDA HEMPEL, CELEBRATED PRIMA DONNA

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS OPERETTAS

Frieda Hempel

ONE of the most important singers at the Metropolitan Opera-House in New York, is Miss Frieda Hempel. In the following article, Miss Hempel enters enthusiastically into the value of Christmas operettas as a source of training and development for children. A list of such operettas, approved by Miss Hempel, will be sent to any reader. Address the Music Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

AT CHRISTMASTIME we turn to music as part of the season's happiness; carols have as great a share in it as the lighted tree. Every country has its Christmas songs that, sung in childhood, linger tenderly in memory for all the years to come. But, in reality, America is richer than any other land in a kind of Christmas music strong of appeal to every little heart—the Christmas operetta.

This I realized in looking over many of these operettas lately, so full were they with the sweet gaiety of Christmastime, and so calculated to bring joy to little folk. They range all the way from Christmas-tree celebrations for children of the family circle to ambitious performances for Sunday-schools and charitable benefits enlisting a hundred little ones.

Perhaps, too, I realized their worth more clearly, being myself a singer always in search of attractive songs genuine in their appeal to audiences. And I can say quite heartily that Americans have shown real genius in composing these children's operettas.

TO WRITE for little folk requires a special talent rarely found. It is a wonderful thing to compose melody of a kind that children can so readily learn "by heart."

Again, I realized in looking over them that these little operettas might be made to play an important part in children's training and development. Knowledge of what schooling in opera has meant to me, makes me feel this more certainly. After all, we grown-up people are but older children, and what those things in larger form will do to aid us, they will, in smaller form, do for the little ones.

None who is self-conscious can ever succeed in opera; the very first thing to learn in opera, too, is concentration, a thinking only of what is being done at that particular moment. These are but two of the things children will discover through experience in operetta.

There is also the melody to be sung properly, and with its words clearly enunciated and given expressively; the value of time must be learned, and the child is bound to gain knowledge of rhythm, not only in singing, but in motion of the limbs and the whole body, which means more grace and natural freedom of movement.

BY NO means the least valuable result will come from acting and singing with others. An understanding of what this is likely to do, should, I think, remove the fear of mothers that a child may become too forward through doing a part before an audience.

No matter what tendencies a child may have in this direction, they are apt to be eradicated in course of a few rehearsals. Children have a

pretty frank way of expressing to each other their opinions' no matter how personal.

In operetta a child will learn the value of co-operation, of "team-work;" he will also learn that one lone individual can never, no matter how gifted, be the "whole show;" he will find that it takes many to make the world of that little operetta, each doing his or her part, just as in the big world of life.

Let us begin at the beginning with those handicaps we would eliminate. Self-consciousness, that bane of life at a certain period with every child, extends often into the years beyond, making awkward men and women. It brings real mental suffering with it. Nothing in a child or a grown-up makes him appear more awkward and ungracious, or feel more uncomfortable.

To be overcome completely it must be overcome early. The best method of doing this is to teach the child to put his whole interest in what he is doing at the moment.

In an operetta that is exactly what is required. A verse has to be sung with the accompanying action. The mind must be concentrated; there will be no time for any other thing than the one in hand; even the burdensome "what will people think" is swept aside.

With boys, singing in operetta is likely to bring an awakening. The average boy, up to a certain age, has the idea that there is nothing of real worth in life but strength.

GIRLS to him are inferior beings dressed up in white dimity and big hair-ribbons, and afraid of everything but the family cat. A girl, he reasons, can neither play baseball nor ice-hockey. Consequently she is set apart as a creature deserving his contempt.

Put him on the stage with girls of his own age or younger, and he will make the disquieting discovery that in this new kind of thing they are far ahead of him. Respect for them springs in his heart. He may not proclaim it from the housetops, but it is there and it is there to stay.

Along with this comes all unconsciously a subduing of his roughness of manner. He is not a whit less a little man; he has only discovered that in this world there is another kind of strength that he has hitherto not known about.

ALL the foregoing is equally applicable to children's spoken plays, but the operetta offers something of a broader value. Every child loves music; when he is happy he sings, even though that song be a strident noise.

Show me a whistling boy and you have shown me a happy one. It is in the earliest years that love of music is strongest. Neglect to cultivate it then, and an unmusical man or woman is likely the result.

Nor with these things, already numerous, have all the benefits of singing in operetta been enumerated. Rhythm, that melody of the body, is impressed on the child.

Observe any little one singing or listening to music; instinctively he accentuates the rhythm by bodily motion. Moving about to music in operetta, he will be impelled to move with rhythmic grace.

In operetta, too, words being of prime importance to convey the story, there is learned the value of the word distinctly uttered.

But all this is only a grown-up's point of view; there is another and a bigger one—the children's. What happiness these Christmas operettas will bring to them! What joy their songs will hold, telling of Santa Claus, trees a-gleam, and reindeer galloping!

Columbia Grafonola

A Magical Voice of Music

The Columbia Grafonola is greater than any artist or any musical instrument. For it is all artists and all instruments in one magical voice of music. It is the supreme artistry of the Columbia Grafonola that, once its golden voice has sounded, you forget instrument, record, and artist alike—only the soul of immortal music thrills you.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

COLUMBIA GRAPHOPHONE COMPANY, New York

London Factory; 102 Clerkenwell Road, E. C.



*Maria Barrientos,
Hipolito Lazaro,
José Mardones —
exclusive Columbia
artists in "Faust"*



*Columbia Grafonolas
— Standard Models
up to \$300; Period
Designs up to \$2100*



Do the cracks in your floors spoil the looks of your rooms?

Above are two pictures of the same living room. The only difference in the two pictures is in the floors. On the left a wood floor is shown, with its unsightly (and unsanitary) cracks. On the right a Blabon Art Floor of Linoleum—with its wide expanse of smoothly beautiful (and sanitary) surface. Let your own eyes be judge between them.

And remember, the superior attractiveness of Blabon Art Floors rests not only on this one point. Unlike wood floors Blabon Art Floors are made in a variety of colors and designs. For example, the plain Blabon Art Floor shown above is made in brown, gray, green, blue and terra cotta. The colors go clear through the material and

wear as long as the material wears. We also make hundreds of tile, mosaic, carpet, matting, hardwood and other designs in many colors for every room in the house.

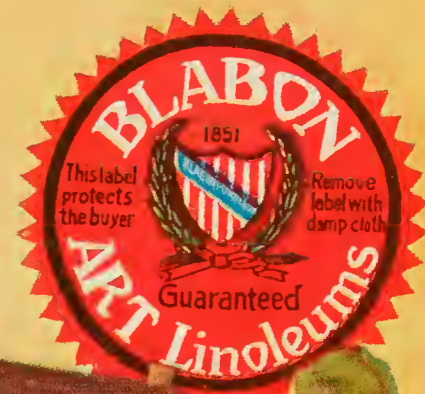
Blabon Art Floors when waxed and polished have all the lustre of hardwood. They are much quieter and softer to the tread than any other type of floor. Unlike wood floors they never require refinishing. They are easy to clean and easy to keep clean.

As for durability and price, Blabon Art Floors of plain or inlaid linoleum will wear a generation and more, and are sold at a range of prices to suit most any purse. See your dealer, or write for booklet.

A good floor-covering dealer can lay Blabon Art Floors right over your present wood floors. Or if you are planning to build a home, Blabon Art Floors can be installed *in place of* finished wood floors. In this case, we will gladly send you full information and specifications for installation.

Important Notice:—As there are inferior floor coverings (including rugs) nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely felt paper imitations, remember these two easy ways to tell linoleum: First, look at the back and make sure it is burlap, for all linoleum has a burlap back; second, try to tear it. *Imitations tear easily* and reveal the black paper between the painted surfaces.

The George W. Blabon Company Established 68 years Philadelphia



BLABON ART Linoleums

HEALTHY-TOWN

THE STORY OF A NOTABLE EXPERIMENT

BY DOROTHY DONNELL CALHOUN

This Article Has the Indorsement of Dr. Donald B. Armstrong

"IF I were running this world, I should make health infectious instead of disease," announced a speaker at a large public meeting recently. The same kind of an idea has been lingering in the minds of some of our physicians and sanitarians until, after the manner of ideas that insist upon lingering, it has taken form, and an epidemic of health has swept over the little town of Framingham. This article tells how health was made contagious. If you would like to know more about the work at Framingham, write to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, Health Editor of THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, sending a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

THERE is at least one place in the United States where avoidable disease is looked upon as a disgrace. This is Framingham, Massachusetts, which is destined to be the healthiest town in the world. Deliberate and scientific effort in three years has produced such astonishing and significant results that this little elm-embowered New England town with its white-columned houses facing a common, is fast acquiring fame among those who have the health of the country at heart. Framingham itself, because of its marvelous cooperation, deserves a full share of credit for this fame.

On May 3, 1916, a great insurance company, through Dr. Lee K. Frankel, offered the sum of one hundred thousand dollars to the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis for the financing of a unique experiment.

A representative American community with an average death-rate was to be chosen, and a determined effort was to be made by every known means to decrease the mortality from tuberculosis and other preventable diseases to the lowest possible terms; and, a corollary to this, to increase the average health of the residents by caring for its child welfare, and to establish the town upon a sound health foundation for the future.

WHY THEY CHOSE FRAMINGHAM

THE Association spent several months in studying various towns in many States and finally chose Framingham, a community of about eighteen thousand inhabitants, situated in eastern Massachusetts, twenty miles from Boston. It is a place typical of America because of the mixture of races that live there: the old, conservative New England stock, which can tabulate its ancestors for twenty generations, and whose blood is blue, albeit a trifle thin, and the foreigners who work in the factories and sometimes choose to live gregariously in cramped quarters and upon unsuitable food, no matter what opportunities of bettering their old-country habits they may have.

Framingham has a beautiful old part of town and a—well, not-so-beautiful new part; churches, factories, a good health board, a civic association, a hospital and a normal amount of disease. It was, in fact, precisely like hundreds of other small communities scattered throughout the United States. What could be done in Framingham, so argued the investigators, could be done anywhere.

OF COURSE health work was no novelty to Framingham. There had been, as there are everywhere, spasmodic clean-up weeks, fly-destroying campaigns and so forth, but they were almost as aimless and impractical as the method employed by the old woman who wondered how she could soften the heart of her cow, and finally decided to sit on the stile and continue to smile till she had softened the heart of her cow.

It was proposed that the whole town should go unitedly and systematically into the business of becoming healthy and staying so.

For that was a very vital part of the plan—the cooperation between the Health Experiment Station and the local organizations, the town doctors, the Board of Trade, the Board of Health, the church societies, the School Board, the Civic Association, clubs and private charities. More than that, the experimenters hoped to gain the interest and volunteer help of all the citizens themselves, from the Fair-weather and the Robinsons to the O'Tooles and the Pietro Torellis.

OPENING UP THE CAMPAIGN

DR. DONALD B. ARMSTRONG and a staff of assistants went to Framingham in December, 1916, and opened the Community Health Station in an empty store in the middle of the business section, which most of Framingham passes every day. And here they hung the walls with charts from the Tuberculosis Association, and filled the windows with health posters—which all Framingham would daily see and read whether it wanted to or not. And then they started their campaign to make this the healthiest town in the world.

Obviously the first step was to find out exactly how much sickness there was in the town. Volunteer investigators went from door to door taking a health census, but some of the conservative Robinsons considered the question an intrusion, and most of the Torellis did not understand what the investigators were about. So the health census told the experimenters less than they wanted to know.

It was then that neighborhood committees were formed as the interpreters of the Health Station, the go-between who should carry the

doctrines of modern medical science directly to the people. These committees were made up of one or two of the leading men and women from every block in town, who could speak, not as outsiders but as neighbors, across side-yard fences, over friendly afternoon teacups or equally friendly wash-tubs. The first message they were to carry was the revolutionary one that the time to see a doctor was before the sickness began.

THE GOSPEL OF PHYSICAL EXAMINATION

THROUGH the neighborhood committees the health workers urged every citizen to submit to a thorough physical examination either at home or at the Community Station, receiving without any cost to himself a statement of his health condition, medical advice as to the proper treatment, and—if the one examined had tuberculosis and could not afford treatment—free medical and hygienic care. The citizens of Framingham have always been ready to "do their bit," and the response to this offer was immediate and enthusiastic. In the past two years nearly twelve thousand people have been examined, or about two-thirds of the entire population of the town. The results of the examination were amazing.

Seventy-seven per cent. of those examined were in need of medical advice or treatment and most of them did not know it. And of all the sicknesses discovered, among them several hundred cases of active or arrested tuberculosis, four-fifths were preventable by known but unused means!

The health experimenters saw to it that no one went away without a thorough understanding of his own physical condition, and suggestions as to what treatment to follow, by the advice of their own physician, to prevent minor ailments from developing into serious ones; they also urged all who had been discovered below par in health to submit to re-examinations by their own physicians at definite intervals so that it might be seen whether the trouble was increasing or had been checked and controlled.

"ALMOST any disease," they told the Fair-weather and the O'Tooles, "can be cured before it begins!"

Further to acquaint themselves with the health conditions of Framingham, a sanitary survey was taken of the water-system, the milk-supply, the sewage and garbage disposal methods, and all the private wells, cisterns, cesspools and outside toilets in the town or the surrounding rural districts, and the necessary alterations were studied in conference with the health officer.

The schools and factories were inspected by experts, the stables visited for the detection of exposed filth and fly-breeding conditions. There was occasional grumbling, of course, at the infringement of what some citizens considered their inalienable right to be as dirty as they pleased, but the health experimenters asserted that people had no right to be either unhealthy or untidy when by so doing they were exposing their neighbors to danger.

A FIGHT AGAINST TUBERCULOSIS

FOR this reason advanced cases of tuberculosis were urged to go to the hospital, and incipient cases were visited regularly by a district nurse, who saw to it that all possible precautions were taken to prevent a spread of the disease. All children of school age were thoroughly examined by the full-time school physician and a large number of undernourished and pre-tubercular children were discovered. The big exhibition building at the county fair-grounds just outside of town was equipped as a health camp for these children, and volunteer girls went about during the Summer months, gathering up the weaklings in automobile loads and taking them to the camp.

Here they were looked after by a physician, a nurse and a dietitian. They were bathed, received an especial diet with plenty of fresh milk and vegetables, learned sanitary habits, agreed to take naps and exercise, with the result that many of them gained at the galloping speed of a pound or two pounds a week.

To some of them a bath had hitherto been a biennial ceremony, a tooth-brush a strange and dubious novelty; but even cleanliness may be made endurable if camouflaged under the name of play. The tooth-brush drill at the health camp became as popular as "London Bridge" or "Thus the Farmer Sows His Seed."

Framingham is the only town of its size in the country to maintain a physician whose whole time is engaged in school work. It also furnishes for its small citizens two school nurses, a dentist, a posture teacher, a physical-culture director, a dental clinic, a nose and throat clinic and hot school lunches during the Winter. Though encouraged by the health demonstration, these activities are all under the charge of the Framingham School Committee.

In cooperation with the Health Experiment Station the owners of the largest factory in town provided like health facilities for their workers, maintaining a clinic, a full-time doctor and nurses for the dispensary service. The other industries are aiding in the work in a smaller way.

CHILD-WELFARE EFFORTS

THE Civic League established four infant clinics where mothers could bring their babies for regular weighing and advice as to feeding and care, a pre-school clinic for older babies and a pre-natal class to safeguard the arrival of new citizens into the world.

These things were not all done at once, of course, but they were done in the space of two

Concluded on page 94



HANES Trade Mark

ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

GUARANTEE—We guarantee Hanes Underwear, absolutely every thread, stitch and button. We guarantee to return your money or give you a new garment if any seam breaks.

Boys' Winter Union Suits that repay the confidence Mothers put into them!

Such warmth, such comfort, such wear, such workmanship never has been put into a Boys' Winter Union Suit at the price! You have our word, backed by the broadest guarantee, that Hanes is the most unusual value you ever laid hands on!

Go to your dealers at once and prove to your own satisfaction that Hanes Union Suits for Boys exceed in real worth the best we say about them. We have never seen their like anywhere near the price!

What we put into Hanes comes to you in extra wear!

If you saw Hanes Union Suits for Boys made in the Hanes Plants—from the raw cotton to the finished suit—you would realize that it is *what we put into* these garments that gives to your boy the *extra* service and gives to you the *extra* satisfaction and *extra* economy!

Boys say: "Stepping into Hanes is like crawling back under the cover-lids!" *And, they're right!* Hanes Union Suits are wonderfully warm and fleecy, plus their guaranteed features shown in the diagram circles above:—unbreakable seams; tailored collarette that cannot gap; shape holding elastic shoulders; closed crotch that stays closed; pearl buttons sewed on to stay! buttonholes that will not stretch and that last the life of the garment; reinforcement at every strain point! Altogether, value that never has been equalled near the price!

Ideal Underwear for Men

Hanes Union Suits and Shirts and Drawers for men are as unusual in extra quality, extra workmanship, extra comfort and extra wear as Hanes Boys' Union Suits. They are made to outlive our guarantee. Hanes is standard throughout America!

See Hanes underwear at your dealers. It will prove out higher in your judgment than any statement we can make about it. If your dealer can't supply you, write us immediately.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.
New York Office, 366 Broadway

WARNING TO THE TRADE—Any garment offered as Hanes is a substitute unless it bears the "Hanes" label.



"The Pajunette"

A one-piece sleeping garment combining exceptional style appeal, warmth and rare comfort

Look Well—Feel Right in Brighton-Carlsbad

Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear—517 distinct styles in all—represents present-day fulfillment of our effort since 1863 to give the public ideal nightwear. We've tailored beauty and style into soft, fleecy flannellette garments as well as in all the lighter fabrics to suit every individual fancy.



Brighton-Carlsbad possesses a certain generous fullness of cut which serves the double purpose of giving sleeping comfort and long wear, the latter because there is none of the strain to which narrow, skimped garments are subjected.

Particular attention is given to correct modeling of neck, bust, armholes and hips. Distinctive garments result.

Brighton-Carlsbad is made for men, women and children—superior garments all. Have the dealer upon Brighton-Carlsbad, spreading it out so that you may really make comparisons.

Write for Free "Nightie Book"

Send for free Nightie Book and learn more about this most popular sleepingwear.

H. B. GLOVERCO.

Dept. 11 Dubuque, Iowa

DEALERS: Write us now and arrange to handle this fastest selling line for next Spring and Fall (1920).



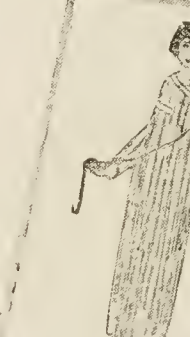
Contrast this Brighton-Carlsbad gown on the left with the usual gown skimped through the body and simply flared out at the feet.



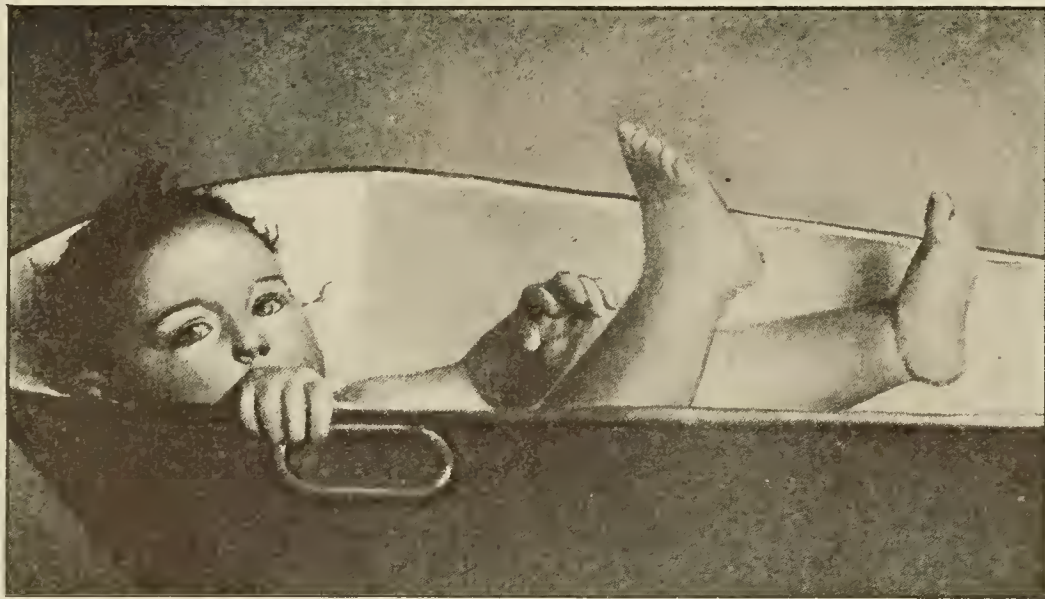
In woman's nightgowns you buy the size that corresponds with your bust measurement, namely 34, 36, 38, etc. Full size after laundering.



Men's Nightgowns Extra length and elastic bottom provide warmth and comfort. For men and boys



Women's Gowns A simple yet stylish flannellette gown. Variety of design and trim. For misses, too



Cornell Reading Course for Farmers' Wives—Cornell University. "BABY MINE!"

MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR BABIES BY SAVING THEIR SKINS

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

YOU will not like being told that your fat roly-poly baby is skinny.

But "skinny" he is if by that we mean having lots of skin, for he has ever so much more in proportion to his weight than you have.

And in spite of your thinking of him as a delicately strung individual he is evidently thick-skinned. At least he seems to be, if we look at his skin sidewise through a magnifying-glass and see the countless number of glands and ducts and tubes that begin way down deep and finally, after long and tortuous meandering, end on the surface in still other countless numbers of mouths or pores.

Although the skin is first and foremost a covering for the body, it is also a heat-regulator, helping to keep the body at an even temperature. It conveys sensations, such as heat, cold and pain, through its nerves. And, what is of tremendous importance to health, it constantly throws off through the pores poisonous waste matter just as the lungs, kidneys and bowels do.

You can't think of anything but rose-petals when you look at your baby's skin. It is so exquisite that it seems to be only ornamental; a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Certainly you don't suspect it of being as useful and as busy as the traditional bee. But it is even busier, for it keeps at its task twenty-four hours a day with no time for sleep or vacations. The valuable results of its work, however, are largely dependent upon the kind of care you give to it.

WHEN you realize how much of this complicated and industrious skin your baby has, every inch needing to be kept in good working order, you begin to treat it with a good deal of respect; and remembering your responsibility in helping the little fellow through the perils of babyhood, you vow to take care of his skin.

That means that you will keep it clean, dry and at an even temperature. That is all simple enough, but it requires thought and care and, above all else, practise, for in this, as in other things, practise makes perfect.

The little clothes, if suitable, play an important part in keeping your baby's skin healthy. You will remember that we talked about them last month and concluded that they were not all vanity after all, but very useful articles. They must be warm, but not too warm; loose, but not too loose, and made of soft, porous materials.

But it is the bath—when, where and how it is given—that counts most of all in keeping the skin active and well.

It is during the bath that the poisonous material sent to the surface of the body through the glands and pores is washed off and that the tiny blood-vessels all through the skin are stimulated to carry more blood back and forth.

THAT is, if the bath is given properly. To be given properly it must be given quickly, without interruption; the baby must be kept warm and protected from drafts, handled and turned as little as possible, and thoroughly rinsed, dried and powdered.

The bath should be given at the same time each day, about an hour before the second morning feeding being a good time for young babies. After the third or fourth month, however, you may change the order of events and give a sponge-bath in the morning and a tub bath before the six-o'clock feeding in the evening. This evening tub bath is restful and quieting and helps to give the baby a good night.

In preparing for this important function, the bath, assure yourself that the temperature of the room is from seventy-two to seventy-eight degrees and that any possible drafts are cut off by a screen. A sheet hung over the backs of two chairs answers the purpose very well. It is nice to give the bath before an open fire if you are so fortunate as to have one.

Collect all of the things you will need during the bath and arrange them on a table, so that they will be within easy reach and in the order in which you will use them. As a rule, a low chair and a low table—for example, a kitchen-table with the legs sawed off—are the most convenient and comfortable.

Have ready on the table the bathtub (unless you have a rubber tub on a stand of its own) about three-fourths full of water; a pitcher of hot and a pitcher of cold water; a bath-thermometer; a fresh soft wash-cloth (never use a sponge); fresh soft towels; a tumbler or bowl of warm borie solution; clean gauze squares; absorbent cotton; Castile soap; talcum

powder; a soft little blanket; a hair-brush; safety-pins, or needle and thread, if the baby is wearing a band, and a complete outfit of fresh clothing.

If you are bathing the baby before a fire, it is nice to hang the little clothes on a rack so that they will be warm and cozy when you are ready to put them on. Slip the petticoat inside the dress when you arrange the clothes, so that both may be put on at once. This saves the baby at least one turning and cuts down the wear and tear of the morning toilet by just that much.

FOR yourself, have an apron of oiled muslin or some such waterproof material covered by a flannel apron. Protect the flannel apron with a towel until the bath is finished. You may then slip out the damp towel, leaving the flannel dry and fresh to wrap about the baby during the rubbing and powdering and dressing process. Roll up your sleeves and wash your hands.

You will add to the baby's comfort by placing a folded towel in the bottom of the tub, for contact with the hard surface is apt to frighten the little bather.

Test the water with a bath-thermometer so that there will be no doubt about the temperature. If it is impossible for you to get a bath-thermometer, the safest way to test the temperature of the water is to see if it feels comfortably warm to your bare elbow. But use a thermometer if possible; otherwise you are only guessing, and that is not safe.

The temperature of the bath should be from ninety-five to one hundred degrees while the baby is very young; from ninety to ninety-five degrees after the third or fourth month, and gradually lowered until it is about eighty-five to ninety degrees when he is a year old. At this age it is a good plan to lower the temperature of the bath to eighty degrees by adding a little cold water while the baby is in the tub, rubbing him briskly while he is in the water. This slight chilling of the bath will tend to make your baby hardy and thus help to prevent his taking cold easily. It is not safe to attempt too much "toughening" with young babies, but within reason it is very important.

NEVER add hot water to the bath after the baby has been placed in the tub, for fear of burning him.

Bathe the baby in your lap or on a high table, covered with a pad, blanket and towel, until the cord drops off and the navel is entirely healed; or if he is feeble or delicate or has skin trouble, unless the doctor orders tub baths.

Some mothers find it easier to use a table and others prefer to hold their babies in their laps. Either is satisfactory, so long as the baby is kept warm and comfortable, but the mother's lap is preferable if she sits squarely and keeps her knees together. It is cozier for the baby and it is reassuring too, if he is at all frightened. You must keep him warm, comfortable and happy throughout his bath, and if

he is in your lap you can cuddle him and talk to him and play with him. This will make the morning toilet a very happy, tender experience that he will enjoy instead of resent.

Cultivate the habit of doing things in exactly the same way and in the same order every day, so as to give the bath with the least possible handling and moving. Undue twisting and turning tire the baby and make him cross.

Bathe his eyes first, using for each eye a fresh little gauze square or bit of cotton dipped into the borie solution, stroking gently from the nose outward. Never dip the same piece of gauze in the solution more than once. If there is any discharge, dip a fresh bit of cotton in the solution and squeeze it above the eye, thus running a gentle stream over the eye from the nose outward. It is very important to turn the baby's head to one side while bathing the eye, so that the solution will flow away from the nose and not into the other eye.

WIPE out the nostrils very gently with absorbent cotton twisted into spirals and dipped in warm water or liquid albolene. Next bathe the face, head, neck and ears with warm water and very little soap, taking care not to press the fontanelles nor get soap in the eyes. Rinse thoroughly and dry by patting with your soft towel.

Soap the little body all over with your hand, exposing only one part at a time to avoid chilling. Then support the baby's head on your left wrist, slip your fingers under his shoulder and curve your thumb over the upper part of his arm. You will find that this will give a firm grip and keep his head from rolling off your arm into the water during the bath. Grasp his ankles with your right hand, and lower him into the water feet first.

Hold him firmly with your left hand and with a soft cloth in your right hand wash off the soap. Talk to the baby and play with him while he is in the water. You can still further amuse him and distract his attention by using floating toys when he is old enough to notice them.

Very young babies should not stay in the tub more than three minutes. They may stay in five minutes when three or four months old, and after that the time may be gradually lengthened.

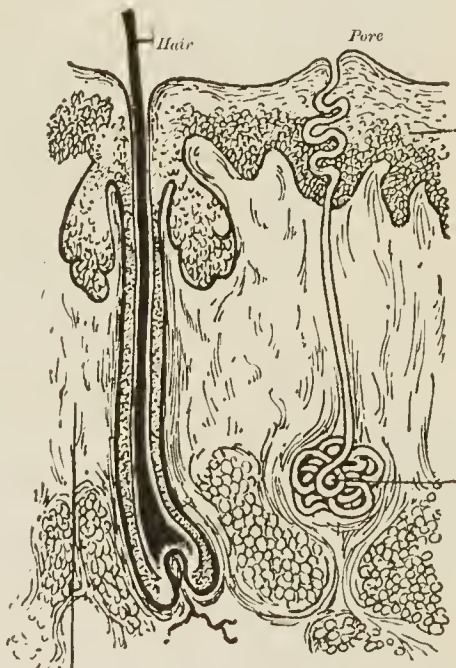
Lift the baby back to your lap after again grasping his ankles with your right hand and wrap the towel and flannel apron around him quickly. Pat and rub him through these for a moment, slip out the damp towel and pat him entirely dry with a fresh towel. Rub the little body into a glow with the palm of your hand, remembering that you must be very gentle, for the baby's skin is almost as fragile as the rose-petals it resembles. Rub the struggling little legs and arms toward the trunk; the back from the neck down, and use circular strokes for the chest and abdomen.

Use dusting-powder after the entire body is quite dry, particularly in the groins, under the arms and in all creases and folds of the skin. But the powder must never be used on moist skin or those important little tubes and openings will be stopped up.

GIVE particular attention to the genitals, both in bathing and in drying, as it is very important that these parts be kept clean. And the buttocks and thighs must be bathed and powdered not only during the morning bath but each time that the diaper is changed. In this connection bear in mind constantly the importance of having all soiled diapers washed, boiled, rinsed and dried in the sun if possible before using. Never dry a diaper that has been wet and use it a second time without washing.

After the rubbing and powdering are finished, slip on the fresh, warmed clothes with the least possible handling, brush his hair, stroking up from the neck and back from the face; feed him and put him in his crib, as sweet and lovely as a veritable rosebud, his beauty really skin deep.

NEXT month we shall talk about the perils that beset the baby during the blustery Winter months and how you may avoid them. In the meantime remember that the important points in baby care during Winter as in Summer are the ones we have been talking about all along: breast-feeding, regularity in all details of his life—fresh air, drinking-water, absolute cleanliness, and an even temperature.



From "Children Well and Happy," by May Bliss Dickenson, R. N. CROSS-SECTION OF THE SKIN THROUGH A MAGNIFYING-GLASS

WHEN IS A CHILD ADOPTABLE?

BY HONORÉ WILLSIE

IT IS a difficult question to answer, both from the legal and the moral standpoint.

When a child has lost both parents and there are no responsible relations such as grandparents, uncles or aunts, or older brothers or sisters who might provide a proper home for the child in question, he may be said to be adoptable.

When the child is clearly and completely abandoned by his parents or proper guardians, he may be adopted. When the parents are living but are hopelessly criminal, vicious or depraved or when one parent is dead and the surviving parent is an improper guardian, the child may be adopted. Improper guardianship should include not only the criminal and depraved, but the mentally and physically incompetent.

No child who might be a menace to a community should be placed in a foster-family; for example, a child with an infectious disease that might do injury to others or a child with uncontrollably bad moral habits.

In so far as possible, organizations working with dependent children should give the children all the necessary medical and surgical treatment and training in decent habits that will fit them for family life.

But if the prospective foster-parents know of the child's needs and prefer to give it the necessary care and treatment, an organization may place the child in such a home and in its supervision of the home make sure that the child is receiving proper care.

Sometimes foster-parents wish to take extremely delicate children to build up or even very difficult children. Sometimes even, they desire the sub-normal child in order to give him a chance.

And again, a child should not be legally adopted if there is any reasonable ground for hope that his own home may be so rehabilitated as to form a suitable refuge.

The best child-placing organizations wish the prospective parents to be as fully informed as is possible as to the child's history. Not only is this history usually of great assistance to the foster-parents in the intelligent bringing up of the child, but in after life, when the child realizes that he is adopted, he should be allowed to know the facts concerning his forebears.

The importance of keeping a full record of a child's history is very well shown in a report on record keeping by child-helping organizations by The Russell Sage Foundation. The report quotes the following letter which was received by the manager of an eastern orphanage. The author of the letter, who is now a young man, had some years previously been in her institution for the care of homeless children.

"U. S. Ship —
April 1st, 1913

"DEAR MADAM:

"Well, I asked you to do me a great favor I have not asked since I left the home 10 or 11 years ago because I did not feel it like I do when traveling around the world. Will you please look in the old records and see if you can trace up my father and mother, I don't know or never remember seeing since I left the dear old homestead I hope to visit some time this summer in my Uniform. My father's name I think is Richard — and mother Susan — I'm doing well, I joined to see the world and save some money. If I knew where my mother was I would not join the navy. Sometimes I get a thinking about the — Orphan Asylum and mother and I sit down and hold my face and cry. As I grow up in manhood with no one to love but God I feel like a lost sheep. I'm 23 years old now and Nov. 7, 1917 I will be 27 years old. Miss —, will you please investigate and find out something. Some years ago, Mr. — said he thought they were up in New York state in the poorhouse. I been searching for the last 6 years. I'm doing fine and have not had a sick day since I left the grand old home.

"I remain, yours
"Sincerely"

The superintendent went to see the boy and found that he had in truth been searching for his parents whenever he

was away from his ship. The records of the institution did not contain a single clue to help him. At the time the little fellow was admitted, no one thought it important to record anything about his mother.

It is the inalienable right of every normal human being to know whence he came. Only



Everett and Harold are four and six. The parents are both dead, and there are no relatives able to take or interested in taking them. They are exceptionally bright, with no hereditary diseases nor unfavorable family history to worry foster-parents. Both parents were American born, but somewhere in the family in bygone days there was a bit of Spanish blood, and the boys are brunettes. They are well-mannered, affectionate little fellows, and capable of making good in a home where two fine boys would be appreciated. They need and merit a good Catholic home.

under very exceptional circumstances indeed should be denied that right. And so a child both for his own sake and that of his foster-parents should be considered one hundred per cent. adoptable only when the record establishing his identity and giving his personal record is fairly complete.

A child is not adoptable unless it has been legally established that there can be no "come back" in later years by the real parents or other relations. Dr. Hastings Hart, one of the best known of the workers for dependent children in this country, gives two instances of disaster where the freedom of the child to be adopted had not been legally established.

A family had taken a little girl when she was a baby and had brought her up as their own child to the age of twelve years. The little girl supposed the foster-parents to be her own.

When the child was twelve, the real mother, a woman of bad character, who had cast off the child in her babyhood, instituted a suit to recover the child and an ignorant and thoughtless judge took the girl from her foster-parents and returned her to her disreputable mother.

Can you picture a tragedy more pitiful than this? One can but wonder if that child ever again will have faith in anything that is good.

Dr. Hart cites another case where a woman forsook her husband and her little son and daughter and ran away with another man. The husband gave the children to a child-placing society with the statement that they were abandoned by their mother. The children were taken by an excellent woman, a former school-teacher, who treated them as her own in every respect.

Years later, the mother turned up with a new husband and brought suit to recover her children. A sympathetic judge not only took the children away from the foster-mother who had loved and cared for them for five years, but allowed the impression to prevail that the foster-mother was heartlessly keeping these children from their disconsolate mother. In a short time the children were again turned loose upon the world, much the worse from their brief stay with their unnatural mother.

Certainly the societies that handled these two cases had not taken the proper legal precautions or such tragedies could not have occurred.

Societies differ in the length of time in which a child must be in a home before it can be legally adopted. One child-placing society grants the privilege of adoption within ninety days.

This is too short a time. It is probable that not less than a year is necessary in which the delicate and complicated test of fitting a child to a home and a home to a child can take place.

When is a child adoptable? One could go on for pages enumerating the facts that concern the making of child placing a practical success. It is far less easy to list the intangible conditions that are quite as essential to success as are the material facts.

What is the attitude of mind of the foster-parents toward the child? Do they see in him a pretty toy, to dress and parade and to turn over to hirelings for the major part of its existence?

We know of a family who adopted a boy of eight. He attends a boarding-school for all the year except the Summer months. The Summer months he spends in a boys' camp. This family, of course, is well-to-do.

Yet his foster-mother preens herself on the great sacrifice she has made in taking a child into her home! As far as that mother and father are concerned, it would seem that no child was really adoptable.

No child is adoptable to whom your heart does not go out in tender pity. No child is adoptable whom you will not feel glad to have bear your name. No child is adoptable whom you have so enwrapped in sentiment that you can not look with clear, dispassionate eyes on its history and on its physical and mental make-up and tell yourself that you are willing to cope with all three.

For if child-adoption is the finest charity in the world, it is also the most trying, and no charity of modern life is so important to the progress and welfare of the world.

THE DELINEATOR CHILD-HELPING DEPARTMENT

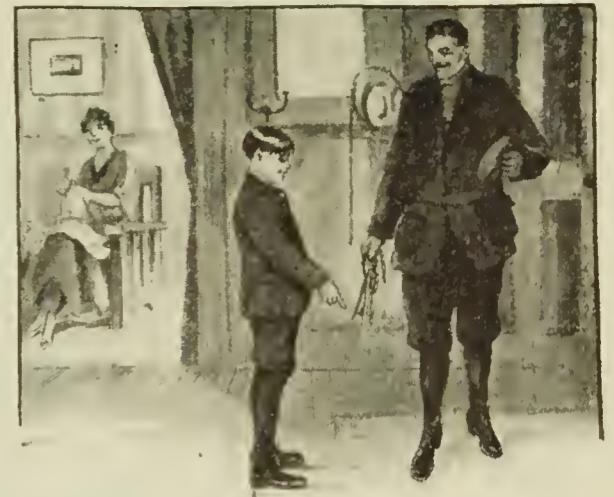
Honoré Willsie Editor Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom Director James E. Tower Managing Editor

Advisory Council

- Dr. Felix Adler, President of The Ethical Culture Society of New York.
- Mrs. Albion Fellows Bacon, State Director of Child Welfare for Indiana, Indianapolis, Indiana.
- Miss Mary Vida Clark, Member of Health Committee, Community Councils for National Defense, New York.
- Mr. James E. Ewers, General Agent of the Cleveland Humane Society, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Mr. Marcus C. Fagg, State Superintendent, The Children's Home Society of Florida, Jacksonville, Florida.
- Miss Katharine C. Felton, General Secretary, Associated Charities of San Francisco.
- Dr. Hastings H. Hart, Director, Department of Child Helping, Russell Sage Foundation, New York.
- Dr. William Healy, Managing Director, Judge Baker Foundation, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Mr. William W. Hodson, Director, Children's Bureau, State Board of Control, Saint Paul, Minnesota.
- Mr. George L. Jones, General Secretary, Henry Watson Children's Aid Society, Baltimore, Maryland.
- Rev. Hubert Le Blond, Director of Charities, Diocese of Cleveland, Cleveland, Ohio.
- Judge Julian W. Mack, United States Circuit Court of Appeals, New York.
- Dr. Lilburn Merrill, Chief Probation Officer, Juvenile Court, Seattle, Washington.
- Mr. J. Prentice Murphy, General Secretary, Boston Children's Aid Society, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Judge Samuel D. Murphy, Juvenile Court of Jefferson County, Birmingham, Alabama.
- Dr. Jessica B. Peixotto, University of California, Berkeley, California.
- Mr. Wilfred S. Reynolds, Superintendent, The Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society, Chicago, Illinois.
- Rev. Michael J. Scanlan, Director, Catholic Charitable Bureau, Boston, Massachusetts.
- Mr. Edwin D. Solenberger, General Secretary, Children's Aid Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.
- Miss Sophie van Senden Theis, Superintendent, Child-Placing Department, State Charities Aid Association, New York.
- Mr. Henry W. Thurston, Director, Department of Child Welfare, New York School of Philanthropy, New York.
- Mr. C. V. Williams, Director, Children's Welfare Department, Board of State Charities, Columbus, Ohio.

Executive Committee

- Mr. J. Prentice Murphy, Chairman
- Miss Sophie van Senden Theis
- Dr. Henry W. Thurston
- Mr. C. V. Williams
- Miss Mary Vida Clark
- Dr. Hastings H. Hart
- Dr. William Healy
- Mr. George L. Jones



"Why, Dad, you're wearing Wonseams, too"

"Yes, Son, I'm sold on that patented, one-piece upper. It's a great idea. I've noticed the shoe bills go down since you've had Wonseams."

That feature means longer-wearing footwear for boys, men, little gents. And it's found only in

Wonseam SHOES

WON'T RIP

Each shoe upper—tongue, vamp and quarter—is cut in one piece, instead of four to six pieces as in most shoes. Tongue is part of the upper—can't pull out. No seams to rip or leak.

It's a sturdy, good-looking, comfortable shoe, made on the army last—a last Government experts selected for military footwear. Gives the feet that freedom necessary for easy walking. Permits them to grow as nature intended.

Soles and heels are stout and serviceable. Two thicknesses of leather cover the toe. The single seam runs with the strain and is reinforced by a full-length leather backstay and three rows of stitching.

Wonseam is the shoe for work, play, school—for almost every occasion. Ask your dealer to show you a pair.



\$4.50 to \$7.00 a Pair

W. H. Griffin Co., Manchester, N. H.



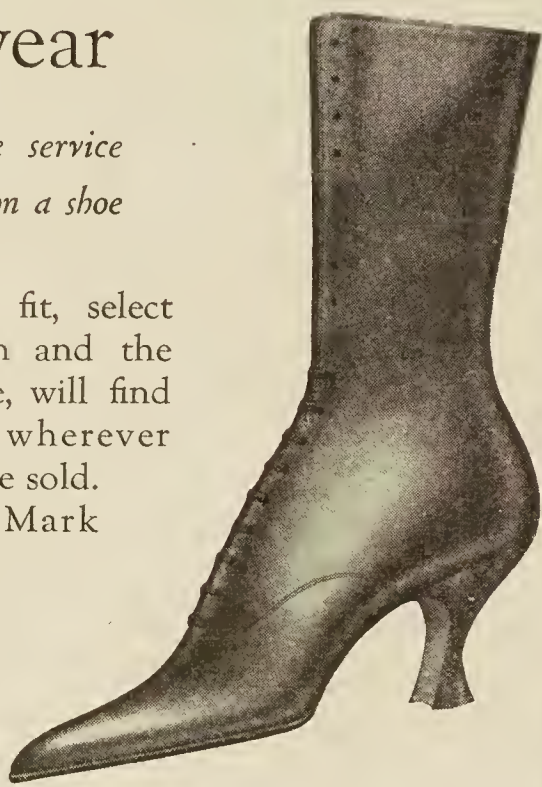
Dorothy Dodd
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SHOES

You can always know the best in footwear

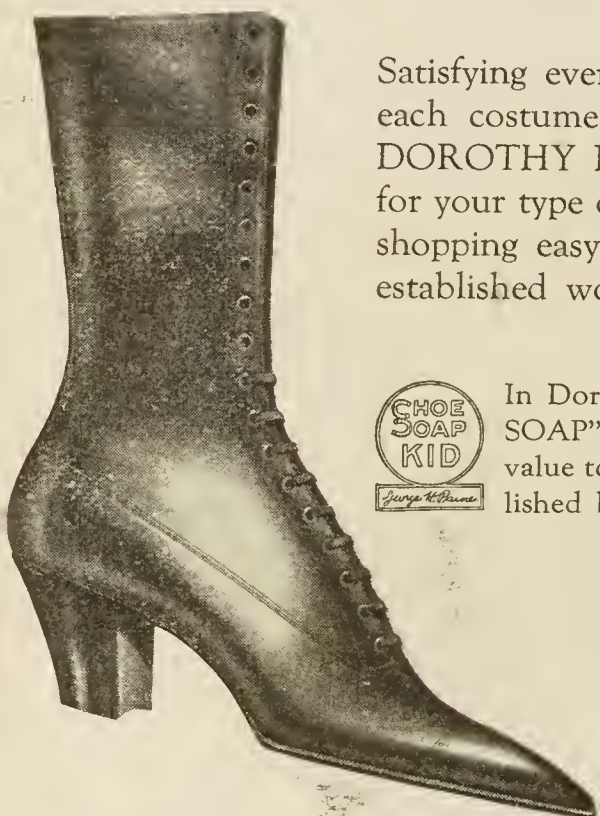
The test of "best" is the service insured by this Trade Mark on a shoe

YOU, who seek faultless fit, select materials, correct design and the widest range of dainty style, will find service and satisfaction wherever DOROTHY DODD shoes are sold. Be guided by this Trade Mark wherever displayed. The address of a nearby dealer will be furnished you if desired.



New Styles for Winter

Satisfying every need in harmony with each costume and occasion, there is a DOROTHY DODD model particularly for your type of foot. The name makes shopping easy and is your assurance of established worth.



In Dorothy Dodd fine shoes "SHOE-SOAP" Kid has proved of exceptional value to women. The good will established by "Shoe-Soap" Kid in association with the Dorothy Dodd Trade Mark and the reputation of the dealer is complete assurance that women will continue to find in this leather the quality and service that they demand.

DOROTHY DODD SHOE COMPANY
BOSTON, MASS.

MARGARET COMES HOME FOR CHRISTMAS—WHY?

BY MARION MCLEAN

PEN and ink and a stamped envelope is at the outside worth about four cents. And four cents isn't much for a Christmas present, of course. You'd rather send nothing at all? Think again! Think seventeen times, if necessary, before you ruin some one's holidays because of your laziness or pride.

SHE read the letter quickly—it was a skinny letter, shaken down into the corner of a big envelope—and put it into the little black-beaded bag at her belt which carried her other glasses, her handkerchiefs and always the latest of Margaret's letters.

She hoped fervently that Edward wouldn't ask what was in the letter. She might have her own misgivings and her sore spots about Margaret herself, but any criticisms made her a tigress—a civilized, soft-voiced tigress, but a tigress just the same. She needed no champion with her own daughter.

The fire roared in the air-tight stove and the snow-storm howled about the parsonage windows. She went back over the day's work to remember surely that she had filled the student lamp—the ill-tempered thing was gargling suspiciously—and noted that all Edward's books and papers were within reach. She couldn't risk showing him her hurt now. Edward must not be angry with the child. It would spoil the Christmas home-coming.

SHE slipped up-stairs quietly to the desk with its black-walnut knobs and the drawer where she used to keep the catechism candy, and wrote one of those stiff, carefully proud mother-letters that ought to melt a heart of stone but make no more impression on daughters of eighteen than so much wood-smoke. (She had tried not writing at all one month, and that had made no impression either. The child didn't care whether she heard from them or not.)

So she wrote about the Sawyer's baby and the way the prayer-meeting was picking up and how deep the last snow had been, how Aunt Eugenia had gone into mourning for Cousin James—isn't it extraordinary how often the rich relatives of poor people have to go into mourning and give away all their lovely clothes?—and had sent up two broad-cloth suits and a green-velvet dinner-gown, and Margaret could choose what she'd like when she came home.

Then she thought a long while and added a paragraph:

"I have not told your father about your plan to spend Christmas with your friend in Boston. I do not think that he would care to have you go. Please let me know about it as soon as you get this."

She stopped a moment before signing herself in her usual way. Then she wrote it down just as always—she could not bear to hurt the child. (Just as if the child would notice!)

"With all the love of my heart to my precious daughter,

"YOUR MOTHER."

NEXT day she did up some cranberries and made some mince-meat. And while she could bear to, that is, before she got Margaret's answer, she hung fresh curtains in Margaret's room and got out the bureau things and some of Margaret's own towels—the ones they had embroidered together Summer before last. The next day she went over all her own collars and cuffs and fichus and handkerchiefs, to make sure that the ones Margaret had given her were "in order," and by that time there wasn't anything more special to do.

So she spent a good deal of time looking at the drawer full of Margaret's Christmas presents. There was a white handkerchief-linen blouse and a pink satin camisole—she hated colored underwear, but nice women seemed to wear it nowadays—and some sachets and a new square of black silk, beautifully hemmed, for a middy necktie. She wished she could have got the child a new suit—but perhaps by Spring.

Then came the letter; a hurried letter written between classes on a piece of paper torn from a chemistry note-book.

Margaret didn't know what to do about coming home; she had two-thirds promised to go to Boston. Would her mother mind terribly if she went? It was pretty dull at home in Winter. Her mother flushed; in spite of her habitual self-control, the quick thought flashed through her mind: How did Margaret think she had liked it herself these twenty years?

Margaret would meet people who would help her later, probably, when she got out of college, she said. If her mother said to come home, of course she would, but it was a wonderful opportunity. And now she must go to Glee Club rehearsal, so good-by for now—

The letter that went back to her was another of those proud, hurt mother-letters. No need to copy it here. You probably know what they are like.

REASONABLE enough, human enough, and as long as the world has different generations, fathers and mothers will nearly break their hearts over the sons' and daughters' indifference. And they send those heart-breaking letters to children who don't half read them and never half "get" what mother means or father hints at.

There are thousands and thousands of them in the Christmas mail this minute. If you are the average, spirited young person, you have received hundreds. They come in stamped envelopes usually, because they're cheaper, and the paper is cheap; very undistinguished mail-matter on the whole. You read them hastily, leave them about half-read and half-told, miss them if they don't come for a

week or two, but otherwise hardly notice them. School is so thrilling or the business of being "on your own" in the city is so absorbing that oh, well, you've put it all behind you and you're branching out for yourself! You can't spend time moaning and getting homesick.

The days dragged along till Christmas Eve,—each one with its hour or two of sunlight, its afternoon of blinding snow and howling evenings of wind from the hills.

Margaret's mother did not realize that she hadn't discussed Christmas with her husband at all. She just went to the regular meeting of the Ladies' Aid and helped do up the candy in packages for the Sunday-school tree and watched the young people winding the greens for the church and entertained the choir for extra practise the nights the church wasn't heated, and told every one who asked: "No, they didn't expect Margaret home this year; it was pretty far to come for a week—"

When Christmas Eve came, Edward got fidgety and said he guessed he'd go down and get an evening paper, as long as the train had come through. She was alone in the sitting-room poking at an old pair of socks that weren't worth darning. But she had to do something. She didn't want to think about hanging stockings and the Christ Child's candle in the window, or anything like that.

A SUDDEN stamping of arctics on the veranda—whom was Edward bringing home? And how that miserable storm-door did stick; it froze fast in two minutes. Then a clear voice outside: "I see mother! She hasn't an idea I'm coming, has she?"

And here in her arms! "Why, Margaret!" she was saying over and over foolishly. "Oh, the beautiful little daughter," she was thinking. "How pretty she is! How lovely her eyes are! The lovely thing—she is home again!"

But outside she was just a little bit flustered, very beaming, middle-aged woman, who was asking if her grown-up daughter had had any supper and all that kind of questions.

Later she noticed a certain self-satisfied twinkle in Edward's eye. "I wonder if he had anything to do with it," she mused. She was half prepared for the note she found on Margaret's table—O careless Margaret!—when she had gone back to school.

"Dear Mud-child," it ran, in the sprawling ministerial hand, "you probably haven't stopped to exercise that imagination of yours in all your peregrinations among the pedagogues lately." (How Edward loved alliteration, the old dear!) "You really should see your old parents' present gloom. Not that I matter particularly—I can always go out and belabor the poor in my exalted rôle as Lord High Town Poor Commissioner (the job no one else will take) and get my hopping-mad at you out of my mind. But your maw she don't say much, but she certainly do look powerful down in the mouth—verbum sap. If you're short of change, herewith check for five dollars which may help on the car-fare problem. And if you turn up Christmas Eve we'll be pleased as punch, pumpkins and pollywogs—I will meet the eight-o'clock trolley.

"Fraternally yours, my daughter,

"PAX."

Margaret's mother folded the scrawl tenderly and creased it evenly, her eyes looking far off down the street. Then she put it carefully away in the little black bag at her side.

"That was nice of Edward," she said to herself as she whisked the bed-linen into the hamper, "but, dear me, I'm sure Margaret would have come home anyway. She must have known how we felt about her."

BUT she hadn't; and they all don't; and that's the trouble. They aren't stupid, those children away from home. As their parents say dolefully, "They just don't think." And if mother doesn't get her letters and father doesn't get thanked for his checks, they say, "Well, we did the best we could, but we didn't bring them up right or they'd care more about us"—and let it go at that. But the hurt is there no matter how philosophical they try to be. They're old enough to keep a good many things dark that their sons and daughters—so recently their babies—have very seldom sense enough to see.

This Christmas will be a better Christmas than last year, in spite of the strikes and struggles still going on. We can most of us spare time to go home for Christmas this year, without hurting our war consciences, and if we can't go home, what did the Chinese or the Egyptians—or whoever it was, anyway—invent ink and pens for, some thousands of years ago?

SUPPOSE you—charming, successful young business woman—had spent some twenty years of thought and money and affection on another person; wouldn't you think a weekly report a fairly small interest on your outlay? Suppose you—brisk and trim and well-groomed young man with the flattering number of charming (and also well-groomed) girls who are ready to go out to dinner with you—had spent twenty years training a boy to be decent and honorable and a credit to his family and himself; wouldn't you like to hear how he was keeping up the ideals you had taught him? Suppose a child of yours was in disgrace or trouble, wouldn't you rather know about it than worry over a black, undefined fear? Suppose you—happy mother of babies, and you ought not to be told this when you have your own—had taught your baby to be a fine woman and a good mother, wouldn't you like to hear that she was the kind of woman you wanted her to be?

It isn't gratitude they want. It is just decent, friendly, human give and take. Don't forget to go home this year! Don't forget to write!



Bake It The Royal Way!

WHEN you hear a woman say "I can't bake"—you know she is a "guess worker," or is not using dependable recipes, or is experimenting with cheap baking powder. Every woman can bake successfully if she bakes the Royal way with

ROYAL Baking Powder

For example, here are pictures of two Royal recipes. Try them and see if you are not proud of the result. Royal contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste—never disturbs digestion. (Alum in baking powder is condemned by many medical and food authorities.)

Royal Cream Loaf Cake

(Pictured at Top)

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup rich milk or thin cream
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup cornstarch
- 1 cup flour
- 3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 1 teaspoon lemon extract.

Cream shortening well. Add sugar slowly and well beaten yolks of eggs. Add milk (very little at a time), sift flour, cornstarch and baking powder together and mix in with the first ingredients. Fold in the beaten whites of eggs. Bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven from 35 to 45 minutes and cover with the following icing.

Icing

- 1 egg white (unbeaten)
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 3 tablespoons cold water.

Place all ingredients in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with Dover beater for seven minutes. Spread on top and sides of cake.

Maple Nut Cake

(Pictured below)

- 1/2 cup shortening
- 1 cup light brown sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 1/2 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 cup chopped nuts—preferably pecan nuts
- 1/4 teaspoon salt.

Cream shortening, add sugar slowly, yolks of eggs and milk and beat well. Sift flour, salt and baking powder together and add to first mixture. Fold in beaten whites of eggs, add flavoring and bake in well greased loaf pan in moderate oven 35 to 45 minutes. Cover top with maple icing and sprinkle with chopped nuts while still soft.

Maple Icing

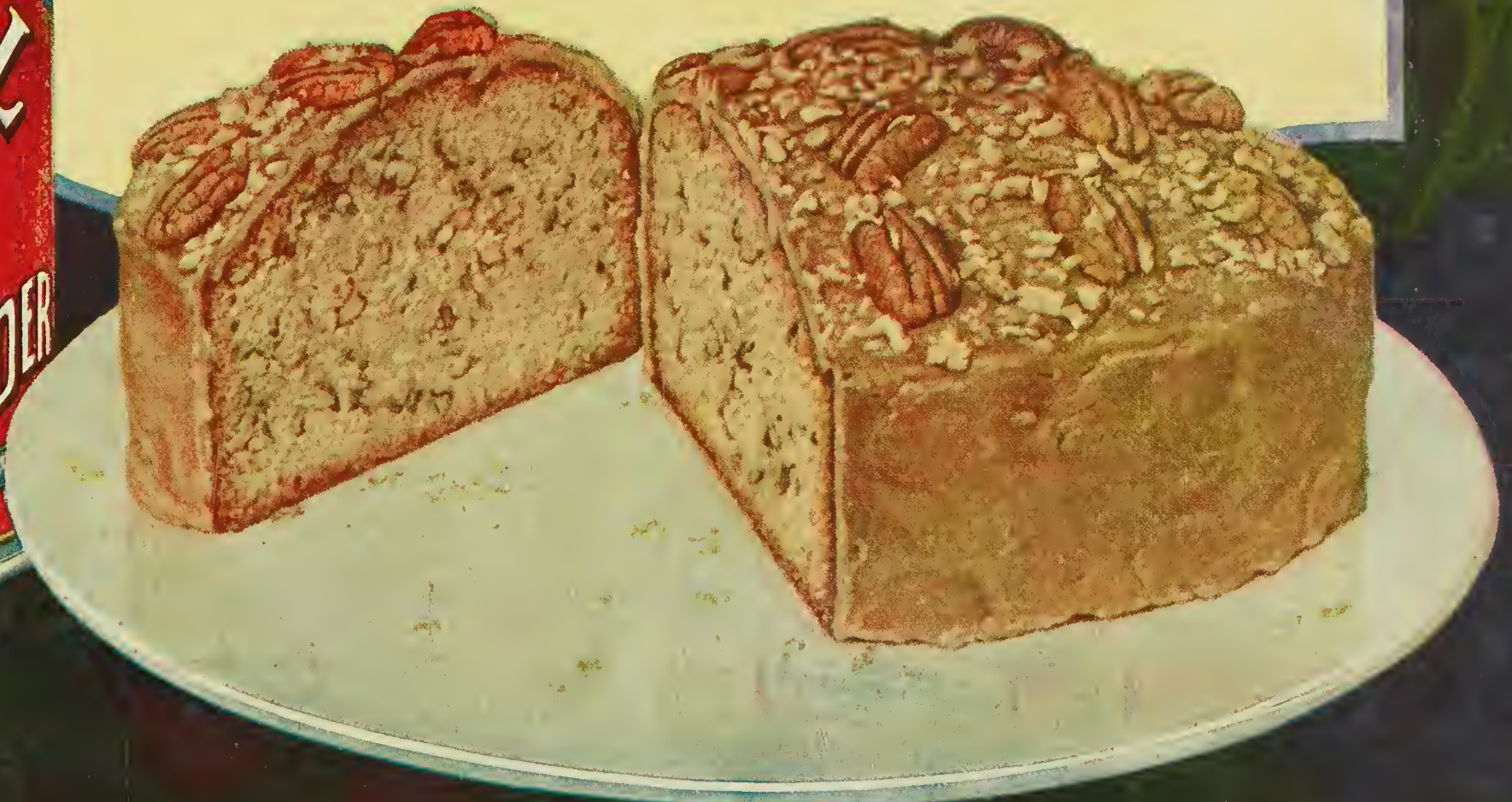
- 1 1/2 cups confectioner's sugar
 - 2 tablespoons hot milk
 - 1/2 teaspoon butter
 - 1/2 teaspoon maple flavoring.
- Add butter to hot milk and add sugar slowly to make paste of the right consistency to spread. Add flavoring and spread on top and sides of cake.

Graham Gems

- 1 cup flour
 - 1 cup graham flour
 - 2 tablespoons sugar
 - 4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
 - 1 teaspoon salt
 - 1 egg
 - 1 cup milk
 - 3 tablespoons melted shortening.
- Sift the flour, salt, sugar and baking powder together. Mix well with the graham flour; add well beaten egg, milk and melted shortening. Bake in greased muffin tins in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes.

Our Booklet "55 Ways to Save Eggs" contains many interesting ideas on economical baking. We will send it to you free, together with the 500-Recipe Royal Cook Book.

Royal Baking Powder Co., 119 William Street, New York City





Minute Tapioca

Serve It Often

COFFEE TAPIOCA

3 cups hot coffee, ½ cup Minute Tapioca, ½ cup sugar, ¼ teaspoonful salt. Boil 15 minutes. Serve cold with vanilla-flavored whipped cream.

MINUTE TAPIOCA is an energy-building food of which the family never tires. It is so delicate that it blends and brings out the full flavor of the fruit or other ingredients with which you use it. It is so easily digested that it is as good for dyspeptic Uncle John and tiny Mary as it is for everyone else.

Coffee Tapioca is an excellent way to use up the coffee which is left over from breakfast. Save the coffee in the ice-chest until you have the amount required.

Give your family Minute Tapioca over and over again. It is one of the best foods there are for building health and strength. It can be used in such a number of desserts, salads, soups, and entrees that it will never have the flat flavor of monotony.

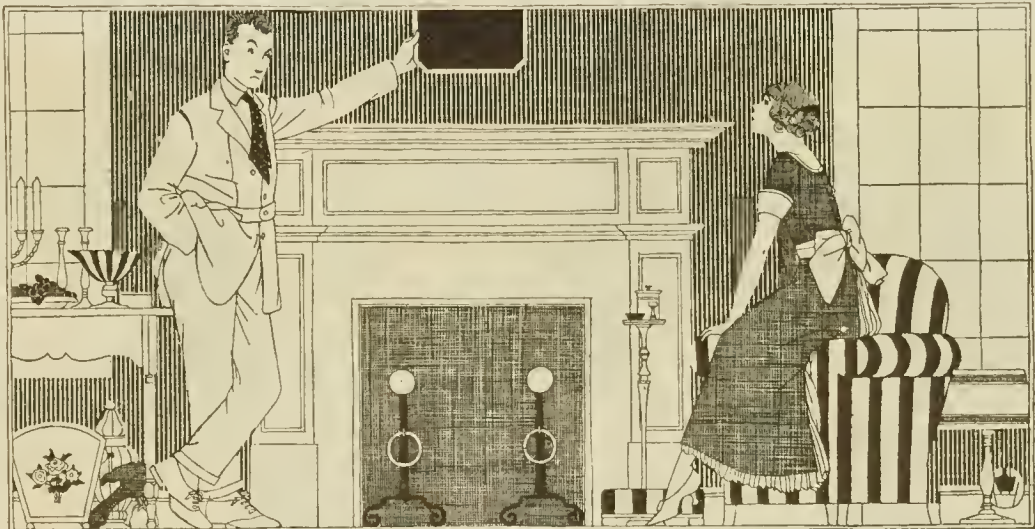
Minute Tapioca is always ready for use, and may be thoroughly cooked in fifteen minutes. Be sure that the familiar red and blue package is always on your pantry shelf.

Minute Gelatine always jells, because it is measured for use. It, too, comes in a red and blue package which is easily identified on your grocer's counter.

The Minute Cook Book has many receipts for the use of Minute Tapioca and Minute Gelatine. We will gladly send it to you on request.



MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY, 212 E. Main Street, Orange, Mass.



FIREPLACE GIFTS

BY MARTHA CUTLER

WHEN you are pondering over what you shall give for Christmas, remember the fascinating accessories for the fireplace. This is the season when the open fire forms the center of the family life, so every one will enjoy anything that adds to the beauty of its equipment or its surroundings. You can spend little or much for gifts of this nature. They range from a Cape Cod fire-lighter to an English hob-grate.

Beginning with the more modest suggestion, a Cape Cod fire-lighter is the lazy man's delight. The receptacle for the lighter is made of brass and is shaped like a small Dutch milk jug. The lighter itself with its long brass handle is like an asbestos mop. The jug is kept filled with kerosene and the saturated mop when lighted and placed under the logs will blaze long enough to ignite them without further labor or kindling.

LONG-HANDLED forks for roasting apples and chestnuts, roasters resembling in miniature the brass-covered bed-warmers of our grandmothers' time, would appeal to any one and are not expensive.

The quaint little trivets of the same period have been revived to decorate the fireside. With their overgrown legs and cut-brass tops they resemble nothing so much as a young colt. They can be used to keep the toast warm for a delayed guest at afternoon tea. The copies of these trivets are to be found at the specialty shops, but one must search in the antique shops for the quaint originals.

In these shops, too, one can discover the old warming-pans with engraved brass covers. There is no known use for these at present, but they always look interesting hanging beside a Colonial fireplace. Old carved bellows with both long and short handles are to be found in these same shops.

Brass coal-hods and wood-holders are more modern accessories, but they are recognized as necessities. The shapes of the coal-hods are never beautiful, but they have a certain quaint charm. Some are more graceful than others. Interesting old carved chests are often used as wood-boxes. It is not unusual to see a Norwegian or Dutch dower-chest thus degraded, but since they add so much to the beauty of a room the degradation seems justified.

EVERY fireplace must have its set of fire tools. These usually are tongs, shovel and poker, with or without a holder. When we get to anything so much a part of the fireplace as these tools and the andirons or fire-dogs to go with them, we must begin to consider style as well as beauty and usefulness.

A Colonial fireplace, for instance, requires a set with Colonial handles, a Louis XVI fireplace one with Louis XVI handles, and a rough-stone fireplace either a wrought-iron or heavy brass set.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess either the originals or copies of the dignified mantels of Colonial times are to be congratulated. Their graceful lines and perfect proportions are unrivaled by any other style. With these mantels one can use the fire-dogs and fire-sets of brass with Colonial ball tops, acorn tops or sceptle tops. In fact these are only a few of the infinite variety of designs.

In addition to the ordinary set of shovel, tongs and poker one can get coal tongs and tongs for large logs. These are made with claw-like ends and are sometimes called "clutches" to distinguish them from the ordinary tongs with spoon-shaped tips.

A hearth-brush with a brass handle is almost a necessity for any one who likes a clean hearth. These extra tools come in the same conventional styles as the sets, so that if you know the style of your friend's outfit of tools you can get extra pieces to go with it.

THE stands for the tools are made in several ways. Those with a round shallow basin at the bottom and half-circular arms at the top to support the tools are the most common, but you may prefer one of the steadier variety with hooks at the top from which the tools are suspended. Simpler and less expensive, sometimes more convenient when there is a limited space beside the hearth, are the brass jamb-hooks that are attached to the face of the fireplace, one on each side.

Wrought-iron fire-dogs and tools are particularly appropriate for stone fireplaces, although the Colonial fittings are also used, especially when there is a Colonial mantel with a stone facing. Fireplaces of this sort are often found in old New England kitchens.

The wrought-iron fittings are most appropriate for the bungalow type of stone fireplace and for some of the large old English fireplaces that have been brought over to this country or copied from those over there. The commercial wrought-iron set with its elaborate ornamentation is not the type designated. There are some beautiful heavy sets in simple vigorous styles, many of them copies of old English or Welsh sets.

Brass fenders are to be found in corresponding designs. The rod fenders with knobs matching the tops of the fire-dogs are Colonial, but the flat cut-brass fenders, although of English origin, can be used with the Colonial fire-sets.

Spark-guards or fire-screens are as essential as the fire-sets. They are usually made of brass netting and the price depends upon the weight of the netting and frame. Some are in one piece and some are made of several panels that fold. The folding ones can be disposed of more conveniently when not in use, but they are not as good a protection as the large one-piece screens that cover the entire fire opening.

Those of the one-piece variety with curved top and sides are the safest for nurseries or other rooms where small children are sometimes left alone. No spark can possibly escape and they are so heavy that small hands can not move or tip them over.

The English dog-grate, hob-grate or basket-grate, suitable for either coal or wood, might not be too expensive for a family gift. They are fascinating combinations of steel, iron and shining brass and will frequently solve the problem in a fireplace where the draft is poor. Dog-grates and hob-grates cost about a hundred dollars. The basket-grates are less expensive, averaging about twenty or twenty-five dollars. With coal something of this sort is necessary.

THE fittings of a friend's fireplace may be complete, but she may lack a worthy overmantel decoration or appropriate ornaments for the mantel itself. No one should select anything of that sort without due consideration for the room, because the mantel and overmantel are the architectural and decorative center of the room.

Copies in color of old English paintings by Lorraine and Turner or old flower pieces are popular just now. They must be formal in effect, and if there is an architectural feeling about them they are particularly appropriate.

Hobbema's "Avenue of Trees" makes a charming overmantel picture; so also do some of the Dutch interiors. The colored prints to be had now are very satisfactory; in some cases copies of the originals are made by hand. Sometimes the panel over the mantel is painted or a painting is set into it without any other frame than the molding.

An excellent substitute for a picture is a fine tapestry. This is usually mounted in the panel. If not, the frame is plain, as are all picture-frames now, plain and especially adapted to the style and coloring of the picture.

A mirror is attractive for this central space and is sometimes easier to obtain than the ideal picture. The paneled Colonial mirrors look well over Colonial mantels, but they are not as unusual as some of the gold-leaf frames with designs taken from Chippendale, Adams or Sheraton. Some Italian mirrors are beautiful if they are not too ornate. The best Empire frames in a combination of mahogany and gold are unusually attractive. Elaborate and heavy cheap gilt frames are always in very bad taste.

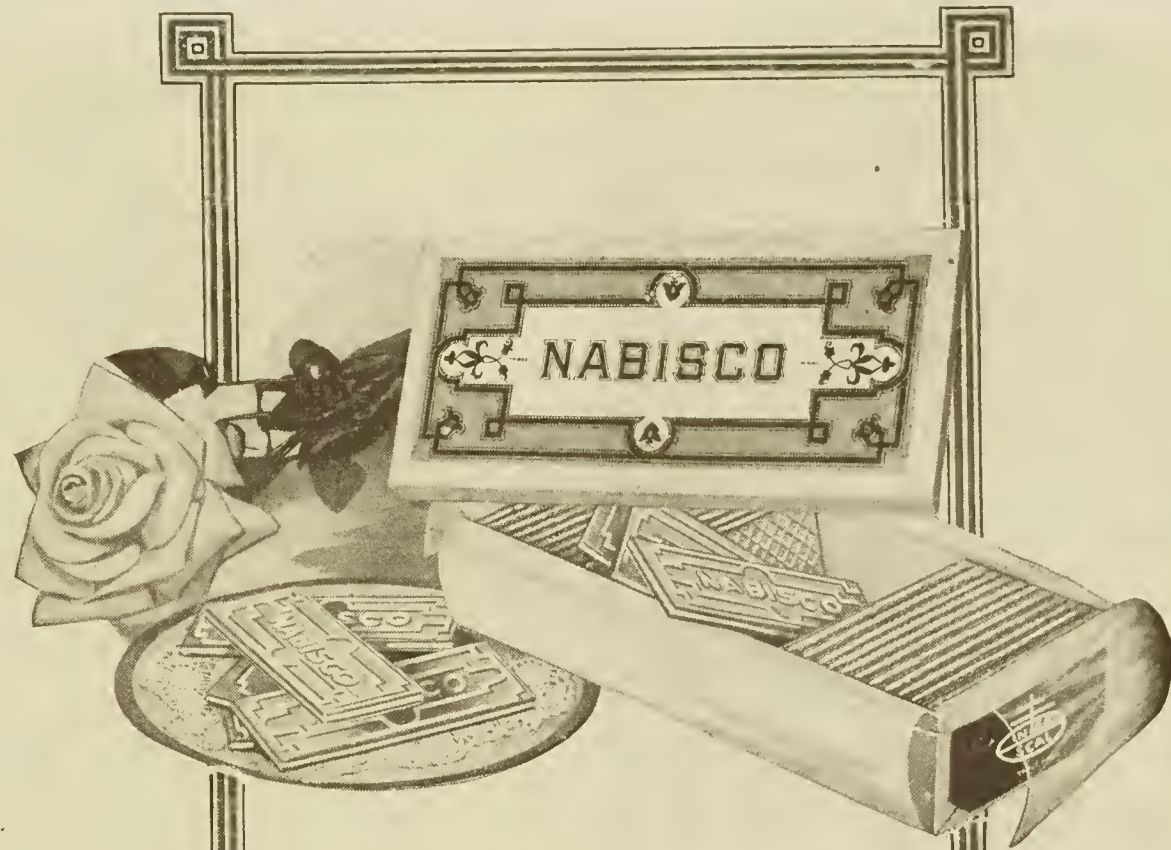
WHEN a picture or mirror is not quite large enough for the overmantel panel, interesting scenes, Flemish, Italian or English, add the necessary decorations. They are to be found in the antique shops.

Now we approach the most difficult problem of all, the ornaments for the mantel itself. We must base our selections on the knowledge that a few dignified, interesting and harmonious pieces suited to the overmantel decoration, to the mantel itself and to the room are far better than a collection of unrelated pieces, no matter how beautiful each may be individually. Ornaments have no excuse for existence unless they are beautiful, and they might far better not exist at all than be placed where they do not fit.

A mantel looks best when treated with dignity and a certain amount of formality and architectural balance. A pair of candelabra, candles, vases or statuettes, one for each end of the mantel, gives a much better effect than a collection of unmated objects.

THE overmantel decoration may make a central ornament unnecessary; but a clock, small Florentine casket, marble or bronze head gives a dignified center to a group of ornaments. Pieces of Venetian glass, Staffordshire figures, quaint jade gods and goddesses, rare bits of pottery, Colonial vases or lamps with crystal pendants, and so forth, all make interesting ornaments.

An unusual fireplace gift, but one that will give an immense amount of pleasure, is a barrel of driftwood. One who has never watched the driftwood colors shift from brilliant blue to violet and from violet to an equally brilliant orange or green has not yet known the greatest joy of an open fire.



Dessert With Dessert

Such is the apt description accorded NABISCO Sugar Wafers. Yet they are more than a dessert dainty. They are an always-ready refreshment, to be served with fruit, beverages, creams, ices, sherbets, at afternoon tea, or to be eaten for themselves when the palate craves a sweet that does not cloy.

Also RAMONA, another rare example of supreme baking. Feathery-light wafers, chocolate-flavored, with a generous layer containing real cocoanut.

*Now sold in the famous
In-er-seal trademark package*

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY





Here is new joy in Coffee. The illustration shows all there is to the recipe: Just put a little powder in the cup, and add boiling water.

FAUST INSTANT COFFEE

And each cup of this Coffee is just as delicious as it is convenient. Equally important is the saving effected, for a cup of Faust Instant Coffee costs only a trifle more than a cent—just half the cost of coffee made the old way. And with Faust Instant you have neither waste nor grounds, you economize on fuel, and eliminate a troublesome pot.

Tea, too—Faust Instant offers the same advantages, delicious taste without waste, cheap to serve, delectable to drink. You'll never appreciate the goodness of Soluble Coffee or Tea until you have tried Faust Instant.

| COFFEE | TEA | EACH |
|--------------|--------------|--------|
| 30-cup cans | 100-cup cans | \$0.45 |
| 60-cup cans | 200-cup cans | .85 |
| 120-cup cans | 400-cup cans | 1.60 |

If your dealer hasn't received his supply, send for trial order today.

DEALERS Supplied by Jobbers. JOBBERS Write Us.

C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co.
The World-Famous Faust Coffee and Tea
Department 10, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Makers of Faust Chile Powder, the Seasoning par excellence for soups, salads, meats. At Dealers, 15c. By Mail, 20c.



Be sure to get the directions for the children's Christmas frolic. See Column One

REAL SERVICE TO READERS

YOUR PLEASURE

ENTERTAINMENT—Christmas belongs to the children! That day of jingling bells and gleaming snow and Santa Claus's gifts should be the happiest of the year to them. To help make it so, THE DELINEATOR has prepared for small boys and girls a Christmas revel—"A Yule-tide Trip to the North Pole." Directions for this children's party can be obtained from Edna Erle Wilson, the Entertainment Editor.

No matter what other form of entertainment you plan to give, whether for grown-ups or little folk, Miss Wilson will help you plan it. Write to her, stating the time you desire to give your party, how many guests you will have, and how much you can spend. Ask, too, for:

"Patriots' Tea," A Play of Revolutionary Times. Directions for a "Blue-Moon Party."

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

THE BEST NEW SONGS—The Music Editor of THE DELINEATOR, always in pursuit of the choicest new music, has found some things which our readers will much enjoy. On receipt of a stamped, self-addressed envelope, the Music Editor will send a list of the latest popular songs, popular instrumental records and latest operatic and instrumental records. Don't fail to get these. Send, too, for lists of:

Children's Christmas Operettas
Songs by American Composers.
Violin Selections by American Composers.
Piano Selections by American Composers.
Some Worth-While Records.
Some Worth-While Rolls.
Pieces Your Children Will Like to Practise.
Songs for the Home Town to Sing.
Phonograph Records for Community Singing.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

YOUR HOME

HOMEMAKING—Make one recipe do the work of ten! That is the new trick which Flora G. Orr will explain to you. Send to Miss Orr for:

A Set of Recipes for Making Ten Particularly Delicious Christmas Candies from One Foundation Fondant.
A Master Rule for Cakemaking. One Recipe To Make Ten Different Kinds of Cake.
A Master Rule for Frozen Desserts. One Recipe Will Make Ten Different Kinds.
A Set of Safe Rules for Cutting the Cost of Food.
A List of Books on Home-Economics Subjects which will be helpful to the housewife. The books will make nice Christmas gifts.
Government and State-College Bulletins on Homemaking.
List of Labor-Saving Devices.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

INTERIOR DECORATION—Good taste; practical new ideas for small homes and large. Be sure to ask particularly for suggestions about choosing your curtains and rugs and for refinishing floors. Notice, too, the importance of having a Sunshine Home as explained elsewhere in this issue and write to the editor for advice. Clearly and fully explain your needs to the Interior-Decoration Editor.

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

YOU, YOURSELF

ETIQUETTE—Do we know how to present a gentleman correctly to a lady? Do we know just how to accept a formal invitation, written in the third person? Do we know the correct forms for wedding ceremonies? For traveling? Does our manner of clutching a fork betray our ignorance of correct manners at table? Are we seriously in distress every time we give a party or are entertained, for fear we may not "do the right thing?"

Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly can give you simple formulas to steer you through these perplexities. Write for these booklets:

Introductions, Invitations and Replies.
Calls and the Use of Cards.
Courtesies of To-day between Men and Women.
Weddings.
Travel.
Entertaining.
At the Table.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MARK WELL—

THE advice in the musical training of your children, of the most eminent pianists and singers in the world—direct messages in THE DELINEATOR from Harold Bauer, Alma Gluck, Frieda Hempel. And THE DELINEATOR'S Music Editor, William Armstrong, whose services you may command, is a musical critic of international reputation.

THE soundest Baby Department to be found in any magazine, with the greatest number of distinguished authorities indorsing and aiding it—"Making the World Safe for Babies" in THE DELINEATOR. Miss Van Blarcom, this magazine's Health Editor, who conducts the Baby Department, is herself an eminent authority in this field.

THE Cookery Department under the direction of two of the most competent women in America. Miss Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, was formerly with the Food Administration in Washington and knows the needs of the average family the country over as few women do. She was trained at the University of Wisconsin and has fed gangs of hungry wheat-harvesters as well as catered to city people. Helena Judson, author of the admirable Butterick Cook-Book and the head of the banquet department of a great New York hotel, directs our epicure page—"Talk of the Table."

INFORMATION concerning the most practical and satisfactory household devices, gathered for DELINEATOR readers, from hundreds of home-demonstration agents working under government auspices in the homes of the people from Maine to Texas, testing out apparatus under home conditions. This service is in addition to the tests made by our Home-Economics Editor.

ARTICLES upon kitchen arrangement and kitchen practise, written by the author of the one standard work upon the kitchen, recognized in the schools and colleges, "The Efficient Kitchen." This is Georgie Boynton Child, the head of the "Household Experiment Station," a home which scientifically tests devices, methods and household practise generally. Mrs. Child is at the head of her profession.

THE best Beauty talks printed in this country, combining the most practical instruction with literary charm and personal helpfulness—Celia Caroline Cole's monthly articles in THE DELINEATOR. These papers are making a genuine sensation; they are the most popular department of the magazine.

INCOMPARABLY the most distinguished writer upon business training for girls and their prospects as private secretaries—Miss Josephine Stricker, author of our current series of talks to ambitious young women, and formerly private secretary to Colonel Roosevelt.

BEAUTY—Nine out of ten beautiful women are such through their own efforts. Write to Celia Caroline Cole, the Beauty Editor, for advice and for her invaluable booklets:

Facial Treatment in Smart New York Beauty Shops
Care of the Complexion.
Care of the Hair and Scalp.
Home Treatment for the Hair and Scalp.
Facial Blemishes.
Facial Exercises and Massage to Reduce Wrinkles.
Care of the Hands.
Rules for Maintaining Health.
How to Keep Cool and Attractive in Summer.
Don't You Want to Be Thinner?
Don't You Want to Be Fatter?

Any three of the above will be sent for a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Beauty and Health through Proper Exercise" is an exceedingly valuable book which will be sent on receipt of the price, twenty-four cents.

HANDWRITING—Hélène Grandet is figuratively a "seer" who professes to read character in handwriting. Send her your favorite quotation, written in ink. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope and one dollar.

PERSONAL PROBLEMS—A word of advice in time about your intimate, personal problems may save a lifetime of unhappiness. A. Estelle Paddock, the Personal-Problems Editor, will help you solve your problem.

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

YOUR BABY

INFANT HYGIENE—You can double his chances for life by taking proper care of yourself during the nine months before he is born. Miss Van Blarcom's new pamphlet, "Advice to Expectant Mothers," has been prepared with the help of the country's foremost obstetricians. It contains the advice they give to their patients concerning diet, sleep, exercise, clothes, recreation, and how to prepare for maternal nursing, the most important single factor in saving baby life.

So scientific and yet so simple is it that a world-famous obstetrician is using it among his patients and at hospitals with which he is connected. Any reader of THE DELINEATOR may have such care by applying to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, our Infant-Hygiene Editor, for her new booklet, "Advice to Expectant Mothers." Write to Miss Van Blarcom for any of her booklets:

Rules for the Nursing Mother.
Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during First Year.
Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during Second Year.
How to Organize a Baby-Health Center.
Outline for Talk on the Care of Babies' Eyes.
Directions for the Care of Your Babies' Eyes.
Suggestions for Organizing Local Work to Prevent Blindness among Babies.
Information about Present Laws in Your State for Saving Sight of Babies.
Weight-Chart for Baby's First Year.

Any three of these will be sent for a two-cent stamp.

YOUR TOWN

YOUR HOME TOWN—Now that war work is over, put your energy behind the big work of improving your home town. There are lots of things to be done; there are lots of things you can do. Send for:

Seventy-Seven Things You Can Do for Your Home Town.

It will be sent you on receipt of a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

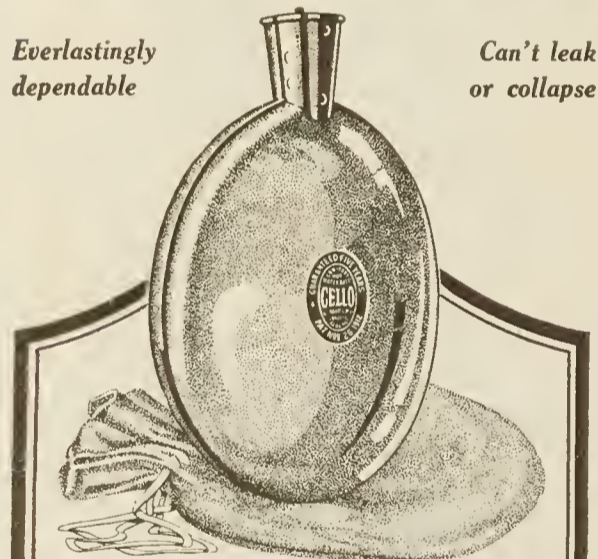
AID FOR FRANCE

OUR BRAVE ALLY needs our help to rebuild her homes and especially to restore "The Town of the Golden Book," which readers of THE DELINEATOR have undertaken to rehabilitate. "Planting the Tree of Joy in France" is a booklet that tells you exactly what you can do to help—from making gifts of money down to making rag rags or wearing-apparel. Address your request for it to the French-Relief Editor.

Enclose a two-cent stamp.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO THE DELINEATOR SERVICE DEPARTMENT, BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

Everlastingly dependable Can't leak or collapse



CELLO TRADE MARK

METAL HOT WATER BOTTLE

A wonderful convenience—a necessity, not only in times of emergency and illness, but at many other times as well.

YOU need a Cello. It also makes a splendid Christmas Gift. But be sure that the bottle you buy is a Cello—the kind that can't be punctured; the guaranteed kind that outlasts all other bottles or bags; the ONLY Bottle made with a patented internal spring, without which no bottle can be absolutely dependable or durable.

Comes with a removable cover of soft flannel, and a quickly attachable handle for filling and carrying.

Ask your local dealer to show you the CELLO. If he cannot supply you, write direct to us.

A. S. CAMPBELL COMPANY
279 Commercial Street Boston, Mass.
No. 150 (nickel steel, guaranteed) 3-pint size—\$2.00.
No. 250 (nickel brass, guaranteed 5 years) 3-pint size—\$3.00.

FREE BOOK LEARN PIANO

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings right to your home the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Endorsed by great artists. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. All music free. Diploma granted. Write today for free book. Quinn Conservatory, Studio X 12, Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.



SURE SUCCESS IN CANDYMAKING

BY FLORA G. ORR
Home-Economics Editor

FAVORITE home-made candies at Christmas or any other time are cream candies, and some of the simple tricks which insure success are worth mentioning. The idea in making fudge or fondant is to change a large part of the cane-sugar into another sugar which crystallizes into much smaller crystals than those of cane-sugar. When sufficient "inversion" has been obtained, the candy is creamy and "melts in the mouth." Of course not all the cane-sugar is changed by the cooking process. There is always some cane-sugar left, even in a very creamy fudge or fondant.

One of the tricks in the trade to make sure that enough cane-sugar is changed into "invert" sugar is the adding of a household acid such as lemon-juice, vinegar or cream of tartar to the candy mixture. It is easier to be exact with cream of tartar than with vinegar because vinegars vary in strength. Or another sort of thing may be used in cream candies to prevent them from graining, namely, glucose. Corn-sirups on the market are largely glucose; so is ordinary honey.

This invert sugar which I have already mentioned is part glucose; in fact invert sugar is really a combination of two sugars, glucose and fructose. Putting a certain amount of glucose into a sugar mixture is a help toward making a smooth texture for the candy. One can take one's choice—vinegar, lemon-juice, cream of tartar, or corn-sirup. If too much acid or glucose is added to a cream candy mixture, however, it loses its creamy quality and becomes more like a caramel or pull candy, or with longer cooking a brittle candy.

These last-mentioned candies do not crystallize at all and are perhaps the easiest kind of all to make. When there is a sugar shortage they are not only the easiest kind but the most expedient kind to make, for many of them can be made without any cane-sugar if there is plenty of corn-sirup or molasses on hand. (Molasses also contains a great deal of glucose.) On the other hand, a pulled candy or caramel may be made entirely from cane-sugar should one desire to do so. It is necessary, however, in this case to add some acid.

TO RETURN to the cream candies, the caution is often given not to stir them while they are cooking. This is more necessary in the case of fondant than in the case of fudge. Fondant contains nothing but sugar and water (and a little acid) and is more sensitive to physical influences than fudge in which there is some milk or cream which in a chemical way helps to prevent crystallization.

It is really necessary to stir a mixture of milk and sugar to prevent it from sticking to the pan, and the increased evaporation brought about by exposing more of the material to the air (by stirring) is not so effective in causing a fudge mixture to crystallize as in the case of a water-and-sugar mixture. In making both fondant and fudge try to keep the crystals washed down from the sides of the pan as one crystal falling back into the candy when it is done cooking may cause it all to crystallize.

When the candy is done, be sure to cool it sufficiently before beating or molding it. Considerably more evaporation takes place if a sugar solution is beaten when it is hot. The more evaporation, the larger the crystals will be in the finished candy. If the mixture is allowed to cool before the beating, there will be less evaporation and consequently a moister candy. Placing the saucepan of candy in a pan of cold water is a good scheme as it stops the cooking at that point and helps to cool it.

Some one will be sure to ask about the time for adding the butter to fudge. Probably it is better to add it the last thing; that is, when the fudge is removed from the fire. The reason for this is that at a high temperature the butter separates from the rest of the ingredients.

Overcooking of a cream-candy mixture may cause it to grain. In this case water is driven off the glucose which has formed and is in more or less of a solution; thus the glucose crystallizes. This is why it is so important to get the candy off the stove as soon as it is done.

WHEN IS THE CANDY DONE?

THE matter of temperature is extremely important in making all candies, for the temperature of a sugar solution gets higher as the sirup gets thicker, and when just the right temperature is reached the candy needs no other testing to assure us that it is done. Knowledge of temperatures means a candy thermometer, and I surely advise every candy-maker to buy one. The price is very low.

In general, candy temperatures are as follows: Soft ball, 236 degrees to 242 degrees Fahrenheit; hard ball, 252 to 254 degrees; crack, 260 to 275 degrees; hard crack, 290 degrees; caramel (temperature at which sugar

caramelizes, turning brown), 300 degrees to 350 degrees.

Soft ball refers to the cream candies; hard ball is the test for caramels; hard crack indicates the temperature to which brittle taffies or British toffees should be boiled.

Some of the well-known cream candies are, as I have said, fudge, penoche and fondant. An ordinary recipe for chocolate nut fudge is as follows:

- 2 cups sugar
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1 to 2 squares chocolate
- 1 teaspoon vanilla
- 1 tablespoon butter or margarin
- 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

MIX together thoroughly the sugar, milk, grated chocolate, cream of tartar and salt, and boil rather slowly until it reaches a temperature of 238 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove from the stove, cool in a pan of cold water, then add chopped nuts and vanilla and butter and beat until it creams. Spread in a buttered pan and when it stiffens sufficiently mark into squares.

FROM ONE RECIPE ALL THESE VARIATIONS

THIS recipe may be varied in a number of ways.

Brown sugar may be used instead of white, and the chocolate may be omitted. This would make a penoche. Maple-sugar may be used wholly or in part. Sometimes all brown sugar is used with chocolate or the proportions may be half brown sugar and half white.

The milk may be evaporated or condensed milk, sour or sweet cream, coffee or water. Chocolate may or may not be used. Cocoa may be used instead or the candy may be colored by coffee or by a red coloring.

Peanut butter may be added to any kind of fudge—use a tablespoon of the butter to each cup of sugar in the recipe. Marshmallows may be added to any fudge after it is taken from the fire. One cup of marshmallows to each pound of sugar is the proportion.

Instead of cream of tartar, glucose may be used to insure sufficient inversion of sugar.

Use one-third cup of glucose, molasses, corn-sirup or honey to each pound of sugar of any kind.

Any other kind of nuts may take the place of the walnuts. Coconut is good. Candied cherries, chopped candied orange or citron peel may be added. Dates and raisins are often used as well.

Flavoring, too, may be varied to suit. Orange extract is good with a brown sugar, chocolate and molasses mixture. Lemon extract or lemon-juice is nice in a white sugar-honey mixture which contains candied cherries.

FORMULA FOR FONDANT

THE general formula for fondant is a fudge variation. It reads something like this:

- 2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup water
- 1 tablespoon corn-sirup, or
- 1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar

THE directions are different because water and sugar are used instead of milk and sugar and the end to be obtained is different.

Put the sugar and water in a saucepan set over the fire and stir until sugar is dissolved. Do not let it begin to boil until sugar is dissolved. Then wash down the inside of the pan with a fork wrapped in cloth. As soon as the sirup boils, add the corn-sirup or cream of tartar. Boil slowly until thermometer registers 240 degrees Fahrenheit. While cooking keep the cover on part of the time so the steam can help to keep crystals washed down.

Remove from the fire at once, let stand about five minutes, then pour on large platters or slabs which have been wet with water. Set in a cool place and as soon as it forms a skin-like layer which does not break through when tested with the fluger, begin to cream it with a wooden spoon. Cream thoroughly and knead until smooth and free from lumps. Fondant is better if allowed to ripen at least one hour (several days is better). It may be covered with a damp cloth and put away in a cool place.

From this foundation cream may be made any number of different candies and combinations desired. Upon request I will be glad to send directions for making ten particularly good, delightful Christmas candies from this one foundation fondant. Address Flora G. Orr, DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Sometimes a cream candy is made into something which appears quite different by adding the well-beaten whites of eggs. This recipe for chocolate divinity does not look

like chocolate cream candy or fudge, but examines it and you will see that it is fundamentally the same:

CHOCOLATE DIVINITY

- 2 cups sugar
- 3/4 cup water
- 2 squares chocolate
- 1 tablespoon corn-sirup
- 1 tablespoon almond extract
- Whites of 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup blanched almonds
- 3/4 cup candied cherries

PUT sugar, water, chocolate and sirup into a saucepan. Dissolve, stirring slowly over the fire, then let boil without stirring until the thermometer registers 240 degrees Fahrenheit. Then allow to cool. Beat the whites of eggs stiffly and pour the cooled sirup over them, beating constantly. Add the nuts, cherries and almond extract. (Lemon may be used.) Beat till creamy, then pour into a buttered tin.

The variations given for chocolate fudge will suggest some changes which can be just as successfully made in this recipe.

CARAMELS AND THEIR VARIATIONS

MIXTURES boiled beyond the soft-ball stage to the hard-ball (caramels) or even to the crack stage are sometimes combined with whites of eggs or with melted gelatin to make something different in the way of candy. Thus an ordinary caramel recipe such as the following may be changed to make something quite different:

- 2 cups sugar
- 2 tablespoons corn-sirup
- 1 cup cream
- 4 tablespoons butter or margarin
- Flavoring
- Nuts if desired

DISSOLVE sugar in cream, add corn-sirup and boil until the thermometer registers 252 degrees Fahrenheit. Remove from fire, add flavoring and nut-meats, stirring as little as possible. Pour between buttered candy bars. Mark into squares before it becomes quite cold.

To change this recipe to jelly squares, add to a glass of jelly (any kind) one tablespoon of gelatin dissolved in one-half cup of boiling water, and, omitting the nuts from this candy as it is removed from the stove, let it cool and let the jelly stiffen just a little.

Then pour a layer of the candy into a pan, then a layer of the jelly, until the pan is full. Have a candy layer on top. Let stand in a cold place overnight, then cut into squares with a sharp knife.

Hard candies and taffies are the easiest kind for the children to make. For these corn-sirup or molasses may be used to good advantage. Just boil it up, adding a little soda (about one teaspoon to a quart of molasses, and one-half teaspoon to a quart of corn-sirup) and lemon-juice before taking it from the stove when it has boiled to the hard-crack stage, 290 degrees Fahrenheit. After it has cooled a little in buttered pans, pull it until it turns a light shade, then draw it out into sticks and cut into small pieces.

These sirups, however, may be used in a fifty-fifty proportion with white sugar or brown sugar if desired.

In any case they need not be pulled if it is desired to have a brittle candy. A candy mixture cooked to this point may be used for pouring over pop-corn or for glacing nuts and fruits.

MARZIPAN

THERE are some confections which are not explained by the foregoing story. There is the European marzipan, marzipane, or marshpein, as it is variously called. Marzipan is really almond paste made from ground almonds sweetened with confectioner's sugar and combined with white of egg, or sweetened and held together with a sugar sirup.

This paste may be flavored and colored and shaped in any way desired and may have additions of currants if desired.

CONFECTIONER'S sugar is almost indispensable for making any of the uncooked candies. Always rub it through a sieve before using. It may be combined with cream, evaporated or condensed milk or the beaten whites of eggs. Coconut kisses are easily made this way. Any of these candies as well as the marzipan may be dipped in melted chocolate.

Portions of the candy made with powdered sugar may be flavored and colored differently and combined to make a layer candy of many colors.

Fruit may be combined with creams of this sort or fruit pastes may be made. Put figs, prunes, dates, apricots and so forth through the grinder with nuts. Shape as desired.

Instant Syrup Maker



As Quick

as heating a kettle of water you can make your own delicious syrup for the hot cakes and waffles with

MAPLEINE

The Golden Flavor

— two cups boiling water, four cups granulated sugar and one teaspoonful of *Mapleine*.

Mapleine is also an unexcelled flavoring for cake frostings, puddings, sauces, ices and candies.

Your grocer can supply you

2 oz. bottle 35c
Canada 50c

4c stamp and trade-mark from *Mapleine* carton will bring the *Mapleine* Cook Book of 200 recipes.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
325 Occidental Ave.,
Seattle, Wash.



Free-Recipe Booklet "Florida's Food Fruits"

According to bulletins of the United States Department of Agriculture, oranges have more units of food value per pound than oysters, butter-milk, beef juice, oat meal gruel, and other common foods. Grapefruit are equally useful as food, and, like oranges, are health-giving.

"Florida's Food-Fruits,"

handsomely illustrated in natural colors, gives many practical, home-tested recipes telling how to use these fruits in substantial dishes, cakes and pastry, salads, sauces and dressings, light desserts, confections, drinks, ices, etc. It also explains why Sealdsweet oranges and grapefruit are superior and should always be bought. Send name and address for free copy. Write today, while you think of it.

FLORIDA CITRUS EXCHANGE
629 CITIZENS BANK BLDG.
TAMPA, FLORIDA

Look for the Sealdsweet trade-mark on wrappers and boxes



One Socket Two Uses

For using light and appliance the BENJAMIN WAGOY PLUG

3 for \$3.50 OR \$1.25 EACH

At Your Dealer's

gives single socket two outlets. Dealer's BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.

Chicago New York San Francisco

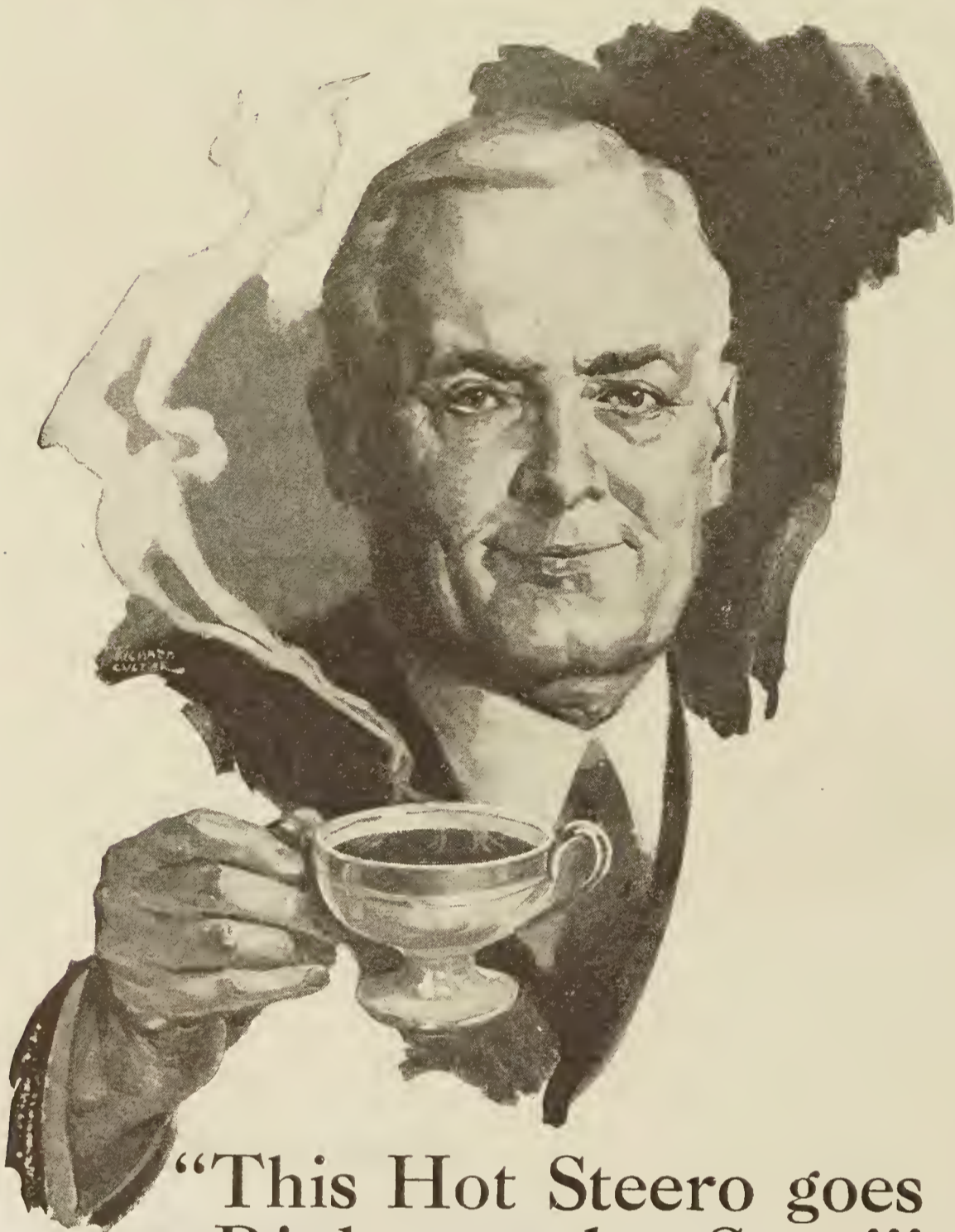
Benjamin No. 92

Benjamin No. 92

Benjamin No. 92

STEEERO CUBES

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"This Hot Steero goes Right to the Spot!"

The flavor of Steero is just right—rich, meaty, and satisfying—because everything that goes into the making of a Steero Cube is chosen for quality and flavor and because these wholesome ingredients are combined in a masterly way and seasoned to suit the most critical taste.

Hot Steero is good for the children's lunch; they like it after school. Grown-ups relish it after a long auto ride or the theatre. It takes the place of soup at dinner, or tea in the afternoon. And it's so easy to prepare. Just drop a Steero Cube into a cup; pour on boiling water and you have a delightful bouillon, delicate enough for the invalid and strong enough for the athlete.

Try adding Steero Cubes to soups and made-over dishes, to gravies and sauces. You will be delighted with the delightful relish they give.

The name Steero is on every Steero Cube wrapper. Steero Cubes are sold in boxes of 12 cubes. Price 35c. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of price. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 cubes and 100 cubes more convenient. Ask your druggist, grocer, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

Send for Free Samples

Let us send you free samples of Steero Cubes so that you can learn how good Hot Steero tastes, what a wonderful flavor it has. Write today. If you enclose ten cents we will also send you the 64-page Steero Cook Book—helpful to every housewife.

Schieffelin & Co., 227 William St., New York

Distributors for

American Kitchen Products Co., New York



"A Cube Makes a Cup"

ENOUGH TO EAT WITHOUT EXTRA COST OR LABOR

BY FLORA G. ORR
Home-Economics Editor

I RECEIVED a letter not long ago from a woman who stated her trouble somewhat as follows:

"I can not take the time even to learn to do the things you call 'simple.' Our meals must be of the plainest and we are hungry enough to eat them that way. But what worries me is the fear that I may not be serving balanced meals so that my family will have the best possible nourishment. It is possible to have the meals balanced, isn't it, even if they are plain? And of course we must be economical. We have even less money than time."

Of course this thing can be done. Nutrition is a question of proper amounts and proportions of certain essential elements from the foods which we eat.

What the scientist takes the trouble to learn is just what is in each food, so that he may figure up accurately to see that the day's totals of required elements are as they should be.

From the point of view of nourishment, it is easy to see that it makes little difference whether we take the trouble to prepare prune whiff, or whether we serve stewed prunes, the egg-whites and the cream separately. What we get out of it is the same, and in either case we figure in the eggs and the cream as well as the prunes.

WHETHER a family lives in the city or the country, the one food around which all food discussion should revolve is milk. At this writing the cost of bottled milk in New York City is eighteen cents a quart. That seems like a great deal, and of course we all agree that it would be very convenient to have it cheaper.

But—make no mistake! Even compared from a calory point of view with other foods, milk is not expensive at that price. And we can not justly compare milk with any other food on the calory basis. It is a unique food. We can not get along without it. The scientists will tell you that it is practically our only insurance against a below-par existence. Probably we could live on without it; but the point is we would not live so well nor accomplish so much as if we had used it freely. Furthermore, failure to use it may mean a lowered vitality. Low vitality means decreased ability to throw off disease when it comes our way. Take no chances with your health. Use plenty of milk.

How much milk is plenty? At least a quart a day for every child under ten, at least a pint for each child over ten, and at least a third of a quart for every adult. Make the amounts larger if you can, particularly in the simple sort of meals which we are discussing in this article. In the country, particularly, this will be easy to do. And in the city, too, it can be done. Remember your money spent for milk is bringing in to you food of the very best kind, food which has no equal, and as much or more food for the money than you could get by spending the same amount for meat (at least at the prices prevalent at this writing).

Recently when the price of milk went up in New York City, out of twenty-two hundred families, all of them with children under six years old, more than half began to substitute tea and coffee for milk. Not infrequently children from these families when questioned as to what they had for breakfast, replied, "Bread and coffee."

Apparently mothers of these families do not realize the difference between a food and a beverage, not to mention the fact that coffee is a stimulant unsuitable for children. If these mothers knew that children deprived of milk can hardly grow into healthy men and women, they might be induced to buy again this food which is cheap at any price.

"MILK AND LEAVES"

MILK is one of the foods which Dr. E. V. McCollum, of Johns Hopkins University, calls the *protective foods*. The other class of *protective foods* is the leafy vegetables—lettuce, cabbage, cauliflower, Swiss chard, collards, Brussels sprouts, onions, celery tops, spinach and other greens. These are important too. But even they are not so important as milk.

The dietary of milk and leaves should be combined with ordinary amounts of the other foodstuffs. It is important that we should understand the place of cereals in the simpler and cheaper dietary. Bread, oatmeal, cornmeal mush, corn-bread, macaroni and other pastes, rice, hominy, etc., must be the bulk and mainstay of our meals when we are trying to get the most energy-food for our money. Four and one-half pounds of bread or an equivalent amount in other cereals, however, is about the largest amount which should be eaten per day by a family of five.

Again to emphasize the importance of milk, it is well to know that cereals, good as they are and cheap as they are, need milk to accompany them in order to supply what they lack in many respects.

I have already spoken of the leafy vegetables. All vegetables are important in the diet. A family of five ought to eat potatoes two or three times a day and three pounds of other vegetables every day. Vegetables are not so important for the calories which they furnish as they are for their bulk, variety and body-regulating qualities. They help to keep the machine in good order. Milk does this, too, but milk does not do exactly what vegetables do.

DRIED fruits simply cooked probably furnish us with the most inexpensive desserts. Of all fruits, unless you have canned some for your own use, these are the cheapest for what we can get out of them.

Often there arises the question of butter or a butter substitute. If you follow the directions given in this article concerning the amount of whole milk which the family should have, you

need not worry if you are obliged to use a butter substitute. Butter is preferable, of course. If you can afford a little, let the children use it on their bread. They need it most, for their bodies are growing.

What shall we say of eggs and meat? Give every child under nine, one egg every day if possible in addition to his milk allowance. He is better off without any meat. The rest of the family may have meat once a day, depending upon the pocketbook, but it is well to know that fish, cheese, dried beans and peas are all substitutes for meat as well as eggs and milk. The more milk one has the less meat he needs.

When it comes to actually planning the meals, it is necessary to get the classes of food fairly straight in one's own mind. In the October DELINEATOR, in the article entitled, "Carefully Compose Your Meals," I gave the five food groups worked out by the United States Department of Agriculture. Each food group should be represented in our meals every day.

WE OUGHT to try to avoid having meals which specialize on one kind of food. It is better to serve baked beans with potatoes and a green vegetable than to serve them as a vegetable with meat. They are the same sort of food as meat.

Potatoes, macaroni, rice or hominy are all starchy foods, having much the same bland taste. One may be served as well as the other, but it is not well to serve two of them at the same time in the same way. If any of the cereals replace potatoes in a meal, plenty of green vegetables should be eaten.

Potatoes might be served as the starch of the main part of the meal and a rice pudding with dates or raisins might be used as dessert. There the form has been varied and a new element added. Even in a meal such as this, not so much bread as usual would be needed on account of the amount of starch provided by such a menu.

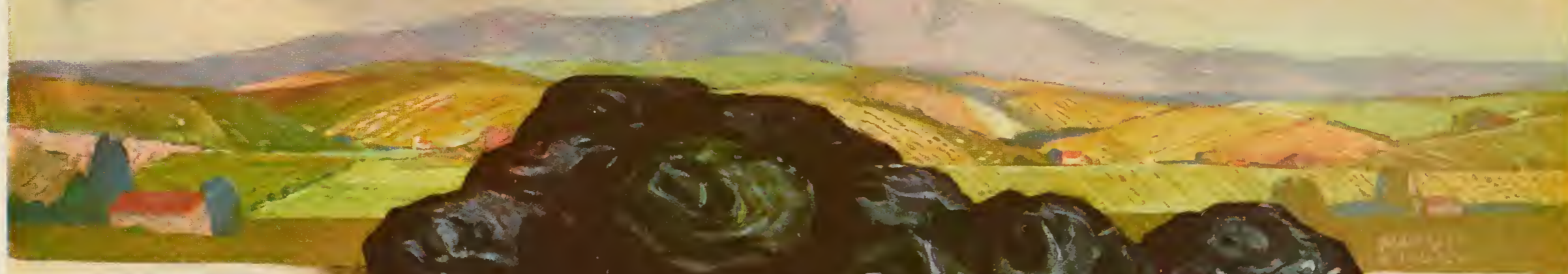
It would not be well to make a meal too largely of fat. It would take too long for such a meal to digest. It would be expensive, too. Combine fried potatoes with lean meat, not with bacon. Do not serve fritters or doughnuts at the end of a meal consisting of pork-chops and griddle-cakes. Never, under any circumstances, give foods to children which are difficult of digestion. And these foods are apt to be those containing large amounts of fat.

Do not serve too many sweets in one meal. Sweet potatoes would necessitate a rather sour sauce for dessert, not a rich preserve. Sweets, by the way, come last in the meal, because they deaden the appetite.

The following meals are of the simplest possible variety. They include combinations of foods which insure good nutrition:

- | | |
|------------|---|
| | (1) |
| BREAKFAST: | Stewed Prunes Corn-Meal Mush Milk Toast Butter or Butter Substitute Milk Coffee (for adults, if desired) |
| DINNER: | Meat Soup Baked Potatoes Boiled Carrots Lettuce or other Greens Bread Milk Butter or Butter Substitute |
| SUPPER: | Poached Eggs and Mashed Potatoes (for children) Baked Hash (for adults) Milk Bread Butter or Butter Substitute Fruit-Sauce Molasses Cookies |
| | (2) |
| BREAKFAST: | Oatmeal Toast Milk Coffee (for adults if desired) |
| DINNER: | Stewed Lima Beans Corn-Bread Butter or Butter Substitute Milk Molasses |
| SUPPER: | Macaroni with Meat Gravy or Cheese Sauce (Eggs instead, for children) Boiled Onions Dried Apple-Sauce Milk Graham Bread |
| | (3) |
| BREAKFAST: | Hominy Grits Milk Coffee (for adults if desired) Toast Milk |
| DINNER: | Potato Soup Creamed Carrots Graham Bread Scalloped Apples Milk |
| SUPPER: | Baked Beans Graham Bread (Bean Soup for small children) Spinach Stewed Peaches with Raisins Milk |
| | (4) |
| BREAKFAST: | Boiled Rice Milk Toast |
| DINNER: | Creamed Codfish Baked Potatoes Shredded Cabbage with Vinegar Stewed Figs or Raisins Cookies |
| SUPPER: | Bread Milk Corn-Starch Pudding with Dried Peaches or Prunes |

Introducing the most versatile of Nature's fruit-foods SUNSWEEET Prunes



SUNSWEEET Prunes—the top-quality brand of the California Prune and Apricot Growers—come to you with a new message about the most beneficial and most versatile of Nature's fruit-foods. Everyone knows that prunes are good to eat and "good for you." But how few truly appreciate the health value of this dried fruit! And how few realize what uncommonly good dishes can be made from it!

Sunsweet Prunes are a natural food, to begin with. They contain more digestible natural fruit sugar than any other fruit. And this sugar is quickly converted into energy for the body. Your physician will tell you so. He will tell you that prunes are rich in tonic iron. He will also tell you that prunes contain certain concentrated food (and laxative) elements that are essential to a properly balanced diet.

In fact, prunes are so essential to your daily fare—so vital to good health and right

living—that nothing can take their place as a necessary, economical fruit-food.

California's wonderful sunshine gives to Sunsweet Prunes their rich fruit sugar, flavoring them to almost honey sweetness. They are sun-sweetened and sun-cured. Every essence of flavor is retained in this way. Only one grade of prunes passes the rigid inspection tests for Sunsweet quality—and that is the very pick of the pack—the finest dried fruit California can produce!

The new way to buy Prunes

Ask your grocer for this 5-lb. Sunsweet package

We have made it easy for you to buy these California nature-flavored prunes—and to buy them in a clean, sanitary, attractive way. Ask your grocer for this 5-lb. package of Sunsweet Prunes—and serve them early and often, in numberless ways. If your grocer is not yet supplied

with these 5-lb. Sunsweet cartons, see that the prunes he does sell you are prunes taken from the Sunsweet 25-lb. box supplied everywhere to the retail grocery trade.

Send for free Recipe Packet

The three recipes shown here are but a few of those given in our Sunsweet Recipe Packet. These recipes are printed on gummed slips (5" by 3") so you can paste them in your favorite cook-book or on your recipe filing cards. This Recipe Packet will show you new and delicious uses of Sunsweet Prunes—will help to make your menus more varied, more healthful, more economical. Send for it today—it's free. Simply address—

CALIFORNIA PRUNE &
APRICOT GROWERS Inc.

1212 Market Street, San Jose, California

A co-operative growing, packing and marketing association embracing more than 7500 growers engaged in this industry in California.



Sunsweet Prune Pastry-Pie

Take 1 lb. Sunsweet Prunes and stew in small quantity of water until soft; let cool; remove stones and mash prunes together; do not strain, but keep the juice; spread mash over pie dough in baking pan; place strips of dough over top of prunes and put in oven to bake; add no sugar.



Stewed Sunsweet Prunes

Wash ½ lb. Sunsweet Prunes, soak in 1 quart cold water for several hours; simmer until tender, in water in which they were soaked; add ¼ cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon or orange juice for each 2 cups prunes; simmer 5 minutes.



Sunsweet Prune Soufflé

Stew ½ lb. Sunsweet Prunes in as little water as possible; drain, put through colander; to whites of 4 eggs, stiffly beaten with 4 tablespoons (level) sugar, add 1 cup chopped prunes; set in pan of hot water, cover and bake slowly until set; add whipped cream.

California's NATURE-FLAVORED PRUNES



Mince Pie

“Like Mother Used to Make”

What is home without a delicious, piping-hot mince pie once in a while? It's the very flavor of home—the pie absent members of the family remember—the pie that brings them home.

You just can't make a poor mince pie with None Such Mince Meat. It has that spicy, luscious, basic-quality richness making a good pie certain. And if you're not entirely satisfied with your own pie-crust, make that according to the directions on every package.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

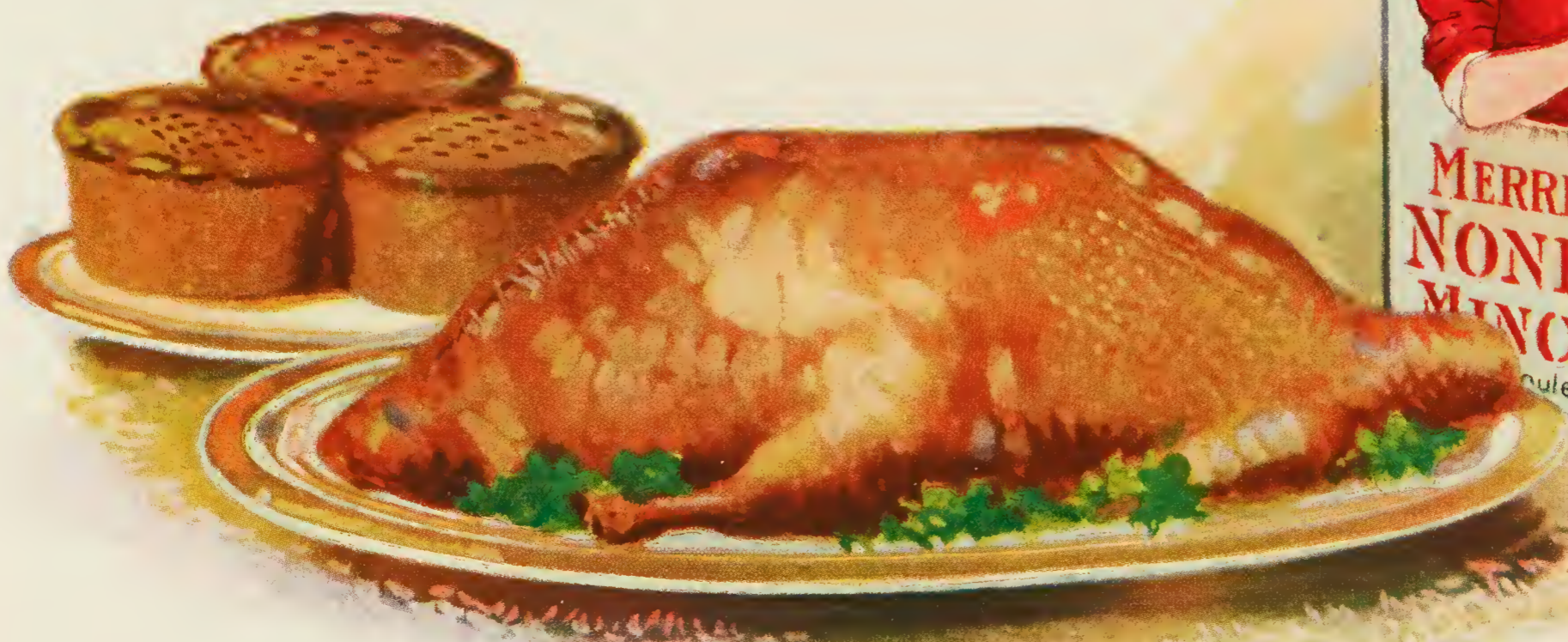
One package of None Such brings you material in abundance for one good big mince pie. Order a package from your grocer. Break it open and smell that wholesome, fragrant mince meat. You will have mince pies often afterwards, because they are so easily and inexpensively made, and because they have the real, rich, home-made flavor.

None Such lends flavor to the stuffing of duck, and nourishment to the filling of breakfast gems. Send for other None Such recipes. And try the recipes printed right on the None Such package.

MERRELL-SOULE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

None Such Gems—Make a pie-crust dough. Use gem pans, greasing them as usual. Roll dough moderately thick. Line each gem pan with dough in the same manner as for pie, fill with None Such Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game—Make dressing in the usual way; add 1 package None Such Mince Meat and more apples and celery to suit individual taste.





MISS MAY B. VAN ARSDALE, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR OF HOUSEHOLD ARTS, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

SCIENTIFIC HELPS FOR HOMEMAKERS

ARRANGED BY FLORA G. ORR
Home-Economics Editor

SOME of the most noteworthy scientists of the country are on the faculty of Teachers College of Columbia University. They have put the results of part of their work in the form of bulletins. Any woman who is interested, no matter in what State she lives, may purchase for a small sum each, these practical bulletins. If you would like a price-list, just write for it to Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope

MISS MAY B. VAN ARSDALE, Associate Professor of Household Arts of Columbia University, is particularly interested in getting cooking down to a science as far as this can be done. A bulletin along this line is one called "Some Attempts to Standardize Oven Temperatures," written by Miss Van Arsdale. After telling you how she decided on the temperatures which seem best for different sorts of baking, she gives actual recipes.

A custard requires an oven of 240 to 300 degrees Fahrenheit for thirty-five minutes; a sponge-cake should be baked in an oven 300 to 350 degrees Fahrenheit for forty minutes; bread needs at least forty-five minutes in an oven 400 to 360 degrees; pie takes an oven of 500 degrees at the beginning, lowered to 400 degrees when a light-brown color forms. These are by no means all the things mentioned by Miss Van Arsdale in a bulletin which ought to be very helpful to housekeepers whose judgment is not yet accurately developed.

It is easy enough to go around a market testing fruits and vegetables with a contemplative forefinger, but what do you know about the canned foods you buy?

"Canned Foods, Fruits and Vegetables," a Teachers' College bulletin, written by Florence R. Corbett, tells you of the canning-trade terms and what they mean. The grade called "standard," is not a superior fruit by any means. Above it are grades such as "extra standard," "extra" and "fancy." Fruit of the best color, size, flavor and texture and packed in a heavy sirup is graded as "fancy." But of course one must remember that the higher the quality of fruit and the heavier the sirup the higher the price will be.

"The trade terms for grades of vegetables are in general the same as for fruits. The poorest of Southern-grown produce and the trimmings of Northern-grown are graded below standard. In tomatoes, these sub-standard grades are sometimes known as 'pulp' and 'purée.' In peas they are known as 'seconds' and 'soaked.' This last term refers to peas that have grown too hard for canning purposes, but have been soaked in water from twelve to thirty-six hours and then canned."

In addition to this discussion there are given many helpful hints on judging whether or not you are getting your money's worth when you buy.

"SOME Food Facts to Help the Housewife in Feeding the Family," by Mary Swartz Rose, is particularly helpful in that it discusses in intimate fashion our old friend, the calory. "Fuel needs of the body are measured by calories just as weight is measured by pounds, or length by yards. The greater the amount of muscular work done, the greater the fuel requirement. Fuel in excess of body needs makes people fat."

Mrs. Rose shows you how to figure out how much you need. Another bulletin written by Mrs. Rose,

"Food for School Boys and Girls," will have interest for every mother, while the feeding of young children, of course, is a very important dietetic problem. Mrs. Rose has a bulletin on this last subject. She tells "why" as well as "how." For example:

"Children need more food in proportion to their size than grown people. If a child goes without breakfast he may be tired out before noon, and the parts of his body which are growing will have to go without the material needed to build them up. . . . Children's stomachs are not as strong as those of grown people, and a child should not eat the same kind of food as an adult. . . ."

"The lower the cost of the dietary, the more important it is that attention be given to the food for the young children. Care must be taken that money which should go for the milk so important for children's growth is not spent for meat to please the adults." This extract is taken from a good bulletin by Mrs. Rose, "Economical Diet in Time of Emergency." It is definitely written to help those who have little money to spend.

BUDGETS and finances are not neglected in this collection of bulletins. Dr. Benjamin R. Andrews is a specialist in this line, and he has written "A Survey of Your Household Finances," which tells you how to estimate your income and your expenditures. It is interesting to see that he counts as income the unpaid productive work done in the household by the wife, the husband and the children. However, none of it is estimated at more than fifty cents an hour.

In figuring food costs, he has a per-man system which strikes one immediately as being fair, clear and concise. He seems to have thought of everything that could possibly enter into account in the modern family.

There is another bulletin too, "Household Budget Clubs," which gives the results obtained by groups of women in New York City who were trying to spend their household money more wisely. It outlines some of the most essential lessons which were taught.

Be a chemist in your own kitchen! Sadie B. Vanderbilt, in a bulletin called "Physical and Chemical Tests for the Housewife," tells you how to do it. Among the tests are some for detecting the freshness of an egg; an unnecessarily large number of bacteria in milk; coaltar in butter. Here is an interesting test "to distinguish between genuine butter, renovated or process butter and oleomargarin:

"Heat a piece of butter about the size of a cherry in a tablespoon, stirring with a match. On boiling, genuine butter makes little noise but produces much froth; renovated butter boils noisily, with a small amount of foam, while oleomargarin boils with more or less sputtering and produces no foam."

Some women are already familiar with the salt-solution test for determining whether or not an egg is fresh. In a solution of two ounces of salt to one pint of water a perfectly fresh egg will sink; one several days old will swim just immersed in liquid; while a stale egg will float on the surface.

FULL of good recipes are these bulletins: "Ninety Tested, Palatable and Economical Recipes;" "Tested International Recipes;" "War Breads;" "Corn Calories for Conservation with Recipes and Menus for a Week."

On the hygiene side we have "Lessons in Home Nursing," by Isabel M. Stewart, and "Simple Lessons on the Physical Care of the Baby," by Josephine Kenyon.

Women's clubs might be interested in "An Outline on the History of Cookery," by Anna Barrows and Bertha E. Shapleigh; "The Girl of To-morrow—What the School Will Do for Her," by Benjamin R. Andrews; "The Economic Function of Woman," by Edward T. Devine.

BAKER'S FRESH GRATED COCONUT



Chocolate Coconut Fudge

1 cupful Baker's Canned Coconut (bring sure that the milk has been pressed out according to directions on the can).

2 cupfuls brown sugar*

4 or 5 tablespoonfuls grated chocolate or cocoa added to sugar.

½ cupful Coconut milk.

Butter, size of walnut.

Double quantities for full portion.

Put sugar, chocolate and milk in saucepan, boil 12 or 15 minutes, stirring constantly. Before removing from fire, add Coconut and butter and beat until cool. Pour in buttered tin and cut into squares before it hardens.

For Plain Fudge omit chocolate.

For Seafoam boil 10 minutes only, stirring in well-beaten egg whites as it cools.

*Granulated sugar may be used.

IT is the pure coconut milk in the Baker Can that makes this home-made candy richer and more flavory than other coconut candy.

Coconut milk, you know, is the only successful means of retaining this rich flavor of the fresh nut. It keeps the meat in the Baker Can moist and tender. Baker's alone has this supreme flavor of the newly-picked nut, for Baker's is the only coconut canned in its own milk.

FREE—Our New Recipe Booklet, illustrated in colors, tells you how to make many other coconut dishes—all perfectly delicious—will be sent you and your friends on request.

If Baker's Coconut is not obtainable at your dealer's, send 15c in stamps for full-size can. Please give grocer's name.

THE FRANKLIN BAKER COMPANY
Philadelphia, Pa.

The only Coconut canned in its own MILK



MAKING THE KITCHEN A REAL WORKSHOP

BY MARY E. BRONSON

Home-Demonstration Agent



Hamilton Beach Home Motor

It Sews With Ease

Do all your own sewing and enjoy it! Simply place this little motor under the hand wheel of your sewing machine (old or new); instantly change it to a self-operating electric. No screws or bolts to attach—no skill required to operate. Sews slow or fast without effort or drudgery; no more broken thread; always runs right.



It Whips Cream

The Cream Whipper Attachment is a most ingenious device. Without effort you can whip cream, beat eggs, or make delicious mayonnaise—things you have wished could be done by power instead of by hand.



It Fans Wonderfully

And when you are not sewing, and the weather is warm, you can with ease summon cool breezes by simply attaching the ingenious fan device to the Hamilton Beach Home Motor. Immediately you have all the comfort of an expensive fan.



It Sharpens Knives

Another of the kitchen needs is fulfilled in the Grinding Attachment. You know how much of the time you work with dull knives because you have no satisfactory way to sharpen them. Now you can always have keen-edged cutlery.



It Polishes Silver

The bugbear of silver cleaning day no longer exists for you when you have the Polishing Attachment right at hand to brighten the silver. It works a magic transformation—quickly and without effort on your part.

Phone Your Dealer for a Free Trial

Any Electric, Hardware, or Sewing Machine Dealer



AN ORGANIZED movement, backed by the government, to take drudgery out of the housekeeper's work. That is the meaning of the home-demonstration agent's "drive" to install labor-saving devices in the homes of America. Here is a story of the results one agent in Illinois is winning for the homemakers of her county.

THE help problem has been steadily growing worse in this county. Wages have doubled. The work done is of inferior quality, and the help is unreliable. In order to meet this situation we are having a systematized drive on labor-saving devices. We are talking about ways and means of making our work easier at all club meetings.

We have a county chairman and township chairman of labor-saving devices. The township women report labor-savers at each monthly meeting, and the township chairman gets as much data as possible, and reports to the county chairman.

Each club member pledges herself to be on the lookout for labor-saving devices, and to report on all purchases as to the satisfaction they give. She also pledges to buy one labor-saving device each month, or to start a fund for the purchase in the near future of some desired labor-saver. Each township is trying to outdo the other.

The annual meeting of the Home Improvement Association is in March, and this is to be Achievement Day. The county chairman's records will then show which township has been the most progressive. Interest in the movement is growing, and the installation of labor-saving devices has become the popular thing. The women take pride in reporting their purchases, and there seems to be a sort of rivalry to see which township can make the best showing. Within the last three months the purchase of 404 labor-saving devices as listed from seventeen communities was reported:

NEW APPARATUS IN SEVENTEEN COMMUNITIES

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 45 patent cleaning-mits | 4 clothes-pin bags |
| 27 iron-ring dish-cloths | 6 bread-mixers |
| 31 spatulas | 4 cake-mixers |
| 19 egg-beaters | 3 draining stands (jelly, cheese) |
| 15 whetstones | 5 pumps in house |
| 35 measuring-spoons | 2 windmills |
| 21 measuring-cups | 5 sinks |
| 16 casseroles | 4 bathrooms added |
| 8 food-choppers | 4 mop-wringers |
| 10 can-openers | 5 electric washers |
| 10 long-handled spoons | 2 electric mangles |
| 15 dish-drainers | 5 electric irons |
| 4 sets paper doilies | 2 electric toasters |
| 8 high stools | 5 electric vacuum cleaners |
| 11 dustless dusters | 5 oil mops |
| 12 steam canners | 4 hardwood floors |
| 6 long-handled dust-pans | 2 electric-light plants |
| 6 hand-power vacuum cleaners | 5 wheel trays |
| 3 communicating cup-boards | 2 remodeled kitchens |
| 1 electric sewing-machine | 2 foot-scrapers |
| 3 kitchen cabinets | 5 fireless cookers |
| 3 raised sinks | 1 shower-bath |
| | 10 oil-stoves |
| | Total 404 |

THE work as an organized movement is rather new in the county, and it is hard to get reports. These are from club women only, as we have not been able to get many from others.

Mental inertia and lack of thought seem to be the chief causes why women do not have many simple labor-savers. For instance: when the movement is being started in a new community and a suggestive list of purchases has been given, such remarks as these are heard:

"I have wanted a spatula for seventeen years, and now I am going to get it." "I always did hate to stoop over—me for the long-handled dust-pan. Wouldn't a long-handled dust-pan help to keep girls from having tuberculosis?" "Do you really think I would not have so much backache if we had our sink raised?"

One young bride blushed as she reported the purchase of a step-ladder stool, because a few weeks before she had broken a rib while standing in a rocking-chair to adjust the gas mantle. Yes, they had a step-ladder, but it was too heavy to get for such a little thing.

MOST opportunities to be of service to the women come through illness and call for domestic help. Mrs. Arthur came into my office and sank into the first chair, groaning: "Oh, my poor feet! They nearly kill me! We really can't afford it, but I have to keep help!"

I urged her to wear an arch support, and to invest in a high stool and sit down for as much work as possible.

"I never could work sitting down!" she said. "It would be just money wasted. I sometimes sit on the edge of Jimmie's high chair, but I can't do anything that way."

She finally permitted me to lend her a high step-ladder stool from my model kitchen and promised to use it at every opportunity for the next month. At the end of the month she returned the stool, purchased one for herself and said that she now sat down when mixing batters, preparing fruit and vegetables, washing dishes and ironing. Her feet trouble her very little, and she is doing her own work without the maid, who left without notice.

She says she would be willing to pay two dol-

lars a week for the high stool rather than do without it. It cost \$1.25. After hiring her washing done she has money left from the amount she formerly paid her maid.

MR. JAMES came into my office to get domestic help, which I was not able to furnish him. He said his wife seemed all worn out. I advised him to install every kind of electric labor-saver possible. At that time they had a laundress who came to the house two days a week, somewhat irregularly, and whom they paid \$2.90 a day, with lunch and dinner included, which amounted to about fifty cents, making \$3.40 a day, or \$6.80 a week, for most unsatisfactory work.

He was sure he could not afford an electric washer which cost \$135, and was horrified at \$95 for an electric mangle until I told him that it was costing him \$353.60 a year to get his washing done, besides a lot of annoyance. He found that he could buy both a mangle and an electric iron with less than what he spent for laundry help in one year.

He decided he could not afford to be without an electric washer and ironer any longer, and purchased them that day. The family are well pleased with their purchases, which have now been in operation a year.

A FRIEND asked me to call at the home of a frail little woman, lame from an auto accident, to see if I could do anything which would make her work easier. She does her own housework and cooks for four men. The first thing to do was to discard tablecloths and use paper doilies in their place for every day, with linen doilies for company. The large rectangular-shaped ones, eleven inches by eighteen inches, were purchased. There is room on a doily this size for the plate, silver, glass and coffee-cup, and the smaller number of pieces are much easier taken care of. The kitchen sink where she washed dishes was twenty-five feet from the dining-table.

I suggested a wheel-tray as a great labor-saver, but her husband was not convinced, and would not purchase it. I asked him to count the trips his wife made in setting the table, serving the dinner and clearing the table some day when she did not know that he was doing it. A week later he came into the office with this report:

| No. TRIPS | | DIST. IN FT. |
|------------------|--------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 7 | to set breakfast table | 30 |
| 10 | " " dinner " | 30 |
| 8 | " " supper " | 30 |
| 5 | to serve breakfast | 24 |
| 6 | " " dinner " | 24 |
| 5 | " " supper " | 24 |
| 9 | to clear breakfast table | 50 |
| 12 | " " dinner " | 50 |
| 10 | " " supper " | 50 |
| Total, 72 trips. | | Total distance, 2,684 feet, |
| | | or about 1/2 mile. |

THE distance she had traveled was equivalent to 6 Chicago or 10 New York City blocks. She could have set the table, served her dinner and cleared the table with three trips if she had used a wheel-tray. He asked me to go with him to help select the tray, as he wanted it to be a surprise for his wife. We selected a plain, white-enameled service cart, and they say they don't see how they kept house without it.

They use it for many things besides serving meals. During the canning-season it is pulled up close to the stove and used for a table, and for carrying hot jars, as it is easily moved.

When wash-day comes, it is used to stack clothes on, and the tray is pushed from one place to another in place of lifting and carrying the wet clothes. On ironing-day the clothes are stacked on the tray and distributed to the various rooms, as this is a cottage home.

MR. FARMER, his wife, their son and the hired man live in town and farm a place seven miles out in the country. Last year they paid one of the neighbors \$1.50 a day for sixty-three days, or \$94.50, to furnish their dinners. They could ill afford to do this, but were not willing to eat cold dinners.

They had thought of a fireless cooker, but did not seem to have the twenty-five dollars to spare and were not certain that it would work. At our Home and Farm Bureau picnic last year the home-demonstration agent took a one-well, home-made fireless cooker full of Calcutta rice, leaving home at seven o'clock in the morning, and eating dinner at one o'clock in the afternoon. It happened that the man who thought he could not afford a fireless cooker was given a helping of the rice. He asked for full directions for making the cooker.

He made a two-well cooker, which cost him \$7.50, with an initial saving of \$17.50. They have carried one hot dish and coffee to their work all summer. They figure the amount saved on meals as half, or \$47.25. This means a clear gain for the season of \$64.75. Mrs. Farmer says the money saved belongs to her electric-washer fund.

FROM other counties in Illinois come bits of interesting information. One home-demonstration agent reports an interesting device in a certain home. In the basement there is a washing-machine run by a motor.

The same motor, when operating the washing-machine, operates a large fan placed in the ceiling just above the washing-machine. This keeps the air delightfully cool whenever the washing-machine or wringer is in motion.

The home-demonstration agents are encouraging women to discard old soft-topped tables and use those having hard, sanitary surfaces, of plain or oiled hardwood.

Champion of the World!

LIQUID VENEER MOP

The Swab comes off with a Pull

Oh! but it's a beauty and the swab can be washed and passed through a wringer like a handkerchief and quickly and easily replaced. Just look at the full yarn center!

This mop is a genuine revelation. When kept moistened with Liquid Veneer and used on floors, the results are so beautiful as to seem almost incredible. Floors instantly take on a piano finish.



Here it is at last! The Liquid Veneer Mop—the mop with the swab that comes off with a pull—that can be washed and put through a wringer like a handkerchief—a gigantic improvement over all other mops. It fairly bristles with Liquid Veneer quality.

Just observe the lower illustration. The mop has a full yarn center and is not merely a fringe of yarn around a frame. It is very light in weight, yet it has more cleaning and polishing surface than any other mop in the world. It will carry away a wonderful amount of dirt before it needs washing.

The handle is adjustable to any angle and remains secure in the position desired, without tampering with nuts or bolts. When the swab wears out, you simply buy a new one at slight expense and replace it. Your mop will then be as good as new and it will, therefore, last a life-time.

But, best of all, as the mop is treated

with Liquid Veneer, it is now possible to keep your floors just as lustrous, spotlessly clean and greaseless as your piano and expensive furniture. No housewife who uses Liquid Veneer on the Liquid Veneer Mop will ever go back to the old, greasy oil mop with its trail of greasy, discolored floors.

The Liquid Veneer Mop is sold on approval. If it is not all and more than we claim, return it to the store you bought it from and your money will be refunded.

Price, complete with 54 inch handle, \$1.50. Extra swabs, 85c each. Ask your dealer for the Liquid Veneer Mop, and take no other, because it is the Champion of the World.

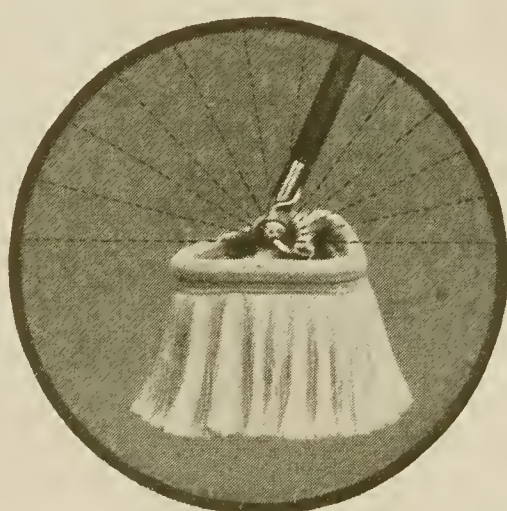
Prices in Canada \$1.75 for the mop. \$1.00 each for extra swabs.

BUFFALO SPECIALTY COMPANY,

Buffalo, N. Y., U. S. A. Bridgeburg, Ont., Can.



SWAB PULLS OFF QUICKLY EASY TO WASH



HANDLE ADJUSTS TO ANY POSITION



EXTRA MOPPING STRANDS IN CENTER EXCLUSIVE FEATURE



TO TREAT SPRINKLE WITH LIQUID VENEER

Which Is the Best Rolled Oats?

STOP buying just rolled oats. Try a package of Purity Oats, and see how good rolled oats can be.

Examine its flakes—great, clean, meaty! Note its distinctive taste—delightfully rich and nutlike.

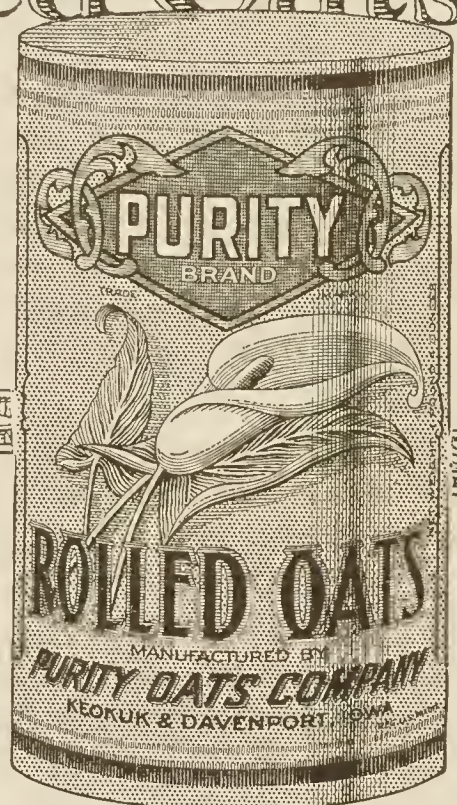
The exclusive Purity process develops to the utmost the food-and-flavor value of each grain.

Purity Rolled Oats is "totally different." Buy it. Try it. Compare it. In the package, in the dish, in the stomach.

PURITY OATS CO., Keokuk and Davenport, Ia.

Purity Rolled Oats

"Gems from Mammy's Southern Kitchen" is our quaint new cookbook. Contains recipes for 100 delightful oats and corn table delicacies which will tempt the most discriminating palate. Send 6c in stamps to Dept. C, Purity Oats Company, Keokuk, Iowa, and your copy will be forwarded immediately.



Totally Different!

Famed for Flavor

Don't miss it—

the second edition of the new magazine named and devoted to

ROMANCE

on the news-stands the 12th of November. Brimful of stories, both long and short, with two remarkable serials. Sure to provide hours of refreshing relaxation. Get it to-day. Published by the publishers of *Everybody's* and *Adventure*.

20 Cents a Copy - \$2.00 a Year



DAINTINESS AND GOOD CHEER FOR CHRISTMAS MORNING *Photo by Harriet Coates*

CHRISTMAS MEALS WITHIN OUR MEANS

BY HELENA JUDSON

THERE are several important "Don'ts" for the housewife to keep in mind when planning the family meals for Christmas Day, but perhaps the most important of all is this: *Don't shoulder all the work yourself.*

There is no reason why the entire burden of the holiday meals should fall on mother! Loving cooperation is the best proof of the real Christmas spirit, and as a practical evidence of "good-will on earth" let every member of the family be encouraged to lend a hand in the preparations.

It is well to remember that the dinner can not be made the only meal of the day. There is bound to be a breakfast, and, even after a hearty afternoon dinner, there must be something planned in the way of supper before the family disbands for the night. It is a wise housewife who remembers this and does not focus her entire effort on the Christmas dinner.

An appropriate Christmas breakfast that does not represent undue effort is something like this:

Hot Baked Apples with Wheat Farina
Sausage Cakes Creamed Potatoes
Popovers or
French Toast with Fruit Sirup
Coffee Cocoa

THE combination of fruit and cereal has the advantage of saving time and labor, both of which are at a premium on such an important morning of the year. The apples are to be baked the day before and reheated while the other food is being prepared. Fill the cavity in the apple with hot farina, hominy or any other white cereal, keeping in mind the attractive appearance of the dish when served. A brownish cereal would give too much of a one-color effect. Have a border of the cereal around the base of each apple and serve with sugar and cream.

Arrange the creamed potato in the center of a platter, with the sausage cakes at intervals forming a border. The popovers are the most quickly made of any hot bread, and this can be proved with a little practice.

Try mixing the batter in an open-mouthed pitcher or an agate-ware saucepan with lip and handle. Mix with an egg-beater and pour the thin batter into piping-hot tins, in each of which there is a half teaspoon of sizzling hot fat of whatever kind preferred. A crisp brown shell is quickly formed in each tin, the inside batter baking more leisurely. This is the secret of successful popovers, and here is a reliable recipe:

POPOVERS

2 eggs beaten without separating 2 cups milk
2 cups flour

1 teaspoon salt

ADD beaten eggs to milk and add gradually the sifted flour into which salt has been sprinkled. Beat with egg-beater until smooth and continue beating for three or four minutes. Bake in very hot oven and serve immediately, as popovers fall in cooling. Iron gem-pans are best for this purpose.

For fruit sirup to serve with the French toast, strain the sirup from a can of peaches, heat slowly and let simmer until as thick as maple-sirup. Serve hot, with the French toast lightly buttered.

CAPON or chicken will be found a good selection for the average family Christmas dinner, with the following additions:

Fruit Cocktail
Olives Salted Peanuts
Roast Capon or Chicken, Cumberland Sauce
Christmas Rice Creamed Salsify
Jellied Beet Salad
Plum-Pudding Glacé
Fancy Cakes and Cookies

BANANA, canned pineapple and orange make a good combination of flavors for the fruit cocktails. Moisten with juice of the pineapple mixed with lemon-juice, sugar and just a dash of grape-juice. Have the little glass cups filled with the mixed fruit on the table when the meal is served. As this first course decorates the table, each cocktail should be garnished with a bit of holly. Slip the stem of the holly into a quill toothpick and thrust into the center of the fruit. If holly is not available, use a sprig of Christmas green with a tiny bow of narrow red ribbon. This individual decoration, with a holly-trimmed centerpiece of fruit and bright red nut-cases at each place, will make a sufficiently attractive table.

The Cumberland sauce served with the roast

capon is a brown gravy usually made with currant jelly, but especially good with sufficient strained liquid from cranberry sauce to give it a strong fruit flavor. To this is added shreds of orange-peel and a little of the juice. This makes a delicious sauce and the flavoring of cranberry is preferred by some to currant jelly.

Another good addition to the Christmas bird is cranberry-orange jelly, allowing the grated rind and juice of one orange to each quart of cranberries used. Strain the jelly into the half-shells of oranges or grapefruit and set in a cold place until firm. With a sharp, wet knife cut this orange-encased jelly into four sections. The bright-red jelly within the rim of yellow peel is an attractive novelty and looks like some newly discovered fruit.

Christmas rice is another novelty, though it is merely boiled rice colored red by the addition of tomato-juice to the water. Drain off all the water, shape in a mound on a pretty platter and sprinkle with finely chopped parsley. Could anything be prettier than this red-and-green rice dish for a Christmas dinner?

Salsify (oyster-plant) deserves to be carefully cooked. The green tops must all be cut off and the roots carefully scraped free of their thin brown skin. Throw into cold water containing two tablespoons of vinegar and one of flour to each pint of water. The flour is supposed to form a slight coating over the surface of the vegetable, and, with the vinegar, prevents discoloration.

Split each root and cut in inch lengths. Boil in as little water as possible so that little will remain to drain off, thus retaining the full flavor. When tender, mix with a rich cream sauce. Season with salt and pepper and sprinkle the top, when serving, with paprika, to give a pretty red appearance.

JELLIED BEET SALAD

2 tablespoons granulated gelatin 1/2 teaspoon salt
9 tablespoons cold water 2 canned pimentos
1 cup boiling water 1 cup finely cut, freshly boiled beets
5 tablespoons vinegar 1 cup chopped celery
2 tablespoons sugar juice colored red in beet-juice

DISSOLVE gelatin in cold water and add the boiling water. Add remaining ingredients in order given. Mix well and pour into oblong pan wet with cold water. Serve very cold, cut in slices, or serve in spoonfuls on lettuce-leaves or shredded cabbage, with boiled salad dressing.

The plum-pudding glacé is a chocolate ice-cream, enriched with a plentiful supply of raisins, figs, English walnuts and mixed candied fruits, all well chopped. A quarter of a pound of these candied fruits will be sufficient for a large mold of this pudding. It should be served on a large platter handsomely decorated. As the ice-cream is rich, small pieces of plain cake should accompany it.

THERE is nothing more welcome for an informal supper than a big baking-dish of scalloped oysters. Be sure to have a gay red-paper frill around the dish when it appears on the Christmas supper-table. Serve with the oysters a salad made of equal quantities of chopped boiled potatoes and celery. Mix with Russian dressing made by stirring sufficient chilli sauce into boiled salad dressing to give it a decided red tone. Make a red star of the dressing on the surface of the white salad when arranged on the platter or bowl, and embed in it capers or bits of green pickle.

Here is a bit of novelty for the dessert. Make sufficient lemon jelly, after your favorite recipe, to fill a mold of sufficient size for the number of persons to be served. Have ready half-inch cubes of apple that have been heated through in sugar-sirup, half colored with red vegetable coloring and the other half with green. Pour a little of the liquid jelly into a wet mold, and, when firm, arrange the red and green apple cubes so they will show prettily when the jelly is unmolded. Add more jelly and more apple cubes until the mold is filled. Serve very cold, with whipped cream, and pass simple nut cookies or little frosted drop-cakes.

Since variety in breads is desirable at this time of year why not bake a part of your regular bread dough in the form of a smooth ring, cutting with a pair of scissors, here and there, like a Swedish nut roll? The resulting ring is interesting to serve and is easily broken into pieces at the places where it was cut before baking.



Bobbie's Good Judgment

"Whoop-e-e!" Bobbie says. "I'm glad it ain't that old shortcake."

Whether Bobbie's preferences are shared by Betty and Nan or not, their approval of the Jell-O is plain enough. They know what they like and mamma knows what is good for them.

Fruit being unusually scarce and high in price this year, Jell-O largely takes its place, for Jell-O is the next best thing to the real fruit itself at any time.

When you cannot get strawberries you can have Strawberry Jell-O for desserts and salads in wonderful variety.

And there is Raspberry Jell-O, beautiful to see and delicious to eat—raspberries in a lovely new form.

And Cherry Jell-O that looks like the richest of the fruit and tastes like it.

And the other three flavors of Jell-O—Orange, Lemon and Chocolate—pure, true flavors, like the fruit itself.

All these can easily be made into cool and sparkling "plain" desserts or the more substantial Bavarian creams that women and children are so partial to and men find so satisfactory that they always want more.

New Style Bavarian Creams

Of all forms of whipped Jell-O the Bavarian creams are the most popular, and they may well be, for in no other way can fine Bavarian creams be made so easily and cheaply. Jell-O is whipped with an egg-beater just as cream is, and it does not require the addition of cream, eggs, sugar or any of the other ingredients that are used in making old-style Bavarian creams.

Practically the whole ground is covered by the two recipes following, for with whipped Jell-O as a base almost any kind of Bavarian cream can be made, different canned fruits and fruit juices being used with the whipped Jell-O to complete any particular dish.

The first recipe is for a Pineapple Bavarian cream that is the most satisfactory of any dessert of the kind.

Pineapple Bavarian Cream

Dissolve a package of Lemon Jell-O in a half pint of boiling water and add a half pint of juice from a can of pineapple. When cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream. Add a cup of the shredded pineapple. Pour into mould and set in a cold place to harden. Turn from the mould and garnish with sliced pineapple.

Instead of pineapple, stewed prunes, chopped, may be used, or canned peaches, or berries as in the recipe below. Remember to use not more than one pint of liquid, including the boiling water and the fruit juice.

Raspberry Bavarian Cream

Wash one box of raspberries and sprinkle with four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Dissolve a package of Raspberry Jell-O in three-fourths pint of boiling water and when cold and still liquid whip to consistency of whipped cream. Then fold in the raspberries and juice. Set in a cold place to harden. Serve with whipped cream and garnish with fresh berries. Canned raspberries are used when fresh berries are out of season.

Always whip Jell-O when it has become cold and is still liquid.

The six flavors of Jell-O are: Strawberry, Raspberry, Lemon, Orange, Cherry, Chocolate. Grocers and general storekeepers sell them two for 25 cents.

In the latest Jell-O Book there are recipes for dainty salads as well as desserts, and a great deal of information that will save money for the housewife and make her work easier and pleasanter.

THE GENESEE PURE FOOD COMPANY,
Le Roy, N. Y., and Bridgeburg, Ont.

JELL-O

Karo



FREE

BEAUTIFULLY illustrated Corn Products Cook Book of 68 pages containing more than a hundred valuable recipes for candies of all kinds, cakes and pastry of every variety, sauces, and salad dressings.

All recipes originated by leading professional cooks and endorsed by Domestic Science Experts. Every housewife should possess a copy of this book—sent free. *Write today.*

Corn Products Refining Co.
DEPT. 12
P. O. Box 161, New York

Make Your Christmas Candy at Home with Karo

THE variety of wholesome candies so easily made with Karo syrup gives a really intelligent solution of the Christmas candy problem.

It's lots of fun for the children themselves to make it, and Karo always insures success.

Christmas candies cost more than ever this year. It is worth your while to let the children make Karo candies at home. It is as good as can be bought, and *at a fraction of the cost of good store candy.*



KEEP OPEN HOUSE ON CHRISTMAS DAY

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

THE Christmas season has a magic all its own. One may turn up his nose at Hallowe'en with its prowling cats and wandering ghosts, be entirely and airily superior to Saint Valentine's love missives, frown upon Saint Patrick and ignore all the fête-days of the calendar. But when the Yule-tide season approaches, the most callous and hardened of holiday snubbers will find his heart softening.

At this season family circles are rounded out and friends are welcomed with especial joy. Although this occasion belongs first of all to the family, it is also an auspicious time to unfasten the latch-strings and keep open house to all one's calling-list.

This custom is usually associated with New Year's Day in our own land, but history tells us that during the days of good Queen Bess our English cousins of high estate welcomed all the countryside to the great halls of their mansions at daybreak on Christmas morning.

THE traditional English feast of that period, with its Yulelogs, carols and "wassail bowl," not to mention the very early hour set for its celebration, would not find favor with many American hostesses to-day. But if one wishes to follow this ancient and hospitable courtesy, she can find plenty of welcome substitutes for old-fashioned customs.

Calling-cards with the date and the words "Open house" written upon them will announce the fact that she will be at home to her friends. A holiday note may be given to the missives by sealing the envelopes with Christmas stickers. The hours between three in the afternoon until midnight are popular ones, for while older folk may like best to come while daylight lasts, young people will invariably prefer the evening.

In spite of the many experiments in the matter of a happy Yule-tide color-scheme, the combination of green and red still holds first place. Glittering Christmas trees, glowing holly berries, engagingly bulging stockings, trailing Southern moss and jolly little figures of Santa Claus are features that can not be ignored.

But as all entertainments depend more on their spirit than on the trappings of the rooms in which they are held, the first thought of the hostess should be to engage a number of friends to assist her in welcoming the guests and carrying out the program of the entertainments.

A stiff receiving-line is not necessary nor in keeping with the wholly informal nature of the affair. But there should be some one person in general charge of each room, with a watchful eye on the guests to see that shy folks do not hide in corners, that strangers are introduced, and that every one has a good time. Of course the hostess herself must be on hand in full sight to welcome all the guests and pass them on to the friends who are helping to receive.

AN ATTRACTIVE corner may be arranged in the living-room, where the Yule-tide punch is served to all comers. This nook is charmingly decorated in green and white. The table itself is covered with white crêpe-paper which freezes round the edges and hangs down in the most fascinating of icicles.

These icicles are made by cutting the paper in points and dusting it with artificial snow. Four wooden lathos, covered with white paper, are carried from the corners and crossed in the center high above the table. From this intersection hangs a round shade which is made of long white fringed papers. This fringe rustles with every breeze that blows and little tinkling silver bells chime gently with each movement.

Punch is dispensed by charming little girls dressed in white frocks and wearing quaint aprons made of paper with a holly border. On their heads are perched tiny Dutch caps also made of the holly-decorated paper.

A LITTLE exploration reveals to the guests not only that the house is open from garret to cellar, but is crammed with surprises. Something that looks like a big white bird is fluttering gracefully in one corner of the living-room. When the curious-minded examine this bird-like apparition, it turns out to be an airplane riding as jauntily from the ceiling as if it were taking a dip through fleecy blue clouds.

Dangling red ribbons falling from its wings may signal danger, but they are a temptation to pull. And when one yields to this impulse she is rewarded not with the noise of an exploding bomb, but with the most attractive of favors.

Lucky maidens draw old-fashioned laco-encircled bouquets of tiny red rosebuds which look so realistic that it takes a sniff to convince one that they are made of paper. Gorgeous red carnations are just the thing for the men's empty buttonholes.

Vanity cases delight the eternal feminine, and whistles and blow-outs are not always intended for small boys. Sometimes they give grown-up men not only a reminiscent thrill but a legitimate excuse to return to the mood of childhood.

THIS graceful favor-dispensing airplane may be bought from a toy-shop, or made from pasteboard and wire by a clever hostess. An attractive color-scheme may be carried out by having all the favors red. But if the hostess does not wish to provide favors, she may solve the question by wrapping bonbons or salted almonds in tissue-paper.

Unwary maidens who absent-mindedly pass underneath chandeliers without looking where they are going are apt to be startled into life by a kiss. For while in olden days people hung bits of mistletoe around their necks as a safeguard from witches, in modern times it is strung upon chandeliers for quite another purpose. In fact, nowadays, it leads directly toward witches of a distinctly attractive variety.

Tradition says that the maid who is not

caught and kissed under the mistletoe, however, will not be married within the year. And if the ceremony is to be performed properly a berry must be pulled off after each kiss and presented to the maiden. This means that when all the berries are gone, the privilege also ceases.

Sooner or later every one will find his way to the dining-room, which reminds one of the frozen North—except that the atmosphere is warm. Snow-laden branches are festooned around this room and they look just as if they'd been out all night in a storm.

But the snow was paper confetti and the reason it clung to the branches was because they had previously been treated to a mucilage bath. Big white balloons bob around among the snow-laden branches and hang gaily from the ceiling.

IN THE center of the white, glittering table, stands a small perfectly shaped pine-tree. A number of tiny red lights glimmer among the long green needles, and from the tree's top-most branch a shower of startlingly red ribbons fall to the very edge of the table and then over. Scarlet poinsettias are scattered over the white cloth and small bonbon dishes of bright-red paper hold white mints and salted almonds.

The guests are seated in chairs that are placed round the walls, and the refreshments are served by young girls dressed in white. These maidens wear red beads round their necks and a shower of red ribbons attached to the necklaces dangle down their backs.

Ice-cream is served in round mountains with bits of evergreens poking out their fat sides. Lady Baltimore cake, delicious little sandwiches tied with red ribbons, and bonbons complete the menu. Plates with wire handles to which figures of Santa Claus are attached hold the refreshments.

ALL during the afternoon guests will come and go in a steady stream, and it is safe to predict that by the time evening arrives, a gay group of young people will be on hand, ready to engage in all kinds of Yule-tide games and amusements. Before the library fire corn will be popped and chestnuts roasted.

A marshmallow contest is lots of fun and easily arranged. On a round table a number of eandles in plain holders are placed. Hats-pins are also provided and the marshmallows are piled in two bowls, one at each end of the table. Each bowl holds the same number of marshmallows. The players are divided into two sides and the object is to see which team can the more quickly roast over the eandles and dispose of its supply of marshmallows first.

Good or evil fortune is foretold by throwing branches and sprigs of laurel upon the Christmas fire. If the leaves crack and curl, then good luck is coming, but if they do not, the thrower should beware.

Christmas candles is a good old-timer. To play this a lighted candle is placed upon a table. Each player in turn is blindfolded and stationed with his back to the candle, about a foot from it.

He is then told to take three steps forward, turn around three times, then walk four steps toward the candle and blow it out. It is very ludicrous to watch the players' attempts to carry out these directions.

STORY-TELLING is a diversion that never loses charm. For this game of Christmas tales the crowd forms a circle, sitting on chairs or on cushions piled on the floor. A big round snowball made of crêpe-paper rope is brought in and given to number one, who must start the yarn, unrolling the ball as he talks. He continues the story until he reaches a small red button fastened to the crêpe rope, then he passes the snowball to the person next to him who continues the story in like manner until he also reaches the fatal red button. And so the ball is passed around and the story grows in incidents, climaxes, mystery or love interest according to the whim of the speaker.

As the evening wears on the fun will be sure to wax fast and furious. If the hostess has provided a number of costumes, the gaudier the better, the guests may resurrect an old English custom and give a burlesque imitation of the "Christmas Mummies."

OLD Father Christmas, wearing a tall ruff, short red coat, and tall peaked hat, is the master of the revels. In his train come Dame Plum Pudding, very fat and important in a brown cloak and a hood, Sir Loui of Beef, also in brown with a tall hat from which a brown feather waves, Robin Hood in forest green, and a number of other worthy followers.

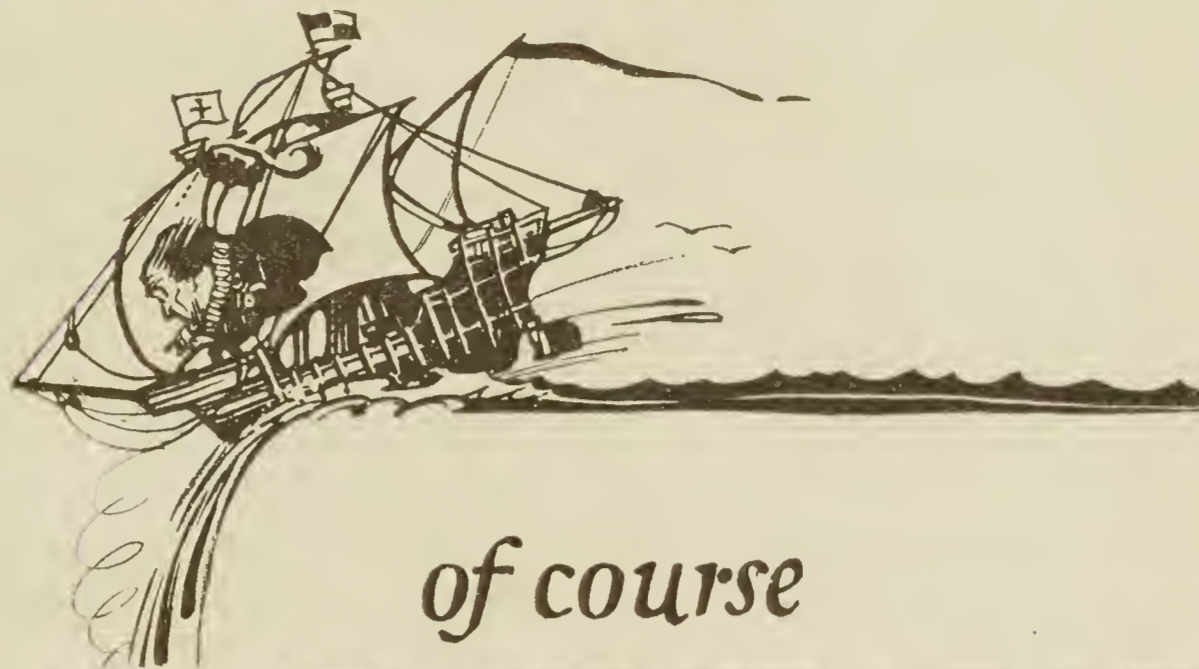
They all carry tin horns and toy drums, and after a noisy demonstration, join in a gay dance known in yec olden time as the "hobby horse." For all its queer name, it very much resembles an old-fashioned quadrille, danced with the steps and pigeon-wings in favor among our great-grandfathers.

Dancing will then become general and everybody will join in a Sir Roger de Coverley, better known among us as the Virginia Reel. All the old-fashioned dances as well as the new ones can be danced and then a dancing contest held.

For this stunt twelve of the guests are asked to give a solo dance, the hostess selecting the contestants, six of whom she chooses from the feminine guests and the other six from the masculine. The best dancer among the girls is decorated with a flame-colored chiffon scarf, and the man who most distinguishes himself is given a corn-cob pipe ornamented with a spray of holly and a red ribbon.

After this, Christmas carols are sung and the happy revelers make their way homeward to dream over the magic slice of Christmas cake presented to them at parting.

It is so easy to get false notions but~



of course
COFFEE
is Healthful

Many, many good well-meaning people used to think the world was flat. A Portuguese went out and sailed around the earth. And we all know now they were *wrong*.

Coffee was a popular beverage before Magellan disproved the old foolish fallacy. It is still popular the world over. But many people have false *notions* about it.

Of course coffee is healthful. Just as wholesome and nourishing as anything else you eat or drink. But too much of *anything* isn't good!

One may eat too much meat. Or drink too much milk. But nobody claims that meat and milk are not healthful. It isn't the use of coffee that is harmful—it is the *abuse* of it.

Coffee proved good in the war—in the trenches—in the camp—in the hospital—on the march—on the sea. Soldiers and sailors know that coffee is nourishing—*sustaining*.

Drink coffee three times a day, if you like. But, be sure that you drink good coffee—*real* coffee.

This is the only way to get the genuine coffee *taste*.

Imitations are more likely to be harmful than *genuine* coffee.

SIGNIFICANT—The consumption of Coffee in the United States during the last 50 years has increased twice as fast as the population.

COFFEE is Nature's Gift

(Copyright, 1919, by the Joint Coffee Trade Publicity Committee of the United States.)

for the table



UNCLE JOHN'S SYRUP

on hot, home-made biscuits, will make you smack your lips in delight! It's so deliciously wholesome and satisfying. Made from finest cane and maple sugars obtainable, with the real flavor from the maple grove that makes each mouthful taste like more. There's no purer or better syrup made, for pancakes, steamed bread, brown bread or waffles. Fine on ice-cream—baked apple—or grapefruit.

**As Necessary on the Table
As the Sugar and the Cream**

Uncle John's Syrup imparts a tasty flavor to pies, puddings, cakes and frostings. Try it with your own favorite recipes—or send 2c stamp for Uncle John's Recipes—a collection of new and pleasing recipes for pies, cakes, candies, etc. Most good grocers sell Uncle John's Syrup. If your dealer can't supply you, send us his name—we'll see you are supplied.

Put up in 4 convenient sizes in sealed-tite sanitary tins.



TALK OF THE TABLE

BY HELENA JUDSON

"AMERICAN dishes and American names for them!" This sounds good to our young men back from European life and to the rest of us. There's nothing better in the world than America at its best.

And the way to bring our native foods to the complete appreciation they deserve and the distinction which is rightfully theirs is to stop slighting them, cooking or serving them badly or indifferently—in other words, to give them a fair chance.

Why have so many of the chefs and stewards in American hotels been Swiss or French, Belgian or Italian? Because the people of those races elevate the food problem to the plane where it belongs; because they respect every ounce of food and make of cooking and serving a fine art. The traditional American hotel or restaurant, on the other hand, is concerned chiefly with getting its patrons "stoked up" and sent away content.

Cooking and waiting on table our ambitious race has persisted in looking down upon as menial work, unworthy an aspiring mind. The inevitable result has been a dietary prepared and gotten out of the way as quickly and easily as possible.

The result? A ménage oftentimes deserving

tronomical excursions always develop interest along some unexpected line, so that even though the object of my search may be oysters and sweet potatoes, I keep my eyes well open to everything that's being served.

An unusual salad or a particularly attractive entrée seldom escapes me and I simply say to my waiter: "That looks good. Add that to my order." Then I wait developments, as half the time one can not judge from the appearance of a dish what it actually is.

This was the case when I happened upon a most delicious combination of sweet potatoes and chicken livers—a dish which lends itself to many substitutions, as, for instance, the chicken livers may be replaced by the dark meat of fowl mixed with mushrooms or by a well-seasoned mince of calf's liver moistened with brown sauce.

Now for the dish! Imagine, if you will, a good-sized sweet potato boiled until tender, the skin scraped off with a dull knife and then divided in half, crossways, with sufficient cut from each end so that these two halves shall stand evenly on a baking-tin. The next step is to remove sufficient from the center of each potato-half, so that there is a generous cavity left for the filling.

Brush with melted butter the shells thus formed, and brown in the oven. They are then ready for whatever filling is to be used. As this is a rich, hearty dish, it is good choice for luncheon or supper, accompanied by a green salad, preceded by soup and followed by dessert. For a formal luncheon this is a splendid entrée and has the advantage of being unusual as well as delicious.

ANOTHER sweet-potato idea, especially well adapted for the day after a roasted, stuffed fowl has been served, is to place two slices of boiled sweet potato together, sandwich-fashion, with a layer of forcemeat or stuffing between. Brush with melted butter and broil or fry as preferred.

I had served to me two of these layer arrangements, placed side by side in an individual baking-dish, and judging from the buttery brown surface, they had been frequently basted with melted butter while baking.

Sausage meat, it seems to me, would be delicious spread between these slices of sweet potato. Why not try it?

By the way, if you are choosing a practical Christmas gift for a housekeeper, take a look at the attractive nests of fire-proof bowls

which are pretty enough for table use and yet adapted to oven heat. These are just the thing for the sweet-potato dish just described and are splendid for any of the long list of "au gratin" dishes which require a final browning in the oven and serving in the same dish.

Odd-shaped casseroles, individual bean-pots and ramekins are equally at home either in the oven or on the table, and lend a touch of piquancy to their contents.

The sweet-potato subject would be incomplete without mentioning the epicurean fancy of serving this vegetable in combination with various fruits, especially apple, banana and pineapple. Any recipe for candied sweet potatoes may be followed, laying on each slice of potato a piece of the fruit and basting them both with sweetened, melted butter during their stay in the oven.

A chef explained to me that the slices must be left flat in the baking-pan so that each shall be distinct with its own little topping of fruit. Plain candied sweet potatoes, of course, are often cooked in layers with sugar and butter between, but not so when served with the bits of fruit on top of each slice.

These fancy sweet-potato dishes appear on the fashionable menu under various headings, but almost always the name suggests Southern cooking, as "Sweet Potatoes Louisiana," "Tropicale," "Florida," "Stanley" and so forth. This is one of the cases where a fashionable dish is easily adaptable to the home table, as fresh, tart apples, canned pineapple and bananas are neither expensive nor unobtainable.

OYSTERS are so often chosen for an informal meal, like Sunday-night tea or a party supper, that any method of cooking which admits of advance preparation is always appreciated by the practical hostess. It is so much easier to be care-free, if your freedom is backed up by the knowledge that the main dish for your guests is all ready to be popped into the oven for ten minutes before appearing on the table.

This is the case with a popular oyster dish known as "Oysters Casino." And right here let me say that, even in localities remote from the coast, oyster shells need not be considered an impossibility. An enterprising housewife of my acquaintance who lives in the Middle West always keeps on hand a supply of deep half-shells, which were sent from an Eastern market. These are washed and scrubbed inside and out after each using, and make splendid receptacles for the bulk oysters she buys from her local dealer.

Another clever way to overcome the absence of oyster shells is to serve the cooked oyster preparation on ovals of fried bread about the size and shape of oyster shells. These may be either flat or hollowed slightly to hold the filling.

Oysters Casino call for the usual seasonings of salt, pepper, lemon-juice and a drop or two

of onion-juice. These are put with the original oyster liquor in each shell, the oyster laid in this seasoning, dredged with a covering of bread-crumbs and topped with an inch square of lean bacon cut very thin. Fifteen minutes before needed, set in hot oven. The fat from the bacon trickles down over the becrumbed oyster and gives a wonderful flavor to the completed dish.

OYSTERS VILLEROI (pronounced "veel-rwah") are in reality a glorified form of fried oysters and can be prepared in advance, ready for frying at the last minute. The covering for the oyster is the distinctive feature of this style of cooking, and consists of a thick white sauce mixed with a little finely chopped cooked ham or tongue and seasoning of onion-juice and celery-salt.

When well covered with this sauce the oysters are set aside to dry before being rolled in flour, beaten egg and bread-crumbs, fried a golden brown and served on ovals of toast. These make a splendid supper or luncheon dish.

Instead of raw oysters at the beginning of a formal meal, serve Oysters Maitre d'Hôtel (pronounced "may-trr dough tell"). These are so named because of the special sauce poured over the oysters at time of serving. Use large oysters and heat them through in their own liquor.

Then mount each on an oval of fried bread and pour over melted butter with lemon-juice, chopped parsley and paprika, besides salt and pepper.

When raw oysters in the shell are not obtainable, these are especially desirable, and four to each portion are sufficient. If for a party supper, serve six and garnish with stuffed celery and olives. These, with sandwiches and a hot or cold beverage, are quite enough in the way of light refreshments.

WE NOW have domestic chestnuts superior to the imported variety, which are being used for all sorts of merrymaking dishes—marron being the French word for chestnut.

In addition to the well-known stuffing for fowl, we have adopted a foreign fashion of using chestnut purées in many other ways, such as the making of croquettes and in "roulettes," which are in reality little balls of mashed and seasoned chestnuts dropped in deep fat and cooked until they look like miniature doughnuts. These are piled up, cannon-ball fashion, as a garnish to fowl and game.

Then there is the favorite chestnut frozen sweet known as *plombiers* (plom-ear) which is so full of bits of preserved chestnuts that you hardly know where the vanilla ice-cream stops and the nuts begin.

Broken nuts can be used for the main part of this ice-cream, saving a big whole one to accompany each portion.

When the preserved chestnuts can not be obtained, buy fresh nuts; shell, blanch and boil until tender. Pour over them a thick sugar sirup, flavored with vanilla, and keep hot but not boiling for three hours. The sirup may be drained off and used to sweeten the ice-cream and the chestnuts broken into irregular bits and stirred into the cream when partially frozen.

OTHER THINGS OF NOTE

I HAVE long wondered how the chefs would meet prohibition rules in their cookery. They have found the way! Forbear, friends, to mourn the departure of sherry and other "kicky" flavorings for sauces, desserts and preserves. The choicest of flavoring-extracts are now on the market. Look them up!

HOTELS and homes are giving "coffees" nowadays. No, they haven't taken the place of afternoon tea. Tea is still popular, but, more and more, afternoon coffee is coming into favor and fashion.

IT'S interesting to know that sometimes the water in which coffee is made is not successful with certain blends and brands of coffee. Often a chemical analysis of the water will reveal to the coffee specialist the brand to be used with that particular kind of water.



A TEA-WAGON—NOT NECESSARILY AS ORNATE AS THIS—MAY BRING IN THE EATABLES AND "DRINKABLES"

of the contempt which its creators have felt toward it.

These à la's, potages and entrées mean the presence among us of an element which understands food, appreciates it, makes the most of it, and renders its preparation and service a fine art.

A symptom of growing appreciation of the epicurean side of our food problem is the spread of tea-rooms and small, dainty cafés and restaurants, which cater to the discriminating.

The American people begin to tire of "hash-houses" and having their food thrown at them. The home-economics movement, invading the schools, is partly responsible for the betterment.

This magazine, in its "Talk of the Table," will endeavor, month by month, to make it plain and unforgettable that the quality of the nourishment we take into us is no light fancy, but a vital issue; that choice, well-prepared food, which the family will enjoy and derive benefit from, is not a matter of large expense, but of interest and a bit of painstaking.

The number of housewives who know the difference between merely "stoking" the human engines and offering their families food which they will heartily and enthusiastically enjoy is fortunately growing.

CONSIDER, for instance, so simple a dish as hash.

A New Yorker who has traveled all over the globe and tried every kind of food from cara-way cookies to curry and knows just which dishes he likes best, went into a smart restaurant the other day and ordered corned-beef hash. The waiter sneered openly.

"We don't serve it," he said; "you will have to go to Child's for that."

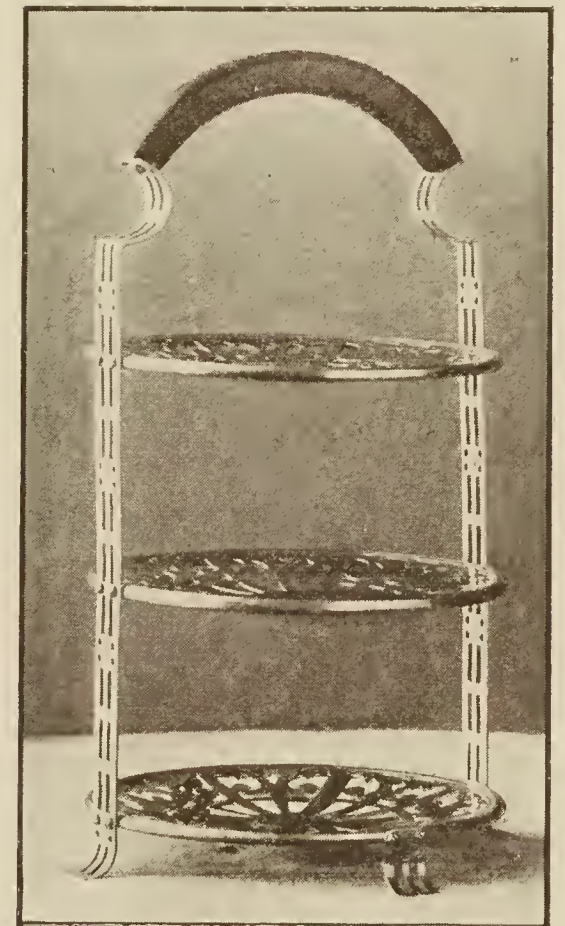
As a matter of fact, corned-beef hash, plebeian though it may be, is fit for the gods if it is even fairly well cooked. The old Grand Union Hotel in New York—rambling, mid-Victorian old place that it was—had a fame all over the country for its corned-beef hash. You'll find your true epicure valuing the dish at its proper worth.

I think myself the trouble with the viand is in its name. If corning were a new process of curing beef, and a hash were a new way of cooking, and if it only had a pretty name, corned-beef hash would be one dollar and twenty-five cents a portion and H. R. H. the waiter would recommend it in a tone of honest conviction instead of dismissing it with a sneer.

OYSTERS AND SWEET POTATOES ARE NOW IN SEASON

I MADE a trip recently to restaurants, hotels and tea-rooms, in behalf of this magazine's readers, to discover whether there was any little extra touch in the preparation and serving of either oysters or sweet potatoes that would reveal new delights in these foods.

I was well rewarded, for I learned several novelties with regard to both. These little gas-



THE WELL-ORDERED TEA-TABLE WELCOMES AS GOOD FORM THE "THREE-TIER" FOR CAKES OR MUFFINS

delicious

POMPEIAN OLIVE OIL

"always fresh"

Unsurpassed
for Mayonnaise
and French
Salad Dressings

Sold Everywhere

Dennison's

SEALING WAX

Seal your letters with your initials, coat-arms or monogram in sealing wax. Good form plus individuality and safety. Dennison dealers everywhere will make your seal and supply wax.

Write to Dennison, Dept. M Framingham, Mass., for "Sealing Wax Booklet"

What Next?

Buy **LIEBIG** SAVE MEAT

Company's Extract of Beef

The pure essence of much beef in little compass.

Armour DESSERTS



Oval Label Completeness Offers Variety, Economy and Excellence

In any variety... for every occasion

ARMOUR'S Oval Label Desserts are an instance of the *completeness* of the Armour line. Pictured here are a few suggestions of the many ways of serving Armour's Desserts. With them, and other Armour Oval Label products, you can fulfill every demand for the holiday and other seasons—and at the same time avoid waste and eliminate some of the labor of preparation.

Let the Oval Label simplify your food purchases. It is the mark that takes the guess-work out of buying. Ask your dealer for *Veribest* Plum Pudding, Jams, Jellies, Mince Meat, Apricots, Cherries, Pears, Rice, etc. Add these to the *Armour shelf* in your pantry and you will be prepared for any food emergency. It will help solve the problem of what to serve on every occasion.

Our 64-page cook book, "The Business of Being a Housewife," tells how to make the most delicious dishes with these desserts, as well as with the great variety of other Armour Oval Label Foods. This book is free and will be mailed you on request. Address Food Economics Department, Division 222, Armour and Company, Chicago.

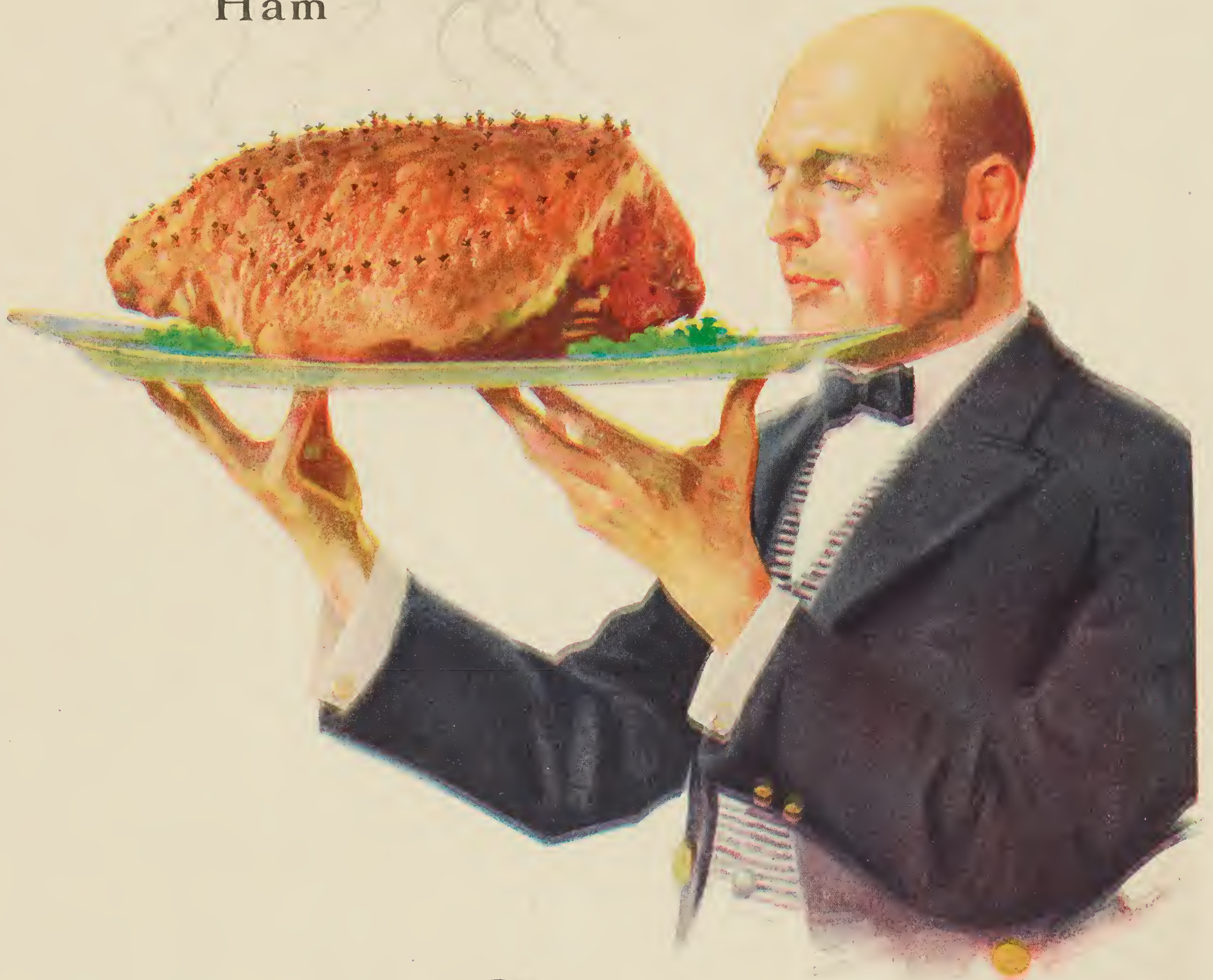
ARMOUR AND COMPANY
CHICAGO

4605



MORRIS

Supreme
Ham



For dinner—there's nothing more delicious than a Supreme Ham, baked and seasoned with cloves. Serve it to your guests at the meal you want remembered. Its tenderness and fine, mild flavor are the result of our Supreme cure. All Morris Supreme foods are delicious; get them into your market basket.

MORRIS & COMPANY



GET THE GENUINE
LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE
R. L. Watkins
ON EVERY ORIGINAL BOTTLE

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but 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. This is why discriminating women use

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCOANUT OIL
FOR
SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and 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 ap-

pearance 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 do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

LOVE AT COMMAND

BY MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

"I can't help it, if I don't love him any more." But you can, say the psychologists. Love can be controlled and guided, infinitely more than we have ever been willing to believe. "To the lover rather than to the beloved belongs the credit of a successful marriage." A wise article by a student of the great psychoanalyst, Jung, which will open many people's eyes.

NO WOMAN in the world is so lonely as a woman who does not love her husband. Usually she does not realize how unhappy she is.

She is like a child that grows thin and wan from malnutrition without ever feeling hungry. Perhaps she dares not admit even to herself her infidelity because she does not know what to do about it.

To these women, whose number is larger than any man would like to admit, a statement made by psychoanalysts is not without significance. These psychologists say that love is subject to undeviating laws like any other phenomena.

The man or woman who understands these laws can control love, and a successful love may be maintained through years by care and effort. Believe this statement or not, it is worthy of consideration.

Psychologists belonging to the psychoanalytical school have studied thousands of love-affairs. These have varied from simple idyls to lurid tragedies. Data have been accumulated from contented couples, blissful spouses, bachelors, spinsters, unhappy wives, irritable husbands, widows and widowers, monogamists and polygamists, Darbys and Joans, and other varieties of mated or mateless individuals.

All this material the analysts have scrutinized and classified with cold scientific accuracy, just as botanists and astronomers arrange their data. Very much as their brother scientists deduce the laws governing the growth of flowers and the orbit of the sun, so the psychologists are discovering cause and effect in human relations.

Much remains to be considered, but certain salient facts are clear. Even if these new ideas seem extreme at first thought, they are worth careful consideration.

A strong love these scientists consider the normal output of a healthy heart. To them pallid souls who have been disappointed in love seem crippled folk who refuse to be cured. Some folks naturally love easily and steadily, they observe. Others make a terrible muddle of it. Those who muddle it blame any one but themselves.

According to this new theory, a wife's affection for her husband is determined not by his personality so much as by her own ability to care. All these rulings apply just the same to men as to women.

One can see these matters much more clearly in other people's cases than in one's own. We envy not Beatrice adored, but Dante adoring. We have always discounted Laura's charm in that affair with Petrarch. The "Sonnets from the Portuguese" sprang from Mrs. Browning's susceptibility rather than from Mr. Browning's undeniable worthiness.

It is the same way with common folk as with geniuses; to the lover rather than to the beloved belongs the credit of a successful attachment.

TAKE, for example, the experience of a woman who fell in love with her husband after ten years of placid married life. She had been somewhat bored with existence, she explained. The rapture of the honeymoon had faded to a delicate memory.

Money was fairly plentiful. The children no longer needed constant attention. Her husband was successful and quite absorbed in his business.

She was too much alive to find complete satisfaction in nagging the incompetent servant, pampering the children or in occupying herself with headaches and blues. She had tried one or two tentative love-affairs—I make no excuses for her—but they were more bother than they were worth.

She said she couldn't even hope that anything wrong would come of them because it simply wasn't done in her set and she didn't want to, anyhow. So to break the ennui she decided to bewitch her husband.

Had she known the difficulties she never would have begun the affair. The two of them had "got on" fairly well together, although, as a matter of fact, they were beginning to bicker at meal-times.

A slight resentment at being taken for granted was what incited the wife to try to wake her husband up. She thought it would be merely the matter of a new frock and extra smiles.

It turned out to be the most breathless struggle into which the somewhat experienced lady had ever been whirled. Moreover, it had to go on so discreetly that the children wouldn't suspect that their parents were in love with each other.



A WOMAN MEDITATES

BY KATHERINE GLOVER

ISIT at dusk and watch the day close in on my uncompleted tasks, which have filtered through my hands like the sands of an hour-glass.

Once I was fretted that it should be so, but now I am wiser, I have learned that a woman must do her work bit by bit, like fine mosaics, often discerning no pattern until the work is done; sometimes the pattern is never clearly seen, because it is but an intricate part of a larger design. For woman must work with one ear listening always for the call of life, and this ever-interrupting call ravel the threads of her tasks.

That is why to men history gives the glory of larger attainments, richer fruits of genius. Surely in her who creates and nurtures life itself, the creative instinct flowers no less perfectly. But creating life, she becomes the servant of life, as the creator always is the servant of that which he creates. She must serve this, her master, before she serves the images of her mind, and in serving, there is not always time to give form to that which she visions. Is it, I wonder, of so great matter that the images take form, or in the very visioning of them, is there fulfilment which should content a woman's soul?

I hear my man's step upon the road.

The husband soon found out what she was planning, and expostulated. His attitude was: Why not let well enough alone? Quiet affection that doesn't interfere with routine is what husbands prefer. She was most distracting.

She intended at the beginning to break up his composure without disturbing her own serenity. She soon found that he was familiar with all her pretty tricks and knew better than she did when she was faking. The tinsel weapons she had wielded so daintily in the honeymoon were worthless now for attack or defense.

Then quite suddenly it came to her that honeymoon caresses were not what she sought. She wanted an emotional relation beyond the comprehension of any twittering bride or self-conscious young husband. She desired a love based on years of life together, on shared vicissitudes and successes, on common hopes and on complete understanding.

Amazed at the revelation of what mature love might be, she recklessly threw aside the prejudices, obstinacies, naggings, resentments, hurt feelings and egoisms with which she had unconsciously defended herself against her husband. Her soul went out to him. She dared and won.

As she gave she received. That quite ordinary business man was her match. Falling in love with one's husband is, she avers, like canoeing above a high dam. If the current catches you, you may paddle like mad, but over the falls you'll go.

EVEN those most enthusiastic over this idea have to admit that occasionally a husband or wife is so truly dreadful that the situation is too difficult. But this is exceptional. For instance, a woman in a Swiss sanatorium remained a continuous nervous invalid for the simple reason that if she got well she would have to take up life again with a peculiarly unpleasant alcoholic husband. Of course no one can adapt herself successfully to a paranoiac or a libertine, but we are talking about the every-day sort of people, with the usual failings and virtues.

The theme of falling in love with one's mate has long been considered a spicy subject by novelists. Sunday-school libraries some thirty years ago were torn by discussions about admitting to circulation E. P. Roe's "He Fell in Love with His Wife," and somewhat later "The

Awakening of Mary Fenwick" showed to entranced readers the romantic possibilities of a mercenary marriage.

The element of chance, however, entered too largely into these tales for them to be of much assistance. They offered charming day-dreams by which to escape from one's own commonplace lot, but no suggestions for altering realities. When it is reduced to a cause-and-effect basis, romance becomes possible to every one. Difficulties exist. Successful loving demands intelligence and persistence.

The very first requisite is to understand what goes on in one's own heart. Thwarted hopes, disappointed aspirations and repressed desires which belong wholly to the past often spoil the present in an entirely unnecessary fashion. Or the difficulty may be in past happinesses, ease and irresponsibility to the memory of which we cling more or less unconsciously. We must understand our feelings before we can guide them.

Many a woman with the best will in the world makes a dismal failure of loving her husband. New Year's resolutions, prayer, grim determination and self-argument have no more effect than tying a bit of string around her finger.

FIND the reason, the psychologists advise. It may be this and it may be that, but certain it is that a cause exists. When you have found the cause, you have the situation in hand.

Mrs. Gilbert Norman's case was typical of a large number. I offer it to show both the method by which a psychoanalyst helps an individual explore her own unconscious nature and to suggest the subtleties by which our emotions elude us.

Mrs. Norman was a real person, but her name and identifying circumstances are altered. She was a sweet little woman with tearful, appealing Madonna eyes. She had dainty clothes, bad headaches, a leaning nature and other feminine charms.

She was very unhappy. She did not love her husband. He got on her nerves.

Her father, who had died years before, had been a remarkable man. So long as he had lived she had been perfectly happy. At least, so it seemed to her as she looked back.

After he died, she married. But her husband could never take his place to her.

Finally the delicate woman broke down with

nervous prostration. The family physician sent her to a specialist in nervous troubles, belonging to the school of psychoanalysts.

Psychoanalysts say that a nervous breakdown comes almost invariably from an unconscious emotional struggle. They say that physical work never causes nervous sickness.

You may work till your back aches as if it would break, your lungs pant like a blacksmith's bellows and your legs tremble like lemon jelly, but that will not give you "nerves." On the other hand, you can lie on a sofa for three months and still worry yourself into a fine nervous prostration.

Nervous breakdowns come from an emotional conflict buried, perhaps, out of sight in the unconscious mind. The analyst helps the patient sort out his worries, disappointments, failures and discouragements to find out which is at the bottom of the trouble.

The doctor encouraged Mrs. Norman to talk; to talk about everything that was in her mind. She came to see the doctor several times a week, to sit in a large comfortable chair and—just talk. She thought it a funny sort of medicine, but after a time she found herself discussing matters which had never before passed her lips.

She was surprised to find what a relief it was to confess to the doctor that she couldn't love her husband. She had nothing against

him, but nothing he did pleased her. He was a good-looking chap—small, lithe, quick-motoned.

She wished that he were large and deliberate as her father had been. He was a lawyer. She wished that he were a doctor as her father had been. He couldn't play cards so well as her father had; he didn't keep the furnace heat as steady as father had; he wasn't so sympathetic, and servants didn't step round for him as they had for father.

Probably the doctor could have told her very soon what the trouble was, but she would not have believed him. She had to discover it for herself.

When she did, she was astonished to realize that the reason was not in him, but in her! She couldn't love him because she was going at it the wrong way.

"I sometimes think," she remarked one day, "that I should not have married at all. When I was a young girl, I had a dream that I have never forgotten."

Now analysts, among their other peculiarities, have a curious respect for dreams. They find that a person dreams about the matters which trouble him.

The troubles appear disguised, mixed up, and in a terrible tangle. Skill and patience are necessary to get anything out of them.

An analyst never says, "Oh, pshaw, that's only a dream—forget it!"

Instead he says, "Tell me about it." "I had fallen asleep," continued Mrs. Norman, "while I was trying to decide whether to marry a young man who was paying me attention. I might have chosen to accept him if there had not appeared to me the vision of a majestic, white-bearded old man who warned me not to marry."

"I WAS filled with awe and dread as if I had beheld God Himself. I refused that man, but after my father died, I did marry. Perhaps I should have remembered the warning."

"Whom was the old man like?" asked the doctor.

"Why, he was like my father," remembered Mrs. Norman in surprise. "He had the same white beard and dignified manner."

"The dream was not a warning from an outside source," the analyst explained. "It came out of your mind just as your conscious thoughts come. You gave yourself the warning because you did not really want to leave the father you so dearly loved."

"The trouble seems to be that you do not want a husband. You only want a father. You were overdependent on your father when he was living and now that he is dead you try to find him again in your husband."

"But I thought my unusual devotion to my father was very beautiful," protested Mrs. Norman in astonishment.

"It was when you were ten years old," replied the analyst, "but now that you are a woman you still love him with a little girl's dependent love. You have transferred that same child love to your husband."

"You are trying to make your husband into your father. Is it any wonder that you are constantly disappointed in him?"

Mrs. Norman admitted to herself that all her married life she had been measuring her husband by the idealized memory of her father, and resenting that the husband's personality was cut on a different pattern. At that moment the baffling tragedy turned into a solvable problem.

She need not continue to be a sickly memorial if she accepted the more difficult task of being a grown-up, forward-looking woman. Of course she couldn't love her husband when she was

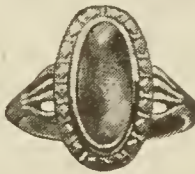
Concluded on page 68



No. 4714—Lady's solid gold genuine aquamarine little finger ring, \$22.00.



No. 4784—Lady's solid gold synthetic ruby ring, mounted in lace mounting, \$22.00.



No. 4676—Lady's solid gold genuine amethyst little finger ring, \$16.50.



No. 4658—Lady's solid gold single stone genuine synthetic ruby ring, plain mounting, fancy setting, \$16.50.

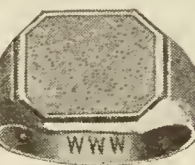
Same ring can be had in genuine aquamarine, genuine golden sapphire, genuine white sapphire and genuine pink sapphire, at various prices.



No. 3944—Lady's solid gold little finger ring, genuine coral cameo, handsomely carved, fine quality, \$22.00.



No. 4703—Man's solid gold navette shaped genuine amethyst massive ring, \$20.00.



No. 4709—Man's solid gold genuine sardonyx or hydrazite ring in handsome engine-turned mounting, \$16.50.



No. 4562—Man's heavy 32nd Degree emblem solid gold ring. Handsome and exclusive in design. Red enamel background under double bezels; emblems on side in colors. Price \$22.00.

The Gift That Means "Love Forever"

Give a ring and you give a pledge of eternal affection. For the never-ending circle of the ring means love without end.

No other gift is so welcome as a ring. For no other gift means so much to everyone—to sweetheart, wife, mother, sister, brother, father or friend.

Let your gifts be rings this Christmas—but be sure that they are W-W-W Rings—the only gem-set rings which bear a guarantee. Should a stone come out, or be cracked, it will be replaced and reset free.

There is a W-W-W Ring for Everybody

W-W-W Rings are all of solid gold set with precious and semi-precious gems of unusual beauty and cut.

Go to your jeweler. Ask him to show you this big assortment of W-W-W Rings. The illustrations on this page in black and white do not do justice to the beautiful richness and coloring in our rings.

If your jeweler hasn't genuine W-W-W Rings, write us, giving us his name and address. We will see that you are supplied with the ring you want.

We have a booklet entitled "The Romance of the Ring," which will help you in making up your Christmas list. In this book is shown a choice selection from our various styles. Also a list of the birthstones and their meaning.

Shall we send this book to you?

WHITE, WILE & WARNER

Dept. D285, Buffalo, N. Y.

Makers of Solid Gold Gem-Set Rings in Which the Stones Do Stay



THE STORY OF AN IDEA HUNT

BY LAURA GATES SYKORA

EVEN IF ALL THE TEMPTING OBJECTS HERE DESCRIBED MAY NOT BE FOUND IN YOUR TOWN, YOU'LL FIND THE STORY GREATLY ILLUMINATING TO THE MEMORY AND IMAGINATION OF THE GIFT-HUNTER

OH, THE things in the shops for Christmas! It makes one wish one's Christmas list were leagues long and one's pocketbook never failing.

"That Noah's ark!" exclaimed a woman who stood near me in a dear little shop down-town. "I am going to buy it to give to some child. Don't you think it dear?" In her enthusiasm she turned to me, a stranger. I agreed, for I, too, had been entranced with this cunning toy and its load of hand-carved animals, each one so well made that it stood up alone and independently on its own little four legs. I couldn't help wishing that my husband were as handy with his jack-knife as many men and boys, that he might make a set for some one of our little friends. I know many children to whom I love to give presents, but I am limited as to the wherewithal with which to buy.

There were other things in this little shop which children would love. In a little box with "All About Red Riding Hood" printed upon its cover was a cunning little book and the sweetest little doll dressed up like Red Riding Hood. There were other little boxes, some labeled "All About the Three Pigs," another "All About Goldilocks," each with its accompanying toy.

AT THE same shop were some reins for the little folk who love to play horse—and what child does not? And in the front, made of felt, was the head of the gayest cockatoo you ever saw. Another had a dog's head and another a long-haired, long-bearded Santa's head.

A small portfolio covered with cretonne having different children's heads scattered over it will make a lovely and practical gift for the little girl whom you wish to write you, especially if it is plentifully supplied with paper, envelopes and pencils.

For the boy or girl who is beginning to eat at table with the grown-ups and will sometimes have an accident and spill something on the clean table-cloth is a set of plate doilies and glass doilies of oilcloth, hand-decorated with children going to school, roosters or fluffy ducklings. The kiddie needn't feel the least embarrassed, either, even if he does have this little set all to himself, for these sets, instead of table-cloths, are made for grown people's use, and right pretty they are.

ONE of the joys of the Christmas stocking is because it is just like a grab-bag; the child puts in his hand and never knows what he is going to pull out. So, among other things for a child's Christmas are, not stockings, but funny grab-bags made to look like clowns' heads, elephants and all sorts of funny things which are filled to the brim with amusing toys. (These gay-colored grab-bags would be very effective on a Christmas tree.)

There are also boxes which cost about a dollar and are filled with all sorts of things for the little girl's doll—a comb, brush, necklacc, a back-comb and a cunning little umbrella!

As I went from shop to shop, it was not for children alone that I saw things. There was a sandpaper tray at one little shop dealing in quaint and odd art objects. The tray would be just the thing for the bride. A sandpaper tray sounds queer, doesn't it? But it was not queer; it was lovely. On a sandpaper background was painted with water-colors a basket of gay fruit. This was covered with glass and framed in tan-colored wood, with a reed handle at either end. The effect was delightful and artistic.

Speaking of trays makes me think of another which I saw in a store in Chinatown. It was a large tray woven of split reeds, very substantial and very good-looking, about three feet in diameter. This stood on a folding rack made with legs which, when opened out, clutched the tray securely. Here was a tray and a tea-table combined which could be disposed of quickly when not needed and yet just the thing upon which to serve the ever refreshing afternoon tea when friends come in.

STANDING on this tray-table, which was displayed with a tea-service, was a queer oval basket, beautifully and closely woven, and when my curiosity prompted me to open it I found that it was a heavily padded container for a quaint Chinese teapot. The clerk assured me that it would keep the tea hot for hours when the lid was tightly clamped.

I have looked at tea-wagons of all kinds, from the plain utility ones to the handsome wicker and mahogany ones, which, though beautiful, are just as utilitarian as the plain kind. Some of them have leaves at the side which can be used or not at will, and others—well, let me tell you about them.

Have you not known the discomfort of having to balance a teacup of hot tea in one hand and a plate of cake or a sandwich in the other with no hand left to convey either to your lips? Well, I have, and thank goodness some ingenious person has devised a way of eliminating such a situation by inventing a teacup stand which holds not only the teacup but also the plate! These are not sold singly, but are a part of the fittings of a tea-wagon, under which they are fitted so that when they are not in use they are not in the way.

AT A wonderful china-and-glass store I found a gift, in the shape of a French dressing-bottle, for a housewife. On it were marked the proper proportions of vinegar and oil for the amount held in the bottle. At the same place were two glass compartment-dishes which delighted me, for they were not the conventional round shape which seems to prevail in these dishes. One was oblong and the other was oval.

Another thing which pleased my housewifely soul was a muffin or cake stand for the table. It was composed of three plates in a standard which stood about fourteen inches high. In copper or brass it would make a charming centerpiece for a table, and think what a lot of space it would conserve!

A copper bonbon tray shaped in a manner which reminded me of Aladdin's wonderful lamp was another attractive gift which I found in an out-of-the-way little brass shop. It was a gift I would have liked for myself and so I knew would be numerous ones among my house-keeping friends.

Among some other things, I saw some desk sets made of a tile composition which is neither heavy nor breakable. It is printed in curious and quaint designs and yet can be washed free of accidental ink-stains. The set I liked best had a curious Egyptianesque design in the dull browns and reds of Egyptian pictures. It consisted of a desk-pad holding the blotter, an ink-well, pen-tray, hand-blotter, holder for paper and envelopes. Of this same material were made telephone-book covers, tiles for placing under vases of flowers to protect the mahogany stand, and many other useful and artistic articles.

A BIG shop which makes a specialty of desk accessories has a desk-set which consists of a pair of paper scissors and a letter-opener. The letter-opener, instead of having a handle, serves as the handle to a reading-glass. These two articles are in a leather case. It is such a handsome and practical thing that it seems to me almost any man would be pleased with such a gift for his desk.

At this same place was a traveler's leather or khaki covered desk-pad about the size of a small tablet, fitted with a tablet, envelopes and pencil.

A little gift-shop which I came upon on a visit away from the city was rich in useful, inexpensive gifts. One of its most festive, ornamental articles was a hand-painted envelope containing a dozen or more cards with conical stories and anecdotes printed on them, each card bearing a brightly colored floral design to attract and please the eye. This is a bright Christmas-morning greeting for the sick or convalescent child or grown-up.

THE medicine-glass cover will be very useful in homes where the presence of small folk means the occasional childish complaint. A round, white celluloid disk was made in the form of the dial of a clock with movable hands which may be placed at the hour when the next dose of medicine is due. It fits on the glass and can be removed and cleansed when necessary.

A hot-water bag of very small size covered with flannel, cut out and sewed in the shape of a rabbit in overalls, is appropriate for babies and small children. They will love the white head, pink ears, blue overalls and the fuzzy little tail sewed on the back.

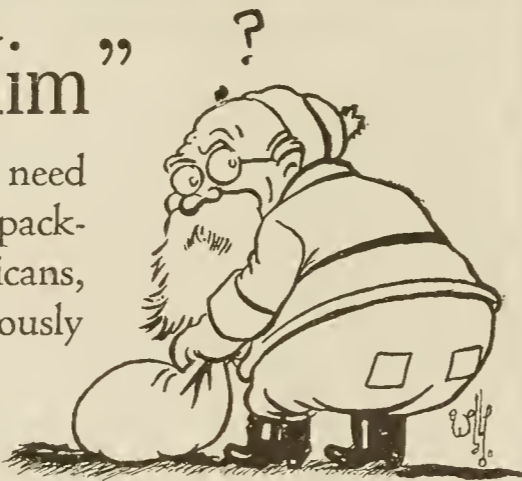
A brightly hand-painted booklet of soft, filmy leaves, of tissue-paper texture, to be used for cleaning eyeglasses, will please the elderly person. The sheets can be torn out as they are needed.

There were pencils with fancy ends fitting over the points to protect them against breaking. The ends took the form of little brownies, birds, fishes, kewpies and Indian heads carved from wood. A six-inch ruler of celluloid painted with forget-me-knots, with a bright-colored tassel fastened to one end and the

Concluded on page 94

From You to "Him"

This year your gift to him need not be confined to a 9x4x3 package. He, like 2,000,000 Americans, will find this Christmas gloriously different from the one spent overseas last year. But he'll not forget those long dreary days nor how *The Stars and Stripes* helped him "stick it." Why not give him something that will not only remind him of you every week in the year, but something that will keep him in touch with his man's world? Give him—



THE HOME SECTOR

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF *The Stars and Stripes*

This new man's weekly is dedicated to every American who saw service under the American flag during the great war. It is full of straight talk from men who were in the service to men who were in the service. And there is no bunk in it.

Baldrige, Wallgren and all the others who by their writings and drawings made *The Stars and Stripes* famous are now at work for THE HOME SECTOR. It is packed with jokes and verse and it prints every week the latest news from all the old Yank sectors on the other side of the Atlantic. It is lively each week with the low-down from the various trenches in the home sector where a dizzy fight is now being waged to make this America a very bon sector indeed.

Look it over yourself—then order your subscription for "Him."

On All News-stands Every Wednesday

10 Cents a Copy—\$5.00 a Year. Write for Special Combination Offer

AGENTS WANTED—ADDRESS

Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York



"Typical scene in the Irish linen country"

DERRYVALE

Registered United States Patent Office

Genuine Irish Linen

These Beautiful
DERRYVALE
GENUINE IRISH LINEN
TABLE CLOTHS
may be had from \$7⁵⁰ up

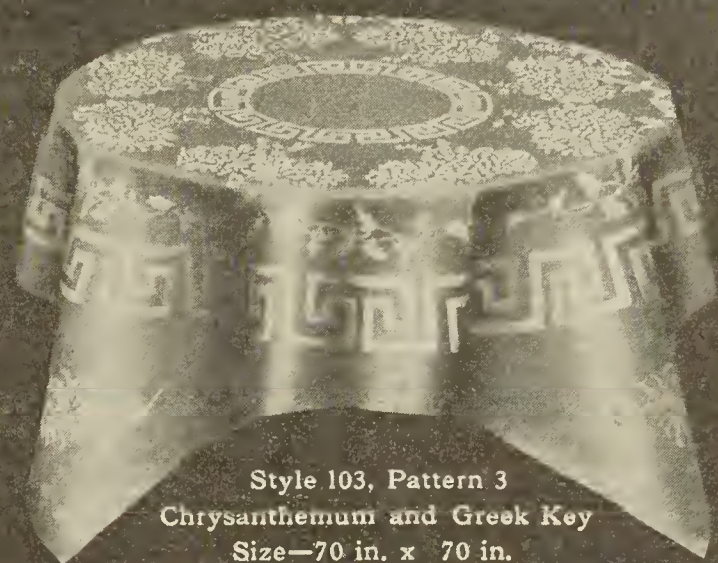
IF the beauty and quality of Genuine Irish Linen has given you the impression that they are expensive, these "Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen" Table Cloths will prove to you that they are most economical.

The illustrations show some of the many beautiful "Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen" Table Cloths, in round designs.

Write for the "Derryvale" catalog.

A GIFT that will appeal and go straight to the heart of every woman is the HOLIDAY SPECIAL pictured below. One of our fine "Derryvale Genuine Irish Linen" Table Cloths of exquisite design and splendid quality.

PACKED IN AN INDIVIDUAL GIFT BOX.



Style 103, Pattern 3
Chrysanthemum and Greek Key
Size—70 in. x 70 in.
70 in. x 88 in.
70 in. x 106 in.



Style 112, Pattern 4
Ivy and Ribbon
Size—70 in. x 70 in.
70 in. x 88 in.
70 in. x 106 in.



Style 130
Satin Band
Size—72 in. x 72 in.
72 in. x 90 in.
72 in. x 108 in.



Style 125, Pattern 3
Sheraton
Size—72 in. x 72 in.
72 in. x 90 in.
72 in. x 108 in.



HOLIDAY SPECIAL \$12⁵⁰

Circular Stripe Rose and Spots, Plain Center
Style 121 Pattern 1 Size 72 in. x 72 in.
IN AN INDIVIDUAL GIFT BOX

Sold regularly at \$15.00 Specially priced for this sale only
May also be had in larger sizes. 72 in. x 90 in. at \$15.00. 72 in. x 108 in. at \$18.00.

WE will include with this offer, Free of cost, one of our instructive and entertaining books "How to Set the Table for Every Occasion," usually sold for 50c.

"DERRYVALE Genuine Irish Linens" are sold in most Cities by one Department Store Exclusively. We do not sell at retail, but if you cannot locate this store in your City, mail us your personal check, post-office or express money order or cash (if you register the letter) and we will ship this special Holiday Offer direct to you, Express Prepaid.

DERRYVALE LINEN COMPANY Inc.
23 East 22d Street New York City

"I never dreamed a Reading Lamp could give so much light"



Wonderful for Reading and Sewing

The finest kind of a Christmas gift for your country friends and relatives.

HERE is the most brilliant gas generating lamp ever perfected. In use in thousands of homes throughout the country. A pure white light—brilliant, without glare, equal to 20 oil lamps or 300 candle power!

Coleman Quick-Lite

Most Brilliant Light in the World

Makes and burns its own gas from common motor gasoline, and lights with ordinary matches. No wick to trim; no chimney to wash. No danger, even if turned over—fuel cannot spill. The Quick-Lite burns in any position. Requires filling only once a week.

Seeing Is Believing: Once you see this wonderful lamp in use, you'll not wonder why thousands give it enthusiastic endorsement. You can read without eye-strain, for the mellow light saves the eyes. No other form of artificial light can be compared to the Quick-Lite.

Largest Manufacturers of Gasoline Lamps in the World

15,000 DEALERS sell Coleman Quick-Lite Lamps, Lanterns and Lighting Plants. If yours can't supply you, write nearest house.

THE COLEMAN LAMP COMPANY

WICHITA ST. PAUL TOLEDO DALLAS LOS ANGELES CHICAGO

HOW TO FINANCE THE NEW HOME

BY ABRAM I. ELKUS

Chairman, New York State Reconstruction Commission

OWN your home. It pays to do this. Owning, under proper conditions, is more economical than renting, and in its influence on character, on the home people themselves, and on the welfare of the nation, it is infinitely better.

But how to get the money to own? Building or buying has been terribly expensive. So, for that matter, has become renting. And a young couple need not have the ready money to finance their domestic enterprise. They can pay on the instalment plan, without the slightest occasion for embarrassment. The cooperative building and loan associations attend to this.

More than one million dwellings have been purchased with money accumulated by the cooperative building and loan associations of the United States. This, according to an estimate quoted by Mr. Charles O'Connor Hennessey, an ex-president of the United States League of Local Building and Loan Associations. These organizations have a membership of more than four million men and women.

The average per dwelling-house made by these associations is less than twenty-five hundred dollars, which shows that people of moderate means are beneficiaries of the system.

THERE are few towns of any size in the United States now where a building and loan association is not to be found, although it is evident that the movement, while showing extraordinary growth in the States of Pennsylvania, Ohio, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Illinois, New York and Indiana, has not as yet demonstrated a similar growth in the Southern and Western States.

But despite the constantly increasing magnitude of the cooperative savings-and-home-building movement through these institutions, they have found themselves, since the date of the war armistice, generally unable to meet the extraordinary demands for home-buying capital that have manifested themselves in recent months. One association in New York City—The Franklin Society—advanced approximately twelve hundred thousand dollars to home-seekers for the purchase of small dwelling-houses within twenty miles of the New York City Hall during the first eight months of 1919, its average loan being thirty-six hundred dollars.

While the savings-funds in these institutions, as in the ordinary savings-banks, have shown a large increase since January 1, 1919, the funds are still in many parts of the country, and particularly in the industrial centers, entirely inadequate to meet the abnormal housing shortage which confronts the people.

The Calder-Nolan Bill contemplates the creation under the supervision of a superintendent in the Treasury Department, of a system of Federal regional banks, eleven in number, the capital of which is to be subscribed by the Building and Loan Associations.

THE problem of financing the home is not the same in all places, accordingly. Own Your Own Home Committees have been formed in various cities as part of a national campaign to overcome all obstacles. If you live in St. Paul, Minnesota, for example, you want to look into the opportunities offered by the Civic Home Loan Corporation. This organization will lend up to eighty-five per cent. of an investment in a home on the contract basis. Salt Lake City has a "mutual" building society, besides the usual building and loan association. The building society has been in existence twelve years, with an organized capital of two hundred thousand dollars of paid stock and a guarantee of six per cent. quarterly dividend.

Paul C. Murphy, an enthusiastic worker in the Own Your Own Home movement, says of conditions in Portland, Oregon:

"We find in Portland that there are many persons who own their lot but can not borrow sufficient money to build a home, as most of the loan companies will not lend over fifty per cent. of the value of the property. The plan of the Portland Housing Corporation is intended to provide for the difference between the amount that can be borrowed on a first mortgage and the amount necessary to complete the home. The monthly payments—which one would have to pay out for rent—would first apply to the second mortgage, which, in most cases, would be paid off by the time the first mortgage became due, and this could be renewed or put upon a monthly instalment loan, like the building and loan association."

THIS kind of housing corporation requires a paid-up capital of ten thousand dollars. Applications for loans are to be received from workers showing that they have been employed for at least three months before applying, proving ownership of a lot fulfilling certain requirements as to size and locality, cash in hand of at least three hundred dollars, and willingness to enter into a contract with contractor to build, both contractor and building to be subject to the approval of the corporation.

Assuming that the house is to cost two thousand dollars under this arrangement, there would be a contract providing a payment of three hundred dollars in cash, a first mortgage, of one thousand at seven per cent, and a second mortgage at five per cent, of seven hundred dollars. This is an excellent form of local building help.

OF THIRTY-three cities in New York State, eleven report great need of cheap separate houses, and four of two-family houses. Sixteen cities were already experiencing a shortage of available homes before the war, twenty-two during the past three years. Only eight reported no shortage; twenty-six lay the blame

of the shortage on the high cost of materials.

Experts have testified that the high cost of building materials will not be reduced for perhaps ten years, and those of us who have been investigating conditions have reached the conclusion that only through the subsidy of building by the State or the Federal Government can there be homes provided for people of moderate means throughout the nation during the next few years.

THE Federal Loan Banking now under consideration extends to home-seekers the same advantages that have been offered to farmers with one difference: that the Farm Loan system started with nothing, and the Building Loan banks start with seven thousand, five hundred or more cooperative organizations already in existence and already in possession of two billion dollars in mortgage resources. The banks are to be under a superintendent and bureau in the Treasury Department. The capital will be supplied by savings and loan associations who join the system. The deposit of mortgages by these associations will form the basis for the issue of tax-exempt bonds in the ratio of eighty dollars' worth of bonds for each one hundred dollars of mortgage deposit. These bonds are carefully protected by law, limited to four and one-half per cent. interest, and should sell quickly.

This plan will be the best means of furnishing young people with a home. It serves no political purpose. You can do no better than to urge on your representative at Washington the passing of the Federal Loan Banking Bill.

In addition to furthering this sort of legislation in the interest of solving the housing problem, the New York State Reconstruction Commission has drawn up a plan for community ownership which should also go far toward bringing together the family and the permanent home.

FIRST of all comes the following general advice:

Cheap land within easy reach of existing industry shall be used.

Building to be carried upon a large scale.

Expert, experienced advice to be secured from men, accustomed to handling housing on a large scale from the point of view of finance, design, building and management. On cheap land it will be possible to build apartments far less congested than existing houses. Experienced builders and designers will be able, working on a large scale, to build a better type than much of the existing housing.

This concrete plan for building is based on the conspicuous success of cooperative housing in England, both on the apartment-house system in cities and the grouping of separate dwellings in suburban or rural districts.

Inhabitants of large cities are already accustomed to a loose form of community housing, such as exists in large apartment-houses. There are already central laundries, central heating systems, central cold-storage plants and restaurants, all for the group of families occupying one building.

Why not extend this cooperative scheme to include a whole block of buildings? The block could be turned, so to speak, inside out, so that the houses face a central courtyard, small park, or playground, overhung by balconies from which mothers could watch their children, providing the occupants with light, air, sunshine and a place for recreation, and insuring really more privacy than if the houses were built separately in the usual way and depended on the street for light and air and recreation.

Thus for the city and for suburbs or rural districts a group of separate houses could be centralized in the same way with provision for storing and cooking food all in a central place, a central heating and lighting system, laundry, and so forth.

THE actual economy and the facilitation of household work furnished by this plan should appeal to every young couple, especially the wife. It could be extended to include a common library and reading-room, a big nursery and adjoining playground for the children, a cooperative store, tennis-courts, gymnasium, swimming-pool, and so on. The possibilities of the scheme are limited only by the amount of money which can be put into it.

The group or block of houses, whether in town or country, could be owned by a housing corporation with two forms of stock: loan stock, held by the housing corporation, and building association and tenants' stock. All tenants would be entitled, though not required, to become shareholders, no tenant to own stock beyond the value of the premises he occupies. A portion of the rent should go toward paying for the stock. Tenant stockholders would elect a tenant-membership committee with representation on the board of management. All leases should be terminable at any time by the tenant upon giving notice.

ACTUAL drawings for this type of building have been made for the New York State Reconstruction Commission by Clarence S. Stein, architect, and secretary of the Commission's committee on housing. These plans, with further suggestions for homemakers, will be set forth by Mr. Stein in a future issue.

If you have no community loan association in your town, get together a group of families who are looking for permanent, reasonable homes, and take your combined resources to the most public-spirited business man in your town. He will see the possibilities and help arrange the financial end for you. People everywhere realize the necessity of helping young married people to be real assets to the State. You are a good risk—none better. Do not be afraid to capitalize your future.

A Very Agreeable Aperient



"The Line of Life"

At All Druggists

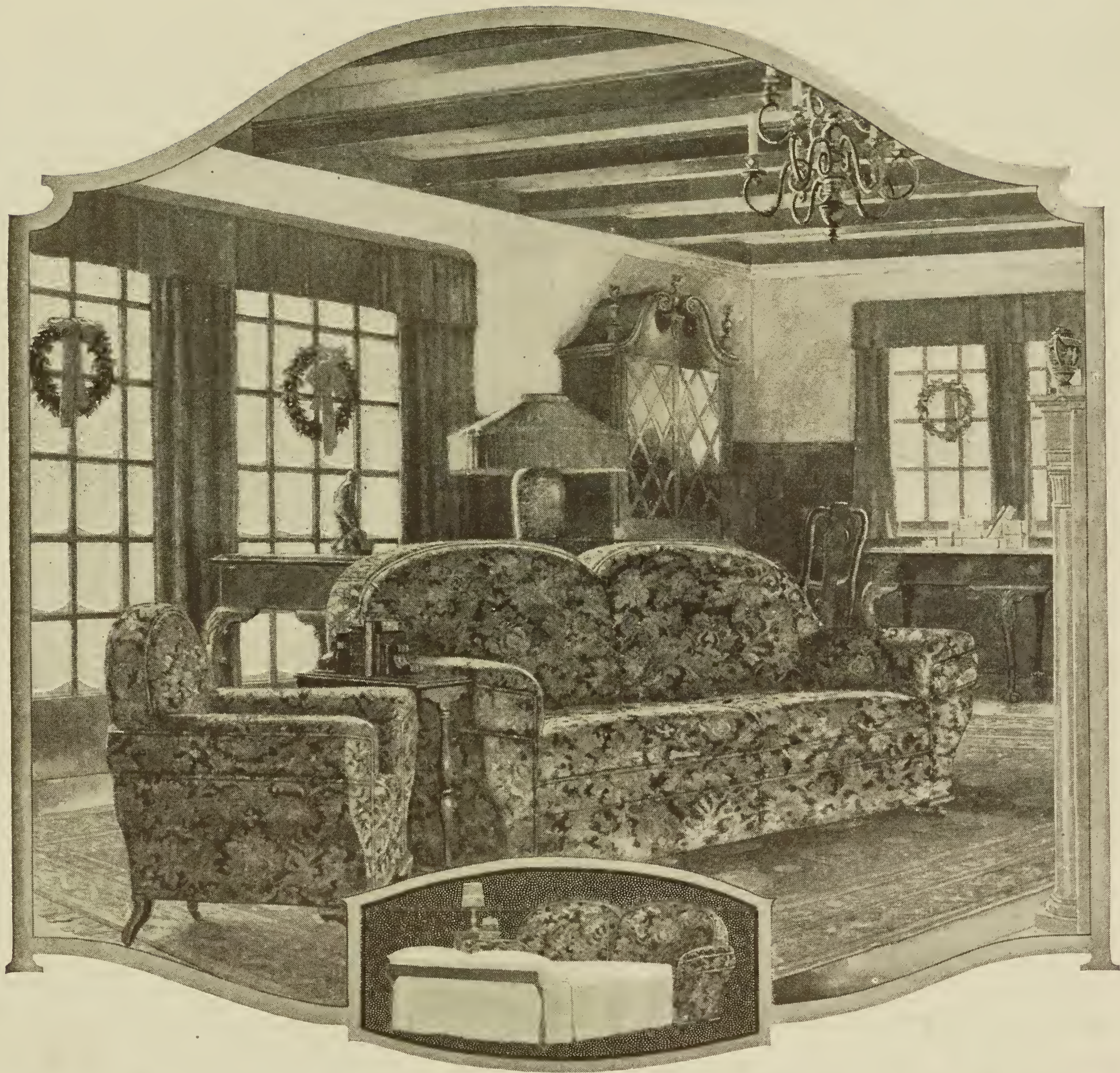
One size only—\$1.00 a Bottle

Prepared only by

J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England

Agents for the American Continents:

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York, U. S. A.—Toronto, Can.



KROEHLER

DAVEN-O

The Kroehler Daven-O is a bed and davenport combined. It folds and unfolds. Folded, it is a davenport of refined elegance and matchless quality. Unfolded, it is a bed of matchless comfort.

Yet so skillfully is the designing done that when used as a davenport all hint of a bed vanishes. There remains only an impression of sheerest luxury.

A more appropriate holiday gift for the entire family could hardly be imagined.

If you need additional sleeping accommodations for family or guests, or merely wish to brighten your living room or parlor with a new davenport, remember the Kroehler Daven-O does *both* at *one price*. Ask your dealer for a demonstration.

Kroehler Daven-Os are made long or short—for rooms large or small. But either size is equipped with full size, patented, sagless, metal, folding bed-frame and springs, and also with a thick, luxuriously-comfortable, Kroehler-made-and-fitted, removable mattress.

Plenty of room in folded bed for pillows, extra coverings, etc. Folds—unfolds easily. Meets every demand of comfort, health and convenience.

A wonderful variety of styles in Modern Overstuffed, Colonial and Period designs. All woods and finishes. Luxuriously upholstered in Tapestry, Velour and Leather, and Leather Substitute. Designs, material and construction throughout the best that can be commanded by specialists who for years have concentrated on this one product only.

Enterprising dealers nearly everywhere sell and guarantee the Kroehler Daven-O. In buying insist on seeing on Daven-O and mattress the Kroehler *trade-mark* and *label*. These are the signs of the genuine—your insurance of maximum service and satisfaction.

An interesting book of illustrations will be mailed you, with name of your nearest dealer, upon request.

(13)



We back this Trade-Mark with our Reputation.

I Didn't Know—

—how I could do it, at all. We needed so many things—and the prices of ready-made apparel are so high! But, I found a way!

This happy experience may be yours, too! Home-sewing will solve the problem—and a Davis Portable Electric Sewing Machine will solve it with remarkable ease, pleasure and success.

Instead of fewer clothes—have more! Your Davis keeps down the cost. It helps you do more sewing—better sewing—sewing with the drudgery left out.

Davis Portable Electric Sewing Machines

EVERY home that has electricity may now have this modern time and labor saver. There are three DAVIS models, each completely enclosed in a very handsome and convenient dust-proof carrying case. May be taken anywhere. Permits sewing in any room.

Stow in closet—out of sight, when not in use. The price range is \$48 to \$60 [\$2 additional west of Rockies]. In Canada slightly higher. Sold by electrical dealers everywhere. Telephone your dealer for a free trial or write for illustrated Catalog 54.

THE DAVIS SEWING MACHINE COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio

Manufacturers of Sewing Machines since 1862

Put it in the closet when you're through



You merely press the foot-control

WHERE BEAMS THE CANDLE-LIGHT

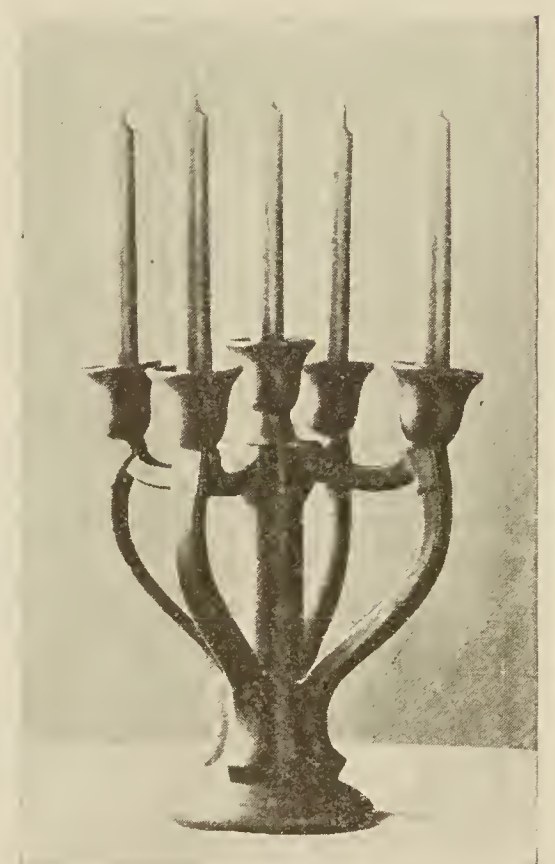


Photos by Brown, 1919.

A pair of candlesticks with a bowl of the same material makes a dignified adornment for a wide mantle, a refectory table or topping long, low book-shelves. Sometimes the candlesticks and bowl come in lovely iridescent shades of pottery, or in an opaque tone that gives a flaming color-note to the room



This bright orange pottery, has been made in America for two centuries. Carried on by our Carolinian mountaineers, it is distinctively an American art



Here is a new and wonderfully effective grouping for the five-branched candlestick. Two such lighted candelabra in a room will give it an air of dignity



Single candlesticks of metal, glass, wood and pottery with candles of varying shapes and colors. The slender, tapering, hand-dipped candle in the third candlestick has rare grace



Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

A New Adventure

TWICE a month, the 3d and 18th, a new *Adventure* is on the news-stands—full of clean, invigorating stories of real life in real places—told by the best fiction writers. Published by the publishers of *Everybody's Magazine*. Join the *Adventure* enthusiasts when you pass the next news-stand.

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, 223 Spring Street, New York



KODAK —the gift that helps to make her Christmas merry—then keeps a picture story of the Christmas merriment.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*



The Modern Way is Lemon —with the Tea

It is now more than "the style," it's the custom and it is almost universal—to take lemon in the tea. Cream is out of date. Connoisseurs say that cream prevents the enjoyment of the real flavor of the tea. Lemon enhances it.

In the famous restaurants and hotels it is always "lemon," and there's still another reason: Lemon juice is an appetizer, due to the valuable salts and acids it contains.

In fact, tea is better and better for you when you have learned to prefer lemon.

Try it next time. Use—

CALIFORNIA Sunkist
Uniformly Good Lemons

They are practically seedless—juicy—tart. Also waxy—bright and clean, which makes them look best in tea

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,000 Growers
Section 51, Los Angeles, California

Send for free book, "Sunkist Recipes," showing 126 attractive ways to use these lemons.

Also distributors of Sunkist Oranges and Sunkist Marmalade

Are You One of Those Women

who have to plan your own wardrobe as well as the children's? If so, you realize that the planning is the hardest part of the work. There is the most wonderful kind of help, where the planning is done for you—a book that appears four times a year, with hundreds of smart designs for yourself and the children, a book that practically forecasts fashions for the entire season—the

Butterick Quarterly

—not only brimful of the smartest styles for the coming three months, but also with the latest news about appropriate accessories and new fabrics.

There will be pages of the smartest suits and blouses to wear with them, tailleurs and coat dresses, correct frocks for the afternoon, and evening gowns that are *de rigueur* as well as negligees, underclothes and house dresses. Top-coats and redingotes, evening wraps and capes will be found in the very latest silhouette.

Quite as completely taken care of are the little tots, the in-between ages, and women, large and small, thin and stout. For complete and exhaustive suggestions for garments for yourself and the children get the Butterick Quarterly.

NOW ON SALE

AT ANY BUTTERICK PATTERN DEPARTMENT

25 cents, with coupon good for 15 cents in the purchase of any Butterick Pattern

Concluded from page 16

THE GIFT TREE

twining the Michella vines into covered glass bowls that their cheerful red berries may glow freshly all the rest of the Winter. If a sprig of mistletoe or wreath of holly comes from afar, so much the better; but we are not dependent on them. The Winter greens of the woods about us can hymn the season with as sweet a song—perhaps a sweeter, for Christmas is a time when the dear, familiar things of home speak a language like no other, and as the Southerner thinks of the cut branches of the long-leaf pine when he thinks of Christmas, we of the northern hills think most often, I fancy, of the trailing evergreen pulled from its earthy bed beneath a coverlid of snow and brought home through silent woods and over white fields where the purple shadows creep. I have never, in fact, been able to grasp the idea that people who live beneath the Southern Cross can have any real Christmas at all! It comes for them in Summer, and their Christmas wreaths must be made of flowers.

DID it ever occur to you, I wonder, that you can easily grow your own Christmas trees, and go out each year and cut one yourself—provided, of course, that you have a bit of land? Also you can, perhaps not so easily, grow your own Christmas greens in a shady corner, and, it may be, thereby solving the problem of what to plant beneath the big tree where no grass will grow. I should like at this season to suggest the idea, not only in honor of Christmas and for the joy of home-grown Christmas trees, but for the protection of our fast-disappearing forests and the good of the generations to come. If you plant and grow your own tree, you both have that and you make a present of a forest tree thus spared to the children who come after you. On a piece of land fifty by fifty feet (it does not need to be rich land, and may better be land not fitted for gardening) you can plant one hundred trees spaced five feet apart each way in the rows. This will give them ample room to grow and develop symmetrically till some are large enough to thin out, making still more room for the broader-based specimens. If two-year-old seedlings are used, one hundred trees can probably be set out for five dollars, or even less if you yourself do the work, and you could well afford to put in two hundred, thus allowing for loss the first Winter, and later thinning down to one hundred.

If you set out a mixed stand, using white pines, red cedars, red spruces, Norway spruces (an imported tree which is cheap and grows very rapidly), balsams (if your climate is cold enough), and Colorado blue spruces, you will begin to

get good Christmas trees probably in six or seven years—you might even get a few a little sooner. The chances are that you will take out the Norway spruces first, and get them all removed before you use many of the others. They are excellent Christmas trees, but not worthy to be allowed to develop into mature trees when you have better varieties. From the time you begin cutting, for several years you will have plenty of Christmas trees each season, not only for your own use, but enough to give away as presents to your friends. By the time all your trees, even the Colorado blues, are too large for Christmas uses, you will have thinned the original hundred to twenty-five or thirty of the best specimens, to keep as permanent trees, to make a beautiful grove or windbreak for your dwelling, and the delight of your children's children; and then you can begin planting hemlocks under their shade for future Christmas trees.

BUT if you do not want to wait so long as six or seven years for results, you may, of course, begin with larger trees at the start. One hundred mixed evergreens, excluding the more expensive kinds, two feet high, will cost you from fifty to one hundred dollars, according to your nursery. But you will get Christmas trees from two-foot Norway spruces or white pines in a very few years, and from red cedars, too. On a place of a few acres there is almost always some corner or strip of northern boundary where trees would be the best planting, or where a windbreak would be of great advantage. A strip one hundred feet long and only fifteen feet wide will grow you sixty trees spaced five feet, giving you thirty or forty Christmas trees and leaving you twenty or thirty fine evergreens to expand through the generations into a permanent windbreak and shelter for the birds. I can hardly think of a more delightful and enduring Christmas present to the children than such a plantation, especially if they take part in the planting, the care, and the joyous harvest of the trees. For every Christmas tree we use in our houses we ought, if we have the facilities, to plant another somewhere outside our houses, that the joy we have this day of good-will in our fragrant balsam or resinous pine may be, as well, the possession of the generations yet to come. Let us make our love of trees on Christmas Day extend the year through, so that we plant as well as cut, and when we set the tiny evergreen in the ground I am sure that we shall see the happy little faces of children still unborn, perhaps, shining in the glow of its candles.

Concluded from page 20

CRAZY DAY

without stint allowed the Silloway Select School girls.

Late that Christmas Eve, after "lights out," Rhoda lay in a curled-up heap under her blankets, reviewing the Hanging, as she styled it.

What fun! Twice they had thought they were going to be caught and just hadn't been!

Once the Flinty One had almost opened the door upon them; once the stocking had tumbled down while they were in the midst of hanging it.

Rhoda was not at all sleepy. The town lights blotted out suddenly and left her to think her thoughts in the dark, and then a curious thing happened to Rhoda. She suddenly found herself wishing there were just one nice thing in that dangling stocking across the hall. Just one, to—to take the taste out of the rest of it. It was queer, it certainly was queer, how much plainer you could see things in the dark!

Rhoda slid out of bed and punched the button for light and found the dainty box of candy she had selected with such care—dainty inside as well as out. She could get another for Elizzie. Very, very softly she stole across the hall and by the sense of touch made a beautiful exchange. When she stole back, the box of joke candy—the all-day suckers—was in her hand. As soon as her head touched the pillow again she dropped to sleep.

It was dark in Elizzie's room, too; dark enough to see things.

"Goodness!" thought Elizzie, snuggled into her pillows, "I'm glad I'm not a Miss Mary Jane Flint! I'd hate to have that joke on me. I should be," thought she, "as mad as a hornet's nest—the whole nest!"

The gaudy red bandanna handkerchiefs unrolled out of their tissue and ribbon and flaunted before her, there in the pitch darkness. She could see the exact patterns of them as clearly as if they were there in the body as well as in the dreadful, gaudy soul.

"Bother!" cried a cross Shirley, farther down the hall. "If I don't go to sleep pretty soon, I'll—I'll stay awake! That's my last word! Take it or leave it!"

Darkness for thoughts in Shirley's room, too.

IN THE room across the hall Mary Flint sat up in her bed, rocking her knees with a slow, weaving motion. Sometimes it helped her get sleepy and sometimes it didn't. Tonight it didn't. But her thoughts were not unpleasant ones. A little finger of light would have pointed out offishly a wistful smile on the Flinty One's lips.

"The rogues, all three of them! They've been hatching mischief all day, I know. But it's Christmas. I'm glad I let 'em hatch. It's hard luck to be in a great desert of an empty dormitory Christmas of all times. Goodness, if three of 'em together are lonesome, what about me! And I haven't so much as a stepcousin-in-law to be homesick for!"

"They're all three of 'em dears, but they'd die of laughing if they knew I thought so.

That's the fourth time somebody's come past my door—sounds as if they stopped to listen. I could hear 'em keeping still!"

On Christmas morning the strangest vision appeared at Rhoda's door; a flushed and radiant vision with loosened hair, actually pretty—"Flintlocks!" A gay wrapper enveloped the vision. She waved a lumpy stocking.

"You ears! I've unloaded it and loaded it again. I know every corn-pop by sight! Get out of bed, quick, and come with me! I rap the quilt, feather-bed, anything round you! We'll wake the others up—you're all guilty—I know!"

She and Rhoda woke the others. The Vision waved and chattered.

"Girls, I never expected to get the good out of my middle name, not this side of heaven. But I'm getting the good of it now! I'm glad my mother named me J. for Joy! Mary Joy Flint—it's always been a joke till two minutes ago."

She was unloading the stocking again. She wasn't old or homely or crosspatch. They forgot all of her but the Joy.

A tissue roll was unrolled, a little jeweler's box opened, a box of dainty candies displayed. The three girls looked everywhere but at each other. It was as if they were each guilty of a separate crime. Not one culprit, but three.

"I never saw cobwebbie handkerchiefs—it doesn't seem possible there are three of 'em! Look at the hand-work!"

"Look at this tiny pair of collar-pins with little pearls!"

"HERE, take one—take that big fat one. No one ever gave me a box of real blue-blooded candy before. I've looked at the boxes in candy windows and wondered how it would feel. Given to you, you know, not bought. Take that silver-coated one—all of you take two more!"

Visions and miracles—a plain, middle-aged teacher transformed to this flushed and shining vision; a Christmas saved as by a miracle! The three girls drew three long breaths. Their eyes met at last and—was this another miracle?—there were tears in them all.

"I know you all think I'm crazy," laughed Mary Joy Flint. "But I'm not. I'm just thawed. I was frozen up solid before. Besides, I guess if I wanted to be crazy I could be—it's my Crazy Day! It's taken me forty-six years to get round to my privilege of going crazy over a stocking on Christmas morning!"

Suddenly she sat down on Elizabeth's bed and frankly cried.

That morning, a little later, the three girls opened their boxes that had come in the mail. They presented rather a curious appearance. Each girl wore a gay cotton bandanna handkerchief round her neck crossed on her breast. Each girl had been soberly struggling with an unwieldy all-day sucker. On one of Shirley's slender fingers, as her hand untied and unwrapped Guardy's prim and useful Christmas box, flashed a huge glass "diamond."

The girls were doing penance.

For that
Christmas Gift—



TRADE "R·WALLACE" MARK
SECTIONAL
SILVER PLATE

Tea Spoons
\$2.75
The Half Dozen

Dessert Forks
\$5.00
The Half Dozen

Dessert Knives
\$9.75
The Half Dozen

Combinations in
Chests from \$32.00
upward

The Vogue

ILLUSTRATIONS
REDUCED

Guaranteed without time limit



R. Wallace & Sons Manufacturing Co.
Wallingsford, Conn.

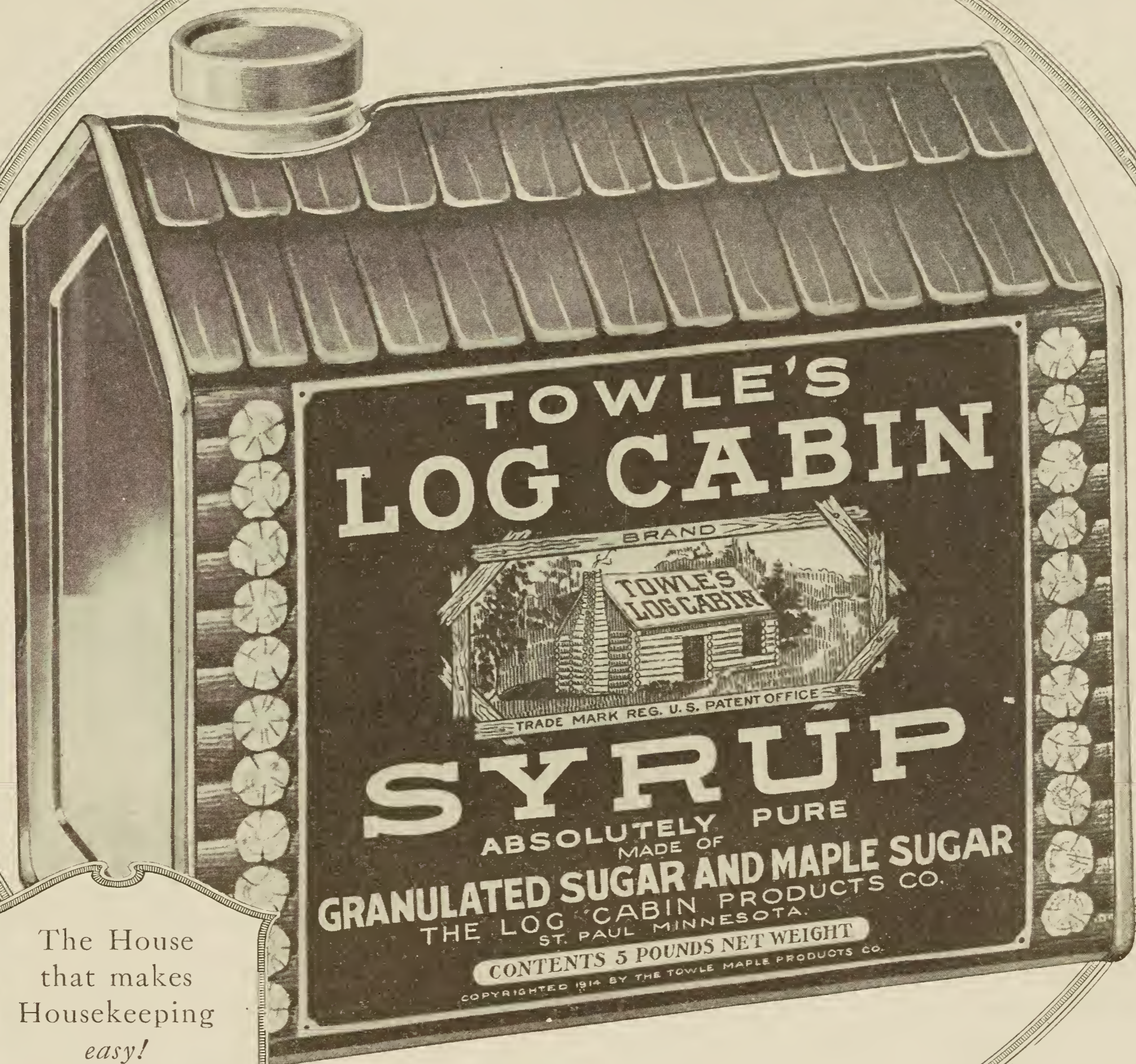


TRADE "1835 R·WALLACE" MARK
HEAVIEST SILVER PLATE

TRADE "R·WALLACE" MARK
SECTIONAL
SILVER PLATE

Send twenty cents for the famous "R. Wallace" book on Table Settings and Social Conventions, by Winnifred S. Fales

THE STANDARD FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN



The House
that makes
Housekeeping
easy!

SEE how Log Cabin Syrup lightens the work of preparing tempting breakfasts, luncheons and dinners. Just taste its delicious flavor of pure maple on

- griddle cake
- waffles
- rice cakes
- corn pones
- breakfast foods
- grape fruit
- ice cream
- or a plain slice of bread!

Three Sizes

On sale at all grocers

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS CO.
St. Paul, Minnesota
(The Centre of North America)


THE SYRUP THAT MAKES HOME SWEET HOME



**Make Your Little Girl
Happy With
AN
Add-a-pearl
NECKLACE**

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

**The Family and Friends
Will Keep It Growing
Ask Your Jeweler**



She Did It

IN her first two hours she made \$5.50. In less than two weeks—by giving only her spare time—Mrs. Gregory's profits were \$45.00.

If there is something you want; if you need extra money, why not let the Butterick plan solve the problem for you?

By looking after the new and renewal subscriptions to THE DELINEATOR, EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE and ADVENTURE in your district, you can earn from \$25 to \$250 a month.

This is the heart of the big subscription season. We need representatives everywhere to look after the new and renewal subscriptions to these well-known publications. We need you.

If you can use \$100, \$200, \$500 a year extra and wish pleasant, congenial work, take out your pencil, sign the coupon, tear it off and drop it in the next mail.

THE DELINEATOR
454 Butterick Bldg.,
New York City

Please send me free advice as to how I can turn my spare minutes into money. This does not put me under any obligation.

.....

.....

.....

**YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE
BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS
and LASHES**

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

Lash-Brow-Ine

applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use; why not you? Two sizes, 50c and \$1.00. At your dealers, or direct from us by mail, in plain cover, prepaid. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointments with imitations. Get the full name correct—LASH-BROW-INE. It's imitated. LOOK FOR The Girl with the Rose. It's on every box.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4303-35 Grand Blvd., 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 a 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.

Concluded from page 66

PLUPY'S REINDEER

his tiptoes and yell at the top of his voice to make himself heard above the uproar of the childish voices, an epidemic of shakings, boxings and violent snatchings and sittings down-hard in chairs broke out, with the result that comparative quiet was obtained.

The stage door opened and a procession of Christmas waits, clad in appropriate but obsolete garments and carrying perforated lanterns on poles, appeared. They brought with them a most potent and disagreeable smell that pungently diffused itself among the interested attendance, who sniffed audibly, moved uneasily in their seats and glanced expectantly at the tightly closed windows.

However, they came to attention as Plupy, clad in leggings, smock and many-caped coat, stepped forward, removed his heavy woolen mittens, and, drawing his instrument from its case, blew a mellow, plaintive note.

At the signal the waits, grouped in a circle and all looking upward, to give the impression of singing under the mullioned windows of a castle of the rich, titled and great, burst into the jolly strains of "God rest you, merry gentlemen!"

Unfortunately for the perfect rendition of the madrigal, Plupy in his preoccupation had inadvertently blown F on his instrument, which is four tones above the C he was expected to blow, and in consequence of this the sopranos and tenors were compelled, after the most bursting efforts and grotesque facial contortions, to quit after the first five bars and allow the altos and basses to finish the song *sempre crescendo e fortissimo*.

This somewhat unusual method, while diverting to the audience, was not sufficiently so to divert their attention from the subtle but violent odor in which they were being gradually submerged.

The second carol, for which they had made especial preparation, was scarcely an improvement, owing to the fact that the *concertmeister* this time produced from his instrument what is known and recognized in musical circles as a goose note, and this particular goose note was undoubtedly the goosiest note ever produced, which caused the utmost uncertainty as to what key the song was to be sung in, and resulted in a most chaotic *mélange* of sound.

This happily closed the musical program and the waits retired in much confusion. One woman fainted and was carried out while a window was broken by the desperate efforts of several young men to open it.

AS THIS improved matters somewhat, the audience leaned back sniffingly and gave attention as the prize speaker of the parish came tripping in and began Moore's beautiful poem: "Twas the Night Before Christmas."

It was excellently given and the audience hung on her words, while even the superintendent, still standing in a position of the greatest possible prominence on the edge of the platform, as was, and still frequently is, a habit with Sunday-school superintendents, was transfixed with admiration when at the words—

Whistled and shouted and called them by name,

the door flew open and with a jingle of harness, a jangle of bells, a rattling tattoo of tiny hoofs, a fusillade of pistol shots, cracks of whip and hoarse shouts of—

Now Dasher, now Dancer, now Prancer, now Vixen,

there swept on to the stage four dashing,

prancing and antlered reindeer drawing a gorgeous sleigh in which, seated atop of a huge pack, sat the rosiest, fattest, red-nosiest, white-beardedest, woolliest, jolliest Santa Claus that ever gladdened a child's heart; and all surrounded, permeated and saturated with the most infernal and diffusive smell ever experienced or imagined.

In spite of this the scene was so singularly appropriate and so gorgeous that the audience arose and shouted, clapped and shrieked approval, while the dapper Sunday-school superintendent bowed right and left.

THIS was what Plupy had lived for, dreamed of and anticipated for weeks; and his skinny breast heaved with pride as he gazed upon this, his masterpiece.

It was well for Plupy that he tasted even for one too brief an instant the joys of success, for like a flash the scene changed. The champing steeds, terrified by the lights, the noise, and by sundry stinging cracks of the whip, with which Santa had literally snatched segments from their hides, made a furious dash across the stage.

They knocked the superintendent a complete back-somersault on to the crockery-laden table—where he landed like a frog with a most terrific crash of cups, saucers, plates and glasses—threw Santa head first into a blazing tree that had been jolted against a lighted chandelier, plunged from the stage to the floor and dashed wildly about the hall, scattering jumping-jacks, monkeys-on-a-stick, praying Davids, woolly lambs, jointed wooden combs, gilded apples, porcelain dolls, robed and unrobed; sets of dominoes, checkers, chessmen, wooden whistles with four and even six holes, pop-corn, hard-baked candies and other seasonable articles in every direction.

Women shrieked, gathered up their available children and their skirts and shinned up benches and tables, while strong men and brave shouted and tore after the flying reindeer and the overturned sleigh.

They were securing, roping and tying the runaways, as others rushed upon the stage, righted the trees and beat out the flames, when suddenly Beany, in the disguise of Santa, cased in a most inflammable armor, began to blaze up like a pitch-pine knot or a beacon light and to yell as only a healthy boy of fifteen can yell when threatened with untimely demise under grinding torments, while Plupy, saucer-eyed with fright, was frantically trying to beat out the flames with a roll of paper napkins.

But before Beany had attained the crisp brown stage of the roasted goose, sacred to Christmas, both he and Plupy were thoroughly drenched by the contents of two pails consisting of greasy dish-water, holding in partial solution crumbs of bread, fragments of butter, bits of ham, corned beef, tongue and roast goose, particles of scalloped oysters, atoms of apple sauce and currant jelly, scraps of apple, mince, cream and squash pie, morsels of hogs'-head cheese and pork scraps and countless other esculents.

When Beany's dripping and smoky armor had been removed, he was found to be unhurt, as was Plupy. But who can plumb the depths of sorrow in a broken ambition?

Drenched to the skin, exuding grease from every pore, and smothered in shawls, poor Plupy trudged homeward, a broken, humiliated youth, a chairman dethroned forever, for in the still brilliantly lighted hall, windows were being opened, reindeer removed, brooms and mops were being briskly plied and general condemnation was being expressed of the futility of entrusting improvements to the hands of incompetent youth.

Concluded from page 57

LOVE AT COMMAND

trying to make him her father. Mrs. Norman's situation may seem at first thought unusual. As a matter of fact it is unusual only because she found out her trouble and remedied it.

Every time an analyst delves into any person's mind, whether it is one of the usual folks who claim to be "normal" or some one who frankly admits to a slight mental unhealth, the analyst is pretty sure to find an infantile dependence upon one or the other parent. A baby's awe of the overwhelming personalities which make his little world holds over, even after his mind is supposedly mature.

When you walk along the streets, you think you see grown-up men and women about you. They appear like independent beings, but some of the oldest and largest of them are just gray-haired babies.

Now the woman who still clings to her father can not keep up with her husband, and the man who longs unconsciously for the warm shelter of his mother's bosom is no stalwart mate for any woman. The greatest boon that psychoanalysis can bestow upon its disciples is the courage which accepts the pain and discipline of growing up.

A brother or sister or any strong personality upon whom a child is overdependent may continue to exercise a paralyzing influence upon an impressible adult, the stronger because it is unconscious.

Fantom lovers are as serious rivals to husbands as are idealized fathers. The woman who can not bring herself to face actuality never lacks a dream-lover. Unfortunately, dream-lovers bring no more lasting comfort than do patent medicines or morphin.

The notion that a woman loves but once is responsible for many of these fantom lovers. Some people actually believe that there is something admirable in spending one's life regretting what one didn't get.

It is in reality nothing but the Hindu-widow idea. No credit at all is due to a man

or woman who keeps emotions attached to the past instead of using them in the present.

Of course it hurts tremendously to have one's heart broken, but there is no more reason for keeping it in sections than for refusing to have a broken leg set.

Every normal human being has sufficient energy for living and loving. This energy must be intelligently applied to the "work life" and the "love life."

We talk a lot of sentimentalities about love, but know very little about it really. The truth of the matter is that the whole world is afraid of this tremendous force.

But the more we know of the laws that govern it, the better shall we be able to control it. The wonder and the joy of love remain with those who understand its nature all the days of their lives. A successful love life, like a successful work life, depends upon oneself.

A clear summary of women's attitude toward love is made by Gertrude Meisel-Hess. "The middle-class education," she says, "which reckons with marriage, a good marriage, as a matter of course, is built upon an unreal foundation. The true state of affairs does not correspond to the promises.

"The actual, satisfactory union, which every girl is brought up to expect as her just due, seldom offers itself. . . . The assumption is that she should find in a man all that poets' brains have been able to picture as ideals, and nothing less than this does she expect.

"The capacity to live through the dangers of love powerfully and elastically, not to allow oneself to be oppressed by a typically human experience—this capacity must be awakened in woman by education. She must learn to take love lightly (not in the sense of frivolously, but in the sense of elastically, and as if with wings) and she must understand that she can not allow herself to be destroyed by these experiences without debasing herself and love itself."

Pompeian Fragrance

25¢

a Talc

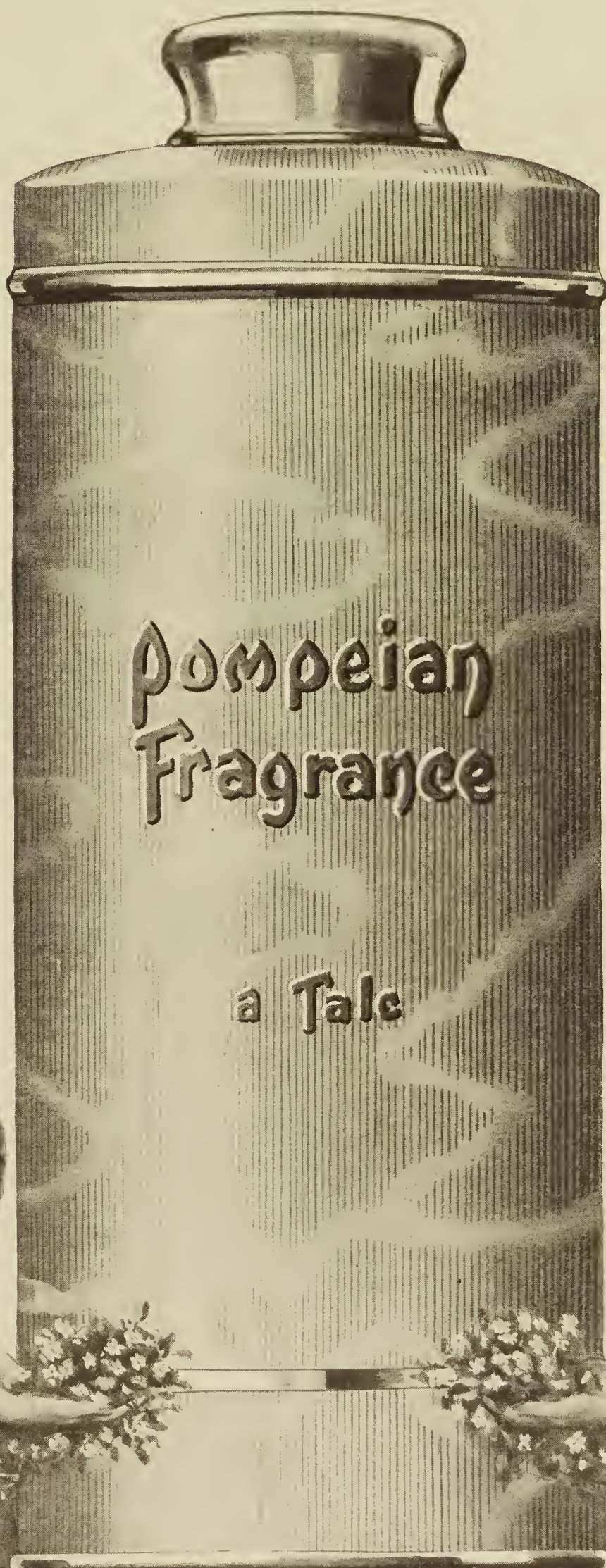
Sweet as a May Morning

"POMPEIAN FRAGRANCE" is a perfumed message from the flowery fields of May. When first this enchanting fragrance greets you—just close your eyes. Swiftly you are swept away to a magical land of flowering meadows and shady trees, cooled by grateful breezes from far-away snow-capped peaks.

You simply must try Pompeian Fragrance, the new 25c talc with the new enchanting odor. At all toilet counters.

GUARANTEE

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 Company at Cleveland, Ohio.

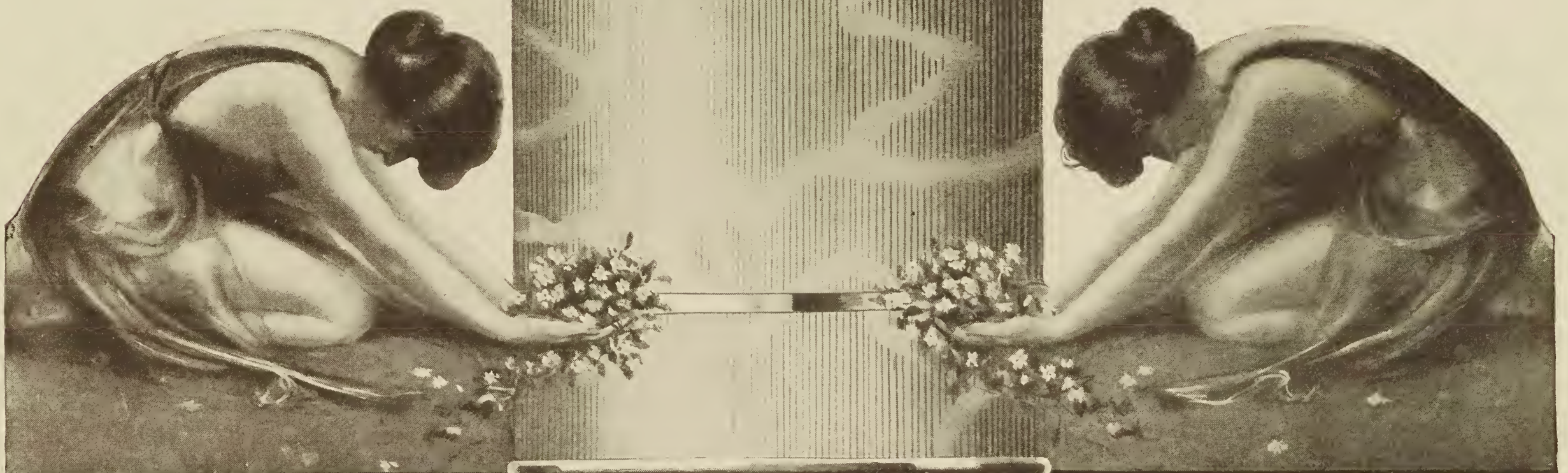


Quality Assured

The quality of Pompeian Fragrance is guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, Pompeian DAY Cream (Vanishing), Pompeian BLOOM (a rouge that won't crumble), Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, and Pompeian NIGHT Cream (a superior cold cream).

Get Art Panel and Samples

All sent for a dime. This beautiful 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel, entitled "Sweetest Story Ever Told", is 26 inches long by 8 inches wide, and is finished in colors. With it we will send a sample of Pompeian Fragrance, and also a sample of each of the 3 Pompeian Instant Beauty preparations shown herewith. Send coupon Today.



THE POMPEIAN CO.
2099 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.

Gentlemen:—I enclose a dime for a 1920 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel and sample of Pompeian FRAGRANCE—the new talc. Also Instant Beauty Samples.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Beautiful Face — Beautiful Hands



"SHE walks in beauty," Byron said—and so do you, when your hands have the delicate softness that matches your fair charm of face.

If you would be thoroughly admired—would always look your best at winter's social fetes, keep your hands velvety smooth and protect them from roughening winds and changing temperatures by using

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S PERFECT COLD CREAM "The Kind That Keeps"

The final touch of complete comfort is given by D & R Perfect Cold Cream when it is applied before retiring to soothe chapped or irritated skin. Cultured people of three generations have relied upon its exclusively refined qualities to cleanse and refresh their complexion. You will enjoy its many uses in the home. In tubes and jars, 10c to \$1.50.

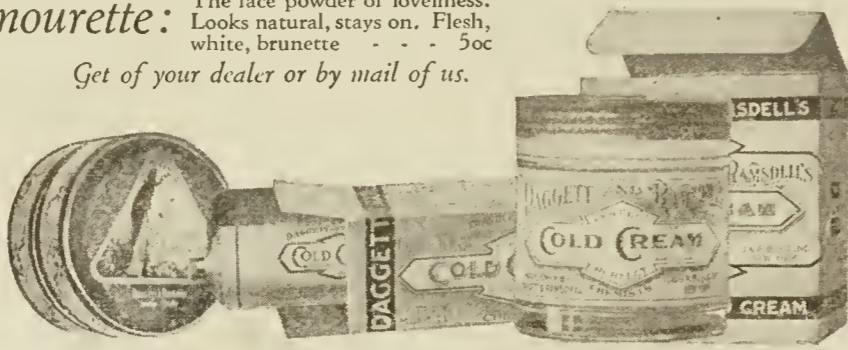
Poudre Amourette: The face powder of loveliness. Looks natural, stays on. Flesh, white, Brunette 50c

Free Trial Samples of Both

Get of your dealer or by mail of us.

Free samples of Perfect Cold Cream and Poudre Amourette will be sent you if you write us.

Daggett & Ramsdell Dept. 1203 D & R Building New York



For Ladies and Misses
boudoir styles
\$1.00 to \$3.50

For Gentlemen and Boys
den models
\$1.50 to \$4.00

For Little Tots
nursery effects
\$1.00 to \$3.00

An artistically illustrated **BOOKLET OF STYLES** in actual colors, mailed free of charge. Write for a copy

Each one knows the joy and comfort of COSYTOES

YOU cannot go amiss if you give each member of the family and your best friends CosyToes. Your thoughtfulness in presenting such sensible and useful gifts will be happily remembered long after Christmas

Master designers have triumphed in creating a galaxy of distinctive styles in the most beautiful color combinations. Every style is a "first choice." The artistic charm and quality excellence will compel irresistible admiration. CosyToes are made from California sun-bleached all-wool felt, and are tufted with soft wool. These felt slippers fairly "breathe" comfort and restfulness.

DEMAND COSYTOES BY NAME

Leading dealers throughout the country are now displaying CosyToes. Make your selections early while stocks are complete.

Standard Felt Company
WEST ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

Chicago New York San Francisco
404 South Wells Street 115 East Twenty-third St. 417 Market St.

PHOTO BY COURTESY OF
RUTH ROLAND
HENRY KING
BABY RUTH KING

ONE DAY TO DO AS THEY PLEASED

sending her things, planning for her, taking her somewhere. Marjorie held out until her father added his pleading to Robert's. It would make him very happy, Mr. Wainwright told her. He had never had a son, and Robert Waring was like a son to him. Moreover, there was the business. He had had losses; the war and its sudden end had unsettled everything; he was getting to be an old man, and if Waring should take it into his head to withdraw his capital and accept some of his rivals' offers, the business would fail and that would likely kill him.

He kept at her until she yielded and the engagement was announced. She might as well as not, Marjorie thought. Life held so little anyway. She had never heard from Hugh since she left Manila. Doubtless he had forgotten her entirely—probably was married. And if it made her father and Robert happy, why not?

ONCE she had made up her mind, she felt happier. Robert was very attentive and she was so busy she hardly had time to think. There was her trousseau to plan and the wedding, and all her friends were giving her parties and making much of her. It was only when the wedding-day drew near, a month, two weeks, a week, six days away that a cloud settled down upon her, enveloping her in black, hopeless misery.

"It's because I'm tired," she told herself. "I'll be all right when it's all over and I'm away. And it's too late now—forever too late." She told no one of her unhappiness, pleading fatigue when any one noticed the hollows under her eyes or the weariness of her step.

It was only five days before her marriage when she was busy addressing a few belated wedding-invitations that the maid brought her a card. It was late in the afternoon and the room was dark except for the shaded light on the desk and Marjorie was grateful for the shadows as she read the name—Lieutenant-Commander Hugh Garnett Williamson, United States Navy. Hugh had come, Hugh had come at last. Without a word to the girl, without a thought of her tousled hair or inky fingers, she walked straight down the stairs to him. It couldn't be Hugh, she kept saying to herself over and over; it just couldn't.

HE WAS standing by the table in the library waiting for her. The lights were on and she could see that he had changed a good deal. He looked lean and weather-beaten and there were many fine lines in his face that had not been there five years ago. But he was tall and straight and handsome as ever, Marjorie thought, as she looked at him, hungrily noting his heavy black hair, his keen blue eyes with the dark lashes that always surprised one with their color, and the long, slender hands as finely shaped as a woman's. Marjorie hardly knew how she managed the greetings, but Hugh's ease of manner helped her. He had just returned from Europe, he told her, where until the end of the war he had been in command of a destroyer acting as convoy for merchant ships, sailing from England through the Mediterranean. Now he was on his way to San Francisco to take over a new destroyer and bring it around through the canal. He had heard from one of their steamer friends whom he had met in New York that she was about to be married and as he was passing this way he had stopped over to offer his good wishes. They talked very formally for a while and Marjorie felt forlornly as if he were an utter stranger, until he rose abruptly and walked restlessly about the room, his hands in his pockets.

"Madge," he said, "I'm a liar. I wasn't passing through. I came this way to see you. I've been a long time coming, but I was a long time making sure of myself; and then the war came along and I was under orders from the beginning. I'm pretty late, but I told you I would come whether you wanted me or not and—well, here I am."

"But you never told me you would come," cried Marjorie.

"No, I couldn't that day before your father. I was too ashamed, too humiliated to say much."

"But I wrote you I would come when I wrote him. Didn't you get that steamer letter? I sent it down by my boy and he gave it to your father himself."

"No," said Marjorie. "I never got it. I've never heard a word from you since that—that day in Manila."

"I've wondered lately whether you had. My last letter came back to me addressed in a man's handwriting."

"I've written you every New Year's day since you left me. I used to beg you to answer, but you never did; but I told you I was coming anyway."

MARJORIE sat staring at him stupidly. "Where—where did you send them?" she said finally.

"To your father's office. You remember you were talking of moving, and in Japan you gave me that as your permanent address."

"I'm sorry," said Marjorie softly. "I didn't know. My—some one kept the letters. But it's too late now. You shouldn't have come. It will only make it harder."

"Harder?" asked Hugh abruptly, and there was a quick gleam in his eye. "Don't you care for this man you're going to marry?"

"Aren't you happy? You see, you've got to tell me, for that's what I came to find out."

"Yes, I care for him," said the girl wearily, "and I would be happy, only I'm very tired. And father's happy and Robert and every one."

"But of course I couldn't care for him as I cared once for you. Something died in me then. I haven't cared so much about anything—since."

"Suppose you tell me about it," said Hugh quietly.

It never occurred to Marjorie to deny him. She told him as best she could, but haltingly, stammeringly.

She had not the gift of expression and she was half frightened at the quiet determination

in his manner. This was a man she was dealing with now, not a boy.

She shrank from the complications his presence brought and dreaded the clash of wills she feared was coming. It had always been hard for Marjorie to oppose any one.

She was naturally very gentle and sympathetic. For years she had opposed her father and Robert at every turn.

Harder still, she had fought her mother's weakness, her mother's fear of her father's displeasure, her mother's pitiful appeals for harmony.

And now that everything was settled, now that she had finally given in, Hugh had come, and there would be another struggle when she was so tired she felt she could never struggle again. She wasn't even sure she still cared for Hugh. She had known him only a little while and that had been a long time ago.

All she was sure of was that she wanted to be let alone and rest. Oh, why had Hugh come back?

She did not tell all this to Hugh, only part of it, and perhaps he guessed the rest. Anyway, he made no effort to oppose her nor did he suggest that his coming would make any change in her plans.

THERE was just one thing he wanted of her, he said. He reminded her of their pact on the ship when they had promised each other to run off together and have a day to do as they pleased.

"I claim my day, Madge," he said gently. "I may never see you again. For five years I've dreamed of seeing you."

"A sailor's life is necessarily different from other men's and naturally he dreams a lot. You promised me my day long ago and I've come for it."

"Surely that isn't a great deal to ask. Let me come for you in the morning with a car and we'll go out in the country somewhere and I'll bring you back in time for dinner. It means so little to you, girl, and so much to me. Surely you'll do that much for the sake of old times?"

At first Marjorie hesitated; pleaded engagements; but finally she yielded. Fortunately her mother was spending the night with a sister who was ill.

Her father was out of town. She could telephone Robert and put him off this evening. Afterward she would tell him, but not now. After all she owed Hugh one day.

They had lost a day together and she had promised him another. She would give him what he asked and then go on with the life that was to be hers. But she was just a little afraid of him.

"Hugh," she said nervously at parting, "you— you aren't going to try to make me change my mind, are you? You aren't going to ask me to do anything I don't want to, are you?"

"Not a thing in the world, Madge girl," Hugh said grimly. "Remember on our day neither one was to do a single thing they didn't want to—and all of the things they did."

"All right. Then I'll be ready at nine o'clock."

In the morning when Hugh drew up at the curb in his rented car he found Marjorie waiting for him on the steps. She wore a big white sports coat and tam and looked almost as young as the old Marjorie he had first loved.

Though she had not slept well the night before, the excitement of her secret and stolen day had brought a flush to her cheek and a light in her eyes that had not been there for a long time.

"I haven't told a soul," she said, "except Dinah, the cook, and see what she fixed for us."

Carefully they stowed the basket away. Carefully Hugh tucked Marjorie in.

"You must remember," he said gaily, "that the world ends to-morrow."

"Yes," said Marjorie solemnly, "I haven't forgotten that."

It was a perfect Spring day, a day so warm and glorious that everything alive was forced to respond to it whether or no. For hours Hugh drove slowly through a rolling wooded country where the syringa and wild crab-apple blossoms made the air heavy with fragrance and wild violets overran the lush grass that bordered the winding road.

THROUGH the trees they caught glimpses of charming vistas of wheat-fields, looking like silken green carpets flung down on the plowed brown earth, or saw peach and cherry orchards in full bloom.

The trees were alive with birds. Thrushes and meadow-larks and robins sang exquisite love-songs that brought a lump to Marjorie's throat.

"It's more beautiful than the day we lost," she said softly.

They talked very little, and gradually a great peace fell on the girl. Something that had been thumping, thumping away inside of her began to relax and let go.

A great weight that had been pressing down on her began slowly to lift. Hugh had come back, her Hugh—and the world ended to-morrow. Beyond that her mind refused to go.

She was happy again as she thought she had forgotten how to be. Whatever happened she would forever have this day for remembrance. Her day; their day.

"God's still in his heaven; all's right with the world," quoted Hugh a bit huskily while Marjorie smiled up at him. How understanding he was, and how blessedly comforting!

"Tell me about yourself, Hughie," she said. "I want to catch up."

So, driving slowly, his eyes on the road ahead, he told her. He was a good talker and he had much to say. He went back to the days when she left him, but he touched lightly on his despair and unhappiness.

Rather he told of his resolution, after a bit, to pull himself together and be worthy to come back to her, of his surprise when he found what a hold the drink had on him.

He told her, too, of the year he had gone without a drop and was ready to come to her, but first thought to test himself with an occasional glass, only to find all his long struggle undone,

Concluded on page 72



ISN'T "MÉRODE" AND "HARVARD MILLS" HAND-FINISHED UNDERWEAR A JOY!

Skating, snowshoeing and all the sports of the radiant winter season demand that warmth and absolute freedom of motion which only the high quality of "Mérode" or "Harvard Mills" affords.

The trim perfection, absolute fit and exquisitely dainty finish make this underwear desirable also to wear with your smartest suits or gowns.

For it fits like your best tailored suit—without a wrinkle! The lines follow the curves of the body, because each garment is cut by hand from a carefully planned pattern. "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" (Hand-finished) underwear keeps its shape through any number of tubbings because it has been shrunk, and the fabrics are firmly woven and strong, yet soft and fine.

Remember that there are weights to meet the needs of every climate—in cotton, merino and silk mixtures and models with high, Duchess or low neck, with or without sleeves, knee or ankle length. In vests, drawers, tights and the popular union suits for women, girls and children. Extra sizes for tall and stout women.

Also "Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Underwear for babies.

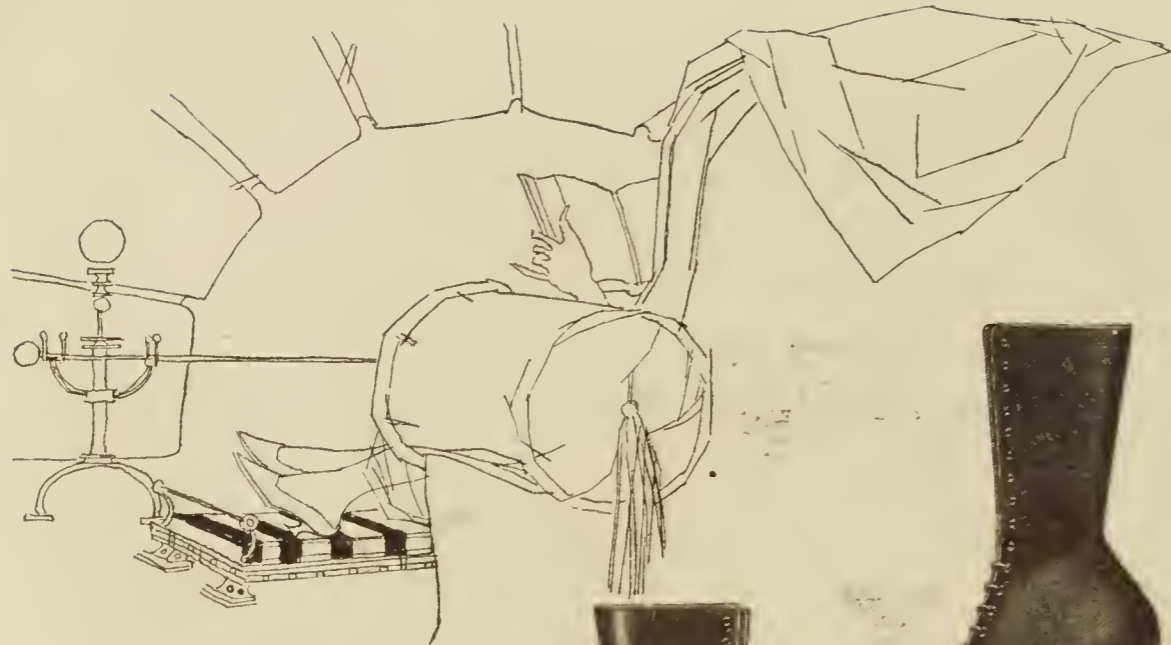
Sold by all the leading shops at attractive prices. If you cannot secure just what you want, write direct to us.

Winship, Boit & Co., Wakefield, Mass.

Sole owners and makers of
"Mérode" and "Harvard Mills" Underwear

"Mérode"
and
"Harvard Mills"
(Hand-finished)
Underwear





No. 562. The "Suffrage." Be as busy as you want, "on the go" all day if you must, and this faithful little shoe will help you every step of the way. Mahogany or dark brown Russia calf.

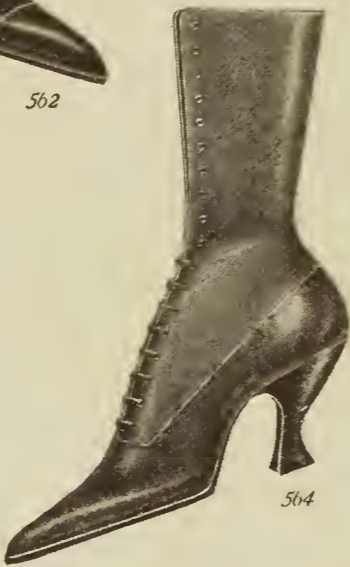


Look for this trade-mark on the sole



575

No. 575. The "Romona." One's enthusiasm over its beauty—it's the snug-fitting, rich-looking ooze calf, and brown—leads but to greater joy—a try-on and a discovery of comfort in stylish footwear.



562

504

No. 504. The "Pandora." A felamouse brown kid boot, with top stitched almost invisibly over the edge of its stylish, longer vamp. Very new! Very charming!

Smartness and comfort! You can have both in your shoes

Shoes that are just the trimmest, most graceful that your vanity could wish for! Every line of them smart and trig—every detail of finish perfection itself.

And yet—never have you worn shoes so wonderfully comfortable! Even the most fashionable, suggest-fitting models "bend with your foot"—making every step easy, free and graceful.

See the new fall models at the Red Cross Shoe dealer's in your town today. Learn that you can have shoes both smart and comfortable.

Write for new fall Style Book!

Sent without charge. Illustrates and describes the correct fall models in all materials—each model the standard of value at its price. With it we will send you the name of your Red Cross Shoe dealer. Address The Krohn-Fechheimer Co., 674 Dandridge Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Red Cross Shoe



"Please, mother, just one more piece of Analax

—it looks so good and tastes so good, I love it."

"No, sister, you and brother have each had half a pastille of McK & R Analax and that is all you need tonight. Tomorrow morning you will be feeling better. Then mother will give you some candy that tastes almost as good as McK & R Analax."

For children and delicate women nothing acts like Analax. McK & R Analax costs but a few cents at all drug stores.

Looks and tastes like raspberry-flavored gumdrops and acts better than old-fashioned castor oil

McKesson & Robbins, Inc.

NEW YORK



ONE DAY TO DO AS THEY PLEASED

He pictured for her his start over again, but said that this time it was easier and he felt sure he would soon see her.

Then he told her of the war news of the war came to him with orders to sail at ten hours' notice, and he described vividly the long, long days on duty, four days ashore and twelve days afloat, when sometimes for seventy-two hours at a time he did not close his eyes and often for twelve days at a stretch never left the bridge.

He told her, too, of the time out at sea when the crew came down one after another with influenza until he was forced to lash his half-sick bo's'un to the wheel while he himself stoked the boilers and kept the fires going till they limped into a near-by port, where he collapsed. He made the sea life and the sea itself very real to the girl beside him and brought the war home to her as no one else had.

THEN he told her of the time a submarine attacked a merchant vessel and sank it, and of their running fight and final destruction of the pirate craft. For that he had won a promotion and been put in charge of a whole convoy with the entire responsibility for the merchant ships and hundreds of lives in his hands.

"I'm not telling you this, little girl, to boast of it, but only so that you can know I made good finally. I was going to pieces pretty fast out there in the Orient.

"I pulled myself together partly for you and partly for myself. When the war came, it was up to me to show whether I was a man or a rotter, and, thanks to you, I was fit to do my part. I thought you might like to know that.

"And I'll never climb down off the wagon. It's two years, almost three, since I had my last drink. So that's off my chest for good. Now let's talk about you for a change."

"I'd rather tell you how proud I am—how proud and happy you make me," said Marjorie huskily.

"I'm hungry," said Hugh, abruptly changing the subject. "I know there's chicken in that basket. I smelled it."

So a little later they ate their lunch in a sunny little dell well hidden from the highroad. They were very gay, very happy during their luncheon.

Then, as they afterward lounged in the sunshine on a steamer rug, Hugh brought the conversation round to the days they had spent on the steamer and presently there fell long silences between them, as if their hearts were too full of memories they dared not put into words.

"I'm very happy here," said Hugh after a long pause, "but I'd be just as happy somewhere else. Our day will not last forever, so try to decide if there's anything else you'd rather do."

"I'm ashamed to tell you what I'd like to do better than anything else on earth," said Marjorie, laughing.

"You needn't be. Is it a cook you want murdered, or what?"

"No; you're miles off. It's only that I haven't slept well for a long time and the ride in the open air has made me sleepy. I'd rather have a nap than anything I can think of."

"I've felt that way myself many a time," Hugh answered.

He moved over on the rug and seated himself with his back against a tree in the shadows. Reaching over, he took Marjorie firmly by the shoulders and gently forced her down till her head rested on his lap.

"Now don't begin to fuss till you've thought about it," he said almost grimly. "If you're more comfortable here and want to stay, stay. I hate to have to remind you so often it's your one day to do as you like."

Marjorie smiled up at him but said nothing. She was too deliciously drowsy to want to move.

MOREOVER, when Hugh's hand closed over hers she made no protest. Instead, with a little sigh of utter content she relapsed into unconsciousness and slept as peacefully as a baby during all the warm, sunny afternoon.

When she woke, the shadows were beginning to lengthen and a mist was rising over the fields. As she sat up, blinking the sleep from her heavy eyes, Hugh put his arm about her and drew her close to him.

As naturally as a flower turns to the sunlight she turned to him. As instinctively as the homing bird seeks its nest she clung to him.

Fiercely tender, he kissed her till she hid her face in his breast. Still, there was no word spoken.

Perhaps they felt that words were superfluous. Perhaps they feared that words might break the spell.

It was an inquisitive robin hopping to the edge of the rug and regarding them quizzically with his bright head cocked on one side that brought them to themselves. Marjorie drew away and Hugh made no effort to keep her.

"Well, Madge," he said, "how about it? I think the next move's up to you. I think you know, without my telling you, how much I care for you."

"The very fact that I came back told you I loved you. It's the real thing with me and always has been. No matter what happens, you're the only girl for me."

"But I don't want you unless you want me as much as I want you. A sailor's wife hasn't an easy life under the best of circumstances,

and it's too late now for me to ever be anything but a sailor.

"It's the only job I know and the sea is in my blood, I guess. You'll have to trust me a lot, if you take me."

"I've tried to tell you something of myself. But unless you love me, love me so much that nothing else matters, I've nothing else to say."

Marjorie clasped her hands tightly together. "But, Hugh, you've forgotten—you've forgotten Robert," she returned quickly.

"No, I haven't forgotten, not for a minute. I've tried to pretend there wasn't any to-morrow or next day or next, but I couldn't. But that's up to you, too."

"Hugh," said Marjorie pitifully, "it's too late now. The invitations are out and I have my clothes and presents and everything. And if I made Robert very angry, he might do something dreadful to my father. He's the kind who would."

"I can't back out now. It's too late. Yesterday you promised you wouldn't ask me. I wouldn't have come if you hadn't promised."

"I promised I would not ask you to do anything you did not want to do. Do you really want to marry this man you're afraid of?"

"Your mother has been afraid of your father all her life. Do you really want a life like your mother's?"

"No," said Marjorie.

"Does he know you don't care for him?"

"Yes, he knows; but he wants me anyway. He's that kind. Sometimes I think he only cares for the getting of things he can't have. And after we're married I don't think he'll care so much—and I'll be glad."

"It's four days off," said Hugh. "Have you thought about that? Have you thought of what it means the rest of your life to belong to this man?"

"I've thought of nothing else these last six weeks."

"And have you thought of the children? Have you thought of bringing them into the world to suffer as you have suffered? Do you think your mother gave you a fair chance—any more than your father?"

Marjorie regarded him steadily, a frightened look in her eyes. Hugh threw away the cigaret he was smoking and faced her squarely.

"Listen, dear," he said. "You've got to decide; I can't. I fought my battle almost five years ago and I won."

"Now it's your turn to sink or swim. I'll help you all I can, but I can't help much. Only you must remember that weakness is punished as inevitably as sin. If you yield to your weakness now and follow the lines of least resistance, you'll yield the rest of your life."

"I remember the day I had to decide about the drink. It was the turning-point of my life—and it wasn't easy."

"Will-power is like everything else: it has to be used to be developed. You've let yours slide, let others decide for you."

"I'm trying hard now not to overpersuade you, to override you. I might appeal to your sympathies or I might threaten to go to your father with that letter he returned and have it out."

"However, I am not going to do any of those things. But over the hill a mile or two is a little white parsonage and a minister waiting. I took out the marriage license 'in case.'

"If you care for me as I think you do, if you want me with your whole soul as I want you—well, this is your one day to do as you please. And to do as you please is to follow where your heart leads, isn't it?"

"My heart has called to me to lead it to you for five long years. My heart is telling me to snatch you up and run off with you and never, never let you out of my sight again."

"But we have to listen to your heart, too. If it tells you to go back to the city, we'll go back. You see, you haven't yet said in words that you love me."

Marjorie half turned from him and sat a long, long time staring at the ground. Presently she raised a radiant face.

"Wait!" she cried, as Hugh made a motion toward her.

THERE was a joyous new note in her voice. They both rose and stood close, facing each other.

"Wait a minute, Hugh. I'm listening to my heart now. It says to tell you that for five, no, for five hundred thousand years it has hungered and starved for you. It says that it hasn't had a day nor an hour in all these years and years to go where it pleased or do as it pleased or it would have gone to you."

"Now it's pointing straight over the hill to the little parsonage. But it says we must go at once and not wait."

"It says it is trying to make me brave instead of weak, but that I am a coward really, and we must go quickly, quickly, before the old fears catch up with me."

"In a few minutes the sun will be down and our day will be ended and then I shouldn't dare. We must hurry, Hugh; hurry."

With a joyous shout Hugh caught her hand and they ran swiftly for their car. In two minutes Hugh had swung the machine around and started on a mad race against the setting sun. It hung a great red ball on the far horizon when they reached the little white parsonage where a kindly old man stood waiting.

And so they were married, standing bare-headed in the rays of the dying sun.

"And now I'll do as you please all the rest of my days," said Marjorie happily.

A RATHER EXTRAORDINARY INVITATION IS EXTENDED TO READERS IN THE ARTICLE, "PERFUME AND PERSONALITY," BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE ON PAGE 28. THOSE WHO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF HER GENEROSITY MUST NOT FORGET TO SEND A STAMPED, SELF-ADDRESSED ENVELOPE. REQUEST SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO THE BEAUTY EDITOR, THE DELINEATOR SERVICE DEPARTMENT, BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY



What Soap for your "Winter Skin"?

DO you know that a glowing, smooth, active "winter skin"—for children and grown-ups—is largely dependent upon an *easy-rinsing* soap?

In winter, of course, the pores of the skin are less active than in summer. If a *hard-rinsing* soap remains behind in the pores, their activity is further diminished, and they cannot continue their work of keeping the skin soft and smooth.

Tests made with a number

of well-known toilet soaps proved Fairy Soap to be the *easiest-rinsing* soap. Fairy's pure lather was found to cream thoroughly *in and out* of pores, without sacrificing that important quality of rinsing off *easily*, rinsing off *completely*.

We would like to have you try this pure, *easy-rinsing* Fairy quality for your "winter skin." But be sure to make the trial a thorough one—with both the complexion and bath benefits in mind.

IMPORTANT FACTS

about "winter skins" and an *easy-rinsing* soap

YOU know that in winter—even more than in summer—you need an *easy-rinsing* soap. For the cold of winter contracts the delicate pores of the skin, making them less active than in summer. If soap remains behind *after rinsing*, the natural oil of the skin does not have its free course through the pores. The outer cuticle "dries" and "peels off." And the fine skin-texture becomes coarse and rough.

Users of Fairy Soap have found that Fairy's *pure, thorough* cleansing and *easy-rinsing* make Fairy Soap soothing and *smoothing* to "winter skins"—beneficial for complexions and in the bath all-the-year-round.

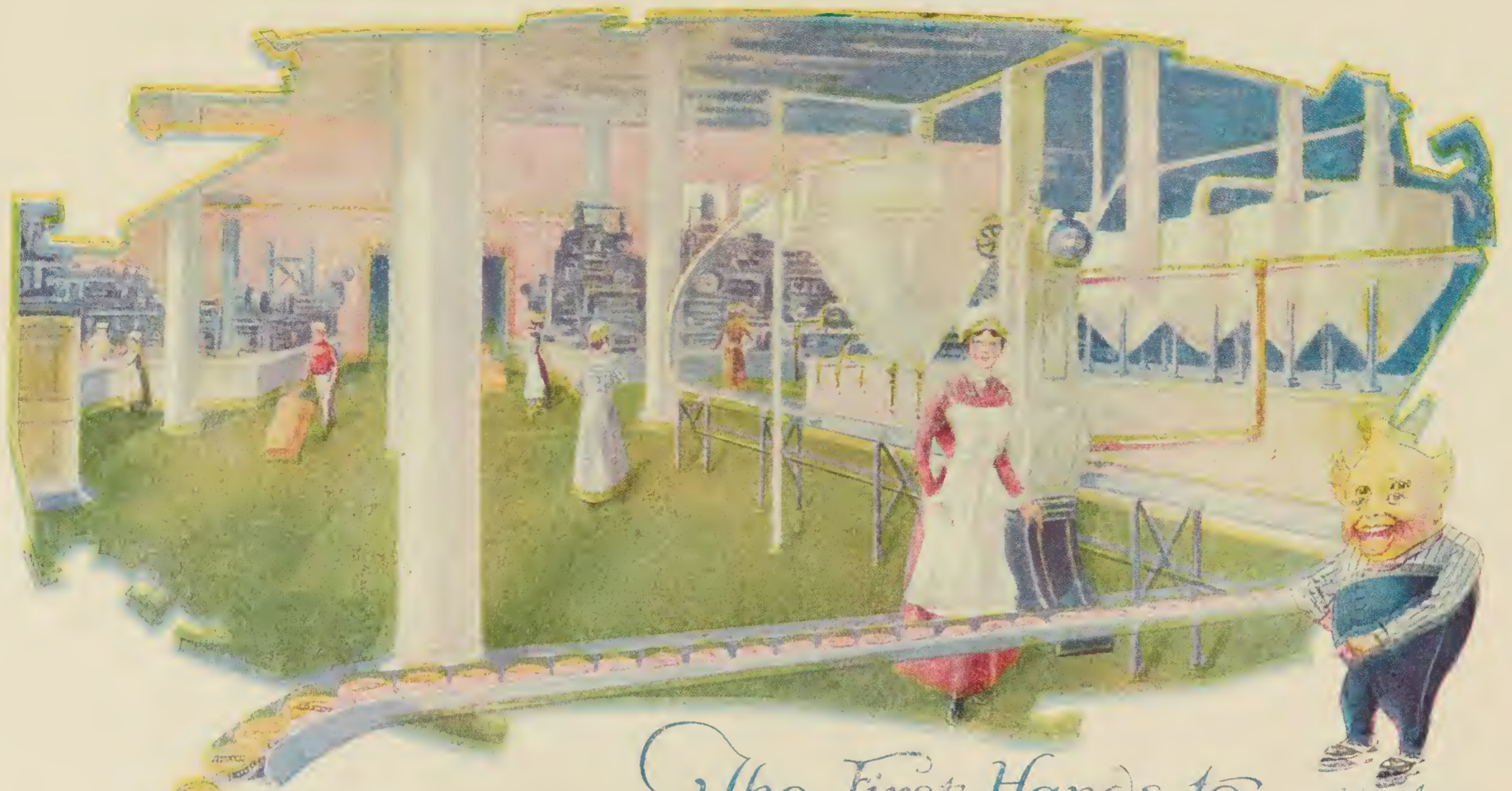
THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Comes in both Toilet and Bath Sizes

FAIRY SOAP

Have you a little Fairy in your home?





The First Hands to Touch it are Yours

Johnny Appetite

WHAT could be more sanitary, or more convenient, than this perfect cheese and its faultless container?

You stock your pantry shelves—as you would any other tinned food—and when cheese is wanted, cheese is there.

You open the tin—with a key—and there before you is an unbroken, uncut and untouched portion of golden goodness as pure, as fresh and as wholesome as on the day it was hermetically sealed in the parchment lined tin. And you know it will be of the same creamy richness, the same delicious flavor as the last tin you opened.

ELKHORN CHEESE 8 VARIETIES IN TINS

has completely revolutionized the making and marketing of cheese. The Kraft process of sterilization has made it possible, the first time in the history of this ancient and highly nutritious food, to standardize quality and flavor, and to indefinitely preserve—without preservatives—all those wonderful food properties of pure, rich milk—in any season, any climate.

Scientific ripening, skillful blending and complete sterilization make every tin of Elkhorn Cheese exactly like every other tin of the same variety—make it easily digested—make Elkhorn “like” you. No rind, no waste, a cheese for every taste. If you like cheese you will “love” Elkhorn.

Served in individual portions by leading hotels and on dining cars.

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO., Chicago-New York

8 Varieties

Each of National Favor

- Kraft
- Chile
- Swiss
- Pimento
- Rarebit
- Camembert
- Roquefort
- Limburger

Send 10c in stamps or coin for sample tin of Kraft plain or Pimento flavor, or 20c for both. Illustrated book of recipes free. Address 355 River St., Chicago, Illinois.



Continued from page 19

THE TREE OF JOY—VI

THE GOLDEN-BOOK TOWN

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

THE historic river Marne was winding before us like a shining silver ribbon in and out among gray, ruined villages set in a Spring-green landscape all pitted with shell-holes. We stopped for tea at a canteen in Châlons.

In every town like these through which we passed and paused to ask our next turning, khaki-clad boys jumped on our running-board to tell us. Eager, oh, so pathetically eager they were, to speak to home folks. "Why, my mother takes THE DELINEATOR!" again and again they exclaimed with delight, at which I felt right away as if those boys just belonged to me.

"Say," they always immediately added, "when you write back there, just tell 'em all, we wanta come home! Do you think they'll get it? We wanta come home!"

I set it down for you to read that you may know how thoroughly enuied are these boys of yours with all thought of foreign travel. It's going to be for them not only, See America First, but last and all the time forever after if they can only get there again. I assure you they'd rather see the barn-door in Indiana or Vermont than any chateau in Europe. By the time you read this, I hope they've had the chance themselves to tell you so.

"My country, 'tis of thee!" Oh, yes indeed, there was that to stir the soul to rapture when we found food and shelter at American Army camps. But there was more. As long as I shall live, over against the landscape of *régions libérées* I shall see that figure of the American boy on the running-board of my car.

WHEN the young brown hand stretched so eagerly across to grip mine, I want you to know there was a terrible tug at my heart. Oh God, of just such bright-faced mother's stuff as this were our heroes made, thousands and thousands of them who will never get back from France.

It was six o'clock when we arrived in the Place before the cathedral in the fairly well preserved town of St. Menchould, where we hailed an American Army captain. He was stationed here adjusting the claims of the inhabitants against American soldiers whose horses had perhaps eaten the branches of the trees or who had done some other damage that constituted cause for reparation. He wasn't a lawyer. He laughed when I asked him. He was a silk expert from New York.

Well, the silk expert in the Sam Browne belt assured us that St. Menchould was the last outpost. "There isn't anything at all after this," he said. "You'll just have to stop here for the night."

He cordially offered all of his influence with the hotel proprietor. Such hotels as there were at the front were always full of soldiers going to and fro on leave. But he got us in at the Hotel Metz. After dinner we were escorted across a stone courtyard and up a narrow enclosed staircase to the rooms assigned us. On the mantel before the mirror I set my *lampe pigeone*. With a tiny wick and no chimney at all, it dimly illumined the apartment with a feeble light which failed to reach the farthest shadowy recesses. The high French bed in the corner I had to make with a running jump. This was no place to cavil about unfamiliar foreign bedchamber arrangements. If you didn't like it, you certainly didn't want to leave it, you know. I went to sleep with a feather-bed beneath and another above me. With no bedclothes at all I assure you it was the best way to be warm.

We were going to get started the next morning at half-past seven. Confidently I had given orders to that effect when I had retired with my *lampe pigeone*. Now it was nine A.M. and I was still crying, "Toot sweet," "toot sweet" in vain.

THEY'VE heard it so repeatedly from the Yankees over here that they understood perfectly well this American French for *tout de suite*, which means "right away." But you never got it. Nobody in the world but an American hurries. My French chauffeur couldn't.

After I had thought he had had all the delays there were, he remembered he was out of "essence," as gasoline is called. He went off a long time searching for that. It was all of half-past ten before I got my car headed at last for the wastes that waited beyond.

Somewhere out there in France was THE DELINEATOR TOWN of the Golden Book.

But how in the vast surrounding devastation were we to find it? We took up the trail of the Argonne offensive. But we suddenly discovered our maps wouldn't work. They were made, you see, before the fall!

TOWNS that were on them might be nowhere now at all. In the ruins through which our car must poke its slow way we had to search carefully for so much as the name of a town. Though peculiarly enough a blue tin sign advertising a well-known brand of chocolate still clung with strange persistence to any last fragment of all left standing. It is said that the Germans favored the blue tin signs, preserving them if possible as placards on which to leave instructions for those of their army to come after.

Every little while the photographer had to get out in the pouring rain to see if he could discover where we were at. And then he had to be packed in again. For what with cameras, provisions and five people in the car and all the heavy coats and steamer rugs required by way of protection against the penetrating French cold, every one had to be tightly fitted to the next passenger in most careful adjust-

ment. And when that side went to sleep anybody just announced the need and everybody obligingly turned over in unison.

The tragedy of devastation has a way of developing on the horizon like a negative coming out more and more sharply defined on a photograph plate. I called the photographer's attention to it. He nodded. "And this," he added in a subdued voice, "this is the dark place of the world."

HOURLY now the hard lines of the awful picture were standing out clearer and clearer. Yesterday we began at first to go by houses with broken windows. Next the roofs were off. Then afterward the walls were down. Now to-day we were where it seemed the War God had gone along with gigantic mallet and just smashed civilization to fragments. And do you know how the shattered stumps of the trees look? As if an enormous hand had twisted the tops off as you may snip the heads from daisies.

Had this grim, gaunt desolation over been *La Belle France*? In the few skeletonized outlines that remained there was no least semblance to the lovely scenes that memory struggled to reconstruct. Yet here birds once sang. Peaceful little farms spread themselves under the sun. Gardens bloomed. Gothic churches lifted graceful spires to God. Whole villages lived and loved in pretty cottages of old soft-colored stucco that had stood quietly side by side along narrow stone-paved streets undisturbed these hundreds of years. Always there was a bit of lace at the little windows of these houses. The doorsteps overflowed with happy families of men and women and little children. And in the Summer dusk sweethearts strolled in the valor of youth unafraid of the future.

Oh, the high, slanting, moss-green roofs of the houses were bent and sagging a bit beneath the centuries that had passed over them. But they were still good for generations more, when the twentieth century came and crushed them all. To-day a cold rain was falling on the ashes of everything that had been yesterday.

WE were going through villages now where nobody lived even in dugouts or cellars. Not the most courageous inhabitants had ventured to come back to an isolation so impossible out of reach of all aid for existence. And no American Motor Corps girls were near to bring help. In the silent, spectral places that spread before us we might have been the only people left alive in the world. That's a creepy, uncanny idea, let me tell you.

Through ruins like this we searched our way toward Landres, and the little hamlet that used to nestle near, St. Georges.

When we passed through villages, we came to fields canonized with trenches, cratered with shell-holes. There are in France plateaus so much like our own wide-reaching Nebraska prairies. Only instead of the rows of waving corn, for acres and acres and acres here there are the interminable lines of those cruel barbed-wire entanglements that were used to mangle men!

Our car rattled over roads that had been heavily rutted by machines of war. We passed where were a score at least of those most awful juggernauts of destruction, the terrible tanks that mowed down men and guns alike.

It began now to be a long time after a French breakfast of a roll and a cup of chocolate. How excellent seemed that continental idea of "second breakfast." And not even lunch was in sight. We should have to rely then on the supplies we had with us. In a devastated district you do as you would in a shipwreck and save them as long as you can. For you always may need them more.

But the need of them now became so insistent we were driven at length to unpack ourselves and our bread. There is nothing so stale as French bread the day after. It's hard like a rock. Each of us was gnawing industriously at a chunk of it at that moment when ahead of us I so joyously glimpsed real food.

And the American engineers at Varennes took us in out of the cold and the rain. Two hundred from Harvard and Yale and Cornell and colleges like that were camped here. With the aid of German prisoners they were rebuilding the roads the American tanks tore up.

"WE'VE done four hundred and forty-six miles. That leaves three hundred and fifty-four more miles to do before we finish our bit in France," they said with the wistful longing for home in their eyes.

"Fellows we left back there," said a young lieutenant ruefully, "are going to be Ph. D.'s when we get home. And we haven't so much as our bachelor's degree."

"See what you have instead," the doctor said, and touched the Distinguished Service ribbon on his coat. He smiled, and led the way to "mess."

Such a feast as they spread us! That johnny-cake, brown and gold, was there, and all the butter you could eat on it, real all-the-way-from-Elgin-Illinois butter. A whole plate of it was passed around for you to help yourself with your knife. There was beef stew with not any horse-meat in it. And there were pitchers of steaming coffee. There were cucumber pickles, the large fat kind like those that used to come from the crock in the cellar. And there were plum preserves, the lovely sticky ones, you know, with so much sugar in they're good for just as long as the family will let them last. Now, can you imagine finding food like that in devastated France?

Concluded on page 76



I've Made the Change and Know!

When headaches, irritability, sleeplessness and other minor ills disappear after a change from coffee to Postum

—then one knows "There's a Reason" for

POSTUM

The Cry Baby



of the Family

THE fretful nervous child is not normal, not well. And it is often an upset system started by constipation which is at the bottom of that restless irritability.

Left to itself, or wrongly treated, constipation becomes the originating point of over 90% of disease. Relieve the constipation, and you also forestall those more serious diseases it brings in its train.

Modern science, with its watchword of *sickness prevention* and its development of vaccines, anti-toxins and sanitation to fight other plagues, has finally developed an effective agent to meet constipation—the most universal and insidious plague of all.

That effective agent is Nujol. Leading medical authorities agree

that pills, salts, castor oil, mineral waters, etc., simply force the bowels to act, impair digestion, weaken the intestinal muscles.

But Nujol is entirely different.

It is not a drug, does not act like any drug. It prevents stagnation by softening the food waste and encouraging the intestinal muscles to act naturally, thus removing the cause of constipation and self-poisoning. It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take.

Nujol helps Nature establish easy thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world. Get a bottle from your druggist today.

For valuable free booklet, "As The Twig is Bent," address Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey) 50 Broadway, New York.



Warning: Nujol is sold only in sealed bottles bearing the Nujol Trade Mark as shown here. Beware of products represented to be "the same as Nujol". You may suffer from substitutes.

Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Constipation

SICKNESS PREVENTION



A message from the Trained Nurse

"In our profession — 'confidence is half the battle.' And there's nothing more encouraging — when out on a case — than to find a Davol Hot Water Bottle in the home.

"We've used them so often, we know they can always be relied upon. Regardless of age or service — they're always ready for instant, continuous use.

"Ever soft, velvety, pliable and leak-proof — the Davol Hot Water Bottle ought to be in every home."

"There's a Davol Rubber Product to keep you well from infancy to old age"

Write for free Booklet "Heat and Cold"

It tells about the timely use of hot and cold water in the treatment of many ailments and bodily discomforts.

DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1874
Executive Offices and Factory
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

New York Chicago Boston
San Francisco



For Night & Day Coughs



BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Banish hacking, sleepless nights and distressing, nerve-racking days due to sore throat and coughing by taking Brown's Bronchial Troches. Today, as 70 years ago, they promptly relieve irritation, tickling, coughing, hoarseness and all bronchial and throat discomforts.

Not a confection but a genuine remedy of finest medicinal properties. No opiates or harmful ingredients. Safe for children—a small piece brings sure relief.

In small, handy packets. Will not soil hands or gloves. Carry them and avoid serious troubles. Your druggist sells them. Prices, 15c, 35c, 75c and \$1.25.

JOHN I. BROWN & SON
BOSTON, MASS.

Agent for the American Continents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., New York.
U. S. A.—Toronto, Can.

BECOME A NURSE

A most dignified and respected profession. By training at home. An intelligent woman between 19 and 60 can become a successful nurse through our correspondence course.

Eighteenth Year—Ten Thousand Graduates earning \$18 to \$30 weekly.

Invaluable for the practical nurse. Entire tuition fee earned in a few weeks, often before graduation.

Enrolment includes two months' trial with money refunded if student desires to discontinue.

Send today for catalog and sample lessons.

The Chautauqua School of Nursing
309 Main St. Jamestown, N. Y.



Concluded from page 75

THE TREE OF JOY—VI THE GOLDEN-BOOK TOWN

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

NOT the Ritz or the Meurice in Paris could beat it. Oh, I know French cooking's fashionable enough at home. But no real American wants it abroad. You ought to watch the exodus here at the dinner-hour from the state-liest hostelrys where Americans write their names on the register along with counts and dukes and kings. At seven p.m. you will meet them from New York and Massachusetts and Virginia and all the other States hurrying along a little side street, the rue du Mont Thabor, to find fried chicken and apple pie and the rest at the modest little restaurant where an American woman feeds them. No, soufflés and entrées will do for you folks from Rockford, Illinois, when you get to the Blackstone in Chicago, or for you from up-State who arrive at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. In Paris give it to us straight American as we can get. And in devastated districts it is as manna from heaven.

The table on which we ate had been knocked together from planks. The bench on which we sat was made from another. There were five or six shacks like this one that gave us such comfortable shelter. "We made them all," the boys said. "And see our electric lights! None of this stuff was issued to us," they went on with pride. "We salvaged it, every stick of it, you understand, from the trenches."

We followed them in the wind and the rain down some narrow, difficult steps in the ground. This, they said, was a German pill-box. There were six feet of concrete roof above us!

Through a narrow opening at the top they directed us, Look! And across the valley was Dead Man's Hill where the Germans had had a whole underground city with quarters for a regiment of men.

It had been calculated this was a stronghold that could not be taken in less than seventeen days. The American Army had it in forty-two hours. And seven hundred and fifty thousand Americans were smashing through the Argonne in the famous drive that broke the back of the Hindenburg line!

These boys beside us carving history and roads wanted to show all they had. Like children with a play-house, they eagerly urged, Come on!

We picked our way after them along the narrow duck boards through the camp to admire their chiefest treasure, the grand piano they got from the Crown Prince's camp at Grand Pré. And a German prisoner had just tuned it.

THERE was going to be a party to-night! The shack was all draped with strings of cartridge-cases and hung with American flags. The "Liberty Bell" waltz was open and ready on the music-rack.

"There'll be coffee and cake and girls," they told me. "They're coming from Chaumont and Paris and Verdun to Bar-le-Duc. We'll get them in our cars. They're all American girls, you know. We don't want any others. These are from Vassar and Smith and real places like that. There are twenty-five of 'em!" they said, their voices rising in a radiant climax of enthusiasm.

"But there are two hundred of you," I recalled.

"We know," they said. And their faces fell. "But we can't help that. So we have the Paul Jones rush."

You don't have it, the Paul Jones rush, in your social circles at home. So let me tell you, as they told me, how it's done in *régions libérées*. It seems the guests line up for the hosts to choose for dancing-partners. Somebody calls the count, and they're off—lieutenants, captains, majors, colonels and all. The race is to the swift and the not too stout. The girl belongs to the man who gets her in the Paul Jones rush!

Well, it was a great success, the party, we heard afterward. But now it was afternoon and time to be on our way in the Argonne. We started off again with the best directions the boys could give us.

It was a way we found that got worse and worse. More haste to the American road-builders, we wished again and again as we rocked through the ruts the tanks had torn.

We were advancing now, it seemed, into the real infernal regions. For miles and miles, as far as the eye could see, the tortured earth undulated in waves of shell-holes.

All around us was that debris of the dead of which I have told you. Garments lay on the ground fading in the wind and rain. Guns and swords rusted where they were dropped from hands that would never again hold them. Cartridge-belts crumpled in heaps. Bombs

were there in the rest of the rubbish, a bar sinister to any who might presume to salvage for souvenirs among these gruesome relics.

And we noticed no more of the larks that had circled over our roadways of yesterday. But now and then a great vulture went winging its wide way over these awful fields for human prey.

We shuddered and drew our cloaks closer about us. And came to Romagne. The town that used to be, that is in ruins. We looked on a wide, wide hillside. All its space had been cleared of the other waste of war. We saw scattered here and there pine boxes. Each stood by an opening in the ground, beside which was a freshly turned pile of earth. American negroes were wielding the spades.

The white officer in charge, leaning over a grave, stood up at the sound of our motor. He came slowly across the battle-field when we called. And it was as if the eyes that met our gaze had just been lifted from peering over the edge of hell! I drew in my breath with a gasp. The "trench look" again! He had it as bad as Betty.

He told us what his labor battalion were doing here. This sloping hillside was being converted into the largest American cemetery in Europe. There were to be places for thirty-seven thousand boys. He had already picked up three thousand, some of them hastily interred—and some of them not—in the fields which we had passed.

FROM the American lieutenant with the sad, sad eyes we got our bearings once more. And we left him there on the bleak hillside, gathering them in from New York and Ohio, gathering them in, the flower of our homeland, dead for liberty here. God rest our dear young crusaders in France!

A few more ruins now to pass and we should find our destination. But something began to rattle about the car. The sound became more and more ominous as we went on. Everybody listened. The chauffeur said something in French. "Oh," agreed the doctor, "the windshield is loose. Here, take a hairpin." But the chauffeur shook his head, laughing incredulously at the proffered assistance. "I'll do it myself, then," said the doctor, moving over, hairpin in hand. And she did.

Everybody listened once more. It seemed things sounded better. In another kilometer, however, there was surely something else the matter. Each jounce of the car made it more so. The roads were so impassable we were making slow progress now. And the villages we reached we must scan carefully. Each next one might be ours.

How should we know? Well, they had told us, you see, there was going to be more of ours than most. And somewhere among the stones would be people.

Now suddenly the rain, so always falling here, had stopped. For a flashing moment the sun was out as we rounded the top of a hill. Over there against the sky a village lifted what was left of a ruined, jagged outline. Could this be the town for which we had come?

In the stillness about us, we stopped. I shaded my eyes with my hand for a far look across a smashed valley that lay between. In the sunset that framed the village its gray was turning golden!

And again I tell you, I saw it in the sunset glow in France, that Tree of Joy that bloomed before DELINEATOR office windows on a New York afternoon over against the misery of the world.

THROUGH *régions libérées* now we rattled excitedly on. The car was holding out. A few kilometers more! We turned at last into a street. There on the first house I read it, the sign that said L-a-n-d-r-o-s.

My heart beat high as I spelled it through. Here was where I had worked three months to get, moving France and the American passport officials by the way.

It was raining again. The ruins I had reached once more were gray.

But thank God for the hilltop in the shining sun. I had my vision of the DELINEATOR Town of the Golden Book as some day it shall be. And in a page bright and fair the names of you folks who make it will be written.

HOW TO REMIT

CONTRIBUTORS to the relief of devastated France should send all remittances to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Checks and money-orders should be made out to the French-Relief Editor.

Concluded from page 21

WHAT ROOSEVELT TAUGHT ME

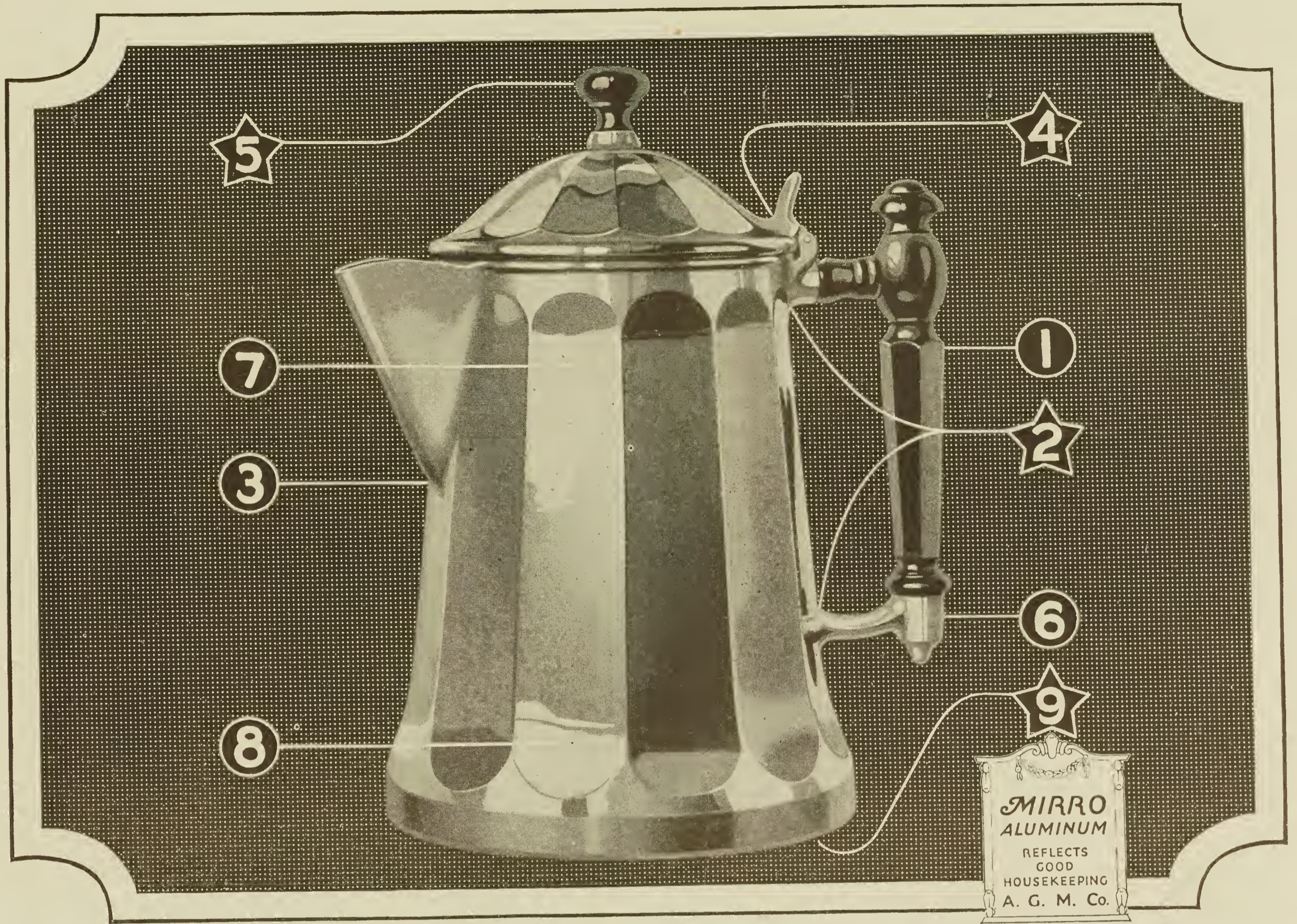
no man tame" wrote an apostle of old. But a secretary's tongue must be tamed! The tongue of any woman who holds a position of trust must be in perfect control, if she hopes to retain her position.

In taking instructions from her chief a secretary is as much the safe-deposit vault of his thoughts as his strong-box is of his securities. Just as the strong-box is locked and guarded, so must a woman seal her lips and allow no one to steal the key of the repository. She is on guard day and night and must guard against sneak-thieves as well as burglars.

On many occasions in talking to his secretary a man is actually merely thinking aloud,

as was frequently the case with Colonel Roosevelt. Such thoughts must be kept just as secret and sacred as though they had been inadvertently overheard.

Self-confidence and optimism! Perhaps these two qualities developed in me more strongly than any others during my period with Colonel Roosevelt. Although I had been elated at undertaking the work with him, I had been filled with fear of my own inadequacy. But he would not let me be afraid. He was so simple, so kind and so patient that shortly I lost my fear. Determination, confidence, ambition—these three virtues can raise a girl to almost any position she desires.



'Twill Make Good Christmas Cheer

Not less useful because it is beautiful, but more so. This Mirro Aluminum Coffee Pot endures the hottest flame or graces your table with equal felicity. In its beauty and utility truly go hand-in-hand.

And what joy it gives to coffee-making! It is everything that a coffee pot should be. Light, durable, a *quality* pot through and through, and with the many features of convenience that distinguish all Mirro utensils. Note them well. You do not find them in ordinary aluminum ware.

(1) The sure-grip, ebonized, detachable handle which insures comfortable handling and easy pouring. ☆(2) Handle sockets are welded on, as are also the spout (3), and the combination hinge and cover tipper ☆(4).

☆(5) The rivetless, no-burn, ebonized knob. This, with the other star features 2, 4 and 9, belongs exclusively to Mirro.

(6) Flame guard protects handle when the pot is on the stove. (7) The famous Mirro finish. (8) The rich Colonial design. ☆(9) The well-known Mirro trade-mark, stamped on the bottom of every Mirro utensil, and your guarantee of excellence throughout.

Remember, too, that the experience of a quarter of a century of better aluminum making has gone into Mirro. *That* accounts for its supremacy in the world of aluminum ware.

The scale upon which it is manufactured, the tremendous scope of the business behind it, accounts for its really moderate price.

Mirro Aluminum is sold at better stores everywhere.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM

Reflects
Good Housekeeping



Make Christmas Safe with Pyrene

Nothing catches fire quicker than a Christmas tree. An overturned candle, a crossed wire, the contact of a lighted cigarette or cigar—in an instant the flames spread. How many unhappy Christmas days, how many homes burned, how many little lives lost! Play safe this year. Put a Pyrene Fire Extinguisher or two in your home.



Sold by hardware and electrical supply dealers and garages
Saves 15% on automobile insurance
Write for catalog of other fire appliances

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO.
52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York
Atlanta Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Pyrene Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal, P. Q.

BUTTERICK PATTERN PRICES

Buy patterns at the nearest Butterick agency. But if this is not convenient, they will be sent, post free, at 30 cents each for Ladies' or Misses' Dress or Coat patterns and 25 cents each for all other patterns, from the Main Office of The Butterick Publishing Company, Butterick Building, New York, or from the following branch offices:

CHICAGO, ILL., 2231-2249 South Park Avenue
ST. LOUIS, MO., 1201-3-5 Washington Avenue
BOSTON, MASS., 105 Chauncy Street
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 609 Mission Street
ATLANTA, GA., 79-89 Marietta Street
TORONTO, CAN., 468 Wellington Street, West
WINNIPEG, MANITOBA, 319 Elgin Avenue

Concluded from page 9

PADEREWSKI'S RENUNCIATION

With the advent of America in the great war and the part mid-European peoples played in the war, together with the disinterestedness of this country in mid-European boundary questions, it became clear to a number of Americans that special attentions or other assistance we might initiate would greatly strengthen America's voice at the Peace Table and possibly make her a deciding factor in equitable adjustment of their ancient boundary difficulties. It was ideas of this kind that established what is known as the Mid-European Union and assembled or attempted to assemble a belt of buffer States formed of independent peoples from the Baltic to the Bosphorus and the Adriatic.

IT WAS my pleasure, or good fortune, through my interest in the Czecho-Slovaks, whose American contingent had been assembled on my place near Stamford, to have been present at many of the councils held to urge our Government to action—which also finally succeeded in so harmonizing these interests and uniting the representatives of the various countries that they met under the chairmanship of Masaryk, head of the Czecho-Slovak government, and agreed upon and drew a declaration of common aims. Representatives of the various nations were to meet at Philadelphia and there sign a common agreement and, as far as this was authoritative, bind their peoples to a friendly and neighborly union. It was really the first league of nations agreed upon and might have created a union that would have prevented all the petty conflicts that have recently been disturbing Europe.

A number of us had gathered to sound Paderewski, to feel his influence—in turn, to influence him, if we could, to the stronger service for Poland we believed was now demanded. Difficulties that had arisen within the Mid-European Union and its representatives—some of whom were not sincere, rather not representative—or perhaps neither representative nor sincere—had caused Paderewski to hold aloof. I pressed for his presence at the signing of the Mid-European agreement. In his sincerity, he recoiled. I warned him that while I sympathized with his objections, the mid-European arch would not stand without the key Poland must give to the whole structure. None knew this better than Paderewski, and he also knew the danger of friction at that moment.

Paderewski sent his aid, Ivanowski, to uphold for Poland by his presence and signature, the principles proclaimed. Then Paderewski protested to the chairman on the objections raised. The protest was necessary, but Masaryk, as chairman, appears never to have ruled on the credentials. Paderewski does not belong to the school of men who evade difficulties or who hope to settle them by ignoring them. He insists upon grappling with them. He is a master of craft and has made of himself a man of action.

MASARYK was a professor, a man of reflection. He belongs to the best of a school of theoretical statesmen who have appeared everywhere in our age and who have too often woven in chosen phrase a universe of nebulous improbabilities and who become the easy victims of unfaithful and unscrupulous aids. No single phenomenon has been more marked in modern politics; so retarded, clouded or confused the practical business of world rebuilding as the *Herr Doktor*. Intellect alone is Machiavellian, is a coward, a compromiser. Intellect alone must steal its way into power and camouflage itself, once there.

Paderewski is a builder. He dreams as great men dream. His dreams are those of health, of construction, of the strong mind urged by a stronger will. I do not know his thought on this, but I venture to say he does not believe nature makes artists or poets—only specialists think so shallowly on the creative force in life. Nature makes men—a whole man, once in a while. The rest are unfulfilled promises, wanting in perception or imagination, in will to do, to execute. They lack health or they lack heart. They lack hands; rather, they lack nerves in those hands. Simple physical deficiencies prevent their good faculties from functioning properly. Great men are simply normal men. They are whole, with courage to assert what they understand.

Paderewski is like Cromwell, in that he finds his opportunity for supreme service late. Cromwell was but a simple, dull country gentleman at forty. At forty-nine he ruled Europe. He could neither speak well nor write well—but he made himself a master in both. Paderewski's fingers just span an octave. The world never discovered this handicap in his music. He was not a speaker, but when speaking became necessary to his usefulness, he drilled himself until he became proficient.

He is to-day one of the clearest thinkers on political economy in Europe. He is one of the phenomena of the great world war. As Secretary Lane has remarked with keen satis-

faction, "He is one of the great discoveries of the war." Like Angelo, he is ready to do anything the hour demands of him. Will and mastery affect man's whole philosophy. They affect Paderewski's, and the only struggle he ever really has is in the decision as to what part of the fight he shall take. He did not hesitate a moment about Danzig's place in the political geography, about East Prussia's racial rights, Silesia's or Galicia's or Lithuania's obligations to his race; Poland's political and economic future or her own racial rights, or the necessity now of her economical independence. Whatever has been secured in Paris will eternally be due to the justice or soundness of the demands made by this artist-statesman.

About six weeks before he sailed for Poland, I again called upon Paderewski at his hotel. He received me in his private rooms. About him all was roses; he emerged from an enormous bouquet. He wore black, as always. He was happy, apparently, although his face was full of concern. His fine head he is inclined to toss back and he has a habit of drawing his chin back, which has affected the cheek lines and given a look of seriousness and reserve. He comes forward and greets one with great dignity. Once near, however, all appearance of self-consciousness leaves him, giving way to a friendly, playful familiarity.

HE HAS a wonderful forehead. Greek, wide in the temples, and high. A forehead very much like Lincoln's. Imagine the hair longer, golden, streaked with gray. His eyes are as deep as Lincoln's, but the upper lid is concealed by the heavy skin of the overhanging brow—like Kitchener, Gorki, Kipling, Rubenstein, though not so heavy as the latter. When he talks, his head bends forward. His conversation is full of humor, penetrating observation; he sees the duality of every subject.

I had pressed him for a full hour on the immediate service necessary for Poland. I was familiar with the conditions and every phase of the situation was touched—and a very definite opinion expressed as to what would be necessary to secure help in mid-Europe and the part and policy he must certainly come to. Ivanowski, agreeing with me, was impatient for action. Paderewski stood with his hands crossed in front of him. His head was bent; he seemed to be contemplating, taking stock. He shot a piercing glance around the room—at the roses, at Ivanowski, at me—and a fine light came into his eyes.

"I UNDERSTAND!" he exclaimed. Again he looked at the roses. "Yesterday was my birthday—but it was not true. *To-day* is my birthday! I am another man. What you have said has convinced me of what I must do. *I will go!*" Then, raising both of his hands: "These," he said, "all that is left of me of the artist, shall not touch the piano until my Poland is free! I give you my word, I shall go as soon as I can. And you may remember Paderewski, the artist, is dead. I shall not touch music until I have accomplished what we have talked about."

No one could have witnessed this scene and not realized its awful meaning. There was something about it that reminded me of the sacrifice of Cato the younger when Cæsar entered Rome. Paderewski's sacrifice means more than he said. It means something like the martyrdom of all he had lived to be that he might help to secure his people's freedom. No layman can conceive, much less make, such a sacrifice—or understand the deep personal grievance that will induce an artist to abandon his work to correct conditions in a world to which he can only loan his great abilities.

It is doubtful in my mind, if the labor is very long, that he will ever be able to regain mastery of his original facility. It is so definitely allied to physical perfection and the constant use of the hand. He is not in the position of the composer or the author, the sculptor or the painter, whose technique is not dependent upon the same finesse of finger perfection. And Paderewski is no longer the boy I met in Chicago.

SO, I consider his sacrifice a very definite kind of resignation of the life he has created and become an idol in—the life, however, which even now must call, and which in after years will claim him still, when the turn of the wheel gives Poland other premiers and he seeks rest. I can imagine how he will sit and watch those two hands and think with what ease they made the music they will never find the speed and suppleness to create again. He will still be the same field-marshal who can mass his tones and delight us as ever—but Paderewski, the great artist, will himself know how great was the sacrifice—as he knew when he promised he would not touch the instrument again until Poland should be fixed and secured among the free peoples of the world.

GIFT

BY HILDA CONKLING

*THIS is mint, and here are three pinks
I have brought you, mother;
They are wet with rain
And shining with it.*

*The pinks smell like more of them
In a blue vase,
The mint smells like Summer
In many gardens.*



For HEADACHES

Sore Throat

Neuralgia

“Vaseline” Mentholated Jelly provides the surest relief for nervous or sick headaches. The softening “Vaseline” Jelly carries the menthol directly into the pores of the skin. Its effect is to cool and relax the throbbing forehead and temples, bringing instant comfort. Relieves neuralgia and sore throat, too. Keep a tube always convenient in your medicine cabinet.

Other “Vaseline” home remedies

- “Vaseline” Capsicum—for colds
- “Vaseline” Camphor Ice—for chapped skin
- “Vaseline” Carbolated—for cuts and burns

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY
(Consolidated) New York
17 State Street





Raisin Cream Cake

- 3/4 cup shortening
- 2 cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup milk
- 3 cups flour (pastry flour preferred)
- 2 slightly rounding tsp. baking powder
- 1 cup Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins

Rub to a light cream shortening and sugar; add the well-beaten egg yolks, and when this is light add the milk. Mix together the flour and baking powder and stir into the egg mixture. Beat the egg whites stiff and beat them thoroughly into the batter. When it is light and fine grained, stir in the raisins. Bake in four layers. When all are done put together with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, cover with filling. White frosting may be used if desired.

In Dainty Confections —In Plain Foods

Raisins make an irresistible appeal

IN CANADA, in England, wherever British people go, it is the dainty cakes, breads, buns and cookies that are displayed most prominently in the shops.

That's because the British have a special liking for these things. And there's a resulting great demand.

But note also that these foods are filled with raisins, and that they are displayed so the raisins show.

It is the raisins that have created that demand—it's these dainty morsels of fruit that make the irresistible appeal.

Try it in your home

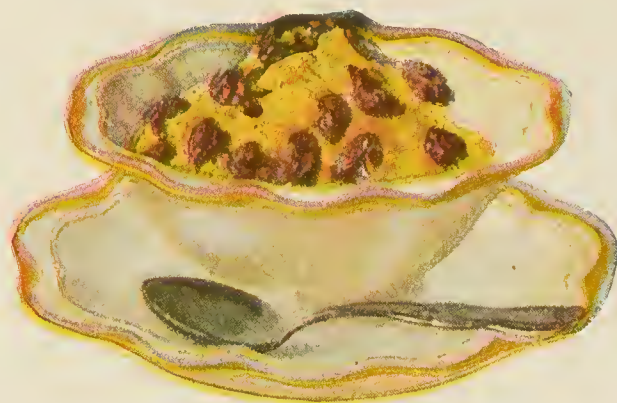
It will be the same in your home. Whatever you make with raisins will be welcomed with acclaim.

Whether cake, bread, pie, pudding, boiled rice, oatmeal or ready cooked cereals—raisins, cooked or served with them, transform them with a new and alluring charm.

So-called plain foods become luxurious in flavor, yet lose none of their economy. And the daintiest of dishes without raisins is never so delicious as that same dish with raisins added.

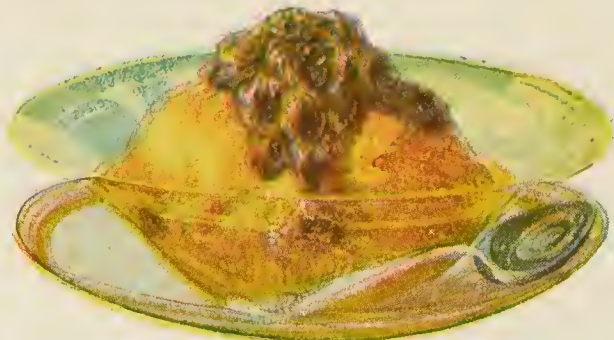
Learn how to use raisins. There are 100 ways suggested in our book, "Sun-Maid Recipes," which we'll send free on request.

Learn how to make *plain* foods more *acceptable*. When you do that you can save dollars on your monthly bills.



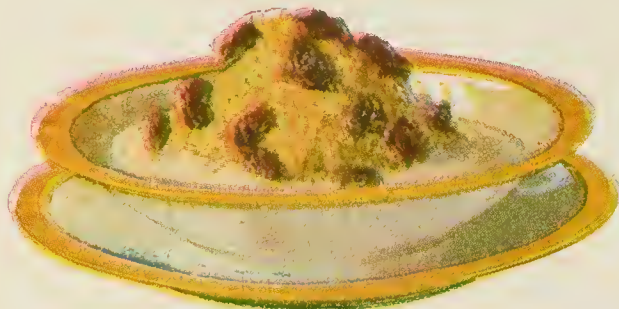
Creamy Raisin Tapioca

Delicious and inexpensive, with the added merit of easy preparation. May be served hot or cold.



Raisin-Caramel Apples

will meet with the instant approval of the children. An excellent dessert for dietetic reasons.



Rolled Oats with Raisins

Oatmeal will find new favor in the family's estimation, with raisins to make it more nourishing and doubly palatable.

SUN-MAID Raisins

The Finest Raisins

The finest raisins are made from sweet, tender, juicy California grapes which are too delicate to ship far for table use.

They are plump, meaty, luscious raisins. To get them, be sure that you ask for the *Sun-Maid brand*. All dealers sell this kind. They cost no more than ordinary raisins. Women used forty million packages

last year because they preferred them to all others.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid SEEDED (*seeds removed*); Sun-Maid SEEDLESS (*grown without seeds*); Sun-Maid CLUSTERS (*on the stem*). Write us now for "Sun-Maid Recipes." Raisins add both flavor and nutrition, so there are two important reasons for their increased use.

Ask for Raisin Candies. Delicious. Healthy. At Candy Stores.

CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 9000 Growers
Fresno, California



Continued from page 13

THE SECONDARY WIFE

the waist down—a blanket that pitifully failed to conceal the lost foot. He was of that clayey brown which comes of sick pallor under old tan, and the lines of his face were heavy and sagging, so that he did not seem Denny at all. Denny's face had always flashed. She sat down by him and talked to him as courageously as she could. It was not hard. Anne-Mary's kind had never lacked courage for such work. She was determinedly bright and unconsciously motherly, against a stone wall of apathy. She spent as much time as she could with him, only rising to go when the nurse told her she had stayed long enough. It was a relief, she did not deny it to herself, as she went out of the revolving doors and made for the elevated, head up and shoulders back a little more for her fatigue.

"But I certainly can do it if Mr. Archer can, with all he has to do," she told herself, and with the thought came the flash of warmth and well-being that the presence of her employer brought. She smiled a little, half-consciously; trim and well-groomed in her satin frock and close little blue hat, there was no possibility of any one's thinking she smiled at him. She was unmistakably a handsome, aloof young business woman of the more prosperous type, perhaps a little unusually severe-looking. She had the wide, rather cold blue eyes, dazzlingly fair skin and strong jaw which we think of as being of the Scandinavian type. Perhaps it is, but it is still to be found in old and New England, nearly dying out in the latter. Nobody ever made love to Miss Stephens, and she did not want anybody to. When she was younger the wall of her own reserve that she could not break, cause as she knew of her being passed by, had made her suffer bitterly. No one but herself knew how she had cried herself to sleep in school and college days, because men passed her by and girls did not seem to care much about her. She would work her fingers off for a chum, only to see some other girls given more friendship than she could win, at the price of an affectionate word and touch or a little quick gaiety. But all that was over now.

"After all, there is nothing like work," she told herself as she fitted her latch-key into the door of her little apartment and pushed open the door. "I have my work, and I don't need anything else. Thank God for work!"

Then she remembered that if Mr. Archer heard her he would smile a little, in that intimately mocking way of his, at her sweeping conclusion.

"BUT one ought to thank God for it, anyway," she told herself, defying him pleasantly in her mind. She turned on the light, and went deftly about getting herself supper. She made a very good salary, and dined out when she wanted to, but to-night there was some extra stuff to get out, and this was quicker. Besides, she was a born housewife, and "turned off work" of this kind as well as the other, without thinking it much trouble. She was above the average of efficiency. She moved about the room and in and out of the folding doors of the kitchenette, bound about with a spotless white apron, singing a hymn contentedly to herself. She looked like a young married woman, with the strong serenity of her face and the steadiness of her motions. She would have looked more natural if there had been a clean, obedient child or two waiting wide-eyed and solemnly for his supper, his sturdy little shoulders squared back like hers. But she did not think of that at all. She thought of the nine tateful letters, and an annual report, doubly tateful, which she would devise when the kitchenette doors were closed and the dishes washed and set away. And in her mind she referred the tatefulness in them to what Mr. Archer would say, still with the feeling of content in her work and in her place which had been so strongly with her all day long.

In spite of the mental effort of the letters she slept quickly and dreamlessly, waking at the right time, as for a long time she had trained herself to do, and arriving at the office even a little more than on time. She was in her place, steady and smiling and gloriously well, when Mr. Archer's buzzer rang for her at about nine-thirty. She smiled and took up her pad and hurried into the office. Nothing more than Mr. Grayson, the head of the firm; a kind and massive old person, whose scrupulously pointed beard and black-ribboned eyeglass never let you forget that he was a contemporary of that golden generation of business men who prided themselves that Wall Street and culture could be combined, and quoted their old comrade, Edmund Clarence Stedman, negligently to prove it.

HE ROSE and bowed to her, as he did to any woman who came anywhere near him at any time, and then asked her if she could give him part of her day. He was going abroad soon, and there were certain things which he had to attend to, which she could help him with more intelligently than any one else. She looked at Mr. Archer.

"It's very good of me," he said lightly, "but I'm going to part with several hours of you for the good of the firm. And I'm going to miss her to a degree you can't imagine till you've had her yourself, Mr. Grayson. She has only one fault—she ruins you for any other secretary."

Miss Stephens flushed under the praise, while old Mr. Grayson said in his courtly fashion: "So charming and intelligent a lady can not but be missed by any one who has had the pleasure of association with her. It is settled, then, Archer."

Archer and Anne-Mary exchanged a tiny, quick smile over his quaintness. Then she followed Mr. Grayson out. It was a big step upward, but Anne-Mary never thought of it at the time. Her mind was on her work, she would have told you. She took his dictation and helped him with the information he wanted with more than her usual smooth perfection. She was feeling, these days, a heightening of her capacities, and a pleasure in her work that

she had never known before. Mr. Grayson, though he complimented automatically praised seldom. But he did commend her, after a week's test of her work.

"Archer's right," he said: "You spoil one for other secretaries. Ha-h'm." He flashed his famous old-beau smile on her—half fatherly, half-gallant. "I have always been against women in business," he added, "though we have had to go with the current. But almost thou persuadest me, Miss Stephens."

It was not for Miss Stephens to ask his reasons. She merely went on being the best and most efficient of secretaries, and managed to get in enough of Mr. Archer's work, in her half-time with him, so that he only needed the services of one of the stenographers a little while in the afternoons. Neither did she forget poor Denny Barclay. She saw to it that the other employees at Grayson's remembered him, too. Even little Lucy Elliot went down there with her lover one afternoon, after hours, coming away sobered and a little frightened.

"Denny was so quiet," she complained. "He just sat there and didn't seem to pay attention to what you said, as if he was half asleep. Then he shivered. Poor old Denny; they say it may be a year before he's straightened out. I wonder if he had any money saved up."

MISS Stephens said very little in reply to this, but she decided that when the time was ripe she would see to it that a subscription was taken up for the poor boy, unless it could be managed from above. Mr. Archer might have set some plan on foot already, for all she knew; their benevolences often proved to run along parallel lines, so that their plans were amusingly identical when they were compared.

She took a noon-hour to go to the hospital, as usual, one Tuesday in Midsummer, worrying a little about Denny's future. He did not seem very much better, and he was being kept on at the hospital because there was nowhere else he could go. She sat and talked to him for her usual cheerful half-hour, and he seemed more like himself than he had the last time, she was thinking, when one of the long shuddering spells that he was subject to came on. She overstayed her time a little because of this, for one of the nurses, passing behind her, secretly motioned her to remain where she was and go on as if nothing had happened. Efficient and intelligent people know each other when they see them, and Miss Stephens and the nurse in charge of Denny's case had struck up an acquaintanceship. When the shivering was over Denny lay back in his long chair wretchedly.

"Do you think I'll ever be any better than this?" he complained petulantly to the two women. "No good to anybody, no use to myself or the world or any one in it, and no chance of ever doing anything but shivering like a wet dog if I try to do the least thing that takes concentration."

He spoke crossly, but his dulled brown eyes looked at them piteously, begging for a little hope. There was little to give. Shell-shock cases are proverbially uncertain. He would get well, of course, but nobody knew when.

THE nurse and Anne-Mary, standing together, well and poised and capable, in the long sunny window beside him, said everything they could to reassure him.

"You'll be back in the office inside of a little while now," Anne-Mary comforted him. "Mr. Archer told me only yesterday that your place would be there for you, no matter how long you stayed out."

"He's a good fellow, Archer," murmured Denny. "I remember he did tell me that the first time he came down. I didn't care whether school kept or not then. I'm beginning to worry now."

"Yes, and the more you worry the longer you'll be ill," Miss Adgetts, the nurse, broke in briskly. Anne-Mary turned to go, and the nurse went to the door of the ward with her.

"I know you're busy, but if you could manage to run in this afternoon and see him," she said in an undertone. "His worst time is from four on, and you know how to deal with him so much better than the others. I know you're a busy woman, but it would help so. You treat him just the right way."

Anne-Mary shook her head. "I don't think I can manage it," she said. "But I'll get in to-morrow at noon, without fail. I shall be working till seven to-night. Things are unusually crowded at the office just now, and it's Miss Stephens, where is this?" all the time.

She smiled and nodded and went buoyantly on her way down-town again, through the crowded traffic of the business streets back to the Grayson offices. They covered nearly all of the top floor of a skyscraper, and they were heavenly cool with the breeze off the river. She smiled to the other girls at the desks as she passed them, fresh-faced and competent, hurrying back to her own place, beside Mr. Archer's desk, as soon as she had taken off her hat.

IT WAS so near Mr. Grayson's time of departure for Europe that she had not expected to see him sitting with Mr. Archer, his spats crossed, and one fine, knotty old hand pulling annoyedly at his mustache in a gesture of the seventies. Mr. Archer did not look annoyed. He looked amused instead.

"Here she is," he said amiably as Anne-Mary appeared on the threshold of the office. "Put it up to her."

"Tell her yourself," returned Mr. Grayson in a rather quicker voice than usual.

"Very well," said Archer, his faun face still smiling a little. He turned in his swivel-chair and laid down his cigar and addressed his secretary: "Miss Stephens, here's our superior officer wants to commit robbery on the high seas."

Anne-Mary was not a particularly agile-minded person where metaphors were concerned.

Continued on page 82

End That Film On Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



You Must If You Save Them

The tooth brush alone may remove food debris, but it does not end the film. Night and day, between the teeth and elsewhere, that film does constant damage. Most tooth troubles are now known to be caused by it.

It is that slimy film which you feel with your tongue. It clings to the teeth and gets into crevices. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. That is why millions of well-brushed teeth discolor and decay.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It 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. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now dental science, after years of search, has found a way to combat film. It is embodied for daily use in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It penetrates wherever the film goes. It lingers between the teeth. When you use it, it attacks the film efficiently. We ask you to prove this by a ten-day test, to be made at our expense.

See How Teeth Whiten

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube and use like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will realize then what a revolution has developed in teeth cleaning methods.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin was not used before because it must be activated. The usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. Because of patents it is used in Pepsodent alone. This method is doing for millions of teeth what was never done before.

Four years of clinical and laboratory tests have proved the results beyond question. Leading dentists all over America now urge its daily use. You are bound to adopt it when you know it, for your children and yourself. Cut out this coupon—now, before you forget it—and see what it means to you.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A Scientific Product—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

256

Send the Coupon for a 10-Day Tube

Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 800, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address

*The Best Way
to use Rouge*

The specialist who created the wonderful La-may Face Powder* has invented a new rouge. The rouge is inside the puff. All you do is to rub the puff on your face. It comes through the puff just as you need it. It goes on splendidly and stays on the face until you wash it off. The puff is in a dainty metal box. The box cannot break and the rouge will not crumble like the old-fashioned kind. This newly invented rouge is called La-may (French, Rouge L'Amé). It gives a beautiful color that looks natural under the strongest light. There are two colors—medium and dark. The fifty-cent package will last six months, yet the box is small enough to fit your purse. When you use this pure, harmless Rouge and see how much more convenient it is and how much better it stays on, you will understand why thousands of women say it is the best they have ever used. Because La-may Rouge is so new, your dealer may not have it yet, but he can easily get it.

If your dealer refuses to get you a package, you may send fifty cents by mail to Herbert Royston, Dept. A, 16 E. 18th Street, New York.

*La-may Face Powder is that new powder that became popular so quickly. It is guaranteed absolutely pure. It does not contain rice powder or white lead. It stays on until you wash it off. The large box is sixty cents and the half size thirty cents. It is now used by over a million American women.



The Rouge is Inside the Puff

The Dainty Metal Box Cannot Break

ATMORE'S MINCE MEAT

"Plumminess" in a Mince Pie!

THAT is the sign of perfection—when the swelling fruits lift up the crust and look as enticing as they really are.

There's a way to have this "plumminess" every time—use Atmore's Mince Meat.

The whole Sun-Maid Raisins and fruits in Atmore's expand with cooking, puff out and absorb the rich juices.

Housewives—Atmore's Old Fashioned Wet Mince Meat needs no preparation. A 15c pkg. (½ lb.) of Atmore's Condensed makes a big pie.

Special Offer:

If your grocer does not sell Atmore's Old Fashioned Extra Family Wet Mince Meat, send us his name and \$2.50 for a 5 lb. pail, shipped prepaid.

ATMORE & SON
110-124 Tasker St.
Philadelphia, Pa.



Try Atmore's Philadelphia Plum Padding

Last-Minute Gifts Easy to Make

PAGE after page of them—dainty, practical, attractive or amusing—with full and particular directions for making them will be found in the current issue of

Butterick Transfers for Embroidery, Braiding, Etc.

You will find designs for knitting, crocheting, embroidery, tatting, smocking, beading and braiding, and many designs of each kind. Don't fail to get this wonderful book of fancy work, for it is as valuable to the experienced needlewoman as it is to the beginner. 25 cents a copy.

AT ANY BUTTERICK PATTERN DEPARTMENT

Continued from page 81

THE SECONDARY WIFE

"I don't think I understand," she said pleasantly, with an inclusive smile as she came forward.

"Here's Mr. Grayson wants you to go to Europe with him and Mrs. Grayson, to act as his secretary and Mrs. Grayson's traveling companion. He says he needs you there more than I do here, and he may be right, though I don't see how he could. You would have the same salary and all traveling expenses, and, I should add, much less work. But, as you're my private secretary—my property, as it were—he leaves it entirely to you, as I do. When you come back, if you go, I'll take you back if I can get you away from him—I warn you that, Grayson!"

His eyes twinkled a little as he finished, and he turned himself back to his desk again. Both the others smiled unwillingly, though Anne-Mary was thinking harder than she ever had in her life before.

Europe! A chance to see everything she had always wanted to see at this most wonderful period of the world's history. A chance to save all her salary. Less work, and the society of pretty, gentle old Mrs. Grayson, who never made her feel, as others did, that she was slow-witted or stiff. A chance to fit herself for a bigger place in the business, to become even a member of the firm some day—for she knew that with her brains and ability and this experience stranger things than that might happen. She stood very still indeed, with her steady blue eyes on Mr. Archer's face.

"Well," said he, smiling at her in the intimate little way that she always felt he kept only for her, his right hand.

SUDDENLY Anne-Mary knew. It would be wrong to go. After all Mr. Archer had done for her, it would be unfair to him to go off with Mr. Grayson, merely for the loaves and fishes. Even if he were unselfish enough to let her go freely, she could not do it. She shook her head. "Thank you very much, Mr. Grayson," she said. "It would be a wonderful opportunity. But I feel that my place is here with Mr. Archer. But please believe that I appreciate your offer very, very much."

It sounded stilted to her as she heard herself say the words, but at least—she could hear that also—it had finality.

"Very well, Miss Stephens. The decision rested with you entirely," said Mr. Grayson. There was no annoyance in his look as it rested on her. There was something else instead, that she could not quite grasp; a look as if he were faintly sorry about some one. Seeing that the men had not finished their conference, she excused herself and slipped away, curiously breathless.

The thing had gone quietly, even flatly, and yet she felt as if something big and momentous had just happened to her. She did not want to speak to any one just yet; she wanted to be alone and collect herself. She felt thrilled and uplifted and wonderfully well and right with the world. Surely such a swiftly made decision could not have done all that to her, and yet there was only that to have made her feel as she did. She turned and slipped noiselessly into Mr. Garrity's vacant office. It was unoccupied most of the time, for Mr. Garrity was the outdoors member of the firm. She closed the door and sank down at the desk, outwardly very still, to pull herself together.

GARRITY'S office was next Archer's, with wood partitions extending only part way up. As Anne-Mary sat there, with her unseeing eyes fixed on a group photograph of a banquet whose central figure was the absent Mr. Garrity, she was reminded of the nearness by the murmur of the two men's voices, continuing their talk. Her mind was not on them; she was too deeply absorbed in herself. But presently the voices rose; she distinguished Archer's voice. She knew that little gay, friendly laugh so well.

"I told you you might as well try to uproot Plymouth Rock as get that girl away from me. If I told her to go, she'd go. I know that, too; but, frankly, I'm too selfish to part with her. I've got her so I merely have to think at her and she goes and does it."

"An admirable devotion," said Mr. Grayson's mannered old voice, with a little edge to it. He was disappointed, thought Anne-Mary. Ordinarily she would have risen and gone out of ear-shot, but she was still a little dazed by what had happened.

Mr. Archer's replying voice still had an easy note of laughter in it:

"Well, yes, she is devoted. Devotion plus efficiency—that's the way to train the perfect secretary. You can't get that absolute loyalty from a man. And when I got her four years ago she was just a stiff little inarticulate New Englander, with a heavy ice-coating of college on top of that. Gosh, I've made her into a human being, Grayson, and now you want to go and take her away from me! The sympathy and understanding I've trained into her wouldn't be a bit of good to you. It's non-transferable."

"GALATEA," said Mr. Grayson's scholarly, clear-cut voice, "may always remain in the marble for me. Making human beings of—that sex—is not my old-fashioned idea of playing the game."

Anne-Mary sat upright, her hands clenched, and her lips and cheeks feeling stiff and icily cold. She had lost any thought of going out of hearing. Oh, Mr. Archer must—he must—deny the inference his partner made. Even so, she felt as if the world had fallen down on her, and everything was in ugly ruins. She waited feverishly for what Mr. Archer should say to rebuild it.

"A woman has to be devoted to something," she heard him say. "She's unhappy if she isn't. You couldn't find a happier woman than Anne-Mary Stephens. Her work absolutely satisfies her. Would she be better off, a repressed, restless high-school teacher on an inadequate salary?"

The girl held herself so as not to cry out. Through her shock she heard Mr. Grayson an-

swering tempestuously, with the note in his voice that held audiences when he made his famous speeches:

"She's happy because she spends every bit of the love and devotion that ought to be used on a husband and children, on you and the work that's for you. And she's happy because she doesn't know that it's you and not the work that she's given herself up to. You've made her into a secondary wife; you've deliberately focused on yourself every emotion and feeling you've developed in her. She has strength and intelligence and emotional capacity, and fine morals; even a blessed nervelessness that most of our American women haven't—why, that woman ought to be raising up children for America, the best kind of children. By gad, in our young days we did a good many things we shouldn't, but deliberately training a woman who ought to be another man's wife to give us all the devotion and service she has, and giving her nothing in return but the pleasure of our society—by the Lord, we never went that far!"

"SHE doesn't want love; she doesn't want marriage; all she wants is the pleasure of your society, to work like a dog for you, and understand you before you speak, and go shopping for your wife without even the least bit of female jealousy allowed her to make things more normal—she, and a hundred others like her who work for attractive, sympathetic, highly moral, human men like you. Happy—oh, yes, she's happy, and if she doesn't wake up she may be happy till she dies. But I tell you, Archer, the plan's all wrong. Twenty-seven, with nothing to look forward to in her old age but money in the bank and a typewriter; and she's letting underbrained, underfed slum women bear America's future generations!"

She heard Archer laugh softly again before he replied. She did not wait to hear what he said—that he could laugh was enough. Just how he looked as he did it, the wrinkles around his pleasant eyes deepening in a kindly, understanding fashion, she could see, as she rose stiffly up, all of a piece, and walked out of Garrity's office like a wooden doll. Mechanically she made for the rack and pinned her hat on. She must get out of the place. That was all she could think of. As she passed unseeing down the office, one of the stenographers stopped her and said something in a shocked voice. Anne-Mary did not grasp it the first time. The girl repeated it.

"YOU look terrible, Miss Stephens. Got a headache? Anything I can do?"

The girl's rouged, friendly little face puckered up in concern.

"She's been trained to be human, too," Anne-Mary thought bitterly. "No, thank you, Miss Kahn," she said aloud. "I have a bad headache. I'm going for the day. I never take those things, thank you."

Speech was a great effort, and she went swiftly on before any one else could address her, down the elevator and out in the street. She walked on and on up-town, not knowing in the least where she was going. She knew that if she stopped walking fast she would begin to think very hard. She was trying feverishly to keep from thinking at all. She counted the policemen at the crossings as she went up, and the numbers on the elevated stations. She found herself adding the numbers together; so many policemen added to so many railroad stations made—and then she caught herself away from that, because she remembered how such a foolish thing as that would have amused Mr. Archer.

She hurried on faster. Finally she found that she had turned mechanically into a building, and was on the elevator. She stepped back a little to see where she was, and recognized it. She had come automatically to the hospital.

"I'LL go on," she thought; "one place is the same as another." She passed unflinchingly into the convalescent ward, and looked around for Miss Adgetts and Denny. It was earlier than she had said she would come, but at least Denny would like to see her—the nurse had said so. There was one person to whom she was a little necessary, and who did not know the shameful thing about her. Why, all of Grayson's had been probably saying that "Miss Stephens had a case on Mr. Archer" for years! She knew the way they all watched for such things among each other. But Denny had never seen anything not under his nose. She was still the wonderful Miss Stephens, who knew as much about the business as Archer did, to him, not a human woman with a heart to be taken away from her and laughed at.

The ward was empty except for a screen in one place. Denny, sitting alongside it, the picture of listlessness, was the only person in the place. She went over to him steadily, and then, as he looked up at her in a sort of dull wonder, something snapped that had held the pieces of her together in a sort of control. She flung herself down by him and cried, tempestuously, bitterly, on the blanket that covered his knees. "She never thought that it was bad for him—as it certainly should have been. He was only the one human being she had any ties with, even if they were only ties of pity and service."

IT DID not send him into a shuddering fit, as it should have.

"Miss Stephens," she heard him say in a concerned voice, "what's the matter? Won't you tell me? Have you heard anything bad about me? I'm not going to die, and they sent you to break it?"

She caught at herself a little, and lifted her head.

"No, no," she said. "It's only—only—that I'm so sorry—for you that I care about your being ill."

Denny did not move for a moment; then she heard him draw a long breath.

"Oh, Miss Stephens, that couldn't be true, Concluded on page 84



Good bread makers prefer Yeast Foam

Magic Yeast
Yeast Foam
—just the same
except in name

*Try the yeast
and recipe*

that have been making
a large portion
of America's
good homemade bread
for 45 years

White Bread Recipe

SPONGE

1 cake Yeast Foam or Magic Yeast
1 pint lukewarm water
1 quart (1 pound) flour

In the evening soak yeast 20 minutes in lukewarm water. Mix with flour to medium sponge. Cover. Let rise in warm place over night. Potatoes may be used in this sponge if desired.

DOUGH

Sponge as above 2 tablespoons sugar
1 pint lukewarm water 2 tablespoons lard
2 teaspoons salt About 2 qts. flour

Early in the morning mix sponge with water, salt, sugar and lard. Add flour and mix to medium dough. Knead about 15 minutes; let rise 2½ to 3 hours. Knead down again; let rise about 1 hour. Mold into 5 loaves; let rise to double size, bake 45 to 60 minutes in moderate oven. Warm flour before mixing. Avoid materials being chilled.

Rolls and coffee cake may be made by adding sugar and shortening to part of the bread dough.

Send for booklet

"The Art of Baking Bread"

Northwestern Yeast Company
Chicago

Concluded from page 82

THE SECONDARY WIFE



Business and Professional Women

must be keenly alert mentally—they must have steady nerves and a sturdy constitution to meet successfully the competition they find at every hand.

Their first business asset is health.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S
Malt-Nutrine
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

replenishes used nerve force—nourishes under-fed-body tissues—rebuilds worn vitality. By drinking Malt-Nutrine at every meal and before retiring you will stimulate a healthy appetite and restful sleep.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.



"California Syrup of Figs"

All druggists sell the reliable and genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna".

Children's Pleasant Laxative

Full directions for children of all ages are plainly printed on label. Mother! You must look for our name,—The California Fig Syrup Company.

You can make big Money

If you have only a few odd moments or eight hours a day, you can easily earn \$25.00 to \$250.00 a month. You need no experience, neither do you invest a cent. We coach you in the work and furnish all supplies free. Write for our booklet, "The Open Door to Profits and Independence." THE DELINEATOR, 453 Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

could it? You couldn't—care; could you?" She sprang up, angrily, as she caught his meaning. Were there no men in the world who wouldn't think she was in love with them? And then, desperately, she saw a way out of everything. She couldn't be more shamed than she was. She stood up and looked down at him, suddenly quiet.

"Supposing I had cared for you, always? Supposing that I wanted you to marry me, now, and come and stay with me till you were fit to go back to the office?"

He took it very simply. Partly, perhaps, because of his condition; partly because he was a simple-minded, straightforward gentleman enough. His face lighted as she had not seen it since he had returned.

"I didn't know there was anybody in the world who cared whether I lived or died," he said eagerly. "And you—why, you were always so splendid and 'way above all that—why—I never dreamed . . . You don't know what it is to know there would be some one to get well for. Miss Stephens, it's an awfully bad bargain you're making, but—but I'm going to take you up. I'm too starved for somebody to be fond of me not to. And I promise you that you sha'n't repent it if I can help it."

A FEELING of angry exultation, partly, kept her steady as she discussed details with Denny. Then Miss Adgetts returned and they told her. She had "seen it coming," she told them cheerfully, without showing any surprise.

"Oh, but it started longer ago than that," Denny said half-shyly, looking up at Anne-Mary worshipfully. No man had ever looked at her like that before, and in the midst of her hurt a little feeling of comfort came over her. It was only a sick boy's gratitude, she remembered, but nevertheless as she went out to look after the necessary details she realized that she, too, had been "starved for somebody to be fond of her."

She did not go back to the office for two days. She telephoned in that important business was keeping her away, and Mr. Archer's kind, understanding voice answered her that she should take as long as ever she liked. Only please to remember that he was a lost man without her. She managed to laugh a little in response to this, and then she went back to the hospital and married Denny.

They made it quite a gala affair, the interested nurses and men. There were flowers and flags and everything else to make it seem much more right and normal than Anne-Mary had hoped. She kept her self-control and her head, and she and Miss Adgetts, who said of herself that she was really being the best man, landed Denny in the taxi that was to take them up to Anne-Mary's apartment without a single sign of his going to pieces.

"This thing is going to set him a long way toward recovery," Miss Adgetts whispered to her as she kissed her good-by. "You can see how different he's been ever since. Keep his nerves quiet, and pet him a lot, and he'll be all right in no time."

She spent the rest of that day and the next settling Denny in the apartment, and getting the right sort of person to take charge of things. Already her house-mother instincts were focusing around Denny and the place they lived in. As for Denny, he watched her worshipfully still, and he was unmistakably better. The apathy and shuddering occurred only once in the two days, and she knew that he was better than he had been.

His plan, clear-cut, was that he would get well rapidly, take his old place at the office and pay Anne-Mary back absolutely everything she was spending on the household; after which she was to leave the office herself. She only smiled at this absently; she was bracing herself for her return to work.

SHE came in, rather pale with the strain, and reported for work. Mr. Grayson had sailed that morning at nine, and Mr. Garrity, much against his will, was staying inside and holding down Mr. Grayson's end of things. Everybody greeted her with wild demands for a hundred things she knew and nobody else knew but her employer. She was so busy catching up that she actually did not tell her news for an hour. When she did, of course, the office was very much excited. She was nearly robbed for a while by romantic stenographers and no less romantic, if not so outspoken, clerks. Finally the news filtered through to the offices, and Mr. Garrity and Mr. Archer emerged to find out what was going on.

So meeting Mr. Archer was not so bad. He looked at her across a group of excited girls, all telling him the news at once. At the sight of his brown, alert face, with the intimate eyes searching hers smilingly, for a minute her heart turned over. She knew herself now, and he was so dear! How could she go on with it, even with her pride guarded by what she had done?

BUT she went sedately into his office when the time came, and prepared to take dictation.

"Dictation? Not a bit of it!" said he, taking the pad away from her. "Not till you tell me all about it. Now, young woman, what did you mean by going off and getting married without letting your best friend in on it?"

At the old friendly voice her heart almost failed her. For one moment she could have caught his hand, laid over her book, and told him everything; begged him to forgive her for what she had done. But her pride held her, even against the charm of his personality. She managed to smile.

"Denny had always cared, and I found I always had," she lied. "I did feel very badly at not telling you. I have wanted to several times since Denny came back, and we learned how we felt toward each other. But the least shock was so bad for him—discussing it, or any such thing."

"I hope it's all for the best, Anne-Mary," he said. "You've taken a risk, you know. If

there is ever anything I can do, remember you have me to fall back on. I'll see you both through whatever I can. We've been friends, you know, you and I; it hasn't been just a business relation."

"I know," she managed to say, and then her voice choked. But she lifted her pencil resolutely.

"You must be miles behind because of my bad behavior," she said with an attempt at lightness. "Please give me a great many letters immediately."

HE BEGAN to dictate. He was always consideration itself. His warning rang in her ears all day, through all the exclamations and congratulations.

"But, anyway, I have Denny to look after," she reminded herself, and the thought was a help. "I have something to go back to."

Denny himself, on his crutches, met her and kissed her at the door.

He was visibly more like himself. Anne-Mary wondered how he was going to like her; if he would tire of her when he was well and gay again. But she only made herself laugh, and told him to come and watch her get dinner in the kitchenette. He seemed very well pleased to do it.

She wondered, in later years, how she had ever gone through the months that followed: playing a part with Denny and with Archer. But gradually it came to be less and less a part at both places. It was not a pretense, the day that Denny got his artificial foot, that her mind wandered a little from an important letter, because she was wondering if the boy would manage it easily, and if he could get the straps right. Archer was a little annoyed with her, and his smile when she told him frankly what she was wool-gathering about was constrained. But just the same she was in a hurry to get back to Denny and the apartment.

THERE was no question about Denny's recovery. He was so nearly well now that he had even made arrangements about the time of his return to Grayson's. But though he was physically all right, and perfectly capable of work, Anne-Mary thought he seemed depressed. And she thought she knew why. Mr. Archer was right, and the risk they had taken had proved too great. Now he was gay and strong again, he felt tied by marriage. He was not so affectionate with her as he had been, she thought. The night she finally came to this conclusion, as she rode up on the elevated, she wondered if the years with Archer for her closest friend had unfitted her to make any other man happy; if she had been so molded by him that only a man like him could find any use for her. And she remembered how gay Denny had been a few nights before, off on a party with two or three other people, young, silly girls, some of them. She and Denny were of an age, but a man of twenty-seven likes younger women, she reminded herself. She felt heartsick, for everything seemed wrong all round.

ARCHER had said something that day again about wanting to help either of them if they were in trouble. It must show pretty plainly.

And so brooding, she was quieter than she knew through dinner. Denny, straight and handsome at the head of the little table, looked at her with troubled eyes. They made talk through the meal, and went out afterward. You don't have to talk at the movies unless you want to.

When they came back Denny switched on the light and faced her. It was coming, then. She took up her courage again and looked at him and waited for what he had to say. But it was not what she had expected.

"Tired of me, Anne-Mary?" he asked her quietly.

"No," she said, and waited again. "You know," he said, "I've been being afraid lately you were. I'm pretty sure now you didn't care for me as I thought when we were married. You were just sorry for me."

So near, and yet not close to the whole truth! Denny looked so troubled that Anne-Mary's one idea was to make him look happy again.

"But, Denny, even if that was so, don't you think I could have learned to be fond of you, all this time together?" And then she was aghast at what she had said. Supposing that this had been merely his way of leading up to wanting to go away from her? But Denny's face lighted.

"Have you, Anne-Mary? Have you?" She was on her guard this time.

"Have you, Denny?"

"Why, you little idiot," said Denny matter-of-factly, "you know I've adored the ground you walked on ever since that day in the hospital, and I don't know but long before that."

The slow pink color flooded up over Anne-Mary's creamy face.

"It—it was a little hard to tell," she said apologetically.

"Never forget, you can always tell everything to your husband," he said, and there was an undertone of earnestness in his laughing voice as he kissed her. But there were some things it was just as well not to tell, she thought to herself.

"I HATE to take her away from you," said Denny to Mr. Archer a couple of months later, "but now that Mr. Grayson's giving me as much as she got, we both think we'll build in the country, and Anne-Mary's hungry for housekeeping, she says."

"You must do as you think best, Barclay, but it seems a pity to waste Mrs. Barclay's brains and efficiency on what any maid can do as well," said Archer gently.

Denny laughed triumphantly and shook his head.

"Anne-Mary says that being one man's wife and keeping his house and bringing up his children is going to be as much as she can handle, she thinks."



The season of Good Cheer calls for the choicest of good things to eat. Wilson's Certified Ham, Bacon and other Certified products measure up to the standards of excellence which the Holidays bring to mind.

They are selected, handled and prepared with the respect your own mother would show toward them. The Wilson Certified Label is an expression of that Good Will and Good Service which adds to Good Cheer.

"This mark **WILSON & CO.** your guarantee"

The Wilson label protects your table

Home-made
Candy



A Christmas Suggestion By MRS. KNOX

Fine candies are very expensive to buy, but quite inexpensive if you make them at home of the purest materials and in your own clean kitchen.

Below are recipes for candies that are easy and economical to make with home materials. They will delight the family—grown-ups as well as children—for they are pure, wholesome sweets—some velvety and smooth, others clear and sparkling. All are so attractive that they are particularly suitable for gift giving. Home-made candies made with

KNOX
SPARKLING
GELATINE

are just one of the many uses of my pure plain gelatine. As it is not a prepared food you can use your own pure materials and flavorings to create desserts, salads, and ices—with the confidence of knowing you are receiving full value—for besides Knox *Quality* you get *Quantity*—each package of Knox Gelatine making FOUR PINTS of jelly, while the prepared packages make only one pint. That is why experts call Knox the "4 to 1" Gelatine.

FRENCH DAINITIES

2 envelopes KNOX Sparkling Gelatine. 1 1-2 cups boiling water.
4 cups granulated sugar. 1 cup cold water.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the coloring tablet found in package. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand overnight; turn out and cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors such as lemon, orange, peppermint, wintergreen, etc., and different colors, and adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

COCOANUT MARSHMALLOWS

1 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine. 1 teaspoonful of Vanilla.
2 cups fine granulated sugar. Few grains salt. 1 1/4 cups water.

Soak gelatine in one-half the water five minutes. Put remaining water and sugar in saucepan, bring to the boiling point and let boil until syrup will spin a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Add soaked gelatine and let stand until partially cooled; then add salt and flavoring. Beat until mixture becomes white and thick. Pour into granite pans, thickly dusted with powdered sugar, having mixture one inch in depth. Sprinkle with grated coconut. Let stand in a cool place until thoroughly chilled. Turn on a board, cut in cubes and roll in powdered sugar. This recipe makes about one hundred marshmallows. Nuts, chocolate, fruit juices in place of part of the water, or candied fruits chopped may be added. Dates stuffed with this confection are delicious.

ANGEL CHARLOTTE DESSERT

This dainty dessert will add a happy ending to any Christmas dinner.

1-2 envelope KNOX Sparkling Gelatine 1 cup sugar
1-2 dozen rolled stale macaroons 1 pint heavy cream
1 dozen marshmallows, cut in small pieces 1 teaspoonful vanilla
2 tablespoonfuls chopped candied cherries 1-4 cup cold water
1-4 lb. blanched and chopped almonds 1-4 cup boiling water

Soak the gelatine in cold water, dissolve in boiling water, and add sugar. When mixture is cold, add cream, beaten until stiff, almonds, macaroons, marshmallows and candied cherries. Flavor with vanilla. Turn into a mold, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove from mold and serve with angel cake.

This dessert may be made more elaborate by cutting the top from an angel cake or stale sponge cake, and removing some of the inside, leaving a case with three-fourths inch walls, then filling case with mixture, replacing top of cake, covering with frosting, and garnishing with candied cherries and blanched almonds.

Sugar-Saving Suggestion: Syrup may be used in these candy recipes by replacing each cupful of sugar with 3/4 of a cupful of syrup.

Send for additional candy recipes and my "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" books. FREE if you mention your grocer's name and address.

"Whenever a recipe calls for Gelatine it means KNOX"

KNOX GELATINE, Mrs. Charles B. Knox
199 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N. Y.



Continued from page 14

CHRISTMAS TIES THAT BIND

"As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music and now and then a burst of laughter from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall where a great deal of revelry was permitted and even encouraged by the squire through the twelve days of Christmas. The family meeting was warm and affectionate. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens."

Looking around the wide hall, Irving saw the Yule log, which had been brought in with great ceremony and lighted from a piece of last year's log, glowing in the midst of the huge fireplace. The log must burn all night, for if it went out it was considered a sign of ill-luck, and wo to the house if a squinting person, or one with bare feet, should come while it was burning.

"It was really delightful to see the old Squire seated in his hereditary elbow-chair by the hospitable fireplace of his ancestors and looking around him like the sun of a system, beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. . . . There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which can not be described, but is immediately felt and puts the stranger at once at his ease."

AND then Irving goes on to tell us how, even fifty years ago, the old Squire lamented the dropping of the dear old customs. Yet I doubt if his lament were entirely justified.

To be sure, we do not now feast and make merry for twelve whole days—we haven't time; but I believe that in many an old farmhouse, in many a country home, the spirit of Washington Irving might enter and find nothing lacking from that hospitality of long ago.

Such, for instance, would he find in Lady Glencorner's country home near Salisbury. I have her permission to quote from her book, "Village Notes," wherein she described one curious relic of England's old-fashioned Christmas which survives in Wiltshire:

"That is the mummung-play of St. George and the Dragon. A masque dating from the time of the Crusaders, though it is probable they only followed rites then existing, and that it reaches back to the heathen custom of going about on the kalends of January in disguise as wild beasts.

"The music lives in oral tradition and young men will go a long way to learn it from some old 'granfer' in another village.

"Seven or eight villagers play the parts of St. George, who wears the white rose of England, of the Knight who has fought in many Crusades, of the wicked Turk.

"Apparently," she says, "the great men of the day were substituted for the original people in the masque and St. George at one time gave his rôle entirely to Wellington who acted in his place. It is delightful to know that Napoleon still appears in Hampshire, but already the waves are washing round his feet. The village children of to-day, watching the fun, recognize no historical figure in this 'Bony with a sword.'"

NOW let us take the hand of the Ghost of Christmas Past. It is Christmas Eve in England in the early sixteenth century. The usual devotions are over and now with much ceremony and accompanying noise the great Yule log is brought in and thrown upon the fire and the Christmas candles are lit.

The tall man with the air of authority is a very important personage whom we shall do well to placate, for he is the Lord of Misrule and his power is absolute from All-Hallow Eve to Candlemas Day.

For our Christmas festivities will last for more than a month, and our tall friend will preside over such pastimes as gaming, music, conjuring, dipping for nuts and apples, dancing and blind man's buff. Supper is eaten with much gaiety and an old harper is then summoned from the servants' hall to provide the music for the dancing.

Our host is a wealthy man and nothing is spared toward feasting and merriment.

"At the opening of Christmas Day we may see his tenants and his neighbors entering his hall by daybreak, to share the strong beer which has just been broached. The black-jacks are going plentifully about with toast, sugar, and nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese."

The hackin (the great sausage) has been boiled by daybreak so that there is no need for two young men to take the cook by the arms and run her round the market-place, which is the punishment which would have befallen her if she had been lazy.

The large-beamed hall is decked with evergreens and mistletoe, and our memories stir to older Druidical days when we bowed down before the sacred berry. And we know that the Yule log is also a fragment of pagan days, handed down from our Scandinavian ancestors, and that this and other old English Christmas customs were, centuries ago, so firmly entrenched in our hearts that they who sought to make us Christians found it easier to graft Christian meanings on to such customs than eradicate them!

NOW Ghost of Christmas Past changes the scene. We have skipped the years and are about to watch a Christmas as it was celebrated in the days of our grandfathers. Just as the habits and manners of the people of New England differed from those of Virginia, so did the Christmas customs vary in the different counties of England.

First we see a village in Derbyshire fifty years ago. As there can be no celebration complete without the Christmas fad pig, there is a great orgy of "pig-sticking" and the local man who does this work has had to perform at pretty nearly every house within the week.

For on no account must the old superstition be disregarded—that the pig must be killed

when the moon is waxing. We may see half a dozen pigs hanging outside at least half a dozen houses, and, as the weather is cold, there is plenty of time to use the meat which is not employed in the festivities.

THE women of the house have been busily engaged for many days, especially over the Christmas kissing-bunch which is to hang in the living-room. And this takes much time and labor, though there are jokes and laughter over the making of it.

First two wooden hoops are placed inside each other and then the bows are decked lightly with evergreens.

Inside is hung an inner bunch composed of apples, oranges and perhaps a pear, set off with ribbons and gay papers, or anything else which catches the eye; and a kind of roof is made of evergreens and ivy-berries, wet, and dipped in flour. At the lowest point of all is set the most important part, the kissing-bunch of mistletoe.

On Christmas morning there is a cold wind blowing, but this does not deter the villagers from going to the church at least half an hour before the service begins, so that they have time to wish each other a merry Christmas. The old men stand gossiping, in their billycock hats and clean white smocks, the old women in their best bonnets and shawls, and the spotless white "Sacrament apron" which is only used for Sacrament Sundays and festivals.

And in spite of the cold no one thinks of entering the church till the arrival of the parson, who greets his flock with smiles and good wishes for a merry Christmas.

AFTER the religious ceremony the business of the day begins, and as we reenter our home we may notice that our serving-maid has set in a convenient corner a gate-leg table on which is placed a crusty loaf and a piece of moldy cheese and a pot of home-brewed ale, and elderberry wine, which have taken the place of the old wassail-bowl, so that any visitors who come in during the day are sure to have refreshment, and there is much laughter and kissing under the kissing-bunch, for every one has the privilege on this festive day.

Soon there is a gentle knock at the door and a party of our neighbors' children are asking, "Will ye have Christmas in?" First there are the little girls, one carrying a tray on which lies a doll, the children's idea of the Infant Christ in His manger.

Then follows a noisier gang, the boy mummies, who knock loudly and march into the house singing:

"I ope the door, I enter in,
I'ope your favor for to win;
I'll do my best to please yo' aw.
Sa'nt Jarge is 'ere—
An' swears that hey'll cum in.
An' if he does, Ah know,
That hey will pierce my skin."

The leader is dressed with a white and black leg, jacket inside out, paper trimmings on his shoulders and round his neck, his face daubed with red and black patches and a fool's hat on his head.

If he but knew it, the song he sings is from that old masque of St. George and the Dragon which has come down from unknown former ages.

If we will, we may go out to the village green and see the Morris-dances, beautiful country dances well worth the watching. One thing we shall not see, the Christmas tree, for though this custom has been introduced into England before this time in which we for the moment are living, it had not spread to our quiet little village.

WE ARE now in the Isle of Thanet, living at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The Christmas festivities have begun and a curious procession is in progress.

There is a noisy band around what, from the distance, looks like a horse. It is a horse to the group of children which accompanies it, but we see only the head of a dead animal, stuck on a long pole, with strings attached to the jaws. "Ugh!" say our stomachs, which have known modern and more squeamish habits!

Over the pole is a horse-cloth, under which one of the party is carrying the structure pulling the strings so that the jaws make a loud snapping sound as the gay party continues along the streets, adding to the noise with hand-bells. Every house is hospitably open to them, regaling them with beer and cake.

We know that this procession is provincially known as a hodening, and the figure a wooden horse. And our thoughts travel to centuries before, to a dim memory of a similar festival which commemorated the landing on this little island of Thanet of our Saxon ancestors, one of whose gods was Woden. Well may we marvel at the continuance of custom and tradition in this other little island of England.

IN DEVONSHIRE the farmer's family are making their way to the orchard, carrying in their hands the hot cakes and cider which they are about to eat and drink. But before they enjoy them, some of the fare is offered to the principal apple-tree, so that the following season may be profitable and fruitful. And we have a memory of an old Roman custom of offering a libation to the god before a feast.

Now we are in the northwest, and to me, and perhaps some others, comes the feeling that we are near home. We have no objection to giving a fair trial to the superstition which prevails, and shall do our best to eat a mince pie at twelve different houses, during the twelve days of Christmas, thus insuring for ourselves twelve happy months to follow.

The-Ghost of Christmas Past has gone, and as Christmas Present takes his place, I remember our custom of always wishing over our first mince pie, and see in it a remnant of that old Lancashire superstition of fifty years ago.

In the north of Scotland we might see "a-farmer's-wife-who-has-lost-her-way," or "a-poor-girl-begging," entering a neighbor's house, being given hospitality as the strangers

Concluded on page 88



Christmas When The Gifts Are Opened

ON the morning of Christmas Day, and through the years that follow, the true spirit of love or friendship which prompted the selection is reflected both in the happy face of the favored one and in the lustrous beauty of the silver gift.

And thus it is that silver—whether it be a tea service, a spoon, a pitcher, a cigarette case, or what not from the field of choice—has come to stand as the useful, enduring token of those tenderest thoughts which Christmas symbolizes.

GORHAM SILVERWARE

is sold by leading jewelers everywhere



THE GORHAM COMPANY Silversmiths & Goldsmiths NEW YORK
WORKS: PROVIDENCE AND NEW YORK © 1919

What would you do?

What I've said is true. I can offer you an opportunity to make \$5.00 to \$250.00 a month. The work is pleasant and dignified. It may take all your time or only a few minutes a day—you work when you please and where you please. And yet there are women who say, "I don't believe it!"

What should I do about it?

There you go, week after week, doing without the many things you have wanted, wished and longed for. And if you would simply sell us twenty or thirty minutes a day you could have the very things you want.

But you won't believe me!

You could get full instructions and supplies free, and prove what I say, by simply writing me, but you just won't do it. What more can I say to you?

A two-cent stamp invested in writing me will turn your hopes and longings into realities. Listen—every man and woman you know read magazines. They will read *The Delineator*, *Everybody's Magazine* and *Adventure*. And they'll be only too glad to give their subscriptions to you.

Subscriptions by the thousands are coming in to us direct because we do not have enough representatives to look after all the business. Why don't you try it out?

Mrs. Walker, whose picture is above, and hundreds of other women know the joy of receiving a salary check every month. They know that what I say about subscription work is true.



Mrs. Irene Walker of Georgia and her daughter Mildred

This is what Mrs. Walker says:

"I have found the work pleasant as well as profitable. The work is easy and the salary check I receive each month pays me well for my efforts."

And this is only one of hundreds of such letters I have before me.

Try it out yourself. We need some one to look after our interests in your vicinity. WE NEED YOU. Get out your pencil now, FILL IN THE COUPON AND MAIL IT AT ONCE.

Manager Subscription Division
THE DELINEATOR

451 Butterick Building, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way, please send me full particulars regarding Butterick subscription work.

Name
Street
City State

The Delineator

ANNOUNCES

For January

"Inside"

by Frederick Orin Bartlett

When you read this story, you'll know, if you never did before, what Plato meant by the purifying power of a tragedy. The sheer beauty of this tale, tragic though it is, leaves you happy—and proud that human beings can love as Gabriel Chester could.

"Betty Bell and the Leading Man"

by Fannie Kilbourne

He was the center of the universe—for a week or two. She was sixteen, and he more than flattering. But oh, Betty Bell, what would you not give if you had not had to charge it all to experience? A comedy, yes, but so near a tragedy!

"The Boy Who Missed the War"

by Lucille Van Slyke

Too young to go to war, but not too young to get a man's pay at the shop; too young to go to war, but not too young to fall in love and insist on marrying. If you have ever known anything of the ambitious young lives the Civil War spoiled and the families that just slumped, you will see it all over again. But thank Heaven, it is not happening to so many boys now as then.

"Tony Comes Back"

by Arthur Crabb

The kind of love-story that does take your breath away and make you swallow hard. Tony was, oh, well, yes, middle-aged and a kind of village cut-up at the Country Club—lanky, comical and a most awfully popular old bachelor. But he got the real thing; so did the little girl who heard so much about him. You can't forget Tony.

"Homely is as Homely Does"

by Ruth Brierly Millring

She was so homely that instead of crying, when she saw herself in the mirror, she burst out laughing. Some one said, "If I was as homely as that I'd make some money out of it"—which Hatty accordingly did.

And the smartest of New Fashions

Begin the New Year right—

with your subscription to

THE DELINEATOR

\$2.00 a year

\$2.50 in Canada

Concluded from page 87

CHRISTMAS TIES THAT BIND

they pretend to be. And immediately we might recollect a Hallowe'en three thousand miles away, but only a year ago, when we talked with groups of American children who visited our homes, quaintly dressed and masked; and though we might recognize the roguish eyes of little neighbor Sally, we still preserved a perfect demeanor and conversed with her as if she were the grown-up lady she aspired to be, and not the child who eagerly took our nuts and oranges.

Little did those children think that long centuries before perhaps their very own ancestors had done the self-same thing in a wild little island, for this Christmas custom of mumming was kept up in England even before clothes were discovered to be an essential necessity!

And now just for a last moment, I would like to show you three pictures of English Christmases, the last as recent as the tragic one of 1917.

FIRST I see a child with long, thin legs, dancing around the foot of a step-ladder, on which stands a man, arms outstretched, hanging holly and mistletoe, and ivy, of which the berries have been whitened with flour, like those of the old Devonshire kissing-bunch.

There are family portraits on the walls and one of them, a prim old lady of early Victorian tendencies, looks almost rakish under the gay red berry and green leaf. Evening comes and a great Yule log is put on the fire, which crackles anew to the child's shouts.

In the midst of music and drinking of healths, boys' sweet voices ring far into the night and for the moment are the angel sounds of the "heavenly choir." But speedily the thoughts of angels dissolve into the most human forms of the church choir, demanding refreshments, and the child and her brothers and sisters ply the boys with oranges and nuts till even their expansive appetites are satisfied.

They are the "waits" of former days. Then the tired child sleeps with the thought of Christmas Day and the mystifying and exciting visit of Father Christmas, for she knows he will come down the chimney and place her presents in a stocking hung upon the bed. In this household the Christmas tree has not replaced the stocking.

BUT the morning dawns as Christmas mornings ought to dawn and the child claps her hands at the sight of the soft, white-covered earth. On wings of rapture she greets father and mother, and then there is the great moment of the opening and comparing of presents.

When she returns from church, the usual family gathering has begun to arrive. There is grandmother, to her a being of strange powers and uncertain age; there are uncles and aunts and cousins, a meeting of the whole clan.

In comes the lordly turkey, which in her day has taken the place of the boar's head, then mince pies and—oh, joy!—the plum pudding, beautifully solid behind its walls of encircling flames. And out of the flames childish hands try to snatch the burning raisins, and this little girl plays a game which her ancestors played a thousand years before—the old English game of snapdragon.

There is a shout of glee! A spinster aunt has found the wedding-ring in the pudding and will be married before the year is out, while to Uncle Jack, who is already much married, has fallen "the bachelor's button"! A funny old custom, this, of telling fortunes, changing only in the substance from a hundred years before, when into the posset-bowl of rich liquor was placed the wedding-ring, the silver sixpence and the bone button.

AND in the afternoon there are the old, old games of blind-man's buff and puss-in-the-corner, and Uncle Jack has turned himself into a Lord of Misrule. The fun is fast and furious.

Kisses are exchanged under the mistletoe with an ardor varying according to the circumstances, till there comes the cry of, "Charades!" The child is converted into a momentary Indian princess with the help of mother's shawl, dreaming not that she is carrying out the old custom of the mummies, who entertained their lord and master in similar fashion centuries before.

Over all the merriment are those strange beings, the grown-ups, for this day converted into playmates and smiling creatures who display unheard-of indulgence to childish pranks.

AGAIN I see the picture of a girl, almost a woman, eager, inquisitive for all life, watching the hanging of the holly. But there is less gaiety in her eyes, and the thought of the family assembly on the morrow brings a promise of dullness.

And now, I see a woman, to whom all the girl's romantic visions are known and tested facts—a woman whose eyes are full of tears as she watches another and a younger figure hang the holly.

For she has been living abroad and this is the first Christmas which she had spent at home for many years. It is the serious, anxious Christmas of 1917, but even the thoughts of submarines would not hold her from this promised gathering of her people.

For she sees with new eyes. How her heart opens to these, her people—the very old and the very new generation just beginning!

How she sees in the quaint old aunts and

uncles who have never left their native town, new features, lovable, uniting her in blood and race—sees in this gathering, the Spirit of Christmas, the sacredness of family life.

There are many changes, there are faces gone from those old gatherings of childhood; it is a time when that phrase of beauty, "good will to men," may barely leave the lips.

Her mind may criticize, may even look upon this family gathering with the half-tolerance of wider views and greater opportunities for knowledge of life, but at such time as Christmas it is the heart which rules, which turns the mind to the thought of the divinity of family life.

And the tentacles of the human family life draw tighter. In it she sees the bond which unites the people of one family widening in the bond which unites a nation—into the bond which at the moment of danger burned steadily in the hearts of the more vigorous sons and daughters of Britain, half critical, half intolerant of the motherland.

THERE is sadness at this last English Christmas, but there is also the spirit of Christmas—selflessness. Among the holly leaves two photographs look out, and as healths are drunk in a liquid which has none of the power of home-brewed ale or sparkling champagne, the woman sees a mother's eyes for a moment on these pictures; then again she is smiling, guiding a tiny hand, and the agony of her soul is hidden—for the sake of the children.

For in spite of war, in spite of death, old customs shall continue. In childish hearts shall be never a break in the memories of these Christmas gatherings, which they in turn shall pass on to their children and their children's children.

In place of the lordly turkey, two chickens "grown in our own back yard" huddle together on the dish. And then one realizes that there is something else unfamiliar about the appearance of the table.

There is plenty of decoration, of holly leaves and mistletoe, but the usual accompaniment of nuts, raisins, fruit, dates and candy is absent. For at this Christmas time we may no longer feast; we may only keep up old customs and eat our "rationed" dinner.

BUT there is still a plum pudding in its encircling flames. I should hate to tell you the amazing composition of that pudding, but to the children at any rate there is no change. And on the dish are still a few meager raisins, saved specially for this day, so that once more we may play snapdragon.

Behind our seats stands one white-capped maid, for the servants' hall is empty—all except this one are making munitions.

A masquerade, if you will, but surely a brave one, and carried out in the same spirit which ruled at another Christmas scene in this anxious year of 1917, in a large, square room in which are many beds—hundreds of them. You might expect sadness and moans of pain, but it is the gayest, laughing crowd!

Holly and mistletoe and colored-paper garlands hang around the bare walls and from every available prominence, and behind those decorations is the spirit of Christmas, for weary nurses have given their precious spare time so that the boys shall not miss any note of festivity in this Christmas in hospital.

There is a solemn service in their chapel for as many of them as are able to leave their beds, and as I saw their crippled youth, tears stung my eyes at their unconsciousness of any heroism. But later as they sat down to the great business of the day it was impossible to do anything but smile.

The feast had been provided by the people of the district—not a wealthy district—and the sum collected represented many a sacrifice for the boys. Here was no stint of turkey or mince pie or candy or cigars.

And after each of them was as full as he could comfortably be—and many of them more so—there were games and dancing and singing, and docters and nurses united in keeping the ball a-rolling, trying to make up to each boy for the home Christmas he was missing.

Again I saw the sacredness of family life—the spirit of Christmas—selflessness; the spirit which is ineradicably opposed to anarchy, disloyalty, the spirit which animated the American doughboy—which made him to be feared in war, but when war was over made him indifferent to new countries he might have seen—which made him want to be brought home.

"FOR unto us this day is born." Happy it is that by the people of two great nations this message is read in their own tongue.

These pictures of three Christmases suggest a thought of our two countries. Of childhood in the home circle, and then youth, bringing an eager seeking for a new liberty—of misunderstanding and intolerance on the part of the parent.

Finally a wiser womanhood, a realization of many qualities which before seemed stupid and stolid to eager youth, of the solid worth of the bond which links two countries in a unity of language and institution.

We can bear the memory of the horror if good come out of it. If America and England are together, who shall fear the Ghost of that Christmas Yet To Be?

And so in this Christmas-tide of peace I wish you all a Happy Day.

IN THIS NUMBER

- To read to the children at bedtime Page 5
- For the business members of the family Page 13
- For any one who likes a laugh Page 15
- For nature lovers Page 16
- For half-grown-up girls Page 20
- For everybody Page 10 and Page 22

BIXBY'S JET-OIL

The Liquid Polish for Black Shoes



A Dauber is attached to each Stopper

Women's and Children's shoes last well and look well when polished with "Jet-Oil." Takes but a minute. Dauber keeps polish off hands and clothing.

For White
15c



Black
15c



and Brown
25c



Shoes

S.M. BIXBY & CO., INC., NEW YORK



Rumford
Certainly
Makes
Delicious
Cake

YOU can always get good results with Rumford, because it is always uniform in action; always raises perfectly and the last spoonful is as good as the first.

RUMFORD

The Wholesome Baking Powder

Compounded of pure strength-building phosphates, Rumford Baking Powder (the original and the best phosphate baking powder) makes the most delicious, digestible and healthful food. Cakes, biscuits, muffins; everything baked with Rumford, has more than its ordinary nutrition because Rumford, in addition to being the perfect leaven, imparts a nutritive value of its own.

FREE COOK BOOK: May we send you Janet McKenzie Hill's excellent cook book? It makes your money go further. Write for complimentary copy to

THE RUMFORD CO. Dept. 14 Providence, R. I.



277



"Mother's Letter"

You will find C. LeRoy Baldrige's latest drawings in *The Home Sector*.

DID SOME soldier ever send you from France a copy of *The Stars and Stripes*? It was probably dirty, dog's-eared and weather-beaten. But you found it crammed with the tales and the songs and the sketches, the laughter and the tears and the sentiment of Americans overseas. You can acknowledge and return that paper now by sending "him" a subscription to

THE HOME SECTOR

A WEEKLY FOR THE NEW CIVILIAN

CONDUCTED BY THE FORMER EDITORIAL COUNCIL OF
The Stars and Stripes

On the News-stands every Wednesday

10 Cents a Copy, \$5.00 a Year.

Write for Special Combination Offer. Agents Wanted.

The Butterick Publishing Co., Butterick Bldg., New York.

Continued from page 24

HILLS OF HAN

again, to step so quickly into his position as head of the compound, brought a sense of relief. That would be habit functioning. A moment later his confusion was deeper than before; in one of those quick flashes that can illuminate and occupy the inner mind while the outer is engaged with the brisk affairs of life he was wondering how soon these men would know what he was, what pitiful sort he had overnight become; and what they would think of him, they who now obeyed and loved him.

They told him the gossip of the streets. Those strange soldiers. Lookers from beyond the western mountains had been coming of late to the *yamen* of old Kang Hsu, the provincial treasurer. Kang, so ran the local story, had reviewed these troops within the twelve hours, witnessing their incantations, satisfying himself of their ability to render themselves invisible to the eyes of white men, giving them his approval.

Doane said what little he could to quiet their fears; he even managed a rather austere smile; then passed on into the courtyard.

Dr. Cassin came slowly down the steps from the dispensary, her keys jingling in her hand. She was a spare, competent woman, deeply consecrated to her work, without humor, but not lacking in kindness.

"Oh, Mr. Doane!" she said. Then, "How did you find things at So T'ung?"

He stood a moment looking at her.

"Very bad," he said.

"Not—well—"

DOANE inclined his head. "Yes, Jen is gone—and twelve to fifteen others. Shot or burned. One helper escaped. I could get word of no others. One of M. Pourmont's engineers helped very bravely in the defense, but was finally clubbed to death."

Dr. Cassin stood silent; then drew in her breath sharply. The keys jingled.

"Oh!" she murmured in a broken voice. "That is bad!"

"It couldn't be worse. How is it here?"

"Well"—she pursed her lips—"I'm afraid we've all been getting a little nervous. It's well you're back. We need you. The servants are jumpy."

"I gathered that, in the gatehouse."

"I wonder—in the fighting at So T'ung there must have been a good many wounded."

"Among the attackers, yes; the Lookers themselves and village rowdies."

"I was wondering—mightn't it be a good thing for me to go up there and take charge?"

"No."

"For the effect it might have on the people, I mean. Wouldn't it quiet them, help restore their confidence in us?"

"No, doctor. The people—excepting the young men—haven't changed. Trouble will come wherever the Lookers go. No, your place is here."

Once in the mission residence, Doane hurried up the two flights of stairs to his own rooms. He met no one; the door of Boatwright's study was closed.

So they needed him. The strain was shaking their morale a little. It was really not surprising, after 1900. But if they needed him it was no time to indulge his own emotions. He would have to take hold again, that was all; perhaps keep hold, letting the news that was to be to him so evil come up as it might. He sighed as he closed his door. Some sort of a scene there must be; at least a talk with the Boatwrights about So T'ung and about the local problem. One thing he could do: remove his dusty clothing, wash, put on fresh things. It would help a little, just the physical refreshment. He went back to the door and looked it. Boatwright would be up, almost certainly.

Very shortly came the familiar hesitant tapping. For years the little man had made his presence known in that same faintly timid way. It was irritating.

Doane called out that he would be down soon.

"Oh, all right. Thank you!" Thus Boatwright, outside the door. And then he moved slowly, uncertainly, down the stairs.

BOATWRIGHT was sitting idle at his desk, rolling a pencil about. It was an old roll-top desk from Michigan via Shanghai. Doane closed the door quietly and came to the center of the room.

"Do sit down," said the assistant.

Doane silently drew up a chair.

"You'd better read this." Boatwright spread a telegram on the desk. "I haven't told the others. It came late this afternoon."

The message was from Mrs. Nacy, acting dean of the little college at Hung Chan:

Several hundred Lookers broke into compound this noon and took all our food slightly injuring cook and helper who resisted they order us to send all girl students home remain at present carousing near compound very threatening commander forbids any communication with you as they seem to fear you and your influence at judge's *yamen* though boasting that treasurer now rules province and that judge will be fortunate to escape with his life wish greatly you could be here.

Doane, sitting very quietly, shading his eyes with a powerful hand, read the message twice; then asked calmly:

"Have you notified Pao?"

"Not yet. Your message came several hours earlier. It seemed wise to wait for you."

Doane considered the matter, then reached for red paper, ink-pot and brush and wrote, in Chinese, the equivalent of the following note:

I beg to report that a band of Lookers at So T'ung assisted by local young men killed Jen Ling Pu and about fourteen others including white engineer named Beggins from com-

pound of M. Pourmont at Ping Yang. Considerable property destroyed. Several buildings burned to ground. Further to-day comes a report of attack on the mission college at Hung Chan with urgent appeal for help. I am going to Hung Chan at once, to-night, and must beg of your Excellency immediate support from local officials and troops. I must further beg to advise your Excellency that I am reporting these unfortunate events to the American Minister at Peking by telegraph to-night and to suggest that only the greatest promptness and firmness on your part can now avert wide-spread trouble which threatens to bow the head of China once more with shame in the dust. JAMES GRIGSBY DOANE.

He struck a bell, and to the servant who entered gave instructions regarding the etiquette to be observed in promptly delivering the note at the *yamen* of the provincial judge.

"I am worried, I'll admit, about Kang," observed Boatwright when the servant had gone. He said this without looking up, rolling the pencil back and forth, back and forth. His voice was light and husky.

Doane, watching him, felt now that his own task was to forget self utterly. It was beginning even to seem the pleasantly selfish course. The trip down to Hung Chan he welcomed. He would drive himself mercilessly; it would be an escaping from his thoughts. Moments had come during the walk from So T'ung when for the first time in his life he understood suicide. So many men fell back on it during the tragic disillusionments of middle life. The trouble with suicide, of course, was the element of cowardice. He wasn't beaten. Not yet. At least he had strength left and physical courage. No; action was the thing! It was the sort of contribution he was best fitted to give to these helpless, frightened people here, as to Betty. He would give to the limits of his great strength.

AND so he answered Boatwright with a manner of calm confidence:

"Kang is putting up a fight, of course, but Pao will prove too strong for him. At least there's no good in believing anything else, Arthur. It's the position we've got to take. I'll get into my walking-clothes again."

"You're not going to Hung Chan alone, to-night?"

"Yes. It's the quickest way."

"Don't you need sleep—a few hours, at least?"

"No, I was too late at So T'ung."

"That was not your fault."

"No. Still, I'll go right along." Doane got up.

"If you could give me a few minutes more—there's another matter. I'm afraid you'll regard it as rather important. It's—difficult." And then, instead of continuing, he fell to rolling the pencil and gazing at it. His color rose a little.

There was a light knock at the door. Neither man responded. After a moment the door opened a little way, and Mrs. Boatwright looked in.

"Oh!" she exclaimed; then: "How do you do, Mr. Doane! Arthur, have you spoken of that matter?"

"I was just beginning to, my dear."

Mrs. Boatwright, after a silence, came in and closed the door softly behind her.

"Mr. Doane hasn't much time." Boatwright's voice was low, tremulous. "Matters at So T'ung are as bad as they could be. And he is going down to Hung Chan now."

"To-night?" asked the wife rather sharply.

Doane inclined his head.

"Then what are we to do?"

"Mr. Doane," put in the husband, "has given instructions that we are to stay here."

"Oh—instructions?"

"Yes," said Doane gravely. And he courteously explained: "The situation is developing too rapidly for us to get all the others in to T'ainan. And we can't desert them. Not yet. You will certainly be safer here than you would be on the road. Hung Chan is only eighteen miles. I will be back within twenty-four hours, probably to-morrow evening. Then we will hold a conference and decide finally on a course. We may be reduced to demanding an escort to Ping Yang, telegraphing the others to save themselves as best they can."

MRS. BOATWRIGHT soberly considered the problem.

"It looks like nineteen hundred all over again," Boatwright muttered huskily without looking up.

"No," said Doane, "it won't be the same. The only thing we positively know is that history never repeats itself. We'll take it as it comes." He didn't see Mrs. Boatwright's sharp eyes taking him in as he said this. "I'll leave you now."

"Just this other matter," said the wife, more briskly. "I won't keep you long. But I don't feel free to handle the situation in my own way, and—well, something must be done."

"You see," said the husband, "there's a man here—a queer American—he turned up—"

"Arthur!" the wife interrupted. "If you will let me! It is a man your daughter met on the ship coming out, Mr. Doane. Evidently it is a case of infatuation—"

"He is a journalist—has written works on British administration in India, I believe—"

"Arthur! Please! The fact is, the man has deliberately followed Betty out here. There is some understanding between them—something that should be got at. The man is married. Betty admits that—she seems to be intimately in his confidence. He came rushing out here without so much as a passport. Arthur has had to give up a good deal of time

Continued on page 93



*To make appetites glad—
every day in the year*

There's a DEL MONTE
variety for every menu
need — an appeal that
always tempts.

CALIFORNIA PACKING CORPORATION
San Francisco, California

Send for our free Recipe Book

The things you must watch for in caring for your Skin

FIVE SPITEFUL LITTLE FOES ARE WORKING, WORKING ALL THE TIME TO MAR YOUR BEAUTY

One's skin has enemies on every side! They are Cold, Wind, Dust, Fatigue, Time. All of them are working, working, to mar one's beauty. Luckily, with the right knowledge, each of these spiteful little foes can be downed.

WHICH of these little enemies is it that refuses to permit your face to stay powdered? Possibly, Wind. Possibly, Time. Between them both the finest of powders seems to be a fickle thing. It floats airily away from your face and leaves it as shiny as ever!

Every time you powder—indeed, *before* you powder—you can win this relentless battle that you know Wind and Time will direct against you. You can *make* the powder stay on two or three times as long as ever before! Before you powder, rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face—just the least bit on the tips of your fingers. Instantly it disappears. Then see how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. This cream contains no oil, so it cannot reappear in a shine. Skin specialists say that the use of a powder base is a great protection to the skin itself.

WATCH, too, for a deeper injury from Wind and Cold! Even if your skin does not chap, it is coarsened by wintry weather. The way to prevent this is to rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face and hands before you go out. This keeps them so soft and smooth that the harshest and coldest of winds cannot make them dry—cannot cause them to roughen or chap.



Wind dries your skin; cold roughens and chaps it. Pond's Vanishing Cream will protect your skin. It will not reappear in a shine.

BEWARE of going out with a *tired* looking skin. Fatigue tells tales around the eyes and the corners of the mouth. You need never permit it. You can freshen up your skin in a few minutes.

Before you go out in the evening, when you want to look especially charming, take the tired look out of your complexion. Just rub a little Pond's Vanishing Cream over your face. Your skin will drink in the fragrant cooling freshness. The tense look around your mouth and eyes will relax. Your complexion will take on a new freshness, new transparency. You will *forget* you were tired! And not one moment through the evening need you suffer that haunting fear, "Is my face becoming shiny?"

GUARD against a *dull* look in your skin. This look means that your face needs a thorough cleansing, not just a freshening up. Not Vanishing Cream for this—but a *cold cream* bath.

Before you go to bed, and in the daytime after a dusty railroad or motor trip, rub Pond's Cold Cream into your face. It has just the amount of oil required for cleansing. Wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will wonder where so much dirt could have come from—you will delight in the clearness of your skin, its thoroughly clean sensation.

ONE more thing that you should watch for—the coming of lines. Make sure that *you* see them before anyone else does. Then, once or twice a week, cover your face and neck with Pond's Cold Cream and massage the lines away. Work from the center of your face outwards and upwards over little places where lines are forming.

Remember your skin needs two creams:

One without any oil, and one with an oil base

The cream you must have for your many daytime and evening needs is a cream that will not glisten. For this purpose Pond's *Vanishing* Cream was formulated. Use it for a powder base, to protect your skin from chapping and roughness, to freshen it at a moment's notice. *It has no oil* and will not reappear in a shine.

On the other hand, the cream you should use for cleansing and massage must have an oil base. Pond's *Cold* Cream is made especially for this purpose. It contains *just the amount of oil* required to give a thorough cleansing.

Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get these two creams at any drug or department store today, and begin right away to keep your skin always at its freshest and loveliest.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

Dust lurks deep in every pore and continues to lurk unless you cleanse your face with Pond's Cold Cream

Pond's Extract Co., 137X Hudson Street, New York
 Please send me, free, the items checked:
 A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
 A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream
 Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
 A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
 A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream
 Name.....
 Street.....
 City..... State.....

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBES



Tired you may be; tired you may look; but you need not stay looking that way. The cool touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream will freshen your skin and make the powder stay on.

Don't let the tiny wrinkles grow to big ones. Smooth them out with Pond's Cold Cream.

Continued from page 90

HILLS OF HAN

to setting him right at Pao's *yamen*. I very properly refused to accept him here as a guest. whereupon Betty got word to him secretly and they have been meeting—

"Out in the tennis-court!"
"Last night I found them there myself. I sent him away, and brought Betty in."
"Tell it all, dear!"

"I will. Mr. Doane must know the facts. The man was kissing her. He offered no apology. And Betty was defiant. She seemed then to fear the man would not appear again, but in some way she found him this afternoon out in the side street. They must have been there together for some time, walking back and forth, talking earnestly. I had other things to do, of course. I couldn't devote all my time to watching her. And it would seem, if she had any normal sense of—I secured a promise then from Betty that she would not meet him again until after your return. The man, however, would promise nothing."

On few occasions in her intensely busy life had Mrs. Boatwright been so voluble. But she was excited and perhaps a little prurient; for to such severe self-discipline as hers there are opposite and sometimes equal reactions.

"Something must be done, and at once." She appeared to be bringing her speech to a conclusion. "The man impressed me as persistent and quite shameless. He is unquestionably exerting a dangerous power over the girl. Even in times like these I am sure that you, as her father, will feel that a strong effort must be made to save her. I needn't speak of the whispers that are already loose about the compound."

THROUGH all this, Doane, face wholly expressionless except for a stunned look about the eyes and perhaps a sad settling about the mouth, looked quietly from wife to husband and back again. They seemed utter strangers, these two. With disconcerting abruptness he discovered that he disliked them both. And Betty was hardly more than a dream-memory, a happy child of years long gone; he knew really nothing of her life, of her characteristics; they hadn't yet, he and she, had time so much as to find a common basis for speech, let alone thought and feeling. Another thought that came was of the scene of desolation he had left at So Tung. After that, what mattered, what little human thing! Then it occurred to his dazed mind that this wouldn't do. Suddenly he could see Betty—her charm and grace, her bright pretty ways, with his inner eye; and again his spirit was torn and tortured as all during the night back there in the hills. If only he could recall the prayers that used to rise so easily and earnestly from his eager heart!

"Where is she now?" he asked, outwardly so calm as to stir resentment in the woman before him. She replied acidly: "In her room—if she hasn't slipped out again."

"She promised, I believe you said."
This was uttered so quietly that a slow moment passed before it reached home. Then Mrs. Boatwright replied, with less emphasis: "Yes. She promised."

"And where is the man?"
"At an inn, somewhere inside the walls. The gatekeeper would know."

"What is his name?"
Boatwright fumbled among the papers on his desk and found a card which he passed over. Doane looked thoughtfully at it, then slipped

it into a pocket; said, quiet, deathly sober. "You may look for me some time to-morrow night. We will make our final arrangements then. Meantime you had all better get what rest you can." Then he left the room.

Husband and wife looked at each other. The man's lids drooped first. He began rolling the pencil. Finally he said listlessly: "Probably it would be wise to sort out these papers—get the letters and reports straight. If we should go, there wouldn't be much time for packing."

DOANE went directly to Betty's door and knocked.

She came at once, in a pretty kimono from Japan, peeped out at him, cried softly:

"Oh, dad! You're safe!"
"Yes, dear. I have one more trip, a short one. It will be all I can do. To-morrow night I'll be back for good. Take care of yourself, little girl."

"Yes—oh, yes! But I shall worry about you."

"No. Never worry. I'll be back."

That seemed to be all he could say. She, too, was still. The silence lengthened, grew into a conscious thing in his mind and hers. Finally he took a hesitating backward step.

"I must be off, dear."

"Dad—wait!" She stood erect, her head drawn back, looking directly at him out of curiously bright eyes. Her abundant hair flowed down about her shoulders. But he thought of her eyes. They were frank, brave, and very young and eager and bright. Some-

where within her slim little frame she had a store of fine young courage; he knew it now, and felt a thrill that was at once hope and pain. He had to fight back tears. She was going to tell him. Yes, she was plunging wonderfully into it:

"There's one thing, dad! I'm sorry—I oughtn't to make you think of other things now. But if we could only have a little talk."

He managed to say:

"Only a day more, dear."

"Yes, I suppose we should wait—though—"

He stepped forward, drew her to him, and in an uprush of exquisite tenderness kissed her forehead; then, with an odd little sound that might almost have been a sob, he rushed off, descended the stairs, and went out the front door.

From the window she saw his dim figure crossing the court. At the gatehouse he paused and called aloud.

TWO of the servants came; she could see their quaintly colored paper-lanterns bobbing about. One of them went into the gatehouse and came out again. He was struggling with something. She strained her eyes against the glass. Oh, yes, he was getting into his long coat; that was all. Apparently he went out, this man, with her father. The other colored lantern bobbed back into the gatehouse, and the compound settled again into calm.

Doane, though he could not talk with his daughter, could talk directly and bluntly to the man named Brachey, who had rushed out here incontinent after her. He knew this; was alive with a slow, swelling anger that came to him as a perverse sort of blessing after the cumulative emotional torment of the past three days.

Continued in the January DELINEATOR

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING

BY HÉLÈNE GRANDET

FOR several years Miss Grandet has been a careful student of graphology.

We can not substantiate Miss Grandet's claims. We have no desire to do so. We publish this series of articles merely for the interest which our readers may find in Miss Grandet's presentation of a study in which many persons find diversion.

If you wish to know what your handwriting indicates, send on unlined paper in your own handwriting and signed with your own name, an original thought or favorite quotation, in prose, of about twenty-five words. This should be accompanied by the fee of one dollar and by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Hélène Grandet, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York.

"LOOK at that muffer!" said Miss Frith. "Ann Grayson certainly can't knit, and her sister Elsie is a real artist at anything with one, two, three or four needles."

It was my day in charge of our local branch of the American Committee for Devastated France, with Miss Frith acting as temporary director at the knitting-table. Running her long finger through the spaces of dropped stitches, she continued: "Heedless thing! Her button sewing is as bad too. Poor bringing-up at best. She needs mothering all right."

I looked down the room to where Ann, with her face a bit flushed and tense, was trying to pick up errors on needles and make conspicuous holes where there should be no holes look invisible.

I liked Dr. Grayson's daughter Ann better than Elsie, as I always like a woman who is not too confident of herself in the smaller occupations of feminine life, but allows for other accomplishments unlike her own an equally

important place in the scheme of the lives of other women.

ON SUCH occasions, one very irritating Summer always comes back to my memory, when I was obliged, for courtesy's sake, to spend several hours a day opposite a woman who knitted so fast that her rather sharp tongue had difficulty in keeping pace with her needles, while she audibly standardized all womenkind according to her one talent. But when her handwriting proved—well, I shall tell you that story at another time, so forgive my digression.

I called Ann to me and said, "Dear, will you arrange these tickets for me, and check them down in alphabetical order?"

She looked relieved, and began her task at a little table below my desk. At the end of an hour she presented me with a list, neatly written, the tickets bunched and rubber-strapped, and the tense look gone from the dear freckled little face.

Oh, that list, with its trim, firm, fine little handwriting, just brimming over with generous ideals and sympathy! I acted at once, and have had no reason to regret it.

"ANN," I said, "I am going to put you in charge of this special work, and the knitters will report to you every evening. You are really very clever at systematizing things, dear, and so few women without business training are."

I announced the fact of Ann's appointment before I concluded my afternoon's work, and you should have seen the surprised expressions on the faces before me, from Elsie Grayson's to Miss Frith's.

Ann is now the local secretary of the American Committee for Devastated France, and has so splendidly written her reports that people at headquarters are asking about her.

Miss Frith is still poking her fingers through other people's holes, and Elsie primly knitting with her satisfied air of unimpeachable leadership, but I am happy that the almost failure at the knitting-table, revealed in her writing efficiency of a wider scope, and that again I read aright.

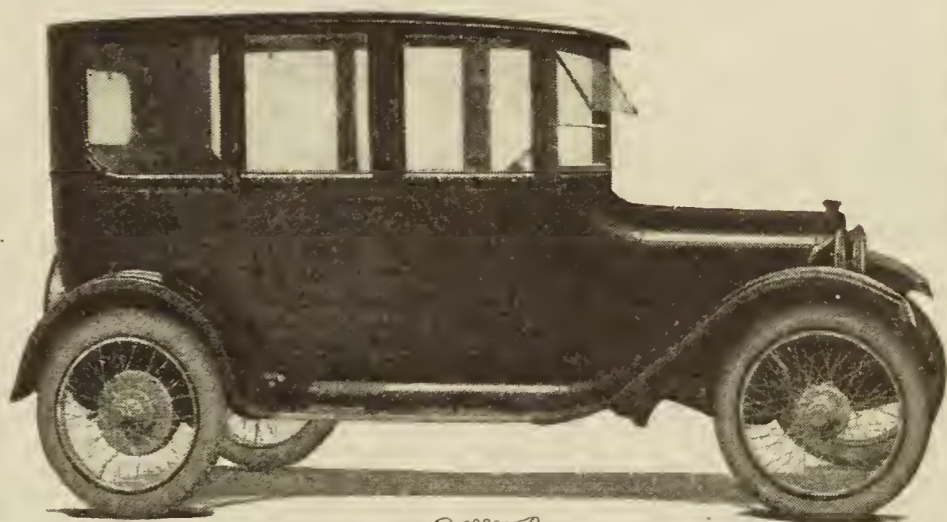
DODGE BROTHERS 4 DOOR SEDAN

The four doors have more than ever endeared the Sedan to those feminine members of the family to whom convenience means so much

They also appreciate the high quality of the genuine mohair velvet used in the upholstery

The gasoline consumption is unusually low
The tire mileage is unusually high

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



Let Us Pay Your Christmas Expenses

MAIL IT TO-DAY!

THE DELINEATOR
452 Butterick Bldg.,
New York, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me free advice as to how I can turn my spare minutes into Christmas money. This does not put me under any obligation.

Name

Street

Town

State

Wouldn't you spend two cents to find out how you can get all the Christmas money you need?

That is all Miss Irene C. Lolly, of Massachusetts, spent, and within a few weeks she had earned \$42.65, simply by taking advantage of the opportunity we opened up to her.

The price of postage to write to us is all the investment hundreds of our representatives made. By looking after our interests in their spare time, they earn \$5.00 to \$125.00 a month.

Wherever you live

We need representatives in every vicinity. Whether you live in the country, small town or big city, there is an opportunity to earn extra money.

From every community subscriptions to *The Delineator* are sent to us direct by subscribers, because our staff of representatives is not big enough to look after all the business. You could get the subscriptions right around you and earn \$50.00 before the end of another month. Why don't you?

No experience is necessary

We coach you in the work and furnish all instructions and supplies free. You can begin to earn money the day you hear from us.

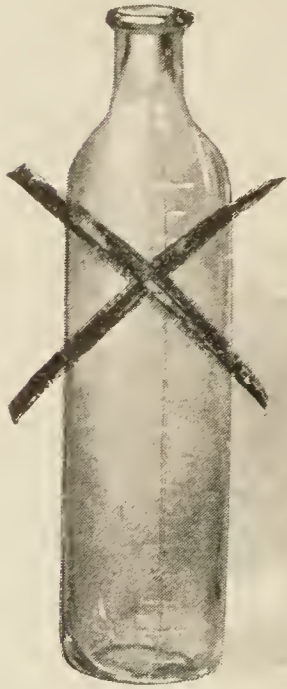
And the work is pleasant and dignified.

I could fill this magazine with letters from thankful women who have written in praise of *The Delineator* subscription work and what it has meant to them.

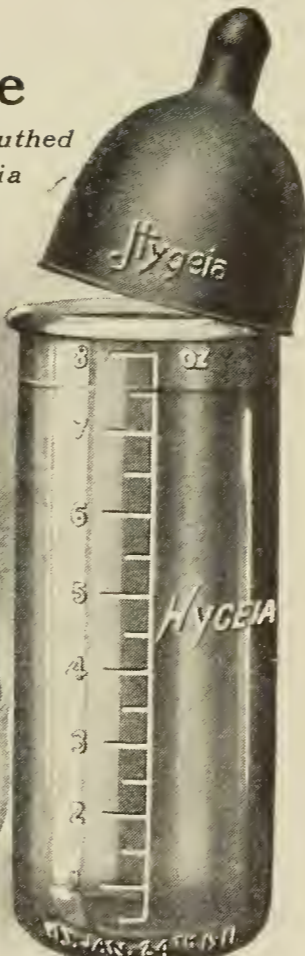
But you don't need to take their word for it. If you have a little spare time, and can use a \$100 extra, spend two cents for postage, sign the coupon and mail it now.

Concluded from page 33

Don't Use
Narrow-Neck
Bottle



Use
Open-Mouthed
Hygeia

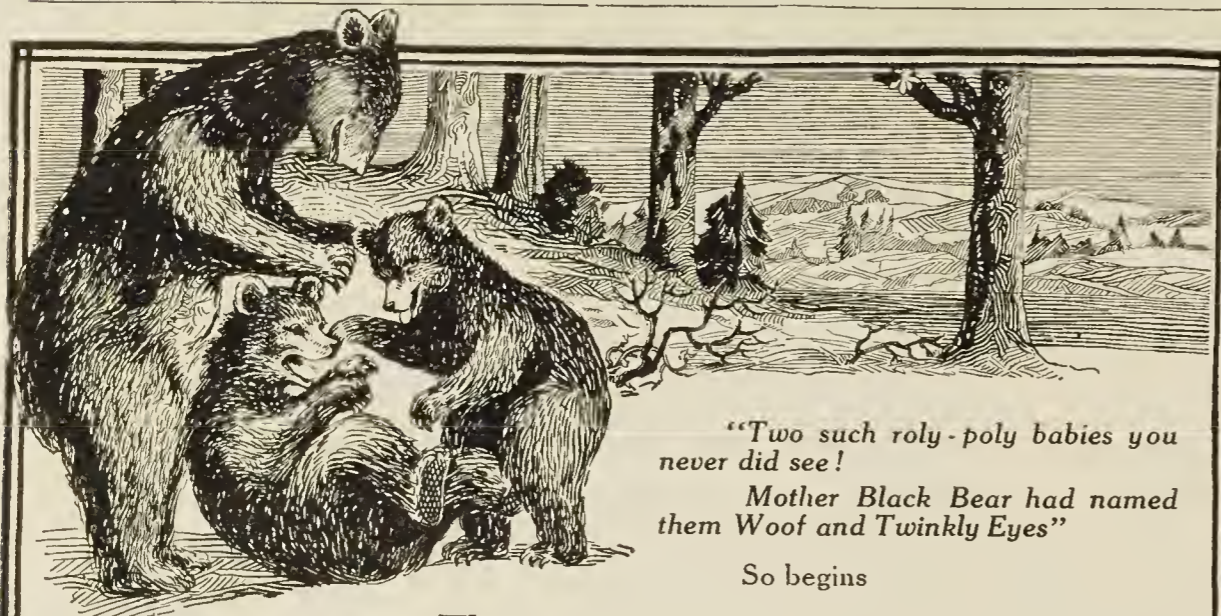


Baby's Life May Be the Difference between These Bottles

DO you know that a baby's life is risked 2,000 times during the first year if it feeds from a small-necked nursing bottle? A nursing bottle with a narrow neck may look clean, yet contain enough bacteria to start baby on a fatal sickness. The neck allows food particles and germs to collect at the shoulders. It prevents these danger spots from washing out clean. The swab collects germs, sheds bristles inside the bottle, and scratches the glass. Boiling water cannot circulate freely, and dirt and germs are not always washed out. The neckless Hygeia has no danger spots. No swabbing is necessary. The Hygeia washes out as readily as a tumbler. In boiling, water rushes in and out of the wide mouth and renders the bottle absolutely safe and clean. Best for baby, easiest for you—that's the Hygeia, invented over 20 years ago by a physician to save his own baby. Since used by hundreds of thousands of intelligently-cared-for infants. Breasts made of red or black rubber. Sold at drug stores everywhere with the name Hygeia on box, breast, and bottle.

THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc., 1206 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Dealers: Motion Picture Slides with your name on sent free. Write.
Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE



"Two such roly-poly babies you never did see!
Mother Black Bear had named them Wool and Twinkly Eyes"
So begins

**The Adventures of TWINKLY EYES
The Little Black Bear**

By ALLEN CHAFFEE. Illustrated by PETER DA RU.

Get this new and fascinating story of Old Mother Black Bear and those "rollicking black balls of mischief," her two cubs. Chapter after chapter of the most wonderfully written experiences take you out into the environs of green forests, open fields, and, child or grown-up, at once delight and instruct you in the habits of the wood's babies. No better animal story has been written.

Beautifully printed and bound Price \$1.00

**Bradley Quality Books
for Children**

provide worth-while stories to tell to the youngest child, and for the child to read as he grows older. Some attractive titles are:

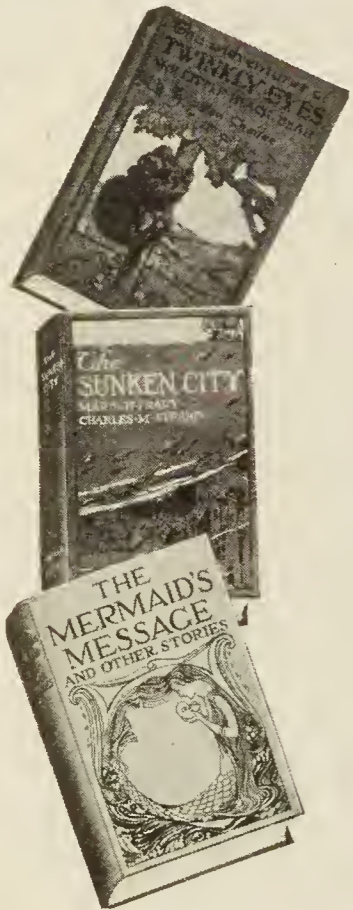
THE SUNKEN CITY by Marie Fray and Charles Stebbins. A beautiful story of the Zuyder Zee and other splendid legends. Illustrated. Price 75 Cents.

THE MERMAID'S MESSAGE, a short story collection—the title story by Maud Lindsay. Intensely interesting to children of kindergarten age. Illustrated. Price 75 Cents.

BROAD STRIPES AND BRIGHT STARS (American History Stories) by Carolyn S. Bailey. Pictures by Clara M. Burd. The fascinating story of our country from Plymouth Rock to Flanders Fields. Illustrated in color. Price \$1.25.

At all good stores, or direct by mail from the publishers. Write for Illustrated Circular of BRADLEY BOOKS.

MILTON BRADLEY CO., Dept. 3, Springfield, Mass.



HEALTHY-TOWN

and one-half years. Though Framingham is located in Massachusetts, and not Missouri, it had to be shown. It is human nature to argue that what was good enough for Grandfather Digby and Great-Uncle Ezekiel is good enough for their descendants.

The publication of the first year's results in health-making showed the confirmed doubter several unmistakable things. It showed him first of all that fewer grown people die every year in a clean and healthy town than in one that neglects health problems; it showed him that it is cheaper for the taxpayers to have the citizens spend money to keep well than to get well; it proved to him in cold figures that half of the babies who die every year do not need to die.

From an amused tolerance for an odd new experiment, the town began to feel a real pride and responsibility in cooperating in every possible way with the Health Station.

THE State Normal School, situated at Framingham, opened classes in home economics to the housewives, in which Mrs. John Robinson, sitting side by side with Mrs. Pietro Torelli, learned what food was suited to different ages and occupations, and how to prepare it properly. Through the schools also lessons and lectures were given in domestic management, and a Neighborhood House inaugurated classes for "little mothers," where the small girls who took care of younger brothers and sisters were warned of the awful results of giving pacifiers to babies, the inadvisability of dill pickles and bananas as refreshments for fretting infants, and the necessity for clean bottles and frequent naps.

During this period the Civic Association completed a beautiful pool, with a charming recreation room, lockers, shower-baths and dressing-rooms, and opened them to the use of all citizens at a very nominal fee of ten cents. An old house in the factory section was taken over by the Civic League and fitted out as a community house with facilities for lectures, health talks in various foreign languages, clinics and so forth, a social worker being placed in charge.

IN COOPERATION with the local doctors an expert medical-consultation service was placed at their disposal, and a series of lectures by some of the biggest specialists and physicians in the country was given to the medical association, and a modern X-ray apparatus was installed at the hospital.

Various activities which the Health Station originated and supervised were little by little transferred to the local organizations, the Board of Health, School Board, civic, business and social associations, until at the present time the Framingham health work is almost entirely under local auspices, which it must be before the practicability of the whole experiment can be assured. In two and one-half years an average American town has, for the first time in history, made a serious and de-

termined attempt to solve health problems. How far it has succeeded her statistics show.

BRIEFLY, in two years the "healthy-town" has reduced its deaths from tuberculosis from one hundred and twenty-one for every theoretical hundred thousand citizens to seventy-nine per hundred thousand, or in other words about a third, with the results of the fight only beginning to show.

During the second year of the health demonstration the death-rate of the community as a whole decreased by almost a quarter. Reexamination of a section of the population which had been found in need of medical care in the first examination showed a decided improvement in many cases where the advice given then had been followed, and in some cases the threatening trouble had almost disappeared, which seems to indicate that the reduction of the death-rate in the future will be still greater.

But—the eternal question—how much does it cost? Can every town afford to be healthy?

And the answer is that any town which can afford to pay for unnecessary sickness can afford to pay for health. For sickness costs money; it costs the individual who has to pay doctor's bills and lose his power of earning, it costs the taxpayers to keep the hospitals, the almshouses and asylums filled with the invalids, the unfit, the weaklings, the ill-born and degenerate. Communities of the size of Framingham annually spend from twenty to forty cents per capita on spasmodic, disorganized health work.

FRAMINGHAM, when chosen for the demonstration, was spending forty cents for such work for every person in town. It is now spending about eighty-two cents per capita from the public funds, and practically the same amount per capita for private health work, such as industrial and civic activities, factory medical maintenance, gymnasiums and physical instructors and so forth.

Admitting that Framingham is still financially helped in some respects by the Health Experiment Organization, it is estimated that one dollar per person from the public funds and another dollar per person from private funds will carry on all the necessary work to keep Framingham what it has become, the best organized town for health in the world. One dollar a year from public funds for every citizen—that is surely not a boggy sum to scare off prudent town fathers from attempting to follow in Framingham's footsteps along the road to health. Within two years this investment would be paying dividends in actual dollars and cents in life saved and health and earning-capacity increased.

The experiment, furthermore, has awakened in the souls of the Robinsons and the O'Tooles a new pride and sense of citizenship. Health is the one thing which can draw all classes and conditions of folk together in a community spirit.

Concluded from page 58

THE STORY OF AN IDEA HUNT

ruler slipped into two slits on a cardboard foundation, bore a little verse referring to the convenience of carrying it in a knitting or sewing bag.

A small girl just learning to sew will be delighted with the little wooden thimble-case. The tiny box is vividly painted with children's heads and opens where the neck would naturally come. Inside is a colored celluloid thimble, painted with dainty flower-wreaths.

The pretty booklet containing soaped-paper leaves which lather when wet will be very convenient to a traveler or to the woman who goes to the city for an all-day shopping-trip.

A dainty ornament for the toilet-table is the powder-jar of iridescent glass, in the shape of a sherbet-glass, containing a powder-puff to which is sewed a satin-ribbon pond-lily. The effect is that of a lily floating on water—and the puff is very convenient to handle.

I WONDER if there exists anywhere a woman who does not rejoice in candlesticks? I should like to make a collection of the lovely ones which I have seen in my Christmas wanderings through the shops. The ones I liked the best were of glass. They were of thin glass with a substantial base, a long, thin, twisted stem and a holder for the candle which started out to be a lily cup but flared to catch the candle-drippings. These are imitation Venetian glass and come in the palest of green, amber and crystal.

The wooden candlesticks are not expensive and are easily procurable in very good shapes. The long and slender ones are most popular, although the short, stout ones with a broad saucer-shaped base seem newest. For those who like the odd and ornate come the polychrome candlesticks in dull, rich colorings, heavily ornamented with fruits or flowers.

The three, five and seven branched candelabra of brass are not new, but they are wonderfully effective with candles in each holder all lighted. There are also the pottery candelabra, which are newer and are very effective for the center of a table.

Speaking of pottery candlesticks reminds me of a tea-shop which sells pottery said to have been made since the year seventeen hundred. Among the bowls and plates I found a candlestick which is just the thing for the studio or den or any room which needs a little cheer. It is a beautiful shade of orange-yellow and with a burning candle in it is most pleasing and restful.

There is a charm about hand-woven articles. I lingered long in the shops where such things were displayed. The looms were most inter-

esting; no doubt our great-great-grandmothers could work at them with results the modern artizan in handicrafts would love to be able to achieve with the same ease. There were scarfs, table-runners, rugs and many other things, but two articles interested me most. One was a soft woolly baby-blanket woven of rather thick wool, but soft and cuddly in a way that no crocheted blanket could possibly be. The other thing was a pair of woven slippers. The tops of old white silk stockings had been cut in a long strip round and round the stocking and the material thus obtained was used for the slippers. They were very pretty and much firmer than most crocheted bedroom slippers.

THE girl who has a knack with brush and pencil can do wonders with them this Christmas, for hand-illuminated candle-shades, book-covers, book-marks, book-corner protectors, as well as Christmas cards, are all the rage. I do not mean just the painted ones, but the kind with the designs and lettering to be seen on the old books and scrolls which were used before the days of printing.

There is also a fad for things painted on a black background; for instance, gay little bunches of flowers or fruit on large as well as small articles. I recently saw a lovely child's high-chair which was enameled black and decorated with the reddest of roses and the bluest of forget-me-nots. If a chair is too ambitious an article, there are numerous other things which can be decorated in the same way.

Trays, candy-boxes, strong-boxes in which to keep private papers, are among the things which I have seen treated in this manner. Among the littlest things was a box for safety-matches and an ash-tray to go with it. A very fashionable interior decorator was displaying these.

For others who are interested in handicrafts there are the bags, the draperies, even the blouses and smocks, treated with the batik decoration. Of course this art lends itself to all sorts of uses, but for the amateur it is best to keep it to as simple use as possible.

I must speak of some of the things which I have seen recently which show the wide range and possibilities which this new-old art has. One of the articles was a tea-cozy made in a shape to accommodate a batik maple-leaf design. This was done with all the gorgeousness of Autumn colorings. Another was a lamp-shade with a design of running figures encircling it. The colors ranged from black to orange and the effect over a lighted globe was beautiful.

Soothe Your Itching Skin With Cuticura
All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

INSIST ON
Ernest Dudley Chase
CHRISTMAS GREETING CARDS
Cards for ALL Other Occasions
Catalog if YOU want one—Boston

ROMANCE

of all times, inspiring, absorbing, thrilling, is the theme of the stories, both long and short, that fill our New Magazine of that name. Hours of refreshing relaxation each month are promised you. For instance, in the December issue, out November 12th, you will find:

A Complete Novel "The Light on Baya Cay"

by Ralph Henry Barbour

and the beginning of
another New Serial

"The Tempering"

by Charles Neville Buck

Besides these, there is the second
instalment of

Joseph Conrad's Serial Novel, "The Rescue"

Among the short stories read:

"Old Home Week in Lyn Tyler's Town"

by Anne Shannon Monroe

"The Pretty Pink Lady of Perpignan"

by Harris Dickson

"Dream o' Dusk"

by Charlotte Mish

other stories and real poetry

Don't fail to get the December issue

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS

NOVEMBER 12th

20 CENTS A COPY

or delivered to your door each
month for \$2.00. Write to

Romance

Butterick Bldg., New York



THE PORTYGEE

"Now we must get back to the pavilion, I suppose," she said. "My, but we are sights, though! Do let's see if we can't make ourselves a little more presentable."

She did her best to wipe off the thickest of the clay smears with her handkerchief, but the experiment was rather a failure. As they started to walk back along the beach she suddenly turned to him and said:

"I haven't told you how—how much obliged I am for—for what you did. If you hadn't come I don't know what would have happened to me."

"Oh, that's all right," he answered lightly. He was reveling in the dramatic qualities of the situation. She did not speak again for some time and he, too, walked on in silence enjoying his day-dream. Suddenly he became aware that she was looking at him steadily and with an odd expression on her face.

"What is it?" he asked. "Why do you look at me that way?"

Her answer was, as usual, direct and frank. "I was thinking about you," she said. "I was thinking that I must have been mistaken, partly mistaken at least."

"Mistaken? About me, do you mean?" "Yes, I had made up my mind that you were—well, one sort of fellow, and now I see that you are an entirely different sort. That is, you've shown that you can be different."

"What on earth do you mean by that?" "Why, I mean—I mean— Oh, I'm sure I had better not say it. You won't like it, and will think I had better mind my own affairs, which I should do, of course."

"Go on; say it." She looked at him again, evidently deliberating whether or not to speak her thought. Then she said:

"Well, I will say it. Not that it is really my business, but because in a way it is begging your pardon and I ought to do that. You see, I had begun to believe that you were—that you were—well, that you were not very—very active, you know."

"Active! Say, look here, Helen, what—?" "Oh, I don't wonder you don't understand. I mean that you were rather—rather fond of not doing much—of—of—"

"Eh? Not doing much! That I was lazy, do you mean?"

"WHY, not exactly lazy, perhaps, but—but— Oh, how can I say just what I mean! I mean that you were always saying that you didn't like the work in your grandfather's office."

"Which I don't." "And that some day you were going to do something else."

"Which I am." "Write or act or do something—"

"Yes, and that's true, too." "But you don't, you know. You don't do anything. You've been talking that way ever since I knew you, calling this a one-horse town and saying how you hated it, and that you weren't going to waste your life here, and all that, but you keep staying here and doing just the same things."

"The last long talk we had together you told me you knew you could write poems and plays and all sorts of things; you just felt that you could. You were going to begin right away. You said that some months ago, and you haven't done any writing at all. Now, have you?"

"No-o. No, but that doesn't mean I sha'n't by and by."

"But you didn't begin, as you said you would. That was last Spring, more than a year ago, and I don't believe you have tried to write a single poem. Have you?"

He was beginning to be ruffled. It was quite unusual for any one, most of all for a girl, to talk to him in this way.

"I don't know that I have," he said, loftily.

"And, anyway, I don't see that it is—is—"

"My business whether you have or not. I know it isn't. I'm sorry I spoke. But, you see, I— Oh, well, never mind. And I do want you to know how much I appreciate your helping me as you did just now. I don't know how to thank you for that."

But thanks were not exactly what he wanted at that moment.

"GO AHEAD and say the rest," he ordered, after a short pause. "You've said so much that you had better finish it, seems to me. I'm lazy, you think. What else am I?"

"You're brave, awfully brave, and you are so strong and quick—yes, and—and—masterful; I think that is the right word. You ordered me about as if I were a little girl. I didn't want to keep still, as you told me to; I wanted to scream. And I wanted to faint, too, but you wouldn't let me. I had never seen you that way before. I didn't know you could be like that. That is what surprises me so. That is why I said you were so different."

Here was balm for wounded pride. Albert's chin lifted.

"Oh, that was nothing," he said. "Whatever must be done must be done quickly, I could see that. You couldn't hang on where you were very long."

She shuddered. "No," she replied, "I could not. But I couldn't think what to do and you could. Yes, and did it, and made me do it."

The chin lifted still more and the Speranza chest began to expand. Helen's next remark was in the nature of a reducer for the said expansion.

"If you could be so prompt and strong and—and energetic then," she said, "I can't help wondering why you aren't like that all the time. I had begun to think you were just—just—"

"Lazy, eh?" he suggested.

"Why—why no-o, but careless and indifferent, and with not much ambition, certainly. You had talked so much about writing and yet you never tried to write anything, that—that—"

"That you thought I was all bluff. Thanks. Any more compliments?"

She turned on him impulsively. "Oh,

don't!" she exclaimed. "Please don't! I know what I am saying sounds perfectly horrid, and especially now when you have just saved me from being badly hurt, if not killed. But don't you see that—that I am saying it because I am interested in you and am sure you could do so much if you only would? If you would only try!"

This speech was a compound of sweet and bitter. Albert characteristically selected the sweet.

"Helen," he asked, in his most confidential tone, "would you like to have me try and write something? Say, would you?"

"Of course I would. Oh, will you?"

"Well, if you asked me I might. For your sake, you know."

She stopped and stamped her foot impatiently.

"Oh, don't be silly!" she exclaimed. "I don't want you to do it for my sake. I want you to do it for your own sake. Yes, and for your grandfather's sake."

"My grandfather's sake! Great Scott, why do you drag him in? He doesn't want me to write poetry."

"He wants you to do something. To succeed, I know that."

"He wants me to stay here and help Labe Keeler and Issy Price. He wants me to spend all my life in that office of his; that's what he wants. Now, hold on, Helen! I'm not saying anything against the old fellow. He doesn't like me, I know, but—"

"YOU don't know. He does like you. Or he wants to like you very much indeed. He would like to have you carry on the Snow Company's business after he has gone, but if you can't—or won't—do that, I know he would be very happy to see you succeed at anything—anything!"

Albert laughed scornfully. "Even at writing poetry?" he asked.

"Why, yes, at writing, although, of course, he doesn't know a thing about it and can't understand how any one can possibly earn a living that way. He has read or heard about poets and authors starving in garrets, and he thinks they're all like that. But if you could only show him and prove to him that you could succeed by writing, he would be prouder of you than any one else would be. I know it."

He regarded her curiously. "You seem to know a lot about my grandfather," he observed.

"I do know something about him. He and I have been friends ever since I was a little girl, and I like him very much indeed. If he were my grandfather I should be proud of him. And I think you ought to be."

She flashed the last sentence at him in a sudden heat of enthusiasm. He was surprised at her manner.

"Gee! You are strong for the old chap, aren't you?" he said. "Well, admitting that he is all right, just why should I be proud of him? I am proud of my father, of course; he was somebody in the world."

"You mean he was somebody just because he was celebrated and lots of people knew about him. Celebrated people aren't the only ones who do worth-while things."

"If I were you I should be proud of Captain Zelotes because he is what he has made himself. Nobody helped him; he did it all. He was a sea captain and a good one. He has been a business man and a good one, even if the business isn't so very big."

"EVERYBODY here in South Harniss—yes, and all up and down the cape—knows of him and respects him. My father's sermons may be like the road to Setucket Point, but he knows how to size people up, and he says that in all the years he has preached in his church he has never heard a single person as much as hint that Captain Snow wasn't absolutely honest, absolutely brave, and the same to everybody, rich or poor."

"And all his life he has worked, and worked hard. What he has belongs to him; he has earned it. That's why I should be proud of him if he were my grandfather."

Her enthusiasm had continued all through this long speech. Albert whistled.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "Regular cheer for Zelotes, fellows! One—two—! Grandfather's got one person to stand up for him, I'll say that."

"But why this sudden outbreak about him, anyhow? It was me you were talking about in the beginning; though I didn't notice any loud calls for cheers in that direction," he added.

She ignored the last part of the speech. "I think you yourself made me think of him," she replied. "Sometimes you remind me of him. Not often, but once in a while. Just now, when we were climbing down that awful place you seemed almost exactly like him."

"The way you knew just what to do all the time, and your not hesitating a minute, and the way you took command of the situation and—" with a sudden laugh, "bossed me around; every bit of that was like him, and not like you at all."

"OH—I don't mean that," she added hurriedly. "I mean it wasn't like you as you usually are. It was different."

"Humph! Well, I must say— See here, Helen Kendall, what is it you expect me to do? Sail in and write two or three sonnets and a 'Come into the Garden, Maud' some time next week? You're terribly keen about grandfather, but he has rather got the edge on me so far as age goes. He's in the sixties and I'm just about nineteen."

"When he was nineteen he was first mate of a ship."

"Yes, so I've heard him say. May be first-mating is a little bit easier than writing poetry."

"And maybe it isn't. At any rate he didn't know whether it was easy or not until he tried. Oh, that's what I would like to see you do—try to do something. You could do it,

Continued on page 99



© F. B. C.



"Fits on the foot like a glove on the hand"

***There is a shade of "F. B & C."
Kid to blend with every costume***

WHEN you see a shoe that fits smoothly, and looks trim and smart—beneath a gown with which it blends in perfect harmony—you may be sure it's made of "F. B & C." Kid.

"F. B & C." is not a shoe—but a *leather*—the finest quality *kid* in all the world.

You will find the above trade mark in most footwear of the better sort. It is your Assurance of Unusual Style, Long Wear, Perfect Comfort and the Widest Range of Colors.

Write for our illustrated booklet, "Foot Notes"

Fashion Publicity Company
DEPARTMENT D NEW YORK CITY





So Enchanting a Gift

Un Noël très joyeux!

WITH Djer-Kiss Paris-created—Djer-Kiss in joyous Holiday sets! This fairy fountain of Versailles is pictured on the box.

Is it not wonderful, *Madame, Mademoiselle*, that there should be given to those who admire you an opportunity to bestow so enchanting a gift!

Last year, indeed, so many wished for these sets that there were not enough to go 'round. This year there will be more. But you will be wise if you let fall a hint—just a soft little whisper—so that the giver, *lui ou elle*, shall be forewarned and forehanded.

Then, too, if you seek something simpler, each *Spécialité*—whether it be Extract, Face Powder, Talc, Sachet, Toilet Water, Vegetale, Soap or *Rouge—is in itself a gift most acceptable—a gift quite complete in grace and charm.

In the smart little shops. In the leading big shops. In charming Holiday boxes will they be found. These single *Spécialités*. These Djer-Kiss sets—in five varied combinations from most elaborate for *Madame*, for *Mademoiselle*, to the simple three-piece sets so approved by *Monsieur*.

*ROUGE ONLY temporarily made in America.

ALFRED H. SMITH COMPANY
Sole Importers NEW YORK



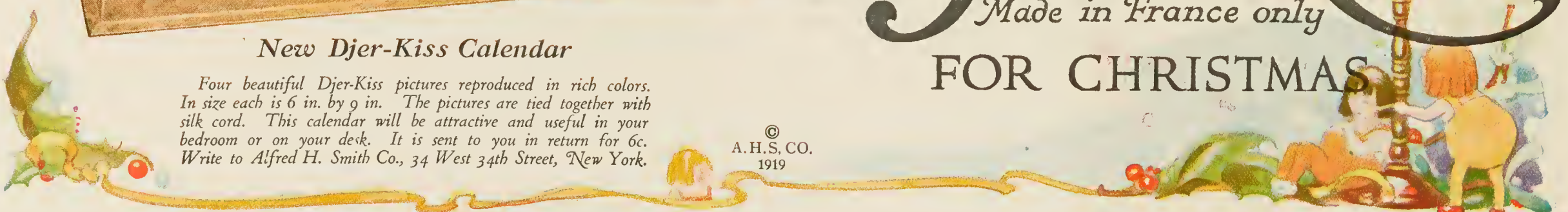
New Djer-Kiss Calendar

Four beautiful Djer-Kiss pictures reproduced in rich colors. In size each is 6 in. by 9 in. The pictures are tied together with silk cord. This calendar will be attractive and useful in your bedroom or on your desk. It is sent to you in return for 6c. Write to Alfred H. Smith Co., 34 West 34th Street, New York.

©
A. H. S. CO.
1919

Djer-Kiss

Made in France only
FOR CHRISTMAS



Continued from page 96

THE PORTYGEE

too, almost anything you tried, I do believe. I am confident you could.

"But— Oh, well, as you said at the beginning, it isn't my business at all and I've said ever and ever so much more than I meant to. Please for give me, if you can. I think my tumble and all the rest must have made me foolish. I'm sorry, Albert. There are the steps up to the pavilion. See them?"

He was tramping on beside her, his hands in his pockets. He did not look at the long flight of steps which had suddenly come into view around the curve of the bluff. When he did look up and speak it was in a different tone, some such tone as she had heard him use during her rescue.

"ALL right," he said, with decision. "I'll show you whether I can try. I know you think I won't, but I will. I'm going up to my room to-night and I'm going to try to write something or other. It may be the rottenest poem that ever was ground out, but I'll grind it if it kills me."

She was pleased, that was plain, but she shook her head.

"Not to-night, Albert," she said. "To-night, after the picnic, is father's reception at the church. Of course you'll come to that!"

"Of course I won't. Look here, you've called me lazy and indifferent and a hundred other pet names this afternoon. Well, this evening I'll make you take some of 'em back. Reception be hanged! I'm going to write to-night."

That evening both Mrs. Snow and Rachel Ellis were much disturbed because Albert, pleading a headache, begged off from attendance at the reception to the Rev. Mr. Kendall. Either or both ladies would have been only too willing to remain at home and nurse the sufferer through his attack, but he refused to permit the sacrifice on their part.

After they had gone his headache disappeared and, supplied with an abundance of paper, pens and ink, he sat down at the table in his room to invoke the muse. The invocation lasted until three a.m. At that hour, with a genuine headache, but a sense of triumph which conquered pain, Albert climbed into bed. Upon the table lay a poem, a six-stanza poem, having these words at its head:

To My Lady's Spring Hat
By A. M. C. Speranza

The following forenoon he posted that poem to the editor of *The Cape Cod Item*. And three weeks later it appeared in the pages of that journal. Of course there was no pecuniary recompense for its author, and the fact was indisputable that the *Item* was generally only too glad to publish contributions which helped to fill its columns. But, nevertheless, Albert Speranza had written a poem and that poem had been published.

IT WAS Rachel who first discovered "To My Lady's Spring Hat," in the *Item* three weeks later. She came rushing into the sitting-room brandishing the paper.

"My soul! My soul! My soul!" she cried. Olive, sitting sewing by the window, was naturally somewhat startled. "Merely on us, Rachel!" she exclaimed. "What is it?"

"Look!" cried the housekeeper, pointing to the contribution in the "Poets' Corner," as Queen Isabella may have pointed at the evidence of her protégé's discovery of a new world. "Look!"

Mrs. Snow looked, read the verses to herself and then aloud.

"Why, I declare, they're real sort of pretty, ain't they?" she exclaimed in astonished admiration.

"Pretty. They're perfectly elegant! And right here in the paper for all hands to see. Ain't you proud of him, Mrs. Snow?"

Olive had been growing more and more proud of her handsome grandson ever since his arrival. She was prouder still now, and said so. Rachel nodded triumphantly.

"He'll be a Robert Penfold afore he dies, or I miss my guess!" she declared.

She showed it to feminine acquaintances all over town, and Olive, when callers came, took pains to see that a copy of the *Item*, folded with the "Poets' Corner" uppermost, lay on the center table. Customers, dropping in at the office, occasionally mentioned the poem to its author.

"See you had a piece in the *Item*, Al," was their usual way of referring to it. "Pretty cute piece 'twas, too, seemed to me. Say, that girl of yours must have some Spring bunnit. Ho, ho!"

Issaehar deigned to express approval, approval qualified with discerning criticism of course, but approval nevertheless.

"Pretty good piece, Al," he observed. "Pretty good. Glad to see you done so well. Course you made one little mistake, but 'twan't a very big one. That part where you said— What was it, now? Where'd I put that piece of poetry? Oh, yes, here 'tis! Where you said—er—er—"

"It floats upon her golden curls
As froth upon the wave."

"Now, of course, nothin'—a hat or nothin' else—is goin' to float on top of a person's head. Froth floatin', that's all right, you understand; but even if you took froth right out of the water and slapped it up onto anybody's hair 'twouldn't float up there. If you'd said—"

"It sets up onto her golden curls,
Same as froth sets on top of a wave,"

that would have been all right, and true. But there, don't feel bad about it. It's only a little mistake, same as anybody's liable to make. Nine persons out of ten wouldn't have noticed it. I'm extry partic'lar, I presume likely. I'm findin' mistakes like that all the time."

Laban's comment was less critical, perhaps, but more reserved.

"It's pretty good, Al," he said. "Yes—er—yes, sir, it's pretty good. It ain't all new; there's some of it that's been written before, but I rather guess that might have been said about Shakespeare's poetry when he first commenced. It's pretty good, Al. Yes—yes, yes. It is so."

Albert was inclined to resent the qualified strain in the bookkeeper's praise. He was tempted to be sarcastic.

"Well," he observed, "of course, you've read so much real poetry that you ought to know."

Laban nodded slowly. "I've read a good deal," he said quietly. "Readin' is one of the few things I ain't made a failure of in this life. Um-hm. One of the few. Yes—yes—yes."

He dipped his pen in the ink-well and carefully made an entry in the ledger. His assistant felt a sudden pang of compunction.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Keeler," he said. "That was pretty fresh of me. I'm sorry."

Laban looked up in mild surprise. "Sorry!" he repeated. "What for? Oh, that's all right, Al; that's all right. Lord knows, I'm the last one on earth who'd ought to criticize anybody."

"All I had in mind in sayin' what I did was to—well, to kind of keep you from bein' too well satisfied and not try harder on the next one. It don't pay to be too well satisfied."

"YEARS ago, I can remember, I was pretty well satisfied with myself and my work. Sounds like a joke, I know, but 'twas so."

"Well, I've had a nice long chance to get over it. Um-hm. Yes—yes. So I have, so I have."

"But I am sorry, Mr. Keeler; and—"

"There, there! Sshh! And say, Al," with a whimsical twist of his thin lips, "don't start in callin' me 'Mr. Keeler.' If anybody should come in and hear you they'd send for the doctor. Call me 'Labe,' same as you've been doin'. I left the 'misters' 'way back along the road, where I left my self-satisfaction—and my morals."

"Hum. Better start in gettin' the statements ready. Next Monday is the first of the month."

Only Captain Zelotes at first said nothing about the poem. He read it, his wife saw to that, but his comment even to her was a non-committal grunt.

"But don't you think it's real sort of pretty, Zelotes?" she asked.

"The captain grunted again. "Why, I guess likely 'tis if you say so, mother. I don't know much about such things."

"But everybody says it is."

"Want to know! Well, then 'twon't make much difference whether I say it or not."

"But ain't you goin' to say a word to Albert about it, Zelotes?"

"Humph! I don't know's I know what to say."

"Why—say you like it!"

"Ye-es, and if I do he'll keep on writin' more. That's exactly what I don't want him to do. Come now, mother, be sensible. This piece of his may be good or it may not, I wouldn't undertake to say."

"But this I do know: I don't want the boy to spend his time writin' poetry slush for that 'Poets' Corner.' Letitia Makepeace did that, she had a piece in there about every week, and she died in the Taunton asylum."

"But, Zelotes, it wasn't her poetry got her into the asylum."

"Wa'n't it? Well, she was in the poorhouse afore that. I don't know whether 'twas her poetry'n' that got her in there, but I know darned well it didn't get her out."

"But ain't you goin' to say one word? 'T would encourage him so."

"Good Lord! We don't want to encourage him, do we? If he was takin' to thievin' you wouldn't encourage him in that, would you?"

"Thievin'! Zelotes Snow, you don't mean to say you compare a poet to a thief!"

The captain grinned. "No-o, mother," he observed dryly. "Sometimes a thief can manage to earn a livin' at his job. But there, there, don't feel bad. I'll say somethin' to Al, long's you think I ought to."

The something was not much, and yet Captain Zelotes really meant it to be kindly and to sound like praise. But praising a thing of which you have precious little understanding and with which you have absolutely no sympathy is a hard job.

"See you had a piece in the *Item* this week, Al," observed the captain.

"Why—yes, sir," said Albert.

"Um-hm, I read it. I don't know much about such things, but they tell me it is pretty good."

"Thank you, sir."

"Eh? Oh, you're welcome."

That was all. Perhaps considering its source it was a good deal, but Albert was not of the age where such considerations are likely to be made.

HELEN'S praise was warm and enthusiastic.

"I knew you could do it, if you only would," she declared. "And, oh, I'm so glad you did! Now you must keep on tryin'."

That bit of advice was quite superfluous. Young Speranza, having sampled the sublime intoxication of seeing himself in print, was not ready to sober off yet a while.

He continued to bombard the *Item* with verses. They were invariably accepted, but when he sent to a New York magazine a poem which he considered a gem, the promptness with which it was returned staggered his conceit and was in that respect a good thing for him.

One can not be overly proud when facing a non-committal printed slip, stating that "the rejection of this manuscript does not necessarily imply a lack of merit." The "necessarily" is what hurts. It is like telling one that his sudden seizure and compulsory examination by a board of lunacy does not necessarily mean that he is insane.

Continued on page 100

To be smartly gowned This FALL

You will want a gown of the prevailing fabric—satin. Choose

Satin Français

in the wonderful, glistening, glowing tones that make it irresistible and you will have a gown of distinction in the satin proven by a test of the U. S. Bureau of Standards.

THE SATIN THAT WILL NOT WEAR ROUGH

You will find *Satin Français* in the best stores throughout the country, because of its beauty and the wonderful service it has given to women who come back for it year after year.

Send for our booklet
"The Test of Good Satin"

Pelgram & Meyer

Makers of Good Silks and Ribbons Since 1872
395 Fourth Avenue New York



Delightful, Useful Xmas Gifts

GO to the store near you that sells "DOVE" Under-garments to see the dainty new styles being shown for Holiday Sale. Aside from their beauty, "DOVE" Under-garments are so well made and of such good materials as to make ideal Christmas gifts. Prices are surprisingly reasonable.

DOVE Under-garments
Beautiful Well-made Lingerie

The garments illustrated here are "DOVE" Night Gown, No. 609, and "DOVE" Envelope Chemise to match, No. 610, made of flesh-color, lustrous-finish batiste. Trimmed with an attractive design of blue hemstitching and pink and blue hand-embroidery. We cannot fill mail orders but can tell you the nearest store that sells the new "DOVE" styles.

Sold by Leading Stores Everywhere

D. E. SICHER & CO. "World's Largest Makers of Lingerie"
45-51 West 21st Street New York

Continued from page 100

THE PORTYGEE

Labe—and Helen—and all the rest of 'em?"

"Not particularly. But I shall have to, of course."

"Yes. Um-hm. Yes. Have you thought how your grandmother's liable to feel when she hears you are goin' to clear out and leave her?"

Albert had not thought in that way, but he did now. His tone was a trifle less combative as he answered.

"She'll be sorry at first, I suppose," he said, "but she'll get over it."

"Um-hm. Maybe she will. You can get over most anything in time, most anything. Well, and how about me? How do you think I'll feel?"

Albert's chin lifted. "You!" he exclaimed. "Why, you'll be mighty glad of it."

Captain Zelotes picked up the pencil stump and twirled it in his fingers. "Shall I?" he asked. "You think I will, do you?"

"Of course you will. You don't like me and never did."

"So I've heard you say. Well, boy, don't you cal'late I like you at least as much as you like me?"

"No. What do you mean? I like you well enough. That is, I should if you gave me half a chance. But you don't do it. You hate me because my father—"

keeper. Labe had been such a brick in all their relationships.

It must have been a sore trial to his particular, businesslike soul, those errors in the trial balance. Yet he had not found fault nor complained. Captain Zelotes himself had said that every item concerning his grandson's mistakes and blunders had been dragged from Mr. Keeler, much against the latter's will.

Somehow Albert could not bear to go off and leave him at once. He would stay and finish his day's work, for Labe Keeler's sake.

So stay he did, and when Captain Zelotes later came out of his private office and found him there, neither of them spoke. At home, during supper, nothing was said concerning the quarrel of the afternoon.

Yet Albert was just as determined to leave as ever, and the captain, judging by the expression of his face, was just as determined to do nothing more to prevent him. After supper the young man went to his room and began the packing. His grandfather went out, an unusual proceeding for him, saying that he guessed he would go down-street for a spell.

Now Albert, as he sat there by the window, was gloomy enough. The wind, howling and wailing about the gables of the old house, was not an aid to cheerfulness, and he needed every aid.

He had sworn to go away; he was going away—but where should he go? He had a little money put by, not much, but a little, which he had been saving for quite another purpose. This would take him a little way, would pay his bills for a short time, but after that— Well, after that he could earn more. With the optimism of youth and the serene self-confidence which was natural to him he was sure of succeeding sooner or later. It was not the dread of failure and privation which troubled him. The weight which was pressing upon his spirit was not the fear of what might happen to him.

There was a rap upon the door. Then a voice, the housekeeper's voice, whispered through the crack.

THE captain interrupted. His big palm struck the desk.

"Don't say that again!" he commanded. "Look here, if I hated you do you suppose I'd be talkin' to you like this? If I hated you do you cal'late I'd argue when you gave me notice? Not by a jugful! No man ever came to me and said he was goin' to quit and had me beg him to stay."

"If we was at sea he stayed until we made port; then he went; and he didn't hang around waitin' for a boat to take him ashore neither."

"I don't hate you, son. I'd ask nothin' better than a chance to like you, but you won't give it to me."

Albert's eyes and mouth opened.

"I won't give you a chance?" he repeated.

"Sartin. Do you give me one? I ask you to keep these books of mine."

"You could keep 'em A-Number-One. You're smart enough to do it. But you won't. You let 'em go to thunder and waste your time makin' up fool poetry and such stuff."

"But I like writing, and I don't like keeping books."

"Keepin' books is a part of larnin' the business, and business is the way you're goin' to get your livin' by and by."

"No, it isn't. I am going to be a writer."

"Now don't say that silly thing again! I don't want to hear it."

"I shall say it, because it is true."

"Look here, boy: When I tell you or anybody else in this office to do or not to do a thing I expect 'em to obey orders. And I tell you not to talk any more of that foolishness about bein' a writer. D'you understand?"

"Yes, of course I understand."

"All right then, that much is settled. Here! Where are you goin'?"

Albert had turned and was on his way out of the office. He stopped and answered over his shoulder. "I'm going home," he said.

"Goin' home! Why, you came from home not more than an hour and a half ago. What are you goin' there again now for?"

"To pack up my things."

"To pack up your things! To pack up—Humph! So you really mean it! You're really goin' to quit me like this and your grandma, too?"

THE young man felt a sudden pang of compunction, a twinge of conscience.

"Grandfather," he said, "I'm sorry. I—"

But the change in his attitude and tone came too late. Captain 'Lote's temper was boiling now; contradiction was its worst provocative.

"Goin' to quit!" he sneered. "Goin' to quit because you don't like to work. All right, quit then. Go ahead! I've done all I can to make a man of you. Go to the devil in your own way."

"Grandfather, I—"

"Go ahead! I can't stop you. It's in your blood, I cal'late."

That was sufficient. Albert strode out of the private office, head erect. Captain Zelotes rose and slammed the door after his departing grandson.

At ten that evening Albert was in his room, sitting in a chair by the window, gloomily looking out. The packing, most of it, had been done.

He had not, as he told his grandfather he intended doing, left the office immediately and come straight home to pack. As he emerged from the inner office after the stormy interview with the captain, he found Labe Keeler hard at work upon the books.

The sight of the little man, so patiently and cheerfully pegging away, brought another twinge of conscience to the assistant book-

keeper. He had sworn to go away; he was going away—but where should he go? He had a little money put by, not much, but a little, which he had been saving for quite another purpose. This would take him a little way, would pay his bills for a short time, but after that— Well, after that he could earn more. With the optimism of youth and the serene self-confidence which was natural to him he was sure of succeeding sooner or later. It was not the dread of failure and privation which troubled him. The weight which was pressing upon his spirit was not the fear of what might happen to him.

There was a rap upon the door. Then a voice, the housekeeper's voice, whispered through the crack.

"IT'S me, Al," whispered Rachel. "You ain't in bed yet, are you? I'd like to talk with you a minute or two, if I might."

He was not anxious to talk to her or any one else just then, but he told her to come in. She entered on tiptoe, with the mysterious air of a conspirator, and shut the door carefully after her.

"May I set down just a minute?" she asked. "I can generally talk better settin'."

He pulled forward the ancient rocker with the rush seat. The cross-stitch tidy on the back was his mother's handiwork; she had made it when she was fifteen. Rachel sat down in the rocker.

"Al," she began, still in the same mysterious whisper, "I know all about it."

He looked at her. "All about what?" he asked.

"About the trouble you and Cap'n 'Lote had this afternoon. I know you're plannin' to leave us all and go away somewheres, and that he told you to go, and all that. I know what you've been doin' up here to-night. Fur's that goes," she added, with a little catch in her breath and a wave of her hand toward the open trunk and suit-case upon the floor; "I wouldn't need to know; I could see."

Albert was surprised and confused. He had supposed the whole affair to be, so far, a secret between himself and his grandfather.

"You know!" he stammered. "You—How did you know?"

"Labe told me. Labe came hurryin' over here just after supper and told me the whole thing. He's awful upset about it, Labe is. He thinks almost as much of you as he does of Cap'n 'Lote or—or me," with an apologetic little smile.

ALBERT was astonished and troubled.

"How did Labe know about it?" he asked.

"He heard it all. He couldn't help hearin'."

"But he couldn't have heard. The door to the private office was shut."

"Yes, but the window at the top—the transom one, you know—was wide open. You and your grandpa never thought of that, I guess, and Labe couldn't hop up off his stool and shut it without givin' it away that he'd been hearin'."

"So he had to just set and listen, and I know how he hated doin' that. Labe Keeler ain't the listenin' kind."

"One thing about it all is a mercy," she added fervently. "It's the Lord's own mercy that that Issy Price wa'n't where he could hear it too. If Issy heard it you might as well paint it up on the town-hall fence; all creation and his wife wouldn't larn it any sooner."

Albert drew a long breath. "Well," he said, after a moment, "I'm sorry Labe heard; but I don't suppose it makes much difference. Every one will know all about it in a day or two. I'm going."

Continued in the January DELINEATOR



Dusting Time

is an easy time for housekeepers who make their own Dustless Dust Cloths. They're easy to make, economical, sanitary. Do this: Apply a few drops of 3-in-One to a piece of cheesecloth or any soft cloth. Allow the oil to permeate thoroughly. Then dust all your fine furniture, piano, buffet, talking machine, mantels.

Every particle of dust and lint, with its burden of dangerous germs, is picked up. Can then be shaken outdoors instead of being scattered about to be breathed or to settle somewhere else

3-in-One

The High Quality Household Oil

has a multitude of daily uses in every well kept home—your home. It's worth getting acquainted with.

Sold at all good stores. East of the Rocky Mountain states, 15c, 25c and 60c in bottles; also in 30c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Save postage by requesting these on a postal.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165CCM Bdw., N. Y. B39

The VOSE Grand

needs no introduction to those who understand real piano values. Its reputation is world-wide, and is based upon generations of scientific piano construction. Investigate its remarkable quality and its low price before buying a piano.

We Challenge Comparisons

Write for our beautifully illustrated catalogue and easy payment plan

VOSE & SONS PIANO COMPANY
158 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



VOSE

HEAT EASES PAIN
USE BEGY'S

MUSTARINE
CANNOT BLISTER FOR ACHES PAINS CONGESTIONS INFLAMMATIONS
In Two Sizes 30 and 60 Cents
S. C. WELLS & CO. Est. 1870
LEROY, NEW YORK TORONTO, CANADA
ALWAYS IN THE YELLOW BOX

THE ORIGINAL AND QUITE THE BEST MUSTARD PLASTER IMPROVEMENT

You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.
Benjamin N. Bogue, 6600 Bogue Building, Indianapolis

THREE KINGS

BY MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

THERE WERE THREE KINGS;
EACH LAID HIS CROWN
AT THE FEET
OF THE CHRIST-CHILD DOWN.

THEY BROUGHT FOR NEW-BORN
HANDS TO HOLD
FRANKINCENSE AND
MYRRH AND GOLD.

THERE WERE THREE KINGS;
THEY TRAVELED WIDE
THE MANGER-BED
TO KNEEL BESIDE.

THERE WERE THREE KINGS;
AND BLEST BE THEY,
WHO FIRST GAVE GIFTS
ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

ANTISEPTIC
for Pyorrhea prevention



Soft, sensitive gums

that bleed easily, flash a warning. They are the first symptoms of pyorrhea and consequent loss of teeth.

For pyorrhea, dentists use and prescribe Pyorrhocide Powder. It is scientifically compounded for that specific purpose. It is the only dentifrice that has demonstrated its efficiency in dental clinics devoted exclusively to pyorrhea research.

If you have pyorrhetic symptoms as manifested usually in soft, bleeding, spongy, receding gums use Pyorrhocide Powder. Its twice a day use makes the gums firm and healthy and it cleans and polishes the teeth.

Pyorrhocide Powder is economical because a dollar package contains six months' supply. Sold by leading druggists and dental supply houses.



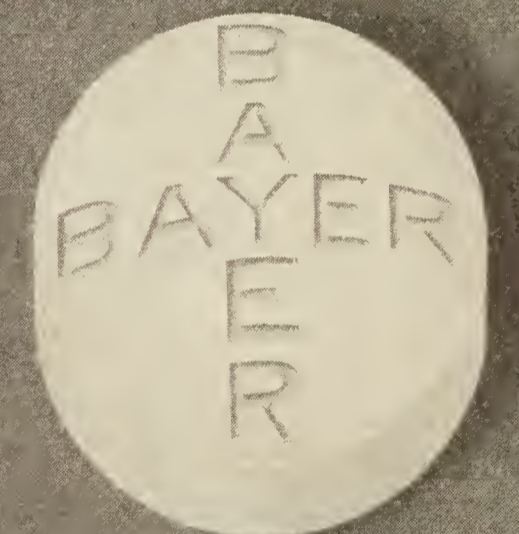
FREE SAMPLE
Write for free sample and our booklet on Prevention and Treatment of Pyorrhea.
The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Sole Distributors
Dept. F, 1480 Broadway, N.Y.

Scientifically Perfected by Clinical Research

We shall continue to offer through exhaustive scientific research, and by unlimited clinical facilities, only such a dentifrice as is proved most effective—in promoting tooth, gum and mouth health.

L. V. Slaughter Pres

"Bayer Cross" on Genuine Aspirin



Bayer Tablets of Aspirin

Always ask for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" in an unbroken Bayer package.

The "Bayer Cross" marked on each tablet and on each package identifies the true, genuine "Bayer's Tablets of Aspirin."

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets. Also larger Bayer packages. Aspirin is the trade-mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacid-ester of Salicylacid.

AGENTS MAKING \$200 WEEKLY!
Everyone wants it. Formulas for 200 beverages to be made at home. Book Form. Send \$1.00 for copy and territory proposition. Act Quickly.
BUYERS EXPORT AGENCY, Inc., 487 Broadway, New York



CHRISTMAS, THE DRESSING-GOWN AND THE SMOKING-JACKET

A Logical Sequence

EVERY woman knows how difficult it is to choose a Christmas gift for that most difficult of creatures—the man of the family. The list starts off smartly with gloves and neckties, has a blow-out and refuses to go on.

For a really handsome gift the dressing-gown or smoking-jacket is the most acceptable present you can select. A gown of heavily brocaded necktie silk or velvet is a luxurious thing that will make the home fire a popular place on a Winter evening. These gowns are trimmed with heavy silk cord or silk braid, and very often the shawl collar and the cuffs are faced with padded silk. The smartest

colors for the dressing-gown are purple, navy blue, black, plum color, tan and brown. In the necktie silk the brocade is often in two colors—blue with dark red, blue with jade green, dark blue and violet, etc. The plain colors are used in silk faille, repp, shantung and satin. The heavier, warmer dressing-gowns are made of flannel or double-faced wool materials in gun-metal and gray, brown and tan, a plain color with a check, etc.

The smoking-jacket is more conservative in its colors, for many men use it as a house coat when they are alone with their families. The newer smoking-jacket is a smartly cut coat on Tuxedo lines, with the new form-fitting lines

and a shawl collar. It can be made of the plain-colored, double-faced wool materials, velvet, or a heavy silk like faille or shantung. With the wool and silk materials the collar and cuffs are sometimes faced with velvet, except when the wool is doubled-faced. In that case the reverse side of the material is used for the collar and cuffs.

The bathrobe is a Christmas gift without age limit. The wool materials make the warmest robes and the blanket cloths come in gay colors and patterns. Eiderdown makes a handsome bathrobe and the heavy terry cloths and toweling are satisfactory, for they launder perfectly, but they are not as warm as the wools.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING DRESS

Copyright, 1919, by "THE HABERDASHER," New York

| OCCASION | COAT AND OVERCOAT | WAISTCOAT | TROUSERS | HAT | SHIRT AND CUFFS | COLLAR | CRAVAT | GLOVES | BOOTS | JEWELRY |
|--|---|---|--|--------------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------|--|--|---|--|
| EVENING WEDDING BALL, RECEPTION, FORMAL DINNER AND THEATER | Swallowtail, Skirted or Chesterfield or Cape Overcoat | White Single-breasted or Double-breasted of Piqué or Silk | Same Material as Coat | High Silk with Felt Band | Stiff White Linen or Piqué | Wing, Poke or Lapfront | White Tie of Plain or Figured Piqué or Linen | White Glacé or White Reindeer White Cape for Theater | Patent Leather Buttoned Kid Tops Patent Leather Pumps for Dancing | Pearl or Moonstone Links and Studs |
| COUNTRY DANCE, INFORMAL DINNER, CLUB, STAG, AT-HOME DINNER | Jacket Black or Oxford Chesterfield Overcoat | Black Silk Single or Double-breasted | Same Material as Jacket | Derby or Soft | Plaited, White, of Piqué or Linen | Wing or Fold | Black Silk Tie | Gray Suède Tan Cape or Chamois | Dull Calf Laced Tops or Gun-metal Pumps | Gold, Smoked Pearl or Jeweled Links and Studs |
| DAY WEDDING, AFTERNOON CALL, AND MATINEE RECEPTION | Black Cutaway Chesterfield or Skirted Overcoat | To match Coat (with white edging) or White | To match Coat or of Gray-striped Worsted | High Silk with Felt Band | Plaited or Stiff White Linen or Piqué | Wing or Poke | Pearl or Black-and-White Four-in-hand or Ascot | Pearl Suède or Glacé | Patent Leather, Buttoned Kid Tops | Pearl or Moonstone Links, Studs and Cravat Pin |

Courtesy of "THE HABERDASHER"

THE DELINEATOR

DECEMBER 1919



The easy width of the accepted French silhouette is shown in a dress of beige-colored "phinecote," by Paul Poiret. Rows of blue and red braid have the effect of drawing it in at the feet. The dress is admirable in its simplicity and restraint.

In a costume of gray cordella faced with bands of terracotta one sees not only what lengths the new coats go to but also a unique French method of producing "le côté évasé," known to the American public as "the widened side." By Jenny.

PARISIAN PREDICTIONS

PARIS has recorded no new silhouette during the past few weeks, but has contented herself by adding with discreet touches to the three established outlines of the year. In other words, she is gradually introducing more width in straight chemise dresses, in the Dutch silhouette and in the flared tunic and skirt. But it is not width as we have used it before, for instead of being distributed as in the full styles of former modes, the fulness is now localized on the hip. You see it in the side trimmings that take shape in the new fish-fin frill, in side ruffles, cascade draperies, peg-top draperies, skirts puffed on the hip, and in long collars and jumpers that run into sashes knotted at the side. The narrow hem is retained under long overdresses, and in the suit.

The waistline is worth watching in the new dresses, for while the perfectly straight line of the chemise dress and long body is still very general, many of the new waists and dresses are bloused over the belt. While the

waistline remains unchanged in size, this blouse effect has a tendency to emphasize it and gives it a little the appearance of being drawn in. Also in some of the new suits one sees fitted jackets brought into the figure at the waist, and with further emphasis laid on the new line by the flare of the lower part of the coat. These jackets look new and smart and are a change from the lines of the past few seasons.

Paris, while occupying herself with this new waistline, has not relinquished the straight waist. She is faithful to it in the long body which is used for many of the handsomest afternoon costumes. In particular it is used for dull-gold cloth, often embroidered in dull-colored wool, the lower part of the dress and the wrap that goes with it being of velvet or duvetyn or in some cases even of mole fur. In spite of these extravagant materials the sober colors which are used gives them the effect of a subdued and quiet distinction.

INTERESTING ARRANGEMENTS OF THE HAIR OF SEVERAL HEADS OF THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION



Chase might have painted it and called it "The Girl with the Fan." In reality it is a photograph of Miss Kathryn Alexander, by Abbe. The bobbed hair arrangement is used in Paris more frequently than in New York. For very young women of a certain type it is altogether delightful



A study of Carlotta Monterey by Maurice Goldberg. The classical simplicity of this hair dressing should only be attempted when the head, the shape of the face and the features are of perfectly modeled beauty



Billie Burke, whose red-gold hair is at once the admiration and despair of her New York and London audiences. Photograph by Abbe

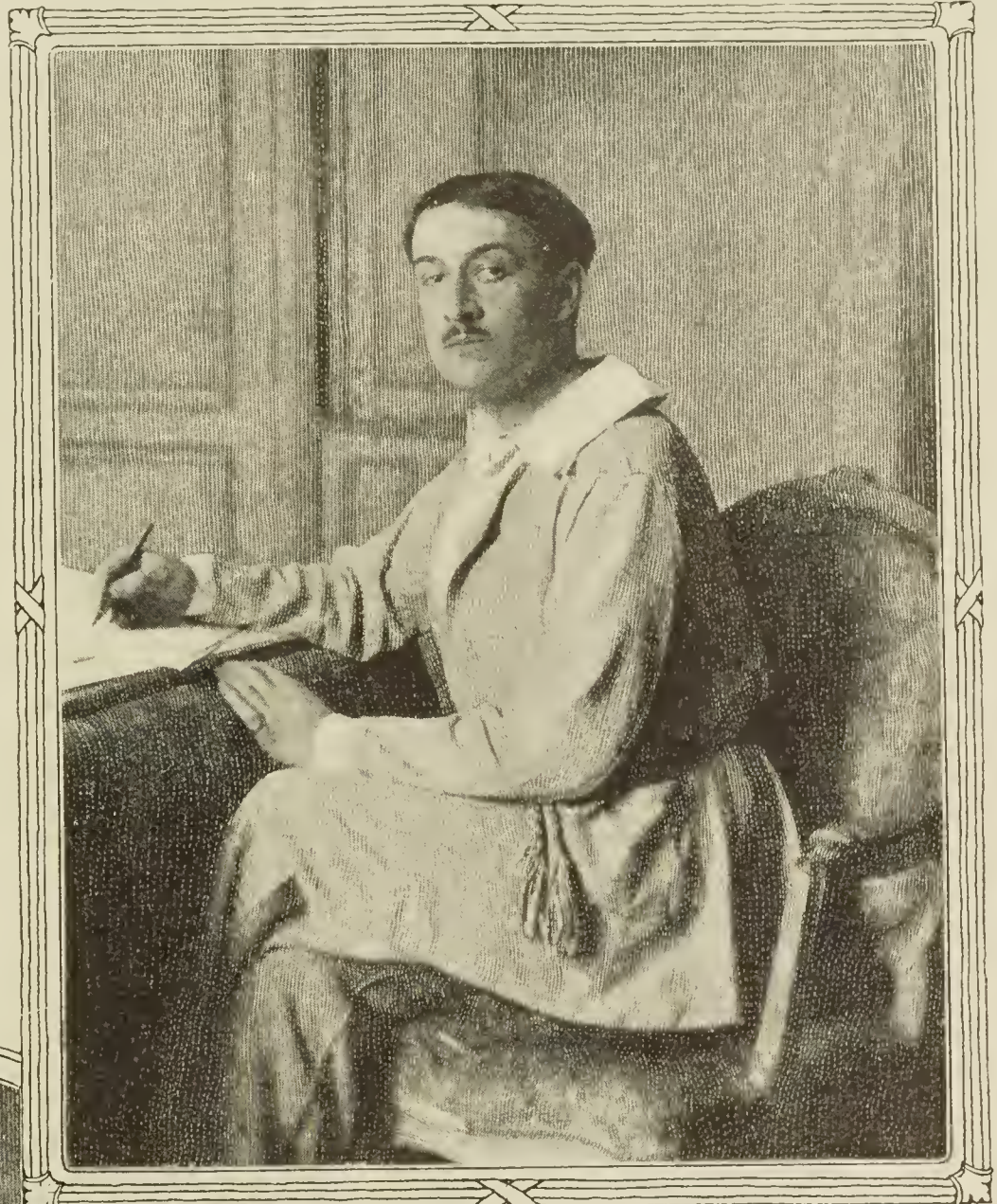


Constance Talmadge photographed in a charming pose by Abbe. Another arrangement of the hair that is especially suited to a young girl

SOULIÉ CHEZ LUI—ARTIST, MUSICIAN,
MAN OF FASHION AND CONNAISSEUR

Cliché Vizzavona

SOULIÉ, the distinguished artist who possesses beyond any other living Frenchman the gift of portraying the elegance, le vrai chic of the Parisienne, is typically Parisian himself. Like all other good Parisians, he was born somewhere else. He was brought up in the Pyrenees and educated, curiously enough, for the law. He even practised it for a time, but gave it up and became famous almost overnight in the highest circles of French fashion. His work is particularly brilliant in its line and in the gift he has of conveying the distinction and subtlety of the French grande dame. Soulié makes his home in a palatial hôtel on the left bank of the Seine, not the rive gauche of the Latin Quarter, but the rive gauche of the old French aristocracy. His mansion is a place of old-world beauty retaining the character imprinted upon it by its creator, Mansard, whose genius was the author of the palace of Versailles and the Place Vendôme.

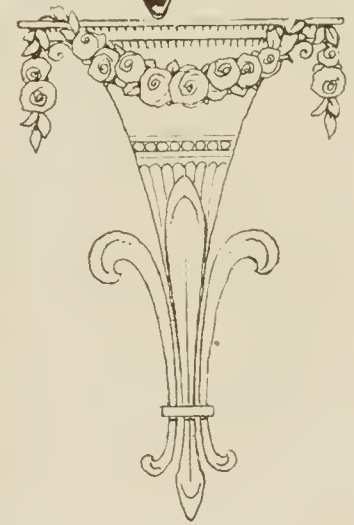


Soulié is an attractive figure in the French capital. A Frenchman before he is an artist, Soulié was one of the soldiers at the Somme

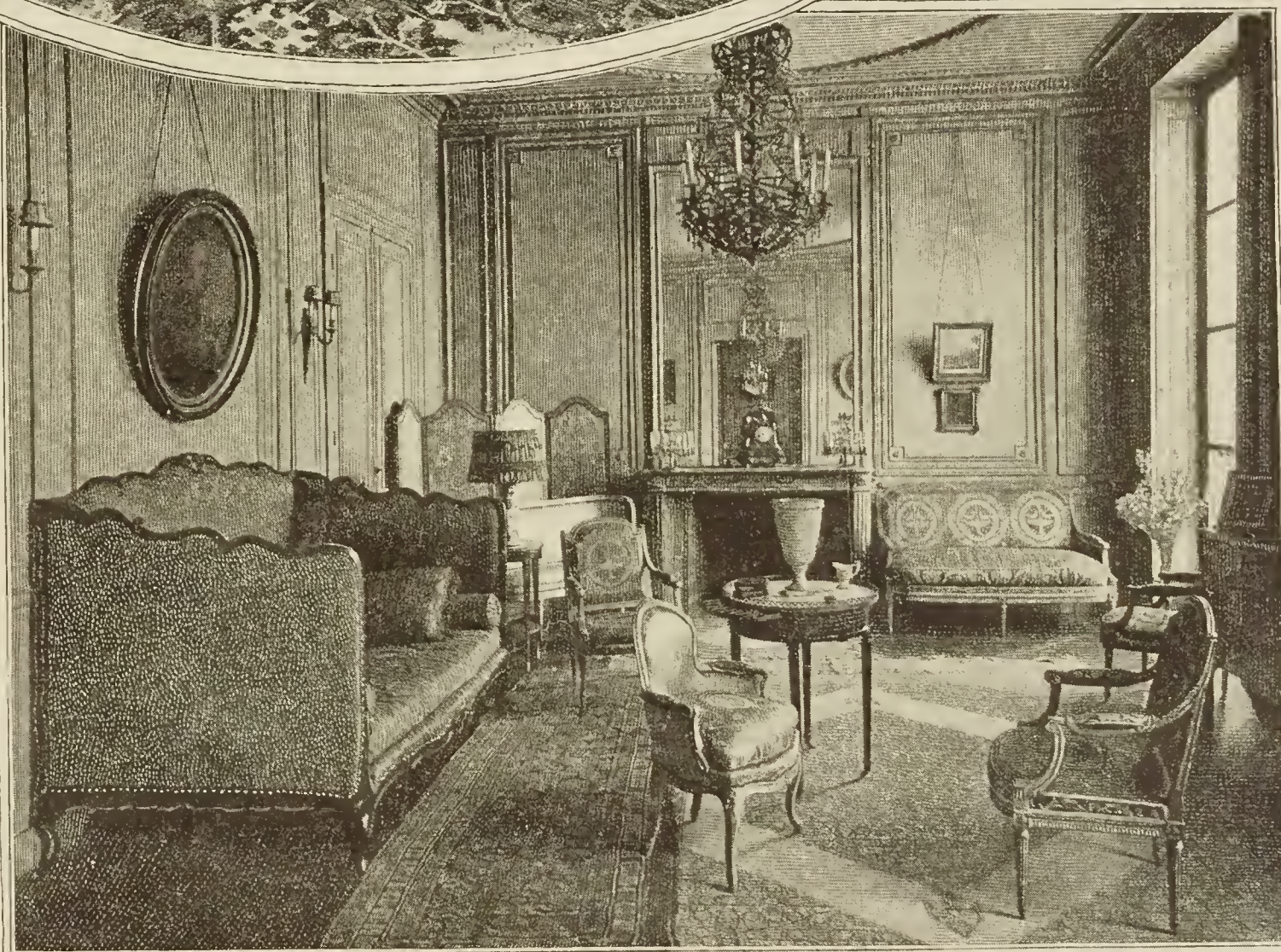
Le salon cerise
Chez Soulié



The little croquis on this page are originals of Soulié, who is a designer as well as a portrayer of fashion



In the Soulié mansion the great window-panes look down upon the Seine animated by the life of the river that runs past its walls. On the bank opposite are the Colonnade du Louvre and the old church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois. The deep bergeres, the historical lit de repos, the old masterpieces and panels upon the walls, books in rare bindings, fragile glass and exquisite flowers, make a perfect frame for Soulié, the beauty worshipper and connoisseur



Soulié has restored the wood paneling of the Mansard period in his beautiful salon bleu.

PARIS HAS A NEW MOTTO:

French Models Sketched for



A charming dress by Premet is in the new shade of "pivoine" red with a festooned trimming of small cloth buckles. The fact that the bodice is somewhat fitted is emphasized by the embroidered revers of the pockets.

In an afternoon gown of dead leaf colored charmeuse embroidered in the same tone and trimmed with kolinsky, Beer keeps to the short sleeve and emphasizes the newly widened hip.



Even in suits the hip is not allowed the straight and narrow path. In a costume of cloth from Patou the badger facing of the pocket widens the figure at the side. Below the hip the lines converge sharply towards the narrow hem.



Lelong et Fried exaggerate the semi-fitted line of the bodice by the loop-like ruffles on the hip. The dress is made in the new shade of almond green gabardine trimmed with black satin.

"IT'S ALL ON THE SIDE"

THE DELINEATOR by Soule

dresses from Beer, Premet and the one from Margaine Lacroix, with its fine lines of gold embroidery at the neck and sleeves, show the discreet and elegant trimmings which the French designers are capable of handling with so much restraint. The evening gown by Agnes, with its sheath of *drap d'or*, is characteristic of a season that makes much use of metal cloth not only for evening but for afternoon. In the evening gowns many of the metal cloths are shot with delicate colors, so that they have the shimmering ephemeral beauty of Venetian glass. Paton and Madeleine-Madeleine make use of two of the new furs of the year—badger and Mongolian chamois. Paris also uses Persian cat, dyed to a curious rust-color, cub bear and Angora. The suit from Martial et Armand, and the dress from Lelong et Fried, as well as the other costumes shown here echo the new Parisian motto—"More fulness and all on the side."

Oil cloth has found its way up stairs, and appears in the best society in the black line of trimming on a costume of dark blue cloth, by Martial et Armand. The skirt of the coat is arranged in a series of godet plaits, and the upper part has an odd little bolero effect at the sides.



In a dress of black velvet embroidered in gold and with touches of brilliant French blue faille Margaine Lacroix makes use of a line that is seen in some of the new jackets. The upper part follows the figure while the pepplu flares out from the waist.



In a very beautiful gown from Agnes, a chemise of cloth of gold hides its light under a tunic and bodice of black velvet tissue striped with double lines of gold. It answers, or probably refuses to answer, to the "Enigme."

Madeleine-Madeleine is a new house with new ideas that find expression in a dress of foulard serge with an unusual drapery in the over skirt. The collar and muff are of Mongolian chamois, a fur not unlike Angora.



Dress 2048

Dress 2060; muff 1266
Embroidery design 10784

Dress 2065

Dress 2071

FROM NINE TO SEVEN

Day Dresses of Various Types
to Meet Various Needs



2048—If you have a skirt that you can cut down for the two-piece lower part, a little new material for the long body will give you a very smart dress. Both arrangements of the sleeve are good. You can make the whole dress of satin, taffeta, charmeuse, tricotine, gabardine, velveteen or serge, or you can use satin, taffeta or charmeuse for the body with the lower part of tricotine, gabardine, serge, duvetyne, soft twills or velveteen. Bottom 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

36 bust requires 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide, 2 yards plaid material 44 inches wide for lower part, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard broadcloth 36 or more inches wide.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2060—1266—Another version of the long body which is particularly easy to make on account of the kimono sleeve slips on over the head. The skirt is straight. With an embroidered body you have a handsome dress in satin, charmeuse, taffeta, velveteen, tricotine, soft twills or gabardine. Or you can make the body of satin or charmeuse, and the skirt of duvetyne or velveteen. Bottom 2 yards.

36 bust requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard material 40 or more inches wide for muff in ladies' size. Embroidery design 10784 trims the dress.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust. The muff, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

2065—The beloved chemise dress varies its lines with a long diagonal closing in the always becoming surplice effect. A one-piece dress of this type lends itself admirably to embroidery, braiding or fur trimming. It looks very French when it is made with the very short sleeve, but most women prefer the long one for Winter. You can use tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, duvetyne, velveteen or corduroy with a body lining or without it.

36 bust requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards fur banding. Bottom 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

2071—The French dressmakers invented this use of vertical frills to give the widened hip in a fresh way. The blouse effect at the belt is also new. The waist closes at the left shoulder and underarm seam and the two-piece skirt is straight. A camisole lining can be used and the flying-fish frills may be gathered or plaited. The dress can be made of serge, gabardine, tricotine, soft twills, stripes, checks, satin, crêpe meteor, radium, faille or moire. Velveteen can be used with frills of crêpe meteor, taffeta or silk crêpe. Bottom 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ yard.

36 bust requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide. This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1964—Even the long body will blouse if you give it a chance, though some women will prefer to draw it down to the straight line. There is a two-piece skirt under the circular trimming pieces and it joins the body on easy lines that give a one-piece dress effect. The ruffle-like trimming is new and makes a very pretty dress. You can use satin, taffeta, charmeuse, serge, gabardine, tricotine, broadcloth or velveteen. The sleeve has one seam and a body lining can be used.

36-inch bust requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards cloth 44 inches wide including girdle, 9 yards braid. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1967—One gets a suggestion of the redingote effect from the three-piece tunic of this dress. In serge, gabardine, tricotine, soft twills, velveteen, broadcloth or duvetyne it makes a smart costume for the street. Under a long coat you can use satin, charmeuse, moire or faille. Velveteen and the wool materials are good-looking over a skirt and vestee of satin or charmeuse. The two-piece skirt and tunic are sewed to the body to give a one-piece dress effect, with or without a body lining. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

36-inch bust requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide. Bag is 10775. This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2026—A very simple dress, but decidedly elegant in a handsome material, especially if you trim it with embroidery, braiding or beading. The blouse slips over the head and is in one piece—kimono sleeve, short peplum and all. A camisole lining may be used and the gathered skirt is straight and has a waistline just a bit above normal. You can make this dress of satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, moire, faille or velveteen. It is a useful dress for tea, etc., and can be worn on the street under a long coat. 36-inch bust requires 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards velveteen 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard all-over lace 18 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

2041—2046—A dress bloused a bit over the belt and with the widened hip in the two-piece draped skirt is a smart style for satin, charmeuse, taffeta, moire, faille, velveteen, tricotine, soft serge, twills or gabardine. The waist is made with a one-seam sleeve and a French lining. The Dutch silhouette is very good style.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards satin 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrasting material 18 inches wide for vestee, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard velvet 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard. Embroidery design 10766 trims the waist.

This waist, 2041, is for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust; the skirt, 2046, is for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

2045—1266—Paris is clever in discovering ways of widening the skirt at the side. Here it is done by the sash ends cut in one with the draped jumper and tied under the arm. The skirt is straight and has a slightly low waistline. The one-seam sleeve is set in the lining. Use satin, crêpe meteor, taffeta, velveteen or fur cloth for the muff.

36-inch bust requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards Georgette crêpe 40 inches wide, 2 yards satin 36 inches wide for jumper, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard material 40 inches wide for muff in ladies' size. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Bead design 10785 trims the dress.

This dress, 2045, is delightful for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust. The muff, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

1989—A dress that combines the long body with the long tunic to give the effect of a long overdress makes use of the very short French sleeve. The tunic is straight and the two-piece foundation skirt is cut in one with the camisole lining. The sleeve can be sewed either to the body or the lining, the latter giving a jumper effect. Use satin, charmeuse, velveteen, crêpe meteor, etc.

36-inch bust requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide with collar cut on crosswise fold, 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yard flouncing 11 inches wide for sleeves in shorter length and for tucker, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards flouncing 30 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2037—A dress of unusual but very simple construction has a waist in one with the front and back panels of the skirt. This gives one a chance to introduce the new hip trimming in tiers of ruffles on the side gores. The back of the waist comes over the shoulders like a shallow yoke, the collar stands away at the neck, and a camisole lining can be used if you like. The sleeve has one seam. Use taffeta, radium, gros de Londres, satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

36-inch bust requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard material 40 inches wide for sash, 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards fringe.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.



Dress 1967
Bag 10775

Waist 2041
Skirt 2046
Embroidery
design 10766

Dress
1964

Dress 2026

Dress 2045; bead design 10785; Muff 1266

Dress 1989

Dress 2037

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



Evening dress 1970
Bead design 10785

Evening waist 2052
Skirt 2051

Evening dress 2032

GOWNS THAT BELONG TO YOUR LEISURE AND PLEASURE

Evening Gowns Retain a Certain Simplicity

1970—Decidedly French in its smartness and simplicity is a new one-piece evening dress made on jumper lines. An upper side body cut in one with a sleeve can be used over the French lining and the flounces are slightly circular. Use satin, taffeta, charmeuse, faille, messaline, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor.

36-inch bust requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard material 39 or 40 inches wide for lower part of front and back, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard iridescent banding 11 inches wide for underbody, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of narrow banding for belt and ends. Lower edge of dress $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard; of lowest flounce $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard. Bead design 10785 trims the dress.

It is adapted to ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

2052—2051—An evening dress attains the new wider lines of Paris by straight flounces on the sides. The draped waist has a lining which can be made with a kimono side body. The skirt has a straight lower edge. You could use satin or taffeta, crêpe meteor or charmeuse alone, or silk crêpe, silk voile or tulle with satin or brocade in the waist.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard taffeta 39 or 40 inches wide, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards tulle 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This evening waist, 2052, is suited to ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; the skirt, 2051, is for ladies of 35 to $42\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip.

2032—A satin girdle and a tucked skirt of Georgette show one of the simplest, smartest and most becoming types of evening dress. The waist is made with a broad girdle draped over the French lining. The side body is kimono style, and can be omitted altogether or cut in a longer sleeve length. The tucks trim the straight skirt. Silk crêpe, silk voile, silk mull, crêpe de Chine or net could be used with a girdle of satin, velvet or metal fabrics.

36-inch bust requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard satin 27 inches wide for girdle, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard bead trimming. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is pretty for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

1982—1981—Georgette and satin are combined in a frock that achieves the new fuller lines by pointed side tunics. The waist is made in jumper style, and the kimono side body gives opportunity for a combination of materials. The skirt is straight. Silk crêpe, silk voile or chiffon cloth could be combined with satin; or you can use satin, charmeuse or taffeta alone.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for side body, cuffs, vestee and tunic, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 11 yards of ribbon. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This waist, 1982, is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; the skirt, 1981, is for ladies of 35 to $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip.

2033—Light charmeuse is arranged in an engaging pinafore-like tunic above a darker charmeuse in a dress that is especially suited to satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, moire or faille. It is also attractive in stripes, plaids and checks. The draped waist takes the becoming surplice lines in front. The sleeve is one-seamed, and the dress can be made with a camisole lining. The one-piece tunic gives the fashionable fullness at the sides, and the foundation skirt, also in one piece, is straight.

36-inch bust requires 4 yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards contrasting charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide for skirt, $11\frac{1}{8}$ yards of fur banding. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1998—An embroidered vest and a hip yoke on the sides adapt themselves smartly to a dress of silk poplin. The long shawl collar is graceful and becoming. The close sleeve is greatly liked, and can be trimmed with tassels, buttons, etc. You can make this dress with or without the camisole lining in satin, charmeuse, soft moire, soft faille, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, velveteen or soft serge. The skirt is straight.

36-inch bust requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards silk poplin 39 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 18 or more inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Embroidery design 10726 trims the dress.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

2020—Soft satin is used for the draped waist and be-tasseled tunic skirt of a new frock. The square neck, narrow collar and dark vestee are interesting parts of the waist, which can be made over a camisole lining. The skirt is made with a tunic cut in two pieces with lower edges straight and a straight foundation. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, soft moire, faille or velveteen.

36-inch bust requires 5 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrasting satin 35 or 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard material 27 inches wide for vestee and to trim, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard material 36 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2035—Here is the little French short sleeve and the new fullness hipped in a graceful drapery. It is an effective style for taffeta, faille, satin, charmeuse, moire, velveteen, crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine. The draped bodice can be made with a camisole lining or without it as you prefer and the sleeve is one-seamed. The straight skirt is two-pieced, and the drapery inserted at the seams gives the fashionable fullness on the sides below the slightly raised waistline. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

36-inch bust requires 5 yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard fur banding.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

2028—Odile from Alsace and a frock from France mean a happy alliance. The draped surplice waist has a new standaway collar, the sleeve is one-seamed and the dress can be made with a camisole lining. The skirt is two-pieced.

36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards crêpe meteor 39 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard fur cloth 36 or more wide for band 14 inches wide to trim skirt and sleeves. Doll 10780 requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard material 32 or more inches wide for body, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard material 20 or more wide for dress, waist and apron, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36 inches wide for skirt, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard black silk or velvet 12 inches wide for bodice, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard ribbon 5 wide for hair ribbon. Bottom $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. Bead design 10785 trims the dress.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.



Dress 2033

Dress 1998
Embroidery
design 10726



Dress 2020

Waist 1982
Skirt 1981



Dress 2035



Embroidered rag doll 10780



Dress 2028
Bead design 10785

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



Dress 2005

Dress 2004
Spat 1167

Dress 1962

Blouse 2023
Skirt 1733
Tam-o'-shanter 1477
Muff 1266

Dress 2027
Embroidery design 10784

Dress 1991

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



Dress 1978
Embroidery design 10789

Dress 1972

Dress 1969
Spat 1167

Waist 2047
Skirt 1966

IN WINTER REGALIA

Long Lines or the Widened Hip
Mark the New Silhouettes

2005—A collar that goes to great length to be part and parcel of the sash makes an altogether adorable dress of duvetyne trimmed with brush wool. The dress itself has a long body and the lower part is cut in two pieces. It is a very young-looking dress, and you can make it of tricotine, serge, gabardine, soft twills alone or with the upper part of satin, or you can make it entirely of satin, moire, faille, velveteen or duvetyne.

36-inch bust requires 2 yards duvetyne 54 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard brush wool 39 or 40 inches wide for collar and sash, girdle and to trim. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also for misses.

1962—The draped waist is popular because it is both becoming and smart. In this dress the drapery is arrived at in a new way in the front and is carried into a sash behind. The dress slips on over the head and you fasten it at the shoulder and underarm seam. The sleeve has one seam and a camisole lining may be used. The skirt is cut in two pieces and the fulness is correct for satin, charmeuse, taffeta, soft faille, soft moire, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, serge, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

36-inch bust requires 4 3/8 yards velvet 36 inches wide. This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

2004—1167—A dress has distinctive lines in its overdress and in the two-piece foundation skirt cut in one with the camisole lining. The dress slips on over the head and the long body is fastened at the shoulder and underarm seam. Use duvetyne, tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills or velveteen alone or over satin. The spats are smart.

36-inch bust requires 1 3/4 yard tricotine 54 inches wide, 2 1/8 yards satin 36 wide for foundation to waistline, 3/8 yard Georgette 18 inches wide for vestee, 3/8 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide; 3/8 yard material 38 inches wide for spat. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

This dress, 2004, is effective for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

2023—1733—1477—1266—A smart dress that gives quite the effect of a suit with the muff and hat has the soft arrangement at the waistline of the blouse. It is nice in satin, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, chiffon velvet, panne velvet or fine serge with or without a camisole lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 3/4 yards velvet 36 inches wide for blouse, 2 1/8 yards velours 54 wide with nap for skirt, 3/4 yard velours 54 inches wide for hat and muff, 2 yards fur banding to trim collar, sleeves and muff. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

Blouse, 2023, for ladies, 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1733, for ladies, 35 to 47 1/2 hip; tam, 1477, for ladies, misses and girls; muff, 1266, for ladies and misses.

2027—Even Paris could give you no handsomer dress if you use the bold, simple embroidery which is well within the scope of the amateur. The overdress slips on over the head and the two-piece foundation is made in one with the camisole lining. Use duvetyne, tricotine, velveteen, etc., alone or over satin, or satin, charmeuse or moire alone or under silk crêpe. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

36-inch bust requires 2 1/2 yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard satin 36 inches wide for vestee and lower part of foundation, 2 3/8 yards material 36 wide for upper part of foundation. Embroidery design 10784 trims dress.

This dress is for ladies 32 to 46 inches bust; also adapted to misses.

1991—A dress with a tunic peplum giving the long body the look of an overblouse makes use of the new French combination of cloth of gold and velvet. The gold is dull when it is used in a day gown and is very rich-looking. The dress slips on over the head and the lower part is cut in two pieces. You can use metal cloth in the body with velveteen, duvetyne or plush in the peplum and lower part, or you can have satin above duvetyne, broadcloth, velveteen or serge. Lower edge 1 5/8 yard.

36-inch bust requires 1 3/8 yard gold cloth 35 or 36 wide, 2 7/8 yards velveteen 36 or 36 inches wide for tunic and lower part, 1 5/8 yard fur banding.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1978—The new fulness as Paris likes it appears in an overdress disclosing the narrow line of the two-piece foundation skirt. The set-in belt is novel, and the fact that the overdress has a straight lower edge makes it nice for stripes,

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

checks, etc. The overdress slips over the head and the body has a kimono sleeve. The foundation is in one with the camisole lining. Use satin, charmeuse, velveteen, taffeta, etc., or silk voile over satin. Lower edge about 1 1/2 yard.

36-inch bust requires 1 7/8 yard cloth 54 inches wide, 3/4 yard satin 36 inches wide for lower part of foundation, 2 yards fur banding, 2 1/2 yards material 36 inches wide for upper part of foundation.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1972—A dress that will make itself useful in many ways is made of jersey, a soft material that shirrs nicely at the pocket openings at the side. The skirt is straight, but the stick-out pockets give it the hip-widened silhouette. This type of dress is particularly nice in satin, taffeta, charmeuse, soft moire, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or velveteen for a Winter indoor dress. It is the right style for restaurant luncheons, teas, etc. The lower edge of the skirt measures about 1 3/4 yard.

36-inch bust requires 3 3/8 yards jersey 44 inches wide, 1/4 yard silk 32 or more inches wide.

This dress is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1969—1167—Paris is making some of its smartest models with sleeveless coatees. The one-piece dress is trimmed with tucks and made with a body lining. The dress can be made of tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills or broadcloth, or of satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor with a coatee of a contrasting color or material. The spats may be white, beige or gray.

36-inch bust requires 4 3/8 yards cloth 44 inches wide, 1 3/4 yard velvet 36 inches wide for jumper, 3/8 yard material 38 inches wide for spat. Lower edge about 1 3/4 yard.

Dress, 1969, for ladies of 32 to 44 bust, also adapted to misses. Spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

2047—1966—The high collar is seldom offered to us in as attractive a form as this. Its drapery comes from cutting the collar in one with the front and back. The waist itself is draped and is fastened at the left shoulder and underarm seam. The sleeve has one seam and a camisole lining may be used. The irregular drapery of the two-piece skirt is unusual and very graceful. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, taffeta, velveteen, moire, faille, tricotine, gabardine or serge. Lower edge about 1 1/4 yard.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 1/4 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard ribbon for lacing.

This waist, 2047, for ladies 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1966, for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

THE MID-WINTER COSTUME AT ITS BEST

New Lines Mark Frock, Suit and Coat



Coat 2008
Skirt 1985
Spat 1167



Blouse 1971
Skirt 1985
Fur set 1266
Braid design 10748

Coat 2014
Skirt 1974
Bag 10775



Dress 2038

2008—1985—1167—This is an entirely satisfactory type of suit for tricotine, gabardine, etc., you can wear it all day, while in duvetyne, velours, velveteen and broadcloth it is smart for tea, little restaurant luncheons, etc. The blouse back is new and the skirt is cut in two pieces with a kick plait in back. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4 1/2 yards velveteen 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting material 36 inches wide, 3/4 yard fur banding; 3/8 yard broadcloth 38 inches wide for spats.

This coat, 2008, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses; the skirt, 1985, is for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 hip; the spat, 1167, for ladies and misses should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

1971—1985—1266—The Russian blouse has so much the look of a coat that it is an excellent costume for the street with a fur set, especially in duvetyne, velours, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills or serge. It is an easy blouse to make on account of the kimono sleeve. You can also use satin, charmeuse, moire, etc. for it. The skirt is in two pieces with kick plaits at the side seam.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2 1/4 yards tricotine 54 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards velveteen 36 inches wide. Bottom 1 3/4 yard. Braid design 10748 trims blouse.

This blouse, 1971, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also for misses. The skirt, 1985, is for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip. The fur set, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

2014—1974—The straight silhouette has held its ground so long that the easy-fitting lines of this coat have a new, refreshing look. It follows the figure without fitting it closely, and the ripple lower part is extremely graceful. The kick plait at the back of the three-piece skirt is comfortable in walking. You could make a very good-looking suit in duvetyne, velours, velveteen, broadcloth, oxford, etc.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 3 1/2 yards wool velours 54 inches wide, 1/2 yard fur cloth 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard. Bag is 10775.

This coat, 2014, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1974, is for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.

2038—A new house in Paris is making a speciality of this type of simple chemise dress for the heavy tricolette that looks like knitted silk. It follows the vogue of knitted things and is very smart. It is a good style for any of the wool materials like tricotine, duvetyne, soft twills, gabardine, serge, checks, plaids or stripes, and is quite elegant in velveteen. The dress slips on over the head and the body and sleeve are cut in one. A body lining can be used. It is a graceful dress for a young girl.

36-inch bust requires 3 1/2 yards of silk tricolette 35 or 36 inches wide, 3 1/2 yards fur banding. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is also suitable for misses.

2077—1733—1266—There is something about this suit, perhaps the waistline just above the normal and the soft fulness at the side, that makes it very young-looking. The body cut in one with the panels makes a pretty coat for velveteen, velours, duvetyne, broadcloth, heavy satin, faille, gabardine, tricotine or soft twills. The skirt is cut in two pieces. The muff is the new shape.

36 bust and 38 hip require 6 1/8 yards velvet 35 or 36 inches wide, 5/8 yard squirrel fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar, and muff in ladies' size. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

This coat, 2077, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1733, is for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip; muff, 1266 is for ladies and misses.

2076—If the lady in the picture could turn, you would see that the back of her coat is different and quite as interesting as the front. The front is in one with the sleeves, but in back there is a broken panel effect that is individual and very good-looking. The drapery of the sleeve and the big collar are characteristic of the newest coats. This is a very good model to choose for materials like duvetyne, velours, velveteen, plush or broadcloth, and is a style that a young girl could wear nicely.

36 inches bust requires 3 3/4 yards wool velours 54 inches wide. Bottom of longer coat about 2 yards.

This coat, 2076, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses.

2074—For a material like plush or fur cloth you want straight, unbroken lines in a coat; for even the great French designers are loathe to cut up these handsome materials any more than they would cut up real lace. The coat has smart lines and in materials like duvetyne, velours, checks, broadcloth and camel's-hair cloaking the side seams are often left open at the bottom and trimmed with buttons on one side and buttonholes on the other. It is a good coat for a young girl. Bottom of longer coat about 1 3/4 yard.

36 inches bust requires 3 1/4 yards fur cloth 54 inches wide, 1/2 yard contrasting material 54 inches wide.

This coat, 2074, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

2073—In a plain wool material the panel-like shaping of the front has the effect of trimming this coat and also breaks its plain lines. In back there is also a panel but it is straight. In duvetyne, velours, camel's-hair cloaking, broadcloth and checks it gives you a very satisfactory coat for general wear, simple enough for shopping and smart enough to wear over a silk dress for those occasions where you don't need an afternoon wrap. It is a very becoming coat for a young girl as well as for a woman.

36 inches bust requires 3 3/4 yards camel's-hair cloaking 54 inches wide. Bottom of coat in longer length 1 3/4 yard.

This coat, 2073, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust, also for misses.

2056—2062—1266—You give a fresh look to the surplice waist by blousing it over the belt and cutting it with a kimono sleeve. A Parisienne would wear the sleeve just below the shoulder, but for Winter most Americans prefer a longer sleeve. The bouffant hip drapery stamps the skirt as distinctly new. It is cut in two pieces, and in taffeta, moire, faille, satin, charmeuse or velveteen it gives you a very French afternoon dress.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 4 1/2 yards gros de Londres 39 or 40 inches wide including a girdle, 3/4 yard velvet 27 or more inches wide. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

Waist, 2056, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; skirt, 2062, for ladies of 35 to 42 1/2 hip; scarf, 1266, is for ladies and misses.

2075—1985—The woman who is always on the look-out for something entirely new will be delighted with the coat of this suit. It fits the figure and the fitted line is accented by the flare of the ripple peplum. The waistline is just a little above the normal. These new suits are made of velours, duvetyne, broadcloth, oxford, camel's-hair suiting, velveteen or checks. The skirt is cut in two pieces with kick plaits at the bottom.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 3 3/4 yards duvetyne 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard near seal 54 inches wide, including a band on coat. Bag is 10775. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

Coat, 2075, is for ladies 32 to 42 inches bust; skirt, 1985, is for ladies 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.

2061—1763—This style of suit coat with the very straight lines is much worn in Paris. The length of the shawl collar is extremely becoming and for Winter it is usually faced with fur or fur cloth. It is also smart in a cloth of a contrasting color. The skirt is cut in two pieces with a yoke and hip flare pockets. The suit can be made of duvetyne, velours, velveteen, broadcloth, melton, camel's-hair cloaking, oxford, cheviot or heavy satin.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 4 3/4 yards velours 54 inches wide, 1/2 yard squirrel fur cloth 54 inches wide. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

Coat, 2061, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1763, for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.



Coat 2077
Skirt 1733
Muff 1266

Coat 2076

Blouse
2056
Skirt
2062
Scarf
1266

Coat 2074

Coat 2073
Spat 1167

Coat 2075; skirt 1985
Bag 10775

Coat 2061
Skirt 1763

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



Blouse 1993
Skirt 2044
Spat 1167

Blouse 2053
Skirt 1974

Blouse 2039
Skirt 1974

Blouse 2059
Skirt 1733
Bead design 10785

Blouse 1971; Skirt 1805
Embroidery design 10789

SLIP-ON OR RUSSIAN BLOUSES

New Types That Give Costume Effects

1993—2044—1167—A new blouse that offers a field for embroidery or figured materials slips on over the head and has a one-seam sleeve. Use Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or wash satin. The skirt is cut in four pieces and has an interesting double cuff hem.

36 bust and 38 inches hip require 1 1/2 yard Georgette 39 inches wide, 1/4 yard taffeta 39 inches wide for frills, 2 1/4 yards serge 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard material 38 inches wide for spat. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

This blouse, 1993, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 2044, for ladies of 35 to 55 hip. Spat, 1167, for ladies and misses, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

2053—1974—A graceful blouse offers a change in length that many women will like. It slips over the head and you can draw it down instead of blousing it, but the latter effect is new. The sleeve has one seam. You can use silk crêpe, silk voile, figured silk, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or satin for the blouse and tricotine, serge, gabardine, duvetyn, etc., for the three-piece skirt. Bottom with plait drawn out 1 3/4 yard.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 1 7/8 yard Georgette 39 inches wide, 2 yards broadcloth 54 inches wide (with nap).

This blouse, 2053, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; skirt, 1974, for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.

2039—1974—A blouse of this character, with a simple, rather narrow skirt, makes a costume with all the virtues of a dress if you use materials like serge, tricotine, gabardine, velveteen, silk poplin, moire or crêpe meteor. In silk crêpe, silk voile, Georgette and crêpe de Chine it makes a charming blouse. It slips on over the head and the skirt is cut in three pieces with a kick plait in back.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 5/8 yards charmeuse 39 inches wide, 3 yards fur banding, 2 yards duvetyn (with nap) 54 inches wide. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

This blouse, 2039, is for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust, also for misses; skirt, 1974, for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 inches hip.

2059—1733—This blouse is so easy to make with its straight lower edge and kimono sleeve that it leaves you time for the hand-work that gives it its individuality. It slips on over the head and can be made of Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, chiffon cloth, satin, crêpe meteor or velveteen. The two-piece skirt has a little fullness at the top and is nice for satin, serge, etc. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 1/4 yards crêpe de Chine 39 inches wide including a sash, 2 1/4 yards velveteen 36 inches wide. Bead design 10785 trims the blouse.

This blouse, 2059, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; also for misses; skirt, 1733, is for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 hip.

1971—1805—On analysis a serge dress resolves itself into a separate Russian blouse and a two-piece skirt. The body of the blouse is cut in one with the sleeve. Under materials like serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, duvetyn, velveteen, checks and plaids, the camisole lining is particularly advantageous. As a separate blouse you can use silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth, etc.

36 inches bust and 38 inches hip require 4 1/2 yards serge 44 inches or more wide. Embroidery design 10789 trims the blouse. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

This blouse, 1971, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust, also for misses; skirt, 1805, for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 hip.

1990—1733—A blouse that has more elegance than you associate with a middie blouse is drawn into a band at the hip, Balkan fashion. The sleeve has one seam and there is a regular sailor collar if you care to use it. This is an attractive style for satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, velveteen, serge, wool jersey, etc. The skirt is cut in two pieces and is nice for satin, serge, gabardine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 1/2 yards velveteen 36 inches wide, 2 1/2 yards tricotine (with nap) 54 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard near-seal fur banding. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

This blouse, 1990, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; also for misses. Skirt, 1733, is for ladies of 35 to 47 1/2 hip.

Blouse 1990; skirt 1733

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128



FASHIONS VERY MUCH AT HOME

Boudoir caps 2040

Pajamas or
lounging-robe
2055
Cap 9253

Pajamas or
lounging-
robe 2057

View C

Rest or tea gown 2025
Embroidery design 10779

Rest or tea
gown 2018

View B

Rest or tea gown 2025

2040—Dainty boudoir caps are made in crêpe de Chine, Georgette or dotted net.
Ladies' size, view A, requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard lace 27 inches wide; view B requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard lace 40 inches wide; view C requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard Georgette 22 inches wide; view C-1, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard net 22 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard material 27 inches wide for ruffle. These caps are for ladies and misses.

2055—9253—Pajamas with a slip-over blouse are worn with a charming boudoir cap.
36-inch bust requires 5 yards satin 40 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard contrasting satin 36 inches wide; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard net 36 inches wide for cap in ladies' size.
Pajamas or lounging-robe, 2055, for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust, also for misses; cap, 9253, for ladies and misses.

2025—Very simple with all its lovely lines is a tea or rest gown of chiffon, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, etc. Bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.
36-inch bust requires for view C $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards Georgette 39 inches wide, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of fringe. Embroidery design 10779 trims the gown.
This rest or tea gown is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2063—A one-piece work apron of excellent lines takes very little material, covers your dress and can be made of gingham, chambray or percale. It is a neat apron and very easy to make and launder.
36-inch bust requires 2 yards chambray 32 inches wide.
This apron is for ladies of 24 to 36 inches waist

2057—One-piece step-in pajamas with the Dutch silhouette can be made of wash satin, crêpe de Chine, printed or China silk and used for a lounging-robe. For pajamas use these materials or cotton crêpe, outing flannel, dimity, nainsook or long-cloth.
36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 40 inches wide. These pajamas are for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2025—A very elegant rest or tea gown with a coatee can be used for afternoon wear and informal dinners at home. Bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.
36 bust requires for view B 4 yards Georgette 39 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards all-over-lace 40 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lace banding 6 inches wide.
This rest or tea gown is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2018—A draped rest or tea gown that gives you something quite unusual can be made of wash satin, crêpe de Chine, Georgette crêpe or fancy silk. Bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.
36-inch bust requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards figured silk 36 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard plain satin 36 inches wide.
This rest or tea gown is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

2066—Step-in pajamas that will make bed attractive to a girl can be made of figured crêpe, cotton voile, nainsook, long-cloth, crêpe de Chine or China silk, or in outing flannel.
16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards figured crêpe 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard plain crêpe 39 inches wide.
These pajamas are for misses and girls of 2 to 18 years.



2040



2040

Work apron 2063

Pajamas or lounging-robe 2066

Other views of these garments are shown on page 128

"The Road to Heart's Desire"

EVERY woman possesses latent possibilities which may be made to blossom into beauty. You can acquire lovely, clear skin, sparkling eyes, lustrous hair, perfect contour of face, chin and neck. Individual graces, which make a woman fascinating, I can help you to develop. For those who cannot come to me personally, I have arranged the

Elizabeth Arden Home Course

This takes the form of a series of consultations between you and me, and lessons which I adapt to your needs. Every feature that contributes to womanly charm receives attention. By means of illustrations, I show you how to follow my famous Muscle-Strapping method, which firms the facial muscles, rounds out the neck and makes the skin faultlessly beautiful. Learn to do these things for yourself. Results are quick and thorough.

To obtain information, check any items in the following list that you wish advice about and send, with your name and address, to me at my New York Salon. An interesting brochure sent on request.

| | |
|------------------|--|
| CORRECT | CULTIVATE |
| Double Chin | Clear, smooth Skin |
| Lines, Wrinkles | Strong, youthful Eyes |
| Blackheads | Attractive Lashes and Brows |
| Coarse Pores | Healthy Hair |
| Acne | Perfect Contour of Face, Neck, Bust, Arms, Shoulders |
| Brown Spots | Youthful Hands |
| Weight: too thin | |
| too fat | |

ELIZABETH ARDEN
673 Fifth Ave., New York; Suite 702
Branches: Boston, Washington, D. C., San Francisco, Newport, Palm Beach



THE YOUNG GIRL'S DRESSES

Straight Lines in Her New Frocks



Dress 2064
Embroidery design 10789

Dress 2038

Dress 2030

Dress 2027
Tam-o-shanter 1477

Blouse 2023
Skirt 1436

2064—A dress of cloth and satin gives the new wider, softer version of the straight silhouette for a young girl or a small woman. The draped bolero is charming and the panels at the side of the two-piece skirt give you an opportunity of combining two materials. Or you can use duvetyn, tricotine, gabardine, serge, velveteen, satin, charmeuse, taffeta or faille alone, with or without a camisolé lining.

16 years requires 3 yards cloth 44 inches wide, 1 1/8 yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide for cuffs, trimming pieces and panels. Embroidery design 10789 trims the dress. Bottom 1 3/4 yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

2038—The ideal school dress for a young girl or street dress for a woman is the simple chemise style with a new collar and a smart belt. It slips on over the head and the sleeve is cut kimono fashion. Use tricotine, duvetyn, soft twills, gabardine, serge, velveteen, checks, plaids or stripes. The dress can be made with a body lining if you care to use it.

32 bust or 15 or 16 years requires 2 3/4 yards plaid woolen 48 inches wide, 5/8 yard velours 36 wide. Bottom 1 5/8 yard.

This dress is for misses 32 or 34 bust; also for ladies.

2030—Altogether desirable is a dress made with a blouse that slips over the head and is cut in one with the sleeve and peplum. The skirt is straight and has an Empire waistline. In satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, velveteen, etc., embroidery adds a great deal to the dress especially when made for a small woman. It can be made with a camisolé lining.

16 years requires 3 1/2 yards satin 35 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting satin 35 inches wide, 2 yards grosgrain ribbon. Bottom 1 5/8 yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

"Is My Nose Shiny?"

Not if you make your all-day toilet with wonderful

La Meda Cold Creamed Powder

It insures against perpetual dabbling with a powder puff.

Use LA MEDA COLD CREAMED powder in the morning and you are sure of a velvet smooth, powdery fresh appearance all day. A skin charm that has none of that overdone suggestion. Heat, cold, rain or perspiration will not mar it.

Guaranteed. Can not promote hair growth. Tints—Flesh, White, Brunette.

Any druggist or toilet counter anywhere can get LA MEDA COLD CREAMED POWDER for you—or it will be sent post-paid on receipt of 65 cents for a large jar.

Send for a Trial Size Jar

LA MEDA MFG. CO., 103 E. Garfield Blvd., CHICAGO

Please send handsome miniature test jar of LA MEDA Cold Creamed Powder in the _____ tint. 1 enclose 10 cents silver and 2c stamp for postage and packing. (Or 12c stamps if more convenient.)

Name _____

Address _____

I usually buy my toilet goods from _____

Treo Paraknit Elastic Brassiere

MADE of "Paraknit," a new kind of light weight, open work, elastic material, invented by us; very, very flexible, extremely stylish, and healthful.

Reinforced diaphragm strip at lower edge supports and reduces diaphragm without pressure, and is advantageous. \$3 and \$5 at dealers, or write for illustrated booklet.

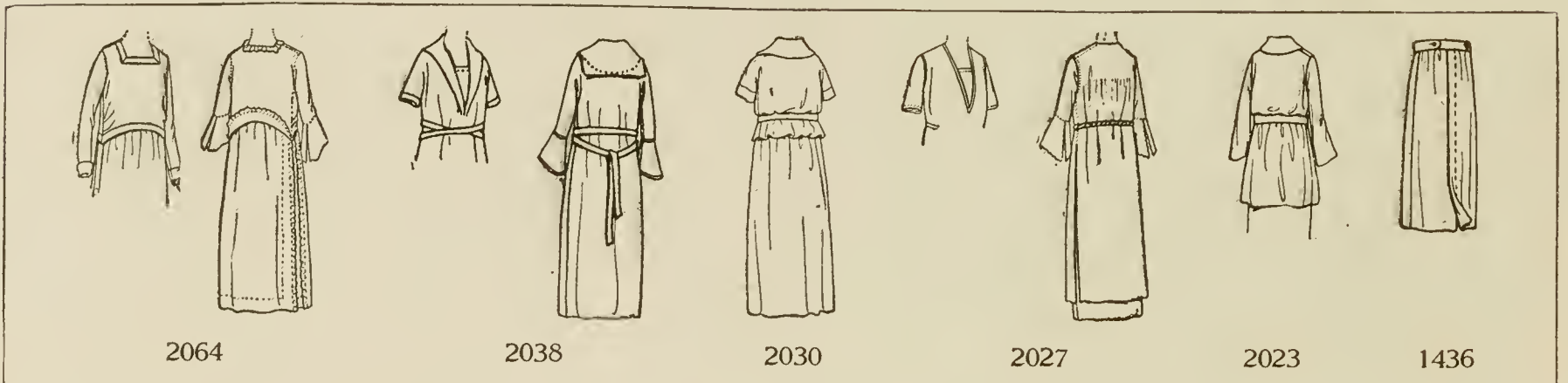
TREO COMPANY, INC.
160-D Fifth Avenue, New York
Eisman & Co., Toronto, Canada

Makers of Treo Elastic Girdle



BE AN EXPERT DRESS DESIGNER

Learn Designing and Making, easily by mail, at your home. Designers earn \$40.00 week up. Sample lessons free. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 860, Rochester, N. Y.



2064

2038

2030

2027

2023

1436

2043—So many of the new dresses place their trimming at the hip. Here the draped jumper ties itself into the knot of a sash at each side in a pretty, graceful fashion. It is made with camisole lining and the sleeve has one seam. The skirt is straight and has the Empire waistline. Use satin, messaline, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, velveteen, stripes, checks or plaids, plain material with plaid, etc.

16 years requires 2 3/4 yards novelty silk 40 inches wide, 1/2 yard satin 35 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

1987—There are many charming ways of making this dancing frock, for the tunic is straight and is quite lovely in tulle, Georgette, chiffon cloth or lace flouncing, with the bodice and straight foundation skirt of metal cloth, flowered silk, taffeta, etc. You can make the side body and its kimono sleeves of a transparent material and the rest of the dress of satin, taffeta, etc.

17 years requires 2 1/4 yards satin 35 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard Georgette 40 inches wide for tunic. Bead design 10785 trims the dress. Lower edge about 1 1/4 yard.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

FOR YULE-TIME PARTIES

Gay Little Frocks for Gay Young Girls



Dress 2043

Dress 1987
Bead design 10785

Dress 2067

2067—An evening dress reduced to terms of lines and material is made with a most attractive draped skirt with the bouffant hip characteristic of many of the new styles. A very simple draped girdle constitutes the surplice waist. The skirt is cut in two pieces and a kimono side body can be used if you want a less décolleté effect. You can make this dress of taffeta, flowered silk, faille, satin, charmeuse or velveteen.

17 years requires 3 yards flowered taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide, 1/2 yard ribbon for straps. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard. This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years.

2036—"Tuck the material, drape the girdle, add shoulder straps, and wear to to-morrow night's party" is the recipe for a gay little dancing frock. The skirt is straight and can be made of silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine or net with a draped girdle of satin, velvet, metal cloth or flowered silk. It is made with a lining and a side body cut in one with a short sleeve. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

16 years requires 1/2 yard satin 36 inches wide, 3 3/8 yards Georgette 40 inches wide. Bead design 10623 trims dress.

This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

1919—Petaled in the varying color of a flower is [one of the most delightful dresses that Paris has designed this year. The ruffles can be made with straight edges and, in lace, tulle or net they are very lovely. But for taffeta, radium, messaline, satin, charmeuse or flowered silk, one shouldn't pass by the scallops. The one-piece skirt is straight and a side body is made with a kimono sleeve. Bottom of foundation 1 3/8 yard, lowest ruffle 2 yards.

16 years requires 2 3/4 yards light-colored taffeta 36 inches wide, 2 1/4 yards dark-colored taffeta 36 inches wide, 2 1/8 yards material 32 inches wide for skirt. This dress is for misses of 14 to 19 years.



Dress 1919

Dress 2036
Bead design 10623

Christmas Furs-Buy Them Now

Shipped on Approval

First send at once for your copy of the famous ALBRECHT style book—"FUR FACTS AND FASHIONS". It is free and illustrates and describes fashion's last word in fur styles at amazingly low prices.

Albrecht Furs

1855

America's leading fur house in America's primary fur center offers you now the pick of the season's furs. America's society leaders of fashion depend on the HOUSE OF ALBRECHT and the same selection is offered you to choose from. You may have your furs shipped on approval and they are all sold with a money-back guarantee.



If we have no dealer in your town we will send direct

Supreme In Quality

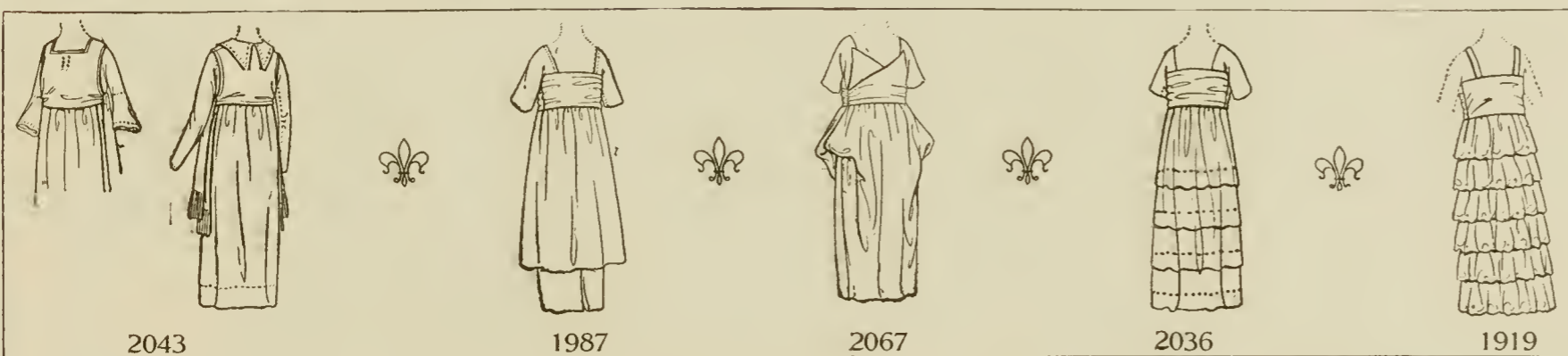
We buy most of our pelts direct from the trappers before the pelts are offered at the fur auction. We can therefore offer the very pick of the season's catch of furs at first cost. You get the benefit.

How To Buy Furs

Consult our book—FUR FACTS AND FASHIONS—before buying furs. It shows you how to know furs and tell the real from the imitation. It is an encyclopedia of fur information—a dependable style book of fur fashions. Each fur is given its honest English name and is accurately described. Send 5¢ postage for this valuable book—Catalog No 112. Its edition is limited.

E. Albrecht & Son

Saint Paul, Dept. B-2 Minnesota



2043

1987

2067

2036

1919

When Johnny has the Croup!

That's a cough with a croupy rattle, so hurry for the Musterole and rub it in right over the chest and neck. How it will tingle at first and then grow ever so cool. And how it will reach in and penetrate right to the spot! It will dissipate all the stuffy congestion which causes that hacking cough.

Why shouldn't grandmother swear by Musterole for colds and coughs? It is better than a mustard plaster—good as that was in the old days. And the explanation is this:

Musterole is made of oil of mustard and other home simples. It penetrates under the skin, down to the part. Here it generates its own heat, and this heat disperses the congestion. Yet Musterole will not blister. Musterole, on the contrary, feels delightfully cool a few seconds after you apply it.

Try Musterole for Bobby and Helen and Dorothy's croup—and for your own cough, too. Try it for rheumatism—it's a regular router out of all congestions. Always keep a jar handy.

Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

30c and 60c jars—\$2.50 hospital size.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



The "Womanly" Way to Remove Hair

El-Rado is a sanitary lotion that simply washes the hair off by dissolving it—leaving the underparts soft, smooth and dainty. It enables you to wear chiffon sleeves without any dress shields and enjoy a delightful sensation of comfort and cleanliness. Entirely harmless no matter where applied—face, arms or limbs. Users of powdered hair removers and blades will find an occasional use of El-Rado liquid is good for the skin.

Ask for "El-Rado" hair remover at any toilet goods counter. Two sizes, 60c. and \$1.00. Money-back guarantee.

Orders filled direct on receipt of stamps if dealer cannot supply you

PILGRIM MFG. CO., Dept. T, 112 E. 19th St., N. Y.
Canadian Address, THE ARTHUR SALES CO., Dept. T
61 Adelaide St., East, Toronto

NADINE
FACE POWDER
IN GREEN BOXES ONLY

Makes the Complexion Beautiful
SOFT AND VELVETY. Money back if not entirely pleased.

Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. Millions of delighted users prove its value. Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. At leading toilet counters. If they haven't it, by mail 60c. Dep't. T
National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

Make Your Own Clothes

Here is an easy and economical way to have perfect-fitting clothes

One of the greatest blessings to woman is to know how to make her own clothes, to know she is well dressed and perfectly fitted. You can learn dressmaking very easily by mail. You can have this knowledge for only \$10.00—cost of the entire course. Perfect measures, adjustment of patterns, cutting and fitting guaranteed. Self-addressed and stamped envelope brings particulars.

Laura G. Colescott, Box 175A, Fowler, Indiana

SMART COSTUMES

Skirts Take a Flyer in Thrills



Coat 2013
Muff 1266
Spat 1167

Dress 2070
Smocking
design 10744

Dress 2072
Spat 1167

Coat 2069
Skirt 1772
Tam 9623

Coat 2054
Hat 1945
Muff 2010
Leggings 9560



2013

2070

2072

2054

2050

Coat 2050
Muff 2010

2069

1772

2013—1266—One can see an echo of the dolman in the loose drapery that is given this coat by the very deep armhole. The collar is convertible. It is a good style for duvetyn, velours, camel's-hair cloaking, plush or fur fabrics. The muff can be of fur, fur cloth, etc.

34 inches bust or 17 or 18 years homespun 54 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar and muff in misses' size. Bottom 2 yards in full length.

Coat, 2013, is smart for misses 32 or 34 bust, also for ladies; muff, 1266, for misses and ladies.

2070—Very good style is a jumper dress of marine blue serge. The skirt is straight and the blouse is entirely separate and has a one-seam sleeve. Use serge with blouses of crêpe de Chine, China silk or tub materials; velveteen or corduroy with Georgette or crêpe de Chine blouses; or gingham, etc., with blouses of nainsook, batiste, lawn or dimity.

10 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard serge 44 inches wide, 1 yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Smocking 10744 trims the dress.

This dress is nice for juniors 8 to 15 years.

2072—1167—The fish-fin frill is a French version of the Dutch silhouette. The waist closes at the left shoulder and underarm seam; there is a camisolé lining and the two-piece skirt is straight. Use serge, satin, etc., $\frac{3}{8}$ yards material 38 inches wide for misses spat. Bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

16 years requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, Dress, 2072, is good-looking for misses 14 to 19 years; also for small women. Spat, 1167, for misses and ladies, should be made according to shoe size and calf measure.

2069—1772—9623—An entirely new type of coat fits the figure and breaks into a ripple peplum. Use velours, duvetyn, broadcloth, etc. The tam is smart and the skirt is two-pieced. Bottom $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

16 years for coat and skirt requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards velveteen 36 inches wide including panel on coat, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard fur cloth 36 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard material 36 inches wide for tam in misses' size.

Coat, 2069, for misses 14 to 19 years; also small women; skirt, 1772, for misses 14 to 19 years; tam, 9623, for ladies, misses, girls and children.

2054—1945—2010—9560—A coat that ripples below the round yoke makes a smart outfit with a hat, a muff and leggings.

4 years for coat, muff, leggings and hat requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards velvet 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide for collar, muff and hat-brim, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard material 54 inches wide for leggings.

Coat, 2054, is a nice style for children 1 to 10 years; hat, 1945, for girls 2 to 12 years; muff, 2010, for girls 2 to 14 years; leggings, 9560, for children and misses 2 to 16 years.

2050—2010—Perfectly simple, but with panels that give it exceptional lines, is a Winter coat for a junior. The shawl collar is convertible and there is an inside pocket. Use velours, velveteen, mixtures, broadcloth, cheviot or camel's-hair cloaking for the coat and fur, fur cloth, etc., for the muff.

12 years for coat requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards velours 54 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard plush 36 inches wide.

Coat, 2050, is excellent for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years; muff, 2010, is for girls 2 to 14 years.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION

Coats That Cover the New Dresses



Blouse 2039
Skirt 1772

Coat 2015

Coat 2013

Dress 2021



Dress 2034
Hat 1945
Muff 2010



Dress 2024

2039—1772—The opening of the square neck trims the kimono blouse and makes it easier to slip it over the head. You can make it of satin, velveteen, etc. The skirt is cut in two pieces.

32-inch bust or 15 or 16 years for blouse, and 16 years for skirt require 2 yards taffeta 35 inches wide for blouse including plaitings, 1 3/8 yard duvetyn 54 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

This blouse, 2039, for misses of 32 or 34 inches bust, also ladies; skirt, 1772, for misses 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

2015—The new length of the separate coat is satisfactory, for it means less fur, fur cloth or plush, and makes a lighter coat for walking. It is nice for cutting down a fur coat that has gone out of fashion. It has the new ripple back, a very graceful sleeve, and can be made of wool velours and duvetyn, and is a good coat for women as well as young girls. Gay-figured or flowered silks make pretty linings.

34-inch bust or 17 or 18 years requires 2 5/8 yards fur cloth 54 inches wide.

This coat is for misses 32 or 34 bust, also for ladies.

2021—Such a dress as the small Parisienne would wear to the *Palais de Glace* is the kimono chemise style bloused in the new way at the waistline. Or you can wear it drawn down if you like. It slips on over the head and fastens over the shoulders. It is smart in linen, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray or serge, especially if braided or embroidered, and is also nice in plaids and checks.

13 years requires 2 5/8 yards velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2013—This is the type of coat that every young girl and woman needs in Winter. The deep armhole does not crush a silk dress and is roomy enough to cover a suit in motoring, traveling, etc. The drapery it gives the sleeve is particularly distinctive. The best materials for this coat are duvetyn, velours, camel's-hair coating, plush or fur fabrics.

32 inches bust or 15 or 16 years requires 3 1/8 yards velours 54 inches wide, 2 yards fur banding. Bottom in full length 2 yards.

This coat is for misses 32 or 34 bust, also for ladies.

2034—1945—2010—Something new in jumpers with a straight skirt and kimono blouse makes a splendid little dress in plaid or check silk with velveteen, or in a serge with nainsook, lawn, etc. The hat and muff are smart.

12 years for dress and muff and 12 years or 21 1/4 head measure requires 3 1/8 yards plaid taffeta 35 inches wide, 1 1/4 yard velvet for cuffs, jumper and crown, 1/2 yard material 54 inches wide for hat brim and muff.

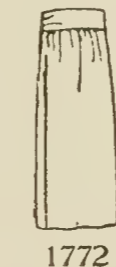
This dress, 2034, for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years; hat, 1945, for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years; muff, 2010, for girls 2 to 14 years.

2024—A dress with a middie blouse and a Russian closing offers two things that are sure to please the most "chocoy" child. The skirt is straight and you can join it either to an underbody or a belt. Use chambray with gingham, white with colored cotton, serge with plaids or checks, etc. Or you can make it entirely of serge, gingham, cotton poplin, linen or chambray.

14 years requires 3 5/8 yards serge 44 inches wide, 1/2 yard flannel 27 inches wide, 3 1/4 yards braid. This dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.



2039



1772



2015



2021



2013



2034

Deformities of the Back

Greatly benefited or entirely cured by the Philo Burt Method.

The 30,000 cases successfully treated in our experience of over seventeen years is absolute proof of this statement.

No matter how serious your deformity, no matter what treatments you have tried, think of the thousands of sufferers this method has made well and happy. We will prove the value of the Philo Burt Method in your own case.

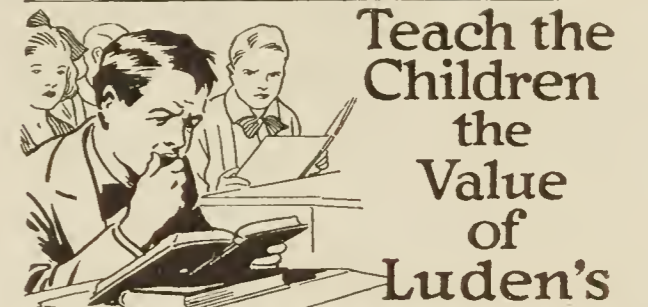
The Philo Burt Appliance on 30 Days' Trial

Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once.

The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

Send for our Free Book today and describe the nature and condition of your trouble as fully as possible so we can give you definite information.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.
200-E. Odd Fellows Bldg.
Jamestown, N. Y.



What is the value of Luden's? Clear the head; soothe the throat. Give quick relief to coughs and colds.

LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
GIVE QUICK RELIEF



Rosy, Chubby Healthy

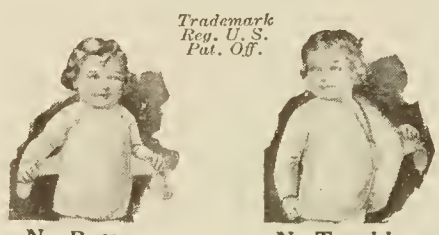
—And kept that way, safeguarded by the famous coat fitting, buttonless Rubens.

By the double lap which protects chest and stomach.

The Rubens is made of cotton, merino, wool, silk and wool, or all-silk, for children of all ages.

If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name. Descriptive price list free for the asking.

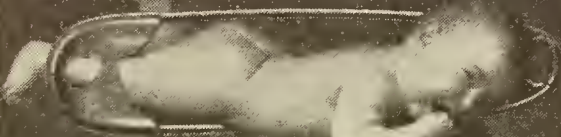
RUBENS Infant Shirts



No Buttons No Trouble

Manufactured only by RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc. 6 N. Market St., Chicago

BABY DIMPLES Safety Pins



"For a smile all the while"

"KEEP your baby happy and free from rusty pin pricks—insist on Baby Dimples Safety Pins.

"Both the point and the spring are always perfectly protected—they cannot come unfastened and they're absolutely rustproof."

Nickel, black or gold-plated—a size for every use—10c a card at all good shops.

Samstag's

1200 Broadway New York Send for Colonial Quality Booklet—the index to standardized "National Needsful."

Colonial Quality Standardized

Stork Sheeting
WATER-PROOF
FOR BABY'S CRIB
Hygienic waterproof sheeting that really protects. It is pure white, light, soft, pliable. Not heating, creates no perspiration, chafing or irritation. Easily cleaned—always fresh, dainty, sweet. 36 in. wide, light or heavy; 54 in. wide, heavy weight only. GET THE GENUINE. Look for Stork trade mark. If your dealer does not have Stork Sheeting write us.
The Stork Co., Dept. 2-Y, Boston, Mass.
Makers of Stork Shoes, Stork Pants, etc.

Mothers! Little Tudor Sleepers Are Best for Your Child
The "little tots" fairly love them 'cause they're so comfy— snug as a bird in a nest. Made of excellent quality flannel and out-perfect sizes, affording natural repose.
WRITE TODAY for our booklet which shows all the styles, patterns, etc., or order now, stating age wanted and name of nearest dealer.
Ages 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 years
Ages 7, 8, 9, 10 years
Ages 11, 12, 13, 14 years
Jones Bros. Garment Co., 346 Main St., Dubuque, Iowa

Be a NURSE Earn \$18 to \$30 per week in this congenial, respected vocation. Any woman 18 or over can learn under our simple, perfected home study system. No interference with your present work. System founded 20 years ago by O. J. Perkins, M.D. Thousands of successful students and graduates. Low tuition. Small monthly payments. Nurse's outfit free. Hospital experience if desired. Send today for 32 lesson pages and free illustrated catalog. CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING Dept. 612, 116 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago



Dress 2031

Dress 2019 Doll 10780

Dress 2049

Dress 2022

Dress 2017 Smocking design 10744

Dress 2042 Smocking design 10744

NEW FASHIONS IN THEIR INFANCY

2049—A delightful little play and school dress eliminates the problem of petticoats by means of a particularly nice pair of bloomers. The body is cut in one with its sleeves and the skirt is straight. For the younger children you would make the dress without the skirt and straps and have a nice pair of Empire rompers. Gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen and serge are the best materials. A contrasting body gives a guimpe effect.

4 years requires 2 yards plain gingham 32 inches wide, 1 3/8 yard checked gingham 32 inches wide. This dress is for little girls of 2 to 10 years.

2031—The separate skirt and tub blouses are very practical for school, though if you prefer to keep your girl in an all-wool dress you can attach the skirt to a blouse of the same material. The dress slips on over the head and the sleeve is made with one seam. You can make the whole dress of gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, serge or checks, or you can use wash blueses with a serge, check or plaid skirt.

12 years requires 1 3/4 yard plain chambray 32 inches wide including plaitings, 2 1/4 yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide. This dress is for juniors and girls of 8 to 15 years.

2019—A white linen vestee makes a commendable break in the front of a navy-blue cotton poplin frock. The plaits at the front and back of the straight skirt are smart, but a mother might prefer to gather the skirt all the way around. It has the regulation waistline and is set on the kimono waist to give a one-piece dress effect. Use gingham, chambray, linen, serge, checks, etc. "Odile" is a delightful embroidered rag doll from Alsace-Lorraine.

10 years requires 2 1/4 yards of cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide, 5/8 yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide. The doll is 10780. This dress is for juniors and girls of 6 to 15 years.

2022—A dress that will make a child want to stay in the Never-never-grow-up side of the nursery has the French short sleeve and a ruffled neck. The Empire body is cut in one with the panels and the tucked side skirt is straight. It slips over the head and can be made of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, taffeta, cotton voile, batiste, organdy or lawn. This is an exceptionally dainty dress for parties, dancing school, etc.

6 years requires 2 yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 3/8 yard dotted net 39 or 40 inches wide for plaitings, 2 yards ribbon. This dress is for girls of 4 to 12 years.

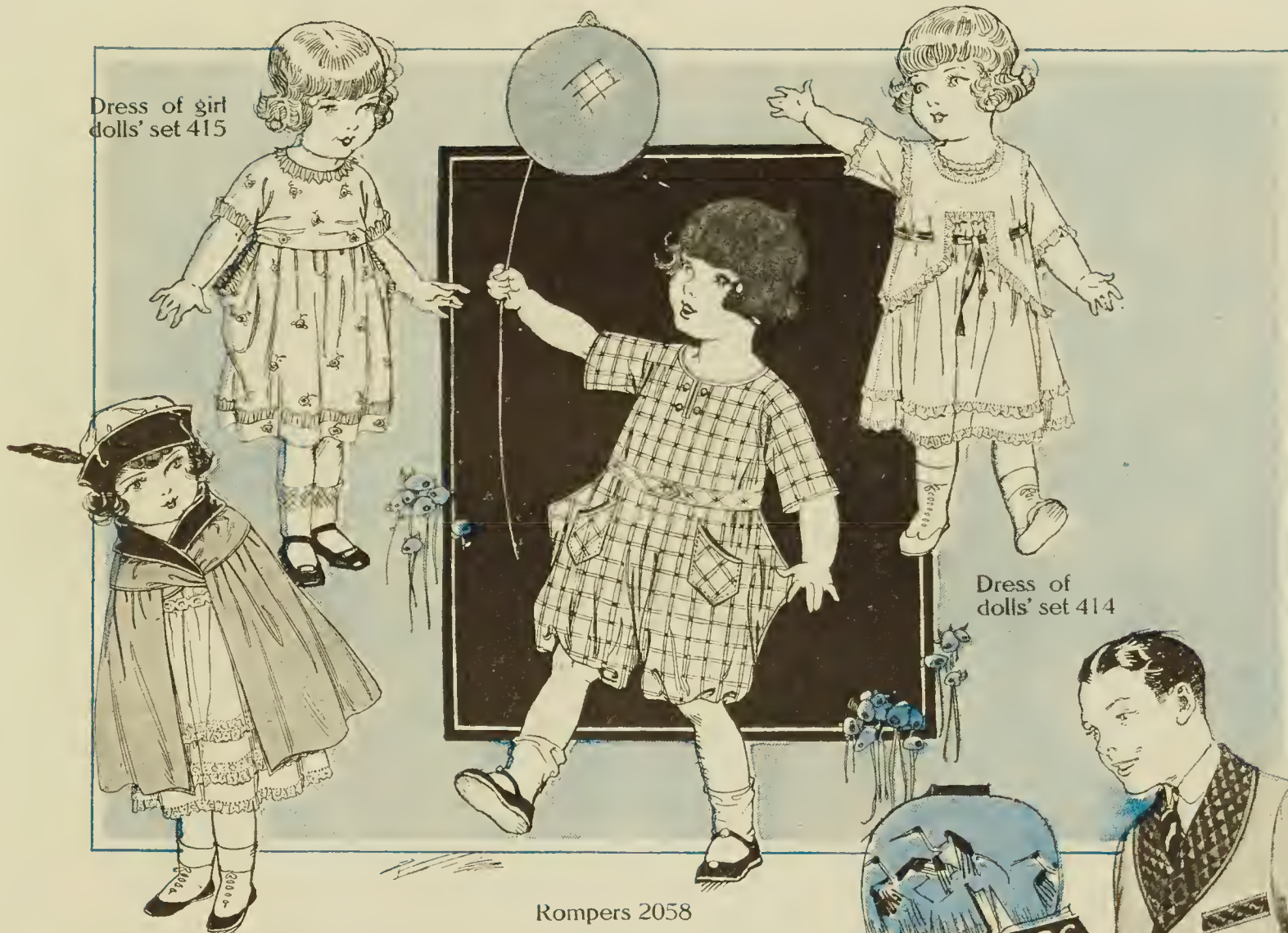
2017—The English use smocking on their children's clothes and one understands why when you see it on a little dress of nainsook, lawn, cotton voile, dimity, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine or chambray. The sleeve is made with one seam and if you use the inverted plaited fulness under the arm you get a straight lower edge. Or you can have a gored underarm seam.

3 years requires 1 5/8 yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard contrasting linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Smocking design 10744 trims the dress. This dress is for little girls of 1 to 6 years.

2042—You couldn't find a daintier dress for a little girl than this one made with a square yoke, smocking and a charming collar. The sash arrangement is unusual, though for a simple straight dress you can omit both the sash and smocking. The fulness under the arm is laid in an inverted plait and the lower edge is straight. Use cotton voile, batiste, dimity, nainsook, crêpe de Chine or Georgette crêpe. The sleeve has one seam.

5 years requires 1 7/8 yard crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide. Smocking design 10744 trims the dress. This dress is for little girls of 2 to 10 years.





Cape, hat and dress of girl dolls' set 413

Rompers 2058

CHRISTMAS FASHIONS

For Folks, Little Folks and Dolls

415—A doll from Paris, France, will insist on the Dutch-hip silhouette in her Christmas frock, a new cape vested with a contrasting color, a petticoat, combination and Billy Burke pajamas. She has an extremely chic little Rue de la Paix hat for the street.

24-inch requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard flowered voile 39 or 40 inches wide, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting 39 or 40 inches wide.

This girl dolls' set is for dolls 14 to 30 inches high.

413—Under an adorable cape this 1920 model doll wears a dress with the new short sleeve—distinctly French. Her hat is nice for motoring and quite stylish enough for afternoon tea. For lingerie she has an envelope chemise and pajamas.

24-inch requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide for hat and cape, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard velvet 35 or 36 inches wide for outside of brim and inside of yoke.

This girl dolls' set is for dolls 14 to 30 inches high.

414—This doll has been brought up by the Montessori method, has had her adenoids removed, and her wardrobe will fill a young mother with Christmas joy. It consists of a delightful cape, a flirtatious hat and a perfect duck of a dress made with a jumper. She also has a petticoat, combination and a nightgown.

24-inch requires 1 yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide, 7 yards lace edging.

This dolls' set is for dolls 14 to 30 inches high.

2058—You aren't quite sure whether this is a doll or a baby, and that is just the way your own three-year-old will look in these Dutch-silhouette rompers. They are in

one piece and slip over the head, fastening at the bottom. They are easy to make, for the sleeve is kimono. Use chambray, cotton crêpe, cotton poplin or seersucker. 3 years requires 2 yards gingham 32 inches wide.

These rompers are for children 1 to 5 years.

2068—The woman who likes something distinctive for her small son will welcome this suit. The shape of the yoke and the box plaits are smart and the cuff hem at the bottom of the blouse makes pockets. The trousers are straight. Use homespun, khaki, galatea, chambray, woolen mixtures, linen, serge, gabardine or corduroy.

5 years requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard serge 44 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard flannel 27 inches wide, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards braid.

This suit is for little boys 2 to 7 years.

2029—A handsome dressing-gown is a Christmas gift that only has to be seen to be appreciated. It is a luxurious thing for any man from six to sixty or beyond. These gowns are made of silk faille, silk repp, shantung, satin, flannel or double-faced material.

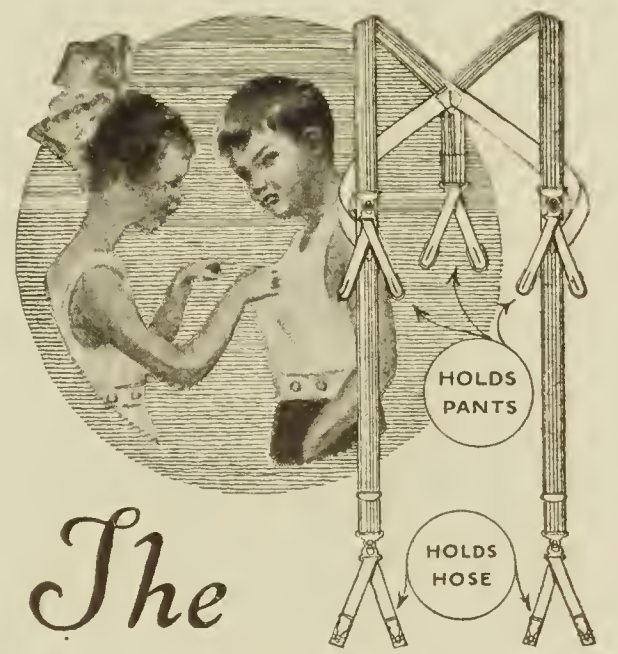
34-inch breast or 16 or 17 years requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards velveteen 35 or 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dressing-gown is for boys 24 to 34 inches breast; also for men.



Suit 2068

Dressing-gown 2029



The Lost Link

Almost satisfied. Pants, and everything else a real boy needs—except



ASIDE from Boy's manly pleasure it means less drudging for Mother. No rips or tears or buttons to sew on. Vastly economical.

Ban belts and round garters with their harmful restraint. KAZOO "gives" as Son moves. The underarm feature keeps shoulders straight without restraint.

At Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Depts., or write us. 85c and \$1.00 (In Canada 20 cents more)

Send for our "reason why" booklet 4 "For Real Boys"

HARRIS SUSPENDER CO.
694 Broadway, at 4th Street, New York
Eisman & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Freeman's FACE POWDER
The charm of a beautiful complexion merits none but the finest and daintiest of face powders.

For 40 years the choice of women who prize their beauty. Of lovely fragrance and closely clinging.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.
Dept. 58, Cincinnati, O.



EVERYTHING in fancy knit goods for babies, children and women.—Bootees, Sacques, Sweaters, Sweater Suits, House Jackets, Spencers, Caps, Shawls.

SIMON ASCHER & CO., INC.
(Established since 1879)
362 Fifth Avenue, Dept. C, New York

Stitches and Stitches

Easier to put in, better to look at if made with a good needle. You can't get a better than the

KIRBY-BEARD
SCIENTIFIC
English Made Needles

Long smooth points, patented easy threading eyes, specially treated steel, made as 200 years of needle making have taught us they should be made.

But don't just say needles!

Always ask for

Kirby, Beard & Co. Ltd.
PINS, NEEDLES, HAIRPINS.
"There is a difference"



Your Mouth

with its innumerable crevices between the teeth, makes an ideal breeding place for germs. Here in these protected places they can lurk by the million, safely out of reach of any tooth brush ever made.

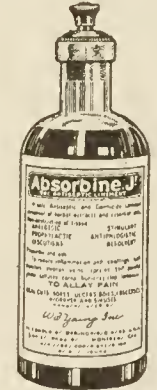
Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT

used morning and night in diluted form as a mouth wash, kills germs and makes the mouth aseptic. It is as pleasant as it is effective—so clean and refreshing in smell and taste.

In this diluted form it makes a dependable gargle for sore throat, preventing infection and allaying inflammation and soreness. It is healing, soothing and cooling.

Absorbine, Jr. \$1.25 a bottle at most druggists or postpaid.
Liberal trial bottle will be sent postpaid upon receipt of 10c.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc.
233 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.



LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Skin Specialists Say—

Good face powders tend to improve poor complexions and to safeguard the perfect skin. LABLACHE has been proven more than good for half a century by millions of sensible women who appreciate a pure, safe, clean and economical face powder.

Refuse Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream. 65c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.
French Perfumers, Dept. H
125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.



Next Time You Travel

buy a copy of *Everybody's Magazine* in the station, and notice how fast the miles fly by. Published by the publishers of *Adventure and Romance*.



Guest-towels made treble lovely by the appeal of fine linen, lace and embroidery

A gay little boudoir cap of ruffles of footing edged with pink and a brim of filet lace

A camisole yoke follows a charming rose pattern in filet lace

"Back to the shoulders" is the motto of a back powder-puff

GIFTS THAT WILL MAKE

New Linen, Lingerie and Dainty

BY MARIE

THE shops are full of lovely things for Christmas—at perfectly lovely prices. If your list is a long one you will welcome the suggestions I have given here for personal gifts that can be made in odd moments and in your disengaged evenings.

I have planned them so that each one will give you something individual and distinctive and yet will not mean too much work. They are things that you couldn't readily buy and they will be doubly appreciated on that account.

The little French mules, for example, you can make in the exact shade of pink or orchid that matches your best girl friend's daintiest negligé, and the skating tam you can knit in the same wools that your mother is using for the Christmas sweater for your young sister.

A CAMISOLE YOKE

A GIFT that any woman will appreciate but that will be particularly dear to the bride-to-be is the fine little camisole yoke in filet crochet. These straight-top yokes are very popular, for they can be worn with evening dresses and fine blouses.

No. 50 crochet-cotton, No. 8 steel crochet hook. Begin at the first row of illustration 3, ch. 48, skip 8 sts. next the hook. 1 d. c. into next st. to form the first o. 1 s. (4 d. c. worked close side by side form 1 solid square. If two or more s. follow consecutively work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end.) 1 o., 1 s., 8 o., 1 s., 1 o., 5 ch. turn.

Second row—1 o., 1 s., 8 o., 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 1 o., and add 1 o. at end of row as follows: 2 ch., 1 d. tr. c. (thread 3 times around hook) into base of last double crochet. Turn. Sl. st. back over last d. c., 5 ch. Turn.

Third row—1 o., 1 s., 2 o., 1 s., 7 o., 1 s., 1 o., 5 ch. turn.

Fourth row—1 o., 1 s., 7 o., 1 s., 2 o., 1 s., 1 o., 8 ch. turn. This chain is to add 1 o. at beginning of next row.

Fifth row—Skip 8 ch., 1 d. c. into next st. to add first o. 1 o., 1 s., 2 o., 1 s., 7 o., 1 s., 1 o., 5 ch. turn. Now follow the diagram until 31st row is reached.

Thirty-first row—2 o., 5 ch., turn, follow edge of diagram to 37th row. Return to 31st row. Skip 1 o., join thread and follow lower part of diagram to 31st row. Join ends with 2 ch. and follow diagram to next to last row. Return to 37th row and follow diagram back to first row. This completes front of yoke. Make back in same manner.

STRAPS—Finish each end of each strap

in a point and sew a patent fastener under it. Run the point through the eyelet in the front and back and snap it up on the ribbon. Sew a little chiffon rose on each point.

A CROCHET TAM

WITH the vogue of sweaters the tam-o'-shanter has taken a new place in the wardrobe. This one is crocheted in a smart magpie effect that is particularly nice in black and white but, of course, can be used in other colors.

You will need 2 balls Shetland floss (white), 1 ball black, 1 small amber or bone crochet hook.

Begin at center of tam, with white, ch. 2, loosely, draw thread out 1/2 inch. Thread over, draw a 1/2-inch loop through first st. of chain, thread over, draw through 2 sts., thread over, draw through 2 sts. * thread over, draw a 1/2-inch loop through same st., thread over, draw through 2 sts., thread over, draw through 2 sts. * (This will hereafter be called 1 stitch.) Repeat between * 18 times. Close row with sl. st. Drop white yarn, but do not break it.

Second row—Join black yarn, work 1 s. c. between each st. of previous row all

the way around. Close row with sl. st. Drop black, but do not break thread.

Third row—With white, draw out a 1/2-inch loop and work 2 stitches (see * in first row) into each s. c. of previous row, taking up back of st. only. Close row with sl. st. Drop white, pick up black.

Fourth row—1 s. c. between each st. of previous row. Close row with sl. st. Drop black yarn, pick up white.

Fifth row—1 stitch into next st. of previous row, * 2 sts. into next st., 1 st. into next st. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. Drop white, pick up black.

Sixth row—1 s. c. between each st. of previous row. Close row with sl. st. Drop black, pick up white.

Seventh row—1 st. into next st. of previous row, * increase (to increase, work 2 sts. into next st.) 1 st. into each of next 2 sts. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. Drop white, pick up black.

Eighth row—1 s. c. between each st. of previous row. Close row with sl. st. Drop black, pick up white.

Ninth row—1 st. into every st. of previous row, increasing over every increase in 7th row. Close row with sl. st. Drop white, pick up black.

Repeat 8th and 9th rows until circle measures 11 1/2 inches across. The circle should lie flat. If it is too full, do not increase as often.

Eighteenth row—With black, work 1 s. c. between each st. of previous row. Drop black, pick up white.

Nineteenth row—1 st. into every st. of previous row, close row with sl. st., drop white, pick up black.

Repeat 18th and 19th rows once, repeat 18th row again.

Twenty-third row—1 st. into first st. of previous row * skip 1 st., 1 st. between next st. Repeat from * all the way around. Close row with sl. st. Drop white, pick up black.

Twenty-fourth row—1 s. c. between each st. of previous row.

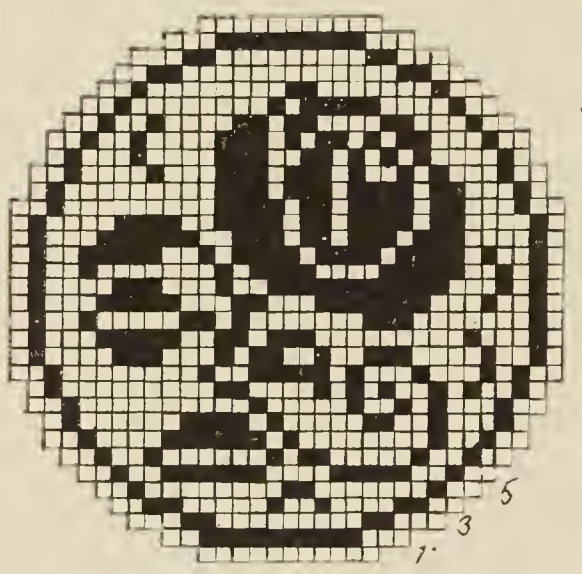
Repeat 23rd and 24th rows.

Break black thread and end off securely. With white, work 1 s. c. into each of next 56 sts. of previous row, taking up back of st. only. Turn and work back.

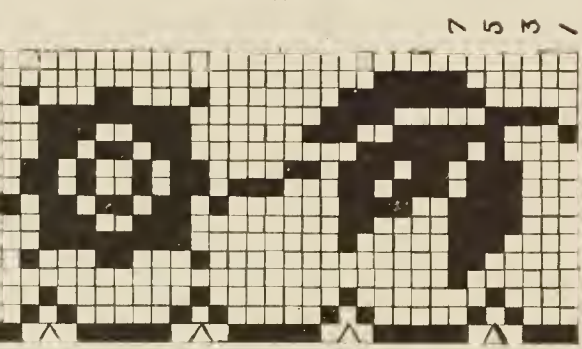
Twenty-eighth row—1 s. c. between each st. of previous row, omitting last 5 sts., turn and work back.

Repeat 28th row 5 times.

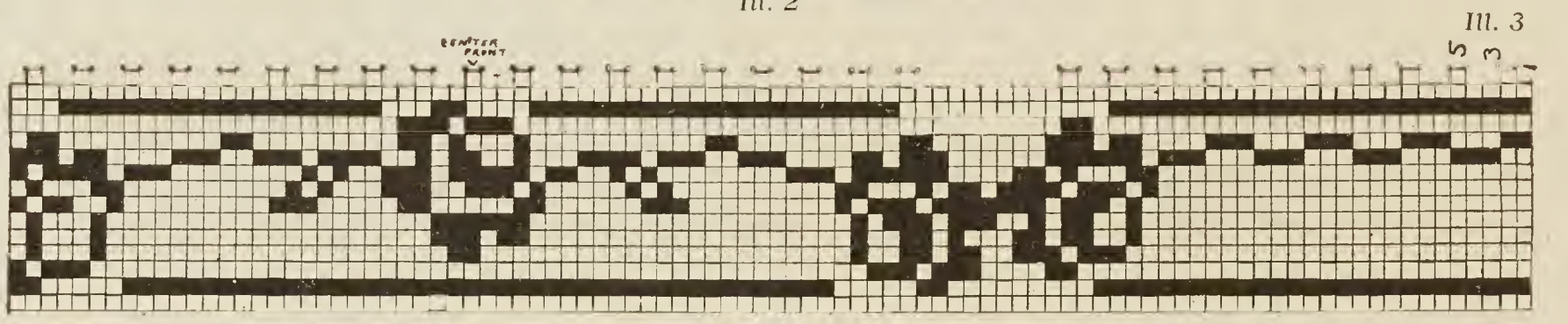
Thirty-third row—Now work 1 s. c. into each of next 10 sts., * skip 1 st., 1 s. c. into each of next 10 sts. Repeat from * all the



III. 1



III. 2



III. 3



Tam-o'-shanters have a new place owing to the popularity of skating and sweaters

The animal kingdom moves to the table and decorates a tea-cloth with filet

A filet-lace hanger fine enough to please even a princess

French mules of blue ribbed with pale pink and worked in crochet

CHRISTMAS A DAY OF GRACE

Things for Dainty Feet and Faces

ASHLEY

way around working down ends of last rows of s. c. and into last row of black s. c. Repeat 33rd row 7 times or until head size fits. 1 s. c. between each st. of previous row. Break yarn.

POMPON—Wind white yarn 500 times around a 5-inch piece of cardboard. Tie both ends, slip off cardboard. Wind black yarn 50 times around a 3-inch piece of cardboard, tie both ends and slip off. Place black yarn in outer white yarn. Tie securely through center. Cut both ends of white and black. This should form a pompon with a small black center. Make another of black with a white center and sew to top of wide place in band.

BACK POWDER-PUFF

THIS back powder-puff is a delightful gift for a woman who has no maid, mother or sister to dance attendance when she is dressing for dinner. Think for a moment of your own struggles with a small inadequate puff and you will realize what a clever invention this is.

You will need one small slipper sole (10 inches long), one long white No. 5 knitting-needle, 1/4 yard of flowered ribbon 3 inches wide, 1 yard baby ribbon in plain color.

Outline the slipper sole on a piece of cardboard. Cut the cardboard out on the outline, cover smoothly with flowered ribbon.

Cut a piece of baby ribbon long enough to extend all around edge of slipper sole. Gather both edges of this ribbon and draw it tight around edge of slipper sole, drawing both gatherings tight to hold it in place.

Overcast pointed end of knitting-needle to back of slipper sole, sewing it on securely. Now overcast ribbon-covered cardboard to slipper sole. Cover joining with a narrow cord or with close overcasting of heavy rope silk. Tie a bow of ribbon on the handle.

A FILET-LACE COAT-HANGER

FOR blouses and evening gowns and other dainty things that require a dainty hanger here is one that would please a princess. It is covered with real filet lace over pale pink or blue satin and is really very exquisite.

You will need one wire coat-hanger, 3 yards narrow ribbon, 1/8 yard silk, a little cotton batting and sachet, No. 50 crochet-cotton, No. 12 steel crochet-hook, 1 spool colored crochet-silk.

Begin at the first row of illustration 4, ch. 28, skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c.

into next st. to form first o., 2 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 3 more o., 5 ch., turn.

Second row—5 o., 5 ch., turn. Repeat second row 6 times.

Eighth row—Add 1 o. at beginning of next row as follows: Make 8 instead of 5 ch. at end of row. Skip 8 ch., 1 d. c. into next st., 5 o. add 1 o. at end of row as follows: 2 ch., 1 d. tr. c. (thread three times around hook) into next st., 5 ch. turn. Now follow the diagram making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square. (4 d. c. worked close side by side form 1 solid square. If 2 or more s. follow consecutively, work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end.)

You will need two of these pieces of filet for each coat-hanger. Make two more pieces for the under side, following illustration 4 in the same manner, but omitting all solid squares. When the four pieces of filet are completed, sprinkle a little sachet on the cotton batting and cover each end of the coat-hanger with a thin layer. Cover both sides with colored silk, wind the center of the coat-hanger with narrow ribbon.

Cover the padded ends of the coat-

hanger with the filet, placing the rose design on the top and the plain pieces underneath. Overcast the edges closely with colored crochet-silk.

BOUDOIR CAP

A BOUDOIR cap that will go to the head of any pretty girl is made of ruffles of footing and a poke-shaped band of filet lace. It is a charming little cap and you can make it in any dainty color.

The original cap was pink and white. You will need a circle of net 14 inches in diameter, 10 yards 1-inch net footing, 1 spool mercerized rope embroidery cotton in color, 2 spools No. 50 crochet cotton in color, 1 No. 8 steel crochet-hook.

Overcast one edge of the footing with the rope cotton, taking large stitches. Draw a thread at the opposite edge of the footing to make a narrow ruffle and sew it to the circle of net, starting 1 inch from the edge.

Make the first row 1 inch from the edge all the way around and make another row 1 inch further back. Continue sewing the ruffle 1 inch further back until a 2-inch circle remains in the center.

Gather the edges of the circle of net.

For the filet band, begin at first row of illustration 5, ch. 18, skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st. to form first o., 2 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 2 more o., 8 ch., turn. (This chain is to add 1 o. at beginning of next row.)

Second row—Skip 8 ch., 1 d. c. into next st., 4 o., 5 ch., turn.

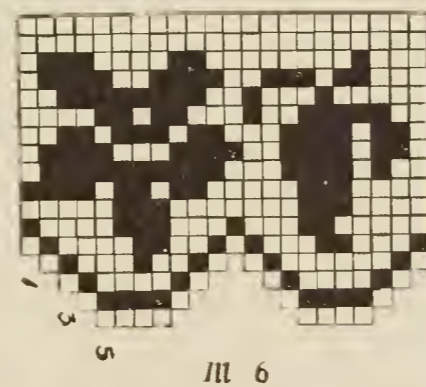
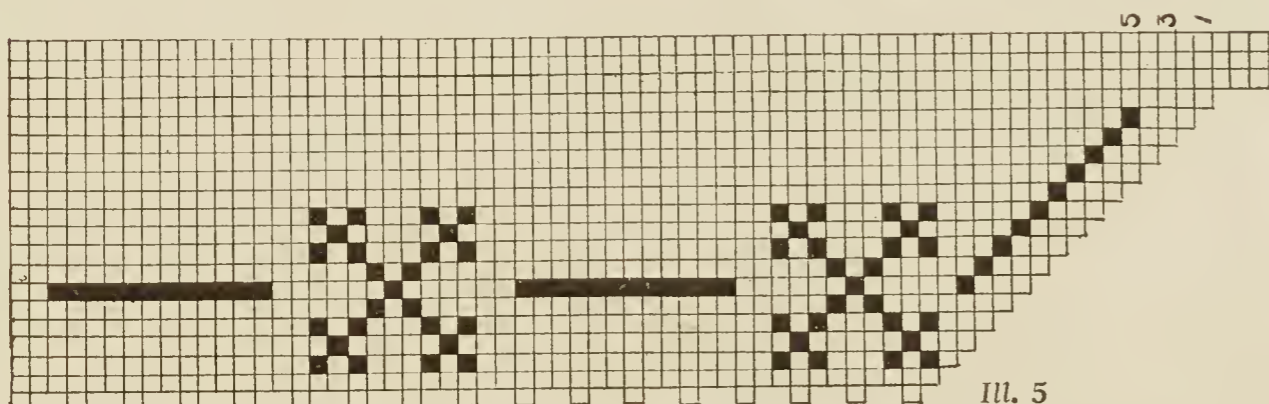
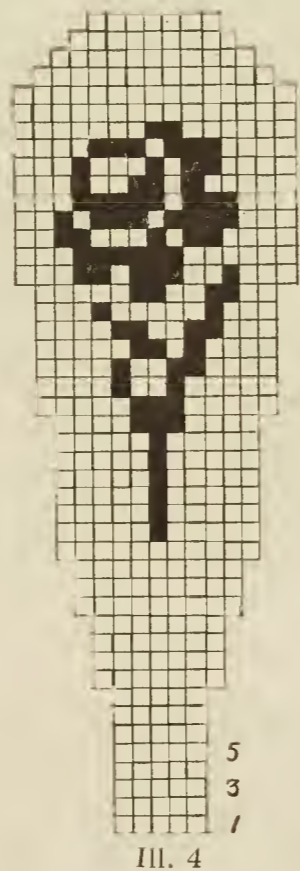
Third row—5 o., add 1 o. at end of row as follows: 2 ch., 1 d. tr. c. (thread three times around hook) into base of last d. c., 8 ch., turn.

Now follow the diagram making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square. When last row of diagram is reached, turn and follow each row of diagram back to first row. Now make a narrow band following diagram from first row to X. This band should be long enough to make the cap fit your head. Join end to first row and overcast straight filet edge to circle of net.

CROCHET BEDROOM SLIPPERS

THE original slippers were crocheted of pink with blue ruffles. Any color combination can be used. You will need 1 spool pink, 1 spool blue, No. 3, purl cotton, No. 5 steel crochet hook, 1 pair slipper soles with heels. Crochet tightly. With pink, ch. 6 sts., draw out a 1/2-inch

Continued on page 126



DeMiracle

Every Woman's Depilatory

Remove Hair the Common-sense Way

IF merely removing hair from the surface of the skin were all that were required of a depilatory, a razor would solve the superfluous hair problem. De Miracle, the original sanitary liquid, does more than remove surface hair. It devitalizes it, which is the only common-sense way to remove hair from face, neck, arms, under-arms or limbs. De Miracle requires no mixing. It is ready for instant use. Simply wet the hair and it is gone. Only genuine De Miracle has a money back guarantee in each package. FREE BOOK with testimonials of eminent physicians, surgeons, dermatologists and medical journals, explains how De Miracle devitalizes hair, mailed in plain sealed envelope on request.

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.

DeMiracle

Dept. J-26, Park Ave. and 129th St. New York

Keep winter away from your face!

Protect your complexion from the trying blasts of December with Crème de Meridor. The original greaseless cream, for day and night. 25c and 50c jars at all toilet goods counters.

Larell PERFUMER

Dept. 7-V Newburgh-on-the-Hudson New York

Write for free samples or send 40c for complete Larell Beauty Box, containing tooth paste, toilet water, talcum powder, face powder and miniature jar of Crème de Meridor.

Weigh what you Should

If thin, build up. If burdened with excess flesh, reduce! Have an attractive figure. You CAN—as sure as sunrise. Let me explain how 87,000 refined women have done this; how you can do it. Simple, sure, effective. All in your own room—in a surprisingly short time.

Be Well Without Drugs

I build your vitality so that all sorts of physical ailments are relieved by Nature's methods—no drugs nor medicines. I strengthen your heart, teach you how to stand, to walk and breathe correctly. I have spent 16 years at this work—leading physicians endorse me. My booklet telling how to stand and walk correctly is free. Shall I mail it to you NOW? If later you desire my services you will find the cost most reasonable. Write me.

Susanna Cocroft
624 S. Michigan Av., Dept. 53, Chicago

8619
Miss Cocroft is nationally recognized as an authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

Hughes "Ideal" Hair Brush



THE BEST HAIR TONIC IS AN "Ideal" BRUSH

THE brush that's different. Every hair in your head is brushed by strong bristles set in a pliable rubber cushion.

HENRY L. HUGHES CO. New York



CARMEN
Complexion
Powder

Fear no criticism—be sure of admiration—if you use Carmen. It stays on. White, Cream, Flesh, Pink and the new Carmen-Brunette Shade. 50c Everywhere



Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural

Liquid Silmerine

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 your Druggist's.



A Delightful Christmas Gift

Three pencils, your name, Holly or Floral Box, 30 cts. Reinder boxes please the kiddies. Stamps accepted. Order direct or through dealer. The Imprint Pencil Co., 530 Broadway, New York City



Embroidery design 10786

Embroidery design 10787

Embroidery design 10790

Embroidery Design 10786—The new sofa-pillows make a very elegant present for either a boudoir or a drawing-room. Here again when you make the pillow yourself you have the opportunity of choosing the color and character that will suit the room and furniture for which the pillow is intended. The round pillow should be made in soft silk or satin, but the oval, square and long cushions can be made of satin, velvet or silk. A taffeta which is sold for curtains and which has some linen in it makes a pillow that will wear very well and is worth the hand-work that you put on it. Here the design is adapted to one oval cushion 22 inches long and 16 inches wide, one circle eight inches in diameter, and one band 4 1/8 inches wide and 54 inches

long which you can use as illustrated on a long pillow. These pillows can be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery, and you can use metal thread, wool or the ordinary embroidery silks.

Embroidery Design 10787—In making Christmas gifts of towels, napkins, etc., monograms add immeasurably to the value of the gift. This alphabet was especially designed to be combined in handsome monograms. It is arranged for six complete alphabets, which will make two three-letter monograms. These monograms are in two sizes, one 3 1/8 inches high and the other 1 1/2 inch high. They can be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery.

Embroidery Design 10790—Christmas means new toys in the nursery and for the youngest born there is nothing as nice as the beloved stuffed animal, guaranteed not to scratch or bite or yowl at night. Very little children like the animals which are familiar to them. The pussy and the bow-wow are the greatest favorites. You can have a nursery-fire pussy with a bell and ribbon, or a Dick Whittington boy pussy in a court suit. Fido is a faithful friend who would never stay out nights nor come home with a tin can at the end of his tail. The design is adapted to three stuffed animals to be made of canton flannel.

Embroidery Design 10791—Table-linen is always acceptable and the embroidered

oop. 2 d. c. into first st. next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st., 3 d. c. into next st., 1 d. c. into next st., 2 d. c. into next st. 3 ch., turn.

Second row—2 d. c. into first 4 sts. of previous row, 3 d. c. into next st., 2 d. c. into each remaining st., 3 ch., turn.

Third row—1 d. c. into base of chain, 2 d. c. into next st., 1 d. c. into each st. omitting last 2 sts., 2 d. c. into each of last 2 sts.

Fourth row—Drop pink thread, but do not break it. Join blue thread.* Ch. 3, skip 2 sts. of previous row, 1 s. c. into next st., taking up front of st. only. Repeat from * all the way across. Drop blue thread. This row will form a ruffle. Return to opposite end of same row, pick up pink thread, ch. 3, 1 d. c. into base of same st., 2 d. c. into next st. taking up back of stitch in third row (behind the blue ruffle). 1 d. c. into each of next sts., omitting last 2 sts., 2 d. c. into each of last 2 sts., 3 ch., turn.

Fifth row—1 d. c. into base of chain, 2 d. c. into next st., 1 d. c. into each of next 9 sts., 1 h. d. c. into next st., 1 s. c. into each of next 3 sts., 1 h. d. c. into next st.

1 d. c. into each of next 8 sts., 2 d. c. into each of last 2 sts., 3 ch., turn.

Sixth row—1 d. c. into base of chain, 1 d. c. over all, but one d. c. of previous row, 1 h. d. c. into next d. c., 1 s. c. over next 6 sts., (there should be two more s. c. in each row), 1 h. d. c. over next d. c., 1 d. c. over all but last st., 2 d. c. into last st., 3 ch., turn. Work a blue ruffle into front stitches of last row.

Repeat sixth row 9 more times, working a blue ruffle at the top of every third row.

Sixteenth row—2 d. c. into base of chain, 1 d. c. into each of next 6 sts. (Make one less d. c. in each repeat.) 1 h. d. c. into next st., 1 s. c. into each of next 10 sts., skip 1 st., 1 s. c. into each of next 10 sts., skip 1 st., 1 s. c. into all but last 8 sts., 1 h. d. c. into next st., 1 d. c. into all but last st., 3 d. c. into last st. Repeat 16th row twice, make a blue ruffle. Repeat 16th row 3 more times, make a ruffle.

If your slipper sole is smaller than No. 4, omit last 3 rows. If it is larger than No. 5, make 3 more rows. Overcast edge of crochet to sole.

COARSE LACE FOR BATH TOWEL

FOR a guest bath towel this heavy lace makes a handsome trimming.

No. 40 crochet cotton, No. 8 steel crochet hook.

Begin at first row of illustration 2, ch. 54. Skip 8 sts., next the hook, 1 d. c.

GIFTS THAT WILL DAY OF

into next st. to form first o., 2 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 2 more o., 1 s., (4 d. c. worked close together form 1 solid square. If 2 or more s. follow consecutively, work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end), 10 more o., 1 s., 3 ch., turn. Now follow the diagram, making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square. When end of diagram is reached, return to first row and repeat for length desired.

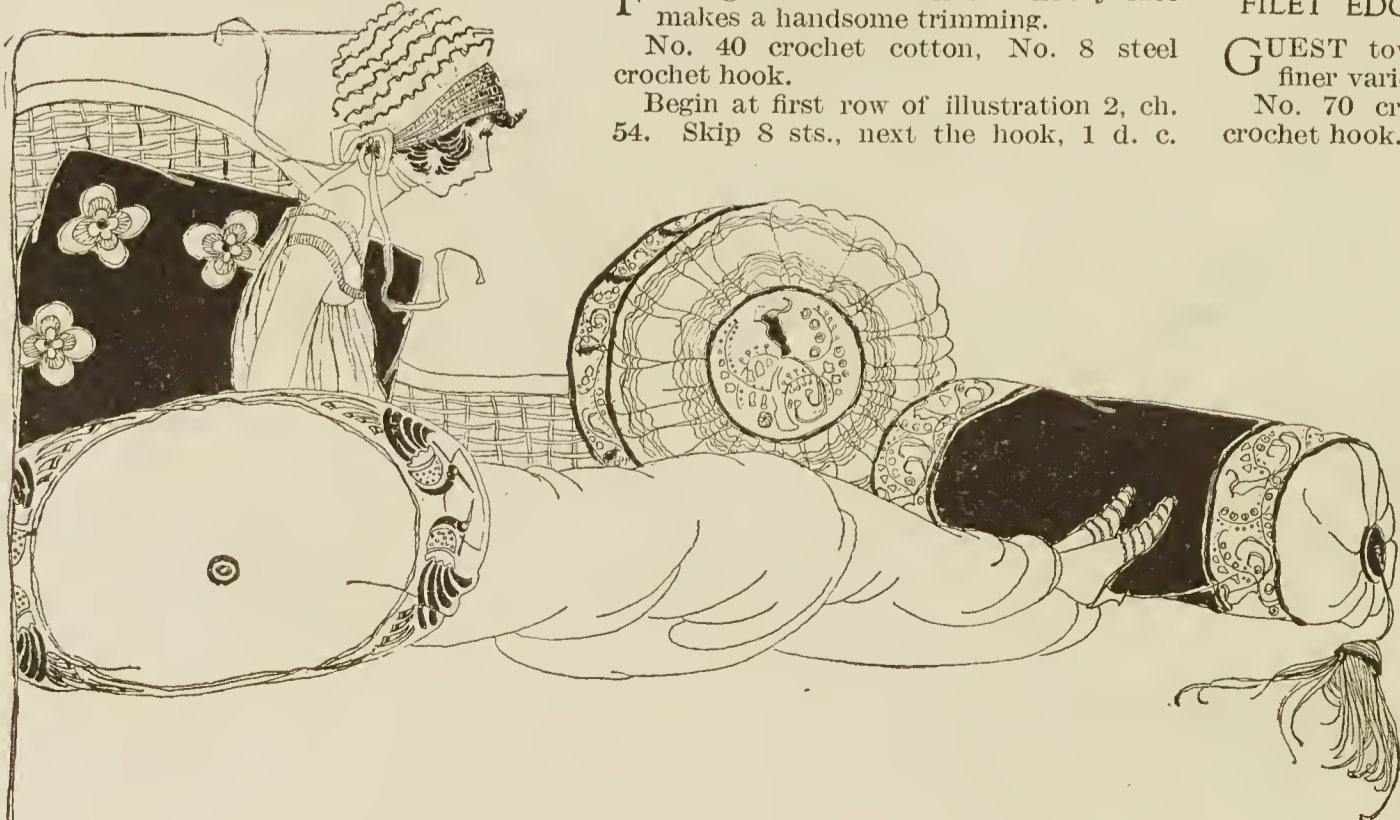
EDGE—Join thread in first square of uneven edge, ch. 8, skip 2 squares, 1 s. c. into next st. * 11 ch., skip 2 squares, 1 s. c. into center of next square. 11 ch., skip 2 squares, 1 s. c. into next st., 12 ch., skip 3 squares, 1 d. c. into next st. Repeat from * all the way across.

Second row—Work 5 s. c., 3 ch., p., 5 s. c. over first st., 15 s. c. over back of next two chains, 8 s. c., 3 ch. p., 8 s. c. over next chain. Repeat from * all the way across.

FILET EDGE FOR GUEST TOWEL

GUEST towels are trimmed with the finer variety of filet lace.

No. 70 crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook.



Continued



Embroidery design 10789



Embroidery design 10791

Embroidery design 10788



Embroidery design 10788



Embroidery design 10780

Embroidery design 10719

FOR BUSY WOMEN

Will Pass Through the Eye of a Needle

ASHLEY

kinds are the dearest to the housewife. This centerpiece can be worked in color or in white, in outline, long-and-short stitch or satin-stitch. The design gives the effect of covering a great deal of ground and yet it means very little work. The design is for a centerpiece thirty-six inches in diameter.

Embroidery Design 10788—The scarf and pincushion match the centerpiece in design 10791. Any one of them would make a delightful present and all three would have almost the nature of a linen shower. For the scarf and pincushion the design is arranged for a scarf 20 3/4 inches wide and 64 inches long, and for two pincushions 11 3/4 by 6 3/4 inches. They can

be worked in white or color to match the centerpiece and in either outline, satin-stitch or long-and-short stitch.

Embroidery Design 10780—Odile is an Alsatian, a charming creature with real hair embroidered on the head and braided below. Her costume is historically correct from her bow to her pinafore. This doll is designed with an embroidered face and head and the design for cutting the body and clothes and also the directions for making them.

Embroidery Design 10719—Is an American rag doll. She has peg-top bloomers, embroidered hair and a soft heart in an unbreakable body. The de-

sign is arranged for an embroidered face and head and the design for the body and clothes and directions for making them.

Embroidery Design 10789—Even Christmas does not extinguish our interest in clothes and a new embroidery trimming of the kind used in Paris is always welcome. This one makes a very handsome trimming for the bottom of a dress, blouse or coat. It can also be used on waists and hats and can be worked in yarn or rope silk, in satin-stitch, outline-stitch, couching or a combination of outline and satin-stitch. This design is for 2 1/2 yards of banding 16 1/2 inches wide, 1 3/8 yard banding 1 7/8 inch wide and three neck outlines.

from page 125

MAKE CHRISTMAS A GRACE

Begin at the first row of illustration 6, ch. 45, skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 1 s., (4 d. c. worked close side by side form 1 solid square. If two or more s. follow consecutively, work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end) 1 o., 1 s., 9 o., 5 ch., turn.

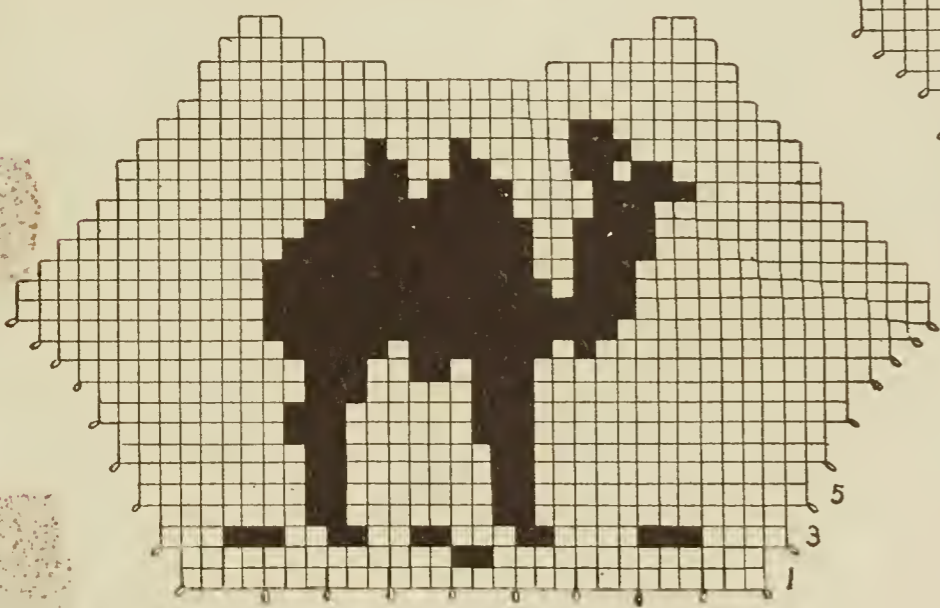
Second row—2 o., 2 s., 3 o., 3 s., 2 o., 1 s., add 1 o. at end of row as follows, 2 ch., 1 d. tr. c. (thread 3 times around hook) into base of last d. c., turn sl. st. back over last 5 sts. 8 ch. (This ch. is to add 1 o. at beginning of next row.)

Now follow the diagram, making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square.

FILET MEDALLION FOR TOWEL

ANOTHER guest towel with a new medallion is trimmed with filet crochet. No. 170 crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook.

Begin at the first row of illustration 1, ch. 39, skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st. to form the first o., 2 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 9 more o., 11 ch., turn. (This chain is to add 2 o. at beginning of next row.)



Ill. 7

Second row—Skip 8 ch., next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st. to add 1 o., 2 ch., skip 2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st. to add 1 o., 1 o., 9 s., (4 d. c. worked close side by side form 1 solid square). If 2 or more s. follow consecutively, work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end., add 2 o., as follows: 2 ch., 1 d. tr. c. (thread three times around the hook) into base of last d. c. This will add 1 o. To add a second o., 2 ch., 1 d. tr. c. into center of last d. tr. c., 11 ch., turn. Now follow the diagram, making 1 o. for every open square and 1 s. for every solid square.

ANIMAL TEA-CLOTH

A TEA-CLOTH that represents very little work is illustrated on page 125. You will need a 26-inch square of linen, No. 50 crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet-hook.

Begin at the first row of illustration 7, ch. 90. Skip 8 sts. next the hook, 1 d. c. into next st. to form the first o., 2 ch., skip

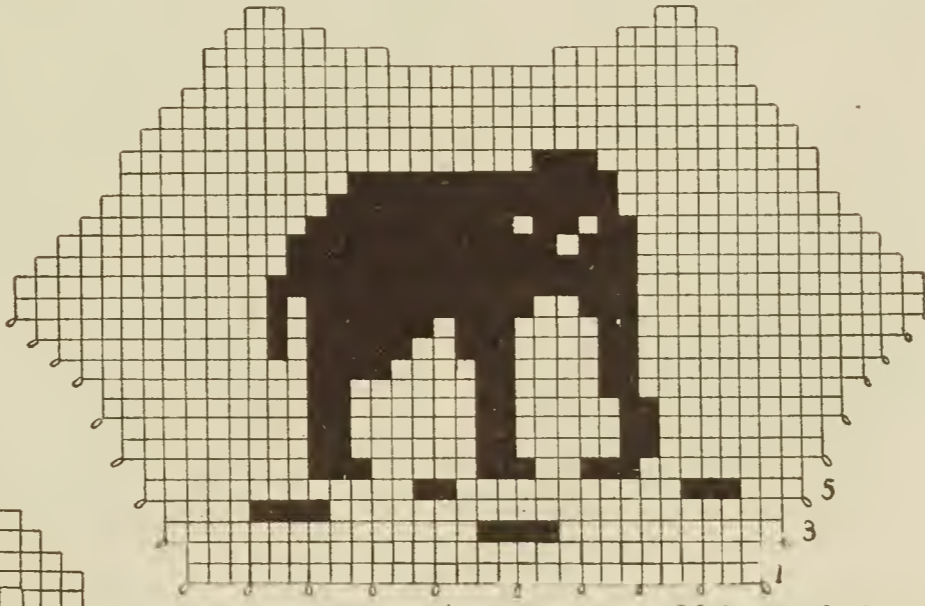
2 sts., 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 26 more o., 5 ch., turn. 13 o., 2 s., (4 d. c. worked close side by side, form 1 solid square. If 2 or more s. follow consecutively, work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end.)

Second row—13 o., 2 s. (4 d. c. worked close side by side form 1 solid square. When 2 or more s. follow consecutively work 3 d. c. for each and an extra d. c. at the end.) 13 o. 8 ch., turn (This chain is to add 1 o. at beginning of next row.)

Third row—Skip 8 ch., 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o., 3 o., 3 s., 4 o., 2 s., 3 o., 2 s., 2 o., 2 s., 2 o., 3 s., 2 o., add 1 o. at end of row as follows: 2 ch. 1 d. tr. c. into base of last d. c. 5 ch., turn.

Now follow the diagram making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square. When 25th row is reached, work up one side to complete diagram. Join yarn at opposite side and work second point.

For Illustration 8: ch. 90 and follow dia-



Ill. 8

gram in same manner. Make two elephants and two camels for each cloth, place them across corner of material, hem inside edge down and cut material away underneath. Roll edge and hem it. Turn edge of material in between corners and stitch it on the machine as close to the edge as possible. Join thread in corner of medallion, work 3 s. c. into each square making a picot as illustrated in diagram. Work s. c. close together up side of linen, taking the stitches into the material.



No. 190—Lawn Dress—Madeup—
4 yr., \$1.85 } in U. S.
6 and 8 yr., \$2.00 }

The Splendid Quality of ROYAL SOCIETY EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

accounts for their beauty and excellent service. They are prepared with infinite care, of the finest quality materials, modish styles and always modestly priced, containing the article to be embroidered, either made or unmade, sufficient floss and instructions. Thoughtful women who select their Xmas gifts both for beauty and usefulness, depend upon the attractive variety in Royal Society Package Outfits, where with their own hands they can add that "personal touch" which so beautifully expresses the true Christmas spirit; and Royal Society Package Outfits make distinctive and sensible gifts that will give lasting service and real pleasure to the recipient.

Send for Circular of 62 New Designs



Women who Crochet or Knit

will find an attractive assortment of articles which they may make for Xmas gifts in the new Royal Society

Crochet and Knitting Book No. 14
Send for Copy. Price 10 Cents

Such gifts will not only possess the added value of being hand made but will be beautiful and useful as well.

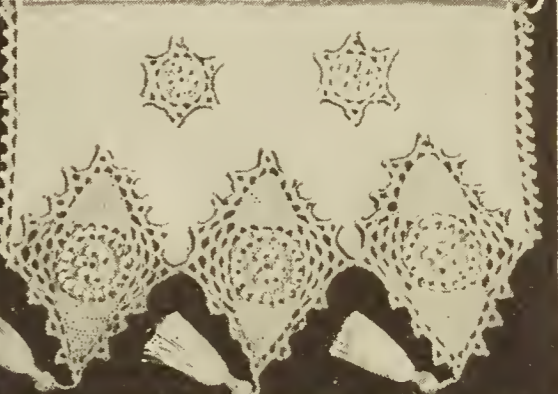
ROYAL SOCIETY Two-Ply Crochet

For crocheting the Scarf illustrated, is a soft twist of lustrous finish made in three sizes in White and Colors. Two Ply is made of long staple cotton which gives it strength and smoothness. It does not kink and its even twist admits of rapid working and exquisite results. Large and small balls.

Royal Society products include complete lines of Embroidery and Crochet Cottons; Celesta "the washable artificial silk"; Embroidery Package Outfits and Stamped Articles.

For Sale by Dealers Everywhere

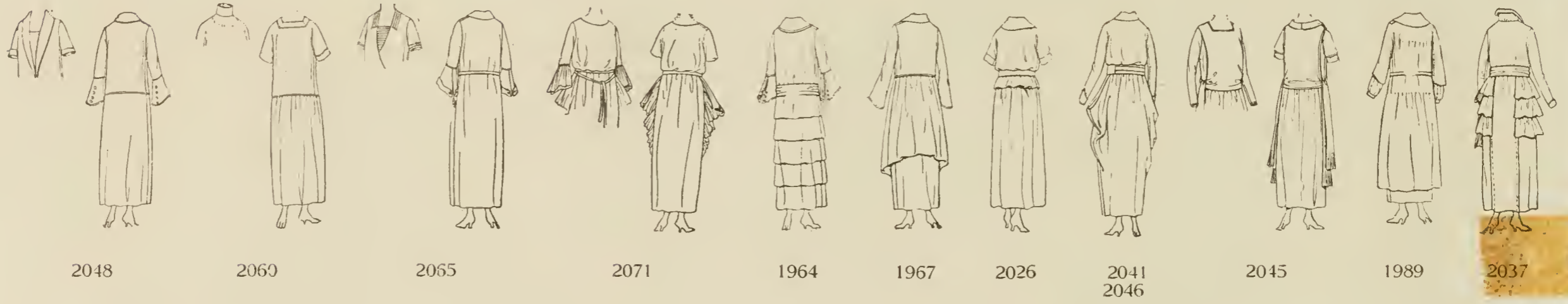
Directions for Scarf in Crochet Book No. 14



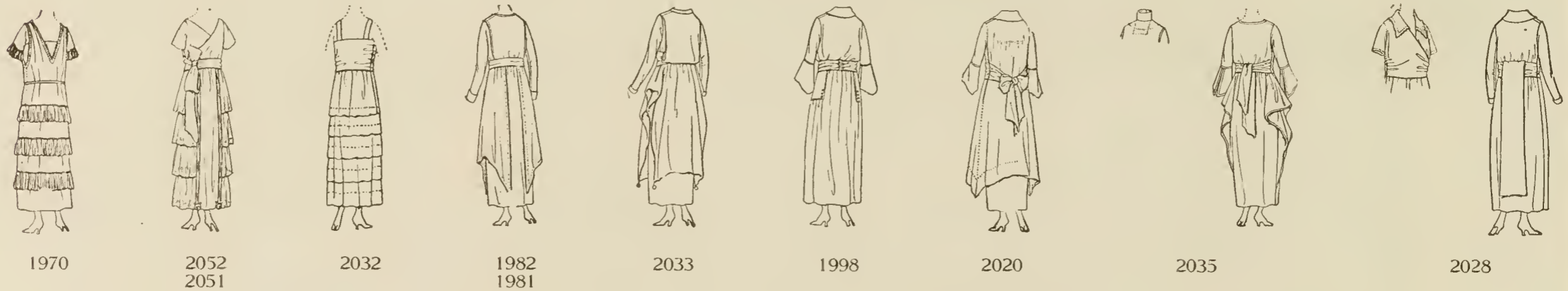
H. E. Verran Co., Inc.
Union Sq. West New York

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116 and 117

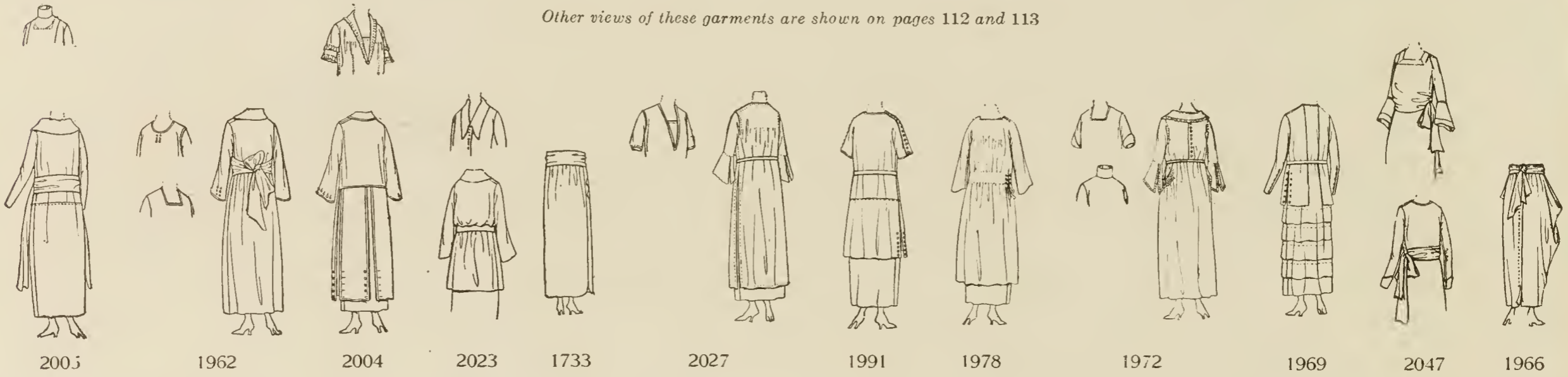
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 108 and 109



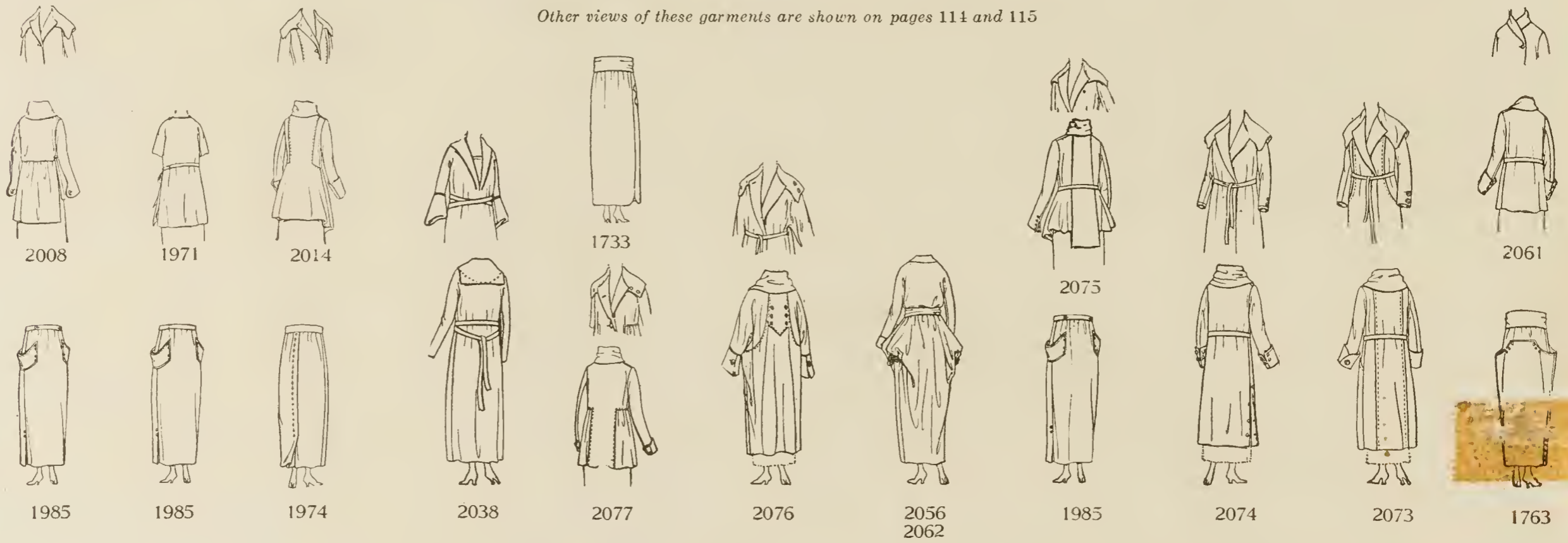
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 110 and 111



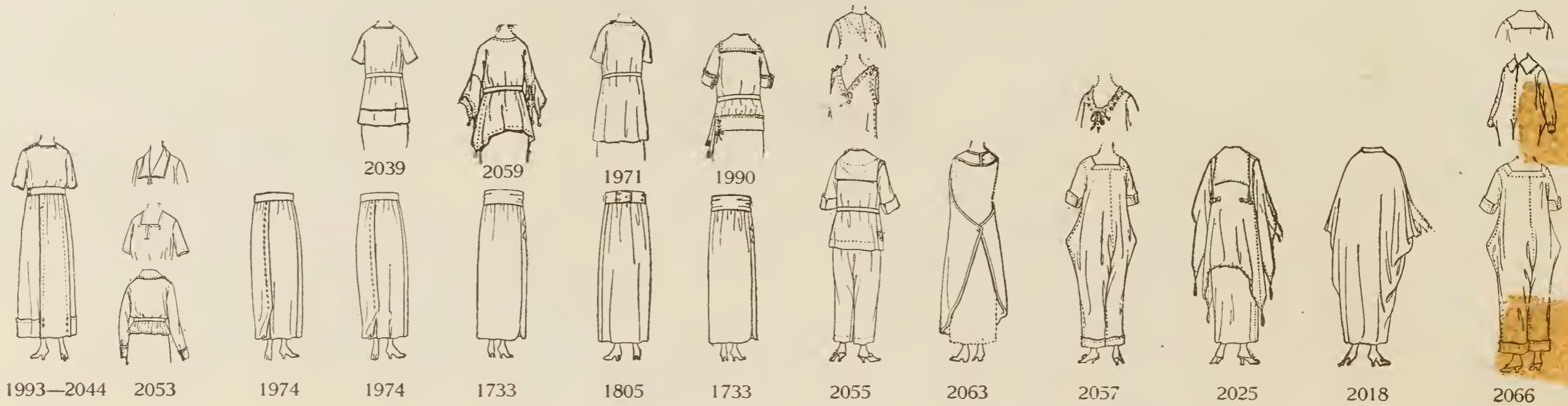
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 112 and 113



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 114 and 115



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 116 and 117





Bevo

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE BEVERAGE

The all-year-round soft drink

Serve your guests with Bevo goes especially well with light repasts, buffet suppers, chafing dish dainties, fish and lobster dishes >>> wild game >>> cold cuts of meats, sausages, sardines, cheese or spaghetti. Bevo is the friend of food and fellowship

Serve it cold

Sold everywhere - Families supplied by grocer, druggist and dealer. Visitors are invited to inspect our plant.

ANHEUSER BUSCH

ST. LOUIS

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVERWARE



The gift of the day

THE demand for silverware never was so great as now. Every one wants it. Many dealers are finding it difficult to secure adequate stock. Selections for gifts should therefore be made early in order to secure ware of real quality.

Be guided by the trade mark, 1847 Rogers Bros., found only on the genuine 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverware—the gift-favorite for

seventy years. Variety makes easy the choice of a pattern. The unqualified guarantee assures satisfaction.

No better gift can be made than a Tea or Coffee Set, Tray, Vase, etc., to match the spoons, knives and forks. Every woman wants a complete silver service with the various pieces in harmony—and this is a feature of the 1847 Rogers Bros. line.

*This brand of fine silverware is sold by leading dealers.
Illustrations may be had by requesting folder "M-17."*

The Family Plate for Seventy Years

INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK
9-19 Maiden Lane

CHICAGO
5 North Wabash Avenue

SAN FRANCISCO
150 Post Street

LOUVAIN
PATTERN

