



THE DELINEATOR

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FROM the EDITOR'S POINT of VIEW

BETTER HOMES FOR AMERICA

THE DELINEATOR sent this telegram to every Governor in the United States:

"Will you cooperate with THE DELINEATOR in a Better Homes Campaign by proclaiming in your State second week of October Better Homes Week? Earnestly hope your State will be represented in this important movement."

Within a few days over half the governors had wired the Editor of THE DELINEATOR that their States stood behind Better Homes for America.

Governor McCray telegraphed that Indiana had just completed a successful better homes exposition which had increased enthusiasm and greatly influenced the trend for better homes. Governor Allen of Kansas wrote, "I am going to help you any way I can on the Better Homes Campaign."

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, who is supporting this campaign, has prepared a financial primer on "How to Own Your Own Home," which is a part of the data available for the committees.

Parts of Ohio also have successfully conducted a Better Homes Week. In Dayton the exhibition was in the hands of the Department of Education, the women's clubs and the board of trade. What was done in these two States may be successfully accomplished anywhere in this country.

It is instinctive in free men to desire a home. America is short a million homes. No matter where you live, your State needs homes. And especially it needs better homes.

The man or woman with a limited income may buy a small piece of land and build a house, paying for it at very little more cost than monthly rental.

THE DELINEATOR began a Better Homes Department some months ago. The response to our campaign made us realize that even the great circulation of a magazine like THE DELINEATOR could not reach enough people. For this reason we asked the governors of the United States to cooperate with us. THE DELINEATOR has suggested that they appoint committees of men and women at the State capitals and at the county seat of every county in their States to plan a Better Homes demonstration for the second week of October.

THE DELINEATOR offers to be a bureau of information for any county seat undertaking this work.

You may develop a Better Homes Campaign in your town at practically no cost.

Campaigns have been conducted at the cost only of insurance of property and printing of cards. Boards of trade and merchants' associations, manufacturers, banks, building-loan associations and departments of education are almost invariably willing to do their part.

These groups have organizations which can do the greater part of the work. You will find, that the intelligent people of your community will support this campaign. If the governor of your State has not appointed a committee, write to us for help.

THEY EARNED AN EDUCATION

ALL over America boys and girls are working their way through college. They come from the cities and from the country. They are indisputable evidence that in America the only limitation to progress and position lies in our own characters and minds. On pages 15 and 16 of this issue of THE

DELINEATOR we publish three letters from girls who graduated in June from three important universities. These girls entirely earned their own education. They have come out with honors, with respect and with something to contribute to life.

One of these girls, Miss Iona B. Irish, B. A., from the University of Utah, came from the back country. Three years ago, she had a district-school certificate. She knew the world only from limited reading. She had never been on a railroad train; she had never seen a telephone nor electric lights. The largest community she had ever visited had only two

work for five hundred and thirty-nine students.

Many of the most successful men and women in America have done it. Carry Chapman Catt worked her way through college, so did Kathleen Norris, the author. Herbert Hoover ran a speakers' bureau and a laundry agency. Women doctors, lawyers, farmers, home-makers have paid their own way through.

THE DELINEATOR has a long list of work done by students. If it would help you to solve your college problem, send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR for this list.

THE HAPPY CHILD

DR. L. EMMETT HOLT, in connection with his article in this issue, "The General Care of the Baby," gives mothers a list of important "don'ts," which deserve emphasis on this page.

Forbidden Habits and Practises—There are certain things which are so obviously bad for all babies that they should be specially emphasized:

1. Habitual thumb-sucking, or the use of the "pacifier" or "dummy" to secure temporary quiet. The latter, if persisted in, often aggravates disturbances of digestion, while the former may lead to deformity of the mouth.
2. All patent medicines; particularly soothing sirups and nostrums, the purpose of which is to relieve colic or "make teething easy."
3. Rocking the baby to sleep; sucking upon empty bottles; sleeping upon the mother's breast while nursing, or sleeping in the same bed with the mother.
4. Kissing the baby upon the mouth; allowing any person with a cold to hold the baby; sneezing or coughing in the baby's face.
5. Allowing any sick child in the room with the baby, or any person with tuberculosis to take care of the baby.
6. Playing with or unnecessary handling of the baby soon after feeding, or violent romping play at any time, especially just before bedtime.
7. Testing the temperature of the milk in the baby's bottle by taking the nipple into the mouth.

THE NEW BABY BOOK

SENTIMENT frequently is the forerunner of science. The old-fashioned baby record book treasured by mothers because it recorded the first word spoken by her baby, the first lock of hair, the first tooth and the day baby could stand alone was valued highly by the mother but was of little value in charting the future care of her son or daughter.

Science has taken the baby record book and, without destroying its sentimental value, made of it a guide to the safe up-bringing of the child.

THE DELINEATOR asked Dr. Bird T. Baldwin, director of the Iowa State laboratory for the study of normal children, to prepare a practical baby book for mothers.

You should understand the importance of keeping an accurate record of your baby's growth and development. The price of this baby book, in a substantially bound cloth edition, has been fixed at \$1.00 a copy, a figure only sufficient to cover the cost of production and carrying charges. Copies are now ready for mailing on receipt of price.

If you have kept a sentimental baby record book, you should have this important guide-book and transfer to it such records as you have kept.

NATIONAL AND STATE OFFICIALS WHO ARE SUPPORTING THE DELINEATOR'S BETTER HOMES FOR AMERICA CAMPAIGN:
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hundred people in it. But the fire of ambition burned in her soul. She wanted an education. More than desire, she had determination. And in June the State university conferred upon her a degree.

While in college these young women supported themselves entirely, but this is not always necessary. Most colleges have student-loan funds, from which students properly recommended may borrow after their freshman year.

Even in the so-called richer colleges, it is becoming more and more prevalent for students to work. Undergraduates at Harvard alone earned \$96,860.63 last year. The University's employment office found



PARENTS' ASSOCIATIONS

The value of partnership between school and home

By ANGELO PATRI



IFE must not stop short at the schoolhouse door. The home must reach into the school and the school reach back into the home. Nothing isolated is going to function. The isolated school is a dead thing. To be real, education must serve as the foundation of the nation—must be “of the people, by the people and for the people.”

The parents must resume their duty to their children in the schools. The children are theirs; the schools are theirs, for they pay for them. The teachers can do only what the people allow them to do, and the responsibility for what goes on in their schools is as plainly the parents' as that of the teachers.

And now some parent groans and says, “Haven't we enough to do? Isn't it sufficient that we work hard to get the money that pays for our schools? We can't hold your hand while you do your job.”

That is pure evasion, shiftlessness, laziness. We Americans are notoriously so about our public affairs. We have to be dragged out to the ballot-box to drop a ballot for some one we know almost nothing about. It is next to impossible to get many of us to leave our homes in the evening to attend a meeting that will decide the fate of our schools for years.

We elect the wrong official and then grumble. Who cares for grumblers? Not the politician. He understands exactly how effective and how dangerous they are. He counts on the laziness of the public to give him what he wants. *He* attends the meetings. He is never too tired or too busy. But he isn't interested in community affairs—schools, for instance. He is interested in himself.

IT IS the duty of the parents to concern themselves about their schools. They should know what conditions exist in them, what their aims and needs are. It is their duty to see that the people who control them are the people who will do them justice financially and support them morally.

To this end we have parents' associations.

What can such associations do? Won't the school people consider them officious busybodies and meddlers? The school people will, in all likelihood, be nervous about such an association until they know what it is for. The door was shut so long that the teacher has lost sight of the fact that parents are primarily concerned in the school and can be of immeasurable help in strengthening it.

Call on the principal and talk the whole field over. It is an immense field. It covers all life's activities. There is no phase of the outside world that does not touch the inside world of school. Any school is but a cross-section of the life of its community, and the association will have to select its problems or be overwhelmed at the start. The advice of the principal is indispensable.

Begin work from the outside of the school and work in.

The farther in you go, the closer you get to the children, and your approach here is to be made with the utmost caution. Practise on the building and the grounds and the equipment first; take up problems of instruction last. It is in this latter field that the teacher is the strongest; it is in the former field that parents have the greater power. Given the right sort of building and equipment, the right instruction is almost certain to follow.

Examine the building and the grounds. Are they the kind that the best parent would want for his children? Do they measure up? Are they large enough? Are they clean, sanitary, attractive? Is the plumbing in first-class order? Are the toilets just what they ought to be? Is there sufficient drinking-water? Is it safeguarded and do the children have individual drinking-cups or are the fountains working well?

HOW about the playground? You know a playground is as necessary as any classroom. Its equipment is equally as important as that of the study-hall. There should be courts and swings and slides and bats and balls. It is there that democracy is taught the children. It is there that a basis for ethical living is found. Fair play, clean sport, a holding fast to the rules, team-work and community spirit are the products of a well-planned, well-supervised playground.

Inside the school the principal will advise you as to the needs of the teachers. Try to give him what he wants, remembering always that he is asking nothing for himself, but only for a chance to give our children a better opportunity in the world outside.

He may ask for new furniture that will make for better posture. By all means give it to him. The way children stand and sit and move about is of the utmost importance to their future usefulness. The school furniture will bear investigation and replacement in a great many schools.

He may ask for special equipment for certain rooms: a piano for the gymnasium, a phonograph for the playroom, a machine for the girls in the sewing-room, a typewriter for the children in the older group. All these are good and all schools need them. The parents' association can give the school a lift in that way.

He may point out that there are children in the school who need special help. Some of them are very bright and should be given scholarships to higher institutions. Some of them are very, very dull and must have a specially trained teacher and a modified course of study if they are to get anywhere at all.

Put your best effort on these problems. The gifted children are those who lead the world. Give them a chance to fit themselves for leadership. The unfortunate dull ones are going to be heavily handicapped all their lives. To instruct them with the group is to steal the time of the normal children and do the dull ones little good. Set by a special fund for scholarships and for special teachers. Children are so dependent upon those about them. They can not help themselves and it is the duty and the pleasure of parents to help them.

Make a happiness-survey of your school. Are your children and teachers happy, and if not, why not? Are you paying large enough salaries to attract big enough teachers?

Remember, a cheap education is the poorest investment a community can make.

You may discover in your investigations that what you need is a new schoolbuilding and a new educational policy. Go after them and get them. Don't be alarmed at the cost and the increase in taxes. A good school improves property, attracts the better sort of citizens and pays for itself many times over.

You may have to elect a new board to accomplish what you want. Such a campaign will be an education in itself for the adults. When you select members for your board, try to have the majority of them the parents of children still in the school. You can not imagine what a difference that will make in the attitude of the board.

Once you have established the policy for your school to your satisfaction, determine to keep the door open and the school alive and growing. To do that, the life of the community must enter the school and the school must reach out into the homes. Each of the partners must be at his best when he enters the home of the other.

How shall the home enter? Through its best members. The man who has made a success of his life ought to enter the school and give his message to the children. The artist should find an open door and a receptive audience in the school. He brings his art to the children and offers them the secret of accomplishment. The musician sings and plays, the sculptor models. The housekeeper tells her story and helps the girls in the kitchen. The story-teller opens his budget of lore and the bird-man tells his story.

HIDDEN in the homes lies a world of talent and inspiration for the school. Offer your contribution and see how eagerly the teachers and children accept it.

This is but a glimpse of the work parents' associations can do. Their field is as broad as the world. The reward is wonderful in the revelations of hidden powers and neglected enjoyment and appreciation. Neighbor will learn to value neighbor, and all the children will grow in a new spirit of fellowship.

The growth of the school—that is, the growth of the children—depends upon the understanding of the partnership between school and home, between parents and teachers. For either of them to work alone in the blind belief that the aims and policies of both are alike and at the right time will merge and march on together in unity is futile.

Without knowledge there can be no understanding, and the isolated school and the isolated home can not know or understand each other. Working together, even the most divergent points of view may be reconciled and a unified influence brought to bear upon the children.



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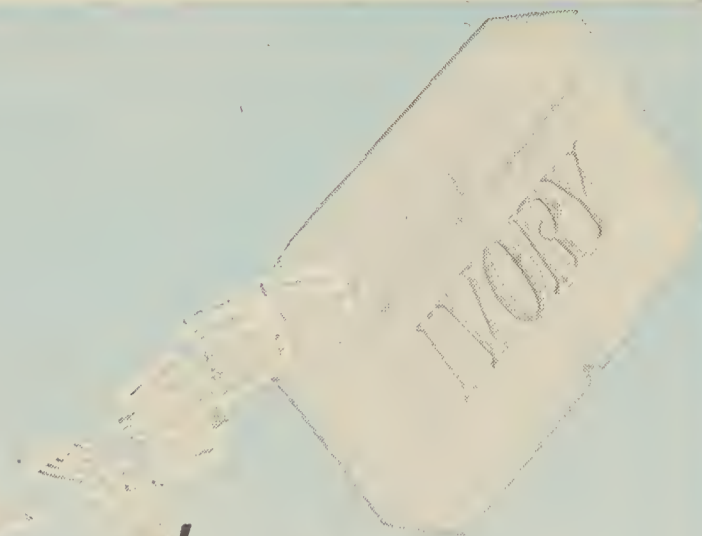
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Makes dainty clothes last longer

OLD DUKE

An ancient quarrel involves young love—and a dog

By ARTHUR TRAIN



HE COULD SEE A DOG RUNNING IN AND OUT, JUMPING AT THEIR THROATS



THE trouble involving Old Duke began the afternoon that young René d'Auriac knocked Samuel Bullock, the younger, off the sand bunker and head foremost into the water hazard on the Valley Fair golf course. This incident, which fifty years before would inevitably have resulted

in a meeting between the participants at sunrise next morning on the old dueling-ground among the cottonwoods by the river bank, excited an ill-concealed satisfaction, not only among the club members, but the town-folk generally, despite the fact that Samuel Bullock, senior, had been largely interested in laying out the links which were the scene of the tragedy. As, however, an attractive young lady was involved, the matter was hushed up, especially since everybody knew that René was courting Helen Peyton, although their respective fathers did not speak.

The feud between Major d'Auriac and County Judge Peyton was one of the traditions of the "Blue Grass," entwined in the post-bellum history of the State and with the romantic memory of a certain celebrated beauty who in their boyhoods had encouraged both gallants to love her and had ended by marrying neither. Of course it was at bottom the Major's fault, but the Judge's pride was also partly to blame. Each in his own way, these old men were the two leading citizens of Valley Fair, and as each had his followers—Montagues and Capulets of affection—it was felt that their aloofness added a certain distinction to local society. At any rate it gave people something to talk about, particularly when it became common knowledge that René d'Auriac had fallen under the spell of Helen Peyton's languid charm.

THE secret might have been kept for a long time had it not been for Old Duke. For Old Duke, perhaps because he was a d'Auriac and therefore an aristocrat, had made it evident that he thought very little of the Bullocks, even if they had donated the golf course.

Of course Old Duke should not have followed René on to the Valley Fair golf course and nozzled the junior Bullock's ball on the putting-green, but the links were built on land purchased from the d'Auriacs and Old Duke had careered over it from puppyhood and knew every bush and pile of stones upon it. The Bullock family were playing a somewhat leisurely and arrogant twosome when Helen and René overtook them at the eleventh and sat down on the adjacent bunker to wait for them to hole-in, while Old Duke stood wagging his tail and snapping at grasshoppers at the edge of the green. The elder Samuel putted and missed; the younger Samuel putted and missed, and his ball rolled confidently between the hound's paws. What more natural than that any well-mannered dog should acknowledge the little stranger's presence by first smelling of it and then giving it a gentle push with his nose?

The younger Bullock, who had made a flagrant bad shot, glanced with a scowl to where René sat.

Arthur Train is a lawyer of distinction, as well as author of many books and stories, dealing with all sorts of criminals, and baffling mysteries, and clever lawyers, and courts of law. But in Old Duke he has given us a new kind of defendant before the law—for it is written in the statutes of the State of Kentucky that a dog, like his master, may be tried for his life before judge and jury

"I'll thank you to keep your damn dog off the green!" he remarked insolently.

René sprang to his feet.

"I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head!" he retorted.

The youth reddened and turned savagely to where Old Duke was toying with a beetle on the side of the bunker.

"Get out of my way! Get off the course, damn you!" he cried, kicking the dog violently in the ribs.

Old Duke uttered a whine of pain. Next instant René had seized Bullock junior by the collar of his tweed golf-jacket, yanked him to the top of the bunker and hurled him into the water hazard. Bullock senior leaped toward René, brandishing his mashie, but stopped short at sight of Old Duke crouching between, every hair on end and fangs exposed.

"I'll get you for this!" roared the father. "You and your infernal dog!"

"Quiet, Duke!" cautioned René, his jaw quivering. "Leave him alone! Come here, boy!"

From the piazza of the golf club, two hundred yards away, the élite of Valley Fair watched the bedraggled scion of the house of Bullock scrambling on hands and knees to safety. A faint cheer echoed across the links.

The elder heard it and shook his fist in the direction of the club-house.

"I'll get 'em!" he muttered. "That stuck-up young popinjay and the old popinjay, his father, and that cursed dog—the entire outfit! Just let 'em wait."

The town of Valley Fair lies in the southerly part of Bourbon County on the edge of the Blue Grass, famous from time immemorial for its thoroughbreds, human and equine. In late March and early April the low ground oozes like a green sponge and even the uplands yield their latent moisture to the warmth so that the moon rises upon a white sea of mist through which grope the feathery branches of budding trees and the lights of the farms gleam as if across fields of midnight snow.

It was on such an evening that Judge Peyton sat waiting on his piazza for his daughter to come home. He was a pink old man, running to fat, with thin streaks

of silvery hair radiating like fringe from a central point on the top of his head, and he wore an alpaca jacket and wrinkled, white cotton socks.

"Drat the girl!" thought the Judge, knocking the ashes from his corn-cob into the crack of the steps. "Where the devil can she be?"

Then he removed his feet from the railing, assisted himself to rise by a peculiar shifting forward of his center of gravity, and descended into the "garden." It was still excessively hot in spite of the fact that it was evening, and the Judge was pondering upon the advisability of a second julep when there was a brisk tapping of a cane upon the sidewalk and the figure of Major d'Auriac came into view beyond a buttonwood.

Each step, each click of the cane, brought his enemy nearer. Should he turn and flee, ignominiously? Not much! He would look the Major squarely in the eye! In fact, he took a step forward which brought him flush with the iron fence, and waited. Another moment and the Major was almost beside him. For a second they regarded each other, the Judge flushing slightly, the Major's chin stiffening. The next instant the latter had passed on. But in that fleeting second the Judge had experienced a pang. He had not imagined Louis would look so old. Did he look old like that himself? He had a momentary impulse—indeed his lips moved—to call the Major back. Then, with the barest of sighs, he restrained himself. No, it was up to Louis to make the first move; he was the offender.

AND then for the time being he forgot all about the Major, for he caught sight of Helen coming up the street swinging her golf-sticks lightly from her left shoulder, and the emotions started by the unexpected appearance of his boyhood friend, now a stranger to him, were transmuted into a glow of affection for the child of his old age.

"Hello, dad!" she called in a voice that matched the silver of the dusk. "Sorry to be late."

"What kept you, honey?" he asked, slipping his arm about her. "I nearly sent the sheriff after you."

Meanwhile the Major continued stiffly upon his way—with a dignity befitting one of his distinguished lineage. He was a slender figure of an old gentleman, rigidly erect, with a white goatee and sloping shoulders, not five feet and a half in height—a little pepper-pot, known in his salad days for a trouble-maker all the way from the Mississippi to the Cumberland on both sides of the border. Some of this violence—like many other things about the Major—was exaggerated, for the old gentleman was a victim to the delusion that he must live up to his reputation. The d'Auriacs had all been fire-eaters—hard-drinking, hard-riding, hard-cursing; stanch friends and bitter enemies. He had no intention of having the race become emasculated; indeed, he rather deprecated his son's comparative mildness of character.

In one respect, however, René fully lived up to his father's ideal of what a d'Auriac should be—he rode like a demon, and there was no fox-chase within twenty miles that he did not attend, mounted on his father's

old chestnut hunter "Beauregard." The Major had had to give it up ten years or more ago after dislocating his hip while attempting to take a four-bar gate. But he still kept a small pack of hounds of which Old Duke was the leader, the favorite not only of his master, but of the countryside.

Everybody in Valley Fair from Ruf' Jackson, who drove the ramshackly hack from the depot to the Culpeper House, up to Jack Tolman, the sheriff, was fond of Old Duke. He was a public character, like his master, and held in fully as much esteem. Very likely it was because of his combination of gentleness and strength, for he was a big dog, deep of chest, massive in head, with legs of iron and eyes that regarded you with such perfect trust that, as the Major said, "No one could help being a gentleman, sir, with Old Duke around!" His marking was peculiar and made him readily distinguishable among other dogs, for a broad white band ran around the slats of his barrel and he carried a white star over his right eye. He had never harmed a human being or a domestic animal—except possibly a cat or two—and he had but three interests in life: his master, his master's son, and the pursuit of his natural enemy, the fox. Local opinion was divided whether René or Old Duke came first in the Major's heart.

NOW it is alleged that no man can be really bad if he loves a dog; and it is certain that the Major was not half as choleric as he pretended to be. The fact is that when he had come upon his old friend the Judge so unexpectedly standing on the edge of his front lawn, he too had felt an almost irresistible impulse to stop and speak to him. Then pride had reassured itself and, ashamed of his momentary weakness, he had tilted his chin in the air, looked the Judge coldly in the eye, and tried to face him down.

By the time Major d'Auriac had reached "Malmaison" his encounter with Judge Peyton had resulted in that state of fury habitually caused by the secret realization that he had alienated his best friend, that he had nobody to blame for it but himself, and that unless he was prepared to eat humble pie and acknowledge himself to be in the wrong there was nothing to be done about it. Therefore he boiled over, rumbling all through dinner and wagging his little white goatee while he anathematized the Randolphs and the Peytons, and all their ancestors to the third and fourth generation as upstarts, vulgarians, half-breeds.

The Major having thus relieved his feelings and lighted his pipe, arose stiffly, filled a tin plate with remnants from the meal, and carried it out upon the veranda, followed by Old Duke. René remained moodily at the table, watching the candle light through the smoke of his cigaret. For the hundredth time he had almost made up his mind to disclose his secret to his father and for the hundredth time he had lost courage. After all, they were young and could wait a while.

They played a few games of piquet silently, until the elder d'Auriac, the little Louis XVI clock having struck ten, declared that it was time for bed—at any rate for him. René kissed the old man good night upon his forehead and waited for the light to be extinguished in his bedroom. Then calling to Old Duke under his breath, he stepped out into the night. Over the golf course a white pall of mist had spread itself out like a shallow silvery lake, and right above, within arm's reach as it were, hung an immense golden moon, only there was no moon path. It reminded him of the mists he had watched rising in the Argonne under that same old moon. It seemed centuries ago.

Suddenly from out of the mist came the thud of hundreds of scampering hoofs. Old Duke had stiffened, his ears lifted, his muscles trembling. Before René could grasp his collar the hound had darted forward, cleared the hedge, and was careering toward the golf course.

MAJOR D'AURIAC had just finished his luncheon the next afternoon and was on the point of taking a short siesta when Jack Tolman drove into the yard. Old Duke, who had been lying beside one of the pillars of the veranda, lumbered to his feet and capered sideways over to the democrat wagon in which the sheriff sat, for they were old friends and had hunted many a fox together.

"Good evening, sheriff," said the Major with his customary courtesy. "Won't you hitch your horse, sir, and come in and have something?"

"No thanks," the sheriff replied. "I reckon I won't get out. I'm sorry to say this is a business trip."

Old Duke was standing on his hind legs between the wheels, his big nozzle resting on Tolman's leg. The man laid his hand on the dog's head.

"Poor Old Duke!" he murmured.

"What are you 'poor Old Duking' about?" demanded the Major suspiciously. "Is some nigras claimin' chicken damage?"

"No nigras!" responded Tolman significantly. "It's a heap worse'n that. Fact is—" he paused. "Fact is, Sam Bullock has sworn out a summons for Old Duke. He lost a sheep last night."

"A sheep!" cried the Major. "The infernal liar! That miserable white trash! Who ever heard of Old Duke lookin' at a sheep? I'll law him clean to hell for libel, by—"

The sheriff rubbed his chin apologetically.

"It don't hardly seem possible!" he agreed. "However, Bill Evans says he caught him with the carcass last night and he's sworn to it."

"Last night! Last night!" roared Major d'Auriac in a frenzy. "My dog was locked up in the house all last night. This is a conspiracy, sir! A conspiracy!"

"I'm sorry, Major!" said Tolman. "I sure am! But law is law, and here's the summons."

He fumbled in his pocket and, leaning over, handed the Major a square piece of soiled paper.

For a moment Major d'Auriac studied the paper in

AMERICA TO IRELAND

*Ireland keeps her emerald hills, but sends her strong
sons here;*

*Ireland keeps her golden lore, yet gives her blue-
eyed girls;*

*And Ireland holds close to her heart the dreams of
many a year,*

*A treasury beyond the price of ancient stuffs and
pearls.*

*The gift that Ireland gives to us—the humor of
old days,*

*The smiles and tears of stalwart men and many
a bright colleen—*

*We take it as a symbol of the laughing Irish
ways,*

*We hold it as a sacred thing for sorry days and
mean.*

*Yes! Irish hearts are happy hearts, for all the
sudden tears*

*That flow down ruddy Irish cheeks when grief
knocks at the door.*

*Ireland! now that you can smile through all the
coming years,*

*Send millions of your men and maids—and then
a million more!*

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

bewilderment. Then he dropped it upon the veranda as if it were infected with some deadly plague.

"Randolph Peyton!" he choked. "So! What a dastardly revenge!"

He leaned against the nearest pillar, his goatee trembling.

"You tell Judge Peyton—" his voice shook.

"Now, Major," protested the sheriff, "you know the Judge ain't to blame for this."

"I see the whole thing!" the Major declared fiercely. "That Yankee owns Peyton body, boots and breeches. You say, 'law is law.' Well, I say 'justice is justice.' I'll show this upstart that he can't come down here and run God's country. No, sir!"

Old Duke had stalked over to the Major and was looking up into his face, slowly swinging his long tail. The old man bent over him and put his arms around the hound's neck.

"So they want to kill you, do they?" he said. "Well, we'll show 'em!"

He gently separated the dog's soft lips with his fingers until he had exposed the glistening fangs and half the red gums. Old Duke looked mildly surprised.

"You can see for yourself there's no wool between his teeth."

The sheriff smiled apologetically.

"Perhaps he's got rid of it somehow," he replied. Then he looked awkwardly away.

"By rights," he hazarded as if to himself, "I ought to take the animal into custody, but I'll be damned if I will!"

Just then René came through the hedge. At sight of the sheriff he turned color.

"René, my boy," called out his father, "this is the

last straw! Judge Peyton has issued a summons against Old Duke for sheep-killing!"

René did not reply. His handsome face was pale.

"It's a damnable piece of perjury!" ejaculated the Major. "René, you know Old Duke was in the house all last night."

For several seconds there was no sound save the muttered endearments of the Major as he pressed the hound's head to his bosom. Then René answered slowly:

"I can swear that when I locked up the house last night Old Duke was in the library; and this morning he was still there."

VALLEY FAIR rapidly filled for the great legal sporting event of the decade. The Culpeper House overflowed and there was no residence in the town which did not have its quota of guests. On the morning of the trial Main Street was a solid line of flivvers and the railroad ran a "special" up from Winchester.

The Valley Fair courthouse had never been intended for a colosseum. It is a small, red-brick affair of the early seventies, with huge windows and a seating capacity of only two hundred people. By nine o'clock in the morning the square was impossible for vehicular traffic and the drug-store had already run out of ice-cream and soda. It was no use for the sheriff to order the boys off the portico, for the minute he went around to the other side they were up again. Only such as had arrived before daylight had a chance to get inside, but the throng was good-natured and by stretching could catch glimpses of the courtroom through the wide-open windows.

When Judge Randolph Peyton ascended the bench every seat was occupied, and even the wall-spaces and aisles were crowded with friends of the defendant from the town itself and all parts of the countryside. But the chief character in the play was not a man. On a slightly elevated railed platform, or dock, sat a grand old fox-hound, his black coat combed and rubbed until it glistened with every move of the muscles beneath, his broad belt and the star over his eye white as snow, his freshly polished collar shining, an aristocrat of aristocrats, a true dog of the d'Auriacs—Old Duke, the defendant, on trial for his life. There was a somewhat puzzled look in his brown eyes and the confusion, although subdued, obviously had excited him, but he sat there obediently turning his head now and again to look at the Major and occasionally, as he recognized some one, thumping the platform with his tail.

"We will proceed, gentlemen," announced the Judge as the clerk handed him the complaint, and instantly the packed room became silent. "The defendant, Old Duke, is on trial before me for the offense of sheep-killing under section sixty-seven of the Kentucky statutes, which provides that a justice of the peace, on proof that any dog is mad, or has been bitten by a mad dog, or has killed or wounded any sheep, shall order such a dog to be killed.

"The affiant in the moving papers upon which I have issued the summons, to wit, Samuel Bullock, senior, a citizen of this town, has sworn that Old Duke, owned by Major Louis d'Auriac, killed a sheep belonging to said Bullock during the night of May fourteenth.

"How says the defendant? Does he plead guilty or not guilty?"

Before his counsel could respond, Major d'Auriac, who had been nervously twirling his mustache, bobbed to his feet.

"I protest," he cried in a shaking voice amid a profound silence, "against Judge Peyton presiding in this case! He has publicly expressed sentiments toward myself that make it improper for him to act where my interests are involved. I appeal to his sense of honor—if he has any."

"Father!" whispered René in horror, grasping the Major by the arm.

AN ANGRY red slowly rose over Judge Peyton's rubicund face. The spectators, thrilled, craned their heads delightedly. The Major and the Judge were bristling at one another like a little gamecock and a mastiff.

"I protest," continued the Major. "I—"

The Judge banged angrily with his gavel.

"Father!" groaned René. "Please!" And he pulled the feebly resisting old gentleman back into his chair.

"Call the jury," directed Judge Peyton, whose face had once more resumed its normal color.

The box was quickly filled, neither side challenged, the jury was sworn and the district attorney stated his case. He confessed to the jury that his task was an unpleasant one, that he knew Old Duke well and had always believed him to be a quiet and well-behaved dog. At the mention of his name the hound half rose and looked up into his face. The jury nodded. They too knew Old Duke, well. But, continued the prosecutor, the evidence was convincing and the law was clear. If the dog was a sheep-worrier, he must die. It would be the jury's duty to find the defendant guilty and leave the



OLD DUKE THRUST HIS NOSE TOWARD HER ACROSS THE RAILING OF THE DOCK AND WRINKLED IT AFFECTIONATELY

sentence to the wisdom and mercy of Judge Peyton. He bowed and called William Evans to the chair.

There was no question as to the witness's sincerity. He was, he said, employed by Mr. Samuel Bullock as farmer and shepherd. On the night of May fourteenth he was just going to bed when he heard a wild bleating and stampede of sheep. It was a fine, clear night with the moon nearly at the full and a low mist hanging over the meadow. He hurried out of the yard just as the frightened sheep came pouring in through the gate out of the mist. In the rear of the flock he could see a dog running in and out and jumping at their throats. At sight of him the dog abandoned his quarry and darted off into the mist again. He counted the sheep and found that one was missing, fastened the flock into the enclosure and started across the pasture to see what he could find. The sheepfold was in a depression and as he came up the rise he left the mist behind and below him and emerged into the clear moonlight. Instantly he saw the dead sheep lying white on a small hillock not fifty yards away. Standing beside it was a dog, a dog with a white belt and a white patch over one eye. He positively identified Old Duke as that dog. He had known him for years; could not be mistaken. The prosecutor shrugged his shoulders and sat down. That was the case; and it was enough. The crowd held its breath and the jury glanced at one another uneasily. The evidence was more positive than they had anticipated. But Mr. Townsend, the old lawyer retained by the d'Auriacs, was getting up. He asked the shepherd if he heard him aright to say that he had known Old Duke for years. The man answered that he had. Had he ever known him to kill or attack a sheep? No. What was Old Duke's reputation for peace and gentleness—wasn't it of the best? The witness readily ad-

mitted that it was. Then Mr. Townsend paused for a moment while he caressed his long, lantern jaw.

"Why didn't you kill Old Duke then and there when you found he had murdered the sheep?" he asked gently.

Even Judge Peyton seemed to await the answer with interest.

"Because I didn't want to!" finally answered the witness.

"You were satisfied he had killed the sheep?"

"Yes."

"Did you refrain from killing him because you doubted your legal right to do so?"

"No."

"Then why didn't you kill him?"

There was a long silence, broken only by the thump of the hound's tail. He knew all these friends of his were talking about him.

"WELL," answered Evans at length, "I had about made up my mind to do it—but somehow I couldn't bring myself to. You see, he didn't run away or anything. Just stood there sniffing at the sheep, and when I called to him he came right over to me. If he had run, I'd have shot. But he didn't seem to have nuthin' on his conscience and—"

"And you didn't want to have anything on yours?" concluded the lawyer softly.

"I dunno!" he muttered a little shamefacedly. "I just couldn't do it, that's all."

"Your sympathy does you credit!" declared Mr. Townsend. "Now let us inquire a moment into your legal right to kill the dog had you seen fit to do so. Where was it you found the sheep lying?"

"On the upper pasture."

"Whose pasture?"

"The one they laid out for the new golf course."

"Who owns it?"

"Why—" he hesitated. "It's the land Major d'Auriac sold to Mr. Bullock."

"Didn't Mr. Bullock deed it to the 'Valley Fair Golf Club?'"

A buzz went through the room and through the windows. The old fox!

"I guess so," agreed the witness.

Mr. Townsend smiled.

"How did Mr. Bullock's sheep happen to be on land belonging to the club?"

"Mr. Bullock told me to run 'em in there that afternoon."

The old lawyer raised his lean face triumphantly to the Judge.

"So both the sheep and you were trespassing on the property of another? I submit it is clear the witness had no legal right whatever to kill this dog."

There was an outburst of approval from the crowd. The lank old lawyer had scored—not heavily, but still a hit. Even the Major nodded—grimly; but almost immediately his face hardened again when Judge Peyton replied:

"THE charge before me is not dog-killing, Mr. Townsend, but sheep-killing. If a dog is shown to have attacked a sheep, a justice of the peace or any judge of greater jurisdiction can, on proper proof, direct that he be killed. This is the proceeding being taken here."

Mr. Townsend bowed gravely.

"I see your honor's point. I will discuss it at the conclusion of the evidence. Meantime, I desire to ask one or two more questions of the witness."

"Mr. Evans, what reason, if any, did Mr. Bullock give you for wishing the flock turned on to the golf-links?"

At this question the elder Bullock gave marked evidence of discomfort, even going so far as to lean forward and make vague signs at the witness-chair. Evans hesitated.

"I object," interposed the prosecutor perfunctorily.

"Overruled!" retorted Judge Peyton.

"I press the question!" averred Mr. Townsend.

"Well," remarked the witness gazing toward the ceiling, as if seeking guidance there, "Mr. Bullock said—you'll pardon me, judge, to use his exact words—he said, 'He'd teach those — d'Auriacs a lesson.' Shall I go on, judge?—I'm sick of that little billy-goat bearded whippersnapper of a major,' said he, 'and of that spider-legged stuck-up son of his. You'd think the way they act,' he said, 'that after God Almighty made the world he'd turned it over fer them to run fer him!'"

Major d'Auriac uttered a snort of indignation and faced toward the two Bullocks, brandishing his cane. An awed silence at such *lèse-majesté* fell upon the room. Judge Peyton tapped the bench with his gavel.

"I think you have gone far enough along this line, Mr. Townsend," he remarked hastily. "Have you anything further?"

"One more question," answered the old lawyer. Addressing the witness, he asked, "Have you lost any other sheep recently?"

"I lost a ram a couple of weeks ago," he admitted, "but I don't charge it against Old Duke."

AGAIN at the sound of his name the big foxhound knocked on the platform with his tail; then giving a deep sigh, he dropped his head comfortably upon his paws. Through the open windows came the murmur of the throng outside as the shepherd's testimony was passed from lip to lip.

"That is all," remarked Mr. Townsend. "I move that the charge be dismissed on the ground that the owner of the sheep had deliberately turned them loose upon land belonging to others for the admitted purpose of satisfying a private grudge."

Distress and embarrassment were both visible upon the Judge's face. There was no doubt whatever but that the sympathies of the crowd were entirely against the Bullocks and with Old Duke; and should he rule against Mr. Townsend it might be construed as indicating that he shared Mr. Bullock's opinion with respect to the Major's personal character. It was an awkward moment and the Judge's round, rather flabby face glistened with a slight dew of perspiration born of his mental struggle. Then he pressed his lips together and shook his head.

"The circumstances, if true, are immaterial," he remarked shortly. "I rule the evidence here to be sufficient to justify a verdict of guilty and I shall give the case to the jury."

"Poltroon! Scallawag!" muttered the Major, his goatee vibrating with fury. That he should be placed in such a humiliating and defenseless position before his enemy was too much for his pride to bear.

Continued on page 83

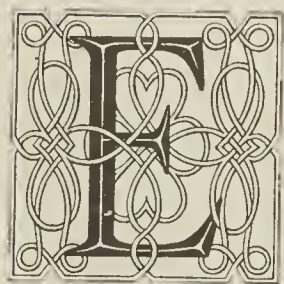
MERIDIAN HILL

"There is a tide in the affairs of men"—and of women!

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES



SAM DREW HER INTO HIS ARMS. "I WANT TO TALK WITH YOU—RIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER"



ELSIE NOYES was pretty; she was intelligent; she was "nice"; and yet—

That was what every one said about her; what is far worse, it was what, in moments of bitterness, she said about herself.

She had married Sam Noyes when she was twenty-two and he was twenty-six; and even then—though Sam's family was "nothing much" in the eyes of Westfield, the small city where he lived—it added that "and yet" about Elsie. She had come from a small suburb of Boston—not one of the "right" suburbs; and if there is anything more damning than to be called "poor white trash" in Virginia, it is to come from one of the "wrong" suburbs in Boston. She had graduated from the small local high school, and then, having displayed some gift for reciting, she had gone to a "college of elocution" and had been tremendously thrilled to obtain, almost immediately after her graduation, an engagement to "read" at some of the big Summer hotels. She sat up most of the night for two weeks sewing on a wardrobe to take with her, and when it was done she spread it all over her little bedroom and gazed at it with tearful pride.

But she had not been filling engagements for a week before she realized that the new wardrobe, like everything else she had and did, was not quite right somehow. This would have been almost more than she could have borne, for she was sensitive and high strung and badly overtired, if Sam Noyes, who was staying at that particular hotel with a crotchety old uncle, who had paid his way through college and the law school—and was quite ready to continue his allowance so that he might indulge in his taste for politics before his budding law practise had produced even the greenest kind of fruit—had not heard her "read." She really "read" very well indeed; and Sam, though properly attentive and truly grateful to his useful relative, was finding time hanging rather heavily on his hands. So he had leisure to observe how

intelligent and pretty and nice Elsie was, and promptly fell in love with her.

It took two years to reconcile the elderly uncle to the match, and during that time Elsie worked hard at the profession to which he objected, since it was her only means of sustenance, and improved steadily all the time in her work; but her heart was very heavy, for she realized that it was keeping her and Sam apart. Sam's father and mother "came around" before his uncle, but this did not really help matters much because they were having hard work paying for their own rent and groceries, and could hardly be expected to help with Sam's. But the uncle "came around," too, in the end, and when Sam had brought this about—the reconciliation was actually accompanied by quite a substantial check on which to start housekeeping—he felt no further doubts of his fitness for a political career.

His self-confidence seemed to be justified: he served in the State Legislature; he became mayor of Westfield; finally, with a comfortable majority, he was elected to Congress. Just then the elderly uncle died, leaving his modest fortune all to Sam. He would not be able to splurge in Washington, it was true, but he was not faced with the hideous necessity of trying to live on the salary which an otherwise extravagant government deems sufficiently large for its public servants. And all this time Elsie had remained exactly as pretty and intelligent and nice as when Sam had fallen in love with her; and yet—

THEY settled themselves, temporarily, upon their arrival in Washington, at one of the hotels near the Capitol. It was convenient for Sam, and Elsie, at first, was perfectly satisfied with it. But time hung rather heavily upon her hands. She wandered aimlessly through the parks; she went sightseeing alone; she sat in the gallery of the House of Representatives and tried to make herself understand that the turbulent body of men to whom she listened was making the laws of the nation. Sam, enthralled with his new position, poured out an enthusiastic account of his day's work, of the

men he was meeting, of the committees upon which he had been placed, of the hearings he had attended, every evening over their dinner. She listened attentively, praised him, glorified him. Still, though she did not admit it to him, hardly to herself, she had never been so wretchedly lonely in all her life. At last, one night when he was almost asleep, she rather timidly asked him a question.

"Sam, dear?"

She had to repeat it. The second time, though drowsily, he answered her.

"What's the matter, old lady? Don't you feel well?"

"I—I wish you wouldn't call me old lady. You know I'm not old at all."

"I know you're not, honey, and neither am I. That's the dandy part about all this—no telling where I'll end up, with all the time I've got ahead of me. Well, what's the trouble?"

"Hasn't it seemed to you sort of queer that neither of our senators' wives—or—any of our delegation—have been to see me? I should think they'd want to welcome us in some way."

"Gosh, I've been too busy with *real work* to bother about little things like that!"

"Well, I haven't been awfully busy!"

BEING a man, it was not until the next day that the full import of what his wife was trying to say to him dawned upon Sam. Conscience-stricken, he hastened home earlier than usual, intent on proposing a theater party *à deux*—and found her curled up in a little crumpled ball on her bed, crying as if her heart would break.

"My precious girl, what *is* the matter?"

"Oh, Sam! I ought to have gone first!"

"Gone first!" he echoed in bewilderment.

"Yes. To call. On our senators' wives—and *all* the senators' wives. And all the representatives' wives who have been here longer than we have. And the Cabinet officers' wives. And the justices' wives. And the ambassadors' and the ministers' wives. I've counted them all, and there are about a *thousand* of them. I shall simply die going around to all those strange houses and explaining who I am! Why, I never went to call on a stranger in my life! And what is worse, while I've been wondering why no one came to see me, those women have been thinking I was terribly rude and ignorant because I haven't been to see them."

"Most of them haven't thought about you at all," said Sam, sensibly but unflatteringly. "What women do you mean?"

"Well, Mrs. Shaw, for one. I met her in a shop this morning, and from what she said *to* me I can guess what she's been saying *about* me."

"Well, yes, I know just how Mrs. Shaw would let you—and other people—know about your shortcomings!"

"And she's our senior senator's wife! Oh, Sam, it's awful!"

"It does look like a rather stiff proposition, especially now you've queered yourself with Mrs. Shaw. I ought to have made inquiries about what you were expected to do and helped you out. But I didn't realize that the social game was so tied up with politics here. Of course it isn't at home."

"No."

THEY were both silent for a few minutes, thinking—though from a different angle—of the years that Sam had been forging ahead in politics, and that Elsie, giving up her "reading" entirely, had kept their little home so trim and neat and cozy with no "help" at all, and had taken care of the two babies, for which she had paid so dearly physically, and which in spite of her care and her paying had not lived very long. She had seldom gone with him anywhere, but that—though he would have been glad to have her—had not handicapped him in the least politically. Now it seemed things were different. Certain things were expected of Elsie on account of Sam's position, and she must do them, or he might suffer.

"It's all my fault," he said at last. "I'm sorry, honey. But I've had so darned much to do—"

"And besides, Mrs. Shaw intimated that we weren't living in a fashionable neighborhood at all—that we ought to have a house, or at least an apartment, in the 'Northwest' part of the city."

"Thoughtful of her!" said Sam dryly. Then, after a brief pause, "Would that suit you better than this? I thought we were pretty comfortable here, and that it might be a relief for you to get out of a kitchen for a while; but if you'd like to move, and keep house——"

"Well, don't you think we ought to?"

Sam reflected for a minute. Then he put his arm around her and kissed her.

"Maybe," he said pleasantly. "Well, yes, I guess we better."

So Elsie went house-hunting, or rather apartment-hunting, very happily, and at last secured an unfurnished housekeeping suite in one of the big, new, fashionable apartment-houses on Meridian Hill. Then, still more happily, she bought furniture—a shining oak dining-room set, a brass bed and curly-birch dresser, a "three-piece parlor suite" upholstered in emerald green, and a brilliantly hued collection of American rugs. She sat up late at night hemming lace curtains and embroidering centerpieces with American Beauty roses; she climbed step-ladders and hung "A Yard of Roses," "Venice by Moonlight" and "St. Cecilia" on her gaily papered walls. And when everything was in perfect order in the shining little new home, she took time to buy herself a new wardrobe—having, during the process of settling, allowed herself to get frankly soiled and shabby—and set out to pay her first official visits in her new little Ford sedan.

SAM had been interested and helpful all through the transition period, cheerfully helping to move chairs about from one position to another which might possibly be more effective, pounding in nails, washing the new china as it arrived dusty and gaudy from the shops, so that it was often late at night before he could sit down to read his *Congressional Record* and his home paper. He admired all the results of Elsie's efforts wholeheartedly, and when, day after day, she returned from her round of calls too exhausted to prepare supper (though it did not occur to him to suggest that they should engage a maid, since they had never had one), he cooked the meal himself, or insisted on taking her down to the café which was in the building. But as time went on he began to worry over her constant fatigue and lack of spirit.

"Look here, honey, you're not taking this calling game too seriously, are you? It can't be worth getting sick over."

"I've got to do it."

So Elsie went from Chevy Chase to Alexandria, from Capitol Hill to Cleveland Park, grimly and conscientiously, starting out every day at half-past three and returning at seven. At last she announced, in a tone of triumph, that she was through and that now she must have a "Tuesday" of her own, and a new dress to wear at it.

"Sure," said Sam with interest. "What kind of a dress?"

"I—I don't know. That's the trouble." Her lips, he saw, were quivering. Her moment of triumphant feeling had passed. She looked not only fagged—he was used to that—she looked unhappy.

"Isn't there some one who would tell you?"

"Oh, Sam, whom can I ask? That would be a confession that I didn't know what to do myself!"

"Well, anything you want," he said awkwardly. "We don't need to stint ourselves any more, you know." But Elsie interrupted him with a flood of tears.

"I don't know what I want," she sobbed. "Everything I've bought so far has been wrong—I can tell that by looking at the other women—and still I can't seem to choose what's right. And—and this flat, too. No one has rugs and furniture and pictures like these. I've spent a lot of money, and worn myself all out, and still—I'm not a credit to you. I—I can't help you with your career. Some people are even saying that I'm a stumbling-block to you."

"Who has been saying that?" asked Sam, quietly enough, but with murder in his heart.

"I've—I've overheard it in several places."

"Was Mrs. Shaw one of the persons you overheard?"

"Ye-es. I keep forgetting to turn down our cards at the corner to show that I have called in person. And I went in a door once in front of an ambassador's wife. And another time I left a luncheon before the guest of honor. Oh, Sam, she talks about these things as if I might better have broken the Ten Commandments!"

SAM drew her into his arms and sat down with her on one of the green brocade "parlor pieces."

"I want to talk with you," he said, "right from the shoulder. The way I'd talk to another man. Do you mind?"

"No-o. I guess not. As long as you keep on holding me as if I were a woman."

"Well, listen. All these customs and rules that bother you so have got some meaning—some meaning that's worth while. They haven't just happened. They've grown out of something that was important and necessary.

So we ought to try to learn them and observe them. You can do that all right. You're smart. But you're scared. And you've lost your sand. You've cried more since we came to Washington than in all the years I've known you. And because you keep thinking about how scared you are instead of how smart you are, you're not doing as well as it's in you to do. I want you to buck up and do better."

Elsie stiffened a little and snuffed a little. Sam began to stroke her hair.

"But I've noticed," Sam went on, as if he had not noticed the stiffening and the snuffing, "that the people who really count don't agonize over all these customs or make newcomers miserable about them. It's the ones who've been pretty small potatoes themselves, or who think their own position is a little wobbly, that stir up all this fuss that makes you so unhappy. Ever hear the story about a guest of Queen Victoria who drank out of his finger-bowl? The old lady didn't lay him out, telling him in a murderous kind of voice that it was a sort of wash-basin. She drank out of hers! She was a queen, you see, so she could afford to act like one. Do you want to know the real reason why Mrs. Shaw is mean to you?"

"Because I'm not her sort."

"Thank the Lord you're not! But that isn't the reason. It's because her husband got into the Senate by the skin of his teeth, and neither of them made good after they got there. And he'll never be reelected. I'm going to run against him at the next primaries."

"You're—going to be senator!"

"It looks that way."

"Then I haven't handicapped you?"

"Gosh, no!"

"You're too generous to tell me," said Elsie in a low voice, "that it's because you're so strong yourself that

I—couldn't. That you don't need me to help you. That I—just don't count at all."

"You count to me," said Sam huskily. "You always have. I think the world of you."

"But no matter how much a man thinks of his wife, he likes to have other people proud of her too. Doesn't he?"

"That doesn't matter much," answered Sam loyally. But he turned away from her and pushed back one of the carefully hemmed lace curtains and looked down Meridian Hill. Elsie walked out of the room and went into the kitchen, where she laid her head on the hard, spotless, white-enameled table that stood by the gleaming kitchen cabinet, and sat there for a long, long time. Sam had been able to climb Meridian Hill—and to climb it alone. He would climb more hills—always alone. She would remain forever at the bottom. And though he loved her, he would never be proud of her, and by and by, he wouldn't miss her——

WHEN she finally rose, it was to go into her own room and sink on her knees beside the brass bed.

Our prayers, if they are sincere, are usually answered, though sometimes we do not recognize the replies when they reach us because they do not take the form we expect, or because we do not really expect any kind of a reply at all. The telephone-bell, jangling unmusically across Elsie's petition, brought her to her feet, but it was with no sense of thanksgiving that she answered the disturbing summons.

"Is this Mrs. Samuel Noyes?"

"Yes." Elsie steadied herself.

"This is Mrs. Moore speaking—Mrs. Hillary Moore, Senator Moore's wife. I'm the third vice-president of the Congressional Club. Perhaps you remember me."

Continued on page 92



WITH MRS. MOORE'S DRAWING-ROOM FOR HER BACKGROUND, SHE NOT ONLY REPEATED BUT ECLIPSED HER FIRST TRIUMPH

THE MAKING OF A HERO

“Love is greater than life—love is the crown of death”

By MARY IMLAY TAYLOR



YUKI, kneeling in her dim little room, watched the shadows on the illuminated fusuma and listened with bated breath.

What she saw on the delicate screen was the shadow of two old men smoking; what she heard was the discussion of her destiny.

“Three times have I been married,” said Saburo Takaoka, “and I’m old. I’ve only this girl to mock my hope that I’d see my ancestors honored by a son. I’ll marry no more.”

The old man opposite, whose shadow had a pointed beard like Jurojin, the God of Luck, refilled his little silver pipe.

“Saburo Yuki-ho is augustly pretty,” he purred. “She’ll marry. Her husband will become your son.”

Yuki’s father grunted. “The girl’s well enough, and she’ll marry as I wish. She’s brought up right.”

“You’ve chosen?” The nakoda’s voice was a little eager.

Yuki trembled.

Her father tapped his pipe on the hibachi. “No.”

The girl’s heart began to race again.

“You can do no better than to let me arrange it, then,” the visitor said suavely; “there are two widowers and five young men who desire obedient wives. I—”

THE old man opposite suddenly jumped up and shouted.

“Banzai Nippon!”

The nakoda nodded. “You hear music? The soldiers march to the Shimbashi station. They’ll fight the Germans.”

“They’ll drive the Germans out of China and I rot here like an old tree!” cried the samurai. “Shaka, it will kill me!”

But Ukkon had no sentiment. “Not so quickly as a German bullet.”

Saburo sank down, wringing his hands. “I’m an old worthless ape! As the gods live, Yuki marries only a hero, only one whom the Son of Heaven calls his own. I vow it to the Lord of Death!”

“One may get a soldier, but heroes are augustly scarce,” observed the matrimonial agent.

The old samurai struck his clenched fist on his breast. “I’ll have a hero! Isn’t she my daughter?”

The nakoda assented. “I’ll immediately look for one,” he replied dryly.

“A soldier,” said old Saburo fiercely, “who has won mention from Tenshi Sama, or—no one! You hear me, Ukkon Yasu? Yuki is the child of my old age, her husband will be my son, but she’ll have no husband unless he’s a hero. I vow that to Yamoto Damashii!”

The old fanatic dashed his pipe on the floor and shouted.

Yuki rose from her knees and slipped silently out into the twilight. It met her with the soft kiss of the curling mist that enveloped the garden. Out of it arose the cherry-tree, beautiful as a vision, snow-crowned with blossoms. She stood and listened; no sounds reached her from the street; the busy life of Tokyo was hushed, a silence, poignant, fragrant as Spring, caressing as young sorrow, enfolded her. She looked up through the white mist and saw the whiter stars.

SHE went softly along the garden path. Passing the old stone lantern, she touched the yama-buki with tender fingers; all around her was the pink snow of fallen petals, overhead the glory of the blooming boughs opened like an enchanted umbrella. On the hedge fluttered a slender strip of rice paper. It beckoned alluringly.

Yuki viewed it shyly, and a delicate blush went up from the pointed chin to the wonderful folds of midnight hair. She did not move; her hands were clasped under her big sleeves, but she looked now, very cautiously, at the hedge.

It was a serviceable hedge of orange-thorn, guarded by long, slender spikes—it did not encourage the intrusions of Cupid. Yuki hesitated, took three steps and reached for the paper. She must not tear it; she jumped and caught the bough, a shower of petals falling on her upturned face as she untied the mysterious missive.

Again she glanced at the hedge, but it was serviceable. Then she read a poem—a poem about herself; its honeyed

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verses absorbed her, a dimple came in one ivory-tinted cheek.

“Oh, Yuki San!” a voice called softly.

She hid the poem in her sleeve.

“Yuki!”

The voice was young, but it had a rich deep note. It came from behind old Saburo’s orange-thorn hedge. Yuki moved back against the cherry-tree and looked demurely in that direction.

“You spoke, Master Cold Rice?” Which was to mock him, for he was a second son, and the second son, who must be served in turn, is called, in jest, “Master Cold Rice.”

“I spoke, Yuki,” he replied softly. “I love you!”

“My august father says it is not proper for two young persons to speak the word ‘love,’” said Yuki.

“But you’re to be my wife, Yuki-ho,” said the lover through the hedge.

For a long moment Yuki was silent, then: “I’m to marry only a hero,” she announced, “a soldier of the Son of Heaven.”

“I am a poet and an artist,” said the verse-maker, with barefaced bravado. “Both are better than a fighter.”

“I’m to marry a fighter,” replied Yuki calmly, “a very bloody fighter.”

“You mock me, Yuki-ho!”

“My father says so.”

“He’d give you to some soldier! Who? Tell me, in Shaka’s name, for, being a poet, I’ll slay him with my pen.”

“He isn’t found yet,” Yuki explained gravely; “but he will be. My father has vowed to the gods that I shall marry only a great hero, Iyo Djiro.”

There was silence. The cherry petals fell tenderly; the heart of little Yuki sank low. Then came his voice.

“I’ll be a great hero, Yuki-ho! Even I, Iyo Djiro. I vow it to the Soul of Japan!”

Then Yuki hid her face in her sleeves. “I’m afraid!” she sobbed softly. “I’m afraid of the Great Death! I—I’d rather you stayed at home and wrote poetry, Master Cold Rice.”

He climbed into the notch of the plum-tree on his side of the hedge, greatly lamenting the prudence of Saburo’s planting.

“Ukkon spoke for me to your august father to-night,” he said eagerly.

Yuki nodded. “I heard it all—through the fusuma. My father won’t listen. He says that you’re idle and write poor poetry.”

“Idle and poor poetry!” he cried indignantly. “Didn’t your father also write verses once?”

“He says his father would have whipped him if he had written anything so poor,” replied Yuki truthfully, “and he adds that you were educated in America. Besides, he has vowed I shall wed a hero.”

“YUKI,” said the young man in the tree, “I go to the great war to-morrow! When I come back a great soldier, he’ll give you to me. I vow it!”

“Yuki! Yuki-ho!” called old Saburo from the house.

Yuki fled up the path.

“Where have you been?” the old man demanded acidly.

“Under the cherry-tree, father.”

“Under the cherry-tree? Psh! And what’s this, and this, and this?” he pointed with scorn to a little heap of delicate rice-paper poems. “I found this drivel on my cherry-tree!”

Yuki stood meekly.

“I’ll cut down the sakura,” stormed the old man, “if I find but one more. Poems? Bah! They’d give a



“AS THE GODS LIVE, YUKI MARRIES ONLY A HERO.
I VOW IT TO THE LORD OF DEATH!”

poet the measles. A girl who'd marry a bad poet is first a fool, secondly an idiot, and at last, in another incarnation, will be a cuttlefish! Go to your room, Yuki-ho, and contemplate obedience."

"I heed and obey," Yuki said meekly. But she was thinking of Djiro in the plum-tree.

Yet she was not even permitted to go to the gate to bid her poet good-by when he marched away to become a hero. All she could do was to wave a little hand to him through the half-open shoji. Her father was at the gate shouting: "Banzai Nippon! Banzai!" And that night she cried herself to sleep with her cheek on the bad verses.

At first Yuki waited eagerly for a letter, but none came and she drooped, hoping against hope. Then she walked alone in the garden. The cherry petals had long ago fluttered away on the winds of heaven, the old tree was delicately clothed in green, and the wild dove, the yamabato, came there and called to her: "Yuki, Yuki!" Sometimes she thought Djiro was dead and this was his soul in the yamabato, but she made tea for her father and helped old O Maru, the cook, with the housework.

"O JO SAN," said O Maru, "it is ill to moon in the garden. Once a young girl did as you do and a little toad hopped into her mouth. Getting into her throat it grew and grew. She began to hop like a toad—would you believe it? Then she turned brown with warts, and, at last, she died and became a toad."

"O Maru," said Yuki, quite irrelevantly, "is it true that your sister, O Matsu, goes to be a nurse in the army?"

"O Matsu stays here in the hospital," replied O Maru. "She is to nurse the wounded who are brought here."

Yuki sighed; she had thought of sending a little gift to a soldier by the nurse.

It was a long time and yet no hero came. The delicate color left the small face with its pointed chin, and the long, soft eyes were wistful. At twilight a slender figure knelt under the sakura, and at dawn the yamabato called again: "Yuki, Yuki!"

Then old Ukkon, the matrimonial agent, came again. He and the master of the house drank much tea together.

Yuki trembled. Had her hero returned?

Once or twice she heard her father shouting, "Banzai Nippon!" He did it when he was excited and it always frightened her. He was so strange when he jumped up and down and shouted!

The next morning he called her to his study.

"Put on your best kimono," he said briefly. "Get O Maru to help you tie the sash. At noon we go to Ukkon's house; you're asked in marriage."

Yuki knelt meekly. "By whom, august father?"

THE old man gazed at her, puffed up with conscious pride. "A hero, little Yuki," he replied blandly.

"A hero?" she clasped her hands.

"The Emperor's friend, General Hideyoshi."

"Kwannon have mercy!" cried Yuki aghast. "Isn't he a hundred, father?"

"Silence!" thundered Saburo.

Yuki trembled; she was exceedingly afraid. Once she had seen General Hideyoshi and thought him a frightful old man. But O Maru dressed her in the brocade kimono with the chrysanthemum obi, and her father took her to Ukkon's house for the formal mi-ai, or "mutual seeing."

There, indeed, was a hero. Not the young, inspired poet of the plum-tree, but a man past middle age with a strong, lined countenance, the friend of the Son of Heaven.

He talked to her father and the nakoda and they drank tea. Yuki, trembling in the corner, prayed wildly to Kwannon, the Goddess of Women. Then General Hideyoshi spoke to her.

"Saburo Yuki-ho," he said kindly, "you are over young for me, but I'll be kind to you, little dove!" Then he turned to Saburo. "It is foolish to wait—I may go to the war next week. The wedding must be Thursday."

"There isn't time to make the bride's clothing, excellency," demurred Saburo, "and there are the gifts—"

"I don't marry them," replied Hideyoshi, smiling. "The little maid is pretty enough in her simple dress. When I take her to court, I'll deck her out like the sun and the moon and the stars. I will we wed on Thursday."

"Your will is law, august sir!" said old Saburo, bowing low.

Yuki felt like one in a nightmare; she struggled to cry out and could not. This was Monday, and on Thursday she was to be married. Escape was impossible, disobedience one of the deadly sins. Yuki crept out to her dear cherry-tree and, clasping her arms about it, wept her heart out. But no voice called to her from behind the hedge, and Kwannon was deaf to her wild prayers. Meanwhile, her father and O Maru rushed forward the prepara-

tions. O Maru shook her head, protesting that such haste was unlucky, but Saburo hustled and spent his money.

On Wednesday night O Matsu came from the hospital to see the wedding-gown. It lay on Yuki's bed, a fairy mass of silk and embroidery. O Maru showed also the gifts and the cakes.

"All this in three days?" O Matsu clasped her hands. "Your august father is a happy man. General Hideyoshi is near the Emperor. But there's sorrow enough." O Matsu shook her head. "Iyo Djiro is at the hospital, dying of his wounds."

"Eh? Not Master Cold Rice?" O Maru cried. "He went to be a soldier."

"He's come home to die," said the nurse, and tasted the rice-cakes.

Yuki stood still; in the great silence of her heart she heard only the name of Djiro. The other two women talked, tasting cakes. It was late, and presently O Maru grumbled off to bed. Then the little bride-elect lit her andon and knelt beside it; to-morrow was her wedding-day and—Djiro was dying!

THE hours passed; it was almost daybreak. Yuki rose and crept into her father's study. On the table was the little bronze sword-rest; she took the short sword and hid it in her obi. Then she softly pushed aside the shoji and crept out. Tokyo still slept, but day was breaking, and in the west Fuji stood like a ghost. Yuki hurried to a narrow alleyway that led to the canal; beside it was O Matsu's house. No doors were locked and Yuki stole into the kitchen and listened. The woman slept soundly, curled up on her futons; an andon flickered in the corner and Yuki saw the nurse's uniform lying on the mat. She snatched it up and put it on with trembling fingers, hiding her knife in the leather belt.

In the interval the sun had risen, and the street vendors began to cry their wares. A timid little ghost, in a nurse's uniform, was admitted at the hospital and instinct led her from ward to ward.

At last she found him!

The poet of the plum-tree lay in a remote corner, his face sunken, his head shaved—no one but Love could have found him. The strange nurse sank on the floor by his bed, her face hidden in her sleeves. Poor little Yuki thought he was unconscious; she did not know that he only slept. It was a long time before she looked at him, worshipfully, and, as she looked, he awoke. He was not surprised.

"Yuki!" he said faintly.

She trembled. "You looked to see me?"

"I've seen you every day," he smiled, "you come and go, you thing of mist! Oh, stay this time, dear one!"

"Oh, 'tis I, Djiro!" she sobbed. "'Tis really I!"

"You?" he reached out his long, shaking hand. "Let me touch you, then. It's Yuki!"

He sobbed now, with his face on her hands. She stroked his forehead, trembling. "You'll be ill for this!"

"I'll get well! Yuki, Yuki, I wanted you!"

"They told me you were dying," she whispered. "I came here to die, too, that, in another birth, we might be together."

"Love is greater than life, Yuki. Love is the crown of death!"

SHE shivered. "Yea, it is the crown of death!" For she remembered that to-day was her wedding-day. He held her hand. "You'll never leave me again, Yuki?"

"I came here to die when you did," she said.

"Instead, I'll live for you!"

But in the door she saw General Hideyoshi and her father. She did not know that O Matsu had seen her go and given the alarm.

Old Saburo got her by the arm. "Worthless one!" he said. "You disgrace me!"

The wounded soldier tried to intervene, but General Hideyoshi laid his hand heavily on his shoulder.

"Saburo Takaoka, use the child kindly," he said sternly, "and bring her to my house to-night for the wedding."

Old Saburo tried to control himself, but he was sputtering with passion, like a candle with a drop of water on it.

"I've vowed she shall wed a hero like your excellency," he replied between his teeth. "I'll bring her dead or alive!"

"Bring her alive," said Hideyoshi coldly. "I don't want a corpse for a bride."

Little Yuki looked at him strangely; her hand felt for the short sword.

Outside the hospital her father shook her.

"Disgrace to your ancestors!" he cried. "You're an idiot and a fool, and, perhaps, already making into a cuttlefish! I'm merciful not to kill you."

Yuki felt certain that, but for General Hideyoshi, he would have done so with his own hands. She wished, in dumb misery, that he would, for O Maru found the

Concluded on page 86



O MARU FOUND THE SWORD AND TOOK IT AWAY FROM HER WHEN SHE DRESSED HER FOR THE WEDDING



THEY SKETCHED A DEVELOPMENT THAT WOULD BE A STRIDE INDEED

THIS FREEDOM

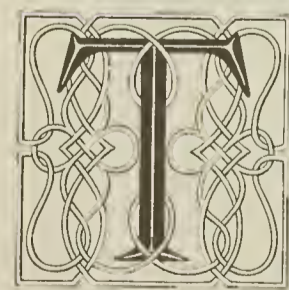
“With a great sum obtained I this freedom”

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON—Author of “If Winter Comes”

Men are wonderful, but they like to show off their wonderfulness; besides, they're all beasts!—that was the sum of Rosalie's philosophy at twenty. Men did the interesting things; women, the dull and stupid. She had early determined to be different, to fill her own life with the bigger and more interesting work of man's world. So, when she finished school, she went into business, and was very successful and very happy—first, with Mr. Simcox, and then with Field & Co., the great bankers in Lombard Street

As to marriage—“Men are all cats,” she would say; “tame cats, tabby-cats, wildcats, Cheshire cats, tom-cats, and stray cats. I'm not going to set up a cat's home. No, thanks!” And then she fell in love with Harry Occlve, and married him—and discovered that it is man, not woman, who marries for a home. But he agreed with her in all her convictions about marriage—“Each with work and a career; each with an own and separate life.” And her theories worked most splendidly through all the early years of her marriage. They seemed quite perfect—her home, her husband, her children. And yet—“It is the woman who gives hostages to fortune.” It is Rosalie's work which the coming of little Benji must interrupt, not Harry's

PART VI



HOSE children were brought up with every modern advantage. Wisdom is judged by the age in which it flourishes, and everything that the day accounts wise for children those children had. When they were out of the care of Muffett, who was everything that a nurse ought to be, they passed into the care of a resident governess, Miss Prescott, who was a children's governess, not for the old and fatuous reason that she “loved children,” but for the new and intelligent reason that she was attracted by the child mind as a study and was certificated and diplomaed in the study of children as an exact science—“Child Welfare,” as she called it. Miss Prescott had complete charge of the children while they were tiny and while they were growing up to eleven and nine and Benji to seven years old. She taught them their lessons on her own, the new, principles and on the same prin-

ciples their habits and the formation of their characters. It might roundly be said that everything troublesome in regard to the children was left to Miss Prescott, and, left to her, came never between the children and their mother. Their mother only *enjoyed* her children, presented to her fresh, clean and happy for the purpose of her enjoyment; and the children only *enjoyed* their mother, visiting them smiling, devoted, unworried, for the purpose of their happiness. It was a perfect and a mutually beneficial arrangement. In the Summer a house was taken at Cromer by the sea and there, all through the fine weather, Miss Prescott was installed with her charges. Their mother had three weeks from Field's and she and their father would spend the whole of it, and often week-ends, at Cromer idling and playing with their darlings. That was jolly. The children associated nothing but happiness with their parents.

In the other months of the year mother was immensely occupied with her work at Field's, developing beyond expectation; and their father was early and late with his work in the Temple, his esteem by solicitors and by

litigants almost beyond his time to satisfy. Their father was much paragraphed in the social journals. The paragraphs said he was making a “princely fortune” at the Bar and described how hard he worked for it. So was the children's mother. The paragraphs never told of him without telling also of his wife. They described her as “of Field's Bank” and always drove the word “unique” hand in hand with every mention of her parts. “Unique personality;” “unique position;” “unique among professional women;” “unique,” said one, “in combining notable beauty and rare business acumen; an office which she attends daily, and a charming home; a profession, three beautiful children, and a brilliant husband.”

Those children, as they passed through early childhood, never saw their parents but happy and good-spirited. They never saw them worried nor ever saw them sad. That was, as one might say, Rosalie's chief offering to her darlings. It was splendid to Rosalie that her way of life, far from causing her (as prejudice would have prophesied) to neglect her children, enabled her to consider them in their relations with herself as, by their mothers, children in her childhood never were considered. That they should associate nothing—nothing at all—but happiness with her was the basis of it. Children, she held, ought not to see their parents bad-tempered or distressed or in any way out of sorts or out of control.

THIS principle was not Rosalie's alone. It is the modern principle. The point, to Rosalie, was that, by her way of life, she was able to apply it. She was able to come to her children only when all her undivided attention and whole-hearted love could be given to them. It was not a commonplace to them to see their mother. It was an event—a morning event and an evening event—and unfailingly a completely happy event. She looked back upon her own childhood with her own mother and reflected, fondly but clearly, affectionately but not blinded by affection, how very different was that. She was always with her mother. Her mother was often sad, often worried, often, in distraction of her worries, irritable in speech. Often sad! Why, she could remember time and again when her dear mother, hunted by her cares, was broken down and crying. She would go to her mother then and cry to see her crying, and her mother would put her arms around her and hug her to her breast and declare she was her “little comfort.” Was it good for a child to suffer scenes like this? She used to be with her mother all day long, from early morning till last thing at night. With what result? That she saw and suffered with her all that her mother suffered; that she was sometimes desolated to feeling that her heart was broken for her mother. Could that be good for a child? Her Huggo, her Doda and her Benji never saw her anything but radiant; and because that was so (as she told herself) she never saw them cry, either on her account or on their own.

Therein—grief in her presence on their own account—another point arose. With as her ideal that only happiness should be associated with her, she found her way of life beneficial to the preservation of that ideal in that it prevented her from being the vessel that should convey the restrictions, the reproofs and the instruction that are troublesome to small minds. All that was left to Miss Prescott.

THERE is a right way of doing everything. Miss Prescott had an uncanny instinct for finding it; and, applying this faculty to her training of the child mind, she presented herself as a notable exponent of the system in which, as has been said, she was certificated and diplomaed. She taught children how to play in the right way, how to learn in the right way, and above all how, in every way and at every turn, to reason. By the old, ignorant plan children were instructed, speaking broadly, by love or by fear. It was by pure reason that Miss Prescott instructed them. The child was treated as an earnest physician treats a case. Ill temper and wrong behavior in a child was neither vexing nor sad. It was profoundly *interesting*. There was a right and scientific way to treat it, and that right and scientific way was thought out and administered. The child was “a case.”

It was taught nothing but truth and facts. Its mind was not permitted to be befogged with fairy-stories, with superstitions, with Father Christmasses and the like, nor yet with religious half-truths and misty fables. These entailed not only befogging at the time, but disillusionment thereafter. Disillusionment was wicked for a child. It further was taught nothing at all (in the matter of lessons) at the grotesquely early age at which children used to be taught. It was taught first to reason.

In general the whole system lay in developing the child's reasoning powers, and then, at every turn and particularly at every manifestation of indiscipline, appealing to its reason. “I am here to be happy”—that was the first, and surely the kindest and easiest, knowledge to fix in the child. From that foundation everything was worked. It never was necessary to punish a

child. It only was necessary to reason with it. In the old phraseology a child meet to be punished was a naughty child. In the terminology of Miss Prescott, such a child was a sick child or an unreasoning child—a case presenting an adverse symptom. But take the older term—a naughty child. A naughty child was an unhappy child. The treatment went like this: "I am here to be happy. I am not happy. Why am I not happy? Because I have done so and so and so and so—"

Kind, wise, simple, effective, easy. Rosalie in her childish misdemeanors would have been prevailed upon by the unhappiness her conduct caused her mother. All wrong! A faulty process of reasoning; indeed, not a process of reasoning at all; a crude appeal to the emotions. Those three children who on the one part never saw their mother sad and were constrained to comfort her, on the other never were bribed to good behavior by the thought of grieving her. They only associated happiness with her and they enjoyed happiness simply by reasoning away unhappiness.

Kind, wise, simple, effective, easy.
Happy Huggo, happy Doda, happy Benji, happy Rosalie!

IT HAS been said of Time, earlier in these pages, the cloak and dagger sort he is, that stalks and pounces. One seeks only to record him when he thus assails, and there is this result: that it is necessary to pare away so much. In instance, there's to be inserted now a note on Rosalie's advance in her career. It's cut to nothing. This is because all that career ultimately was known to her never to have really mattered. And so with other things. That girl, all through, pressing so strong ahead, rises to the eye not cumbered with other importance than her own. There might be asked for (by a reader) presentation of Harry's parents; of what was doing all this time to her own parents in the rectory, to Harold,

Robert, Flora, Hilda; of friends that Rosalie and Harry had. That girl's passage is not traced in such. Whose is? The chart where such are marked is just a common public print, stamped for the public eye. They're not set down upon that secret chart all carry in the cabin of the soul, and there, in that so hidden and inviolable stateroom, poring over it by the uncertain swinging lamp of conscience, prick out their way.

Her installation in the bank had been a notable success. All of her position reposed, and was developed by her, on the cruel disabilities of those who earn their bread in the East. For all such, married, comes, in time, the sad and the costly business of the divided home—the two establishments, the sundering of children and parents, of husband and wife. Invaluable to them to have in Field's, in "that Mrs. Occleve," a link, known personally or by reputation, that was usable and dependable. Invaluable to the clients; declared by Mr. Field and by Mr. Sturgiss to be invaluable to the bank; absorbing and splendid to Rosalie. "And still," Mr. Sturgiss was always saying, "still capable of much bigger development."

He sketched one day a development that would be a stride indeed. It began to be discussed by the three. It connoted so absolute a recognition of Rosalie's worth that she decided she would not mention it to Harry till either it was fallen through or was afoot. Then!

It made her busy. She told Harry once, when they'd been talking of how much at office she was kept, of her work, and of the place she was making for herself, "Well, it's not bad, Harry. It's not bad. I'll admit that. What pleases me is that it's only a beginning. Oh, don't you remember my telling you about that appalling evening when I told poor Uncle Pyke that I wanted to be a banker? How outraged he was! The ridiculous notion that I ever could be a banker! A grotesque dream!" She gave a small laugh as if tenderly smiling at the image before her of that innocent, eager girl at

the Pyke Pounce table. She said softly, "A grotesque dream. Now, with patent limitations—not a dream."

It was like that that Time (disguised as Triumph) kept out of the way; and similarly disguised, showed no sign either on the children's side. All splendid there! Growing up! Huggo set to school!

Huggo learned with Miss Prescott till he was nine, then attended daily a first-rate school for little boys in Kensington, at eleven started as a boarder at a preparatory school for Tidborough. Next he was to go to the great public itself, afterward to Oxford and the Bar. It was in Huggo's first holidays from the preparatory school that Time whipped out his blade and pounced.

On a day that was a week before the end of the holidays the great new scheme for Rosalie at Field's rose to its feet and walked. It was a special mission on behalf of the bank.

It necessitated—

SHE came once or twice to a bit of a stop like that while waiting their evening talk together in which she should tell Harry. It necessitated a departure from the established order of things; but what of that? Was not the way-bill of her life all departures from things established, and all successful, and were not all contingencies of this particular departure fully insured against?

Seated with Harry in Harry's room that night, she was about to tell him her great news when, "I'd an unusual offer made to me to-day," said Harry.

"Why so had I to me!" she cried.

They both laughed. "Tell on," said Harry.

"No you. Yours first."

"Toss you," cried Harry; and spun a coin and lost and went ahead. "Well, mine doesn't exactly shake the foundations of the world with excitement because I refused it. It was to go out to defend in a big murder case in Singapore."

She exclaimed, "In Singapore!"

"Yes, Singapore. Why do you say it like that?"

She did not answer.

The prisoner, Harry went on, was a wealthy trader, immensely wealthy, and immensely detested, it appeared, by the European settlement; had native blood in his veins; was charged with poisoning an Englishman. "A wretched, unsavory business," said Harry, and went on to say that, though the fee offered was extraordinarily handsome, he had declined the proposal.

Rosalie turned to him with a sudden, direct interest. "Harry, suppose you had accepted, how long would you have been away?"

"Not less than six months. That's another point against—"

"Yes, against the idea, because in any case you don't want to go. But suppose it was a case that for various reasons very much attracted you. Would you have gone?"

Harry said indifferently, "Oh, no doubt, no doubt."

"Although it would have taken you from home six months—or more? You'd not have minded that?"

He laughed delightedly. "Ah, ha! I was beginning to wonder what you were driving at. You're a regular lawyer, Rosalie. You led me on and then caught me out properly."

His amusement was not reflected by her. She said, with a certain insistence, "But you wouldn't have minded?"

HE LAUGHED again. "Well, minded—I'd have minded, of course. I'm a home bird. I'd have hated being away the best part of a year. But there you are. If the call were strong enough, there you are. It would have been business."

She indrew a long breath. "That's it. It would have been business."

Harry, who had been talking lightly, then said slowly: "Rosalie, is there something behind this?"

She turned toward him with a very nice smile. "Harry, I've been doing a very shocking thing. I've been making you commit yourself—been taking down your statement without warning you that it may be used in evidence against you."

He said gravely, "Somehow I don't like this."

She told him. "Ah, stupid me! I'm making a small thing seem big. Listen, Harry. It was curious to me, this about you and Singapore."

"Yes, I noticed that. Why?"

"Because there's an idea of my going out to Singapore."

He was astounded. "You? To Singapore?"

"To the East generally. For about a year."

He was all aback. "For about a year? Rosalie, I can't—"

She did not like this. The great scheme! Her special mission! His astonishment was not comfortable to her. He said again, "You? A year? But, Rosalie, what on earth—"

She pronounced a single word, his own word:

"Business."

He was standing before her on the hearthrug. He



THE FIRELIGHT MADE SHADOWS ON HIS FACE; HIS VOICE WAS DEEP: "ARE WE AFRAID OF IT, OLD GIRL?"

made a turn and at once turned back. "Are you thinking of this seriously?"

"Most seriously."

"For a year?"

"Harry, yes."

He began to fill his pipe with very slow movements of his fingers, his eyes bent down upon her. "And you called this—just now—a small thing?"

She said with a sudden eagerness, "Harry, it's a very big thing, for me, for Field's. I meant a small thing in the sense not to be made a fuss about."

He made very slowly a negative movement with his head.

"Let me tell you, Harry."

She told him how the great possibilities of the department she had established in the bank rested on the personal touch established between herself and the clients. The scheme was that those possibilities should be developed to their fullest extent. If she visited the branches in the East—at Bombay, at Rangoon, at Singapore—it was by hundreds that the touch could be established. Field's customers would take to her, and when she was returned they would talk of her, and would tell others of her, as one met, not during the jolly freedom of leave, but met out there when they were in the yoke and the harness of the thing. That was it! A novel mission, a valuable mission, *her* mission. About a year. To start in about six weeks.

"There, Harry, that's the plan."

"And you are going?"

"I have agreed to go."

He said slowly, "It astonishes me."

There was then a pause.

She spoke. "I think I do not like your astonishment."

"It is justified."

"NO, NO; not justified. When you told me of a possibility of Singapore for you, I was not astonished. I made no difficulty."

"Different," he said. "Different."

"Not different, Harry. The same. If you could go, I can go. Aren't things with us always the same?"

He shook his head. "Not this. Rosalie, if I had to go, I could go. A man can."

She cried, "But, Harry, that— This isn't us talking at all. You mean a man can leave his home because his home can go on without him. But our home—it's just the same for me in our home. We've made it like that. It runs itself. The kitchen—I don't know when I last gave an order. The children—there's never a word. The thing's organized. I'm an organizer." She laughed. "Dear, that's why they're sending me. Isn't it organized?"

He assented, but with an inflexion on the word "It's—organized."

She did not attend the inflexion. "Well, that's no organization that can't, in necessity, run by itself. This can. You know, quite well, this will."

"Oh, I know that," he said.

"Well, then. Astonished—why astonished?"

He looked at her. "Let's call it," he said, "the principle of the thing."

Oh, now astonishment between them. Her voice, astounded, had an echo's sound—faint, faint, scarcely to be heard, gone. "This prin-ci-ple!"

This room was lit, then, only by a standard lamp remote from where they were beside the fire. She was in a deep armchair; its partner, Harry's chair, close by. He set himself on the arm, looking toward her. The fire-light made shadows on his face.

She presently murmured, her voice as though that echo, lost, was murmuring back: "Oh, it is I that am astonished now. The principle! It's like a ghost. Harry, how possibly can there come between us the principle?"

His voice was deep. "Are we afraid of it, old girl?"

SHE put out a hand and touched him and he touched her hand. They were such lovers still. That was the thing about it. There never had been an issue between them, not the smallest; the bloom of their first union never had dissipated, not a rub. But there was in Harry the intention now to take her, and there was in her the apprehension now of being taken, to a new dimension of conversation, not previously tried by them. As they proceeded it was seen not to be light in this place—a place where touch might be lost.

She said, "But to bring up the principle in this! It can't be possible you've changed. Then how the principle?"

"It is the situation that has changed, Rosalie. I never dreamt or imagined that a thing like this could arise."

She moved in her chair. "Oh, this goes deep—"

He put a hand on her shoulder. "We're not afraid."

"But I'm so strong in this. So always certain. In our dear years together so utterly assured. Nothing

within the principle could touch me. I am steel everywhere upon the principle. I might hurt you, Harry."

"I'll not be hurt."

"Well, say it, Harry."

He was silent a moment. "We've made this home—ten years. It's been ideal. You have combined your work with your—with your domestic arrangements—your business with your domesticity. You've done it wonderfully. We've never had to discuss the subject since we agreed upon it."

She murmured, "That is why—agreed."

"Agreed in general. But when you take the home, as between a man and a woman, are bound to be responsibilities which, however much you share, can not be divided. The woman's are the—the domesticity."

"What are the man's?"

"To maintain the home."

"I share in that."

"Well, grant you do. I do not claim to share the other."

"You are not asked to, Harry."

"No, but Rosalie, I've the right to ask you to provide the other."

Her murmur said, "Oh, do not let us bring up rights. I am so fixed on rights."

"Rosalie, let's keep the thing square. A man can leave his home; he often has to. I think not so a woman; not a mother; not as you wish now to leave it. It can't without her go on—not in the same way."

"Yes, ours. Ours can."

"Not in the same way. You can't take out the woman and leave it the same, the same for the man, the same for the children. We're married. The married state. With children. Doesn't the whole fabric of the married state rest on the domesticity of woman?"

She murmured, "No, on her resignation, Harry."

As if he had touched something and been burned he very sharply drew in his breath.

She said, "Ah, you'd be hurt, I told you. Dear, I can't be other than I am on this. Upon her resignation, Harry. Men call it domesticity. That's their fair word for their offense. It's woman's resignation is the fabric of the married state. She lets her home be built upon her back. She resigns everything to carry it. She has to. If she moves, it shakes. If she stands upright, it crashes. Dear, you are not to ask me now—for resignation."

THEREIN, and through all the passage of this place where the footway was uneven, the light not good, the quality of her voice was low and noteless, sometimes difficult to hear. There is to say it was by that the more assured, as is more purposeful in its suggestion the tide that enters, not upon the gale, but in the calm and steady flow of its own strength.

The quality of Harry's voice was very deep and sometimes halting, as though it were out of much difficulty that he spoke. He said, deeply, "That you stand upright does not discharge you from responsibilities."

She said, "Dear, nor my responsibilities discharge me from my privileges."

There was then a silence.

He spoke. "But I am going to press this, Rosalie. I say, with all admitted, this thing—this 'I could go but you should not go'—is different as between us. I am a man."

She made a movement in her chair. "Ah, let that go. I have a reply to that."

"What reply?"

"I am a woman."

He began: "It's nothing—"

She said, "Oh, painful to give you pain. To me—everything."

He got up from his position beside her and went to his chair and seated himself. He sat on the edge of the chair, bowed forward, his forearms on his knees, his hands clasped; not smoking; his pipe between his fingers, his eyes upon the fire. Once or twice, his hands close to his face, he slightly raised them and with his pipe-stem softly tapped his teeth.

He had called it the principle. That attitude in which he sat was of a profundity of meditation not to be looked upon without the sense of awe, of oppression, of misgiving that is aroused by the suggestion in man or nature of brooding forces mysteriously engrossed. There came to her, watching him, a thought that newly disturbed her thoughts. He had called it the principle. But it was not the principle. This was the knowledge brought to her by the new thought suddenly appeared in her mind, standing there like a strange face in a council of friends. What if she communicated that knowledge to Harry brooding there? He had called it the principle. What if she put across the shadowed room the sentence that should inform him it was not the principle, but was an issue flying the flag of ships whose freights are dangerous? What if she put across the shadowed room the sentence "Men that marry for a home?"

Ay, that was it! The thing she had always known and never told. This, the sole keepsake of her treasury, she never had revealed to Harry. Significant she had not. Some instinct must have stayed her. Yes, significant! He had called it the principle. It was not the principle. It was that herein, in her intention to exercise her freedom in a new dimension, she had touched him, not through the principle, but upon the instinct that led him, as she believed men to be led, to marry for a home, a settling-down place, a cave to enter into and to shut the door upon.

Oh, this was dangerous! There were no lengths to which this might not lead! If at her first essay at that which countered his idea of home she was to be asked to pause, what, in the increasing convolutions of the years, might not she be asked to abandon? Let him attempt restriction of her by appeal to principle and she could stand, and win, unscathed. Let him oppose her by his wish within his home to shut the door, and that was to put upon her an injury that only by giving him pain could be fought. Oh, dangerous!

He spoke and his first words were confirmation of her fears.

"Rosalie, do you feel quite all right about the children?"

SHE said gently, "Dear, there'll not be the least difficulty. Everything's perfectly arranged."

He had not moved his pose and did not move it. His voice presented in tone the profound meditation that his pose presented. He said, "I don't quite mean that. I mean do you always feel everything's quite all right with them?" She answered, "Dear, of course I do."

His eyes remained upon the fire. "Rosalie, d'you know I sometimes don't?"

Her motion—a lifting of her face, a questing at her brows—was of a helmsman's gesture, suspicious to catch before it set a shifting of the breeze. "Harry, in what way? They're splendid."

He put his pipe to his mouth and with that meditative tapping tapped his teeth. "Splendid, yes, in health, in appearance, in development, in all that kind of thing. I don't mean that." He turned his face toward her and spoke directly. "Rosalie, have you ever thought they're not quite like other children?"

Oh, setting from what quarter this? She said, "They're better—miles and miles."

He got up. "Well, that's all right. If you have noticed nothing, that's all right."

"But, Harry! I am at a loss, dear. Of course it's all right. But what have you noticed—think you've noticed?"

He was standing before her, his back against the mantelpiece, looking down at her. "Just that—not quite like other children."

"But in what way?"

"It's hard to say, old girl. If you've not noticed it, harder still. Not quite so childish as at their age I seem to remember myself with my brother and sisters being childish. A kind of—reserve. A kind of—self-contained."

She shook her head, "No, no."

He was silent a moment. "It's rather worried me. And of course now— If you are going to be away—"

Stand by! She had the drift of this.

She said simply, "Harry, this can't be."

"You can't give up the idea?"

HER hand upon the helm that steered her life constricted. "It is not to be asked of me to give it up." She paused. She said softly, "Dear, this is a forward step for me. You are asking me to make a sacrifice. I would not ask you."

He began. "There are sacrifices—"

"They are not asked of men."

He said, "Rosalie, you said once, when Benji was born, that, if at any time need be, you would give up, not a thing like this, but your work entirely."

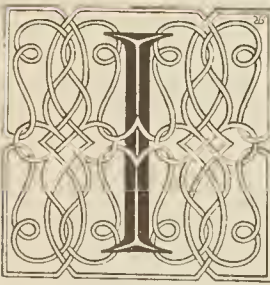
As if to shield or to support her heart she drew her left hand to it. "Would you give up yours, Harry?"

He said quickly: "I'm not suggesting such a thing. It is ridiculous. I'm only showing you—"

She began to say her say, her voice reflective as his own had been. "But you have shown me frightful things, shown me how far and oh, how quick, a thing that starts may go. Oh, my dear, know the answer before it ever is suggested. Sacrifices! It is sacrifice for the children that you profess to mean. Well, let us call it that. Have you ever heard of a father sacrificing himself for his children? There's no such phrase. 'Sacrificed himself for his wife and children.' If grammar means good sense, it isn't grammar because it's meaningless. But 'Sacrificed herself for her husband and her children,' why that's the commonest of *clichés*. It's written on half the mothers' brows; it should be carved on half the mothers' tombs—upon my own dear mother's." She

HOW I WORKED MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

The \$500.00 prize is awarded



IF YOU have any doubts about the ambition, the intelligence and the resourcefulness of the American girl, read the human documents printed on these two pages.

THE DELINEATOR offered last October a prize of five hundred dollars for the best letter on "How I Worked My Way Through College." The letter had to be written by a girl student graduating in June, 1922, and it could enter the contest only if submitted and vouched for by the president or dean of the college.

Students in forty-one colleges and universities entered this contest. The sifting of their letters was a hard task. The final award was even more difficult. Educators and editors read and reread the letters until twelve were chosen. Finally this number was reduced to six. A distinguished group of men consented to be the final judges.

Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University and a foremost American educator, became the deciding voice. The other judges were Dr. Walter Dill Scott, President of Northwestern University, Dr. W. A. Neilson, President of Smith College, and Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Stanford University.

The prize was won by Miss Eulalia Dougherty of Logan, Kansas, who graduated in June from the University of Kansas, having earned the money for her college education. Miss Dougherty was the chairman of the successful finance drive of the Y. W. C. A. this year,

president of Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalism fraternity, and a member of the Quill Club.

Two of the letters submitted were so compelling and came so near receiving first place on the list, that THE DELINEATOR decided to purchase and publish them. These letters were written by Miss Clarissa Linge of the University of Utah and Miss Iona V. Irish, a senior in the School of Journalism of the University of Wisconsin. Miss Irish's letter describes her experience in financing her preliminary college training at the University of Vermont.

In making the award, Dr. Eliot wrote the editor of THE DELINEATOR:

"I base my decision on the ground that Number Six was the letter which gave the best description of the many ways in which a young woman can earn her way through an American college, of the diversified training to be had in college, and of an educated woman's goal."

Doctor Neilson of Smith College, which has been called the college that "trains women who do things," said of this contest: "All of the papers show admirable grit and there is no question as to the value of the experience in point of character for all of them."

Doctor Scott of Northwestern University expressed the belief that "These letters are remarkable in their descriptions of the actual experience had in all our co-educational institutions at the present time."

President Wilbur, writing from the Pacific Coast, where Herbert Hoover worked his way through college, sends a message of hope to the ambitious boys and

girls of to-day. President Wilbur writes as follows:

"All of the letters were good and represent faithfully the conditions as I happen to know them in various institutions in the country. It seemed to me, too, that they all reflected that development of character which is characteristic of struggle. I was particularly pleased, too, to see that there was but very little left of the bitterness that is more or less inevitable at some stage in the process of working one's way through college. I think that this is more of a problem with women than it is with men. Certain, the degree of courage, optimism and industry shown by all of these young women demonstrates that America is going to continue to develop a growing civilization in which the individuals take full advantage of the equality of opportunity offered by democracy.

"There was a marked human element in all of the letters. Each one would make a good human document. I am sorry not to be in a position to personally congratulate the writers of these letters upon their success and to encourage them to continue with the same type of activity and interest in the world outside after they get through college. We need very much just the kind of enthusiasm and cooperation and industry, which they have shown, in the solution of our tangled public affairs."

THE DELINEATOR has conducted this contest with the hope of pointing the way to the girls of America. You read here the true stories of city, village and country girls. The way may not always be easy, but it is worth the struggle. One fact is self-evident: the girl who earns her way through college can make her way through life.

THE PRIZE-WINNING LETTER



IF I were writing a story about how I worked my way through college, I would name my chapters "Sacking Potatoes in a Grocery," "A Freshman's Findings on the Pantry Shelf," "Featuring College Life for Daily Papers," "Doubling Dollars in a Cooperative House," "Scheming Dresses Out of the Family Scrap-Bag," and "Mixing Work with Campus Activities."

I began my potato sprouting in a little country grocery in Logan, a small town in the western part of Kansas. My father used to send my small brother and me to the back wareroom to sort and sack the potatoes for selling. I would sit on a box and wonder if I should ever finish as I handled the gritty things hour by hour. I thought I would rather fill the coal-oil cans, pick out the shiny apples for the hotel-keeper or select the extra-sized eggs for the cranky lady who worried my father so with her unreasonable demands. I took extra work in high school and in the afternoon was permitted to slip out early and hurry down to the little store, where I would study my American history lesson back by the stove. There I heard the old soldiers tell stories of the Civil War days.

One day my father said, "Daughter, it's too bad you can't go to college, but you stay with me and I'll give you twenty-five dollars a month, and you may do all you can on the side." My father didn't realize what he was saying when he put that little expression "Do all you can on the side" into his words. It gave me my inspiration to go to college. He would have sent me, but he was at this time striving to get on his feet after a financial crisis.

The Summer and Winter following my graduation from high school I accumulated six hundred and fifty dollars. I began it by making friends with father's customers. I was one of them; their interests were my interests. I grew to love them all, from Effie Fox, the negro washerwoman, to Mrs. Bowman, the most refined woman who came to buy our groceries. One way in which I made friends with father's customers was to change the grocery windows each day. I loaded their backgrounds with hardy foliage and thriving geraniums. When a lady customer came to purchase groceries, I showed her the plants and told her to use food made of bone meal for hardy flower growth. I gave her a slip from one and asked that she let me know the following week



just how it rooted. My idea was to catch her interest in groceries by indirectly interesting her in flowers.

The little store taught me many things, among them the art of diplomacy and the principle of tact. It made me realize that to win you must do the little things that make people happy.

I saved every penny of twenty-five dollars, and besides that I wrote news items for a local paper for which I was paid one cent each. I asked the customers about the first setting of eggs which had hatched, the number of pounds of butter they sold a week, and their out-of-town trips. The answers I would jot down on the pad on which I took the grocery orders, and a harvest of news items was the result.

The first of each month I collected bills for father.



Then it occurred to me to ask the other merchants if I might not also collect for them. After that I carried the bills of five merchants, each of whom paid me two dollars a day. Then doctors usually have many accounts which to them are "no good"; into these I dived with great energy.

In every little town there are several lodges which carry insurance as a means of securing members. Mother wouldn't go with father to any of the lodges, so I usually accompanied him. I was local deputy for one—that is, I wrote insurance. By doing this I made one hundred and twenty-five dollars in one month. I wrote insurance at the store on dull days and called on families after supper.

One day a traveling-man came to the store hunting some one to demonstrate a new cooking oil. Daddy suggested I make a house-to-house campaign. Mother helped me make five cakes in which I used the oil. I made trips in the different districts of Logan. Out of the fifty people I visited one day only one person refused to buy. I also jotted down news tips as I took the orders.

Nearly all small towns have a Summer Chautauqua. A few of them have playground supervisors, but only a very few. One of these that didn't caught my eye. I watched the restless children and unhappy mothers fret, then I asked if I might not play with the children. My sister Ethel and I had been playground directors on the schoolground every Thursday for several Summers, so I knew about fifty games and many stories; for this work I received fifteen dollars from the local managers. This did not interfere with my regular work, for all stores closed during the program.

The other ways in which I made money were doing the advertising for the Four County Fair Book, for which I received thirty dollars, and taking the school census, for which I was paid ten dollars.

I put on display at the county fair the little hand-made garments which I had so carefully made to take to college. Some of them won first prizes for being the neatest garments, others took only seconds. I also received prizes for wild flowers which I gathered and arranged artistically.

One of the things which has aided me in making my way through college is the training I received by studying shorthand and typewriting. A special class of seven

took the work at night school. During the one Summer and Winter when I was out of school I made the money which has helped make possible for me a degree from the University of Kansas.

When I entered college four years ago, I brought with me my little bank-book with six hundred and fifty dollars, some new dresses, a lot of energy and the determination to have an education. I knew not a person among the thirty-five hundred students in the university. I was lonely, that first year—lonely for something to do, so I started going on Saturdays to faculty homes, where I would scrub everything from pantry floors to kiddies' dirty cars. I found everything on those pantry shelves, from moldy bread to sour creamed turnips; and I discovered that professors' wives are human and that they are no better and no worse housekeepers than merchants' wives in western Kansas.

While I was finding things on the pantry shelf I also took care of children in the neighborhood. Several mothers would wish to attend an affair, and if they were willing, I would group the kiddies and take care of all of them at once. In this way I charged for both housework and the care of children at the same time. As I removed the dusty jelly-glasses from the shelves I told the little ones the stories I had used at the home-town Chautauqua. I made money at different times by staying with children during the whole day while the parents were in the city. I would cook, clean house, and wash and dress the kiddies. For such work I received two dollars a day. For general pantry cleaning I was given thirty-five cents an hour.

THE Summer following my first year in college I made one hundred and fifty dollars. I worked in the little grocery, took the census, won prizes at the county fair again and wrote insurance. But during my second year at the university the oversupply of energy which I had brought with me my first year was beginning to be exhausted, and then, too, I tried to do too many things. Working for my board and room, doing my own washing, helping a publicity director mail out stories to Kansas papers and trying to carry sixteen hours of college work made a full schedule.

The one thing that kept up my vitality was the fact that never since I have been in the university have I studied on Sunday. This was not for religious reasons only, but because I wanted to play tennis, to skate, to read and most of all to forget work. The publicity director told me I must learn to play and that I must have a good time as I worked my way through college. About the middle of my sophomore year he accepted a new position. I lost my job, took influenza and got the blues all at the same time.

Then good luck came. I was awarded a scholarship in the department of journalism. The little news items which I had written on the grocery pads had aroused my interest in writing for the newspaper and had suggested to me the idea of taking journalism in college. My work in this department placed me in a position in which I saw how students were making money. My reporting for the student daily paper took me to various parts of the campus, where I saw others who were working to earn all or a part of their expenses. I wrote stories about the kinds of work they were doing and the rates at which they were being paid.

In the department of journalism I found students earning money binding, folding circulars, working at composition, linotyping, proof-reading, bookkeeping, serving as business managers on the college paper, keeping the library, and corresponding for State papers. The pay ranged from thirty to sixty cents an hour. In many cases it was the energetic student who was carrying heavy school hours who I discovered was doing the work. In the registrar's office students were doing general office work, such as filing cards and taking care of the post-office. They were paid from twenty-five to forty-five cents an hour. I found that in chemistry and home-economics laboratories students were assisting and that the pay ranged from thirty to forty cents. During my sophomore year I went to live in a cooperative house.

THE cooperative plan requires but one hour of work a day. It is a systematic scheme which gives economic training to the women who live in the four houses at the University of Kansas. By living in the house and paying out but twenty-one dollars a month for board, which far surpassed any that I have ever eaten in the boarding-house or club, and by earning one hundred and twenty-five dollars helping the publicity director; fifteen dollars and fifty cents typing themes, ten dollars for taking care of children and receiving twenty-five from the scholarship, together with the two hundred and fifty I brought as the result of my Summer's work, I was able to finish my sophomore year. I spent but three hundred and twenty-five my second year.

My junior year I enjoyed the most, for it was in this year that my work in journalism became practical. I

began selling articles to different papers in Kansas, such as the *Kansas City Star*, the *Topeka Daily Capital*, the *Kansas City Post*, the *Kansas City Kansan* and different small papers. I featured university life. That year I received one hundred dollars for the articles I sold.

I didn't work in any office during my junior year; I wrote for newspapers, typed themes, cared for children at night, stitched backs on magazines, mailed out circular letters, and saved money by living in a cooperative house. During this year I was assisted by the student-loan fund by one hundred dollars.

My senior year has been spent in working for the publicity director.

MY SISTER has been my dressmaker, and she has contrived charming little garments out of practically nothing. The cleverest dress of all is my cadet suit, which was made from a discarded West Point overcoat. It wouldn't be fair if I let you think that I haven't a sweetheart, for it is he who has kept me encouraged. He had been in West Point and Boston Technical Institute while I have been in the University of Kansas. It was his suggestion which gave me the cadet suit. He complained of having an overcoat he couldn't use, and I asked if I might not have it for a dress. Last year I used it as a little suit, but this year it is a jumper.

Mixing work with campus activities and good grades have made me sprout many potatoes; but my basket contains something worth while and I have thrown away the sprouts. I find myself president of the University of Kansas chapter of Theta Sigma Phi, honorary journalistic sorority; a member of Quill Club, a national writing organization; a member of MacDowall fraternity and the finance manager of the Y. W. C. A., whose duty it is to raise a budget of thirty-two hundred dollars. I have just finished serving as news editor of the *University Daily Kansan*, the paper which is published by the students of the University. I am not ashamed of my grades; I have received some excellent as well as some average grades. I have discovered that earning one's own way does not necessarily make a student a grind; nor has it lowered me in the estimation of my friends in any respect. I think that the grit and determination which I have had to use have carried me much farther than my father's check account could have done. College has taught me the value of money, health and a good mind.

My course of study has included a correlation of domestic science and journalism. It has been my purpose to interpret articles written on household affairs correctly, and it is for that reason that I have taken home architecture, decoration, child care, eugenics, food and nutrition, and household aspects.

My senior year is almost completed. I still have the hope, the inspiration which has carried me through the hardest days, the days when I had to fight to keep going. It isn't these things that stay with me, but the happy thought that I have done the thing which I started to do. I am going into newspaper work for a time, then I shall be married and help some one else plan and scheme. I intend to use my education to keep happy.

How I Worked My Way Through College

By Clarissa Linge, University of Utah

I WOULD like to write across the top of this page in bold type "A college education is within the reach of any boy or girl who wants it." It was with no small misgiving that I left my country home and faced the world alone and without means in quest of a college education.

Next June I graduate. I have combated with every obstacle from ill-health to dependent relatives.

I finished high school with a sense of incompleteness. A small rural high school located in the deserts of Nevada had furnished me with "a certificate of graduation," but it was in essence a statement that the school had no more to give me. What could a penniless, inexperienced girl do? I could not expect my all but invalid father, who was struggling to supply his large family with the necessaries of life, to take on the burden of providing me with the luxury of a college education. I was nearly four hundred miles from the nearest college. I had only fifteen dollars, not even enough to pay car-fare, and my clothes were few and shabby.

My parents were experienced enough to know that it would not do for me, a young, inexperienced girl, who had never been outside of our home community, a village with two or three hundred inhabitants, to be left alone and without money in a city. My father managed to put one hundred dollars in the bank for me. "It must be a sort of an emergency brake," he said. "Don't use it unless you have to; keep it to tide you over a period of sickness or unemployment." And then, with evident anxiety, he added, "Remember, if you fail, you will always be welcome home."

He also gave me sixteen dollars, making thirty-one dollars in cash. Twenty-one of these had to go for car-fare, leaving ten dollars to meet expenses until I could find work.

My parents were very much concerned about my leaving. They felt and I felt that I must necessarily be gone for four years. Not only would it be impossible for me to meet the expense of a trip home every Summer, but I would need to work during my vacations. But this was only a haunting ghost. The great problem was to get acquainted with the city.

I was used to coal-oil lamps and sage-brush land. I had never been on a train. Paved streets, tall buildings and electric lights were unknown to me. Youth and ignorance lulled my fears, but my parents were very cautious. Although my mother had but little schooling and was no better acquainted with city life than I was, she insisted on staying with me until I found work.

Three days after I arrived in the city I secured work in a candy factory. For four days I wrapped candy. If I had been alone I would likely have stayed at the job, but my mother was fearful lest the environment was not as good as it should be and urged me to secure employment in a family.

As soon as I was located in a family, my mother returned home, and I was left alone in a strange city nearly four hundred miles from home. Fortunately I was in a very good home and was treated as though I were a member of the family. I received twenty dollars a month and room and board. It was not much, but I was able to save almost every cent. Never before had I been in a really modern home. I did not know how to operate even the simplest of electrical appliances.

AS AN example of my ignorance: When I first came to the house it was dark and I noticed that they turned the lights on before entering a room. The next morning I saw a visitor ring the door-bell while standing at the front door. That evening the lady of the house called to me from her room to turn on the lights in the parlor. I quietly slipped to the front door to see if I could find where the lights turned on. There by the door were three buttons. One of those buttons must ring the door-bell. I felt that I could not stand to see the look of amusement if the door-bell rang and I had to explain that I thought I was turning on the lights, so I pretended not to have heard her request. Soon I saw the lady go into the parlor. I knew she was going to turn on the lights, so I followed her. Next time I knew where the parlor lights turned on. Those first months were filled with just such painful learning.

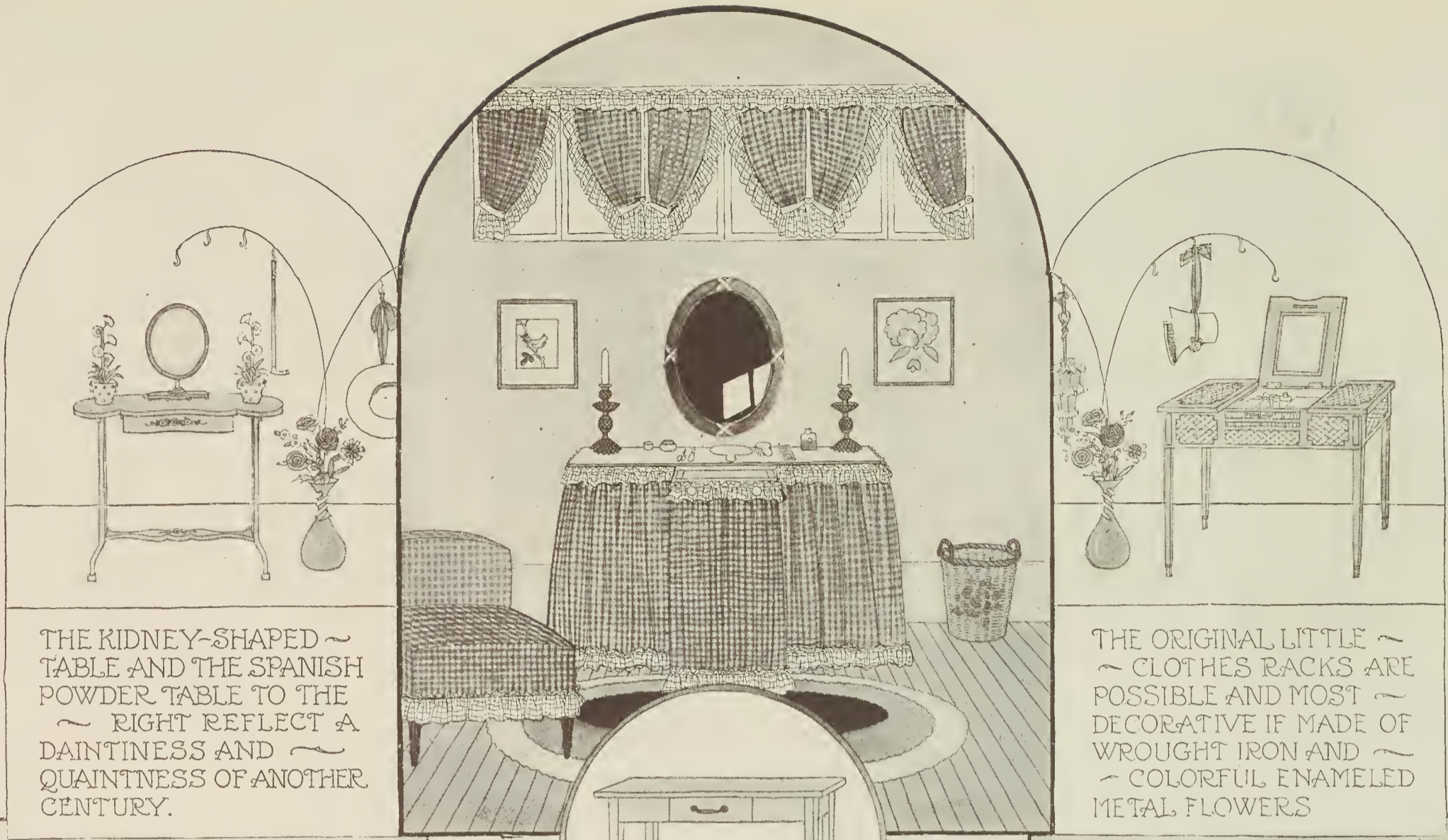
During the last of August I began to be very much concerned about my work for the Winter. I could stay on at the same place, but if I went to school I should receive only my board and room. I did not have any clothes for the Winter and I knew I would have to buy books, pay tuition and meet numerous little expenses. I felt that I could not make ends meet if I did not receive more than my room and board.

One Sunday morning I discovered an advertisement in a newspaper for a schoolgirl to do housework for room and board and a small wage. The telephone number was given. I had watched others use the telephone but had never had occasion to use it myself. With my speech memorized I undertook that simple and yet so difficult ordeal of locating some one on a telephone. Another girl had applied for and been given the position, but I had had the experience of using the telephone. Then began a ruthless searching of the papers for another advertisement, but none appeared. School would open in two weeks. My shoes were worn out and my clothes were shabby, but I dared not spend money for either. I knew not what to do nor where to turn, when some one called me on the telephone.

To my great surprise I was asked: "Was I going to school this Winter and would I like to do housework for room and board and a small wage? Would I call to see her?" After some difficulty I found the place, a large high-school building, but for the life of me I could not think of her name. For whom should I ask? I stopped short in front of the building trying unsuccessfully to recall her name, but finally, clinching my fists, I walked in. I was determined to see the thing through. I would explain the situation to the first one I met and ask for help. I met a lady with a cheerful, smiling face. She did not know who had called me, but would find out if she had to ask every teacher in the building.

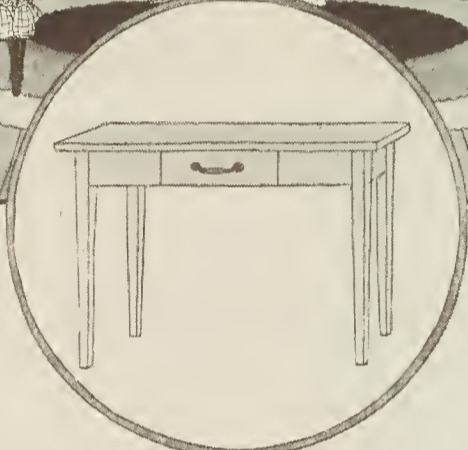
HOW happy I was when I left the building. I had a promise of board and room and two dollars and fifty cents a week. The lady had met one of my relatives and had learned from him that I wanted work.

Three months had passed. While I was still a green-horn in the city I was not green at housework. I was so anxious to keep my new job, so determined to give satisfaction, that I cleaned every nook and corner of that



THE KIDNEY-SHAPED TABLE AND THE SPANISH POWDER TABLE TO THE RIGHT REFLECT A DAININESS AND QUAINNESS OF ANOTHER CENTURY.

THE ORIGINAL LITTLE CLOTHES RACKS ARE POSSIBLE AND MOST DECORATIVE IF MADE OF WROUGHT IRON AND COLORFUL ENAMELED METAL FLOWERS



Adventures With DRESSING-TABLES

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

at many of the better shops, but come high for those who must economize. Excellent substitutes for period dressing-tables are square, or slightly bulged, painted chests containing from two to four drawers. They are good to look upon and are entirely harmonious with any type of bedroom furniture. Painted ivory, black or gray, with perhaps an outline or small flower design in some contrasting color, they come moderately priced and make serviceable pieces. A mirror painted to correspond and hung directly in back would not only be convenient but make an agreeable setting. Some furniture houses will finish such pieces according to color schemes suggested by the purchaser, which often successfully produces dressing-tables of originality.

Perhaps you have a cumbersome old bureau which you want to remodel into a chest of drawers or dressing-table; this can be accomplished with paint, cretonne and a little patience. A few suggestions may help you in the case of a golden-oak or walnut bureau, a type which commonly has a machine-carved standard supporting the mirror and carved wood or cheap spun-brass handles on the drawers. To transform either of these, it will be necessary to remove the standard that holds the mirror and take from the drawers the wooden or brass handles. Begin by using the frame that holds the drawers. This should be thoroughly free from paint or varnish. To accomplish this, use a paint-remover, then apply a liquid filler, as the paint-remover usually removes the filler as well as the finish. Sandpaper this lightly before applying two coats of ivory-colored paint, which will be necessary to complete the work.

After applying the first coat, paint strips of slightly rounded, narrow picture or cabinet molding, which have been cut the length and height of the drawers.

This molding, when nailed to the top and end of each drawer, will make a frame for an interesting piece of *toile de Jouy* or cretonne, which by tacking can be stretched tightly across the front of each drawer. Nail on the molding with molding-nails, fill the little nail-holes with putty, and paint carefully the molding with a second coat of ivory paint. Round wooden or glass knobs will do much toward restoring the dignity of the piece. If the mirror has any superfluous carving on the frame, it can be planed off and painted to match the chest below. A chair covered with *toile de Jouy* or cretonne

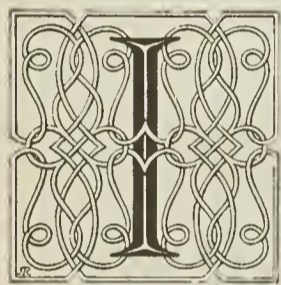
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DRESSING-TABLES and their decorations offer women many opportunities to display taste and individuality. They are no longer considered a luxury but an essential part of every woman's boudoir or dressing-room. Rare woods in beautifully designed old chests and tables, suggesting either French, English or early American days, are the most artistic and interesting pieces one might use for dressing-tables and would give any room distinction and charm. Nothing indicates good judgment and taste as such pieces serving milady in her boudoir. Fortunately, reproductions of these splendid examples of bureaus and dressing-tables can be obtained



Good taste in AMERICAN HOMES

By DONN BARBER



IS THIS the time to build? is heard discussed on every hand, and widely different opinions are expressed. The present conditions obtaining in the building industry are no exception to the general rule that costs are affected by supply and demand. Favorable costs induce building activity; abnormally high prices check new construction.

People are too apt, however, to compare abnormally high with abnormally low costs. The fairer way is to compare existing prices with an average taken over a considerable period of years.

We are shorter of homes in America to-day than in any other department of construction. The problem of residential building is therefore of immediate interest to the average citizen. We know that in 1914 building costs were abnormally low. The trend of prices from 1896 to 1914 was generally upward, the increase being gradual and consistent, with sharp downward swings during certain years. Beginning with 1914, the rise became very rapid and the peak was reached in 1920. During 1921 prices fell at a rate that more than equaled the rise from 1918, so that in the early part of 1922 material costs stood at about double the prewar average and labor costs about two-thirds above, making the average general cost of construction some eighty per cent. above the level of 1914.

It is not likely that we can count on any pronounced decline in building costs for several years to come. The demand for residential building will continue, and there will be a gradually increasing demand for buildings of a public, business and industrial nature.

Therefore, one may look for continued activity in the building trades, but prices should not differ materially from those existing to-day. It would seem logical, therefore, that those who can afford it should build now, as there is no probable advantage to be gained by waiting a year or two.

THE value of a home can not be entirely reckoned in dollars and cents. The feeling of security in owning a home, and the many other important advantages, including the fact that it creates an estate, should influence families to seek independence and stability by building one.

A few years ago the writer enjoyed the privilege of making a continuous tour through some thirty States of the Union. Having previously visited many widely separated sections of the country for periods of longer duration, when it had been possible to observe more carefully the characteristic settings and life of each, this rapid panoramic view was exceedingly interesting and

most instructive. Only through such an experience can one adequately appreciate the amazing extent and extraordinary diversity of this United States of America—its extreme limits of climate; its God-given wealth of landscape, ranging from rugged rock-bound coasts and towering mountain ranges to desert areas, from rolling hills to placid pastoral scenes. One is surprised to find in every locality highly varied peoples, each expressing their life and development through broadly varying manners and customs, through distinct differences in their architecture, and more particularly in the character of their homes.

It is impossible here to discuss the wider field of variance that exists in every nature of building construction. The subject of principal interest to most of us is the home, the human habitation. It is disappointing to discover a complete lack of uniformity and absence of what might be termed a distinctly American style of architecture for the American home. There appears to be nothing in material or design strikingly indigenous to our country. One finds no fabric so palpably an outgrowth of our own soil that it would suffer seriously in being transplanted. In short, we can not be said to have developed a national style, which, of course, presupposes a national community of thoughts, aims and ideals. Our widely divided areas and our heterogeneous make-up seem to have rendered such a thing impossible thus far.

WHETHER we shall ever acquire a national style, or whether after all it is greatly to be desired, still remains an open question much discussed among our critics. Of late years we have gone to every quarter of the globe to seek architectural inspiration. This reminiscence of other days and other countries, however, is not entirely to be deplored. If the borrowing is intelligently and adroitly handled, it often lends a certain charm and mystery. It is, moreover, quite natural that our younger country should turn to the older civilization for suggestions. In many of our most recent successful houses, especially those of the more pretentious type, we find plainly an echo of the homes of Europe; and it is surprising how often these foreign adaptations to our needs bear a fresh stamp of individuality in many ways superior to anything in our more monumental or greater public buildings. Our houses, even those frankly imitating the styles of other countries, are for the most part more in harmony with the modern modes of living than those of other nations.

Modern living with us has developed two distinctly American indispensables, the bathroom and the sleeping-porch. These, however, can be overstressed, particularly the latter. We have developed a passion for sanitation and have put health before beauty in many of our

houses, forgetting that it is perfectly possible to combine health and beauty. Bathrooms, are, of course, highly important and desirable, but no other country seems to require them in such numbers as we. The sleeping-porch fad is passing, fortunately, as a result of its proven impracticability. Well-aired apartments are easily capable of arrangement and much simpler to take care of, and one properly designed bathroom should suffice for a small family, though if one's means make it possible, it is often more convenient to have additional ones. We insist that there are too many supposedly practical elements that make for undue complications in the planning of our smaller homes, which unduly affect the cost and care of them and detract from the simplicity of their expression.

I WAS impressed lately, even more than I have been on former occasions, with the beautiful restraint and simplicity of French farmhouses. In going from Cherbourg to Paris our train ran past any number of charming buildings, some big, some little, but all warm and tight and inseparably related to the human beings who lived in them; all sanely constructed of the stone of the neighborhood, with cheerful tiled roofs and beautifully shaped openings. That was all. No forced architecture, no silly, meaningless ornament; all in good taste.

European domestic architecture is notably consistent, quiet, orderly and distinctive—a result of the influence of ages of local tradition in an older civilization where people live sensibly with their past. The result is a quality of conscious seriousness which from an American point of view is apt to seem almost monotonous. Their convincing use of local materials produces a clearly local color and regional individuality. Consistency need not necessarily mean monotony, for there are infinite varieties that may be played upon any architectural theme. One misses most of all in this country, perhaps, what may be called local color. We have close at hand in every locality materials which, if for no other than sentimental and practical purposes, should be used to produce local types and lend a highly desirable local significance to our architecture. Earlier in our history the use of these local materials was a forced necessity, largely because the cost of bringing materials from any considerable distance was prohibitive. Each section of America then had its own personal and distinct type of construction suitable and logical to its material.

Now, however, with our developed industry and our railways reaching every corner of the land, it often proves more expensive to use local materials than to bring others from a distance. Moreover, with increasingly cheaper and more comfortable transportation, our people travel more and more in all parts of our country, as well

Concluded on page 90

THE GENERAL CARE OF THE BABY

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

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"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

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FOR most women a baby is a new responsibility for which she has had no previous preparation or training. At the outset she should appreciate the fact that a baby is a very delicate piece of machinery, much more complicated than any automobile. The mistakes and accidents of the owner of his first car are not to be compared with those which even highly intelligent parents often make with their first baby. While they are learning, how they blunder! An experienced nurse, like an experienced chauffeur, may prevent many accidents; but it is true that a relatively small proportion of the mothers in this country have experienced nurses, just as it is true that the great majority of people drive their own motor-cars. People must learn largely from their own experience, which is often dearly bought.

Again, about no subject is so much gratuitous advice given by women friends, especially to a young mother, as about the care, feeding and bringing up of her first baby.

In general, the first injunction to a young mother is: Get the best medical advice that you can and follow it; turn a deaf ear to suggestions from all other quarters.

A young baby is very easily molded; in fact, he is about the most plastic living thing in the world. The disposition to the formation of habits is amazing, and it is just as easy to form good habits as bad ones if one begins aright at the outset and is consistent.

GOOD Habits—A well-trained baby with good habits is a constant joy and his care a delight; but an untrained baby or a baby who has been trained to bad habits soon becomes a tyrant in the household, making life a burden to the mother and to all the family. It is really astonishing how one small individual weighing only about ten or twelve pounds soon comes to exercise a power and an authority before which all the family bend. I once knew a couple who had lost their first baby; the second child, as is usual under such circumstances, was badly spoiled and soon acquired the habit of not going to sleep unless rocked, and then of waking as soon as the rocking was stopped; finally he would not sleep at all unless rocked, so these devoted but misguided parents were accustomed to take their turns in rocking the cradle all night. Fortunately, most cradles now are made without rockers.

Importance of Early Training—For the mother who must take care of her baby, systematic training is absolutely indispensable if she would have regular sleep, time for other duties, preserve her health and "keep her nerves." Training should be begun in the first weeks of life, or, more accurately, in the first week of life.

The first essential in training is regularity. In infancy the habits in which a child is to be trained relate to sleeping, feeding, bathing, bowel movement, outing, etc.

Two preceding articles in this important series covered the subjects of prenatal care and the care of the baby at birth. Later articles will have to do with every step in infancy and childhood up through the formative years of early youth. In addition, the scientific knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare will be made available to DELINEATOR readers in the form of pamphlets. The first of these, "Saving Life by Prenatal Care," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, will be sent to any parent for ten cents in stamps. Address: Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR

By always doing things at the same time, the baby soon adjusts himself to the routine which becomes a simple matter and runs like clockwork. This early training is a baby's education. If properly trained in such things in infancy, it is easy to train him in other respects when he is older.

The enemy of all training is to be found in indulgences. These often develop thoughtlessly, merely as a result of maternal affection, without the appreciation of their bad results. The natural desire of a young mother to "enjoy her baby" often leads her to do anything which pleases him, even for a short time. Soon he cries if they are not repeated: he cries to be rocked, to be taken from his crib, to be carried about, to have a light in the room, to suck a pacifier. Once these habits are begun, they must be continued in order to keep the child from crying. In the long run, however, they have just the opposite effect, for the one sure way of teaching a child to cry is to give him everything that he cries for. The converse is also true, that the only way to break such a habit is never to give a child under any circumstances what he is crying for.

THE cooperation of the father, too, must be secured or all the efforts of training are futile. Very often the mother finds that with her the child's behavior is perfect, but as soon as the father comes home all the bad habits are repeated. The worst sinners of all, however, are usually the grandparents, especially the grandmother, and her influence is particularly pernicious, as she is supposed by her previous experience to know everything about babies.

The baby is not to be looked upon as a plaything or a source of entertainment either for the mother, the relatives or friends. The baby is a responsibility and the

mother is the one person on whom the responsibility rests to see that the baby has a square deal. The baby has rights which should be respected, and on no account should the mother allow the baby's rights to be trespassed upon for the mere pleasure of friends and relatives.

Baby's Clothing—The clothing of the baby is pretty well standardized and need not be discussed here in detail, but certain things should be emphasized. While a young baby needs to be kept warm, it is true that very many babies are kept too warm, particularly in Summer. The amount of clothing must be adjusted to the season of year and to the temperature of the room in which the baby lives. Even young babies can be kept warm and well in a room whose temperature is never over sixty degrees and much of the time may be considerably less. If such is the room temperature, a hot-water bag or bottle (always carefully covered with flannel) should be in the crib at the baby's feet and a blanket wrapped about his body. Such children have fewer colds than those kept in very warm rooms. In rooms the temperature of which is seventy degrees or thereabouts, much less clothing is required. Again, thin, underweight babies always need more clothing than fat, plump babies. The clothing and covering should never be so thick as to keep the baby in a perspiration.

THE abdominal band or binder is in very many cases discarded much too early. It should be wide and snugly applied and basted rather than pinned. It is needed for support of the weak muscles and for protection of the abdominal organs. With a robust, fat baby it can usually be omitted at three months; with a thin, delicate baby it is often needed until seven or eight months. With such children rupture at the navel is apt to occur, especially with children who cry a great deal. Rupture is something which in most cases is fairly easy to prevent but always troublesome to manage and very difficult to cure.

Care of Baby's Skin—The skin of the young baby is very delicate, and chafing and other eruptions easily occur unless special care is exercised. The main things to be secured are cleanliness and the free use of toilet powder. Chafing is usually troublesome about the buttocks or genitals, but in fat infants it may occur under the arms, in the folds of the neck, legs, groin, etc. It is increased by perspiration from too much clothing. To prevent chafing, one should not use strong soaps in bathing, should avoid friction of the skin, should see that napkins are thoroughly rinsed and that the baby's napkin is changed as soon as wet or soiled.

The daily bath is essential to a healthy skin. Up to the age of four or five months it should be a tepid bath (ninety-five to one hundred degrees) and the temperature gradually reduced as the infant gets older. This should always be followed, even with young babies, by a quick sponge or dash with cold water (sixty to seventy degrees) as one of the best means of preventing colds. The

Continued on page 91



MRS. ROSE CRABTREE, THE JACKSON, WYOMING, COUNCILWOMAN WHO DEFEATED HER HUSBAND IN THE CONTEST FOR OFFICE



MRS. FAUSTINA FORRESTER HAIGHT, ANOTHER JACKSON COUNCILWOMAN, FINDS TIME TO TRAIN DON HAIGHT, JR., FOR CITIZENSHIP

TOWNS RUN BY WOMEN

By GENEVIEVE PARKHURST

sun. Lastly, the streets needed grading and there were no street lights.

Two years ago the citizens of Jackson became restless. They called a mass-meeting to nominate an entirely new city ticket. They met the same old obstacles. The men who were in office did not want to run again. Those out of it refused. Then that voice cried: "Let's elect the women."

Before the meeting adjourned, the women were nominated. And then Jackson began to change its face. May, 1920, the very day upon which they took the oath of office, a council meeting was held and a thorough inventory of the city's debits and credits was made. A list of its needs followed. A town budget was voted. There was but two hundred dollars in the treasury—a strange sum for a town whose people were all fairly well off. They went through the books to discover uncollected fines and taxes. That evening notices of collections were sent to the delinquents. They went out personally and collected every cent due the town from those who ignored the notices. Before the end of a fortnight there was two thousand dollars in the treasury.

BIDS were asked on new culverts, the contract going to the lowest bidder. While they were being built, the women started in to spend that two thousand upon town improvements. They passed health laws making it a misdemeanor to throw garbage into the streets or vacant lots of the town. They set aside a cleft in a hill outside the town where refuse was to be burned. Property owners were asked to paint and refurnish their homes and buildings. A clean-up week was instituted, and when it came around the citizens of Jackson and the ranchers and cowboys from the hills turned it into a town holiday. They carried away the refuse and burned it.

Then the council faced the problem of a cemetery. They built a fence around the old site and set up stones to mark the graves of the dead. A new road was a more difficult proposition, for roads cost money. Mayor Grace Miller, however, persuaded the members of the Women's Pure Food Club to devote the club's Liberty bonds toward the cost of the road. To-day a wide gravel road, accessible by motor-car or wagon, leads to the cemetery. The streets have been graded; board replaces the pioneer trails through the lush grass that used to pass for sidewalks.

These are not large achievements compared with those of a great city, but they are important to Jackson. The women on this council were ordinary, every-day, small-town women—the wives of merchants and ranchers. Several of these women were school-teachers before they married; all of them had children and houses to run. They had meals to cook and dishes to wash—and yet they found time to reorganize the affairs of a badly demoralized town.

They had no miracle to help them. "We simply tried to work together," said Mayor Miller. "We put into practise the same thrifty principles we exercise in our own homes. We wanted a clean, well-kept, progressive town in which to raise our families. What is good government but a breathing-place for good citizenship?"

Women have repeated this political success in other American towns.

It is three years ago since the first woman council was returned to office in Umatilla, Oregon. In those three years they have worked wonders. Umatilla, a railroad town and the center of prosperous farming and timber country, was in 1919 almost bankrupt. Three thousand dollars of warrants had been issued, whereas the charter permitted an issuance of two thousand five hundred dollars. The fire system was one thousand five hundred dollars in arrears. Delinquent interest on twenty thousand dollars in water bonds was due. One by one the street lights were being turned off because the city light bill had not been paid. School attendance was far below what it should have been.

One Winter's night there was a stormy political meet-

ing at which no citizen could suggest a solution, until some one suggested that the women do the work. They nominated women whose records as mothers, wives and home-makers were unimpeachable.

They were elected in March, 1919. They've been re-elected by large majorities at two subsequent elections.

Their accomplishments are worth listening to. With twenty-eight thousand dollars' indebtedness staring them in the face, they have reduced the town indebtedness to zero and can boast of two thousand dollars in the treasury. They have raised the moral tone of the town until there is no longer need for a jail in Umatilla. They have graded the streets and improved conditions in the schools. The community is now an example of decent town rule.

FIRST, they went over the town's books. They found many outstanding taxes and fines. Some property owners were paying taxes on assessed valuations ten and fifteen years old. The women collected the back taxes and fines and raised the taxes for the coming year. The town marshal, whose duties were shrinking, was dismissed, thereby saving his salary.

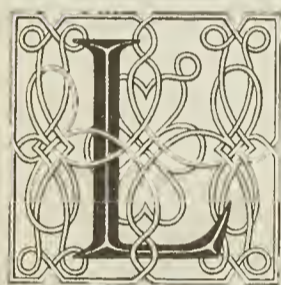
As soon as they had collected the money due for taxes, fines and water service, they divided it among the town's debtors in proportion to the size and age of the bills. The light company turned on the street lights again. Those holding water bonds accepted, with the payment of the interest due, a new issue of bonds. Within less than a year all of the old warrants were met and the fire system was out of debt. A truant-officer brought school attendance from less than sixty per cent. to ninety per cent. Streets were graded and sidewalks laid.

To woman's wit alone is due the closing of the jail. Police Judge and Recorder Bertha Cherry on the first Monday morning of her tenure in office was perplexed by the number of men appearing before her. Her consternation was short-lived. All of the prisoners were up on one charge. "In future," she decreed, "all citizens of Umatilla charged with intoxication and disorderliness will be taken care of at the hotel, where they will be locked in a room, there to remain until they pay their own board bill. All prisoners who are not citizens, having abused our hospitality, will be speeded as unwelcome guests upon the first train, freight or otherwise, irrespective of its destination." Bootlegging is no more in Umatilla.

And now these women feel they have done their civic duty and they are asking to be allowed to retire.

Mayor Stella Paulu, speaking for her associates, said: "We do not believe in government exclusively by women, any more than exclusively by men. Families, to be harmonious and successful, must be run cooperatively, the men taking their share of the responsibility.

"Many insist," Mrs. Paulu continued, "that woman's place is in the home. I agree with them—but the word 'home' is a comprehensive one whose boundaries extend far beyond the place where one dwells and includes the city, state and nation in which one lives. It is in such sense that I contend that home-making applies to the city as much as it does to the home."



LET'S elect the women.

Some one in the audience at a town meeting two years ago in Jackson, Wyoming, interposed that remark as a humorous solution of a town difficulty. One by one the town's prominent citizens had refused to run for office and could not be persuaded to offer themselves as candidates at the next election. The town took that remark seriously. It elected a town council of women.

What the women have done to the town is worth telling, because it proves that women can bring into practical politics common sense and business ability. Jackson, Wyoming, is a small town, but small-town problems are big-city problems on a small scale. The record of the women's council of Jackson is the potential record of any town in which the woman voter takes an interest.

Jackson, Wyoming, is a town of one thousand people, thirty miles from a railroad and seven thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, set in a triangular meadow where the Wind River and the snow-capped Teton Mountains tower nearly seven thousand feet above them. For eight months of the year the entire valley lies under four feet of snow, while the temperature hovers around forty degrees below zero. The melting snows from the mountains feed the Snake River, which roars and pelts at a depth of twenty-five feet the year around, twisting in and out of the valley. That part of the water which is not adopted by the river is diverted into ditches, which flow along both sides of the streets of Jackson. This geographical situation created its own problems.

THERE is nothing wrong with the men of Jackson. They are of the sturdy type which has pioneered the West into an incomparable empire. But in administering their own town they were "easy-going." They didn't need to make money out of politics, so they paid their mayor twenty dollars a year. Their personal affairs absorbed them during the day. At night they were so comfortable at home that they had to be dragged away from their firesides when the council meeting was called.

Those lackadaisical methods finally resulted in a slatternly town. Because of the perpetual flow of water from the mountains, the sides of the ditches had been worn away and in many places stagnant pools menaced the health of Jackson. There was no garbage disposal system, for the man who collected the refuse from the homes made use of vacant lots. And then there were the culverts, supposed to bridge the ditches at every crossing. But they were only a foot and a half in length, whereas ditches were two feet wide. The water ran over and around and every place but under the culverts.

There was no cemetery in Jackson. A spot among the aspens high up the hillside had been set aside as a resting-place for the dead, but there was no road to it. In Winter the pall-bearers had to carry the caskets for a mile up a rugged slope packed hard in four feet of snow. In Summer the climb was made in a hot and unrelenting

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By Evelyn Dodge

The new note in wraps is the coat drawn closely about the figure at the lower part on straight, not dolman, lines. The upper part is wide through the body. Like so many of the new styles it is the same width from shoulder to hip and gets the effect of drapery from its wide sleeve. The coat is worn as long as the dress so that it makes a complete costume in itself without any reference to the dress underneath. At the restaurants, at luncheon and tea, women wear these coats without opening them, just as they would wear a coat dress. It makes the coat much more important than it has ever been before, for it is no longer merely a coat, it is a costume.

THE NEW STUFFED-TUBING COLLARS

The newest trimming for this type of coat is the stuffed tubing interlaced to make a large collar and cuffs. The tubing is made of the material of the coat (black repp, by the way, is the newest and smartest coat material and color) stuffed with wool so that it makes a large roll. It has a look both fresh and

THEORETICALLY "nobody home" is still the motto on the door-mat of New York in late August and early September. But theory is one thing and fact another, and the truth of the matter is that since the advent of the motor, the garden restaurants and what the real-estate promoter terms "the development" of Southampton and Westchester, New York finds itself in town in and out of season, whenever a first night or a shopping raid appeals to the civic side of its character.

WOMEN are still in crêpes and printed silks so that the things that they are buying in the shops for the early Autumn are of more interest than the clothes they are wearing for their late Summer shopping. The smart shops of Fifth Avenue in and above the Thirties are beginning to consider taking in their window-boxes and putting forth their Autumn suits. Many of the suits are imported and are made with the short bloused or banded hip-length jacket in the "blistered" materials that have been so fashionable in Paris



Irene Bordoni is Parisienne to her finger tips and her gay, wicked little songs are very, very French. New York

loves them and is looking forward to Mlle. Bordoni's return from Paris with new French frocks and songs



this year. They are rather hard to describe, as the blistered effect is accompanied by deep wrinkles as if the material had been wrung hard after it was wet.

There are the blistered silks and satins, *satin gaufré*, cloky and half a dozen others of the same ilk. Similar in character are the wool or silk-and-wool matelassé and crêpes in fancy designs. The short bloused jacket is also made of cashmere or Paisley materials in their bright colors, of stamped kid or of plain material. The skirt or dress underneath is always quite simple below the coat and usually black, either heavy silk crêpe or black cloth, and always narrow in line and decidedly longer than last year.

THE jacket can match it in color, which makes a more conservative and more useful costume, especially as one can wear the same black jacket with other black skirts and dresses. One sees a good deal of the jacket in contrast, of white embroidered in black, which is smart but of limited usefulness, in the cashmere red, which is only for the one-of-several-in-a-wardrobe suit, beige or gray or sulphur, which makes a very nice costume indeed. Beige and dark blue are used a good deal for the entire costume.

CAPES are being worn a good deal but are not very much on view in the shops for the simple reason that every one has them and you can't sell the same thing to the same person twice. It isn't possible to change their shape (the capes—not the person's) very materially, so that there is no fashionable reason for getting a new one if yours is still in good condition.



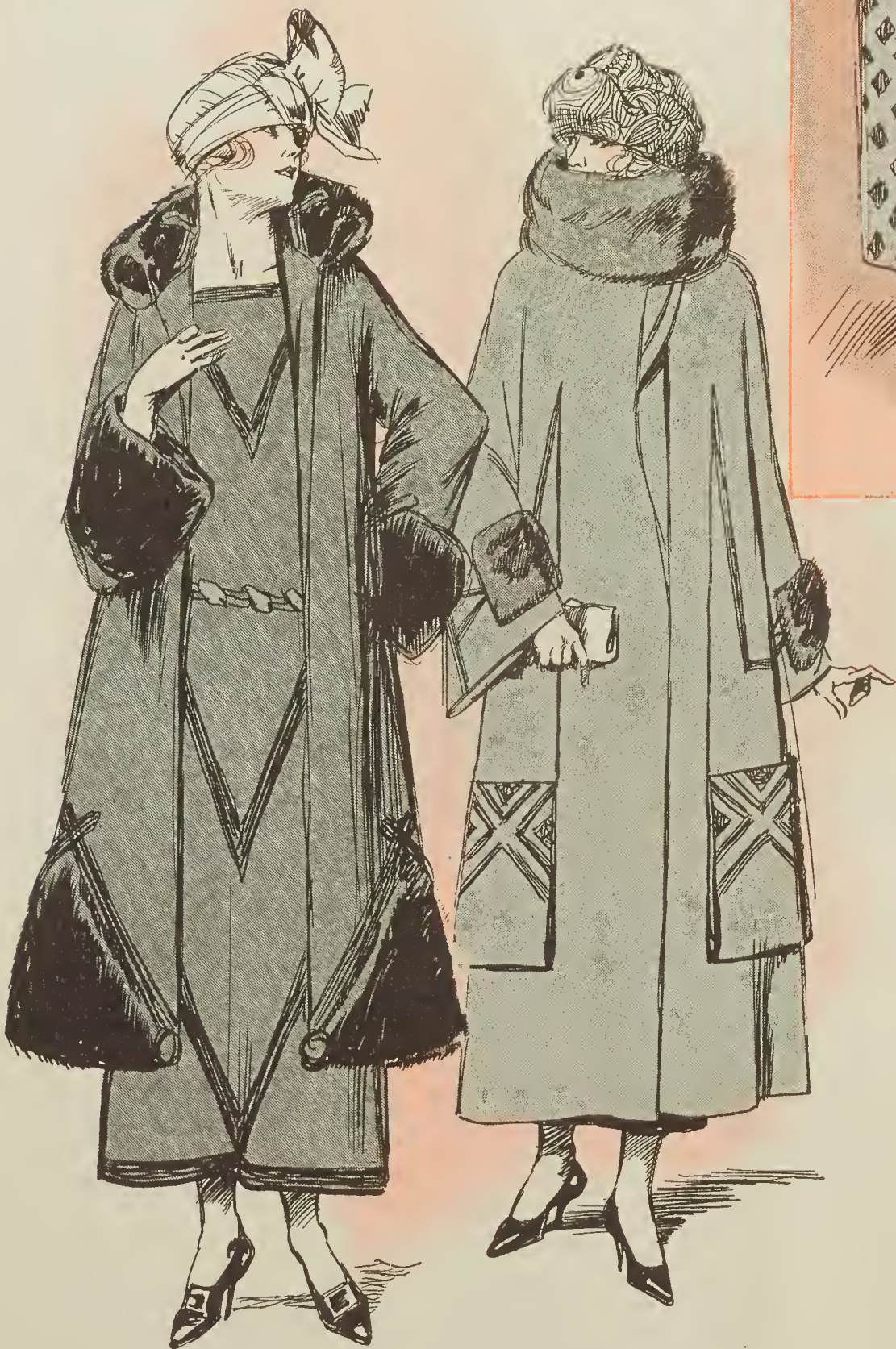
French and takes the place of fur and is of course much less expensive and a good deal smarter.

THE draped silhouette is the most significant change to be seen in the new things in New York, draperies in coats, in smart street dresses and in afternoon and evening gowns, very simple but with a definite movement toward a closer fitting at the hips, a narrower look at the hem, and an easy bloused body. For the street the dresses are made of black or dark blue or dark fur-brown repp—the black dresses caught up with disk-shaped clasps or ornaments of white, jade or coral or cut steel, the blue with sealing-wax red or lapis blue or silver, the brown with polished steel.

The present styles are so simple that small details stand out in relief and assume almost the importance of a style, such as the chenille border of a veil placed over the brim of a little hat, the brown hat with a black dress or the batik handkerchief in the new shade of cocoa brown in the pocket of a severe black frock, the fabric rose or rosette on a girdle, or the way the bead trimming on a hat is drawn through the brim to fall like long earrings against the cheek. Brown has replaced red as the smart color for accessories.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT

FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT INDICATE THAT A LOW WAIST IS AN EXCELLENT THING IN A FASHION



Cocoa brown, the smart color of the Spring and Summer, deepens into the fur shades for Autumn. Doeillet uses beige repp embroidered in seal brown for a straight-hanging dress bloused at the hip and cut with the square neck

The French cape has been through a shrieking process and is much shorter, especially when it is part of a costume. Doeillet uses it in its new length, or rather shortness, with a dress of black trefine trimmed with corded bands matching the cape



The relation between the coat and dress of a three-piece costume is often purely psychological and exists only in the mind of the maker. For in many cases the coat is of another material and sometimes of another color. Here, however, Doeillet chose nut brown for both the matelassé coat and crêpe autar dress of his softly bloused costume

Peter Rabbit, Benjamin Bunny and Sister Cotton-Tail added their coats to one by Jenny. It is made of black drapella, cut on flared lines and is trimmed with black rabbit. The chemise dress is belted with scarlet

One wonders whether the pockets on Jenny's new coat are intended to hint that the waistline is still sinking and may reach knee level. The coat is made of thick rust-colored cloth, with pagoda sleeves and a fur collar

Mauve in the paler shades of violet and amethyst is one of the new evening colors. Worth uses the cyclamen shade for a velvet dress slashed at the front and bloused low on the hip and with trains at the side under a drooping corsage bouquet of cyclamen flowers



If Jeanne Lavin had been of an American turn of mind she might have named her red crêpe dress "The Boot Legger's Daughter," for it is embroidered with bunches of grapes worked in red ribbon. The silhouette, however, we are glad to note is perfectly straight, the skirt is long



Doucet has transplanted India's coral strands to the Rue de la Paix and used them to embroider a dress of black crêpe Marocain. As in many of the new dresses the greatest length and fulness are pushed to each side



The split side is always interesting, for the first glance gives you that perfectly human pleasure in the belief that it is an accident that will reveal all. At the second, you realize that it is a delightful break in the dark coat, showing the lighter dress beneath. Worth embroiders it with steel and gray embroidery to match the cuff and the long line of the shoulder and sleeve



The grand manner is returning in evening clothes and the extreme simplicity of the all-crêpe dress is giving way to gowns of a more formal type. Doucet's gown of blue lamé metal cloth and gold lace, with gold roses at the waist and long panels which make a train, takes its stately way to reestablishment of prewar elegance of dress



Dress 3913

Dress 3939

Dress 3945
Embroidery
design 10945

FROCKS ARE LOYAL TO LOW
WAISTS AND SLEEVES EXPRESS
THE MOST DELIGHTFUL VAGARIES

3945—10945—This dress expresses a distinctly one-sided tendency in the surplice blouse which joins the skirt and tunics at a low waistline. These side tunics have a straight lower edge and ripple down over the skirt most becomingly. The dress itself has a long body lining. The sleeves individualize themselves with a bright embroidery design. It should be worked in a combination of outline or satin-stitch embroidery and bugle beads or one-stitch. Use materials like silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, satin, etc., or serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, wool crêpe, broadcloth for this dress.

A 36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch satin and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch Georgette. The lower edge of the dress measures $52\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The dress is good style for ladies 34 to 50 bust.

3913—Some of the gaiety of color and the striking figures prevalent in the Summery fabrics linger over into the early Fall season in dresses of this type, which slips on over the head and has a long body fastening to a two-piece skirt. A medium-deep armhole allows for a wide sleeve, and there may be a blouse body lining. Make the dress of crêpe jersey in two colors or with a silk-crêpe body, or make the body of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., and the skirt of camel's-hair, serge, tricotine, soft twills, etc. Crêpe meteor, taffeta or satin for the body and serge, tricotine, soft twills, etc., for the skirt are suitable.

A 36 bust requires 2 yards of 40-inch figured crêpe and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch plain crêpe. The lower edge is $53\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3939—Stripes and an easy line and the new hip waistline are responsible for the effect of this one-piece dress with its fancy girdle. It closes at the left on the shoulder and under the arm and may be made with elastic in a casing at the low waistline or a blouse body lining. Markings for braid trimming are provided on this dress. Suitable materials for such a dress are tweeds, homespun, eponge, camel's-hair, soft twills, serge, tricotine, light-weight velours, wool crêpe, wool jersey, checks, heavy silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, satin, etc.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch striped wool repp and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch flannel. The lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 48 bust; it is also very becoming to misses.

3925—So comfortable and attractive was the jumper frock that we are loath to abandon its lines. The arrangement on this dress of the two-piece skirt in one with the front and back contributes the jumper line in front and back panels. A braiding trims the conservative sleeves and outlines the inside pockets. This is the type of frock which can be used for an effective combination of materials. Make the dress of camel's-hair suitings, tricotine, soft twills, serge, check wool all one material or with satin, or of tweeds, homespun or satin, all one material, etc., or use similar combinations.

A 36 bust requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch Canton crêpe and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 54-inch serge. The lower edge measures 52 inches.

The dress is very attractive for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3929—Many of the new Autumn dresses adopt a nonchalant attitude on the subject of waistlines and, like this one-piece dress, may blouse or hang in a straight line. This dress in Russian effect slips on over the head. It may have a blouse body lining or an arrangement of elastic in a casing to indicate a low waistline. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, charmeuse, soft taffeta, Georgette, silk voile, crêpe jersey, etc., are good materials with wool jersey, serge, tricotine, wool crêpe or soft twills very suitable for Fall.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide. The lower edge of the dress measures 54 inches.

The dress is especially good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also good for misses.

3901—The various trimmings of the Fall dresses take into consideration their duty toward furthering the lengthened line. On this one-piece dress the vest extends down the front of the skirt in a long band and other bands of the same material trim the hem and sleeves. The dress slips on over the head, closing on the shoulders. It has a straight lower edge and may have a blouse body lining. Use twills, serge, tricotine, gabardine, homespun, tweed, checks, with the vest and bands of charmeuse, silk crêpe and satin; or silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc.

A 36 bust requires 2 yards of 54-inch tricotine and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch novelty silk. The lower edge is 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is very becoming to misses.

3915—10977—When wide sleeves and loose side panels are of sheer materials, they are usually embroidered lavishly, as this one-piece dress avows. It slips on over the head and may have an elastic arranged in a casing or a blouse body lining. The flower motifs are delicate. Work them in beading and outline embroidery. Make the dress of silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in two colors; or of figured crêpe or silks with the sleeves and panels in plain crêpe or silk or Georgette; or of crêpe meteor or crêpe satin, combining dull and shiny surfaces; or of charmeuse, satin, etc., with lace or Georgette sleeves or panels, etc.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch Georgette. The lower edge is 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3908—10925—Loose side panels endeavor to coax the hem of this one-piece dress on the slip-over type to fall lower. The dress may have a blouse body lining. The pendent motifs are an attractive decoration. Work them in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads. Silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in two colors is suitable; or figured crêpe or silks may be combined with plain crêpe, silk Georgette or chiffon for sleeves and panels, plain crêpes or silk with sleeves and panels of figured crêpe, silk Paisley, or lace; or use crêpe meteor or crêpe satin, combining dull and shiny surfaces, etc.

A 36 bust requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3923—We have all become children again in our preference for Peter Pan collars on the dresses we wear. This one, with a two-piece lower part which joins a long body, slips on over the head and may have a blouse body lining. The inside pocket is the only deviation of the lower part from strict simplicity. Appropriate materials for this dress are crêpe jersey in two colors or with a silk crêpe body, wool jersey with a body of silk crêpe in harmonizing color; or use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta or satin for the body and materials like camel's-hair, serge, checks, soft twills, etc., for lower part.

A 36 bust requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch Canton crêpe and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch serge. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3886—3890—10970—A blouse that goes over the skirt and follows the new Russian line is slightly lower than usual at the back of the neck, and the arrangement at the low waistline of elastic in a casing makes it the right blouse to wear with a three-piece skirt which has a waistline raised about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch. The embroidery unites the blouse and skirt. Work the design in a combination of one-stitch and bugle beads and satin-stitch or outline embroidery. For a blouse use crêpe de Chine, heavy silk crêpes, crêpe satin, etc., and make the skirt of homespun, tweeds, camel's-hair, etc. Lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

A 36 bust and 38 hip require $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch crêpe jersey.

The blouse is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 95



Dress 3925



Dress 3929



Dress 3901



Dress 3915
Embroidery design 10977



Dress 3908
Embroidery design 10925



Dress 3923

Other views of these garments are on page 95



Blouse 3886
Skirt 3890
Embroidery design 10970



Dress 3922
Embroidery
design 10890

Dress 3882

Dress 3895
Embroidery design 10981

Suit 3930

Dress 3892
Smocking
design 10700

Dress 3928

Dress 3920
Embroidery design 10890

Dress 3914
Embroidery design 10833

Dress 3926

Dress 3874
Embroidery
design 10931

Other views and descriptions of these
garments are on page 94



Dress 3927

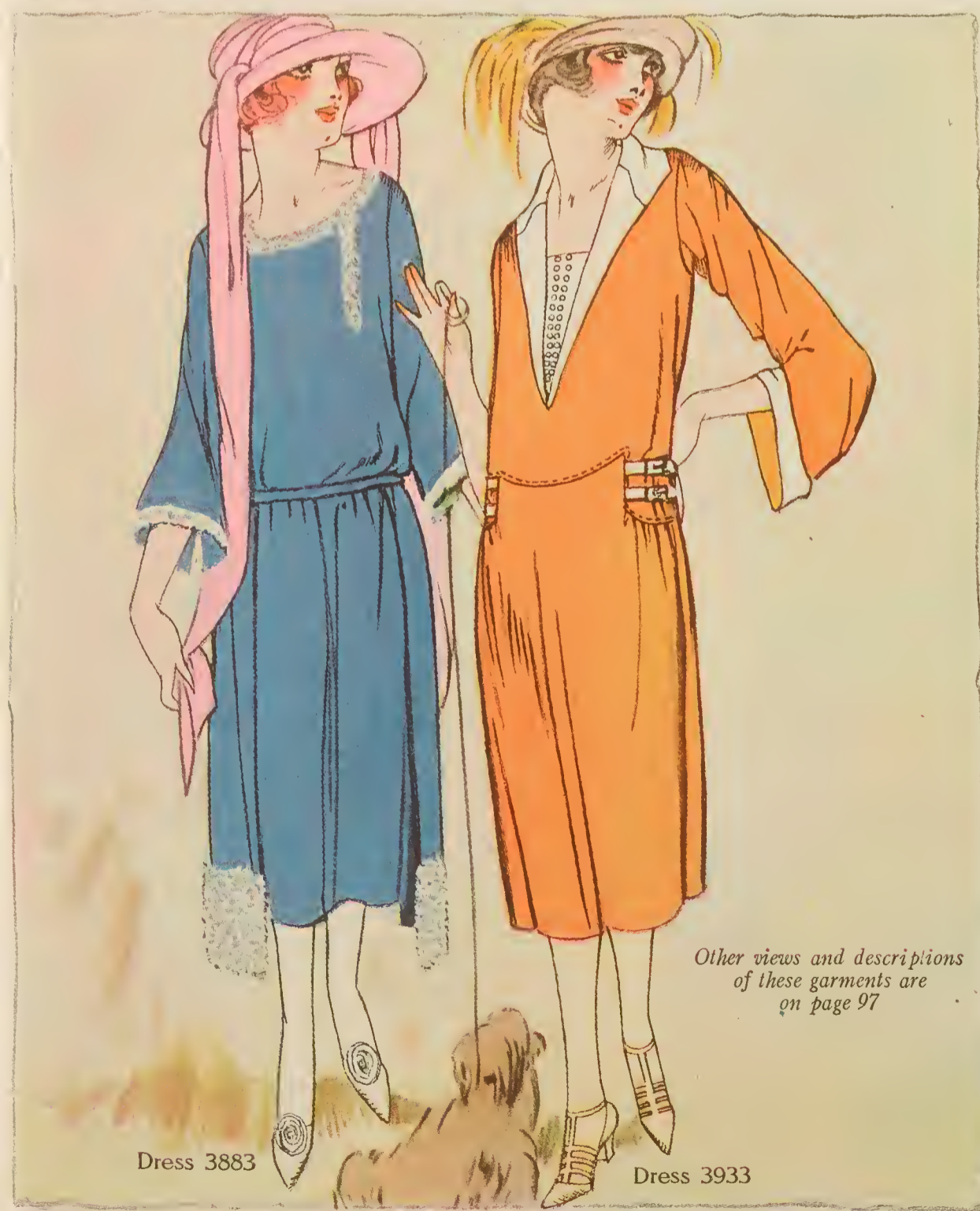


Dress 3919
Embroidery
design 10957

Dress 3937



Dress 3931
Embroidery
design 10847



Dress 3883

Dress 3933

Other views and descriptions
of these garments are
on page 97



Dress 3899

Dress 3935



Dress 3897
Embroidery design 10857

Dress 3867
Embroidery design 10865

Dress 3900

Dress 3905

Dress 3917
Embroidery design 10797

Dress 3898

Dress 3894

Other views of these garments are on page 96



Dress 3941

AUTUMN DRESSES SELECT

BRIGHT BRAID TRIMMINGS OR EMBROIDERIES ON NEW FABRICS



Dress 3943
Embroidery
design 10926

Dress 3852

3941—The very latest idea in a collar begins this frock of the slip-over type. The long body meets a straight gathered skirt and the dress may have a blouse body lining. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe voile, foulard, etc., all one material or with the body in a harmonizing color or figured with plain material, or use crêpe meteor or crêpe satin, all one material or combining dull and shiny surfaces for such a dress. Crêpe jersey in two colors or with a body of silk crêpe makes a very attractive dress.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material. The lower edge of the dress is 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3943—10926—A banding in Grecian effect individualizes this one-piece dress which closes on the left shoulder and under the arm. The sleeves are sewn into a blouse body lining and there is a possibility of an elastic arranged in a casing at the low waistline. The embroidery design is new. Work it in one-half-inch braid, soutache braid, outline, or chain-stitch, or couching. Make the dress of tweed, homespun, éponge, camel's-hair, soft twills, serge, tricotine, light-weight velours, checks, etc., or serge, tricotine with satin, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc.

A 36 bust requires 2 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch wool repp. The lower edge of the dress measures 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 50 bust, also for misses.

3852—Very graceful with its soft vestee and collar is this dress which is made to slip on over the head. Lattice-work trims the wide sleeves as well as the straight skirt which joins the waist at the low waistline. The long sash girdle firmly adheres to the newest idea for the length of dresses and the blouse achieves a certain simplicity delightful to see. Suitable materials to use for this type of dress are crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, foulard, chiffon velvet, etc.

A 36 bust requires 4 yards of 40-inch crêpe satin and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material. The lower edge of the dress is 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3897—10857—The long vestee with the modest collar knows quite what to do with the neck of this dress. The very good lines are embroidery outlined and both the loose panels and the straight skirt join the blouse at a low waistline. There is a possibility of a long body lining if one desires it. The embroidery adds a bright touch. The design should be worked in a combination of outline or chain-stitch and one-stitch embroidery. Use broché or plain silk crêpe, broché or plain crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, foulard figured silks, crêpe meteor, Canton crêpe, charmeuse, crêpe satin, soft serge, wool crêpe, etc.

A 36 bust requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch serge and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch flannel. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3900—For mornings of shopping or for street wear this tailored dress is most becoming. The straight plaited skirt joins a long body which is belted, and one may have a blouse body lining. The V neck is attractively braid-trimmed and further beautified by a vestee and collar, and the front of the skirt is trimmed in a new way with braid. Make the dress of serge, tweeds, homespun, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool jersey, checks, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, satin, etc.

A 36 bust requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch gabardine and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch Canton crêpe. The lower edge of the dress measures 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3867—10865—Curiously enough, dresses though plainer and simpler of line are more than ever prone to embroideries, as on this new one-piece dress. It closes at the left, on the shoulder and under the arm and may have a blouse body lining, or an arrangement of elastic in a casing. The embroidery is a bright addition. Work the design in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads. Tweed, homespun, soft twills, camel's-hair suiting, tricotine, serge, wool ratine, gabardine, checks, duvetyn, Canton crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, tub silks, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, etc., are suitable materials.

A 36 bust requires 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch soft twill. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also for misses.

3905—This buckled one-piece dress has almost more than its share of good points; the new front closing, the panel back and the long shawl collars are all attractive. One may make it with a blouse body lining or only a leather belt may urge the dress to adopt the effect of a blouse. Make it of tweed, homespun, camel's-hair suiting, soft twills, serge, gabardine, tricotine, stripes, checks, light-weight velours, duvetyn, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, satin, etc.

A 36 bust requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch striped wool repp and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch broadcloth. The lower edge of the dress measures 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust. It is also very smart for misses.

Other views of these garments are on page 96

3917—10797—Singe allies itself with embroidery to do remarkable things on this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. The loose side panels begin under the rather wide sleeves. One may omit a blouse body lining if desired. The embroidered motifs are striking in their arrangement. They should be worked in a combination of beading or French knots and satin-stitch, outline-stitch or chain-stitch. For this dress use silk crêpe, crêpe jersey, charmeuse, all one material or in two colors, crêpe meteor or crêpe satin all one material, or combining dull and shiny surfaces, or serge, tricotine, soft twills, etc., with a contrasting vestee, etc. Lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

A 36 bust requires 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe and 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

3898—Russian closings are everywhere evident on Autumn dresses. On this one buttons mark such a closing and a trim set of collar and cuffs aid the belt in lending a tailored air. The straight skirt of the dress is joined to a long body, and there may be a blouse body lining if one prefers. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta or satin for the body and camel's-hair serge, checks, soft twills, tricotine, velours, duvetyn, for the skirt, or combine plain taffeta with a check taffeta, etc.

A 36 bust requires 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch charmeuse, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 54-inch serge, and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting silk. The lower edge of the dress is 50 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3894—Although her costume has a Hindu cast, her dress is quite modern with its low waistline to mark the joining of a two-piece skirt to the dress body. The long collar and the long sleeve insist that lines are still long this season, and the gathers at the side somewhat soften such insistence. There may be a blouse body lining. Make the body of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta, satin, and the skirt of camel's-hair, serge, checks, soft twills, tricotine, velours, duvetyn, or use plain taffeta with a check taffeta, etc.

A 36 bust requires 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 44-inch plain wool, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 54-inch plaid wool and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch flannel. The lower edge of the dress is 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



Coat 3904
Skirt 3485

Coat 3949
Skirt 3520

Coat 3902

Box-coat 3947
Skirt 3573

Dress 3948
Embroidery
design 10886

THESE AUTUMN COATS WITH SEPARATE SCARFS ARE DESTINED TO SET THE PACE FOR MAIN STREET

A SUIT INTRODUCES A VESTEE
AND A NEW DRESS STANDS ALONE

3904—3485—Some of the exuberance of crisp October freshness came to earth in this new coat for Autumn. The separate scarf collar is a necessary adjunct to the top-coat and its fringe is easily made. The inverted plait at the back gives it a tailored appearance. It is especially suitable to wear over a skirt of striped, plaid, checked or plain materials on this type. This skirt has a waistline raised 1 1/4 inch above normal and the distance from center to center of the plaits is 7 inches. For the coat use cheviots, fleece, tweeds, herring-bone, polo cloth, mixtures, plaids, checks, camel's-hair or homespun, and for the skirt, stripes, plaids, checks, serge, tricotine, etc.

A 36 bust and 38 hip require 3 3/8 yards of 54-inch check velours and 2 1/4 yards of 50-inch serge. Lower edge of coat in longer length 2 yards; skirt 2 3/4 yards.

The coat is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust; also nice for misses. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 49 1/2 hip.

3949—3520—Straight coats may step gaily over the line of limitation, since they are becomingly youthful on most types of figure. In addition they have appropriated the separate scarf collar and fringe it to match their pockets on a coat like this. This coat may be made with stitched or pressed dart plaits and the scarf collar may be joined to the coat. The two-piece skirt is straight and has a possibility of a trimming band. The waistline is raised 1 1/4 inch above normal. Make the suit of wool pile fabrics, homespun, serge, tricotine, checks, etc. The coat can also be made of tweeds, cheviot, gabardine, camel's-hair, etc.

A 36 bust and 38 hip require 3 1/2 yards of 54-inch homespun. This includes the scarf. Lower edge 52 1/2 inches.

The coat is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also smart for misses. The skirt is nice for ladies 35 to 47 1/2 hip.

3902—Coats go forth with self-assurance to lead off the fashion *revue* for Autumn and offer convincing proof of their right to a primary position in the new types for this season. The pockets above the smart belt are primarily for decoration while those below are undoubtedly useful. The coat for general wear retains straight lines, and this raglan coat may be made shorter if one prefers. The separate scarf collar

is long enough to give a generous sweep in blowing breezes and the fringe is smart. For this type of coat use cheviots, fleece, tweeds, herring-bone, polo cloth, mixtures, plaids, checks, camel's-hair or homespun.

A 36 bust will require 3 7/8 yards of camel's-hair 54 inches wide. Lower edge of coat in longer length 2 yards.

The coat is good looking for ladies 32 to 48 bust. It is very attractive for misses as well.

3947—3573—This suit proves the liberality of lines. The straight back and the long collar give it a very smart effect, and the separate vestee is a French touch. When worn with this two-piece skirt, which has an inside pocket and a waistline raised about 1 1/4 inch, it makes a good-looking suit. The skirt has all the features to make it appropriate for wear with suits, conservative in style and comfortable for walking. Make the suit of materials like twills, serge, tricotine, homespun, wool pile fabrics, etc., with a vestee of corded silks, satin, brocades, flannel, piqué or linen. One can also make the coat of wool repp, wool poplin, tweeds, checks, etc.

A 36 bust and 38 hip require 3 3/8 yards of 54-inch soft twill and 7/8 yard of 27-inch flannel. The lower edge is 56 inches.

The box-coat is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also misses. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 45 hip.

3948—10886—Present styles advocate simplicity as a virtue, as in this dress with its straight skirt free of any decoration. The embroidery confines its field to the long body, under which there may be a blouse body lining. The banding is in gay colors. Work it in a combination of satin-stitch, outline stitch or chain-stitch and bugle beads or one-stitch embroidery. Use silk crêpes, wool crêpe with body of harmonizing color or figured with plain, or use wool repp, wool pile fabrics, zibeline, camel's-hair, soft twills, serge, tricotine, broadcloth, velvet with a silk-crêpe or satin body, etc. Checks or plaids with a plain body or stripes all one material or with plain material are smart to use.

A 36 bust requires 2 7/8 yards of 54-inch tricotine and 5/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge is 52 1/2 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust.





Coat 3955

Coat 3952

Coat 3954

Coat 3956; skirt 3893

Dress 3953

THE ELECT AMONG WRAPS AND DRESSES CULTIVATE THE NEW DRAPERIES

3955—Autumn styles see the initiation of the draped costume coat in the new silks and amply trimmed with fur or fur cloth collars. The soft lines of this coat owe their origin to the drape at the front and the graceful sash does double duty in marking the draped tendency in the front and in creating a slight blouse or drapery at the back of the coat. Its length at the back is 51 inches. One may make this type of coat of heavy silk crêpes, satin, silk poplin, silk faille or velvet. For a coat with the collar and trimmed with the new twisted tubing use these materials and wool repp, wool poplin, wool pile fabrics, matelassé, or duvetyn to make a very attractive and fashionable coat for the new season.

A 36 bust requires 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch crinkled silk and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 50-inch fur cloth. Lower edge 57 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

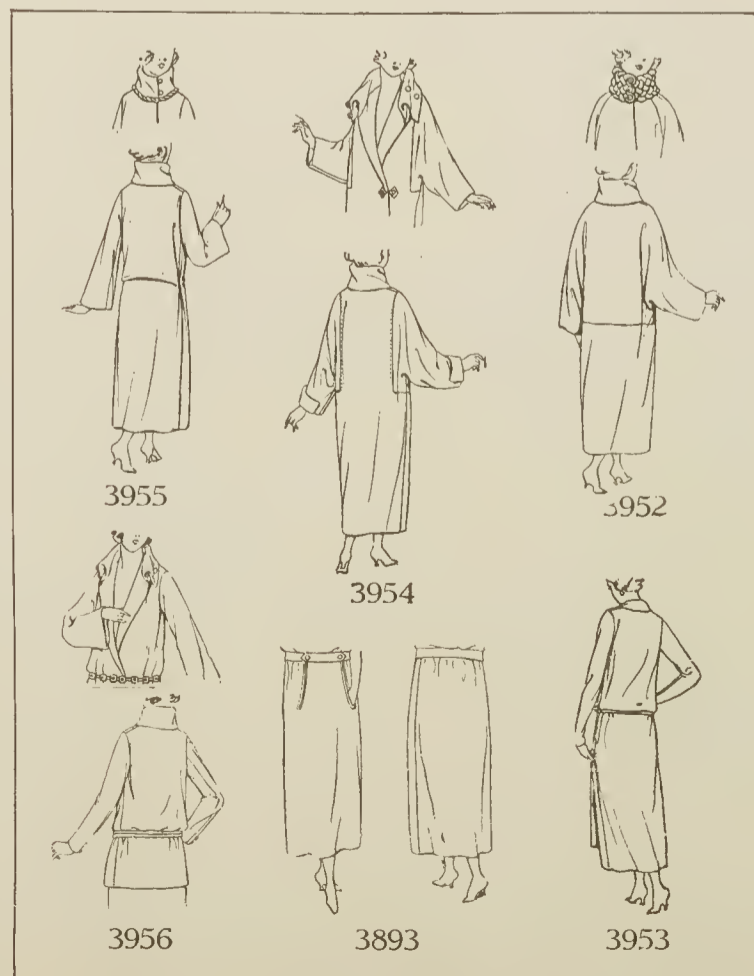
The coat is very becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3952—The interlaced stuffed tubings are the latest French word in collars to trim a coat of this type. It has the new silhouette—wide through the body from a straight shoulder to the hip, straight at the lower part. The back is plain and the front has a raglan cut which contributes a voluminous, almost blouse-effect to the upper part. The lower part is quite straight, narrow in effect but wide enough to be comfortable for walking. The coat may have a plain collar and cuffs or they may be embroidered. For a Winter wrap one may use a fancy material for the upper part with a plain fabric for the lower part. This coat is 50 inches long at the back. Make the coat of wool repp, wool poplin, wool pile fabrics, zibeline, duvetyn, serge, heavy silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge 48 inches.

A 36 bust requires 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide. The coat is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3954—One could indefinitely sing the praises of the wrap with a wide armhole which gives the new wide easy look to the body of a coat and which does not crush one's fragile frocks beneath. The deep square armhole is new and gives the roomy loose effect to this coat; otherwise the lines are quite straight. The snugly fitting collar is warm and the half-cuffs are very smart. An ornamental pair of buttons closes the coat. Make it of materials like wool repp, wool poplin, wool pile fabrics,

COATS USE STUFFED TUBING TRIMMING AND SUIT-JACKETS BLOUSE GRACEFULLY



zibeline, duvetyn, matelassé, serge, plush, velvet, fabric fur, satin, silk poplin, crinkled or blistered silks for a warm and handsome wrap.

A 36 bust requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch wool pile fabric and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 50-inch fur cloth. The lower edge of this coat measures 54 inches.

The coat is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also very nice for misses.

3956—3893—The piquancy of this smart costume comes from the very French coat with its belt at a low waistline. If one is built for straighter lines, the blouse may be omitted. Worn over the two-piece skirt this makes an attractive suit. The skirt has a waistline $\frac{1}{4}$ inch above normal and inside pockets. For this suit use soft twills, serge, tricotine, camel's hair suitings, duvetyn, silk crêpes, etc. The coat can also be made of wool repp, wool poplin, wool pile fabrics, matelassé, zibeline, velvet, fur fabrics, crinkled or blistered silks, silk poplin, etc. The braid trimming takes an unexpected direction on the collar and sleeves, and the body of the coat.

A 36 bust and 38 hip requires 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch wool repp. The lower edge of the skirt is 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also nice for misses. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

3953—Though dresses are necessarily under cover during cold weather, the new draped dress fills an important place in one's Fall wardrobe. A new ornament points the way for the side drape in front and the back has a distinct blouse on this one-piece dress. The dress may be made with a body lining if one prefers. The long collar on the surplice closing is very becoming and the dress may have a long fitted sleeve. It is a smart style for the street with furs in the early Autumn. Make it of materials like camel's hair, wool repp, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge, chiffon velvet, broadcloth, silk duvetyn for a smart and becoming dress.

A 36 bust requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch tricotine and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch crêpe satin. The lower edge of the dress measures 54 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



3918—3596—In answer to the first ringing of school-bells, doors up and down the street spill forth a throng of little folk. School dresses should be simple and a one-piece dress like this will be serviceable for a whole season. It slips on over the head and has a smart collar and cuffs. The four-gored hat comes from a set containing a tam-o'-shanter. For the hat use velours, duvetyn, tweeds, satin, etc., and make the dress of tweeds, camel's-hair suiting, homespun, wool jersey, serge, tricotine, checks, crêpe jersey, linen, gingham, chambray, etc.

The dress for 11 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch wool jersey and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch linen. The hat for girls or 21 inches head measure requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 54-inch velours.

The dress is pretty for girls and juniors 6 to 15 years.

The hat is serviceable for children, girls, misses and ladies.

3911—10812—For those who only stand and wave there is bright consolation in a new dress with quaint pockets and flower embroidery. The separate bloomers of this dress on the slip-over type join an underbody. The arrangement of the flower motifs emphasize the becoming gathers below the arm-hole. The flower design is suitable for dresses or waists done in braiding, or for children's clothes in outline and satin-stitch embroidery. Suitable materials for such a dress are pin-check gingham, all one material or with chambray, cotton prints, all one material or with plain cotton, dimity all one material or with plain lawn, or unbleached muslin trimmed with appliqué embroidery or contrasting material, etc.

A 5-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch chambray.

The dress is dainty for little girls 2 to 8 years.

3916—3157—Although September may start warm and fair, chill winds blow as nutting time draws near, and it is not too early to begin planning one's Winter coat. It should have attractive pockets and a separate scarf collar like this coat of the raglan type. The belt gives the new low look to the waistline, and there is an inverted plait at the back. Use duvetyn, velours, broadcloth, flannel, velvet or corduroy for the tam-o'-shanter, and chevots, fleece, tweeds, polo cloth, mixtures, plaids, checks, camel's-hair cloth or homespun for the coat.

The coat for a 13-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch camel's-hair cloth. The tam for girls or 21 inches head measure requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch camel's-hair cloth.

The coat is nice for girls and juniors 4 to 15 years. The tam-o'-shanter is good for girls, children, misses and ladies.

NEW FASHIONS FOR FIRST GRADERS AND THOSE MORE SOPHISTICATED

3850—Second only in importance to the choice of the right school is the wardrobe of the schoolgirl. It should include at least one of the new one-piece dresses with Russian closing and straight lower edge, and trimmed either with bands or peasant embroidery. This one offers a choice of a blouse body lining or an arrangement of elastic in a casing at the low waistline. Make the dress of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, tub silks, wool crêpe, homespun, tweeds, serge, tricotine, checks, plaids or stripes, etc.

A 17-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch wool jersey. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is very attractive for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also suitable for small women.



3918

3911

3938



3850

3907

3877

3877—One secures the happiest effect from a gay stripe by using it in the right type of frock. The straight, two-piece lower part of this dress with its long body is detachable or, if one prefers, may be joined to the body. There is still another possibility—a blouse body lining. For the body of the dress use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta, and for the skirt, camel's-hair, serge, checks, soft twills, tricotine; or combine plain taffeta with checked taffeta, or use crêpe jersey in two colors or with a body of silk crêpe, wool jersey in two colors or with a body of silk jersey in a harmonizing color, etc.

A 16-year size requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 44-inch plain serge and 1 yard of 54-inch plaid wool ($5\frac{1}{2}$ inch). Lower edge is 52 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.

3907—3332—"First Day" is an event of great importance, a day when the youngest must appear at her best. This little ripple coat with its set-in sleeves is most becoming for such an occasion. The fur-trimmed collar may be worn open or closed. Use duvetyn, velours, velvet, faille silk, taffeta, etc., for the hat, and homespun, tweeds, camel's-hair cloaking, checks, broadcloth, serge, cheviot, wool velours, wool ratine, chinchilla, velvet, corduroy, taffeta, etc., for the coat.

The coat for a 6-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch broadcloth and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 50-inch fur cloth. The hat for a child or 20 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches head measure requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch faille silk.

The coat is becoming to little girls 1 to 12 years. The hats are suitable for little girls and girls 2 to 12 years.

3938—She will learn that "lines, my dear, are important," at school as well as in the realm of clothes. Undoubtedly the lines of this coat with its separate fringed scarf collar are quite smart, not to except the four slit pockets and the snug leather belt. Under the scarf there is a shawl collar, but with either type of collar it is a smart coat in which to step off to school. These wooly warm coats are the warmest for the schoolgirl, and are durable enough to last throughout a whole winter season. Appropriate materials to use for such a coat include chevots fleece, tweeds, herring-bone, polo cloth, mixture, plaids, checks, camel's-hair or homespun.

A 12-year size will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of check wool 54 inches wide.

The coat is good for girls and juniors 4 to 15 years.



YOUTH HAILS THE EASY BLOUSE AND LOW WAISTLINES
WHILE CHILDREN DELIGHT IN WARM WRAPS

3909—3385—10744—Childish spirits soar like balloons when one has a new smocked coat. It may have a cape collar and be gathered on to the yoke. The little mushroom hat is becoming. The smocking adds a bright touch of color to the coat. The design comes in a series of fancy stitches. Make the hat of duvetyne, velours, faille silk, etc., and for the coat use taffeta, faille silk, silk crêpes, henrietta, cashmere, serge, etc.

A 2-year size requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 50-inch broadcloth for the coat. The hat for a little girl or 19 inches head measure requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch silk.

The coat is nice for children $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 years and the hat is good for girls 2 to 12 years.

3942—3422—This is the way we go to school when we are young and wear a new coat with distinctive sleeves. The round drop yoke makes it especially becoming to girls of this age. The tasseled hat with the stitched bias brim is attractive. The brim may be rolled in any becoming way. For the hat use velours, duvetyne, tweeds, taffeta, faille silk, etc. Make the coat of materials like soft serge, henrietta, cashmere, wool taffeta, silk crêpe, faille silk, taffeta, etc.

A 7-year size in the coat and the hat for a girl or 20 inches head measure requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch broadcloth.

The coat is becoming to little girls 1 to 12 years. The set of hats are suitable for children, girls, misses or ladies.

3864—10945—Loose panels assert their individuality on this dress with bright embroidery motifs. Both the panels and the straight skirt join the blouse at a low waistline. The dress may have a long body lining. The embroidery monopolizes the skirt. Work it in a combination of outline or satin-stitch embroidery and bugle beads or one-stitch. Suitable materials for this dress are wool crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., in one or two colors, Georgette or silk voile all one material, etc. The lower edge is 50 inches.

A 17-year size requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine. The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years and small women.

3906—10934—She is up in the air over her new little frock with frilly bloomers, with puffed sleeves, and broad scallops in place of a hem. These bloomers are separate and join an underbody. The gathers at the round neck, which ends in a tie, are very becoming to this age. A flower-pot motif is used for a pocket on the dress. This should be worked in outline or appliqué. For this little dress use fine cotton crêpe, pin-dotted swiss, dimity, mull, dotted voile, lawn, batiste, nainsook, cotton prints, chambray, gingham tissues, soft sateen, fine linen, pin-check gingham, crêpe de Chine, pongee, soft taffeta or challis.

A 6-year size will require $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of sateen 36 inches wide. The dress is most attractive for little girls 2 to 10 years.

3924—For the very young girl, frocks with a delicate flowery grace are the daintiest. A scalloped hem and ribbon rosettes contribute to the festive air of this dress which slips on over her head. The long body, which is joined to a straight skirt, is of a gay, figured fabric, with a collar of the same material one uses for the skirt. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, serge, wool jersey, homespun, etc., or for attractive combinations use silk crêpe and crêpe de Chine in two colors, or a plain taffeta with check taffeta, etc.

A 14-year size requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch figured silk and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch plain silk.

The dress is becoming to girls and juniors 8 to 15 years.

3950—To be fashionable the lines on coats for juniors should be straight like this coat with its becoming scarf collar. Both the collar and wide cuffs are fringe finished and the front fastens with two ornamental buttons. Patch pockets are a forethought for the schoolgirl and the convertible front makes it a warm coat for the chill of early Autumn days. For such a coat use chevots, fleece, tweeds, herring-bone, polo cloth, mixtures, crêpes, plaids, checks, camel's hair, homespun or wool-pile fabrics.

A 13-year size will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of check wool 54 inches wide.

The coat is very smart for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

3881—10968—Entirely befitting the dignity of sixteen is this dress in Russian effect. The band to mark the side closing is most attractive. A low waistline marks the joining of waist and the straight skirt. The dress may be made with a long body lining. The scroll embroidery design covers the skirt of the dress. It should be worked in large beads or French-knot embroidery. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, soft taffeta, Georgette, silk voile, etc.

A 16-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting crêpe. Lower edge 59 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also becoming to small women.





3869—What an opportunity to indulge one's fondness for stripes in this interesting one-piece dress! The long collar and the two pockets on one side contribute to its individuality, and the sash-belt reasserts the prevalence of the very low waistline in Autumn dresses. There may be a blouse body lining or an arrangement of elastic in a casing at the waistline. The sleeves may be of the one or two seam variety. For such a dress use heavy silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, crêpe satin, or for a dress of heavier weight use tweed, camel's-hair suitings, soft twills, serge, gabardine, tricotine, checks, stripes, wool crêpe, etc.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch striped serge and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch plain serge. The lower edge of the dress is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust, also for misses.

3875—10948—There is an alluring grace to the one-piece dress with loose side panels which are rounded in a becoming fashion and brilliant with embroidery. The dress slips on over the head and may have a blouse body lining. A fancy metal girdle emphasizes the waistline near the hips. The motifs on the panels are new. Work them in appliqué or outline embroidery. Suitable materials for this type of dress are serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool crêpe, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, etc.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material. The lower edge measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust. It is also suitable for misses.

3879—10814—There is always a welcome for the frock in Russian effect, like this one-piece dress with its Russian closing accentuated by the embroidery which follows it down to the hem. The dress may be made with a blouse body lining if one prefers. The banding is very effective. Work it in a combination of beads or French-knot embroidery and satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Make the dress of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, tub silks. For a warmer dress use wool crêpe, homespun, tweeds, serge, tricotine, checks, plaids or striped fabrics, etc.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch wool repp. The lower edge of the dress is 54 inches.

The dress is stunning for ladies 32 to 44 bust, and very becoming also to misses.

DRESSES ACCEPT COLLARS AND LONGER SKIRTS DISCOVER A BLOUSE

3944—Separate skirts are the "intimate strangers" of our wardrobe; we use them every day but take them so much for granted, sometimes failing to notice the differences of the new types. Most of them are made with the vogue of plaids, etc., in view. These skirts for Autumn are not very long and rather narrow, though still adequate for walking. The set-in pockets of this two-piece skirt are attractive features. The waistline is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch above normal. Use materials like tweed, homespun, camel's-hair suiting, checks, stripes or plaids, etc., or for another type use serge, tricotine, broadcloth, twills, gabardine, etc.

A 38 hip requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of novelty stripe wool 44 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures 2 yards.

The skirt is practical for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

3951—10972—The very newest blouses achieve the effect of a long body and blouse at the back by means of buttons around the hips. This blouse is sparse of trimming save for one's monogram, a fact which is responsible for the tailored air. The tucks at the front make an attractive trimming and give a neater fit to the blouse. The very smart sleeve and collar are new features also. The blouse slips on over the head. The monogram design is individual. It should be worked in satin-stitch, outline or French stemming and seed-stitch embroidery. Make the blouse of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, pongee, cotton crêpe, etc., or for a blouse without tucks use habutai, printed silks, printed crêpes.

A 36 bust requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. The blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3936—Though separate skirts for Autumn are longer, they do not go very far and are still comfortable for street wear. They are from eight to ten inches from the floor, depending on the type of costume; the more formal are longer, the tailored still short. The belt of this two-piece skirt tabs the pockets in an attractive fashion and the pockets are the sole trimming necessary for such a tailored type of skirt. Use materials like camel's-hair suiting, homespun, tweeds, serge, tricotine, soft twills, broadcloth, Oxford suitings, checks, stripes, plaids, light-weight velours, duvetyn, etc., or similar materials for a skirt of this type.

A 38 hip will require $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of homespun 54 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

3912—Some sort of compromise for width is attained by this four-piece skirt in the plaits at either side of the panel in front. Skirts are more important than one would imagine at first thought. This type of skirt will find a ready place in one's wardrobe, to be worn either as a separate skirt or made to complete one's suit. The set-in pockets are attractive accessories and the waistline is about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch higher than normal. The general effect of the panel, the plaits and the straight lines makes it becoming to all figures. Suitable materials to use for this type of skirt are tweeds, homespun, camel's-hair suiting, serge, tricotine, broadcloth, twills, gabardine.

A 38 hip will require 2 yards of serge 44 inches wide. The lower edge of the skirt measures 2 yards.

The skirt is smart for ladies 35 to 55 hip measure.





WHEN HOUSEHOLDS START UPON A NEW SEASON AND SCHOOL-BELLS RING

3934—His first real overcoat with a cut like father's own coat is a real excitement and delight to a small boy who likes to emulate the older members of his family even in his clothes. The inverted or box plait at the back of this coat gives it a tailored fit and the convertible collar makes it suitable to wear throughout the coldest weather. A real boy will be delighted with the patch pockets. For a good sturdy overcoat materials like the following are the most suitable: Tweeds, mixtures, homespun, gabardine, cheviots, light-weight chinchilla, whip-cords or covert.

A 12-year size will require 1 7/8 yard of camel's-hair cloaking 54 inches wide. The overcoat is very practical for boys from 2 to 14 years of age.

3921—A boy can tackle anything if he has a new suit to bear him out. The yoke of this suit gives a broad effect especially becoming to a growing boy, and patch pockets are two more attractions. The box-plaited jacket of this Norfolk suit may be made without a yoke and the suit may have straight trousers or knickerbockers. Knickerbockers are most suitable for this age, however, and usually chosen by wise mothers. They are most attractive worn with gay golf stockings. Use materials like tweeds, homespun, worsted, corduroy, serge, mixtures or cheviot for a Fall or Winter suit. For a wash suit of this type for a warm climate use crash, linen suitings, shantung, beach cloth or pongee.

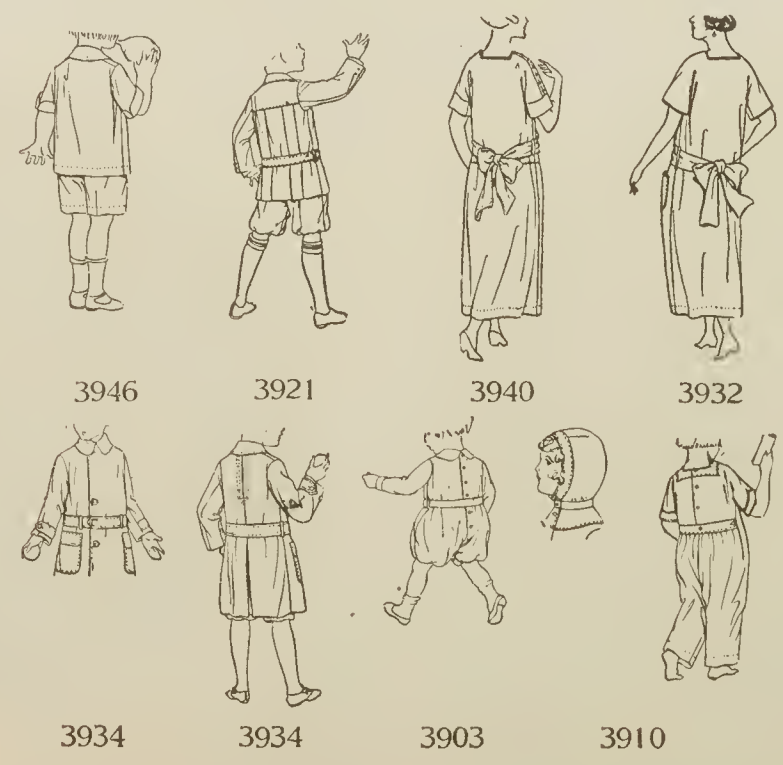
A 10-year size will require 2 1/8 yards of tweed 54 inches wide. The suit is very good for boys from 7 to 14 years of age.

3946—10934—If a boy has a dog, he can not want much more; and if he wears a new play suit his satisfaction is complete. This little suit is simple and practical for every-day wear, with a blouse which slips on over the head and one-piece trousers. The collar and cuffs make it even more attractive for little boys. The band for the opening at the front of the blouse is smart. The little Brownie man on the blouse is very attractive. This motif should be worked in outline embroidery or appliqué. Make the suit of wool jersey, silk jersey, poplin, repp, serge; or for a wash suit use pongee, madras, chambray, linen-finished cottons, piqué or cotton jersey.

A 4-year size will require 1 1/2 yard of linen 36 inches wide and 1/4 yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide. The suit is suitable for little boys from 2 to 6 years of age.

3903—10812—Ideas upon housekeeping can not be instilled at too early an age and the taste for it can be learned the quicker if the small girl wears practical rompers like these. For a child they may be made open or closed at the bottom. The pocket motifs on this suit are the very best trimming for children's clothes. They come from a design containing motifs which should be worked in braiding, outline or satin-stitch embroidery. Suitable materials to use for these rompers are gingham, chambray, dimity, seersucker, heavy cotton crêpe, linen-finished cottons, madras, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine or pongee.

A 3-year size will require 1 1/2 yard of linen-finished cotton 36 inches wide. The rompers are becoming to children from 1 to 5 years.



3932—10890—So partial are we now to low belts that we prefer them even in the sashes to our aprons, and as for checks—they are always acceptable. This is a simple slip-over apron, the comfortable sort for one's busiest hours. Even grown-ups' clothes may adopt pocket motifs. Work these in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch. Use chintz, flowered sateen, cotton prints, cotton crêpe, chambray, gingham, cretonne, Japanese crêpe, percale, madras, seersucker or black sateen trimmed with cretonne or a bright color. Unbleached muslin trimmed with percale, chintz or a bright color in embroidery, cross-stitch, appliqué, or a contrasting fabric makes a gay apron.

A 36 bust will require 3 1/4 yards of gingham 32 inches wide and 3/4 yard of 32-inch chambray. Lower edge is 1 5/8 yard. The apron is practical for ladies from 32 to 48 bust.

3910—When a small child wears these night-drawers to bed on cool Autumn nights, she will be quite snug and warm. They are very comfortable, since they are made all in one piece at the front and with a drop seat at the back. The only trimming is a simple frilling at the neck and wrists. Chill and cold can not creep up those long sleeves with cuffs or into the collar. If the children sleep outside, make the night-drawers and hood of Canton flannel, outing flannel or flannelet. For a night garment without the hood use plain percale, madras, dimity, cambric, muslin or cotton crêpe.

An 8-year size will require 3 7/8 yards of muslin 36 inches wide.

The night-drawers are comfortable for children from 1 to 13 years of age.

3940—No great amount of effort is necessary to make an apron attractive; the very combination of materials brightens it wonderfully. The two-piece lower part of this apron, which slips on over the head, joins the long body at a low hipline. Make the apron of chintz, cretonne, gingham or cotton prints for the body with a chambray skirt. Flowered sateen or cretonne used for the body with a black sateen skirt makes a becoming apron, or a black sateen body with a flowered sateen or cretonne skirt makes a gay apron, while a combination of two harmonizing colors in Japanese crêpe and trimmed with appliqué etc., is suitable. The lower edge is 1 5/8 yard.

A 36 bust will require 1 3/8 yard of cretonne 32 inches wide and 2 5/8 yards of chambray 32 inches wide. The apron is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

BEAUTY RECAPTURES YOUTH'S GRACE AND BLOOM FROM THE PIERIAN SPRING OF EMBROIDERY



Embroidery design 10987

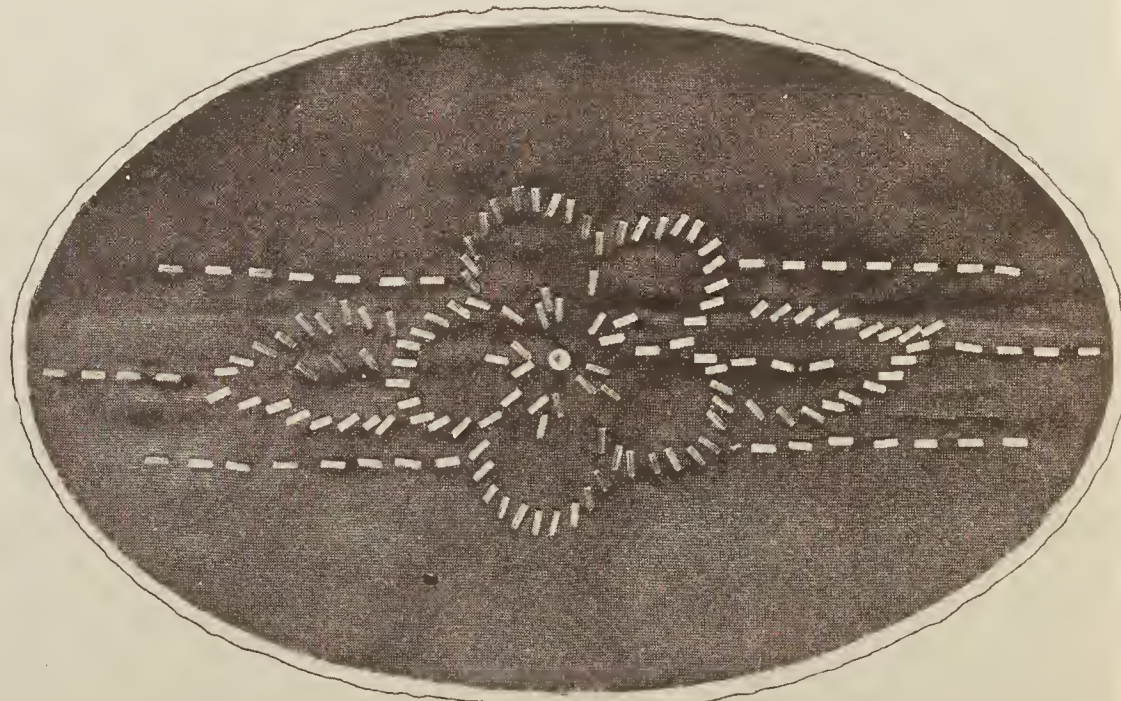
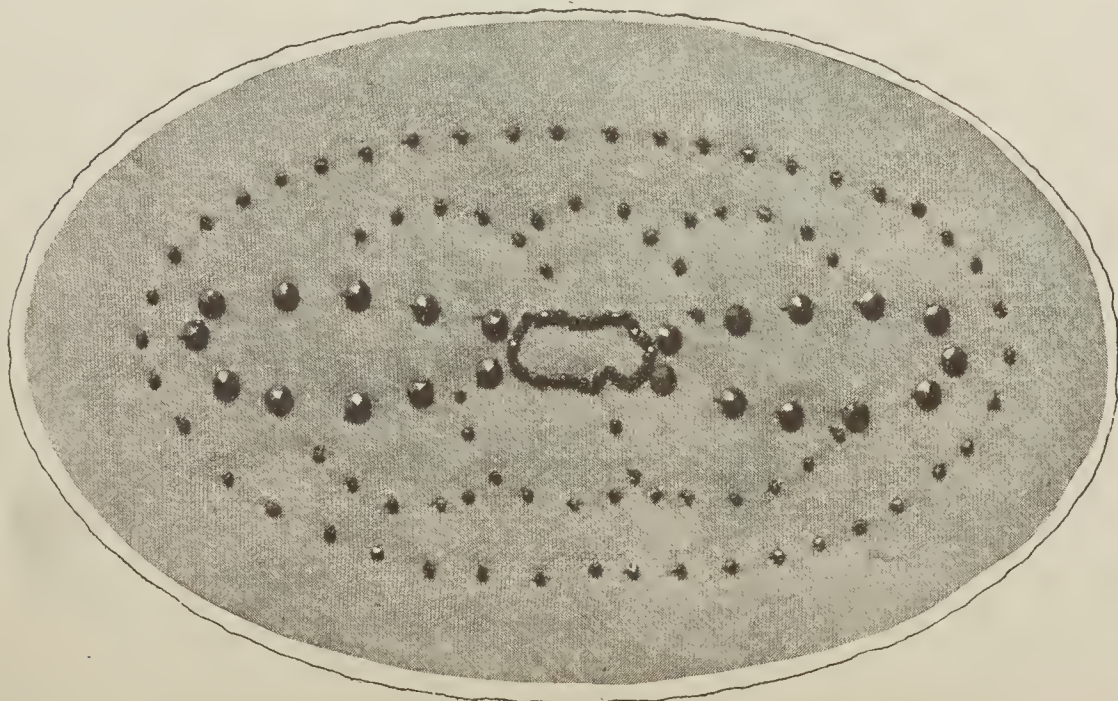
Embroidery design 10986

Embroidery design 10985

10987—Some of the delicacy and airy lightness of butterfly wings went into this new design, and the same vivid colors of these gauzy wings appear in the scintillating beads which are used for this embroidery. The new silk-crêpe and Georgette blouses may adopt such a design to use for their leg-o'-mutton or loose sleeves, and skirts, dresses, or even hats may be brightened with the banding or motifs. They should be worked in large or small beads or French knots and beads. The design may be adapted to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $1\frac{5}{8}$ inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch wide, 9 motifs $5\frac{3}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{8}$ inches, 6 motifs $4\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter and 6 corners.

10986—Embroideries this season overlook their status as a trimming and run riot on the new frocks and blouses, spreading their motifs over the sleeves and using the banding to effect. This graceful new flower design is dainty for children's frocks, and in colors is bright for duvetyn, satin or silk-crêpe hats. It should be worked in lazy-daisy embroidery, outline, eyelets or satin-stitch. The design can be adapted to $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of banding $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of banding $3\frac{5}{8}$ inches wide, 6 motifs $6\frac{3}{4}$ by $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 4 motifs $5\frac{1}{8}$ by $4\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 8 motifs $3\frac{1}{4}$ by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 10 motifs $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter, 8 motifs $2\frac{7}{8}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and 2 neck outlines.

10985—To "sit on a cushion and sew fine seams" is most fascinating when one can embroider exquisite designs like these on frocks, skirts or blouses. Those which one makes and which are trimmed with exotic and vividly colored embroideries are quite individual. The rose-and-leaf motif and the banding of this design are attractive for dresses, overblouses or hats for Fall. Work it in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads or a combination of the two. The design can be adapted to $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of banding $2\frac{5}{8}$ inches wide, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of banding $\frac{7}{16}$ wide, 6 motifs $12\frac{1}{2}$ by 4 inches and 3 motifs $8\frac{1}{8}$ by $9\frac{3}{8}$ inches.



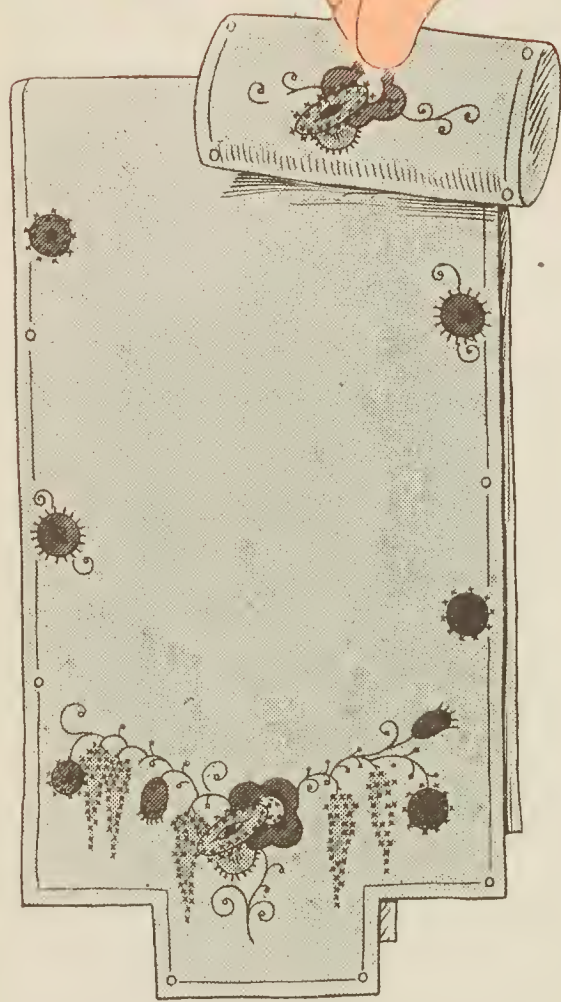


Embroidery design 10984

THE HARVEST MONTH FOR
EMBROIDERIES BRINGS IN A
WEALTH OF NEW IDEAS FOR
THE HOME



Embroidery design 10988



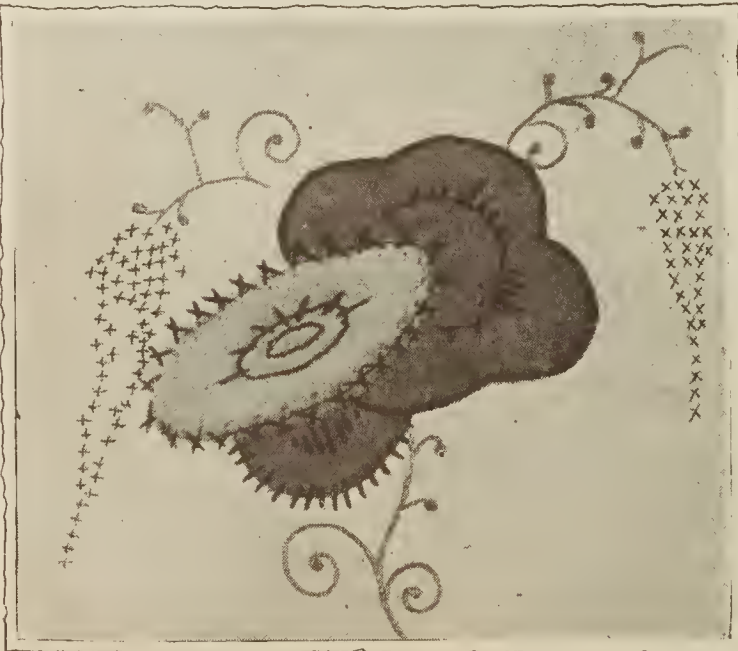
Embroidery design 10989

spread across each end and splash a motif here and there along the length. Even the cut of this scarf is appreciably new and the fat bolster pincushion presents a bold flank to invading pins. This design is very easily done in one's spare hours. The design should be worked in a combination of appliqué, cross-stitch, and outline embroidery. The design can be adapted to one scarf 16 by 63 inches, two pincushions 12 by 6½ inches, and a duplicate of each flower.

suggest several uses, as a trimming for sewing or household bags, or as an attractive decoration for table-linen for the breakfast-room. The design is most appropriate, however, for a centerpiece to beautify the table during its leisure hours. It is simple enough to be very quickly worked, and one will be surprised at its progress. The design may be adapted to one 36-inch centerpiece, and a duplicate of each flower in the design.

10984—"Hark, hark, the dogs do bark"—or we seem to hear them, so realistic do these appliqué puppies appear! The whole tribe of nursery folk and barnyard animals make adorable pocket motifs for children's tiny dresses or play aprons, and for nursery decoration they are ideal. In that room these figures may be used for stenciling curtains or window-cushions or they may be painted on oilcloth table-covers or furniture. House dresses or aprons for many a grown-up may adopt the flower basket or poppy motif for distinctive trimming. As for that quaint posy corsage, can't you see it brightening a variety of places—the pocket of a dainty smock, a crisp, handkerchief-linen frock for a tiny girl or a new fancy bag? It fairly breathes forth an old-fashioned fragrance. This design may be worked in appliqué or outline embroidery. The design is adapted to 1½ yard of puppy banding 3½ inches wide, 30 pockets and 14 assorted motifs.

10988—Just recently we have discovered that a table is a graceful piece of furniture and beautifies the room it occupies. Following this discovery, a flock of tables, oddly shaped and beautifully designed have appeared, gate-leg tables to fit in apartments of limited proportions, refectory tables in period design and a variety of others. For their ornamentation there are dainty and gay centerpieces and covers. Some tables make use of oilcloth covers, long or round like this one, with a seasonable design painted on; or they may be of linen or linen-finished cottons decorated with appliqué, cross-stitch and outline embroidery in vivid colors. The flowers in the design above



“THE LAST BOAT”

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

THEY say on the other side that one can always tell when a steamer has arrived by the number of short-skirted Americans one sees in the street. In a few days they have disappeared, naturalized by the simple process of purchasing longer dresses.

Paris has put over the long skirt so successfully that every one will have to have new outfits this Autumn, no matter if their last season's clothes are in a perfect state of preservation. The new low waistline which comes just around the hip bone makes a longer skirt imperative. With a short skirt it cuts the figure exactly in half and is ugly.

THE excessively short skirt, of course, was never considered good style except for the very young girl, but you saw so much of it on the street—especially the street called Broadway—that the new dresses seem quite long in contrast. As a matter of fact they are rarely less than seven inches from the floor, and that for a formal type of dress. Eight inches from the floor is an excellent length for dresses and the rather elegant coat and dress suit. Sports clothes and tailored suits can clear the ground by ten inches. Evening dresses are usually the seven-off-the-floor length, but if there are long panels, cascades, etc., the skirt itself may be as much as nine inches from the ground while the

loose ends give it the effect of much greater length.

In making your Autumn clothes make them long. You can always shorten them if you feel you're too far ahead of your home town, but it would be difficult to lengthen them when you find every one has adopted the new style.

MAKE a dress to-day with the short skirt and you haven't a new dress. The material is new, but not the fashion, and it's the fashion that dates clothes primarily.

You'll like the new length when you're accustomed to it, for it's easy to wear. There was something very attractive about the short skirt on the very young girl, but it was an unkind fashion for older women. The skirt is still short enough for perfect comfort and freedom, but the added length with the present narrow silhouette has great elegance and distinction.

There are indeed many indications that



styles this year will be, not less simple but certainly less easy-going than they have been since the war, and that the day of the flapper is on the wane. She is, after all, only half the feminine world and to judge by the magazines and the moralists far from the better half at that.

Paris has successfully launched the long skirt, and it seems likely that styles will go back to the *femme du monde* type that prevailed before the war. There are sufficient straws to show that quite a strong wind is blowing in that direction. Women have gone back to corsets, for their figures were spreading. Young girls wear corsets without knowing it, for they call them "girdles," but whatever they call them they indicate a less careless mode of dress. Draperies are the new note of the Autumn fashions and they mean a distinctly more elegant style of dress, though they are perfectly simple and are even worn for the

street in certain types of the coat dress. They will be used for wrap coats, for afternoon and evening gowns and for the simple street dress just referred to. Even suits have felt the urge in the new direction and in Paris one sees little of the severely tailored suit and a great deal of the soft blouse jacket.

They are very easy to make, for there is little or no tailoring to them, and, as many of them are made of matelassé, they can be worn with other skirts and dresses as well as part of the original suit—the matelassé jacket of a beige suit, for example, with a black cloth skirt or with a black crêpe silk dress made with a narrow skirt.

SLEEVES and necks have altered their ways very little in the last six months. You see practically the same types with perhaps a little more insistence on the long sleeve of moderate width. The very short sleeve is still used in afternoon dresses and though it is perfectly correct it is not new. The long sleeve isn't new either, only a little newer, so there you are.

In necks a square or U shape, usually collarless, has a fresher look than the familiar bateau outline, which, however, is still more popular than any other. The Russian school puts a little low fence collar around it which is more becoming to most of us in theory than in fact.

WRITE TO ELEANOR CHALMERS WHENEVER YOU ARE IN DOUBT

Eleanor Chalmers will be glad to answer any question in connection with dressmaking or tailoring. State your difficulty as fully as you can and write to her, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer.

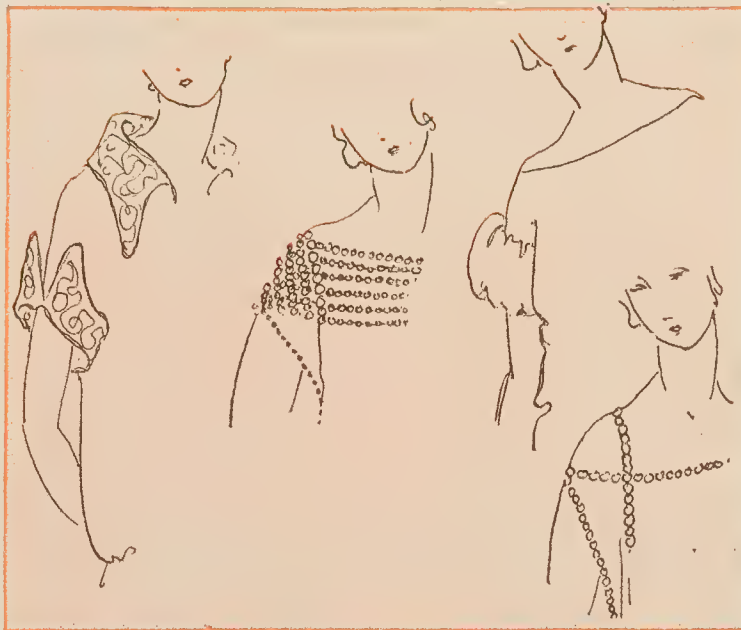
DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have read that skirts are going to be longer this Fall. Does this mean suit skirts? I have a very nice tailored suit made a year ago but still in good condition. It is quite short and the skirt is faced. Could I lengthen it with a band at the bottom?
C. B.

I DON'T believe you'd like a band, for suit skirts are very plain. The best way to lengthen is at the top. It is probably made on an inch-and-a-half or two-inch belt. Take it off the belt and drop it low on the hip, as low as the hip will hold it. You can either put it on a very narrow belt made to fit your hip size instead of your waist size or you can put a casing at the top of the skirt and draw up the fulness on a tape or ribbon. Of course you will have to wear it with a hip-length blouse, preferably one that comes over the skirt. Dropping your skirt will give you the length you require and will also give you the new low hipline.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have always used Butterick patterns and have found in the past that size thirty-six bust fitted me perfectly. Now, however, I find that many of the dress patterns, especially the ones

with the bloused upper part, are much too large for me. I have not grown thinner, so the fault must be with the pattern. Are they being made larger now?
M. G.

NO, THE fulness allowed is just sufficient to give the right style effect. If they were made any smaller, they would not have the fashionable line which must be straight from shoulder to hip. In soft materials a good deal of fulness is allowed so that the body will fall softly under the arm and have just the right



blouse at the hipline. In wool materials the same effect can be produced with less material because the wool has more body. In each case the fulness is correct for the style and for the materials recommended on the pattern envelope. If you measure thirty-six inches at the bust, buy a thirty-six pattern. Do not get a smaller pattern or try to take out the fulness in fitting or you will destroy the style of your dress. Everything to-day is soft and easy in line, straight from shoulder to

hip and flat at the bust. If your shoulders are narrower than your hip, do not fit your shoulder seams to your shoulder, but use the long shoulder, which will keep an even line with the hip. If you fit your shoulder, the line will slope outward from your shoulder to your hip and give a bad effect.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have bought some thirty-six inch material and find that width is not given in the quantities on the pattern envelope. Can I use it, piecing it if necessary?
J. H. R.

I WOULD urge you strongly to choose another pattern which calls for thirty-six-inch material. If the thirty-six-inch width isn't given on the envelope, it is because it would make the piecing come in a position that would look badly and perhaps spoil your dress. The Deltor layouts plan the piecing very carefully. If possible, the Deltor will place the piecing where it will be covered by the trimming of the dress, by a panel, tunic, etc. Or the piecing will come at a place where the piecing seam will look like a construction seam. The Deltor never puts a piecing where it will look badly or where it will look as if a small triangle had been sewed on.

THEY ALL DO IT WITH THE DELTOR

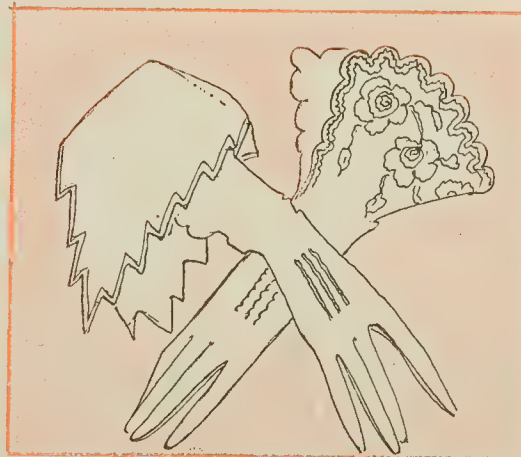
"DRESS IS AN INSTINCT OF YOUTH." "I'll tell you who likes the Deltor—it's the young girl and the younger women," said the manager of a famous department store. "They are the ones that are so keen on pretty clothes. It's an instinct of youth. They buy the pattern with the Deltor because it gives them smart styles and the Deltor shows them the new ways of making them. They haven't settled down into hard-and-fast old-fashioned ways of making their clothes. The youngsters know they don't know, and they let the Deltor show them the right way!"

THE DELTOR AND THE DRESS-MAKERS. One of them said: "I have always bought French books for the styles, but they are no help to me in regard to getting the right effect or giving a dress the correct finish. Now I simply follow the Deltor. It has taught me how to make all the new French trimmings and also how to give a dress just the right look and individual touch. I can make dresses now in less time and am able to get better prices for them because they have more style."

ANOTHER said: "Certainly I use the Deltor. With those layouts I tell my customers to buy less material, for, of course, I couldn't spend the time to plan as closely as the Deltor. It would take hours. My customers like the idea of using less material and frequently order two dresses when they had only intended to have one. The Deltor has increased my orders."

A DRESSMAKER in Chicago wrote: "I used to do all my cutting myself because it is so important. If part of a dress is cut off the right grain, it will always act badly and the dress is a failure from the start. So I would never trust any one to cut for me. Now, however, with the Deltor layouts I simply turn the cutting over to a young girl and have my time free for other work. The cutting is

done perfectly, for all the girl has to do is to follow the Deltor layouts."



SHE CAME, SHE DIDN'T SEE, AND THE DELTOR CONQUERED. A young woman came to the Butterick Pattern Department and was very much astonished at the price. "I don't see why I have to pay fifty cents for a pattern," she said. "I saw practically this same style in another pattern that only cost thirty-five cents."

"Do you know how much material it called for?" asked the saleswoman.

"Yes, the girl told me, five yards and a quarter. It seems quite a little."

"The pattern with the Deltor only takes three yards and seven-eighths. You save a yard and three-eighths with the Deltor."

That's a pretty good reason for paying fifty cents for your pattern, isn't it?"

"The best in the world," agreed the customer. "The material is three dollars and a half a yard. I'll save over four dollars. But how outrageous for that other pattern to be so misleading!"

"No," replied the saleswoman. "They do not give a layout for every size and width and so they have to recommend the amount of material that an untrained woman would use in cutting her dress without any assistance."

"No woman, unless she was a professional cutter, could cut our patterns from these small quantities of material unless she had the Deltor layout to show her how it's done by an expert. You pay less for the Butterick pattern with the Deltor than for any other because it always saves on your material, sometimes twenty-five or fifty cents, often several dollars. And the Deltor saves your time, for you cut, following the layout, put your dress together, piece by piece by the Deltor for Putting Together, and the Deltor shows the correct professional finish so your dress won't look home-made."

HATS ARE OF IMMEDIATE IMPORTANCE IN THE PROLOGUE TO AUTUMN'S FASHION DISPLAY

AND SLIPPERS ARE IN STEP WITH NEW STYLES

(Photographs from Underwood and Underwood)



A tuft of coq feathers is responsible for the illusion of breadth in this diminutive gray hat which fits fondly over the coiffure. From Laurent Defente



The brim's flare gives an effect almost "mousquetaire" to a black crêpe de Chine hat by Dargy, with further attractions of black ribbons



Brimms turn up on hats like this from the French house of Théo Hamard of knitted red wool trimmed with flame geranium flowers



For early Fall, when one's thoughts perforce turn toward town, a simple felt tricorne in gray is in inobtrusive taste. From Laurent Defente



Shoes stand firmly against the lengthening of skirts and advance tantalizing proof of the folly of such a move in suede or soft leathers. The newest footwear for afternoon or evening dress are brilliantly buckled and adequately strapped

One notices the quiet reinstatement of Colonial lines, particularly the long tongue. Pumps adopt leather trimming, often to emphasize their graceful lines and sometimes to imitate the sandal style. Shoes from Ehrlich



Shirt-waist
3534
Dress
3822

Dress 3801

Dress 2912

Dress 3688
Monogram design
10787

3840

Dress 3840
Embroidery
design
10939

Middy blouse
3849
Skirt 2989

Dress 3791
Monogram design 10858

3534—3822—The one-piece dress in jumper style elects plaid as its choice and slips on over a shirt-waist which may omit the shoulder yoke. The shirt-waist may be in sports or a shorter length and offers a choice of high neck and a separate or joined flat collar or an open neck. The shoulder is $\frac{3}{8}$ inch longer than is usual. Use dimity, linen, madras, crêpe de Chine, etc., for the shirt-waist, and tweeds, homespun, wool repp, wool poplin, serge, tricotine, soft twills, cheviot, etc., for the dress. The lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

A 17-18 year size or 34 bust requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch plaid wool and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The shirt-waist is nice for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies. The dress is good for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.

3801—With buckles on her suspenders and frills to her clothes she will be happy wherever she goes. The separate guimpe of this dress tucks into a plaited skirt at a low waistline. The straight skirt may be gathered if one prefers it that way. For this dress use wool jersey, etc., with a guimpe of dimity, lawn or batiste, taffeta with an organdy or crêpe de Chine guimpe, or use wool jersey, serge or tricotine with dimity, small-check gingham, pongee, check silk, plaid silk or taffeta for the guimpe. Check wool or silk with a taffeta or pongee guimpe will make a very attractive dress.

A 12-year size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch check gingham, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 32-inch plain material, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch serge.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2912—The plaited straight skirt of this dress is a great satisfaction to the particular young person who wears it. The dress has a blouse in Balkan style which slips on over the head and which may omit the front yoke facing. The skirt, which may be gathered, buttons to an underbody. Suitable materials for this type of dress are serge, flannel, all one material or with contrasting material. For a wash dress use linen, drill or cotton poplin, all one material or with contrasting, or for a dress with plain skirt use a serge or flannel middy with plaid wool, etc.

A 13-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 48-inch serge and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 27-inch flannel.

The dress is very attractive for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

SCHOOL FROCKS FOR THE GROWING YEARS OR THOSE WHO ARE SIXTEEN

3688—10787—For a pleasant variation this hip-blouse dress of the slip-over type is smart. It has a belt at the hips shirred on elastic or plain, and collar and cuffs which may be joined or detachable. The skirt, whether plaited or gathered, joins an underbody. A monogram fronts the set-in pocket. Work it in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Make the dress of wool jersey with collar and cuffs of white leather, kid or light-weight oilcloth bound with dress material and interlaced with colored leather, etc., or for a dress with a plain belt use serge with collar and cuffs of linen or crêpe de Chine trimmed with blanket or running stitches or French knots, etc.

A 14-year size requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch wool jersey and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch linen.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.



3849—2989—One's middy days are never over when one can wear a middy blouse like this with its collar which may be joined or detachable. It may have a yoke facing. One wears it with a two-piece skirt which has a waistline raised $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch. For the middy use serge or flannel in navy, red, brown or green with collar and cuffs trimmed with white silk braid or linen tape, or use fast-color cottons of good weight with collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape, etc. Make the skirt of tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, etc. Lower edge 53 inches.

A 16-year size requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch flannel for the middy and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 54-inch tricotine for the skirt.

The middy blouse is good for girls and misses 4 to 20 years; also nice for small women. The skirt is nice for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

3840—10939—Box-plaited sailor dresses for schoolgirls are always attractive, and made in the regulation fashion are usually very becoming. This one-piece dress slips on over the head. Emblems for a middy sleeve are indispensable on such a regulation type of dress. Work this one in satin-stitch or Kensington embroidery. Use serge or flannel in navy, red, brown, green with collar and cuffs trimmed with white silk braid or linen tape, or fast-color cottons of good weight with collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape, or white jean all one material or with fast-color navy, cadet or red collar and cuffs trimmed with white linen tape, etc.

A 10-year size requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 44-inch serge and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material.

The dress is practical for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.

3791—10858—Fringe still "corners" the trimming market and is very effective on this one-piece dress for the young girl. Demure collar and cuffs are a smart and simple finish. The dress may be made with a blouse body lining and the skirt has a straight lower edge. The dress slips on over the head quite easily. The triangular monogram on the front of the blouse is a new idea. It should be worked in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. For such a frock use crêpe jersey, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, etc.

A 16-year size requires 2 yards of 54-inch homespun and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of linen 36-inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

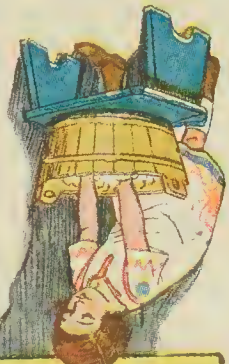
The dress is good for misses 15 to 20 years; also small women.

Ask mother to let you have a magic picture apron, too. When the apron comes back from wash it has been boiled clean, so every week she draws new colored pictures and has a new play apron!

back with colored crayons. The natives of India call us *kanchil*, which means "little." We're little, extra smart to make up for not being big and strong. My little brown legs



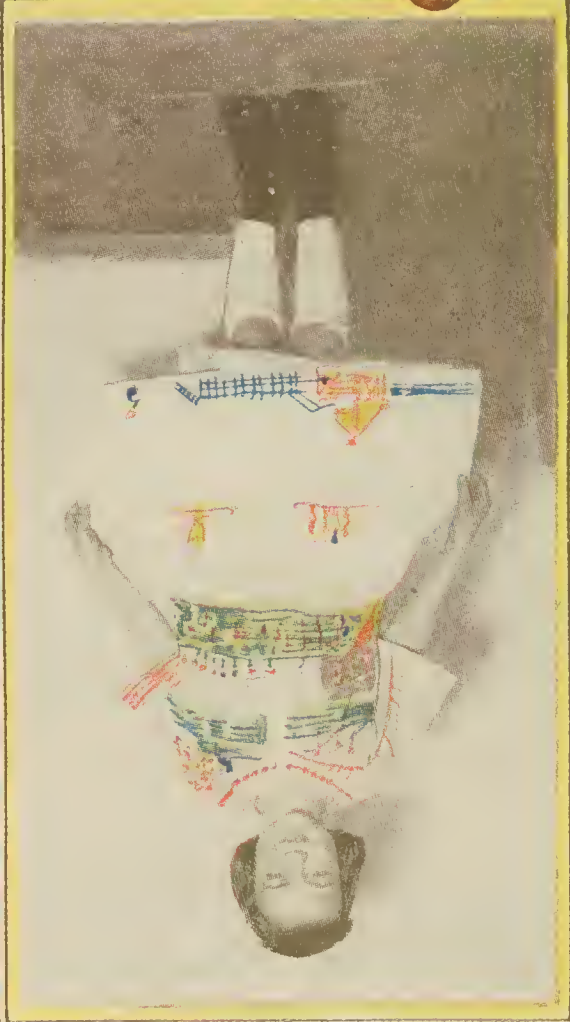
Here's the back of the neck and a wigam flies and a wigam



See the neck and the people on the pocket and the boat at the bottom

THE MAGIC PICTURE APRON

THIS little New York girl wears magic picture aprons to play in. Her mother makes them of unbleached muslin. Then the little girl draws flowers and people and boats and houses on the front and



I AM the little Mouse-Deer. I am the tiniest little grown-up deer on earth, like a fairy deer from fairy-land. But I am no fairy, I'm as real as you. You can see my stuffed mouse-deer brother in the Museum of the Boston Society of Natural History in Boston. My wife and children and aunts and uncles and cousins and I all live in India and in Malay and in some of the islands near by. We like warm countries and thick jungles where we can hide. The natives of India call us *kanchil*, which means "little." We're little, but oh my! Little fellows need to be extra smart to make up for not being big and strong. My little brown legs



are no thicker around than a lead-pencil, but you ought to see them run! If anything chases me too close, why, I just lie down and pretend I'm dead and fool my own grandfather never grew to be any bigger than an eighteen-inch-long rabbit, and my wife's last pair of

LITTLE MOUSE-DEER



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR



SEPTEMBER 1922

EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



IF YOU WANT TO WIN A BIG FRAMED PICTURE LIKE THIS, LOOK ON PAGE EIGHT

MY LITTLE PAGE

DEAR little friends-I-have-never-seen-but-love-just-the-same: (How do you like that tiny, little short name for you?) You write me such nice letters that every now and then I just have to let one of you talk on this page instead of me. Please don't feel hurt because YOUR letter isn't here. I would have printed yours too



if only MY LITTLE PAGE were bigger. It is hard sometimes to be so little! But we'll just be extra smart to make up for it (like the Mouse-Deer on page four). Write to me, please. Six wagon-loads of love from

HARRIET IDE EAGER.

P. S.—Don't forget that thousand dollars I spent for stamps!

DEAR AUNT HARRIET:

I am a little boy nine years old and I have a little



The most helpful letter to your editor telling what page you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month, and your reason for liking it best, will win a big framed picture like the cover

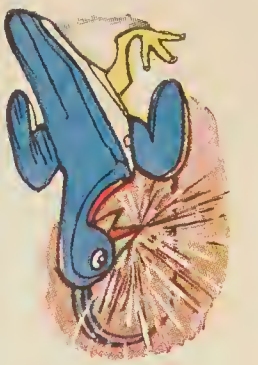
brother seven years old. We are just carried away with THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. We think it's so funny and interesting. One of my little girl friends tried to get me to give her the page, in fact she almost got mad. She seemed to think because we were boys we would not be interested in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR contest, but we soon gave her to understand we liked such things. So good-by, HAROLD ELMS.

SEPTEMBER ACROSTIC

Schools beginning—ding, dong, dell! Every child must heed that bell. Put away our Summer clothes— That's the way vacation goes. Enter in, sad girls and boys— Mercy! What's that laughing noise? But—why—why—no one looks sad! Everybody's face is glad— Really, school is not half bad!

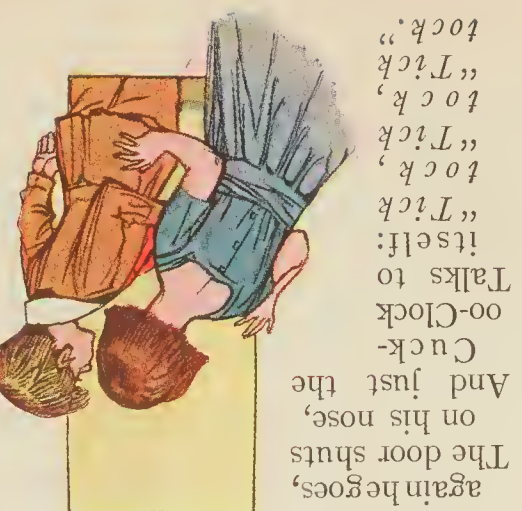
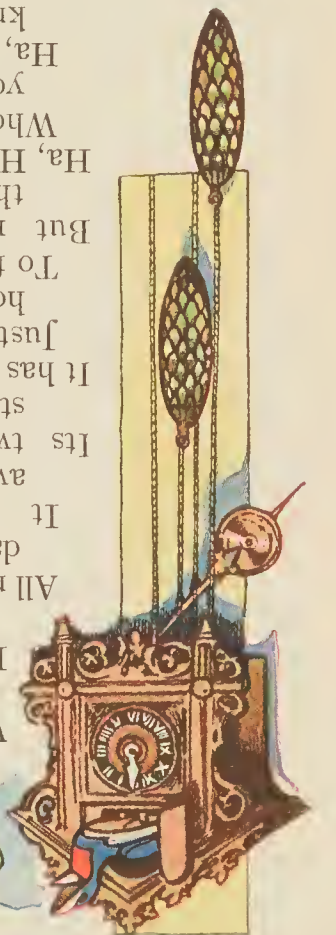


CUT ON DOTTED LINE



HE HAS a little door,
 And when the hands say four,
 What does that Cuckoo do?
 I know, I know
 —do you?
 He pops himself
 right through,
 And sings four
 times: "Cuck-
 ool!
 "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
 "Cuckoo!"
 Then back again
 he goes,

And he sings just one word:
 "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
 A little Cuckoo bird!
 know—
 Ha, ha, ho! ho! I
 you know?
 Who lives there? Do
 Ha, Ha! Oh no, oh no!
 there, though!
 But mice don't live
 To fit a little mouse.
 house
 Just like a little
 It has a roof on top,
 stop.
 Its two hands never
 away.
 It ticks and ticks
 day,
 All night and all the
 lock, tick lock!"
 It says: "Tick
 oo-Clock.
 We have a Cuck-



The door shuts on his nose,
 And just the Cuckoo-Clock
 Talks to itself: "Tick lock,
 tick lock."
 I WONDER, do you know,
 Where both the hands must go
 To make the Cuckoo call
 "Cuckoo!" most times of all?
 THE Big Hand and the Small
 Must both say—"Twelve!
 That's right,
 Twelve day-time or twelve night.
 TICK lock, tick lock, tick lock,
 Now, NOW it's twelve o'clock!
 Bang, bang, the doorway pops!
 Out Mister Cuckoo hops,
 And sings—I know, do you?
 "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
 "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!
 "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"
 Then back
 again he goes,
 The door shuts
 on his nose,
 And just the
 Cuckoo-
 oo-Clock
 Talks to
 itself:
 "Tick
 lock,
 tick
 lock,
 tick
 lock,"

The Cuckoo Clock

Vacation, vacation—that's what we
 remember
 On the first day of school in the
 month of September.



DO YOU REMEMBER—?



The Polar Bear Family goes scrunch, scrunch, scrunch through the soft, cold snow

THE POLAR BEAR FAMILY

PAINTED BY AN ARTIST NAMED RICHARD FRIESE

UP NORTH in Polar-Bear Land, the Polar Bear Family goes *scrunch, scrunch, scrunch* through the soft, cold snow. The air is cold and clear, the wind blows cold and loud, the world lies cold and quiet, and the Polar Bears' furry feet go *scrunch, scrunch, scrunch*.

While here, on the other side of the world, people are lying in hammocks, perspiring and fanning, and fussing about the heat.

And all the time, up north in Polar-Bear Land, big icebergs go sailing slowly, slowly down the cold, green rivers, and the Polar Bear Family marches softly, softly through the deep, cold snow.

Woo-oo-oo-oo! whistles the wind. Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh! whispers the snow. *Scrunch, scrunch, scrunch*, march Mother Bear's big furry paws. *Scrunchity, scrunchity scrunch*, trot Baby Bears' little furry paws. And the cold, green icebergs float, float, float down the cold, green rivers, way, way up north in the Land of Polar Bears.



Kitchen Kritters

BY AUNT JO AND UNCLE GEORGE

WIN A KRITTER BOOK!

POOR Cornelia Cobb has a picture but no verse. Won't you please write her one? Make up a funny rime about Cornelia Cobb. Or if you just can't think of rimes, write a little, short funny composition, just as much like the way you talk as you can, with all the funny things you can think of about the beautiful Miss Cobb—her many handsome ears or her silky hair or anything you like.

The child who writes the funniest, most interesting, most original verse or composition about Cornelia Cobb ("original" means it's different from what everybody else thinks of) will win a fine big Kitchen Kritter book, all in colors. The ten next best verses or compositions will each win a pair of LITTLE DELINEATOR Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors.

Get your letters here by September 20th. Address Kitchen Kritter Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, Care of the Big DELINEATOR. If you want an answer from your editor, please send an envelope stamped and addressed to yourself.



CORNELIA COBB



DOCTOR SHELLDRAKE

Take a yellow Summer squash
 And four clothes-pins from out the wash
 Shells for wings and eyes, quite black,
 Now he's done—oh! Quack-Quack-
 Quack!



HE housekeeper-mother needs a vacation regularly as well as other members of the family. The husband is planning a fishing trip. The son may take his annual outing with the Boy Scouts. Before mother can plan for a real vacation she thinks she must get the work caught up, food cooked ahead, the sewing and mending done and something ready to wear.

By the time all this is done she may say she is too tired to start and would rather stay at home. The family discovers itself secretly relieved at this decision because they never can see clearly how she can be spared.

The mother who does her own work sees more of her family than of any one else. She may need to leave them once in a while. They will be glad to have her back, and the chances are that her own brood never look better to her than after she has been away for a time.

It is not always safe to wait for the family to know when mother needs a vacation. One man said that he could not see why his wife went crazy. She had not had anything to excite her. She had not been off the farm in ten years. Enjoyment of a vacation is greatly increased by taking it before one has reached the point of too great fatigue. The housekeeper's vacation need not be altogether limited to a set period once a year. We can keep fit for work and enjoy life by cultivating the habit of rest and play throughout the year. We have respect for the person who when asked when he took a vacation said, "Whenever I have fifteen minutes to spare." It takes decision and courage to do this. Too

Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home
Economics, Cornell University

often the busy woman takes the attitude of the one in the story.
"Mary, come out, the violets are in bloom."
"No, I can not, I am housecleaning."
"Dirt will keep, but violets won't."

Since play is as good for adults as for children, there is satisfaction in believing that the methods used by children may successfully be followed by adults. Dancing and ball-playing are not necessarily childhood games. The bleachers are filled with adults following the game which the boys are playing because the same play instincts are there. Boys and girls can not grow without play. Adults need to grow as long as they live—otherwise they settle back into mental and physical decay.

The housekeeper is never past the time for frolic and light-heartedness. She may carry a youthful point of view into later years if play is a part of her program of each year—otherwise she will need to retire from active life early only to sit and watch other people live and work and play.

Let the housekeeper-mother take vacations when she can, but let her not forego the chance, when it comes, of a set vacation.

Any period of the year may be vacation period. The Summer-time is for hikes, fishing, autoing, visiting, and camping. The Fall days mean indoors and a taking up of the year's program. If the vacation has not been taken, pack up and start with little trouble and consideration. To think about it too long and talk it over too much may be fatal. Just get up and go!

Martha Van Rensselaer

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

ENRICHING COMMUNITY LIFE PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

Pessimists are constantly complaining that the neighborliness of other days has died. Quilting-bees, barn-dances and other old-time ways of getting together have died out. In many communities a new and broader neighborliness is growing up, a neighborliness that is taking tangible form.

One of the finest results of this new spirit is the erecting of community houses all over America. Hundreds of community houses have been built or bought in the past few years and more are under way. Some of these were founded as a memorial to those who fell in the Great War.

In the community house the various social and civic clubs of the town meet; there athletics, social life, all sorts of movements for the physical, mental and moral improvement of the town have their home. It forms a town hearth-stone which is both the expression and the inspiration of good-will.

Other neighborly organizations, not so evident to the outward eye, but just as potent, are springing up by the thousands all over the country. Town-improvement associations and organizations to improve the schools, hospitals and streets, and to insure pure milk are bettering community life.

Playgrounds, baby health-centers, organized athletics for the young people, social clubs for teachers, amateur dramatics and wholesome recreation for every one in town are being organized.

These efforts to increase the graciousness and beauty of American life are doing more to foster true love of country than all the loud-mouthed demagogues in the land.

They are putting new warmth and friendliness into our towns; they are teaching over-solemn men and women the joy of playing; they are helping to make our children and young people healthier, cleaner, kindlier, happier, more intelligent citizens.

THE DELINEATOR feels that we can best help these organizations to grow in usefulness and can best inspire the formation of others like them by telling each month in our columns just how various communities have accomplished some worth-while task.

This month we are offering a prize of fifty dollars for the most helpful article of not more than five hundred words on "How We Got Our Community House." All contributions must be mailed before midnight of September eighth. The winning article will appear in the January number. Tell just how the interest was aroused and the money raised to start a community house in your town, and just how running expenses are met. Give the name of the town and of the com-

munity house. Contributions for this contest can not be returned.

Address—Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Co., New York City.

SEPTEMBER CANNING

PEACHES. (Canned peaches may be used as fresh peaches—see article elsewhere in this issue.) Also make delicious conserves with cantaloupe, apple or pineapple and marmalade, butter, spiced peaches and preserves.

Pears. Baked and canned or spiced, preserved, candied for Christmas boxes, ginger pears, pear chips and pear butter with tart apple are on the list.

Grapes. Can, spice or make marmalade, catchup and jelly. Use one-third apple-juice to avoid crystals forming. Bottle grape-juice.

Crab-apples. Spice, candy or make jelly and butter.

Thorn-apples. Use for jelly and butter while slightly under-ripe and treat the same as apples.

String-beans. From the second crop a few cans may be possible.

Lima beans or shell beans. Can alone or with corn for succotash.

Corn. This is the big month for corn. Can alone or with tomatoes; a few cans on the cob are a novelty. A scraped corn-pulp for soup is useful, but must be given extra time in cooking because of its density. Dry some corn and make corn relish.

Cauliflower. Can or pickle.

Mushrooms. If you know or can buy the edible varieties, can or dry.

Peppers (green or red). Can, salt or pickle.

Okra. Can for soup.

Swiss chard. Still in season for canning, salting or spicing the stems the same as celery.

Tomatoes. In their prime in many localities. Can, salt (either green or ripe), make tomato purée and paste for soups. Preserve some and make chutney and catchup.

New Zealand spinach. Can.

Vegetable combinations. Use remnants of the garden crops for canning soups, salad mixtures and for making pickles and relishes.

ETIQUETTE—NO. III INTRODUCTIONS

THERE are few things in social intercourse so simple and yet so important as the art of introducing people. Introducing does not merely mean giving names—an introduction should identify. It should, if possible, establish a subject of common interest.

An American lady, who admires J. M. Barrie more than any other living writer, was visiting some friends in Devon several

years ago, when Mr. Barrie and the John Galsworthys called. With the characteristic throaty intonation, a friend made the brief introduction, which sounded like "Mr. Berry—Mrs. Gilbert."

Mr. Barrie is notoriously timid; he never shines in a crowd. After exchanging a few pleasantries with the American lady, he settled down to enjoyment of his visit with the little daughter of his hostess.

The simple, natural introduction, "I want to present Mr. J. M. Barrie to Mrs. Gilbert, who believes in Peter Pan," would have given this guest one of the rare pleasures of her life.

One of the important men of Europe in the World War was Arthur P. Young, an engineer and metallurgist who solved some of the scientific problems which enabled the Allies to compete with the Central Powers in airplane construction. Mr. Young is the author of a number of books, an instructor at Oxford University, a Grand Knight Commander of the British Empire and a scientist well known both in Europe and America. He is a quiet man—almost as timid as J. M. Barrie.

Mr. Young came to America a few months ago. He was on the passenger list as "A. P. Young"—and no titles to indicate his importance.

One woman on the ship had met him at a dinner in London. She introduced him but never identified him. Being finely bred, he had not brought his own work into conversation. Not until the morning the ship docked did his real identity become known. Perhaps Mr. Young enjoyed the solitude, but that stupid, incomplete introduction denied a number of people interested in his work the privilege of meeting this interesting man on his own ground.

It is important to pronounce very distinctly the names of the people you are introducing. In presenting a known person whose last name alone might not identify him, but whose full name would do so, give both names.

When you are introducing a brother or sister, unless you are certain that the acquaintance knows that the surname is the same as your own, it should be pronounced: "Mrs. Yocum, this is my sister, Helen Leffingwell," or "Miss Leffingwell," or if the relative is married, "Mrs. Rose."

The best phrases in making introductions are "Mrs. Fox, may I introduce" or "present" or "let me introduce" or "present" or "I want you to know" or simply "this is my friend, Miss Rogers." In introducing groups of people, it is enough merely to give the names: "Miss Dewy—Mr. Divine."

A man is presented to a woman: "Miss

Brown, may I present Mr. Divine?" The younger or less-distinguished man or woman is always introduced to the older or more distinguished.

As soon as the formal greetings are completed, say "Miss Brown is as enthusiastic as you are about Hutchinson's new book" or "Mr. Divine has just come in from San Francisco."

The whole point of an introduction is to establish a pleasant relationship between two people. A hand-clasp is a particularly cordial gesture. For this reason, except in meeting a group of people, it is always good form to shake hands. When a man and woman are introduced, the woman is the first to extend her hand. It is permissible, however, and for formal occasions it is often better, to bow and smile pleasantly instead of shaking hands.

A perfunctory voice and manner should be avoided in acknowledging an introduction. It is not necessary to say anything more than "How do you do, Mrs. Hale," provided it is said cordially and with a friendly smile. A part of a sentence like "Charmed" or "Pleased to meet you" is not enough. The acknowledgment should be complete, as "I am glad to meet you, Mr. Greenbie."

If you are not sure that you have heard correctly the name of the person presented to you, do not try to guess it. It is much better to say, "I am sorry, but I did not hear your name." Few things antagonize people more than being called by a wrong or a mispronounced name. The ability to remember names wins popularity. It is worth while to concentrate on the name of a person being introduced and to make a special effort to fix it in the memory.

For personal advice on etiquette write to Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly in care of THE DELINEATOR.

OVEN CANNING

IN A canning article in our June number, the statement was made that tomatoes and certain other fruits canned in an oven equipped with a heat regulator set at two hundred and thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit make a less attractive-looking product than when canned by other methods. We have made further tests, which prove that when tomatoes and rhubarb are canned in an oven at two hundred and fifty degrees Fahrenheit for forty minutes they are as attractive as when canned by any other method.

Canning in a heat-regulated oven is a cool and convenient method as it obviates lifting heavy equipment and standing over a hot stove.

SAVE A DOLLAR

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's time, money, labor, fuel or food. We will pay five dollars for any suggestion we use on this page. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned. Payment will be made on publication. Send the idea that saved you a dollar to the Home-Makers' Department

JUNE PRIZE-WINNER

A HOUSEKEEPER has many and various surfaces to preserve in beauty or to save from destruction. It is not the least of her wisdom to preserve her own skin.

Turn your face away at the moment when you open the door of a hot oven—it saves your complexion. Remove the upper shelf from the oven before you reach into it to turn or remove any article of food baking on its floor. If there should be something cooking on the shelf and it can not be removed, twist a heavy towel or long oven-cloth about your arm and hand before putting it into the oven. This precaution often prevents an ugly and painful burn on your hand or arm. To be prepared for this emergency, keep a couple of oven-cloths hanging near the stove. Be careful, also, that your hand does not touch any juice that may have run from a pie and be stewing on the oven bottom.

Provide something on which to set a hot kettle, a cake-tin, a pudding-dish or pie hot from the oven. Zinc (from a discarded wash-board), the skeleton covers of a worn-out oil-stove and the wooden bottoms from broken peach-baskets are useful for this purpose and frequently may be provided without expense. A zinc-covered shelf near the stove—perhaps on hinges—is one of the best solutions of the problem. But whatever you use, make it ready *before* you take the hot utensils into your hands. This will save the surfaces of your tables and shelves, and perhaps a burnt hand and a doctor's bill.

Go through doors by their handles—and be unwearied in teaching young people this habit—thus saving the finish of the door. If it be paint, excessive washing (to remove finger-marks) soon takes it off and the whole door must be painted to make the edges look as well as the rest; if the wood is left in its natural color and varnished, the hands soon remove the finish, the wood becoming dark and discolored. Before it can be made to look like the rest of the door, that portion must be scraped, sandpapered, bleached and given a number of coats of varnish. Keep the hands off the woodwork and save all this trouble and expense.

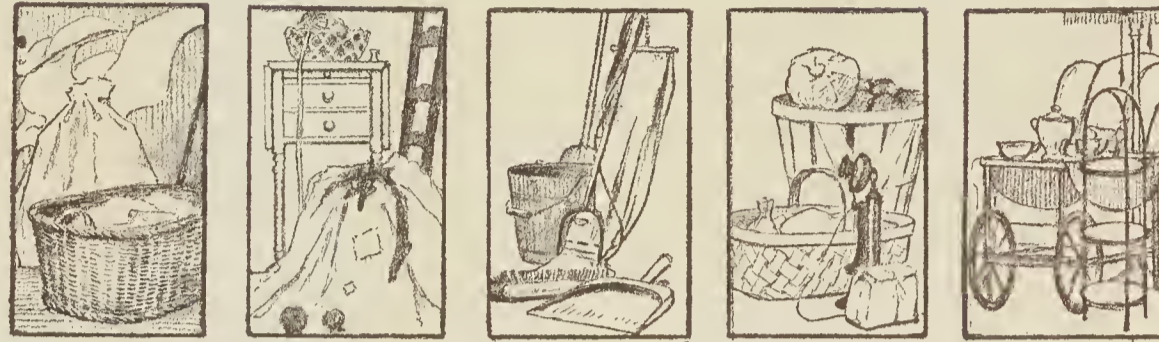
In the case of a swing-door—as between the dining-room and pantry—which usually has no knob, glass protectors may be purchased having screw holes at top and bottom by which they may be fastened to the door's edge.

Glue pieces of felt, from a man's discarded hat, to the bottom of legs of chairs, small footstools, and tables; they will then make no marks when moved over a polished floor. Set heavy pieces of furniture—beds, bureaus, chiffoniers, etc.—into wooden cups, first gluing pieces of felt to the bottom of each cup. Thus protected, the cups will not mar the floor beneath them, even if a great weight is put upon them.

Fit boots and shoes of all the household with rubber heels, and watch carefully that the tacks with which the heels are fastened to the leather do not come through sufficiently to scar the floors as the rubber wears down. Wipe the floors very frequently that the gravel and sand brought in on the feet of the household may not be tracked about. By taking these precautions you can preserve the finish on your floors for a long time, thus saving the expense of frequent renewal, for nails in heels will quickly scratch a floor finish, and when the marks extend into the wood of the floors the whole surface in many cases has to be scraped before being refinished.—ADA MURRAY FELT, Waltham, Mass.

SAVE ON PLUMBERS' BILLS

POUR two quarts or more of boiling water into the kitchen sink each time the dishes are washed; this should dissolve the grease that has gone down with the dish-



water. On Saturday put at least four tablespoons of sal soda on the cover of the sink drain and pour a gallon of *boiling* water on it. Give the same treatment to the tub and the bowl in the bathroom once a week. If a drain-pipe does become clogged, procure two cans of lye; open and shake into the pipe the last thing at night and do not draw any water into that pipe until morning. The lye will dissolve in the cold water that stands in the curve of the pipe and should unite with the grease and form something resembling soap. In the morning pour down a large quantity of *boiling* water—nothing less hot will be effective. This should dissolve everything and clear not only the curve—where the trouble most frequently lies—but all the drain-pipe till it unites with the larger pipe in the cellar. And, by the way, when building a house, arrange to have all drain-pipes larger than those the building laws require. It will save you much money, even though it requires a trifle more expenditure at first.

Sometimes, though, a drain-pipe will become clogged with something besides grease; mine has been stopped by beeswax and by sand. If this should happen, procure a very large wrench; take off the cap—being careful that no one lets any water run into the pipe from above—and with an old spoon remove the accumulation. If the stoppage is below the curve, with a pair of pliers curve the end of a very heavy wire about a rag bunched up sufficiently to fill the pipe that is clogged. The wire should be long enough to reach through the clogged pipe to the point where it joins the

larger one. Tie these rags very firmly to the curved end of the wire and push it through to below the S in the pipe under the sink. Anything movable may be pushed along to the larger pipe, where a good flow of water will usually take it away.—ADA MURRAY FELT, Waltham, Mass.

SAVE MOTHER'S NERVES

THE difficulty of entertaining children on a rainy day is known to every mother. I dreaded rainy days almost as much as the children until I discovered my rainy-day plan. We had a second-floor storeroom which I emptied and then converted into an indoor playground for them. They are allowed to enter it only on rainy days.

The walls were a dull gray color which I brightened by pasting colored magazine pictures on the lower half. Then I made some pretty chintz curtains for the two windows and I padded four sturdy cracker-boxes and acquired a very cozy look. I nailed two berry-boxes together for a bookcase and covered them with chintz, and the children have been filling it with books of their own making. On rainy days they take a small catalog with a pasteboard cover, paste plain paper on each page of it and decorate these pages with colored pictures clipped from old magazines.

None of the children's every-day toys are kept in this room for I want to keep it as unusual as possible.

Several of my friends who have not had extra rooms to devote to the children have made rainy-day boxes. They are filled with mysterious toys which are played with

only on rainy days. One of my friends made a rainy-day room in her attic by cutting off a portion of it with old window-shades and livening it up with bright draperies. As she has four lively boys, she has covered the floor with old linoleum and put two large tubs of sand in it. Another friend has a rainy-day drawer in the dresser of her guest-room for amusing her small family on a dismal day.

My rainy-day room is kept as a treat and the children are never allowed in it except when they can not play outside because of the weather. As a result, they look forward to a rainy day and their old fretful ways are lost in their joy at the rare fun.—FLORENCE J. KOLTES, Madison, Wis.

SAVE MILK FROM SOURING

FRESH milk or cream, if it is ice cold when it is bought, may be kept sweet overnight. If it is bought over the counter, carry it home wrapped in a thick, soft piece of paper. While it is still cold, wrap the bottle tightly in tea-towels, incase this bundle in a roll of cotton batting covered with clean cheese-cloth, and pack in a covered tin pail.—LETTIE F. BARTLETT, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

SAVE ON THE LAUNDRY BILL

WHEN the overalls are covered with grease and grime from the auto or engine, they may be laundered very easily by dipping the soiled portions in kerosene oil. They should then be rolled up and left for an hour or two, then soaked and rubbed well, put through warm suds and rinsed. Laundering them this way saves about fifty cents on the laundry bill.—MRS. BENTON MOSLEY, Breckenridge, Texas.

SAVE ON CREAM

HAVE you ever found the supply of whipped cream was just a little too short for the number of servings you needed? It may be extended more than double by adding to the whipped cream the white of an egg well beaten.—MRS. MERRILL METCALF, Greenfield, Ill.

SAVE ON TOWELS

WHEN the bedspread begins to wear out, it may be cut into pieces the size of towels, hemmed and used as bath-towels.—MRS. ANNA DE CASTELLO, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

SAVE ON NAPKINS

DURING the Summer season, when fruit is more abundant, the housekeeper is often discouraged to find fruit-stains on her linen napkins. Why not make a supply of napkins of Indian Head? The coarse, firm threads are easily drawn and the hem-stitching quickly done.—MRS. EMMA GARY WALLACE, Auburn, N. Y.

SAVE IN JELLY-MAKING

WHEN making jelly, fasten a pair of embroidery hoops around the top of the jelly-bag or the cloth in which the pulp is to be placed while the juice is being extracted. It is easy to pour the fruit into the bag and the hands do not get stained so badly.—MISS IRENE ELLISON, San Antonio, Texas.

SAVE ON CHEESE

MANY a dollar may be saved by preventing cheese from molding and becoming too hard to use satisfactorily. Wrap the cheese in a cloth well saturated with vinegar and it will keep moist and free from mold.—MRS. MARY LEBO, Richmond, Ind.

SAVE ON TABLE PADS

A VERY satisfactory pad for the dining-table may be made at home by buying a piece of asbestos, cutting it the shape of the table and then into two parts the same size. Paste unbleached muslin on each side of the asbestos. This asbestos pad is satisfactory and is a great protection to the table.—MISS ALICE CRELLIN, Chicago, Ill.

THE DELINEATOR Calendar SEPTEMBER

Home-Making is a seasonal job. The Home-Makers' Department tells you what to do and when to do it

NOTABLE DATES IN SEPTEMBER

3d—Hendrik Hudson arrives (1609)

4th—Labor Day

10th—Elias Howe patented the sewing-machine (1846)

15th—Third Liberty Loan interest due

21st—First day of Autumn

22d—Emancipation Proclamation issued (1862)

THIS IS THE MONTH—

- | | |
|--|---|
| To plan boarding-school outfits. See "Off to Boarding-School." | To make grape jam, jelly and juice. |
| To start collecting Christmas gifts. | To have the flues of the furnace and kitchen stove cleaned. |
| To reduce the hard work of wash-day. See "Laundering Made Easier." | To can peaches for Midwinter desserts. See "Fourteen Peach Delicacies." |
| To bind blankets and recover comforters for Winter use. | To plan the cold-weather changes in decorating your Winter rooms. |
| To prepare pickles for Sunday-night cold suppers and for other meals. See "Pickles." | To look over last Winter's shoes and discard the useless ones and have the others repaired. |

EAT SUBSTANTIAL, NOURISHING SOUP EVERY DAY



Just dip your spoon into this Pea Soup!

And taste its delicate, delicious flavor! It's the kind of soup you will remember and have again and again—it is so good. Campbell's Pea Soup is the rich essence of tiny peas—the dainty, little ones which have such a sweet, refreshing flavor. We cook and strain and blend them into a fine, smooth puree and add country milk and golden table butter to give extra strength and nourishment. A wonderfully inviting soup for your regular menu and especially attractive when you are entertaining. Just the food for building lusty, bright-eyed children!

Everybody likes Cream of Pea

Stir slowly into Campbell's Pea Soup an equal quantity of milk or cream, adding only a little at a time and each time mixing until smooth. (Use a spoon or egg-beater.) Then heat almost to boiling point but do not boil. Serve immediately.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

We set the pace in any race
When Campbell's is the prize!
Our speedy gait should win a plate
Of very biggest size!



Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

LAUNDERING MADE EASIER

By Ruth Kellogg

"If it weren't for the washing and ironing, my housekeeping would be easy." This is what thousands of women say every week. Do you dread to have wash-day come? And ironing day? Read in this article how, by simple methods which any housewife can follow, you can take the drudgery out of your family laundry work

WASH-DAY and "blue Monday" have long been synonymous. But they need be so no longer to the housewife who will plan her laundering as carefully as she plans her other less laborious work.

If there was a purpose behind the choice on the part of housewives for centuries past of Monday as wash-day, it may have been because they wished to get a disagreeable task over as early in the week as possible, or it may have been because Monday was the first work-day after the Saturday-night bath and change of linens. But with wash-day stripped of much of its drudgery, and with the modern hygienic idea of frequent baths and changes of linen, there is a possibility that Monday may have outlived its usefulness as wash-day.

The housekeeper who plans her week well may seriously consider changing her wash-day to one more suited to her convenience. Monday morning finds most families with a larder to be replenished, a house needing added attention because of the week-end rest or entertaining, and various other left-over duties requiring time and energy. To do all of this necessary work and likewise the family washing, many women rise much earlier than usual on Monday and work much later. The long, hard day and the conscious or unconscious rush to get through are wearying in spite of all care in saving steps and labor. For this reason Monday may well be left for other duties and the laundry work pushed on a day, thereby more evenly dividing the labor of the week.

MOREOVER, postponing the washing until Tuesday leaves Monday for mending those garments not badly soiled. Washing and ironing stretches holes larger, so that any mending which can be done without distaste before laundering will result in a saving of both material and labor. On Monday afternoon the stains or spots which would become set in the washing can be removed, and in the evening the clothes may be sorted and tubs and washing-machines placed.

Whatever your decision regarding the day for your washing, all week you should be collecting soiled clothing and linens; this saves last-minute work on wash-day. Every house should, of course, have a soiled-clothes hamper, set in the most convenient place for depositing the clothes. A square, metal clothes-hamper, enameled inside, has the advantage of being perfectly sanitary and is easily kept clean and fresh, both inside and outside. A simple way of transferring clothes from the hamper to the laundry is to bundle all in a sheet and knot the sheet.

In addition to the clothes-hamper, it is desirable to have each sleeping-room supplied with a laundry-bag which may be hung on the inside of a closet door. Each member of the family will find this most convenient for handkerchiefs, collars and other small personal articles that might otherwise be left about the room for the mother of the family to pick up or be stowed away in a bureau drawer or thrown back on the closet floor to accumulate dust. An envelope-shaped canvas bag, hung inside of the pantry or kitchen-closet door for soiled table-linens will save many steps and the carrying of the linens up to the clothes-hamper. It will also save sorting if clothes to be darned or needing stains removed before washing are kept separate from the rest of the soiled clothes.

IF THE laundry is not a part of the kitchen, it should be, if possible, on the first floor. Then interruptions of door-bell, telephone and other duties will not mean any more added steps than necessary. Convenient shelves should hold soap in its various forms, blueing, starch, borax, ammonia, stain-removers and everything else needed for the washing. Soap cut into small pieces or soap flakes, chips or powder are very satisfactory for use in a washing-machine as they dissolve very quickly. A cake of soap is convenient to

use on the wash-board, if you have no washing-machine.

A typewritten sheet of paper posted above the shelves giving a few simple directions for removing stains will prove a great time-saver. It will be well, also, to have on your shelves or in a cupboard near by containers of the most commonly used stain-removers. These containers should all be labeled, and, if necessary, marked "poison." Fresh stains come out much more easily than old ones. It should be remembered, also, that the same kind of stain on cotton, linen, wool and silk should not always be treated the same way.

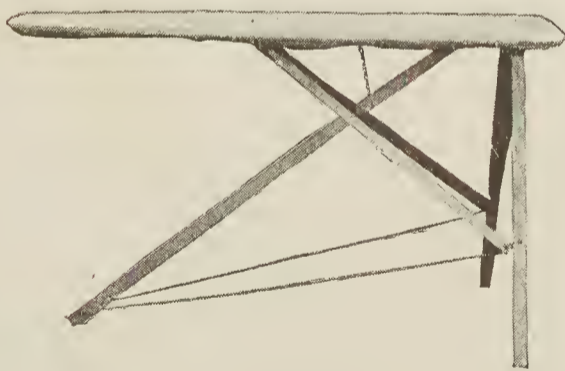
A little borax in the water used to wash particularly soiled or discolored clothes will tend to whiten them and free the dirt.

SAL SODA dissolved in a little hot water will soften water and help to make a rich lather. The strength of the solution can soon be determined after a few experiments. The proportion needed depends, of course, on the degree of hardness of the water.

Only white pieces and those that do not fade should be put to soak. Clothes soaked overnight should be soaked in cold water and soap. If clothes are put to soak in warm water, the pores of the fabric open, leaving the dirt on the surface, but during the night, with the cooling of the water, the pores close and by morning the dirt is tightly held in the fabric and is difficult to get out. A second and often the preferred way of soaking is to soak in hot water in the wash-tub or washing-machine before breakfast. With added hot water, they will be ready after breakfast for washing.

Where stationary tubs are not installed, good galvanized-iron tubs are excellent. They give long service and will not rust.

It is most important that the tubs be well placed in reference to height and convenience. The top of the tub should come to the bend of the hips. As a rule, it should be thirty-four inches from the floor for the person who is four feet eleven inches in height.



This folding board allows a skirt to be ironed without meeting an obstructing support

For each additional inch in your height, increase the distance of the tub from the floor by one-half inch. These ratios are only approximate. Personal preference, habit, or the length of your arm may make you want to vary the figure for your height. Likewise, the right distance from the floor for a short-waisted woman may not be comfortable for a woman of the same height who is long-waisted. The most satisfactory arrangement is to set the tubs upon a bench placed as near as is comfortable to the stove where the clothes are to be boiled. This bench should be of proper height so as not to require deep bending and should be long enough to furnish room for the two tubs and the clothes-basket, with the washing-machine close to an end, if a machine is used. If a washing-machine is not used, the wash, rinsing and blueing tubs should be placed on the bench, with the clothes-basket on a chair beside the blueing-tub. If the washing is done on the porch or out-of-doors, the washing-machine or wash-tub should be as near the kitchen door as possible, to lessen the distance between the boiler and tub. A



This mangle irons flat pieces between a heated steel and a padded cloth-covered cylinder. Mangles are turned by hand or by electricity and heated by gas or electricity

real copper-bottom boiler is best. Be sure it is solid copper and not merely coppered. This metal wears well and transmits the heat of the fire quickly.

A wash-board with glass corrugations is easy on the clothes. Small suction-cups, an inexpensive and simple device made for the purpose, securely attached to each foot of the board, will keep the board from sliding about in the tub.

Care should be taken that clothes washed in a machine are really clean before they are put into the boiler. Pieces that are obstinately soiled should be rubbed on a wash-board rather than run the machine a longer time than is necessary. The boiling whitens and sterilizes, but it will set an unsuspected spot.

Of course a washing-machine is an enormous saver of labor and strength.

There are four types of washing-machines: "Dolly," oscillating, cylinder and vacuum cup, any one of which does good work if well made and properly used and cared for. Where there is no electricity, these machines may be run satisfactorily by a gasoline engine. In buying your washing-machine be sure to have all of the parts properly explained. The oiling and care of the machine are important to its smooth running and good service. You will get increased service if you use the proper lubrication and take good care of the machine.

A reversible wringer that turns all ways is satisfactory because it will not spill water. Wringing clothes directly from one water into another saves an extra handling and time. A careful wringing of flat pieces and some of the underwear from the blueing water will often save ironing. The wringer-rolls should be kept clean with soap, a brush and warm water. Kerosene is not good for this purpose as it softens the rubber and rubs it off a bit at a time.

In rinsing and blueing clothes it is better to use warm water instead of cold. The soap rinses out easily and the clothes do not get too cold for comfortable handling.

BE CAREFUL to have all of the soap rinsed out of the clothes before putting them into the blueing water, otherwise the alkali of the soap will react with the iron compound contained in some blue. This free iron either gives the clothes a general yellow tinge or else deposits on the clothing in the form of rust spots. Liquid blue and blue balls made up of tiny particles are equally good. Starch should be thoroughly cooked before using.

Hanging the clothes on the line is made easier if pieces of the same kind are kept together in the basket as far as possible so that like pieces may be hung side by side. A clothes-pin apron made with hooks at the waist so that one hook may be hung over the line and moved along with your progress is a convenience. If the clothes-basket can be placed on a small boy's express-wagon and trundled under the lines both for hanging up the wet clothes and taking down the dry clothes, this will save much stooping.

An inside overhead clothes-drier that

works on a pulley will take care of the clothes on stormy days and in Winter, but outdoor sunshine drying is, of course, always preferable to inside hanging. The air and sun keep the clothes sweet and fresh smelling. An aluminum sprinkler inserted in a quart bottle makes a simple and convenient clothes-sprinkler.

For ironing, an electric iron is a great time-saver. Where an electric iron is not used, a set of flat-irons with a detachable asbestos-lined hood aids greatly in retaining the heat within the iron and in protecting the ironer's hand. Larger flat pieces can be ironed on a table top properly padded and covered. For other pieces, a firm folding ironing-board, one which will allow a skirt to be drawn up on the board without meeting an obstructing support underneath, is more convenient than a flat board which must depend upon a table end or chair back for its placement. The folding board may be placed to suit the ironer's comfort and convenience, regardless of the arrangement of the furniture.

FOR a woman who is four feet eleven inches tall, the ironing-board top should usually be twenty-nine inches from the floor. For women who are taller, the following table is appropriate: For five feet, twenty-nine and one-half inches; five feet one inch, thirty inches; five feet two inches, thirty and three-quarter inches; five feet three inches, thirty-one and one-half inches; five feet four inches, thirty-two and one-quarter inches; five feet five inches, thirty-three inches; five feet six inches, thirty-three and one-half inches; five feet seven inches, thirty-four inches; five feet eight inches, thirty-four and one-half inches; five feet nine inches, thirty-five inches.

Laundry work may be greatly simplified in many families. Children's clothes, if made simply, will be easy to wash and will demand little or no ironing. Crêpe or knit underwear need not be ironed. Flat trimming for underwear can often replace ruffles for everyday wear. Fresh sheets just off of the clothes-line, especially if care has been taken in wringing them out and in hanging them straight, are satisfactory and save a great deal of labor if you have no mangle. Doilies, runners, Japanese cloths and other simple but attractive table-pieces may be substituted in the place of heavy linen table-cloths. A little smoothing-up with an iron is all that is required for face and kitchen towels that have been hung carefully, and paper towels prove a great laundry saver in families where there are small children who only moisten their faces and hands and do most of their washing on the towel.

Laundry room and equipment should be easy to care for. The walls should be finished so they may be wiped down without absorbing moisture. The floors should be smooth and, if possible, admitting of drainage. The room should be situated near the kitchen unless equipment can be duplicated in the laundry. Rubber mats, which can be cleaned easily, make standing more comfortable if the floors are of tile or cement.

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR



Healthier homes with the sanitary housecleaner

Begin your Fall housecleaning this year by buying a 10-bar carton of Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's. Your house will be *cleaner*; your work, *easier*; and your health, and that of your family, *safeguarded*.

Sanitary! Fels-Naptha Soap discourages germ life by *completely* removing grease-spots and other dirt-patches where germs camp and multiply. Fresh air, sunshine, Fels-Naptha Soap—three great purifiers.

Fels-Naptha does all housecleaning and laundry work more quickly, safely and thoroughly because it is really two cleaners in one; a soap-and-water cleaner, and a naphtha cleaner. To get Fels-Naptha benefits, you must use the original and genuine naphtha soap,—Fels-Naptha!

It is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naphtha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naphtha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Order Fels-Naptha Soap today.

FREE If you haven't seen or used Fels-Naptha lately, send for free sample. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

The 10-Bar Carton

The convenient way to buy Fels-Naptha is in the carton shown above. Ten full-size bars, neatly packed. Directions inside each red-and-green wrapper.



Renews painted woodwork
Like a fresh coat of enamel, Fels-Naptha restores to woodwork the "smile" that dirt has masked.



Makes dishes really clean
Fels-Naptha makes short work of a boresome job. Won't harm the most delicate pattern. Leaves no greasy streaks.

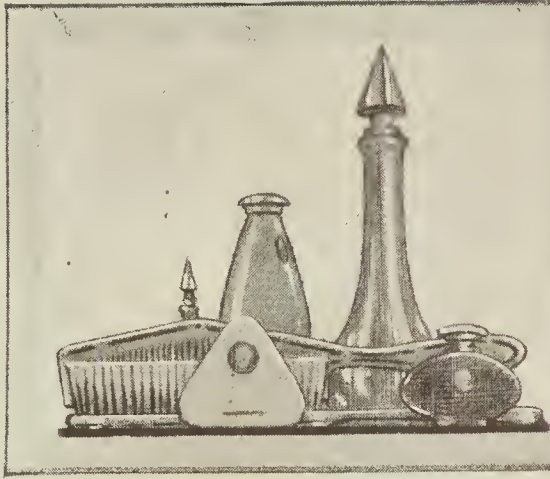


Removes spots from rugs
The real naphtha in Fels-Naptha dissolves grease—cleans and freshens rugs, carpets, draperies etc. Try it.



Fine for washing-machine
Fels-Naptha, chipped into the washing-machine, loosens the dirt before you start to use the electricity.

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ONE day an old negress—that is, she ought to have been old, she'd been working in this one family over thirty years, and she came to them full grown, but like every other negress she looked as if she might be either twenty-eight or forty (how *do* they do it!)—anyway, she said to me as I prinked before my hostess' mirror, "Miss Celia, ma'am, yo'-all suttinly is clevah, yah, yah" (that lovely negro laugh), "yo' suttinly is!"

We grinned our appreciation at her, via the mirror. "Bessie," we confessed, "I just am! I'm ten years older than this," we nodded our head [at our reflection.

Bessie's face sobered and a set look came around her mouth. "Yassum," she said. "Yassum, I s'pec' yo'-all is clevah—to white folks. But I cud tell yo'-all zackly how old yo' is."

We whirled. "Bessie! You couldn't!" "Yassum. Yassum, Miss Celia. I kin all'us tell ladies' ages by th' back of they necks."

We were startled. But we're brave. "Do it!" we demanded. "Go on, do it! But quietly."

She did it—in a whisper.

WE STARED. Then, "Now may all the saints protect us!" we whispered back. "Oh, Bessie how, *how*?"

She came across the room with a fat, proud swagger. Slowly her finger drew itself across the back of our neck, about two inches and a half below where our gay, young, bobbed hair stops its cutting-up.

We seized a hand-mirror and took a look at ourself. She was right.

Here we were sitting up on the top of the world shouting, "Hooray! Hooray! Einstein has banished time. There's no such thing as age!" And all the while there were Bessies going to and fro looking at the back of our neck and saying, "Pshaw, niggah, I kin tell huh age t' th' minute."

There's always a Judas somewhere, isn't there—lurking stealthily in the back where you can't see what he's doing, some little envious point betraying beauty with a flaw. The thing to do is to find him, and then make him hang himself.

Heaps of women look young—young in the face. And then they turn their profiles to you with the back of the neck uncovered, and you mew, "She's forty if she's a day!"

Well, for that particular Judas there's exercise, and never sleeping on a pillow, and wearing the kind of clothes that befriend the back of the neck—collars that come a little high over that bone at the base—very few women after thirty-five should expose the back of their necks. In evening there is always the tulle scarf or some little chic, individual twist that you can add as a touch of color and piquancy to your dinner-gown. Don't be a slave to style; study your points, good and bad, and let them dictate your style.

AND while we're on the subject of necks: don't go around with a dull-tinted neck—that old "alabaster throat" idea still holds. There are plenty of good, harmless, effective bleaching creams on the market. Have a white throat, then put just a little brush of rouge at the base of the throat in front where you burn in Summer. The smart thing is to carry that slight larky-looking burn right through the Winter. And the way to do it is with rouge.

FLIES IN THE AMBER

By Celia Caroline Cole

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. Think about yourself and if you need advice write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier

Now back to Judas. For women "getting on," look out for the base of the ear. The skin draws up around it in withered-looking wrinkles. Put skin food on every night, massaging it in so that *you* get the benefit instead of your pillow-slips. Then when you put a mask on your face to pull up your muscles and tone up the tissues, be sure not to forget the base of your ears. Put some of the mask over there with an upward stroke, sort of climbing up the end of the ear.

And, of course, those sagging muscles of cheek and chin are almost the most vicious Judases of all. We've talked about patting and molding until we feel that everybody must know about that. There isn't anything any better for lax muscles—that little ten-minutes-a-day patting with an astringent or good skin tonic, following up the line of the muscles from chin to ear or from cheek to temple. When you pat under the chin, pat *hard*.

ONCE a week use a mask. There is a good one made of herbs and fullers' earth; then there is another fine one that smells like a perfectly new haymow and has some mysterious thing that grows over in Switzerland inside it; and there is still another, a strange Oriental magic thing that not only lifts but takes off the thin little layer of outer skin that has grown dry and is practically dead. It makes you look all new.

But the very most exciting mask on the market is one that looks like grape-jelly when it's having the sulks and won't "jell." You squeeze it out into a little saucer and dip your fingers in it and smear it on your face and under your chin with a light outward and upward movement. It doesn't call itself a mask at all but a kind of wrinkle remover, but after you have it on about five minutes you realize it *is* a mask—your face is as tight as a drum. It not only lifts your muscles and tissues, but it really does have a startling effect on the wrinkles. It is not an astringent, but a builder, so that you use it less and less frequently, and in time, unless you worry and fret, you'll have a smooth young face. Think how wonderful it will be to be described as a fair young thing of fifty. It's coming—that! Time is going out, just the way high-wheel bicycles and fainting when a man kisses you have gone.

The fat, humpy spot between the shoulders, the thickened waist, flabby breasts, the odor of perspiration which you formerly did not have, faded eyes, thinning lashes, dull-tinted hair and then those individual

things that your own particular habits have done to you, the drooping mouth, the lines of "frown" between the eyes, the wrinkled forehead—all are Judases which you are so used to that you don't really see them, or you do see them and think they don't matter much. Oh, but they do, they do!

Beauty is coming back into the world. Haven't you noticed in your own home town that spirit of beauty working for lovelier houses, more charm in the streets, parks, public flower-beds? Can't you remember when there wasn't such a thing as interior decoration? Now everybody is making a try at it. We've learned that our home is a personality, it must mean something in the way of beauty. "Beautifying our homes is splendid, beautifying our gardens is excellent—but beautifying our persons is magnificent." There is massage and at least one good reducing soap on the market for the fat spot between the shoulders, and there is the most wonderful and simple exercise imaginable to "slim up your waist" (it helps all those stubborn "internal workin's" of ours, too).

All the things that firm up breasts have always seemed such a bore. But there is a good, strong and harmless quick one that takes only five minutes a day and gets really wonderful results.

NOBODY on earth needs to have the odor of perspiration. There are many harmful things on the market to counteract it, but there are at least two excellent and harmless ones. There is also a perspiration regulator that just gives Nature a little first-aid while she is making you normal.

The best things for eyes, of course, is to learn how to rest them. We've told you how in two back numbers, and there are tonics that are very good. The most vital thing for eyes, however, at least so far as beauty goes, is to have the right kind of a soul. You can't buy that but you can grow it by good habits and right thinking.

Every day take your little eyebrow brush and brush your lashes with good, strong strokes. Counting them will help you to do it faithfully—we discovered that in brushing our baby's hair. Then after you've powdered your face, wet your eyebrow-brush and get all the powder off your lashes. They don't like powder and they'll stop growing if you keep on being careless with them.

Hair needs a hundred strokes a day, long, smooth upward strokes, and intelligent cleansing—not washing all its color out, but

keeping it clean by rubbing it every day with a soft towel as if you were drying it after a shampoo, and frequently cleansing it with a cleansing tonic. Lemon will give tone and lights to fair hair and you can keep the richness in dark hair by using the right kinds of soaps for the shampoo.

As to the individual things, write us about them and we'll tell you every single thing we know—love to, that's what we're here for!

Youth has its Judases, too, but we're going to take a whole article for that. We haven't talked very much about youth in these articles—it's so lovely to us whether it is really beautiful or not—all it seems to need is just to be spotlessly, gloriously, luminously clean! But in reading our letters we find youth crying for help and sometimes mothers calling out for light for children that are too young to write us. So we're preparing a whole article. The youth of to-day *does* need help—evidently with its painted lips and cheeks, its sophisticated earrings and its "wise," hard eyes.

Just a word about powdering. So many women look all nicely powdered except in the inner corner of the eye and there you will find a little cold-creamy look. It is difficult to see it as you look into your mirror. The way to make sure is to stand before the window with your hand-mirror. Just dip your little finger in your powder-box and put some powder in the inner corner of each eye.

THE greatest care in the world is taken by all good powder manufacturers to protect the powder against dirt. They take meticulous care in making it and it is then put up in a firm dust-proof box with inner coverings. All this care is nullified if you don't keep your powder-puff clean. It must be washed frequently and laid in the sun to dry. Or if you use the little fluffy kind, throw them away frequently and replace them with fresh new ones.

By the way, we know a "beauty" manufacturer who is going to get out tooth-brushes marked for the twelve months of the year. This is in the hope that you will get a new tooth-brush every month, that you'll feel a blush of shame mantling your brow when on the third day of June you look down and notice that May is written on your tooth-brush handle. Teeth matter such a lot to beauty that their neglect is inexcusable.

Now and then we find a woman who would no more be seen without powder than she would without her dress on. Something is the matter with that woman. If she has to run and slap powder on her nose when she hears the door-bell ring, it means that her skin is sick and abnormal and she needs help.

FIFTEEN or fifty, in this enlightened day of beauty science a woman should look like a June morning, fresh and clean and new—the kind of person that makes one believe in life and love and a God that is full of beauty, the kind of person one builds dreams around. It will take time and attention, but it can be done.

Don't let there be any flies in the amber, any Judases keeping you from being a joy to look at, a proof that beauty hasn't been all gobbled up by sunrises and pink dogwood and people-in-love.



The Way

Just send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Watch the results you see and feel. Note the changes which occur in a week.

Read the reason for each new effect in the little book we send.

You will realize then that those whiter, cleaner teeth mean safer teeth as well. You will have some new conceptions on the proper care of teeth.

One test in a home will be sufficient to prove the results to a family.

Whiter Teeth

They come in this delightful way

There is a way to whiter teeth which millions are employing. It combats the dingy film-coats.

It is a way to cleaner teeth and safer teeth as well. The chief teeth enemies are effectively combated.

It is based on modern research, endorsed by high authorities. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

This is to offer someone in your home a convincing ten-day test.

How film dims teeth

You feel on your teeth a viscous film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

If not removed, it forms the basis of persistent coats. In many ways it threatens serious damage. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

It makes teeth dim and dingy by absorbing stains. The film is what discolors, not the teeth. And film is the basis of tartar.

It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. It breeds germs by the millions, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

A long, hard fight

The war on film has been a long, hard fight. Dental research has for years been seeking ways

to end it. Now two effective film combatants have been found. High authorities have proved their efficiency. Nearly all the world over leading dentists are urging their adoption.

A modern tooth paste has been created, based on some new-day requirements. The name is Pepsodent. Those two effective film combatants are embodied in it.

Now a world-wide effort is being made to demonstrate its benefits to people young and old.

Three other effects

Dental science now needs a tooth paste which will bring some other great effects. And Pepsodent has been equipped to bring them.

Every use multiplies the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acid. Pepsodent gives it a much-increased effect.

Each use also multiplies the saliva's alkalinity. That is Nature's neutralizer of acids which cause decay, but it frequently needs this stimulation.

Another factor gives the teeth high polish without harm. Then film-coats will less easily adhere.

Twice a day Pepsodent brings to every user all these desired effects. Now the object is to let you see them, feel them, judge them for yourself. When you do that you will want them always. And that will mean to you and yours a new era in teeth cleaning.



Now seen everywhere

The results of Pepsodent are now seen almost everywhere. Millions of teeth now glisten through its use. Careful people of some forty races now employ it daily.

Women gain new beauty by it. Men who smoke combat tobacco stains. Children are gaining new tooth protection when they need it most. Dentists advise the use of Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

Now we urge you to learn what it means to you, by making this short, simple and delightful test. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

It fights film, starch and acids in modern and effective ways. Endorsed by authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere.

All druggists supply the large tubes.

The quick effects

The cleaner teeth.

The absence of the viscous film.

The whiter teeth as film-coats disappear.

The better taste, due to normal alkaline conditions in the mouth.

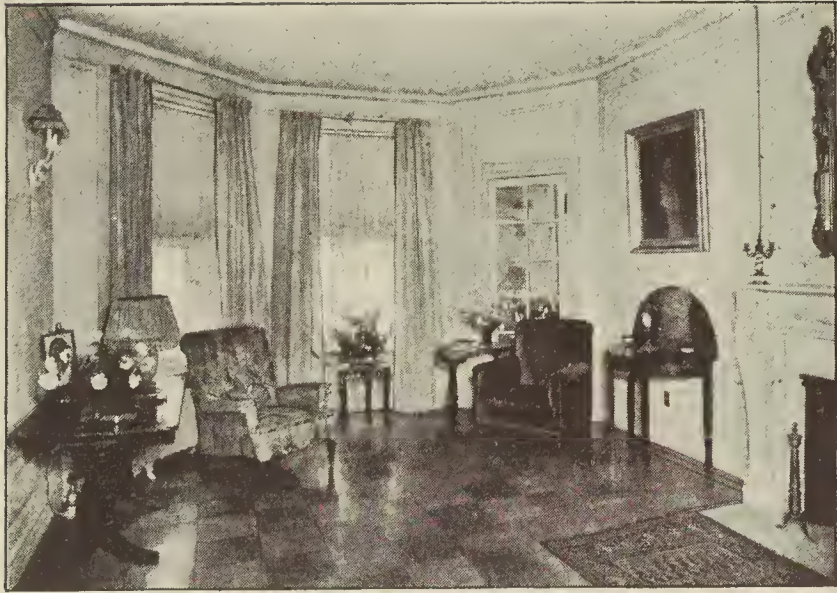
High polish on the teeth.

10-Day Tube Free

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Dept. 148, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.



GOOD FLOORS AND FLOOR COVERINGS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

IN THE building and decorating of a house, nothing requires more attention than floors. No floor material or floor covering should be considered if it does not wear well and is not easy to keep clean.

Floors, like walls and ceilings, must be restful. They are the foundation of a room, and, in many cases, the principal background. Wood is by far the most popular material used for flooring.

For bathrooms, we should all like tiled or stone floors, but if we must compromise, it should be on material approximating the sanitary and long-lasting quality of tile or stone—as, for example, best grades of linoleum, which are discussed further on in this article.

TREATMENT

THE hard woods make a far better and more durable floor than the soft woods. The hard woods might be classified as oak, maple, birch and beech, while the soft woods include pine, fir and red spruce.

Wood-finishers themselves often disagree on the best method of finishing floors, but all agree, however, that the use of the best materials is the greatest economy in the end. Some of our best architects agree that there is only one proper way to treat a hardwood floor, and that is to wax it—to apply nothing but wax. This, however, takes infinite treatment and care before a really beautiful finish can be obtained.

WAXING

THE most popular way to prepare a floor for waxing is to introduce a wood filler before applying the wax. To do this, the floor should be scraped and then sanded until very smooth. Then apply a coat of paste filler in which you have introduced some stain or color, the amount of color to represent a slightly weathered floor of oak or maple or whatever the wood may be. If a plain filler is used, it should follow a coat of stain.

To apply a coat of paste filler it is necessary first to thin the filler with either benzine or turpentine to a creamy consistency. Cover a few feet of the surface at a time, working the filler well into the pores of the wood by means of a sturdy brush or cloth. Wipe across the grain of the wood. When the filler has thoroughly dried, which takes from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, apply the wax. Fillers are used to fill and level the surface for the application of wax or varnish, which, if not used, would permit the finishing coats to sink into hollow pores and holes, thereby giving the floor a porous appearance. Fillers do not require sanding. Apply the first coat of wax with a cloth, after which it should be thoroughly rubbed in with a floor-brush. Apply nothing but wax to this type of floor finish. It will take months of constant attention and application before a brilliant result will be attained, but when it is thoroughly coated and polished it makes the perfect floor, both in looks and convenience to clean.

VARNISH

THE next in line for hard woods is the varnish finish. The preliminary treatment of the floor is the same as outlined for a wax finish. After the floor has been prepared, apply the varnish over the coat of filler. The first coat of varnish should be thinned to about one pint of pure turpentine to one gallon of varnish. This consistency will soak well into the wood. Each coat should be allowed from thirty-six to forty-eight hours to dry, and all coats except the last should be sanded with number 00 sandpaper. The second and third coats can be applied as it comes from the can. If a dull finish is desired, the last coat can be rubbed with oil or pumice and water. If the use of shellac is preferred, simply apply two coats of shellac thinned to the proper consistency, over which you may use the wax or varnish.

OLD HARDWOOD FLOORS

THE most advisable way to reclaim old floors is to remove all old finish by scraping and planing, or by applying a varnish-remover, or both, especially if the floor has been stained. The use of a wood-scraper and sandpaper will do this work. If a varnish-remover has been applied, follow the directions closely; be sure never to leave any trace of the remover, as it burns through any new finish. It may be scraped off with a putty-knife and then wiped up with benzine or gasoline. Plenty of soap and warm water is needed to give all old floors their final cleaning before a finish of any kind can be applied. After all old finish is removed, treat the old floors as you would new floors. If the floors are too far gone to repair successfully with this treatment, they may be stained with any of the wood-varnish stains now on the market. If a varnish stain is used, the filler should be applied before the stain.

SOFT WOODS

SOFTWOOD floors may be treated two ways for the use of rugs. They may be stained or painted. Stain should be applied rather thinly with a brush, with even strokes parallel with the grain. Two coats of thin stain make a far better effect than one coat of heavy stain. After the floor has been stained, it should be allowed to dry at least twenty-four hours. When thoroughly dry, it may be polished with wax or receive a coat of varnish; the latter proves more successful for soft woods.

PAINTED FLOORS

THERE is much to be said in favor of painted floors, especially for country houses. The most successful colors in floor paints are battle-ship gray, Colonial buff or a deep red. All three make excellent backgrounds for rugs and carpets.

There is no special preparation required for the application of paint to a wood floor except to see that it is entirely free from grease or dirt. Be sure and remove splinters

and old tacks. Make it as smooth and clean as possible. A filler is not necessary. Three coats of paint should be applied to give a hard and substantial finish, but two coats will do. The first coat should be thinned to a consistency which will soak well into the wood; this will make a splendid foundation for the one or two remaining coats, which may be applied as it comes from the can. When applying paint, always brush parallel with the grain of the wood.

FLOOR COVERINGS

THE use of linoleum for the house in general has three very distinct advantages over wood floors and carpets: it is sanitary, durable and most comfortable to walk on.

KITCHEN AND BATHROOM

TILED patterns of linoleum are always good for the kitchen and bathroom. For a large kitchen it is wise not to choose a design that contains much white. There are two-toned tile effects in browns, blues and greens that make excellent coverings, though for a small kitchen the use of a small blue-and-white, a green-and-white or a brown-and-white checked pattern would be serviceable.

Bathrooms always deserve the cleanest, clear-cut patterns one can obtain. A medium-sized black-and-white, light-blue-and-white or even a plain light-colored linoleum which would suggest tiles or stone would be correct and make an appropriate floor covering.

HALLS

HALLS offer the use of a number of designs, but choose carefully neat and attractive patterns. There are plain colors that make excellent backgrounds for rugs, while the use of a bold black-and-white stone block pattern would be most attractive without rugs.

LIVING-ROOM AND DINING-ROOM

FOR the living-room and dining-room it is advisable to use dark tones of a plain brown or gray, or a simple parquetry design. If the furnishings and woodwork are light in color, however, the light grays, tans and the soft tones would be in keeping.

BEDROOMS AND NURSERIES

FOR nurseries and bedrooms there are many dainty and colorful designs, and the use of linoleum for the former is highly recommended.

It is well where there are wide doorways and rooms closely connecting to use the same pattern throughout. It gives the appearance of space.

After careful choosing and purchasing, it is most important to become familiar with the proper method of laying linoleum.

To lay linoleum on a wood floor, remove the molding from the baseboard and measure carefully the short way of the room for the amount of felt needed. Then measure the long way of the room for the linoleum.

Place one width of the felt close to the side of the wall, trim the ends to fit snugly, fold back one end of the felt and apply the paste with a large brush. Turn back again and press it down smoothly and evenly, then fold back the other half in a like manner, and continue until the floor has been covered with felt. Be sure the edges of the felt do not lap. Ordinary gray builders' felt is most commonly used. Let the felt dry several hours before laying the linoleum. Cut the linoleum a little long and trim it, fitting it close to the baseboard with the aid of a linoleum-knife. When well fitted, draw a chalk line on the felt where the seam of the linoleum will come. Apply the linoleum paste to within three or four inches of the chalk line. When well covered, roll the linoleum over the paste and press down with a heavy weight or roller. The edges of the linoleum should be pushed tightly together and the patterns matched. Sometimes it is necessary to overlap the edges of the linoleum and to cut through with a sharp knife in order to make the patterns match. After pasting the strips of linoleum to the felt, the edges and seams are rolled back and a waterproof cement is spread on the felt under all the joints. A good grade of waterproof cement should be used, especially under the sinks and around pipes. Over seams and joints of all kinds place heavy weights or bricks, if no roller is handy. Linoleum may be laid on floors without felt, but it is not recommended.

If a printed linoleum is used, it may be coated with a colorless varnish. This will not detract from its resilient qualities and will preserve the print and add to the life of the material.

Varnish is not recommended for inlaid linoleum, as it has a tendency to make the material hard and brittle. The most advisable finish is to apply liquid wax.

RUGS AND CARPETS

OVER our decorated floors comes the question of carpets and rugs. Their chief object and mission is to deaden sound and to make floors more comfortable to walk on. It is, then, poor economy and bad taste to put a delicately colored rug or carpet in a room where there is constant passing or where things are likely to be spilled. Neutral colors and inconspicuous designs are considered in best taste for all rooms. For a dining-room, it is never desirable to have a plain carpet, but preferably one with a design.

The most beautiful and durable rugs are the Oriental. They are woven in one piece on hand-loom in Eastern countries, and in design and color surpass anything we are able to manufacture to-day. Money invested in an Oriental rug will never be regretted. They have the happy faculty of blending with the most predominating colors in a room and are most always a thing of beauty. Wilton, chenille, velvet and axminster are by far the most popular carpets and rugs to-day. These come in plain colors or in designs.

The rug on the floor is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 510—a very popular tan design. In the 6 x 9 foot size the price is only \$8.10



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When you buy *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs, be sure they have a Gold Seal, similar to one above, pasted on the face. This Gold Seal insures your getting genuine *Gold-Seal* Congoleum, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee.

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CONGOLEUM COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Kansas City
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Rugs that Mothers Appreciate—

“With Congoleum Rugs throughout my house I have much more time to give to my baby. You’ve no idea of the time and labor these artistic rugs save.”

Housewives whose floors are covered with ^{Gold Seal} Congoleum Rugs are freed from the woven-rug drudgery of tiresome hours of cleaning. For Congoleum Rugs are wonderful time-savers. A light going-over with a damp mop leaves their bright and lovely colors spotless and sanitary.

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The patterns are the most artistic you can possibly imagine, ranging from neat tile and wood-block designs suitable for the kitchen and bathroom to more fanciful and elaborate motifs that will add a cheerful touch of color to bedrooms, dining-room or living-room.

Last but not least, the prices are *amazingly* low.

6 x 9 feet	\$ 8.10	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs to harmonize with them.	1½ x 3 feet	\$.50
7½ x 9 feet	10.10		3 x 3 feet	1.00
9 x 9 feet	12.15		3 x 4½ feet	1.50
9 x 10½ feet	14.15		3 x 6 feet	2.00
9 x 12 feet	16.20			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
ART-RUGS

Treats for Summer appetites

Cool, tempting and easy to make

Here is a whole new repertoire of pineapple dishes for your hot-weather menus, all of them delicious, economical and easy to prepare. They are made with CRUSHED or GRATED Hawaiian Pineapple—the convenient, ready-to-use form in which you may now secure this luscious tropical fruit.

CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple is exactly the same in quality and flavor as the Sliced Pineapple which has achieved universal popularity on the American table. It is the same sun-ripened fruit, packed fresh from the plant—especially prepared in this ready-to-use form for your convenience. Open the can and it pours out, golden and fragrant—and rich with its own delicious juice.

Just the thing for desserts, salads, puddings, pies, tarts, frozen dainties and cooling, thirst-quenching drinks. Or try it, iced, as it comes from the can—with meat, or as a delightful breakfast fruit-sauce.

Buy it in convenient-sized cans—by the dozen. You'll find it indispensable for every-day menu use.

Three Tempting Recipes You'll Like

PINEAPPLE FLUFF

Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water to $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine. Mix 2 cups hot water, 4 whole cloves and 1 cup sugar. Boil for 5 minutes, add softened gelatine and stir until all has dissolved. Strain, add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice and set aside to cool. When slightly firm beat until light and frothy. Add 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and beat until thick. Fold in 1 cup well-drained Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins cut in pieces; pour into mold and set in a cold place until firm. Serve plain or with whipped cream.

TOMATOES STUFFED WITH PINEAPPLE

Peel large ripe tomatoes, being careful to keep their shape. Cut a slice from the stem end of each and carefully remove pulp from the center. Cut

the pulp in pieces and drain it of all juice. Drain 1 cup Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple and mix with the tomato pulp. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup California walnuts broken in pieces, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika. Mix thoroughly with thick mayonnaise and refill tomatoes with the mixture. Garnish with lettuce and walnut halves.

PINEAPPLE JULEP

Chop enough fresh mint leaves to make 1 tablespoon, add 2 tablespoons powdered sugar and rub well together. Add 1 cup sirup drained from Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple, 1 tablespoon lime juice and cup ice water. Allow to stand in cold place at least 1 hour. Serve in glasses with a cube of ice in each and garnish with a sprig of mint.

Send for this Book

For many other equally delightful ways to use Crushed or Grated Pineapple, write today for your free copy of our booklet, "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats." It will help you put new variety in your summer menus.

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THE MAGIC PACKAGE FOR A RAILWAY JOURNEY

By Rita Slade Allen

Simple games solve the problem of what to do with youngsters who are obliged to sit still for hours. A few familiar objects and a youthful imagination are the only requirements

TRAVELING with young children, since they quickly tire of sitting still, is often one of the most trying experiences of a mother. If, however, she has the forethought to provide such a surprise package as we noted on a recent trip, a journey may be made with comfort to both mother and children.

Little Homer was six years old and, as he always expressed it, "going to be seven next year."

It was a long railway journey to Mother Anne's home in the mountains, and although the journey was less than two hours old, Homer was already tired of his story-book. He was beginning to ask: "Mother, how much farther?" This mother, however, had learned from experience (she was the wife of an army officer) that story-books pall after a time, so she had provided, to be brought forth when other things had lost their glamour, a surprise package. And now,



children many laughable productions grew.

The next secret of the surprise package was a small flannel pad and a plump piece of sealing-wax about five inches long. And what was to be done with these? For to look at those two long objects they did not even seem to spell fun. But there was the mother carefully burning a match. The wax was well rubbed with the flannel pad and then gradually moved nearer until it touched the black and charred match. It was then the burned match began to act up. It jumped away, thus starting a race. The wax chased it. This little innovation was very amusing to the children, and each demanded many turns at chasing the carbon.

WHEN it seemed that no more fun could be extracted from the wax and match, there appeared on the table a package of assorted crayons, butterfly borders and outline cards to color.

Then came some advertising pictures (cut from magazines) and white tissue-paper heavy enough for tracing. The traced pictures were afterward colored with crayons.

Later, to rest the children's eyes, the mother suggested playing the game of "Observation." Beginning as soon as the train left a station, the children were told to watch the passing landscape through the car window between this station and the next and try to remember all the objects they had seen. After the second station was passed, each was given a turn at whispering to the mother all he could remember. These were carefully written down on a pad, with the score count opposite, and the one who remembered most, verified by mother's observation, won the game. This game was later varied to take in all the objects seen from the car window in certain stations.

After this the children played a guessing game. The mother gave each child a letter of the alphabet. They were then given an opportunity of naming all the animals they could think of whose names began with their letter, the one scoring the largest number winning the game. This went on down the alphabet for quite a distance, the children developing a keen competition as to whose letter would win.

TIRING of this, all eyes were again turned to the fountain—the magic package. Could it produce any other amusement? The children could hardly believe their eyes when an old-fashioned spool, fitted with pins and all threaded with worsted for knitting reins or making little mats, was brought forth. But

since only one child at a time could knit, something else must be supplied. Passing the knitting on to his newly found friend, Homer turned his eyes again to the package. It had not yet disappointed him, and, as he waited, there was in his eyes a look of assurance. Very soon the package had yielded a small box. When its contents were spread upon the table, it contained:

A coarse blunt-point needle threaded with heavy bright-colored cord, various bits of bright-colored ribbons cut into the shape of circles, some pretty buttons with a shank, and macaroni cut into one-half inch lengths. With this paraphernalia Homer was soon at work constructing a chain.

AFTER luncheon, interest was again stimulated by suggesting to the boys that they become telephone wiremen. Noting, as the train rolled on, the wires and poles by the side of the track, this immediately appealed to the children. From a ball of twine four long red strings were cut, two for each child. The strings then became the wires and the toothpicks the poles. By tying in the picks at two-inch lengths, a double wire was constructed from Baltimore to Washington, one child starting at Baltimore, the other at Washington; meeting, the wires were united in the center.

Next, Homer yielded the secrets of the little game called "Holiday Calendar." "I have a Holiday Calendar," said Homer.

"Where?" asked Jack.
"Here," was the answer, holding up his hand with five fingers spread wide. "This," touching his thumb, "is for May-Day, when we plant the May-pole; this is for the Fourth of July, when we celebrate independence;



this is for Thanksgiving with turkey and pumpkin pie; this one is for Christmas with our stockings bulging with Santa Claus gifts, and this little finger is for a Happy New Year to all." As the children were going over and over this, putting new phrases to each holiday, the conductor called: "All off for Constableville."

It was after a hurried good-by that Jack, gazing at the retreating figures, turning to his mother, said: "My, but I had a good time! Mother, when do we get off?"



having had the porter provide a table as for a buffet luncheon, let us open the surprise package and follow all through this eight-hour journey.

FIRST, from the magic package came a box of soft wooden toothpicks, and lo! some of them had been painted red, some blue and still others brown. From these a house was built. At a suggestion from mother it was decided that the house should have a brown tiled roof. After the house came the garden. Then all must be surrounded by a fence. But even then it was not completed, for, said mother, "All stately houses and gardens have a name"—so this one was called "Runnymede." It does look hard to build words from toothpicks but it really is simple if a pair of scissors are at hand to cut the short lengths when needed. And now having built a house, a garden, a fence, and dignified it all with a name, Homer looked up to find another boy, who had been seated across the way, peering at the work of his hands and, although he said not a word, it was plainly written on his face, "I wish I had something to play with." "Come and sit here," said Homer, and out from the traveling-bag the mother again brought the surprise package.

There was a pencil and pad and on the pad five dots were placed. Each child then had a turn of connecting these dots so as to form a rude picture according to his imagination. Sometimes the game was varied by placing the dots in some new arrangement. From these dots under the eager fingers of the



Needed by Every Baby

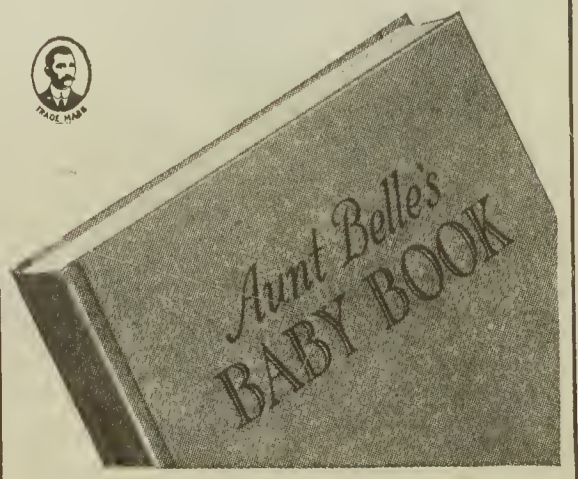
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NEW WAYS TO COOK SQUASH AND VEGETABLE MARROW

By Riley M. Fletcher Berry

SUMMER squash and vegetable marrow contain sugar and starch, a little cellulose and mineral matter.

The flavor of vegetable marrow and Summer squash blends particularly well with good seasoning and combines admirably with more highly flavored foods.

STEWED AND STEAMED SQUASH

THESE vegetables should, preferably, be young and tender enough for the skin to be readily broken with the nail, so that the rind need not be removed for either stewing or steaming. As they mature, however, and the outer covering thickens, it must be removed before cooking. The seeds are not removed in Summer squash.

For steaming, cut in pieces and steam for from twenty-five to thirty minutes or until soft. Serve with butter or in any of the ways indicated further in these recipes.

For stewing, cut in small pieces and place in a saucepan with just enough salted boiling water to prevent burning, and cook until tender. Season and serve with butter.

MASHED MARROW OR SQUASH

MASH the drained, stewed or steamed vegetable; add pepper, butter and salt, and thicken with flour rubbed smooth in a little milk. Cook in the top of a double boiler for fifteen minutes.

MASHED SQUASH OR CYMLIN

MASH the drained, stewed or steamed vegetable; for each pint add a tablespoon of butter, a pinch each of black and red pepper, and half a cup of cream or milk, and reheat. If milk is used, it may be thickened with a tablespoon of flour. If more nourishment is wished, thicken, instead, with a beaten egg—two if liked—and reheat.

SQUASH WITH BACON

DAINTILY crisp as many slices of bacon as there are people to serve. Stew or steam sliced squash. Meanwhile, sauté (fry) a large, sweet, sliced onion in the fat from the fried bacon; add the squash, stir till well mixed, then serve with the bacon on top.

CREAMED SQUARES

MAKE a nicely seasoned white sauce and pour it over steamed, baked or stewed squares of squash. Let stand on the stove for five minutes and serve.

CREAMED WHOLE SQUASH

TAKE the vegetable when no larger than an egg; cook whole till tender; drain and pour upon it a cream sauce; simmer a few minutes, seasoning well, and serve with minced chives.

SQUASH AND TOMATOES

REMOVE tops and scoop out some large tomatoes; fill with highly seasoned mashed Summer squash thickened with bread-crumbs. Sprinkle with nut-meal; add butter and bake.



As squash grows larger and the skin becomes thicker it must be peeled. The seeds need not be removed from Summer squash

YOUNG PUMPKIN—CONTINENTAL STYLE

TAKE the vegetable when the size of an orange and halve it. Cook in boiling salted water till soft; drain and let it stand in cold water five minutes; drain again and replace it in a saucepan to heat over boiling water. Serve with Hollandaise, curry or soubise sauce.

AMERICAN FRIED SUMMER SQUASH OR MARROW

SLICE into quarter-inch slices; dip in salted and seasoned flour and fry in hot butter. Serve in a vegetable-dish, pouring over them a half-pint of hot sweet cream.

DICED BROWNED SQUASH

HEAT a tablespoon of butter or oil and fry in it a large diced onion. When it begins to brown, add one Summer squash, diced. Season with pepper and salt, cover and cook slowly till tender.

INLAND OYSTERS

USE the very tenderest young squash, unpeeled and unseeded. Cut in half-inch slices. Beat together two tablespoons of milk and one egg; sift together and season well equal parts of corn-meal and flour. Dip the slices in the egg, then roll in the flour mixture and drop into deep fat; fry till browned; drain and serve.

STUFFED VEGETABLE MARROW

USE half-grown marrows; cut off part of the neck, peel, seed, slice and place in a pudding-dish. Alternate with layers of mushrooms or cooked rice; season, fill dish half-full with water or stock; sprinkle with buttered crumbs and bake until tender.

SUMMER SQUASH AND GREEN CORN

USE very small, tender, scalloped cym-lins. Cut a sufficient slice across the stem side to make flat and smooth; scoop out the seeds; sprinkle in a little salt on the bottom of each; add a teaspoon of butter and fill with uncooked sweet corn, grated from the cob. Place in a steamer and steam one hour or until tender. Do not season the corn till done. Just before serving, add pepper, salt and a spoonful of sweet cream or butter to each.

STUFFED SUMMER SQUASH

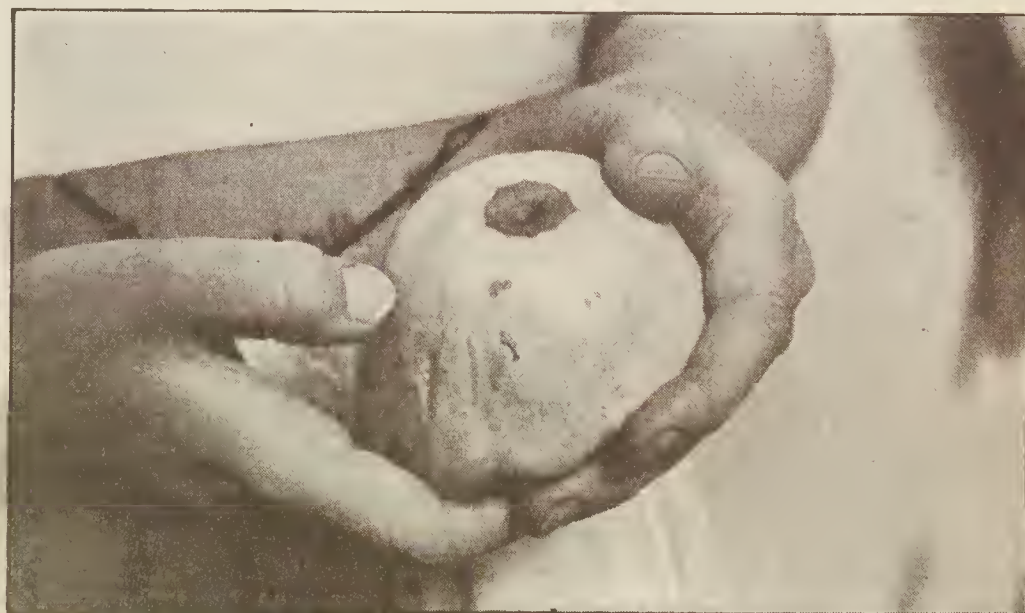
CUT a slice from the top of a white squash and scoop out the seeds. Have ready a dressing of one pint of stale bread-crumbs seasoned with a half-teaspoon of salt and pepper, a good-sized onion minced, a heaping tablespoon of firm butter in bits, a teaspoon of mustard flour, and bind with two beaten eggs. Fill the squash with the dressing, replace the top slice and bake two hours, basting with drippings of bacon or salt pork. Serve with a thin onion sauce and a tart sauce such as cranberry.

BAKED VEGETABLE MARROW OR SQUASH, HALVED

CUT in half (unpeeled), remove seeds and bake the shells until done. Serve with butter or grated cheese or a tomato sauce.

VEGETABLE MARROW—ITALIAN STYLE

PEEL and slice. Dip each slice in egg and bread-crumbs, and sauté (fry) until brown. Remove and place in a buttered baking-dish which has been rubbed with a clove of garlic or lemon-pulp. On each slice place a spoonful of stewed tomato; sprinkle each with grated cheese and bake in a quick oven fifteen minutes.



When Summer squash is young and tender enough for the skin to be readily broken with the nail, it is not necessary to remove the skin

VEGETABLE MARROW WITH SHRIMPS—CUBAN RECIPE

HAVE ready, diced, two ounces each of fat, salt pork and ham fried until brown; add a little lard, two cloves of garlic mashed, one minced onion, two sliced tomatoes (peeled), one cup of water and one small vegetable marrow peeled and cubed. Cook till the vegetable is tender; add one cup of the meat of shrimps; cook fifteen minutes longer; season with salt and serve.

CANNED VEGETABLE MARROW OR SQUASH

THERE are two good methods of canning these. The first is to peel, wash, slice, seed and steam or boil until tender. Then mash and season with salt. Pack into sterilized jars and steam three hours. The second method is to peel, cut into two-inch squares, wash, pack into jars with a teaspoon of salt for each jar, and sterilize.

SUMMER-SQUASH BATTER CAKES

STRAIN the mashed vegetable as dry as possible after cooking and to one pint of pulp allow one or two beaten eggs, one cup of milk (or less), one-half teaspoon of salt and two of baking-powder, with sufficient flour to make a batter. Cook on a hot griddle, browning well on both sides.

SQUASH MUFFINS

IF SQUASH muffins are made from Summer squash-pulp, the latter must be very dry. To one cup each of squash-pulp and milk add two eggs, three and one-half cups of flour, three tablespoons of butter, and one teaspoon each of salt, sugar and baking-powder. Mix and bake in muffin-tins.

CYMLIN OR MARROW CROQUETTES OR FRITTERS

WASH, peel, cut and drain the squash. Simmer in salted boiling water with two cups of tender green peas. When done, drain very dry, add pepper and salt to taste, a tablespoon of butter and one cup of fine, dry bread-crumbs. Mash very smooth and mix in the well-beaten yolk of an egg. Roll in spoonfuls of dry crumbs, and then drop the little croquettes in a hot buttered frying-pan. Brown both sides lightly and serve at once.

GRECIAN VEGETABLE MARROW

SCRAPe the smallest obtainable marrows; wash and scoop the seeds out. Prepare a stuffing for them of three-fourths part uncooked chopped beef, one-fourth part of boiled rice and seasoning of onions which have been diced and browned in butter, salt, pepper and minced mint leaves. After stuffing, place them in a baking-dish with slices of fresh tomatoes on top of the marrows or pour tomato sauce over them. Add sufficient stock or water nearly to cover the marrows and let them cook in the oven till the meat is done. Then beat two eggs in a saucepan; add the juice of a lemon and stir, but do not let boil. When they thicken,

pour on them the scalding sauce which has been drained from the marrows. Serve the marrows with the sauce mixture.

VEGETABLE MARROW PRESERVE—No. 1

PEEL and seed, but slice or cut in fancy shapes instead of chopping. Let stand overnight in layers alternating with brown sugar. Drain and let the sirup poured off come to a boil; for each pound of marrow add one-half pound of white sugar and an ounce of green ginger cut fine; for each three pounds of marrow add the rind and juice of three lemons. Cook the sirup eight minutes; add the pieces of marrow and cook slowly till they look clear. Stir often during this time (about two hours for several pounds of the vegetable). Drain the marrow into jars, pour over them the hot sirup and seal.

VEGETABLE MARROW PRESERVE—No. 2

WASH and wipe two good-sized vegetable marrows and peel rather thick; slice in thick slices; seed and put seeds with peeling into a saucepan, cover with water; boil an hour with the yellow rind of one lemon for each pound of marrow that is used. Then strain. Cut the marrow into irregular pieces and weigh it, then allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar for each pound of marrow. Add the liquor strained from seeds to the required amount of sugar and the juice of the lemons. Boil five minutes, add the marrow and a dessert-spoon of good ginger extract; cook till tender.

VEGETABLE MARROW MARMALADE

PEEL the marrows; then chop into quarter-inch pieces or run through a vegetable-chopper. Cover with a pound of brown sugar thinned with a quart of water; let stand forty-eight hours. Drain this off. (This can be cooked down and added to the second sirup.) Meanwhile, make a thick sirup of one-half pound of sugar and one-fourth pint of water for each pound of marrow, with the juice and grated rind of two lemons and an ounce of green ginger. (Tart apples or orange-pulp or rhubarb and pineapple may be added instead of the lemon.) Cool till thick and clear, then place in glasses.



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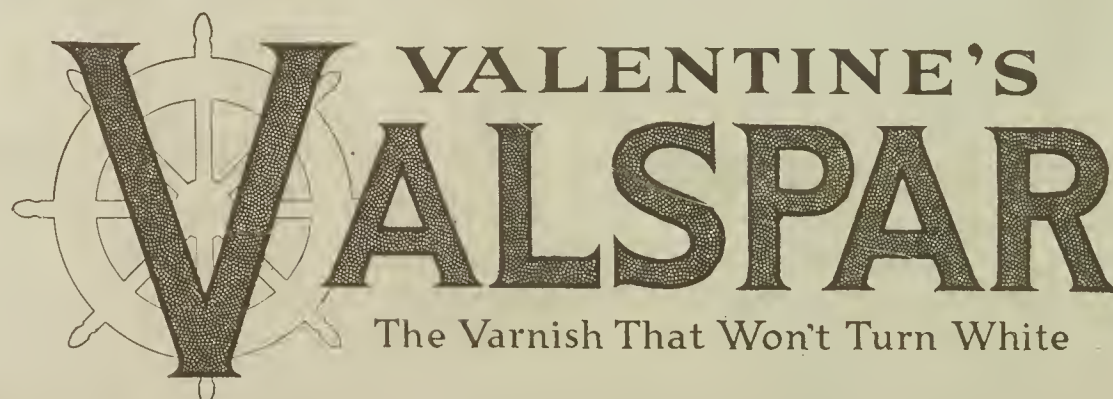
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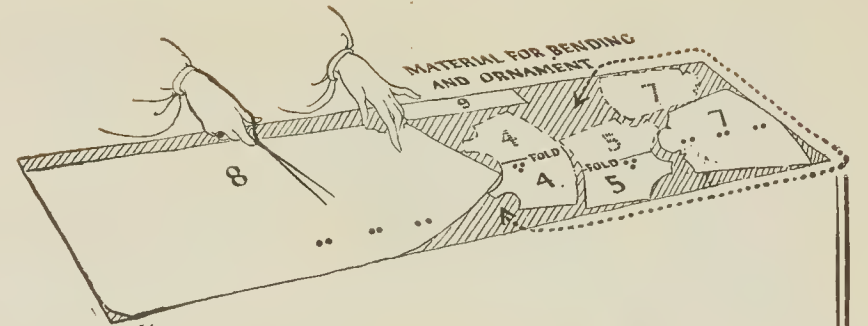
Even women who have sewed all their lives are amazed at the results they accomplish with the Deltor. You just follow along and when you finish, you realize that your frock has that envied professional air.

Take, for instance, the cutting out of your dress. This Fall the lines of each of the dominant silhouettes—the draped—the bouffant—the straight—the chemise—demand that the frock be cut by a master. This expert cutting is one of the things the Deltor gives you. The Deltor cutting layout gives you your size pattern in your view laid by an expert on the very width material you are using. This professional layout insures the cut of your dress being exactly that of the original. And also saves you from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard on every dress you make.

Every bit of the Deltor—the cutting, the putting together, and the finishing, applies specifically to just that garment on which you are working—it is a complete illustrated record of how an expert made that garment.

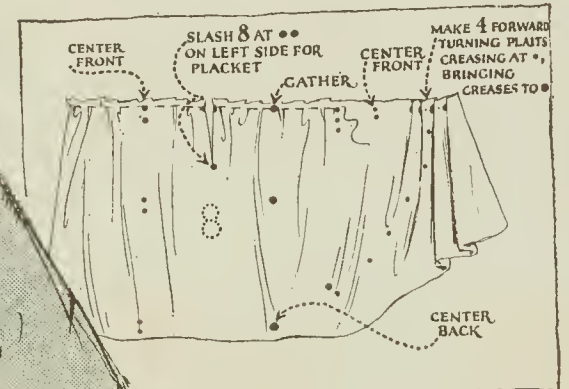
Every Butterick Pattern (30c to 50c) now gives you this complete service. It is the greatest dress-making help to women since the paper pattern itself. Get your Butterick Pattern with its Deltor at the pattern department to-day.

Butterick—Paris—New York—London



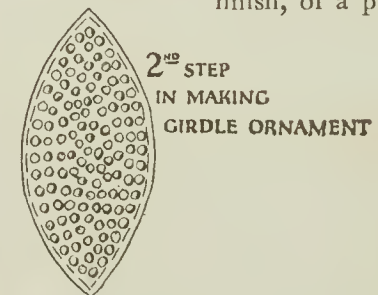
The pattern pays for itself in material saved

A cutting layout made by an expert for your size of the pattern and your view laid on the very width material you are using makes a great difference in the amount of material you need. "I bought my material before my pattern with the Deltor," writes one woman, "I found I had $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard more material than I needed with the Deltor cutting layout. At \$5.50 a yard that meant \$7.50 for unnecessary material." With the Deltor you do not buy an inch of extra material. It meets your needs exactly.



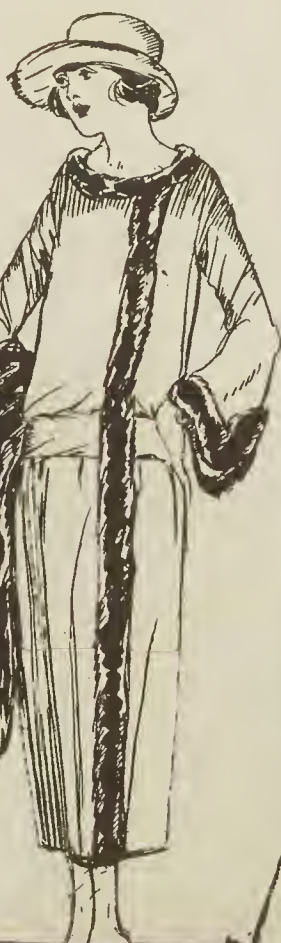
The expert putting together of a professional

Every dress is easier to put together one certain way than it is any other. This best and most successful way is shown you in the Deltor. You just follow the pictures and explicit direction. You will be surprised at how easily and quickly it goes. And when your dress is done, you will find that you have achieved the lines, the finish, of a professional.



Your material determines the finish this season

With the present vogue for self-trimming, gay but harmonizing Slavic embroidery, and the combination of fabrics, Paris has decided that more than ever, upon the material depends the finish of a frock. This *flair* for trimming that the French possess is translated for you in the Deltor into the simplest pictures and directions. It tells you just how to finish your dress in the way that is most modish for the material you are using.



Design 3675—The blouse coat took Paris by storm this season. The skirt is Design 3520.

Design 3772—Lattice trimming is a favorite with the Parisienne.

Design 3879—The Russian influence is very marked this season.

Design 3845—The fashionable draped frock is really simple to make with the Deltor.

PATTERNS with the DELTOR—Now On Sale

FOURTEEN PEACH DELICACIES

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

The flavor of peaches blends especially well with other ingredients to make delicious desserts and salads. These recipes of peach delicacies, devised under the direction of the Home-Makers' Department, are equally suitable for use with canned peaches, where fresh ones are not obtainable

HOW did the common expressions "She's a peach!" and "He has a peach of a job!" arise if not because the peach of all fruits is a symbol of perfection? When properly ripened in the sun its complexion suggests a soft, smooth skin—"one you love to touch."

So much for appearance, but even a peach must offer more than that. Few fruits, if any, can excel sweet, juicy peaches in flavor. In it there is still something illusively subtle, something perhaps of the Far East, whence as a member of the almond family the peach is reported to have come.

Its texture is another of its worthy attractions, and its versatility in adapting itself to conditions makes it a fruit obtainable the country over. From Maine to California, from Michigan to Georgia, peaches are grown. This makes it possible to secure in almost any locality the sun-ripened, tree-ripened fruit at its best.

Another of the many-sided values of the peach is that it is one of the most satisfactory fruits in flavor, color and texture when canned, and the peach thus preserved, if canned in good condition and well ripened, more nearly approximates the fresh state than most other fruits commonly canned. It is one of the few canned fruits with which recipes calling for fresh fruit may be prepared with equal success by using the canned product.

Peaches are so successfully dried under present conditions and are put on the market in such attractive forms that many peach dishes may also be made from the dried fruit.

The peach by nature is an easy fruit to get along with; because of its mild acidity it agrees with many persons who can not take the more acid fruits without diluting the juice somewhat. The peach contains appreciable amounts of those salts essential to the body: calcium, magnesium, potassium, sodium, iron and phosphorus. It has in fact larger amounts of these substances than that healthful food, the apple, a daily partaking of which, according to an old saw, is supposed to "keep the doctor away." The peach shows a family resemblance to the prune in that it has a slightly laxative action.

PEACH SALADS

SELECT firm halves of canned peaches or fine-flavored, well-ripened fresh peaches. Fill the centers of the peach halves with finely minced celery and crushed pineapple. Place a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing on each peach and serve in a lettuce-cup.

Fill the centers of halves of peaches with cottage-cheese balls seasoned with salt and paprika to taste. Serve with cream parsley dressing around the peaches.

CREAM PARSLEY DRESSING

WHIP one cup of sour cream until it begins to thicken. Add one tablespoon lemon-juice, one-quarter teaspoon of salt, one teaspoon of sugar and one teaspoon of paprika. When stiff, fold in three tablespoons of finely minced parsley or watercress.

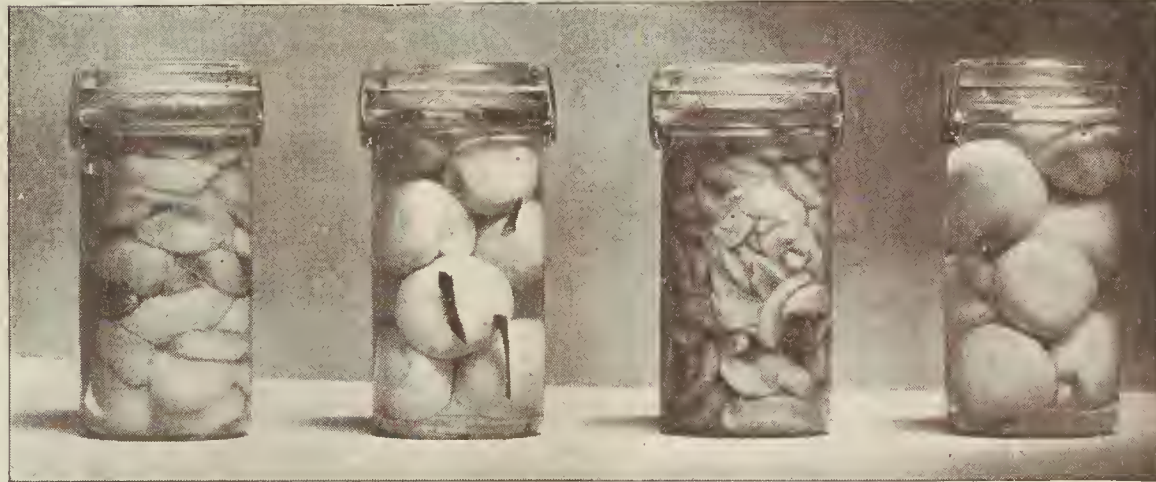
STEAMED PEACH PUDDING

2 cups flour 3 tablespoons fat
4½ teaspoons baking- 1 cup milk
 powder 1 cup sliced peaches,
½ teaspoon salt canned or fresh

COMBINE the ingredients to make a batter, reserving one-half cup of the flour to dredge the peaches. Add the floured peaches to the batter and turn into a buttered mold. Steam one and one-half hours. Serve with sauce made from the peach-juice if canned peaches are used, or with cream. The pudding may be steamed in baking-powder cans or in small molds.

RICE BALLS WITH PEACHES

PACK steamed rice in small ramekins or molds. Turn the molds out on a plate, cut halves of fresh or canned peaches in quarters and arrange the slices around the molds. Serve with a sauce made by adding one teaspoon of corn-starch moistened in one



Of all canned fruits, peaches are one of the most satisfactory in color, texture and freshness of flavor. They may be canned whole, halved or sliced

tablespoon of cold water to one cup of peach-juice. Cook until clear and pour around the mold.

PEACH-BLOW CAKE

1 cup sugar 2 teaspoons baking-
 powder
½ cup fat ½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk 1 teaspoon vanilla
2 cups flour
2 eggs

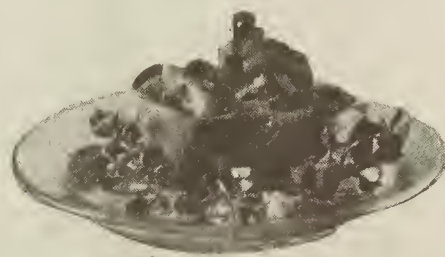
CREAM the fat; add the sugar and stir well. Add the well-beaten eggs. Mix and sift the dry ingredients and add them to the first mixture, alternating with the milk and keeping the batter smooth until all is incorporated. Bake in two layers. Remove from tins and when cool put together with peach filling.

FILLING

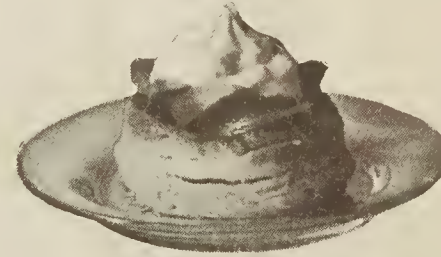
½ cup sugar Juice and grated rind
3 tablespoons corn- of ½ medium
 starch lemon
1 cup boiling water 1 tablespoon butter
1 cup crushed peaches

MIX the sugar and corn-starch together and pour the boiling water over them, stirring constantly to insure smoothness. Cook in a double boiler until smooth and thick. Add the butter, lemon-rind and juice. Mix well and fold in the peaches. Add fruit color to make it a light pink. When cool, use as filling.

For the top of the cake, whip one cup of cream until thick. Add two tablespoons of powdered sugar, one-quarter teaspoon of vanilla and coloring to give same tint as the filling. With a pastry-bag and a rose-tube, pipe the cream in small roses over the top or place it in spoonfuls if no pastry-tube is available.



A "peachy" salad, shortcake, or pastry is yours for the making



The old-fashioned biscuit shortcake makes a pretty individual service



For Sunday dinner or for guests few desserts can surpass a peach cake garnished with whipped cream

PEACH SAUCE

1 cup peach-juice 1 tablespoon flour,
1 tablespoon butter moistened in a little
Vanilla cold water

COMBINE the ingredients and cook until thick and clear.

PEACH ROLL

3 eggs ¼ cup water
½ cup sugar ½ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt

BOIL sugar and water until the sirup threads. Pour it slowly over stiffly beaten egg-whites. Beat until cool. Add the yolks which have been well beaten. Sift the flour and salt and fold them into the egg mixture. Turn into a shallow pan which has been lined with oil-paper. Bake in slow oven (250 to 350 degrees F.) from twenty-five to thirty minutes. Turn on a cloth. While warm, trim off the edges, cover the cake with a peach filling and roll.

PEACH FILLING

1 egg-white ½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons cold water

PUT all the ingredients in a double boiler. Have the water in the boiler hot but not boiling. Beat constantly with Dover egg-beater until stiff. Remove from fire and beat until cool. Add one cup of peaches (fresh or canned) cut in small pieces and two teaspoons of lemon-juice.

PEACHY PEACHES

SELECT firm, well-ripened peaches, remove the skins and chill. Make a sirup from one cup of water and one cup of sugar boiled together for ten minutes. Cool the sirup and add one-half cup of strained orange-juice. Pour the sirup over the peaches and let them stand for at least two hours. When ready to serve drain the juice from the peaches and place each peach on a small glass plate. Pour a sauce made by adding an equal measure of whipped cream to the peach and orange-juice over them.

Sprinkle lightly with blanched almonds cut in strips.

CANNED BAKED PEACHES

BAKED peaches may be canned. Dip the peaches in boiling water and then in cold and slip off the skins. Cut them in halves and remove the stones. Place them in a baking-dish or a granite pan. Fill each cavity with one teaspoon of sugar, one-quarter teaspoon of butter, a few drops of lemon-juice and a sprinkling of nutmeg. Bake the peaches in a moderate oven (350 to 400 degrees F.) thirty to forty-five minutes until tender. Pack them with a clean spoon into clean, hot jars while boiling hot, adjust the rubbers and pour over the fruit any sirup that has formed in the pan. Fill each jar to overflowing with boiling sirup made from one-half cup of sugar and one cup of water boiled together for five minutes. Adjust the clean covers and seal the jars.

PEACH AND CANTALOUPE CONSERVE

1 pint diced peaches 3 cups sugar
1 pint diced cantaloupe ½ cup English wal-
 nuts, blanched and
2 lemons, juce and chopped
 grated rind

COMBINE the ingredients, with the exception of the nuts. Cook the mixture until it is thick and clear, add the nuts and pour it into clean, hot glasses. When it is cold, cover it with hot paraffin

PEACH AND PINEAPPLE CONSERVE

1 pint diced peaches 1 orange, juce and
1 cup cooked pine- grated rind
 apple 1 lemon, juce and
2½ cups sugar grated rind

COMBINE the ingredients and cook them until the mixture is thick and clear. Turn it into clean, hot jars and when it is cold cover it with hot paraffin.



If you could read his mind—would you find there only pleasure and satisfaction?

His unspoken thoughts when he looks into your face — what are they?

DOES he think only pleasant, flattering things? Or does some fleeting dissatisfaction—some critical little reservation—underlie his thoughts of you?

Don't allow your skin to be the subject of even momentary criticism. Any girl can have a smooth, clear, flawless complexion. Each day your skin is changing; old skin dies and new takes its place. By the right care you can make this new skin what you will.

Simple rules for the care of your skin

Sleep—fresh air—the right food—all these will contribute to a healthy condition of your skin. But your skin itself must be given special care if you want it to have all the beauty of which it is capable. Your skin is a separate organ of your body. Neglect of its special needs may result in an unattractive complexion, even though your general health is good.

Begin today to give your skin the special treatment that will meet its special needs. Remember—skins differ widely, and the treatment that is right for one type of skin may fail to benefit another. That is why the famous Woodbury treatments for each different type of skin

have been formulated. Two of these famous treatments are given on this page. These and other complete treatments for all the different types of skin are contained in the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—see what a difference in your complexion just a week or ten days of the right treatment will make.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations containing:

- A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
- A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
- A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
- A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
- The treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch"

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1909 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1909 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Use this treatment for a very sensitive skin

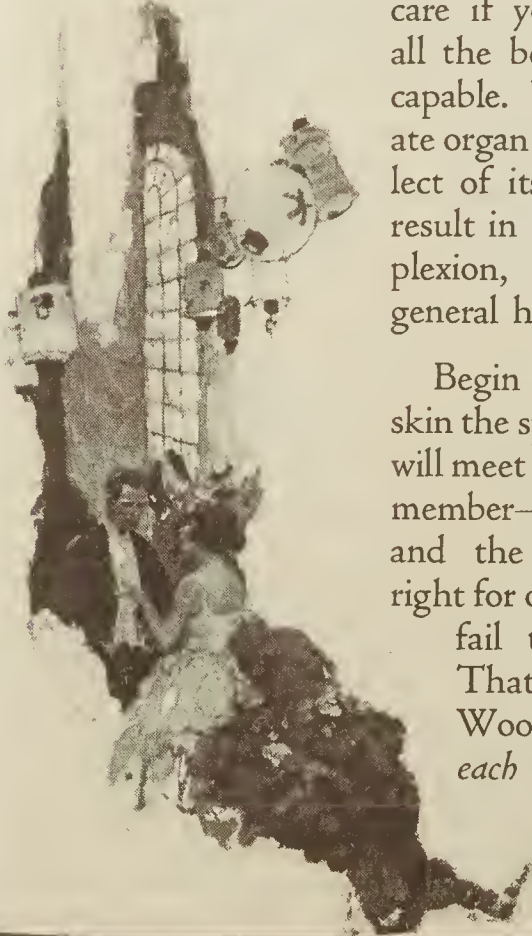
Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Now make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch"

A skin that is subject to blemishes should be given this special treatment

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

From the booklet "A Skin You Love to Touch"



EVERY DAY IS SALAD DAY

Salads and good dressings to go with them

By Winifred Moses

THE health-giving salad will be relished every day of the year, once the art of blending various ingredients is mastered.

TOMATO SALADS

PERHAPS the best and simplest way of serving the tomato is to peel, chill and serve it either in a bed of crisp lettuce leaves or of cress and dress it either with sugar and vinegar or pepper and salt or French dressing or mayonnaise. There are several methods of peeling the tomato. It may be plunged into boiling water for one or two minutes, when the skin is easily removed with a sharp paring-knife, or if there is no hot water the tomato may be put on a fork and held over a gas-flame for a moment. The tomato should be turned so that all sides become heated. The skin is then easily removed. If there is neither hot water nor gas-flame, rub the tomato all over with the back of a knife before peeling. In order to slice a tomato successfully use a very sharp knife, begin at the end farthest from the stem and cut in very thin, even slices.

Another way of serving the tomato is to cut a slice off the stem end and cut the tomato in halves either crosswise or lengthwise. Place the cut tomato in a bed of lettuce leaves and garnish each half with a mound either of diced cucumber or celery tossed in mayonnaise, or sprinkle with chopped chives or minced green pepper or onion, or a combination of these mixed with French dressing.

Another variation of this salad is to place either a slice of beet or of hard-boiled egg on each half of the tomato and sprinkle with either chopped onion, minced red or green pepper, or a teaspoon of green peas which have been marinated in French dressing. These salads may be served either with French, mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing.

Another way of making tomatoes into a salad is to stuff them. A slice is cut off one end of the tomato and the center scooped out. The interior is then sprinkled with a little salt, oil and vinegar (the last may be omitted), and the tomatoes allowed to chill. When thoroughly cold, they may be stuffed with any of the following:

Chopped olives and cream cheese, mixed with a little mayonnaise, and the top of each

peeled and sliced, the slices put together in the form of the cucumber and served with lettuce, and French dressing as an accompaniment to fish. They combine well with Spanish or Bermuda onions, with chives, radishes, or tomatoes.

COOKED VEGETABLE SALADS

SALADS may be made from almost any combination of cooked vegetables provided the colors and flavors blend well. All salads made from cooked vegetables, meat or fish should be marinated with enough well-seasoned oil and vinegar to cover it with a thin film and allowed to stand in a cool place for at least thirty minutes. If too much has been added, this should be drained off before the final mixing of the salad. It is wise to marinate the vegetables separately and combine them only a few minutes before the salad is served. Great care should be taken in the mixing of this type of salad. Mix the ingredients by a tossing motion—never, never, stir a salad—and combine with as few motions as possible.

An attractive vegetable salad may be made from green peas and tiny new beets. These are marinated separately and allowed to chill for thirty minutes. Nests of lettuce are arranged on a large platter. The peas are then mixed with mayonnaise and two or three tablespoons put in each nest. If desired, a spoon of mayonnaise may be put on top of each nest of peas instead of mixing it with the peas. Allow one beet to each salad. Make two cuts at right angles to each other in the root end of the beet and where the cuts cross insert one pea. Place a beet in each nest of peas and garnish with mayonnaise. This salad may be improved in flavor by mixing diced cucumbers, Spanish pepper or chopped chives or green pickles with the peas. For variation use string-beans or Lima beans instead of the peas, and Brussels sprouts or cauliflower instead of the beets.

A very attractive salad may be made by arranging nests of peas, string or Lima beans as above, in each nest placing first a slice of cucumber, then a slice of carrot or beet, next a slice of hard-boiled egg and top the whole with a slice of olive.

Another attractive garnish for these vegetable salads is radish roses. Leave about



The cucumber rose is made by cutting cucumbers into rings and garnishing with roses made of mayonnaise passed through a pastry-tube



Beets and green peas in nests of fresh lettuce make attractive individual salads

tomato-shell covered with a flattened cheese-ball topped by a stuffed olive.

Diced cucumber, shredded celery, chopped beets mixed with a little green or red pepper, or minced onion, green peas or beans, or cauliflower tossed in mayonnaise and topped with a slice of cucumber, rings of green or red pepper, a sprig of parsley or a bit of cauliflower.

The stuffed tomatoes are served in beds of lettuce or cress and dressed with French, mayonnaise or any dressing desired.

Tomatoes may also be stuffed with diced fresh fruits such as pineapple and apple, or served on beds of shredded cabbage.

CUCUMBER SALADS

CUCUMBERS are at their best when sliced and served with French dressing and lettuce or cress. They may also be

an inch of the stem on the radish; with a sharp knife, beginning at the root end, make three cuts through the skin. Then peel the skin half-way down and put into ice-water; this crisps the skin and gives the appearance of roses.

FRUIT SALADS

PEARS, peaches, plums, apples, berries in season, pineapples, bananas—all are delicious in salads.

Marshmallows, cut in pieces (shears are excellent for this purpose as well as for dicing fruit, shredding lettuce and cutting parsley), chopped nuts of all kinds, dates, figs or raisins, pimiento minced or cut in strips or in fancy shapes, and whipped cream—all lend themselves well to fruit salad.

A delicious fruit salad may be made as follows: Mix lightly together two cups of

marshmallows cut in pieces and one cup of blanched almonds or walnut-meats.

A dressing that blends well with this is made by seasoning a cup of whipped cream with two tablespoons of sugar, one-eighth teaspoon of mustard, one-fourth teaspoon of salt and adding gradually one tablespoon of lemon-juice. The salad, after being lightly mixed with the dressing, may be served in a bed of lettuce and garnished with three tablespoons of minced pimiento.

To make another attractive fruit salad, place a slice of pineapple in a bed of lettuce leaves; on this arrange two sections each of pear and peach placed alternately. Make a center of diced marshmallows, garnish with whipped cream, sweet salad dressing and chopped nuts or maraschino cherries or fresh berries.

Individual fruit salads may be made from halves of peaches or pears in nests of lettuce with the centers filled with marshmallows cut in pieces mixed with quartered plums or whole berries or minced maraschino cherries or pimiento and tossed in whipped cream or mayonnaise and garnished with large plums with the stones removed and the cavities filled with one-half of a marshmallow.

GELATIN SALADS

GELATIN salads are the boon of the housewife who wishes to prepare her dinner or luncheon in the cool of the morning hours. These gelatin salads may be made from fruit, vegetables, meats, or fish and colored and garnished to suit the color scheme of the meal.

To form the basis of many gelatin salads, soak two tablespoons of gelatin in one-fourth cup of cold water and add one-half cup of boiling water and stir until the gelatin is in solution. Then add one-half cup of sugar and stir until it is dissolved.

For an orange salad add the strained juice of one lemon and one cup of strained orange-juice and fill individual jelly-molds, which have been rinsed in cold water. As a variation, in the bottom of each mold place either two halves of walnut-meats with a sprig of parsley between the halves or a design of blanched almonds or a slice of stuffed olive and cover with the gelatin mixture.

For a pineapple salad add the juice of a lemon and a cup of hot water instead of the orange-juice and one-half teaspoon of salt. Let the mixture cool to the consistency of soft jelly, then beat in one cup of diced cucumber, one cup of cubed pineapple and one-half cup of coconut if desired. Set the mixture to cool in a shallow pan that has been wet with cool water. When cool, cut in squares and serve on lettuce leaves garnished with mayonnaise.

SALAD DRESSINGS

FRENCH DRESSING

4 tablespoons of salad-oil
2 tablespoons of vinegar, lemon-juice or grapefruit-juice
½ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon white pepper
⅓ teaspoon paprika

THERE are two methods of mixing this dressing. The first is to put all the ingredients into a bottle, cork it and then shake it until they are all thoroughly mixed. The second way is to mix the dry ingredients in a plate or bowl, then blend with the oil by stirring it in gradually and lastly adding the vinegar.

French dressing may be varied by using grapefruit-juice instead of vinegar and omitting the pepper and adding three-fourths teaspoon of powdered sugar.

SPANISH DRESSING

ANOTHER variation is to replace the vinegar with lemon-juice and add one and one-half teaspoon of powdered sugar and five drops of tabasco sauce. This is known as Spanish dressing.

The English vary the French dressing by adding one-half teaspoon of mustard, a few drops of onion-juice and a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. For some people French dressing is improved by the addition of one-half teaspoon of finely chopped parsley and one teaspoon or more of finely chopped green or red pepper or both. For those who like it, an inch cube of Roquefort cheese may be added.

CHIFFONADE DRESSING

2 tablespoons finely chopped parsley
2 tablespoons finely chopped red pepper
2 tablespoons finely chopped green pepper
½ tablespoon finely chopped onion
2 hard-boiled eggs, finely chopped
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
8 tablespoons salad-oil
3 tablespoons vinegar

MIX the ingredients in the order given. After chilling, shake well and add to the salad.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING

1 egg-yolk
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon powdered sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar or lemon-juice
1 teaspoon mustard
½ teaspoon paprika
1 cup salad-oil

MIX the dry ingredients in a straight-sided bowl, add the egg-yolk and mix thoroughly, beating with an egg-beater. Add the vinegar gradually, beating until it is well mixed with the other ingredients. Then add the oil a teaspoon at a time, beating the dressing until the oil has been thoroughly mixed after each addition. When the dressing begins to thicken the oil may be added more rapidly.

TARTARE SAUCE

ADD three tablespoons of finely chopped pickles and olives and one tablespoon finely chopped parsley to one cup mayonnaise.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

ADD one-third cup of thick chilli sauce to one cup mayonnaise. For cream mayonnaise dressing add one-third cup whipped cream just before serving.

The following fruit salad dressing is good:

SWEET SALAD DRESSING

Juice of 1½ lemon
1 cup whipped cream
Juice of 2 oranges or ½ cup fruit-juice
2 eggs or 4 yolks
¾ cup sugar

MIX the sugar and eggs and beat thoroughly, add the fruit-juice and cook over hot water until it is as thick as cream. Cool and carefully fold in the whipped cream. For variation, pineapple-juice may be substituted.

In order to insure success in salad-making, salad vegetables should be tender, crisp and cold. The best time to gather these vegetables is in the early morning or late evening, when the dew is on them. After gathering they should be washed thoroughly and kept in a cool place. An acceptable method for keeping lettuce and cress is to place them in a tightly covered vessel as soon as they are washed. Tomatoes and cucumbers may be kept directly on the ice. Salads should be arranged only the moment before they are served.

This food information may influence your child's health

IN the nursery we have long recognized the magic of mother love. Now we are fast learning how much the kitchen, too, calls for a mother's heart and watchful care.

In one of our prosperous suburban communities the Board of Education recently reported in part: "One third of our pupils are under-nourished. Children are too often entirely dependent upon servants for their food."

Think of it! Wealthy children under-nourished! With food a-plenty, insufficient thought was given to its selection and making.

Fortunately, however, most intelligent mothers know that their home kitchens can mold, for good or for ill, the very lives of their boys and girls.

They know, for example, that a certain amount of fat, in foods, is essential to human health and strength. The wise mother assures herself that the fat employed in baking and frying foods for her children is one which readily digests.

When she uses Crisco, she knows that she follows a safe course, for her little ones and for the older members of her family as well. For Crisco, a pure fat of vegetable origin, provides both easy digestion and delicious, natural-flavored foods.

Women are often kind enough to tell us that their reputation as fine cooks is based largely on their Crisco foods. Light, tender cakes; flaky pie crusts; fried foods whose quickly-formed brown crust prevents fat absorption.

Few thoughtful mothers once they are familiar with Crisco's fine digestibility, will hesitate to invest, each week, a few added cents for health's sake.

Crisco is sold by grocers in small, medium sized and large cans. Made and sold in Canada, too.

EMILY'S WHITE CAKE

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| ½ cupful Crisco | 1 teaspoonful salt |
| 1½ cupfuls sugar | 1 cupful water |
| 3 cupfuls flour | 1 teaspoonful flavoring |
| 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder | whites of 3 eggs |

Cream Crisco. Add sugar slowly and cream together. Sift dry ingredients, and add alternately with the liquid. Add flavoring, beat mixture thoroughly and last fold in stiffly beaten whites of eggs. Pour in cake mixture; put in moderate oven, allow to rise for five minutes, increase heat to bake; at the end of fifteen minutes reduce heat to allow cake to shrink from the pan. Entire time for baking twenty minutes.—Kate B. Vaughn.

Send for "The Whys of Cooking," the most helpful cook book you ever used. Mail 25c to Section F-9, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.



Two Simple Home Tests!

Low Melting Point. Easy Digestibility.

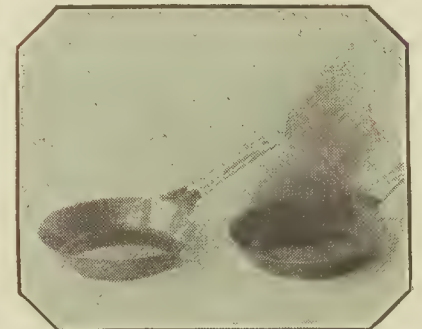
Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other fat. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98½ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)

Avoid Smoke and Odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes, or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco, unlike most cooking fats, does not smoke in this proper frying temperature.

You will find Crisco very welcome in your kitchen as an aid in keeping your whole house fresh and free from cooking odors.



Digestible {VEGETABLE} Shortening

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome digestible fried foods.





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Delavan, Wisconsin

PICKLES

By Freda Winn



PICKLES, sweet or sour, plain and whole, mixed and chopped, relishes of this and of that, catchup hot and chutneys hotter—each serves to add an accent to the menu.

COLD PICKLES

PERHAPS the simplest method of preparing pickles is what is known as the cold pickle—the pickle that is put up without heating either in brine or in vinegar and spices. It requires the least labor and trouble and gives excellent results.

CUCUMBERS IN BRINE

CUT the cucumbers from the vine with a sharp knife, leaving a short stem on each cucumber. Wash and dry them, then weigh. Allow one pound of salt to each ten pounds of cucumbers. Pack them either in a water-tight tub or barrel or in an earthenware crock. To pack, place a layer of the cucumbers on the bottom of the container and cover with a layer of salt. Continue with alternate layers of cucumbers and salt until the cucumbers are used up. Then add sufficient brine made by adding one cup of salt to one gallon of water to cover them well. The cucumbers may stand two days before the brine is added, then cover the whole thing with well-washed horseradish or grape leaves to prevent molding. On top of this place either a plate or clean wooden boards and weight down with a clean stone. This keeps the cucumbers under the brine and prevents spoilage. One advantage of this method is that the coverings may be removed and other layers added as the cucumbers are harvested.

In order to make pickles of brined cucumbers, first rinse them in warm water, then cover with cold water and soak for three days, changing the water each day. Drain off the water, cover them with vinegar, and heat them to the boiling-point. Drain off this vinegar, cover with cold vinegar, add spices and let them stand. The pickles will be ready for use in about a week.

CUCUMBER OR MIXED PICKLES

FOR plain cucumber pickles use small cucumbers. Wash them and dry them. Measure the capacity of the container and for each quart allow one tablespoon each of rock salt, sugar and mixed spices. The spices may be tied loosely in bags. Pack the cucumbers in layers, placing small bags of spices at intervals. Add the sugar and salt to the vinegar, stir until they are dissolved, then pour over the cucumbers. There should be sufficient liquid to cover the pickles. A small, flat cover made of two layers of cheese-cloth filled with mustard adds to the flavor. These make a delicious crisp, sour pickled.

For mixed pickles, a combination of cauliflower, pickling onions, tender string-beans and small cucumbers or cucumber slices may be used.

GREEN-TOMATO PICKLE

1 peck green tomato, 2 ounces pickling
thinly sliced spices
4 onions, thinly sliced 1 cup salt
Vinegar, about 4 quarts

PACK the tomatoes and onions in alternate layers, sprinkling each layer with salt, and let them stand overnight. Drain thoroughly. Put the tomatoes and onions in a

kettle, cover with vinegar, add the pickling spices, bring slowly to the boiling-point and simmer one hour.

This recipe may be varied by adding four green peppers, finely chopped. If a sweet pickle is desired, add one pound of brown sugar.

MUSTARD PICKLES

1 quart small cucumbers 1 cup string-beans
1 pint pickling onions 1 small cauliflower

CUT the vegetables in pieces. Soak. Cover them with brine and let stand overnight. Drain them thoroughly and soak in cold water for two hours. Drain and cover with equal parts of vinegar and water. Let them stand for fifteen minutes and then bring them to the boiling-point. Drain and add the following dressing:

Mix four tablespoons of flour, one cup of brown sugar, three tablespoons of mustard, one-half teaspoon of tumeric and one teaspoon of celery-seed. Gradually add one quart of hot vinegar. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly until the mixture thickens. Pour this dressing over the pickles while it is hot and pack in clean, hot jars.

PEPPER RELISH

12 red peppers 1 pint vinegar
12 green peppers 1 cup sugar
12 onions 3 tablespoons salt

CHOP the vegetables, cover them with boiling water and let them stand five minutes. Drain them, add the other ingredients and let the mixture cook five or ten minutes or until it is of the desired consistency. Pour it into hot, clean jars and seal.

Delicious relishes may be prepared from corn, beets, cabbage or combinations of these.

PICKLED FRUITS

THERE are several methods of pickling fruit. If the fruit is small, like cherries or grapes, the process consists, in the case of cherries, of covering the fruit with a solution of vinegar and water in equal parts and allowing it to stand overnight. It is then drained and packed with sugar in alternate layers, using equal quantities of sugar and fruit. In the case of grapes, a hot sirup made by boiling three parts of sugar and two parts of vinegar five minutes is poured over them. Whole bunches of grapes may be prepared in this way.

If the fruit is large and contains considerable tissue, as in apples and peaches, it may be cooked as for preserving except that the sirup in which it is cooked is made of sugar and vinegar and spices. In the case of watermelon or cantaloupe rind, the rind is soaked overnight in a brine, using one-quarter cup of salt to one quart of water. It is then drained and cooked in water until it is tender. The fruit is then transferred to spiced vinegar and sugar sirup, cooked until it is clear and transparent, and sealed in clean, hot jars.

Discard all blemished, broken or bruised parts of fruits and vegetables to be pickled. Avoid slow cooking. Cook rapidly in a porcelain, agate or enamelware kettle. Store the product in a cool, dark place. This lessens the chance for spoilage.



“This,”
said the shrewd detective,
“is an inside job”

“I know,” said the man from Headquarters, “how friendly everybody around the place seemed to be—but *somebody who was in your confidence* got away with your valuables, just the same.”

How often it is, that when health is gone, “*something that was in your confidence* got away with the valuables.”

Coffee often robs its users of health, as any doctor can tell you. Sleeplessness, nervousness, high blood-pressure, indigestion, and a general loss of efficiency have brought many people to the discovery that their supposed friend, coffee, has robbed them under cover of friendship.

There's charm without harm in Postum—that splendid cereal drink in which so many thousands are finding safety and satisfaction. Postum's flavor fully pleases, and Postum is safe for *anybody, any time*. The children can share in the delights of a hot cup of Postum. Why risk? Why not know you're safe? Order from your grocer or your restaurant waiter today, and make the start with Postum.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for fully 20 minutes.

Postum for Health

“There's a Reason”



Made by
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.

NECESSARY ACCESSORIES FOR THE ALL-'ROUND COLLEGE ROOM



THE first year at boarding-school or college finds one well-provided with all the necessities for jollity. Adoring aunts and solicitous mothers fill one's trunk to bursting with sets of everything from clothes to room decorations. When, however, one is wise in the ways of college, one avoids that *new* look, and faded couch covers and worn pillows are of no great concern—or so one pretends. But whether it be an eager freshman or witty soph, a jolly junior or staid senior who leaves her family this Fall, she will be delighted to start a checkered college career with gay room furnishings like these.

For all these furnishings a black-and-white-checked gingham obscures its humble origin by inserts of rose chambray bound with green bias binding. Bright motifs from embroidery design 10976 appear in yellow, pink, blue, lavender and tan chambray with green chambray for the leaves, all are appliquéd on with blanket-stitch in black.

Gay for fudge parties and sensible enough for every-day service is this cover for the study table. Use a piece of gingham 27 inches square, with bands of rose chambray $5\frac{1}{2}$ by 16 inches along each side, appliquéd with motifs illustrated. Bind the edge with green and stitch the same bias binding along the inside edge of the rose bands.

This durable dresser scarf will withstand the onslaughts of powder overflow and clutterings when one is dressing at that *n*th hour before dinner. Use a piece of gingham 44 by 16 inches, with bands of rose 5 inches wide at each end. Then bind the entire runner with green and edge both sides of the rose band with green. Appliquéd the narrow banding on to the rose band.

A laundry bag like this is a decoration, not a utility! It is 21 by 26 inches when it is finished. Rose chambray covers the corners and on these appear the corner motifs from embroidery design 10976. Run black cords through a casing.

One can spare oneself the agony of enduring a roommate's horrid taste in pillows by providing herself with an overflow for the couch. The long pillow provides a comfortable invitation to prolonged talk-fests and can back up any number of heated discussions. It is 18 by 26 inches with a 9-inch band of rose through the center. A wide banding from the embroidery design is appliquéd on the rose band and bound with green. The round pillow is not dizzy from knowledge but from a checked center! This center is a 9-inch circle and

with the banding, which is appliquéd and bound in green, is 16 inches in diameter. Quite dumpy and cosy for corridor teas is the other round pillow with the gathered, checked edge. The checked band is 8 inches wide and 60 inches long, gathered in to fit the rose circle and corded at the edge. The appliquéd design brightens the center.

Shoes were meant to fit in the bag on the closet door, and this attractive bag does its best to remind one of this fact. It is 23 by 27 inches and has six pockets, each $8\frac{1}{2}$ by $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with a 5-inch square of rose appliquéd with a motif in the center of each pocket. The entire bag and each pocket is bound with the green, and there are four loops of green binding along the top to hang the bag on the door.

A roomy little sewing-bag conceals a needle-case under the rose flap on one side and wears a pocket on the other. It is very easily made. Cut two pieces of cardboard 5 by 6 inches, rounded at one end. Cover them with rose chambray and make a pocket on one, bound with green. Sew two pieces of white flannel for needles on the other. Make a flap just the same size as the cardboard and bind it with green. Appliquéd the motif in the center. Cut a 27-inch square of gingham and turn two sides in $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch. Make a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch casing $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the edge on both sides. Run the cord through a casing, drawing it up to 7 inches. Gather the remaining two sides around the edge of the cardboard pieces for sides. Sew the rose cord to the center of each gathered side for a handle.

Couch covers for college revels must be durable enough for strenuous festivities. This one of black sateen is bordered with a 6-inch band of rose, appliquéd with large banding. Curtains to let in the light for a study room have attractive pointed ends of rose chambray appliquéd. These curtains are each one half the width of the material. For a very long pillow, a piece of gingham 22 by 22 inches has an 8-inch rose band through the center, appliquéd with large banding. The rose chambray ends gather into a button or tassel.

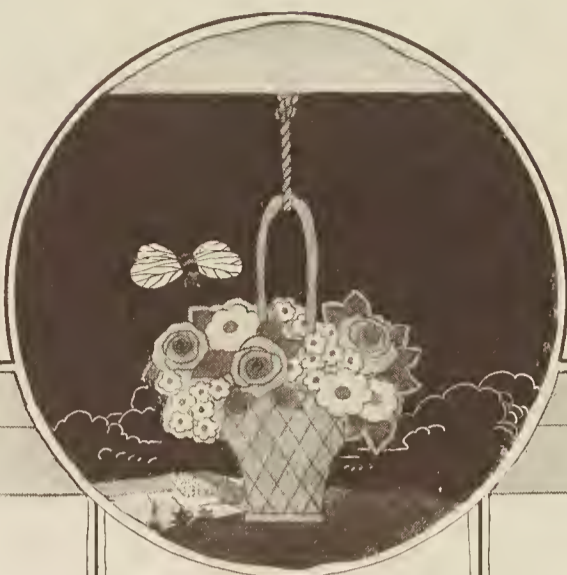
Embroidery design 10976



SHADE-PULLS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

With ingenious fingers, shade-pulls of unusual design may be made from bits of wax, wood, glass or silk



The ornaments which hang at the end of the silken cord offer no end of suggestions to the inventive mind



SHADE-PULLS are perhaps the smallest bits of interior decoration—yet they are one of the biggest evidences of a woman's good taste and individuality. The cotton shade-cord with which we are all so familiar has, through the designing of the shade-pull, ceased to be an unattractive and clumsy adornment at our windows. Shade-pulls are not only decorative, but practical, and more than take the place of shade-cords, which were so often too long or too short, too dark or too light, and many times broken and knotted. Through a shade-pull one may introduce a rare bit of color and design, and the cord on which they hang can correspond either with the ornament on the end or with the window-shade above.

To properly secure a shade-pull, measure the width of the shade, mark the center and introduce a small screw-eye. The length of the cord which holds the ornament should be about sixteen inches and double. Knot the ends together and pass through the screw-eye, making a slip-knot.

The ornaments which are made to hang at the end of the cord offer no end of inventions. Little embroidered rings seem to be a popular type of shade-pull, but they display no originality, and to help do this I will suggest a few ornaments which may be made or bought for very little money.

Metal beads strung on wire and made into balls or tassels are most decorative, while large silk or cotton tassels in gold, green

or brown make soft and graceful pulls. They may be bought or made inexpensively at home of selected colors to correspond to the window-shade or color scheme of the room. If, by chance, crystal ornaments or fixtures adorn a room, a well-cut glass prism attached to a white cord would make a transparent yet colorful pendant, as the sun in its glory would make appear perpetual dancing rainbows.

Large sealing-wax beads, plaques and rings made up of a combination of colors and designs are most original and satisfactory. These various shapes and beads may be attached to stout silken cords by running a hot knitting-needle through the bead. Two knitting-needles held together will make larger holes if necessary in which to slip the cord. Sealing-wax offers such an infinite amount of possibilities for color and design that only experimenting can guide the use of the wax.

Painted wooden shade-pulls may also be bought, or can be made by cutting from a booklet or magazine colored drawings of some interesting object—for instance, a lantern or basket. Place the cut-out design over a piece of cigar-box or thin wood and cut around carefully with a penknife. Reproduce with oil-paints the exact coloring of the drawing. Fruits, flowers, butterflies and birds are suited to living-rooms, dining-rooms, bedrooms and nurseries and will make interesting and individual window-shade arrangements for the chosen rooms.



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The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost not to exceed \$14.25 for Belding's Taffeta, \$14.45 for Belding's Crepe de Chine, and \$20.65 for Belding's Crepe Cashmere—a most modern crepe weave with the lovely dull lustre of old-time cashmere. Use Butterick Pattern and Deltor No. 3845, requiring for size 36, 4¾ yds. of Belding's 36-inch Taffeta, and 4¾ yds. of Belding's 40-inch Crepe de Chine or Crepe Cashmere.

A GOWN, a bit of dainty lingerie, or the lining to your new wrap will cost but little more when made from Belding's Silks, but it will have an enduring beauty possible only in pure silk, free from harmful loading, and manufactured with the most experienced skill.

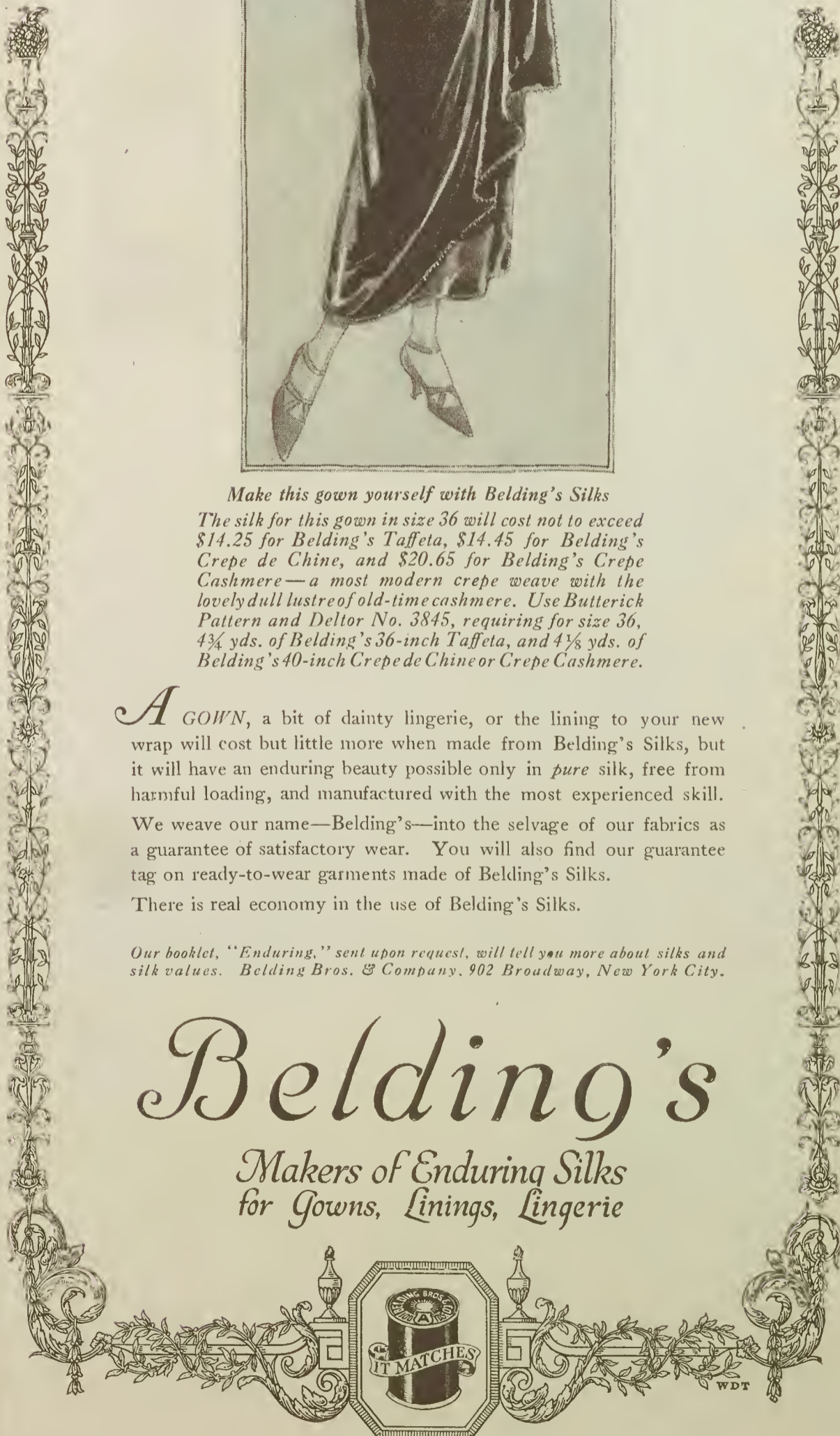
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THE INDIVIDUAL POINTS OF DEPARTURE IN GRACEFUL ACCESSORIES FOR
THOSE WHO WEAR DISTINCTIVE CLOTHES



SPORTS costumes every now and then break out with unexpected whimsies and introduce a daring new thing. Just now sports hats show a *penchant* for embroidered bands with flying ends, and these are usually supported by a girdle to match at the low waistline. This set in blue silk crêpe is most attractive and quite easily made. Cut a bias strip of navy blue silk crêpe 8½ inches wide and long enough to extend around the crown of the hat and tie in back. Apply the banding from embroidery design 10973 in the center of the strip. Then for the girdle cut a strip of the silk crêpe 2½ yards long and 8 inches wide. Apply the round motif from embroidery design 10973 on each end. Round the ends of the girdle and work the design in white Angora, leaving edges unfinished.

A VESTEE set of tan eponge will brighten one's new Fall suit, and dresses with open fronts can use such a set to advantage. This one (3617—View D) comes from a set containing a number of such attractive vestees. It is very simple to make. Draw the threads of the eponge for three-quarters of an inch to form a fringe all around the edge of the collar, cuffs and the upper and lower edges of the vestee. Apply the banding from embroidery design 10981 on the collar and cuffs. Then apply two rows of the banding down the center of the vestee. Upon the color combination depends the effectiveness of this set and the design on this one is in vivid colors. The cross-stitch is in jade-green wool and the lines of the design emphasized in black.

Embroidery design 10973



Vestee 3617—View D
Embroidery design 10981

FALL dresses as well as Autumn suits appear gayer with the addition of fresh collars and cuffs of linen. The set shown on this page wears a different air from the bright embroidery which borders it. It is very quickly made and one may utilize odd ends of dress materials in its creation. Cut the set out of blue linen and then apply the banding and corner from embroidery design 10971. The banding should be appliquéd on in green and the flowers in yellow. Outline the flowers and work the dots in black. Various color combinations suggest themselves, green linen with black and ochre threads, or brick with black and écru. With the restoration of the square and V necks to their former popularity, collars and cuffs come into their own again. Perchance one's collar drawer is quite empty of these dainty accessories and it will be necessary this Fall to begin a thorough replenishing, and no simpler set could be chosen than this one.

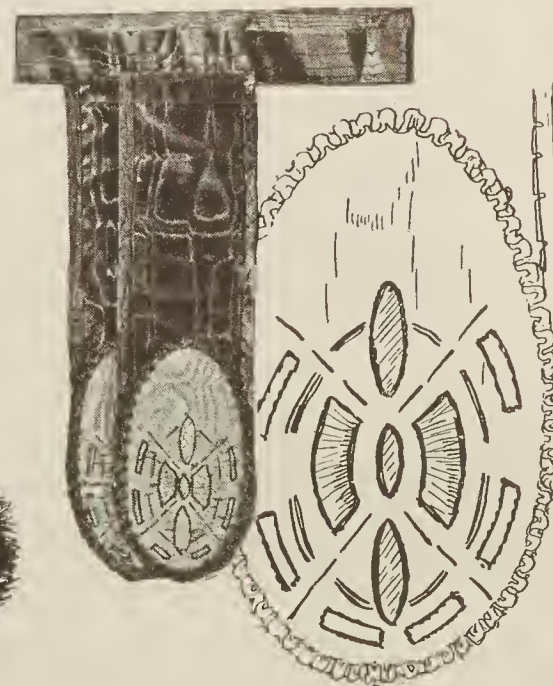
WHAT volumes could be written concerning all those small importances that make or mar our costumes! Accessories are the *nuances* in clothes and must be chosen with delicate discrimination. Originality is desirable, but a conscious striving for it in the finishing touches to a costume often produces a bizarre effect. It is much better to follow the lines and colors that are worn, adapting them to one's own type. Since adaptation is possible, for this reason, as well as the fact that one can make them with the least expense, it is better to make the vestees or collar and cuff sets, girdles, dainty handkerchiefs and all the other "little things." It is possible to use odd ends of left-over materials and use one's creations to freshen up an old frock or a renovated one. There is such a definite satisfaction to be gained from making something from nothing!

EVEN the most dilatory in the matter of new outfits for approaching seasons acquire some enthusiasm on the subject of accessories for Autumn clothes. Neckwear has become almost synonymous with accessories, so evident is it everywhere. The guimpes or collars and cuffs of net are always in cream or écru or flesh color, and show a preference for frill trimming of plain net. New and attractive are the linen, eponge or silk sets with the vivid colors of new Fall embroideries in generous profusion as a trimming. The new hip waistlines on the Fall dresses demand girdles for emphasis, and the shops offer all sorts which can be copied quite easily. Most of them are finished with generous tassels which carry out the idea of the girdle itself—for instance, from a steel and leather girdle hangs a long tassel with leather thongs finished with steel beads and the top in brilliant-colored braid. Various color ideas may be carried out in vivid silk cords and bugle beads.

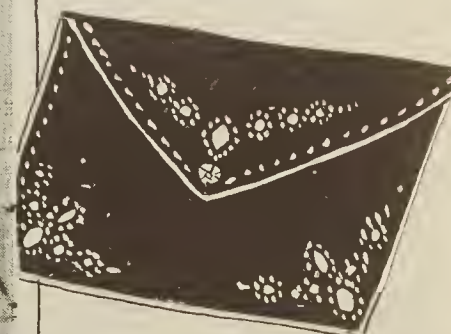
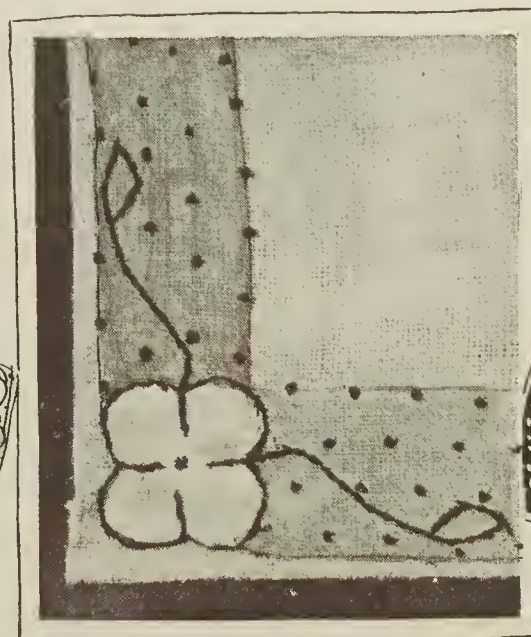
A RIBBON girdle may be happily worn with a number of frocks, and this one suggests the Chinese in the colors it chooses for the embroideries. To make it, cut a piece of brown 5-inch ribbon long enough to extend all around the waistline, and fold it lengthwise through the center. Then cut two pieces of the same ribbon 16 inches long. Apply the oval motif from embroidery design 10970 at one end of each piece of the ribbon. Apply this same motif on bright green taffeta and appliqué this to the ends of the sash. The satin-stitch should be worked in dull gold outlined in black, and the straight lines should be done in bronze metallic threads. Turn in the edge of the ribbon ⅜ of an inch, and round the lower end to correspond with the design. Sew gold braid all around the green silk, and work a green blanket-stitch all along the folded edge of the ribbon. Sew the two ends to the piece which goes around the waist.

AN ENVELOPE bag is a convenient accessory for a number of costumes, and this one is just the proper size to carry on shopping expeditions. It will hold several bills, a small coin purse, and one's cards quite conveniently. The design in appropriate colors stands out in artistic relief on the black ground of the purse. It is made of patent leather or a shiny oilcloth, and the third style of motif from embroidery design 10962 is painted on in oil colors. The edges of the bag are piped in bright red leather and the front is closed with a fastener. This bag would make an acceptable gift or an attractive bridge prize.

Embroidery design 10970



Collar 3051—View A
Embroidery design 10971



Embroidery design 10962

THE DANGER OF GETTING FAT

Correct diet and proper living may save you
discomfort and ill-health

By Mary E. Bayley, R. N.

*This article has been approved by Dr. William Worthington Herrick,
Assistant Physician Roosevelt Hospital, also chief of the
Medical Clinic, Vanderbilt Clinic*

THE bodily disorders due directly or indirectly to superfluous fat are many and serious. Statistics carefully collected by insurance companies have shown conclusively that this condition leads to a shortening of life.

There are two types of obesity. The first is due to some defect in one's oxidation apparatus: some of the glands are not functioning properly. The gland often at fault is the thyroid. This type of obesity is a medical problem; it should never be treated by a layman. The second type is the result of eating a superabundance of food and of a bodily ability to digest and store this food.

Before attempting to reduce in weight, ascertain from a physician your condition. If organic disease is not responsible, it is fairly plain sailing.

There is for each of us an ideal weight, and to remain within this is not a difficult task.

"I do not eat much and have tried and tried, but I just can not reduce," is a statement that is ridiculous from the scientific standpoint. For, as Samuel Johnson puts it, "Whatever may be the quantity that a man eats, it is plain that if he is too fat he has eaten more than he should have eaten—it is certain that solidity is increased by putting something into it."

The first requisite is a sincere desire to reduce. There are many who make spasmodic attempts, alternated by those cozy periods of: "Don't care! It is my nature to be fat." It is then that the resolve, thought to be strong, is thrown to the winds. And why? Tempting food is at hand. The pleasures of the table are too much. After a heavy meal it is so much easier, so much more comfortable, to take a nap than to work off the extra fuel which has been absorbed. It is these periods of indulgence, this relaxing of resolution, which cause so many to carry an excess of fat.

A successful combat with accumulating fat depends on realizing that it is more fun to be of normal weight than to indulge the appetite and the desire to rest and nap.

THE road that leads to normal weight is not difficult. The intake of fuel must simply be equal to the output of energy. In other words, one must diet and exercise.

Dieting does not mean deprivation or starvation. This method would deprive the tissue of building and repair material. And it is not this material, but the fatty tissue, which should be reduced. Dieting to reduce fatty tissue is simply a regulation of the diet—the eating of certain kinds of food in preference to others. Thus, to regulate the diet we do not "cut out" the fuel, but reduce it. To do this it is only necessary to bear in mind the types of food high in food value, to eat sparingly of these, and to substitute those of lower food value.

It is essential that the diet should be properly balanced. The fuel intake must be lessened; there should be maintained a suitable ratio between the protein, carbohydrates and fats in the foods.

The chief fuels are starches, sugars and fats. While protein is used by the body as a building material, it is also a fuel—a source of energy. The chief building materials are protein, lime, iron and phosphorus. Regulating substances which should be consciously added to the diet are vitamins and laxatives. Fruits and vegetables are the most important sources of these for the obese.

When a diet for reducing is planned, the fuel may, to a considerable extent, be safely reduced. At the same time the body retains its normal need for building and regulating substances. Protein is a tissue-builder. It is needed to replace the small amount of tissue worn out daily and to maintain that which is already built. Therefore it should not be eliminated from the diet, but should be eaten in moderation. Skim-milk is rich in both lime and phosphorus, while fruits and vege-

tables will supply iron and the various regulating substances.

Proteins are thought of chiefly in the so-called hearty foods, such as lean meats, eggs, cheese, milk, cereals and nuts. Fats are found in cream, butter, vegetable fats and oils (as olive-oil), in fat meats, bacon and in meat-fats, such as lard and suet; they are also found in chocolate and in some nuts. The sources of carbohydrates are starchy and sweet foods, such as sweets, fruits and some vegetables.

FATS and sweets, since they are nourishment in concentrated form, should be almost entirely withdrawn from the diet and starchy foods should be limited. Bread, while it contains starch, is so widely used it is difficult to omit it entirely, but it should be toasted and eaten with very little butter. Chocolate or cocoa, unless made weak and prepared with skim-milk, should not be taken, and tea or coffee should contain only the minimum of sugar and no cream. The diet of a fat person should be composed of moderate amounts of lean meats, skim-milk, cheese from skim-milk—such as Swiss and cottage cheese—abundant green vegetables and fruits, which if cooked should be served without butter or sugar, and a limited amount of starchy foods. Sugar, untoasted bread, cereals, desserts, butter, cream, olive-oil, bacon, strong cocoa and rich sauces should only be used in very limited quantities.

Because of the seasonal abundance of fresh green vegetables and fruit, Summer is a good time to start to reduce. Celery, asparagus, cabbage, string-beans, cauliflower, lettuce (when eaten without oil), onions, tomatoes, strawberries, peaches, apples, pears, oranges and plums all belong to the menu of those who are avoiding fat. In fact, about every fruit that grows and all vegetables which are not starchy (the Irish potato and sweet potato are chief offenders) may be eaten, since they furnish bulk with low food value.

When one first begins to tone down the appetite, a feeling of emptiness between meals is sometimes apparent. This empty feeling is often relieved by a drink of cold water. The advocate of "back to normal weight" should leave the table feeling he would like a little more. In this way, by degrees, the appetite will be brought down to normal. You will be satisfied with less food. It requires only a slight overplus of food to start one on the road to obesity. Von Noorden has estimated that three slices of bread, one-third of a quart of milk or three-fourths of an ounce of butter more than the body needs, when taken daily, will cause a gain of twenty pounds in weight in a year.

WHILE regulation of the diet is essential, it must be accompanied by a more active on-slaught in the form of muscular exercise, for muscular exercise increases the vital fires. The exercise should not be any more spasmodic than the dieting. As one begins to take on excessive fat it becomes more and more difficult to exercise; and the less the amount of exercise taken, the more rapidly fat accumulates. Muscular indolence has, usually, much to do with increasing corpulence. Exercise must be consistently carried out and a mental effort should be made to consider it as play and not work. Do not overdo. Start gradually and increase by degrees. Stop just short of fatigue. Remember the flesh was not put on in a few days and can not be disposed of rapidly. The loss of a few ounces each week will in the course of several months amount to a considerable loss in weight. If there is any heart trouble, exercise should always be graduated by a physician.

If diet and exercise are regulated, not only will there be a return to normal weight, but the general health will be improved. Any

Concluded on page 85



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By Jessie Conrad

In this, the second, instalment of her book, the wife of the great author discusses the cooking of mushrooms, the too-often ill-used potato and some other vegetables. Mrs. Conrad's recipes express that genius with which her friends credit her for bringing out the full delicious flavor of each food. Every recipe has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

MUSHROOMS

IN PREPARING mushrooms, peel off the skin carefully, gently pull the stalk out and lay the mushrooms dark side down in a little cold water to which salt has been added. This will remove any grit or insects.

MUSHROOMS IN VINEGAR

USE a large flat frying-pan. Put into it one tablespoon of butter and two tablespoons of best vinegar. Place over a quick fire and let it brown slightly; it is ready when it smokes. Lay the mushrooms dark side down and broil gently, first on one side and then on the other, until tender; add only a little finely chopped onion in the center of each mushroom. Place dark side up either on buttered toast or on a flat dish. Pour the butter from the pan over them and serve very hot. Add the chopped onion after the mushrooms are in the dish.

MUSHROOM RISSOLES

MUSHROOMS for rissoles proceed as follows. This is an excellent dish and may be served in little stone mar-meat holders, instead of pastry. Carefully wash mushrooms as directed above. Take a little strong beef gravy or other meat essence, cut each mushroom into four or five strips, put them into a small saucepan, add pepper and salt and enough gravy to cover, and stew for an hour. Thicken with a little flour mixed smoothly with water. This can be kept overnight quite easily.

Cut half a pound of fresh mushrooms into very small pieces. Put them into a small enameled saucepan with one slice of Spanish onion chopped very fine, a pinch of salt and a little pepper. Add a little meat-juice and a cup of water and stew gently until the mushrooms have absorbed all the moisture. Turn the mixture out into a plate and allow it to cool. Prepare some light paste, cut out with a teacup into rounds and brush the rims of each round with a little milk, put a small teaspoon of the mushrooms into each and fold over into lozenge shape. Take the shelf out of the oven while it is hot and lay upon it a sheet of paper (white) which has been previously buttered. As soon as the butter has melted, lay the rissoles on it and bake in a quick oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. These should be eaten hot.

MUSHROOMS IN BLACK BUTTER

AFTER peeling and removing the stalks of one pound of mushrooms (not the button kind), lay them brown side down (not on top of each other) in a little salted water for a few minutes to remove the grit. Then melt one and one-half tablespoons of butter in an enameled frying-pan. Lay the mushrooms in it brown side down, place over a brisk fire and sauté (fry) for five minutes. Turn the mushrooms and add one tablespoon of vinegar; allow them to boil in this for another ten minutes, then stir them gently with a knife to prevent them from adhering to the pan. Dish them and dust over each a little finely chopped Spanish onion and pour the liquid over them.

POTATOES

POTATOES are to my mind one of the most ill-used vegetables we have. They are perhaps the most common vegetable, and they require the greatest care to make them a useful and welcome addition to at least two meals in the day. Too often I have found the greatest carelessness in the cooking of a simple potato. It is indeed a fact that, in the case of the poor potato, God sends the food and the devil sends the cook!

One common error is to peel the potatoes hours before they are needed to be cooked and to leave them in water. Another is to peel them in quite hot water or, worse still,

to shut them down in a saucepan on the side of the stove ever so long before they are required. In this way the potato is spoiled before it is even boiled.

It is quite possible to use up cold potatoes in an appetizing manner, and none need ever be wasted if the following hints are taken and the sound advice of many years' experience is followed. Very little trouble is needed and very good results are obtained.

Some potatoes are best with the water drained off before they are quite cooked and covered in the saucepan to finish in their steam. If the potatoes are not to be used at once—because a meal is delayed longer than expected—it is a good idea either to rice them in a ricer or to mash them. If prepared in this way, they will not have an unpleasant taste and can be kept hot for some time and still be quite palatable.

To mash potatoes (which of course should be done only to old potatoes), drain when cooked, add butter and milk and beat with a fork till mixed to a smooth cream.

NEW POTATOES

CAREFULLY select potatoes of the same size. Have them scraped and put into boiling water with a little piece of mint and some salt. In England, mint is always used with new potatoes; it gives a delicious flavor. Boil from fifteen to twenty minutes, or until quite tender, turn into a vegetable dish, melt a piece of butter the size of a walnut and pour it over the potatoes, and then dust a little finely chopped parsley over them.

The following hint may be found both useful and economical in preparing large potatoes. Take a stout teaspoon and scoop out a spoonful from a big potato. Most potatoes will make two or three spoons. The broken pieces may be used in soup. When there are sufficient potatoes ready, you may either fry in dripping (in which case do not attempt to make them crisp) or boil them very gently or bake them under a roast. They will be best baked or fried. They can then be served laid round a dish of fish (fried or boiled) or round a dish of roast meat previously carved and laid down the center of a dish with bacon or with liver and bacon.

POTATOES SAUTÉD

TAKE some potatoes which have been boiled whole and cut them into thin slices. Melt in a frying-pan about two tablespoons of fresh butter, and when this is hot lay the potatoes in it, not on top of each other but perfectly flat, while the pan stands on the stove. Allow the potatoes to brown first on one side, then on the other. Season with salt, dish with a pancake-turner into a vegetable-dish and dust over with a little finely chopped parsley.

FANCY FRIED POTATOES

FOR fried potatoes care should be taken to follow these directions carefully. Peel potatoes and cut them into slices about half an inch thick, and each slice into four pieces. Put them in a bowl of cold water till wanted for frying. Take a large, deep frying-pan in which you have melted enough fat for deep fat frying. Place over a quick fire, taking care not to let it burn. The fat is hot enough if it sizzles when a piece of potato is dropped into it. Take the potatoes out of the water, dry them with a towel and drop straight into the boiling fat. Remove and drain. Place in the oven with an open door till required—but serve as soon as possible. Never put the cover on the dish or allow the oven door to be shut, as the potatoes should be served crisp; never add salt till ready in the dish, when a little should be sprinkled over the potatoes.

To prepare straw potatoes, proceed in the same way. These will require less time for cooking and will need to be cut very much thinner and smaller.

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5 of the Essential
Pyrex dishes for
every home



Concluded from page 68

There is also the following way of preparing potatoes: Cut them into thin slices and dry them on a clean cloth. Drop them into a little milk and then put them at once into the boiling fat. If these directions are carefully followed, there should be a crisp, brown bubble on both sides of each slice of potato. These also must not be covered nor have the oven door closed. Sprinkle salt over them after they are dished.

MASHED POTATOES

BOIL the potatoes carefully, strain and shake vigorously with the lid on. Break them up then and beat four tablespoons of fresh butter into them with a carving-fork, then add fresh hot milk, season with salt and continue beating till they attain the consistency of very thick cream. Serve with cutlets or as a bed for sausages.

STUFFED POTATOES

PEEL sound old potatoes and cut the ends so that they are flat. Scrape the center out of each potato, leaving a wall about a quarter of an inch thick all around. Mince finely any cold beef, mutton or veal you may have by you with one large ring of Spanish onion chopped very small; add pepper and salt, and a little mushroom if possible. Moisten slightly with a little meat-juice and fill each potato with the mixture. Melt in a baking-tin sufficient beef dripping (a half-cup to every six or eight potatoes would be right) and when hot place the potatoes in it. The baking-tin should be small enough to allow the dripping to come well up the sides of the potatoes. Cook in a fairly quick oven from thirty to forty minutes. When cooked, brush lightly over the top with the beaten white of an egg. Dish very carefully so as not to take up the fat.

BAKED POTATOES

CUT your peeled potatoes lengthwise into four pieces. Melt in a baking-tin one cup of beef or veal dripping (mutton dripping will not do) and when hot put the potatoes into it. Turn them once and then sprinkle with a little salt. Place in a brisk oven and bake from twenty minutes to half an hour. Dish with a pancake-turner.

COLD POTATOES DONE OVER

A GOOD dish of any cold mashed potatoes can be made as follows:

Butter a flat earthenware, oven-glass or oven-china dish; make the potato into little mounds marked on the sides with a fork; put on each a small piece of butter and place in a quick oven about ten minutes before serving or long enough to take a golden-brown color.

Often one has some cold potatoes left from lunch. Cut them in slices, put about half a tablespoon of butter into a frying-pan and when melted and hot lay each slice of potato flat in the hot butter; sauté (fry) quickly over a brisk fire till they are a golden brown. Care must be taken that they do not burn.

Slice boiled potatoes into a bowl, add a cup and a half of flour (for the equivalent of eight medium-size potatoes), stir them smoothly into the flour and add two ounces (two tablespoons) of melted butter, salt and a teaspoon of baking-powder (unless self-raising flour is used); mix as for pastry with a little milk (sour will do) and if possible have an egg beaten into it; form into small cakes and bake on larded paper in a quick oven. Serve hot spread with sugar and butter.

LEEKES

LEEKES can often be made to take the place of onions and are a very useful vegetable cooked in either of the following ways: Wash twelve to twenty leeks in cold water, being careful to remove all grit (it will be found necessary nearly always to split them, to be sure that they are quite clean). Stew them in beef stock till tender. (This vegetable does not require any soda in the cooking and is best cooked in stock.) Strain and serve when tender. Another way is to cut each leek lengthwise into four pieces and bake in dripping.

CELERY

CELERY used as a vegetable will be found very palatable cooked in the following manner: Wash carefully two or three heads of celery in fresh cold water to which a little salt has been added. Have ready a little beef, veal or chicken stock; bring this to a boil and cook the celery in it until it is soft (from thirty to forty minutes cooking should be long enough). Serve in a vegetable-dish with sufficient gravy made by stirring in a

teaspoon of corn-starch mixed with cold water. Cook from five to ten minutes.

BEETS

BEETS may be served either cold with cold beef or as a vegetable best served with roast mutton.

Wash four or five small, round beets, taking the greatest care not to break off any tender shoots or to cut the leaf end too near the top of the beet. Have ready a saucepan that is large enough to take the beets without breaking them. Boil gently in salted water from forty minutes to an hour or even a little longer, according to the size. Prick with a fork to see if quite tender and lay them on a strainer. When cool enough to hold in the fingers, remove the peel. Cut into rings, then into strips, then into little squares. Have ready in a deep frying-pan a piece of melted butter into which put the diced beets with a pinch of salt, a little cream or a little milk, and bring the mixture to a boil, taking care not to break the vegetable while stirring. Mix a teaspoon of corn-starch with a little milk and stir it into the beets while on the stove. Serve around a dish of sliced mutton or separately very hot.

TURNIPS

TURNIPS make a very good dish with roast pork. Carefully peel ten or twelve nice firm turnips, reject poor ones as they are not worth cooking (except for flavoring); cut into slices, then lengths, then small squares. (The appearance of a dish is as important as the taste.) Boil gently for about half an hour or until tender, strain and serve very hot with a little melted butter poured over them. Pepper and salt to taste.

CARROTS

CARROTS should be treated as follows: If very young, carefully scrape the outer skin (do not peel), cook in a covered saucepan and sprinkle over them finely chopped parsley. Care should be taken not to boil too long as these tender young vegetables are apt to become flabby and tasteless. When the carrots are older and bigger, they should be carefully peeled and cut in rings about one-quarter inch thick.

There is also this pretty and appetizing way to serve carrots. Cook them as above directed and have ready the following mixture in a double boiler: One-half pint of boiling milk salted to taste, one and one-half to two tablespoons of flour mixed smoothly in a bowl with one ounce (one tablespoon) of butter. Should the butter be hard and difficult to mix smooth, place the bowl over the stove until the butter is soft enough to handle with a firm spoon. When mixed, pour the boiling milk straight into the flour and butter, stirring all the time. Put back into the double boiler and stir till it boils, add the cooked carrot, and serve very hot as an additional vegetable or as a separate dish. Should the sauce be sticky or too thick, judgment, which will come with experience, will quickly show the error to be a little too much flour or careless mixing. This sauce is also useful as a lunch dish, adding a little chopped roast chicken and a thin slice of onion to the sauce instead of the carrot. Serve in a rather deep dish with croutons of fried bread or dry toast round the edge of the dish.

TO USE UP COLD VEGETABLES

COLD boiled French beans, cold carrots, cabbage and a little chopped onion may be put into a frying-pan in which three tablespoons of fresh butter have been melted. Sauté (fry) the vegetables very lightly, but do not brown them. Turn into a deep dish and add a little meat gravy. This may be served as a dish by itself or with cold meats.

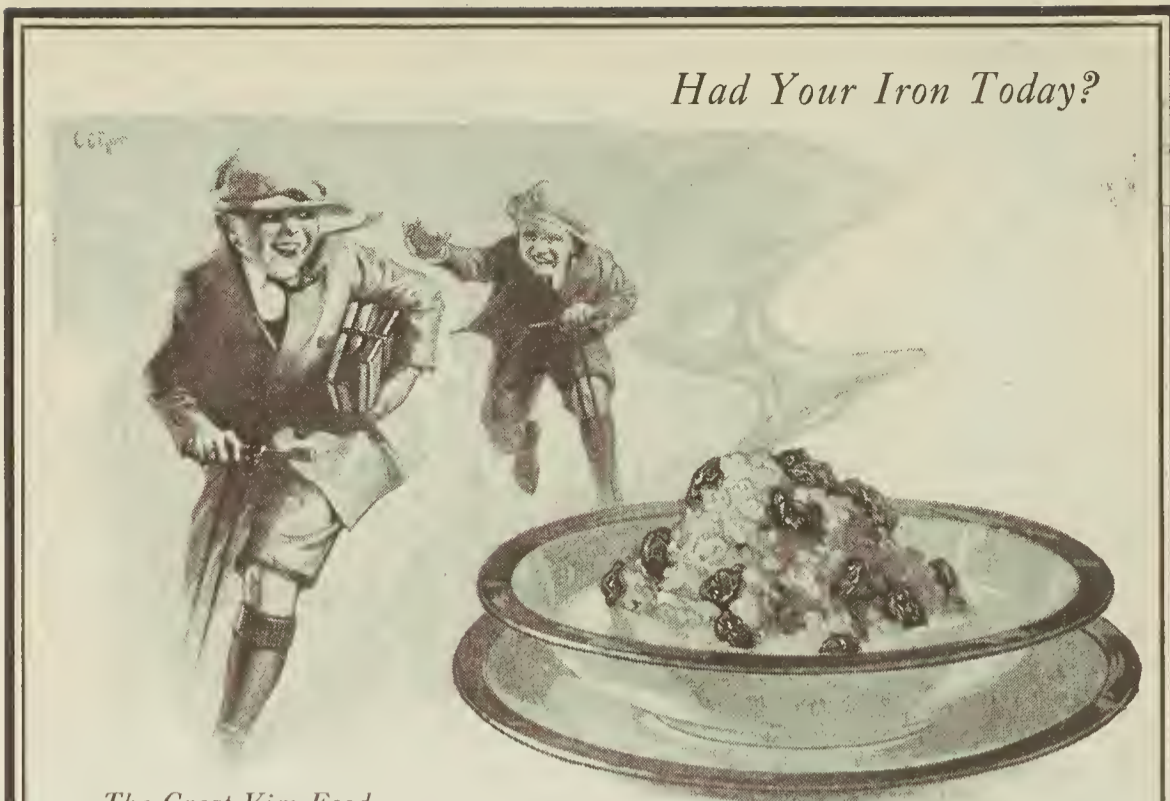
FRIED ONIONS FOR STEAK

HAVE some good beef dripping melted in a baking-tin and when boiling put what peeled onions you may wish to cook, cut in thin slices (cut always round the onion), in the boiling fat, then add salt and pepper to taste and bake in a moderately hot oven, turning them over once or twice.

BOILED ONIONS AND WHITE SAUCE

CUT eight peeled Spanish onions into rings. Put them into a saucepan three parts full of boiling water with a dessert spoon of salt and boil for one hour or until they are soft. Strain into a colander. Mix smoothly two large tablespoons of flour with one and a half tablespoons of butter. Add half a pint of milk to the paste, return it to the saucepan and stir till it boils; then turn the onions into the sauce and serve very hot.

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OFF TO BOARDING-SCHOOL

What to pack for the youngster who is leaving home for the first time

By Elsie C. Mead

MOST schools send lists of things that they desire each pupil to bring and some insist that nothing but what is on the list should be brought. Parents should cooperate by following the rules indicated.

Schools have a limited place for each pupil and one of the great lessons learned in this first flight from home is neatness and order—a very difficult one if it means overcrowding the allotted space. In these days of parcel-post service, it is not so difficult to supplement if necessary. A parcel-post laundry-case with its package of mailing labels will be convenient for mailing the weekly laundry.

THE BOY

ALL articles must be distinctly marked. For this purpose the tapes with full name woven in small letters are practical and can be ordered in almost any dry-goods store. If they can not be secured, the name written in indelible ink on linen tape will serve. These tapes should be sewed all around to avoid catching in the wash. They should be sewed on the outside of stockings, as many boys wear them rolled. Put the name on shirts and pajamas below the neckband at the back on the wrong side, so that when folded in the laundry it is distinctly seen. Sheets, pillow-cases, towels and wash-cloths, which it is usually necessary to take, must also be marked. The school catalog will tell you whether it is necessary to provide these and what arrangements are made to have them laundered.

It is well to encourage proper care of your boy's clothes by providing means to keep them in good condition. Hangers which have the bar for the trousers and the shoulder above for the coat are very practical. The name should be well marked on them in ink. The following things will be of use:

A shoe-polishing kit with a pair of leather gloves, or the ten-cent variety made of heavy cotton, and a sewing-kit, unless this service is provided by the school. Some schools provide soap. A supplementary cake of a gritty hand-soap as well as a pumice-stone and nail-brush are essential. Boys are always in a hurry and never dry their hands thoroughly, so a can of pure cold-cream or some other lubricant to prevent chap is advisable. Two laundry-bags should be provided: one to send the soiled clothes to the laundry and the other to collect the week's soiled clothes; those with bone or light stick in the upper part are most convenient.

All shoes and rubbers should be distinctly marked with full name written in ink on the inside. Arctics and sneakers may have tape with the name sewed on. A good way to mark the tooth-brush is to sew the name on a tape and draw it through the hole in the handle. A whisk-broom with a ribbon or tape with name is also advisable. If a boy can be taught to brush his clothes each night, he has learned a valuable lesson.

A small bottle of cleaning fluid often "saves the life" of a boy who has spilled some soup on the front of his best suit.

WHEN you pack, let your boy pack with you; it will help him when he returns from school. The clothes not used at certain seasons must be kept in a trunk. If not forbidden, a few favorite books and framed photographs of the family are cheering on lonesome days.

And last of all, make three duplicate lists of the things taken. Fasten one with thumb-tacks to the inside top of the trunk where it is always convenient for your boy to refer to, especially when he packs up to return; give him one copy to be filed with the House Mother; and keep one copy yourself for reference. Your copy will aid you in checking up and planning for another year and also in answering the inevitable "please send" letters.

All athletic paraphernalia should be marked.

THE GIRL

IN PREPARING your daughter's things for school or college, great thought should be given to providing her with all the facilities needed to keep herself and her clothes in

proper condition. All clothes should be well marked. Avoid sending too many things, as closet room is generally limited. Proper hangers for skirts, coats and blouses should be taken. Loops should be placed on the bands of the skirts in order to hang them on hangers provided with hooks or on the hooks found in most closets. This is the best way to keep skirts in shape. One or two hangers covered with some sort of material and stuffed with cotton should be provided for the dresses of thin fabric to prevent them from losing their shape. Two large bags of unbleached muslin to hold light-colored dresses less frequently worn will keep them fresher.

The accepted style of dressing for most schools where uniforms are not required is blouses, skirts and sweaters. Blouses should be chosen for their adaptability to sweaters and their durability, as many laundresses play havoc with the fine materials. Large embroidery rings of wood, or wire ones covered with ribbon, are the best things for hanging up sweaters. Proper things for rainy weather should be provided. Be sure that your daughter has an attractive kimono. She will need at least one simple afternoon dress; it is the dinner and after-dinner costume of most schools, even when uniforms are worn during the day.

Supplementary things which will be found useful are two clothes-bags, a shoe-bag which can be hung on the closet door, a shoe-polishing kit and one or two extra bags for strings and dusters. If the school authorities will permit the use of it, an electric iron and a light, narrow board covered with two or three thicknesses of muslin should be included. I should like to accent the real importance of proper pressing facilities, as they are a great saver of clothes and self-respect. Surgical gauze cut in squares of about eight inches is a very useful adjunct. They can be used as handkerchiefs in the room and then thrown away, thus saving laundry. They are also useful in wiping the face with cold-cream, and when washed out are useful little rags for wiping, dusting, etc. Away from home nothing is so precious as the rag that every home provides. Toilet articles are preferably not of silver. The student has not the time nor the inclination for cleaning silver and that service is seldom provided by the institution.

PHOTOS of the family framed in some non-tarnishable material are right and proper. A folding scrap-basket and a sewing-basket well filled with thread, buttons, snappers, hooks and eyes, tape and ribbon, not forgetting the extra elastic, are useful. A little box of brass hooks that can supplement those found in most closets is often the means of preventing clothes from being wrinkled when hung on top of each other. Every college girl should have a chafing-dish, unless the school has kitchenettes, and the first things she usually buys if she comes without them are a large cover to make her cot-bed look like a divan and a mixture of pillows bought at some local store. If she could think out a color scheme in advance, she would be rewarded. Too often one sees a dreadful hodgepodge in students' rooms. If she is going to have a roommate, it is better to wait and consult her. We should encourage our girls who are to spend even one year away from home to provide themselves with pretty as well as useful things.

Hair-nets, a manicure set and a large can of plain, unscented cold-cream will be needed. Jewelry and heavy perfumes or heavily scented powders should be avoided. A napkin-ring is usually the first thing she sends home for.

Stamped envelopes and postal cards encourage writing home oftener. Cheese-cloth by the yard, absorbent cotton by the pound and rubber aprons, or bloomers with a rubberized seat, will be useful. A small medicine kit containing spirits of ammonia, adhesive tape, absorbent cotton, a gargle and antiseptic and a hot-water bottle may prove very useful. It is also wise to take to a northern school an extra blanket or a comforter. A receptacle for holding hair combs is desirable.



How to mend a tear in silk

IT HAS always been practically impossible to mend a tear in silk, and you never would suspect that LePage's Glue is better than the cleverest needle a dressmaker ever plied. But such is the case. In three minutes you can mend it so you can scarcely see where the tear was.

Lay the torn place, under side up, on a smooth, flat surface. Cut from a remnant of the same or similar silk a circle a little larger than the tear. On this, spread a thin coat of LePage's and allow to dry until tacky. Then lay it over the tear and immediately shake a little talcum powder over it and smooth down gently and then move firmly with the fingertips. More detailed instructions are given in our book, "LePage's Glue—the Handy Helper for Making and Mending," a free copy of which will gladly be sent you.

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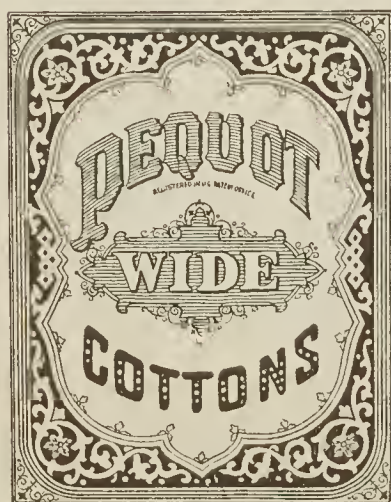
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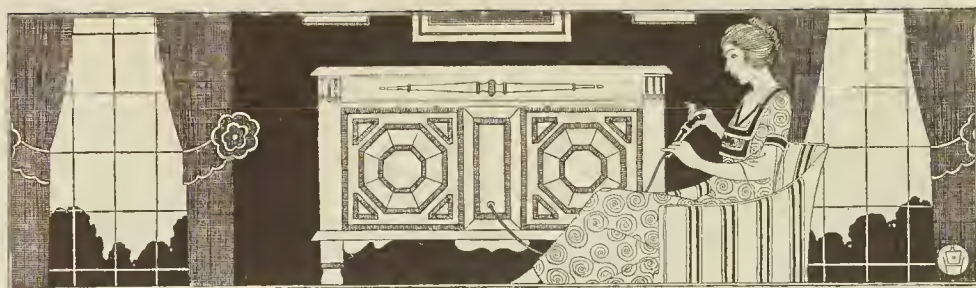
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THE PHONOGRAPH AS A MUSIC-TEACHER

By Horace Johnson

IF YOU WANT more information about the records mentioned in this article or about records suitable for some particular recreational or educational need, Mr. Johnson will be glad to send it to you on receipt of a request accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope directed to him in care of THE DELINEATOR

EMPHASIS is often placed on the fact that the person who has the opportunity to hear the best music at an early age is laying the foundation for a cultural knowledge of music. It is not enough, however, just to listen to music if you would cultivate a deep appreciation of its beauty. You must help to develop a sense of appreciation by making some active response to the music you hear. Impressions of songs and singing games and the reproductions of the well-known folk-dances of all countries which phonograph companies publish are valuable in that they awaken this desire to respond.

Most teachers are familiar with these publications, for there is hardly a school in the United States which does not own a phonograph. And most schools are making good use of this educational service of the phonograph companies.

The beginning series of these educational records is constructed to arouse some rhythmic action of everybody in response to the music. Rhythmic expression is a play expression. It may be free movement of the body or it may have definite form. It does not, however, mean dancing in the sense in which that term is generally used. A free rhythmic movement is one in which you express, by any movement which you desire, what the music suggests to you.

One day recently I had the good fortune to visit a first-grade class during the music period. A group of eager youngsters sat on tiny chairs facing the teacher, who directed them to listen attentively to the music, so that afterward they could tell her what it had said to them. Then she put on a record which the children had never heard before. With fascinated eyes and parted lips they sat listening attentively to every note.

THE selection was Meyerbeer's "The Huntsman's Song," with its clarion calls and exciting rhythm. As soon as the music had finished, tiny hands fluttered in the air. Each child was eager to tell what the music had meant to him. These imaginative stories were delightful; each child had a new bit of story to add as his own interpretation.

After the stories the teacher played the same selection again and told the children to dance if they wished to. One by one they started out of their places and began skipping around the room in time to the rhythmic movement of the music. From the beginning, all but one little boy, named Sammy, skipped in correct time. At first Sammy had difficulty because his sense of rhythm was not strong, but before the end of the selection he was skipping whole-heartedly and in unison with the rest of the class.

The educational phonograph disks progress from those calling for simple free expression through folk-dancing, which calls for definite rhythmic movements and steps. Among all nations folk-dancing began by spontaneous action, in much the same way in which those first-grade children I watched began skipping to Meyerbeer's music. Because the music made the people want to move in time to the rhythm, they began improvising steps and motions with their bodies. In time the dances and accompanying folk-tunes took the definite shapes which have been handed down through the centuries.

The morris-dance of England, for example, is the survival of an old religious ceremony which is still practised in somewhat similar form in many parts of western Europe.

The name Moorish was first given to it because the dancers always blackened their faces; later it was changed to morris.

The musical education of children should not stop with the school-training in appreciation and expression. Wherever it is possible it should extend beyond the school into the home. Parents who help to develop their children's musical appreciation will experience real joy and satisfaction in encouraging and watching such development.

Although the series of progressive records which I have spoken of are arranged primarily for the use of children, they are of equal value to all people, no matter of what age, who want to understand and appreciate good music. The ability to acquire a musical culture is not dependent upon age but rather upon keen interest and conscientious application.

THERE are many people in the United States who earnestly desire enough musical knowledge to give them a true appreciation of good music. Most of them now believe that it is too late to make up for what they have lost.

It is never too late to acquire musical appreciation. Adults can acquire this in exactly the same way that children can. There are several ways in which this can be done. A lecture course on the appreciation of music is one way, another is by learning to play some instrument, and still a third is by listening and responding to educational phonograph records, just as so many of the children of America are doing. For the music enthusiast who is so modest that he does not want to confess to the world and to his neighbors that he desires a musical education, the phonograph training is a most inconspicuous method, yet excellent results are certain.

Women's clubs and other organizations will find it both profitable and enjoyable to devote a part of their season to the study of folk-music. There are books on folk-music in every public library. With a phonograph at hand, interesting programs can be arranged for a brief resume of the origin and development of the music.

Records of folk-dances may also be interpreted by small groups of dancers, either from within the club membership or by visitors. Folk-dancing groups can be trained in a short time. Books are available which explain the steps of the dance clearly, and by the use of the excellent arrangements on the records, accurate performances can be given. School-teachers will more than likely be glad to participate in such exhibitions.

EUROPEANS believe that America is not a musical nation, but we believe that we are, although we may sometimes have difficulty in proving it even to ourselves. However, with unity of effort on the part of every one, and with the continued enthusiastic support of civic bodies and state boards of education, America can soon make great strides in her musical appreciation and performance.

The phonograph seems a very impersonal medium for bringing such an event to pass, and yet it is a most valuable assistant. Beyond doubt it is the greatest single factor for the advancement of music in America, and it is recognized as such by all educators.

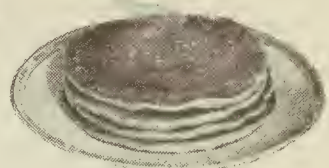
Make use of your phonograph and the help which its manufacturers are glad to offer that you and your family may achieve a musical education. To be able to intelligently appreciate the world's best music is both a rare treat and a stimulus for success.



"I'se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA says:

Pancakes is good fo chillern--dependin' on de pancakes an' how dey's cooked



If you make pancakes as explained below you need never worry a particle about their being good for children.

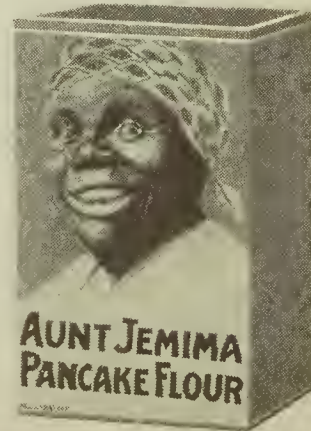
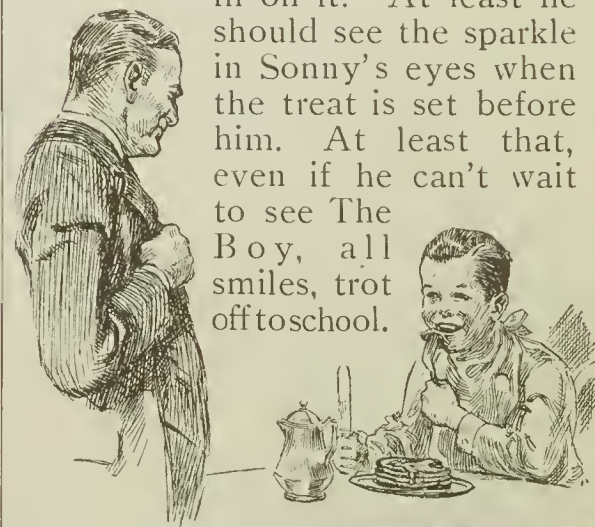
The pancakes, of course, must be light and fluffy and tender.



Make them of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and they *will* be always, for you need add nothing to this flour but water (or milk); it is ready-mixed with the finest of ingredients exactly proportioned to insure perfect pancakes every time. To avoid smoke, bake them on an aluminum griddle which doesn't have to be greased.

Aunt Jemima Pancakes, pipin' hot, with some jelly or honey on top—that's a breakfast for children, not simply because it makes them eat heartily but because it warms them and gives their little bodies abundant nourishment.

Start tomorrow morning. And manage, if you can, to have daddy in on it. At least he should see the sparkle in Sonny's eyes when the treat is set before him. At least that, even if he can't wait to see The Boy, all smiles, trot off to school.



How to get Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. See top of package

© 1922, by Aunt Jemima Mills Co., St. Joseph, Mo.



Avoid the Wear and Tear of Trying Kitchen Work

ONE reason the ill effects of kitchen work are so trying is because they are so gradual. You don't realize the miles of extra steps—the hours of useless standing and lifting which are forced on you, even by the so-called "modern" kitchen.

As a matter of fact, two million HOOSIER owners agree that no woman can know how much useless walking and working she does until she actually uses the HOOSIER in her own kitchen.

HOOSIER

Saves Steps

What the Hoosier Will Do for You

When you own a HOOSIER, you get through your work in half the usual time.

You are saved miles of steps each day.

Needless backaches are eliminated, because there is not nearly so much stooping and lifting to do—and because the HOOSIER is the one kitchen convenience which adjusts your work-table to suit your height.

All your necessary tools and utensils are scientifically arranged about a big uncluttered work-table. You do your work seated before this big, clean working-space, entirely at your ease.

There is No Substitute for the Hoosier

Because HOOSIER'S most efficient conveniences are protected by patents, you can not buy or build anything that will take the place of the HOOSIER.

Extra shelves and cupboards may be needed to give added storage space, but a system of shelves and cupboards intended to take the place of a kitchen cabinet will not only cost more, but give less help in the kitchen, than just the right built-in cases—plus a HOOSIER.

A Hoosier for Every Home

No matter what kind of a kitchen you now have—there is a HOOSIER to fit it. Special HOOSIERS have been designed for the smallest kitchen of the coziest apartment. Some even fit in under the kitchen window. All will save work and worry—time and energy. Go to your HOOSIER dealer and select the HOOSIER which best fits your needs.

Hoosier is Available on Such Easy Terms You'll Never Miss the Money

You have always wanted to get rid of some of your monotonous kitchen work. Day after day you have wished you could get more time for rest and recreation. And how often you have said—"I'm just so tired out, I can't enjoy myself at night."

That is a condition which can be changed at once. There is no longer any reason to go on doing your work in the difficult old-fashioned way.

Let us tell you where you can buy the HOOSIER on such easy terms you will never miss the money. Write for illustrated folder.

Home Builders—Get Our FREE BOOK

It contains selected plans of model kitchens. Each kitchen shown complete with floor-plan, elevations and perspective. Just mail the coupon.

I will appreciate receiving FREE your book of model kitchen plans.

Name _____

Address _____



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 14

stood up and faced him. "Harry, not on mine." She put a gentle hand on his. "I love you—you know what our love is. I love the children—with a truer love that they have never been a burden to me nor I on a single occasion out of mood with them. But, Harry, I will not sacrifice myself for the children. When I ask that of you, ask it of me. But I never will ask it of you."

She was trembling.

He put an arm about her shoulders. "It's over. It's over. Let's forget it, Rosalie."

Of course she did not forget it. Of course she knew that Harry could not. Men that marry for a home! Already in his mind the thought that for his home she should give up, not only this present forward step, but—everything! Oh, man-made world! Oh, man-made men! "It's over. It's over," he had said. Of course she knew it was not over. Men that marry for a home! Secret she had kept it and in the same moment she had realized the significance of her secrecy it had been enlarged. Now it stalked abroad.

But what is to be observed is the quality of the love between them. It was through the children that he had made this claim, that he had sought to impose upon her. She had told him, as she believed, that what he thought he saw was fancy. But it happened that within the week she was herself a little pained by matter with the children. On his last day of the holidays before he returned for his second term at his preparatory school Huggo was noisy with excitement at the idea of returning. It rather pained Rosalie that he showed not the smallest sign of regret at leaving home. Miss Prescott had done all the necessary business of getting his clothes ready for school, but Rosalie took from Field's this last afternoon to do some shopping with her little man (as she termed it) in Oxford Street, to buy him some little personal things he wanted. Since there had come to her the men that marry for a home significance, that mirage in her face had much presented that mutinous and determined boy it often showed. But only the mother was there when she set out with Huggo. And then the sense of pain.

OXFORD STREET appeared to be swarming with small boys and their mothers. All the small boys wore blue overcoats with velvet collars and looked to Rosalie most lovably comic in bowler hats that seemed enormously too big for their small heads. Huggo was dressed to the same pattern, but his hat exactly suited his face, which was thin and, by contrast with these others, old for his years. Rosalie wished somehow that Huggo's hat didn't suit so well; the imminent extinguisher look of theirs made them look such darling babies. And what really brought out the difference was that all these other small boys had a hand stretched up to hold their mothers' arms and walked with faces turned up, chattering. Huggo didn't. She asked him to. He said, "Mother, why?"

"I'd love you to, darling."

He put up his hand and she pressed it with her arm to her side, but she noticed he was looking into a shop-window while he did as he was asked, and there came in less than a dozen paces a congestion on the pavement that caused him to slip behind her, removing his hand. He did not replace it.

In the shop an immense tray of every variety of pocket-knife was put before them. Huggo opened and shut blades with a curiously impatient air as though afraid of being interfered with before he had made his choice. Beside Rosalie was another mother engaged with another son upon another tray.

"It's got to have a thing for levering stones out of horses' hoofs," said Huggo, brushing aside a knife offered by the assistant and rummaging a little roughly.

Rosalie said, "Darling, I can't think what you can want such a thing for."

The lady beside her caught her eye and laughed. "That's just what I'm asking my small man," she said.

Her small man, whose face was merry and whose hat appeared to be supported by his ears, looked up at Rosalie with an engaging smile and said in a very frank voice: "It's jolly useful for lugging up tight things or to hook up toffee that's stuck."

They all three laughed. Huggo, busily engaged, took no notice.

He found the knife he wanted. Rosalie showed him another. "Huggo, I'm sure that one's too heavy and clumsy."

The voice of the boy with the hat on his ears came: "Mummie, I'd rather have this one because you chose it."

Rosalie said, "It will weigh down your pocket so."

"This! This!" said Huggo and made a vexed movement with a foot.

Rosalie, sitting with Harry before the fire in Harry's room that night, said: "Harry, tell me some more of what you said the other day about the children."

He looked up at her. "You've been thinking about it?"

"I've been with Huggo shopping this afternoon and been at little things a little sad. Harry, when you said 'not like other children' did you mean not—responsive?"

He said intensely, "Rosalie, it is the word. It's what I meant. I couldn't get it. I wonder I didn't. It's my meaning exactly—not responsive. You've noticed it?"

"Oh, tell me first."

"ROSALIE, it's sometimes that I've gone in to the three of them wanting to be one with them, to be a child with them and invent things and imagine things. They don't seem to want it. They don't—invite it. Your word, they don't—respond. I want them to open their hearts and let me right inside. Somehow they don't seem to open their hearts. It's an extraordinary thing to say, but it's been to me sometimes as if I were the child longing to be—what shall I say?—to have arms opened to me, and they were the grown-ups, holding me off, not understanding what it is I want. Not understanding. Rosalie, why don't they understand?"

She had a hand extended to the fire and she was slowly opening and shutting her fingers at the flames. "I am sure they do understand, dear," she said. "I am sure it's fancy."

"I think you're not sure, Rosalie."

"Oh, yes, I am. If it's anything, it's just perhaps their way—all children have their ways. What I thought about Huggo this afternoon might perhaps be something what you mean. Harry, if it is, it's just the little man's way."

"What did you think?"

She maintained that movement of the fingers of her hand. "Why, only things I noticed; tiny things; nothings, I'm sure. Out shopping with me, Harry. Well, it was his last day and I would have expected somehow he would have been fonder for that. He wasn't, and I rather felt it. But there, why should he be? Dear Huggo! Just his way, that's what one ought to think. But I felt it a little."

Harry said, "I know. I know—not responsive. It's what I've thought I've noticed in them all."

She said very quickly, "Not Benji!"

"Well, Benji's so very young. But in the other two—"

She said as quickly as before, "Ah, Doda's responsive!"

"You've seen it, dear, in Huggo."

"Oh, Harry, nothing, just his way. I'm sorry now I mentioned it."

He had been watching the flexion of her hand. He said, "I'm glad. When I spoke of it the other day, you said you didn't see it. I think it's generous in you to admit you have."

She murmured, "Generous?"

"It brings up—Rosalie, does this affect a little, alter perhaps, your decision?"

She shut her fingers sharply. "No." She kept them shut. "There's nothing at all could alter that, Harry."

He turned aside and began to fill his pipe with slow movements.

IT HAS been warned that it was in this first holiday of Huggo's from his preparatory school that Time, that bravo of the cloak-and-dagger school, whipped out his blade and pounced. These, since that warning, were but the doorways and the lurking posts he prowled along.

He now was very close to Rosalie.

Rosalie and Harry both were home to lunch next day. In the afternoon they were to take Huggo to Charing Cross to see him off in the saloon specially reserved for his school. All the children were at lunch for

this occasion. Huggo was in boisterous spirits. You would think, you couldn't help thinking, it was his first day, not his last day home. Rosalie observed him as she had not before observed him. How he talked! Well, that was good. How could Harry have thought him reserved? But he talked a shade loudly and with an air curiously self-opinionated. But he was such a child, and opinions were delightful in a child. Yes, but something not childish in his way of expressing his opinions, something a shade superior, self-satisfied; and she particularly noticed that when anything in the way of information was given him by Harry or by herself he never accepted it but always argued. She grew very silent. She felt she would have given anything to hear him, in the long topic of railways with his father, and then of Tidborough School, say, "Do they, father?" or, "Does it, father?" He never did. He always knew it before or knew different. Once, on a subject connected with the famous school, Harry said, a shade of rebuke in his voice, "My dear old chap, I was at Tidborough. I ought to know." Rosalie felt she would have given anything in the world for him to reply, "Sorry, father, of course you ought." Instead he bent upon his plate a look injured and resentful at being injured. But in a minute she was reproaching herself for such ideas. Her Huggo! Different from other children! Why, if so, only—miles and miles better. Opinionated? Why, famously advanced for his years. Superior? Why, bright, clever, not a nursery boy. She had been wronging him, she had been criticizing him, she had been looking for faults in him—her Huggo! Unkind! Unnatural!

Listen to him! The meal was ended. His father was bantering him about what he learned, or didn't learn, at school; was offering him an extra five shillings to his school tip if he could answer three questions. The darling was deliciously excited over it. How his voice rang! He was putting his father off the various subjects suggested. Not Latin—he hadn't done much Latin; not geography—he simply hated geography. Listen to him!

"Well, Scripture," Harry was saying. "Come, they give you plenty of Scripture?"

"OH, DON'T they just! Tons and tons!" Listen to him! How merry he was now! "Tons and tons. First lesson every morning. But don't ask Scripture, father. What's the use of learning all that stuff, about the Flood, about the Ark, about the Israelites, about Samuel, about Daniel, about crossing the Red Sea—all that stuff, what's the use?"

Time closed his fingers on his haft and took a stride to Rosalie.

She sat upright. She stared across the table at the boy.

Harry said, "Here, steady, old man. What's the use?"

"Well, what is the use? It's all rot. You know it isn't true."

Time flashed his blade and struck her terribly.

She called out dreadfully, "Huggo!"

"Mother, you know it's all made up!"

She cried out in a girl's voice and with a girl's impulsive gesture of her arm across the table toward him, "It isn't! It isn't!"

Her voice, her gesture, the look upon her face could not but startle him. He was red, rather frightened. He said, mumblingly, "Well, mother, you've never taught me any different."

She was seen by Harry to let fall her extended arm upon the table and draw it very slowly to her and draw her hand then to her heart and slowly lean herself against her chairback, staring at Huggo. No one spoke. She then said to Huggo, her voice very low, "Darling, run now to see everything is in your play-box. Doda, help him. Take Benji, darlings. Benji, go and see the lovely play-box things."

When they had gone, she was seen by Harry to be working with her fingers at her key-ring. In one hand she held the ring, in the other a key that she seemed to be trying to remove. It was obstinate. She wrestled at it. She looked up at Harry. "I want to get this"—the key came away in her hand—

"off."

He recognized it for her office pass-key. He remembered how childishly proud she had been of that key on the day it was cut for her. They had had a dinner to celebrate it, and she had dipped it in her champagne.

He said, "Your pass-key? Why?"

She said, "I'm coming home, Harry."

"Coming home?"

She was sitting back in her chair. She tossed, with a negligent movement of her

hand, the key upon the table. "I have done with all that. I am coming home."

He got up very quickly and came around the table to her.

DROOPED back there in her chair before that littered disarray of lunch, and that key lying there, and Harry stooping over her and holding both her hands, she said: "Oh, Harry! Oh, Harry! I feel deathly sick."

She said it had been a most frightful shock to her, what Huggo had declared. She said, "Oh, Harry, I feel all undone."

She said she had suffered, in that moment of crying out to Huggo and of stretching out her arm to him, the most extraordinary—what was the word—the most extraordinary hallucination.

"Harry, when Huggo said that frightful thing! It wasn't here it was happening; it was the rectory; and not you and the children, but all us children that used to be around the table there. No, not quite that. Robert was there; Robert, I think, in Huggo's place; but all the rest were me—me as I used to be when I was ten—horrified as I'd have been horrified to hear the Bible stories called untrue; jumped up and crying out 'It isn't! It isn't!' as I would have jumped up and cried out; and all the other Rosalies staring in wonder as I'd have stared. The strangest thing, the strangest thing!"

"I was a child again, Harry, in a blue frock I used to wear and in a pinafore that had a hole in it; and all those other Rosalies the same. Those other Rosalies! To see them! Harry, I've not seen that Rosalie I used to be—not for years and years. That tiny innocent! It is upon me still. I feel that small child still. Oh, I feel it! I remember, dear—did I ever tell you when my father once had been talking about Cambridge? 'My youth! My God, my God, my youth!' There was coffee from a cup that he'd knocked over came oozing, and I just sat there huge-eyed—staring, a small, grave, wondering child."

"Oh, Harry, my youth, my childhood—and now the children's! The difference! The difference!"

Harry talked to her. He ended: "The teaching, all the ideas, dear girl; you mustn't worry; it's all different nowadays."

"Harry, to hear it from a child like that!"

"It startled you. It needn't. We'll talk it out. We'll fix it. It's just what he's been taught, old girl."

She said, "Oh, it is what he's not been taught!"

There are things that, while was still upon her this shock—this sense of being again the small, grave child in the blue frock and in the pinafore with the hole in it—she wrote down. She dismissed Miss Prescott. She told Miss Prescott simply that she was giving up her business and coming now to devote herself to the children.

IT WAS after that interview that Rosalie, sitting long into the night, wrote down some things. She is to be imagined as wrenched back, as by a violent hand, across the years, and awfully frightened, terribly unhappy, at the thing she'd heard from Huggo. That was the form her shock took. Beneath it she had at a blow abandoned all her ambitions as when a child she would instantly have dropped her most immersing game and run to a frightening cry from her mother; as once, in fact (and the incident and the parallel came back to her), she had been building a house of cards, holding her breath not to shake it, and her mother had scalded her hand and she had cried out to her, frighteningly. "Oh, mummie, mummie!" she had cried, running to her; and flap! the house of cards had gone. Her inward cry was now "The children! The children!" and what amiss the leaving of her work? Her work! Oh, house of cards!

It was in her diary she wrote—well, it wasn't exactly a diary, it was a desultory journal in which sometimes she wrote things. As she wrote, her brow, in the intensity of her thought, was all puckered up. She still felt "deathly sick; all undone." She wrote:

"Of course it's as she says (Miss Prescott). That is the kind of thing to-day. Knowledge, stark truth—children must have in stark truth all the knowledge there is on all the things that come about them. It's strange; yes, it is strange. No parent would be such a fool as to trust a child with all the money she has nor with anything superlatively precious that she possesses; but knowledge, which is above all wealth and above all treasure, the child is to have to play with as it likes. Oh, it is strange. Where is it going

Continued on page 74



What if you had to do it all yourself?

You go out to dinner, sit down at a table, glance at a menu, decide you want a steak, order it, and it presently appears, succulent, savory, firm, tender, appetizing.

Aladdin had nothing on you!

What if you had to get that steak yourself before you could eat it! Corral a steer, dress it, divide it into its various cuts! (To say nothing of cooking the steak afterward.)

You wouldn't starve to death, of course, for want of a steak, but it would be a man-size job to get one, and you couldn't do much else that day.

When you sit down to your steak at luncheon or dinner, divert yourself a moment to think of the men needed to get that steak to you; their skill, industry and good faith in raising the cattle, taking care of them, and preparing them for market. Think of the far-off farms and fields where thousands of cattle, specially raised, are maturing, and of the hundreds of freight cars, carrying them to market every day.

In the packing plants, scientific, sanitary, swift methods carry the animal through the dressing department and into the cooling room. The modern marvel of refrigeration keeps the meat at even temperature through time and distance until it finally reaches the broiler.

Man is Made of Meat

The composition of man's body is similar to that of meat animals. His muscles are composed largely of protein and water. The protein of meat is the best kind for building and repairing the body protein.

Swift & Company feels a great responsibility and a great satisfaction in the service it performs. Its recompense for this service—an average profit from all sources of a fraction of a cent a pound—is made possible only because of the large quantity handled.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders



Continued on page 74



More Toothsome Baking in Mirro

Bread and cakes and pies are more deliciously toothsome — and more wholesome—baked in Mirro Aluminum than in ordinary ware.

Mirro Aluminum utensils never char the food baked in them.

Mirro heats up quickly, is heat-retaining and permits slow, thorough baking.

And Mirro is so glitteringly beautiful—so clean and “always new” looking!

* * *

You have only to compare Mirro with other utensils to see the difference. The fine balance of it; how it is made of a thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum of a dense and even grain; no seams and all of the little niceties of finish which make it a delight, a pleasure for your kitchen—these superiorities are evident at a glance.

And don't forget—beautiful Mirro Aluminum kitchen utensils carry the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with almost thirty years of successful experience.

Yet Mirro Aluminum utensils are surprisingly moderate in price.

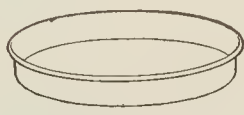
Mirro ware is for sale at leading stores everywhere. Ask to see it. Let us send you our miniature catalog No. 14.

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company

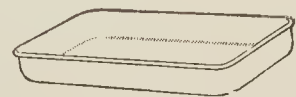
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum



MIRRO aluminum muffin pan



MIRRO aluminum mountain cake pan



MIRRO aluminum jelly cake pan



MIRRO polish finish cookie pan



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 73

to stop? If you bring up a child on the fact that all the Old Testament stories are untrue, a bundle, what's going to happen to the New Testament? Oh, I wonder if Modern Thought has any thought to spare for that side of the business, or for its results in a generation or two?"

Then she wrote: "I've never taught them any different."

Then she wrote:
"Mother, I am a child again to-night. Darling, in that blue frock I used to wear. Darling, all that I am thinking to-night is what you taught me. Oh, look down, beloved! I've been so wrong. I thought everything was infinitely better for them than you made it, beloved mother, for me. I didn't realize. Oh, mother, if you could have been here, how you would have loved my darlings, and how you would have given them all that you gave to me! I will now, mother. Mother, I've come back home to them, in the blue frock and in the pinafore with a hole in it."

THAT was the spirit in which she came back home to the children. It was nothing at all to her when she did it—the frightful break with Field's. Harry was distressed for her; but there was no need at all for him to be distressed, she told him. There wasn't a sigh in her voice, nor in her inmost thoughts a sigh, when telling him of the interview with Mr. Field and with Mr. Sturgiss at her resignation of her post, she said with a smile, "Carry on? Of course the department can perfectly well carry on. Dear, it's just those words I said to you a fortnight back on the matter so very different. 'The thing's organized. It runs itself.' That's why I can come away and leave it, because I'm an organizer. Aren't I an organizer?"

He held her immensely in his long arms. "You are, my Rosalie," he said.

Immensely long he held her, immensely close; oh, men that marry for a home! Until, come home, she saw Harry's tremendous happiness in the home that now she gave him, she never had realized the longing that must have been his for the home for which he had married, and never till now had had. It was poignant to her, the sight of his tremendous happiness. "Always to find you here!" he would cry, in the first weeks of the new life, coming home to tea and coming in to her in the drawing-room where she would be, all ready for him, with Doda and with Benji. "Always to leave you here!" he would say taking leave of her in the morning and she and Doda and Benji coming with him to the hall door to see him off. "Mice and Mumps," he used to add in codicil, "Mice and Mumps, I'm a happy chap!" and was forever bringing home trifles for her and for the children, or plans and passes for how and where the Saturday and the week-end should be spent, all four together. "Mice and Mumps, I'm gorged with happiness! And you, Rosalie?" "Oh, happy!" she used to say.

And was. It was poignant to her, his tremendous happiness, and it brimmed up the cup of her own happiness. She was doing virtuously and she had of her virtue that happiness which, as the pious old maxims tell us, comes of being good.

THAT should have been well; but virtue is a placid condition and the happiness arising out of it placid. It brims no cups, flushes no cheeks, sparkles no eyes. It is of the quality of happiness that one, loving a garden, has from his garden: the happiness of tranquillity, not of stir; of peace, not of thrills; of the country, not of the town. There was more heady stuff than this that Rosalie had out of her new condition, and that was dangerous. She was doing virtuously and she had out of her virtue an intoxication of joy that arises, not from virtue's self, but from the consciousness of virtue. That was dangerous. The danger-point in stimulants is when they are resorted to not as concomitant of the pleasures of the table, but because they stimulate.

Is it not perceived that thus it was not well assured, this great joy that she had, this cup of hers that brimmed? She started from that danger-point at which the drug is drunk for stimulation. The renunciation that brimmed her happiness on the first day was available to her in no bigger dose on the succeeding days, the hundredth day and the three hundredth and the five hundredth. It never could increase. It had no capacity of increase. Is it not perceivable that it had, on the contrary, a staling quality?

It would have been all right if it had been all right. It would have been all right if it had not been all wrong. If these absurd premises can be understood, her case can be understood. She used them herself in after years. "It would have been all right," she used to say to herself, twisting her hands together, "if it had been all right." "It would have been all right," she used to say to herself, "if it had not been all wrong."

SHOCKED by the thing that had come to pass, penitential by influence of the old childhood influences that had stirred within her, most strangely and most strongly transported back into that childhood vision of herself, it was in the guise of that child and with that child's guise as her ideal for them that passionately she desired to take up her children's lives. She longed to throw open the door, and in that blue frock and in the spirit of that blue frock most ardently to run in to them and tell them the things and the things and the things that were in that blue frock's all-enchanted world again.

That was what most terribly she wanted, and with most brimming joyousness set about to do—and there was borne in upon her that there was among her children no place for that spirit. They did not welcome the blue frock; they did not understand the blue frock; they were not children as she had been a child. It was what Harry had said of them: they somehow were not quite like other children. It was what she herself had noticed in Huggo. They did not respond. They'd gone, those children, too long as they'd been left to go. She came to them ardently. They greeted her—not very responsively. They didn't understand.

What happened was that, coming to them great with intention, she was, by what she did not find in them, much dispirited in her intention. What followed from that was that she turned the more frequently to the stimulation of the thought of her renunciation, to the sense of happiness that arose in her by consciousness that she was doing what she ought to be doing. That stimulated her. That made her tell herself—as before she had told Harry—that it was just fancy, this apparent indifference in the children.

But the more she found necessary that stimulus the less that stimulus availed; and she began to feel, then, the first faint gnawings after that which had been stimulus indeed—her work, her career.

DODA was nine when she began; Huggo, when he was home for his holidays, eleven, rising twelve; Benji only seven. They seemed to her, all of them, wonderfully old for their years and, no getting over that, different. She tried to read them the stories she used to love. They didn't like them. Doda didn't like "The Wide, Wide World" and didn't like "Little Women." Huggo thought "The Swiss Family Robinson" awful rot and argued learnedly with her how grotesque it was to imagine all that variety of animals and all that variety of plants in the one same climate. "But, Huggo, you needn't believe it. You know it was only written as a means of telling a family of children natural-history things. They didn't have to believe it. They only enjoyed it."

"Well, I can't, mother," said Huggo. "It's not possible and if it isn't possible I think it's stupid."

And Doda thought *Ellen* in the "Wide, Wide World" silly, and *Beth* and *Jo* and the others in "Little Women" dull.

She read them Dickens, but it was always, "Oh, leave out that part, mother. It's dull." And so was Scott. Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare" never had a chance at all. What they liked were what seemed to Rosalie the crudely written stories and the grotesque and usually rather vulgar comic drawings in the host of cheap periodicals for children that had sprung up since her day. They called these exciting or funny and they revelled in them. They were different. Benji was no more than a baby, but he was extraordinarily devoted to Doda, liked only the things that Doda liked, and did not like what Doda didn't like, or, in the language

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sometimes a little unpleasantly emphatic that always was Doda's and Huggo's, that Doda "simply loathed." Rosalie had some old bound numbers of treasured juvenile periodicals of the rectory days. Even Benji didn't like them. Their illustrations were mainly of children in domestic scenes. "Don't they look stupid?" was Doda's comment; and Benji, copying, thought they were stupid too.

All this was a very small thing and of itself negligible; even, as Rosalie told herself, natural—naturally children of succeeding generations changed in their tastes. It only is introduced as conveniently showing in an obscure aspect what was noticeable to Rosalie, and felt by her, in many aspects, whose effect was cumulative. "A kind of reserve," Harry had said of them, "a kind of—self-contained."

She began to have sometimes when she was with the children an extraordinary feeling that she was younger than the children, that it was she who was the child, that they were the grown-ups.

When the step of her renunciation was first taken, ardent to devote herself to them in every minute of the day, she began to give their lessons to Doda and to Benji. It was not a success. The methods of teaching, as the text-books, had changed since she was a child. There was obtained a Miss Dormer, who came in daily and who confined herself—Rosalie saw to that—solely to lessons; the walks of all the other hours of the day were Rosalie's.

THAT'S all for that. The picture has been overdrawn if has been given the suggestion that Rosalie was unhappy with the children or the children openly indifferent to her. All of that nature that in fact arose was that, whereas Rosalie had expected an immense and absorbing occupation with the children, she found instead an occupation very loving and very happy, but not relieving her of all the interest and all the affection she had desired to pour into it. She had thought the children would have been entirely dependent on her. She found them in many ways independent and wishing to be independent. It would have been all right if it had been all right. That was it. It would have been all right if it had not been all wrong.

She began to think of Field's. When first she began to think of Field's, which was when she had been nine months away from Field's, she would let her mind run upon it freely as it would. One day, thus thinking upon it, she brought her thoughts up, as it were, with a round turn. She must not think too much about Field's—not like that. She sighed, and with the same abruptness of mental action checked her sigh; she must not regret Field's—not like that.

It was a fateful prohibition. It was the discovery to herself, as to Eve of the tree by the serpent, of a temptation seductive and forbidden. Thereafter "like that" her mind, missing no day nor no night, was often found by her to be there. The quality that made "like that" not seemly to her increased, at each return, its potency.

It became very difficult to drag her mind away. It became impossible to drag her mind away.

Her governance of her mind became infected and it became not necessary to think it necessary to drag her mind away. One day (she had lain much awake on the previous night) she at breakfast told Harry she had the idea of going that afternoon to see how Field's was getting on.

He agreed with her that the idea was good. "Yes, rather; why not?" was the expression he used. He then said, surprising her, "Rosalie, you've never, have you, regretted?"

Her surprise framed for her her reply. "Why ever should you ask that?"

"I've thought you've not been looking very well lately."

"But what's the connection, Harry?"

"Fretting?"

She smiled. "I'm not the fretting sort."

HE WAS perfectly satisfied. He shot out his arms with a luxurious stretching gesture. "Mice and Mumps, it's been fine for me, I can tell you. Fine! Fine!"

How happy he looked! How handsome he looked! Her thought was, "Dear Harry!"

He got up and began to set about his departure. She went with him into the hall and called up the stairs: "Children, father's going."

They came bounding down. He joked and played with them. He loved this custom, now long established. She brushed his hat, also a rite she knew he loved. He kissed her with particular affection. "Yes, you go up

to Field's and give old Sturgiss and old Field my love. I say, it's funny, isn't it, how time changes things? We couldn't have imagined this once, and here it is the most established thing in the world. Do you know, it's almost exactly a year since you chucked it?"

"Chucked it!" The light expression smote her. Oh, manlike man that thus could phrase divorce, that from her heart's engrossment had cut her life asunder!

IN THE afternoon she set out upon her intention. It meant nothing, her visit, she assured herself. But when she was leaving the house she paused. She went down the steps and through the gate, then paused again. She returned to the house. She had an idea. She would take the children with her. She called them and while they gleefully dressed for the outing she repeated to herself the word in which the idea of taking them with her had come to her:

"A bodyguard," she said. The note of laughter she gave at the word had a tremulous sound.

Tremulous would well have described her manner when they were at Field's. She was asking herself as they went toward the city what it was that she wanted to hear—that Field's was doing very well without her? that her department was *not* doing very well without her?

Which? It appeared, when they arrived, that it was neither, nor anything at all to do with the bank. Her first words to the partners were of smiling apology at bringing to precincts sacred to business "a herd of children." That was a natural introduction of herself; it was an unusual thing to do. But not natural the way in which she maintained the subject of the children. It seemed that she had come to talk of nothing else. Her bodyguard!

Mr. Field and Mr. Sturgiss were delighted to see her and delighted to see the children. There was plenty in the bank, coffers and strongrooms and all sorts of exciting things that would amuse the small people, and when tea was done they should be taken to see them. A clerk was sent out for a parcel of pastries and returned with an enormous bag, and there was no table-cloth, nor no proper tea-table, and the children, much excited, were immensely entertained.

Easy, while they were there, to make them the conversation's center. But the meal ended, and then became most evident her anxiety to keep the chatter on the children. They became impatient to be off on the promised exploration. Twice the clerk who was to conduct the tour was summoned. Twice she stopped his coming. When at last he came, she said she would be of the party. The partners did not want that. The children did not want it: "Mother, it will be much more exciting by ourselves." She insisted. She was aware for the first and only time in her life of a feeling of nerves, of not quite being in control of herself.

"Well, stay," said Mr. Sturgiss, "at least for a minute's chat before you join them."

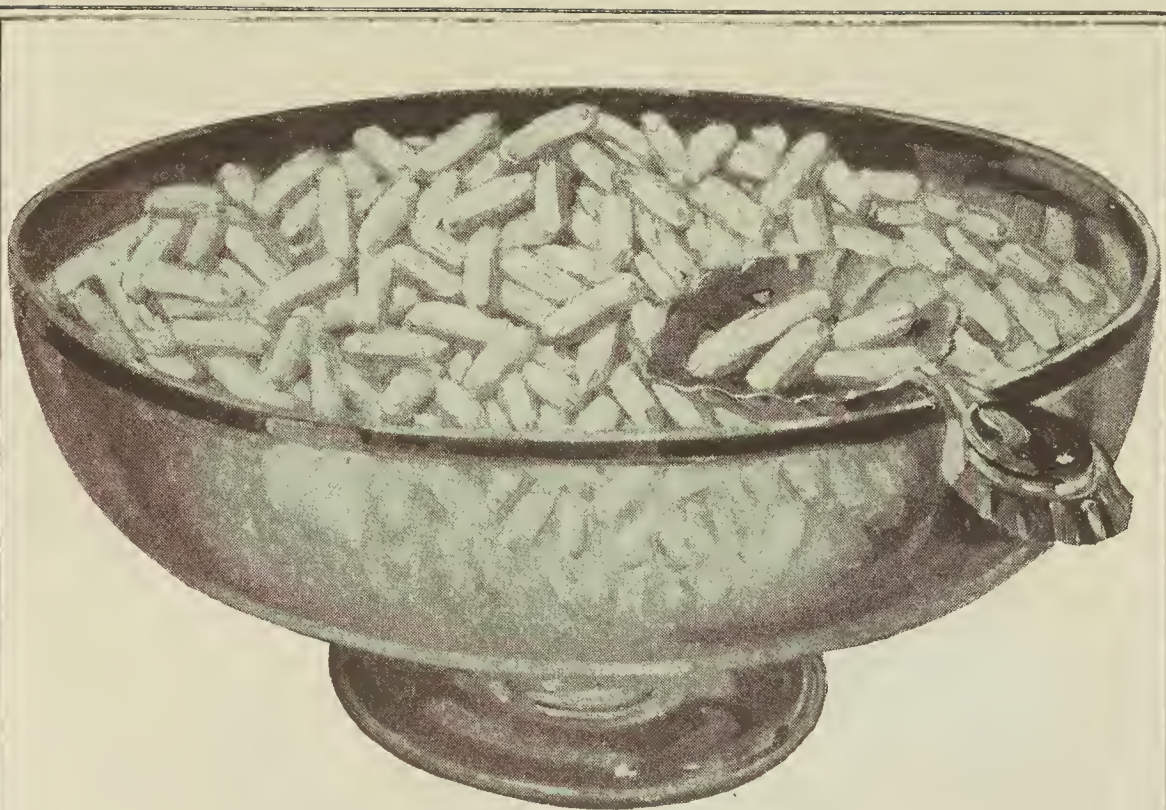
That was not possible, unless she was going to become hysterical, to resist. The children trooped away. Her bodyguard! She turned aside and it is to be remembered for her that, her face concealed from the partners, she gave the tiniest despairing gesture with her hands.

WHEN with the children she was returning home, she was trying to determine whether, while it was in suspense, she had or had not desired to hear of the partners that which she had heard from them. They had talked with her generally of the business. But there was approaching all the time the thing that sooner or later they must say. She was trembling all the time to know how she would receive it. In whichever of its two ways it came would she be glad or sorry? She simply did not know. She suddenly herself projected the point. She could not endure any longer its delay. "And Miss Farmer [formerly one of her assistants] had on her resignation taken her place?"

Miss Farmer, replied Mr. Sturgiss, was estimable, but—he opened his hands and made with them a deprecatory gesture. "She's not you. How could she be you, or any one be you? We could replace Miss Farmer. What's the good? It's you we've got to replace. We can't replace you."

Her heart had bounded.

That happened in the Christmas holidays, in January. In February it was Doda's eleventh birthday. The child had friends rather older than herself, neighbors, who for a year had been boarders at a school



Like Fairy Foods Yet shot from guns

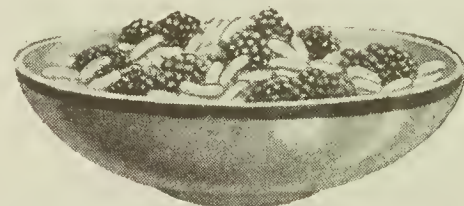
The queerest foods in the world are Puffed Rice and Puffed Wheat. They look and taste like food confections—airy, flimsy, flaky morsels, almond-like in flavor.

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It doubles the delights of berries

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Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children at their play. Mix in every dish of berries. Use like nut-meats on desserts.

For luncheons and suppers serve Puffed Wheat in milk. That forms a practically complete food which does not tax digestion. It lends a fascination to the diet children need.

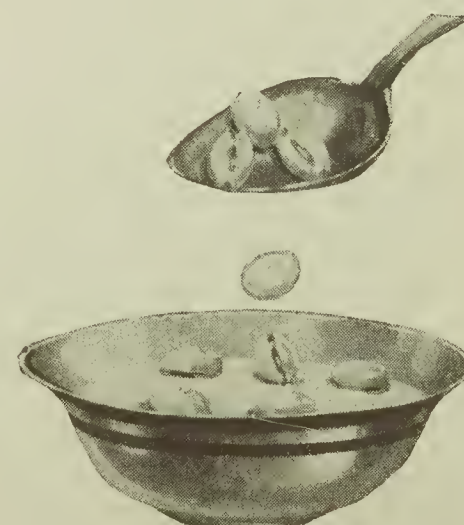
Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat

Steam-exploded grains

Puffed to bubbles



Like airy nut meats on ice cream



Puffed Wheat in milk
The good-night dish

Continued on page 76

Keeping a Child's Hair Beautiful



What a Mother Can Do to Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy—Fine, Soft and Silky—Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant.

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

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

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A SIMPLE, EASY METHOD

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of

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



Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

RINSE THE HAIR THOROUGHLY

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can, finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 75

in Surry. She was desperately eager to join them there and it was a promise from Rosalie that she should go when she was twelve, earlier if she was good. On this eleventh birthday, which brought birthday letters from the neighbors at the school and thus again brought up the subject, "Oh, haven't I been good?" cried Doda at the birthday breakfast. "Oh, do let me go next term, mother. Father, do say I may."

Harry said, "Oh, grown-up woman of enormous years, think of your sorrowing parents. How will you like to leave your weeping mother, Doda? How will you like to leave your heart-broken old father?"

"Oh, I'd love to!" cried Doda.

The ingenueness of it made her parents laugh.

"She'll have her way, won't she?" said Harry, when Doda had danced out of the room.

"I think she'd better," said Rosalie.

THE school was very well known to Rosalie. It was exclusive and expensive, was limited to seventy girls, and the last word in modernity was, in every point of administration, its first word.

The subject came up again between Rosalie and Harry that evening and it was decided that Doda should be placed there at the opening of the Summer term. Harry declared himself "in my bones," as he expressed it, against boarding-schools for girls. "But that's my old-fogyism," said he. "It's the modern idea that girls should have the same training and the same chances in life as their brothers and there's no getting away from the right of it."

Rosalie said in a low tone: "To what end?"

He did not hear her. She had got out from the accumulation of papers of her business life prospectuses and booklets of the school and he was amusedly browsing over the refinements and advantages therein set forth.

He said after an interval: "There's a lot of sound stuff here, Rosalie. It's convincing. It talks about how 'idle woman' will soon be recognized as great a term of reproach as 'an idle man.' It's sound. I like this booklet here that each girl's given, 'To the Girl of the Future.' It tells them all about an independent career, makes no fancy picture of it, tells 'em everything. Did you read that?"

"A long time ago. It doesn't tell them one thing."

"What?"

"That they can always—chuck it."

He looked up quickly. "Hel-lo!"

She gave him no response to his expressed surprise and he laughed and said: "D'you know, Rosalie, I don't believe I've ever before heard you use slang?"

"You taught me that bit, Harry."

"Oh, I sling it about. When did I?"

"One day last holidays when it was just on a year since I'd left Field's. 'Just a year,' you said, 'since I'd chucked it.' Oh, Harry—"

There was a quality in her voice that might, from what she saw upon his face, have been a tocsin's roll. Her face was as a place of assembly into which, as it might be a people alarmed, there came crowding in emotions.

He said, "What's up?"

She said, "Oh, Harry, you look out for yourself!"

There was much movement in his face. "Look out for myself?"

She said, "That came out of me. I didn't know I was going to say it. It's a warning. It shows the fear I have."

"You're going to say something you think will hurt me?"

"No, something you'll have 'to fight—if you want to fight it. Harry, I want to go back to my work."

He expired a breath he had been holding. "I was guessing it."

"Before just now?"

"No, while you've been speaking. Only now. I asked you weeks ago if you ever felt you regretted—"

She leaned forward from the couch whereon she sat, and with an extended hand interrupted him. She said intensely, "Look here, Harry, if it was just regret I'd not mind it and I would tell you 'No' a hundred times, just not to disturb you, dear; but when you asked me that, you spoke, a minute afterward, of my having chucked it, as if it were giving up sugar or stopping bridge. Well, that's why I'm warning you to look out for yourself. Because, Harry, I don't regret it. I'm craving to go back to it, craving, craving, craving!" She stopped. She said, "Do you want me to go back, Harry?"

He looked steadily at her: "Rosalie, it would be a blow to me."

SHE said, "Well, then!" and she leaned back in the couch as though all now was explained.

He very gravely asked her, "Are you going back, Rosalie?"

"Would it be a crime, Harry, to go back?"

He said, "I believe in my soul it would be a disaster."

She got up. "Come over here to me, Harry."

He went to her and took the hands that she extended to him.

"If you think that, a disaster, and if to you it would be what you said, a blow, then that's what I mean by saying, 'Harry, you look out for yourself.' I don't know if I am going back. I want to go terribly, oh, terribly! There was a woman I once knew told me that if a woman gives herself to a thing, abandons all else and gives herself to it, she never, never can come back from it. 'They don't issue return-tickets to women,' she said to me. 'If you give yourself,' she said, 'you're its.' She was right, Harry. I believe I've got to go back. If you don't want me to, well, you look out for yourself." She drew herself toward him by her hands. "Harry, when I went to Field's with the children, I took them to be a bodyguard to me. When they left me there alone for a few minutes, I was going to be terribly tempted. I am terribly tempted. I'm being dragged." She went into his arms. "Harry, hold me terribly tight and say you don't want me to go back."

He most tenderly embraced her. "Don't go back, Rosalie."

She disengaged herself and made a sound, "Ah!" as if while he held her body herself had held the fort of her solicitude for his desires against the horde of her own cravings that swarmed about its walls.

How long?

There was a mirage in her face. While Easter came and Doda, in huge spirits, made her start at school, and Huggo, boisterously elated, his start at Tidborough, and Benji, much dejected at Doda's going, his start at Huggo's former day-school; and while the long Summer term and the holidays passed on, there was never again seen nor heard by Harry the tenderness that had been in her face and in her voice when she had warned him, "Well, Harry, you look out for yourself," and when she had asked him, "Harry, hold me terribly tight in your arms and say you do not want me to go back."

There thenceforward did fill up her countenance the boy, mutinous and defiant, that was her other self. It was almost upon the morrow of that passage with him that she had a revulsion from the attitude she had then exposed to him. Avid now to go back to the life she had abandoned, she was ferocious to herself when she remembered she had asked him "Would it be a crime, Harry, to go back?"

WORST of all, she had implored Harry, when her longings were manifest, to reason with her. Her longings now always were manifest; but when he reasoned with her it was out of the scorpions of her revulsion that she answered him.

He once said, "It appears to me that your attitude is changed from the night you first mentioned this."

She said, "Harry, what's disturbing me when we talk about it is not my own case, it's the general case. Here's a woman—never mind that it's me—here's a woman that has made a success in life, that has abandoned it and that wants to go back to it. You argue that she mustn't. If it was a man, he'd go. And every opinion and every custom that he consulted would tell him he was right to go. It happens to be a woman, therefore—well, that's the reason! It's a woman—therefore, 'No.' That's the beginning of the reason and the end of reason. A woman—therefore, 'No.' Oh, it's pitiful—for women."

Continued on page 77



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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 76

Harry questioned: "Every opinion and every custom would tell a man to go? No, no. You're taking too much for granted, Rosalie. He wouldn't go, necessarily, if he had duties that pulled him the other way."

She gave a note of amusement. "But that's the point. He never would have such duties. It's notable that a man always makes his duties and his ambitions go hand in hand."

"Well, put it another way. Suppose it wasn't necessary for him to go—suppose nothing depended on his going, much on his staying. That makes the parallel, Rosalie."

She said to him, "They'd tell a man in such a case, 'Man, take up your ambitions. You're a man. You have yourself to think of.' That's what they'd say. Well, that's what I'm saying. I am a woman. I have myself to think of."

He asked: "And shall you, Rosalie?"

She said, "I'm thinking—every day."

The more she thought, the more she stiffened. This was the thought against whose goad she always came: *Why* should she be hesitant? What a light upon the case and upon the status of woman that, just because she was a woman, she must not consider her own, her personal interests!

"I've shut the gate behind me and because I am a woman I mustn't open it and go back. That's what a woman's life is—always shutting gates behind her. There aren't gates for a man. They're just turnstiles. As he came out, so he can always go back—even to his youth. When he's fifty, he still can go back and have the society of twenty and play the fool as he did at twenty. Can a woman?"

"That's physical," said Harry. "A man much longer keeps his youth."

She said then the first aggressively bitter thing he ever had heard her say. "Ah, keeps his youth!" she said. "So does a dog that's run free. It's the chain-and-kennel sort that age."

She hardened her heart.

SHE looked back upon the days when she had discovered the difference between sentiment and sense, between sentimentality and sensibility. She then had made her life, and therefore then her happiness, by putting every sentiment away and using sense for spectacles. She told herself she now was ruining her life, and certainly letting go her happiness, by suffering herself to bear the sentimental handicap.

The Summer holidays came. It had been her obvious argument to Harry that, now the elder children were at school, and Benji soon to be the same, that reason for her constant presence in the home no longer was advanceable. It had been Harry's argument to her that there were the holidays to remember. The holidays came. Huggo wrote that he wanted to go straight from school to a topping time in Scotland to which he had been invited by a chum; when that was over, he had promised to have the last three weeks with another friend whose people had a ripping place in Yorkshire. Doda came home, and Doda's first excitement was that nothing arranged might interfere with an invitation to a schoolfellow whose family were going to Brittany. So much for her holiday necessity, Rosalie thought. So much for Harry's idea of how children would naturally long to spend the vacation all together! She and Harry and Benji went down to a furnished house in Devonshire, and the other two, their plans in part curtailed, were brought to join them. It was jolly enough. It would have been more truly jolly if Doda had not largely divided her time between writing to apparently innumerable school friends and counting the days to when she might be released for the Brittany expedition; and if Huggo had not for the first few days openly sulked at the veto on the Yorkshire invitation. How independent they

Continued on page 78



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Winter's in the offing and the time for the comforting embrace of Lackawanna Twins is now.

Your favorite shop very likely carries Lackawanna Twins Underwear and Slumber Suits in various styles and in qualities to suit every requirement of price and service: if not, address your inquiry to our

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For bedtime romping and sound sleep—Lackawanna Twins Slumber Suits



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half the trouble*



FIFTH Avenue sponsors designs this year that are indeed kind to the woman who makes her own or her children's clothes. For style leaders have decreed that the spirit of a costume shall lie in its trimming, and Bartons Double Fold Red-E-Trim, combining beauty, simplicity and economy, is favored equally in town and country. Being double-fold, it binds and trims in one sewing operation by machine or hand.

Bartons is especially chosen to grace certain of the Butterick and McCall dresses (McCall's No. 2719 and No. 2762; Butterick's No. 3795 and No. 3800). It is universally hailed as a simple, charming finish for children's rompers, doily sets, embroidered bed-spreads and table covers, hats and the like. It contributes a colorful note to tennis, golf and beach attire. It spurs every woman to the exercise of her innate talent for creating dainty things.

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BARTONS
RED E TRIM

It Washes



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 77

were, how absorbed in their friends, how—different!

She hardened her heart.

The reopening of the schools drew on and return was made to London. Huggo and Doda were made ready for school and returned to school. The Law Courts reopened and Harry took up again his work. October! The newspapers that for months had been padding out vapid nothings became intense with the activities of a nation back to the collar. October! The first breath of Winter in the air! She could not stand this! Could not, could not!

She said suddenly one evening: "Harry, I was down at Field's to-day. They want me."

Ever since, by that smile of hers of the dog chained and kenneled, she had put a bitter note into this matter between them, he had by this means or by that contributed no share to it when she had presented it. He once had referred to the dog incident. "I can't talk to you when you talk like that, old girl," he had said. "That's not us. We don't talk like that. You know how I feel about the matter. Talking only vexes it."

"Harry, I was down at Field's to-day. They want me." It was now to be faced.

He put down the paper he had been reading and began to fill his pipe. "This wants a smoke," he said and smiled at her. "I think we're getting to the end of this business."

"Yes, near the end, Harry."

"Field's want you. What are you going to do?"

"Going back."

"I want you."

"I'm not leaving you. I am with you, as I came to you."

"The children want you."

"I am not leaving the children."

"It's a question of home, Rosalie. The home wants you."

She shook her head.

"You've thought of everything?"

"Everything."

"The children?"

"**HARRY**, the children don't want me in the way that children used to want their mothers when I was a child. They don't display the same affection, not in the same way, that we used to. I wish they did. I came back for it. It wasn't there. They're darlings, but they're self-reliant darlings, self-assured, self-interested."

"They've a right to a home, Rosalie." He paused. "And, Rosalie, I have a right to a home."

She said, "Have I no rights?"

"There are certain things—" he slowly said and paused again—"established."

She said quickly, "Yes, men think that. They always have. Well, I believe that nothing is."

He looked steadily before him. "If it's not established that woman's part is the home part, if that is going to change, I wonder what's going to happen to the world."

She said, "Men always do. They always have—wondered—and the future always has changed right out of their wonderings. I believe that the future is with women. I believe that as empires have passed, Rome, Greece, Carthage, that seemed to their rulers the pillars of the world, so will pass man's dominion. Woman's revolt—it's no use talking of it as that, as a revolt. Women aren't and never will be banded. They're like the Jews. They're everywhere, but nowhere. But the Jews have had their day; women—not yet. They work, not banded, but in single spies. In time— In every generation man's dominion decreased. In time— I'm one of this day's single spies, Harry."

He said with sudden animation, "Look here, let's take it on that level, Rosalie. Call it dominion. I've never exercised nor thought to exercise dominion over you."

"But you've not understood, Harry. I gave up what was my life to me. To you I'd only—chucked it. Oh, but that hurt! That man's supreme indifference; that is dominion."

He said, "I'll know it, dearest, for your sacrifice."

She put out a hand to hold that word away. "Oh, trust not that. They talk of the ennoblement of sacrifice. Ah, do not believe it! It can go too long, too far, and then like wine too long matured—just acid, Harry. I never said a bitter thing to you until—thus sacrificing. It is the kenneled dog again. If I went on, I'd grow more bitter yet, more bitter and more bitter. It's why women are so much more bitter than men. It's what they've sacrificed. I'm going back, Harry. I've got to. You ask me if I've thought of everything. I have; but even if I had not, this outrides it all. I have gone too far. She was right, that woman I told you of, who said that for a woman there is no come-back. I have tried. It is not to be done."

There was a very long silence. She said, "It's settled, Harry."

He said, "Nothing's been said, Rosalie, that gets over what I have said. There's no home here while both of us are working. I have a right to a home. The children have a right to a home. Nothing gets over that."

She answered: "Then, Harry, give yourself a home. Give the children a home."

He said, "I am a man."

She answered, "I am a woman."

THE thing goes now at a most frightful pace for Rosalie. One hates the slow, laborious written word that tries to show it. There's no procession of the days. Immersed in work or lost in pleasure, there never is procession of the days, so hurtling fast goes life.

They call it a race. It isn't a race, living like that. It's a pursuit. You're fleeing all the time the reckoning; and he's a sulky savage, forced to halt to gather up what you have shed, ordered to pause to note the things that you have missed, and at each duty cutting notches in a stick. That is his tally which, come up, he will present to you.

All's done; some years rush on; she sits in retrospection, that tally-stick in hand; and thought, first hovering, would always start for her from when, returned to her career, the thing at frightful pace began to go. Her thoughts first hovering: There's Huggo and there's Doda and there's Benji! Her children! Her darling ones!

Look, there they are! She's down with one or other at some gala at their schools. Aren't they just proud to be with her and show her off, their lovely, brilliant mother so different from the other rather fussy mothers that come crowding down! "You must be very proud of your mother." It has been said (the selfsame words) to each of them by their respective principals.

Look, there's Huggo telling her how the headmaster has said the thing to him (she's just walking with her Huggo across the cricket-ground on Founders' Day). "And a sloppy ass that heard him," says Huggo, "oh, an awful ass, asked me why the Head had said I must be proud of you, and I told him, and I said, 'I bet you're not proud of your mother.' And he said, 'Of my father, I am. He got the V. C. in South Africa.' So I said, 'Yes, but proud of your mother?' 'No, I'm not proud of my mother. I don't think I'd want to be. I only love her!'"

Huggo mimicked the voice in which the frightful ass had said this; and Rosalie, at the words and at his tone, had across her body a sudden chill, as it were physical. She wanted to say something, but it was the kind of thing you couldn't, somehow, say to Huggo, at fifteen. But she said it. "Huggo, you do love me, don't you?"

He turned to her a face curiously thin-lipped. "Oh, I say, mother, do look out, some one might hear you!"

HER Huggo! Look, that's the day they got that bad report of him from school. She had questioned Harry about a letter in his post and, naming the headmaster of Tidborough, "Yes, it's from Hammond," he had answered her.

Nothing more. They were beginning to have exchanges terse as that.

She said, presently, "I suppose it would interest me?"

His face was very hard. "Do you want to know the answer I feel like giving to that? I think what the letter says *implicates* you."

She preserved her composure. She by now had had practise in preserving her composure. "What's the matter, Harry?"

"Hammond says—as good as says—that Huggo will have to be withdrawn from Tidborough."

"May I hear?"

Continued on page 79

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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 78

He took up the letter and read from it. "Apart from that, the boy has now twice failed to keep his place in the school. If he does not get his remove in the coming term I shall be compelled to ask you to remove him." He put down the letter and looked at her. "That'll be nice, won't it?"

She made an appeal. "Harry, don't. I mean, don't talk like that. It won't happen."

He said sternly: "It will happen."
She persevered. "I'm quite sure it won't. You've only got to talk seriously to Huggo. This coming holidays you can get him some coaching. He's got brains."

There was steely note in Harry's voice: "Oh, he's got brains. He can have coaching. It's what he hasn't got and what he can't get that's going to get Huggo withdrawn."

"What is it you mean?"
"A home."

She slightly raised the fingers of her hands and dropped them. This subject!

Harry said: "Hammond says more than I've told you."

"I supposed he did. 'Apart from that.' Apart from what?"

"It's Huggo's character he's writing to me about. This is what he says: 'The boy, though young, has not a good influence in his house. If I may suggest it, he does not, during the holidays, see enough of his home.'"

He folded the letter and returned it to its envelope. "Does it strike you that is going to be easy to answer?"

"It might be easier, Harry, if your tone made it possible for us to discuss it."

HE GAVE a sound that was glint, as it were, of the blade in his voice: "Our discussions! I am a little tired of that blind alley, Rosalie."

She said, somberly, "And I."
"Will you suggest how the letter is to be answered?"

She said: "If you agree with Mr. Hammond, it's plain. It's rather the practise nowadays, young people visiting their friends. But if you think Huggo shouldn't—you can say so."

"Yes, I can say that. Tell me this: Is it going to give him a home?"

Her voice sprung from a sudden higher note. "Oh, you insist, you insist!" she cried. "You speak of blind alleys, but you insist."

He touched the letter. "This gives me ground for my insistence. Rosalie, we are responsible for the children. We have a duty toward them."

She softly struck her hands together. "Ah, how often, how often, and always worse! You say we have a responsibility toward the children. But you don't mean us, you mean me. Why I more than you? Why am I the accused?"

He began, "Because you—"
"Ah, don't, don't!"

But he concluded. "Because you are a woman."

Her voice that had gone high went numb. She made a gesture, as to the same reason and with the same words she'd made before, of weariness with this thing. "Ah, my God, that reason!"

Strike on!
Look, there's Huggo, failing again to get his remove. There's Harry having a scene with the boy. There ought to be tears. There are tears. But they're in Harry's voice and twice he wiped his eyes. They're not in Huggo's.

Harry says to Huggo: "I'm not going to be harsh; but, I say, can't you understand the disgrace, can't you understand the shame, old man? You've been at the finest school in England and you've had to leave. Huggo, I've never missed going down to a Founders' Day since I went to Oxford. It's always been the day of the year for me. I don't say I've ever done much in life, but every time I've been down to Founders' Day I've thought over, in the train, any little thing I may have pulled out in the year—and I've felt, I've felt awfully proud at taking it down to the

Continued on page 80



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Name..... Address.....



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 79

old school, so to speak. Old chap, the proudest, far the proudest of all, was the year I went down when first you were there. I was proud. I'd given a son to the place. I'd got a boy there. Another Occlive was going to write the name up on the shields and rolls and things. Well, old man, it's all over. I can't go down to Founders' Day ever again. I've never missed. Now—I've had to withdraw my boy. I can't go again. I couldn't face it.”

He wiped his eyes. No tears in Huggo's eyes. On Huggo's face only a look sullen and aggrieved; and sullen and aggrieved his mutter, “Well, perhaps it was different for you. I couldn't stick the place.”

She gasped out “Huggo!” but Harry had heard, and Harry, perhaps in offset to the emotion he had displayed, smashed his hand down on the table before him and cried out, “Well, keep your mouth shut about it then! Couldn't stick it! What can you be? Couldn't stick it! Tidborough! The finest school in the world! Couldn't stick it!”

She interposed, “Harry, dear! Huggo—Huggo, tell your father you didn't mean that.”

Huggo's mumble: “I'm sorry, father.”

Harry's deep, kind voice: “I'm sorry too, old man. It rather jarred. Look here, this is all over. It's just been a side-slip. I've forgotten it. So has your mother. You just think over sometimes what I've said, my boy. We're fixing up this tutor's for you. You start in fresh and go like steam. Finest thing in the world, a fresh start. Makes a side-slip worth while. I'm going to be—I am—prouder of you than anything on earth. My eldest boy! Like steam from now, old chap, eh?”

Strike on!

NAY, stay a moment, just a moment stay! That is a picture and there are facets to that picture whereat she'd wish to pause to wring her hands. If only— If only— After that interview and when the boy had left the room—shambled out of the room in that sullen aggrieved air he would always assume under correction—after that she and Harry had talked, most fondly. It was all, the talk, that poignantly affecting “fresh-start” business that he'd begun with Huggo. Poignantly affecting because Harry had been so bravely, cheerfully earnest and assured about the future. “One that never turned his back, but marched straight forward.” The boy would be all right. “Mice and Mumps,” old lady, he'd be all right! It was just a mistake, just a side-slip. He'd got the right stuff in him, Huggo had, eh, old lady? They must just pull together to help the boy, eh?

He paused the tiniest space at that and pressed her hand and looked at her. She knew his meaning. If only—

He went on: This was a good place, this tutor's down in Norfolk they were sending him to. Harry was sure it was. He was a first-class chap. Only took six pupils. Was a clergyman. Understood boys and youths who hadn't quite held their own and wanted special coaching and attention. Huggo was keen on the idea. Perhaps it was the best thing that could have happened. Bet your life this was going to be the making of old Huggo.

“There, there, old lady,” said Harry and patted her and kissed her (she'd been affected). “There, there, it's going to be fine. The rest is just up to us, eh? We know the boy's weaknesses. We know what Hammond's told us about him—home life and home influences and all that stuff, and that's easy; we'll see the boy gets that, won't we?”

And pressed her hand, and looked at her, and said no hard-to-say, definitive word; and, with no definitive word said, clearly made known to her his meaning.

She used to wring her hands at that, and crying, “If only I—” cry again in desperation of excuse: “If only the war hadn't come! If only the war hadn't come!”

The war was on then. It was 1915. “You

see,” she used to appeal to the arbitrament before which, watching these pictures, she found herself. “You see, the war made everything so difficult, so impossible, so frightful, so confused, so blinding. Sturgiss had left the bank to do war service on the Treasury. How could I give it up then? There was a cry about releasing a man for the front—that alone. I was releasing half a dozen men. How could I go back and be one of the women sitting at home? And there was more than that. It was Sturgiss going. I went practically into his place. I'd a position in banking that no woman had ever held, nor no banker ever imagined a woman ever holding before. How could I give that up? How could I? How could I? If only the war hadn't come. If only— Ah, God, if only—if only—”

Strike on!

IT ISN'T all going as it should with the boy at the tutor's. He wanted to do war work, not sitting there grinding lessons. All the tutor's pupils did. Naturally they did. The boy couldn't go in the army. He was too young. He was in a rural district. He got doing land work. They all did. It was supposed to be done in leisure hours. Naturally it encroached on, and unfitted for, work hours. “After all,” as the tutor wrote, “how can you blame the boys? After all, it's very hard to seem to try to check this patriotic spirit.” After all! Oh, why do people say “after all” when they mean quite the contrary? This was before all, this seductive escape from uncongenial duties, precedent of all, influencing to all that happened—after all!

There Huggo is. After the setback at Tidborough he was to have spent all his holidays at home. That war! He never spent any of his holidays at home. He made land work his excuse—most plausible. He spent all his holidays with friends whose homes were in rural districts.

Then it turned out that he had not, as he had given out, been always at the house of friends. It came out quite by chance and in a way very horrible. Harry discovered it. Harry, early in 1915, had been absorbed into the Home Office. His work was very largely in connection with a special secret-service body dealing with spies. He examined in private arrested suspects. He advised and he directed on criminal matters therewith connected. He was working, under immense pressure, terrible hours.

He came in one evening about nine o'clock. It was at the end of 1915. Huggo was then seventeen. Rosalie heard him in the hall and heard that some one was with him. She heard him, by the dining-room door, say, “You'd better go in there and get something to eat. I'll attend to you presently.”

He came in to her. His face was iron hard. He shut the door. “Do you know who I've got here with me? Do you know where I've been? Do you know what's happened?”

His manner was extraordinary. His voice was like heavy axes, thudding. His face was dark and passionate, menacing. Happened? Things were always happening in these appalling days. She said, “Oh, what is it, Harry?”

“It's Huggo!”

Like axes! It seemed that, of his passion (and she never before had seen passion in his face), he scarcely could speak. He fought for words.

“Do you know where Huggo's been this past month?”

“With the Thorntons, his friends.”

“He's not. He's lied. He's been living with some blackguard friend in rooms in Turhampton, in Buckinghamshire.”

“Harry! Doing what? Land work?”

“Land work! Loafing! Drinking!”

“Drinking? Huggo?”

LISTEN to me. This is what I've come to. This is what that boy's come to. I had to go down to this place Turhampton about a spy they'd arrested. He was to come up in the police court there this morning. They took the other cases first. I sat there, waiting. The second case—this is what I've come to—was my son, my boy, Huggo, brought up from the cells where he'd spent the night. My son! Drunk and disorderly. He didn't see me. The police gave him a character. I sat there and listened to it. My son! A visitor, the police described him. Supposed to be working on some farm. Not a desirable character in the village. My son! Always loafing about. Always in the inn. Last night drunk. Assaulted the landlady. My son! Arrested. My son!”

He turned away.

Continued on page 81



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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 80

She cried, "Harry! What happened?"
He turned on her in a violence renewed. "I declare to you that if he had gone to prison I would not have raised a hand to stop him. He'd had the grace—or he'd all the time had the guile—to give an assumed name. Would I have confessed, to save him, that he was my son? I believe I couldn't. He got off with a fine. I got hold of him. I've brought him back. He's here."

She went to the bell. "I must get you some food."
He stayed her. "Food! I'll tell you what to get me. I'll tell you what to get that boy. Get me a home. Get him a home. That's what's caused this. Do you know what he said to me coming up in the train? I said to him, 'Why are you always away like this? Why, in the holidays, are you never at home?' He said, 'What home is there for me to come to? Who's ever there?' He's right. Who is? Are you?"

She said quietly. "Harry, not now. Dear, you are not yourself."

"Well, answer my question. Are you ever in the home?"

She implored, "Oh, my dear!"
He was not to be placated. "Where is the home?"

"Harry!"
"Where's Doda?"
She began in her spirit to move. "Staying with friends."

"Where's Benji?"
"You perfectly well know. Staying with friends."

"Where are you?"
She put her hand to her bosom. "Oh, beware me, Harry. Here."

"For the night. Are you ever in the children's home?"
"Are you?"
"That sophistry! I have my work!"
"I've mine."

He smote his hand upon the mantelshelf by which he stood and turned and left the room.
Strike on!

OF COURSE it healed and was obliterated and all passed over. Of course Harry forgave the boy. Drunk! Of course it was just a slightly tipsy ebullition. Had been in the hot sun in the fields all day and was affected by a too long slake of beer. Assaulted the landlady! She'd been rough-mannered and objected to his noise and got in the way and he had pushed her. "The boy's all right," Harry said to Rosalie after, the boy forgiven, he sat and talked with her. "He's got no vice. How could he have? It was wrong, it was deceitful, going off like that without telling us. But he meant no harm. He's genuinely sorry. He's just got out of hand a bit. They all have, the young people, in this war time. The boy's all right. He's eighteen in a few months. I'll see if I can speed it up a bit getting him into the army. He's magnificently keen. He'll do fine, God bless him! Think no more about it, old lady. In the whole business I'm only sick with myself that I lost my temper with him as I did—and with you, my dear, and with you." And he put out his hand to her.

"One that never turned his back, but marched straight forward."

"And with you." Of course he was distressed he had been violent with her. Of course that painful outbreak was healed, obliterated, put away. He had expressed his utter regret. What had he said? Forgive, Rosalie, forgive! Of course she had nothing to forgive. Forgiveness also was for her to ask. As to the point thus violently raised, he saw, didn't he, the impossibility of her giving up her work, war work as much as his own, at such a time? Not to say the un-necessity of it—the children were growing up—it clearly could not be done now. The position she held—

He said, "I know, old lady. I know, I know." And sighed.

Continued on page 82



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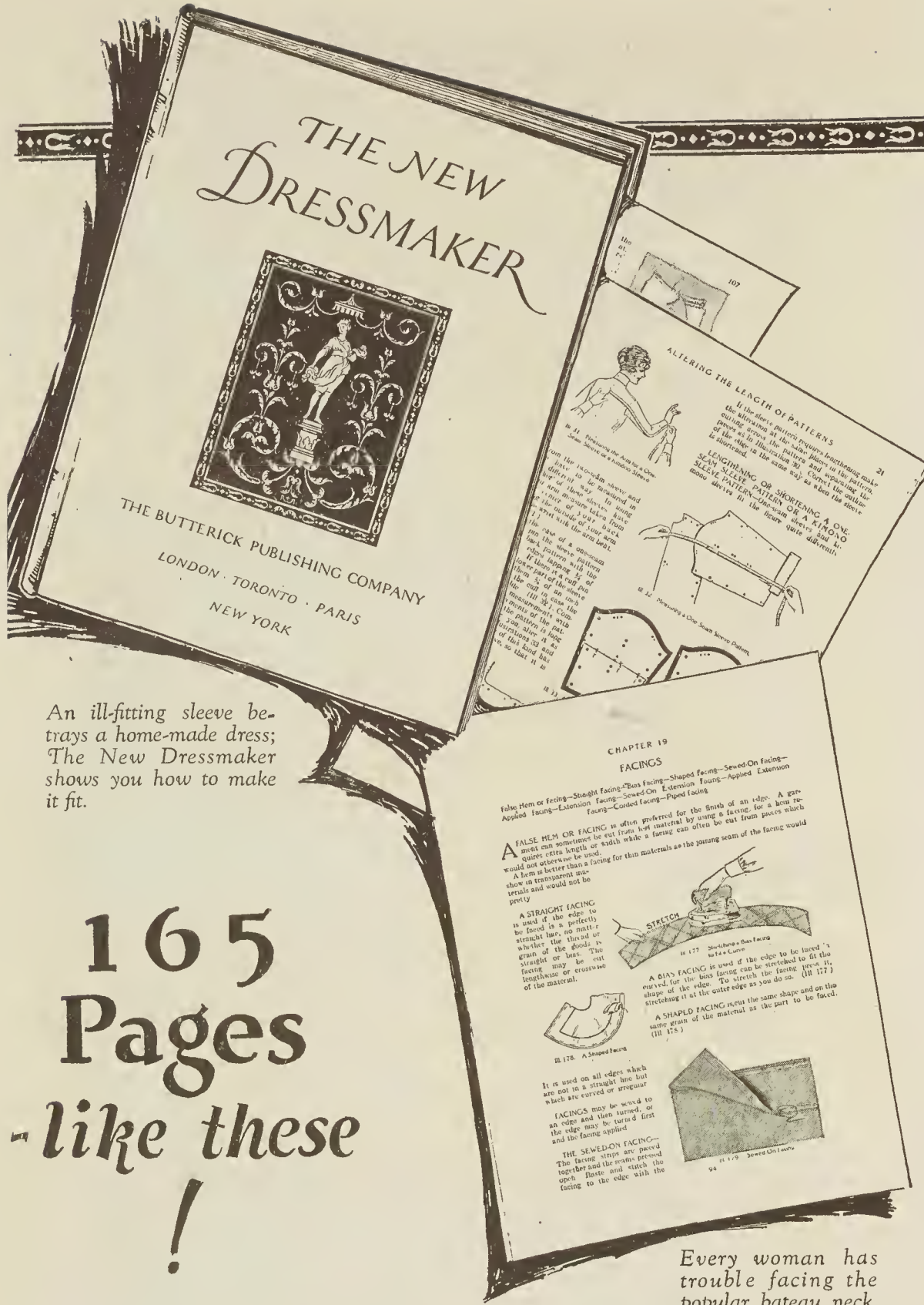
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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 81

Ah, from that vision of him saying, "I know," and sighing, and from the mute appeal that then was in his eyes, from that—strike on!

Most retentive to her of Huggo's share in all that episode had been that she from her expostulation with him had not come away with the same satisfaction as seemingly had Harry. She put before the boy how terribly his father had felt the shame of it, how almost broken-hearted he had been.

Huggo took it all with that familiar air of his of being the party that was aggrieved. "Well, mother, it's all over. What is the good of going on about it? I've had it by the hour from father. He's understood. What is the good?"

She very lovingly talked to him. He all the time had an argument. He kept up his own case. He presently said, "And I do wish, mother, especially now I'm going into the army soon, I do wish you'd drop that 'Huggo.' You can't tell how I hate it. You might just as well call me 'Baby.' It's a baby's name."

"Oh, Huggo, it was the name we loved you by."

"Well, I can't stick it. My name's Hugh."

THERE he is. He's in the army. He's utterly splendid in his uniform. How proud of him she is! They no longer gave commissions direct from civil life; but he'd been in the cadet corps at Tidborough and Harry was able to get him direct into an officer cadet battalion. He's off to France in what seems next to no time. He's home on leave and there's nothing that's too good for him and her purse at his disposal when he's run through Harry's generous allowance. He's never at home. He's often out all night. Well, he's on leave. He's fighting for his country. You can't be anything but utterly lenient with a boy that's fighting for his country. He went back. Three days after he was supposed to have gone back Rosalie came face to face with him in Piccadilly. He was with some flapper-type of girl. He was just getting into a cab. She called out to him, astounded. She heard him swear and he jumped into the cab and was driven away. She didn't tell Harry. Harry found out. It came out that the boy for overstaying his leave was to be court-martialed. She noticed in those days what a beaten look Harry's face was getting. He scarcely spoke to her. She did not know what he did, but she knew he had much influence and exerted it at no sparing of himself. The boy got off with a severe reprimand and was returned to France. And to be in France, out there, in that ever-present shadow of death, was to be excused everything and to be forgiven every-thing.

Miraculously the war ended. The boy had had only very slightly more than a year of it. He applied for immediate demobilization as being a student and he was one of the batch that got away immediately on that ground. He was nineteen then. Now what was he going to do? Oxford, of course, Harry said, and then the Bar, as always intended. Huggo, larking about in uniform long after he ought to have been out of it, was in immense feather with himself. He didn't say 'No' and he didn't say 'Yes' to the Oxford idea. All he said was that he voted all that wasn't discussed the very day he got back (it was more than three weeks since he had got back). He surely, he said, was entitled to a bit of a holiday first, after all he had been through. Huggo was never in the house. He had picked up with a man, Telfer, whom he had met in France, a big business man, Huggo described him as, and he seemed to spend all his time with this man. Huggo brought him to dinner one night. It was rather a shock to Rosalie, meeting the man of whom she had heard so much. Huggo had never said anything about his age. He must have been quite forty. He had dull, cloudy eyes and a bad mouth. He called Huggo "Kid," using the word in every sentence, and it was easy to see from Harry's manner that

Telfer was repellent to him. Easy, also, and not nice, to see Telfer's dominion over Huggo. Not nice to hear Huggo's loud, delighted laughter at everything addressed to him by Telfer. The two left early; they were going to a music-hall. When they had gone, Rosalie and Harry looked at one another across the table and by their look exchanged a great deal. "A detestable companion for Huggo," Harry said. "Rosalie, there's been enough of this. The boy must get to work."

It appeared, in interviews following that evening, that Huggo was not a bit keen on the Oxford idea. He wanted to go into business. He was not clear as to precisely what kind of business, but he wanted the freedom and the excitement of earning his own living. Harry took a firm line. The boy resented the firm line. Well, anyway, he argued, he couldn't go till October, it was only June now; all right, he'd go in October if he had to. Harry made arrangements for some reading through the Summer preparatory to Oxford. It upset plans made by Huggo. He thought it "uncommonly hard" that he should have to spend the whole Summer "swotting." Oh, well, if he had to, he had to. He had an invitation for a month for that immediate time to Scotland. The reading was arranged to start a month ahead. He didn't in the least want to be out of London just when there was so much going on and all his pals here; but anything was better than sticking this kind of life at home, father always at him; so he'd go to Scotland; he supposed he was entitled to a bit of country holiday before they cooped him up? He went to Scotland.

Twice that month Rosalie thought she saw Huggo in the West End. But London was full of young men of the Huggo type. It wasn't likely.

It turned out to have been very likely. It turned out that Huggo had never been in Scotland at all, but in London all the time. And much worse than that. One evening toward the end of the so-called Scotland month, Huggo unexpectedly walked into the house. Rosalie was sitting with Harry in the dining-room over the end of dinner. Doda was up-stairs putting last touches to herself before going out to a dance. Doda was eighteen then (it was 1919), had left school, and, with a large circle of friends, was going out a great deal. Benji was still at school, at Milchester. Harry had never resumed relations with beloved Tidborough.

THE door opened and Huggo walked in. His face was very flushed and his articulation a little odd. When, after greetings, he sat down, he sat down with a curiously unsteady thud and gave a little laugh and said, "Whoa, mare, steady!"

It appeared, after explanations, that he had come to talk about "this-Oxford business." "I really can't very well go to Oxford now, father. I really ought to start in some money-making business now and I've got a jolly good opening promised me. I really ought to take it."

The decanters were on the table. He had already taken a glass of port. He filled another and drank it.

"The fact is, I'm—married."

There were some hard and bitter things said between his father and the boy. The boy fumbled—he obviously had been drinking—between would not or could not say very much about whom it was that he had married.

Harry said, "Who are her people? That's a plain question, isn't it?"

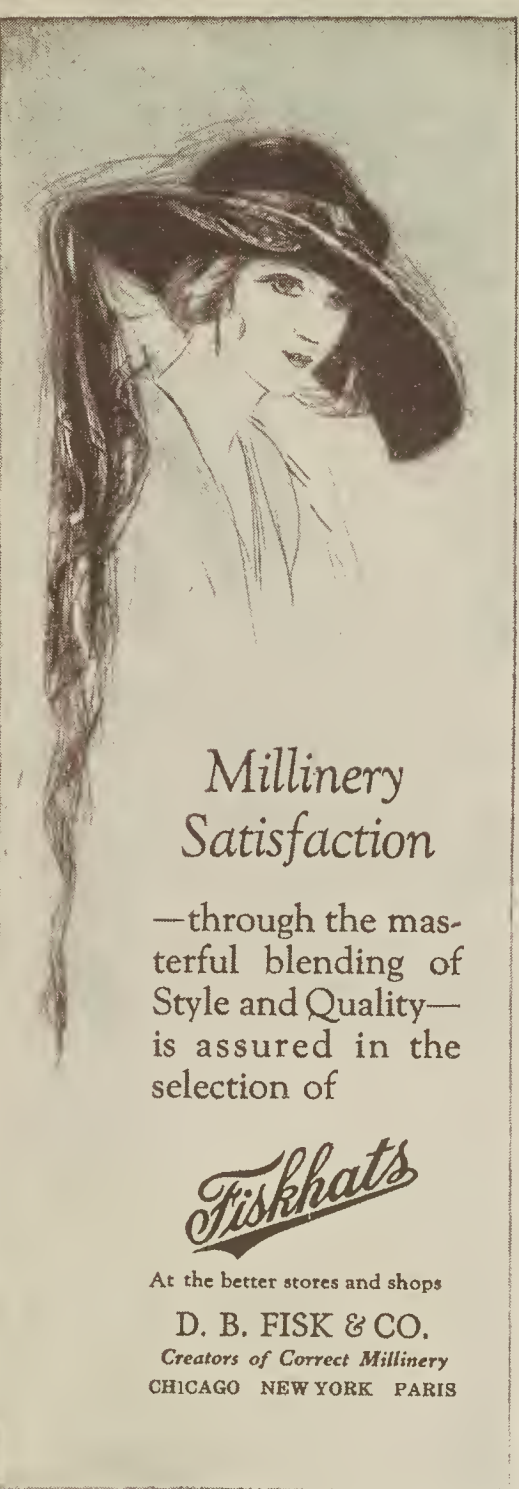
Huggo, very red, increasingly difficult to understand, said, "It's a plain enough question. I've come here to be perfectly frank and plain and—plain enough question. Fact is I don't know very much about her plain enough people."

Rosalie broke out of the frozen stupefaction that had numbed her. "Huggo! You must know who her people are!"

Huggo turned a very slow gaze around from his father to his mother. He looked at her. He said with astonishing violence, "Well, I tell you I don't. People! What have her people got to do with it? I haven't married her people. She's my little girl and I've married her, and not her people. Isn't that enough for you?"

Harry got up and went over to him. "Look here, you'd better run along. You're not in a fit state to talk to your mother. I'm not sure you're in a fit state to talk to anybody or to know what you're saying. You'd better go, my boy. We'll go into this in the morning. Come round early in the morning. We'll settle it then."

Continued on page 83



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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 82

He was passing with Huggo through the door when Doda, equipped for her dance, came running down the stairs. "Hello, Huggo! Why, I haven't seen you for weeks. Where have you been?"

Huggo, standing unsteadily, unsteadily regarded her. "Point is, where are you going? All dressed up and somewhere to go! I'll bet you have! I've seen you jazzing about the place when you haven't seen me, Doda. And heard about you! There was a chap with me watching you at the Riddle Club the other night told me some pretty fierce—"

"Oh, dash, I've left my fan," cried Doda and turned and ran back up the stairs.

Huggo called, "I say, Doda, I'm in a row. So'll you be one day, if you don't look out for yourself."

Doda's voice: "Oh, dry up—you fool!"
 Strike on!

Concluded in the October DELINEATOR



OLD DUKE

Continued from page 7

"Does your honor rule that the defense must proceed?" inquired Mr. Townsend.

"I do," returned the Judge solemnly. "Mr. Bullock's remarks to the witness or the fact that his sheep were trespassing upon the golf course have no bearing upon the question of whether Old Duke killed one of them. So far the evidence is clear and uncontradicted and will amply support a verdict of guilty. Indeed, I should be constrained in a civil case to direct such a verdict."

There was an outburst of protest from the rear benches and the sheriff knocked for order upon the railing with his toad-stabber.

Mr. Townsend rose again. "If the court please," he said gently; "I had hoped to be spared the necessity of calling my only witness, but your honor's ruling makes it necessary. Miss Helen Peyton, please take the stand."

THROUGHOUT the room arose a scuffling of feet and creaking of benches as the occupants turned with one accord to where Helen Peyton had been sitting unobserved near the door leading to the sheriff's office. A flush stole up from the Judge's ample collar until it covered his entire scalp. What in the name of "Lord Eldon" had his daughter to do with this dog case? Why should she be mixed up in this affair? Was it some trick of the d'Auriacs? No, the Major seemed equally surprised, for he sat scowling and pulling his mustache in obvious bewilderment that Mr. Townsend should be seeking reinforcements from the enemy. If Peyton wanted to find Old Duke guilty, why call Peyton's daughter as a witness? The Major mopped his forehead. Things were getting beyond him. Perhaps it was the heat. That was Peyton's daughter, wasn't it? He caught his breath. Lord, how much she resembled her mother. That low forehead, with the sharply defined widow's peak in the middle of it, and those blue eyes under their lowering black brows! Tall, too, the way a woman ought to be. Then he perceived with increased astonishment that René had advanced to meet her and was conducting her to the witness-chair. Old Duke recognized her, too, and struggled to his feet as she passed, pawing at her dress.

Concluded on page 84

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in this "Better Home" issue of *The Delineator*



OLD DUKE

Concluded from page 83

The word spread to the street that the Judge's daughter was going to testify for the defense and the crowd outside surged against the windows. Judge Peyton stammered noticeably as he administered the oath. For several seconds the girl kept her eyes fastened upon Old Duke. Then she raised them to Mr. Townsend and smiled faintly. René d'Auriac had not resumed his seat but remained hardly noticeable standing just beside her.

"Miss Peyton," said Mr. Townsend, "I regret having to put you to the embarrassment of being a witness, but your testimony is of vital importance. Do you recall the evening of the fourteenth of May?"

"I do—very well," she replied.

"Did you see Old Duke that night?"

"I did."

"Where, if I may ask?"

Helen lowered her eyes once more to the dog's face.

"Shortly after ten, I saw him coming from the direction of Major d'Auriac's house toward the golf course."

"Please go on."

The girl dropped her head. It was not an easy thing to do. Old Duke thrust his nose toward her across the railing of the dock and wrinkled it affectionately.

"It was about ten o'clock," she answered, "and I had walked out to the golf course. It was moonlight, but there was a low mist on the meadow. The gate leading from Mr. Bullock's pasture was open and I walked through it on to the links. I could hear the sheep cropping the turf and the tinkle of their bells. I walked along the edge of the mist and came out on the little hill that overlooks the meadow pasture that used to belong to Major d'Auriac."

She hesitated and looked away. The windows were black with heads, but the sheriff was too engrossed to pay any heed to them.

JUDGE PEYTON was gazing at the girl in complete amazement. Helen out at night alone—when he supposed she was safe in bed!

"There is a clump of oaks up on the hill and an old wooden seat between two of the trunks. I sat down upon it. Here and there, where the mist was thinner, I could see the backs of the sheep. All of a sudden they began to run, first this way and then that. I could hear them bleating and squealing with fright. Then they all rushed pell-mell toward the open gate. But one of the sheep which was being chased by a dog ran back out into the moonlight, and I saw the dog leap at its throat and throw it to the ground. It was terrible!"

Helen closed her eyes as if to efface the recollection.

"What sort of a dog was it?" asked Mr. Townsend

"It was a huge, spotted carriage-dog," she replied. "I had never seen it before. It ran away when Old Duke came."

"Then Old Duke was there?"

"The spotted dog mawled the sheep until it was dead and then it must have heard something, for it stood stock still and looked toward Major d'Auriac's house and then dashed off into the mist again. It had gone when Old Duke got there. He smelled of dead sheep and pawed it, and was looking very intently into the mist when Mr. Evans came running up. I heard him speak to Old Duke and I saw the dog go up to him. He licked his hand. That was why— Oh, nobody could kill Old Duke!"

She uttered the words with such passionate tenderness that several in the audience answered involuntarily: "No! No!"

The throng outside was pressing in through the door now, filling the aisles and crowding along the walls. Those on the rear benches were standing up on them in order to see over the heads of those in front and not to lose a word.

"Your honor, are you satisfied?"

Judge Peyton rubbed his damp forehead with his handkerchief.

"What were you doing out on the golf-links alone at that hour of the night?" he demanded.

"I was keeping an appointment," she answered, blushing furiously and covering her face with both her hands.

"With whom?" he asked sharply.

René d'Auriac stepped forward.

"With me, sir," he interposed. "It was all my fault, sir. Something had happened in the afternoon and we—I— You see, sir, I had asked your daughter to marry me—and she was going to give me her answer—"

Major d'Auriac, fiery red, pushed his way forward. By this time most of the audience were on their feet. As a dog trial the affair was over.

"What did you mean, sir, by telling me you locked Old Duke in the library when you went to bed?" roared the Major at his son.

"I did," replied René. "Only I didn't go to bed when you thought I did, sir."

The Major paused helplessly. Then his eye caught sight of the Bullocks.

"You miserable scoundrel," he stammered. "If I ever get—"

Judge Peyton banged with his gavel.

"Order in court!" he shouted. "Be seated everybody! Mr. Townsend, have you any more questions?"

The crowd sank back, restoring a semblance of discipline.

"WHAT was the matter to which you referred as having happened earlier in the afternoon?" inquired the old lawyer with a suppressed chuckle.

"Mr. René d'Auriac had knocked the younger Mr. Bullock into the water hazard," answered Miss Peyton.

"Bravo!" ejaculated the Major in spite of himself, although his world seemed upside down at the moment.

Judge Peyton looked bewilderedly from René to Helen, and thence to the Major. Inside his alpaca jacket his heart was thumping in a most disconcerting way. Indeed there was a moisture—perspiration or something—in his eyes that blurred his vision so that he could hardly see at all. Also there was unwonted impediment in his pharynx. But he cleared his throat with a brave show of authority, and, looking sternly at where the Major ought to be, he said huskily:

"The fact that this witness is my own daughter renders it improper that I should take the case from the jury on the strength of her testimony. However, if they believe it, the defendant must be acquitted. I shall leave the case to them, but—unless they wish to do so—they need not leave their seats."

The foreman looked around the box for any dissenting eye.

"We find the defendant not guilty," he announced. "And on behalf of my fellow jurors and of the citizens of Valley Fair, I am bold to state that I hope the lady said 'Yes!'"

For answer, René stepped forward and took Helen's hand in one of his while with the other he patted the head of Old Duke, now once more a free and independent dog. There was a burst of applause inside the court, while a cheer arose from the square.

The Major had begun to act very queerly. In spite of the intense heat he appeared suddenly to have taken a cold, for he blew his nose loudly as he stepped toward the bench in front of the jury-box.

"GENTLEMEN," he began in his customary stilted tones, "I feel that my remarks this morning reflecting upon the—er—the integrity of the bench were entirely unjustified. Judge Peyton, I desire to apologize to you, sir, most humbly, sir, not only for my animadversions upon you here to-day, but, sir, for whatever I may have said regarding you in the past. I regret, sir—deeply regret—" His goatee quivered and he bit his lip.

On the bench Judge Peyton was struggling manfully to twist his face into a smile. Leaning forward, he stretched out both his hands to his old friend.

"Louis!" he choked.

The Major dashed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"Ranny!" he answered. "What a pair of damned old fools we've been all these years."

Just then Old Duke, whom some one had unloosed, as if desiring to share in the general rejoicing, jumped up between the two old men and laid his nozzle on the Major's shoulder.

"It was all my fault, Louis!" protested the Judge. "I shouldn't have been so sensitive."

"No, Ranny, it was mine!" insisted Major d'Auriac.

THE DANGER OF GETTING FAT

Concluded from page 67

method for reducing in weight which in the process does not improve or at least preserve the general health is dangerous and should be avoided.

Swimming, skating, dancing, walking, riding and housework are all excellent forms of exercise. If, however, some part of the body has accumulated a disproportionate amount of fat, one should pay particular attention to exercises affecting that locality.

An excellent exercise for reducing the hips is to raise the arms high above the head, clasp the hands and slowly bend as far as possible to either side, then forward and backward. This exercise also stretches the abdominal muscles, thus aiding in reducing the abdomen. Leg exercises that are taken while lying on the back also aid in reducing the abdomen and the hips. While lying on the back, raise one leg slowly (without bending the knee) until it is as near a right angle with the body as the muscles permit. Then lower the leg very slowly, pulling against yourself, thus using another set of muscles as a force in holding the leg back while it is being gradually lowered. Go through this exercise with each leg separately ten times, then try raising both legs at the same time.

A simple exercise for reducing the hips is to swing the legs backward and forward, also raising them as high as possible to the side.

The arm motion known in swimming as the "breast stroke" is good for reducing the bust.

A GOOD all-around exercise bringing into play practically all the muscles of the body is this: While standing perfectly erect with arms hanging at sides, shut the hands tightly and bring them with vim to the shoulders. Then thrust the hands upward, and while keeping them in this position, turn the body slightly and step forward with the right foot. Now bend the body forward, touching the floor with the tips of the fingers. Then straighten the body, step back into the first position, lowering the hands to the sides. Repeat the exercise while stepping forward with the left foot.

And lastly, remember to take deep-breathing exercises before an open window, breathing from the lower part of the chest. By deep breathing one gets sufficient oxygen with which to burn up waste material. While one may pale and grow thin for want of the proper amount of oxygen, one may also, because there is not enough oxygen to burn up and oxidize the food eaten, grow excessively fat. Do not carry any exercise to the point of utter fatigue. Begin by doing them a few times only, gradually working up to fifteen or twenty times, alternating each one with rest periods.

THE table of average weight for various heights and ages given below has been worked out by insurance companies. The figures are founded on general statistics. Many physicians feel that if these ideal weights err in either direction, it is that they may be too high.

WOMEN

Height	Ages			
	20 to 29	30 to 39	40 to 49	50 and over
5 feet 0 in. . .	117	123	130	133
5 " 1 " . . .	119	125	132	135
5 " 2 " . . .	121	127	135	138
5 " 3 " . . .	124	130	138	141
5 " 4 " . . .	128	134	141	144
5 " 5 " . . .	131	138	145	148
5 " 6 " . . .	135	142	149	153
5 " 7 " . . .	139	145	153	158
5 " 8 " . . .	143	150	157	163
5 " 9 " . . .	147	154	161	167
5 " 10 " . . .	151	157	164	171
5 " 11 " . . .	154	160	168	174
6 " 0 " . . .	158	163	171	177

MEN

Height	Ages			
	20 to 29	30 to 39	40 to 49	50 and over
5 feet 3 in. . .	129	135	140	142
5 " 4 " . . .	133	138	143	145
5 " 5 " . . .	137	142	147	149
5 " 6 " . . .	141	146	151	153
5 " 7 " . . .	145	150	155	158
5 " 8 " . . .	149	155	160	163
5 " 9 " . . .	153	160	165	168
5 " 10 " . . .	157	165	170	173
5 " 11 " . . .	163	170	176	178
6 " 0 " . . .	167	176	182	184
6 " 1 " . . .	173	182	188	191
6 " 2 " . . .	179	189	195	198
6 " 3 " . . .	184	195	202	205



What is Time Doing to Your Skin?

DON'T you wonder sometimes how you will look ten years from now—if your complexion will retain its youthful radiance and natural glow of health?

The answer rests largely with you. Every day your skin is changing. *What are you doing to safeguard it?*

Let Resinol Soap solve your problem. If time has already left its first trace, and your complexion is becoming blotchy, sallow, rough or coarse,—don't be discouraged,—now is the time to prove the worth of this delightful toilet soap.

Look in the mirror after the first treatment with Resinol Soap—see how visible the improvement is! Roughness and sallowness gone, and in their place the glow of returning skin health.

You feel at once that here is a soap whose regular use helps to overcome skin defects and preserve the natural freshness of youth far beyond the time when most women lose it.

Resinol Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters. Its satisfying Resinol fragrance makes it a favorite.

WHY NOT LET US SEND YOU A FREE SAMPLE? A postal will do. Address Dept. 3-J, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap



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There's a tiny electric motor in your portable vacuum cleaner that revolves at incredible speed—many times as fast as you can possibly operate your sewing machine.

Regular oiling is just as necessary for that miniature motor as it is for the huge power dynamo, to relieve friction and consequent wear.

3-in-One *The Universal Household Oil*

originally a bicycle oil, in 25 years has become the most widely used packaged oil for all kinds of light mechanisms. Try it on everything about the house that ever needs oiling.

Read the Dictionary packed with every bottle. It explains seventy-nine separate uses for 3-in-One in the home.

FREE—Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses free on request.



3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans that fit any machine drawer.

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Stops Pain Instantly

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Free: Write Bauer & Black, Chicago, Dept. 11, for valuable book, "Correct Care of the Feet."



The Dance of the Perfumes

THE river Menam, Mother of Waters, flows placidly through Bangkok, "Venice of the East." The Sacred Lotus nods to the soft breeze. In the shadow of the Royal Temple, Wat Prakow, where sits the Great Jade Buddha, Lakhon Girls with gold tipped fingers tread the mazes of the Nautch Dance. From the vales and glades of storied Siam, rare flower notes come forth to enrich Vantine's Oriental Novelty bouquet delight, Jafleur. A halo of abiding floralcy, a whisper of old Oriental legends hovers always round the wearer of

Jafleur

EXTRACT



\$2.50

- Jafleur Toilet Water [4 Oz.] \$2.50
- Jafleur Powder in Crystal Jar with lamb's wool puff \$1.50
- Jafleur Talc - - 25c the Can
- Jafleur Cold Cream - - \$1.00
- Jafleur Vanishing Cream - \$1.00



At Drug Stores, Gift shops and Departments that feature the newest in Oriental Scents; or, if unobtainable at your dealer, send us his name and the price.

Vantine's

The Buddha of Perfumes

61 Hunters Point Avenue, L. I. City New York



THE MAKING OF A HERO

Concluded from page 11

sword and took it away from her when she dressed her for the wedding.

"A fine thing to plan dying—when you're going to marry a great man! Think of the rice-cakes and the tea and the money!" O Maru licked her lips.

EVEN in three days there had been time to collect some bridal gifts; three jinrikishas preceded the bride, filled with fine things from her home. Then came the bride, all in white, in a pale-green jinrikisha, escorted, according to custom, by Ukkon and his wife, and following her came old Saburo. General Hideyoshi had sent for him. It was unusual, but he obeyed, leaving O Maru to sweep out the house and kindle a bonfire at the gate. Little Yuki sat quite still in the jinrikisha, looking out with unseeing eyes. She was like a painted image and people stared as they passed. Then, suddenly, she hid her face in her sleeves and wept bitterly.

At the door of his house General Hideyoshi met them. The old man looked splendid in his uniform, his breast covered with orders. Yuki's face was white and tear-stained, but she tried to smile courteously, while Ukkon and his wife prostrated themselves on the mat unnoticed.

"Saburo Takaoka," said the General, "follow me."

The old man removed his sandals in amazement and entered.

Hideyoshi, still holding his bride's hand, led the way through a splendid corridor with golden fusumas. At the end was a screen and he pushed it aside. There, propped on pillows, lay Iyo Djiro, and on his breast was the Order of the Rising Sun.

Yuki slipped, trembling, to her knees. "Saburo," said the General, "here's a great hero. Iyo Djiro captured a machine gun single-handed, he took twenty prisoners, he fell covered with wounds but victorious. Banzai Nippon!"

Saburo was speechless. "His majesty, the Emperor, has given him the great decoration," continued the General, "and I have adopted him. Now I ask you, with the Emperor's consent, for your daughter, that she may wed my son, Djiro."

OLD Saburo beat his breast. "Banzai Nippon!" he shouted.

General Hideyoshi smiled. "Little Yuki," he said, "I read your heart. Behold, here's your poet become a hero! Will you be my little daughter-in-law?"

Yuki's hand lay safe in Djiro's, she lifted a face that was like a little rising sun, her sweet eyes smiled at the General.

"I hear and respectfully obey," she said.

ASK THE DELINEATOR

Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address, and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.

BABIES

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR's campaign for healthier children. Write for a list of booklets covering child-life problems, from prenatal care to the eighteenth year. The complete discussion by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, head of the Maternity Center Association, on prenatal care and the care of mother and infant at birth may be obtained for ten cents in stamps. Address, Child Welfare Department.

HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

HOUSE DECORATION

Your Home Betrays You. Its appearance, its furnishings and care reveal your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary because they may be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Make your problems clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. If house-building advice is sought, send a photograph of the house, or state the amount of money you wish to spend to build a new one. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the House Decoration Department, will gladly answer your problems.

CHILDREN

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's

Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

BEAUTY

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

MUSIC

Nothing But Jazz. It is your fault if that phrase describes the music in your home. First impressions are the beginning of taste. You may live far from concert-halls or opera, you may not have a piano, but you can do a great deal to familiarize your children with the best in music if you select the right records. Let our Music Editor help you. Write him your individual questions, and send for lists of specially selected records.

ETIQUETTE

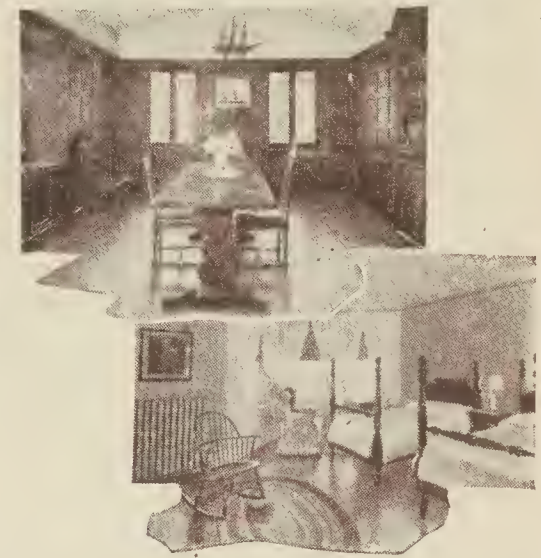
Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

ENTERTAINMENT

The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend. We have a new Electrical Party which most young people will like. Let us send it to you.

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Add 25% to Real Estate Values

Besides their beauty, durability, sanitary advantages, and the small amount of cleaning work they need, Oak Floors enhance the selling and renting value of any building. They improve with age and use, making a real investment in property values—as good as a bond.

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and more, if you will act as our subscription representative in your vicinity. Thousands of busy women all over the United States are earning extra money by devoting a few hours daily to the easy and pleasant occupation of securing subscriptions to *The Delineator* and our other three leading magazines. You can do the same. We furnish all supplies and instructions. You begin earning money with your first subscription. No experience is necessary. No obligation. Clip out the coupon below and mail it to-day for full particulars. Don't delay.

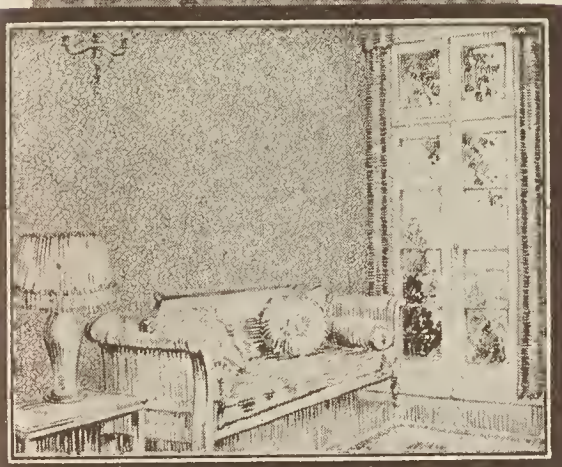
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I want to earn some extra money. Please send me particulars about your spare-time money-making plan. This does not obligate me in any way.

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10 Buys **Engel** "Art Corners" Millions Billions in use to-day. Use them to mount all kodak pictures, post cards, clippings in albums. NO PASTE NEEDED. Made in Square, Round, Oval, Fancy and Heart of black, gray, sepi and red gummed paper. Slip them on corners of pictures, then wet and stick. QUICK-EASY-ARTISTIC. No muss, no fuss. At photo supply, drug and stationery stores. Accept no substitutes; there is nothing as good. 10c brings full pkg. and samples from Engel Mfg. Co., Dept. 29-J, 4711 No. Clark St., CHICAGO

Styles for
Every Room
in the House



Good Taste In
Wall Covering

is easily expressed by hanging Sanitas in styles that typify your individuality.

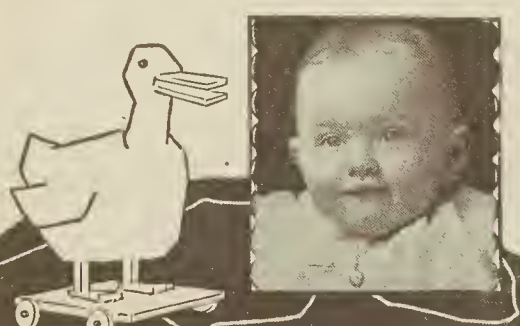
SANITAS
MODERN
WALL COVERING

is adaptable to every interior decorative problem. It harmonizes with any color scheme, any rugs or drapes. Sanitas is made on cloth, machine painted with colors that do not fade, crack or peel. Can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

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Healthy Babies are
always Happy Babies
NESTLÉ'S
MILK FOOD

for Babies
has made countless thousands of babies happy and their mothers free from care

Send for Free Sample and for 72 page Mother's Book-FREE

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119 Nestlé's Building, New York



HOW I WORKED MY
WAY THROUGH
COLLEGE

Continued from page 16

house. I carefully studied the family and endeavored to do things just as I thought they wanted them done. I felt that my whole future depended upon my making good at that job.

Finally that memorable day of registration came. I had never been in a school with an enrollment of over forty. That year there were over two thousand registered at that university. The red tape of registration bewildered me; everything seemed in confusion.

For three months I lived in a heaven marred only by the fact that my clothes were old and shabby, which, added to my ignorance, made me feel uncomfortably conspicuous. The classes were a delight, and the books—! I had never dreamed there were so many books in the world. The first time I visited the library I was indeed in a dream world. I felt that everything I wanted to know could be found in that one building. My soul was on fire. I could go hungry, I could go without new clothes only to have the privilege of reading those books. I did read and study long after the rest were in bed. I determined that if I must scrub floors and wash dishes while other students studied, then I would study while they slept or played.

BUT after Christmas there came a break. I had the "flu."

I did not have it hard, but it left me weak and discouraged. It took me several months to regain my strength and make up for the work I missed while I was ill. Those were hard months. Many a time I gritted my teeth and swallowed hard to keep back the tears while I scrubbed the kitchen floor or dusted the parlor furniture.

As soon as the family saw that I could do it, they began to throw the entire responsibility of the house on me. Neither were they considerate of my time; they came to their meals when it was convenient for them to do so. I never could depend upon having regular study periods.

While I was growing tired of one job, I was becoming interested in another. The university library was attracting me. I found that one or two students were employed there. I knew nothing about library work, but the more I thought about it the more interested I became. Finally I mustered up enough courage to apply for a position. I was perfectly frank: I told the librarian that I was not qualified for the work but was willing if necessary to give a few days without pay in order to gain experience. I was dumfounded when, in less than three minutes after I entered her office, she told me she would be glad to take me on.

From that day the problem of supporting myself ceased to be a drudgery. The library paid inexperienced help only twenty-five cents an hour, but I was allowed to work five and a half hours on school-days and eight hours on Saturdays. By renting a room and doing my own housework, I could live on that. I had been in the city for about ten months, and during that time I had learned a great deal; it was no longer a strange place to me.

NOW that I had steady work that I liked, I decided to try going through in three years. I could do it by going to school in the Summers. It occurred to me as a means of saving time and also a good investment, as I would be able to obtain a full-salaried position one year sooner. So I spent the next two Summers in the schoolroom.

Since I began work at the library things have gone comparatively smoothly. True, I have had to skimp and count pennies in order to make ends meet, but somehow they have always met. Many times I have laundered my clothes at night and worn them to school the next morning. More than once I have divided my money into the number of meals I would have to eat during the month and then been very careful not to

Continued on page 88



One woman in a hundred
knows this secret

—and she is the envy of all the rest

In every gathering there is always one girl who attracts the attention of everybody.

And she isn't always the most beautiful woman there, either. But her hair is so exquisite—so full of life and radiance that it makes her seem different from all the rest.

And because she knows her hair is perfect—she really is different from all the rest.

No matter if your hair is dull, lifeless, hard to do up—or even full of dandruff—you can use this secret.

*The hairdresser's
secret*

You will be surprised to see how quickly you begin to get results—how light and silky and full of life your hair becomes—how easy it will be to arrange it.

These few simple directions will soon make a real change in your whole appearance.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo), and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for three complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes for enough Wildroot Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo), to give you three complete treatments.

Or you can get Wildroot products at any good drug and department store, barber or hairdresser with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded.



WILDROOT
Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo



Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. D9, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me traveler's size bottles of the following. I enclose 10 cents for each bottle marked. (Check the ones that you want sent you):

- Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo
- Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo
- Wildroot Hair Tonic

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EVERY good recipe you have is a Wesson Oil recipe if it calls for fat of any sort.

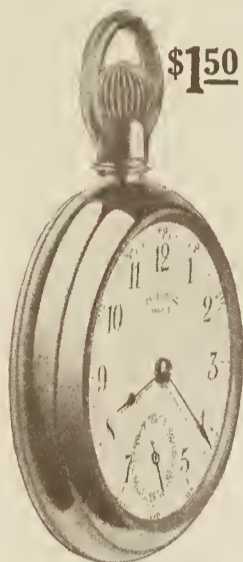
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"SENSIBLE WATCHES"



Back to Work and School

NOW you need a good watch for everyday usage. Children should have timepieces, too, for schooldays, and to learn the value of minutes.



\$1.50

Sturdy, reasonable, reliable, Ingersoll Watches carry a sound guarantee. And a new Ingersoll costs comparatively little, in the event of possible loss, theft or breakage.

Your dealer can show you a complete line.

INGERSOLL WATCH CO., Inc.
Owned by the Waterbury Clock Company, world's largest manufacturers of watches and clocks
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PERFECTION HAIR PINS

All that the name implies



All sizes
All shapes
25¢ the box

If not at your dealer's, send his firm name and 25c for sample package. Specify size and style.

2 1/4 in.—18 pins in box—crimped—The Midget
3 in.—10 pins in box—loop, crimped, holdfast, or square—The Staple
3 1/2 in.—5 pins in box—loop, crimped, holdfast, or square—Large size

PACIFIC NOVELTY CO., 41 E. 11th St., N.Y.

An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio



HOW I WORKED MY WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Concluded from page 88

on their way to the creamery. They never failed to give me a hearty greeting and a word of praise. Some days I struggled through a two-years' growth of bushes far away on a mountain crossroads and saw no human being all day long. It was then that I lived close to Nature and to God. The birds and squirrels were my friends. The green woods and the clear, cool brooks melted into a part of myself until I became a happy, healthy child of Nature, thoroughly converted to all of her ways.

During this first season I worked from the first of May until the sixth of November, earning about three hundred dollars. My expenses, including one khaki suit, shoes and a hat, and my board, which had been three dollars and a half at Naulahka and a dollar a week at Putney, were fifty dollars. This left me two hundred and fifty for a Summer's savings.

June, 1919, brought brighter prospects. We returned to the Putney unit because we considered this the healthiest and most profitable work we could do. At the annual physical examinations I was found to be the healthiest and most perfectly developed girl in the university. I had entirely outgrown my childhood weaknesses.

THE second Summer at Putney was much like the first. Our pay was raised five cents an hour, so we indulged in more elaborate menus, but were able to save as much money as the previous year, although the time was shorter.

The fame of the husky Vermont farmerettes spread across Lake Champlain, and one sunny day in June I gathered my carefully selected flock of eight farmcettes about me and journeyed to the heart of the Adirondacks, where we had been employed to work in the sixty acres of gardens belonging to the Lake Placid Club. A deserted old farmhouse was converted into an ideal camp; in one end of the house was a canning kitchen.

We found ourselves better situated for making money than ever before. Our pay was thirty cents an hour; our vegetables were furnished; we did our own housework; and we had a cow. Our board cost a dollar and a half a week. My first month's check was for ninety-one dollars.

Sixty acres of gardens. Can you imagine the length of the rows of peas and beans? College songs and laughter shortened them even on the hottest days. We also learned patience. There was always a variety of work, for our daily orders would run something like this: Twenty bushels of peas, fifteen of string-beans, five hundred bunches of beets, the same of carrots, three barrels of Swiss chard, six bushels of ripe tomatoes.

Sometimes our labor took the form of smashing cabbage-worms all day, riding the horse to cultivate, killing woodchucks, or resetting strawberry plants. There was always work in the cannery. The head gardener had charge of the business and directed the men. I was his assistant and directed the girls.

WITH the Ausable River flowing across the farm and the great jagged peaks of the blue Adirondacks rising everywhere about us, we had endless facilities for pleasure. Swimming, canoeing, mountain-climbing and hunting composed our more strenuous forms of sport. Besides these there were church suppers, dance parties at the community club-house and corn roasts in our own yard. We grew to love the simple mountain folk.

My college days are drawing to a close, and while my Summers of farmeretting made possible my college education, it might have come about in a hundred other ways.

My advice to any girl who wants to go to college (and every girl should want to) is to start now. You may not be able to see the end, but remember "where there is a will, there is a way." What has been done can be done again.



QUALITY has made Pears' the favorite complexion soap for over a century and a quarter.

"Good morning!
Have you used Pears' Soap?"

Pears'
SOAP

Are you wondering about your Fall clothes?

You will find the latest styles in the Autumn BUTTERICK QUARTERLY. Draperies are new both in dresses and in coats. Some dresses are draped to give the wrapped-around effect or cascaded at the hips. Others have panels and sash ends that relieve the rather narrow long skirt. Sleeves are usually long and waistlines are very low.

Then there are suits with coats that are bloused over a belt or over a band that fits the hips snugly, suits with box-coats, with short capes, with the ripple coat—in fact, all the various styles that will be seen in Paris this Fall.



Coat Design No. 3623
Skirt Design No. 3669

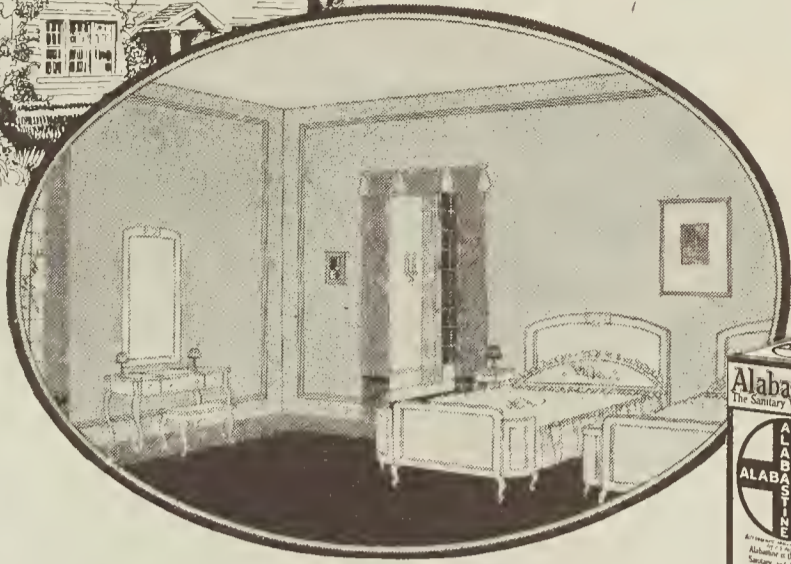
The low waistline is predominant in the new suits. The coats are bloused over a belt that fits the hips snugly.

Autumn BUTTERICK QUARTERLY

On sale at all Butterick Pattern Counters
25c a copy; 35c by mail; \$1.40 a year



Pleasing walls for tasteful homes



The Cross and circle is printed in red on every genuine package.

Make the walls of your home indicate your good taste by decorating in the exact color to best harmonize with your rugs and furnishings—soft mat-like finishes in any one of the myriad of tones and tints produced by mixing or intermixing the standard colors of

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Alabastine comes in five pound packages. It is in powdered form. One package mixed with two quarts of pure water either hot or cold makes a wall coating which can be applied with a suitable brush to any interior surface. Alabastine is artistic, sanitary, economical and can be obtained at almost any store selling paints.

ALABASTINE COMPANY, 642 Grandville Avenue, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Ask Your Dealer About the Alabastine Opaline Process



From The House Beautiful

The-House-of-the-Smiling-Windows

THERE is a little house on our street which it always makes me feel better just to pass. In the evening, the living-room shades are never drawn, and I own up I often walk by for no other reason than for the pleasure of peeping in.

It doesn't seem a sly kind of peeping at all; somehow, you feel that the folks in there enjoy having you do it. If they didn't, they certainly should never tempt passersby with such glimpses of snowy enamel and old mahogany, of countless books in spacious shelves, of slender vines swaying gently in the breeze at the windows, and the soft gleam of candlesticks in a far corner of the room. I call it my House-of-the-Smiling-Windows!

Have you made your house such a pleasant place that you feel selfish to draw the shades? If not

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL

will teach you the way. If you have, you will doubly welcome the new suggestions it will bring you each month for your house and your garden.

SPECIAL OFFER 5 Months for \$1.00
15 Months for 3.00

THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL, 8 ARLINGTON ST., BOSTON, or 11-9-22
CONCORD, N. H.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$1.00* for Five Months, or \$3.00** for Fifteen Months
(Regular Rate 35c a Copy—\$3.00 a Year)

Name.....

Address.....

*Foreign postage, 45c extra; Canadian, 20c. **Foreign postage, \$1.25 extra; Canadian, 65c



ADVENTURES WITH DRESSING-TABLES

Concluded from page 17

would be in keeping and making an interesting piece.

Another inexpensive and convenient dressing-table that would lend distinction to that extra Summer guest-room may be made from a large packing-case or wooden table. If you can have a carpenter build a wooden table or frame with little compartments underneath, they would make convenient little places in which to tuck away toilet articles, undergarments or shoes. The packing-case or wooden frame may be treated alike in the course of construction, but the use of materials for the frounces would of course be varied. Among the cheapest could be cheese-cloth, sateen, muslin and cotton crêpe. The more elaborate materials might be cretonne, casement cloth, satin or taffeta.

Begin by measuring carefully the front width of the case, mark the exact center, and cut two pieces of wood the length from the center to the corner. These pieces should be about one-half inch thick and one and one-half inch wide. With a small hinge fasten them securely at either end, so when in place they will fit closely to the top edge of the case and come together in the center. When in use, these should swing out freely like a gate.

Paint the inside and out at least two coats

of flat paint, finishing the top with one or two coats of thin enamel. A light-gray or fawn-color paint would combine well with rose or green changeable taffeta frounces, and white paint would be excellent for ruffles of chintz or dotted swiss.

When the desired material is decided upon, measure the length from the top of the case to the floor, and proceed as if making a skirt. Instead of a hem, the lower edge might be bound with a fancy braid, or a piping of a contrasting color would be introduced in the hem. Starting at the side-back, tack the finished frounce to the top edge and continue until the center is reached. A separate heading of the same material, either shirred or plaited, will hide the tacking and make a tidy finish if sewed to the top edge of the frounce.

I HAVE used blue-and-white-checked gingham and cross-bar muslin in designing a dressing-table frounce, with window-curtains to match, for a young girl's room. A common kitchen table was used. The legs were cut off to suit the height of the little lady, and because of its small surface it was not too expensive to buy a slab of plate glass to place over the material that covered the top of the table. The deep frounce edged with a ruffle of cross-bar was sewed to a strong tape and was tacked to the side and front as far as the drawer. On the drawer a separate width of the frounce was tacked so when the drawer pulls out the frounce comes with it. Two small wooden knobs painted light blue replaced the cast-iron handle and were screwed through the gingham into the drawer. A short ruffle of cross-bar crowned the upper edge of the table. When completed it made a most attractive dressing-table.

Pretty fancy bottles and boxes add color and interest, and give the dainty little touches that should not be forgotten. Some might think these designs too frivolous, but a lady's dressing-table placed in the right spot in a bedroom should correspond to a colorful bunch of flowers. If too practical and somber, it will be at the expense of charm.

GOOD TASTE IN AMERICAN HOMES

Concluded from page 18

as abroad, and as a result they unconsciously bring home with them inspiration for creative architecture in their chosen locality. Photography and books, not to speak of the movies, have also helped to generalize our national tastes and desires, so that to-day we lack originality and individuality, and it is no unusual thing to find in Illinois the brother of a house in Massachusetts and first cousin to a Colonial house in Virginia. In all of our territory we have run the gamut of all the styles. However, a striking fact noticeable at present everywhere in America is a serious and growing desire to beautify sensibly our homes, our towns and our cities. This compelling quest for the beautiful is the surest sign of our real progress as a civilization.

Every house that is built must begin with a definite purpose and the architectural scheme must be adapted to its use. Fortunately, the cost of building often forces the builder to keep his house simple—a quality that is always desirable. The time has happily passed when form and proportion were regarded as of secondary importance to detail and ornament.

A HOUSE should be skilfully planned, primarily for convenience. To arrange any house conveniently, the logical relationship between the various departments of a home should constantly be kept in mind. These general divisions are: The living part of the house, the sleeping part of the house, the service and storage part of the house, and the circulation spaces connecting all three. Every plan should be seriously studied to minimize the area given over to these communicating halls, passages and staircases. They cost as much and often require more care than any other part of the house. An economical plan will arrange them for complete convenience and yet curtail their cost to the limit of practicability. In many smaller houses it is possible to eliminate corridors altogether.

The next important consideration is to build as few subdivisions as possible. One

large room can often replace to advantage two small ones. Many of our modern houses combine the library with the sitting-room or parlor, and even in some cases with the dining-room.

The greatest care should be taken to provide abundant sunlight and, wherever possible, cross ventilation. Our houses, due to our climatic conditions, are usually planned for more light and air than the houses of other countries. It is generally conceded that a well-arranged plan will inevitably produce a good exterior to which beauty may be added without necessarily increasing the cost.

HOUSES, above all things, should be architecturally conceived in harmony with their sites and surroundings. It is of primary importance also to consider the points of the compass, so that sunlight will be insured in principal living-rooms, the topography of the ground, the prevailing local winds, and finally the principal views, if any. A flat site naturally suggests what might be called a formal type of house, while a picturesque style is usually better suited to a sloping or hillside site. The choice of style should be more a result of study and natural development than of abstract choice. The design of an isolated house may follow almost any stylistic whim, but where it is to stand close to other houses, or where the neighborhood has a developed tendency toward a certain definite style and character, it is "bad taste" to intrude a building out of keeping with its community. But even where houses are close together, individual discretion may be used to advantage within reasonable limits. No local style in building is so devoid of possibilities that competent designing and ingenuity may not develop a satisfactory and individual scheme based on the prevailing type.

Personal taste is the unconscious possession of every human being. It is our guiding impulse in every selection, whether in our mode of living, our relation to others, or in our liking for what appeals to us as beauty. It is not due to heredity, but to cultivation, and can be educated through proper study and environment. One's taste is reflected in everything one initiates or controls.

The home has ever been the most personal of all things, expressing more clearly than it expresses anything else the character of the individual to whom it belongs.



CARE OF THE BABY

Continued from page 19

bath should be given in a warm room and when possible before an open fire, and the body dried with very little friction. The natural order of events in the baby's day are the bath, then the feeding, and finally the nap.

Nursery—The nursery or the room where the baby usually spends twenty out of the twenty-four hours deserves a few words. As large a room as possible and one in which the sun shines at least for part of the day should be chosen. It should not be heated by a gas-stove except perhaps for a short time during the bath. The air must be kept pure; the drying of napkins or cooking of food should be done elsewhere. Generally the room may be cooler than the usual house temperature, certainly after the first three or four months. The room and the crib should be as simple as possible. The crib should have about it only curtains, etc., which can readily be washed.

Outings—Since the air he breathes is quite as important for the baby's health as the food he eats, his outings must be given almost as much thought as his diet. For babies living in the Atlantic Coast States or Middle West, it is not usually desirable to take them out in a baby-carriage in the Winter season until they are four or five months old. Daily airings in the house, however, may be begun at three or four weeks. The baby is dressed as for the street, and the windows widely opened, at first for only fifteen or twenty minutes; the time is gradually lengthened until it is two or three hours twice a day. This plan is simpler and easier for the mother, especially in cities, than taking the child into the street. Babies accustomed to cool rooms sleep better, have better color, better appetites, are less liable to colds and gain in weight more regularly than those who are more closely housed. In the country a protected porch with southern exposure is an ideal place for such outings.

The air in the nursery should be kept pure and fresh by opening windows whenever the baby is out of the room. At night the windows may be kept open after three months unless the outside temperature is below twenty degrees. Much depends in all these matters upon gradually accustoming the child to variations in temperature. If this is done, little harm, but rather good, will follow.

In warm weather a baby should live outdoors. There is a great advantage in removing all the clothing but the napkin and giving the baby a sun-bath. At first this should be short, only two or three minutes, but it may be lengthened by the same time each day until it is one or two hours long. The body may be tanned to a brown or mahogany color. If done very gradually, sunburn will not occur and much benefit will result.

Quiet Surroundings Essential—Provision for regular uninterrupted sleep is one of the essential things in the baby's life. The brain actually grows more in the first two years than during all the remainder of the child's life. If this growth and the development of the child's nervous system are to be normal, quiet, peaceful surroundings are absolutely necessary. A great deal of harm may be done in this period of rapid growth by unduly stimulating and exciting the child. This is often done by waking the baby "to show him off" to friends and relatives; often by romping play in the latter part of the first year. Children who are overstimulated sleep badly, cry a great deal, digest their food poorly and are nearly always underweight. Some nervous infants will not take their food unless in a quiet room by themselves. In a very susceptible baby a condition amounting almost to nervous prostration or exhaustion may develop as a result of such habits as those mentioned. It is a misfortune when the baby is the only child living in a large family of uncles, aunts and grandparents, each of whom takes a hand in the spoiling. This is especially likely to be the case with a bright, precocious child, as many of these infants are. Under such conditions the lot of the poor mother is often a hard one, particularly if she

Concluded on page 92

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Doctors will recommend Rubens Infant Shirt for its double thickness over the vital spots—stomach and chest—which wards off coughs and colds.

More convenient for you, too. And easier to put on. No tapes, no buttons to worry. Slips on and off like a coat. The adjustable belt fastens with one safety pin. Thus it always fits perfectly the growing little body.

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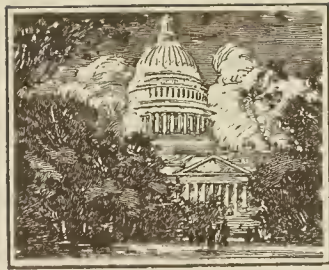
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Remember to ask for Kirsch The Original Flat Curtain Rod



MERIDIAN HILL

Concluded from page 92

climbed and climbed with never a setback, and now, for a mere physical disability—

"If he doesn't win that seat in the Senate," she said to the amazed physician, who was talking to her about ice-bags and shaded lights, "he'll—he'll—it will be an awful shock to him. He won't be able to bear it."

"He'll have to bear it," said the doctor shortly. "You don't expect a man with a temperature of one hundred and three to get up and talk about the tariff, do you? These drops, in water, every three hours, and the capsules the last thing at night."

"I'm going to finish the campaign for him," said Elsie suddenly.

"You're what?"

"Going to make his speeches—fill his engagements. I've—I've had some training. I can tell the audiences—" All that she could tell them suddenly began to shape itself before her like a clay molding under a sculptor's hands. Much, much more than Sam could say about himself she would say about him—of his courage, his perseverance, his integrity, his ability. And now he was lying stricken ill—her dramatic sense showed her that this, too, might be made to count for him, not against him, in the telling. And as for what needed to be said about his opponent—was there any one on earth who could say that as well as she? "I've got a good voice," she went on aloud; "that'll help. It won't be hard for me to make myself heard, even in large halls." Then she remembered the doctor again. "I 'saved the day' once for a silly woman who fell down and broke her leg," she said scathingly, "a woman I didn't even like. I guess I can try to save it for Sam whom I— No woman in the world ever had such a husband as Sam," she ended abruptly. "Go and engage two nurses for him instead of one. I'm not going to have time to put ice-bags on his head. It's more likely before I finish the studying I've got to do to-night I'll be putting one on my own!"

WHEN Sam Noyes returned to Washington after a long, slow convalescence, it was as senator-elect. But when Elsie returned with him, it was as the most widely known and extravagantly praised woman in the United States, with the possible exception of the President's wife. People had stopped saying that she was pretty and nice and intelligent, and yet— They were saying instead that she had succeeded in doing something which had never in the history of the country been done before, and which might never be done again.

The door of the apartment on Meridian Hill was opened for them, on their arrival, by a sleek, white-coated little Jap; and the apartment was miraculously transformed with soft draperies and rugs, with dull mahogany furniture and slimly framed etchings. And Elsie, standing on the threshold of the room from which the brass bed and curly-birch dresser had vanished, to be replaced by ivory-colored woods and old-rose hangings, told Sam—who had his arm around her—laughingly that she had written to Mrs. Moore and said "straight out" that she knew everything was all wrong and asked for help.

"I don't seem to mind admitting my ignorance a bit any more," she finished happily. "Isn't it funny? Mrs. Moore telegraphed back that she 'would consider it a privilege' to be allowed to help me, and that she would engage a servant and send in an interior decorator. Apparently she has. Isn't it lovely? And she's sent me the name of a dressmaker she thinks I'll like, and a caterer—and I'm sure you'll never need to feel that things aren't just right again, Sam."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated her husband. "You turn a trick like what you've done this Fall and then you worry for fear of what I'll think of the furniture! I never saw anything equal to you in my life!"

"Well, anyway," said Elsie, "we're still on the top of the hill, and we're there together—that's the main thing."

"You bet it is," said Sam.



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A luxurious toilet soap—
with a charming fragrance
and wholesome quality.

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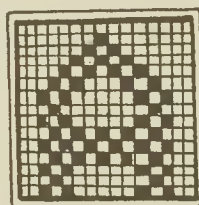
Large size cake 25c Generous medium size 10c

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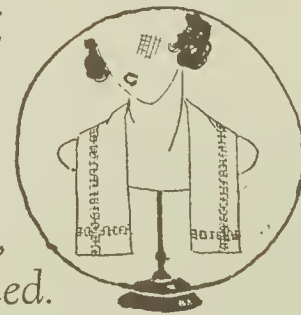
NEW YORK CITY

Hats, Bags, Scarfs—



ALL from NEEDLE-ART, the favorite magazine of women who do fancy-work. In the current issue you will find full

instructions for crocheting and knitting scarfs and sweaters, in silks and Iceland yarn, in blues, pinks, browns, yellows, reds—artistically combined.



As for bags, there are designs for beaded bags, in steel beads and loops of crystal beads; filet crochet and homespun bags are also shown—the homespun being decorated with wool embroidery

in landscape, animal and flower designs. Crocheted and embroidered hats are popular now, and you will find many of them in the current issue of



On Sale at
Every Butterick
Pattern Department

NEEDLE-ART

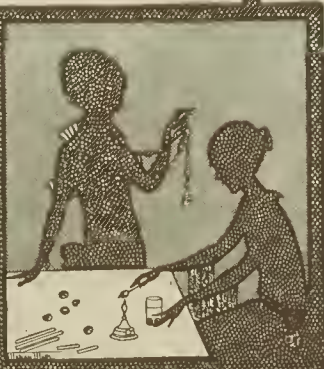
Dennison's

Do You like "rare" Beads?


Think of what you can do with the shades of sealing wax! It's easy to make charming beads and many other novelties with Sealing Wax.

Send for leaflet, "A String of Beads." It's free.

Write Dennison, Dept. E-9, Framingham, Mass.

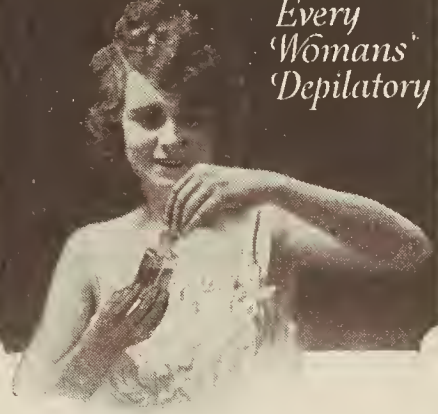


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You need not risk a penny in trying DeMiracle. Use it just once and if you are not convinced that it is the perfect hair remover return it to us with the DeMiracle Guarantee and we will refund your money. For your protection insist that any other depilatory is guaranteed in the same manner.

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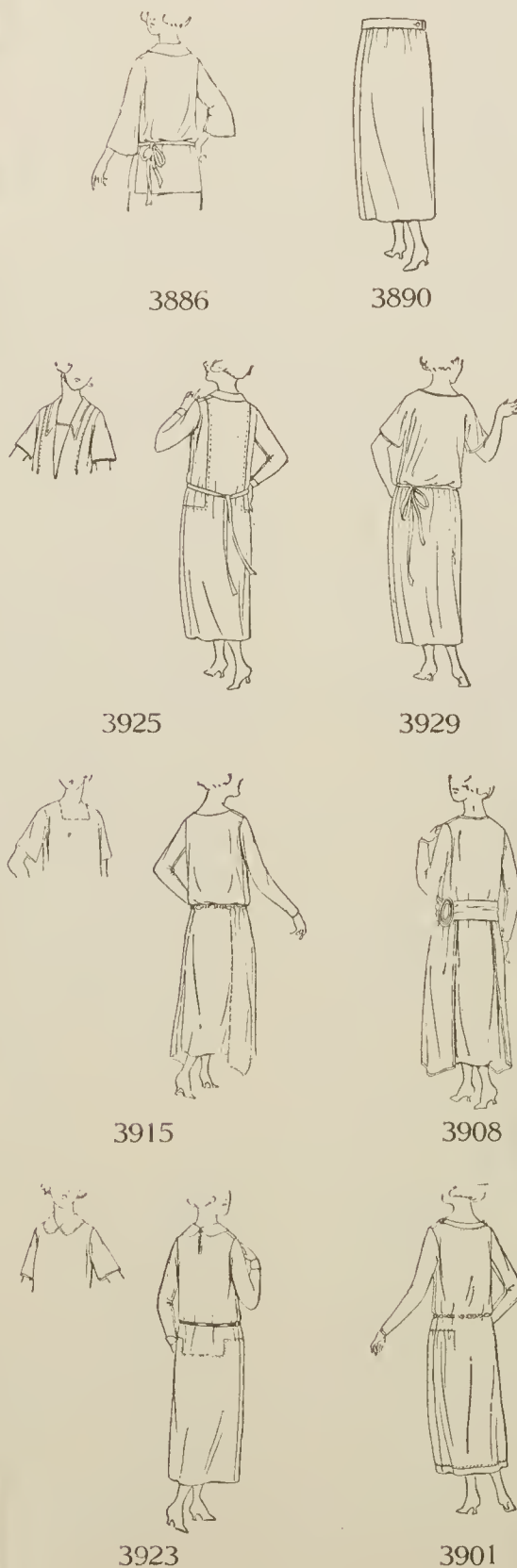
DeMiracle

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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 24



OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 25



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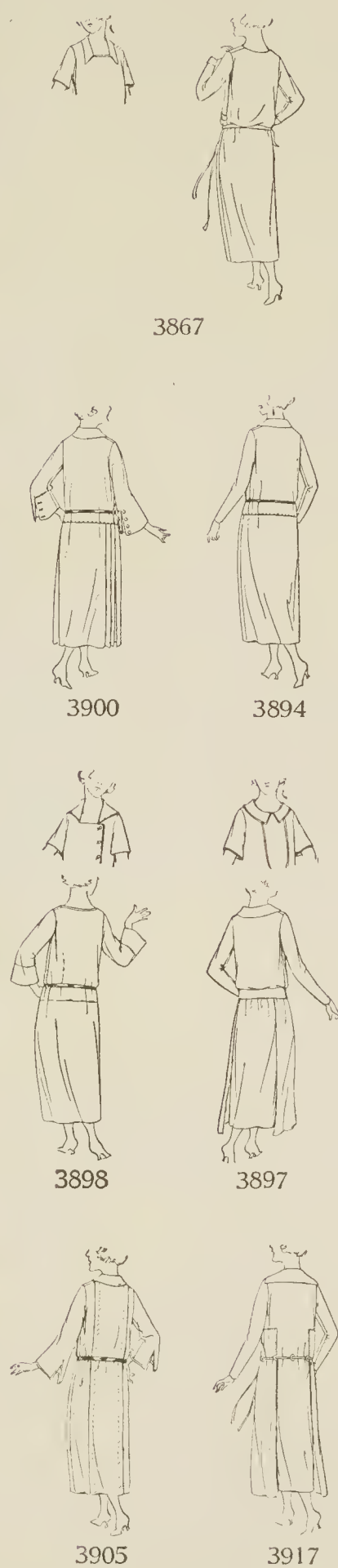
Boott Toweling is so soft that it makes good face towels; it is so absorbent that it dries the hands quickly; it is so firm that it is just right for a bath towel. It is so inexpensive that it is practical for kitchen use as roller towels, or for glassware and dishes.

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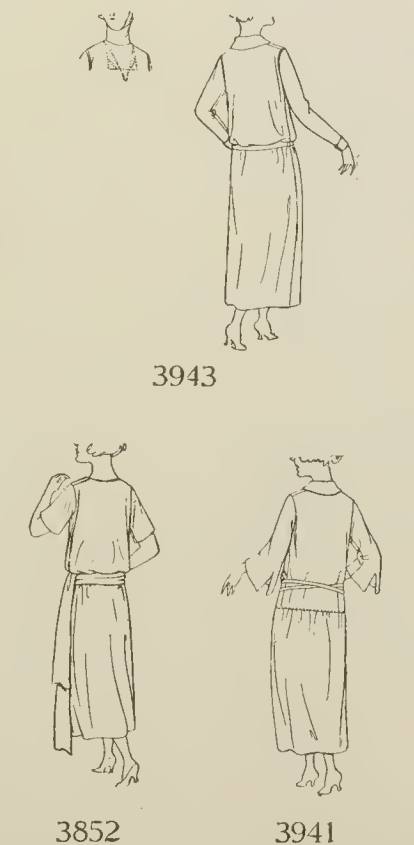
Send twenty-five cents for sample hemstitched towel similar to those which you can make by buying Boott Toweling by the bolt.

Boott Mills, Dept. DS, Lowell, Mass.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28



OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29



Elizabeth Arden

TO RID your skin of sunburn, tan or freckles, and to give it that smooth white perfection which is the most enviable of all feminine charms, you will find these preparations invaluable.

Venetian Bleachine Cream—A gentle but effective bleach which erases tan and whitens dark hands or complexion. Contains pure lemon juice. \$1.25.


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NOHAIR

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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 27

Fashionette

Invisible HAIR NETS



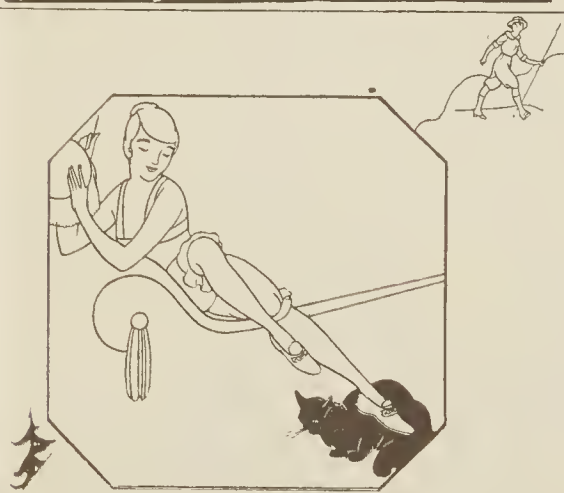
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Our booklet "Society Coiffures" will show you how to arrange your hair most successfully in many becoming styles with the aid of a Fashionette—the Hair Net that is invisible, super-strong, and perfectly shaded to blend with the color and lustre of your hair.

Fashionettes in the usual shades and shapes are 15c each, 2 for 25c—single or double mesh—at department stores, specialty shops, and dependable drug stores everywhere.

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gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

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Phelactine (hair remover) . . . \$1
Powdered Tarkroot (face restor) \$1

Dearborn Supply Co., 2358 Clybourn Av., Chicago

All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

3927—Hanging cuffs and side panels introduce the idea of this dress for the young girl. A gay striped fabric is used for the long body to which is joined the straight skirt and the loose panels. The dress closes at the back and it may have a blouse body lining. Use a crêpe jersey in two colors or with a silk crêpe body, or make the body of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, etc., with a camel's-hair serge, tricotine, soft twills, etc., skirt and panels; or for a dress of one material, tweeds, serge, tricotine, soft twills, etc.

A 16-year size requires 1 yard of 54-inch striped wool and 1½ yard of 54-inch plain wool. The lower edge is 56 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also smart for small women.

3937—Sometimes the material itself gives a distinguished air to one's frock; sometimes it is a distinctive trimming which makes it noticeable, but this is a case where the long sash girdle and fabric trimming are the new decoration. The straight skirt is gathered to the blouse at a low waistline. The dress slips on over the head and may have a long body lining if preferred. Make it of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, chiffon velvet, or of wool crêpe, soft serge, twills, etc.

A 17-year size requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and ¾ yard of 40-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 15½ yard.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also good for small women.

3883—This one-piece frock in Russian effect anticipates the Winter's advent and trims its side panels, sleeves and neck with fur cloth. The low waistline has an arrangement of elastic in a casing to control the blouse and the dress may have a blouse body lining if preferred. The fur cloth trimming declares the vogue for the Russian closing on new Autumn dresses and the sleeves widen a bit as they near the elbow. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, soft taffeta, pongee, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, foulard, radium, soft twills, soft serge, tricotine, wool crêpe, etc.

A 16-year size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch wool crêpe. The lower edge is 49 inches.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also smart for small women.

3899—The collar of this one-piece dress repeats the color of the vestee in a delightful fashion. The dress is a slip-over type and may have an arrangement of elastic in a casing at the low waistline. It may have a blouse body lining if desired. Materials like tweeds, homespun, éponge, camel's-hair suiting, soft twills, serge, tricotine, light-weight velours, wool crêpe, checks, heavy silk crêpe, heavy crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, satin, crêpe satin, etc., are suitable to use for such a dress. Lower edge 1¼ yard.

A 17 to 18 year size or 34 bust requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch striped serge and ½ yard of 36-inch flannel (facing cut crosswise).

The dress is nice for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust; it is also good for ladies.

3919 — 10957—This brightly-embroidered dress drops its shoulder and adds a wide exotic sleeve. Its straight skirt and soft, loose panels join the blouse at a low waistline. There may be a blouse body lining if one prefers. The embroidery is most effective. It should be done in satin-stitch, outline-stitch, or a combination of the two. Use silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine in two colors, figured crêpe or silk with plain crêpe or silk, a crêpe meteor or crêpe satin combining dull and shiny surfaces, or velvet with silk crêpes, etc.

A 16-year size requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 49½ inches.

The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years; it is also good for small women.

3931—10847—This simple frock of the slip-over type achieves the effect of a vestee by an extension of a long body. The straight skirt joins this body and the dress may have a blouse body lining. The motifs are effective. Work them in satin-stitch, Kensington stitch, or outline embroidery. Use tricotine, gabardine, soft serge, soft twills, of one material or with a body of satin or foulard, or satin crêpe, taffeta, satin, crêpe meteor of one material or with a body of silk voile or Georgette, light-weight velours, duvetyn, or velvet, all one material, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

A 17-year size requires 1½ yard of 40-inch crêpe satin and 1¼ yard of 54-inch soft twill.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.

3933—Simple enough for a school dress is this new dress of the slip-over type. The straight skirt with an attractive curved outline joins a long body buckled at the side, and there may be a blouse body lining. Use silk crêpes, crêpe jersey, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, tweed, serge, tricotine, checks, soft twills, etc., or for a dress combining two materials use crêpe jersey in two colors or with a silk crêpe body, or a silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., body with a skirt of camel's-hair, serge, checks, soft twills, tricotine, duvetyn etc. Lower edge 53 inches.

A 17-year size requires 2 yards of 54-inch serge and ⅝ yard of 36-inch flannel.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

3935—Whoever wears this dress to inaugurate her school year, makes a good beginning. It is one of those semi-tailored dresses which are practical for various occasions and correct for the unexpected social emergency. It is becoming to most types of figure. The neck may be boat-shaped, and one may use a blouse body lining if preferred. Make the dress of materials like homespun, serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool jersey, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, pongee, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, satin, etc.

A 16-year size requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch serge and ¼ yard of 36-inch linen. The lower edge of the dress is 2½ yards.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years. It is suitable for small women.

When a sweater becomes a blouse

THE claim of a sweater to pose as a blouse depends not alone on its fit, but on the charm given it by the right yarn.

The softness and evenness of Minerva Yarns—the beauty and lustre—the wealth of brilliant shades and colors—give a sweater distinctive charm.

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Gentlemen: I am enclosing ten cents, for which please send me Minerva Yarns and instructions for making flowers.

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The College Letter Contest

On another page of this issue there appears the inspiring story of a Kansas girl's successful struggle for a college education. The DELINEATOR's check reached the prize-winner, Miss Eulalia Dougherty, just before graduation. The following letter of acknowledgment from Miss Dougherty tells its own story about the amount of happiness that the check carried with it:

"I can't write a formal thanks for the five-hundred-dollar prize. It means more to me! I am going to tell you that I have been the happiest girl in Kansas. In order that you may know just a little of the happiness it brought to me, I shall tell you something about the manner in which I shall spend it. "When I entered the University of Kansas, my parents promised that they would come to my graduation if I should finish school. Mother wrote just a few months ago and said it would be impossible. I started writing features to pay her expenses, but daddy—well, I had to leave him out. Now I am bringing them both. *And you did it.* They are both about sixty-five years old. Mother wrote me just the other day that she had finished a new white organdy dress to wear. You have made them so happy. My father put the telegram in the little grocery window. I sent him one the night I received the word. He is a proud daddy. Please remember that you have made me very happy."

Harking Back to Another Contest

One of the most illuminating side-lights on the value of the college letter contest is shed by the comment on it from a reader who recalls a similar feature and who tells us how it affected her own career. The writer of the letter is Miss Luella Sweeney, now living in Washington, District of Columbia.

"About fifteen years ago THE DELINEATOR had an article 'How One Hundred Girls Got a College Education.' It was a digest of the stories of one hundred girls who were working their way through colleges in different parts of the country, and it ran through several issues. It was illustrated with photographs of halls and libraries and bits of campus beauty and the article was held together by very good editorial comment.

"I was a high-school girl in a sleepy little town in Indiana—not one of the prosperous cities that dot the northern part of the State, but one of the tiny towns cuddled in among the hills along the Ohio River. No girls from that town had ever gone to college. A few had gone to 'Normal,' and a few few to the 'Conservatory.' Our high school was too small to have women teachers who had been to college.

"The article fired me with ambition. There were so many ways to earn money, and the pictures made college seem very wonderful. I read the article over and over and over again laying my plans, for I had decided to try it.

"It developed that I did not have to work my way, and it was possible for me to go to one of the largest universities in the country, but if THE DELINEATOR had not published that article I should never have gone at all.

"Ten years is a long time to wait to make an acknowledgment and I doubt if I should ever have written this had I not noticed that you were asking senior women who had worked their ways for their stories.

"I hope that this article will be as splendid as the one fifteen years ago, and I hope you will print not only one girl's story, but give as many varying methods as you can. And I hope, too, that you will fire with ambition many little high-school girls who do not know that college could ever be possible for them."

A Treat for Fiction Readers

It is certainly not necessary to introduce the author of "Brewster's Millions" to the American public. We all know George Barr McCutcheon's books. But perhaps there are some of us who do not know that he was born in Lafayette, Indiana, and is one of the famous Indiana group to which Booth Tarkington and George Ade belong—the group which has given us the very best of our modern literature—clean, fine, wholesome *American* literature. And George Barr McCutcheon is as wholesome as his work. He is in every sense a "gentleman from Indiana."

There is an interesting little yarn told of him. After he had landed definitely in the "best-seller" class, he decided to test out the



often-advanced theory that it was the writer's name which kept him there. He therefore wrote "Brewster's Millions," and the first edition came out anonymously. We all know what happened to "Brewster's Millions!"

The theater and the moving pictures have made McCutcheon's name a familiar one to all America—and to other countries. Charles Hanson Towne dropped into a moving-picture theater in Oxford, England; it was one of McCutcheon's stories that he saw on the screen, and it was being most enthusiastically received. Mr. McCutcheon can be relied upon always to tell a *story*—clean, sympathetic, imaginative, and with *real people* in it, for good measure.

Next month begins "Oliver October," a serial which Mr. McCutcheon has done for THE DELINEATOR. It is a fascinating and wholly delightful story of love and mystery and romance, laid in that Middle West which Mr. McCutcheon knows so well. We think it is much the best thing he has done.

Mrs. Taylor's Japanese Lore

Mrs. Mary Imlay Taylor, author of "The Making of a Hero," in this issue, says that she hates writing up herself because she usually

forgets the best points, but she offers these few facts: "I was born in dear old Washington, District of Columbia, and lived there until I came nearer New York, to get in touch with my work—writing. My book, 'The Impersonator,' was rated, by some critics, as the ranking novel of Washington society life of its day (1907). 'The Reaping,' another story of Washington society, was a success too. There have been other books, magazine serials, short stories, etc. Many of my stories have been on the screen. 'The Man in The Street' made a great success in London. Some years ago I wrote a series of Italian children stories which made many friends for me. 'The Ten-Cent Baby' is still remembered by many, and 'The Little Bride of

Heaven' brought me special notice from the screen. A serial, 'The Wild Fawn,' went on the screen. My latest story, 'Mr. Battle Pays the Bills,' just finished, has brought me letters from coast to coast.

"I had to study Japanese characters and customs when I undertook to collaborate on a Japanese story, planned out by an English actor for the stage. We made it into a novel first, and the Japanese work received high praise from the Bureau of Oriental Information in New York. Afterward, my collaborator got it produced in the West as a play, Fay Bainter creating the part of *Ume*, which, she wrote me, she loved. It has never been in New York City.

"The little story 'The Making of a Hero' was written because I knew so much of Japanese home life, having lived once next door to the embassy in Washington. I remember, as a child, the little Japanese girl 'next door.' She afterward became a maid of honor to the empress."

A Mayor Likes Mr. Patri

As an indication of the kind of response that Mr. Patri's articles receive from parents and educators, we have a brief but significant example in this appreciative comment from Mr. L. C. Hodgson, Mayor of St. Paul:

"May I presume to ask you 'who is Angelo Patri?' Is he really a school man? If so, how did it happen that such a rare spirit was captured for the routine of school work? What a radiant spirit he has—what a foolishly simple and splendid philosophy of life. What a joy it is to find a man who is a philosopher without knowing it. A man who can be so busy living that he has no questions to ask of life is a rarity—and a genius. I almost wish I could be a boy again and have to learn my alphabet from this man who has never been so careless as to grow up. Sometimes I grow so enthusiastic that I almost believe Angelo could redeem Broadway. Whoever he is, God bless him!"

CONTENTS for SEPTEMBER, 1922

	FICTION	PAGE		PAGE
Old Duke	Arthur Train	5	Shade-Pulls Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders	65
Meridian Hill Frances Parkinson Keyes		8	Mrs. Conrad's Cook-Book Jessie Conrad	68
The Making of a Hero Mary Imlay Taylor		10	ARTICLES AND FEATURES	
This Freedom (serial) A. S. M. Hutchinson		12	Parents' Associations	Angelo Patri 2
THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT			America to Ireland (verse) Charles Hanson Towne	6
Adventures with Dressing-Tables Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders		17	How I Worked My Way Through College	15
Good Taste in American Homes Donn Barber		18	The General Care of the Baby Dr. L. Emmett Holt	19
Home-Makers' Editorial Martha Van Rensselaer		43	Towns Run by Women Genevieve Parkhurst	20
Save a Dollar		44	THE LITTLE DELINEATOR Harriet Ide Eager	41
Laundering Made Easier Ruth Kellogg		46	Flies in the Amber Celia Caroline Cole	48
Good Floors and Floor Coverings Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders		50	The Magic Package For a Railway Journey	Rita Slade Allen 53
New Ways to Cook Squash and Vegetable Marrow Riley M. Fletcher Berry		54	The Danger of Getting Fat Mary E. Bayley, R. N.	67
Fourteen Peach Delicacies Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn		58	Off to Boarding-School Elsie C. Mead	70
Every Day is Salad Day Winifred Moses		60	The Phonograph as a Music-Teacher	Horace Johnson 71
Pickles	Freda Winn	63	Ask THE DELINEATOR	86
FASHIONS AND EMBROIDERIES			The Last Word	98
				21-40, 94, 95, 96, 97

MIX and SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

THE palm is awarded to the city of Chicago for the most interesting, edifying and instructive items contributed to this month's column. It was there, for instance, that a police magistrate sentenced a prisoner accused of wife-beating to kiss his wife's feet in the courtroom. What happened to friend wife after the couple left has not been reported up to the time of going to press. It was in Chicago, too, that *Chief Yellow Calf*, of the Arapaho Indian tribe, was taken on a tour of the cabarets. As a result, he delivered himself of the following observations on women: "White squaw heap pretty but heap crazy. She wilder than Indian; cuts hair like warrior; paints like big chief; do big war-dance like warrior. Yip! Yip!" *Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Sinclair*, also of the Windy City, celebrated their golden-wedding anniversary with the help of a wedding-cake made for their wedding in 1872. It was said to be still soft and appetizing. Members of committees having church suppers in charge are urged to clip the following recipe for synthetic oyster stew, introduced at the annual convention of the *Illinois State Medical Society*: "To a tablespoon of malted milk add six ounces of water, anchovy paste and salt to taste. Heat slowly and serve with crackers and celery." No thanks, we never attend church suppers. Another convention held in Chicago, that of the *United National Clothiers*, predicts the return of nightshirts to replace pajamas, and with them a comeback of suspenders, sleeve-holders and rubbers of the solid, square-toed and conspicuous type. *Miss Pauline M. Floyd*, of Washington, D. C., twenty-four years old, is the youngest member of the Supreme Court bar in the United States. A baseball game between girls' teams of the *University of Southern California* and *Occidental College* stopped in the seventh inning instead of going to the regulation nine because one of the players tore a hole in her stocking and refused to continue. "Wines for Women" is the slogan of a newly formed feminine wet organization which advocates the return of light wines and beer. *Mrs. Zenobia A. Kissinger*, retiring postmistress of the *Bennington, Kansas*, post-office, has a ball of twine which she has been saving for four years. The ball is four and a half feet in circumference and weighs thirty pounds. She is sending it to the Postmaster-General as evidence of Democratic efficiency in office. Because of the great surplus of women due to the war, matrimonial agents in Germany are doing a thriving business. Their greatest source of revenue is from "goldfish"; that is, wealthy women who are desirous of obtaining husbands. The would-be matron selects her prospect from the broker's photograph album and pays a handsome commission if and when he makes delivery. Evidence recently laid before the *Royal Archeological Institute* of London, indicates that *Salome* was an acrobatic tumbler and not a dancer, as previously reported by theologians and historians. From a source no less reliable than our own Home-Makers' Department comes the report of a baby that gained ten pounds a week by drinking elephant's milk. Incredible as it may sound, physicians assure us that the feat is not only possible but perfectly normal. The youngster is a baby elephant. For the first time in 486 years of its existence, *St. Catherine's College*, Cambridge, England, is to have baths installed. Three tubs are to be put in for seventy undergraduates and rumor has it that baths are to be taken in order of seniority. Say it with showers! The Chilean journalist who is seeking a list of the twelve greatest living American women neglected to consult us but we cheerfully nominate the following: 1. *Eva Tangway*; 2. *Beatrice Fairfax*; 3. *Pollyanna*; 4. *Annie Oakley* (Ask Dad. He knows!); 5. The girl who poses for the *Coles Philips* drawings in the hosiery ads.; 6. *Aunt Jemima*; 7. *Susanna Cocroft*; 8. The lady who writes the ads for the *Gillette Safety Razor* for women; 9. *Mrs. John Doe*; 10. The poor *femme* who is always being *cherched* by the police; 11 and 12. *The Dolly Sisters*. Soon we may list the twelve most unpopular women, so tremble and beware!

More girls are learning to cook

*Increased registrations
in domestic science classes everywhere
show greater interest in cooking*

Food is what you eat to sustain the body and keep it well.

But increasing knowledge of food values shows that unless food is properly prepared it doesn't keep the body well. Most physical ills are due to what we eat.

The preparation of food is one of the most important things to learn.

The girl who learns how to make good bread finds most other cooking easy.



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what you want to know
about bread making*

Hannah L. Wessling, formerly bread expert, Department of Agriculture, will be glad to answer any question about flour, yeast, temperature, mixing, kneading, rising, molding, baking, etc.

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“ and she took out a slim gold box.”

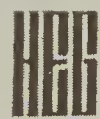
THINK how many times a day people see your face powder Compact! A beautiful box is an evidence to your friends of your good taste.

This new large Colgate Compact is a thing of beauty—exquisite enough to be the product of an exclusive jeweler. Its polished gold-colored case is almost as thin as a watch. The cover is bordered with a delicate Greek design, and your monogram or initials in the center give a personal

touch and added distinction. The box will outlast many refills.

This Compact fits your purse without bulking it. It has a large round mirror in which you can really see your face, and a soft flexible pad that spreads the powder smoothly and evenly. The powder comes in three shades—white, flesh and rachel.

A refill with a new puff can be purchased for considerably less than the complete Compact.



These four monogram styles have been designed by a well-known New York jeweler, after careful study of the box, as being particularly appropriate for this new and distinctive Colgate Compact.



THE DELINEATOR

OCTOBER 1922



BETTER HOMES FOR AMERICA

Articles in this issue by

CALVIN COOLIDGE

Vice-President of the United States

HERBERT HOOVER

Secretary of Commerce

GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Begins a new serial novel

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of

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Its soft, flat flakes erase the dirt instead of scratching at it as grit does. The surface is left smooth and bright. No dirt is ground in. The things you clean are *cleaner* and last longer.

Use it today; use it every day—for every cleaning job.

Old Dutch removes the dirt—not the surface



THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director



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FROM the EDITOR'S POINT of VIEW

BETTER HOMES

ABOUT twenty-five years ago, following the Spanish-American War, America set herself two tasks: First, the bringing forth from factory, mine and field of greater and better production; and second, the maintenance of quantity and quality through improvement of labor conditions.

In that quarter of a century, America has gone far with her job. She has further to go—a long, long distance. Yet in what she has already accomplished is, perhaps, the truest measure of our state of civilization: In the provision for the safety and convenience of workers, in sanitation and protection against health hazards, in short-cuts through mechanics and systems, to reduced effort and increased efficiency in improved and quickened transit. No year passes without beholding a change for the better in implements, machinery, working conditions, in every division or department of American industry—save one.

And that exception is the average American home—the factory in which twenty million women toil every day of every year, Sundays and holidays included, and eighteen million of them without an assistant or helper. There is not another activity or industry comparable, in numbers employed, in value of effort or importance of production, with this one of the home. But America has left it to shift for itself, to get on any old way. The housewife and her problems have been forgotten. It is time that she be remembered. For what matter it if a nation be great in industry, in commerce, in politics, if she be not also great in her homes?

It is true that there has been during this period a great deal of attention paid to the building of "better-looking" houses. But there have been few if any concerted efforts to study home-makers' problems.

Model kitchens have been developed to the end of minimizing labor at the cook-stove and at the wash-tub. But how many women have ever seen such a kitchen? How many of them, for instance, know that a double drain-board costing less than two dollars halves the onerous task of dish-washing?

Last year a group of active club-women and business men in a Middle-Western town got together and produced a model seven-room house, furnished, equipped and decorated. It was a borrowed house, recently built and offered for sale. The furniture was borrowed from stores and public-spirited citizens. A great deal of thought was given to the setting up of an abode which might be called "home," rather than "house." It was the best investment that town ever made. It directed attention to the need of better homes and better equipment.

The Editor of THE DELINEATOR visited that exhibit and then began a study of the few scattered "Better Homes" and "Own Your Own Home" exhibitions which were held at various times during the year.

In several small towns the board of trade or the department of education, the agents of the Department of Agriculture, or the heads of the women's clubs and organizations, individually or collectively, succeeded in producing vivid examples of better homes, which were gratefully visited by thousands of women in their communities.

There are surely few towns in America which have not one house available for use as a model house in a Better Homes exhibit.

It is to help your community that THE DELINEATOR has entered upon its Better Homes Campaign.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY

TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT home was the very center of life. It is, therefore, eminently fitting that the home into which he was born should be reclaimed and made his memorial by a grateful people.

This work is being carried on by the Woman's Roosevelt Memorial Association, and the following

HOMES—NOT HOUSES

THE DELINEATOR, for fifty years a service magazine for women, has undertaken to interest the leading men and women of America in a nation-wide, standardized Better Homes Campaign.

We have pledged ourselves to make it a purely constructive educational movement to improve American home life and especially to solve the problems of the home-maker.

National officials, half of the governors, and many organizations are cooperating with us.

"So long as a people hold the home sacred they will be in possession of a strength of character which it will be impossible to destroy."

CALVIN COOLIDGE,
Vice-President of the United States.

"The man who owns his own home has a happy sense of security. He will invest his hard-earned savings to improve the house he owns. He will develop it and defend it. No man ever worked for or fought for a boarding-house."

HERBERT HOOVER,
Secretary of Commerce.

"Better homes mean better citizenship and better people, and therefore a better nation."

E. LEE TRINKLE,
Governor of Virginia.

"As long as the heart of a nation is in its homes its future welfare stands assured."

BEN W. OLCOTT,
Governor of Oregon.

"Whoever makes a home more beautiful, more homelike, more efficient, starts the whole community to thinking and building in terms of higher standards. The first woman who installs sanitary or labor-saving equipment in her home, to add to her comfort and lessen her burdens, paves the way for the comfort and happiness of her neighbor. In this way the general welfare of an entire community is advanced."

C. W. PUGSLEY,
Assistant Secretary Department of Agriculture.

Turn to page 16 and read the messages printed there from Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President of the United States, and from Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce.

is the first of the objects adopted as those to which Roosevelt House should be dedicated:

"To visualize the childhood environment of Theodore Roosevelt—his home, and the influences which played their part in the formation of his character and in the creation of his tastes and aspirations."

October twenty-seventh is the anniversary of Roosevelt's birth—and October is, therefore, the

month selected for special activity by the association. In order to help stimulate patriotism and increase the sense of civic responsibility among our future citizens, the association, with the cooperation of the principals of the high schools of Greater New York, has been conducting a prize contest in the schools for essays giving ten reasons why Roosevelt was a good American. The prizes awarded were copies of Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews' inspiring Roosevelt story, "His Sou! Goes Marching On."

It is a fine thing these women are doing. If we can help the young people of to-day think Roosevelt, we have achieved much toward building up a more responsible citizenship. And if we can awaken their parents to the significance of the home environment in which, as children, these same young people spend their impressionable years, we shall have solved very many of the problems which are troubling us to-day.

THE NEW SOUTH

RECENTLY we made a trip through a part of the South including Maryland and Virginia. It is a new South, a prosperous, up-and-coming, happy land.

The Civil War paralyzed the South, but the World War resuscitated it. It gave the lands south of the Mason and Dixon line new energy, new ideas, new interests and new money. State roads, long needed, are being built. New factories are going up. We saw water-power developments and homes—beautiful homes. Old colleges are erecting magnificent new buildings. Randolph-Macon is putting up two of the best college structures in the country. The colleges—both for men and women—are filled.

There are new fences around the pigs—old barns are newly painted. And this is one of the significant things about it all: Every time we passed a young man working beside a new corn-crib, a newly fenced pigsty or a painted barn on a little farm we stopped and asked:

"Were you in the Army?" And every time, the answer came back:

"Yes, mam, I was in the Seventy-Ninth with Captain Glass's outfit," or, "I was with the Wild Cat outfit."

The War did something for those men. They went out and did a man's job, and saw something of the world and came home to live up to it. For many this meant, among other things, fencing the pigs and painting the barn. And they are voting for the men who will build them better roads—"as good roads as they have in France or Long Island."

The women of the South are organized. They have banded together for civic improvement, especially for better and more schools; and they have thoroughly efficient child-welfare centers. One of the finest orphan asylums we have ever seen—sound economically and on a high humanitarian plane—is near Lynchburg, Virginia. It is not a bleak institution: it is a perfectly organized, happy little village. The new South is smiling.

"SAWDUST"

"SHE had wished for only one thing—one thing she never could have." Nita Moore was "Queen of the Sawdust Ring," but she was also a circus orphan. It is an appealing story of her longing for a real home which Courtney Riley Cooper starts for us next month. It is those without them who know best what homes can mean.

A COMPLETE TABLE OF CONTENTS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 110



THE OLD SCHOOL AND THE NEW

Let the new school break the old mold of education

By ANGELO PATRI



THE school of our forefathers did not educate the fine men and women that were once its pupils. The homes did that. The home of an older day was a center of industry. Each season brought its labors, each day its own concerns, and the children shared them all. They did real work.

It was by such a method that the older generation was educated, before the industries went out of the home.

No one learns things clearly and thoroughly by having them talked into him or read to him from the pages of a book. Something will have to be done with hands and senses and materials before the lesson is really learned.

That is one thing that is wrong with the schools. Ideas are stimulated, ways suggested, but when the hands reach out to take hold and test out the ideas and satisfy the questioning mind, the impulse is suppressed.

For the first few years of school the children follow the teacher willingly enough. Rhythmic memory is at its height. They learn words, tables, sounds and rimes. They sit still and "pay attention."

But the child who stands up to see, who speaks out of turn, who loses his place in the reading lesson, although forty minutes have passed since his turn to read, is called "bad child" and stood in the corner.

After four years of this training the children have the tools ready to carve out an education for themselves. They can read, write, spell and tell a story. They have mastered the fundamental processes of arithmetic. With their tools ready they enter the fifth year possessed by an eager desire to use them. But to their dismay there is nothing to do. The grammar of things must be learned.

THE children are disappointed. They want to know *how* and *why* and *if* things are as the books say. Then they begin to drop out—to get a job.

They are not ready to go to work. They have but the crude tools of education in their hands; they have never tested them. Their minds are not ripened by experience. Their characters are unformed. Their bodies are still in the green of their growth. In the hot competition of the industrial market, they will be exploited, stunted and submerged. But their creative instinct calls for expression, and school offers them only books and words.

Books are treasure troves, but children have never rightly appreciated them because they have been smothered in words rather than inspired by ideas. Literature has been dissected into vocabularies and its message destroyed.

What is anger, pity, grief or joy? Who knows? The children are sent to the dictionary to find out. Yet the meaning of such words is never found between the covers of a dictionary. These emotions are tremendous life-forces. Take them out of the pages and look at them. They lie in the field of drama. Play their story out. Let the children portray the inspiration that gleams

through these words woven into the messages of the masters.

Playing out the characters as they read them, the children glimpse the forces that underlie human conduct. They become conscious of conduct as no longer a matter of sitting still and being good. It becomes a struggle to act and do good.

Children need language experiences as much as they do hand experiences. Minds grow through contact with other minds. The child gains in power and presence as he works his will with words.

To the question "What product would the Southern States be most likely to manufacture?" one child wrote "Woolen goods, because of the great amount of cotton raised there." This child had studied her lesson but knew nothing about the sheep and its wool, and the cotton plant and its boll. She had neither seen nor handled them.

NO KNOWLEDGE is real until it has been taken in through the child's senses. Enrich the school by equipping "experience" rooms. Put in a metal-shop, a millinery-room, a science-room filled with jars and smells and wires and tools. Give the children jobs.

This does not mean turning the school into a factory.

A factory is a place where people make certain set motions at certain set times and keep on making them until the signal comes to stop. I would turn the school away from the factory toward which it has tended. I would give every child a chance to move, investigate, create and grow. Trained hands and a trained mind belong together.

"I'm thankful," sighed a high-school teacher, "if the majority of my class just pass." Sixty was the passing-mark. Isn't there something wrong when the children have difficulty in getting sixty per cent. of their work done?

High-school children fail because they have but hazy notions where they ought to have accurate knowledge. They can not think clearly. They have no initiative. They can not help themselves out of a difficulty. There is nothing wrong with them when they enter school, but for years they sit and listen while words are poured into them, books handed to them, silence imposed upon them, until at last they surrender and settle into the mold.

In most of the elementary schools of to-day the child is not allowed to help himself to as much as a sheet of paper. The class is so large that if each child were permitted to wait upon himself the confusion would become demoralizing. The class must be taught *en masse*. Mass teaching kills the initiative, the personality, the spirit of the child. It is the result of the false idea of education held by the greater part of the people of the world: "Education is something that can be poured into the minds of children by means of words following each other in rapid succession, and fifty children can get it as readily as one. Cheap and efficient and no nonsense about it."

Money for education is scarcer than for many other things. The teacher's task is made well-nigh impossible.

Double the number of schoolhouses and teachers in the land. Cut down all the large classes so that no teacher will have more than twenty-five children to teach. Recast the administrative method of the primary school. Spread the children out and give them elbow-room, mentally and physically. Remove the fixed benches. Sort the children into groups of approximately the same power and let them learn and grow at the same rate of speed.

The groups will shift and change from time to time. Children are growing, changing, evolving creatures and will not in the nature of things remain fixed. Only our rigid grading system makes this even artificially possible.

Isn't it cruel to force active, growing bodies to sit still in the same place for hours? Children lose growth and values in the primary school. They must be silent when their speech organs demand constant use, when their language instinct is craving for expression, when their speech memory is stronger than it will ever be again. They must sit still when their arms and legs and backs cry out for exercise. They must keep their hands off things when their minds are craving for contacts with things that ideas may be born. They must suppress their curiosity about things when their senses and interests are keenest, when memories that might color all their after lives should be stored up through their eyes and nose and ears and tongue and hands.

Modernize your idea of discipline. The only real discipline is self-discipline.

Consider the value of little children. Cease to maintain the absurd aristocracy of the high school and college.

LOOSEN up the rigid school. Allow no bare words to masquerade as ideas. Let go of the cherished belief that the school must be a silent place. Send the child from the stilled study-room out to the workroom.

Pile up the experiences and make them as vivid as may be. Excursions, play spaces, music-rooms and dramatic studios, art-rooms and modeling-rooms, wood-working shops and quiet classrooms, busy laboratories, a library, an auditorium, a swimming-pool and a toy-room are all needed by the school if it is to do what it is asked to do—to take over the full all-around training of the children.

Every child must be allowed to work out his own salvation, travel at his own rate and in his own characteristic way.

The right sort of school will make provision for a program so fluid that no child can suffer because of the rigidity of grading. Promotions will occur whenever the child is ready. There will be no formal promotion day. No one will be left back and no one will be called "dumb." The teacher will work at ease because the pressure has been lifted.

It will cost money; it will demand thoughtful and intensive teaching; it will require well-trained teachers and intelligently equipped buildings—but who counts the cost when the power and the glory of America, her children, are concerned?



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OLIVER OCTOBER

"I am the Master of my fate; I am the Captain of my soul"

Beginning a dramatic story of love, mystery and kindly humor

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," etc.



What did the gipsy fortune-teller say of little Oliver October's future? She read the stars on a windy Autumn night; and later, when the lad began to grow up and certain prophecies came strangely true, the whole community watched the boy's destiny, and dreaded what the years might hold for him

In this new serial, Mr. McCutcheon, the famous author of "Graustark" and a score of other popular books, has succeeded in catching the interest of the reader from the first sentence; and the interest never lags for a second. He is a born story-teller. The novel is full of humor and mystery and suspense; and it mounts, month by month, to an astounding dramatic conclusion which no one can possibly foresee. The author has written nothing more skilful, nothing of greater worth. And it is an American story, through and through, clean as a whistle. A splendid tale to read aloud to the whole family under the evening lamp. It will be published in five liberal instalments. Begin it now

PART I

OLIVER BAXTER, JUNIOR, was born on a vile October day in 1890. People were more concerned over the plight of a band of gipsies, camped on the edge of the swamp below the Baxter house, however, than they were over the birth of Oliver, although he was a very important child.

The gipsies, journeying southward, had been overtaken by an unexampled and unseasonable blizzard, and citizens of Rumley, in whom curiosity rather than pity had been excited by the misfortunes of the shivering nomads, neglected for the moment that civic pride which heretofore had never failed to respond to any increase in population as provided solely by nature.

Oliver's parents were prominent in the commercial, social and spiritual life of the town. His father was the proprietor of the hardware store, a prominent member of the Presbyterian church, and a leader in the local lodge of the Odd Fellows. He was well on to forty-five when his namesake was born, and as this son and heir was the first and only child born to the Baxters, it is easy to understand the interest that accompanied his approach and arrival into the world.

Baxter was a hard-cased bachelor of forty when he succumbed to the charms of Mary Floyd, the daughter of the toll-gate keeper at the edge of the village, and asked her to marry him. A full three years elapsed, however, before the ceremony. This was due to Mary's stubborn



THE LIGHT FELL UPON A FACE SO STARTLING AND SO "VIVID" THAT IT DID NOT APPEAR TO BE REAL

and somewhat questionable fidelity; her ancient father, it appears, was irascibly certain that he could not manage the affairs of the toll-gate without her assistance. In fact, he was the sort of man who did not believe in trying to do anything for himself so long as there were able-bodied women about the place to do it for him.

Old Martin died when Mary was thirty-two. Instead of observing the customary year of mourning, she married Oliver within three months of the joyous bereavement, much to the surprise and passing grief of her neighbors, who were unable to understand how she could do such a thing when her father was hardly cold in the grave.

As for Oliver Baxter, the elder, he was a scrawny man with a drooping sandy mustache and a thatch of straw-colored hair. In the matter of stature he was a trifle above medium height on Sundays only, due to a studied regard for the dignity that accrued to him as deacon in the church and passer of the collection-box. Moreover, he wore a pair of Sabbath-day shoes that were not run down at the heel.

How he ever screwed up the courage to propose to Mary Floyd was always a mystery to the entire population of Rumley, including Mary herself. She took him, for she was a prudent spinster and had got to the age where people were beginning to pity her.

Mary at thirty-two was a comely, capable young woman, fairly well-educated, in spite of Martin Floyd's exactions, and was beloved by all. If it had not been for the fact that Oliver Baxter was prosperous, honest and a credit to the town, people no doubt would have said she was throwing herself away on him, for it must be said that the Floyds, despite their reduced circumstances, were of better stock than the Baxters. Martin Floyd, in his younger days, had been a schoolmaster and had studied for the law. Moreover, he had been thrice elected justice of the peace, and during Grant's last administration was postmaster of Rumley. Whereas Oliver Baxter's father had been a farm-hand and Oliver himself an itinerant tin pedler before really getting on his feet. But, as the fortunes of the Floyds went down, those of the frugal and

enterprising Baxter came up; so, on the whole, Mary was not making a very bad bargain when she got married—indeed, she was making a very good bargain if one pauses to consider the somewhat astonishing fact that she really loved the homely and unromantic little bachelor.

When, after two years, it became known that on or about the twentieth of October Mary Baxter was going to have a baby, the town of Rumley and the country for miles about experienced a thrill of interest that continued without abatement up to the very eve of the new Oliver's natal day, when, as before mentioned, it was stifled by a sudden change in the weather and the belated descent of the gipsies.

It must not be assumed that the gipsies were welcome. Far from it. Their appearance on the outskirts of Rumley was the occasion of dire apprehensions and considerable uneasiness. The word "gipsy" was synonymous with thievery, kidnaping, black magic and devilry. More than one instance of curses being put upon respectable people by these swarthy, black-eyed vagabonds could be mentioned.

SMALL wonder then that the young and tender Oliver failed to hold his own against such overwhelming odds. Nearly twenty-four hours elapsed before the town as a whole took notice of him. By nightfall it was pretty generally known that he was a boy and that his name, provisionally selected, was to be Oliver and not Olivet, as it might have been had his sex been what every body prophesied it was bound to be.

So he was called Oliver, and October was added to that as a tribute to the month in which he was born.

The Baxter residence, a two-story frame building, stood at the top of a tree-covered knoll on the edge of the town overlooking an extensive swamp in the center of which lay a reed-encircled pond where at certain seasons of the year migratory wild ducks and geese disported themselves in perfect security, for so treacherous was the vast morass guarding this little body of water that even the most daring and foolhardy of hunters feared to cross it. These evil acres bore the name of Death Swamp. They belonged to Oliver Baxter. He bought the whole tract, four hundred acres or more, for twenty-five dollars, and with a droll sense of humor described it as his back yard.

The wild October gale had been blowing all day long, a bleak legacy of the blizzard that swept over the land during the night. There were high, white drifts in sheltered nooks and corners; a fine, sleety snow cut mercilessly through the air, beating against window-panes like sweeps of bird-shot. In an up-stairs corner room, warmed by a big, carefully tended sheet-iron stove, young Oliver first saw the light of day. No finer "young-un" had ever been born, according to Mrs. Serepta Grimes, and Serepta was an authority on babies. It was she who took command of Oliver, his mother and his father, the house itself, and all that therein was. She was there hours ahead of Doctor Robinson, and she was still there hours after his departure. Throughout the town of Rumley, Serepta was known as a "blessing and a comfort." Her word was law. Fond mothers and frightened fathers submitted to her gentle but arbitrary regulations without a murmur of protest.

She saw to it that all the cracks around the window-frames were securely stuffed with paper to keep the wind from coming in; she kept Oliver's be-addled father from darting into the room every time he heard the baby cry; she gave peremptory directions to neighbor women who came in to see what they could do; she kept the fire going, the kitchen running, and, by virtue of her own vast experience and authority, she kept the doctor in his place.

IN THIS cozy room and in the presence of the doctor and Serepta Grimes, young Oliver was weighed by his father. For this purpose, a brand-new, perfectly balanced meat-scales, selected from stock, was brought up from the hardware store by Mr. Sikes, who, while being denied the privilege of witnessing the ceremony, subsequently was able to collect fifty cents from another bosom friend of the family, Mr. Silas Link, undertaker and upholsterer. The infant weighed nine and a quarter pounds, Joseph winning his wager by a scant quarter of a pound. The two worthies also had made another bet as to the sex of the infant, Mr. Sikes giving odds of two to one that it would be a boy. Up to seven o'clock, in the evening, fully twelve hours after the baby was born, neither Mr. Sikes nor Mr. Link had the slightest idea who had won the bet, for, try as they would, there seemed to be absolutely no way of getting any authentic information from up-stairs, owing to the speechless condition of Oliver senior and the drastic reticence of Serepta Grimes.

And so, as the story of Oliver October really begins at seven o'clock in the evening, we will open the narrative with Mr. Joseph Sikes hovering in solitary gloom over the base-burner in the sitting-room to the right of the small vestibule hall. For the better part of an hour he had been sitting there, listening with tense, apprehensive

ears to the brisk footsteps in the room overhead. The sitting-room was cold, for Joseph had neglected to close the front door tightly on entering the house, and the wind had blown it ajar, permitting quite an accumulation of snow to carpet the hall. He had purposely left the sitting-room door open in order to hear the better what was going on at the top of the stairs. His attention was called to this almost criminal act some fifteen or twenty minutes after its commission by the sound of a man's voice in the upper hall.

"Say, Serepty, I—I think the front door is open," the voice was saying. Joseph wasn't sure, but he thought it belonged to Oliver Baxter. After a moment it continued: "Like as not Mary and the baby will ketch cold and die if——"

A door squeaked up-stairs and then came the voice of Serepta Grimes:

"My goodness! Of course it's open. Haven't you got sense enough to go down and shut it? Who left it open anyway?"

"I thought I heard somebody come in a little while ago——"

"Go and shut it this instant. And stay down-stairs, you goose."

The door above closed sharply and Mr. Sikes clumsily got to his feet and hurried into the hall.

"Never mind, Ollie," he whispered hoarsely to the figure descending the stairs. "I'll shut it. Some darned fool must have forgot to close it."

"Isn't that snow on the floor?" demanded Mr. Baxter. "Must have blowed in," mumbled Joseph guiltily.

"You don't suppose she's taken cold, do you, Ollie?"

"She probably has," groaned Mr. Baxter. "She's—she's dying anyhow, Joe. She hasn't got more than half an hour to live."

"Is the doctor up there?"

"He ain't been here since five o'clock. Oh, the poor——"

"I guess she's all right or he wouldn't have gone off and left her," said Mr. Sikes consolingly. "I guess it wouldn't be a bad idea to sweep all this snow out. Where'll I find a broom?"

"In the kitchen—in the kitchen, Joe."

"Come on down, Ollie, and let me give you a swig at this bottle. I can hear your teeth chatterin' from here."

"I haven't got any shoes on," protested Mr. Baxter. "I'm trying not to make any more noise than I can help. Besides, I don't want Mary to smell liquor on me. No, I can't come down. I'd never forgive myself if she was to die and me not up here where I could hear her calling for me. No, sir—she's not going to pull through, Joe. I——"

"What does Serepty say?"

"SEREPTY? Oh, she says she's all right and as fit as a fiddle—but I know better. She's just saying that to brace me up. She——"

The door squeaked above him and Mrs. Grimes spoke.

"Didn't I tell you to close that door, Oliver Baxter? Who is that you're talking to?"

"Don't tell her," whispered Mr. Sikes, springing nimbly to the door. "She don't like me anyhow, and—Oh, the danged thing's stuck! I'll have to get the broom."

Mr. Sikes hurried to the kitchen and returned with the broom. Baxter was still standing on the stairs.

"Sh!" he hissed. "Don't do that! I thought I heard——" He turned and darted up the stairs. Presently he came half-way down again and addressed the sweeper, who had just completed his job and was closing the door against the pressing wind. "I'm up here in the spare bedroom, Joe, if you need me for anything. I've just been thinking that the house might catch fire with all these stoves going. If you smell anything burning come up and let me know."

"Just a second, Ollie," whispered Joseph, from the bottom of the steps. "Is it a boy or a girl?"

But Oliver failed to answer. He had disappeared, tiptoeing in his stocking-feet past the closed and guarded door at the bend in the hall.

His friend went back to his place by the base-burner. He was a burly, rugged, middle-aged man with broad shoulders, a battling face and a thick shock of black hair that might well have supplied you with a corporeal picture of what Samson must have looked like before he was shorn. He was somewhat ill-at-ease in his Sunday suit of clothes and his starched shirt and the bothersome collar that appeared to be giving him a great deal of trouble. Mr. Sikes was an unmarried man; he was not used to tight collars.

The combination sitting-and-dining-room was on the side of the house facing the main thoroughfare of the town. Its windows looked out across the porch and down the wooded slope to the street, a hundred yards away. Mr. Sikes on his arrival after a scant supper at his boarding-house in Shiveley's Lane had found the entire lower part of the house in darkness, except the kitchen. He

took it upon himself to light the two kerosene-lamps in the sitting-room and subsequently—in some dismay—to draw down the window-shades. He replenished the fire from a scuttle of coal and then, on second thought, went down into the cellar and replenished the scuttle. After performing these small chores, he removed his overcoat and hat and hung them over the back of a chair alongside the stove. He forgot to remove his goloshes, and it was not until he became aware of the smell of scorching rubber that he remembered where he had put them on sitting down for the second time in front of the stove. He had put them on the bright nickel-plated railing at the bottom of the base-burner with only one thought in mind: to get his feet warm.

He was aghast. That odor of calamity was bound to ransack the house from bottom to top, with desolating consequences. Mary would think the house was afire, Oliver would lose his head completely, Serepta would—And the child? It didn't take much to suffocate a baby. Mr. Sikes was not long in deciding what to do. He opened a window, jerked off the offending goloshes, and hurled them far out into the snow-drifts.

IT WAS while he was in the act of disposing of the damning evidence that he heard the kitchen door slam with a bang. Somewhere back in his mind lurked an impression that some one had been knocking at the front door during the tail end of his profound cogitation. He had a faint, dim recollection of muttering something like this to himself:

"You can knock your fool head off, far as I'm concerned."

The slamming of the kitchen door irritated Mr. Sikes. His brow grew dark. This was no time to be slamming doors. He strode over to investigate. If the offender should happen to be Maggie Smith, Baxter's hired girl, she'd hear from him. What business had she to be away from the house just at supper-time, and probably catching cold or——

He opened the door and was confronted by a pair of total strangers, bundled up to the ears and tracking snow all over the kitchen floor—a tall man with short black whiskers and a frail little woman with red, wind-smitten cheeks and a nose from which depended a globular bit of moisture.

"I've been knocking at the front door for ten minutes," said the man thickly.

"So we finally had to come to the kitchen door," added the woman, eying Mr. Sikes accusingly.

"Isn't there anybody here to answer the front door?" demanded her companion.

"I don't seem to recollect locking it," said Mr. Sikes, stiffening perceptibly. He did not like the tone or the manner of these strangers. "There wasn't anything to stop you from turning the knob, was there, and walkin' in—same as you did out here?"

"We are not in the habit of walking into people's houses like that," said the black-whiskered man somewhat tartly. "Come on, Ida; let's go into the sitting-room."

"Just a second," interposed Mr. Sikes. "I'm sort of in charge here and I guess I'll have to ask who you are."

"I am Oliver Baxter's sister," said the red-nosed woman, "and this is my husband, Mr. Gooch. We drove all the way over here to take charge of things for my brother——"

"Seems to me I smell rubber burning," broke in Mr. Gooch, sniffing vigorously. His eyes fell upon the cigar that Mr. Sikes was holding between his thumb and forefinger.

Mr. Sikes took umbrage. He stepped forward and held the cigar close to Mr. Gooch's nose.

"Smell it," he said, as the other jerked his head back in surprise. "That's as good a cigar as you can get anywhere on earth for ten cents—and it only costs five."

"I—I am not a smoker," Mr. Gooch made haste to explain, a trifle overcome by Joseph's far from ingratiating manner.

"WELL, I'm just telling you," announced Joseph, inserting the cigar between his back teeth with a somewhat challenging abruptness. "You say you're Ollie's relations?"

"Yes; I am his sister. Where is he?"

"Well, I guess if you are his sister you'd better come in and take your things off," said Mr. Sikes grudgingly. "I've heard him speak of some folks of his over in Hopkinsville." He led the way into the sitting-room. "Make yourselves to home. I guess maybe Ollie will be down after a while, unless he's gone to bed. He's all wore out. And I might as well tell you," he went on pointedly, "he's occupying the only spare bedroom in the house, so I don't see how I can ask you to stay the night."

Mrs. Gooch paused in the act of unwinding a thick scarf from her neck. She gave Mr. Sikes a "look."

"Are you the undertaker?" she demanded.

"The—the what? Good gosh, no!"

"Well, how do you happen to be running things if you are not? You act as if——"



NO FINER "YOUNG-UN" HAD EVER BEEN BORN, ACCORDING TO MRS. SEREPTA GRIMES, AND SEREPTA WAS AN AUTHORITY ON BABIES

"When did Mary die?" asked Mr. Gooch, throwing his great ulster upon the dining-table.

"She ain't dead," was all the astonished Mr. Sikes could say. "Not by a long sight."

"Well, of all the—" began Mr. Gooch, compressing his lips. "And we drove nearly eighteen miles through all this dodgasted weather to be a support and a comfort to Ollie Baxter in his trouble. You say she ain't dead?"

"Certainly not. What ever put that notion in your head?"

"We had a telegram along about noon signed by Oliver, saying his wife was not expected to live through the day. All hope had been given up," said Mrs. Gooch, beginning to cry.

"That's just like the derved fool," said Mr. Sikes. "He can't believe his own eyes, he's so excited. Why, Mary and the baby are both as lively as crickets. I heard—"

"THE baby?" fell simultaneously from the lips of Mr. and Mrs. Gooch. Both mouths remained open.

"What baby?" added Mrs. Gooch.

"Why, her's and Ollie's! Say, didn't you know they had a baby this morning?"

"A baby?" gasped the lady incredulously.

"But we didn't know they were expecting one," said her husband, scowling. "Mighty strange Oliver never even mentioned—"

"Are you telling the truth," demanded Mrs. Gooch, "or are you just trying to be funny?"

Mr. Sikes removed the cigar from his jaws. "It's nothing to me, ma'am, whether you believe it or not," said he.

Baxter's brother-in-law allowed his gaze to roam around the room. "Maybe we're in the wrong house, Ida," he said. "We haven't been in Rumley since Oliver set up housekeeping. Like as not, that feller down at the drug-store gave us the wrong—"

"This is Oliver Baxter's house," said Sikes shortly. "He moved in here the day after the wedding, and he ain't moved out of it since, far as I know."

"And who are you?" inquired Mr. Gooch.

"Me? My name is Sikes, Joseph Sikes. I'm Ollie's best friend, if you want to know. I stood up with him when he was married, and I've been standin' up for him ever since. If you've got anything nasty to say about Oliver Baxter, I guess you'd better not say it in my hearin', Mr. Gooch."

"I have no intention of saying anything nasty about my wife's brother," retorted Mr. Gooch.

"I know all about you," said Mr. Sikes, replacing his cigar and scowling darkly. "I've heard Ollie speak of you a hundred times. He ain't got any use for you."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Gooch.

"Well, I don't mind telling you," said Mr. Gooch, bridling, "I haven't any use for him. I never did take any stock in brothers-in-law, anyhow, and that's why I've never had anything to do with Baxter. You can tell him—"

"I guess you're forgettin' that you are a brother-in-law yourself, ain't you?" interrupted Mr. Sikes, with a most offensive snicker.

"Are you trying to pick a quarrel with my husband?"

"As I said before," explained Mr. Sikes, "I am Ollie Baxter's best friend, and I certainly ain't going to allow anybody like a brother-in-law to come in here at a time like this and get off any insinuations. This is the happiest day of Ollie Baxter's life—that is, it will be when he gets his right senses back—and it ain't going to be spoiled, not even behind his back, if I can help it. Especially by a brother-in-law."

"The man has been drinking," said Mrs. Gooch, sniffing the air.

"You're right," confessed Joseph promptly. "I've had a couple of good swigs out of this pint and I'm

proud of it. It helps me to say what I think about people that Ollie Baxter don't like. I've been waitin' for ten years to tell you what I think of you, Mr. Gooch, for the way you acted when Ollie tried to get his sister here to help pay for a tombstone for their father's grave, and you—"

"I'll thank you to mind your own business," exclaimed Mr. Gooch loudly.

"I don't want to be thanked for it," shouted Mr. Sikes.

"Oh, my goodness!" wailed Mrs. Gooch. "In my own brother's house, too. Oliver. Oliver, where are you? Come down here and order this man out of your house."

"No use yellin' for Oliver," said Mr. Sikes, "he won't hear you." Then he swallowed hard. "Come to think of it, I guess I ought to apologize, ma'am. Which I hereby do. I haven't had much sleep lately, worrying over this joyous occasion, and I'm a bit crusty. I hereby welcome you to Ollie's house, speaking in his place, and ask you to have a chair over here by the stove. You can sit down too, if you want to, Mr. Gooch. To show you there's no hard feelings on this joyous occasion, I'll even go so far as to ask you to have a drink out of this bottle. It's—"

"My husband does not drink," said Mrs. Gooch stiffly. "You might let him off just this once."

Horace Gooch frowned. "I've never touched a drop of intoxicating liquid in my life, sir."

SIKES opened his mouth to say something, thought better of it, choked the words off, and offered a substitute: "Terrible weather for this time of the year, ain't it?"

There was no response to this conciliating commonplace, nor to the invitation to sit down. Mrs. Gooch, having divested herself of coat, scarf, bonnet and overshoes, was straightening her hair before the looking-glass, while her husband surveyed the room and its contents with the disdainful air of one used to much better things.

You could tell by the expression on his face that the floor of his parlor was covered by a gorgeous Brussels instead of the many-hued rag carpet that served Oliver Baxter and his wife; and where they had old-fashioned horsehair chairs and a sofa, he possessed articles so handsomely done in plush that it was almost a sin to occupy them. He was a tall, lank man with narrow shoulders, narrow face, and a pair of extremely narrow black eyes. Over in Hopkinsville, Horace Gooch was considered the richest and the stingiest man in town. He was what is commonly called a "tax shark," deriving a lucrative and obnoxious income through his practise of buying up real estate at tax sales and holding it until it was redeemed by the hard-pressed owner, or, as it happened in many instances, acquiring the property under a provision of the State law then in operation, whereby after a prescribed lapse of time he was enabled to secure a tax deed in his own name. He also trafficked in chattel mortgages.

No one, not even his fellow church-members, had ever been known to get the better of him. It must be said for him, however, that he went to church twice every Sunday and invariably did his share toward spreading the gospel by dropping a noisy quarter into the collection plate at both services. And so astute a business man was he that he never was without the proper change. His brother-in-law called him a "blood-sucking skinflint," and it is not in the power of the teller of this tale to improve upon that except by quoting from the unprintable opinions of his victims.

MRS. GOOCH was Oliver's only sister, and had married Horace Gooch when in her teens. At thirty-eight she was still wondering if she was really good enough for him and if he had not made a mistake in marrying her, when there were so many other girls he might have had for the asking. Sometimes Horace made her feel that he could have done better. At any rate, she was never allowed to be in doubt as to what he thought of all the other Baxters, living or dead. They were as "common as dirt." At first it was difficult for her to be ashamed of Oliver without being equally disgusted with herself, but as time went on and she became more and more a Gooch, this irritating sensitiveness eased off into a state of contemptuous pity for her insignificant brother. His marriage to a toll-gate keeper's daughter sent him down several pegs in her estimation, notwithstanding Mr. Gooch's sarcastic contention that Oliver had wedded far above his station. Indeed, he went on to say, he didn't believe it possible for Oliver to find any one beneath his station, no matter how hard he tried or how far he looked.

And yet when word came by wire that there was to be a death in the family, Ida Gooch overlooked everything and hastened to her brother's side. Having looked forward, over eighteen miles of wind-swept highways, to a house of grief, she was not only shocked but secretly



"THIS BABY WILL GROW UP TO BE A FINE—
AH, WAIT! YES, A VERY REMARKABLE MAN"

annoyed to find that life instead of death had visited the humble home of her brother. But now that she was here, she was determined to make the most of the situation

"I shall take charge here," she announced to Mr. Sikes. "Is this the way up-stairs?"

Mr. Sikes nodded. "But if I was you," he said, "I'd hold my horses."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I guess you'd better ask Serepty Grimes before you begin to take charge here," said he grimly.

"Serepty who?"

"Grimes. She's running this house at present. Her husband used to run the Rumley sawmill before he died. Serepty's running it now."

"That doesn't cut any figure with me," announced Mrs. Gooch firmly. "I am going up to Mary's room—her name is Mary, isn't it?—to see what there is to do for—"

"Wait a minute, Ida," interrupted her husband. "I wouldn't go busting into that room until I found out—"

"Let her go, man," cried Mr. Sikes eagerly. "But if she was my wife—and thank God, I'm a single man—I'd stand at the foot of the stairs to ketch her when she comes down."

"I will soon get rid of Mrs. Grimes," said Mrs. Gooch, tossing her head.

As she started to leave the room, a loud knocking at the front door rose above the howl of the wind. Sikes pushed his way past Mrs. Gooch and opened the door to admit a woman and two men. The first to enter the sitting-room was a tall man wearing a thin black overcoat and a high silk hat. This was the Reverend Herbert Sage, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Rumley. The lady was his wife.

THE other member of the trio, a fat, red-faced, jolly-looking man of indeterminate age, was Silas Link, the undertaker, upholsterer and liveryman of Rumley. We encounter him now in the last-mentioned capacity, hence his cheery grin, his loud-checked trousers and his brown derby set jauntily over his right ear. He wore a buffalo-skin overcoat. In his capacity as upholsterer

and furniture-repairer he affected a dusty suit of overalls of a butternut hue and wore spectacles that gave him a solemn, owl-like expression. As an undertaker he was irreproachably lachrymose despite his rosy cheeks, and he never "officiated" except in a tight-fitting Prince Albert coat, a plug hat, a white cravat and a pair of black cotton gloves. In view of the fact that he so rarely is called upon to appear in the character of undertaker, owing to the infrequency of emergencies, and also that we are likely to come in contact with him a dozen times a day as a liveryman, it is only fair to introduce him here in the most cheerful of his three rôles.

THE Reverend Sage—he was always spoken of as the "Reverend"—was a good-looking young man of thirty, threadbare and a trifle wan, with kindly brown eyes set deep under a broad, intelligent brow. He had a wide, generous mouth and a pleasant smile, a fine nose, a square chin, and a deep, gentle voice. For three years he had been shepherd of the Presbyterians in Rumley, and he was as poor if not actually poorer than the day he came to the town from the theological institute in Chicago. His salary was eight hundred dollars a year, exclusive of "pickings," as Mr. Baxter called the pitiful extras derived from weddings, funerals and "pound parties."

It is not difficult to explain how he came to fall in love with his wife and why he married her. That might have happened to any man. Likewise it is fairly easy to understand how she came to fall in love with him. But how she came to marry him is past all understanding. She was a handsome, dashing young woman of twenty-three, the type one meets on the streets of New York or Chicago and is unable to decide whether she is rich or poor, good or bad, idle or industrious, smart or common.

Certainly one would never find her counterpart in a town like Rumley except by the accident of importation, and then only as a bird of passage. When she came to Rumley as a bride in the June preceding the birth of Oliver October Baxter, Rumley was aghast. It could not believe its thousand eyes. Small wonder, then, that the precious Mrs. Gooch and her even more precious husband gazed upon her as if their own slightly distended eyes were untrustworthy.

She was tall, willowy and startling. She wore a seal-skin coat—at least it looked like seal—with sleeves that ballooned grandly at the shoulders; a picture hat that sat rakishly (no doubt the wind had something to do with its angle) upon a crown of black hair neatly banged in front and so extensively puffed behind that it looked for all the world like an intricate mass of sausages in peril of being dislodged at every step she took; rather stunning coral earrings made up of graduated globes; a slinky satin skirt of black with a long, sweeping train that, being released from her well-gloved hand, dragged swishily across the cheap rag carpet with a sort of contemptuous hiss. A roomy pair of rubber boots, undoubtedly the property of her husband, completed her costume.

"Good evening, Mr. Sikes," she drawled, as she scuffled past him into the sitting-room. "Nice balmy weather to be born in, isn't it?"

Mr. Sikes, taken unawares, forgot himself so far as to wink at the parson, and then, in some confusion, stammered, "St-step right in, Mrs. Sage, and have a chair. Evening, Mr. Sage. How are ye, Silas? Take off your things, Mrs. Sage. Oliver will be mighty glad to see—"

"HOW is Mrs. Baxter, Joseph?" inquired the parson, removing his hat with an effort (it had been jammed down rather low on his head).

"The thing is," put in Mr. Link, cheerily, as he began to shed his coat, "is old Ollie likely to pull through? I've been up here six or seven times to-day and dogged if I know whether to hitch up the hearse or the band-wagon."

Sikes scowled at the speaker, and jerked his head

Continued on page 76

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"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

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MATERNAL NURSING

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT



THE importance of maternal nursing can hardly be exaggerated.

Why should a mother nurse her baby? To most women, nursing is a satisfaction and a pleasure. But there are other more important considerations.

In the first place, the mother's milk is the baby's natural food; all substitutes for this we call *artificial* feeding. No one likes the artificial when the real thing is to be had. Certainly the baby does not. With the study which has been given to artificial feeding very great improvements have been made in methods and in the substitutes for mother's milk; but all of them are much inferior to good breast milk. For this there is no perfect substitute.

Babies who are nursed are stronger, healthier and develop better than those who are fed on substitutes. They are much less liable to be sick. The death-rate among them from diarrheal disease is barely one-eighth what it is among bottle-fed babies.

For artificial feeding the best materials are required; especially clean, fresh cow's milk, free from germs of disease—certified milk if possible. These are expensive and not always to be had at any price. Breast milk is always ready and fresh; it is never sour. It does not need to be especially prepared and carefully measured. Artificial feeding requires much skill and experience. Breast-feeding can be successfully done by those with very little or no experience.

Under certain conditions, however, a mother should not attempt to nurse her baby; these are not many but are very important: (1) If the mother has or has recently had active tuberculosis; (2) if she is suffering from any serious chronic disease such as kidney disease, epilepsy, etc; (3) if she is herself in very delicate health.

With any of these, nursing is not likely to be of benefit to the child, while it may be injurious to the mother herself.

EVEN though a mother may not be able to nurse entirely nor for a long period, there are great advantages to the baby in partial nursing, even if continued only a few months. Mother's milk contains substances which are of much value in the nutrition of the child, and their place can not be supplied by other food.

Again, nursing is a normal physiological function and the health of many women is better while nursing a baby than at any other time. Very much, however, depends upon how the nursing is done. The wear and tear, the drain on the health which many women suffer, can be greatly lessened and often entirely removed by following proper nursing rules. Three rules are especially im-

portant: These are (1) regularity; (2) longer intervals between nursings than are often followed, and (3) shorter nursing periods.

Babies are readily trained to regular habits of feeding and sleep; these should be begun during the first week of life and broken only for some extraordinary occasion.

Night nursing, a bad habit for the baby, and on account of disturbed sleep after, exhausting for the mother, can with most infants be stopped after the baby is two months old so that nothing is given after 10 or 10:30 P.M. and 6 or 7 A.M.

A good schedule for the average child is as follows:

	Interval	Nursings in 24 hrs.	Between 10:30 P.M. and 6 A.M.
1st and 2nd days	4 hrs.	5	0
3rd day to 2 mos.	3 hrs.	7	1
2 mos. to 3 mos.	3 hrs.	6	0
After 3 mos.	4 hrs.	5	0

There are few healthy babies who can not be trained to follow such a schedule.

IT IS essential to a baby's health and growth that he receive enough of the right kind of food every twenty-four hours. The number of feedings in which this is given, and the intervals between the feedings, are matters of secondary importance; these are things which can be arranged to suit the best interests of the mother.

It has been found, moreover, that the longer interval between nursings—four hours after three months—also suits the digestion of the average baby much better than the shorter intervals—two and one-half or three hours—which was formerly much followed.

Quite as important also is the time the baby is allowed to remain at the breast for a single nursing. Most of the milk in the breast the baby gets in the first three or four minutes. Certainly ten minutes is long enough for a baby who nurses upon one side at a time, or six or seven minutes on each side for a baby who takes both breasts. The infant who is allowed to nurse twenty-five or thirty minutes either falls into the bad habit of alternately sleeping and nursing, or else of chewing or biting the nipples, often making them so sore as to make nursing very painful to the mother or perhaps to lead her to stop it altogether. There is no more certain sign that the supply of milk is scanty than that a baby wants to continue nursing for thirty or forty minutes.

Besides, the mere saving of time to the mother is a matter of no small importance. One mother nursed her first child every two hours for twenty minutes, or two hundred minutes a day; her second child, every four hours for ten minutes, or fifty minutes a day. Here was

a clear saving of two and one-half hours to the mother every day and this without detriment but rather with positive advantage to her baby.

Such nursing habits as those referred to lighten the burden of the mother greatly. If she spent the time thus saved in a daily rest-period, we would see a greatly reduced number of women stopping nursing because of the drain upon their health and vitality.

The nervous condition of a mother has much to do with her success as nurse. One of quiet, placid temperament is more likely to succeed than one of highly nervous type. For all who would succeed, freedom from unusual worries, cares and excitement is most important. Above all, a nursing mother needs plenty of sleep—hence the necessity of omitting night nursing as early as possible. While she must make nursing her first duty, she should lead a natural life with some outdoor exercise every day and always have an early bed-hour.

The diet, while important, has less influence upon the milk supply than the nervous causes mentioned. Not many of the common articles of food affect the milk.

The mother's diet should first of all be suited to her own digestion; excessive amounts of sweets, pastry, rich and highly seasoned food of all kinds being omitted. She needs more fluids than at other times since she must supply nearly a quart a day to her baby. Part of this extra fluid should be milk, but seldom more than three glasses a day; part may be cocoa and cereal gruels, weak tea or coffee, vegetable soups and always plenty of water.

HER diet should consist of milk, cereals, eggs, meat once a day, nearly all vegetables, soups, bread and butter, plain desserts, and cocoa or weak tea or coffee, but no alcoholic tonics or beverages. On account of the tendency to constipation, she should eat freely of all kinds of cooked fruit and fresh raw fruits and drink from three to four glasses of water daily. Besides her three regular meals she should take a glass of milk in the forenoon and gruel or cocoa at bedtime. Most mothers whose infants are not thriving to their satisfaction are inclined to stuff themselves with extra food, especially with milk. The only effect of which is, in many cases, to increase their own weight and often to upset the baby's digestion.

The best guide to success in nursing is the child's progress in weight. The *average* gain of an infant who is doing well is six ounces a week during the first five months, and four ounces a week during the next three or four months. Thus a baby whose birth-weight is seven and one-half pounds would weigh about fifteen pounds, or double his birth-weight, at five months, and would weigh about nineteen pounds at nine months.

Continued on page 88

CREAM-PUFFS

By DOROTHY SPEARE

Dorothy Speare wrote "Dancers in the Dark," which was published in *THE DELINEATOR*. When it came out in book form, it carried its young author with quite startling suddenness into the "best-seller" class

"Cream-Puffs" is a story of the same kind of amazing young people we met in "Dancers in the Dark"—only here we laugh at them (and with them) instead of worrying about them



ALL HE ASKED WAS PEACE IN HIS OWN HOME, PEACE WHICH HE NEVER GOT IF FLIP AND BETTY WERE IN THE HOUSE



ROMANCE," emphasized Tom, "is dead." It was one of his favorite remarks. His two sisters, Flip and Betty, went right on practising the song that they were going to get off in parts upon the next propitious occasion.

For 'tis love and love alone the world is seeking,

For 'tis love and love alone that will repara-hay!

"Will you have sense enough to go down there, Flip, when I go up? Any one would think you thought you were the tenor!"

"Well, I'm always so afraid you'll go off on that note."

"Oh, shut up and come on—"

'Tis the answer, 'tis the end, and all oblivion,
For 'tis love alone that lives for aye."

"Foul," said Tom, rattling the *Boston Transcript*, his favorite periodical, "perfectly foul, that's what I say."

"Do you mean we were off key?" Flip demanded. "That's just about all you're good for, to sit around and tell us we're off key."

He paid no attention to her aspersions; he had suddenly become gloomier than ever. "You girls ruin everything for me. Every fellow I meet that I think has got a little sense, and we begin to play squash and get some fun out of life, is ended the minute you girls meet him. You get your hooks in him and get him to come around in the evening with all the other poor woodchucks in this town that haven't got any sense, and they all sit around listening to you two squawk, and I think it's a pity I can't have any friend that you two goops don't horn in on and ruin."

"It seems very strange to me, Betty," said Flip thoughtfully, "that two such attractive girls should have a brother that isn't normal."

THEY both regarded him from their even blue eyes in a calmly impersonal manner that never failed to enrage. "If you would only go out a little yourself," said Betty sweetly, "and sit on some other girl's piazza, you would get the point of view. As it is, you are deplorably narrow-minded for your twenty-two years. I, though younger, have lived infinitely more."

"I see enough of girls right here in this house," said Tom coldly. "I know all about them, all about how they work up their lines and their faces and mark out a man before he's got an idea in his head about it. You two certainly have taught me things. Is it any wonder I'm cynical? Is it any wonder I say, and say again, 'Romance is dead?'"

They rose with weary sighs.

"Time to start curling my hair," said Flip thoughtfully; "I have to allow a good hour."

Betty had naturally curly hair, which information she never failed to get across; but she accompanied Flip. She and Flip had long since decided that it conserved energy to work in couples.

Betty paused at the door. "All I've got to say is this," she threw back at her brother, who was sinking down deeper into the Morris chair that he could only use until his father got home: "Some day you will slip a cog and fall for some girl. Then, because you haven't practised methods of attack and lines of procedure with other girls, you won't know enough to know about going about getting her!"

"I'll never fall for your type of girl, so you don't have to worry," Tom rejoined. "Romance is de—"

He found the room suddenly vacated of sisters, and thankfully turned back to the *Transcript*. All he asked was peace in his own home, peace which he never got if Flip and Betty were in the house.

His mother, coming in fifteen minutes later, found him lounging in contented ease.

"Tom," she said with a quiet determination she had acquired through the years of bringing up three children who were all nearly the same age.

He looked up impatiently.

"I NEED you," she said with that calm finality that he knew well. And told him his errand. Only to drive five miles to the nearest bakery that was any good—that was the way in the suburbs—and get some chocolate éclairs for Flip to serve to her callers that evening!

Every fiber of Tom's being seethed in rebellion. It was the last straw, the crowning indignity! Besides, it would take him so long that he would be late to dinner! But he knew well that his mother always had her way. So with hastily filed objections he went dolefully out to his car.

Tom's car was an institution in Orton Centre. It was a disguised flivver stripped into racing lines and painted battle-ship gray. With its solid wheels and scowling hood it looked like a submarine; and Tom called it the *Pomme de Terre*. It took all of his just-starting-to-learn-the-business salary to keep those solid wheels turning; so perhaps it was just as well that the upkeep of dangling after femininity was a negligible factor in his life.

His thoughts were gloomy as he steered the *Pomme de Terre* five long miles to Orton Highlands and the bakery. His life was just one long martyrdom. The feminine tyranny in his house was terrible. The only way out that he could see was for him to get married, and that would be beginning it all, all over again. He knew!

The baker was out of éclairs, so he took cream-puffs instead. While the man was wrapping up the nasty, sticky, sickening things, his memory waxed even more bitter. He was so tired of having callow youths who knew nothing of life's trials tell him how lucky he was to have two such attractive sisters. If those same callow youths could only hear Betty and Flip rehearsing the lines that they sprung in company to such effect! The two had evolved an interruption-proof system by which they fed each other cues that made their dialogue sparkling bewilderment. While Tom writhed in agony, they explained to him their simple creed:

"It isn't looks that count; it's line."

That, they were always telling him, was his trouble: he had no line. To this he always retorted that romance was dead, and until he found a girl who was also without a line, it could stay dead, for all of him.

Five miles to go, and long past dinner-time. Any young man just starting out in business, who lives at

home and depends on dinner as the real meal of the day, knows what a bleak feeling that entails. Tom rode on his back-bone, his chin on a level with the steering-wheel. He was sunk.

The *Pomme de Terre* was not running very enthusiastically. It, too, had its moments of depression; had had ever since Tom had built it over into trick formation, so Tom paid no attention to its wheezing complaints—until a sudden stop necessitated recognition.

"Of course!" said Tom bitterly, sliding out. "Did you ever stop anywhere but on a railroad crossing?"

The *Pomme de Terre* coughed disdainfully, then settled into an obstinate silence. Nor would it start under the keenest investigation, the highest pressure.

"If this isn't just like you!" said Tom—and then happened to remember that he had forgotten something.

He looked.

It was true; the gasoline tank was empty.

That was not all, in this bitter moment. The rails were singing underfoot. They—the *Pomme de Terre* and he—were on a crossing that intercepted a little lane between Ortonville and Orton Centre. The car was stalled. And a train was coming!

It was not as tragic as it might have been with a car of less elastic qualities. Tom gloomily pushed the *Pomme de Terre* off the crossing and hoisted himself to the top of a fence so as to watch the train come thundering by.

BUT the train didn't come thundering by. It limped up the grade and stopped with prodigious groaning of brakes. Peevish shouts came from up by the engine; the lights in the coach nearest Tom had gone out; the windows confronting him limned mysteriously dark, darkly hinting.

"You out of gas, too?" Tom grunted.

"Who's there?" murmured a soft voice from the nearest window.

"What?" he gasped.

"Who's there, I say?" the soft voice repeated, with just a touch of well-bred impatience. "Are you one of the trainmen? Hasn't that washout been fixed yet?"

"Oh—a washout! Is there a washout?" he repeated intelligently, still holding on to the fence. A voice could show so much! This was one of the most interesting voices he had ever heard! It cooed alluringly in a soft throaty whisper.

"Well, something awful like that. The lights went off and they said it was a fuse burned out, or something! But—" with a new cooing note of alarm—"if you are not a trainman, who are you and what are you doing here?"

"I am an unattached young man sitting on a fence," Tom rejoined promptly. His voice had sunk into his boots, from whence it came forth in a romantic, virile boom. It and he were surprising him.

A low, enchanting laugh bubbled from the window. "You certainly answered my question in the most satisfactory way! I could be just as explicit—but the only girl who will admit she's unattached is generally not."

"What a mind for detail we have nowadays!" said Tom. "In the first minute of our conversation we cover all the really important points."

"I'm glad to discover what points you consider important," came in response. "Once a girl ferrets that out in a man, the rest is plain sailing."

This audacious attack startled him to deep, delighted laughter, during which he strove for a swift, sure response. It flew to him as if by magic: "And once a man ferrets that out in a girl, it's all up with her!"

"Do you know what?" came plaintively from the window, with swift dismissal of his bon mot. She evidently knew where to stop and when to drive a point home. So few girls knew where to stop! But she was continuing: "Of course, this is only a local with no diner, and I was going to be in Boston in time for dinner, and now you can see what's happened and can imagine how hungry I feel!"

Her voice was sweetly pathetic; and Tom, hearing, felt his heart swell and bound as men's hearts, since time began, have thrilled to the call of unknown beauty in distress.

"WAIT a minute!" he counseled her, and rushed to the *Pomme de Terre*. With princely carelessness he drew out the entire package of cream-puffs and made his way to the fence once more.

There was a breathless moment as she leaned nearer the window to take the bundle he shoved at her—a moment of delicious vagueness when he got a glimpse of a wide hat and a tiny white-gloved hand before the gloom of the car enveloped them once more. His pulses throbbed. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen—because he hadn't seen her.

"Oh—cream-puffs! You marvelous man! How did you happen to have my favorite fruit?"

"It was Fate," said Tom with quiet impressiveness, while his soul pranced in joy. No longer were the puffs nasty, sticky, sickening—they were ambrosia; and the blissful, busy silence from the gloom of the window was heavenly. "Fate—why, the whole blooming thing is Fate! Me happening to be here—and you happening to come along—"

"How'd you happen to be sitting on a fence, anyway?" came in creamy but nevertheless divine tones. "Are you a tramp, or something?"

Tom considered. Somehow, the bare fact of getting stalled through lack of gas was awfully unromantic. When he spoke it was with quietly passionate conviction. "I was waiting—waiting for you. That is the only way it can be explained."

There was a little, surging silence between the two—a silence in which Tom felt his soul soaring. He leaned upon the fence and let his soul bear itself along on waves of ineffable illusion.

A sudden, hideous jar; a grinding of brakes; quickened commotion up by the engine; preliminary panting—

Tom fell off the fence, and his soul fell, too, from unknown heights. He rushed to the window.

"You're going! You're going!" he cried frantically. "You're going—and I don't even know who you are!"

An annoyingly delighted laugh came from the window, the window that was beginning to move away. "How perfect! We'll never know what hit us!"

"Then I *did* hit you!" He was running alongside now. "I *must* know who you are—how to see you again!"

The white-gloved hand came out of the window with something bulky, which she thrust at him. "Find me," came her voice in tinkling allure; and the train, gathering speed, leaped past Tom into the night. He stood with the object he had caught clasped to his heart—stood in a daze, while the train whisked away his Lady of the Window. It was a full minute before he recovered enough to rush back to the arc-light and see what had been left him.

An overshoe!

A black, unsightly ob-

ject, far from small—rather different from the dainty favors ladies gave their knights in the days of romance and chivalry.

A vague vision of a girl in a drooping hat, tiny white-gloved hands, and—an overshoe.

"Find me!" sang the rails.

An overshoe!

Tom did not linger over decision.

"Doggone you, I *will* find you! First place, I'll chase that train and beat it in to the South Station!"

Forgotten was the tragedy of having no dinner; all but forgotten the fact that he was out of gasoline. There was a stern and terrible moment when Tom leaped into the car and was forced to remember that. But—

"Ye gods, the gods are on my side!"

Around the bend there screeched the well-known horn of one of his car's compatriots.

"It's Fate! That's what everything is!" Tom swore, and attacked the driver for terms to help him through.

The terms certainly were fateful. But Tom had the change from the bill his mother had given him to pay for the *éclair*s, and so he did not feel the pang that would have smitten him otherwise. With a restocked gasoline tank, he turned the *Pomme de Terre's* nose toward Boston.

"Show your guts!" he gritted to the wheezing car. "Show your guts, or I'll never speak to you again!"

Under that exhortation, the *Pomme de Terre* fairly outdid itself. It scuttered through empty suburban streets—it skidded around corners—it slid easily into rhythmic speed on the boulevard. Romance was all about. It skidded with them; it whizzed and whirled through the air. Night of magic!

"Fate—that's what everything is! That train's going to be late—you just wait and see!"

THE train was late. Tom stood by the track between a stout gatekeeper and a young man for nearly an hour. The young man beside him seemed to wait impatiently, consuming cigarets in reckless fashion that appalled Tom. Finally, the young man tossed away his last cigaret.

"Oh, what's the use?" he remarked to any one, his words convivially blurred. "I'm going to get a drink."

As he went, a jaunty white rose dropped from his lapel. Tom picked it up and put it in his own, against a slim chance that the owner might recognize it when he returned from his drink. A white flower in one's button-hole always added a lot—As the train unexpectedly steamed in at this point, Tom was conscious that he must look his best. This was the greatest, most crucial moment of a life that suddenly seemed teeming with crucial moments. Yes, teeming was the word. The nervous, cigaretty youth had reappeared with hurried jerks, and in one of them jerked himself up beside Tom and fastened his eye upon Tom's recently jauntified lapel. There was a moment of suspense during which Tom assumed a reckless look that had been coming on ever since he had started on this mad, wild adventure; then the cigaret youth laughed.

"Good idea," he said amiably. "Meeting this train was crowding me a bit. Cooperation—soul of achievement."

Saying which, he turned and leaned against the stile with an air of man-of-the-world unconcern that Tom tried to imitate while leaning against the near-by newsstand; but he gave it up as the train began to spill forth its cargo. Anyway, the cigaretty youth was no one to imitate. He had certainly imbibed something somewhere. Tom stepped away from the youth who had had a drink to take up a position nearer the gate through which the commuters poured.

ALL at once his soul gave a leap and started soaring again, for coming toward him through the crowd was the small figure of a girl with a large, drooping hat over which floated a veil that obscured her face; a girl wrapped in a dark cloak—a girl wrapped in mystery.

"It is she!"

He did not know whether it was he that spoke or his soaring soul. He took one step toward her; she turned and looked at him for a second replete with thrills of the more tickly variety. Then a little white-gloved hand came out of the cloak and gave itself up into his, and a voice reminiscent of all life's romance assailed him.

"I think it was perfectly *sweet* of you to bother to come and meet me!"

"Oh! You—you knew I *would*," he gulped back at her, and remained motionless. He had plunged so deep into his own thrills that he was stuck. "Fate! That's what everything—"

"Let's hurry along up," she was saying, and—incredible fatuity!—took his arm! Thus mobilized, he attacked the crowd around them, feeling the strength of ten.

This was, he told himself with exalted heart-beats, the most tremendous moment of his life—tremendous! To be walking through a crowd with the white-gloved hand of a Lady of Mystery resting trustfully on his arm! Walking, he knew not where—with Romance and Adventure swirling all about! His soul soared with everything else—as trustfully as the little white-gloved hand resting on his arm.

"Aren't you glad you haven't any luggage to carry?" her voice was trilling. "That was all sent in to Aunt Mary's this morning by machine. Did she send her car with you or did you bring your own?"

Tom's steps and heart-beats began to lag. *Pomme de Terre* was the sort of fellow one didn't introduce to girls—they didn't appreciate him. But the new, reckless, adventuresome spirit that had been buoying him along surged to the top once more. He still had change from the *éclair* money! He spoke—with man-of-the-world carelessness:

"We'll just hop a taxi." (How boldly put!) He hastened on. "Really the only way to do, in the crowded parts of the city." (How prosaic!) But better to be prosaic than to uncover his seething emotions! It was so incredible! That they should have found each other, recognized one another without a word, in the midst of

the crowd! To ask her how she had known him would be crudely blatant—would shatter the dreamlike veil that was settling over everything.

He helped her into a taxi. "Where do you want to go?" he asked, foot on the running-board.

"Why—to Aunt Mary's, of course. Men always forget everything they know the minute they hit a taxi."

She added a Commonwealth Avenue address that froze Tom's blood in his veins. He repeated the address to the driver, and jumped in, slamming the door. The dreamlike veil was getting a bit too foggy—something was wrong somewhere. Once more his Lady of Mystery was speaking from the gloom:

"You will have to excuse me if I seem a little unhinged, or anything," she said, with a laugh. "You know, any one in my position has got to be forgiven a lot!"

His soul surged. What was this? Admission! They bounced over some rudely interrupting cobblestones

Continued on page 94



THIS WAS, HE TOLD HIMSELF WITH EXALTED HEART-BEATS, THE MOST TREMENDOUS MOMENT OF HIS LIFE—TREMENDOUS!

THE COMING OF PETER PIPER

“What needless suffering we stupid grown-ups cause by heedless speeches”

By CHRISTINE WHITING PARMENTER



PROFESSOR JOHN PAINE HUNGERFORD was treading on air. Indeed, he had touched earth only occasionally during the past year; for it was just a year ago that he married Rose Mallory—married her, took her to England for a glorious honeymoon, and brought her back again to Hamlin where she reigned supreme over his heart and home.

It had been a wonderful year. And now had come the most wonderful thing of all: a tiny bundle of humanity who appeared so satisfied with his surroundings that his father, who was none other than John Paine Hungerford himself, marveled at the newcomer's adaptability.

“It seems remarkable,” he said, turning from his twenty-seventh scrutiny of the miracle, “that he should arrive in a strange place and feel so blissfully at home.”

“But he *is* at home,” protested she who had been Rose Mallory. “And besides, he knows that we love him, and that he has the most wonderful father in the world.”

There is no doubt of how the professor would have returned this compliment had not the nurse remarked that Mrs. Hungerford must have a nap.

“And you said,” she capably reminded him, “that you were due at the college at two thirty.”

“Oh, thunder!” exclaimed Professor Hungerford, “I’ll be late. I knew they’d forgive my absence yesterday, but to-day—” He stooped for another unbelieving glance at his son, then turned to the baby’s mother with a look that said to her understanding eyes: “If that infernal nurse would turn her back, I’d kiss you!”

Perhaps the nurse also had understanding eyes, for she did turn her back for fifteen seconds before she said: “Is there a Mr. Piper in this neighborhood? A small girl inquired for him. She stamped her foot when I said he didn’t live here.”

The professor laughed. “That sounds like Janet,” he said to Mrs. Hungerford, who was laughing too. “You’ll have to explain, dear. I haven’t time.” And with one reluctant glance toward the bassinet, he tore himself away.

“You see,” said Mrs. Hungerford, “they call him Mr. Piper.”

“Your husband?”

Mrs. Hungerford nodded, and her eyes grew tender. “It’s because he loves the children, and they love him. Some one once said that he bewitched them, like the Pied Piper, and because he lived at Hamlin no one ever forgot it. Everybody calls him Mr. Piper. It’s a beloved nickname.”

THE nurse’s lips broke into a smile. “That’s delicious! The little girl was carrying a broken doll.”

“She wanted it mended,” smiled Mrs. Hungerford. “He mends everything they break, including their poor little hearts, sometimes.”

Although Professor Hungerford hurried across the campus, he *was* late to class; and as he appeared breathless in the doorway some one began singing, very softly: “Everybody Works but *Father*.”

The professor paused. It was his custom when in the classroom to wear a quiet dignity that often fell from him at other times. He was not aware of it himself, yet it was that, perhaps, more than their interest in his subject, which brought from those young people an unflinching attention and respect. As the history instructor once said ruefully: “I don’t know how he manages, but there’s never any monkey business going on in Hungerford’s classes.” Yet to-day, under their professor’s very eyes, some one was singing “Everybody Works but *Father*!”

Professor Hungerford was astonished. Then as the meaning of those words flashed over him, he grinned. It was a grin that crept into his eyes and was reflected on every face before him. Then came a ringing cheer that carried across the campus and caused other busy professors to wonder what was happening at Bates Hall. When the last echo died away, the professor stepped on to the platform in his familiar place—hesitated—and said: “I thank you—a lot. I don’t know how to say it, but I hope some day every one of you will feel as I do, and understand. And now,” with a glance at the notes he carried in his hand, “I think it’s about time ‘*Father*’ got down to work!”

A ripple of laughter swept his audience, then silence,



JANET SLIPPED AWAY AND SAT DOWN ON THE BACK STEPS. SHE FELT QUEER INSIDE. SOMETHING WAS GOING TO HAPPEN TO MR. PIPER'S BABY

and—attention. The history instructor had spoken truly. No “monkey business” went on in Professor Hungerford’s classroom.

Yet, had those young people known it, their professor was deeply touched at the knowledge that they were rejoicing in his happiness. He thought of it when class was over, and he stood in the doorway looking across the mesa to where the mountains rose against the sky. It was mighty nice of those kids to give that cheer. It would be something to remember, and share with Rose. And their comical rebuke at his lateness: “Everybody Works but *Father*.”

Professor Hungerford was so absorbed that he failed to see a small girl sitting on the steps.

“Mr. Piper—”

He stared, to behold Janet—she who had stamped her foot at Miss Canavan, the nurse. Janet’s father taught chemistry at Hamlin, and possessed a brilliant mind, but he hadn’t the faintest notion how to mend hurt dolls, and the doll small Janet held was sadly hurt indeed.

“Why, Janet!” exclaimed Mr. Piper, “has something *more* happened to poor Evelyn?”

Janet slipped a confiding hand in the professor’s.

“It’s her legs this time, Mr. Piper. They got all wobbly. Mother says not to bother you to-day, so I ran away. But that nurse woman, she told a awful lie. She said there *wasn’t any Mr. Piper ’tall!*”

Mr. Piper laughed softly.

“NO, SHE didn’t lie, Janet—that is, she didn’t *mean* to lie. You see, she thought my name was Hungerford.”

Janet looked up to exchange a delicious glance with Mr. Piper. She possessed a sense of humor, and because she knew that his name *was* Hungerford, this was a delightful joke. Now, although the professor longed to get home for the twenty-eighth scrutiny of his new possession, he sat down patiently to examine the injured doll.

“We need some elastic,” he explained. “If you’ll come over before bedtime I’ll fix her up.” He arose, stretching out a hand. “I must get back now, or the baby will wonder where I am.”

He looked down, expecting another understanding glance to meet his eyes, but a cloud crept over the child’s face.

“Mrs. Rogers’s Minnie,” she began, as they moved toward home, “*she* says you won’t have any use for us

young ’uns, now you got one of your own. That’s what she said, Mr. Piper, and Tommy hit her. He did truly. In the stummick. His mother had to speak s’verely to him.”

What Mr. Piper thought was that Mrs. Rogers should have spoken severely to Minnie; but there are times when it is well to be discreet.

“Mr. Piper—” Janet hesitated. “Do you love that little baby a—a great deal more than—”

The professor, foreseeing an awkward question, interrupted.

“Of course I love him! He was made especially for me. He’ll be a baby brother to you kids. I’m sure you’ll be a great help taking care of him.”

JANET’S face brightened, though she continued doubtfully: “But Minnie—”

“Oh, bother Minnie!” exclaimed Mr. Piper. “Here’s Mrs. Rogers now. I’ll tell her Minnie was mistaken.”

He shifted Evelyn to his other arm in order to take his neighbor’s extended hand.

“I’ve been to the house to leave some flowers,” she explained. “The nurse offered to let me see the baby, but I said I’d wait till you were present. I hope you appreciate my sacrifice.”

“I do,” Mr. Piper beamed. “It would break my heart to have anybody else introduce you to my son. If you’ll come back—”

“No; I’m due at a meeting; but call me up when it’s convenient and I’ll appear instanter. Oh, dear!” with a glance at Evelyn’s dangling legs, “can’t they leave you alone even *to-day*?”

Janet, listening intently, clasped Mr. Piper’s hand a little tighter, but he met her appealing glance with a reassuring smile.

“I don’t wish to be left alone to-day,” he explained, not, it is feared, entirely with truth. “Besides, would you have a mother neglect her child? Evelyn has hurt her ’lastics!”

“But is there no one else—”

“No,” interrupted Janet, “there’s not nobody but Mr. Piper can fix Evelyn’s ’lastics with a button-hook and two bent hairpins. Sides, Minnie was all ’staken. Mr. Piper loves us *just the same*.”

“I think,” said Mr. Piper, without a smile, “it might be well to suppress the vicious propaganda that is issuing from your kitchen.”

"I mean to," admitted Mrs. Rogers. Then she smiled. "I wish you had seen Tommy go for her!"

"In the stummick," supplemented Janet, whom they had temporarily forgotten. "Minnie said he'd dislocated her organs. She kep' on saying it after Mrs. Rogers went up-stairs. What's organs, Mr. Piper?"

Both grown-ups laughed, while the ever-patient professor explained to Janet's satisfaction: "Organs, my dear, are to Minnie what elastics are to Evelyn. Perhaps I'll have to repair Minnie, too!"

Although Janet lived only across the campus of Hamlin University, it took a good while to reach home because every one they met stopped to tell Mr. Piper how glad they were about the baby. This was very interesting to Janet, but disconcerting. Mr. Piper seemed so *very* glad himself. Janet had never seen him half so glad except on a day ever so long ago when he and Mrs. Piper ran away from their own wedding, while everybody, even the college president, threw roses at them. Suppose, thought Janet, with a feeling she would have called "homesick" had she ever been away from home, *suppose Minnie was right!*

This thought was especially persistent because when Janet reached home her mother and a caller were talking about the baby. They were so absorbed that mother never asked where she had been! But after supper, when Janet started for Mr. Piper's, her mother called her back.

"You mustn't go there to-night, dearie."

"But Mr. Piper said——"

"No matter what he said; he was up all night, and must

be all worn out. Now he's got a baby of his own— Oh! there's the telephone!"

She fled. Janet fled likewise, in the direction of Mr. Piper's. But her heart was heavy. Here was *mother* saying, just like Minnie, that now Mr. Piper had one of his own——

But it was impossible to worry when watching Evelyn's fascinating operation. Tommy Rogers, too, appeared, to offer his assistance. When it was over, and Evelyn sat proudly erect on Mr. Piper's desk, Janet said virtuously: "We must go home, Tommy. Mother says Mr. Piper's all worn out."

"LIKE Evelyn's elastics?" asked Mr. Piper, and laughed. It didn't seem, thought Jane, as if he had changed at all; and then he said: "Say! Would you like to see my kiddie?"

Tommy, man-like, pretended an indifference he did not feel; but Janet forgot Minnie's terrible suggestions. Her face shone.

"I'll just steal up and see if he's asleep," said Mr. Piper. "Maybe they'll let you peek at him, though there's no knowing. We're under military rule."

When he entered Mrs. Piper's room, there was a pink bundle on her bed. He looked suspiciously about.

"Where's the dragon?"

Mrs. Piper laughed. "John Hungerford, you ought to be ashamed! She had to do an errand. I told her you'd be right up. She said I might keep the baby till she returned."

"How kind of her! Whoever heard of a mother being

allowed the companionship of her own child! Look here——"

Mr. Piper glanced at the door, and his wife said: "I suppose you're dying to show the precious thing to Janet."

"And Tommy," admitted the professor. "Would it tire you—or——"

"You dear goose!" said Mrs. Piper, "it wouldn't tire me at all."

"Well—if you're sure—and" (Mr. Piper grinned as he reached the door) "we needn't tell Miss Canavan!"

He returned leading Janet by the hand, while Tommy, hands in pockets, brought up the rear. Mrs. Piper turned back a blanket that hid the baby's face. Slightly disturbed, he yawned prodigiously.

"Some mouth!" said Tommy, meaning a compliment.

Mrs. Piper laughed, and the professor said: "Does he look like me?"

"No," answered Janet soberly, "he's too cunning."

"And you don't think *me* cunning, Janet?" asked Mr. Piper. "I'm surprised!"

JANET looked up to be sure Mr. Piper wasn't joking. "No," she explained, "only little things are cunning: kittens, and baby chicks, and tadpoles. What's his name?"

"His mother says," replied Mr. Piper proudly, "that his name is John Paine Hungerford, junior."

"You'd ought to call him Peter," said Tommy suddenly, "like Peter Piper who picked a peck o' pickled peppers. He *looks* like he'd eaten the whole peck. He's *red* enough."

Mr. Piper laughed so heartily that the baby yawned again and stretched out little groping hands. And Mrs. Piper laughed too, and so did Janet and Tommy; and Mr. Piper said to Mrs. Piper: "My dearest girl, I see that my namesake is nicknamed for life, as I am." Then, glancing from the window, he exclaimed: "Here comes the dragon! We'll have to make a hasty exit or be court-martialed!"

Thus Peter Piper came into his name.

But, thanks to Minnie's propaganda, he came also into a certain suspicion and distrust which might have passed had it not been for several male parents of the neighborhood. For instance: Mr. Rogers was heard to say, "I hope you'll keep an eye on the boy, Nan, and not let him bother Hungerford. Now he's got a kid of his own——"

He stopped at a wifely warning from a slippered foot; then tactlessly resumed: "I mean that with a baby in the house——"

"I know what you mean, dear," interrupted Mrs. Rogers. "You'd better examine Tommy's bicycle to-day. If the tires need attention, he's sure to go to Mr. Piper."

This was mean of Mrs. Rogers, for of all occupations her husband loathed, tinkering with a bicycle took the lead. His shoulders drooped so at her suggestion that she laughed. But Tommy didn't laugh. He was thinking savagely that if that darned baby was going to keep Mr. Piper from blowing up his tires, well—he was *glad* he'd dislocated Minnie's "organs"!

Janet, too, was troubled. Her own father, when she displayed Evelyn's elastics, turned disapproving eyes upon her mother.

"I should think you'd keep this child away from Hungerford just now. With a baby of his own——"

He went on to say something about "impositions" and using Professor Hungerford for a nurse-maid. Janet couldn't understand it. She thought daddy'd be *glad* about Evelyn, and all he did was to scold mother for letting Mr. Piper fix her. Everything was all uncomfortable. Mr. Piper's baby was very cunning, but he'd made a lot of trouble.

THERE followed some doleful days. Twice Janet escaped to walk across the campus with Mr. Piper; but, though he seemed the same as usual, and told her about the baby, he never asked why she hadn't been to see him every day, or said, "Well, you *are* a stranger!" as he used to. This omission did not pass unnoticed. Janet *almost* wished that Mr. Piper's baby hadn't come; and that night, after mother went down-stairs, she added a post-script to her prayer: "Please, God, try to 'range things so Peter Piper won't be a trouble."

Had Professor Hungerford guessed this state of affairs, he would have been amazed. He did not even realize that there was a grain of truth in Minnie's "propaganda." Not that he loved the children less, but just now he was wrapped up in the child that was all his own. He was boyishly planning his son's first birthday-party (a two-months' birthday!) when Peter Piper was taken sick.

Janet heard her mother talking about it. She couldn't make out what the sickness was, but it was something about food, and he was "losing what he had gained," which must be serious, for mother didn't smile. And Mr. Piper was worried; he hardly joked at all, and there

Concluded on page 92



"I THINK," SAID MR. PIPER, "IT MIGHT BE WELL TO SUPPRESS THE VICIOUS PROPAGANDA THAT IS ISSUING FROM YOUR KITCHEN."

THIS FREEDOM

“With a great sum obtained I this freedom”

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON—Author of “If Winter Comes”

PART VII—CONCLUSION



HER Doda! The one that was her baby girl, that was her tiny daughter. The one that was to be her woman treasury in which she'd pour her woman love; that was to be her self's own self, her heart's own heart, her tiny woman-bud to be a woman with her in the house of Harry and of Huggo. Her Doda!

Look, there she is! There's lovely Doda! And look, aye, search with whelming love, and whelming poignancy of grief, and whelming agony to call it back, and there's no picture in all that panorama of her memory that shows her Doda giving back her mother's love. Strike on! Run through the record of it; and there's no single scene that shows her with her arms about her mother's neck; alack, there is not one but makes her mother cry, “If only it could live again, and let me catch her there, and hold her to my bosom there, and save her there. If only—”

Look, there she is! She's fourteen. It's early in 1915, in the first twelve months of the war. (That war!) She's at that splendid school. She's been there nearly three years. She loves it. She's never so happy as when she's there, except, judging by her chatter, when she's away in the holidays at the house of one of her friends. It's at home—when she is at home—that she's never really happy. She's so dull, she always says, at home. She always wants to be doing something, to be seeing something, to be playing with somebody. She can't bear being in the house. She can't bear being, of an evening, just alone with Rosalie. “Oh, dear!” she's always saying. “Oh, dear, I do wish it would hurry up and be term-time again.”

“Darling, you are a restless person,” Rosalie says.

“Well, mother, it *is* dull just sticking here.”

“You know how Benji loves to have you home, Doda. Benji simply lives for you. I've never known a brother so devoted. You ought to think of Benji sometimes, Doda.”

“Well, I can't be *always* thinking of Benji. I'm surely entitled to be with my own friends sometimes. I don't *ask* Benji to be devoted to me.”

SHE'S strangely given to expressions like that—“I didn't *ask* for”—whatever circumstance or obligation it might be that was irksome to her. She was always curiously older than her years. She seemed to have a natural bent away from traditionally childish things and toward attractions not associated with childhood. She did excellently well at school. She was, her reports said, uncommonly quick and vivid at her lessons. She was always in a form above her years. Her friends, while she was smallish, were always the elder girls, and the elder girls gave her welcome place among them. “Perhaps a shade too precocious,” wrote the lady principal in one of the laconic, penetrating sentences with which, above her signature, each girl's report was terminated; and, in a later term—“Has ‘Forward!’ for her banner, but should remember ‘not too fast.’”

“Cripes! I know what she's referring to,” said Doda, seeing it; and laughed, obviously flattered.

“Your expressions, Doda!”

“Huggo uses it.”

“They're wretched even in Huggo. But Huggo's a boy. You're a girl.”

“Well, mother, I didn't *ask* to be a girl.”

“Doda, that's merely silly.”

“A lot of us say it, that's all I know.”

“Then, darling, a lot of you are silly.”

“Oh, I *shall* be glad when I go to the Fergussons. It *is* dull.”

Look, there she is. She's sixteen. She's beautiful. She's pretty as a picture, and she knows she is. She's grown out of the rather early fulness of figure that had been hers. She's slim and tall and straight and supple and slender as a willow wand. If she had her hair up and her skirts lengthened (skirts then were only starting on their diminution to the knees), she'd pass for twenty anywhere, and a twenty singularly attractive, curiously self-possessed, strikingly suggestive in her pale and beautiful countenance, and in an alternating sleepiness and glinting in her eyes; strikingly suggestive of, well, strik-

The background of Rosalie's life, in which men did all the interesting things and women all the dull and stupid, early fixed in her the determination to live her own life in a man's world. So she went into business, and succeeded. When she married Harry Occlerc and when her children were born—Huggo and Dodo and Benji—she went on with her work. She was proving her theory that a woman can successfully run her home and not stay in it

It was when the children were in school that she first began to admit to herself that they were somehow not quite like other children—not “responsive.” But the first real blow came when Huggo—before he went into the army—was arrested for drunkenness. Then he was in France; and then the war was over, and he did not want to go back to school. And then he came in one morning—a little drunk—and told them that he was married

ingly suggestive according to the predilections and the principles of the beholder.

This was in 1917. She was beginning rather to hate school now. She wanted to be out and doing some war work of some kind. She didn't much want to go into a hospital or into any of these women's corps. They were a jolly sight too cooped up in those things. She wanted to go into one of the government offices and do clerical work. Several of the school Old Girls who had been there with her were doing that and it was the most ripping rag. Of course you had to work, and of course it was jolly good patriotic work, but you had a topping time in many ways. That was what she wanted to do. Oh, mother, do let her chuck school now and get to it! Not till she was seventeen? Well, it *was* sickening. Well, it was only another term, thank goodness.

It was in the holidays—in her brief days at home of the holidays—in which these wishes were expressed, that Rosalie found Doda was corresponding with officers at the front.

DODA was appallingly untidy in her habits. She was out one evening to a party—she managed to get a considerable number of parties into her dull days at home. Rosalie, come in from Field's, peeped into her bedroom to find her. She had not known that Doda was going out. The bedroom cried aloud that Doda had gone out. Drawers were open and articles of dress hanging out of them. One drawer was bodily out in the middle of the room. Clothes were on the floor. Clothes strewed the bed. Powder was all over the mirror. It was as if a whirlwind had passed through the room.

“Powder!” murmured Rosalie.

The state of the room dismayed her. The intense orderliness of her own character forbade her ringing for a maid. She simply could not look at untidiness like that without tidying it. Doda's box was open. Its contents looked as if a dog had burrowed in it, throwing up things as he worked down. If anything was to go in, everything must come out. Rosalie lifted out an initial clearance.

There lay scattered beneath it quite half a dozen photographs of officers in khaki.

They were all inscribed. “To the school kid.” “Wishing you were here.” “With kisses.” “Till we meet.” And with slangy nicknames of the writers. There lay with them a number of letters, all in their envelopes. There lay also a sheet of paper covered in Doda's bold handwriting. It began: “Wonderful Old Thing.”

Rosalie had not touched these evidences of an unknown interest in Doda's life. She stooped, staring upon them,

the lifted bundle of clothes in her hand. The stare that took in “Wonderful Old Thing” took in also the first lines. They were not nice. But she oughtn't to read them. One didn't do that kind of thing. She replaced the bundle and closed the box. Then she tidied the room and wiped the mirror.

Powder!

Early next morning, immediately on coming out of her bath, she went in to Doda. She opened the door softly and she distinctly saw the lids of Doda's eyes flash up and close again.

“Doda!”

Doda pretended to be asleep. Rosalie had sat up for Doda the previous night, but had said nothing to her either of her discovery or of the going to an invitation without having told her. Doda wasn't pretending to be asleep because she had no wish for an early talk with her mother.

There was a little pang at the heart of Rosalie.

BUT it was just that the child wasn't demonstrative of her affections. None of them were. Even Benji not really what you would call demonstrative. How beautiful the child was! Her Doda! How little she ever saw her!

She called her again.

Doda opened her eyes, “Hello, mother.”

Just that. No more. They *were* different, the children.

She sat down on Doda's bed and began to talk to her. Tidiness! “Doda, your room as you left it last night when you went out was simply terrible. How can you?”

“Oh, I can't be tidy,” said Doda. “It's no good trying.”

“Darling, you ought to try. It's so odd. I'm so fearfully tidy. It's almost a vice with me. One would have thought you'd have it too.”

Doda said indifferently, “I don't see why. It's a matter of teaching when you're a kid, that sort of thing. You're tidy, but you never taught me to be tidy.”

Rosalie said some more of encouragement to tidiness. She then said, “And there's another thing, Doda. I think you ought not to have rushed off like that to Trevor's last night without telling me.”

“Mother, you knew where I was. I told the maids.”

“You should have consulted me, Doda.”

The child assumed the Huggo look. “Mother, how could I? They only asked me on the telephone at tea-time. How *could* I have consulted you?”

“In the same way you were invited. On the telephone.”

“Well, I never thought about it. Why should I if I had? I knew you'd have agreed. You wouldn't have stopped me, would you? It's dull enough, goodness knows.”

“Doda, what I've come in to talk about is this. When I was tidying your room last night—”

Doda sat up. “Did you tidy my room?”

“I couldn't possibly leave a room like that. Well, I went to tidy your box—”

“I'll get up,” said Doda. She jumped very quickly out of bed and put on a wrapper and her slippers. “Yes, well?”

“Are you writing to men at the front, Doda?”

“Every girl is. It's a thing to do. It helps them.”

“Are they friends of yours, dear? Personal friends?”

“They're brothers of girls I've stayed with.”

“All?”

“PRACTICALLY all. They're not more than two or three. Lonely soldiers, they're called. They used to advertise. It helps them. There's no harm in it, is there?”

“I haven't suggested there is, Doda.”

“I can see you're going to, though. If you ask me—” She stopped.

“I don't think I like the idea, quite. I never did. Why should they send you their photographs?”

“But what's the harm? Why shouldn't they?”

“Darling, it's I am asking you. I'm your mother.”

“Well, if you ask me—” Doda walked over to the window. She stood there a moment looking out. She suddenly turned: “If you ask me, I don't think it's



SHE TURNED VIOLENTLY TOWARD ROSALIE SEATED AT THE TABLE WATCHING HER, HER HEART SICK

right to— Of course if you think it right to— If you've been reading my letters—"

"Doda, I haven't. I just saw them there. But I'd like to read them, Doda. May I?"

"They're private letters. I don't see how you can expect me to show you private letters."

Rosalie went over to Doda and stood by her and stroked her hair. "Doda, let me read the letters and we'll talk about them and see if it's nice to go on writing to the men, in each individual case. That certainly you shall do, continue writing, if it all seems nice to us, together, Doda. If you won't show them to me—well, let us say if you'd rather not show them to me—then I'll ask you just to burn them and we'll forget it."

Doda stepped violently away from the hand that stroked her hair. "No, I won't show them."

"Then it's to burn them, Doda."

DODA looked slowly around the room. Her face was not nice. She said sullenly: "There's no fire here."

"Bring them down with you to the breakfast-room. Your father will have gone. We'll see Benji is not there."

She went to Doda and kissed her on the forehead. Doda shut her eyes. Her hand on Doda's shoulder could feel Doda quivering. She went to the door and at the door said, "And the photographs, dear. I should bring them, too."

She had long finished breakfast when at last Doda came down. The tall, slim, beautiful and pale creature appeared in the doorway. She walked toward the fire, her head held high. She had a packet in her hands. As she began to stoop over the fire she suddenly uprighted herself and turned upon her mother. She said violently: "Perhaps you'd like to count them."

Rosalie said very softly: "Doda."

Doda bent to the flames and pressed the packet down upon them. She stood watching them mount about it. A half-burned photograph slid on to the hearth. She gave a sound that was a catching at her breath and swiftly stooped and snatched the burning fragment and cast it

on its fellows. The leaping flames died down. She turned violently toward Rosalie seated at the table watching her, her heart sick. That tall, slim, beautiful creature whose face had been pale and was habitually pale was in her face crimson, her slight young bosom heaving, her eyes, so often sleepy, flashing, her young hands clenched. "I call it a shame! I call it wicked! I call it abominable! I call it an—outrage!"

Rosalie said, "Doda, I haven't reproached you. I haven't reprov'd you. If they had been letters you could have shown me, yes, then a shame—"

The child called out: "I am nearly seventeen! I call it an outrage!"

Rosalie got up and went to her. "Darling, they couldn't be shown. They're just burned. They're forgotten." She put out inviting arms. "My poor Doda!"

That child, almost touched by her arms, brushed herself from the arms. "Why should I have things like this done to me by you!"

"Doda, I am your mother. You have a du y—"

"Well, I won't have a duty! Why should I have a duty? I didn't ask to be born, did I? You chose for me to be born, didn't you? I didn't choose it. I'll never forget this. Never, never, never!"

Tears rushed into her eyes and leaped from her eyes. She gave an impassioned gesture. She rushed from the room.

Strike on!

Ah, pity, yet a moment leave her there. Suffer her there a moment yet, tall, slim, beautiful, furious, defiant, her feet upon the perilous edge of her enfranchisement. Why, cries the watcher, when she stretched out her arms to Doda had she not persevered, and by insistence caught her arms about her, and clutched her to her heart, and cried her love upon her, and taken her from school and brought her home, and ever, ever been at home with her, and never, never let her from her arms, and with her arms, and with her heart, and with her constant presence, flooded that child with watchfulness that child had never had? Why? Why?

Look at her, exquisitely lovely there! Her heart's own heart that was to be! Her daughter, her woman-bud, her Doda! Look!

Strike on!

Look at her. There she is. She's only eighteen, but she's a woman now. Grown up. "Out," as one would have said in the old stupid days, but out wider than the freest budding woman then. It's 1919. They've caught, the rising generation, the flag of liberty that the war flamed across the world; license the curmudgeons call it, liberty the young, set free. It's 1919. She's been a year war-working in one of the huge barracks run up all over London for the multitudes of women clerks the government departments needed and, the war over, not too quickly can give up. She loves it. She's made a host of friends. Her friends are all the girls of wealthy parents like herself, or of parents of position if not means; and all, like her, are far from with complaint against the war that's given them this priceless avenue away from home. She loves it. Of course she doesn't love the actual work. Who would? What she loves is the constant titillation of it. The titillation of getting down there of a morning and of the greetings and the meetings and the rapt resumption of the past day's fun; the titillation of watching the clock for lunch and of those lunches, here to-day, to-morrow there, and of the rush to get back not too late. The titillation of watching the clock for tea, and of tea, and then, most sharpest titillation of them all, watching the clock for—time! for—off! for—out! away! That is the charm of it in detail. The charm in general, as once expressed to Rosalie by one of Doda's friends brought in to tea one Sunday is, "You see, it gets you through the day."

THAT'S it. The night's all right. There's nearly always something doing for the night. It's just the day would be so hopeless were there not this lively way of "getting through the day." That's it, for Doda.

Until she found her feet—she often used to be kept uncommonly late at office. In a very short while she found her feet and that excuse no longer was put forward. Every girl of Doda's association was on her feet in 1919; and for Doda very much easier, at that, than for the generality, to establish her position in the house. By 1921, when she was nineteen, she was conducting her life as she pleased, as nineteen manifestly should. In 1921, when she was twenty, the war work was over and she was "getting through the day" much as she lived the night. It was pretty easy to get through the day in 1921. That which the curmudgeons call license, and freedom the free, was in 1921 held by charter and by right prescriptive.

Look at her. There she is. She's lovelier yet, if that which was her budding loveliness could bear a lovelier hue. She's always out somewhere, or she's always off somewhere, or she's always coming in from somewhere. Her eyes have always got that sleepy look or got that glinting look. She never talks much at home. She seems to keep her talking for her friends and she never brings her friends home. She's on good terms with Rosalie. That's the expression for it. She was to have been a woman treasury into which was to be poured by Rosalie all her woman love. She was to have been a woman with her mother in the house of Harry and Huggo. But that's all done. She's not a daughter to her mother. She never asked to be born to her mother, as once she told her mother, and though that never now again is said, it is the basis of her stand. She owes no obligations. They just meet. They get on very pleasantly. She's on good terms with Rosalie.

IT IS odd—or else it isn't odd but only natural—that in all the pictures seen by Rosalie there scarcely is a picture that ever shows the children all together. As in their schoolhood, so much more in adolescence, they never showed a least desire for one another's company. They had their friends, each one, and much preferred their friends. You'd not, it's true, say that of Benji; but Benji in fraternal wish had to take what was offered him and there was nothing offered him by Doda; by Huggo less than nothing.

Benji!

Look, here's the Benji one; the good, the quiet, gentle one; the one that never gave a thought of trouble, Benji.

Her Benji! The one that came after disfavor, after remorse; that came with tears, with thank-God, charged-with-meaning tears. The littlest one. The one that was so tiny wee beside the big and sturdy others. Her last one! Her Benji!

Look, there he is. Always so quiet, gentle, good. Always, though snubbed, so passionately fond of Doda. Look, there he is. He's at Milchester, in his spectacles, the darling. He's always in his books. He isn't good at games. He does so well at school. Oh, isn't Harry proud of him and fond of him! Oh, doesn't Harry often sigh and wish he could have gone to Tidborough to win

BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

Announcing the inauguration of a nation-wide campaign conducted in cooperation with national and state officials



Henry C. Wallace, Secretary
DEPARTMENT OF
AGRICULTURE

Calvin Coolidge
VICE-PRESIDENT OF
THE UNITED STATES

Herbert Hoover, Secretary
DEPARTMENT OF
COMMERCE



C. W. Pugsley, Ass't Sec.
DEPARTMENT OF
AGRICULTURE



W. H. McMaster, Governor
SOUTH DAKOTA



D. W. Davis, Governor
IDAHO



E. P. Morrow, Governor
KENTUCKY



H. L. Davis, Governor
OHIO



John M. Gries, Ass't Sec.
DEPARTMENT OF
COMMERCE



S. R. McKelvie, Governor
NEBRASKA



T. E. Campbell, Governor
ARIZONA



T. C. McRae, Governor
ARKANSAS



C. H. Cox, Governor
MASSACHUSETTS

OCTOBER ninth to fourteenth will be Better Homes Week for America. Model small homes will be furnished and equipped in several thousand American cities.

There had been already a few "Better Homes" exhibits. The Editor of THE DELINEATOR last Spring visited some of these.

As the result of observations made at that time, we decided to dedicate THE DELINEATOR, for fifty years a service magazine for American women, to a definite, constructive Better Homes Campaign to be directed by the best minds in the nation.

The foremost men in America were asked to name an advisory council which is to direct the policies and activities of this movement. The members of this council are:

Calvin Coolidge, Vice-President of the United States; Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce; Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture; C. W. Pugsley, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture; James John Davis, Secretary of Labor; John M. Gries, Assistant Secretary of Commerce; Dr. John James Tigert, United States Commissioner of Education; Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon-General, United States Public Health Service; Julius H. Barnes, President Chamber of Commerce of the United States; John Ihlder, Director Housing Conditions, Chamber of Commerce of the United States; John Barton Payne, Chairman Central Committee, American Red Cross; Donn Barber, Fellow American Institute of Architects; Livingston Farrand, Chairman National Health Council; Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, President General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Lena Lake Forrest, President National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs.

The first result of the council's efforts is a Better Homes primer containing the plan and all

the answers to the problems connected with a Better Homes Exhibit in your town.

At the request of the Editor of THE DELINEATOR more than half of the Governors of the Union are cooperating with the council to inaugurate Better Homes demonstrations in their States. They will set aside the week of October ninth to fourteenth as Better Homes Week. Each has agreed to appoint one housewife in every county seat or trading community who shall form a committee to study the advisory council's primer and to develop a model home which will be kept open to the public for six days.

It has been a tremendous task, this one of setting up a nation-wide organization to assure in thousands of communities adequate Better Homes demonstrations accessible to the greatest possible number of American housewives. This issue of THE DELINEATOR is going to press well before the completion of the task, but the spirit of public service displayed by the many men and women who as individuals or as merchants and manufacturers are already hard at work on the problem promises a very remarkable quantity and quality of Better Homes demonstrations this October and a complete blanketing of the nation with them in October, 1923.

For this is not a one-time program. Those giving their time and thought and money to it are determined to carry it on year by year so that if possible every one of the twenty million housekeepers of America shall have access to a working laboratory from which to draw inspiration for the betterment of the family.

If you desire to participate in the development of a model-home exhibit in your community, write to the Bureau of Information, THE DELINEATOR, and we shall be glad to put you in touch with the organization nearest your home.

A NATION OF HOME-OWNERS

By CALVIN COOLIDGE

Vice-President of the United States

WE SPEND too much time in longing for the things that are far off and too little in the enjoyment of the things that are near at hand. We live too much in dreams and too little in realities. We cherish too many impossible projects of setting worlds in order which are bound to fail. We consider too little plans of putting our own households in order which might easily be made to succeed. A large part of our seeming ills would be dispelled if we could but turn from the visionary to the practical. We need the influence of vision, we need the inspiring power of ideals, but all these are worthless unless they can be translated into positive actions.

The world has been through a great spiritual and moral awakening in these last few years.

There are those who fear that this may all be dissipated. It will be unless it can be turned into something actual. In our own country conditions have developed which make this more than ever easy of accomplishment. It ought to be expressed not merely in official and public deeds, but in personal and private actions. It must come through a realization that the great things of life are not reserved for the enjoyment of a few, but are within the reach of all.

There are two shrines at which mankind has always worshiped, must always worship: the altar which represents religion, and the hearthstone which represents the home.

These are the product of fixed beliefs and fixed modes of living. They have not grown up by accident; they are the means, deliberate, mature,



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ALASKA



Ben W. Olcott, Governor
OREGON



E. L. Trinkle, Governor
VIRGINIA



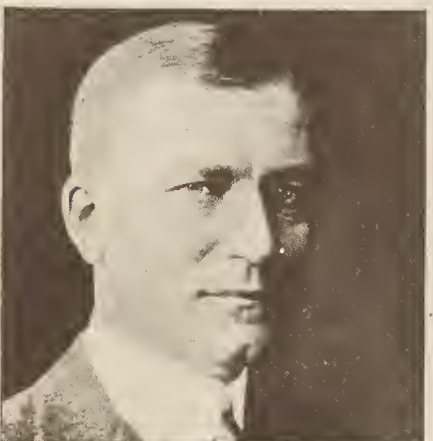
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MISSOURI

sanctified, by which the human race, in harmony with its own great nature, is developed and perfected. They are at once the source and the result of the inborn longing for what is completed, for what has that finality and security required to give to society the necessary element of stability.

The genius of America has long been directed to the construction of great highways and railroads, the erection of massive buildings for the promotion of trade and the transaction of public business. It has supplied hospitals, institutions of learning and places of religious worship. All of these are worthy of the great effort and the sustained purpose which alone have made them possible. They contribute to the general welfare of all the people, but they are all too detached, too remote; they do not make the necessary contribution of a feeling of proprietorship and ownership; they do not complete the circuit; they are for the people, but not of the people; they do not satisfy that longing which exists in every human breast to be able to say, "This is mine."

We believe in American institutions. We believe that they are justified by the light of reason and by the result of experience. We believe in the right of self-government. We believe in the protection of those personal rights of life and liberty and the enjoyment of the rewards of industry. We believe in the right to acquire, hold and transmit property. We believe in all that which is represented under the general designation of a republic.

But while we hold that these principles are sound, we do not claim that they have yet become fully established. We do not claim that our institutions are yet perfected.

It is of little avail to assert that there is an inherent right to own property unless there is an open opportunity that this right may be enjoyed in a fair degree by all. That which is referred to in such critical terms as capitalism can not prevail unless it is adapted to the general requirements. Unless it be of the people, it will cease to have a place under our institutions, even as slavery ceased.

It is time to demonstrate more effectively that property is of the people. It is time to transfer

some of that approbation and effort that have gone into the building of public works to the building, ornamenting and owning of private homes by the people at large—attractive, worthy, permanent homes.

Society rests on the home. It is the foundation of our institutions. Around it are gathered all the cherished memories of childhood, the accomplishments of maturity and the consolations of age. So long as a people hold the home sacred, they will be in the possession of a strength of character which it will be impossible to destroy.

Apparently the world at large, certainly our own country, is turning more and more for guidance to that wisdom born of affection which we call the intuition of woman. Her first thought is always of the home. Her first care is for its provision. As our laws and customs are improved by her influence, it is likely to be first in the direction of greater facility for acquiring and greater security in holding a home.

Some of the fine enthusiasm which was developed by the required sacrifices of war may well find a new expression in turning toward the making of the home. It is the final answer to every challenge of the soundness of the fundamental principles of our institutions. It holds the assurance and prospect of contentment and of satisfaction.

Under present conditions an ambition of America to become a nation of home-owners would be by no means impossible of fulfilment. The land is available, the materials are at hand, the necessary accumulation of credit exists, the courage, the endurance and the sacrifice of the people are not wanting. Let them begin, however slender their means, the building and perfecting of the national character by the building and adorning of a home which shall be worthy of the habitation of an American family, calm in the assurance that "The gods send thread for a web begun."

Here will be found that satisfaction which comes from possession and achievement. Here is the opportunity to express the soul in art. Here is the sacred influence, here in the earth at our feet, around the hearthstone, which raises man to his true estate.



Henry J. Allen, Governor
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O. L. Shoup, Governor
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W. C. Sproul, Governor
PENNSYLVANIA



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UTAH



W. T. McCray, Governor
INDIANA

THE HOME AS AN INVESTMENT

By HERBERT HOOVER

Secretary of Commerce

ONE can always safely judge of the character of a nation by its homes. For it is mainly through the hope of enjoying the ownership of a home that the latent energy of any citizenry is called forth. This universal yearning for better homes and the larger security, independence and freedom that they imply, was the aspiration that carried our pioneers westward. Since the preemption acts passed early in the last century the United States, in its land laws, has recognized and put a premium upon this great incentive. It has stimulated the building of rural homes through the wide distribution of land under the homestead acts and by the distribution of credit through the farm-loan banks. Indeed, this desire of home ownership has without question stimulated more people to purposeful saving than any other factor. Saving, in the abstract, is, of course, a perfunctory process as compared with purposeful saving for a home, the

possession of which may change the very physical, mental and moral fiber of one's own children.

Now, in the main because of the diversion of our economic strength from permanent construction to manufacturing of consumable commodities during and after the war, we are short about a million homes. In cities such a shortage implies the challenge of congestion. It means that in practically every American city of more than two hundred thousand, from twenty to thirty per cent. of the population is adversely affected, and that thousands of families are forced into insanitary and dangerous quarters. This condition, in turn, means a large increase in rents, a throw-back in human efficiency, and that unrest which inevitably results from inhibition of the primal instinct in us all for home ownership. It makes for nomads and vagrants. In rural areas it means aggravation

Concluded on page 91

THE IDEAL SMALL HOUSE

Study the site before you build

By DONN BARBER

Fellow of the American Institute of Architects



GREAT change and improvement has been brought about in American houses during, let us say, the last ten years. We have at last emerged from the horrors of what was known as the Victorian era. The gimcracks and filligree have fortunately perished along with clashing colors, senseless design and stupid interpretation. Directness and simplicity have finally come to be the characteristics of our newer architecture. The elimination of unnecessary features and common-sense handling are the key-notes of the day.

Since architecture should always include inward fitting as well as the outward walling of private and public buildings, it should concern us all even more closely than any other art, for architecture plays a constant part in the circumstances of our every-day lives and surroundings. Almost every one has some sort of interest in some phases of architecture, but it is rare to find a general interest that is intelligent and informed. It is perhaps truer in architecture than in any other art that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Few study architecture to the point of being able to differentiate, even broadly, between what is intrinsically good and what is bad.

In considering the building of houses it is interesting to remember that human habitations were first caves, then huts. Their primary reason for being was to provide shelter from the elements. As necessity arose, and as individual use of these dwellings became more specialized with advancing civilization, common spaces were divided into separate compartments.

IT WAS not long before houses had roofs, chimneys, walls pierced with openings and one or more floors. This, after all, is still the house of to-day, when reduced to its simplest elements. As generations succeeded each other, the art of distribution and special arrangement of rooms made certain headway. But it was not until the eighteenth century that the human habitation as it is understood to-day was evolved. Then the plan became a serious study of logical placing and intercommunication, a separating of the public, or reception, spaces from the living, or private, portions of the home.

It is the number, size and arrangement of rooms that determine the shape and mass of a house. The resultant envelope in turn suggests the logical style or treatment for its exterior. Low, long, rambling structures can not be handled in the same manner as formal, high, more symmetrical compositions may be treated. If a house is small and has few rooms which can be arranged in a rectangular plan, almost any architectural style may be applied to it. This has a direct bearing upon what is being done to-day in the design of the average modest one-family house. There is a nation-wide demand at the present time for what is popularly known as the seven or nine room house.

Living requirements in general have become pretty well standardized and are much the same in every part of the country. Climatic conditions vary widely, however, as do the building materials that are obtainable. It is nevertheless possible to build a house suited to any quarter of our land, both as to weather requirements and building materials available. Although based practically on the same plan arrangement, the design may be expressed logically in terms of suitability for its chosen locality. The wall openings may vary in size, the roofs may vary in pitch, the structural materials may vary in selection, but the widest range of style and expression may still be applied.

TO ILLUSTRATE this fact we show on the opposite page the plan of a house containing on the first floor the usual arrangement of living-room, hall, dining-room, pantry and kitchen, and on the second floor three bedrooms and a bath. A second bathroom could be arranged between the two smaller bedrooms, and additional bedrooms or servants' rooms could be provided in the attic or roof space.

All of these rooms might easily be arranged in such a way as to produce a rectangular plan, though in the plan we have used a small ell at one end of the house and a porch space at the other end. These two additions, considered as separate units, may be changed in position with

There would be more homes of distinction and more homes perfectly adapted to living requirements if builders observed the few simple underlying principles here outlined by one of America's foremost architects. Once the home-builder grasps the need for harmony between site and design it is a comparatively easy step to the selection of appropriate treatment and the rational development of the plan

relation to the plan. The porch may be placed at either end of the living-room instead of on its long dimension, or it may be placed in the middle of the front or rear of the house. The kitchen ell may be added to the end of the house instead of on the rear as shown. In fact, many variations of these or other added portions are possible without disturbing the practicability of the plan arrangement.

The plan illustrated is based on the average size of the rooms found in the smaller one-family houses over the country. Based on this plan, four definite styles of exterior treatment are suggested in the sketches. Numberless variations of each type are possible. Two of these are based on the Colonial style, one based on a modified English type and one based on a modified Spanish or what is popularly known as a Mission type.

Each type finds different expression, depending upon the character of materials chosen. For example, the Colonial type may be built of brick or shingles or clapboards. The English type may be built in its lower portion of rubble-stone or stucco on wood or tile; the upper story, which in the illustration is of half-timber and stucco, may be built entirely in plain stucco surfaces without the timbering. It may also be built wholly of a certain class and size of shingle or, as another variation, with brick or stone carried to the full height of the walls, omitting the suggested horizontal division into two parts. The Mission type may be built of stucco on wood or tile, or in light-colored rubble-stone smoothly pointed and whitewashed. Another treatment which suggests itself for this type of house is to build it in wood with flat boards used vertically with cover joints. In this case the circular windows should become rectangular in form. The roofs on a house of Mission type should be tiled with Spanish type or metal tile.

ALL four of these designs are capable of infinite modifications in a variety of ways which would still result in a good-looking house. Not all of these types of houses are equally suitable in their various forms in every section of the country. The Mission or Spanish type is suitable as a basis for design in southern portions of the country, from Florida to California. The Southern Colonial and certain adaptations of the English type are appropriate for the middle section from east to west. The English, using steeper roofs, and the Northern Colonial types are adapted to all of the Northern States.

In the southern climates deck roofs or those of very flat slopes are usable and characteristic, but as one comes farther north the slope of the pitch roofs should increase in steepness in order more readily to shed the rain and snow. Southern houses require obviously fewer chimneys, since less heating arrangements are required. The farther north one goes the more fireplaces are required and, therefore, the more chimneys. In the same way, southern types should give more space to windows and less to walls. As one comes north, wall-spaces should increase in area and window sizes decrease.

These elementary and very general considerations, although they may seem obvious, are too seldom applied in practise. If more houses followed these simple rules in their design, the result would be a more characteristic, typical and rational style in the various sections of the country.

If, in addition to selecting a type of house consistent with the climatic demands, we plan it with an eye to the widely varying conditions provided by the landscape

and physical site, we shall have endless inspiration and opportunity for homes of distinctive charm and personality.

We should never forget that every structural element must be fitted to its function and to the material of which it is made. Wood has been more used than any other material in this country for house-building; in fact, it has been used too much. Wood has become scarce and expensive to-day. To offset this difficulty, new and economical methods of using other materials are becoming more and more practical.

Walls may in general be classified as exterior and interior. The function of an outside wall is primarily to keep out the weather and to help support the floors and roof. Interior walls have a double purpose of serving as partitions and additional supports. The thickness of walls is determined by the materials employed and the supporting strength needed, plus their required height. The thickness of walls determines the depth of the reveals in all of the openings piercing them.

DOORS and windows are the usual openings. The simplest form of any opening is rectangular. The width of the openings in walls of any material is limited by the strength of the lintel employed. When the desired openings in masonry walls become too wide for the practical use of a lintel, arch forms must be resorted to. Arched openings are illogical in walls of wood.

Roofs are primarily a necessity, but they can become in treatment an important element in art. The earliest roofs were purely utilitarian, admirably conceived from the point of view of construction, but counting rarely in the general aspect of the building. Flat roofs were found to be poor watersheds, so sloping roofs were evolved. As the slope increased in pitch, becoming steeper and steeper, the roof began to contribute an important feature to the beauty of line and silhouette of the building as a whole. As roof-spaces became larger through development, the enclosed spaces became usable so that the roof-planes were pierced with openings. This developed the dormer window, an exceedingly fertile source of design.

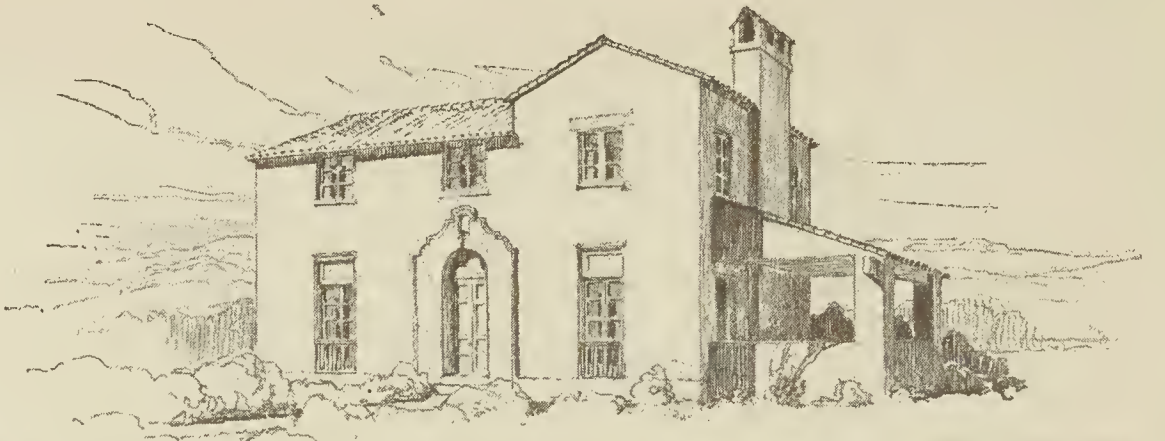
Roofs having slopes of less than thirty degrees should be covered with metal; tile or shingles may be used for slopes up to forty-five degrees; slate or shingles up to sixty degrees. Roofs steeper than this become mansards in effect, with two slopes, the upper more horizontal than the lower.

Chimneys are too often neglected in design. As the ridge of a pitched roof increases in height, the chimneys, particularly those on the outside walls, must increase in height with it. This furnishes an opportunity for special and ornamental treatment in design. The long dimension of the plan of a chimney should be parallel to the direction of the slope of the roof. Chimneys should not be allowed to come through a roof in haphazard arrangement. Their size, shape and proper grouping are of importance.

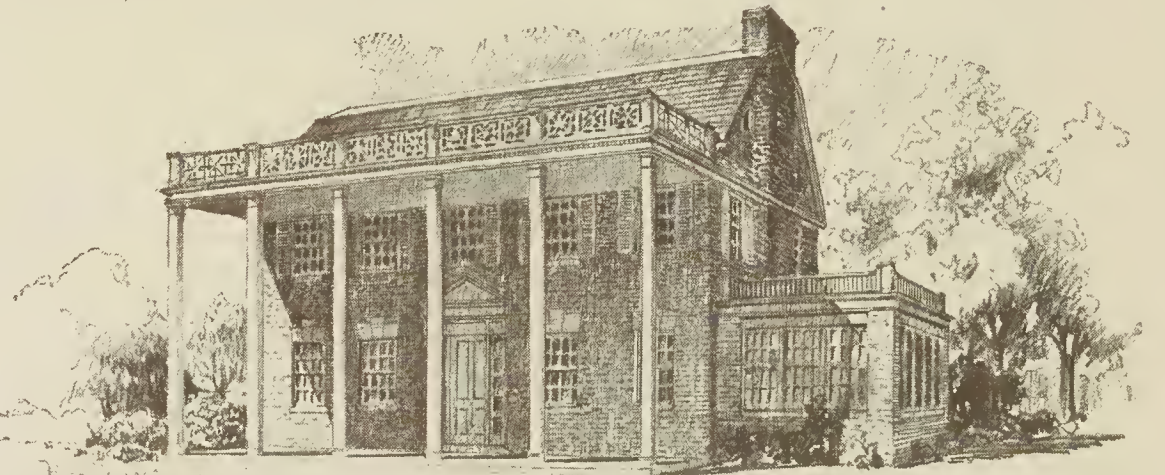
Changes in the character of our homes have sprung up as often from changes of habit as from change and development of taste. Acquisition in terms of quantity is an American failing. It has sometimes come to spell advance and success to us. We are apt to mistake a certain kind of sumptuousness for beauty. Sumptuousness often means complication and as such becomes tiresome and oppressive. Even good forms, through overcrowding, fail at times to assert their true value.

AMERICA is undeniably on the threshold of great promise in all matters of architectural conception and design. The sense of dignity and restfulness that is afforded by simple things and simple lines is beginning to be understood as a relief. Elimination of non-essentials is helping, and the standard of quality is slowly winning over the stupidity of indiscriminate quantity. Those who are being privileged to contribute to the progress of this development should try to meet their responsibility sanely and seriously.

The building of a house to live in should be a serious and an all-absorbing business. Each step in its development should be well planned in accordance with tried and true principles—few and simple elements and worthy materials. Beware of just-as-goods. Stick to truths that have proved their intrinsic worth through the ages.



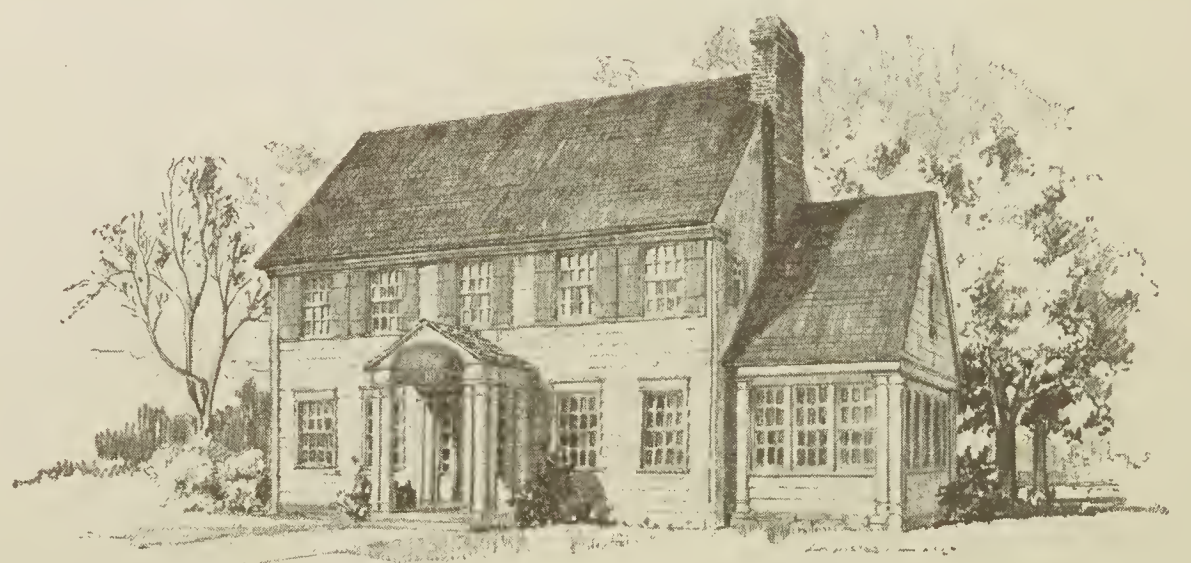
THE MISSION TYPE MAY BE BUILT OF STUCCO OR WOOD OR TILE, OR IN LIGHT-COLORED RUBBLE-STONE SMOOTHLY POINTED AND WHITEWASHED



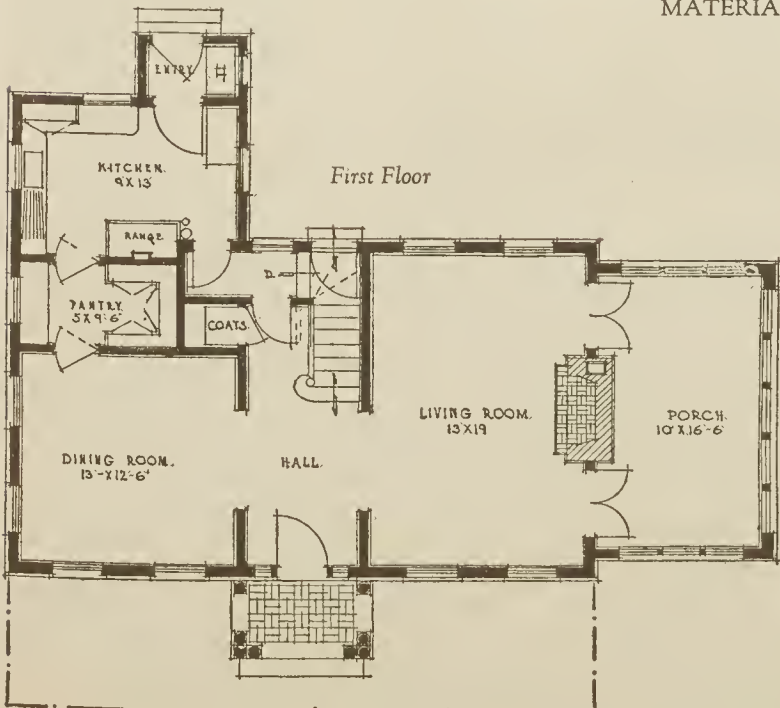
THE SOUTHERN COLONIAL TYPE MAY BE BUILT OF BRICK OR SHINGLES OR CLAP-BOARD AND SHOULD GIVE MORE SPACE TO WINDOWS AND LESS TO WALLS



THE ENGLISH TYPE MAY BE BUILT IN ITS LOWER PORTION OF RUBBLE-STONE OR STUCCO OR WOOD OR TILE; THE UPPER STORY OF HALF-TIMBER AND STUCCO OR PLAIN STUCCO

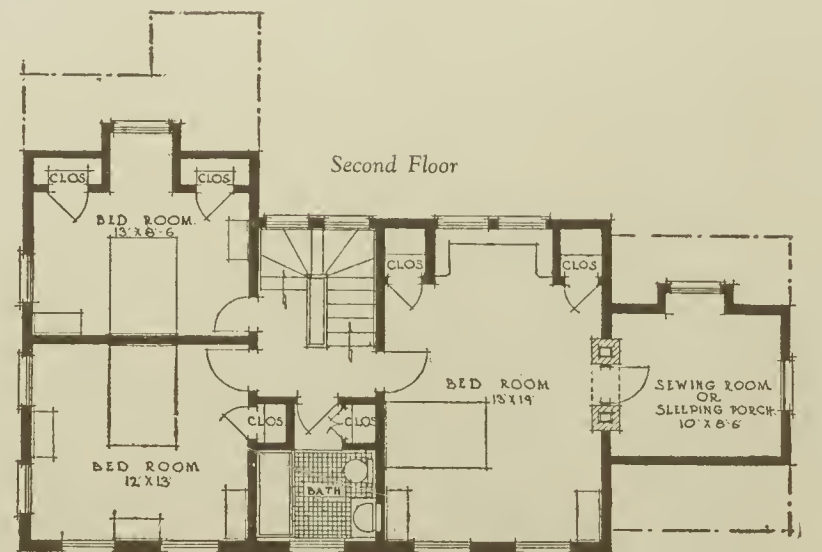


THE NORTHERN COLONIAL TYPE MAY BE BUILT IN AS GREAT A VARIETY OF MATERIALS AS THE SOUTHERN, BUT THE ROOF SHOULD SLOPE TO SHED SNOW



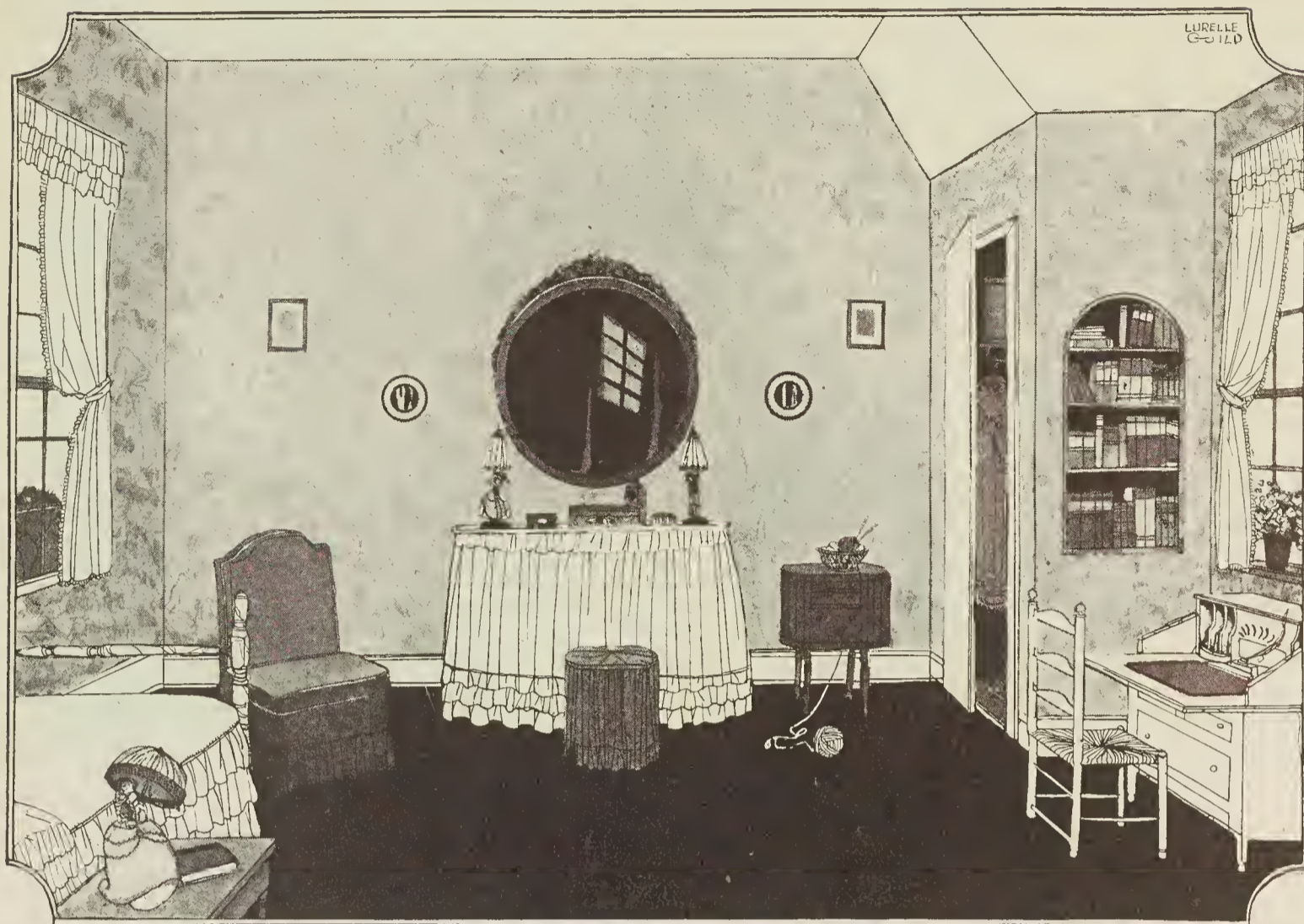
MR. DONN BARBER, ARCHITECT,

has designed these floor-plans of an ideal small house to which four distinctly different designs in elevation have been applied. Each of these schemes is capable of execution in a varying choice of materials. The four types represent suitable architectural expression for four widely separated parts of the country. Upon request, THE DELINEATOR will supply for one dollar (\$1.00) reprints of these floor-plans with working figures which, with the style of exterior chosen, may be developed into working drawings by your local architect. Address, Home Building Editor



ROOMS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS



SURROUNDED BY HER THINGS, A GIRL FINDS CONTENTMENT AND PLEASURE IN HER ROOM

substantial table. A carefully hung mirror, a tie rack, plenty of shelf room for trophies and wireless apparatus, a sizable closet with an abundance of hangers, will help the care-free boy assume the responsibility of caring for his things and taking pride in his belongings.

GIRLS

GIRLS' rooms, on the other hand, should be dainty, bright and frivolous. Surrounded by her things, a girl finds great contentment in sewing, reading, and entertaining her friends. Her personality, even at a very tender age, will clearly be disclosed by the way she cares for her room and the manner in which she places the chairs, makes her bed, and arranges the articles on the dressing-table.

There is no need of a great expenditure of money in buying furniture or hangings for a girl's room. It is necessary in choosing, however, to keep in mind the durability and lasting qualities of light-colored materials. They are so tempting and so easily bought, but soon regretted because they either fade or will not wash. Of course, a bed, a dressing-table, chairs, a big box, and if possible, a desk, are the necessary things.

With a pretty, soft, gray-rose all-over paper, which I have in mind, painted or natural wood furniture could be used. The color scheme of the room we will establish by using dotted swiss—white swiss with a tiny rose dot—for a bedspread. The pillow-sham is of the same material trimmed with three-inch ruffles. The short curtains, finished with the same width ruffles at the bottom, have as valance a straight strip of the material with three ruffles attached, to match those on the bedspread. These are held back with tiny bands of rose-colored sateen. The dressing-table and the big box have flounces of rose sateen bound and finished with gray



MOST of us have carried with the memory of our youth a vivid picture of the rooms which were called ours. During the school-days, and the happy vacation days that followed, these rooms unconsciously played an important part in the development of our character and in molding our

ideas of home decoration.

It has been proved that furnishings and color produce either desirable or disastrous effects upon the sensitive minds of children. Blues and violets soothe, while reds, yellows, and sometimes greens, are exciting and stimulating colors. Equally as important is the question of design. To most children, a spotty or too often repeated design is distracting. After a day's confinement in a room of this type, the figures would insist on being counted, up and down and all around, and would soon become nerve-racking and might even produce nightmares. The walls should be restful, and a careful study made of the temperament, sex and age of the child in question.

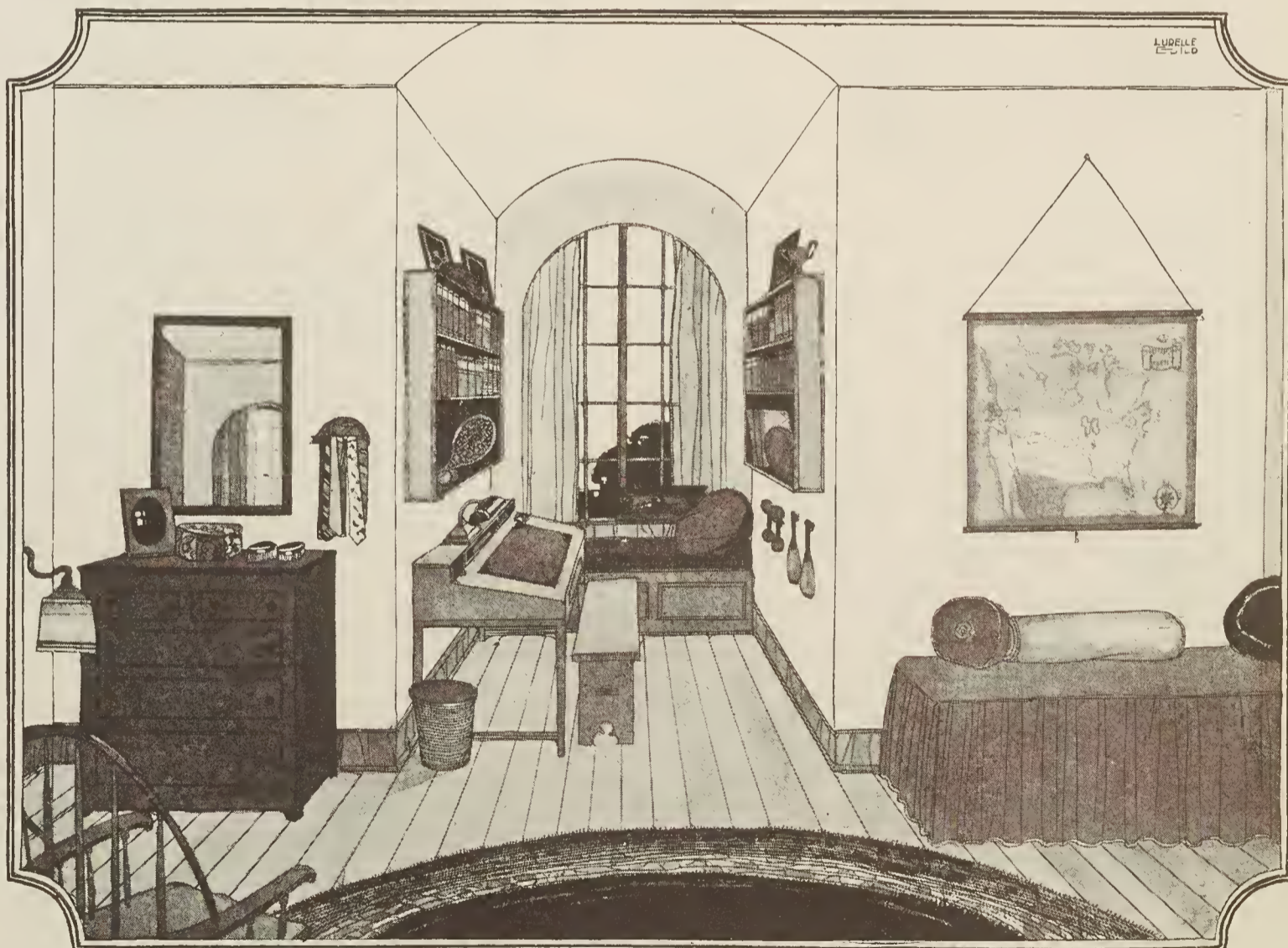
We so often send our children to study and amuse themselves in their rooms, but have we done our share in providing them with the comforts and necessities that will assist them to produce better school work and make happy their leisure hours?

BOYS

IT IS true that some boys would not appreciate a room that his mother might furnish for him, especially if she gave him mahogany and chintz, but if the mother studies her boy and tries furnishing his room just to suit him, it won't be long before he brings the "fellows" home, and, I believe, spends many a happy hour in his room.

The necessities are, of course, a bed, a chest of drawers, a mirror, a desk, a chair or two and a rug. The walls should preferably be painted or tinted. Tan, gray, or even the yellows, would be good colors with stained oak or walnut woodwork. A broad iron cot, or something of the day-bed type, would make a more inviting lounge than a well-kept, formal bed.

With yellow walls I see a bedspread of blue denim, made with a wide ruffle around the three sides. At the edge of the ruffle have a stitched band of yellow sateen. Cover the pillow and one or two cushions with the sateen. These may be trimmed with bands of the denim. The curtains may be of sateen with a binding of blue denim which, if hung straight and reaching only to the window-sill, would be most practical. A broad, substantial desk of the craftsman type, or a substitute for it, which may be



BOYS' ROOMS MAY BE MADE INTERESTING—EVEN BEAUTIFUL—BUT MASCULINITY MUST BE FOREMOST

made by cutting the legs of a kitchen table to a comfortable height, might have a wooden bench or stool for a seat.

Over a hardwood, or even a painted floor, one could safely lay strips of coco-matting or braided rugs. A most desirable floor covering, however, would be a plain, light-brown linoleum. This would blend with the yellow walls and blue denim hangings and would be a delight to keep clean.

For comfort during the study hour, a Windsor or tufted armchair should find its way to a securely fixed lamp. It may be fastened to the wall or be placed on a

cotton tape; a straight wooden chair painted gray, to correspond with the desk and bed, has a tiny outline of rose-colored paint. A natural wicker chair with a cushion of rose-and-gray flowered cretonne introduces a cheerful note. Rag rugs or strips of dark-gray chenille carpet will make durable and appropriate floor coverings. The lamp-base might be a Dresden-china figure with a shade of silk, dotted swiss, or rose-colored paper. Hat-boxes, plenty of hooks for skirts and waists, an attractive sewing-box, a waste-basket, pincushions, perfume bottles and a place for photographs and books will make any girl's room "a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

THE NEW in NEW YORK

Proving that figures are not as inflexible as statisticians would have us believe

BY EVELYN DODGE



The wrap-around corset accommodates the average figure

IF YOU can bear it, and it takes courage, you'd better go home and look yourself over coldly and dispassionately in a full-length mirror. Can it be that you have—to use a word all women find hideous—increased? And has your figure actually spread as the Cassandra-like corset-makers have been prophesying? Undoubtedly it has. What with no corsets and all the comforts of a car and the concealing lines of sweaters and one-piece dresses your figure has probably crept up on you. You will do well if you take it in time while you can still call it a figure, or it may get entirely out of hand. Get new corsets at once—call them girdles if it makes you feel any better—but get them.

You have to be correctly corseted to wear the new styles. Use as few bones and as much rubber as your figure will stand, but wear enough of a corset to control your abdomen and back and a deep enough brassière to take care of your diaphragm. The corset must leave your waistline alone—you simply mustn't have one to-day—and it mustn't make you look stiff and rigid. Its object primarily is not to change the lines of the figure but to keep the lines of the figure from changing, spreading, increasing, call it any ugly name you like.

IN BUYING your corsets consider the needs of your figure. If you are acquiring a roll of flesh under your shoulders or if your figure is becoming heavier below the waistline, don't be led into the easy ways of the very short girdle. The days are past when a woman hastily pulled a tape measure around the place where she thought her waistline ought to be, jotted down some figures on a slip of paper, and then bought her corset willy-nilly and wondered why she had dyspepsia or peculiar pains. Now corsets may be chosen for individuals, though there are three outstanding general types offered in the shops.

FOR the average figure there is the wrap-around corset partly of rubber, which extends above the waistline a couple of inches and comes well down over the hips and back. It does not need lacing to hold it in place, for it adjusts itself very comfortably to the figure with elastic. In many

cases it is cut higher at the back to take care of superfluous flesh under the shoulder-blades. You buy it by the actual waist measure.

Or perhaps you belong to that class of women who are "doing it to music." With your figure just a pound or two ahead of the mark you have set for it, you must hold it in to straight and slender lines. The front or back laced corsets made partly of material and partly of elastic, or all of material, are then the proper restraints for you. They are bought two or three inches smaller than your waist measure.

If your figure is full and heavy, you should wear the third type—heavily boned corsets of brocade or coutil, and just as long as you can stand. This corset comes three to five inches above the waistline and frequently has rubber inserts at the lower part and the top.



It was not so long ago that the "Sudden Hip" figure followed these lines

EVEN the college girls and the flappers, who a year or two ago began their campaign for full freedom and no restraint by casting corsets into the limbo of things old-fashioned, have begun to wear them again under the name of girdles, albeit these hybrids of the corset family are very short and almost topless. For the young girl just entering her teens who feels herself above the indignity of an underwaist there are corselets, a combination of a brassière top and an unboned corset lower part. They make an excellent corset for swimming, riding or a foundation for negligees. They hook down the back and sometimes have a very light boning and a lower part combined with elastic. You buy them by the bust measure.

THOUGH some white corsets are used, the majority are flesh color and made of brocade, coutil, strips of tape, or strips of satin ribbon, or fancy material, and combined with elastic webbing or surgical elastic.

All-important is the brassière you choose to top your new corset. The very best type comes to the waistline and uses a wide strip of elastic webbing at the lower part of the front and back with a front panel of brocade or other material. This webbing controls the diaphragm and the flesh that will push up over the top.



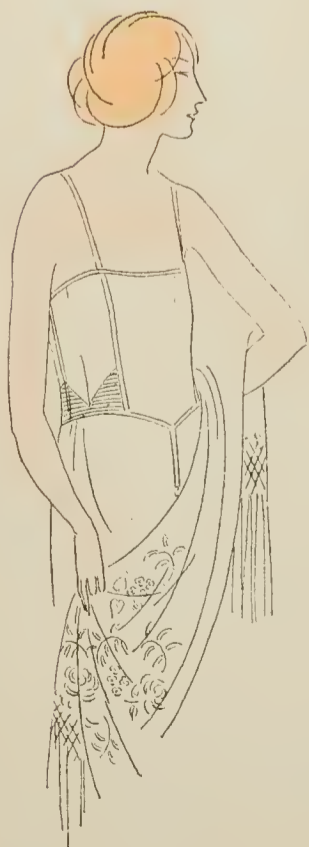
Corsets are long over the hips and above the waistline in back



A typical front-lace corset



Corsets are free and easy with elastic webbing



Brassières for medium figures are slight affairs



For the young girl corselets are in vogue



The brassière is all-important



For full figures corsets are heavily boned

SOULIÉ SENDS FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS THAT DEFINE THE LENGTH AND



Most of the new sleeves are long but not all of them are wide even in soft dresses of crêpe silk. Rolande uses a close sleeve for a dress of gray crêpe antar trimmed fabric-fashion with green crêpe. The panels hang loose at the side and the waist is low. Green crêpe in the collar stands away from the neck but retains the bateau line



Pin tucks, placed fan-fashion beneath the arm, give an additional drapery to a coat of black poplin caught up under a button at the left side and bloused a little at the back. The narrow collar is of the unpronounceable onistiti, better known in organ-grinder circles under the humbler name of gray monkey. From Rolande



A coat that might be taken as a definition of the coat silhouette of the year is wide through the body, deep through the arm and narrow, but of the same width from its hip to its hem. It is made of beige buracotta and is trimmed in cape effect at the back with bands of castorette. From Béchoff

Russian in line and color and a magnificence that stops just short of the barbaric is an evening cloak of red cloth lined with blue crêpe and embroidered with blue and silver tinsel thread. The waistcoat and edging are of a brown fur called "mundel" or marmot and the coat is from Béchoff

Bernard uses brown kasha trimmed with nutria for a street coat for the early Winter. Bands of the fur carry to the shoulder the lines of the slightly flared and deeply indented lower part. Even coats are longer and in most cases cover the dress so that they are complete costumes in themselves. The sleeve is almost always wide

ESTABLISHMENT SKETCHES OF PARIS MODELS

BREADTH OF THE NEW FASHIONS



Flat frills across the figure at shoulder and hip fall into a cascade drapery with the misleading carelessness that is a mixture of much study and a great deal of art. A long silken tassel makes a crimson stain against the pale beige of the thick crêpe, a color that is now used for dinner dresses of the simpler type. From Bernard

Patou's dresses are exceedingly simple, but they have an extraordinary cachet from their hand-work, often in the form of insertions of crocheted silk that looks like fagotting, of braid or embroidery or of fabric trimming. On a dress of velveteen he simulates bretelles on the blouse and a tablier on the skirt with insertions of narrow braid and hand embroidery



With that nicety of design, so characteristic of the French, Patou follows the lines of a plaited skirt with a tablier of narrow tucks in the lower part of the jacket of a Winter suit. The coat blouses a little at the low waistline, the skirt is longer than last year, and the material is beige velours de laine trimmed with astrakan



A narrow skirt of the new length wrapped around the figure, a bloused coat with a belt that rests upon the hip, a chin collar and a pair of excessively smart top boots of fine wrinkled leather and you have Drecoll's idea of a Winter costume à la mode. It is of beige poplatrefine, with a collar of mole

Drecoll embroiders primrose yellow velvet with arabesques of white porcelain and dull crystal beads. A black chiffon scarf falls and flutters in a cascade held at the hip with great ornaments of black jet. The body makes its own sleeve and the décolletage is the familiar Grecian line



Dress 3979



Dress 4007



Dress 3996



Dress 3790



Dress 3999

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 106



Dress 3845



Dress 3969



Dress 3770
Embroidery
design
10753



Coat 3955



Dress 3975



Dress 3979



Dress 3987

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 106



Dress 3981
Embroidery
design 10855

Dress 3924

Dress 3962
Embroidery
design 10853

Dress 3960
Embroidery
design 10981

Dress 3970

Dress 3986

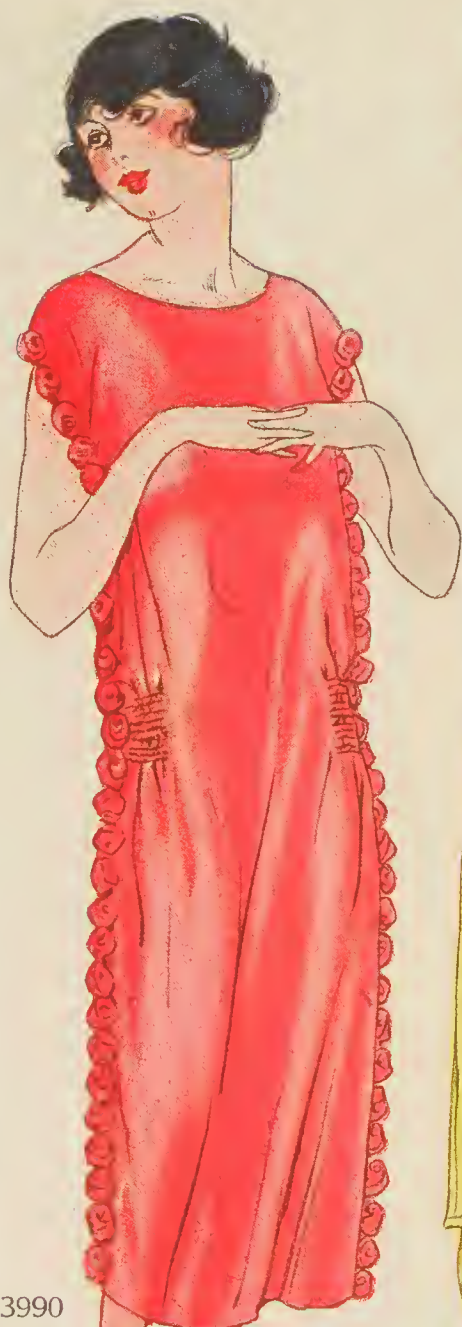
Dress 3958
Smocking
design 10744

Dress 3911
Embroidery
design 10948

Coat 3976
Hat 3972

Suit 3984

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 107



Dress 3990



Dress 3964



Dress 3985



Dress 3975
Hat 3665



Coat 3974
Dress 3877



Blouse 3959
Skirt 2989
Tam 3157
Embroidery
design
10723



Dress 3977



Dress 3969
Embroidery
design 10981

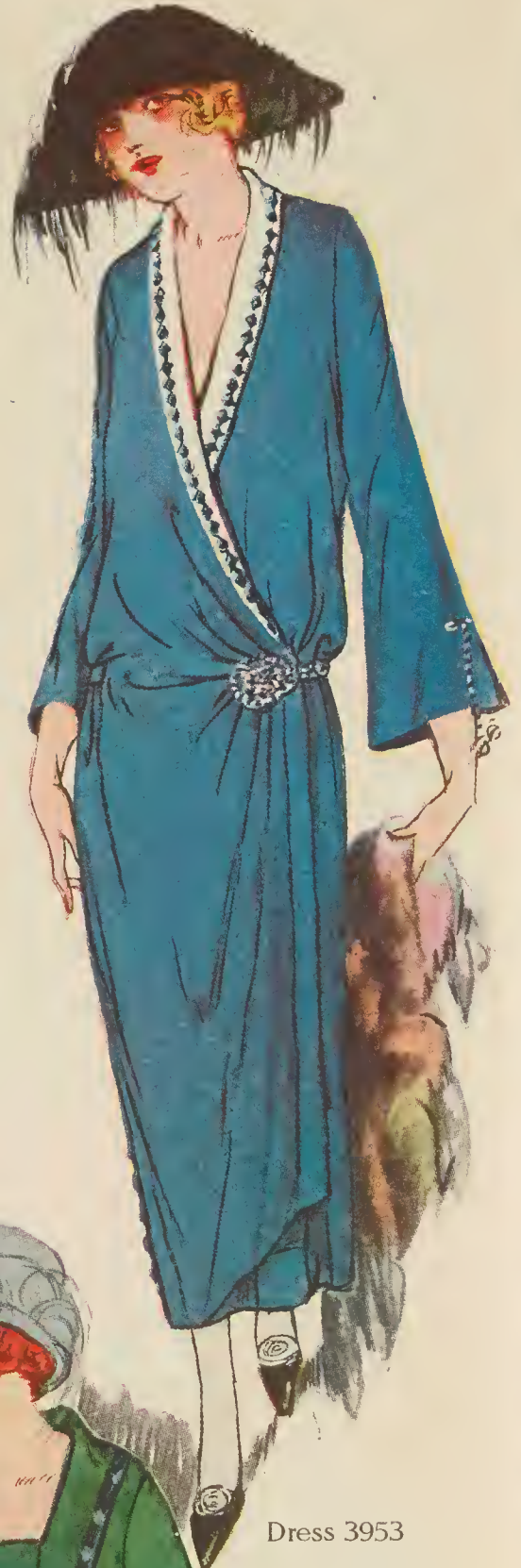
Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 108



Blouse 3957
Skirt 3485
Embroidery design 10954



Coat 3956
Dress 3963



Dress 3953



Dress 3966
Embroidery design 10787

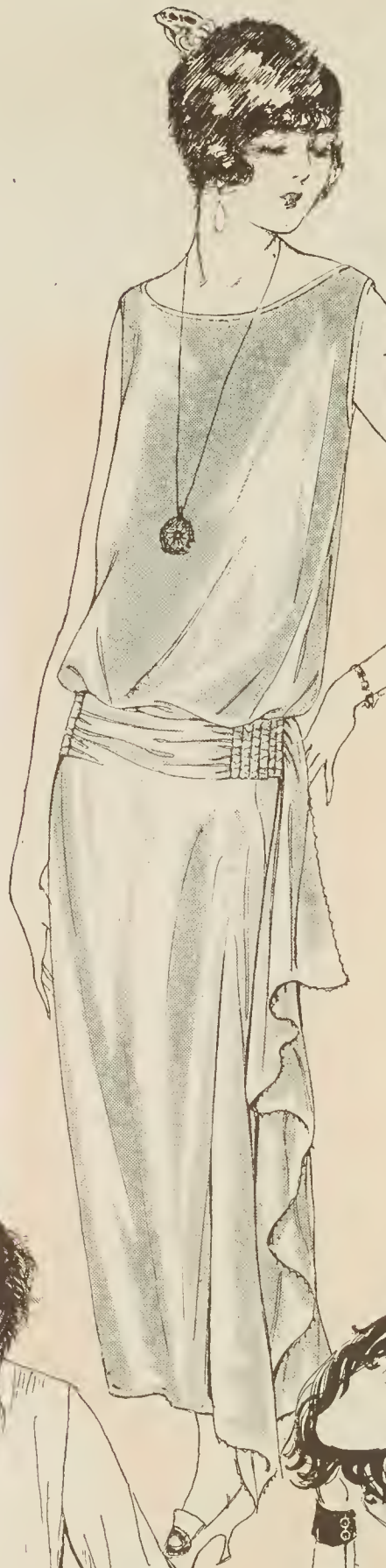


Dress 3971
Braiding design 10922

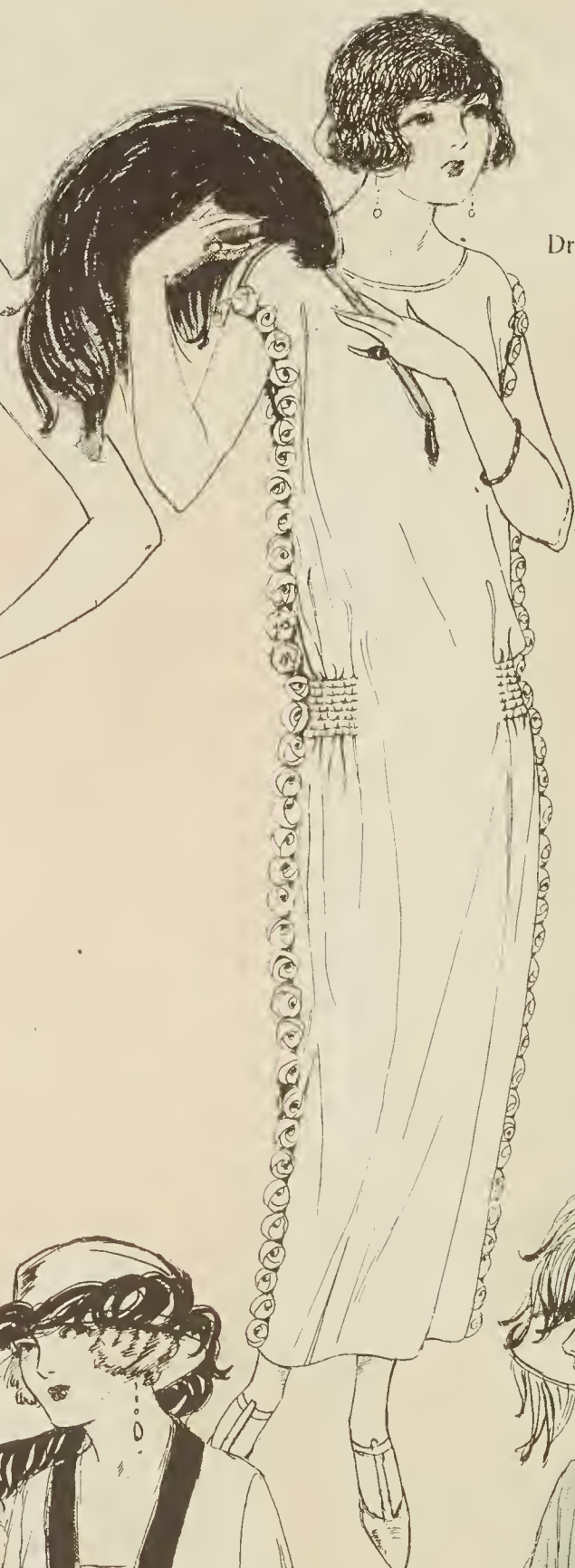


Dress 3983

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 109



Dress 3996



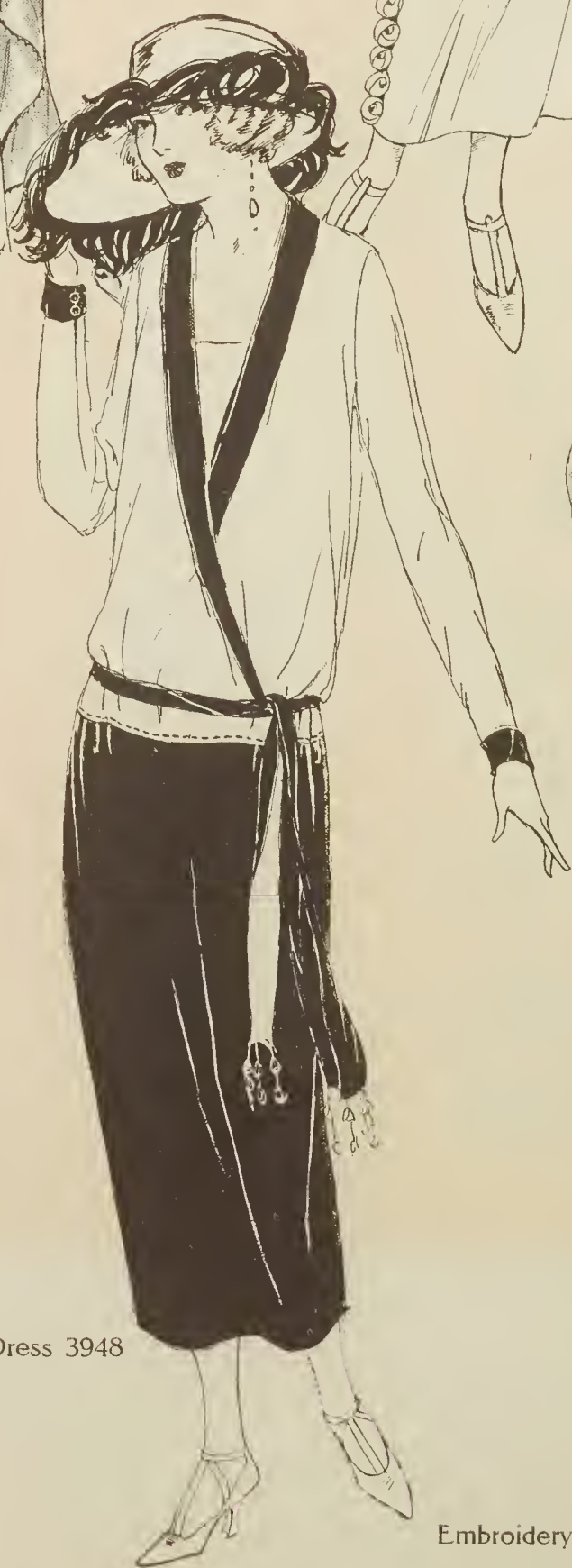
Dress 3990



Dress 3999



Dress 3915
Embroidery
design 10917



Dress 3948



Dress 3929
Embroidery design 10973



Dress 4005

Other views and descriptions of these garments
are on page 109

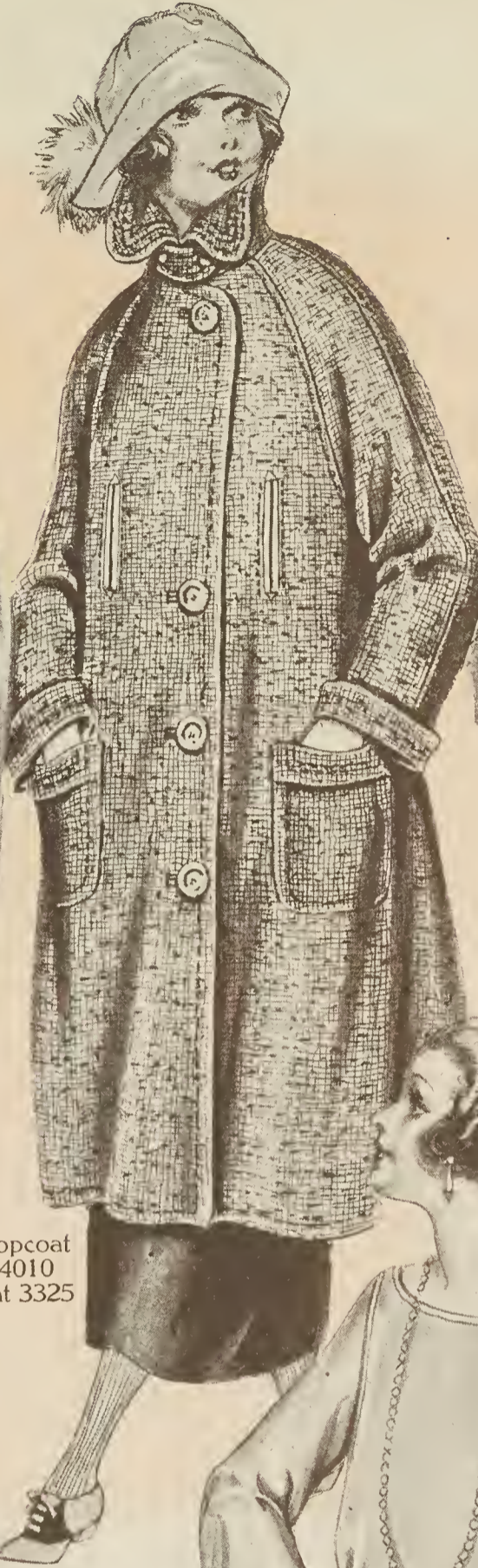
FASHION TELLS THE HOURS OF A TYPICAL AUTUMN DAY



Coat 4011
Skirt 3893



Cape
4009



Topcoat
4010
Hat 3325



Coat 4008



Riding habit 4004



Dress 4012



4011



3893



4004



4009



4010



4008



4012

4011—3893—Excellent and very smart lines are achieved by this suit with its smart coat and two-piece skirt. It may be 32 or 38 inches long at the back. The skirt has a waistline 1 1/4 inch above normal and inside pockets.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 1/2 yards of 54-inch wool repp. Lower edge of skirt 54 1/2 inches.

The suit is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust and 35 to 47 1/2 hip.

4009—An interlacing of stuffed tubing makes a smart collar for this straight cape. If one prefers, the side panels may be omitted. Use wool pile fabrics, velvet, etc.

36 bust requires 3 3/8 yards of 54-inch duvetyn. Lower edge 52 inches.

The cape is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4010—3325—No stiff breezes can chill the girl who wears this top-coat in raglan style. Her hat is becoming.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 54-inch mixture. Lower edge 2 1/4 yards.

The top-coat is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The hat is nice for ladies and misses.

4008—The double-breasted effect of this coat is very becoming and makes it serviceable for many occasions. The coat may be made shorter.

Lower edge in longer length 2 yards. 36 bust requires 3 5/8 yards of 54-inch camel's-hair cloth.

The coat is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also for misses.

4004—Over hill and down on a spirited mount has its joys in Autumn, particularly if one wears this smart riding habit. The coat may be sleeveless for warm weather. Use oxford, whip-cord, melton, covert, gabardine, unfinished worsted, wool khaki, etc.

36 bust requires 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch melton cloth.

The riding habit is serviceable for ladies 34 to 44 bust, also for misses and girls 8 to 18 years.

4012—This one-piece dress has three-in-one possibilities: it may be used for afternoon or dinner or worn sleeveless as an evening gown. The side handkerchief drapery is graceful. The dress has a straight lower edge and its sleeves go into a body lining.

36 bust requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 57 inches.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

TWISTED TUBING TRIMS THE COAT'S HIPLINE,
WITH BRAID OR CROSS-STITCH FIRST FOR
DRESSES



Blouse 3951
Embroidery design 10858

3974

Coat 3974
Dress 3913

Dress 4002

3959

Blouse 3959

Skirt 3936

Dress 3917. Embroidery design 10926

Dress 3977
Embroidery design 10954

3951

4002—A well-cut one-piece dress will be comfortable for many a mile over heath and down in cross-country tramp, or be equally serviceable for street wear. The slash at the side reveals the separate knickers beneath. The dress slips on over the head. Use serge, soft twills, tricotine, etc.
36 bust requires 4 1/4 yards of 44-inch serge and 1/4 yard of 36-inch linen. Lower edge 54 inches.
The dress is practical for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

3959—The trim tailored appearance of this blouse comes from its collar, cuffs, and the slit pocket. It slips on over the head and buttons around the hip, lending a blouse effect at the back. Make it of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, habutai, printed silk, printed crêpes, wool jersey, silk broadcloth, etc.
36 bust requires 1 5/8 yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.
The blouse is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3974—3913—This one-piece raglan coat is bloused to form a belt effect, over a dress of the slip-over type, which has a two-piece skirt joining a long body. The dress has a medium deep armhole and may have a blouse body lining. Lower edge 53 1/2 inches.
36 bust requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch matelassé for the coat and 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch tricotine for the dress.
The coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3936—Tabs from the belt to the pockets mark this two-piece skirt as very new. It has a waistline which is raised about 1 1/4 inch. Suitable materials to use for this type of skirt are camel's-hair suiting, homespun, tweeds, serge, tricotine, soft twills, broadcloth, Oxford suiting checks, stripes, plaids, etc.
38 hip requires 1 3/8 yard of 54-inch check wool. Lower edge of the skirt 1 1/2 yard.
The skirt is attractive for ladies 35 to 55 hip measure.

3951—10858—A blouse of the newest type which slips on over the head is of sailor origin. The blouse at the back evidently comes from the way it buttons closely around the hips. A monogram design lends individuality. Work the design in satin-stitch or outline embroidery. Habutai, printed silks, printed crêpes, etc., are suitable for such a blouse.
36 bust requires 1 7/8 yard of 40-inch silk crêpe.
The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3917—10926—Loose side panels often aline themselves with vestee fronts as in this one-piece dress which slips on over the head. It may have a blouse body lining, if one prefers. The braiding is very smart. The design should be done in one-half-inch soutache braid, outline, chain-stitch, or couching.
36 bust requires 2 7/8 yards of 54-inch soft twill and 1/4 yard of 36-inch satin. Lower edge 54 inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

3977—10954—Cross-stitch gives an alluring "come-hither" appearance to this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. The side-plait at each side is caught at the bottom and the low waistline may have elastic in a casing. The embroidery is gay. Work it in both cross-stitch and beading.
36 bust requires 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch wool repp and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting material. Lower edge 53 inches.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.



4002 3913 3936 3917 3977

FRENCH CONTRIBUTIONS TO SMART CLOTHES THE YOUNGER SET WILL WEAR THIS AUTUMN



Dress 4003

Dress 3966

Dress 4000

Dress 3914 Embroidery design 10812

Dress 3920 Embroidery design 10981

Dress 3983



Coat 3954



Dress 3971 Embroidery design 10865

4003—Strap trimming is important in a dress of the slip-over type. The deep plait at each side and the low waistline where the straight skirt joins are smart. Lower edge 49½ inches. 16 years requires 1¼ yard of 40-inch silk and 1⅞ yard of 44-inch cloth. The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4000—Separate knickers proclaim the worth of this one-piece dress for school wear. It slips on over the head. 10 years requires 2¼ yards of 44-inch serge and ¼ yard of 32-inch gingham. The dress is practical for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3920—10981—The Russian closing of a one-piece dress marks it as quite new. Embroidery follows its line. Work it in peasant embroidery. 12 years requires 1½ yard of 44-inch soft twill, ½ yard of 36-inch flannel. The dress is nice for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

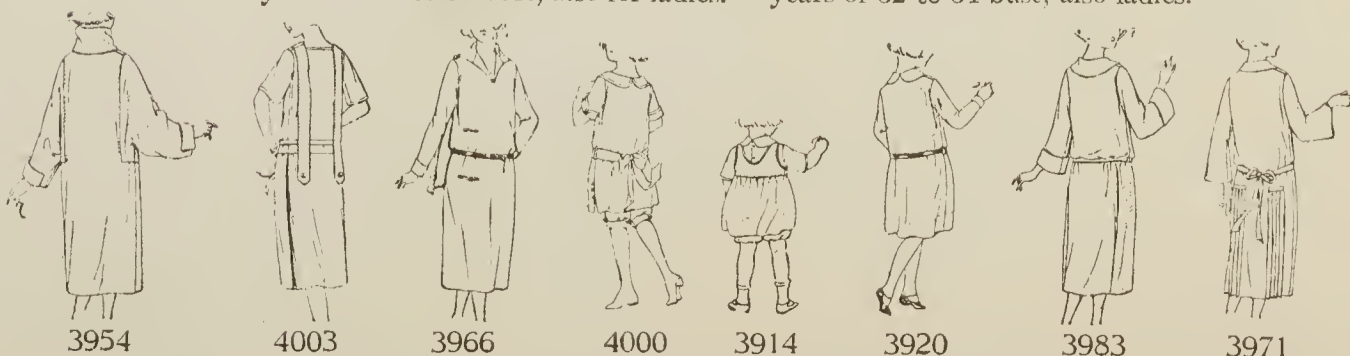
3954—The deep square armhole of this warm coat makes it practical to slip over any frock. 16 years requires 4 yards of 40-inch velvet and ⅜ yard of 50-inch fur cloth. Length at back 48½ inches. The coat is smart for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

3966—The removable ripple cape of a one-piece dress on the slip-over order tempts her to turn her back. Use wool poplin, camel's hair, etc. 17 years requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch wool repp and ⅜ yard of 36-inch velvet. Lower edge 48½ inches. The dress is good for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

3914—10812—This empire dress with its blouse and bloomers all one is useful for play-days. It slips on over the head. The pocket motifs are gay. Work them in braiding, outline or satin-stitch. The dress is nice for little girls 2 to 8 years.

3983—Such a smart one-piece dress exemplifies the worth of a girdle of stuffed tubing. The dress slips on over the head with a box plait at each side which is caught at the bottom. The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

3971—10865—Plaits make a wise insertion on this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. There may be a blouse body lining. The embroidery is gay. Work it in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads. The dress is nice for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also ladies.





DRESSES BROADCAST THE VOGUE OF FRONT OR SIDE DRAPERY, LOW WAISTLINES, AND THE STRAIGHT SKIRT

Dress 3992 Embroidery design 10917

3991—A bertha collar places the stamp of approval on this dress of the slip-over type and hand-made fabric flowers emphasize loose panels and a low waistline. The straight skirt joins the blouse. Use Georgette, point d'esprit, net, crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth, silk voile, soft taffeta, organdy, swiss, etc. A 13-year size requires 3 7/8 yards of 36-inch taffeta. The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3988—The social season begins early with dresses like this with a tucked, straight skirt and long body. Make it of organdy, swiss, cotton voile, Georgette, point d'esprit, net, crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth, silk voile, or soft taffeta with the roses of the same material. A 12-year size requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch Georgette. The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

3964—The one-piece gown for formal wear inserts fulness at the sides to form a soft draping in front and adds side handkerchief draperies to a skirt with a straight lower edge. The sleeve goes into a body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, Georgette, etc. Lower edge 54 inches. A 17-year size requires 3 5/8 yards of 40-inch crêpe satin. The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years; also small women.

4001—Taffeta flowers into daisies on a dress of the slip-over order, trimming the short sleeves and low waistline where there is a casing arrangement of elastic. The tucked straight skirt joining the blouse is smart. Lower edge 63 inches. A 16-year size requires 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch soft taffeta. The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years.

3995—10945—This season's dresses of the slip-over style have becoming long bodies which join skirts on straight lines. It offers a body lining. The embroidery is bright. Work it in a combination of outline or satin-stitch and bugle beads or one-stitch. A 17-year size requires 1 3/8 yard of 40-inch silk crêpe and 1 3/4 yard of 36-inch crêpe jersey. Lower edge 58 inches. The dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

Dress 3995 Embroidery design 10945

3987—The new draperies are interesting when they take the lines of this one-piece dress with a smart blouse at the back. It slips on over the head with a possibility of a body lining. Use wool repp, wool poplin, soft twills, etc. Lower edge 46 inches. A 17-year size requires 2 3/8 yards of 54-inch duvetyn. The dress is nice for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

3992—10917—A dress that puts up a straight front all in one piece but has the long body at the back is smart. The skirt is straight, the dress slips on over the head with a choice of a body lining. The motifs are gay. Work them in satin, outline, or chain-stitch. A 16-year size requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch crêpe satin and 1/2 yard of 40-inch chiffon. Lower edge 53 1/2 inches. The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years, or small women.

3922—A Roman striped ribbon sash illustrates the worth of colors on a one-piece dress for fastidious girls. This dress slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, pongee, soft taffeta, wool crepe, wool jersey, etc. A 10-year size requires 1 1/2 yard of 40-inch wool crêpe and 3 5/8 yards of 3-inch ribbon. The dress is nice for girls 2 to 14 years.



GARMENTS FOR MOMENTS WHEN FAMILIES ARE UNDER COVER



Night-drawers 3982

Bathrobe 3961

Nightgown 3978

Bathrobe 3998

Bathrobe 3994

3998—Brisk mornings will be exhilarating to the head of the family who wears this bathrobe and the warm slippers with protecting soles. It may be used as a lounging robe for leisure hours. Make it of blanket robing, blanket toweling, etc.

A 36-breast requires one blanket 64 by 84 inches.

The bathrobe and slippers are practical for men 32 to 48 breast.

3982—Nights when the wind howls and the leaves make shivery sounds, one wants warm pajamas. There may be a hood to keep out draughts and the sleeves of this suit may be in bishop or shirt style. Use Canton or outing flannel or flannelet.

8 years requires 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch flannelet.

The night-drawers or pajamas are nice for children 1 to 12 years.

3961—Bedtime is a happy hour when one has an interesting bathrobe like this robe with a straight lower edge. The inverted plait under each arm makes it comfortable and there is a choice of sleeve styles. The slippers have soles.

8 years requires 1 1/2 yard of 72-inch blanket cloth.

The bathrobe and slippers are suitable for children, girls, and juniors 1/2 to 14 years.

3978—When one reaches a certain age then a real nightgown is a joy. This sack gown may be closed down the front or at the back. If one prefers the applied yoke may be omitted. Make the gown of outing flannel, flannelet, muslin, etc.

8 years requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch long-cloth.

The nightgown is good for children or girls 1 to 12 years.



Slip 3489

Apron 3967
Embroidery
Design 10890

Dress 3973

3994—The feminine portion of the family demand beauty as well as comfort in their bathrobes. This robe has raglan sleeves and an attractive collar, cuffs and pockets. The fitted slippers are soled. Lower edge 1 3/4 yards.

36 bust requires 4 1/8 yards of 36-inch blanket-cloth and 5/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting material.

The bathrobe is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust. It is also nice for misses.

3489—There are many uses for the costume slip. The new Fall dresses of transparent fabrics and the lighter tunic blouses require that such a garment be worn underneath. For this slip use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, China silk, Japanese silk, etc. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2 5/8 yards of 36-inch wash satin.

The slip is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3967—10890—The young housewife will welcome this gay apron which slips on over her head. The fruit decoration adds a bright color. Work the design in appliqué, outline, or satin-stitch embroidery.

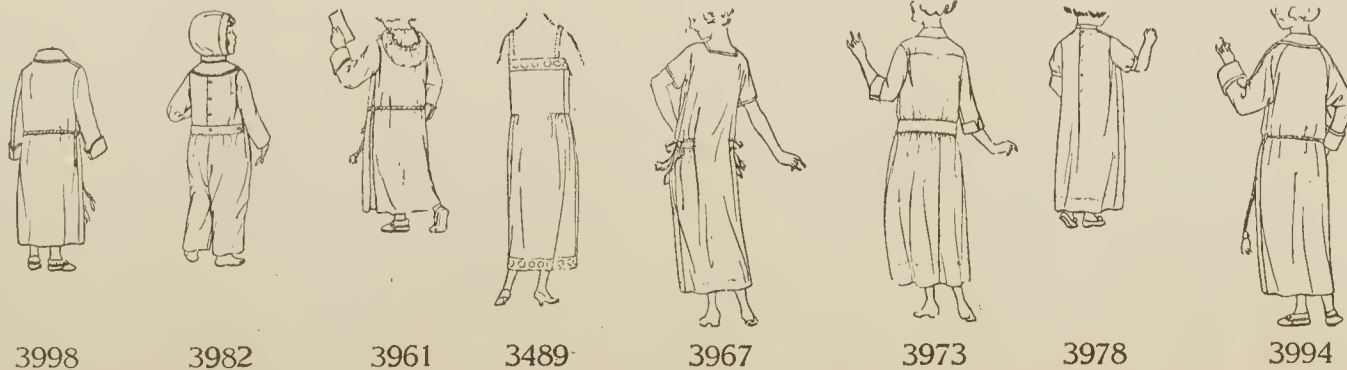
36 bust required 3 3/8 yards of 32-inch chambray. Lower edge 1 5/8 yard.

The apron is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3973—Not only will busy nurses appreciate this dress with a shirt-waist which joins a three-piece skirt at a low waistline; mothers will welcome it as a serviceable house dress. The collar may be joined or fasten on, and the sleeve may be elbow length.

36 bust requires 4 5/8 yards of 36-inch linen. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

The dress is practical for ladies 32 to 46 bust.



3998

3982

3961

3489

3967

3973

3978

3994



3980

View A

Hats 3980



View B



Overcoat 3965

Overcoat 3968



View A

Hats 3972

View B



3972



Coat 3989
Tam 3157



3997



Coat 3997
Hat 3980



Coat 3993
Hat 3332



Coat 3902
Hat 3596

NEW WRAPS FOR THE VIGOROUS AGE TO WEAR IN WINTRY WEATHER

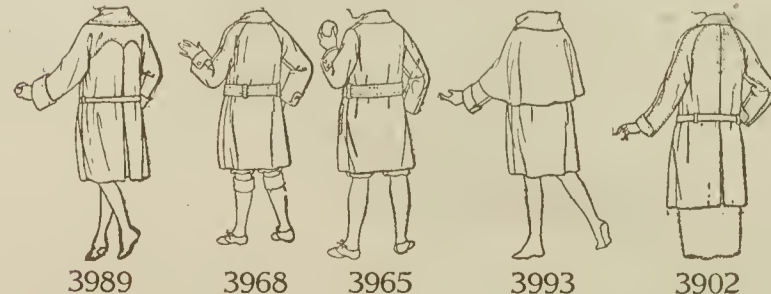
3980—These hats are soft frames for innocence. For view A, with its crushable crown, use satin, taffeta, corded silks or similar materials; for view B, duvetyne, corded silks, etc. The hat, view A, for 6-years or 20½ inches head measure requires ¾ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and the hat, view B, the same size, requires ¾ yard of 36-inch corded silk and 4¼ yards of 1¼-inch ribbon. These hats are for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

3965—"Pogo-ing" is really great sport if a boy is warmly coated in this overcoat. The convertible collar may button close or be worn open, and the patch pockets are useful. Make the coat of tweed, homespun, mixtures, gabardine, cheviot, light-weight chinchilla, whip-cord, covert or camel's hair. A 10-year size requires 1¾ yard of 54-inch tweed. The overcoat is practical for boys 2 to 14 years.

3968—The way to school is a pleasant one with games and fun along the route. Overcoats should be useful for these sports and this raglan overcoat with its convertible collar is destined for hard wear. Suitable materials for it are tweeds, homespun, mixtures, gabardine, cheviot, light-weight chinchilla, whipcord or covert. A 12-year size requires 2½ yards of 54-inch camel's hair. The overcoat is suitable for boys 2 to 14 years.

3972—Flyaway curls may be restrained by these dainty hats for little girls or their older sisters, trimmed with hand-made flowers. For view A use crêpe de Chine, taffeta or panne velvet, and for view B, velvet, duvetyne, corded silks, satin, taffeta or material matching the coat. The hat, view A, for 4 years or 19¾ inches head measure requires ¾ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and the hat, view B, the same size, requires ¾ yard of 36-inch corded silk and 4¼ yards of 1¼-inch ribbon. The hats are good for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

3989—3157—Important years at school are the early ones, and this raglan coat with its yoke back makes a good beginning. Use tweeds, cheviot, fleece, polo cloth, herring-bone, etc. The tam is becoming in gay colors. A 13-year size requires 2¼ yards 54-inch plaid wool for coat. The coat is smart for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years. The tam is good for girls, children, misses and ladies.



3989

3968

3965

3993

3902

3997—3980—The social events of little Miss Two require such a velvet coat with its round yoke and a hat to match. A 2-year size requires 1½ yard of 40-inch velvet and the hat for a 2-year child or 19 inches head measure requires ⅝ yard of velvet 36 to 40 inches wide. The coat is becoming to little girls 1 to 5 years. The hat is nice for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

3993—3332—This coat puts on a great deal of "swank" with its cape and set-in pockets, and the hat is very smart. Make it of wool-pile fabrics, homespun, camel's hair, mixtures, etc. A 12-year size requires 2½ yards of 54-inch homespun and ¼ yard of 27-inch fur for the coat. The coat is smart for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years. The hat is good for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

3902—3596—A wrapped scarf collar is warm for Autumn sports even when it is separate from the raglan coat. This coat may be made shorter. The four-gored hat is "swagger." A 17-year size or 34 bust and the hat for a miss or 21¾ inches head measure requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch wool mixture. The lower edge of coat in longer length, plait drawn out, 1¼ yard. The coat is good for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies; the hat is nice for girls and children, misses, ladies.

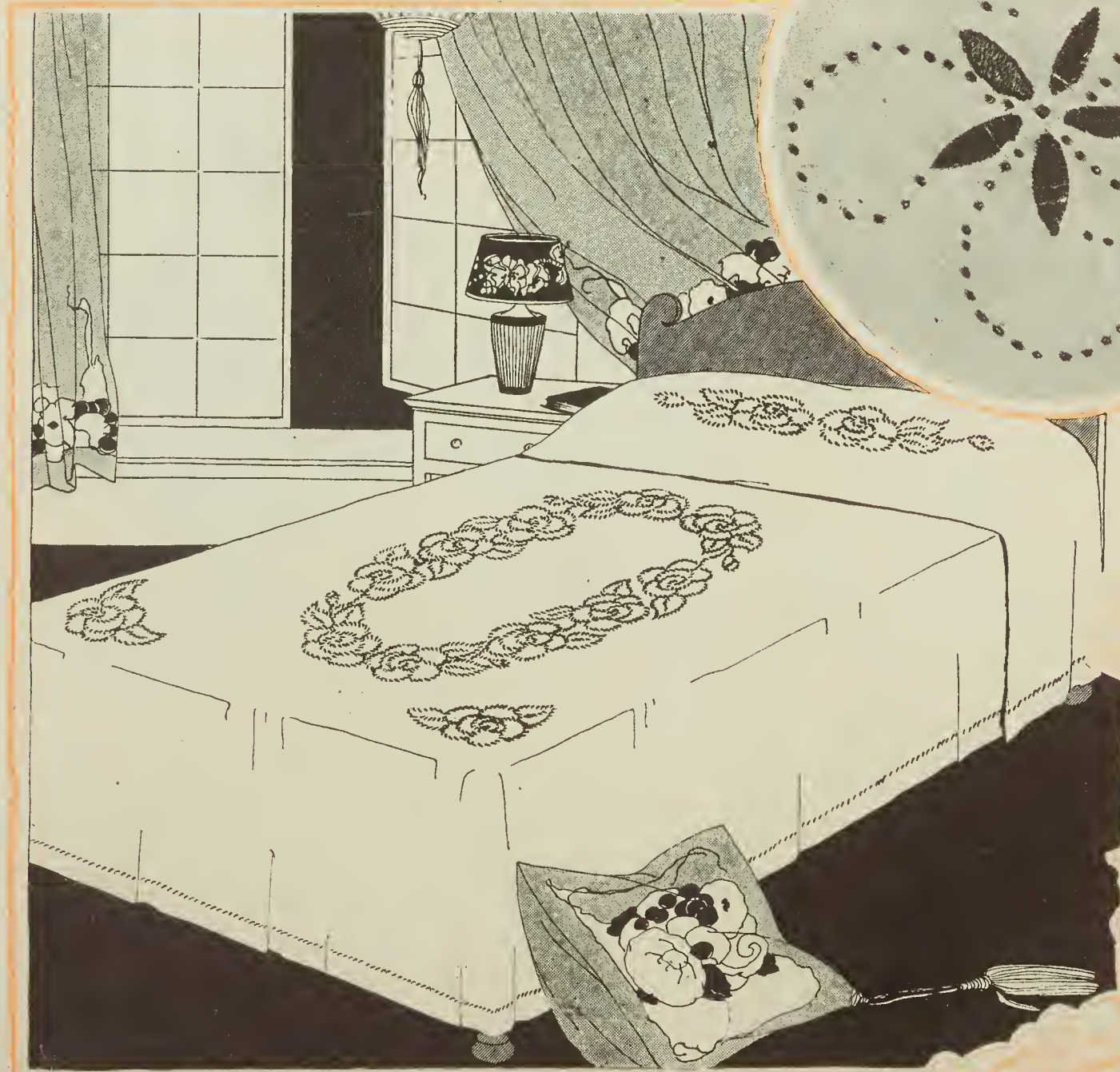


Embroidery design 10993



Embroidery design 10992

SOME VERY WINNING INDUCEMENTS FOR PLEASANT HOURS "OVER THE NEEDLES" IN AUTUMN EMBROIDERY



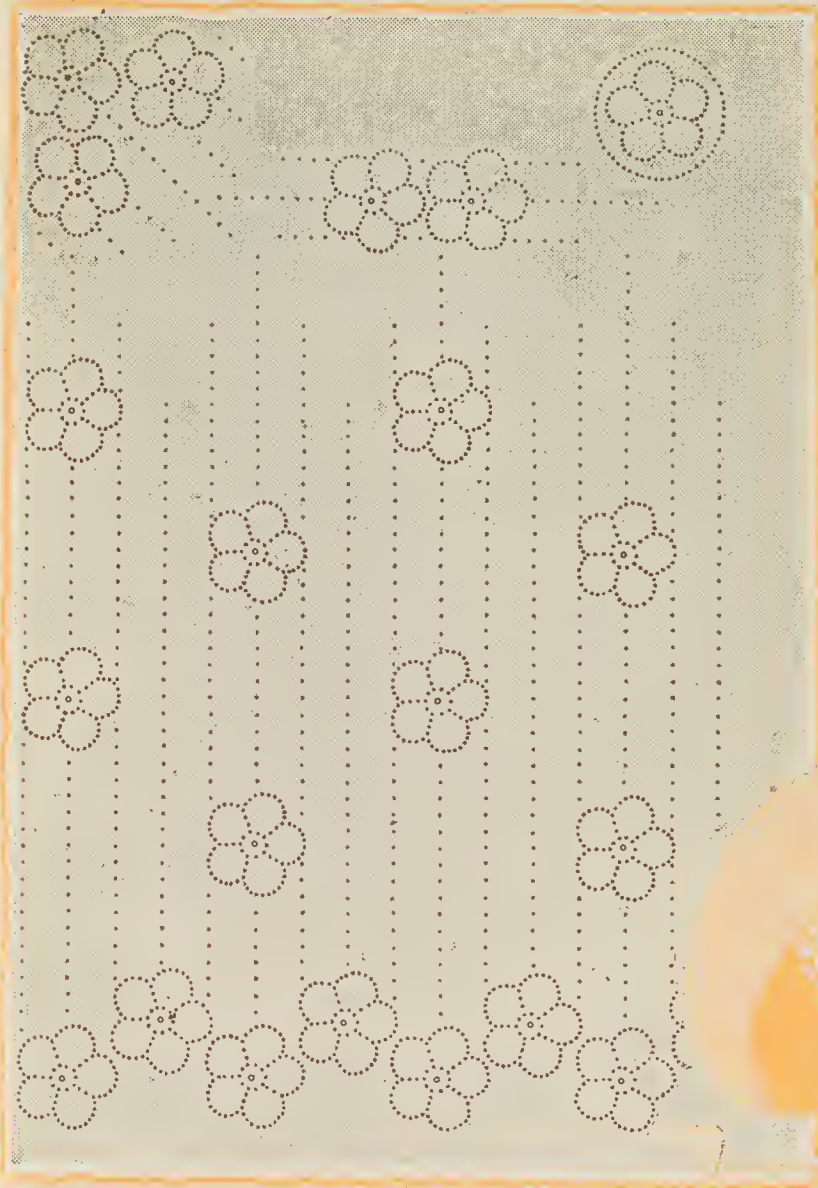
Embroidery design 10990

10992—October ushers in the days when we cherish evenings indoors as rare opportunity in which to accomplish all that busy days will not allow. New embroideries tempt us with surprisingly simple designs and open our eyes to the bare spots on the new costumes we plan this season. This design in bugle beads and one-stitch embroidery is especially fitted for the new dresses and blouses and suitable for coats and separate skirts. The motifs are effective on dress panels. This design can be adapted to 2⁵/₈ yards of banding 3¹/₂ inches wide, 2⁵/₈ yards of banding 15¹/₂ inches wide, 2⁵/₈ yards of banding 3/8 of an inch wide and 6 motifs 9³/₄ by 5¹/₄ inches.

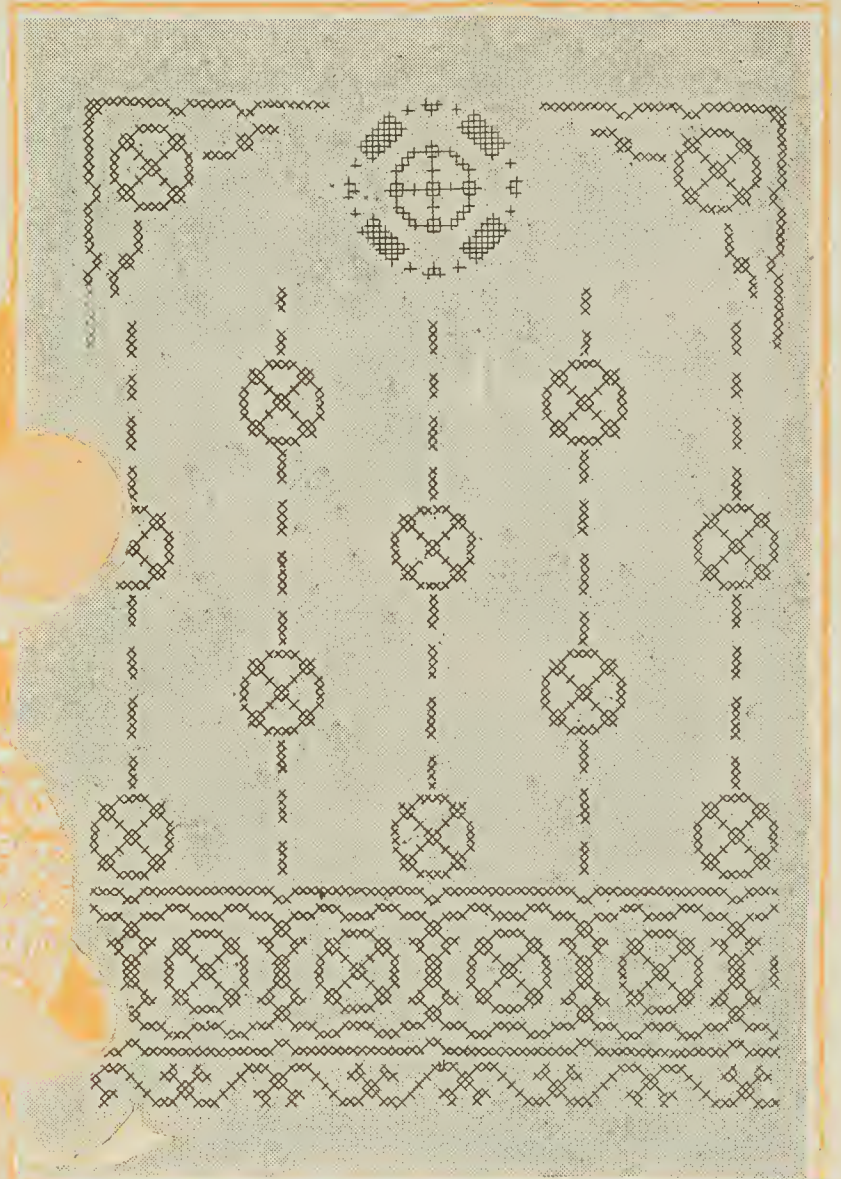
10993—Panels have sounded the doom of shorter skirts, and as compensation for this irrevocable edict they brighten themselves with vivid motifs. Both motifs and banding of this embroidery are appropriate used for one's new Autumn frock. Costume blouses or separate skirts may utilize this design and the coat which wears it can add a hat, embroidered likewise. It should be worked in a combination of beads or French knots and satin-stitch or outline embroidery. This design can be adapted to 2⁵/₈ yards of banding 2¹/₂ inches wide, 2⁵/₈ yards of banding 15¹/₄ inches wide, 5 yards of banding 1/4 of an inch wide and 9 motifs 5¹/₈ by 5¹/₈ inches.

10990—A guest's "memory book" must be filled with pleasant afterthoughts of this pleasant room where new and lovely bed linen contributes no small part to its soothing atmosphere of crisp freshness. Both the spread and the pillow roll are embroidered in a new design which is both effective and conservative and adds an original touch to the guest room. This rose-and-leaf design is embroidery's latest word for bed linen and the design is very easily worked in one-stitch. This design can be adapted to one oval 25 by 44 inches to be used on a single, three-quarter or double bed; one spray 26 inches long to be used on a pillow roll and two corners.





Embroidery design 10991



Embroidery design 10994

EMBROIDERY THROWS LIGHT ON DIVERS DECORATIONS

10991—There's an active competition between beads and French knots this season for a place on Autumn dresses, blouses and even hats, and most of the newest embroidery designs are adaptable for either. As for the designs themselves, they follow the straight line-and-motif idea with the motifs often of a circular outline. The corners make this design very useful for a variety of costumes. Even the more elaborate coats and the separate skirts may use the banding for a fashionable trimming. The panels of a dress may be weighted down by beading in this design. The design can be adapted to $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of banding $24\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide, 4 motifs $11\frac{1}{4}$ by $2\frac{7}{8}$ inches, 12 motifs $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches in diameter, and 4 motifs $7\frac{7}{8}$ by $7\frac{7}{8}$ inches.

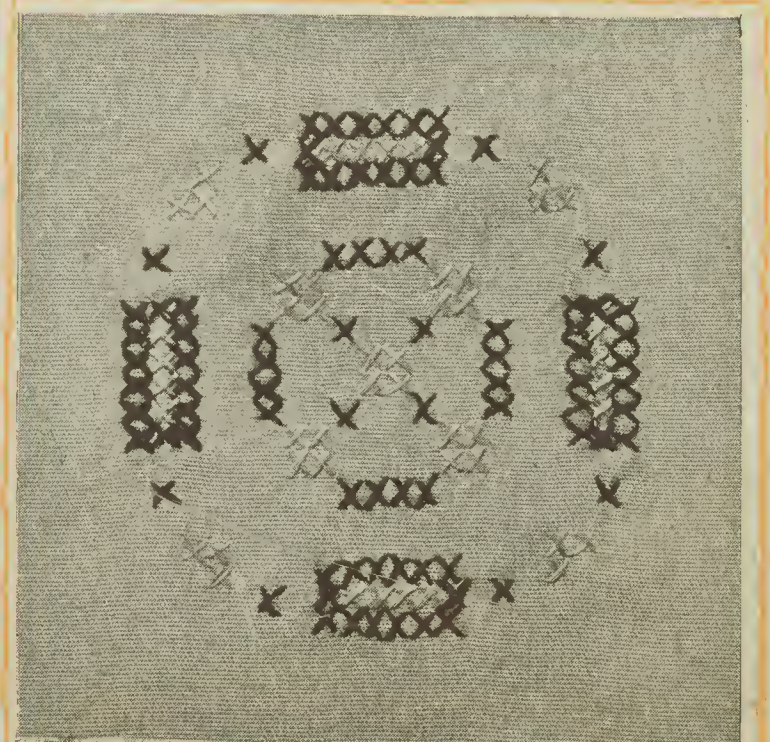
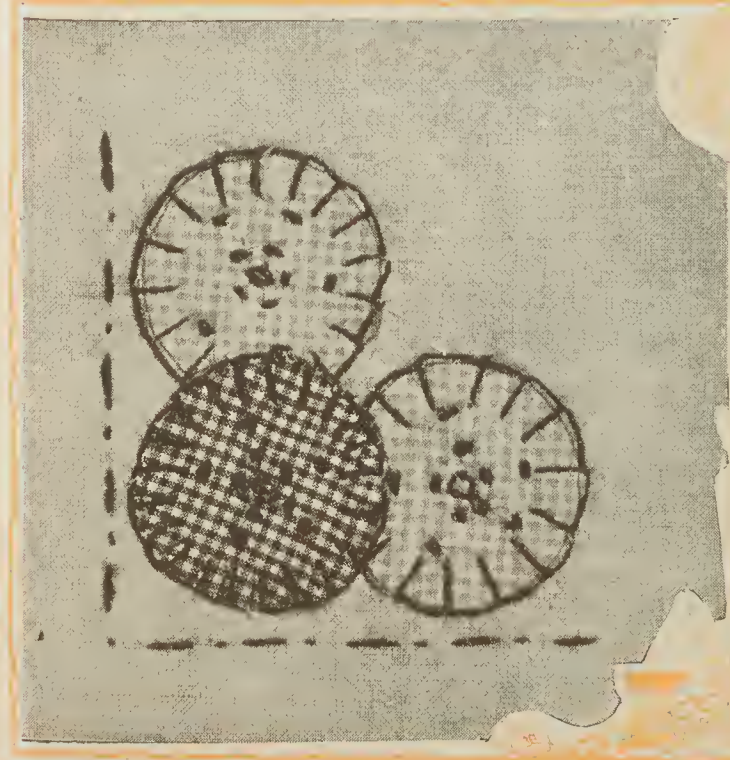
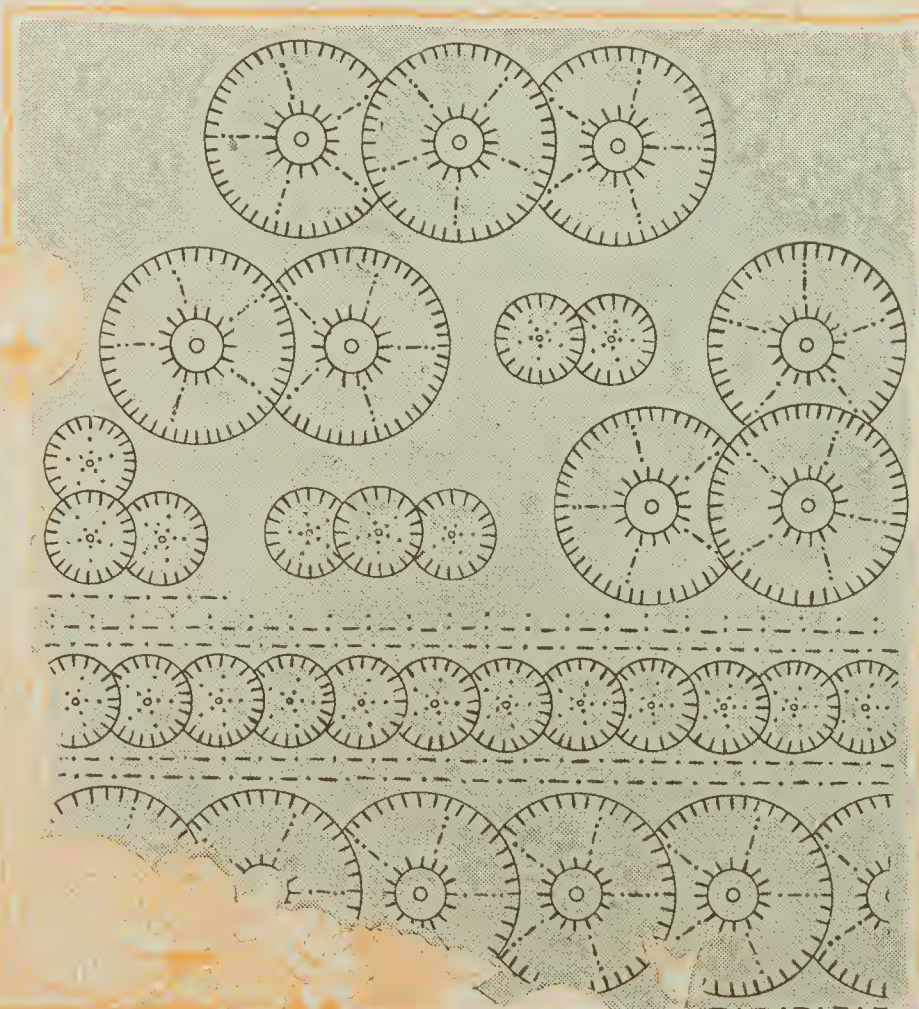
10994—If you desire to eliminate any suggestion of plain severity from your new frock, save it with cross-stitch. There are attractive designs with bandings in

Grecian effect and motifs of compelling simplicity. It's the color which makes the frock distinctive, however, and all sorts of dazzling combinations are permissible. If you prefer to follow the theory that one's clothes should belong to the same family, use this design to unify frock and hat, or skirt, blouse and hat. Coats of subdued browns or blues may be brightened with it,

and children's clothes take to cross-stitch with gusto. The design can be adapted to $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of banding $14\frac{7}{8}$ inches wide, $6\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide, 12 motifs $3\frac{1}{8}$ inches in diameter, 12 corners $4\frac{3}{4}$ by $6\frac{5}{8}$ inches.

10995—Cart-wheels of bright gingham tumble over each other to secure a place on clothes we will wear this season. These are appliquéd on with one-stitch, the blanket-stitch and French-knot embroidery in black or in colors. Gay sports hats of felt and blouses that are different may adopt this design, while dresses and skirts may introduce their color ideas by means of it. And, of course, appliqué might be called the "children's embroidery," since it is so suitable for them. The design can be adapted to 5 yards of banding $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches wide, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 6 motifs $7\frac{1}{4}$ by $5\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 6 motifs $8\frac{7}{8}$ by $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 9 motifs $6\frac{1}{8}$ by $3\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 9 motifs 4 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 6 motifs $2\frac{3}{4}$ by $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches and 3 corners $3\frac{1}{4}$ by 3 inches.

Embroidery design 10995



AUTUMN AND THE ECONOMIC STANDING OF THE DELTOR

The Deltor is a patented picture guide giving easily and quickly a new method of cutting, putting together and finishing. It is one of the remarkable inventions of the age and without its help it is impossible to make perfect reproductions of the new styles. There is a special Deltor for every Butterick pattern. It shows each woman how to make a definite saving of material for her size and width of material. The Butterick pattern is the only pattern in the world that contains the Deltor. It is the only pattern that shows a woman how to finish her garment so that it looks like an expensive dress, and how to make the new French flowers and fabric trimmings. It is the only pattern that gives illustrated tailoring instructions.

Deltor is enclosed in every Butterick pattern and the price of the pattern includes the Deltor

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

THERE is nothing new in the progression of the seasons. Autumn follows Summer just as it did twenty years ago when flappers were Gibson girls and bloomers and bicycles were the scandals of our grandmothers. It will still be following it twenty years from now when the flapper's daughter looks upon her parent with the pity and scorn with which each uprising and rebellious generation regards the dull, slow ways of its predecessor.

Yet the first clear, cold days of Autumn always fill us with the same sense of outrage and surprise. Our entire Summer wardrobe drops away with the fall in temperature. One expects, of course, to replace ginghams with serge, sweaters with a suit, the airy nothingness of a crêpe cape with a coat of ample warmth.

But why should one's shoes and stockings choose the same moment to refuse to go a step farther? Why should last season's hat reappear from its hatbox with the dissolute and raffish air of having been rescued from the dust-bin? Why should your permanent wave vanish in the midst of the wreckage of your Summer wardrobe, and why again should your figure select with uncanny instinct the same moment to do strange, unlovely things with its diaphragm that must be subdued at once with new and expensive corsets? Why does the car need new tires the same week that the children have to be outfitted for school, and why must you put in a new furnace with one hand while you remove little Mary's adenoids and tonsils with the other?

IN SHORT, Autumn is the most expensive of the four seasons of the year. Most of us have a more or less limited amount with which to meet absolutely unlimited needs. There are different ways of stretching the dollar to cover your clothes requirements, but some of them hurt worse than others. One way is to go without things that you need. It's a poor way, for it is only a temporary relief to your purse, and it piles up a larger clothes bill for future payment.

Even more unsatisfactory is the clothes economy of substitution, of buying cheap, inferior clothes of which you are secretly ashamed and which in the end are more costly than the more expensive things you should have had, for they look badly, wear badly, and are not worth the money you have spent for them.

A well-made suit or dress of good material, workmanship and cut will give you excellent service for several seasons where a cheap suit will be shabby, faded and shapeless at the end of one. If you wear a good suit four seasons—the Fall and Spring of two successive years—you have paid less for it than you'd pay for its alternative—several cheap, unsatisfactory costumes. In the first instance you would be well and inexpensively dressed, and in the second shoddily and expensively.

Up until a year and a half ago it was impossible for a woman who had to economize to have really good clothes—clothes that were good in material and style. It was necessary for her to buy so much material in her ignorance of



a professional method of cutting that she was forced to buy an inferior quality. She could not give her clothes the right style effect which is the result of a workmanship and finish that changes with each new style. This change is so marked and so significant that all the great dressmakers in America go to



Paris twice a year to study it as part of the new styles. That is one reason why the woman of average means could not have really good clothes—she could not afford the time or the expense of learning the correct way to make them.

ABOUT a year and a half ago the Butterick pattern added to itself an invention called the DELTOR which had the effect of putting a well-made Paris dress into every Butterick pattern envelope. It began with the recognition of the fact that many a dress is spoiled before it is made by the choice of a wrong material or a wrong color combination. You can't make a drapery out of a wiry material. You can't make a spreading *robe de style* from a soft crêpe. In a beige or black season you look frumpish and old-fashioned in purple or sage-green. So the patterns with the Deltor now supply the list of new ma-

terials that give the right effect for each individual style, and where the style and color are inseparable the new colors are given as well. This list is given on the pattern envelope.

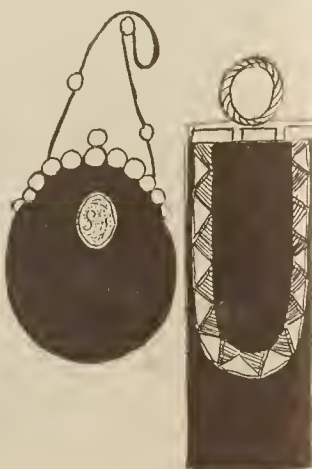
But even if the economically inclined woman knows that rep is the smartest material she can use for a certain type of coat, and poplin for a certain type of suit, she won't be able to get them if she has to buy a large quantity, for good materials are expensive. So the Deltor provides her with a professional cutting plan that enables her to use less material and therefore to buy a better quality. The saving is so great that she is now able to buy the same material that is used in very expensive clothes and which is the foundation of their good appearance and durability.

AFTER the dress is cut, the Deltor gives you in pictures the new French way of putting it together—the trick of plaiting the drapery here, of using a bit of fulness that will keep seams and hem straight so they won't sag, of tailoring a collar and draping a coat. It is done with the French knowledge and skill that you could only learn from a great dressmaker, placed before you clearly in pictures.

In the past it was the finish more than anything else that betrayed the origin of a home-made dress. Either it was carelessly done, so that the dress looked half-made and soon frayed itself to pieces, or it was carefully but incorrectly finished after an out-of-style manner that gave it a *gauche*, provincial air. No one, unless she has been to Paris recently, knows just where the French dressmaker puts the controlling weight or elastic or French tack that holds the new draperies in the right place and in the right way, not rigidly, but with an imperceptible method that does not destroy the fine, easy line of the dress. No one, unless she has ripped open the stuffed tubing on a French coat, knows the inexpensive material that the French dressmakers use for the stuffing in place of expensive wool, and which saves several dollars on the collars and cuffs alone. No one, unless she has a French dress in front of her, knows the way to turn scraps of material into the flowers and ornaments, the braided girdles and hand-made trimmings that give the French dress its air of distinction and fine workmanship, and which also saves the price of more costly trimmings.

THE Butterick pattern with the Deltor is the only pattern that gives you the inside and outside working of a well-made dress—the finish for every edge, the method of securing every style effect, the way to make the exquisite hand-made trimmings that are used on the most expensive clothes.

The Deltor is an economy because it saves you in actual dollars a considerable sum on your materials and trimmings, so that you can afford better-looking, better-wearing clothes, more clothes, and clothes of a character that you could never heretofore have hoped to possess—a new standard of perfection of dress that was formerly within the reach of only a very few, very rich women.



PARIS ENLARGES UPON THE WINTER HAT WITH WIDE BRIMS OR BROADENING TRIMMINGS



From Underwood and Underwood.

Designed by Blanche Robert and worn by Mlle. Lorette Robert-Petit is a delightful hat of black satin with a characteristic draped crown, wide brim and brilliant applique embroidery



From Keystone View Company, Inc.

With that fine feeling for proportion that is so strong in the French, the wide hat has its place in maintaining the balance of the upper part of the figure above the wide waistline. For formal dress Jane has designed a large hat of blue felt trimmed with white and mauve ribbon



From Keystone View Company, Inc.

Crêpe silk or crêpe de Chine is apt to be thin and severe if it is used over the hard frame of a hat. But when it is draped softly, turban fashion, it is delightful. Le Mounier gives the fashionable turn to the right to a turban of draped crêpe Maroccan with a red feather



From Keystone View Company, Inc.



From Keystone View Company, Inc.

Trimmed with what the French call a "pouf de plumes" is a rather brilliant black hat of satin and ostrich feathers. The plumes give it its look of width from side to side. From Ginette

Hats fit closely and are drawn down level with the eyebrows—but the hair must show itself or one has a scalped look. From Le Mounier is a small hat of black panne velvet and marine-blue moire



From Keystone View Company, Inc.

In a small hat a slight roll to the brim makes it easier to wear than the hard, thin line of a straight brim. Felt and feathers are a smart combination in a hat by Lewis

At a restaurant with semi-evening dress a small hat wreathed with fruit and flowers is correct and will be more popular with your dancing partner than one of greater girth



From Keystone View Company, Inc.



HONORS ARE EASY AMONG THESE COSTUMES FOR THE MASQUERADE OR HALLOWE'EN BALL

7299—This maid from "the land of the sky-blue water" is not afraid of losing honors in the costume contest, for her Indian dress is altogether becoming. A wealth of fringe trimming adds to its primitive appearance and a real squaw head-dress is worn, of course, over a "Minnehaha" hair-dressing. This Indian costume is suitable for ladies, misses and girls 26 to 42 bust.

2839—"Big killing" is assured the modern young Indian who wears this red-man costume to the Hallowe'en party. It is not only suitable for parties; most small boys beg for such a play suit to wear on Saturdays or vacation times. The fringe trimming and a war head-dress with its trailing feathers give it a realistic air. This play suit is nice for boys 4 to 12 years of age.

6464—All doubts as to her eligibility to first place at the ball, as well as cobwebs, are swept away by the broom of a fair witch in her sweeping cape and peaked hat. This costume is becoming with its laced bodice, draped panniers and a blouse with full, frilly sleeves. Lower edge 2½ yards. The witch costume is effective for ladies, misses or girls 26 to 40 bust.

2741—A real yellow man from Chu Chin Chow!—so transformed is the youth who wears this Chinky suit with a realistic cue, Oriental skull-cap and a funny mustache. After all, it is just a pajama suit with a coat which slips on over the head. One should use bright-colored inexpensive materials for this Chinese costume. The suit is practical for men or boys 32 to 54 breast.

3607—2798—Even the heart of a gruff, growling wolf would melt at the sight of such a winsome Little Red Riding-Hood. The circular cape may have a hood which joins it, or may be removable. If one prefers, there may be a collar and openings for the arms. The little dress is an Empire type. The cape is becoming to girls 2 to 14 years. The dress is nice for girls 3 to 10 years.

3555—Such a little queen in her dazzling Pierrette costume which must surely have come from the bag of the maker of dreams! One might use paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue, pineapple cloth for this costume, or use tarlatan or coarse cotton net with a waist of satin or satin and taffeta. The ruche should be made of tarlatan or net. Lower edge 3 yards. The costume is nice for ladies, misses or girls 24 to 38 bust.

2537—It will take more than a little rabbit skin and a carrot to satisfy this Baby Bunting! In his animal suit he is prepared for an evening of active fun. Night-drawers will give the bunny effect if you add ears and a tail. These are very easily made and they are joined at marked places on the hood and the suit. The night-drawers are good for children 1 to 13 years.

4006—Even "funny men" have hearts susceptible to the charm of a dainty Pierrette and she, on her part, thinks he is quite handsome. Use tarlatan for the ruff and sew squares to paper muslin, silesia or saten suit to give the "domino" appearance, or make pompons for such a costume. The clown suit and cap are suitable for men and boys 24 to 44 breast measure.



Did you know that Chinese fathers and mothers give their babies one name when they are born, and that is called their milk name, and another when they go to school and that is their school name? Oh, why are all those children crowding around

“This little cow eats grass, This little cow eats hay, This little cow drinks water, This little cow runs away. Except lie down all day. We'll whip her!”

If you want to know more about Chinese children, write to your Editor for the Chinese letter.

That man on the street? Maybe it's hockey-pockey ice-cream—let's run and see. Why, what are they eating? Hot sweet potatoes! The man carries his kitchen with him like a row of shelves, one on top of the other, with sweet potatoes waiting to be cooked on one shelf and a little charcoal stove on another. Good-by, China! Up we go—whizz! whizz! whizz! bang! up through the hole—and here we are at home in America again!



SOLE TO CHINA

THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

OCTOBER 1922

EDITOR HARRIET IDE EAGER



CHINESE NUMBER

LET'S pretend we can bore a hole straight through the earth and whizz! lang! to China. (By the way, which would you hit first, Chinaman's head or a Chinaman's feet?) Well, here we are! How funny, the boys and girls dress alike, with long colored trousers and colored jackets— Oh, no, they're not alike Little Pig Went to Market" with his fat little brother and playing "There's a little girl singing to her ing: "Hop up, Flea, darling!" hear mother calling you in the morn- and "Flea!" It must feel funny to oh, poor boys—just listen to what they're called—"Pig" and "Dog," "Charming Flower" and "Lucky Pearl" and "Precious Harp." But learned Chinese on the way.) when we fell through that hole, we names the girls have! (Of course, pet birds for a walk. What pretty way Chinese children take their perched on one end! That's the with a little bright-colored bird (no, it's a boy) carrying? A stick, Why, what is that Chinese girl now.

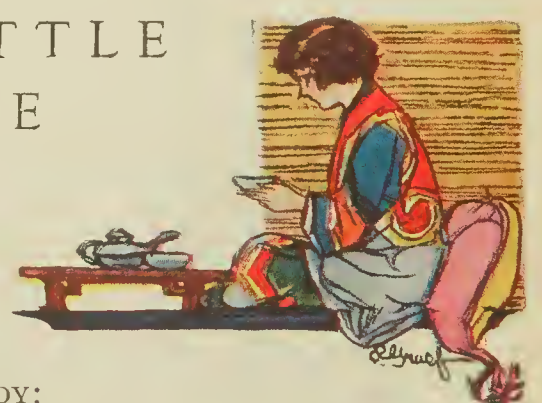
after all. The boys' jackets are short and button in front and the girls' jackets are long and button under the arm. Besides, many of the boys have short hair, instead of pig tails, because you know, boys and men in China think it's old-fashioned and silly to wear queues



THROUGH THE



MY LITTLE PAGE



DEAR EVERYBODY: This is the Chinese Number, so it opens backward. MY LITTLE PAGE is here where the cover usually is, and the cover is on page 8. That's because the Chinese, you know, read from the back of a book to the front. I just wanted to explain.

Please, please everybody, do something nice for me because this is my birthday month. Please, everybody try for the cover contest on this page, or the "Chinaman in America" contest on page 2.

Don't forget about that thousand dollars' worth of stamps we spent! Send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself if you want a Chinese letter from HARRIET IDE EAGER.

WIN THE CHINESE COVER!

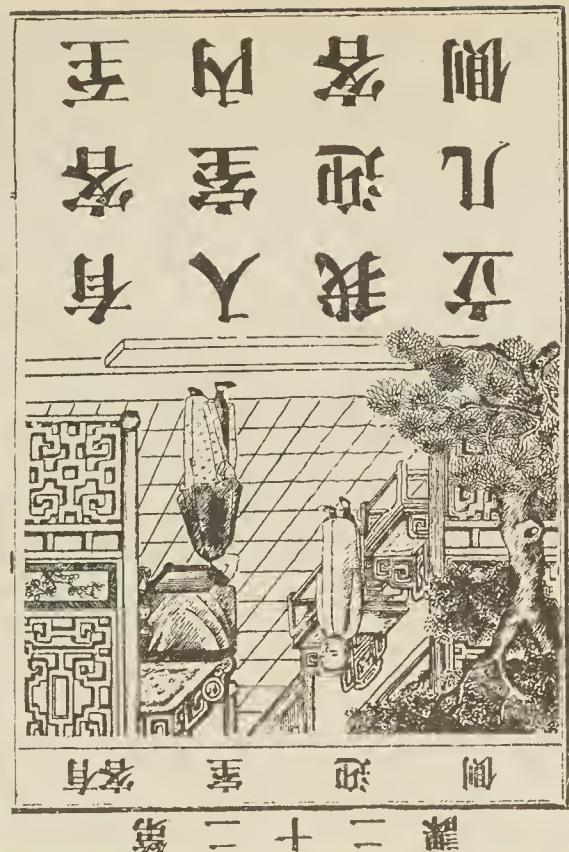
THIS month, instead of writing what page you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, try to think of some special number it would be nice to have. We have had a Circus Number and a Dog-Day Number and this Chinese Number. What other kind of a number do you think would be good? Write me a letter about it. Tell what you would have on each page. Draw pictures, if you want. The most interesting, most helpful idea, will win a big framed picture, like the Chinese cover, to hang on your wall. Address Cover Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.



OCTOBER
Oooh, wooh, wooh, wooh, wooh!
Clampetty, clamp, clamp, clamp!
There's a ghost a-coming for you,
Oozing with something damp.
Brrrrr! How close it stands!
Edward, it's you! My lands—
Real ghosts don't have dirty hands!

CUT ON DOTTED LINE

3



mountain peaks. Then the next Chinaman changed it a little so he could draw it more quickly and the next changed it a little more until the word became what you see here. The next lesson teaches the numbers one to ten. This is the way they sound in Chinese: 1. *Ee*. 2. *Eyr*. 3. *San*. 4. *Suh*. 5. *Oo*. 6. *Loo*. 7. *Chee*. 8. *Bak*. 9. *Jo*. 10. *Shih*. You see there is one ball, two spectacle handles, three legs to the little jar, four legs to the table, five flower petals, six legs to the bee, seven pieces in the square, eight legs to the spider, nine spokes to the fan, and ten parts to the ruler (or the bamboo stalk, I can't tell which). The next lesson says: "When a guest arrives, he enters the guest door. I greet him politely, as one should greet a guest." In the second row of small letters at the top are all the new words in this lesson. See if you can find them again in the reading under the picture. The last lesson says: "Take your pens and hold your paper with your left hands."

CHINAMAN'S PRIMER

THE LITTLE

IF YOU think school is hard, you just ought to be a little Chinaman and go to Chinese school! The Chinese language is the hardest language in the world. You American children only need to learn twenty-six signs, which are the twenty-six letters of the alphabet, and when you can put different letters together to make different words, you can read.

But there are no letters in Chinese. Each word has a different sign, like a picture of itself, and no two signs are alike, so Chinese children have to learn thousands and thousands of signs, one for every word.

When the Chinese language began, all the words were really pictures. The first word in the first lesson of the primer on this page is "mountain." Now, when the first Chinaman wrote "mountain," he drew a picture of three



課一第

木	土	水	山
天	地	日	月
山	水	土	木

課五第

一	二	三	四	五
六	七	八	九	十
一	二	三	四	五
六	七	八	九	十

9

And the old Chinese man home first with the ring. So the cat reached dogs can't climb, you and the dog had to go around, because cat climbed right over the roofs of houses back and the dog swam across the river. Then they started for home. But the hole in the chest and the cat brought out the ring. Then the cat hopped on the dog's caught a mouse and the mouse gnawed a back and swam across, because cats, you know, can't swim. The ring lay hidden in a wooden chest, so the cat



A CHINESE cat and a old Chinese man and woman. The old man and woman were very sad because robbers had stolen their magic wishing-ring. So the dog and the cat started after the robbers. When they came to a river, the dog took the cat on his back and swam across, because cats, you know, can't swim. The ring lay hidden in a wooden chest, so the cat



WHY DOGS AND CATS HATE EACH OTHER
 A CHINESE STORY THAT CHINESE MOTHERS TELL TO CHINESE CHILDREN



her cream to drink. But when the poor dog ran in, the man and woman scolded him crossly for not finding the ring. So the dog chased the cat up a tree. And ever since, dogs and cats have hated each other.

WIN THESE REAL CHINESE PRIZES!

THE prizes in this contest really came from China. The boy's prize is a big Chinese drum, with a wonderful red dragon painted on it by hand. The girl's prize is a sweet little tea-set big enough for real people to use, with the cutest rose-colored tea-pot, cream-pitcher, sugar-bowl, and four cups and saucers.



different from American, then pretend that a Chinese boy or girl is visiting America, and tell about all the things American children do that would surprise the little Chinaman. The most interesting, funny letters that sound true will win the fine Chinese drum and the rose tea-set. The ten next-best answers will each win a pair of LITTLE DELINEATOR Monkey Clip-Clip Scissors. Letters must be in this office by October twentieth. Address Chinaman Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, Care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.

2

7

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



BETTER homes are largely a question of the intelligence, skill and ambition of the housewife.

If a woman was asked what she wanted to help her make a better home, her demands would center around the convenience of her workshop, the attractiveness of her surroundings, the planning of her working program, the provision for recreation and rest periods for health and courage, and, finally, economic independence by which to attain these things.

It is a handicap if the income is not sufficient to make the service center of the house effective.

This needs the thought of experienced and practical workers. An architect may find it easier to construct a church than a convenient kitchen which is a workable center. He has been to church. He probably never prepared a meal nor washed the dishes. An engineer has thought more of making an engine go than of harnessing power to wash the dishes, clean the house and do the laundry work.

A better-homes campaign asks for a convenient workshop with labor-saving equipment and a floor-plan requiring the fewest possible steps for effective work.

The housekeeper wants running water and good drainage, good lighting by day and by night, surfaces easily cleaned and as little friction in her daily tasks as possible. She wants to know how to express her love for the beautiful in furnishings and clothing. This house of hers which expresses the



Edited by

MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

right sort of shelter and food and clothing is the best check to human inefficiency and to human destruction. It costs less to educate men and women to keep their homes up to standard than to support delinquents and dependents as a result of faulty feeding, care and training.

Better homes will raise the standard of comfort to a point of permanent gain in personal satisfaction, in family life and in public security. Better homes are bought with training and an intense interest in a sane house and sane living.

Housecleaning and housekeeping are affairs of the whole family; the woman who cleans and sews and cooks can not do it alone. The man is interested in the family, but has not applied the same principles regarding partnership, scientific management and equipment to the place where his money is spent as to the place where it is earned.

More than all else, better homes include the welfare of little children. They have the right to be well born, to be well fed, to be properly trained and to be happy. The home was made for them.

The house and housekeeping are only half-standardized. The home-maker is only half-skilled. The business of housekeeping is on only a partial economic basis. The machinery of the household is not quite good. The individual earner and the State are paying a high price for lack of knowledge and for lack of skill. Hence the better homes movement by men and women eager to give the home-maker a fair chance.

Martha Van Rensselaer



PRIZE CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

A PRIZE of fifty dollars is offered this month by THE DELINEATOR for the most helpful essay of not more than five hundred words on "How We Improved Our Schools." Tell just how interest was aroused, what was done and how expenses were met. The winning article will appear in the February number.

This is the second prize of a series offered by THE DELINEATOR on aspects of enriching community life.

All contributions must be mailed before midnight of October eighth. Contributions for this contest can not be returned. Address Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Company, New York City.

CHILD-HEALTH MESSAGE

"AN IDEA whose time has come is greater than armies," but its time will not come until every man, woman and child can pronounce and understand its vocabulary.

A group of people were lounging idly about the streets of a Spanish port one day in the year 1522. Suddenly one of them, a street urchin perhaps, gave a shout and pointed toward the sea. A ship was riding in to anchor. The sailors who spilled over its sides in their rush for shore had looked into the eyes of death. But they had done that which no man had ever done before: they had sailed their ship round the world.

From the moment that the men in that Spanish street welcomed home the sailors who had ventured forth three years before, the knowledge that the world is round became the common property of civilized mankind. It was no longer the hope of scholars working with stars and maps and compasses in curtained hiding-places. A battered ship and a handful of sailors, simple things that every one could understand, had interpreted the knowledge of science to all people.

Through the faith and enthusiasm of two women who keenly felt the problem of the undernourished child, the Pediatric Section of the New York Academy of Medicine became interested, during the war, in preventing malnutrition among school-children. At the suggestion of Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Interior, a national committee of educators, doctors and socially minded individuals was formed, with Dr. L. Emmett Holt as chairman. Thus the Child Health Organization of America was born.

It was founded on the knowledge that to insure the happiness and efficiency of the men and women of to-morrow, we must

teach health—positive, joyous health—to the school-children of to-day. To do this the organization realized that the best modern thought on the growth and training of children must be given simple, picturesque expression.

The Child Health Organization interprets the laboratory and lecture-room to the understanding of the man in the street and the imagination of the child in the school-room. It sets up a laboratory on the street-corner where clowns and fairies and story-books show the passers-by that the imagination of childhood can transmute the facts of science into a creed of healthy living. There the essentials of health come trooping from dull books to be dipped into the simple, concrete language of every day.

The Child Health Organization doesn't believe that there is any one way of teaching children to practise the health habits. The sailors of Magellan didn't prove that there is only one route round the world. The fact that the child must be interested in health by simple, concrete, definite appeals to the imagination is the compass of health education, and hundreds of courses to Healthland are charted by it.

The Child Health Organization stimulates teachers all over the country to feel that it is worth while to develop new methods of health teaching. It does this by helping the practising teachers through institutes, conferences, letters and publications that prick the imagination. It is working to introduce courses in health education for future teachers in all the training centers. It asks every woman in the country to replace the vague feeling that something may be wrong with the well-being of our children with a straightforward acceptance of the fact that something *is* wrong and then see that health is made a vital part of every school program in the country. Here are the five definite aims in the Child Health Organization's program that every woman can work for in her community:

1. A scale in every school.
2. Every child's weight record sent home on the monthly report-card.
3. Time allowed in every school-day for interesting children in the establishment of health habits.
4. A hot school lunch available for every child.
5. Teachers trained in normal schools to teach health habits.

The Child Health Organization will have a message for the women of the country every month in THE DELINEATOR. In each one it will give practical suggestions for using the imagination of childhood in the home

and in the school to bring health and happiness to children everywhere.

WHAT TO CAN IN OCTOBER

FIRST—Remnants of the garden and orchard may be gathered together in delicious soup mixtures or salad mixtures, canned in a solution of white vinegar and made into all manner of pickles, relishes, preserves, marmalades and preserves.

2. The outer stalks of celery may be canned for soups or salads or to be served buttered or with cream sauce.

3. Ripe cucumbers make excellent sweet pickles and a most tasty catchup and chutney. An excess of table cucumbers may be canned and served either creamed or buttered. All sizes of cucumbers fit into pickle mixtures—sweet, sour, spiced, mixed, dill and mustard.

4. Kohlrabi may be salted satisfactorily.

5. If carrots have been canned, pickled and made into relishes, chutney, catchup and honey, try making some Christmas marmalade from grated carrots and oranges. Preserve some carrots and sweet apples together and can carrots with Lima beans for salads.

6. In localities where sweet potatoes do not keep well or are expensive at certain seasons, they may be canned in October.

7. Early pumpkin left from pies is too precious to waste; it should be canned or dried.

8. Try making tomato paste of some of the left-over tomatoes. It is excellent for soup and sauces and saves opening a whole can. Purées and catchup are good uses for the last of the crop.

9. Shell beans, corn and cauliflower are on the remnant counter this month.

10. Cabbage is likely to be perishing from swelled heads that have burst. Sauerkraut, chow-chow, cabbage relish and Bordeaux sauce are a cure for these cases.

11. In highways and byways a harmless variety of barberry is still left. These make excellent jelly and juice and combined with apples may be spiced or preserved.

12. Crab-apples, the late red varieties, hang heavy for jelly-making, canning for pies, spicing and crab-apple butter.

13. Early apples may be wasting and should be converted into butter, jelly or canned as sauce or for pies or preserved in numberless ways. Wild apples have a delicious flavor and abound in pectin for making jellies and butters.

14. Many varieties of grapes are in season and blends often make the most delicious grape-juice. Others may be spiced, canned or made into jelly, preserves and catchup.

15. Canteloup conserves with apple, pineapple or peach or it may be spiced or pickled, either alone or with pineapple that has been canned earlier in the season.

16. Watermelon-rind, spiced, preserved, or candied, is a favorite sweet of some members of the family.

17. Quinces or Japanese quince combined with tart apples are ready for jelly, conserves, marmalades or honey. Preserved with sweet apples, they are old favorites.

18. Seckel pears were meant for pickling and spicing.

EATING FOR HEALTH

AS A body regulator, the tomato occupies a place unique among vegetables. It is one of the cheapest and most valuable sources of the so-called vitamin C which protects the system against scurvy, a disease which is probably commoner among babies even in this country than is generally realized. Not only does the tomato contain this vitamin in considerable amounts, but the vitamin is not devitalized or destroyed by cooking or canning as it is in some other vegetables. Hence, canned tomatoes may be used in infant feeding when oranges, which are also a source of this vitamin C, are considered too expensive.

One nutrition expert says that the clear acid flavor of canned tomatoes adds tonic gratifications for the lack of which men have let each other's blood.

Leafy vegetables are other valuable sources of the body-regulating foods. Among these are cabbage, spinach, chard and lettuce. These supplement the dietary deficiencies of the cereals and root vegetables. They are not only rich in vitamin A, which also helps to regulate the body processes, but they are rich in mineral salts and roughage, which help to prevent and correct constipation. No diet is complete that does not contain leafy vegetables in the form of greens or salads two or three times a week.

Cabbage not only contains vitamin A, minerals in abundance, and considerable roughage, but it is another cheap source of vitamin C.

If members of the family do not care for these vegetables, they should be taught to like them. Probably the best way is to prepare the vegetables so attractively that they can not be resisted.

ETIQUETTE

"TABLE CUSTOMS," by Elsie C. Mead, appears elsewhere in this issue. This is the fourth article in THE DELINEATOR'S etiquette series. The fifth will be published in an early issue.

SAVE A DOLLAR

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for other suggestions we use on this page. Items sent in October are not printed until February. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned. Payment is made on publication. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

JULY PRIZE-WINNER—SAVE GAS

LEARN to select the burner on your gas-stove which will do the work with the least amount of gas. If a large burner is necessary to get a large saucepan boiling, watch and remove it to a smaller burner when it boils.

Do not light the burner on the gas-range until you are ready to use it. As soon as you are through, turn it out, even if you will want it again in a few minutes. Matches are cheaper than gas.

A set of triple saucepans which will fit over one burner enables you to cook three things for the cost of cooking one. If you require only a quart of hot water, do not heat a gallon.

If you are going to use your gas-oven, light it up just long enough to be heated properly, but not so long as to waste heat. Learn to regulate your oven burners by turning them down. Once the oven is heated, a small flame will keep it at the required temperature. An oven-thermometer makes it easier to determine this. The best results are often obtained by turning the gas out altogether during the last ten minutes of baking.

After baking, let your gas-oven stand open to dry out for half an hour. The moisture from baking, together with the moisture in the air and the products of combustion, may rust the oven.

An old worn-out oven which no longer retains the heat properly can not be expected to bake satisfactorily, nor will a burner do good work which is out of adjustment. Gas-burners require reasonable attention. There should be a proper admixture of air and gas just back of the stop-cock, the little handle or wheel where the gas is turned on. A small clear blue flame burns the least gas and indicates a proper mixture of air and gas; but a long yellow or smoky gas-flame is inefficient and extravagant.

The openings in the burners must not be allowed to become stopped up. Most of the burners are removable and can be boiled in sal soda and water, and then scrubbed till clean. They should be cleaned once a month, and should be dried by lighting the gas-flame when they are put back.

When you expect to use your oven for one thing, plan to utilize the space for other cooking as well. While you are roasting meat or baking beans, it is relatively simple to plan a baked dinner, and so make use of all the oven heat.

When the meter-reader comes, ask him to give you the meter reading and explain to you how to figure your own gas-bill. Then read your own meter frequently.

It is poor policy to use any kind of a gas equipment without knowing the expense of doing so.

When purchasing a gas-heater or other piece of equipment, inquire the cost of operation per hour, then test this for yourself. After you have learned to read your meter you can easily make such a test.

Before purchasing gas-saving devices from a stranger find out from some one who knows whether they are really economical and safe. For safety as well as for economy, be sure that all those who use any part of your gas apparatus understand how to handle it properly.

Turning the gas off part way at the meter lessens the pressure and interferes with good service. It is better to regulate the use of the gas at the burner itself.

When you smell a gas-leak, never go looking for it with a lighted match. It is very dangerous to do this.

When sleeping in a room lighted by gas fixtures, be sure that these are tightly closed when not in use, especially before retiring.

If the stop-cock is inclined to be loose, it can be quickly tightened with a screw-driver; or if it is worn or refuses to yield to ordinary treatment, call an employee of the gas company or a plumber to fix it, for the slamming



of a door or anything causing a steady vibration may open the stop-cock.

Gas companies expect to give service which will enable their consumers to use the gas with satisfaction. Ask that your gas troubles be remedied.—EMMA GARY WALLACE, Auburn, N. Y.

SAVE WORK IN CLEANING THE FURNACE

THE vacuum cleaner can be used successfully for cleaning the furnace. Use the blower attachment and apply it to the damper openings and all other openings which can be cleaned out. The force of the air dislodges the dirt which is collected at the bottom of the grate.—MRS. T. W. REILLY, Newark, N. J.

SAVE ON WINDOW-CURTAINS

TO PROTECT bedroom curtains from blowing against the screens or from getting wet from the sudden shower which comes unexpectedly during the night, sew to each of the lower corners of the hem on the wrong side one part of a snap. Sew the other part of the snaps to the upper edges of the curtains about six inches from the top. At night fasten the lower part of the curtains up by means of the snaps.—OLIVE GRIFFITH, Madison, Ind.

SAVE ON PLAYTHINGS

DO NOT keep before the children at any one time all the playthings they possess. They soon tire of the toys and want some-

thing new. Store some of them, bringing them out from time to time and putting away others. Thus the toys are constantly new to the children and the mother is saved much time in trying to discover ways of keeping them interested and busy.

Mothers will also find it very helpful to cut from magazines children's poems, stories, pictures, papers dolls and games. These are filed away in boxes, and as the children grow older the surprise-boxes are a great joy to them on rainy days.—MRS. W. H. WOOSTER, Opportunity, Wash.

SAVE TIME AND VEGETABLES

A STIFF vegetable-brush costing five or ten cents will save time and waste in preparing some of the vegetables which must be scraped or peeled. By scrubbing them thoroughly, the skin can be removed quickly without cutting away any of the edible part of the vegetable.—MRS. JOHN HALL BOWKER, Xenia, Ohio.

SAVE ON MATTING

TORN matting may be mended by threading a needle with raffia and darning back and forth in the colors predominating in the matting.—MRS. MYRTLE B. COXEN, Washington, D. C.

SAVE VASES

I HAD a Japanese lamp vase which had a good design of poppies and yellow birds. The whole color effect was spoiled, however, by an inharmonious bluish background. I bought some of the gloss black that is sold

for coloring hats and painted over the ugly background. It gave a rich glossy background for the flowers and birds and made a beautiful vase out of one which had hitherto been an eyesore.—MRS. H. L. FIELD, Dayton, Ohio.

SAVE BENDING AND LIFTING

MUCH strength and many backaches can be saved if two small boards to which casters have been attached are placed cross-wise underneath the wash-basket. The basket can easily be rolled from one part of the room to another or from the house to the porch.—MRS. W. E. EMSHEIMER, San Francisco, Calif.

SAVE ON FURNITURE

AN ATTRACTIVE white decorated dresser for a little girl's room can be made from a discarded oak one. First give the dresser a coat of flat white paint, followed by three coats of white enamel. From a good grade of wall-paper cut out small pink rose-buds or other attractive motifs and carefully paste them on the front of the drawers. Then give the motifs a coat of colorless shellac. Expensive little nursery tables and chairs can be copied by buying plain wooden ones, enameling and applying nursery figures and shellac. These can be cleaned the same as any other paint.—MRS. H. E. THOMPSON, Toledo, Ohio.

SAVE ON CREAM

THE following is a delicious sauce which can be served instead of the more expensive whipped cream: Beat the whites of two eggs until stiff. Add one thinly sliced banana and beat until thoroughly dissolved. Sweeten with powdered sugar to taste.—MRS. M. MCGALLIARD, Comanche, Texas.

SAVE ON SEASONING

KEEP three onions planted in flower-pots in the kitchen, and when onion flavoring is needed for seasoning soups, salads and stuffings, cut off the young shoots. The flavor is delicious. Three onions growing in pots will be sufficient for an entire season.—MRS. M. ECKMANN, Petaluma, Calif.

SAVE CLOTHES

STARCH, talcum. French chalk or magnesia powder often will absorb spots. Apply in a thick layer and leave on for several hours or a day. If the first application is not effective, brush off and apply again.

In using cleaning fluids, place under the material a soft pad made of blotting-paper. Cut a hole a trifle larger than the spot in a piece of cloth or blotting-paper and place over the fabric, leaving the spot exposed. These pads will absorb surplus liquid and prevent ugly dark circles. Change the underneath pad frequently.

No matter how simple the spot, sponge if possible with a piece of the same material. In any event, use a light sponge for lighter fabrics and a dark one for darker shades. Rub lightly from the outside of the spot toward the center. Complete the sponging with a dry cloth.—ALICE BAYLEY, New York City.

SAVE ON LEMON-RINDS

AFTER the juice is removed from lemons, keep one or two of the rinds near the sink. When the hands are stained, rub them with the inside of a rind. It removes many kinds of stains very effectively.—MRS. J. F. MUIR, Bisbee, Ariz.

SAVE ON STARCH

WHEN boiling rice, save the water in which it has been cooked, strain and use for starching fine clothes. It may be kept several days and is very useful for garments which should be starched slightly.—MRS. J. E. RHIND, Toronto, Can.

THE DELINEATOR Calendar OCTOBER

Better Homes Week, October 9th to 14th. Watch your local newspaper for details or write us for information

NOTABLE DATES IN OCTOBER

5th—Full Moon

7th—First Continental Congress, New York, 1765.

8th—Great Fire in Chicago, 1871

9th—Fire Prevention Day

12th—Columbus discovered America, 1492

31st—Hallowe'en

THIS IS THE MONTH—

To pack away Summer clothes and plan your family's cool-weather wardrobe.

To take tramps in the woods during Indian Summer and bring home colorful leaves and wild flowers.

To do your Fall housecleaning.

To arrange for Winter draperies that will give charm to your home. See "Curtains and Draperies."

To turn porches into sun-parlors or conservatories. See "Captive Winter Sunshine."

To see that your heating plant is clean and in order or to install a new heating system. See "What Heat Will You Have?"

To get out or replace last season's oil, gas or electric heaters and have them in readiness for the first chilly days.

To make liveable the unutilized space in your house and provide indoor playrooms for the children.

To make fullest use of the October apple crop, including windfalls. See "Apples for All Appetites."

To can all possible fruits and vegetables of the month.

To give special thought to the children's school lunches. See "Recess and a Square Lunch."

To celebrate Hallowe'en.

For the millions
who love
Tomato Soup



Right from the heart of the luscious tomato! Just the pure delicious, tonic juices and rich "meat" from the flawless fruit, sun-ripened on the vines! Every trace of skin, seed and core fibre is strained out, leaving only the smooth, delightful tomato puree. This is enriched with choice butter and blended and spiced, after our own exclusive recipe, to as tempting a tomato soup as ever was placed upon a dining table! Just taste it!



12 cents a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

SECOND-DAY DELICACIES

By Winifred Moses

PERHAPS one of the best and easiest ways of serving left-over meat is to reheat it in some kind of a sauce. This may be either a cream sauce, a well-seasoned brown sauce or a sauce à la King. In making sauces for left-over meats care should be taken to make them smooth and to season both the sauces and the meat well. In fact, one of the general rules to be followed in reheating left-over meat is to season it highly. When reheating meat in white sauce, it may be made more palatable by the addition of onion-juice, chopped green or red peppers, olives or pickles.

MEATS WITH SAUCES

ROAST-BEEF SANDWICHES

3 tablespoons flour 2 t a b l e s p o o n s
2 cups soup-stock, or 2 chopped stuffed
cups boiling water olives
and 2 bouillon cubes 2 t a b l e s p o o n s
2 tablespoons chopped chopped onion
green peppers 2 cups beef cut in one-
inch cubes
3 tablespoons fat

BROWN the vegetables in the fat, add the flour and mix thoroughly; cook with constant stirring until the mixture bubbles. Add the soup-stock gradually with constant stirring and heat to boiling. Add the meat and cook two minutes or long enough to heat it through. Serve on slices of toast or split baking-powder biscuits. Garnish with green pickles or parsley. The meat may be cut in slices instead of cubes if desired.

HAM À LA KING

1½ cup diced lean ham 2 cups thin white
(cooked) sauce
1 cup mushrooms 1 pimiento, cut in
(may be omitted) strips
1 green pepper, minced

ADD the green pepper, pimiento, mushrooms and ham to the hot white sauce and cook until the ingredients are heated through. Serve in timbale cases, bread croustades or on toast garnished with slices of hard-cooked egg. Chicken, lamb or veal may be used instead of the ham.

GREEN PEPPERS STUFFED WITH HAM

1 cup minced cooked 1 cup cooked rice
ham 1 teaspoon Worces-
1 tablespoon minced tershire (may be
olives, pimiento or omitted)
onion ½ cup white sauce

CUT six peppers in half, remove the seeds and cores and cook in salted water for five minutes and drain. Mix the ham, rice and seasonings and moisten with white sauce. Fill the pepper shells with the mixture and sprinkle with buttered bread-crumbs. Place in a baking-pan and add just enough hot water to cover the bottom. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) for thirty-five minutes.

CREAMED CHICKEN WITH PEAS

1½ cup diced chicken ½ cup thin cream
1½ cup medium white ¾ cup cooked peas
sauce

MAKE the white sauce. Add the cream, chicken and peas, and serve either in potato nests or timbale cases or bread croustades or on toast. Creamed chicken with peas in potato nests with buttered asparagus accompanied by a green salad of some kind, a fruit dessert and a beverage would make a delicious luncheon.

SCALLOPED MEATS

SCALLOP OF CHICKEN

1 cup cooked diced ⅛ teaspoon pepper
celery 2 cups of chicken,
1 cup water from duck, turkey or
cooked celery other meat cut in
½ cup milk thin slices
¼ teaspoon salt

MAKE a sauce of the celery-water, milk and seasonings. Stir in the diced celery. Arrange the meat and celery in alternate layers in a baking-dish. Cover with buttered crumbs and place in the oven until the crumbs are brown. This dish may be varied by substituting a green pepper, finely minced, for the celery, using all milk instead of part

celery-water for the sauce and serving it on toast instead of putting it in a casserole.

Another variation is to substitute green peas for the pepper.

SCALLOPED MEAT AND MACARONI

2 cups tomato soup or gravy
1 cup cooked macaroni
2 cups cooked meat cut in cubes
1 cup buttered cracker-crumbs
Salt and pepper

ARRANGE the macaroni, meat and tomato sauce in a casserole in layers. Sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper. Cover the top with the cracker-crumbs that have been browned in the melted fat. Bake this in a moderate oven or one registering 350 degrees Fahrenheit until the mixture is heated through and the crumbs are brown.



Creamed chicken, in timbale cases, served with green peas, makes a dish as attractive as it is delicious

STEW'S

STEW'S ORIENTAL

2 cups cold lamb, mut- 1 cup stock or water
ton or other meat to which a bouil-
2 tablespoons fat lon cube has been
2 chopped onions added
2 small cold cooked 1 cup cooked peas
potatoes or carrots, or string-beans
sliced 2 cups of hot cooked
Curry-powder if de- rice
sired

MELT the fat, add the onion and cook until brown. Season the meat with salt and pepper and curry-powder if desired. Add this to the browned onion and cook for a few minutes, add the stock and simmer gently. Just before serving put in the vegetables. Cook only long enough to heat the vegetables through; avoid stirring the mixture. Put the hot boiled rice in a



Chicken custard is tempting when served in ramekins, with fritters

vegetable-dish, hollow out the center, pour in the stew and serve at once.

TURKISH STEW

2 tablespoons fat 1 onion
½ cup rice 1 cup diced meat
1 small carrot, diced 1 cup tomato
1 teaspoon horseradish Salt and pepper

BROWN the onion and the rice in the fat and add the other ingredients with sufficient water or stock to make a gravy that will barely cover the whole. Cover closely and simmer until the rice is soft and the gravy is absorbed. Serve at once on a hot platter.

CURRY OF MUTTON

1 cup hot cooked rice 1 tablespoon fat
1 tablespoon flour 1 tablespoon curry-
1 cup hot water or stock powder
1 pint diced mutton Salt

MELT the fat in a frying-pan and add the flour and stir until it is smooth. Gradu- ally add the water, stirring constantly until it boils. Add the meat, curry-powder and

salt; simmer for ten minutes with occasional stirring to prevent burning. Heap it in the center of a dish. Arrange the rice around it. Brush all over with beaten egg-white and brown in the oven.

RAGOUT OF MEAT AND MACARONI

2 tablespoons fat 2 onions cut in slices
1 cup tomato soup and 1½ cup cooked mac-
½ cup water, or 1½ aroni
1 cup canned toma- 2 cups of cooked
toes meat, diced

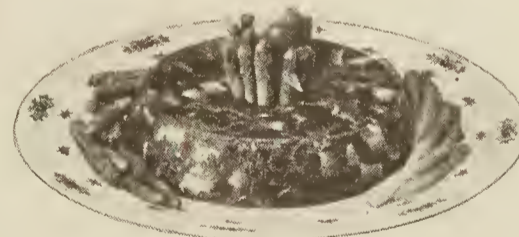
MELT the fat in a saucepan or the top of a double boiler. Add the onion and cook until it is slightly brown. Add the tomato and macaroni and cook slowly for ten minutes. Just before it is time to serve add the meat and let it stand until the meat

is heated through. This served with or without a crisp lettuce salad dressed with oil and vinegar to give crispness, toasted rolls and dessert of cake or cookies with stewed canned or fresh fruit makes a satisfactory luncheon.

MEAT PIE WITH POTATO CRUST

1 cup chopped meat 1 cup hot gravy
2 tablespoons chopped Celery-salt
olives, celery, green 2 cups hot mashed
pepper or pimiento potatoes
½ cup hot milk 2 tablespoons fat
½ teaspoon salt ⅛ teaspoon pepper

MIX the meat with the gravy, the celery-salt and the chopped seasonings and put the mixture in a casserole. Add the other ingredients to the mashed potato and spread over the top of the meat. Bake at a temperature of 375 degrees Fahrenheit until the potato is brown.



Jellied meat may be served uncut, garnished with asparagus

STEW WITH BISCUIT CRUST

1 cup diced cooked meat 1 cup raw potatoes,
1½ cup gravy, meat carrots and onions
stock or tomato (diced)

COMBINE the ingredients and cook them slowly until the vegetables are done. Place them in a casserole and cover them with biscuit dough and bake in a hot oven fifteen to twenty minutes or until the dough is done.

CROQUETTES

1 cup meat put through 2 cups hot well-sea-
the meat-chopper soned mashed po-
1 onion, finely minced tato or boiled rice
1 tablespoon finely 1 egg, slightly beaten
chopped parsley Salt and pepper to
green pepper or pi- season
miento (this may be Celery-salt
omitted)

MIX the ingredients and form croquettes, roll in egg, then in bread-crumbs and fry in deep fat at 365 degrees Fahrenheit. These are delicious when served with tomato

sauce. They may be made into flat cakes and served with brown gravy flavored with a few drops of Worcestershire.

JELLIED MEATS

BEEF LOAF

1 tablespoon gelatin 1 sour pickle, finely
1 tablespoon lemon- chopped
juice 2 cups diced cold
¼ cup cold water meat
½ cup tomato-pulp

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Heat the tomato-juice to the boiling-point, add the gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Add the other ingredients and mix well. Pour the mixture into a mold and put away in a cold place to harden. Serve uncut, garnished with asparagus. If an oblong mold is used, cut it into squares, serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing and garnish with slices of cucumber, tomato or green pepper. By way of variation minced green pepper, pimientos or olives may be added, or the meat may be cooled in individual molds.

SALADS

1 cup soup or other cold meat cut in dice
1 cup cold boiled potato, diced
1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
1 tablespoon finely minced onion (may be omitted)
1 tablespoon finely minced green pickle

MARINATE the soup-meat and potato with a French dressing seasoned with a teaspoon of onion-juice, a few drops of Worcestershire sauce and one-fourth teaspoon of mustard and allow them to stand at least one hour. Just before serving add the seasonings to the meat, mix the potato and meat together and mound in a nest of lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of hard-cooked eggs and mayonnaise.

BAKED HASH

2 cups chopped cooked meat
2 cups chopped raw potatoes
½ cup of rich gravy
1 small onion, minced (may be omitted)
Salt and pepper to taste

MIX the ingredients together lightly. Turn them into a buttered mold and bake in a moderate oven or at 360 degrees Fahrenheit for one hour. This may be varied by the addition of other vegetables which have been browned in fat before putting them into the oven or by adding minced green pepper or chives.

FRICANDELLES

2 cups finely chopped cooked meat
1 cup well-seasoned mashed potatoes
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon minced onion (may be omitted)
1 tablespoon chopped pimiento
1 raw egg
Salt and pepper

MIX the ingredients and form into small flat cakes. Dip these in flour and sauté (fry) in hot fat until brown. These may be served with brown sauce seasoned with Worcestershire sauce or with tomato sauce.

CHICKEN CUSTARD

2 cups chicken broth, well seasoned
3 eggs

BEAT the eggs slightly and gradually add the hot broth. Cook over hot water, stirring constantly, until the mixture thickens. Do not cook too long or the mixture will curdle. Pour the mixture into small cups and chill.

Small amounts of left-over meat may be added either to scrambled eggs, to omelets or made into timbales.

These are a few of the dishes that can be prepared from left-over meats, but there are many others. In fact, cold meats may be combined with macaroni, rice, potatoes and other vegetables, seasoned with onion, pimiento, green peppers, olives, curry, mustard or Worcestershire; served in the form of stews, scallops or pies or in croquettes, cakes or fritters, in salads, hash or loaf and with almost any kind of a sauce from the white sauce beloved by the housewife of the United States of America to the curries of the land of India.



From a recent letter:

"I, as a mother, strongly recommend Fels-Naptha for all babies' things. It gets out all stains so easily—often without boiling. The clothes don't irritate Baby's tender skin."

What is his health worth?

Doctors agree *clean clothes* have almost as much to do with Baby's health as the quality of his food, or the temperature of his bath. By "clean clothes" is meant clothes that not only *look* clean, but which *are* clean, through and through each tiny thread. Fels-Naptha cleans clothes *that way!*

The naptha loosens all dirt and stains for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanishes completely—leaving the little baby-things fluffy, soft and soothing, with that clean-clothes smell. Fels-Naptha does *all* laundry work just as quickly, safely, thoroughly and hygienically. Directions inside the wrapper.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naptha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naptha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Wet the clothes, soap them, roll and soak them, rub the extra soiled parts, then rinse. It's just that easy.

A full-color art print, 8 x 14 inches, of this beautiful baby picture, free from advertising and suitable for framing, will be sent with a sample of Fels-Naptha for ten cents in stamps, to cover cost of mailing. Write Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.



Real naptha! You can tell by the smell



The original and genuine naptha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

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APPLES FOR ALL APPETITES

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

NATURE promises a bountiful crop of apples this year. None should be allowed to waste. Even windfalls and the crop of the wayside may be used.

There are many apples native in the different States which, although they may not be especially attractive to look at, are crisp, juicy and delicious. It is an economy to find out and use the good apples grown near by.

Apples, because of their mild flavor, are excellent to add to other fruits that are more expensive or less abundant. They may be combined with other fruits for butter, jam, marmalade, jelly and sauce. If apples are added, a good jelly can often be made from fruits containing little pectin or from rhubarb. If the variety of apples used is somewhat tasteless, another fruit may be combined with them to give them flavor.

Sweet apples are good for baking and for preserves. They are often combined with quinces.

APPLE JELLY

TO MAKE apple jelly, extract the juice from the apples in the usual way. A second and third extraction may be made from apples by returning the pulp to the preserving-kettle after the juice has dripped from it, covering it with water, heating it gradually, and allowing it to simmer slowly for thirty minutes. Boil the juice for five minutes, add three-fourths cup of sugar for each cup of juice, and cook the mixture until the jelly test is obtained. Pour the jelly into sterilized glasses and cover with paraffin when it has stiffened.

Apple-juice has a mild flavor and lends itself to various combinations in color and flavor.

A rose leaf or a pineapple geranium leaf placed in the glass when it is being filled adds to the flavor and attractiveness. To keep leaves suspended in the jelly, hold them in place with a fork until the jelly is almost cool.

Jelly in different-colored layers may be made by tinting separate measures of the juice with a little fruit coloring such as green or red, pouring them alternately into the glass, allowing each layer to cool and become set before adding the next.

Maraschino cherries may be sliced very thin and dropped into the glass of clear apple jelly when it is beginning to stiffen.

APPLE BUTTER

12 pounds apples 4 tablespoons ground
2 pounds sugar cinnamon
6 quarts cider

WASH, slice and weigh the apples. Add the cider and cook until the apples are tender. Rub through a sieve to remove the skin and seeds. Add sugar and spices. Cook until thick, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Pour into clean hot jars; when cool, cover with paraffin.

GINGER APPLES

ANY apple that holds its shape well in cooking is good for ginger apples. Pare the apples and cut them in quarters. Cook them in boiling water until they are tender. Boil three-fourths cup of sugar, one cup of water and two tablespoons of preserved ginger cut fine, or a piece or two of ginger root, for five minutes. Add the apples,

simmer until the mixture is thick and clear, and seal in sterilized jars.

PICKLED APPLES

2 cups apples, (cut in eighths) ½ cup sugar
1 cup water Cloves
Cinnamon stick ¼ cup vinegar
3 slices lemon

BRING the sugar, vinegar, water and spices to the boiling-point. Add the apples; if they are a variety that will hold their shape well, they should be cut in fairly thin slices so that the flavor of the pickle solution may penetrate. Cook slowly until the apples are clear and tender. Seal in clean jars.

APPLE CATCHUP

1 quart tart apples, diced ⅛ teaspoon turmeric
1 cup celery, cut fine 1 cup water
1 red pepper, minced ¾ cup vinegar
2 green peppers, minced ⅔ cup sugar
¼ cup minced white onion Paprika and salt

COMBINE the ingredients and simmer the mixture until it is clear. Seal in jars.

APPLE CHUTNEY

1 quart tart apples 1 cup water
1 cup raisins ½ cup sugar
2 medium-sized onions (minced) 1 tablespoon white mustard-seed
2 red peppers (minced) 1 teaspoon celery-seed
½ cup vinegar Paprika, salt

COMBINE the ingredients and simmer until the apples are tender and the mixture is thick and clear. Seal in hot jars. It may be necessary to add more water if the apples are not juicy.

APPLE PASTE

APPLE paste is one of the best ways of utilizing apples; it is easy to make; it requires little or no sweetening; it keeps well and, since it is concentrated, it requires the minimum storage space. A small amount of sweetening improves the flavor but is not necessary. The paste may be used as a confection, or as a garnish for desserts, or it may be soaked and cooked for sauce.

Prepare apple-pulp as for making apple butter, by cooking the apples and putting them through a sieve. Cook the pulp until it is very thick, stirring to prevent sticking. Measure the pulp, and, if desired, add two tablespoons of sugar to each cup of apple-pulp. Cook until clear. Grease a plate slightly with a little oil or any unsalted fat. Turn the paste on to the plate and place it in a slow oven or an airy place to dry. When a film has dried over the top, turn the paste on to cheese-cloth and dry it. When sufficiently dry, lay it on a piece of oiled paper and roll in a small roll. Turn the ends of the roll under, and store in a cool, dry place.

DRIED APPLES

GOOD firm apples should be selected for drying. Pare, core and cut the apples in eighths; or, better, core and slice in rings one-eighth inch thick, using a fruit or vegetable slicer. Since the apples discolor quickly, do not let them stand long before drying them.



The flavor of luscious apple-cream pie rivals all the pies that mother used to make

To prevent discoloration, as the fruit is prepared it may be dipped for one minute in a cold salt bath, using one ounce (two and one-half tablespoons) of salt to one gallon of water. Remove the surface moisture and dry them at 110 to 150 degrees Fahrenheit, raising the temperature gradually. Dry from four to six hours, or longer if necessary. The fruit is sufficiently dry when a handful of slices, gripped in the hand, has an elastic feel, separates promptly when the pressure is released, and leaves no visible moisture on the hand.

Leave the apples in the air for two or three days, stirring them occasionally. Store in pasteboard boxes or paper bags away from insects and dust.

CANNED APPLES

2 cups apples, cut in eighths ½ cup sugar
2 cups water

BOIL the sugar and the water for five minutes, add the apples, and cook until clear. Pour into sterilized jars and seal. This makes a thin sauce.

CANNED BAKED APPLES

WASH and core good, sound, tart baking-apples. Fill the cavities with sirup or honey. Bake the apples until tender in a pan containing a little water. Pack the apples in clean hot jars. Fill the jars with a thin sirup made by boiling together for two minutes two parts of water and one part of sugar. Seal the jars.

CANNED CIDER

POUR the cider into clean jars, adjust the rubbers and covers, and place the jars in a hot-water bath which is held at 165 degrees Fahrenheit for twenty-five minutes. Remove the jars from the water and seal.

Since it will require about thirty minutes for the temperature of the cans to reach the temperature of the hot water, approximately one hour is required for the complete process.

BACON-AND-APPLE RINGS

WASH but do not peel apples. Cut them in slices one-fourth inch in thickness. Cook in a very thin sirup until clear. Drain and arrange around the platter with the rings overlapping. Cook bacon until firm and place it in the center of the platter. Garnish with parsley and serve.

APPLE-SAUCE CAKE

1½ cup sugar ½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup fat 2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 egg
¼ teaspoon salt 1½ cup sifted unsweetened apple sauce (from fresh or dried apples)
2¾ cups flour
5 teaspoons baking-powder
Juice and grated rind of ½ lemon
¼ teaspoon cloves

CREAM the sugar and fat, add the beaten egg and the apple sauce. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, reserving one-half cup of flour in which to roll the raisins and nuts. Add to the first mixture, beat well and add floured-raisins and nuts.

This cake will keep for a week in excellent condition.

APPLE-CREAM PIE

1 cup chopped apples 1 egg, beaten
½ cup raisins ⅔ cup sour cream
1 cup sugar Salt

MIX the ingredients in the order given and bake the mixture with one crust in a moderate oven until it is firm. Meringue may be added or the pie may be served with whipped cream and garnished with a spoon of apple jelly.

STUFFED APPLES

CORE large, sound cooking-apples. Fill the centers with chopped figs, nuts and raisins. Add brown sugar, allowing two tablespoons for each apple. Place the apples in a deep baking-dish and add water to one-third the depth of the apples. Bake until tender, basting occasionally. Serve cold with whipped cream.

APPLE DIFFERENT

PEEL large slightly tart apples. With a vegetable-cutter, cut small balls from the apples. Cook the balls until clear in a medium sirup. Lift the apples on to pieces of stale sponge-cake. With a tube make a border of whipped cream. Garnish with cubes of currant jelly or small pieces of maraschino cherries.

APPLE-AND-NASTURTIUM SALAD

4 medium tart apples 1 tablespoon fresh green nasturtium-seeds
1 cup white grapes
1 orange

PEEL, core and dice the apples. Remove the seeds from the grapes. Dice the orange and the nasturtium-seeds. Mix all together. Marinate the mixture with French dressing. Serve in lettuce-cups. Place a spoonful of mayonnaise dressing on each salad and garnish with nasturtium-blossoms.

OCTOBER SALAD

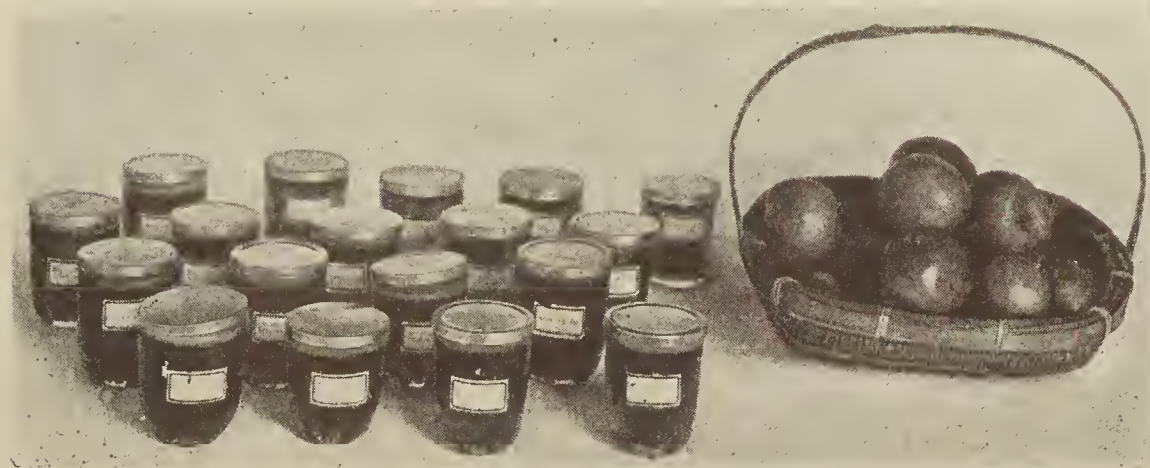
3 juicy red apples 3 pears
1 cup diced celery ½ cup hickory-nuts

WASH the apples, cut them in quarters, remove the cores and then dice them. Peel, core and dice pears. Cut the celery in small pieces, chop the nuts. Mix the ingredients with mayonnaise dressing to which has been added an equal measure of whipped sour cream. Serve on lettuce or cress.

CIDER SALAD

2 tablespoons gelatin ½ cup minced celery
soaked in ¼ cup cold water ½ cup sugar
3 tablespoons minced mint leaves Juice and grated rind of 1 lemon
4 pears

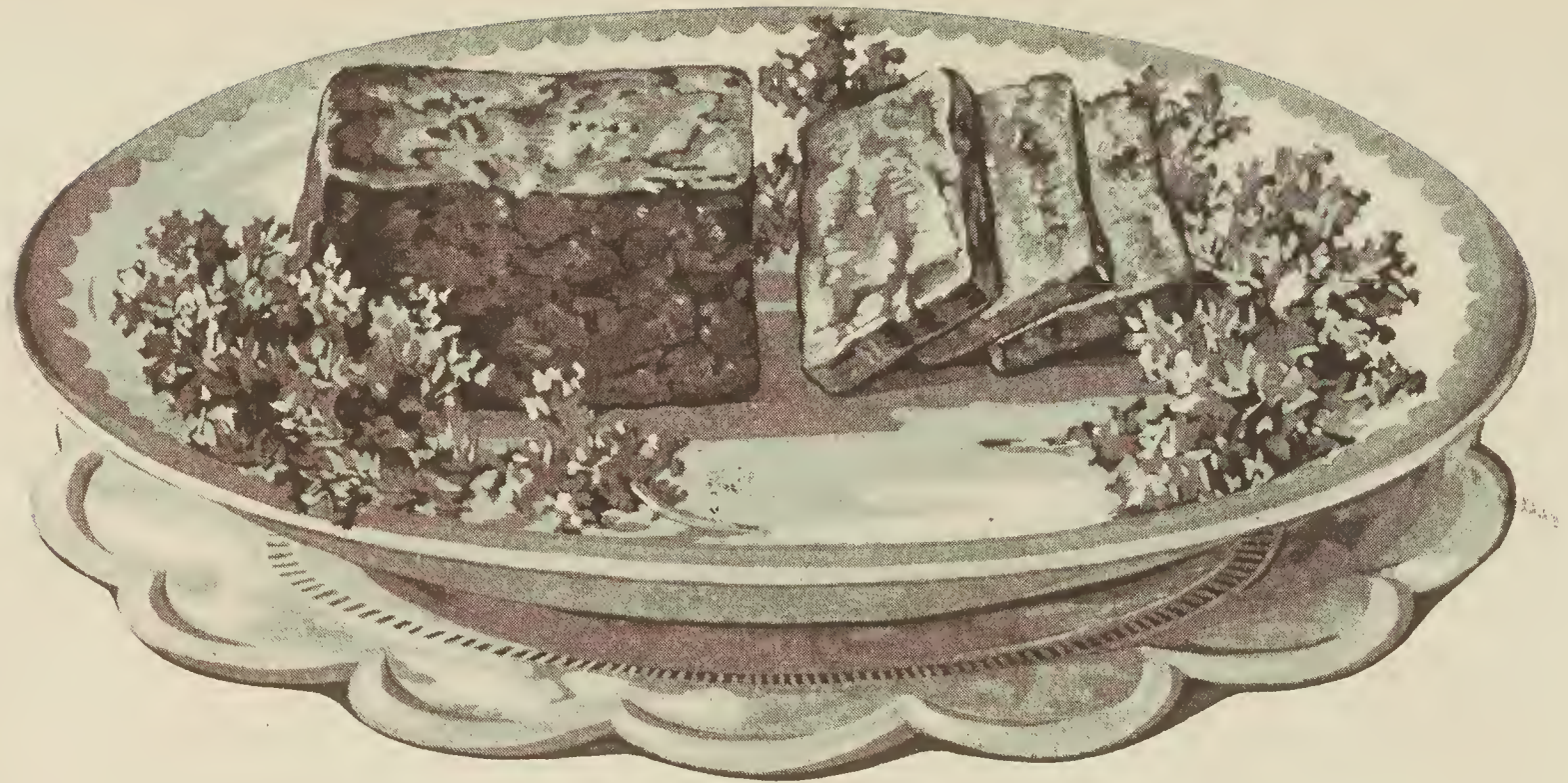
DISSOLVE the gelatin over hot water. Mix well with the other ingredients and let stand. When the mixture begins to thicken, add the pears peeled and cut in small pieces, the celery and the mint leaves. Turn into a mold. When ready, serve on lettuce leaves with a sour cream or mayonnaise dressing.



After three extractions of juice, five pounds of Northern Spy apples yielded eighteen glasses of jelly

Booth's Sardine Loaf

Take one can Booth's Sardines (skin and backbone removed), two eggs, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, two cupfuls bread crumbs, pinch of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Mix all together well, turn into a mold, cover and steam one hour. When cold cut into thin slices. This is excellent for sandwiches, or served hot or cold.



Save \$4.00 Monthly With This Dinner Dish

Serve once a week—enough for four people—at 6¼c per plate

YOU serve four people for a quarter—a delicious meal. The same meal made on sirloin steak costs \$1.25—five times as much.

If you serve steak to four people four times monthly—once a week—those four meals cost \$5.00.

But serve this tasty fish once weekly to that family, and the four meals cost *one* dollar!

So this delightful dinner, served but *once a week* in place of steak, can save \$4.00 every month!

And it will save proportionately (see chart below) on all the other usual meat dishes.

Tasty Sardines Dinner Size

This new dish—new to you who have not tried it—is known as Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size.

Not the small, imported, costly sardines that you know, but a larger, more nutritious fish, although a genuine sardine.

It has the sardine flavor and the same firm, tender meat.

These fish swim in large numbers in our own ocean waters, are easily secured; and because they aren't imported you pay no customs duty on them. That's why the cost is low.

Booth's Food-Sardines are rich in protein—tissue-building food. And they supply 900 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

No other food that we know combines attractive flavor and important food value with such



One Minute Salad

One can of Booth's Sardines, several stalks of celery and half a pint of mayonnaise dressing. Remove the tail, skin and backbone from the Sardine and pick the fish apart, adding the celery (cut up fine) and the mayonnaise, mixing lightly together. Season with salt and cayenne. Arrange in salad dish, pour a little mayonnaise over the top, and trim with lemon slices and lettuce leaves. This makes a delicious salad and is very easily and quickly prepared.

economy. Compare with others. Decide for yourself.

When you know them you'll need no further urging to serve them at least once a week in place of expensive meats.

There are scores of ways to use them—ready-prepared as they come right from the tin; broiled on toast; in salad; rolled and fried in bread crumbs as a breakfast dish.

The entire family will enjoy them. Try and see.

Three Sauces For Your Choice

Booth's Food-Sardines are put up in three delicious sauces—tomato, mustard, and in vinegar and spices—so there are new surprises for each week.

Your grocer probably has Booth's Food-Sardines. If, by chance, he hasn't, send us one dollar, for which we will immediately send you four of the big, red, oval cans, charges prepaid.

Specify which kinds of sauce you want them packed in. We'll gladly return your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

Our plants are modern and immaculate, and Booth's are highest quality sardines, so be sure to get this brand. You'll know it by the big, red oval tin.

Mail Coupon

Every careful woman who wants to cut her food bills down should have the famous "Booth Food-Sardine Recipes." See what you can do with these sardines. Mail coupon for free book.

Compare These Costs

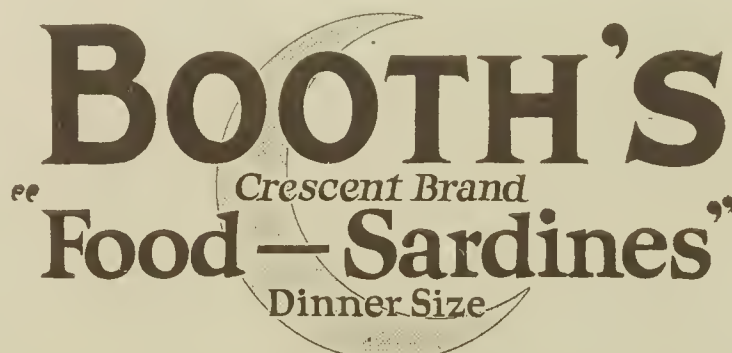
Based on a meal for four people, this is what the following foods cost on an average:

Sirloin Steak . . . \$1.25	Roast Pork . . . \$1.00
Lamb Chops60	Roast Beef90
Boiled Ham75	Roast Chicken . . 1.75
Roast Veal . . . 1.40	Fresh Salmon . . .75

Booth's Food-Sardines 25c

F. E. BOOTH COMPANY, *Packers of High Grade Foods*
110 MARKET STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

Look for the Red
Oval Tin



F. E. Booth Company

110 Market St., Dept. 2010,
San Francisco, Calif.

Please send free book of recipes.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

CHILDREN OF THE DAY

By Celia Caroline Cole



© Brotun Bros.



© Maurice Goldberg



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ALL over the world people are casting off. Old modesties, old limitations, old faiths, old traditions are being rolled up and hurled out of the window into the back alley for those conservatives, the ash-men, to do what they like with.

And one of the things the ash-man finds oftenest is a bundle of mother's old clothes—the habiliments of the old-fashioned woman—her petticoats, her high-heeled shoes, her hairpins, and her inhibitions—all dumped into her hampering dress, tied and chucked out of her life.

While the ash-man is picking them up and shaking his head over what the world's coming to, mother's inside the house, clad in a wisp of amethyst and Poirer pink chiffon that begins just above her breasts and ends halfway down to her nice, capable knees, flirting, to the rhythm of "Kammenoi-Ostrow," with a dull-blue balloon.

But instead of the abandoned face which the ash-man feels she ought to have, she looks young and soft and very alive and altogether the kind of a person one wants for a mother.

Rhythmics!

If you happen to call on her while she is doing her rhythmics, she doesn't give a little shriek and rush for her clothes; she gives a little happy cry and rushes for you. She's responsive. Rhythmics do that to you.

And after she's made you comfy, without a scrap of self-consciousness, she slips her bare feet into some "mules" and swirls exactly the right-color cape floating around her, calls off the balloon and darns the socks while she tells you what rhythmics have done for her.

But she doesn't really need to tell you. You can see. You remember her ten years back, corseted body and mind, doing her duty in a firm, dull way. Now, the nearest thing to a stay that she wears is a soft elastic affair that is nothing at all, and she has become one of the most exciting, stimulating, restful, *all-there* people you've ever known. Mother can come back with just as good as she gets. She has herself right at her fingertips and her tongue's end, sending out waves that simply crackle with personality.

And rhythmics have done it.

Just what they are one finds it difficult to define.

IT'S NOT merely dancing, it's not just exercises. It's a new way of reacting to life—of getting yourself out of the prison that ignorance and fear and false education have shut you up in; it's not only a method of winning health and grace and freedom—it's joy! Deep-rooted, illuminating joy. Wings!

With some instructors you go after it with the aid of a balloon, dancing around bare-legged, or at least without shoes, to some lovely swirling melody, and playing with a balloon, leaping to touch it, swaying, bending low to keep it from the ground, spanking it

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. Think about yourself and if you need advice write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier

lightly on its way. Lovely to watch, and giving the dancer lightness of touch, sense of distance, and best of all tapping awake her imagination, the love of beauty in her own expression.

Or you take your small son's hoop, and looping your arms about it, play with it, swaying it, tossing it, whirling it behind you and coming out of it—all sorts of gay abandon, always to music, following the music as in dancing, fast when it runs, drooping as it descends, on tiptoe when it reaches to the heights.

And then scarfs—cheese-cloth (dyed some engaging color), chiffon or silk. You fly with them, swirl like a dervish, challenge like a Spaniard.

BUT whatever you do, you must feel it—or it isn't rhythmics. The business of rhythmics is to take the halter off the body and the swaddling-clothes off the mind, to let you out, out of self-consciousness, out of weak bodies, out of ill-health. Like a pool of Siloam, it cures lameness, nerves, all manner of sickness.

And the rhythmic teachers don't care whether you're three or seventy, they'll take you on and help you find freedom and beauty and life.

You find young girls of twenty stiff and heavy in comparison with women of fifty who have been some time in rhythmics. When the young girl of twenty leaps and comes down on her toes she shakes the house. But the lithe, leaping woman of fifty arrives like thistle-down. There's something back of that, you know.

Some instructors dispense with the balloon. It is all imaginative. You—each of you—have a distinct, individual rhythm. Get inside yourself and find it. And then dance it out of you. In these studios you never hear rules; there are little guiding sentences now and then, such as: "Get it off your fingertips, 'way out! Out, out, as far as you can feel. Open your ribs. Breathe it out through the pores. The whole universe is rhythm, the sea, the sun and moon, day and night. You're a part of it, send it out, send it out!" Or "Don't let your elbows be hard, release your spine, unclamp the hips. Your whole body is fluid, flowing, flowing like music—keep the elbows soft, the wrists alive. Send it out!"

And there are still other studios where the building technique is as definite as the technique in a Russian ballet school. There they talk about the steel structure underneath the

poetry of dancing. There you hear the cries of protesting muscles learning to flow like water. But they learn!

And when you watch any of these exponents of rhythmics you feel a little thrill up and down your own unrhythmical back. They're right, and you know it. Bodies are beautiful, flowing, articulate things, and we've clipped and bound and stopped them like black fairies turning leaping water into rock.

If you are going to do rhythmics without an instructor, the first thing to do is to take what is known as the prenatal position. You can find a picture of it in any encyclopedia. Kneel with heels together and toes flat on the floor. Then sit on your heels, with your torso lying along your thighs, breasts on knees, the top of your forehead on the floor, your hands loosely outstretched in front of you. Now feel everything in you relax; don't care about anything. You are of the earth. You are earth. Stay that way until your spine feels as soft as the legato, very gentle music you have on your phonograph. Let the music flow up and down your spine until you are like the peeping of Spring rain down through the earth into a seed.

THEN life begins to come. You feel it at the base of your back flowing without a break, very slowly and sleepily up and down. Your head begins to move about, sway a little from side to side like something coming alive. It lifts from the floor and rolls around, very loose, unable to be still; your shoulders begin to writhe, life is spreading out over them, they writhe, free and sleepy and loose. Life slides down your back, all around your waist. You flow into the creeping position, your body rolling about on your hips in a loose, lazy abandon. You lumber up loosely until you are on hands and feet in the rolling, wabbly position of a bear. Then walk about like a bear, wabbly and waggly, head wagging loosely—a masterpiece of clumsy, fumbling comfort.

Now draw your arms and hands up off the floor. You stand like a bag hanging over a clothes-line—the clothes-line being your waist—arms and head drooping.

Then you begin to lose the feel of earth and gain the sensation of air. You draw up farther, loosely, until you are upright, your head lying back. Your arms begin to lift, hands drooping. When they are shoulder-high, you find yourself coming up on your toes, your fingers drawing your toes up. You go up, up, up—way up among the little white feathery clouds. Earth is gone. You are

of the air. You see a butterfly and chase it. It swoops, so do you. It flies, so do you. You have no bones, no muscles. You are joy, with wings.

Another happy way to let go is to roll. Not the vigorous roll one does to reduce, but a sleepy, mid-June, don't-care-about-a-thing-in-the-whole-wide-world kind of a roll.

Lie face down on the floor, arms loosely outstretched over your head, toes flat. Then, *with your waist leading you*, begin, so slowly you scarcely move, to roll over, your arms limp as grass, your legs from the hips always flat on the floor and together. Roll until your body feels like the music flowing without a break or tight note in it.

AFTER a little practise in rhythmics, you will be able to lie flat on your back and let every muscle of the body become limp. You can lift a hand or foot and it will drop like a weight.

To limber hands and feet, lie face down on the floor and then slowly, loosely draw the body up off the floor, resting on the toes and the palms of the hands.

They teach you, in rhythmics, to sit and watch your open hands. You will find them taking on expression as you look. Freedom from self-conscious hands is an unerring result of rhythmics. Hands which are not beautiful either in shape or texture will seem beautiful if used gracefully. Put a light, floating record on the phonograph then make your hands give, open, free. Make them fly. Play with an imaginary thread, drawing it out arm's length, your head turning to watch it.

If your elbows or wrists seem hard, make circles, hoops of your arms.

All this is the physical side. But a more serious mistake can not be made about rhythmics than to think of it as physical.

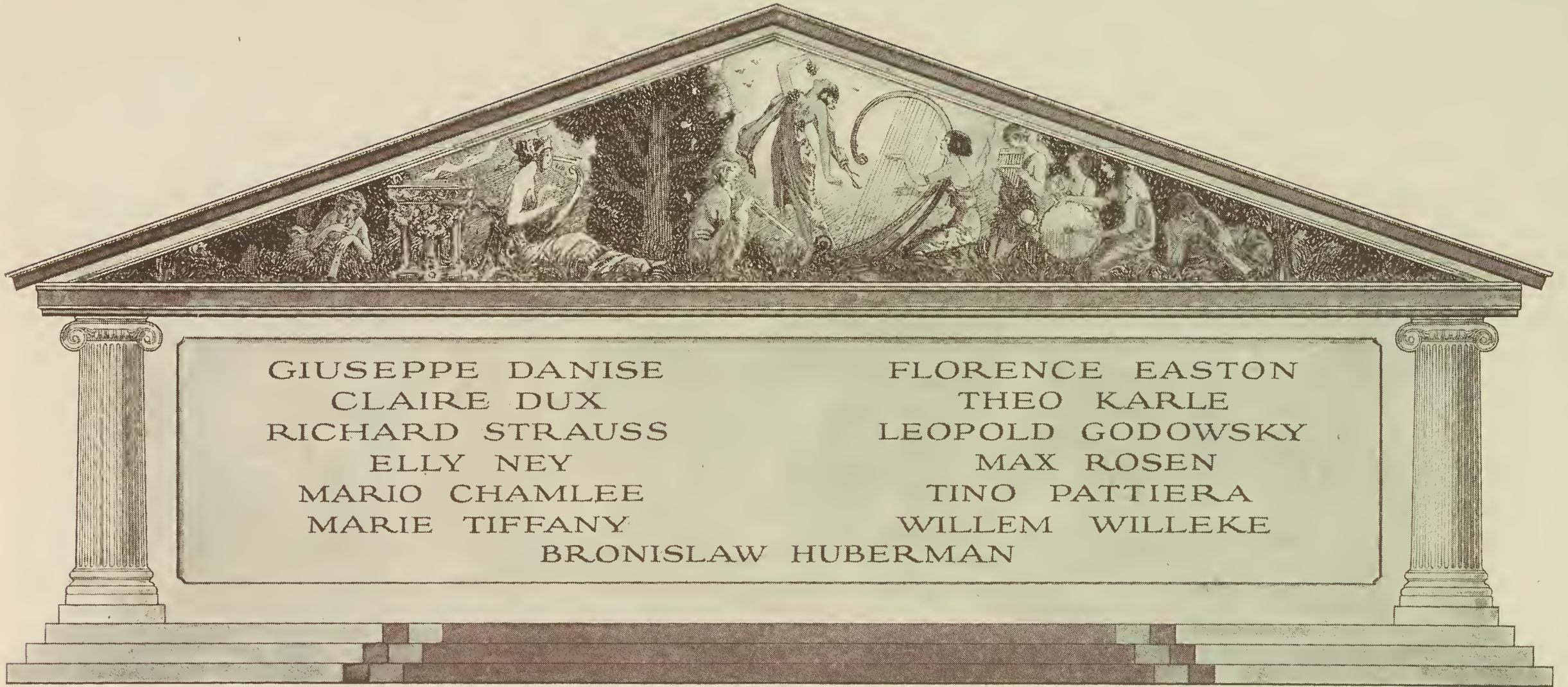
One of the most interesting of the rhythmic teachers is in New York. Not long ago a prominent woman went to her with shattered nerves after having tried in vain for years to get well under the care of nerve specialists and mental healers. With the help of rhythmics, she was cured in a very short time.

"BUT," she cried out vehemently, "I hate to think this purely physical thing could cure me when those more mental, spiritual things could not!"

"Purely physical!" echoed her teacher in astonishment. "Why, I don't believe that I know anything that's purely physical—except a dead body."

And that's shooting straight at the heart of rhythmics. There isn't any spiritual you and physical you warring against each other. There's just you—an expression of swift energy. Your breath is visible life. You, yourself, are swift, beautiful energy made visible.

And all the stumbling and blundering and
Concluded on page 90



© B. B. C. Co., 1922

The NEW HALL OF FAME

OF CONCERT AND OPERATIC STARS

As acclaimed by EUROPEAN and AMERICAN Critics

The pages of musical history are constantly turning these days. The concert and operatic stages are embarked upon a new era. And world's critics have acclaimed a new Hall of Fame—great artists of today, succeeding those of yesterday.

Chamlee, Easton, Danise, Godowsky, Dux, Ney, Rosen, Huberman—Richard Strauss—are names high in those comprising it. Names on the lips of cultured people the world over.

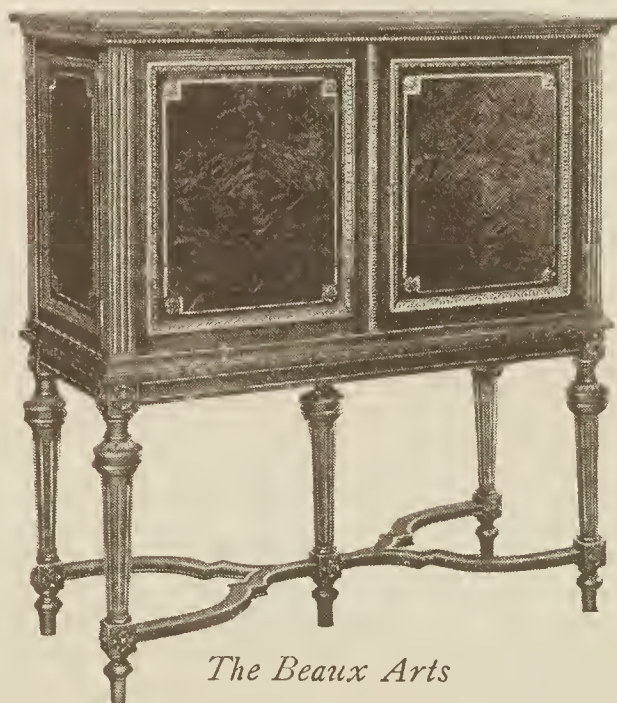
To know them, is to be conversant with the events of the day; to be musically well-informed.

All Exclusively Brunswick

Without exception these artists, in common with the present trend of artistic acceptance, have chosen Brunswick as the most fitting means of perpetuating their art—a tendency so marked in musical circles that Brunswick now is looked to for the *premiere* recordings of the great artists of today.

The Reason

By means of exclusive methods of recording and of reproducing, Brunswick brings phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression. Brunswick records are known as the *clearest in the world*. A difference so great as to be amazing.



The Beaux Arts

Brunswick affords the wide choice of 18 distinctive models; Cabinet and Console. Included are authentic Period designs, in which the artistry of centuries that have passed is combined with the super-craftsmanship of today. Prices range from sixty-five dollars to seven hundred and seventy-five.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1845
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The Brunswick Phonograph, presenting a method of reproduction obtainable on no other make of instrument, achieves perfect rendition of the so-called "difficult" tones, attaining even Soprano High C without slightest metallic suggestion or vibration.

For those reasons the Brunswick Phonograph is in the homes of foremost musicians, critics and educators, both in this country and abroad. And greatest artists are recording exclusively for Brunswick Records.

Hear—Compare

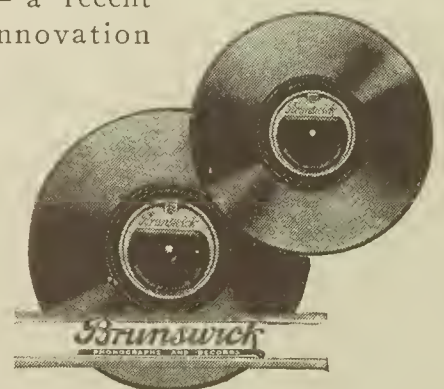
Your nearest Brunswick dealer will gladly give a demonstration.

Brunswick records play on any phonograph. The Brunswick plays all makes of records.

Incidentally, famous artists' selections are now offered on double-faced records—a recent Brunswick innovation which enables one to quickly and economically obtain a representative record library.

Hear The Brunswick.

And compare.



BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



*It will make a difference
in your child's health*

BRIDGING the distance between home and school, an Icy-Hot Lunch Kit enables you to provide your child with a wholesome, home-cooked meal at noon.

A neat metal box, light and easy to carry, keeps the food clean, moist and appetizing, and also holds a half pint Icy-Hot Bottle which provides the nourishing hot soup or cocoa which all children need at noon.

ICY-HOT VACUUM PRODUCTS

Made in America, of American material, by American labor

"Built for Lifetime Service"

Icy-Hot skill has improved vacuum bottle construction to the point where it can be depended upon to withstand every-day use such as a school-child gives it.

Every Icy-Hot Bottle has a metal case. Ingenious shock-absorbing devices—around the neck, a rubber ring supported by a metal collar; and at the bottom, a heavy coil spring to hold a rubber cushion against the tip of the inner bottle—protect the Icy-Hot Bottle against the jolts and jars it receives going and coming from school.

Icy-Hots offer the utmost in dependability and in beauty of design at prices within the reach of every school-child, every housekeeper, every worker, every man and every woman to use in work or play, indoors or out, every day, everywhere.



Every Icy-Hot carries guarantee tag showing that it has been temperature tested. Guaranteed to keep contents hot twenty-four hours or cold three days. Every Icy-Hot has name on bottom. Sold everywhere.

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KEEP CONTENTS HOT 24 HOURS; COLD 3 DAYS.

RECESS AND A SQUARE LUNCH

By Lillian Alber

THE tin lard lunch-pail of yesterday made as little appeal to the imagination of children as its monotonous ham sandwich and cake contents made to young appetites. Nor could such a lunch satisfy the demands of growing bodies.

The relation of the school lunch to malnutrition in school-children is now considered so important that most city and town schools and many rural schools serve a complete lunch or at least one hot dish, often cocoa, a milk soup, or a scalloped or creamed vegetable.

Whether or not the hot dish is available, unless adequate time is allowed at noon it is better to have the child carry a well-planned lunch than to hurry home, bolt a meal and go tearing back to school.

Although the packing of a proper school lunch requires thought and labor, every mother should willingly assume the obligation where a complete school lunch is not provided, for a growing child needs three carefully planned meals every day.

The lunch-box itself should be adequate and attractive. Such boxes may be bought with or without a vacuum bottle and containers; light-weight metal or heavy paper composition boxes are desirable. These can and of course should be kept perfectly clean. The influence of one such box and a well-planned lunch quickly spreads and raises the standard for the entire class.

The main structure of the lunch-box meal will be sandwiches, fruit, a bottle of milk and a dessert. A vacuum bottle makes it possible to send hot cocoa or hot soup with the lunch and small vacuum containers may be bought in which to send a creamed vegetable or a hot pudding or other hot food. If foods from the previous evening meal are to be used, they should be kept in a cool place uncovered overnight and reheated in the morning and then placed in the containers. If milk can not be delivered at the school and there is any uncertainty of its keeping sweet for three hours, it may be put while cold into a vacuum bottle.

SINCE sandwiches are an important part of the lunch-box meal, the most wholesome breads should be used in preparing them. Graham, whole-wheat, oatmeal, brown, raisin or nut breads are excellent. Cold bran or whole-wheat muffins make a welcome change. Use moist fillings, cut and wrap the sandwiches carefully in oiled paper. The menu should vary from day to day.

Cheese, meat, eggs, nuts, dried fruits or vegetables to be used for sandwich fillings for children should be put through the food-chopper. Pickles, chow-chow and relishes have no place in the school lunch-box. Cheese, peanut butter and other compact substances should be thinned with cream. Ground meats, eggs and vegetables should be moistened with a little salad-dressing.

Finely chopped celery, lettuce, watercress or sliced tomato may be used alone or with cottage-cheese. Crushed pineapple or finely cut oranges make tempting fillings. Jellies, jams and preserves make welcome sandwiches, or a tiny jar of the fruited sweet may be tucked into the lunch-box. Dried figs, dates and raisins when thoroughly washed and steamed in a small sieve over boiling water for thirty minutes and then ground

and moistened with a little fruit-juice or salad-dressing make tasty fillings.

Each portion of the lunch should be wrapped separately to prevent odors or tastes from being absorbed, and the lunch-box packed securely. Box and vacuum containers should be washed daily with warm soapy water.

Stewed prunes and canned fruits may be carried in any of the small screw-top containers on the market. A cold rice or other pudding, junket or a similar dessert may also be carried in this manner. An orange or a fresh tomato is always a valuable addition to the lunch.

The following simple recipes for the school lunch-box may be suggestive:

WHOLE-WHEAT BREAD

2 cups scalded milk 1 yeast-cake
1/3 cup molasses 1 teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons fat 1/2 cup tepid water
2 cups white flour

WHOLE-WHEAT flour to make dough stiff enough to handle. Mix and proceed as in making wheat bread.

CREAM SOUPS

COMBINE a cup of vegetable pulp with a cup of thin white sauce. Mash the vegetable, cooked until soft, through a strainer, heat and pour it into a cup of thin white sauce which has been heated. Let the mixture come to the boiling-point, remove the pan from the heat and whip up the soup for a minute with a Dover egg-beater. Place while very hot in the vacuum bottle.

CARAMEL CUSTARD

1 cup milk 2 tablespoons corn-starch
3 tablespoons brown sugar Vanilla and salt
1 teaspoon butter 1 tablespoon chopped nuts

HEAT the milk and add the sugar. Moisten the corn-starch with a little milk or water and add it to the hot milk, cook the mixture for twenty minutes, or until all flavor of the starch has disappeared. Remove it from the fire and add the nuts, butter and vanilla. Turn into a mold.

SEA-MOSS PUDDING

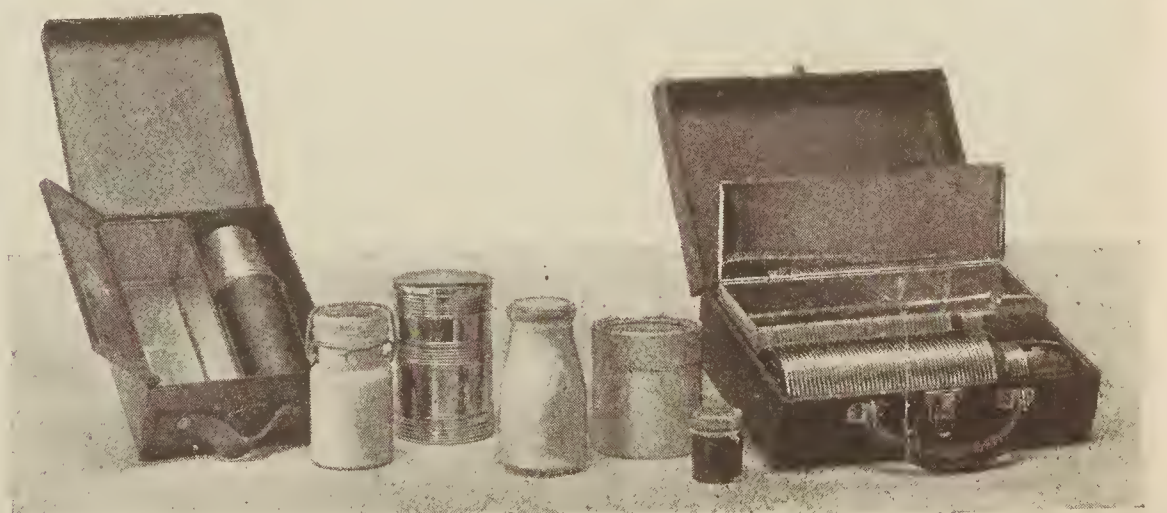
1/2 cup moss lightly pressed down 1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup sugar 1 quart milk
Flavoring

SOAK moss in cold water ten minutes. Wash well to remove all sandy particles, and reject all dark portions. Heat the milk and add the sugar and moss. Cook in a double boiler for twenty-five minutes, stirring occasionally. If cooked too long, the mixture will be too stiff. Strain, add salt and any flavor desired. Turn into a mold, and chill. Sea-moss is valuable as a food because of its iodine content.

RICE PUDDING

4 cups milk Nutmeg
1/2 cup rice Grated rind of 1/2 lemon
1/2 teaspoon salt 1/2 cup sugar

WASH the rice, mix it with the other ingredients, and pour the mixture into a buttered pudding-dish. Bake for three hours in a very slow oven, stirring three times during the first hour.



Each of these lunch-boxes will carry a square noon meal. There is room for a vacuum bottle, one other container, sandwiches and fruit

W. M. RUTHRAUFF—Inventor of Pepsodent

Announces

New Tooth Paste



TRADE **ACIDENT** MARK

THE NEW WEAPON TO COMBAT TOOTH DECAY

An Open Letter to the Public—Announcing New Organization

Owing to differences between myself and associates in the Pepsodent Company, which Company I organized, it was mutually agreed in July, 1919, that we make a division of interests. In accordance with this agreement, the proteolytic field was retained as the exclusive field of the Pepsodent Company and I was released from turning over any improvements in the dentifrice field except such as pertained to a Proteolytic Dentifrice. It was also agreed that I should stay out of the dentifrice field for a certain period of time in order to enable the Pepsodent Company to establish their product before they would be compelled to meet the competition of my new product, on which they knew I was working, and on which I had already received chemical patents.

This period having now elapsed, I wish to announce that I have perfected a new product on which I have been working for years, which is to be sold under the trade name ACIDENT, and that I have organized a new company for the manufacture and sale of this product, known as the W. M. RUTHRAUFF COMPANY.

ACIDENT is based upon the natural functions of the salivary secretions.

How SALIVA acts:

I.—Protective Action—Saliva, except after meals, is usually acid to litmus. After meals it is normally alkaline. The alkalinity is increased by food acids. This physiological reaction is Nature's provision to neutralize food acids which otherwise would decalcify the teeth, dissolve the calcium phosphate of which the teeth are composed, thus causing tooth decay.

To further guard the teeth, the saliva contains the starch digestant Ptyalin to render soluble the starch particles which adhere to the teeth, before they can ferment and form acids capable of decalcifying the teeth.

In spite of these protective measures, some decalcification invariably occurs. To counteract this, Nature has provided a means of constantly restoring the tooth substance thus removed, by a positive calcifying action.

II.—Calcifying or Solidifying Action—The saliva during the night and before meals (if the interval between meals is sufficiently long) is usually acid, due to the presence of carbon dioxide. This carbon dioxide carries in solution a tooth building and repairing substance—calcium phosphate—which penetrates the porous structures of the teeth. As the carbon dioxide evaporates or is neutralized, the calcium phosphate is deposited in the porous spaces of the teeth, thus recalcifying, or replacing calcium phosphate removed by decalcifying acids (tooth decay).

How ACIDENT acts:

I.—Protective Action—(a)—Instantly "curdles" the film so it is easily removed—without the need of harsh abrasives.

(b)—By normal physiological reaction produces prolonged flow of Nature's protective saliva, rich in alkaline salts and ptyalin.

II.—Calcifying or Solidifying Action—ACIDENT contains, in concentrated solution, the natural calcifying or solidifying properties of saliva. By duplicating, in the form of a delightful tooth paste, the tooth building and restoring properties of natural saliva, ACIDENT provides a new and effective weapon with which to combat tooth decay. It is theoretically sound and its calcifying action can be demonstrated both in the laboratory and in clinical practice.

Other attempts to preserve the teeth have stopped at the half-way mark—prevention. ACIDENT embodies the best preventive measures known and, in addition, supplements the saliva in its calcifying action by supplying Nature's tooth-building and restoring substance in concentrated form.

ACIDENT is a most delightful dentifrice with a new, refreshing flavor. It excels as a cleansing agent without resorting to harsh, gritty abrasives. In addition it supplies a new weapon with which to combat tooth decay.

Yours very truly,

Most Druggists Already Stocked

Within two weeks after ACIDENT was first announced to the trade, it had national distribution. We believe that never before has any product been so spontaneously received by the drug trade.

Compelled to Abandon Free Samples

The demand for ACIDENT has broken all records with which we are familiar. Our manufacturing resources are already taxed to the limit to supply the demand for ACIDENT so, for time being, we cannot manufacture samples which we had planned to offer as a free trial. However, one tube will convince you of its superiority. If you are not entirely satisfied, your money will be refunded. If your dealer does not have ACIDENT, send us fifty cents and we will see that you receive a tube promptly without additional cost.

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Druggist's Name

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My Name

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A NEW PATTERN with a most expressive name.

What more delightful and more suitable Anniversary Gift than a selection of “Anniversary” pattern silverplate in a special Anniversary Chest or Gift Box?

These special chests and boxes are lined with genuine blue silk velvet and make a handsome setting for the silverplate—without extra charge.

Isn't there a birthday or other anniversary celebration in your family pretty soon?

See the attractive displays in the stores.

For further illustrations of “Anniversary,” and other patterns, write for Booklet W-17 to International Silver Co., Meriden, Conn.

1847 ROGERS BROS.

SILVER PLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

TABLE CUSTOMS

NOTE—Because of her rich personal experiences, Mrs. Mead is especially fitted to write on good manners. Much sought after for her charm and grace of manner, she nevertheless maintains a happy balance between the demands of her social position and public service. During the war she was head of all of the Y. M. C. A. women in France. Subsequently she made a valuable study of working conditions for women in South Poland. Everywhere she is recognized as one of the most public-spirited women of the day. Mrs. Mead's second article on good manners will appear in a later issue.

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address, Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply



By Elsie C. Mead.

THERE seems to be great divergence of opinion as to proper forms of etiquette at the table. Simplicity and the thing that seems easiest to do should be a guiding rule, but some customs have become fixed and are generally accepted in all civilized countries; therefore, it would seem wise to accept them even though in some ways they may seem cumbersome.

It is always proper to serve on the left of the diner because it is the only comfortable way for the right-handed person. It is the custom as well to remove dishes from the left side rather than from the right, which might seem easier. It has become so subconsciously grounded in every one's mind that the removing of plates is done always on the left side, that any divergence from this is bound to bring about a collision with the right hand of the diner.

The question is often asked how to remove fish-bones and the pits of fruits from the mouth gracefully. It seems to me the most inconspicuous way is to push the bone or stone well forward with the tongue and gently remove it with the forefinger and thumb to the side of the plate. Prune-pits and watermelon-seeds naturally slip into the spoon held very close to the lips and are then placed noiselessly on the edge of the plate.

In these days bread-and-butter plates are used in preference to the small butter-plates of olden times, and these are placed on the left of the large plate forward. In case a salad is served with the main course, that is placed on the left also, but on a line with the larger plate. All beverages are, of course, placed on the right.

WHEN the man of the house is doing the carving on the table and there is no maid to serve, it would seem easier to have the vegetables placed in front of the mistress. This is a matter of individual convenience and taste. If there is a maid and the carving is done on the table, the hot plates are placed before the carver and the meat is served, the first going to the mistress of the house and the next to the guest of honor. When all the meat is served, the waitress will pass the vegetables, beginning with the hostess, the idea being that the hostess is the one who gives the signal to begin to eat. We used to be taught as children that it was bad form to begin eating the meat until all the vegetables were served, but this has been done away with by a good many people who prefer to eat their meat while it is hot rather than to wait until all the vegetables have been passed.

If the waitress is well trained, it is but rarely that she need be spoken to, as it is her affair to watch out if water or butter or anything else is needed by any one at the table.

It is a pretty definite rule that no guest should ask the waitress for anything, but should address any such request to her hostess. An exception might be made to this rule in case such a request would cause embarrassment; for instance, the waitress might have forgotten to place an extra knife or to pour any water; in this case it would then be right just to whisper to the waitress as she passed near by rather than to call attention to the fact before the whole table.

IT IS conceded that the mistress, not the man, of the house must give all the commands and orders to the maid; otherwise, it might cause embarrassment and misunderstanding. As an example, I recall an experience at a dinner at which I was a guest:

A visitor who was sitting on the right of the host was on a very strict diet and the only things that she was able to eat that were served at the dinner were lettuce and some new fresh peas to which she helped herself generously and felt perfectly satisfied. The host, noticing that she did not partake of the other things there, urged her even after a second helping to have more peas, and she, more to keep him quiet than anything else, consented, whereupon he asked the waitress to pass the dish and was told that there were no more! The rule is a pretty safe one to follow that as long as the mistress orders the meals and knows what is in the house, it is her prerogative to take the lead in such matters.

In houses where napkin-rings are used, napkins should be kept as neat as possible and folded and rolled into the ring at the end of the meal. It is usual for the guest at only one meal to place the napkin on the table without folding it.

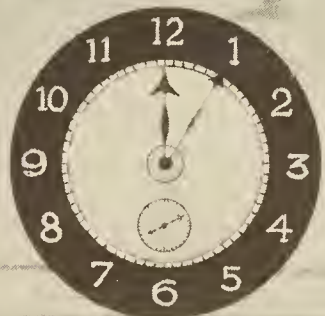
It is a nice custom for the waitress to stand back of and pull out the chair of the mistress of the house, but in some families where there are young sons it is well for them to be trained in this act of courtesy. If there is a woman guest, it is optional whether the waitress should do this or the host.

The boys or girls returning from boarding-school are very apt to bring back with them table manners that are apparently necessary in dealing with a large group, one of them being the habit of holding the sugar-bowl or salt-cellar in the hand while serving themselves. This should never be permitted in the private home, and this applies to any dish of any kind. Children away at school are very apt to be critical of the food they receive, and the habit often returns home with them. Any unfavorable comment on food at the table is, of course, not good form.

Keep Your System Regulated

Eat Dried Peaches and Figs

and Fig Products



Here is a Great Truth!

Without regulation, no watch or clock could keep perfect time,—no mechanical apparatus would operate satisfactorily, the human system would fail to function properly. Secure regulation of the human system by eating California Dried Peaches and Figs, which are full of vitamins and mineral salts which carry away impurities. Then, too, these fruits contain a balance of protein, sugar, acids, and other properties which contribute to the health of all who use them.

CALIFORNIA FRUITS lead in flavor and quality. Our Peaches and Figs are gathered only when fully ripened and then spread out in the warm, open sunshine to dry. This preserves them for future use and adds to their nutritive value per pound.

Here is what these delicious fruits bring you: *Fruit Ash*, which makes bone and enriches the blood; *Fruit Sugar*, which makes energy and body warmth; *Fruit Acids*, which aid digestion and stimulate the appetite; *Protein*, which builds muscle and repairs broken-down tissues.

Nature's Wonder Foods

Delightful dishes are prepared from these wonder foods from California. There is hardly a favorite recipe of yours that could not be made more delicious by adding either dried Peaches or Figs.

These fruits have been known for ages. Their uses can be traced as far back as Biblical times. They have always contributed to the welfare of man and provided nourishment of the

most desirable kind. Learn more of their goodness. Ask your grocer to supply you, then prepare a few of the many attractive and appetizing dishes that are so easily made from our Book of Recipes, which we will be glad to send to you free.

Fig Delicacies

Preserved whole Figs are delicious. You will like Fig Preserve made from crushed fruit. Fig Meat comes in sanitary cartons ready for instant use in brick form. Splendid for sandwiches and spreads. Fig Meat is an accepted nutrition food for under-nourished children and invalids. Then, again, your grocer or confectioner can supply you with Fig Brownies made from Fig Meat and packed in handy 5-cent containers. These are great for that hungry feeling between meals.

Both dried Peaches and Figs as well as Fig Products are universally accepted as the finest fruits produced and the best food known to science. Eat more of them and enjoy better health.

Give your grocer a trial order today and see how good dried Peaches and Figs are when made from the following recipes:

Dried Fig Loaf Cake

2 cups brown sugar. 2 cups hot water. $\frac{1}{4}$ cup fat. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups of chopped "Blue Ribbon" California Figs. 1 teaspoon salt. 1 teaspoon cloves. 1 teaspoon cinnamon. 3 cups flour. 1 teaspoon soda.

Mix the sugar, water, fat, figs, salt and spices and bring to the boiling point. Allow to boil 5 minutes. Set aside until cold and add flour and soda which have been mixed and sifted. Bake in two greased loaf pans in a slow oven 45 minutes to 1 hour. This cake will keep indefinitely like fruit cake.



Stewed Figs

2 cups "Blue Ribbon" California Figs. 1 quart boiling water. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. 1 slice lemon.

Cut the figs in halves lengthwise, add water and allow to soak overnight or several hours. Bring to the boiling point in the same water and cook until figs are tender when pierced with a toothpick, about 45 minutes. Add the sugar and lemon and cook slowly about 30 minutes longer or until the syrup is thick.

Peach Sauce

Delicious for Breakfast

Wash peaches, place in saucepan, cover with cold water, and soak overnight, or until fruit absorbs all the water it will take up. Cook slowly and continuously, until tender, in water in which it was soaked. Sweeten to taste just before

removing from fire. Cooking fruit after sugar is added tends to harden it.

Dried Fig Steamed Pudding

1 cup flour. 2 tablespoons baking powder. 1 teaspoon cinnamon. 1 teaspoon cloves. 1 cup sugar. $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups bread crumbs. 1 cup chopped "Blue Ribbon" California Figs. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup melted fat.

Mix and sift flour, baking powder, spices and sugar, add crumbs and chopped figs, milk and melted fat, stirring until thoroughly mixed. Pour into a greased mold, cover tightly and steam at least two hours; serve hot with liquid or hard sauce.

Dried Peach Cobbler

3 cups "Blue Ribbon" Peaches (softened overnight and stewed slowly). 2 cups sugar. Flavoring. Butter. Flaky pie crust.

Put sugar into a saucepan, add 3 cups of water in which peaches were softened, boil for 10 minutes and pour over softened peaches; allow to cool; flavor to taste. Line sides of a large deep pudding dish with pastry, put in peaches, dot top with tiny pieces of butter, cover with pastry, brush over with beaten egg and slash the center crosswise. Bake until pastry is nicely browned; serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.

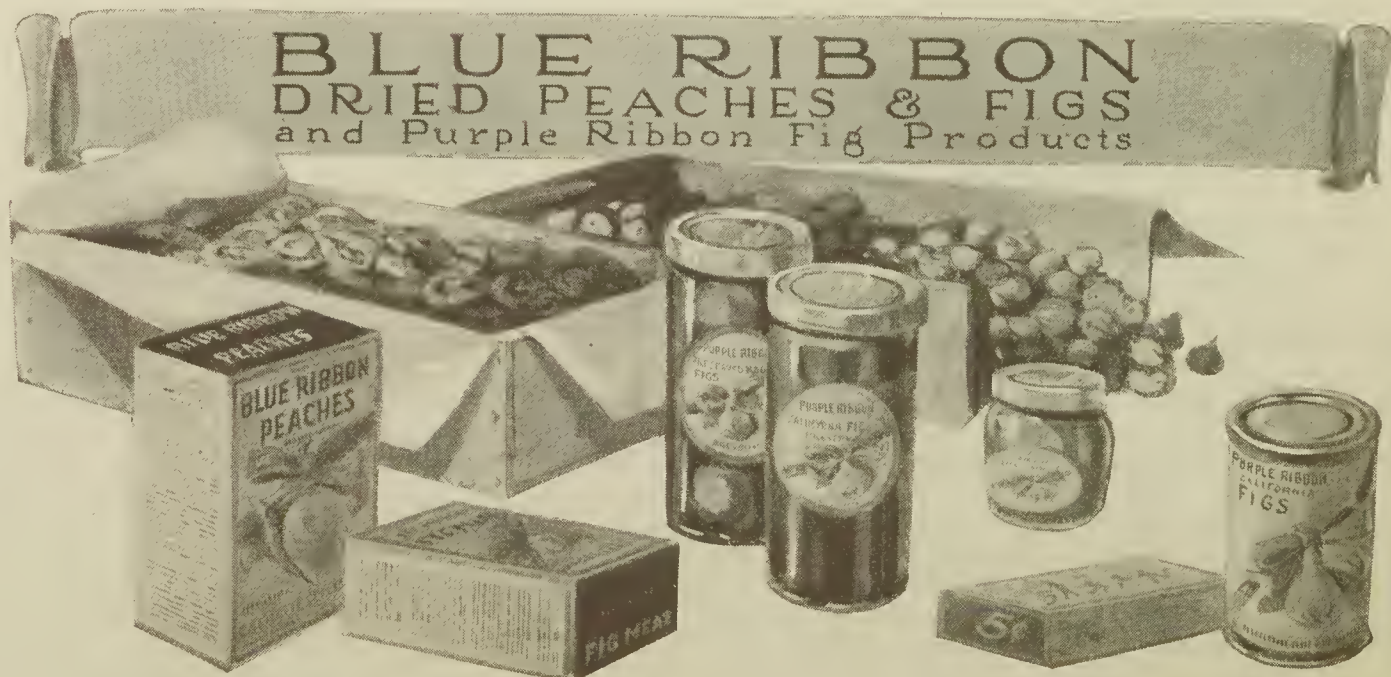
Cooking Directions

Dried fruits should never be boiled as it destroys the fruit sugar, making it necessary to add commercial sugar. Fruits should never be cooked in a tin or iron vessel. A wooden spoon or paddle should be used in cooking acid fruits.

Address Dept. B for Other Delicious Recipes

Ask your Grocer for these

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Sold in bulk by the pound.
- DRIED PEACHES
Sold in bulk and in packages.
- FIG MEAT
Sold in cartons.
- FIG PRESERVES
Sold in glass and tin containers.
- PRESERVED FIGS
Whole figs preserved in syrup, come in glass and tin.
- FIG BROWNIES
Sold in 5c packages.
- CANNED FRESH FIGS



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Why not the same individuality in your corset? You can have it. Think of wearing a corset that is so light and pliant you can roll it up and almost draw it through a finger ring. Think of that corset supporting your figure perfectly, moulding it in the latest fashionable lines. Think of a corset that is so comfortable you forget you have it on.

Isn't this the corset you want? Half a million women have already expressed their preference for this corset. It is the Modart, and the Modart is as different from ordinary corsets as the Paris model gown is different from a home-made dress.

A simple, beautiful, luxurious corset of better design—a corset that fits so perfectly that alterations are not necessary—that is the Modart.

When you see the Modart you will want one for your very own. It is the season's style sensation. Phantom models, topless styles, models of shell pink Jersey silk, of silk broche, materials and styles to suit any taste and pocketbook.

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You see the Modart on your figure—the proper model—correctly adjusted by an expert corsetiere—before you purchase.

There is no better way to judge a corset.

GOOD EYES MAKE GOOD STUDENTS

By Mary E. Bayley, R. N.

Approved by Doctor George Huston Bell, Ophthalmic Surgeon, New York Eye and Ear Infirmary

TO A great extent success and safety in life depend upon good eyesight. And in these days, when the demands of civilization have increased the perilous conditions under which the eyes are used, their hygiene is particularly important. Not only is there much defect of vision undoubtedly due to preventable causes, but the great number of young people suffering from eye-strain proves there is still need of popular education on the ordinary care of the eyes.

A young child should not be allowed to look at anything requiring close vision for a considerable period, since the so-called fusion of the vision develops very slowly. In fact, systematic work is safe only after the ocular tissues have passed the formative stage of development. Normally, a young child is far-sighted, and although the accommodation is active enough, it is not so easily employed as to enable the child to obtain clear images for very long. In other words, fatigue of the eye muscles soon takes place, and if unduly stimulated the muscular strain tends to distort the eyeball, causing pressure upon the cornea.

THE formative stage of development is not fully acquired until the child is eight or ten years old, and if before this time the eyes are used for close application it is apt to cause some impairment of vision.

One of the most fruitful evil results of eye-strain in childhood is near-sightedness. This usually begins in childhood and goes on increasing according to the strain. Statistics show that only one or two per cent. of children are near-sighted at birth. The great prevalence of this defect is largely due to the demands of civilization. Among savage races near-sightedness is unknown, because from childhood these people use their eyes passively—that is, they focus mostly upon distant objects. In other words, looking upon distant objects requires no muscular effort, but in accommodating the eye to near objects the adjustment is brought about by muscular efforts and is more or less fatiguing even to adults.

When school age is reached, care should be exercised to see that a child just beginning to study does not abuse his eyes. Some of the earliest principles to teach a child just beginning to use books are:

First, never to sit facing the light but let the light come from behind or over the left shoulder.

Second, to avoid books or papers printed indistinctly or in small type.

Third, never to read in the twilight, in a reclining position or with the sun shining directly on the book.

Fourth, when reading, to hold the book from twelve to fourteen inches from the face and to hold the head up. The habit of holding the book too close to the eyes is easily formed. This will cause a strain on the muscles both within and on the outside of the eyeball and is a cause for near-sightedness.

In any close application of the eyes teach the child the necessity for frequently resting them by looking away from the material or book and letting the eyes rest on distant objects. There is nothing so restful to the eyes as the foreground of Nature. It is not only painted in colors least apt to tire the eyes, but in viewing it there is an unconscious relaxation of the eye muscles. For this reason alone (and there are many others) the child attending school should never after school hours be deprived of his hours of play in the open.

MANY children are greatly retarded in their school work by some defect of vision. To such an extent does this often incapacitate that they become discouraged. Such children are usually considered stupid and lazy, while the real trouble is that since they can not acquire an education easily and naturally, they give up the struggle.

In an effort to see more distinctly, children

sometimes bend the body forward or tilt the head at various angles. They should be taken without delay to a good oculist, for many spinal curvatures are thought to be of ocular origin. And how may these be brought about?

THE child in studying or writing continually assumes an abnormal position. That is, the head and body are turned to one side. This is brought about either through an axis of astigmatism that compels head-tilting or because of dominance of one eye.

There are many children who need glasses at an early age. Even normal vision does not preclude eye-strain. The child with fairly normal eyes, using them to excess, is often the one who suffers from subsequent eye diseases rather than the child with especially defective eyesight.

It is by no means unusual for eye-strain to cause reflex disturbances in distant parts of the body, the general health thereby being much disturbed. During the early school age, should there be unusual restlessness, headaches, irritability or gastro-intestinal disturbances, the eyes as a possible cause should not be overlooked. And whenever a child is found to have constant headaches during and after school work, that child is by his efforts at study surely harming his eyes.

The far-sighted child suffers from headaches in his efforts to see near objects. In fact, such a child can bear close work less easily than the one with the defective vision which accompanies near-sightedness, and unless relieved by glasses not only will the child's health become impaired but he is very apt to become careless and shiftless in school work.

While the near-sighted child does not usually suffer from headaches, he will be unable to see blackboards or other distant objects used in teaching. And there is a tendency, unless something is done to protect them, for near-sighted eyes to become worse, so without proper care seriously impaired vision may be the result.

NUMEROUS school statistics have proved in a marked degree not only that the percentage increases from year to year, but the near-sightedness becomes progressively greater as the child advances from the lower to the upper grades.

There is a common belief that squint-eye, so prevalent among young children, is caused by infectious diseases, such as scarlet fever or measles. This idea is erroneous. Squint-eye is usually caused by far-sightedness, often combined with astigmatism. The squint develops usually between the ages of one and five. It is brought about in most cases through use of the eyes for close observation without glasses which correct the far-sightedness.

If a cross-eye should appear in a young child, he should be put into the hands of a competent physician, who will at once re-fract it. This should not be neglected, as it is a question of preserving the sight in an eye that otherwise may become practically useless.

Even if there is no evidence of eye trouble, when a child becomes of school age it is well to have his eyes examined. This is a precautionary measure of great value, as it discovers the degree of the child's vision and disease or errors that might exist.

Pinkeye is a common infection among schoolchildren. It is marked by redness of the eyes, a muco-purulent discharge and a feeling as if grains of sand were sticking under the lid. This is highly contagious. The child should be kept from school and as long as there is any inflammation present should not use the eyes. Any article coming in contact with the child's eyes should be strictly isolated to prevent spreading the infection to others. Pinkeye usually lasts from ten days to two weeks and terminates favorably. In its initial stage apply cold compresses and call in a physician.

A New Idea in Shoes that is 2000 years old

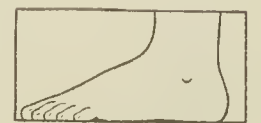


In the days of old Rome the people wore sandals, designed primarily to support the foot as Nature requires. The sandal afforded a foot-length support, just like going "barefooted." There is no record of foot weakness or discomfort in those early days.

But Civilization, in its eagerness to secure more stylish apparel, adopted the heel. This marked the end of the natural foot-length support. The foot arch was allowed to sag, subject to a constant strain. Today ninety

percent of all women suffer with their feet largely because the arch is not properly supported as Nature planned.

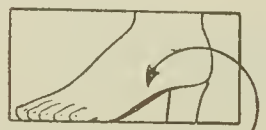
The Arch Preserver Shoe—a new idea in shoes that is 2,000 years old—has revived the sandal comfort and healthfulness. Its concealed, built-in arch bridge gives the foot the same support as when walking "barefooted"—keeps the arch from sagging while the heel is raised from the ground—in the smartest shoes that Fashion knows.



Nature plans that the foot rest on heel, ball and outside arch.



Civilization demands that heel and arch be raised.



The Arch Preserver Shoe satisfies both Nature and Civilization.

The Arch Preserver Shoe is the *only* shoe of its kind because its distinctive construction is *patented*. To satisfy both Nature and Fashion you therefore must be sure that you are buying the genuine Arch Preserver. This trademark on the sole and lining is your guarantee.

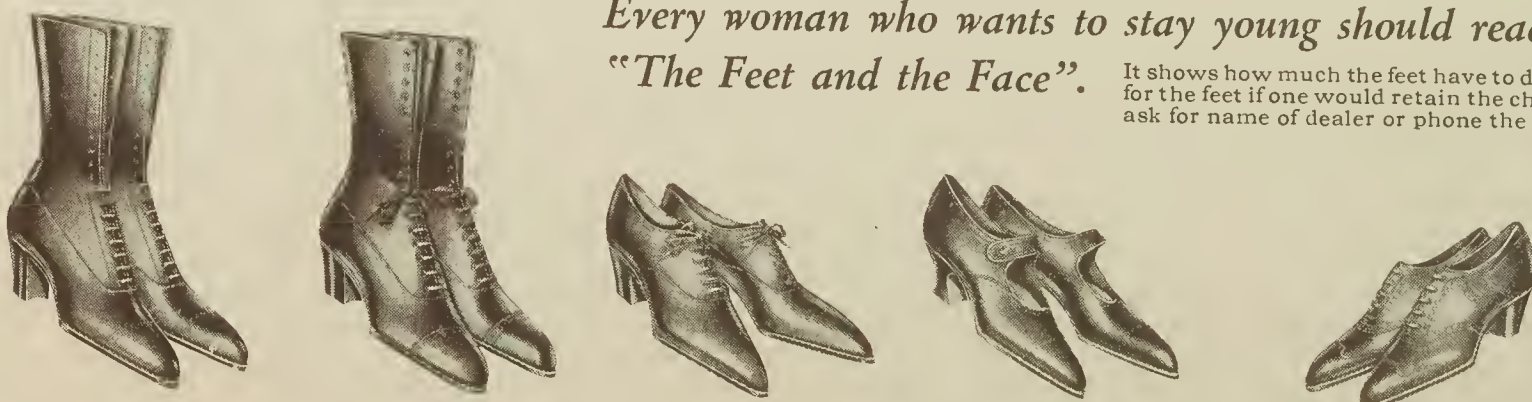


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Arch Preserver Boots and Low-Cuts are made for Women and Misses in all styles—and in all widths, AAAA to E. Sold by 2,000 dealers.

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Makers of women's fine shoes for more than forty years.

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Every woman who wants to stay young should read this booklet, "The Feet and the Face".

It shows how much the feet have to do with facial beauty and tells how to care for the feet if one would retain the charm of youth. Send coupon today. Also ask for name of dealer or phone the "Tel-U-Where" Bureau in your city.



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Please send postpaid your booklet 48, "The Feet and the Face", and name of dealer.

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This Free Test

Has brought prettier teeth to millions

The prettier teeth you see everywhere now probably came in this way.

The owners accepted this ten-day test. They found a way to combat film on teeth. Now, as long as they live, they may enjoy whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

The same way is open to you, and your dentist will urge you to take it.

The war on film

Dentists, the world over, have declared a war on film. That is the cause of dingy teeth—the cause of most tooth troubles.

A viscous film clings to the teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old brushing methods left much of it intact. Then it formed the basis of thin cloudy coats, including tartar. Most people's teeth lost luster in that way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few people have escaped these troubles caused by film.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat that film. Able authorities have amply proved their efficiency. So leading dentists the world over now advise their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, avoiding old mistakes. The name is Pepsodent. It does what modern science seeks. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Aids Nature's fight

Pepsodent also multiplies Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. One is the starch digestant in saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which cling to teeth. In fermenting they form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids—the cause of tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives to both these factors a manifold effect.

Show them the way

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

One week will convince you that Pepsodent brings a new era in tooth protection. Then show the results to your children. Teach them this way. Modern dentists advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears.

This is important to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free ⁹⁴⁶

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Endorsed by modern authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over now. All druggists supply the large tubes.

PLANNING NEXT YEAR'S GARDEN

By Robert S. Lemmon

AT FIRST glance it all seems rather senseless, this idea of planting flowers, shrubs and trees in the Fall. To take a more or less delicate plant, perhaps with fragile stems and a mass of hair-like roots, and deliberately set it in the open ground where it will be frozen solid and exposed to every rigor of the coming bitter months looks foolish in the extreme. Yet wait a moment. Have you thought of the simple physical facts of the case? Well, here they are, then:

The various classes of plant material which are adapted to Autumn setting outdoors are perennial—that is, they live year after year, coming up fresh each Spring from the same old root-stock, or, as in the case of shrubs and trees, merely holding their established tops dormant through the Winter and putting forth new twigs and foliage with the return of warmer weather. Their whole scheme of life is so arranged that the vital spark is undimmed by cold, providing only that the low temperature comes when and where it should. Indeed, if this period of chilling were withheld from them, many of the plants would be seriously injured and perhaps even killed.

AND there is more to Autumn planting than this mere ability of the flower or tree to withstand the ensuing Winter. The Fall-set hardy plant will make a better growth the next season than will its sister set in the Spring. In this way:

Assume some hardy plant—phlox, for example—is put out in the garden in October. Perhaps it has been given to you by a friend, or just moved from some other part of your own grounds—no matter. That plant has received a greater or less shock from the mere fact of its having been dug up and replanted. Its roots

Again, consider the case of the Spring-blooming bulbs, such as crocus, narcissus, tulip, hyacinth and so on. These are, in effect, compact, spherical plant units, each containing in almost embryonic form the flowers, leaves and roots which, under the proper conditions, will develop in their various ways. And they will begin that development very early in the Spring.

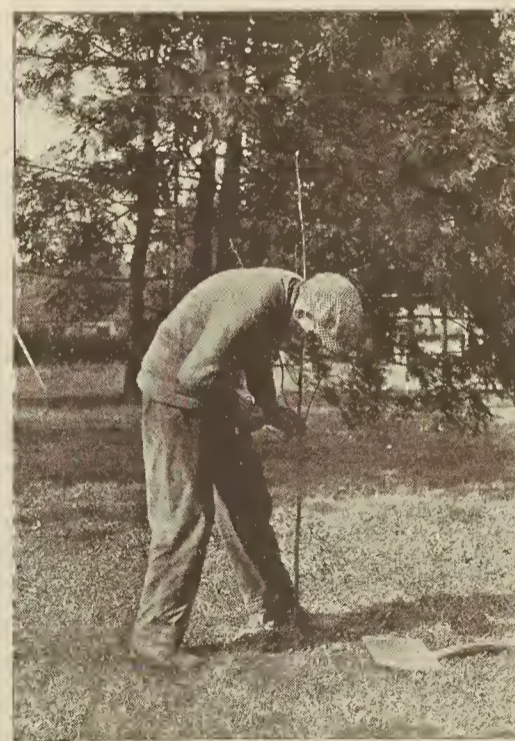
Suppose now that the bulb is set in the ground. Before it can make any healthy leaf or blossom growth it must form and send out roots to gather the food needed to support that growth.

ALL right. In October, say, it can do that, for the lower soil is still warm from the sun and quite favorable for root development. Also, the upper soil is cooler by reason of the chill nights, so that top growth is checked. Automatically the bulb is discouraged from sending up leaves or flower buds which it can not support, and at the same time urged to get its new root formation under way. These roots will take no harm whatever from the freezing which is sure to follow, and they will be ready to answer the first faint call of the Spring precisely as in the case of the phlox.

If planting were postponed until Spring, conditions would be exactly reversed: warm-



Make the holes for shrubs and trees amply large to accommodate the roots without crowding



Set the young tree or shrub perfectly upright and tramp the earth firmly around it

ing surface soil and encouragement of top growth; chilly lower levels and consequent retarding of the roots.

All of this may seem like a lengthy introduction for a practical article, but really an understanding of the basic principles of the practise of Fall planting is essential to intelligent carrying out of its details. If we have come to such a comprehension, let's get down to actual work.

One of the best classes of plants to put out in October is the hardy bulbs that bloom in late March, April or May. As a matter of fact, most of them can be safely tucked away in the ground any time between the end of September and the early weeks of November. If possible, calculate to give them six weeks in the ground before Winter weather sets in.

Much of your success will depend upon the quality of the bulbs you plant. They are separated by the supply houses into several grades, the cheaper ones being naturally inferior in several ways. In no class of plant material is quality more essential than in bulbs, and you will find it worth while to get the best obtainable.

SPRING-BLOOMING bulbs do not require exceptionally rich soil, although a fair share of nourishment will do them good. It is more important that the earth they are planted in shall be well drained and of such consistency that it will not be unduly disturbed by the alternate thaws and cold snaps of the Winter. Where the planting space heaves and cracks noticeably under these temperature changes, you will do well

Concluded on page 75

are somewhat disturbed. They are in no condition to carry on their work of nourishing the stalks. They need time for readjustment. They shall have plenty of time, because the top growth is over for the season and about ready to die down. It makes no further demands on the roots, and those essential food gatherers can spend all their energies in getting used to their new surroundings. By Spring they will be all set.

The situation is precisely similar with deciduous shrubs and trees. With evergreens it is somewhat different, for reasons which do not need to be discussed here.



Raisins are one of the richest of all foods in energy.



Had Your Iron Today?

That Dainty Bread Lends More Charm to Your Table —and More Nourishment to Your Meals

IT'S the finer touches, now and then, that make the meals delightful and especially remarked in certain homes.

A luscious raisin bread, for instance, breaks monotony and whets new appetite. Many women's tables are famous for no more than little variations such as this.

For there's art, remember, not only in the making but in the choice of foods.

Delicious raisin bread served plain with butter or as a crisp, brown toast!—what else is so enchanting to one who has fine tastes?

The flavor of the raisins permeates the loaf. And there's the incomparable zest of fruit.

Just try a dainty raisin bread occasionally and hear what your family says. Serve it to your luncheon guests. Hear their comments.

Remember, too, that raisin foods supply more nourishment as well as flavor.

For raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

Also a rich content of food-iron.

You need but a tiny bit of iron daily yet that need is vital. Raisins will help to insure an adequate amount.

In fact, don't think of raisins as merely delicious natural confections—which they are—but also as a healthful food which should be served with regularity in scores of attractive ways.

Note two tempting recipes in the column to the right. Try one today.

Then mail coupon and we'll send our free book, "Recipes with Raisins," suggesting 98 other luscious raisin foods.

* * * *

When buying raisins for home use, always ask for Sun-Maids, the finest raisins grown.

Buy Ready-Baked Raisin Bread

Grocers and bakers in every city and town can supply you with luscious raisin bread. Made with Sun-Maid Raisins. A full-fruited raisin bread.

Serve it for variety at least twice a week. Have delicious raisin toast for breakfast. Make bread pudding with left-over slices. Get a loaf today.

Raisin Pie Man's Favorite Pie

- 2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch
- 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
- 1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
- Juice of 1 orange
- 1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

Stewed Raisins —Healthful "iron food"

Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.



Sun-Maid Raisins

*Seeded—Seedless—Clusters
Made from finest California table grapes*

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Why You Can Have Beautiful Hair

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

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

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

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

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

That is why discriminating women use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter anywhere in the world. A 4-oz. bottle should last for months.



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.



When the hair is dry, always give it a good thorough brushing.

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COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO



The REVIVAL of the STOOL

No other small piece of furniture can bring so much comfort and become such an ornament to the house

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

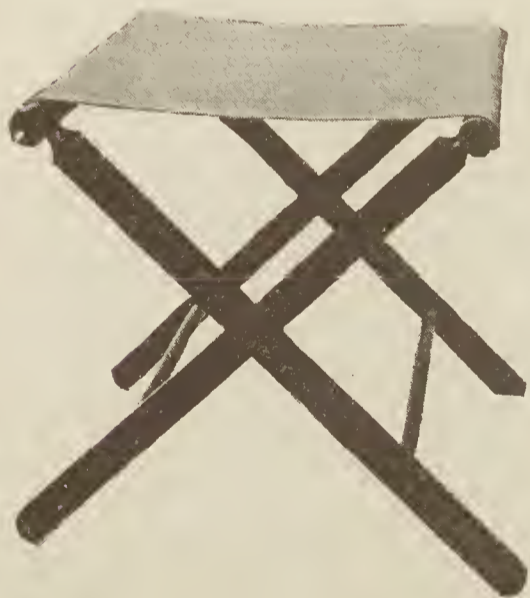


The lovely lady in the portrait looks down upon her colorful needlework of a century ago, now cleverly used as a covering for this useful stool

This pair of stools placed in front of the fire-place belong together. They are of Colonial design and are especially suitable for this room



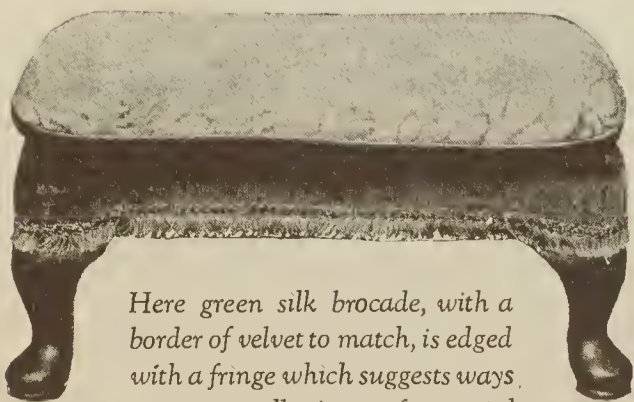
The armchair, with the ottoman placed in front of it, adds a note of comfort to this room. This type of foot-rest is substantial and not easily upset



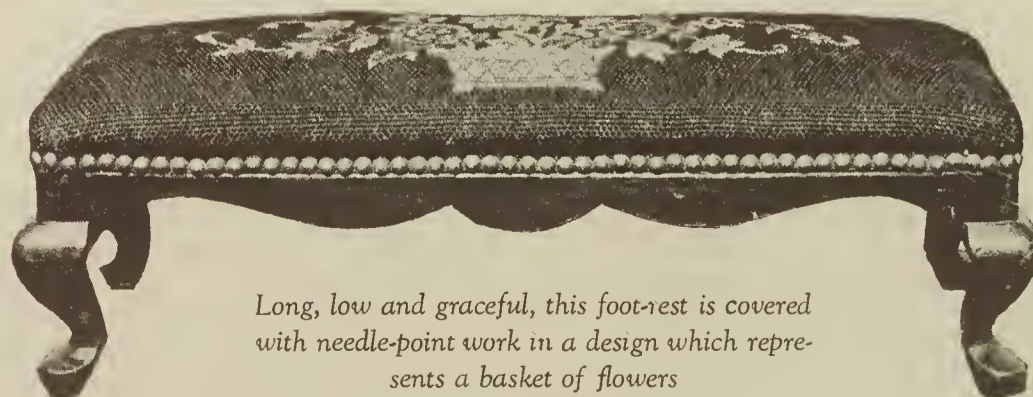
A little camp-stool is most useful. This one in orange-colored canvas and black enamel may be purchased for \$2.25



A wooden stool if painted in soft blues and yellows would not only be a great convenience but make a bright spot in the kitchen.



Here green silk brocade, with a border of velvet to match, is edged with a fringe which suggests ways to use small pieces of material!

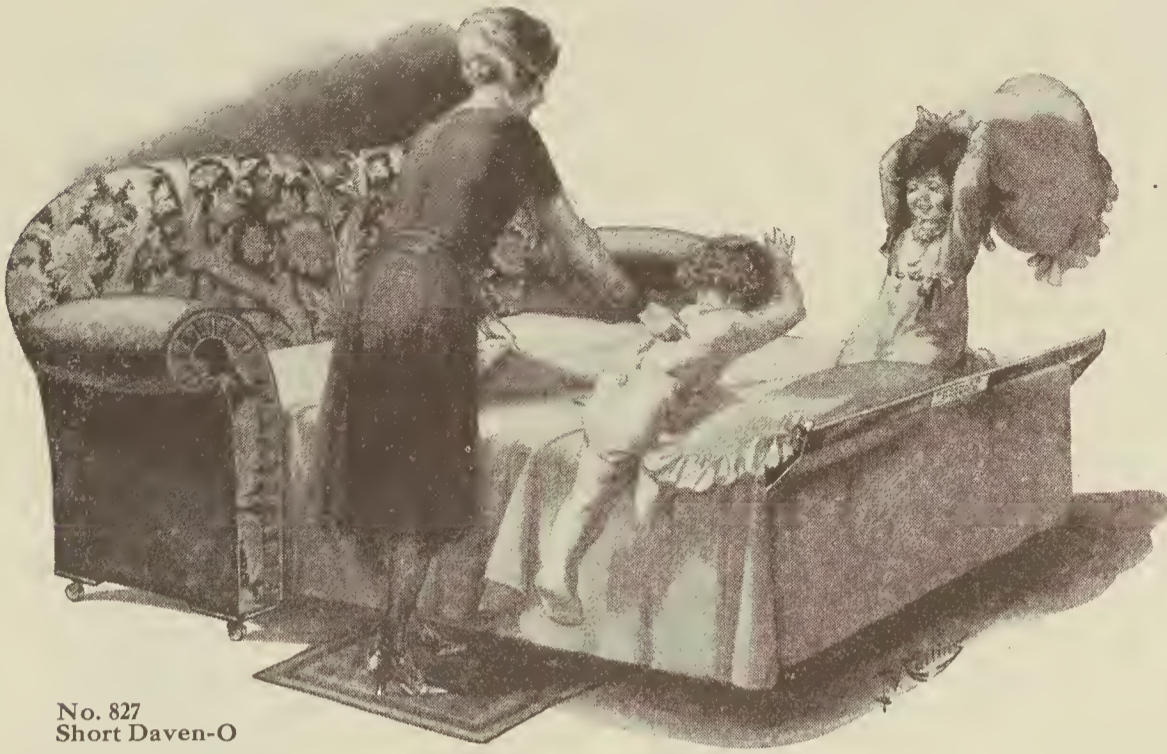


Long, low and graceful, this foot-rest is covered with needle-point work in a design which represents a basket of flowers



Large tacks make a decorative finish for this low stool which a man would find very comfortable if placed in front of his favorite chair

An Added Room ~ Subtracted Rent



No. 827
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This convenient and luxurious bed-davenport takes the place of an additional bedroom and subtracts from the family budget the rental which that room would cost.

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KROEHLER Daven-O



The Invisible Bed Room

CURTAINS AND DRAPERIES

Correct curtaining will add greatly to the artistic appearance of any room

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

IF YOU will recall the houses that have charmed and impressed you, you will remember that they had curtains and draperies that were original.

Curtaining is an art in which you can not gain happy effects by chance. But a knowledge of the simple rules of curtaining, including choice of materials and treatment, will enable you to curtain your windows correctly and with an enviable individuality.

Outlook, exposure, architecture, and the type and decoration of the room in which the curtains are to hang, should determine whether your curtains will be gay or somber, sheer or heavy, long or short. For example, if the curtains are to hang at windows facing a

required body to the heading and prevents the seam of the hem from showing when held to the light. The common window seldom needs more than two lengths of thirty-six-inch material. If the windows are very wide, the use of forty or fifty-six inch material will give a softer effect.

French headings of stout materials and over-draperies may be made by distributing the fulness of the material equally and by shirring or plaiting it to a stout tape in clusters of three. The heading stands above the rods and is never pressed. When finished, it looks like a large box plait pinched in the center. Small brass rings should be attached at equal distances to the tape to



At the casement windows, draw-curtains are used which take the place of glass-curtains and roller-shades

street or road, let glass-curtains be your choice. Glass-curtains are the sheer kind which hang close to the window-pane. They permit plenty of light to enter and also screen the windows. However, if the windows face a garden or lawn, any appropriate material may be hung on rods by means of little brass rings so that the curtains may be easily pushed or drawn aside to admit the view and sunshine.

Windows facing north should be curtained with light, cheerful fabrics, but the draperies for a room with a southern exposure should be of cool colors or somber materials.

The height, width and the type of windows will determine whether it is best to have long or short, straight or draped curtains, or period draperies. A high window reaching to the ceiling can be made very attractive by casement or glass curtains, overhung with a valance and side-draperies, either draped back or hung straight; but at short windows the best effect is obtained by hanging glass-curtains without over-draperies, in straight and unbroken folds. The grace of medium-sized windows, where the casement does not reach the ceiling, is emphasized by glass or casement curtains, pulled entirely or partly across. These may be used with or without straight over-draperies without a valance. This treatment lends height and does not broaden in appearance an already wide window.

HEADINGS

A HEADING consists of the desired width and the special treatment of the material which extends above the stitching or shirring of a curtain or drapery. In some cases, especially that of glass-curtains, no heading or finishing of any kind is used. A French heading of a sheer material is made by allowing not less than a three-inch turnover of the material doubled (which uses six inches of the material) stitched at the edge of the hem and a second stitching made leaving proper width for the rod on which the curtain will be shirred. This method gives the

permit the passage of draw-cord and rod, or rod alone, as the choice may be.

Other types of headings may consist of one, two or three rows of shirrings on cords. These shirrings are held in place by stitching tape or heavy muslin over them. The rings are attached to the tape or muslin. Cord is often used at the top and bottom of a valance, also in designing tie-backs and headings. A box-plaited heading is made by taking up the fulness of the curtain in evenly distributed box plaits and by attaching brass rings about two inches from the top of each plait.

Headings are not used when there is to be a valance covering the top of the curtain.

GLASS OR SASH CURTAINS

GLASS-CURTAINS should be hung inside the window-casement and as close to the window-pane as possible. They are usually made of net or a sheer material. Never fasten the glass-curtain rod to the top of the window-trim. If there are roller-shades at the windows, the rod for the curtains should be placed so as to permit the roller-shade to pass between the window-pane and the glass-curtains. Glass-curtains are usually shirred on rods with or without headings, and are seldom hung with rings. In any case, not less than a one-inch turnover at the top should be allowed, and that should be double. These curtains are hung straight—never tied back—and should reach to the window-sill—never above or below it. They are usually finished with a plain wide hem.

It is very important when considering net for curtains to obtain the greatest possible width. A fifty-two-inch material makes a very satisfactory curtain, but a seventy-inch net makes by far a better-looking curtain. The fuller the material, the softer in appearance the curtain becomes. Thirty-six-inch material can not be considered as making a satisfactory net curtain since the first washing causes a great deal of trouble and the

curtain gives a disappointing appearance at the window.

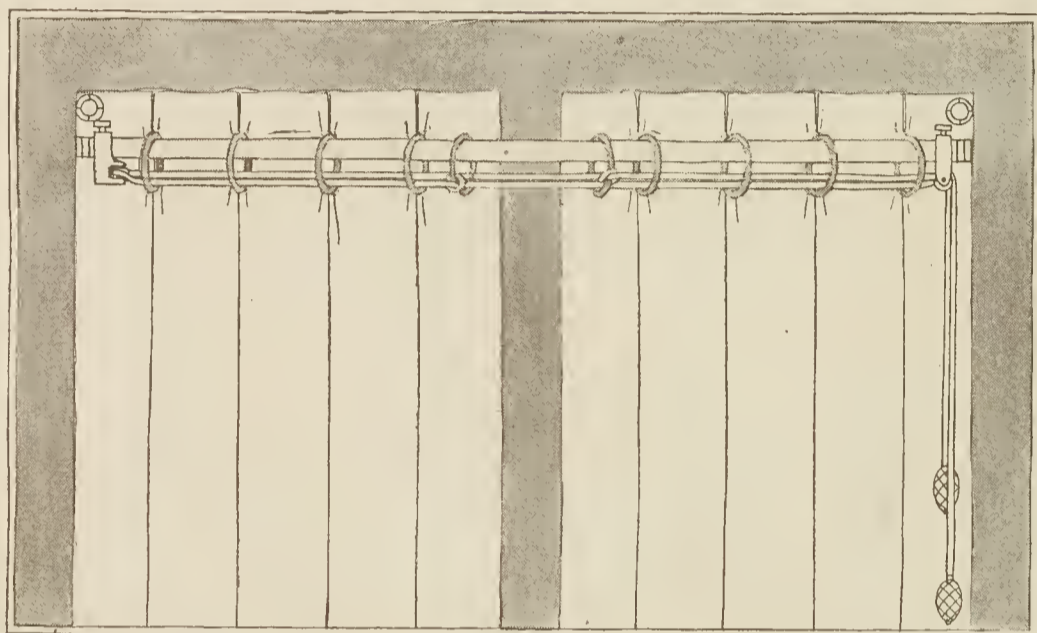
Hand-sewing excels machine-sewing in making any type of curtain. A few choice materials which may be used for glass-curtains in white, écreu or colors are net, voile, China silk, silk gauze, cloth of gold or silver, and last, but not least, cheese-cloth.

TO MAKE DRAW-CURTAINS AND DRAPERIES

ON ALL draw-curtains, whether they are for glass, casement, over-draperies or portières, it is necessary to sew securely small brass rings at equal distances to the back of a heading. Never allow the rings to show over the heading unless a valance is used to cover the heading. It will then require seven or eight yards of pulley-cord, two drops to weight the ends of the cord, and a pair of brass pulleys which are fastened to the end of the curtain-rod. Run the cord over the pulley and through the rings and fasten the cord securely to the center rings. This will enable the curtains to be closed properly. The idea is the same as running a draw-tape

should only be about three inches long. This projects over all the draperies. Inside the valance-boards, and at about the middle of the three-inch end boards, place the rod which will hold the side-drapes. At the edge of the valance-board, and about one and one-half inch apart, set little screw-hooks or tacks and attach small rings to the valance in corresponding spaces to fit hooks on the valance-board. Attach the valance-board to the window-casement by introducing hooks in the window-casement and screw-eyes in the end of the three-inch end boards.

Over-draperies and valances are usually lined, with perhaps the exception of Dutch valances. Sometimes, if the material used is thin and has not enough body, an interlining of muslin or Canton flannel is added. The full width of the material is usually utilized in making side-drapes, portières and valances. They are either cut straight or from paper patterns from the length of the material. To line draperies and valances, turn in about one and one-half inch of the material around the four sides of the curtain, then cut the lining within an inch of the edge of the curtain. This leaves about one-half inch to



It requires about eight yards of pulley-cord, two weights and a pair of brass pulleys to complete a draw-cord equipment

in a laundry-bag, except for tying the cord to the two center rings (see illustration).

OVER-DRAPERIES AND VALANCES

OVER-DRAPERIES are made in two lengths, extending to the floor, or to the sill, just below the glass-curtain. Over-draperies extending to the floor are adapted to rooms with low ceilings. A high stud will be shortened by using short over-draperies. However, as windows and doors follow no uniform size or height, the individual must solve his or her particular window problem.

Over-draperies are always hung entirely over the window-casement, the rods being placed at the extreme outside of the casement. The width of some windows may be increased by allowing the side-draperies to hang on the wall at either side of the window. Wide windows may be narrowed by hanging the drapes over the glass. In the case of a bay window, or a group of windows, treat them as one large window by having a full width of the material hung at the extreme right and left, with a deep ruffle extending entirely around or over the casement, covering the upper part of the glass-curtain and side-drapes. Another effect may be obtained by hanging glass-curtains at the windows and placing the over-drapes on the plaster surrounding the recess of the bay window. The latter is a suggestion for a type of bay window sometimes found in old houses. Gooseneck rods in single or double extension are the most popular means of hanging side-drapes and valances. These rods fit inside each other on the casement, the inner one holding the side-drapes while on the outer one is hung the valance.

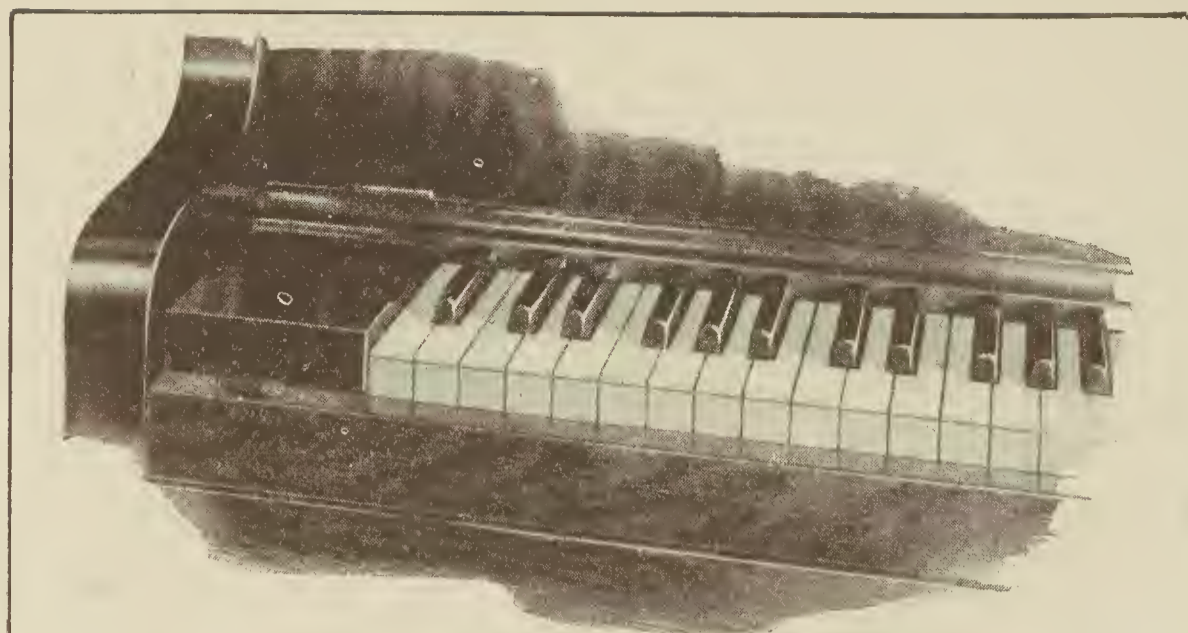
However, if shaped or fitted valances are desired over the side-drapes, it is necessary to use valance-boards. Valance-boards with rods cost about two dollars if purchased, but they may be made by a handy man at home. They are made of wood to the exact measurement of the window-casement and are hung on the extreme outer and upper part of the casement itself. The boards should be about three inches wide and one inch thick. At the ends, the same width of wood is used as across the front except that it

turn in. Then hem the lining carefully around the three sides, sewing, if possible, by hand, and leaving the bottom side of both lining and material free so there will be no pulling or buckling. Make neat turn-unders and sew a weight in each of the lower corners.

Some over-draperies, and all portières, especially if they hang in a double doorway, are made double—that is, of two lengths of the material. The full width of the material is used, but cut to fit the length from the rod to the floor. If the material is thin, it may need an interlining of muslin or Canton flannel, but if it is a heavy repp, velours, corded silk or brocade no interlining is necessary. To make successfully, pin together the thicknesses of the material as evenly as possible through the center; place the right sides of the two lengths of material together and join the edges by a narrow seam. About an inch in from the seam, run a row of loose but fine stitches so that when the two thicknesses are reversed there will be an inverted seam with a turn-in of at least one inch of both edges of the material, having the right side of each turn-in facing the right side of the other, with four thicknesses of material pressed together. The hem is always put in last, and simply turned under, with heavy weights in all corners. This method of making almost eliminates puffing or pulling, but to be successful it must be done by hand.

Suitable materials for over-draperies and valances are velours, taffetas, jaspé cloth, Watteau repp, velvet, damask, brocades, satins, linens (figured or plain) and heavy cretonnes. The linings suitable for these are sateen, silk-aline, China silk and unbleached muslin.

The House Decoration Department has prepared two complete booklets, one on "Good Floors" and the other on "Curtains and Draperies." Requests for these booklets should be accompanied by the price (twenty-five cents each) and be addressed to The House Decoration Department, THE DELINEATOR, New York City



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Est. 1806

NEW YORK



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Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture

CAPTIVE WINTER SUNSHINE

Makes the porch comfortable all Winter long

By Janet Fox Wing

COOL days, bright leaves, thoughts of Hallowe'en, the fireside instead of the seashore—new joys for old appear in October. But there is one Summer-time friend whose delights may last through the Winter if only you will put on its cold weather window-panes. Why not convert your porch, or at least a part of it, into a sun-parlor?

To enclose a porch in glass is not so expensive an undertaking as one might think. Sometimes people who go so far as to get a builder's estimate on the work stop right there. But don't let a first bid discourage you. I know some people who have a sun-parlor of generous size. The first bid they

fastened with hooks, taking them down is not a great task.

An even more satisfactory window, invented by another practical woman, drops down between the exterior and interior walls of the three-foot-high wall that runs around the outside base of the porch. These windows operate like those of a sedan automobile and are entirely out of the way when open. Another big advantage is that they never rattle.

If you are planning to have plants, however, you must consider all their requirements. It would be too sad to have your growing things come to nothing because of lack of forethought.



An ordinary open porch was converted into this pretty sun-room, thus adding to the house a large room. It can be opened to the air in Summer

received was so high that they feared they would have to do without any sun-porch. More builders made estimates, the last price being half that of the first. Finally they bought small-paned windows and a door ready-made and put them up themselves for a quarter of the original estimate.

The railing of the porch was a solid low concrete one upon which, at intervals, rested square pillars. On the railing between these pillars my friends wedged two-by-fours to which the windows were fastened. On the outside they attached molding as a finish to the bottom. Pushed snugly against each other and fastened at the tops to the beam of the porch, the windows put up a solid front against the cold. Their junctures were sealed with weather-strips.

Two things simplified the task of converting this porch into a sun-parlor: it had a southern exposure and its floor was concrete laid over a thick foundation of broken stone. These two endowments rendered the porch comfortable all Winter long during the sunny part of the day, although it had no radiator. It was even livable in the evening with no other heat than a little oil-stove.

TO CONVERT an ordinary raised, open-railed porch for Winter use, it is necessary to have a double flooring, unless there is a cellar under it. Two-by-fours placed on edge to separate the floors, the spaces between them filled with sawdust, insure one against cold drafts from beneath. If steam or hot-water pipes are extended into the sun-room, they must be protected against freezing.

If you wish to leave your porch enclosed during the Summer, a good scheme is to have the windows in groups of threes, the center window only being made to open by sliding in front of one of the others. However, my preference would be to take down the glass in Summer, unless the exposure was northern or you had plenty of other porch space. If the windows are screwed in or

Plants need water, air, plenty of daylight and protection from excessive changes in temperature—and their owners must have conveniences for taking care of them comfortably. Therefore their apartment must have easy access to outdoors, so that pots and earth can be handled without going far and without tracking up the house. It should face south, east or west and should have glass on three sides. If possible, it should have light from overhead too; but, at any rate, its windows should be high.

Ventilation is provided for by having at least one hinged pane of glass high up on each side so that air can be let in from a direction away from the prevailing wind. The door to the outside world should have springs so that it will close of itself if one forgets to shut it.

AS TO heating, a series of steam or hot-water pipes around three sides of the room is best, giving an even temperature to all the pots. Three pairs of one-inch pipes for hot water or three steam-pipes will do beautifully. If these are supplied with valves, one may always control the temperature.

Storm-windows for Winter are desirable. The dead-air space which they give protects completely from outside cold, allows the plants to nestle close to the glass and pays for their cost of installation in fuel saving.

The conservatory should have a spigot placed high enough up so that a hose attached to it can reach all the plants. If the floor is of concrete or tiles and slopes toward a center drain, watering is a simple operation unattended by worry about hurting the floor.

As to the decorations for your sun-parlor or plant-room, there is nothing more charming than the popular wicker and cretonne. If there are to be many plants it is more attractive not to have curtains and to avoid cretonnes so gay that they take away the brightness of the flowers and leaves.



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- they're the right size; they tuck in generously and come well up around the neck.

And in addition, their price is LOW. You can now buy three pairs for what you would ordinarily pay for two.

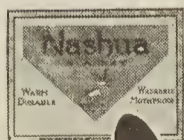
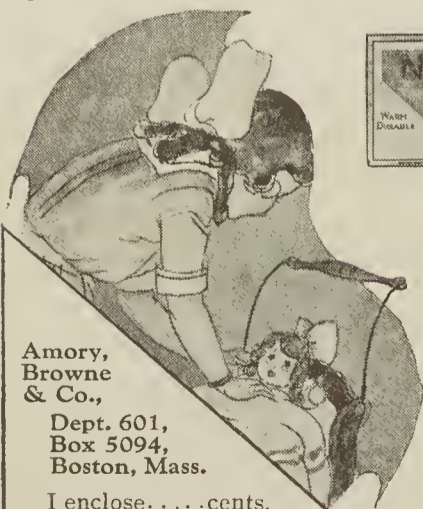
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Est. 1806

NEW YORK

WHAT HEAT WILL YOU HAVE?

How to select your heating equipment

By Louise Fox Connell

This is the first of two articles on heating the house. It gives practical advice on how to choose a heating system. The second article will appear in the November issue. It will tell a great many practical ways to cut the fuel bill

OCTOBER is the last call for installing a heating system without running the risk of being overtaken by a cold snap unawares.

SMALL HEATERS

IN ADDITION to central heating, small oil, gas or electric heaters and one or two open fireplaces, enclosed stoves or Franklin stoves will often save fuel bills. They give sufficient heat for crisp Fall and Spring days.

Portable stoves also permit of heating one room, such as a bathroom or sick-room, to a high temperature without speeding up the main heating plant.

Small oil-heaters are good and they are inexpensive both to buy and to operate. A good oil-stove is odorless if you give it the right kind of care, and it gives a great deal of heat for the amount of oil burned. The average-sized stove burns only about a gallon of kerosene in ten hours.

A few portable oil or gas stoves are useful in connection with a pipeless furnace to heat such rooms as the bathroom and kitchen during the times that you shut out the furnace heat by closing the doors.

An electric heater is as clean and easy to care for as an electric light. It is especially valuable for the chilliest fifteen minutes of the day—when you first get up—to keep sensitive little bodies warm while they are being bathed or dressed and to warm chilly feet. The heat it gives is like sunlight. When you stand in its rays you are bathed in a flood of warmth. You can aim the heat at whatever spot you wish to warm. An average-sized electric heater uses about six hundred and sixty watts an hour, or a little more than the average electric iron. To get the best results from an electric heater, direct the heat toward you, as the kind of heat it gives warms a person or a solid object more than it warms air.

Franklin stoves are iron open fireplaces that fit either into a stovepipe or an open fireplace. They give cozy, attractive heat, yet the iron top and sides radiate the heat like an ordinary coal or wood stove, and give more warmth than the open fireplace. If you have wood that is yours for the chopping, a few wood-stoves and fireplaces are an economy in the milder weather.

Where gas attachments are in the house, a few small gas-heaters may be used before the furnace or boiler is started and during cold snaps in especially cold rooms. Nowadays a gas-radiator can be bought which fits into a niche in the wall and so can not be knocked over.

Gas-logs are also satisfactory as supplementary heat.

In a recent study by the New York City Department of Health on "Dangers of Illuminating Gas," the accidental causes of gas-poisoning are given as:

1. Filthy burners.
2. Flare-back in Bunsen burners.
3. Turning flame low enough to be extinguished by gust of air.
4. Pilot-light out, gas turned on.
5. Defective tubing.
6. Turn-cock which permits of turning the gas on and off again in the same direction.

See that any tubing left from last Winter does not leak; also keep the burners clean with a pin or a stiff brush. With proper care, gas-heaters are very satisfactory.

WHAT KIND OF HEATING PLANT?

BEFORE you order your heating system, take into account the size, shape, exposure and location of your house. Rooms with high ceilings need more heat than low-ceiled ones, and eight or ten times more heat escapes through window-glass than through a well-built wall. The waste through a skylight is even greater, since the warm air rises against it. A loosely constructed house, of course, requires an especially powerful plant. It is wise to consult an architect or an engineer who makes a specialty of heating

and to get him to figure just how big a system you need and to make exact plans and specifications for one that is guaranteed to do the work. Do not accept a competitive bid made solely on a price basis. Do not install a certain type of heater on the advice of a friend. His house may be different from yours. A long rambling house that covers much ground is harder to heat than a square, compact one. Make a special study of the different methods of heating before ordering a heating plant for this type of house. Be sure to get a large enough furnace, boiler and radiators.

WARM-AIR HEAT

A RELIABLE warm-air furnace installed by an experienced, reliable man will give good service in a moderate-sized, tightly built house that is protected from a sweep of wind.

If you want to heat your house well with hot air, be sure that the pipes are properly installed. The rise of the pipes should be great enough to allow the heat to ascend without sharp turns.

When a warm-air furnace is connected with an outdoor air supply and equipped with a large water-pan to allow plenty of evaporation, it supplies fresh, moist air in a very healthful way.

A hot-air furnace should be placed near the center of the cellar with plenty of space around it but nearer the windy side of the house than the sheltered side.

A large cold-air box with plenty of air from out-of-doors should be installed. This box should have a good damper near the window to regulate the flow of cold air as required. The most effective hot-air pipe is one that rises perfectly straight and is not more than ten feet long; the more pitch from the furnace to the register, the better. If the furnace is too close to the ceiling, a pit should be dug, for it is important that the rise in the pipes be great enough to allow the heat to ascend without meeting sharp turns.

For a house that is already built, a pipeless or single-register furnace saves the expense of having to pull down walls and partitions. In a small square or compactly built one or two story house with adjoining rooms it gives excellent service. The heat is delivered through one large centrally located register and travels through doors or transoms to the other rooms of the house. The warm air goes up-stairs by virtue of its own lightness.

The pipeless or single-register furnace has an outer and an inner casing or jacket connected to a single large register which is divided into two parts. The warm air rises through the central part while the cooler air falls through the outside part to the furnace, where it is rewarmed.

The doors of all rooms which you want to have warmed must be left open when a pipeless furnace is used or else there must be transoms or registers between rooms.

For a house without a basement, three to six connecting rooms can be well heated by a small cabinet warm-air furnace which stands in the living-room. This is a neat-looking piece of equipment and is very inexpensive to install.

In climates where there are sudden big changes of temperature, hot air or some form of steam is good because it will raise the temperature very quickly. Another advantage of hot-air heat in a small house where space is cramped is that the registers do not take up any room.

RADIATOR HEAT

THERE are three kinds of radiator heat: Steam, hot water, and vapor or vacuum. Each kind should be installed by the best steam-fitter that the town affords.

Good radiator heat of any kind is even and steady. It is especially well suited to large or rambling houses, to windy climates and houses that are not tightly built.

Concluded on page 70



"I saved \$16 on this one dress!"

AND just think—it's only one of seven I've made this season. They're the prettiest dresses I've ever had and it's surprising how much I've saved by making them myself.

"Take this one dress as an example. It would have cost at least \$40 in the shops—perhaps \$45. And I never could have afforded to buy it at that price.

"Yet by making it myself I had to pay only for the materials. I saved \$16 on this one dress alone, and I have saved as much or more on the other six. Altogether I have saved more than \$100 on my clothes this season.

"Do you wonder that I am glad I took up dressmaking with the Woman's Institute? It isn't only that I have more and prettier dresses than I could ever have afforded to buy, but it has been such good fun making them. And to think that only a few months ago I could hardly sew a straight seam!"

THIS is the story of what just one woman saved by learning to make her own clothes. And she is only one of thousands who have solved their clothes problems with the help of the Woman's Institute.

"I am having wonderful success," writes Mrs. Herbert Seavy. "I have just finished a pongee blouse, which I designed myself, and if I do say so, it is the prettiest blouse I have seen this year.

"My husband says I have more than paid for my course now, for I have made countless things for the kiddies besides my own clothes."

Here's a fine letter from Mrs. William Carlson, who writes: "I must tell you that I entered a little dress at the Minnesota State Fair and it took the first prize in its class, as well as the sweepstake of all the children's dresses entered. I feel quite proud of my work."

Mrs. Kathleen Bird writes: "My little layette is progressing very nicely, and I find the greatest enjoyment in working with those tiny garments.

"I have visited the most exclusive shops and copied their most expensive things for a wee per cent of their cost in the shop. For instance, one little dress with hand-run tucks, a tiny spray of embroidery, and scalloped lower edge finished with lace was marked \$15. I copied it in even nicer material for about \$3. I know, too, that my little one will have as fine and dainty garments as the wealthiest child, and besides the great difference in cost, I have had the joy of making them myself."

WHEN I began your course," writes Mrs. J. C. Miller, "I intended completing it before starting in business, but when about half way through a friend asked me to make her two dresses as a favor, and since then the work has come in faster than I can do it, and competent help is so hard to obtain. Last month I earned \$68, so you see I have my hands full. I am desirous of giving

my girls a good education. That is what I am working for, and, thanks to the Woman's Institute, I have made a good start toward realizing my dream."

And note the splendid success of Mrs. Dora E. Gray. "Since I began to sew for others," she writes, "my work has brought me \$465, or an average of a little better than \$50 a month. And I have done all the sewing for myself and my boy and girl. Before taking the course I wouldn't think of making anything but house dresses; now I am not afraid to attempt anything."

Miss Clorinda B. Ramsey writes: "I have now made five pretty dresses, and one that I made about a month ago was mistaken for an imported gown. Just think of having a wardrobe of lovely dresses after having spent barely fifty dollars! Counting in the cost of the lessons, my clothes have cost less this year, than ever before."

AREN'T you glad to know that there is an easy way by which you, too, can learn right at home to make the pretty, distinctive, becoming dresses you have always wanted, and have them for a half or a third of what the shops are asking?

And aren't you glad to know that you can so easily prepare yourself to make money right at home sewing for others?

The letters printed above are actual letters from students of the Woman's Institute. There are hundreds of others on file at the Institute—many of them from girls and women who "could hardly sew a straight seam" when they enrolled.

When everything has been made so easy for you—when by just a little pleasant work in the comfort of your own home you can have the kind of pretty, becoming clothes that every one will admire—can you afford to let another day go by without at least finding out what the Woman's Institute can do for you?

Just send a letter, post card, or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 41-K, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without a penny of cost or the slightest obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----
 WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
 Dept. 41-K, Scranton, Penna.
 Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:
 Home Dressmaking Millinery
 Professional Dressmaking Cooking
 Name.....
 (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)
 Address.....



PARIS

*Draperies—trimming—another silhouette
—everything must be new*

On everything you make the Deltor will save you actual dollars and cents



Butterick presents the charming Parisian coat where the slight draping starts across the figure from a bow. The new drapery is easily managed with the Deltor.

DRAPERIES is everywhere—in frocks, coats, and the new coat dress.

Fabric trimmings of stuffed and braided tubing are new.

Skirts are longer and in most cases fall straight from hip to hem.

There are definite changes in the silhouette.

There are collars that are smarter than fur for coats and wraps.

The Deltor tells you just how to make the new models and what to buy for them.

The material itself is all-important this season and many of the new materials—matelassé, repp, the fur and the cloky fabrics—are costly in proportion to their beauty. The Deltor cutting layouts make it possible for Butterick Patterns to specify from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard less material for any given garment than other patterns do. These cutting layouts are made by experts. You find your pattern in your size and your view laid on the very width material you are using. You do not waste an inch—you do not buy a fraction of a yard more than you need.

The Deltor putting-together pictures show you exactly how an expert would put the garment together. You work as deftly, as successfully as a professional.

When it comes to finishing, suppose you have selected a coat with the collars and cuffs of interlaced tubing that are being worn so much abroad—the Deltor tells you exactly how to make them as they appear on expensive imported models.

With the Deltor hundreds of women are making things they never dared attempt before. With it you achieve effects that otherwise you could only get in the most expensive of imported garments.



Draperies caught up at the hip with an ornament appears even in street frocks. The Deltor shows you how to make even the ornament as well as the drapery.

Designs for the New Season—BUTTERICK PATTERNS



When the draped frock is of soft materials, lace edges its way in at the hem and neck.

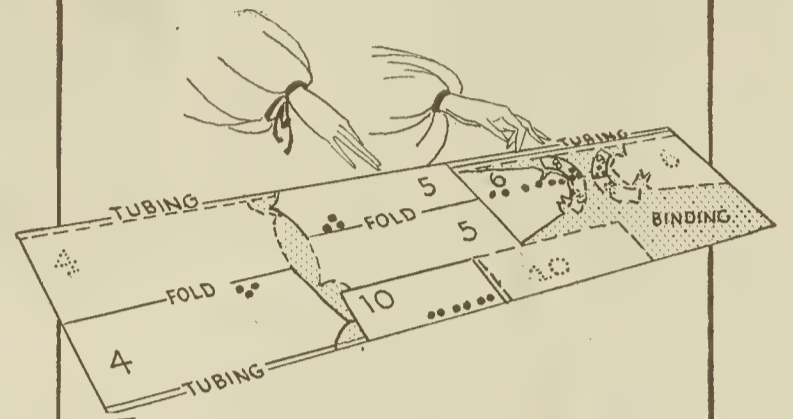


Paris is using inter-laced stuffed tubing this season rather than fur to collar and cuff many an exclusive coat. The Deltor shows you exactly how it is made.

Every new Butterick Pattern now gives you this complete dressmaking service. Buy your Butterick Pattern with the Deltor first and the expert cutting layout alone will save you from $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of material. Stop to-day at the pattern department and look at the new Fall fashions.

Butterick—New York—Paris—London.

The pattern that pays for itself in material saved



Saves $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard on every garment

The Deltor cutting layouts are made for you by experts. They give you exactly what you want—not a general chart, but a layout for your size pattern, in your view, laid out on the width material you are using. They save you, often, from 50c to \$10.00 in material on the garment.



You put together professionally

The deft, swift ways a master puts a garment together are given you in the Deltor. You know just what to do, and when and how to do it. Following the pictures and clear directions you give your Fall clothes the cut, the expert workmanship of a professional.



That finish that is Paris

This season the material most emphatically determines the finish! Whatever new delightful finish your Butterick model shows, the Deltor tells you just how it is done. You give your frocks that perfection of finish which the French call the "bloom of a dress."

Braided fabric girdles are very interesting this season and so are hand-made motifs. You give them professional finish with the Deltor.

WITH THE DELTOR—Now On Sale



With the afternoon frock—women of fashion prefer this union suit

ITS slim lines of elegance and ease make a perfect foundation for the most clinging or diaphanous frock.

It never pokes up—never slips into view at shoulder or neck; never shows an ungainly bunch or wrinkle.

Smooth-lying, skillfully cut to follow the lines of the figure—knit by a special process that makes it wonderfully springy and elastic—it combines all those little, carefully-studied points that have made Carter's Knit Underwear famous among millions of women for its inimitable quality of style.

You can get it in luxurious silk, or in cotton almost as soft as silk; in wool, cotton and wool, or silk and wool. Even in the heavier weights it is not bulky.

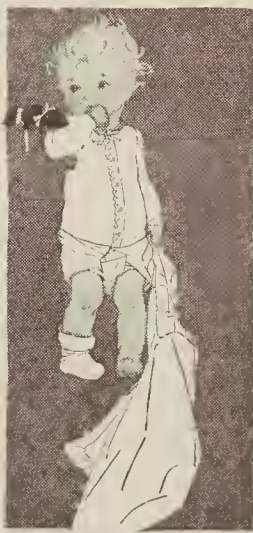
It is shrunk and sterilized before it leaves the factory. And no matter how often you wash it—it stays silk-soft and milky white.

Carter's Knit Underwear is made in individual styles to suit every gown and every season; high or Dutch necked, long-sleeved, ankle-length models for the tailored suit or gown; soft, sheer models in silk or lisle, with delicate ribbon shoulder-straps, for evening wear. You can get it in any weight or size at your favorite store.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY
Home Office, Needham Heights (Boston District). Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.

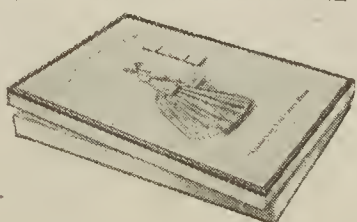


One of the famous Carter Knit Underwear styles for children. So soft and silky, your little girl will never complain of its being prickly; so elastic it will not pull or bind



The Standard Carter vest for little babies, chosen by millions of mothers for its wonderful fineness and softness, its springy texture, and its ability to stand repeated washings

Carter's **KNIT** Underwear
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. FOR ALL THE FAMILY



WHAT HEAT WILL YOU HAVE?

Concluded from page 67

Attractive radiator covers are made which, when properly constructed, actually increase the efficiency of a radiator.

It pays to get the best valves and equipment for any of these systems, for cheap substitutes are bound to give trouble and to cost more in repair bills than they save in first cost. Whether you have hot-water or steam heat, avoid setting a boiler in a small, tightly closed cellar, as this may smother the fire. A sectional boiler fits into any basement or goes through any door because it is made in sections. It is convenient and economical to install because it does not require additional masonry.

STEAM

STEAM heat requires either a small single pipe between the boiler and the radiators or one small pipe for supply and another for return. The radiators, too, are smaller than hot-water ones. Steam, next to hot air, is as a rule the cheapest system to install. It is usually less economical of fuel than hot water or vapor, but, properly installed and cared for, a good steam system is thoroughly satisfactory.

Steam does not knock and bubble through the valve if your pipes are large enough and have the right pitch and if you have first-class air-valves well installed. Hand air-valves should be opened once or twice a week to let the air out; automatic air-valves free themselves of air.

A steam system heats very quickly. Steam radiators are hotter than water radiators, but since they are smaller they do not necessarily make the room warmer.

Some communities where the houses are close together get their heat from a community steam-heating company, and waste steam from factories a mile away can be used. The pressure is kept constant by a regulator in the basement of each house. The steam is always available and is charged for by meter. This does away with the trouble of coaling and caring for a boiler.

HOT-WATER HEAT

HOT-WATER heat requires two sets of pipes, one to deliver the hot water to the radiators and one for the cooled water to return to the boiler. These pipes are larger than steam-pipes. They demand skilful labor for installing. The repairs on a good hot-water system amount to very little, even after years of service. Hot water gives a very even, steady heat. Hot-water and vapor heat are extremely economical of fuel. Hot water heats comparatively slowly, but it cools slowly, too, which keeps an even temperature.

Since the heat in the radiators is not intense, the air in the room heated by hot water is not apt to be overdry.

In estimating the cost of gas compared to coal, the elimination of a furnaceman's wages should be counted.

A good hot-water system well installed is perfectly safe and reliable and is easy to care for.

The principle of hot-water heating is much the same as hot air. Water, like air, rises as it grows hot. The hot water fills the radiators and so warms the room. One advantage of a hot-water system is that the water need not be boiling before it circulates through the pipes, so that on a mild day some advantage may be gotten from a fire that is too low to boil the water.

A small living-room hot-water boiler with radiators in the other rooms of the house is inexpensive to install and is thoroughly satisfactory for moderate-sized houses.

Like steam radiators, hot-water radiators must be free of air to give full heating value. Open the small air-valve at the top of the radiator once or twice a week, let the air out and close it when the water bubbles out.

Do not leave a window open all night with icy air blowing on the uncovered hot-water radiator, as this may freeze the water. If you go away for a few days in the Winter, leaving the house unheated, turn on a spigot and drain the water out of the system before leaving. This avoids all danger of freezing.

VAPOR HEAT

THERE are a number of modifications of the steam system, such as the vapor, vacuum, vapor-vacuum and so on. The general principle underlying them is much

the same. The steam is generated at the normal boiling-point or, where a vacuum is present, even lower. This permits steam to fill the pipes at a lower temperature and gives great flexibility of heating. Vapor systems are excellent in every type of home, and are especially valuable in large houses. They resemble a two-pipe steam system, but hot-water radiators are usually used.

A good system of this type heats a room quickly and exactly to the degree desired. On mild days it will heat a room only very slightly, while on bitter days it will give great heat.

It should be installed by a thoroughly experienced and reliable steam-fitter. The cost of installing is about the same as that of installing a hot-water system.

AUTOMATIC HEAT-REGULATORS

MANY up-to-date boilers have automatic steam and hot-water regulators. This keeps the water in the boiler at a constant temperature by automatically opening and closing the drafts. When this is installed, the owner should not touch the drafts. Sometimes the manufacturer withdraws his guarantee of perfect service if drafts are touched.

It is possible to buy an automatic heat-regulator by which, without going to the cellar, the heat is kept at any desired temperature. It consists of a small thermostat placed in the wall of hall or living-room and connected by electric wiring to a motor in the basement. You can set a small dial for the degree of temperature you want during the day and can set the attached clock for the hour in the evening at which you want to lower the temperature. The thermostat will automatically raise the temperature at whatever time you like before you get up in the morning. This opens and closes the drafts in the boiler or the furnace and keeps the temperature even without any attention, except the firing.

COMBINATION HOT-AIR AND RADIATOR HEAT

RECENTLY some people have had a coil or cast-iron water section installed in their furnace firepot. The plant then gives warm air to some rooms and hot water to others. This arrangement calls for the most skilful installation. It also requires intelligent, careful daily management of the fire. Granted these two conditions are fulfilled, this dual system gives good service.

A simpler and very effective arrangement for a large house is to have a furnace and a separate boiler. The water radiators can be in the bathroom, dining-room and main hall and the hot-air registers in the other rooms. In mild weather the furnace alone can be used and in bitter weather both systems can be used at once.

FUELS

IN BUYING a heating plant, be sure to say what kind of fuel you expect to use, as most furnaces or boilers will give much better service if they are especially designed for the fuel that will heat them.

Hard or anthracite coal is usually a most satisfactory fuel, wherever it can be bought reasonably. In some sections it is cheaper to use soft or bituminous coal, coke, lignite or wood. When a heater uses any of the faster-burning fuels, of course it has to be fired more often. Where cheap natural gas is available, it makes a most convenient fuel.

With a heat-regulator or thermostat, it is never necessary to tend the gas heating plant.

In estimating the cost of gas, count the elimination of the wages of a furnaceman unless some member of the family tends the furnace.

PROPER CHIMNEYS

THE service given by any heating system depends very largely on the chimney and drafts. Much heat is wasted by faulty chimneys. Many furnace and boiler manufacturers say that no other fireplace or stove should be attached to the chimney.

The National Board of Fire Underwriters recommends that chimneys for warm-air furnaces, low-pressure steam or hot-water heating boilers should be not less than seventy-five square inches; for fireplaces, not less than one-tenth the area of the fireplace opening, but never less than seventy-five square inches.

Iowa State College in a study on house heating says that the chimney should be as straight as possible and free from bends and offsets. Chimneys from forty to sixty feet high are the most satisfactory. The best location for a chimney is in the center of the building where all four walls are protected. Exposed walls should be at least eight inches thick.



Minute Tapioca

Sugar and Spice and All Things Nice

That's what raisin pies are made of. At least that's what *this* Minute Tapioca Raisin Pie is made of. Just listen to the receipt:

Boil for fifteen minutes four tablespoons of Minute Tapioca, a pinch of salt, one half cup of sugar, and one half cup of raisins in one pint of hot water. Remove from stove and add one egg slightly beaten. Line a deep plate with a pie crust, fill with the cooked tapioca, sprinkle with nutmeg or cinnamon. Cover with a lattice crust and bake a delicate brown, or make with one crust and use a meringue.

Doesn't it sound good? Moreover, it's nutritious and easily digested. The next time you want an easy-to-make, economical, and "something different" dessert—try a Minute Tapioca Raisin Pie.

Serve it Often

Minute Tapioca is an energy-building food. It is good for everyone from Grandma to Baby John. Everybody likes it. It can be used in many different ways—

desserts, salads, entrées, and casseroles.

Requires No Soaking

With Minute Tapioca always on your shelf you are ready for emergencies. It is always ready to use. It can be thoroughly cooked in 15 minutes. Ask for it to-day at your grocer's. It is easy to identify by the red and blue package. The new Minute Cook Book is just out. Free upon request.

MINUTE TAPIOCA COMPANY, 410 Jefferson Street, Orange, Mass.



We Asked 3000 Physicians about *Orange Juice for Babies*

WE wish at all times to give information to mothers about the value of orange juice as a baby food. But in a matter so important we don't depend on our own knowledge. We go straight to the doctors for advice, then pass it along to you.

We have lately done that—asked 3000 physicians to tell us the main reasons why orange juice is given to babies. Here is the remarkable result:

Practically all agree that there are three reasons: 1. For the *vitamine* content—needed especially where pasteurized milk is used. 2. Because orange juice is a *natural laxative*. 3. For the orange's salts and acids, which are aids to good digestion.

In the days of sailing vessels scurvy was prevalent among all sailors, due to a lack of fresh, green foods at sea. An English law made it obligatory to carry lemons or lemon or lime juice on all voyages. That is why these sailing vessels of other days were often called "Lime Juicers."

The ship's doctor of that day knew that lemons prevented or cured scurvy. The modern scientist has proven that it is the VITAMINES in the lemons that were effective.



ANDREW BOYD

Sunkist Uniformly Good Oranges

Lemons and oranges, although known as "acid fruits," have an alkaline reaction when taken into the system and are, therefore, valuable in offsetting excess acidity due to acid-producing foods.



IF you are not feeding your baby orange juice, we urge you only to ask *your* physician if you *should*. Every sensible woman abides by the result of what her own doctor tells her.

We do want to leave this thought with you, however, on the subject of the family's food and vitamins:

Vitamines, as you no doubt know, are the newly discovered elements in food which are considered vitally necessary to proper growth and health. Children especially seem to need them, and orange juice is potent with fresh vitamins.

Heating frequently destroys vitamins, so pasteurized milk is likely to be deficient in them. Likewise some of our common foods, due to ordinary cooking. Even mother's milk sometimes is said to lack the proper content, because the mother does not eat the proper food.

Physicians for years knew that scurvy and other malnutrition diseases were due to some lack in food and they prescribed orange juice, which proved to supply the lack, in thousands of cases, long before they ever heard of vitamins, by name.

Vitamines, therefore, are elements in food, which not only the baby, but every member of your family must get with the daily meals.

The body doesn't store vitamins as it does certain other elements in food. You need a fresh supply every day.

There's a simple way to insure it. Serve orange juice or a halved orange at breakfast or an orange salad or fresh orange dessert at lunch or dinner, orange in some form at least once daily the year 'round.

If you do you'll secure a regular vitamine supply in a most delicious form. The family will like it and be better for it, so make it a household rule.

We pack tender, juicy, practically seedless oranges under the Sunkist grade. If you want to be sure of uniformly good oranges daily, ask your dealer for this kind.

* * * *

We will send on request a book of orange and lemon recipes. Also a small folder on the subject of vitamins.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers
DEPT. 1066, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



"I se in town, Honey!"

AUNT JEMIMA says:

Dey aint nothin' folks like bettah dan a 'greeable s'prise-an' heah's three of 'em

It's easy to get the Aunt Jemima habit—Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour—water (or milk) mixed in—hot griddle—breakfast. But do you know that with just a bit of extra "fixing" you can make pancakes equally popular for dinner and supper at your house?

Try these Aunt Jemima "s'prises" when you want a special treat for the family or for guests. For supper tonight, serve, say, these Apple Pancakes. They're quite the "rage" in the fine hotels and restaurants.

S'prise No. 1

Apple Pancakes. Mix two cups Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour with 2 cups milk or water. Bake large pancakes on a hot griddle, spread with butter and apple sauce then roll and serve immediately.

S'prise No. 2

Fruit Pancakes. So good you'll have to answer why you've never had them before. So easy all you can say is "Didn't think of it."

Add chopped dates to Aunt Jemima pancake batter and cook on a hot griddle. Prunes or apricots may be used in place of the dates.

S'prise No. 3

Pancakes with sausage—à la Reine. Roll well-seasoned sausage meat on a floured board until thin as pie crust. Cut into rounds slightly larger than pancakes and fry in a little bacon drippings until nicely browned. Put a slice of sausage between two freshly baked Aunt Jemima Pancakes and serve hot with sausage gravy made by pouring one-half cupful thin cream in pan in which sausage was cooked and stirring until cream and meat gravy are well blended.

'Phone your grocer now for a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. Have a "s'prise" for the folks tonight.



How to get Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. See top of package

© 1922, by Aunt Jemima Mills Co., St. Joseph, Mo.

MRS. CONRAD'S COOK-BOOK

Continued from page 73

HARICOT BREAKFAST DISH

PUT to soak for twelve hours a pint of small haricot beans, then drain them and pick out the brown ones which are not needed. Turn them into a saucepan three parts full of boiling salted water and add a pinch of soda. Boil gently for two hours, or until quite soft but whole; drain and put into a bean-pot. Cover them with good beef stock. Add three cut rashers of bacon, fat and lean, together with one slice of very finely chopped onion and some tomato sauce. Leave in the oven all night and heat in the morning before serving.

DEVILED DRUMSTICKS

TAKE four drumsticks of fowls, put half an ounce of fresh butter in a frying-pan, heat it and lay the drumsticks in it. Dust over them a little red pepper and one level teaspoon of some good curry-powder. Roll the legs over and over in the butter and dish with a strainer.

DEVILED SHEEP'S KIDNEYS ON TOAST

REMOVE the skin from two sheep's kidneys and cut them in halves. Put into a frying-pan about a half ounce of fresh butter and heat it. Lay the kidneys in the butter, the cut side down. Cook over a brisk fire with the stove-top off for five minutes. Turn once. Then replace the stove-top and stand the frying-pan again on it for five to ten minutes more. Have ready enough buttered toast to take half a kidney on each slice of toast. Dust the kidneys with a little red pepper, add a little fresh butter, place on the toast and serve very hot. Ox kidney may be cut into slices and used in the same way.

RISOTTO

REMOVE all the fat from a quart of good, clear beef or mutton stock and put on the stove to boil. Wash a cup of coarse rice thoroughly in four waters. Chop two thin rashers of bacon into small pieces and half an onion very finely and put this with the rice on to boil in the stock, to which a little salt has been added. Care should be taken if the stock is already salted that very little salt is used. Have ready a cupful of Parmesan and Gruyère or sharp American cheese (grated) and some good tomato sauce made with skinned tomatoes. Stir the cheese and tomato sauce into the saucepan and have ready some earthenware, oven-glass or metal molds rinsed in cold water but not wiped. Put some of the mixture into each mold and place in a cold place for about two hours. Then put the mold into the oven with a dish over the top; serve when hot.

MARROW TOAST

TAKE four good marrow bones and tie the ends in freshly scalded muslin, having previously salted slightly the ends where the marrow is. Put them into a large saucepan of boiling water with a cut onion. Boil for one hour and then take the bones out. Remove the muslin and take the marrow out on to a plate and season with a little pepper and salt and spread on hot buttered toast. Replace in the oven for a few minutes and serve very hot. This makes a good luncheon dish.

SALMON-AND-CUCUMBER SANDWICHES

POUND some fresh salmon in a mortar with a drop of anchovy sauce. Spread it lightly on some thin bread and butter. Add a couple of thin slices of cucumber and a little salt. Salmon and shrimp paste can be used if preferred.

RICE FOR CURRY

THE cooking of rice is the principal part in preparing a curried dish. The rice must be snowy white in appearance and so dry when cooked that each grain is perfectly detached.

Wash the rice in ten waters. Have a saucepan ready with boiling water (in the proportion of three pints to a quarter of a pound of rice); add a good pinch of salt. Pour the rice into the saucepan and boil fast with the lid partly off, so that it does not boil over, for twelve minutes. Drain off nearly all the water, then shutting the lid tight, put the saucepan at the side of the

stove for the rice to finish cooking in its own steam. At the end of twenty minutes the rice will be cooked and dry. Care must be taken not to let it burn.

CURRIED EGGS

SAUTÉ (fry) lightly together one large Spanish onion cut into rings and one or two tomatoes cut in four for about ten minutes without allowing the onion to brown. Add a little good beef stock and continue the cooking in the frying-pan for another twenty minutes, then add a table-spoon of curry-powder and stir it into the sauce. Four hard-boiled eggs, each cut into four, are to be laid at the center of the frying-pan and the sauce turned over them with a spoon. At the end of five minutes, put the eggs in the center of a dish and pour the curry over them.

For meat or chicken curries proceed as above but take care to put meat in the pan ten minutes after the stock (a cupful) has been added and boil for ten minutes before adding the curry and five minutes more afterward.

BAKED SWEETBREADS

SOAK for half an hour two sweetbreads in cold water with a pinch of salt. Drop them into boiling water. After twenty minutes take them out, remove the skin and roll them first in a well-beaten egg and then in rolled rusk-crumbs. Bake in a tin in a quick oven for forty-five minutes with a large piece of butter or drippings. Place on a dish and after turning the fat out of the tin put in a little good meat-juice and bring it to a boil over the fire. Then add a little smoothly mixed flour and water and when thickened sufficiently strain through a gravy-strainer over the sweetbreads. Serve very hot.

SAUTÉD SWEETBREADS

SOAK for half an hour in cold water with a pinch of salt, then drop them into boiling water. At the end of twenty minutes, take out and remove the outer skin and cut into slices. Have ready some fresh butter in a frying-pan. Sauté (fry) the sliced sweetbreads lightly for a quarter of an hour. Lay on a dish and squeeze a little lemon-juice on each slice, allowing a quarter of a lemon for the whole of the sweetbread.

CALF'S KIDNEY ON TOAST

SKIN and split in two a calf's kidney. Melt in a frying-pan about two table-spoons of fresh butter, and in this place the kidney with a very thin slice of peeled Spanish onion for each half of kidney. Add one rasher of bacon, chopped very fine. Cook as for sheep's kidneys, but without the red pepper. Have ready buttered toast, lay upon it the slice of onion, which should be kept whole if possible, and then the kidney. Dust a little portion of the bacon over it with a little pepper and salt. Turn the butter out of the pan, add a little meat-juice from under the dripping (about three table-spoons), the juice of quarter of a lemon (half a teaspoon of vinegar will serve if the lemon is not available), thicken with a little flour and water, and pour through a gravy-strainer over the kidneys. Serve very hot.

BAKED BEEF KIDNEY

REMOVE the fatty center of a beef kidney, cut the kidney into thin slices and dice it on a pastry-board on which has been sprinkled a good handful of flour. Dredge the diced kidney well with the flour. Put it into a saucepan, add pepper and salt, a little scraped carrot, one good-sized onion stuck with three cloves, and cover with cold water. Stir the kidney so as to remove all the flour into the water, which should look like milk. Cook in a quick oven for two hours. This might be cooked in the morning and reheated in the evening. Remove the onion before serving.

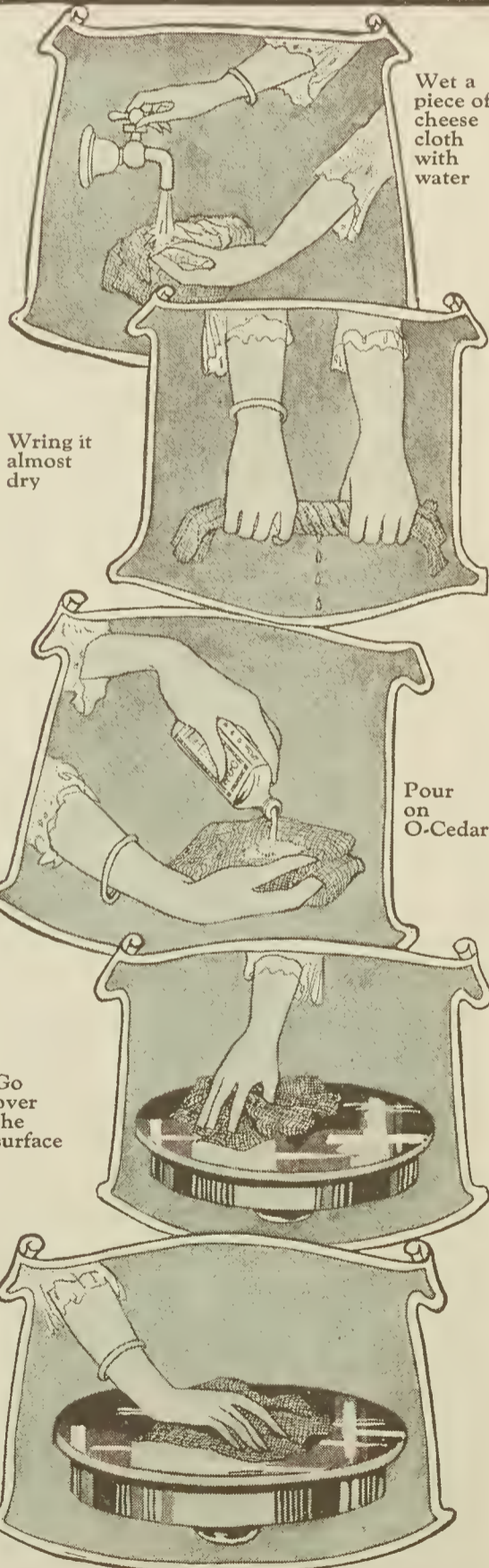
BAKED SHEEP'S KIDNEY

TAKE one or two sheep's kidneys, skin and split them. Lay each half flat side first in a frying-pan with an ounce of heated butter or dripping. Place over a quick fire, then with a knife-blade add one or two slices of peeled onion cut thin; add pepper and salt. Remove from the fire and cut the kidneys up. Place again on the stove, add a teaspoon of beef-juice, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, sprinkle with a teaspoon of dry flour, then add half a cup of hot water. Stir and keep boiling twenty minutes. Serve hot.

Continued in November DELINEATOR



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MOTHER & COMPANY, LTD.

By Harriet Gier

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

**"For the jovial season when grapes abound
And mellow apples strew the ground."**

THE other day I happened to be at the opening exercises of one of our district schools. It was a pretty rite—this welcoming of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness." And as one gingham-clad youngster stood up to "say her piece" about grapes and apples, I thought to myself:

"They have appropriate exercises to commemorate the season at the schools, why not co-operate with the mothers of these children and suggest to them recipes of appropriate and reasonable things to eat at home. And so, I suggest two dishes—a Dessert and a Salad—especially good for October—one made from grapes and the other of apples and celery, and in my books you will find many more recipes."

GRAPE JUICE SOUFFLÉ

- 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice $\frac{3}{4}$ cup heavy cream
- 1 pint grape juice, sweetened
- Whites of four eggs

Soak gelatine in grape and lemon juice ten minutes, then heat in double boiler until gelatine has dissolved. Strain into bowl set in saucepan containing ice water, and when mixture begins to thicken, fold in whites of eggs beaten until stiff. Half fill individual mold, first dipped in cold water, with mixture. To remainder add cream, beaten until stiff. Fill molds with cream mixture, and chill. Remove from molds to serving dish, and garnish with whipped cream (sweetened and flavored with vanilla).

LUNCHEON SALAD

- 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1 cup cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup boiling water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
- 1 cup celery, cut in small pieces
- 3 tart apples
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup nut meats

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes, and dissolve in boiling water. Add lemon juice and sugar. When mixture begins to stiffen, add apples, sliced in small pieces, chopped celery and broken nut meats. Turn into mold, first dipped into cold water, and chill. Accompany with mayonnaise dressing. This mixture may be served in cases made from bright red apples.

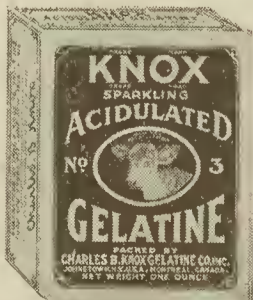
Other Seasonable Recipes—Free

My books "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy" contain hundreds of very remarkable recipes for all kinds of meat and fish molds, relishes, salads, desserts, candies and invalid dishes. Write for them, enclosing 4c in stamps to cover postage and mention your grocer's name.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

166 Knox Avenue Johnstown, N. Y.

"Wherever a recipe calls for gelatine think of KNOX."



Plain Sparkling Gelatine for general use

Contains Lemon Flavoring. No lemons required.

ONE year ago I made my business plunge. We live on a highway nationally known, and hundreds of automobiles pass our door every day.

John and I loved our farm, "Broad Acres," but our children were growing dissatisfied. All of their friends had much more spending money than they. Raymond's formal fraternity party meant evening clothes, and his girl had very definite ideas about a young man's responsibilities to the lady of his choice; our daughter was going to be graduated from high school; and ten-year-old Mark must have his teeth straightened.

We had just completed a general overhauling and had been installing that blessed electricity, too. It had made money rather "tight." But we did want the children satisfied. So it was up to mother to devise the means for getting it. The idea popped into my head: why couldn't I make a business of selling jellies and jams, using our big front parlor.

I purchased a quantity of attractive glasses, and began with the strawberries. All through vacation the children picked the fruit and helped to prepare it and I paid them a weekly salary. They arranged the jars and glasses in small baskets. Each one contained six glasses (or jars), their contents ranging through amber, gold and crimson.

We have a fine orchard, berry bushes, grape-vines and a vegetable-garden. When we hung out our shingle in late September, with our wares all ready for the buyers, we had, besides the "packages" of delicious jellies and preserves, larger baskets filled with apples, maiden blush and pippins, rambos, snows and spies. Grapes, purple and red in their beds of green leaves, pears with a spray of bittersweet or ground-pine laid across the top, and honeydew melons in a bed of watercress. Our trade flourished. Many of our patrons have since written to ask if we would put up their Winter's supply

of vegetables at Broad Acres next year. Two of my neighbors and I are going to co-operate. We shall establish a cannery on my back porch, with three steam-cookers and an electric plate. The boy is going to "specialize" on a big vegetable-garden.

THE BEST SELLERS AT BROAD ACRES

GRAPE-JUICE

- 2 cups grapes picked from the stem and thoroughly washed
- 1 cup sugar

FILL your sterilized cans running over with cold water, seal after putting the fruit and sugar in. After four weeks, strain into bottles. It is the most beautiful wine color and lacks the usual sickish sweet taste of grape-juice.

SPICED GRAPE JELLY

USE grapes only half ripe. Crush, heat slowly until juice is all out, then strain. Measure equal parts juice and sugar. Boil for fifteen minutes. To each quart of juice add one-quarter teaspoon ground cloves and one-half teaspoon ground cinnamon.

PEACH CONSERVE

- 6 pounds peaches; cut in slices
- 5 pounds sugar
- 3 oranges sliced thin

COOK until thick, like jam. Store in jelly glasses.

CRANBERRY-AND-QUINCE JELLY

- 12 large quinces
- 1 quart cranberries

BOIL together until soft. Strain. Measure cup for cup sugar and juice. Boil together twenty minutes. Makes a beautiful "company" jelly.

PLANNING NEXT YEAR'S GARDEN

Concluded from page 58

to spread a covering of dead leaves or litter over the surface after it has frozen solidly for the first time. Let this mulch remain on all Winter, but take it off as soon as the snow is gone. It will act as a preventive of thawing during the cold months, thus saving the bulbs' roots from breakage due to heaving of the ground.

The general rule is to set the bulbs in the ground about three times their own depth—that is, the top or crown should be that much below the surface. Some of the large hardy lilies, which may be planted at the same time although they will not bloom before Summer, go as deep as twelve inches from earth surface to bulb crown. It is a wise plan to set the bulb on a little bed of sand as an extra precaution against rotting.

YOU will of course follow your own preference as to the shape and arrangement of your bulb plantings. But if you have not already thought of them, let me suggest Cottage tulips scattered singly through the regular perennial bed, with due thought for the color combinations; giant crocuses at the southern edge of the shrubbery plantings and in the grass around the house foundation; and several varieties of narcissi, including the large yellow trumpets such as Van Waveren's Giant and Emperor, and the whites like the old favorite Poeticus, scattered in more or less wild and naturalistic corners.

Leaving the bulbs now and turning to the non-bulbous hardy perennials adapted to Fall planting, they should as a rule be set a little earlier in the season—say the last week in September. Do not try to plant them until their blooming-time is over.

Unlike the bulbs, the "clump" or already rooted perennials should not be completely buried in the earth. Put them merely to the depth at which they were formerly growing,

a point easily determined by a glance at their crowns and stalks.

Set them firmly, pressing down the earth all around them with your foot and watering at once and thoroughly. Let the holes where the clumps go (or the young plants, if that is what you have) be amply large to accommodate the roots without crowding before the earth is filled in. And do not put them too close together; a distance apart equal to the normal growing height of the plant is a good general rule to follow.

In the event of your not having decided just what perennials you want to bloom in your garden next summer, you might give a thought to the following partial list suited to planting this Fall:

- Peony, iris, phlox, sweet-william, grass pink (dianthus), delphinium, foxglove, columbine, Japanese windflower, veronica, anchusa, primrose (hardy varieties), forget-me-not, baby's-breath and monk's-hood.

THE two final classes of timely planting material, the deciduous shrubs and trees, may really be considered as one so far as their requirements are concerned. Of the former, forsythia, Kerria, weigelia, lilac, spirea, deutzia, hydrangea, rose of Sharon and mock-orange are favorites among the blossoming kinds, with the flowering almonds, Japanese cherries and smaller magnolias occupying a place midway between them and true trees.

The trees, of course, fall into two main groups: The ornamental, such as oaks, maples, beeches, horse-chestnut, lindens, elms, etc.; and the edible fruit and nut bearers.

With all of these things, follow the same general planting rules that apply to the rooted perennials. Give them amply large holes, thorough watering, and solid firming of the soil. If they are large and need support, guy them with heavy wire and stakes, padding the wire thickly where it encircles their trunks or limbs, for a year or two until their roots have taken firm hold.

And now just two more things: Do not plant trees and shrubs until their leaves have fallen naturally; and do not set out any of the pit-fruit varieties, like peach and plum, until early next Spring.



Warm and cozy in winter Cool and breezy in summer Convenient all the time

Of course, you want a dining alcove. No other thing about a house—new or old—is achieving such popularity. A deserved popularity on account of its convenience and real comfort. Reduces by perhaps a half the work of serving breakfasts and luncheons. Practically a necessity in a servantless home.

Once you see and price this one—of Curtis Woodwork—you'll be satisfied with no other. Its quality will lead you, too, to select only Curtis Woodwork for your whole house when you build.

There are many other articles of convenience shown in the big Curtis Catalog that you can see at the Curtis dealer's—the leading lumber dealer in most towns. There are built-in kitchen dressers, work tables, ironing boards in wall cabinets. There are mantels, bookcases, linen cases, medicine cabinets. There are sideboards and corner cupboards. All these are in addition to doors, windows, frames, moldings and so forth, that make up the woodwork of a home.

From front entrance to cellar sash you can find in Curtis Woodwork only the most satisfying quality in wood, in workmanship, in features of construction and design. For such quality you will find the prices reasonable because of the advantages of large production and standardized manufacturing.

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"The Permanent Furniture for Your Home"

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Gentlemen: I am interested in a _____ room house and enclose _____ for the "Better Built Home" Plan Books I have checked below. I understand if the books I checked do not meet my requirements I may exchange them or return them in good condition within ten days for my money. (A Curtis dealer can secure any book below free of cost to you.)

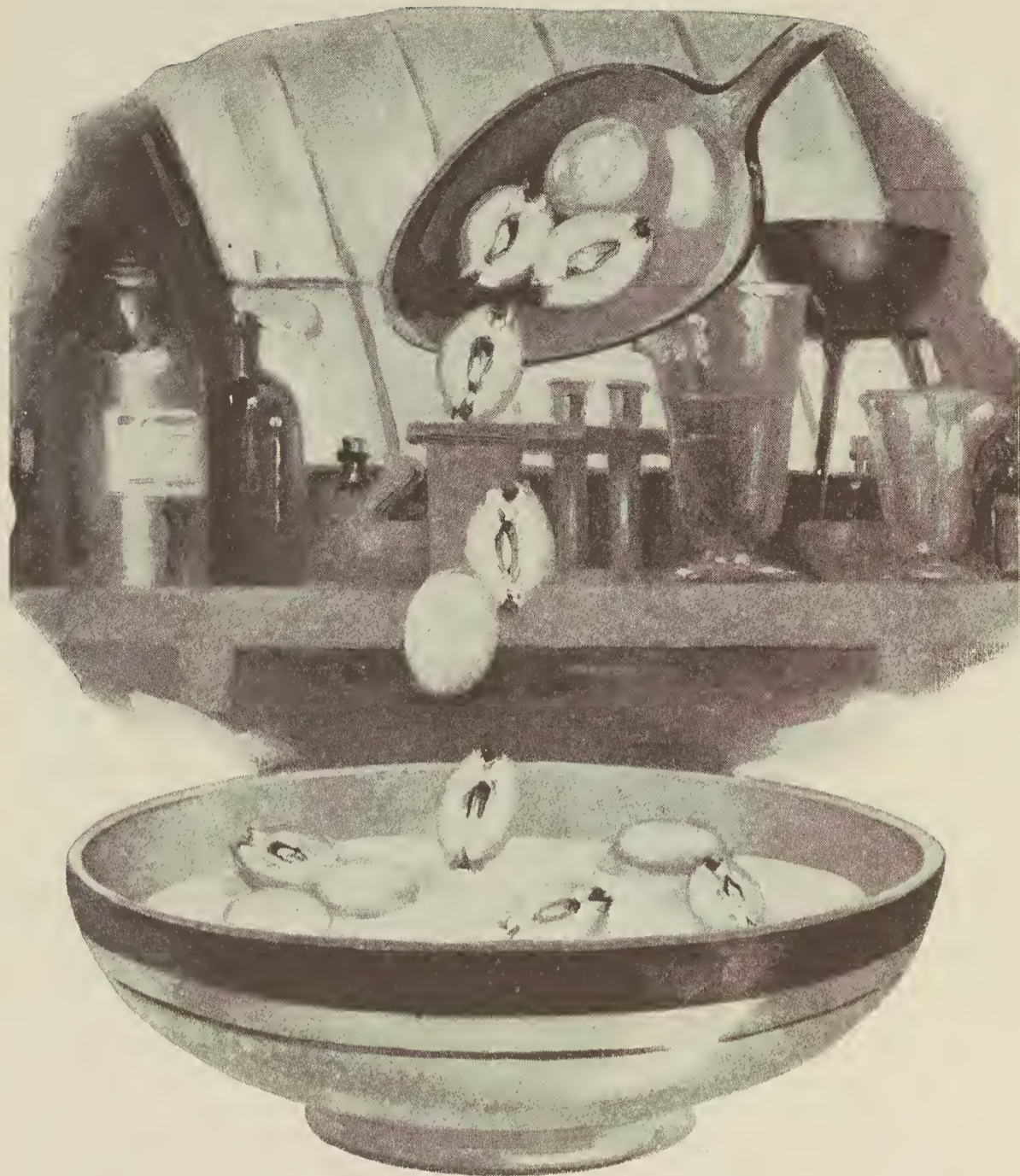
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In Prof. Anderson's Laboratory

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are tidbits—delightful food confections. But also remember this:

They are scientific whole-grain foods, invented by Prof. A. P. Anderson. They are shot from guns. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete. Thus every element in the whole grains yields up its nutriment.

This is real whole-grain nutrition. Whole wheat contains 16 needed elements. It is practically a complete food. Every child should eat it every day. And the ideal form is Puffed Wheat.

These are airy, toasted, flimsy grains, puffed to 8 times normal size. They seem too good to eat. But when you serve them at night in a bowl of milk you are serving the supreme food. Do it every night.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice



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To Millions of Happy Children

Puffed Rice is whole rice puffed to bubbles. It tastes like toasted nuts. No child has ever tasted a finer breakfast dainty.

People mix it with berries to add a nut-like blend. They use it like nut-meats on ice cream. They douse with melted butter and eat like peanuts—dry. But remember always that this is also a whole grain with every food cell broken. Let children eat it to their hearts' content—morning, noon and night.

These are days to serve Puffed Grains in plenty.

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 8

significantly in the direction of the Gooches. "Come right up to the stove, Mrs. Sage," said he, dragging a rocker forward. "You must be mighty chilly."

"Only my legs," announced the preacher's wife.

Mrs. Gooch winced. In her circle, ladies never mentioned legs unless alluding to dining-room tables, or fried chickens, or animate objects such as dogs, horses, cows and sheep. And when she found out later on that this startling person was a minister's wife, she wondered what the world was coming to.

"This is Oliver's sister," introduced Mr. Sikes, awkwardly. "From Hopkinsville. Reverend Sage, Mrs. Gooch. Mr. Link, Mrs. Gooch. And this is Oliver's brother-in-law, her husband, also of Hopkinsville."

Everybody bowed. "I didn't catch the lady's name," said Mrs. Gooch.

"Permit me to introduce my wife," said the Reverend Sage, advancing to the stove, rubbing his extended palms together. "A bitter night, is it not?"

Everybody stood and looked at everybody else for a few moments, and then Mr. Sikes had a happy inspiration. He began shoveling coal from the scuttle into the already blushing stove, making a great deal of racket. The others watched him intently, as if they never had seen anything so interesting as a stove being stuffed with fuel.

"From Hopkinsville, did you say?" inquired Mr. Sage politely, turning to Mr. Gooch.

"Yes," said Mr. Gooch succinctly. "Ah, a—er—very enterprising town. Ahem!"

"Where is it?" asked Mrs. Sage, who by this time had seated herself in a rocking-chair, with her rubber boots well advanced toward the stove.

"I guess you haven't lived in this part of the country very long," said Mr. Gooch condescendingly.

"OH, HAVEN'T I? I've been here nearly six months—one hundred and thirty-two days, to be exact." She glanced at the clock. "Lacking two hours and twelve minutes," she went on. "We came down on the local that's due here at 9:14, but it was twenty-eight minutes late."

"Well, if you will excuse me," began Mrs. Gooch, withdrawing her gaze from the lady's boots, "I guess I'll run up-stairs and see my sister-in-law."

"Ain't Serepty up there?" asked Mr. Link quickly.

"Yep," replied Mr. Sikes. "You needn't worry, Silas," he added significantly.

"You stay right here, Ida," ordered Mr. Gooch. "I'm not going to have you insulted by this woman. You'd think she was Queen Victoria or somebody like that."

"Ahem!" coughed Mr. Sage, in a suave, conciliatory manner—if it is possible to cough suavely. "It is my practise, no matter what the weather may be, to call at the earliest opportunity upon any stranger who may arrive in our little community. Your nephew is the latest stranger in town, I should say—eh, Mrs. Goops?"

"Gooch is my name," broke in her husband tartly. "G, double o, c, h."

"I do wish, Herbert dear," said Mrs. Sage languidly, "you would try to remember Gooch."

"I beg pardon. A slip of the tongue. I was about to inquire about your dear brother, Mrs. Gooch. How is he?"

"I didn't know there was anything the matter with Oliver."

"There isn't anything the matter with him," said Mrs. Sage, "that a good, stiff drink of whisky won't cure." Then catching the look in the other woman's eye: "Oh, I'm not a native, you know. I come from Chicago—and God bless it!"

"Ahem!" coughed her husband. "I suppose Sister Grimes will be down in a few minutes, Joseph?"

"Just depends," replied Mr. Sikes somewhat grimly.

"Wonderful woman, indeed. Quite indispensable at a time like this," continued the minister.

"She's just as handy at a funeral," supplemented Mr. Link in the hushed voice of an undertaker.

"We must remember how indispensable Mrs. Grimes is at a time like this, Herbert," said Mrs. Sage with a yawn.

"You won't have to remember," blurted out Mr. Sikes. "Serepty'll do the remembering."

"I adore babies, don't you, Mrs. Gooch?"

"Yes, indeed. Ah—I— How many children have you, Mrs. Sage?"

"On pleasant Sundays I should say as many as twenty-five. They shrink quite a bit if the weather's bad."

"She means her Sunday-school class," explained Mr. Sage hurriedly.

HIS wife looked up into his face and smiled—a lovely, good-humored smile that was slowly transformed into a mischievous grimace.

"I'm always making breaks, am I not, Herby dear? It's a terrible strain, Mr. Gooch, being a parson's wife. I sometimes wish that Herbert—I mean Mr. Sage—had been a policeman or a bartender or something like that."

Mr. Sikes and Mr. Link, having something of a private nature to say to each other, had retired to a position near the door, which, by design or accident, was pretty thoroughly blocked by their heavy figures. Mrs. Gooch sniffed unnecessarily.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sage over her shoulder. "You're right, Mrs. Gooch. Live and learn is my motto." She winked at her husband.

"Say, Ida," burst out Mr. Gooch, who had been fretting almost audibly, "I'm getting tired of hanging around waiting for Oliver. Get your things on. We're going home."

"Oh, my dear friend," cried the pastor, "you surely are not going away without saying good-bye to Brother Baxter?"

"I'm going away without even saying howdy-do to him," rasped Mr. Gooch. "Where are your overshoes, Ida?"

At this juncture the sitting-room door was opened, and a small, plump, middle-aged woman, bearing a couple of blankets in her arms, entered the room.

"Hello, Serepty!" cried Mr. Link. "Everything all right?"

Mrs. Grimes surveyed the group. Her pleasant, wholesome face was beaming. Her gaze rested upon the astonishing hat of Mrs. Sage.

"Why, how do you do, Sister Sage? How nice of you to come out on a night like this. Mary will be pleased to hear you've been here. Oh, yes, Silas, everything is all right. You can go home; nobody is going to die. How do you do, Mr. Sage? What a terrible night for you to be out, with that wretched throat of yours. If you'll wait till I take these blankets out to warm them in the kitchen I will wrap a piece of flannel and a strip of bacon around your throat. It's the best—"

"Don't think of it, Sister Grimes. I am quite all right. I thought perhaps I might—ah—cheer Sister Baxter up with a little—ah—spiritual encouragement, a prayer of rejoicing—er—a—"

"That's all been attended to, thank you," broke in Mrs. Grimes crisply.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Poor Oliver has done nothing but pray since daybreak. He's worn himself out with prayer. I had to go out in the hall a while ago and tell him to shut up. Make yourselves at home, everybody. I'll be back in— My land!"

MR. BAXTER, coatless, disheveled and in a state of extreme anguish, came plunging down the stairs and into the room.

"Where— Where's the doctor?" he gasped. "My God, where's Doc Robinson? He's dying! Hurry up, Serepty! My infant is dying! Oh me, oh my! Oh me—"

"Where is your coat, Oliver Baxter?" demanded little Mrs. Grimes, severely. "Do you want to catch your death of cold?"

"Coat? Say, can't you hear him? He's calling for help. Listen! Sh! Listen, everybody." Then after a long period of silence during which everybody frowned and listened intently, and no sound came from aloft, he groaned: "Oh, Lord! He's dead! Dead as a door-nail!"

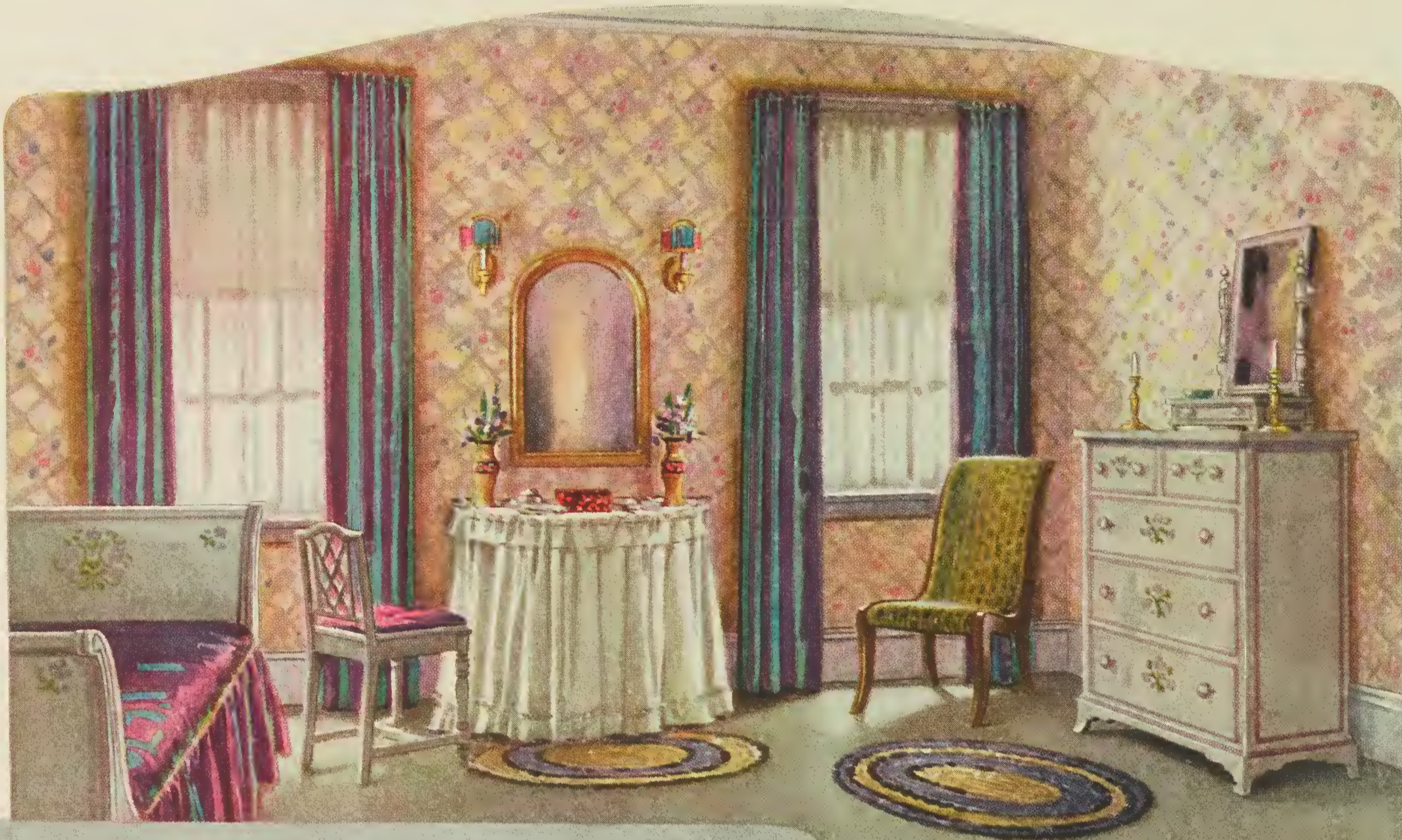
"I guess it was the wind you heard, Ollie," said Mr. Link, brightly.

Continued on page 79

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

IN this quaint and attractive bedroom the colors of rugs, wall-paper, and furnishings blend harmoniously with the floor of Armstrong's Plain Gray Linoleum.



LINOLEUM

has come out of the kitchen

ONCE linoleum was considered for the kitchen floor, only. Today you can go into any good store and see linoleum so beautiful and durable that it can be used for every floor in the house.

Notice the charm of the bedroom shown here. The floor is Armstrong's Plain Gray Linoleum. You can see what a good floor it is upon which to put rugs, and how well it harmonizes with the other furnishings in the room.

Armstrong's Linoleum is easy to keep clean. It is noiseless under foot; restful to stand and walk on.

You will find it less expensive than other floors in first cost and upkeep. It is an economical floor

to install in a new house, or to put down over old wood floors.

A bedroom 12 x 12 feet can be floored with the Plain Gray Linoleum, shown in the illustration, at a cost of about \$38.00 (slightly higher in the far West). This linoleum is cemented down firmly over deadening felt, the most satisfactory way to lay linoleum as a permanent floor.

All Armstrong's Linoleum is guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

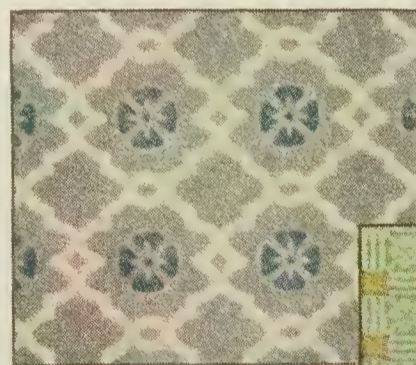
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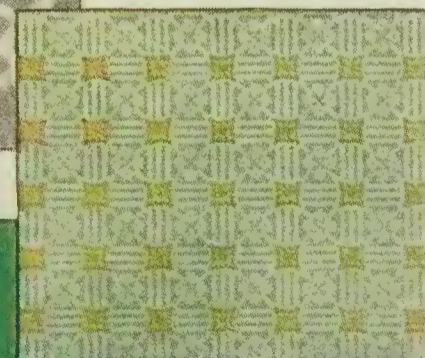
By Frank Alvah Parsons, President of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art. This book will be sent with de luxe colorplates of fine home interiors, on receipt of twenty cents.

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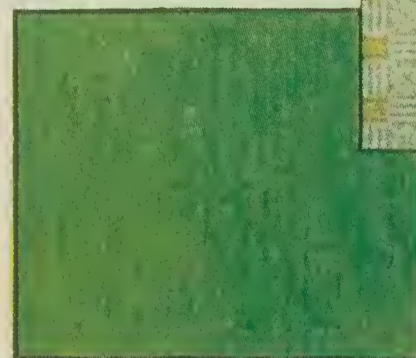
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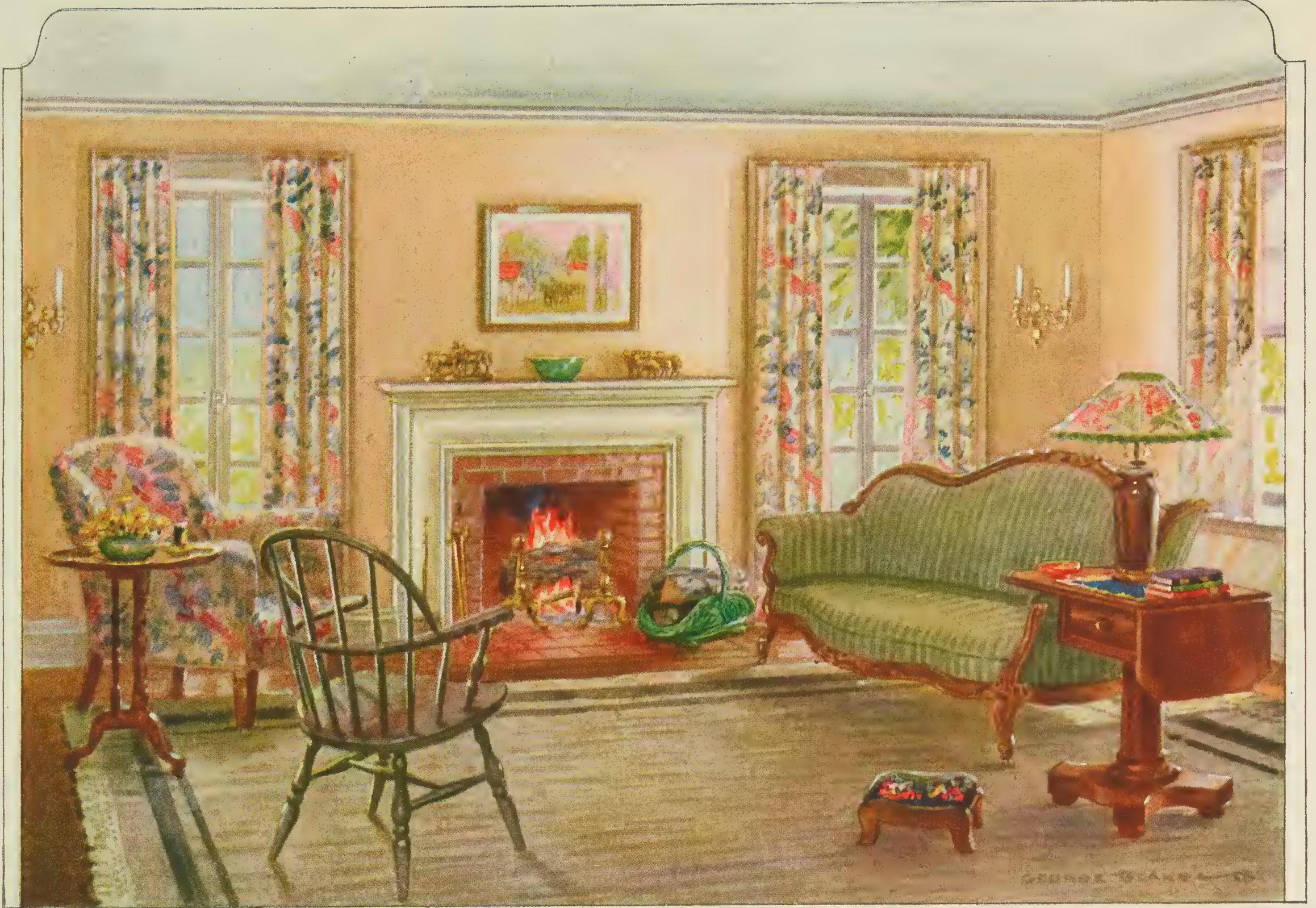
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If one of these Armstrong patterns is more appropriate for your bedroom, order (by number) from your merchant.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of many artistic designs.



ABOVE are suggestions for color and furnishings for a living-room, bedroom and hall. The effect was obtained by the use of bright chintzes, light walls, and white woodwork. No period or style has been followed in choosing the furnishing for these rooms, but a careful selection of comfortable and appropriate objects, conveniently placed, was the chief consideration in planning these attractive rooms. In the effort to develop successful rooms in our Better Homes, it is necessary to strike an occasional individual note, yet as a whole the room should be entirely harmonious.





OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 76

For the first time, Mr. Baxter allowed his gaze to concentrate upon some definite object. He stared at the undertaker-liveryman, and his jaw dropped lower than ever. "The—the undertaker," he gulped. "How—how did you get here so soon, Silas? He ain't been dead more than thirty seconds. He didn't die till—"

"Calm yourself, Oliver," admonished Mrs. Grimes, but soothingly. "It's nothing but a pin. I'll go up as soon as I've fixed you." She thrust the blankets into Mr. Gooch's arms. "Hold these," she said. "Come over here by the stove, Oliver. Sit down. I'll go fix a hot mustard bath for your feet. Give me one of those blankets. Oh, excuse me, I didn't notice you were a stranger. Who—"

"This is Ollie's brother-in-law, Serepty," explained Mr. Sikes. "Say, Ollie, I've got a great surprise for you. Your sister and her husband have come over from Hopkinsville to wish you many happy returns of the day."

Mr. Baxter got up from the chair into which Serepty had forced him and shook hands with his relatives.

"You've—you've been drinking, Oliver," exclaimed Mrs. Gooch, horrified.

"I wouldn't be surprised if I had," admitted Oliver. "It isn't every day a feller has a— Why, good evening Mrs. Sage. I didn't see you come in. Where's Mr. Sage? Ain't he—"

"Sit down in that chair, Oliver Baxter," commanded Mrs. Grimes. "I'm going to wrap this blanket around you." She relieved Mr. Gooch of one of the blankets and proceeded to tuck Mr. Baxter snugly into the rocking-chair. "Now, you sit still, do you hear me? Mary and the baby are all right. Make yourself at home, everybody. And you, Joe Sikes, answer the door if anybody knocks."

SHE snatched the other blanket away from Gooch and hurried to the kitchen. After an awkward pause, rendered painful by the presence of the two Gooches, the company made a simultaneous effort to break the ice that suddenly had clogged the flow of conversation.

"Eighteen miles through all this—"

"It's an ill wind that blows no—"

Young Mrs. Sage came in with the following question:

"What are you going to name it, Mr. Baxter?"

"Eh? It? It ain't an it, Mrs. Sage. It's a masculine gender. We're going to call him Oliver October. Sh! Isn't that somebody on the porch, Joe? Doc Robinson, like as not. Go to the door, will you?"

"It's the wind," said Mr. Sikes. Nevertheless he went over and looked out of the window.

Another silence, broken at last by Mr. Baxter.

"He's got the finest head you ever saw," said he, with a beatific expression on his face. "Got a head like a statesman."

"Ah, that is good news," said the Reverend Sage, jovially. "We're sadly in need of statesmen these days, Brother Baxter."

"Statesmen, your granny," exploded Mr. Gooch, now thoroughly out of patience. "That's the trouble with this country. It's being run entirely by statesmen. That's what I've been saying since March '89. What we need is a good, sound business man in the White House. President Harrison is a fine lawyer, but if ever we needed a good Democrat back in the presidential chair it's now. Get rid of these statesmen. That's my motto. They've been—"

Mrs. Gooch touched his arm and whispered in his ear: "You mean politicians, Horace. Politicians, *not* statesmen."

Mr. Gooch was flabbergasted. "Consumn it, I'm always getting those two words mixed," he snarled. "But anyhow, this country made the blamest fool mistake on earth when it turned Grover Cleveland out

and put these blood-sucking Republicans back in power."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Link, witheringly.

A heated political argument ensued, Mr. Gooch holding out against the Messrs. Link and Sikes, both of whom were what he finally characterized as "black Republicans."

Through it all, the anxious parent of Oliver October sat staring at the bright red isinglass in the stove door, oblivious of the storm of words that raged about him. Mrs. Sage, seated close beside him, finally reached out and took one of his hands in hers and squeezed it sympathetically.

"Don't you worry," she said gently. He looked up, and a slow smile settled upon his homely features.

"You ought to see his feet," he murmured. "Little bits of things about that long. Cutest feet you ever saw."

"I'll bet they are," said she warmly, and he was happier than he had been in hours.

THE Reverend Sage, withdrawing his hal-
lowed cloth from contact with even baser politics, had moved over to one of the windows and was gazing out between the curtains across the gale-swept porch into the blackness beyond. Through the window-light the fine snow swirled in shadowy clouds, like an ever moving screen beyond which lay mystery. He shivered a little, poor chap, at the thought of going out again into the bitter, unbelievable night—at the thought of his cold little home at the farther end of the village where the drifts were high and the wind blew fiercely over a treeless, unsheltered tract known as Sharp's field. He was thinking too of the girl he had brought down with him as a bride in the sunny days of June, when all the land was green and the air was soft and warm and there was the tang of fresh earth and the scent of flowers for grateful nostrils.

He was thinking of her and the mile walk she would have to take with him into the very teeth of the buffeting gale when this visit was over. He sighed. She had come to this wretched little town from a great city where there were horse-cars and cable-trains and hacks without number; where the shrieking storms from off the lake were defied by stanch brick walls; where nights were short and days were told by hours; where there were lights and life, restaurants and theaters, music and dancing. He thought of the cheap but respectable boarding-house on the cross-street just off Lincoln Park and the warm little room on the third floor where he had lived and studied for two years. It was in this house that he had met Josephine Judge. She was the daughter of the kindly widow who conducted the boarding-house—a tall, slim girl who used slang and was gay and blithesome—and had ambitions!

Ambitions? She wanted to become an actress. It was quite wonderful, the way she could mimic people, and "recite," and sing the sprightly songs from "Pinafore," "La Mascotte," "The Bohemian Girl," and could quote with real uncton the choicest lines of *Rosalind*, *Viola*, *Juliet* and others. And she had made him and all the rest of the boarders laugh when she "took off" Pat Rooney, Joe Murphy, the Kernells, Gus Williams, "Oofy Gooft," and the immortal "Col. Mulberry Sellers."

HE WAS not a theater-going youth. He had been brought up with an abhorrence for the stage and all its iniquities. So he devoted himself, heart and soul, to the saving of the misguided maiden, with astonishing results. They fell in love with each other and were married. He often smiled—and he smiled even now as he gazed pensively out into the night—when he recalled the alternative she proposed, and continued to defend up to within a day or two of the wedding. She wanted him to give up the pulpit and go on the stage with her! She argued that he was so good-looking and had such a wonderful voice, that nothing—absolutely nothing—could keep him from becoming one of the most popular "leading men" in the profession. She even went so far as to declare that he would make a much better actor than a preacher anyhow—and, besides, the stage needed clean, upright young men quite as badly as the church needed them!

And now she was down here in this desolate little town, loyally doing her best to be all that a country parson's wife should be, working for him, loving him, and, if the truth must be told, surreptitiously delighting

Continued on page 84



Save
224
Steps

Save 224 Steps
on Apple Pie Alone!
by using a

Dutch
NAPANEE
KITCHENET

The average woman takes 260 steps in the average kitchen to make an apple pie! Yet the same cook can make the same pie in the same kitchen with only 36 steps if she uses a Napanee Kitchenet.

224 steps saved by the Napanee on apple pie alone! Unless they are saved these steps are an appalling waste of energy!

Save on Every Dish

Equally astounding savings are accomplished on nearly every dish prepared with the Napanee's aid. The savings each day on every dish and every meal seem almost unbelievable. But scientific investigation has proven these facts.

The most famous Efficiency Engineer, Harrington Emerson, and leading Domestic Scientists, have found by extended scientific tests just how many steps are taken in the average kitchen to get three simple meals every day. They discovered how much time and how many steps are taken to prepare all the usual American dishes in the average kitchen.

75 Steps Saved Out of 100

In these tests stop watches and pedometers were used to count the minutes and the steps consumed in preparing each dish. Each cook prepared every dish twice under this scientific observation. All results were averaged. Thus scientific accuracy was assured.

These studies cost thousands of dollars. But they were the most important ever made for housewives.

They proved conclusively that 75 steps out of every 100 could be saved in the kitchen every day with a

NAPANEE DUTCH
KITCHENET

Women are amazed at these savings because they do not know how many steps they take. They do not know how fast the useless steps mount up! They do not know what appalling waste of strength and health the effort of getting three meals every day requires!

Now we know definitely. We know it can be ended completely. We know the kitchen drudgery that ages women before their time can be prevented with a Napanee.

Learn How It Is Done
Send for This Report

These facts are so important you should learn the whole story in justice to yourself.

Send for the report of Mr. Emerson's experiments. You will see what astonishing savings you can make with a Napanee on every dish you prepare in your own kitchen. Thousands of women are blessing this book as the salvation of their strength and health.

Unlike Others

The Napanee is not like any other kitchen cabinet. It is the highest form of scientific efficiency applied to the kitchen—designed to make each minute and each motion count to the utmost. Its newer, greater aids, its scientific superiorities are the reasons for the amazing savings it brings.

Ask your dealer to show you the Napanee's advancements. Then decide for yourself if you can afford to be without a Napanee. Send the coupon for the Emerson report to aid your decision.

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK
NAPPANEE, IND.

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK

Dept. 410A, Nappanee, Indiana

Please send me "Scientific Studies of Kitchen Work," giving the report of the tests made by the Emerson Engineers on the preparation of meals.

Name.....

Address.....

EMBROIDERY CAJOLES IDLE HANDS TO NEEDLEWORK

WITH TEMPTING TRIMMING IDEAS

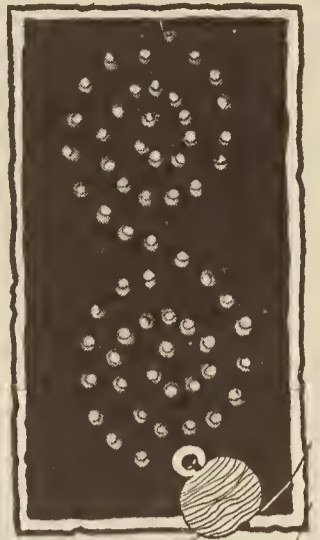


HALF a black lace flower will distinguish the Autumn blouse, especially if it is spangled generously with jet beads. Use embroidery design 10987 and sew a jet bead over each large bead in the design, outlining the flower in black lace. For a smart trimming for dress panels turn the flower up the other way.

Does your memory reach as far back as the first week at school? Then you know how fascinating beadwork can be. Bead trimming in colors appears on many of the Autumn costumes, usually in harmonious combinations. This beading follows the lines of embroidery design 10968 and uses large red wooden beads, held to their proper places in the design by small white beads.

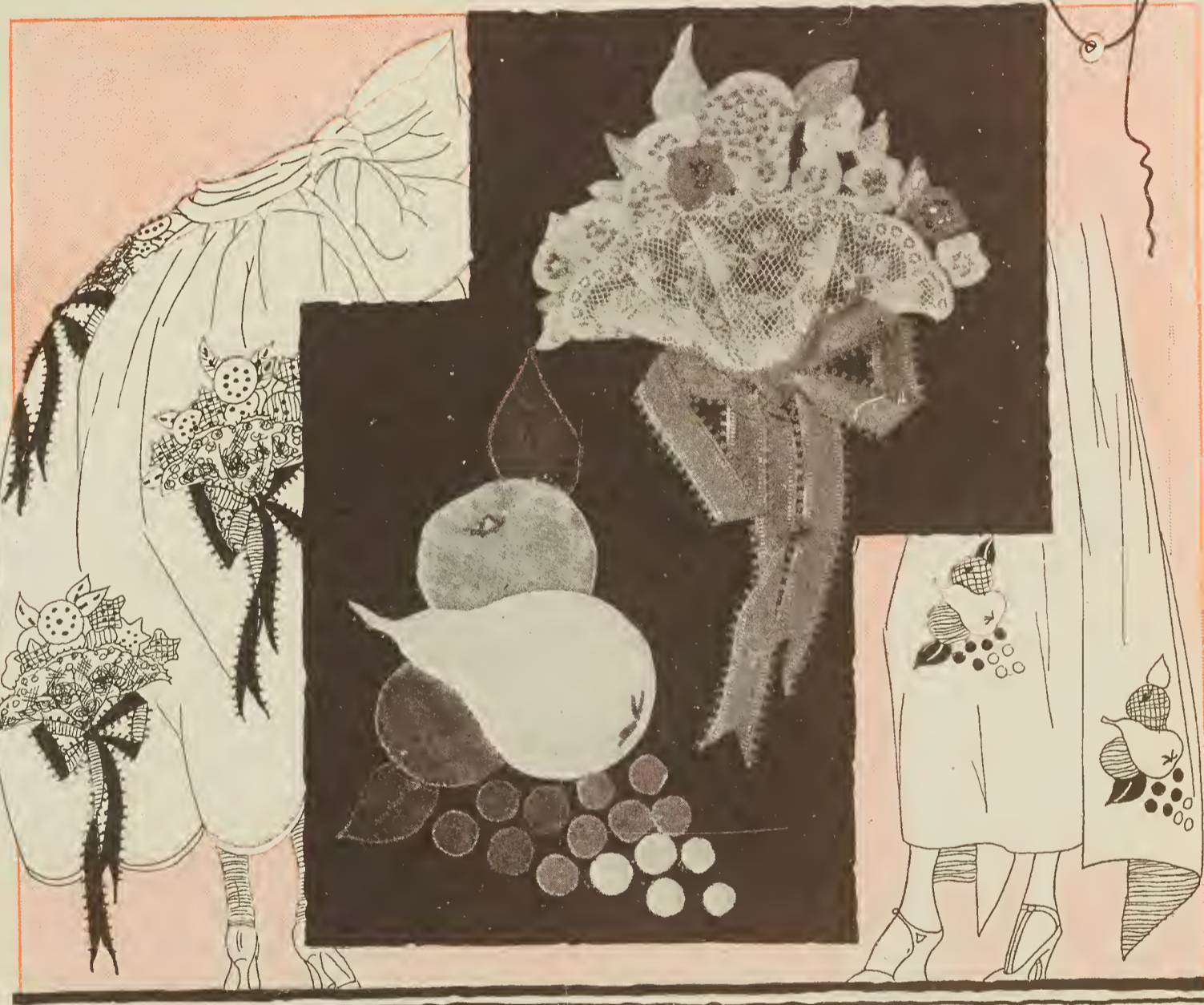
Everlasting bouquets for one's newest dance frock may be worn without fear of early drooping, for these old-fashioned bouquets are used on the skirt of a taffeta dress. In place of the conventional paper lace, one uses a coarse cream lace, fastening it to the frock with appliqué. Rose, pink and light-blue flowers mingle with old-blue, yellow and orchid posies—taffeta, of course; and here and there a leaf of green taffeta gives a pleasant contrast. The flowers are held in place with bronze beads, though their edges are left free. For the bow a ribbon in an old-blue shade is a graceful finishing touch. Use embroidery design 10984.

Appliqué has reached the summit of perfection in velvet. A realistic tan pear, a luscious-looking rose peach and a dark-brown plum, with grapes in purple, old-blue and gray velvet, are most effective against a background of black velvet. The leaves are in green velvet. For this motif use embroidery design 10966.



Embroidery design 10968

Embroidery design 10984



Embroidery design 10966

Embroidery design 10958

BY THEIR seams shall you know the newest dresses, for no longer do they attempt to conceal these important details, but bring their ways to light in a pleasant fashion. A delightful way to turn a seam into a trimming for dresses or blouses makes use of delicate fabric flowers which pursue their way down each side of the front—a clever as well as useful trimming. It is made by cutting the material one has used for the garment into strips which are one inch wide. Have both edges of the strip picoted, so that when these strips are finished they will be about five-eighths of an inch wide. Then cut the strips in four-inch pieces. Gather one edge and draw it up very closely; then join the ends. This makes one flower. The others are made in the same way. The sides of the flower are tacked to the edges of the garment and the next flower is tacked to the edge of the first one.

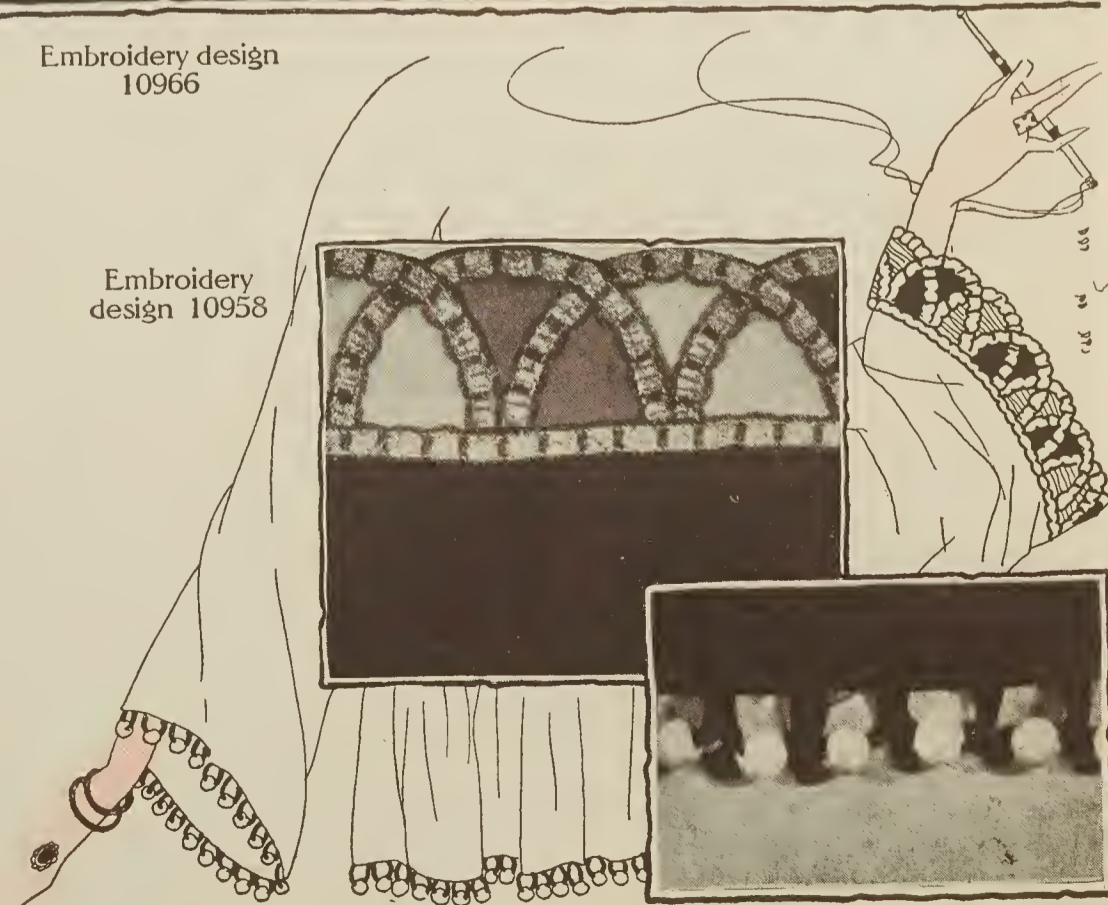
Apparently, fashionable French women have caught an inspiration from their *billets doux*, for the fronts of many of their costumes are ingeniously trimmed with envelope-flaps sealed with bronze buttons. This trimming is a very new idea from Paris. They make it by using two-inch squares of the dress material against a contrasting fabric. The edges of the squares are picoted or simply left raw and have one corner turned down over the other and caught with the buttons.

Embroidery design 10987



THE high points of the Autumn blouse are its sleeves, and the lower edge of the blouse is not forgotten. For a smart edging to trim these places, nothing is quite so gay as a flannel scalloping. Use the narrow banding from embroidery design 10958 and cut the half-circles of vivid blue and bright-red flannel. These half-circles are placed with the colors alternating, each one overlapping the next. Then sew gold braid one-half inch in width all around the scallops and across top of the banding.

Beads and military braiding are a bright trimming for sports blouses. String kindergarten wooden beads in bright red and yellow on black one-fourth-inch military braid and catch in loops along the edges of the pockets, sleeves and the lower edge of the blouse.



To challenge the most critical eye

YOU DON'T mean to be critical, of course. But, when you meet other women, how can you help noticing lapses of attention to dress which are so plainly due to carelessness in the laundry—a gray tinge to white clothes, or faded colors in what was once a charming frock?

Other women are just as quick to notice *your* clothes, and those of your children, too.

You may have chosen an excellent laundress.

But you cannot stop there.

The selection of the soap your laundress shall use is still *your* responsibility—*your* part in the good management of the washing.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap helps mightily to produce results that will bear the closest neighborly inspection.

It is *white*—it keeps white clothes white—it preserves colors. It is a *naphtha* soap—its rubless cleaning *saves* your clothes.

The fact is, most laundresses *prefer* P and G. They know it saves *their* time and energy, as well as your clothes, because it requires less rubbing and less frequent boiling.

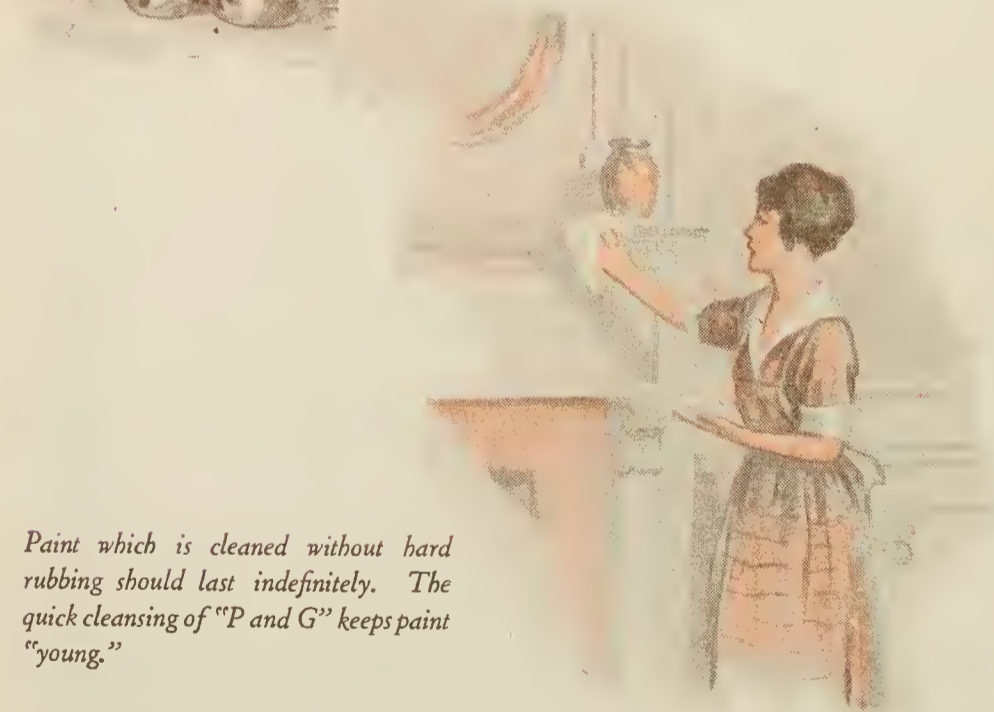
So many women make it a rule to have P and G on their grocery lists regularly that it is the *largest selling laundry and household soap in America!*

PROCTER & GAMBLE

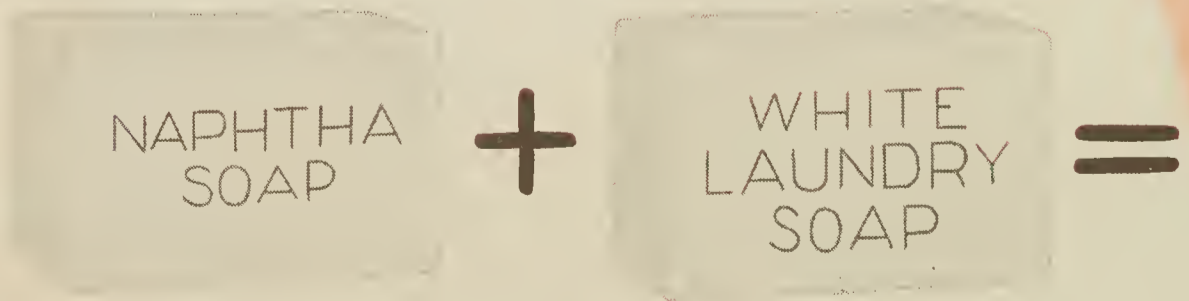
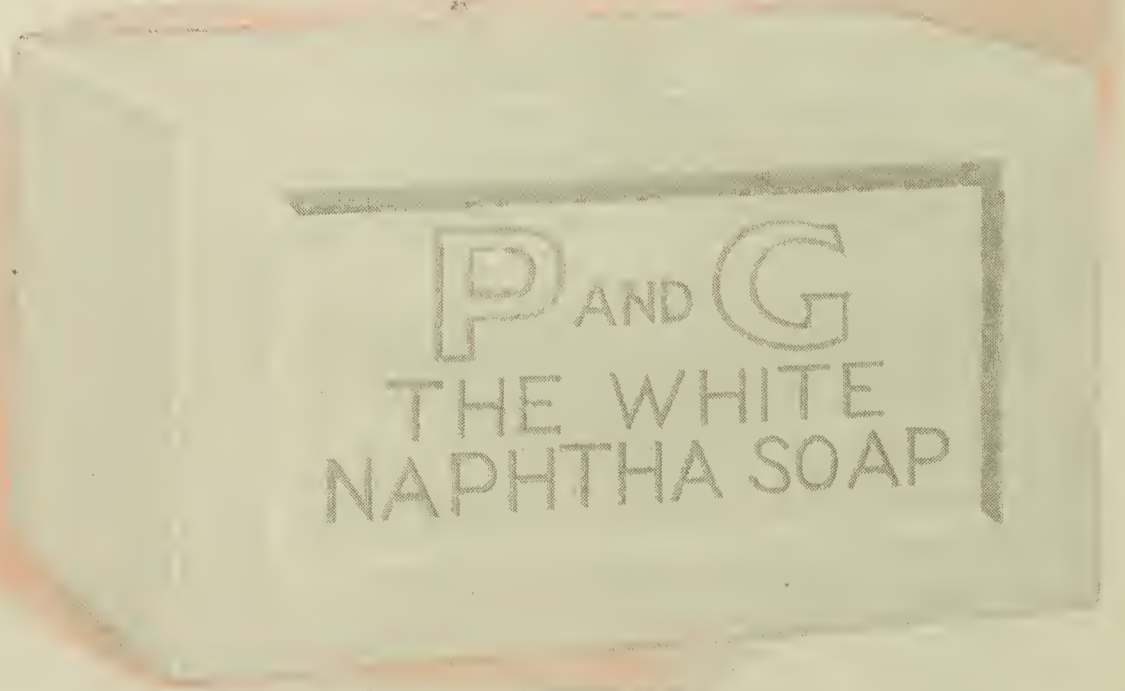
*Not merely a white laundry soap,
Not merely a naphtha soap,
But the best features of both, combined.*



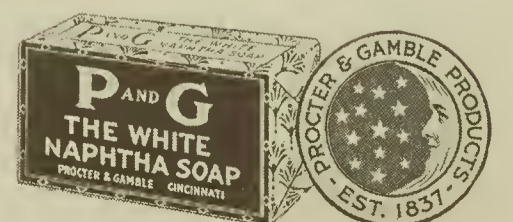
Ask your maid to show you how quickly P and G makes cooking utensils shine. And how easily it removes stains from dish towels.



Paint which is cleaned without hard rubbing should last indefinitely. The quick cleansing of "P and G" keeps paint "young."



Speed and Safety



THE GIRDLE OF VENUS IS THE CENTER OF INTEREST IN THE WINTER COSTUME

SHALL waistlines go up or down? Indeed they are wavering points of our costumes and lest they become too liberal in their views, there are attractive girdles to pin them down to their proper places.

THE smart bead-and-ribbon girdle at the left worn by the figure is a real necessity. It is made of half-inch grosgrain ribbon in dark green combined with different colored beads. First cut a piece of ribbon 10 inches long. Join a thread in one end and string 1 small red wooden bead, 1 long light-green glass bead, 2 red wooden beads, 1 long Venetian bead, 2 red wooden beads, 1 long yellow glass bead, and 3 red wooden beads. Skip the 3 last beads and run the needle back through all of the beads, fastening the thread at the first wooden bead. Cut a piece of ribbon 9 inches long and one 6 inches long. Finish them with beads in the same way. Join all three ribbons to 1 wooden bead. * String 1 long green glass bead, 2 wooden beads, 1 long Venetian bead, 2 wooden beads, 1 long yellow glass bead, 1 wooden bead, and join to a 6-inch piece of ribbon. Repeat from * 4 times more. String 1 more group of beads, then finish the end of the girdle the same as the opposite end, making the ribbons 20 inches, 16 inches and 14 inches long.

THE braided girdle illustrated at the left may be worn with a variety of dresses. To make the fabric cords, sew strips of wool jersey in the desired color over cable cord and then turn them inside out. Three cords are necessary. Finish the ends by twisting one cord around to form a little scroll.

The girdle of ribbon and bead buckles which extends across the bottom of the page is simply made. Use six narrow double-faced satin ribbons, holding them in place at intervals with strings of glass beads which carry out the same pastel coloring of the ribbons. Beads are also slipped up over the ends of the ribbons.

The rosette girdle at the right and top of this page will add appreciably to the taffeta frock on billowy lines. Use embroidery design 10922 as a foundation for making this girdle, applying the circle to crinoline and following the outer line with old-blue ribbon 1/2 inch wide. Gather it slightly. Follow the remaining lines with black 3/4-inch ribbon. Then sew the blue ribbon between the black rows. Allow two ends of each color to hang from the center of the circle. The blue ribbon extends around the waist.

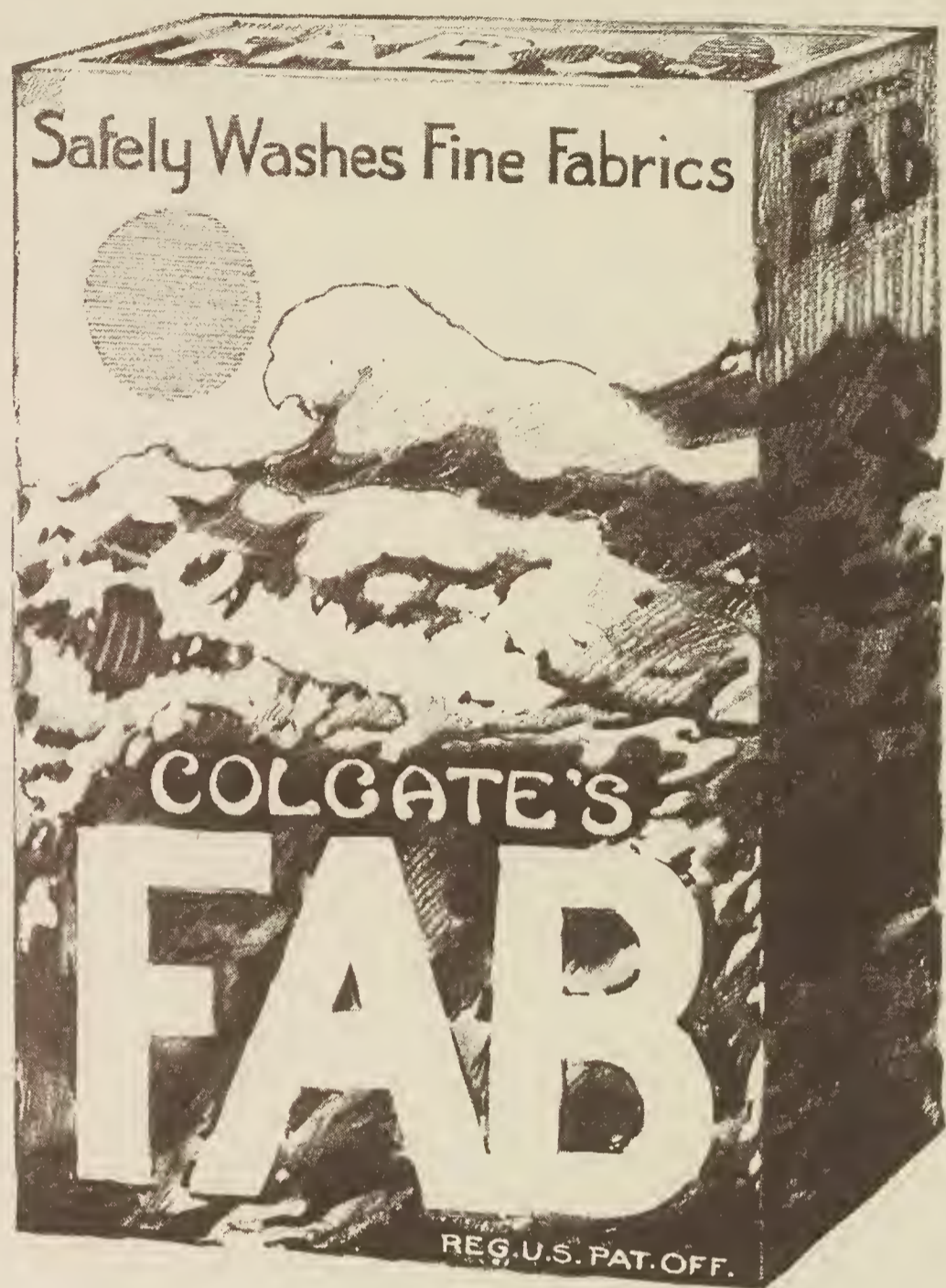
THE maid at the right wears a light girdle of narrow blue and green ribbon caught with long green jade ornaments. To make this girdle, use two yards of each color ribbon, five long jade ornaments and one round ornament. Slip the round ornament up 14 inches on both ribbons, knotting the ribbon to hold it in place. * String 1 long ornament 8 inches from the last and knot the ribbon on each side. Repeat from * 4 times.

Just below is one of the braided girdles which can be made of military braid or of ribbon. Double-faced ribbons are especially effective. To make it, cut 3 pieces of half-inch black military braid, and 1 of lavender. Number them 1, 2, 3 and 4. Knot them together at one end. * Turn 4 under 3 and over 2. Turn 1 over 4 and hold in place with the thumb and forefinger. Turn 3 under 2 and over 1. Turn 4 over 3 and hold in place. Turn 2 under 1 and over 4. Turn 3 over 2 and hold in place. Turn 1 under 4 and over 3. Turn 2 over 1 and hold in place. The strands are now in their original position. Begin again at * and repeat until the braid is long enough to extend around the waistline. Knot all strands together. Tie 1 piece of black braid 18 inches long. Measure down 4 inches. Add 2 pieces of lavender and 3 more pieces of black. Hold in place by winding a piece of black braid and tying it.

MOST of the dresses for Winter mark the beginning of their draperies or simply indicate their waistlines with a belt like the one at the upper left of the page. These belts are made of the same material as the dress and fasten with two embroidered ornaments. To make the ornaments, cut 2 circles of cardboard 2 1/2 inches in diameter. Lay 2 thicknesses of cotton over each cardboard. Then cover with the material used in the belt. Apply the motif from embroidery design 10927 in the center of each ornament. The scroll is worked in orange, while the rest of the design should be worked in double thread, one of lavender and one of blue. Fasten with a large hook and eye, such as are used on furs.

WHAT possibilities there are in the gorgeous brocaded ribbons with their exotic designs and vivid colors mingled with silver and gold threads! The long sash girdle at the left of the page illustrates how easily these can be made. Use a silver brocade ribbon 8 inches in width and 2 yards long. Finish the ends with 8-inch loops of glass beads carrying out the predominating colors in the brocaded ribbon.





COCOANUT OIL FLAKES

From Cocoanuts comes a pure, white oil — bland, smooth, fragrant. This oil is used in FAB. It makes FAB flakes dissolve instantly and lather copiously. It makes this lather soft and gentle on hands and clothes. It makes the flakes snow white in the package and the clothes snow white after washing. And best of all, it means that FAB is safe for washing:

SILK STOCKINGS
 FINE LINGERIE
 SILKS OR CHIFFONS
 KNITTED SWEATERS
 BABY CLOTHES AND WOOLENS



Made by COLGATE & CO., NEW YORK

*For Washing
 Fine Fabrics Safely*



Embroidery ~ an Actual Part of Smart Gowns

Today, embroidery and simple crochet play important parts in the art of good dressing. Women of taste choose this method of decorating their apparel because it adds beauty and richness to otherwise plain frocks; and for many years the Royal Society trademark has been recognized as a symbol of perfection on Art Needlework Materials.

The dress illustrated is shown merely to suggest the style possibilities of embroidery on garments. It is of champagne color Canton crepe, embellished in shades of burnt orange, tan and brown, with



Celesta and Sweater Twist
Two Artificial Silks

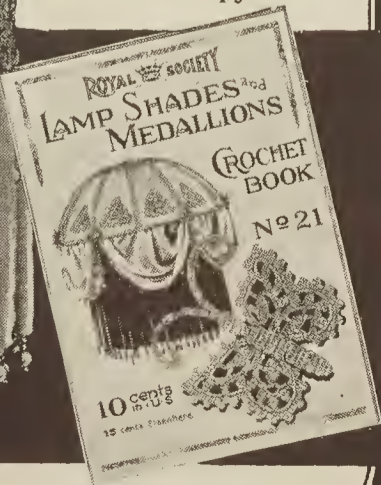
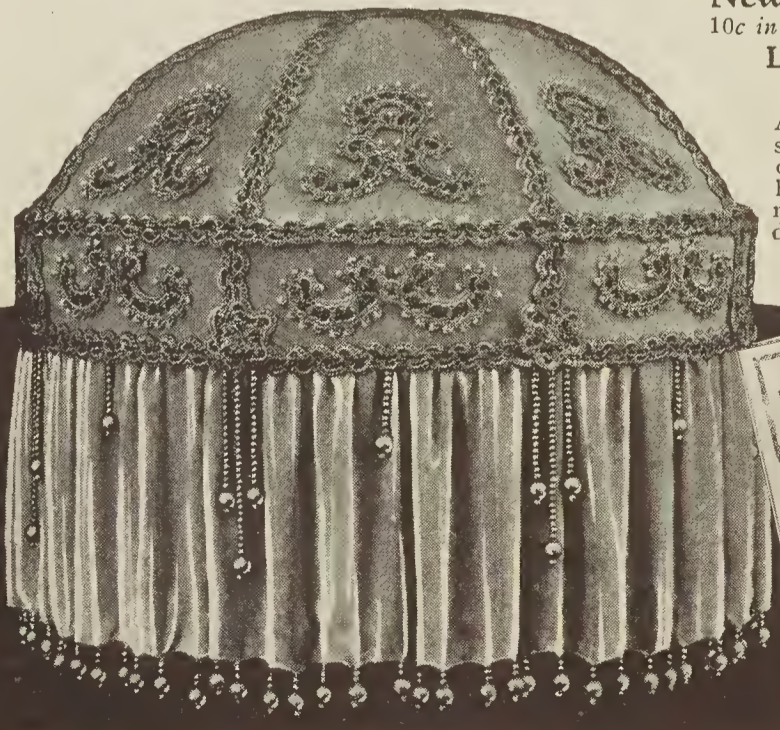
used by women of fashion for embroidering and crocheting. Intensely brilliant threads, dyed with special dyes in all colors. Celesta is put up in skeins for dress and all kinds of art embroidery. Sweater Twist is put up in spools and hanks for crocheting sweaters, scarfs, heavily embroidered garments, insertions for silk bedspreads, lamp shades, etc.

ROYAL SOCIETY PRODUCTS ARE SOLD BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

New Book No. 21
10c in U. S.—15c Elsewhere
Lamp Shades and Medallions

A variety of elegant shades with complete directions. Also handsome crocheted medallions for many different uses.

Send for Copy



H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.

Union Square West

New York City



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 79

him with frequent backsliding to Pat and Joe and Gus, including occasional terpsichorean extravaganzas that would have got her "churched" if any one else had witnessed them.

He was always wondering what the people of Rumley thought of her. He knew, alas, what she thought of the people of Rumley. His heart swelled a little as he glanced over his shoulder and saw her patting the hand of the distracted Baxter. She was his Josephine, and she was a warm-hearted, beautiful creature who was bound to be misunderstood by these— He was conscious of a sudden, unchristianlike hardening of his jaws, and was instantly ashamed of the hot little spasm of resentment that caused it.

The political adversaries were now shouting at each other with all the ridiculous intensity of mid-campaign lunatics, and there was a great deal of finger-shaking and pounding of clenched fists upon open palms. Young Mr. Sage cringed as he turned his face to the window again, and if he had given utterance to his feelings he would have petrified the arguers by roaring:

"Oh, shut up, you jackasses!"

He drew back with an exclamation. The light fell full upon a face close to the window-pane, a face so startling and so vivid that it did not appear to be real. A pair of dark, gleaming eyes met his for a few seconds, then swiftly the face was withdrawn, retreating mysteriously into the shadowy wall beyond the circle of light. He leaned forward and peered intently. Two indistinct figures took shape in the unrelieved darkness at the corner of the porch—two women, he made out, huddled close together, their faces barely discernible through the swirling veil of snow.

He experienced a queer little sensation of alarm, a foreboding of evil. The face—that of a person he had never seen before—was swarthy and as clean-cut as if fashioned with a chisel. It was framed in scarlet—a bright scarlet speckled with vanishing blotches of white.

He turned quickly and spoke to Sikes.

"THERE are two women out on the porch, Joseph. Strangers. Perhaps you'd better see what they want."

"—and if Tilden was elected why in thunder did the majority of the voters of this here United States allow the Republicans to—"

"—and what's more, if Hayes wasn't honestly elected, why did the people turn in and elect a Republican, James A. Garfield, in 1880? That's proof enough for me—"

"—Tilden had nearly half a million more votes than—"

"—and if the niggers had been allowed to vote—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

Now this undignified exclamation was not uttered by either of the arguers; nevertheless it terminated the discussion so abruptly that for a moment or two it seemed that all three had suffered a simultaneous stroke of paralysis. They turned to stare open-mouthed at the wife of the minister, who had risen and was facing them with blazing eyes.

The horrified Mrs. Gooch, who had preserved a tremulous neutrality throughout the windy discussion, believed—and continued to believe to her dying day—that the brazen, overdressed young woman took the name of the Savior in vain when she gave vent to that astonishing command.

Young Mrs. Sage, having thus impulsively reverted to slang, proceeded to amplify its effectiveness. She went on:

"Give us a rest, can't you? Go chase yourselves! Where do you think you are? In a beer saloon? If you want to shoot off your mouths about—"

"My dear Josephine!" cried Mr. Sage, screwing up his face as if in pain.

"Oh, Lord!" she breathed, staring bleakly at her husband.

A close observer might have noted the sudden quivering of her lower lip, instantly

lost, however, in the shamed and penitent smile that wiped away every trace of the irritation aroused by the argument. "There I go again! Backsliding almost to Grand Crossing. In another minute I would have been in Chicago. Good thing you stopped me, Herbert. And I sha'n't mind if you give me a good thrashing when you get me home. It's the only way to break me—"

"Go for 'em, go for 'em, Mrs. Sage," cried Mr. Baxter. "They ain't got any right to whoop and yell like that in this house. They'll wake the baby—if it ain't dead—"

"They'd wake it if it was dead," said Mrs. Grimes, coming in from the kitchen at that moment with a steaming pail.

"Never mind, Josephine," said Mr. Sage gently. "I am sure our good friends will overlook— Oh, by the way, Joseph there are two strange women on the porch. Perhaps you—"

"Go see who it is, Joe," commanded Mrs. Grimes crisply. "You come up-stairs now, Oliver, and put your feet in this pail of mustard and water. Say good night to—"

"But, dog-gone it, I don't want to go upstairs. I don't want to put my feet in—"

"Do you want that boy of yours to be an orphan before he's hardly had his eyes open?"

"Better do what Serepty says, Ollie," advised Mr. Link.

"YOU go and see who's out there on the porch, Joe Sikes," said Mrs. Grimes. "Don't let any strangers in, do you hear? Oh, yes, Mr. Sage, I almost forgot. I fixed up a nice gargle for you—salt and pepper and hot vinegar. It's on the kitchen table. There's a strip of bacon there, too. I'll bring down one of Mr. Baxter's wool socks to tie around— For goodness sake, Joe Sikes, shut that door. Do you want to freeze us all to death?"

"Wonderful manager, ain't she?" confided Mr. Link in an aside to the minister.

"I tell you I'm not going up-stairs, Serepty. I got a right to sit here and receive congratulations, and I'm going to do it. And I'm going to set 'em up to cigars. I'm all right. You go up and see if everything's all right with Mary and Oliver October. I'm going to set right here and—"

"I'll put this mustard bath in the spare room, Oliver," interrupted Mrs. Grimes sternly. "It will be ready for you when you come up—before long."

"Did I spill the beans all over the shop, Herby dear?" murmured the guilty Mrs. Sage, looking up at her husband much as a culprit looks up at his judge.

"I do wish, Josephine, you would be a little more careful," said he, lowering his voice as he bent over her. "Please try to remember your—our position here. It is—"

His mild admonition was interrupted by the abrupt return of Joseph Sikes, who, in his excitement, neglected to close not only the sitting-room door, but the one opening upon the porch. Mrs. Gooch, as if jumping at the opportunity, sneezed violently and transfixed him with an accusing look.

"Say, Ollie," burst out Mr. Sikes, "there's a couple of women out here from that gipsy camp. They claim to be fortune-tellers. What'll I do about 'em?"

"What do they want, Joe?" inquired Baxter.

"Well, one of 'em wants to tell the baby's fortune. Says she heard about him a couple of weeks ago and she's been talking to the stars ever—"

"Good gracious! That proves what a liar she is," cried Mrs. Grimes.

"WAIT a minute," exclaimed Mr. Sikes.

"Hold your horses, Serepty. She says she knowed a couple of weeks ago that he was going to be born to-day. And if that ain't reading the future, I'd like to know what it is. Now here's what she says she can do: She says she can tell exactly what an infant's future life is going to be if she can get at him before his first two sunrises. Guarantees it."

"Well, I'm not going to allow any gipsy woman to go nigh that infant. I never saw a gipsy in my life that looked as if she'd ever seen a cake of soap. Send 'em away, Joe."

"But, Serepty," argued Sikes, "don't you know what might happen if we make 'em mad? They put a curse on you that won't ever come off. Now, I don't think we ought to take a chance—"

"They sha'n't go near that baby, so that settles it."

"Wait a minute," said Sikes, struck by an idea. He hurried to the front door. As he

passed into the hall, Horace Gooch strode over and slammed the sitting-room door after him.

"Say, Serepty," began Mr. Baxter, a pleading note in his voice, "I'd kind of like to know whether my son is going to be President of the United States some day."

"How would you like it if she was to tell you he's going to turn out to be a jail-bird, Oliver Baxter?"

"Oh, but they never tell you anything unpleasant, you know," said Mrs. Sage, nudging Mr. Baxter.

Once more Mr. Sikes burst into the room—and again he left the door open.

"She says it ain't necessary to even see the baby. When they're as young as he is, it's always her rule to tell their fortunes sight unseen. What's more, she says if all she says don't come true, she'll refund the money. Nothing could be fairer than that."

"Nothing," agreed Mr. Baxter, enthusiastically.

"Absolutely fair," put in Mr. Link.

"How can she tell a fortune without seeing the object of it?" demanded Mrs. Gooch.

"She says the only reliable and genuine way to tell a baby's fortune is by reading its father's hand. That's the way it's been done ever since—er—astronomy was invented."

Mr. Baxter arose. "Bring her in, Joe. Now, don't kick, Serepty. My mind's made up."

MR. SIKES, taking no chance on having Baxter's order vetoed by Serepty, rushed from the room. A moment later he returned, followed by two shivering women who stopped just inside the door and apologetically smirked upon the waiting group. One of them, evidently the leader, was a woman of middle age—swarthy, keen-eyed, sardonic of expression. A thick red shawl covered her hair, drawn close under the chin by a brown, claw-like hand. She wore a man's overcoat; the tips of a pair of heavy boots peeped out from beneath the bottom of her dirty yellow petticoat. Her companion, much younger and handsome in a bold, sullen way, also wore a scarlet shawl about her head; she was dressed very much after the pattern of her senior.

The host, with a nervous sort of geniality, beckoned to the strangers. "Better come down to the fire, Queen," he said.

They did not move. The elder woman fixed a curious look upon Mr. Baxter.

"I am the queen of the gypsies, mister, but how come you to know it?" she asked in a hoarse, not unmusical voice.

"Always best to be on the safe side," said Baxter, with his jolliest laugh. "There are so blamed many gipsy queens running around loose these days that—"

The gipsy silenced him with an imperious gesture. "There is but one true queen of the gypsies. I am the true queen of all the Romanies. And you, mister, are the father of a noble, handsome son—a prince."

"Don't tell me there's nothing in fortune-telling," said Mr. Baxter, cackling again. "Come up by the fire, Queen. Warm yourself. And you too, miss."

THE two women, after a glance at each other, slowly advanced to the stove and held out their hands to the warmth.

"Bring in a couple of chairs from the kitchen, Joe," ordered the host. "Set down, everybody. Put on more coal, will you, Horace? How did you know about me, Queen?" He seemed to expand with his own rather vicarious importance.

"The stars brought me the news," she said, and sat down, signaling her companion that it was now permissible for her to do the same. "I am the chosen mouthpiece of the stars. I speak only of the things they tell me."

"Umph!" from Mr. Gooch.

The two women looked at him so piercingly that he turned away.

"The stars, mister, witnessed the birth of your son a hundred thousand years ago—his birth and also his death," said the "queen," satisfied with the squelching of the scoffer. "They also looked down upon your own death-bed, mister, a hundred thousand years ago."

There was an awed silence.

"Look here, Ollie," said Mr. Link, blatantly jocular, "if you've been dead as long as all that you ought to be buried. You stop in at my office in the morning."

This remark properly was ignored by the gipsy queen. She sat hunched forward in the chair, her chin in her hands.

"The stars travel through space at the rate of a million miles a minute," she said

oracularly. "How long, mister, would it take mortal man to travel a million miles?"

The question, addressed abruptly to Mr. Baxter, found him at a loss for an answer. All he could do was to shake his head helplessly.

"I see it is beyond you," she went on. "So fast travel the stars that in one day, such as ours, they have put behind them a hundred thousand of the tiny things we call years. Even as I speak to you now, mister, my words are as ancient history to the stars. So! I lift my hand. The stars are a thousand years older than they were before I lifted it. Do you understand? Is it not clear to you?"

"Not very," confessed Mr. Baxter, humbly.

"SEE! I snap my fingers. While I was doing so, some of the stars shot through a million miles of space, taking thousands of years to do it."

"Mathematically—" began Mr. Sage, but got no further. The gipsy proceeded, impressively:

"They have witnessed all that is to transpire on this earth of ours during the next thousand years or two."

"Will you permit me to inquire, my good woman, what college, what great seat of learning, you attended?" inquired Mr. Sage ironically.

"College?" she inquired, a trifle blankly.

"You speak the language of a cultivated woman. You have colossal figures on the tip of your tongue. You—"

"I speak many languages. The language of the stars is older than any of them," said the gipsy with a rare smile.

"Goodness, what beautiful teeth!" murmured Mrs. Sage admiringly.

"The best I can say for you, madam," said Mr. Sage, returning the smile, "is that, right or wrong, honest or dishonest, you are nobody's fool."

"I can see beyond the end of my nose," rejoined the woman cryptically.

At this point Mr. Baxter's interest in the project got the better of his politeness.

"We're wasting time. Let's get down to business. Do you mean to say, Queen, that you can look at my hand and tell what's ahead of my boy up-stairs?"

"First, you must cross my palm with silver. It is a bitter night, mister. I have come far through the storm to serve you. You are poor, but so am I. I have earned more than one piece of silver, but I will be content with what you may give."

YOUNG Mrs. Sage jumped up from her chair. "I've got an idea! Suppose we all chip in a silver piece toward the fortune of Oliver October. It's his birthday, so let's start him off right. You pass the hat, Mr. Sikes."

There was a jingling of small coins in pockets. The swarthy faces of the gypsies brightened. Horace Gooch glanced at his big watch—a silver one—and said sharply:

"Didn't I tell you to get your things on, Ida? We've got a long, cold drive ahead of us." Then, somewhat defiantly: "Besides, I haven't got anything smaller than a silver dollar. No baby's fortune is worth a dollar."

"I guess the 'queen' can change a dollar for you, Mr. Gooch," said Mrs. Grimes. "Joe, if you have a spare quarter, put it in for me. I'll hand it back to-morrow."

Sikes picked up the parson's stovepipe hat and, fishing some coins out of his pocket, dropped two of them into the hollow depths of the tile.

"That's for me and Serepty. Come on, Silas. Shell out."

Link slipped a coin into the hat. "There's a quarter. Now you can change that dollar for—er—for Ollie's brother-in-law."

Oliver October's parent was embarrassed. "It ain't right for you folks to be squandering all this money on account of little Oliver. You can't afford it. Specially Horace."

"What's that?" snapped Mr. Gooch, reddening. "What do you think I am? A pauper?" With that he tossed a silver dollar into the hat. "That's the kind of a sport I am."

"How much have you got, Joe?" inquired Silas.

"Two-ten. Put your money back in your pocket, Ollie. She ought to tell all our fortunes for two-ten."

Sikes turned the money over to Baxter. "Cross her palm with it, Ollie," said he.

"What guaranty is there that we get our money's worth?" demanded Mr. Gooch.

The "queen" looked hard at the speaker.

Continued on page 86



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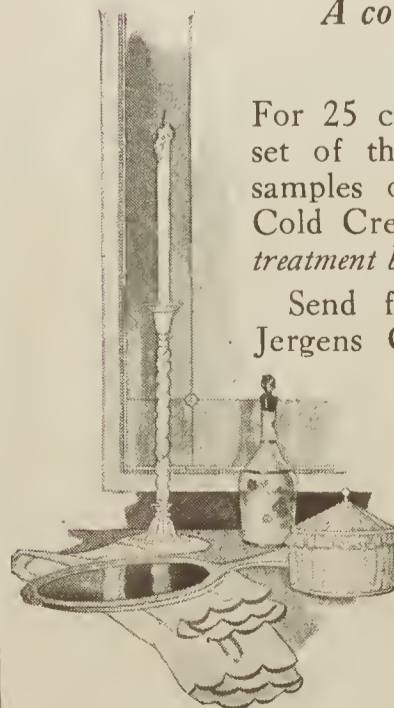
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 85

"We all come into the world by chance," she said. "We exist by chance and we are destroyed by chance. The child's future depends on chance. I can give no guaranty. Who shall say whether I speak truly or falsely until time had given its testimony?"

"A remarkably clever woman," murmured Mr. Sage, as he seated himself.

"I'd hate to hear any bad news about little Oliver October," said Baxter anxiously.

"You must accept the bad with the good, mister. Our fortunes run over a road of many turnings, through many snares and pitfalls. Fate directs us. Each of us has a guiding star. We travel by the light it sheds. Your baby was born under his own star. His fate is known to that star."

"I'll say in advance that I don't believe in fortune-telling, so if you tell me anything bad it won't make any difference. Before you begin, I guess I'll run up-stairs and see if he is still all right."

"You stay away from that baby, Oliver Baxter," exclaimed Mrs. Grimes. "Like as not these gipsies carry all sorts of awful diseas es around with 'em. Sit down, I say. I won't have any strangers busting in and frightening that child."

"Great Scott, Srepty! You don't call me a stranger, do you?"

"He don't know you from Adam," was the stern reply.

"Sh! She's ready to begin," interrupted Baxter.

THE company drew their chairs closer as the coins were dropped into the gipsy's palm. She deliberately drew up her skirt and slipped them into a pocket of her petticoat. Then she seized one of Baxter's hands in her own and fixed him with her brilliant, searching eyes. Silence pervaded the room. Presently, after a few strange passes with her free hand, the fortune-teller lowered her eyes and began to study Baxter's palm.

A particularly violent blast of wind roared and whistled about the corners of the house, rattling the windows in their frames and peppering the panes with a fusillade of sleet.

The gipsy began, in a deep, monotonous, rather awesome tone.

"I see a wonderful child. He is strong and sturdy. In the hand of his father the stars have laid their prophecy. It is very clear. This babe will grow up to be a fine— Ah, wait! Yes, a very remarkable man."

Another long silence, broken sacrilegiously by Mr. Sikes.

"I could have told you that, Ollie, for nothing," he said.

"Sh!"

"I can see this son of yours, mister, as a leader of men. Great honor is in store for him, and great wealth. He is in uniform. Of the military, I believe, although the vision is not yet entirely clear. I do not recognize the uniform."

"Have you ever seen a general?" inquired Mr. Baxter, wistfully.

Mr. Link interposed. "I know what it is. Many's the time that infant's father has marched in a funeral procession wearing a Knights of Pythias uniform. Does the hat appear to have a white plume on it, Queen?"

"There will be wars, mister, bloody wars," went on the gipsy, paying not the slightest attention to the obliging undertaker. "I see men in uniform following your son—many men, mister, and all of them armed."

"Sounds like the police to me," observed Mrs. Sage.

"Do they catch him?" cried Mrs. Grimes breathlessly.

"He puts away the trappings of war," continued the imperturbable seeress. "I see him as a successful man, at the head of great undertakings. He is still young. He has been out of college but a few years."

"That will please his mother," said Baxter, sniffing. "She has always wanted that boy to go to college."

"Sh!" put in Mr. Sikes testily.

"Alas! He will have a great sorrow before

he is ten. I can see death standing beside him. He will lose some one who is very dear to him."

Mr. Baxter laughed shrilly but mirthlessly. "Look close, Queen," he said. "I bet it's me he's going to lose."

"Nay. Some one nearer to him than his father."

"Stop!" said he soberly, trying to withdraw his hand. "I don't want to hear any more. If you mean his—his mother, why, you'll have to stop."

Some coaxing and a little ridicule on the part of the spectators decided Baxter. He laughed and, edging forward on his chair, ordered the gipsy to continue.

"Let me go back a little," she droned. "The vision is clearer. He will come out of college at the top of his class, with great honors. Then, soon after, will come the wars. He will fight in foreign lands."

THAT bears out what I've claimed for years," said Mr. Link. "We've got to lick England again."

"Your son will have many narrow escapes, mister, but he will come home to his mother, safe and sound."

"I thought you said she was going to die before he was ten," said Mr. Gooch.

Covert glances passed between the two gipsies. The fortune-teller bent low over the Baxter palm and studied it more carefully.

"I—I seem to see a strange woman," she muttered. "Perhaps it is his stepmother. It is possible that you will marry again, mister."

"You're off you're base there, Queen," said Mr. Baxter firmly. "It ain't possible."

"A great deal more is being revealed to me by the light of the star, mister," urged the gipsy, now eager to give good measure. "Shall I go on?"

"After what you said about me being likely to get married again, all I got to say is that I don't believe a derved word of anything you've told me. That boy's never going to have a stepmother unless he has a stepfather first. Go on, Queen," commanded Mr. Baxter.

"I see a great white house and a building with a huge dome upon it. Your son will sit in the halls of State, in the councils of his land. Ah, the vision grows dim again. It may mean that he will decline the greatest honor the people of this land could confer upon him."

"Oh, dear," gulped Mrs. Grimes. "You don't mean to say he will refuse to be President?"

"How old is little Oliver by this time, Queen?" inquired Baxter.

"He is nearing thirty. Rich, respected and admired. He will have many affairs of the heart. I see two dark women and—one, two—yes, three, fair women."

"That would seem to show that he's going to be a purty good-looking sort of a feller, wouldn't it?" said Baxter, proudly.

"He will grow up to be the image of his father, mister."

"Now she's telling you the unpleasant things you were dreading, Oliver," said Gooch.

The gipsy leaned back in her chair, spreading her hands in a gesture of finality.

"I see no more," she said. "The light of the star has faded out. So! Are you not pleased?"

"Is that all? Well, all I got to say is that you got a good deal of money for telling me something that I've been dreaming about for I don't know how long."

MR.S. GOOCH sniffed. "She's just like all the rest of those thieving gipsies. They're all frauds and liars. Telling fortunes and stealing children is all they know."

The two gipsies leaned forward, their hands close to the stove, their heads almost touching. There was nothing in their actions or manner to indicate that they heard the foregoing remarks. Nevertheless, they scowled unseen and there was evil in their black eyes.

"Anybody could have told you all she did, Oliver," complained Mrs. Grimes, "but that wouldn't make it true, would it? Two dollars and ten cents for all that rubbish!"

"And they'll be robbing your hen-roost before morning, Baxter," said Mr. Gooch.

"Well," mused Baxter, "the only really unpleasant thing that's going to happen to Oliver October, far as I can make out, is that he's going to look exactly like me. That is purty rough, ain't it, Mrs. Sage?"

The gipsies were preparing to depart. Their shifty eyes wandered over the heads of the company, taking in the meager contents of the room. Mr. Baxter arose.

Continued on page 88



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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 86

"Taking it by and large, Queen," he said, "I guess you took us all in purty neatly. I ain't blaming you. It's your business to pick out the easiest kind of fools and then soak it to 'em."

The "queen" drew herself erect and gave him a look that would have done credit to the most regal personage in the world.

"Would you offer insult to the queen of the gipsies?" she demanded coldly.

"It ain't insulting you, is it, to call ourselves fools?"

For answer, outraged royalty reached into her pocket and drew out the silver.

"I could throw your accursed silver into your face!" As she drew back her arm as if to carry out the threat, her wrist was seized by her companion, who whispered fiercely in her ear. "No, no! I will not do as you say, Magda. I will not be cruel. Let the fool be happy while he may. I have been kind to him. He jeers at me because I have stopped when I might have told him the dreadful thing—"

"Tell him!" cried the other. "Tell him!" "Open the door, Joe!" commanded Baxter. "Get out, both of you."

The "queen" turned on him furiously. "Stay! I am about to tell you all that I saw in the hand of that baby's father."

HEB eyes were hard and cruel, her voice raised in anger. "You scoff at me. For you shall have the truth. All that I have that told you will come true. But I did not tell you of the end that I saw for him. Hark ye! This son of yours will go to the gallows. He will swing from the end of a rope." She was speaking in a high, shrill voice; her hearers sat open-mouthed, as if under a spell. "It is all as plain as the noon-day sun. He will never reach the age of thirty. All good fortune will desert him in the last year of his life. The very first vision I had when I took your hand was the sight of a young man swinging in the air with a rope around his neck. A solemn group of men look on. They watch him swing to and fro. He jerks and writhes and then at last is still. That is all. That is the end. I have spoken the truth. You forced me to do so. I go. Come, Magda!"

They were nearing the door before the silence caused by this staggering revelation was shattered by Mr. Sikes, who was the first to recover from the momentary paralysis that had gripped the entire company. The burly feed-store proprietor, superstitious but far from sentimental, sprang forward and intercepted the two women.

"Hold on, there! I don't believe a word of it, and neither does Mr. Baxter, no matter if he does look white about the gills. You're sore, and you're saying all this for spite."

The "queen" lifted her chin haughtily. "You will see," she proclaimed. "Wait till the end of his twenty-ninth year before you say it is spite."

"Say," broke in Mr. Link shrewdly, "he's got to commit murder before they can hang him, ain't he?"

"I have not said that he would be a murderer," was the reply, but not until after she had taken the time deliberately to button her coat and readjust her headgear.

"Did you not say you saw him swinging to and fro at the end of a rope?" demanded Silas, accusingly.

"Yes—I—I— That is what I said," she stammered, and sent a malevolent, challenging look at the smiling churchman.

"The woman is a fraud," said the latter, shrugging his shoulders. "Cheer up, Brother Baxter. No such fate awaits your son."

"Well, what I was about to say," went on Mr. Link, "is this: All we got to do is to bring that boy up not to commit murder. We simply got to educate him so's he won't ever think of doing anything like that. Teach him to hold his temper. Soon as he's old enough to understand, we'll begin talking to him about the—er—wages of sin, and so forth."

BUT Mr. Baxter was not so much dismayed as he was dejected. He stared bleakly before him. "The trouble is," said he, shaking his head mournfully, "there's a lot of it I want to believe. And if I believe any of it, I've got to believe all of it. So what's the sense of little Oliver being one of the grandest men in the United States if he's got to be hung before the United States finds it out? Here! Where are you going, Serepty? Don't leave me."

"I am going out to get a kettle of boiling water and then I'm going to make that woman wish she'd stayed out where it's cold. The idea of that poor little innocent baby being a bloodthirsty murderer! If you're here when I get back, I'll scald you—"

The gipsy made haste to intercept the bristling Serepty.

"He will not be guilty of the crime for which he is to suffer," was her sententious conclusion. "Have I not said he would grow up to be a noble and righteous man? He will never do evil. He will be unjustly accused of slaying a fellow man. He will die on the gallows an innocent victim of the law. That is all. I have spoken. You may believe me or not, as you like. Hold! You need not bother, mister. Magda will open the door."

It was a speechless, unsmiling group that watched the vagabond women pass from the room. No one spoke until the front door closed with a bang. The crunching of snow on the porch followed, and then, for a brief space, the loud ticking of the clock on the shelf.

A wild, prolonged shriek of the wind, yowling up from the black stretches of Death Swamp, caused more than one person in the room to shudder.

Suddenly Baxter startled them all by slapping his leg resoundingly. His face was beaming.

"By ginger, I've thought of a way to upset that doggoned prophecy! I'll wait till little Oliver is purty well grown up and then I'll up and move to a State where they don't have capital punishment. Gosh! I wish I'd thought of that before she got away. It would have taken a lot of wind out of her sails, wouldn't it?"

Continued in the November DELINEATOR



THE HAPPY CHILD

Continued from page 9

Of course there are many babies who do better than this, especially during the early months, but one should be entirely satisfied if this rate of gain is maintained. One can not too strongly urge the importance of the weekly weight record. Nothing else shows so well whether a baby is making normal progress. If a baby falls much below this average, medical advice should be sought.

Nearly always it is either the food or the method of feeding that is at fault.

Other evidences of successful nursing besides gain in weight are to be found in the child's behavior: he is contented, comfortable and happy, sleeps well, and has good regular bowel movements. The best bowel movements are of an orange-yellow color, of a butterlike consistency, with a slightly sour but not unpleasant odor. Such typical movements are seen in but a small proportion of nursing babies. More often the stools are of a pale yellow or slightly greenish color and much looser; there may be from one to four a day. It is the character, not the number, that is important.

When the milk supply is scanty, nursing should be supplemented by other food. Often there is quite enough at the morning nursing, but not enough for the later feedings. One might omit one afternoon nursing entirely and give one or possibly two feedings from the bottle; but a better plan usually is to nurse at the regular hour and give a bottle

Concluded on page 89

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THE HAPPY CHILD

Concluded from page 88

each time after it, except possibly the first one in the morning. The less-frequent nursings tend still further to reduce the supply of milk.

What food should be given will be taken up later in discussing artificial feeding. But there is no objection to combining bottle and breast feedings.

Under such circumstances everything possible should be done by the mother to increase her milk supply, by such means as rest, undisturbed sleep, a careful diet and tonics when necessary. Persistence and a will to succeed are important aids. Every help possible should be given to the mother and encouragement that she will be able to continue nursing; all these things go far toward the result.

Under normal conditions if the milk seems abundant and gain in weight is regular, no other food is needed for the nursing baby until he is eight or nine months old. There is often an advantage in an occasional feeding from the bottle, or one bottle each day to accustom the child to take his food in this way in case of the mother's illness or any circumstances which may make her temporary absence necessary. This practise makes weaning easier, and it also makes it possible for many mothers to continue nursing for two or three months longer than they could otherwise do.

The giving of water to infants who are nursed at three-hour intervals is not necessary; but when the interval is increased to four hours it should be done regularly, especially in the warm weather. One or two ounces of pure, cool water should be given three or four times daily between the feedings.

Weaning should always be gradual when possible. A child thus becomes accustomed to other food. If this is necessary at six or seven months, it is well to teach a child to take the bottle; if not until nine or ten months, it is better at once to feed from the cup or spoon, for if the bottle were given it would soon have to be given up.

A BABY at nine months may have one feeding a day of four or five ounces of thick cereal gruel, which may be made from rice or barley or oat flour, Imperial Granum, farina or Cream of Wheat. The last two should be cooked for an hour and a half and strained; the others for twenty or thirty minutes. To any of these, two or three ounces of cow's milk and one-half teaspoonful of sugar may be added. After a few weeks the amount may be gradually increased and at ten or eleven months two feedings a day may be given. The only other thing needed is fruit-juice, preferably orange-juice. Of this, beginning with two or three teaspoonfuls the quantity may be gradually increased to three tablespoonfuls once daily, preferably between the other feedings.

While for serious illness of the mother weaning is always necessary, there are many occasions of minor illness in which this is not the case. Short illnesses such as attacks of tonsillitis, bronchitis, acute indigestion, etc., usually make an interruption of nursing necessary and the baby should be fed in most cases entirely from the bottle for a few days.

But when the mother has recovered she may nurse again; sometimes after as long an interruption as two or three weeks her milk will come back, if the baby is put to the breast at the regular intervals. At first he may get but little and will of course need to be fed after each nursing; but if the course is persisted in, the milk will in very many cases be back in two or three weeks to its previous amount and she may go on and nurse successfully for some months longer. Persistence under such circumstances is very important.

The return of the mother's monthly sickness is also no reason for weaning. During her periods her milk will usually be less in amount and additional food may be needed for two or three days. Pregnancy in every instance makes it necessary to wean at once.



The 'Wishing Fairy' heard a woman say—

"If only somebody would make a fabric that hangs like silk, and clings slimly like silk, and that washes and irons like cotton!"

And the 'Wishing Fairy' touched the imagination of a clever weaver, and lo—

Lingette
Everybody thinks it's silk

The wonder fabric of scores and scores of uses—from petticoats and lingerie to children's dresses, from coat linings to comforter covers; made in exquisite tints, vivid hues, and practical new printed and "brocaded" patterns.

It costs little to have plenty of beautiful garments, made of this fine, lustrous Lingette. Its lovely sheen is permanent; its long-time wear assured by the superior strength of yarns used in its weaving.

To make certain you are buying Lingette's lasting loveliness, Lingette's enduring service, it is necessary to ask always for "Lingette" by name; to make sure that the name "Lingette" is stamped on the selvage; or that there is a "Lingette" label in every garment offered you as "Lingette."

The pattern department of your favorite store will be glad to suggest patterns adapted to Lingette.

Write for free booklet, and mention, please, the store in which you'd prefer to purchase Lingette.

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The Powder Base Perfection

Fashion decrees that woman may wear
A touch of powder to make her fair,
To soften her color and add to the charms
Of her face, her neck, her hands and arms.

But powder to give real beauty and grace
Must be smoothly applied on a proper base;
To prevent detection the base supreme
Is our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream.

Hinds Cre-mis Face Powder next you choose
Delicate, fragrant and charming to use,
And you have the requisites, perfect quite
For a lovely effect by day or night.

True aids to beauty, each user finds
The products that bear the name of Hinds.

So many patrons of our Hinds Honey and Almond Cream are now using it as a base for face powder, and with such gratifying results that we are urging you to give it a trial. 'Twill cost you only a few cents for a trial bottle and the process is extremely simple.

Just moisten the skin with the cream and allow it to nearly dry, then dust on the powder. It will adhere wonderfully and remain in perfect condition longer than with any other base we know of. The cream and powder will prevent the skin from becoming rough or chapped.

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All druggists and department stores sell Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. We will mail you a small sample for 2 cents or trial bottle for 6 cents. A Try-out Box of 5 samples, assorted, 10 cents. Booklet Free.

A. S. HINDS CO.
Dept. 39, Portland, Maine



CHILDREN OF THE DAY

Continued from page 50

failing you're doing are there because, mentally, through ignorance or fear, you have stopped that lovely, flowing energy that is you—checked it, clipped it, bound it.

We begin about thirty-five to walk on our hips, to settle down into ourselves and grow shorter as we grow older; our joints no longer are articulate, our bodies are old. And worse still, our impulses and reactions are, too. All the gay romance of life is over.

AND now comes the astounding fact that it is over only because we have lost our rhythm.

We were born with rhythm, and some of us may have kept it a number of years. Life was a singing thing to us, full of friends and success and love.

But most of us seem to have mislaid it somewhere about the second day or so and we spend all the rest of our days fighting for things that belong to us by inheritance.

The difference between physical culture and rhythmic or between ballet or social dancing and rhythmic is just the difference between marionettes and people. Rhythmic have a soul, an inner life that is the center and creator of every movement.

Teachers of rhythmic are not after art forms, nor pretty little flourishes of arms and legs and head. They're after a new race—a race to whom beauty means something, to whom freedom isn't just an idealistic word, and life a strange, mysterious effort. To them it is a philosophy of living, a curative, releasing panacea for the mess into which the human race has got itself.

You may think of it as dancing. Perhaps it is. Dancing, like the world, has gone through some dark days. But in the beginning, before language was, dancing was prayer, petition and praise. It was the expression of all the phases of living life made articulate.

And the rhythmic of to-day go to the roots of living. We have long known that sound is made up of waves. So are you. And when you try to live against them instead of with them, you have just as intelligent and effective a time as you have when you try to swim against a strong current.

One of the most prominent exponents of rhythmic has been especially interested in young women between twenty and thirty who have gone into offices in their teens and have never had a chance at education, who have always worked hard and lived little.

"BY THE time I've had those girls a year, one night a week," she said, "I can take them into any picture gallery and they will choose the pictures that artists would pick out. They may never have been in a picture gallery before, but they know sincerity in beauty when they see it, they know beauty; they have never seen an exhibition of sculpture, but they will pick out the statues or bas-reliefs a sculptor would select; we go to a symphony concert and their selections there will be the ones a musician will delight in."

And to watch a class of these girls is to believe in miracles. Entirely gone is the repressed nervous-looking stenographer or clerk. Clad in her wisp of chiffon, she is as much at ease before her audience of whispering curious men and women as a nymph dancing to a gathering of trees. And not even the most flesh-minded person there can keep his flesh thoughts through that hour of primordial, free loveliness of rhythm. It is music, drama, poetry, beauty.

But the real thrill in it is to talk with them when they enter the class, and then do it again a few months later. You find another creature altogether. She has not only come alive spiritually and physically, but almost invariably she is in a better position, has work more to her liking. She has grown, and fits into a bigger place.



Don't let him count the gray hairs

No One Need Have Gray Hair

No man admires gray hair, and no woman need have it, at any age. The gray streaks and silver threads can be restored, surely and safely.

Send for the free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and test as directed on a single lock. In from 4 to 8 days the gray will disappear and the natural color return.

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There is nothing to wash or rub off—Mary T. Goldman's is a clear, colorless liquid which leaves the hair soft and fluffy. It won't discolor or look dyed in the sun.

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Fill in carefully and if possible enclose lock in your letter. By return mail we will send trial bottle.

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Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is

jet black..... black or dark brown..... medium brown..... light brown, drab or auburn.....

Name

Address

Please print your name and address



Never neglect cuts!

Be safe rather than sorry. Infection lurks where least expected. When tools and implements slip and cut the flesh, apply an antiseptic.

Absorbine, Jr. is cleansing and healing. The prompt application of a few drops often prevents serious consequences.

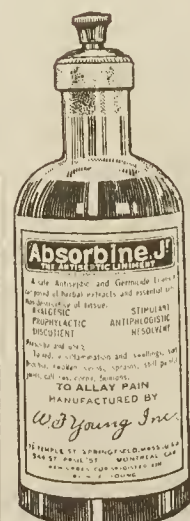
For burns and bruises, it draws out the pain and is instantly soothing and cooling. It reduces swellings and inflammation.

Absorbine, Jr. is the powerfully concentrated liniment for strains, sprains and overworked muscles. It is safe, being composed of herbs and essential oils, and is of a clean, pleasant odor without the usual liniment stain.

Know more about this remarkable guardian of the skin, and its uses.

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Absorbine, Jr.

THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT



Warning!

IN the days which followed the War of '61, five orange pips sent in a letter were the signal of warning of the Ku Klux Klan.

Millions of Americans every morning disregard a warning that is just as clear and in some respects as dreadful.

For Nature gives warning of tooth trouble to come and a "pink tooth-brush" is generally her signal.

Take care of your gums. Keep them firm and healthy. Use Ipana Tooth Paste—for Ipana, because of its healing Ziratol content, keeps the gums firm and healthy.

Thousands of dentists prescribe it for their patients, for they know by experience that Ipana heals bleeding gums, strengthens soft and spongy gums and cleans teeth as well.

And its flavor is smooth, snappy and delightful.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Your druggist has it in generous tubes at 50 cents. A sample, enough for a week, may be had for ten cents from Bristol-Myers Co., 41 Rector Street, New York City.



CHILDREN OF THE DAY

Concluded from page 90

Business men who want to be free of nerves enter classes in rhythmic.

Women who have discovered that they are going through life without ever really registering are finding out in rhythmic how to get themselves "over."

Children as young as three are doing marvels in rhythmic. They're the new race being formed before our eyes.

Actors and actresses whose bodies won't obey them go into rhythmic and find freedom from self-consciousness, from body consciousness.

All the "wallflowers" in the world should go into rhythmic, then there wouldn't be any bewildered-looking wallflowers.

Casting off. Old limitations, old fears, old beliefs. Why not the old race? Has it been a good one? Has it been the best we could do? With bodies we're ashamed of, so vulgarized and desecrated have they become? With minds that believe only what our funny, pathetic bodies can cognize?

Buy a balloon. And learn to leap and fly. "Children of the day!" What has limited us?

THE HOME AS AN INVESTMENT

Concluded from page 17

and increase of farm tenantry on one hand, an increase of landlordism on the other hand, and general disturbance to the prosperity and contentment of rural life.

There is no incentive to thrift like the ownership of property. The man who owns his own home has a happy sense of security. He will invest his hard-earned savings to improve the house he owns. He will develop it and defend it. No man ever worked for or fought for a boarding-house.

But the appalling anomaly of a nation as prosperous as ours thwarted largely in its common yearning for better homes is now giving way to the gratifying revival of home construction. Accordingly, the time is ripe for this revival to afford an opportunity to our people to look to more homes and better ones, to better, more economical and more uniform building codes, and to universal establishment and application of zoning rules that make for the development of better towns and cities. We have the productive capacity wasted annually in the United States sufficient to raise in large measure the housing conditions of our entire people to the level that only fifty per cent. of them now enjoy. We have wastes in the building industry itself which, if constructively applied, would go a long way toward supplying better homes, so that what is needed imperatively is organized intelligence and direction, for the problem is essentially one of ways and means.

And, finally, while we are about Better Homes for America and are lending such indirect support to the movement as the Government, States, counties, communities, and patriotic individuals and organizations can rightfully give, let us have in mind not houses merely, but homes! There is a large distinction. It may have been a type-setter who confounded the two words. For, curiously, with all our American ingenuity and resourcefulness, we have overlooked the laundry and the kitchen, and thrown the bulk of our efforts in directions other than those designed to make better homes by adding to the facilities of our very habitations. If, in other words, the family is the unit of modern civilization, the home, its shelter and gathering-point, should, it would seem, warrant in its design and furnishing quite as large a share of attention as the power plant or the factory.



Watch the ugly ragged cuticle instantly disappear

NOWADAYS it is no longer considered safe to cut the cuticle. For you cannot trim the dead cuticle around your nail rims without snipping through in places to the living skin which protects the delicate nail root.

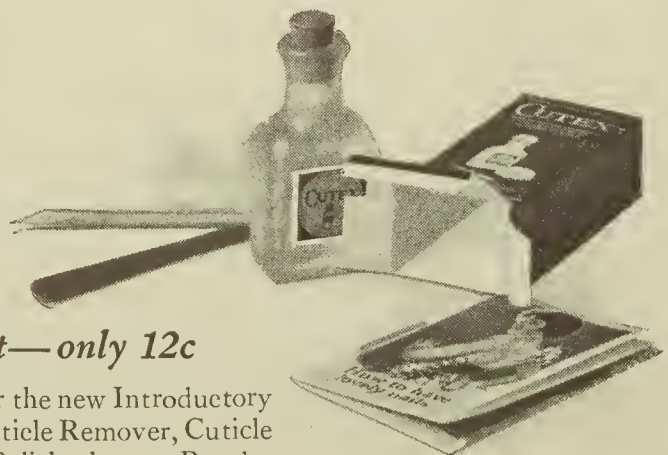
In their effort to heal, these tiny cut parts grow more quickly than the rest. They become rough, dry, and ragged. Soon you have a thick, uneven edge at the base of your nails. Your whole hand will look ugly and unattractive.

There is a safe, pleasant, dainty way to care for the cuticle. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail. Rinse the fingers in clear water, and at once the ragged, ugly cuticle will simply disappear, leaving a smooth, even nail rim. Then work it under the nail tips, to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

Finally the polish

No manicure is really complete without the jewel-like shine which is obtained from any of the Cutex polishes. These come in cake, paste, stick, powder and liquid forms. The powder and liquid polishes have been recently perfected and are better than any heretofore appearing on the market. A light coat of Liquid Polish, used as a finishing touch, will make your manicure last just twice as long.

Cutex Sets come in four sizes: at 60c, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$3.00. Or each article in the sets separately at 35c. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada.



Introductory Set—only 12c

Send 12c in coin or stamps today for the new Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cuticle Cream (Comfort), the new Liquid Polish, the new Powder Polish, orange stick and emery board. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York, or if you live in Canada, Dept. D-10, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

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Would you receive her into your family ?

NITA, the bare-back rider, wanted a real home more than anything in the world. But when her great chance came she realized that she would have to conceal her past life. The prejudice in a small town against actresses in general is the theme of this story, "Sawdust," written by Courtney Ryley Cooper; it starts in the November DELINEATOR. *Nita's* struggle in a town where they think "the circus is composed of nothing but thieves and fallen women" should be read by every woman.

Are Women to Blame for the Divorce Evil?

Judge Alexander Brough, of the Probation Court, New York City, discusses this important subject in the November DELINEATOR. Out of his years of experience with the troubles of embittered husbands and wives, he discloses the chief causes of domestic shipwreck and urges a sensible remedy.

For the Comfort of the Home

Your furnace: The November DELINEATOR tells you how to clean the chimney with salt fumes, how to cover pipes—in fact everything you need to know in order to get the most out of your heating plant.

Your table: New ways for using cranberries—in tarts, cakes, sherbet, pudding, muffins, salad, sandwiches. How to make squash soup and squash timbales. How to use a pumpkin for preserves, sauces, puddings.



Every Housekeeper Should Get The November

DELINEATOR

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THE COMING OF PETER PIPER

Continued from page 13

came a day when he didn't even go to class! That was the day when Janet's father said suddenly: "Lord! Edie, I can't get the Hungerfords out of my mind. If anything happens to that baby—"

And mother answered: "Don't say it! It would be too cruel!" and she began picking some perfectly good leaves off a geranium.

It was then that Janet slipped away and sat down on the back steps. She felt queer inside. Something was going to happen to Mr. Piper's baby. Daddy had said that same thing when the college president's little boy had gone to Heaven. Heaven was a nice place, of course, but so was Hamlin; and Peter Piper was such a little boy to go away "all by hisself."

JANET'S eyes strayed to where a clump of anemones brightened a corner of the garden. She arose suddenly. She would take them to Mr. Piper's baby. Perhaps if he saw what lovely flowers grew at Hamlin, he would decide to stay. She could hand them to Sally at the back door; but when she reached the Hungerford kitchen it was to find Sally, "the colored lady" who had taken care of Mr. Piper for years and years, just staring at the soiled dinner dishes. She didn't even smile when Janet laid the flowers in her lap, explaining: "I thought the baby'd like 'em, Sally."

"Oh, Lordy!" Two tears rolled down Sally's cheeks.

"He—he's not gone to Heaven yet, has he?" asked the little girl.

"No, chile, but he's so little, an' his pa an' ma love him so terrible—I done prayed an' prayed, but he jus' gets sicker—"

Janet turned and ran—not because Sally was going to cry, but because at Sally's words she remembered something dreadful: She had asked God to 'range things so Peter Piper wouldn't be a trouble. Was *this* the way God was doing it?

Although Janet was born in the Far West, there was a strain of New England in her forebears, and her conscience gave her no rest. "Something terrible inside" kept her from confiding her sin to mother; and the same something told her that she must confess it to Mr. Piper. Sometimes she would forget it, only to have it rush back painfully. If this happened at meal-times, she pushed her food away, and at last her parents began to worry. Once in the night Janet heard them talking.

"SHE'S fretting about that baby," mother was saying. "She loves Mr. Piper so dearly. He's been good as a father to her always."

"A darn sight better father than I've been," said daddy, "but she'll be sick if this keeps up. It's not natural—"

Janet didn't hear any more, but presently she saw daddy standing by her bed.

"Not asleep, honey?"

"No," said Janet.

"What's the trouble?"

"Nothing."

A pause—then daddy said gently: "Can't you tell father, little girl?"

Daddy's voice brought a lump into Janet's throat, but she shook her head.

"Want me to cuddle you a little while?"

Janet's heart lightened. It was so nice to cuddle with daddy. Ten minutes later she was asleep.

Next morning Miss Canavan came over to say that she thought they'd found the right food. Janet, listening tensely, hardly believed her ears. If only Peter Piper should get well it wouldn't be so hard to tell his father that she was responsible for those dreadful weeks.

And Peter Piper did get well. There came a day when Miss Canavan was gone,

Concluded on page 93



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Look in your mirror and write Elizabeth Arden a frank description of what you see there. She will send you personal advice together with her booklet, "The Quest of the Beautiful."

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THE COMING OF PETER PIPER

Concluded from page 92

and Mr. and Mrs. Piper were left alone with the little son who had so nearly taken that lonely journey "all by hisself." It was Summer. College had closed, and Mr. Piper had time galore in which to oil bicycles and mend toys. It was because Janet saw him fixing Tommy's tires that she came over to look at Peter Piper, who was in his mother's arms.

"It's almost bedtime so I can spoil him a little," said Mrs. Piper. "See! he's smiling!"

He was; and although, being a normal little girl, Janet hadn't thought of her dreadful secret for several days, it came back at sight of the baby's friendly smile.

"Well, Janet," said Mr. Piper, as Tommy rode away to the back door, where he intended asking Sally for a doughnut, "you are a stranger! And I don't think Peter Piper's the only child in the neighborhood who's lost flesh."

HE WAS regarding her intently, and Janet knew that the moment she dreaded had arrived. Somehow it didn't make things easier to have Mr. Piper take her on his knee.

"Mr. Piper," she hesitated, "it—it was *me* made Peter Piper sick."

"You!" There was surprise in Mr. Piper's voice; but with all the bravery of her Pilgrim ancestors, Janet continued:

"Yes, me. Minnie, and—and every one, they said you wouldn't bother with us now you'd got a baby of your own. Mother wouldn't let me come over—or—or anything. So—so I asked God to 'range things so Peter Piper wouldn't make such a trouble. But I didn't know he'd 'range 'em *that way*, an'—an' Peter Piper was too little to go to Heaven all alone, so—"

Janet stopped, because the lump in her throat had got too big. Besides, Mr. Piper was holding her very tight, as tight as daddy had the night he cuddled her. And he said to Mrs. Piper: "Oh, my dear, what needless suffering we stupid grown-ups cause by heedless speeches; and if half of us had the courage that exists here—"

Mr. Piper stopped suddenly, just as if he had a lump in his throat too; and then he said the most surprising thing: "It wasn't *you* who made the baby sick, dear little girl."

"It *wasn't*?" "No," said Mr. Piper. He paused, as if he were thinking carefully what to say. "He was sick, Janet, because we didn't know just what he'd like to eat, which made a lot of trouble. And then you asked God to arrange things so he wouldn't make any trouble at all; so God helped us find the right food, and Peter Piper got well right off."

JANET drew a deep breath. How simple it all sounded now that Mr. Piper had explained it!

"Well," she said, leaning back limply against his shoulder, "I'm a lot relieved."

"So am I," said Mr. Piper, laughing unsteadily, "and I think," he added, turning to Mrs. Piper, "that somebody's parents will be, too."

"Poor darling!" said Mrs. Piper gently. She seemed to be looking at the mountains, but in a moment she arose, baby and all, and stooped down to kiss the top of Janet's head.

"Tommy," she said, as the small boy appeared around the corner, "will you stop at Janet's house and tell them she's going to stay to supper here? I need her to help put Peter Piper to bed."

Janet sat up—her face alight—her eyes shining. She smiled. Mrs. Piper smiled too, and so did Mr. Piper. The world, which had never seemed quite right since the coming of little Peter Piper, was suddenly a beautiful place in which to live.



*The
charm of
youth*

PROPER care of the skin during the period between childhood and womanhood cannot be stressed too strongly. That is the time when the naturally lovely complexion of youth is marred or retained for years to come.

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CREAM-PUFFS

Continued from page 11

before he dared: "Does that mean—that any one in my position—may also be forgiven a lot?"

He felt her quick turn and survey of him. "I didn't know—Don didn't tell me! You mean that you really have joined the fellowship?"

"Don! Who is Don? What fellowship?" he demanded, in anxiety suddenly acute, as the taxi gave a sickening swerve and came to a full stop in front of a Commonwealth Avenue house that loomed before him.

For answer she put up her veil and looked at him with wide brown eyes that grew wider beneath his returning stare. "Why, Neal Everts!" she faltered. As his mouth fell open, hers followed suit, and they gazed at each other aghast. "Aren't you Neal Everts?" she cried.

She was pretty, anyway. Subconsciously that gave balm to Tom's soul. "What do you mean?" he searched his way feebly. "Of course I'm not Neal Everts. I'm the unattached young man you gave the overshoe to!"

"I gave an overshoe!" she choked, and then began to laugh. "There are a few little things we want to straighten out, Mr. White-rose. In the meantime, the taxi-meter is going on its way rejoicing! Let's get out!"

Economical! Tom noted mechanically, as they leaped from the taxi and he paid off the driver. Economical! She was divinely ideal in every way, even if things were getting mixed up.

Half-way up the walk she paused. "We might just as well begin to straighten this out now," she said. "I'll tell my story, and you can tell yours. Aunt Mary is a bit joy-dispelling, and so, if you don't mind, we'll do it out here."

SHE sat down on the stone steps and he sat opposite her. The night was darkly, Bostonianly quiet along the avenue; her face glittered beauty through it.

"All right," he said numbly. "You go first. I—I've been through so much tonight I can't talk any more."

If Betty and Flip could only see him now: sitting on the doorstep of a Commonwealth Avenue mansion, bandying words with the prettiest of the front-family young ladies—

"Why do all boys between the ages of eighteen and twenty-three look exactly alike?" she was demanding. "I met Neal Everts once, with a crowd of Don's fraternity brothers. I couldn't remember him, so Don said he'd wear a white rose in his buttonhole! Therefore, I walked up to you with simple, childlike trust! Are you some one Neal sent?"

"For goodness' sake," he said weakly, "will you please tell me if you are the girl who gave me the overshoe—and who Don is?"

"Overshoe! There you go again! I don't know anything about any old overshoe! And as for Don—if you don't know who he is, that puts an 'immoral' aspect on everything and—heavens!—means that you weren't even sent by Neal!"

She had risen and was regarding him in mirth strongly tinged with alarm. He had risen too, and was staring at her in dreadful fear.

"What do you mean, 'immoral'?" he demanded.

The words thundered through the silent Boston street. She tossed her head.

"I mean Don's my fiancé. We're going to be married in a week, and I was coming into town for a few days of shopping to stay with Aunt Mary, and he couldn't meet me and Aunt Mary only sends her maid and he didn't think that was safe enough, so he sent Neal! And look what I got!"

She began to laugh somewhat hysterically. The front door opened above them and a majestic person in terrifying livery came slowly out. "Miss Elsie, your aunt thought she heard voices—"

"Here I go!" She gave him a hasty bow.

"Good-by, Mr. White-rose. Th-thank you for m-meeting me!"

The door banged, and still Tom could say nothing. Engaged! And not the Lady of the Window! Romance and Adventure had slunk out of sight around the corner.

That egg who had gone to get a drink was the old bean Neal Everts! What had he said— "Meeting this train was crowding him—" Tom began to see light. The unprincipled, drunken ruffian had had other dates to dangle—maybe on that same train—and meeting an engaged girl hadn't seemed too hot to him!

"Aghr!" said Tom, and made his way back to *Pomme de Terre*, via the nearest subway.

There was really nothing else to do. The evening had gone flat, flat as a run-over marshmallow. To the pretty little engaged girl he gave but a passing sigh. An engaged girl was engaged, that was all there was to it. She might just as well be dead!

But the Lady of the Window! "I shall never give her up," said Tom firmly, to the agitation of a shabby boy who had taken the seat next him.

"You better," said the boy, "before it gets a habit on you."

THE *Pomme de Terre* was waiting patiently just where he had left it. The sight of a familiar countenance almost provoked him to an embrace; but instead he cranked it lovingly, and on the way home gave it crumbs of information.

"Romance and Adventure! I've met the girl, if I did lose her the next minute!"

"Of course I ought to go looking for her to-night, but I'm really too hungry and sleepy."

"But I'm going to find her, even if I have to break into every house in Boston!"

Nobody had waited up for Tom, which was galling. It either showed lack of interest or inferred that it was a customary thing for Tom to disappear whole evenings and give no account of himself. This last thought was a delightful one to toy with; it opened up new possibilities. Tom went out to the kitchen and ate methodically through the refrigerator before turning to lighter things in the pantry. When he had made a clean sweep of the business, he went up-stairs to his room and gazed searchingly into the mirror for signs of having lived through much that evening.

But all he looked was well fed. Beside his alarm-clock he reverently placed the overshoe, so that upon waking it would greet his eyes first and take away the sting, the tragedy of seven A.M. As his head hit the pillow, his soul spoke, softly, tenderly: "Good night, my Lady of the Window."

IT WAS half-past five, and Tom had had a hard day on top of that thick evening. He did not respond to his sister's greeting, but threw his coat in one direction, his hat in the other, and flung himself into his father's Morris chair with the paper.

"You'd better be glad Flip and I weren't at breakfast this morning to hear you give mother your old excuses about last night," Betty pursued. "Met up with some friends! If I couldn't think of any better excuses than that, I'd read any old novel of marriage, and begin to get some stuff!"

"If I ever saw you two at breakfast, I'd have to be carried out feet first from the shock," Tom flung back wearily, and turned a page.

"As a matter of fact, we didn't miss your old éclairs," said Flip. "We hung the evening together all over again. Betty got a bid to a dance in town, and Bob and I went to the movies."

"Last-minute bids are always worth taking," said Betty dreamily; "the spur of the moment's what counts."

Tom re-turned a page. This was another thing. He was always treated to a minute narration of everything those goops did. What a mind for details girls had, anyway!

A sentence from Betty, over in the corner, startled him into attention. Was the girl repeating his thoughts?

"What a mind for detail we have nowadays!" That was just one of the things he said, Flip. Oh, you never have heard such a good line!"

"I hope you remembered your training and passed back as good as was sent," said Flip sternly.

"Naturally. You know me! I used our good old one about the only girl who will

Concluded on page 95

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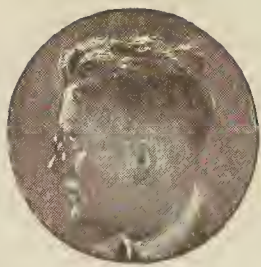
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CREAM-PUFFS

Concluded from page 94

admit she's unattached is generally not, and all that line."

Tom put down his paper. His blood had frozen in his veins. His heart was at a standstill. And his soul—that soaring soul—his soul had gone away and left him for good.

Yet he could not make himself believe—believe that the world was a hideous joke, believe that the dreams of his life were in smoking ruins about him and the *Transcript*. He listened, hearing sharpened by anguish.

"Neal Evarts is such fun!" Betty was saying. "It's awfully good technique to keep a few of those town birds going. But this other man was much the best yet."

Neal Evarts—the Young Man Who Had Had a Drink! Tom writhed in helpless rage. His sister associating with such a roué! And he powerless to say a word!

"GIVING him an overshoe, instead of a handkerchief or something, was a stroke of genius, Betty," said Flip thoughtfully. "Awfully good line, only how do you think he'll ever get to see you again?"

"Oh, he will, Flip," Betty said dreamily. "I just felt that, somehow. It's Fate."

Still dreamily her eyes met his terrified ones; still dreamily her hand went to her side and found there something that she hurled at him—hurled more swiftly than words or thought. It hit his temple a glancing blow, then dropped to the floor with a soggy sigh.

It was a cream-puff—stickily, sickeningly, unavailingly sweet.



THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 15

those prizes and those honors there! But Tidborough's closed to Harry, Harry says. Look, there goes Benji. It's 1919. He's sixteen. It's Speech Day at Milchester. He's in the Sixth. He's won all those prizes. She's holding two and Harry's holding three, and there he goes to take the Heriot Gold Medal. All the great hall is simply cheering Benji. The Head is saying that he's the youngest boy that ever won the Heriot. Look, there's the bishop handing it, and shaking Benji by the hand, and patting Benji on the back, and saying something to him. You can't possibly hear what it is, every one is cheering so. Look, here he comes with the medal, in his spectacles, the darling. She can scarcely see, her eyes are brimming so. Harry's quite shameless. Harry's got tears standing on his cheeks and he's set down the prizes and is stretching both his hands out to the boy. Feel, that's his hand—her Benji's hand—snuggled a moment in hers and then he turns to his father and is eagerly whispering to him, his spectacles rubbing his father's head, the darling! He's more demonstrative to his father than he is to her. She feels it rather sometimes. He's awfully sweet to her, but, you can't help noticing it, it's more his gracious manner than the outpouring she'd give anything to have. It's funny how he always seems the tiniest atom strange with her as if he didn't know her very well or hadn't known her very long. It sometimes pains a little. He's different with his father. He loves being

Continued on page 96



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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 95

with his father. And doesn't Harry love having the boy with him! Of course Huggo is Harry's eldest, and whatever Huggo's disappointments, these men—at least these perfect Harry type men—have for their eldest boy within their hearts a place no other child can quite exactly fill. There's some special yearning that the eldest seems to call. There's some incorporation of the father's self; there's some communion that he seems to find that makes "My eldest son" a thing apart. But with that reservation, and that's ingrained in men, it's Benji that's the world to Harry. He's going to Oxford. He's going to have the Bar career that Huggo wouldn't take. But Harry thinks there's some especial wonders to come to Benji. He says the boy's a dreamer. He says the boy's a thinker. "Benji's got something rare about him, Rosalie," he says. "That boy's got a mark on him that genius has. You wait and see, old lady. It's Benji's going to make the old name shine." Strike on!

IT IS odd, and significant, that there is scarcely a picture that shows together those three children, or even two of them. Doda is sometimes glimpsed, no more, with Benji, always putting off or chilling off her brother for her friends; sometimes she's seen with Huggo, meeting him and he her, more like an acquaintance of their sets than like fruit of the same parents; familiar, apparently, with one another's lives; referring to places of amusement by both frequented, as had been done, in instance, on that night of Huggo's announcement of his marriage when with a note that rang sinister he had bantered Doda and she had turned and ran up-stairs. But no more than that. The children seem to have no mutual love. They're different.

It's 1921. Huggo was scarcely ever seen now. He had married in haste and had in haste repented. He also had played a trick, involving a sum of money, on his father. His wife, as it appeared, had been met at some dancing-club and the courtship had continued anywhere but at her home. Of her home Huggo knew only what she told him; and what she told him was only what she could invent. She was then, at their first meeting, in the uniform of a war-service corps to which she belonged. She said her father was a clergyman.

"A clergyman's daughter!" cried Huggo bitterly, acquainting Rosalie only three months after his marriage with his marriage's failure. "A clergyman's daughter! Wasn't I a fool to be caught out by that! Oh, wasn't I a fool! If you want to know what she really was, she was a tea-shop waitress in the city somewhere. If you want to know what her reverend father in the country was, is—he doesn't live in the country, he lives in Holloway; and he doesn't live in a rectory in Holloway, he lives in a baker's shop. That's what he is, he's a baker! That's what I've done for myself, married a waitress! Yes, and then you, you and father, when she comes whining here and complains I'll-treat her and keep her without money, you two take her part and send her back to me and get me here to tell me about my duty to my pretty young wife! Well, now you know, and you can tell father what my pretty young wife is—how she deceived me. Deceived me! Now you know!"

ROSALIE said, "Huggo, you deceived her." Huggo had been leaving and now very violently went.

"That's your tone, is it? I might have known! To see me ruin my life and then reproach me! Ruin my life! It's not I that's ruined my life. It's you. There, now, I've told you! What sort of a chance have I ever had? What sort of a home have I ever had? Have I ever had a mother? When I was a kid, did I ever have a mother like other kids have? I can see things now.

Continued on page 97



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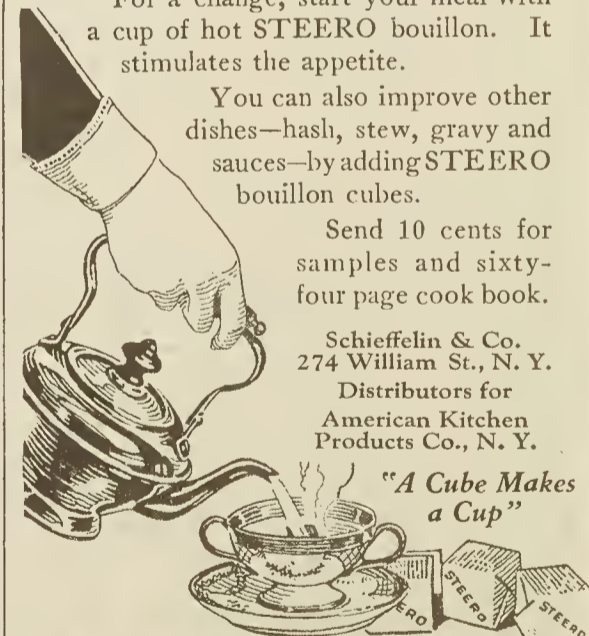
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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 96

A mother! I can't ever remember a time when I wasn't in the charge of some servant or governess or other. You said this afternoon before father that I didn't love you. Did you ever teach me to love you? By God, I can't remember it. By God, I can't."

Strike on! Also that trick, touching a sum of money, upon his father. When he first made known his marriage, and it was obvious he must have his way and be set up to start in life, he had also, as he had said, the chance of a lucrative business. It was the kind of thing he liked. It was a motor-car business. There was a little syndicate that was putting a new car on the market. They'd got works, just outside London somewhere. They'd got showrooms in the West End. And they'd got an absolutely first-class article. That chap Telfer was one of the directors; a first-class chap called Turner was another. They'd let him in for eight thousand pounds and he'd be absolutely set up for life and be pulling in an immense fortune in no time. "You will, won't you, father?"

OF COURSE Harry forgave the boy, his eldest son. The marriage was done, what was the use of being unkind or stupid about it? Of course Rosalie welcomed the wife, Lucy, the prettiest creature, a tiny shade common, perhaps, but a sweet little soul with always about her a pathetic air of being afraid of something (of when it should come out precisely what she was, as the event proved). Of course Harry paid over the eight thousand pounds. Huggo took, "to start with," as he said, a tiny furnished flat in Bayswater. Rosalie installed him and his bride therein and left him, on their first night there, ever so gay, so confident, so happy. Her Huggo!

In two months it all came out. Harry, who could master a case quicker than any man at the Bar, and could see to the soul and beyond it of a hostile witness a minute after getting on his feet to cross-examine, was fooled blind by the syndicate that was going to put the absolutely first-class article on the market. Whether it was that there never had been a business, and that Harry's inspection of works, visits to showrooms and examination of books was all part of an elaborate swindle carried out with the aid of some one who possessed these accessories, or whether it was that the whole thing was bought up cheap merely to sell it at a profit, was never clearly known to Harry and to Rosalie. Harry was too grieved to pursue the shock. "I'll take not a step further in the matter, Rosalie," Harry said. "I can't bear to find the boy out deeper. It's done. There's no sense in being stupid or unkind about it."

WHAT happened was that the car enterprise never was an enterprise at all except an enterprise to get eight thousand pounds into the possession of the syndicate. Nothing ever was properly announced by Huggo. It just "came out." It "came out" that the syndicate was not established in the West End showrooms, but in three rather dingy offices in the City. It "came out" that the syndicate was not running a motor-car business, but a business cryptically described as "agents." Huggo said disaster had overtaken the car enterprise and that the syndicate, rescuing what remained of the smash, had pluckily set up another line. It was a knockout, of course, but he thought he could scrape along.

"But what I can't make out, old man," said Harry when Huggo had stumbled through an entirely non-explanatory explanation, "what I can't make out, old man, is why you should trade under another name. Why 'So and So, and So and So, and So and So, Agents'—I can't even remember the names? Why not 'Telfer, Occlve and Turner'?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, father—I want

Continued on page 98



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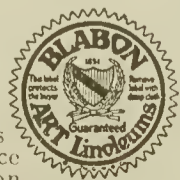
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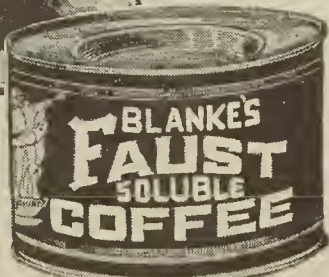
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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 97

you to know everything without any concealment—"

"I know you do, old man. I know you do."
"Well, as a matter of fact, that's just a bit of useful swank. The names we're trading under are swagger names and we think it sounds better."

"Occeleve sounds pretty good to me. Huggo. We've been a good long way on Occeleve, the Occelevs."

"Well, that's what they think, father, and of course, as I've told you, they know infinitely more about business than I do. They'll explain the whole thing to you any time you like. It's all absolutely above-board, father."

"My dearest old boy, don't talk like that. Of course it is. We're only so grieved, your mother and I, that you should have had such a setback so early. But remember, old man, the great thing is not to let your wife suffer. No pinching or screwing for her, Huggo. Always your wife first, Huggo. We'll give you at the rate of three hundred pounds a year just until all's going swimmingly, and that's to keep Lucy merry and bright, see?"

IT WAS shortly after that it all came out that the thing was a ramp, the motor-car business never in existence; shortly after that it came out Huggo was neglecting his wife; shortly after that, the high words to Rosalie, telling her how his wife had deceived him; shortly after that the syndicate, amazingly prosperous, moved into offices better situated and handsomely appointed; shortly after that it came out that the business of the syndicate was in some way connected with company promotion.

Harry, seen among these developments, was not the man he used to be. He was at the crest of his career at the Bar, working enormously and earning richly, but the old bright, cheery way had gone from Harry. There was permanently upon his face, and there was intensified, the beaten look that Rosalie first had seen on that night when there had been the Huggo drinking business and when for the first and only time he had spoken passionately to Rosalie. When he now was at home, he used to sit for long periods doing nothing, just thinking. When sometimes, home earlier than he, Rosalie saw him coming up the street toward the gamboge door, she noticed, terribly, the bowed shoulders, the weary gait, the set, care-worn face. She used to run down then to the famous gamboge door and open it and greet him, and his face used to light up in the old way, but it was not the same face, and the effect of its radiation therefore not the same. It was not that the face was older. It was that its aspect was changed.

HE USED to look up from that chair where he sat when Doda, butterflyed for the evening, butterflyed across the room, and used to say, "Out again, Doda?" He then would relapse back into his thoughts. He had a habit of getting up suddenly and rather strangely wandering about to all the principal rooms of the house, just standing at the door of them and looking in (they were all empty of inhabitants), and then coming back and sitting again in the chair, just thinking.

It used to pain the heart of Rosalie. But he used to be enormously brightened up when Benji came home. Benji was just at Oxford then, eighteen. He was a different man when Benji was at home. He used to say, "Rosalie, that boy's going to make a name for himself in the world. My heart's wrapped round that boy, Rosalie. Ah, me! I wish he'd been our eldest, Rosalie."

That was because he couldn't tear away the wrappings of his heart from about his eldest. Men can't.

It used to pain the heart of Rosalie. Of course, with everything now known, Huggo was forgiven. Huggo was prosperous now, almost aggressively prosperous. He kept a car. The syndicate, whatever it

Continued on page 99

IT IS HARD to change our habits of cooking. It is much easier to do as we have always done, as our mothers did, and maybe as our grandmothers did. We feel safer with the old recipes and the familiar ingredients we have always used. It takes an adventurous spirit to try a new thing or a new way of doing things. But we must have this adventurous spirit if we are going to discover better things and better ways of doing things.

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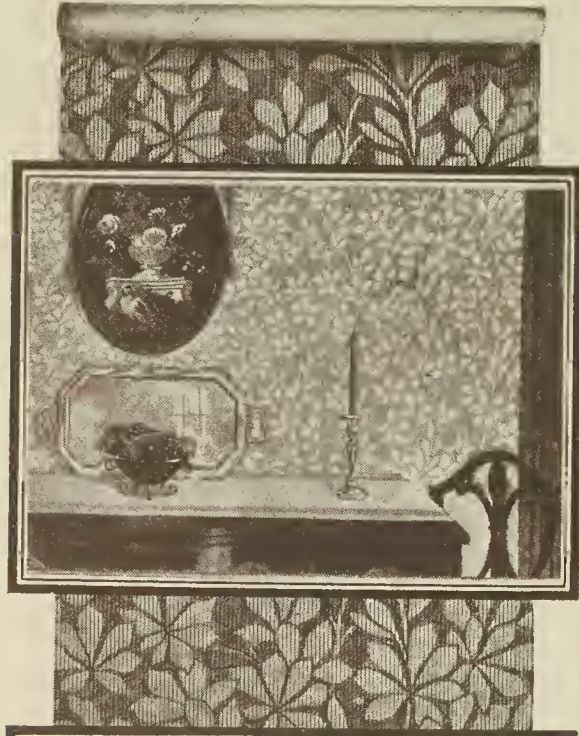
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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 98

actually did, was obviously doing enormously well. But Huggo scarcely ever came to the house. He had virtually left Lucy. Lucy lived on in the originally taken furnished flat in Bayswater. Huggo had rooms somewhere else, no one quite knew where. Rosalie used to get Lucy to the house sometimes, but Lucy was never at her ease on those visits, and Doda, who sympathized with Huggo entirely, very much disliked her and would not meet her. Lucy was in bad health and she was going to have a baby. Her health and her condition made her look much more common than she used to look. Then the baby was born, a little girl. Poor, grateful Lucy called it Rosalie. She told Rosalie that Huggo said he didn't care what the baby was called. He was very angry about the baby. "He was worse than usual when he was here last week," said Lucy. "I think he's got something on his mind. I think he's worrying about something. Oh, he was sharp!"

Lucy was very ill with the birth of her baby. She didn't seem able to pick up again from her confinement. Then, suddenly she developed pneumonia. The nurse, paid by Rosalie, was still in attendance. Rosalie sent in another nurse, and on that same night, going straight to the sick-bed from Field's, and then coming home very late, told Harry, who was waiting up for her, that the worst was feared for Lucy. She then said: "Harry, if anything happens, I think we'll have that baby here. It will practically be a case of adopting the child."

Harry agreed. "I'd get in a nurse for her, the new little Rosalie," she sighed.

"Yes, yes," said Harry.

SHE said after a little, "Harry, the nursery's in use again!" He sat there, as he was always sitting, thinking.

She went over to him. "Dear, won't you like the nursery to be in use again?"

He said slowly, "I will, very much, Rosalie. It's lonely, these empty rooms. I will very much—in some ways."

Rosalie knew what Harry meant. She touched his hand. "Dear, I think it can be made different."

Harry knew what Rosalie meant. He pressed the hand that touched his own. "That's all right, Rosalie. That's all right, dearest."

Rosalie was down early next morning. She desired an early breakfast and to go on to see Lucy before Field's. It might be necessary to stay the day with Lucy. There was also Huggo. What was Huggo doing? Overnight Rosalie had seen Doda come in late from an evening with a very intimate friend of hers always known, through some private joke of Doda's, as "the foreign friend." "The foreign friend," not in the least foreign but English, was a young married woman living apart from her husband. Doda had brought her to the house once. She was very pretty and a cheery soul. She would have been called fast when Rosalie was a girl. In 1921 she would almost, in the manner she presented to Rosalie, have been called slow. Doda and she were greatly attached to each other.

Doda, overnight, going straight up-stairs to bed, had said, "Have you seen Huggo to-day? He's in a scrap of some sort."

"Oh, Doda, what kind of a scrap?"

"He didn't tell me. I ran into him quite by chance coming away from a theater with 'the foreign friend.' We both thought he was rather badly rattled."

"Was he going to Lucy? Did he know Lucy was very ill?"

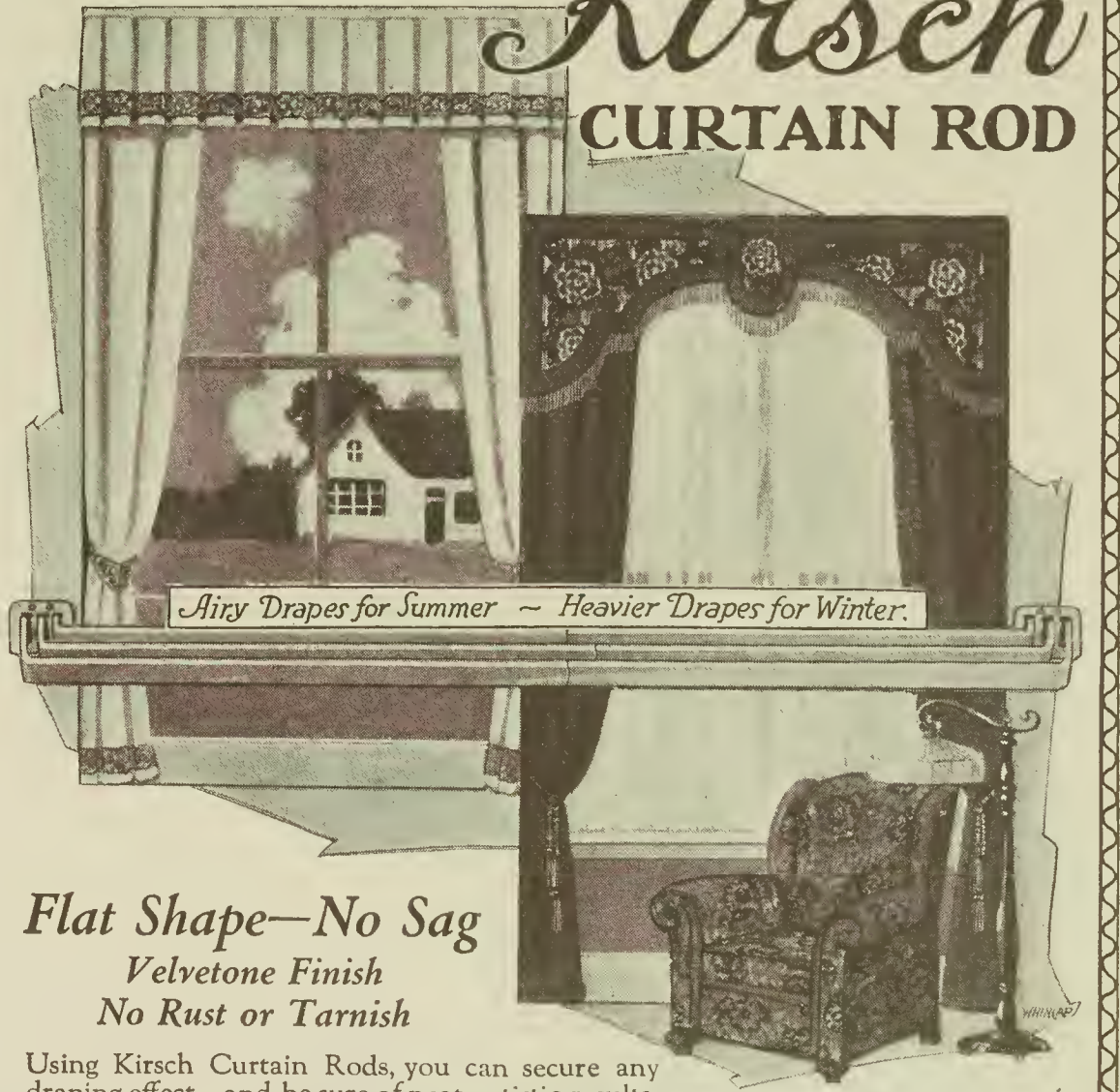
Doda said, "I don't know. He didn't tell me. Is she?" and indifferently passed up-stairs.

Rosalie at her early breakfast was thinking what news the day would give of Lucy and of Huggo. She was suddenly, by Huggo in

Continued on page 100

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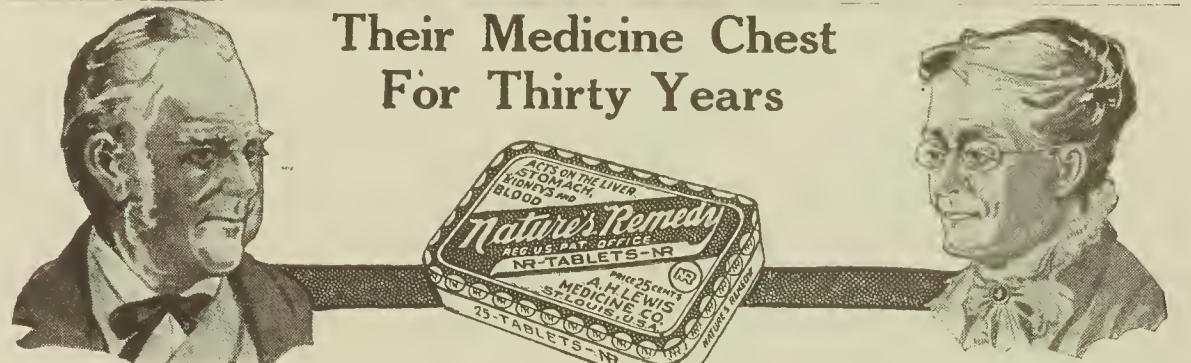
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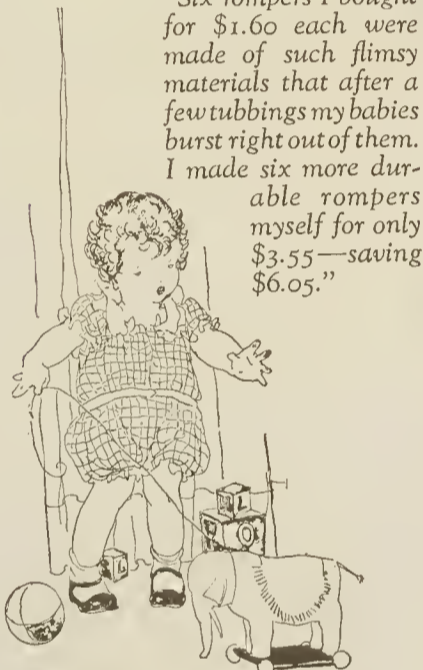
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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 99

person, brought intelligence of both. She heard the door-bell ring and Huggo broke into the room. He had kept his hat on. He looked white, drawn and very agitated. He shut the door behind him. "Lucy's dead."

Tears sprang into the eyes of Rosalie. "Oh, my poor Huggo!"

He made a gesture. "Oh, that's no good! Look here, mother, will you look after things over there for me? That's all I've come in to say. Will you see to everything and will you take the kid? I can't stop."

He made to go. "Huggo, of course I will. But you'll be there? Are you going there now?"

"I'm not. I'm going away."

"Going away?" His hand was on the door. "Yes, going away. Look here—there's another thing. If any one comes here for me, will you say you haven't seen me? It's important. It's—"

"Huggo, what is the matter?" "You'll jolly soon know. You may as well know now—then you'll realize. If you want to know—the police are after me." He was gone.

IN THE book of Job it all happened, to Job, in the apparent compass of one piece of time not broken by diurnal intervals, not mitigated by recuperative cessations between blow and blow. It seemed to Rosalie that it was like that it happened also to her. It seemed to her wrath on wrath, visitation upon visitation, judgment upon judgment.

It seemed to her that she was no sooner come down out of the Old Bailey—her hand fouching at things for support, her vision vertiginous, causing the solid ground to be in motion, her ears resonant, crying through her brain the words she saw in Huggo's look as they removed him; it seemed to her she was no sooner out from there than she was at the telephone and summoned by "the foreign friend" and was there with Doda; it seemed to her she was no sooner out from that than she was with that burly messenger, going with him, returning from him. There were days and nights walled up in weeks and months between those things, but that is how they seemed to Rosalie.

The syndicate was laid by the heels, one here, one there, Huggo in France, very shortly after the morning that had put him in flight. The syndicate went through the police court where was unfolded a story sensational with surprising sums of money, captivating with ingenuity of fraud covered up by fraud to help new fraud again. The syndicate stood in the dock at the Old Bailey. Those two of the syndicate described by the prosecution and by the judge as the principals were sentenced to three years penal servitude. "You," said the judge, addressing with a new note in his voice the third prisoner, "you, Occlve, stand in a different—"

Rosalie began to pray. Harry would not attend the trial. He had done all that could be done, and of his position there was very much that he was able to do. He would not go to the Old Bailey. He would not read the papers. He used to sit about the house. "My son a felon—My boy a felon—My son—My eldest son—"

Rosalie was given a seat in the floor of the court on the first days of the hearing. On the day when the verdict was to be given and sentence passed she could not bear that. An usher, much pitying her, obtained her a place in the gallery. She looked down immediately upon her Huggo. Her hands, upon the ledge before her, were all the time clasped. Her eyes alternately were on her hands and on her Huggo. Her heart moved between her Huggo and her God. "You, Occlve, stand in a different position—"

She began to pray. All of her being, all

Continued on page 101



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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 100

of her soul, all of her life, with a spiritual and a physical intensity transcending all that her body and her mind had ever known, was in apotheosis of supplication. "Oh, God the Father! Oh, God the Father! Oh, God the Father!"

Her Huggo! Those words that only in snatches she heard were being addressed to her Huggo.

"—Your counsel has most eloquently pleaded for you. You bear an honored name. You bear a name held in these precincts in honor, in esteem, in love, in admiration. You have had a good home, a great and noble father, a distinguished and devoted mother—"

THAT suppliant crouched lower in her supplication.

"—You have been the dupe, you have been the tool, you have been in large part, as your counsel has pleaded, and as I believe, the unsuspecting agent—nevertheless, the least sentence I can pass on you—"

"Oh, God the Father, the Father!"

"—is six months' imprisonment." That boy, whose head had been hung and eyes downcast, lifted his head and raised his eyes and gave one look into the eyes of that suppliant for him that sat above him. Her Huggo!

They took him away!

Doda didn't stop going out. She seemed to go out more. The pain within that house, brought there by Huggo, seemed to make that house more than before unbearable to Doda. She often spent the night or the week-end away, staying with "the foreign friend," she generally said. She would have nothing whatever to do with the baby now installed in the house. She never would go near it. Once she passed it in the hall in its perambulator. She stopped and stooped over the face of lovely innocence that lay there and gazed upon it with an extraordinary intensity. She drew back with a sharp catch at her breath and turned and ran very quickly up-stairs. After that when she chanced to pass the child she turned aside and would not look upon the child. She began not to look well, Rosalie thought. There often was upon her lovely face a pinched and drawn expression, disfiguring it. On the rare occasions when she was in to dinner she sat strangely moody. She ate hardly at all. She sometimes would get up suddenly before a meal was ended and go away, generally to her own room. Very many times Rosalie would seek anxiously to question her, but apart from the independence which commonly she maintained toward Rosalie, Doda seemed very much to resent solicitude upon her health. "What should be the matter? I look perfectly well don't I?"

"Doda, you don't. I've noticed it a long time."

"Well, I am perfectly well. If I wasn't, I'd say so."

Strike on!

ROSALIE was called up on the telephone by "the foreign friend." It was the evening, about ten o'clock. Doda was away for the week at Brighton with "the foreign friend." Harry was out with Benji. Benji was nineteen then and was home on vacation from Oxford. Harry never could bear Benji out of his sight when Benji was home. In the affliction that had come upon them he seemed to cling to Benji. Rosalie had persuaded him that evening to go with Benji to a concert. It would do him so much good to have an evening away and to hear a little music and Benji would love it. Harry allowed himself to be persuaded and went off arm in arm with Benji.

Rosalie was waiting for them when the telephone-bell rang.

It then happened like this.

The voice of "the foreign friend" was very alarmingly urgent. "Would she come and see Doda at once, at once, at once?"

Continued on page 102

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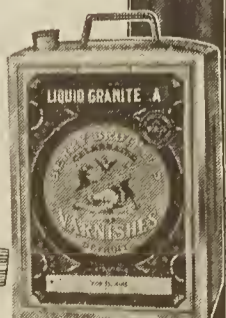
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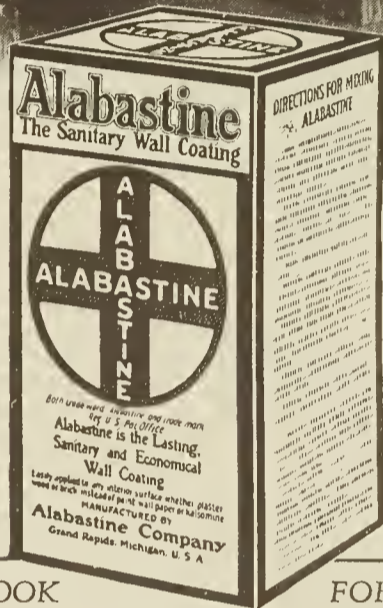
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3799	.30	3850	.50	3901	.50	3952	.50	4003	.50
3800	.50	3851	.30	3902	.50	3953	.50	4004	.50
3801	.35	3852	.50	3903	.30	3954	.50	4005	.50
3802	.50	3853	.30	3904	.50	3955	.50	4006	.40
3803	.35	3854	.35	3905	.50	3956	.50	4007	.50
3804	.50	3855	.35	3906	.35	3957	.35	4008	.50
3805	.35	3856	.50	3907	.35	3958	.30	4009	.50
3806	.50	3857	.35	3908	.50	3959	.35	4010	.50
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3808	.50	3859	.35	3910	.30	3961	.30	4012	.50
3809	.35	3860	.30	3911	.35	3962	.35		
3810	.40	3861	.50	3912	.35	3963	.50		
3811	.50	3862	.20	3913	.50	3964	.50		
3812	.35	3863	.35	3914	.35	3965	.35		
3813	.50	3864	.50	3915	.50	3966	.50		
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3815	.30	3866	.30	3917	.50	3968	.35		
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3819	.35	3870	.30	3921	.35	3972	.30		
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3822	.35	3873	.50	3924	.35	3975	.50		
3823	.30	3874	.35	3925	.50	3976	.35		
3824	.30	3875	.50	3926	.35	3977	.50		
3825	.30	3876	.35	3927	.50	3978	.30		
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3827	.35	3878	.30	3929	.50	3980	.30		
3828	.30	3879	.50	3930	.35	3981	.35		
3829	.35	3880	.35	3931	.50	3982	.30		
3830	.35	3881	.50	3932	.50	3983	.50		
3831	.35	3882	.35	3933	.30	3984	.35		
3832	.30	3883	.50	3934	.35	3985	.50		
3833	.30	3884	.35	3935	.50	3986	.35		
3834	.35	3885	.35	3936	.35	3987	.50		
3835	.30	3886	.35	3937	.50	3988	.35		
3836	.50	3887	.30	3938	.35	3989	.35		
3837	.35	3888	.40	3939	.50	3990	.50		
3838	.30	3889	.30	3940	.30	3991	.35		
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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 101

The voice struck a chill to the heart of Rosalie. "But where are you? Are you speaking from Brighton?"

"No, no. At my flat. At my flat."

"But what is it? Why don't you tell me what it is?"

"It's an— It's an—" the voice stammered and hesitated.

"Oh, speak, speak!"

She could hear the voice gulping.

"Oh, please do speak."

"Doda isn't very well. Doda's very ill. It's an— It's an accident."

"I'll come. I'll come."

"Is Mr. Oclevé there?"

"He isn't. He's out!"

"Can you get him?"

"No. Yes. I don't know. I can't think. Oh, tell me! Tell me!"

"Will you leave a message for him to come at once?"

"At once. At once."

She wrote a message for Harry and she picked up a wrap and she ran out hatless to find a cab.

THIS all happened as quickly as bewilderingly. It was not like a dream and it was not like a nightmare. It was like a kind of trance to Rosalie.

"The foreign friend" was not seen at the flat. She was in some other room and did not appear. She said afterward, and proved, that she had been away the previous night, leaving Doda at the flat, and had returned to find her—as she was found; and had immediately called the nearest doctor and then Doda's mother.

It was the doctor that opened the door to Rosalie. He was a Scotchman; a big and rugged man, all lines and whiskers and with a rugged accent.

He said, "You're the mother, aren't ye? Where's her father?"

"He's coming. Where is my child?"

The doctor jerked his head toward the wall. "She's yon."

He pushed a chair toward her, but she shook her head. "Please tell me."

"Ye'll want your courage." He again indicated the chair. She again shook her head. "It'll try ye. She's dying."

The lips of Rosalie made the words. "Tell me!" There was no sound in her.

The doctor said, "I can not tell ye. It is for your husband to hear."

The heart of Rosalie stood still. She put both hands upon her heart and she said to the doctor, "Tell me. I am strong."

THE doctor looked upon Rosalie intently and he said, "Ye'll need be strong. Ye look sensible. Ye'll need be sensible." He said, "There's been before me here another. There's been a creature here before me. There's been blackguard work here. There's been— That poor child there—" He told her.

She moaned: "Oh, God, be merciful!"

That child, as that night went, was in delirium. She seemed to lie upon a bed. She lay, in fact, upon the altar of her Gods, of self, of what is vain, of liberty undisciplined, of restless itch for pleasure, and of the Gods of Rosalie, a piteous sacrifice to them. You that have tears to shed prepare to shed them now. Or if you have no tears, but for emotion only sneers, do stop and put the thing away. It is intolerable to think to have beside that bed, beside that child, beside that Rosalie, your sneers. It's not for you and you do but exacerbate the frightful pain there's been in feeling it with them.

Rosalie was all night with that child. Harry was there upon the other side upon his knees and never raised his head. Benji was there that loved his sister so. Across the unblinded window strove a moon that fought with mass on mass of fierce, submerging clouds as it might be a soul that rose through infinite calamity to God. That child was in much torment. That child was in delirium

Continued on page 103



For Nervous Headaches

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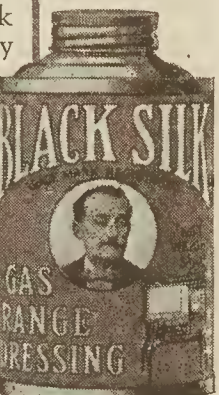


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THIS FREEDOM

Continued from page 102

and often cried aloud. That child burned with a fever incredible, to think that human flesh such flame could hold and not incinerate. That child in her delirium moaned often names and sometimes cried them out. Nicknames that in the sexless jargon of her day and of her kind might have been names of women and might be names of men: Darkie, Topsy, Skipper, Kitten, Bluey, Tip, Bill, Kid—names, sometimes, more familiar. Once Huggo; once father; once, loud and very piteously, "Benji, Benji, Benji, Benji!"

She never once said mother. She calmed and a long space was mute. The moon, its duress passed, stood high, serene, alone. The doctor breathed, "She's passing." That child raised her lids and her eyes looked out upon her watchers.

Rosalie cried, "Oh, Doda!" That child sighed, "Oh, mother!" There was no note of love. There was of tenderness no note. There only was in that child's sigh a deathly weariness. "Oh, mother!" That child passed out.

They came home in the very early morning. Rosalie was in her working-room. She had some things to do. She wrote to Mr. Field a letter of her resignation. She only wrote two lines. They ended, "This is *Final*. I have done."

She sealed that letter and she moved about the room destroying all evidences, all treasures, all landmarks, all that in any way referred to or touched upon her working life. There were cherished letters, there were treasured papers. She destroyed them all. From one bundle, not touched for years, dust-covered and time-discolored, there came out a battered volume. She turned it over. "Lombard Street." She opened it and saw the eager underlinings and saw the eager margin notes, and ghosts—it's written earlier in this story. She rent the book across its perished cover and pressed it on the fire and on to the flames in the fire. "I have done."

BUT she was not done with, and she had the feeling that she was not done with. She said to Harry, "This is not the children's tragedy: this is my tragedy. These were not the children's faults: these were my transgressions. Life is sacrifice: I never sacrificed. Sacrifice is atonement: it now is not possible for me to atone."

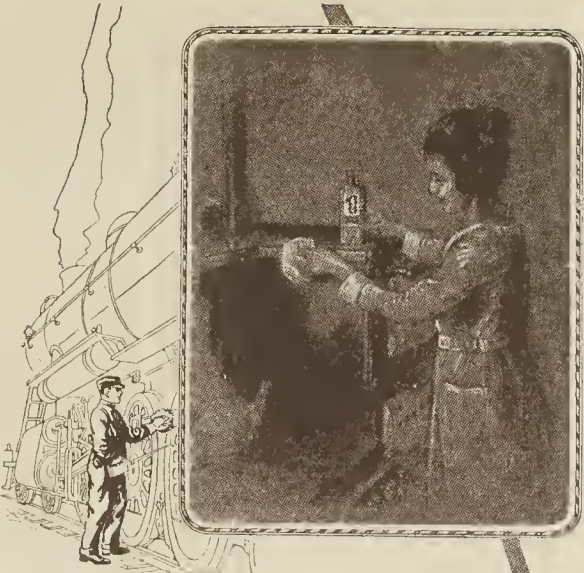
She was on her knees beside his chair. He stroked her hair.

There was an inquest. Harry went. She stayed at home and Benji stayed with her to be with her. Benji was not to be consoled. His mood was very dreadful. A report was printed in the evening paper before Harry came home. Benji read it and told Rosalie a witness, a man, had been arrested on the coroner's warrant. Benji said, "I think I'll go out now, mother, for a little."

Later in the afternoon, when Rosalie was with Harry, a maid came into the room and looked at Harry and saw how sunk he was in his chair and so went to Rosalie and whispered to her. Rosalie went out. There was a man wished to see the master. Rosalie spoke to him. He was a large, burly man with a strong face. He looked like, and was, a police officer in plain clothes. Rosalie heard what he began to say and said she would go with him. In the cab the man told her about it. All his sentences began with or contained, "The young gentleman."

"The young gentleman— The prisoner, when the young gentleman came rushing in, happened to be in the charge-room writing out a statement. The young gentleman, before any one could stop him, rushed at this prisoner and caught him by the throat and threw him and the table over and banged the man's head against the floor, fair trying to kill him. They got the young gentleman off. They ought to have arrested the young gentleman, and they did most earnestly wish

Concluded on page 104



The Household Engineer

Remember how the engineer goes over his engine after a trip, cleaning and polishing the grimy metal with a handful of oily waste? How spotless and bright it is when he gets through!

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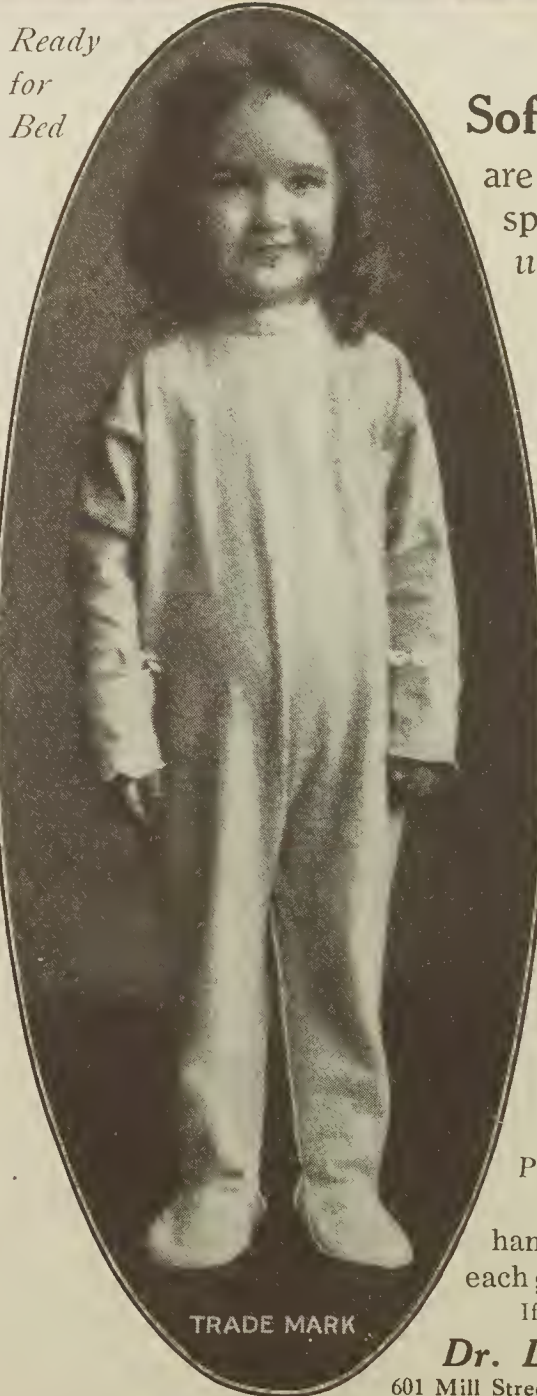
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All in the Autumn issue of Needle-Art

NEEDLE-ART

AUTUMN

25c a copy at any Butterick Pattern Counter



THIS FREEDOM

Concluded from page 103

they had arrested him, and blamed themselves properly that they didn't arrest him. But they felt cruelly sorry for the young gentleman and they got him outside and let him go. Of course, as madam knew, the police office wasn't very far from Gower Street station—underground station with them steep stairs leading straight down from the street to the platform, as madam might be aware. The young gentleman was seen by witnesses, whose names were taken, to come rushing down these stairs on to the platform. The young gentleman came rushing down and there was a train just coming in and whether he couldn't stop or whether he— There's some say one thing and some say the other. Which ever way it was, the young gentleman—

Rosalie did her errand with the man and then came back to Harry. She had to tell Harry.

He was sitting in his chair. He had an open book on his knees. She saw, as one notices these things, it was a Shakespeare. She stood up there at the door before him and she said, "Harry—Benji!"

He saw it in her face.

He groaned.

He took the book off his knees and fumbled it and with a groaning mutter dropped it; "Unarm, Eros, the long day's work is done."

SHE came to him and saw, as one sees things, above his head the picture he had hung when raven was his hair and radiant his face, and he had hit his thumb, and jumped, and cried out "Mice and Mumps!" and had laughed and wrung his hand, and cried out "Mice and Mumps!" and laughed again. She came to him and saw him wilt and crumple in his chair, and could have sworn she saw the iron of his head, that had been raven, go gray anew and grayer yet. She came to him and she said, "Harry—Benji—an accident—not an accident—on the railway—killed—"

His voice went, not exclaimatorily, but in a thick mutter, as one agropes, in sudden darkness, befogged, betrayed, "My God, my God, my God, my God, my God!"

She fell on her knees; and on her arms and on his lap she buried then her face.

He suddenly stooped to her, and caught his arms about her, and raised her to him, and pressed his face to hers, and held there; and his cry was as once before, passionately holding her, his cry had been; then from his heart to her heart, now from the abysses of his soul to her soul's depths—"Rosalie! Rosalie!"

POSTSCRIPT

There was to have been some more of it; but there, they're in each other's arms, and one has suffered so with them one can not any more go on. One's suffered so! One has looked backward with her. The heart must break, but for a forward look! They're all right now. Hugo's in Canada. He writes every week. They're all right now. That other Rosalie that they brought in is looking after them. She's looking after them, that elf, that sprite, that trickery scrap, that sunshine thing. She calls Harry father and Rosalie she calls mother. She has all her meals with them. There's no nurse. It's breakfast she loves best. She's on the itch all breakfast. When breakfast's done, she's off her chair and hopping. She trumpets, in her tiny voice, "Lessons! Lessons!" She trumpets in her tiny voice, "Lessons! Lessons! On mother's knee! On mother's knee!"

THE END

A new serial by George Barr McCutcheon, author of "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," etc., begins elsewhere in this issue. "Oliver October" is a dramatic story of love, mystery and kindly humor, full of suspense from opening to conclusion

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PYORRHEA'S infecting germs cause many ills. Medical science has proved this.

Many diseased conditions are now known often to be the result of Pyorrhoea germs that breed in pockets about the teeth. Rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders and other diseases have been traced in many cases to this Pyorrhoea infection.

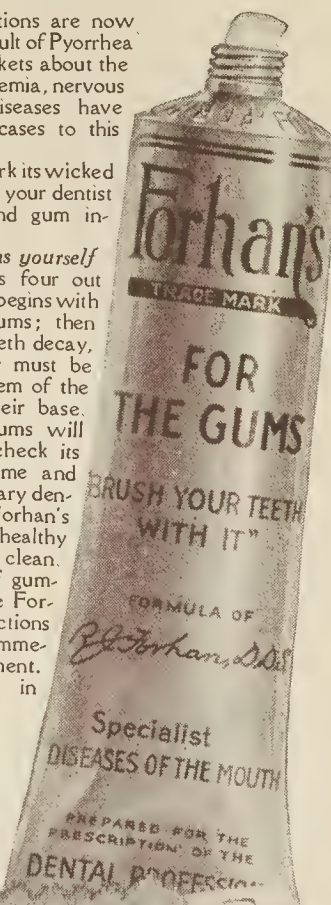
Don't let Pyorrhoea work its wicked will on your body. Visit your dentist frequently for teeth and gum inspection.

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Don't forget when writing THE DELINEATOR for information or aid to enclose stamps with your complete address, and to direct your inquiry to the proper department. Inquiries unaccompanied by stamps and your address can not be answered nor will replies be made on a post-card. Only three folders on any subject can be posted for a two-cent stamp.

The Happy Child is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR's campaign for healthier children. The complete discussion by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, head of the Maternity Center Association, on prenatal care and the care of mother and infant at birth may be obtained for ten cents in stamps. Address, Child Welfare Department.

Hundreds of Towns throughout the country will have Better Homes exhibits during the week of October ninth to fourteenth, as a result of the "Better Homes for America" campaign described elsewhere in this issue. Write to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR for the address of the organization headquarters nearest your home.

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

Your Home Betrays You. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary because they may be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Make your problems clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. If house-building advice is sought, send a photograph of the house, or state the amount of money you wish to spend to build a new one. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the House Decoration Department, will gladly answer your problems.

The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

Nothing But Jazz. It is your fault if that phrase describes the music in your home. First impressions are the beginning of taste. You may live far from concert-halls or opera, you may not have a piano, but you can do a great deal to familiarize your children with the best in music if you select the right records. Let our Music Editor help you. Write him your individual questions, and send for lists of specially selected records.

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend. We have a new Electrical Party which most young people will like. Let us send it to you.



In Grandma's Bathroom

The bright-white towels hang in an orderly row. Grandma herself made them from a bolt of Boot Toweling. She knows how well this toweling wears, how it absorbs moisture, and how cool and soft it is on the skin. She also knows how inexpensive it is.

Buy a 25-yard bolt to make 24 full-sized towels, or bibs, aprons, roller towels, wash cloths, etc.

Boott Mills, Lowell, Mass.

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ABSORBENT TOWELING
18 INCH 25 YDS.
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Look for this label in blue and gold on every bolt

Send twenty-five cents for sample hem-stitched towel similar to those which you can make by buying Boott Toweling by the bolt.

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It Can't Blow Off

The DeLeon Bandeau

An absolute necessity. Does away with hat pins. Holds any hat firmly and comfortably on the head, no matter how strong the wind or strenuous the exercise. Adjustable to any size hat—easily inserted in a few seconds—no sewing—no stitching.

Ideal for Bobbed Hair

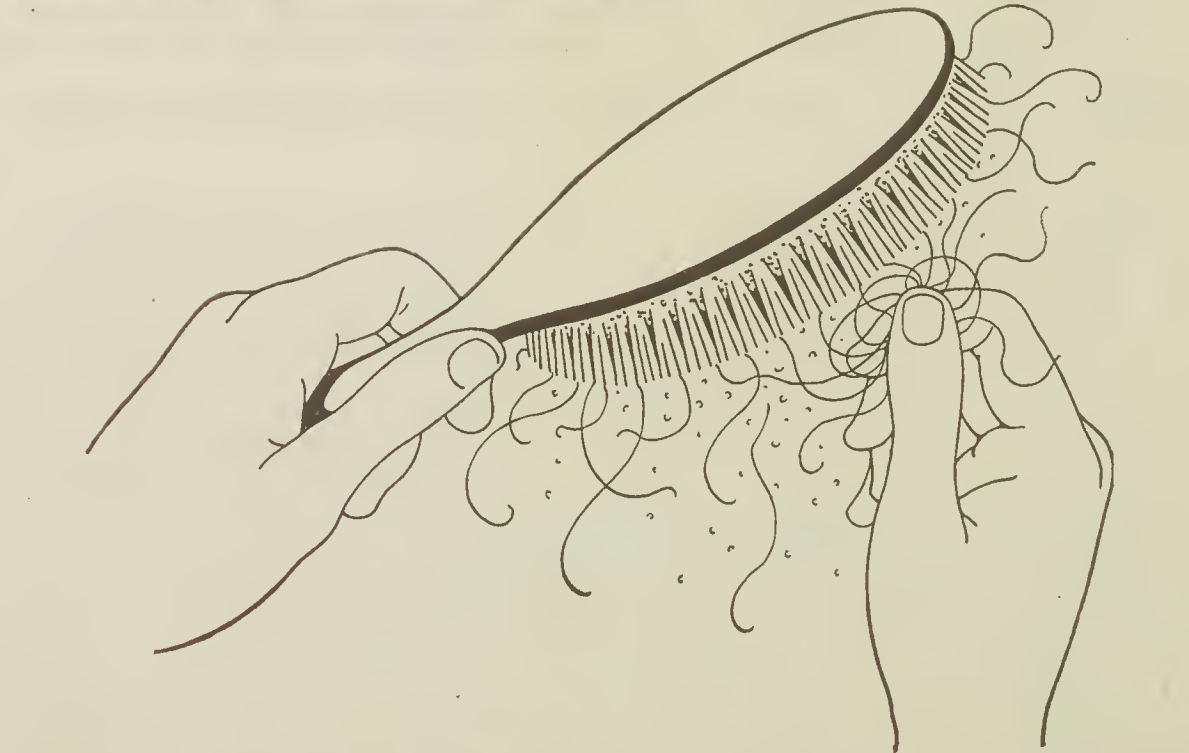
Regardless of style of headdress, your hat is always at just the most becoming angle when fitted with a DeLeon Bandeau. Endorsed by leading milliners. Thousands of enthusiastic users. Satisfaction guaranteed.

If your milliner or dealer cannot supply you, send us 25c with dealer's name and we will send one promptly, post-paid. State color, black or white.

DeLeon Bandeau Co.
2123 Locust Street
St. Louis, Mo.

Dealers—See your jobber. If he can't supply you, write us, giving jobber's name.

Makes Any Hat Fit Any Head



Hurry! Use 35c Danderine

Don't let hair fall out and dandruff stay. Neglect means a bald spot shortly. A little "Danderine" now will save your hair. This delightful tonic cleans the scalp of every particle of dandruff, tightens the hair-root pores, so the hair stops coming out and so the vitalizing oils, which are the very life and strength of the hair, can not ooze away.

Danderine is not sticky or greasy. It has made weak, sick, neglected hair strong and healthy for millions of men and women. Your comb or brush is warning you. Hurry to any drugstore and get a 35-cent bottle now. Don't wait!

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Soothed
With Cuticura

Soap, Ointment, Talcum, 25c. everywhere. Samples free of Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

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THE ANTISEPTIC
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High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in side of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
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Nadine

KEEPS THE ROSES IN YOUR CHEEKS

Men and women seeing you for the first time are impressed first of all by your face—your complexion. If it is soft, smooth, velvety and of rose-petal texture, they cannot help but admire, for you are attractive, adorable and lovely.

Keep the roses in your cheeks. You can with the aid of Nadine Face Powder, now in the new blue box—for Nadine gives your complexion an adorable loveliness.

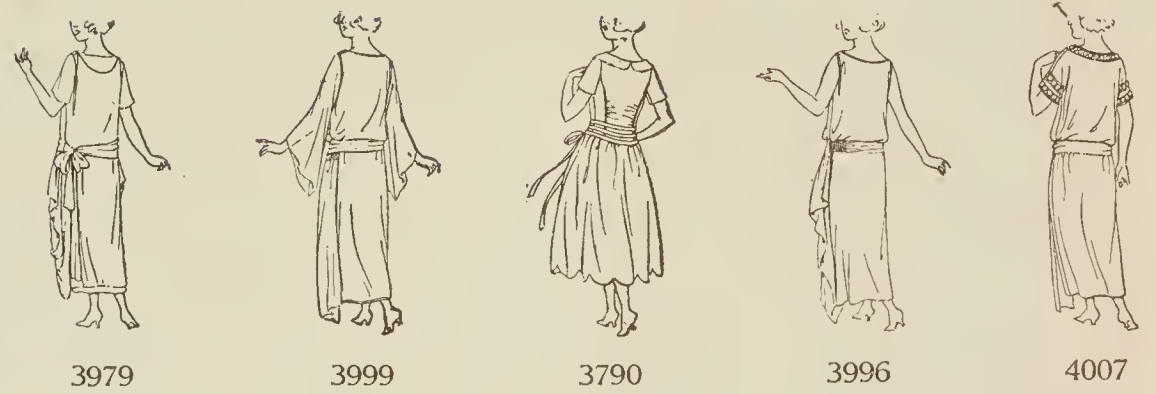
Nadine makes your skin soft, smooth and velvety and lends that alluring fragrance of a flower garden. It gives your skin a refreshing coolness. Nadine, too, adheres until washed off and gives protection from tanning sun and withering winds.

If not pleased, we will refund your money. Price 50c. at your toilet counter. If temporarily out, by mail, or send 4c. for miniature sample box. White, Flesh, Pink, Brunette.

National Toilet Company, Dept. "T," Paris, Tenn.

Nadinola Cream, a bleaching cream, two sizes, - -	50c. and \$1.00
Nadine Face Powder Compact, gold finished box, - - -	1.00
Nadine Rouge, gold finished box, - - - - -	.50
Nadine Vanishing Cream, new and pleasing, - - - -	.50
Nadine Talcum, - - - - -	.25
Nadine Soap, - - - - -	.25
Egyptian Cream, - - - - -	.50

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 24



3979—The formal gown knows the elegance of lace and draperies. The low waistline of this dress, which slips on over the head, is the meeting point for the waist and draped skirt. If one prefers a dress for afternoon wear, there is a guimpe. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge of slip 51 inches.
36 bust requires 3 7/8 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and 1 1/2 yard of 4 1/2-inch lace banding. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

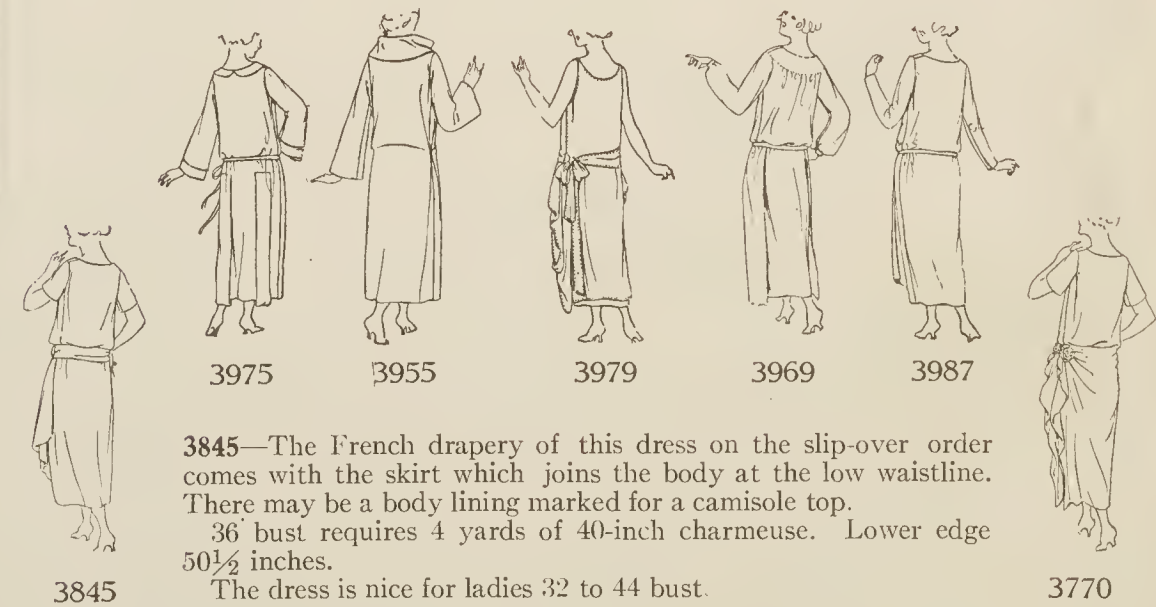
3999—Quite French is this wedding gown for the Autumn bride. It is a one-piece dress which has a body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use satin, crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, all one material or with lace, etc. Lower edge 49 1/2 inches.
36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards of 36 or 40 inch satin and 1 7/8 yard of 40-inch lace with a distinct up or down to it.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3996—The happy spirits of the bride are reflected in the swing of her graceful cascade drapery on a dress of the slip-over type. The straight skirt joins the body at a low waistline and the long body lining has marking for a camisole top. Use crêpe satin, satin-faced materials, charmeuse, etc.
36 bust requires 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch moire silk. Lower edge 1 5/8 yard.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3790—A quaint old-fashioned charm lingers about this bride in her gown with a close-fitting, draped waist, and a full straight skirt. The skirt joins the body lining at a normal waistline and the dress closes under the left arm. Lower edge 3 yards.
36 bust requires 1 1/2 yard of 36-inch taffeta, 3 yards of 36-inch flouncing and 1 1/2 yard of 36-inch silk for the drop skirt.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 40 bust.

4007—The effective trimming and girle ornaments are made of the same material as the one-piece dress. It slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. The low waistline may have elastic in a casing or there may be a body lining.
36 bust requires 3 3/8 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 inches.
The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 25



3845—The French drapery of this dress on the slip-over order comes with the skirt which joins the body at the low waistline. There may be a body lining marked for a camisole top.
36 bust requires 4 yards of 40-inch charmeuse. Lower edge 50 1/2 inches.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3975—Braid trims the panels of this one-piece dress which slips on over the head. The low waistline may have elastic in a casing and there may be a body lining.
36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards of 44-inch serge and 1/2 yard of 36-inch flannel. Lower edge 53 inches.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3969—Trimming on the loose side panels heightens the worth of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. The low waistline may have an elastic arranged in a casing or there may be a blouse body lining.
36 bust requires 4 1/8 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 1/2 inches.
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also to misses.

3955—A twisted tubing trimming distinguishes this coat draped at the front and either draped at the back or slightly bloused. The length of the coat at the back is 51 inches. Use wool repp, wool poplin, wool pile fabrics, matelassé, etc.
36 bust requires 4 yards of 54-inch velours. Lower edge 57 1/2 inches.
The coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3987—The French influence comes to light in this one-piece dress which drapes gracefully at the front and blouses at the back. It slips on over the head and there may be a body lining. Use wool, rep, poplin, serge, etc.
36 bust requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 52 inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3979—Lace plays the première rôle in this soft dress with a draped skirt. It slips on over the head and the skirt joins the waist at a low waistline. If one desires to use this dress for evening, there is a camisole offered. Use Georgette, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe satin, etc. Lower edge of slip 51 inches.
36 bust requires 3 7/8 yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and 7/8 yard of 40-inch all-over lace, with 1 1/2 yard of 4 1/2-inch lace banding.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3770—10753—This dress drapes around the figure in a most insinuating way due to the arrangement of its straight skirt which joins the body at a low waistline. The dress slips on over the head and there may be a body lining with marking for a camisole top. The embroidery is bright. Work it in a combination of beading or French knots, etc.
36 bust requires 4 1/8 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge of foundation 50 inches.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



For scissors and shears, suited to the work, that cut keen to the points, whose blades can't loosen, ask for Keen Kutter.

"The recollection of QUALITY remains long after the PRICE is forgotten" — E. C. Simmons
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Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple that any woman can dye or tint faded, shabby skirts, dresses, waists, coats, sweaters, stockings, hangings, draperies, everything, a new, rich, fadeless color. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is guaranteed, even if you have never dyed before. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whether it is linen, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond Dyes never streak, fade, or run.
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Three types of superfluous hair. Which type have you? Write for Free Book, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which tells you; or when in New York call at my salon to have Free Demonstration.

Ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser. Do not confuse ZIP with ordinary depilatories. ZIP gently lifts out the roots and in this way destroys the growth.

Rapid, simple to use, fragrant, safe and painless, it



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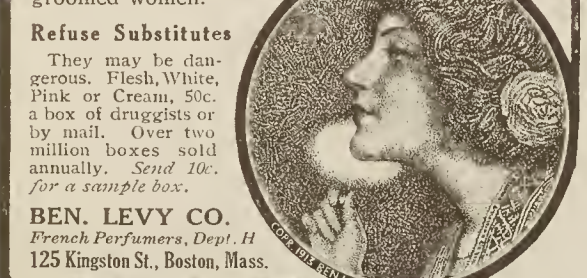
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An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

3958—10744—An inverted plait comes under each arm and there is a straight lower edge. One may use a gored seam under the arm, or omit shoulder yoke. The smocking is good. Work it in dark colors on light fabrics.

4 years requires 1 7/8 yard of 36-inch batiste and 3/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting batiste. The dress is nice for little girls 2 to 6 years.

3981—10855—Tassel trimming is original on this dress with a straight lower edge. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in one-stitch or long beads.

12 years requires 1 3/4 yard of 54-inch twill. The dress is good for girls 6 to 12 years.

3911—10948—Pussy claws can not damage a sateen play dress of the slip-over type. The separate bloomers join an underbody. Pocket motifs are new. Work them in appliqué or outline.

6 years requires 2 3/8 yards of 36-inch sateen and 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting sateen. The dress is nice for little girls 2 to 8 years.

3986—A separate guimpe buttons under this one-piece jumper dress with box plaits.

10 years requires 1 7/8 yard of 44 to 48 inch check wool and 1 3/8 yard of 32-inch pongee. The dress is smart for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

3960—10981—Honors must go to this yoke dress with a separate bloomer slip. It goes on over the head, may be sleeveless, and has a straight lower edge. Embroidery adds color. Work it in peasant embroidery.

8 years requires 2 1/8 yards of 33-inch pongee. The dress is nice for girls 2 to 10 years.

3984—A play suit of chambray, pongee, poplin, silk, cotton, etc., is suitable for strenuous wear. This suit has a normal waistline.

5 years requires 1 3/8 yard of 36-inch linen and 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting linen. The suit is good for little boys 2 to 7 years.

3970—One can know many "happy days" in this one-piece dress with its straight lower edge. The vestee is smart.

10 years requires 1 3/4 yard of 44-inch serge and 3/8 yard of 36-inch flannel. The dress is gay for girls 6 to 12 years.

3962—10853—This frock with a one-piece front is smart. It slips on over the head with a straight skirt joining the long body at the back. The motifs are attractive. Work them in bead embroidery or French knots.

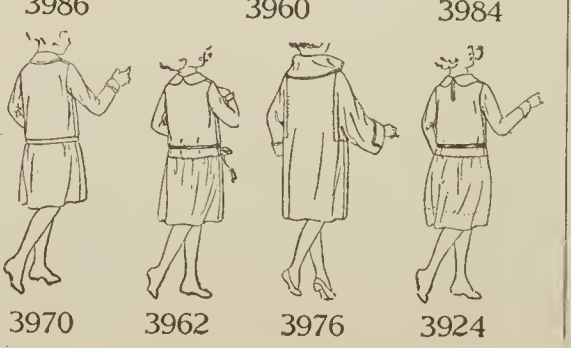
14 years requires 2 3/8 yards of 40-inch velvet and 1/2 yard of 40-inch Georgette. The dress is nice for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

3976—3972—Her new Fall coat is important to a girl. The deep square armhole contributes to its smart lines. The hat is becoming.

10 years requires 1 5/8 yard of 54-inch velours and 3/8 yard of 50-inch fur cloth. The coat is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

3924—Social conquests are certain when one wears this frock. It is a slip-over type with a straight skirt joining a long body.

13 years requires 2 3/8 yards of 36-inch taffeta. The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



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SMART comfort indeed—the becoming elegance of line combines with the quiet richness of Salt's Karatex to make you look your best. Will it not pay you, in attempting the solution of your next winter's-coat problem, to ask to see some of the new models in the famous Salt's Fabric-Furs? You will be astonished at the economy!

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Because this skillfully designed heel reinforcement adds to the charm of their ankles, millions of women prefer "Onyx Pointex".



Emery & Beers Company, Inc.
Wholesale Distributors - New York

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

3990—Hand-made roses bloom on this one-piece dress which slips on over her head. It may have a body lining.

A 34 bust requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust; it is also suitable for ladies.

3964—This smart one-piece dinner gown drapes silk crêpe, etc., adding handkerchief draperies. The skirt has a straight lower edge and the sleeve goes into a body lining.

A 17-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

3985—A dancing dress trims its bouffant skirt with fabric roses and slips on over the head, with a slightly low waistline to mark the joining of a straight skirt.

A 16-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch taffeta. Lower edge 3 yards.

The dress is attractive for misses 15 to 20 years, also small women.

3975—3665—Undergraduate vivacity needs such a one-piece dress on the slip-over order and a gay hat. Its low waistline may have elastic in a casing or there may be a body lining. Lower edge 47 inches.

A 34 bust requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch wool jersey and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch linen.

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also to ladies.

3974—3877—The Paris version of a one-piece blouse coat to top a new dress. It has a raglan sleeve and may be trimmed with stuffed tubing. Lower edge 52 inches.

A 32 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 54-inch duvetyn, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 54-inch plain wool, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 54-inch checked wool.

The coat is becoming to misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also to ladies. The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

3959—2989—3157—10723—Buttons around the hips give a bloused effect to the back of this blouse on the slip-over order. The two-piece skirt has its waistline raised $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch. The monogram is decorative. It is made of letters from an alphabet. The tam is bright. Lower edge 53 inches.

The blouse is becoming and the skirt is good for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women. 3977—The side plait caught at the bottom and the casing arrangement of the low waistline make a smart dress of the slip-over type for soft twills, tricotine, serge, etc.

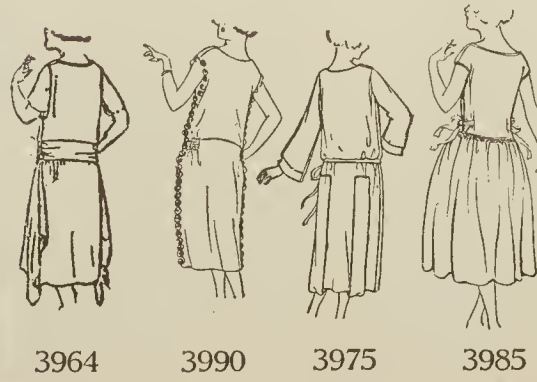
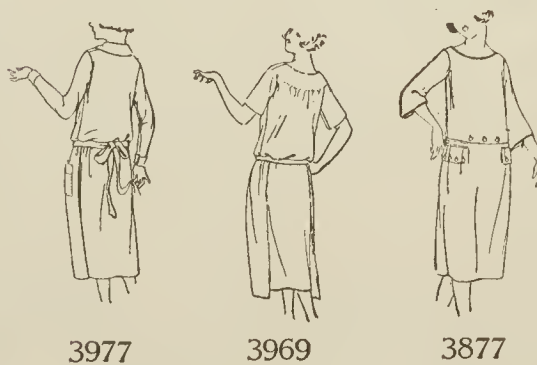
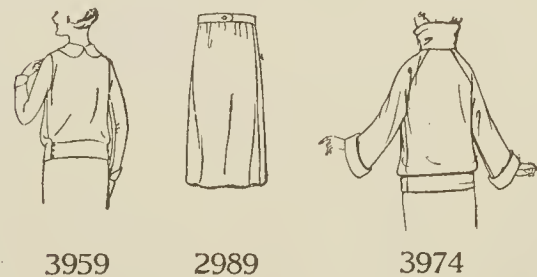
A 32 bust will require 3 yards of 44-inch soft twill and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting-color material. Lower edge 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The dress is good for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

3969—10981—A smart yoke begins this one-piece dress of the slip-over style, with loose side panels and a choice of a blouse body lining. The low waistline uses an elastic in a casing. The motifs add a gay color. Work them in peasant embroidery.

A 34 bust will require $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 49 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The dress is good for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.



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These are the Hats every girl 4 to 17 loves to wear! They make her look most charming; they wear longest; are priced reasonably.

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Just write: "Dear Madge: Send me your new booklet, 'What Makes a Girl Popular' and I promise to look for a Madge Evans Hat before buying my new Autumn Hat."



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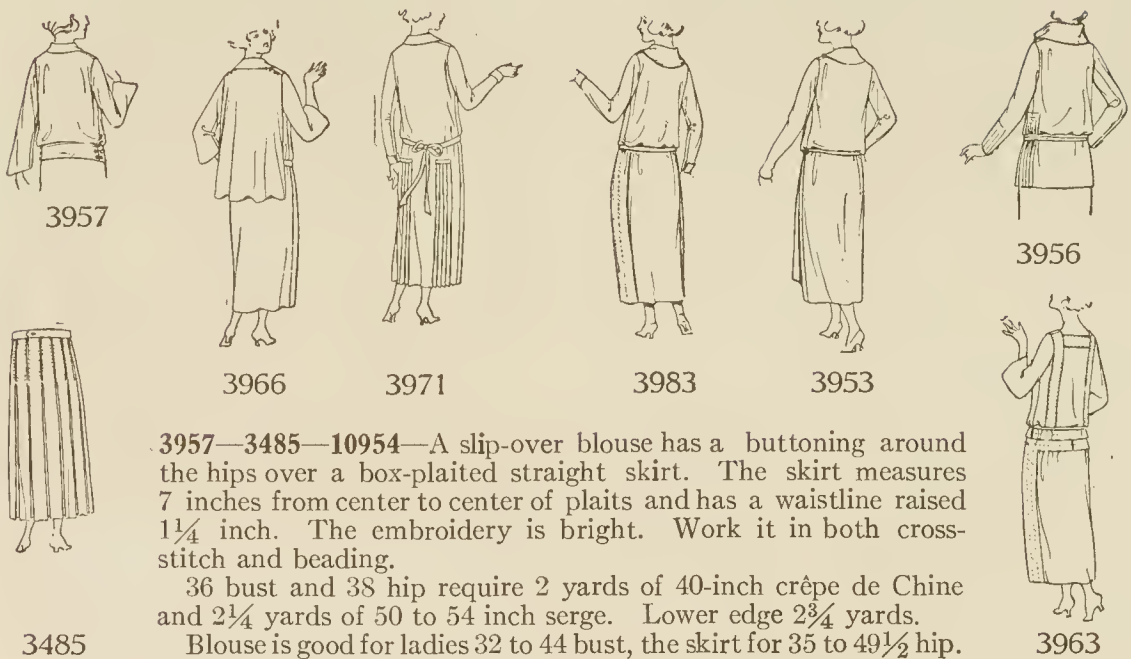
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Susanna Crocrott
Dept. 53
1819 Broadway, New York

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28



3957—3485—10954—A slip-over blouse has a buttoning around the hips over a box-plaited straight skirt. The skirt measures 7 inches from center to center of plaits and has a waistline raised $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch. The embroidery is bright. Work it in both cross-stitch and beading.
36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 50 to 54 inch serge. Lower edge $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.
Blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the skirt for 35 to $49\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

3956—A hand-made ornament marks the French drapery of this one-piece dress. The back has a becoming blouse effect and the sleeves are new. There may be a body lining.
36 bust requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch duvetyn and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material. Lower edge $54\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3971—10922—The plaits of this dress, which slips on over the head, come at the front and back in sections. If one prefers, there may be a body lining. The border design is effective. Work it in satin or outline stitch. Lower edge 54 inches.
36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch serge.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

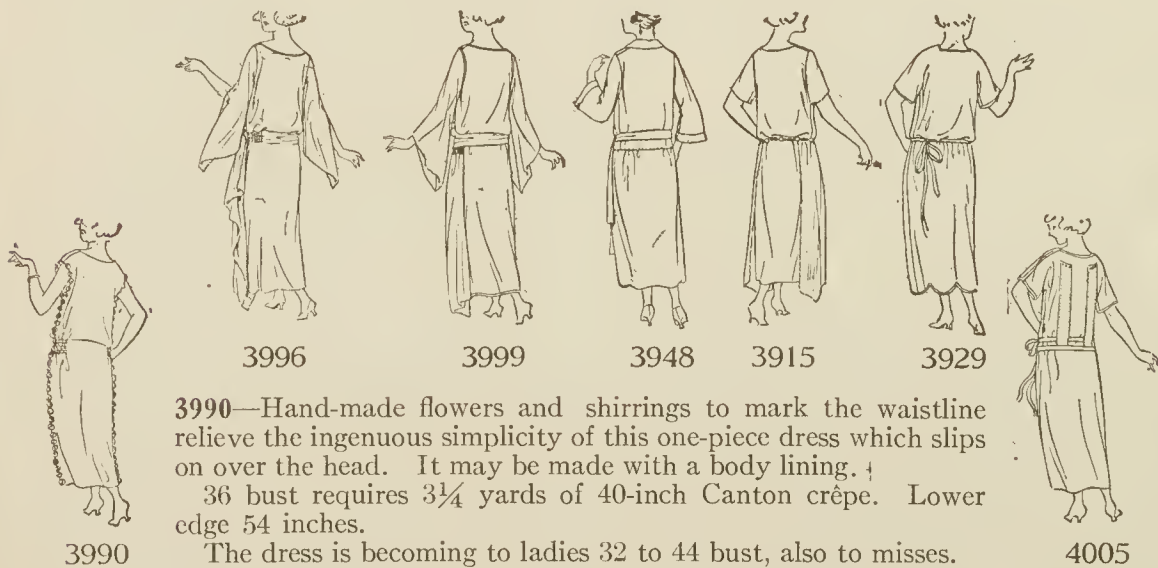
3983—This one-piece dress makes a clever disposal of its box plaits at the sides by catching them at the bottom. The dress slips on over the head and there may be a choice of elastic in a casing or a body lining.
36 bust requires 3 yards of 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 53 inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3953—A hand-made ornament marks the French drapery of this one-piece dress. The back has a becoming blouse effect and the sleeves are new. There may be a body lining.
36 bust requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch duvetyn and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 40-inch contrasting material. Lower edge $54\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3956—3963—Either braid or folds of material are a trimming possibility for this coat with a girdle of stuffed tubing at the low waistline. The coat may be worn straight. It is worn over a dress with a two-piece skirt. Back length of coat 30 inches.
The coat and dress are good for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The coat is also nice for misses.

3963—Straps offer a smart trimming for this dress which slips on over the head. The skirt joins a long body and the low waistline may have elastic in a casing at the side and back. There is a long camisole lining which is separate. Lower edge 48 inches.
36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch Georgette, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch wool repp.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29



3990—Hand-made flowers and shirrings to mark the waistline relieve the ingenuous simplicity of this one-piece dress which slips on over the head. It may be made with a body lining.
36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 54 inches.
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also to misses.

3996—This Autumn gown with its French drapery is altogether smart. It slips on over the head and closes under the left arm and may have a long body lining with marking for a camisole top. The straight skirt joins the body at a low waistline.
36 bust requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

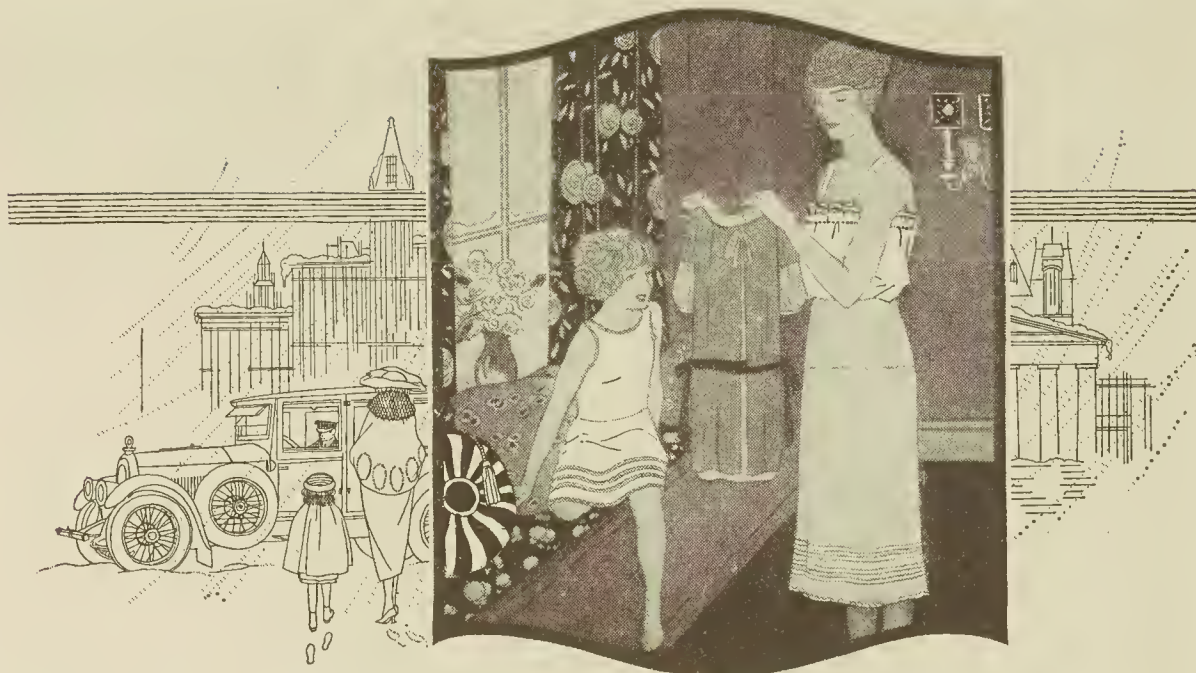
3999—Paris marks its preference for drapery for the formal gown by fastening it with an ornament. The ornament and tassel on this one-piece gown may be made quite easily. The dress has a body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use satin, crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, all one material, with Georgette or lace, etc.
36 bust requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3948—A sash with little hand-made drop balls sets the waistline for this dress with a straight skirt which joins the long body. If one prefers, it may be made without a blouse body lining.
36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch satin and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 54-inch wool repp. Lower edge $52\frac{1}{2}$ inches.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3929—10973—The closing of this one-piece dress on the slip-over type is Russian. The low waistline may have elastic arranged in a casing or there may be a blouse body lining. The embroidery emphasizes the Russian effect. Work the design in satin and outline stitch and beads. Lower edge 54 inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

3915—10917—The loose side panels and the sleeves of this one-piece frock are tasseltipped. It slips on over the head and may be made with a blouse body lining or an arrangement of elastic in a casing. The embroidery is effective. Work it in satin-stitch, outline, or chain-stitch.
36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 54 inches.
The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4005—Straps have elevated themselves to a rank above the waistline and make a trimming for the long body of this dress of the slip-over order. Its straight skirt joins the body and it has a separate long camisole lining. Lower edge 54 inches.
36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch satin (cut crosswise) and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 54-inch cloth.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



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A Designer of Beautiful Homes

A word about Mr. Donn Barber, author of "The Ideal Small House," in this issue, is in order, because in later numbers we are going to have more of his helpful advice to home-owners and home-builders. Mr. Barber is one of the foremost architects now practising in the United States, and although he has designed many noteworthy public buildings, his hobby is the beautiful home, a field in which he has produced artistic results of a high order. Among the more important structures designed by him are the National Park Bank, the Lotos Club and the Institute of Musical Art, all in New York; the Travelers' Insurance Building, the Connecticut State Library and the Supreme Court Building in Hartford, Connecticut; the Chattanooga, Tennessee, Union Station; the Capital City Club in Atlanta, Georgia, and the Yale Bowl in New Haven, Connecticut.

Mr. Barber is a graduate of Yale, Columbia and the École des Beaux Arts in Paris. While still a student he was awarded nine medals by the French Government for meritorious work in design. He is a member and ex-president of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects, vice-president of the American group of the Société des Architectes Diplômés par le Gouvernement at Paris, and a fellow of the American Institute of Architects, a member of the Architectural League of New York and the National Sculpture Society. Our readers are fortunate in having so distinguished an authority to help form their tastes in home-building. They may be confident that the suggestions gleaned from Mr. Barber's articles, besides making for greater attractiveness in the home and its surroundings, will be thoroughly practicable.

From the Terrible Turk

A would-be contributor from Constantinople submits an inviting description of a series of articles he (or is it she?) intends to submit for publication. We have taken due pains to preserve the quaintly simplified spelling of the original letter.

"As a native Turkish writer of historical subjects, especially of feminist matters in oriental history, I intend to send you series of articles on the suggestive title of Secret of Harem, since the highest society life to the commun people.

"It is of course many histories written by the foreign writers on this subject, but all have never been a true statement of the real fact, because these authors have never penetrate the veiled life of Oriental woman's world.

"What was the Turkish sultans palaces with four legitimate wives, of sultans, favorites, old-time slaves, the education and instruction of them, their pleasure, their sadness and their destiny in later ages. What is to-day the same society and what a great transformation has undergone.

"Several photos will be joined to make relieve the epoch of narration.

"Will you be good enough to answer me if such a publication interests you and in what condition of paying you intend to keep the exclusivity.

Very truly yours,
"NECHETT CASSIM."

Youth Takes Its Pen in Hand

By far the heaviest mail received in this office is that addressed to Miss Harriet Ide Eager, editor of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR. Her little letter friends, who now run into the thousands, keep her hard pressed to answer their chatty news letters, comments, criticisms and ingenious questions.

Here, for instance, is a little maid in Steubenville, Ohio, afflicted with that ancient enemy of her age and sex—an aggressive brother: "Every month I cut out THE LITTLE DELINEATOR and then I have to hide it because my brother always wants it and after he has it I can't find it so I let him read it while I do something and then I take it and hide it from him or he will take them to his room in school and lose it." Another, in Bluefield, West Virginia, compresses a varied assortment of "news" items into the following brief communication: "I am a little girl ten years old. I have one brother four years old and one sister nearly thirteen. I love to read your LITTLE DELINEATOR. I like to write stories myself but of course they don't amount to much. My teacher gives us stars at school and I have gotten twelve in the last 3 days. At school there is a boy who is deaf, a boy who has skin trouble, and a boy who lisp. We have a collie dog



and kitten. I am in the 5a grade and take music." In the same mail with an appreciation from far-off Lahore, India, where an American mother translates THE LITTLE DELINEATOR into Hindustani for her daughter, comes a letter from a youthful philosopher in Minona, Illinois, who writes: "I think your page is the nicest of all. It cheers you up so. It's always nice to come home and read it after you've had a bad day at school or your music lesson didn't go right."

Illinois children cultivate a serious outlook, it seems, for here is another comment from one of them, this time a boy in Bourbonnais: "The best page not only in this month's DELINEATOR but in every LITTLE DELINEATOR I would turn to my favorite page eight. Because of which there are always some poem or relating lines to refresh of which, enlargions a boy's vocabulairly and that also helps part time reading."

A little Kentucky girl finds a delightful moral in the Easter rabbits cover: "I think that I like the first page of THE LITTLE DELINEATOR best of all this month, because it shows the mother and father hugging each other and all of their babies surrounding them. It looks like real people hugging each other and all of their children looking on knowing of the love between father and mother and perhaps the children. I like this page best because it shows us that if rabbits can love one another and have children and a home we can, too." The rabbits also inspired a Yreka, California, boy to write: "How are you? I am fine. My sister Patricia is creeping all over the house. To-day is my Dad's birthday. Mother has a great big cake with three layers. A pink frosting, and another green frosting on top of the pink made in the shape of Dad. It would make your mouth water to see it.

And Oh I forgot something! The rabbit picture on THE LITTLE DELINEATOR is so pretty of two rabbits dancing and all the little rabbits around them."

Youthful imaginations also prompt gorgeous good wishes, typified by this greeting from Du Bois, Pennsylvania: "I wish you were a rich lady, so you could live nice. You could have a castle with a golden throne, and have Fairy Trees outside set with diamonds, and fringed with pearls. But best of all is a tower of GOLD. Wouldn't that be nice? I do wish I could win a prize. Please write."

Cupid Cultivates the Cook

To any one interested in household economics as a profession there is food for thought in a statistical item that came to light in the course of a conversation with Mr. C. W. Pugsley, Assistant Secretary of Agriculture and one of the Advisory Council for THE DELINEATOR'S "Better Homes for America" campaign. One of Mr. Pugsley's duties is the supervision of the women home-demonstration agents employed by the Federal Government to cooperate with the States in giving practical home-making instruction. The official records of the department indicate that thirteen per cent. of these women have to be replaced every six months. The demonstrator doesn't leave because of incompetency or because of any dissatisfaction with the service, but simply because sooner or later her expertness in home-making arts so impresses some connoisseur of such matters that he induces her to accept a life contract. One fine morning Mr. Pugsley receives an engagement announcement attached to the lady's report for the week and soon he has another vacancy for a scientifically trained housekeeper.

MIX and SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

AS OUR fair pesholders know, it is ever the aim of this column to preserve a strictly scientific attitude toward the never-sufficiently-praised sex. They will understand then why our chief interest this month is in some statistics compiled by Professor Ralph L. Power of the University of California. Professor Power finds that the fair co-eds at his institution talk more about men during their school-days than about any other subject. Here are his figures: Talk about men, 57 per cent.; talk about dress and fashions, 27 per cent.; talk about amusements, 3 per cent.; just gossip, 7 3/8 per cent.; jokes old enough to be retired, 5/8 of one per cent.; miscellaneous, 5 per cent.

The observing eye will notice that talk about studies is conspicuously absent. Clients of an *Achison, Kansas*, clairvoyant have been on the defensive ever since it was discovered that the lady advertised a reward for her lost wrist-watch in a *Kansas City* newspaper. According to *Doctor Georgine Luden*, writing in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the human body contains enough iron to make an average-size nail, enough fat for seven bars of soap, enough lime to whitewash a chicken-coop, enough sugar to fill a shaker and enough sulfur to rid a dog of fleas. Based on current market prices, the materials of which a proud and haughty flapper's precious body is built would bring about ninety-eight cents if separated and sold in a drug-store. At a special election in *Muskegon, Michigan*, at which the burning issue was daylight saving, the mothers turned out as one man to fight the proposal that their clocks be set ahead one hour. They objected on the ground that it would disrupt the feeding schedules of their infants and therefore endanger the health of the youngsters. The proposal to adopt daylight-saving time was carried by an overwhelming majority. *Miss Claudia Beatrice Auran*, twenty-one years old, of *Beaver Springs, Pennsylvania*, is the youngest postmistress in the United States. Statistics compiled by shoe manufacturers indicate that the ankles of American women are gradually but surely growing larger. The explanation is that eighteen months or more of low shoes and sensible heel styles have strengthened and thickened the national ankle. *Mrs. Johanna Pipowski*, seventy-four years old, was fined fifty dollars in a *Chicago* police court for vamping a man of thirty. Vamps, it seems, are out of fashion. Experts told a convention of motion-picture theater-owners that what the public wants now are "good little girls, heroines of the Little Eva type, with golden hair, blue eyes, sincerity and innocence." "The star," they add, "must be young and inexperienced in appearance, guileless and appealing in her actions." It is to be hoped that none of our fair pesholders will take their cues from this inside tip and plan the Autumn offensive accordingly. Whenever a suitor in *Lapland* calls on the apple of his eye, custom demands that he bring along a bottle of brandy for the girl's father. The fact that engagements generally run from one to two years indicates that parental astuteness is not unknown in the Far North. The coat-of-arms tattooed on the shoulder is the latest society fad in *London* and threatens to spread to *America*. Would-be fashionables who lack the heraldic device may have a lodge emblem neatly pricked in instead. *A Neodesha, Kansas*, organization of business men invited the members of the Triangle Club, composed of business and professional women, all single, to be their guests at a banquet. The entertainment was proceeding merrily when twenty-five women in white robes and masks marched in, made straight for the married men, and began to work on them with paint, ill-smelling perfumes and feathers. The uninvited wives then marched out as they had come in and permitted the affair to draw to an early close. As a result of studying twenty-seven thousand love-stories submitted in its recent scenario contest, the *Chicago Daily News* judges say that the ideal age for the heroine of romance to-day is twenty-eight years. "Striking unity on the subject of the heroine's age," they report, "is too general to be accidental." Nevertheless our bet is that yearning souls of over twenty-eight still believe that while there's life there's hope!

CONTENTS for OCTOBER, 1922

FICTION		ARTICLES AND FEATURES		
Oliver October (serial)	PAGE	Captive Winter Sunshine	PAGE	
George Barr McCutcheon	5	Janet Fox Wing	64	
Cream-Puffs	Dorothy Speare	10	What Heat Will You Have?	
The Coming of Peter Piper	Christine Whiting Parmenter	12	Louise Fox Connell	67
This Freedom (conclusion)	A. S. M. Hutchinson	14	Mrs. Joseph Conrad's Cook-Book	
			Jessie Conrad	73
			Mother & Company, Ltd.	
			Harriet Gier	75
THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT				
Rooms for Boys and Girls	Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders	20		
Home-Makers' Editorial	Martha Van Rensselaer	43		
Save a Dollar		44		
Second-Day Delicacies	Winifred Moses	46		
Apples for All Appetites	Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn	48		
Recess and a Square Lunch	Lillian Alber	52		
Planning Next Year's Garden	Robert S. Lemmon	58		
The Revival of the Stool	Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders	61		
Curtains and Draperies	Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders	62		
FASHIONS AND EMBROIDERIES		21-40, 106, 107, 108, 109		

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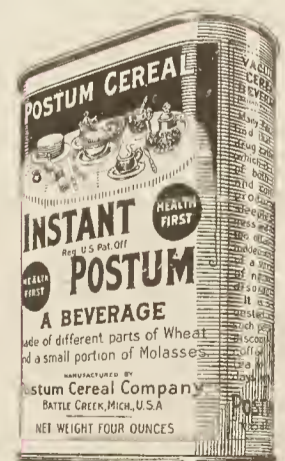
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THE DELINEATOR

NOVEMBER 1922



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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director



VOLUME CI NOVEMBER, 1922 NUMBER FOUR

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FROM the EDITOR'S POINT of VIEW

"UNITED WE STAND"

THERE is power in union. One good deed in itself is a weight in the scales, but it can not turn the balance unless it brings with it other good deeds.

That we have recognized this truth is shown by the united efforts we are making this month to better conditions in America.

Fire Prevention week is just over. We have learned much about the causes and the prevention of fires. But chiefly we have learned that the fire risk which any individual takes on his own premises—from the careless accumulation of dirt and rubbish—endangers every business house and every home in the community.

Safety First week is being observed by the children in many schools at the same time that their parents are carrying on Better Homes week, October ninth to fourteenth. Last year the united efforts, for one week, of the schools of Detroit and Baltimore brought startling reductions in street accidents.

Do not wait for October, 1923. Ask the principal of your school to start the "Safety First" instruction now. If you need information on this subject, write to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR.

As to Better Homes week, it would be impossible to estimate the value to the United States of the Better Homes Campaign, which has been carried on in all the States this Fall. It was only the beginning of a new fort for the defense of the nation. But its importance was understood by thinking men and women who joined in the movement to set up all over the land small model homes for the education of the people.

Churches, schools, business interests, Government and State departments—all worked together in the real spirit of love of their country.

We hope that every city in the Union will get together in the Fall of 1923 to instruct its people in the principles of fire prevention, to train its children in the observance of safety regulations, and to demonstrate to their parents what a "Model Home" means.

THE "NEW WOMAN"

IN NO phase of life has there been during the past twenty-five years so great a change as that which has taken place in the American business and professional woman. It is a happy change—a fine, healthy growth.

During the early Fall the Federation of Business and Professional Women held an exposition of women's work which was a revelation to thousands of people. Statistics were quoted, proving the success of women in business. Fifty occupations for women were demonstrated. They included all the leading professions and many of the most remunerative businesses. There were pickle manufacturers, builders, tailors, restaurant keepers, hotel managers, taxidermists, botanists, doctors, lawyers, nurses, dentists, insurance agents, bankers—and a long list of other kinds of work in which women are succeeding.

All of this is interesting, but far more significant than the exposition was the annual convention of these same women at Chattanooga, Tennessee, a few months before.

A class may be judged by its manners and its interests. The Chattanooga convention marked the first time in history when so large a group of self-supporting women from so many quarters of the land had come together. This group represented the most successful business and professional women

in the country. Two significant facts stood out: First, and most significant, these women were seriously concerned with welfare problems. They had a public conscience and a sense of responsibility for the progress of the world in which they live and work.

The convention assembled primarily to discuss educational and vocational plans for the younger women who will follow in the steps of these leaders,

one of the officers said: "Women of leisure, who are in their homes, are always seeking some place to go, but the woman in business needs her home and wants to stay in it when the day's work is done."

Second, these women were chiefly feminine. There was a notable lack of mannish-cut clothing, and practically no evidence of bobbed hair. They were well dressed, well groomed, normal. A large percentage of them were married women—many of them mothers with good-sized families. They were proof that to be successful one must work so hard and with so little self-consciousness that no time is left for fads or affectations.

Twenty-five years ago the professional woman was represented chiefly by such masculine types as Dr. Mary Walker or by pioneers who had to fight their way through so many difficulties that some of the softer, finer sides of them were submerged.

Perhaps the most important contribution the Federation of Business and Professional Women has made or will make to this generation is the undeniable proof that the woman who makes good outside of the home is in most cases just as much a woman as the home-maker who does not have to put her shoulder to the wheel of industry.

GOSSIP

GOSSIP is one of the cardinal sins. It is not a single act, like murder, which stops one life and falls back to punish the offender; it is the breath of the Devil, soiling every ear it touches. It is the most deadly of poisons. It blights many lives; it smites the innocent with the guilty.

Recently, a mother, estranged from her family, ended her life because gossip—groundless, vicious gossip—had cut her off from those who were dearest in all the world to her.

Those who murdered first the happiness of a woman, and then the life, went scot free. No punishment in this world, unless they have consciences, can touch them. But we believe that when the final judgment comes, those who spread the gossip which killed good name and happiness—and life—will meet the same punishment as that visited upon the sons of Cain.

Dr. Howard Eager, a Baptist minister in Baltimore, told this story, which is an Italian legend:

In the old days, a peasant confessed to a priest that he had slandered an innocent man. The priest said to him, "For your penance do this now: Take a bag of chicken down. Go to every yard in the town and drop one bit of down into each garden. Do not miss one yard. When you have finished, return to me."

The sinner believed his punishment was light. With his bag of down he made the circuit of the village and carefully dropped one soft feather into each garden. Then he reported to the priest, saying: "I have done my penance."

"No, my son," replied the old abbé. "You will not have done your penance until you take the bag, go again on your rounds, collect every feather you have dropped, and bring it here to me."

The gossip protested that it would be impossible: he could not find the bits of down in a lifetime; many of them had blown far away.

"So it is with gossip," replied the old priest. "It is easily dropped. But never again, no matter how hard you try, can you gather back the words you have so thoughtlessly scattered."

A PRAYER OF THANKSGIVING
By DR. FRANK CRANE

Almighty Creator, we Thy creatures thank Thee for Life.
First of all benedictions, foremost of all creeds, and sum of all riches, it is to live.
To be a spot of consciousness in a vibrant universe, is this not to be a very son of God?
To have so amazing avenues of appreciation, to see the sun, to hear the moving wind, to smell the dawn, to feel the fire and the snow, to taste the fruit of trees, to do, to know and to love, surely a creature with such royal advantage hast Thou crowned with glory and honor.
We thank Thee for our Day, this twentieth century wherein the world is waking.
We thank Thee for the maturing mind or mankind which is struggling to cast off the past childishness of violence, of contention, of narrowness and hate.
We thank Thee that clear-eyed Science advances while ancient frauds, unclean superstitions and the cruel obsessions of ignorance are passing away.
That the nations are earnestly striving to come together, and that slowly out of our patriotisms there is emerging the great cause of Humanity, we thank Thee.
That woman is being set free, and that her right to her own soul, her own body and her own citizenship is being acknowledged, we thank Thee.
That the sure law of growth in this Thy garden of the world becomes more and more apparent; that evil falls as discarded scales and the good, the true and the beautiful persist ever to fruition; that after every winter of death comes the spring of resurrection, and that the miracle of life is eternally recurrent, we thank Thee.
That achievement is being valued above privilege and business above idleness, that liberty is more and more conceived in point of law, that justice is turning to helpfulness rather than vengeance, and that sanity outlives delusion, we thank Thee.
And most of all we thank Thee that we are learning to give the little children their just due of care and training—that little by little we are endeavoring to make the world such that

"Sweeter shall the roses blow
In those far years, those happier years;
And children weep when we lie low
Far fewer tears, far softer tears."

but they gave a large part of their program to discussion of the movements to bring about better marriage laws, to check the divorce evil, and to protect women and children in industry.

They adopted the Better Homes Movement and many clubs throughout the country have worked hard and successfully in this important campaign.

Speaking for the Better Homes demonstration,

Made 10 years ago
— washed with
Ivory Soap and
Ivory Flakes more
than 600 times.

The baby's delicate, handmade frock pictured here, of batiste and valenciennes lace, has been worn by three children of the same family. What made it last so long? "Care and Ivory," says the mother's letter. (Garment, with owner's letter on file in Procter & Gamble office.)



Fresh, unfaded—
the miracle of
Ivory Flakes

This daintiest of negligees — pink crêpe de chine and sheerest georgette, after laundering with Ivory Flakes, is "as fresh as when new," says its owner. (Garment, with owner's letter on file in Procter & Gamble office.)

Georgette ?

Careful! First consider this test
for laundering safety

Here is a test you should apply to any soap in any form before deciding whether or not it is safe for your most precious silk, lace—or even wool—garments:—

Would you be willing to use that soap on your face?

Apply this thought to the soap, whatever its form, which you are now using for your fine fabrics.

If that soap is Ivory Flakes, your confidence is at once redoubled.

For Ivory Flakes is just a different form of the same Ivory Soap which has protected the faces of millions of women during two generations—pure, mild, gentle, safe!

Ivory Flakes flows from its dainty

blue-and-white box as if touched by a magician's wand—ready for instant suds, and the luxury of washbowl laundering without worry.

While Ivory Flakes has a real margin of safety for the finest things in your wardrobe, it is inexpensive enough even for ordinary laundry work.

Wouldn't you like to have a free sample of Ivory Flakes and the attractively illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments"? A note or postcard addressed as suggested in the lower left hand corner will bring them.

The full-size package of Ivory Flakes may be had at grocery and department stores.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP FLAKES

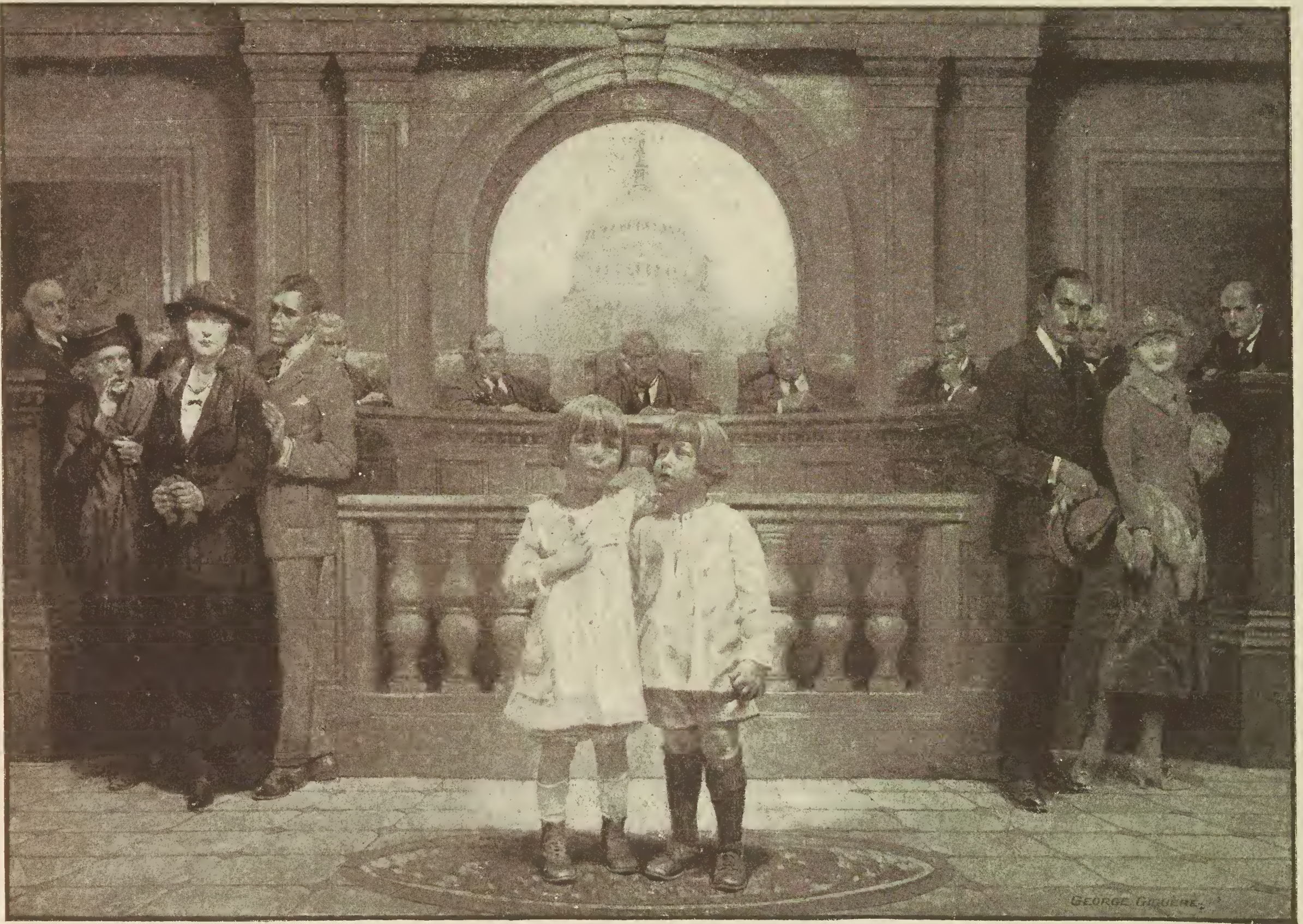
Makes dainty clothes last longer

FREE

This package
and booklet

A sample package of Ivory Flakes and the beautiful, illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," will be sent to you without charge on application to Section 17 KF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.





WHEN MARRIAGE GOES ON THE ROCKS

The share of husband and wife in domestic shipwreck

By ALEXANDER BROUGH

Presiding Magistrate of the Probation Court, City of New York



OFTEN think, as I sit in the family court of New York City, with a seemingly endless procession of embittered husbands and wives passing hour after hour before me, that if all young people about to be married and all married couples could visit some family court one day in the year and quietly look on, they would learn lessons that would carry them safely through the twelve months to come. They would see in the pitiful cases of domestic shipwreck an exaggerated reflection of their own little weaknesses and mistakes. And they would pull up in time from dangers toward which they, too, are hurrying.

Most couples can not have this experience, however, visitors being unwelcome in the average family court, which is usually small, intimate and more of a round table than a court. So I will set down here some of my own daily observations, hoping that they may serve the same purpose.

Perhaps the questions I am most frequently asked outside my court by husbands and wives who wish to avoid the pitfalls into which other married couples have blundered are these: What is the big general reason for the prevalence of divorce? What personal factors enter in? Is it usually the man or the woman who is most to blame for family troubles? Do people usually separate because of big or little faults in each other? Is there any solution for the divorce problem? What does a judge of a family

Is it the husband or wife who is chiefly responsible for marital troubles? Judge Brough, a former United States Senator and one of the most distinguished of New York City magistrates, answers the question here out of his wide experience on the bench of the family court, where he spends more than half his time untangling domestic snarls. Known for his breadth of sympathy and his remarkable insight into human nature, this shrewd and kindly magistrate has looked deep into the hearts of thousands of husbands and wives. He shares with us here some of his first-hand observations of their faults and foibles

court think of marriage at the end of a hard day?

Answering these in their order, I would say that divorce is prevalent to-day chiefly because of the countless marriages hastily entered into by people of different temperaments and with very different backgrounds, who are wholly unprepared either by practical training or

sober idealism to face the responsibilities of married life.

We get married to-day as casually as we catch a car or go to the movies. It is easier to get a marriage license than a dog license in many towns; and marriage has lost much of its sacredness. A man and girl can run down to the city hall, "sign here and pass to the other window, please," then start out in life together—total strangers, but united before the law. And until the girl appears in court a year or two later, claiming non-support, with a baby on her arm and a pitiful story to tell, the world will smile indulgently on that hasty act. The very fact that most of our family-court cases have to do with the recently married proves that marriage is to-day being carelessly entered into by thousands of persons who never in the world should have married, their temperaments and the situation foredooming the marriage from the start.

That, it seems to me, is the big general reason for the prevalence of divorce. Now, as for the personal factors, many of which appear after marriage and which should have been discerned in advance and either overcome or acknowledged to be insurmountable, I think I would list them as follows, not necessarily in the order of their importance, but beginning with the ones apt to crop out first and ending with those which finally bring the couple into court: (1) Incompatibility of temperament; (2) difference in social background, religion, education or age; (3) faults in early training; (4) nagging; (5) jealousy; (6) interference of relatives; (7) money troubles and lack of a real sense of responsibility; (8) drink, infidelity and other evil habits; (9) non-support.

It is my experience that in most cases of domestic disaster at least two or three of the factors above mentioned are present, and in some pitiful instances all nine play a part. Any one of them is enough to disrupt a home, however; so let us consider them here in turn.

What, I am often asked, is incompatibility of temperament? Rather than attempt a definition, I will tell of an interesting instance of it which was recently brought to the attention of the court. A young couple, highly educated and apparently suited in every way, the man a graduate of Oxford University and the girl of Barnard, met and married in New York. It was a union of two individuals with the same tastes, the same background of cultivation, the same general aspirations. But there was one fundamental difference in their two characters which became apparent immediately after marriage: the woman was determined to be honest, even if they lived plainly; the man was determined to live in luxury, even if the bills went unpaid.

HE INSISTED on renting a luxurious apartment beyond their means; and here their housekeeping began, on an expensive scale, with subterfuges and dishonesties that every day became more hateful to her. To solve the problem, she took for a time a socially inferior position down-town, hoping that he would not find it out. He did, nevertheless, and, in a rage, compelled her to give it up. This opened her eyes to the falsity of all he did, with the result that they separated after having been married only a few months.

It must not be supposed, however, that incompatibility is always a profound difference in character. It ranges all the way from the sublime to the ridiculous, often implying merely a rough jocoseness in one partner and a lack of any sense of humor in the other. I recall the absurd, pitiful case of a prosperous young couple who separated because the husband, a dry wit, persisted in poking fun at the baby, and the wife, an excitable, humorless woman, took his jokes tragically. For months probation officers reasoned patiently with this man and woman, but without effect. They were wholly unable to understand each other, and never should have married. The woman's final grievance when she left her husband, I remember, was some comment of his about the baby having the "face of a monkey!"

Coming now to the second factor in marital unhappiness—differences in social background, religion, education or age—I have in mind a comical instance of social disparity which came near being tragic. It was the case of a wife trying to inculcate in her husband her own social standards; and, rightfully, the story begins before the marriage of the pair, when the boy was a fine, clean, upstanding young fellow—a truck-driver—born in New York's lower West Side and typical of the district. One of the famous characteristics of the inhabitants of that district is the unwillingness to wear a collar. And in this respect he was true to type. He would wear a sweater, or a shirt turned in at the neck—but a collar he would not wear.

One day, nevertheless, he met a girl who was lady's maid in a smart family living up-town. The two fell in love, and were married. The girl had nice friends and refined standards of living, and the fact that her husband would not wear a collar, but went everywhere with her in sweater or low-necked shirt, drove her frantic. She nagged at him steadily about it, but without effect. So she consulted with her chums, and between them the girls cooked up a plan.

A DAY or two later, she walked past his mother's home in company with a showily dressed man—one of those "collar ads," as her husband bitterly declared afterward in court. And not only his mother but every member of his family saw her. The plan worked entirely too well. There was a terrible explosion when she reached home, with the result that her husband, beside himself with jealousy, deserted her. And the foolish little wife, penniless and broken-hearted, came into the family court with her story. Investigations were made. The court found that she was a good little thing, and it was discovered that the "collar ad" was a relative—a cousin imported from New Jersey to put over the stunt. When the husband was sent for, and this explained to him, he had to grin.

"I guess it's all right then," he admitted. "I'll come back to her." Then he added hastily, "But I won't wear no collar."

Wife and probation officer hurriedly assured him that he needn't. And he didn't. Still, there's a likelihood that he may some day, for his business is becoming so prosperous that he is being literally thrust into the white-collar class.

Instances of inequality in education are almost as difficult for the court to cope with as those of social disparity, being usually accompanied by a cruel intolerance on the part of one person and a painful sensitiveness on the part of the other. And yet, with the aid of night

schools and other educational agencies, even this problem is being solved. There is one marital difficulty, however, which is fatal in ninety cases out of a hundred, and that is difference in age. To be sure, the elderly man with the young wife does stand some chance of holding her if he is a good provider and there are children. But the elderly or middle-aged woman who has foolishly married the very young man has cut out a big slice of trouble for herself. Such unions almost never endure—and almost never should.

We have arrived now at the third factor in domestic shipwreck—faults in early training. And on this subject a volume could be written. Boys raised to be selfish and domineering around the house make disagreeable husbands; and yet if such a man be a hard worker and good provider he can be pretty selfish at home without finding any farewell note on the pincushion. This is because his work lies principally outside the home. The girl's work, on the contrary, lies in it. And if she knows nothing about cooking, housecleaning, washing and ironing, marketing and managing of the budget, her marital happiness is practically foredoomed. Day after day it is being proved in the family court that the average male American will not live in disorder or eat repulsive food no matter how much he loves his wife.

"Judge," a man pleaded convincingly when he was brought before me for desertion not long ago, "I like my wife all right, and I'll help support her, but I won't live with her. She never washes the clothes. The house is always filthy. And cook! Say, that woman's given me indigestion with her food that's burned or half-cooked or slopping around in a lot of grease." He made a gesture of disgust, and one could almost see the dripping frying-pan. "And picnic stuff! Gosh, we pretty nearly support the delicatessen store down-stairs. Cold ham, potato salad, dill pickles—night after night. Say, what kind of food is that for a hungry man? Nope, I'm through. The restaurants for mine. They're clean, anyway."

EXPERIENCED probation officers, men and women, worked with his family. They persuaded the woman, who really loved her husband, that the only way to regain his respect and affection was to become a model housewife. She went to a neighborhood settlement house and learned something about cooking and homemaking. The children were sent to the country for a time. They returned with better personal habits, and insisted on living up to them. A short time afterward a reconciliation was effected, and the family is now living happily together.

A tragicomic instance of a similar nature, but one which ended less happily, was the case of a young German-American, very much in love, who married a highly cultured girl, to discover after marriage that she knew nothing at all about housekeeping, cooking especially. She simply could not cook; she couldn't even prepare food for cooking. He was very patient, but her meals grew worse and worse; and at last disagreements began to arise. One day, after a reconciliation, he expressed a fondness for rabbit stewed a certain way—a dish known as *hasenpfeffer*; and the little wife, in an effort to please him, hurried out and bought a fine brace of rabbits, brought them home, and began to pluck the hair out of them! She was still pulling out hair when her husband came home, ravenous and ready for his supper. At first he could not understand what she was about. Then he burst out laughing, and taking the rabbits from her, quickly skinned them, while she broke into tears.

One might have supposed that this absurd incident would have united the two. Instead it proved the last straw, giving the man a taunt which the girl grew to hate, especially as her cooking did not improve. Eventually they found themselves in the family court, arranging to live separate lives.

Which brings us to the fourth factor in domestic in-harmony—the old, old fault of nagging. The nagger is always with us; and since the days of Xantippe, founder of the tribe, she has been a cross between a joke and a sober problem. To a judge of the family court she is all problem, for it is tragically evident to him that if women would only use more tact and restraint in the handling of their men there would be fewer separations and divorces.

I remember the case of an aggressive young woman of foreign extraction whose husband—a small shopkeeper who had failed—could not speak a word of English, while she, unfortunately, could. She almost deafened us with her vindictive accusations against the troubled, bewildered little man who was trying, through an interpreter, to follow the proceedings.

Time and again she would spring up out of her chair, shaking her fist at me for emphasis, almost dropping the baby from her lap. Her great saying was: "In four months he gave me for clothes only seven dollars." Once her husband attempted to explain his financial troubles, but she drowned him out. So the baby and husband fell to plying some sort of a game with each other across the

open space between them. Apparently they understood one another perfectly.

When the woman had finally run down, I asked: "Have you told your husband all this?"

"Yes, yes, every day," she protested. "For four months, all day long I tell him."

"Then I don't wonder," I said, "that he left you."

I shall never forget her stupefied stare.

The family was afterward reunited, the employment director of the probation department finding work for the man, and a woman probation officer softening the wife until she was a better helpmeet.

TWIN sister to the nagging weakness is that of foolish, groundless jealousy. Thousands of little ships of marital peace have come to grief on this hidden rock. "He travels with that big blonde," a bitter wife will tell me; or "She makes more of a fuss over that boarder than she does over me," a husband will assent. And the "star boarder," by the way, is the cause of more jealousy in otherwise peaceful homes than any other one thing, though a close second is the job which keeps the husband away long hours.

A most comical instance of the latter sort of jealousy—and one of the funniest cases ever brought to my notice—was that of an Italian woman who came into court one day, charging her husband with non-support and claiming that he would not take the job she wanted him to. He was a longshoreman, and she wanted him to become a push-cart pedler.

On investigation it was discovered that she was frantically jealous; that as a longshoreman her husband was required to be away from early morning until late at night, and that she had persuaded herself he was phylandering part of that time. She wanted him to become a push-cart pedler so that he could stand right in front of their house where she could keep her eye on him. Being a big, red-blooded man, and a good longshoreman, he had refused to change; so she, to prevent his holding the water-front job, had begun to turn his alarm-clock back, making him continually late for work until finally he had been fired.

The court realized that something must be done, as the man's earning power was being crippled and the family was in want. So one day the wife was sent for by the employment director of our probation department, who assured her that a fine job with short hours had been found for her husband—that of porter in the actresses' dressing-rooms at one of the theaters.

The woman overwhelmed him with her thanks. She left the court and got half-way down the block when the nature of that job dawned over her. In a panic she flew back, and going down on her knees, beseeched the employment director, with tears and gestures, not to offer it to her husband. He agreed—provided she would interfere no more with her husband's legitimate work. She promised, fervently, and from that day to this she has not been seen inside court, nor has she allowed her husband to come near it to report, as he was supposed to do, being on probation!

FAR easier to solve, however, than the problem of jealousy—which, being a trait of character, has to be overcome by the individual—is the vexing question of the interference of relatives in the home affairs of a young couple. Meddlesome "in-laws" are the mosquitoes of married life. They should all be smoked out, or else the bride and groom should move away from where they are. For a girl, particularly one dominated by her mother, to marry and settle down where her mother can continue to run her life, is for her to court marital disaster. Cases too numerous to mention of homes broken up because of this malicious, or even well-meaning, interference come pouring into the family court.

Money troubles, chiefly a matter of unemployment, being next on our list, I will say that family courts act almost as barometers in reference to employment conditions. Many women will stand much abuse and suffering as long as some money enters the home. When this ceases, they are obliged to bring the man to court.

In most cases of unemployment the wife is plucky and fine—especially if the husband lost his work through no fault of his own. But now and then a woman will "turn yellow." I remember the case of a horseshoer, with a wife and three children, who met with an injury and had to have a finger amputated. The healing was slow, and his wife, a complainer and a worrier, picked on him about the delay, finally coming to court. The probation officer, though he saw her yellowness, set to work to help the man, getting him a compensation allowance of twelve dollars a week. Still the woman continued to complain, finally driving the man from home. A job was obtained for him in the street-cleaning department, where an old-age pension was assured him. Most of his salary he sent to his wife; his compensation money he began to put into a bank.

MAKING HOME WORK COUNT

When lessons have a place in the home circle

By ANGELO PATRI



THERE is much discussion and misunderstanding about home work. Some parents complain of too little, some of too much. Some schools give a great deal, others very little, and a few none at all. How much should be given? How little can we get on with? When and how should it

be done? Why? These questions among others come up again and again and are answered according to the beliefs of the disputants rather than on proved knowledge. Home lessons are an essential part of the scheme of a child's education and they must be considered carefully and done thoroughly if the home is to hold its rightful place in the life of its children.

The later generations of Americans are analyzing, selecting, rejecting old ideas and formulating new ones for the basis of their lives. In their new enthusiasm much that is good and fine will be brushed aside unless we are very watchful. The family tie, the power of parental love and wisdom and authority, is precious, and anything that tends to strengthen it, as lessons done under family supervision must do, is very valuable.

It often happens that children in the first blush of new attainments, in the crudity of youthful ignorance, thrust their people aside with a decisive "The teacher says," and the parents, in their loving anxiety, stand aside and hope that things will come out all right. They hope that the teacher and the school know and understand. That glimmer of hope seems to be the only thing left them in this fog of misunderstanding and doubt, and they gradually eliminate themselves as potent factors in the education of their children.

Nothing could be worse for the homes and the children of this country. Home and school are partners held together by the child. Their business is to see that he gets the best possible out of his life, that he is truly educated. The home in duty to itself and its children must insist upon sharing the responsibility.

GOOD home lessons begin in school, carry to the home and back again. The most valuable are those which have a distinct home background. They begin with the youngest children and continue on through high school, growing more and more intensive and practical as the child develops. They are concerned more and more with actual facts of living and less and less with matters of tables and drill.

The children in the first-year class learned to sing a lullaby and the teacher told them to go home and try it out on the baby. She gave each child a card on which his mother was to write her opinion of the performance. Pudge brought back his card with this report:

"When Pudge tried his lullaby on the baby, he smiled and patted his face and was a long time in going to sleep. He wanted to try it on Charlotte's sleeping doll, but she would not lend it to him. He tried it on his own bear and he says he slept very well. I think he did good work for such a little boy. His singing voice is not very sweet yet, but I think that if I sing the song over and over

so he can hear it more often his voice will improve."

That was a fine home lesson. The child learned something in school, tested it at home where it belonged, and received an appreciation of it within the family circle. Too often the school lesson is left hanging in the air. This can not happen when it is tied up to the life in the home. Parents should treasure such opportunities with miserly avidity.

The domestic-science class learned to make bread in school. The teacher said: "Now I have taught you all I can here. Take your recipe home and make a loaf of bread that your mother says is perfect and then I will credit you with bread-making and check it off your card."

Each child went home and tried to make her loaf of bread, but things at home were different from those in school. The size of the bowl and the kind of the fire and the oven were all strange to the new cook.

THE first efforts were failures and the children had to try again and again before they could bring the teacher a sweet, light, wholesome loaf of bread that carried mother's approval with it. To be sure, this meant a bit of trouble to the mother, but it also meant an opportunity to make a school lesson real; and above all else it meant an opportunity to share the influence of the teacher in the child's life—a chance to make the child feel that her mother had a power and a knowledge equal to the highest test of the school.

There are lessons, we call them "tool" lessons, that do not draw so fully on the home background. These are the tables and words and facts that must be mastered before the child can advance to the more efficient stages of the work laid out for him. Yet even here there is an opportunity for home cooperation.

Spelling is a tedious lesson and the only way to learn to spell is by using the word—writing it again and again until the correct spelling habit is formed. A good way to help a child with this is to let him keep a card catalog of words he misspells. Each word has a separate card on which it appears by itself and in a sentence that shows its correct use. Each time he misspells the word he takes out his card and writes that word once again. Soon he has learned it. The home does not call him stupid because he makes a mistake, but provides a way out for him and so shares in the child's problems and leaves in his mind the notion that home counts.

Don't you see how big a share the home lessons have in the education of a child? Don't you see that, inasmuch as the home has the child for the greater part of the time, it is the more active partner in the work of education? To accomplish this the cooperation between home and school must be very close. There must be a well-defined and clearly understood plan of action between them.

When you enter a child in school, don't close the door behind you and walk away with the thought, "I've set-

tled the matter of the child's education. That's off my mind." You can not finish it and you can not dismiss it with that notion.

When the child goes from Class "Something" to Class "Something Else," you have to know precisely what the change means to your child. You should know exactly what the school intends to do for him and do your part by making the term's work as fruitful as possible for him through home work.

The home should provide a proper place for the lessons. This work is often a failure because no room has been set aside for it. The children gather about the dining-room table in full sight and hearing of everything that goes on in the living-room beyond. A neighbor comes in and father lays aside his paper and they are soon deep in an interesting discussion. How can the lad in the next room keep his mind on his lessons? Big sister and her friend try out the new dance steps to the music of the phonograph. How can little sister study her grammar lesson?

Give the children a quiet room apart from the general activity of the household. Equip it with well-lighted tables and comfortable chairs. Stock it with reference books, dictionaries, maps and tools.

There must be some one in the family who makes it his mission in life to look after the home study. When the geography lesson calls for an account of the life of a far-away people, the home teacher remembers that in a certain trunk in the attic there are old shawls and embroideries that give out a strange, sweet perfume when they are shaken out. The trunk is brought out and the home-teacher begins:

"Once when your great-grandfather—" and the story ties the children and their people to the strangers across the sea. Even the arithmetic lesson worked out in neat columns and trimmed in red ink and the maps carefully drawn and primly outlined in three colors should have the careful inspection of the home supervisor.

LET us keep a few simple facts about home work in our minds. Home work should be examined and corrected by the teacher who gave it. To let a child understand that his assignment will not be corrected and the result recorded is to demoralize him. Home work must not be used to nag a child into making extra grades in school. Some parents use it for this purpose. That is not education. It is cramming and therefore stupid.

No child should be permitted to remain up after bedtime in order to finish home work. Do not do the lesson for the child. Sick children should not be given home lessons. Home lessons should not be given as a punishment. No writing of words a thousand times and calling it lessons. Don't set the child in opposition to the teacher by criticizing the home lesson adversely. Go to school and ask about it. The child must have leisure time in his day, and home lessons must not deprive him of it. Try to look on home lessons as an opportunity for the home to carry its share of the responsibility of educating its children rather than an imposition of the school. Do your part toward keeping the school an auxiliary to the home and not its substitute.

THE LADY OF MOONLIGHT

How her schools for grown-ups are civilizing
the mountain illiterates of the south

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE



MOONLIGHT schools!
The very name is
romantic.

They have been organized in several States for eleven years; and, just as the lavish moon pours down her cascades of silver upon king and fool alike, so these schools are reaching out, touching every one, pouring their light of knowledge on illiterates everywhere. Already there is a Federal literacy commission in perfect running order; and there is hardly a State in the Union that has not followed the trail blazed by a single mind.

Behind every movement stands one figure, one person. In the mind of some particular individual the thought was conceived which makes possible the fulfilment of a golden dream.

A quiet, unassuming woman had a thought one day. Her name? It is Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart; and when, in 1911, she was superintendent of schools in Rowan County, Kentucky, the forlorn, illiterate mountaineers used to come to her to have letters read and written. One day an old woman who had a daughter living in Chicago walked seven miles to the county seat in order that Mrs. Stewart might interpret those cryptic words which her child had sent to her. For six weeks Mrs. Stewart did not see her again; then she came in proudly with another letter. But this time the seal was broken. She had read it herself! She had bought a primer, and taught herself to make out those mysterious symbols. For the first time in her long life she had learned that tenderness came through the written as well as the spoken word. It was as though a magic casement had suddenly been thrown open and revealed to her a new world.

THEN an old man from the mountains came down and begged that that same window might be opened for him. He said he would give twenty years of his life if he could learn to read. And finally, one day, Mrs. Stewart heard a youth of twenty singing some folk-songs at a back-country entertainment. Impressed by his voice and the words, which were his own, she afterward asked him to copy some of the poems for her. To her amazement he looked at her sadly and said, "Madam, I can neither read nor write." The best of his songs had been lost to him, since no one had been at hand to set them down when he uttered them.

It was the call of these three classes that Mrs. Stewart heard, suddenly: The cry of mothers, of old men, and of the youth of our land. And then it was that the thought came to her: Something must be done for these shut-out people.

She learned, to her dismay, that there were one thousand one hundred and fifty-two illiterates above the age of ten years in her county alone. There was no room for them in the day schools, already overcrowded. Yet those folk had to be reached. How?

She sent out a call for volunteers among the teachers of



RAIN OR SHINE, PEOPLE OF ALL AGES, SOME WITH BABIES IN ARMS, WALK MILES OVER MOUNTAIN ROADS AT NIGHT TO LEARN TO READ

Charley Ky. Dec. 16 1919
Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart
Frankfort, Ky.
Dear Mrs. Stewart
I am a farmer and I am learning
to read and write I am anxious
to learn arithmetic This
is my third lesson
Miss Audrey Chapman
is my teacher
I am glad to learn to
read and write
Truly yours
Robert Miller

PUPILS EIGHTY YEARS OF AGE AND MORE LEARN TO WRITE LETTERS LIKE THIS AFTER A FEW LESSONS

a more earnest army march forth to battle; and it was to be a battle—against one of humanity's greatest foes—Ignorance.

To teach them at night—that was what Mrs. Stewart had decided must be done; and because it happened to be a season of moonlight, and because there is a certain glamour then which calls one forth on such an evening, she knew that the first session must be held when the countryside was flooded with that magical Niagara of glory. It would lend inspiration to the timid; it would exalt them and make them unafraid. How I would have loved to see that cavalcade as it wended its way down those silver-smitten roads!

They learned to write their names on that first evening. Their hands trembled—but if they were normal, they learned that one thing that night. These poor people who heretofore had merely made their mark when it was necessary to write their names, who had lied to post-office clerks and census-takers, saying they had broken their glasses or that their fingers were stiff, were thrilled.

How was it done? Not in the ordinary way we teach children to write, of course. Big, soft blotters were used, and upon this pliable paper, with a blunt bit of wood, the letters of each pupil's name were indented, slowly, so that the old eyes might see the process. Then each pupil was told to fill in the sunken lines with a lead-pencil. It was almost like a game. They loved it. There was fun, as well as work, in the doing of it.

Wisdom is contagious. Having done this much, they wished to do more. Mrs. Stewart, blessed with vision and comprehension, saw that newspapers would serve, even better than primers, as text-books. They would give the pupils a sense of contact with the outside world. In seven evenings some of them learned to write the entire alphabet and even to compose a simple, concise letter.



OLD FAMILY FEUDS THAT HAVE RAGED FOR GENERATIONS ARE PROMPTLY FORGOTTEN IN THE COMMON ENTHUSIASM FOR LEARNING

Mrs. Stewart invented a kind of primer of her own—not the unimaginative text-book forever used, with stupid sentences like "See the cat; the cat is on the mat." But she invented phrases and sentences that related to the daily lives of these people: "The bad road is my foe," "The good road is my friend," "I will work for the good road," and so on, indefinitely. Unconsciously, a greater lesson was being driven home.

"It was amazing," Mrs. Stewart told me. "I could not believe it, myself. The professional psychologists hearing of the phenomenal work said that it was impossible—that it was only self-hypnotism. They tried to throw discouragement into our camp. But we would not falter.

"Well, sixteen hundred pupils came to our second session during the following year. That was in 1912. We proved that it was a stupid lie to say that you couldn't teach an old dog new tricks. Why, one woman of eighty-six and one man of eighty-seven were among our most apt pupils! A miracle? Perhaps.

"The best part of it all was that the community spirit began to grow and develop. These simple folk had not used the roads a great deal. Now, out upon them nightly, they wished to form clubs to make them better; and they wanted to go to Sunday-school; and they became interested and absorbed in agricultural clubs and in home-economics clubs. Harmony appeared where feuds and disagreements had raged, for now these backwoods people were schoolmates, classmates—linked by a bond that is almost as strong as love.

"During our third session a slogan grew out of the work: 'Each one teach one,' was what they began to say. Everybody wanted to go to school! There was no such thing as truancy among these elderly folk. And the feeling of shame at long, wasted years died instantly.

"It was in 1914 that a happy event occurred which helped us immeasurably. Governor McCreary, of Kentucky, certain now that the work had been tried long enough to prove itself, asked the Legislature to create an illiteracy commission."

"And you were made chairman, of course?" I asked, as Mrs. Stewart paused.

"Yes," came the modest, low reply. "But you needn't publish that."

"Then began the work of organizing all the schools in all the counties of the State. Various organizations came forward with splendid aid. The Colonial Dames—all the women's clubs—put their shoulders to the wheel. They provided funds for supplies. The editors were helpful, too. They printed editorials and articles to stir the educated citizens."

IN 1915 Alabama created a commission. Then Mississippi, Arkansas and Georgia stepped in, until almost every State was doing something. New York began to work in 1917, and John Finley, formerly president of the College of the City of New York, succeeded in getting an appropriation of three thousand two hundred dollars. According to the last report, the Empire State had expended five hundred thousand dollars in fighting illiteracy and teaching the foreign-born. So you see how the gospel has spread.

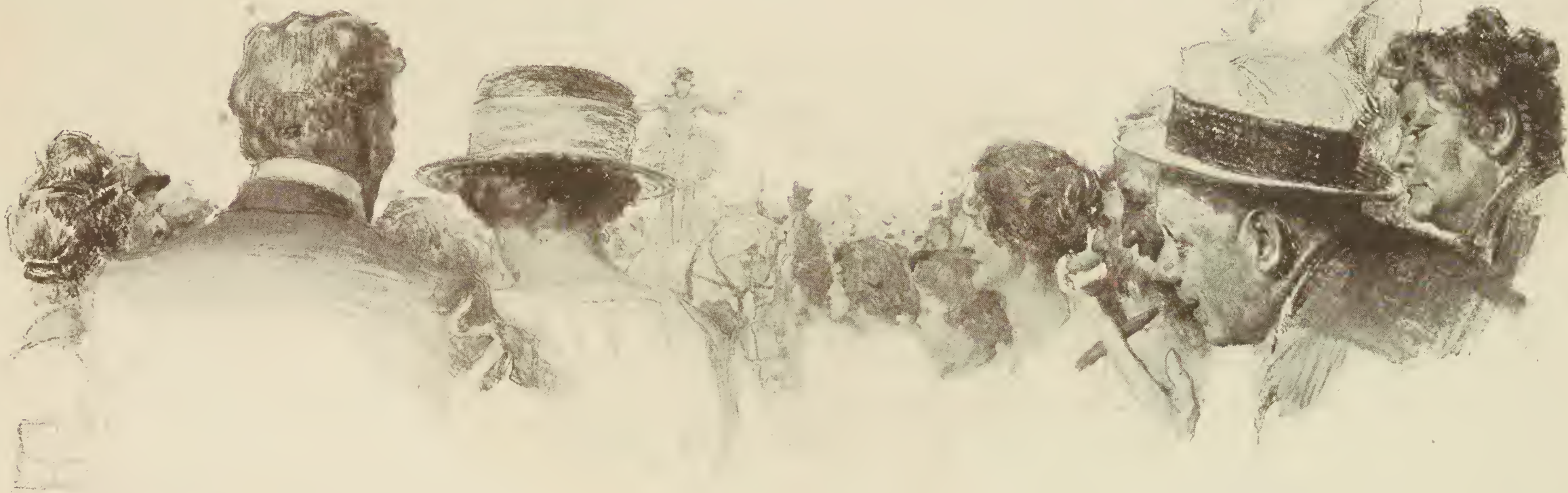
"Most of the States have invented slogans to suit their special needs. For instance, Alabama cries out on its banners: 'Illiteracy in Alabama—let's remove it!' And South Carolina briefly but loudly proclaims: 'Let South Carolina secede from illiteracy.'

Concluded on page 102.

S A W D U S T

“That’s all we are in the show game—just sawdust”

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER



A THREE-PART SERIAL—PART I



UTUMN crispness was in the air. Afar off, through a slight dropping of the side-walling of the dressing-tent, the trees of a small grove could be seen, their yellowed leaves drifting with the pull of a slight wind. The tent-top, patched and dun-colored after the long season of sun and wind and storm and mud, bellowed slightly, its faint slapping mingling with the muffled music of the circus band.

The noise of the barkers from the World's Greatest midway seemed clearer and sharper than usual; perhaps it was because the crowds were thinning with the deepening Autumn, forcing the ballyhoo men to greater efforts; perhaps—

But the filmy little creature who sat on her wardrobe trunk at one end of the dressing-tent, staring out toward the yellowed foliage, was not bothered by such problems. True, she heard the call of the ballyhoo men and side-show talkers, just as she heard the flapping of the tent and the blaring of the band from within the big top, just as she noticed the falling leaves and the gleaming sun of late October. But they spelled something to her beside the fact that the Summer was gone. They told of a loneliness that crept upon her, of a heartache which would not down, whenever the big show, like some cumbersome liner after its voyage at sea, began to warp into port for the Winter; of a mad begging in the soul of her for something she never had known.

SHE sat there on the end of her trunk, her white, well-taped “creepers” hooked into the crotch of a near-by dressing-chair, her elbows on her shimmering, silk be-tighted knees, her chin in her cupped hands—a fair-haired, wholesome-featured little person of nineteen who, even in her relaxation, bespoke activity; whose eyes, in their clarity and brilliance, announced radiant health. Hers was the surety of a woman who has met the world, and in the meeting remained undefiled—hers the innocence of a little girl, longing for something she never can have. A letter lay open beside her. She had read it many times that day, but it had served only to emphasize her loneliness. For this was the time of year when the dressing-tent was making its plans for the Winter; when women talked of the little nooks they called home, in which they would while away the bleak months until Spring came again—makeshift affairs it is true, yet places where there were children and family ties—something to which they might attach themselves until the wandering days rolled round again. But for Nita Moore, *première equestrienne* of the World's Greatest, there were no such plans, no such hopes.

To Joe, the tattooer in the side-show, and a vague person who long since had faded, known as Runner Baine, did she owe as much of her history as she knew—of the breaking of the net which had sent her father crashing to his death on the hippodrome track of a tatter-

Most of us—at some time—have dreamed of running away and joining a circus. While we dreamed about it, Mr. Cooper did it. He traveled with a circus—with several of them, in fact—and so he knows well whereof he speaks when he writes about the mysterious life that goes on under “the big top”

demalion, long-forgotten circus; of the shock the news had carried to a faded woman in the circus-cars who had striven in vain for the strength to bear a new burden, and who, three weeks later, had remained behind in the loneliness of an alien burying-ground while the circus went on, carrying with it a parentless baby, a person named Runner Baine, his wife (who for the few dollars a week bestowed by a kind-hearted circus-owner, had cared in haphazard fashion for the child) and Joe, the tattooer. Then, in a few years, even this had ended with the dissolution of the little circus, and the child had traveled to the inevitable fate of a circus orphan—apprenticeship to a performing “family.”

IMPERSONALLY she had come to them, impersonally she traveled on once the act had split. A child equestrienne, she moved first to one show, then to another, at last to find a resting-place with the World's Greatest, where she had risen, step by step, to the highest plane of her profession. She had even forgotten her beginnings, until Joe drifted on the show again, an older, more sympathetic Joe than the tough, slangy being who had known her in her baby days, a lonely Joe, too, as he faced the end of his circus life and looked about him for something to tie to, something to care for. It was a Joe who watched the flashing form of the girl star with a beaming light in his eyes—who stood for the past when there was a father and mother—and who of late had talked often of Runner Baine and of the interest he had always held in the orphan child his wife had nursed and cared for.

By all means come to see me when the show plays Morgantown. I have great news for you about something you've always wished for. Joe Benton can give you any information about me you need. However, please do not mention the matter to any one else on the circus.

Yours very truly,
RUNNER BAINE.

Something she always had wished for! It was that in the letter which hurt—the mockery of it. She had wished for only one thing, one thing which she never could have—

She started, and rising, hastily tucked the letter into her trunk—the music had changed, evidence of another act under the spreading canvas. A filmy, shimmering, airy-light little being, she turned to the pad-room, in-

spected her sleek ring horses or “rosinbacks,” fretting in the care of their grooms, straightened the ribbons of their smooth-combed manes, then trotted toward the connection, in readiness for her cue.

A clown awaited her, “Speck” Dawson, who, with his grimaces and his comical, lop-eared dog, had filled with laughter the interims to the eminence of a star performer. But to-day the clown's greeting was only a curt, tight-lipped nod as he shuffled his big, padded feet and sought to turn away—not quickly enough, however, to hide the expression of gaunt sorrow which penetrated even the clown-white on his wrinkled old features.

Nita looked at him wonderingly, then with a sudden knowledge of something missing. “Why, Speck,” she asked, “where's Sawdust?”

The old clown released his tightly gripped hands and pointed toward the edge of the circus-lot.

“But why don't you call him? It's nearly time—”

“It wouldn't do no good, Miss Nita. He can't answer.”

“Oh, Speck!”

But the music had changed. Into the crowded tent they went, a dancing, smiling girl and a shouting, tumbling clown, while the audience laughed and applauded, and a tired old man fought stubbornly against the habit of years—the habit which bade him turn and frolic with a comical, long-tailed, lop-eared dog that never again could bound to the command of a beloved master.

“He just seemed to go sudden—like he'd fought 'til the last minute,” said Speck slowly when the act was done and they stood beside a small mound at the edge of the circus grounds. “But he knew me, right up to the end. Wagged his tail when I'd speak to him—I'd been up with him all night. I hate to go 'way and leave him like this.”

The girl nodded.

“The circus can't wait, though, Speck.”

“NOPE.” He was printing a name on a clean bit of pine boarding. “The circus can't wait. There, I guess that's enough: ‘Sawdust.’” He went to his knees and planted the board at the head of the small grave. “I'll sure miss him, Miss Nita.”

“Yes, Speck; I know.”

“Still,”—the old man remained bent there, breaking the clods in his wrinkled hands—“that's the way it goes. We ought to get used to it; we see it enough. It's all we've got at the end—to be left behind, like Sawdust here. Somebody'll probably come along to-morrow and knock this headboard over, same way they pass up a circus guy's grave when he's left behind in a cemetery where nobody knows him.

“Fact is, Miss Nita, 'twasn't a bad name for him, Sawdust. 'Tain't a bad name for most any of us in the show game—that's about all we are, just sawdust. Ever notice how pretty and clean and bright the wood-chips are when they first scatter 'em around the ring? Then by and by the horses stamp it all down in the dirt and the property-men run over it and mix it up more—and then the next day, when it's done its work, it's left behind on the show-lot, just a circle out there for the

wind and rain to finish, nothing but a left-behind, and a few kids with sticks poking around in it to see if anybody lost something. Just about the same—we're bright and fresh at the start, but when we're done, we're done, and we're left behind. The big tops ain't got no time to stop and keep us company. Too many people waiting for the parade in the next stand; the show's got to go on."

And that night, as she pirouetted and somersaulted, as the ring horses traveled at their faithful, rocking gait, the hazy crowds seemed to melt, seemed to dissolve into a sad old man bending beside the grave of his clown dog and voicing the philosophy of a life to which she and every one about her were giving their best, their very all—that it might sap them, drain them, then throw them aside as it progressed in its grim course onward. For the first time in her existence she truly realized what the circus meant and what it held for her. Up there on the seats were the monarchs, sitting even as the monarchs of old sat in judgment; when their thumbs went down, the inevitable must follow. They must be pleased. No matter what the cost, no matter what the anguish that lurked behind the grimace which brought their laughter, no matter what the torture as a performer went smilingly through his act in spite of bruise or break or sprain, no matter what the heartache—they must be pleased, the show must go on! Suddenly sickened, like a child fleeing a thing which frightened her, Nita, her act over, hurried to the dressing-top there to stand for a long moment beside her trunk, staring at a letter which bore the signature of Runner Baine. If only—

SLOWLY, almost grimly, she doffed her tinsel and spangles for her simple, childish street-clothing, then left the dressing-tent, threaded her way through the dark maze of stakes and wagons, and turned into the blazing midway where bellied the banners of the side-show. She halted at the tattoo booth.

"How's business, Joe?"—her usual evening greeting. "Rotten. My last season at this racket, kid. They don't fall for tattoo any more. Got an offer on the advance for next season, and believe me, I grabbed it. Hard work—but you get your wages every Saturday night, and you ain't shakin' dice to see whether you're goin' to starve or not."

She looked up at him quickly.

"Then you'll be gone next season?"

"Yeh, but then, so'll—" He halted suddenly and reached toward the girl. "Let's take a look at that scar."

He raised her hair just above the right ear and studied the thin white mark which extended for more than an inch along the scalp, concealed from ordinary gaze. At last:

"Sure done a good job on that, Nita. Anybody'd swear it was a scar. But I guess you don't care about that."

She laughed.

"I care a lot—marking me up that way."

"There you go again—kickin'. You ought never've told me you didn't have a mark on you in case of accident. Now you've got something to protect yourself with. If you get smashed up, the circus'll know about that scar and can identify you—send you to a hospital or something. It's a better stunt than straight tattooin'—nobody could tell it was put in with a needle. And if you get smashed—"

"Gee, but you're cheerful, Joe." Then: "I got a letter from Mr. Baine to-day. Wants me to come and see him to-morrow."

"What does he say?" He asked it quickly, almost nervously.

"Nothing much, except that he's got good news for me."

The old man grasped her hands. "Good news!" he said. "Good news! I—I hope it's everything you'd want it to be, honey." His voice suddenly had gone soft, almost fatherly. "And—and listen. Will you make me a promise?"

"Sure, Joe."

"Do whatever he tells you—no matter how crazy it may sound. He's in the kind of business where funny things happen. You may not understand. But do what he says—understand that?"

"Of course. But—"

"Will you promise?"

"Why, if you want me to, Joe. But what's it all about?"

"Runner'll have to tell you. He'll—" Then with sudden relief: "Nix—move on! Here comes a sucker!"

SHE left the tent rather hazily—and it was with something of the same haziness that she made her way along the creaking hall of an ancient building the next day, at last to pause before a door which bore the inscription:

R. B. BAINE
Expert Detective

A moment later she was introducing herself to a heavy-set, pudgy-featured man who sat, or rather rolled, in a rickety, high-backed office-chair. The room was a dusty, dim, almost bare thing, indicative of a business that apparently was far from lucrative. Nita took the proffered chair with a feeling of reluctance. Then for a long time the man merely surveyed her, like a purchaser making an appraisal, his fat hands steeple-like before him, his small eyes seeming to burrow farther back into his head with every glance.

Afar off the bands were blaring as the circus parade made its resplendent progress between the thick-packed curbs of the down-town section. The grimy window was open to admit the cool warmth of Autumn and to make more audible the noises of the parade streets: the squawking of toy balloons, the shouts of the circus announcers and, from deep in the distance, the discordant melody of the calliope. Runner Baine blinked his eyes and disturbed the usual church-steeple to twiddle his fingers.

"Soon be closing, eh," he asked.



PURPLE ASTERS

*It isn't alone the asters
In my garden—
It is the butterflies gleaming
Like the crowns of kings and queens!*

*It isn't alone purple,
And blue on the edge of purple—
It is what the sun does,
And the air moving clearly;
The petals moving and the wings
In my queer little garden!*

HILDA CONKLING.

The girl smiled. "Yes. New Orleans—in ten days."

"Then what?"

"Same old thing, I guess: A room in a hotel, and five months' practise in the ring-barns—waiting for the bluebirds to sing again."

"Sort of endless circle, eh? Look here—is this stuff that Joe tells me the truth, about you wanting to leave the show game?"

"WANTING? Yes. But that's the end of it. I couldn't go into vaudeville—you can't work any kind of a somersault act on the stage. I tried it last year. That's all I can do—ride. I couldn't very well retire on my six thousand dollars and a set of rosinbacks."

The fat man leaned forward in his chair, his beady eyes glistening.

"Joe says you want a home. Is he right?"

The girl's gaze dropped. Slowly a finger began to trace an aimless design in the dust of the ancient chair. Outside the noise of the bands and hollow truckling of the heavy circus wagons traveled farther and farther away, while, clattering in their wake sounded the rattle and hurly-burly of a city's business artery resuming its usual routine. Baine waited, but she did not answer. He pressed his point:

"I don't mean just a house and furnishings, but a home. Then suddenly: "How far back can you remember?"

"I don't know. To when I was about five, I guess."

"Don't even remember anything about a big house that sets 'way back in a lawn, with trees around it and—Did you ever play Larchboro, Virginia?"

"No," she answered in reply to both questions. "But I suppose its like the rest of those Virginia towns: Lots of pretty places and gardens and everything."

But Runner Baine shook his head.

"It's something more." He pointed a finger quickly at her. "If I told you that your mother and father were alive, that you're not the circus baby that you think you

are, that they're waiting for you, but that you'd have to conceal your circus life if you went to them, what would you say?"

"What—what would I say? I—" She caught at the sides of her chair. "But they're not alive! Joe's told me—I—"

"Joe told you wrong. It was a story we fixed up, he and I." Then slowly: "That woman wasn't your mother. She told me so, before she died. But she had the town wrong—said it was Larchville. That's in Missouri. Couldn't find out anything about you there. Gave it up. Then the impossible happened—they walked into my office, and the minute they described you as a baby, I knew!"

She was out of her chair now. "You mean—?"

"Sit down there and take this quietly!" The command was almost brusque. "You've got to keep your head with you! Now listen: Larchboro's one of these towns where half the population looks at a circus parade from behind the wooden shutters. Get me? They'd be a lot happier, these two, thinking that you'd led just an ordinary life—understand? There wouldn't be the talk. I can fix it easy enough. Got a woman who'll swear that she's taken care of you. They're not caring much about details—only about getting you back again. I doubt if they'll ever hear the story when she tells it—and it'll eliminate all this circus stuff."

"But if they're my father and mother, why would the circus make any difference?"

He leaned back in his chair.

"YOU'D find out soon enough, girl, if you tried it.

In a town like that, they think circuses are made up of thieves and fallen women. It's narrow. No, that isn't the word; it's thin! You just can't do it, that's all! Besides, there are too many circus people who've heard that other story. As far as I'm concerned, it doesn't make a bit of difference. I'm hardly getting enough out of the thing to pay me for my trouble. It's a charity case, as far as that goes. Now listen," he softened his voice: "They've looked for you since you were three years old. You ran away one day, and were seen down by the canal playing. The natural inference was that you fell in and that your body never was recovered. That's what everybody in the town said. But they had faith. They never stopped looking for you. They've gone from one detective agency to another; they've gotten old long before their time; they've spent their money—but they've never given up hope. And at last they came to me—just a piece of sheer luck, Nita—to the one man who could find their daughter. Now do you understand? Do you want to break their joy by bringing the risk of a scene, or whisperings about your character, or—"

"But what's dishonorable about the circus?"

"Nothing—to you. But in the mind of a small town, it's different. They don't understand. Besides, there's that other angle: of some one in the circus game that might say it was a lie, that you weren't their daughter."

"But am I?"

"I'll give you my word on that. You're Janice Wentworth. You have a white-haired old colonel for a father, and the prettiest little mother you ever saw. Don't you think, Nita, that it's worth while to forget, just for them?"

"I—I suppose so. Joe told me to do whatever you told me—and he's always been my friend. I—I can't think very well, Mr. Baine. It's—rather overwhelmed me. I—"

"Don't try. Go back to the circus. Talk to Joe. Then drop me a line—and be back here the minute the show closes. You'll have to get rid of all your stuff; can't have any hang-overs after this thing goes through. Understand?"

BUT she only sat there, her eyes closed, her mind filled with fleeting things, as in a dream—a dream peopled by a white-haired old colonel and a sweet-faced wife who lived in a big rambling, old-fashioned house, with its fireplaces, its wide lawn, its clucking chickens and its hazy, drowsy shadows under the spreading trees.

Nor could she see, in the rush of her happiness, any of the incongruities of the situation; the questions she might have asked Runner Baine under other circumstances were unthought of. A home! The thought obsessed her mind to the exclusion of all else. Vaguely, dazedly, she gave some sort of a promise and left the office. At the circus-lot she sought the tattooing booth, there to tell her story, breathlessly, in agitated, childish fashion, while old Joe, his kindly eyes beaming, listened, nodding now and then. Finally:

"He's right about that circus stuff, Nita. It wouldn't do any good. Besides, he ain't got any cause to tell you wrong—it ain't any money in his pocket. I doubt if he's getting a hundred dollars out of it."

"That's what he said. I guess I'll write him, Joe."



AS THE COLONEL SMOOTHED HER HAIR, HE RAISED IT SLIGHTLY AND GAZED AT A THIN WHITE SCAR

I—I wish I could write them. Ten days seems an awfully long time. But he says I ought to get everything cleared up."

"Yeh—and he may have some things to look after too."

"But won't they think there's something queer about it—waiting like that?"

"Guess he hasn't told 'em yet. It's all right, Nita."

He patted her shoulder, and as he leaned forward, his eyes sought the faint beginning of the hidden scar in her hair. "Do as he tells you and it'll be all right—understand?"

TEN days later, in drowsy New Orleans, a girl stood under the flickering chandeliers of the ring-stock tent saying her good-bys. It was the closing date of the circus, an *au revoir* for most of them until Spring came round again, bringing once more the gold and silver wagons, the gleaming chandeliers and brass-throated bands, but for the girl, a farewell. From "rosinback" to "rosinback" she went, patting and stroking the sleek animals and feeding them a last apportionment of sugar. Finally she turned to the owner of the show.

"You'll be good to them, Pops?"

The owner snorted. "What do you think I'm going to do? Beat 'em to death—after the price I've paid you for 'em?"

Nita Moore laughed.

"As if you'd hurt a flea! Well—" then she hesitated, "I guess that's all. Good-by, Pops."

"Wait a minute there, kid!" He caught her hand. "That contract's still out in the wagon?" Then, as she shook her head, "At least tell a fellow where you're going so we can drop you a post-card or something."

The question met the armor of a smile.

"Just away—that's all I can tell you, Pops. Good-by."

She turned toward the darkness to make her way far out into the lot. The big tent still was ablaze with lights beaming from the tight-stretched top, radiating from the raised places in the side-walling where rushing, shouting roustabouts and plankmen were loading the big wagons for the run back to Winter quarters. Great tableaux, their six and eight horse teams plodding in shadowy lines before them, trucked into the distance where smoking torches beckoned the way to the loading runs. From over in the dressing-tent the song of the performers swelled, then faded. The chandeliers of the big top dimmed one by one; a shout, running forms, and then the great tent, like a soft, dusty cloud, settled slowly to the ground. With its fall, Nita turned away. Silently, with the heart of her that had known nothing else since the day of her birth, she had said good-by to a thing which had sheltered her, fed her, protected her; good-by to a land she loved—and feared. In two days more—

HER lips were hot from the kisses of a man and woman who sat on each side of her in the grimy old office of Runner Baine. Her cheeks burned, her eyes were radiant—radiant yet misty. Hers was a joy which mere smiles or laughter would only mock.

And such, also, was the happiness of the man and woman who looked upon her with a gaze that carried all

the love and tenderness that human hearts can know, whose hands trembled as they touched her, and who bent toward her with sudden solicitude whenever a tear of irrepressible emotion stood in her eye. Once, as the white-haired old Colonel smoothed her soft hair, he raised it slightly and gazed at a thin white scar there; then, turning toward his wife, he smiled and nodded. But Nita Moore did not notice. She only knew that a tender hand had touched her—the hand of her father, and that was enough. As for that father—

Proud, his white, tightly waxed mustache prodding the air fiercely at each side of his mouth, the slight stoop of his shoulders departed before a strength he had not known in years, the buttonhole of his immaculate Prince Albert blooming with the last treasure of the garden, Colonel Ethelbert Wentworth might have been a potentate, a monarch, a czar—had it not been for the fact that he was revelling boyishly in the ecstasy of being a parent.

And the same proud enthusiasm was apparent in the round, ruddy-faced Mrs. Wentworth, her hands clasping and unclasping, her blue eyes dancing, the words rattling over her swift-moving lips as she strove to talk to her husband, her daughter and the small-eyed Runner Baine all at the same time. A wan-featured woman had told her carefully rehearsed story and departed—told of a Gipsy band and a deserted child left at her door-step sixteen years before, of migrations in search of work, of the final discovery of identity through an advertisement sent broadcast by Runner Baine. There had been no facts—as facts go. Intimations, allusions, circumstantial incidents—that was all. But those who listened longed to believe; they hardly heard the words; they only knew that this was their baby for whom they had watched and prayed, that their dream had come true when hope seemed doomed to fade. Now—

"GOODNESS, Ethelbert, don't peck at her that way! As I was saying, Mr. Baine—"

"Wasn't peckin' at her, Nancy." He leaned back in his chair and beamed. "You surely do favor the Wentworths, honey!"

"The Wentworths! Humph!" The white-haired wife swung about belligerently. "If she hasn't the Moseby chin, the Moseby eyes and the Moseby nose, I never saw one!"

"Moseby nose? Come here, honey—turn your head up to the light. Now, we'll just place it in the hands of an impartial judge, Mr. Baine here. Wouldn't you say—"

"I'll never hear the last of it, I guess, unless I give in," said Mrs. Wentworth. "But you can't say those are Wentworth eyes!"

The old man turned and gazed studiously into Nita's face.

"I'll have to surrender on that point, sweetheart. That's the Moseby expression all right—I ought to know; looked at the same kind for twenty-six years now. Yes, sir, that's the Moseby expression an' the Moseby color!"

Over at the desk, Runner Baine chuckled, and Nita joined him while the white-haired mother settled back

in her chair with a cry of triumph. Slowly Colonel Wentworth dragged a big silver watch from his pocket, adjusted his glasses, then scrambled to his feet.

"Heavens to Betsy!" he announced. "Four o'clock. Just time to catch our train!"

Fifteen minutes later they were seated in the day-coach of a rickety accommodation train. As for Nita—somewhat dazedly she realized that her name was Janice now—a strange sense of joy was pounding in her heart. Suddenly, with girlish impetuosity, she caught first the mother and then the blustering old Colonel tight in her arms and kissed them—with a thrill in her heart that she had never known before, with the passion of a pent-up love struggling past a barrier of years. The old Colonel pulled her tight with the full strength of his arms, while a mother hand patted her cheeks and smoothed her hair from the temples. A voice came, almost womanlike in its tenderness, as the Colonel's face pressed against hers.

"There, honey—don't cry—don't cry, honey."

THE train rattled on—on through stubble stretches where the corn yet remained in the shock, through the blankness of the tobacco fields, past the great drying-sheds, and through deep, shadowy forests of hickory and oak and black walnut. Dusk came; the brakeman went from light to light, with his smoking taper. But three persons failed to notice—a man, a woman and a girl. They talked, they chattered, they laughed. The Colonel hummed and tapped a shoe noisily on the floor until his wife bade him stop. They remained silent, through sheer force of will, for whole moments at a time, only that they might burst forth with new surges of happiness. And then—

"Larchboro! Nex' stop, Larchboro!"

It was as though a family picnic was scrambling for its departure. Each reached for her bag, only to give them into the keeping of the excited Colonel, the small, imitation alligator skin affair of Mrs. Wentworth's, the big, black carry-all of the Colonel's and the deliberately cheap, more deliberately light grip in which Nita—but she was Janice now—had packed a few of her poorest belongings; dainty, initialed, silken things had been left behind with a pang. Then they were out on the station platform, where a tall, smiling young man hurried forward to meet them, to be met by the booming of the Colonel's voice and the announcement:

"Well, here she is, Philip! Here she is! Honey, this is Philip."

Nita acknowledged the introduction with a slight feeling of wonderment. Philip, she suddenly realized, might be her brother, or cousin—

But Mrs. Wentworth had cut in:

"You never knew Philip, Janice. He came here after you—went away. But I hope you'll like him. He's been so good—just like a son to us."

"I'm sure I will." And something in the heart of the new Janice Wentworth told her as she extended her hand to the frank-featured, half-hesitant young man that she was not telling a falsehood.

Continued in the December DELINEATOR

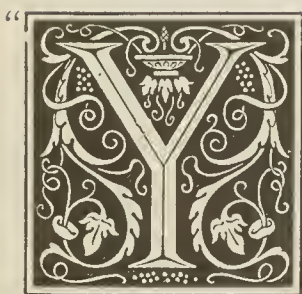


"THERE WAS JUST THE SHUSH—SHUSH—SHUSH OF THE SHORT LAKE WAVES. ON THE BEACH. MILE AFTER MILE. AND I WAS HUNGRY—HUNGRY!"

M A T C H E S

One brought her a gold chain—the other brought her his life

By M. L. C. PICKTHALL



YOU at home, Edda?" said Cheaven, opening the door. A moment his great stature filled the doorway, then he entered the room.

Edda Lefroy, sitting at the table, slowly lifted her face to him; she did not otherwise move. Jensen, who had been leaning eagerly over the table, unfolding a small parcel, remained so, the string in his fingers. Only from the warm corner by the stove gran'pa piped suddenly, "Why, ma, it's Willy Cheaven come home!"

Cheaven went and shook hands with gran'pa. Gran'ma made little chirping noises, catching at his great hands. He bent gravely and kissed her. Then he turned and went to the table.

Behind him gran'pa repeated impatiently, "Eddy, it's Willy Cheaven come back. Ain't you goin' to speak to him?"

The color rosed Edda's clear face until it seemed luminous. She said steadily, "Will, I'm glad to see you back. You've been away a long while. There are changes—"

"I know," said Cheaven. "You and Jensen been keepin' company."

He drew out a chair and sat down, facing Jensen, with the girl between. Jensen laid down the little parcel he had been holding. He said, looking straight at Cheaven, "I hope she'll marry me, Will. We've been together a lot since you left. It's all square, ain't it?"

"It's all square. There was no promise between us. She just wasn't sure."

"Don't know her own mind," put in gran'pa unexpectedly.

Edda said gently over her shoulder: "Go on readin' the paper to gran'ma, dear."

"She don't know her own mind," complained gran'pa. "First she wants the shoppin'. Then the fashi'ns. Now she's asleep."

Jensen was looking simply and kindly at Cheaven. "Then there's nothin' wrong," he said, "and we can all be friends."

"Sure," returned Cheaven directly. They shook hands across Edda, as if for the moment they had forgotten her. In both men was apparent a physical strength so great it involved a certain largeness of soul.

JENSEN took up the little parcel again. Suddenly he began to laugh. "Guess what this is, Willy!" he roared. "You just come in time to see. There's two months' savin's right here in this little box. It's my first gift to my girl!"

Jensen took from the little white box a gold chain with a pretty amethyst pendant. He dangled it in front of Edda on one huge finger. "What you think of this, hey?" he asked proudly.

"It's real nice," said the girl slowly. Cheaven agreed, smiling at both.

"She ain't taken it yet," chuckled Jensen. "She lets on she don't care for gifts. Say, Will, what did you bring her?"

Then he blushed and could have struck himself for saying such a thing to Will, who loved Edda too.

But Will only smiled. "I ain't brought her a thing," he said at once. "I landed at Port Parry cleaned right out. I got about eighty cents in my pocket—borrowed. Even my clo'es are borrowed," he explained. "I lost every last thing but myself. And that," he finished after a pause, looking now at Edda alone, "I'd have lost too, only for thinkin' you might want it."

"But the launch?" they said, staring.

"Piled her up near Calumet six weeks back. Lost all my outfit—everythin' but this." He laughed and thumped his chest.

Jensen was slowly folding the paper round the jeweler's box. His fingers worked while his troubled blue eyes were fixed on Cheaven. "Why, Will—" he said. "Why, Will— Why, that's too bad!"

Edda had been watching Cheaven intently. Now she asked him, "How did you get back from Calumet?"

They saw a change in Cheaven's familiar face. They were bewildered. For a moment he looked worn, feeble, old. Then they understood—he was remembering suffering.

Edda drew in her breath sharply. That queer, new, vacant gaze of Cheaven's turned to her, then went back to Jensen.

It was Edda who had questioned him. He replied to Jensen, as if the other man alone would understand. "Why," he said, "I walked back along the north shore. I had to do it in four days and nights."

"Why that?" asked Jensen quickly.

"I'd three matches left," explained Cheaven.

Jensen leaned back in his seat. With a curious stern movement he swept the trivial little jeweler's box into his pocket.

"I piled the launch up on the tail of a blizzard," said Will Cheaven. "It was my own fault—I'd no kind of business stoppin' along there so late. But I'd a get-rich-quick fancy on me, and the whole place is drippin' copper. Well, I was liftin' her through the smother. The sun was comin' out behind. The snow was all gold. I thought I was clear. Then I felt her hit. The waves just took her an' pitched her like she was a ball. Next thing, I felt the beach hit me."

"For a while I didn't know much. Then I woke and stood up. I was all over stones and gravel which had froze on to me while I lay.

"The lake was roarin' for miles, dark blue. There was nothin' left of the blizzard but a bar of gold mist, and the hard dry little balls of snow rustlin' all over. Then I saw there was floe-ice smashin' all along.

"It seemed to come from nowhere in the blizzard. Broke loose from a river, I guess. The sun had come out. It looked fine. And I reckoned up I was sixty miles from a town.

"I beat some life into my hands—beat 'em on the sand till I could feel it. Then I searched my pockets.

"I found an empty pipe, a knife, some string, and three matches. That was all I had left.

"I told you the sun had come out. I fixed them three matches between two stones to dry. I began to see that a considerable lot depended on them.

"MY MATCH-BOX must have been in my oilskin coat that I'd just had time to slip clear of when the launch struck on the ledge. I could see a half mile out. There wasn't a thing to be seen of the launch. She'd just dropped off the ledge into maybe fourteen fathoms. All my food had gone with her—all my outfit. I'd just my frozen clo'es and three wet matches, and sixty miles to go.

"I went and looked at them matches. Seemed to me they was dryin' some. I took off my clo'es and pegged them out on the rocks that felt a little warm in the sun. There was a few scrub spruces back of the beach. I cut some branches, and while I was waiting I licked myself up and down the beach with branches of spruce. It kept me warm, runnin' up and down, but it made me ter'ble hungry.

"All the while, I thought things over.

"The question was, would I stop and try to raise some grub off the land, so to say—fish or somethin'—or would I go right on without it while my stren'th held?

"I fixed on the last.

"My gun and lines was gone. Suppose I spent hours gettin' a crow or a whitefish, would it make up for the lost time? No, I reckoned my best chance was to walk east till I dropped.

"My clo'es dried a little. I put 'em on. I ripped three bits of linin' outer my coat and wrapped a match in each after paddin' it with dry moss, and buttoned them up in my shirt. Then I set right out to walk home.

"My stren'th was in me yet, though I was cold and hungry. My idea was to make good time the first two days while I'd be strong. I walked along the beach under the cliffs. The painted cliffs were full of caves—nothin' in 'em but empty swallows' nests. I thought maybe I'd pass the night in a cave, but at sunset the beach stopped and the waves run right into them, thunderin' with the early floe. I had to climb up and walk along the top.

"It was ter'ble cold, the temp'rature droppin' after the blizzard, and dead still. The ice-blink was all mixed up with the stars. One minute everythin'd be gray, then green. I went on for hours. I seen one snowy owl. Then I slipped and fell on the rock.

"It was no wonder, hittin' that pace in the dark; what surprised me was that I couldn't get up. Then I realized that for the first time in my life I was beat out. It gave me a queer kind of scare. I got up at last and looked for a place to rest.

"There didn't seem any place on the cliffs. Soon's I quit walkin', the cold shut round me like a suit of clo'es, I listened over the edge, and by the sound the lake was breakin' on a beach again. I found a ravine and went down it, feelin' for loose wood.

"THERE, in the dark, I gathered what fuel I could. I come out on the beach. I found a little holler in the cliff—hardly a cave. In the sand floorin' of it I scooped a hole. I went and found stones and made kind of a fireplace. I lined it with bunch-grass for fear it'd be damp. Then I took out one of the little bundles that held a match. It seemed funny to take all that trouble for a match.

"You'll remember my match-box was lost. I had a flat bit o' sandstone all ready to strike the match on. Then a queer sick feelin' come over me all in a minute. I shook so I nearly quit hold on the match.

"The scare come before the thought. Then the thought come.

"I couldn't remember what kind of a match it was.

"Was it one of them strike-only-on-the-box kind? If so, would it strike on sandstone?

"And if it wouldn't, hadn't I better quit—let go right there?"

He smiled slowly at Jensen. "For a while," he said, "I was scared even to try and strike that match.

"Then I took up the sandstone and struck it.

"The head give a little fizz and flew off. I couldn't see where it went. I looked all over. I thought it was no good. Then, while I was crawlin' round my little cave,

feelin' after it in the sand, a little flame sprung up from the dry grass in the fireplace. The head had fallen there. There must have been a spark. I nursed that spark with chips and twigs and shreds of bark. I thought it was the loveliest thing I ever seen. I went out and found drift-wood on the beach. I brought it back to the little holler, all rosy with the light like a house door. I made a big fire. Then I lay down and slep' almost before I hit the sand.

"That was a good night.

"I woke up with the fire dead out and sunlight shinin' into the holler. I hadn't meant to sleep so long. The fire'd been out a long while. I was stiff with cold. When I went to move, it was like movin' wood. I knew I mustn't stop. I left the holler and turned east, walking for all I was worth.

"There was beach ahead of me, far as I could see. I was glad. Mile after mile there was just the shush—shush—shush of the short lake waves on the beach and an echo from the cliffs. Mile after mile. And I was hungry—hungry.

"Well. I guessed I could stand it. I walked right on.

"I reckon I'd done about six miles when I looked back.

"Clear in sight behind me was the point of cliffs where I'd had my fire in the night. They was all striped red and pink. I knew 'em.

"I stood and stared back at them. Again that queer, sick kind of scare come over me. I thought I'd done six miles. And there was them cliffs not two miles away.

"I'd put in the effort for six miles. And made two.

"I was ter'ble surprised. I'd no notion meals'd make that differ.

"I walked right on.

"All day I walked on. The country never changed. Seemed as if it was the same bit of beach under the same painted cliffs. I was scared to look back, for fear I hadn't moved. All day my stren'th held. It only quit at sunset.

"I was crossin' a vein of rock. Beyond it was a pool. I stood on the rock and said aloud, as if I was crazy, 'I'm goin' to fall in that pool!' And I did. Pitched in and fainted, with only sense enough to twist as I fell so the matches wouldn't get wet. My luck was clear out that time."

"LUCK?" repeated gran'pa shrilly. "Luck? Pshaw, you don't need to care about luck if you know yore own mind."

"When I come to," Cheaven went on in his quiet way, "I couldn't feel I had a body to hurt. That come later. It was all over. It was—peace." He made a slow gesture to try to express the quality of that deadly peace. "I was just alive enough to know that if I stopped I'd die. And I didn't care. I—wanted to stop."

Involuntarily, as it seemed, Edda spoke. "What made you care?"

"You," said Cheaven gently. "But you're not to feel bad. It's all square. I only thought, 'Maybe, after all, she'll want me. I'd best go on, in case—'

"By and by, I got out of the pool. Ice come with me, great plates of it. I rolled in the sand, tryin' to get life into me. It was pain when it come. Pain. In an hour I could use my hands. Then I went about and gathered sticks and dry grass for my fire. I'd forgotten food and sleep and everythin' else, only the fire—to be warm.

"I fixed it all under a rock. I took out one of the matches and struck it on a stone. Nothin' come.

"I struck it again and again. I struck it till the head was all wore off. It was no good.

"I'd just one match left.

"I took that out and felt of it. I ached for that fire like I'd never ached for anythin'. But I put it away."

He looked now at Jensen. With perfect simplicity, he explained: "Only for her, I must have lighted the third match. But I knew I might live through the second night. I'd never live through the third.

"There was only one thing to do. I must keep on—go on all night, and sleep when the sun come out.

"I went on all night."

He was silent. After a moment Jensen heaved himself in his chair with a long breath, and the paper of the wedding-gift crackled in his pocket.

"Just like that," Cheaven went on suddenly. "The sand was all ice, and it crackled just like that as I went over it. Sometimes I walked into the cliff. Sometimes into the surf. I guess it was that night I got my feet froze. It was my feet kep' me at Port Parry two weeks. Sometimes I lay down on the sand. But by that time I didn't want to sleep. It was gone. I seemed to be miles away from myself. Light and queer. Once or twice I heard myself say, 'Can you give me a match? Say, can you fellers give me a match?' And of course there wasn't any fellers, nor any matches but the one buttoned into my shirt.

"The third dawn come. I was layin' on the sand under a rock. Maybe I'd fainted again. I don't know.

I seen first the rock cast a shadow. Then that the shadow drew toward me.

"The sun reached me. Then I slept.

"I don't know how long. The sun was high when I went on. There was no heat in it. I was weak.

"My head wasn't just right. I'd find myself wastin' time, pokin' in pools and creeks. I didn't rightly know what for. First it'd seem to be matches, then mudfish. I didn't find neither. But under the rope of stale weed on an old high-water mark I found some little fish, rotten and frozen. I ate 'em, walkin' along.

"Then I'd dropped again. And it was night. Time to light my last fire.

"I had to do it. But then even the longin' for fire had gone. I was so used up I didn't know if I was warm or cold, nor care if I lived or died, except for Edda here.

"I crawled about the beach on my hands and knees, fixin' the spot for my fire, gatherin' wood. It took me a long while. I had to carry the wood bit by bit, I was that weak.

"I TOOK out the last match and lit the fire. I watched the little flames creep along the bits of dry grass and lay hold on the twigs. It seemed like my life was risin' in me as the flames rose. I hugged the fire so close my clo'es was scorched. I was burned, and never knew.

"Then I heard somethin' hiss into the heat. I lifted my face.

"It was rainin', a cold fine rain that froze as it fell.

"I sat there and watched the rain put my last fire out.

"I still sat there when there was nothin' but enabers and charred sticks with the thin dark ice coatin' them. The night was all round me, and the bitter rain. There seemed nothin' left to do but lie down by the ashes and let go. I knew the freezin' wet would put me out quick as it had the fire. It seemed to me that just to quit tryin' to live would be like heaven—I was all used up. I just wanted to stop there and feel the rain on my face till I didn't feel it no more."

Again, after a moment, Jensen stirred in his chair with that long deep breath. "You went on, Willy," he said, as if it were a question. "You went on?"

"Yes," answered Cheaven, and his eyes rested on Edda. "I got up and went on. I went on all night."

He turned his hands palms upward on the table. They saw that the flesh was scored with half-healed wounds. "My knees is like that too, so I guess I must have crawled. But I don't remember one thing of that last night. Not one thing."

He laughed softly. "Queer to go on that way and not remember a thing about it! Well, well!"

"What do you remember?" asked Jensen, with strange gentleness.

"A fire! Yes. A fire in a rainy morning, and a little tent, and a lot o' wild ducks hung up on a line, and a feller in a gray sweater starin' at me over the fire. His name's Williams. He's a white man. And I crawled right up to him, and I ses, 'Say, have you got a match?'"

Cheaven looked from Edda to Jensen as if he expected them to smile as he was smiling. "I was just crazy," he explained. "It was only two miles away. Yes. I'd done sixty-three. He was real good to me, and fixed me up at the hospital while I was sick, and loaned me these clo'es and ten dollars. I come right on here to see how Edda was. I ain't got a dollar left. I got to get to work right away." He looked at Edda. "So you see how it is," he said apologetically, "I ain't brought you a thing."

THE girl's deep slate-gray eyes rested on him strangely.

"Yes," she said, "I see."

Cheaven looked relieved. "Not a thing," he repeated—

"unless—why, yes, unless you'd like these here!"

He felt in his pockets and smilingly laid before her on the table three little objects.

There were the small stubs of two burnt matches and one complete match with the head worn away.

"There's what's left of them three matches," chuckled Will.

No one spoke or moved. After a minute the silence troubled him. He said quickly, "Why, Edda!"

The girl did not lift her head, which was bent over the matches on the table. But she was weeping—weeping so passionately that her tears splashed on the cloth about the three dead matches. Cheaven stared at her helplessly. It was Jensen at last who spoke, not to him, but to Edda.

"Sixty-three miles along the north shore in November with nothin' to eat but dead fish," he said softly. "Because you might want him."

"Yes."

"I could have died," said Jensen, "but I couldn't have lived to do that for any one."

Both talked in the strangest still way, the grave man and the weeping girl, as if Cheaven was not there.

The girl closed her hands like a little fence round the

OLIVER OCTOBER

"I am the Master of my fate; I am the Captain of my soul"

In which Oliver comes safely to his twenty-ninth year

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," etc.

PART II



EN years passed. The time had come when Oliver October Baxter was to be told what was in store for him if he did not mend his ways. For Oliver possessed not only a quick temper but a surprisingly sanguinary way of making it felt. He was a rugged, freckle-faced youngster with curly brown hair, a pair of stout legs and a couple of hard little fists. It was with these hard little fists that he made his temper felt.

But there came a day when Oliver's valor got the better of his discretion. And sad to relate, Joseph Sikes and Silas Link took that very day to accompany each other to the north end of town. They arrived at the schoolhouse just in time to witness a fierce but bloodless fight between two panting, clawing youngsters. It was taking place in the school yard, and was being relished by a score of pupils of both sexes.

Now Mr. Sikes was a man who enjoyed a good fight. It was he who stopped in the middle of the sidewalk and gleefully yelled "Sic'em" to the battling youngsters.

Mr. Link, nothing loath, turned back to join him. The broad grins suddenly froze on their faces. The surge of battle caused the ring of spectators to open up a little, exposing the combatants to plain view. They recognized Oliver October—but never had they seen him look like this! His chubby face was white and set, his teeth were bared, his eyes blazing. And he was fighting like a demon!

"Gosh!" fell from the lips of Joseph Sikes.

"It's—it's little Oliver!" gasped Silas Link, gripping the top board of the fence.

"Fi-fighting!" muttered Mr. Sikes, aghast.

"Like a wildcat," groaned Mr. Link.

"LOOKS as if he'd like to kill that boy of Parr's. We got to stop 'em, Joe. Hey, there! You boys quit that! Hear what I say? Quit it this—"

Suddenly there was a cry of "Teacher," and then a wild scattering of spectators. The Parr boy, in no fear of Oliver, was stricken by the most abject terror in the presence of an onrushing doom, for well he knew the sting of Mr. Elwell's hand when punitively applied to the seat of his breeches while he reposed in ungainly disorder across the pedagogic knee. It was the Parr boy's luck to be facing the teacher as he swooped down upon them. He took advantage of that gracious bit of luck, and, turning tail, sped swiftly away.

A firm hand fell upon the Baxter boy's shoulder and closed in a grip that brought a stifled yelp from the lips of the unvanquished warrior. Then something happened that drew a simultaneous groan of dismay from the elderly onlookers. Oliver October, still in a state of baffled fury and wriggling in the clutch of the common enemy of all schoolboys, delivered a vicious kick at an Elwell shin. So faultless was his aim that Mr. Elwell's grunt of pain was loud enough to be heard by timid schoolgirls some twenty yards away. Oliver, blubbing with rage, kicked again and again, efforts rendered futile by the length of the teacher's arm.

A little girl of six in a brown coat and a red tam-o'-shanter stood near by, shrieking with terror. She alone of all the pupils had failed to leave the field of battle.

The two lifelong friends of the Baxter family looked at each other. Speech was unnecessary. They faced calamity—desolating calamity. Oliver October had a temper, and it was ungovernable! He was a regular little devil! They watched the teacher as he yanked the struggling lad across the yard and into the schoolhouse, and a great dread took possession of their souls.

Said Mr. Sikes: "Don't you think we'd better go in there and rescue him while there's time to."

"Not a bit of it," protested Mr. Link. "Let him take his medicine."

"Who are you talking about?"

"Oliver October. Who did you think I was talking about?"

"Arthur Elwell, of course. That boy's got a knife. I gave it to him last Christmas, darn my fool soul! Chances are he'll stick it into Arthur—"

"Listen!" hissed Mr. Link. A series of sharp, staccato howls in the shrill voice of a boy came from the interior



He would be a wonderful child, a remarkable man; he would lead men in war; he would be at the head of great undertakings; he would lose his mother before he was ten; he would be a statesman, rich, respected, and admired—and he would swing from the gallows at the end of a rope before the end of his thirtieth year. That was the startling "fortune" the Gipsy read in his father's palm for young Oliver October Baxter on the night that he was born. Horace Gooch and his wife, old Oliver's sister, heard the prophecy, and Silas Link and Joseph Sikes, his closest friends, and Serepta Grimes, who ran everything in Rumley, also Herbert Sage, the young minister, and Josephine Sage, his gay young wife. The people of Rumley believed the fortune-teller. Read what this belief did to the life of little Oliver October

of the schoolhouse. "That don't sound much like Oliver was sticking a knife into anybody, does it?"

"But the way he kicked Arthur on the shin! Why, that boy's got murder in his heart, Silas. And the way he fought! Gee whiz! I tell you that Gipsy was right. Now maybe you and Reverend Sage will pay some attention to me. I've been saying for two or three years we ought to take that boy in hand and train him to keep—"

"Why, darn it, ain't we been training him? Ain't we been making him go to Sunday-school, and—"

"Yes, but we never told him to fight or kick his teacher, did we? Every Sunday for the last five years I've been giving that boy a nickel to put in the collection-box—"

and here he is, behaving as bad as any boy in town. I—Gee whiz! Listen to him yell!"

The wails indoors ceased abruptly, but, to the astonishment of the highly exercised pair, they were taken up almost directly under their noses. That is to say, their attention was drawn for the first time to the little six-year-old girl, whose heartrending squeals were now piercing the silence that followed the awful uproar.

"Hello!" cried Mr. Sikes. "What you crying about, Janie?"

"You ain't been spanked" supplemented Mr. Link. He reached over the fence, put his hands under the arms of the weeping child and lifted her over. She buried her face on his shoulder and sobbed. "There, there, now," he whispered. "Your Uncle Silas won't let anybody hurt you."

"Your Uncle Joe will just everlastingly slaughter anybody that touches you," added Mr. Sikes fiercely.

They waited, their eyes fixed on the schoolhouse door. Presently a small figure with tousled hair and a face screwed up into a mask of pain and mortification came slinking down the steps—a thoroughly chastened gladiator who sniffed and was without glory. His streaming eyes swept the yard and took in the staring group of pupils clustered at the upper corner—then the two "uncles" at the fence. He stopped short in his tracks, but only for an instant. His degradation was complete. With an explosive sob, wrenched from his very soul, he whirled and darted around the corner of the building and disappeared from view.

NOW, the incident just related may appear to be of very small consequence as viewed from the standpoint of the disinterested spectator—who, it so happens, must be the reader of this narrative. As a matter of fact, it has a great deal to do with the history of Oliver October Baxter. It was that gallant afternoon's engagement between the supposedly pacific Cliver and his bosom friend, Sammy Parr, that aroused the town as nothing else had in years.

For nearly ten years every adult citizen of Rumley had looked upon Oliver October as a sort of public liability. Within twenty-four hours after it was uttered on that fierce October night, the sinister prophecy of the Gipsy queen was known from one end of the town to the other, and while many scoffed and made light of it, not one was there among them who felt confident that Oliver would be absolutely safe until he had passed his thirtieth birthday.

If Oliver and Sammy had retired—as was the custom—to some secluded battle-field, no doubt the crisis would have been delayed. But inasmuch as Sammy had taken it into his head to torment little Jane Sage in so public a place as the playground, it was only natural that her champion should offer battle on the spot. Moreover, he scorned Sammy's invitation to "come on down back of the warehouse," and was likewise indifferent to the warnings of peacemakers who urged them not to fight until they were safely out of danger of being interfered with by the teacher. It is probable—more than that, it is absolutely certain—that young Oliver wished to "lick" the offender in the presence of the offended. At any rate, he valiantly pitched into Sammy and was getting the better of him under the very eyes of his "ladye faire" when the not unexpected catastrophe occurred.

SHORTLY before seven o'clock that evening, Oliver October, fearing the worst, remarked three well-known figures coming up the path to the Baxter house. He had just finished his supper and was on the point of departing for the home of Sammy Parr down the road. But seeing the three visitors and sensing the nature of their descent upon the home of his father, he stole out the back way and made tracks toward the barn and its friendly hay-loft.

"Where's Oliver October?" inquired Mr. Sikes of Mr. Baxter, who opened the door to admit his callers.

Mr. Baxter is scrawnier than he was at forty-five. He is strong and active and wiry, but he is a thing of knobs and joints and wrinkles. The passing years seem deliberately to have neglected the rest of his person in a shameless endeavor to develop for him a prize Adam's apple; it has become a quite fascinating though



THEY ARRIVED AT THE SCHOOLHOUSE JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS A FIERCE BUT BLOODLESS FIGHT BETWEEN TWO PANTING, CLAWING YOUNGSTERS

bewildering product, scarce what you would call an adornment, yet not without its own peculiar charm.

It is a shifting, unstable lump that appears to have no definite place of lodgment; no sooner does it settle into a momentary state of repose than something comes up—or down—to disturb its serenity and you watch it resume its spasmodic titillations. It grips you. You can't help wondering what it is going to do next. He makes a practise of removing his collar the instant he reaches home of an evening, a provision that affords great relief not only to himself but also to the vagrant protuberance.

Which accounts for his being quite collarless when he faced his three visitors. He blinked at them uneasily, for their faces were long and joyless.

"He was here a minute ago," he replied. "Why?"

"Before we proceed any further, Brother Baxter," announced the Reverend Sage, "I wish to state that I do not agree with our friends here."

"But the time has come when we got to agree about Oliver October," declared Mr. Sikes dictatorially. "I only hope we ain't too late. It seems to be the style not to pay a damn bit of attention to anything I say nowadays."

"The thing is," began Mr. Link, compressing his lips and squinting earnestly, "what is the best way to go about it?"

"Go about what?" demanded the mystified Mr. Baxter.

"Have you licked him yet?" inquired Sikes darkly.

"Not in the last three years. I promised I wouldn't."

"Do you mean to tell me, Ollie Baxter, that you don't know what that boy's been up to to-day?"

OLIVER'S parent regarded Mr. Sikes coldly. "Yes, I do know," he snapped.

"Well, what *has* he been up to?"

"None of your derved business. I'm not obliged to consult you or anybody—"

"Calm yourself, Brother Baxter," admonished the parson gently. "As I was saying before, I do not agree with Joe and Silas. The boy is all right. He is high-spirited, he is mischievous—as all boys are if they're any good at all—and he is not a coward. Of course it would be most reprehensible—er—quite unpardonable in me if I were to say that I approve of fighting, but when I look back upon my own boyhood and recall the—er—rather barbarous joy I took in bloodying some other boy's nose, I—ahem!—well, I believe I can understand why Oliver October preferred to stand up and fight rather than run away."

Mr. Baxter's face lengthened. "Oh, Lordy! Has Oliver been fighting?"

"Like a wildcat," said Mr. Sikes sententiously. "Everybody in town knows about it. Everybody but you, I mean."

The father groaned. "I thought he looked as if he'd done something he'd oughtn't— Oh, for goodness' sake, don't tell me he used a knife or—"

"Nothing but his fists, my dear Baxter."

"How about the hide he peeled off of Arthur Elwell's shin?" demanded Mr. Sikes. "He didn't do that with his fists, did he? Why, I've knowed blood-poisoning to set in on a feller's shin-bone from a scratch you couldn't hardly see."

"JEEMES'S RIVER! Has that fool boy been trying to lick Arthur Elwell?" gasped Mr. Baxter, blinking rapidly. "Ain't he got any more sense than to tackle a six-foot—"

"It seems that Oliver, in his rage, kicked Mr. Elwell when he took him in hand for fighting in the playground after school," said Mr. Sage. "That is something that frequently happens to peacemakers, Joseph."

"The thing is," said Mr. Link, "we got to do something about Oliver October's temper. We got to make him realize the awfulness of being hung by the neck. The time has come when we got to head that boy into the right path by telling him what the Gipsy woman said."

"I must repeat—as I have repeated times without end—that I think it would be the height of cruelty to tell the child any of that nonsense," protested Mr. Sage.

"It's our duty to warn him," insisted Sikes. "It's our duty by Ollie here and poor Mary. The first thing we got to do, now that he's old enough to understand—and, mind you, I claim he was old enough three or four years ago—is to make him control his temper."

"Let's go inside," said Oliver's father, wiping a little moisture from his brow.

He led the way into the sitting-room, where a lamp was burning above the center-table—a brassy, ornate lamp suspended from the ceiling over a glossy mahogany table. All about the refurnished room were to be seen gifts from Oliver to Mary, and Mary to Oliver—such as the comparatively new ingrain carpet; a larger and more generous base-burner stove with very bright nickel trimmings and a towering "dome"; two rocking-chairs, very comfortable but of peripatetic habits; framed "engravings" of a patriotic or sentimental character; a sectional book-case containing sets of Dickens, Thackeray and Charles Lever

(two dollars a month until paid for); and, last but not least, a wall telephone (Party J, ring 4).

These were but a few of the symbols of prosperity that marked the progress of the Baxters during the decade. The only thing about the place that had not improved with the times and the conditions was Oliver Baxter himself.

"It's more cheerful in here," explained Mr. Baxter in a most cheerless voice. "Sit down. Had I better call Oliver in now, or wait a while?"

His three visitors solemnly seated themselves.

"Better wait a few minutes," advised Mr. Link.

"I—I kind of hate to whip him," said Mr. Baxter forlornly. "I—I promised his mother I'd never whip him unless I actually caught him doing something bad."

"Who said you had to whip him?" demanded Mr. Link.

"It has just occurred to me that it might be advisable for me to have a talk with Oliver privately before we drag him before this—er—before his executioners," said Mr. Sage with kindly irony. "I could explain gently—"

"I know just what you'd do, parson," broke in Mr. Sikes. "You'd explain things to him by telling him there was a couple of blamed old fools in here making a story he oughtn't to pay any attention to."

"I dare say you are right," sighed the kind-hearted minister. "My little girl, it appears, was the cause of this fight. I regret to say that Jane—ah—egged him on. It does not seem to be quite just that Oliver should be penalized for his—shall we say an act of chivalry?"

"THAT ain't the point," interrupted Mr. Link. "The thing is, did he lose his temper or did he not? You can't tell what it will lead to."

It was decided by Messrs. Sikes and Link, over the objections of Mr. Sage, to have Oliver October up before the tribunal forthwith. The boy's father apparently had no voice in the matter.

"Of course, I'll admit he's got a temper," said the latter, as he arose to go in search of his son. "I don't know where he gets it from."

He dashed hurriedly from the room. Presently they heard him out in the yard calling Oliver's name. The shout was repeated several times, growing fainter as the search took Mr. Baxter around to the back of the house and into the region of the barn and outbuildings.

"Everything that Gipsy woman said has come true up to date," announced Mr. Sikes, after silence had reigned for many minutes in the sitting-room. "In the first place, she said he was going to look like his pa—and he

does. He's an improvement on big Ollie, I'll admit, but just the same he's a lot like him. Then she said he'd always be at the head of his class and as bright as a dollar, didn't she? Well, *that's* come true, ain't it?"

Here he paused, reluctant to go on. He looked at Mr. Link, who at once accepted the unspoken challenge by assuming the funereal air that always marked his translation from liveryman to undertaker.

"Yes," said Silas, his gaze lifted toward the ceiling, "we must not forget that his beloved mother died before he was ten years old."

"True," mused the minister. "Doubly unfortunate was that dear woman's death. If God in his wisdom had seen fit to spare her for a few days longer, all this nonsense about the Gipsy woman's prophecy would be——"

"Sh! Here they come," cautioned Silas.

And so it came to pass on this mild September evening that young Oliver October learned what was in store for him if his "fortune" came true.

HE SAT very still and wide-eyed in the depths of the Morris chair—a distinction conferred upon him by his compassionate elders—his sturdy black-hosed legs sticking straight out before him, his grimy hands stuck—for reasons of shame—into his already crowded trousers pockets. His gray eyes, from which the cloud of obstinacy soon disappeared, went quickly from speaker to speaker as the gruesome story of that remote October night was unfolded in varying degrees of lucidity by the giants who towered over him. He was a very small boy and they were very big and very, very old monsters. And they were telling him all this, they said, because they loved him and were going to do everything they could to keep him from being hanged some day! There wasn't anything they wouldn't do; but a great deal depended on him.

First of all, it was imperative that he should never, never allow his temper to get the better of him; he must never, never get mad at anybody or anything; he must never get into fights; if there was no other way, he must play with the little girls and avoid the boys.

He revealed a most commendable temper when Mr. Link stipulated that he should play with the little girls.

"I won't play with the girls," he cried hotly. "I hate 'em. I'll kill 'em if they try to play with me."

"Oliver!" cautioned his father, speaking for the first time since the ordeal began.

"Well, I won't play with girls," repeated Oliver. "You bet I won't. I hate 'em!"

"I guess there's no reason why you can't play with the boys," compromised Mr. Link, "provided you'll only remember that you mustn't fight 'em."

"Well, I got to fight with 'em if they fight with me, don't I?" cried Oliver.

"Spoken like a man," said the minister.

"Well, I'll be doggoned!" gasped Mr. Sikes, staring in disgust at the speaker. "And you a minister of the gospel!"

"WE MUST not make a coward of Oliver," said the other, a trifle warmly.

"The thing is," broke in Mr. Link, "if Oliver October can fight without losing his temper, I'll not say a word. Do you think you can, my lad?"

"What's the use of fighting if you ain't mad?"

"Now, see here, Oliver," spoke up Mr. Sikes severely, "all we ask of you is to grow up to be a good, kind, peaceful man like your pa here. Your pa is a respected, upright citizen of this here town, and I want to see you foller in his footsteps. And what's more, your pa ain't a coward. I was always going around picking up fights, just because

I was big and strong and didn't have any sense. Your pa had a lot of sense. He's got it yet. And why? I'll tell you why, Oliver. He saw right smack in the beginning that no matter how good a fighter you are when you're young, it ain't going to do you any good when you're old. They just say you used to be a tough customer. But if you've got a reputation like your pa's—for common sense, fair-dealing, kindness, good nature and—and—" (with a conciliatory glance at Mr. Sage)—"and religion, why—er—why, you're all right. Under-



"BUT YOU JUST SAID, 'UNCLE' HERBERT, THAT NOBODY COULD SEE AHEAD. HOW DO YOU KNOW I WON'T BE HUNG?"

stand? But if you've got to fight in case somebody picks on you, why, you ought to have some lessons in boxing. If you'd like for me to do it, I'll show you a lot about boxing. The minute a boxer loses his temper and gets mad, he's going to get licked. You never saw a prize-fighter in your life that got mad when he was in the ring. If you'll come around to the feed-yard after school tomorrow, I'll learn you how to——"

"About what time, 'Uncle' Joe?" broke in Oliver eagerly, his face lighting up.

FOUR mature throats were simultaneously cleared, and Mr. Sage abruptly put his hand over his mouth—not quite soon enough to smother a spasmodic chuckle.

But notwithstanding this and other diverting passages, Master Oliver was finally made to realize the vastness of the dark and terrifying shadow that hung over him. He listened to the pronouncement of his own doom, and his warm little heart was beating fast and hard in an ice-cold body that trembled with awe.

At last the three hangmen arose to depart.

"Now, Oliver," said Mr. Sikes consolingly, "you needn't be afraid of the fortune coming true, because we're going to see that it don't. We're going to watch over you and tend you and guide you, and some day we'll all sit around and laugh ourselves sick over what that infernal, lying Gipsy woman said. So don't you worry. Me and your 'Uncle' Silas and Mr. Sage here are going to make it our business to see that you grow up to be a fine, decent, absolutely model young man, and 'long about 1920 or thereabouts we'll have the doggondest celebration you ever heard of. We'll paint the town——"

"How old will I be then?" piped up Oliver wistfully.

"You'll be thirty and over," announced Mr. Sikes.

"And how old will you and 'Uncle' Silas be?"

"About the same age as your pa——"

"How old will that be?"

Mr. Link, who was quick at figures, replied, but with a most singular hush in his usually jovial voice:

"Why—er—I'll be seventy-eight, your pa will be seventy-five, and your 'Uncle' Joe here will be—you'll be eighty, Joe. By jimminy, I wonder if——"

"I didn't know anybody ever lived to be as old as that," said Oliver, so earnestly that three of his listeners frowned—"except 'Methusalum.' I wish my ma was here," he went on, his lips trembling.

"Amen to that," said Mr. Sage fervently.

"Amen!" repeated Mr. Link in his most professional voice.

Mr. Sikes coughed uncomfortably and then put on his hat.

"Well, good night," said he. "Sleep tight, sonny."

"Say 'thank you' to your 'Uncle' Joe, Oliver," said Mr. Baxter huskily.

"Thank you, 'Uncle' Joe," muttered Oliver.

MR. SAGE laid a hand on the boy's shoulder. "Do you say your prayers every night, Oliver?"

"Yes, sir, I do."

"Well—er—if Brother Baxter doesn't mind, and if you gentlemen will excuse me, I think I will go upstairs with Oliver and—and listen to his prayers."

A little later on, the pastor sat on the side of young Oliver's trundle bed in the room across the hall from old Oliver's. He leaned over and, lowering his voice, said—but not until he had satisfied himself that no one was listening outside the door—

"You believe I am a good man, don't you, Oliver?"

"Yes, sir. You're a preacher. You got to be good."

"Ahem! You don't believe I could tell a lie, do you?"

"No, sir."

"Well, now I am going to tell you something, and I want you to believe it. Nobody on this earth can foretell the future. Nobody

knows what is going to happen to-morrow, much less what is going to happen years away. There is not a word of truth in what that old Gipsy woman said—not one word, Oliver. You can trust me. I am God's minister, and I am telling you to pay no attention to anything Mr. Sikes and Mr. Link said to you to-night. You need not be afraid. All that talk about your being hanged some day is poppycock—pure poppycock. Now don't you feel better?"

"But you just said, 'Uncle' Herbert, that nobody could see ahead. How do you know I won't be—be hung?"

"I am not saying that, my lad. I am merely telling you that the Gipsy woman did not have the power to see ahead. There is no such thing as true fortune-telling. That old Gipsy was just lying. They all do. So you need not worry at all. And now I am going to say something that will surprise you. It is wrong for me, a minister of the gospel, to tell you this, but I love fighting Christians just as much as I love praying Christians. I do not mean that a man should go about looking for fights. That would be very, very wrong. Wouldn't it?"

"Yes, sir," said Oliver, "it would."

"WELL, what I want you to do, Oliver, is to go on leading a—er—regular boy's life. Do the things that are right and square, be honest and fearless—and no harm will ever come to you. Now, turn over and go to sleep, there's a good boy. Good night, Oliver."

He smiled as he turned away and lowered the wick in the lamp that stood on the table near by.

"Don't blow it out yet, please," pleaded Oliver October. "I want to ask you a question."

"Go ahead, my lad. What is it?" said the man, peering over the lamp-chimney at the boy huddled up in the bed.

Continued on page 78

SECOND FIDDLE

A woman learns the old lesson—if she would keep her man, she must give him up

By BERNICE BROWN

JULIETTE HARCOURT lowered the unwieldy package of groceries to the stone flagging of the porch and felt in her pocket for a latch-key. It was a tiny key, strong and polished, that fitted with smooth precision into the efficient, modern lock. The new lock, bright as a silver coin, appeared an intrusive anachronism against the weather-beaten black-walnut door. When the Harcourt house was built locks were pretentious affairs and the keys that fitted them did not slip into a lady's coin-purse.

Through the shadowy hall and dining-room Juliette hurried impatiently. Tilly Nelson, the most recent Swedish incumbent, was shaking down the fire in the coal-range. The Harcourt kitchen had been a model of modernity in the eighties, but Tilly Nelson knew that science had made long strides since then and that the "other girls" all cooked with gas.

Juliette placed the groceries on the table and stretched her stiffened arm out gingerly. "It's heavy—after you've carried it a hundred miles or so." She smiled at Tilly with the pleasing wistfulness of a lady about to ask a favor. "Father has invited four gentlemen home for dinner and I've invited one. I brought everything up from town myself." She pointed to the bulging sack. "If you'll fix the strawberries, I'll make the shortcake," she finished, "and I'll set the table."

But Tilly Nelson was not to be cajoled. "You said there was goin' to be only your pa and you and one fellow." Her voice was grim with resentment. "Gee, I never worked by such a place for springin' t'ings on you. Now by Missus Wilson—"

"I know." With slow-moving but curiously accurate fingers Juliette slid the string from the brown-paper bundles. "It doesn't seem fair. But my father didn't tell me until five-thirty either. He never does." She was trying to ignore Tilly's attitude of belligerent aloofness. "This isn't a hard dinner to get, you know. It's a snap, really."

TILLY NELSON was magnificently offended. "Then you get it!" she exploded. Safe in the knowledge that she could secure a dozen positions to-morrow, Tilly could afford to indulge her irritations. "All the girls say this been a hard place. You walk and walk fifteen miles in this kitchen and no gas or electric iron or kitchen cabinet—and meals at all hours like a lunch-room. I don't care if your pa is the governor."

Juliette met her anger calmly. "That's so. But you know all that when you came."

Tilly Nelson considered a moment. "Well, I t'ought you been good to work by," she conceded at last. "It ain't your fault and I fix the supper ready, but I leave here seven o'clock sure. Gee whiz!"

In her bedroom Juliette lit the squeaking gas-flame beside her dressing-table. Though it was only six, the big room was grim with the shadows of an early Spring



IT WAS ALL VERY TAME AND MIDDLE CLASS, BUT JULIETTE DID NOT LONG FOR THE SURF OF PALM BEACH OR THE GONDOLAS OF VENICE

twilight. She shivered a little and stared down upon the soggy garden and dripping willow hedge. What a dreary, depressing thing life was! Then she looked at herself in the mirror and smiled unpleasantly. She supposed people envied her. She was pretty, in a curious delicate fashion; she had lived in Europe and in Washington; she had met a thousand celebrities—and her father was Governor William Harcourt.

In a carved ivory frame on the dressing-table was a face like Juliette's, though more fragile-looking under its coronet of laboriously plaited black braids. Juliette looked at it indifferently a moment, then with concentration.

"I suppose they envied you, too," she thought.

Clarissa Harcourt had been added to her husband's good fortune the year of his first political triumph. Shy and ingenuous and charming, she had offered William Harcourt her complete devotion and the world had congratulated her on her privilege. But being married to such a man was like becoming the bride of a soldier in war times. If his party needed him to draft a platform or to make a speech at a county fair, the call of his party drowned every personal appeal. William Harcourt left for Chicago to attend a caucus of political dictators the night Juliette was born. He was gone two days before old Doctor Whittlely could locate him by telegraph and assure him of the health of his wife and the arrival of his daughter.

William Harcourt was in Washington when Clarissa Harcourt died. The passage of the Harcourt-Reading bill before the adjournment of the special session was of

national moment, and the driving-power of its sponsor's personality to whip the bill through a fatigued and hostile Congress was inestimable. His presence had doubtless been essential to its passage. The bill, indeed, became a law before the session was adjourned that sultry August. But Clarissa Harcourt lay in the great front bedroom on the magnificent, hideous black-walnut bed and waited—and gave up waiting for the return of her husband.

It is said that old Doctor Whittlely told the future national chairman some illuminating and uncomplimentary facts concerning his opinion of the politician's behavior. He left the room after the interview very red in the face and still twitching with emotion. But, then, the old doctor had been fond of Clarissa and he had possessed no fine feeling for the claims of politics.

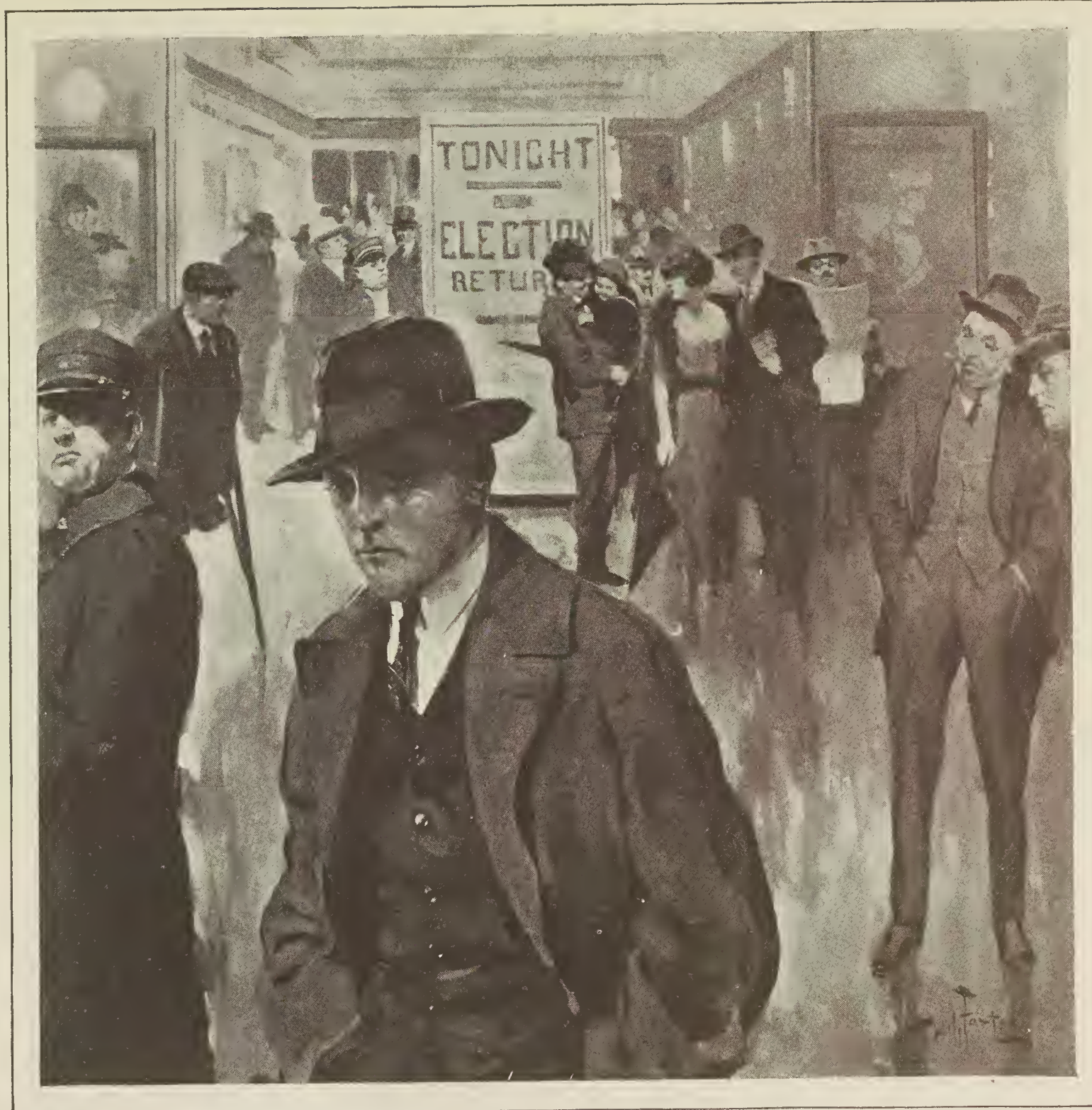
While she was still only a girl Juliette had assumed the management of her father's home. Her solitude and her sudden responsibility matured her with a ruthless rapidity. At sixteen she not only sat at the head of her father's table in Washington and conversed with senators and diplomats, but she ordered the dinners and managed the monotonous and wearisome details of their accomplishment. At the completion of her father's last term in Congress she went back to the Middle West and to the

tyranny of that monstrosity of a home. Every housewife in town knew the truth about the Harcourt kitchen.

Only old Doctor Whittlely, perhaps, held William Harcourt responsible for a graver piece of selfishness. Juliette was going on twenty-six and she had met diplomats and senators and national committeemen—but she had never gone to a junior prom or a college boat race, or been kissed in the delightful and furtive intimacy of a taxicab after a ball. Juliette Harcourt was destined to meet and marry either a Great Man, like her William the Conqueror parent, or a political hanger-on, anxious for the benefits accruing from such an alliance. She was herself both too intelligent and too sensitive not to realize her position. Had she allowed herself to brood over it, she might have resented her father's tyranny and her own loneliness; but, with the wisdom women possess, she had built up a defensive armor of indifference toward conditions she was powerless to change.

ONLY to-night, somehow, the armor was no defense. As she brushed her hair, she examined her face in the mirror with cruel intentness. She would be pretty two—perhaps three—years longer. What did she have to look forward to? She was tired of politics and dinners and Great Men—tired of being a functionary in her father's scheme of advancement. She wanted to be important herself, more important than a decade of national conventions. Juliette Harcourt could be honest with herself. She wanted to be loved and she knew the one man whom she wanted.

At seven o'clock Governor Harcourt telephoned that



"DAVID'S ON HIS WAY HOME. HE GOT DEFEATED. ONE OF THOSE QUEER THINGS THAT HAPPEN SOMETIMES"

the train from Chicago was late and dinner would have to be delayed. At seven Tilly Nelson departed. Juliette completed all but the final preparations for dinner and then sat down to wait. On the table lay the local newspaper, but the grudging light from the old-fashioned gas-jet was not conducive to reading. For a long moment she sat there, staring into the twilight. No wonder Tilly hated this kitchen. So did she hate it, hate it, *hate it!* It was all ridiculous and immature and illogical, but her eyes smarted and it suddenly became very difficult to swallow.

Then the swinging door into the dining-room squeaked open and some one appeared in the doorway. He wore a cheap tweed suit and he was awkward and boyish and his eyes were intelligent.

"You!" she gasped.

He smiled apologetically. "That splendid, mid-Victorian door-bell of yours hasn't functioned since Lee surrendered." From his pocket he drew out a shining new key. "You see, the Harcourt plush doilies are still at my mercy."

She smiled up at him quickly. "You're a wretch. How do you know but that I might be sensitive?"

He sat down and leaned his elbows on the table. "You are, but not about doilies. You've got me scared ten ways. Always have. I don't see how I ever dare to kid you."

SHE met his eyes with a sort of shy candor. "Well, you have dared for something like seven years now, my good sir."

"My technique's all right," he boasted, "but underneath I'm scared."

There was silence again in the kitchen and Tilly's alarm-clock rattled and whirred.

"When are you going, Dave?" she asked finally.

"Friday." He grinned at her shyly. "I've got a new suit and a new overcoat and a trunk with a picture of the Swiss Alps pasted inside the cover."

She smiled at the half-boastful ingenuousness of his inventory. It was no secret that David Parker had been brought up in an atmosphere where the purchase of any one of these things had been a matter of no merely passing concern.

His father kept a small cash grocery store. All the

Parker connections were petty trades-people—thrifty, provincial, unimaginative. Of the entire family, the number of which was legion, David alone was ambitious. He had put himself through the State university and apprenticed himself in Judge Darrow's law office, from which he had maneuvered into the position of secretary to Governor Harcourt. For "one of those Parker boys" it was conceded he had gone far. Only David Parker, perhaps, would have presumed to visualize the lengths he intended still to go.

To Tilly Nelson the Harcourt kitchen had never appeared as a desirable place in which to entertain her best young man, but Juliette did not suggest they move.

"Do you want to go to the convention, Dave?" she asked.

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders humorously. "Does a cat like salt mackerel?"

Juliette smiled. "Funny how unimportant, how unreal all that seems to me!"

"Anything's unreal unless you want it," he defended. "I want to go because I want them to make me attorney-general some day—and I want to be assistant county attorney this Fall." He looked at her with an almost childlike appeal. "It's all-fired real to me—for two reasons. One of them's because I care about the job. The other's—" He stopped abruptly. This had not been easy to say, nor had he said it at all as he had intended.

"Well?"

"You."

For a long moment they sat there in silence.

"Julie—" She could not escape the pleading in his voice. "Lord knows you know how little I've got to offer." There was something winning about his very shyness. "I'm probably the most ineligible man who ever had the nerve to propose to you." Again he stopped, groping his way to expression. "Julie, does it make any difference, dear, that I love you?"

Her eyes met his with a wistful candor. "I think it does."

Awkwardly he seized her hands across the table. "Julie, is it real? Do you care, even a little?"

"Even—a great deal."

In an instant he was beside her and had caught her to

him with that awkward, embarrassed strength that is a union both of gentleness and passion. He was at once exalted and masterful and very humble. "Sweetheart," he said at last, "I'm only one of 'those Parker boys,' but I swear to put the name of Parker on the map some day."

She smiled up at him gravely. "I don't care a whoop about the 'map,' my dear." He had no way of guessing the sincerity beneath her words. "I'm sick of Great Men and national issues and high-sounding talk. I'm sick of being less important than a primary reform in Alabama. I'm fed up on the selfishness of influential people, on playing second fiddle. I—I want to try being the center of things myself for a while." Her hands on the rough twed of his shoulders, she looked up at him and her seriousness both surprised and troubled him. "Promise me you won't be a great man, David. Promise me you'll never get lost to me in a cause or a party or an ambition that shuts me out. David, I want to come first—I don't care if we have to live in a sod hut in Dakota—"

"Julie—" His arms tightened around her. "You've had a rotten, lonesome deal out of it so far. I reckon you've got a right to hate politics. But," he smiled down at her with all the male's naïf assumption of superior knowledge, "I reckon you'd get fed up on a sod hut in Dakota, too."

"I reckon, anyway, I'd like to try."

David Parker kissed her. "Lord knows I can promise you a humble enough start, you soulless, ambitionless woman." Back of the lightness of his words lay a strain of bitterness. "As for me, I'm fed up on playing second fiddle myself. I'd like to be a small assistant county attorney on my own—instead of your father's efficient and loyal secretary."

"BUT, you'll have *me*." Her fingers slipped under the lapel of his jacket and around his collar. "Isn't that something?"

"Something!" There was no mistaking the sincerity of his voice. "It comes darn near being the world."

And Juliette Harcourt believed him.

The train from Chicago had been held up by a wash-out at Selby Junction, and when the governor's guests finally arrived it developed they had dined already at a railroad lunch-counter. At nine o'clock the governor remembered to telephone he would "snatch a bite downtown" and that he probably wouldn't be home until late.

It was twelve o'clock when Juliette heard the exploring struggle of his key at the front door. After David had gone, for his train left at eleven, she had waited in the library. Juliette was not fond of solitude, but to-night it held an especial charm, the charm of all last things. There would always be David to defend her against the intangible depressions that beset all sensitive people.

Juliette was not concerned about her father's opinion of her choice. He would be surprised and disappointed, and probably a little angry. To have sat at dinner with ambassadors and then to marry David Parker! Juliette felt a half-amused twinge of sympathy for her father's anticipated regret.

"Father," she called from the library.

The governor appeared in the doorway. "I've got a day's work still to do," he suggested. "What's on your mind—briefly?"

A wave of resentment swept through her. "Well, 'briefly'—I'm going to be married."

The governor's surprise was patent. "Married? Who?"

She waited a long moment before she answered "David."

The governor's lips formed the word dully. It seemed as though he must be mistaken. "Why, he's only my secretary."

"Yes, he's only your secretary," she repeated, "but he's got a little time left over for unimportant, purely local things like me." She met his eyes squarely. "I reckon I'd turn down the President of the United States in his favor."

William Harcourt shook his head, then he set about to smother his disappointment. "David's a good boy and there's no reason why, with the right backing, he shouldn't get on." The governor was building up immediately a defense against humiliation. He would "make" David Parker.

ABSENTLY Juliette straightened the clutter of Congressional reports on the table into a neat pile. "I don't suppose you'll understand," she said finally, "I suppose you'll even be a little hurt," she looked across the table into the slow eyes of her father, "but I'd rather you *didn't* make him." She hesitated a moment, realizing how clumsy and dangerous words can become. "I think that's one reason I love him, because he's so completely a 'nobody.'"

"Nonsense." The governor struggled to tuck under his annoyance. "You talk like a foolish woman, you talk like—"

Continued on page 98

THE HAPPY CHILD

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

The purpose of the series of articles under this title, of which the accompanying one is the fifth, is to place at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare

PRECEDING ARTICLES

Prenatal care, the care of the baby at birth, the general care of the baby and maternal nursing have been covered in preceding issues. Articles to come will have to do with equally important steps in the career of the Happy Child up through the formative years of early youth. The completed series will comprise the most up-to-date scientific information accessible to mothers

PAMPHLET REPRINTS

Some of the most helpful articles are available in pamphlet form. "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, and "The General Care of the Baby," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, will be sent to any parent on receipt of ten cents for each pamphlet. Address Child Health Department, THE DELINEATOR



"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

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DR. WILLIAM PALMER LUCAS

Professor of Diseases of Children, University of California; formerly Director of the Child Welfare Work of the American Red Cross in Europe

DR. OWEN LOVEJOY

General Secretary, National Child Labor Committee

UNSUCCESSFUL NURSING

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT



WHILE it is true that the great majority of mothers who will follow the rules laid down in a previous article in this series, and who are willing to make the necessary sacrifices of other interests, can nurse their children successfully, still there are some who fail despite all efforts most conscientiously made.

The sooner it is positively known that the baby must be artificially fed, the better for his future, for feeding with the bottle is more difficult after a baby has been seriously upset by several weeks of bad nursing and has fallen some pounds below his birth-weight. But we do not wish to stop the mother's nursing until quite certain she can not succeed. Very many women stop for insufficient reasons. The most difficult period is the first three or four months.

The best guides are the baby's weight, the character of the bowel movements and his general behavior.

It is almost indispensable to have scales and to take the weight regularly once or even twice a week. All babies lose weight during the first two or three days and this loss usually amounts to one-half or three-quarters of a pound. After this time some gain should be noted. This gain may be slow at first if the mother is not especially strong and has had a hard confinement, but a stationary weight for three or four weeks is a bad sign, while a steady loss during this period is of itself almost conclusive proof that the mother is not going to succeed.

IT IS very rare under such circumstances that the stools are anything like normal. They are usually thin, green and contain undigested food; often they are slimy. They may be frequent or the baby may be so constipated as never to have a natural movement.

One does not see quiet, peaceful sleep so characteristic of a well-nourished, satisfied child. The day naps are short. When awake the baby is fretful, cross, colicky and uncomfortable. The nights are a trial, and all sorts of measures are adopted to make the child sleep, most of them being only temporarily successful.

With such symptoms as these it is important to determine whether the milk is poor and is disagreeing with the baby, or simply that the quantity is small. The examination of the milk generally gives much less help than is expected. It is much more frequent that the milk is scanty than that the quality is at fault. The only sure way to tell how much milk the child is getting is to weigh before and after nursing upon scales which are accurate and weigh in half ounces. This should be repeated several times a day. It may be found that

after a nursing when he should be getting three or four ounces he may get barely an ounce. It may be several days before one can be certain regarding the amount of milk.

Much can be learned by the way the child nurses. If the milk is abundant he will usually stop voluntarily in eight or ten minutes, often in a shorter time. When it is very scanty he will often want to nurse thirty or forty minutes and will then stop more because tired out than satisfied; or he cries when taken from the breast and will not go to sleep unless perhaps he is rocked or given a pacifier. Some babies will nurse vigorously for a minute and then drop the nipple in apparent disgust. That a little milk can be pumped from the breast after the baby stops is not evidence that the milk supply is plentiful.

If the child is steadily losing weight in spite of the fact that the mother's health is good and there is nothing strikingly wrong in her diet or habits, the chances of success are small. But under opposite conditions one may reasonably hope to increase the supply and improve the quality of the milk. First of all, plenty of rest should be secured and, so far as possible, freedom from causes of nervous worry. The mother should drink three glasses of milk a day, rarely more to advantage. Gentle massage of the breasts may be used twice a day for fifteen or twenty minutes.

In all these cases the baby should be nursed at the regular hours, and after each nursing receive sufficient food from a bottle to satisfy his needs. To persist with nursing after a faithful trial has been made for as long as five or six weeks and no improvement in condition is evident, is generally a mistake.

If the cause of the unsuccessful nursing is a temporary and a remediable one, with improvement in conditions the bottle feedings may be gradually reduced until they may be omitted altogether; or it may be desirable to relieve the mother permanently of one or two nursings each twenty-four hours, especially to allow her sufficient rest and undisturbed sleep.

DIGESTIVE SYMPTOMS IN NURSING BABIES

FEW babies go through the whole nursing period without some trouble. Occasional symptoms of indigestion are not serious, but habitual symptoms need careful attention.

Vomiting is so often seen in babies that are thriving exceptionally well that it is looked upon by many old-fashioned nurses as a positive advantage. Such, however, is not the case. The explanation of the popular impression is that babies who vomit frequently are usually getting either too much or too rich milk. If it is too much milk, the vomiting is apt to occur within a few

minutes after nursing. The milk is vomited just as it is taken. The vomiting is usually without effort and not preceded by discomfort; it is simply vomiting from overflow. It is remedied in most cases by shortening the time the child is given the breast. The supply is usually abundant and the milk comes easily. Even in four or five minutes a baby may get more than his stomach can well hold.

If the milk is too rich, the vomiting is of a different kind. It is likely to occur long after nursing. It often comes up in sour masses, a mouthful or more at a time, and may be repeated several times even up to the time of the next nursing.

The explanation of this vomiting is that with a very rich milk the stomach is not empty after the usual time but may contain some food as long as three or four hours after nursing. Of course a second meal should not be given until the first one has been digested. The nursings in such cases should be further apart than with other children. Such babies should never be nursed oftener than every four hours and in some cases a still longer interval is necessary.

THE mother's diet and habits in such cases usually need correction. The amount of solid food taken should be reduced, especially such articles as meat and eggs, and sometimes the milk also. She should lead a more active life. It often happens that because a baby with such symptoms is not gaining normally the mother is increasing her food, under the impression that the milk is poor. This has, of course, the effect of aggravating the symptoms of the baby.

With nearly all babies a certain amount of air is swallowed while they are nursing, and it is well in every case to place the baby upright or hold him over the nurse's shoulder for a few moments and not put him down in his crib until he has brought up this wind. Such a procedure not only prevents his vomiting but enables him to go comfortably to sleep.

Care is necessary not to confuse such vomiting as has been mentioned with that due to obstruction at the outlet of the stomach. This is not a common condition. The vomiting is quite different from that seen in either of the conditions just described. It usually begins from the second to the fourth week of life. It is forcible, the food coming with a gush; it is fairly shot out, sometimes to a distance of two or three feet. The vomiting is generally repeated several times a day. It occurs in most cases right after nursing, sometimes while the child is still at the breast. In spite of the usual measures to control it, it persists. There is steady and sometimes rapid loss in weight and the bowels are in most cases constipated. The

Continued on page 93



BETTER HOMES IN AMERICA

National demonstration week  October ninth to fourteenth

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Mrs. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY
Secretary, the Bureau of Information,
THE DELINEATOR, New York City



HERE are twenty million women in America whose work lies in their homes. It is to help these women that the Better Homes Campaign has been organized and is being carried on. For fifty years THE DELINEATOR has been a magazine for women—a service magazine.

It is natural, then, that THE DELINEATOR should have offered its assistance in this campaign. It was at the request of the Editor of THE DELINEATOR that October ninth to fourteenth was set aside for the governors of more than half the States as Better Homes Week.

It has been a tremendous task—this setting up of a nation-wide organization to bring the advantages of a Better Homes demonstration to the largest possible number of American women. Announcement of the campaign has been made in previous issues of this magazine. When this November number reaches you, we hope that your community may be carrying through a successful model-home exhibit.

If there is not a demonstration within your reach, we hope that you may be more fortunate next year, for this is not a one-time program. The spirit of public service displayed by men and women all over the country makes that a certainty.

It is the ambition of those who are backing the Better Homes Campaign to help make every new house built in the next few years all that a house must be if it is worthy of the name home—and to bring about the remodeling of every old house if it is uncomfortable, or ugly, or inconvenient to live in.

It is our ambition, also, to help America become a nation of home owners—not of renters. Mr. Hoover reminded us last month that less than fifty per cent. of the American people own their homes. Housing experts claim that only about twenty-five per cent. of these dwellings come up to the recognized standards for a good home.

Do you live in one of these better homes?

Do you know what a better home is?

Do you know that three coats of paint on a new house will double its life?

Do you know that it costs little money to have the space between your outside and inside wall filled—that it prevents rats and reduces your coal bill?

THERE is a new force in America. It is a pride in better homes. Not in the history of the country has there been so great an interest in the building of new dwellings and improvement of houses already built as is shown by the records of 1922.

Swinburne, the famous English engineer, called us a nation of builders. We have been praised for our bridges and factories, for some of our public buildings, and especially for our fine schoolhouses. But as a people we have not been leaders in the best homes. In every town there were expensive houses, but the great mass of homes were poorly constructed, temporary, unlovely and monotonous.

Our first step forward was in the direction of comfort for the occupants of the home. Houses built during the past twenty years have had excellent sanitation, hard-

"Better Homes in America, with its intensive application of principles in a demonstration week in October, must surely meet with the approval of every public-spirited American. It is a cooperative effort of so many of our public officials and citizens, whose interest in it is solely for social benefit, that it must at once be construed as an increasingly gratifying appreciation of the importance of better homes and as a warranty of constructive results. You may feel free to use this letter accordingly."

wood floors and dry cellars. In this, at least, we have challenged all the nations of the world.

When Monsignor Bonzano, the distinguished Italian diplomat, came to this country ten years ago, he was particularly interested in American homes.

"When an Italian builds a house," he said, "he builds it around a gate, a door, a mantel or a staircase; when a Spaniard erects his home, he thinks of his chandeliers, his walls and his garden; an Englishman builds his home around a library—an American, around a bathtub."

Our next step was to think of the possibilities for beauty in the building of a house. As a result of this our standards of taste have improved amazingly in recent years.

BUT a new era has come at last. We are thinking now of better homes in their broadest sense. We are thinking of homes that are comfortable, sanitary, beautiful, simple, helpful, restful and—easily managed.

This has been the last step of all—this which should have been the first.

When housing specialists had their attention directed this year to the fact that eighty per cent. of the women of America do their own work in poorly arranged and equipped houses, the most expert minds in the country turned to the study of their problem.

Moving pictures were made of the old White House kitchen. A woman prominent in public life put her home in the hands of the experts working with the Advisory Council of the Better Homes Campaign. They photographed the house as it was originally arranged; then they rearranged the kitchen, the pantry and the dining-room so that they were able to make a startling reduction in the amount of labor involved in housekeeping.

These vivid examples of what scientific minds may accomplish for the housekeepers of America are being shown all over the English-speaking world.

Some of the fundamentals of construction, arrangement and equipment recommended are so simple that we wondered why we had never thought of them before.

Do you know that you can get a sink which fits you,

so that you can eliminate backache and back strain?

Do you know that a double drain-board cuts dish-washing in half?

These are little things, but it is just such little things that make all the difference between happy labor in your home and drudgery. If you can not build a house this year, you can make notes of all the suggestions for comfort and for beauty which you will find in your Better Homes exhibit—and carry out some of them in the house you live in now.

While attending a model-home exhibition in Ohio some months ago, President Harding said he hoped to see a similar demonstration in every town in the United States during October, 1922. In many States this hope is being fulfilled.

Several exhibits last Spring aroused interest in the various localities in which they were held. Like all great ideas, Better Homes could not be hid under a bushel. The demonstrations were few, but they came to the attention of public-service officials of the Government, including Secretary Hoover and Secretary Wallace.

Conferences were held to consider how the benefits of these local demonstrations might be extended to every community, and the result was the formation of an Advisory Council which includes as leaders some of the most distinguished men and women in America.

The Council decided to do two things:

1. To investigate and study the scattered Better Homes demonstrations already held, to select the best features from each and to collect these facts in a simple, practical plan-book.

2. To form a nation-wide organization to hold a Better Homes demonstration in every possible community during the week of October ninth to fourteenth of this year.

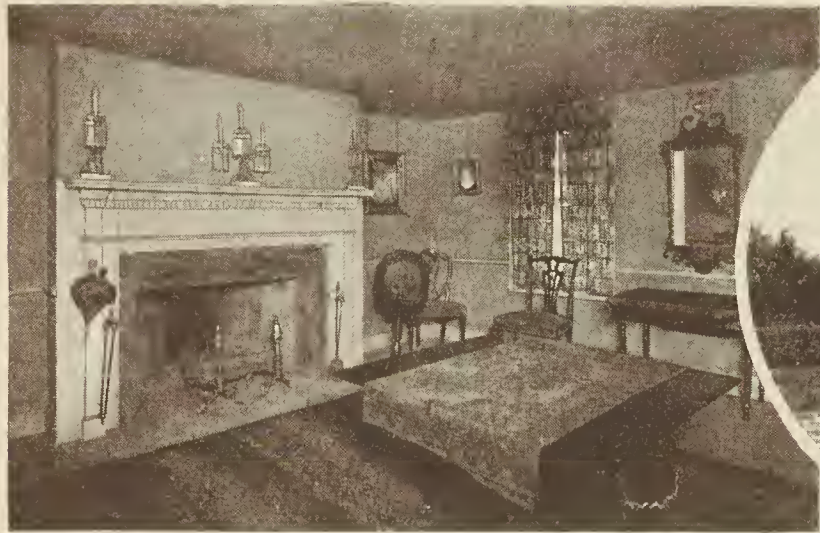
The Advisory Council employed experts in zoning, house-building, house-furnishing, equipment and financing of a home to prepare a primer or plan-book to be put in the hands of every committee willing to organize a Better Homes demonstration. This plan represented the study of many exhibitions. It explained the methods by which demonstrations were successfully held. It is a valuable contribution to American homes.

IN EVERY State in the Union there are groups of women who are dedicating themselves to the development of Better Homes demonstrations. Small houses, not less than six nor more than eight rooms, which were built this year were loaned by their owners to the committees of women who are conducting this campaign. The Advisory Council and the governors endorsing the movement have chosen women in many cities and towns to organize the Better Homes Campaign. These women were selected from the lists of those who had made records in public work during and since the war. Very great credit is due these pioneers who, in the brief time allowed for the organization this year, carried through successful campaigns. We believe that next year will see every town profit by a Better Homes Week.

Any reader of THE DELINEATOR who has not had the privilege of visiting a Better Homes demonstration may obtain from us a pamphlet describing in detail the model better home. The cost of this pamphlet is ten cents, to cover postage and cost of printing.

MODERNIZING AN OLD DUTCH MANSE

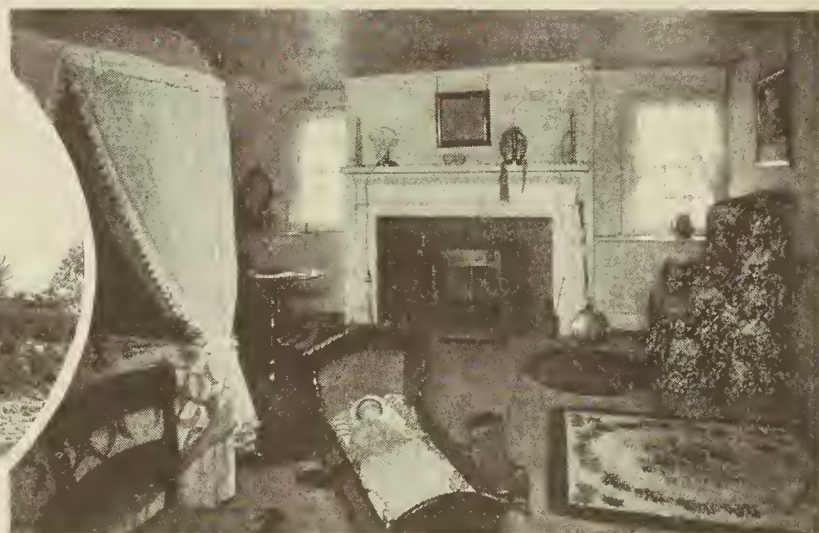
By DONN BARBER
Fellow of the American Institute of Architects



TO THE RIGHT OF THE ENTRANCE IS A BEAUTIFULLY APPOINTED LIVING-ROOM IN PERFECT HARMONY WITH THE SIMPLICITY OF THE HOUSE



THE HISTORIC DYCKMAN HOUSE IS A SUBSTANTIAL EXAMPLE OF THE DUTCH COLONIAL FARMHOUSE



BYGONE TIMES WHEN NIGHTCAPS WERE IN VOGUE ARE RECALLED BY THE FOUR-POST CURTAINED BEDSTEAD AND HEIRLOOM FURNITURE

THROUGH the past century and a half some interesting examples of American-Dutch Colonial farmhouses have been preserved. These turn our thoughts back to the days when New York was first settled as a casual trading-post by the Dutch. A substantial and excellent example of the earlier type of Dutch farmhouses in America is the historic Dyckman house. The house now stands on its original site at Broadway and Two Hundred and Fourth Street. The Dyckman house that we know to-day was built in 1783. It replaced the original family home burned in the Revolutionary War. At the time it was built, New

These drawings and floor-plans for a modern house were inspired by the Dyckman house and were designed by Mr. Clifford C. Wendehack, architect. The accompanying description enables the prospective builder to visualize the advantages of this type of house when suitably decorated and furnished

The low, graceful roof-line is the most striking characteristic of the Dutch Colonial farmhouse. The Dutch typical gambrel has high shoulders and a soft, sweeping, downward slope to flaring kickup eaves, which project

well beyond the wall-line. The upper section of the roof is narrow in plan width and slopes fairly steeply from the ridge. As eaves increased in projection they often attained an overhang from the wall-line of six to eight feet. Then came square piers or column supports at the roof edge. This provided a sheltered outdoor space, closely associated with early Dutch work, of which there is no prototype in European architecture. It is often difficult to determine whether these Dutch porches, which sometimes appear on only one side of the house, were a part of the original design or were added later. Early examples exist with and without porches. In the South the porch is developed generously as a feature of our Colonial work, until far South we find interesting superimposed porches. As we go north, the porch becomes less and



THIS MODERN ADAPTATION LENDS ITSELF TO ECONOMY, USE OF LOCAL MATERIALS AND CHARMING DECORATIVE TREATMENT

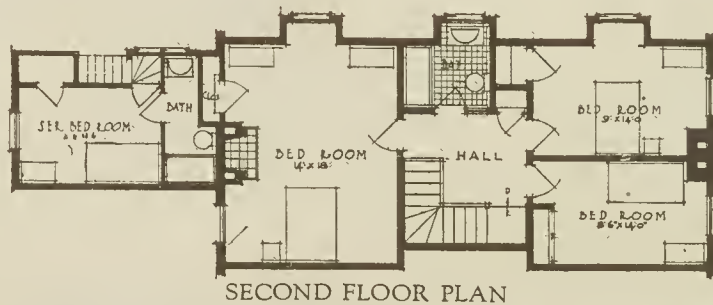


ANOTHER DEVELOPMENT IS IN BRICK INSTEAD OF WOOD AND WITH DORMERS, SOLID SHUTTERS AND DUTCH HALF-DOORS

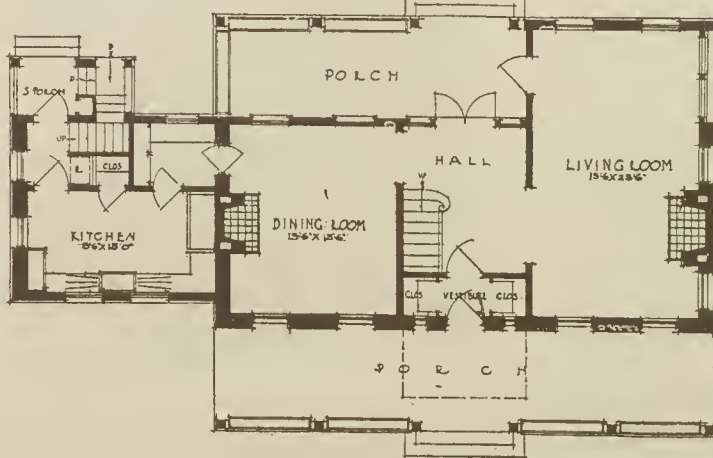
York's north line was at about Grand Street, Greenwich Village was an isolated suburb, and north of Fulton Street, to the west of an unimportant highway (Broadway), stretched open fields.

In spite of a passing one hundred and thirty-nine years and an encroaching city, the Dyckman house has fortunately come down to us in a fair state of preservation. Frank and straightforward in design, it shows shrewdness and economy in construction. It is not large, but it has marked distinction and a fine domestic quality. It is long and low and in natural harmony with the land on which it stands. It is roofed with a gambrel having low eaves which extend themselves broadly on both sides of the house in a successful treatment over the verandas.

It is only natural that the Dutch pioneers should have followed as nearly as possible the forms and practises that were familiar to them, adapting these as local necessity suggested and as available building materials permitted. The Dyckman house is typical of many of the Dutch houses of the same period found in Manhattan, on both sides of the Hudson, in northern New Jersey, Staten Island and near-lying districts of Long Island. However, it is quite unlike those of Pennsylvania, which are more sophisticated and complex.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN



GROUND FLOOR PLAN

less conspicuous in the cooler climate, until it finally dwindles to a small covered protection over entrances.

Although the gambrel roof is associated principally with Dutch Colonial work, it is not necessarily Dutch. We find it in New England, but here its form and proportions are vastly different. The New England gambrel is much wider and flatter in its upper section, and the lower section, from the shoulder down to the eaves, is much higher and has a decidedly steep slope. Often this portion of the roof is nearly vertical, like a mansard, thereby facilitating the use of dormers. The original Dutch farmhouse never had dormers. The low space beneath the roof was used for storage and was aired by small openings in the gables.

Old Dutch Colonial houses were planned in such a way that all of the rooms were on one floor. Some were built with a story and a half, but these were found impractical, as the small windows in the upper story came too near the floor. Many of them were altered by having a dormer window cut into what had originally been an unbroken roof surface. Some two-story houses are to be found, but they are very few. These are too high for their size and lack the charm of the low type.

The Dutch house was invariably small, modest and

Continued on page 96

FITTINGS FOR THE FIREPLACE

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS



The above coal-scuttle of hammered brass has a scoop instead of tongs



This brass-trimmed grate, which will burn either kennel-coal or wood, is appropriate for a shallow fireplace



A hammered-brass coal-hod would give any hearth color and distinction



Made of brass and copper, this reproduction of an old Dutch and English dairy-pail makes a most attractive scuttle



This attractive fireplace is completely furnished. The fleur-de-lis on the fireback identifies it as dating back to the period when the British monarchs still laid claim to Normandy



This wicker wood-basket is not only a convenient piece but a decorative one. It comes in gray, green or brown colors



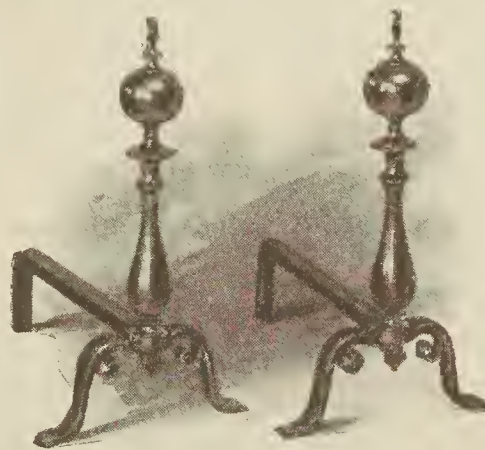
This well-constructed stand is a reproduction of an Early English set



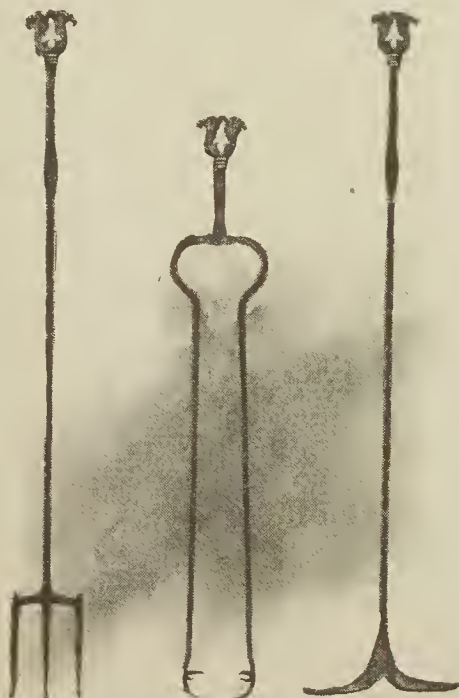
An oak bellows is a great assistance in starting the open fire



This decorated black-lacquered metal coal-hod has a removable lining which makes it most convenient to fill



Above is a pair of polished-brass andirons with legs of hammered wrought iron



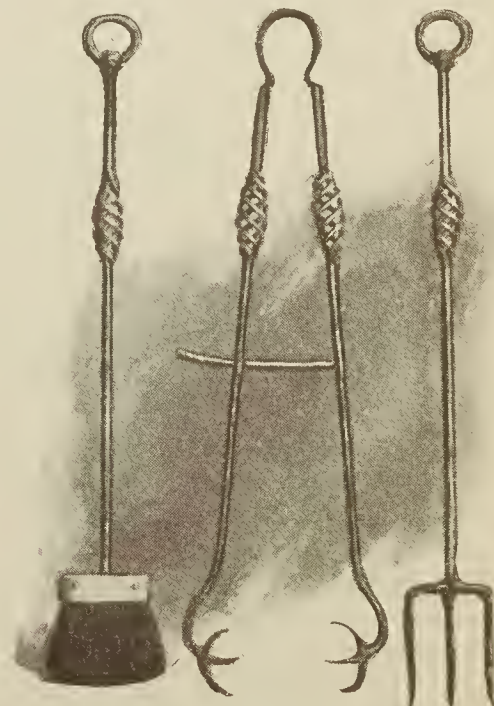
Fire-tools of wrought iron, having heavy brass handles in tulip design



These solid brass fire-tools are kept together by a sturdy brass stand to match



Trimmed with wrought iron, this sturdy Jacobean oak box makes an interesting container for chunks and logs, and for convenience should be near the fire



These armor-bright steel fire-tools reflect the Early English days



Avenue on an early Winter afternoon and looked in the small, perfect windows of the shoe-shops where ladies' slippers are set forth as things as rare and exquisite as jewels, he might have chosen neither glass nor ermine but silver for his *Cendrillon*. It is the slipper of the season, not new, perhaps, but made more lovely than ever by buckles of rhinestones so delicate that they look like a rose lace of brilliants. Sometimes they have *chous* of tulle or chiffon under the buckle, but the buckle alone is smarter. The plain slipper with a French heel is newer than the strap slipper or the sandal. The silver slipper is made of plain silver cloth or silver brocade in a small design sometimes in gold.

With care the silver slipper will not tarnish. Shoe experts advise stuffing it with tissue-paper instead of putting it on a shoe-tree, wrapping it in tissue-paper and keeping it in a shoe-box.

SILVER slippers are worn with so-called silver stockings, a silk stocking so pale that it takes the color of the silver. One no longer sees colored silk stockings and satin slippers matching the dress. You occasionally see them worn with an all-black, all-white or all-silver dress, but not often. You do see, especially with black gowns, slippers of black satin or black suède worn with the very thin brown stockings in the shade called "nude." Bronze slippers are worn with very thin bronze stockings, and for many semi-formal occasions the black or bronze evening slipper is more suitable than the silver, especially at the theater, where large and late dinner-parties have the unfortunate habit of walking over your best feet first before reaching their seats.

The all-white or all-black evening dress, especially in satin or crêpe, is worn a great deal, and there is a new way of getting the touch of color that makes all women kin to the South. Brilliant handkerchiefs of Georgette printed in passionate Batik designs and colors or handkerchiefs of plain-colored Georgette in jade, flame or coral are either carried in the hand or else tied around the left wrist.

BRIGHT color, except in the Russian embroideries of blouses and wool dresses, is little seen until night. Black over brown is still the rule for the costume coats—black repp or cloky with their stuffed-tubing trimming and the fur-brown or cocoa-brown dress underneath.

One notices that there are two silhouettes in the new costume coats—the straight, with the deep armhole that gives almost a drapery to the upper part, and the draped coat tied at the hip. Against these two are the four silhouettes of the new dresses—the straight chemise, the draped, the circular and the bouffant *robe de style*, which last is relegated almost entirely to the young girl.

THE NEW in NEW YORK

By EVELYN DODGE

NOVEMBER, not January, is the beginning of the new year in New York. The opera opens with all its old brilliance, though less of its *diamante* glitter, than in former years, and to the old guard the ghostly echoes of Caruso's deathless voice can not be silenced by the press-agent, all-on-paper popularity of the new Austrian singer.

The exquisite shop-windows of the Avenue are like the crystal casket of the old fairy-tale, holding the delicately lovely colors of the evening gowns that will come to life during the gay evenings of the Winter. One detects a new elegance in the formal draped dress of black satin with its ornaments of carved jade, of lapis set with brilliants, of antique silver or colored crystal beads; in the simple chemise dress of frail shell-pink satin with its simplicity now encrusted with an embroidery of fabric flowers from hem to shoulder; in the fan-like movement of the new circular skirts like the flutter of a flame in orange crêpe; in the silver tissue of a dress of a young girl copied from seventeenth-century Italian portraits with stiff little, half-fitted bodice above a wide, distended skirt.

Satin is being used a great deal for evening, for it drapes beautifully and its luster is delightful in fabric flowers. One sees in the shops many dresses in silk crêpes in the new evening colors, mauve, apricot, almond green and those strange yet lovely evening shades of "tile," which is a deeper putty, and burnt sienna.

IF A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, then there are times when too much is equally destructive. A prying student has shattered Cinderella's glass slipper by discovering that we owe it to a faulty translation of the old French tale of Perrault, who said that her slippers were of ermine. Possibly if Perrault had ever walked up Fifth



SOULIÉ PAINTS FROM A PALETTE OF NEW EVENING COLORS IN DESIGNING HIS FORMAL GOWNS



The new draperies move in many mysterious ways, sometimes upward to the left hip, sometimes downward towards the hem, often both ways at once. Soulié designs a draped evening gown of white satin bordered with silver lace, and with a great sash of black satin

Supple velvet in the Egyptian shade of turquoise is used by Soulié for a well trained dress opening over an underskirt of lace. It follows the present evening convention of no sleeves and is embroidered in multi-colored silk



Evening gowns go from one extreme to the other in the matter of sleeves. They are either absolutely sleeveless or else the sleeve—and quite often it is singular in number as well as character—is of great length or marked originality. Here Soulié has used sleeves of coral embroidery in a dress of silver lace draped on the right hip

Among the new evening colors are mauve, often of a pinkish cast, cyclamen, almond green, orange and beige shades. Soulié chose mauve satin embroidered with pearls for an evening gown with the new circular skirt longer at the sides

A great deal of crêpe silk is used for evening, but one sees almost as much of satin and a good deal of dyed lace. The dress at the right is of beige lace draped with satin of a deeper tone



STREET SCENES FROM A FASHIONABLE FRENCH QUARTER

SHOWN IN SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES
SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S
PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



Black velvet with a coachman cape trimmed with cinder-gray fox makes a charming costume with the fur maintaining the circular skirt in its new extended position. Soulié, like several of the French designers, is experimenting with a slightly higher waistline but the Parisian has reserved judgment and keeps to the on-the-hip line

Soulié runs a ribbon of fur around about a draped coat and ties it in a bow at the hip. The material is a rough green wool trimmed with petit gris

There are street costumes that are difficult to define without dissection and might easily be either a dress, a coat or a suit. In the case of the dress at the left we are reliably informed that the costume is a dress of black cloth trimmed with skunk and lozenges of embroidery and gold

For the more elegant type of costume the skirt is seven or eight inches from the floor, while for hacking it is shorter. Soulié uses the longer length in a costume of brick-red velours de laine, checked in brown and trimmed with kolinsky

The word "costume" with its pleasant indefiniteness is Soulié's designation of the sketch at the right which is a front view of the center sketch but shown in another material





Dress 4033
Embroidery design
10994



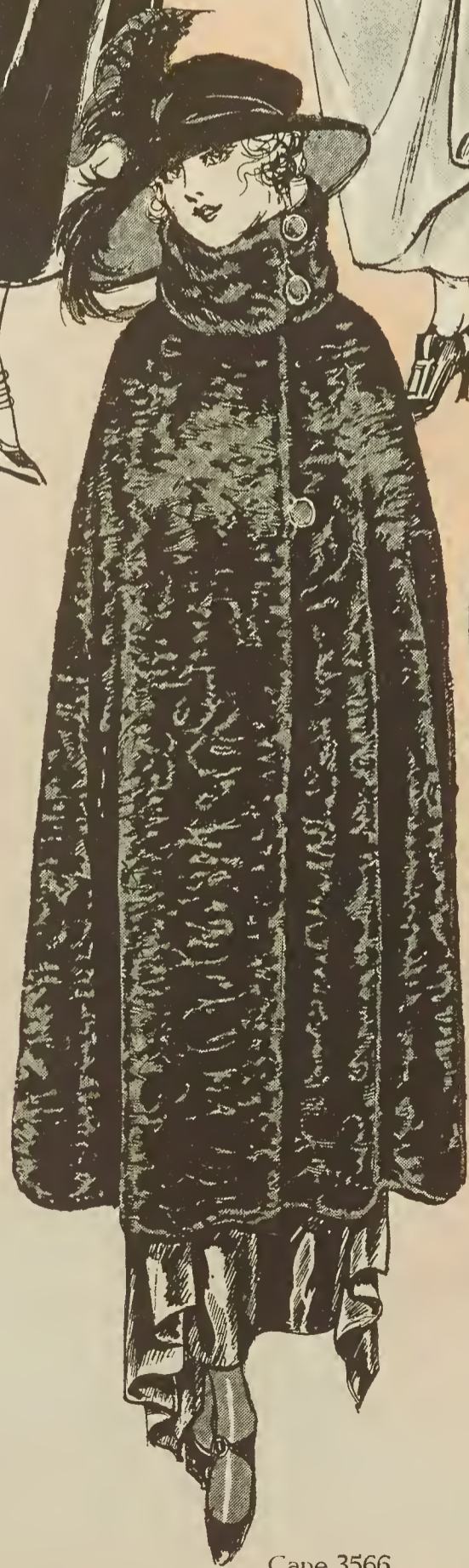
Dress 4070



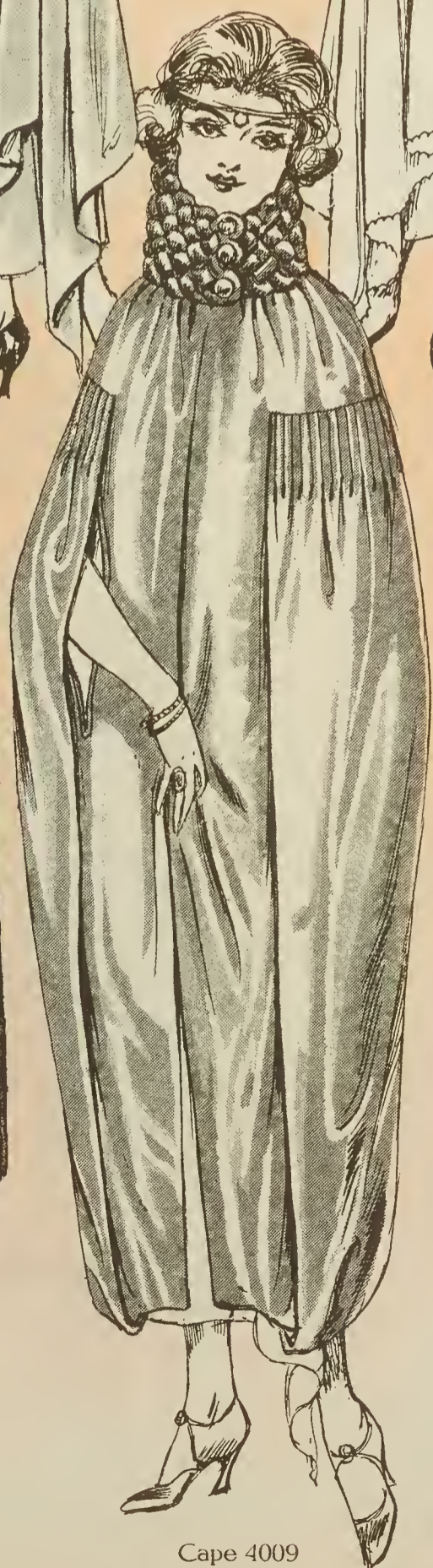
Dress 4037



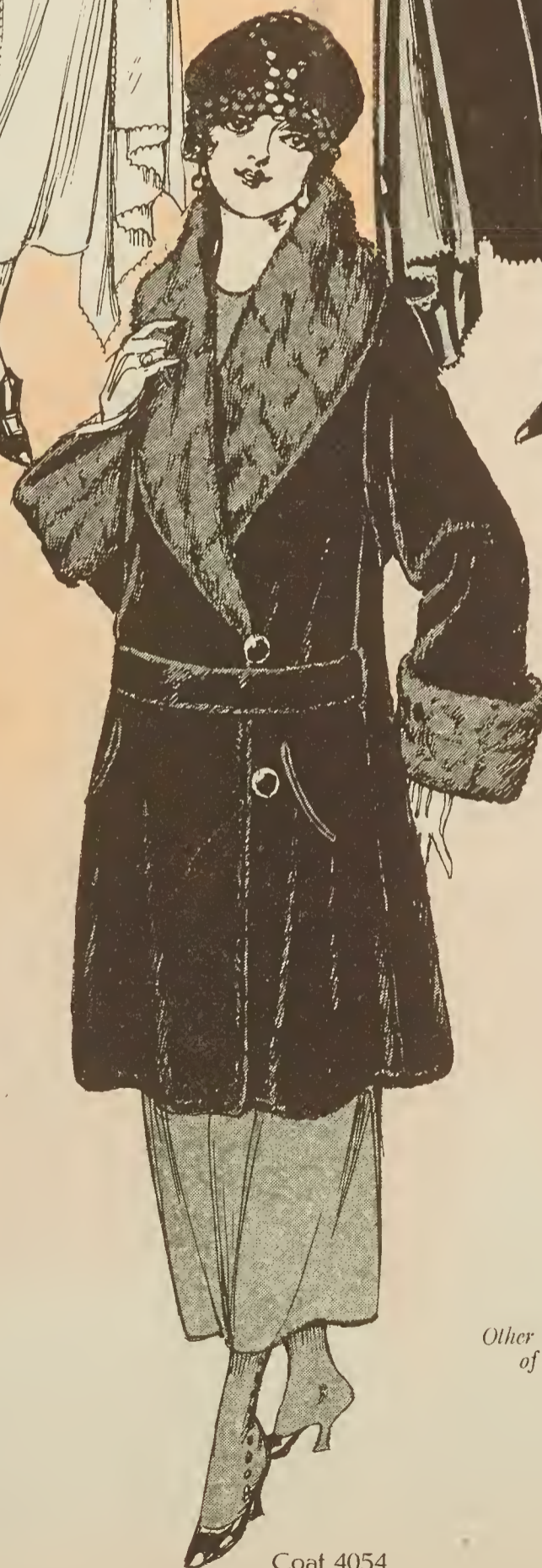
Dress 4045



Cape 3566



Cape 4009



Coat 4054

Other views and descriptions
of these garments are
on page 108



Dress 4012

Dress 3990

Dress 3996

Evening Dress 4047



Dress 3979



Evening Dress 4019
Embroidery design 10912



Dress 4043

Other views and descriptions are shown on page 108



Dress 4029



Dress 4017



Dress 4013



Dress 4015



Dress 3991



Dress 4023
Embroidery
design 10982



Dress 4066
Smocking design 10635



Dress 4027
Embroidery
design 10981



Dress 4042
Embroidery design 10948



Suit 4040

Other views and descriptions of these garments are shown on page 109



Cape 4009

Dress 4020

Dress 4025

Dress 4003
Embroidery design 10954

Evening Dress 4062



Dress 3971



Dress 3987
Embroidery design 10961



Dress 4032

Other views and descriptions of these garments are shown on page 110



Dress 4016

Dress 4026
Embroidery
design 10708

Dress 4007

Dress 4021



Dress 4039



Dress 4024



Dress 3999

Other views and descriptions
are shown on page 111



Dress 4028
Embroidery
design 10981



Dress 4041
Embroidery
design
10828



Dress 4056



Skirt 4052



Blouse 3957
Embroidery design 10603



Blouse 3809
Embroidery design 10954



Skirt 4046

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 111

THE WRAPS OF THE HOUR AND TWO TIMELY GOWNS



Cape 4073

Coat 4075

Coat 4071

Coat 4014

4073—A petaled cape of the straight type is one of the new products of a Winter crop of wraps. A crêpe de Chine lining makes a soft finish. Use wool pile fabrics, duvetyne, zibeline, wool poplin, wool repp, serge, velvet, satin, silk crêpes, silk poplin, matelassé or fabric fur. For evening wear use matelassé, metal fabrics, velvet, satin, etc.

36 bust requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch serge (cut cross-wise). Lower edge 1¾ yard.

The cape is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4075—Cape coats are extremely smart for town wear, for motoring or as traveling coats, and are exceedingly graceful. The slash pockets are decorative and the collar is reversible. Make it of homespun, camel's-hair, mixtures, herring-bone, tweeds, wool plaid cloakings or cheviot.

36 bust requires 4 yards of 54-inch zibeline. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

The coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is also nice for misses.

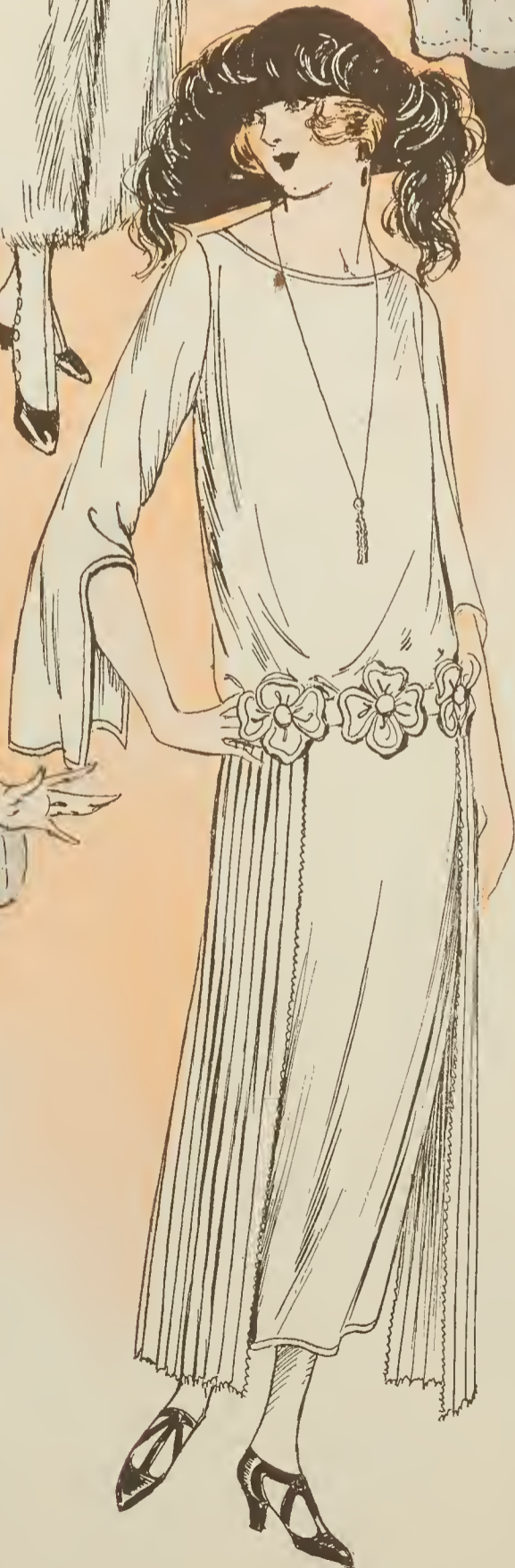
4074—10706—The swing of the two-piece circular skirt on this slip-over dress is an alluring snare. Further attractions are a new sleeve, the low waistline and bright embroidery. It fastens under the left arm and may have a body lining. The motifs are distinctive. Work them in braiding, couching, chain-stitch or outline embroidery. Use soft twills, serge, tricotine, crêpe satin, charmeuse or velvet. Lower edge in straight-around outline 2½ yards.

36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch velvet.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 4074
Embroidery design 10706



Dress 4072

4071—The roomy sleeve with a deep armhole is a graceful composite of this Winter coat and makes it easy to slip on over the most fragile gowns. Use wool pile fabrics, duvetyne, zibeline, matelassé, fabric fur, wool repp, wool poplin, serge, plush, velvet, etc.

36 bust requires 4 yards of 50-inch fur cloth. Lower edge of coat 54 inches.

The coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4014—For sports, the car or hacking, a double-breasted coat is the correct thing. This coat has a raglan sleeve and deep patch pockets. An inverted plait at the back gives it an attractive flare. Make it of tweeds, homespun, camel's-hair, mixtures, fleece, etc. Lower edge 2 yards.

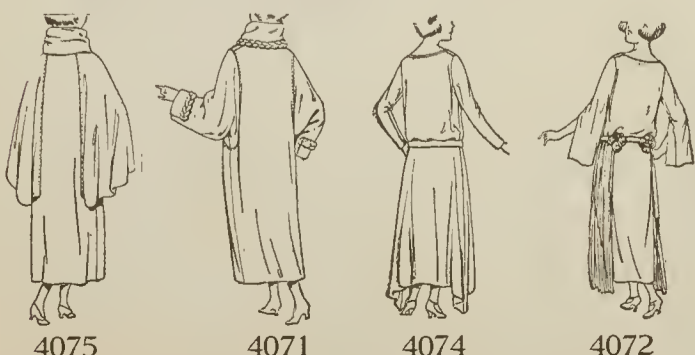
36 bust requires 3⅞ yards of 54-inch homespun.

The coat is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4072—Accordion-plaited panels and a distinctive sleeve make this one-piece gown irresistible. It slips on over the head and has an elastic arranged in a casing at the low waistline. Side-plaited panels and a body lining may be used. Make it of crêpe satin, charmeuse, etc. Lower edge 51½ inches.

36 bust requires 4⅞ yards of 39-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4075

4071

4074

4072

4014

FRENCH DRAPERY AND NEW GIRDLES ON DRESSES FOR THIS WINTER'S DÉBUTANTE

4021—10884—A one-piece dress "simpat-ico" with one's mood, has a gay vestee front. It may have a body lining. The embroidery is effective. Work it in cross-stitch or bugle beads. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

34 bust requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 40-inch velvet and 1 yard of 36-inch linen.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.



Dress 4021
Embroidery design
10884



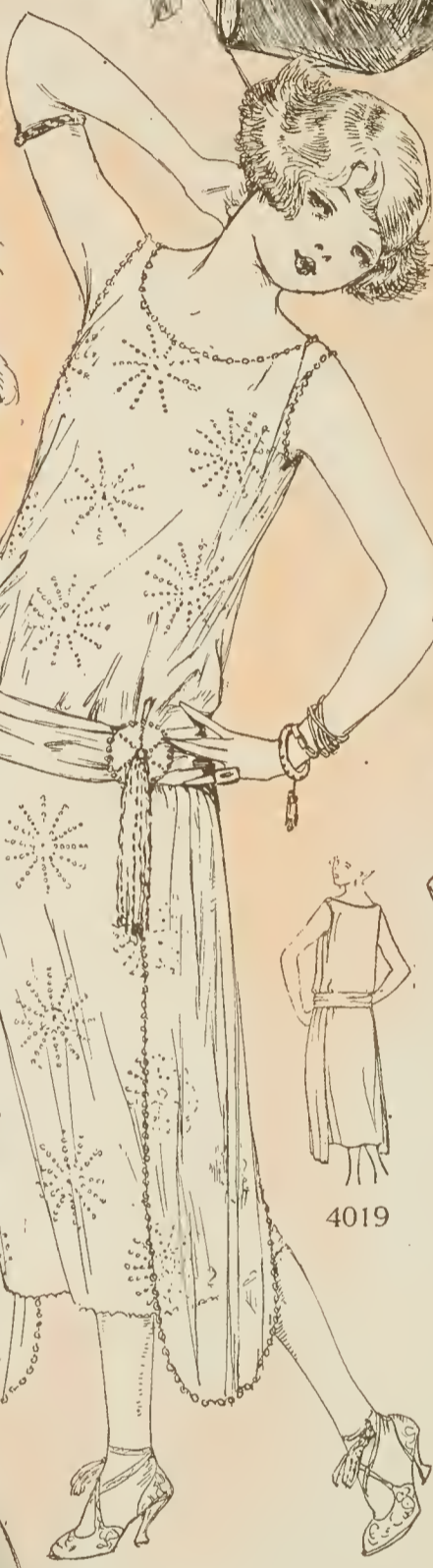
4037—Both the braided tubing girdle and circular side draperies of a one-piece dress are smart. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use crepe satin, etc.

32 bust requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch charmeuse and 2 yards of 40-inch all-over lace. Lower edge measures $47\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The dress is nice for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.



Dress 4039



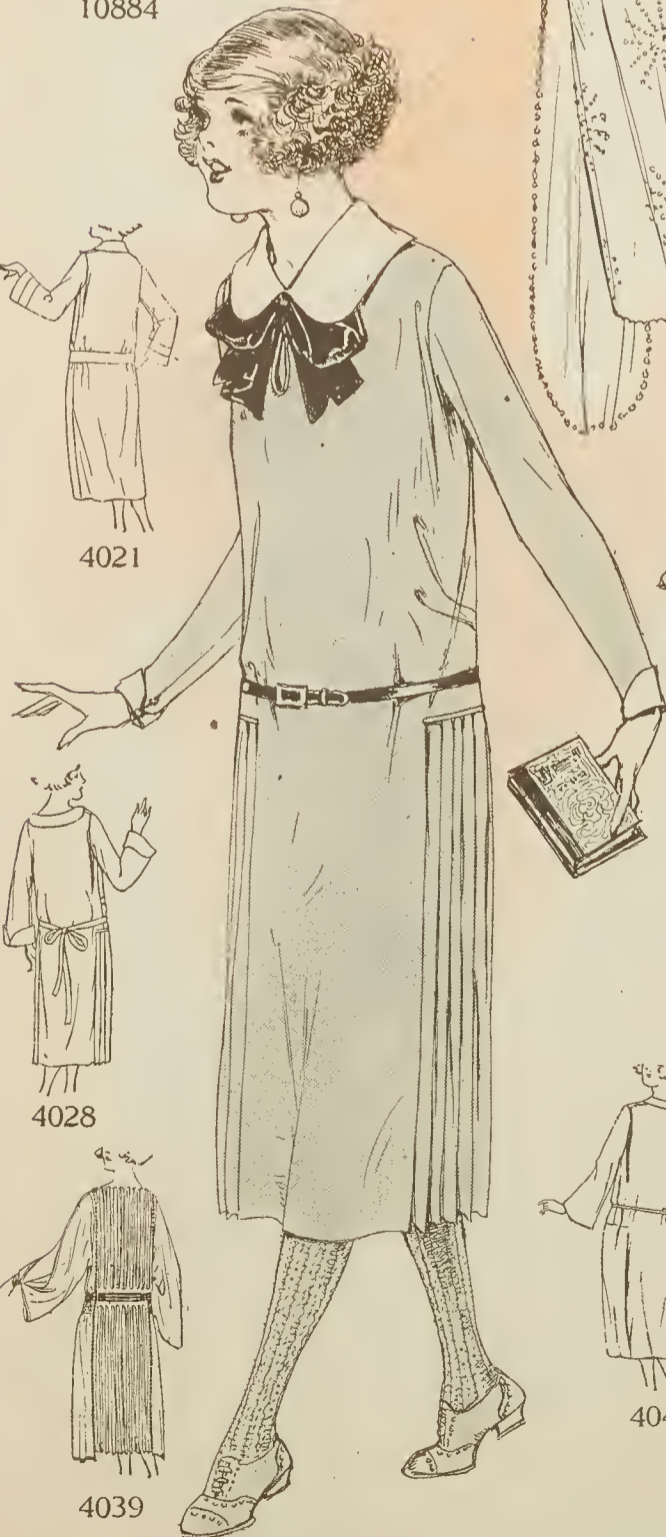
4019

Evening dress 4019
Embroidery design 10819

4039—Much of the "élan" of one's poise comes from a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It has a deep armhole and long shoulder and may have a body lining. Use crêpe satin, satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, or velvet with sleeves and panels of lace, Georgette, etc. Lower edge 42 inches.

34 bust requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch crêpe satin and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is good for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.



Dress 4028

4019—10819—Even "Delsarte" is easy in this graceful one-piece evening dress. It slips on over the head and may have a camisole. The beading adds distinction. Work the design in one-stitch and outline embroidery. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, beaded or embroidered, etc.

34 bust requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 48 inches.

The dress is suitable for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

4028—One can not fail to be fluent in French verbs if she wears this one-piece dress of wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, silk crêpes, or silk and wool crêpes, etc. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining if one prefers.

32 bust requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 54-inch soft twill and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch linen. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust; it is also good for ladies.



Dress 4041

4041—Braiding marks the box plaits which are caught at each side on the hem of a one-piece dress on the slip-over order. It may have a body lining if one desires. Use wool repp, wool poplin, soft twills, camel's-hair, tricotine, serge, wool crêpe, etc.

32 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 44-inch wool repp. Lower edge measures 46 inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies.

4050—A twisted girdle is a good beginning for an interesting dress with a two-piece circular skirt. This skirt joins the blouse at a low waistline and the dress slips on over the head. Use materials like crêpe satin, charmeuse, or silk crêpes for this dress.

17 years requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge in straight-around outline measures $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years.

Dress 4037

4037

4050

Dress 4050

COATS FOR FIRST SNOW FLURRIES
AND THREE SMART FROCKS



4049—The Teddy-bear effect is most becoming to the young girl who wears this coat with a double-breasted front. Slit pockets and a snug collar are good style for such a wrap. Make it of materials like chinchilla, fabric fur, fleece, polo cloth, mixtures, tweeds, herring-bone, double-faced coating, homespun, camel's-hair cloaking, cheviot, wool pile fabrics or of checks.

12 years requires 2 1/4 yards of fleece 50 inches wide.

The coat is smart for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4060—4018—10828—The sleeves which go into a deep armhole take a new turn, and the hat matches her coat. The embroidery is smart. Work it in a combination of satin-stitch or outline embroidery and one-stitch. Use wool pile fabrics, zibeline, wool repp, wool poplin, etc.

12 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch velvet. The hat for girls or 2 1/4 inches head measure requires 5/8 yard of 40-inch velvet.

The coat is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years and the hat for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

Coat 4051
Hat 3980
Leggings 4038
Smocking design 10592

Coat 4044
Hat 4018
Leggings 4038

Coat 4014



4057

Dress 4057
Hat 3980



4049



4051



4060

4059—Hand-made rosettes loom important on this gay new one-piece dress with accordion-plaited panels. The sleeves with their delicate droop from the elbow are graceful for fair young arms. The dress slips on over the head, with a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline. There may be a body lining and, if one prefers them, side-plaited panels. Make it of silk crêpes, crêpe satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine, or of velvet or satin with panels and sleeves of Georgette.

16 years requires 4 5/8 yards of 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

Dress 4059

4051—4038—3980—10592—When "to Grandmother's house we go," we want such a new coat, trimmed with clusters of smocking or shirring, a hat to match the coat, with leggings to keep off the snow. The smocking is decorative. The design is of two types.

4 years requires 1 1/4 yard for the coat and 3/8 yard for leggings, of 54-inch broadcloth.

The coat is nice for little girls 1/2 to 5 years and the leggings for children 2 to 14 years. The hat is good for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

4057—3980—A slip-over dress for school has a gay plaid straight skirt joining the body in a new outline. The hat is graceful. Use wool plaid for the skirt with serge or soft twills for the body, etc.

12 years requires 1 yard of 54-inch soft twill and 1 1/4 yard of 44-inch plaid wool. The hat for a girl or 2 1/4 inches head measure requires 1/2 yard of 36-inch duvetyn.

The dress is suitable for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years and the hat for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

4044—4038—4018—This coat for a wee girl closes in an attractive fashion. Her hat is smart and the leggings protect from cold.

4 years requires 1 1/8 yard of 54-inch serge and 1/2 yard of 44-inch serge for leggings. The hat for a child or 19 3/4 inches head measure requires 3/8 yard of 36-inch silk and 6 1/2 yards of 1 1/4-inch ribbon.

The coat is good for girls 2 to 8 years and the leggings for children 2 to 14 years. The hat is nice for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

3986—One may wear different guimpes with this box-plaited jumper dress, though this separate guimpe is very attractive. For such a one-piece dress use wool crêpe, serge, or soft twills with pongee, checked silk, dimity for the guimpe, or wool check with pongee or dimity, or for a wash dress use gingham, chambray, etc., with dimity, etc.

12 years requires 2 1/8 yards of 44-inch wool crêpe and 1 1/2 yard of 36-inch silk.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.

4014—A top-coat of the raglan type is quite in order for a stroll in Piccadilly or along the Avenue. The double-breasted effect of this coat makes it warm for Winter and practical for street wear or sports. Use tweeds, homespun, camel's-hair, mixtures, fleece, polo cloth, cheviot, herring-bone, checks or double-faced coatings. 17 years or 34 bust requires 3 1/8 yards of 54-inch herring-bone. Lower edge 1 3/4 yards.

The coat is practical for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.



4059



4014



4044



3986

Dress 3986



WINTER'S "LINE" FOR GIRLS' FROCKS IS PLAITED INSERTS AND THE CIRCULAR SKIRT

4018—Dainty hats of duvetyn, corded silks, etc., are part of the Winter costume for tiny girls. Satin, taffeta, or material like the coat may be used.

6 years requires for view A, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch silk and $6\frac{5}{8}$ yards of $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch ribbon, and for view B, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch velvet and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 1-inch ribbon for ties.

The hats are good for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.

4069—The schoolgirl, home for the Thanksgiving recess, often demands a new dress. The sleeveless guimpe of this dress on the slip-over order, is practical in wool crêpe, tricotine, etc.

16 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch soft twill and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20, also for small women.

4065—10873—Straps add emphasis to a frock of the slip-over type. A straight skirt joins a long body with a body lining. The embroidery is new. Work it in cross-stitch or beading.

17 years requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard for body and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of contrasting 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge $58\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

The dress is charming for misses 16 to 20, also for small women.

4067—10886—The four-piece circular skirt topped by an interlaced belt, reappears on an attractive new dress. It joins the body at the low waistline and there may be a body lining. The embroidery is effective. Work it in a combination of satin-stitch, outline-stitch, etc. Lower edge $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

16 years requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch wool repp.

The dress is good for misses 16 to 20, also for small women.

3970—One can put up a very brave front in a one-piece dress with a vestee. It has a straight lower edge. Use serge, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool jersey, or corduroy, etc.

12 years requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 54-inch plaid wool and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch piqué.

The dress is suitable for girls 6 to 12 years.

3958—10744—This dress for stormy days has an inverted plait under the arm and a straight lower edge. It may be made without the shoulder yoke and gored underarm seam. Smocking adds color. The design comes in a decorative outline.

3 years requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 27-inch challis and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting challis.

The dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 6 years.

3960—10627—Lace-edged bloomers peep out from a slip-over dress with straight lower edge and separate bloomer slip. It may be made sleeveless. Tiny rosebuds trim the yoke. Work them in satin-stitch, eyelets, buttonholing, and French stemming.

6 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch handkerchief linen.

The dress is attractive for girls 2 to 10 years.

3962—The front of this dress is in one piece and a straight skirt joins the long body at the back. It slips on over the head. Use silk crêpe, taffeta, or velvet with Georgette sleeves, in self or contrasting color.

13 years requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch velvet and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch Georgette.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.



3970 3958 4018 3960 3962

4031—Many a cold lurks in the form of icy floors and chilled rooms these Winter mornings, but one can outwit the cold germ in a snug bathrobe and soled slippers. Bright patterns in some warm material are the delight of most children and quite as serviceable as somber tones. Make this robe of blanket cloth, eider-down, flannel, ratine, and terry cloth.

9 years requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 72-inch reversible blanket cloth.

The bathrobe is good for juniors, girls, and children 1 to 14 years.



Bathrobe 4031



4031



Doll 418

4038—When chill November blows its winds, little legs should be well covered in leggings like these. They button on and buckle firmly over the knee. They are made of the same material as the coat or of stockinet.

6 years requires for view A, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch stockinette, and for view B, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch stockinette.

The leggings are good for children 2 to 14 years.



View A
Leggings 4038



4036

SOME WINTER PROVISIONS
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY
AND TWO WEE DOLLS



Sleeping-Bag 4035



Bathrobe 4034



4034

419—Doll dresses must have bloomers and a cap to match. With a bathrobe and a nightgown she is all ready for bed. For dress and cap use dimity, pin-dot swiss, etc., and for bathrobe cotton ratine, etc.

22 inches requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch barred dimity, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of narrow ribbon for neck, sleeves, and bows, and $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of wider ribbon.

The set is suitable for dolls 14 to 30 inches.



Doll 419



View B
Leggings 4038

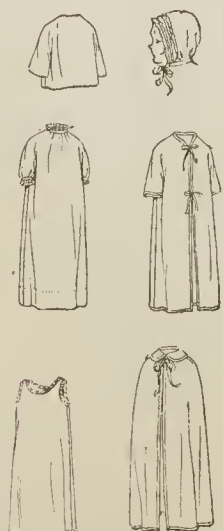
4068—Old Jack Frost simply can't pass the barricade of these polo caps! The brim may be pulled down when ears are cold. The crown may be plain or pieced. Make them of chinchilla, plush, corduroy, or material to match the coat.

6 years requires for views A, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch chinchilla. 10 years requires for views B, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 50-inch plaid.

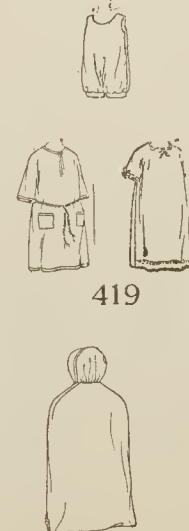
The polo caps are good for children 2 to 12 years.



Polo Caps 4068



418



419

4035



Polo Caps 4068

4036—A gift for father in the form of a warm bathrobe and slippers is very acceptable. He will welcome a Christmas gift other than the usual tie! The large pockets make it practical for men. One may use a roll or a standing collar on the robe. It has a straight lower edge and the slippers are soled. Use blankets, blanket robing, terry cloth, eider-down, flannel, or flannelet for this outfit.

36 breast requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 72-inch blanket cloth.

The bathrobe is practical for men or youths 32 to 44 breast.

4034—The "Daily Dozen" can be transformed from exercise to great fun if one is warmly clad in this bathrobe. It is equally suitable for use as a lounging-robe when he wants to read late on Friday nights. The slippers with soles are convenient, and the collar is a becoming addition to this bathrobe which is very easy to make. Use blanket robing, blankets, terry cloth, eider-down, flannel, or flannelet for this bathrobe.

10 years requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 72-inch blanket cloth.

The bath or lounging robe is good for boys 2 to 14 years.

4035—Healthy babies sleep out of doors throughout the colder weather, and this sleeping-bag will protect them from the Winter's snowy cold. Make it of eider-down, blanket cloth, quilted or padded crêpe de Chine or China silk, etc., in white and bound with white, pink, or blue satin ribbon or shell stitch.

An infant's size requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch eider-down (cut crosswise).

The sleeping-bag is warm for infants and 1 year old.



Morning dress 4061

Negligée 4064

3982 Night-drawers 3982 Apron 4063 Bathrobe 4030 Apron 4058 Nightgown 4022 4022

COSTUMES FOR MORNINGS AND EVENINGS "EN FAMILLE"

4061—Such a becoming dress is a temptation, especially in view of its suitability for wear. It has a straight skirt and low waistline. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, percale, cotton crêpe, sateen—plain and figured, etc.
36 bust requires 4 yards of 32-inch check gingham and 7/8 yard of 32-inch plain gingham. Lower edge 59 1/2 inches.
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3982—To bed by candle-light is a brave retreat when one wears these night-drawers of Canton or outing flannel or flannelet, with a comfortable hood. They are warm if one sleeps outside all the year round. The sleeves may be the bishop type, or shirt sleeves if the hood and feet are omitted.
7 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch flannelet.
The night-drawers are practical for children 1 to 12.

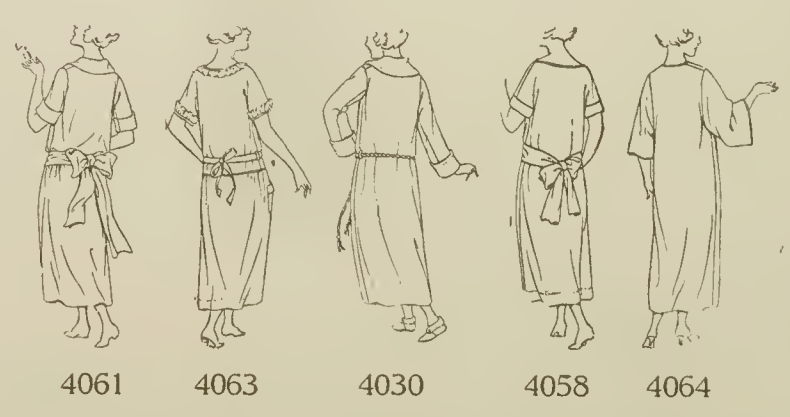
4063—Aprons are growing so gay that we shall all want to be housewives! This one slips on over the head, with a straight lower part joining the upper part at a low waistline. Use a chambray body with a skirt of gingham, cretonne, etc.
36 bust requires 1 3/8 yard of 36-inch cretonne and 2 1/2 yards of 32-inch chambray. Lower edge 58 1/2 inches.
The apron is nice for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4030—An ample bathrobe is a comfort these cold mornings when it is tempting to lie abed, and slippers with adequate soles are warm on cold floors. Use blankets, blanket cloth, reversible blanket cloth, eider-down, corduroy, flannel, terry cloth or ratine for this robe. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.
36 bust requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch eider-down.
The bathrobe and slippers are good for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4058—A scalloped sleeve and hem and a slashed-through belt give an individual air to this apron on the slip-over order. Use chintz, flowered sateen, cotton prints, gingham, chambray, seersucker, madras, percale, cotton crêpe, unbleached muslin, etc., trimmed with bright color, etc. Lower edge 1 5/8 yard.
36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards of 36-inch cotton print.
The apron is suitable for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

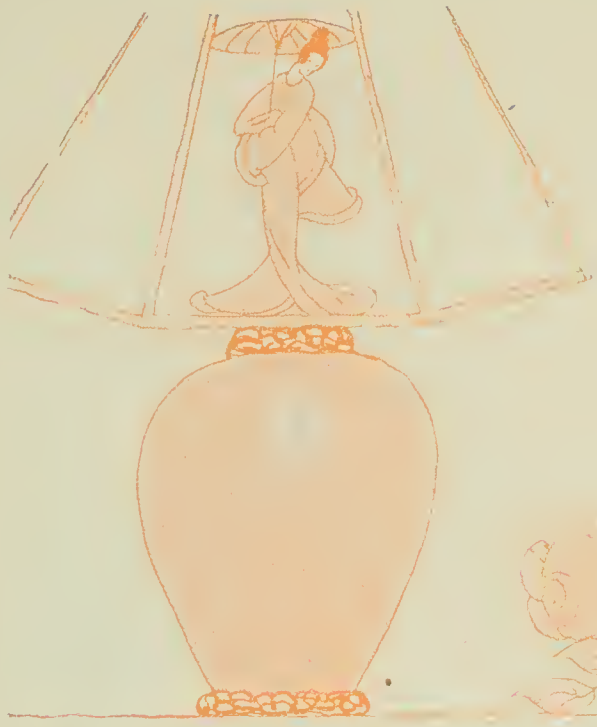
4022—Striped nightgowns are a joy to younger girls and this one is a kimono type which is easily made. Materials like outing flannel, flannelet, muslin, nainsook or long-cloth are suitable.
8 years requires 2 7/8 yards of 36-inch striped outing flannel and 1/4 yard of 36-inch plain outing flannel.
The nightgown is nice for girls and little girls 1 to 14 years.

4064—Negligées should be attractive as well as useful, a requirement which is met by a negligée with a deep armhole. Make it of corduroy, quilted silk, cotton matelassé, cotton ratine, or if one prefers shorter sleeves and contrasting trimming, of French flannel or albatross, etc. Lower edge 1 7/8 yard.
36 bust requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch corduroy.
The negligée is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4061 4063 4030 4058 4064

THE WINDS OF FASHION WAFT IN FESTIVE CARGOES OF VIVID EMBROIDERIES TO
BRIGHTEN THE WINTER'S DULL, DRAB INTERIORS



10998—Life in the Orient often reminds us that our own is singularly colorless. Snatches of Japanese scenes and figures—bright kimonos, vivid-colored fish and birds, gaily painted pagodas, and snow-tipped Fujiyama—make effective designs for embroidery. Attractive tea-sets may use these motifs in appliqué and outline embroidery, and scarfs, square centerpieces, or cushions may be enlivened with any one of them. What gay curtains for the interior of the little home can be embroidered with this design! And if one has an aptitude for painting lamp-shades, the tiny figurines are easily applied. The design is adapted to 8 landscapes in two assorted designs and two sizes and 50 assorted motifs.

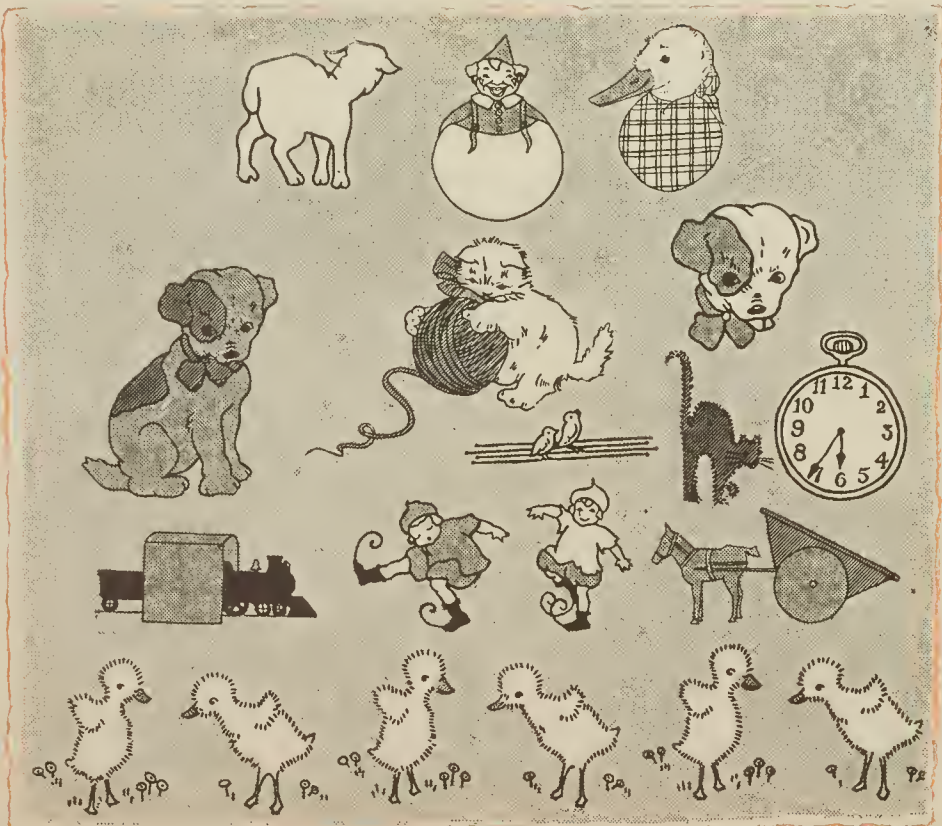


Embroidery design 10100

10100—November is the month for turning indoors and carrying in from the Autumn out-of-doors, flaming colors for embroideries on household linens and painted designs on decorative boxes. This embroidery in a combination of outline and French knots is suitable for dresses, blouses, and even hats. In appliqué it will make gay pocket motifs for aprons. The design can be adapted to 1¼ yard of banding 4 inches wide, 6 corners 4½ by 11½ inches, 4 round motifs 5 inches in diameter, 1 round motif 9½ inches in diameter, 3 garlands 4½ by 16¾ inches, and a duplicate quantity of each for appliqué.

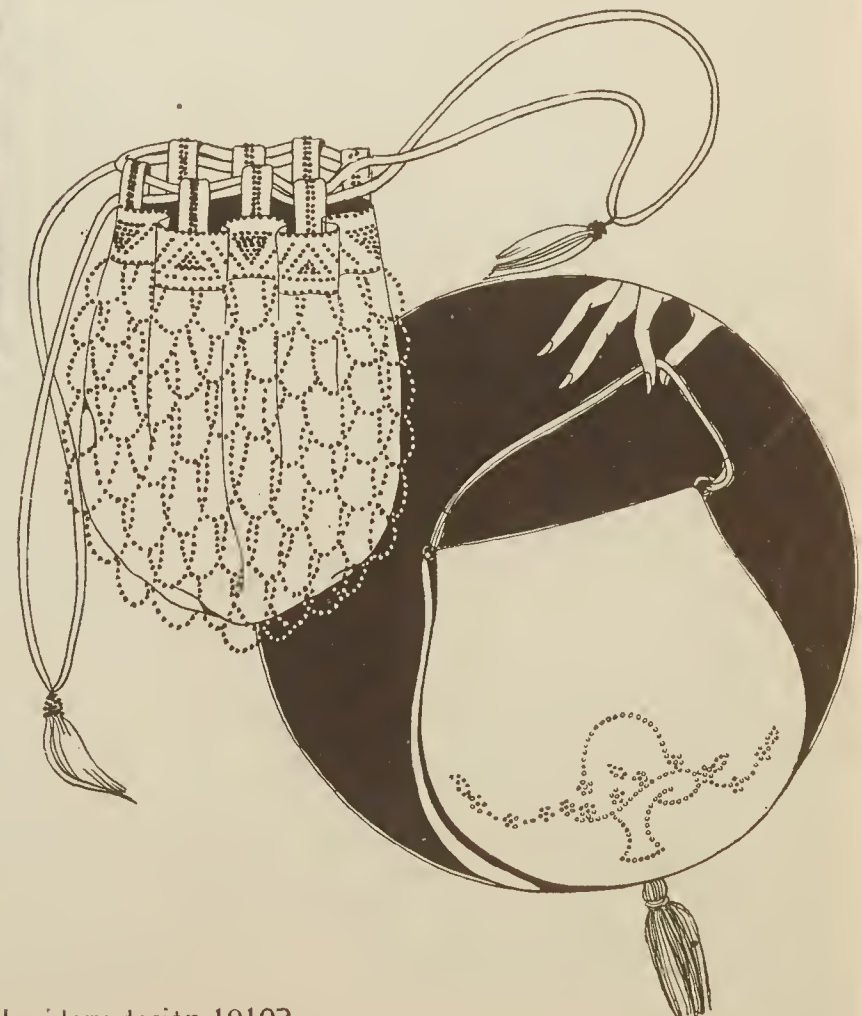
10103—Mary's little lamb, the Pixie tribe, and all the children's favorite friends are appropriate painted on nursery walls and furniture or appliquéd on nursery curtains and linens. This design has a convenient assortment of banding and motifs so that one can use them in a number of places. The pocket motifs are nice for aprons and rompers. The design is adapted to 1½ yard of banding 3¾ inches wide and 68 motifs in two assorted sizes for pockets and trimming.

Embroidery design 10103

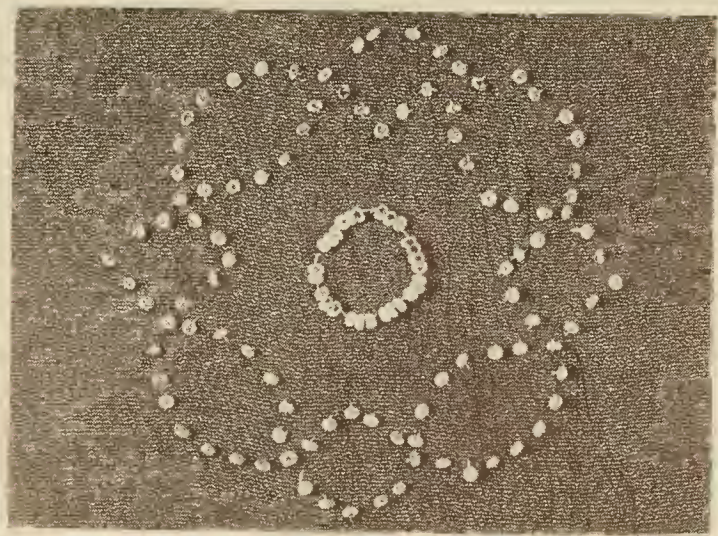


Embroidery design 10998

10102—A rich velvet in old blue appears in the French hand-bag in the center, and over the sheen of its surface gold beads trace this exotic design. In beads or fine French-knot embroidery it is brilliant on taffeta, moiré silk, satin, duvetyne or velvet. A tasseled drawstring pulls up the fat little bag with dangling steel or glass beads in a loop arrangement. The graceful flat bag uses the French basket filled with flowers as a side ornament and adds a silk tassel below. Beading goes quite rapidly when once you have learned to do it. All three of these designs are worked in beading or French-knot embroidery, and any one of these bags makes a distinctive Christmas gift for some discerning friend. This design can be adapted to three hand-bags in three different styles.



Embroidery design 10102



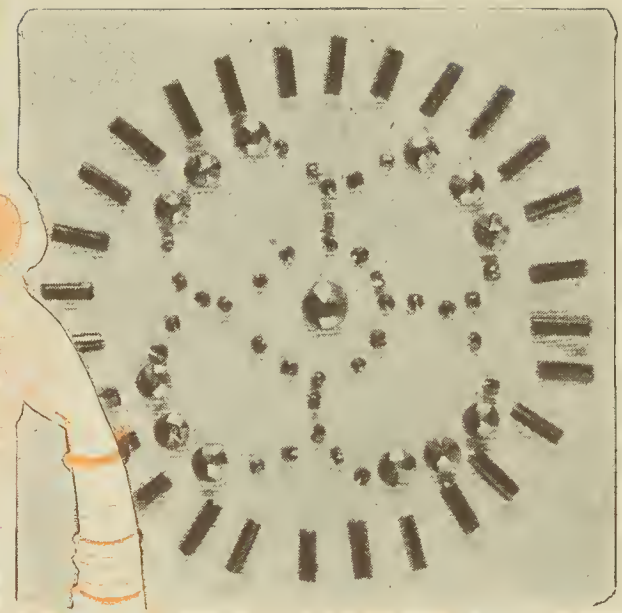
Embroidery design 10996

10996—The Winter's fashion revue dazzles with vivid colors in embroidery gleaned from far lands. Bulgarian, Russian, Egyptian, and designs decidedly Cezcho-Slovakian brighten the new dresses, blouses, hats, and skirts. This design may be done in beading or French-knot embroidery. The design can be adapted to 5⁵/₈ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 12³/₄ yards of edging 1 inch wide, 12 motifs 3¹/₈ by 3¹/₈ inches, 12 motifs 7³/₈ by 2⁵/₈ inches and 3 neck outlines.

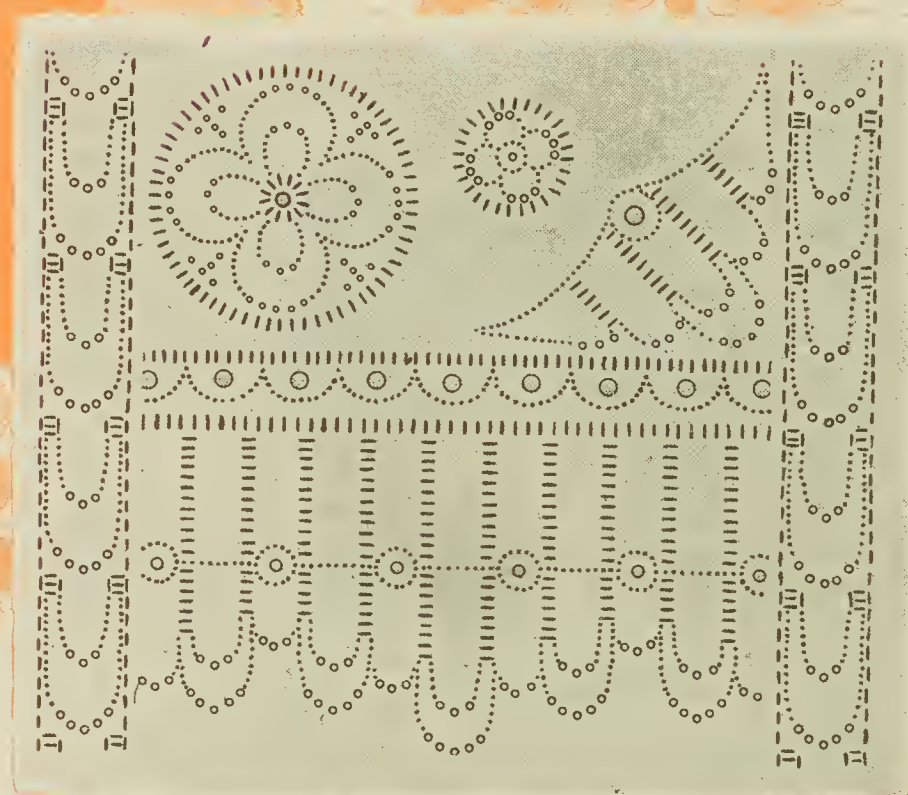
10101—The newest costumes are resplendent with iridescent, scintillating beads! The design above is worked in a combination of bugle beads or one-stitch embroidery, small beads or French knots, and large beads, rhinestones or spangles. The design can be adapted to 2¹/₂ yards of banding 7¹/₈ inches wide, 7¹/₂ yards of banding 1¹/₈ inch wide, 2¹/₂ yards of edging 1¹/₈ inch wide, 12 motifs 2¹/₂ inches in diameter, 9 motifs 5⁵/₈ inches in diameter and 6 corners 8¹/₄ by 4¹/₈ inches.



EMBROIDERY HOLDS
ENCHANTMENTS UP
HER DIAPHANOUS
SLEEVE

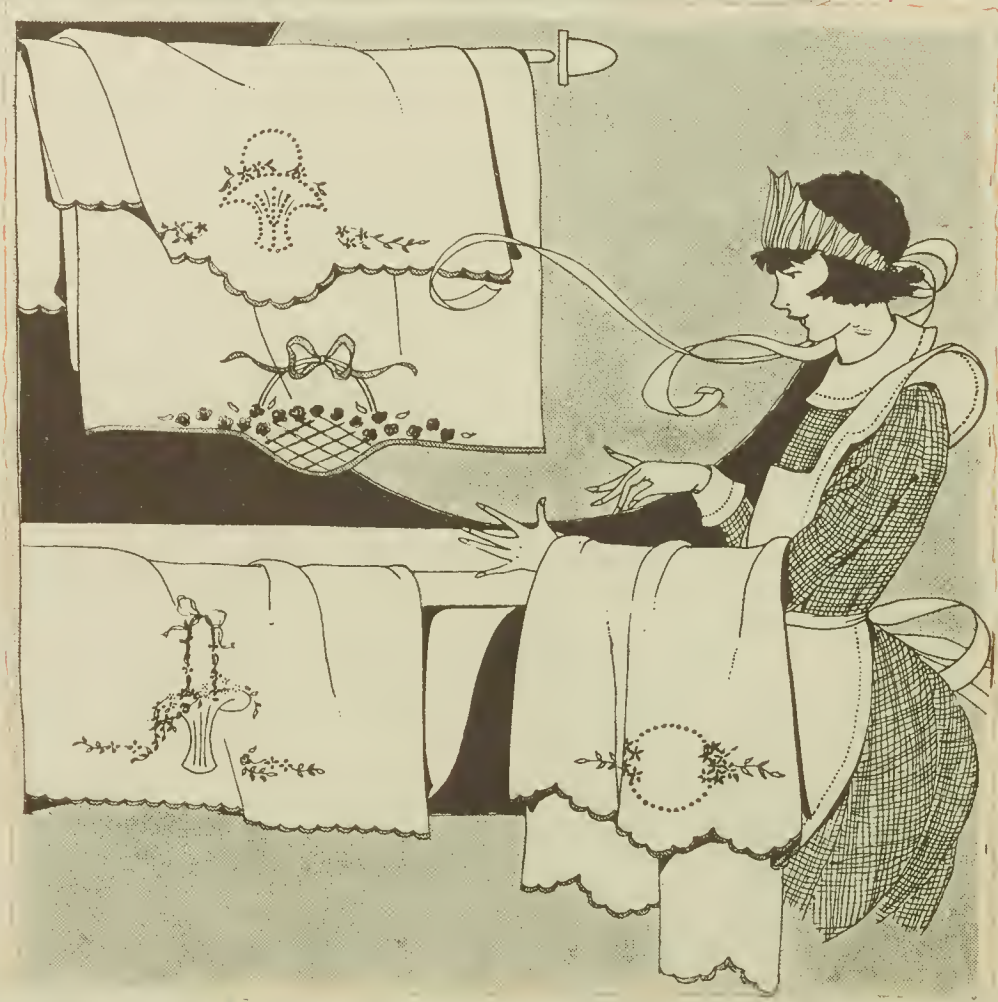


Embroidery Design 10101

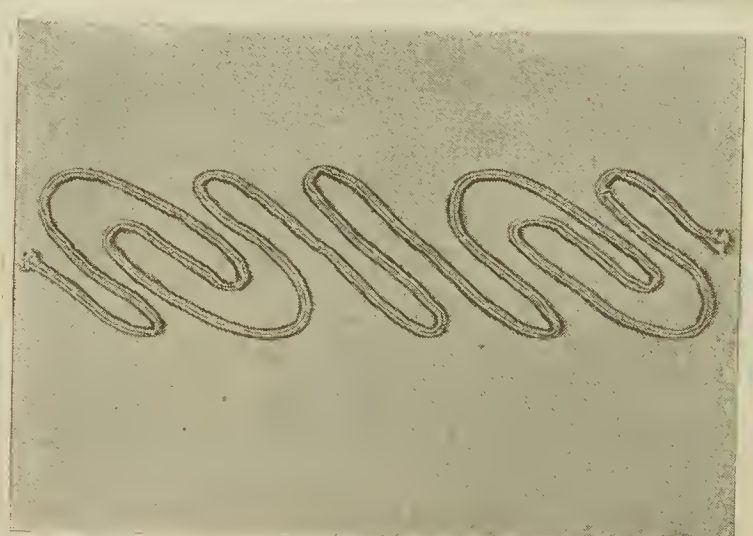
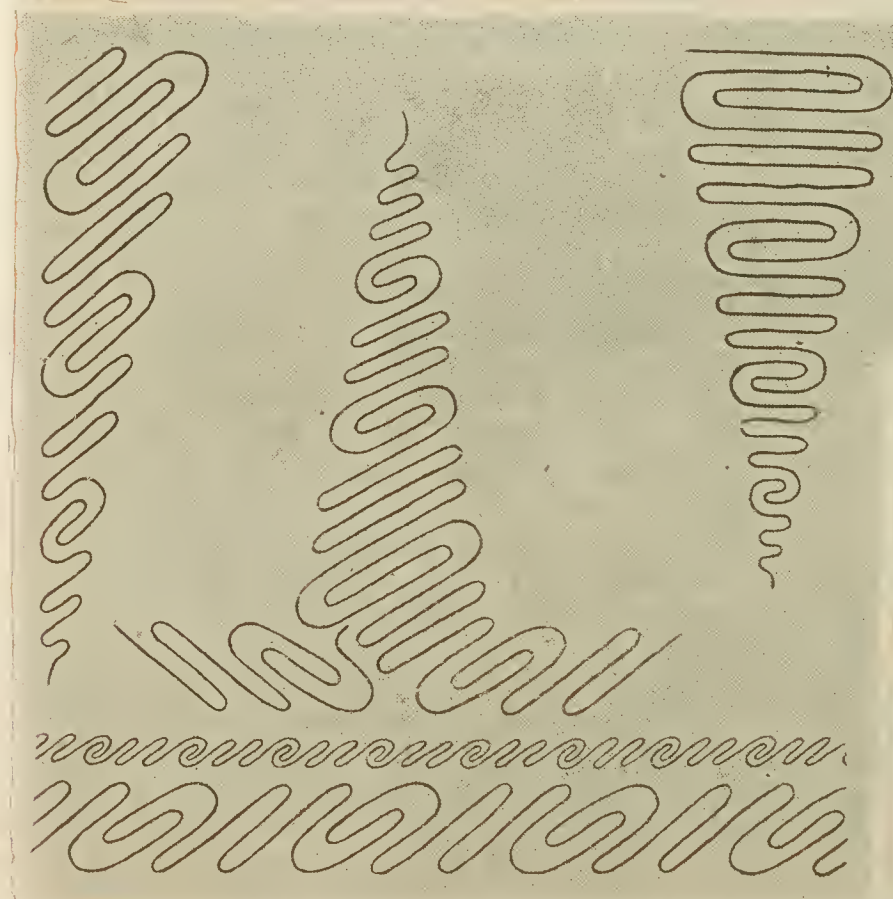


10997—The wedding guest or any person stopping at your home must surely judge the hostess by the linens she displays. These towels are tastefully embroidered at one end with appropriate designs. The French basket and the wreath motifs are always in good taste, and these are done in eyelet, satin-stitch, French stemming and scallops. They may be worked also in appliqué, outline or rambler roses. Each of the motifs is in good taste on pillow-cases for the guest room. The design can be adapted to 8 towels or pillow-cases in 4 assorted designs, with a duplicate quantity of scallops.

Embroidery design 10999



Embroidery design 10997



10999—"If it's braided, it's new," is a general rule for the clothes for Winter. Distinctive suits and becoming dresses are decorated in scroll or geometric designs and braiding appears on many coats. Dresses often present a handsome front. Hats of duvetyne, velvet, satin, or silk may adopt the banding of this figure and dress panels may be brightened with the motifs. This design should be worked in braiding, couching, outline embroidery chain-stitch. The design can be adapted to 7¹/₄ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 5 yards of banding 3³/₄ of an inch wide, 6 pointed motifs 11¹/₂ inches high, 6 pointed motifs 13³/₄ inches high, and 6 motifs 13 by 12³/₈ inches.

WHY WOMEN PAY

By ELEANOR CHALMERS

THERE is many a simple little French dress that is much admired made of one straight, sleeveless length of satin, seamed under the arm, caught in at the hip and trimmed very simply though delightfully with fabric roses, a twisted girdle, a clasp holding a flutter of light crêpe. For such an innocent-looking dress its eminent maker, if he is a well-known Paris dressmaker, will charge a handsome price.

AT LEAST upon first thought the price will seem distinctly high, especially when one considers that the materials for such a dress, of the most expensive quality, could not cost more than seventeen or eighteen dollars. Even on second or third thought one acknowledges that the price is—well, let us say, somewhat inflated.

But upon mature consideration of all that goes into a well-made French dress one realizes that, even admitting that the price is high, one is getting a very perfect and beautiful and costly-to-produce piece of work. The dress, in the first place, is the product of a designer who commands a very large income. It is sold in an expensive salesroom by an expensive sales force. The manikin who slouches or breezes or drags her languid way across the room may be paid ten or fifteen thousand a year to walk fifty feet trailing temptation before your eyes. A decade ago the famous Margot, with her gamin rocking-horse walk and her bird's-nest hair, was said to get ten thousand a year. No one knows what Molyneux pays Hebe, whose grave young beauty is known from Paris to Rio and from Rio to the Treaty Ports.

TWO weeks is the usual time spent upon making a French dress, two weeks of work on the part of expert cutters, fitters, sewing-women, embroiderers and "the little hands" in their short dresses and black aprons who play such an important rôle in every great dressmaking house and who are still such children that their noon hour finds them skipping rope on the sidewalk of the Place Vendôme. For a costume there will be three fitters, one for the jacket, one for the body and one for the skirt; for a dress, two always, the waist and skirt fitters, and if it is impossible to get sewing silk or embroidery floss to exactly match your dress it is dyed especially for you, so great is the care and attention given to every detail of the work.

NOW, Butterick has always recognized and admired the genius of the Paris dressmakers, so that it is perfectly possible for any woman to buy in a Butterick pattern the most charming styles in which the French influence is paramount—styles as new, as genuine, as delightful as those for which rich women pay an extravagant price on the Rue de la Paix.

It is also possible with the Butterick pattern to select the very material and color that would be used on the Rue de la Paix and with the Deltor to cut it and make it exactly as the work would be done by the large staff of cutters, fitters, work-women, embroiderers and little hands in the crowded work-rooms of a great dressmaker's establishment in Paris.

But—and as a famous comedian is fond of saying—"here is where the brightest minds fall down, but I



go one step further." The Deltor *does* take all the work and mischances out of your cutting. It *does* put knowledge and skill and guidance into your work. But even a French dressmaker can not make a perfect dress in too short a time, or in a slovenly and slipshod manner. You do not have to spend several hundred dollars to get the exact equivalent of a French dress, but you do have to work with the same care and interest which made the French dress so perfect.

JUST recently I heard of a girl who boasted that it was silly to spend very much for a pattern. To prove it, she brought out a dress which she had just made from a cheap pattern and with which she felt perfectly satisfied. Upon examination it was found that the so-called "cheap" pattern had a high waistline and a peg-top skirt, so that the dress, although new physically, was old and out of style and useless. The material was good and rather expensive, but in order to save a few cents on her pattern the girl had sacrificed twelve or fifteen dollars in material.

But that was not all, though it seems sufficient. Even if the pattern had been used in an era when the high waistline and peg-top skirt were in fashion, the workmanship on the dress would have ruined it for a well-dressed woman. The girl who made it knew nothing about dressmaking, and as the pattern did not show her how to make or finish her dress she had "managed" as well as she could.

She had tried to hem her neck and sleeve edges, which, being satin and bias, had stretched and skewered

under her mishandling into strange wavering outlines.

At the bottom of the peg-top skirt she had turned up a three-inch hem. Now a peg-top skirt grows narrower toward the bottom, so that it was considerably narrower at the lower edge than it was at the point several inches above to which the girl tried to hem the edge. Nothing daunted and not in the least disturbed by this slight peculiarity which she encountered, the girl gathered the lower part of the skirt with generous and all-too-obvious stitches to bring it in to the hem edge. The effect was strange, very strange, but the girl herself did not know what was wrong and the pattern contained nothing to enlighten her.

DID this misguided girl live in a small, remote town or on a lonely farm or ranch? No, dear reader. She was an excellent proof of the truth of the song hit of a popular comedy of recent date:

*For all the hicks you ever meet
Are right on Forty-second Street
In Old New York.*

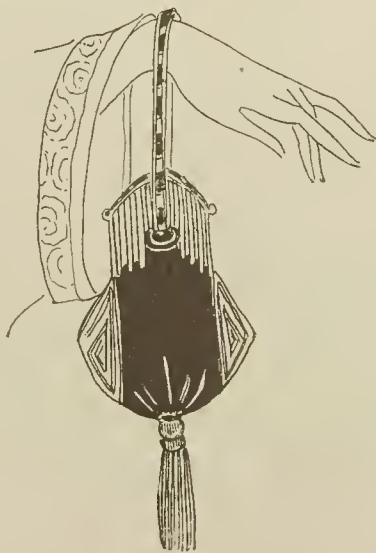
She lived a few miles from the center of the great city and her work took her through a fashionable district every day of her life.

I mention this case because it illustrates so perfectly the things rich women pay for when they buy French clothes and the things clever women pay for when they make themselves smart clothes with Butterick patterns.

In both cases they want authentic style and correct workmanship and finish. Dressmaking is a

profession in itself, and the average woman can not devote her time to studying the changes in its methods which come with each new fashion. Without such study she would not know what were the requirements of good dressmaking, the fine turns that make a dress "nice" in the French sense. The Deltor supplies her with this knowledge for each dress she makes, so that she can with a little time spent in the unhurried, leisurely French fashion make herself the replica of a fine dress.

ONE can't, of course, begin it the night before, scramble it together under a bad light, and wear it the next day with all its insides in a raw state and have it look like its French cousin. But you can make it with the Deltor as easily and quite as entertainingly as you knit your sweaters and with infinitely more profit. An excellent rule to follow is to allow yourself as much time on the making of a dress as you would allow a dressmaker. Then you will not feel hurried. Do not wait to plan your clothes until a sudden cold spell or an unexpected invitation finds you in a corner from which you will emerge with something that you have "just thrown together" and which looks it. Things vary, of course, in the amount of time they require, from the few hours that will make a fringed-out tweed skirt to the time it takes to make fabric flowers or bead a dress.



THE MODERN SUMPTUARY LAWS MAKE POSSIBLE FURS FOR ALL AND FOR ALL PURPOSES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY O'DOYÉ

THE subject of furs still has its delightfully feminine vagaries. There is no Summer day too hot for the fox neck-piece and no Winter cold enough to make a woman carry a muff, if she thinks it enlarges her figure.

Yet there is distinctly a new suffrage in furs. One sees very few of the shapeless, ponderous sable scarfs and coats which sacrificed all style and grace to their own costliness, since sable, like real lace, is too precious to cut. On the other hand even Fifth Avenue and the Rue de la Paix do not scorn the rabbit, which, if properly treated, shaved and dyed, becomes a charming creature and quite worth its place in or on a Winter jacket, and it is a swift gazelle or fast-moving monkey of the common or organ-grinder species that can escape the attention of the best society.

FOR separate neck-pieces silver fox is considered the most elegant and the most becoming fur. In one sense it is an extravagant fur, for it is very delicate, and only extraordinary care and economy of use will make it last more than three years. On the other hand, it is so very beautiful and so distinguished looking that women can wear it with very simple dresses and tailored suits, and yet be dressed with marked elegance and richness. The value of a silver-fox skin depends upon the size of the skin and the color and quality of the fur. The very dark skins with comparatively few white hairs are the most valuable. Blue fox is also considered very valuable. White fox is not smart, but dyed to a cinder gray is worn a great deal.

In buying fox or any other valuable fur, you ought to sign your name and address several times on the inside of the skin in indelible ink before it is sewed up, so that in case it is stolen or interchanged you will have a chance to recover it. Most women have some distinguishing mark, the label of their furrier, a special clasp, etc., on their fur neck-piece, for it is quite easy to pick up the wrong one in a dressing-room.

The other furs that are used for separate scarfs are mole, squirrel, kolinsky and marten. "Less muffs are worn, the question of warmth being put aside," as the French put it quaintly, giving as a reason that muffs make the silhouette heavier and only a very slender figure can carry them agreeably. When they are used they are a light, soft type, some wide at the opening, others narrowing in at the ends.

THE furs that are used by the best French houses as a trimming on coat, cape and suit collars are squirrel, gazelle, either natural or dyed, gray monkey and mole. In Paris dresses are trimmed with rabbit dyed and treated in various ways; with skin, kid and



If one must choose between the fur cape and coat, take the coat by all means, for it can be used for both afternoon and evening purposes. Max, of Paris, works petit gris into the pointed outlines of a straight coat, generously double breasted and wide of sleeve

chamois leather. New York adds krimmer and white, black, platinum and natural-colored caracul to its list of trimmings.

THE newest fur coats are the little short jackets, either bloused with a narrow belt of fur or metal or made in the blouse jacket style. They are smart, take comparatively little fur and are much less tiresome to wear than the long fur coat. The more expensive ones are made of ermine and squirrel, but white rabbit, caracul, marmot, mole, castor and castorette, which is rabbit dyed and shaved to imitate castor, or, as we call it, beaver, and nutria are also used for these jackets.

FOR long coats squirrel and marten are used for both afternoon and evening. Sable is prohibitive in price, and chinchilla is scarce and very dear. Hudson seal, astrakan, caracul and baby lamb are considered very satisfactory, for they wear quite well, are comparatively inexpensive and give one the black costume coat that is considered so elegant this Winter. In buying seal, blow on the fur to be sure that the inside of the fur is brown, not black. If it is black it is dyed rabbit. In choosing astrakan see that it has a regular curl and is a good black. Baby lamb drapes beautifully and is well thought of on that account. Some colt-skin coats are shown and are smart and serviceable, but are not considered as generally satisfactory as the other furs of that class.

FOR dark-brown coats French furriers use castorette (dyed rabbit). It wears well, but the rabbit dyed black to imitate seal looks common and soon becomes shabby. Astrakan wears longer than seal, and seal longer than castor and castorette, but the life of all these furs is limited to a few years of active service. Long fur coats are cut on straight lines and the fronts overlap to the underarm, making them very warm. They have wide sleeves and deep armholes. The cape is reserved for very elegant afternoon and evening use.

Both the long and short fur coat are trimmed with other furs—gray fox on astrakan, marten on Hudson seal, castorette on ermine.

The most beautiful evening wraps are made of ermine, marten and squirrel in either cape or coat form, and lined with metal brocade.

AS TO the care of furs, it is always wiser to avoid getting them wet if possible. However, should they get wet, hang them up to dry, but be sure they are nowhere near any sort of heat, as heat will spoil the skin when they are wet. Fur should be well beaten once a year by a professional furrier so as to get out all the dust, otherwise the fur will lose its brilliancy. They should be put away for the Summer with pepper and camphor.



The female of the species is evidently of more deadly beauty than the male, for tigrette is used for a short coat trimmed with rangondin or dyed rabbit. From Max, Paris



"Manteau sportif pour le promenade du matin au Bois" is the French description of a short coat of petit gris, bloused over a narrow belt. From Max, Paris



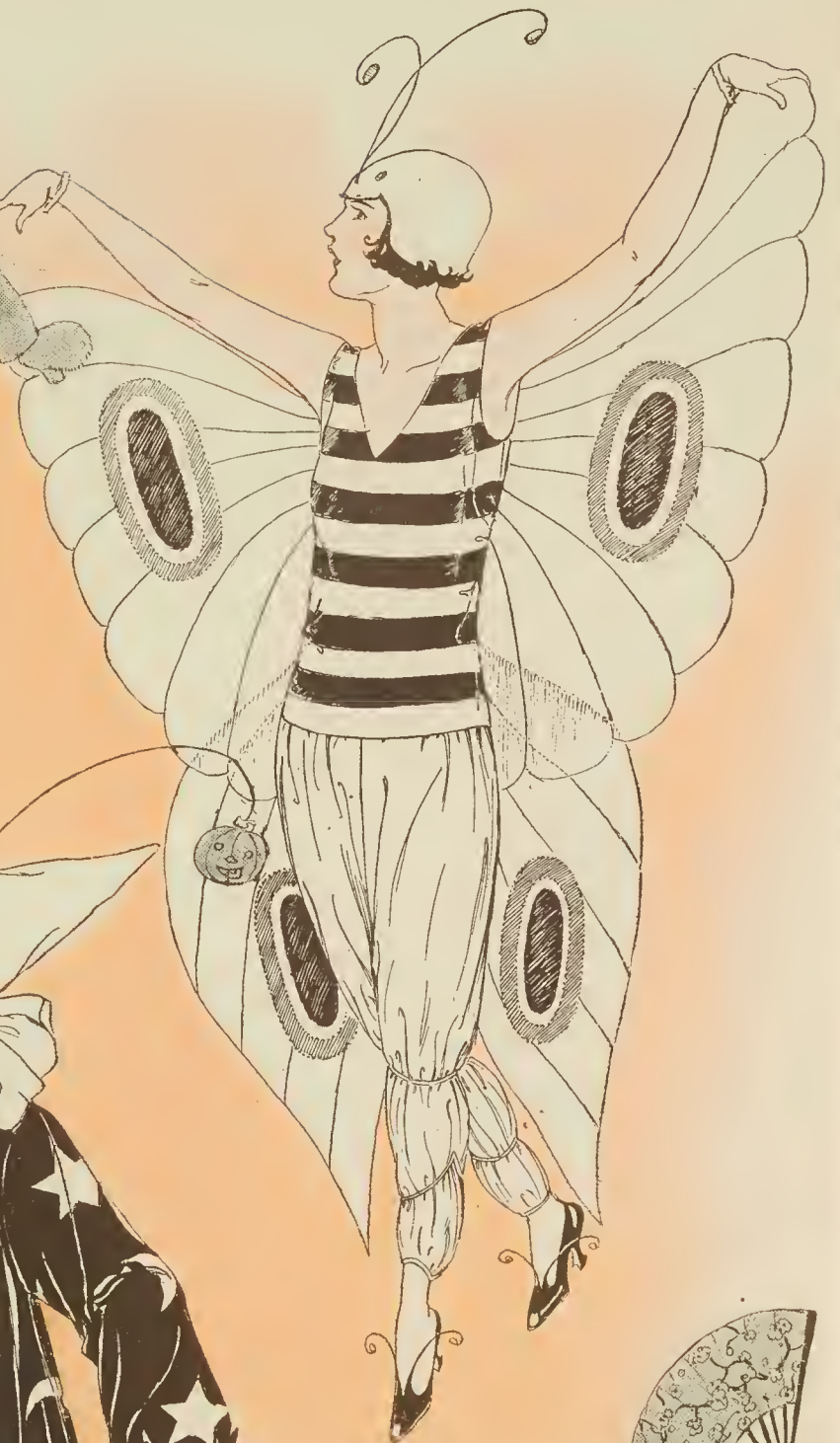
Domino 5914



Ballet costume 3555
Embroidery design
10934



Bunny
costume
2537



Butterfly costume 3326



Ballet costume
3555



Clown suit 4048



Kimono 3847
Embroidery design
10998



Pierrette costume 1948

1948—Fluffy pompons and a caressing ruff are piquant points on this Pierrette costume, the leg of which may be made shorter. Use materials like cambric, satin, sateen, taffeta or velveteen.

The Pierrette costume is becoming to ladies, misses and girls 26 to 38 bust.

3555—10934—Frisulous little ballerinas may wear a spreading skirt with sly pussy heads as ornaments. The cat heads may be embroidered on the costume. Work them in outline embroidery or appliqué.

The Pierrette is good for girls 6 to 13, also for misses and ladies 32 to 38 bust.

2537—Two floppy ears and a furry suit can turn a little masquerader into Peter Rabbit's son. Night-drawers may be used for this costume with ears and a cotton tail added. This would make a good play suit.

The Bunny costume is nice for children 1 to 13 years.

3326—"Les papillons" were the brilliant inspiration for a butterfly costume. The wings may be marked or vivid-hued pieces of material pasted on. Use paper muslin, lining, china silk, for the body with wings of tarlatan, etc.

The butterfly costume is dainty for ladies, misses and girls 24 to 38 bust.

3555—Jovial pumpkin faces may be pasted on this costume with tall, peaked hat and bouffant skirt. Use paper muslin, taffeta, gold tissue, pineapple cloth, tarlatan, etc., with waist of sateen. Lower edge 3 yards.

The Pierrette or ballet costume is becoming to ladies, misses or girls 24 to 38 bust.

4048—Wide ruffs and pompons are the rule on costumes for buffoons. On this ballooning clown suit stars and moons make night magic. Use paper muslin, sateen or silesia with a ruff of tarlatan, or use satin, etc.

The clown suit and cap is popular for men and boys 24 to 44 breast.

3847—10998—Almond eyes are alluring above a gay kimono. The birds are embroidered. Work them in outline embroidery or a combination of outline and appliqué. Use crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The kimono is becoming to ladies, misses and girls 24 to 44 bust.

MASQUERADERS ON GALA NIGHTS WHEN ALL THE WORLD LAUGHS

READ what the Health Fairy and Cho say to you on pages six and seven and look at the funny animal health pictures on page three, and then write a little story about a child who was healthy and what happened to him. It doesn't have to be a long story. You can make it a sort of fairy-story if you like, or a real story. Just show what happens to a child who plays the Health Game, and how much better and happier he becomes.

The story that teaches the best health lesson in the most interesting way will win a prize of ten dollars.

The ten next-best stories will each win a pair of LITTLE DELINEATOR Monkey Clip-Clips—little scissors that you can use to cut out THE LITTLE DELINEATOR.

Write your name, age and address. Send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself if you want an answer from your editor. Contest closes November twentieth. Address Health Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, care of the Big DELINEATOR, New York City.

HEALTH CONTEST—WIN TEN DOLLARS!

BOY PRIZE-WINNER

I DREAMED that I went to Charlie Chaplin's house. He came out and began throwing pies at me. I caught a pie and threw it back to him. He went in his mouth. He got mad. He went in the house and got some more dough to run around trying to get their own flavor back. The oranges tasted like apples, the bananas tasted like cherries and I was just starting to eat some nice strawberries when I woke up. Don't you think this was a funny dream?

E. Virginia Norton.

GIRL PRIZE-WINNER

I DREAMED that all the houses on our block were running away and I tried to find my own house, but I couldn't catch up to it. At last I caught up with a house and it was full of strange fruit and they were running around trying to get their own flavor back. The oranges tasted like apples, the bananas tasted like cherries and I was just starting to eat some nice strawberries when I woke up. Don't you think this was a funny dream?

E. Virginia Norton.

I DREAMED that my sister Dorothy and I were playing basket-ball and Dorothy threw the ball to me. I was laughing hard and the ball went into my mouth. Dorothy tried hard to get it out but couldn't and everybody in town tried but didn't succeed. One day I was eating dinner and it came out. Elizabeth Warner.

EDITOR'S NOTE—
Many other children sent in dreams. If you dream often about your throat, mother had better make sure your tonsils are all right.



MY LITTLE PAGE

DEAR children, dear nieces and nephews, dear little D. R.'s, dear child friends, dear little What-You-May-Call-Its: Every one of those names was chosen by some of you, so to make everybody happy, I must use them all!

This month, I'm going to answer some of your questions.

Do I write the verses and stories in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR?

Yes, siree, I do. Every single word in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR that isn't signed with another name is written by your editor.

Another question: Can you buy THE LITTLE DELINEATOR separately from the Big DELINEATOR?



The most helpful letter about what you like best in THE LITTLE DELINEATOR this month will win a big framed picture like the cover

No; THE LITTLE DELINEATOR always goes with the Big DELINEATOR, like a little baby that can't leave its mother!

Don't forget those little red covers with stiff backs and gilt letters that hold twelve LITTLE DELINEATORS. If you want one, send twenty-five cents to the Cover Man, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.

And remember, if you want an answer from your editor, to send a stamped envelope addressed to yourself—not a tiny little envelope but a good-sized one.

Oh, here I'm getting squee-eezed right off the page, so good-bye!

HARRIET IDE EAGER, your Editor.

NOVEMBER

Now, hear this tale of a greedy sinner:
On the evening before his Thanksgiving treat,
Very foolish and silly, he would not eat.
Empty his greedy stomach must stay,
More to hold on Thanksgiving Day.
But when he came to the turkey dinner—
Eat? Not one teaspoonful was he able!
Repentant and sick he must leave the table!



I DREAMED that I heard some one behind me. I turned to see what it was and there stood a pin. The pin began to run after me. Frogs kept coming and yard and began jumping. I imagine it! Wasn't that a funny dream? It made me laugh. Virginia Millard.

I DREAMED that I went down to a well to get a bucket of water and when I started to pull a frog caught hold of my nose. I began to run after me. Just as it was gaining on me and its head was so large I thought it would break, I woke up. Aloia Mills.

I DREAMED that some body gave me a whole lot of cows and told me to put them in the key-hole and I could not get the feed in. And the same people told me to put it on a toothpick and put it in the keyhole. Lucy Lee Bates.

WHEN I was in the water a crawfish bit my toe and I hollered out. I told the people why I hollered and they all laughed at me. Just after my friend came in and her feet slipped and her head went under and her feet up out of the water. Ruth Ware.

HAVE you forgotten for the funniest dream? Oh, what a hard time I had deciding! There were so many funny dreams that I asked Mr. Graves to illustrate some of the funniest. Here they are!

I DREAMED that I went down to a well to get a bucket of water and when I started to pull a frog caught hold of my nose. I began to run after me. Just as it was gaining on me and its head was so large I thought it would break, I woke up. Aloia Mills.



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR

NOVEMBER 1922
EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



LOOK AT THE COVER ON THE BIG DELINEATOR AND THEN LOOK AT THIS



1. Birds go to bed early and get up early. Why don't children?

WHY DON'T CHILDREN?

2. Rabbits eat carrots and green things. Why don't children?

3. Cats drink lots and lots of milk. Why don't children?

4. Dogs take exercise out-of-doors every day. Why don't children?

5. Frogs take a bath every day. Why don't children?

6. Bears get plenty of sleep with windows open. Why don't children?



BATHING IS SUCH FUN!

DON'T the children in the picture look as if they were having a good time? There's no nice white bathtub, with running hot and cold water, in their house, and keeping clean is rather troublesome. But the children and their mother know that nobody who is dirty can be strong and well, and that diseases just love dirt. Diseases always go where dirt is. Ask your doctor if that isn't so.

So the mother heated up plenty of water in the big boiler in the kitchen, and made an extra-hot cozy fire in the living-room stove, and brought out the funny wooden tubs, and the towels and the soap, and carried the water in from the kitchen, and all the children took baths in turn.

Probably they pretended some game—sailor drifting in a little leaky boat all alone, and watching for a big ship to rescue him (that was mother when they were through bathing); or perhaps the giant of the sea, making the water into great frothy, soapy waves. Did you ever pretend that the little lights on the water in the tub were dancing water fairies who had been imprisoned in the spigot until you freed them? Really, bathing is lots of fun!

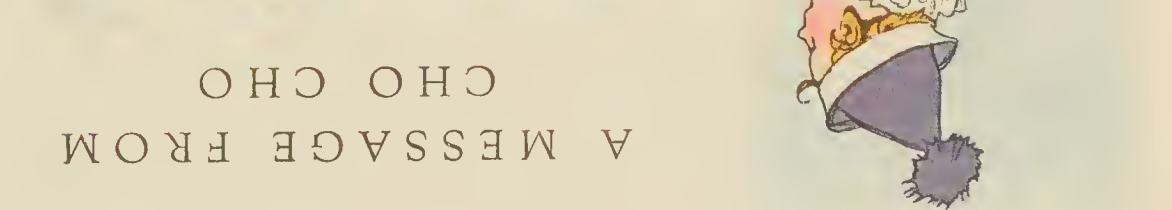
There's something else about this Health Game I want you to be sure to remember. You're thinking about what you'll be when you're grown up, aren't you? But let me tell you: Whatever it is, you can't do it well unless you're strong and healthy. Ask your dad if he'd give a job to a sick, weak-looking man. If you want to be a happy, strong, successful man or woman, begin right now before it's too late to play Cho Cho's Health Game.

If you find you don't weigh enough, then start right in to drink milk and eat green vegetables (oh yes, I know, you'll say you don't like spinach and carrots and kale, but I bet you never even tried eating them). Of course you must sleep with your windows open and sleep enough. And don't forget that bath twice a week or oftener if you can.

and a stamped envelope with your name and address on it, I'll send you a Height and Weight Card that tells you exactly what you ought to weigh. Just write Cho Cho, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.

Now the idea of this Health Game is to see how quickly you can get awfully strong and healthy and full of pep. Most of you are too skinny to suit old Cho Cho. I bet you don't even know how much you ought to weigh for your age and height, do you? Well, listen. If you'll send me a one-cent stamp

HELLO, CHILDREN!
Do you know who I am? Why, I'm Cho Cho, the funny Health Clown who works for the Child Health Organization. I'm a real person, honest I am, and so is the Health Fairy on the other page. Both of us have been going around for the longest time to schools and other places where there are children, telling about the Health Game. May-be one of us came to your school. Did we?



A MESSAGE FROM CHO CHO

A MESSAGE FROM THE HEALTH FAIRY

DEAR CHILDREN:
I am the beautiful Health Fairy. I watch over all children while they sleep and while they are awake. When you are sick I weep fairy tears, and when you are well I smile.

I have a magic gift for each of you, the best in the world. But I can't give you this magic gift unless you prove to me that you really want it. You must promise me, the Health Fairy, to:

- Get lots of sleep with your windows open.
- Take a bath more than once a week.
- Brush your teeth at least once a day.
- Drink milk, lots and lots of milk, but no coffee or tea.
- Eat some vegetables or fruit every day.
- Drink at least four glasses of water every day.
- Play outdoors part of the day.
- Be sure that all the waste in your body goes out once a day.

And if you do all these, I promise you on my honor as a fairy to give you my most precious, wonderful gift—Health!



Don't turn up your noses! Health is magic. Health will give you pretty rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes and strong bodies. Oh children, do you want my magic gift?

A NOTE FROM YOUR EDITOR

DEAR CHILDREN:
I hope you won't think THE LITTLE DELINEATOR is too preachy this month. You know I don't preach to you often. I am your real friend, and I like to play with you and laugh with you just like your friends of your own age. But I am older and I do know some things that will make you better and happier. So every now and then I feel I have to tell you about them. That's why I've talked so much about Health this month and asked the Health Fairy and Cho Cho from the Child's Health Organization to send you messages. Do you like our Health Number? HARRIET IDE EAGER.

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



WOMAN said on Thanksgiving Day, "What have I to be thankful for? I have worked hard all my lifetime." Then she looked around her and took stock of a healthy and happy family in a comfortable home and she said, "My blessings are many. I am thankful because I have been able to accomplish the happiness and welfare of my children, though at my own expense."

The housekeeper's Thanksgiving will include many things which were not in the experience of her probably just as happy great-grandmother who carded, reeled, combed, spun, bleached and knit, cooked, preserved and pickled, mended, washed and ironed, hatched the flax and dyed it, milked, made butter, picked the geese and scoured the pewter, made soap, weeded the garden, and made brooms, baskets and hats.

Would you rather be a housekeeper to-day or a hundred years ago? To-day's housekeeper is thankful for the sewing-machine; she is thankful that her fruits and vegetables are canned in the factory and that the plumber and engineer have entered her kitchen; that she can chill her food in the kitchen ice-box instead of having to carry it to a hole in the ground. She is thankful that meat is delivered from the market as used instead of being cured and dried and salted and pickled at home; that even



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home
Economics, Cornell University

though the laundry work may still be done in the home, a gasoline engine or an electric motor is the driving-power; that simple living and simple serving are now the style rather than elaborate menus; that she does not have to reap or sow; that she does not have to feed the stove with wood and coal on a hot day, but that oil, gas or electricity may simplify the work; that the fireless cooker cooks her dinner while she leaves it unattended; that houses are planned and furnished with reference to comfort, beauty and efficient service; that she is recognized as a sharing partner in the income which she helps to earn by her skill and her knowledge; that the magazines, the Government and the schools recognize her job as one requiring intelligence; that Uncle Sam has asked her to express an opinion in regard to the laws which protect her and her family; that her housekeeping is as far-reaching as the municipality or the State or the nation in which she lives; that the schools are teaching her children how to live.

A housekeeper on Thanksgiving Day will count her blessings most of all in her family, her home, her friends and the health and the income which are the tools she uses in working for them.

The feast of Thanksgiving is a heartfelt expression of gratitude for bounties in harvest and for the homes in which we live.

Martha Van Rensselaer



DO YOU SAY "RECEIPT" OR "RECIPE"?

IS A cookery formula a receipt or a recipe? Here is a question upon which doctors and dictionary-makers differ.

Champions for receipt insist that recipe is a doctor's prescription. Members of the opposing camp avow that a receipt is a written statement given in acknowledgment of a sum of money or goods received; they declare that a recipe is any kind of a formula, including a cooking one.

The Century Dictionary favors receipt, holding somewhat to the medical restriction of recipe. The Encyclopedia Britannica, on the other hand, authorizes recipe and ignores receipt in this usage. The New English (Oxford) Dictionary and Webster's International take a firm middle ground, authorizing an interchange of usage of the two words as far as cookery is concerned.

Which form do you prefer? It is so much a matter of taste that it is fitting that cooks and housekeepers of the country should decide the issue.

"Receipt" or "recipe"—which shall it be in future issues of THE DELINEATOR? Every housewife is entitled to a vote. Write on a slip of paper just one word, the form you prefer, and send it to The Ballot-Box, Homemakers' Department, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City. Mail your vote before November twenty-fifth. The decision will be announced in the March issue of THE DELINEATOR.

TIMELY TABLE DECORATIONS

TIMELY table decorations make a Thanksgiving dinner more memorable. One attractive arrangement is a large tray or shallow bowl heaped with fruits, nuts in the half-opened burr or husk if possible, and small colorful vegetables such as carrots, cucumbers and beets. Sprigs of laurel leaves, large, long-stemmed parsley or other dark green leaves add a pretty touch.

Another idea is to make a little shock of small ears of corn or wheat in the center of the table and to place around the base small cardboard pumpkins. Then, from gray cardboard or wood, construct a little picket fence to surround the imitation field. A doll dressed as a farmer and a cardboard or candy turkey may be added.

A more difficult arrangement is a pumpkin carriage drawn by a turkey. Doors are painted on the pumpkin and a ledge is carved in the front deep enough for a driver to sit on. The wheels may be made of scalloped Summer squashes, fastened with heavy wire to the pumpkin. The driver is a jointed doll dressed in two shades of green crape paper to represent an ear of corn. In his hands he holds ribbon lines the other ends of which

are fastened to a large cardboard turkey.

SCHOOL LUNCHEES

MAMMY LOU stood in a school yard in Alabama with a basket beside her. "What have you got for the children to-day, Mammy Lou?" asked a passing mother.

"Sardine-and-pickle sandwiches, chile." "Oh, Mammy Lou!" exclaimed the mother in dismay. "What in the world possessed you to use sardine and pickle?"

"Lawd, chile, don' you know?" replied Mammy Lou. "The fish, dey says, is good for chillen—I read it in de paper—and dey likes de pickle!"

Mammy Lou was sound in doctrine, although her application of it to sandwiches was disastrous. In selecting food for children the two important questions to consider are: Is it good for them? And will they like it? Billy likes some foods of his own accord. Other foods are good for Billy. But to get Billy to like the foods that are good for him—ah, that's a problem every mother knows!

The Child Health Organization of America has long realized that the school lunch not only feeds hungry children, but also trains them through group psychology to like wholesome and unfamiliar foods. Your Billy may scorn to drink milk or eat green vegetables at home, but when he finds himself in line with all the other fellows, brandishing a mug and plate, milk and green vegetables become as popular as soda-water and pie.

The principal of a school in Louisville, Kentucky, was so convinced that a hot lunch would improve the behavior and mental alertness of her pupils that she persuaded the Parent-Teacher Association to make and serve hot soup and sandwiches to the children at cost for one week. The experiment proved that the children learned their lessons so much better and their restlessness decreased to such an extent that a permanent school lunch committee was appointed and the women took turns in making and serving the lunch. This is just one instance of what is taking place in thousands of schools all over the country.

Do you want to help your Tom and Mary and your neighbor's John and Ruth to have rosy cheeks and sturdy limbs, alert minds and happy faces, and a liking for the milk and pot herbs and fruit that once upon a time made a paradise for children? Then see that a hot lunch is available for every child in the schools in your community. This is how to go about it:

If hot school lunches have already been established, visit the schools and see that the proper foods are served and that the children's pennies are used only to cover the actual cost of raw materials. The expense for equipment, labor and heat should be borne

by the school authorities or by interested community groups. The school lunch should not be used as an easy means for raising money, as it furnishes too great a temptation to exploit the children's appetites for bad food instead of training them to like good food.

If hot school lunches are not served, interest the other women in the community and then stimulate the school board or the teachers themselves to introduce them. Women's clubs and parent-teacher associations can help with funds and service.

EDITOR'S NOTE—A pamphlet, "The Lunch Hour at School," prepared by the Child Health Organization of America for the United States Bureau of Education, describes in detail how to organize a hot school lunch. To secure this, send five cents to the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C., and ask for Health Education Series No. 7.

PRIZE-CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

A FIFTY-DOLLAR prize is offered this month by THE DELINEATOR for the best essay of not more than five hundred words on "How We Celebrated Better Homes Week." Tell just how interest was aroused, what was done, how expenses were met and of what benefit the celebration was to the community.

This is the third prize of a series offered by THE DELINEATOR on aspects of enriching community life.

All contributions must be mailed before midnight of November eighth. Contributions for this contest can not be returned unless a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. Address: Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Company, New York City.

EATING FOR HEALTH

POTATOES AND THE ROOT VEGETABLES

POTATOES may truly be said to form the background of our vegetable dietary. First and foremost they are the chief and often cheapest of our starchy vegetables, hence they are an excellent and cheap source of our heat and energy supply. Second, they have little or no flavor and not only serve as purveyors or carriers of fat in the form of butter and cream, which is so necessary for the diet, but they may be combined with flavors of all kinds, thus lending infinite variety to the diet. Their mildness of flavor makes it possible to use potatoes daily without tiring of them. Furthermore, the potato is one of our cheapest sources of iron. It likewise yields potassium and contains a supply of the vitamin C, the protector against scurvy. In short, the potato supplies heat and energy in the form of starch, blood-

building material in the form of iron, and body regulators in the form of minerals and vitamin C.

Yet, withal, the potato is not a perfect food. First, it lacks fat, hence we dress it with fat in some form. Secondly, it is low in calcium, therefore it is necessary to serve some other vegetables such as carrots, turnips, parsnips or one of the leafy vegetables such as lettuce, cabbage, spinach or chard in the same meal in order that this lack may be supplied.

Because of the roughage and water that they contain, potatoes and the other root vegetables have a laxative effect which is invaluable in correcting a tendency to constipation. Carrots, as well as potatoes, contain vitamin C.

Much of the dietary value of these root vegetables may be lost if they are not properly cooked. The larger proportion of the mineral matter of vegetables lies next to the skin and dissolves in water. Therefore, in preparing these vegetables a thick outside layer is removed, or the vegetables are cut up in small pieces or allowed to soak in cold water, this valuable food material goes into the garbage-pail or is drained off into the sink and lost.

A good rule to remember in cooking all vegetables is to cook them in their jackets when this is possible. Another rule is to cook them in boiling salted water and to cook only until done. Drain thoroughly and serve at once. If the water in which they are cooked can be kept for soups or used in making sauces, valuable food material is thereby utilized.

WINTER DRESSES FOR WINDOW-BOXES

WINTER dresses for window-boxes are quite possible in almost every section of the country. They won't be quite so gay, perhaps, as Summer vines and blooming plants, but trimmed with hardy greens, boxes that would otherwise stand bleak and empty all Winter will radiate cheer.

Here is an account of how one of our readers dresses her window-boxes for Winter:

"When it comes time to remove the vines and blooming plants," she writes, "I place in the center of each box a tiny pine or evergreen about one and one-half or two feet high. These evergreen shrubs grow wild on the hills near our home. Then I place along the edge of each box short branches of English ivy which hang gracefully and defy the coldest weather. In the ends of each box I transplant several violet plants. These remain green during the Winter and bloom even through the snow of January and February. The window-boxes, with their hardy greens, make a charming bit of color in the gray days of Winter."

SAVE A DOLLAR

For the woman who has time and money to spend but not to waste

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for other suggestions we use on this page. Items sent in November are not printed until March. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned. Payment is made on publication. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

AUGUST PRIZE-WINNER—

SAVE ON SOUPS

ALWAYS have a soup-pot going. Never throw out the bone from a steak or a ham. Never throw out the end of beef that is tough or the left-over chop. Put them into the soup-pot and add the water from boiled potatoes, cabbage, boiled onions and from about every vegetable that you use except spinach and beet-tops.

The backs of chicken or any kind of game should go into the soup-pot. Add plenty of pepper to the pot when you have game in it, and another bay-leaf and a little more onion, than usual. Let your pot simmer, but don't boil, as boiling destroys the flavor of your soup foundation.

About once in three days empty the soup-pot. To keep it simmering for longer than three days will make it sour. Don't hesitate to put the smallest bit of stuff in it when you start it again. A spoon of gravy will help; a few peas will add their flavor; a small bone will give strength.

To your soup foundation add a handful of rice and thicken with flour and milk; or chop up some watercress or spinach, cook for thirty minutes and slightly thicken with flour and milk; or use rice and the green and the thickening.

In one cup of your stock and four cups of water cook four good-sized potatoes. When they are done, mash them through a colander and return them to the same pot. Add six peeled and shredded leeks, and cook for fifteen minutes. A lump of butter the size of a walnut and half a cup of milk completes an appetizing and nourishing soup.

A variation of this soup is made by substituting a pinch of garlic for the leeks and serving with croutons.

White navy-beans soaked overnight and cooked with a ham-bone or with a quarter of a pound of bacon make a good plain soup. Half an onion, added in thin rings half an hour before the meal, or the onion and a couple of carrots, or a sprinkle of chilli pepper, or shredded lamb or pork, add an interest to this soup.

Nourishing barley soup can be made from any "bone" stock. Add two chopped onions, a sprig of parsley, one stalk of celery and a carrot. Cook one cup of barley to two quarts of liquid.

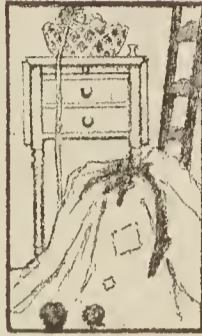
For tomato soup, use the juice and the soft parts of canned tomatoes to be stewed. On a foundation of a bone or two, an onion and a bay-leaf, you can make a vegetable soup with one carrot, one celery stalk, a little tomato left from dinner and a sprig of parsley.

Onions, cut and simmered in a stock for half an hour, can be thickened with flour and water or milk. Or add to the stock a small dish of left-over peas, a few fried potatoes, mashed, a little baked macaroni, mashed, and a shredded chop. This makes a very good soup.

Have the butcher cut off the shank from your roast lamb, simmer it for an hour and then add a pound of dried Lima beans soaked overnight. Cook all day, mashing the beans through a colander when you are almost ready for dinner.

Russian beet soup is made on a foundation of any kind of bones. Add a pinch of garlic and three beets to the liquid. Boil until tender and put through a colander. Serve with toast.

For fish soup, to two cupfuls from your pot add a quart of water, three good-sized potatoes and one onion. Cook with one bay-leaf and one whole clove. Mash the potatoes back into the pot, then add your fish. (A slice of halibut, a few slices of flounder, a bit of bluefish—anything will do.) Cream-of-salmon soup can be made by adding half a can of salmon and a cup of milk to the stock. Half a dozen oysters, chopped, put into stock with a cup of milk will make a better



soup than if you used the ordinary quart of milk and pint of oysters whole.

Cream-of-corn soup is made by adding a cup of corn and some milk to the soup-pot, and cream-of-celery soup by cooking the outside and ends of celery for two hours in the pot and adding milk and a little thickening.—LOUISE RICE, Montreal, Can.

SAVE ON SEASONING

WASH celery leaves, spread them on a drying-frame or on granite pie-tins and place in the warming-oven of the stove until they are sufficiently dried to permit storing. Hang them in a small bag for several days in a warm, dry place, then store in an air-tight container. Use the dried leaves in flavoring soups, cream gravies, salads, dressings, etc. Green onion tails and parsley may be dried in a similar way. Dried orange and lemon peels, ground fine or pulverized in a food-grinder, are an excellent flavoring for cakes, puddings and cookies. These are all helps in lending variety to the diet without extra cost and at the expenditure of very little time.—MRS. L. P. ZIMMERMAN, Waseca, Minn.

SAVE ON BOYS' SUITS

REFUSE to buy a suit of clothes that has only one pair of trousers, as one coat will outlast two pairs of trousers. Alternate the trousers in wear. When holes appear, cut up the worse pair of trousers and neatly patch the other pair, matching as nearly as possible the pattern of the cloth.—MRS. P. P. JETER, Cameron, Tex.

SAVING RUBBERS

DO NOT throw away your rubbers when the heels are worn out. Take a sharp knife or scissors and neatly cut out the heels, leaving a strip at the top one inch or more in width to hold the rubbers on.—MRS. EDNA KELLEY, Coquille, Ore.

SAVE THE GARBAGE-CAN

PROLONG the life of your new garbage-can by giving it a coat of paint inside. Renew the paint as often as necessary and it will save the can from rusting and corroding.—MRS. KATHARINE A. SUTTER, York, Pa.

SAVE FRUIT-JUICE

PUT into a sealer all juice left from opening cans of fruit. When making up gelatin desserts, heat the juice and add it instead of water to the powder. If you have not sufficient juice, add boiling water to make up the amount called for on the package. Several flavors of juice may be put into the one sealer. When canning fruit, seal the left-over juice and use it in this way also.—MRS. A. C. WALMSLEY, Hardisty, Alberta, Can.

SAVE HONEY OR JAMS

HONEY which has candied will become like fresh honey if it is placed in a bowl or dish and set in warm water. Do not have the water too hot, as very hot water darkens honey and spoils the flavor. Stiff or sugary

jams if placed in the oven for a little while until the sugar melts and then removed and cooled will be as delicious as when newly made. Jelly spreads much better if it is beaten smoothly before applying it to the cake.—MABEL HILLYER EASTMAN, Chillicothe, Mo.

SAVE FLOWERS

WHEN flowers are scarce they can be made to last a long time. As soon as the blossoms begin to droop, cut about an inch from the stems, plunge the stems in very hot water for a moment, then place them in a vase of cold water. In a few hours the flowers will often resume the freshness of newly cut blossoms. This is particularly successful with peonies, chrysanthemums, carnations and some varieties of roses.—MRS. LOIS DAVIS, Halstead, Kans.

SAVE FAILURE IN MAKING GRAVY

IN THE hurry of preparing the meal the best of housekeepers sometimes finds that due to carelessness the gravy contains lumps. She either serves it with the lumps or puts it through a strainer. Time can be saved and a better product served if the gravy is beaten for a moment with the egg-beater. All the lumps will quickly disappear. The same is true for cream sauce.—MISS BEULAH LITTLEJOHN, Los Angeles, Calif.

SAVE ON RUGS

GRASS rugs that have become soiled or faded may be dyed a solid color. Dissolve two packages of the dye in two quarts of water and apply with a paint-brush. Dye first on the wrong side, then on the right side.—MRS. JOHN C. DAVIS, Charleston, S. C.

SAVE FOOD

A SMALL box of coke or charcoal placed in a corner of the ice-box will act as a deodorizer, absorbing all odors. It will prevent butter, milk or foods from tasting of other foods. Fresh coke or charcoal should be put into the refrigerator once in every two or three weeks. This, of course, should not take the place of a thorough cleaning.—MRS. C. A. DIXON, Pocahontas, Ark.

SAVE THE SUITCASE

NEAT'S-FOOT OIL rubbed thoroughly into a leather suitcase that has been wet will keep it from cracking the next time it is used. The oil should be rubbed in as soon as the suitcase becomes dry.—MRS. S. D. THOMPSON, Caldwell, N. J.

SAVE THE SWEATER

TO WASH your sweater, use a handful of table salt to every quart of lukewarm water. Bring water to a suds with good white soap or soap-flakes. Wash the sweater thoroughly and squeeze, don't wring it, dry. Keep in a soft bundle and be careful not to hold it up while it is heavy with water, as the weight will make it pull. Rinse in warm water containing the same proportion of salt and a little suds. Never rinse in clear water, as this makes the wool hard. To dry, baste the sweater flat on a sheet of stiff paper, being careful to keep a straight line for the hem. Spread this flat on the ground and it will dry in exactly the shape you want; or if the paper is sufficiently heavy, it may be hung on a line. This method of washing keeps the sweater fluffy and soft.—ERIKA ZASTROW, New Rochelle, N. Y.

SAVE ON GARTERS

GARTERS may be made from discarded inner tubes of automobile tires. Cut the strips about three-quarters of an inch wide and make as any round garter is made. In joining the ends, sew through cloth wrapped around the two thicknesses to prevent the thread from tearing the rubber.—MRS. JOHN G. FRYER, Merchantville, N. J.

THE DELINEATOR Calendar NOVEMBER

I trust in Nature. Spring shall plant
And Autumn garner to the end of time.

BROWNING

NOTABLE DATES IN NOVEMBER

11th—Armistice Day

30th—Thanksgiving Day

THIS IS THE MONTH—

To dress your meals with sparkling red cranberry sauces and desserts. See "The Ripe Red Berries of the Wintertime."

To give informal parties before the cheer of a camp-fire or open fireplace and to toast marshmallows, pop corn and roast chestnuts.

To plan nut-hunting parties.

To store away fresh fruits and vegetables to vary Winter diets.

To be sure that your hallway expresses the cordiality of your welcome to guests in your home. See "Consider the Hallway."

To transform unused spaces into convenient closers. See "Clever Closets in Waste Spaces."

To plan Armistice-Day celebrations for your community.

To introduce new dishes of the golden pumpkin and Winter squash to the Autumn menu. See "Autumn Gold to Eat."

To learn to handle your heating plant to cut the fuel bill and yet keep comfortable. See "A Warmer Home on a Smaller Fuel Bill."

To gather bittersweet and other bright berries for flowerless days.

To plan Thanksgiving reunions.

To plan a Christmas church fair. See "A Christmas Fair That Cleared \$4,000."

To start making Christmas gifts.

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

Step high, step proud and gobble loud
 You've only got a minute!
 We'll eat to burst, with Campbell's first
 To put the sparkle in it!



All set for the turkey!

How good the big, plump bird will taste if you are in just the proper mood for it! There's nothing like a plate of spicy Campbell's Tomato Soup to begin the great Thanksgiving feast. Its steaming fragrance is a delicious invitation. Its tonic flavor is a delightful bracer.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is so good because it is the pure tomato juices and rich "fruity" parts of luscious Jersey tomatoes, strained to a velvety puree and blended in the famous Campbell's kitchens by chefs who are masters of their art. Choice, nutritious butter and delicate spicing enrich this soup and help to give it such a tempting flavor.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Ever try a Campbell's Cream of Tomato?

It's a dish for a king!
 And so easily prepared!
 Heat separately equal
 portions of Campbell's
 Tomato Soup and milk
 or cream. Be careful
 not to boil. Add pinch
 of baking soda to the hot
 soup and stir into the hot
 milk or cream. Serve
 immediately. Many
 prefer to use evaporated
 milk for an extra rich,
 thick Cream of Tomato.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

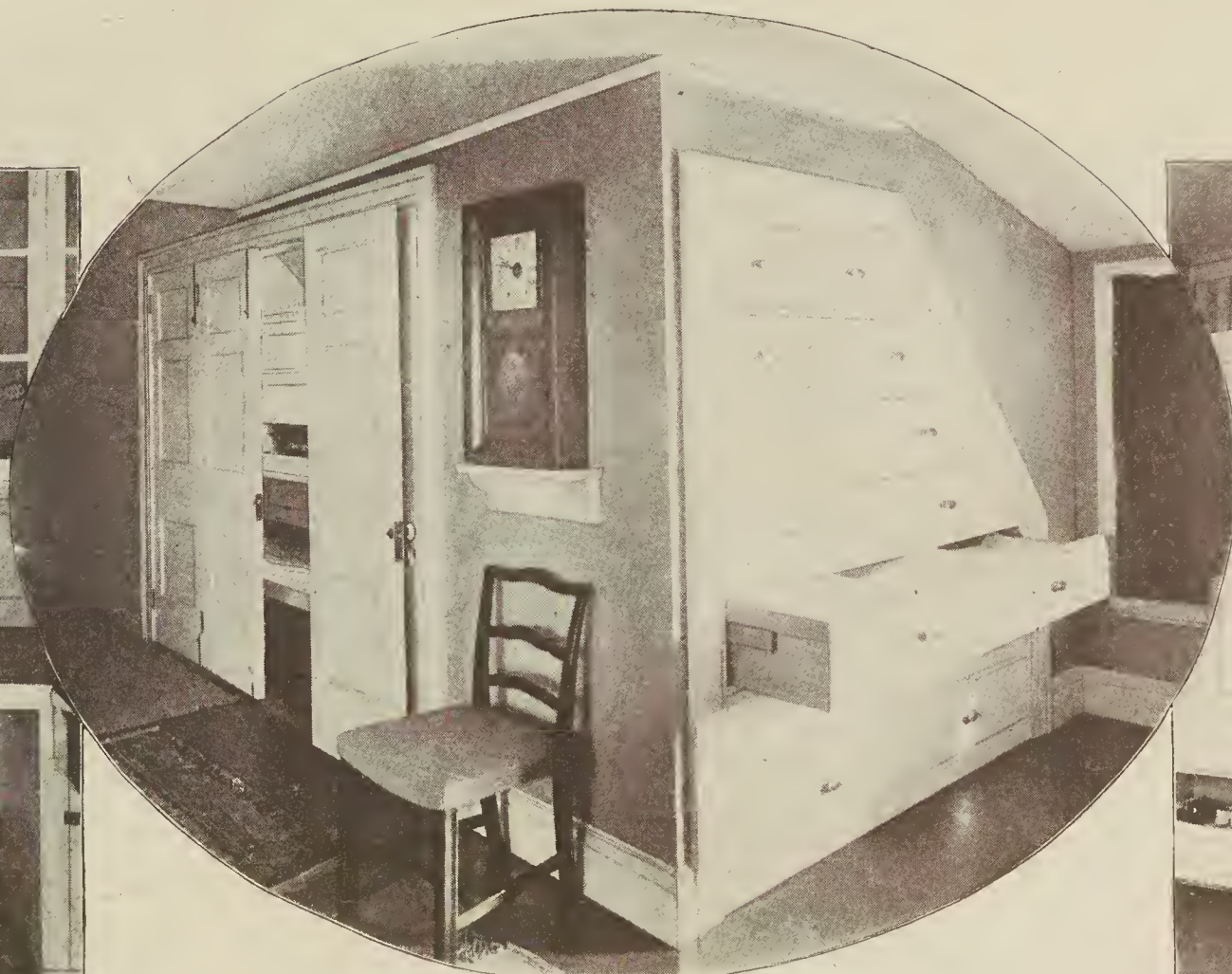
CLEVER CLOSETS IN WASTE SPACES

For needs that develop after the house is built

By Grace R. Smith



In this pantry closet, dishes are passed through the revolving center from the kitchen. Below are a tray compartment and a warming-closet



Just around one corner of this hall was built a roomy clothes-closet and beside it a linen-closet; around the other corner is a wealth of drawer space



This closet, the depth of the mantel, has plenty of hanging-space and shelves for hats and clothing, with shoe-closets below

IN NEARLY every house it is possible to build closets in space that was not originally intended for them but which can be utilized without marring the appearance of the house. This was done very successfully in a second-floor hall that was long and not very wide. After fifteen inches were taken off of the width and made into closets, the hall was still wide enough for a rug. First, a clothes-closet was made; next to that were four or five drawers with a space above them for a hat-closet which had a door. Under the hall window was built a box window-seat, lined with cedar, which provided a good place for storing woolens and furs. Next to the window a closet was built with shelves for linens, and next to that another clothes-closet. These closets provided plenty of closet room.

It is a very good plan in building a house to have windows put in all closets where it is feasible. They make it possible to air the clothes without keeping the door open. A light closet also discourages moths, as they prefer dark places.

It is often possible to build a closet between two windows. It should be only about five feet high and window-seats in the form of clothes-chests should be built under the windows. The space on each side of a mantel may be used for attractive cupboards.

CORNER closets may be made in any room without cutting off much space. A corner china-closet with latticed glass doors does not mar the appearance of a dining-room.

In planning closets, don't forget one for the shoes. This may be shallow and there need be only just enough space between the shelves for the shoes to stand upright. If only one closet of this kind is possible in a house; it would be well to put it in the hall and to assign a shelf to each member of the family. Shoes not in general use can be kept here so that closets in the room will not be crowded with them. A shoe-closet is often preferable to a shoe-bag, although the latter is not to be scorned.

Where it is impossible to have a separate shoe-closet, shoe-bags hung on the inner side of closet doors are both useful and convenient. There is no reason why shoe-bags may not be made as long as the door to which they are to be attached. They will then care for twice as many shoes as the kind usually made.

A tool-closet may be made in a very shallow

space by building in two drawers to accommodate small hardware. Above the drawers nail to the wall railing-strips on which to hang the tools.

An arrangement of numerous shelves with doors which drop as they open is often

more convenient than ordinary drawers.

The room under the eaves of a house, which would otherwise be waste space, may be turned into excellent storage closets. Almost every house has hall or room space on the top floor which at rather small expense could

be converted into most convenient closets.

A seldom-used storeroom, which may have only a skylight for light and ventilation, can be transformed into ideal storage space by lining its walls with neat closets for the much-needed hanging or packing away of out-of-season house-furnishings and clothing. Painted shelves in the corner, held up by cheap brackets, make a good place for things which would otherwise be dropped on the floor.

One resourceful woman who could not build closets in her storeroom because of the low eaves, bought six inexpensive chests of drawers. These she put in tiers in the center of the room, leaving just enough space between the chests for convenient opening of the drawers. This cared for all of her between-seasons storing.

IN CASE it is not possible to add more closets to your house, it may still be quite possible to put the space you have to greater use. Much may be done with the inside of a closet door.

A long hook, such as bird-cages are hung on, put on the inside of the door, will hold as many as six hangers without crushing the clothes. There are also patent metal arrangements, intended for the inside of doors, which will take care of as many as twelve hangers. For the same purpose cretonne bags are available with hangers inside. These keep the clothes protected from dust.

If you are cramped for space, it is well to remember that there are, in addition to the single hangers, those with a rod underneath which takes care of the skirt or trousers as well as the coat. Trousers hangers may be purchased which hold as many as three or four pairs of trousers on one rack.

It is likewise possible to put a pole near the ceiling of a closet. Suspended from this pole may be hung garments which are not in every-day use, or those which must not be crushed by packing away. Velvet or evening clothes, encased in moth-proof bags, will be quite secure against moths and dust. Hangers containing seldom-used clothing may be pushed to each side of the closet where they will be out of the way.

Hats may be put away for the Winter in paper bags on shelves.

Better uses of the closet and storage space which you have will suggest themselves to you if you will spend a little thought on your individual needs and the space available.



The three lower shelves of this children's closet are fitted up as a model kitchen, dining-room and bedroom in toyland. The upper shelves, out of reach, are for toys for rainy days or special occasions



People everywhere are giving more thought to the relation of really clean clothes to health. As knowledge of this important subject spreads, the use of Fels-Naptha, the Sanitary Soap, increases.

Making it unattractive to germs by taking their "food" away!

Fels-Naptha Soap discourages germs by washing clothes so clean and sanitary that germs have no place to feed and breed. For the real naphtha in Fels-Naptha weaves through and through the threads like some invisible shuttle, loosening the dirt and body-oils for the snowy suds to flush away.

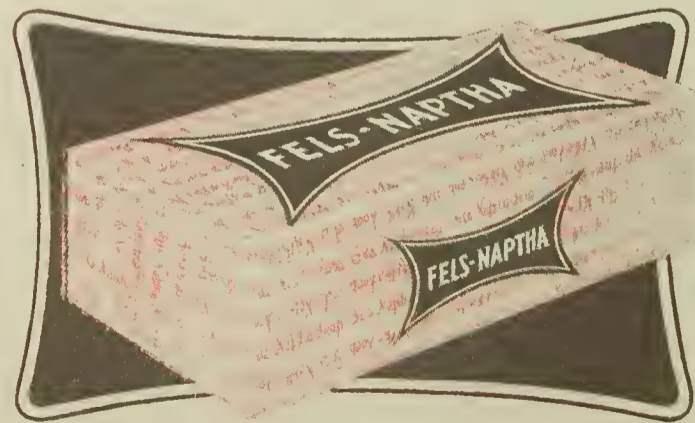
Clothes washed with Fels-Naptha get a *double* cleaning—one with soap and water; one with naphtha, that quick, safe, thorough dirt-loosener used by dry-cleaners to cleanse and freshen filmiest fabrics.

Fels-Naptha takes the drudgery out of wash-day. Use *any* method of washing you like with Fels-Naptha and get *better* results. A simple, labor-saving way is to wet the clothes; soap them; roll and soak them; rub only very soiled parts; rinse them. The naphtha does its work, then vanishes, leaving the clothes sweet and sanitary with that clean-clothes smell.

Fels-Naptha is *more* than soap. It is *more* than soap and naphtha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of *splendid* soap and *real* naphtha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners—a way that has never been successfully imitated! Begin using it today. Directions inside each wrapper.



Real naphtha! You can tell by the smell.



The original and genuine naphtha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper.

FREE See for yourself how Fels-Naptha eliminates drudgery. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia, for free sample.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

© 1922, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

CONSIDER THE HALLWAY

Whatever the manner of furnishing, it should be restful and pleasing

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

Beginning in this issue, and in the interest of Better Homes, THE DELINEATOR will each month take one of the six principal rooms of a house, namely, the hall, living-room, dining-room, kitchen, bedroom and nursery, and will discuss the principles of decoration in a direct and helpful way

THERE are few people who have not, at some time or other, faced the problem of house decoration and who have not experienced the sensation of helplessness. The difficulty of deciding on architecture, decoration or furnishings has often made it necessary to resort to either expert advice, books or color-charts.

In the early stages of living, the problem of house decoration rarely confronted the happy dwellers, as, for the most part, houses consisted of one room, this being the kitchen, dining-room and sleeping-room all in one. Gradually prosperity and social ambitions caused the addition of a room for sleeping, then another for cooking, still another for eating and entertaining, until built around the original center room we have a house. What was once our all is now but an ante-room or hall.

The first impression of a house and its occupants comes as one enters the front door into the hall. Therefore, nowhere in the entire house is it more important to strike the right key-note in plan and furnishings. A dull, uninteresting, badly planned hall has about the same effect on a stranger as a chilly reception, while a well-proportioned and carefully furnished hall gives the feeling of welcome and cordiality. The hall is in truth the introduction to the home, and its arrangement reflects the character and individuality of the family.

ARCHITECTURE

DUE to the excellent heating plants in our modern houses, there has been in the last twenty-five years a tendency to revive, in a limited way, the broad hall of historic times. This tendency is responsible for many of our modern houses having well-proportioned light hallways instead of the narrow, cramped halls found in houses built fifty years ago. In some instances the broad halls have become part of the living-room, either by connecting them with a big archway or by having the stairs descend in their midst. Some



The average hall lends itself better to architectural decoration rather than to decoration with furniture and hangings

architects have a good plan of carrying a wide hall through the center of the house, after the plan of many of our dignified early American houses, which gives a view of the street and garden through the front and rear doors.

Another good arrangement is an almost square hall planned for the front side of the house, with the stairs starting up at the back and turning, in order to close off the front of the house from the rear. Under these stairs are in many cases closets or a lavatory. The architecture and shape of a hallway depend largely on individual taste and the ground-space permitted in designing the house. The average hall lends itself better to architectural decorative treatment rather than decoration with furniture and hangings. This is especially true when one treats the hallway as a passageway and not in any sense a room.

DECORATION

THE smaller the hall the more necessity there is for treating it as a part of the adjoining rooms. If a hall is long and narrow, and has the adjoining rooms well closed off, the woodwork and wall decoration can well afford to be different, providing the color schemes are in harmony with the adjoining rooms. If a hall is large, or nearly square, with rooms on either side, the decorative treatment should serve as a connecting link, or should be neutral in relation to all colors seen from the hall. These colors might be a soft, cloudy gray, buff or ivory wall-paper, or a plain putty-color, cream or ivory wall paint.

In long, narrow, dark halls, the lack of light may be overcome by using light-colored paper or paint. A soft, all-over pattern in light gray or corn color would give the necessary cheer, without being as severe as ivory or buff-colored paint; any of these,

however, would dispel the feeling of darkness. The length of the hall may be broken by the introduction of rugs instead of long, narrow strips of carpet. The furniture, if any, can be placed so as to attract attention to an interesting group—such as a console or oblong drop-leaf table with a mirror hung over it and a formal chair by the side of the table, instead of these being spread over the long, narrow space.

Another hall, for example, might be small and rather dark, which in truth would merely be a passageway. All things, then, should be secondary to making it light. A chrome yellow or any golden or cream tone would brighten the walls. The woodwork, including the stairs, should be painted white or cream, with the exception of the handrail and the steps themselves. These two might be stained to represent any of the natural dark woods, or could even be painted black, and would then make a pleasing contrast with white risers and banister rungs. Little or no furniture, save possibly a chair, should find its way into such a small hall. The use of stair-carpet is a matter of preference, for custom and expert opinion decree that either is correct.

A square or roomy hall is much less a problem, since one need not alter light and proportions through decorations or furnishings. The wall-papers and paints may be chosen with regard to other rooms, or may strike a decorative note of their own, excepting where broad doorways or archways exist; then the walls, woodwork and floors should be alike. This treatment will give the effect of harmony and space. Rugs, strips of carpet and linoleum may be used for floor coverings so long as they are placed parallel with the longest strip of baseboard. Furniture may be arranged to its best advantage so long as it gives a welcome, comfortable air—the largest pieces

placed against the longest wall-space, and mirrors or pictures hung where they will be most convenient and interesting.

THE UPPER HALL

THE upper hall, whether it be large or small, should always be in harmony with the decoration of the main hall. The wall decoration and woodwork, if possible, should be the same as the lower hall, otherwise it would make a decided contrast and an ugly break in the harmony of color or design, besides affronting the eye with a decided shock on finding at the top of the stairway an altogether different color scheme and manner of furnishing.

The manner of furnishing may be more intimate than that of the lower hall. In a small upper hall a chair and a chest of drawers or a wicker hamper are permissible, with possibly one rug, but few or no pictures.

A larger hall may have in it several rugs, chests, high-boys, long seats and a table, and often at the end before a window or cluster of windows one or two chairs or a built-in window-seat. With a cushion for the window-seat, this would then be an inviting place in which to sit and read.

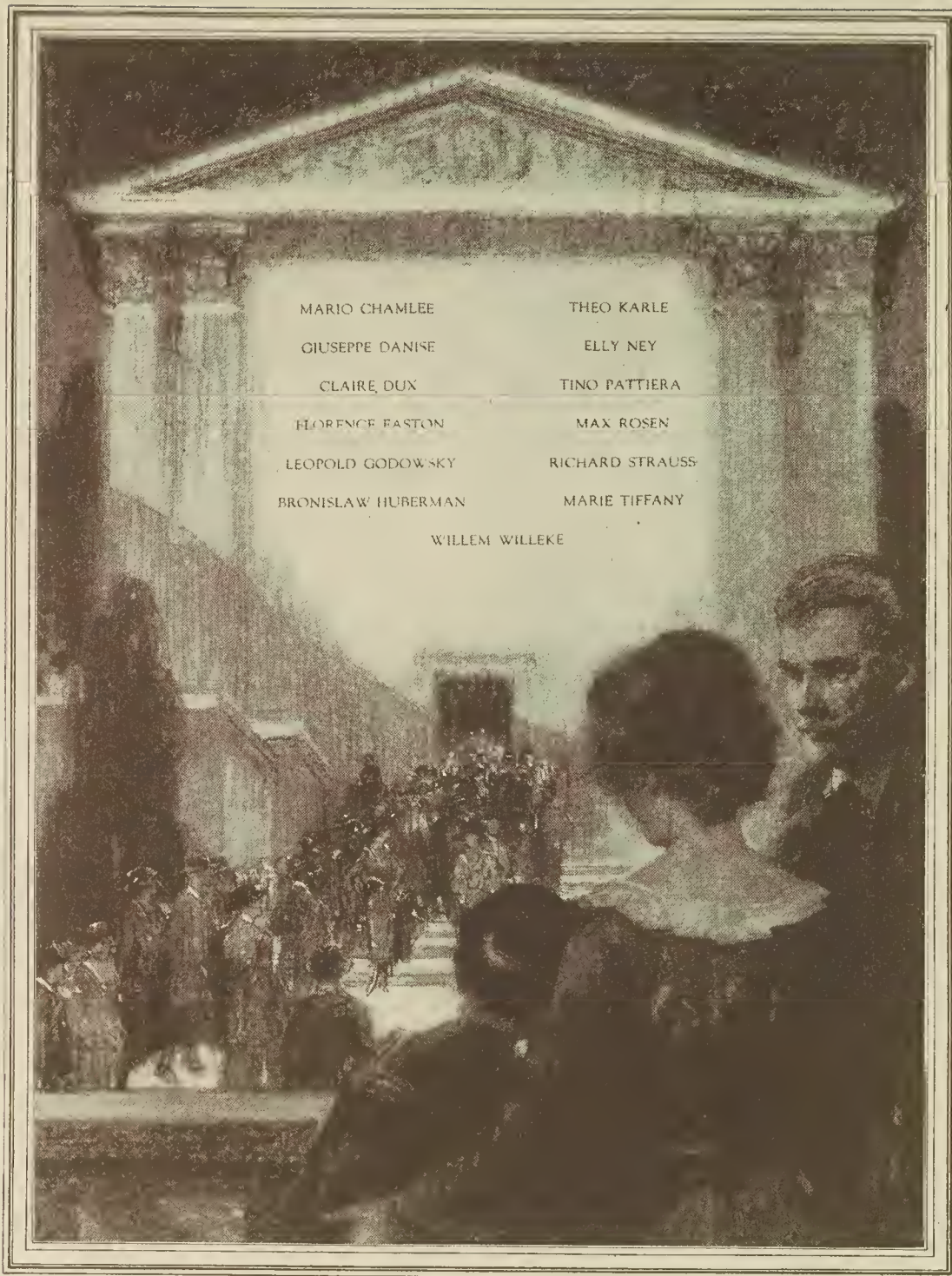
It is very important not to choose frail or spindling furniture, but a sturdy and more formal type. Never overcrowd a hall with unessential furniture or ornaments. Choose enough to provide for the comfort of a waiting guest and for the requirements of the immediate family—a table on which to rest packages, leave cards, gloves, etc., a mirror before which to adjust one's hat or frock, a chair or two to rest in or sit on while putting on one's rubbers, a large chest, perhaps, of interesting design or color, in which to keep rubbers and overshoes, and a few sturdy vases for flowers; all these help to create the harmony which should exist between the architecture and decoration. With this achievement, visitors find it a pleasure to cross your threshold, and upon leaving retain a lasting mental picture of the family grouped in their well-arranged hall.



In a long and narrow hall the decoration can afford to be different, providing the adjoining rooms are closed off



In this hall the furniture is arranged to attract attention to an interesting group, composed of a table, mirror and chair



MARIO CHAMLEE	THEO KARLE
GIUSEPPE DANISE	ELLY NEY
CLAIRE DUX	TINO PATTIERA
FLORENCE EASTON	MAX ROSEN
LEOPOLD GODOWSKY	RICHARD STRAUSS
BRONISLAW HUBERMAN	MARIE TIFFANY
WILLEM WILLEKE	

This New Hall of Fame, Mother, Is the Musical History of Today

The changing musical situation which noted educators say must be considered when choosing phonographic music for homes where there are children

JENNY LIND, Adelina Patti—Calve. Each generation has its own idols; its own Hall of Fame.

They come. They pass. And the cultured people of each generation know them; are on terms of intimacy with their art.

And so with this generation. But with a *new* Hall of Fame of concert and operatic stars—great artists of today, succeeding those of yesterday.

Chamlee, Danise, Dux, Easton, Godowsky, Huberman, Theo Karle, Ney, Pattiera, Rosen, Richard Strauss are among the names it embodies.

Are you giving your children the opportunity to know these artists?—to become acquainted with the supreme attainments which inspired world critics to acclaim them?

High musical authorities say their recordings are essential to the modern musical education, and must be considered when choosing phonographic records for the home.

PLAY ON ANY PHONOGRAPH

You can hear them now, regardless which make phonograph you have. For all have chosen Brunswick as the most fitting means to perpetuate their art. And Brunswick records play on any phonograph.

Thus the world's *de luxe* recordings, including those of no less a master than Richard Strauss himself, are available to every home.

WHY BRUNSWICK WAS CHOSEN

By means of exclusive methods of Recording and of Reproduction, Brunswick brings phonographic music into the realms of higher musical expression.

"Mechanical" suggestion—discord and vibration are refreshingly absent. Tones are sweeter and more beautiful. Expression is clearer. The true musical expression, both of the artists and their art, is reproduced in amazing fidelity.

HEAR—COMPARE

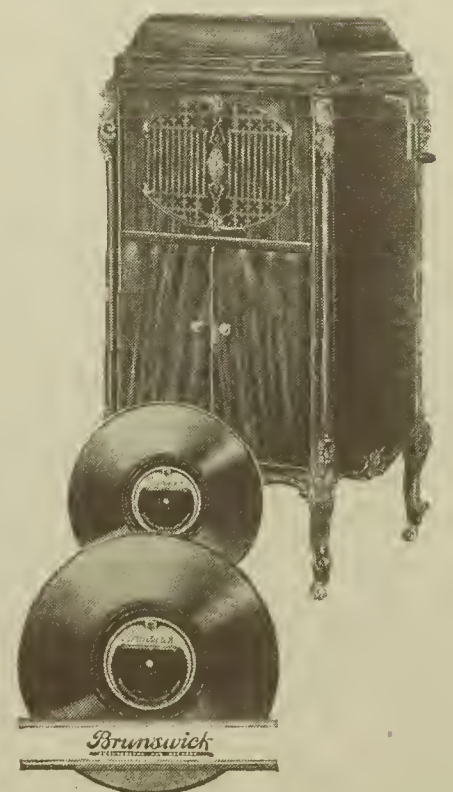
Hear The Brunswick, phonographs and records. You will find them featured, as the Standard of the Day, by those shops devoted to that which is best in music, in every city and town.

There is a Brunswick dealer near you, who will gladly give you a demonstration.

The Brunswick plays all makes of records, and Brunswick records play on any phonograph.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Manufacturers—Established 1845
CHICAGO NEW YORK CINCINNATI TORONTO

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BRUNSWICK

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

OH YES INDEED, THE MEN!

By Celia Caroline Cole

SEVEN of us were at luncheon and six of us were men—big, important ones with names that mean something to their several professions.

And the seventh one was me (yes, we know that we ought to say "I," but that doesn't begin to emphasize us as we should be, the seventh member of that luncheon party). Me.

And the subject that flew back and forth among us eagerly and swiftly, one snatching up a phrase and running with it ahead of the pack, another pursuing him feverishly with a spang-new idea, was Beauty. Beauty, pure and simple; beauty, complex and elusive; beauty of every kind—mind, body, state, and the soul.

And they weren't talking about it because that happens to be our very own subject and they wanted to be gallant to the only woman there. Not a bit of it. They were talking about it because they *card*; because every man there felt that, in the new world we're building, beauty is going to be written at the top of the daily stint; that, along with brotherliness and capacity for joy, we'll have to pass an examination as to how much we know about beauty.

When the time for cigars came, we leaned our head against the high back of our chair. The hum of the huge, gay restaurant grew dim, and through shut eyes we saw over there at our right the president of one of the most powerful banks in the world dreaming of "white, eternal lilies by a lake of ebony," and that keen lawyer opposite, with a haunting memory of palaces like opalescent clouds piled against a velvet sky, the castles he dreamed in his youth, and the man next to him, and behind him, and all around that teeming place, men, with a hunger for beauty stumbling around in their hearts, wishing they could put more of it into their lives. And 'way down deep in every man-jack of them was a little suppressed desire that he could swagger about in rich amethyst brocade, with buckles gleaming at his knees, a scarlet cape flung from his shoulders, and a purple plume flaunting from his hat.

Oh yes *indeed*, the men!

Men are the real idealists. Women idealize and then shove under the lens; men idealize and keep their eyes closed as long as they can.

Watch some one enter the restaurant, a woman, say, the kind who walks as though any moment she could open her wings—impressionistic hair, and a misty smile, eyes that say "You can not read me, but I'm here to be read. Come and try."

What happens? Every man-heart there gives a little lift. Not just because she is woman-as-she-was-meant-to-be, but because she has the look of romance, beauty of living, poetry in the midst of statistics.

AND while he lets his thoughts slip out into the garden east of the sun and west of the moon, the woman beside him says, "Yes, she is good-looking, but—I wonder!" Shove her under the lens.

If it's a man who enters—one of those big blond, sleepy-haired, conquering men who look the way the Prussians used to think they look—again it's the men's thoughts who slip off into wide, vivid spaces; here's a man who can look his boy dreams in the eye, whose companion must still be Adventure.

The woman beside him lifts her round chin with challenge, and her mouth and eyes leap into life—but her hand flashes, like an automat, into her bag for her lip-stick.

Men are the born dreamers. And what has been done to them, these color-loving, beauty-starved world-shakers?

They've been firmly set outside the garden and told that they mustn't be beautiful, and they needn't be *chic*, and they must wear only browns and blacks and dark blues; and their hair must be short and their eyelashes not too indecently long, it's unmanly; and

Men can profit just as much as women by the kind of beauty that Mrs. Cole preaches—the kind that makes for better health and better spirits as well as attractive looks. This month's beauty talk is especially directed at the sterner sex, but its application is general. If you need personal advice about beauty helps or related subjects, write to Mrs. Cole in care of THE DELINEATOR

when their muscles begin to sag and they get "chops," and their waists get thick and bow-windowy, let it go, they're just men—their connection with beauty is to pay for it. As if they weren't the nicest things that ever were redeemed; and as if they weren't the only things there are for women to marry! And women out of love count so little!

Women, they say, marry men for their brains or strength, and men marry women for their beauty, but we've known many a gay little matrimonial bark to go smash on the rocks by husband losing his dash—getting fat around the waistline.

There are three kinds of hurts: physical,

spiritual, and mysterious. It's the mysterious ones that break life up into dull, bewildered little bits.

About six months ago a woman we know tried to have a charming, late-Spring flirtation with her husband. She had been married to him for twelve years, but she threw that pessimistic fact over her left shoulder and started in. She had gone up to a little island against which the waves of romance lap as eagerly as the sea, and had found there a sort of recrudescence of youth and joy and interest in love. She changed her rented cottage into a love-nest, put cold-cream around her eyes every night, ducked into a very cold



Lie with knees bent. Inhale; raise feet over head, then down slowly to first position; exhale. As you grow stronger, start with the legs straight and lift them as far back as possible



At the Right—To reduce your waistline, stand with feet eighteen inches apart. Swing left hand downward, touching the right foot, right hand stretched upward as far as possible. Reverse and repeat



'round and both ends meet and all that, but love is to life what electricity is to a turned-off lamp. It's the power that makes things *live*. Stay in love if you want to stay useful. And keep your women in love.

Besides, a man run down at the heel hasn't half the chance to succeed that a man smartly groomed, body singing with fitness, has. He not only doesn't impress other people, but, far more devastating, he doesn't impress himself. When you no longer dramatize yourself a little, find inspiration and confidence in your mirror, you're losing ground—you've begun to slip.

A man in good condition can stand a tremendous amount of work—and life—and not feel the strain. Your brain is a part of your body; it's kept alive by your blood. Good circulation doesn't mean just good color and clear skin, it means *power*.

SENECA said, "A short life is not given us, we ourselves make it so." Nature takes fine care of us and will stand almost unlimited abuse up to about thirty years of age. After that, *mes-amis*-of-the-other-sex, it's up to us! We can take as good care of ourselves as we do our automobiles or our golf-clubs, or we can neglect ourselves and pay the bad old bill Nature will unfailingly send in.

"A man too busy to exercise is like a workman too busy to sharpen his tools!"

In New York City there are thousands of places where people can go and learn how to keep wholly, gloriously, magnificently alive; muscles young and rippling, flesh firm, skin clear and smooth, a perfectly fit home for joy and success to reside in.

In most cities there's at least one Y. M. C. A. with a fine physical director. Success, the adventure of living, joy in the possibilities of the day, come out of these places.

Exercising alone is pretty dull work. And besides being dull, it's not a very intelligent way to go at yourself—to simply start in and exercise. You don't know your needs. And you don't know enough to stop when you should.

One of the most successful physical directors in America says that his experience is that people won't be faithful about exercising unless they have to pay for it. And that if they are the kind who are bored by exercise, they simply can't make themselves keep it up all alone.

Continued on page 105



This exercise for correct posture requires an erect position, with chest high, shoulders back, lungs filled and the weight slightly forward on the balls of the feet. With arms fully extended at the sides, palms upward, describe eight circles forward and eight backward. Frequent repetitions will make correct carriage become a fixed habit

ocean every day, and then lay on the sand in the sun to get a come-hither tan.

When the great day arrived, she drove over the moors to meet him as excited and illumined as a Venus on the heels of her Adonis. He got off the boat looking the epitome of middle-age and doesn't care who knows it. He had shaved in a hurry, caught the boat on the run—his cheeks still sagged with the nervous haste of it—and he had on a straw hat that practically obliterated him as to distinction, and a new suit "off the shelf" that he had taken five whole minutes to buy.

Every little light in her winked out, her throat clicked shut, and she wanted to throw herself down on the dock like an outraged child and kick and scream and shake her fist at life. She had been caught alive in a grave.

AT THE start he had been a tremendously good-looking man, brimming with magnetism, but matrimony and business had "got" him, and he'd lost his values. He wanted love, and he wanted joy, and he was awfully fond of his wife, but he hadn't a shadow's shadow of a chance at any of them with that careless shave, and that hat, and that sloppy, middle-aged look.

"Hello, dear! It's nice to see you," she said, instead of the singing thing that had been running to meet him all the way across the dunes.

"How'r' ye, honey," he answered.

And it was all over. So do we let the fun of living lie down and die.

Men want beauty, so women, bless 'em, get right up on their tiptoes and go after it.

Women want to be in love—and men don't do a thing about it. Not after the first few years—or months.

Of course they have several other odds and ends to think of, like making the world go

WHEN IT RAINS—IT POURS



"When it rains—
it pours"

The best cooks
use it

YOU need salt in everything you eat; why not have the best when it's convenient to obtain and delightful to use?

Morton's is the cleanest, purest salt that science can produce. Its flavor betters every food it enters.

And what a convenience! No lumps or cakes—even when it rains it pours. The handy spout on the weather-proof packages makes pouring easy and closes to protect the salt.

In every way Morton's is superior to the old-fashioned bag salt. Order it today.

MORTON SALT COMPANY
CHICAGO



Helpful Hints on Using Salt

When boiling a cracked egg, add a teaspoonful of Morton's Salt to the water and the contents of the shell will not boil out.

Omelets will rarely fall if you beat Morton's Salt in with the whites instead of with the yolks.

The kitchen table when rubbed with a cloth on which Morton's salt has been poured will appear much whiter.

Had Your Iron Today?



It's Man's Pie— delicious, energizing, ironizing pie

Serve pie like this to men who work hard and you'll win immediate approval.

For this is *raisin pie*, which means a pie that's more than merely luscious.

The big, plump, juicy Seeded raisins—containing 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound—almost immediately renew the energy sapped by a busy day, because these raisins are 75% fruit sugar which is in practically predigested form.



Men *feel* this energy soon after eating.

Add that *effect* to the delicious flavor of this fine pie and you have about the ideal business man's dessert.

Raisins furnish food-iron also—good for the blood.

So there are three good reasons for serving luscious seeded raisins in this delightful way at least once every week.

Buy Ready-Baked

Groceries and bake shops everywhere are supplying raisin pie made fresh for you in modern local bakeries practically every day. Ask your retailer.

Made with big, plump, tender, juicy, seeded Sun-Maid Raisins. The juice forms a delicious sauce. A flaky crust completes this pie's attractions.

You can do less home baking with foods like this available at a corner store. Try, and see how good they are. Take advantage of this service that high class bakers render to housekeepers.



Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins



Always buy Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins for home use. Made from finest California table grapes. Mail coupon for free book of recipes describing scores of luscious raisin foods.

Blue Package

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers
Membership 13,000
DEPT. A-211, FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

Cut this out and send it

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers,
Dept. A-211,
Fresno, California

Please send me copy of your free book, "Recipes With Raisins."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

AUTUMN GOLD TO EAT

By Winifred Moses

NOVEMBER is the season for pumpkin and for Winter squash. In selecting these vegetables, choose those that are well-formed, fine-grained, solid and heavy for their size. The sugar pumpkin, which is small, golden-ringed and round, is one of the best varieties. For squash, choose what is known as a dry squash. The Hubbard is an excellent variety, both for its cooking and keeping qualities. In storing, place on shelves in a cool, dry cellar so the vegetables do not touch. Pumpkin and squash may also be preserved.

CANNED PUMPKINS

WASH the pumpkin, cut in half and then in slices, peel and remove the seeds and tissue in the center. Blanch in steam for ten or fifteen minutes or until tender. Put through a colander. Put the pulp in the top of a double boiler over hot water and stir until it is smooth. To each quart of pulp add one-half cup of brown sugar, two teaspoons of cinnamon, one each of ginger and salt, and mix well. Pack in jars while hot. Cook in pressure-cooker at ten pounds pressure for one hour or in the water bath for three hours. Remove from the sterilizer, seal, invert, wash and label. Store in a dark place. Squash

of milk. Allow one or two eggs, two-thirds cup of brown sugar and one-half teaspoon each of salt, butter, cinnamon, ginger and cornstarch. (If the pumpkin is very dry, cornstarch may be omitted.) The eggs are beaten and added last. Pour into an open crust, put into a hot oven for the first five minutes, then lower the heat and bake slowly for forty-five minutes. This amount makes two pies.

Pumpkin pies when spread with damson plum jam and whipped cream make a dessert fit for the gods.

Squash pies may be made in the same way.

PUMPKIN PUDDING

1 pint pumpkin-pulp	3 tablespoons brown sugar
1½ cups milk	3 eggs, well beaten
2 tablespoons butter	2 tablespoons dried currants
1 nutmeg, grated	
¼ teaspoon mace	

MIX the ingredients and beat well. Pour into a buttered baking-dish and bake in a moderate oven or at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit for forty-five minutes. If desired, the baking-dish may be lined with pastry.



The rich, golden pumpkin pie is only one of the many delicious pumpkin dishes, sweet and otherwise

may be canned in the same way. The seasonings may be omitted in either the pumpkin or the squash.

PUMPKIN PRESERVES

WASH, slice, peel and cut in one-inch cubes. Steam until tender. To each pound of cooked pumpkin add one pound of sugar, two lemons (cut in very thin slices, soaked overnight and cooked until tender), and two ounces of crushed gingerroot, soaked in cold water overnight. Boil sugar, lemon and the water in which it was cooked for five minutes. Add the pumpkin and cook until the pumpkin is transparent. Pack the pumpkin in jars, cook the sirup until it is thick and strain it over the pumpkin. Seal.

PUMPKIN CHIPS

PUMPKIN chips is another delicious preserve. Wash, peel and cut the pumpkin in strips one-half inch thick. To each pound of pumpkin add one pound of sugar and one-fourth cup of lemon-juice. Put the pumpkin and sugar in alternate layers in a preserving-kettle, pour over the lemon-juice, cover and let stand overnight. Allow the rind of one-half lemon, one-third cup of water and one ounce of gingerroot for each pound of sugar. Shred the lemon-rind and cook it in water until the lemon is tender. Add this to the pumpkin-and-sugar mixture and cook until the pumpkin is tender. Pack in jars. After three days, drain off the sirup, cook it until it is thick and pour it over the pumpkin. Seal.

PUMPKIN PIES

IF THE fresh fruit is to be prepared for pies, cut in small pieces, peel and remove the seeds and spongy center. Steam or boil, with just enough water to keep it from burning, until it is tender. Remove the cover and continue cooking until it is quite dry, stirring frequently. Press through a colander. If there is still considerable water, put it in a cheese-cloth and press the water out. If the pulp is very dry, add an equal quantity

PUMPKIN SAUCE

1 cup pumpkin-pulp	Sugar to taste
1¼ cups thin cream	½ teaspoon cinnamon or nutmeg

(more may be added if needed) (may be omitted)

BAKED WINTER SQUASH

WASH a squash, cut it in half and then in pieces about five inches square. Remove the seeds and spongy part. Put the cleaned squash into a pan skin side down and bake in a fairly hot oven or at about 380 degrees Fahrenheit for forty minutes. Remove the squash from the shell with a spoon and mash it through a sieve or a potato-ricer. Season well with butter, pepper and salt. A little hot cream may be added if desired. Mound in a hot dish and serve at once.

As a variation, put the mashed and seasoned squash into a buttered baking-dish, cover it with buttered crumbs and cook in the oven until the crumbs are brown.

SQUASH TIMBALES

2 cups squash-pulp	1 teaspoon salt
2 eggs	½ teaspoon pepper

SQUASH timbales may be made from leftover squash. Season the squash, add the well-beaten egg-yolks and fold in the stiffly beaten whites. Put it in well-greased custard or timbale cups, stand them in a pan of water and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are done.

SQUASH SOUP

1½ cups squash-pulp	1 tablespoon each of minced celery, parsley and onion
2 cups scalded milk	
2 tablespoons flour	
2 tablespoons butter	½ teaspoon salt

MELT the butter and cook the vegetables until tender. Add the flour and cook again. Add the milk and stir constantly until the mixture boils. Add the squash-pulp (leftover squash may be used). Mix thoroughly, using a Dover egg-beater if necessary, and bring to the boiling-point. Serve at once with slices of thin toast or croutons.

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NATURES GREATEST CLEANSER

MRS. CONRAD'S COOK-BOOK

By Jessie Conrad

England's great contribution to the art of cooking is her noble joints, or roasts. In this, the fourth, instalment of her cook-book, the wife of the famous English author gives her own meat recipes that have brought pleasure to many of the most distinguished people of our day. These recipes have been tested by the Home-Makers' Department

IN ROASTING meat, or rather in baking it, as is the general practise of small households (either in a gas-stove or a coal-oven), care should be taken that the oven is not too hot, as it makes the roast shrink and spoils the taste and appearance. On the other hand, an oven not sufficiently hot spoils the meat by making it too hard.

To roast a joint, place it in a hot oven for fifteen minutes, or until it is brown on all sides. Lower the heat and continue the cooking until the meat is done. In roasting beef, allow twelve to fifteen minutes for each pound of meat plus the fifteen minutes required to sear it. Pork, lamb and mutton require from twenty to twenty-five minutes per pound for roasting. The meat may be seared in an iron frying-pan on the top of the stove, and the cooking finished in the oven.

The dripping should be preserved as follows: After the meat is cooked, place the roast on the dish. Turn the fat out of the baking-tin into a bowl and at once dash into it a tablespoon of cold water. This makes the fat rise. In this way you obtain perfectly clear fat and the meat-juice under it will be found useful for coloring sauces or improving soups.

This applies to all roast meat—beef, veal and mutton—unless the roast is stuffed.

To obtain gravy for the roast itself, proceed as follows: After pouring off the fat into the bowl as directed above, put half a cup of cold water into the baking-tin and stand it on top of the fire until it boils. Pour it over the roast in the dish.

If the gravy is not dark enough, the meat-juice which has been separated from the fat of other roasts may be added.

Never flour the roast before putting it in the oven; this practise has nothing to recommend it and it would make it impossible to obtain dripping or to preserve the very useful meat-juice.

BEEF, ROASTED OR BOILED

Cut	Amount	Time required for cooking
Sirloin	7 pounds	1½ to 2 hours
Pillet	4 pounds	1 hour
Round	4 to 5 pounds	1¼ hours
Rolled Ribs	7 pounds	2¼ to 2½ hours
Aitchbone	7 pounds	2½ to 3 hours

WHEN the first and the two last joints are bought, they should not be under seven pounds because they contain much bone.

STUFFED STEAK WITH THICK SAUCE

TAKE two pounds of rump steak, free it from sinews and make about four large gashes in it without cutting it through. Lay stuffing (see recipe) on the steak and tie a piece of buttered paper round the meat with a string. Bake for one hour. Lay the meat on the dish and remove the string and paper.

Put a pinch of pepper and salt and about a cup of water in the baking-tin. Place on top of the stove until it boils, stir into it one and one-half tablespoons of flour mixed with a little water, bring it to the boil again and carefully strain it through a gravy-strainer over the meat. Serve with baked or boiled potatoes.

RUMP STEAK WITH KIDNEY-AND-MUSHROOM SAUCE

MELT over a clear fire two tablespoons of butter in a frying-pan, then put in one and one-half pounds of rump steak to sauté (fry) briskly for five minutes. Turn it over once. Put the stove-top on then and cook the steak for fifteen or twenty minutes more. After dishing the steak, put into the pan half a beef kidney, diced, half a Spanish onion chopped very fine, and six or seven mushrooms which have been previously placed in salted water for a short time to remove all grit. Sauté very briskly and lightly from ten to fifteen minutes; then add half a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, six tablespoons of water, half a tablespoon of flour mixed very smooth and thin with a little water. Bring to a boil and turn over the steak before serving.



Mrs. Joseph Conrad

STEWED STEAK

CUT into pieces about a finger's length one and one-half pounds of rump steak. In an enameled frying-pan heat about two

tablespoons of butter or dripping. Lay the steak in this and sauté briskly on a clear fire for ten minutes. Remove the meat and put it into a saucepan. Cook in the same butter or dripping one large Spanish onion. Cut two large or six small carrots into pieces, add this and the onion to the steak, with pepper and salt, a lump of sugar and half a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce or mushroom catchup. Cover with cold water and stew gently for two hours. Thicken with a little flour and water that have been carefully mixed.

SALT BEEF AND CARROTS

SOAK overnight in cold water about four pounds of salt beef. Cook it an hour and a half in a saucepan three parts full of boiling water. When the meat has been boiling for half an hour, add four carrots cut in quarters lengthwise. Make about six suet dumplings in the same way as suet crust for pudding and put in the saucepan twenty minutes before the meat is ready. Care must be taken that no salt is added to anything. Serve with the dumplings and carrots arranged round the dish.

MUTTON, ROASTED OR BOILED

Cut	Amount	Time required for cooking
Leg	7 pounds	1¾ hours
Shoulder	7 to 8 pounds	1½ to 2 hours
Loin	4 to 6 pounds	1 to 1¾ hours

(Leg can be cut in half across and used as two roasts if desired. This does away with a lot of cold meat for succeeding days.)

FOR roasting mutton the oven must be brisk. No joint of mutton should be put on the top of the stove. For the best mutton broth use the shank end of leg of mutton.

INVALID BOILED MUTTON

REMOVE the fat from the meaty end of the neck of mutton. Put it in a saucepan which has been previously rinsed in cold

Continued on page 56



Pyrex Tea Pots are the Vogue

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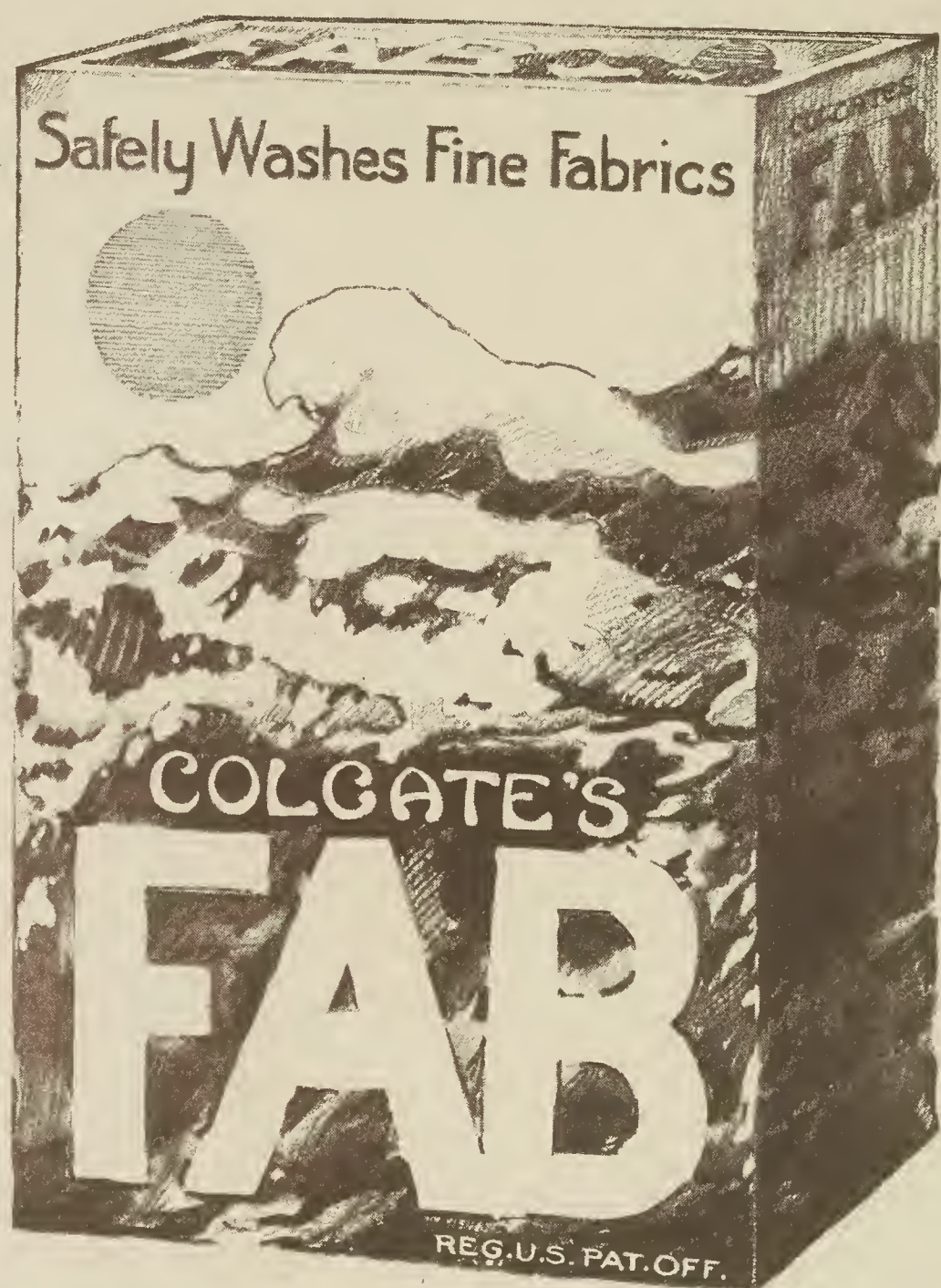
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MRS. CONRAD'S COOK-BOOK

Continued from page 54

water. Add half a pint of fresh milk and a little salt. When boiling, add half an onion cut up fine. Boil gently for an hour and a half. Thicken with a little flour and serve.

BOILED MUTTON

PLUNGE the bottom half of a leg of mutton into a saucepan three parts full of boiling water and cook slowly for one and one-half hours with a teaspoon of salt and a little parsley. Serve with caper sauce in a gravy boat.

BREAST OF MUTTON, STUFFED

LAY the breast of mutton on the pastry-board and put sage and onion stuffing (see recipe) into it. Roll and tie with string and bake for one hour.

LEG-OF-MUTTON CUTLETS

CUT a leg of mutton in half. Use the top part for roasting and cut the rest of the leg into cutlets about one inch thick (it makes about four cutlets). Put one tablespoon of butter into a pan and melt it over the fire. Sauté the cutlets over a clear brisk fire for five minutes, turning them once during that time. Put the stove-top on and cook the cutlets for fifteen minutes more, then dish.

MUTTON CUTLETS AND MASHED POTATOES

BUY three pounds of mutton cutlets. Heat two tablespoons of fat in a frying-pan. Lay the cutlets in the fat and put over a brisk fire for three minutes. Turn once and place on the stove with the top on. Cook for another fifteen minutes. If there is any doubt as to their being done, it is well to cut one to see whether it is cooked perfectly. It should look red, not purple, and the gravy should run. Arrange the mashed potatoes in a pyramid in the center of the dish and stand the cutlets round it with a little paper frill on each bone.

SAUCE PIQUANTE FOR LEG-OF-MUTTON CUTLETS

AFTER dishing the cutlets, turn the fat out of the pan and put a little water into it, as meat-juices adhere to the pan. Into this put a slice of Spanish onion chopped very fine, the juice of half a lemon, a little salt and pepper and half a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce. Thicken with a half teaspoon of carefully mixed flour. Place the pan over the fire and bring the mixture to the boiling-point, no more. Remove from the fire, strain through a gravy-strainer over the meat and serve it immediately.

VEAL AND PORK, BOILED OR ROASTED

Cut	Amount	Time required for cooking
Fillet	5 to 6 pounds	2 to 2½ hours
Shoulder or half shoulder	7 to 19 pounds	2 to 2¾ hours
Loin	4 pounds	1 hour

IF THE fillet piece is too large to cook for one roast, you may cut off a slice one and one-half inches thick horizontally, to be used later either as veal cutlets or for veal olives.

For dishing and obtaining gravy and dripping, proceed as for beef. Generally speaking, a piece of veal requires a longer time for cooking than a piece of beef or mutton of the same size.

VEAL CUTLETS

CHOP off the long bones of two pounds of veal cutlets and put them to stew in a saucepan with a little salt. Melt two tablespoons of fresh butter or dripping in a frying-pan on the stove with the top off and lay the cutlets in it. Sauté briskly for ten minutes, turning them once or twice. Replace the stove-top and cook for another twenty minutes. Place on a dish, pour the gravy already made over them, and serve at once.

STUFFED FILLET OF VEAL

TAKE about three pounds of veal cut rather thin and score it several times with a sharp knife. Lay the sage and onion stuffing (see recipe) on it and cover with a

buttered paper. Tie it with string, put it into a baking-tin and bake for one and one-half hours. Dish as for stuffed steak.

RAGOUT OF VEAL

CUT into small pieces two pounds of a neck of veal. Put into a saucepan and cover with cold water; add another half-pint of water, a teaspoon of salt, a little pepper, one lump of sugar, six Spring onions (bottoms and green tops), six small carrots split in two and one small turnip. Stew gently from one and one-half to two hours. Half an hour before using, add a pint of fresh green peas and a pinch of mixed herbs.

Thicken with a little carefully mixed flour and water, stirred into the veal mixture. It is best served in an earthenware saucepan with a napkin wrapped round it. If green peas are not available, a little rice may be used after it has been washed through several waters, or a few cut scarlet runners. Cold veal may be treated as above, but in that case a little good meat-juice must be used instead of the extra half-pint of water.

VEAL OR BEEF OLIVES

IF IT is inconvenient to cook a roast in a hurry, the following recipe may be found useful: Cut a slice about one inch thick off the round of beef or fillet of veal; cut that into five pieces and flatten well with a knife. Chop finely about half a Spanish onion, a few sweet herbs, add pepper and salt and put a little of this on each piece of meat, roll and cover with half a rasher of bacon. Tie each piece securely with string to each olive (or piece of meat). Melt an ounce (two tablespoons) of fresh butter in a frying-pan over a clear fire and when ready lay the olives in it. Sauté briskly for three minutes, turn over once and sauté for the same length of time; then cover with an inverted frying-pan and sauté for another fifteen minutes. Place the meat on a dish and remove the strings. Put into the frying-pan about half a cup of good meat-juice, a little salt, thicken with a little flour and pour over the olives. They will keep their shape and should be served with some nicely prepared vegetables, either beans, peas or potatoes.

ROAST PORK

SELECT a small leg of pork or about four pounds of loin. This must be scored on the outside with a sharp knife. Put it into a baking-tin kept in the oven for from two to two and one-quarter hours. Dish up and treat the dripping as you do for beef or mutton. Serve with onion or apple sauce.

BOILED HAM

PLUNGE into boiling water. If a whole ham is to be cooked, boil from three to three and one-half hours. Let it steam for a few minutes on a dish (with a strainer under it), then roll it in baked bread-crumbs. Never put the paper collar on the knuckle until it is thoroughly cold.

SAGE-AND-ONION STUFFING

FOR stuffing, for either meat or poultry, never put the onions in water. Cut them thin (never chop) and boil in a deep pan in butter. Have ready on the board the crum of a stale loaf rubbed into fine bread-crumbs and from four to five large sage leaves chopped fine and mixed with the bread, pepper and salt to taste; turn the onions and butter into the crums and chop finely all together. Prepared in this way, the stuffing will be moist.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING FOR BAKED BEEF OR MUTTON

SEPARATE the white of one egg from the yolk. Put the yolk in an earthenware bowl and stir it lightly. Beat the white separately with a freshly cleaned fork in a plate. (It is most important that a perfectly clean fork be used or the white of the egg will not rise.) Beat it to a stiff froth and stir into the yolk of the egg; then add half a cup of milk and a little pepper and salt.

Stir in a cup of self-rising flour vigorously and work it perfectly smooth. If it is not then quite the consistency of very thick cream, add a little milk to make it so. Turn into a baking-tin and bake under the meat, which should be already three parts cooked. Do not forget to turn most of the fat out of the baking-tin before the pudding is poured in. Three-quarters of an hour is approximately the time required for cooking a Yorkshire pudding. Serve as a garnish with roast meat.

Continued in the December DELINEATOR



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THE WAY TO A GOOD COMPLEXION

By William Bayard Long, M. D.

The author of this important article is one of the foremost skin specialists in America. He is the chief dermatologist and head of the Department of X-Ray and Radio Therapeutics at St. Luke's Hospital, New York City. Dr. Long's writing is familiar to physicians and surgeons throughout the country, but this is the first time he has ever consented to write for the lay public

TO HAVE a good healthy skin, two kinds of care are necessary: the care of the general health of the body, and local care of the skin itself.

The general health is more important because it is a preventive measure. Local skin troubles are the result of something wrong in the body that might have been prevented if taken in time. Once the skin itself becomes unhealthy, only local treatment, plus diet and other general health measures, will help it, and the trouble is much more obstinate when it has reached the local stage.

People are born with a certain type of skin, just as they are born with brown eyes or blue. Nothing can change the general character of your skin, but much can be done to keep it as good as it is possible for your kind of skin to be.

The average, normal skin, which is neither too dry nor too oily, will keep healthy on the average, normal diet, regular exercise and one washing a day in warm water and soap, finishing off with cold, to keep it clean. If, however, your skin is easily roughened, if it chaps quickly in the wind or the cold, and is irritated by soap, that means it is too dry—that the little glands under the outer skin do not supply it with enough oil. The diet for a person with such a skin should include the very foods which are denied to those with oily skins—plenty of cream and butter, and other such fat-containing foods. The water in which the face is washed may be softened by adding one tablespoon of bran, starch or almond-meal to a basin. The toilet-soaps sold by the better class of manufacturers are quite safe for most people, but the woman with a peculiarly sensitive skin must find out from her own experience which of these soaps is best for her own face. If one kind irritates your skin, try another until you have found the right brand for you.

THESE delicate skins are benefited by the use of cold-cream rubbed in lightly and wiped off to remove the dirt. The cream cleanses the skin without irritating it as water does, and leaves in it a little oil which it needs. Such skins may be lightly greased with cold-cream after washing at night, or during the day, and covered with a simple toilet-powder.

Daily cleansing with some fatty preparation is good for sensitive skins and keeps them soft and supple. Olive-oil, cold-cream or Vaseline are equally good.

Face-powders should be bought with care, and each individual must study their effects upon her own skin. A simple toilet-powder, composed of various mixtures of boric acid, starch, talcum, etc., refreshes and does no harm—in fact, for the delicate skin it is a protection and should be used freely, especially after the bath.

The woman with an oily skin should follow just the opposite course. There is too much fat secretion in the glands under the outer layer of her skin, and she should do nothing to increase this over-supply of fat. Whereas the woman with a dry skin needs fat-making foods, the woman with an oily skin should avoid all such rich food as cream, butter, gravies, rich sauces and dressings, and especially sugar. She needs strenuous exercises which will make her skin perspire and throw off impurities. If she uses cold-cream to cleanse her skin, she should always follow it with a good scrubbing with warm water and soap, otherwise she leaves oil in her pores that already are too well supplied. A good soap acts like a scrubbing-brush on a greasy skin, carrying away with it the accumulated impurities.

We never find blackheads, pimples or acne in a dry skin. They are always the accompaniments of too much oil, which favors the accumulation of dirt. The most important factor in the care of an oily skin—and one can not repeat this too often—is perfect and absolute cleanliness. If your skin is oily, do

not be afraid of washing it too often. If it is fairly oily, twice a day with soap and water (always washing off with cold water afterward) is not too often. If it is extremely oily, four or five times a day will do it no harm, in fact, it will merely keep it clean.

Powder will not hurt the skin, provided it is clean before the powder is applied. But if you keep adding powder during the day without cleansing the face first of oil and dirt, the collection of powder, dirt and fat in the pores, which are the openings of the fat glands, will soon cause blackheads. The next step after blackheads is the infection we call pimples, and from this a really serious case of acne may develop.

IT IS better not to attempt to squeeze out blackheads with the fingers, as you are apt to injure the skin and leave a scar. Any drug-store can sell you what is known as a comedo extractor, a very simple device for removing blackheads. The blackheads should be removed to prevent pimples from coming, but once a pimple appears it is better to leave it alone, lest you merely aggravate and infect it further. A pimple does not last long, and it is better to give one's attention to preventing the arrival of another.

Another excellent treatment, good especially for a greasy skin, is cupping. This consists merely of placing a small glass cup on the face and holding it there for a few moments. The suction stimulates the circulation of the blood, which is usually sluggish in the oily skin. After a moment or two, apply the cup to another area, until the face has been covered and the blood is circulating freely. The cup may be bought in a drug-store and is called a Bier Hyporemia cup. It is not expensive, and it accomplishes as much as a massage in a much shorter and easier way.

Massaging, if it is not done to excess, is useful, especially to oily skins, because it is cleansing. It is good for blackheads, but should be avoided if there are pimples, as the rubbing may merely spread the infection and cause more pimples. Steaming the face before the massage makes perspiration flow more freely and helps to cleanse the skin. If your skin is oily even after a massage, it is better to follow with a thorough cleansing with soap and water so that all particles of fat are removed.

Massaging to remove wrinkles, to restore tone to relaxed skin, etc., is largely a waste of time. In fact, if indulged in too frequently, it may lower the tone of the skin.

ALL local treatments, however, are quite useless unless the general health, and especially the diet, is also looked after. A girl came to me recently with a case of acne for which she had been having expensive treatments in the form of local injections. Upon questioning her I discovered that for lunch every day in the week she ate two slices of cake and two sundaes. I put her on a mainly vegetable diet, with no pastry or rich foods (especially no sugar or ice-cream), gave her a cake of plain soap, and told her to wash her face every day. In a few weeks her improvement was wonderful. Of course, local treatment was necessary after that to remove the scars left by the acne, but the preventive measures came first.

If parents only realized the necessity of clean skins and proper diet for their children, we doctors should have no cases of acne to treat. If when the first pimple appears on an individual's skin he were put immediately on a diet of fresh vegetables (no fats, sweets or rich foods), regular exercises and fresh air, and were made to keep his skin absolutely clean every day with soap and water, there would be no further trouble. Many children whose skins are naturally oily start a slight skin trouble when they are about twelve. It

Concluded on page 68

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To guard their digestions and give them the foods they like, too.

More intelligent cooking — this is a subject in which most American mothers are vitally interested.

Isn't it true that you put more into your foods than mere ingredients? Do you not put motherly thought into the *selection* of the ingredients — to insure wholesome digestibility for your boys and girls?

That many children still need such care is shown by the published report of a benevolent society which says: "The 35 per cent of undernourished children in Chicago were found equally in the homes of the poor, the well-to-do and even the wealthy. Great benefits would follow *more intelligent cooking*."

While little Eskimo boys and girls may digest, in heavy form, the fat which is essential to all of us, intelligent American mothers recognize that civilized little stomachs are not so ostrich-like.

In the home where the mother has

seriously considered—"What cooking fat is best for my children," you will generally find Crisco. For women seem instinctively to appreciate the healthfulness and *digestibility* of this *vegetable* shortening.

Yes, Crisco costs, during an average week's baking and frying, a few pennies more than do most cooking fats. But thoughtful mothers would no more deliberately choose cheap indigestible shortening than they would deliberately choose inferior milk.

And mothers often write, too, of the pleasurable pride they take in their delicious Crisco results. They find that Crisco cakes are light and tender and stay fresh longer; that Crisco pies have such flaky crusts; that Crisco browns fried foods so quickly that the fat cannot soak in.

Crisco is sold by grocers in small, medium sized and large cans. Made and sold in Canada, too.



Gold Cake

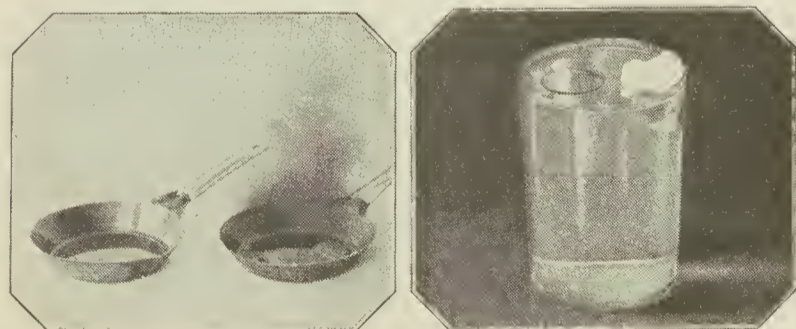
- 5 tablespoonfuls Crisco
- $\frac{3}{4}$ cupful sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk
- 4 yolks of eggs
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt
- 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful lemon extract

Cream Crisco and sugar together. Beat egg yolks very light and add to creamed mixture. Add dry ingredients, milk, and lemon extract and mix well. Turn into a small Criscoed and floured cake tin and bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes.

Sufficient for one small cake.

For delicious cakes which stay fresh longer
For flaky and digestible pastry
For wholesome digestible fried foods.

To receive "A Calendar of Dinners" containing 615 recipes and 365 dinner menus, send 25c to The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, Section F-11 Dept. of Home Economics.



Two Simple Home Tests!

Avoid Smoke and Odor!

Put into separate pans equal amounts of Crisco and any other fat. Heat slowly for eight minutes, or until they reach a temperature where a bread crumb browns in 40 seconds.

Notice that the Crisco, unlike most cooking fats, does not smoke at this proper frying temperature.

You will find that frying with Crisco will be very helpful in keeping your whole house fresh and free from the odor of cooking fats.

Low Melting Point. Easy Digestibility.

Into half a glass of lukewarm water drop a small lump each of Crisco and any other shortening. With a teaspoon gradually add hot water until Crisco melts. You will find that few other fats melt at this point. Food authorities say that an easily digested fat should melt near body heat—98 $\frac{2}{5}$ degrees. Crisco, you will find, melts even below this temperature. It melts at 97 degrees. (This test does not necessarily condemn the digestibility of the other fat, but it will aid you to establish Crisco's fine digestibility.)



Digestible Vegetable Shortening

THE RIPE RED BERRIES OF THE WINTER-TIME

Cranberry sauces and desserts that add to the joy of the table

By Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn

WHEN all other berries are past and gone, a kind Providence sends us cranberries, the ripe, red berries of the Winter-time. Their valuable contribution of acid and mineral to the Winter diet was early recognized in America. Even the original settlers learned that by making use of it they were more certain of remaining in good health.

To-day the cranberry is as much a part of the Winter festivals—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's—as is the turkey. Fortunately, cranberry sauce is just as desirable served at any season of the year with veal, pork, roast beef, baked ham, cold tongue or any other kind of meat.

Before the days of canning, cranberries like other berries, were dried and kept for months. It is reported that the peasants of Europe stored this fruit by festooning the berries in endless chains from the ceiling of the kitchen.

To bring the cranberry into year-round usefulness it is only necessary to tuck some of the hot sauce into clean hot jars and seal them. Some persons prefer to can the cranberries uncooked by packing them in clean jars, covering them to overflowing with cold water, and then sealing. The berries will keep for several months preserved in this manner but they become somewhat softened and lose their flavor. For this reason most persons prefer the canned sauce. If the berries are canned in cold water they should be cooked in a sirup made from the same water, with sugar added, in order not to lose the color and flavor which soaks out into the water.

Like any other berry the cranberry has numerous uses. Moreover, it possesses a color that is the envy of all its rivals, and this, as well as its characteristic tartness, adds to its popularity. It is best known, perhaps, as a sauce to be served with meat and as a filling for tarts and pies, but it should be equally popular in muffins, cakes, puddings and all manner of gelatin or frozen desserts.

Cranberry jelly may be cut in any desired shape and used as a garnish for salads, puddings or desserts. Candied cranberries or cranberry cherries are a delightful confection as well as an attractive decoration. Some few persons do not care for the straight flavor of cranberries and prefer it combined with raisins, apples, pineapple, coconut, or other nuts. It has a flavor that blends well with any of these foods.

CRANBERRY SAUCE—NO. 1

1 quart cranberries 2 cups boiling water
2 cups sugar

BOIL the sugar and water together for five minutes. Remove any scum that may have formed. Add the cranberries and cook without stirring until they are thick and clear.

CRANBERRY SAUCE—NO. 2

1 quart cranberries 2 cups boiling water
2 cups sugar

COOK the cranberries and water until the skins of the cranberries are broken. Add the sugar and simmer slowly for five or ten minutes. Chill before using.

If the skins of the cranberries are objectionable and a strained sauce is preferred the cranberries may be rubbed through a sieve before the sugar is added. They should then be returned to the stove, the sugar added and the cooking finished.

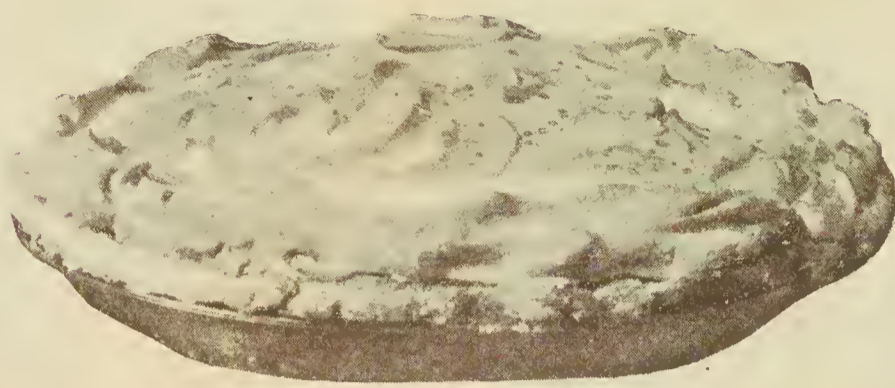
Cranberry sauce may be canned for use throughout the year. It should be placed boiling hot in clean hot jars and sealed.

Many persons use cranberry sauce as a special seasoning for sauces and gravies as well as a relish with meats. The proportion used is generally one tablespoon to one cup of sauce or gravy.

The sauce is also used as a filling for cake, tarts and other pastries.

CRANBERRY-APPLE-AND-QUINCE JELLY

2 cups cranberry-pulp 1 orange, juice and
2 cups apple-pulp grated rind
2 cups quince-pulp 4 cups sugar
3/4 cup walnut-meats



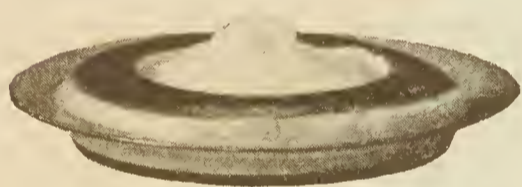
Cranberry pie! The delicately browned meringue, the flaky pastry and luscious ruby center make every slice a delight

COMBINE the ingredients and cook the mixture rapidly until it is thick. Turn it into clean hot glasses and when it is cold cover it with hot paraffin. If walnuts are used, dip them in hot water, chop them and add them to the mixture just before it is removed from the heat.

CRANBERRY MOLD

2 cups strained cran- 1 tablespoon gelatin
berry-pulp soaked in 4 table-
3/4 cup sugar spoons cold water
1 cup sour cream,
whipped

DISSOLVE the gelatin over hot water. Add the sugar and dissolved gelatin to the cranberry-pulp. Let the mixture stand until it begins to thicken around the outer edge, then whip it well with a Dover egg-beater. Fold in the stiffly beaten cream and



Cranberry mold, served with whipped cream, is a delicious and colorful dessert

turn the mixture into a mold. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

If preferred, a layer of the jelly may be poured into the mold before the cream is added. In this case the cream is added to the remainder and the mold filled. This gives two contrasting layers, one red and one faintly tinted with cranberry.

CRANBERRY MUFFINS

2 cups flour 1 egg
2 tablespoons sugar 3 tablespoons fat
1/2 teaspoon salt 3/4 cup milk
4 teaspoons baking- 3/4 cup cranberry
powder sauce

MIX and sift the dry ingredients. Add the milk gradually and then the well-beaten egg and the melted fat. Beat well and then add the cranberries slowly. Bake the batter in greased muffin-tins for twenty-five minutes.

CRANBERRY PUDDING

PREPARE muffin mixture according to the recipe given on this page. Grease a baking-dish and cover the bottom with a thick layer of cranberry sauce. On this place a layer of muffin batter. Add another layer of cranberries and cover with the batter. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty minutes. Serve with a creamy sauce.

CREAMY SAUCE

1 egg-white 1 tablespoon lemon-
1/4 cup butter juice
3/4 cup powdered
sugar

CREAM the butter, add the sugar and mix together until creamy. Add the well-beaten egg-white gradually and then the lemon-juice.

CRANBERRY COFFEE-CAKE

1 cup milk 1/4 cup sugar
1 cup tepid water 1/4 cup fat
1 yeast-cake 3/8 cup cranberry
1 teaspoon salt sauce

SCALD the milk and add the other ingredients in the order given. Beat the mixture well and let it rise until it is double the original bulk. When light, fold the dough under and turn it into a greased tin. When it has almost doubled in bulk bake as for bread for forty-five minutes to one hour, according to the thickness of the loaf. Cranberry coffee-cake can be served either warm or cold.

CRANBERRY-AND-COCONUT PIE

2 cups cranberries 1 tablespoon corn-
1 cup sugar starch
1 cup water 1/2 cup grated coconut



No less tempting is the quivery, clear-red filling of a cranberry tart

COOK the cranberries, sugar and three-fourths cup of water together for five minutes. Add the corn-starch dissolved in one-fourth cup of water and cook the mixture until clear. Add the grated coconut, stir well and remove the mixture from the stove. Line a pie-plate with plain pastry and fill it with the mixture. Bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes.

MERINGUE FOR PIE

2 egg-whites 2 tablespoons sugar

BEAT the egg-whites until stiff. Add the sugar and beat well. Pile the meringue lightly on the pie and bake in a slow oven for twenty-five minutes.

If a plain cranberry pie is preferred, the coconut may be omitted without otherwise changing the recipe.

Raisins or apples may be used with cranberries for pie instead of coconut. In this case one-third as much raisins as cranberries, or equal parts of cranberries and apples, are used without otherwise changing the recipe.

CRANBERRY-AND-APPLE TARTS

2 cups cranberry-pulp 1/2 cup seedless raisins
2 large tart apples, 1/2 cup sugar
diced

TO SECURE cranberry-pulp, simmer the fruit in the least amount of water possible until the cranberries are soft. Rub them through a strainer and add the apples and raisins. Cook until the other fruit is tender and then add the sugar and cook until the mixture is thick and clear. Use as a filling in tarts cut in any desired shape from flaky pastry. Other fruit, such as pineapple or pears, may be used with cranberry if desired.

FLAKY PASTRY

1 1/2 cups flour 1/4 cup of shortening
1/4 teaspoon salt 1/4 cup washed butter

WASH the butter and set it aside. With a knife or spatula work the shortening into the flour and salt. When well mixed, add cold water to bind together, as in making plain pastry. Cover the dough and let it stand for at least ten minutes in a cool place. Roll out into a rectangular sheet and spread it with the washed butter. Turn the sides and ends of the sheet into the center and roll and spread with butter again. Repeat this process again if all the butter is not used. This pastry may be used at once. If set away for future use, it must be covered closely to exclude the air and avoid the forming of a crust. It should be kept in the refrigerator or in a cool place.

CRANBERRY SANDWICHES

SPREAD thin slices of buttered bread with cranberry jelly. Sprinkle them with chopped nuts and cover with thinly cut slices of buttered bread. Press the sandwiches lightly together.

The crusts may be removed from the bread and the sandwiches cut in any desired shape.

CRANBERRY-AND-CELERY SALAD

1 tablespoon gelatin 1/2 cup sugar
softened in 4 table- 1 cup sliced celery
spoons cold water 1/4 cup chopped nuts
1 1/2 cups thin cran-
berry-pulp

DISSOLVE the gelatin over hot water. Combine the gelatin, sugar and the pulp. Let the mixture stand until it begins to harden around the outer edge of the dish. Add the celery, which has been cut in thin slices across the stalk, and the chopped nuts. Turn the mixture into a mold. Serve with sour-cream dressing.

SOUR-CREAM DRESSING

3/4 cup thick sour cream 1 tablespoon sugar
3 tablespoons vinegar Paprika
1/4 teaspoon salt Mustard

WITH a Dover egg-beater whip the cream until it is stiff. Add the vinegar and the other ingredients slowly, beating constantly until the dressing is thick and smooth.

CRANBERRY SHERBET

1 quart cranberries 2 tablespoons gelatin
2 1/2 cups sugar soaked in 3 table-
2 cups boiling water spoons cold water

COOK the cranberries, sugar and water together for ten minutes. Skim the cranberries carefully several times while cooking. Rub the cranberries through a sieve and add the gelatin which has been dissolved over hot water. Stir the mixture well, cool and freeze.

CRANBERRY CHERRIES

PUNCTURE each cranberry with a needle. Make a thick sirup, using twice as much sugar as water and boiling the mixture until it spins a thread. Remove the sirup from the fire and drop the cranberries into it slowly. Shake the sirup gently until each cranberry is covered. Do not add the cranberries so rapidly that the sirup begins to bubble.

Place the cranberries over the heat and let them come to the boiling-point but do not let them bubble. Remove them from the fire and set them aside to cool. When cool, place over the heat and again let them come to the boiling-point. Remove them from the fire and let stand until cool. Repeat this process once again. Then remove the cooled cranberries from the sirup, drain them on oiled paper, and roll them in granulated sugar if desired.

Cranberry cherries may be made by this process in one day instead of the three days required by older methods. They are used as garnishes for salads or desserts or as a confection.

HOSPITALITY

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for a reply



Make This Gown Yourself of Belding's Silk.

The silk for this gown in size 36 will cost not to exceed \$16.15 for Belding's Taffeta or Belding's Chiffon de Chine, and \$17.10 for Belding's Crêpe de Chine.

Use Butterick Pattern and Deltor No. 3999 requiring for size 36, 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards of Belding's 36-inch Taffeta or Belding's 36-inch Chiffon de Chine, and 4 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of Belding's 40-inch Crêpe de Chine.

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ALL of us at one time or another have been called upon to entertain a guest from a distant town, and sometimes when we have provided a good meal, a comfortable room and much entertainment we consider our duty done. But good form requires that we do more than that, and the omitting of certain little amenities may turn what should have been a joyous time into drear discomfort for the guest.

I well remember myself visiting in a strange city when I was a girl of about eighteen. A luncheon was given for me, and about twelve girls of my own age were asked to meet me.

I was a total stranger to them all, but they all knew each other intimately and were on the basis of calling each other by their Christian names. It was in the football season and they were absorbed in discussing the relative merits of the football players on the team in a neighboring university. They spoke of the players by their Christian names, so even if I had had some knowledge of the team, I was debarred from knowing of whom they were talking because I wasn't aware of their first names. They never asked me one single question about what I was interested in, but kept on chattering about their own local affairs. It was an early object-lesson to me as to how one should *not* behave to the stranger within one's gates. It is well always to remember that subjects of general conversation are more courteous when there are people with us from out of town, and this could well be sprinkled with asking the guests to tell of the little things that interest them in their home town.

Coupled with this idea, we must not forget that the attitude or conversation of the guest can be equally objectionable. The duties of a gracious hostess are made very difficult by the guest who apparently takes no interest in what is going on about her and who, instead of adapting herself to the customs and ways of the place which she is visiting, constantly alludes to what they do at home.

THE question is often asked whether a house-guest should make the first suggestion about retiring for the night. That would seem the simplest thing to do, but the tactful hostess, especially when there are young people visiting, is apt to state that she retires at such and such an hour, and that if any one wishes to stay up any longer he or she is free to do so.

Punctuality at meals and punctuality for all appointments made by the hostess are absolutely required of the courteous guest. In some households it is a good deal of effort to have an extra person visiting, and any guest should try to fall in with the routine of that household. Some guests are used to a great deal of service at home, but they should remember when visiting a simpler household that it doesn't hurt them to get up for breakfast even if they have been used to having theirs served in bed or at a later hour. Even the polishing off of one's shoes is not too difficult a task, for in many households there is no maid to do this service.

A guest should remember to keep her own books, sewing, knitting, coats, rubbers and so forth, in her own room. Leaving them about in the living-room often tends to unnecessary confusion.

The ideal hostess never plans too much for her guest. She should remember that the guest is probably enjoying leisure that she would not have at home, and therefore



Elsie Cleveland Mead

would like a few hours a day while visiting just to sit and "loaf." The following questions are often asked:

Q.—Should one fee the maids in the house on leaving when one has been visiting?

A.—It is quite customary to do this to the one who has given you the most service.

Q.—If one is visiting on the invitation of a daughter or son in the household, to whom should one's "bread-and-butter" letter be addressed?

A.—This should always be addressed to the head of the household.

Q.—If one is pressed to stay longer than the stipulated time given in the invitation, should one accept?

A.—It is a pretty good rule not to overstay the allotted time. A courteous hostess always makes her guests feel she would like to have them stay on, but it is better never to wear out one's welcome.

Q.—If one is entertained by a friend of one's hostess while visiting, what should one do to acknowledge this hospitality?

A.—The courteous thing is to write a little note and send it with some flowers when one is leaving, and in some cases just a polite note suffices.

Q.—If several hostesses have clubbed together to give an entertainment for one guest, how should she show her appreciation?

A.—She should call on all her hostesses, even if they are not equally well known to the recipient of the invitation, or cards should be left for all, or all should receive notes of thanks.

Q.—Is it rude to withdraw to one's own room while visiting?

A.—Not only is it not rude, but the tactful guest should realize that a family might like to have a little time to themselves to discuss or plan for purely family matters.

Q.—May a hostess accept an invitation to take a meal with friends while she has a guest?

A.—Never, unless the guest has some project that takes her away for that meal.

Q.—If a person receives a regret for an invitation on the ground that the people invited have a guest with them, does the would-be hostess feel obliged to reissue the invitation including the guest?

A.—She is certainly not obliged to do so, for her arrangements may be such that she can not add to the number she originally planned for. However, it is a graceful act to extend the invitation, when convenient, to include the guest. In these days of informality such adjustments are usually made over the telephone.

Q.—If a caller, unconscious of the time, overstays the meal-hour, what should the hostess do?

A.—It is considered bad form to have a meal announced while there is a guest calling who is not expected for that meal, but a hostess can say with frankness, "We are going to have dinner in just a minute and hope you will be able to stay." This gentle hint will be enough to make the caller realize the time; an invitation given in this way should never be accepted.

The rules of etiquette and good form are always based on thoughtfulness of others, and this applies to the giving and receiving of hospitality as well as in other spheres of human contact.



Your little girl will never complain that Carter's Knit Underwear "prickles." Made of yarns as soft and fine as fleece, and thoroughly shrunk and sterilized before it leaves the factory



The standard Carter vest for little babies chosen by millions of mothers. It is knit by a special process that makes it unusually elastic. It never pulls or binds, but adapts itself perfectly to all a baby's movements

Designed to wear with an afternoon frock

This union suit represents one of many individual Carter styles

It is specially designed to wear with an afternoon frock—this daintily knit Carter suit, with its slim lines of elegance and ease.

Under the sheerest, most diaphanous gown, it shows not a line or a wrinkle. It never pokes up, never slips into view at shoulders or neck. Skillfully knit to follow the lines of your figure—it fits you as smoothly as a well made glove. And because it is knit by a special process, which makes it wonderfully springy and elastic—it does not pull or bind, but gives to your every movement.

Every one of Carter's Knit Underwear styles for women is designed to suit a particular type of gown. No longer that struggle to tuck a high-necked union suit under an evening gown!—in Carter's you can find models especially designed for evening wear, soft and sheer, yet cozily

warm, knit so that they can be worn under the frailest dinner dress. And for the out-of-door costume—there are high or Dutch-necked, long-sleeved, ankle-length models that protect you against the bitterest cold, yet fit so smoothly and snugly that there is never an ungainly bunch or fold.

Each Carter suit is daintily finished to the minutest detail—flat seams, reinforced button holes, and the double-crocheted shell edging that is found only in Carter's. Each suit is thoroughly shrunk and sterilized before it leaves the factory. No matter how often you wash it—it stays silk-soft and milky white.

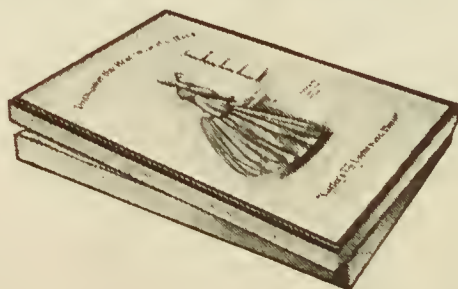
You can get Carter's Knit Underwear at your favorite store, in styles for women, men, children, and infants; in all weights of cotton, cotton and wool, wool, silk and wool and silk.

THE WILLIAM CARTER COMPANY

Home Office: Needham Heights (Boston District); Mills also at Framingham and Springfield, Mass.

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. FOR ALL THE FAMILY



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This Dutch-necked, ankle-length model is especially designed for an out-of-door costume. Skillfully knit to follow the lines of the figure, it fits without bagging or wrinkling



AT THE LARGEST PATTERN SHOP IN

THE WORLD—BUTTERICK'S IN PARIS—THE



Pleats are appearing again! The French houses are showing them. Pleats give a youthful air and are very simple to handle with the Deltor.

Butterick introduces this new little blouse jacket of contrasting material that Paris finds so fascinating. It is as simple to make as a blouse with the Deltor to guide you.

The draped frock leads one mode this season! Drapery sometimes offers a delicate problem. With the Deltor you will find you handle it with complete success.

The collar and cuffs of stuffed and braided fabric tubing, and the side panels at the shoulders, tell you this wrap is very new. With the Deltor it offers no problem at all—you are certain of success.

The vogue for trimming is pronounced this Fall. The Deltor tells you how to make even the ornaments that emphasize the new style of this afternoon frock.

BUTTERICK PATTERNS



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Every detail of the new Fall styles you now achieve with complete success

The new draped frock, the new circular skirt, the little blouse jackets Paris wears, the many kinds of fabric trimming that will be worn this season—you yourself can make them with all the success of an expert.

To-day women who have sewed for years are making things they never dared undertake before; giving them the Parisian perfection they have never before achieved. To-day many women are learning for the first time how successfully they can make the costumes that would have cost them extravagant sums to buy.

With the Deltor home sewing becomes an entirely new thing.

The Deltor cutting layouts are made by experts, with them you cut your garment just as expertly as a professional does. Follow this simple guide in laying on the pieces of your pattern and you cut with an expert's saving of material. Invariably Butterick Patterns call for less material than you would otherwise have to buy.

You put your dress together just as a great dressmaker would. The Deltor putting-together pictures show you exactly how to handle your

dress at every step in its making. It is all made so clear and simple that you find yourself handling a sophisticated bit of drapery as successfully as you baste a seam.

Those telling finishing touches the French give their clothes were never more important than they are this season. The clasps and buckles that hold the new drapery, the fabric tubing that is stuffed and braided now into a collar, now into a girdle—no matter what delightful new finish your Butterick model calls for, you need not hesitate because it is so new, the Deltor will show you exactly how it would be made in Paris.

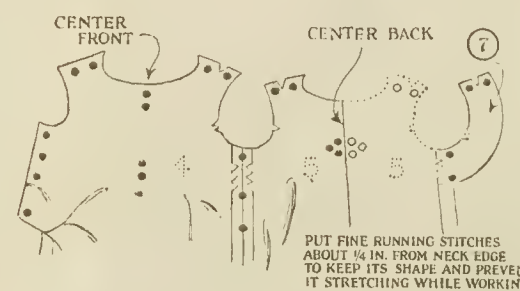
Every new Butterick Pattern now gives you this complete dressmaking service. Not general instructions such as you find on most patterns, but individual guidance that applies directly to the garment you are making. Stop at the pattern department and look at all the fashions for the coming season. Ask about the Deltor. Learn why it is considered the greatest aid to dressmaking since the paper pattern itself. Butterick, London—Paris—New York.

Pictures guide you at every step



Cut cleverly, save material as experts do

The Deltor cutting layouts give you your size pattern in your view, laid on the width material you are using. You have put before your eyes, simply, clearly, a layout that exactly fits your needs and saves you money on everything you make.



Expertly put together—every line perfect

The Deltor shows you the easiest and best way to handle each step in the making. The lines, the final style of your dress are perfect, you can put it together just as a professional would.

SEAM BINDING SEWED ON FLAT

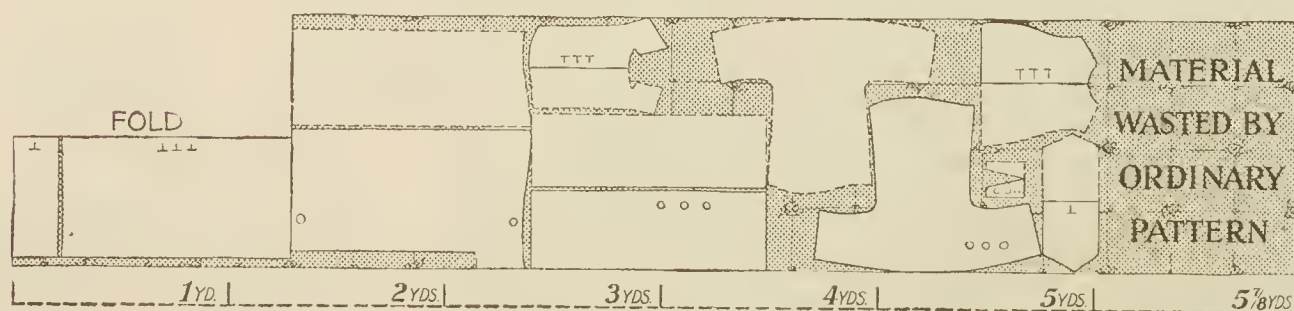


The all important finish

You can now give your dress the same exquisite perfection you love in imported things. The Deltor shows you the French finish for each detail, and nowadays these touches are so important they frequently "make" an entire costume.

The Deltor saves you material on everything you make

$\frac{7}{8}$ of a yard saved by the Deltor expert in laying out the pattern shown here. With a Butterick Pattern you too can cut it from 5 yards instead of $5\frac{7}{8}$.



Invariably the Deltor cutting layouts show you how to lay on the pattern pieces so that you buy less material than you would otherwise.

An experienced dressmaker writes: "The Deltor is certainly wonderful. I

saved a friend of mine \$8.00 on her material by using the Deltor cutting layout."

"I bought my material first and found that I had $\frac{5}{8}$ of a yard more than the Deltor called for. I would have saved \$3.75 had I consulted the Deltor first."

W I T H T H E D E L T O R

A CHRISTMAS FAIR THAT CLEARED \$4,000

By Beulah Canterbury

From general plans to smallest details—here are suggestions which you can follow in planning a successful fair for your pet community charity



Gifts for \$1 or less

Effective hand made articles of wearing apparel, attractive things for the home; novelties, etc.—all delightful gifts and the wonderful part of it is, you can make them yourself—in a few hours.

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START NOW to embroider those charming little surprises for your holiday gifts. A hand made present always bespeaks something different and carries a thought and intimacy that no other gift can.

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LET THIS BE A ROYAL SOCIETY CHRISTMAS OF HAND EMBROIDERED GIFTS THAT ARE REALLY WORTH WHILE. THE RECIPIENTS WILL BE DELIGHTED AND THE COST TO YOU TRIVIAL.

Royal Society Products are Sold by Dealers Everywhere

H. E. VERRAN CO. Inc.
Union Square West New York

FIFTY young married women and girls in our town who run and finance two day-nurseries, organized a Christmas fair to supply the funds for the nurseries. We planned it in September, and the best executive in the crowd was appointed general chairman. She secured, free of charge, the largest building in town, the city auditorium, with a capacity of five thousand.

The publicity chairman announced in September through the society and women's columns of the daily papers that the biggest fair ever held in the city would be the Day-Nursery Christmas Fair. From then till December the reading public was never allowed to forget the "Biggest Christmas Fair." Every time a committee met to have a cup of tea, to sew, to cut up citron for fruit-cake, to discuss plans, to dress dolls or to paint fans, the papers had an account of the meeting. Every one knew our slogan: "Fair Prices at the Christmas Fair."

Fair posters, decorated with two conventional Christmas pines in green, with red lettering on a white ground, were placed in every store-window. Through kindness of automobile clubs, they were likewise posted on the backs of automobiles in the city. Similar signs, designed by an artist friend, were thrown on the movie screens.

Eleven subchairmen were appointed, each one responsible for the finances, decoration and articles of her own booth. Each sub-chairman chose her own committee.

Many people were glad to lend their service to make the fair a success. Dry-cleaners dyed old goods for us, florists gave us bulbs and flowers and lent us decorations, seamstresses sewed for us, and department stores sent their window-trimmers to trim booths for us.

INTO a huge store box which the general chairman had at her house each member, after rummaging through old trunks and attics, deposited scraps of ribbon and lace, remnants of linen and cretonne, boxes, baskets, picture-frames and "white elephant" Christmas gifts. When a committee chairman needed a bit of lace for a doll's cap, a medallion for a camisole or yarn for mittens, she went to the rummage box.

The fair itself was very festive. Gay and varicolored booths were built in a semicircle by husbands and friends from lumber lent by a lumber company. The space inside the circle was roped off for evening dancing. On the stage facing the semicircle were the Japanese tea-garden, a lounging space fitted up with couches and wicker chairs, and the orchestra.

The Sweet Shoppe was done in poster effect of black-and-white panels. Brilliantly colored cut-outs were silhouetted on the black panels. Ropes of Christmas-tree candies festooned the top, alternating with white pop-corn balls hung on black ribbons. Decorated candy boxes, three hundred in all, were made by the committee. Clean, used pasteboard boxes, tin cracker boxes, and light wood candied-fruit boxes were claimed from the rummage box. Some were covered with imported wall-paper samples, then given a coat of shellac; others were covered with plain colored paper with a cut-out silhouetted on, and then shellacked. The tin boxes were stenciled in quaint Old English Christmas designs and shellacked. The wooden ones were stained either a bright red or green and the tops were decorated with pen-and-ink Christmas sketches. Candy bouquets, made of tiny candies wrapped separately in waxed paper, then formed into old-fashioned nosegays with lace-paper edges and tin-foil stems, which cost us about ten cents each, were sold for seventy-five cents.

Baskets were stained or lacquered and filled with tempting sweets. There were small bottles of grape-juice made by the committee from grapes donated by a farmer, and candied fruits made in the Fall and packed in tiny colored jars. Opaque cold-

cream and toilet jars of candied rose-petals, as well as candied lemon or grapefruit peel, with salted nuts packed in Japanese paper boxes were likewise included in these baskets. The baskets cost us very little and sold for two, three and four dollars, according to size.

A woman was employed to make all the Orientals for ten cents a pound, from ingredients furnished by the fair committee. One group of girls made chocolates and bonbons, another group made nut brittles and pop-corn balls, another made caramels and fudges, and another Turkish paste, taffy and salted nuts. This booth cleared four hundred and fifty dollars.

THE Art Booth was decorated with its own merchandise. The committee had rifled the rummage box of brocades, velvets, old portières, chenille and old-fashioned piano-covers, and had taken them to a cleaner's, who cleaned or dyed them free of charge. Out of these pillows, table-covers, braided silk rugs and mats were made. Some of the daintier silks were used in lining boudoir sewing-baskets, for pincushions, candle and lamp shades or electric-light shields. Shabby flower-baskets, which were donated, were coated with shiny black lacquer and decorated with Greek and Egyptian border designs in gold. These were filled with bunches of everlasting or bittersweet, gathered in the Autumn and carefully preserved. Flower-pots were painted and shellacked and bulbs started in them, timed to bloom for Christmas. Old picture-frames were sandpapered and refinished in white, silver or black. An art store gave the committee prints for these frames and the permission to use their framing equipment for a day. The Art Booth made six hundred and sixty-five dollars.

The Bake Shoppe had a background of frilled white cheese-cloth. Shelves were lined with jars of fruit, jams, pickles and jellies and tied with ribbon bows of Christmas green and red and marked with Christmas labels. In the front of the booth there stood a round table with four silver candlesticks holding lighted red candles. In the center of the table was a beautifully decorated basket containing a fruit-cake, a plum pudding, jars of mince-meat, tarletan bags of cookies, a glass of each kind of jelly, and fruit. On the table were one hundred two-pound fruit-cakes and fifty plum puddings, all made by the committee and packed in red-and-green-lacquered tin coffee-boxes. Bags of white tarletan stitched with red and green yarn were filled with home-made Christmas cookies. The mothers, sisters, aunts, cousins and friends of the committee donated fresh cakes, pies, rolls and bread for each day of the fair. Jellies, fruits, pickles and vegetables were canned or dried by the committee from fruits and vegetables donated by farmers and marketmen. Afternoon cutting bees and apple-paring bees combined sociability with work. This booth made five hundred dollars.

THE Kiddies Klothes Booth was decorated with festoons of flowers borrowed from a department store and varicolored balloons tied in bunches. The color scheme was pink and blue. Remnants of organdy, gingham and linens, bought at after-Summer sales, were made into dainty little girl frocks with so much hand-work on them that they sold at a splendid profit. A dressmaker cut out and made two dozen trousers for the linen and chambray boys' suits, and the committee made the waists or sailor blouses with hand-embroidered emblems or quaint cross-stitch or appliqué animals. A sewing-machine company did all the buttonholes. One mother knitted children's mittens and some invalid and "shut-in" friends knitted sweaters and scarfs from remnants of yarn found in the rummage box. There were baby layettes and coverlets for children's beds, gay with appliqué figures of animals and flowers.

Concluded on page 68



Why Not Use Your Spare Time to Make Some of This Money?

Auto Knitter Home-Workers Are Being Paid Over \$100,000.00 This Year

Here Are The Socks

Today more than nine thousand dealers, located in all parts of the country, are handling Olde Tyme All Wool Socks—every pair made by a home-worker on an Auto Knitter! Some of these are Department Stores, while others are Haberdasheries and Men's Furnishers, others are small General Stores.

In New York, last season, a big firm of haberdashers and men's furnisners sold more than three thousand dozen pairs of Olde Tyme All Wool Socks in one month.

Could anything more conclusively prove the selling value of these socks? Or prove better that the product of the Auto Knitter Home-Worker is really in demand?



—Made By Home-Workers

Can you read these remarkable facts about those who use their Auto Knitters to make money without envying them—and realizing, too, what this opportunity can be made to mean to you?

Briefly stated, we have built up for our workers a great distributing organization for the purpose of distributing to the American people the fine handiwork of the American home, as produced on the Auto Knitter by the Auto Knitter Worker. Why not find out all about how it can benefit you?

—On This Famous Machine

The Auto Knitter is a hand knitting machine for making seamless hosiery. The great worth of the machine lies in the fact that on it operators can turn out socks that have all the strength, comfort, warmth and wearing qualities of hand-knitted socks, and do it many times faster than the most skilled hand-knitter.

The Auto Knitter is designed primarily for home use and can be carried and set up anywhere, because it weighs only twenty pounds and clamps upon any ledge, table or bench.

THOUSANDS of people—men and women—all over the country are seeking a way to add to their incomes. For most of these people it must be something that they can do in their spare time—that will not interfere with their usual occupations—something that requires no particular training or unusual skill and that has a sure market when the work is finished. An occupation that compensates them fairly for the time and effort devoted to the work—something that the experience of many others has shown to be a pleasant and practical way in which to make money at home in spare time.

Auto Knitting—making Olde Tyme Wool Socks—on the Auto Knitter is the occupation which meets all these requirements. For the woman in the home who can devote some spare time to the work—who wishes to make some money for little necessities or luxuries that her house money will not quite cover—or who wishes to help out with the family income—Auto Knitting provides an occupation that many others in similar positions have found attractive and profitable.

Auto Knitting is a proven way of making money in spare time at home. Auto Knitter workers will send us this year over a million pairs of Olde Tyme Wool Socks for which we will pay them under the terms of our Work Contract over \$100,000—besides replacing pound for pound the yarn used in the socks sent to us. This does not include those workers who prefer to dispose of their work direct to local trade.

The Olde Tyme Wool Socks which are sent to us by Auto Knitter workers are sold by over 9,000 dealers. These facts will give you some idea of the extent of this industry.

Each Auto Knitter owner receives a five-year contract from the company binding them to accept and pay for all the socks sent, which are made in accordance with the simple standard required.

On the other hand you are not bound by the terms of the work agreement to send your work to us—you may work as little or as much as you wish—send your socks to the company or dispose of them to private trade—but the company is bound to accept and pay for all the standard socks you send them—whether the amount be large or small.

A Wonderful Work Record Less Than 5% Rejections

The Auto Knitter is for workers—for those who are serious in their desire to make money in their spare hours. The Olde Tyme Wool Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere—from new workers, who are just beginning their work, and from old friends of long standing. Here are socks from novices as well as the experienced, socks from careless as well as painstaking—

And yet, out of the huge total sent in to us, less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Olde Tyme All Wool Socks.

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-round efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter worker, that the rejections on this home work, performed in thousands of different homes are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned

from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do so, too?

Your earnings will be in proportion to the time you devote to the work, and the degree of proficiency attained through practice.

How You Can Make Money At Home

Clearly and briefly, here is our proposition: The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company enters into a five-year agreement to pay for all of the standard socks you knit on the Auto Knitter and send in to them, paying a fixed, guaranteed price. Checks will be sent you promptly for each lot, large or small. Replacement yarn is also sent you pound for pound for that used in the socks you send to us. Previous experience in hand-knitting is not necessary, as full directions for operating the machine are contained in the instruction book sent with every Auto Knitter.

How Much Extra Money Do You Want?

Decide what it is you want the Auto Knitter to do for you. Earn enough each month for extra clothes? How much do you want to earn?—what is the sum? In any case you will find the Auto Knitter the most flexible money-maker, ready to help you earn \$1 a week if that is all you want, or much more if you will give it the time and effort.

Write Today for FREE Information

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money, then we would like to send you all of the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted right in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send to you are absolutely free.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 8411 630-638 Genesee St.
Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 8411, 630-638 Genesee St.
Buffalo, New York

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....



Magic

Lies in pretty teeth—Remove that film

Why will any woman in these days have dingy film on teeth?

There is now a way to end it. Millions of people employ it. You can see the results in glistening teeth everywhere you look.

This is to offer a ten-day test, to show *you* how to beautify the teeth.

Film is cloudy

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to the teeth, enters crevices and stays. When left it forms the basis of tartar. Teeth look discolored more or less.

But film does more. It causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substances which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

You leave it

Old ways of brushing leave much of that film intact. It dims the teeth and, night and day, threatens serious damage. That's why so many well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tooth troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has been seeking ways to fight that film. Two effective methods have been found. They mean so much that leading dentists the world over now advise them.

A new-type tooth paste has been perfected, correcting some old mistakes. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name is Pepsodent, and by its use millions now combat that film.

Two other foes

It also fights two other foes of teeth. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. To digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. To neutralize mouth acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings to people new conceptions of clean teeth.

Lives altered

Whole lives may be altered by this better tooth protection. Dentists now advise that children use Pepsodent from the time the first tooth appears. It will mean a new dental era.

The way to know this is to send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

See and feel the new effects, then read the reasons in the book we send.

If you count such things important, cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free ⁹⁵⁷

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 273, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

Pepsodent ^{PAT. OFF.}
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists practically all the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.



A CHRISTMAS FAIR THAT CLEARED \$4,000

Concluded from page 66

Seventy-five bibs were made of Turkish toweling and unbleached muslin trimmed with appliqué of Mother Goose figures. Making these at committee meetings became a sport on rainy November afternoons. Play aprons were also made with appliqué figures. This booth made four hundred and fifty dollars.

The Domestic Booth had for sale hundreds of aprons of all kinds, ranging in price from twenty-five cents to twelve dollars for a lovely printed organdy one. There were bungalow and maids' aprons, slip-on aprons and coveralls, which all the day-nursery girls wore during the fair. This booth likewise sold iron and pan holders in the shape of birds and animals, embroidered card-table covers, fancy towels, dress-shirt holders, quilts and coverlets. This booth made five hundred and twenty dollars.

MY LADY Faire Booth was divided into three sections, each section forming a French dressing-table hung with delicate blue ruffled curtains of crape paper and tied back with huge bows of canary yellow; a French gilt mirror hung between each pair of curtains and a lighted boudoir-lamp stood on each "dressing-table." Under the soft light of the lamps were exhibited hand-made silk shirts, camisoles, combinations, nighties, pajamas, bloomers, French handkerchiefs, dainty ribbon powder-puffs and boxes, fancy garters, collar-and-cuff sets and sports sweaters. The materials from which these were made were bought at after-Summer sales. They were cut out, stamped for hand-work and given out to the finest sewers. This booth cleared five hundred and fifty dollars.

The Toy House was a delight to young and



THE WAY TO A GOOD COMPLEXION.

Concluded from page 58

gets worse and worse from being neglected, until by the time they are about seventeen they have an acne which is extremely difficult to cure, and which even when cured leaves the skin coarsened for life. Young people of that age are usually careless about personal cleanliness, unless carefully watched; they have begun to escape from their parents' supervision of their diet and are more or less on their own, so that they can indulge in all the sweets, ice-creams and rich pastries which were denied them as children. Their skin is already greasy, and all these careless and indulgent habits aggravate the condition. Adolescent skin trouble, however, can be avoided by watching the diet and keeping the skin perfectly clean.

ONCE the evil is done, however, and acne has appeared, the child should be taken immediately to a good skin specialist, for even if the acne is allowed to take its course and eventually disappears, the skin will never be really good again. It is not fair to young boys and girls to let them sacrifice their future

old. The top of this booth was shaped like the gabled roof of a house, snow-covered, with icicles glistening from the eaves. A stuffed Santa was climbing down a chimney made of bricked paper. The back of the booth was made of bricked paper to represent a fireplace, and tarlatan stockings with gay red stitching filled with little toys made by the girls hung before it. These stockings sold for fifty and seventy-five cents. The manual-training department of the public schools had made doll furniture which had been decorated and upholstered by the committee. Dolls were made of old silk or wool socks, with worn-out tennis-balls for heads, from two wash-rags and from good parts of worn Turkish towels. Animals, bunnies, kittens, Teddy-bears and elephants were made from old eider-down found in the rummage box and dyed. Rag dolls with hand-painted faces were sold in quantities. A local toy factory gave us mechanical toys to sell on commission. There were bean-bags made of samples of nursery cretonne, gaily painted hoops, doll clothes and paper dolls hand-painted by the girls. This booth auctioned off a large walking doll given us by the local congressman's wife. One of the committee, dressed as a French doll, went among the crowds selling pasteboard walking dolls. Another girl was dressed as Santa. This booth made three hundred and fifty dollars.

A JAPANESE Tea-Garden occupied the stage of the auditorium. A trellis made of lath and strips of pink and white paper, from which hung borrowed cherry-blossoms and wisteria, formed three sides of the tea-garden. Japanese lanterns hung over the tea-tables. Bud vases containing fresh flowers donated by a florist were on each table. The waitresses, dressed as Geisha girls, served luncheon at noon, tea, and sandwiches in the afternoon, and at night, when there was dancing, drinks, coffee and doughnuts. This booth made three hundred and seventy-five dollars.

A fortune-teller's tent was fitted up with Oriental rugs, a deep divan with a throw of black velvet and gold cloth and silver-brocade pillows. To hanging lanterns of amber were pinned prints of charred hands, rabbits' feet, gilded horseshoes, signs of the zodiac and enameled wish-bones. A committee member, dressed in Gipsy fashion, made twenty-five dollars by telling fortunes at twenty-five cents apiece.

A pretty check-room girl, dressed as a French maid, also made twenty-five dollars during the three evenings of the fair.

health and appearance. It is possible even in adult life to help open pores and a skin coarsened by this kind of neglect, but it requires skilful surgery. The treatment consists in scraping off the skin; it is expensive and only to be trusted to specialists.

Another annoying condition which may be prevented if treated in time, and considerably helped by proper measures, even after it has become chronic, is a red nose, known as rosacea to the medical profession. If any individual who finds his nose beginning to flush slightly would immediately eliminate from his diet all spices, all tea and coffee, and of course, all alcohol, he could stop the condition from becoming acute. No one with a tendency to flush easily should drink tea, coffee or alcohol.

A MAN came to me recently to be treated for a red nose. He declared he had never touched a drop of liquor in his life, but that no one would believe him, and that he could not get a job. The condition of his nose was so bad that I myself felt skeptical and had his case investigated by social-service workers, who reported that his statement was absolutely true, that he was an ardent prohibitionist and a worthy man. Upon questioning him further I discovered that he was an inveterate tea drinker. He loved tea and drank six or seven cups a day, an apparently harmless habit in which he had indulged for years. Tea was the original cause of his red nose, but the condition had now become so acute that only surgical treatment would help. A slight operation relieved the condition about fifty per cent., and if he gives up his tea and other such stimulants, the trouble will never go back to its former state.

In the care of the skin, as in all questions of health, preventive measures are far easier, more important and more efficacious than any medical treatment.



Here's one of the best pies you've ever tasted—and one of the simplest and easiest to make!

First a crisp, flaky bottom crust—then a filling of delicious, golden CRUSHED or GRATED Hawaiian Pineapple—then a top crust, either "all-over" or "criss-cross," puffed and baked to a luscious golden brown.

No wonder that when mother asks "What kind of a pie shall I make?" the family votes with one voice—"Pineapple!"

This is just one of the countless number of tempting uses for Hawaiian Pineapple—packed in convenient CRUSHED or GRATED form—ready to use. Try it also in salads, cake fillings, puddings, fruit cocktails, and a host of dainty, appealing desserts. Or serve it as it comes from the can—like apple sauce—for breakfast or with meat or fowl.

Order CRUSHED or GRATED Pineapple in convenient-sized cans today—by the dozen. Keep a supply on hand! And write now for your free copy of "Ninety-nine Tempting Pineapple Treats," our new book that will help you put tropical goodness and flavor into your meals all-year-round. Address Department 15.

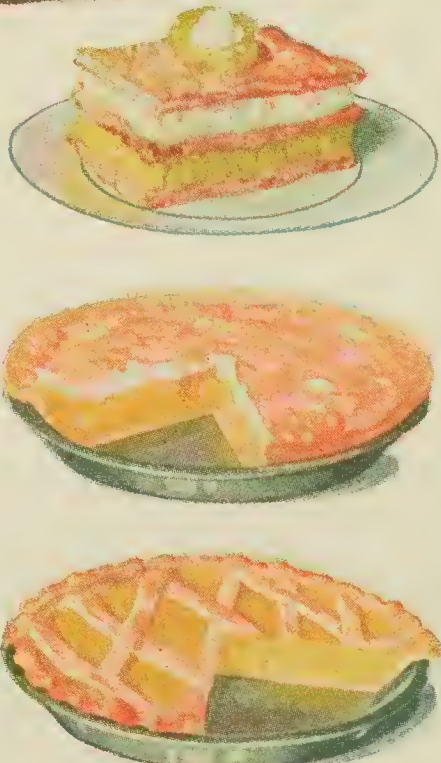
ASSOCIATION OF HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE CANNERS
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California

Three Pastry Recipes—Choose Your Favorite

PINEAPPLE NAPOLEONS: Bake a rich pastry crust or "puff paste" and cut immediately into squares. Spread first crust with a half-inch layer of well-drained Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Add another crust and spread with whipped cream. Put on the top crust and garnish with pineapple and whipped cream as indicated.

PINEAPPLE MERINGUE PIE: Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. salt and 2 tbsp. cornstarch and slowly add $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups hot milk. Cook in double boiler until thick (about 40 minutes.) Pour onto 2 egg yolks, return to boiler and cook until eggs thicken (about 3 minutes.) Cool and add 1 cup well-drained Crushed or Grated Pineapple and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with a meringue made of 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and 2 tbsp. powdered sugar. Brown quickly in a hot oven.

PINEAPPLE CRUST PIE: Drain the sirup from $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups Crushed or Grated Pineapple, and heat the sirup. Mix $\frac{1}{2}$ cup flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt and add the hot pineapple sirup, return to the heat and bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Remove from heat, add the drained pineapple and the juice of 1 lemon. Pour into a pastry-lined pie pan, cover with an upper layer of pastry (either solid crust or striped.) Bake in a hot oven until brown.



Buy it at your bakers' or make it at home with—

HAWAIIAN *Crushed or Grated* **PINEAPPLE**

CANNED
ready to use

OBSERVE THIS DISTINCTION!
Hawaiian Pineapple is canned in two ways to meet different culinary needs: SLICED—which every woman knows and serves right from the can; and CRUSHED or GRATED (both names being used for exactly the same product) ready for convenient and economical use in the making of endless tempting menu treats. Both are identical in quality and flavor. Keep both kinds on hand to fit the need of varying occasions.



THE NIGHTMARE.
Mother! I was dreaming
that Jimmie stole my
JELL-O



COME UP TO THE ATTIC!

With a little ingenuity any attic may be made beautiful

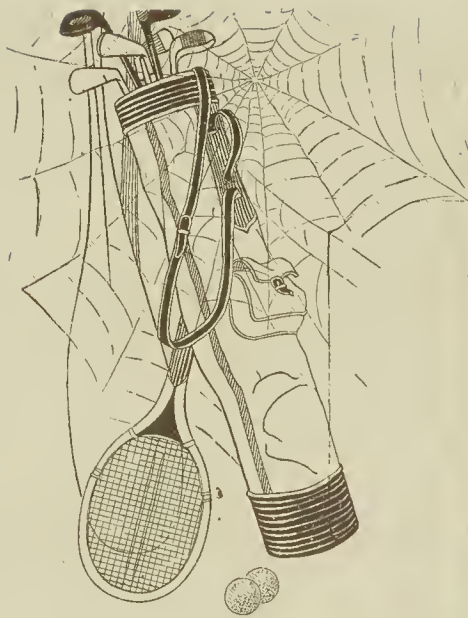
By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders

COME up to the attic with me and discover the possibilities for making comfortable and attractive rooms out of the strangely shaped and cheerless places that rooms under the roof usually are. If made inviting and comfortable, they become the happy retreats for the studious and industrious members of the family. They are often in great demand by the boy and the girl of the family for his or her special room, where they may tinker and paint to their hearts' content. Mothers too, find them ideal places in which to sew undisturbed. Guests are overjoyed with the secluded and quiet atmosphere that a room at the top of the house attains, so it is wise to give a thought to making them extra guest-rooms for the Summer months.

The windows in these rooms are usually small, so it is important to make the walls as light as possible. The wall-spaces and ceilings are often irregular and broken, due to either dormer-windows or sloping roofs. This means that flowered or figured paper would not be as appropriate as paper of small design, while striped paper would give height to a room with a low ceiling. Any of the dainty, soft colors so easily obtained

gingham ruffle to the edge of the cover of the box and make a pad or mattress of the same material for the cover. This will make a good-looking and comfortable seat. If cretonne is used for the bed-cover and dressing-table founce, short cretonne curtains lined with a good quality cheese-cloth or sateen will make very effective window draperies. However, yellow, blue or pink and white checked gingham would make most appropriate bed-covers and curtains for a room of this type. The yellow-and-white gingham could be edged with a black cotton tape and held three-quarters of the way down with little tie-backs made of the black tape. One chair and the bed could be painted black, while another chair and a common chest could be painted yellow, and each might have small designs painted on them in contrasting color. The floor, stained a dark brown, would make an excellent foundation for a rug of brown and tan. Little black-and-yellow bowls might hold buttercups and daisies. They would be inexpensive and effective bouquets for the Summer months. Potted plants could take their place during the Winter.

Have you ever thought what an attractive



Are your Life-Preservers up in the Attic?

MANY long months of indoor weather are ahead, before golf sticks, fishing kit, swimming suit and garden tools come into use again—months filled with business duties or household cares—months of hard work, bounded by four walls.

Many's the day you will be wishing for the "pep" and "go" and fitness, you felt last summer.

Be sensible in the selection of your diet. Don't make the mistake of loading the body with a heavy, starchy diet when you've put the life-preserving exercise away. That's the mistake that leads to dullness, weariness, brain-fag—and maybe to worse misfortunes. Try a dish of Grape-Nuts with cream or milk for breakfast. Try Grape-Nuts in place of your usual lunch.

That's safety, sanity—and comfort.

Grape-Nuts with cream or milk is a complete food, with the perfected goodness of whole wheat and malted barley, including the wheat vitamin, the phosphates and vital mineral elements. It digests quickly and easily without fermentation. It contains the essential bran from the whole grain to stimulate intestinal activity.

Grape-Nuts is deliciously crisp and appetizing, welcome at any meal—and it can be had in a moment.

Not only will a sensible diet, in which Grape-Nuts plays a full part, fit you for the rigors of winter, but will build up that reserve strength which will permit you to take advantage of the joys of the coming spring and summer.

Where you don't find Grape-Nuts you won't find people.

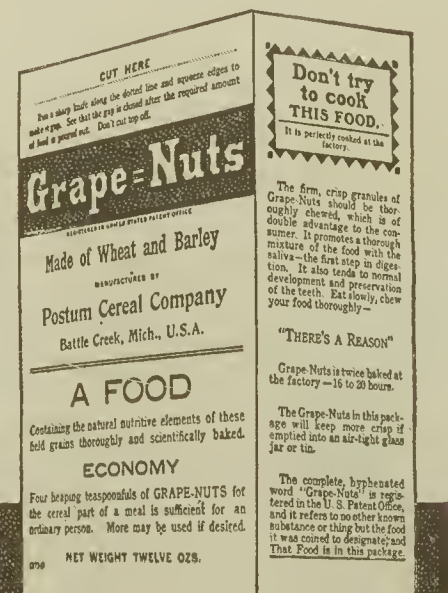
Grape-Nuts Six-Minute Pudding

1 cup Grape-Nuts 1 tablespoonful sugar
1½ cups milk ½ cup raisins

Cover Grape-Nuts with milk. Add sugar, raisins, and a little nutmeg. Boil six minutes and serve with any good pudding sauce.

Recipe makes six portions

Made by
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.



Built-in drawers take the place of a chest of drawers, and painted white does much to brighten an otherwise cheerless room

by the use of ready-mixed paint would make a delightful wall finish for such a room. Ivory or pale yellow would be an admirable color, considering small windows and a northern exposure. With this, a Colonial yellow floor paint would make a substantial background for a carpet of tan and buff.

SUCH a combination would make an excellent setting for any type of bedroom furniture. There is no necessity to follow any period or style in furnishing these little attic rooms. It is remarkable how odd pieces gathered from here and there will give the room a homey, lived-in appearance. An old iron or wooden bedstead can be given a new lease of life by a coat of paint or stain, while a very old and unsightly dressing-table may be disguised by a founce of flowered chintz. The bedspread could be of the same material. A small bed-table and wicker armchair would be a welcome addition and relieve the room from formality and severeness.

If a bathroom is not in close proximity, a small kitchen table with a rush mat behind will serve as a wash-stand. A swing-mirror on a chest of drawers makes a convenient piece if no high wall-space is available on which to hang a mirror. Wood shelving and built-in drawers painted to match the woodwork will conveniently fill corners and odd spaces. These make welcome places in which to store odd and treasured things. Sometimes a long box or a strongly made wooden chest on short legs will provide a window-seat and make a moth-proof container for Winter garments. Tack a wide cretonne or

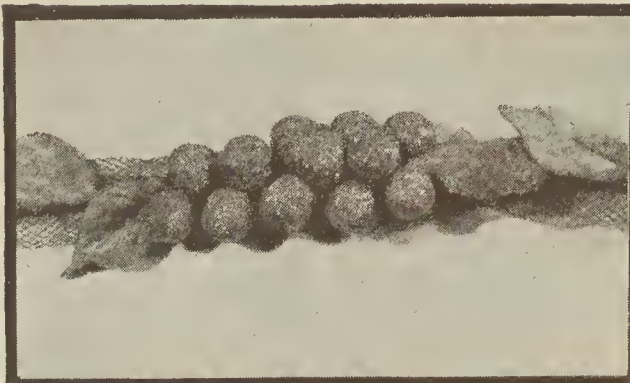
and out-of-the-way apartment the attic would make for a boy and his friends? Here Toms, Dicks and Harrys could make all the noise they chose without becoming a nuisance to any one, providing the play part of the attic was not directly over the living-quarters of the adults. Punching-bags, trapezes, work-benches and even billiard-tables have found their way into the open end of an attic. If the attic room is to be furnished in a way that will appeal to the boy himself, no frills, cretonne or fancy articles should be in evidence. Indian rugs or linoleum would make excellent floor-covering for such a room. Natural-colored linen, edged with a fringe to match, would make stout and durable curtains. A built-in bookcase, a broad, low bed that could be disguised as a couch for the daytime, a substantial desk and one or more comfortable wooden chairs would make the younger sons of the house happy and a joy forever.

IT IS seldom that the attic rooms have heat, so it is necessary to have either a fire-place or stove of some sort. Place the stove in an inconspicuous part of the room if possible.

If you treat your attic rooms as suggested, you will soon wonder what made them despised for so long. The air that comes through an attic window is purer than the dust-laden air from the street or road, and at night shadows make the attic take on a quaint and fascinating appearance. The quiet and the feeling of reigning supreme make up for the queer shapes and rough finish of these top-story rooms.

FRENCH COIFFURES ARE DRAWN LOW

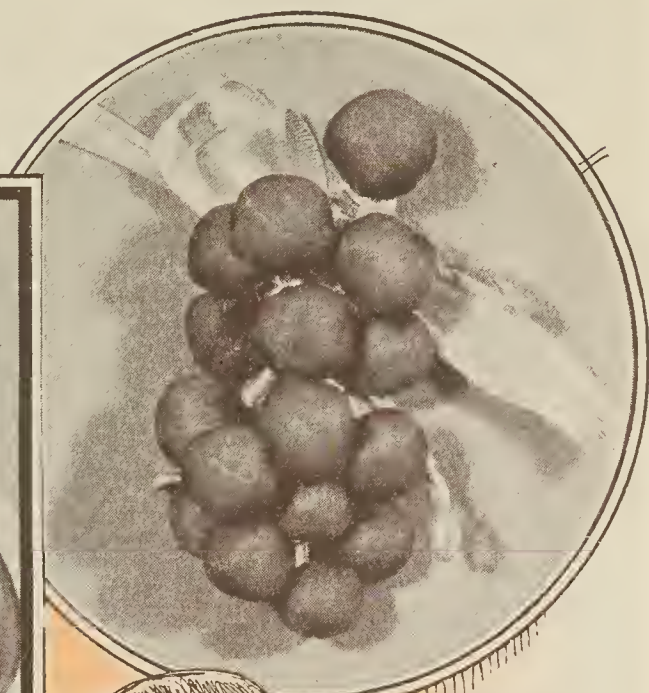
For Paris prefers ear wigs to ears



An enchanting circlet made from a white cloud of chiffon, mist of silver net and tulle to match your hair



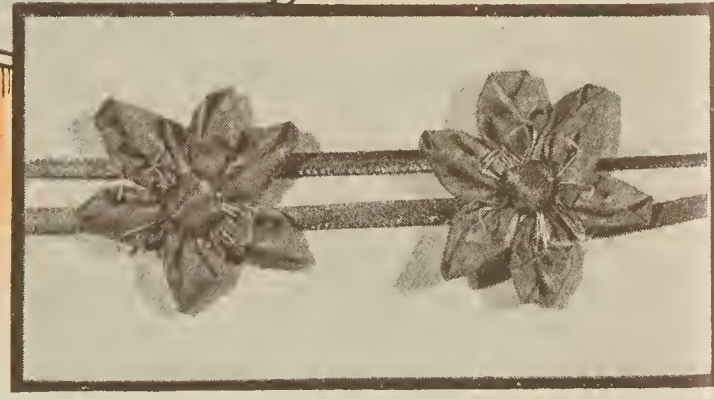
Black velvet leaves into beauty with gray chiffon balls gold-stemmed in this ornament



A sunlit amber comb topped with graceful flowers is beautiful to gaze upon



Detail of leaf for circlet at upper left



TOUT le monde—and that means every one in Paris who simply can not achieve the sound of *th*—wears a low coiffure in soft, graceful waves which end in a Psyche, simple knot or roll at the nape of the neck. To relieve these perhaps too classic lines, the French woman of taste adds an irresistible hair ornament in the form of these circlets or side adornments. Many of the French girls have adopted the piquant "bob," and any of these French ornaments, particularly the circlets, may be worn on the shorn head.

AN AMBER COMB IS A LOVELY FOUNDATION FOR A FANTASY

THE comb is often the foundation for something beautiful. You will need $\frac{1}{8}$ yard each of pale and deep pink and green chiffon, tinsel cloth and a plain back comb 5 inches wide. You will also need medium-weight wire, brown floss to wind the stems and cotton wadding. Wind wire around the top of the comb at the center and at each end. Cut $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares of dark-pink chiffon and tinsel. Place tinsel over the chiffon and fold in a triangle. Fold this triangle in half. Gather the raw edges and twist the opposite end into a curved point. Make 7 petals in all. Group them around a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch center circle of chiffon covered with tinsel. Make 9 large petals of 2-inch squares of pale pink chiffon and tinsel. Join 1-inch stem of wire to each petal. Wind stems and group them behind small petals. Make 2 more flowers. Join a flower over each wire on comb. Make 18 green leaves in the same manner of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch squares of green chiffon and tinsel. Do not twist end of leaves. Join 3-inch stem of wire to each leaf. Group leaves into a spray as follows: Wind 1 wire and the first stem 1 inch below leaf. Join another leaf 1 inch below last leaf.

Make 6 sprays of leaves, arranging them between flowers.

VELVET AND GOLD IN PLEASANT DISGUISE

QUITE enchanting side adornments for the low-neck hair-dress are black velvet and gold ornaments. You will need $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of heavy gold cord, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard each of dark-gray chiffon and black chiffon velvet, 1 spool of very fine gold cord and 4 black velvet leaves 3 inches long. Cut 6 circles of velvet $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter. Cut 12 circles of chiffon $\frac{3}{4}$ inch in diameter. Gather each circle and fill it with cotton wadding to form a ball. Join each ball to the end of a gold thread. The threads should be different lengths (from 1 to 4 inches). Group all threads together and sew 2 velvet leaves at top of group. Make another group in same manner. Cut 2 pieces of heavy gold cord 23 inches long. Cut one piece 30 inches long. Join each end of the long piece into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch loops. Join all 3 pieces together at each end. Sew the cluster to each side of these cords.

WINE-RED AND SILVER FOR OVER THE EAR

THE souvenir of Bacchus in $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch silver ribbon and scarlet grapes is a rich ornament. To make it, you will need $\frac{1}{8}$ yard each of thin silver cloth and red chiffon and 1 yard of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch silver ribbon, 3 yards narrow silver ribbon, 1 yard medium-weight wire. Cut 1 circle of silver cloth, 1 circle of red chiffon 2 inches in diameter. Place chiffon circle over silver circle. Gather edges. Fill with cotton wadding to form a ball. Twist 2-inch piece of wire around the base. Wind wire with narrow ribbon. Make 15 more balls in same manner. Group them together. Sew to a 20-inch band of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch silver ribbon. Tie the remaining ribbon into knots behind balls.

A GRACEFUL CORONET

AT THE upper left of the page is a graceful circlet to enliven a gay reveler's brow. You will need $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of white chiffon, silver net, tulle—the color of your hair—and purple velvet (or 22 small purple velvet leaves), 1 spool silver metallic thread and 1 yard medium-weight wire and fine wire.

Cut a piece of medium-weight wire 25 inches long. Make a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch loop at each end. Outline detail 22 times on the velvet. Have it picoted by machine in silver. Then cut the leaves out and sew a fine wire through the center of each leaf—on the wrong side—leaving a 1-inch stem. Sew the leaves one after the other to the heavy wire, binding them on with the silver thread. Wind a $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch ball of cotton wadding to the end of a piece of fine wire. Cover this ball with silver net. Join a ball to the wreath between every other leaf. When 8 balls have been placed, sew a group of 12 balls close together in one group. Twist the tulle in a soft roll and sew it behind the wreath.

A FLOWER CIRCLET FOR THE YOUNG DIANA

FOR the flower circlet, fold over a 3-inch square of blue silk to form a triangle, then fold the side ends over to the center point of this triangle; now that all 3 ends meet, sew them together. Make 5 more petals like this. For centers, cover wadding with $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch circles of silver cloth. Sew together in back. To flatten it, place the ball between the thumb and forefinger and press. Sew the flower centers to the back of the center of silver circles. Sew the petals around flower circles. Then sew a $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch circle of canvas to the back of these flowers. Fold a 46-inch length of silver ribbon in half. Sew the flowers to this silver ribbon, as shown above, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches apart.

Your Child's Health

Ready
for
Bed

Depends on the Fabric

used in making the garments in which the little one spends the long, recuperative hours of sleep.

Dr. Denton

Soft-Knit Sleeping Garments

are made of our *hygienic fabric*, knit from special yarn spun in our own mills from *unbleached cotton*, with which is blended some soft, natural-colored wool.

Every Mother Should Know

that *bleached* and *unbleached* cotton are as different as black and white.

Bleached cotton is COLD, absorbs and holds perspiration like a sponge—a ready conductor letting the vital body-heat escape, and conveying cold to the skin. It is ideal for summer, but clammy and cold for winter wear.

Unbleached cotton, used in Denton fabric, is WARM. Each fiber is still covered with the natural cotton wax and will not absorb water. Perspiration is carried off on the surface of the loose-spun fibers and the child's skin is always dry and warm.

To secure the utmost softness and durability, we use only high-grade cotton and wool, *double carded*.

Our loosely twisted yarn, knit in an open stitch, and the natural smoothness of unbleached cotton, give our unique *Soft-Knit* feeling. *The hygienic qualities of Dentons are spun and knit into the fabric.*

No dyes or chemicals are used, only new materials washed with pure soap and water. *Our washing process avoids stretching. Dentons do not shrink when washed at home but keep their original shape and elasticity.*

Body, feet and hands are covered, protecting the child from cold, even if bed coverings are thrown off.

Our new, patented, extra-full seat gives ample room in seat and crotch.

Dentons are ideal for fresh-air sleeping.

Dentons are well made in every respect: *elastic, outside seams*, collars double thickness, good buttons, strong button holes, facings all stayed.

They have a distinctive, mottled, light-gray color that does not readily show soil. *Each size is amply proportioned.*

Denton quality is maintained rigidly.

Our prices are always low *in relation to quality* as we are the largest and only exclusive makers of knit sleeping garments.

Sizes 0 to 6 have turn-down cuffs; sizes 7 to 14, plain cuffs. Sizes 0, 1 and 2 are extra large at hips to allow for use of diapers.

Insist on genuine Dentons. Our name is on neck hanger and our trade mark is on tag attached to each garment.

If you cannot get Dr. Denton Garments from your dealer, write us.

Over 5,000 Leading Dry Goods and Department Stores Sell Dentons.

Dr. Denton Sleeping Garment Mills,

602 MILL STREET,

CENTREVILLE, MICHIGAN.

TRADE MARK

This picture is on the trade mark tag attached to every genuine Dr. Denton Garment.



REAR VIEW.

ALLUREMENTS FOR THE BAZAARS OF BAGDAD

TOO early to prepare for the pre-Christmas bazaars and fairs? Not at all! What with Thanksgiving imminent with its prospects of a full house and a social calendar simply black with dates, the time is ripe to begin your contribution for the church bazaar and club fairs. The daughter of the house can use these dainty articles for her camp-fire "exchange," and as for hints for preparedness, remember it's only so many days until Christmas!

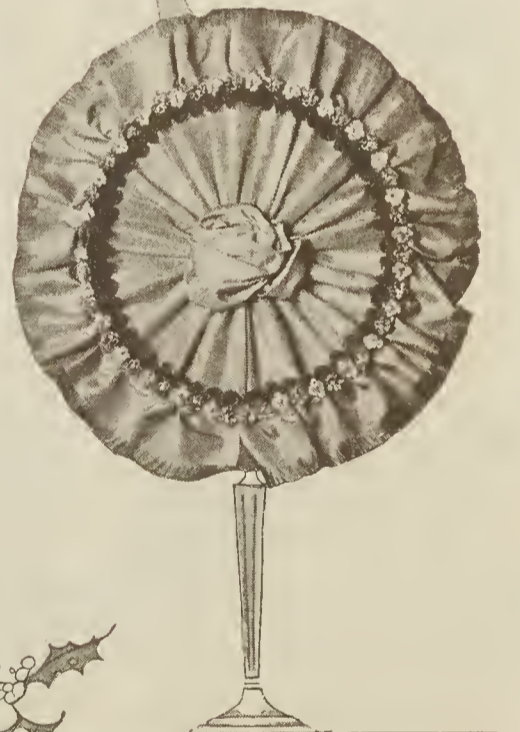
Pale-rose ribbon is an inspiration for the dainty pincushion at the upper left of the page. You will need 1 round pincushion mold or a round cushion 4½ inches in diameter, 1½ yard of pale-rose ribbon 2 inches wide, 2 yards deep-rose ribbon 1 inch wide, 1 yard pale-rose ribbon 1 inch wide, green flower centers and headed pins.

Cover the top of cushion with 3 strips of wide pale-rose ribbon. Gather remaining piece on both edges and sew one edge to edge of cushion. Full the other edge a little. Cut a 2½-inch piece of narrow ribbon. Fold one piece in half and gather ends together. Gather ¼ inch on folded edge. Make 4 more petals and group them around flower center. Make 4 flowers in each shade of rose. Gather both edges of remaining piece of ribbon and sew one edge to edge of cushion. Arrange the flowers around the edge of the cushion.

BAGS are in demand. You will need ½ yard of 40-inch taffeta, ⅛ yard blue taffeta, 2½ yards 1½-inch gold lace, 1 yard of gold cord, 1 narrow spool of heavy gray floss, 1 yard of heavy wire, 10 yards of rose seam binding. Wind frame with seam binding and cut taffeta 18 inches wide and long enough to extend around the largest part of the basket wire. Make a 4½-inch facing of blue silk and sew on one long side of rose silk. Make a 1-inch casing. Gather one end and sew at lower edge of basket frame. Draw taffeta up and sew to wire at top of basket frame. Cover the bottom of basket with taffeta. Sew gold lace along wire. Stuff a 2-inch circle of rose taffeta with cotton. Gather raw edges and wind wire around gathered edge allowing wire to extend 3 inches. For stem wind floss around the wire. Make 3 rose balls and 6 blue balls, wind the wires together with floss, and sew to top wire. You can buy the frame at any embroidery shop.

Light and dark rose linen blend happily in this scarf and pincushion for some dainty boudoir. You will need ½ yard of light-rose linen 40 inches wide, ⅔ yard of dark-rose linen, 4 skeins of white embroidery yarn. Cut a piece of light-rose linen 38½ by 16½ inches and picot the edge. ⅔ inch from the picot edge, hemstitch by machine. Cut two 12½-inch squares of dark-rose linen. Picot and hemstitch edges same as the scarf. Sew one square to each end of scarf. Apply embroidery design 10785, which you can obtain by writing Miss Ashley, on each end of scarf. Outline leaves and sides of petals in white yarn and buttonhole top of petals. Sew a piece of light rose to dark, so that petal extends below picot edge; buttonhole dark-rose linen to flower center.

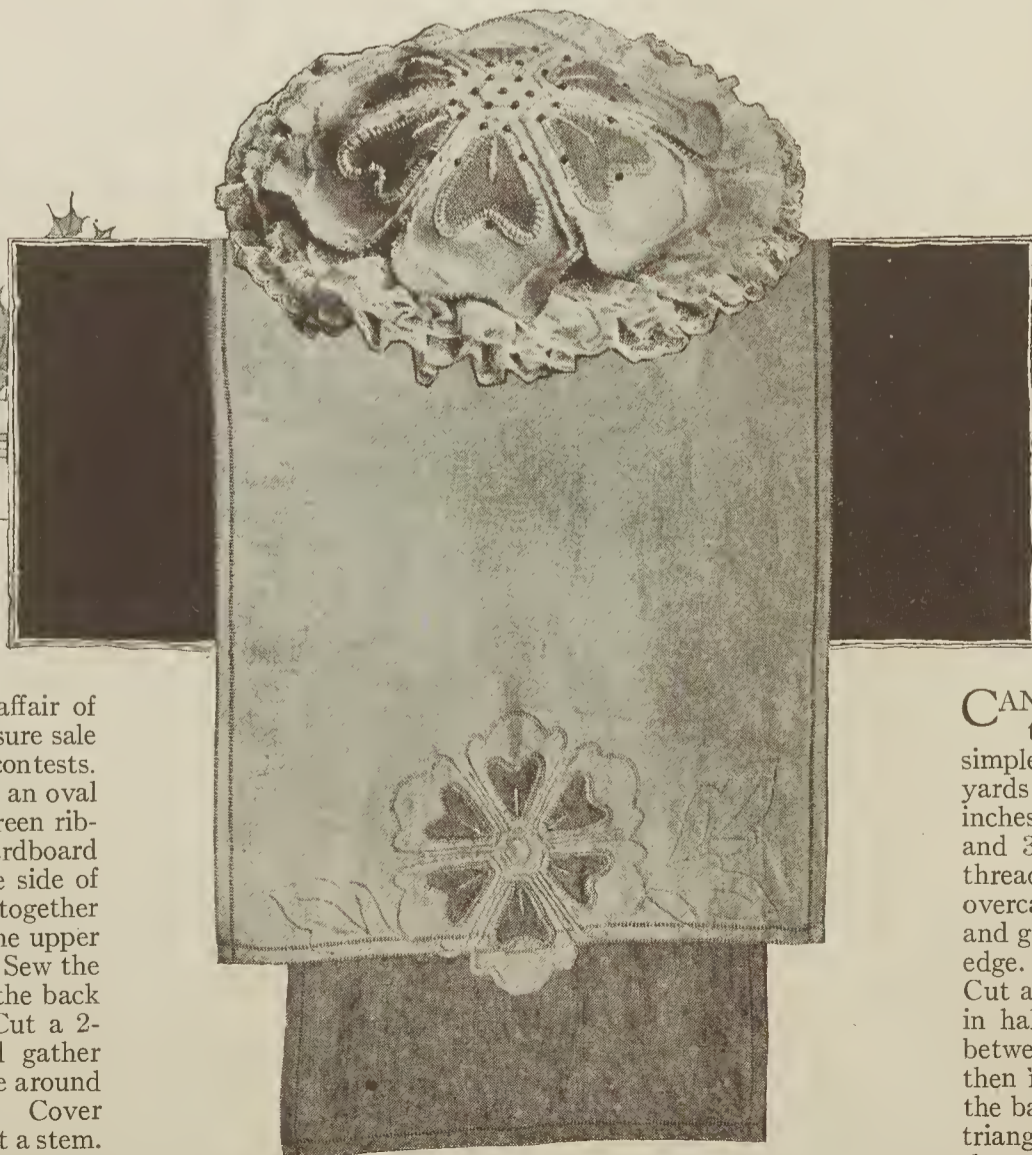
For the pincushion you will need 1 round pincushion mold or round cushion 6 inches in diameter, ¼ yard of light-rose linen, ⅛ yard of dark-rose linen, 5 yards of Val lace, 2 skeins of white embroidery yarn, and some headed pins. Cut a 9½-inch circle of light-rose linen, gather 1⅔ yard of lace ½ inch from the edge of the circle. Gather another lace ruffle the same length, ½ inch from last ruffle. Make another ruffle same as last. Hemstitch by machine along gathered edge of lace. Pin to pincushion. Write to Miss Ashley for embroidery design 10785. Apply the large motif from this design on the light-rose linen. Hemstitch by machine along outline of motif. Apply the dark-rose linen to the center of the petals. Work buttonhole stitching around the dark-rose linen. Work remainder of the design in outline-stitch and pin to top of ruffled linen.



Light and dark rose linen used to artistic advantage in a scarf and pincushion

Soft rose silk shades for these two graceful silver candlesticks

THIS exquisite little powder case from Paris, an affair of gay ribbon with an oval mirror for its base, is a sure sale for the Christmas bazaar, or a gay prize for party contests. You will need ½ yard of figured ribbon 5 inches wide, an oval mirror 2 by 3 inches, ⅛ yard of black velvet, some green ribbon, ⅔ yard of satin ribbon 2½ inches wide. Cut cardboard in an oval to fit the mirror and paste satin over one side of cardboard. Gather the narrow and wide ribbon together along one edge. Make a casing ¼ inch wide along the upper edge of the narrow ribbon, sewing it to wide ribbon. Sew the gathered edge to cardboard and paste the mirror on the back of cardboard. Run narrow cord through casing. Cut a 2-inch circle of velvet, stuff with cotton wadding, and gather the lower edge. Draw together tightly and wind wire around gathered edge, allowing 2 inches of wire for stem. Cover stem with green ribbon. Make 3 more balls, 1 without a stem. This enticing little vanity is a dainty remembrance for Christmas giving.



CANDLE shades of rose silk, decorated with gold lace and tiny white-and-pink rosebuds are popular, and very simple to make. You will need ½ yard of rose taffeta, 1¼ yards each of gold lace and rosebuds, a round wire frame 6 inches in diameter. Cut a piece of rose silk 20 inches long and 3¼ inches wide. Gather one long side and draw the thread tightly. Wind opposite side of silk around wire and overcast. Cut a strip of silk 34 inches long and 1¼ inch wide and gather one long side and sew to wire. Fringe the outside edge. Sew lace around the wire. Sew buds on top of the wire. Cut a piece of silk 20 inches long and 2 inches wide. Fold in half lengthwise and gather raw edge. Roll the material between thumb and forefinger. Roll the first part loosely and then roll it tightly. Draw the thread and fasten securely at the back. Cut a 3-inch square of silk and fold over to form a triangle. Gather raw edges. Make 2 more petals and sew them around the rose, which is then sewed to the center of the shade.

Losing 103 lbs. to Music!

Wallace Makes New Record Reducing Mrs. Derby in Less Than Four Months



The Sworn Statement of Three Quincy Citizens

We, the undersigned, have known Mrs. Harry Derby for years. Her amazing reduction by Wallace records came under our almost daily observation. We hereby testify to the entire truth of statements that follow.

*B. Liebmann
J. J. Bunch
J. F. Newman*

By WILLIAM R. DURGIN

QUINCY, ILLS.—In a happy little community of homes which fringe Vine Street, I discovered Quincy's happiest woman. All because she accepted an invitation to try a novel way of getting rid of a mountainous burden of flesh. Only last January, she was fat beyond hope. By May, her weight was normal! To readers who are overweight—a few pounds, or many—I shall offer Mrs. Derby's experience, just as it was related to me:

"When the postman brought the phonograph record with free reducing lesson, I never dreamed Mr. Wallace could make me weigh what I should. The best I had hoped for was a little relief—for I could scarcely get around, I was so heavy.

"The first few days of the course showed nothing, except I guess I felt better. After a time I began to lose. One day at market I stepped on the scales, and saw I had lost twenty pounds. Needless to say, I kept on with the records. Each week showed a little more reduction, until before long the neighbors all noticed the difference. I kept on losing right along, and I finally was down to the size my last picture shows."

An Easy Method

Now, one might think 103 lbs. reduction in only four months required the most strenuous efforts. But Mrs. Derby did nothing extraordinary; she followed the regular instruction that Wallace gives anybody. It was no harder to reduce her than those but ten, twelve, or twenty lbs. overweight—it merely required more time.

To get thin to music is really a "lark" compared to any other method of reducing. In fact, Mr. Harry Derby told me his household was frankly skeptical of real results when his wife started the Wallace course, just because it all



BEFORE



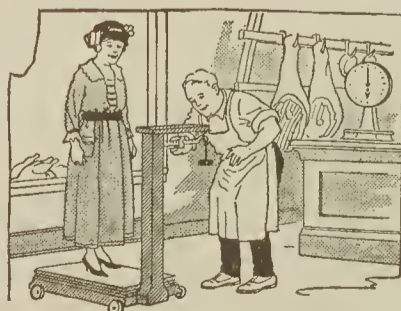
AFTER

ASTONISHING CHANGE BROUGHT ABOUT BY ONLY FOUR MONTHS' USE OF THE FAMOUS WALLACE REDUCING RECORDS—THE PICTURES ARE OF MRS. HARRY DERBY, 1100 VINE ST., QUINCY, ILLINOIS. READ HOW SHE GOT THIN TO MUSIC

looked and sounded too good to be true. There is nothing to "take," you don't have to starve; just a few movements with a thrill to each—that seem all too short because they are set to music. I guess it's the sheer fun of *doing* it that starts so many men and women on the melody method of reducing. But it's the sudden, certain results—the fat that's played away to the tune of a pound a day—that keeps them enthusiastically at it, and telling others about it.

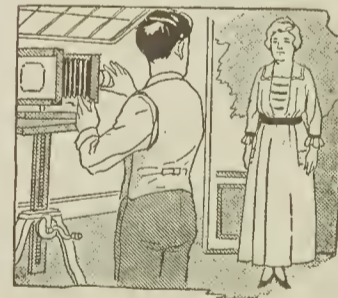
Benefited in Appearance and in Health

Mr. Newman, Quincy photographer (notice his signature to statement above), took two photos of Mrs. Harry Derby which are reproduced here. This is an indisputable evidence of Mrs. Derby's improvement—just as the camera saw it. I only wish you could see the lady herself! Not a sign of flabbiness, nor a wrinkle to show where the excess flesh had been. I am almost willing to believe her assertion: "I can now do anything a 15-year-old girl can do!" I have met scores who restored normal weight and measurements by Wallace's novel, and so enjoyable method. My



sister reduced by it, so did a brother; and two aunts of mine swear by it. Forty or fifty lbs. reduction through use of these records is fairly common. But Mrs. Derby's achievement—103 lbs. in a few days less than four months—sets a new record.

Are you overweight? And if you are, why remain so? A normal figure is possible to anyone who has a phonograph and will give Wallace's music method of reducing a chance.



The above should be sufficient proof of this, but Wallace still offers free proof in your own case.

Your simple request on handy form below brings the full first lesson free of any charge whatever. A regular-sized, and double-face phonograph record, and photographic chart with complete instructions. Pay nothing; promise nothing, except to *try* it. Results will cause you to send for the rest of his course in a hurry.

Don't ponder another day as to whether Wallace can reduce *you*. Tear out this coupon, and let him prove he *can*.

Important: Wallace is the originator of Reducing Records, and they are the result of many years' study and experience. Records without the name Wallace are **NOT** Reducing Records.

WALLACE, 630 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago:

Please send record for the first reducing lesson; free and prepaid. I will either enroll, or mail back your record at the end of a five-day trial.

Name..... (15)

St. and No.....

P. O..... State.....

Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg.



Booth's Sardine Loaf

Take one can Booth's Sardines (skin and backbone removed) two eggs, two tablespoons melted butter, two cups bread crumbs, pinch of cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Mix all together well, turn into a mold, cover and steam one hour. When cold cut into thin slices. This is excellent for sandwiches, or served hot or cold.

Save \$4.00 Monthly With This Dinner Dish

Serve once a week—at 6¼c per plate

YOU serve four people for a quarter—a delicious meal. The same meal with sirloin steak costs \$1.25—five times as much.

The steak served once a week would cost \$5.00 a month.

But this tasty fish once weekly costs one dollar a month. So this delightful dinner, served once a week in place of steak, saves \$4.00 every month!

It saves proportionately on all other usual meat dishes. (See chart below.)

Tasty Sardines Dinner Size

This new dish—new to you who have not tried it—is Booth's "Food-Sardines," Dinner Size.

Not the small, imported, costly kind, but large, nutritious Sardines with the sardine flavor and the same firm, tender meat.

They are easily secured in domestic waters—no customs duty. That's why the cost is low.

Booth's "Food-Sardines" are rich in protein and supply 900 calories of energizing nutriment per pound. They combine attractive flavor and high food value with amazing economy.

Compare with others. Decide for yourself.

Try them. Then you'll serve them at least once a week in place of expensive meats.

There are scores of ways to use them—ready-prepared as they come in the tin; broiled on toast; in salad; rolled and fried in bread crumbs for breakfast.

The entire family will enjoy them. Try and see.

Three Sauces for your choice

Booth's "Food-Sardines" are put up in three delicious sauces—tomato, mustard, and in vinegar and spices—providing new surprises each week.

They are highest quality sardines, so be sure to get this brand. You'll know it by the yellow crescent on the big oval tin.

To help cut your food bills down send for free book, Booth's "Food-Sardine" Recipes.

They tell many appetizing ways to use these sardines.

Compare These Costs

Based on a meal for four people, this is what the following foods cost on an average:

Sirloin Steak . . . \$1.25	Roast Pork . . . \$1.00
Lamb Chops60	Roast Beef90
Boiled Ham75	Roast Chicken . 1.75
Roast Veal1.40	Fresh Salmon . .75

Booth's "Food-Sardines" 25c



F. E. BOOTH Co.
Packers of High Grade Food
110 Market St., San Francisco, Calif.



Insist on having Booth's
Crescent Brand in the Oval Tin

F. E. Booth Co.
110 Market St., Dept. 2011,
San Francisco, Calif.

Please send free book of recipes.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

A WARMER HOME ON A SMALLER FUEL BILL

By Louise Fox Connell

Paste this article on a piece of cardboard and hang it near your furnace or boiler for reference. It tells exactly how to manage your heating plant to cut the fuel bill and at the same time to keep the house warm

AMERICANS have the hottest houses in the world, yet we shiver much of the time. This year coal is one of the precious "stones" and other fuels are proportionately dear, yet it is possible to keep warm and at the same time to cut the fuel bill by having the right kind of heat in the house and managing it well.

The first rule for getting the most from your heating plant is: Do not try to warm the world.

A DRAFT-PROOF HOUSE

ALARGE heater manufacturer says that it often costs more to heat a house in the South than in the North, despite the warmer climate, because many Southern houses are less tightly constructed.

It pays in the fuel saved to have a house in cold climates tightly constructed with well-insulated walls, floors and ceilings, a good basement and tight-fitting doors and windows.

Weather-stripping around windows will result in a saving of much fuel. Wood and felt weather-stripping can be bought cheaply and put up by the man of the house. Outside doors, too, should have wood and felt stripping. It should be placed on the bottom of doors opening inward. Even inside doors between bedrooms and hall may have weather-stripping attached to the bottom so that windows opened in one room will not chill the whole house. Strip felting may be used like wood and felt. If the wall-line adjoining the window or door frame is irregular, the crack may be closed with strip felting.

Strip felting on the top and bottom window-sills where the sashes rest and around leaky inside doors will prevent many drafts.

Metal weather-stripping requires more skilful workmanship to attach. It should be put on permanently and should allow easy raising of the sashes. Fuel saving of fifteen to twenty-five per cent. often results from fitting windows and doors with metal stripping.

Of course storm-doors, both front and back, are a great protection. Storm-windows pay for themselves in a few years, for about ten times as much heat goes through a window-pane as through a well-built wall. The dead-air space between the inner and outer panes of storm-windows forms a blanket which excludes cold winds. It should be possible to open at least one window in each room. At least one storm-window should be hinged at the top and fastened at the bottom with an old-fashioned shutter-hook, so that it can be opened for ventilation on mild days. The United States Fuel Administration said that merely pulling down all window-shades at night is a great protection against cold.

Stone, brick and concrete houses should be well calked around door and window frames with oakum or some other calking material that will expand or contract with the variation in the size of the cracks.

Double flooring on down-stairs floors not protected by a good basement is also worth while; a coat of plaster between the flooring, or, as a substitute, heavy insulating paper, may be used. Sealing the joints with lath and plaster or wall-board will do if the other methods are too costly or inconvenient.

A cold attic is one of the greatest wasters of heat. Such attics should have very tight floors to reduce the loss of heat through the ceilings of the rooms below. If you have open fireplaces, they should be equipped with dampers which should be kept shut when the fire is not burning.

SOOTLESS CHIMNEY AND PIPES

THE first rule for efficient heating is a clean chimney, flue, boiler-tubes and furnace passages. The United States Fuel Administration estimated that a dirty flue wastes one-tenth of the coal burned.

Besides this waste, according to the

National Board of Fire Underwriters, sooty chimneys are a very great fire hazard. The chimney should be cleaned once a year, or if soft coal is burned, oftener. An expert heater man will do it satisfactorily and thoroughly, and the saving in fuel will more than pay for his services.

Never purposely burn out a chimney. This is extremely dangerous and, in addition, is likely to injure the chimney lining.

One simple method of cleaning chimneys, boiler-tubes and furnace passages, quoted by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, is the burning of salt.

The fire should be brisk, with plenty of hot fuel. A pound of well-dried common salt is then scattered over the burning fuel. The dampers should be kept open to maintain the full heat until the fumes entirely disappear. (This usually takes about half an hour.) The soot is disintegrated by the action of the salt fumes. This method does not injure either brickwork or metal.

It is best to shut registers during this cleaning.

An eighth of an inch of soot on the heating surface of your boiler will make your coal bill more than one-fourth higher. Boiler-flues should be brushed out every week or two with a long-handled metal brush that comes especially for this purpose. Many of the more modern types of boilers have special clean-out doors through which it is easy to brush off the surfaces. Some of the most up-to-date boilers are so constructed that the soot falls off of the heating surfaces by its own weight so that frequent brushing is not necessary. Even with these boilers, however, it is important to clean the chimney once or twice a year.

MOIST AIR

HEALTH and economy go hand in hand in connection with moist air. Many authorities say that a large number of the colds, coughs and nose and throat irritations of Winter are due to our over-dry homes. Out-of-doors air is laden with moisture and health demands proper humidity. Dry air carries more dust than moist air and this is an added danger to health. From the economy standpoint, rooms can be kept at a lower temperature when the air is moist and they will feel just as warm as if the thermometer registered several degrees higher. Authorities agree that at least two degrees less heat is needed when the air is moist, while some authorities claim that a room which has sufficient moisture may comfortably be kept a full ten degrees lower than when the heat is dry. A further economy is in the furniture. In an over-dry heat, chairs and table-legs are apt to fall apart. If frost does not gather freely on windows in cold weather, the air is too dry.

The State College of Iowa says that four or five gallons or more of water a day is not too much to evaporate in the average house.

In a furnace a big water-pan with a large surface of water exposed should set well up in the warm-air space to allow rapid evaporation. It should be placed over the combustion-chamber with its bottom at least two inches above the top of the chamber. The pan may be kept filled automatically with a pressure water system. A good humidifier can be bought for spraying the heated air as it leaves the furnace. Jars of water kept over the registers, or pans of it kept just inside the registers, are of some help, although the water evaporates too slowly to have any very great effect.

For steam or hot-water heaters, pans designed especially for the purpose, which fit behind or on the radiators, may be bought. Each radiator should have one, but it must be kept clean and filled all the time. Wicks, or a pad of absorbent material hanging behind the radiator with one end in the pan, or sheets of asbestos paper under the pans with one or two needle-holes punched in the pans, increase evaporation.

RULES FOR RUNNING THE HEATING PLANT

Observance of these rules will greatly decrease your coal bill

SHAKING AND POKING

1. Clean ash-pit daily. Sprinkle ashes with hose or watering-pot.
2. Do not shake too much—once or twice a day is usually enough.
3. Shake with short, quick strokes. Have grate in flat position when shaking.
4. Stop shaking when first bright spot appears through grate.
5. In mild weather let layer of ashes remain in grate.
6. Let new fuel catch fire before shaking a low fire.
7. Poke fire only when coal forms cakes.
8. Poke fire from bottom, never from top.
9. Dislodge clinkers upward with poker.

ADDING FUEL

1. Tend fire at regular intervals.
2. Add fuel before fire is low. This saves coal.
3. Keep fire-pot always full to bottom of coal door.
4. In adding coal, leave one spot of red coals exposed to burn valuable coal-gas.
5. In the morning, open smoke-pipe draft-damper and ash-pit draft-damper and add a little fresh coal. When it is glowing, shake grate. Then add rest of coal.

DRAFTS

1. If automatic draft-regulators are provided, do not tamper with drafts.
2. Have check draft-damper and turn-damper in smoke-pipe. Turn-damper should fit loosely.
3. To check fire, open check draft-damper in smoke-pipe.
4. Do not open coaling door to check drafts. If this is necessary, you need proper dampers.
5. For most heaters, keep turn-damper in smoke-pipe nearly closed.
6. To increase draft, open only draft-damper in ash-pit door.
7. Do not use coaling-door damper except when you use soft coal, and do not regulate it until after fuel has been added.
8. Do not open whole ash-pit, as this sends good heat up the chimney.
9. If furnace or boiler is in small closed room, keep door or window open.
10. Do not let fire get very low at night.

SPECIAL RULES FOR RADIATOR HEAT

1. Before building first fire, fill steam-boiler or hot-water system with water.
2. Examine water-glass occasionally to see that water is half-way up gage-glass. When too low, fill system.
3. Free radiator air-valves of air once or twice a week or have automatic air-valves.

THE RIGHT TEMPERATURE

IN THE days when houses were heated by fireplaces, fifty to fifty-five degrees was a good house temperature. When stoves replaced fireplaces, sixty-two was the proper heat. Nowadays, when we use central heat, authorities differ as to whether the most healthful temperature for living-rooms is sixty-eight or seventy degrees. More than seventy degrees is too high; if you find that the family is cold at seventy degrees, the air is probably too dry. Bed-rooms should be much cooler than living-rooms during the day, and at night the windows should be opened.

Turn off the heat in unused rooms. Don't try to heat all of the rooms all of the time. If you have a hot-water system, make heavy radiator slip-covers and put them over radiators not in use to prevent freezing. Leave the valve open.

COVER THE HEATER AND PIPES

A SAVING of one-fifth or more of the good of your coal can be made by insulating the heater and the pipes. It is estimated that one square foot of bare surface on a steam boiler or pipes wastes two hundred pounds of coal a season, while with a hot-water system one hundred pounds, and with a hot-air system fifty pounds are wasted to the uncovered square foot. The hot-air waste is really greater than the others because a hot-air system has more piping than the others.

It is better, however, to have no insulation than to have the wrong kind. The Engineering Experiment Station of the University of Illinois recently made tests which prove that one thickness of ordinary asbestos paper actually makes more heat leak through the pipes than if they were left bare.

On the other hand, one thickness of air-cell asbestos paper and one thickness of ten-pound asbestos paper makes bright tin almost half again more heat-proof.

Double-wall tin pipes are even more efficient insulators and are easy to construct and install. A warm basement proves that your pipes and heater are not properly insulated.

SELECTION OF FUEL

THE United States Department of Agriculture, in a bulletin entitled "Operating a Home Heating Plant," gives the following list of fuels in the order of their desirability:

1. Anthracite coal in pea, buckwheat, stove, egg and furnace sizes.
2. Gas-retort or metallurgical coke in pieces one-half to three inches through.
3. Coal briquettes, two to three inches through.
4. Pocahontas (semi-bituminous) coal over one-quarter inch and up to three or four inches in diameter.
5. Sized bituminous coal in pieces one-half to three inches through.

Coke is often more satisfactory than a poor grade of hard coal. The smallest size of coke may often be bought more cheaply than other sizes because there is a belief that it drops through the grate-bars. However, experiments have shown that this size of coke is very satisfactory if the fire is not too violently shaken. A coke fire should not be shaken as much as a coal fire. This size of coke forms soft clinkers, but these easily break up. They should be removed from the fire before fresh fuel is added.

Start using whatever size coal is recommended for your particular heater by the manufacturer. If your draft is unusually strong, experiment with different proportions of a smaller-size coal mixed in. This makes the coal pack closer in the fire-pot and prevents too rapid combustion. If your draft is weak, a coal larger than that which has been recommended may be mixed with it to provide a passage of air.

The Department of Agriculture suggests that after a new heating system has been installed at least two kinds of coal should be bought and experimented with separately and mixed in different proportions. Notice whether they catch fire quickly, the amount of ash left, how completely the ash is burned, whether coal falls through the grates and whether clinkers form.

The suffering from a fuel shortage can be decreased if the above rules are followed.

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"Best results are obtained with Liquid Veneer Mop Polish when used on the World Champion

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"The handle is adjustable to any position, allowing the mop to be used under the lowest pieces of furniture. The frame will last a lifetime and when swab is worn out, buy a new one at moderate cost and your mop is brand new."

Illustration below shows full yarn center

Price \$2.00 at your dealer's
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 14

"If you was me, would you take boxing lessons from 'Uncle' Joe?"

Mr. Sage considered, weighing his words. "No, I wouldn't," he answered after a moment. Then he blew out the light. Instead of departing, he strode over and sat down on the edge of the bed. "I doubt very much if Joe Sikes is a scientific boxer. You wouldn't learn much from him, I'm afraid. But I'll tell you what I will do. I will give you a—er—a few instructions myself, if you will come over to the house, say once a week—secretly, you understand. You must never tell anybody that I am—er—giving you lessons in the manly art of self-defense."

He was glad that he had blown out the light. Somehow he knew that the small boy's eyes were upon him, and that they were filled with the sort of amazement that makes one most uncomfortable. This was proved by the very significant fact that Oliver did not speak. After a moment he went on, a little hurriedly:

"YOU see, Oliver, when I was in college I went in for sports and games. I was on the football team and the baseball team. Quite a number of us took up boxing. It is very fine exercise for both the body and the mind. Yes, yes—come and see me to-morrow and we will talk it over."

The three old men were waiting for him on the porch, none too amiably it would appear, judging by the glum silence that greeted him as he joined them. Mr. Link and Mr. Sikes spoke a gruff "good night" to Baxter and started off toward the gate at the foot of the slope. The minister paused at the top of the steps to shake hands with Oliver October's harassed parent.

"Thank you for coming over and helping straighten things out," said Mr. Baxter. Then he added: "Have you heard anything from Josephine lately?"

Now that was the one question which the people of Rumley religiously and resolutely refrained from asking Mr. Sage. They persistently asked it of each other, and they did not hesitate to bother the postmaster from time to time with inquiries—but they never asked it of Josephine's husband. It was a very delicate matter.

Mrs. Sage, in the sixth year of her married life—her baby was then two years old—surrendered to her ambition: she went on the stage.

And so it is no wonder that people hesitated about asking Mr. Sage how she was getting along; to most of them it was almost like inquiring if he knew how she was getting along in hell.

Besides, it was hard to ask questions of a man whose eyes were dark with unhappiness and whose face was drawn and sad and always wistful.

For nearly four years that very question had been on the tip of Mr. Baxter's tongue, struggling for release. He had always succeeded in holding it back. And now, before he knew what he was about, he let go and out it came. He was petrified.

"Not lately," said Mr. Sage quietly.

RUMLEY had not stood still during the decade. It was the proud boast of its most enterprising citizen, Silas Link, that it had done a great deal better than Chicago: it had tripled its population. Rumley's phenomenal growth over a period of ten years was due to several causes. In the first place, it had become a divisional railroad point, with shops, a roundhouse and superintendent's headquarters. It was now a junction as well, a new branch line connecting there with the main line. This had brought nearly three hundred new citizens to the town. Later on, in 1896, a "cannery" was added to the list of industries. These extraordinary symptoms of prosperity drew capital of another character. Two saloons, with pool and billiard rooms attached, were opened on Clay Street and did a thriving business from the start, notwithstanding the opposi-

tion of the Presbyterian and Methodist churches. New grocery stores, butcher shops, dry-goods stores and so forth were established by outside interests, each of them bringing fresh enterprise and competition to the once drowsy hamlet.

Oliver Baxter owned one of the new business "blocks" on Clay Street. It was known as the Baxter Block. His own enlarged place of business occupied one-half of the ground floor, the other half being leased to Silas Link, who conducted a furniture, cabinet-making and undertaking establishment there, with palms in the front windows.

Link's livery-stable and the feed-yard of Joseph Sikes had been consolidated, the sign over the sidewalk on Webster Street reading "Link & Sikes, Livery and Feed." The second floor of the Baxter Block was occupied by Doctor Slade, the dentist, and Simons & Son, tailors. The third floor was known as Knights of Pythias Hall, and it was there that all the "swellest" dances and receptions were held.

Mary Baxter died of typhoid fever when young Oliver was nearing seven. Her untimely demise revived the half-forgotten prophecy of the Gipsy fortune-teller. People looked severely at one another, and, in hushed tones, discussed the inexorable ways of fate. Those acquainted with the story of that October night told it to newcomers in Rumley; even the doubters and scoffers were impressed. It was the first sign that young Oliver's fortune was coming true. Somehow people were kinder and gentler to him after his mother died.

As for Oliver the elder, there was a strange—almost triumphant—expression in his stricken, anxious eyes, as if back of them in his mind he was crying: "Now will you laugh at me for believing what that woman said?"

Of an entirely different nature was the agitation created by the unrighteous behavior of the preacher's wife. It all came like a bolt out of the blue. No one ever suspected that she had gone away to stay. Why, half the women in town, on learning that she was going to Chicago for a visit with her folks, went around to the parsonage to kiss her good-by and to wish her a very pleasant time.

Excoration and a stream of "I told you so's" were bestowed upon the pretty young wife and mother when it became known that she was not coming back.

She did not belong in Rumley. That was the long and the short of it. The greatest compliment ever paid to the holy state of matrimony was her ability to stick it out for six long years. In her own peculiar way she loved and respected her husband. But the bonds of love were not strong enough to hold her. She was gay and blithe and impious; she loved life even more than she loved love.

HERBERT SAGE was stunned, bewildered. She wrote him from Chicago at the end of the first week. It was a long, fond letter in which she said she was not coming back—at least, not for the present. She was leaving at once for New York, where she had been promised a trial by one of the greatest of American producers. A month later came a telegram saying she was rehearsing a part in a new piece that was sure to be the "hit of the season"—everybody said so, even the stage director who had the name of being the biggest "gloom" in New York. It was a musical comedy, and she had a small part that was going to be a big one before she got through with it.

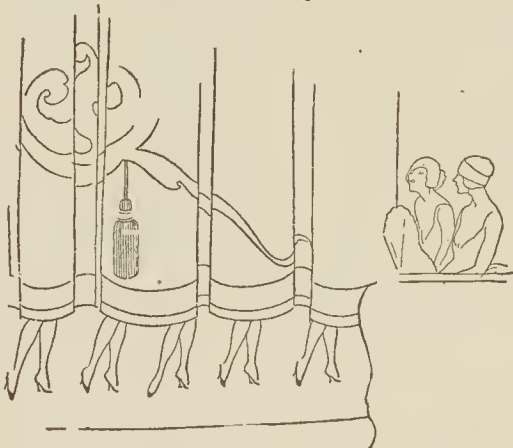
"With my good looks, my voice, my figure and my ambition, Herby," she wrote, "I can not fail to get over. Everybody says I've got talent, and that dance I used to do for you on week-days when it wasn't necessary to be sanctimonious—well, they are all crazy about it. Before you know it, my dear, you'll be the husband of one of the most celebrated young women in the United States, and I'll be cashing checks every week that will make your whole year's salary in that burg look like the change out of a silver half-dollar after you've bought two ten-cent sodas at Fry's drug-store. I don't suppose I will say my prayers as often as I did when you were around to remind me of them, but I will be a good girl just the same—also a wise one."

That was four years ago. Her confidence in herself had been justified. She had the talent, the voice, the beauty, and, above all, the magnetism. She was being "featured" now, and there was talk of making a star of her. Her letters to Herbert were not very frequent, but they were invariably tender. Every once in a while the press-agent sent

Continued on page 79

SPEAKING OF ANKLES

BY *Natalie Morris*



ALTHOUGH history saith naught on the subject, it is a safe surmise that Marc Antony, not being unobservant of maidenly charms, was first attracted to the fair daughter of the Ptolemies by a fleeting glimpse of her shapely ankles. Even in those days, centuries before Ziegfeld, the Egyptian ladies who topped the society columns in the daily Papyrus must have known the lure of lovely tarsi.

On the sidewalks of the city, up-and-down Main Street, where'er milady walks, eyes pay constant tribute to the slender, graceful ankle. If one is so fortunate as to boast a well-modeled pair she can accentuate their beauty by carefully chosen stockings and should never, never! mar their gentle curving by crooked, ungainly seams. And, even if one's ankles are not quite perfection, one may still make amends by avoiding crooked seams, wearing Burson stockings, which fit perfectly and have no seams whatever to annoy the eye.

For who of you has failed to observe the fact that a stocking seam seldom runs straight up the back of the stocking? It is easily verified if you still doubt this statement. Just notice next time you are walking on a busy street. No matter how impeccably dressed madame or mademoiselle may be otherwise, the wind will whip skirts, and wind-whipped skirts will pull stocking seams awry. There is no help for it but Burson.

Burson has done away with the need for seams by perfecting a knitting process that fashions stockings right on the loom, so that they conform perfectly to the natural curves of the leg.

To be sure of getting real fashioned hosiery, ask the lady behind the counter for Burson.

Not only are Burson stockings a joy to wear because of their perfect fashioning, but they are extremely comfortable due to the fact that they have no seams to annoy the feet. Furthermore, just that little saving in bulk, because of the absence of the seam, often permits the wearing of a smaller shoe. The men may smile at that, but we all know how important it is.

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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 78

him a large batch of "notices," chiefly eulogistic; and regularly on little Jane's birthday a good-sized check arrived for the youngster's "nest-egg."

At first she had undertaken to share her salary with Sage. After three checks had been returned to her she accepted the situation, although she wrote him that he was a "silly old thing." Finally, in one of her letters announcing a prospective engagement in London, she put the question to him: "Do you want to get a divorce from me, Herby?" His reply was terse and brought from her the following undignified but manifestly sincere telegram: "Neither do I, so we'll stick till the cows come home. I feel like a girl who has just been kissed. Sailing Friday. Will cable. Much love."

She made a "hit" in London in the big musical success of that season. They liked her so well there that they wouldn't let her go back to the States.

At the time of which I write she was playing her first engagement in London, and half the town was in love with her.

While Herbert Sage forbore speaking of the vagrant Josephine to his friends in Rumley, nevertheless he preserved and reread from time to time the mass of press-clippings that he kept safely locked away in a drawer of the bureau. He looked long and hungrily at the countless photographs with which she never failed to beleague him in his loneliness; and then there were the magazines, the pictorial sections of the newspapers and the reproductions of a score of original drawings done by celebrated artists and illustrators on both sides of the Atlantic.

Morning and night she was in his prayers; and little Jane, as soon as she was able to prattle, was taught to say "and God bless and keep my mama forever and ever. Amen."

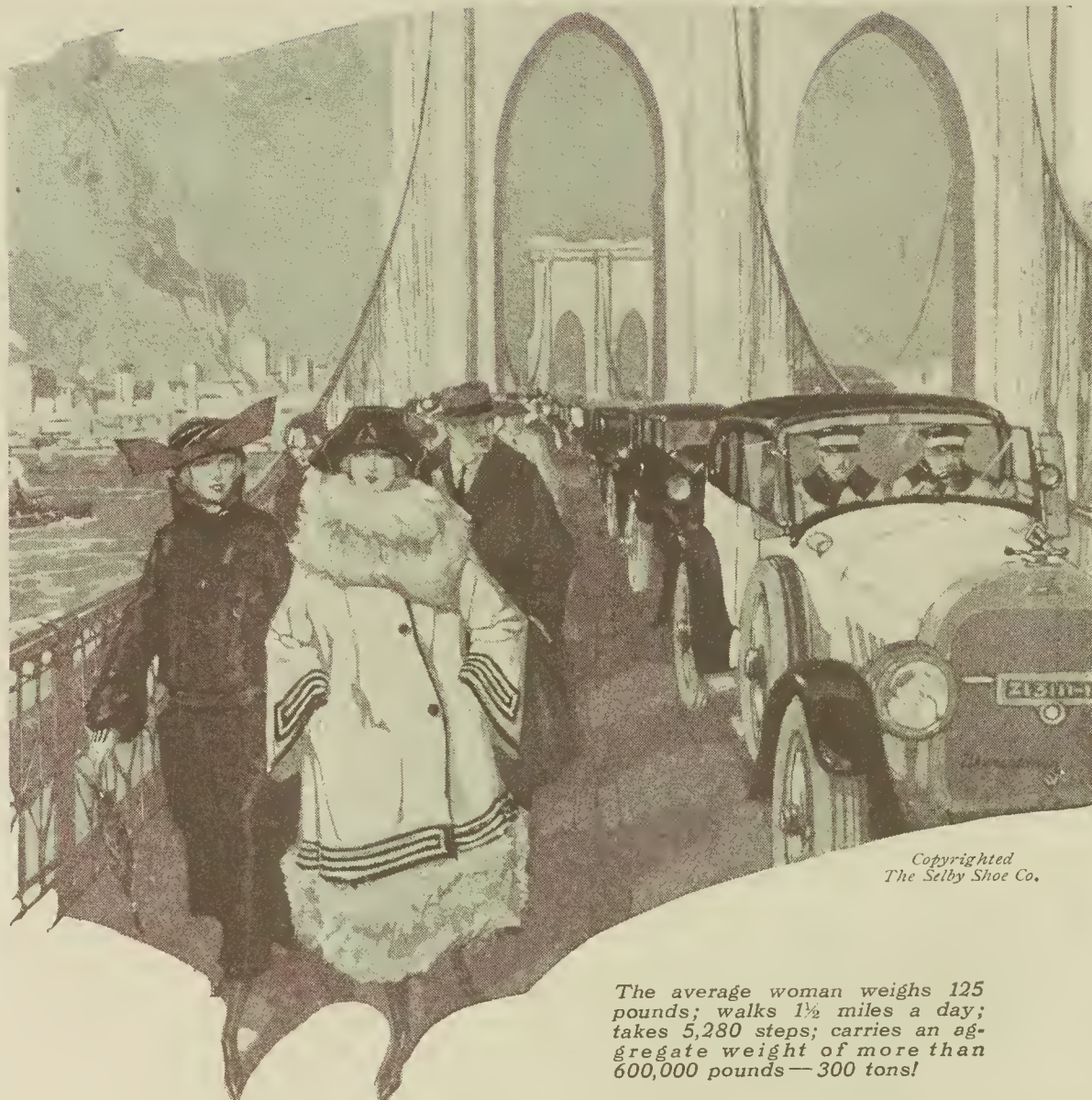
SHE was greatly missed by little Oliver October. She had taken a tremendous fancy to the child. He was a lively, amusing little chap who laughed gleefully at her antics and was ever ready for more—a complementary spirit that constantly supplied kindling for her own unquenchable fires. She romped with him, told marvelous stories to him, sang for him, danced for him and—just about the time she was making ready to leave Rumley—guiltily showed him how to turn a cart-wheel! He was very much impressed by this astonishing bit of acrobatics, and as she faced him, her face crimson and her eyes sparkling, he paid her a doubtful but fulsome compliment by saying he'd bet his mother couldn't do it, nor any other lady in town, either. She made him promise not to tell anybody—and he was never, never to ask her to do it again, because she was getting very old and the next time she might fall and break her neck—"and he wouldn't like that, would he?"

This small boy of five or six was the only being in town with whom she could play to her heart's content, and she made the most of him. Her own tiny baby interested but did not amuse her. In the first place, she had not wanted a baby at all, and in the second place, since she had to have one, she could not understand why she had not had a boy.

Oliver October could not see why he was not allowed to mention "Aunt" Josephine's name in the presence of "Uncle" Herbert. His mother and Mrs. Serepta Grimes—who, by the way, was still an ever-present help in time of trouble—gave him strict orders and repeated them so often that he never had a chance to forget them. When he found out in a roundabout way that Mrs. Sage had gone off to join a show, he was very firm in his determination to run away from home and join it too.

But youth is ever fickle. Oliver October's heart was soon mended. He was always to have a warm corner in it for the gay "Aunt" Josephine, but such diverting games as "One Old Cat," "Blackman," "I Spy" and "Duck

Continued on page 80



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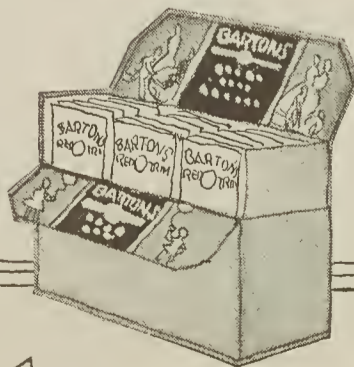
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 79

on the Rock" rather too promptly reduced his passionate longing for her to a mild but pleasant memory. They also interfered with his acrobatic aspirations, and it was not until little Jane Sage arrived at an age when she was intelligent enough to be impressed and thrilled by manly achievements that he again took up the cart-wheel, the handspring and other sensational feats of endurance—endurance being a better word than agility, in view of the fact that he practised them by the hour for her especial benefit.

For Janie Sage, at the age of six, was by far the prettiest and the most sought-after young lady in Rumley, and only the most surpassing skill with the hands and feet was supposed to have any effect upon her susceptibilities.

What with having had past instructions in the art of cart-wheel flipping from a minister's wife, and the present promise of lessons in boxing from the minister himself, Oliver October was indeed a favored lad!

Three or four days after the warning administered to Oliver by his self-appointed guardians, one of the latter, Mr. Sikes, found himself in an extremely awkward position. He was a man of dark and lasting hatreds. His particular aversion was brothers-in-law. He had two of his own and he hated both of them as men are seldom hated by their fellow man. His opinion of them somewhat unjustly extended itself to the brothers-in-law of practically every friend he possessed. It had got to be an obsession with him. The husbands of his two sisters, it appears, had instituted some sort of proceedings against him in court back in the dark and stormy age that he called his youth, and while history does not reveal the nature of the suit, it goes without saying that they won their case, thereby providing him with an everlasting grudge against all brothers-in-law.

Horace Gooch had come over from Hopkinsville to see his wife's brother on a matter of business. Ten years had not improved Mr. Gooch. If you had asked Mr. Sikes, however, whether they had improved him he would have blasphemously answered in the affirmative. He would have stated that anything that shortened the life of Mr. Gooch could not be otherwise than a most gratifying improvement.

NOW, this is what happened—and any fair-minded person will sympathize with Mr. Sikes in his dilemma. As Gooch was leaving the Baxter Hardware Store, after a furious wrangle with his brother-in-law—Mr. Sikes had heard most of it through an open window—he had the option of either stepping over or around a half-grown puppy lying immediately in front of the door. He did neither. Notwithstanding the friendly thumping of the puppy's tail on the sidewalk and the hospitable smile in his big brown eyes, Mr. Gooch proceeded to remove the obstruction with the toe of his boot. He did not do it gently.

Mr. Sikes turned the corner of the building just in time to witness this incident. He was also witness to what followed.

Oliver October and Sammy Parr were playing "keeps" against a brick wall a dozen paces or so away. Now, it so happened that the former was the sole owner of that sacred pup. Before you could say Jack Robinson, Oliver October was blazing away at the retreating figure of his uncle with marbles he had just won from Sammy. He did not take time to look for stones in the gutter. His face was white with fury. Mr. Gooch uttered a sharp ejaculation and clutched his left elbow with his right hand. An instant later the most coveted agate in Rumley grazed his ear and went hurtling down Clay Street. Mr. Sikes, forgetting himself for the moment, cried out:

"Good shot! Give it to him!"

Another hastily fired "plaster" got Mr. Gooch on the leg, and then young Oliver took to his heels—not because he was afraid of his uncle, but because he had caught sight

of the far more terrifying figure of Mr. Sikes. "Whose boy is that?" demanded the outraged Mr. Gooch.

"None of your damned business!" snarled Mr. Sikes, lowering his chin in a menacing way.

"I will make it my business," roared the other. "I'll have the little scoundrel locked up for—"

"You just go ahead and try it," broke in Mr. Sikes, advancing slowly. "Just you go ahead and try it. That's all I got to say. Go ahead and try it."

By this time Mr. Gooch had recognized the angry citizen.

"Oho! Mr. Sikes, eh? Well, what right have you to get mad, Mr. Sikes, because I ask you the name of a dodgasted little—"

"I'm not mad," interrupted Mr. Sikes violently. "I'll tell you who that boy is if you really want to know."

"I do," said Mr. Gooch, feeling of his elbow.

"Well, he is the owner of that pup you just kicked in the ribs. Good day!"

With that, Mr. Sikes stalked around the corner, a prey to conflicting emotions. He stole down the alley, with many a furtive glance over his shoulder. He felt very guilty. He had openly, vociferously encouraged Oliver October in the commission of a deed of violence. Suppose, for instance, one of those rocks—he did not know they were marbles—had struck Horace Gooch at the base of the brain! He wiped his moist forehead. Just suppose!

IT IS not the purpose of this story to deal at length with the deeds, exploits, misdeeds and sensations of Oliver October as a child. Pages, even reams, could be written in recording the innumerable adventures that befell him between his tenth and seventeenth years.

At that age he left the Rumley high school and became a freshman at the State university. There had been some talk of sending him to one of the big Eastern colleges, but when Mr. Sikes pointed out to Mr. Link that he didn't see how either one of them could give up his business and go East to spend the Winters, the latter flopped over and took sides with him against Oliver senior, who was for sending him to Princeton.

The last of the three decades allotted to him by the Gipsy was shorn of its first twelve months when he received his degree.

A word in passing about Jane Sage. She was a slender, graceful girl, slightly above medium height, just turning into young womanhood—that alluring, mysterious stage that baffles the imagination and confounds the emotions. Her gray eyes, set widely apart under a broad brow, were clear and soft and wistful, and yet in their depths stirred the glow of an intelligence far beyond her slender years. She was an extremely pretty girl. Her mouth was rather large, and, like her mother's, humorous. Her hair, brown, wavy and abundant, grew low upon her forehead. Her teeth were small, even, and as white as snow. There were faint dimples in her cheeks.

She kept house for her father, and, at seventeen, made no secret of her determination never to get married! That was settled. Never! She was going to take care of her daddy as long as he lived.

She adored Oliver October. There had been a time when she was his sweetheart, but that was ages ago—when both of them were young! Now he was supposed to be engaged to a girl in the graduating class—and Jane was going to be an old maid—so the childish romance was over.

Late in the fall of 1911, young Oliver, having passed the age of twenty-one and being a free and independent agent, packed his trunk and shook the dust of Rumley from his feet. Through the influence of an elder member of his "frat," supported by the customary recommendation from the college authorities, he had secured a position in the construction department of a Chicago engineering and investment concern interested in the developing of water-power plants in the Northwest.

THERE was grave uneasiness in Rumley when he fared forth in quest of fame and fortune. Many were the predictions that Chicago would be the ruin of him; he was bound to fall in with evil companions in that wicked city. College had been bad enough—but Chicago! Yes, he was working inevitably toward the end prophesied by the Gipsy.

And then, when old Oliver resignedly an-

Continued on page 81

Fruit of the Loom



How long do pajamas last?

It takes an exceptional material to make satisfactory pajamas—durable, attractive, and comfortable. For years women have found Fruit of the Loom to be the ideal fabric for pajamas for their menfolks.

The well-spun thread and close weave account for unusually long wear. The soft, smooth finish makes it comfortable. Frequent tubbings do not alter its bright whiteness or harm its firm texture.

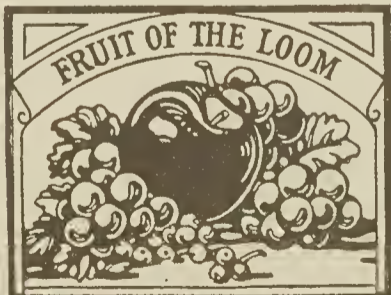
Should you prefer ready-made pajamas of Fruit of the Loom you can get them for men and boys at good stores everywhere; you can also get numerous other things made of this well-known fabric. The famous "Fruit" label is in every genuine article; while Fruit of the Loom by the yard has the name stamped on the selvage.

Send for a sample of the new Fruit of the Loom Nainsook, lighter in weight than "Fruit"—a beautiful fabric designed to fill the need of a material for fine underwear.

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"When Molly Married"

An interesting story of the many uses of Fruit of the Loom—some that you never dreamed of—is told in our booklet, "When Molly Married." We will be glad to send it to you, free, together with samples of Fruit of the Loom. The attached coupon is for your convenience.

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Dear Sirs: Please send me, without charge, your booklet, "When Molly Married," and samples of Fruit of the Loom Nainsook.

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Street.....
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 80

nounced that his son was going up into the wild and lawless Northwest, where everybody carried guns and lynchings were common, there was real consternation among the older families in Rumley.

Early in 1913 he was sent to China on a mission that kept him in the Orient for nearly a year and a half. A week before Christmas, 1914, the Rumley *Despatch* came out with the announcement that Oliver Baxter was returning from the Far East, where he had been engaged in the most stupendous enterprise ever undertaken by American capital, and would arrive on the twenty-second to spend the Christmas holidays with his father.

"Samuel Parr, the well-known insurance agent," said the *Despatch*, "who is to be married on the twenty-ninth to Miss Laura Nickels, received a telegram this morning from Mr. Baxter in which he states that he will be happy to officiate as best man at the ceremony, which, instead of being solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Nickels, on Grant Street, as originally planned, will take place in the Presbyterian church. Miss Jane Sage will be the maid of honor. Mr. Baxter's many friends will be glad to welcome him to the hustling city of his nativity. Few young men have achieved," etc., etc.

THE word that he was back in the United States and on his way to Rumley created quite a little excitement in town. It was the opinion of a good many people that he now stood a pretty fair chance of escaping the fate prescribed for him by the Gipsy fortune-teller—provided, of course, he could be persuaded to remain in Rumley for the next five years, ten months, one week and five days.

He arrived on the eleven-twenty from Chicago and was met at the depot by a delegation. Samuel Parr was master of ceremonies.

"Stand back just a minute, will you?" Sammy commanded, addressing those in the front rank of the crowd. "Give his poor old father a chance to shake hands with him! Hello, Oliver! How's the boy? Here's your father—this way. Never mind your suitcases; I'll 'tend to 'em."

Young Oliver rushed up to his father, both hands extended.

"Hello, dad! My old dad!"
"I can't believe my eyes—no, sir, I can't," cried the old man quaveringly. He was wringing his son's hand. "You're back again, alive and sound. For three years I've been sitting around waiting for a telegram—"

"You bet I'm alive," broke in Oliver October, laying his arm over the old man's shoulder and patting his back. "And you don't look a day older than when I left! Hello, 'Uncle' Joe! Well, you see they haven't hung me yet."

"And they ain't going to if I can help it," roared Mr. Sikes, pumping Oliver's arm vigorously. "Not on your life! It's all fixed, Oliver. We've got you the appointment of city civil engineer for Rumley, salary eighteen hundred a year. How's that? The Common Council took action on it last Monday night, unanimous vote, politics be damned."

"Give somebody else a chance, will you?" interrupted Sammy Parr. "Come over here, Oliver, I want to introduce you to the bride-elect. She came here to live after you went away, and she's crazy to meet you. Just a minute, Mr. Link. Plenty of time—plenty of time. Don't crowd! Ladies first—ladies first."

"Where is Jane, Mr. Sage?" inquired Oliver October, when he had a breathing spell. He was searching the outer edge of the throng with eager, happy eyes.

"She is up at your father's house, Oliver, helping Mrs. Grimes with your home-coming dinner," replied the minister, still gripping the young man's hand. "It is good to see you, my boy—God bless you."

"I've never forgotten the things you said to me the day I went away, 'Uncle' Herbert. I've led a pretty clean life, sir, and I've never

Continued on page 82



Save the Life of Your Tooth Enamel

"Wash"—Don't Scratch or Scour Teeth

GRITTY, soapless tooth pastes may show quick results. If you scour away your skin, Nature can replace it. But even Nature will not replace tooth enamel once it has been worn away by gritty, soapless tooth pastes.

COLGATE'S CLEANS TEETH THE RIGHT WAY

"Washes" and Polishes—Doesn't Scratch or Scour

IT IS A DOUBLE ACTION DENTIFRICE:

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Sensible in Theory. Healthy saliva is practically neutral, sometimes slightly alkaline. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream is mildly alkaline, practically neutral, and cleanses without disturbing Nature's balance. Avoid dentifrices that are strongly alkaline or appreciably acid. Colgate's helps to maintain the right mouth conditions.

Correct in Practice. Harsh drugs and chemicals harm mouth tissues. Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream does not contain them. Authorities agree that a dentifrice should do only one thing—clean teeth thoroughly. Colgate's does this. No false claims are made that Colgate's possesses any other virtue, but it does possess this one in a higher degree than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



Colgate's cleans teeth thoroughly—no dentifrice does more. A LARGE tube costs 25c—why pay more?

Truth in Advertising Implies Honesty in Manufacture



HOOSIER

Makes Kitchen Work a Joy

The owner of a large apartment house wrote us:

"When we took over this apartment house last Fall, we found the kitchens (forty-six of them) equipped with HOOSIER Kitchen Cabinets.

"We have heard only words of enthusiastic praise from every tenant. We have seen the way prospective tenants have been interested in the completeness and convenience of the HOOSIER kitchens and what a great advantage they give over the very best built-in cupboards and cabinet work of the carpenter.

"We do not see how any builder can fail to see the wonderful benefit the Hoosier Kitchen Cabinet is to any kitchen. We simply could not do without them."

**For Old Kitchens and New—
HOOSIER Excels**

These real estate men learned what two million HOOSIER owners have long known—that nothing you can buy or build can take the place of the HOOSIER.

The HOOSIER concentrates your work in a single compact spot. It equips that spot with an extra large, uncluttered work-table, which slides out of the way when not in use. It extends that working space all the way to the back of the cabinet,

without any cubby-holes or partitions to get in the way. And it even *adjusts* that work-table to suit your height.

These are a few of the many *exclusive* HOOSIER improvements which are not duplicated by any other kitchen convenience.

As a matter of fact, there are so many points of superiority that the only way you will ever know how *much* time, work and worry the HOOSIER will save you is to go to the HOOSIER dealer in your town and ask him to give you a complete HOOSIER demonstration.

**Get This Great Labor-Saving
Convenience on Easy Terms—You'll
Never Miss the Money**

Most of the two million HOOSIERS now in use have been bought on easy terms, under our iron-clad guarantee, "Your money back if you are not delighted."

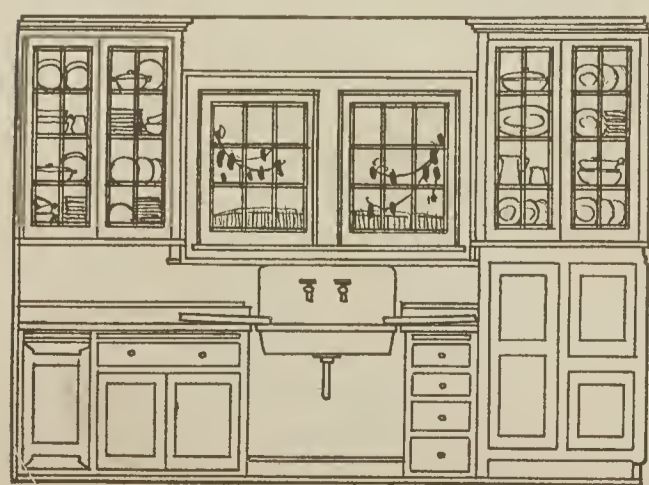
The proof of HOOSIER superiority lies in the fact that these two million HOOSIERS stayed sold. They did so much to make life easier for their owners that those two million women simply would not part with their cabinets after they had had a chance to use them in their homes.

You, too, can own a HOOSIER under similar conditions. Write for our plan, and for complete illustrated literature.

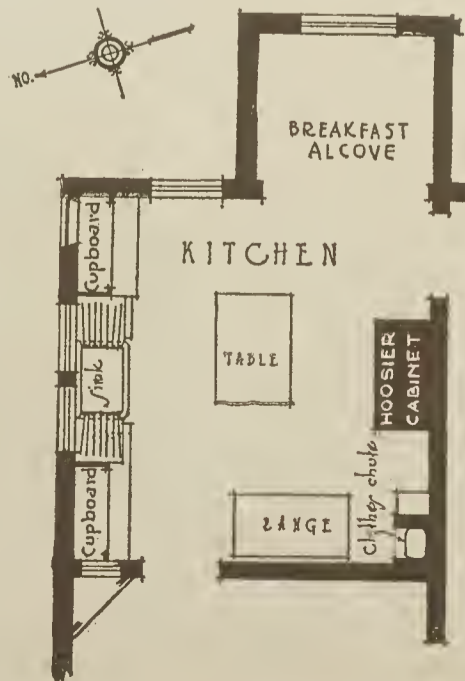
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VIEW LOOKING NORTH



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 81

done anything I'm ashamed of. A lot of things I've been sorry for—but nothing to be ashamed of."

On the way up to the old home, Oliver's father turned from the steering-wheel of his brand-new Ford, and, eying his son narrowly, said:

"Yes, sir, you've surely got my nose, and you've almost got my hair. If you was to let your mustache grow, I guess it would be a good deal like mine used to be. You've made a success of everything so far, from all reports, and now, darn it all, they've got you started in politics with this appointment. I fought it tooth and nail, but they argued me down, claiming it can't be a political job so long as both parties want you to take—"

"You needn't worry about that, father. I'll not accept the position."

Mr. Baxter brightened. "You won't? Good for you! That'll show Joe Sikes and Silas Link they can't run everything!

"You're a good deal taller and heavier than I am," went on Mr. Baxter, staring ahead. "Been out in the open a good bit, I see. It's done you a lot of good." He shot a glance at his son's rugged, tanned face. "Yes, and your eyes are clear and bright. I guess you haven't done much drinking or staying up late o' nights. See many changes in the town, sonny?"

"I thought Mr. Sage was looking a little older."

"Well, he *is* a little older. I guess you'll find Jane has changed, too. They say she's an uncommonly pretty girl."

"They say? Don't you see anything of her yourself?"

"See her nearly every day. But I don't take much notice of girls these days. She comes in every once in a while to read the letters she gets from you. Well, here we are."

THE "uncommonly pretty girl" opened the front door.

"Hello, Oliver!" she cried.

"Hello, Jane!" he shouted back, as he ran up the steps. "It's great to see you. My goodness, what a big girl you are!"

He was holding her warm, strong hands in his own; they were looking straight into each other's eyes. In his there was wonder and incredulity; in hers the expression of one startled by a sudden indefinable sensation, something that came like a flash and left her strangely puzzled.

"You haven't grown much," she said slowly. "Except that you are a man and not a boy."

"That's it," he cried. "The difference in you is that you're a woman and not a girl. And I was counting on seeing you just as you were four years ago."

"Come in," she said, with a queer dignity that she herself did not understand. "Get out of that fur coat and—and give 'Aunt' Serepta a big hug and a dozen kisses. She's waiting for you in the sitting-room."

He still held her hands. "Oh, I say, Jane, I—I used to kiss *you* when we were little kids. I—"

"But we are not little kids any longer, Oliver."

He stared hard at her. "Don't tell me you've gone and got engaged to somebody, old girl."

"I am not engaged to any one. I am not even in love with any one."

"Well, all I've got to say is that this burg must have more than its share of blind men," said he, with conviction.

"Hey," shouted his father. "Do you expect me to carry in these valises for you, you big lummix?"

"Put 'em down, dad. I'll be out for them in a minute."

"He is getting to be terribly cranky, Oliver," said Jane, lowering her voice.

"Do you mean—he's actually sore?"

"Well, he's—he's very impatient sometimes," she explained. "You'd better hurry."

The welcome he received from Serepta Grimes was all that could be desired. After

she had hugged and kissed and wept over him a little, she ordered him to take his bags up-stairs and not to be all day about it, because dinner would soon be ready and they were having company in his honor.

When he came down-stairs, after having unpacked his bags and scattered the contents all over the room, he found the company already assembled. The guests included the Reverend Mr. Sage, Mr. Sikes, Mr. Link and one outsider, the mayor of Rumley, Mr. Samuel Belding.

"What's this I hear?" demanded the latter sternly. "Your father's just been telling us you won't accept the distinguished honor the city of Rumley has conferred upon you through the unanimous vote of the Common Council. Ain't the pay big enough for you?"

Oliver's and Jane's eyes met. She was standing beside her father a little apart. He saw something in her dark, unsmiling eyes that puzzled him.

"The truth of the matter is," he said seriously, "I have other plans. I appreciate the honor. The pay has nothing to do with it. I love the old burg and I am proud to have been born here. I have just given up a job that has been paying me nearly four times as much as what I would be getting here, Mr. Belding. And it will be open to me whenever I choose to go back with the company. I—"

"YOU'VE quit your job?" broke in his father, aghast.

"Yes, sir," quietly. "I gave it up last week."

"Well, of all the idiotic—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Mr. Link. "He may be resigning on account of ill-health. Now that I've had a good look at you, Oliver, your eyes seem a little liverish. Not exactly liverish, either, but sort of bright and feverish."

"I am perfectly well, 'Uncle' Silas," said Oliver, smiling. Again his eyes sought Jane's. They seemed darker and deeper than before. "No, it wasn't my health. Needn't worry about my health, dad." While he addressed his father he was subtly conscious of speaking solely for Jane's benefit. "But come along; let's have dinner. I'm as hungry as a bear. We can talk about my affairs afterward."

"Maybe he's going to get married," burst out the mayor, nudging the young man in the ribs.

"I am not going to be married," said Oliver, blushing for no reason at all, and thereby convincing the attentive Jane that if he wasn't going to be married it was through no fault of his own. "Nobody will have me," he added lamely.

"Of course, if you've been going around telling everybody what's ahead of you," said Mr. Sikes, "I don't blame 'em for not wanting to risk being tied up to a feller—"

"Shut up!" cried Serepta Grimes, from the dining-room door. "You make me sick, Joe Sikes, the way you go on. Dinner's ready. You sit over here next to Jane, Oliver."

"There's another thing," said the mayor. "I don't mind telling you that I'm not going to be a candidate for reelection. I've got two years more and then I'm through. This here town needs a young, active, progressive man for mayor. Some of us have been talking things over and we've about decided that we know the feller that ought to step into my shoes. He is a young man of vast experience, education, integrity, ability, and he's a good Republican—at least, his father is. My shoes are pretty good-sized, but that's a blessing. What size shoes do you wear, Oliver?"

"Sh!" hissed Mr. Baxter. "The parson's waiting to bless the food."

THE host did not speak again until near the end of the meal. He was deeply preoccupied.

"What is this plan of yours?" he asked suddenly, breaking in on Mr. Belding's windy eulogy of the feast prepared by three of the "best cooks in the universe."

Young Oliver started. "Hadn't we better leave that—"

"No; let's have it now," said old Oliver testily. "Unless it's something you're ashamed of," he amended, bending his gaze upon his son.

"I certainly am not ashamed of it." A trace of irony crept into his voice. "I suppose you know there is a war going on?" His eyes swept the circle of listeners.

"Well, it's kind of leaked out down our way," spoke Mr. Link dryly.

"Damn the Kaiser!" said Mr. Belding, with feeling.

"Thank God, they turned him back at

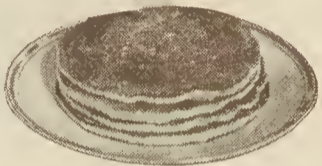
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"I'se in town,
Honey!"

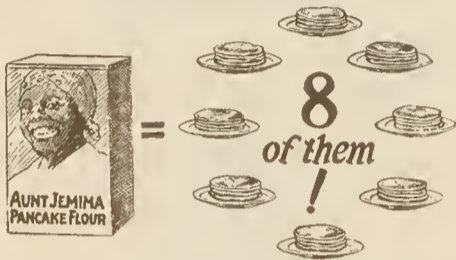


AUNT JEMIMA says:

**Dey's a lot o' folks
what amputates
de ills fom de food
bills by havin' my
pancakes reg'lar
fo' breakfast**



Been worrying lately about the high cost of breakfast? Well, here's a way to economize and *still* give Daddy and the youngsters what



they need—something that's hot and satisfying and wholesome.

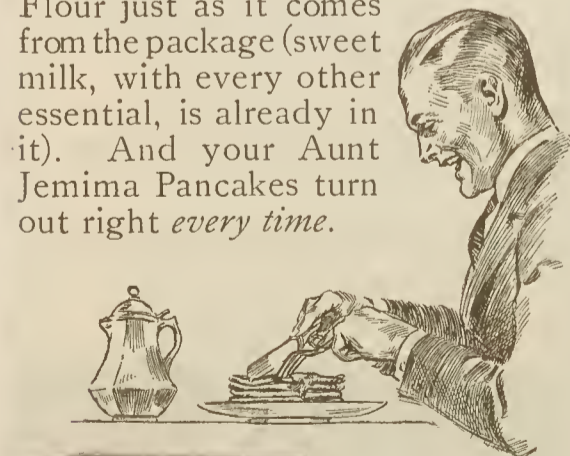
Serve Aunt Jemima Pancakes!

One package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour, costing you 15c, makes 24 cakes, *eight* good breakfasts. And the cakes! Light, easily digested, rich with that wonderful old-time Southern



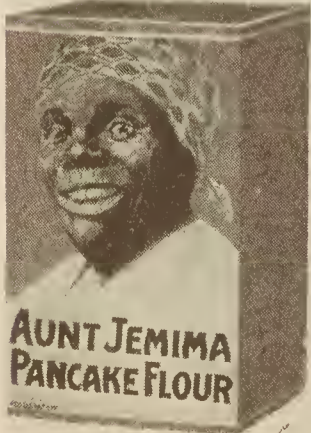
flavor—a real treat for the family.

To make them, you merely mix water with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour just as it comes from the package (sweet milk, with every other essential, is already in it). And your Aunt Jemima Pancakes turn out right *every time*.



Order a package of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour from your grocer today. Begin your economy campaign tomorrow morning.

How to get Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. See top of package.



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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 82

the Marne," said Mr. Sage, speaking for the first time in many minutes.

"I know what you are planning to do," cried Jane, paling.

"Yes," he said, nodding his head; "you would know. You're young enough to know, Jane."

"You are going over there to fight," she cried, a thrill in her voice.

"Right you are. I'm going over in February with the Canadians. It's all settled."

Deep silence followed the announcement. Mr. Baxter sat with his lips working, his Adam's apple rising and falling in quick, spasmodic jerks. Jane put her hand to her throat as if to release something that had got caught there and was stifling her.

"But it's not our war," said Mr. Sikes.

"It's everybody's war," spoke young Oliver out of the very depths of his soul.

"We will be in it some day. We can't keep out of it. But I can't wait. I'm going over now. Oh, I'll come back, never fear. No chance of me being killed by a German bullet." Here he grinned boyishly.

"You see, 'Uncle' Joe, I've just got to pull through alive and well, so that I can be hanged when my time comes!"

THE war was over. Oliver October Baxter came through without a scratch. He saw two years of fighting with the glorious Canadians, and when the United States went in, he gave up his hard-earned commission as first lieutenant and was transferred to the American army. He learned a great deal about red tape before his transfer was effected, and he discovered to his disgust that he knew a great deal less about war than he might reasonably have been supposed to know after two years of slugging along at it under shot and shell from the German armies. He had to go back to America and enter a training-camp, and even then, to employ his own expression, he had the "devil of a time" getting a commission as second lieutenant. But he came out of the war a captain.

In April, 1919, he sailed from Brest and on the tenth of May arrived in Rumley, discharged from the army and jobless. On the way home he stopped over in Chicago to notify his employers that he would be ready to resume work after a month's much-needed rest. He was blandly informed that as soon as anything turned up they would be pleased and happy to take him back into the concern, but at present there wasn't a vacancy in sight—in fact, they were cutting down the operating force wherever it was possible, and so on and so forth. Yes, they remembered perfectly that they had promised him his old place when he returned, but how in God's name were they to know that the war was going to last as long as it did?

Being a captain in the army and used to plain speaking, he told the astonished general manager what he thought of him and the whole works besides, and airily went his way.

The horrors of war had not affected his spirits. He went over full of cheer and enthusiasm; he came back without the latter, but indomitably possessed of the former. He had seen grim sights and sickened under the spectacle. He had stood by the side of dying comrades and wept as he would have wept over his own brother. He had known times when life was far harder to bear than the thought of death. And he had said what he believed to be his last prayer a hundred times or more.

So when he was turned away, empty-handed, from the place where he had proved his worth as a soldier of industry, he was not dismayed. He experienced a lively sense of indignation, he felt outraged, but he did not sit himself down over against the walls of Nineveh to devote a single hour to lamentation.

This time there was no delegation at the station to meet him. Only his father and Sammy Parr were sitting waiting for him when the train pulled in.

Continued on page 84

Heirloom Plate
From Generation to Generation

ADELPHI
A Period Design

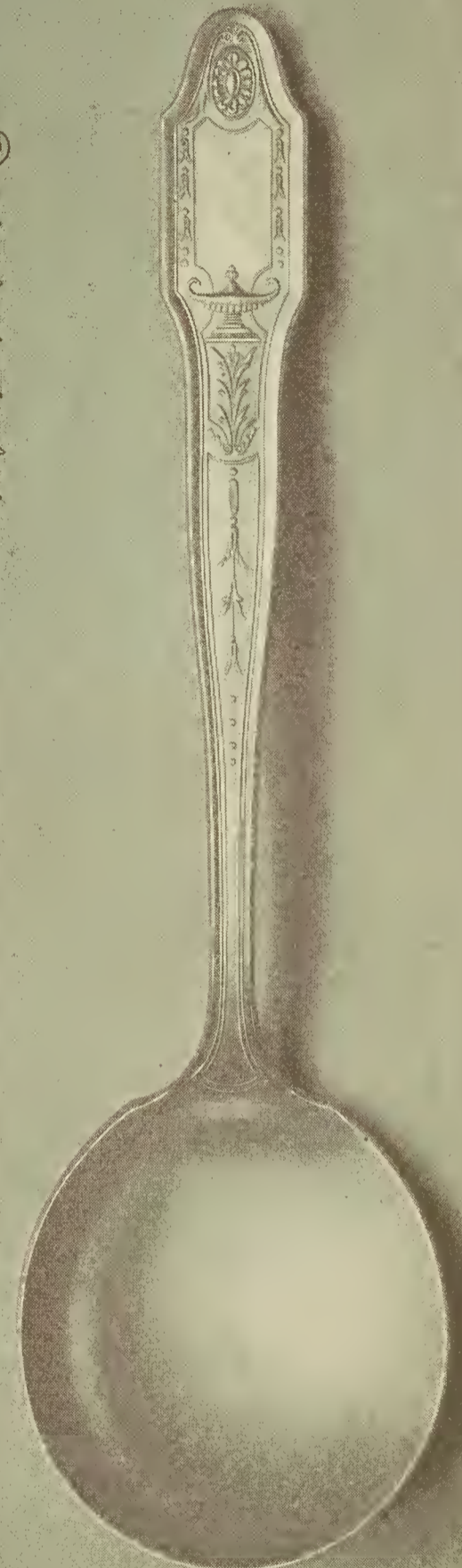
WITH pride and gratification we announce the Adelphi, a new pattern in Heirloom Plate. Named after the Adelphi Terrace in London which the Brothers Adam designed, it accurately reflects the delicacy and refinement of that period.

Like the Terrace which has stood the test of time for many generations, the Adelphi pattern will stand the test of daily use and still may be proudly handed down from generation to generation. It is guaranteed for one hundred years.

Literature and name of jeweler nearest you upon request.

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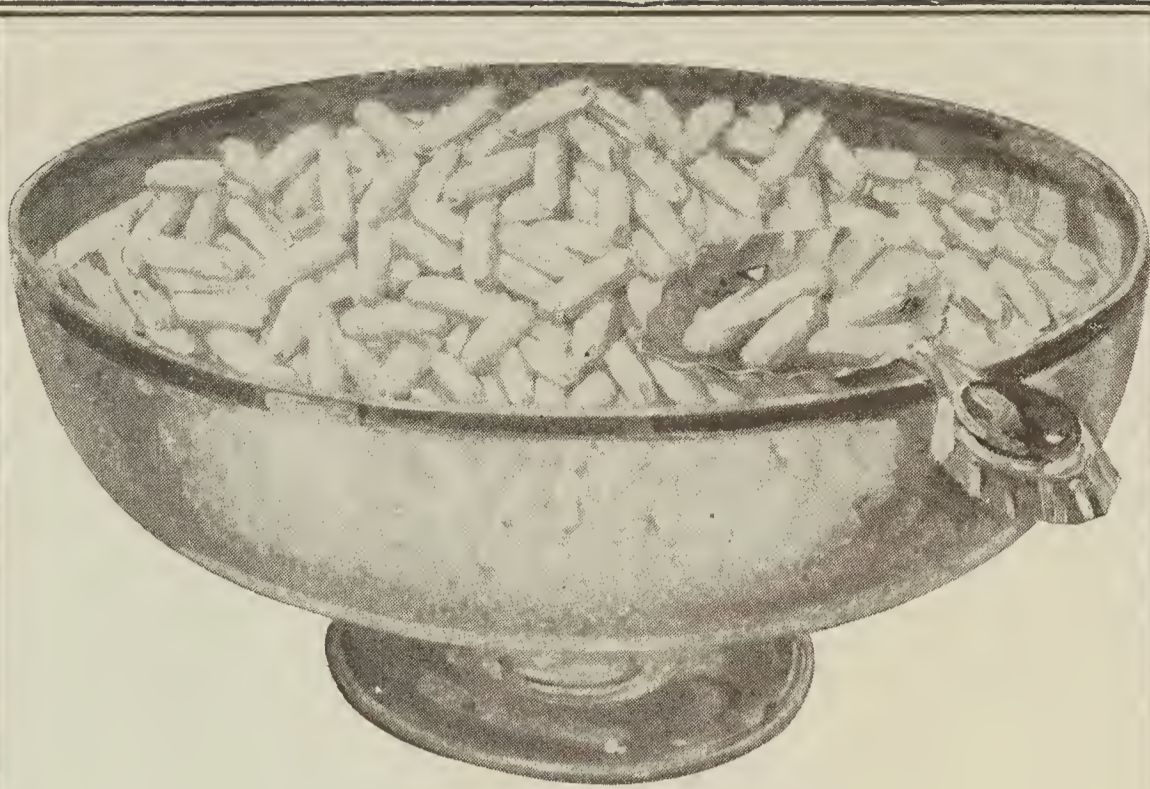
New York Chicago
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ADELPHI
PATTERN



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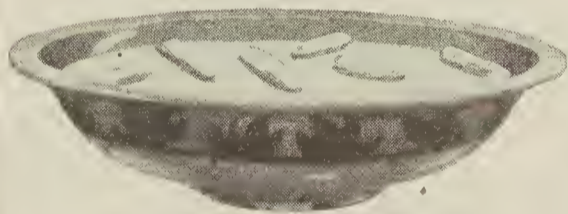
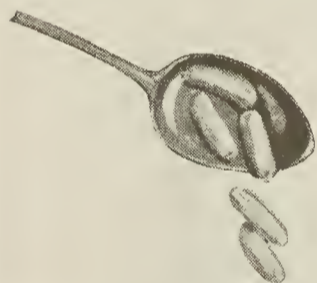
At 4 O'Clock

Puffed Rice with melted butter

Children need between-meal foods. Their little stomachs are too small to hold a five-hour food supply.

Crisp Puffed Rice and douse with melted butter, to greet them after school. They will eat them like confections—these flimsy, nut-like grains.

Or serve them Puffed Wheat in milk.



At 9 O'Clock

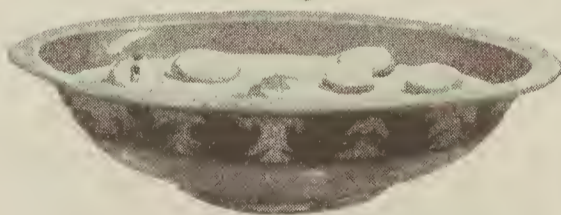
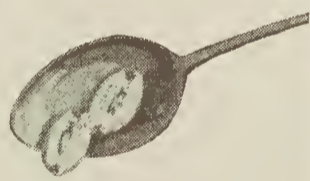
At bedtime serve Puffed Wheat in milk. Whole wheat forms almost a complete food. In this form every food cell is fitted to digest.

Millions of homes recognize Puffed Wheat as the ideal good-night dish.

At 8 O'Clock

At breakfast, serve Puffed Rice with cream and sugar. Or mixed with fruit. It forms the finest cereal dainty children ever get.

It is whole rice puffed to bubbles—flimsy, flavory tidbits, with a taste like toasted nuts.



Steam Exploded Grains

In every Puffed Grain we create over 100 million explosions. Every food cell is thus blasted. Digestion is made easy and complete.

The airy, crisp grains are as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts. So they make whole grains delightful. Children eat them morning, noon and night, in place of lesser foods.

That is what children need, and what mothers want. Children who eat whole grains in plenty are not underfed.

Keep both kinds always ready.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

8 times normal size.

Puffed to bubbles.



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 83

"By thunder, Oliver, it beats the dickens how you work into my plans," cried the latter. "You always seem to be coming home at the right minute. Oh, excuse me, Mr. Baxter. I forgot you hadn't—er— Here's your father, Oliver."

Old Oliver came shuffling up from the background. He eyed his son narrowly.

"What's this I hear about them not taking you back on your old job?" he demanded. He extended his hand, which young Oliver gripped in both of his.

"Aren't you glad to see me back, alive and well, dad? You act as though you—"

"Of course I'm glad you're back, sonny—of course I am. I've been praying for this ever since you went away. I don't see how on earth you ever escaped being killed. I—I guess it wasn't meant for you to die *that* way. But what did I tell you about them holding your job for you? Didn't I tell you you'd never get it back? Well, you see what's happened. Just what I said would happen."

"Oh, I'm not down and out, you know, dad," broke in young Oliver, slapping his father on the shoulder. "I've got quite a bunch of money in the bank, and I've got my health and a few million dollars' worth of brains left. So, cheer up! I'm not worrying."

"Of course you're not worrying," said his father. "I want you to stay here, sonny. I don't want you ever to go away again. I'm getting purty old, seventy-four last month, and I guess I'm not good for much longer. Nothing would suit me better than to turn the business over to you, but I guess it's not your idea to go into the retail hardware business."

"If you need me, dad—" said Oliver, swallowing hard.

"Oh, I don't need you *yet*," said his father, crusty once more. "I can get along, I guess. There was a time when I thought of selling out and moving to another State, but I've given that up."

"Still living in dread of what that darned old fraud said the day I was born, eh? Well, the agony will soon be over. A year and a half more, isn't it? That will end the tale, and I'll live happily forever afterward."

SAMMY PARR was consulting his vest-pocket note-book.

"One year, six months and twenty-one days," said he.

"Good Lord, Sam! Have you gone off your nut, too?"

"Vital statistics, old boy. It's my business, you know. Come on, I've got my car out here. Grab up some of this junk and I'll bring the rest."

"Drop me at the store," said old Oliver crossly.

Sammy gave young Oliver a significant look. "All right, Mr. Baxter. We'll wait outside for you. I've got nothing but time on my hands to-day, and besides I want to talk to Oliver about a—er—something private."

As the two young men hurried across the platform with the bags and bundles, Sammy found opportunity to say to Oliver:

"He'll be in a good humor in a minute or two. It's just a habit he's fallen into since you've been away. I guess it's that infernal Gipsy business."

They stopped in front of the Baxter store and the old man reluctantly got out of the car. It was plain that he had not intended to stop there at all, but was obliged to do so to save his face.

"I won't be a minute," he said, affecting a briskness that was calculated to deceive his son.

"How's your wife, Sammy?" inquired Oliver.

Sammy grinned. "Little premature, ain't you?"

"Premature?"

"Sure. I'm not going to be married till next week."

"Oh, I say, old chap, I'm sorry. I hadn't

Continued on page 85



Eatmor Cranberries



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Measure the juice and heat it to the boiling point. Add one cup of sugar for every two cups of juice; stir until the sugar is dissolved; boil briskly for five minutes; skim, and pour into glass tumblers, porcelain or crockery molds.

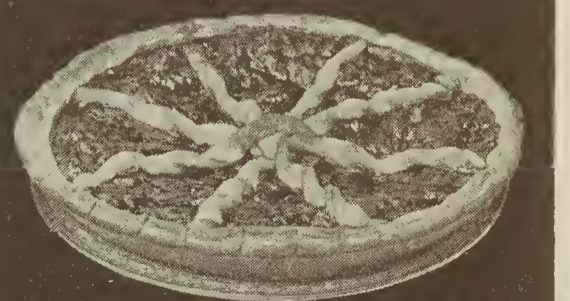
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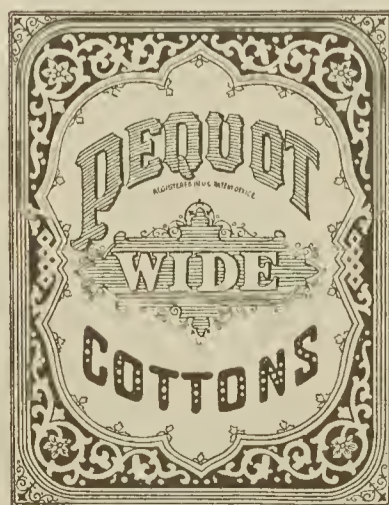
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 84

heard of Laura's death. Her name was Lura, wasn't it?"

"Yep. And it still is. But her last name isn't Parr any longer. It's Collins. We've been divorced for five or six months, Oliver. Nobody gets married for keeps nowadays. You up and get divorced. The war has changed everything. God knows where it will end. But the question of the hour is, will you be best man again for me, old boy? I'm marrying the sweetest little woman that ever came down the pike, and this time for keeps. Her first husband was Lieutenant Higby—we were in the same camp. That's where I met her. Well, he didn't appreciate her. Got to running around after other women. She up and canned him. Laura, God bless her, fell in love with a chap named Collins. I don't blame her, mind you. Of course, it hurt my pride a little when she ran away with him—but it simplified matters. You'll like Muriel. She's as fine as they make 'em. We're to be married next Thursday afternoon. Up in the city. Her people live there. Will you repeat for me? I promise you it will be the last time, Oliver. We both know what we're about this time."

"WE HAD a jolly time at your first wedding, Sammy," sighed Oliver. "Jane was maid of honor, and—well, I would have sworn that you two were the kind who would stick."

"So would I," agreed Sammy cheerfully. "We can't very well ask Jane to be maid of honor this time," he went on. "Religious scruples. Minister's daughter. Wouldn't look right. But it's different with you. Will you do it?"

"Certainly."
"Here comes your father. Don't say anything about me being married next week. I'm closing up a deal to renew his fire insurance to-morrow or next day, and if you tell him I'm thinking of committing bigamy next week, he'll turn me down cold. He calls it bigamy, you see."

"I see. By the way, where is Jane, Sammy?"

He remembered having asked that very question when he returned after a former protracted absence—and how many times had he asked it, even before that? Every time he came home from college, every time he met Mr. Sage on the street—why all his life he had been asking "Where is Jane?"

"Jane Sage? Oh, she's around, same as ever. Things are a lot easier for Mr. Sage now. I guess maybe you haven't heard about his brother dying out in California and leaving him quite a bit of money. Yep. About a hundred thousand dollars, they say. The old boy still sticks to his job as preacher, though. It looks like a pretty serious affair between Jane and Doc Lansing. Been going on now for nearly a year."

"What's that?" demanded Oliver, startled. "I guess it's all happened since you went away. Why, sure it has. Doc's only been practising here since last Summer. Got hurt over in France in 1917 and had to take his discharge. Went over early in 'seventeen in the Medical Corps. Leg smashed. Limps. Fine feller, though."

"I don't seem to remember him," said Oliver dully.

"His father is president of the new bank here—that brick building at the corner of Clay and Pershing Streets."

"Pershing Street?"

"Yep. Used to be Ridley's Lane."
"Oh!" Oliver was feeling a little like Rip Van Winkle. "You say she's—er—in love with him?"

"Looks that way," said Sammy. "He's dead gone on her, that's sure. All right, Mr. Baxter. Hop in. I'll snake you home in no time. Hang on to your hat."

The volatile Mr. Parr employed the correct word when he said "snake," for he wriggled a swift and serpentine way through the traffic of Clay Street in his noisy red roadster,

Continued on page 86



LACKAWANNA TWINS

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Health Knit for Happiness

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How to Overcome Constipation in Children

Physicians tell how to combat this condition in children without laxatives

NATURE is a stern taskmaster. She asks for strict obedience to certain hygienic laws, chief among which is regular and thorough elimination of poisonous food waste. Upon the mother rests the responsibility. Incomplete and irregular evacuations lead in time to chronic constipation, with its long train of major and minor ills.

Biliousness, coated tongue, loss of appetite—all warn that poisons from the intestines are flooding the little body. It is a serious condition. Not only is nutrition and proper growth interrupted at such a time, but the child is a prey to serious diseases. The germs of many contagious diseases find favorable lodgment in a child weakened by constipation.

Laxatives start dangerous habit

Noted specialists point out that laxatives bring only temporary relief at the expense of permanent injury. They start a danger-

ous, often life-long habit, unless a more rational means is used in their stead. An authority on child care advises mothers that the so-called lubricating method is the proper one, as its tendency is to correct constipation permanently.

Lubrication

In perfect health, a natural lubricant keeps the food waste soft. Thus it is easily eliminated. But when you are constipated there is not enough of Nature's lubricating liquid produced in the bowel to keep the food waste soft and moving. To find something to take the place of this natural lubricant, leading medical authorities conducted exhaustive research. They discovered that the gentle lubricant, Nujol, acts like this natural lubricant and thus replaces it. As Nujol is not a laxative, it does not gripe, upset little stomachs nor interfere with school work or play. It is not a medicine in any sense of the word, and like pure water, it is harmless and pleasant to take.

Doctors recommend Nujol for children of all ages. It is used in hospitals and by leading physicians the world over. Test Nujol yourself. Your druggist sells it.

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Name..... Address.....



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 85

keeping up a running fire of conversation all the time.

"There's Jane on ahead," he sang out to Oliver as they whizzed across Pershing Street. "Where?" cried Oliver, starting up.

"Back there," replied Sammy, with a jerk of his head.

Oliver twisted in the seat and looked over his shoulder. Jane was standing in the middle of the sidewalk, staring after the red roadster. He half rose and waved his hand to her. She did not respond at once. The car was swinging into a cross street before she recovered from her astonishment. Then she waved her hand—and the last he saw of her she was standing stock still in the middle of the sidewalk.

"Say, what the—what's the rush?" roared Oliver. "I want to speak to Jane. Stop the damn thing, will you? Let me out. I'll run back and—"

"Keep your shirt on," chirped Sammy. "I'll run you clear around the block and we'll head her off. Quicker than backing and turning and all in this—"

"Go ahead!" commanded Mr. Baxter sharply. "You can see Jane to-morrow or next day," he shouted to his son.

"Oh, I say, dad—"

"If you'd rather see her than me—all right. All right! Turn around, Sammy, and take him back. Let me out. I'll walk the rest of the way home."

"Drive on, Sam," said Oliver, sinking back in the seat.

Presently Mr. Baxter cackled. He was in high good humor again. "Say," he said, "I fooled the whole crowd of 'em. I told Joe and the rest of 'em you couldn't be coming till to-morrow. Pretty smart trick, eh? Joe'll be so mad he'll pay me that twenty dollars he owes me! He-he-he."

Sammy snorted and then got very red in the face.

"I HAD to tell Serepty Grimes," went on Mr. Baxter, as if apologizing to himself. "She's keeping house for me and so I had to tell her. I didn't tell her till just about an hour ago, though. She was as mad as a wet hen."

"Aunt' Serepta keeping house for you?"

"Yes. Have you got any objections?"

"None whatever, dad. I think it's great."

"Well," began the old man, slightly mollified, "I'm glad it suits you."

"I wouldn't have thought she'd give up her own nice little house— Don't tell me she's in financial difficulties, dad?"

"She's better off than she ever was. She sold her house and lot and the Grimes saw-mill two years ago, and now she's living off the fat of the land. She was the one that proposed the housekeeper scheme, not me. I tried to argue her out of it. I said people would be sure to talk if she came over and lived at my house. But she just laughed and said nothing in the world would tickle her at her age so much as to have people say complimentary things about her. I was a long time figuring out what she meant. She's sixty-nine. She says I ought to feel the same way about it, me being seventy-four. 'Let 'em talk,' says she, and after a while she got me to saying 'Let 'em talk.' But the cussed part of it is, nobody thinks there's anything scandalous about it. There hasn't been a derned bit of talk. The only thing people say, far as I can make out, is that it's a mighty nice arrangement. What the dickens you laughing at, Sam?"

"I just run over a hen," lied Samuel promptly.

June was well along before Oliver began seriously to contemplate bringing his self-styled "vacation" to an end. May had been glorious. He had reveled in privileges that had been denied him for years—such as lying abed in the morning till he felt ready to turn out. Lord, he couldn't remember that there ever had been a time when he had actually enjoyed the dishonorable luxury of loafing! On street-corners, in Fry's drug-store, in the

public library, on friendly lawns and porches.

Even the sinister stretches of Death Swamp, across which he looked from the oak-shaded citadel that he would always call home, were not so repelling as they had been in days of yore. The pools, the hummocks, the patches of defiant reeds, the black shades of the quagmires seemed oddly to have lost much of their ugliness. The vastness that used to appall him was gone. The swamp was green and almost kindly in its serenity. The wall of willows that surrounded it was greener still and no longer the horrifying barrier beyond which no man dared to tread.

But at night! Ah, that was different. The swamp turned grim and dismal and forbidding. The grown man became once more the little boy as he looked out over the moonlit waste or tried to pierce its black shadows on a starless night.

During the first week he spent many happy, care-free hours with Jane Sage. It was hard for him to believe that this tall, beautiful, glowing creature was the Jane Sage of another day—hard for him to realize that this ripe, mature, fully developed woman with the calm, clear eyes of understanding and the soft, deep voice had once been a spindling, giggling girl in pinafores and pig-tails, and later a half-formed maid in unnoticeable shirt-waists and ill-hanging skirts. She reminded him that she was twenty-five. Why shouldn't she be grown up at twenty-five?

"YES," he said, "but somehow, you seem to have grown up differently from other people. As if magic had something to do with it."

"I was as grown up when you went away to France four years ago as I am now. A girl doesn't change much between twenty-one and twenty-five, you know."

"Why, you were just out of short dresses when I went to France."

She laughed. "Shows what little notice you took of me. And all the time you were over there you were thinking of me as an overgrown schoolgirl, I suppose. That is, if you thought of me at all."

"Oh, I thought of you a great deal. But you're right. I did think of you as you were when I went to Chicago to work—just a pretty, big-eyed high-school girl with bony elbows and skinny arms. Why, good Lord, Janie, hasn't anybody ever told you that you're old enough to be married?"

"I'm not without confidential friends," she replied demurely, a soft warm flush spreading from throat to cheek.

This was in the first week of his visit. It was early evening and he lounged contentedly among cushions at the foot of the steps leading up to the parsonage veranda. Jane sat on an upper step, her back against the railing, her legs stretched out before her in graceful abandon. The porch light behind cast its quite proper glow down upon the tranquil picture. It fell upon the crown of Jane's dark, wavy hair, touching with shadowy softness the partly lowered face which, with seeming indifference, she kept turned away from him.

Oliver had fastened a proprietary claim upon her as soon as he arrived in town. He took it for granted that conditions had not been altered by the lapse of years nor by the transformations of nature. And suddenly on this quiet June evening came the shock that put an end to the old order of things—the astonishing realization that Jane was old enough to be married! She was old enough to be somebody's wife—she was old enough to be the mother of children.

HE LOOKED up at her out of the corner of his eye, as if at some strange creature that baffled his understanding. A woman! Jane Sage a woman. A queer little thrill went over him—the thrill of discovery. This was succeeded by a smarting sense of mortification which found expression in an apologetic murmur.

"And I've been behaving right along as if you were still a blooming infant."

"Instead of a withering old maid," she remarked, affecting a lugubrious sigh.

"Oh, I say, you—why, hang it all, Jane, if you turn out to be an old maid, I'll—I swear I'll not believe there's a God—or anything."

"Sometimes we can't help it," she said.

Silence. Then— "What sort of chap is Lansing, Jane?"

She started, and for a moment her eyes were fixed intently on his half-averted face.

"He is very nice," she answered.

"So everybody says. He struck me as an uncommonly decent, high-minded fellow."

Continued on page 89

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AS IN many cases a bedroom is a sitting-room as well, we find an assortment of comfortable and intimate things in this suggested guest-room or family bedroom. If possible, the room should face to catch the best light. Windows can not be too numerous, and a fireplace is the greatest charm of all. A pale-gray cross-bar paper permits the use of the glazed chintz curtains in colorful morning-glory pattern, lined with a soft rose-colored muslin.

To provide carefully for the guest, there should be shoe-cloths, hat-boxes, shoe-trees and hangers galore in the closet. There is no need of great expenditure of money in the room. Odd pieces of furniture may be painted and arranged so as to create a harmonious whole.

This bedroom contains the necessary pieces of furniture and hangings which are indispensable in arranging a successful guest-room. an open fire, a small screen to protect the sleeper from the glare, a table beside the bed, and one or two comfortable chairs. A chaise lounge is almost an essential in a guest-room; it spares the bed and gives an added air of luxury to any bedroom. The high-boy, sewing-table, Windsor chair, footstool and fire-side chair reflect comfort and give an added air of hospitality to the occasional guest.





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This mantel is but one of eight widely varying designs that Curtis dealers can supply you. You can see them all in the big catalog at the dealer's. If you do not know the Curtis dealer in your town write us for his name.

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Name
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 86

Knows a lot more to-day, of course, than he'll know when he gets a little older. Just out of medical college, isn't he?"

"He was overseas in 1917," she replied, a trace of warmth in her voice. "He had been an intern for more than a year when he enlisted. He's young, of course—but we are all young once, aren't we? He is considered very able—"

"Lord love you, Jane," he broke in hastily, "I'm not questioning his ability or his record. He's got a smashed leg to show for his work over there, and that's more than I have. As for his—"

"You have two or three medals," she broke in softly. "You got them for bravery, didn't you?"

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "I got them for foolishness. I had a fool's luck, that's all."

They watched the approach of an automobile along the tree-lined street. It slowed down as it neared the Sage home, coming to a stop at the front gate. Jane shifted her position quickly. She uncrossed her legs, drew them up into a less comfortable position, and attended to some slight though perhaps unnecessary rearrangement of her skirt. This action did not escape the notice of Oliver. It was significant. She didn't mind him and she did mind—well, say, Lansing, for it was the young doctor who clambered out of the car and came up the walk.

THE house stood back a hundred feet or more from the street, so Oliver, recognizing the newcomer, had ample time to say to Jane, with a mischievous gleam in his eye:

"Hullo! Here comes the doctor. Why didn't you tell me some one was sick in the house?"

"Sh! He will hear you," cautioned Jane.

Young Lansing walked with a slight limp. He was a tall, shock-haired, good-looking chap of twenty-five or -six. He had the manner of one absolutely cock-sure. There were people who did not quite approve of him because he seemed to know as much as, if not more than, the old and tried practitioners of the town. He had new-fangled ideas, new methods, and he never by any chance so forgot himself as to allude to an ailment or a remedy in terms other than profoundly scientific. After hearing him classify your symptoms, it was impossible for you to deny that he was a young man of superlative attainments. But when you rushed around to the drug-store with your prescription, believing yourself to be in the grip of a strange and horrific malady, and found that you had an ordinary sore throat and were to let the same old potash tablets dissolve in your mouth just as you always had done, you somehow felt that young Doctor Lansing was a trifle over-educated. He was, at twenty-six, what you would call bumptious.

"Good evening, Jane," said he, as he came up to the steps. "How are you, Captain Baxter? Wonderful night, isn't it?"

"Wonderful," said Oliver, who wasn't thinking at all of the physical aspects of the night.

"Don't be a pig, Oliver," cried Jane. "Hand over a couple of those cushions to Doctor Lansing. You look like a sultan completely surrounded by luxury."

"Don't bother," interrupted Lansing hastily. "I shan't mind sitting here on the step. Doctors get used to— Oh, thanks, captain. Since you force them upon me."

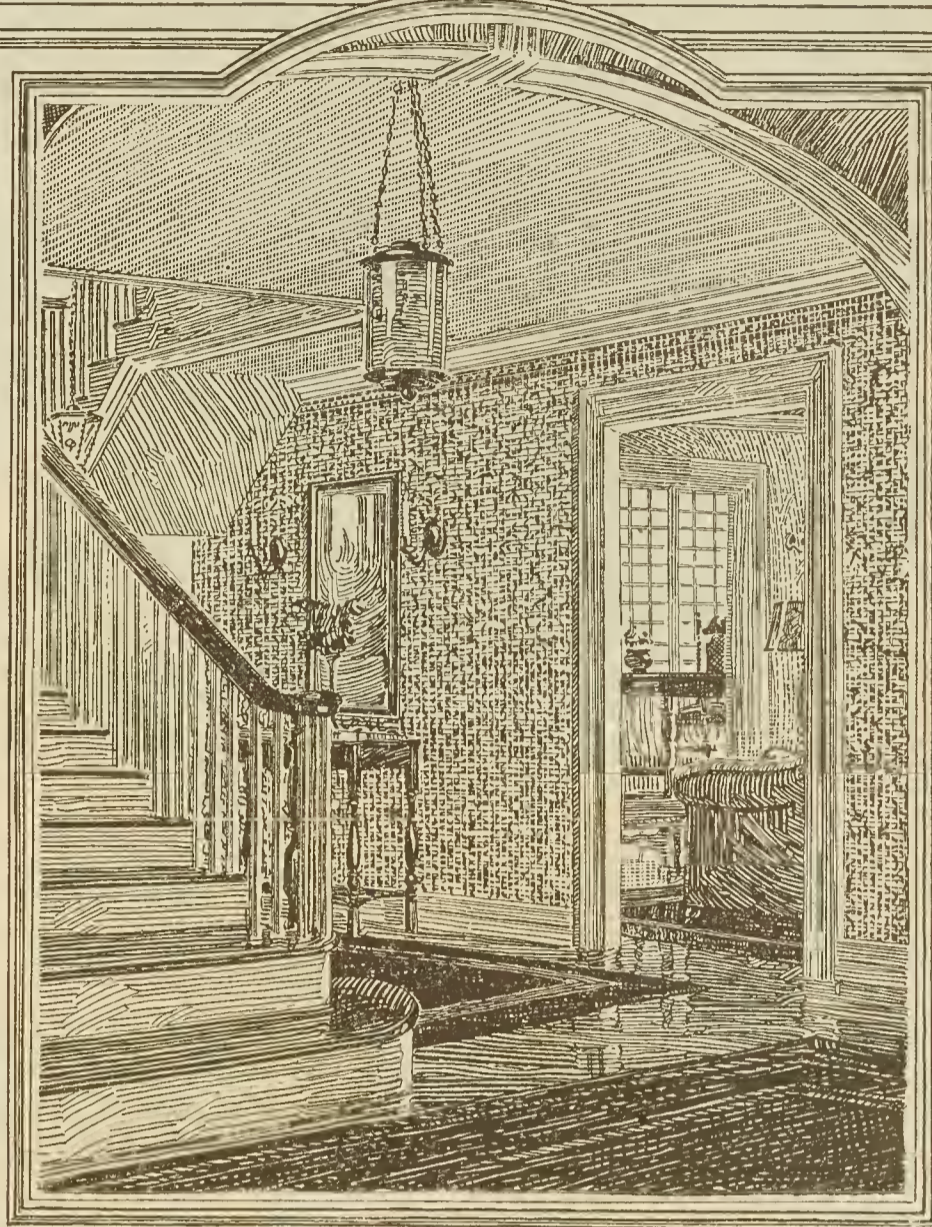
Twenty minutes later, Oliver looked at his wrist-watch, uttered an exclamation and sprang to his feet.

"I must go, Jane," he said. "Due at Sammy Farr's half an hour ago. I'm standing up with him at his wedding, doctor. So long, Jane. I shan't see you again for a few days. Going up for the wedding and expect to stay in the city for a day or two. Good night, doctor."

As he strode off down the street he was conscious of an extremely uncomfortable

Continued on page 90

The Usefulness of Wall Paper



Your Cheerful, Welcoming Hallway

HOSPITALITY here begins, and here concludes, its royal rites. It is in our hallways we bid Welcome! and wish Godspeed! And hither, too, in lucky houses, scurry baby feet as the day ends and the Best-of-Men comes happily home. So much of Life happens in the hallway; it ought to be a pleasant place!

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This emblem guides you also to the choice of the newest, loveliest creations of the art of Wall Paper in America, which are in that Guildsman's hands for your inspection.



The head is that of Hathor, who was deemed the giver of social joys.

The symbol on her brow is the Egyptian hieroglyph for houses and abodes.

PUBLISHED FOR

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Can lovely hair *alone* give charm?

EVERY once in a while you meet a girl who is so lovely—so charming—so different from all the others, that she is fascinating to both men and women alike.

That girl has learned the real secret of charm. She knows that no matter how beautiful the face—no matter how perfect the figure, it is the hair that holds the real secret of loveliness.

And now every woman can have beautifully arranged, soft, fluffy hair. Even though your hair is straight, dull, lifeless, or worst of all, full of dandruff, there is a treatment which will make you truly lovely.

This treatment, discovered by a hairdresser, you can use in your own home.

The hairdresser's treatment

You will be surprised to see how quickly you begin to get results—how light and silky

and full of life your hair becomes—how easy it will be to arrange it. Just follow these simple directions.

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo) and wash as usual, rinsing three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

Send two dimes for three complete treatments

Send in this coupon, with two dimes, for enough Wildroot Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo) to give you three complete treatments.

Or you can get Wildroot products at any good drug and department store, hairdresser or barber with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction or money refunded. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

WILDROOT

Hair Tonic and Liquid Shampoo

Wildroot Liquid Shampoo comes in two forms. If you prefer a shampoo with a tar and crude oil base, ask for Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo. Or if you prefer a coconut oil base, ask for Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo.



Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. D-11, Buffalo, N. Y.
Please send me travelers' size bottles of the following; I enclose 10 cents for each bottle marked (Check the ones that you want sent you.):

- Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo
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- Wildroot Hair Tonic

Name.....
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 89

feeling that they were glad to be rid of him. He smarted a little. It hurt him to think that Jane didn't want him around. She wanted somebody else. Somehow, it didn't seem natural.

Jamming his hands into his pockets, he resumed his way homeward—but now he walked slowly, his head bent in thought. Presently his face began to brighten, and soon he was grinning delightedly.

"Bless her heart," he was saying to himself. "I hope this guy is good enough for her, that's all. What a mucker I am to begrudge her anything. It's great. If he isn't"—here his face darkened again—"if he doesn't treat her right, after he gets her, I'll make him wish he'd never been born." His cogitations became more expansive. "It's up to me to give him a clear field. It's all right for me to say I'm an old friend, but old friends can make damned nuisances of themselves. I know how I'd feel if I was in love with a girl and some idiotic old friend kept on horning in on everything. Why, I've been up at Jane's every night since I got to town—most of the afternoons, too. Monopolizing her. Making her unhappy. Making him— Yes, I've got to cut it out. She's in love with him—at least, it looks that way. He seems a decent chap. I wonder how Mr. Sage feels about it? Heigh-ho! Let's see—what did I say I had to do? Oh, yes—see Sammy Parr about something or other."

AND yet, with the best intentions in the world, he was not allowed to carry them out. Jane had something to say about it. She met him face to face in the street three days later, after Sammy Parr's wedding, and looking straight into his eyes, asked:

"What is the matter, Oliver? What have I done?"

"Done?"

"Don't be stupid. Have I offended you? Why haven't you been up to see me?"

He decided to be quite frank about it. "I guess you know the reason."

"I don't know of any reason why you shouldn't come to see me, unless it's because you don't care to."

"See here, Jane, we've always been pals. I know you like me just as much as you ever did, and I'd jump off that building over there head first for your sake. I don't know how things stand with you and Lansing. I don't think you're engaged, or you would have told me, but—"

"We are not engaged," she said quietly.

"I'm not going to ask whether you are in love with him. It's none of my business. It's pretty generally understood that he is in love with you. I will admit I've been making a few inquiries. According to gossip, he has the inside track. And so, since I'm not a suitor, it's only fair and square of me to keep out of the—"

Her free, joyous laugh interrupted him.

"Oh, you don't know how relieved I am," she cried. "I thought it was something really serious. So that's the explanation, is it? You wanted to give me every chance in the world to catch a beau—and to keep him. It's awfully kind of you, Oliver. I'm glad you've told me. As you say, it's none of your business, so I shan't burden you with my affairs. There is no reason why you should make me miserable and unhappy, however, just because you want to be what you call fair and square. Suppose I were in love with some one—even suppose I were engaged—is that any reason why the oldest friend I have in the world should turn his back on me and—"

"Now, now! Don't lose your temper, Jane."

"I'm not angry. I'm hurt. You've been in love with loads of girls—heaven knows how many that I don't know anything about—but has that ever made any difference in my friendship for you? Indeed it hasn't. You—"

"Then you are in love with Lansing?" she broke in.



The Dance of the Perfumes

WHEN HATSHEPSET was Egypt's queen, worshipped by the millions of her subjects, lovely girls were to be seen in the classic movements of the Dance of the Wind. Lithe limbs and supple bodies, raven tresses fragrant with myrrh and lotus flowers—a truly colorful picture beautifully postured on the banks of the sleepy Nile. From old Egyptian secrets of sweet smelling aromatic treasures has Vantine wrought particularly exquisite effects in Temple Incenses



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Continued on page 91

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 90

"I haven't said so, have I? Besides, there is only one person who has a right to ask me whether I'm in love with him or not, and that is Doctor Lansing himself."

"That was one straight to the point of jaw!" cried he, with a grimace.

"So you needn't feel that you are doing me a good turn," she went on. "On the contrary, you are putting me in an extremely awkward position. What do you think people will say if you drop me like a hot potato and—"

"Now, listen, Jane," he began defensively. "I thought I was doing the right thing. Good Lord, can you see me standing aside in favor of another fellow if I was in love with you? I should say not! I'd stay him out if it took all night every night for ten years. But I want to play the game. Why, if I keep on coming to see you morning, noon and night, I'll scare Lansing off—and he—he'll take to drink or something like that—"

"I don't believe you could scare him off, my dear Oliver," she said, not without a trace of irony.

"Well, anyhow—" began Oliver lamely—"anyhow, I've explained, and it doesn't seem to have done a particle of good."

"Are you coming to see me?"

"Certainly. If you want me to."

"Just as if there were no such person as Doctor Lansing?"

"He isn't easy to overlook, you know."

"I daresay, if I were to ask him to overlook you, he would do it for my sake—with pleasure. When are you coming?"

"This evening," he said promptly—"unless you have a previous engagement."

Jane smiled. "Doctor Lansing has quite an extensive practise," she remarked dryly. "He can't devote every evening to me, you know."

AND so June drew toward an end with Jane and Oliver back on the old footing. The "Committee of Three," satisfied that he was safe for the time being, adopted the welcome policy of letting him alone. But his otherwise agreeable stay in Rumley was marred by his father's increasing despondency and irritation. There were times when the old man's scolding became unbearable, and but for the pleading of Serepta Grimes and the counsel of Mr. Sage, Oliver would have packed his bags and departed.

"Don't pay any attention to him, Oliver," begged Serepta. "He's cranky, that's all. It would break his heart if you were to get mad and go off and leave him."

"But I can't stand being called a loafer, and a good-for-nothing, and a lazy hound, and—"

"You must overlook it, Oliver. He's old and he has worried so terribly over what that Gipsy said—"

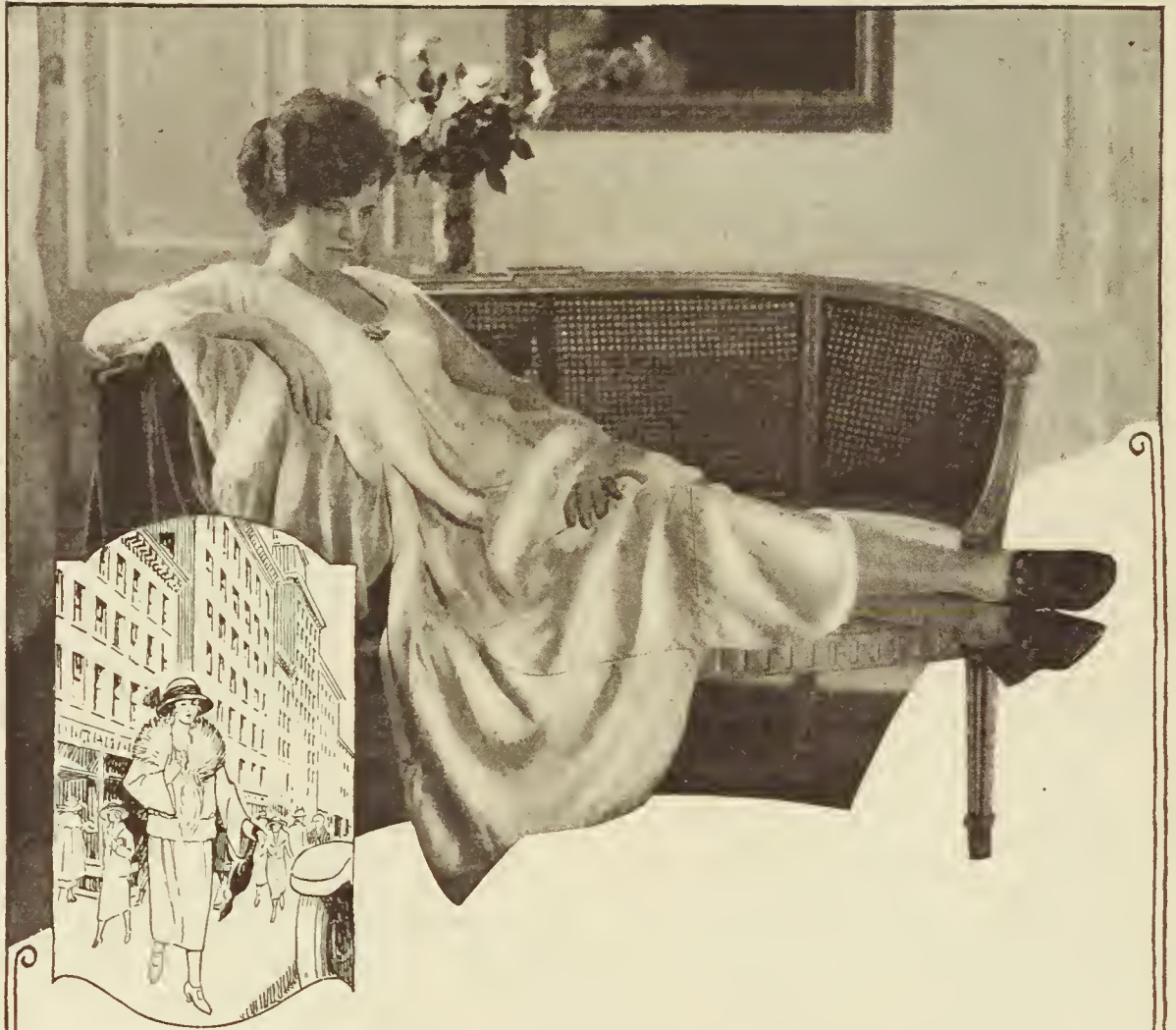
"All right, all right, 'Aunt' Serepta," he would say patiently. "I'll put up with it. I know he's fond of me. But sometimes it gets on my nerves so I have an awful time keeping my temper. I'm not asking him for money. I've got a little laid by. Enough to tide me over for quite a while. He seems to think I'm scheming to get my hands on his. In fact, he said so the other day when I mentioned that if I could scrape up a few extra thousand I could triple it by draining this end of the swamp and turning it into as fine pasture land as you'd find in the State."

"Well," said Serepta gently, "maybe you can carry out the plan after he is gone, Oliver. He's old. You will be pretty well off."

"God knows I would like him to live to be a hundred, 'Aunt' Serepta—so let's not talk of his dying!"

Shortly before three o'clock on the afternoon of June twenty-third old Oliver Baxter stepped into the bank and drew out thirty-five hundred dollars in currency. He gave no reason to the teller or to the cashier for the withdrawal of so large an amount in cash. He asked for a thousand

Continued on page 92



Such Delightful Comfort

DEEP into a layer of soft wool go your tired, aching feet, and they get the relaxation they need when you slip into your attractive, well made Capitol Felt Slippers.

After the wearisome shopping tour or hours spent in the snug-fitting, high-heeled shoes that Dame Fashion insists upon—a change to Capitol Slippers smooths out the frown of fatigue and brings complete restfulness.

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FOR ALL THE FAMILY



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GIFTS which you can make with LePage's are inexpensive, useful and dainty, and are described in our book, "LePage's Glue—the Handy Helper for Making and Mending." It will be worth your while to send for a free copy today. It is a book that will be useful for mending as well as for making. It has a chapter on amusing children on rainy days. But just as a sample, here are two gifts you can make:

The basis of an attractive desk set is a sheet of heavy cardboard, a sheet of blotting paper and a remnant of figured cretonne or brocade. Triangular pockets of the cretonne or brocade are fitted over the corners of the cardboard and LePaged to the under side. Then the corners of the blotting paper fit into these pockets.

At a stationery store, buy inexpensive articles which properly belong with a desk set and decorate with bits of the same cretonne or brocade, fastened in place with LePage's.

Candy boxes of simple or interesting shapes may be covered with flowered cretonne. A little pad of flannel or cotton LePaged on the cover under the cretonne adds to its finished appearance. Then LePage the wrong side of the cretonne and draw tight and smooth all over. These boxes, as you readily guess, are for handkerchiefs, jewelry, ribbons, combings.

Send today for a copy of the LePage's Glue book. Address: Russia Cement Company, 34 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S GLUE



THE STOPPER IS ALSO THE SPREADER



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 92

stride swiftly down the cement walk. Sammy was the first to speak.

"Well, I call that sociability! What the dickens is the matter with him? First time I've ever seen Ollie Baxter with a grouch. A grouch, that's what it was."

"He's got something on his mind," announced young Lansing professionally.

"The old man, I guess," said Sammy. "If my father behaved like old man Baxter, I'd take him across my knee and spank him."

Early the next morning Serepta called Joseph Sikes on the telephone.

"Did Oliver Baxter stay all night with you?" she asked. "I mean old Oliver."

"No! What's the matter, Serepty?"

"Well, he didn't sleep here last night, and there ain't a sign of him around the place. I—I guess maybe you'd better come up, Joe."

Old Oliver was gone.

"Off his base," groaned Mr. Sikes, fifteen minutes after Serepta's agitated call. He and Silas Link had hurried up to the Baxter home, where they found Mrs. Grimes waiting for them on the front porch. "I knew it would come!"

"WANDERING off somewheres," groaned Mr. Link, very pale and shaky. "Maybe down into the swamp. My God!"

"Oliver October's down there now," said Serepta. "I got him out of bed a little after seven. All I could get out of him was that the last he saw his father was down on the swamp road about nine o'clock last night. Old Ollie walked a piece with him."

"Out of his head," gulped Mr. Sikes. "Wandering around. In circles. Dead, maybe. My God, Silas!"

Both of them looked helplessly at Mrs. Grimes. She too was pale, but she was not helpless.

"Well, for goodness' sake, don't sit there like a couple of corpses," she cried. "Do something. Go look for him—"

The long and short of it was that Oliver Baxter had vanished as completely as if swallowed by the earth—and it was the general opinion that that was exactly what had happened. There was not the slightest doubt in the minds of his horrified friends that he had wandered out into the swamp and had met a ghastly fate in one of the countless pits of mire whose depths no man knew or cared to fathom, even in speculation.

Continued in December DELINEATOR



UNSUCCESSFUL NURSING

Continued from page 17

condition is a serious one and a physician should be consulted.

Much more common in nursing infants are the cases in which the principal symptom is looseness of the bowels, with thin, green stools, often containing white or yellow masses called curds. This sometimes happens when the milk is very poor, especially in fat, and the child is unhappy, restless, colicky and shows little or no gain in weight.

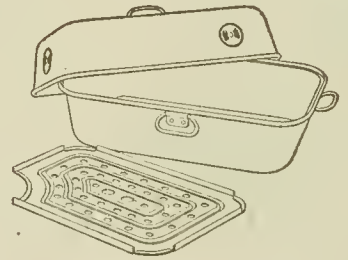
Occasionally a baby may continue to have as many as five or six thin, green, sour-smelling movements a day, often containing

Concluded on page 94



For the holiday feasts —a Mirro Roaster

A beautifully designed Mirro Roaster, of sparkling aluminum, brings to your holiday feasts juicier, more toothsome and more tender roasts than you have ever delighted the family with before.



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And, like all Mirro Aluminum kitchen ware, it is an inspiration which will brighten the kitchen hours through your lifetime.

The superiority of Mirro Aluminum utensils does not mean that they are expensive—you will find that they are *reasonably* priced.

All Mirro Aluminum goods are pledged with the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware.

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Send for miniature Mirro catalog No. 14—it pictures and describes many Mirro kitchen utensils.

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- 1 Ample depth for any roast.
- 2 Extra side handle which permits Roaster's being put in oven lengthwise or sidewise.
- 3 Depressed cover condenses steam at center and drippings thus fall directly on roast. A self-basting feature.
- 4 Air vents in side and front.
- 5 Rounded edges make for easy cleaning.
- 6 Cover fits snugly into lower pan.
- 7 Perforated tray which sits in bottom of Roaster. Has cut-out corner for gravy basting with spoon.
- 8 Features 1, 6 and 7 combine to make Roaster a perfect utensil for cold-pack canning. It easily holds six one-quart jars.
- 9 The famous Mirro finish.
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Then rinse the fingers, pushing the cuticle gently downwards when drying the hands. The ugly dead skin will simply wipe away leaving a firm even nail rim. Next work under the nail tips to bleach them white and instantly remove stains.

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Then the polish—that last touch of grooming.

The new liquid polish will give you in a flash a dazzling luster that resists frequent washings.

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UNSUCCESSFUL NURSING

Concluded from page 93

curds and much mucus, yet in spite of this he may be above weight and gaining regularly his half a pound a week. This is usually due to the fact that the milk is too rich and that the sugar of the milk especially is causing trouble.

The remedy in the first case is to supplement the nursing by other food. A formula in which a diluted top milk is used in most cases agrees better than diluted whole milk. Details will be considered later when artificial feeding is discussed.

The second group of infants should on no account be weaned, but a milk formula to which no sugar has been added should take the place of one or even two nursings a day. The intervals between nursings should be lengthened and each nursing shortened.

Constipation in nursing babies can very rarely be controlled by anything given to the mother to change her milk. Much depends upon early training to regular habits. Glycerin suppositories should not be used except very occasionally—they are too irritating. The soap suppository is less objectionable and may be used for a short time. The glutin suppositories are better for frequent use. A sufficient stimulus is often obtained with a cone of oiled paper which is inserted for a few moments just inside the bowel. The regular injection of water to produce a movement is not to be recommended; a small injection of two or three teaspoonfuls of sweet-oil is less objectionable.

ALL of these things have for their purpose stimulation of the bowel to empty itself; all are useful measures in establishing the habit of a regular movement. They should therefore be used at the same time each day, preferably in the morning and soon after the first nursing, but dispensed with as soon as possible.

A well-trained infant will often quickly acquire the habit of a regular daily movement when simply placed upon a chamber or, when older, upon a nursery-chair. The important thing is regularity and persistence on the part of the mother. The habit of a daily enema or a suppository, unless one is careful, is soon acquired to such a degree that the bowels will not move without them.

Rather less objectionable, and to be recommended for a short time to aid in the formation of regular habits, is a daily dose of milk of magnesia. Beginning with one teaspoonful at night, the amount should be very gradually reduced and after a few weeks omitted altogether.

Occasional attacks of colic in nursing infants are not uncommon and usually not difficult to recognize. The baby cries vigorously, draws up his legs and the abdomen is usually tense and hard. It is generally caused by gas in the bowels. Constipated babies suffer from it most. A hot-water bag to the abdomen and gentle rubbing will usually start the gas, and when this is expelled the pain ceases. A soda-mint tablet dissolved in a few teaspoonfuls of warm water is often useful. Most of the colic remedies are objectionable; especially should one not resort to frequent dosing of gin and water. When the colic is severe and not relieved by any of these means, an enema of six or eight ounces of tepid water to which half a teaspoonful of glycerin has been added should be given.

Habitual colic is often supposed to exist when the real cause of the crying is hunger. Constant fretfulness, poor sleep, eager sucking of fingers, a desire to nurse a long time and stationary weight are its most striking symptoms. The bowels are apt to be constipated. Immediate improvement of all these symptoms when a full feeding from the bottle is given is conclusive proof. The proper thing in such circumstances is not to wean the baby, but to give supplementary feedings after each nursing. If the mother is able to supply even half the food the baby requires, she should continue to nurse.



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The **Happy Child** is the healthy, properly brought-up one. Give your child the benefits of the expert advice of the greatest child specialists in America. Dr. L. Emmett Holt is the Chief Adviser of THE DELINEATOR's campaign for healthier children. Three pamphlets are available, any one of which may be obtained for ten cents in stamps: "The Expectant Mother and the New Baby," by Dr. Ralph Lobenstine, "The General Care of the Baby," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, and "Good Posture," by Dr. Alan De Forest Smith.

Hundred of **Towns** throughout the country will have Better Homes exhibits during the week of October ninth to fourteenth, as a result of the "Better Homes for America" campaign described elsewhere in this issue. Write to the Editor of THE DELINEATOR for the address of the organization headquarters nearest your home.

The **Home-Economics Department** has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

Your Home Betrays You. Its furnishings and care reveal your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary because they may be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Make your problems clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. All questions relating to floors and curtains may be answered by the purchase of Bulletins 1 and 2, entitled "Good Floors" and "Curtains and Draperies" respectively, price twenty-five cents each. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the Home-Decoration Department, will be glad to help you with all other problems.

The **Story Hour** is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

The **Best Face Foremost** in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and carefully study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table," are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

The **Entertainment Department** offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend. We have a new Electrical Party which most young people will like. Let us send it to you.



Making Your Hair Improve Your Looks

How to Make Your Hair Make You More Attractive



EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically. People judge you by its appearance. It tells the world what you are. If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm. Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Dress Your Hair To Emphasize Your Best Lines Only
Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hairdress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best. A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

In caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing. It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

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

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method
FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy

Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

You can easily tell when the hair is perfectly clean, for it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly
THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone. You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



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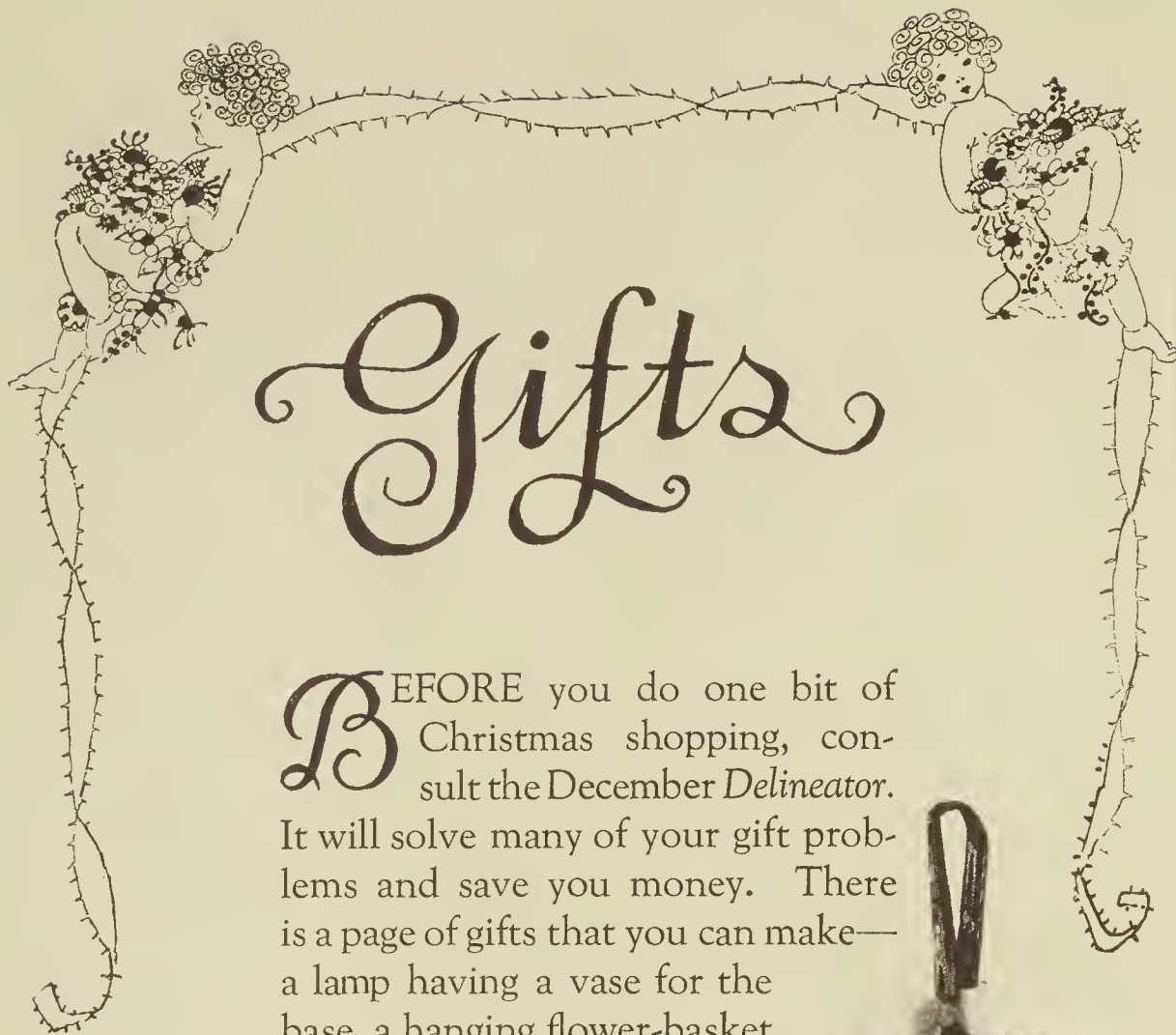
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Name
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Gifts

BEFORE you do one bit of Christmas shopping, consult the December *Delineator*. It will solve many of your gift problems and save you money. There is a page of gifts that you can make—a lamp having a vase for the base, a hanging flower-basket made of a wire sponge-basket, and many other novelties. Then, you'll find an article on different ways to give money presents—dressing a doll using dollar bills for a skirt, for instance.



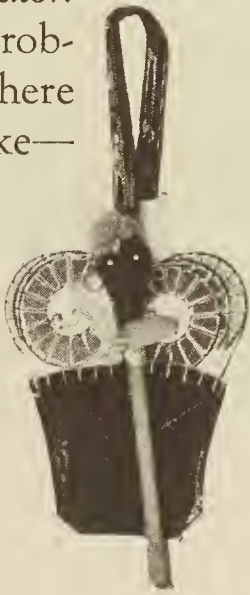
This grandmother doll, with a spool of darning cotton for a muff, and a card of darning wool for a petticoat, is very easily made.

And an article by Alexander Milne, the well-known photographer, on how to prepare for the taking of your Christmas photograph.

As for fiction, Zona Gale and Harold Titus have written Christmas stories for the December *Delineator*.

Do you know what are the most useful things to put in a poor basket, the most attractive way to decorate windows and doorways for Christmas?

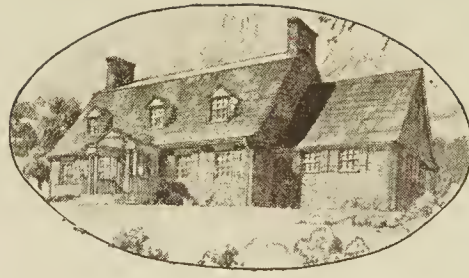
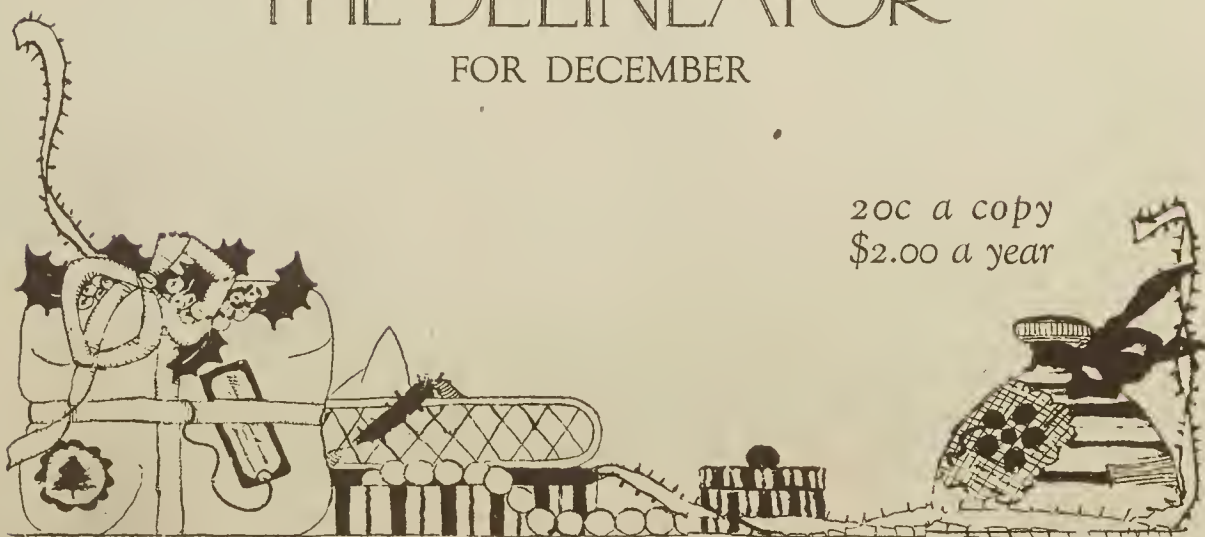
These questions and many, many others about Christmas are answered for you in



Every one will appreciate this gift—a decorative patent-leather basket for holding note-paper and envelopes.

THE DELINEATOR
FOR DECEMBER

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MODERNIZING AN OLD DUTCH MANSE

Continued from page 19

quite lacking in pretense. If more room was needed, wings were usually added, which enhanced the flowing picturesqueness of the house. Building materials varied, though the walls were built mostly of masonry. There are a few surviving examples of all-wooden houses. Following the tradition of Holland, brick was, of course, the most natural material. It is claimed that many of the earlier houses were built of brick brought as ballast from Holland. There may be some truth in this, although brick, patterned after Holland bricks in texture, size and shape, were made in this country in considerable quantity at an early date.

Local stone was largely used—dressed, squared and laid neatly with thick joints in the form of flat-bed rubble. We find walls of stone or brick, or of stucco or wood. Often two or more of these materials were blended in combination, and sometimes each of the four walls was built of a different material. Gable ends were usually of masonry, but sometimes they were clap-boarded or shingled. Color, variety and texture, although designed to result in directness and simplicity, nevertheless recalled the general scheme of the contemporary small houses of the mother-country.

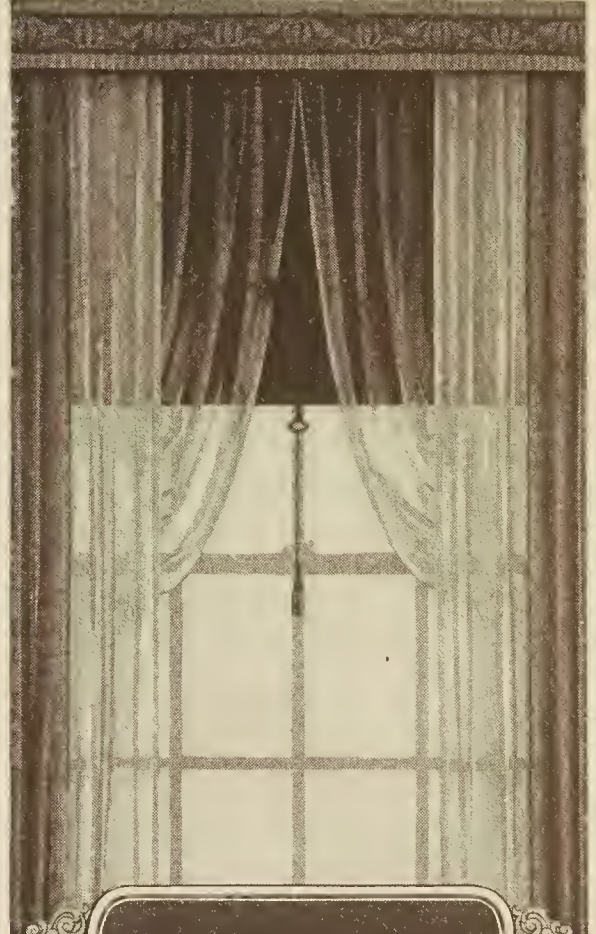
THERE is a world of delightful suggestion in these sensible Dutch prototypes. The Dutch Colonial house, never large or pretentious, should find much greater favor than it has found heretofore as inspiration for our modern suburban and country architecture. The style is capable of an endless variety of interpretation. Dutch types are appropriate and peculiarly expressive of domesticity. They lend themselves to economy, to the logical use of local materials and to altogether charming treatment both inside and out. Through them it is possible to produce new design with an old flavor of distinction. In the matter of detail, the solid Dutch shutters and Dutch half-doors, Dutch face hardware and fixtures and Dutch stuffs and furniture abounding in bright, cheerful colors, are well worth the careful study and serious consideration of the prospective home-builder.

The plan of a house developed along Dutch Colonial lines provides simple square or rectangular rooms, ample door and window openings and reasonable ceiling heights. In finish they may remain completely devoid of fussy ornamental detail or built-in decoration. The mantels may be severe. The doors may be of the simplest panel type; they may have plain flat trim and base; plaster may be rough or smooth and should return into the jambs to the window-frames. Face trim around the windows is unnecessary. The window-sash should be divided into small panes. The floors should be of wide or random-width boards of almost any serviceable wood. Face-iron hardware is proper painted in with the woodwork or cut out in black or special colors. Brass or china knobs are appropriate.

THE general scheme of a Dutch interior, in its free use of bright colors, is highly applicable to modern uses. Brass or pewter or other polished metal accessories and ornaments are a part of the plan. Large, serviceable, simple pieces of furniture may be chosen in hardwood or painted finish. Gaily colored chintzes for curtains and furniture coverings in large or small set patterns or stripes are in keeping, as are almost any kind of rugs or carpets, except Oriental. Pictures in oil or prints, mirrors, crockery, bowls and vases, cheerful in rich blues, yellows, reds, greens or even lacks, fit in with the general scheme.

In short, the Dutch style lends itself admirably to the absorbing of almost every kind of article that finds favor or is required

Continued on page 97



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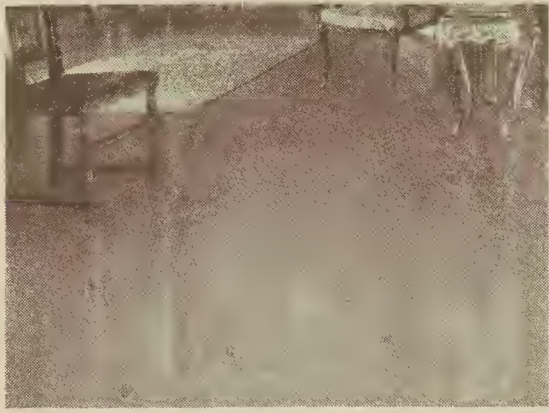
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MODERNIZING AN OLD DUTCH MANSE

Continued from page 96

for use in modern furnishings. Large areas may be of white or cream; black is used for accents and to frame bright-colored pictures with gold. With skilful handling an interior based on Dutch precedent develops into a charming, homelike, comfortable, distinctive and most desirable house.

When we speak of the Colonial style, the New England or Southern type is usually understood. These styles are a distinct contrast to the Dutch Colonial because there is about them a certain kind of pure-white severity and a limited color palet for detail use. They have their very distinct places in architectural choice of style. They are much more limited, however, in their flexibility and require a more restricted stylistic treatment.

The illustrations of this article show two modern adaptations of the Dyckman house type of building. As possible suggestions of treatment they have exceeding charm and merit, and they are, moreover, capable of being rendered variously in a wide choice of material, texture and color.

THE DYCKMAN HOUSE IN DETAIL

BY MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS
Editor of House Decoration Department

THE half or Dutch doors of the Dyckman house opening into the hall are entirely of wood. The hall extends from front to back through the center of the house. On the broad oak floor-boards, without finish of any kind, are here and there rugs. Extending round the plastered walls is a molding or chair-rail, which prevents chairs from being placed too close to the plaster and marring it. A light-gray wall paint, with a darker gray paint for the woodwork, makes a serviceable and pleasant decoration for this broad but severe little hall.

A tall mahogany clock, a type made in the eighteenth century, and a small table near the door are the only pieces of furniture in the hall. The square newel post and straight balusters are in perfect harmony with the extreme simplicity.

To the right of the entrance is the almost square beautifully appointed living-room. Save for the beautiful and colorful things in it, this room is rather somber and severe. A large square braided rug in black and dark red almost entirely covers the broad oak floor-boards. The walls are painted a mellow brown with a buff-tinted ceiling. The wood-work is putty-color gray. At the small paned windows hang short, straight draperies of Holland chintz in tulip design. Little casement-curtains of dotted swiss give this charming living-room a very dressy appearance. One or two portraits hang in the long wall-spaces, and in the narrow space between the windows hangs a mahogany and gilt mirror which reflects the crystal pendants of the candlesticks on the mantel. Almost in the center of the room stands a simple but rare specimen of gate-legged table on which is a narrow strip of beautiful old brocade. Two Chippendale chairs and a black-and-gold painted fire-screen hold the interest and admiration of the visitor.

OPPOSITE this room and to the left of the entrance is the dining-room. Here good specimens of Dutch furniture are more numerous. The background for this more sturdy type of furniture is buff or peach-colored paint. Gray woodwork and natural-colored oak floors complete the decoration of this room.

Set into and around the fireplace are two rows of large square delft-blue tile. On the wooden mantel over the fireplace are jugs and tankards of the same famous Dutch ware. These touches of blue are indeed

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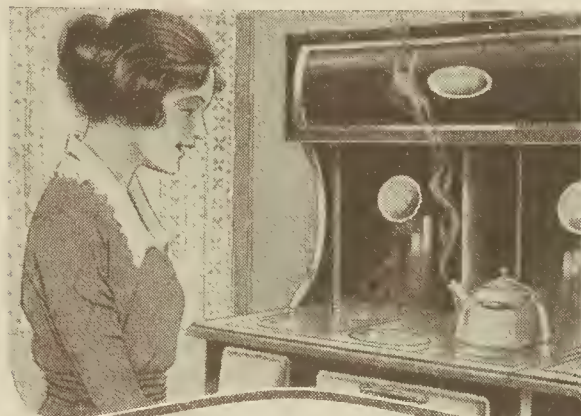
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The adult size retails for \$1.00 and the child's for 85c.

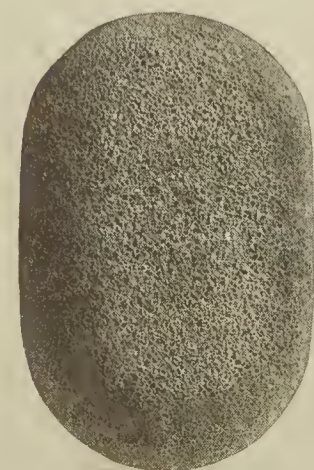
Faultless Tea Aprons can be obtained from your dealer or if you have any difficulty in obtaining them, order direct from factory, enclosing purchase price.

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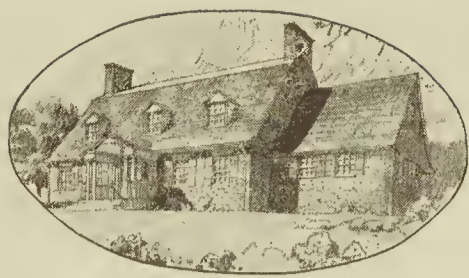
The new rubber, Faultless Natural Sponge has so many advantages over any other sponge that it already enjoys a big sale wherever it has been introduced.

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MODERNIZING AN OLD DUTCH MANSE

Concluded from page 97

lovely against the buff background. Brass plays its brilliant part in and about the fireplace. Andirons, fender and candlesticks shine in great splendor and invite their use. A colorful bit of needlework hangs directly over the center of the fireplace. A low-boy used for a serving-table is Dutch in character and a most convenient piece. The large oval braided rug in the center leaves exposed a wide border of the oak boards on which are a few hooked rugs of floral design. The excellent eight-legged drop-leaf dining-room table, dating from about 1740 and which, in early days, held many heavy tankards of pewter, blue and white crockery and slim Colonial silver, still stands in its place. Six chairs of the interlacing ladder-back type complete this interesting dining-room.

THE bedrooms suggest many bygone customs. The four-post bedsteads, with their curtains and valances, recall the days when bedrooms were unheated and drafty, and nightcaps were universally worn by men, women and children. The large chamber over the living-room is done in

gray paint—woodwork and walls alike. Braided rugs, small tables of maple and walnut, a desk and comfortable chairs make the furnishings complete and attractive. The bedroom to the south is by far the most agreeable bedchamber. Pink walls and gray-painted woodwork make it sunny and bright. Hooked and braided rugs were used in abundance. At the fireplace is a Franklin stove, a kind of iron fireplace invented late in the eighteenth century. Near by stands the family cradle in which generations of Dyckman babies were rocked. A comfortable winged chair near the windows intimates that the room may have been used as both a sitting-room and bedroom. Framed on the walls are samplers made by patient fingers. Among the numerous heirlooms of all kinds is a warming-pan, which, when filled with hot embers, took the chill from many a cold feather bed in olden times.

IN ALL old houses, lanterns appear to us surprisingly abundant, until one considers how useful they were. Rooms were unlighted, and when not in use were totally dark. Thus we find in the Dyckman house lanterns of every type and description, along with candlesticks and snuffers. The candleabra with the crystal pendants, which are in the parlor, are of a slightly later date than candlesticks, which were lighted on formal occasions when guests talked of the duel of Burr and Hamilton.

[At the request of THE DELINEATOR, Mr. Clifford C. Wendehack, architect, adapted from the historical Dyckman house two modern dwellings, one to be built of brick, the other of wood, each having the same floor-plan. Upon request, THE DELINEATOR will furnish, for one dollar, reprints of these floor-plans with working figures. You can build this house from these drawings with the assistance of your local architect.]



SECOND FIDDLE

Continued from page 16

He stopped himself suddenly, aghast at the name he had almost spoken—Clarissa. He met the eyes of his daughter and this time his own held a baffled expression. There is something almost pitiful when a man who believes in his omnipotence finds in his own family a mystery he can not solve. "I don't understand you, Julie," he mumbled. "I didn't always understand your mother."

She smiled at him, a little shyly. "We don't understand each other," she answered, "because we're all so much alike."

The governor shook his head dubiously. "That doesn't give me much of a clue," he objected. "If you don't get a woman the first time, I reckon you're blind lost when she starts to explain." Then he lapsed into his old mood of omnipotence. "Anyway, I'll see to it David Parker's the next assistant county attorney."

IN JUNE Juliette was married and among all the guests at the wedding Doctor Whitley alone did not share the popular opinion of the bridegroom. In the whispered candor of the town, Juliette Harcourt was marrying beneath her. A half a dozen guessed, perhaps, something of the loneliness and neglect of her life that had made her grateful for the love of even a David Parker.

But Doctor Whitley had attended the wedding of Clarissa Graves to William Harcourt and he shook his head dubiously. "Why the devil," he mumbled, "did Julie have to choose the only young man in this town who is bound to get on!"

For their honeymoon they went economically to one of those placid, willow-fringed lakes set down in the midst of the rolling corn-fields. It was early in the season and the big, unceiled, cheaply built hostelry was still almost empty. Mornings they fished, ostensibly for perch, off the side of a flat-

bottomed rowboat; and they talked and laughed and were silent in the margin of shade along the bank. In the afternoons they went swimming, and evenings they canoed into the narrow strip of moonlight that slanted across the water. It was all very tame and middle-class, but Juliette did not long for the surf of Palm Beach or the gondolas of Venice. Blissful in the complete concentration of David's affection, she was indeed knowing happiness for the first time.

David, too, was ecstatic in a sort of furtive paradise. Juliette's love for him seemed as incredible as it was delightful and all the time he was irked unconsciously by the thought that he must justify her devotion. Perhaps, indeed, no man ever quite believes in the unworldliness of a woman's love.

On Friday, at the end of their second week, David received a telegram from Bob Larkin, the county chairman, notifying him of a meeting the next day. With an expression of half-amused annoyance he handed the paper over to his wife.

"Rotten luck," he offered gallantly.

THE old fear of desertion came back suddenly into Juliette's eyes. "But we've planned to go to Spinney's Cove to-morrow."

"We've planned to go to Paris, sweetheart, for that matter." He slipped his arm through hers and held it for an instant tight against his side. "Cheer up, honey. Some day, when you're the President's wife, I'll take you on a beautiful rowboat trip to Spinney's Cove, where they have the best red ants and mosquitoes in Selby county."

"But it's only a miserable meeting to-morrow and we'll be missing all day Sunday." David shied a pebble over the porch railing into the weedy water. "Anybody'd think you thought this rotten, stupid, third-class tavern was the Ritz."

"It isn't that—but I hate being dictated to by a county chairman." She slipped her hand into his and their fingers interlaced. "I guess it's a blow, too, to realize old Bob Larkin has more influence over you than—I have."

"You're an idiot." There were three other people on the long, sagging, dusty veranda, but he kissed her. "Don't you want to see your husband earning a living wage by Christmas?"

"A living wage is all well enough," she asserted, "but I couldn't trust you to stop there. You'd go on getting bigger and more important and—forget about me."

Continued on page 99

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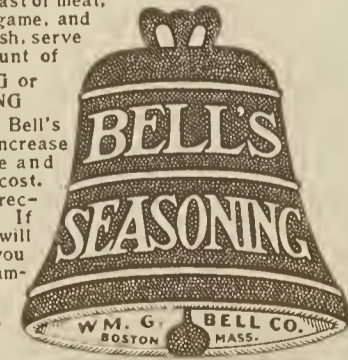
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SECOND FIDDLE

Continued from page 98

"You're a selfish woman."
"I'm—a woman."
He caught her to him with a sudden boyish tenderness. "Julie, I adore you."
"Then we're going to Spinney's Cove to-morrow?"
His arms did not lose their gentleness, but the smile vanished from his mouth. "We're going back to town this evening."

IT WAS a hot, dusty Summer that followed. Tilly, the Swedish insurgent, deserted for a family that was going to the lakes, and Juliette was forced to keep house with only the grudging aid of old Uncle Ezekiel, who helped around the yard and "did the floors" Mondays and Fridays. David and the governor, one fired with the first-time rapture of achievement and the other disciplined by long years of effort, worked blithely through the dog-days of July and August. With the new spur to succeed, David was undoubtedly making progress. Even the governor softened toward him.

One evening, when David was out of town, and Juliette and her father sat alone in the heavy, scent-filled twilight, the governor admitted his mistake. "Julie," he said, "I reckon your young man is going to be the next assistant county attorney. He's got a knack for getting on with people. The men like him and the women trust him. Besides, he's got the power of concentration. Most folks don't know what they want—and if they do, they change their minds. Am I right?"

Juliette nodded indifferently. "Moreover"—the governor's summing up was in his best rhetorical manner—"he's got you to work for. Of course, he's ambitious for you."

"Me!" There was no mistaking the scorn and incredulity in her voice. "What a lot men get away with by shouting that 'for the wife and kids' slogan!"

The governor's frown was as dark as the twilight. "You're wretchedly disrespectful."
She shook her head gravely. "No, I'm only wretchedly disappointed!"
There came, of course, golden moments when she and David were alone together. Sometimes in the evenings they saddled the solemn Harcourt horses and rode out into the country. Moonlight does something to the Middle West. All its tameness and baldness vanish and it becomes at once mysterious and beautiful and unexplored.

"Is the Appian Way any finer than this?" David inquired one night as they jogged along the State road.

"Better known, but overrated."

FOR a long moment there was silence. "Well, I'd like to see it. There's darn little I've ever seen outside of Selby county."

She looked at him quizzically in the darkness. "Is the Appian Way a—symbol, maybe, Mr. Caesar?"

"Yes, it is, Mrs. Xantippe," he retorted. "And I don't care who knows I'm ambitious."

They were plodding up the hill above the dam and their horses were close together. "David," she said at last, "I'm sorry I sometimes come so close to being—impolite."

He smiled down at her, but his eyes were grave. "It's lucky for you, miss, I'm crazy about you."

"Because?"

"Because you can be very unsympathetic."
It had been said half in jest but it rankled. She did not defend herself, for the fear that stalked always beside her she dared not put into words.

As the time for election approached Juliette saw less and less of her husband, but she did not complain. Trivial and unimportant as the whole affair seemed to her, she knew it was vital to him, and she tried to force an interest in the outcome. Perhaps because

Continued on page 100



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SECOND FIDDLE

Continued from page 99

his election had been considered a foregone conclusion, it was increasingly difficult to whip up any genuine feeling of suspense or anxiety.

The morning of the election Juliette voted in the basement of the Greenwood school. It was a cloudy day, dreary with the portent of more rain, and she was anxious to get home before the next downpour. Besides, this was one of Uncle Ezekiel's "days in" and she had planned to cover the pantry shelves and take the Winter blankets out of the moth-ball sacks.

At noon David telephoned he couldn't come home for lunch—but then, she had only half-expected him. All afternoon she helped the ancient Ezekiel in the attic. Not more than twice did it occur to her that for twelve dull hours the men and women of Selby county, dispirited and struggling under dripping umbrellas, were deciding whether or not David Parker should be the next assistant county attorney. Assistant attorney! Juliette had been in Washington when presidents were elected, when cabinets were assembled, when war was declared. Indeed, her apathy could not be said to be completely unreasonable.

At six-thirty the governor telephoned that neither he nor David would be home for dinner. A day of bending over trunks and cedar chests in the attic does not put one in a genial mood for solitude. Juliette ate drearily in the kitchen, wandered in listless search of diversion through the gloomy drawing-room and library, and finally climbed the stairs to her own bedroom. From the dressing-table she picked up again the tiny photograph of her mother. Clarissa Harcourt had been just her age when it was taken.

"POOR dear, your man didn't need you either," she whispered. "And here I am—missing out just the way you did. What's the matter with us? Or does every woman have to be neglected for some dull things?"

Outdoors a cold rain beat against the windows and rattled the casements. Juliette tried valiantly to sew and then to read, but neither brought her self-forgetfulness.

"I'm an idiot," she told herself savagely. "I've got to get used to this. I can't let it beat me. I can't. I can't."

The jangle of the telephone-bell startled her with an almost physical hurt. It was a long moment before the governor's voice came clearly over the wire. "Julie," he said, "David's on his way home. He got defeated. One of those queer things that happen sometimes." There was a moment of silence. "This doesn't mean anything. He'll get the next thing he goes out for. But, of course, he can't believe it now."

"He—got defeated." She repeated the words incredulously.

"Julie," he went on—in a dull way she felt him struggle for expression—"try to forget for an evening you're Clarissa's daughter and remember you're mine." Then came the metallic click of the receiver on the hook. The governor had gone.

For a long moment she stood there in the dark hallway. What a baffling, inarticulate thing life was! William Harcourt had missed something, too. He was asking now for David Parker the sympathy that had never been given to him, the sympathy Clarissa Harcourt had never believed he wanted.

In a panic of haste Juliette combed her hair and put on the dress David had declared was a "looker." Then, although it was only October, she lighted a fire in the library grate and pulled down the blinds against the darkness.

Outside on the gravel driveway sounded at last the cheap clatter of the town taxi and an instant later David's key slid sharply into the lock.

A gust of wind drove in through the
Continued on page 101



—this half

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SECOND FIDDLE

Continued from page 100

opened door. "Look out," he said, "I'm soaking wet."

She touched his coat with an appraising finger. "You are." Then she smiled up at him shyly. "Hang it here; never mind if it does drip on the million-dollar plush carpet."

He followed her into the library and sat down. Even in the glow of the firelight his face looked haggard and she could see the weariness in every line of his body. For a moment neither spoke, oppressed by a fear of the consequences of even a single blunder.

"Jim Hiatt beat me," he said finally. She nodded. "Father telephoned. He seemed surprised, but not a bit disappointed—in you, I mean." How stupidly and cruelly she was putting it.

David Parker smiled grimly. "Of course, there's nothing harder to get away with than an anti-climax. And this is it."

JULIETTE glanced up at him sharply. "What do you mean, anti-climax?"

He looked away suddenly from the pleading in her eyes. "This—defeat." The bitterness of his voice was not pleasant to hear. "The whole thing has seemed trifling and silly to you, I know, and I've worked so hard. If I'd won, I could have been casual about it and—amused you by making fun of it. But I've lost. I've made myself ridiculous to you, even more ridiculous than before."

"David—" There was no mistaking the protest in her voice.

"Let me finish." He was talking like one who has a difficult thing to say, a thing he had never expected to put into words. "I've been a nobody all my life—and I've been ambitious. It's a combination that doesn't sit well. Then I fell in love with you, long before I even knew it, years before I dreamed you had ever noticed me. You had everything but money, perhaps, and I was your father's secretary. Then it happened—and you took me." He stopped a moment, appalled at the brutality of his words. "Everybody thought you'd married beneath you. I wanted to do something for you. I can see now how little it was. And I didn't get even it. I—I'm sorry for you, Julie."

"Oh, David."

FOR the first time she saw how he had linked his love for her with his ambition—linked them so closely that he could scarcely distinguish their separate identities. It was for her he must make a place. It had been for Clarissa Graves that William Harcourt had sacrificed. What a curious inconsistency of life that women must be neglected and forgotten in order that they might be served! Illogical and a half truth as it was, it was true. To keep her man she must give him up again and again, and she must do it with a gay heart.

"David—" she crossed over to him and drew his head gently against her—"dearest," she whispered, and her lips touched his hair, tousled as a boy's and still damp from the rain.

Suddenly he put his arms around her and drew her to him, his face pressed hard against her side. He was suddenly only a child, tired and disheartened and bitterly disappointed. In this moment she had become to him the most vital thing in his universe. She was his past, his present, and all his hope for the future. It was the moment for which her whole life she had been preparing.

"Julie," he whispered, "can you still love me—after all this?"

"My dear, my dear!" She dropped down on her knees beside him and his arms still held her fast. "I think I can love you, sweetheart, even after you're President of the United States!"

He looked into her face sharply. "Meaning by that?"

"That you are going to get on, Mr.

Concluded on page 102

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SECOND FIDDLE

Concluded from page 101

Parker. That I've married a winner, a great man." She met his eyes with steady candor. "I didn't intend to do it—but I have. And I love you—enough to carry me over the weeks and months when there won't be any moments like this."

He had never supposed he would laugh again, but he did. In an instant she had given his dream back to him, his belief in himself. "There'll always be moments like this, you big silly."

She looked at him gravely. "Well, anyway, there's been this one. That's a lot, I'm thinking, isn't it?"

And the future attorney-general kissed her.



THE LADY OF THE MOONLIGHT

Concluded from page 6

"Emancipation started in the South. You remember that four million negro slaves were made free by Lincoln. Isn't it glorious to think that to-day five and a half million slaves of ignorance, both white and colored, and largely native-born, have been freed?" Mrs. Stewart's eyes glowed as she said this.

Ten years—just a decade—have demonstrated that the fight against illiteracy can be won—that it has been won.

"What do you dream of now?" I asked Mrs. Stewart. Instantly she replied: "I dream of a time, not far away—in 1930 I hope it will be—when the census-takers, in making their rounds of this vast country, will find no single person who has reached manhood and womanhood unable to write and to read the questions on those blank forms."

MRS. STEWART works now from Frankfort, Kentucky, where there has been established the headquarters of the Illiteracy Committee of the National Council of Education, made up of the best educators in the country. In 1910 there was nothing of this sort; now there is the powerful Illiteracy Committee of the General Federation of Women's Clubs and the Illiteracy Committee of the W. C. T. U. working for the national good. The American Legion has proclaimed that one of its aims is the stamping out of illiteracy; and the first plank in the platform of the League of Women Voters is also this. The Girl Scouts of America are now working hard, and each scout has promised to teach four illiterates.

"These schools," said Mrs. Stewart, "grew out of human need; Providence is behind them. You ask me if I love the work. I not only love it—I live it. But it is the teachers, those dear, inspired, tireless teachers, who are the backbone of it all. Each session lasts two hours, but they become so interested that they wish always to prolong the time. Yet we find it better to have short, intensive sessions—to stop while the enthusiasm is on the crest.

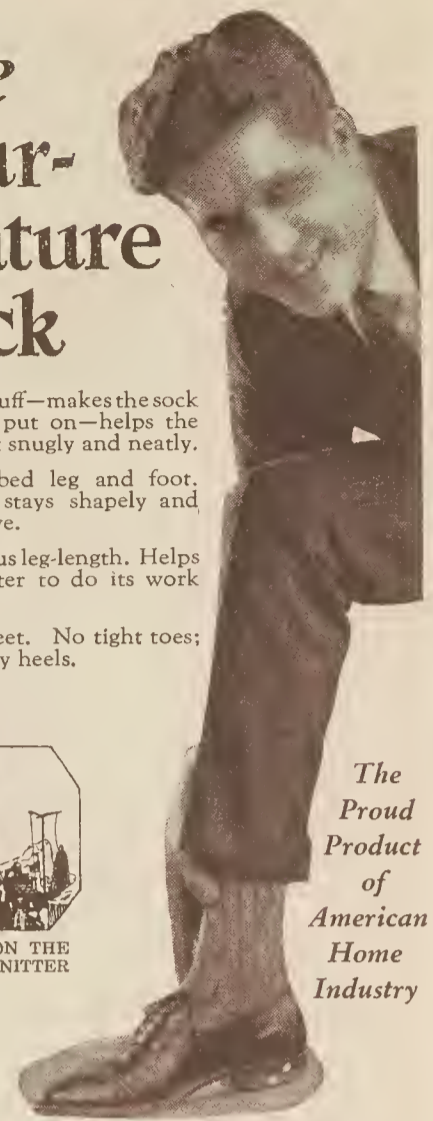
"We don't wait for moonlight nights any more. The people themselves stopped that. Rain or shine, with lanterns in their feeble hands, they fare forth on starlit or stormy nights—it makes no difference. If they are proud of us and of their ability to walk on the bright roadway of Knowledge, just think how proud we are of them!"

The Four-Feature Sock

- 1 Elastic cuff—makes the sock easy to put on—helps the ankle fit snugly and neatly.
- 2 Full-ribbed leg and foot. Always stays shapely and attractive.
- 3 Generous leg-length. Helps the garter to do its work well.
- 4 Fitted feet. No tight toes; no baggy heels.



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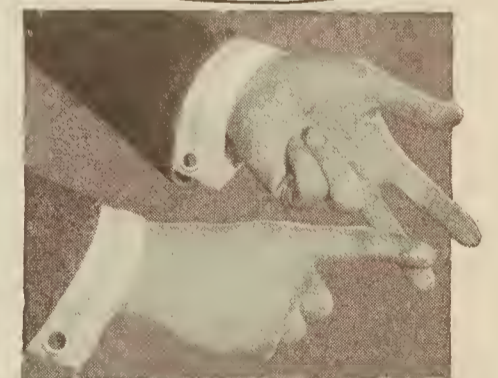
Olde Tyme

ALL WOOL SOCKS

There's cosy warmth and comfort in Olde Tyme All Wool Socks. They are made by hand on the Auto Knitter from the finest, pure worsted yarn. And their shape-retaining qualities, generous length, perfect fitting softness and long wear make them ideal for golf, hiking or business wear. In popular heather mixtures and plain colors. On sale at more than 9,000 men's stores.

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At smart evening affairs the men not wearing Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry usually can be counted on the fingers of one hand. Only at the better shops.

Tuxedo Sets \$4.50 to \$11.00
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Tuxedo Set	
262K	264K
Pair	3
Links	Studs
\$3.00	\$1.50

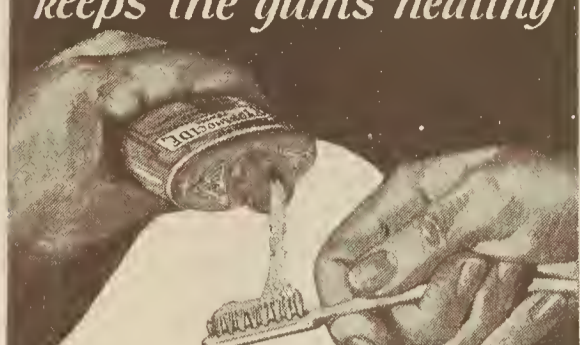
Your Christmas Bills!

ARE you prepared to meet them? Earn all the extra money you need. See page 99 for further particulars, or simply mail this ad with your name and address to

Manager, Staff Agencies Division
Box 891, Butterick Bldg., New York, N. Y.

PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

keeps the gums healthy



Tender Gums

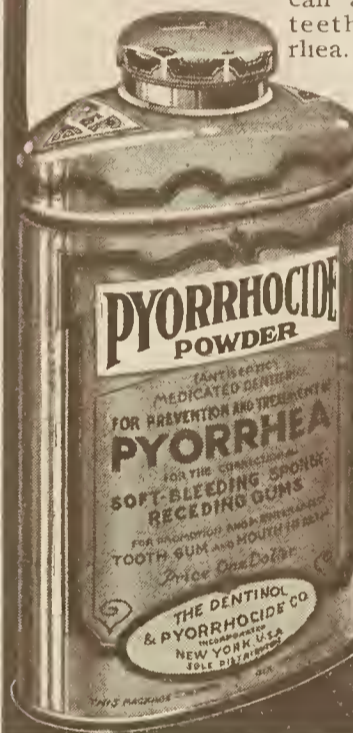
Made firm and healthy

Pyorrhocide Powder is the one dentifrice that contains the elements which exhaustive clinical research and tests have proved necessary for keeping the gums healthy as well as the teeth white and clean.

It cleans the teeth scientifically by removing the mucoid deposits and daily accretions before they become hard, gum-irritating tartar formations which are the principal cause of pyorrhea.

Pyorrhocide Powder strengthens tender gums; corrects bleeding gums; hardens soft, spongy gums.

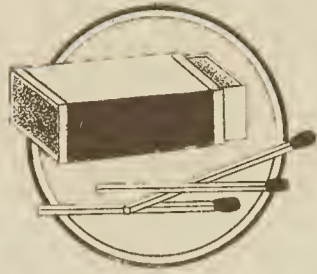
See your dentist regularly—use Pyorrhocide Powder daily—and you can avoid loss of teeth from pyorrhea. The economical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists and dental supply houses.



Buy a package today

The Dentinol & Pyorrhocide Co., Inc.
Sole Distributors
1480 Broadway
New York

Sold by Druggists Everywhere



MATCHES

Concluded from page 11

three bits of matches. "It's his life," she said, "he's brought me here."

"Yes," agreed Jensen. "I brought you a gold chain. He's brought you his life."

"Jensen," said Cheaven roughly, "what do you mean?"

"I mean we got to get square about this keepin' company business." Jensen still addressed Edda. "You—you wasn't sure when he went away. Then you thought you liked me. I guess you do, some. But this is a business in which we got to—to know our own minds."

"Yes." She was touching the matches softly with her fingers and weeping all the while.

"Well, then," said Jensen, "well, we'll start afresh. Him and me'll be on just the same footin' for a month. At the end of it we'll come and see which—which you'll take: My gold chain or his dead matches."

"Jensen!" cried Cheaven again. "Jensen!" But Jensen got up quickly and went out. In a minute Cheaven sprang up and followed him. They could be heard talking outside.

Edda sat still, her hands enclosing the matches. She had not stirred at all when they went out. Only her eyes had followed the man who had brought her nothing but himself.

From the warm shadow gran'pa spoke, his hand on gran'ma's. "It's a good thing to know your own mind while you're young."



WHEN MARRIAGE GOES ON THE ROCKS

Continued from page 4

Learning this, the wife became furious because it was not a joint account. But the court advised the man not to make it joint until the wife's attitude had changed. A woman probation officer meantime worked with the wife, trying to wake her up. And gradually she improved. She gave the children better care, and grew to appreciate her husband. He still loved her, strangely enough, and they were reunited. He says now it was a lucky day for him when his wife brought him to court. He is earning more than ever before, has his old-age pension and a bank-account, and has a changed wife and home!

But enough of showing up the yellow sort of wife. She is so greatly in the minority as to be hardly worth considering here. And besides we have come to the last two factors on our list of those that cause marital disaster: Drink, infidelity and other evil habits; and non-support.

Non-support requires no discussion here. It is the thing which brings the couple into the family court. In one sense it is the cause of most of our separations, and in another it is merely the result, or climax, of all those other causes that led up to it. Except for the mental defectives—and any man who will not work is a mental defective—few men refuse support to their families unless home conditions or bad habits have driven them to it.

The home conditions we have discussed, giving women their full share of the blame. When it comes to evil habits, however, the wife can practically step aside. If any cynic needs to have his faith in womankind renewed, I would recommend that he find work for one month in a family court. I will guarantee that before the month is out his

Concluded on page 104



The DeLuxe of All Heating Pads!

WITH ONE RUBBER AND ONE WHITE MUSLIN SLIP COVER

\$7.50 Complete

YOU'LL find this big, comfort-giving heating pad at all good Drug, Department, Hardware and Electrical Stores. It's packed in a handsome red box and is kept absolutely clean by the oiled-paper covering which seals out all dust, dirt and germs. The pad itself is remarkably well made, being of a specially treated light-brown wool with dark-brown silk-sewed edges. This prevents ripping or fraying. Six feet of cord, a genuine Cutler-Hammer Switch and the three heats bring heat and comfort instantly! The two slip-covers are an added convenience which costs YOU nothing! All this only with the Star-Rite Heating Pad. Be sure to get it! Price in Canada, \$9.00.

FITZGERALD MFG. CO., Torrington, Connecticut

STAR-Rite ELECTRICAL Necessities



It's the Mode

For smart affairs—the mesh bag!

Contrasting smartly against fur or fabric, its lustrous mesh adds chic and charm to even the simplest costume. Its acceptance by Fashion is a style suggestion to the woman who is mindful of the mode. Whiting & Davis Mesh Bags may be seen at leading jewelry and department stores.

"Gifts That Last"

WHITING & DAVIS CO.
Plainville, Norfolk County, Mass.

Whiting & Davis MESH BAGS

In the Better Grades. Made of the Famous 'Whiting' Soldered Mesh

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The assurance of comfortable repose appeals to every sufferer from asthma.

The popularity of Vapo Cresolene is due to—

Continuous treatment while the patient enjoys undisturbed rest.

Avoidance of internal medication.

Prompt relief. Unquestionable merit.



"Used While You Sleep"

The household remedy for bronchial troubles

Sold by druggists

Send for descriptive booklet 70

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt Street, New York
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Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath that soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon.

Mercolized Wax

gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexion of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax (beautifier) . . . 95c
Powdered Saxolite (for wrinkles) 75c
Phelactine (hair remover) . . . \$1
Powdered Tarkroot (face restorer) \$1

All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

Dearborn Supply Co., 2358 Clybourn Av., Chicago



Maybe they say it behind your back

IF you are a sensitive person, you'll be able to sympathize with this woman's plight. She was extremely sensitive—always imagining some one was saying something about her. She would actually dread leaving a roomful of people for a moment, fearful of being criticized while absent.

Much of her trouble, of course, was imaginary. But one was very real—so real that it had caused her endless embarrassment and discomfort.

The full truth of it dawned upon her one day when she read one of these advertisements—an advertisement that had the courage to look facts frankly in the face.

It spoke about halitosis (the medical term meaning unpleasant breath) and about how Listerine, the well-known antiseptic and deodorant, meets and defeats this insidious trouble.

It is an insidious thing, halitosis, because it creeps upon you unawares. Nine times out of ten the person so suffering is least of all conscious of it. And while it embarrasses friends and associates with whom you come in contact, the subject is so delicate a one, they can't bring themselves to mention it to you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis is a chronic thing that requires professional aid. Usually, however, and fortunately, halitosis is purely a local condition. Listerine used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle will correct it. It halts fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Any druggist will supply you. Listerine has dozens of uses as an all-round safe antiseptic. Fastidious people everywhere are adopting it as a regular part of their daily toilet routine. Its use as a mouth-wash affords such an easy, sure way of putting yourself on the safe and polite side.—Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

For
HALITOSIS
use
LISTERINE



WHEN MARRIAGE GOES ON THE ROCKS

Concluded from page 103

slighting comments on women will have ceased. The sacrifices wives will make, the suffering they will endure, the work they will shoulder to make ends meet and keep a roof over the heads of their children, the way they will forgive and keep on forgiving some faithless, shiftless, drunken beast after he has abused them for years, is little less than marvelous.

One of our probation officers tells a story of dropping in to call one morning on a woman who was to bring her husband to court that afternoon, and finding her industriously ironing a boiled shirt so the man would look good in court and not disgrace the family. One day I saw a touching incident myself in the corridor of the family court. A wife who was having her husband brought up for non-support was waiting out there to be called into the courtroom, when her husband happened to arrive. He did not see her, but she did see him; and she saw that he was very unkempt, without either collar or tie. She hesitated, then dug down into her little coin-purse, fished out sixty cents, and, taking it to him, sent him off in a hurry to buy a collar and tie before they should be called into court together. Such love is more of the mother than of the sweetheart; and we find many good women loving their menfolk in just that way.

Wives of drinking men—and drink is a prime factor in marital troubles, though there is less of it since prohibition came in—seem born to suffer and endure. I always know, when one finally comes to court, that it is not the man's first but his twentieth offense. It is an interesting fact that the limit of the woman's endurance is usually the day when the children begin to feel the humiliation of it all. When the little son or daughter comes running into the house in tears, declaring that some neighbor's child called, "Aw, yere father's an old souze. I seen the cops taking him to the station-house," the mother grimly puts on her bonnet and hurries into court.

IN ONE case the father had called the mother "an indecent name before the children"—a name she would not repeat aloud, but which, finally, she whispered to me. That, and that alone, had brought her into court after seven years of brutal treatment and neglect.

Of course, the children are the most pitiable victims of the disrupted home. Fifty per cent. of our criminals and fifty per cent. of the girls who become prostitutes come from broken homes. The bewildered children who appear in the family court, led by an angry father or mother, are our future criminals. This is because later on they have no proper home conditions, often no parental discipline.

All women seem to realize this, and most men. When a father neglects or abuses his children, it is almost always because of drink. And, speaking of men who drink, the wife-beaters are practically extinct. But wives still get "pushed out o' the way" by a long-shoreman husband who has had a drink or two, and that "little push" being equivalent to the kick of a healthy mule, the wife appears in court as soon as she is able to get around again. In such cases, almost always the wife was going through the husband's clothes in the hope of finding enough money to pay the rent, a procedure I heartily approve of and which I would resort to myself were I the wife.

When a case like that comes to me in court, I make the man turn out his pockets and I divvy things up then and there. In one instance the man had four dollars and the wife had thirty-two cents. I saw to it that they exchanged. In another case the wife was penniless while the man had four thousand dollars in his pockets! I gave the wife two thousand and sent her away happy.

Once a woman, the wife of a selfish, lazy, drinking brute, came into court with showy,

open-work lace stockings on, stockings suitable only for an evening party, and her husband, seeing them, began to jeer.

She burst into tears, and turned to me: "I had to wear these. I saw stockings today for thirty-nine cents in the window of a store, and I couldn't buy them. These were a wedding present. Was I coming into court with holes in my stockings? I have my sister's dress on and my mother's coat. He hasn't bought me a thing since I married him."

In such a case, a job is promptly found for the man by our court employment department. And in this connection some amusing things occur. Frequently the man who pretends he can not find work along his own line is given a job in a line so distasteful that he hustles out and finds work he is fitted for. I remember a Greek, a pretty good ferry-boat musician, who "couldn't find a job" and so could not support his family. He went to the workhouse first, and then a job of washing dishes was found for him. It was nasty, sloppy work and he protested violently, but without effect. He washed dishes just three days, when, unable to stand it any longer, he went out and found himself a fine job as musician aboard a boat.

Frequently a husband and wife will come into court "all het up" and, after talking it over, will really forgive one another, though they're not ready to say so. At that crisis a disparaging comment from somebody else will often reunite the two.

I REMEMBER an occasion when a wife was sitting in the witness-stand telling how mean her husband was, always neglecting her and going off and staying, when suddenly she thought of something. She turned to him. "Jim, wasn't that the time you had to go to Boston for the boss? And you stayed a week and didn't write me."

"Well, maybe it was," replied Jim. "I was trying to get square with you. You know you'd been awful nasty before I left."

The woman said nothing. Evidently she knew she had been nasty.

The trouble was really patched up then, though the woman did not realize it till the next week, when the probation officer called on her. "Mrs. S—," he said, "I guess you two had better separate for good. Your husband's a pretty mean fellow."

As he had expected, the woman burst into an indignant denial. And a little later the two were reunited.

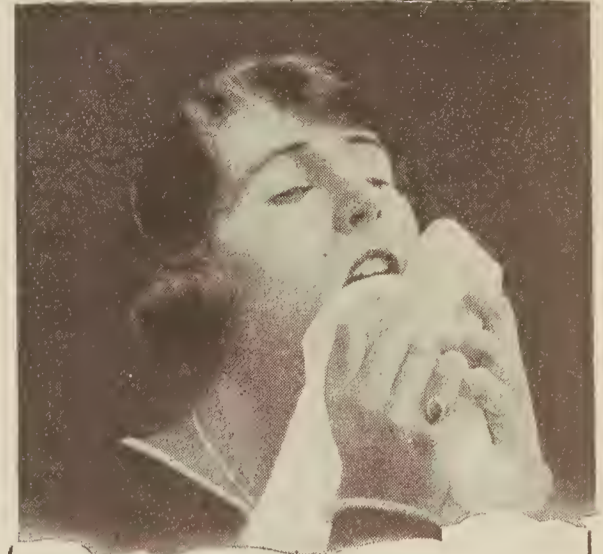
I have still to answer several of the questions listed at the first of this article, unless the cases I have cited have answered them for me. Is it the man or the woman who is most to blame for marital troubles? Do people usually separate because of big or little faults in each other? Is there any solution for the divorce problem? What does a judge of a family court think of the institution of marriage at the end of a hard day?

Answering these briefly, I would say that the blame is fifty-fifty, because, although it is the man's failure to support his family which brings the case to court, almost always the faults of both husband and wife have contributed to the disaster. People usually separate because of the little faults in each other—in fact, almost every separation is the culmination of a series of irritating disagreements over trifles. As to what is a possible solution for the divorce evil—that is a big question. But I would suggest earnestly that young people be trained for the practical business of marriage and then be urged and helped to choose their lifemates carefully.

FINALLY, as for a family-court judge's opinion of the institution of marriage at the end of a hard day—it is my experience that the judge leaves the bench with a renewed appreciation of the spiritual and enduring qualities of marriage.

The willingness of wives to take their husbands back after years of privation and abuse, the devotion of men and women to their children—a love so great that I know of a man who gets up at daybreak and goes clear across the city every morning before work in order to see his child for a few minutes—the instances of love persisting in the face of everything, of wrongs forgiven and forgotten, of happy and lasting reunions after the gravest misunderstandings, the innate loyalty which can usually be quickened to life by an outsider's slighting word or look—all these are indications which increase the faith of the judge in the permanency and durability of the married state.

There may some day be a better institution than marriage and the home, but it has yet to be discovered.



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Vaseline
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
EUCALYPTOL
PETROLEUM JELLY

will do it.

A small application of it in the nostrils heals the infected membranes of the nasal passages.

The best way to cure a cold is to check it. Keep a tube of "Vaseline" Eucalyptol Jelly ready for instant use.

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Corns Go
Just say
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to your druggist

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. A touch stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in a colorless clear liquid (one drop does it!) and in extra thin plasters. The action is the same.

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GRAY HAIR
can be restored to its natural color without the use of harmful dyes.
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It's all pure oil, light enough to penetrate tightest bearings, viscous enough to stay in the bearings, working out old caked grease and dirt, and lubricating perfectly. Gritless, greaseless, acid free. Ask for 3-in-One today, and don't accept a "just as good."

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Mother's troubles in protecting her child's health are lessened with CosyToes. The snug warmth of these wonderful slippers finds favor in every home.

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OH YES INDEED, THE MEN!

Continued from page 50

In his gymnasium, with the mechanical boats and horses, your speed in rowing registers, the gait of your horse changes—you can lay bets on yourself as to how fast you can row, you can almost throw yourself with the change of gait in your horse. Hazards! The mind is involved—and you're interested.

He thinks the Y. M. C. A. a great institution, usually very good directors there. If you don't want to go to a director and let him tell you what you need, at least buy one of the many splendid books on the market that experienced physical directors have brought out. A new small set has just appeared that seems to us the best and most complete guide we have found. It takes up in detail every conceivable need.

The fundamental of health—also of beauty—is proper breathing. Most people don't bring the remote cells of the lungs into use. Reducing the respirations to ten per minute for five consecutive minutes three times a day will insure full breathing. For instance, as you are walking, instead of breathing as you ordinarily do, make ten complete respirations per minute (ten inhalations and ten exhalations). In other words, you breathe in for three seconds and out for three seconds, making a complete respiration every six seconds, at which rate your respiration will be at the rate of ten per minute. To simplify, make fifty complete respirations last you for five minutes. At the end of five minutes you will find that you will be breathing deeply and filling your lungs to capacity. This is simply an exercise, and three or four times a day will be found sufficient.

THERE is rhythm in breathing. Try to feel the rhythm in it, and stick to it. Normal breathing in exercising should be twelve rhythmical respirations to the minute. Lie flat on floor, legs extended, arms at side. Take a deep breath and hold it throughout the six counts. Raise the right knee up at right angles with your torso, counting one; return to first position, counting two; up, three; down, four; up, five; down, six. Exhale. Take plenty of time to complete the breathing, emptying the lungs thoroughly and filling fully. Inhale, repeating the same exercise with left knee. Exhale.

Do both series of exercises (right and left) three times each, then do the same thing with both legs held together.

Do them slowly and pleasantly until you've been taking them some time, then more vigorously. Do them without any clothes on, if possible; it is good for the skin and reduces the liability of taking cold. The health of your skin has much to do with the health of your body. It regulates your body temperature and is an organ of excretion.

Lie flat; inhale; extend right leg upward, toes pointing away from the body, knee straight. Right leg: Up, one; down, two; up, three; down, four; up, five; down, six. Exhale. Do it three times, then do the same with left leg, then with both legs.

Another simple exercise while lying flat is to raise right foot and describe a circle, up and out to the right as far as possible, and back to first position. Left foot: Up, out to the left as far as possible, and back to first position. Count as follows: Inhale; circle three times with the right, one, two, three; exhale. Inhale; left one, two, three; exhale. Repeat three times with each foot, then with both feet.

Now inhale; rise to sitting position and, reaching forward until you touch the toes, hold on to the toes, and exhale. Inhale while in this position, and go back slowly to the first position; exhale. Do it three times.

Lie with knees bent. Inhale; raise feet over head as far as you can, down slowly to first position; exhale. One exercise to each respiration. Repeat three times.

As you grow stronger, this exercise can be made more difficult by starting with the

Continued on page 106



The Girl of Today Uses Cashmere Bouquet

The long-lasting toilet soap with a dainty fragrance—luxurious and refined.

At your favorite store

Large size cake 25c Generous medium size 10c

COLGATE & CO.

ESTABLISHED 1806

NEW YORK CITY

New Clothes for the Winter Season

YOUR clubs and societies have resumed their activities and you will need to make yourself some dresses. In the *Butterick Quarterly* for Winter you will find the latest styles—the new blouse jacket, the draped skirts, circular skirts and circular draperies in the new dresses. Many of these dresses are trimmed with fabric flowers, interlaced girdles and hand-made ornaments. The new circular skirt differs from the old, for the circular movement is entirely at the sides which are often longer than the front and back.

There are fourteen pages of fashions and the cover in full color—showing the new colors and color combinations. The Deltor—enclosed with each Butterick Pattern—will enable you to make any style you may desire.



600 Winter styles shown

in the

BUTTERICK QUARTERLY

25c a copy at any Butterick Pattern counter

12 Ways to appliqué



AUTUMN Needle-Art shows you with pictures and instructions many new ideas in appliqué, as, for example, outlining petals in machine-hemstitching, picoting the edges and then fastening them down with inconspicuous running stitches. You are also given advice on many appliqué problems—what and how to pad, the easiest way to turn back edges evenly, when to leave the edges unfinished—in this important issue of *Needle-Art*.

Sweaters and hats for little girls

PARTICULAR attention is paid to the children in Autumn Needle-Art. There are slip-ons with collars that can be worn open or closed, a knitted suit for little boys, scarfs for girls that are embroidered to match their crocheted tams and hats, and many sweaters for the grown-ups. This is just a sample of what you'll find in Autumn



Needle-Art

25 Cents a Copy
At any Butterick
Pattern Counter



This border is one of the forty-two motifs in Transfer Design Number 10931



OH YES INDEED, THE MEN!

Continued from page 105

legs extended straight out, lifting them as far back over your head as possible. Repeat three times and on through many variations until your lungs get so that they open to the outermost edges whenever you breathe.

If you want to reduce your waistline, here are two of the best exercises known:

Stand, feet eighteen inches apart, elbows at sides, forearms and hands extended, palms up, stretch fingers. Swing left hand downward, touching the right foot, right hand stretched upward as far as possible, eyes looking upward toward the right hand. Back to first position. Reverse the movement to the opposite side, right hand down and left hand up. Do this series three times.

Then take same standing position, only clasp your hands down in front of you as if you were holding an ax. Roll up to the right side, and when hands are directly above head, stretch backward and chop vigorously as before. Do this series three times.

There is probably no more important exercise or training than that of assuming a correct posture over and over again, many times a day, all through life, until it becomes a fixed and constant habit.

Correct posture has to do not only with external appearance (which, remember, makes for success in life), but it serves to keep all the organs within the body in their proper position and enables them all to function easily and efficiently.

STAND with back against the wall, touching it with heels, legs, shoulders and head, feet together, arms at sides, little fingers touching thighs, palms facing outward. Take a deep breath, lifting the chest high. (This throws the shoulders back and lifts all of the vital organs into their natural and healthful position.) Holding the body in this position, take two steps forward, bring feet together, throw weight slightly forward on the balls of the feet, and go through the circling movement as follows: Arms fully extended straight at sides, then describe circles with the hands, as shown by dotted lines in the illustration on page 50, keeping the arms stiff and the palms upward so that they would hold water. Eight circles starting forward, and eight starting backward. Arms at sides again, step back two paces, and by touching the wall, see if you have retained the correct posture. Repeat until the correct posture is learned and finally becomes a fixed habit. Be careful not to strut.

There are always lazy places in everybody—mind, body and soul. The local reduction of fat is one of the triumphs of our day. In the big gymnasiums there are amazing machines and methods for the reducing of fat, locally. You can lose fat where you want to lose it. We know a man who lost only six and one-half pounds, but he lost three inches in girth, and another who lost nine inches on each thigh. There are ring rollers that break down the fat tissue; you break its morale, and it's gone. There are hand-rollers on the market that you can use at home. Work the rollers back and forth vigorously over a lazy place; then, to avoid fatigue, change to another part. This breaks its morale, and the regular exercises will cause its elimination. Reducing the whole of you is largely a matter of calories.

Most men don't drink enough water. It's the best preventive against kidney trouble there is and almost the best thing you can do for a clear skin. Make a habit of drinking not less than twelve glasses a day. And the more you drink, the merrier! One or two always on rising as a stomach-wash. You'll get so that you can't do without it.

Many men battle with sleeplessness. They carry pretty heavy burdens in this tricky old world and their problems go to bed with them. Take a mental stand of "No problems!" when you stretch out. Say it, silently, and stand on it. Then consciously

Concluded on page 107

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OH YES INDEED, THE MEN!

Concluded from page 106

relax the muscles, beginning with the face. Think a smile: feel your face soften? Then lift your hands and drop them as if they were dead weights. Then your legs. Then your back.

If you wake up in the night and can't go to sleep again, don't care; don't try to; and don't get up. What's sleep that it can mean so much to you? There's just as deep rest outside of sleep as in it, if you can fill yourself up with the thought of wide, clear spaces and peace. Perhaps a lukewarm bath and a little exercise before retiring will release you.

So many men are troubled with flat feet. Here are three exercises to help them: Get up on your toes and then draw circles with your knees, out and around and back; stand on a telephone book and curve your toes down over the side, down, up, down, up; pick an almond up off the floor with your toes.

Now let's go higher. One reason more men than women are bald is that they wear their hair short and so don't brush it enough. Hair needs exercise as well as cleanliness. Brush it vigorously every day, up, away from the scalp—a hundred good, firm strokes. You'll keep both your hair and its color.

Then don't wear your hat any more than you have to, and wear it as loosely as possible and with as soft a band as you can get.

Keep your hair clean with brushing and a cleaning tonic. Don't wash it oftener than once a week, anyway—once a fortnight is better—and put a germicide tablet in the water. Get a good pomade or some sort of scalp food and use it faithfully the moment you see a suggestion of thinness anywhere. If you have dandruff, go to a scalp specialist.

IF YOU shave yourself, use shaving-cream instead of soap. Then when you've washed that off, if you want to keep free of wrinkles put on a good cold-cream food to soften up the skin. Let it stay on ten minutes. Then wipe it off, cool your hands under the cold-water faucet, pour a little astringent on them and wipe it over your face. Wich-hazel is a good astringent. Now if you want to look really finished, put some good man-smelling talcum on.

We can't for the life of us see why, when a good-looking man sees crow's-feet coming around his eyes and wrinkles around his ears and mouth, he shouldn't feed them some cold-cream when he goes to bed. Why not?

A really good, intelligent barber can do a lot to keep the look of youth in a man. A half-hour a day in a barber's chair will benefit him in every way. Rest while the razor scrapes and the hot linen towel wet with wich-hazel relaxes and yet firms up the muscles and tissues; then the massage with its osteopathic beginning at the base of the neck making that congested brain let go a little; the iced towel and the dash of alcohol; then talcum. He wakes up a new person—thinking more clearly, ready for anything.

Once more we looked around the big restaurant. Nice men! Plucky, fighting men—heroes, we think most of them are, drudging away at something they don't really like. We know what it's like to earn money enough for one; what must it be like to be all there is between six or seven—women and children—to be the only thing there is between them and hunger and cold and fear?

Oh yes indeed, the men! But why must they leave it to actors to look firm-muscled, smooth-skinned, lithe-figured, manicured, groomed? And beauty to women?

What is beauty that it should draw a sex line? What is love that it can droop and die before ugliness, shoddiness, the "bow-window look?" What is life that anything can seem more important than healthy, eager, beautiful living?

How much joy are you getting out of life? Don't bluff! How much?

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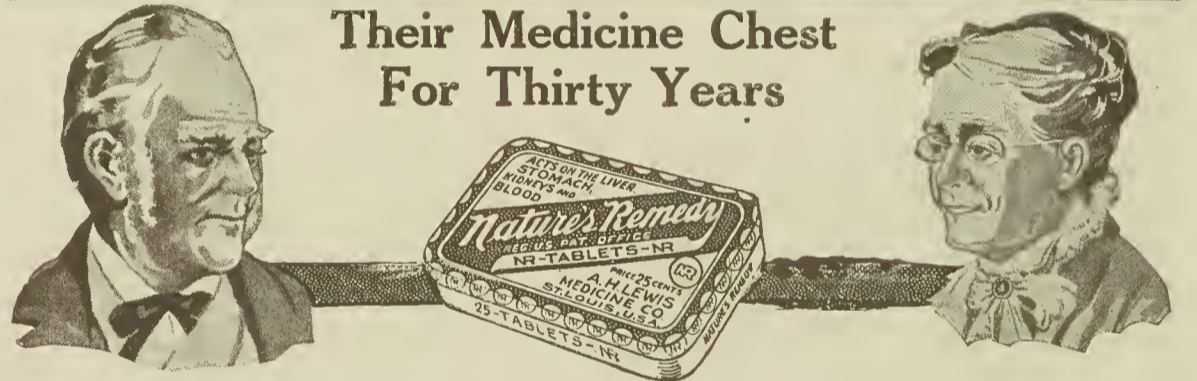
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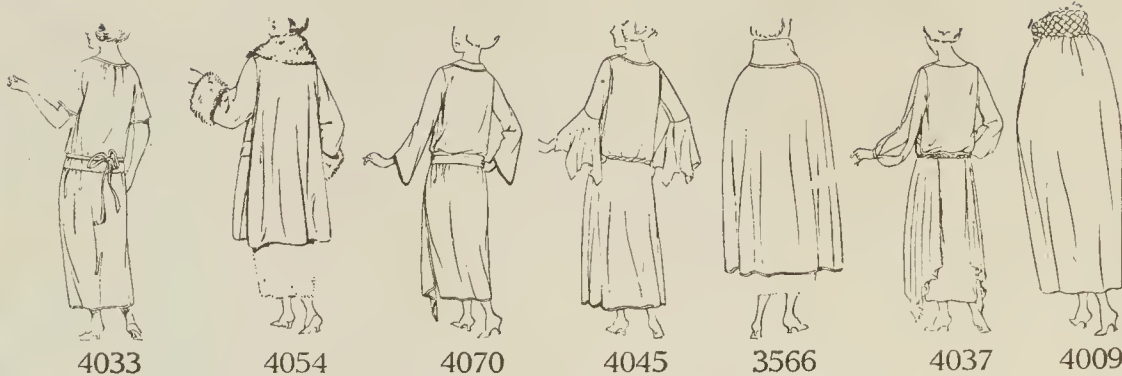
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 24



4033—10994—The peasant influence is seen in the body of this slip-over frock which joins a straight skirt at a low waistline. There may be a long camisole lining. The cross-stitch is distinctive. It is delightful in colors. Lower edge 53 inches.
36 bust requires 2 yards of 39-inch silk crêpe and 1 5/8 yard of 40-inch velvet.
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4054—The deep armhole of such a Winter coat makes it slip on easily over the wide-sleeved dresses. It may be a shorter length. Use fabric fur, matelassé, velvet, satin, wool pile fabrics, duvetyn, zibeline, wool plaid checkings, etc. Lower edge in longer length 2 1/4 yards.
36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards of 50-inch plush and 3/4 yard of 50-inch fur cloth.
The coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4070—A new ornament which is quite easily made finishes the surplice closing of a dress with side drapery. The draped skirt joins the blouse at a low waistline and there may be a body lining. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge 49 inches.
36 bust requires 4 yards of 39-inch crêpe satin and 3/4 yard of 40-inch Georgette.
The dress is attractive for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

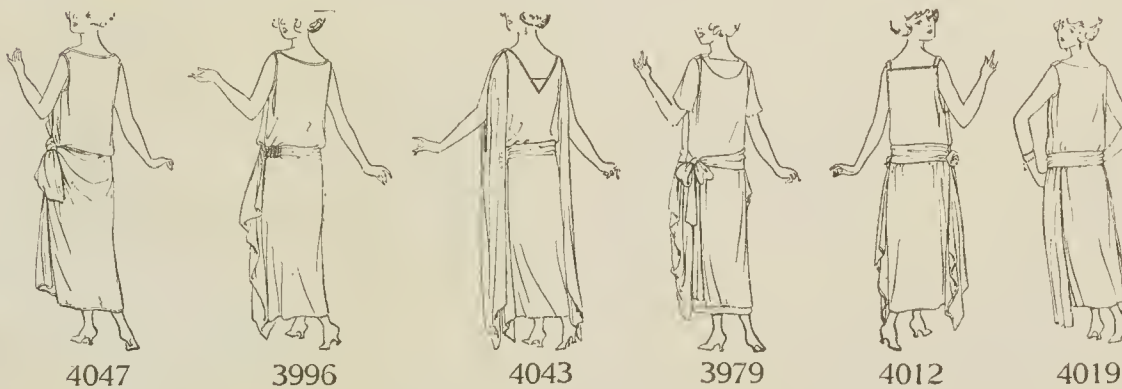
4045—The reinstatement of the circular skirt is often accomplished by an addition of a hand-made twisted girdle. This dress, fastening at the seam under the left arm, joins its two-piece circular skirt at a low waistline. Lower edge in straight-around outline 2 3/4 yards.
36 bust requires 4 7/8 yards of 39-inch crêpe satin.
The dress is excellent for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3566—A furry cape is insurance against discomfort on one's social evenings in Winter. This three-piece cape may be made shorter. Use velvet, plush, cheviot, soft twills, tricotine, wool poplin, etc. Lower edge of cape in longer length 2 3/4 yards.
36 bust requires 3 3/8 yards of 50-inch fur cloth.
The cape is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust, also for misses.

4037—Hand-made braided girdles are excellent on a one-piece dress with circular side drapery. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes; or crêpe satin, silk crêpes, charmeuse or velvet with lace drapery and sleeves, etc.
36 bust requires 5 1/4 yards of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 53 1/2 inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4009—The demands of a gay season are numerous, often calling for a straight cape of this type. The side panels may be omitted. Use matelassé, metal fabrics, velvet, satin, etc., in colors like rose, raspberry, old-blue or black for evening wear. Lower edge 52 inches.
36 bust requires 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch taffeta (with seam at center back).
The cape is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 25



4047—The draped skirt has a very new and piquant bow to distinguish its elegance. The boat-shaped neckline is becoming on a sleeveless evening gown of this type. Use taffeta, crêpe satin, charmeuse, velvet or silk crêpes for this dress.
36 bust requires 3 7/8 yards of 40-inch velvet.
The dress is handsome for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



4019—10912—Beads are dazzling on a one-piece evening dress with loose side panels. It slips on over the head and there may be a camisole. The beading is good style. Work the design in beading or French knots. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, etc.
36 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 53 inches.
The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

3996—No sleeves or a long sleeve is the rule for evening gowns, with drapery imperative. This dress of the slip-over type has a low waistline where the draped straight skirt joins the body. There may be a long body lining marked for a camisole top. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, etc.
36 bust requires 2 7/8 yards of 40-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 1 5/8 yard.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4043—Would you have sleeves? Then the hem-length sleeve is the fashionable addition to a one-piece dress with drapery. It has a camisole and slips on over the head. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, all one material, or with lace or Georgette, etc.
36 bust requires 5 yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 51 inches.
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3979—The waist of such a slip-over dress comes down over the draped skirt which it joins at a low waistline. For evening wear one uses a separate camisole and for afternoon a guimpe.
36 bust requires 3 7/8 yards of 40-inch silk crêpe and 1 1/2 yard of 4 1/2-inch lace banding. Lower edge of slip 51 inches.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4012—Side handkerchief draperies are interesting on a one-piece dress which is draped as well. With a sleeve on a body lining with marking for a camisole top it is suitable for afternoon or dinner wear. It has a straight lower edge. Use silk crêpes, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, etc.
36 bust requires 3 5/8 yards of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 57 inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3990—Rose garlands are the newest flowers to wear. These fabric roses contribute to the insouciance of this one-piece dress on the slip-over order. It may have a body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use satin, silk crêpes, crêpe satin, charmeuse, metal ic silks, etc.
36 bust requires 3 5/8 yards of 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 54 inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 26

4042—10948—Full bloomers which join an underbody are attractive on this slip-over dress. The embroidery is bright. Work it in appliqué or outline. Use cotton crepe, etc. 5 years requires 1 7/8 yard of 32-inch chambray and 7/8 yard of 32-inch contrasting chambray.

The dress is good for little girls 2 to 8 years. **4066—10635**—A gay frock of the slip-over type for play-days has bloomers which join an underbody. It slips on over the head and may be made without smocking. Smocking introduces color. It is easily done.

5 years requires 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch and 1/4 yard of 32-inch contrasting chambray.

The dress is nice for little girls 2 to 8 years. **4027—10981**—Our little peasant cousins wear such a dress with separate knickers joining an underbody. It slips on over the head. The embroidery is dainty. Work it in peasant embroidery. Use chambray, etc.

4 years requires 1 3/4 yard of 36-inch cotton crepe.

The dress is practical for little girls 2 to 10.

4023—10982—Plaited skirts are suitable for school. This slip-over dress joins its skirt to the blouse at a low waistline. The skirt may be gathered. Use wool crepe, etc. The motifs are gay. Work in appliqué, etc.

12 years requires 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch serge.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4040—It's curious what a grown-up feeling a real suit will give—especially one with a waist and mannish straight trousers!

5 years requires 7/8 yard of 36-inch linen and 7/8 yard of 36-inch contrasting linen.

The suit is practical for little boys 2 to 6. **4029**—Altogether sophisticated in its style is this one-piece velvet dress with braid trimming. It slips on over the head.

13 years requires 2 3/8 yards of 40-inch velvet and 1/2 yard of 36-inch flannel for vest.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4015—Strap trimming and button clusters trim this slip-over dress. Its straight skirt meets the body at a low waistline.

14 years requires 1 3/8 yard of 44-inch wool and 1 1/2 yard of 44-inch plaid wool.

The dress is smart for juniors and girls 6 to 14 years.

3991—Frills furnish a dress on the slip-over order and the straight skirt and loose panels join the blouse. Use Georgette, net, etc.

12 years requires 3 3/8 yards of 36-inch taffeta.

The dress is nice for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4017—Hand-made roses are a delicate trimming for a one-piece dress. It has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head.

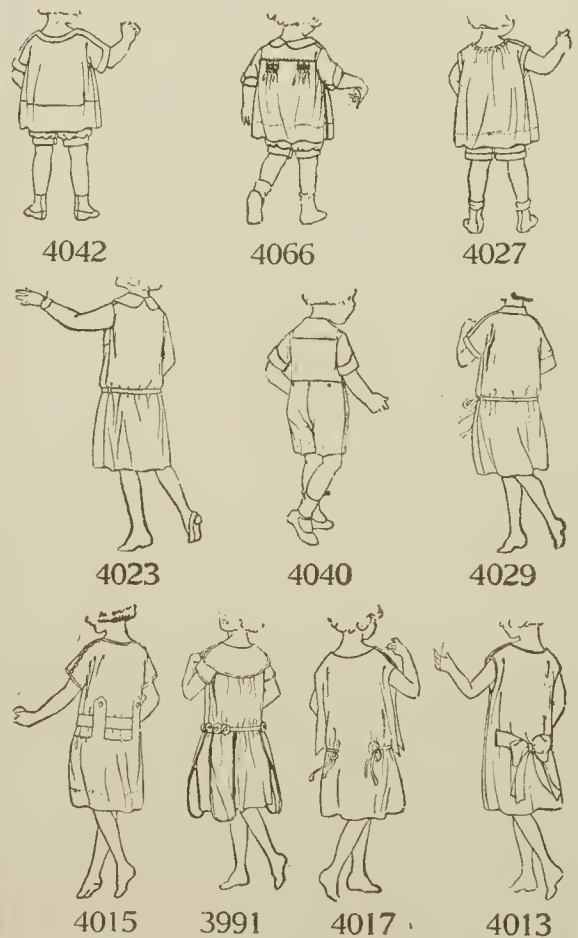
14 years requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4013—Fabric roses outline the silhouette of this one-piece dress and shirring at the sides indicates the low waistline. It slips on over the head. Use silk crepes, taffeta, etc.

13 years requires 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch velvet.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



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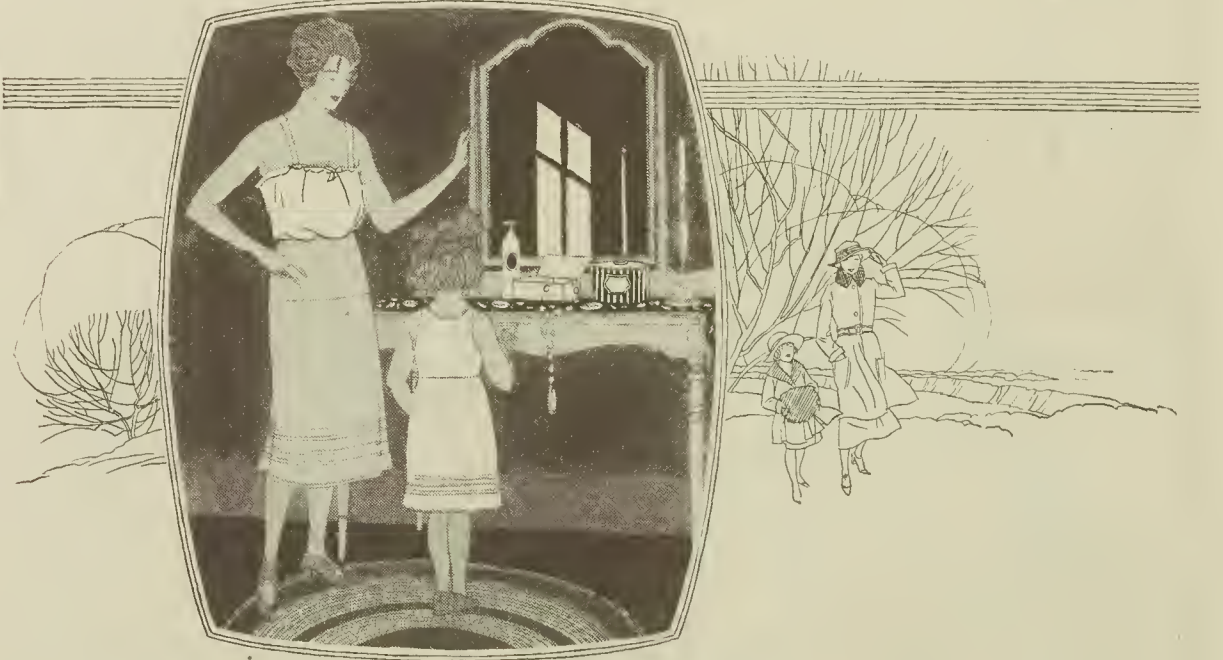
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By *Eustine Erne*

I think it would be a little difficult to explain exactly what first got me so interested in this matter of home occupation for men and women and led me to write this message.

Perhaps it was a deep-rooted recollection of childhood days when a crisis in the family fortunes made it desirable, yes, necessary, for Mother to earn some extra money. I never think of it without a feeling of regret that she could not have known about the Gearhart Knitter and Allwear Hosiery.

When I undertook to investigate and write about home knitting I did so with the understanding that I was to be allowed to present the facts as I found them in my own way.

It makes me very happy to be able to say that in Gearhart home knitting there exists a pleasing spare time, extra-money opportunity for most any woman who is determined to succeed.

I have seen with my own eyes letters from legions of women (men, too, for that matter) expressing thanks and gratification that they were able to earn money at home in the Gearhart way.

Some needed the extra money to pay pressing bills, to care for a sick husband, clothe the children or themselves, and others wanted a vacation, to refurbish the parlor, etc., almost as many reasons as there were women. But my point is that they got what they wanted, seeing in the opportunity Gearhart offers the solution of their difficulties or the fulfilment of their desires. The spare time which most women can profitably utilize in knitting Allwear Hosiery is the money-making formula which Gearhart will tell you about on request.

You simply make arrangements for one of the knitters, under an iron clad, three year contract which binds Gearhart to accept and pay for all

HOW DETERMINED WOMEN EARN MONEY at HOME



the standard Allwear Hosiery you can produce. After mastering the simple principles of operation you begin to knit in comfort and privacy. If you wish, no one need know how you are making your extra money. Then you make up a dozen or a hundred dozen pair of standard Allwear Hosiery according to instructions (how much you do rests with yourself) you pack them up and send them to the Gearhart Company. Quickly comes a generous check for your work.

I earnestly believe that there is no home occupation for the average woman who wants additional practical income at once so profitable and fascinating as Gearhart Home Knitting, and so I say, "If you are a determined woman, really serious in your desire to devote your spare time to earning money, write the Gearhart Knitting Machine Co., for their Profit Guide Book, which explains everything, and free samples of knitting, Box DLN, Clearfield, Pa., today."

When we asked Miss Erne to write the above request for home workers we told her that we wanted to reflect the reputation of an old established house which for 36 years has manufactured what we know to be a truly wonderful machine, highly perfected, simple, and of absolutely guaranteed quality. In the simplicity of the above and absence of exaggeration Miss Erne has succeeded admirably.

(Signed) *E. Gearhart*



OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 27

4003—10954—Straps are first on this dress of the slip-over type, and deep side plaits and a low waistline where the straight skirt and long body meet are distinctive. There may be a separate camisole lining. The embroidery is good style. Work it in a combination of cross-stitch and beading.

16 years requires 1 1/4 yard of 40-inch silk crêpe and 1 1/2 yard of 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 49 1/2 inches.

The dress is excellent for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

4009—Interlaced stuffed tubing is used to advantage on this sumptuous evening cape. There may be side panels.

32 bust requires 2 5/8 yards of 40-inch velvet. Lower edge 48 inches.

The cape is suitable for misses 15 to 16 years or 32 bust, also for ladies.

4062—Bows are of great importance to the debutante, and a generous one marks the drapey on this skirt of an evening frock.

16 years requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch taffeta.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years.

4020—A generous scattering of hand-made roses is on her bouffant dress to decorate the scallops of the straight skirt, which joins the bodice-waist in a scalloped outline. It slips on over the head fastening under left arm.

16 years requires 4 1/2 yards of 40-inch soft taffeta. Lower edge 54 inches.

The dress is picturesque for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

4025—An elegance markedly French comes in a slip-over frock with a draped skirt which meets the body at a low waistline.

17 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 58 inches.

The dress is charming for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

3971—Plaited inserts are used to advantage on the front and the back of a one-piece dress on the slip-over order. It may have a blouse body lining. Use wool crêpes, tricotine, etc.

32 bust requires 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch serge. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2 1/4 yards.

The dress is good for misses 15 to 18 years, or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

3987—10961—Drapery fronts a one-piece dress of the slip-over type, and the back blouses gracefully. It may have a body lining. The sleeve motifs are gay. Work in a combination of one-stitch bugle beads and satin-stitch, etc. Lower edge 46 inches.

34 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch velvet. The dress is good for misses 15 to 18 years, or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

4032—The braided girdle to draw in the drapey of the skirt on this slip-over dress, is new. Its skirt joins the body at a low waistline; there may be a long body lining.

17 years requires 3 7/8 yards of 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 49 inches.

The dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.



4032



3971



4062



4003



4009



4020



3987



4025

Are you really beautiful?

Perhaps unconsciously you have permitted tiny hairs on your lip, face or arm to grow, until now they mar your good looks.

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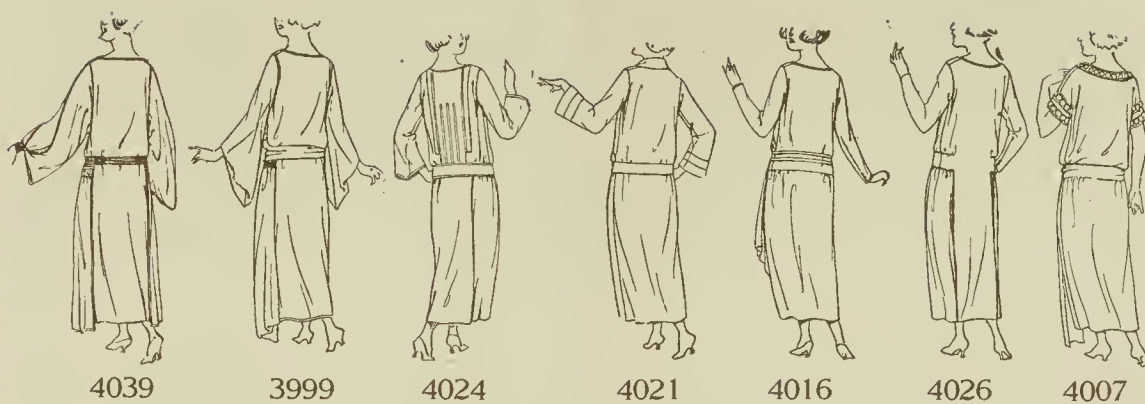
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Wells & Richardson Co., Burlington Vt.

OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 28



- 4039—A flower belt is distinctive on a one-piece dress on the slip-over order. The armhole is deep, the shoulder long, and there may be a body lining. Use Georgette or crêpe de Chine, trimmed with braid, ribbon, embroidery, or beading, etc.
36 bust requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 47 inches.
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.
- 3999—The hand-made ornament is indispensable on a one-piece dress with delicate drapery. It has a body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use satin, crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, all one material. Lower edge 49½ inches.
36 bust requires 3½ yards of 36-inch satin and 2 yards of 40-inch Georgette.
The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.
- 4024—Hairpin lace is a new French trimming for this dress of wool repp, wool poplin, soft twills, etc. It has a two-piece skirt which laps at the front and back and joins the body at a low waistline. There may be a separate long camisole lining. Lower edge 50 inches.
36 bust requires 1½ yard of 40-inch silk crêpe and 1¾ yard of 44-inch wool repp.
The dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 46 bust.
- 4021—The vestee front of a new dress extends past the waistline. This one-piece dress may have a body lining. Use wool repp, wool poplin, camel's hair, soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool crêpe, homespun, tweeds, checks, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.
36 bust requires 2¾ yards of 44-inch wool poplin and 1½ yard of 36-inch contrasting color.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.
- 4016—The drapery on the skirt of this dress is caught up to join a long body. The dress slips on over the head with a body lining. Use soft twills, wool repp, serge, all one material, or with body of satin or silk crêpes, etc. Lower edge 51½ inches.
36 bust requires 1½ yard of 36-inch silk and 2½ yards of 44-inch wool repp.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.
- 4026—10708—An embroidered sleeve is gay on a dress with front and back in one piece, and the plait at each side of the front and back is caught at the bottom or hanging free. It has a straight lower edge, a shoulder longer than normal, and there may be a body lining. The motifs are bright. Work them in satin-stitch, outline, or chain-stitch.
36 bust requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 2½ yards.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.
- 4007—Lace makes a graceful sleeve for a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It has a straight lower edge, a body lining with marking for a camisole top, and may have a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline. Lower edge 54 inches.
36 bust requires 3 yards of 40-inch velvet and ½ yard of 40-inch all-over-lace.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.



The sports outfit pictured above is in the *Minerva Knitting Book*, Vol. XI, with full instructions for knitting. Other smart models for sweaters, scarfs, and tams are also shown in this issue. It is for sale at yarn counters, 15 cents; by mail 20 cents, postpaid. (In Canada, 25 cents.)

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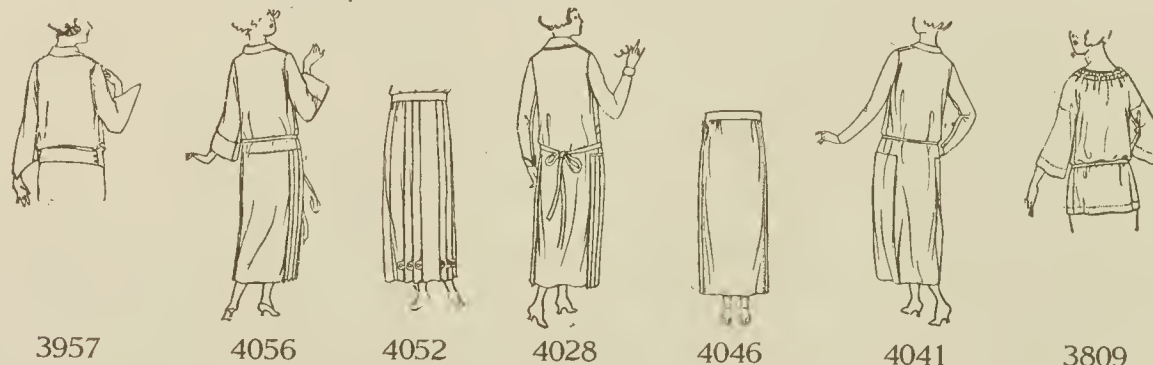
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OTHER VIEWS ARE ON PAGE 29



- 3957—10603—This type of slip-over blouse has appeared to take the place of the prim shirt-waist. It buttons around the hips, forming a blouse effect at the back. The monogram is good style. This letter comes from an alphabet of Japanese letters. Use silk crêpes, etc.
36 bust requires 2½ yards of 32-inch pongee.
The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.
- 4056—Such a dress of wool crêpe, serge, or tricotine, etc., with vest of silk crêpe or satin is desirable for general use. It has a straight plaited skirt joining a long body and may have a body lining. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine with silk crêpe vest, etc. Lower edge 2½ yards.
36 bust requires 2½ yards of 54-inch soft twill and ¾ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.
The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 46 bust.
- 4052—One may have plaits without too much width at the lower part, in this two-piece skirt. The plaits at the front and back may be caught or allowed to fall free. There is a 1¼-inch inside belt. Use prunella, sports flannel, serge, soft twills, tricotine, checks, etc.
38 hip requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch serge. Lower edge 48 inches.
The skirt is suitable for ladies 35 to 55 hip.
- 4028—10981—Plaits at the side and the bateau-shaped collar are becoming on this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It may have a body lining. The embroidery is bright. Work the design in peasant embroidery. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, etc.
36 bust requires 3 yards of 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge 2¼ yards.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.
- 4046—The side closing is partly responsible for the style of this three-piece skirt with a straight silhouette. It has a 1¼-inch inside belt. Use prunella, tweeds, homespun, wool éponge, serge, soft twills, camel's hair, velours, tricotine, sports flannel, plaids, checks, stripes, etc.
38 hip requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch velours. Lower edge 1¾ yard.
The skirt is nice for ladies 35 to 55 hip.
- 4041—10828—The box-plait at each side of a one-piece dress is fastened at the lower edge in the French fashion. The dress slips on over the head with the possibility of a body lining. The embroidery is bright. Work it in a combination of satin-stitch or outline and one-stitch.
36 bust requires 3½ yards of 44-inch tricotine. Lower edge 52 inches.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.
- 3809—10954—This blouse betrays its Russian origin in the effect of its neck and sleeves and embroidery. It may have an arrangement of elastic in a casing at the low waistline. The embroidery is vivid. Work it in a combination of cross-stitch embroidery and beading.
36 bust requires 2½ yards of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.
The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust, also for misses.

How many sweaters will you knit?

In this season of knitted things, you will want numbers of sweaters for yourself and family. But before you knit a single one, consider the yarn you will use.

Is it soft and "lofty," even and smooth, lustrous and beautiful?

These are virtues of Minerva Yarns. They are made entirely of virgin wool, which accounts for their softness and gives long wear to any garment knitted or crocheted with them.

Besides, from the many gorgeous colors—237 of them—you can choose your favorite shades and match precisely the winter wardrobe for yourself, the children and the men folks.

There is a band around every ball of Minerva Yarns which identifies "Minerva."

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Fifteen pieces of Minerva Yarns of different colors with instructions for making the wool flowers now so fashionable will be sent for 10 cents (stamps or coin). Fill out this coupon.



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Gentlemen: I am enclosing ten cents, for which please send me Minerva Yarns and instructions for making flowers.

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As a girl, Mother's box of Lablache fascinated and tempted me. Its daintily fragrant powder cooled and refreshed my skin.

Now, in grown-up years, Lablache is still my choice for its purity, softness and clinging quality.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 50c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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Real Circus Stuff

Mr. Courtney Ryley Cooper, author of "Sawdust," which begins in this issue, ought to be able to write stories, he has certainly lived them. His first venture was made at the mature age of fifteen, when he left school in Kansas City to join a traveling "show." He was hired as a "character man"—and the first character he had to play was that of a sixty-year-old man. He lasted, as he puts it, for "more than a hundred miles"—as far as Joplin, Missouri, to be exact. His next jobs were those of juvenile, property-man, bill-distributor and a few other little things with a repertoire company. Everything went swimmingly until they got to Bevier, Missouri. Then he could not buy any blanks for the revolvers—which was serious, as they didn't have any shows without shooting in them. However, a little thing like that did not discourage young Cooper. He took the bullet out of real cartridges and filled the holes up with wax. But his brilliant idea was not appreciated by the members of the cast who took part in the shooting—and so ended the second venture.

Other like experiences followed—all with the "ten, twenty and thirty" brand of shows—and then came the circus. Here again the young adventurer displayed his versatility—he was all the clowns, he rode on the top of the bear cage in parade, he played the snare-drum with the band for the evening "ballyhoo," he sold tickets, he did a turn in the concert, he "shillibered" (whatever that is) for the tattooed man, and he helped the fire-eating lady sell her photographs. What a life of elegant leisure his present occupation of popular writer must seem!

There were still other circuses—and then a newspaper job on the *Kansas City Star*—and he was started on the road to authorship. "Sawdust" is a circus story, and we suspect that Nita, and Joe, and Pops, and Speck and Sawdust, and all the rest, are old friends of Mr. Cooper's. Also we are sure they will be friends of yours by the time you have finished reading about them.

Another Sawdust Graduate

Another writer who once followed the lure of both the stage and the "big top," but so long ago that we seldom hear of it nowadays, is George Barr McCutcheon, author of "Oliver October." In his youth Mr. McCutcheon ran off with a circus, an experience that he later used to good advantage in his novel, "The Rose in the Ring." When a term of circus life failed to cure him of the *Wanderlust*, he joined a small traveling opera company and only buried his histrionic ambition forever when the company went broke and the lesser lights in the cast either had to walk home or seek the uncertain hospitality of freight-train crews. Mr. McCutcheon then turned to newspaper work, a wise choice, for it was while city editor of the *Lafayette (Indiana) Daily Courier* that he began his distinguished career as a writer of fiction.

Introducing a Distinguished Contributor

Mrs. Robert G. Mead (Elsie Cleveland Mead), author of THE DELINEATOR'S new series on Etiquette, represented by "Hospitality" in this issue, has just been awarded the Gold Cross of Officer of the French Academy (Purple Rosette). This unusual honor, which has been received by only five women, was conferred by Count de Chambrun, acting ambassador to the United States, and is in recognition of Mrs. Mead's services to France during the World War and later her assistance in raising the fund to purchase a gram of radium for Madame Curie.

Probably very few of our readers appreciate the difficulty of selecting a competent authority on problems of etiquette. The so-called standard guide-books on the subject are too often written from the point of view that puts the form above the spirit and soon become hopelessly out of date in this age of rapid change. Mrs. Mead's discussions of etiquette have their foundation in the principles that underlie good manners everywhere. She speaks with the authority of a gracious person of good breeding and intelligence, a woman who is a charming hostess in her own home, and one whose philanthropic and scientific activities have brought her an unusual share of contacts with current social conventions as observed among cultivated people, both here and abroad.

Mrs. Mead is the daughter of Dr. Cleveland Mead, one of the pioneer cancer surgeons in this country, and is the wife of a prom-



inent New York lawyer. She is the founder of The American Society for the Control of Cancer, now conducted by the American Medical Association. She is on the board of directors of the New York Woman's Hospital, the Manhattan Trade School for Girls and the Girl Scouts of America. During the war Mrs. Mead was director of the women Y. M. C. A. workers in France, and after the armistice she made a tour of inspection of Poland and raised funds with which to develop the "Y" among Polish women. Her talks on good manners and good form are the fruit of broad contacts with the modern social world. To make them as helpful as possible, a department is at your service for special information and advice.

Mr. Patri Has a Visitor

From the *Troy (New York) Budget* we clip the following excerpt from an interview with Mr. John E. Healey, Jr., principal of Public School No. 5 in that city. Mr. Healey draws a very human picture of Angelo Patri, author of THE DELINEATOR'S series on Child Training. He says: "Angelo Patri is a school-teacher, but you would never suspect it. You can see that he doesn't assume the corrugated brow, wear whiskers, a Prince Albert or a black tie. He has the joy of the game in his eyes. There is one thing that he isn't wearing in the picture, however, and that is his genial smile with which he greets those who visit his school. And by the way, he has a large, modern, busy plant in which he practises all the things which he advocates in his recent article. I visited Mr. Patri's institution in order to see if my own school could be really as bad as the more orthodox of my professional sisters and brothers said it was. And I stole some of Mr. Patri's 'stuff,' as one might say. Although he is a very busy man, he greeted

me like a brother. I found a total absence of 'esprit de corpse' in his work-study-play school and came home determined to use the Patri method of making two smiles grow where formerly there was but one 'grouch.'"

Your Home Town First

Department editors are constantly receiving inquiries from readers who want to know where to buy articles illustrated on pictorial pages—such as fittings for the fireplace, for instance, in this issue. We are always willing to supply such information and make it a practise to do so promptly, but of necessity our source of supply is the one nearest to hand—the shops of the metropolitan district. In fairness to your home-town merchant it should be remembered that most of these articles can be obtained from him. If he hasn't them in stock, he can order them and make delivery in less time than it would take to write to us and then place an order with a New York store.

In this connection we are often reminded of a general-store proprietor in the Middle West whose neighbors had the mail-order house habit. Finding business dwindling and time hanging heavily on his hands, he made an analysis of all the mail-order catalogs he could get hold of. The result was that he posted a list of commodities in general demand, together with his price, the mail-order house price, the cost of transportation and the time required for delivery. The comparison was so often in the dealer's favor that buyers began to see the light and the trend of trade resumed its normal course. DELINEATOR editors are willing to tell you their source of supply for anything illustrated or mentioned in our pages, but try your local store first. The right kind of merchant can give you more helpful information on the spot than we can at long range.

CONTENTS for NOVEMBER, 1922

FICTION		ARTICLES AND FEATURES	
	PAGE		PAGE
Sawdust (serial)	7	A Prayer of Thanksgiving	1
Courtney Ryley Cooper		Dr. Frank Crane	
Matches	10	When Marriage Goes on the Rocks	3
M. L. C. Pickthall		Alexander Brough	
Oliver October (serial)	12	Making Home Work Count	5
George Barr McCutcheon		Angelo Patri	
Second Fiddle	15	The Lady of Moonlight	6
Bernice Brown		Charles Hanson Towne	
THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT			
Fittings for the Fireplace	20	Purple Asters (verse)	8
Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders		Hilda Conkling	
The Home-Makers' Department	43	Unsuccessful Nursing	17
Martha Van Rensselaer		Dr. L. Emmett Holt	
Save a Dollar	44	Better Homes in America	18
Clever Closets in Waste Spaces	46	Modernizing an Old Dutch Manse	19
Grace R. Smith		Donn Barber	
Consider the Hallway	48	THE LITTLE DELINEATOR	
Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders		Harriet Ide Eager	41
Autumn Gold to Eat	52	Oh Yes Indeed, the Men!	50
Winifred Moses		Celia Caroline Cole	
Mrs. Conrad's Cook-Book	54	The Way to a Good Complexion	58
Jessie Conrad		William Bayard Long, M. D.	
The Ripe Red Berries of the Winter-Time	61	Hospitality	62
Lucile Brewer and Alice Blinn		Elsie Cleveland Mead	
Come Up to the Attic!	71	A Christmas Fair That Cleared \$4,000	66
Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders		Beulah Canterbury	
A Warmer Home on a Smaller Fuel Bill	76	Ask THE DELINEATOR	95
Louise Fox Connell		The Last Word	112
A Guest-Room in a Better Home (full color)	88		
		FASHIONS AND EMBROIDERIES	21-40, 108, 109, 110, 111

MIX and SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

THE lot of a mere man editor on a ladies' magazine is a most unhappy one, but sometimes when we are plunged in gloom we cheer up at the thought of friend Bill Bill is editor of an agricultural paper Bill is a farmer who writes for a remedy for the grasshopper plague in his orchard Bill In the same mail came a request from an anxious mother about her baby twins, who were having a hard time teething Bill's stenographer got the replies mixed, with the result that the farmer received the following remedy for the grasshopper pest: "Wrap flannel cloths around their throats, rub their gums with castor-oil, and massage their stomachs gently twice a day" The anxious mother received this advice for her babies: "Cover with dry straw, soak thoroughly with castor-oil, apply a match, and the little pests will soon stop bothering you" In this, the month when American girls are having their photographs taken in riding habits, our hat is off to the women of Montenegro For five hundred years they have worn mourning, consisting of solemn black clothes and drab "pork-pie" caps, as a token of their grief over the loss of Montenegro's independence to the Turks in 1389 Now that they are united to the Serbians they are adopting Paris fashions We throw out for consideration by our fair pesholders the thought that any war which will keep women from changing fashions for five centuries is justifiable When his father married his wife's mother at *Beloit, Wisconsin*, William Geist's wife became his step-sister and his mother-in-law his step-mother. Now Mrs. Geist's husband is her brother, her father-in-law is her father, and her mother has become her mother-in-law A *Lawton, Oklahoma*, pastor has been suspended for "bringing the church into disrepute by wading into a public pool in a bathing-suit and marrying a couple similarly clad" The inventor of the ukulele, *Manuel Nunes*, died recently in *Honolulu* The inventor of jazz orchestration is still at large At the age of eighty, *Mrs. Elizabeth Sounders of Blue Ball, Pennsylvania*, has just cut her third set of teeth Delegates to the *National Hair Dressers' Association*, held in *St. Louis*, announced that a Grecian type of maiden, with classically bound hair, long flowing robes and sandals would replace the present flapper They also predict a return of the vogue of wigs for women The *Washington (State) Supreme Court* has set aside the old adage that sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, by ruling that alimony for a husband is an unheard of thing under the common law The first woman diplomat to be officially recognized is *Mlle. Jadejda Stancioff*, recently appointed Secretary of the Bulgarian Legation at *Washington* A *Buxton, Maine*, woman who was asked to serve as chairman of the "Better Homes in America" committee in that town replied that all the homes there were better homes with one exception She declined to serve because the lady owner of the exception would be indignant After being divorced twenty-six years, *James Henry*, of *Chicago*, now sixty-three, has taken out a second marriage license to wed his former wife, now fifty-five They were married in 1886 and divorced ten years later on the ground of incompatibility of temperament A *Hillside, New Jersey*, man had been arrested for kicking his wife so hard that he broke his great toe In the two years during which the Government of *Canada* has functioned as cupid in behalf of its surplus of men, two hundred and sixty-four thousand unmarried women have come to the Dominion from the British Isles Professional lecturers travel through England, Scotland and Wales describing the advantages of *Canada* and agreeing to find jobs for the girls, who later repay Government loans on the instalment plan out of their wages Each batch that comes over is distributed by experts at the port of emigration, nature is allowed to take her course, and the result is that forty per cent. of these girls have married since their arrival As they say on the other side, it gives one furiously to think! Members of the Learn-One-Thing-Each-Day Club should set down in their little red books the fact that American hotels bathe 8,068,800,000 dishes a year and break \$22,400,000 worth.



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THE DELINEATOR



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DECEMBER 1922

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, NEW YORK

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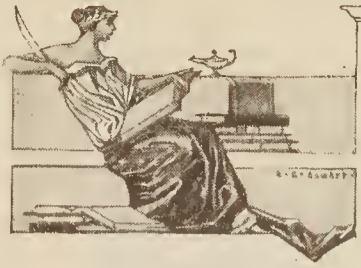
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THE DELINEATOR

MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

W. MARTIN JOHNSON Art Director

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FROM the EDITOR'S POINT of VIEW

THE CHRISTMAS "FABLE"

ALONG with the rebellion against God and governments there is a war against Santa Claus.

Every year there are new recruits in the army of grumblers against the holidays.

There is nothing wrong about Christmas. But something has happened to a lot of people.

There is only one way to *have* Christmas—and that is to *make* it for some one else.

If there is so little of the child left in you that you scorn Christmas and flout Santa Claus—if there is so little love and sympathy for those who suffer (for suffering makes the strongest of us as little children)—then find some excuse to go away on Christmas. Enjoy your gloom all by yourself. You will know then what you have lost. You will prove what is left in life—your life—material facts, and doubt of all else.

This is the dross of life. The gold is in the hands of little children and of the men and women who bind their souls to that indefinable, mysterious something in man that lifts him above the beasts.

Santa Claus is a part of that spiritual side of us; Santa Claus—with his reindeers, his sleigh-bells, his round little belly and red coat we almost glimpsed in our childhood—who never failed to conquer all obstacles of storms and roofs and narrow chimneys—and no chimneys at all! Even in war, when gray death put her black finger on the heart of the world, Santa came down from the nowhere to the little children.

Who *wouldn't* believe in him?

He was there. He was a fact. He reached into the pockets of men, even scornful men, that Christmas might not be barren; that the faith of little children might not be betrayed.

You call it humanity, perhaps. Why change the name?

Humanity does not function that way the rest of the year. We agree with you that it should do so. But facts, my friends, facts. You, who scorn Santa Claus, put a high value on facts.

The race is not perfect. This "fable"—if you will—of Santa is a generous impulse in the world. Find you other saints for all the seasons—gentle saints who will move the people of the world to be tender with little children and kind one to another. Then may we be willing that Santa should lose his identity—then may we rightly name this whole choir of kindly saints Humanity.

"THE IRON PUDDLER"

GLADSTONE once said that only one frank, complete autobiography had been given to the world: the life of Marie Bashkirtseff, the Russian artist, who died at the age of twenty-two, having reached fame and disillusion.

Another life-story, stripped of all pretense, affectation and vanity, has been done. It is called "The Iron Puddler," and it is the autobiography of James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor. It might have been called "America." It is the soul of the history of a free people—this story of an emigrant boy of poor Welsh parents, who landed at Ellis Island with his mother and five brothers, and no money; who knew poverty, hunger, pain and humiliation, together with the joy of effort, and the pride of honest people; who has risen to the seats of the mighty and sits in the Cabinet councils with the President of the United States to help run this Government.

It is a challenge to all enemies of the Republic.

This is a book which should be read by every American. In the preface Uncle Joe Cannon tells us that Jim Davis's father gave him this motto: "No man is greater than his friends, and the good that comes into your life will come from your friends. If you lose your friends, your enemies will destroy you."

And that was not all young Davis's father taught him. We find this: "From my father I learned many things. He taught me to be skilful and proud of it. He taught me to expect no gift from life, but that what I got I must win with my hands."

And this: "Because my father believed that a good people will bring forth good fruit, he left his ancient home in Wales and crossed the sea to cast his lot among strangers."

Of his mother he says: "I can see her yet in our tiny Welsh cottage, her foot on a wooden cradle, rocking a baby, my baby brother, her hands busy

leaving the mills, about half past two in the morning. On dark nights—and they were all dark at that hour—my mother, thinking my little brother afraid, would go with him to the gate and, holding an old-fashioned lamp high in her hands, would sing some Welsh song while he trudged out toward the mills and until he got within the radius of the glare from the stacks as they belched forth the furnace flames. And as he passed from the light of the old oil-burner into the greater light from the mills, I walked wearily out from that reflection and was guided home by my mother's lamp and the song on her lips."

"The Iron Puddler" is worth more than an army to defend this free land of ours against fanatics and destructionists.

HERBERT HOOVER

IN A vague way most of us here in America know that Herbert Hoover did a big job for humanity in Europe. But the full value of what it meant to the world does not come to many of us in our blessed land—and may not be measured in our generation.

There are a dozen or so of books—big books—in Herbert Hoover's home in Washington. The bindings are masterpieces of rare workmanship. Few museums can boast even one example to match them; tooling on illuminated leather, carving in bronze and silver. The history of a people is cut in silver on the cover of one book; the hope of that people is written within.

But the eye of man may not read the *whole* story that lies between these priceless covers. On the first page there is always an inscription in French or German or Polish or Greek or some other foreign language. In one of the books there are English words which read: "We were hungry and he fed us. God bless Herbert Hoover!" That same fact is told in many ways and many tongues.

And the other pages of the books?

Only the All-Seeing Eye may read their full meaning. For they are filled with the names of little children, thousands upon thousands upon thousands—six hundred thousand and more—signed testimony, like the books of recording angels.

"We were starving and he fed us. God bless Herbert Hoover!"

And then names, names, names—children, who would have starved to death without the human heart and the business genius of Herbert Hoover. More children have signed those pages than there are children in the States of Kansas, Virginia and Maine added together.

There are names that are difficult to decipher and names that sound like music—painstakingly traced by boys and girls—just little children who knew what hunger meant. Dear God! little children who had looked upon a ruined world and watched the agony and the madness of slowly starving people; lost children, whose mothers dropped by the wayside—and who never shall find their own until comes the judgment-day.

But they were saved to the world—and they have signed the testimony—"We were starving and he fed us."

If the prayers of little children avail, Herbert Hoover should be the most blessed of men. For the sorrowing children of the world have spoken: "God bless Hoover!"

THE BUILDING OF A SKY-SCRAPER

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Beyond my window, lifting high
Their lusty arms against the sky,
With swinging crane and muscles' strain,
Of girders strong, with shout and song,
While the noon suns their bronzed arms gild,
Their structure still they build, they build.

In my small room I build—I, too—
Steady as they, the long days through.
Of precept, word, and answering
The wide eyes' troubled questioning,
With pondering and patience mild,
I build the strong soul of my child.

Thou Carpenter from Bethlehem,
Thy blessing give to me and them;
And may Thy strong hand, firm and skilled,
Unseen, beside our weak hands build.

with her knitting, her voice lifted in jubilant song for hours at a time. All her songs were songs of praise. She thanked God for life and for strong hands to labor for her little ones. In those days furniture was rare, and few were the pieces in a worker's home. It took a dozen years for her to acquire two feather beds. And when at last we owned two bedsteads, we rated ourselves pretty rich. We boys slept five in a bed. Why were bedsteads in those days harder to get than automobiles are to-day? Because the wooden age still lingered, the age of hand-work. And it took so long to make a bed by hand that people came into the world faster than beds.

"One of the most charming recollections of my boyhood is that of my mother standing at our gate with a lamp in her hands, sending one boy out in the early morning darkness, to his work, and at the same time welcoming another boy home. My brother was on the day-shift and I on the night, which meant that he left home as I was

THE GAME OF GOOD HEALTH

Providing a better chance for every child

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

IT IS sweeping round the world—the idea that every child should have, and keep, its heritage of health. Countries far away have heard what has been done in the United States, within a brief four years, by the Child Health Organization. China, Sweden, Norway, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, France—all have asked for literature, for posters, for concrete facts. Now they are on the job, too—magnificently roused to the importance of campaigns to fight ignorance, to teach teachers, to guide parents and to keep alive in children's minds the joy of health.

Of one million school-children in New York City alone, twenty per cent. suffer from malnutrition. Think of these staggering figures! And what is true of the metropolis is true of practically every city and rural district in the United States.

Now, there are plenty of laws of health, but you can not by statute or mandate make people clean and mindful of them. Thinking people can go only as far as the man in the street will follow them. It is the average parent who must be reached, the classroom teacher; and to-day those parents and teachers are being found and educated. How is the work accomplished?

Let us go back a bit. The World War was on, and one day two women who had vision went to a group of doctors in the New York Academy of Medicine and asked their help in a campaign against malnutrition among school-children. A small committee was formed almost immediately, and representatives were sent to confer with Franklin K. Lane, then Secretary of the Department of the Interior.

MR. LANE, because he also had vision, saw at once the vast importance of the work proposed. He urged the formation of a national group to raise the health standard of the American school-child. Out of that recommendation sprang the present nation-wide organization.

Malnutrition and many other weaknesses of childhood are caused by the ignorance or neglect of fathers, mothers, teachers—all of us. The Child Health Organization knew that to succeed it would have to reach the teachers first; and the unprepared teacher was the main link between the child and health. The Child Health Organization knew that the teacher is the fulcrum, the interpreter of the work done first in the laboratory.

The American people have one powerful weapon in their young and vigorous hands: Publicity. And they know how to use it. Cry aloud from the housetops—that is the only way to spread certain doctrines. Beat the drums, sound the cymbals and shout "Stop! Look! and Listen!" so that he who runs may hear and read and think—and act.

Physiology and hygiene are tiresome subjects, unless they are approached by a magical road. The Child Health Organization had the wit to see that every one likes a game. Children—ah! you can reach any child's heart and brain through a bit of playing. Through nonsense one may come to wisdom.

So a clown was engaged to laugh his way through the country. He was christened with the initials of the Child Health Organization, and soon he became widely known as Cho Cho. He made the children laugh with him. Then he cried out: "Ha, ha! Haw, haw! Cho Cho makes you laugh so he can see your teeth! Oh, that little boy back there—he has black teeth, like coffee-



CHO CHO LAUGHED HIS WAY THROUGH THE COUNTRY AND MADE THE CHILDREN LAUGH WITH HIM

Has THE DELINEATOR'S Child Health Campaign helped in the development of your children's bodies? Then here is an opportunity to help in the development of their characters. Membership in the Child Health Organization of America—a philanthropy—is one dollar a year for children up to eighteen years of age. Imagination, sympathy, the sense of fair play—it is these character-forming qualities that are stimulated when the child realizes that he is helping to make some of the good things life has given him "come true" for other children

beans! That makes Cho Cho very sad! Oh, but that little girl over there, and that boy, too—they have pearls in their mouths! That makes Cho Cho happy. If you use your tooth-brush every day—up and down, so—you can all have pearls!" And the children, delighted with the trick, thereafter found the tooth-brush part of a magical game.

Soon another clown became necessary—Chalk Talk; and a little fairy of a girl, who had dedicated her life to public-health work. She danced her way into the favor of boys and girls everywhere. Packed houses greeted them in each State, and great lessons were learned through the simple expedients of buffoonery and laughter. Now clowns and fairies are familiar to children all the world over because of the splendid work begun by Cho Cho and the beautiful health-fairy.

The printed word also spreads the news. Miss Eleanor Glendower Griffith wrote fairy-stories on health. Mrs. Frederick Peterson, known as the Fairy Godmother of the Child Health Organization, wrote the "Child Health Alphabet," and over three million copies of it have been distributed in three brief years.

Once inoculated, once shown the way, you should see how the teachers respond! Story after story could be told of women everywhere who have snatched the flame from the torch as it has been handed on. They have

borrowed the scales from the village butcher so that each child might weigh himself; and some alert citizen, some member of the board of school trustees in the smallest town, hearing of this, has said: "Well, if our little red schoolhouse needs scales, I guess we can get them!" The children are made to see the necessity of good health through positive rather than through negative means. An ideal is held up continually. Not what you are, but what you can be, is the slogan put before them. Plant this high ideal, and then stimulate a desire in each child to work toward it. How simple that is! Every child comes to know that there is a standard weight for one of his height and age. He is never told that he is expected to be one hundred per cent.; but gradually it is made clear to him that a boy of six who is forty-five inches tall should weigh forty-seven pounds. He himself will race toward that perfection and from week to week will eagerly step

upon the scales, joyful when the ounces accumulate, and stimulated to fresh effort if by chance he finds his youthful body slipping backward.

Dr. William H. Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, observed in the early days of the Child Health Organization: "Health habits should be made automatic in early youth." The Child Health Organization quietly makes the children understand that to be automatically clean—not to have to think to bathe or to cleanse one's teeth, to drink milk, to sleep with one's window open—is as easy as it is for a fire-horse to slip into its harness. Gradually to form the decent habits of a tiny human being—well, it is a magnificent accomplishment that richly repays both the trainer and the trained. In a little country school, where the teachings of the Child Health Organization had penetrated, the teacher required each pupil, on Lincoln's birthday, to write a brief composition on the great emancipator. The correlative scheme of education was in force here, as in the big cities. But how could health be linked up with a study of America's greatest statesman? A little girl knew. She wrote, in her childish scrawl:

LINCOLN

The twelfth of February is Lincoln's birthday. He was President of our U. S. He was a brave man, and he always was kind. He helped to make the slaves free. He was poor when a boy. He played and worked in the fresh air. He was strong. He was kind to his mother.

Nothing better, I think, has ever been written of Lincoln.

THE Child Health Organization is in direct communication with upward of seven thousand teachers, but this does not in any sense indicate the number of teachers it is now assisting. Approximately four million pieces of material prepared by the Child Health Organization of America and published by the United States Bureau of Education were distributed to teachers up to July, 1921. The organization works through the State and city departments of education and health and through local voluntary organizations. To measure the extent of its influence through statistics would be like trying to emulate the medieval schoolmen who debated as to how many angels could dance on the point of a needle, or attempting to measure the infinity of God with a yardstick. Yet certain things we do know, through eloquent figures.

Concluded on page 85

Victrola



Christmas morning — and in come the greatest artists!

The surprise and delight of a Victrola for Christmas! Music appropriate to Christmas; music for every day in the year; music so lifelike that the greatest artists select the Victrola as the one instrument to carry their art into the home. Buy a Victrola this Christmas—but be sure it is a Victrola. \$25 to \$1500.



"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
This trademark and the trademarked word "Victrola" identify all our products. Look under the lid! Look on the label!

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N. J.



Whenever soap comes into contact with the skin—use Ivory.

Look out! here comes the frost chap!

SOME MOTHERS “wish-there-was-a-Slaw” to keep children from getting dirty when raw winter winds begin to blow!

Chapped hands and faces—how cruelly they hurt! They often result from the extraction of the natural oil from the skin by harsh soap.

Here is one effective way to guard against this possibility.

Let your children wash in Ivory Soap and warm water—not hot—a dozen times a day if need be. Only be sure they dry the skin thoroughly.

Ivory lather, you see, is mild and gentle, and it rinses off easily and completely, leaving the skin clean and smooth and weather-proof.

Your own face and hands, too. After Summer's pleasant warmth, they must get used to Winter's keen blasts. Though your skin be as fine as a baby's, Ivory will help to protect it against Winter's harshness and keep it healthy and soft.

Husbands like Ivory, especially. Men don't enjoy deep-sea diving for soap in a bathtub—Ivory Soap floats!

Wouldn't you like to have, in one soap, all seven of the desirable qualities and properties a fine soap may have—purity, mildness, whiteness, fragrance, abundant lather, easy rinsing, and “it floats”?

Of course you would! And Ivory gives you every one. PROCTER & GAMBLE

Ivory Soap comes in a convenient size and form for every purpose

Medium Cake

For toilet, bath, nursery, shampoo, fine laundry. Can be divided in two for individual toilet use.

Large Cake

Especially for laundry use. Also preferred by many for the bath.

Ivory Soap Flakes

Especially for the washbowl washing of delicate garments. Sample packages free on request to Division 17-L, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

IVORY SOAP



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THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

"Love ought to weigh against everything else"

By ZONA GALE



CAMILLA was seventeen, and it was as if she had no mother. There was a woman whom she called mother, who sometimes told Camilla wistfully about the day that she was born: how her father, whom she hardly remembered, had looked when he first saw her—but this always made Camilla uncomfortable, and she escaped if she could. By turns Camilla petted her and fussed at her and laughed at her tolerantly. Camilla was always tolerant and slightly scornful of her mother. For Mrs. Rose was her mother, after all.

"Camilla," said her mother that December evening, "how would you like to have a reception on Christmas eve?"

"Oh, mother!" said Camilla. "A girl doesn't have a reception."

Mrs. Rose looked troubled. "I meant a gathering," she explained. "Take the carpets up and dance—Gus would bring his orchestra. And have creamed potatoes and veal loaf—"

"Heavens!" said Camilla. "Creamed potatoes and veal loaf!"

"I always have pretty good luck with a veal loaf," Mrs. Rose urged. "That new recipe with canned tomatoes over it—"

"Mother, dear," said Camilla languidly, "nobody has veal loaf. Chicken ramekins or oyster patties, now."

"They're so much more expensive, but perhaps I could manage. And Aunt Jane would come over and help."

"Oh, mother, not Aunt Jane. We'd have to have those new caterers."

"Well, would you like to have a—a gathering, Camilla?"

"Darling! Not a gathering."

"Well, I don't know what to call it. A company?"

Camilla laughed. "You mean a dance," she said.

"When I was a girl," said her mother with simplicity, "a dance was rather—rather common."

"HOW funny things must have been in old-fashioned times," said Camilla.

Mrs. Rose flushed. She was only twenty-two years older than Camilla.

"Would you like the party?" she said.

Camilla's glance lay upon the room—a nondescript room.

"If only we had some decent things!"

"Well, dear, we haven't. But I've been thinking that I could get some pretty cretonne for the couch and the two big chairs—they're the shabbiest. That would help."

"Let me pick it out," Camilla began, and then did catch herself with: "I saw a piece the other day that would be lovely."

If Mrs. Rose observed this, she said nothing. She was beautifully wonted to saying nothing. If Camilla had been invited to become alive for the sole purpose of increasing her mother's self-control, she could hardly have succeeded better than she did.

Yet when, in a half-hour, the bell rang and Janet and Chris and Phil came in, Camilla was utterly charming. Mrs. Rose watched her rather wistfully. The child was so lovely, so merry, so instant

Zona Gale won the \$2,000 first prize offered by THE DELINEATOR in its 1912 short-story contest. The contest was anonymous, and each writer was permitted to submit three manuscripts. Fifteen thousand stories were offered us. Miss Gale not only captured the first prize, but the editors purchased her other two stories—a record hard to beat. Since then she has produced several novels—notably, "Miss Lulu Bett." Her own dramatization of this story brought her in 1921 the Pulitzer award of \$1,000 for the best American play of the year. So you see Miss Gale has a habit of winning prizes. She is at work now on a novel which will appear serially first in THE DELINEATOR during 1923

with pretty ways. It was delightful to see her with her friends. Mrs. Rose sat brooding and sewing, until, observing them happily, she caught Camilla's eye. And Camilla's eye with its droop and its mere feather of a frown said as plainly as speech: "But, dear—are you going to sit here all the evening?" Always "dear." Camilla was lavish of affection—little flourishes of words and dabbling hugs and absent, somewhat bullying, kisses.

With an excuse about the furnace—Mrs. Rose always unconsciously saved a lovely dignity—she left the room, as Camilla had so obviously expected.

She heard "Let me do the furnace, Mrs. Rose," and in the hall Chris was beside her. At her protest he put his arm about her and drew her with him. "You come too and tell me about the dampers," he said.

As he shoveled the coal Mrs. Rose thought how big and fine and rather overwhelming Chris was. Twenty-two and just home from college and in business with his father. Camilla and Janet and Phil—freshmen that year—seemed children beside him. He was, for twenty-two, extraordinarily completed. Big, and a boy, but so poised and thoughtful and tender that you saw him already at forty—poised and thoughtful and tender still.

He closed the furnace door and wheeled round toward her.

"Mrs. Rose," he said, "have I any chance with Camilla?"

Her heart bounded—joy and pain and a kind of fear. "Don't you know, Chris?" she managed to ask.

"I THOUGHT I did," he answered. "But since I told her last night—"

"You told her last night—"

"—she seems," said Chris absorbedly, "different. And I don't know—I don't know—"

He had told her last night and she had said nothing. Before Mrs. Rose could gather herself from her silence, Chris had caught something of its meaning.

"Oh, I say," he said, "hasn't she told you?"

"No," Mrs. Rose confessed. "She has been busy to-day. She—"

"Then I don't believe she cares," Chris said slowly.

"Oh, that wouldn't follow!" Mrs. Rose cried. "She doesn't tell me much—that is, she—"

Chris looked down at her. "She doesn't talk over things with you?" he said. "I didn't think Camilla was like that. Oh, I don't mean little things—but, Lord—"

"Camilla is very modern—and I want her to be," said Camilla's mother proudly. "The modern girl decides things for herself—if she's any good," she defended stoutly.

"Yes, of course," Chris was relieved. "But—why I went home last night and told my mother." He drew up laughing with: "But then, I'm an awful fool."

"Perhaps Camilla doesn't know herself yet," said Mrs. Rose.

She was amazed at the feeling which flamed in his face. "If she doesn't know," he said, "then I don't want her! She must want to come to me as much as I want to belong to her. Good Lord, what would I see in a woman who has to decide?"

"I know—I know," said Mrs. Rose. "You're quite right. Perhaps she'll talk with me to-night."

"She'll talk with me to-night," said Chris grimly. "I'll outstay Janet and Phil if I have to sit here till morning. You'll understand—mother?"



SHE LOOKED UP AT CAMILLA AND WAITED, AND IN HER WAITING IT SEEMED TO HER THAT ALL HER HOURS OF MOTHERHOOD WERE CONCENTRATED

At ten o'clock Mrs. Rose slipped up-stairs. Soon after, the front door closed. She reflected that Janet and Phil might have been as eager to leave as Chris was to see their departure. The murmur of voices below drifted on. Curious, Camilla's mother thought: Only seventeen years since Joel Rose had sat in that room below and had heard Camilla's first little wavering cry. Now here she lay again waiting for Camilla's word on her own heart. With all that heart she hoped that Camilla would say yes to that big fine Chris.

Whatever she said took a long time. It was nearly midnight when the front door closed again. Mrs. Rose had not slept—she had waited for Camilla. Surely now, whatever had been settled between them, Camilla would want to tell her before she slept. It was, after all, no wonder that she had said nothing while she was uncertain—she had not wished to trouble her mother. And now, to-night, perhaps she would fear to disturb her. Mrs. Rose slipped from bed and set her door ajar, switched on her reading-lamp, stirred her fire. In her rosy kimono she looked like a girl herself, her eyes turned brightly to the door as she heard Camilla's step in the passage. The step paused.

"Up, mother?"

"Yes, dear. Come in."

Camilla stood in the doorway. "What on earth are you up for at midnight?" she demanded.

"I couldn't sleep. Come in."

"Oh, I'm dying for sleep. Won't you take cold, dearest?"

"The fire is quite bright—do come and sit by it."

CAMILLA perched on an arm of the empty chair opposite her mother's chair.

"Janet had a cold," she observed. "She and Phil left early."

"And Chris stayed?"

"Yes, Chris stayed. He's terribly fond of you, mother."

"And of you, I've been thinking!"

"Oh, me! I'm nothing."

"Well—*isn't* he?"

"All men say that—it's the only way they know how to entertain you."

"But I meant really fond—" Mrs. Rose hesitated. She looked up at Camilla and waited. And in her waiting it seemed to her that all her hours of motherhood were concentrated.

Camilla yawned daintily and dipped her head.

"Chris," she said, "he's a nice doggy. Good night, mother, darling. Better let me tuck you up." Camilla kissed her, said "Your old-rose kimono is getting a sight, isn't it?" and went.

Mrs. Rose sat for a long time before the fire. "She has refused him," she thought, "and she doesn't want me to know—she thinks I'll be disappointed—"

When her lamp was out, she threw open her window to the glittering starry night. She felt curiously light and happy, and the chill, sparkling blackness swam for her in an air almost tender. Well, Chris was a dear boy, but she was not to be called upon yet, it seemed, to give up Camilla. And Camilla had thought that she might be disappointed and had spared her! Camilla's mother sank to sleep in a fine flowing sense of peace.

She was the first down for breakfast, she thought, but there was Gus, home on an early train from the high-school glee-club concert in a near town. At sixteen he was taller than she, and his whirlwind hug left her breathless. He was telling everything at once:

"—in the hole thirty-six dollars, but we're going to repeat here and make that up easy. Gully is a bear—he can make money out of the ground, that fellow. Oh, and mother—at the dance afterward I met the living peach. It's all up with me—I'm gone for life."

She laughed with him, refrained from rumpling his hair, called him Gustavus, as he had given signs of caring to be called, and sent him to get ready for breakfast while she made his chocolate. He came back with Camilla and he cried:

"Hey, ma! Goin' to have a ball, ain't we? Camilla said I'm toot for 'em to hop."

Mrs. Rose looked at Camilla blankly and asked: "Did you decide to have the—party, Camilla?"

"WHY, of course," said Camilla cheerfully. "I asked Janet and Phil and Chris last night. Didn't you mean what you said?" she inquired with hauteur.

"But I thought you didn't seem—you didn't want—"

"Just because I didn't fall on the neck of the ideal Mummy, dear, you *are* so emotional," said Camilla.

Mrs. Rose was silent while the two planned the party. Once she suggested something, but Camilla gaily overruled her: "Oh—*not* little tables, darling! Just a buffet supper—and eat on the stairs or anywhere." And later: "No, *not* Aunt Jane in the kitchen! Unless it's just to help. Aunt Jane doesn't know how to do things.

The caterers wouldn't cost so much." Mrs. Rose thought: "They'll be young only once—I can save it out of the house money." "But," she said with dignity, "we'll have your Aunt Jane in the kitchen too."

When they had gone off to school, Camilla to the little college on the edge of the town and Gus round the corner, Mrs. Rose took the list which Camilla had scribbled and was making her supper estimates when the telephone rang.

"Hello—Mother Rose!" a jubilant voice cried. "Isn't it great?"

"Why—Gus—" she began, and then realized who it was: "You, Chris?" she said.

"Yes, it's Chris. I should say it is!" he said, and then, more soberly: "Oh, Mother Rose—I'm so happy!"

"I'm glad you're happy, Chris—" she spoke mechanically, her thought trying to pierce its mist.

"I was all wrong, wasn't I? There she knew all the while! Knew just as hard as I did. I never even guessed till last night how much—how much—"

She understood now. She kept her voice steady. "I

WHEN EVENING LIKE AN ANGEL

*When evening like an angel walks
The dim old village street,
And children's homing voices die
In echoes far and sweet,*

*I watch the homelights softly glow
Between the arched trees,
Like lights of love along life's way
Or by its chartless seas;*

*I hear low greetings in the dusk,
The word of friend to friend,
The tender phrase of one who meets
A love at journey's end;*

*And o'er the village hearths and homes
I fancy I can see
The angel of the evening speak
A benedicite!*

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH

hope you're going to be very happy, Chris," she said slowly.

"I hope she's going to be—and say, she is!" his young voice came back.

"Come round soon and call me mother!" she heard herself saying, and then his jubilant assent.

She stood in the dim hall by the telephone. She was not thinking of Camilla as she had looked the night before when from her lover's arms she had come into her mother's room with nothing to say of the promise only then upon her lips. Instead, Camilla's mother was thinking of the night when Joel Rose, down in the library, had heard that wavering cry and had come hesitating up the stairs, and of the way that they had first looked at each other over Camilla's head. It was curious that that hour should come to her mind now.

All day she went on with her preparations for the party. And as she worked, she was trying to explain. Camilla had been confused the night before; it had come about suddenly after all—to-night she would tell her. To-night Chris would come and they would have a happy few minutes together and then she would take Gus away and leave the two alone in their new happiness. It even came to her, reluctant to the idea, that it might be rather fun having an engaged daughter and planning ways for the two to be together.

"Wouldn't you like to telephone to Chris to come for dinner?" she asked, when Camilla had drifted gaily into the house and strummed at the piano for a half-hour.

"Chris?" said Camilla. "Oh, no—let him starve. He's coming along afterward."

Something fierce and sharp shot through Mrs. Rose—not for herself, but for Chris. Was Camilla as cold to everybody else as she could be to her? This had not occurred to her in all Camilla's life. She watched her curiously with Gus. No show of affection there certainly; Camilla treated the boy like a desirable domestic animal—no more.

But when toward eight o'clock Mrs. Rose came down

the stairs, she paused on the landing because Camilla had just opened the door to Chris. He came in, shut the door, stood leaning against it looking at her—and she ran to him. Her mother stood quietly against the wall, her own heart beating. So Camilla could be like that!

Mrs. Rose went down and into the room where they were—her face quickened at the moment which she expected now to meet, when they would tell her. She was not mistaken in Chris. He crossed to her, kissed her, cried "Good evening, Mother Rose!" She turned to Camilla almost shyly and waited for her words. Camilla's words were:

"Don't you be too forward in addressing my relatives. They're most exclusive."

Still Mrs. Rose waited, laughing, expecting now the news to come out gaily. Chris was waiting, too—obviously meeting the moment. But Camilla said:

"DON'T mind him, mother, darling. It's plain that he is *not* your child, or he wouldn't be so bold. We're going across the hall, dear, and do some music."

They went, Chris with a blank, faintly troubled glance at Mrs. Rose. Left alone, Camilla's mother sat by the fire, trying to think it through. To keep a secret like this from her—for *no reason*. What could be the explanation of that? Could it be that Camilla didn't mean it as finality? It was impossible, with that greeting to Chris. Then *why* was she shut out?

Camilla threw herself into the plans for the party, but her part as always consisted largely of criticism.

"Candles—mother, dear! Candles all over the house. Our lights are a sight. Oh, can't we have some of these pictures down—the walls look like a picture store. Do let's hide all our ornaments and use greens—ours are laughable, aren't they?"

To these suggestions her mother made no reply—she merely followed them. She was feeling suddenly old, tired, detached. In all that went on in her house, in all that she with her own hands prepared for the Christmas party, she felt not a straw's weight of interest. Something had gone out of her life and she could not get it back. More than once she tried. One evening she went to Camilla, put her arms about her and said, "Kiss mother." Camilla responded by her usual extravagant, convulsive hug and a vivid peck at her mother's lips: "You blessed thing!" she cried, and added: "Do get a good brand of coffee, mother. Coffee is everything." Once Mrs. Rose went into the room when Camilla was in bed—surprised her lying with a half-smile on her lips and in her dreaming eyes.

"Camilla," she said, "haven't you anything to talk over with—with mama?"

"Darling," said Camilla, "you always speak as if I were about three years old. Yes, you precious, I do want to talk about something."

Then the child had only been waiting for her to make the opportunity! Mrs. Rose's heart leaped up, only to sink again when Camilla said:

"*Can't* we have the sandwiches cut in fancy shapes?"

"If you like," said Mrs. Rose, and went away.

Once Camilla surprised her mother with tears on her face.

"You nice thing," said Camilla, "whatever is the matter?"

"I feel lonely—for papa," Mrs. Rose said. "He used to bring things to me to—to ask me about. He—" she trailed away.

"You darling!" Camilla cried. "He was a lumberman! He could murmur to you about timberlands. But you aren't interested in—in irregular verbs, are you?"

Mrs. Rose looked at her.

"Do you love me, Camilla?" she asked.

"Most to pieces," said Camilla, and went away.

IT WAS extraordinary how the shabby little house lent itself to an air of Christmas. The greens which Gus had brought—spruce and ground-pine—were everywhere; there were red candles and red shades and roaring fires in the two fireplaces, fires which glimmered on the maple of the waxed floors; and there was an old-fashioned holiday fragrance of fresh cakes which no one took the slightest pains to shut away. The forty guests were as gay in three chintz-refurnished rooms as in a home of wide spaces and rich color.

"We won't have much Christmas this year," Mrs. Rose had said; "I'll just fill the stockings when the guests go."

To which Camilla had replied: "Oh, mother, dear, nobody does anything now but bring the things into the living-room after breakfast. Don't be so old-fashioned."

Camilla was a joyous little hostess in her old white frock, her face exquisitely flushed, her brown bobbed hair flying. She had laughter and words for everybody. Mrs. Rose watched her and said to herself: "The little thing is nothing but love after all. She is only thoughtless—what girl isn't?"

Chris and Camilla began the dancing, and for one turn round the long room every one watched them.



IN THE KITCHEN DOOR STOOD CHRIS. HE CAME IN SLOWLY, LOOKING INTENTLY AT THIS LITTLE UPSET BEING WHOSE WORDS HE HAD CLEARLY HEARD.

"CAMILLA!" HE SAID, "CAMILLA!" THERE WAS PAIN IN HIS VOICE AND IN HIS EYES.



"I'm glad she didn't ask me to announce it to-night," her mother thought. "I guess I understand that she doesn't want anybody to know yet. It's the sweetest time they'll have."

Gus and the "Living Peach" arrived toward nine o'clock, and he led her straight through to the kitchen where his mother was cutting cake.

"Here she is, mother," Gus announced boyishly. "Her name is Millie Andrew. Mother knows all about you," he told her gravely.

So far as Mrs. Rose could determine, Millie Andrew looked identically like all the other guests: that curious lack of variety induced by hair, frock, features and complexion achieved and somehow attained by them all. She seemed to have the more or less commonplace charm of the girls of her age—but evidently Gus saw in her some lovely inner light which kept him enraptured.

"Didn't I tell you?" he murmured to his mother rather audibly as they left the kitchen.

"If only Camilla—" thought Mrs. Rose, and went on cutting cake. "Still," she thought, "it's rather fine—her feeling that love is a sacred thing—not to be spoken about—"

Supper was served, as Camilla had wanted, all over the house—big couches and window-seats and stairs harbored their twos and fours. And in the upper hall Gus and his orchestra of six pieces began their happy clamor.

MRS. ROSE had been up there with ices for the orchestra and came down to the landing from which both front and back stairways led. As she turned to the back stairway, she caught the words of two sitting on the other stair, beyond the bed, and it was Phil talking to Janet.

"Oh, dearest," he said, "when you see how happy Camilla and Chris are, doesn't it make you know—"

"Did you ever see," demanded Janet judicially, "any-

body so happy as those two are since they've been engaged?"

Mrs. Rose heard nothing more. She went on down into the kitchen and stared vacantly at her sister, Jane Able, and at the caterers, both of whom were making some vital appeal which she did not comprehend. Janet knew! Phil knew! Perhaps everybody at the party knew, save only herself. What did this mean? It meant that she had failed utterly in her motherhood—that she had not been able to bring enough love into Camilla's relation to her so that she should want to tell her the deep concerns of her life. She herself had not known how. This was not Camilla's fault—it was her own fault. Much of her life was past. She had meant to live in Camilla's life, and Camilla, it seemed, didn't want her there. Of what use was anything any more?

She became aware of two words monotonously repeated:

"—sandwich filling, sandwich filling, sandwich filling—where is it, Mis' Rose? You look so queer!"

"In the yellow bowl in the top of the ice-chest," Mrs. Rose heard herself say mechanically. And went on with: "Did you take in the cakes the second time? Have the mints been in? Are the leaves in the finger-bowls?"

It all went on as if by machinery. Her sister and the other women were hurrying from the kitchen and returning. Mrs. Rose began piling plates. But over and over beat that curious truth: That there in those other rooms were guests who knew that her daughter was engaged and she herself had not been told. And the old picture leaped into life again of her in that upper room first looking at her husband over the top of Camilla's funny little head.

THE women were out among the guests collecting the plates. The kitchen door opened and Camilla entered swiftly, alone. It flashed to her mother that she had come to tell her now that she had heard that the news had crept about, fruit of conjecture and whisper, and had come to tell her now.

But Camilla's voice was cutting the air crisply and with no hint of a confidence. She was saying:

"My heavens, mother! Where are the rest of the finger-bowls? They've been in there with about two for the whole company—aren't there any more? Why, there they are, all ready! Dearest, I should think you might have things more on your mind—or don't you know that there should be more than two? You'll have to come in with me yourself and bring them. Really, mother, you were awfully careless—"

Something in her mother's still face arrested her. Mrs. Rose was looking over Camilla's shoulder. In the kitchen door stood Chris.

He came in slowly, looking intently at this little, flushed, upset being whose words he had clearly heard.

"Camilla!" he said, "Camilla!"

There was pain in his voice and in his eyes. He caught her by the shoulders, regardless of the bowl in her hands.

"I didn't know," he said, "that your voice could sound like that."

"Oh, Chris," said Camilla, "this is so trying. Let me go. Come, mother, please."

He let her go and she hurried away. He wheeled on Mrs. Rose.

"Does Camilla talk like that to you?" he demanded. "Like a common scold?"

"Don't—oh, no, no!" Mrs. Rose cried breathlessly. "I shouldn't have forgotten—let me go—"

"Or she'll be still more angry, eh?" he said grimly, and let her pass.

STANDING beside her mother in the living-room, Camilla said good night to her guests. She was as fresh as when the evening had begun. She was laughing, and loving—this is the only word for her peculiarly responsive and intimate look and word to everybody. That gay manner, those tender eyes, that soft and sympathetic voice were Camilla as her guests knew her.

Chris lingered a moment after the rest. In the hall Gus was preparing to take the "Living Peach" to her aunt's home. This young girl came prettily to say another good night to Mrs. Rose, who looked at her and thought: "Probably your voice can sound like Camilla's, sometimes."

She chided herself, replied mechanically to the girl and to Gus, and slipped away to the kitchen.

"Where's Mrs. Able?" she inquired of the two women, who were making ready to leave.

"Mrs. Able said to tell you she couldn't wait."

"I meant to go with her and spend the night," Mrs. Rose said quietly. "I will go on after her now. Will you wait and tell Camilla—Miss Camilla, that I have gone? I won't disturb her now."

She took her wraps from the side entry, went out that door and gained the street. She could not risk seeing Camilla again that night. She and Gus would be all right. She herself must get away—get clear away.

Continued on page 83

OLIVER OCTOBER

"I am the Master of my fate; I am the Captain of my soul"

Beginning the last three months of Oliver's "destiny"

By GEORGE BARR McCUTCHEON

Author of "Graustark," "Brewster's Millions," etc.

PART III

NOTWITHSTANDING the almost universal belief that poor old Oliver Baxter was buried in the black mire of the swamp, a State-wide search was at once instituted by his distracted son, who did not believe that the missing man had gone to his death in the loathsome tract.

The bank's prompt announcement that Mr. Baxter had withdrawn thirty-five hundred dollars convinced Oliver October and a few other sound-headed individuals that the old man had deliberately planned his departure from Rumley, although they were totally in the dark as to his reason for leaving.

No one could be found who saw him after he took leave of his son on the swamp road. Oliver October related all that transpired between them on that moonlit by-way. He did not spare himself in the recital. Much to his distress, Serepta Grimes came forward with truthful descriptions of scenes in and about the Baxter home: she told of old Oliver's inexplicable conduct, of violent fits of anger that grew out of nothing and died away in melancholy regret over the things he had said to his beloved son. And she described Oliver October as an angel possessing the patience of Job for having endured these outrageous tantrums.

The excitement in Rumley was intense. The Baxter home became a magnet that drew practically the entire population of the town to that section, and there was not an hour of the day that did not see scores of people trudging through the safer portions of the swamp or tramping along the uplands that bordered it.

Three or four days passed before towns far and near began to report that old men answering the description sent out by the chief of police in Rumley were being detained or kept under surveillance pending the arrival of some one who could identify them. Oliver October, Sammy Parr and other citizens sped in haste to these towns, only to meet with disappointment. Finally the tenth day came and the nine days of wonder were over. People began to think and talk about something besides the Baxter mystery. Detectives from Chicago agreed with the young man that his father had "skipped out," to use the rather undignified expression of Mr. Michael O'Rourke. It was Mr. O'Rourke who advanced the theory that the old man had taken this amazing means of forcing his son to remain in Rumley.

"WHY," said he, "it's as plain as the nose on your face. He draws a wad of money, puts on his best clothes and sneaks off without letting anybody know where he's going. Simple as a-b-c. He thought it all out beforehand. Knew exactly where he was going and how to get there without being headed off. And that's where he is right now, leaving you to hold the bag. See what I mean? Somebody's got to be in charge of his affairs—the store and everything. Of course, it's possible he was slugged by somebody who knew he had all that money, and his body chucked into the mire. It's up to you, Mr. Baxter. If you want us to go ahead and rake the country for him, we'll do it. I don't say we'll find him. We're an honest concern; we don't believe in robbing our clients. It will cost you a lot of money to find him."

"I want to find him," said Oliver firmly. "You may be right in your surmise—I hope you are. But just the same, I don't intend to leave a stone unturned, Mr. O'Rourke. As long as I've got a cent of my own, I'll



HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT AND REVEALED HIS WHITE TEETH IN THE SMILE THAT NO ONE COULD RESIST. THE YOUNG WOMAN SMILED IN RETURN, AND THEN FLUSHED SLIGHTLY

He would be a wonderful child, a remarkable man; he would lead men in war; he would be at the head of great undertakings; he would lose his mother before he was ten; he would be a statesman, rich, respected and admired—and he would swing from the gallows before the end of his thirtieth year

That was the startling "fortune" the Gipsy read in his father's palm for young Oliver Baxter the night that he was born. And after his mother's death, his father and Joseph Sikes and Silas Link and all of Rumley except Herbert Sage, the minister, began to believe it. Oliver went away to college, and out West as an engineer, and then to China, and then to war. He came back, safe, at twenty-nine, to find his job gone, and little Jane Sage (whose mother, Josephine, had left Rumley years before to go on the stage) grown into a lovely woman. Then old Baxter quarreled with his son because Oliver wanted to leave Rumley, cashed a check for thirty-five hundred dollars—and disappeared

keep up the search, and when my money runs out I'll use his. Good God! we must find him, do you understand? Find him!"

And so the days ran into weeks and the weeks into months, with the mystery no nearer solution than in the beginning—no word, no sign from the old man who had vanished. There was something grim, uncanny about the silence of old man Baxter; it was indeed the silence of the dead.

Oliver October took charge of the store and, as self-appointed manager, conducted the business to the best of his ability.

There was nothing in the young man's manner to indicate that he rebelled against this turn in his affairs. On the contrary, he took hold with an enthusiasm that left nothing to be desired by those who at first shook their heads dubiously over the situation.

"I am to blame for all this," he protested firmly. "If my father is dead, I am accountable for his death. Whatever his present condition may be, I am responsible for it. Don't put all the blame on that Gipsy fortune-teller. I should have realized the state of mind he was in, and I should have given up everything else in the world to help him weather the next year or so of doubt and distress. I laughed at his fears. He wanted me here where he could watch over me. Mr. Sage believes he has buried himself in some out-of-the-way place where he can't even hear what happens to me between now and my thirtieth birthday. I honestly believe he will come back in his own good time. And when he does come home, he must find

me here, carrying on the business as well as I know how. I'll do more than that: I'll drain part of our bally old swamp and make it worth fifty dollars an acre to him instead of the dreary waste he bought for a song. And I sha'n't stop looking for him—not for a single minute."

Joseph Sikes and Silas Link lamented and at the same time excoriated old Oliver Baxter. Accepting the increased burden of responsibility resulting from old Oliver's defection, the two "guardians" devoted themselves, without a murmur of complaint, to the supervision of Oliver October's private and personal affairs. It was a duty that could not be shirked—a charge bequeathed to them, so to speak, by the figuratively demised Mr. Baxter. They had little or no support from Mr. Sage; and when they complained to Serepta Grimes about the minister's lack of interest in the young man, that excellent manager shocked them by declaring that if they bothered her with any more of that nonsense she would give them a piece of her mind and a kettle full of boiling water besides.

THEY turned to Jane Sage for comfort, and while that young lady smilingly called them a couple of "dear old geese," it was so much more poetic than Mrs. Grimes's "idiotic old jackasses" that they forthwith accepted her as an ally and from that time on went to her with all their troubles—dubiously and shamefacedly at first, to be sure, but with a confidence that soon developed into arrogant assurance. She confided to Oliver October that they nearly bothered the life out of her, and begged him, for her sake, to smile more frequently than he did—and stop haranguing the members of the Common Council about the defects in the city drainage system.

"Poor old Janie," Oliver would say, with his engaging grin. "I'll bet you wish I was safely past thirty."

"I do that," she would always respond, very much as

Biddy McGuire, the Irish washerwoman, might have said it.

The Winter wore away, Spring came and quickly melted into Summer; the first anniversary of the unexplained disappearance of Oliver Baxter passed. Three months remained of the last year allotted to Oliver October by the Gipsy "queen" on that wild, shrieking night in 'ninety.

He had just returned from a hurried trip to Nashville, Tennessee, where an old man was being held—a queer old tramp with a prodigious Adam's apple who refused to give any account of himself. This was but one of the fruitless journeys he had taken during the twelvemonth. "I see by the paper this evening that your Uncle Horace has announced himself as a candidate for State senator," said Mr. Sage, who was enjoying his customary half-hour on the porch with Jane and Oliver.

"Well, I know one vote he won't get," said Oliver, "even if he is my uncle."

"I know of another," added the minister dryly.

"The nomination is equivalent to an election," said Oliver. "There hasn't been a Republican elected in this county since the Civil War, they say."

"It is not my habit to speak unkindly of my fellow man," said Mr. Sage, "but I find it quite a pleasure to say that I look upon Horace Gooch as the meanest white man in all—er—I was on the point of saying Christendom, but I will say Hopkinsville instead."

"WHY, daddy, I am really beginning to take quite a fancy to you," cried Jane delightedly. "Only last week you said he ought to be tarred and feathered for turning those two old women out of their house on Pleasant Ridge."

"But he didn't turn them out," said Oliver quickly. "Somebody came along at the last minute and lent them the money to redeem their house and farm. They're as safe as bugs in a rug and as happy as clams."

"You don't really mean it, Oliver!" cried Mr. Sage. "That is good news—splendid news. Horace Gooch has become rich off of just such delinquent taxpayers as these unfortunate old women. I am not saying it is illegitimate business—but he has acquired quite a lot of good real estate in that way. I rejoice to hear that some one has come to the rescue of Mrs. Bannester and her sister. I suppose they had to give their benefactor a mortgage on the property, however."

"I understand it was a loan for something like twenty years, without interest," said Oliver.

"Bless my soul! Practically a gift, in that case. It is unlikely that they will live to be ninety."

"I wonder how Uncle Horace felt when they popped up the other day—just as he thought he had the tax deed in his hand—and redeemed the property," mused Oliver, chuckling. "I'll bet it hurt like sin. He had his heart set on that property, 'Uncle' Herbert. The Interurban line is figuring on putting up an amusement park, and I happen to know they've had an eye on the Bannester place. He could have cleaned up a lot of money on it."

"I hate that old man," cried Jane.

"My dear child, you must not—"

"When I think of how he behaved after Mr. Baxter went away, and the things he said to Oliver when Oliver refused to help pay for the monument he had put up on his own cemetery lot at Hopkinsville, because Mr. Baxter's sister was buried there—his own wife, if you please, daddy—well, when I think of it I nearly choke. I won't allow you to say I sha'n't hate him. I just adore hating him."

"My dear, I had no intention of saying you shouldn't hate Mr. Gooch," broke in her father. "I was merely trying to say that you must not speak so loud. Some one outside the family circle is likely to hear you."

"I'd give a lot to know just what you said to old Gooch, Oliver, when he came to see you about the monument last Fall," said Jane, invitingly.

"I was mighty careful, I remember, to see that there were no ladies present at the time," chuckled Oliver. "And besides, I've been trying ever since to forget what I said to him, but it's absolutely impossible, with 'Uncle' Joe dropping in every day or so to remind me of it."

An automobile came to a sudden stop in front of the house and an agile young man leaped out, leaving his engine running. He came up the walk with long strides.

till after the Democratic convention—and old Gooch is nominated—we'll spring something— Gee whiz! Listen to me barking loud enough to be heard in Hopkinsville. Fine guy, I am, to talk about keeping it quiet. Say, we've got to talk in whispers from now on—whispers, see?"

As he planted himself down on the step, he delivered a mighty, resounding slap upon Oliver's knee.

"Aw, cut it out—cut it out," growled Oliver. "Keep your trap closed, can't you?"

"What on earth are you talking about, Sammy?" cried Jane.

"He's talking through his hat—"

"Out with it, Sammy, out with it," counseled Mr. Sage.

Oliver groaned: "Oh, good Lord, deliver me!"

"Say, what do you think, Mr. Sage—what do you think? This chump here is the guy that lent Mrs. Bannester the money—"

"See here, Sam, this is my affair," broke in Oliver gruffly. "It's nobody's business but my own. I made 'em swear on a stack of Bibles they'd never tell—"

"Don't blame them—don't blame those nice old women," broke in Sammy sternly. "It was not their fault. I put one over on 'em. I told 'em there was some talk of that check being phony and they'd better—"

"It wasn't a check," said Oliver triumphantly. "It was cash—currency."

"That's what they came back at me with, but I said I meant counterfeit and not forgery—slip of the tongue, and so forth. That got 'em. They up and said they had known Oliver October Baxter since he was knee-high to a duck and—"

"Oh, Oliver!" cried Jane. "Did you really do it? I could squeeze you to death for it. And you never told me—you never breathed a word—"

"IT WAS only about a thousand dollars," mumbled Oliver. "And a little over," he added quickly, noting Sammy's expression. "It was my own money. I could do what I liked with it, couldn't I? They used to bring eggs and butter and chickens and everything to my mother, and when she was sick they had me out to their farm and made me awfully happy and— But that's neither here nor there. It was a low-down trick of yours, Sam, to—"

"Sure it was," agreed Sammy cheerfully. "But right there and then Mr. Samuel Elias Parr saw a great light. The words were no sooner out of the mouth of old Mrs. Bannester—or maybe it was her sister—it doesn't matter—when the boom was born! Yes, sir; the boom was hatched! But we mustn't let Joe Sikes and Silas Link get wise to all this. They'd raise Cain—spoil everything gabbing about that Gipsy's warning or whatever it was. Now, if we are foxy, we'll give it to 'em next November! We'll run four thousand votes ahead of Harding himself, and—"

"Oh, for the Lord's sake, Sammy, slow down! What the dickens are you driving at? Boom? What boom?"

"Your boom, you idiot! The boom's been started for you as Republican candidate for State senator against old man Gooch. It's under way; nothing can head it off, absolutely nothing but death or an earthquake."

"Why, you darned chump," roared Oliver, "I'm not going to run for State senator or anything else. You must be crazy. What right have you to start a thing like this without consulting me? You'll just make a monkey of me, that's all you'll do—and of yourself, too. I'll head it off to-morrow. I'll telephone—"

"Won't do you a darned bit of good," cried Sammy exultantly. "They'll nominate you, anyhow. Why, my Lord, they've got to nominate somebody, haven't they? But, great Scott, here's the chance for them to elect somebody in this county. You don't suppose they're going to miss a chance like this, do you? Popular



"MAYBE HE'S A WHOLE LOT SMARTER THAN YOU THINK," SAID THE DITCHER SIGNIFICANTLY
"OH, I DON'T FOR A MINUTE THINK THAT," SAID OLD JOHN, HASTILY

"Say, Oliver, you old skate, I've been looking all over town for you," shouted Sammy Parr. "This isn't your night to call on Jane—don't you know that? You're supposed to be either at the Scotts', billing with Amy Scott, or at the Ridges', cooing with that new girl from Boston. Say, I've been over to Pleasant Ridge this afternoon—good evening, Jane—to see Mrs. Bannester and her sister about some fire insurance—evening, Mr. Sage; nice evening—and, say, they told me all about you, you blamed old skate—I mean Ollie, not you, Mr. Sage. Gee whiz, Ollie, you certainly did throw the hooks into Uncle Horace this time! You certainly—"

"SHUT up!" growled Oliver, scowling fiercely at the excited Sammy.

"Shut up? Why should I shut up? Why the devil should I—beg pardon, Mr. Sage—excuse my slippery tongue. My Lord, bo, the boom has already been started. You can't head it off. I didn't lose a minute getting over to the county chairman's office. He nearly hit the ceiling for joy. If we can only keep all this quiet

young soldier, medal man, celebrated football player, renowned engineer, youthful philanthropist, successful business man, unsmirched character—why, you're the only Republican in this county that would stand a ghost of a show, Ollie. And best of all—popular nephew running against Shylock uncle! Gee whiz! Senator Baxter, of Rumley, ladies and gentlemen!"

Even Oliver October laughed.

"By jingo, Sammy, you're doing your level best to have me put my neck in the noose, aren't you?" he exclaimed.

"Noose nothing!" exploded Sammy. "You can't possibly be elevated to a position in the halls of State or nation until next November, you chump—and you'll be thirty in October, won't you? Well, that puts the kibosh on that Gipsy dope. Well, so long. I just thought I'd run up and tell you. I'm going down to see Al Wilson at the *Despatch* office. I'll put him wise and warn him not to let a word of it leak out in the paper till he gets the word. Night, Mr. Sage; so long, Jane."

"Wait a minute!" called out Oliver, springing to his feet as Sammy darted down the walk.

"Nix!" shouted Sammy over his shoulder.

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired the minister, the first to speak.

Jane did not give Oliver a chance to reply. Her eyes were blazing with excitement and there was a thrill in her voice that caused Oliver to laugh outright.

"Do about it?" she cried. "Why, he's going to run against old Gooch and beat the life out of him!"

"Daughter!"

"OLIVER, you're a darling for helping those old women—and you never intended to say a word about it! It was heavenly! And you'll go to the State Legislature, and to Congress, and—goodness knows how high you may go!"

Oliver's smile broadened. "And the Gipsy 'queen' be hanged," quoth he.

Jane caught her breath. A startled look flashed into her eyes and was gone.

"The Gipsy 'queen' be hanged!" she echoed stoutly. "Long live the king!"

Oliver was still looking up at her. She stood at the top of the steps, the light from the open door falling athwart her radiant face, half in shadow, half in the warm, soft glow. Suddenly his heart began to pound—heavy, smothering blows against his ribs that had the effect of making him dizzy, as with vertigo. He continued to stare, possessed of a strange wonder, as she turned to her tall, gray-haired parent and laid both hands on his shoulders.

"I wish I could say 'gee whiz' as Sammy says it," she cried. "I feel all over just like one great big 'gee whiz.' Don't you, daddy?"

The man of God took his daughter's firm, round chin between his thumb and forefinger. "One 'gee whiz' in the family is enough," said he. "I am glad you feel like one, however. You take me back twenty-five years, my dear. Your mother used to say 'gee whiz' when she felt like it. It is, after all, a rather harmless way of exploding."

"I know—but don't you think it's wonderful?" she cried. "I mean, Oliver going to the Legislature and—"

"Whoa, Jane!" interrupted Oliver, a trifle thickly. He wondered what was the matter with his voice. "Steady! Sammy's crazy. I wouldn't any more think of letting 'em put me up for— Why, gee whiz! It's too ridiculous for words."

Her face fell. "I must say I like 'gee whiz' only when it expresses enthusiasm," she said. "It's an awful joy-killer, the way you used it just then, Oliver."

"I don't want any politics in mine," he stated, almost sullenly. Then brightly: "If I had to choose between

the two, I'd sooner go in for religion than politics."

Mr. Sage smiled. "If more clean-minded, honest fellows like you, Oliver, were to go into politics, there wouldn't have to be so many preachers in the land."

"What chance has an honest man got in politics?"

"The same chance that he has in the church. The people want honest men in politics, just as they demand honest men in their pulpits."

"That's all right, sir, but it's easier to be good in a church than it is in a barroom—and that's just about the distinction."

"Tell me how you came to go to the assistance of Mrs. Bannester and her sister—tell me everything," the girl

it. If Uncle Horace ever finds out that I lent them the money, he'll—" He broke off in a chuckle of sheer delight. His eyes were full of mischief. "I'll never forget the time I let him have it with my marbles. It was great!"

"Wouldn't it be glorious if we could always stay young and throw marbles at the people we don't like?" cried Jane.

"The only drawback is that sometimes you can't find the marbles again. I lost two of my finest agates that day."

"You young savages!" exclaimed Mr. Sage, with mock severity. He said good night to Oliver and, murmuring something about next Sunday's sermon, entered the house. They heard him go slowly up the stairs.

"Did you notice, Oliver, that he spoke of my mother?"

"Did he?"

"You must have heard him," she said.

Oliver was silent. He was wondering how long that strange, unaccountable blur had lasted.

"It's the first time he has spoken of her in years," she went on. "It seemed to slip out when he wasn't thinking."

"It slipped out because he was thinking, Jane," said Oliver. "That's just it. He is always thinking of her. What was it he said?"

She told him. "I wonder if I remind him of her in lots of ways," she mused.

Oliver's thoughts leaped backward a score of years and more. "I used to think she was the most wonderful person in all the world," he said. "I was very desperately in love with your mother when I was six or seven, Jane." He hesitated, and then went on clumsily: "I am beginning to think you are like her in a lot of ways."

SHE gave him a quick, startled look. His face was turned away, and so he did not see the tender, wistful little smile that flickered on her lips. From that moment a queer, uneasy restraint fell upon them. There were long silences, dreamy on her part, moody on his. He left shortly after ten; his "good night" was strangely gruff and unnatural.

He was jealous. He knew it for a fact. He was jealous of young Lansing. He did not think of himself as being in love with Jane—that would be ridiculous, after all the years they had known each other; but he bitterly resented the thought that she might be in love with some one else.

Why, if she were in love with Lansing—and married him! Good Lord, what a fool he had been to think it would make no difference to him! It would make a difference—an appalling difference. All nonsense to think she wouldn't go out of his life if she married Lansing or any one else. Of course she would. She would have a home in which he could be nothing more than an old friend. It

would mean that he couldn't drop in every night or so for an intimate chat, that he couldn't go strolling freely and contentedly into familiar haunts with Jane, that he couldn't take her off for rides in his car, or up to the city to see the plays. Lansing wouldn't stand for that! Nor would any one else!

What was it that Sammy said—in jest, of course, but now heavy with portent? "This isn't your night to call on Jane." It was Lansing's night! The whole town knew it was Lansing's night—and he was calling on Jane because Lansing happened to be off in the country seeing a patient.

This was what all his good offices had come to; this was what had come of his idiotic, vainglorious desire to do the right thing by Jane! He had simply let himself in for a

Continued on page 87



SHE STOPPED ON THE LAST STEP TO SURVEY, WITH WELL-AFFECTED SURPRISE AND A CHARMING ASSUMPTION OF CONSTERNATION, THE CROWD THAT PACKED THE PLATFORM

broke in, resuming her seat on the step near Oliver.

"There isn't anything to tell," said Oliver. "I just went out to see them and—that's all there is to it."

"Oh, indeed!" she scoffed. "You just went out there and said: 'Howdy-do, ladies; here's a couple of thousand dollars. Good-by, I must be getting home.'"

"I stayed for dinner," he admitted. "They always have fried chicken and gravy when I go to see them. And waffles and honey. I'm very fond of honey."

"DON'T you want to tell me, Oliver?" There was a hurt note in her voice that shamed him.

"Well," he began awkwardly, "I'd been thinking about it for some time—their troubles, I mean. I couldn't stand seeing them kicked off their place. I had the money, and I didn't need it. So I—I made 'em take



"OH, LOOK-IT!" HE FLUNG THE DOOR OPEN. "LOOK LENA! THERE HE GOES!"

THE CANDLE IN THE WINDOW

A story of the Christmas spirit in men's hearts

By HAROLD TITUS

A YEAR ago I found a man who was skeptical of the spirit of Christmas. He did not believe that such a thing was reality, and when I attempted to point out to him that it was a living fact, that the kindness in the hearts of men—even crabbed, sour men—was refreshed and liberated in the

atmosphere of this Winter holiday, when I went further and mildly insisted that this spirit transcends race, religion, language, this man looked at me with a mixture of pity and scorn and walked away.

I do not know where he went. I have not seen him since. But a few days afterward I heard the story of Goldberg, the pedler, and of Lena Sawyer in her slab shanty on a Michigan clearing, and now I am writing this tale in the hope that wherever he may be, my skeptical friend may read.

Goldberg, the old-timers tell me, was the most objectionable man who ever appeared in this part of the timber country. (It was timber country, then.) He was short and squat, with a heavy beard and small, mean eyes. He had no home; he had no friends. You could see him going about the country, following the sand trails in Summer, the iced sleigh roads in Winter, with his pack on his back, elbowing his way through grudgingly opened doors, spreading his wares and wheedling until some woman bought stockings or calico, or some man bought suspenders or a cheap necktie—or drove him out. Goldberg usually made a sale, because he was hard to drive out; no one could insult him, and if they did not buy it was necessary to put him out—actually. He would haggle and whine over what he was charged for lodging and meals when he had to stop. He never talked except in an attempt to sell. He loved but one thing: money.

Lena Sawyer was a German—no hun, but that type of German girl that used to come to this country and marry and become a splendid housewife and be ambitious for her children and bring them up to be good Yankees. No, she was no boche. It was her oldest boy the Legion buried the other day, and it was her grandson who got

into trouble back in eighteen because he swore he was navy age and was short by three years. No hun; a mighty good American.

And Sawyer, who married Lena, was a good American, too. He was English born, but they called him a Canuck because he came into Michigan from Ontario. It was here that he found Lena and married and settled down.

One evidence of Sawyer's good Americanism was the fact that he actually settled down when most American-born men laughed at him. It was during the last of the pine days in our section that Sawyer bought his forty and whittled off the hardwood—which was good for nothing much but fuel in those times—and put up his slab shanty and planted crops. He stuck to the camps in Winter, because new forties were not profitable then; and his second boy was born when Sawyer was coming down the Boardman with the last big drive. They kept telling him that he was foolish, that this Michigan land would not grow crops, but he believed it would and hung on.

ANYHOW, a man with a family, who liked his family, could not follow the camps, Sawyer said. He had four children, and perhaps one or two that did not live. Lena worked rather hard in the fields herself, and robust as she was, that did her no good at times.

Sawyer thought a lot of his family, and he never was sorry when another baby came. They would all go into the stump fields together, and when Sawyer stopped to rest his team he would spend part of the time playing with the youngest. He was the sort of man who always works right up to the last minute, and after supper he would leave the table and pitch in again as though the day were just beginning. But just before dusk he would break off short and throw off his hat and sit outside the house under a maple-tree with his family, Lena holding the baby on her lap, Sawyer with the next between his knees, while he told stories of the camps to the boys, who were old enough to understand. A great family man was Sawyer.

Christmas was a big day for the family because both the father and mother were natives of countries that make the most of that holiday—and because they liked their

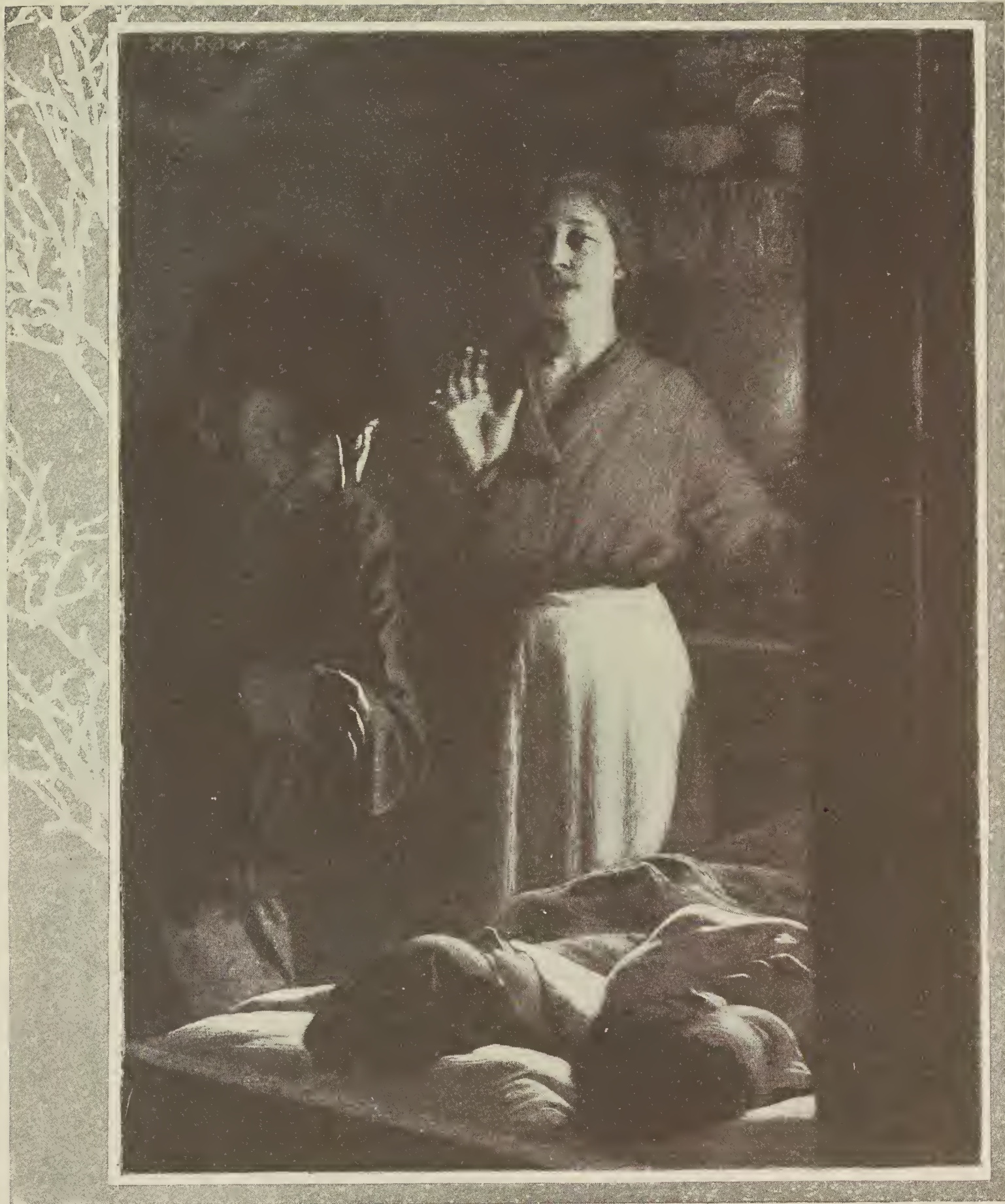
children immensely. There were times when Sawyer wore leaky rubbers in the woods and Lena's coat used to get ragged, but there always was a grand celebration at the Sawyer place, with a few presents bought in town for the youngsters, and chicken and cakes and all they could muster. It would begin the day before, when Sawyer—he always left camp a day early—would go into the swamp after a spruce or balsam and set it in the middle of their one room, and the children would join hands around it and sing "Tannenbaum"—a boche song, of course, but— Oh, well, the war is almost over. And Lena in her clean apron would beam, and she and Sawyer would be as happy as the children.

That night there would be a candle in the window. In the old country, Lena said, they believed that the spirit of Christ was reborn every Christmas eve and that the Christ-child himself passed by to enter once more the hearts of men, and the candle in the window was to light Him on His way. The Sawyers made much of that candle, and the children would stand by the window and watch to see Him travel the road through the clearing.

Then the children would be packed to bed—all four slept in one big bunk—and Lena and Sawyer would put on the tree the things they had been able to buy. In the morning the youngsters would be up with the break of dawn to claim their gifts. After Thomas, the oldest boy, got to know the woods a little, they would try to track Santa Claus down in the snow, and it always bothered them to think that the old fellow could leave all that stuff and get away without making a trail—any more than the Christ-child could be seen the night before.

But finally came that Christmas which wound up a truly disastrous year for the Sawyers: The little girl, who was four that Winter, had been mighty sick all Summer; cutworms ruined the garden; a late frost cut down corn and potatoes and made replanting necessary; there was drought in the Summer and one of the horses died, and an untimely September frost got their crops before they had ripened.

Pretty hard that, for a family that was in debt for its forty and never more than a little bit ahead of hunger itself. Sawyer worked up a lot of wood, harvested what



SHE TURNED QUICKLY, ALMOST IN A GESTURE OF FRIGHT. BUT CHECKED HERSELF DEAD WHEN SHE SAW THE PEDLER STANDING THERE

was left of his crops, staved off the interest payment, and went into the woods with the first snow, leaving Lena alone with the children to make the best of a hard Winter.

The Sawyers did not take this trouble lightly; they knew that if any more bad luck happened they would forfeit their right in the forty and would have to commence all over again. But they had that hope and strength which made it possible for men to turn these cut-over lands into productive farms within a generation, and they did not flinch.

ONE thing only gave them dismay: Christmas. It did not look like a bright holiday for the youngsters. "But we'll manage," Sawyer told Lena, as he picked up his turkey to hit the road for camp. "They're too young to have a bad Christmas—yet."

The children were standing around them then: Thomas, ten, and Henry and Theodore and little Lena, still a bit peaked from her Summer's sickness.

After Sawyer said that he went away quickly without saying more.

Duncan put Sawyer with his loading crew, and that is where he was caught, as many another good man has been caught in the woods. A chain broke, four thousand feet of hardwood logs commenced spilling off the car they had been loading and—Sawyer was the only one who could not get out of the way.

They got him to camp and the doctor set his legs and said that if the smashed bones were going to have a chance he would have to stay right there in his bunk. So he did, with everybody looking after him.

But it was little enough that anybody could do. Sawyer had his family and his many misfortunes—and Christmas was only three weeks away!

That was the hardest part of it all for Sawyer: he was without money and Christmas was only three weeks

away. However, he never said a word to any one about it, not even after Lena had been there to see him. Of course, if the boys had known, it would have been different, but Sawyer had pride and so had Lena. So Sawyer grinned and bore it, but his grin was not very enduring.

Christmas came on Monday, and Saturday night the family men pulled out for home. The others, except a very few, lit out for town, and so when Goldberg hit Duncan's camp Sunday afternoon he found very few men to buy the wares in his pack.

This made Goldberg mad. He was that sort: He would meet bad luck with temper. His anger got the better of his business judgment and he began to abuse instead of wheedle. The cook drove him out of his shanty; Duncan drove him out of the van; the chore boy and the barn boss called him names. And so, his black eyes glittering with rage, the Jew picked on Sawyer, lying there alone on his back—on Christmas eve, with a blizzard making, and needing all his strength to keep the starch in his upper lip because he knew that to-night there was barely enough in his root cellar to keep his family from starving before Spring, that new clothing was an improbability, that a Christmas celebration was out of the question—

SAWYER did not so much as turn his head when Goldberg blundered into the men's shanty and undid his pack with movements which betrayed his irritation. He muttered to himself as he spread his wares along the deacon bench, but Sawyer did not look at him, not until the pedler stepped to the bunk and plucked his sleeve and said: "Aind it? Aind it a fine piece goods?" He held a bolt of dress material in one hand, shaking it so the light from the hanging lamp would fall on its folds. "Sawyer, you should ought to buy a dress battern from dot for your wife! For your wife, Sawyer—for Chreestmas!"

He seemed to cram into those words all the hatred that a man of one faith may have for a man of another, and perhaps he caught a flash of pain in Sawyer's face and sensed that he was hurting this Gentile—after Gentiles had scorned him and made his business poor by their holiday. Anyway, he went on, sort of chuckling to himself, greed and bitterness dancing in his eyes as he dangled neckties before the other. "For dot beeg boy, Sawyer. Ah-ha, he like one for Chreestmas present, Sawyer!" And stockings, warm stockings, for sturdy young legs that needed them—and ribbons—"For dot leettle girl, Sawyer. So cheap; so good! For her Chreestmas present, Sawyer!"

"He? No money?" He shrugged and made a face behind his beard as Sawyer tried to drive him away. "You aind got money, but you want from me Chreestmas presents, eh? You vant dem, eh? Chreestmas presents?"— Ah, that Jew was a salesman! "Vell, you got a hog, aind you? You got a cow, eh? Leesten, Sawyer," plucking at the sleeve, "you trade me dot hog und dere will be Chreestmas presents!" He shook the other's arm and lowered his voice and talked rapidly, rubbing the raw of Sawyer's misery—rubbing it—with his damnable sense of salesmanship!

And there Duncan found him after he had once ordered him out of camp, and so the pedler went out into the dusk, in a hurry, propelled by Duncan's boot.

The dusk, yes. It was more than dusk, for the wind was up, driving snow before it, threshing the forest. The temperature was dropping, too, and Santa Claus would tool his reindeers through a blizzard that night, any one could have promised you!

The Jew, fastening the buttons of his red mackinaw, hitching his pack high, turned to peer through the window at Duncan and Sawyer—and the curses that the storm swallowed were the worst that Jew can place on Gentile. He turned up the road and the snow swallowed him and the cold bit. Traverse was a long way off; he wanted to go back to the camp, but he feared Duncan. The fear of perishing was not yet born, or—

IN THE Sawyer log house, Lena stood looking at her inquiring children with tears close to her brave eyes. They had the tree up, the candle in the window, and she was trying again to tell them that there would be no presents when they awoke to-morrow. A dozen times she had attempted to prepare them for this tragedy, but on each occasion her courage had failed; to-night she could hide her helplessness behind the storm—

"I'll bet he c'n get through," Thomas protested, as snow hissed over the roof.

"Them reindeers, they never gets down in snow," scoffed Henry—tremulously.

"But the roads are drifted full. Listen! Hear it?"

"An' you allus said them reindeers went over th' woods an' th' roofs," reminded Thomas. He swallowed seriously. "But if he can't make it to-night—mebby to-morrow—"

Lena shook her head sadly.

"He never comes but the one night, and storms do hold him back; I know."

The little girl listened and watched, tender lips parted. This was her fourth Christmas; she could not remember the others, but for days the boys had talked of the holiday and her expectations were high—and her spirits low, now, as she listened to her mother. The boys were stubborn in what they said, but their arguments became briefer, their manner less assured, and when the five joined hands to sing "Tannenbaum," the ritual was without joy.

They went silently to bed, while Lena sat down near the candle in the window and listened as they turned beneath the quilts. Her body drooped forward, she hugged her breast and her lips worked slowly.

FROM Duncan's camp to town was a three-hour walk on good roads, but Goldberg's road this night was knee-deep with snow, where it was not drifted, and after he turned and tried to make camp again and brave Duncan's fists rather than the storm, the fact that there was a road anywhere meant little to the pedler. He was very cold, and he was lost.

At first he cursed Duncan and Sawyer and this Gentile holiday, and then he lost his spleen before the fury of the storm and his own bewilderment. He went too fast and wasted strength. He got into a slash and became tangled in brush, and fell a number of times and found it always more difficult to rise. He stopped to beat his arms about his body and send fresh blood into chilled fingers, and kept on, always clinging to his pack, because life and property were not ever far apart for Goldberg.

Ice formed in his beard; the fine snow stung his flesh; the cold ate through his body. Now and then he muttered, and frequently he coughed, for the raw air hurt his throat. He had no sense of direction; at times he faced the wind, again it was at his back, but everywhere

Continued on page 82

S A W D U S T

“That’s all we are in the show game—just sawdust”

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER



“I’LL NEVER BE ABLE TO REMEMBER ALL THOSE NAMES,” SHE SAID.
“WHY, I DON’T EVEN KNOW YOURS!”

Nita Moore was première equestrienne of the “World’s Greatest.” But she was also a circus-orphan—and the one thing she really wanted was a home. So when Runner Baine told her he had found her parents, she turned her back joyfully on the circus to go with Colonel Wentworth and his wife to their lovely old home in the dreamy old town of Larchboro. There was a little pang of regret in her heart at leaving her friends: “Popa,” the manager; and “Specks,” the clown; and Joe, the tattooer, who had persuaded her to let him make a little scar behind her ear, for identification “if the show got smashed.” But she was Janice Wentworth, and there was a home and a mother and father—and Philip—and real happiness and peace at last for the first time in her life

“I’ll never be able to remember all those names!” Then suddenly: “Why, I don’t even know yours!”

“Honestly?” He seemed surprised. “It’s Philip.”
“Of course; I know that perfectly. But I can’t very well start right out calling you by your first name.”

“Why not? I’ve always known you as Janice—they’ve talked about you so much. But then—I suppose there is a difference. My name’s Lessoway. I’m a lawyer, after a sort. It doesn’t take a mountain of brains to be an attorney here, you know. So if you’d rather, Miss Wentworth—”

IT SEEMED that a suddenly engendered friendship had gone back to a beginning which never had existed. Janice hurried to interpose:

“I—I thought it was you who might mind. Personally, I’d rather have it just Philip and Janice.”

“Very well, Janice! It does sound better, doesn’t it?”

“Yes, Philip—”
“Here, where are you two young scamps going?” It was the Colonel. “Where’s your head, Philip? Don’t you know the house any more?”

Philip laughed and turned back to the big iron gate which marked the entrance of the Wentworth lawn. Janice—Nita again for just a moment—looked at the shadowy bulk of the big house, with its pillared veranda, its mansard roof and tall chimneys, and sighed with a strange sense of satisfaction. It was as she had dreamed.

A moment more and they were in the big hallway. With a sudden sweep of his arm toward the living-room, with its plush-covered furniture, its prim curtain, its big, tinkling chandelier, its doilies and sampler mottoes, the Colonel cried: “Well, honey, it hasn’t changed a bit since the day you went away. Do you remember it?”

She looked at him frankly.

“I don’t remember it, if you meant that exact word. But I feel like I ought to know it—it all seems familiar, like I’d seen it before.”

Nor was it a falsehood; a dream had come true. Mental pictures had become actualities, fancies had turned to realities. A mother arm caught her in an embrace, but the Colonel swept her away.

“Heavens to Betsy!” he boomed. “Forgot all about Tressie! She’d draw an’ quarter us, Nancy, if we didn’t take this child back to her!”

He led the way through the big dining-room into a bigger kitchen, where a black mountain of flesh waddled from the long range to the kitchen table, swayed uncertainly for a moment, rubbed her eyes, then came ponderously forward.

“‘Fo’ Gawd!” she called. “Ef hit hain’t her, Marse Colonel! Ef hit hain’t her!”

“Sure enough! Honey, don’t you remember Tressie?”

“I—” the girl hesitated, then put forth her hands—
“I—I’m glad to see her!”

“‘Fo’ Gawd, yo’ betteh be!”
Laughing, the girl rushed to the old mammy’s arms, to be hugged and petted and then pushed off at arm’s length.

“Look ayeah,” came in a commanding tone. “Run ’long now an’ git riddy fo’ dinneh! Heah me? Run ’long, chile! ’Tain’t no time till de biscuits is riddy!”

Whereupon, with the privilege of her position, she pushed them out of the kitchen and turned again to her work. As they walked through the dining-room, there sounded from the rear a high-pitched voice in enthusiastic song:

“Oh, Ah wint down home ’bout fo’ o’clock,
Rattled de do’, but de do’ was lock’,
Raise up de window an’ Ah stuck in mah haid,
Big black bu’glah in mah foldin’ baid!”

The Colonel chuckled, then dabbed suddenly at his eyes.

“Hasn’t sung like that since the day you went away, honey.” And in the dimness of the big room the girl reached for his hands, to clasp them tight in hers and to raise them against her cheeks.

SOON they were at the table: the Colonel; his white-haired, red-cheeked wife; Janice, who once was Nita, and Philip Lessoway. The Colonel covered his eyes in grace:

“Almighty God,” came in slow tones, “grant that each meal find us with this new-born happiness in our hearts. Amen.”

Nor did Janice, the new Janice, as she listened, feel anything but a response to the simple prayer, a fervent echo for its every word of gratitude and hope. It had been her first experience with the saying of grace, yet she accepted it as naturally as though she had known it always. The big tops seemed far away now, distant indeed the rattle and clatter of the circus train o’ nights, the screeching of steel in the dawn as the workmen let down the unloading runs, the whinnying of the horses,

A THREE-PART SERIAL—PART II

COMMAND from the Colonel and the group started up the tree-lined street for the short walk to the Wentworth home—started rather than proceeded, for their progress was a fitful thing of beginnings and sudden stops as, one after another, the radiant Colonel halted the townspeople

whom he met for fluent, cavalier-like introductions.

Laughing, happy, hardly realizing what was going on about her, the new Janice Wentworth heard name after name, then a bit of family history from her mother as they went on again. Finally, after one of the inevitable haltings, Janice found herself with the young man, while the father and mother, lingering over a final word with a friend, had dropped a few yards in the rear. The girl laughed.



the roar of the cat beasts and the trumpeting of the elephants. Far away—in a land of the past— But the Colonel was talking again:

"Philip, they say there's a powerful heap of pa'tridges over by Big Mound. Doin' anything to-morrow?"

"Nothing but waiting for clients."

"Then le's go. How 'bout it, Nancy? You'd like a pa'tridge, wouldn't you? An' honey, ever hunt pa'tridges?"

"No; but I'd love to! I know how to shoot all right, but I've never had the chance to get out. And I'd just——"

"That's daddy's girl!" The old Colonel straightened with pride. "Isn't that just what I told you, Philip? Well, come 'long, honey. I've got a light little gun for you, an'——"

"But Ethelbert! She can't go! There's the meeting—the Penny Club. It's my day to have it, and it's such a wonderful opportunity for Janice to meet every one."

THE Colonel pulled at his mustache, then winked a long wink toward his smiling daughter.

"Well, Philip, it all depends on you and me. We've lost our reinforcements!"

"And a great part of our incentive," came from the young attorney. Janice looked at him quickly, but there was none of the flatterer in his expression—only the straightforward appearance of an honest man speaking his convictions.

In fact, Janice found herself studying Philip more than once during the meal and in the conversation which followed. When ten o'clock came, she said good night to the young man with a feeling of friendship which seemed to have existed far longer than a mere few hours, and she assented happily to his announcement that there would be other times for partridge hunting and for rambling the wooded hills when there were no receptions to interfere. Then to the big room which was hers, with its four-poster bed, its quaint oval rugs of home manufacture, its prim papering and freshly laundered curtains—to the big room and to her knees, for the only prayer she knew, a prayer taught her far back in the days of her babyhood by a clown of a long-departed circus.

Darkness, as the light was extinguished, and she strove to remain awake, to think, to reason it all out coldly. In vain. A peace which she had never known before lulled her, the soft pillows seemed to caress her, the imprint of a mother kiss on her eyes bade that they close in sleep. When she awoke, the sun was beaming upon her, while from the lawn below there echoed the joyful barking of dogs, intermingled with the enthusiastic shouting of Colonel Wentworth.

An hour later she watched them ride away, Philip waving to her from the buggy into which were crammed himself, the Colonel, the guns and two dogs. Then she sought the kitchen, in the wake of her mother, that she might give assistance to the mountainous Tressie in the duties which lay before her for the club meeting of the afternoon.

When that time arrived, it found a full membership flooding up the broad walk to the big house, where Mrs. Wentworth, her newly found daughter beside her, waited to receive them. Some were frankly curious, and said as much. Some kissed her and cried a bit over her—women who had known a fair-haired baby that one day had wandered away. To them all Janice gave her hand in the only sort of greeting she knew, the whole-hearted friendship of the circus-lot. But with a sudden intuition born of years of self-reliance, she stiffened as a pompous-appearing woman, her manner too gushing to be genuine, came toward her, stopped a moment for an appraising glance, then extended a hand in demonstrative fashion.

"I'm Mrs. Weaver," she announced. "President of the Penny Club. And I'm so glad to meet you! We just must get together some day so you can tell me everything. You've had such a terrible ordeal. My heart aches when I think about a sweet little thing like you having to endure poverty——"

"WHEN?" It came out before Janice could stop it. In a Morgantown bank was a savings deposit of eight thousand dollars under her new name of Janice Wentworth; six of it savings, the rest from the sale of her ring stock. Mrs. Weaver turned her head and allowed her eyes to widen.

"Oh! I had the wrong idea. I'm so glad—so glad!"

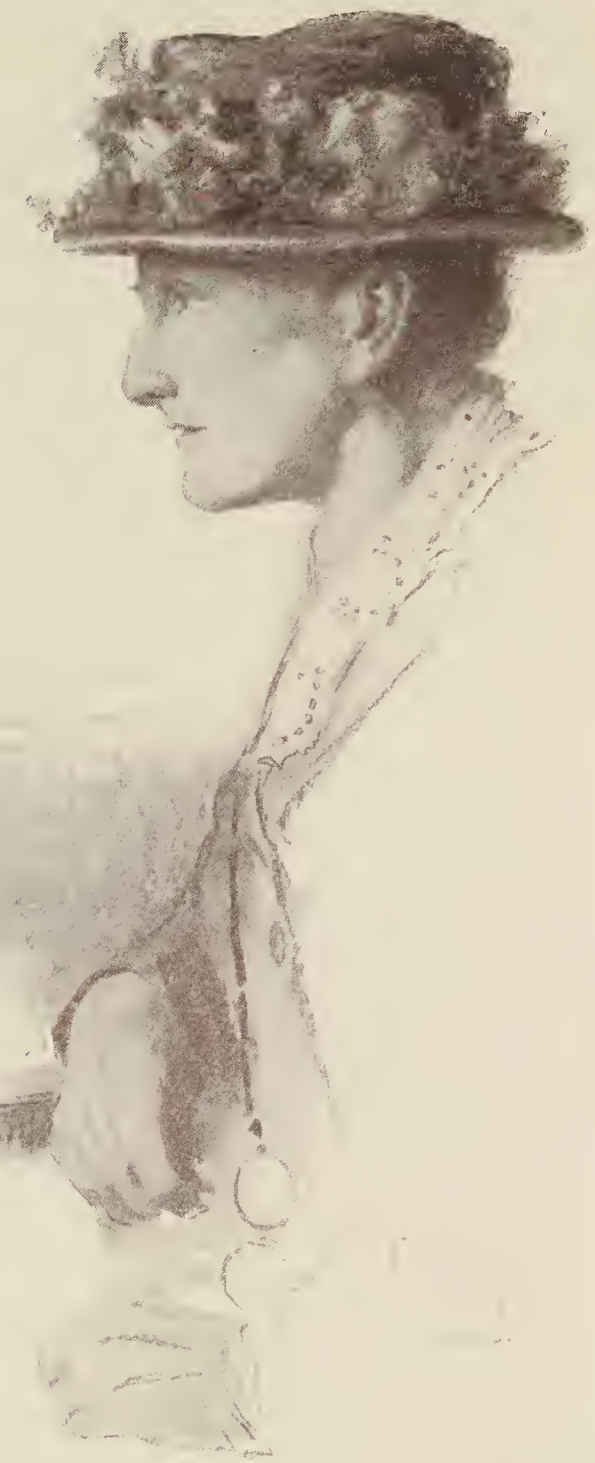
"You were right." Janice, cognizant of her position, had regained her composure now. "I misunderstood you."

"No matter. No matter. We will meet often, won't we?"

Janice's mental observation was that they would not. However, there was no necessity for a reply; the time had come for the beginning of the meeting and the gushing Mrs. Weaver had moved to her position in the presiding chair. One by one the minor details were disposed of. Mrs. Weaver, more gushing than ever,



SHE COULD ONLY REALIZE THE FACT THAT SHE HAD BEEN BROUGHT FACE TO FACE WITH THE THING AGAINST WHICH SHE HAD BEEN WARNED



brought a paper from her hand-bag and adjusted her glasses.

"Fellow members," she began, "I have here the report of the committee on membership regarding Miss Harrison. The committee has learned a number of things about Miss Harrison which are—very painful, to put it frankly."

An undercurrent of subdued conjectures ran about the meeting. The president went on:

"Mrs. Thomas, I believe you proposed Miss Harrison for membership?"

The woman rose, rather embarrassed.

"Why—yes. I didn't know much about her, except that she had just come from New York and that she seemed rather nice. But of course if there's anything——"

"I'M VERY much afraid that there is. The investigating committee has learned that while—er—she may be very nice, her calling has been of a nature that—well—I should say was hardly respectable. Of course, understand, I'm saying nothing against her, but she's been an actress in musical comedies, appearing in very sparse clothing and, of course, has been subjected to all the degrading influences of that life, and while, of course, it is not for the chair to say——"

Of the proceedings which followed Janice Wentworth heard but little. Her hands clenched, her face white, her teeth pressed hard upon her lips to hold back the outburst which strove to pass them, she could only realize the fact that she had been brought face to face with the thing against which she had been warned. Suddenly it all came to her—the narrowness of this sheltered, unsophisticated little town and its non-understanding people. If they talked thus of a woman of the stage, what would they think of her, a girl of the circus? For it mattered not, she knew, that this woman who now was on trial had remained unsullied by contact with the world. It mattered not how pure she might have been, how good. She was of a place apart; she came from the footlights, where all must be bad because a few were bad. Runner Baine had been right—his warning ran through her head again and again: "They think the circus is composed of nothing but thieves and fallen women!" And she was of the circus!

Vaguely she heard a defender rise and in weak fashion plead the cause of the applicant, followed by others, doing their narrow best in the cause of fairness. As vaguely she realized that decision on the woman's acceptance had been tabled indefinitely, to provide an opportunity for a study of her conduct under the strict supervision of Larchboro's codes. Her face was flaming with the pent-up passion of an imprisoned defense, not only of this woman, but of every woman who struggles through the lonely hardships of a public life. She longed to defy them, to tell them that she was of this other world also, that in spite of it she was as good as they, perhaps better, for having learned the great lesson of charity. But she

knew that she must remain silent; her life was her own on longer, the time was past when she could be mistress of her own destiny. But when the last member had gone:

"Mother——" she placed her arm about Mrs. Wentworth and stood with her, looking out the window at the last of the departed guests—"don't you think it would be only fair to——"

"About Miss Harrison?" Her mother turned. "It's a difficult problem, dearest. We're narrow in a little town like this, but we're trying our best to be broad. We don't want to be unfair—it isn't that. Perhaps it's because we don't really understand."

"I know." Janice kissed her, then turned toward the stairs. "I just felt sorry for her, mother."

But once in her room, Janice Wentworth had become a tired, slumped little figure on the bed—unhappy again, lonely again, torn by a fear which she never had realized possible. Until this moment she had kept her circus life a secret merely because a man she believed foolish had asked her to do so—not because of any real personal fear of disgrace. She clenched her hands and fought in trembling, silent rebellion against it. Then, in a sudden agony, she covered her eyes and sobbed.

BUT slowly, as an hour passed, she realized that she must fight against it, that she must struggle with every ounce of will-power that was in her to down the thing which threatened her. The circus, her circus, must be a forgotten, hidden thing. For there were others to think of besides herself—others who would suffer too. She must forget and she must forego. More, she knew that by every means and every device she must evade the gossiping, prying Mrs. Weaver. For in that woman, with her insatiable curiosity regarding the affairs of others, lay danger!

It was with this resolve that Janice entered her new life: to throw into her living of it every possible bit of enthusiasm which existed in her youthful, buoyant nature.

A different existence truly from the old one of the circus, but one which interested her, nevertheless, by its very quaintness and quiet. Churches had been few and far between in the days of the white-tops. There had been makeshift services in the big top o' Sundays, for underneath the surface there is a strong strain of religious belief among the persons who go to make up the canvas world. But now Janice was in a land where Sunday brought the tolling of church bells, the prim promenade down the old avenue to the house of worship,

Continued on page 85

THE HAPPY CHILD

SCIENTIFIC BABY CARE

The purpose of the series of articles under this title, of which the accompanying one is the sixth, is to place at the disposal of mothers the knowledge of America's foremost specialists in baby care and child welfare

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"THE WORLD IS MINE"

CONTRIBUTING EXPERTS

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ARTIFICIAL FEEDING OF INFANTS

By DR. L. EMMETT HOLT



AT THE very outset it should be made clear that there is no perfect substitute for breast-feeding. Although great improvements have been made in recent years in our methods of feeding and in the results obtained, it remains true that the feeding of infants on the bottle, though easy in many cases,

is in some instances very difficult even for those of large experience. Careful attention to details is necessary in all cases. This applies to the selection of the milk used, its handling in the home, its preparation for the baby and the manner in which it is fed.

By common consent the milk of some other animal has been adopted as the best substitute for mother's milk, cow's milk being the only one which is generally available. Goat's milk is useful when cow's milk can not be had, but it possesses no special advantages over cow's milk.

None of the artificially prepared foods sold in the stores is to be compared to cow's milk in value as a food for infants. They are sometimes useful as additions to milk, but none of them are in any sense substitutes for it or for mother's milk.

Selection of Milk—In selecting cow's milk for feeding infants it is important to choose milk that is (1) clean, (2) fresh, (3) from healthy cows and (4) is handled only by healthy persons. Milk which meets all these conditions is known as "certified" milk. When milk that has been so supervised can be obtained, it should always be used for infants. It is available in most large towns. Such milk is always shipped in bottles. It is the only milk delivered in cities and large towns which should be used in a raw state. In the country, where clean milk can be obtained when but a few hours old, raw milk may be quite safe.

IF MILK is obtained in bulk quite fresh from the cow, that to be used for infant feeding should be strained through absorbent cotton, or clean linen or cotton cloth which has been boiled, or two thicknesses of surgeon's gauze, into quart or pint bottles. These bottles should be placed in cold spring-water or ice-water up to their necks and allowed to stand for at least half an hour. This first cooling is very important. The baby's food for the day can be made up later when convenient.

The milk chosen for the baby should preferably be herd milk, the mixed milk of several cows. There is no objection to using the milk from one cow, except that it is likely to vary more from day to day. Milk from grade cows is to be preferred to the rich milk of highly bred Jerseys or Guernseys. The richest milk is by no means the best for the average baby.

Care of Milk—Milk is a food which is very easily contaminated. In the home it is necessary that everything which comes in contact with it—bottles, cups, spoons, etc.—should be carefully sterilized by boiling. The milk should be kept in a refrigerator, close against the ice in Summer, or in the coolest place possible; to keep it from souring, the temperature should not be above fifty degrees Fahrenheit. There are many ways that milk can be contaminated: From dirty or unhealthy cows, from the hands of the milkers, from pails, cans or other utensils which come in contact with it, etc., etc.

Sterilizing Milk—To render milk a safer food and to keep it longer without spoiling, the practise has come into general use of heating it to destroy the germs of disease which may have accidentally got into it and also those which cause milk to sour. Milk may be heated to the boiling-point for ten to twenty minutes (sterilized), or it may be raised to one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty degrees Fahrenheit (Pasteurized) and kept at this temperature for a longer period, usually thirty minutes.

MILK may be conveniently Pasteurized in the home with any of the forms of apparatus sold in the stores, or it may be heated simply by placing the bottles of milk in a pot containing water up to their necks. This is then heated to the boiling-point, the pot removed from the stove or range and the milk allowed to remain in the water for twenty minutes longer. The bottles are then removed and rapidly cooled by placing them first in tepid and then in very cold water. They are then placed on ice until needed.

None of the procedures usually followed actually renders the milk sterile; but this amount of heat is sufficient to kill the disease germs, such as those of tuberculosis or typhoid fever, if there are any in the milk, and most of the other germs which interfere with its keeping. These temperatures do not destroy spores (the undeveloped germs), and such heated milk must be kept on ice to be safe and used within a comparatively short time, generally twenty-four hours.

The advantages of heating milk in this way are very great. It has brought about a great reduction in the diarrheal diseases, in typhoid fever and in some others. There are, however, some disadvantages, and these should also be known and appreciated. Raw milk contains all three of the vitamins—those mysterious food constituents which have been shown to be so essential to health and growth. Two of these, vitamins A and B, are not known to be affected, but the third one, vitamin C, which protects against scurvy, is greatly injured and in most cases entirely destroyed by the heating as usually done. This is not a reason for stopping the sterilization

or Pasteurization of milk used for infant feeding, but it is a reason for giving to all babies fed for long periods upon heated milk some other food which supplies this vitamin, otherwise they are likely after five or six months to develop scurvy. If to such a baby there is given fresh orange-juice or the juice of fresh or canned tomatoes carefully strained, this is sufficient to supply the needed vitamin. If the baby receives only sterilized or Pasteurized milk from birth, these juices should be begun at four or five months in half-tablespoonful doses. The amount may be gradually increased until at nine or ten months the baby is receiving two tablespoonfuls daily.

The assertion sometimes made that Pasteurized or sterilized milk has little value in nutrition is quite untrue. The injury to vitamin C is the only really important injury done to milk by heating, and this can easily be remedied by adding to the diet such juices as those mentioned.

What has just been said about the damage done to milk by sterilizing applies also to other processes used to preserve milk. In condensed, evaporated and dried milk vitamin C is injured to a greater or less degree; in most of them it is destroyed. The same danger of scurvy exists when they are the baby's food unless orange-juice or some equivalent is added to the diet.

Substitute for Fresh Milk—Something should be said regarding these substitutes for fresh cow's milk which have just been mentioned. They are widely used and their sale is constantly increasing. They make possible the use of milk as a food for infants and young children in many places where fresh milk is not obtainable. But they are not to be advised as a regular food for babies when clean, fresh cow's milk or good Pasteurized milk can be had. They are, however, very convenient for use for short periods, as in traveling.

Condensed milk has usually been sterilized and has cane (granulated) sugar added. Evaporated milk has been condensed without any such addition. One pint of either of these represents about two and one-quarter pints of the original milk. Of the two, the evaporated milk is usually to be preferred; but neither the evaporated nor condensed milk possesses any advantages over dried whole milk.

LATTERLY there has come into the market canned preparations known as "filled milk" which are sold under a variety of trade names. This is a condensed skimmed milk in which the butter fat has been replaced by some, usually cheap, vegetable oil. Filled milk should not be used for infant feeding; nor should it be confused with condensed or evaporated milks.

GIFTS TO MAKE FOR CHRISTMAS

By MRS. CHARLES BRADLEY SANDERS



By using a common white bowl, and painting a wire sponge-basket and three strands of chain, one can make an interesting and attractive hanging basket



A quaint little basket of black oilcloth might contain note-paper and envelopes of unusual color and design



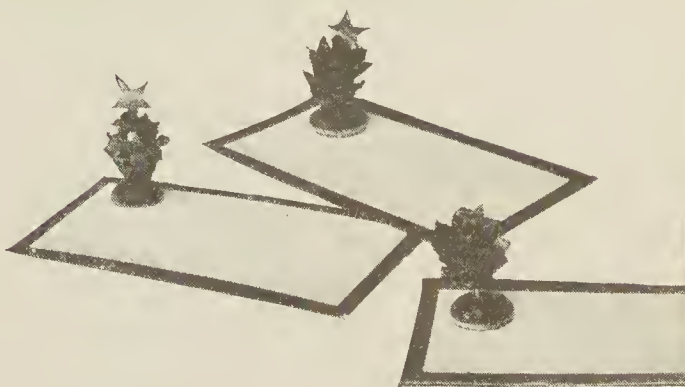
What brings more cheer to all than a lamp? A vase costing \$2.89 was wired, and a shade of Japanese grass-cloth selected to match the simplicity of the vase



Wool flowers make unusual trimming for hats or scarfs and may be made at very little cost



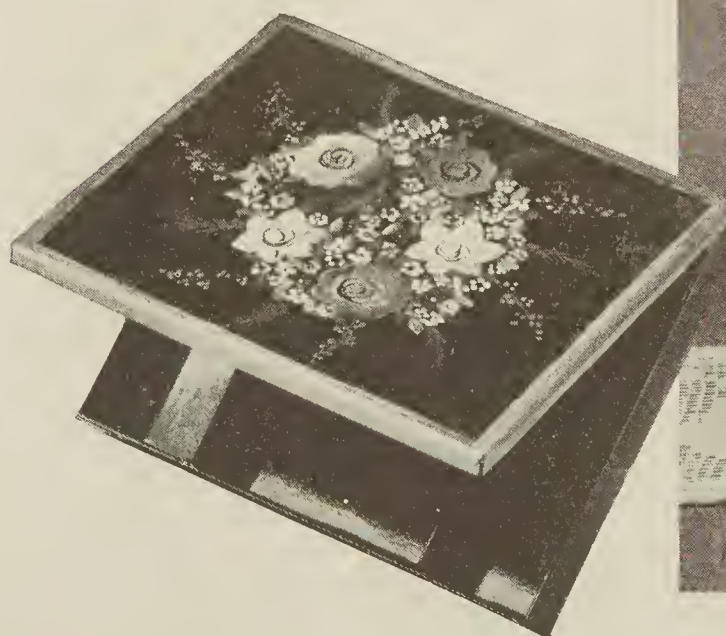
Grandma's darning-doll, made of lavender felt and a doll's head, has all the requisites for careful work



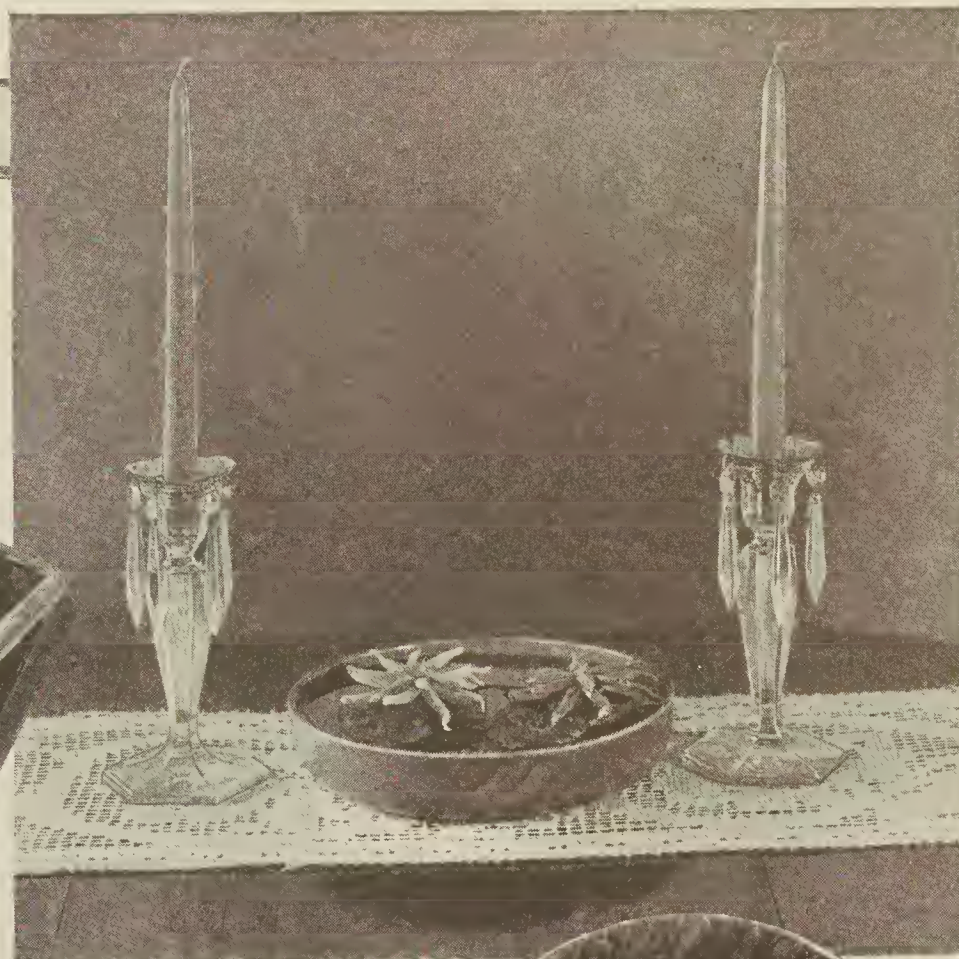
Christmas cards may be made by pasting white cards on which are glued a button-mold over red cardboard. Fastened into these molds with a pin are tiny pine-cones dipped in green paint



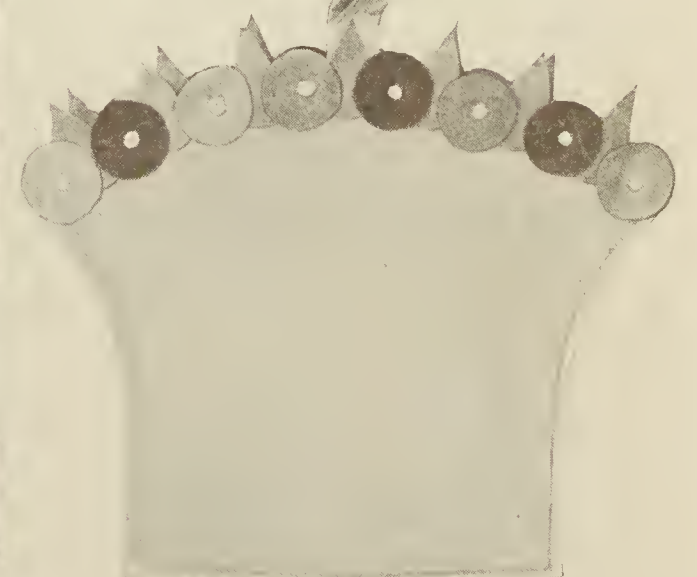
Trimmed with metal lace, this satin vanity case contains a lip-stick, powder-puff and mirror



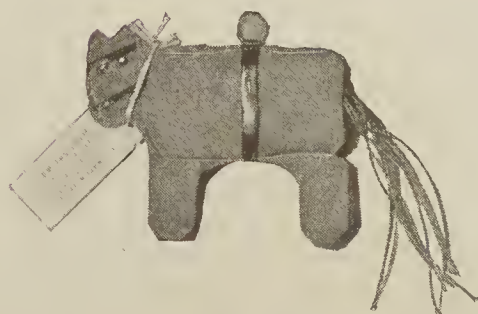
Outlined with gilt or color, and decorated with a stencil of flowers, this black metal box may serve for numerous purposes on the dressing-table



The artificial flowers above are dipped in paraffin and fastened to pieces of cork. They make excellent Winter substitutes for real flowers



A bag of buff-colored oilcloth, lined with black oilcloth and trimmed with colorful bits of felt, makes a convenient shopping or motoring bag



The tag donkey of green felt, with harness of oilcloth, has for a tail the strings of baggage-tags



Inexpensive articles in glass, wood or fiber may be painted with melted sealing-wax and made to look like enamel of the first quality. Break the sealing-wax into small pieces, melt over heat and add enough denatured alcohol to make it the consistency of paint



Flowers cut from cretonne make unusual sachets if pasted to muslin with cotton and scent between

DECORATIVE DOORWAYS FOR CHRISTMAS

add a note of holiday cheer



TWO BIOTA, CEDARS, BARBERRY-BUSHES AND ENGLISH IVY NOT ONLY STRIKE A COLORFUL NOTE, BUT PRESERVE THE DIGNITY OF THIS ENTRANCE



TWO PINES, A ROW OF ARBOR-VITAE AND A WREATH OF HOLLY MAKE AN INTERESTING GROUP THAT IS IN KEEPING WITH THIS TYPE OF COUNTRY HOUSE



BEAUTIFULLY MATCHED BOXWOODS, A LARGE WREATH OF HOLLY AND A ROPE OF LAUREL MAKE THIS DOORWAY A THING OF BEAUTY



ENGLISH IVY, COMBINED WITH GARLANDS OF LAUREL, GIVES A MOST FESTIVE AIR TO AN OTHERWISE SOMBER TOWN HOUSE



THE NOVEL IDEA OF ILLUMINATING THIS LUSTY SPRUCE GAVE OUTWARD SIGNS OF GOOD CHEER



A WREATH OF RED IMMORTELLES AND JAPANESE DWARF CEDARS IN RED TUBS SUGGEST WARMTH

YOU AND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

By ALEXANDER P. MILNE



Photo by Charlotte Fairchild



Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston



Photo by Maurice Goldberg

IN A few days you have an appointment with the photographer to make your portrait and you're wondering about how to look your best, what dress you'll wear, the arrangement of your hair and perhaps the pose in which you would like to have the picture made.

Your picture will be of value to those who are to receive it in proportion as it represents you, yourself, in your happier moments. It is not a matter of your hat, your gown, your jewelry or the unusual arrangement of your hair, unless you are aiming at a theatrical effect. In that case, your own personality must be lost to a great extent in the picture of a costume or a pose. In the constantly changing modes of dress and adornment, a few years, or even a few months, often suffice to make any particular style seem bizarre or incongruous, an over-emphasis which may later prove embarrassing.

It is important, if you wish to have a portrait of your real self, to act and feel in an entirely natural and unaffected manner. No attempt to copy the expression or the pose of some one else can be half as interesting or beautiful for you as the one that lies unconsciously within yourself. Unfortunately for many, it is not easy to overcome a feeling of constraint in the presence of strangers and the formidable-looking camera apparatus. This, however, should be remembered: The photographer, although he may seem to be studying you critically, is interested in you only as he might be in a vase of flowers standing on a table amid a few other objects of a decorative nature, trying to arrange them in such a way as to make the best picture. To you as a personality he can give no time for thought; the thousand and one technical details of his work he must ever keep in mind are ample to make his apparently critical study of you quite as impersonal as an equation in algebra.

THE camera, that ugly-looking combination of glass, wood and metal, is quite as inanimate an object as any sewing-machine or other household implement in your own home—it is only a tool in the use of which you are cooperating with the photographer to create something permanently worthy of your time and expense. There is not the slightest occasion for self-consciousness or embarrassment. At the time of the sitting you are, as far as the camera or photographer is concerned, as much alone as in the privacy of your own home.

Unfortunately, many people wish to appear in a picture, not what they are themselves, but what they would like to be, and in the effort to accomplish this impossibility defeat the chance of getting a picture which would be far more beautiful than the one they have in mind. Act naturally: to the extent which you can be your natural self will depend very largely the success of your photograph.

In the matter of dress, the quieter and simpler the better, the lines being of much more importance than the color. Gowns, dresses or hats of elaborate or extreme design or pattern, especially those where the lines are broken by vivid contrasts in color, call more attention to

Even the most skilful photographer can not make a satisfactory portrait without the co-operation of the sitter. In this article one of New York's foremost authorities on the subject presents some helpful suggestions that will enable you to look your best when facing the camera

themselves than to the wearer. You are having your portrait made, not posing for a fashion ad, and the more the details of the dress can be subdued the better. If your dress is quiet and in good taste in both line and color, it will emphasize in your picture the personality you wish to bring out.

The following suggestions are made by two well-known expert portrait photographers of New York City, and should be of assistance:

It is unwise to have a picture made in a hat; hats quickly pass out of style, and when old-fashioned often look ridiculous.

Pictures which are made for family records are best showing only head and shoulders, except such pictures as those having a sentimental or historical value where it is desired to show a wedding-gown or special costume.

For stout women, the "head and shoulders" photograph is practically always the most satisfactory.

If possible to avoid it, full-length pictures should not be made. Most people have clumsy-looking feet, and even models for the exhibition of furs and garments are usually photographed three-quarter length. Models chosen for full-length pictures are especially selected for the feet and ankles rather than the face.

Furs have a softening effect, do not go out of style and are becoming to nearly all women.

Standing profile pictures are suited only to very young women and those who have straight backs.

Hair-nets should always be removed before the photograph is made and the hair loosened with a brush or comb—otherwise it will look artificial and resemble a wig.

Hair should not be marcelled immediately before photographing, as it is then apt to look stiff and artificial.

It should be waved the day before, or if it does not retain the wave, should be dressed in the morning and brushed again before the picture is taken.

People having large and protruding ears should usually have profile pictures.

People with very long noses should be photographed so that the line of the nose should be in a general direction toward the camera, the chin tilted upward slightly if possible. The nose will then appear somewhat shorter.

Women with very large mouths should not smile in the picture, as it makes the mouth look larger.

If the hands are to show, neither the palms nor backs of the hands should face the camera, but the side view, which makes them appear slender and graceful.

The simpler the arrangement of the neck of the gown the better. There should be as little trimming around the neck as possible.

Where pearls are worn by women of dark complexion, the neck should be well powdered.

The application of face-powder and make-up should be left to the direction of the photographer. Some powders photograph whiter than they appear to the eye and may give a ghastly effect. Very pale lips should be rouged, but follow the characteristic lines of the mouth with no attempt at making a cupid's-bow, which may make a prettier picture but destroys a good resemblance.

Very light eyes are hard to photograph. Some expert photographers apply a little make-up around the lid and underneath the eye. This gives the impression of a shadow, making the eyes appear larger and darker. The eyebrows are often penciled unless they are naturally dark.

ONE of the most successful photographers in New York always makes her sitters whistle and then moisten the lips just before she makes the photograph. This relaxes the muscles, and the moistening of the lips brings out the color and high light.

In dress colors, blue, white and red do not usually give as good effects as grays, creams, lavenders or the more neutral tones.

Lace and other soft scarfs are graceful and becoming in photographs and lend themselves easily to good arrangement.

These suggestions are, of course, subject to many individual exceptions—no hard-and-fast rules can be laid down—but they will probably be found valuable in a majority of cases.

Rings and jewelry of all sorts should be eliminated wherever possible—at least, reduced to a minimum. A necklace of simple design, possibly in some cases a bracelet or earrings if you habitually wear them, often help to complete a good design in the picture, but only rarely may more than one of these articles be used at a time.

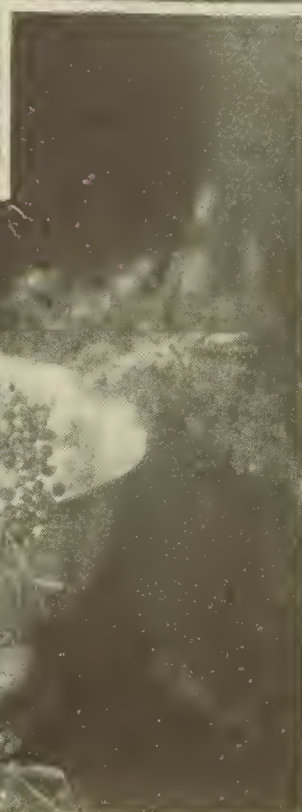
Good facial expression, a most vital element, has much to do with its being entirely easy and natural. A

Concluded on page 87

WINTER BOUQUETS

Colorful decorative effects with branches, berries and leaves

By CLARA E. SIPPRELL and JOHN and HELEN CURTIS



SUMMER passes, we sigh over the last few flowers from the garden and sadly tuck away our favorite vases until Spring, forgetful that the Wintry woods and fields and hedges have offerings, too. Here are rare treasures to be had for the gathering—treasures not for a day, but a season, bouquets that outlast the Winter:

Top Left—Silvery-gray bayberry branches in a jade-green bowl, a square of blue Chinese embroidery, an old-ivory candlestick, and a tiny piece of royal Satsuma ware—the result is not just a bouquet, but a rare picture that satisfies

Top Right—Bittersweet is always interesting, whether in early Autumn with its yellow berries and pale-green leaves, or after the frost, in its leafless orange-colored glory. A few long, twisted vines, carefully hand-gathered in the Wintry woods, an old black iron kettle—and here you have a masterpiece

Center Left—Gay as a bunch of Summer flowers is another arrangement of bayberry in a silver-blue bowl, against a richly embroidered, nasturtium-colored Mandarin skirt

Upper Center—Austere and tragic as Winter itself, but, like Winter, strangely beautiful, are these two thorny, twisted sprays of roseberries, disentangled with difficulty from a sweetbrier bush and arranged in an oddly shaped bronze bowl

Lower Center—A few branches of feathery gray-green cedar, fragrant as the deep woods, a bit of old pewter, and mahogany polished until it gleams in the candle-light. Add good books and an open fire, and the Wintriest evening will be cozy indeed

Center Right—Pussy-willows come with the Spring, you say. Yes, but they last the year round, and a brave sprig of them in a sunny window all Winter long will make you sure of Spring on the coldest day

Above—Cedar and bitter-sweet from the deep woods, bayberry from the shore, sweetbrier from the garden, and now pepperberry from far California. These delicate bunches of berries, shading from soft to deep rose color with pale-green leaves, find an exquisite setting in this bowl of gleaming silver on a carved ebony base

Photos by Milne

THE BABE IN THE MANGER

By HUGH BLACK, D. D.—Author of "Friendship," etc.

SOME one missed a great opportunity in the little town of Bethlehem one night when Mary, the mother of Jesus, had to find a lodging in the stable because there was no room in the inn. She had the right to expect common kindness, but no one was willing to forego his ease. She was thrust out among the cattle through lack of ordinary humanity. Some one lost a great opportunity to have his name linked on to Christmas to the end of time. To have been the host of the Holy Family at such a time! No man or woman received that distinction.

Of course nobody could have guessed what chance for fame was lost. Nobody could have imagined the place in human history to be attained by the Babe who lay in the manger. We certainly can never be offered the opportunity which some one missed at Bethlehem. But in the wonderful teaching which has echoed down the centuries and which thrills us to-day, Jesus has shown us how we may offer him the hospitality denied to his mother and himself that first Christmas so long ago. "I was hungry and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in."

When? How? Where? "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

There is a mystic truth and beauty in the teaching that all true service and all sincere love are given to the Master who also served and loved. In the light of that teaching we see that life is measured not by its success and its possessions, but by its love, and love is measured by service. There are many old legends which enshrine and illustrate this truth, like that one of St. Christopher, who served by carrying over a ford pilgrims and wayfaring people. One night he went across to a summons, and when he arrived at the other side he saw it was merely a child. He took the child on his shoulders to carry him through the water, and as he went his burden grew heavier till the strong man tottered under it. When, almost in agony, he reached the bank he found with a joy that turned his pain into ecstasy that he had been carrying Christ.

NINETEEN hundred years have not exhausted the meaning of Christmas to the world, but perhaps we need most of all to go back to some of the simple ideas associated with the season. We have rightly made it a children's festival; it could hardly be otherwise as the birthday of the Babe in the manger. We seek to make our children happy, and lavish gifts on them. We even have a spare thought for some of the less fortunate children, and we like to help by sporadic contributions to brighten the day for them. This is good so far as it goes and is in keeping with the essential meaning of Christmas. But we might well make the occasion one for a searching of heart and conscience about the very children whose happiness we seek.

It is a true instinct which made Christmas a time of giving—in celebration of the beginning of the Life that gave itself in the splendor of sacrifice from the manger to the cross. But we have made the season a time of display and ostentation. We have even commercialized the festival and degraded the spirit of generosity. By example and the whole tone of our life we are teaching the children selfishness. They have cause to think that in our view happiness comes from getting. It is terrible when people come to love things for their own sake. That is the hell of covetousness, for it is a bottomless pit that can not be filled. The rich fool of the parable was a fool not because he was rich, but be-



"THE MORNING OF THE NATIVITY," BY F. C. COWPER

P. © G.

cause he thought that the life of a man consisted in the abundance of the things which he possessed. Is it a wonder that children should come to imagine that if only they had their fill of gifts they would be happy? We degrade the very thought of Christmas when, with all our lavishness, our lives are empty of sacrifice and of love.

What of the dispossessed children? At this season, from tradition and from natural kindness we give crumbs

from overflowing tables; we salve our conscience with contributions to charity organizations. In sentimental generosity we would have for this one day in the year well-filled stomachs and stockings for all the little ones—so much so that even genial and jovial Santa Claus has been commercialized. We know in theory and from the terrific experience of history that the fate of a nation depends on the children the nation rears. The future lies with the rising generation.

Mine ear is full of the murmur of rocking cradles,
For a single cradle, says Nature, I would give every one of my graves.

We know in the last issue the wealth of a nation consists not in treasure and material, but in the cleanness of blood and soundness of heart of its sons and daughters. In the straits we fall back, as we must, on faith and courage and the capacity to suffer and sacrifice.

Are we giving the fit environment for these moral qualities? Are we breeding a race of citizens to carry on the nation's true life, giving the guidance and the direction and even the living conditions necessary? The life to which the children look forward has become a sort of general scramble; every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost! In these conditions the devil takes more than the hindmost! If Christmas is to be more than a brief space of good feeding and some good feeling, we must put brains into our social living and more consecrated service into it. We have a spasm of goodwill at this season, and there are plenty of kind, generous, well-intentioned people, but we need more than that to redeem our disordered society and our distressed world.

WE ARE not true to the spirit of Christmas if our thoughts and efforts do not move out wider still to the sheep and lambs of what we call other folds. A smug isolation behind geographical defenses is the poorest kind of program for a nation which celebrates Christmas. To wash our hands of any duty to the world in its anguish, and hug to our bosom what measure of prosperity and peace is ours, while women the world over despair and children die, would be worse than Nero fiddling while Rome burned. Some of our feeble leaders tell us that America must run no risk of entanglement and take no share in the glorious task of bringing peace on earth and good-will among men—that we must just sit on the gold which the world's tragedy has brought us, and must attend to our own affairs. It is the same callous selfishness which thrust out Mary among the cattle and which gave Jesus a manger for a cradle. We must convince our pithless leaders that America, the large-hearted, desires to fall into line with the associated endeavor of the civilized world.

The Christmas message is the Christian message. On that day began the wondrous life of service and sacrifice. The love and peace and joy and good-will represented by Christmas demand room for their free rich action in our lives. If in any sense we believe that the Babe in the manger was born for us and our salvation, our hearts may well

grow warm and tender as we, in His spirit, think of His brethren. It is not by chance that Christmas-time is associated with charity and generosity and good-will. Kindly feeling and helpful acts are natural at this time, only we must save them from waste in idle emotion and empty sentiment; we must keep from dissipating them in spasmodic charities; they must be disciplined by the

Concluded on page 82

THE NEW IN NEW YORK

By EVELYN DODGE



Photograph by Victor Georgy

Miss Lynn Fontaine

THE ROBE DE STYLE SPREADS ITS SKIRTS FAN-FASHION AND DROPS THEM TO THE ANKLE

NEW YORK is always grateful for its first Winter weather. The air is keen and clear, and coming suddenly out of the cold into the warmth of a fire-lit room one is assailed by the mingled fragrance of violets and Russian tea and the perfumes that women nowadays are using so much and which are delicate and subtle and disturbing. The nights are blue and brilliant with the running fire of thousands of taxis and motors full of the gay colors of evening wraps, pleasure-bent toward restaurants and theaters.

THERE is a new sparkle to clothes this Winter that touches them with life and fire—the gleam of cut-steel shoe-buckles, of jewel-like ornaments catching up the lovely folds of a dress, of the long earrings swaying from half-hidden ears. The sporting character of the sleeveless chemise dress, for so long equally at home in the drawing-room and on the tennis-court, is changing perceptibly, and it looks quite as if “ladies” were coming into fashion again, bringing with them the ripple of godets and the elegance of draperies.

Even the young girl is less casual in her dress. Her street frocks are crisp with fresh-laid plaits and in her afternoon and evening frocks her delicate neck and shoulders are made more lovely by lace, deep berthas of rose point on a black velvet bodice or of silver lace caught up with old-blue ribbon over the apricot velvet of her dancing-frock. It is a picture style and very delightful.

THE jacket blouse and the blouse jacket have elbowed their way well to the front of the Fifth Avenue windows and New York almost killed a very charming style with the kindness of its enthusiastic reception. The jacket and the blouse are twins so much alike that their own mother-designer has difficulty in telling them apart. In many cases they can be used interchangeably, but as the weather grows colder the blouse jacket is more and more made of the fur cloths and heavier cloaks, while

the jacket blouse appears in the matelassés, crêpe silks and velvets.

The jacket blouse is extremely smart in satin or crêpe embroidered with tinsel threads. The dark spice brown is very lovely worked in copper, while antique gold is used on cocoa color and steel or silver on black. The blouses of brocaded and printed crêpes and embossed velvet make very elegant costumes worn with draped or circular skirts. The blouse jacket is distinctly French in white or platinum-colored caracul fabric or gray astrakan cloth with a straight wrap-around skirt or dress of black cloth. The same jacket can also be worn with draped or circular dresses.

THE best Fifth Avenue houses are making their separate skirts quite generally with camisole bodies instead of inside belts. There are two reasons why the camisole is a better bet than the belt with the present styles. If the belt is large enough to rest low on the hip, it is almost impossible to keep it in its proper place. If it fits the normal waistline, it has a curiously high-waisted look, an optical delusion produced by the very general acceptance of the lowered waistline. Practically all blouses, except the under-the-sweater type, are worn outside the skirt. If the blouse is white or partially trans-

parent, the upper part of the skirt shows through when it is mounted on a belt. The camisole does not bring the skirt above the low waistline and it can be made of white China silk if it is to be worn under light, transparent blouses. The camisole top also makes an excellent foundation for the jerseys or open-work sweaters that are worn so much in place of blouses.

A GREAT deal of velvet is being used this Winter, especially in evening wraps, and in the shop windows it gives the Avenue a brilliant look, for no other material has quite the same bloom and depth of color and paintable quality. In wraps it is seen most often in deep ruby or geranium color, or rust

pink, soft old-blue or pinkish orange, with great collars of plaited velvet making a ruff-like frame for the neck and face. White chiffon velvet is one of the newest and most exquisite of evening materials for formal dinner and opera gowns and is exceedingly beautiful caught up with the flame of a rhinestone ornament or plaques of crystal and jet.

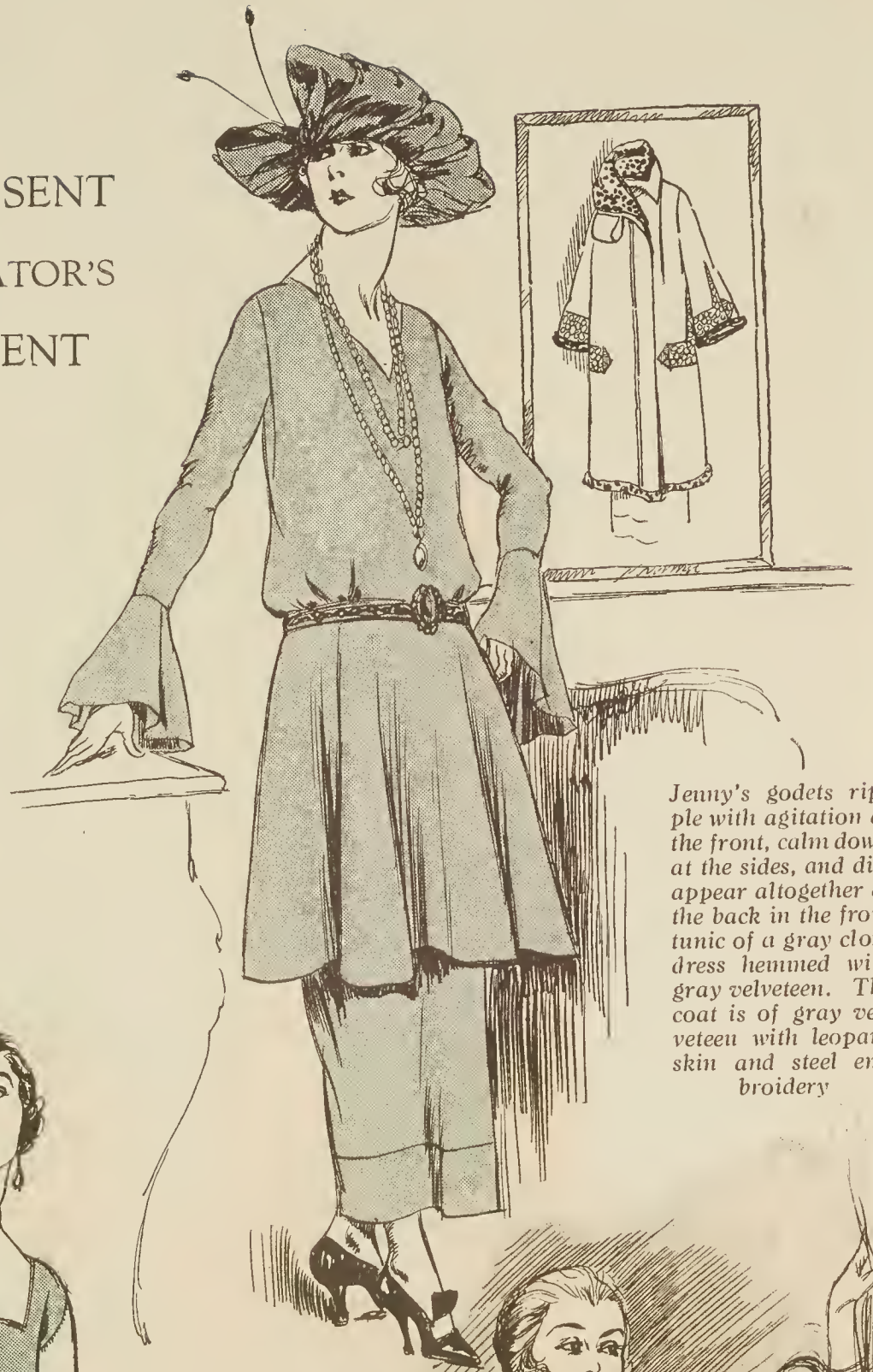
WITH longer skirts and the more formal type of draped dress the bobbed-hair girl has had to grow up overnight. The closer hair-dressing is partly responsible for the vogue of the long earring, which for evening reaches almost to the shoulder. Some of them seen in the Fifth Avenue windows are made of heavy red gold in long, narrow Egyptian designs triangular in shape. Crystal is very smart for evening and steel and jade are used for either evening or afternoon. Very large hoop earrings are also worn in fine lines of jet or jade or amber.

For evening and with the very short sleeve bracelets are worn by the dozen. They are the narrow bangle type set with brilliants, emeralds, rubies or sapphires or their synthetic relations. A bar pin of diamonds or pearls maintains the center of gravity of the bateau-neck body, while the necklace for either afternoon or evening is the single or triple string of pearls.

SOULIÉ'S SKETCHES SENT FROM THE DELINEATOR'S PARIS ESTABLISHMENT



Under Renée's skilful hands the straight silhouette more than holds its own against the sudden inflation of the godet. The material is seal-brown crêpella with corded trimming looped under the hem



Jenny's godets ripple with agitation at the front, calm down at the sides, and disappear altogether at the back in the front tunic of a gray cloth dress hemmed with gray velveteen. The coat is of gray velveteen with leopard skin and steel embroidery



Wing draperies of brown Windsor satin are caught up at the hip with an amber placque engraved with a design chinois. The square neck, the absence of sleeves and the irregular line of the hem are characteristic of dinner gowns of this type. By Renée



Cross sections of black drapella bound with satin are used by Premet above a flared tablier tied pinafore fashion, at the back. The bertha collar is new



A brilliantly lovely dress from Premet is of gold lace over coral chiffon with a double, crossed girdle of the chiffon embroidered with pearls and held together by a passion flower of coral velvet with the proverbial heart of gold

PARIS
PREPARES FOR A WINTER
OF GREAT ELEGANCE



Not cashanarry but Kashangora is the highly descriptive name of the new Winter material used by Doeuillet for a costume of his characteristic elegance. It is in beige trimmed with seal, and the coat blouses at the back. Its line is followed by the panel of the skirt

Multicolor metal braid makes the collar, cuffs and side panels on a dress of black vegetal silk. Red bead and cord tassels at the neck and pockets emphasize the gay color in the trimming

When one says black velvet with embroidery of diamonds and steel it is entirely superfluous to add "by Worth." In Paris trains appear on evening dresses of the greatest formality



A dress that does much to restore the stately ways of ante-bellum years is made by Jenny of white satin embroidered with diamonds and crystals. Lines of diamonds draw their fire across the bow above the drapery at the hips

Lovely in line and color is a Worth costume of almond-green mouflavella and of mole used so lavishly that it is more a material than a trimming. The coat blouses over a narrow belt and the wrap-around skirt is straight and narrow



Evening dress 4019

Evening dress 4047

Dress 4131

Cape 4073
Evening dress 4047

Other views and descriptions are on page 104

Dress 4095

Dress 4043

Dress 4089



Dress 4109



Dress 4119
Embroidery
design 10968



Dress 4105



Dress 4070



Dress 4072



Dress 4045



Dress 4115

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 104



Dress 4057



Dress 4102
Embroidery
design 10981



Dress 4108
Embroidery
design 10890



Dress 4098
Embroidery
design 10945



Doll 419

Dress 4079



Dress 4081



Dress 4090
Smocking
design 10107

Suit 4100



Dress 4087
Embroidery design 10985

Dress 4083

Other views and descriptions
of these garments are on
page 105



Dress 4059



Dress 4082
Monogram
design 10723



Dress 4107



Dress 4065
Embroidery
design 10889



Dress 4092
Embroidery design 10973



Dress 4123



Dress 4086



Dress 4113
Embroidery design 10846

Other views and descriptions of these garments are on page 106

Dress 4033
Embroidery design 10954

Dress 4084
Embroidery design 10994



Dress 4093
Embroidery design 10899

Jacket blouse 4094
Skirt 4117

Dress 4074
Embroidery design 10936

Dress 4091

Dress 4037

Other views and descriptions of these costumes are on page 107



Dress 4125
Embroidery
design
10994

Dress 4028
Monogram
design
10972

Dress
4016

Dress
4099
Embroidery
design
10970

Dress 4101

Dress 4039

Dress 4127

Other views and descriptions are on page 107

DRAPERIES AND PLAITS LEND A SUBTLE SOPHISTICATION TO WINTER STYLES, WHILE THE STRAIGHT SILHOUETTE CONTINUES ITS REIGN



Coat 4133

Coat 4135
Skirt 3890
Monogram design 10972



Dress 4132
Embroidery design 10849



Dress 4121
Embroidery design 10954



Dress 4134

4133—A deep shawl collar of fur is becoming on a raglan coat for motor-ing or hack wear. For such a Winter coat, tweeds, mixtures, double-faced coatings, homespun, camel's hair, herring-bone, chevots, polo cloth or checks are the serviceable materials to use. This coat may be made in a shorter length if you prefer.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 54-inch plaid wool and 3/4 yard of 54-inch fur cloth. Lower edge 2 yards.

The coat is seasonable for ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.

4135—3890—10972—December's girl wears a double-breasted box-coat over a three-piece skirt. It has a waist-line 1 1/4 inch above normal. For this suit use tweeds, homespun, serge, tricotine or soft twills. The mono-gram is distinctive. Work it in satin-stitch, outline or French stemming and seed-stitch. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 3 yards of 54-inch check wool.

The box-coat is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

4132—10849—This one-piece dress is wholly charming in its simplicity. In soft twills, serge, tricotine, homespun, tweeds, etc., it is smart. It slips on over the head and may omit the body lining if you wish. The embroidery may furnish the splash of color. Work it in outline stitch, couching and chain-stitch, or a combination of satin-stitch and outline.

36 bust requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge of the dress measures 54 1/2 inches.

The dress is distinctive for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4121—10954—Even the one-piece dress with a Russian closing has fallen under the spell of drapery at the front. The back of this dress blouses gracefully and there may be a body lining. Use wool repp, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge or broadcloth, etc. The peasant embroidery is smart. Work the design in a combination of cross-stitch and beading.

36 bust requires 2 5/8 yards of 54-inch wool repp. Lower edge 52 1/2 inches.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4134—A long collar, preferably of fur, plaits at the side, and ornaments at a low waistline are the achievements of a dress with a one-piece front. The sleeves are cut in to a cuff in a distinctive manner. There may be a body lining. Make the dress of soft twills, tricotine, serge, wool crepe or silk crepes, etc.

36 bust requires 2 1/2 yards of 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge of the dress with plaits drawn out 1 7/8 yard.

The dress is attractive for ladies 34 to 48 bust.

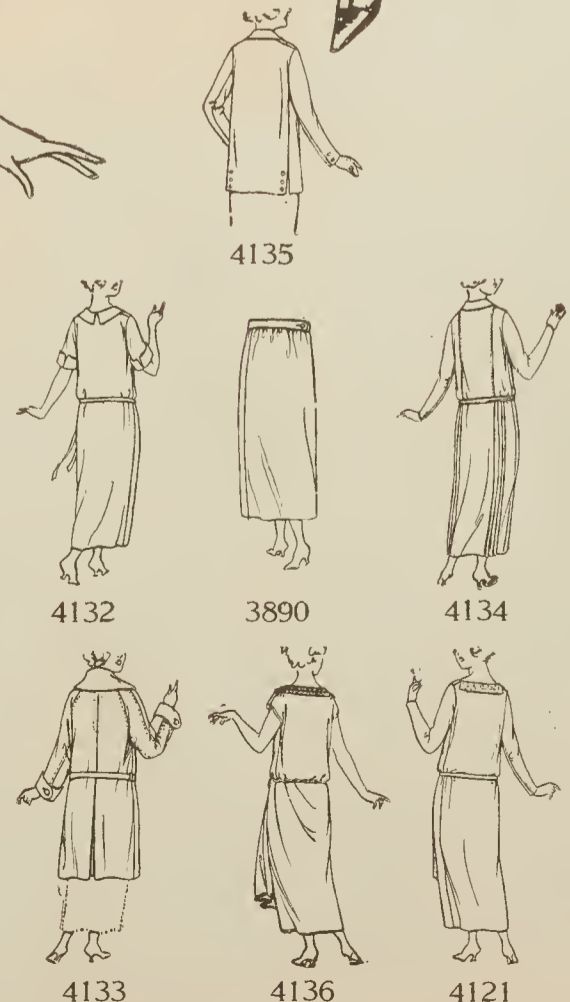
4136—Bands, fagotted together, are a distinctive hand-made trimming for a dress of the slip-over type. The straight skirt is draped and joins the body at a low waistline, and the dress opens under the left arm. There may be a long body lining with marking for a camisole top. Use satin crepes, silk crepes or heavy crepe de Chine, etc., or use satin crepe with lace or Georgette sleeves, etc.

36 bust requires 4 3/8 yards of 39-inch satin crepe.

The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure.



Dress 4136



FASHION MAKES JACKET BLOUSE AND BLOUSE JACKET SYNONYMOUS
AND SPONSORS HAIR-PIN LACE ALONG WITH
BRAID AND CROSS-STITCH



Jacket blouse 4096
Skirt 4080
Embroidery design 10844



Dress 4097
Embroidery design 10994



Dress 4026



Dress 4024

4130—4046—10986—Box plaits cover an ingenious clever opening on this blouse down the front. It is worn over a three-piece skirt which has a 1/4-inch inside belt. Use crêpe de Chine, radium, wash satin, habutai, etc., for the blouse and prunella, etc., for a skirt. The embroidery is dainty. Work it in lazy daisy, outline, eyelets, or satin-stitch. Lower edge 1 3/8 yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2 yards of 36-inch radium for blouse and 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch soft twill for skirt.

The blouse is for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the skirt for ladies 35 to 55 hip.

4024—Hairpin lace is the most recent protégé of French designers and insinuates itself into many of the new dresses like this one. The two-piece skirt which is lapped at the front and back, joins the body at a low waistline. The separate long camisole lining is optional. For the skirt use wool repp, wool poplin, soft twills, tricotine, serge, with a satin body, etc.

36 bust requires 2 1/2 yards of 40-inch velvet and 1 5/8 yard of 40-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is distinctive for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4026—Braid in good-conduct-stripe order is very attractive on a dress of the slip-over type. It is in one piece at the front and back, and there is a plait at each side of the front and back. It is new to catch it at the bottom, but it may fall free. It has a straight lower edge, a shoulder slightly longer than normal and may have a body lining. Use serge, soft twills, etc.

36 bust requires 3 yards of 54-inch serge. Lower edge, free, 2 1/8 yards.

The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust measure.

4124—4114—The suit blouse uses clusters of tucks for crêpe de Chine, radium, habutai, etc. It slips on over a side-plaited straight skirt, suitable for stripes, plaids, etc. The skirt measures 5 1/2 inches between the folds of the plaits and has a 1 1/4-inch inside belt. Lower edge of skirt, plaits drawn out 2 5/8 yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1 7/8 yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine for blouse and 2 1/8 yards of 54-inch striped wool.

The blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust. The skirt is good style for ladies 35 to 49 1/2 hip.

4096—4080—10844—The jacket blouse in matelassé, chiffon velvet, etc., can be worn either as a jacket or as a blouse over a two-piece circular skirt. This skirt has a 1-inch inside belt. All-over embroidery is effective. Work it in one-stitch. Lower edge of skirt in straight-around outline 2 3/8 yards.

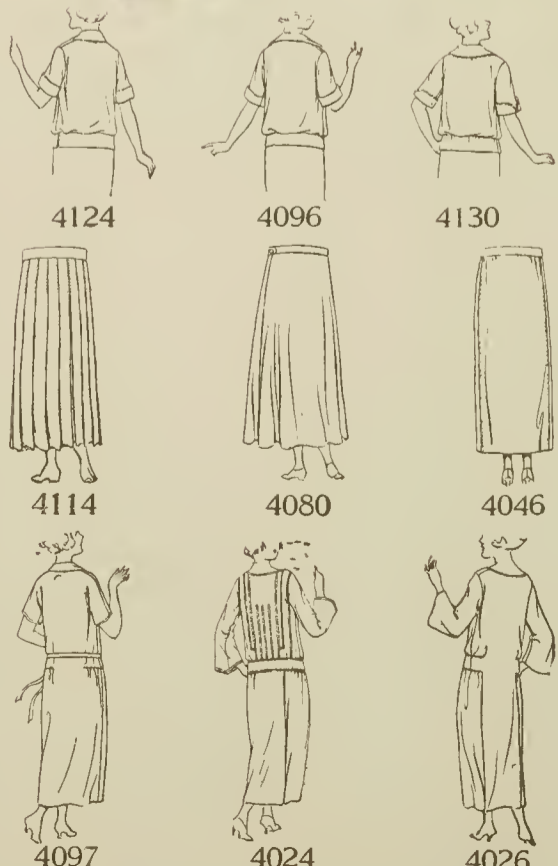
36 bust and 38 hip require 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch crêpe satin for jacket blouse and 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch crêpe satin (cut crosswise) for skirt.

The jacket blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust. The skirt is good for ladies 35 to 49 1/2 hip.

4097—10994—Peasant embroidery is the fashionable trimming for a one-piece dress of this type, and the vestee may be in a contrasting material. It slips on over the head and may omit the body lining. Use wool jersey, wool éponge, tweeds, etc. Work the embroidery in cross-stitch.

36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards of 54-inch wool and 1/4 yard of 36-inch satin. Lower edge of dress 54 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust. It is suitable also for misses.



Blouse 4130
Skirt 4046
Embroidery design 10986

FASHION'S NEW YEAR PROMISES
FOR THE YOUNGER WORLD

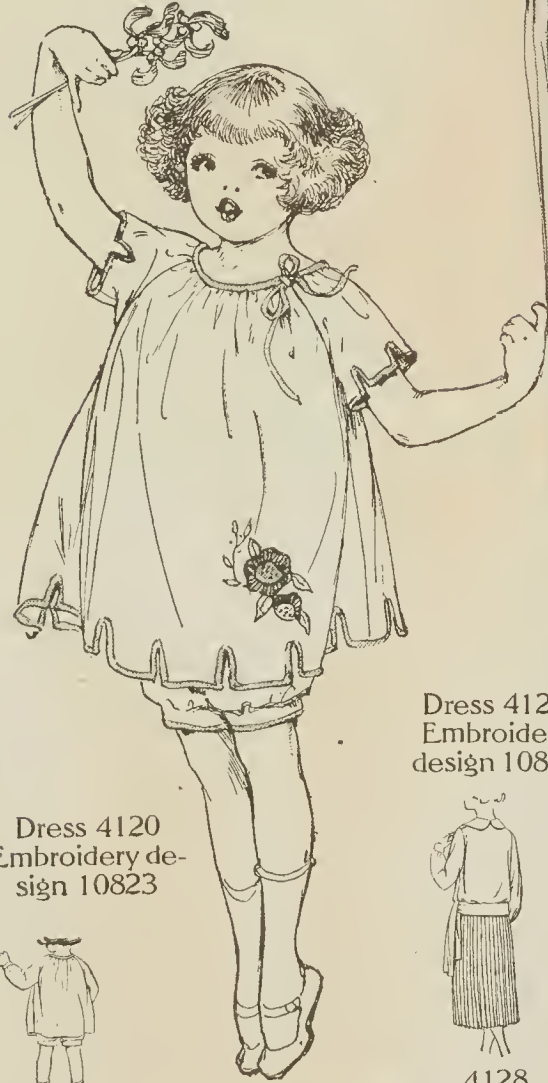
4128—10844—After the holidays when trunks or bags are opened back at school, one would be proud to bring out this smart two-piece dress. The blouse slips on over a plaited straight skirt which joins an underbody. Use worsted jersey with blouse embroidered all over in self or contrasting color and with white linen or silk crêpe collars and cuffs, or use serge, soft wool crêpe, etc. The all-over embroidery on the blouse is attractive. Work it in one-stitch.

16 years requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch worsted jersey and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch linen. Lower edge plaits drawn out $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

The dress is smart for misses 15 to 20 years.



Dress 4128
Embroidery design 10844



Dress 4120
Embroidery design 10823



4120



4128

4120—10823—Buoyant spirits are inevitable when one wears this dress of the raglan type. The bloomers which join an underbody are practical and the dress slips on over the head. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, pongee, chambray, pin-check gingham, cotton prints, dimity, dotted swiss, or cotton crêpe. The motif may be a bright color. Work it in one-stitch and outline embroidery.

5 years requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 35-inch taffeta.

The dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 8 years.

4110—"Taps" sounds the end of a perfect Christmas day when one's joy was made complete by everything he could wish, from a new suit to lots of toys. This suit has a short waist laced at the front, and buttoning down over straight trousers. Make it of linen, linen-finished cottons, galatea, repp, poplin, chambray, piqué, madras, drill, and pongee, and you will have a quaint, servicable suit for your youngest boy.

5 years requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch linen and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 27-inch contrasting material for the collar and cuffs.

The suit is useful for little boys 2 to 5 years.

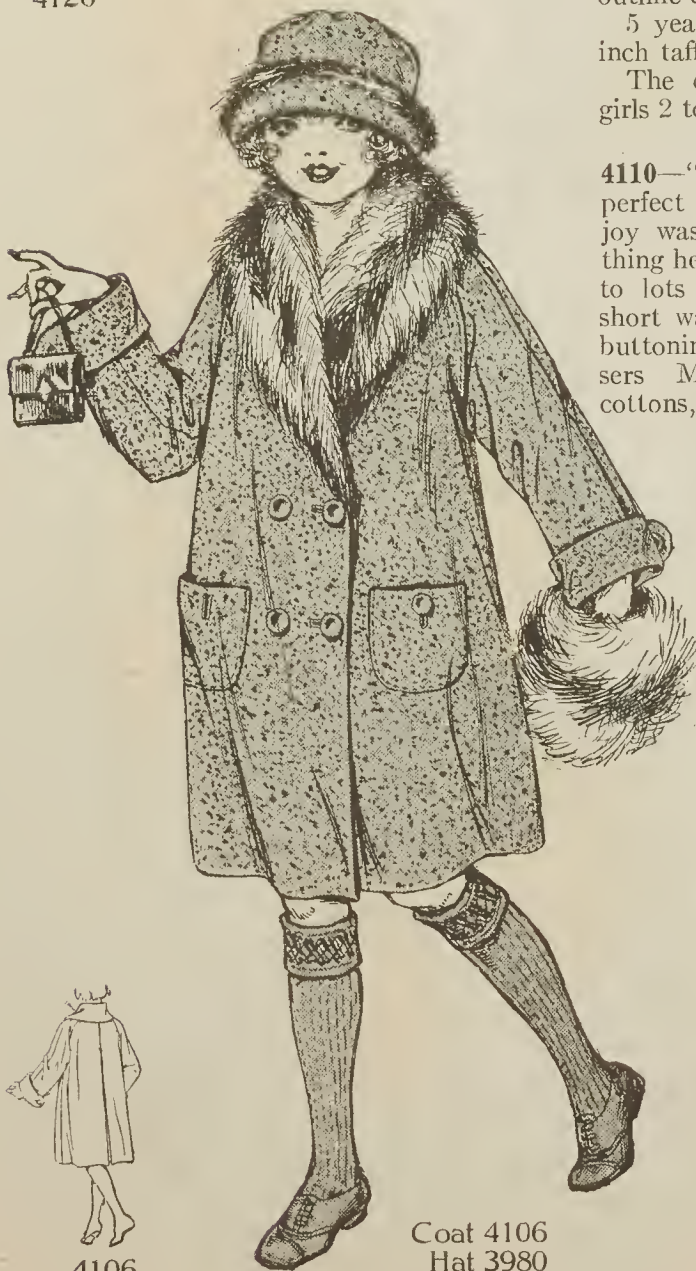


Suit 4110 4110

4106—3980—New Year calls are anticipated joys if one have a fur-collared coat on the raglan lines. The hat is a gay fur-trimmed affair. Make the coat of heather mixtures, tweeds, cheviot, fleece, polo cloth, herringbone, double-faced coating, camel's hair, homespun or checks. For the hat use velvet or material matching the coat, or use satin, corded silks, etc.

10 years requires for the coat and hat 2 yards of 54-inch tweed and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 48-inch fur cloth and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 1-inch fur banding.

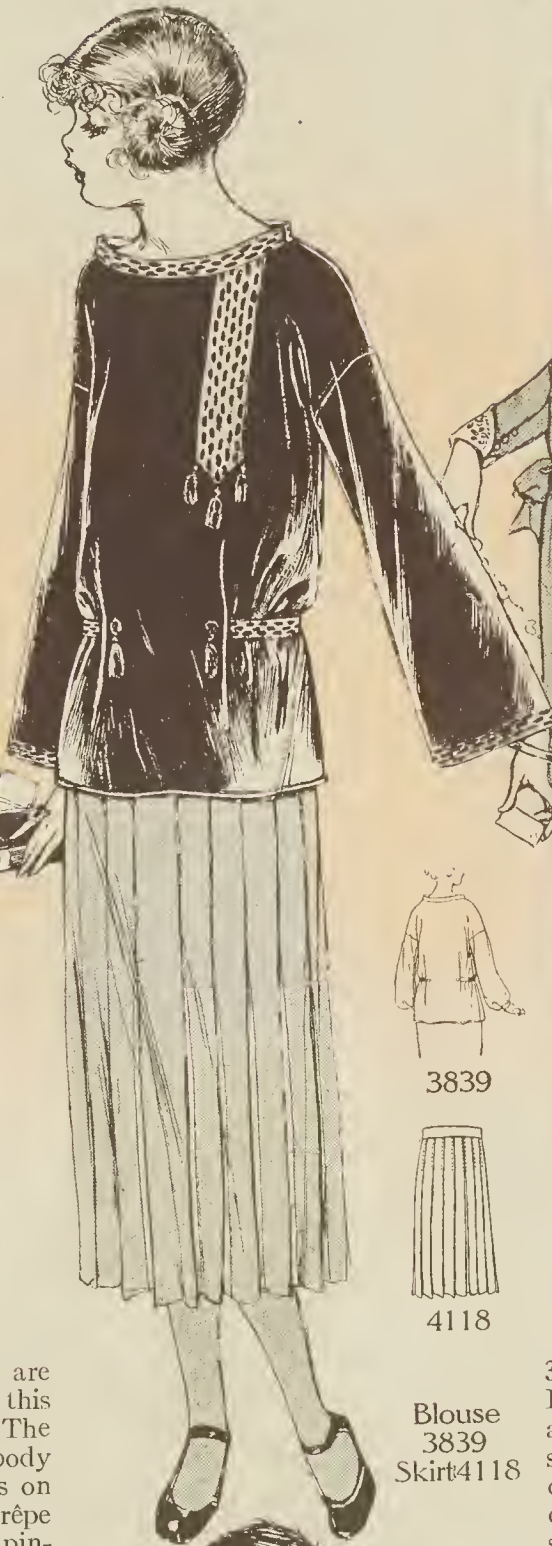
The coat is good style for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years. The hat is becoming to girls and little girls 2 to 12 years.



Coat 4106
Hat 3980



4106



Blouse 3839
Skirt 4118



3839



4118



Dress 4103
Embroidery design 10695



4103

3839—4118—The separate blouse in Russian style of silk crêpes, etc., is a new addition to a side-plaited straight skirt. The blouse slips on over the head and has elastic in a casing at the low waistline. The skirt, with a $1\frac{1}{4}$ -inch inside belt is $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches between plait folds.

Lower edge, drawn out, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. 34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch velvet for blouse and 2 yards of 54-inch wool stripe.

The blouse is becoming to misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies, the skirt for misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

4104—10972—The Christmas tree could bear no timelier gift than this two-piece dress with its blouse on the slip-over order and a straight skirt, plaited or gathered. The skirt is joined to an underbody which closes at the back. The slit pocket is decorated with a monogram. Work it in satin-stitch, outline, or French stemming and seed-stitch. Use wool jersey, wool crêpe, serge, etc., for this dress.

12 years requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 54-inch wool jersey and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting material for collar and cuffs.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 6 to 15 years.



Dress 4104
Monogram design 10972



Coat 4085
Hat 4018
Leggings 4038

4085—4018—4038—A Winter coat for a tiny girl selects a Russian closing. The hat is dainty and the leggings very warm. For the coat use wool pile fabrics, chin-chilla, corduroy, velvet, broadcloth, or fabric fur, and for the hat, all ribbon, or a ribbon crown with silk brim, etc. Use material matching coat or heavy stockinet for the leggings.

4 years requires for coat $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch velvet and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 48-inch fur cloth; for leggings $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch velvet.

The coat is smart for little girls 1 to 6 years, the hat for girls and little girls 2 to 12 years, and the leggings are good for children 2 to 14 years.

4103—10695—Too straight a path is avoided in this one-piece dress by side-tying sashes which give a becoming fullness to the sides of the dress. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining if desired. Make the dress of worsted jersey, wool crêpe, soft twills, serge, etc., with collar and cuffs of linen or silk crêpe. The slit pocket boasts a monogram. The design comes in a series of fancy scrip' initials.

16 years requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch soft twill and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch linen. Lower edge of the dress measures $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years. It is also nice for small women.

WINTER OFFERS INGENUOUS HAND-MADE TRIMMINGS ON FROCKS FOR THE COMING HOLIDAY WHIRL

4020—The most modern young girl welcomes the return of period styles when it evolves such a frock. It slips on over the head and closes under the left arm, and the straight skirt joins the bodice in a decorative fashion. The drop skirt and the camisole lining may be omitted; if so, use taffeta, etc. Lower edge of drop skirt 54 inches.

17 years requires 1 yard of 36-inch taffeta and 3 yards of 36-inch lace.

The dress is piquant for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

4019—Formal festivities for home-coming youth are urgent reasons for at least one fashionable evening gown. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and may have a camisole. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, beaded or embroidered, or a combination of the two, or blistered silks, etc.

17 to 18 years or 34 bust requires 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 36-inch metallic cloth and 1 yard of 40-inch lace. Lower edge 48 inches.

The evening dress is attractive for misses 15 to 18 years or 32 to 34 bust; also for ladies.



3991 Dress 3991

3991—The bertha collar and soft, loose panels of this party dress for a sub, sub-débutante are most becoming. It slips on over the head and both the panels and the straight skirt join the blouse. In Georgette, point d'esprit, net, crêpe de Chine, chiffon cloth, silk voile, soft taffeta, organdy, swiss, etc., it is attractive.

10 years requires 1 $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 72-inch point d'esprit.

The dress is good style for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



Dress 4020

Dress 4025 Embroidery design 10753



4050

Dress 4050

4025 10753—This frock of the slip-over type has a draped skirt joining the body at a low waistline. The embroidery is vivid. Work it in a combination of beading or French knots and embroidery.

18 years requires 1 yard of 40-inch velvet and 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 40-inch velvet for skirt. Lower edge 58 inches.

The dress is excellent for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

4050—This slip-over frock is attractive in crêpe satin, charmeuse or silk crêpes. The two-piece circular skirt joins the blouse at a low waistline.

17 years requires 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge in straight-around outline 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20 years.

4017—Hand-made flowers and kimono sleeves on classic lines are the latest French word for one-piece party frocks for juniors. This dress slips on over the head and has a straight lower edge. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, etc.

11 years requires 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch silk crêpe.

The dress is good for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4013—Fabric-flower trimming and shirring on this one-piece frock make certain one's popularity at her Christmas party. It slips on over the head. Make it of silk crêpes, velvet, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, etc.

12 years requires 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is becoming to juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.



Evening dress 4019

Evening dress 4062

4062—The Christmas dance and the New Year's ball are brilliant settings for the début of one's new dance frock. Butterfly bows are a smart ornament for the drapery of an evening gown. The draped skirt draws upward above one's ankles in a graceful fashion and no sleeves proclaim its new style.

18 years requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch taffeta.

The evening dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years.



Dress 4017

4017

Dress 4013

4013

SAINT NICK IN FRESH, GAY SUIT AND JINGLING BELLS
REMEMBERS THE FAMILY LIST OF USEFUL GIFTS



4088

Bathrobe and slippers 4088

4088—The breathless exploration in the early dawn of one's stocking is apt to be much more enjoyable in a warm bathrobe and slippers with soles. This robe has a straight lower edge, very good for bordered materials, and an inverted plait at the back which is well-liked. Make it of blankets, blanket robing, terry cloth, eider-down, flannel or flannelet.

10 years requires 1 blanket 55 by 72 inches.

The bathrobe and slippers are appropriate for boys 6 to 14 years.



Santa Claus suit 6525



4078



Shirt 4078

4078—Even if one is safely back in the good old "mufti," it is sometimes fun to slip into a shirt like this one in regulation army style. Such a shirt makes a sensible gift for a brother who is fond of sports, hunting, fishing, or the joys of camping and outdoor work. Make it of flannel, khaki, cheviot, cotton shirtings or pongee.

A medium size or 14½ inches neck measure requires 2⅞ yards of 32-inch madras.

The shirt is practical for men or boys 12 to 19 inches neck measure.



4076

Leggings 4076

4076—Now that Winter's snows have come and the children beg to make "snow men" or "forts" or go coasting, it is imperative that they shall be dressed warmly enough. These snug leggings will keep out damp snows, for they button up over the hips. One may make them a shorter length. Use heavy stockinette or material matching the child's coat.

4 years requires 1½ yard of 36-inch heavy stockinette.

The leggings are warm for children 2 to 8 years.

6525—Not only is father in demand at home, but the various church and Sunday-school committees ask him to play the rôle of Santa Claus for their entertainments. It is especially exasperating to drag out a dingy red suit, moth-eaten and four sizes too small, and foolish to wear it when one can make this suit so easily. A cap and leggings are included with the coat, breeches or knickerbockers.

38 breast measure requires 5¼ yards of 36-inch red flannel.

The Santa Claus suit is suitable for men 34 to 46 breast measure.



4077

Sleeping-bag 4077

4077—A quaint little hood keeps off dangerous drafts when the baby ventures out-of-doors. As a sleeping garment-it is very practical for the Midwinter months. Make the bag of white eider-down, white blanket cloth, white quilted or padded China silk or crêpe de Chine, bound with white, pink or blue satin ribbon.

An infant's size requires 1⅝ yard of 36-inch eider-down.

The sleeping-bag is warm for infants up to one year old.



View B-1

View A

View A-1

Boudoir caps 4126
Embroidery design
10978

View B

View C-1

View C

4126—10978—The brim's important on these lacy boudoir caps, turning out in pointed flares or falling in soft gathers down each side. The wreath on View C-1 is dainty. Work it in eyelets, satin stitch, and lazy-daisy, etc.

View A requires ½ yard of 36-inch point d'esprit and 1¼ yard of 6-inch lace; View B, ½ yard of 36-inch point d'esprit; View C, ⅜ yard of 36-inch lace. View A-1 requires ½ yard of 40-inch Georgette; View B-1, ½ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine; View C-1, ⅜ yard of 40-inch crêpe de Chine.

The set is one size.

SOME WEARABLE GIFTS
TO GO IN THE
CHRISTMAS STOCKING

4111—10976—A gift which mother would appreciate—a becoming morning dress! The raglan sleeves of this dress which slips on over the head are very good style. In gingham, chambray, Japanese crepe, prints, percales, plain or figured, sateen or black sateen with cretonne, it makes an attractive dress. The embroidery adds a decorative touch. Work it in appliqué, Kensington stitch, or outline. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

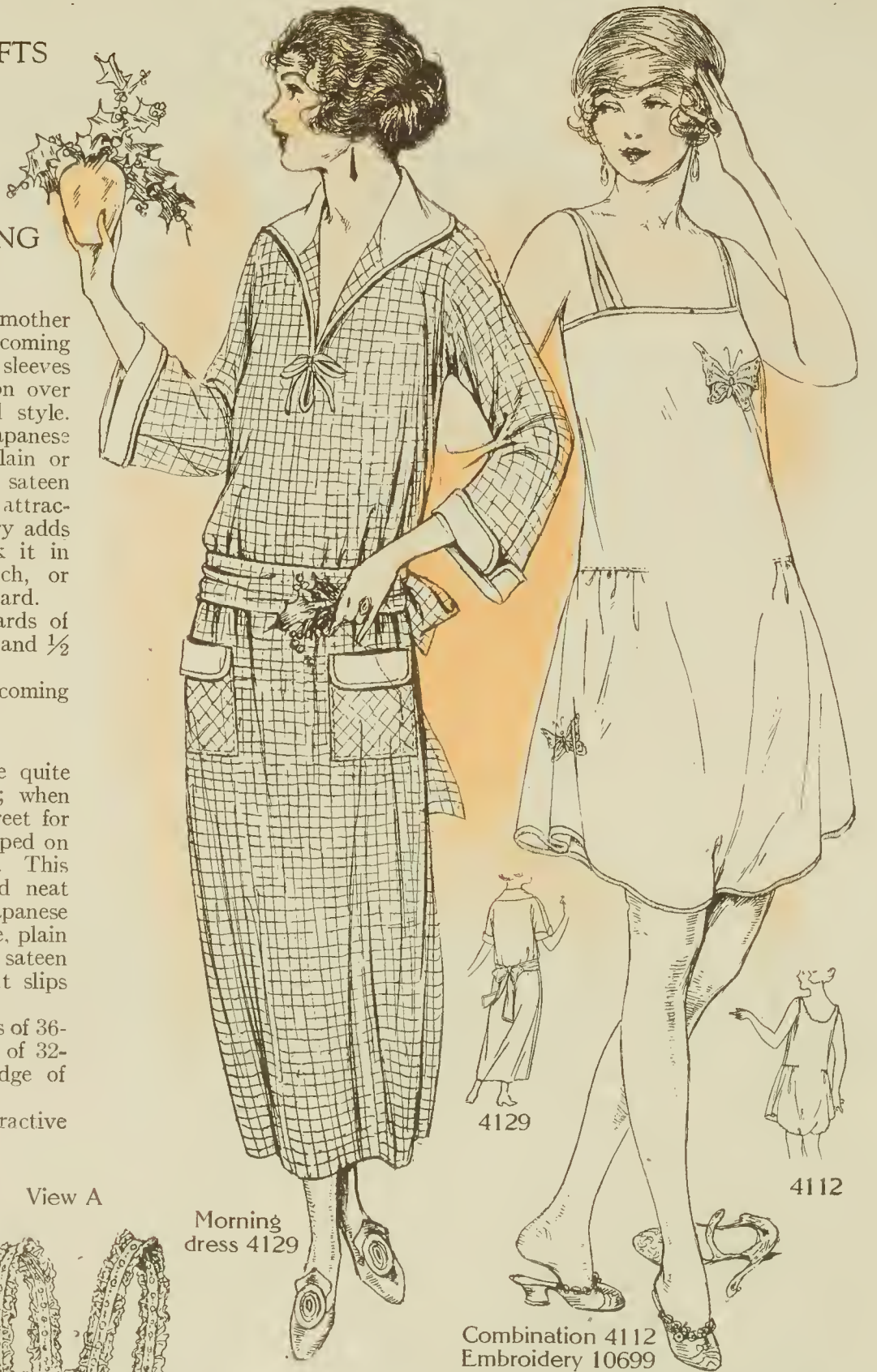
36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch unbleached muslin and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch sateen.

The morning dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4129—Morning dresses are quite seasonable for any month; when one wears them on the street for marketing, etc., a coat slipped on over them, is amply warm. This one-piece dress is trim and neat in gingham, chambray, Japanese crepe, cotton prints, percale, plain or figured sateen, or black sateen trimmed with cretonne. It slips on over the head.

36 bust requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch gingham and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch chambray. Lower edge of the dress $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard.

The morning dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



View A

Morning dress 4129

4129

4112

Combination 4112
Embroidery 10699

4112—10699—A step-in combination is a dainty gift. The chemise and drawers are embroidered in a delicate butterfly motif. Work the design in outline, French stemming, eyelet embroidery and buttonholing. Use crepe de Chine, wash satin, wash silk, nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton voile or handkerchief linen. Lower edge each leg 31 inches. 36 bust requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch radium.

The combination is good style for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



420

420

420

420

Doll set 420

420

420—If she is to be exhibited in company on Christmas day, a dainty dress is necessary to wear under the cape and hat of flannel, cashmere or albatross. For the dress, slip, petticoat, and nightgown use lawn, batiste, nainsook or cotton voile. These sets are so simple that last days before Christmas eve can be used to great advantage in dressing dolls.

A 22-inch doll requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch point d'esprit for dress on figure.

The set is nice for girl dolls 12 to 26 inches in height.



Morning dress 4111
Embroidery design
10976

4122

Apron 4122

4111

4122—A dashing pattern in chintz or cretonne makes a gay apron of the slip-over type and in Russian effect. The straight lower part joins the upper at a low waistline. Use chambray for the body and chintz, cretonne, cotton prints, or gingham for the skirt, etc.

36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch cretonne and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 32-inch chambray. Lower edge $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard.

The apron is gay for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



421

421

421

421

Doll set 421



View A-1
Aprons 4116

View C-1

View C
Embroidery
design 10754

View B

4116—10754—The apron with a bib has a narrow lacy finish-edge. For this dainty gift-apron, dotted Swiss is exquisite. The little round apron has a fine embroidery trimming. Work it in satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming and buttonhole.

View A requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch dotted Swiss. View A-1, 1 yard of 32-inch cross-bar. View B requires $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 40-inch organdy and View C 1 yard of 36-inch lawn. View C-1 requires $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 36-inch lawn.

The aprons, one size, are dainty gifts for ladies.

421—The wardrobe for the Christmas doll is a matter of immediate moment. There's the sunbonnet and romper dress for her play hours, and a tiny combination and ruffled pajamas to be made. For the dress and sunbonnet use cotton prints, dimity, pin-check gingham, pin-dot swiss, or chambray or lawn with colored appliqué, and for combination and pajamas lawn, batiste, or nainsook.

A 22-inch doll requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch dimity and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of bias-folded tape for sunbonnet and romper dress.

The set is for girl dolls 14 to 26 inches.

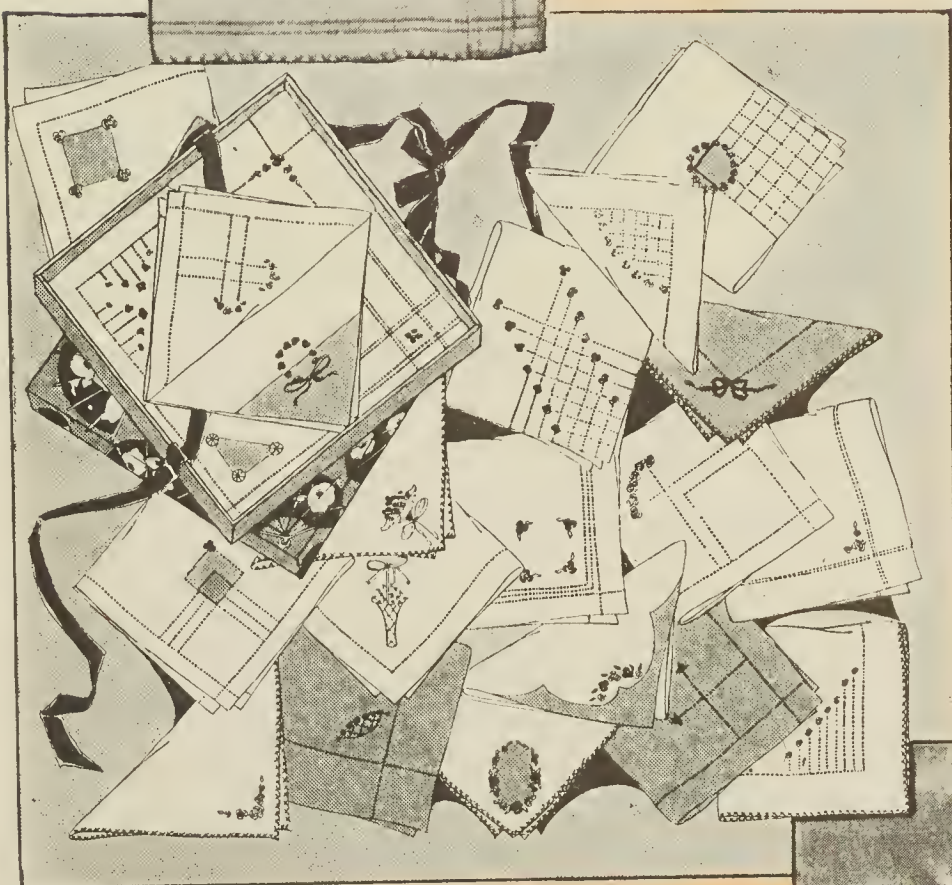
A NEW BEADING DESIGN, AN EASY SMOCKING PATTERN, AND SOME PRACTICAL GIFTS TO ADD TO THE CHRISTMAS GAIETY

10105—Handkerchiefs one would use—what exquisite expression of the spirit of Christmas giving they are! They are a finery which never grows old; surprising new decorations appear along their borders or on a corner. These designs are suitable worked in worm stitch, French knots, or drawn threads on fine linens, either in white or in bright or pastel colors. The designs can be adapted to 84 corners in 28 assorted styles.

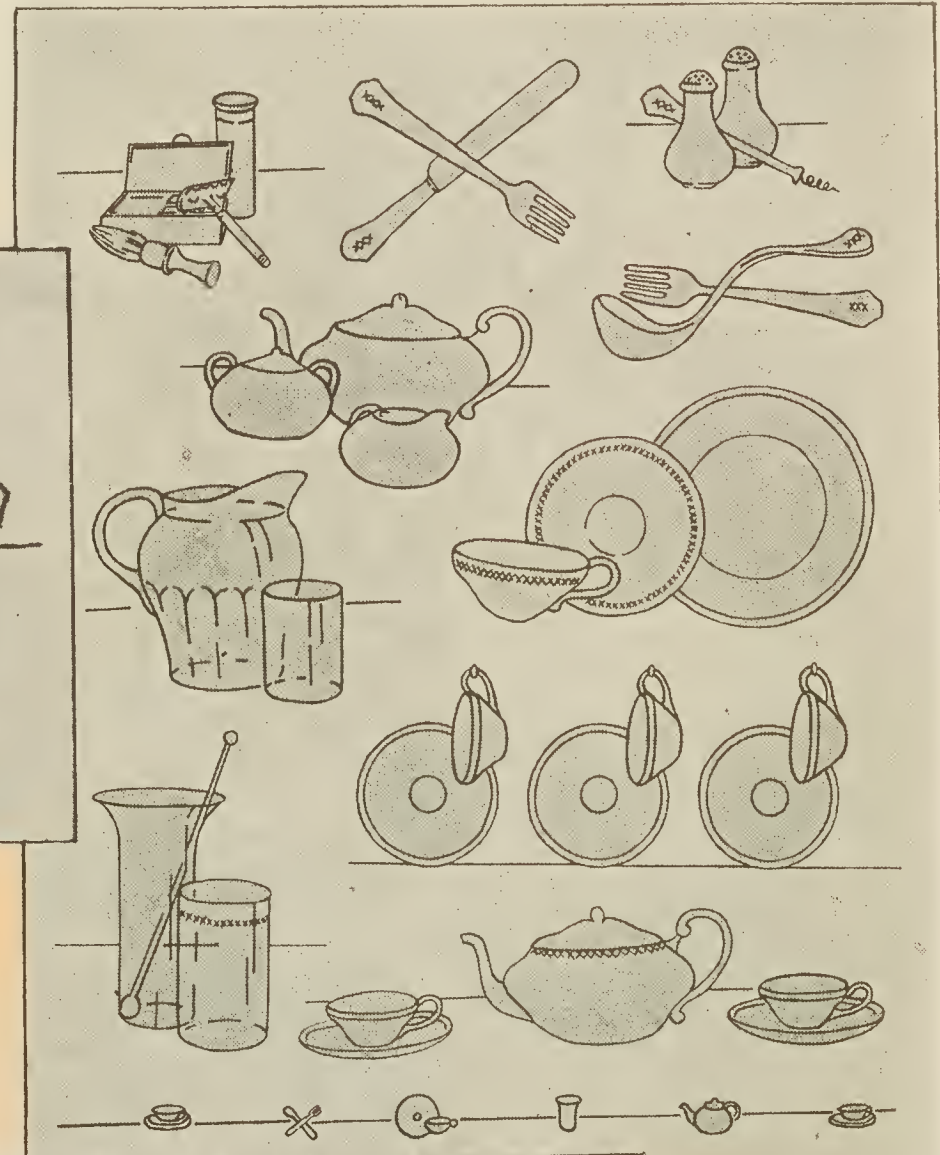
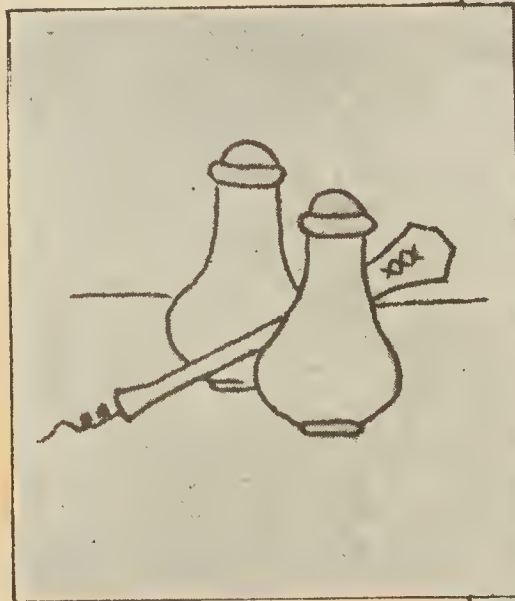
10108—The brilliancy of beading for the Winter dresses, blouses, and hats is unexcelled. This design imitates the intricacies of arabesque patterns and is graceful for different costumes. It is just as suitable for French-knot embroidery as for beads. The design can be adapted to 5 yards of banding 2½ inches wide, 2⅝ yards of banding 9 inches wide, 9 motifs 4¾ inches in diameter, 12 motifs 3½ by 5¼ inches, 9 motifs 6¼ by 6¾ inches.

10106—The field of applied art is not limited but may search even the cupboard shelves for inspiration. Dish-towels or kitchen-shelving decorated with these motifs in scalloping or outline will make useful Christmas gifts for the housewife. And any one who finds the question of a gift for father or brother too puzzling, will welcome this suggestion for shaving towels. The design can be adapted to 26 assorted motifs in 11 styles and 3½ yards of shelving.

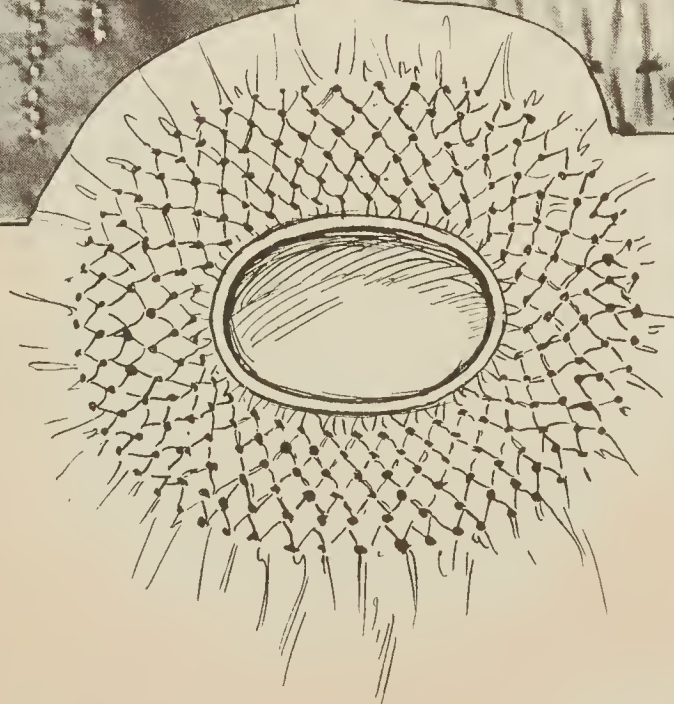
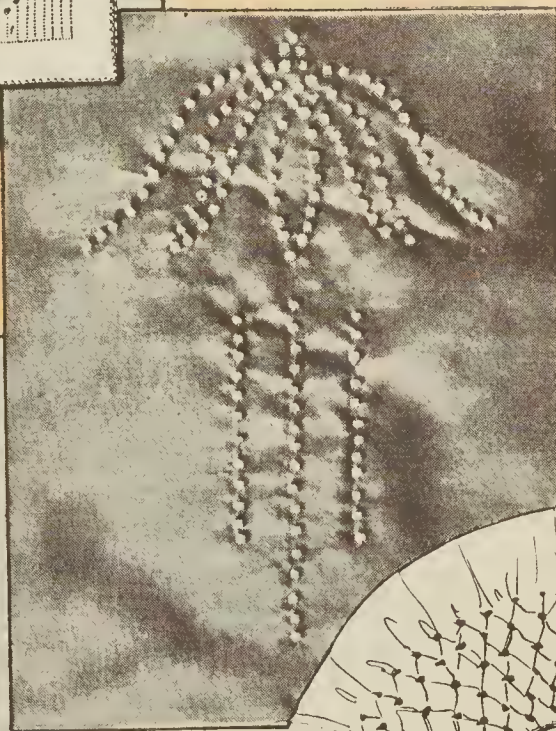
10107—Children's coats, bonnets, frocks, and wee underwear can adopt no daintier trimming than smocking in white or color. For play frocks of unbleached muslin it is very becoming. This design is especially practical because it allows for fullness in a child's dress and fits nicely about the neck. The design can be adapted to 2⅜ yards of scallops ¾ inch wide, 1¼ yard of smocking dots 4 inches wide, and 2⅝ yards of fancy smocking dots 4 inches wide.



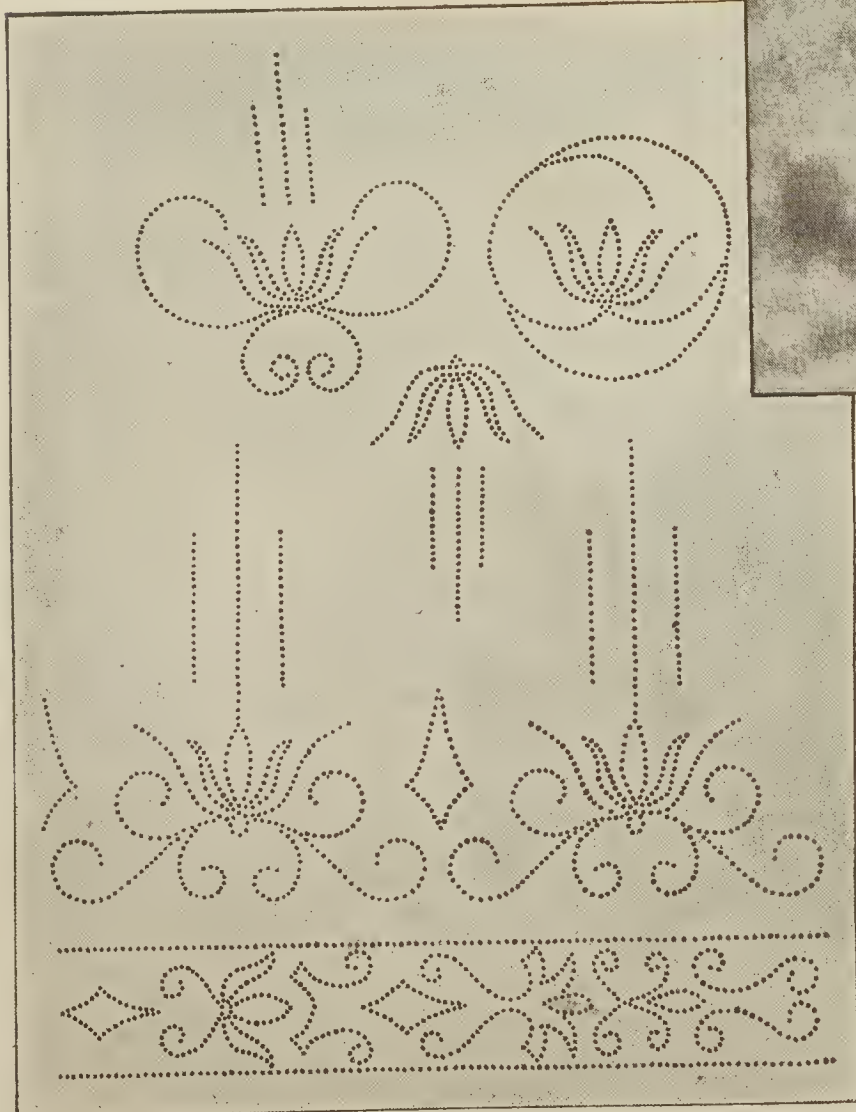
Embroidery design 10105



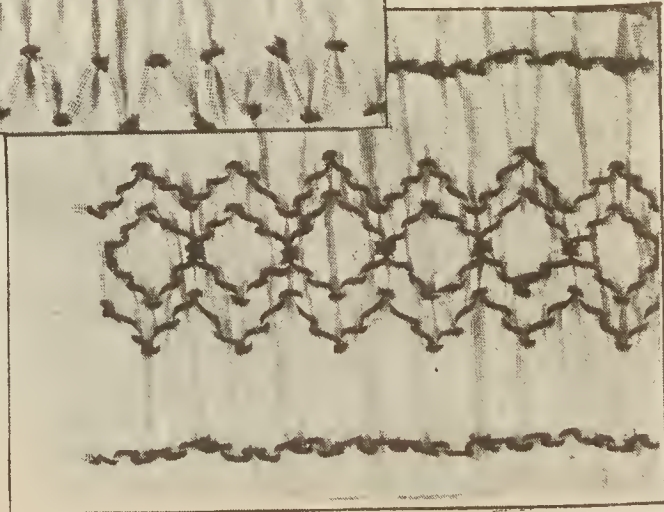
Embroidery design 10106



Embroidery design 10107



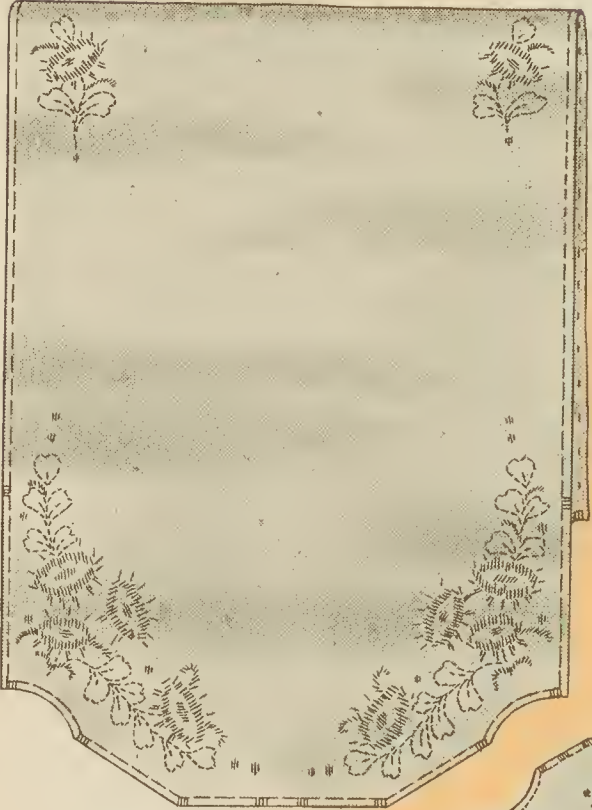
Embroidery design 10108



EMBROIDERY DIRECTS BUDDING IMAGINATIONS AND PRESENTS THREE NEW DESIGNS

FOR YOUR DRESSES AND HOUSEHOLD LINENS

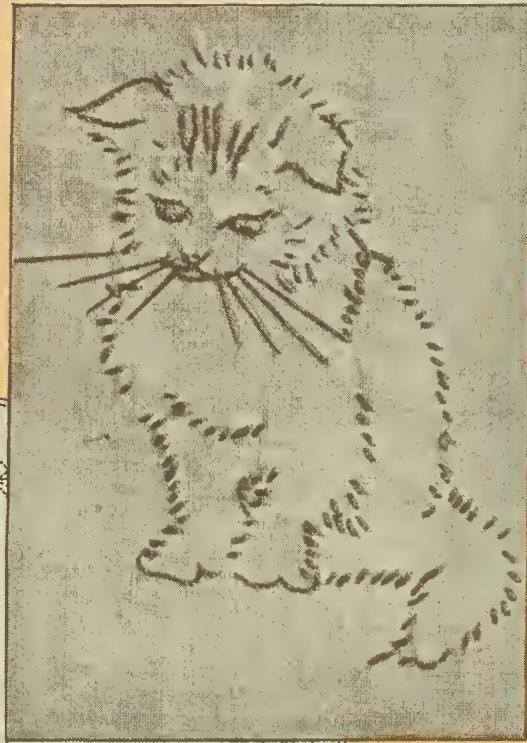
10110—Try to enumerate the number of places which are waiting for such a scarf; there's the vacant table in the living-room where guests will scrutinize a bare spot, the buffet in the dining-room which is to be used freely during the holidays; then the engagement of Cousin Mary, the bride-to-be, calls for a dainty gift, not to mention the number of vacancies on one's Christmas list where such a set would fit in quite nicely. The flower and leaf design on both the scarf and pincushion are worked very rapidly in one-stitch. The ends of the scarf are cut in an attractive way and the pincushion duplicates this finish. This design can be adapted to one scarf 55½ by 20 inches and two pincushions 13½ by 5¾ inches.



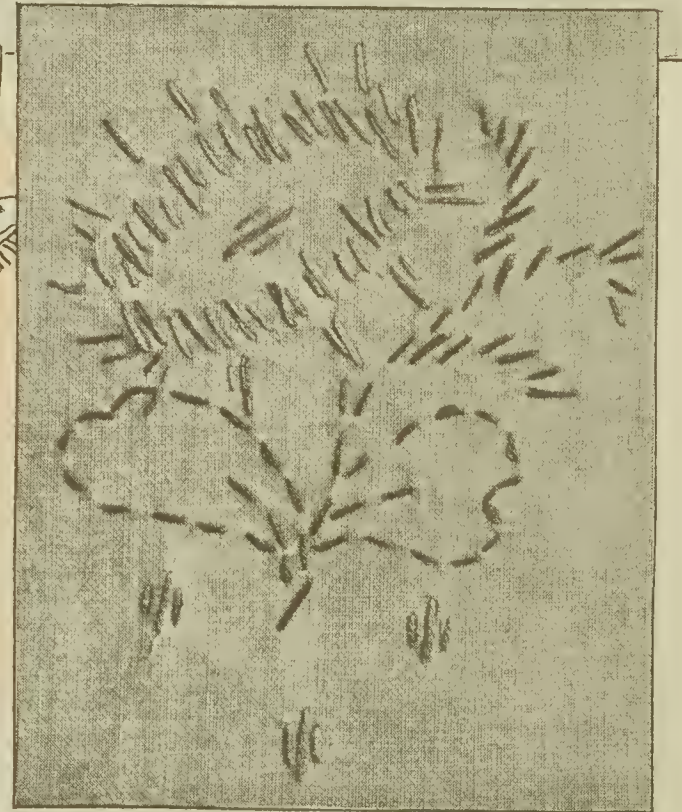
Embroidery design 10110

10104—Every day can not fail to be interesting with such an array of friends before one in the nursery; one can let his imagination go "sailing, sailing over the bounding sea," or have a quiet chat with Mother Duck up there on the wall. Not only nursery furnishings but children's aprons and other clothes are possible mediums for the bandings and motifs in this design. Household linens may be marked with words which can be read clearly and the various labels will make orderly housekeeping a reality. This design may be worked in outline, one-stitch, or satin-stitch embroidery. It can be adapted to 1⅝ yard of banding 3½ inches wide, two panels 14½ by 8½ inches, four panels 11½ by 8½ inches and 40 assorted motifs in 18 assorted types.

Embroidery design 10104

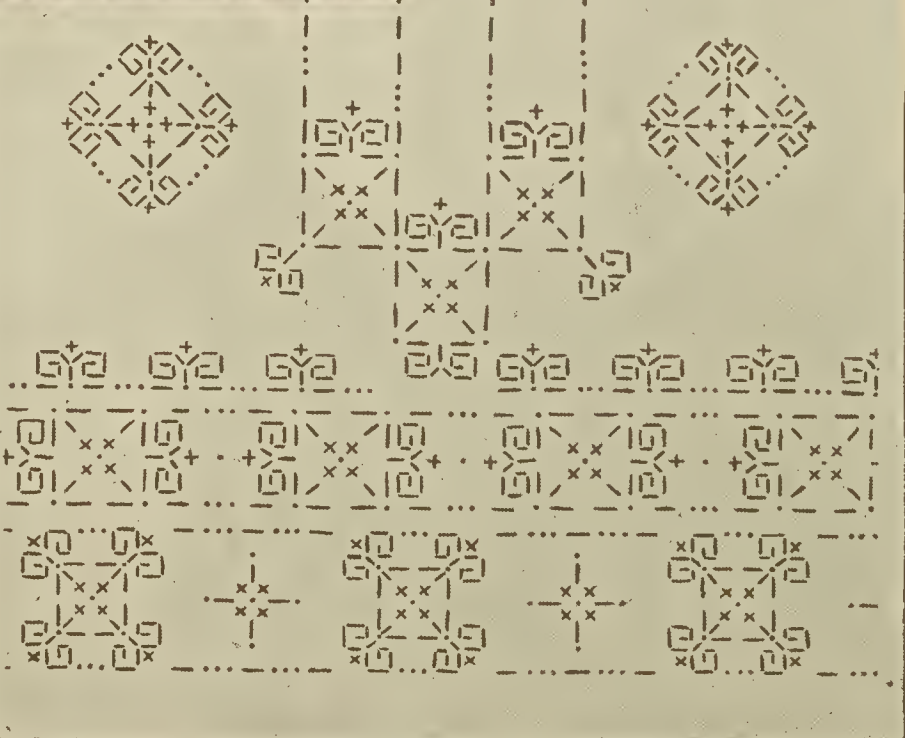
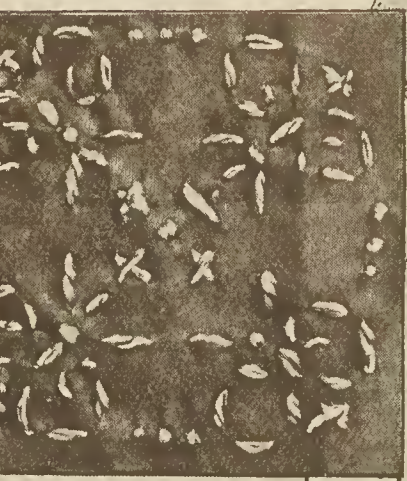


Embroidery design 10109



10111—In cross-stitch and beading this design is most decorative on the new hats, soft blouses, dresses, or dress panels. It is also suitable for household linens. In one of the Czecho-Slovakian countries, so a Croatian friend says, they have a pleasant custom of bestowing a linen towel decorated with peasant embroidery upon each wedding-guest; towels long enough and so attractive that they are often doubled and worn as gay aprons. This design is very like that on such towels and in red and black cross-stitch it is bright on tea-towels, guest-towels; unbleached muslin curtains for the kitchen, or in colored cross-stitch for tea-napkins, etc. It can be adapted to 4¾ yards of banding 2 inches wide, 7¾ yards of banding 1½ inch wide, 4¾ yards of banding ⅝ of an inch wide, 20 motifs 2 inches square and 4 motifs 7¾ by 5⅝ inches.

10109—The perfect hostess is one whose attention extends beyond the selection of menus to the linen which is the foundation of the service she sets before her guests. Fine table linen can make any luncheon seem dainty and the oldest of silver will gleam against a background of flowers and an exquisite centerpiece. This centerpiece has a border of unusual design and the embroidery which is to be worked in one-stitch is very effective. It is a suitable piece to use on the console or gate-leg tables which appear so frequently in the small apartment. It will make a very attractive Christmas gift, and, what is most important at this season, one which is made quickly. The motifs may be used separately if one wishes to adapt them to other household linens. The design can be adapted to one centerpiece 30 inches wide.



Embroidery design 10111

SOME GAY SURPRISES FOR
A FAMILY'S CHRISTMAS
MORNING



Dressing-Sack
3164
Embroidery de-
sign 10983

French Chemise and Knickers 3831



Camisole 2871



Cap 4126

Pajamas 3160
Embroidery design 10699



Bloomers 3150

Slip 3489
Embroidery de-
sign 10979



Bathrobe and
Slippers 4030

Nightgown 3655



Negligée 4064

Apron 3860
Embroidery design 1089C

Descriptions of these gifts
are on page 104



Cap 3611

Sack 3866
Embroidery design 10900

House jacket 6486

Hood cape
3868

Outing shirt 3580

Pajamas
3810

Bathrobe and
slippers 3998

Dressing-gown
and slippers
3450

Pajamas 3833

Bathrobe 4031

Kimono wrapper 3848
Embroidery design 10827

Descriptions of these gifts
are on page 104

THE TIME-CLOCK OF COLORS

By Eleanor Chalmers

FOR several years during and after the war one could not tell by clothes and colors when the afternoon ended and evening commenced. Even now the neckline, especially when it is the bateau shape, isn't sufficiently differentiated for day and night to stamp a dress as belonging to one hour or the other. There are still quite a good many very simple almost sleeveless dresses which in black or biscuit-colored satin or silk crêpe can be worn in the afternoon or evening. A formal evening dress must be either absolutely sleeveless or else have one or two—I am speaking literally—very long sleeves that act as draperies. The newer necks are square in front and V shaped in back, V shaped in front and *en bateau* behind, or the bateau outline at both the front and back. In the last instance the deep bertha collar, usually of lace, is new and very picturesque with the half-draped bodice and drooping circular skirt.

EVENING dresses this Winter are much more brilliant, in that more color and less all black is being worn. Black when it is used is an admirable foil for the hip ornaments in vivid shades of jade, royal blue, ruby, or silver with rose, turquoise or crystal, so that the impression is not of a black dress but of a dress with

such and such a color ornament. White is used a great deal, but it is white frosted and made brilliant by the use of crystal, silver beads, etc. The gold shades, varying from amber to a light golden brown, are worn in velvet, while in the silk crêpes the colors shade to a sort of putty or biscuit that is very lovely with either jade or coral.

GRAY is used enlivened with silver, either silver beads on gray crêpe or silver cloth under gray lace. Metallic laces are having quite a vogue, and in the metal brocades silver is the figure or foundation, with scarlet, king's blue or gold. The fruit colors of peach, apricot and orange are great favorites for velvet, which is also used in geranium, cardinal red,

or French blue or black, gray or white with silver. For the crêpes almond green, mauve and shades of flame and orange are new.

EVEN daytime colors are less sober than they have been in many years. All the shades of brown, including tobacco, fur, spice, cocoa, cinnamon and caramel, are worn and are frequently embroidered with tinsel thread in gold or copper. Green and the lighter beige shades are embroidered in the vivid Russian colors and dark blue is frequently beaded with a combination of steel or silver with rose-red.

Half a dozen shades of rose, violet, apple-green, etc., will be used for the tiny flowers of a belt on a dress of black or navy blue. There is an art in arranging the color as

well as cutting the tiny felt flowers, and one gets just the right French arrangement, as well as the shape of the flowers, in the Deltor.

THERE are a great many new materials this Winter, but they are principally in the mateassés, clokies and gaufre fabrics for coats, wraps and jackets. For dresses nothing has replaced the crêpe silks, satins and velvets for afternoon gowns, or the wool reps, poplins, kashas, soft twills and serges and wool crêpes for the street. The wool crêpes, reps and poplins and velvets drape beautifully, while the new circular styles are used for the most part in the lighter silk and satin crêpes, charmeuse and less frequently for serge, soft twills and tricotine.

THE two new silhouettes, the circular and the draped, have been extraordinarily successful. The straight line has far from served its day, for it is worn as much as ever in certain types of dresses. But the circular and draped styles seem to satisfy a feeling for greater elegance and variety in clothes than was possible with the uniform chemise fashions. Skirts are longer, though not long in the old sense of the word, and the waist line remains low.



WHY THEY USE THE DELTOR

SHE DID IT WITH THE DELTOR

SHE was a widow, not young but very exquisite in her simple, perfectly made black clothes.

"You'll have to give me larger sizes for both Jane and Anne—they are growing up so fast," she said to the Butterick saleswoman who had been waiting on her for a year and a half. "I'm glad the Deltor was invented before I had to begin making their clothes," she went on. "I had never sewed at all and I didn't know that I could. But the Deltor gives me confidence as well as help. I simply follow it from the cutting to the finish and the girls' frocks are charming. They have exactly the same little French touches of flowers and girdles and what-not as the clothes of their young friends who are ever so much better off. It means a lot for Anne and Jane for they are just at the age when they are very sensitive and I don't want them to be made self-conscious by feeling that they aren't well-dressed. When I started making their clothes they didn't want to hurt my feelings, but I could see that they were in an agony of fear lest their things look 'home-

made.' Now they are very vain of the frocks 'mummy' makes them."

JOAN THE RIPPER

WHILE she was waiting on her customers a saleswoman started to explain that the Deltor would save her material and show her the way to put her dress together, finish and trim it.

"It's useless for you to waste your time explaining it to me," said the customer good temperedly.

"But if you'd let me show you—" began the saleswoman again.

"Show me!" said the customer. "Why do you suppose I buy the Butterick pattern? Of course the styles are smart but I'd given up making my things because I really didn't know enough about dressmaking. I used to



spend half my time ripping and when I finished the material was usually stretched or had lost its freshness. Now I never rip a thing. You can't make a mistake if you use the Deltor. All you have to do is look at the pictures. That's why I say you needn't waste your time explaining the Deltor to me. I am making everything I wear now because it takes so little time and is so little work, and the things look so well when they're finished."

A PERFECT THIRTY-SIX

TWO women came to a Butterick Pattern department, one to buy a pattern and the other apparently to dissuade her from doing so.

"My dear," said the dissuader, "you'll ruin

your dress. The patterns run so large. I tried to make a dress last month and it was enormous."

"What size pattern did you buy?" asked the saleswoman.

"Forty," answered the woman promptly, "and it was huge."

"But you don't measure forty I'm sure," said the saleswoman. "If you'll slip off your jacket I'll measure you. Yes, I thought so. You only measure thirty-six."

"But I buy forty in ready-made waists and lingerie," said the woman astonished.

"In some cases they run small," said the saleswoman, "or if they are very easy you might not notice it in garments of that type. You can not go by the sizes you buy in ready-made clothes, for they vary with different manufacturers. You ought to be measured when you buy your pattern. If you'd bought a thirty-six dress pattern it would have fitted you perfectly."

"I wish I had come to you for the pattern instead of writing in for it," said the woman. "I never thought of being measured. I'm going to try again. It's nice to know that I'm a perfect thirty-six."

WRITE TO ELEANOR CHALMERS WHENEVER YOU ARE IN DOUBT

Eleanor Chalmers will be glad to answer any question in connection with dressmaking or tailoring. State your difficulty as fully as you can and write to her, care of THE DELINEATOR, New York. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for her answer

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: When I was on Fifth Avenue a few days ago I saw a very beautiful French dress in one of the shops. It was made of black satin and the drapery was caught up with jade green ornaments and tassels. I find that I can get a Butterick pattern very like the dress, but to make it as elegant as the gown I admired, it really needs the jade ornaments. I have searched the shops but I can not find anything in jade. Can you tell me where I can get ornaments of that type?—A. W.

IT IS not always possible to buy ornaments similar to those used on French dresses for the Paris dressmakers in many cases have them made especially for their gowns. They are not difficult to make and directions for making them are given in the Deltor of the various Butterick Patterns which require hip ornaments. They are made of colored beads, crystals, jet or steel, silver or gold beads. You will not be able to get jade beads or certain of the new shades of king's blue, etc. You will have to get plain white beads and have them dyed the exact shade you want. Glass, satin and wooden beads dye

perfectly to match any sample of color you select. Even with the dyeing you will find that you can make the ornaments very inexpensively and they give you ornaments and tassels handsome enough to use on an evening gown. If you bought them you might not be able to get them in the brilliant colors that are fashionable for this purpose.

MY DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I bought the exact amount of forty-inch crepe satin required for pattern 0000, but I can't get my dress out even following the Deltor layout. Is the layout wrong? I am sending you both the pattern and my material.—D. M.

I AM very glad that you had not cut into your material. No, the Deltor layout is



correct, but your material measures only thirty-eight instead of forty inches in width. Now and then material manufactured for the forty-inch class, especially in these crêpe silks, measures thirty-eight or thirty-nine inches in width. This is also true of other widths, and you will now and then find a material that should measure thirty-six inches, but which is actually only thirty-five. With the small

quantities and very close measurements of the Deltor layouts, you would not be able to use them for the forty-inch layouts. Always measure both the length and width of your material before cutting it to be sure that you have the correct amount and width. Mistakes sometimes occur in cutting off the material, or a sample might have been cut from

one corner that would be just enough to make your material a short measure.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: Should the new circular skirts, the ones with uneven lower edges, be hemmed or faced?—C. F.

AHEM or facing is considered too heavy and clumsy for the new circular skirts, especially the ones that drop in points at the sides. There are new, lighter ways of finishing the lower edge and directions for them are given in the Deltor. The Deltor will also tell you how to handle the skirt in making it so that it will do its stretching before the edge is finished and not afterward. Of course it is the nature of a circular skirt to keep on stretching, but with certain precautionary measures and the new lighter treatment of the edge the after-making stretching will not be noticeable.

Many of the new circular skirts are uneven at the lower edge, but you will notice that the unevenness is very carefully planned, and comes just at the sides and is a certain length. It isn't the irregular unevenness of a badly hung skirt.

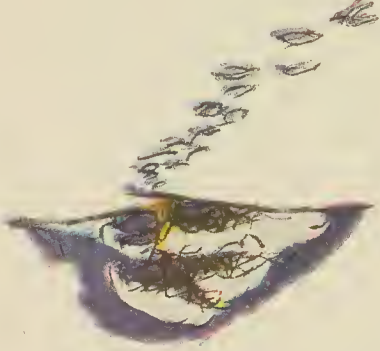
SOMETHING wet and black and shivering crawled up on Janie's front porch. And then—the baby pup was sure he had died and gone to Dog Heaven, for there stood a little tree and there, on its branches, low enough to reach, hung

Suddenly a big puppy ear pricked up; a black puppy nose began to wiggle; a short puppy tail stuck up out of the snow and wagged one tiny way—for the wind was blowing his way and he smelled—

The baby pup without a name lay down in the middle of the road. He was too tired to run any more. He lay very still and the snow began to blow over him like a white cover.

The wind whistled through his big puppy ears. The little pads on his feet were cracked and sore. His stomach was so empty it hurt. His red tongue was hanging out.

OUTSIDE the snow still fell. The night grew darker. The wind began to howl and whistle. Far out on a lonesome road trotted a little, wet, shivering thing with four legs. It was a baby pup—a pup without a name. His mother was a poor old dirty tramp dog without a name. She had just died. And for hours and hours baby pup had been running and running and running, sniffing here and sniffing there for a scrap to eat—but the snow had covered everything. Everything was snowy and icy and wet and cold.



"Do you know what people do who haven't any babies?" said grand-grandmother and her grandfather and her father was away most of the time, and she lived with her grandfather and Janie. Janie's mother was dead and they all said "No," they were very and great-aunt shook her head, and

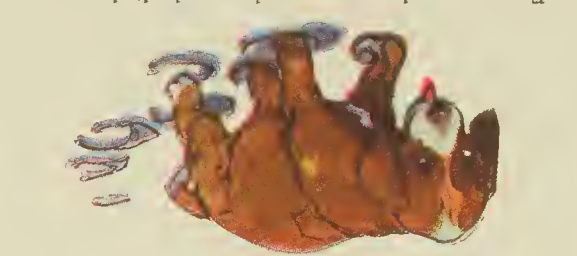
Oh, it was a real Christmas eve! And everywhere, in all the warm houses, excited children were going to bed. Some dreamed of dolls, and some of engines, and some of candy, and some of turkey, and some of sleigh-bells, and some—

IT WAS Christmas— a beautiful, cold, white, snowy, exciting Christmas eve. In the cities the snow was turning all the dirty streets into clean streets and all the poor people's houses into beautiful white marble.

Wished and wished that a real, live baby would come to their house. "But babies need mothers," said grandmother, "and I am too old." "I'll be the baby's mother," said Janie. "Oh, I'd take such good care of a baby."

But grandmother shook her head and smiled, and grandfather shook his head and great-uncle shook his head

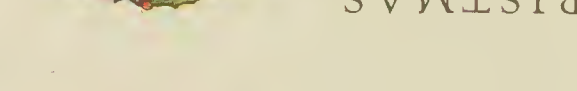
Far out on a lonesome road trotted a little, wet, shivering thing with four legs



She was dreaming that all the birds of the air flew down to her Christmas tree

So great-uncle and grandfather chopped down a tiny fir-tree, and great-aunt and grandmother helped Janie to set it up on the front porch, and they tied eleven chunks of mutton fat and fifteen pieces of bread on the branches with red ribbon, and spread an old soft, fuzzy piece of blanket around the foot so the birds could pick off threads and make a new Christmas lining for their nests. And now Janie lay asleep in bed. She was dreaming that all the birds of the air flew down to her Christmas tree with beautiful, soft sounds like whirring snow, and when they fluttered away, a little funny live baby lay underneath.

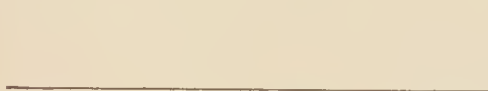
THE CHRISTMAS PUP



One by one, the baby pup strapped them off and spit out the red ribbon



“The birds have babies,” said grandmother. “Why don't you trim a bird's Christmas tree?”



MY LITTLE PAGE



MERRY CHRISTMAS, everybody! Merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry, merry—a million times merry—Christmas! How do you like our Christmas Number? Doesn't Santa Claus on the cover seem happy to hear all those radio messages from boys and girls?

Do you know, I had so much to give you in this Christmas Number that it just had to

overflow into next month! So we'll really have two Christmas LITTLE DELINEATORS. Would you like to visit the most wonderful toy store in New York with me? Send me a stamped envelope, with your address written on it, and you'll get a long letter all about it. Please write a nice Christmas letter to your loving editor, HARRIET IDE EAGER.

The best letter that helps me most, telling what page you like best this month, will win a big framed picture like the cover



FOR NEW READERS Fold this page across the middle, then fold again, and cut across the first folded line.



DECEMBER Dolls and sweets and soldiers bold Empty stockings soon will hold. Christmas, Christmas in the air! Eyes are shining everywhere. Mother smiles and hides away Bundles, boxes all the day, Every store with toys is gay— Ray for Christmas time! Hurray!



THE LITTLE DELINEATOR CHRISTMAS 1922 EDITOR—HARRIET IDE EAGER



SANTA CLAUS HEARS THE RADIO MESSAGE FROM THE CHILD ON THE BIG DELINEATOR COVER



I just started to say, when I made this blot,
You are my friend and I like you a lot.

FOR A FRIEND

I drew this picture to say to you,
I'm glad you're my teacher—I hope you are too!

FOR TEACHER

When I am rich, I'll buy my dad
The wonderful things he never had,
But all I can give him now is this:
A Christmas hug and a Christmas kiss.

FOR FATHER

My heart is like a Christmas tree
And every time you smile at me
Another little candle lights
And shines and shines through all
The nights.

FOR MOTHER

Here are some easy Christmas
cards to copy and color:



READER

ONE CENT



CARDS TO COPY



IT IS Christmas day. Outdoors the wind whistles and bites and the sky is gray and cross, but indoors the house smells like a pine woods on a warm Summer day, and everybody feels cozy and happy and full of Christmas. So the boys have gone up-stairs to play a new Christmas game, and their sister has taken out her new sewing-box and her new silk scraps and is busy making a dress for her new Christmas dolls. She sits very close to the tree so she can sniff the sweet, spicy smell and watch the fire make dancing lights on the pretty colored ornaments.

Outside the wind whistles and bites, but he can't get in, and the sky is gray and cross, but nobody cares, for this is Christmas day, and the house smells warm and sweet and everybody feels cozy and happy and full of Christmas.

Next month, in the New Year's Number, you will meet the Gollama-lops. Who are they? Oh, just you wait and see! The Gollama-lops are made of—but I'd better not tell you that yet—and they live in—but that's a secret until next month—and they're named Gollama-lops because—but you really must wait to find that out, for I've already told you so much that I'm afraid I've spoiled the story.

“Oh, grandmother!” she cried, “The birds did come!” For every branch, except a few at the top, was bare. “But, but— Oh, dear—”
Of course, she knew there wouldn't be a real, live baby under the tree—that was silly—but oh, that dream had seemed so real!
Then something black stirred under the tree. A big puppy ear pricked up, one little sleepy puppy eye opened, a short puppy tail began to wag in its sleep.
Then a whole black baby puppy jumped to his four black feet and ran to Janie and Janie ran to him, and the puppy wiggled and jumped and licked her with his red tongue, and Janie hugged him and hugged him until he was so warm he thought he must have found his mother again.
So he had—a new mother. He was Janie's real, live baby, and she named him Christmas, and after that neither one of them was ever, ever lonesome again.



eleven juicy chunks of mutton fat and fifteen soft pieces of bread!
One by one, the baby pup snapped them off and spit out the red ribbon and gulped them down into his empty stomach. When there was nothing left but a few high pieces he couldn't reach, he looked around for a bed. Yes, this was surely Dog Heaven, for there, under the tree, lay a soft, warm blanket. The pup without a name curled up, and in one minute his little, fat, comfortable full stomach was breathing up and down and his little nose was snoring happy puppy snores under the birds' Christmas tree.
ON CHRISTMAS morning, before Janie even emptied her stocking, she ran out to the porch.

Janie hugged him until he was so warm he thought he must have found his mother again

HANDY ANDY—A PRESENT TO MAKE



HANDY ANDY is very easy for any boy or girl to make. First sew the face on a little sponge with silk or worsted. Sew on worsted hair and a hat cut from flannel. Fasten the sponge on two pencils with wire. Run the ends of the wire through the erasers that make his arms. Cut the dress of flannel and bind the edges with raffia or worsted. Then write this verse on a card:

I'm Handy Andy, the Christmas dandy,
A soft-headed chap, it's plain to see.
You can do anything that you want to me:
Wet your stamps on my spongy face,
Rub with my hands to make them erase,
Wipe your pen on my handsome clothes.
Pull off my legs and sharpen my toes!
Oh, I'm a dandy,
Better than candy,
My name is Handy Andy!

WIN SOME CHRISTMAS MONEY!

DO YOU know of a good Christmas present, not too hard, that a boy or girl can make? Write and tell about it, plainly enough for other boys and girls to understand. It doesn't matter whether it's big or little, or whether you made it in school or at home, but it mustn't cost more than twenty-five cents.

There are eight prizes: first boys' prize, ten dollars; first girls' prize, ten dollars; second boys' prize, five dollars; second girls' prize, five dollars; third boys' prize, two dollars; third girls' prize, two dollars; fourth boys' prize, one dollar; fourth girls' prize, one dollar.

Send a stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, if you want an answer from your editor. Contest closes December twentieth. Address Christmas Present Contest, THE LITTLE DELINEATOR, New York City.

THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT



HE story of Christ born in a manger and of the visit of the three wise men is in strange comparison to the Christmas of this century. Commercialism, which marks so many of our modern Christmas activities, had no connection with that ancient scene.

In contrast we have a wild shopping orgy, a mail heavily loaded with Christmas cards and gifts, days and nights of the woman's art and handiwork, crowded shops, over-worked salesmen and women, thousands of miles of red ribbon and inflammable glitter, candy till the digestive system rebels, and tables groaning with food. The result is an overworked and overwrought family, unable to enjoy the real Christmas.

Sometimes there are awkward presents with no good use and nowhere to put them, and sometimes the effort to select the appropriate present is the most wearing of tasks. At the end there is a pile of obligations requiring notes of thanks. The present? Yes! But the giver is the important thing, the gift's intrinsic value much less. Individuality expressed in a note, a card—not simply a decorated instrument, but with personal meaning—a glass of jelly, a plum pudding, native plants, nuts and fruit are better than many presents.

Who would not experience an old-fashioned Christmas?—in many places a lost



Edited by
MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER
Head of the School of Home
Economics, Cornell University

occasion: The deep snow, horses and sleighs, jingling bells, the welcome at the old home, the dining-table filled with the fruits of labor at home—simple, ample, genuine.

The best of Christmas will remain. There will be a reminder that Christmas was a day of rejoicing for the one great gift to the world; that its celebration is therefore spiritual rather than commercial; that children are the hope and joy of Christmas; that the home is the center of festive life; that gifts are symbolic and simple and spontaneous.

Readers of the Home-makers' page have thought of many things they want with which to make a happy Christmas. They must know that their friends are seeking faithfully to satisfy their unexpressed preferences. It is too late to print a home-makers' Christmas desire list this year, but it can be secured now for next year.

Will you as a home-maker tell us what you want Christmas to mean to you in gift or occasion? Your name will not be printed. I have already asked several housekeepers what they would like for Christmas. One, a gray-haired woman with red cheeks, said a gray silk dress, another a pressure cooker, and still another a trip to New York City. One woman said she had prepared Christmas dinners for twenty-five years and for just once she would like to be invited out on Christmas Day to eat a dinner some one else had prepared.

Martha Van Rensselaer



A CHRISTMAS CANDLE SERVICE

A SMALL church in Orange, New Jersey, has made a charming annual custom of its Christmas candle service held the Sunday evening before Christmas. The church is decorated in Christmas greens, with a tall evergreen standing on each side of the small pulpit and very simple wreaths and festoons on the walls.

Last year there were just ninety-nine candles in the entire church. Two of these were set on a table, lighting up a tall vase of delicate white narcissus, and two were placed on each side of the pulpit. The rest were in the windows.

Small blocks of wood had been cut, with a raised piece like a step in the center. A socket was rounded out in this piece and on each side for the candles, so that each block of wood held three candles. There were three of these wooden candle-holders set on the sill of each window. The wood was not finished off, but by candle-light the effect was quite as good.

The little church looked very welcoming from the outside, with the lights flickering through the stained-glass windows into the night. Inside, the soft glow gave a sense of intimacy and peace.

There was no sermon at this Christmas candle service, but the minister read aloud W. J. Locke's "The Three Wise Men." The choir gave one Christmas selection and the congregation sang favorite Christmas anthems. The whole service was so simple, so Christmassy, that every one went away with a Christmas glow in his heart.

In several Baltimore churches a service corresponding to this candle service is held at six o'clock on Christmas morning. In one church the congregation meets on the church steps in the gray early morning and several carols are sung. The remainder of a brief, simple service, which never includes a sermon, is held in the softly lighted church interior. Just before the close of the service all lights are extinguished to let the Christmas morning sun filter in through the stained-glass windows.

SENTIMENT GIFTS

AT CHRISTMAS time it is the thoughtfulness that goes into the gift more than the actual money value which counts.

In one grown-up family, all of whose sons and daughters are now married, the oldest son discovered a unique surprise for his parents and his brothers and sisters.

In the family storeroom he unearthed two old group pictures, one of his father's college class, taken before he was married, and one of his mother in the church choir. He took these to a photographer and had the head of each photographed from the group and

enlarged. He had these framed in a double frame and presented one to each member of the family on Christmas Day. Great was the mystification of the hero and heroine as to where he had found pictures which they themselves had forgotten. Children and grandchildren were delighted and interested to see what father and mother were like in their young days and to trace family likenesses hitherto unnoticed.

PRIZE-CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

THE DELINEATOR's fifty-dollar prize this month is offered for the best letter, of not more than five hundred words, on "How We Organized Community Music in Our Town." Tell how interest in community music was aroused, what has been done and what pleasure or benefits it has brought to the community.

This is the fourth prize of a series offered by THE DELINEATOR on aspects of enriching community life.

All contributions must be mailed before midnight of December eighth. Contributions for this contest can not be returned.

Address: Contest Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Publishing Company, New York City.

DECEMBER FOOD CALENDAR

LAST days for making fruit-cake or pudding for Christmas! Fondant for Christmas candies should be made early and allowed to ripen.

Look over your preserve shelves and decide what canned delicacies of your own making you will present for Christmas. Dainty parchment-paper tops and ribbons may be added at any time to avoid the Christmas rush.

Fresh apple-mint jelly may be made in small batches and is delicious with Winter meats.

The pancake season is now open. Pancakes are perfectly wholesome if light and tender, and if they are not soaked in fat in the baking and not washed down with an undue amount of sirups or other sweets.

Try baking beans with small sausages instead of salt pork. When baked beans are left over from a meal, use them in sandwiches or timbales.

Remember to cook strong-flavored Winter vegetables in boiling salted water, uncovered. Do not cook cabbage more than twenty or thirty minutes. Leeks or onions cooked with potatoes are a tasty combination for snappy-weather soups, scallops or purées.

Watch the vegetables in storage to see that the ventilation and moisture are right. Remove at once any that show signs of spoilage.

Use cold cauliflower, beets and cabbage left over from one meal in salads for another.

Either boiled or mayonnaise dressings are suitable.

Try to secure freshly ground corn-meal for hot corn bread or muffins. Buy in small quantities, as it becomes rancid quickly.

Pork and apples go together on the same menu these days. Apple, cranberry or mustard sauce goes with roast pork or goose. Cranberry sauce, currant, grape or apple jelly and almost any vegetable except cabbage may accompany roast turkey. Every time you make cranberry sauce put some in cans for future use.

Cover the breasts of fowl with thin slices of salt pork or bacon during the roasting. Sear first, cover and baste often. Remove pork, cover with butter and flour paste and give final browning. If you don't use the giblets in gravy, chop them and add to an omelet for breakfast the next day. Combine left-over chicken or other fowl with cooked macaroni and a white sauce and season well.

Glacé grapes are a luxury that may be home-made. Stuffed dates or prunes and fruit pastes are wholesome sweets with which to end the feast. Candied pumpkin is also a delicious sweet.

EATING FOR HEALTH

SWEETS IN A MEAL

NO MENU is really complete without a sweet in some form, and the place for this is at the end of the meal; if partaken of at the beginning of the meal, it is apt to be so satisfying that one does not desire any other food. The pie, pudding, ice-cream or other sweet dish served at the end of a meal is known as the sweet course. The fruits, nuts or candy, really the last course, is, correctly speaking, the dessert.

Every meal should contain a sweet course in some form. There are two kinds of sweet courses: the heavy and the light. Heavy sweets should be served with light meals, and meals otherwise heavy should be accompanied by light desserts.

Heavy sweet dishes, such as custards, puddings with custard foundations or custard pies, contain considerable protein or body-building material. It is best not to serve these with dishes such as roast beef, roast pork, fish or others rich in protein. Another class of dishes served as the sweet course are those made of rich pastry and containing much fat. In this class belong also the heavy steamed puddings and rich cakes. These should not be served with heavy meals—that is, with meals in which the other dishes contain much fat. The old custom of serving mince pie or plum pudding at the end of a heavy Christmas or Thanksgiving dinner is one which, though it may give much pleasure in the process of observance, may result in an aftermath by no means desirable.

Both the sweet course and the dessert that accompany a meal of this type should contain little fat or protein.

Light desserts or sweets include ices, sherbets, dishes with a gelatin basis, and the fruit desserts.

The place for candy, nuts and fruits is at the end of an otherwise heavy menu—one which contained sufficient fat and protein in the other dishes of the meal. A small amount of candy given to children at this time satisfies their desire for sweets and is in no way detrimental to them.

NEW BUREAU OF HOME ECONOMICS

THE United States Government is taking steps to recognize officially the prime importance of scientific home-making.

Secretary Wallace has voiced his intention to strengthen that part of the Department of Agriculture which relates to home economics. He promises to make an independent Bureau of Home Economics which will soon have equal rank with other bureaus of the Department, and to place at its head a woman of executive ability, thorough scientific training, and broad, sympathetic understanding of what is needed to make such a bureau helpful to the women of the country.

Since the passage of the Smith-Lever Act in 1914, funds have been released for the extension of scientific information on agriculture and on home economics to the farms and homes of this country. The intervening years have proved the value of this appropriation, for already a country-wide organization has been established which has produced some very remarkable and measurable results.

The new bureau will do for home economics what has already been so splendidly done for agriculture: seek to answer on the basis of scientific investigation questions which will bring larger and more accurate knowledge. There is no field which furnishes a more fertile soil for investigation and research than home-making, and none which will bring a bigger reward to the prosperity and happiness of the nation.

It is a matter of much importance that the new bureau will be developed for the benefit of urban as well as rural homes.

The funds released for home-economics extension by the Smith-Lever Act have been used, by a natural interpretation of the law, almost altogether to promote the interest of the rural home.

The home-making problems of the urban woman managing on a moderate income are as pressing as those of the rural woman. Both need instruction in the arts and sciences which underlie the making of a beautiful home and the bringing up of a healthy, happy family.

SAVE A DOLLAR

For the woman who has time and money to spend but not to waste

Each suggestion has been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department



THE DELINEATOR will pay ten dollars each month for the best suggestion for saving the housekeeper's money, labor, food or fuel. We will pay five dollars for other suggestions we use on this page. Items sent in December are not printed until April. When duplicate suggestions are received, we consider the first idea to reach us. Unavailable suggestions can not be returned. Payment is made on publication. Send your ideas to the Home-Makers' Department

SEPTEMBER PRIZE-WINNER—

GEOGRAPHICAL GIFTS

GEOPHICAL Christmas gifts—those gifts of local flavor which come from another, perhaps unvisited, part of the country—are prized highly by the recipient. They often cost little more than the postage, but they carry with them an intrinsic value that far exceeds their actual cost.

An attractively packed box of Christmas holly and mistletoe, sent from parts where these greens abound to friends who do not have the pleasure of hunting their own decorations, is a very welcome gift. Southern smilax, fragrant pine-cones and tree-moss when shipped North are redolent of Southern thoughtfulness. Tiny baskets of kumquats from California or Florida make dainty and unusual gifts. Gifts of native-grown nuts, English walnuts and paper-shell pecans always add to Christmas cheer. Ground-pine, sprays of bittersweet, laurel and pine branches that find their way into distant homes are cherished gifts.

One-pound cakes of maple-sugar, packed in candy boxes and tied with gay bows, are most welcome remembrances from the maple States. A box of rosy-cheeked apples from an apple-growing State, preserved figs from Texas, canned loganberries from California, or other canned delicacies from other parts of the country are likely to head the list of gifts that are most highly appreciated.

A box of sea-shells for a child who lives inland and who perhaps has never seen the sea will give pleasure for many an hour. Local confections that are far-famed for their goodness, or gifts that come from foreign groups near at hand, are sure to be prized. Indian baskets, blankets or strings of beads or arrow-heads from a close-at-hand Indian settlement, Russian brasses, where they are available, and interesting objects bought from the Chinatown, "Little Italy" or Japanese settlement near by always carry an added interest as Christmas gifts.—MABEL M. BROWNE, Houston, Tex.

A GIFT EASY TO MAKE

DISCARDED picture-frames of medium size may be made into attractive trays by adding two handles, which may be purchased at a hardware store, and putting attractive cretonne under the glass. Fasten glass and cretonne securely with small nails and put on securely a heavy cardboard backing. Finish by gluing felt to the frame.—MRS. ANITA H. CLEMENT, San Francisco, Calif.

KITCHEN SCISSORS FOR MOTHER

ONE or more pairs of kitchen scissors lessen the labor of kitchen work. They are excellent for cutting string-beans, shredding lettuce and salad vegetables, trimming fish and steak, snipping out pin-feathers from chicken, cutting rhubarb, celery and asparagus, dicing fruit, trimming crusts, and many other tasks. One medium-size pair, or a small, medium and large pair tied together with a jaunty bow, will make a very practical gift for a housewife. These lines explain the purpose of the gift:

*Here are kitchen shears for mother
To snip off a lot of bother.
They'll scissor her beans
And salad greens
And be a comfort—rather!*

—MRS. ANDREW KLEINFELTER, Richmond Hill, L. I., N. Y.

A GIFT THAT COSTS NOTHING

LET the young sons and daughters who have no pocket-money to spend on father's Christmas gift know that they can make newspaper kindlings for him that will cost them not a penny, yet they will have a real money value to father.



These kindlings are made as follows: Spread out flat three double sheets of a newspaper. Begin at the right edge and fold over in about two-inch folds. Press out flat, then tie in a single knot. Pull as tight as practical, and the kindling is finished. Five or six of these at a time will burn as briskly as soft pine, and if used regularly will save much on the kindling bill.—L. B. ROBBINS, Harwich, Conn.

GIVE A NOTION-BOX

A CHRISTMAS present that will be appreciated both for its novelty and for its great usefulness is the gift of inexpensive items, such as notions and small articles, which one so often forgets to replenish, although the temporary lack causes so much annoyance. Fill a big holly-trimmed box with safety-pins, needles, plain pins, snaps, hooks and eyes, thimbles, twine, thread, pens and pencils, hairpins, a nail-file, shoelaces, narrow tape, elastic and similar small articles. The card may be inscribed with the following lines:

*I've a notion that these notions
Will be sparing you lost motions.
Things that always disappear
When you want them you'll find here.*
—DOROTHY SMOCK, Erie, Pa.

A HOME-MADE SCRAP-BOOK

A BLANK scrap-book, a paste-pot and an evening or two spent going over the year's magazines and clipping and pasting into the book every attractive picture or other item likely to interest a little boy or girl will result in a unique Christmas gift that will bring a great deal of pleasure to a youngster.—ANNE C. FORBES, Brookline, Mass.

A GIFT TO DAD

A BROOM-HANDLE with a long, sharp nail on one end and a screw-eye in the other end makes an efficient yard-pick that any boy would be delighted to manufacture and use. A son's Christmas gift to his father might be such a pick and a promise to keep the yard or lawn free of stray papers

THE DELINEATOR Calendar DECEMBER

Merrie Christmas!

THIS IS THE MONTH—

To plan Christmas dinner to save time and labor. Christmas comes on Monday; do all ordering and as much of the Christmas cooking as possible early the week before, and rest on Sunday. Cranberry sauce, fruit-cake, mince-meat and plum pudding may be made a month or more ahead. Use canned soup and vegetables to save work. Stuffing may be made several days ahead and kept in a refrigerator.

To bring Christmas cheer to some one less fortunate. See "Calling at Houses That Santa Skips."

To refurbish or to redecorate the living-room for holiday enjoyment. See "Make the Living-Room Comfortable."

To look for attractive book-ends and door-stops as individual decorations or as gifts. See "Book-Ends and Door-Stops."

To make candy dolls for Christmas stockings or trees. See "Sweet Folk You Can Make."

To plan Christmas cheer for the outside as well as the inside of your house. See "Decorative Doorways for Christmas."

To set nimble fingers to work fashioning bags and beads of unusual beauty. See "Make Bags and Beads for Christmas."

To let clever hands and loving labor make up for a lean Christmas purse.

To cut down Christmas bills by making delicious home-made candies, cakes and plum pudding for gifts and home use. See "Christmas Goodies for Gifts."

To let your head save your heels by reading Christmas suggestions and making a complete list of gifts to buy before going shopping. See "A Dictionary of Christmas Gifts."

To add that touch of paint that transforms humble kitchen bowls and bottles into colorful vases for home or gifts. See "Humble Articles of Glass Made Beautiful."

To plan a community-tree celebration. See "Trees of Light."

all the year. Tie a red ribbon bow on the gift, and to one end of the ribbon attach a Christmas tag with the following rime written on it:

*Dad, all papers on the ground
Can be spiked off with this pick
That I made you, and I'm bound
That all year I'll do the trick.*

—MRS. JAMES DOREMUS, Passaic, N. J.

SAVE MOTHER'S STRENGTH

TWO market-baskets are convenient and comfortable for carrying clothes from the laundry to the clothes-lines. Assort the clothes for hanging, then carry a basket over each arm; this makes straining and bending over unnecessary. Plain market-baskets dressed with ribbon bows will be welcome gifts for a mother who does her own laundry work. Attach this stanza:

*On your trips to the line
Carry us, spare your spine.
Heaped in us, clothes so wet
Feel much lighter, you bet!*

—JULIANA CLARK, Union City, Pa.

SAVE THE CHINA

A PIECE of rubber hose, about one and one-half inches long, placed over the nozzle of the water faucets in the kitchen sink will prevent dishes from breaking or chipping from a chance bump against a faucet.—MRS. JAMES N. REDUS, Shannon, Miss.

DRIED-FRUIT MARMALADE

EVAPORATED apricots or peaches, soaked overnight and then scraped to remove the skins, may be made into delicious marmalade for home use around Christmas or for dainty gifts. Cook slowly until tender, mash or beat smooth, add four cups of sugar to a pound of the dried fruit, and cook five or ten minutes until clear. Friends who have to spend Christmas away from home or invalids will appreciate small jars of this marmalade packed in Christmas packages or dainty boxes.—MRS. L. M. COBB, Norwood, Ohio.

SAVE ON DOUGHNUTS

DOUGHNUTS, light bread and biscuits may be freshened by sprinkling with water, putting them in a paper bag, twisting the end of the bag and laying it on the grate in a hot oven.—MRS. P. J. McCORMICK, Canyon City, Colo.

SAVE OLD WINDOW-SHADES

OLD window-shades hung before shelves containing canned fruit protect the fruit from the light. Fruit left exposed to the light is apt to lose some of its beautiful natural color.—MRS. P. J. McCORMICK, Canyon City, Colo.

SAVE ON BUTTER

ONE pound of butter may be stretched into two pounds by the following treatment: Cut into small pieces, put into an agate dish with one pint of milk and two teaspoons of salt and place the dish over a pan of hot water until the butter is soft. Then beat with an egg-beater for about five minutes, or until the milk is like thick cream. Rinse a dish in cold water and pack the butter in it to harden.—MRS. E. GONYEA, Dorchester, Mass.

SAVE YOUR WAFFLE-IRONS

WAFFLE-IRONS last longer if they are kept clean and free from accumulated fat and burnt batter. Wash the iron in hot soap-suds, rinse in hot water and dry thoroughly by placing it on the stove. If it is washed in this way and promptly and thoroughly dried it will not rust and will keep its smooth, clean surface.—MRS. E. C. GRASTY, Winkelman, Ariz.

GREAT FOR BREAKFAST—GOOD, HOT SOUP

The maid who would a-wooing go
Will stand beneath the mistletoe
But first, to make her wish come true,
She'll please her man with Campbell's too!



You'll like it!

Just feel the edge come to your appetite as you relish the fragrance of Campbell's Tomato Soup! Each refreshing spoonful quickens and delights the taste. Pure tomato juices and the rich tomato "meat" are strained to a velvet puree and, blended in, are fine butter and tempting spices.

Luscious Cream of Tomato

Make it this way in three minutes! Heat separately equal portions of Campbell's Tomato Soup and milk or cream. Be careful not to boil. Add pinch of baking soda to the hot soup and stir into the hot milk or cream. Serve immediately. Many prefer to use evaporated milk for an extra rich, thick Cream of Tomato.

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Give the children
good soup every day!

Good health is every child's birthright and good soup is a health builder. Children love it and it is as wholesome and nourishing as it is good to eat. Soup keeps the appetite vigorous and children who eat it digest all their food better. Eat soup every day yourself —for health and enjoyment both.

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

CHRISTMAS GOODIES FOR GIFTS

By Winifred Moses

All recipes have been tested by the Home-Makers' Department

THE Christmas fruit-cake is a truly delightful gift for the kitchenette house-keeper or the college girl or boy who is unable to get home for the Christmas holidays. It can be prepared early in the month and put in a decorated metal box and made ready for sending—even to the Christmas seals. The following recipe will make about fifteen pounds of cake, enough for a number of gifts:

FRUIT-CAKE

1 pound fat
 1 1/4 pounds brown sugar
 1 pound flour
 3 pounds currants
 4 pounds raisins
 1 cup molasses
 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, nutmeg and cloves
 1 cup flour for dredging fruit
 10 eggs, yolks and whites beaten separately
 1 pound citron, chopped
 1 pound figs, finely chopped
 2 oranges, grated rind and juice
 1 cup jelly
 1 cup strong coffee
 2 teaspoons soda
 1/2 pound blanched chopped almonds may be added if desired.

CLEAN the fruit and cut up the citron. Prepare the oranges. Cream the shortening and add the sugar gradually. Add the molasses and the beaten egg-yolks, then the coffee and the jelly and the flour and spices and soda which have been mixed together. Now add the fruit, which has been dredged in flour. Mix all thoroughly and fold in the egg-whites. Put in buttered pans of the desired shape and size and set these pans in a larger pan of boiling water, cover with a sheet of heavy wrapping-paper and bake three hours; or, set the pans in a steamer, cover with wrapping-paper and steam three hours. In either case, at the end of the three hours remove the cakes in the small pans from the pan of hot water or the steamer and finish baking small cakes one hour and larger ones one and one-half hours in a slow oven—that is, about 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Or the steaming may be omitted. The cakes may be baked in tins holding one or two pounds.

When the cakes are done, they are allowed to cool. They may then be wrapped ready for mailing, or, if one desires, they may be covered with a layer of almond paste and then frosted. The frosted cakes do not keep as well as the plain cakes; therefore, if it is desired to keep the cakes any length of time, it is better to send them unfrosted.

When the cakes are finished, they are neatly wrapped in oiled paper and tied with red and green string or fastened with gummed paper tape. They are then wrapped in tissue-paper, fastened with Christmas seals and put into the boxes ready for the mailman.

Another delightful gift that may also be prepared early in the month is the Christmas pudding. This may be put up in the family size or in the individual serving size all ready to be re-steamed for the Christmas dinner.

CHRISTMAS PUDDING

1 pound currants
 1/2 pound citron
 1 pound bread-crumbs
 1 teaspoon each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice
 1/2 nutmeg
 5 eggs
 1 pound raisins
 1 pound suet
 1/2 cup grape-juice, cider or jelly
 1 pound sugar
 1/2 cup flour for dredging
 Fruits, if desired

CLEAN the raisins and currants and chop the suet, citron and nuts. Mix the ingredients. Fill greased tins two-thirds full. For family size there should be about one pound in each tin; for individual molds allow three ounces. Steam four hours, cool, wrap as for fruit-cake and keep in a cool place. This pudding, if stored in a cool place, will keep almost indefinitely. Sterling or foamy sauce may be served with it. The recipes for the sauce and the pudding might accompany the gift.

A dainty way to give an individual fruit-

cake or Christmas pudding is to wrap it carefully in waxed paper and put it into a red crape-paper poinsettia bag. To make the bag, cut deep scallops at the top of a double strip of crape paper and paste the bottom of the strip to the edge of a strong cardboard disk. Then paste a neat seam up the side of the bag and cover the disk with a circle of paper. Draw red ribbon through slits cut just below the scallops and, when the cake or pudding is put into the bag, stuff a tuft of narrow strips of yellow and green crape paper, tightly twisted at the bottom, into the center of the closed bag.

FOAMY SAUCE

1/2 cup butter
 1 cup powdered sugar
 1 egg
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla

CREAM the butter and add the sugar gradually. Add the well-beaten egg and cook over hot water, beating continuously. Cool and add the flavoring.

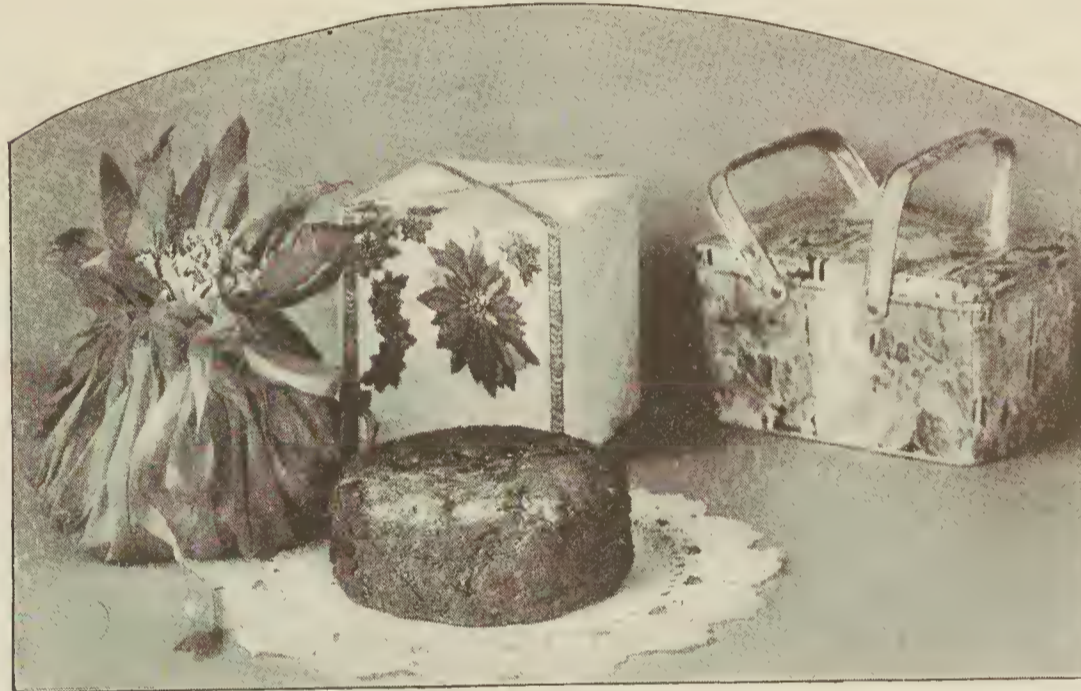
the stones and fill the cavities with Persian-sweet mixture, chopped or whole nut-meats, fondant or half a marshmallow.

Dates may be washed, stoned and filled in the same way.

Fruit pastes may be utilized to help fill the candy boxes for children.

APRICOT PASTE

CANNED apricots are suitable for this purpose. Drain a can of apricots and put the fruit through a sieve or purée-strainer. Measure the sirup and add three-fourths as much sugar. Cook to the crack stage—that is, about 254 degrees Fahrenheit. Care must be taken that it does not burn. At this stage add the pulp and cook with constant stirring until the mixture detaches itself from the sides of the pan. Pour into a buttered pan or on to a marble slab in a layer about one-eighth inch in thickness. When stiff, cut into fancy shapes and sprinkle with granulated sugar. This mixture may



Pack gifts of rich fruit-cakes and plum puddings in attractive pasteboard or metal boxes or in a poinsettia bag made of red crape paper

STERLING SAUCE

1/2 cup butter
 1 cup powdered sugar
 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract
 1/2 teaspoon vanilla
 2 tablespoons cream or milk

CREAM the butter, add sugar gradually, and milk and flavoring drop by drop to prevent a separation.

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

NO LIST of Christmas gifts would be complete without its candies. Here is a wide field. There are the candies made of fruit mixtures and pastes that make delightful gifts for children. These are perfectly wholesome food, provided they are not eaten in excess. What child would not be delighted with a gay little box of Christmas candy all his own with the privilege of dispensing hospitality to the adults of his family? One of the best candies for children is what is known as Persian Sweets.

PERSIAN SWEETS

CHOP equal parts of figs, dates, raisins and nuts and mix together. These may all be put through the meat-chopper together, using the knife for grinding nuts for nut butter. Dredge a board with confectioners' sugar and knead the mixture until it is well blended. Roll to one-third inch in thickness and cut in cubes or rounds or form into balls. Dip each in confectioners' sugar and pack in tin boxes, separating the layers with oiled paper. This mixture may also be used for stuffing dates, prunes or figs. Stuffed fruits make wholesome candy for children.

STUFFED PRUNES AND DATES

SELECT large, firm prunes. Wash well and soak for thirty minutes. Cook for fifteen minutes in boiling water. Drain and cook for forty-five minutes in the top of a double boiler over hot water. Cool, remove

be used to stuff dates and prunes; or instead of putting it into pans it may be dropped in rounds on oiled paper or it may be used to coat marshmallows.

Fruit pastes may also be made from apples and from green gage plums.

Other wholesome candies for children are those made with gelatin.

JELLY BONBONS

1 cup fruit-juice
 2 tablespoons gelatin
 Flavor
 Coloring
 3/4 cup sugar
 4 tablespoons cold water

SOAK the gelatin in the cold water. Boil the fruit-juice for ten minutes. Add the sugar and boil five minutes. Add the soaked gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Add two or three drops of flavoring and coloring as desired. Pour into shallow pans. When firm, cut in cubes and roll in granulated sugar. These cubes may also be dipped in fondant or coated with chocolate.

TURKISH MINT PASTE

3 tablespoons gelatin
 2 cups sugar
 1/2 cup water
 Oil of peppermint
 2 tablespoons lemon-juice
 Green coloring

SOAK the gelatin in one-half cup of cold water. Dissolve the sugar in one-half cup of cold water and boil twelve minutes. Remove the sirup from the fire, add the gelatin and stir until it is dissolved. Add four tablespoons of cold water and the lemon-juice. Color a light green, flavor with peppermint, pour it into a pan which has been wet with cold water and let it stand for four or five hours or overnight on the ice. Cut into squares and roll in granulated sugar.

For Orange Paste add four tablespoons of orange-juice instead of the water and the grated rind of two oranges.

CINNAMON BALLS

ANOTHER candy gift for children is a gay little jar of cinnamon balls. These are not difficult to make. This recipe is easy to recognize as a cinnamon modification of our old friend butter-scotch.

Mix one cup of sirup, two cups of sugar, one tablespoon of butter, one-eighth teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of water and one of vinegar in a saucepan and boil to 270 degrees Fahrenheit, or to a state where a teaspoonful dropped into cold water will gather into thick hard threads which will snap and which when chewed will not stick much to the teeth. This is called the medium crack stage. Add two drops of oil of cinnamon and pour into a greased pan or on a marble slab. When cool enough to handle, shape into small balls. If it becomes too stiff to handle, place in the oven for a few minutes. One tablespoon of ground cinnamon may be used instead of the oil of cinnamon, but it should be mixed with the other ingredients at the beginning instead of being added last.

BUTTER-SCOTCH LOLLYPOPS

BUTTER-SCOTCH made as described above, but omitting the cinnamon, may be made into lollypop candies by dropping from a spoon on a marble slab or other smooth surface and fastening a wooden skewer or lollypop-stick in one edge while the candy is still hot. These may be made into funny faces with currants, bits of nuts or small colored candies.

UNCOOKED FONDANT

OTHER candies which make suitable gifts for adults may be made from uncooked fondant. This is made by mixing confectioners' sugar—not powdered sugar—with either cream, egg-white, coffee, fruit-juices, ginger or maple-sirup or water in the proportion of about two tablespoons of liquid to one cup of sugar and adding flavoring and color to suit the individual taste.

The method of procedure is to put the liquid in a bowl and add the sugar gradually a teaspoon at a time, stirring until well mixed before the next addition of sugar. When the mixture is very stiff, put it on a board and knead until perfectly smooth.

This may be colored green, rose, yellow, orange or violet and flavored as desired. It can be used for stuffing dates, prunes, figs or cherries; or mixed with coconut or with chopped nuts for bonbons; or coated with chocolate or with melted fondant.

A box of mixed candy made from combinations of the above makes a very attractive gift.

Another dainty and desirable gift is a box or jar of orange or lemon sugar, which is made as follows: Wash oranges or lemons and wipe them dry. Rub the entire surface of lumps of sugar over the orange or lemon rind, then crush the blocks of sugar with a rolling-pin and rub through a coarse sieve. Pack in a gaily decorated jar with a screw-top and it is ready to be packed in its box and sent on its journey.

AFTER-DINNER MINTS

IF YOU have a friend who is fond of after-dinner mints, send her a jar of these candies, made according to this recipe:

Mix one cup of sugar, one-third cup of hot water, one-eighth teaspoon of cream of tartar and one-half teaspoon of vinegar in a saucepan. Bring to the boiling-point, carefully swab down the sides of the pan to remove all crystals and cook without stirring to 265 degrees Fahrenheit, or until a little dropped in cold water will form into a hard ball which can be dented slightly when it is removed from the water and worked between warm fingers. Pour out on an oiled platter. When cool enough to handle, pull as for taffy, doubling over and over, but do not twist. Add flavoring during the pulling. When the candy is hard, cut into small pieces, dropping them into a bowl of powdered sugar. Stir until they are well coated and pack in a glass jar.

For information regarding decorating pasteboard or metal boxes and glass jars for gifts, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Home-Makers' Department.



For washing-machine use, chip Fels-Naptha directly into the machine (see illustration) or, as some women prefer, make a soap-paste, by dissolving a bar of Fels-Naptha in a half-gallon of warm water.

Give your washing-machine the benefit of naphtha

Real naphtha—that marvelous dirt-loosener used by professional dry-cleaners—cannot be obtained in prepared-flake form. The only way, therefore, to give your washing-machine the benefit of naphtha is to make your own Fels-Naptha flakes (or soap-paste) as needed, on washday. Do this for cleaner clothes.

Wet the clothes; and either shave the Fels-Naptha directly into the washing-machine, or make a soap-paste (using your usual amount of soap); let them soak a few minutes.

The real naphtha will go through every thread, loosen the dirt for the sudsy water to flush away, then vanish—leaving the clothes clean, sweet, sanitary.

No matter how you wash clothes, Fels-Naptha will wash them cleaner, more quickly, safely and thoroughly. For Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naphtha. It is the exclusive Fels-Naptha blend of splendid soap and real naphtha in a way that brings out the best in these two great cleaners. Directions inside every wrapper.



Real naphtha! You can tell by the smell



The original and genuine naphtha soap, in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it in the convenient, ten-bar carton.

TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPHTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

MAKE THE LIVING-ROOM COMFORTABLE

So that it will become the center of the home

By Agnes Foster Wright

EACH generation contributes something to the home, and the past generation's greatest contribution was the living-room. When we changed the parlor into a living-room, we changed for the better. A living-room is primarily intended for the leisure hours of the entire family. In many instances it is the room where the children do their lessons, the womenfolk their sewing, and the master of the house his problems left over from the office or factory. It should be adequate to meet all these needs. The stiffness of the parlor, with its straight, uncomfortable, "too-good-to-be-true" chairs and its rickety tables and unlivable furniture, is no more tolerated.

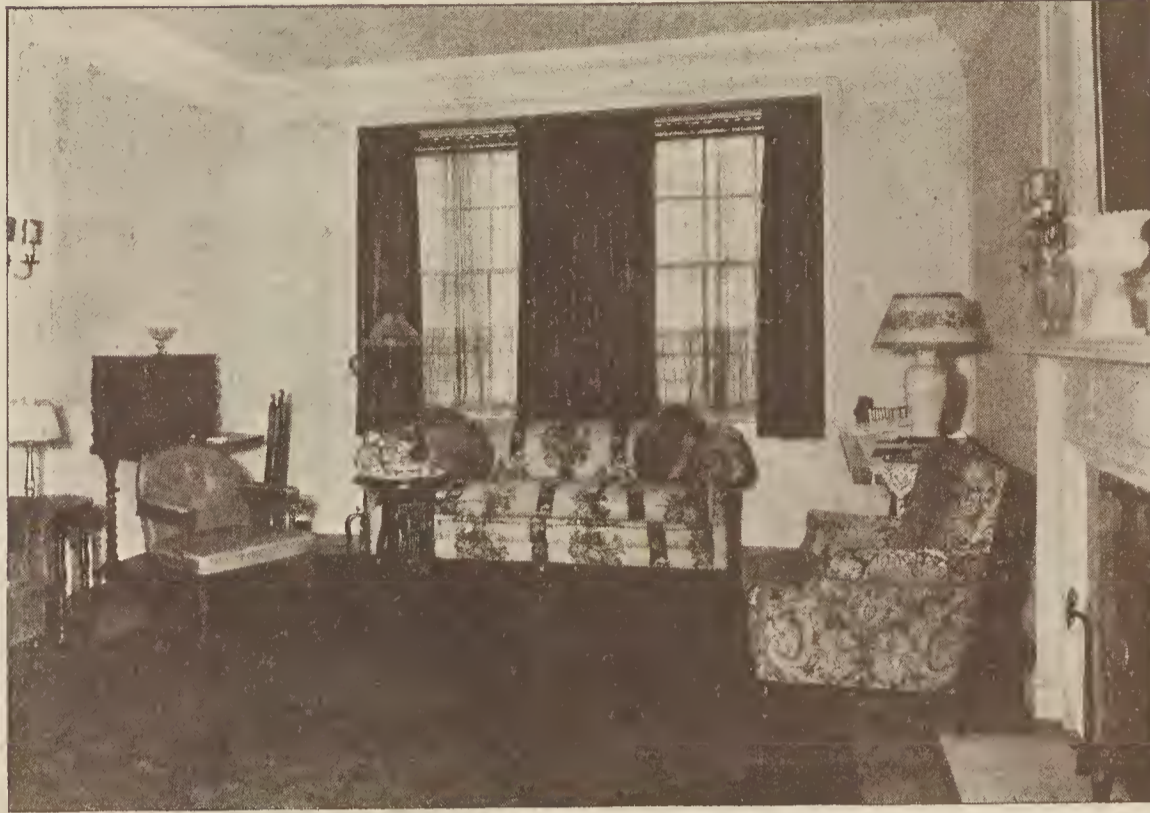
Too often we are content with a living-room that is incomplete and inharmonious. We so often go into a "sketchy" looking living-room which needs only a few hours' planning, measuring and shopping, then a day or so of painting and another day or so of upholstery.

THE living-room should not be too dainty. It should be substantial and should have comfortable chairs for the family as well as for their guests. After a good dinner, to have to sit all evening in a small straight chair, while our guests loll in the comfortable places, tends to give us a watch-the-clock eye. It is not necessary to have great, ponderous, overupholstered chairs and sofas to be seated comfortably. Few modern living-rooms are large enough for many big pieces; but there are in the market a large assortment of semi-upholstered chairs, small, movable and comfortable enough to spend the evening in.

Wicker chairs—not great, ponderous things, but small ones—are easy and inexpensive. If you are in the habit of asking four people in for dinner and there are three grown-ups in the family, plan to have one sofa seating two or three, two good-sized chairs, two small wickers, and a little low wicker, which in the daytime may be used in the bedroom. For cards, one can always rely upon the dining-room chairs.

From the artistic point of view, we are very apt to get our rooms too "leggy." If we look around a room and see nothing but a succession of more or less spindly legs rising from the carpet, we get a great feeling of restlessness—nothing looks substantial. We must have large masses of color near the floor to get a solid, comfortable look. One only has to try this to appreciate the effect. When arranging the living-room, see that the large masses are distributed as to size and as to color so that the room is balanced.

If the mantelpiece is heavy, put a large sofa or a large table and chair on the opposite side of the room. If you have three large pieces of furniture to be placed, consider each carefully, as to comfort and practicability, and



It is always well to have a lamp at each end of a sofa; either two lamps on a long table back of the sofa or one lamp on a small table and a standing lamp at the other end



The living-room should not be too dainty. It should be substantial and have comfortable chairs for the family as well as for their guests

distribute on three sides and corners of the room. So often we find a room where everything is huddled around the fireplace or one large window.

CREATE groups with the furniture so that there are usually two chairs and one table with a lamp in the group. A comfortable group is made up of one large chair, a small low table for a magazine or smoking things, and a high standing lamp over the chair. This gives a secluded spot for reading or sewing.

It is always well to have a lamp at each end of a sofa; either have two on a long table back of it or one lamp on a small sofa-end table and a standing lamp at the other end. A standing lamp with a shelf around it answers the purpose of lamp and table, and, either stained or painted to match the furniture, makes an excellent living-room accessory.

The old-fashioned round table, with the lamp, around which the entire family gathered on an evening has disappeared, mainly on account of the introduction of electricity. Floor-plug openings are very inexpensive to install, particularly when the house is under construction and the walls and floors are open. It is well to have more of these than perhaps seem necessary at first. The wall outlets must be very carefully placed, as they are permanent and break up the wall. In the dining-room they are a necessity, but in the living-room we can rely entirely upon lamps and possibly a center fixture. When there are old people or children in the family, a center fixture is a great help. It lights the entire room thoroughly.

There are some colors that are safe and sure for living-rooms, and some off the beaten track that are very interesting and make a charming room if carefully handled.

All shades of light browns and tans are splendid for walls, floors and woodwork. The woodwork should be a tone lighter, except where the room is very much broken up with door and window openings. In this case keep the walls and woodwork the same color so as not to accentuate the openings; the room will then appear larger and more restful.

A pretty combination with tan walls is furniture with a deep-rose and Alice-blue figured cretonne with a cream background. Also cover two small pieces in a two-toned rose stripe or check material, and one large chair in blue velvet. For curtains get a repp or silk of changeable blue and tan and edge with rose-and-blue fringe. On the table use a pair of deep-rose lamps with plaited shades of plain tan chintz and a rose binding. For another lamp get a wooden standard and paint it brown and dull gold and use a blue-gauze shade lined with orange to give it a warm light.

Concluded on page 80



For a living-room in the country, have the walls painted a deep cream and the floor a leaf green



Make chintz or other curtains generously wide and line them; these precautions lengthen their life



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The New Hall of Fame of Concert and Operatic Stars

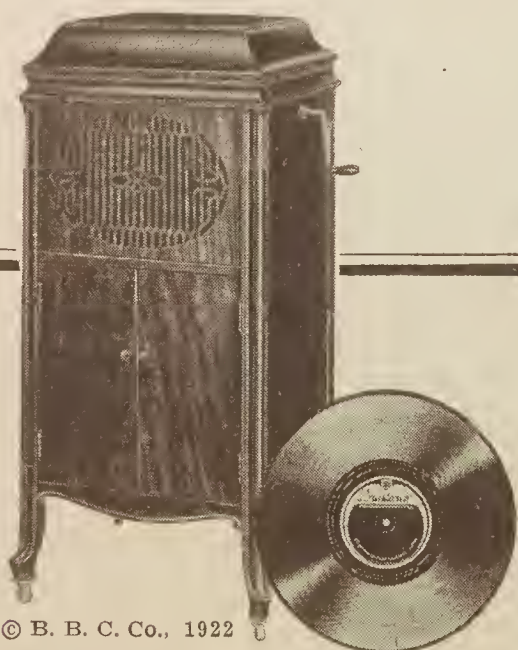
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CATCH 'EM YOUNG!

By Celia Caroline Cole



THERE is a new, exciting instrument of beauty making itself known to this needy old world. People call it a color organ. It doesn't make as much as one sound, but it's an organ all the same, and expresses such loveliness of color and form and movement that when one goes to its recitals he finds himself crying and gasping and emotionally digging his nails into his palms. One woman near us groaned aloud again and again. And we, ourself, now and then, rained steady tears down on our lap, and at other times we smiled the fatuous smile of a perfectly new baby watching a curtain bellying in the wind. We were profoundly stirred and gloriously released. And so was everybody else.

And when the man who conceived this organ was asked by some utilitarian what it was for, his serene answer was: "Beauty."

And there it is. Beauty. And it is nothing else. Just beauty. And it plays on every audience that comes to it as if they were wind-harps and it was the wind. Oh, my friends of this funny world, beauty is getting back its place in the scale! In this new place to live in we're building, beauty is going to be 'way up at the top.

So, mothers, we've got to start right in and make a race worthy to live in it.

MOST of us who have children think if we can keep them "neat 'n' clean" and are careful not to get colors that make them look yellow or red or pale, and to consider their types a little bit as to whether they're the ruffly kind or the tailored, we've done our whole duty as to externals.

Of course, we all read all the books we can on child psychology, and learn to think a long time before we use the hair-brush top side down, or to say: "I am your parent. Do it because I said you should." We don't do that. We're in earnest about bringing them up to be the right sort of humans.

And yet there isn't a single good book on child psychology that doesn't talk about beauty in relation to the child; there isn't a mother in the world who hasn't seen her child go out invariably to beauty and draw back from ugliness. They're quick to see beauty, even when it's away inside of somebody and grown-ups can't see it at all.

There is always the difficulty, we admit, of keeping a beautiful balance between vanity and self-consciousness and teaching a child to care for the beauty in her little person.

All one really needs, of course, is ordinary sense. Treat the child as if she were a human being. Show your own appreciation of beauty, discuss it with her, get her ideas on the concrete thing you're talking about.

If she herself is a beauty, take it for granted; and when you see the first sign of "preening" and self-consciousness in her, laugh at it, and make her laugh with you before you're through. Show her what the peacock does and then what the scarlet tanager does. And tell her in a story she'll

There isn't one woman out of a hundred who couldn't be better looking, more charming, more lovable, if she would give a little thought to it. If you need advice write to Celia Caroline Cole, Editor of the Beauty Department of THE DELINEATOR, whose mission in life is to help other women to be happier. Don't forget to enclose a stamp for her reply

never forget how people look at the peacock and admire his tail but make fun of him, but how they look at the scarlet tanager and hold their breath and are glad anew at the beauty and wonder of the God that is back of stars and floating, feather-boa clouds, and trees and poppies and music, and that lovely little unconscious scarlet bird. Don't tell her that beauty is nothing, because that isn't true. Beauty is of God, and it's here for a purpose. Lots of people have it, lots of things have it, and wherever it is it is always something to be glad about and to protect from every kind of desecration.

If she isn't a beauty, don't tell her so—she'll find it out soon enough herself—but set about making her beautiful. You'd do that to your dress or your house. Why do you let your child just drift?

Don't do any of the artificial things. We know of mothers who put soap or salt water on their children's hair when they curl it, to make it stay in curl longer. That isn't building for beauty: it's pampering your own vanity—you want a pretty child and you don't care whether or not she has to pay for it later. She will pay for it—at a time when she is sensitive about her plainness and about life and about everything. You, at forty, can bear ugly hair or misshapen nails or having no eyelashes much better than your daughter can at fourteen. You've gathered up a bit of philosophy on the way; you know that nobody has everything, that nothing in this world ever has everything. But your daughter at fourteen doesn't know that; she knows only that she is unattractive and that it makes all the difference in the world. It does, too!

JUST take a look at your child when she's three or four and make a note of the things which look like permanent imperfections. If her hair isn't fluffy and alive-looking, it's time to start in and give it a little help. There are only one or two tonics that are good for children's hair, but these very few good ones will strengthen it and give it life. The most important thing you can do is to be sure that the little top-knot is brushed at least one hundred strokes a day, brushing it up away from the scalp. Count out loud—it seems to make life easier for them. Wash the hair once a week if you live in a city, once every two weeks or once a month if you live where it is clean. A cleansing tonic can be used with perfect safety even on a baby's head, but for little babies pour it through cotton.

Very often a child's hair is lank because she

has dandruff. Make sure about that. There is a dandruff, you know, that scarcely can be detected, it clings so closely to the scalp. If the hair continues to be lifeless in spite of brushing and careful washing with pure Castile soap, take your child to the best hair specialist you know and get a diagnosis. There are a few good dandruff cures, but don't experiment with any you don't know about absolutely.

Rubbing olive-oil or petroleum jelly on the scalp is very good for the hair; it will not darken blond hair unless it has a tendency to get dark anyway. If you must have curly hair on your baby's head and the Lord gave her straight, do it up on rags or some of the new soft patent curlers. Don't ever curl it on the iron; it looks fuzzy and it ruins her hair.

WHEN the child is bathed or washed just before going to bed, take a soft dry towel and rub the scalp and the hair as if it had had a shampoo; then brush. While we're on the subject of hair, there is that little matter of eyelashes. It seems to us that all the famous beauties of the world had eyelashes that made everybody who looked at them practically lose their mind. What this power of eyelashes is we don't know—we've never had that kind; but there *is* something startling and exciting and full of "stuff that dreams are made of" about gloriously long, thick, upcurling eyelashes. You're mostly born with them, but just every-day eyelashes can be made fascinating enough if one begins early. The safest thing is to cut them. It is not very easy to do and one can't possibly be too careful, but if you have a steady baby who will "listen to reason" and sit still, it is not a bad idea to clip them about twice a year. Cut only the very least bit off the very edges.

Then as to eyebrows: Eyebrows in children should be groomed if they haven't a naturally beautiful line. Brush them carefully every day along the line you want them to grow. We know a pair of the loveliest eyebrows imaginable, and the woman who owns them says that her mother made them—that they were not born that way, that her mother began brushing and grooming them when she was a wee baby. And here they are at forty, exquisite, lovely, a joy to look upon.

Children from twelve up should not be allowed to suffer from superfluous hair on arms or legs, or down on the upper lip. They do suffer when they have it. There are perfectly safe ways of destroying superfluous hair.

Wee babies sometimes form a little habit

of lying with their ears doubled over, and then they grow up with misshapen ears; or perhaps they form a habit of pulling their ears. Don't let them do it. There are little ear-caps one can buy which keep the ears where and what they were meant to be. Of course, it is not very comfortable wearing them, but it is more comfortable than wearing hideous ears all the rest of your days.

Eyes should have daily care from the time children are born. When they're tiny, take care that the eyes are protected from the sun. When they are older and live in cities, see that they have an eye-bath with the rest of the going-to-bed bath. Then as soon as a child can understand, teach her how to consciously relax her eyes to rest them—to think deep, velvety black when she shuts them up, and to think a smile so that all the little strain around the eyes is released. That "think a smile" is good for her mouth, too. Ever so many children sleep with their mouths drawn down—perhaps they have found the world too pathetic, or they were born with a tendency to droop instead of to stand up and fight.

Finger and toe nails should have care from the start, also. If the nails are inclined to turn up, get little caps and insist on the child wearing them until that tendency is overcome. There are so few beautiful hands and feet in the world, and it's because so few hands and feet have had intelligent care. At least three times a week put a little cold-cream on your child's cuticle, and then, with an orange-stick, gently push back the skin. If mothers would do this and teach the child while she's doing it that it is just as much a part of taking care of herself as is brushing the teeth, lovely hands wouldn't be so rare. If the child's fingers are square rather than oval or pointed, file the nails into the shape you desire, not the shape of the finger-ends. Don't cut nails—file them. And never cut a child's cuticle. Soften it with cold-cream and push it back.

FEET should be considered just as essential to beauty as hands or face. Proper care of the nails, intelligent shoeing and careful position of the feet in walking will help in keeping them beautiful. Toeing in, toeing out, fallen arches—all those things should be taken the instant they are noticed to the best orthopedist or chiropodist that you know. People should walk like flowers blowing in the wind, but almost nobody does. Never, never let your child wear shoes that are too short—it's criminal. Throw them away when they become too short, even if they are almost new. Please realize how vital it is that a child is properly shod, so that the foot is left free. Don't let a child form a habit of walking heavily; teach her the meaning of the ball of her foot. And if you can send her early to dancing-school, she will not only learn freedom and grace of body, but poise of mind as well.

Concluded on page 81

A Startling New Discovery About Our Teeth

Did you know that our teeth have millions of tiny openings? Destructive acids enter these tiny openings, causing decay. Remarkable new dentifrice, perfected after seven years' research and clinical observation, fills up these openings—thus solidifying—calcifying—the teeth, and makes it possible to counteract tooth decay.

SCIENCE has made a great new discovery—a discovery which promises to revolutionize present-day methods of caring for the teeth.

Up to now, cleaning and polishing the teeth and stimulating the flow of saliva have been the accepted methods of caring for the teeth.

Now, however, a method has been discovered, and embodied in a delightful tooth paste, which not only does these two things—but accomplishes a result that has never even been attempted in the dentifrice field.

This new discovery effectively counteracts tooth decay by actually *solidifying* and *hardening* the teeth!

Why Children's Teeth Decay

The teeth are not solid stones, as is generally supposed. They contain millions of tiny openings. Even the enamel, the hardest tissue in the body, is porous to a surprising degree.

The teeth of children are especially porous. For this reason they are very susceptible to decay. As they grow older the teeth should naturally become harder, more solid and more resistant to decay. This solidifying and hardening is brought about by the action of a tooth building and repairing substance in the saliva. The teeth, being porous, absorb the saliva carrying this substance in a carbon dioxide solution. By the simple process of evaporation of this carbon dioxide in the saliva, this solidifying substance is deposited within the tooth structure, and hardens.

Frequently children's teeth, instead of undergoing this solidifying and hardening, undergo a rapid process of softening and disintegration. The teeth, being porous, will absorb harmful acids, which disintegrate the teeth, just as readily as they absorb substances which solidify the teeth.

Unless the solidifying action of the saliva is sufficient to counteract the disintegrating action of destructive acids, the teeth will decay. This solidifying substance in the saliva is known as calcium phosphate.

Why Teeth Decay During Pregnancy

It is known that the percentage of calcium phosphate in the blood and in the saliva is lower during pregnancy and the period of nursing than at other times. Consequently, the calcium phosphate supply of the saliva available for tooth repair is not always sufficient to replace the inevitable destruction of the teeth, caused by food acids and acid fermentation in the mouth.

The New Way to Prevent Tooth Decay

Hundreds of experiments prove that when the saliva is rich in calcium phosphate, tooth decay is rare. On the other hand, when the saliva is deficient in calcium phosphate, tooth decay is extremely common.

Indeed, laboratory experiments prove that when an extracted, porous tooth is treated daily for thirty days

with saliva of one free from tooth decay, it undergoes marked solidification, as is shown in the accompanying illustration. (See Fig. II.)

Mr. Ruthrauff believed that, if the saliva of one free from tooth decay had such a concentration of calcifying or solidifying substance that a porous tooth could be partially solidified in thirty days, it would be possible to develop a solution of this substance, which would completely solidify a porous tooth. He also believed it would be possible to incorporate such a solution in a tooth paste, which would assist the saliva in its chief function—the calcification of the teeth as a means of counteracting tooth decay.

After seven years of research, in which he discovered how the saliva performs this solidifying—or calcifying—action, he was able to develop a tooth paste which possesses marvelous calcifying or solidifying properties. (Compare Fig. III with Fig. II.)

This product is known as the Calcifying Tooth Paste—ACIDENT.

ACIDENT The Perfect Dentifrice

A number of years ago Mr. Ruthrauff developed and patented a tooth paste which today is universally recognized as one of the most efficient cleansers and polishers of tooth surfaces known. ACIDENT is the culmination of seven years of additional research, and embodies new agencies, remarkable for the quickness with which they clean and polish the teeth. ACIDENT contains no grit or harsh abrasives. ACIDENT is a most delightful dentifrice, with a new, refreshing flavor. It is different from every other tooth paste, and there is a scientific reason for every difference. ACIDENT enjoys the highest scientific endorsement.

Note the Rapid Results

No matter how thoroughly you care for your teeth, you will be surprised at the quickness with which ACIDENT cleans and polishes. If your teeth are sensitive to heat or cold, sweets or acids, you will find that, in a short time, this sensitiveness will disappear as the porous surfaces become solidified or calcified. Calcified teeth acquire a characteristic polish and lustre which it is impossible to impart to soft, chalky and porous teeth, until they have been calcified. For your teeth's sake, and for the sake of your children's teeth, introduce ACIDENT into your home today.

Most druggists already have ACIDENT. If yours does not, fill out the attached coupon now, and mail it today. We will see that you are promptly supplied with a large size tube. Once you have used a full tube of ACIDENT, you will always use this tooth paste which counteracts tooth decay.



How ACIDENT Solidifies Teeth

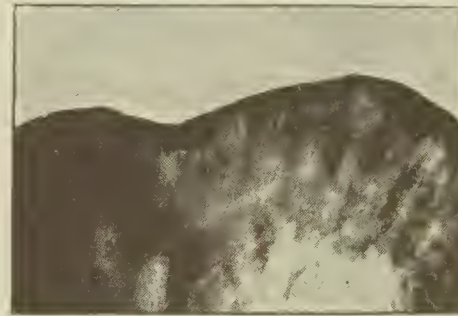


Fig. I. The above is a microphotograph of a cross section of tooth enamel of a naturally porous tooth. Note the dark area. This shows the porous structure. It is this dark porous area that absorbs the acids which disintegrate the teeth.

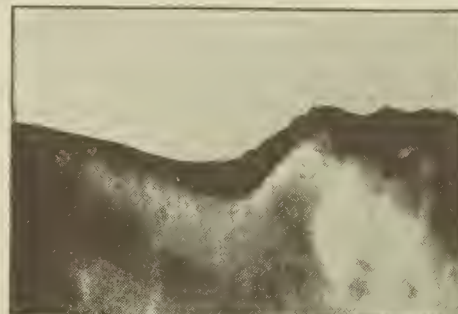


Fig. II. This is another section of the same tooth, which had been treated for thirty days with the saliva of a person free from tooth decay. Note the light area, showing how the saliva has partially solidified the tooth.

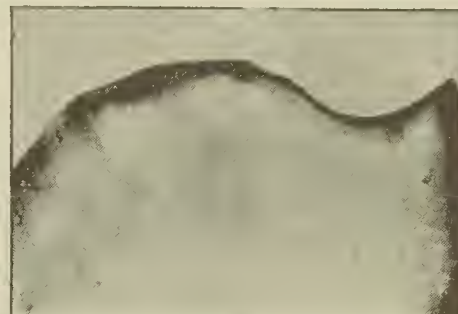
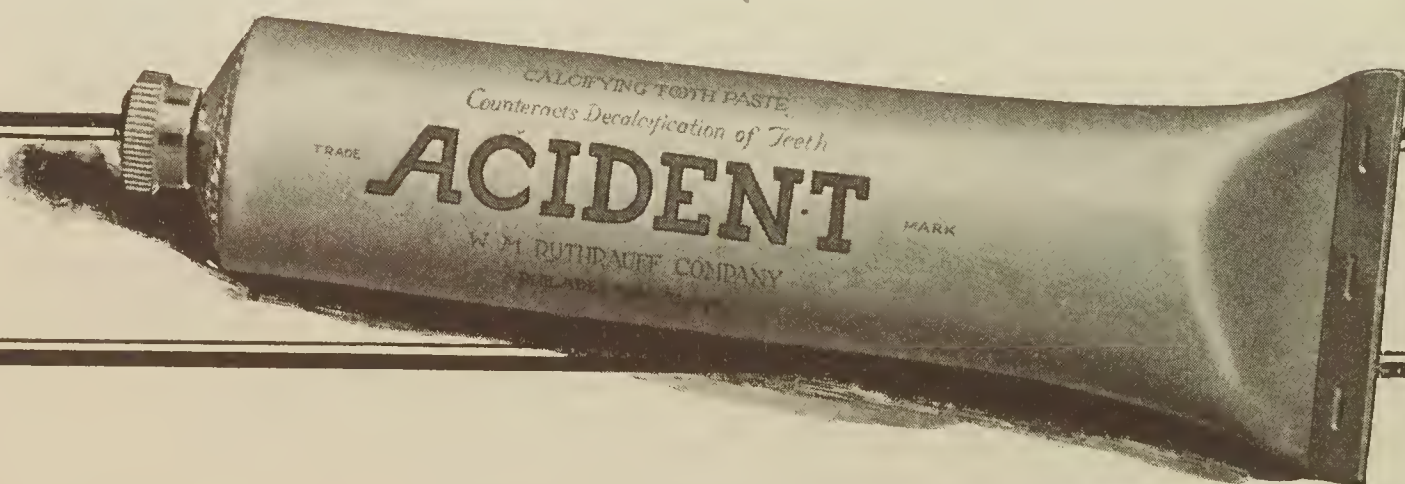


Fig. III. This is a third section of the same tooth, which has been treated for thirty days with saliva and ACIDENT. Note how the tooth has become almost completely solidified, as indicated by the larger white area. This convincingly illustrates how ACIDENT solidifies and hardens the teeth, so as to prevent the penetration of destructive acids.



W. M. RUTHRAUFF CO.
2212 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Enclosed find fifty cents, for which please send me a large Tube of ACIDENT.

Druggist's Name _____

Address _____

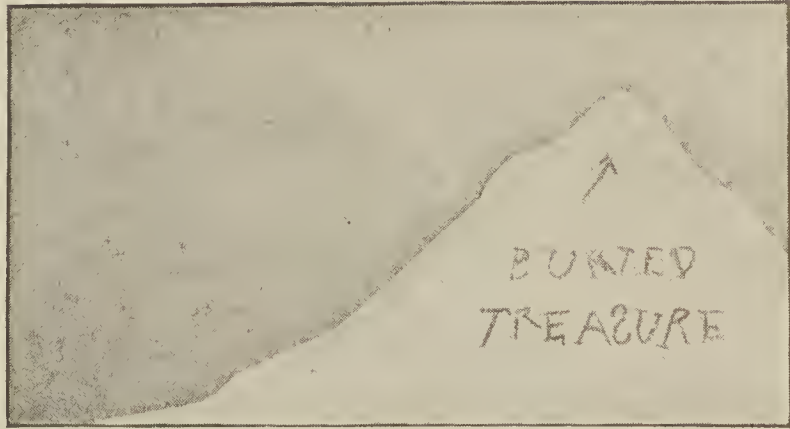
My Name _____

Address _____

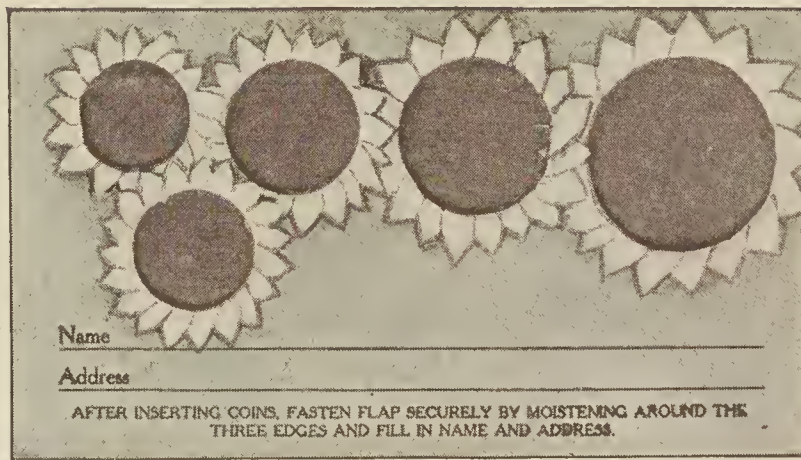
CASH CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR THE KIDDIES

A dozen ways to make money presents attractive

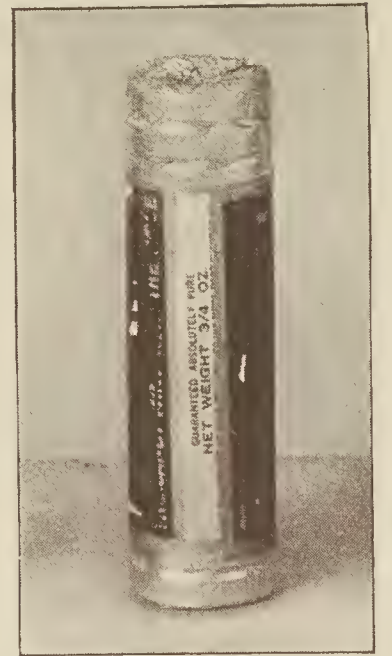
By E. H. Hall



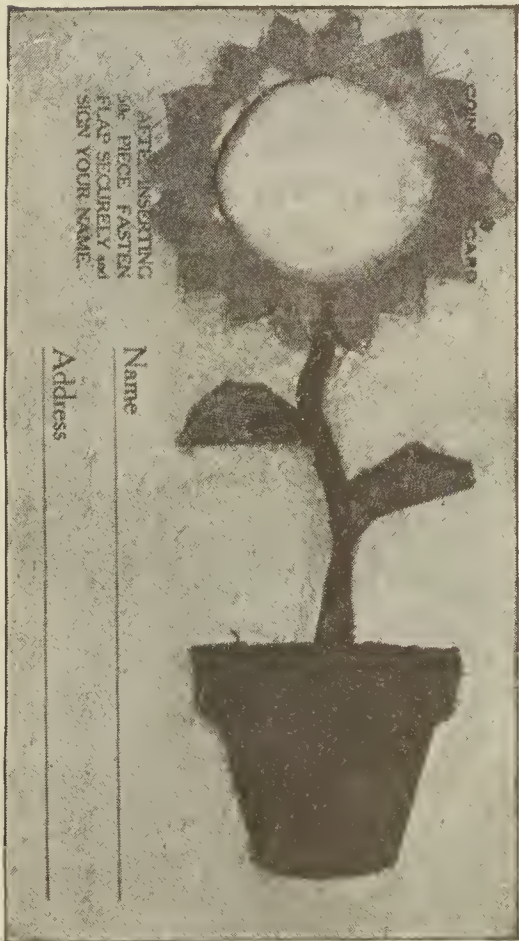
Between the sand-hill (of yellow blotting-paper) and the blue sky lurks a folded bill. Directions read: "Here 'tis hid-oh Captain Kidd-o!"



Yellow paper transformed this coin-card, holding five coins. On the back is written: "Polly won't like these sunflower-seeds, But they may serve to fill your needs."



Not a package of mints, but a roll of pennies from the bank, with this verse: "Fresh from the mint Without a dint."



From mother's scrap-bag blooms this exotic flower. The verse reads: "The 'fifti-centus' flower blows In banks, whereon the fresh mint grows."



Pennies surround the base of this tree of fortune, and the verse reads: "Unto my roots you need not bore To strike a rich brown copper ore."



A nickel bought this red-and-white basket to conceal coin for a small girl. "Your dolls will find me, tip to top, Well lined and useful when they shop."



Black-velvet puss, pasted on a coin-card, bears this message: "The Silver-Face, a priceless cat From Washington, his habitat."



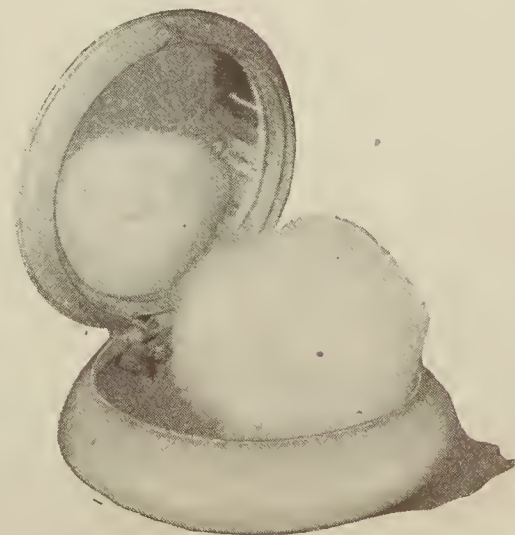
It's a faked cracker, with a green bill inside wrapped in this motto: "Fortune holds surprise for you Long and precious, green and new."



A battered dollar bill is slipped inside of an ordinary envelope. It does not take an artist to copy "Ole Bill" and the legend that goes with him.



A shiny fake apple disgorges coins and this verse: "Explore me to my magic rind— It's not just clouds are silver-lined."



The small girl finds two fifty-cent pieces under the puff, and: "Powder? For you! 'Twould not be sense, But you can use some common cents."



Her skirt is a dollar bill, her face a fifty-cent piece; her verse says: "My face is not unknown to you, My skirt is old—and yet it's new."



Keep Christmas with a Kodak

While far too excited to dress, little Jane has popped into bed again to pose for a picture with mother's new Kodak.

And that only starts the fun. Even now father and Uncle Stan are renewing their youth in a snowball fight—and there's another picture.

Kodak is a gift that slips out of the holiday box into the spirit of Christmas.

Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak City*

A DICTIONARY OF CHRISTMAS GIFTS

By Grace R. Smith

THE best of Christmas shopping should be done long before the purchase is made. Every gift, no matter how slight its actual value, will be twice welcome if it shows thoughtfulness. The surest way to choose a present that will be liked is, of course, to fill some definite wish of the one to whom you are giving. Or a friendly and loving study of the empty places in the room, on the dressing-table or even in the wardrobe of a dear friend will call to mind a gift that will just fill a need or just meet a desire.

One thoughtful shopper never buys or makes a Christmas present to give away which she would not like to keep for herself. As her friends are of her own age and of similar taste, her gifts, though inexpensive, are always a source of real pleasure.

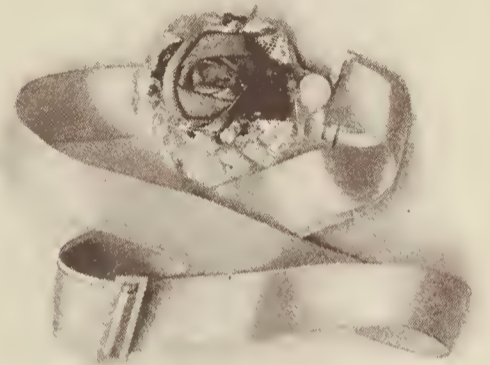
But this is not always a safe rule. When you make your Christmas list, think of each friend's tastes. Is she especially dainty? Then she will probably like pretty trifles—sachets, padded coat-hangers, dainty boxes and cases for holding clothing and toilet accessories. Does your friend like some game or sport? Then special clothes or accessories suggest themselves. Does she take a special pride in entertaining? Then a new smart salad-bowl, a set of iced-tea glasses or fruit-compote glasses will please her. If she likes peasant china, a quaint dish or pitcher of Brittany, Czecho-Slovakia or other peasant ware will please her.

Does she spend a great deal of time over her housework? If so, nothing that will lighten her labors will be too plain to be welcome, for a gift of labor-saving equipment is a gift of time and freedom.

The way a friend is living often will suggest a gift. Almost any one who is boarding,

choosing children's gifts. She projects her mind back to their ages and conjures up her own desires at that age. To her self-questioning: "When I was ten years old, just Janet's age, what was it that I wanted most of all, and didn't get?" The answer came, "A comb, brush and mirror of my very own, and a bottle of toilet-water." And these prized gifts to Janet were as leaven amidst a heavy assortment of plain handkerchiefs, stockings and hair ribbons perfunctorily selected by not so discerning relatives.

Useful gifts, by all means, should have a preferred place on every Christmas list, but such gifts should not fail to have some



A strong ribbon baby-carriage strap, with a pretty rosette, is a dainty gift

festive touch about them. If your gift to a friend is a handkerchief, then let it be a better handkerchief than any she would be likely to buy for herself. A single fine linen one, with a monogram, is usually to be preferred to several less sheer linen ones as a Christmas present, because it gives the luxury touch that makes the gift Christmassy. A bottle of perfume too extravagant for every-day use, a box of long-coveted toilet-soap, a jar of fancy preserves or a decorated metal box of candy too expensive to be thought of as a present to oneself, the luxury of a silk dress, a bit of dainty silk underwear to complete a more prosaic supply of nainsook—such gifts as these often indicate a sympathetic choice.

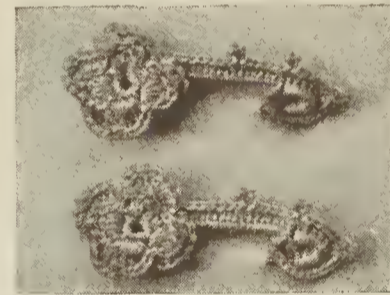
The following Christmas-gift lists may prove suggestive—

GIFTS FOR WOMEN

PERSONAL GIFTS FOR WOMEN

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| Jewelry | Gloves |
| Silk stockings | Monogrammed handkerchiefs |
| Beaded bag | Parasol |
| Mesh bag | Leather engagement book |
| Dainty lingerie | Evening slippers |
| Silk or crêpe negligée | Silk petticoat |
| Bedroom slippers | Jersey bloomers |
| Wardrobe trunk | Veils |
| Hand-bag | Brooch |
| Suitcase | Manicure set |
| Toilet-lotions | Vanity case |
| Luxurious toilet-soaps | Opera-glasses |
| Scented bath-salts | Hair ornament |
| Perfume | |
| Sports stockings | |

Concluded on page 56



Dainty lingerie pins are made of small safety-pins covered with a crocheted top

even if it be in an expensive hotel, likes a gift of some delicacy to eat between meals. In fact, almost any one who is fond of the good things of the table will be pleased with some unusual dainty, such as a glass of *bar le duc* or guava jelly.

It is always hard to find gifts for a man, yet if he has some favorite sport or hobby—if he motors, plays cards, travels, smokes or gardens—you can think of many accessories, tools, books, magazines and even clothing, that will please him. Do not give a man cigars, cigarets or tobacco unless you know his tastes, or unless you can give him a brand that is so luxurious that practically any man will like it. If you must give him a necktie, notice the colors he usually wears and buy something that will conform with his tastes.

One woman is particularly successful with



26-Piece Set in Black Leatherette Case, Grey Velveteen Lining, with Hollow Handle Knives \$41.25; with Solid Handle Knives \$35.00. Teaspoons \$4.00—set of six.

Your Search for the Perfect Gift Ends Here!

HEIRLOOM PLATE is so beautiful—so rich in character, design and finish—that it carries with it a certain pride of possession. You will know the real joy of giving when you select Heirloom Plate as your Christmas remembrance.

Heirloom Plate is guaranteed for 100 years—which is effective evidence of its unchanging quality.

Two superb patterns, the ADELPHI and the CARDINAL—in attractive gift boxes. The selection is a matter of individual taste. Only at good stores. Literature and name of the Heirloom Plate store nearest you upon request.

WM. A. ROGERS, LTD., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

New York Chicago San Francisco Toronto

Heirloom Plate

From Generation to Generation



Baby bunny slippers of white corduroy, with pink silk-floss eyes and a tuft of white fur for a tail



© E. & B. CO. 1922

Then you may say, "I have chosen well"

— when the gift you tuck away in the dark green branches of the tree is "Onyx." No one ever has too many pairs of silk stockings. For men there are rich "Onyx" dress sox of heavy silk. And for women what more delightful than a pair of "Onyx Pointex"? These beautiful stockings are cunningly wrought to add beauty to the prettiest of ankles.

"Onyx" Hosiery

Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

Note: If you are doubtful what size hose to get, the shoe size will indicate the proper stocking.

	Women's sizes						Men's sizes						
A person wearing a shoe this size—	13½-1-1½	2-2½-3	3½-4-4½	5-5½-6	6½-7-7½	8	5	6	7-8	9	10	11	12
will wear a stocking this size—	8	8½	9	9½	10	10½	9	9½	10	10½	11	11½	12

Emery & Beers Company, Inc.

Wholesale Distributors

New York

A DICTIONARY OF
CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Concluded from page 54



Whoever has none will appreciate a decorative waste-paper basket for his room

GIFTS FOR BABY

Bathtub	Silver fork, spoon and pusher
Bath-table	Carriage robe and fancy carriage strap
Bath toys	Bonnet-boxes
Bath thermometer	Scales and weight-card
Crib	Small hot-water bottle with cover
Play pen	Music rattle
Chair	Six small handkerchiefs
Baby wardrobe	
Large blanket pins	
Lingerie pins	
Baby dishes	
Stockinette doll	
Baby record book	

GIFTS FOR MEN

Shirt-studs and cuff-links	Cigaret-box
Silk muffler	Cigaret-case
Sports waistcoat	Umbrella
Gloves	Flash-light
Silk cravats	Fountain pen
Evening shoes	Travel-case containing a hair-brush and comb
House slippers	Clothes-brush and hat-brush
House robe or smoking-jacket	Paper-knife
Wallet or bill-case	Bedside reading-lamp
Key-ring case	Address-book
Leather case for toilet-lotions	Ivory shoe-horn
Military brushes	Pocket set of tools
Tobacco-jar	Pocket drinking-cup
Tabourette or tray for pipes	Vacuum desk bottle, tray and glass
Smoking-stand	

CONVENIENT HOME GIFTS

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Vacuum cleaner	Iron
Toaster	Heater
Percolator	Lamp
Chafing-dish	Curling-iron
Washing-machine	Waffle-iron

FOR THE KITCHEN

Porcelain table with swinging stool	Ice-cream freezer
Pressure or fireless cooker	Pretty dish-towels
Oven thermometer	Pan holders
Oven heat-regulator	Kitchen knives
Kitchen cabinet	Kitchen shears
Casserole	Oven glass baking-dishes
Cooking utensils	Refrigerator
	Brushes and mops

FOR THE DINING-ROOM

Mirror	Breakfast-tray
Nest of tables	Table bell
Serving-table	Chimes
Tea-wagon	Silverware
Muffin-stand	China muffin-dishes
Silver sugar-tongs	Doily sets

FOR LIVING-ROOM

Gate-leg table	Wall clock
Comfortable armchair	Driftwood crystals for an open fire
Phonograph and records	Andirons and wood-basket
Davenport or day-bed	Book-ends
Reading-lamp	Waste-paper basket
Footstool	

FOR THE HALL

Table	Low-boy
Mirror	Clock
Straight chair	Vase

FOR THE BOUDOIR

Eider-down quilt	Frame for photograph
Appliqué or embroidered bedspread	Sewing-table
Comforter or pair of blankets	Sewing-basket
Dresser set in silver, ivory or amber	Lacquer boxes
Small pillow for shoulders	Draperies
	Reading-lamp
	Bedside sets
	Cedar chest

FOR THE BATHROOM

Fancy bath towels and mats	Shower
Embroidered face-towels	Medicine-cabinet
Hot-water bottle	Complete set of nickel bathroom-racks

GIFTS FOR GIRLS

Party dress	Puppy, kitten, canary or bowl of goldfish (if child's parents do not object)
Silk socks or stockings	Pretty dressing-table
Dress slippers	Diary
Monogrammed handkerchiefs	(See also personal gifts for women)
Dainty underwear	
Ring	
Coin purse	
Manicure set	
Books	

GIFTS FOR BOYS

Baseballs and bat	Sports shoes
Hockey-stick	Boy Scout suit
Camera	Rubber boots
Bicycle	Bob-sled
Penknife	Sweater
Radio outfit	Books
	(See gifts for men and sportsmen)

Christmas Comfort
for Everyone

HERE'S a gift you may always feel sure of. It pleases everyone. And 'round the tree on Christmas morn, Capitol Felt Slippers will bring exclamations of delight from those fortunate enough to find them among their gifts.

For Mother—in her favorite color and of high quality, soft felt—you'll find Capitol Slippers in a number of designs. Why not give two or three pairs in shades to match her negligees—you'll find a wide variety to select from. She'll appreciate the style and comfort of these delightful slippers more than anyone.

For Daddy—sensible, sane slippers for father are Capitol Felt Slippers for men. Made in conservative colors and designs, from the finest of felt.

For the Youngster—the cold and snow make children's feet chilled and damp. How easily they adopt the good habit of changing to Capitol Felt Bootees. These unusual slippers are good looking, comfortable and warm. Built to withstand the wear and tear of youth's activity.

Remember all Capitol Felt Slipper Soles are lined with the super-fine Lamb's Wool of the famous Capitol Soles—known since grandmother's day for their wonderful white, fleecy, downy comfort—and leather outer soles of unusual flexibility.

Reasonably priced at shoe stores—department stores—and general stores—everywhere.

The Wiley-Bickford-Sweet
Company

Worcester, Mass. Hartford, Conn.



WASHINGTON



PARIS



TOKIO



Look for this trade mark stamped on the sole of every genuine Capitol Felt Slipper.

Also found on the Capitol Lamb's Wool Sole—for women who "knit their own."

CAPITOL SLIPPERS

For all the Family



A bodkin-and-doll card wound with lingerie tape is a simple and useful gift

Face Pores Give Up Their Poisons To New Magnetic Clay!

Men and Women Amazed as New Discovery Almost Instantly Reveals a Hidden Beauty.

NEVER before has the attainment of a smooth, clear, beautiful complexion been as simple, as inexpensive as now. Anyone can now have a fine-textured skin, radiant with the fresh coloring of youth, smooth and firm as a child's. In only 30 minutes, mind you! In one short half-hour you can have a brand-new, beautiful complexion!

It seems almost magical! Tired lines, enlarged pores, sallowness—all vanish. Blackheads and pimpleheads are lifted right away. Hidden beauty that you never dreamed you possessed is brought to the surface.

What Is This New Kind of Magic?

It's all very simply explained. The face is covered with millions of tiny pores, through which Nature intended impurities to be expelled. But when dust, bits of dead skin, and other harmful accumulations clog these tiny pores, the impurities cannot escape. The skin becomes dull, coarse, colorless. Soon poisons form in the stifled pores, and blackheads and pimples make their appearance.

Ordinary methods cannot relieve this condition. Water clears the surface of the skin, but cannot get at the tiny mass of impurities and accumulations *beneath the surface*—the bits of poison that are hidden away in the pores that are causing all the trouble. Massage may help temporarily, but stretches the skin and eventually causes wrinkles.

Only now, after years of research and experiment, has the positive, natural way been found to relieve the condition of clogged pores *at once*. Certain elements, when combined in just-right proportions, have been found to possess a remarkable potency which acts on the face pores as a magnet acts on a bit of steel. These elements have been blended into a fragrant, cream-like clay which is as easy and pleasant to use as a face powder.

Each particle of this amazing new kind of clay is like a tiny, invisible magnet. When you apply the clay to your face, it seems almost as though millions of tiny magnets were drawing the pore-poisons and accumulations to the surface, absorbing them, lifting away the blackheads and eruptions. The feeling is one of physical relief—refreshing and invigorating.

How to Use Domino Complexion Clay

That's what it is called, this remarkable discovery—Domino Complexion Clay. It is applied with the tips of the fingers, just as an ordinary cream would be applied. You may read or relax while it is doing its wonderful work. In a few moments it will dry and harden into a fragrant mask. There will be a cool, tingling feeling as the tiny pores awaken, and as the magnetic clay draws the clogged-up impurities to the surface.

In a half-hour, remove the clay. With it you will re-



Gentle as the touch of a fairy's wand, powerful as the influence of a magnet, is the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay. As though the fairy-wand had touched each clogged-up pore, the poisons and impurities are released. And as though each particle of the clay were a tiny magnet, these poisons and accumulations are drawn to the surface, instantly lifted away, absorbed.

move every blackhead and pimplehead, every pore-poison and impurity, every bit of dust, dirt and dead skin. Your complexion will be transformed.

It will have the soft texture, the fine, delicate coloring of youth. You will declare that a fairy must have touched your face, gently removed the blemishes and impurities, and revealed a new beauty!

Our \$10,000 Guarantee

The wonderful beautifying effects of clay have long been known to beauty specialists. Indeed, many kinds of clay have been used in beauty parlors for years. But only now have the just-right elements been found which, when combined, create a magnetic clay—a clay that draws the impurities to the surface and lifts them away.

Domino Complexion Clay is guaranteed to be absolutely harmless. It acts alike on all skins because it is natural. Our \$10,000 guarantee, backed by the Producers & Consumers Bank of Philadelphia, protects you.



ONLY \$1.95

Send No Money

To enable everyone to try Domino Complexion Clay we are making a very special offer. If you act at once we will send you, without any money in advance, one of the new, freshly-compounded jars of Domino Complexion Clay. When the postman delivers the package to you, give him only \$1.95 (plus few cents postage) in full payment for the regular \$5.00 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. If, within 10 days, you are not delighted with the Clay and what it does for your complexion, simply return it and your money will be refunded at once. Mail this coupon—now! Don't miss the unusual special offer. Tomorrow may be too late—do it today! Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you in a plain sealed package—no marks to indicate contents.



Send No Money

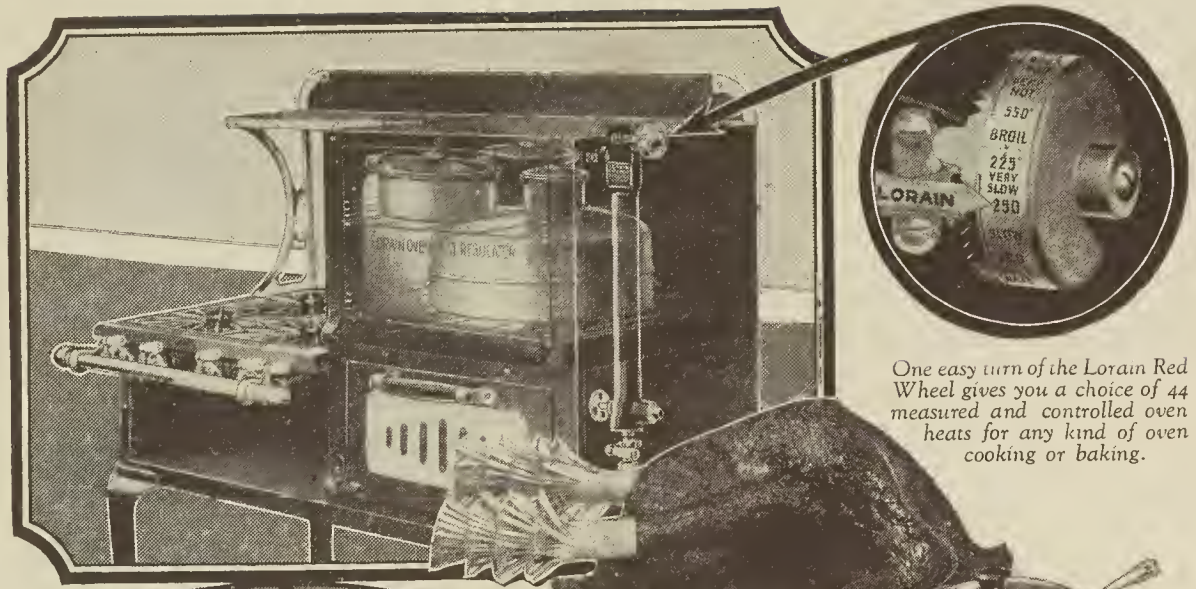
Domino House, Dept. 79-C
269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me one of the new \$5.00, freshly-compounded jars of Domino Complexion Clay, for which I will give the postman only \$1.95 plus postage in full payment. Although I am benefiting by this special reduced-price offer, I retain the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar within 10 days, and you agree to return my money if I am not delighted with results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

If you wish you may send money with coupon and save postage (Price outside U. S., \$2.10 cash with order.)

DEALERS are supplying their customers now with Domino Complexion Clay and other Domino House products. You can order from us direct or through your jobber.



One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking.



In the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you can roast meats, boil vegetables, and bake desserts, all at one time and with one temperature—while you're miles away. Send coupon for our Lorain Christmas Menu which gives full directions.



Who'll Be Your Cook on Christmas Day?

WHO'LL be your cook on Christmas Day? Somebody, surely. Undoubtedly the job will be smilingly accepted by mother. And again, she'll spend a large part of her Christmas in the steamy, hot kitchen, just so you won't all get sick eating nothing but candy, nuts and pop-corn.

What would you think of a gift that would enable mother to attend church Christmas morning or go a-visiting with you in the afternoon, and yet make it possible for her to prepare a wonderfully delicious, hot meal of Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy, Cranberry Sauce, Baked Squash, Potatoes and dessert. Some gift; wouldn't it be?

And that's just why you should seriously consider as a gift for mother a beautiful, new Gas Range equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator—a marvelous device that makes it possible to cook in the oven at one time all the principal elements of a full meal, while everybody's miles away.

With a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you can place all the good things in the magic oven, turn the little red wheel to 250 degrees, and go "where you will" for four or five hours. When you return everything will be deliciously done and ready to serve.

Wherever gas is available, you'll find dealers who sell these wonderful gas ranges equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator. They'll be glad to demonstrate to you the great advantages of cooking and baking by "Time and Temperature," made possible by "Lorain."

Send the coupon for a copy of the Lorain Christmas Menu prepared by a famous cookery expert. It tells how you can cook an entire Christmas Dinner in the oven of a Lorain-equipped Gas Range at one time—without any attention whatsoever.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 512 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest makers of gas ranges in the world.

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the "Lorain Regulator" cannot be used on these.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY, 512 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.	
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Christmas Menu. I have checked my favorite stove.	
Name _____	Address _____
City _____	State _____
Only these famous Gas Stoves are equipped with "The Lorain"	
<input type="checkbox"/> CLARK JEWEL— George M. Clark & Co. Div., Chicago, Ill.	<input type="checkbox"/> NEW PROCESS— New Process Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, O.
<input type="checkbox"/> DANGLER— Dangler Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio	<input type="checkbox"/> QUICK MEAL— Quick Meal Stove Co. Div., St. Louis, Mo.
<input type="checkbox"/> DIRECT ACTION— National Stove Co. Div., Lorain, Ohio	<input type="checkbox"/> RELIABLE— Reliable Stove Co. Div., Cleveland, Ohio

LORAIN

OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

MRS. JOSEPH CONRAD'S COOK-BOOK

By Jessie Conrad

Goose is the Christmas roast in England; but the wife of the great author tells in this, the fifth, instalment of her cook-book how to roast the American turkey as well as goose and other poultry and birds suitable for the Christmas feast. Other delicious meat dishes are added. These recipes have been tested and approved by the Home-Makers' Department

IN ROASTING poultry the aim is to avoid dryness.

Butter should be put *into* the bird as well as on the outside.

The bird should never be washed with water after being trussed, but should be wiped with a damp cloth.

On no account should poultry intended for roasting be floured on the outside; it is an abominable practise which makes the skin leathery and thick.

Fowls or any birds already plucked and trussed should not be kept for more than two days. But before trussing they may be kept *hanging* for a week, providing the weather is cool.

ROAST GOOSE

HAVE a goose of seven or eight pounds trussed for roasting. Stuff with sage-and-onion stuffing (see recipe), butter the breast well, and cook in a quick but not hot oven for three and one-half hours. Garnish with sausages.

ROAST DUCK

IF THE duck is not stuffed, put a piece of butter inside and butter the breast liberally, cook in a quick oven for one and one-half hours, dish as roast chicken and serve with apple sauce. If stuffed, it must be cooked for one and three-quarter hours and may be served without the sauce.

WILD DUCK

PUT some butter inside the duck, butter the breast and fasten a slice of very fat bacon to the breast with a skewer. Bake in a quick oven for one and one-half hours. Serve garnished with parsley.

ROAST TURKEY—FRENCH STYLE

TRUSS a turkey of about seven pounds for roasting. Stuff it with the best sausage meat and a small bottle of truffles or mushrooms cut up very small. Butter the breast very liberally and bake in a quick oven for three hours. Garnish with small hot sausages.

ROAST CHICKEN

PUT inside a properly trussed chicken about two tablespoons of butter and spread butter also over the breast. Do not flour your chicken. Bake in a quick oven for one and one-quarter hours (roast one and one-half hours). When the chicken is done, lay it on a dish, strain the butter out of the meat-tin, boil up a little water in it and pour this gravy over the chicken. This way of making gravy without flour is an English method.

BOILED CHICKEN

TAKE a young chicken and fasten a slice of lean bacon over the breast with a small skewer. Put it into a saucepan three parts full of boiling water and add an onion. Stew gently for an hour. Remove the chicken whole and serve with melted butter sauce. The liquid in which it boiled should make excellent soup, especially if you boil in it the remains of game carcass for flavoring or add some good beef stock.

CROQUETTES

CHOP very fine any left-over cold chicken or cold meat with one ring of Spanish onion, add a tiny pinch of salt and a few drops of meat-juice. Mix this well and add a freshly beaten egg and a tablespoon of finely rubbed bread-crumbs or rusk-crumbs. Roll a tablespoon at a time into another freshly beaten egg and then into the rolled rusk-crumbs. Form into short sausage shapes or balls and sauté (fry) in hot lard or dripping for from seven to ten minutes. Dish with a pancake-turner and serve hot, garnished with parsley.

Fish croquettes are made in the same way, using left-over fish from which the bones have

been removed and adding a little cold boiled potatoes.

ROAST PARTRIDGE

BUTTER the breast and inside of partridges. Bake them in a tin in the oven for three-quarters of an hour. Lay each bird on a thick slice of French roll not toasted. Pour the fat out of the tin, boil up in it a very little water and serve this gravy in a sauce-boat.

The best toast for all game birds is made as follows: Remove the crust from as many pieces of bread as required. When the birds are cooked, place them in another tin or dish and bring the fat in which they have been cooked to the sizzling-point on the stove. Place the slices of bread in the hot fat and fry till they are a crisp brown.

SECOND-DAY CHICKEN

CUT the chicken into small pieces. The leg is generally cut in two. Put into a saucepan and cover with milk, first putting a little water in the saucepan to prevent the milk from burning. Add half a grated nutmeg, and pepper and salt. When it has boiled, but not before, cut half a fairly large Spanish onion into the saucepan. Boil for three-quarters of an hour. Before serving, thicken with a little flour and butter, which should be mixed very smooth, and some of the boiling milk poured into it, stirred smooth and returned to the saucepan. Bring to a boil and serve in a hot bowl.

PIGEONS WITH CARROTS

SPLIT the pigeons in halves and lay cut side down in a saucepan with pepper and salt and four carrots, each cut lengthwise into eight pieces and then cut across. Add a little good meat-juice and enough water just to cover the pigeons. Stew gently for three-quarters of an hour. Thicken with a little flour and serve in a hot bowl.

ROAST PIGEONS

TRUSS two pigeons for roasting. Put a good-sized piece of butter into each and liberally butter the breasts. Put them into a baking-tin and bake for from one-half to three-quarters of an hour. For dishing, split them in halves down the breast and lay them on hot buttered toast. Strain the fat out of the tin and put a little good meat-juice into it. Stir in a little well-mixed flour and water and cook. Serve with green peas.

JUGGED HARE

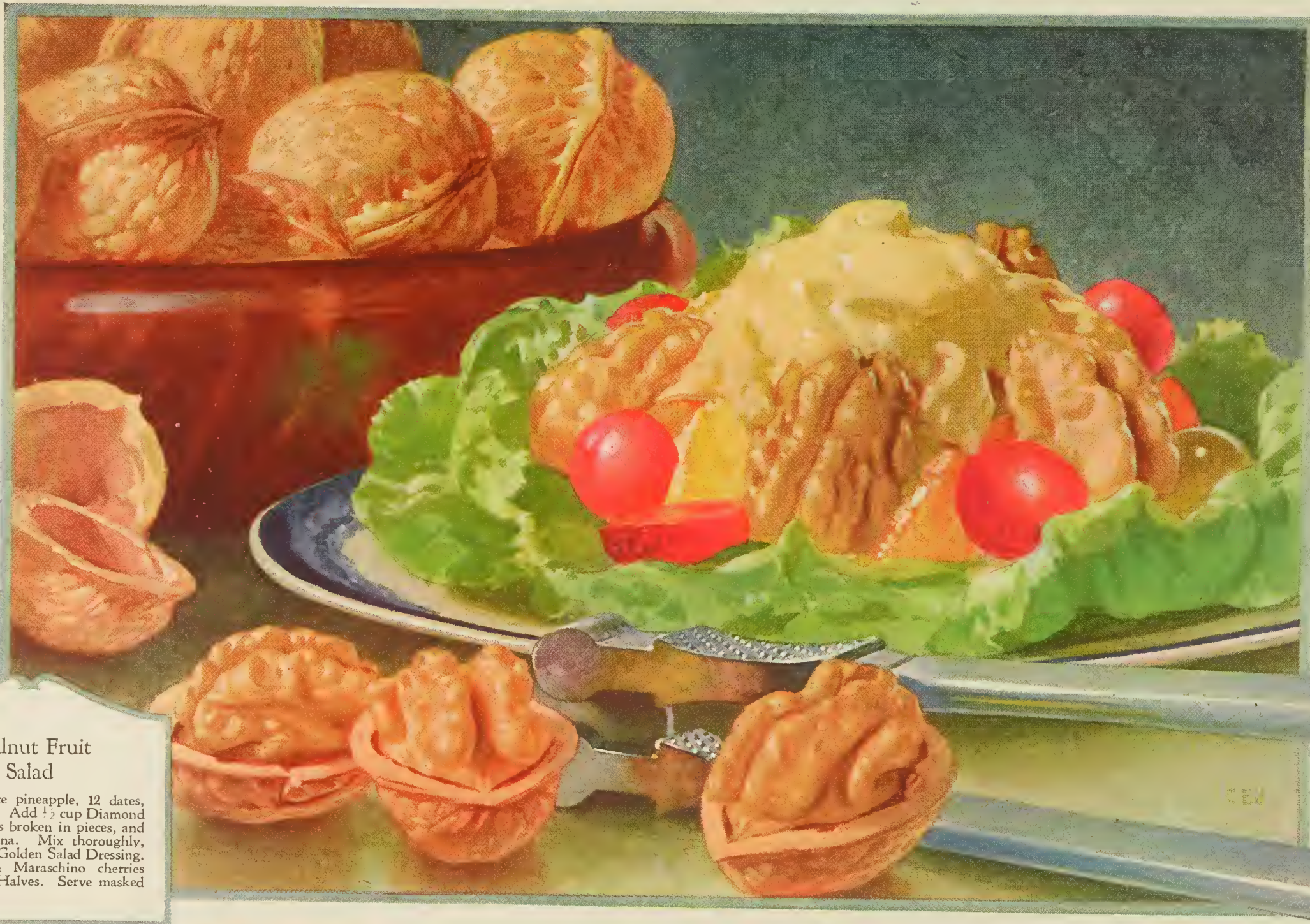
HAVE the hare cut up for jugging. Rub the pieces into flour. Put three tablespoons of butter into a large frying-pan and gently sauté the hare for ten minutes. Then place the hare in a casserole or stone jar with one Spanish onion stuck with three cloves, add some salt, a piece of lump sugar and a little finely scraped carrot. Add two cups of meat broth and a little Worcestershire sauce. Cover the jar or casserole and stand it in a quick oven for three hours. Dish into a flat dish, garnish all around with half-slices of lemon and serve with currant jelly. Jelly made of black currants is usually used for this in England.

SAGE-AND-ONION STUFFING

SAGE-AND-ONION stuffing is very good for goose, chicken, beef, veal or breast of mutton and does not smell in the cooking.

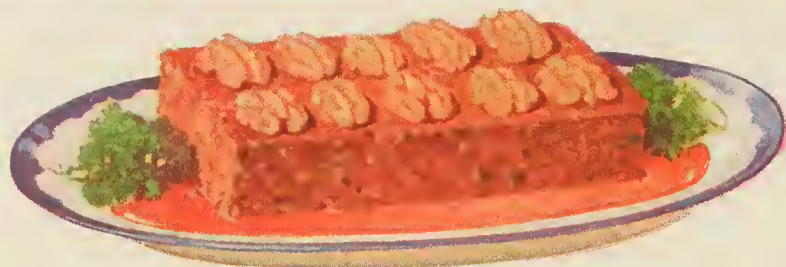
Put into an enameled frying-pan about four tablespoons of butter ready for melting. For stuffing, never put the onions in water. Take five large Spanish onions, cut carefully on a board into thin slices, and pour them into the hot butter; place on the fire with the stove-top on and cook for half an hour

Continued on page 81



Walnut Fruit Salad

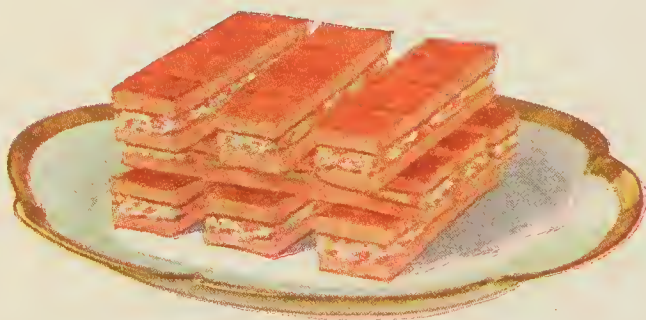
Cube 1 slice pineapple, 12 dates, and 1 orange. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Diamond Walnut meats broken in pieces, and 1 sliced banana. Mix thoroughly, moisten with Golden Salad Dressing. Garnish with Maraschino cherries and Walnut Halves. Serve masked with dressing.



Meatless Meat Loaf

Two cups cold cooked beans, 2 cups bread crumbs, 1 cup Diamond Walnuts chopped fine, 1 bell pepper chopped fine, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons melted butter, salt and pepper to taste.

Mix all ingredients thoroughly. Shape into loaf, and bake 30 minutes in moderate oven. Garnish with Walnut Halves, and serve with tomato sauce.



Toasted Walnut Sandwiches

One-half cup cream or cottage cheese, 2 tablespoons salad oil, 1 tablespoon vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika, 6 tablespoons Diamond Walnut meats, 1 loaf graham bread.

Mix oil, vinegar, salt, and paprika and then mix with cheese. Cut graham bread in $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch slices, spread with cheese mixture, and sprinkle with chopped Diamond Walnut meats. Put together in pairs, remove crusts, and cut in finger-shaped pieces. Toast, pile log-cabin fashion on a fancy plate, and serve as an accompaniment to dinner salad.

For New Delicacies

Add a Few Flavored Diamond Walnuts

Your Thanksgiving and Holiday dinners will have a new attractiveness if you add delicious Diamond Walnuts to your favorite recipes.

The crisp, plump meats lend distinctive flavor to salads, cakes, desserts, dressing for fowls, etc.

Of course, the nut bowl—Walnuts and raisins—is an institution at Holiday time. Diamond Walnuts are just right for it. They are big, fine-looking, thin-shelled, and filled with wonderful meats.

Selected Walnuts

To give you the kind of Walnuts that satisfy you we carefully select the best from the great California crop and name them "Diamond." They are hand-sorted to cull out those which are not sound and right in appearance.

They are weight-tested to eliminate those with light

and shrivelled meats. They are graded for size and finally are crack-tested—generous samples of each shipment being actually cracked to allow us to "look inside" and assure high quality.

More Meats per Pound

Diamond Walnuts cost about the same as other kinds, but because they provide more meats per pound are more economical.

Walnuts are one of the most serviceable foods, because they not only lend delicious flavor to other foods, but also provide wonderful nourishment. They are over 96 per cent pure nutrition, a most efficient food.

You can only be sure of getting this absolutely satisfactory quality by asking your grocer to fill your order from the sack marked with the Diamond trade mark, like the one on this page.



DIAMOND California WALNUTS

Crackin' Good Walnuts

DIAMOND Shelled Walnuts are packed in a high vacuum to preserve indefinitely the fresh, sweet flavor characteristic of the newly matured California Walnut. The can contains halves for topping and facing, as well as pieces for filler and salads. The glass contains only carefully selected halves for table use and fancy dishes.

MANY recipes just as tempting as those on this page are contained in the revised edition of "100 Delicious Walnut Recipes," which includes the favorite dishes of the Wives of the Walnut Growers, as well as those of a leading culinary expert. You may have one on request. Address Dept. 203.

CALIFORNIA WALNUT GROWERS ASSOCIATION
 A Purely Co-operative, Non-profit Organization of Over 4,000 Growers
 Our Yearly Production More Than Forty Million Pounds
 LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA



California Walnut Growers Assn.,
 Dept. 203, Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me, without charge, your book of tested and proved recipes for Walnut dishes.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

THE touch and taste of the interior decorator have made the floor of this English Room a unit in the decorative scheme.



An English Room with Linoleum Floor

IN this tastefully appointed dining-room the floor was laid when the house was built.

The architect specified these modern floors of Armstrong's Linoleum throughout the house. The linoleum was cemented firmly down over a layer of builders' deadening felt, on the soft wood underflooring, and is therefore a permanent, smooth, waterproof floor.

An interior decorator selected the colors and designs for the various rooms, and each floor is a harmonious unit in the decorative scheme of the room in which it is installed.

Rugs are laid on these floors of linoleum, just as on any permanent floor. No refinishing will ever be necessary. Linoleum floors are kept bright and new-looking by the weekly use of a liquid wax polish.

Such floors are quiet, restful to walk on and stand on. Linoleum is a pleasantly cool floor in summer, a comfortably warm floor in winter.

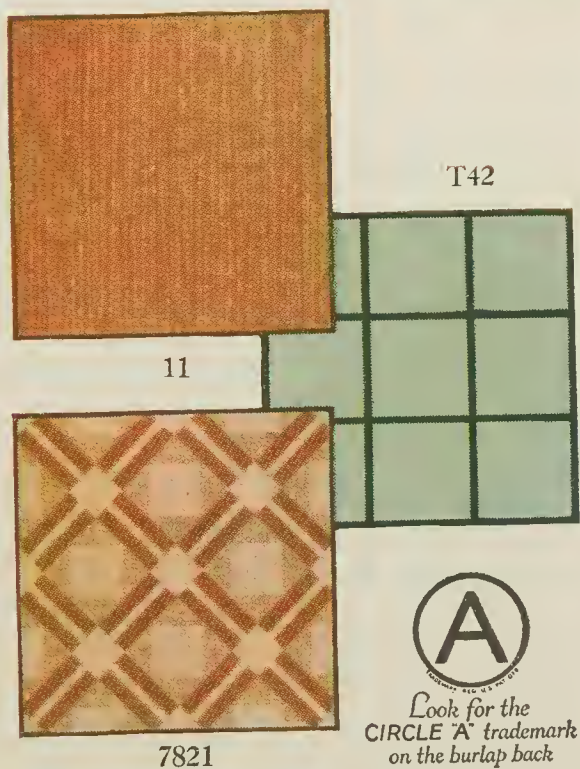
In any good furniture or department store ask to see the plain colors, the new Jaspé (two-tone) effects, and the artistic parquetry, inlaid, and printed designs in Armstrong's Linoleum.

The salesman will give you estimates of the cost of Armstrong's Linoleum floors laid in your home. You will find that the cost is not high. For instance, a dining-room of average size, 11 ft. by 16 ft., can be floored with the Inlaid Parquetry Linoleum shown in the illustration at a cost of about \$77.00 (slightly higher in the Far West).

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

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

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



Look for the CIRCLE 'A' trademark on the burlap back

IF one of these designs is more appropriate for your dining-room than the Inlaid Parquetry Linoleum (No. 590) shown in the illustration, order by number from your linoleum merchant.

Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs

You can also buy rugs of Armstrong's Linoleum, suitable for kitchen, dining-room, or bedroom, and fully guaranteed to give satisfactory service. Send for free booklet, "Armstrong's Linoleum Rugs," showing colorplates of pleasing and artistic designs.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, LINOLEUM DIVISION
951 West Walnut Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania

SWEET FOLK YOU CAN MAKE

By Adela Price Jones

FOR original place-cards or favors, children's stockings or Christmas-tree decorations, candy and fruit dolls are unsurpassed. Those illustrated on this page may be made at home. They will bring smiles to the lips of the most staid grown-ups and cause chuckles of delight from youngsters.

Mr. and Mrs. Figman, the happy couple whose arms stretch out to each other across the columns of this page, are destined for unusual place-cards for holiday parties. Should they fall into the hands of those inclined to cannibalism, they will offer no resistance and cause no digestive difficulties. Their heads are marshmallows, with eyes and lips of harmless vegetable coloring. The fruit of the figs is their dress. Mrs. Figman's hat and the trimming on her skirt are popped corn. Her feather and the sash about her waist are cut from citron. Stiff frosting forms her nose and that of her husband; it likewise makes the buttons that dot their jackets and serves to keep in place their half-peanut hands and feet. The lady's parasol is a paper cup from a box of candies, held aloft by a broom-straw.

Like all good people, they are built upon skeletons, though it is none other than a generous supply of toothpicks which hold them proudly erect.

This devoted family can not bear the

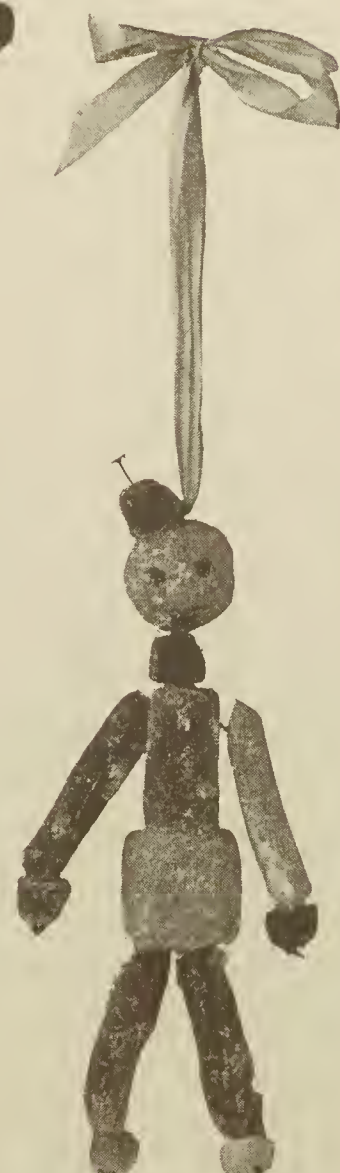
to hold more securely her earrings, which are nothing more than ordinary small round price-tags touched with gilt. And who would ever suspect, at first glance, that her stylish frock is but a loose knot of crape paper glued to her stick at the middle of the back to keep it from becoming disarranged? Solemn Happy Gum-Drop, at the foot of



thought of separation, so they both stand before each dinner-place. Mr. Figman, of course, announces whose place it is by means of the name written across the flag carried in his sturdy right hand.

Lollie Lollypop is the saucy coquette whose photograph you see above that of Mr. Figman. But she is not rolling her eyes at him—oh, dear, no! She looks farther ahead than that, and her highest ambition is to flirt with some promising boy or girl from the top of a bulging stocking on Christmas morning.

Lollie has a past. If you could have seen her before she was all made up, you would have beheld just a fat round lollypop, with the end of its stick stuck with glue into a wooden button-mold. The button-mold was then painted a shiny black. Her face is painted, as you might guess, with black India ink over the waxed-paper wrapping. Her stylish bobbed hair is not her own, but is a wig made of plain white paper coated with India ink and snipped with scissors. Her jaunty hat is of contrasting-colored crape paper and fits her head snugly,



the page, is sentenced to be hanged by the head or neck from a gay Christmas tree. To make, string on uncovered wire gum-drops of the size and shapes indicated. The gummy substance resists stringing, but if you will thread the wire through a long needle, stick each candy carefully through the center, and wash and dry the needle and wire after each candy is strung, you will have little trouble. Begin with one foot and work the wire thread up through the square gum-drop, then down again to the other foot. Twist another thread through the tight wire loop you'll have at the top of the square candy and work up to the head. With a third thread attach both hands and arms. Knot cord over the ends of wire. Paint his face, pin on his hat, slip a ribbon through the loop on his head, and Happy is ready for hanging.

You hear of *the 8 hour Day* What of the *8 hour Night?*

SLEEP is "Nature's sweet restorer." If you don't get enough of the *right kind* of sleep you can't be mentally alert. Nor can you be at your best, physically.

An eight-hour sleeping night is quite as important as an eight-hour working day. If you don't get your proper sleep, you become irritable; your work becomes a task.

If you are in the habit of drinking coffee, that may be the explanation of your disturbed and restless sleep with consequent nervous irritability. For coffee contains caffeine—a nerve-irritant.

Why not give yourself the benefit of the doubt? It's so easy to find out for yourself—stop coffee and drink healthful, fragrant Postum instead.

Postum is a pure and wholesome cereal beverage, absolutely free from caffeine or drugs of any kind. Thousands of people prefer it to coffee, for its rich flavor alone.

Postum FOR HEALTH "There's a Reason"



POSTUM comes in two forms:
INSTANT POSTUM
(in tins)

prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water.

POSTUM CEREAL
(in packages)

for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared, made by boiling fully twenty minutes.

Made by
Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Mich.



For You, Also Prettier teeth—whiter, cleaner, safer

Look about you and you'll see glistening teeth on every side today.

Teeth which once were dingy now have luster. And women smile to show them.

The reason is this: A way has been found to fight film on teeth, and millions now employ it. It is also at your command—a free test. So don't envy such teeth, but get them.

That cloudy film

There forms on your teeth a viscous film. You can feel it now. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

That film absorbs stains. Then, if left it forms the basis of dingy coats, including tartar. That's why teeth don't shine.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles, which few escape, are now traced to that film.

Now we combat it

Old methods of brushing are not sufficiently effective. So nearly everybody suffers from it more or less.

But dental science, after long research, has found two film combatants. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists all the world over are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern knowledge. The name is Pepsodent. These two great film combatants are embodied in it.

Two other effects

Pepsodent is based on modern dental research. It corrects some great mistakes made in former dentifrices.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's agent for neutralizing acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus Pepsodent gives a manifold power to these great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.



Watch them whiten

Pepsodent will bring to any home a new dental era. Millions of people have learned this, and now enjoy its benefits.

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

One week will convince you that you and yours should use this method always. Cut out the coupon now.

10-Day Tube Free 944

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 399, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists nearly all the world over. All druggists supply the large tube.

MAKE BAGS AND BEADS FOR CHRISTMAS

They are beautiful and not hard to make

By Myra T. Leadwell

WE ALL have a little Indian in us when it comes to beads. A beautiful string of beads is as precious as money. A bag is a scarcely less welcome gift; and the woman who can make pretty bags and richly colored bead-chains has the problem of her Christmas list almost solved.

BAGS

AN EMERGENCY shopping-bag which may be tucked inside a handbag makes an inexpensive but exceedingly practical gift. Make it of good quality dark satin or sateen. Two pieces of material eighteen inches square make the sides. Use the crosswise of the material for the up-and-down of the bag. French seam both sides to within an inch of the top and selvage edge. Then, at the bottom, set in a piece cut fifteen and one-half inches long and five inches wide. Turn back the top edges of the bag two inches and stitch to make a one-inch casing and a one-inch heading. Two yards of narrow black ribbon make the draw-strings. This bag is effective made in black and appliquéd with colored designs.

A coarse-woven one-piece bag like the one shown in the illustration, with the popular thread-drawn decoration, makes a most useful gift. This type of bag may be made in any attractive proportions.

Wherever you desire the contrasting colored thread, draw one thread from the material, as for hemstitching, skip one thread and draw a third one. To one end of the thread you skipped, tie a thread of colored yarn. Pull this thread from the other end. As it comes out it will weave the thread of yarn into its place. Wide colored bands may be made by repeating this process with adjoining threads. Before pulling the threads for fringe at top and bottom of bag, run several rows of machine stitching along the mark for the depth of the fringe. This keeps the threads at the edge of the fringe from raveling.

Line the bag, put a cord through a casing, and finish the cord with two beads, which may be modeled from permanent clay and decorated with air-drying enamel paint.

Sealing-wax beads and beads made from permanent modeling-clay, decorated with air-drying enamel paints, make inexpensive Christmas gifts which are attractive and easy to make.

SEALING-WAX BEADS

FOR sealing-wax beads cut the sealing-wax with a heated knife or break it into pieces the size of the beads desired. Heat a medium-size knitting-needle over an alcohol-lamp, press it carefully through the center of a piece of the wax and hold it above the flame, revolving it slowly until an even, round bead is formed; then dip into water to cool. The beads may be molded into shape with the fingers, but this must be done quickly and carefully while the bead is on the needle.

To blend colors, heat each stick in turn, dotting a little wax on the cooled bead. Hold the bead over the flame again and revolve. The warm colors will spread around the bead, forming effective designs. Cool the bead in water and then dry and pass it over the flame again to restore the luster. To remove the bead, heat the needle on each side of it and when the bead is loosened slide

it back and forth over the needle before taking it off. This leaves a clean-cut hole.

To make pendants, do not put the needle all the way through the center. When the pendant is removed from the needle, heat a small "invisible" hairpin and push it through the wax until about one-quarter of an inch of the hairpin loop remains showing.

CLAY BEADS

BEAUTIFUL beads may be made from permanent modeling-clay. They may be molded into balls, cylinders, squares, oblongs, ellipses or other desired shapes and then pierced through the center with a hatpin or round toothpick. Good effects may be obtained by modeling with a modeling-tool, knife-blade, orange-wood stick or toothpick. They may also be modeled over a knot tied in the cord on which they are to be strung. Pendants are modeled over a small hairpin or over two knots in the cord.

Let the clay beads dry overnight (they will become as hard as porcelain) and then decorate with air-drying enamel paint, being careful that one color is dry before the next is applied.

Tempera paints may be used, but in this event it is necessary to finish with two coats of white shellac or one coat of varnish after the paint is dry. Ordinary tube water-colors may be used by mixing Chinese white with them as this will make them opaque.

String the wax or decorated clay beads on a silk or satin cord, tying a knot above and below each bead to hold it in place.

Very attractive electric-light pulls may be made by stringing a few large decorated clay

beads on tassels. Chinese tassels in brilliant colors may be bought at many five-and-ten-cent stores or at Chinese stores; or cords and tassels may be made at home. The beads should echo the strong color shown in the tassel, with balancing notes of black and white. A knot tied in the cord above and below the bead will hold it in place. These decorated cords should be securely tied to the chain by which the electric light is operated.

Fancy hatpins may be made by modeling the clay around the plain head of an ordinary hatpin.

PAPER BEADS

BEADS suggestive of Indian work may be made from bright labels from canned food that is put up in tin. Cut a pennant-shaped piece, seven inches long and one and one-half inch wide at the wide end. Beginning at this end, wrap the paper tightly around a hatpin. When the paste is dry, string the beads and shellac the whole string with a paint-brush, using a clear shellac. Each bead may be made from a different-colored label, or one color may predominate for the entire string. The labels may be removed from the cans by steaming them until they are loose enough to be pulled off without tearing. They should then be allowed to dry thoroughly before they are cut for making the beads.

If you can not find sealing-wax and modeling-clay for beads in your town, write to the Household Helps Editor and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for information as to where they may be bought.



This bag contrasts with the brilliant colors of your gift of beads, and charms by its restraint



AT GRANDMOTHERS.
the **JELL-O** hour





Had Your Iron Today?

Serve Energy at Breakfast for the Benefit of Men

Athletes know the energy in Raisins

AT college training tables athletes are given certain foods to develop energy and stamina. Stewed raisins is one of them.

Give this same food to *your* men folks who also are competing—on the *business* field.

They, like athletes, need energy—to use in thinking, working and winning their success.

Stewed raisins are delicious, appetizing fruit-food—both good and good *for* the entire family.

Raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound, being 75 per cent pure fruit sugar in practically predigested form.

So stewed raisins at breakfast—alluring in flavor and *digest-*

ible—are great fuel with which to start successful days.

Rich in food-iron also which fortifies the blood. Famous sanitariums serve stewed raisins to anemic patients whose blood needs building up.

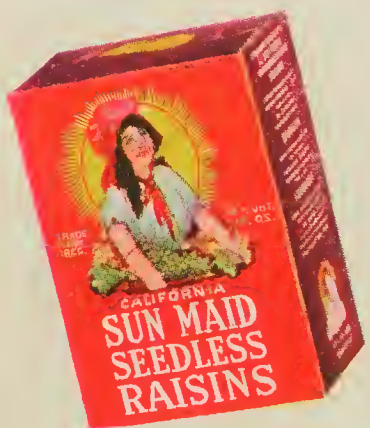
Healthy men need only a tiny bit of iron daily, but that need is vital. Let stewed raisins help supply it.

Serve them mainly for their *benefit* to men. The delicious flavor will make raisins acceptable 300 times a year.

It's the *regularity* of such a dish that gets the best results, so make this food "*a breakfast rule*" for at least three days per week.

Ask your dealer always for

Sun-Maid Raisins



Seeded—Seedless—Clusters
Made from finest California table grapes

Try All Three of These

Stewed Raisins

Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary, as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.

Rice Pudding

- 1/2 cup Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
- 3/4 cup rice
- 3 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 1 cup water
- 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg (may omit)

Wash rice and place in double boiler with one cup water. Cook until water is absorbed. Add two cups milk, cook with rice until tender. To the remaining one cup milk add the sugar, spice and well-beaten eggs, combine with rice, add raisins, pour into pudding dish, set in pan of hot water and bake until custard is set. All measurements for this recipe are level.

Raisin Pie

- 2 cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water
- 1/2 cup sugar
- 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch
- 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
- 1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
- Juice of 1 orange
- 1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
- 1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

Sun-Maid Raisin Growers,
Dept. A-212, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me copy of your free book,
"Recipes with Raisins."

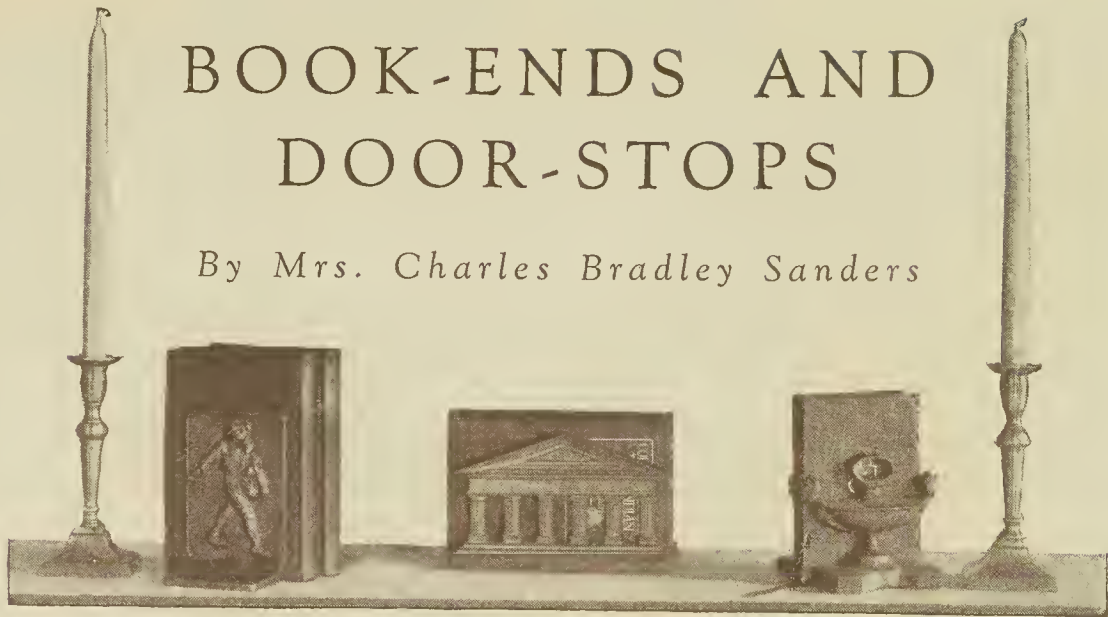
NAME.....

STREET.....

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BOOK-ENDS AND DOOR-STOPS

By Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders



Book-ends lend a tidy appearance to a library or living-room table, or any other place where books are left

BOOK-ENDS and door-stops make thoughtful Christmas gifts. These beautiful pieces of metal, wood or plaster, from the molds of sculptors who have turned their art to practical purposes, add the final decorative note to a carefully furnished home.

BOOK-ENDS

BOOK-ENDS lend a tidy, well-kept appearance to a library or living-room table, tops of bookcases, mantels or wherever else books are dropped between readings. Prized rare books and those loved and often read find a fitting place of rest between simple bronze book-ends whose only design is a well-proportioned figure in relief, or between replicas of pure Greek façades, or between bronze urns of classic dignity.

Sturdy plaster elephants, with their heads facing, are trustworthy guardians of the few or many volumes which find their way to the library-table. There is a virile strength in this design which makes it most appropriate for the boy at college or for the man book-lover about the house.

of discriminating taste to choose suitable subjects for the individual. Then the shy books that shun sets and are themselves necessary in idle moments find fitting places and tidy arrangement between book-ends of fond and thoughtful choosing.

DOOR-STOPS

IT IS far from an ill wind that, after having banged the house doors once too often at an inopportune moment, causes some friend or member of the family to present the household with one or more door-stops. These colorful pieces of plaster and metal come in a variety of styles and



This iron duck door-stop would lend a decorative note to any room in the house



This colorful parrot door-stop makes an appropriate guardian for the living-room or hall door

colors which make it a pleasure to select an appropriate design for any room in the house.

As with book-ends, the moods of door-stops are many and expressive. They range from the very formal to the bizarre. What child, for example, would not like to have his room door guarded by a cat primed for fight from a perch atop a chimney, or a crowing chanticleer, perpetually announcing the rising-hour?

There is a quaint charm about an iron flower-lady of grandmother's day which suggests that grandmother herself would be glad to have her keep watch, lest a sudden flurry of wind slam her door and disturb her napping.

For the door of a dainty guest-room, a bisque basket filled with old-fashioned posies is a most appropriate stop.

The iron duck or bronze parrot door-stops illustrated would lend an interesting decorative note to almost any room in the house.

It is well when choosing book-ends, either for gifts or for the house, to remember the appropriateness and suitability of design and color for the particular person or rooms for which they are intended. If, perchance, the person for whom the book-ends are intended is fond of animals, many delightful casts in plaster or bronze may be chosen of dogs, horses or elephants. Lovers of the masterpieces of art would be pleased to have replicas of any of the famous pieces of sculpture. A great variety of book-ends, both in materials and design, enable those



For the door of a guest-room, nursery or bedroom, a cat primed for fight, a lady of grandmother's day, a basket of old-fashioned posies or a crowing rooster would be unique and attractive



Three Blankets for what You'd Ordinarily Spend for Two

AND the price is so low that you may even be able to buy an extra pair without adding to the sum you expected to spend.

It's because these blankets with the deep, downy nap and the wonderful colorings are made at the world's largest blanket mills—mills perfected to produce blankets in great volume through special machinery and methods. Thus they cost less to make—and you get better blankets for less money.

They are warm without being heavy, and their cross-laid, thickly-woven fibres make for strength that survives repeated tubbings without sign of wear.

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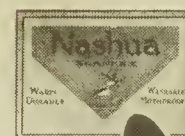
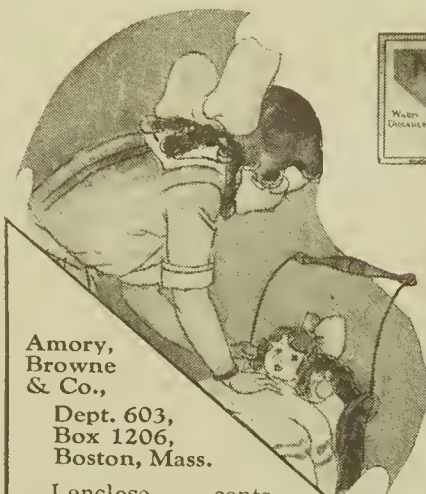
You'll be happy indeed over your blankets if you buy Nashua Blankets. See them today at any local dry goods store.

Special Values from \$4.50 to \$7

Amory, Browne & Co.

Dept. 603, Box 1206, Boston, Mass.

A Toy Blanket to tuck dolly in will delight any little girl—yours or a friend's. A real Nashua Blanket—pink or blue—16 x 20 inches, will be sent for 25 cents (coin or postal money order). Be sure to mention the color wanted—pink or blue.



The genuine always have this ticket.

Nashua

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Blankets

Warmth without Weight

Amory, Browne & Co., Dept. 603, Box 1206, Boston, Mass.

I enclose cents.
Please send me doll
blankets; pink, blue
. (check color).

Name

Address

Draperies—the circular skirt—you can make the sophisticated new dresses with the perfection of an expert

Such radical changes in the mode—drapery everywhere, in street frocks, evening dresses, even coats.

Skirts that are circular, skirts plain back and front with the new circular movement at the side.

The grouped plaits that this season are part of the still popular straight silhouette.

Everything has become more elaborate, more sophisticated this Fall.

But you yourself can make any one of the new dresses with all the success of a professional.

Hundreds of women who looked at the Fall fashions and wondered despairingly how they could afford everything new, have found that the Deltor makes home sewing an entirely different thing.

They are making successfully themselves, the new things it would have cost them extravagant sums to buy.

First of all, the Deltor cutting layouts show you just how to cut your dress out of the least possible material. They are made by experts—you will be delighted with their clever ways of saving material. They make a real difference—notice it in cutting a circular skirt or the new drapery. Invariably Butterick Patterns call for less material than you would otherwise buy.

No two costumes are draped exactly the same way—the Deltor putting-together pictures show you just how to handle your particular dress at every step of the making. With them you achieve the most intricate drapery as successfully as though it were merely the familiar straight chemise dress.



The waistline continues becomingly low but drapery the Parisienne must have, even in street frocks. The double girdle is especially interesting.

The draped side panels and slashed sleeves make this frock very graceful.

Charmingly simple frocks of contrasting materials like this are worn with capes or blouse jackets this season.

Braid trimming is in vogue in Paris and the interesting sleeves make this model especially new.

New skirts are not only circular but circular and uneven of hem line! In these very new frocks the skill the Deltor gives you is invaluable.

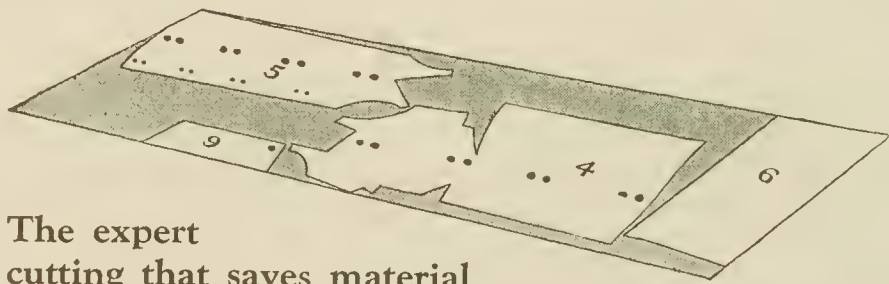
BUTTERICK PATTERNS

Never were the finishing touches that distinguish the French dresses as important as this season. Drapery is held by an ornament, or a huge bow deftly applied places the waistline. Fabric tubing is everywhere as girdles, as trimming, even as whole collars and cuffs on many of the new wraps. No matter what new finish your costume demands, there it is for you in the Deltor—exactly how to make and apply it with all that distinction that is French.

Every new Butterick Pattern now gives you this complete dressmaking service. Not general or partial instructions, such as you see on most patterns, but individual guidance on each step of making the particular garment you are working on. Stop at the pattern department to-day and ask about the Deltor. Learn why it is considered the greatest aid to dressmaking since the paper pattern itself.

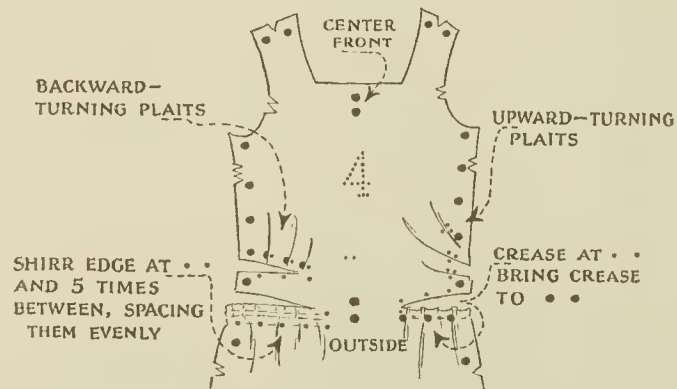
Butterick—New York, Paris, London.

The Deltor saves you material on everything you make—



The expert cutting that saves material

You have a cutting layout for your size pattern in your view, laid on the very width material you are using. Because this Deltor cutting layout is made by experts to meet exactly your own requirements it saves you material as a merely general chart could not.

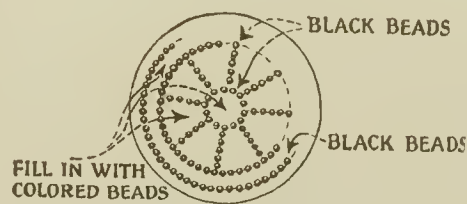


You make your dress like a professional

Every dress presents new and individual problems. The Deltor gives you professional guidance on every point in the putting together of your particular dress. That is why you can give the fashionable draped dress of this season all the grace and perfection of an imported model.

The expressive French finish

For example, the brilliant ornaments that so often hold the drapery this season. They are expensive and it is often hard to find exactly the one you want. The Deltor shows you exactly how the ornaments and finishes belonging to your dress would be made in Paris.



The French miss delights in a great crisp bow to place the low waistline of her draped frock this season.



The draped evening gown with an ornament defining the low waistline adds to its classic beauty by long floating sleeves. You will find the draping simple to do with the Deltor.

WITH THE DELTOR

CALLING AT HOUSES THAT SANTA SKIPS

By Katharine Carver



And All She Needed Was a Pretty Dress!

NO one would have ever dreamed of calling her pretty. She had neither the stately dignity of a tall person, nor the demure charm of a short person. She had neither golden hair nor black hair. She was just plain.

She was the kind of girl that had to have clothes to make her attractive. She needed smart, modish, well-made clothes to give her a slender, graceful figure. She needed clothes made in just-right colors—the colors that would give glints of gold to her brown hair, that would reflect a warm depth in her gray eyes. But pretty clothes were so terribly expensive!

And that is why no one noticed her at the Hawley party. She looked more plain than ever in her limp, last year's frock. She had none of the charm that Fay had in her vivid persian blue frock—none of the impressive charm of Ellen in her gown of goldenrod yellow, trimmed with just a bit of orchid. And yet—all she needed was the right kind of dress to make her just as attractive as the others.

Today,—only a few months after the Hawley party—she has all the pretty frocks she wants. Each one is designed for her own personality, created to do justice to her own particular appearance. She knows how to make the kind of clothes that make her appear pretty; she knows how to have three dresses for what one used to cost. The School of Modern Dress has done for her what it has done for hundreds of others—it has enabled her to have more clothes, more charm, and more happiness.

Learn To Make Beautiful Clothes at Home

Any girl or woman can now learn to make smart, becoming, distinctive clothes right at home. New, simplified methods make it possible. You don't have to know anything whatever about sewing to start. You don't have to have very much spare time to devote to it. Everything has been reduced to a series of simple interesting steps that anyone can follow with ease.

The NEW-WAY Course has been prepared by experts especially for the girl or woman who wants to learn the newest, most up-to-date and approved methods of clothes-making in the shortest possible time. The teachers make every effort to have you master the step-by-step lessons

quickly, without waste of your time. Before you realize it, you will be making exquisite underthings, beautiful blouses, attractive gowns—and they will cost you only what the materials alone cost.

Full Equipment Furnished— Also Free Materials With Which To Make Six Garments

Women everywhere are today making their own beautiful clothes through the remarkable NEW-WAY methods. Are you going to continue the old way—when this fascinating new way is offered you?

As a student of the School of Modern Dress you will receive a handsome Oriental Sewing Basket containing full sewing equipment, materials with which to make the six garments required during the course, and also, if you act promptly, a valuable dress-and-skirt form. Write at once for full information regarding these wonderful gifts, and the NEW-WAY methods that make every woman her own fashionable modiste.

In addition to all the other features of individual service, students receive monthly fashion bulletins featuring 100 of the month's newest and most attractive styles.

Send At Once For This Valuable Book

Don't miss your copy of this handsomely illustrated, interesting book. It tells you everything you want to know about the wonderful features of the NEW-WAY course.

Have you ever longed to be able to make your own pretty hats—at a big saving? This free book also tells you about the new easy way to make your own hats at home—at about one-third what they would cost you ready-made. It shows you how the making of hats has now been made as easy as the making of dresses and blouses. Send for your copy of this valuable FREE book at once, before you forget. It does not obligate you in any way.



The School of Modern Dress, Inc.
Dept. 1212, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The School of Modern Dress, Inc.,
Dept. 1212, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me a copy of your free book "The Home Dressmaker and Milliner." I understand that it tells all about the NEW-WAY methods of making clothes at home, and about the many valuable gifts offered to students who enroll at once. Sending for this free book does not obligate me in any way. I am particularly interested in

Dressmaking Millinery

Name

Address

Del. 12 22

MANY kindly people long for some way more personal than giving a check to charity to bring a bit of Christmas brightness to some joyless child. If you tell a charity organization of this wish several weeks before Christmas, it will probably be able to find any number of ways for you to satisfy this generous impulse.

Last Christmas one kindly family had their own Christmas-tree celebration two days before Christmas and asked a charity organization to transfer the tree, fully trimmed, on Christmas eve to the home of some poor family. The next day five fatherless youngsters, who lived in a gray shanty jammed between a concrete bridge and a railroad track, enjoyed a surprise that made the Cinderella story seem commonplace.

It is not often possible for a local welfare organization to permit strangers, no matter what their good intentions, to enter the homes of families under the organization's care. Destitute families, like other people, have their pride, and their problems are rightly considered confidential by the association helping the family. Revealing or identifying full names with addresses would be, in most cases, a breach of confidence that might result in serious harm. But the first names of children, the family's real circumstances and suggestions for planning individual Christmas stockings, gifts or Christmas dinner-baskets can always be obtained from the organization. Packages prepared for a special family and delivered to the local welfare organization will reach their destination promptly.

LAST Christmas one young business woman, who is fond of children, but who can not afford to make as many children happy at Christmas time as she would like, hit upon a plan which brought joy to ten childish hearts and to as many grown-ups. As she had no more than her usual Christmas allowance to spend, she decided to give no gifts among her friends and family except to child relatives; instead she obtained from her local charity organization ten generous-size Christmas stockings to fill. They were for five girls and five boys under ten, whose first names and ages were attached.

Before she began her shopping she made a careful list of contents suitable for each stocking, according to the age of the child. In each stocking went a pair of warm mittens or gloves, a pencil and a pad, a book, a handkerchief and, of course, candy. In each book there was a dedication from Santa Claus. There was one good present for each child, besides a number of less expensive ones. The ten-year-old boy received a good pen-knife, a game, a book and an imitation silver pencil. The girls had beads, tiny bottles of perfume, dolls and doll furniture. Each gift, however small, was carefully wrapped in tissue-paper and tied with red cord, with a tag attached bearing a personal greeting or a mysterious hint as to the contents of the package. The stockings were all topped with a gay little tinsel-trimmed tree from the ten-cent store. Then to those friends to whom she usually sent presents, she sent this welcome Christmas message, written on note-paper bearing a Christmas seal:

"My dear, your Christmas gift this year was a stocking red, but 'twas sent instead, crammed just as full as it would hold, to a little boy just four years old. He got a book, a horsie wee, warm woolly mitts, a tiny tree, a woolly bear and a pencil gay, some nuts and sweets and a game to play, besides a street-car with a trolley and a bright red ball that's very jolly. So just remember this Christmas through, a child is happy because of you."

The verses varied according to the age and sex of the child.

A WEEK before Christmas one man, well known in his community, telephoned to the office of a family-welfare association, asking if it would be possible for him to borrow one of their families for Christmas day. His own children had grown up and left home, and he and his wife wanted children in the house for the holiday. He explained that they would have a tree and presents prepared for their guests, for whom they would

call in their automobile on Christmas morning. The district secretary arranged to let him entertain for the day a widow with two children.

The host and hostess look back upon that Christmas as one of rare privilege for them, and among the guests' cherished memories of the day is the recollection of their first automobile ride.

Some families, social or business clubs, and individuals make it a rule always to have as a Christmas charge one or more persons of their acquaintance who are lonely, away from home or in the shadow of some affliction. These Christmas guests are either brought right into the home at Christmas, or else Christmas cheer is carried to them. The house of one successful business man on Christmas day is the scene of Christmas joy for a number of his poorer relatives and friends of whom he sees little during the remainder of the year.

TWO business girls one year became responsible for the Christmas happiness of an aged Russian man and woman who were struggling to support an orphan grandchild. They carried provisions and toys and a Christmas tree to the desolate home, and on Christmas eve spent several hours trimming the tree and popping corn. When the sober little foreign boy smiled his joy and appreciation, they agreed that it was the best Christmas present they had ever had.

A private school for girls each year procures information from its local welfare organization of several families for whom they provide baskets and Christmas trees hung with gifts.

An only child had his Christmas joys more than doubled when he became interested in a happy day for a little boy of his own age who was nearly helpless as a result of infantile paralysis.

A representative of a social club visited a charities office early one November asking for the responsibility of supplying warm clothing and Christmas joys to an entire fatherless family. From several families which the secretary suggested the representative chose one and made notes of the particular needs of the family, including the ages and sex of the children and the build of the mother. The next two months of planning sewing, burrowing into store-closets for good outgrown clothing of their own and their children, and Christmas shopping for the family brought the club members closer together than they had ever been before.

They were so pleased with the results of their undertaking that when they carried their gifts to the charities office on Christmas eve they requested the right to look after the family somewhat all through the year and to make their Christmas gifts annual ones.

For children, a beautiful lesson in compassion and larger generosity is given by those parents who encourage their youngsters to plan and fill a stocking for some less fortunate child, perhaps one whom they have never seen and may never see.

IF YOU plan to cooperate with your local family-welfare agency, it is well to notify them early of what you will do. Any agency appreciates such thoughtfulness. It reassures them concerning the Christmas of one family in their care and saves them needless planning and expense.

If you decide to give Christmas cheer to a poor family of your acquaintance that is not likely to be under an agency's care, be sure that your basket contains all of the food and seasonings for a complete Christmas dinner. A can of soup, a fowl or roast of pork or beef, several kinds of vegetables, bread, sugar, flour, butter, canned milk and fruit make a simple basket, which may be elaborated upon according to the money you have to spend. If possible, it is expedient, also, to send breakfast provisions in order that the festive dinner may not be the only meal of the day.

And above all else, whatever your Christmas gifts for those less fortunate, give them with all the consideration and grace at your command, for this is what makes giving so worth while—and receiving easy.

COLGATE'S

Gifts that are sure to please



You would be glad to receive any of these—why not give them?

FOR the perplexing problem of the "little" gifts nothing equals Colgate's charming toilet articles. Instead of being quickly tossed aside, a Colgate Gift is used for a long time and is a constant reminder of the giver.

A box of dainty soap, for instance, brings to a woman her favored perfume—perhaps that favorite of three generations, Cashmere Bouquet For all the children, Ribbon Dental Cream that cleans teeth the right way and tastes so good Give some man a Handy Grip and two Refills—365 of the best shaves he ever knew The feminine mind always reacts pleasantly to a choice perfume. Please her with Florient, that won first place in the Perfume Contest, or Cha Ming, Cashmere Bouquet and a dozen more.

Your dealer can show you these and other Colgate Christmas Gifts

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 NEW YORK



Talc Powder, fragrant with Florient, or with other favored perfumes—Violet, Cashmere Bouquet, Eclat, Cha Ming, La France Rose, Dactylis. For the baby, Baby Talc, for tender skins . 20c and 25c

Perfumes in dainty bottles. Florient (Flowers of the Orient) in a number of sizes, and dozens of other delicate fragrances to please the feminine taste. From less than \$1, up to \$6, \$8 and \$10

A new Face Powder Compact that has won women's favor instantly. A golden box, simply decorated, with room to engrave your monogram. Also in Ebony finish. The powder in white, flesh or rachel . \$1 the box

The Handy Grip Shaving Stick gives a wonderfully cool, smooth shave—but that's not all. When the original soap is gone, screw in a Refill, which costs . . 25c Handy Grip costs . . 35c

For three generations Cashmere Bouquet has stood out as the favorite toilet soap. Luxurious, lasting, daintily fragrant. Two sizes . . 10c and 25c Also in boxes of six and three cakes.

The bright red box of Ribbon Dental Cream looks cheery in a Christmas stocking. But a better reason for putting it there is that children love its flavor, and they will use it. 25c



Luncheon Salad

**Some women seem
to be born with it —
—that rare “knack” of adding distinctive charm
and appetite appeal to even the simplest menus.**

Yet this “knack” is easily acquired. It simply involves an every-day, common-sense understanding of the “balanced ration” principle, which is the most important thing to observe in meal planning.

In other words, it's the facility with which the hostess serves foods that “fit in” and supplement each other—the skill with which she supplies that nice balance of food elements so necessary to good dining.

Every woman knows that excess of protein, fat or carbohydrate is sure to render a meal unsatisfying and disappointing—if not actually unwholesome, as well. The really tempting menu—the one that is sure to satisfy every need of health and appetite—invariably consists of a wise selection of both the heavy and light elements of diet.

There are many ways of putting this essential variety into every-day meals. Each food has its own place in the menu. But some serve a much wider range of usefulness and fill a more imperative daily need than others.

Fruit is one of these. Experience has proved it to be one of the most important aids that the housewife can employ in providing well-balanced meals on all occasions.

This is true more particularly in winter than in any other season. During the cold months, almost everybody is inclined to eat too much heavy, energy-creating food. At such times, fruits in various forms exercise a most important corrective function in the diet. Their natural mineral salts and healthful fruit acids are indispensable in toning up the system and keeping the body fit. They are a direct balance for the heavy protein content of meats, cereals, eggs, etc., and their tempting, refreshing flavor is always a quick and sure invitation to the appetite.

Of course, fresh fruits are not very practical in winter because of their scarcity and high price. But that need not prevent you from serving the finest fruits grown, at really economical cost, all winter long. DEL MONTE offers you a wide variety of choicest fruits from the world's finest orchards and gardens, packed where they ripen the day they are picked, and brought to your table with all their natural, fresh flavor and goodness—ready to add charm and delicacy to any meal at less cost than if you had canned them yourself.



Pineapple Delight



Fried Mush with Peaches

The thrifty simplicity of DEL MONTE Fruits for all uses—for breakfast, lunch or dinner—is well illustrated by the recipes on this page. Take the matter of lunch, for instance. How often you would like to eliminate meat from the midday meal without sacrifice of food value. What more tempting or

refreshing, then, than a well-balanced salad? As an example of how fruit will help you out, try the salad shown above. Note how perfectly balanced it is and how delicious—a complete and satisfying meal in itself.

And then there's breakfast. Here variety is harder to provide than in any other meal. How often the average breakfast is simply a matter of eggs, cereals, toast or meat—all heavy foods without a redeeming lighter touch. For variety serve DEL MONTE Fruits just as they come from the can as the first breakfast course—or with cereal. Apricots with scrambled eggs, or peaches with omelet are other variations. A particularly pleasing breakfast suggestion is mush, well fried, and served with DEL MONTE Peaches or DEL MONTE Plums. Pour the hot sirup from the fruit over the mush just before serving.



SEND FOR THIS BOOK

For 500 other thrifty, appetizing suggestions for the service of canned fruits and vegetables, write for a free copy of “DEL MONTE Recipes of Flavor.” Address Department D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

Dinner, of course, is an easier matter because it calls for a number of courses. Fruit can be introduced either as an appetizer, as a relish with the meat course, as a salad or in a dessert. For a dessert out of the ordinary, try Pineapple Delight, included in the recipes below. It has a delightful flavor and a delicacy that makes a fitting end to any heavy meal.

Of course, these are just a few suggestions. Other attractive ways for serving fruits in breakfast, luncheon and dinner dishes are given in the recipes at the bottom of this page. Try them. Make it a practice to serve fruit every day. Make it a part of every meal—it's a diet essential. And remember that DEL MONTE always offers you the opportunity to serve it in finest form and greatest variety.

The recipes below have all been tested and approved by Pauline D. Partridge and Hester M. Conklin, nationally known Domestic Science Experts, to illustrate the ease in serving balanced menus. Put them in your cook book.

LUNCHEON SALAD—Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped Del Monte Pimientos or Ripe Olives and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup chopped blanched almonds to 2 cups well-seasoned cottage cheese. Place quartered Del Monte Pears on lettuce. Put cheese in center, garnish with pimientos and mayonnaise.

DEL MONTE PINEAPPLE DELIGHT—Bring 1 can Del Monte Crushed or Grated Pineapple to the boiling point, add $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine softened in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water and stir until dissolved. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, 2 tablespoons lemon juice and 2 tablespoons finely chopped mint leaves. Pour into a mold and when firm serve with whipped cream.

VERONA SALAD—Spread slices of Del Monte Sliced Pineapple with soft cream cheese, sprinkle with chopped walnuts and serve on lettuce with a spoonful of mayonnaise in the center of each.

PEPPY SALAD—Boil the sirup from 1 can of Del Monte Pears and add $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons gelatine, softened in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Cool and add 1 cup ginger ale and the pears cut in pieces. Pour into mold and when firm serve with whipped cream.

MINTED PEACH SALAD—Finely chop $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each of fresh mint and celery. Arrange halves of Del Monte Peaches on lettuce and fill centers with the mixture. Around the edge of each put a border of mayonnaise.

APRICOT BREAKFAST CAKE—Mix and sift 2 cups flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Add 2 tablespoons melted fat and $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk and spread $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick in greased pan. Sprinkle with 1 teaspoon flour, 3 tablespoons sugar and $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon mixed. Press halves of apricots thickly in the top. Bake in a moderate oven.

CHERRY TURNOVERS—Prepare a rich biscuit dough. Roll out and cut in squares. In the centers of squares place stoned Del Monte Cherries, sprinkle with 1 teaspoon sugar and a few grains of cinnamon. Press the corners well together and bake in a moderate oven folded side down. Serve hot with a sauce made of the cherry sirup thickened and slightly sweetened.

LOGANBERRY PASTRIES—Mix 3 tablespoons flour and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar. Add 1 can Del Monte Loganberries that have been heated. Bring to the boiling point, stirring constantly. Pour into custard cups lined with pastry and bake until pastry is brown.

PINEAPPLE BREAKFAST WAFFLES—Mix 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt. Add 1 cup milk, 2 beaten egg yolks, 1 cup Del Monte Crushed or Grated Hawaiian Pineapple and 1 tablespoon melted fat. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites and bake in a hot, well-greased waffle iron until brown.

TREES OF LIGHT

By Hetty L. Sorden

Just how towns all over the country have started the beautiful custom of having a community Christmas-tree celebration is told in this article. For a list of suitable songs and carols for these community Christmas celebrations send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to THE DELINEATOR

EVEN more wonderful than the night-blooming cereus is the tree that is springing into bloom at Christmas in our public squares.

"The Tree of Light" is its name, and it blossoms at night with jewels of red, blue, green and gold. It has a magical power to bring peace and good-will even to communities where enmity has crept in.

Several years ago one "Tree of Light" brought peace and understanding to a town which had long been disrupted by petty factional jealousies. Trade-unions which had been far apart in sympathies worked hand in hand for the success of the celebration. The carpenters' union furnished and erected the tree; the electricians' union wired it and provided the current; the musicians' union contributed a thirty-five-piece band for concerts and supplied the accom-

paniments for carol singing; and the machinists' union gave money and candy for distribution among the needy. All hatchets were buried at the base of the tree and were never dug up again.

Christmas six festoons of electric bulbs, containing in all fifty bulbs, were rented from a local dealer at fifty cents a bulb. The festoons were fastened at the peak of the tree and led in straight lines to the ground on the outside of the branches. A glowing white star at the top of the tree was outlined in brilliant lights.

For the Cornell tree a transmitter was rented which released the power from an arc-light near the tree. Each night during the holiday week, from dusk until daylight, the red, yellow and white lights carried their Christmas message afar. At six o'clock each evening the mellow Cornell chimes played carols, and later groups of students gathered about the tree to sing. The chief item of expense on this tree was the rental and installation of lights. The total cost was about thirty dollars.



Somewhere in your town a tree is growing that can be trimmed for the community

paniments for carol singing; and the machinists' union gave money and candy for distribution among the needy. All hatchets were buried at the base of the tree and were never dug up again.

"Tree of Light," or community Christmas tree, celebrations are welding together community interest in hundreds of towns in the United States. They are adding beauty and joy to our towns.

Any town, however small, can have a community tree. It is not an expensive undertaking, and little work is involved compared with the results.

THE spirit of the community tree is best carried out when expenses and work are shared by various groups in the town. For example, the woman's club may provide the tree, the telephone company set it into position, a business men's club furnish the decorations, and the electric-light company wire the trees and supply the current. In Lafayette, Indiana, the Rotary Club gives the tree; in a Michigan town and in a Louisiana town school and playground children make the decorations.

The usual trimming of a community tree consists of many colored lights, radiating from the branches, tinsel and a brilliant white electric star at the topmost point. The Cornell University tree, a stately evergreen which stands in the center of a circle of pines bordering a winding campus road, is trimmed in this manner. Last

The logical position for a community tree is in a public square near the center of the town. Philadelphia's tree is appropriately set in Independence Square; Baltimore's tree stands on the Courthouse Plaza. Sometimes, however, there is a good reason for placing the tree less centrally, yet quite accessible to the municipality. Chicago has its tree in a beautiful setting in Grant Park, on the lake-front; the Des Moines tree is on the river-front. Norwalk, Connecticut, generously places its tree so that the Christmas lights shine out to greet passing ships at sea. One year an old Spanish mission was chosen for the setting of the tree in Mill Valley, California, where a nativity play was given and carols sung in the mission porticoes.

IF YOUR town can not afford to set up a big tree, perhaps one may be found already growing in some one's yard that you may get permission to decorate.

A resourceful northern town which enjoys zero Christmas weather chose for its community tree last year a well-shaped maple. The bare tree was wired, then sprayed again and again with a hose until icicles sparkled from every branch. Last of all, colored electric bulbs were set into place and lighted. This crystal Christmas tree gave joy to the community for an entire week.

A particularly happy arrangement is to plant a permanent Christmas tree for use year after year. A tender sentiment grows

Concluded on page 80



This union suit was especially designed to wear with tailored clothes



One of the famous Carter suits for children—so soft and silky that your little girl will never complain of its being prickly; knit by a special process that makes it unusually elastic.

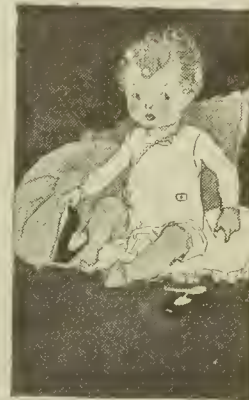
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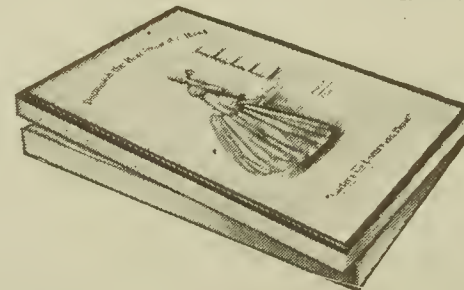
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Sold at your favorite store in all weights of cotton, cotton and wool, wool, silk and wool, and silk.



This little double-breasted vest retains its elasticity after buttoning, and the baby does not have to be turned over to put it on.

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ON GUARD AGAINST CANCER

By Dr. Francis Carter Wood

Crocker Memorial Research Laboratory, Columbia University

IN THE United States, one person in every ten over forty years of age dies of cancer.

The disease is especially prevalent among adult women. Many leading physicians believe that possibly three-quarters of these deaths, and the suffering in all cases, might be avoided if the public as well as doctors and nurses knew the facts about this disease.

Thousands of healthy people are living in America to-day who years ago were successfully operated on for cancer.

One of the chief causes for the appalling number of deaths by cancer is that people wait too long to consult a physician. *The beginning of a cancer is almost always painless.* When pain begins, the growth has already extended so far that it is pressing on the nerves. If you or some one in your family has a single symptom that resembles cancer, go to the best physician you know and make sure it is not cancer. Do not be afraid of seeming foolishly alarmed. Better to be laughed at than told that you have come too late.

Now, what is the nature and what are the symptoms of cancer?

The body is made up of tiny cells, a different kind for each organ. When a few of these cells grow beyond the natural limit of the organ where they belong, and begin to invade the surrounding tissues, this growth is a cancer. If discovered in time, while still small, many of these growths may be successfully cut out by a surgeon, and so prevented from spreading further.

Although doctors do not yet know what causes the cells to act in this way, they do know, as the result of long study and observation, the bodily conditions that seem to favor the growth and how it begins.

We know that cancer is most frequently caused by persistent irritation or inflammation of a tissue or an organ. Irritation means anything that keeps up a sore condition. If you have a broken tooth, it irritates the tongue or cheek; if you eat highly seasoned foods or drink alcohol, it irritates the stomach, and an irritated stomach is more apt to grow a cancer than one not irritated. Women, for instance, practically never have cancer of the lip or tongue; they take better care of the mouth and teeth than men, and they do not smoke pipes or chew tobacco. Cancer of the tongue or lip develops from constant irritation of the mouth.

THERE are many kinds of cancer. Those most frequent among women are cancer of the breast and of the uterus. Cancer of the breast begins with a small lump or a thin, often bloody, discharge from the nipple. *It is painless,* and for this reason many women neglect to report it to a physician. Cancer of the breast is fatal in so many cases only because it is not taken to a physician in time, for when removed early by a competent surgeon this form of the disease is curable. If an ill-fitting or tight corset is allowed to press on one of these lumps constantly, it may become inflamed and finally turn into cancer. This does not mean that a good corset is dangerous; on the contrary, many women with a large bust need the support of a corset.

The most important symptom in cancer of the womb is continuous or excessive bleeding, though not every case of bleeding is a cancer. The safest plan is to report such a condition immediately to your physician and have him tell you what to do. *Do not wait for pain.* This warning can not be given too often.

At the present time, we know no other absolutely sure and permanent cure for cancer of the uterus except early removal of the affected organ and of as much surrounding tissue as seems necessary. Naturally, this is a serious operation and should be undertaken only by the best surgeon experienced in this kind of work.

Cancer of the stomach causes one-fourth of the total deaths from cancer. Most of the cases reported to physicians are so far gone that cure by a surgical operation is impossible. But like other forms of cancer, there is always a possibility of cure—if taken in time.

Ulcers of the stomach should always be treated and cured promptly, as these sometimes lead to cancer. In fact, the symptoms are often the same: Discomfort and pain after

eating, nausea and vomiting, and general lowering in health. No lump can be seen or felt until the disease has reached a fatal stage, but even in the early stages an X-ray examination and other modern methods of diagnosis enable a physician to determine whether or not there is a cancerous growth.

Cancer of the intestine often begins with constant and increasing constipation. Many people, as they approach middle age, consider constipation a natural accompaniment of advancing years and pay no attention to it, relying upon cathartics.

Bleeding from the bowels should never be neglected, for although it may be due to hemorrhoids, it is also a most important symptom of cancer of the rectum. Blood in the urine, likewise, is never to be regarded as unimportant; it is the most important symptom of cancer of the bladder, though it may also be due to some other less serious cause.

ANY spot on the face which continues to form a scab and increases ever so slightly should be reported to a doctor, for this is the way that cancer of the skin begins.

Sometimes skin cancer starts from a mole. All of us have moles on our bodies, and most of these are harmless if left alone; but if a mole is in a position where it will be constantly irritated, it becomes a potential cancer. If a man has a mole on his shoulder, for instance, where it will be constantly rubbed by his suspenders, or on his face, where it is likely to be cut in shaving, he had better have it removed by surgery. A mole near a woman's waist where it would be rubbed by corsets or clothes, a mole on the foot where the shoe presses on it—such moles had far better be removed to be on the safe side. Other moles had better be left alone—do not try to remove them with caustics.

Any small painless sore on the lip (almost always the lower lip) which does not readily heal and continues to form a crust may be a cancer; it should be shown to a physician. Cancer of the tongue usually begins as a crack or sore, often in a position that brings it into contact with a broken or decayed tooth which irritates it. This, and cancer of the lip, often appears in men who use a pipe or a cigar in such a way that the hot smoke is constantly irritating the mouth. Keeping a quid of tobacco in the cheek is another irritant which helps the growth of cancer.

Swelling is usually the first symptom of cancer of the nose and throat, and early attention is especially important here because growths in this region increase very rapidly. Cancer of the larynx makes itself known usually by difficulty in speaking, a feeling of discomfort in the throat, a change in the voice and sometimes a slight cough. Sometimes there is a sharp pain in the larynx. A successful operation is possible if the disease is recognized and treated in time.

There are no general directions to give concerning the prevention of cancer besides those already mentioned, except to live a normal, healthy, clean life, avoiding excesses of all kinds, not only those leading to social diseases, but also excesses in food, in alcohol, in worry—anything which reduces the vitality of the body and makes it a prey to disease.

IT IS impossible to give here all the symptoms of the various forms of cancer, but the American Society for the Control of Cancer, New York City, will send to any one requesting it a pamphlet written by eminent medical authorities telling the facts which every one ought to know. Cancer Week is being conducted all over the country during the third week of November by this society. Publicity work on the subject is being carried on by State and city boards of health. All of these activities are devoted to one end: To tell people to go promptly to a good, competent physician whenever they have any signs of ill health, especially after the age of forty-five, that cancer begins *without pain,* and that, taken in time, many forms are curable.

Objection has sometimes been made to this cancer publicity on the grounds that it unnecessarily scares people. Those of us who are fighting cancer feel that it is better for many to be needlessly scared than for many others to needlessly die.

1923

A
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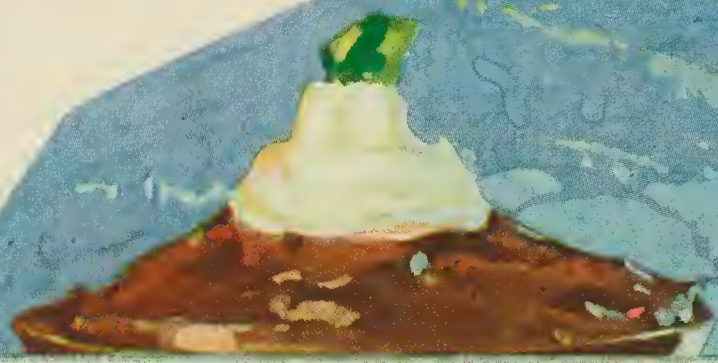
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Please enter my subscription for 12 copies of THE DELINEATOR for the year 1923. I am enclosing \$2.00 (in Canada \$2.50) to cover the cost of this subscription.

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SHAKE HANDS WITH HEALTH EVERY DAY



Christmas menus are changing

No longer do people relish the idea of topping off a heavy Christmas dinner with a traditional heavy dessert. Moreover, the busy housewife likes to get her dessert well out of the way before the rush of the holiday dinner. So here are three surprise-desserts you can prepare a day or so in advance, if need be. They'll keep in the ice chest—never fear!

Sunsweet Prunes and Apricots are such natural sweetmeats—rich, juicy, flavor-full—that it's easy to transform them into feature dishes for any festive occasion. After you've made these alluring desserts [and even before] you will want the Sunsweet Recipe Packet. Many unheard-of dishes find place in the new edition. Yet each recipe is "worry-proof." Each recipe has been worked out in the Sunsweet kitchen by our own Domestic Science Director.

You'll treasure this Sunsweet Packet—even as thousands of housewives do. It will put a new taste-and-health meaning in your menus the year 'round. And it's free—mail the coupon today! California Prune & Apricot Growers Ass'n, 1259 Market St., San Jose, Cal.

Sunsweet Prune Velvet

Take 1½ cups prune pulp [pitted cooked prunes rubbed thru strainer]. Add ½ cup powdered sugar, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla; fold in 1½ cups whipped cream; pour in mold, cover, pack in equal parts cracked ice and rock salt 3 hours.

Sunsweet Apricot Delight

Drain cooked dried apricots; rub through sieve to make 1 cup pulp; add ⅓ cup shredded pineapple; heat over hot water; add ⅓ cup sugar, 2 beaten eggs. Cook till very thick; chill. Cream ½ cup sweet butter, gradually add 1 cup sifted powdered sugar; beat till creamy. Add cold apricot mixture, fold in 1 cup whipped cream. Line mold with waxed paper; cover bottom and sides with split lady fingers. Fill center with cold mixture, cover with lady fingers; chill 12 hours. Unmold, garnish with whipped cream.

Sunsweet Prune & Apricot Chantilly

Soak 1 tablespoon gelatine in ⅓ cup cold water ten minutes; set over hot water till melted. Add 2 cups juice drained from cooked dried apricots. Stir till thick; pour into chilled mold and turn till jelly coats entire surface. In meantime melt 1 square unsweetened chocolate over hot water; add 1 cup prune pulp, ⅓ cup sugar, 3 beaten egg yolks. Cook till very thick, then chill. Cream ½ cup sweet butter, add gradually 1 cup sifted powdered sugar. Beat till creamy; add cold prune mixture, ½ cup chopped pecans; fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites, 1 teaspoon vanilla. Chill 12 hours. Unmold on layer of sponge cake, garnish with stuffed prunes.

Recipe Packet free!

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SUN SWEET CALIFORNIA'S NATURE-FLAVORED PRUNES and APRICOTS



The Perfect Chocolate Cake and how to make it

DO YOU KNOW of anything more delicious than a good, home-made chocolate layer cake? Here is one that is rich, delicate in flavor and not "sickishly sweet."

The secret in securing the rich, yet delicate flavor and fine, even texture of this perfect cake lies in the selection of the best materials and above all a high-grade cream of tartar baking powder like Royal. This last item makes a big difference, because Royal contains none but wholesome ingredients. It raises the cake perfectly—contains no alum—leaves no bitter taste.

To make this perfect chocolate cake use this recipe—cut it out and paste it in your cook book.

CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

1/3 cup butter or other shortening	1 cup milk
1 cup sugar	1 3/4 cups flour
1 egg	4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon vanilla extract	1/4 teaspoon salt

Cream shortening well; add sugar gradually, beating well between each addition; add beaten egg, flavoring, one half the milk and mix well; add one half the flour which has been sifted with salt and baking powder; add remainder of milk, then remainder of flour, stirring well after each addition. Bake in three greased layer cake tins in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

FILLING

2 1/2 squares (2 1/2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate	3/4 cup powdered or confectioner's sugar
3 tablespoons cream	1 tablespoon cornstarch
1 egg yolk	1/8 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla extract	

Save egg white for icing. Melt chocolate in top of double boiler; add cream and egg yolk; mix in sugar gradually; add cornstarch which has been mixed with a little cold water and cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thick; add salt and vanilla. Spread thickly between layers of cake.

ICING

1 unbeaten egg white	1 tablespoon thin cream
1 1/4 cups confectioner's sugar	1 1/2 squares (1 1/2 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
1 teaspoon butter	

Melt chocolate; put egg white into shallow dish; add sugar gradually, beating with wire whip; add butter, melted chocolate and cream and beat well until of right consistency to spread.



Helpful Hints

Use level measurements for all materials. Save on the amount rather than the quality of the ingredients.

Use the very best vanilla and Royal Baking Powder; otherwise the delicate flavor and fine texture will be lost.

Cream the butter well before adding any sugar, and do all the hard beating at the beginning of the process.

Beat the egg yolks and whites together: this keeps the cake fresh longer.

Bread flour is intended; if pastry flour is used add about 1/4 cup more flour.

A few grains of salt added to the icing brings out the flavor of the chocolate.

Send for New
Royal Cook Book
— It's Free

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY
128 William Street New York

NAMES AND TITLES

By Elsie Cleveland Mead

THE DELINEATOR will be glad to answer any question on good manners. Address the Etiquette Editor, THE DELINEATOR, Butterick Building, New York City, and enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope for a reply



Elsie Cleveland Mead

WE HAVE all been brought up with "David Copperfield" and remember with mirth Mrs. Micawber's constant reference to her husband as "Mr. Micawber." It prompts a discussion of when, if ever, a husband or wife should use this formal name. It is a safe rule never to speak of your husband or wife as Mr. or Mrs. to any one with whom you are on terms of social equality; this is proper only when talking to domestics or children. If at times the use of the Christian name seems inappropriate, it is very simple to substitute "my husband" or "my wife." This same rule should apply if a member of the family has a title, though the custom is very well grounded in some places for the wife of a medical man to refer to her husband as "the doctor," even to her intimates. By formal people it is considered better form not to. The title of president seems to have peculiar savor for the wife of the chief executive of a business, but the only woman really justified in using this title when referring to her husband is the wife of the President of the United States.

A curious custom has grown up in this country which is now generally accepted as good usage: it is calling our chief executive, when speaking to him, "Mr. President," and a senator "Mr. Senator," and a Cabinet member "Mr. Secretary." This probably came about because the title alone seemed too familiar and the use of the name plus the title seemed too long. The title without the name—for example, "My dear Senator" or "My dear Doctor"—in a letter should never be used any more than we would write "Dear Earl" or "Dear Lord" to a member of the English nobility.

THE repetition of a person's name in response to a question which requires yes or no for an answer is quite proper. Children are also permitted to say "Yes, sir" to a man, though this form is usually left to the boys; but the Americanism "Yes, ma'am" should not be approved as good form between people who are meeting on the same social footing. Maids use it to their mistresses, though "Yes, Mrs. Smith" or "Yes, madam" is better style. In certain places "Yes, ma'am" has become a colloquialism, but "Yes, mother" or "No, Mrs. Smith" is decidedly preferable. Tiresome repetition of a person's name at the beginning and the end of a sentence should always be avoided.

It is not good form to use a nickname for any person with whom you are not rather intimately associated. Just as good form requires orderliness of home and tidiness of dress, so does it demand dignity of speech.

Growing children learn to call their parents papa or mama, often wrongfully degenerated into the pronunciation "popper" or "mommer." This might pass in children, but too often the habit remains. It is all but ludicrous to hear grown people calling their progenitors by these childish names; so the idea suggests itself that the use of mother and father should early be inculcated.

One may be quite sympathetic toward the man who imitates his children and calls his wife "mommer," but the habit once formed is hard to overcome, and after the children have grown up it borders on the ridiculous. "Mother" would not call forth the same objection.

A few general indications on the proper forms for beginning and finishing letters are important. The heart dictates what to use to one's family and intimates. Social notes

begin "Dear Mrs. Smith," but more formally "My dear Mrs. Smith" to some one one knows but very slightly. The signature is preceded by "Sincerely yours," "Very sincerely yours," or "Cordially yours," but never must the "yours" be omitted. A business letter beginning "Dear Sir" or "Dear Madam" should be signed "Very truly yours," or "Yours very truly." "Respectfully yours" has gone out of general use.

It is a pleasure to receive an attractively addressed envelope. The envelope should have the name in the center, the street address below and to the

right, and each succeeding line for city, county, state and country at equal distances below and indented equally to the right.

We all appreciate the friend who uses an extra sheet, even if it is not entirely written over, rather than criss-cross her own pages. Highly colored and heavily scented paper is not considered good taste.

The following questions are often asked:

Q.—How should a married woman sign her name to a letter?

A.—She should always sign her legal name—as, Frances Kimberly—but if for purposes of identification she wishes to use her husband's name, she should put it in brackets below her own name, as [Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly].

Q.—How should one begin a letter to a clergyman who has a degree?

A.—One should begin "My dear Doctor Lunt," and the envelope should be addressed to "The Reverend Arthur G. Lunt."

Q.—How should one direct a letter to a bishop?

A.—It should be directed to "The Right Reverend Bishop Brown," and the salutation of the letter addresses him properly as "My dear Bishop Brown,"

Q.—What is the proper form of writing to a judge?

A.—The usual form is "The Honorable John C. Brown." This title is also used in directing letters to senators, congressmen, and city officials. The salutation to judges, governors, mayors and senators should be "My dear Judge (Governor, Mayor or Senator) Brown," but congressmen are usually addressed as "My dear Mr. Brown."

Q.—Should the officers that have retired from the recent national army be addressed as Captain, Major, Colonel, etc.?

A.—These designations are very loosely applied. Such titles are often used as terms of endearment, but in a strict interpretation they should cease when the job ceases.

Q.—Is there any prescribed name to call one's in-laws?

A.—The English language lacks these much needed designations. One often hears a son-in-law addressing his wife's mother or father as Mrs. or Mr. Smith, but Father or Mother Smith seems more natural.

Q.—What is the proper form for visiting-cards for a married woman?

A.—Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly, with the address in the lower right-hand corner if desired. The card is usually a small square, while the man's card is narrower.

A young girl is usually dignified by Miss on her card when she is about eighteen.

Cards are absolutely essential if visiting in a strange place. They are required for formal visits and are useful to send with gifts and to leave with a message of condolence.



Why Your Skin Needs a Cleansing Cream

FEW of us realize the importance of keeping our skin clean. A daily bath, while it may be sufficient for the cleanliness of the body, is not enough to thoroughly cleanse the face where the pores are left exposed to the dust and dirt. A good cold cream systematically used on your face is the only thing that will keep it really clean. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is unrivalled in its merits as a skin cleanser. Because it is the oldest cold cream on the market, you can be sure of its reliability.

In winter when the blood in your face is whipped by the wind and cold, you are deceived into thinking your circulation is improved. This is only temporary. That same wind that brings the color momentarily to the surface is driving dirt into the pores; is causing chaps, making your skin harsh and sensitive. When you come in out of the wind, rub Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream liberally on your face, applying it with a piece of clean cotton. Leave it on until the sting has disappeared and you will find your skin unharmed by exposure.

The dirt that has worked its way into the skin during the day should be removed each night with Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. This regular beautifying period should be part of every woman's daily regime. If you remove the dirt from your skin you will remove the cause of practically all skin trouble.

Dip a piece of cotton, wrung out in tepid or cold water, into your jar of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. Cover your face with a liberal application and let it stay on until your face feels perfectly relaxed. Wipe the cream off with a clean soft towel. This stimulates the tissues and closes the pores again. This simple treatment is all that any normal skin should need.

Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream is sold everywhere at Pre-War Prices. In Tubes, 10c, 25c and 50c. In Jars, 35c, 50c, 85c and \$1.50.

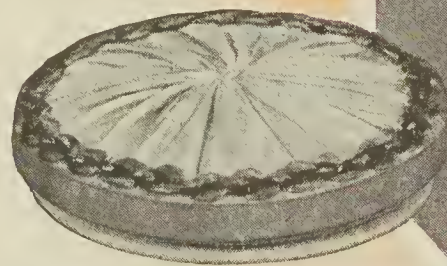
A FREE TRIAL—Write for a free tube of this perfect skin cleanser and complexion beautifier. Daggett & Ramsdell, Dept. 1231, D. & R. Building, New York.

DAGGETT & RAMSDSELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

ONE CAN FIND IMMEDIATE INSPIRATION IN THE SOFT PASTEL SILKS AND SATINS
FOR DAINTY, PERSONAL "GIFTS FOR HER"



Sheer and soft against her hair is the plaited bandeau of rose Georgette with satin rosebuds over each temple. The Juliette bandeau below is quite French with baby-blue picot ribbon over pale-pink satin, rosebud trimming and a lacy edging



With one neat twist, the blue silk powder-case closes just like a tobacco pouch!

WHOEVER wears the rose-trimmed bandeau above views the world through a rose-colored medium. For it you will need $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of rose Georgette, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch rose satin ribbon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of $1\frac{3}{4}$ -inch satin ribbon, 1 yard of light-rose satin ribbon $1\frac{3}{4}$ inch wide. Cut two pieces of Georgette 20 inches long and $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide. Have 2 rows, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch apart, hemstitched by machine on all four sides, picoting the outside edge. Have the pieces plaited and lay one on top of the other (see Ill.). Tack pieces together at center and each end. Cut a piece of wide rose ribbon 16 inches long and tie a loose knot in center, cutting the ends in points. Place it through center of Georgette (see Ill.). Tack in the center at each end. Cut narrow ribbon in half. Join at each end. Make a rose from a 12-inch strip of ribbon.

FOR the other bandeau you will need $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 3-inch pink satin ribbon, 3 yards of blue picot-edged ribbon $\frac{5}{8}$ inch wide, 4 yards of Val lace, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of rosebud trimming. Round ends of the pink ribbon. Sew lace around the edge, gathering it. Sew a second row of lace $\frac{5}{8}$ of an inch from the edge. Cut a strip of rosebud trimming in half and sew on two long sides, sewing it over the stitching of second row of lace. Cut a strip of blue ribbon $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard long. Place lengthwise through pink ribbon, tacking center to center of pink ribbon. Tack it to each end. Cut the remaining piece of blue ribbon in 3 pieces. Tie these pieces into bows and sew one on center of pink ribbon and one on each end.

The blue powder-case above is compact enough to fit in the smallest space. You will need a pair of 3-inch round embroidery hoops, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of narrow flower trimming, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of pale-blue silk, a round mirror 3 inches in diameter, a powder-puff 2 inches in diameter. Cover a 3-inch circle of cardboard with blue silk. Cut a piece of taffeta $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Sew narrow ends together. Double the material in half to form a circle 4 inches high. Slip the largest hoop between the silk in this circle, slipping it up close to folded edge. Stitch material close under hoop and then let material fall down through center of hoop. Slip remaining hoop between material at lower edge. Sew edges together. Draw hoop down close to sewed edge and sew above hoop. Sew this end of material to covered circle. Paste silk across back of mirror, allowing $\frac{1}{8}$ inch of silk to come over front of mirror. Paste mirror to back of cardboard. Sew rosebud trimming along upper edge of top hoop. To close the case, fit the top ring down over the lower ring twisting the silk tight as you go.

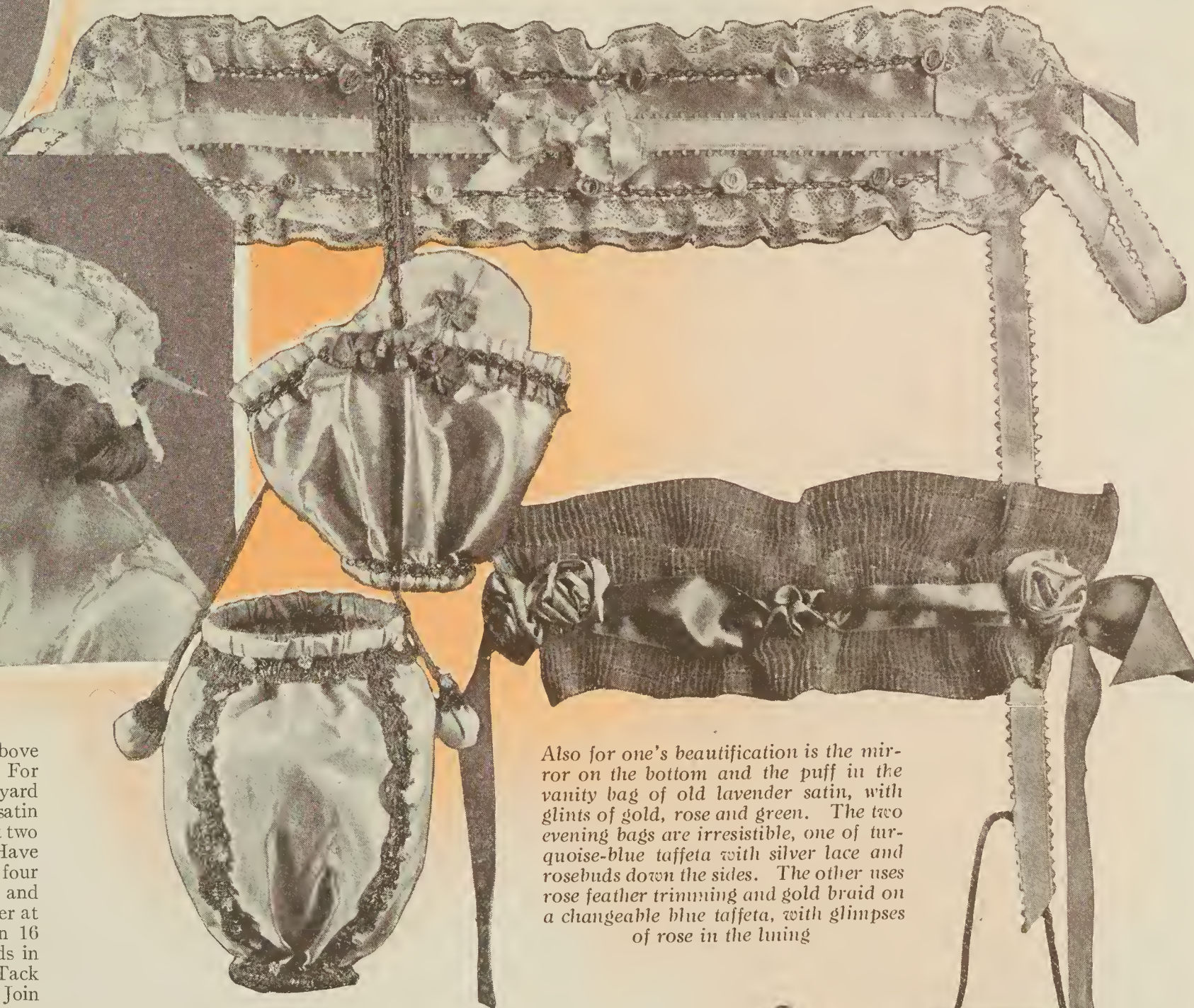
Hung over one's arm, this alluring little vanity bag resembles a French basket in shape. You will need $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of lavender satin ribbon 5 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of lavender ribbon $\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch old-blue ribbon, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of narrow gold braid trimming, 3 yellow rosebuds, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of rose picoted ribbon, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of green picoted ribbon, a mirror $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in

diameter, and a small powder-puff. Sew both ends of lavender ribbon together. Gather one edge around mirror. Run another row of stitching $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from edge. Draw thread so that it holds mirror in place. Sew a piece of gold braid over second row of gathering. Sew narrow blue and lavender ribbon together lengthwise frilling them to fit along upper edge of lavender ribbon. Sew gold braid in the middle to cover stitching. Cut rose ribbon in 3-inch strips and gather one edge. Draw thread tight. Sew yellow flower in center. Cut green ribbon and make a small loop for a leaf. Make three more flowers in the same way. Sew flowers onto bag (see Ill.). Make a loop of the gold braid and sew ends opposite each other for a handle.

Silver lace and rosebuds shimmer on a turquoise blue ground in this bag. You will need $\frac{1}{4}$ yard each of old-rose and a turquoise blue-taffeta, an embroidery hoop which is 4

yellow, blue, lavender and rose picot ribbon. Cut wire $10\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Wind the narrow lavender ribbon all around wire. Sew one end of wire to center of puff. Sew both short ends of wide ribbon together. Gather one edge of wide ribbon. Draw in tightly. Fasten securely to center puff over the joining of wire. Gather opposite side of ribbon $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in from edge. Draw in until it fits around edge of puff. Tack all around edge allowing ribbon to project $\frac{1}{2}$ inch over edge. Sew rosebud trimming over gathering thread. Cut a piece of picoted ribbon $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch long. Gather one edge and draw thread tightly to complete 1 flower. Make 2 flowers of each color and group in center of lavender ribbon. Make 5 leaves of green ribbon to group around flowers.

The roses on the bandeau are very easily made. Follow the directions given on page 78.



Also for one's beautification is the mirror on the bottom and the puff in the vanity bag of old lavender satin, with glints of gold, rose and green. The two evening bags are irresistible, one of turquoise-blue taffeta with silver lace and rosebuds down the sides. The other uses rose feather trimming and gold braid on a changeable blue taffeta, with glimpses of rose in the lining

inches in diameter, 1 yard of some silver cord, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of rosebud trimming, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch silver lace, some cotton wadding and a mirror $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. Cut a piece of rose taffeta 8 inches wide and 18 inches long. Cut a piece of blue 9 inches wide and 18 inches long. Seam both short ends of each piece. Sew both pieces together along one long side. Run a gathering along opposite end of rose and pull tightly. Fold the blue over the rose on seam. Slip hoop over rose until it reaches this seam. Sew the blue to the rose just below hoop. Sew 4 rows of lace and flower trimming at even intervals up and down bag. (See Ill.) Gather lower edge of blue taffeta around mirror. Finish edge of mirror and lower edge of hoop with lace and flower trimming. Make handle of silver cord finished with balls of taffeta. Cover top of each ball with lace and trimming.

ROMANTIC imaginings are stirred by the feathery evening bag at the right. You will need $\frac{1}{4}$ yard each of rose and changeable blue taffeta, $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of heavy good cord, 1 yard of gold braid $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide, 1 yard of rose feather trimming 3 inches wide, and a piece of white cord. Cut a piece of taffeta 8 inches wide and 18 inches long. Cut a piece of changeable taffeta 9 inches wide and 18 inches long. Turn the long edge of rose taffeta in $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, folding over a piece of white cord. Sew one edge of changeable taffeta below cord. Draw cord in to 9 inches, gathering taffeta as you go. Join ends. Seam sides and gather lower edge of rose. Sew a row of feather trimming just below cord at top of bag. 4 inches below sew another row of feather trimming. Tie a knot to each end of cord. Sew to each side of opening on inside edge. Gather lower edge of taffeta. Twist $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of feather trimming into a roll to form a tassel. Cover the top with the piece of gold lace. Sew to bottom of bag.

A MID-VICTORIAN charm is in this powder-puff for the décolleté back. You will need a powder-puff $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 3-inch lavender satin ribbon, 1 yard of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch lavender ribbon, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of rosebud trimming, some very heavy hat wire and a small piece each of green,



In the center bloom green, yellow, blue, lavender and rose flowers from the lavender satin ground of this back powder-puff. The edge is rosebud trimmed



Children's hands and men's dark clothes soil table-cloth edges—this is where wear first shows if cloth has to be *rubbed* clean. P and G removes this "edge-soil" *without* rubbing—saves linen, and keeps it gleaming white.



The "ring" around the bathtub disappears at the first *touch* of P and G—it is so *easy* to clean porcelain and enamel with P and G that no excuse need be accepted for less than daily perfection in the bathroom.

If little Molly should be in an accident, what would the neighbors think of those "clean" underclothes?

Molly's underclothes are *supposedly* clean—but *actually* they are gray and untidy.

That is not necessarily the *laundress's* fault.

The blame may rest with the *soap!*

If the dirt is not *thoroughly* washed out with a *good soap*, it spreads through the whole fabric—that is what makes white clothes gray.

It may be unsafe to let the laundress choose the soap. Her reasons for choosing may be quite different from yours.

One thing is certain, however—*she* will be *glad* to use P and G The White Naphtha Soap because its quick cleaning saves her time and energy. And *you* will be *pleased* with its snow white re-

sults, obtained without destructive hard rubbing.

P and G is different from *strong* soaps—

It acts on the *dirt*, not on the fabric or colors.

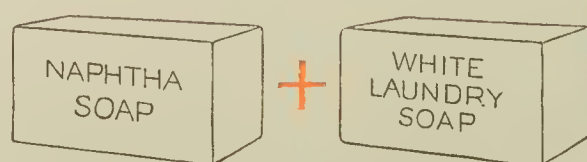
P and G is different from ordinary "mild" soaps—

It loosens *all* the dirt and rinses out completely, putting less of a burden on boiling.

P and G The White Naphtha Soap is the largest selling laundry and household soap in America today because its unique *combination* of cleansing properties has replaced less safe and less effective soaps.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

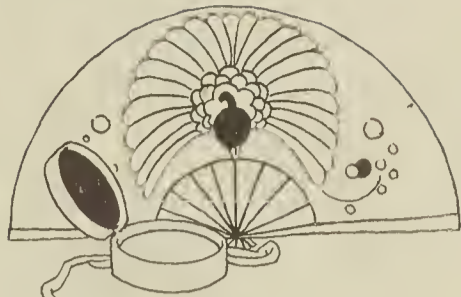
*Not merely a naphtha soap;
Not merely a white laundry soap;
But the best features of both combined.*



Speed + Safety



THE CHRISTMAS GIFT LACKING THAT EXPRESSION OF TASTE
OF THE GIVER IS INDEED BARE



THE process of one's toilette is infinitely interesting in this delicate dressing-sack. For it you will need 2 yards of rose Georgette, 6 yards of dark-rose satin ribbon 1 inch wide, 4 yards of light-rose satin ribbon, 1 yard of marabou fur and design 3092. The dressing-sack in short length is excellent for ladies 32 to 44 bust. Bind neck, fronts and lower edge with narrow dark-rose ribbon. Hemstitch by machine all seams and edge of sleeves. Measure 1/4 inch from ribbon binding and work two rows of hemstitching 1/4 inch apart around all edges bound with ribbon. Tack a 14-inch length of marabou along neck edge. Tack a 6-inch length of marabou to each sleeve edge (see illustration). Make ten roses of 16-inch strips of light-rose ribbon, following rose directions given below. Sew a rose at each end of each piece of marabou. A fragrant scent finds a home in this powder box and puff. You will need the bottom of a round cardboard powder-

POSED BY
IMOGENE WILSON



Crisp pink and white organdy with a bouquet of pink and white flowers make the dainty sashet below which rustles with dried rose leaves

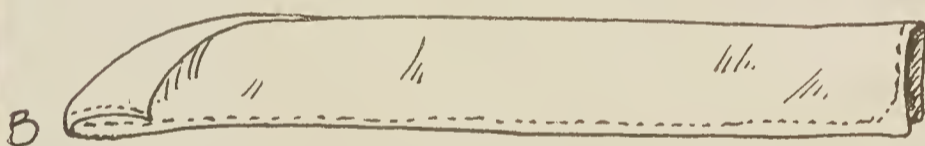


Apricot ribbon picoted in old-blue forms bow and streamers for cap above of cream net and apricot Georgette



The dressing-sack (3092) is of transparent rose Georgette, weighted with satin roses and brown marabou

Detail for rose



Plaited net sounds the frivolous note for the powder-box of old-blue satin. A rose-handled top conceals a powder-puff beneath. As for the pink-satin garters — well, if winds should blow one need not fear! The evening bag in blue taffeta reveals a silver lining

box 3 inches in diameter, 1/8 yard of net, 3/4 yard of rosebud trimming, 1 yard of 3/4-inch old-blue satin ribbon, a circle of canvas 2 1/2 inches in diameter, 1/8 yard each of 1/2-inch pink and rose ribbon, 1/8 yard of narrow gold braid, a powder-puff 2 1/2 inches in diameter. Cut a strip of net 38 inches long and 1 1/2 inch wide. Hemstitch along both lengths of net and cut edges for picot edge. Plait the net. Cut blue ribbon 12 inches long and gather both edges to make the ribbon fit around sides of box. Cut a piece of plaited net 17 inches long and sew it along lower edge of ribbon. Sew rosebud trimming along center of ribbon. Sew ends of ribbon and net together. Slip around sides of box. Tack the net to base of box. Sew 11 inches of net around edge of canvas; then sew the puff to canvas. Sew one edge of an 8-inch piece of old-blue ribbon to edge of net, gathering the ribbon at center of canvas. Sew a 3/4-inch loop of gold braid to center of circle. Twist the rose and pink ribbon around base of loop (see illustration). Sew rosebud trimming along edge of old-blue ribbon.

It would not seem indelicate to lose such a pink-satin garter! For these you need 3 yards of 1 1/2-inch deep-rose satin ribbon, 3 yards of 3-inch light-rose satin ribbon, 2 yards of 5/8-inch dark-rose satin ribbon, 3/4 yard of white elastic. Cut the light-rose ribbon in half. Cut a half-yard from each half for rosette. Fold the remainder in half lengthwise, and run a row of stitching 3/8 inch from edge. Cut the wide dark-rose ribbon in half. Cut a half-yard from each for rosette. Fold remainder lengthwise and slip the folded edge of the light-rose ribbon between the two edges of the folded dark-rose ribbon. Stitch as near edge as possible. Run the elastic through between the two rows of stitching, gathering the ribbon to fit elastic. Sew both ends together. Make three roses of dark-rose ribbon.

The blue evening bag is a necessary frivolity. For it you need 1/2 yard each of blue taffeta and silver cloth, 20 inches of silver ribbon 1/4 inch wide, some yellow or silver flower centers. Cut taffeta 35 1/2 inches long and 10 inches wide. Cut silver cloth the same length and width. Sew one long edge of taffeta and silver cloth together. Seam narrow ends of taffeta and silver cloth together. Gather remaining length of taffeta, drawing it tight. Turn the taffeta inside out so that the silver cloth forms the lining of bag. Gather remaining un-

sewed length of silver cloth, drawing thread tight. For the flower, cut a circle each of taffeta and silver cloth 3 1/2 inches in diameter. Lay taffeta on top of silver cloth and hemstitch together by machine. Picot the edge. Make four more petals in same manner, grouping and sewing petals around flower centers. Sew ribbon to center of each side of opening.

The lacy boudoir cap lends an elfin charm to a piquant face. You will need 1/2 yard of apricot Georgette, 3 yards of 1/2-inch picoted apricot ribbon, 1/2 yard of fine cream net, 1 yard of narrow elastic. Cut a circle of Georgette 17 1/2 inches in diameter. Finish edge with machine picot. Mark the net into 1-inch strips for hemstitching. Cut through hemstitched lines, joining ends of strips, and have them plaited. Measure 1 inch from edge of Georgette and sew a ruffle all the way around. Cut ribbon 40 inches long. Sew one edge along upper edge of ruffle. Sew opposite edge. This forms the casing. Begin at the center of Georgette circle and sew net around and around, leaving 3/4 of an inch of Georgette between each row of net. Tie remaining piece of ribbon in a bow with long ends. Sew to center of cap. Run elastic through casing.

This sashet cherishes many a Summer romance with the withered rose leaves inside. You need 1/4 yard of pink organdy, 1/8 yard of white organdy, a spray of artificial flowers, 3 yards of 1/4-inch rose ribbon, four bags of dried rose petals. Cut rose organdy 7 1/2 inches wide and 15 inches long. Fold over so that it is 7 1/2 inches square. Baste two sides together. Fill bag with dried rose leaves. Baste opening together. Hemstitch on all sides, picoting the edge. Cut one piece of white organdy 18 1/2 inches long and one piece 9 inches long and 3 1/2 inches wide. Hemstitch along all four sides, picoting edge. Measure 1/4 inch from edge and hemstitch on all four sides. Make a large loop bow with long piece of organdy, making the loops about 4 inches. Use the 9-inch piece as ends. Sew the spray on top of white organdy. Make six bows of narrow ribbon, making each bow 8 inches long. Sew to white organdy.

For the roses used on any of these gifts, cut ribbon 16 inches long. Fold in half lengthwise, gathering edge. (See detail.) Roll the ribbon between thumb and forefinger. Roll the first part tightly and then roll it loosely. Draw the thread tight and fasten securely at back. Flatten the rose between thumb and forefinger.

QUESTIONS THEY ASK WALLACE

An Explanation of His Famous Method of Reducing to Music

ACCORDING to the figures we keep at Wallace Institute, my method of removing superfluous flesh has thus far been used by a little over 185,000 persons. In addition, we have received nearly 65,000 letters asking questions about the course. So many people these days are seeking relief from overweight, it is possible the answers to those questions most frequently asked would be of general interest.

What is oftenest asked is "How can music make one thin?" It can not. If mere music were a means of reducing we should see few stout people! For homes without a phonograph are scarce. It is, of course, the specific directions and activities outlined on my records—not the records themselves, or the music—which reduce weight. I specialized in this work eighteen years before I conceived and perfected the course on phonograph records. The method reduces through counter-acting the natural, underlying causes of fat.

THE next most frequent question is this: "How many pounds will your reducing records remove from me?" Strangely enough, it is not hard to answer this question quite accurately. Experience in so many thousands of cases enables us to state an average figure which will come very close, and anyone may tell for one's self from the table I give here. It is only necessary to take into consideration the age and height. The present weight, or how long you have weighed that much, makes no difference in the ultimate result. Superfluous flesh may have been permitted to accumulate for any one of a number of reasons. Its removal, nevertheless, will be accomplished in the same way in every case—by eliminating the basic conditions that foster fat in excess of what is needed for repairing and restoring what the bodily activities consume. These are the weights that anyone may attain by this method of reducing.

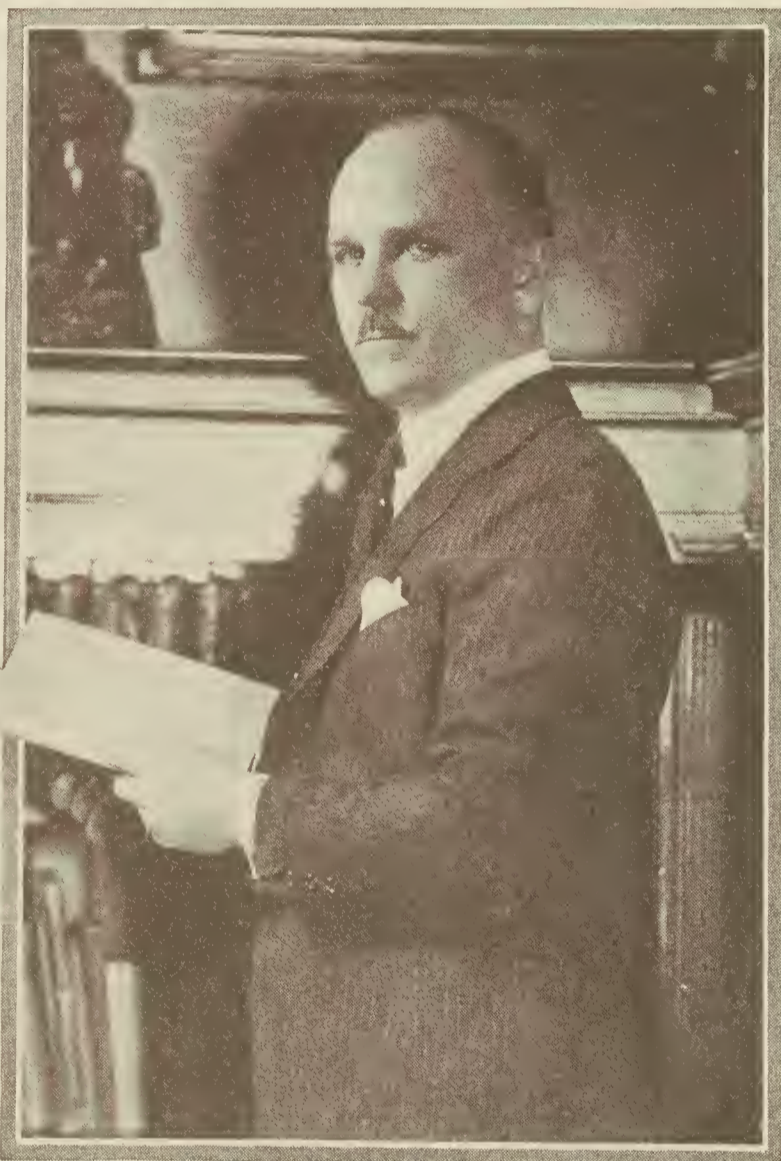
Height in Inches	Age 20 to 29 Lbs.	Age 30 to 39 Years Lbs.	Age 40 to 49 Years Lbs.	Age 50 and Over Lbs.
60	111	116	122	125
61	113	118	124	127
62	115	120	127	130
63	118	123	130	133
64	122	127	133	136
65	125	131	137	140
66	129	135	141	145
67	133	139	145	150
68	137	143	149	155
69	141	147	153	159
70	145	150	156	163

I guess thousands of people have asked me "Is your course absolutely harmless?" The best reply is to be found in the very many letters of the medical profession endorsing my methods. Scores of those taking my course have said they do so by advice of their physician. Those who for any reasons of health are forbidden to employ violent exercises have enjoyed this melody method, and finished with marked improvement physically.

By WALLACE

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEEDY STUDIOS

"Will reducing so fast as I have heard is done by your records bring wrinkles or flabbiness?" I presume it is because the starving process and numerous cruel diets always do have such an effect that so many ask me that. I can assure you that the opposite is true of my system of reducing. For I use absolutely natural methods; I do not tear down fatty



WALLACE, THE ORIGINATOR OF THE METHOD MANY HAVE USED TO GET THIN TO MUSIC

tissues, but remove conditions responsible for their growth. It is a change of Nature's own working, and therefore the new bodily condition is naturally provided for. Remaining flesh is firmer than ever. So far as wrinkles are concerned, the face, neck and other parts of the body will be seen to have a new smoothness.

NOT so easy to answer is the query as to how long it will take to reduce an individual to normal weight. Constitutions vary. Conditions are never precisely the same in two people. Reports of ten pounds lost the first week of my course are frequent. Oftener it is only five pounds in that time. But a woman who takes off only a few pounds the first week or two—perhaps only ten or twelve pounds the first three weeks—will oftentimes start to lose weight twice as fast commencing with her fourth lesson.

I recently received a letter from a woman who had removed forty pounds along about the middle of her fifth lesson, yet she had lost nothing the first week, and only three and one-half pounds the second week. Nature sometimes requires quite a time to prepare the system for

the change. But the reduction is a certainty in the end, and to understand the principles I use is to know this to be a fact. Others will state that they are too fat only in certain parts, and therefore desire only the part of my service which will reduce the abdomen, hips, or perhaps the neck and arms. It is, of course, impossible to give one magic direction which will remove fat at one point while the body is organized to produce excess fat just as fast as it is consumed. Mine is a complete, correctional course, one part preparing the way for the next, and must be taken in the sequence directed. If you are stout in only certain places, have no fear that you will lose where measurements are normal. Nature does not work that way. It is only in drugging and doping, or in denying the body needed nourishment that one's face becomes drawn, or portions of the body become gaunt and subnormal. Every day comes the query "Can your records do anything for one who is not so much overweight as poorly proportioned?" Redistribution, rather than removal of the fat is the desire. My course seems to bring results very quickly in such instances. A woman seldom realizes how completely within her control is her figure, and the contour of the limbs.

"Must I always keep up the use of my reducing records even after I have reduced to the right weight?" No, but most people do so because they want to. There is something about the twelve to twenty minutes daily use of the records that everyone seems to like. Then too, the occasional use of the records every second or third day, possibly only once a week makes it impossible for the fat to return. You may think at the outset that you will wish to lay aside the records once you reach the goal of a normal figure—but I predict that you will not.

IN spite of the great numbers who have I permitted me to restore their proportions to what Nature intended, there are doubtless many more people who still carry their unwelcome weight because they frankly disbelieve in any reducing process so easy and enjoyable. To "get thin to music" sounds too simple. I know this from the quantity of letters asking if I guarantee results. To ask that is to confess that you have not carefully read the offer in my announcements. Naturally, I may not guarantee to reduce someone who I have no means of knowing will carry out my instructions exactly as given. But if directions are obeyed, reduction is sure. The very terms of my offer prove that. My first lesson is always given before anything is said about paying for my services. From that first lesson anyone can tell whether my reducing records really do reduce, and there is no obligation to go a step further unless results make you eager to continue with me.

Play Off your FAT



No one need stay stout longer than it takes to notify Wallace Institute of the desire to reduce to normal weight, receive the phonographic reducing lesson that is sent free of any charge whatever, and play away the excess flesh to the tune of several pounds a week.

Wallace REDUCING Records

—dictated by Wallace himself, originator of the music method of reducing—are the one safe, sensible and certain way to remove any burden of fat. Thousands have reduced by this modern method.

The success of the original Wallace course has caused several to copy what they can of his method. Unless the record is signed Wallace, and unless the label says Reducing—it is **NOT** a Reducing Record.

You Can Get Thin to Music

Easy, interesting lessons of a few minutes daily will cause every ounce of extra flesh to go—and prevent its return. File after file of letters show reductions like these:

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KROEHLER DAVENPORT BED



The Invisible Bed Room



MAKE THE LIVING-ROOM COMFORTABLE

Concluded from page 48

For a living-room in the country have the walls papered a deep cream. Paint or carpet the floor a very clear leaf green. Paint the woodwork green and paint one stripe in the molding black; paint the baseboard black. Upholster the furniture in a well-covered flower cretonne of yellow, green and cream, and put thin yellow curtains with green fringe at the windows. Use green-taffeta cushions to set off the cretonne, and shiny black lamps with green-and-black parchment shades or green-taffeta shades. The colors throughout must be clear and fresh.

In curtaining be sure to avoid the glaring top light. Use valances, and always put shirred net over any window-transoms.

An excellent living-room, rather somber, for cultured middle-aged people, could have warm pinkish-tan walls, taupe carpet, with mulberry-silk curtains edged with mulberry and taupe. The sofa and large chairs could be covered in mulberry velvet. Blue-green damask could upholster two chairs and for seats on others a small figured mulberry brocade of rich blue, green and yellow design. The lamps, shades and pillows would be in tones of taupe and brown. A large library-table with flowers would counteract any effect of stiffness.

Many of us are heir to an Indian or Paisley shawl. If we can bear to cut it—and we

might as well before the moths get it—upholster a long, narrow, comfortable sofa with it. Do not put it in any old room, but plan a room around it. Let it be the dominant feature. Use a dark-brown carpet, upholster a couple of other pieces in brown and pipe in deep-blue nap velvet to enrich it, taking care to select pieces with good lines that will bear accentuating. Use small taffeta lamp-shades in the cherry red of the Paisley.

Do not put in this room any cretonne; let the live lines of the shawl be enough. On the sofa place some of those old-fashioned beaded or embroidered or patchwork cushions, and in front use a little old-fashioned cricket, so the sofa makes a picture of Victorian days. On the mantel put an old pair of vases and beside the sofa one of those queer little inlaid tables that can be picked up very cheaply. Almost anything has charm if put in the right surroundings.

ANOTHER thing that we fall heir to that has possibilities is the stiff, hard, awkward old walnut armchair. These can be revamped from the frame up, using the old stuffing and springs if there are any. Use flat hair pads over the arms, stuff in the crevices with moss or hair, and put a down cushion on the hard seat. Upholster in a pretty cretonne or plain upholstery material. The lines of the chair can often be improved upon in ways that any good upholsterer can suggest and carry out.

In a small living-room where a long sofa would look too clumsy or be too expensive a small semiupholstered chaise-longue is excellent, as you can lie down on it or use it as a chair.

Pictures should be few and interesting and so hung that your eye strikes them in the proper place. A picture that is "skied" can give no pleasure, and if there are too many you get no effect except that of broken wall-space.

Make curtains as wide as possible to start with and line them for economy's sake—they wear twice as long. When the edge is faded, they can be cut down narrower; but if originally made narrow, they either become stringy or you are obliged to get new ones.



TREES OF LIGHT

Concluded from page 71

about a permanent tree. Such a tree must of course be planted in the Springtime. Riverside, California, has a permanent out-of-doors tree which is beautifully decorated each year with tinsel and roses.

A town pilgrimage to the community tree on Christmas night will add a picturesqueness to the celebration. From one, two or more convenient starting-points a procession may form and move along prescribed routes, singing carols and gaining in numbers as it passes the homes or nearest corner of residents in that section. All processions meet at the tree for a celebration.

The success of this pageantry depends upon careful organization, wise choice of march and carol leaders and wide publicity concerning the program, time-schedule and lines of march. An electrified star on a tall pole or a torch should be carried by each march-leader.

SERVICES about a community tree are usually held on Christmas eve and may be continued through the entire holiday week. The most successful tree programs are simple, not too long and well adapted to the out-of-doors. A short band concert, Christmas-carol singing and several anthems sung by assisting church choirs provide a satisfying program, which may be elaborated, if desired, by a Christmas pageant or pantomime. A cornet solo is always effective in the open air and should be included whenever possible. Bugle taps, sounding through a clear night, or chimes, ringing out one of the old favored carols, make the celebration one long to be

remembered. Spoken words and vocal solos do not carry well out-of-doors, so they should have only a minor place on any community-tree program. If a vocal solo is included, the voice of a tenor, dramatic soprano or high baritone will carry best.

Carols which are seldom missing from any community-tree program include such old favorites as "Silent Night," "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing," "Oh, Little Town of Bethlehem," "It Came Upon the Midnight Clear" and "God Rest You, Merrie Gentlemen."

Stuart Walker's pantomime, "The Seven Gifts," and Constance D'Arcy Mackay's "Star of the East," a playlet built up largely of Christmas carols, lend themselves to effective presentation beneath the tree.

In one community, groups of ten singers sang before every house with a lighted candle in the window. This signal, given wide publicity, indicated the family's desire to hear carols. The singing groups started simultaneously on their journey at six o'clock on Christmas eve, when all the church chimes were set ringing.

IF TREE celebrations are to be held for a week, one night should be reserved for a children's program, when children participate. Singing games and Christmas dances may be included on the children's program.

Christmas story-telling, by trained storytellers, was a feature of the Cincinnati tree celebration one year. On "Tiny Tim's" night, observed in several cities, crippled children are brought from their homes and institutions to the tree in private automobiles lent and driven by their owners.

Indoor community Christmas trees are sometimes preferred to outdoor ones. Denver has its very successful tree celebrations in the city auditorium. For indoor celebrations, a performance of "The Messiah" is appropriate in a city of size where a good musical director is available. If this is not used, there are any number of excellent oratorios and cantatas available.

As a variation of the stationary community tree, one city trims its tree on a truck. This truck, drawn by a span of white horses, carries the lighted tree through the town.

The Community Service, Incorporated, is doing fine work in stimulating the spread of community Christmas celebrations.



MRS. JOSEPH CONRAD'S
COOK-BOOK

Continued from page 58

without allowing to brown. Take the crum of one loaf, rub fine on a grater, chop ten to twelve large leaves of sage, mix with the bread-crumbs, pour the hot onion into the center and mix thoroughly. This stuffing will not smell in the cooking or be unpleasant after eating.

TRUFFLED STUFFING FOR CHICKEN

TAKE two chickens, the crumbs of half a loaf of bread, eight small sprigs of parsley (not the stalk), the yolk of one egg, the livers of the chickens, one rasher of bacon (not too fat), pepper and salt, one round of Spanish onion, a piece of butter the size of a walnut and one small bottle of truffles or mushrooms. Rub the bread-crumbs very fine on a cheese-grater and chop the onion and parsley very small. Fry the liver, bacon and onion very lightly, chop them very small and turn on to the board to mix thoroughly with the crumbs. Add the chopped truffles and a piece of butter, break egg-yolk and stir it into mixture.

RUMP STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE
WITH MUSHROOMS

FOR a pie for four persons take one pound and one-half of rump steak and half a beef kidney. Cut into nice pieces with a little of the fat but not the gristle. Put it all in a deep baking-dish, add pepper and salt and the contents of a small bottle of truffles cut in small pieces, or eight mushrooms. Sprinkle flour rather thickly over the top and add a little water to the side of the dish so that it runs underneath the meat. (Add one-half teaspoon of mushroom catchup if mushrooms are used.) Cover with pie-tin small enough to allow a small opening at the sides so that the steam can escape. Cook for three-quarters of an hour in a hot oven.

In the meantime, rub one-half cup of

fresh butter or one-half cup of cooking-fat into two and one-half cups of self-rising flour with a little salt and mix with a little milk to make an elastic paste. When ready, take the dish out of the oven and stir the meat and the flour together. The pie is then ready for the crust. Butter the rim of the dish while it is still hot, lay a strip of paste all around the dish and moisten with a little milk to make the top crust adhere. Bake in a quick oven for half an hour. It is important that the meat should be cooked first, as otherwise it will either be underdone or the crust will be overcooked. (Do not forget to make a hole in the middle of the top crust before baking.)

SHEPHERD'S PIE

CUT any left-over cold roast beef into small pieces and place in a dish. Slice about a quarter of a Spanish onion finely on the top, add two tomatoes cut very small, pepper and salt, half a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce and half a teaspoon of beef-juice stirred in half a cup of water or a little meat-juice. Place in the oven uncovered for a quarter of an hour. Then fill the dish with mashed potatoes, place a few thin slices of onion on the top, add a piece of butter and replace in the oven for three-quarters of an hour.

BACON PUDDING

MIX about half a pound of beef suet chopped very fine, two and one-half cups of self-rising flour and a pinch of salt, with tepid water, into a nice elastic paste. Cut half a pound of bacon (fat and lean together) into long narrow strips, slice thinly one fair-sized Spanish onion into rings, and chop about eight leaves of sage very fine. Roll the paste in small pieces to form layers in the bowl, which must be greased by putting in a good-sized piece of butter and allowing it to stand on the top of the stove until the butter has melted and every part of the bowl has had the hot butter run over it; this will prevent the pudding from adhering to the bowl. Put one layer of paste in the bowl, then a layer of bacon and onion and just a little sage sprinkled over the top, then another layer of paste, and so on till all the bacon and onion are used up. Then put on the top layer of paste and tie the pudding securely in a wet pudding-cloth. Care must be taken that the cloth is not drawn too tight over the pudding and that the bowl is full, or the water will get in and spoil the dish. The pudding must be immersed in boiling water and boiled for three hours. At the end of that time turn it out on a hot dish and serve with a little clarified butter.

Concluded in the January DELINEATOR

There are several ways of curing eczema—we know, personally, of its being cured by means of a vegetable mask, and we know of a lotion that seems to have marvelous results.

In Autumn and Spring, when many children are poisoned by poison-ivy, the safest thing to do when any little eruption becomes visible is to scrub the surface hard with a nail-brush and yellow laundry soap. No mild soap will do—it takes lye to take out that poison.

THE moment a child exhibits teeth, that moment you should begin to care for them. Wash them with cotton and boracic acid water when they're wee babies, and as soon as you can, brush the teeth with warm water and a good powder or cream. The beauty and health of the second teeth depend very largely on the care of the first teeth. Brush after every meal and on rising and going to bed.

The presence of particles of food in and around the teeth brings about conditions that break down tooth structure, causing decay, contaminates the fresh food we eat and fosters the growth of germs in the mouth.

Of course the beauty of the child, like the beauty of every one else, goes down to the very roots of her being. There can never be a beautiful skin with a sluggish liver and lazy intestines. This condition must be fought to the death.

All through this article we've said "her," but we mean "him," of course, too. The time is coming, and now is, when the male half of the human family will pay attention—nice, sane, man attention—to keep whatever physical charm they have, and still be regular "he-men," too!



176 Steps for Hot Biscuits, or 25?

With a NAPANEE Kitchenet
you may know how many steps
you save on every dish prepared

THERE is no uncertainty about the greater value of a *Napanee*. No indefinite claims.

On the most unquestionable authority you know exactly what the *Napanee* will do for you. Its actual value is simply amazing. It holds the record for time and labor-saving in the kitchen. It is the greatest known household labor saver.

We never knew before what was the exact value of this greater cabinet. We never knew the appalling effort women make to get three meals every day, year in and year out.

Now we know both. We know the *Napanee* will actually save three quarters of the daily steps in getting meals.

Amazing discoveries

By actual tests it was found, that the effort women spend in getting meals was most distressing. But the savings the use of a *Napanee* brought were almost unbelievable!

Mr. Harrington Emerson, the famous Efficiency Engineer in collaboration with leading Domestic Scientists, found that where 996 steps were taken to get a simple dinner, the same cook could get the same dinner in the same kitchen with only 262 steps with the aid of a *Napanee Kitchenet!* 734 steps saved on this one meal alone!

And he found similar savings on every meal when the *Napanee* was used!

Thus these authorities proved conclusively that 75 steps out of every 100 taken in getting meals were saved by the use of a *Napanee*.

This is certainly one of the most important discoveries ever made for housewives. Weary, footsore women everywhere give heartfelt thanks for it.

Get their report

Get the report of these authorities. You will see how you can get hot biscuits with only 25 steps instead of 176! How you can make apple pie with only 36 steps instead of 260. You will learn what a *Napanee* means to your strength and health. Thousands of women are blessing this book. Send for it in simple justice to yourself.

A greater cabinet

The superior design of the *Napanee* is based on a scientific study of kitchen needs. It is designed to make motions and minutes count. It is not like other cabinets. Its newer, greater aids and convenience are the reasons for its extraordinary savings.

Your dealer will gladly show you the *Napanee superiorities*. Send for the Emerson report too, to aid you in ending kitchen drudgery.

NAPANEE

Dutch

KITCHENET

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK
NAPPANEE, IND.

COPPES BROS. & ZOOK,
Dept. 412A, Nappanee, Indiana

Please send me "Scientific Studies of Kitchen Work," giving the report of the tests made by the Emerson Engineers on the preparation of meals.

Name

Address



CATCH 'EM YOUNG!

Concluded from page 50

All those bad habits children form about backs and shoulders are detrimental to health as well as to beauty. If your child's back isn't straight and free and beautiful, write and ask us about "Good Posture," an inexpensive pamphlet by Dr. Allan DeForest Smith.

We have a way of thinking that all we have to do about children's skin, unless they're diseased, is to leave it alone. That is fundamentally true. Unless a child's skin is very delicate, you can safely wash it with water and, if necessary, with soap, always using the purest kind. But one sees even apparently well-cared-for children with chapped cheeks and chin and wrists.

BEFORE going out in cold weather, put on some harmless, protecting cold-cream. Rub it in lightly, let it stay on for a few moments and then very lightly rub off whatever has not been absorbed.

If there is any indication at all of skin trouble, don't neglect it. Often seemingly slight roughness will be incipient eczema.

The Fairy Achievement in Modern Weaving!

The olden tale of the miller's daughter who spun straw into gold is scarcely less amazing than the established achievement of Lingette's modern weaver!

He has taken cotton yarn and produced a fabric that *shimmers* like silk; that *hangs* and *drapes* and *clings* and *feels* like silk!

And yet, he has given you, at the same time, a material that can be thoroughly cleansed and ironed on its right side, without losing its original lustre! This is

Lingette

Everybody thinks it's silk

Its immediate success has naturally led to a host of imitations, but the woman who cares about quality will realize that her basis for judging value must be *permanent beauty* and *wearing qualities*.

To protect our patrons against possible disappointment "Lingette" has been marked on the selvage of every yard, and manufacturers have been supplied with labels to identify genuine "Lingette" garments.

Write for dainty booklet, suggesting Lingette's uses—and mention, please, the store in which you'd prefer to buy Lingette.



FRED BUTTERFIELD & Co., Inc.,

Dept. H, 361-363 Broadway,

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THE CANDLE IN THE WINDOW

Concluded from page 12

he went he confronted that wall of white, speeding, fleeting, smothering thick.

Fear began to leave him; he became more at peace. He stopped to rest and let his pack slip. His knees gave and he, too, slipped into the snow. He tried to rise and could not. No matter; it was warmer—

It could not have been long that he lay there—not *that* night! His bleared eyes, lifting to the storm, saw a patch of light, the faintest sort of glow in the murk. That brought consciousness back with a rush. He knew that his hands were senseless, his heart feeble. He tugged at the pack, dragging it behind him, crying as he floundered on, with death so close behind!

FORTUNE was with him. The lift in the storm passed and that terrible gray darkness of blizzards shut down all around him, but somehow he kept the right direction, and the patch of light appeared again, clearer, nearer—

He began to cry his relief aloud. He crawled over a buried rail fence; he pitched forward and rose, dragging himself and his pack along until he was close up on the light—until he could almost touch it—

The light was a candle burning in a window.

Lena started sharply as the door opened and snow and a man and a pack fell into the room. She cried out, but the children did not hear, and drew back against the wall, a hand at her breast, and stood there panting until the flash of fright wore away.

Then she knew what had happened, and closed the door and helped the Jew to his feet. She saw the dull fright in his eyes and knew what he had been through. She disliked Goldberg, but he was a human being in trouble, so she stripped the mittens from his frosted hands—

Ten minutes later he sat in a far corner, bare-footed, hands thrust into a pan of snow (the feet were all right), ice melting from his beard, that fright still in his eyes which left off their roving and fixed their gaze first on that candle in the window, the symbol of Gentile faith, and then on the barren tree, symbol of a Christian holiday—

The candle guttered out; the frost had gone from Goldberg's fingers when little Lena stirred and sat up and cried out in her dream. The mother hovered over her. "He won't come!" the child cried. "He won't come! Kissmass, an' he won't come wif presents—"

She nestled against her mother's bosom and sobbed herself to sleep, and Lena put her back carefully. Then she held the oil-lamp above the bed in which the children slept, one hand against her lips as if to crowd back an outcry.



THE BABE IN THE MANGER

Concluded from page 20

Christian purpose, and driven by the Christian passion.

All our problems are at the root religious, for they are all difficulties of human rela-

Thomas slept with his ten-year-old mouth in a tense, unchildlike line, and Henry muttered uneasily as Lena watched. On Theodore's cheek was a drop of moisture, and as the lamp moved she could see the trace that the tear had left in its path. The baby girl snuggled into the blankets, and just before she drew a last restless sigh she muttered again the word: "—Kissmass—"

THE woman drew back, as though her heart would break if she watched them longer, and turned quickly, almost in a gesture of flight, but checked herself dead when she saw the Jew standing there, bent low, peering at the children. He had come noiselessly, and, seeing him, Lena was startled—but that gave to curiosity and curiosity yielded to amazement when the pedler's eyes lifted to hers from his prolonged stare at the sleeping children. Those eyes were small and black, but the hard and evil lights which always before had been in them were tempered! It was almost as though the mellow glow of the candle was reflected there—but that could not have been; the candle had gone out long ago—

He straightened and gestured with a red and swollen hand toward the children.

"Dey feel bat, eh?" he whispered sharply. "Bat, eh?" His eyes went to the window, where the candle had been—to the bare spruce-tree in the center of the room—to the tattered stockings on the chair-back—to Lena.

"Chrestmas!" he whispered, and rubbed his hands.

"There'll be no Christmas this year," said Lena weakly, sitting down. "There's nothing—nothing—"

She shaded her eyes with a hand, and for long the Jew stood there, looking at Lena in her dejection, looking at the troubled children, at the bare tree.

When he moved it was toward his pack, which he loosened slowly—

MORNING.

First light was growing strong over a snow-blanketed country when Thomas sat up quickly. A lamp burned on the table, dimming against the growing day, throwing a pale glow over the tree—the tree which had been so bare last night.

"Oh!" the boy cried, delight chasing sleep from his eyes. "Oh, Henry! Lena!"

They scrambled out of bed and fell upon the packages tied to the spruce branches: Neckties for the boys, beads and ribbons for little Lena, stockings for all, and combs and brushes—makeshift Christmas gifts from the stock of a Jew pedler.

Lena stood watching, happy tears spilling over her red cheeks.

Thomas, shrill-voiced in his joy, ran to her and stopped, eyes gazing through the window before which the stub of candle still stood.

"Look!" he cried, pointing. "Look-it! His tracks! See—"

"Oh, look-it!" He flung the door open. "Look, Lena! There he goes!"

A squat figure in a red mackinaw jacket, carrying a pack on his back, wallowed into the timber beyond, out of their sight; it was hurrying to gain the cover of thick brush.

"He was late!" cried Thomas. "But he come! I knowed he'd come!"

He turned his triumphant face toward his mother, who was picking up the stub of candle that had burned last night in the window—

tionship. In industrial, social, national and international life our problems arise from the fact that we are at cross-purposes. Religion has to do with relations: the relation of man to man, and of man to God. The spirit of Jesus Christ, interpreted for our day and courageously applied, can alone set our feet on the way of peace. Of all the needs of our needy world this is our greatest: to know that we have one God, the Heavenly Father, and He who is our Master, even Jesus Christ.

IN CHASTENED mood and with humble heart we gather once more around the Babe in the manger, and put away malice and hate and unforgiving feeling. We seek to give ourselves in the service of our brethren. As we show love in love's own ways, we open the door to Christ. We give the Christ-babe His cradle in our hearts, and afterward He sets up His cross in our hearts, and in our hearts He plants His throne.



ARTIFICIAL FEEDING

Continued from page 15

Modifying Cow's Milk—While cow's milk is a perfect food for the calf, it is not a perfect food for the baby. It differs in several important particulars from mother's milk: the fat is in about the same amount, but differs somewhat in its nature; the curd is in much larger amount and also differs much in kind; the sugar is the same in kind, but the amount is only a little more than half that which exists in woman's milk. Furthermore, cow's milk is never quite fresh, as mother's milk is, and always contains germs the number of which depends upon the age of the milk, the care with which it has been handled and the temperature at which it has been kept.

All these differences have to be considered in adapting cow's milk to the feeding of infants. Certain changes or modifications have been adopted for the purpose of making it more easily digested. It is important that the reasons for these changes should be understood if one would feed a baby intelligently and successfully upon cow's milk.

We know as yet no means of changing the fat. As this is somewhat difficult of digestion by most infants, the only thing we can do is to give less of it than is in good mother's milk.

The curd can be altered in several ways: By diluting milk we can reduce the amount of the curd to any point desired; by using some thin gruel like barley-water to dilute it, we are able very largely to prevent the formation of large tough curds in the baby's stomach, which is one of the things which makes it difficult for some babies to digest cow's milk. This can also be accomplished in other ways—for some infants simply by boiling the milk for a few minutes.

The sugar when insufficient can be increased to any desired amount by adding

more sugar. This may be either sugar of milk, cane (granulated) sugar or malt-sugar. Much the cheapest is cane-sugar, and for most infants it answers perfectly well. Milk-sugar and malt-sugar are rather more laxative and consequently rather better for constipated babies. Malt-sugar as such is not used, but is in such preparations as Malt Soup, Karo, Dextri-Maltose, etc. These have a further advantage that they can be given in rather larger amounts than other sugars without upsetting digestion.

Formerly it was customary to add lime-water to all milk formulas used. It is a question whether this is necessary, or for all healthy babies even desirable.

BOTTLES and Nipples—The care of bottles and nipples is very important. In selecting bottles, those which are the easiest to clean should be chosen. These are the round bottles with wide mouths. The eight-ounce size, graduated, will usually answer for the greater part of the first year. One should have as many bottles in use as the baby takes feedings a day. After feeding the baby, the bottle should be rinsed with cold water and then stand filled with water, to which a pinch of cooking soda has been added, until the time for making up the food. All the bottles are then washed with hot soap-suds and a bottle-brush and placed in boiling water for ten minutes. When cooled, they may be filled with the baby's food.

New nipples should be boiled for five minutes. It is not necessary to repeat the boiling every day, for then they soon become so soft as to be almost useless. After feeding, the nipple should be rinsed under the faucet and placed in a glass of water containing one-half teaspoonful of soda or boric acid and kept under the water by putting a little absorbent cotton over them. Once a day nipples should be turned inside out and washed with soap and water. The plain black nipples which slip over the neck of the bottle are the simplest and best. The hole in the nipple should be so large that when the bottle is inverted the milk will drop but not flow in a stream. Anticolic nipples are a delusion. Colic depends rather upon the formula used and the condition of the baby's digestion.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The second article on the artificial feeding of infants will appear in the January DELINEATOR.

thrust through her arm, and there was Chris. "Mother Rose!" he said. "But it can't be you!"

She spoke mechanically: "You didn't stay long with Camilla."

"No," he answered shortly. "I—couldn't. But you— is something the matter?"

She told him where she was going. "I think I'm pretty tired, Chris," was all that she said. But he knew.

"Mother," he said, "because I'm going to call you that, no matter what happens—"

"What do you mean?" she asked sharply. "What may happen—"

"Oh, no; I don't mean that," he said miserably. "But it put me out of business to hear Camilla talk to you like that to-night. She—why, she was like somebody else. Somebody strange!"

"YOU mustn't think too much about that," she told him. "She was tired—excited. She didn't mean to be cross."

"Nobody," said Chris, "means to be cross. One is or one isn't. But it isn't that. You know how I've always seen Camilla—gay and sympathetic and—and tender. She's like that to people. I thought she was like that."

"She is like that," Mrs. Rose protested.

"Yes, but she's something else too. Can't you see what it would mean to a man to hear the girl he loves going after her mother as—as she did to-night?"

Mrs. Rose was silent. She could see. She thought back over the preparation for the party. The countless instances of fault-finding, of ironic comment, of impatience, of irritation. She knew how these would have sounded to Chris, how they had sounded to her. How could anybody but her know that these did not represent Camilla—that they were not Camilla?

She turned on him fiercely: "But I know that these things don't weigh a straw against all the fine things that Camilla is. And you ought to know that."

"I don't know that," he said stubbornly. "I used to go to the home of one of my instructors at college, and he had a wife who

Concluded on page 84

Natural Lustre Makes Any Hair Beautiful

LIGHT or dark, brown, red, or gray—lustrous hair is beautiful. Natural lustre is like the bloom of health on the cheeks—it cannot be successfully imitated.

Brisk brushing every day never fails to improve the appearance and health of the hair. The more thoroughly it is brushed, the greater will be the improvement.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Brush is the most satisfactory brush for this tonic treatment. The bristles, stiff and springy, set in widely separated tufts, brush through the hair to the scalp.

This cleans the dust from the hair and distributes the natural oil evenly from root to tip. It also stimulates the circulation in the scalp and promotes the growth of fine, healthy hair. This brush is made in various styles and finishes, and is always sold in the sanitary yellow box.

For sale at any store where hair brushes are sold

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING CO., Florence, Mass.

Canadian Agency: 247 St. Paul Street West, Montreal

Write for free illustrated booklet, "Ideas About Hair Dressing."



Pro-phy-lac-tic Brushes



THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Continued from page 7

The house was still blazing with light—lower and upper windows throwing gay banners across the snow. What a happy, peace-filled home it looked to be!

She went up the street, set with its little comfortable houses, every one on its white snow rug. Most of the houses were sleeping, every one with its expectation of Christmas. In every one lay gifts—treasures of simple things selected with love. In these rooms plans had been made, realized or frustrated for to-morrow. All the home relationships were here, up and down this street. Here and there behind a shade a light flowed, where two might be filling the Christmas stockings, trimming the Christmas tree. The children—oh, there one's thought might rest. After they grew up, the world was different.

She looked at the houses in a new way: In many of these lived children, partly grown, still at home. Were their confidences kept back? Had those mothers failed as she had failed? In those houses were the voices so sharp—

The tears welled up and darkness and whiteness swam together. The cold, starry night took no account of her. Christmas stars those were now. Already it was well past midnight. Christmas morning!

At tread of feet on the snow behind her she swerved to let some late one go by. She heard an exclamation, a hand was



Don't worry about Christmas gifts

Get *Needle-Art* for Winter and make some beautiful Parisian gifts. There are lace-trimmed garters, a corsage flower with a powder-puff inside, the newest evening hair-dresses including a comb with silk flowers, and many other novelties—all straight from Paris. There is a card-table cover of black sateen with cotton-stuffed drops of spades, clubs, diamonds and hearts. And presents for the little girls to make. You will find something for everybody in this remarkable issue of *Needle-Art*.

Sweaters that are worn abroad

Winter *Needle-Art* contains entirely new sweater designs seen in Paris and London. There is a Scotch sweater with back and front in different shades, another bound in braid; slip-ons embroidered at the bottom or in panels down the sides; sweaters with new roll collars, others trimmed with loop yarn—and in each case, explicit directions are given, so that you can make these beautiful sweaters in any size. For a combination of useful ideas and Parisian delicacy no book can compare with



Needle-Art

FOR WINTER

You can buy it at Butterick Pattern counters—25c a copy



THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Concluded from page 83

talked like that. She'd burst out at him before people. She'd say: 'Well, I should think you might think of me a little bit,' or, 'Why on earth are you so careless? You never think of anything.' And I said to myself then that if I ever married I'd have a wife who wouldn't do *that*—if she didn't have an idea in her head. You see, it happens to be a particular hobby of mine—I don't know that it isn't with most men. Why, I've said to myself a dozen times that Camilla, with her lovely voice and her gentleness, could never *snap* at anybody. And to hear her doing exactly that thing to you to-night—I tell you, it's bowled me over."

"She hardly ever—" Mrs. Rose began, and then stopped, confronted by the simple truth that Camilla *did*—almost every day of her life.

Chris went on absorbedly: "If she would speak like that to her mother, what would she say to her husband—when she got used to him? I tell you, Mother Rose—" he stood still in the snow and spoke with a beautiful solemnity—"I'm not going to have my children brought up in a home where there can be outbreaks like that."

"Chris," she said feebly, "you've no right to judge her."

"I didn't have to judge her," he said. "I heard her."

THEY were walking in silence when they came to Mrs. Able's gate. She put out her hand.

"You mean you're going to break the engagement?" she asked.

"I don't know what to do," he said brokenly. "God knows I love her. And I know she loves me. You know that too, don't you?"

"I—I suppose so," said Mrs. Rose, startled.

"Don't you know?" he cried sharply.

"Hasn't she told you so?"

"Anybody can see that, Chris," she said hurriedly. "Good night, now. I—"

But he was not to be put off.

"Mother Rose," he demanded, "didn't Camilla tell you she loved me when she told you we are engaged?"

It had to come now. She said it in a low voice of shame.

"Chris, I'm not much of a mother. I—I haven't her confidence. She has never told me that she *is* engaged."

"My dear—my dear!" said Chris, and took her hand in both his own.

She tried to say how badly she had done her part in winning Camilla's confidence, but he seemed hardly to hear. He merely held her hand and patted it and abruptly he stooped and kissed her. Then he went away.

Neither of them had thought to say Merry Christmas.

It was the first night-before-Christmas of her married life that Mrs. Rose had spent outside her home. She lay long awake, revolving the justice and manliness of all that Chris had said. "And yet," she thought, "and yet—" Fragments of Camilla's words came drifting back to her almost as in delirium: "Oh, mother! A girl doesn't have a reception." And "Darling, not a *gathering!*" She saw the pattern of the chintz which Camilla had been bent on picking out herself. She heard: "Or don't you *know* there ought to be more finger-bowls?"

Toward daylight she drifted into sleep and woke with a start—the children's stockings were not filled! Then she remembered: The things were in her bottom bureau drawer; because "Oh, mother, dear—nobody does anything now but bring the things into the living-room after breakfast. Don't be so old-fashioned." Then all thought of Christmas was gone—and instead she was lying in her bed with Camilla's fuzzy head on her arm, and over the top of that head she had just turned to look for the first time into the eyes of her husband as father. To that thought she clung in some remembered content and so she fell asleep again.

When she woke the Christmas sun was surging through her windows. It was late—later than she had ever wakened before on Christmas morning. By the time she was below-stairs the present giving and receiving were finished in her sister's household and breakfast was about to begin. She had intended to go home for breakfast, but she sank down listlessly in her place at her sister's table and took the coffee which they brought her. Her sister said nothing—being one of those rare persons who, at unusual behavior in another, do not fix that one with an eye of sympathy and demand: "Aren't you well?"

The young people showed Mrs. Rose their gifts and she smiled absently. At home she had a blue silk sweater for Camilla. Suddenly she could hear Camilla saying casually some day—long after Christmas: "Mother, darling, I can't help wishing you had bought me an orange sweater."

She was still at table—not much after eight o'clock—when the door-bell rang. She braced herself for the surprised and reproachful eyebrows of Camilla: "Mother, dearest, why on earth—well, didn't you have any consideration for *us!* We've been worried to death, and I should think you might—"

But it was not Camilla. It was Chris.

IN THE cheery room where she went to him he stood in the midst of the Christmas litter, looking serene and almost happy.

"Mother," he said—and he had never said it like that—"I was wrong last night."

She looked at him mutely.

"You were more generous to Camilla than I was—and yet who should be more generous than I—to the girl I'm going to marry?"

"Chris, dear—"

"I love her," said Chris simply. "Love ought to weigh against everything else. If she's got this thing in herself to overcome—and she has, I'm not blind to that!—then it's my business, if I love her, to help her to overcome it. And I do love her. It seems to me that I have never known how much I love her until last night—when I faced leaving her."

"It's a big way to look at it, Chris."

"It's the only way to look at it. *Leaving* her wouldn't settle anything. Her problem would be there just the same if I did run away. Besides, I can't run; I love her."

"I love her too," said Mrs. Rose.

There came a step and a ring and a voice. "Stay here," said Mrs. Rose to Chris.

She stepped into the hall, and there was Camilla.

But Camilla was not asking what was the matter or remembering reproaches. Instead, with her cheek against her mother's, she was saying:

"Oh, mother, I know why you came away, and I don't blame you—I'd have come too. I was horrible about the finger-bowls and about the whole party. I've been horrible about everything. Last night—when I knew you weren't there—you weren't *there*, mother you weren't *there!*—I thought what it would be if you never—and how I'd be dying because of the idiotic, nervous things I say all the time. I nearly did die before daylight came."

"You dear!" said Mrs. Rose, and could say no more.

"But, oh, mother, I *do* love you!" Camilla cried. "See if I don't: because I'm engaged to Chris—and I couldn't bear to tell you because I knew it would hurt you to think of my leaving you. And in the night I thought for the first time that not telling you might hurt more—if you knew. But that was why—truly that was why! You know I love you, don't you?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Rose; "I know."

SHE drew her into the room where Chris had stood and had heard. And Chris, being a capable person, took them both in his arms at once.

Gus was at the door, shouting "Where's my Christmas? Eight-thirty, and I haven't got a gift. Nobody loves *me*."

The four went out on the street together. The sun shone on the two rows of houses, each on its rug of snow. Within were gifts and love and all the home relationships. Today, at least, no sharp voices! Like a hidden company of beauty, Christmas was upon the town for one great reason—to quicken love. One looked at the houses, at the windows, at the people in a new way.

Chris held open the gate of their home, and Camilla said as they followed her in:

"What are you smiling at, mother?"

"I was thinking," Mrs. Rose answered, "that we're all so happy that nobody has remembered to say Merry Christmas."

"Merry Christmas!" said Gus. "I beat you to it."



THE GAME OF GOOD HEALTH

Concluded from page 2

The Child Health Organization has influenced the child-welfare program of a large number of women's organizations throughout the country; and it was the first group to launch the idea of the school lunch as a part of the health-education program in the schools, not only as a means of feeding needy children, but as a method of training children to acquire the habit of health through its correlation with the work of the regular school curriculum. As a result of this championship of the hot school lunch, thousands have been established in the schools.

Then, too, it has shown the necessity, as a test of health improvement, of weighing school-children at regular intervals. The campaign for weighing the pupils began in 1918, and the slogan used was: "Scales in every school. A child's weight is an index of his condition." The sickness and death rates among the children throughout the country have been lowered by building strong bodies with greater resistance to disease.

It is, as I have said, chiefly through personal correspondence and the printed word that the Child Health Organization reaches the farthest corners of the country. Nine-

teen health books for young children, booklets for high-school boys and girls, plays, games and other devices have so far been issued. Seven pamphlets for grown-ups have been prepared; five educational posters; height and weight charts and classroom weight records for the United States Bureau of Education; and height and weight cards and tags. Eleven health-education pamphlets have been prepared for the United States Bureau of Education. The aggregate number of these pieces of material sent out is about nine million. "Health in Education—Education in Health," as Dr. L. Emmett Holt said in the very beginning, when he accepted the presidency of the Child Health Organization, should be the motto. The strong mind in the strong body, practically and automatically put there—that is what this organization sees as its continuous work. And it sees, too, a future race fine and radiant, not merely dumbly existing.

ONLY through the teachers can this be consummated. They are the link between the parents and the broad world. And how they have responded! Given a stimulus basis to work upon, they do the rest. Their spirit of service—how can it be measured? But they would be the last to wish it even to be whispered of.

What are *you* going to do for the school nearest you? Are you holding up the hands of the teachers and the nurses in their efforts to vitalize health to the children? Have you seen to it that there are scales in the school-house and that a hot midday lunch is available?

There are eminent physicians, educators and nurses who every day of their lives stand ready to render service to the children in *your* schools through this organization. What are you doing to help this campaign? Believe in it first, see the vision of a strong, virile manhood and womanhood in the years to come—and then serve, *serve, SERVE.*

happiness had been dropped by the white-haired old couple. Janice had taken her place as though she had never been away; more, Mrs. Wentworth saw to it that the subject was never brought up in her hearing or at any of the various meetings of the little clubs and guilds to which she had been introduced. When Mrs. Weaver called, her mother found some excuse for sending her on an errand or for a stroll with her father or an interview with Tressie.

Thanksgiving came, and Christmas, with the Colonel in his greatest glory, half hidden at the head of the table by a turkey which had taxed even the untaxable Tressie to prepare. January arrived and departed, then shivery, damp February and March; the showers of April and the breaking of the buds with the approach of May—hours and days of unalloyed joy in the garden or walking with Philip in the damp woods where the violets were peeping, where the cardinals sang and the yellow-winged sparrows darted and cheeped in the busy throes of Spring house-building—days when she began to realize that Philip was becoming far more to her than a mere quiet, ever-gracious, always faithful companion—that she watched for him and wanted him as a part of her life, and that there was a strange sense of happiness in her heart when she heard his step on the broad veranda.

SUMMER came, with the raspberry and blackberry bushes bending under their burden of succulency, with the garden riotous, with long shadows playing under the trees, and all the world a dream. Far overhead the turkey-buzzards floated as Janice and Philip walked the dazzling roads together, lined with the white of elderberry-blooms and the quaint pinkness of wild roses. These were times when the days were days of sunshine, when the evenings brought the drowsy singing of the locusts in the big trees and the contented rocking of a placid family upon the broad veranda—days of sheer delight and heart's ease, days of dreams come true! June went, July came, and then—heart-break!

Her mother was away at a guild meeting and Janice was alone in the big house. The bell rang, and when she opened the door it was with a sudden sense of fear—the fear that a wild thing must have when it feels the sharp clutch of the springing trap. It was Mrs. Weaver, gushing as always, making her way within, even before Janice could tell of her mother's absence. The gossip beamed.

Continued on page 86



SAWDUST

Continued from page 14

the family pew and the quiet afternoon which followed, before the evening meal—and church again. Strange enough, she found herself liking it.

In fact, she discovered that she liked a number of things about the quaint old town. She liked to wander the broad streets; to view the old, red-brick houses with their tightly drawn shutters; she liked the various attempts at social activities, the guilds of the church, the sewing-bees, now and then a candy-pull or dance or the pictures to which Philip accompanied her in his efforts to acquaint her with the younger folk of the town. But most of all she liked her rambles with Philip and the Colonel when they sallied forth into the stubble fields or the wooded hills in search of the rabbit, the partridge, the red or gray squirrel, or the opossum. When success trailed their footsteps in this latter quest, then indeed did the old house echo with the shrieks of Tressie, baking the sugared yams and basting the fat prize of the forest in the big oven, her eyes rolling, her throat shaking with the fervor of the song:

"Oh, de raccoon's tail am ring' all 'roun',
De 'possum's tail am bare,
Rabbit ain't got no tail a-tall,
On'y li'l bunch o' hair!"

TRUE, there were moments when she felt a sort of sinister premonition in her enforced meetings with Mrs. Weaver—a vague feeling of apprehension that the woman still appraised her, still longed to cut deep beneath the surface and drag from her the every secret she held.

But against Mrs. Weaver, Janice found that she had the aid of an unfailing ally, her mother; for Mrs. Wentworth never mentioned the past. As though by common consent, the thought of the years of their un-



Whole Grains All Day Long Serve in plenty to a growing child

A growing child needs 16 elements. All of them are found in whole wheat.

It needs the minerals—iron, lime, phosphates—in which whole wheat abounds.

Then why not make whole grains so tempting that children revel in them? And serve them in abundance all day long?

Joys of Bubble Grains

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains puffed to bubbles. As flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

They seem like food confections. They form the finest cereal dainties children ever get.

There are very few children who do not prefer them to anything else you can serve. And there isn't a food you would rather have them want.

Food Cells Exploded— Digestion is Complete

The foods are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is made easy and complete.

Thus they do not tax digestion. Thus they can be served at any hour, and those who eat them get whole-grain nutrition.

What Else Compares?

Consider those facts—the delights of Puffed Grains, plus their hygienic values. What else do you know that compares?

Then why not serve them all day long, in every way you can?

Keep both kinds on hand, and in plenty.

Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat

Ways of Serving

With cream and sugar—in bowls of milk—with melted butter—mixed with fruits—on ice cream,—in home-made fudge—in your soups.



The morning dainty



Puffed Wheat in milk at night

Table talks

By Mrs. Knox

What Are the Happiest Moments of Christmas?

CHRISTMAS cheer! The gifts, the tree, the Dinner and the Candies. How we all strive for a touch of originality that will make the event more memorable for children as well as grown-ups.

The Dinner DESSERT and the CANDY naturally go together, and so I have given much thought to the creation of something new, delightful, and wholesome for these—the happiest moments of the year.

First a plum pudding that is really wonderful and so easy to make.

Chocolate Plum Pudding

- 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 1/4 cup sliced citron or nuts as preferred
- 3/4 cup cold water
- 1 cup sugar
- 1/2 cup currants
- 1/2 teaspoonful vanilla
- 1 pint milk
- 1 cup seeded raisins
- Pinch salt
- 1/2 cup dates or figs, if desired

Soak gelatine in cold water five minutes. Put milk in double boiler, add melted chocolate, and when scalding point is reached add sugar, salt and soaked gelatine. Remove from fire and when mixture begins to thicken add vanilla, fruit and nut meats. Turn into large mold or fancy or plain individual molds, first dipped in cold water, and chill. Remove to serving dish and garnish with holly. Serve with whipped cream, or whipped evaporated milk, sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

Next, something really delicious in CANDY that has the added charm of being homemade and so wholesome that the children may eat their full without a "don't." Put it in dainty boxes for Christmas gifts.

Mother's Christmas Dainties

- 2 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine
- 4 cups granulated sugar
- 1 cup cold water
- 1 1/2 cups boiling water

Soak gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add sugar and boil slowly for 15 minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part 2 tablespoons lemon juice and one teaspoon lemon extract and coloring if desired. To the other part add one teaspoon extract of cinnamon and coloring. Pour into bread tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night. When ready to turn out dip knife in cold water and run around edge of pan. Pull out with fingers and cut in squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystallize. Vary by using different flavors—orange, peppermint, etc., and colors, adding chopped nuts, dates or figs.

Other Christmas Surprises—Free

My books, "Dainty Desserts" and "Food Economy," are full of original recipes for Christmas and every other day in the year. Mailed free if you send 4c to cover postage, and your grocer's name.

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

166 Knox Avenue, Johnstown, N. Y.

"ALWAYS the HIGHEST QUALITY"



SAWDUST

Continued from page 85

"I'm so sorry," she announced, as she sought a chair in the living-room. "But I've so wanted to chat with you. You know, you promised me once that you'd tell me all about yourself."

"Really, Mrs. Weaver, I don't remember that."

"No matter. I have always been so interested. And—"

"But if you please, Mrs. Weaver," Janice was fencing desperately, "we've rather barred the subject here at home. Neither mother nor father nor myself cares to talk about it. We don't believe in bringing up old sorrows."

The woman was frankly disappointed. "But I should think you'd like to dwell on it; I know I would. I like to think about those things—to reflect on how trifling little incidents can make or mar one's happiness forever. Now, for instance, suppose you hadn't fallen against the window when you were a child and cut your head? It wouldn't have made a scar, and then what? How could they have identified you?"

"A scar?" Janice's face had gone white; she was trembling.

"Why, yes, my dear. That scar over your right ear, you know, that they identified you by."

"Oh—yes—of course."

"Wonderful, wasn't it? As I say, it's the little things—"

But the voice was as from afar off, a faint, detached thing, rambling on, answered at intervals. A scar—just above her right ear—caused by a fall against a window when she was a child—A scar which had been tattooed there by Joe of the circus!

HOW long the visit lasted she did not know.

They had identified her through that scar; they had called her their own because of the mark which made them certain that she was their child. And that scar had been a falsehood, a forgery of stinging tattoo-needles! Once in her room, her hands clenched until the nails bit into the flesh, her heart pounding with fear and with premonition, she forced herself to face the inevitable. The identification had been a false one! Old Joe had argued her into allowing that tattoo-mark for a far different purpose from the one he had stated. Runner Baine had silenced her regarding her past for reasons far more sinister than mere gossip. A false mark, a bodily forgery, a—

Suddenly, with childish impulse, she raced from her room to the telephone and turned at the ancient hand-crank with feverish anxiety until she could get long-distance and place her call. Then dragging minutes ensued—horrible, racking minutes, rewarded at last by the clanging of the telephone-bell—and disappointment.

"You're calling Mr. Baine in Morgantown?"

"Yes. Can't you get him?"

"He's not there any more."

"But he must be there. Try again. Please! He must—"

"Would you want to talk to the agent of the building?"

It was all that was left to her. Five minutes later Janice Wentworth dragged her slow way to her room. Runner Baine was gone—had been gone since late in the Autumn; left town, so the agent had said, with a forwarding address at St. Louis, but even that couldn't be certain now. It only made her suspicions surer, her fears more deeply founded! She was not their daughter, not Janice Wentworth, but an interloper, a fraud, a living, breathing deceit! Her dream had not come true after all! She was only—

Then suddenly she straightened. And what of them? What of the white-haired man who called her "daddy's girl"? What of the woman who kissed her each night and insisted on tucking her into bed, even as though she still were the baby who had toddled away into oblivion years before?

What of their happiness—what of their grief, if they should know?

Why it had been done she did not, could not understand. The reasons for the deception were far beyond her now, save the hazy belief that it had been some ill-conceived scheme of the kindly hearted old Joe. That part of it was not to be considered now. All she could think of was a man and a woman who, approaching the end of their days, had found that for which they had sought, who had taken her into hearts which had become once more warm with happiness, and who now—

"Oh, I can't—I just can't!" There was a moan in her voice as she thought of them. Then slowly her lips ceased trembling, to become firm with a resolve that meant hidden suffering, anxiety, sorrow—a resolve in which Janice Wentworth was forgotten. "I've got to go on with it! They're my—my father and mother now. It's too late for anything else. They—they couldn't understand. I've got to go on!"

WHEN Mrs. Wentworth returned from the guild, it was to greet a daughter who kissed her as always, who chatted and laughed, then went on about the house singing—but now that song was one which concealed the tears of a heart-break.

And a song which could be forced but for just so long. Once out on the street that night with Philip, the silences came unnoticed, his conversation went for long stretches unanswered. At last—

"Aren't you well, Janice?" Philip moved nearer her as they strolled along the shaded street. Janice managed to summon a laugh.

"Yes. Mrs. Weaver just made me angry to-day."

"Forget her! She isn't worth it. Besides, I—I can't bear to see you unhappy. It's—"

Then, with sudden impetuosity: "I guess there's only one way to tell it, Janice. I've been coming to the house for so long now that they almost look on me as a son. And I've been wondering lately if—if it would be possible to— If you'd—"

"Don't, please, Philip!" She had caught his arm suddenly. "Please! I'm afraid of what you're going to say—"

"Then it isn't—?"

"Please don't ask me!" She turned from him like a frightened thing. "There's something I—I can't tell you."

"But—"

"Please, Philip."

"Very well, Janice. But it won't be the last time I'll ask you."

Then, in silence, they walked on, back to the veranda where waited the Colonel and Mrs. Wentworth.

That night Janice Wentworth sobbed herself to sleep. Nor was it to be the only time the tears come in the privacy of her room; the shadow had fallen, to lurk in the background, to bring its suspicion, its watchfulness, its furtiveness of action and of thought, its fears and hidden agonies—

"Wha' de matteh wif yo', chile?" asked old Tressie more than once in the days that followed. "Yo' done looken 'sif yo's all et up inside!"

The answer would be only an evasion. Then one day, as the usual cross-questioning progressed, the bell rang. Tressie turned from the big stove.

"Answeh dat bell, will yo', honey? Ole Tressie all gummed up wif flouah."

TO THE door she went, to open it and to stare for a moment at the man who stood there. A sudden desire came to her to run, to hide—but she knew that was impossible. The man, giving a quick jerk at his cap, already was talking:

"Lady, I'm th' harbinger o' good news an' th' bringer o' glad tidin's. I'm th' advance poster arranger for th' Henway an' Jaynes World's Greatest Circus, an' I'm here t' beg the privilege o' decoratin' that big barn with pretty pictures, scenes an' lithographs o' th' greatest show on earth. For the mere privilege o' allowin' us to brighten th' sad exterior o' that blank space, th' World's Greatest Circus will make you a present of four complimentary tickets, absolutely free, without cost—"

Then Bill Rodman, "daub-squarer" of the World's Greatest, gaining a good glance at the face of the girl, suddenly halted. His breath pulled swiftly over his teeth. He grinned—and stuck forth a hand. "Well for th' love o' Mike, Miss Nita!" he cried. "What's th' big idea? Wondered why Joe Benton told me t' lay off this house! What on earth are you doin' here?"

Concluded in January DELINEATOR



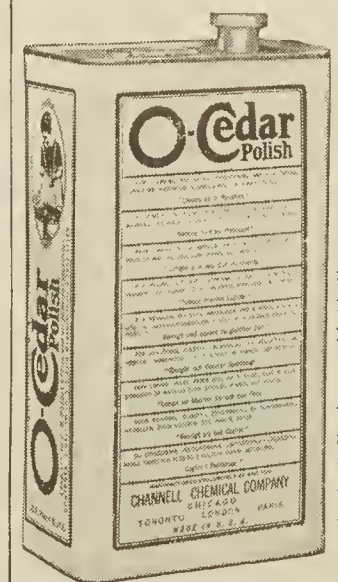
Experience



THE experience of most people with O-Cedar Polish is simply this:

They buy a 4-ounce bottle (costing 30c) simply as a trial.

They use it according to directions and are delighted with the results. Their furniture and woodwork take on new beauties—cleaner, brighter and prettier than ever before.



So satisfactory are the results from the trial a larger size bottle is bought.

The second purchase is generally a 12 ounce bottle costing 60c—or 3 times the quantity for twice the money.

As the wonders—the utility—and superiority of O-Cedar are more fully appreciated people buy the larger sizes—quarts, half gallons

and gallons effecting greater economies. Quarts are \$1.25, half gallons \$2.00 and gallons \$3.00.

O-Cedar Polish

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30c to \$3.00 sizes—All Dealers

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STEERO

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

BOUILLON CUBES

Patented Oct. 31, 1911



To take years off his appetite

As the years pass, taste becomes jaded, minds and bodies know the strain of many eases. The happy anticipation of a hearty meal is no longer so keen.

Serve a cup of steaming hot STEERO bouillon for the first course and the appetite grows young again. For there is a delightfully challenging flavor about STEERO bouillon that starts you right and makes you long for what follows.



Drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup and pour on boiling water—that's all there is to do. Make STEERO bouillon the first course for your next luncheon or dinner.

When you are having scalloped dishes or warming up left-overs, the flavor can be greatly improved by adding STEERO bouillon cubes. Hash, stew, sauces and gravies are made more tasty by adding STEERO bouillon cubes.

Put STEERO bouillon cubes on your order list today. They are for sale at grocery, delicatessen, and drug stores. Be sure to get STEERO bouillon cubes. The trade mark STEERO is stamped on every wrapper. They come in boxes of 12, 50 and 100. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail to you direct, upon receipt of 35 cents, a box of 12.

Free samples of STEERO bouillon cubes

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YOU AND YOUR CHRISTMAS PHOTOGRAPH

Concluded from page 18

photograph in which the sitter is obviously smiling becomes a very tiresome object, one which after a few glances is often consigned to some out-of-the-way place. It is far better for the wearing qualities of a portrait if the smile does not force itself upon one. A naturally pleasant and happy expression is by all means desirable, and if your photographer asks you to smile it is best to do so with the eyes as much as possible, forgetting the act as far as you can, bringing the expression to your face by thinking about the happiest thing you know. If this is done, the problem will solve itself and be far more successful than if you consciously endeavor to manufacture a smile without the genuine feeling behind it.



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 10

lot of unhappiness. Strange, though, that he should be so consumed with jealousy when he wasn't the least bit in love with Jane himself. It was absurd! He knew what love was—yes, indeed, he knew. He had been in love half a dozen times. Gee whiz! What had got into him?

Suddenly it came to him that he was selfish. That's what it was—selfishness. He did not want her himself and yet he couldn't bear the thought of letting some one else have her. Utter selfishness! Having arrived at this conclusion, he smote his conscience heroically and proclaimed to the night that he would no more be jealous—not even of Lansing. He would go on being Jane's friend, and Lansing's friend, and the friend of their children, and— This brought him up with a blinding jolt. Jane's children! And Lansing's!

He was oppressed by a feeling of almost intolerable loneliness as he strode down the dimly lighted street. A soft breeze blowing through the leaves of the young maples overhead suggested subdued, malicious laughter; automobile horns sounded like raucous guffaws; some blithering idiot was sounding taps on a mournful cornet far off in the night. He was going to lose Jane—he was going to lose Jane—he was going to lose Jane. Over and over again: He was going to lose Jane. Taps!

HE SAT on his porch until long past one o'clock. The night was warm, somber; the house was dark and still. He felt very sorry for himself, sitting there all alone. How different it was over at Mr. Sage's house: the friendly lights, the cozy comfort of everything, the companionship—some one to talk to and laugh with, and some one to feel sorry for him, instead of the other way about. To-morrow night would be Lansing's night—and soon, perhaps, every night.

"I ought to get married," he mused in his dejection. "It's the only thing. But, good Lord, where am I to find a girl I'd want to be tied to all my life? There are mighty few girls like Jane in this world—mighty few. The man who gets her will get one in a million. It makes me sick the way Lansing twists that beastly little mustache of his and

In photographs where the feet are shown—if you must include them—the toes should point in a general direction toward the camera rather than at right angles to it; they will then be somewhat foreshortened and appear smaller. The pose of the rest of the body should make this easily and naturally possible.

THERE have been many portrait photographs made showing bad taste on the part of the photographers themselves, of which the following examples are worthy of note: One that comes to mind is the picture of a charming and pretty young matron in a rather elaborate evening gown holding on her lap a smiling baby boy full of life and action; another, a beautiful girl attired in evening dress standing near a window through which the sunlight falls across her shoulders and hair. Pictures of this sort are obviously in bad taste for the reason that evening dress is not worn during the day. Photographs in which the subject is so costumed should not have attention called to the fact that they were made during the day. Countless other examples might be mentioned, all probably unintentional and thoughtless mistakes on the part of the photographer; it is, however, much easier to avoid them than to make resittings.

It is always better to postpone a sitting than to attempt to make it on a day you are not feeling happy and well.

Your own opportunities in the making of a pleasing photograph are many. Make the most of them!

looks bored every time 'Uncle' Herbert speaks. Funny Jane doesn't see it and call him down for it. Good Lord! is everybody blind but me?"

The next morning he was down at the swamp bright and early, inspecting the work of the ditchers and tile-layers.

"I wish you'd change your mind about not going out any farther, Oliver," said old John Philips, who was superintending the work. "We could go out a quarter of a mile more—"

"We'll have enough, John," interrupted the young man. "Don't go a rod beyond the stakes I set up out yonder. It may be safe, but it isn't worth while."

A few minutes later old John confided to one of the ditchers that young Baxter was considerable of a darned fool. Either that, or else he had some thundering good reason of his own for not wanting to go out beyond the stakes.

"This here job has cost up'ards of three thousand dollars already, and for a couple of hundred more he could clean up clear to the edge of the mire, and when his pa comes back—if he ever does come back—he wouldn't have to take a tongue-lashin' for doing the job half-way. I used to look upon that boy as a smart young feller."

"Maybe he's a whole lot smarter than you think," said the ditcher significantly.

"Oh, I don't for a minute think it's that," said old John hastily. "Not for a minute."

"I can't help thinkin' we'll turn up that old man's body some day," said the other. "It sort of gives me the creeps. Bringin' up them horse's bones last week sort of upset me."

THE two big ditches, fed by lateral lines of tile, held a straight course across the upper end of the swamp and drained into Black-snake Creek. Three hundred acres were being transformed into what in time was bound to become valuable land. Farmers who had scoffed at the outset now grudgingly admitted that "something might come of it."

Oliver was walking slowly back to the house, his head bent, his hands in his pockets, when he observed an automobile approaching over the deeply rutted, seldom-traveled road. He recognized the car at once: Lansing's yellow roadster.

He frowned. Lansing was the one person he did not want to see that morning. He had lain awake for hours, seeking for some real, definite reason for hating the man, and to save his life he couldn't think of one! And he knew that when he looked into the young doctor's frank, honest eyes this morning, and saw the genial, whole-hearted smile in them, the elusive reason would be farther from his mental grasp than ever. He simply couldn't help liking Lansing.

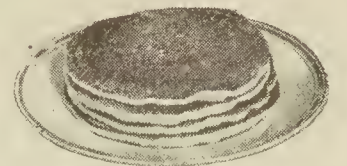
The car came into plain view around a bend in the road, and he saw that a woman sat

Continued on page 88

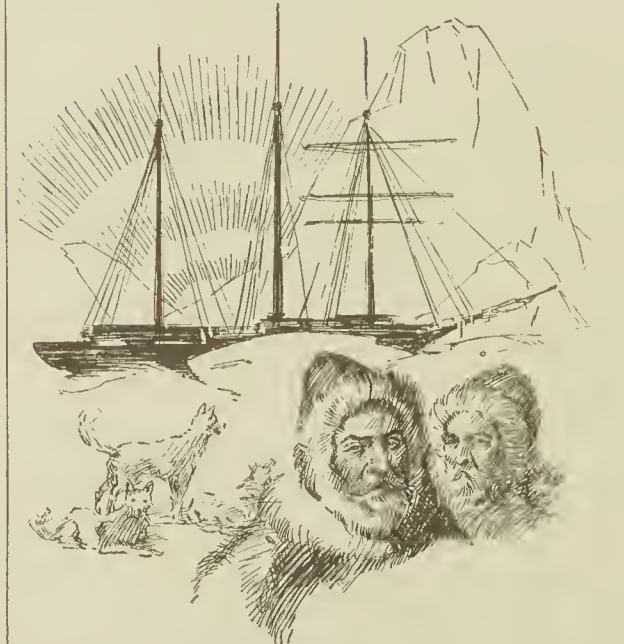


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All over the world, red-blooded men and women are getting stamina from hearty, satisfying breakfasts of Aunt Jemima Pancakes.

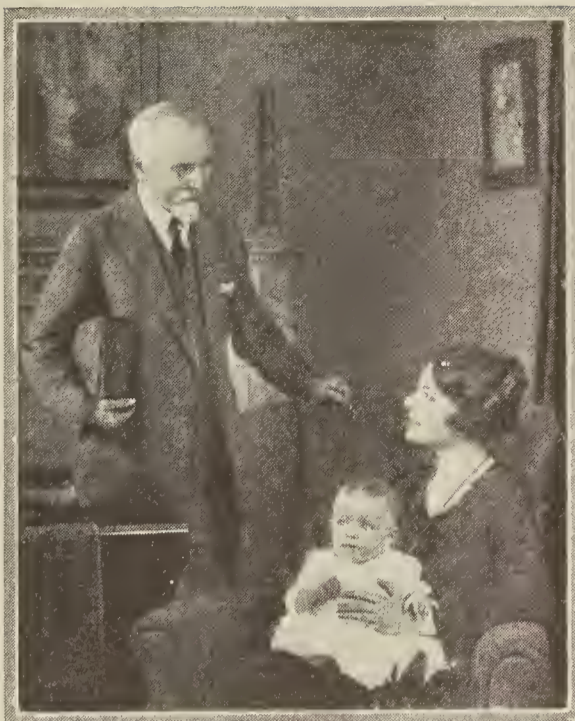
And these breakfasts are the very simplest to prepare. Just Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour and water (for sweet milk, with every other essential, is already in it). No fuss with a lot of ingredients; no tedious measuring and mixing.

Are you having Aunt Jemima Pancakes—those light and tender pancakes with the real old-time Southern flavor? You can make them *only* with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour. And your grocer has it.



How to get Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls. See top of package

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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 87

beside Lansing. His heart contracted—and as suddenly expanded. It wasn't Jane. "Hello, there!" called out Lansing. Oliver, peering intently through the flickering shadows of the woodland road, saw that the doctor's companion was a stranger. A young woman—and an uncommonly pretty one. He stepped off into the rank grass at the roadside and the car came to a stop. He took off his hat and revealed his white teeth in the smile that no one could resist. The young woman smiled in return, and then flushed slightly.

"YOU'VE heard me speak of my sister," said Lansing, resting his elbows on the wheel. "Well, here she is. Meet Mr. Baxter, Sylvia, as we say out here; Mrs. Flame, Oliver. You needn't be afraid of her, old man. She's quite flameless. Got rid of him last month in Paris."

"Don't be silly, Paul," scolded Mrs. Flame. "Mr. Baxter may have a perfect horror of divorced women."

"I have," said Oliver gallantly. "I shudder every time I see one. If I hear about 'em in time, I shut my eyes so that I can't see them. But when I'm taken by surprise like this, I stare rudely, my knees quake and I begin to pray for help. It's queer I never feel that way about divorced men. I don't have the slightest fear of them, no matter how big and strong and ferocious they may be. Strange, isn't it?"

"Very," said she, still smiling up into his eyes. "I must say, however, I don't think you are staring rudely."

"It's generally conceded that he stares very handsomely," said Lansing. "But, hop in, Oliver. I've been sent to fetch you over to Mr. Sage's. He had a cablegram early this morning and sort of went to pieces. Jane sent for me. He's all right now, but Jane says he wants to see you. She telephoned while I was there, but you were not at home."

"A cablegram? His wife—is she dead?" "I should say not. She's sailing for the United States to-morrow and is coming here to live!"

"Good God!" burst involuntarily from Oliver's lips.

"It's knocked the old boy silly," was Lansing's brief and professional explanation. "Climb in here beside Sylvia—plenty of room if we squeeze. Shall we stick to this road, Oliver, or go back to the—"

"It gets better a little farther on," said Oliver, dazed. "My Lord! No wonder he's knocked out. Coming here to live? Why—why, he hasn't seen her since Jane was a baby. What's the matter with her? Sick?"

"I don't think so. Unless you see something ominous in the last line of her cablegram. She winds it up with 'Dying to see you.' They say she turned this burg upside down when she first came. Do you remember her, Oliver?"

"I SHOULD say I do," cried Oliver. "I adored her. I say, this must mean that she's going to leave the stage. She was famous over there. Why, only a couple of years ago she made a great hit in a new play over in London. They said she was top-hole—all of 'em crazy about her. I can't understand it."

"I saw her in a play called 'Rosalind,'" said Mrs. Flame. "Several years ago. It's by Shakespeare. My husband said she certainly was worth seeing. Heavens, Paul, take these ruts slowly! You're jolting my head off."

After a long silence: "When did you get here, Mrs. Flame?" inquired Oliver briskly. "Last night. Paul met me in Hopkinsville. My home is in New York City, you know. I've never been in Rumley before. We were living in Indianapolis when I was married. That was seven years ago. Seems seven hundred. Now you know almost all there is to know about me."

Oliver was staring straight ahead. He was wondering if "Aunt" Josephine could still

turn cart-wheels and make up funny songs and dance on the tips of her toes. Hardly. She must be over fifty. Then he came out of his momentary abstraction and politely asked Mrs. Flame when she had arrived in Rumley. "I mean," he stammered, "how long do you expect to be here?"

"Ten days, or two weeks at the longest," she replied. "I am joining a house-party at Harbor Point."

"Good!" he exclaimed, and then, as she looked at him quickly: "I mean, I'm glad you're going to be here that long. By George, this will make a thundering difference in the lives of Mr. Sage and Jane. Is—Is Jane excited?"

"Nothing like the old man. He keeps saying over and over again, that if you pray long enough and hard enough you'll get your wish, or something like that."

"What does he want to see me about?" "Search me. Ouch! Excuse me, Sylvia. I didn't see it."

"Oh, don't mind me. I'm used to hard knocks!"

Oliver turned his head to look at her. She was very pretty and very smart-looking in the little brown hat that sat jauntily upon her yellow, beautifully coiffed hair. Very trig, too. About thirty-two or -three, he hazarded. Fine eyes—a trifle pained at present, but fine, just the same. He found himself wondering if Jane was as pretty as Lansing's sister; and suddenly it occurred to him that Jane had her "lashed to the mast"—absolutely!

The road got better. "Your ears must have burned last night, Mr. Baxter," she said.

He started guiltily. "How—what for?" he stammered.

"Old Paul here did nothing but talk about you all the way down from Hopkinsville. I don't see how you've done it. He's usually quite a snob, you know. I've never known him to like anybody but himself before. You must be either superlatively good or superlatively bad. Which is it?"

"Depends entirely on which you prefer, Mrs. Flame," said Oliver coolly.

"I guess that'll hold you, Syl," cried Lansing.

Oliver groaned inwardly. It was getting more difficult every minute to hate the fellow.

TWO old men were crossing Maple Street as Lansing swung into it. They quickened their steps and from the safety of the sidewalk glanced at the occupants of the car. "Wasn't that Oliver October?" demanded Mr. Sikes.

"It was," replied Mr. Link, putting his hand to his side. "He yelled at us. Lordy, I'm too fat to hurry like that." He strode on a few paces before discovering that he walked alone. Mr. Sikes had stopped stock-still and was gazing blankly after the receding roadster. "Come on! What's the matter with you?"

"Say, did you notice that woman sitting on his lap?"

"She wasn't doing anything of the kind. She was sitting between 'em."

"Well, anyhow, this settles everything," said Mr. Sikes weakly. "He's as good as hung right now. Absolutely."

"What the—?" "Say, are you blind? Can't you see anything at all?"

"I can see a darned sight better than you can," retorted Mr. Link hotly. "You can't see ten feet in front of you."

"Oh, go to thunder! What I'm asking you is, did you notice her?"

"Certainly—that is, I noticed the back of her head."

"Well, what color was it?" demanded Mr. Sikes.

"I didn't notice," said Mr. Link.

"You didn't, eh? Of course you didn't. The only way you ever notice anything is when I tell you to notice it. It was yaller."

"Yaller? Well, what of it?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all," exclaimed Mr. Sikes, throwing up his hands in a gesture of supreme disgust. "Nothing at all, except she's the third yaller-haired one to come into his life. The one that was here last Fall that he took such a shine to, and the one he confesses to being gone on out in Idaho or somewheres. Two dark and three fair women, is what she said. Didn't she? Wait a minute! Answer me. Didn't she?"

"She did," said Mr. Link, his brow clouding. "But he's only had one dark one, far as we know," he added hopefully. "That girl he says he was engaged to over in China."

"What do you call Jane Sage? You wouldn't call her a blonde, would you?"

Continued on page 89

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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 88

Fix that loose umbrella handle

WHEN the handle of an umbrella pulls off, spread on the end of the shaft a coat of LePage's Glue. Let the Glue dry until tacky and then push the shaft firmly back into the handle. Before using the umbrella again, set it aside for an hour. This makes a solid repair. The same can be done with the handle of a whisk broom or of any kind of knife.

Mend broken window

A temporary repair of a broken window may easily be made. Spread a coat of LePage's Glue on another piece of glass or a piece of cardboard large enough to cover the hole. Let the Glue dry until tacky and then place over the hole, preferably from the outside. This will last until it is convenient to have new glass set in.

Refasten loose screw

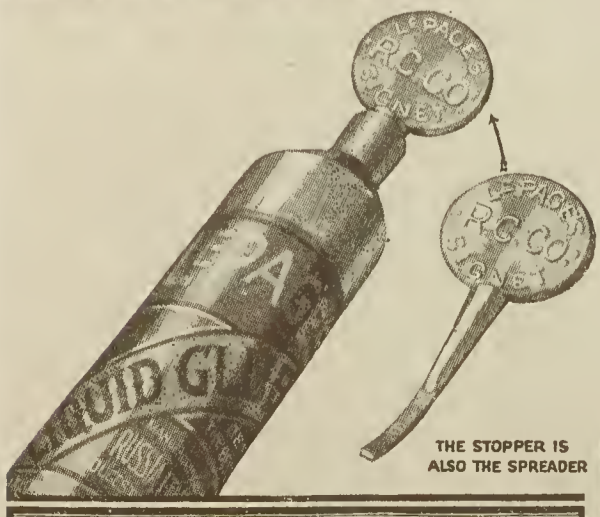
It often happens that a screw in a door hinge or in some piece of furniture loosens and makes a nuisance of itself by falling out every now and then. Just spread a coat of LePage's Glue on the threads, screw into place and forget it. It won't bother you any more. The Glue will hold it fast.

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MANY handy and useful things can be done with the help of LePage's Glue. You can make as well as mend and save money in both. You can make an attractive lamp shade by LePaging small prints cut from magazines (figures of dancers, shapes of flowers, etc.) on parchment paper cut to fit the lamp. Cover with pretty georgette crepe. The light shining through shows them as dainty silhouettes.

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LE PAGE'S GLUE



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"Certainly not. But what's Jane got to do with it?"
"She's got a lot to do with it. She's a dark woman, ain't she?"
"Not especially. Brown or chestnut, I'd say."
"Well, say *bay*, if you want to," roared Mr. Sikes. "And I'll tell you something you don't know about Jane: she's in love with Oliver, and always has been. That makes her one of the dark women, don't it? And she makes two, don't she? And this here new one—the one that was setting in his lap—she makes the third *fair* one, don't she? Well, what you got to say to that? This is the last straw. I been prayin' to God that we could get through the year without another light woman turning up—and here she comes, right when everything was looking safe!"

"He won't take any notice of this yaller-haired girl," said Mr. Link, with an air of finality. "I can tell you something about Oliver that you don't know: he's in love with Jane, as the saying is, and always has been."

Mr. Sikes stopped again in his tracks and glowered at Mr. Link. "Who told you that?" he demanded.

Mr. Link took time to search several treetops before answering. Then he solemnly said: "I'm not sure it was the one I see perched over yonder at the top of that tree, but if it wasn't, it was one just like it. A little bird told me."

"Talk sense! Who told you Oliver was in love with Jane?"

"Doc' Lansing. I guess he ought to know. He sees a good deal of both 'em."

"Well, I'll be— Why, dodgast it, he's the one that told me Jane was in love with Oliver!"

"WELL," began Mr. Link after they had proceeded up Maple Street some fifteen or twenty paces, "if he's telling the truth, I guess you don't need to worry about this yaller-haired one any longer, Joe."

Mr. Sikes shook his head. "He's partial to blondes. I'll have to talk to that boy, Silas. I've told him a hundred times to beware of light women, and here he goes—"

"Come on! Oliver got out of the car up in front of the Reverend Sage's. That proves we're right, Joe. That telegram—"

"It wasn't a telegram. It was a cable. Marmaduke Smith told me, not five minutes after he delivered it."

"No matter. It's from Ollie. He's telegraphed Sage to break some kind of news to Oliver. Dying somewheres, maybe. That's why they sent Doc' Lansing for Oliver October. The minute I heard Sage had got a telegram I says to myself, it's from Ollie. I—"

"If you save your breath, you can walk faster," interrupted Mr. Sikes. Mr. Link was half a block in the rear when his companion turned in at the parsonage.

It was true that Josephine Sage was coming home. The beatific minister thrust the cablegram into Oliver's hand as that young man came bounding up the veranda steps.

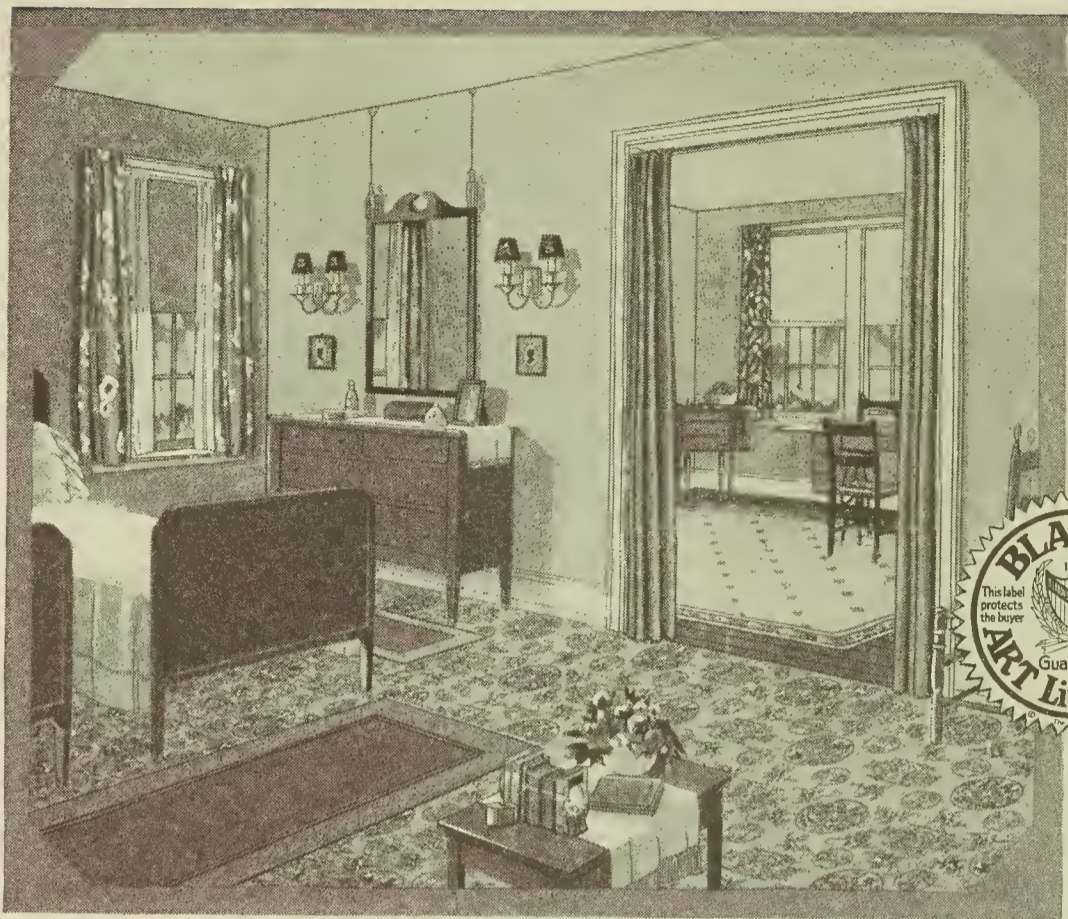
"She's coming on the *Ballic*. I have decided to go to New York to meet her. Jane will accompany me. I wish you would find out for me, Oliver, when the *Ballic* is due. Please help me out, lad. Perhaps I should have telegraphed myself, or had Jane do it, but we—I mean I—or—"

"Don't you give it another thought, 'Uncle' Herbert," cried Oliver, returning the bit of paper, which Mr. Sage carefully folded and placed in his note-book. "I will arrange everything for you. It's great, isn't it? Where is Jane?"

Mr. Sage looked a trifle dazed. "Why—er— Oh, yes, she is up-stairs putting a few of my things into a suitcase."

Oliver laughed. "For the love of— Why, 'Uncle' Herbert, you've got five or six

Continued on page 90



For this attractive bedroom a Blabon floor of Art Linoleum (pattern No. 5277) is used. The sewing-room adjoining has a Blabon Linoleum Rug—pattern No. 8040.



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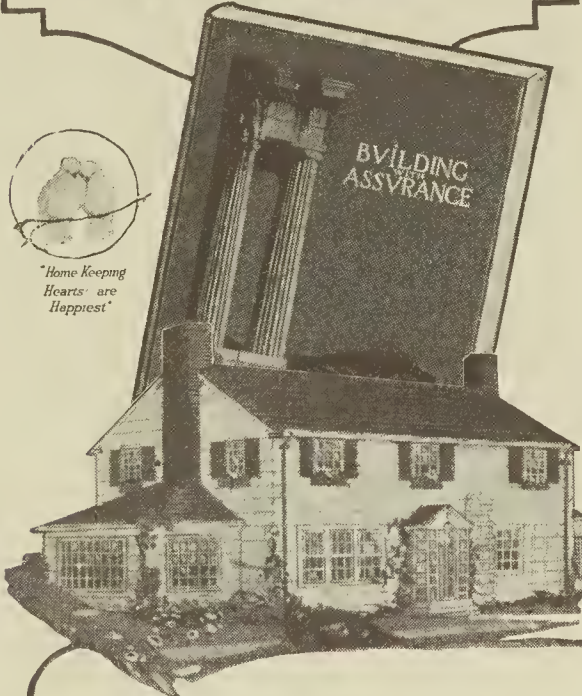
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 89

days to spare. The Baltic won't reach New York for a week, anyhow."

"A week?" in dismay. "Of course! I must be losing my mind. Of course! I seem to remember Jane saying something of the kind a little while ago. Yes, yes! But I do wish you would run along and send the telegram. Do you happen to know of a nice quiet hotel there? Perhaps you wouldn't mind telegraphing for accommodations for Jane and me. And will you see about reserving something on the train for us? I have done so little traveling of late years I—"

"Say, you ought to come out in the back yard and put the gloves on with me, 'Uncle' Herbert," cried Oliver, with sparkling eyes. "I'll bet you're twenty years younger than you were yesterday, and I've an idea you could plaster it all over me."

"I—I believe I could," said Mr. Sage, squaring his thin shoulders and drawing a deep breath. "I—I feel like a—a fighting cock!"

NOW, while Mr. Joseph Sikes was one of the first citizens of Rumley, a good Republican, and a man whose opinions were considered if not always respected, he was not by way of knowing the "best" people. Conditions in Rumley had changed, but old Joe hadn't. He was still a "feed-store" man, fairly prosperous, blatantly independent, and on speaking terms with "fashion" only in connection with business or politics.

Mr. Sikes was troubled. Not once, but half a score of times in the week following his first glimpse of "yaller-headed" Mrs. Flame, he had seen her with Oliver October. She wasn't, of course, sitting in Oliver's lap on any of these occasions, but—well, it is enough to say that Mr. Sikes was sorely troubled. He saw Oliver going straight to his doom.

He had lectured Oliver severely, and, to his grief and astonishment, was laughed at for his pains. So he went to Serepta Grimes.

He rang the Baxter door-bell—and instantly wondered why he had done so. It seemed like a confession of weakness.

Mrs. Grimes came to the door. "Oh, it's you, is it? I thought maybe it was Marmaduke Smith back with another telegram."

"Another what?" demanded Mr. Sikes with interest.

"He's brought two up on his bicycle since four o'clock, and he said maybe there'd be more. Two telegrams for Oliver."

"What's in 'em?"

"How should I know? I don't open his letters or telegrams."

"Well, you'd ought to. Ten chances to one they're from Ollie, asking for help or money or— Where is Oliver, if he ain't at the store?"

"He's out automobile riding with Mr. Lansing's sister."

"Oh, he is, is he?" snapped Mr. Sikes, getting up. "I might have known it. Darn his eyes, he's getting worse and worse every day. If I've warned that boy once about light women, I've done it a hundred times. He's got to—"

"She's letting it come in dark again," said Mrs. Grimes calmly. "Her hair, I mean. She wouldn't be any more of a blonde than you are, Joe Sikes, if she'd quit bleaching her hair, or hennering it, or whatever it is they do."

"You mean to say this here Lansing woman ain't a real blonde?" exclaimed Mr. Sikes, sitting down again.

"Looks as if we'd get the storm before dark," said Mrs. Grimes, sweeping the cloud-banks with a casual eye.

Mr. Sikes appeared to be thinking. After a long pause he said: "I guess maybe you're insinuat'ing that I better be moving along if I don't want to get caught in it."

"You can sit here as long as you like, Joe. And you can stay to dinner, too, if you feel like it," she added, her conscience smiting her suddenly.

"I guess I'll wait for Oliver to come home," said he. "I want to see what's in them telegrams. You—you're sure about that woman having dark hair?"

"Absolutely."
"Well, that's a comfort. Hello! Here comes Oliver now—but, by thunder, he's got that yaller-haired woman with him! No, thank you, Serepty, I can't stay for supper." He got up quickly, pulled his straw hat down low over his eyes, and started hurriedly down the walk.

"Hello, 'Uncle' Joe!" called out Oliver, swinging the car into the drive. "Wait a minute and I'll give you a lift. I'm going back as soon as I've changed my collar."

"There's a lot of telegrams here from your father," said Joseph gruffly. He halted halfway down the walk and stared intently at Mrs. Flame.

OLIVER brought the car to a stop in front of the porch. "I'll be out in a couple of minutes, Sylvia," he said, as he slid out from behind the wheel. "Hey, 'Uncle' Joe! Come here, please. I want to introduce you to the lady you've been raising such a rumpus about. She swears she won't scratch your eyes out or pull your hair. You needn't look so scared. I've had experience with fair women, and I don't find 'em any more devilish than dark women."

Mr. Sikes was scandalized. He turned purple in the face, not with anger but with mortification.

He approached the dazzling, radiant Mrs. Flame reluctantly, stammering something about horse-play and poppycock.

"Do you think there is going to be a storm, Mr. Sikes?" she inquired, as Oliver, grinning maliciously, dashed up the steps and followed Mrs. Grimes into the house.

Mr. Sikes did not answer at once. He was squinting narrowly at Mrs. Flame's back hair—or more particularly at a spot just below the left ear.

"By Jiminy," he muttered softly, "she's right." Then, recovering himself, he said: "Eh?"

"Mr. Baxter is a great tease, isn't he?" she substituted.

"He's a darned nuisance," said Mr. Sikes sharply. "Makes me tired." Suddenly it occurred to him that here was a chance not to be overlooked, so he added very firmly: "I pity the woman that gets him for a husband."

"You do? Why, I should say that the woman who gets him is about the luckiest person in the world."

He looked at her piercingly. "How long did you say you've known him?" he asked.

"I didn't say; but there's no harm in telling you." She began counting on her fingers.

"Nine days, Mr. Sikes."

"It takes him just about that long," was his cryptic rejoinder.

She laughed merrily. "Do they fall for him as easily as all that?"

"The married ones do," said he, darkly and daringly.

"Oh, that lets me out. You see, I'm not married!"

"Excuse me, I thought he said Missus," floundered Mr. Sikes, a trifle dashed.

"He did. I am Mrs. Flame."

"Er—ahem! Oh, I see. Widow."

SHE flushed. "I am one of those horrible, unspeakable things known as a grass-widow, Mr. Sikes."

"As I was saying," he began, after he had taken as much as thirty seconds to recover from the shock of this disclosure, "it wouldn't surprise me if we got the storm inside of ten or fifteen minutes. I guess I'll be moving along. Glad to have met you, Mrs.—"

"Do wait," she cried. "Oliver won't be a minute. We'll take you wherever you wish to go, Mr. Sikes."

"No, I won't wait," said he firmly. "But before I go I want to—er—as I was saying, it ain't any of my business—you understand that—but I was just thinking it's only fair to tell you that Oliver is—er—what you might call engaged, Mrs. Flame. Generally speaking, I mean."

"I see," said she brightly. "And you want to warn me not to make a fool of myself. It's awfully kind of you."

Mr. Sikes was a poor dissembler. "Well, I was thinking more about Oliver making a fool of himself."

"But why, Mr. Sikes, do you keep all this a secret from him?" she cried, biting her lip to keep from laughing. "You ought to tell him he is engaged and not keep the poor boy in suspense. He hasn't the remotest inkling of it."

Continued on page 93

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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 90

"Don't you fool yourself," said he stoutly. "And who is the fortunate young lady?"

"We ain't quite ready to make it public yet," said Mr. Sikes, casting a sharp look toward the house and cocking his ear for sounds of Oliver's footsteps on the stairs. "Which reminds me," he went on hurriedly, lowering his voice, "I guess you'd better not mention it to him."

"I sha'n't, Mr. Sikes, if it will make you feel any more comfortable. But at least you can tell me this: Does the young lady know she is engaged?"

He had got in deeper than he intended. "Did I say she was young?" he demanded craftily, trying to recall just how far he had already committed himself. "No sirree! You bet I didn't. I'm too smart for that."

"But does she know she is engaged?" persisted this disconcerting young woman.

"Not what you would call exactly," he confessed lamely.

"I see. You are keeping it a secret from both of them. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

This was his chance. "It's purty hard to tell these days," he said, fastening his gaze on her hair.

She laughed outright, joyously, frankly. Oliver, coming out of the house, paused in amazement at the top of the steps.

"See here, 'Uncle' Joe, you quit your flirting," he cried. "You'll have a breach-of-promise suit on your hands."

"Don't get fresh!" exclaimed Mr. Sikes in some exasperation. Then, to cover his confusion: "What's the news from your pa, Oliver? What's he say in them telegrams?"

"THEY'RE not from father, 'Uncle' Joe," said the young man, softening. "Jump in. I'll run you up-town before the storm."

"I'm not going up-town," said Mr. Sikes obstinately. "I'm stayin' here for supper with Serepta. I just remembered it," he went on, with a guilty, apologetic look at Mrs. Flame. "Oh, before I forget it, Oliver, is there anything serious in them telegrams?"

"Yes, sir! It certainly begins to look serious. Nearly every man on the County Central Committee has telephoned or telegraphed me to-day. The pressure is getting pretty strong, 'Uncle' Joe, and I'm beginning to weaken."

"Pressure? Weaken? What the devil are you talking about now?" demanded Mr. Sikes, placing one foot on the running-board and grasping the door-handle.

"They want me to make the race for State senator against Uncle Horace," said Oliver. "Hop in! I'm going to start." Then, as the old man scrambled hurriedly into the car, he added: "And I've about reached the conclusion to go out and skin Uncle Horace alive."

"My God!" gasped Mr. Sikes, leaning forward and gripping the back of the front seat with both hands. "You—you don't mean to tell me you're going to run for office!"

Mr. Sikes was standing up in the tonneau now, grasping the forward seat with one hand and his hat with the other. He leaned over and shouted in Oliver's ear.

"You can't do it! You mustn't do it! It's against my wishes, and your pa's, and—why, how many times have I told you what the Gipsy said about—Say! Slow down a little, confound you! Have you told Serepty Grimes about this fool notion of yours?"

"I have. And she's tickled to death. She says to go ahead and skin him alive!"

Mr. Sikes clung rigidly to the back of the seat for a couple of hundred yards, speechless with concern and exasperation. Then he sank down into the side chair and bellowed:

"I'm through! I'm done! There's no use trying to save you—not a damn' bit of use. Go ahead and run! I'm through! Stick your neck right into it if you want to. I've done my best—I've done all a man could do. I no sooner see you safely out of a scrape with a light woman than you start hell-bent for the halls of State. You—"

"Don't you worry, 'Uncle' Joe," called out Oliver cheerily. "Uncle Horace will

probably snow me under a mile deep." "Not on your life!" the old man roared. "We'll skin him alive. You'll carry every darned precinct in the county. Yes, sir; we'll peel the hide off of old Gooch next November—every inch of it. Let me out at the Hubbard House, Oliver. Silas Link drops in there about this time every evening to cool off under the electric fans. Does he know about this?"

"I don't think he does," said Oliver, drawing up to the curb in front of the hotel.

"Good!" exclaimed Mr. Sikes. He clambered out of the car. "Good day, ma'am. I hope you don't get wet." He eyed her hair narrowly, even apprehensively. "Hurry along, Oliver. You mustn't keep her out in the rain."

"Good-by, Mr. Sikes. Thank you for warning me," said Mrs. Flame, favoring him with a smile so enchanting that instead of blurting out the latest news to Mr. Link when he encountered him in the lobby of the hotel a few minutes later he gloomily announced that a fellow as young as Oliver didn't have a ghost of a chance.

THE Republicans of the county in convention a week later went through the formality of nominating a ticket, a heretofore useless procedure attended by vain-glorious claims, bombastic oratory, unbridled denunciation and a grim sort of jauntiness that passed for confidence and died as soon as the meeting was over. Ever since the Civil War the party had stoutly and steadfastly put up a ticket, and just as regularly had abandoned it to its fate.

But the campaign of 1920 in this hide-bound Democratic stronghold possessed strange new elements; the under dog bounced up with surprising animation and showed his teeth, prepared at last to fight for the bone that so long had been denied him. In the first place, the administration at Washington was standing with its back to the wall; it was almost certain to be swept out of power. Faint-hearted Republican politicians lost in the depths of Democratic jungles saw light ahead and, rubbing their eyes, started toward it, realizing it was no longer will-o'-the-wisp or Jack-o'-lantern that led them on.

Mr. Horace Gooch, of Hopkinsville, heretofore a miserly aspirant for legislative honors, "came across" so handsomely—and so desperately—that the bosses permitted him to be nominated for the State senate. The people did not want him, but that made no difference to the bosses; the people had to take him whether they liked him or not.

The report that young Oliver Baxter, of Rumley, was being urged to make the race against his uncle caused no uneasiness among the bosses. It was not until after the young man was nominated and actually in the field that misgivings beset them. Young Baxter was popular in the southern section of the county, he was a war-hero, and he was an up-standing figure in a community where the voters were as likely as not to "jump the traces." And when the emboldened Republican press of the county began to speak of the Democratic candidate as a "shark," there was active and acute dismay. They sent for Mr. Gooch and suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea for him to withdraw from the race—on account of his age or his health.

"But I'm not an old man," protested Mr. Gooch irascibly, "and I've never been sick a day in my life. I'm sixty-four. You wouldn't call that old, would you?"

NO, THE chairman wouldn't call that old, but from what he could gather this was destined to be a "young man's year."

"Do you mean to tell me," began Horace, genuinely amazed, "that you think this young whipper-snapper of a nephew of mine is liable to defeat me? We have a safe majority of four thousand votes in this county. The people want a sound, solid, able business man to represent them in the Legislature."

"Nobody knows what the people want," said the chairman sententiously. "Now, this young Baxter is a fine feller. There isn't a thing we can say against him. On the other hand, he can say a lot of nasty things about you, Mr. Gooch. We can't come back at him when he begins stumping the county and talking about tax sales, foreclosures, ten per cent. interest, people having to go to the poorhouse, and all that kind of stuff. What are we to—"

"No man can accuse me of being dishonest; no man can—"

"Lord bless you, Mr. Gooch, nobody's going to accuse you of being dishonest. All

Continued on page 94

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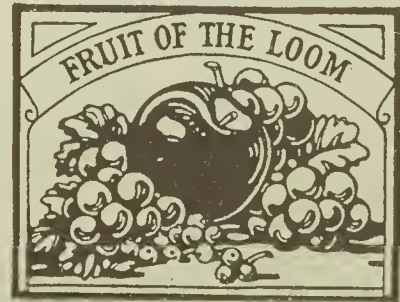
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 93

they're going to say about you is that you're a rich man, a skinflint, a tax shark, a gouger, a hypocrite, a wolf in sheep's clothing, a snake in the grass, a Shylock, and a good many other things," said the county chairman with brutal frankness. "We can't afford to lose a single seat in the Legislature. That's why we thought best to put it up to you straight, Mr. Gooch."

"I've just been thinking," said Mr. Gooch, leaning forward in his chair. "Suppose I go down to Rumley and have a talk with Oliver. I may be able to reason with him. I have an idea I can persuade him to decline."

"No chance," said the other, shaking his head. "He's got it in for you, I hear."

Mr. Gooch got up and began pacing the floor.

"See here, Smith," he began, halting in front of the "boss," "I may as well come out flat-footed and tell you I've never been satisfied with all these stories and speculations concerning the disappearance of my brother-in-law a year ago."

"You mean this young feller's father?"
"Yes. I married his sister. I don't know as you've heard that young Oliver Baxter and his father were not on very good terms. They quarreled a great deal. This nephew of mine has got murderous instincts. He threw rocks at me once. He's got an ungovernable temper. He——"

"I've heard all that bunk about a Gipsy or somebody like that prophesying he'd be hung. It's bunk."

"I agree with you. I took no stock in that Gipsy's prophecy at the time, and I never have. But, as I say, I'm not satisfied with things. It's mighty queer that a man like Oliver Baxter could disappear off the face of the earth. Most people believe he's alive—hiding somewhere—but I don't believe it. He's dead. He died that night when he had his last row with his son. And, what's more to the point, I am here to say I don't believe his son has told all he knows about the—er—the matter!"

MR. SMITH'S eyes narrowed. "Say, what are you trying to get at, Mr. Gooch? Are you thinking of charging that boy with— with having had a hand in——"

"I'm not charging anything," snapped Mr. Gooch. "I'm only saying what I believe, and that is that Oliver is holding something back. If my poor brother-in-law is dead, I want to know it. I'm not saying there was foul play, mind you, but I do say it's possible he might have made way with himself that night, and that Oliver may know when and how he did it."

"Well," said Smith slowly, "that comes pretty near to being a charge, doesn't it, Mr. Gooch?"

"You can call it what you please. All I've got to say is that I'm not satisfied." He sat down again.

"So that's what you're going to see young Baxter about, is it? You're going to threaten him with an investigation if he doesn't withdraw from the race, eh? Well, what are you going to do if he up and tells you to go to hell?"

Mr. Gooch winced. "It wouldn't be the first time I've been told to go to hell," he said, with a wintry smile.

"You take a tip from me, Mr. Gooch," said the chairman, somewhat forcibly. "Let sleeping dogs lie." If you go to making any cracks about this young feller that you can't prove, he'll wipe the earth up with you next November."

Two days later Mr. Horace Gooch stopped his ancient automobile in front of the Baxter Block in Rumley and inquired of a man in the doorway:

"Is young Oliver Baxter here?"
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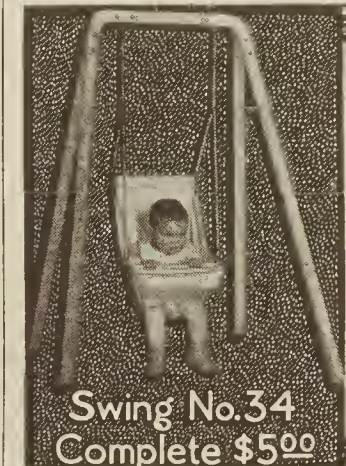


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Continued on page 95

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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 94

"Will you ask him to step out here?"
Another searching look into the store.
"He seems to be busy, mister."
"Tell him his uncle is out here."
The citizen of Rumley started.
"The one he's runnin' against?" he demanded.

"Yes; his Uncle Horace."
"Well, I guess I can do that much for you, Mr. Gooch," drawled the other generously, and shuffled slowly into the store. Presently he returned.

"He says to hitch your Ford to that telephone-pole and come right in. He'll be disengaged in a couple of minutes."

Mr. Gooch glared. "You tell him I swore never to enter that store again. If he wants to see me, he will have to come out here."

The citizen disappeared. He was back in a jiffy, grinning broadly.

"Well?" demanded Mr. Gooch, as the messenger remained silent. "What did he say?"

The citizen chuckled. "It ain't fit to print," said he.

"Well," said Mr. Gooch, "I don't mind waiting a while. He'll have to come out some time, I reckon."

The citizen shrugged his shoulders and spread his palms in a gesture disclaiming all responsibility.

Mr. Gooch shut off his engine and settled back in the seat, the personification of grim and dogged patience.

Fifteen minutes passed. Passers-by, sensing something unusual, found an excuse for loitering in front of near-by show-windows; several persons entered Silas Link's undertaking-parlors next door and seemed deeply interested in the rubber plants that adorned the windows; Marmaduke Smith, the messenger boy, with two telegrams in his book, pedaled his bicycle up to the curb and, anchoring it with one thin and spidery leg, sagged limply upon the handle-bar and waited for something to happen. Mr. Link came out of his office, and after taking one look at the hard-faced old man in the automobile, hurried to the rear of his establishment. A few seconds later he returned, accompanied by Joseph Sikes. They took up a position in the doorway and, ignoring Mr. Gooch, gazed disinterestedly down the street in the opposite direction.

AT LAST Oliver October appeared. He glanced at his watch as he crossed the sidewalk.

"Hello, Uncle Horace," was his greeting. "Sorry to have kept you waiting. And I'm in a bit of a hurry, too. Some friends coming down on Number Seventeen. Mr. and Mrs. Sage—you remember them, no doubt—and their daughter. The train's due at four-ten—and it's three minutes of four now. Anything in particular you wanted to see me about?"

"Yes, there is," said Mr. Gooch harshly. "I came over here to demand an apology from you, young man—a public apology printed over your signature in the newspapers."

"What's the joke, Uncle Horace?" asked Oliver calmly.

"Joke? There's no joke about it. You know what I mean. I demand an apology for what you said in the letter you wrote in reply to mine of the twenty-seventh instant."

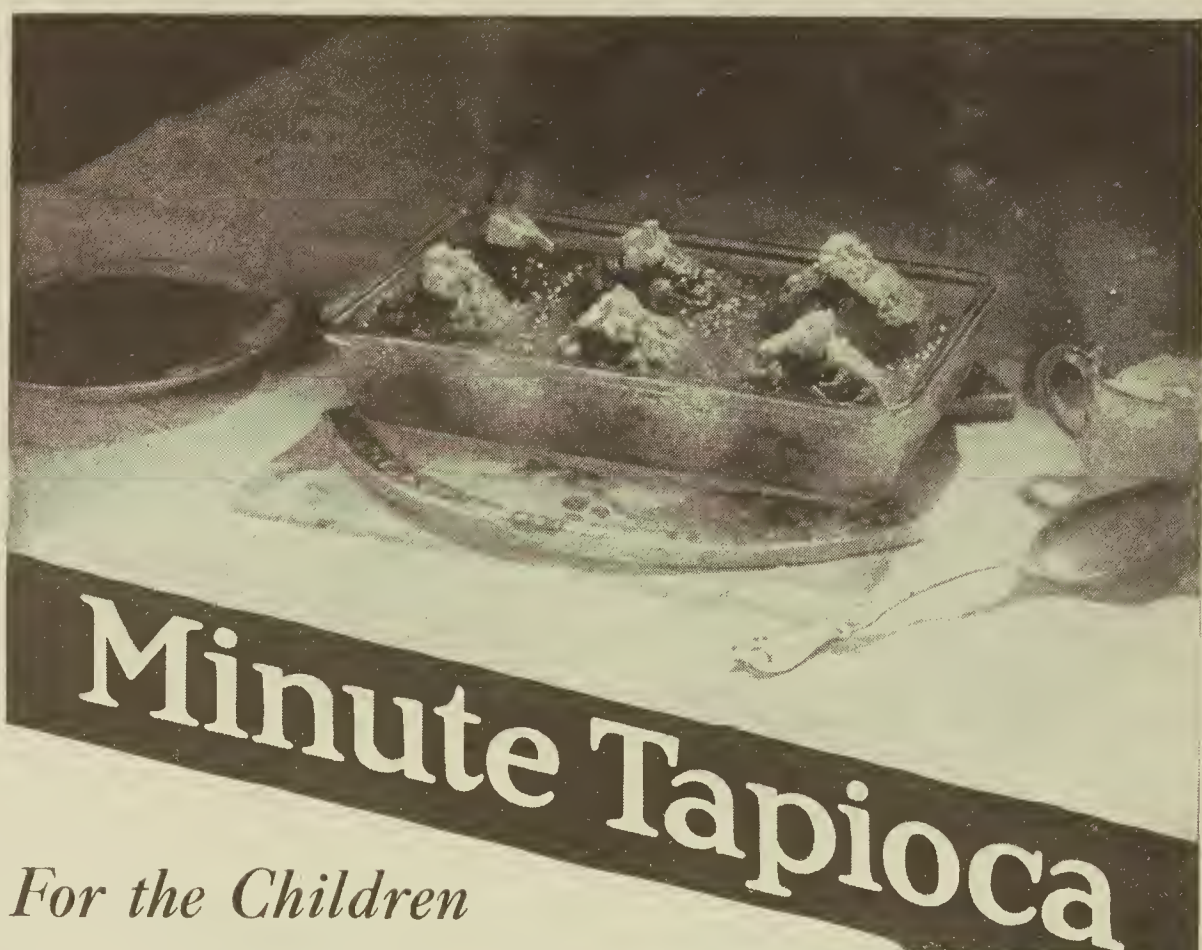
"Do you expect me to print my letter in the newspapers, together with the apology?"

"That isn't necessary, young man."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Oliver, unruffled. "I'll agree to publish your letter to me and my reply, and I'll follow them up with an apology for mine if you'll apologize to me for yours. That's fair, isn't it?"

"Don't beat about the bush," snapped Mr. Gooch. "Don't get fresh, young man. I wrote you a very plain and dignified letter in which I told you what I thought of the underhand way you acted in regard to those dear old ladies, Mrs. Bannester and her sister."

Continued on page 96



Minute Tapioca

For the Children

Apple Minute Tapioca

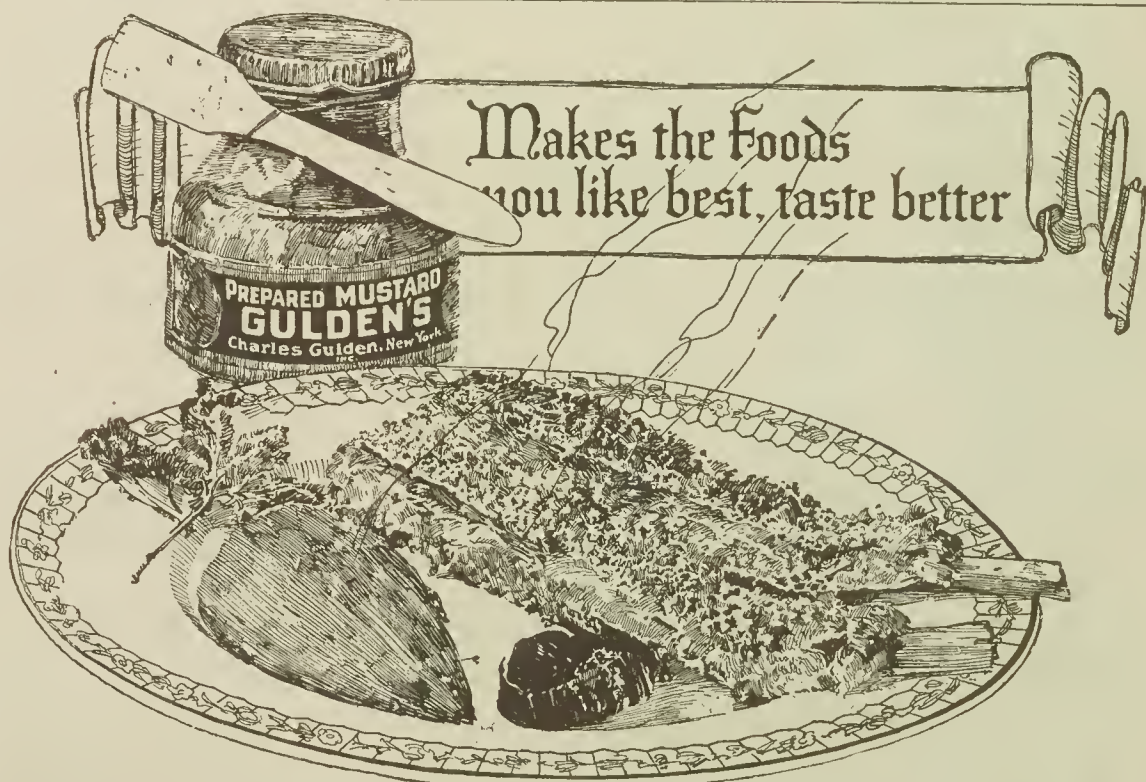
Pare and quarter six tart apples. Place in a dish and cover with cup sugar, 1/4 teaspoonful salt, 1 teaspoonful of cinnamon or nutmeg, and butter. Cook 15 minutes 1/2 cup Minute Tapioca, pinch salt and quart hot water in double boiler. Pour over apples and bake until they are soft. Serve with cream and sugar.

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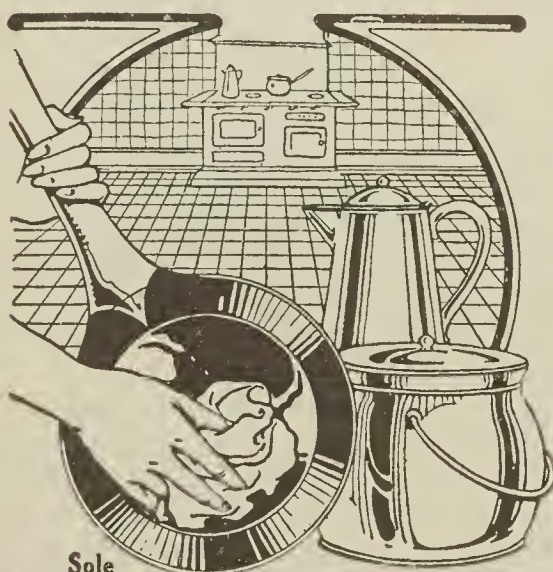
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 95

You know as well as I do that it was my intention to restore their property to them, absolutely tax free and without a single claim against it. You simply sneaked in and got ahead of me. You—"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Oliver, looking at his watch again, "I know that's what you said in your letter—that and a lot of other things, Uncle Horace."

"And what did you say in reply to my simple, straightforward letter? You said you wouldn't trust me as far as you could throw a locomotive with one hand, or something like that. You said—"

"Yes, I know I said that—and a lot of other things, too. It wasn't a very long letter, for that matter, and I can recall every word of it. Do you want to continue this discussion, Uncle Horace? If you'll look around you will see that quite a little crowd is collecting. Don't you think you'd better drop the matter right here and now?"

"No, I don't. I don't care how big a crowd there is. The bigger the better, far as I'm concerned. If I don't have a written and published acknowledgment from you that you deliberately misrepresented me, that you played me an underhand trick simply for political purposes, I'll—I'll—"

"Well, what?"

"I'll make it so blamed hot for you you'll wish you'd never been born," grated Mr. Gooch, shaking his bony finger in his nephew's face.

OBSERVING this physical symptom of animosity, the Messrs. Sikes and Link hastily stepped forth from the doorway and advanced toward the car.

"Keep your temper, Oliver," called out the former warningly. "Hang on to it!"

"Don't forget yourself, boy!" cried Mr. Link.

Mr. Gooch glanced at the two old men. "You stay away from here, you meddling old—"

"Blow your police whistle, Silas," urged Mr. Sikes. "Blow it! We'll see if—"

"Never mind, 'Uncle' Joe," interrupted Oliver with an airy wave of his hand. "No need of a cop, is there, Uncle Horace?"

"Not at present," replied his uncle grimly. "Later on we may need one—but not just now."

"Then we can end the discussion in two seconds. I decline to apologize, I refuse to accept an apology from you, and I'll see you in Jericho before I'll retract a word I've said about the Bannister affair. The only thing I will say to you is that I hadn't the faintest idea of running for office when I helped those poor old ladies out of their trouble. You can lump it if you—"

"And what's more," broke in Mr. Sikes, heatedly, "this nomination was forced on Oliver against the wishes of his friends and family. When his poor old father sees in the newspapers that Oliver is headed for the halls of State, he'll break his heart. No matter where Ollie is, he grabs up the newspaper every morning of his life to see what the news is from Rumley—"

"Is that so?" snarled Mr. Gooch. "Well, I'm not so sure of that, Mr. Swipes—I'm not so sure of it, and neither are a great many other people. There are people in this county—yes, right here in this town—that would like to know a lot more about what has become of my poor brother-in-law than they know at present."

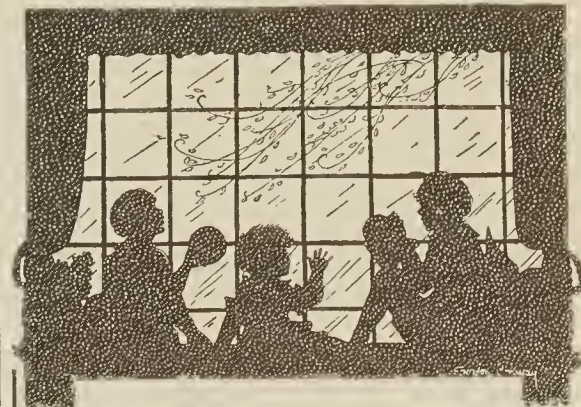
"I am one of those people, Uncle Horace," said Oliver quietly.

Horace turned to his nephew. "It rests with you, young man, whether a certain investigation takes place or not," he said threateningly.

"What do you mean by investigation?" demanded Oliver, his eyes narrowing. "Just what are you driving at?"

His uncle leaned forward and spoke slowly, distinctly. "Is there any evidence that your father ever left this place at all?"

Continued on page 97



The Best Indoor Fun For Little Folks

DID you ever try to amuse one or more youngsters indoors on a stormy day—try to keep them happy and reasonably quiet at the same time?

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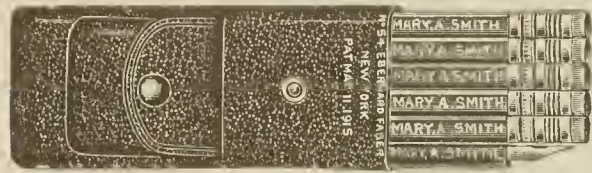
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 96

Oliver looked his uncle straight in the eye for many seconds, a curious pallor stealing over his face. When he spoke, it was with a visible effort and his voice was low and tense.

"There is no evidence to the contrary." "There's no evidence at all," said Gooch, "either one way or the other. There has never been anything like a thorough search for him—in the neighborhood of his own home. Well, I am here to say that I'm not satisfied. I don't believe Oliver Baxter ever ran away from home. I believe he's out there in that swamp of yours. Now you know what I mean by an investigation. And if it is ever undertaken it won't be under your direction and it won't be a half-hearted job. And the swamp won't be the only place searched; there are other places he might be besides that swamp."

"I think I get your meaning, Uncle Horace," said Oliver, now cool and self-possessed. "If I don't do what you ask, you'll start something, eh? Your idea, I take it, is to impress the voters of the county with the idea that my father may have met with foul play, and that I know more about the circumstances than I've—"

"I am not saying or claiming anything of the sort," broke in Mr. Gooch hastily, with visions of a suit for slander looming up before him. "I am not accusing you of anything, Oliver. All I want is a thorough examination."

"And if I agree to withdraw from the race and perjure myself in the matter of the Bannester tax scandal, you will drop the investigation and forget all about it—is that the idea?"

"I HATE to take any drastic step that might involve my own nephew in—er—in fact, I'd a good deal sooner not ask the authorities to take a hand in the matter."

"I see. The point I'm trying to get at is this, Uncle Horace," went on Oliver relentlessly: "If I do what you ask, you will agree to let me off scot free even though I may have killed my own father? You can answer that question, can't you?"

"I am not here to argue with you," snapped Mr. Gooch, his gaze sweeping the ever-increasing group of spectators. "Your candidacy has nothing to do with my determination to sift this business to the bottom," he went on, suddenly realizing that he was now committed to definite action. "I shall appeal to the proper authorities, and nothing you do or say, young man, can head off the investigation. That's final. I'm going to find out what became of the money he drew out of the bank, and where you got the money to pay up for Mrs. Bannester and her sister. I'm going to find out why you refuse to let the dredges go farther out into the swamp, and I'm going to— Oh, you needn't grin! There are plenty of witnesses who will swear that you and him were not on good terms, and that one day you threatened to hire an aeroplane and take him up five miles and drop him overboard if he didn't quit pestering you with that story about the Gipsy. A lot of people heard you say that, and—"

"It begins to look as though you were actually accusing me of murder, Uncle Horace."

"Good boy!" cried Mr. Sikes appeasingly. "That's the way to hold your temper. He's wonderful, ain't he, Silas?"

"Wonderful, nothing!" said Mr. Link. "He ain't had anything to get mad about, far as I can see. The thing is, why ain't he laughin' himself sick at the darned old nanny-goat?"

"You go to grass!" shouted Mr. Gooch furiously.

Mr. Sikes and Mr. Link joined in the gale of laughter that went up from the crowd.

Mr. Gooch, crimson with rage, shook his finger at Oliver. "That's right—that's right! Laugh while you can, you young

Continued on page 98



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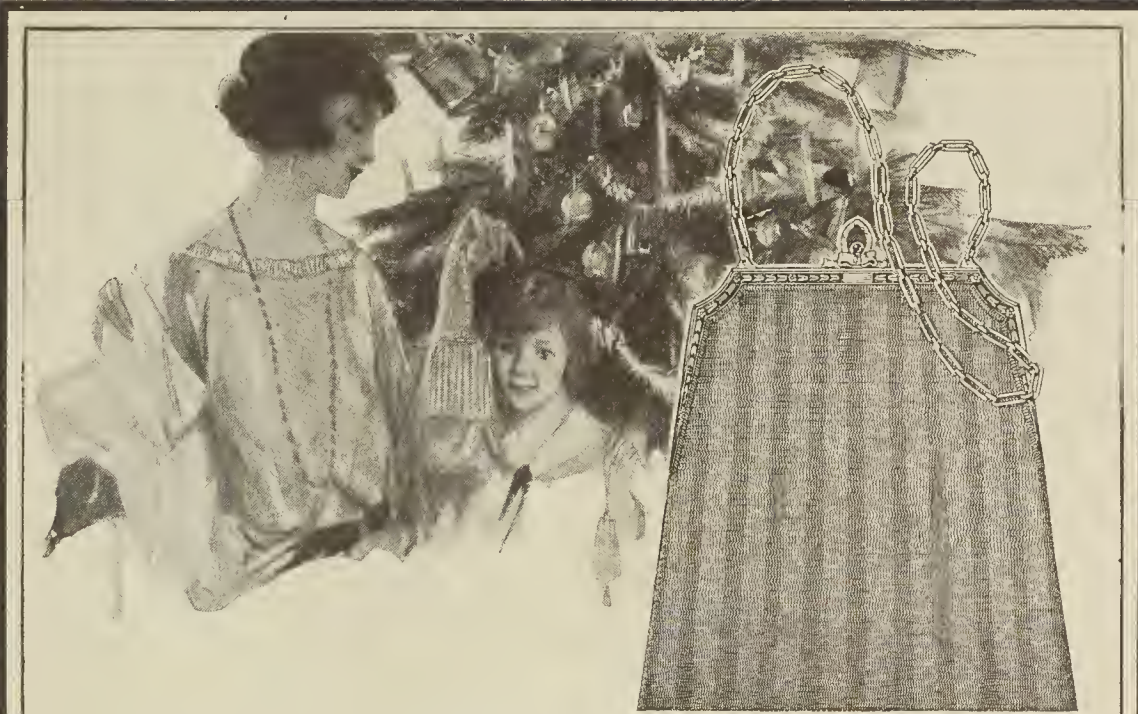
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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 97

scoundrel! You think you're safe and that you got everything covered up, but you'll be laughing on the other side of the face before I get through with you. I'm going to find out what happened to Oliver Baxter if it takes all the rest of my life. You won't be laughing so darned idiotically when the prosecuting attorney begins asking questions of you. You bet you won't! Because he'll be getting at the truth and the real facts, and that's what you don't want, my laddie buck."

HE BROKE off and jerked his head back. Oliver had snapped his fingers under Mr. Gooch's nose, not once but thrice in rapid succession.

"Investigate and be damned!" cried the young man angrily. "You infernal old buzzard! Go ahead and—"

"Whoa, Oliver!" shouted Mr. Sikes in a panic. "Don't lose your—"

"All right, 'Uncle' Joe," gulped Oliver, "all right! I came near letting go of myself."

"He would have killed me in cold blood if I'd been alone with him," exclaimed Mr. Gooch. "My God, when I think of poor old Oliver out there on that lonely back road, trying to reason with him—I—"

"See here, Uncle Horace," interrupted Oliver, in a calm, matter-of-fact tone, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five thousand dollars in cash if you find my father for me. It has cost me twice that amount already—my own money, mind you—but I'll give you—"

"Dead or alive?" demanded Mr. Gooch sternly, accusingly.

"Yes, dead or alive. Now, wait a second. My father always said you were the meanest creature that God ever let live, and I used to dispute it once in a while. I claimed that a hyena was worse. Now I know he was right and I was wrong. Go ahead with your investigation. Go as far as you like. You can't bluff me. I am in this race to stay, and I'm going after your tooth and nail. Now I guess we understand each other. I'm going after you because of the way you treated my father, and I'm—"

"And I'm going after you for the way you treated him," bawled Mr. Gooch, throwing in the clutch viciously. Then he muttered an execration.

"If you'll give Marmaduke Smith a dime, he'll crank it for you," said Oliver, turning on his heel. He glanced up at the clock on the bank down the street. "Oh, thunder! You've made me miss the train!"

"If you crank that car, Marmaduke," said Mr. Sikes menacingly, "I'll boot you all over town."

So Mr. Gooch got out and cranked the car and drove away to a chorus of undesirable invitations.

"Where's Oliver?" demanded Mr. Sikes. "We got to stick purty close to him from now on, Silas."

"What for, Joe?"

"So's we can be ready to establish an alibi in case anything happens to Horace Gooch. Supposin' some poor devil he's made a beggar of takes it into his head to put a bullet into— What say, Marmy?"

"Oliver took my wheel and beat it for the depot," said Marmaduke Smith happily.

THE return of Mrs. Sage after an absence of twenty-three years was an "event." Hundreds of people, eager to see the famous Josephine Judge, crowded the station platform long before the train from Chicago was due to arrive; they filled the depot windows; they were packed like sardines atop the spare baggage and express trucks. The train pulled in. The crowd tiptoed and gasped, craned its thousand necks, and then surged to the right. Above the hissing of steam and the grinding of wheels rose the voice of Sammy Parr far down the platform.

"Keep back, everybody! Don't crowd up so close. Right this way, Mr. Sage. How are you? Got my new car over here—lots

Continued on page 99



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3909	30	3963	50	4017	35	4071	45	4125	40
3910	30	3964	50	4018	30	4072	45	4126	30
3911	35	3965	35	4019	45	4073	45	4127	45
3912	35	3966	50	4020	50	4074	45	4128	45
3913	50	3967	30	4021	40	4075	50	4129	35
3914	35	3968	35	4022	25	4076	25	4130	30
3915	50	3969	50	4023	35	4077	25	4131	50
3916	35	3970	35	4024	45	4078	40	4132	40
3917	50	3971	50	4025	50	4079	35	4133	45
3918	35	3972	30	4026	45	4080	35	4134	45
3919	50	3973	40	4027	30	4081	35	4135	45
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YOU CAN weigh exactly what you should. If you are large you can reduce; if thin, you can build—and you can improve your health, all in a dignified, simple way in the privacy of your own home.



I have helped over 100,000 women to reduce or increase their weight, to look well, feel well, BE well. And I KNOW that I can also help YOU.

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I attribute my marvelous success to this fact—I give each woman special directions just for her individual case. Tell me of any physical ailment, also your height, your weight, your age, and I will tell you just what you should weigh. I never violate a confidence. If you write at once I will send you, FREE, my illustrated booklet showing you how to stand, walk and breathe. Write to me today.

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"My weight has increased thirty pounds. My nerves are rested and I sleep like a baby."

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Money! For you. See page 97 "Left a Widow With 12 Children." 97

**A danger signal —
tender and bleeding gums**

HEALTHY teeth cannot live in diseased tissue. Gums tainted with Pyorrhea are dangerously diseased. For not only are the teeth affected, but Pyorrhea germs seep into the body, lower its vitality and cause many ills.

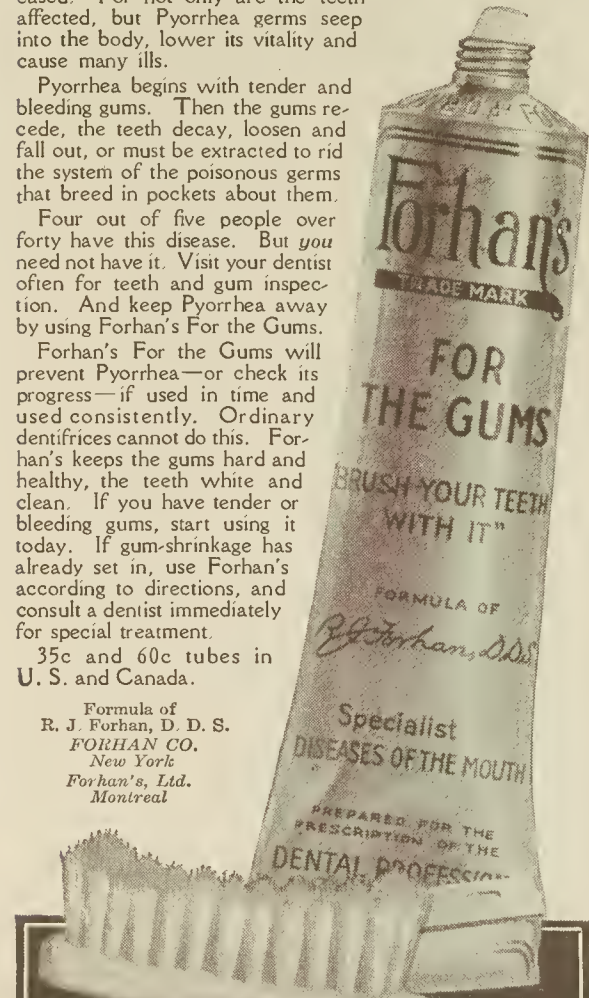
Pyorrhea begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay, loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the poisonous germs that breed in pockets about them.

Four out of five people over forty have this disease. But you need not have it. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection. And keep Pyorrhea away by using Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums hard and healthy, the teeth white and clean. If you have tender or bleeding gums, start using it today. If gum-shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

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**Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS**



Sturdiness

Sturdiness is the chief consideration in play vehicles. Every Gendron is of that rugged construction that will stand the hard knocks and rough use of active boys and girls.

Gendron
"Pioneer Line"

stands for the best materials and workmanship in juvenile vehicles. Take the Pioneer Coaster—made of seasoned lumber—bottom boards tongued, grooved and glued, making a tight bottom—front and rear end boards mortised into sides—large pressed, sheet steel disc wheels or artillery wood wheels with spokes mortised in felloe—retained roller bearings of hard polished steel.

These features make for easy running and long life. And remember, you will find all these improvements only in Gendron vehicles. That's why they have been the most popular line for fifty years.

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FREE An interesting book on children's outdoor games is ready. Write for it.

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Let the flow of silvery song from one of these imported and specially trained canaries bring ut-most happiness to your home.

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Like sweetest chimes, his soft, rich, deep tones charm every hearer. Sings entirely different from the American-bred canary.

Thousands of enthusiastic owners.

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Bred and trained especially for us. Obtainable here only.

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Max Geisler Bird Co., Dept. S-20, Omaha, Neb., or 28 Cooper Sq., N. Y. City. Dealers in birds and pets—34 years in business. Illus. catalog free.



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 98

of room. Hello, Jane! Great honor to have the pleasure of taking Mrs. Sage home in my car. Right over this way. Grab those suitcases, boys. Open up, please!"

Mr. Sage paused aghast half-way down the steps of the last coach but one. He stared, open-mouthed, out over the sea of faces; his knees seemed about to give way under him; he was bewildered, stunned.

"In heaven's name!" he groaned; and then, poor man, over his shoulder in helpless distress to the girl behind him: "Oh, Jane, why didn't we wait for the midnight—"

But some one had seized the bags and he was dragged ingloriously to the platform. Jane came next, crimson with embarrassment. She hurried down the steps and waited at the bottom for her mother to appear. As might have been expected of one so truly theatric, Josephine delayed her appearance until the stage was clear, so to speak. Preceded by the Pullman porter, who up to this time had remained invisible but now appeared as a proud and shining minion bearing boxes and traveling-cases, wraps and furs, she at length appeared, stopping on the last step to survey, with well-affected surprise and a charming assumption of consternation, the crowd that packed the platform. Recovering herself, she rested her hand gracefully upon the brass rail and bowed to the right and the left and straight before her.

NOW, a great many—perhaps all—of those who made up the eager, curious crowd expected to behold a young and radiant Josephine Judge; they had seen her in the illustrated Sunday supplements and in the pictorial magazines—always she was sprightly and vivid and alluring. They were confronted, instead, by a tall, angular woman of fifty-two or -three, carelessly, even "sloppily," dressed in a two-piece pepper-and-salt tweed walking costume, a glistening black straw hat that set down well upon a mass of bright auburn hair (old-timers in the crowd remembered her jet-black tresses), stout English oxfords somewhat run down at the heel, and a neck-piece of white fur.

But the minister's wife was still a vividly handsome woman; the years had put their lines at the corners of her eyes, to be sure, and had pressed the fulness out of her cheeks, but they had not dimmed the luster of her eyes. She had taken good care of herself.

She had gone away from Rumley with a cheap and unlovely suitcase; she came back with twenty trunks, her traveling-bags of seal, her jewel-box and toilet-case, hat-boxes, shoe-boxes, a pedigreed "Peke" named Henry the Eighth, and an accent that could have come from nowhere save the heart of London-town. In a clear, full voice, trained to reach remote perches in lofty theaters, she spoke to her husband from the coach steps:

"Herbert, dear, have you the checks for my luggage?"

"I—I will attend to the trunks," he began huskily, only to be interrupted by the indefatigable Sammy.

"Don't give 'em another thought, Mr. Sage. Give me the checks and— Right this way, please, Mrs. Sage."

"Thank you—thank you so much," said Mrs. Sage graciously, and, as Sammy bustled on ahead, inquired in an undertone of Jane at whose side she walked: "Is that the wonderful Oliver October I've been hearing so much about?"

"No, mother, that is Sammy Parr. I—I don't see Oliver anywhere. I wrote him the train we were coming—"

A few paces ahead Sammy was explaining loudly to Mr. Sage: "I guess something important of a political nature must have turned up to keep Oliver from meeting the train. Muriel's out here in the car, Mr. Sage. She'll drive you home while I see about the baggage. Here we are! Hop right in, Jane. Permit me to introduce myself, Mrs. Sage. I am—"

Continued on page 100



For that
wonderful
BOY

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Models for men and women, boys and girls. Radiolite dials that tell time in the dark. Jeweled models in nickel and gold-filled cases. Prices \$1.50 to \$9.00.



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LAST year over 100,000 lives were saved with the Aid of Tuberculosis Christmas Seals. Tuberculosis is being controlled. The death rate has been cut in half. If you and others join the fight, it can be stamped out.

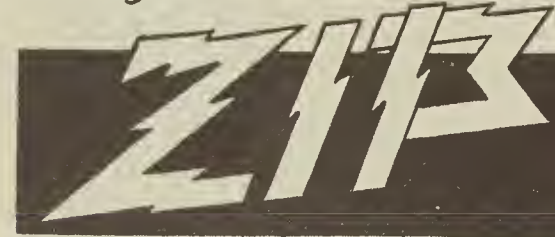
Buy Christmas Seals. When you see someone selling them, help the fight along by buying all you can. Your help, the help of every happy, healthy person, is needed; and it will count.



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Really DESTROYS the growth by removing the ROOTS



IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT



Bobbed hair demands that the nape of the neck have a perfect hair line, well defined, free from unsightly hair.



A well-rounded arm—free of all downy hair—is a necessity with the vogue for short sleeves.



The new perfect arched brow, so expressive, is readily had with ZIP. Plucking and shaving are passe—Hope Hampton.

Madam, do you shave? Horrors, No! Do you use depilatories?

Whether you use the blade or an ordinary depilatory you merely take away surface hair. Both methods throw the strength back into the roots and tend to create heavier growths.

ZIP, on the other hand, gently lifts out the roots with the hairs, quickly, painlessly and safely, and thus **destroys the growth.**

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When in New York, don't neglect to call at my Salon to have **FREE DEMONSTRATION Treatment.** This convinces the most skeptical.

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Which type have you? Write for **FREE BOOK, "Beauty's Greatest Secret,"** which also explains your type.

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The Right Sort of Jacket for the New Draped Dress



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The **BUTTERICK QUARTERLY** for Winter

25 cents a copy at any Butterick Pattern counter



OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 99

"I remember you quite well," interrupted the great actress. "You are Sammy Parr—little Sammy Parr who used to live—ah! let me see, where was it you were living when I left Rumley, Sammy?"

Sammy flushed with joy to the roots of his hair.

"I didn't think you'd remember me, Mrs.—"

"Pairfectly," said she. "Oh, thank you so much! What a lovely car you have! Don't come too close to Henry the Eighth—he has a vile way of snapping at people, whether he likes them or not. My word, Sammy! Jane! Herbert! Can I believe my eyes? Is this Rumley? I don't recognize a single— Oh, yes, I do! I take it all back. I would know that man if I saw him in Timbuktu. The old Johnnie in the car we just passed. It was Gooch—the amiable Gooch—and, my word, what a dust he was raising!"

Oliver, pedaling furiously, arrived at the parsonage ten minutes behind the Sages. The minister greeted him as he came clattering up the front steps.

"Sh!" he cautioned, his finger to his lips. "Don't make such a noise, Oliver—if you please. She's—she's resting. Sh! Do you mind tiptoeing, lad? Jane and I have got quite in the habit of it the past two weeks. I am happy to see you, my boy. She always rests about this time of the day. You have come out for the senatorship, I hear. Especially if she's had a train trip or anything like that. Well, well, I hope you will go in with flying colors. If she doesn't get her rest right on the minute, she has a headache and—"

"WHERE is Jane, 'Uncle' Herbert?" broke in Oliver, twiddling his hat. He was struck by the dazed, beatific, and yet harassed expression in the minister's eyes.

"Jane? Oh, yes, Jane. Why, Jane is up-stairs with her dear mother—helping her with her hair, I think. I am sure she will not be down for some time, Oliver. After the hair I think she rubs her back or something of that sort. Do you mind toddling—I mean strolling—around the yard with me, Oliver? I was on the point of taking Henry the Eighth out for a little exercise."

"Henry the what?" inquired Oliver, still gripping the pastor's hand.

"The Eighth," said Mr. Sage, looking about the porch and shifting the position of his feet in some trepidation. "Bless my soul, what can have become of him? I hope I haven't been standing on him. I should have squashed him— Ah, I remember! The hat-rack!"

He dashed into the hall, followed by Oliver, and there was Henry the Eighth suspended from the hat-rack by his leash in such a precarious fashion that only by standing on his hind legs was he able to avoid strangulation.

"I am so absent-minded," murmured Mr. Sage rather plaintively. "Poor doggie! Was he being hanged like a horrid old murderer? Was he—"

"Hey!" cried Oliver. "He's nipping your ankle!"

"I know he is," said Mr. Sage, smiling patiently. "He does it every time he gets a chance. I'm quite used to it."

They were out on the porch now. Oliver followed down the steps and out upon the sun-burnt lawn.

"Does he snap at you like that all the time?" He sent a swift, searching glance up at the second-floor windows.

"I am afraid he does," said Mr. Sage dejectedly.

"I'll tell you what, 'Uncle' Herbert," began Oliver mendaciously. "You just lead him around toward the back of the house, out of sight of those windows up there, and I'll show you how to break him of that. I love dogs, and I know how to make 'em love me."

Continued on page 101

Quick to relieve the pain of burns!



In the kitchen during the absence of help, or to prepare a special dish, you are quite apt to forget hot handles and the imprisoned steam under a cover or behind an oven door.

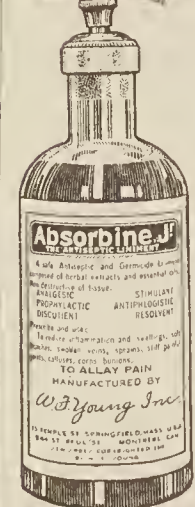
In emergencies Absorbine, Jr. affords prompt relief. It is an antiphlogistic and stops inflammation and soreness. It is cooling, soothing and healing.

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Vapo-Cresolene "Used while you sleep"

EST. 1879
Our best advertising is from the unsolicited statements of those who have used Vapo-Cresolene. For coughs, colds, bronchitis, influenza, whooping cough, spasmodic croup, asthma and catarrh. Send for our testimonial and descriptive booklet 70-C.

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A good old Friend

Remember the good old-fashioned mustard plaster grandma used to pin around your neck when you had a cold or a sore throat?

It did the work, but my how it burned and blistered!

Musterole breaks up colds in a hurry, but it does its work more gently,—without the blister. Rubbed over the throat or chest it penetrates the skin with a tingling warmth that brings relief at once.

Made from pure oil of mustard, it is a clean, white ointment good for all the little household ills.

Keep the little white jar of Musterole on your bathroom shelf and bring it out at the first sign of tonsillitis, croup, neuritis, rheumatism or a cold.

Sold by druggists everywhere, in jars and tubes, 35c and 65c; hospital size, \$3.

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New Methods in Child Training



Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits, which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. The trouble in most cases now is that children are punished or scolded for what they do. The new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding, but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

Highest Endorsements This new system, which has been put into the form of an illustrated course prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 100

"I should very much like to be on—er—friendly terms with Henry the Eighth."

"All right, then. Bring him back this way. We'll give him his first lesson in politeness. The trouble with Henry the Eighth is he's been spoiled by women. What he needs is a good sound spanking."

"Bless my soul, Oliver! You—"

"I guess it's safe over there back of the woodshed, 'Uncle' Herbert. They can't see or hear from the house."

"My dear boy, I—"

"Now, let him snap at you a couple of times—let him think he's got you trembling all over with fright. That's the stuff! Gee, he's a mean little beast, isn't he? Now yank him up by the leash and take hold of the back of his neck with your left hand—"

"You do it, Oliver. I—I—can't," pleaded Mr. Sage.

"Go ahead! Yank him up—look out, sir! He came close to getting you that time. That's the way. Now take the end of the leash and give him ten sharp cuts with it. Go on! I'll keep watch."

AND so, to the immeasurable astonishment of Henry the Eighth, ten chastening lashes were administered to his squirming hind quarters, each succeeding one being a little harder than its predecessor as the minister abandoned himself to a most unseemly though delightful state of malevolence.

"Keep a sharp watch, Oliver," whispered Mr. Sage between his teeth.

"I will," said Oliver, who hadn't taken his eyes off the west window in what he knew to be Jane's bedchamber.

"For goodness' sake, don't—don't let her catch me at it. I feel like a brute," muttered Mr. Sage, but not as contritely as might have been expected. "I hope I haven't really injured the poor little fellow." Henry the Eighth, cringing flat on his little belly, peeped anxiously but evilly up at his new master.

"Does he know any tricks?" asked Oliver. "Oh yes! He's really quite clever. Rolls over, plays dead, jumps over her foot, sits up and begs, and—"

"Tell him to roll over," said Oliver sternly. "Roll over, Henry—roll over, sir! Why—why, bless my soul, he's doing it!"

"Tell him to play dead."

Henry the Eighth "played dead"—with his beady eyes wide open, however—and then sat up on his haunches and begged.

"Now, try patting his head."

"Oh, I wouldn't like to risk—er—he is quite likely to nip my fingers—"

"If he tries it, spank him once or twice."

Henry the Eighth plucked up the courage to growl when the minister's left hand neared his head. An instant later the flat of Mr. Sage's right hand came in contact with a portion of Henry's anatomy that already had suffered considerable pain and indignity; whereupon he squeezed out an apologetic little yelp and turned over on his back to play dead again. Mr. Sage solemnly shook both the feathery front paws and called him a nice doggie. He had to call him a nice doggie three times, and, besides that, had to show his teeth in a broad, ingratiating smile before Henry was willing to trust his own eyes and ears. He wagged his bushy tail weakly, experimentally.

"Nice doggie," said Mr. Sage again. "Don't overdo it," warned Oliver. "Don't be too polite."

"I wouldn't have Mrs. Sage know that I've thrashed him for anything in the world," said the minister guiltily. "You won't mention it, my lad?"

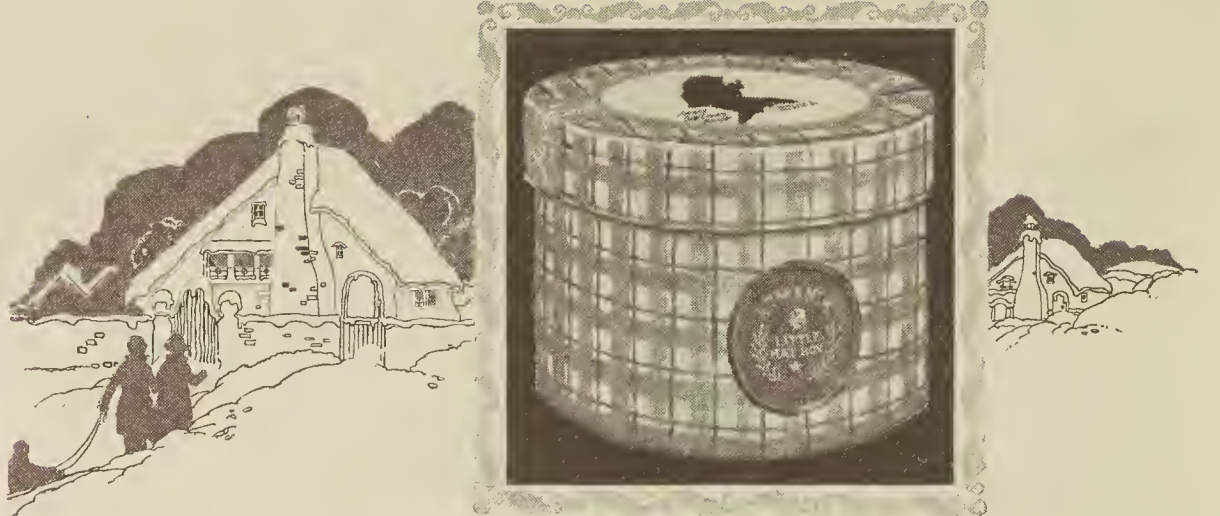
"I can't promise not to tell Jane about it."

"Oh, I don't mind your telling Jane. She's been at me for a week to paddle him—"

"I say, 'Uncle' Herbert, don't you think she may have finished—er—rubbing Mrs. Sage's back by this time?"

"Possibly," said the other. "Come along, doggie—let's romp a bit. Oh, by the way, before I forget it, Oliver, Mrs. Sage prefers to be—er—called Miss Judge."

Continued on page 102



Wouldn't you appreciate this Christmas gift?

AREN'T there a number of folks on your Christmas list that you'd like to remember with a nice gift, yet one which is not too expensive?

And wouldn't you rather give them a really useful present than some little knick-knack, however pretty, that in a few days' time will serve only as a dust catcher?

A dainty, little pink-and-white hat-box of *genuine* Armand Cold Cream Powder is a present that every woman will appreciate. This wonderfully adherent powder

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Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

"She Is Independent Now" — See page 97



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OLIVER OCTOBER

Continued from page 101

Oliver's face fell. "Oh, thunder! Am I not to call her 'Aunt' Josephine?"

"Certainly—certainly, my boy. I mean 'Miss Judge' in public. It seems to be—er—a theatrical custom."

Meanwhile, Jane, having brushed her mother's hair, was now employed in the more laborious task of rubbing the lady's back.

"You have a great deal of magnetism in your hands, my dear," droned Mrs. Sage luxuriously. "The right shoulder now, please."

"I think Oliver is down-stairs with father," began Jane wistfully.

"A little lower down, dear—ah, what was I going to say? Oh, yes; I do hope your father is giving Henry the Eighth a nice little romp in the front—"

"Shall I run down and see, mother?"

"Presently, my dear, presently. I shall be taking my tub in a few— You say we have a bathroom now? Dear me, how the house has grown! How many servants have we?"

"One," said Jane succinctly.

"One?" gasped Josephine. "I never heard of such a thing."

"One is all we need, and besides one is all we can afford. I am afraid you will have a lot to put up with, mother, dear."

JOSEPHINE was silent for a long time. Suddenly she lifted her head and looked up into her daughter's face.

"My dear," she said, with a wry little twist at the corner of her generous mouth, "I've come home to stay. I daresay you will find me capable of taking things as they are. I did it once before, and I can do it again. Now, if you will draw me a nice warm tub—" she yawned voluptuously—"I'll get in and sozzle a bit. And that reminds me, Jane. I shall never, in any way, interfere with you as housekeeper here. Your father assures me that you are a perfect manager. I was a very poor one in my day. I daresay we'd better let well enough alone. Don't make it too hot, my dear—and do see if you can find my bath-slippers in that bag by the door."

The express-wagon with Mrs. Sage's trunks arrived as Oliver, in despair, was preparing to depart, as he had come, on Marmaduke Smith's bicycle. He took fresh hope. Here was a chance to see Jane after all. With joyous avidity he offered to help Joe O'Brien lug the trunks up-stairs.

"Where shall we put them, 'Uncle' Herbert?" he asked, his hands deep in his pockets.

"Bless my soul, I—I haven't an idea," groaned Mr. Sage, passing his hand over his brow. This act seemed to have cleared some of the fog from his brain. "Unless you put them in my study," he suggested brightly. "They will fill it to overflowing, but—but I can think of no other place. Dear me, what a lot of them there are!"

Fifteen minutes later, the trunks being piled high in the pastor's little study, Oliver mopped his brow and expressed himself feelingly to Mr. Sage from the porch steps.

"I'll make Uncle Horace sweat for this," he growled. "If he hadn't come nosing around this afternoon— At the same time, 'Uncle' Herbert, I think Jane might have been allowed a minute or two to say hello to a fellow. Good Lord, sir, is—is this to be Jane's job from now on?"

"Sh! The windows are open, Oliver."

"Is she to be nothing but a lady's-maid to 'Aunt' Josephine?"

"We are so happy to have her with us, my dear boy, that—"

"I understand, 'Uncle' Herbert," broke in Oliver contritely. "I'm sorry I spoke as I did. Tell Jane I'll call her up."

"Will you come up to-night?"

"Yes, sir. I'll come up and move the trunks for you. So that you can have room to write next Sunday's sermon," he added, with his gay, whimsical smile.

Then he pedaled slowly away on Marmaduke's wheel, looking over his shoulder until the windows of the parsonage were no longer visible.

Continued in the January DELINEATOR



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HOUSEKEEPING

The Home-Economics Department has prepared, under the direction of Martha Van Rensselaer, a list of leaflets which will lighten the housewife's burden and make scientific home-making an easy art. These leaflets range from milk recipes to the technique of laying the table. Mention specific subjects or write for a list.

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Your Home Betrays You. Its furnishings and care reveal your own personality as a home-maker. Ugly and depressing rooms no longer are necessary because they may be transformed with little ingenuity and less money. Make your problems clear by listing your questions and giving dimensions, exposure and full description of the rooms you wish to decorate. All questions relating to floors and curtains may be answered by the purchase of Bulletins 1 and 2, entitled "Good Floors" and "Curtains and Draperies" respectively, price twenty-five cents each. Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders, Director of the Home-Decoration Department, will be glad to help you with all other problems.

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The Story Hour is a pretty important time in childhood. Do you know what books to read to your children? The Children's Department has prepared lists of books for children of all ages, which will assist in the parental job of forming good reading habits. Write in to the Children's Department, too, for a Page of Prayers for children to learn.

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The Best Face Foremost in any phase of life is good feminine philosophy. Any woman can improve her complexion with a little time and careful study. The Beauty Editor will answer special questions and will send folders prepared by experts on the care of the hair, skin and hands, posture, exercises, lotions and cosmetics. Tell us what subjects interest you most.

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Are You Uncertain about the ways of the social world? Mrs. John Cabot Kimberley will send you a number of useful leaflets on manners and form, covering every social quandary. "Weddings," "Calls and the Use of Cards," "Letter-Writing," "Etiquette at the Table" are some of the titles. She will answer any puzzled inquirer.

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The Entertainment Department offers suggestions for dinners, dances, parties and entertainments. It will be glad to give more information, if you write the average age of the guests, the type of party and the amount of money you wish to spend. We have a new Electrical Party which most young people will like. Let us send it to you.



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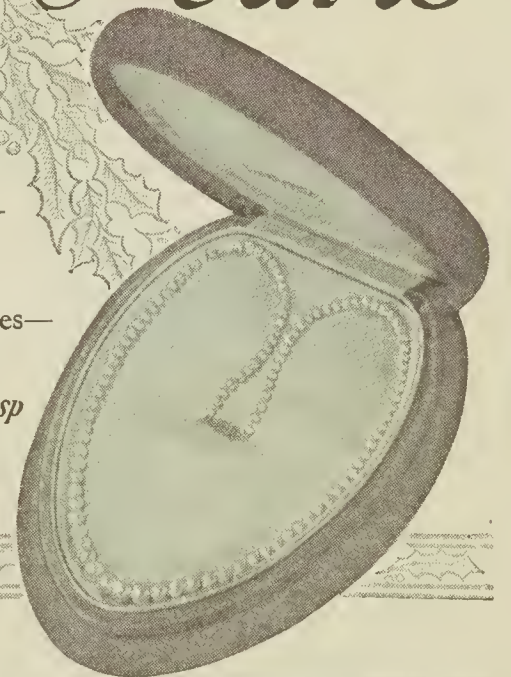
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DESCRIPTIONS OF PAGE 38

3164—10983—The illusion of warmth in this one-piece dressing-sack comes from the froth of eider-down trimming. It is quite suitable in crêpe de Chine, wash silk, crêpe meteor, etc. Chrysanthemums are an effective embroidery. They should be worked in a combination of satin-stitch, seed-stitch or outline. The dressing-sack is for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3831—The Christmas-gift box which opens to a view of an exquisite hand-made French chemise with knickers is a prize package. In cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, dimity, underwear mull, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, tub silks or radium they are dainty. These knickers have a reenforced crotch. The set is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2871—Fastidious ladies appreciate a lace-trimmed camisole like this Christmas confection. It slips on over the head quite easily. One can make it of crêpe de Chine, wash satin or Georgette. For the more practical minded a camisole of nainsook, long-cloth or of handkerchief linen is desirable. It is attractive for ladies from 32 to 44 bust.

4126—Dainty boudoir caps are assuredly bewitching aids to an attractive *ensemble*, especially at the breakfast-table. Point d'esprit, lace, Georgette or crêpe de Chine trimmed with hand-made rosebuds and leaves make dainty caps for several friends. The set includes three distinct types with brims, one plain, the others gathered, all one size.

3160—10699—Crêpe de Chine, wash satin, wash silk, Georgette or similar materials for this pair with a one-piece front. The butterflies are an airy trimming. They should be worked in outline, satin-stitch, French stemming, eyelet and buttonholing. They are becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, and also to misses.

3150—A useful gift is greatly appreciated if it comes from the realm of lingerie. Bloomers of crêpe de Chine, silk jersey, wash satin, China silk, satin, soft fine sateen or a mercerized fabric are a gift which will be appreciated. These are very practical. Both the seat and leg or just the seat may be reenforced. They are for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

3489—10979—Slips are so necessary a part of the Winter costume that one can not go far astray on such a slip for a Christmas gift. This one is appropriate to wear under a transparent tunic blouse or a dress. Use crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, china silk, Japanese silk, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, etc., which is good for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

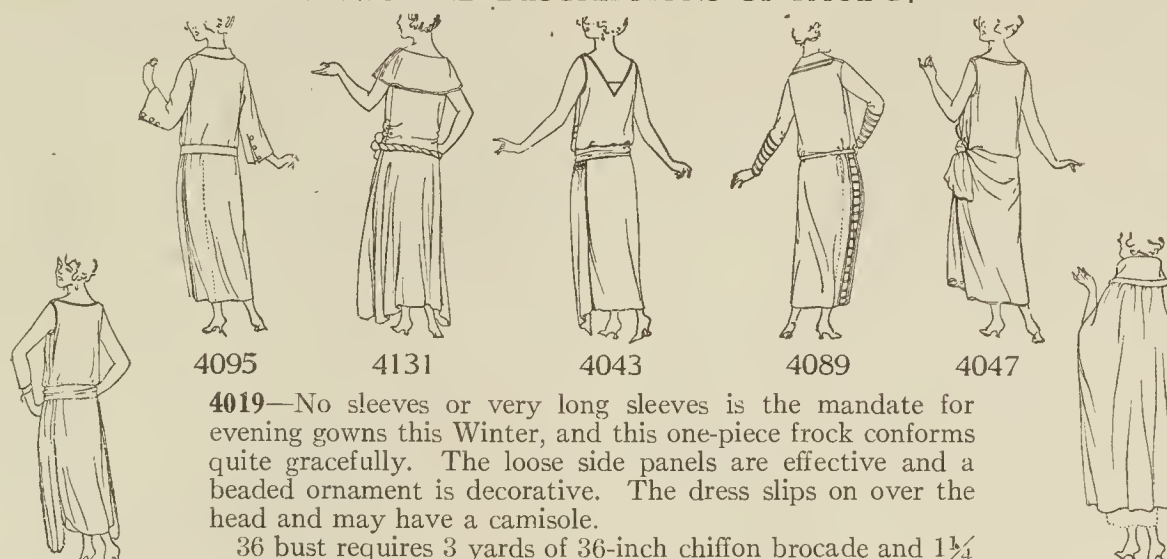
4030—The coziest retreat for the end of a Winter's day is a bright-colored fuzzy bathrobe. This robe of blankets, blanket cloth, reversible blanket cloth, eider-down, corduroy, flannel, terry cloth or ratine has a comfortable pair of soled slippers to match. This robe is excellent for ladies 32 to 46 bust measure.

3655—One's best girl friend will love the newest kind of a nightgown, one with lattice trimming and which slips on over the head. One can use nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton crêpe, cotton voile, dimity, underwear mull, handkerchief linen, crêpe de Chine, tub silk, tub satin, radium or Georgette. It is attractive for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4064—A corduroy negligée is a welcome gift for mother and, if one remembers her favorite color, one that she will delight in. Quilted silks or satins, cotton matelassé or cotton ratine are suitable materials. The deep armhole makes it a comfortable lounging garment and the long shawl collar is becoming. It is handsome for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3860—10890—Cooking is a joy in this apron. Such a one-piece apron takes little material, is easy to slip on, and bright in cretonne, chintz, cotton prints, gingham, chambray, percale, madras, Japanese crêpe, etc. The pocket motifs are gay. Work them in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch. The apron is very good for ladies 24 to 36 waist.

VIEWS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF PAGE 24



4019

4095

4131

4043

4089

4047

4019—No sleeves or very long sleeves is the mandate for evening gowns this Winter, and this one-piece frock conforms quite gracefully. The loose side panels are effective and a beaded ornament is decorative. The dress slips on over the head and may have a camisole.
36 bust requires 3 yards of 36-inch chiffon brocade and 1¼ yard of 40-inch plain chiffon. Lower edge 53 inches.

The dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

4095—Both its simplicity and a surplice closing make the wrap-around one-piece dress most practical for varied wear. It may be made with a body lining. Use light-weight velours, homespun, tweed, etc.
36 bust requires 2½ yards of 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 52 inches.
The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

4043—The long sleeves contribute so adequately to the elegance of this one-piece gown that no trimming other than the hand-made ornaments is needed. It slips on over the head and has a camisole. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, etc.
36 bust requires 5 yards of 39-inch charmeuse. Lower edge 51 inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4131—Bertha collars make their debut on dresses with two-piece circular skirts joining the body at a low waistline. This dress of the slip-over type opens under the left arm and has a long body lining marked for a camisole top. Lower edge 4 yards.
36 bust requires 4¼ yards of 39-inch satin crêpe (including the flower and girdle) and ¾ yard of 36-inch all-over lace.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4089—Many of the new one-piece dresses attain effects of greater freedom by means of inserted sections at each side. This one slips on over the head and may omit the body lining. Lower edge 54 inches.
36 bust requires 2½ yards of 54-inch wool repp and ¾ yard of 36-inch flannel.
The dress is good style for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

4047—With the becoming qualities of its neckline so obvious and the French extraction of its low and draped skirt so apparent, this evening dress is successful in taffeta, crêpe satin, charmeuse, velvet, silk crêpes.
•36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch taffeta silk.
The evening dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4073—4047—This straight cape in mate-lassé, metal fabrics, velvet, satin, etc., is attractive. The dress, described above, is shown here with an ornament in place of the bow. Lower edge 1¾ yard.
36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch metallic brocade (with piecing at center back) and ½ yard of 50-inch fur cloth.
The cape is appropriate for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

VIEWS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF PAGE 25



4109

4119

4105

4070

4115

4045

4109—A long-tasseled girdle is a simple but smart finish to the dress which slips on over the head. It has a two-piece skirt which joins a long body and there is a separate long camisole lining. Use wool repp, wool poplin, wool crêpe, kasha, soft twills, etc., with silk crêpes, etc.
36 bust requires 1½ yard of 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1½ yard of 54-inch wool repp. Lower edge 55 inches.

The dress is attractive for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4119—10968—Some skirts are made circular and some have the circular effect thrust upon them as in this one-piece dress where circular sections are set in each side. The sleeves go in a long underbody and the dress slips on over the head.
36 bust requires 5 yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge 54½ inches.
The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4105—Drapery and panels are attractive in a dress which slips on over the head. Both the draped straight skirt and panels join the blouse at a low waistline. There may be a long body lining. Use satin crêpe, silk crêpe, charmeuse, etc.
36 bust requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 51½ inches.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4070—A hand-made ornament and crêpe de Chine accessories contribute an elegance to this dress with a draped skirt joining the blouse at a low waistline. There may be a long body lining. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, etc. Lower edge 49 inches.
36 bust requires 4 yards of 39-inch charmeuse, ¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine.
The dress is becoming to ladies 34 to 48 bust.

4115—The Winter's formal evening gown is a delightful necessity. This dress slips on over the head, closes under the left arm and has a long camisole lining. A draped straight skirt joins the body at a low waistline. Lower edge 1½ yard.
36 bust requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch velvet and ⅝ yard of 36-inch gold cloth.
The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4045—On this dress the sleeves repeat the effect of the two-piece circular skirt which joins the blouse at a low waistline. It slips on over the head and opens under the left arm at the seam. Use crêpe satin, etc.
36 bust requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch crêpe satin. Lower edge in straight-around outline 2¾ yards.
The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4072—Hand-made flowers mark the low waistline arranged with elastic in a casing on this one-piece dress. The accordion-plaited or side-plaited panels are graceful, and there may be a body lining. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpes, etc.
36 bust requires 4¾ yards of 39-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 51½ inches.
The dress is new for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

DESCRIPTIONS OF PAGE 39

3611—Winter-rouged cheeks and innocent blue eyes look out irresistibly from this exquisite, softly gathered cap. One may use a puffed crown or a plaited one. Make the cap illustrated of faille silk, grosgrain silk, China silk, crêpe de Chine, organdy or fine muslin. The caps are dainty for infants and young children 1 and 3 years old.

3866—10900—An exquisitely embroidered little sack of albatross, cashmere, flannel, China silk, Japanese silk interlined with flannel and lined with China silk, is a most useful article for a layette. This one, which can be made for infants and little girls up to 7 years, has a delicate flower embroidery. The design should be worked quite easily.

3868—This hood cape is very soft and pretty in cashmere, albatross, flannel, French flannel, flannelet, or in crêpe de Chine, China silk or Japanese silk interlined with flannel and lined with China silk. It may be 25 inches long or a longer length. The flower embroidery is fine finishing and ribbons make delicate ties.

6486—One can always tempt a man into his den with a house jacket—one in which he can relax quite comfortably and smoke his oldest pipe in unabashed enjoyment. This is a most practical garment and it will make an excellent Christmas gift for the man of the family. This jacket is a comfortable type for men or youths 34 to 48 inches breast measure.

3450—Imagine father ever buying himself a dressing-gown! And yet it is a garment he will be delighted to pick from the tree. This one in silk repp, silk faille, shantung, satin or double-faced material has a soled slipper to match. There may be a shawl or notched collar. This dressing-gown is appropriate for men or boys 24 to 46 inches breast measure.

3810—Pajamas present an attractive appearance in beige, mauve, pink or blue, and they are a very useful gift. In madras, percale, fine cotton, pongee, crêpes, muslin, outing flannel or wash silks this pair is altogether practical. It has the body and sleeve in one, and it is a good type for men and boys 22 to 44 inches breast measure.

3580—In his own opinion no man can have too many outing shirts. This is an excellent type for madras, percale, pongee, khaki, etc. There may be a comfortable collar joining the shirt or a neckband. The cuffs, in regulation or French style, are fastened to the sleeves, or there may be wristbands. The shirt is practical for men or boys 12 to 19 inches neck.

3998—A bathrobe, which is also suitable to be used as a lounging-robe, has its drawing qualities these cold mornings. Both the robe and the slipper with a sole should be made of blanket robing, blankets, toweling, eider-down, flannel or flannelet. The bathrobe and slippers are practical for men 32 to 48 inches breast measure.

3848—10827—A kimono wrapper tied with gay bright ribbons draws forth squeals of delight from the little girl. For this type you will want to use cashmere, albatross, French flannel, flannelet, challis, cotton crêpe, etc. It is becoming to infants and girls up to 13 years of age. The scalloping makes a dainty trimming. Work it in buttonholing.

4031—Gay patterns in bathrobes are quite in keeping with the holiday spirit. A blanket cloth, eider-down, flannel, ratine or terry cloth makes a becoming bathrobe, and the slippers with soles are usually made to match the robe. A silk cord in matching shade makes a finish. It is attractive for juniors, girls and children from 1 to 14 years of age.

3833—Quaint pajamas with anklet frills, pockets and cuffs and a collar are very easy to make. This pair has a one-piece front and an armhole which is slightly deeper than normal. Make it of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, cotton crêpe, dimity, outing flannel or flannelet. The pair is attractive for girls 2 to 14 years.

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 26

4108—10890—419—One wears the slip over dress in Russian with bloomers which join an underbody. The pocket motif is gay. Work in appliqué, outline or satin-stitch. The clothes for dolly are dainty.

5 years requires 2 1/4 yards 32-inch chambray and 1/4 yard 36-inch sateen.

The dress is nice for little girls 2 to 8, the doll set for dolls 14 to 30 inches.

4083—One thing decidedly new on this dress with a straight lower edge is its French waistline. In taffeta, crêpe de Chine, stripes, pongee, cotton crêpe, challis, it is very smart.

6 years requires 2 yards of 27-inch challis.

The dress is good for little girls 2 to 8 years.

4090—10107—A new frock of the slip-over type is pretty. The bloomers join an underbody. Smocking is a quaint trimming. The design comes in a series of smocking dots and scallops. Use chambray, pincheck gingham, cotton voile, dimity, etc.

5 years requires 2 1/8 yards of 40-inch cotton crêpe.

The dress is nice for little girls 2 to 10 years.

4079—The demure collar and cuffs on this dress may be separate or joined to the dress. It slips on over the head. Use wool crêpe, etc.

11 years requires 1 7/8 yard of 54-inch wool jersey and 1/4 yard of 36-inch linen.

The dress is attractive for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

4081—A panel front and back adds the modern touch to a dress of peasant origin. In striped wool and serge or soft twills, with a collar, it is suitable for school.

9 years requires 1 1/4 yard of 42-inch wool crêpe, 7/8 yard 40-inch figured crêpe de Chine.

The dress is good for girls 6 to 12 years.

4100—Snowball carnivals mean that one's suit must be long enduring. The blouse of this suit is worn over straight trousers.

5 years requires 1 yard of 54-inch wool jersey and 1/8 yard of 27-inch flannel.

The suit is practical for little boys 2 to 6.

4098—10945—The long peasant body to this dress on the slip-over order joins a two-piece skirt in a new way. Bright motifs are decorative. Work them in outline or satin-stitch, and bugle beads or one-stitch.

10 years requires 1 yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 7/8 yard 54-inch serge.

The dress is gay for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4057—Pompons are perky on a school dress of the slip-over type, with a straight skirt joining the body in a decorative way.

10 years requires 1 1/8 yard 36-inch flannel, 1 yard 44-inch checked wool and 1/4 yard 36-inch contrasting material.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.

4102—10981—The blouse of this two-piece dress may slip on over the head and the skirt, whether plaited or gathered, joins an underbody closing at the back. Motifs add to a belt. Work in peasant embroidery.

12 years requires 1 7/8 yard of 54-inch wool jersey and 1/4 yard of 36-inch flannel.

The dress is for juniors and girls 6 to 15.

4087—10985—A dress of the slip-over variety with a straight skirt joining the long body is in holiday mood. Embroidery adds individuality. Work it in one-stitch, etc.

11 years requires 1 yard 39-inch crêpe de Chine and 1 1/8 yard 40-inch velvet.

The dress is for juniors and girls 8 to 15.



4108



4083



4090



4079



4081



4100



4098



4057



4102



4087



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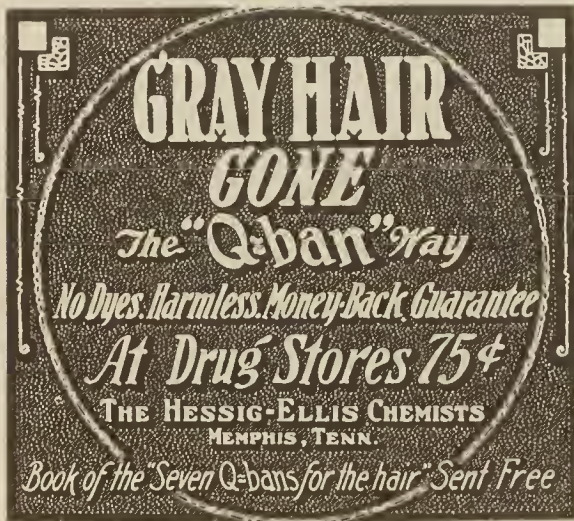
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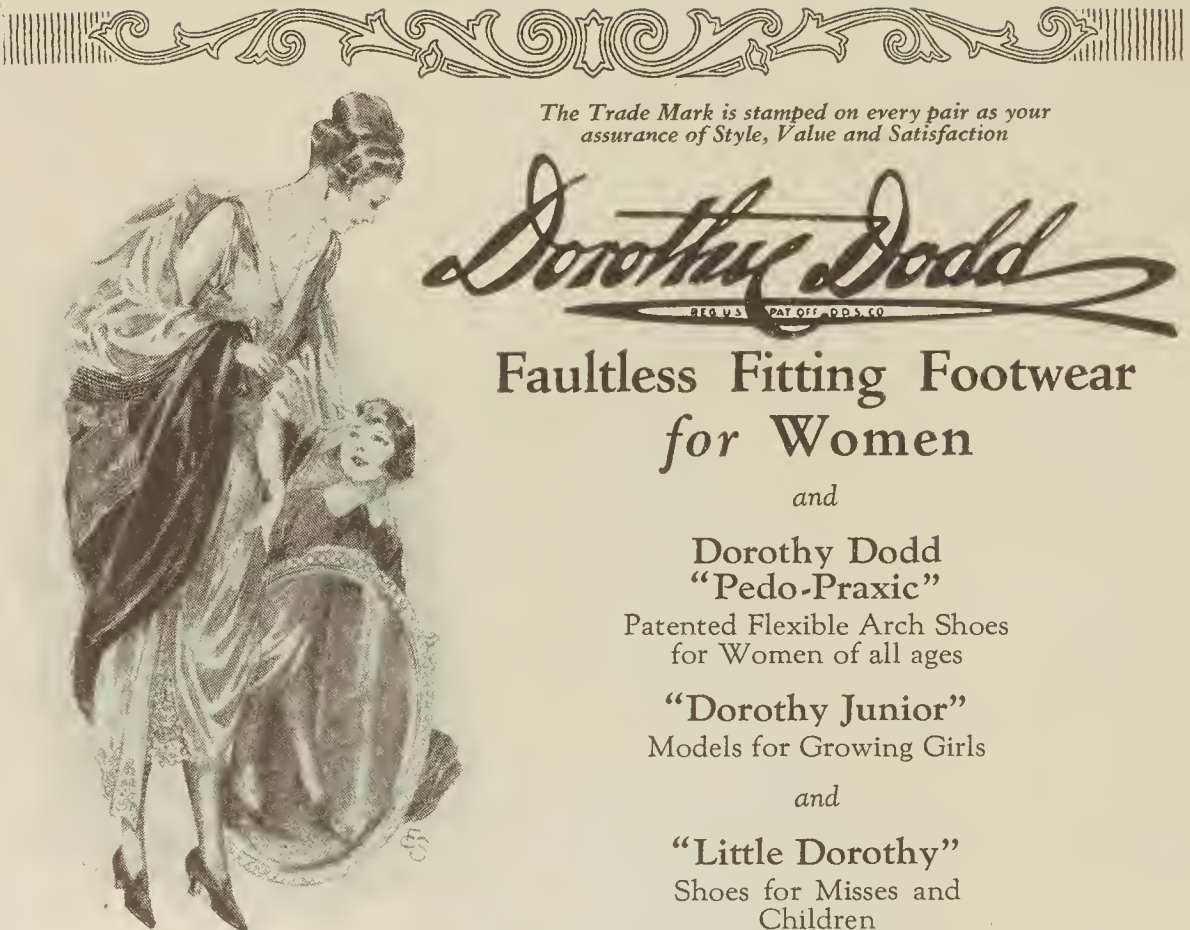
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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

OTHER VIEWS ON PAGE 27

4082—10723—A two-piece tailored dress often uses the slip-over blouse in raglan effect. The two-piece skirt has an inserted section on each side. A monogram is decorative. The letters come from a symmetrical alphabet.

17 years requires 2¼ yards 54-inch wool jersey. Lower edge 52½ inches.

The dress is trim for misses 16 to 20 years.

4107—This dress of the slip-over type with a two-piece circular skirt is fashionable in soft twills, etc. Its draped waist closes under the left arm and the skirt joins a long body lining. Lower edge 2½ yards.

16 years requires 3½ yards 40-inch velvet, ⅝ yard 36-inch silk.

The dress is attractive for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4086—Drapery on a straight skirt is becoming to the young girl in a dress on the slip-over order. Its skirt joins the body at a low waistline; there is a long body lining arranged for a camisole top. Lower edge 57 inches.

18 years requires 2½ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. (The body is cut crosswise.)

The dress is graceful for misses 16 to 20.

4113—10846—A handsome ornament distinguishes the drapery of this dress of the slip-over type which opens under the left arm. The skirt joins a long body at the low waistline. The sleeve motifs lend color. Work them in one-stitch embroidery.

17 years requires 3¾ yards 39-inch satin crêpe.

The dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years.

4123—A wide bertha collar has allied itself with the two-piece circular skirt on this slip-over dress. The blouse and skirt meet at a low waistline and there is a long body lining with marking for a camisole top.

17 years requires 4¾ yards of 35-inch taffeta. Lower edge 4 yards.

The dress is good style for misses 16 to 20.

4065—10889—Straps are effective used on a dress of the slip-over type with straight skirt joining a long body. There may be a body lining. The motifs are brilliant. Work them in bugle beads, one-stitch embroidery or a combination of each.

17 years requires 1¼ yard 39-inch silk crêpe for body and 2⅞ yards 39-inch silk crêpe. Lower edge 58½ inches.

The dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years, also for small women.

4059—Accordion or side plaited panels flutter from the hip of a one-piece dress of the slip-over type. There is a casing arrangement of elastic at the low waistline, and there may be a body lining.

17 years requires 4¾ yards 39-inch crêpe de Chine. Lower edge 50 inches.

The dress is excellent for misses 16 to 20 years, also small women.

4092—10973—This two-piece dress makes good use of the suspender skirt with a slip-over blouse. Sleeve bandings add color. Work them in satin-stitch and outline embroidery and beads or in outline, etc.

16 years requires 1½ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine and 1⅞ yard 36-inch corduroy (cut crosswise). Lower edge 52 inches.

The dress is good style for misses 16 to 20



4082



4107



4086



4113



4123



4065



4059



4092

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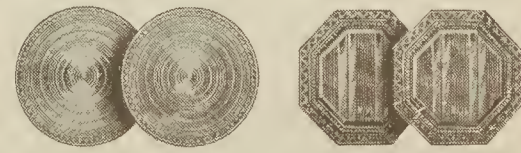
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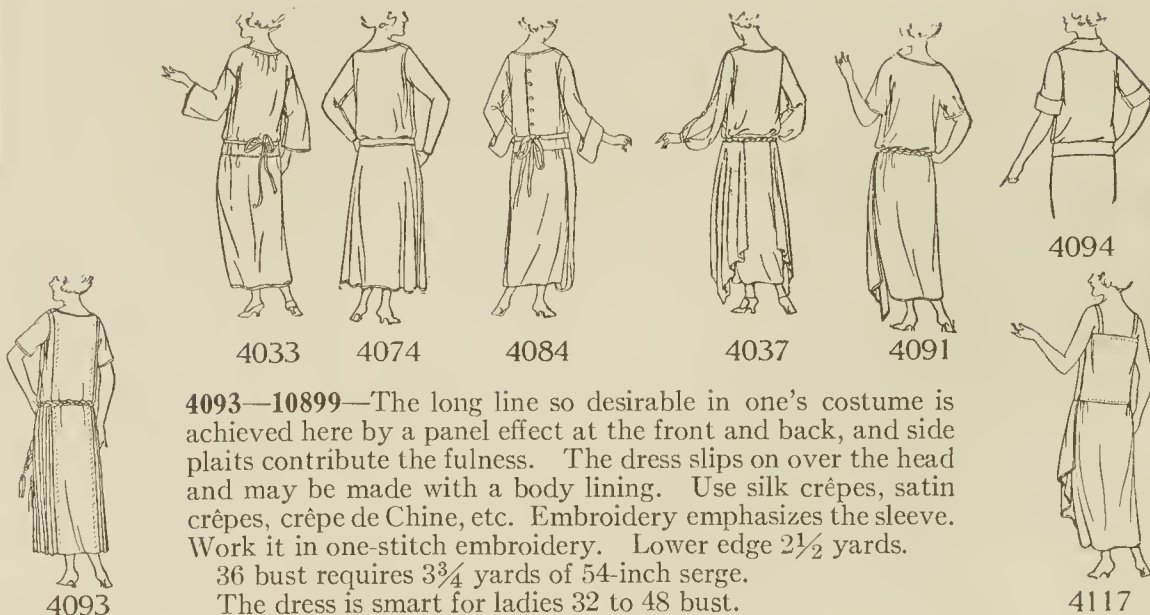
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VIEWS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF PAGE 28



4093—10899—The long line so desirable in one's costume is achieved here by a panel effect at the front and back, and side plaits contribute the fullness. The dress slips on over the head and may be made with a body lining. Use silk crêpes, satin crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc. Embroidery emphasizes the sleeve. Work it in one-stitch embroidery. Lower edge 2½ yards. 36 bust requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch serge. The dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

4033—10954—A dress with a peasant flavor is a slip-over type, with a straight skirt joining a long body at the low waistline. It may have a long camisole lining. The embroidery is typical. Work in both cross-stitch and beading. Lower edge 53 inches. 36 bust requires 2 yards of 39-inch crêpe de Chine and ⅞ yard 54-inch wool repp. The dress is for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4074—10936—The two-piece circular skirt is new on this dress, which slips on over the head and closes under the left arm. There is a long body lining. The embroidery is attractive. Work it in a combination of beading or French-knot embroidery, etc. 36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch soft twill. Lower edge in straight-around outline 2½ yards. The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

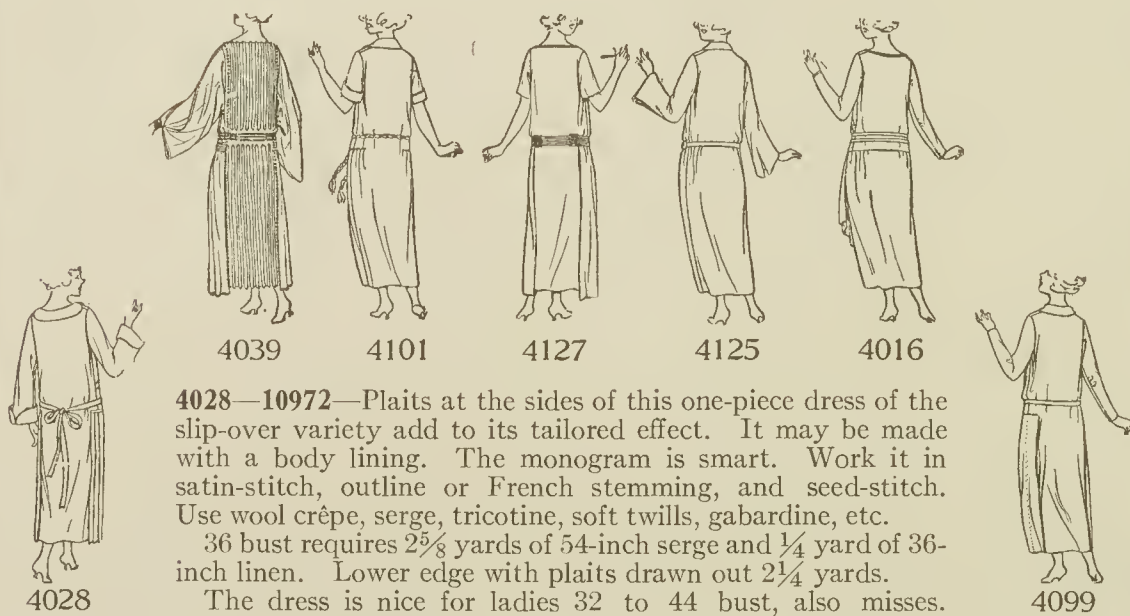
4084—10994—This dress is quite open in its closing down the back. Its straight skirt and loose panels join the long body. It may have a body lining. The embroidery has a decorative rôle. Work the design in cross-stitch. Lower edge 54 inches. 36 bust requires 1¾ yard of 39-inch silk crêpe and 1⅞ yard of 40-inch velvet. The dress is graceful for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4037—A pastel bouquet is effective fastened into a braided girdle of a one-piece gown with the smart circular side drapery. It slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use crêpe satin, charmeuse, silk crêpe, etc. 36 bust requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 53½ inches. The dress is softly becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4091—The braided girdle and ornaments fasten the draped skirt at a low waistline, where it joins the body of this dress. It slips on over the head and there may be a long body lining. Use satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, silk crêpe or charmeuse. 36 bust requires 4⅞ yards of 39-inch satin crêpe. Lower edge 51 inches. The dress is handsome for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4094—4117—The jacket blouse is very smart worn either as a jacket or as a blouse over the new draped skirt, which joins either a camisole body or an inside belt measuring 1¼ inch. 36 bust and 38 hip require 2⅞ yards of 39-inch matelassé for the blouse and 2¼ yards of 39-inch satin crêpe for skirt. Lower edge of straight skirt 48 inches. The jacket blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust, the skirt for ladies 35 to 47½ hip.

VIEWS AND DESCRIPTIONS OF PAGE 29



4028—10972—Plaits at the sides of this one-piece dress of the slip-over variety add to its tailored effect. It may be made with a body lining. The monogram is smart. Work it in satin-stitch, outline or French stemming, and seed-stitch. Use wool crêpe, serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, etc. 36 bust requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch serge and ¼ yard of 36-inch linen. Lower edge with plaits drawn out 2¼ yards. The dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

4039—A new one-piece dress for Winter on the slip-over order begins its panels at a low waistline, distinguished by a hand-made flower belt. The long shoulder, deep armhole and a body lining are good points. 36 bust requires 4⅞ yards of 40-inch Georgette. Lower edge 47 inches. The dress is excellent for ladies 32 to 44 bust, also misses.

4101—The collar for a one-piece dress is good style. The dress has a straight lower edge and slips on over the head. It may have a body lining. Use soft twills, tricotine, etc. 36 bust requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch tricotine. Lower edge 54 inches. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also for misses.

4127—Fur bands are a favorite trimming for edges of panels and sleeves of one-piece dresses like this dress on the slip-over order and with a choice of a body lining. The side panels hang free at the front edge. Use serge, soft twills, wool crêpe, silk crêpe, satin crêpe, all one material or with upper sleeve of Georgette, etc. 36 bust requires 3¾ yards 39-inch Canton crêpe. Lower edge 47½ inches. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4125—10994—As a street costume, this one-piece wrap-around dress is excellent. It may be made with a body lining. The sleeve motifs are effective. Work them in cross-stitch embroidery. Lower edge 50 inches. 36 bust requires 4¾ yards of 54-inch soft twill and ⅝ yard of 36-inch duvetyn. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust, also to misses.

4016—The graceful drapery of this skirt pins its faith to the long body which it joins. The dress slips on over the head and may have a body lining. Use soft twills, wool repp, serge all one material, etc. Lower edge 51½ inches. 36 bust requires 1½ yard of 36-inch silk and 2⅞ yards of 40-inch velvet. The dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

4099—10970—A vividly embroidered vest gives a barbaric touch of color to this one-piece dress of the slip-over type. It may have a body lining. The embroidery is individual. Work the design in a combination of one-stitch and bugle beads and satin-stitch or outline embroidery. 36 bust requires 2¾ yards 54-inch wool repp and ¼ yard of 39-inch silk crêpe (cut cross-wise). Lower edge 51½ inches. The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust, also for misses.



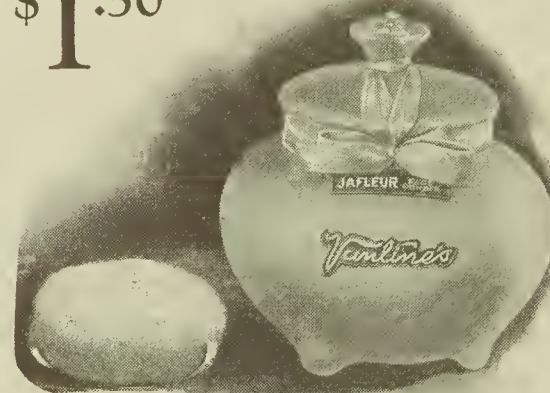
The Dance of the Perfumes

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A Prize-Winning Letter

In an effort to get as many true stories as possible about successful experiences with the Deltor, we conducted a cash-prize contest open only to salespeople employed by stores where Butterick patterns are sold. Hundreds of interesting personal selling experiences were submitted in competition for the five hundred dollars in prizes. Lack of space prevents us from printing the most interesting ones at length, but the following, winner of the first prize of one hundred dollars, submitted by Miss Beatrice Willard, Baird Company, Limited, Shreveport, Louisiana, is representative of the forward strides in home dressmaking that have been made possible by the use of the Deltor:

One rainy April afternoon a slim gray-eyed schoolgirl approached my counter. She seemed worried, and I thought "flunked," but I soon learned her trouble.

"This Deltor I see advertised, will it really save in cutting?" she asked. I assured her it would and placed my Butterick Quarterly before her.

She turned rapidly through until she came to the evening dresses. "I want a dress for our Junior-Senior party and it must be pretty," she said almost fiercely. I began to be interested, for I saw she wanted to talk. "I've missed everything this season and I just can't miss this. I'm a Senior," she explained proudly. "I have saved a dollar a month from my work to put into this dress, and had two dollars given me in tips." Her face flushed as she said this.

"Oh, you are working your way through?" I questioned.

"Yes; at a boarding-house for my meals, and I get a dollar a week besides. This pattern," she held up another pattern, "calls for four yards, and at two dollars and a half per yard I just can't get it."

I glanced at it and then fell to hunting one that I thought would please her. She looked so distressed and miserable that I saw she was not half-seeing the pictures. I suggested pattern No. 3319, size 16, which only took 2 1/8 yards. Its petaled skirt would suit her slimness, and in a rose, picoted in silver, I saw she would be beautiful. Her whole face became alive and radiant as I showed her the Deltor and how she could not fail to get it out of that few yards. "I wish I could see you in it," I said as she tripped from the store.

One night about two weeks after that I answered a knock at my door, and into my hall stepped my schoolgirl-waitress. "I just had to let you see it," she exclaimed, "you seemed interested," and, letting drop her cape, she turned daintily around. It was beautiful, and made perfectly. She had made it herself at nights after supper was over.

"Oh, it is so easy to follow the Butterick patterns; any one who can read can sew by them. And the Deltor is just like having a fine dressmaker advise you." And she tripped down the walk to join a lad who was taking her to her "Junior-Senior."

I turned back into my room, feeling grateful I'd just had a hand in her happiness, and glad that the Deltor lives up to its promises.

For the Christmas Doll

At a time when helpful suggestions for the making of Christmas gifts at home are universally welcome, we want to remind needleworkers that there are ten Butterick patterns with accompanying Deltors for dress sets for dolls ranging from twelve to thirty inches tall. The garments and styles vary, but patterns for everything in the doll's costume, from underthings to hats and coats, are illustrated in your dealer's counter catalog. And don't forget to ask to see the designs for needlework stamping for animal toys to be stuffed with cotton and embroidered in outline embroidery. One envelope contains transfers for stamping eight animals in six assorted designs.

Pro and Con About "This Freedom"

Readers who followed the instalments of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's "This Freedom" when it appeared serially in THE DELINEATOR will surely welcome an opportunity to compare their opinions of the novel with those of literary critics who have commented on it in book form. Since both of Mr. Hutchinson's outstanding successes, "If Winter Comes" and "This Freedom," appeared in magazines published by this house, we naturally feel a more than perfunctory interest in his extraordinary American success. After a diligent perusal of the reviews of "This Freedom"



MIX and SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

FEAR that some of our fair readers might be missing the words of wisdom and spiritual comfort that are tucked in back here near the binding each month has often kept us awake nights. Then we hit upon the brilliant idea of offering a prize for the best suggestion for making readers turn to this column. After our boss reluctantly appropriated the necessary dough, we thought of the best possible suggestion right out of our own mind; whereupon we placed a little mirror here where every Daughter of Eve will turn to it, pocketed the prize money, and are now on our way to the Sunny South for a Christmas holiday. We'd hate to have our finger between Mr. Butterick's teeth when he reads this!



Our reason for decamping is to avoid receiving the kind of Christmas cards sent out by Miss Dorothy Southoff of Brooklyn, who rouges her lips heavily and impresses a kiss on Yuletide greetings to her intimate friends. The current year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the Marcel hair wave. Its inventor, M. Marcel, is now seventy years old and many times a millionaire. His success was assured from the day one of his Parisian customers permitted him to experiment with a new "ondulation" which preserved a wave in her hair for five weeks. After reading the obituary notices about the late Lord Northcliffe, the British publisher, we have decided that there is hope for us yet. When a young man, Northcliffe once edited a column in the *Lady's Pictorial* which was headed "Good Form" and consisted chiefly of advice on how to eat soup, peas and asparagus, and how one should bite bread in high society. Miss Gloria Joy, prize-winner in a Most Beautiful Bathing-Girl contest held in Venice, California, wore a fur-trimmed bathing-suit. When the cashier of the bank in Glenview, California, was shot and killed by a burglar, the authorities persuaded the entire male population of the town to register their finger-prints in an effort to discover the criminal. The italics are ours. An Atchison, Kansas, woman told her local newspaper reporter that her husband proposed to her one night when they were sitting up with a corpse and that she was so afraid he would get mad and go off and leave her alone if she refused that she accepted. In a "How I Won My Wife" letter to a *Chicago* newspaper, an anonymous husband writes: "She had returned the engagement-ring in a fit of anger, sending me home broken-hearted, without even a good night. The next day, as I turned the corner near the Masonic Temple, a 70-mile gale blew her right into my arms. When she recovered, I asked her if she didn't want the ring back. She didn't refuse." Some wind! One of the lady delegates to Farmers' Convention held by the *North Carolina State College of Agriculture*, after locking her hotel door, threw the key back through the transom for safe keeping. The United States Department of Commerce has made public the following complaint from a native importer of toys in Lucknow, India: "The leopards is too much deficient in spots for our climate, so pray be watchful. The same wax dolls is all running away owing to equatorial heat. So pray stay your hands. 8 China dolls is to hand with 6 broken noses per doll and 9 cats is come with only 7 tails. For which our value will make some necessary deductions on fundamental basis of 1 nose per biped and 1 tail per animal." In her divorce petition a Michigan woman says: "My husband is so alluring that women flock about him when he appears in society, send him notes, flowers and candy and beg to hold his hand." After reading this we are much too full for further utterance except to wish all our fair pesholders a very, very Merry Christmas.

available to date we have selected the following as most representative.

Something of the stir that the book caused and of the range of opinions, varying from admiration to violent opposition, was forecast in a review by Mr. Frederick Taber Cooper in the *New York Herald*. Mr. Cooper says: "This volume is destined to be the season's chief bone of contention, the most hotly challenged and debated, quarreled over, wrangled over, praised and exalted for its farsighted wisdom and splendid courage; denounced and flayed for its blindness, its bigotry, its deliberate falsification of life."

The worst to be said about the story is probably condensed in a paragraph from Mr. Burton Rascoe's comment in the *New York Tribune*: "There is no more wretched writer of English in the trade of novel-writing than this third-rate journeyman whom injudicial critical opinion has, somehow, hoisted into the ridiculous position of a claimant to literary homage."

At the opposite pole is Mr. P. A. Kinsley, who says, in the *Philadelphia Record*: "For skilful craftsmanship, beauty of style, character revelation and analytical ingenuity 'This Freedom' is one of the most notable creations in the field of fiction of the decade. The novel deserves a place high among the important documents which should stand as posts to mark the progress of the world to a better understanding of itself, to a more profound conviction of itself, to a more profound conviction of its obligations. Mr. Hutchinson has here an amazing novel, powerful in its sweep and an interpretation of life as mighty as an epic."

A woman reviewer, Katharine Fullerton Gerould, writing in the *Book Review* section of the *New York Times*, approaches nearer middle ground: "After all, it does not so much matter whether Mr. Hutchinson has employed logic to the end. He has done a great service in utilizing his immense popu-

larity to stimulate reflection on an important subject. Agreeing with him or not agreeing with him is quite beside the point. The book is more significant than 'If Winter Comes,' and if it is not so popular, that will be both Mr. Hutchinson's fault and ours—his, because he has indulged in a style that is both hectic and muddled; ours, because we, as a public, would rather do anything in the world than think."

Commenting on the theme of the novel, Mr. Heywood Brown, in the *New York World*, writes: "The book is a sermon, and we do not see how any reader who bears with Mr. Hutchinson until the end can fail to be convinced that the thing which he sets out to prove simply isn't so. Over the short stretch of one woman's life a wrong cause may win. Hutchinson has had to work desperately hard to make it win, and its victory rests on nothing more substantial than trial by combat. There are better tests, particularly when the umpire is a violent partisan."

Another critic, Mr. E. W. Osborn, also writing in *The World*, says: "Not the severest critic of A. S. M. Hutchinson can accuse this author of being a repeater. His every new book is something different. To us 'This Freedom' appears to possess, in addition to a cumulative interest, the value of an earnest and intensely practical thoughtfulness. Mr. Hutchinson meets our definition of an author who is really called to the writing."

The first comment to come from the West is that of Mr. Harry Hansen in the *Chicago Daily News*: "We believe that 'This Freedom' will be widely read and commented upon. We recommend the story as well worth reading, strong in emotional passages and highly controversial. We condemn the author's ejaculatory style as an execrable example of the invasion of the journalistic headline into literature, and because of this close the book with the exclamation 'Thank heaven, that's over!'"

CONTENTS for DECEMBER, 1922

FICTION	PAGE	PAGE	
The Christmas Party . . . Zona Gale	5	Make Bags and Beads for Christmas Myra T. Leadwell	62
Oliver October (serial) George Barr McCutcheon	8	Book-Ends and Door-Stops Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders	65
The Candle in the Window Harold Titus	11	Calling at Houses that Santa Skips Katharine Carver	68
Sawdust (Serial) Courtney Ryley Cooper	13	Trees of Light . . . Hetty L. Sorden	71
		Humble Articles of Glass Made Beautiful . . . (full color)	92
THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT		ARTICLES AND FEATURES	
Gifts to Make for Christmas Mrs. Charles Bradley Sanders	16	The Building of a Skyscraper (verse) Mary Carolyn Davies	1
Decorative Doorways for Christmas	17	The Game of Good Health Charles Hanson Towne	2
Winter Bouquets Clara E. Sipprell and John and Helen Curtis	19	When Evening Like an Angel (verse) Arthur Wallace Peach	6
Home-Makers' Editorial Martha Van Rensselaer	43	Artificial Feeding of Infants Dr. L. Emmett Holt	15
Save a Dollar	44	You and Your Photograph Alexander P. Milne	18
Christmas Goodies for Gifts Winifred Moses	46	The Babe in the Manger Hugh Black, D. D.	20
Make the Living-Room Comfortable . . . Agnes Foster Wright	48	THE LITTLE DELINEATOR	
Cash Christmas Gifts for the Kiddies E. H. Hall	52	Catch 'Em Young! Celia Caroline Cole	41
A Dictionary of Christmas Gifts Grace R. Smith	54	On Guard Against Cancer Dr. Francis Carter Wood	72
Mrs. Joseph Conrad's Cook-Book Jessie Conrad	58	Names and Titles Elsie Cleveland Mead	75
Sweet Folk You Can Make Adela Price Jones	61	Ask THE DELINEATOR	103
		The Last Word	108

FASHIONS AND EMBROIDERIES . . . 21-40, 104, 105, 106, 107

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