



THE DELINEATOR

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HELP by NOT HINDERING

THERE are groups of women and individuals in Washington who claim they are "the voice of the American woman," that they are there to "watch the conference," and to "make demands." Many of these people are sincere; they want to do something; they want to be a part of the arms movement.

The big contribution American women can make to the world at this time is to help by not hindering. Let us individually and collectively protest against picketing and demonstrations by groups of people who are determined to heckle the Government and to intrude upon a highly technical discussion, which is being carried on, not by one selfish interest, but by the great nations of the earth, who desire to advance Christian civilization.

A DEPLORABLE example of the emotional and hysterical attitude which it is the duty of American women to discourage was the resolution formed by one woman who claimed to "represent American womanhood." This resolution urged "the abolition of all methods of warfare except gases." Gases, she claimed, "temporarily incapacitate men for fighting and in this way prevent battles."

To support her theory this woman quoted an officer in the United States Navy.

Much time and some money were spent in straightening out this childish tangle. The naval officer admitted he had not witnessed a battle in the last war, nor had he ever seen a victim of poison gas.

THERE is another group who threaten, if the United States does not disarm, to march with banners "telling the 'truth.'" One of the "truths" they intend to placard is: "You are burdened with taxes. Eighty-three cents of every dollar you pay in taxes goes to the Army and Navy." As a matter of fact, the Congressional report shows that less than eighteen per cent. of the taxes is spent for the defense of the Union. A part of this includes the maintenance of the National Guard. No one who has ever witnessed riots or such uprisings as threatened West Virginia recently will claim that a national guard is useless.

The United States has the smallest army in the world—smaller even than little Belgium. Japan's army is seven and a half times as large as ours.

It is not the cost of armies but the cost of wars that concerns the great minds at the Conference. They need no picketing, no "watching," no coercion.

Let us make sure that every opportunity is given to them quietly and solemnly to shape the future. If this conference fails to bring a better understanding of nations, this country at least will know what the world intends to do, and with a clean conscience and a fearless courage will be able to proclaim that we have honestly tried to bring the families of the world together.

The most deplorable misunderstanding which has come to this country in a generation is the impression that the meeting at Washington is a disarmament conference.

It is in no sense a disarmament conference. It was at no time considered by the least of the world powers as a meeting to discuss disarmament.

We must face that fact now.

The great minds which are forgathering in the Pan-American Building are very earnestly working toward a practical ideal worthy of the support of every American citizen. The most they hope to accomplish at this time is—a holiday in war preparation. They hope to take one long step in persuading all nations to halt military preparedness where it now stands for the next five years.

This conference is the third international move toward peace taken in modern times. The first was a call from the Czar of Russia in 1899. The Czar, like his father, was a lover of peace. This and an understanding of the economic waste awaiting Europe in the event of another conflict prompted him to call the first Hague conference. Great nations assembled and resolved to try to keep the peace. The sentiment was right. But the movement lacked the power of a force behind it.

FIVE years later there came the Japanese-Russian War, and following this Theodore Roosevelt sent out to the nations the second call for a conference to consider means of maintaining friendship among the nations. And again sentimentalists believed there was power in resolutions.

In 1912, England, feeling the heavy tax burden of the enormous navy she had to continue building to keep pace with Germany, appealed through Winston Churchill and Lord Haldane for a ten years' cessation of naval development.

Germany's answer was two of the world's greatest dreadnoughts.

Germany was preparing for 1914.

And now we come to the third step, which was prepared partly by the Versailles Treaty when the peace negotiations were made in Paris.

It is the hope of the race that out of this meeting will come a better understanding of the peoples of the world and the formulation of rules which shall be forced upon those nations that ruthlessly ignore the honor of treaties.

Skilled and determined men have come together to face the facts of history, the weaknesses of racial traits, the consequences of international hatred, of economic competition and of unjust or unwise laws.

PRESIDENT HARDING has selected four statesmen who have grown old in the study of international racial and legal problems to direct this conference. It has taken a lifetime to prepare these men for the most difficult task which any group has faced since the signers of the Declaration drew up the charter of free men.

There has been clamor to appoint women to this conference, merely to have a sex representation. This is no time for any but trained workers to handle the tools which are to shape the destinies of the races. It is no time for emotionalism. The hour

has come when facts must be faced and economic problems solved with a complete understanding of their ultimate consequences.

Large groups of well-meaning people have petitioned the President to have the ships of our Navy sunk in the ocean and our exceedingly small Army honorably discharged. Many of these people would be the first to protest and to reproach our Government if, having made us helpless, our rich country were invaded and our most desirable land in the world divided among those armed and ready to move.

AMERICA has taken her place of supremacy among the nations.

It was not our moral force alone which won for us the respect of other nations. We came out of the war with clean hands, having demanded no spoils. We fought to maintain honor, the sacredness of obligations, and the rights of free people.

But we are powerful because we are partially prepared and our people willing to die to maintain the Government of the United States.

There is only one nation in the world equipped to fight. That is Japan. Japan has no national debt. She has a billion dollars in gold in her treasury and she has the largest standing army on earth. She trained her army to fight in the World War, and then did not have to participate as one of the real contestants. She has developed a war psychology, and her people have not suffered and are therefore not sick of war. Despite this fact, Japan has expressed no desire for war and has made no recent move that would seem to indicate unfriendliness toward any other nation. Japan is a proud country. Pride always follows power. She has an economic problem. She has four hundred inhabitants to every square mile of land in her country. She is choking with people. She must expand.

IN OLDEN times expansion meant conquest. We have shown the world that it may be accomplished honorably as a business proposition. The purchase of lands is cheaper than war. We bought Louisiana and the Panama Canal, and we bought Alaska from Russia. We paid \$7,200,000 for that waste to the north of our border. This was not a drop in the bucket as compared with the cost of a war of conquest.

This fact and many others are being weighed by the powers in the Pan-American Building. It is not for us, who have not made a life study of these problems, to stand upon the street corner and tell these experts how to solve this riddle. They are prepared to face Japan with the justice and firmness that some of us might not be able to exercise. Japan has more to gain from this conference than any other nation. Because she played the game in China according to the ancient rules, the world has lost faith in her. Out of this conference she may emerge with the friendship of her neighbors. And this she needs.

No nation can stand alone.

No one who is right ever has to stand alone.

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Send for Free Sample of Ivory Flakes

with complete directions for the care of delicate silk, wool, chiffon, and lace garments that can not stand ordinary washing. Address Section 17-AF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The blouse, after 25 washings, from which this photograph was made, with statement of original owner, on file in the Procter & Gamble offices.

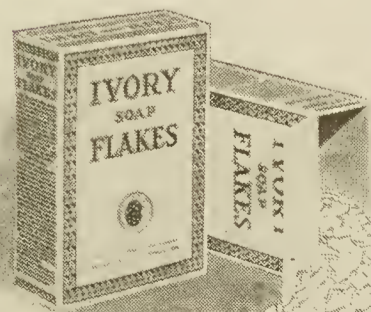
Actual photograph of delicate apricot georgette blouse trimmed with dark blue silk embroidery and fragile thread lace

*after 25 washings—
colors still bright; lace
and georgette lovely
as new!*

THE original owner says that when she bought the blouse she was advised not to wash it, for fear the colors would run. But she had had such success in washing other delicate garments with Ivory Flakes, that as soon as the blouse showed soil she put it into cool Flakes suds, and has been washing it this safe way ever since.

She figures that she has had twice as much pleasure and wear from her blouse as she would have had if she had tried to launder it with anything but Ivory Flakes.

What Ivory Flakes has done for this blouse, it will do for all your dainty garments—preserve their charm, and double their life. For Ivory Flakes is as harmless as pure water. It is the purest soap in the quickest cleansing form—concentrated, instant-melting flakes. Send for the free sample, and see what good care it will take of your prettiest clothes.



IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Genuine Ivory Soap in Instant-Cleansing Form
Makes Pretty Clothes Last Longer*





Photo by Brown Bros.

The FOUR CORNERS of the WORLD MEET

And the great men at Washington are folks, like the rest of us

By BERTHE K. MELLETT

REMEMBER the *White Queen's* description of a certain likely event?

"It was *such* a thunderstorm, you can't think— And part of the roof came off and ever so much thunder got in—"

Which is so much the way Washington sounds these days that if I were only reporting the reverberations from the Limitation of Armaments Conference—Disarmament for short—I should say about as the *White Queen* did: "So much talking, you can't think— And the roof is off and ever so much thunder has got in."

But—did you ever proceed angrily toward the Upstairs flat intent on a mitigation of noise from that region? And when the door opened, did you get limp, and did you smile and step in as invited, and make out you had been wanting to call for the longest time, but were *so* busy? And wasn't it because you had seen little Johnny Upstairs and felt a sudden determination that since he had been denied the back yard and empty lot designed by nature he should fight Indians in the hall and race horses through the dining-chairs, if you had to battle with the whole apartment-house for his rights?

For the Upstairs had become folks to you. Folks—not just impersonal sources of sound.

NOW, there are people here in Washington for this Conference whom almost everybody has always considered impersonal. Mr. Hughes, for instance. Perhaps it's that beard hiding the expression of his mouth. Perhaps it's his recent remoteness on the Supreme Bench. Whatever it is, we can't believe he eats ham and eggs, or snores, or swears when his shoe-string breaks.

But I believe Mr. Hughes *is* folks. I believe this because I have seen him myself many times looking very human. But especially I believe it because two of my friends, a princess and a waiter, testify to the fact.

"I like Mr. Hughes," says the princess in her clipped English. "He is so gay and sincere, so frivolous and wise—the one brilliant dinner partner in Washington."

"Ah, yes—you spik of the Mr. Secretary Hughes," says the waiter. "He is what you should call—the regular guy—is it so you call it in English? Of course he do not remember my name. He have other things on his mind. So he call me Sonny. 'Sonny, some more ice for the water—plis.' It makes you feel you, too, are a person."

Another American at the Conference who shares Mr. Hughes's reputation for remoteness is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. But they do say that, though the gentleman from Massachusetts may present to the world a surface similar to those purpled window-panes which insulate certain Boston families from the rest of the universe, to those within all is warmth and charm and brotherly love. Being a Democrat, I expect a very high mark in broad-mindedness for saying this.

Mr. Lodge is growing old. The point of his beard is no longer sharp. His small hands and face are netted with lines. His eyes are hidden in their narrow apertures. The Oriental cast of his face is emphasized. But he works as tenaciously and as adroitly at statecraft as ever. One feels he is endeavoring not only to appear unconscious that his opposition to the Wilson League of Nations and his plan for reduction of armaments was largely responsible for calling this Conference, but that he is putting the best of himself into the work in hand, with the hope of safeguarding the peace of the world.

AT FIRST sight one says of Mr. Elihu Root: "This man is conscious of his mental power. He is used to dominating through the strength of his opinions." And as though the mental fact had created a physical one, his whole personality gives the impression of iron. Iron seems to be the framework of his body. Iron appears to be his faculty for overpowering opposition by an assumption of superior intellectual equipment. In the Senate other members were never sure whether this superior intellectual equipment was a reality or an assumption—but no one ever challenged it.

The antithesis of Mr. Root in appearance and manner is Senator Oscar Underwood. Urbanity has reached its perfection in him. Soft-voiced, perfectly groomed, perfectly tailored, Mr. Underwood stands out among the more or less informally clothed members of the Conference like What They Wear This Fall out of a theater program. But a man should not be judged by his clothes—no matter how good they are. Mr. Underwood has an unusually pleasant smile, set in a broad face, and its continual appearance there these days lights hope in all our breasts.

Even more than Mr. Hughes, Mr. Arthur Balfour seemed to most of us a disembodied collection of abilities. We all know that Balfour tradition—a flawless unit of the British Empire working out problems with the warmth of an adding-machine. As we look at Mr. Balfour and note his neutral disregard of others, we passionately wish that one less chill and abstract were helping to settle humanity's very human difficulties. Then some one tells about his tennis.

He plays doubles almost exclusively. He never seems to watch the ball. He seems to be dreaming of rarer, finer things as if he scorned that lowly mixture of cotton, rubber, and air, and wouldn't soil his racket with it. Then his opponent makes a shot. With a flick of the wrist, Mr. Balfour sends the ball back over the net. As the game waxes hotter, Mr. Balfour waxes cooler. He even whistles softly. But—his racket never misses.

"All right," say we, "but you can't deny there is scorn writ large on all his features."

Then some one tells us about the Versailles top hat.

As President Wilson, M. Clemenceau, and Mr. Balfour were leaving the Peace Conference chamber together they were handed their hats. Mr. Balfour's was a top-per, particularly imposing and shiny.

"Nice hat, Balfour," said M. Clemenceau.

"Yes," replied Mr. Balfour, blushing. "My secretary thought I should dress for the occasion."

"So did mine," said M. Clemenceau, jamming down his own picturesque slouch.

The point of this story is Mr. Balfour's blush. Excessive shyness, which through habitual turning in upon itself has come to look like pride, revealed itself there in its true colors.

The current story as to why M. Briand was so long deciding whether or not to come to the Conference is possibly more amusing than true. Nevertheless, as gossips always say, I feel I must tell it.

Looking at M. Briand, you are struck with a certain resemblance to Mr. Lloyd George. There are minor differences such as that between Vandyke beard and a clean-shaven face; a slightly greater stature in the French statesman than in the wizard of Wales. But there is the identical broad countenance, short neck, flexible expression. There is that same dominating look that sways men. Both have a history as champions, leaders, and manipulators. Lloyd George came from the land of *King Arthur*—in all probability he is *Merlin* released at last from enchantment. M. Briand is from the coasts of France, where the Celtic strain has by no means run out. This is the crux of the whole matter, according to the gossips. No Celt, say they, has ever been quite certain what another Celt might do, and neither the one nor the other was really anxious to leave his side of the Channel while his race brother stayed at home on the other side.

IF ANY man among the governing group of Great Britain desires that the Great War should be the last, it is that shy genius of Lloyd George's cabinet, Andrew Bonar Law. Bonar Law's son fell in Mesopotamia. A friend tells me of visiting him in Downing Street some weeks afterward. It was a public holiday and all government offices were closed, but Bonar Law had no heart for holiday-making. The office was a great dark room, hung in heavy draperies; from one window the light fell upon the desk of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Bonar Law sat there, alone. As he talked, it was obvious that his heart was upon other things, though his mind dealt with precision upon the subject my friend had come to discuss.

Later, in Paris, in the midst of conferences and committees, the air of remoteness seemed to cling to him still.

It was Sunday morning. George Barnes, British Labor Minister, and a fellow peace delegate were visiting Bonar Law at his hotel. They talked of the war. Bonar Law brought himself to speak of his son, and, having broken down his reserve, presently gave way completely. He wept.

"This treaty, those terms," he said, "don't mean permanent peace. They mean war. We must find a way to change them."

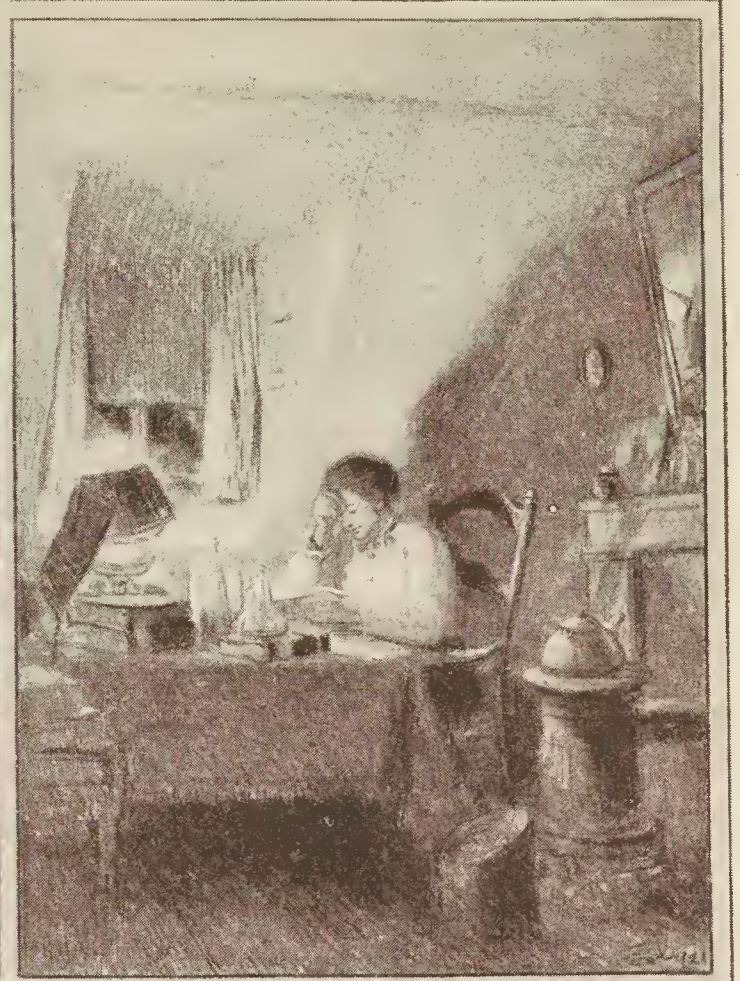
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IN OUR VACATIONS WE PARTICIPATED JOYOUSLY
IN THE WORK IN THE GRAIN-FIELDS



MY HUSBAND'S FATHER WAS AN ELDERLY PHYSICIAN, HIS
MOTHER DEVOTED TO HER HUSBAND AND SONS



MY LIFE WAS NOT EASY, BUT IT WAS THE SAME
AS MOST OF MY STUDENT FRIENDS'

THE STORY OF MY LIFE

By MARIE CURIE

Wherein the great woman scientist begins her historic and romantic chronicle



MY FAMILY is of Polish origin. My father and mother both came from among the small Polish landed proprietors. In my country these are a large number of families, owners of small and medium-sized estates, frequently related among themselves. Until recently it has been chiefly from this group that

Poland has drawn her intellectual recruits.

While my paternal grandfather had divided his time between agriculture and directing a provincial college, my father, more strongly drawn to study, followed the course of the University of Petrograd, and later definitely established himself at Warsaw as professor of physics and mathematics in one of the lyceums of that city on the Vistula. He married a young woman whose mode of life was congenial to his; for, although very young, she had what was for that time a very serious education, and was director of one of the best Warsaw schools for young girls.

My father and mother worshiped their profession, and they left in the capital a lasting remembrance with their pupils. I can not even to-day go into the society of Warsaw without meeting persons who have tender memories of my parents.

Although my parents had adopted a university career, they continued to keep in close touch with their numerous family in the country. It was with their relatives in the country that I always spent my vacations, living there in all freedom and finding opportunities to know the field life, in which I was deeply interested. To those conditions I believe I owe my love for the country and nature.

Born at Warsaw on the seventh of November, 1867, I was the last of five children, for my oldest sister died at the very early age of fourteen, and we were three sisters and a brother.

Stricken by the loss of her eldest daughter and worn away by a serious illness, my mother died at forty-two, leaving her husband in the deepest sorrow with his children. I was then only nine months old, and my brother was hardly thirteen.

My mother had an exceptional personality. Along with her intellectuality she had a big heart and a very high sense of duty. Though possessing infinite indulgence and good nature, she still held over her family a remarkable moral authority. She had an ardent piety (my parents were both Catholics), but she was never intolerant. Differences in religious belief did not trouble her—she was equally kind to any one not sharing her opinions.

MORE than one hundred thousand women participated in the gift of a gram of radium to further Madame Curie's experimental work in the interests of humanity. When the great scientist came to this country last Spring, it was impossible for her to meet all of the women who had made her dream come true.

It took a year to persuade this most timid of women that the telling of the story of her life would be an encouragement to the women of America. She has finally written it—with the simplicity of a great mind and the accuracy of a great scientist.

It is a dramatic life to have fought alone with an unknown and terrifying element, to have struggled with poverty and poor health, to have clung to her faith that life was not to be feared but to be understood, and after four long years of discouragement to produce a substance that opened up a new world to science.

Here is the beginning of her story.

After my mother's death, my father devoted himself entirely to his work and to the care of our education. For many years we felt weighing on us the loss of the one who had been the soul of the house.

We all started our studies very young, beginning in private schools and finishing in those of the government. When I was only six years old, because I was the youngest and smallest pupil of the class, I was frequently brought forward to recite for visitors. This was a great trial to me, and I wanted always to run away and hide.

Warsaw was then under Russian domination, and one

of the worst aspects of this control was the oppression exerted on the schools. The private schools directed by Poles were closely watched by the police, and they were overburdened with the necessity of teaching the Russian language, even to children so young that they scarcely could speak their native Polish. Since the teachers were nearly all of Polish nationality, they endeavored in every possible way to mitigate the difficulties resulting from the national persecution. These schools, however, could not legally give diplomas, which were obtainable only in those of the government.

The latter, entirely Russian, were directly opposed to the Polish national spirit. All instruction was given in Russian by Russian professors, who, being hostile to the Polish nation, treated their pupils as enemies. So what the pupils were taught in those schools was of questionable value, and the moral atmosphere was always unbearable. Constantly spied upon, the children knew that a single imprudent word in Polish might seriously harm not only themselves but their families.

AMID these hostilities children lost the joy of life, and precocious feelings of distrust and indignation weighed upon them. On the other hand, this abnormal situation intensified the patriotic feeling of Polish youths to the highest degree.

Yet, of this period of my childhood and early youth, darkened though it was by mourning and the sorrow of oppression, I still keep more than one pleasant remembrance. In our quiet but occupied life, reunions of relatives and friends brought some joy. Another source of pleasure was found in the habit of my father to recite or read to us every Saturday evening the masterpieces of Polish prose and poetry.

Since early youth I have had a strong taste for poetry, and I willingly learned by heart long passages from our great poets, the favorite ones being Mickiewicz, Krasinski, and Slowacki. This taste was further developed when I became acquainted with foreign literature. My early studies included French, German, and Russian, and I soon became familiar with the fine works written in these languages. Later I felt the need of knowing English, and succeeded in acquiring a knowledge of that language and its literature.

The periods of our vacations were particularly comforting, when, escaping the strict watch of the police in the cities, we took refuge with relations or friends in the country. There we found the free life of the old-fashioned family estate; races in the fir woods; the joyous

participation in work in the far-stretching, level grain-fields.

Thus passed the period of our student life. We all had a facility for intellectual work. My brother, having finished his medical studies, became in time the chief physician in one of the principal Warsaw hospitals.

My sisters and I intended to take up teaching, as our parents had done. However, later my eldest sister studied medicine and took the degree of doctor at the Paris University. She married Dr. Dluski, a Polish physician, and together they established a sanatorium in the Carpathian mountain region of Austrian Poland. My second sister, married and living in Warsaw, was for many years a teacher in the free schools, where she rendered great service. Later she became director in one of the lycéums of free Poland.

I was fifteen when I finished my high-school studies. After a year's rest in the country—for rapid growth had depleted my strength—I returned to my father in Warsaw, hoping to teach in the free schools. But the family circumstances obliged me to change my decision. My father, now aged and tired, needed rest, and his fortune was very modest. So I accepted a position as governess for several children. Thus, when scarcely seventeen, I left my father's house to begin an independent life.

That going away remains one of the most vivid memories of my early years. My heart was heavy as I climbed into the railway-car that was to carry me, for several hours, away from those I loved. And after the railway journey I must drive for five hours longer. What experience was awaiting me? So I questioned myself as I sat close to the car-window, looking out across the wide plains.

The father of the family to which I went was an agriculturalist. His oldest daughter was about my own age, and she became my companion rather than my pupil. There were two younger children, a boy and a girl. Loving the country, I took the greatest interest in the agricultural development of the estate, where the methods were considered models for the neighborhood.

Since my duties were far from taking all of my time, I organized a small class for the children of the village who could not be educated under the Russian government. In this the oldest daughter of the house aided me. We taught the children, and the older girls who wished to come, how to read and write, and we put in circulation Polish books that were also appreciated by their parents.

Even this innocent work presented a real danger, since all initiative of this kind was forbidden by the Russian government and might bring imprisonment or deportation to Siberia.

My evenings I generally devoted to study. I had heard that a few women had succeeded in following certain studies in Petrograd and in other countries, and I was determined to prepare myself by preliminary work to follow their example. I had not yet decided what path to follow. I was as much interested in literature and sociology as in science.

DURING these years of isolated work, trying little by little to find my real preference, I finally turned toward mathematics and physics, and resolutely undertook a serious preparation for my life-work. This work I proposed doing in Paris, and I hoped to save enough money to be able to live and work there for some time.

My solitary study was beset with difficulties. The scientific education I had received at the lyceum was very incomplete, being under the bachelorship program of a French lyceum. I tried to add to it in my own way with the help of books picked up at random. This method could not be greatly productive, yet it was not without results.

I had to modify my plans when my eldest sister decided to go to Paris to study medicine. We had promised each other mutual aid, but our means did not permit of our leaving together. So I kept my position for three and a half years, when, having finished my work with my pupils, I returned to Warsaw, where a position similar to the one I had left awaited me.

I kept this new place for only a year, and then went back to my father, who had retired and was living alone. We passed an excellent year, he occupying himself with some literary work, while I gave private lessons.

Meantime I continued my efforts to educate myself. This was no easy task under the Russian government of Warsaw; yet I found more opportunities than in the country. For one thing, for the first time in my life I had access to a laboratory—a small municipal physical laboratory directed by one of my cousins. I found little time to do work there except in the evenings and on Sundays, and was generally left to myself.

I tried out various experiments described in treatises on physics and chemistry, and the results were sometimes unexpected. At times I would be encouraged by a little unhopéd-for success; at others I would be in the deepest despair because of accidents and failures resulting from my inexperience. But on the whole, though I was

taught that the way of progress is neither swift nor easy, this first trial confirmed in me the taste for experimental research in the fields of physics and chemistry.

Other means of instruction came to me through my being one of an enthusiastic group of young men and women of Warsaw who united in a common desire to study, and whose activities were at the same time social and patriotic. At that time certain groups of Polish youths believed that the hope of their country lay in developing the intellectual and moral strength of the people.

In the meantime, the order was to work at one's own instruction and to help the peasants. In accordance with this program, we agreed among ourselves to give certain courses of study, each one teaching what he knew best. I have profound remembrance of the sympathetic intellectual and social companionship I enjoyed at that time. Truly the means of progress were poor and the results obtained could not be very considerable; yet I still believe that the ideas which inspired us then were the only ones capable of doing so.



PIERRE AND MARIE CURIE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY AFTER THEIR MARRIAGE

YOU can not hope to build a better world without improving the individual. To that end every person must work for his own improvement, and at the same time, he must share a general responsibility for all humanity, his particular duty being to aid those to whom he thinks he can be most useful.

All the experiences of this period intensified my longing for further study. And my father, in spite of limited resources, helped to hasten the execution of my project.

My sister in Paris had married, and it was decided that I should go there to live with her. My father and I parted in the hope that, once my studies were finished, we would again live happily together. Fate was to decide otherwise, since my marriage was to hold me in France. My father, who in his own youth had wished to do scientific work, was consoled in our separation by the progressive success of my work. I keep a tender memory of his kindness and disinterestedness. He lived with the family of my married brother, and, like an excellent grandfather, brought up his children. We had the sorrow of losing him in 1902.

So it was in November, 1891, at the age of twenty-four, that I realized the dream that had been present in my mind for years.

WHEN I arrived in Paris, I was affectionately welcomed by my sister and brother-in-law; but I stayed with them only a few months, for they lived on the outskirts of Paris, where my brother-in-law was beginning a medical practise, and I needed to get nearer to the schools. I was finally installed in a modest little room for which I gathered a little furniture. I kept to this way of living the entire four years of my student life.

It would be impossible to tell of all the good these years brought to me. Undistracted by any outside occupation, I was entirely absorbed in the joy of learning and understanding. Yet my living conditions were far from easy.

My situation was not exceptional; it was the familiar experience of many of the Polish students whom I knew. The room I lived in was in a garret, very cold in Winter, for it was insufficiently heated by a small stove which often entirely lacked coal.

In the same room I prepared my meals, with the aid of an alcohol lamp and a few kitchen utensils. These

meals were often reduced to bread, with a cup of chocolate, eggs, or fruit. I myself carried up the six flights of stairs the little coal I used.

This life, painful from certain points of view, had, for all that, a real charm for me. It gave me a very precious sense of liberty and independence. Unknown in Paris, I was lost in that great city, and the feeling of living there alone serving myself gave me the sensation of calm and great moral satisfaction.

My mind was centered on my studies, which, especially at the beginning, were difficult. In fact, I was insufficiently prepared to follow the physical science course at the Sorbonne; for, despite all my efforts, I had not succeeded in acquiring in Poland a preparation as complete as that of the French students. So I was obliged to supply this deficiency, especially in mathematics.

I divided my time between my classes, experiments, and study in the library. In the evenings I worked in my room, sometimes late into the night. All that I saw and learned that was new delighted me. It was like a new world opened to me—the world of science.

Among the Polish students I did not have any class companions. Nevertheless, my relations with their colony had a certain intimacy. From time to time we would gather in one another's bare rooms, where we would talk over national questions and feel less isolated. We would also take long walks together, or attend public reunions, for we were all interested in politics.

My brother-in-law, Dr. Dluski, recalling later these years of work under the conditions I have just described, jokingly referred to them as "the heroic period of my sister-in-law's life." For myself I shall always consider one of the best memories of my life that period of solitary years exclusively devoted to the studies, finally within my reach, I had waited for so long.

IT WAS in 1894 that I first met Pierre Curie. One of my compatriots, a professor at the University of Freiburg, invited me to his home, with a young physician of Paris whom he knew and whom he esteemed highly.

Upon entering the room, I perceived standing, framed by the French window opening on the balcony, a tall young man with auburn hair and large, limpid eyes. I noticed the grave and gentle expression of his face, as well as a certain abandon in his attitude, suggesting the dreamer absorbed in his reflections. He showed me a very simple cordiality and seemed very sympathetic to me.

After that first interview he expressed the desire to see me again and to continue our conversation of that evening on scientific and social subjects on which we seemed to have similar opinions.

Some time later he came to see me in my student room, and we became good friends. He described to me his days, filled with work, and his dream of an existence entirely devoted to science.

He was not long in asking me to share that existence, but I could not decide at once; I hesitated before a decision that meant abandoning my country and my family.

I went back to Poland for my vacation, without knowing whether or not I was to return to Paris. But circumstances permitted me again to take up my work there in the Autumn of that same year, and I entered one of the physics laboratories of the Sorbonne to begin experimental research in preparation for my doctor's thesis.

Again I saw Pierre Curie. Our work drew us closer and closer until we were both convinced that neither of us could find a better life companion. So our marriage was decided upon, and took place a little later—in July, 1895.

Pierre Curie had just received his doctor's degree and had been made professor in the school of physics and chemistry in Paris. He was thirty-five years old, and already a physician known and appreciated in France and abroad.

Solely occupied with scientific investigation, he had paid little attention to his career and his material resources were very modest. He lived at Sceaux, in the suburbs of Paris, with his old parents, whom he loved tenderly, and whom he described as "exquisite" the first time he spoke to me about them. In fact, they were so. The father was an elderly physician of high intellect and strong character; and the mother the most excellent of women, entirely devoted to her husband and her sons. Pierre's older brother, who was then professor at the University of Montpellier, was always his best friend. So I found the warmest welcome in a family worthy of my esteem.

On my marriage day I wore no unusual dress and only a few friends were present at the ceremony. But I had the joy of having my father and my second sister come from Poland for that day. My husband did not care for more than a quiet place in which to live and work; and we were happy to find a little apartment of three rooms overlooking a beautiful garden. A few pieces of furniture came to me from my parents, and with a money gift from a relative we acquired two bicycles to take us on trips into the country.

To be continued in the February DELINEATOR

THE LOG-CABIN LADY

She goes to England and is presented at court



MORE than two months passed after the night my husband announced his foreign appointment before we sailed for England.

I planned to study and to have long talks with him about the customs of fashionable and diplomatic Europe, but alas! I reckoned without the friends and pretended friends who claim the time of a man of Tom's importance. Besides, he and I had so many other things to discuss.

So the sailing time approached, and then he announced that we were to be presented at court! I was thrilled half with fear and half with joy.

I remembered from my reading of history that some of England's kings had not spoken English and that French had been the court language. I visited a bookstore and purchased what was recommended as an easy road to French, and spent all morning learning to say "*l'orange est un fruit.*" I read the instructions for placing the tongue and puckering the lips and repeated *les* and *las* until I was dizzy. Then I looked through our book-cases for a life of Benjamin Franklin. I knew he had gone to court and "played with queens."

But the great statesman-author-orator gave me no guide to correct form or English social customs. Instead I grew so interested in the history of his work in England and France and in his inspiring achievement in obtaining recognition and credit for the United States that dinner-time arrived before I realized that I had not discovered what language was spoken at court, nor what one talked about, nor if one talked at all.

Tom roared when I made my confession. With his boyish good humor he promised to answer all my questions on board ship.

So, without a care in those delicious days that followed, I wandered down Sixth Avenue to New York's then most correct shops, buying clothes and clothes and clothes. I bought practical and impractical gifts for the twins back in Wisconsin and for all the family and those good friends who had helped me through Madison.

The week before we sailed my husband said, out of a clear sky: "Be sure you have the right clothes, Mary. The English are a conservative lot." Suddenly I was conscious again that I did not know the essential things the wife of a diplomat ought to know—what to wear and when, a million and one tremendous social trifles.

THE moment our magnificent liner left the dock I heaved a sigh of relief. Tom would be mine for ten whole weeks, and all the questions I had saved up would be answered. That evening he announced: "We don't dress for dinner the first night out."

"Dress for dinner?" I asked. "What do you mean?" And then very gently he gave me my first lesson. I had never seen anything bigger than a ferryboat. How could I guess that even on an ocean liner we did not leave formality behind? The "party dresses," so carefully selected, the long, rich velvet cape I had thought outrageously extravagant, and the satin slippers and the *suède*—I had packed them all carefully in the trunk and sent them to the hold of the ship. But, with the aid of a little cash, the steward finally produced my treasure trunk, and thereafter I dressed for dinner.

The two weeks I had expected my husband to give me held no quiet hours. There is no such thing, except when one is seasick, as being alone aboard a ship. Tom was popular, good at cards and deck games, always ready to play. And the fourth day out I was too ill to worry about the customs at the Court of St. James's.

It was not until just before we reached England that I began to feel myself again. I stood on deck, thrilled with the tall ships and the steamers, the fishing-smacks and the smaller craft in Southampton harbor.

"What will be the first thing you do in London?" somebody asked me.

"Go to Mayfair to find the home of *Becky Sharp*," I answered.

Becky Sharp was as much a part of English history to me as Henry VIII. or Anne Boleyn or William the Conqueror. When my husband and I were alone he said: "I think they have picked out No. 21 Curzon Street as the house where *Becky Sharp* is supposed to have lived. But what a funny thing for you to want to see first!"

I remembered what old *Lord Steyne* had said to *Becky*:

OUT OF A LOG CABIN in the Northwest in the nineties came a young girl to study at one of the big Eastern universities. Her short life had been made up of helping her mother in the care of seven younger children, of cooking for ranch "hands," and later of teaching in a little country school. This frontier existence had left little time for the niceties of life. At the age of fourteen she had never seen a table-napkin!

But back of this rough-and-ready experience the girl's ancestry was of old New England stock, and she possessed a charm that attracted the scion of one of Boston's best families. Marriage followed, and the girl entered on a life full of puzzling rules and manners of speech and action. Her first visit to her husband's aunt in Boston's Back Bay was filled with bitterness because of her social errors. But with high courage, resolved not to disgrace her husband, the young wife returned to New York with new plans for her future conduct.

Almost immediately, however, her husband announced that he must go to England on diplomatic business, and she was overwhelmed by the prospect of learning an entirely new code of manners to suit fashionable English life.

"You poor little earthen pipkin. You want to swim down the stream with great copper kettles. All women are alike. Everybody is striving for what is not worth the having."

I was quite sure I did not want to drift down the stream with copper kettles. I only wanted to be with Tom, to see England with him, to enjoy Dr. Johnson's haunts, to go to the "Cheddar Cheese" and the Strand, to Waterloo Bridge, and down the road the Romans built before England was England.

I wanted to see the world without the world seeing me. In my heart was no desire to be a copper kettle. But I had been cast into the stream, and down it I must go, like a little fungus holding to the biggest copper kettle I knew.

I told my husband this. It was the first time he had been really irritated with me. "Why do you worry about these things?" he protested. "You have a good head and a good education. You are the loveliest woman in England. Be your own natural self and the English will love you." But I remembered another occasion when he had told me to be my own natural sweet self.

"How about what happened to *Becky*?" I asked.

Tom went into a rage. "Why do you insist on comparing yourself with that little —!" The word he used was an ugly one. I did not speak to him again until after we had passed the government inspectors.

I SHALL never forget my first day in London, the old, quiet city where everybody seemed so comfortable and easy-going. There was no show, no pretense. The people in the shops and on the street bore the earmarks of thrift. I understood where New England got its spirit.

The first morning at the Alexandra Hotel, Tom fell naturally into the European habit of having coffee and fruit and a roll brought to his bed. I wanted to go down to the dining-room. My husband said it was not done and I would be lonesome. The days of ranch life had taught me to get up with the chickens. But it was not done in London. The second morning the early sun was too much for me. I dressed, left the hotel, and walked for several hours before a perfect servant brought shining plates and marmalade, fruit and coffee to my big husky football-player's bedside. I have lived many years in Europe, but I have never

grown used to having breakfast brought to my room.

That second rainy morning Tom left me alone with the promise of being back for luncheon. I picked up a London morning paper and glanced at the personal column. I have read it every day since when I could get hold of the *London Times*. All of human nature and the ups and downs of man are there, from second-hand lace to the mortgaged jewels of broken-down nobility, from sporting games and tickets for sale to relatives wanted, and those mysterious, suggestive, unsigned messages from home or to home. I read the news of the war. We in America did not know there was a war. But Greece and Crete were at each other's throats, and Turkey was standing waiting to crowd the little ancient nation into Armenia or off the map. There was the Indian famine— We did not talk about it at home, but it had first place in the London paper. And the Queen's birthday—it was to be celebrated by feeding the poor of East London and paying the debts of the hospitals. There was something so humane, so kindly, so civilized about it all! "I love England," I said, and that first impression balanced the scale many a time later when I did not love her.

THE third or fourth day brought an invitation to dine at a famous house on Grosvenor Square—with a *duke!*

I pestered my husband with questions. What should I wear? What should I talk about? He just laughed.

The paper had reported a "levee" ordered by the queen," describing the gowns and jewels worn by the ladies.

I had little jewelry—a diamond ring, which Tom gave me before we were married, a bracelet, two brooches, and a string of gold beads, which were fashionable in America. I put them all on with my best bib and tucker. When we were dressed, Tom gave me one look and said, "Why do you wear all that junk?" I took off one of the brooches and the string of gold beads.

When our carriage drew up to the house on Grosvenor Square, liveried servants stood at each side of the door, liveried servants guided us inside. There was a gold carpet, paintings of gentlemen and ladies in gorgeous attire, and murals and tapestries in the marble halls. But I quickly forgot all of this grandeur listening to the names of guests being called off as they entered the drawing-room: Mr. Gladstone and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery and the Marquis of Salisbury, Mrs. Humphry Ward, looking fatter and older than I had expected, officers, colonels, viscounts, and ladies, and then Tom and Mary—but they were not called off that way.

I wanted to meet Mr. Gladstone, and hoped I might even be near him at dinner; but I sat between a colonel and a young captain of the Scots Greys.

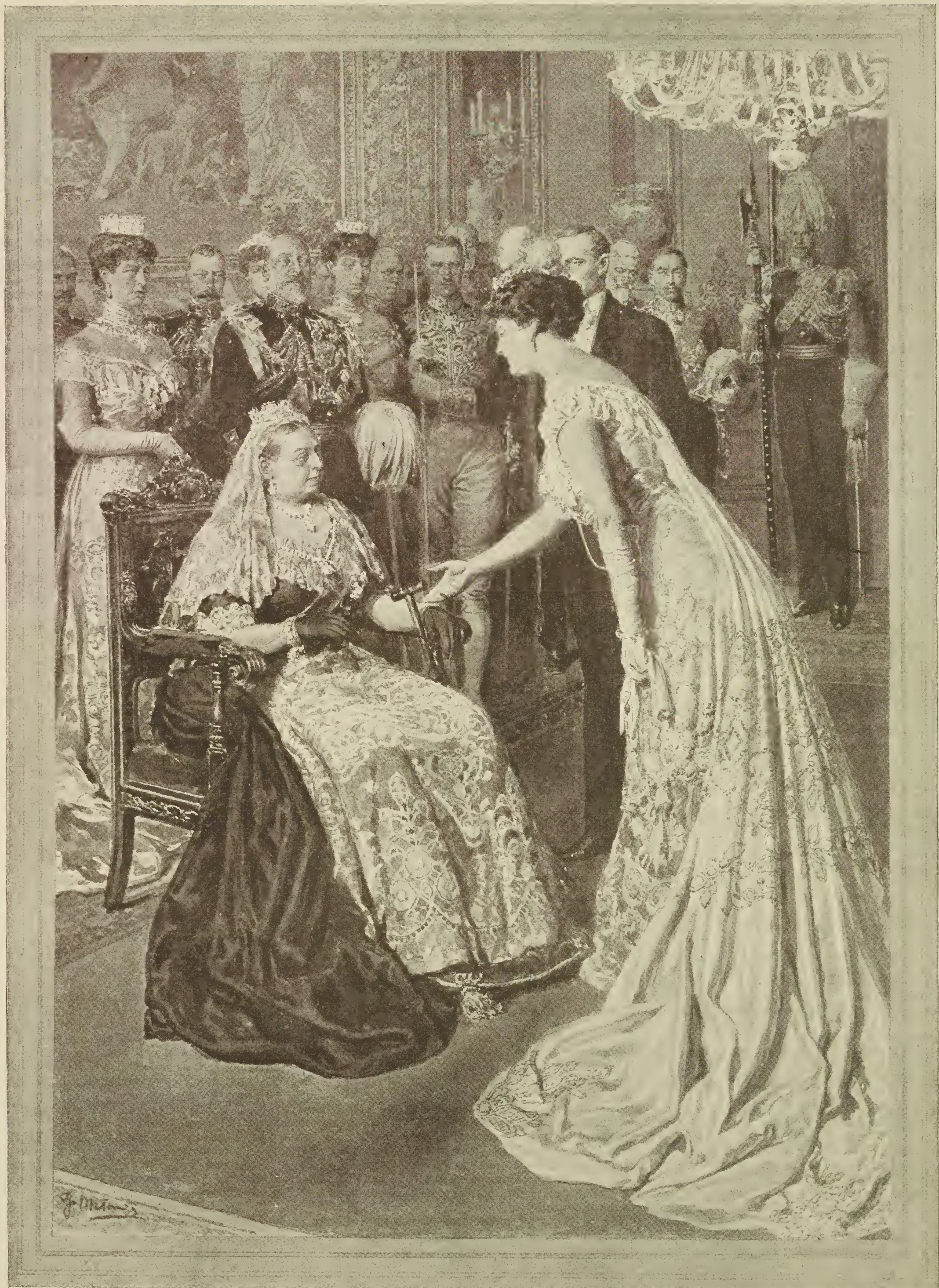
MR. GLADSTONE was on the other side of the table. It was a huge table, more than five feet wide and very long. My husband was somewhere out of sight at the other end. Mr. Gladstone mentioned the fund being raised for the victims of the Paris Opéra Comique fire. It is good form to be silent in the presence of death, especially when death is colossal, and the English never fail to follow good form. There was a sudden lull at our end of the table.

It was I who broke that silence. I was touched by the generosity of England, and said so. Since my arrival I had daily noted that England was giving to India, sending relief to Greece and Armenia, raising a fund for the fire sufferers, and celebrating the Queen's Jubilee by feeding the poor. I addressed my look and my admiring words to Mr. Gladstone.

Either my sincerity or the embarrassment he knew would follow my disregard of "the thing that is done" moved Mr. Gladstone's sympathy. He smiled across the table at me and answered, "I am so glad you see these good points of England." It was about the most gracious thing that was ever done to me in my life. In England it is bad form to speak across the table. One speaks to one's neighbor on the right or to one's neighbor on the left; but the line across the table is foreign soil and must not be shouted across.

That night my husband said: "I forgot to tell you. They never talk across the table in England." I chided him, and with some cause. I had soon discovered that in England, as in America, it was not enough to be "my own natural self."

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BOSTON HAD NOT BEEN ABLE TO REPRESS MY BENATURAL-AS-YOU-WERE-BORN IMPULSE. WHEN MY NAME WAS CALLED, I MADE MY BOW, AND, AS I LOOKED INTO THE EYES OF OLD QUEEN VIC, I HELD OUT MY HAND!

DANCERS in the DARK

Beginning the novel of the new youth

By DOROTHY SPEARE



AT HALF-PAST four in the morning. Joy Nelson came into the room that she was sharing with two other girls. She was tired. She had been dancing steadily all night; her new silver slippers were killing her; and she was not accustomed to being up late. She could hardly wait to take her slippers off and

get ready to sleep for a few hours. Her room-mates, however, looked as if repose were the last thought they would allow to enter their jazz-filled heads. They were sitting on the bed, smoking. Every time Joy had come into the room, they had been smoking. She had pretended not to see them, until she realized that they were not in the least bit embarrassed. They had even offered her a cigaret.

"My word, you look shot," said Jerry. Jerry was a fascinating girl, Joy thought. She was more than pretty. She had what the erudite youth of the day described as "something about her." Her dark hair was bobbed, and she had green eyes and a red mouth. Her nose turned up, her scintillant face was splashed with freckles.

Sarah was another sort. She had burst upon Joy in a flash of color that rioted away analytical estimation. Such eyes, lips, cheeks, and wonderfully marcelled hair! Later, when Sarah's tools were set out on the one bureau, revelation had forced analysis. Yes, Sarah was undoubtedly a woman of the world. She oozed sophistication at every pore.

"Well, I feel shot," Joy said now, in answer to Jerry's comment. "This is my first prom, you know."

"So you have remarked several times," drawled Sarah. "Let me give you a tip, my dear—I wouldn't admit anything like that so freely. Numbers," continued the highly colored one, "are dangerous. Now, as for me, I wouldn't admit that this was my first or my thirty-first."

"The last number is more your speed, old girl," said Jerry.

"But what is one to say?" Joy asked, stepping out of her dress. "Every one is just lovely to me when I tell them it's my first."

THE two on the bed exchanged glances. "That's one way of starting a conversation," Jerry said generously.

Joy sat on the floor and pulled off her silver slippers. Once freed, her feet hurt more than ever.

"Wait till you get calluses all over your feet," said Jerry. "After that you don't mind anything."

"I wonder if those wrecks have dusted themselves off and gone home yet," murmured Sarah.

"I'll go out and patter around." Jerry put out her cigaret, threw it in the waste-basket, and was gone from the room.

"The men have almost all gone home," Joy volunteered. "I was late coming up, because I looked for the chaperons to say good night, but I couldn't find any of them."

Sarah smiled. "I guess you couldn't. They pull in at midnight. This life would be too much for them if they didn't."

"They pull in at midnight! Well, what are they for?"

"My dear, I've often wondered." She flicked her ash daintily on to Joy's cot. Jerry came bouncing back into the room.

"They've gone, Sal! We can get away all right!" and she proceeded to pull on her evening coat.

"Why?" Joy stammered her amazement.

"We're going riding," Jerry explained. "We had to wait until our men had gone, because we're going with some others."

"There's just one thing." Sarah had not stirred from her perch on the bed. "Are they stewed or are they only edged? I'd like to know before we start. I haven't any desire to drive a hundred miles with a couple of boiled owls. Remember that time at Yale, Jerry?"

"I know—my back teeth are loose yet. Some smash! But they're taking a freshman along who's been kept sober for the occasion, so you're safe."

YOU MAY LIVE in a secluded corner of the country or in a protected home in the city, and not know what is happening to the younger generation of to-day. "Dancers in the Dark" is a mirror before your eyes. We print it to make older people think.

Presidents of colleges, other educators, and parents have urged its publication. Mothers who have not understood their daughters and fathers who have been shocked and offended by the conduct of their sons will see "Dancers in the Dark" as an illuminating torch. Dr. Neilson, president of Smith College, wrote us:

"I have read Miss Speare's novel with great interest. It seems to me a vivid picture of the life of young Americans of the well-to-do classes at the present moment. That the picture is in many respects a painful one is no fault of the author's, who has told her story and drawn her characters candidly yet without cynicism. It is not easy for the older generation to get at the precise facts of the new manners and customs, and it is still less easy to interpret justly the spirit behind them. This novel is bound to be of value to those who are concerned with the moral and intellectual training of the rising generation."

Miss Speare is twenty-two years old. She was graduated from college in 1920, and has lived the life of a normal girl in Newton Center, Massachusetts. She has written about life as it really is in some college towns and large cities, where boys and girls—your sons and daughters—open their eyes to life.

"Oh, in that case—" Sarah descended from the bed and allowed Jerry to press her into her evening wrap. "Good-by, my dear; we'll see you in the morning!"

Half-past four in the morning—and they were going riding! Joy limped to the bureau and looked at Sarah's "tools." She had never seen girls like these. They did not seem to care what they did. And the way they talked—it did not sound nice, somehow. But Jerry was fascinating, and one was never bored. She turned off the light and felt her way back to her cot.

ONCE in bed, sleep was impossible with the whirl of new events playing across a mind that was not used to much color. Her first prom! How thrilled she had been when Tom had asked her! Of course, there was no thrill to Tom, as she had known him all her life. But since she lived in a typical New England town where the always dwindling numbers of boys were weary of trying to balance themselves against the always increasing numbers of girls, it was somewhat of an honor for him to single her out from all the rest. She had never been outside Foxhollow Corners before. She had simply never made the occasion or had the occasion made for her to go.

The first day of prom had passed in a shimmer. The girls were, for the most part, strange, exotic creatures—something of Sarah's vintage—but the men were of varied types. It was odd, Joy reflected, that such different boys should all, or nearly all, ask the same type of girl. There was one man—Joy was at the age when there had to be one particular man—who was the best-looking man she had ever seen—tall and very dark, with eyes that, when he smiled, grew tender. Tom had said that Jack Barnett was "a big man in col-

lege," a star at football, and a "regular all-around prince." He had cut in on Joy several times, and she still tingled from the thrill of it. Joy fell asleep dreaming that the football hero had cut in on her again and wouldn't let any one else dance with her.

SHE was awakened by a queer thumping noise. Pushing open her eyes through a just-alive-to-the-world haze, she saw Jerry doing hand-springs around the room. "Ow!" said Jerry conversationally, as she bumped against a trunk and came to a full stop. Then, sitting up and rubbing her elbows, "Oh, hello! You awake? Hope I didn't disturb you or anything. I'm waking myself up; I've found this is the best way to keep me going, when I haven't had any sleep."

"Do you mean to say you haven't had any sleep at all?"

"Right the first time! We just got back. Had a blow-out, of course, and now it's too late to take in any classes!" Jerry began to change her raiment. "Look at that!" She pointed to the bed. Sarah lay on it, evening coat and all, just as she had fallen.

"Why," said Joy, "she almost looks as if she had fallen asleep before she landed there!"

Jerry executed a *pas seul*, stepping through a hat-box with careless ease. "You hit your head on the nail that time! She always passes out that way—got no more starch in her throat. She'll have to come out of it, too, because our little playmates who are blowing us to this prom will be here soon, and they'll get nose if we don't put in a swift appearance." She shook the still figure on the bed.

There was a faint stir. "That you, Jerry?"

"Yes, it's me. You've got to get off the downy. Do you expect me to ring for the cracked ice, or what?"

Sarah rose to a sitting posture, then started to flop back, but Jerry's arm shot forward and propped her up.

"Where do you think you are?" Jerry continued. "In New York? We've got to get down in ten minutes! Go and stick your head under the shower." She pushed her out of the door. Returning, her gleaming eye lit on Joy. "It's enough to make me weep to see you. Why, you look just as well now as you did last night! You know," Jerry continued, running a comb through her hair, "you're one of the best-looking girls I've seen for I'd hate to say how many years—but the trouble is, you don't put yourself together with any enthusiasm—you don't drape yourself accordingly. Looks don't count nowadays unless you've got push too."

"Just what do you mean?" Joy was at a loss.

"Use 'em! Use your face, eyes—your hair—your figure. You've got good clothes, too. You just need a little *push*, that's all!"

JOY went to look at herself in the mirror. Her beauty was not tangible, and she had never made an inventory of its assets and liabilities. It was not so much her hair, which had started to be light brown and rippled into purest gold, or her complexion, as it was her eyes and the expression they lent her face. It seemed as if her name had marked her—her eyes, the color of Summer skies with the laughter of the sun caught up in them, bathed her face in radiance. Joy put an experimental hand on Sarah's tools. There was blue shadowing to go beneath the eyes, and sticky black stuff for one's lashes.

"Don't put on any of that stuff now!" said Jerry. "Wait till evening, and I'll help you."

Joy began to comb her hair, singing lightly one of the songs the orchestra had played the evening before. She stopped, suddenly aware of the other girl's riveted attention. Jerry's careless, care-free attitude had suddenly slipped away.

"Where have you studied singing?" she demanded.

"Just a little—at the school I went to," said Joy.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Your mother must have sung, then, or some one in the family. Your voice sounds as if it had been bred in the family for generations."

"It has—and got a little stale in being handed down," said Joy uncertainly. She was not sure whether Jerry was making fun of her or not. People who thought they could sing were awful bores, and she had no intention of being that sort of person.



HE TOOK ONE STEP TOWARD HER—AND THEN TOM CAME DASHING UP. "FOR THE LOVE O' FRIED TRIPE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO YOURSELF, JOY?"

"I mean it. How long since you've done anything with it?"

"I've never done anything with it." Joy was a little impatient.

"Sing something—don't muffle it up the way you were doing."

At that moment Sarah created a hiatus by stumbling in. She seemed to be fairly awake, but cross. On Jerry's good-natured, "Brace up, old girl!" she turned and almost snarled: "Just because I haven't got an asbestos lining like *some people!*"

"That's your error, old dear," Jerry retorted. "Stepped through my hat, a while back; guess I'll take a reef in it while you slap on your kalsomine."

"I don't like this college, anyway." Sarah had moved to the bureau. Her face was positively gray until she started to work on it. "I think the way they treat you—the way they do things—"

"Oh, what can you expect?" mumbled Jerry, her mouth full of thread. "They live so far away, up here in the woods—naturally, they want to play around a little when they import some girls!"

"Perhaps you think," said Sarah suddenly, "that that freshman down there isn't going to drop a few leading remarks when our little comrades come—unless we're there first!" She turned to Joy. "You're ready—won't you go down and talk to them—tell 'em we're coming right along?"

"I'd be glad to!" and Joy made a swift exit. She was already conscious that she liked Jerry and did not like Sarah. This, she told herself, was not because Jerry had liked her voice—there was something *about* Jerry.

JOY went down to the first floor. A talking-machine was playing and several men were sitting around in more or less expectant attitudes. Tom was not there, nor were the two "little comrades" of her room-mates. Embarrassed, she was about to retreat, when one of the men detached himself from a group at the end of the room and came over to her. It was Jack Barnett.

"I was hoping I would get a chance to see you this morning."

She was speechless with delight. If he could have known that he had been her last waking thought! The two stood and looked at each other in a charmed silence. "Well?" he challenged.

"You took the words out of my mouth when I saw

you; what more can I say?" she retorted with a laugh.

She was very lovely. The man's eyes dwelt upon her with minute appreciation as they automatically moved off to a corner. She dared look at him only from beneath the protective fringe of lowered lashes. She laughed aloud.

"What are you laughing at, you funny girl?" he demanded.

"Oh, nothing. I was only wondering—if it was wrong to *hold eyes.*"

"Not half so wrong as some other things!" he smiled.

THERE they were. Two sentences, and they were skimming on the thin ice of conversation toward topics youth loves to discuss "broad-mindedly and impersonally." Joy hesitated, and drew back.

"Are you sleepy from last night? You don't look a bit tired."

"Oh, I'm not. It'll take several steady nights of this to put me under." He stretched his impressive length, which she regarded with respect.

"You're one of those men the clinging vines say are so big and strong and yet so kind and gentle—aren't you?"

"Kind—and—gentle?" he laughed. "No one ever told me that!"

This time he compelled her to look at him, and under his smiling eyes she suddenly shivered. An irrelevant thought had drifted in—that, when people were as wonderful as he, they always seemed to get everything they wanted, and—they always were wanting something else. But the thought wandered out again at his next words:

"You are the prettiest girl I have ever seen. No—don't speak! What do *you* know about it? Last night I suspected—this morning I know. Morning's the acid test, you see."

The appearance of Tom in the doorway cut short further revelations.

"I have a feeling that I am going to trail you to-day," Barnett said, rising. "And as for to-night at prom—words are futile!"

His eyes caressed her. It was no moment for Tom to join them. She felt as if something within her were singing. And Tom came over to her—Tom, with his chubby red face and eyes that could never look tenderly at anything.

"Well, Joy, what's doing along the Rialto?"

"N-nothing much; what does one expect at this hour?" she managed to bring out, hoping that Tom did not notice anything unusual in her manner.

"You've made a dent on Jack Barnett, I can see." He gave her a look of appraisal. "Hang it, Joy, I knew you'd put a crimp in all the gold-diggers and hundredth anniversaries around here!"

"Speaking of hundredth anniversaries, my room-mates—they're—well, I've never seen any one like them before."

"That's because this is your first prom," he said.

The day passed in a swift confusion of events and men and chattering girls, and efforts to chatter at least as much and as entertainingly as the others did, if not more. In the afternoon they danced at the different fraternity houses; and wherever they went, Jack Barnett followed, to cut in on Joy, and to thrill her with his tenderly smiling eyes.

"You've got Jack Barnett going!" said the impressed Tom. "I guess my taste isn't so bad, eh what, Joy?"

"Oh, he probably rushes a new girl every day," she responded, over the leaps and bounds of her heart.

"Not a chance!" Tom disqualified her statement. "He's some picker, Barnett is. It's not very often he gives a girl any time at all—and when he does, she has to be a wonder!"

WHEN the girls finally went up-stairs to dress for prom, Joy found that even her room-mates were impressed.

"You certainly have got Jack Barnett going," drawled Sarah. The words were almost the same as Tom's, but her voice brought an entirely different connotation.

Jerry pirouetted around Joy. "I like to see the *blasé* old Barnett, who thinks he knows it all, on the trail of a new one!"

She came to a pause as Joy pulled out her prom dress and laid it on the bed. It was a fairy-like mass of fluffy white tulle. Jerry pounced on it and held it up.

"Will you let me add some touches to you to-night?" she demanded. "I want to see Jack's jaw drop as you come breezing down the stairs! I want to see you overwhelm him!"

"I—I would just *love* to overwhelm him," said Joy, with a shaky little laugh.

"You'll need some color, I'll say," said Jerry—adding, "You're pale to-night."

Joy was rather pale, and somehow she felt weak and worn out. And her heart kept pounding in that extraordinary manner.

"Hurry up with your old tools, Sal," Jerry commanded. "I'm going to make Joy into a riot."

While Sarah completed the vital matter of fixing her face, Jerry did things to Joy's dress.

"Jerry," her victim remonstrated, "there's nothing holding me up but these straps—what if they should give way!"

"Court-plaster," mumbled the oracle, her mouth full of pins. "That'll keep your dress stuck on whether the straps stay or leave."

WHEN Jerry had quite finished with her, Joy looked in vain for tell-tale signs of alteration. "Why, Jerry! Any one would think—" she looked again at the "creation" into which her sweet, simple, and girlish gown had been evolved—"any one would think you were—a regular dressmaker!"

Jerry's red lips curved into a grin. Ordinarily, when Jerry laughed, one thought of good-fellowship, and the spirit of youth that knows no age, but this time one was uncomfortably conscious of the redness and wideness of her lips.

"I used to do—a lot of sewing. Come on and let me daub your face up." As she worked, Jerry threw out words of wisdom: "The whole point is to get everything so *you* think it's slightly underdone. It never will be. And otherwise some one always spots it, and then you never get credit for anything."

When she was completed, Jerry pushed her to the mirror, and then stood, hands on hips, surveying her work. Joy was dumb. From the chill white of her dress came the warm white of her shoulders, skillfully dusted over with powder; and from all this neutral color flashed the vividness of her face. Her cheeks were a rich rose; the blue of her eyes was darkened and intensified, her lashes sweeping over them, black and long. Her lips were a blazing scarlet. They fascinated her.

"Well, Angel of Joy, have you fallen in love with yourself?" Jerry demanded.

Joy wet her lips, then remembered that they were painted, and was completely at a loss. "I—I certainly look—much better. But, somehow—I don't like the idea."

"Why not?" Sarah snapped, rubbing off a little of her bloom on one side. She did not appear to be especially pleased with Joy's transformation.

"Well—somehow—you know, bad women and everything use paint and this stuff so much—"

"They put it on raw," panted Jerry, who now in one short moment had slipped on her scanty evening dress and was jumping into her stockings. "Nine-tenths of the rest of us try to be artistic about it."

"But you—you don't use it, do you, Jerry?"

Again the gamin grin, as Jerry stamped on her slippers and raked her hair through with a comb. "No, it's not my style. But I used to do—a lot of making up."

They made Joy walk down-stairs ahead of them, to see her "pulverize Jack." And pulverize him she did. He was standing over by the mantelpiece as they came into the living-room, and his suddenly fired eyes seemed to leap out and engulf her. Joy was not conscious of any one else in the room as she came forward shakily, a little smile quivering on her scarlet lips. He took one step toward her—

And then Tom came dashing up. "For the love o' fried tripe, what have you done to yourself, Joy?"

His amazement was scarcely complimentary. Jerry giggled and Sarah tittered. Joy tossed her head and held her coat out to him. He enveloped her in it with an almost indecent haste, and they left for the gym, Joy feeling Jack Barnett's glance still hot upon her.

FOR the first time in her life, Joy realized that she was beautiful. She not only knew that she was beautiful—she knew that she was by far the most beautiful girl there. She smiled beguilingly at the men she had met before, and they clustered around her; and new ones who wanted to meet her were brought up. She was able to dance hardly a step without some one cutting in. Boys who had scarcely noticed her before now besieged her with attentions. One of them asked her to the next house-party; several asked her to ball-games; and many wanted to know where she lived and if she ever ran down to New York or Boston, and if so when would she have a whirl with them?

She accepted everything indiscriminately. This, at last, was life. She was a real belle—the kind one reads about in novels. And, through it all, her blood was thumping in her veins in queer little jerks and starts—waiting for the hero. He had been standing against the wall, looking at her continually, and as yet he had danced with no one. She felt as if she had to talk with

him, to hear his voice and see his smiling, tender eyes bent on her, before she would be really awake.

And now a disturbing thing happened. A man who had danced with her a great deal, she remembered, both that afternoon and the evening before, cut in on her. His name was Jim Dalton—he was a good-looking boy of medium height, with blond, wavy hair plastered back in an attempt to make it look straight, and clear blue eyes that had a disconcerting habit of looking frankly into one's own. Joy had rather liked him until she had



"THE WHOLE POINT," SAID JERRY, "IS TO GET EVERYTHING SO YOU THINK IT'S SLIGHTLY UNDERDONE"

learned that he was that unpardonable thing, a man who was "no one around college." He was a nonentity—and she was being rushed by the big man of college, and the Jim Daltons didn't matter.

"What have they done to you?" he demanded, looking at her make-up and through it until she would have blushed if she could have.

"What do you mean?" she said coldly.

"I mean that I can't dance with you and put my arm around you without touching your bare skin. I mean that you are painted and rouged until you look like a typical model showing off some new 'undress' creation. There isn't a single natural thing left about you."

"Why, how dare you—" came stuttering from her red lips.

"I say all this," he continued doggedly, "because when you first came up here you were different. You didn't look like the sort who gets herself up this way. You didn't need to. With a lot of girls it's the only way they can make any impression."

She stopped dancing, and stepped back from the circle of his arm. "Will you please take me back to Tom? I don't care to dance with you any longer, if that's the way you feel about it."

Great was the dignity of her delivery, but her under lip quivered. His eyes softened. There was something very piteous in the quivering of that painted lip.

"Very well—but I sha'n't beg your pardon, or take back anything I've said. Thank heaven, this prom ends to-morrow!"

IT WAS a disagreeable incident. Joy didn't see how he could have been so unpleasant about her appearance, when every one else was so exceedingly pleasant. And then Jack Barnett came striding across the floor, and took her from the arms of the boy she was dancing with—and they floated off together, and Joy forgot everything else.

"I thought this morning you were the prettiest girl I'd ever seen," he was whispering in her ear. "Now I know you're the prettiest I ever want to. If they make 'em any prettier than you—I don't want to see

'em. It would finish me! You're ripping me all to pieces as it is." His grasp tightened and grew hot on her bare skin. "Do you know you're ripping me all to pieces?"

"What's that?" she asked, still lost in the wonder and thrill of his admiration.

They were near a door, and he stopped dancing. "I can see you're tired," he said. "They've kept you dancing every minute—most popular girl in the room. Let's go down to the swimming-pool and sit this out."

She hesitated. "Tom won't know where I am."

"Oh, Tom!" He relegated Tom to oblivion. "Look here, if we start dancing again, some one's bound to cut in on me right off—and I want to talk to you!"

She followed him as he led the way down-stairs to the dark, scented stillness that was ordinarily the college swimming-pool. Here and there along the sides she could see the glowing ends of cigarets; but Barnett led her down to the end of the pool, where they were far from every one, and found a sofa underneath a leafy palm. They sat down; and he sat very close to her.

"How old are you?" he wanted to know. "No, don't tell me—you might be any age. Yesterday you might have been eighteen. To-night you are twenty-five—at least that. By gad, I like a girl to vary!" Somehow in the darkness his hand found hers. It was moist, hot—the sensation was disagreeable; but Joy did not take hers away. She could not think quickly about anything. "You—I've never met any one like you." His voice was coming hurried, breathless; there was something in the contact of her hand that utterly changed the tone of it. "You—you're ripping me all to pieces to-night!"

BEFORE she could realize what was happening, he had his arm around her and had pressed her to him. Joy closed her eyes in the palpitant blackness; his kiss would be mysterious, wonderful. But when it came, it was neither mysterious nor wonderful. Cold with the shock, she tried to wrench herself free; but he was holding her so tightly that she was powerless to move. She gasped for breath to speak, but he pressed her tightly to him and kissed her again and again. When he finally released her, her breath was coming in painful sobs.

"What's matter?" he said thickly. "Don't you like me any more?"

"I—I—you've been drinking!"

She tried to cover her face, to hide the shattering of her idol; but his hands caught hers and held them away so that he could find her lips again. In all her sheltered life, Joy had never known what it was to be afraid. But now she felt a chill, bewildering fear. She was absolutely helpless.

"If you don't let me go," she panted, "I shall scream!"

His grasp relaxed for a moment, and she pulled herself free and ran away from him through the darkness, down the way they had come, past the glowing cigaret ends and gay little murmurs of conversation, until she came to the door and light. Without stopping to take breath, she fled up the stairs.

"Oh, there you are, Joy!" Tom hailed her as she came into the gym. "Where have you been? Come on—this is the supper-dance. Say, what's the matter? You look as if you'd seen a ghost."

She laughed, and was appalled at the ease with which the laugh came to her lips. "What time is it, Tom?"

"Oh, only a little after midnight."

Only a little after midnight—and she must dance and smile until morning! She was exhausted. Her silver slippers were stabbing her feet in long jabs which went quivering through her body. And the sweet singing in her heart had gone. Joy had had little experience with men. She had made of herself and all she did a temple, kept for the unknown god who would surely come some day. And from almost the first moment she had been sure that Jack Barnett was the one. She had fitted the mantle of her dreams upon him. And then he had turned and rent the mantle.

As she danced and smiled and talked automatically in answer to her partners' sallies, she found herself inspecting them with a new and fearful curiosity. Were all men like that?

In one of the spaces when Tom danced with her, he said: "Barnett's getting stewed as fast as he can pour 'em down. That's the worst of not having a girl to prom—got to drown your sorrows some way." She followed his gaze to the door, where Barnett was leaning against the wall and talking somewhat unsteadily to a group of "stags." His eyes met hers. Even at that distance they were bloodshot, terrible. His eyes, that had been so tender, and now—now, as they looked at her with a fierce intensity, they made her think of a dog before whom red meat is dangled.

"Tom!" she cried suddenly, "I can't—I just can't stay at the prom a minute longer." Then, with a growing resolve: "I really am all in, Tom! You see, I'm not used to it, and—my feet are *killing* me, and—I'm so

awfully tired that if I dance any longer I won't get any fun out of it!"

She did indeed look tragically tired, and Tom was all self-reproach. As they approached the door Barnett broke away from the stags with a lurch.

"Not going *now*, are you?" he demanded.

Joy insensibly retreated until Tom was between them. "Yes. I'm leaving now. Good night"; and she walked out.

ONCE in the cool night air, with Tom by her side keeping a comfortable silence, she felt free and almost happy. It was something to have left Jack Barnett—and soon she would have those silver slippers off.

The fraternity house was dark and empty. It was an effort to climb the steps—her last silver-slipper effort, she told herself. She watched Tom go back down the road; then she sat down and pulled off her slippers. Then slowly, painfully, she went in and up-stairs.

The room was a wilderness of clothes and hair-brushes, powder-boxes and wardrobe-trunk drawers, and she had hard work to guide her sore feet to the bureau. That rouge must be wiped off—as the rest of the evening could not be. She took a limp handkerchief that trailed

whiteness amid the disorder of the tools on the bureau, and as she scrubbed one cheek with concentrated energy she heard the door swing open behind her.

She looked in the mirror, her hand frozen to her cheek; then became rigid with shrieks upon shrieks of terror that choked together in a hideous little rattle before they reached her throat. For Jack Barnett stood on the threshold. To her fevered fright he towered as vast and menacing as the prehistoric man who swung a club and took what he wanted always.

"Ah-h!" Again the queer little rattle, that could not even come up in her throat. But what did it matter whether or no she could cry aloud? The fraternity house was dark and empty. The nearest help was half a mile away at the prom, where jazz was shrieking.

HE LURCHED forward into the room, talking in a thick, rough voice: "Surprised—see me?" He stumbled over a box, kicked it aside and said "Damn!" He was almost upon her; and she could not move or cry out.

Then, suddenly, a whirlwind seemed to strike the room. A figure shot in from the black hole that was the door. There was but a moment of clashing, a moment full of the sound of flesh in sharp impact, of sinews cracking—

and then the magnificence of Jack Barnett's body hurled from its massive menace, and lay, a thing of sodden incompetence, spilled over a wardrobe-trunk drawer. Jim Dalton stood over him, breathing fast, his tie under one ear.

"Is he—is he dead?" Joy quavered. "What did you do to him? He's so—so big!"

"But drunk," Jim responded. "He's only knocked out. Now to get him out of here."

That brought her back to the situation. "Oh—and you—how did you know that I—that he—"

"I saw you leave the gym; I—was watching you. And I saw Barnett follow. I had a hunch—and so I went after him. He waited down by the corner till Tom left you. I didn't say anything to him, because I thought maybe he was going out to the fraternity kitchen to get something to eat—but when I blew in he'd come up-stairs here—so I came too." He bent over Barnett for a perfunctory look. "He's all right; he'll sleep it off now, and won't remember a thing about it by morning."

"How can I thank you—ever—" Joy's voice fluttered weakly. She had become so faint that she could scarcely stand, even with both hands clinging to the bureau-top.

"You can thank me—by not forgetting—all this!" he said in a low, even voice. "By remembering it—in connection with everything else! I'll get him to the Delta Delta house somehow," he said in muffled tones, "and, anyway, he'll reach down-stairs without being seen."

The door was closed, and Joy sank to the floor. In twenty-four hours she had run the gamut of emotions. She had gone through fearsome revelation of what can seem like love to a girl and spell something different indeed to a man. She had seen how the thrills of innocence, that scarcely knows why it is thrilling, are as tinder to the flame of desire kindled by that same innocence. She had enveloped man in the white mist of maiden's dreams—and then the mist had been torn away, leaving reality so terrible that she felt she must go mad if she could not forget. Yet Jim Dalton had told her not to forget, but to remember it—in connection with everything else! What had he meant? As if she could forget! Love was an idle dream—the reality a hideousness that could not be borne. There was really nothing left in life—except to laugh and be gay!

IT WAS half-past six before the orchestra played "The End of a Perfect Day" and hilarious groups began to straggle toward the fraternity houses. Jerry did not stop to wait for the others to come and have breakfast on the fraternity porch. No anti-climaxes for her. She dashed in the house and up the stairs; but when she opened the door to the room, she paused and whistled. Joy was putting the last stages of a brisk morning make-up together in front of the mirror.

"Well—take a slant at Foxhollow Corners, New England!" Jerry announced, coming in and regarding Joy with increased respect.

Jerry sank down on the bed. "Good or not—I bite—to leave prom early, get every one missing you and all the more keen to see you, meanwhile getting some sleep while the rest of us jazz away the morning hours! And now, when all the beauty of America looks and feels like a dish-rag, when rouge shows up like poison-ivy in the glorious morning hours, when even I don't care to go through the let-down of breakfast with my pep trickling away, to sail down like this! Why did I need to do anything to you?"

"Well," said Joy defensively, "I woke up and couldn't sleep, and I knew you'd all be coming in soon, and I didn't want to miss any more of it than I had to. That's all there is to it."

Jerry had whisked off her dress by this time, and now stopped to look at Joy, hands on hips, very much as she had last night. "Your first prom—and you live in Foxhollow Corners," she said slowly. "And you look like that—and have pep like that—and can sing enough so that you ought to go somewhere really good and take a jab at it. Joy, tell me—what in the name of the Seven Sutherland Sisters is the thing that keeps you in Foxhollow Corners?"

Joy stopped on the threshold. "Why, I don't know. I—really—don't know."

"Well, come back here a minute and let me tell you something that's been percolating through my Sarah Brum ever since I heard you sing. You won't miss much for a second or so; these breakfast-parties are always long ones, especially when the stags are edged—" The mention of edged stags brought Joy back into the room. "Look here, Joy, I like you. I don't usually like girls, either. I don't like Sal much, and I live with her most of the time. But I like you. Look here—I want you to think over leaving Foxhollow Corners. Sal and I have an apartment down in Boston. I know a good teacher there who would trot you through anything you needed. You don't look like the type of girl who puts in a lifetime of watchful waiting in the home town. Think it over!"

"You mean to think over coming to Boston—"

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HE LURCHED FORWARD. "SURPRISED—SEE ME?" HE WAS ALMOST UPON HER; AND SHE COULD NOT MOVE OR CRY OUT. THEN, SUDDENLY, A WHIRLWIND SEEMED TO STRIKE THE ROOM. A FIGURE SHOT IN FROM THE BLACK HOLE THAT WAS THE DOOR



"ANYTHING URGENT?" "ONLY THIS," SHE SAID, IMMEDIATELY BECOMING THE FAITHFUL EMPLOYEE.

Here is the last instalment of

M R . P R O H A C K

By ARNOLD BENNETT

APPALLING silence descended upon the whole house. To escape from its sinister spell Mr. Prohack departed and sought the seclusion of his secondary club, which he had not entered for a very long time. After a desolation lunch of excellent dishes, perfect coffee which left a taste in his mouth, and a fine cigar which he threw away before it was half finished, he abandoned the club and strolled in the direction of Manchester Square.

"Miss Sissie and Mr. Morfey are with Mrs. Prohack, sir," said Brool, in a quite ordinary tone, taking the hat and coat of his returned master.

Mr. Prohack started. "Give me back my hat and coat," said he. "Tell your mistress that I may not be in for dinner." And he fled.

He could not have assisted at the terrible interview between Eve and the erring daughter who had inveigled her betrothed into a premature marriage. Sissie, at any

rate, had pluck, and she must have had an enormous moral domination over Ozzie to have succeeded in forcing him to join her in a tragic scene. What a honeymoon! To what a pass had society come! Mr. Prohack drove straight to the Monument, and paid more money for the privilege of climbing it. He next visited the Tower. The day seemed to consist of twenty-four thousand hours. He dined at the Trocadero Restaurant, solitary at a table under the shadow of the bass fiddle of the orchestra; and reached home at ten-thirty.

"Mrs. Prohack has retired for the night, sir," said Brool, who never permitted his employer merely to go to bed, "and wishes not to be disturbed."

"Thank God!" breathed Mr. Prohack.

"Yes, sir," said Brool, dutifully acquiescent.

NEXT morning Eve behaved to her husband exactly as if nothing untoward had happened. She kissed and was kissed. She exhibited sweetness without gaiety, and a general curiosity without interest. She said not a word concerning the visit of Sissie and Ozzie. She expressed the hope that Mr. Prohack had had a pleasant evening and slept well. To the physical eye all was as usual, but Mr. Prohack was aware that in a single night she had built a high and unscalable wall between him and her—a wall that he could see through and that he could kiss through, but that debarred him utterly from her. And yet, what sin had he committed against her, save the peccadillo of locking her for an hour or two in a comfortable room? It was Sissie, not he, who had committed the sin. He wanted to point this out to Eve, but he appreciated the entire futility of doing so and therefore refrained. About eleven o'clock Eve knocked at and opened his study door.

"May I come in—or am I disturbing you?" she asked brightly.

"Don't be a silly goose," said Mr. Prohack, whose rising temper—he hated angels—was drowning his tact. Smiling, Eve came in, and shut the door.

"I've just received this," she said. "It came by messenger." And she handed him a letter signed with the name of Crewd, the private detective. The letter ran:

MADAM:

I beg to inform you that I have just ascertained that the driver of taxi No. 5437 has left at New Scotland Yard a pearl necklace which he found in his vehicle. He states that he drove a lady and gentleman from your house to Waterloo Station on the evening of your reception, but can give no description of them.

I mention the matter *pro forma*, but do not anticipate that it can interest you, as the police authorities at New Scotland Yard declare the pearls to be false. Yours obediently,

P. S. I called upon you in order to communicate the above facts yesterday, but you were not at home.

Mr. Prohack turned a little pale, and his voice trembled as he said: "I wonder who the thief was. Anyhow, women are staggering. Here some woman—I'm sure it was the woman and not the man—picks up a necklace from the floor of one of your drawing-rooms, well knowing it not to be her own, hides it, makes off with it, and then is careless enough to leave it in a taxi! Did you ever hear of such a thing?"

"But that wasn't my necklace, Arthur!" said Eve.

"Of course it was your necklace," said Mr. Prohack.

"Do you mean to tell me—" Eve began—and it was a new Eve.

"OF COURSE I do!" said Mr. Prohack, who had now thoroughly subdued his temper in the determination to bring to a head that trouble about the necklace and end it forever. He was continuing his remarks when the wall suddenly fell down with an unimaginable crash. Eve said nothing, but the soundless crash deafened Mr. Prohack.

"I will never forgive you, Arthur!" said Eve, with the most solemn and terrible candor. She no longer played a part; she was her formidable self, utterly unmasked and savagely expressive.

"Of course you won't," said her husband, gathering himself heroically together and superbly assuming a calm that he did not in the least feel. "Of course you won't, because there is nothing to forgive. On the contrary, you owe me thanks. I never deceived you. I never told you the pearls were genuine. Indeed, I beg to remind you that I once told you positively that I would never buy you a *pearl* necklace—don't you remember? You thought they were genuine, and you have had just as much pleasure out of them as if they had been genuine. You were always careless with your jewelry. Think how I should have suffered if I had watched you every day being careless with a rope of genuine pearls! I should have had no peace of mind. In your case there could be no advantage whatever in genuine pearls. To buy them would be equivalent to throwing money in the street. Now, as it is, I have saved money over the pearls, though

I did buy you the very finest procurable imitations! And think, my child, how relieved you are now. You have had many hours of innocent satisfaction in your false jewels, and nobody is any the worse."

Mr. Prohack paused for a reply, and he got it.

"I will never forgive you as long as I live," said Eve. "Let us say no more about it. What time is that awful lunch that you've arranged with that dreadful Bishop man? And what would you like me to wear, please?" In an instant she had rebuilt the wall.

Mr. Prohack—always through the wall—took her in his arms and kissed her. But he might as well have kissed a woman in a trance.

"You are splendid!" said Mr. Prohack admiringly, conscious anew of his passion for her and full of trust in the virtue of his passion to knock down the wall sooner or later.

THREE-QUARTERS of an hour later, after Mr. Prohack had telephoned and sent a confirmatory note by hand to his bank, Carthew drove them away southward, and the car stopped in front of the establishment of a celebrated firm of jewelers near Piccadilly.

"Come along," said Mr. Prohack, descending to the pavement and drawing after him a moving marble statue, richly attired.

They entered the glittering shop, and were immediately encountered by an expectant salesman who had the gift of wearing a frock-coat as though he had been born in it, and of reading the hearts of men. That salesman saw in a flash that big business was afoot.

"First of all," said Mr. Prohack, "here is my card, so that we may know where we stand."

The salesman read the card and was suitably impressed. "May I venture to hope that the missing necklace has been found, sir?" he said smoothly. "We've all been greatly interested in the newspaper story."

"That is beside the point," said Mr. Prohack. "I've come simply to buy a pearl necklace."

"I beg pardon, sir. Certainly. Will you have the goodness to step this way?"

They were next in a private room off the shop, where the sole items of furniture were three elegant chairs, a table with a glass top, and a colossal safe. Another salesman entered the room with bows, and keys were produced, and the two salesmen between them swung back the majestic dark-green doors of the safe. In another minute various pearl necklaces were lying on the table.

The spectacle would have dazzled a connoisseur in pearls; but Mr. Prohack was not a connoisseur; he was not even interested in pearls, and saw on the table naught but a monotonous array of pleasing gewgaws, to his eye differing one from another only in size. He was, however, actuated by a high moral purpose, which uplifted him and enabled him to listen with dignity to the technical eulogies given by the experts. Eve, of course, behaved with impeccable correctness, hiding the existence of the wall from everybody except Mr. Prohack.

When he had reached a state of complete bewilderment regarding the respective merits of the necklaces, Mr. Prohack judged the moment ripe for proceeding to business. With his own hands he clasped a necklace round his wife's neck, and demanded: "What is the price of this one?"

"That," said the first expert, "is two thousand four hundred guineas."

"It seems cheap," said Mr. Prohack carelessly, "but there's something about the gradation that I don't quite like. What about this one?"

Eve opened her mouth as if about to speak, but she did not speak. The wall, which had trembled for a few seconds, regained its monumental solidity.

"Five thousand guineas," said the expert.

"H'm," commented Mr. Prohack, removing the gewgaw. "Yes. Not so bad. And yet—"

"That necklace," the expert announced, with a mien from which all deference had vanished, "is one of the most perfect we have. The pearls have, if I may express it, a homogeneity not often arrived at in any necklace. They are not very large, of course—"

"Quite so," Mr. Prohack stopped him, selecting a fourth necklace.

"Yes," the expert admitted, his deference returning. "That one is undoubtedly superior. We have not yet exactly valued it, but I think we could put it at ten thousand guineas—perhaps pounds. I should have to consult one of the partners."

"It is scarcely," said Mr. Prohack, surveying the trinket judiciously on his wife's neck, "scarcely the necklace of my dreams—not that I would say a word against it. Ah! Ah!" and he pounced suddenly, with an air of delighted surprise, upon a fifth necklace, the queen of necklaces.

"My dear, try this one. Somehow, it takes my fancy, and as I shall obviously see much more of your necklace than you will, I should like my taste to be consulted."

"Sixteen thousand five hundred," said the expert.



"LET'S HUMOR HIM, SISSIE," SAID EVE. "IT ISN'T OFTEN HE'S IN SUCH GOOD SPIRITS"

"Pounds or guineas?" Mr. Prohack blandly inquired.

"Well, sir, shall we say pounds?"

"I think we will take it," said Mr. Prohack with undiminished blandness. "No, my dear, don't take it off."

"Arthur!" Eve breathed, seeming to expire in a kind of agonized protest.

"May I have a few minutes' private conversation with my wife?" Mr. Prohack suggested. "Could you leave us?" One expert glanced at the other awkwardly.

"Pardon my lack of *savoir vivre*," said Mr. Prohack. "Of course you can not possibly leave us alone with all these valuables. Never mind! We will call again."

The principal expert rose sublimely to the height of the occasion. He was well acquainted with the fantastic folly of allowing customers to "call again." "Please, please, Mr. Prohack!" said he, with grand deprecation, and departed out of the room with his fellow.

No sooner had they gone than the wall sank. It did not tumble with a crash; it gently subsided.

"Arthur!" Eve exclaimed, with a curious uncertainty of voice. "Are you mad? If you think I shall walk about London with sixteen thousand five hundred pounds round my neck, you're mistaken."

"But I insist! You were a martyr and our marriage was ruined because I didn't give you real pearls. I intend you shall have real pearls."

"But not these," said Eve. "It's too much. It's a fortune!"

"I am aware of that," Mr. Prohack agreed. "But

what is sixteen thousand five hundred pounds to me?"

"Truly I couldn't, darling," Eve wheedled.

"I am not your darling," said Mr. Prohack. "How can I be your darling when you're never going to forgive me? Look here. I'll let you choose another necklace, but only on the condition that you forgive all my alleged transgressions, past, present, and to come."

She kissed him.

"You can have the one at five thousand guineas," said Mr. Prohack. "Nothing less. That is my ultimatum. Put it on. Put it on—quick! or I may change my mind."

"I FEEL quite queer," said Eve, as she fingered the necklace in the car, when all formalities were accomplished and they had left the cave of Aladdin.

"And well you may, my child," said Mr. Prohack. "Remember that whenever you wear the thing you are in danger of being waylaid, brutally attacked, and robbed."

"I wish you wouldn't be silly," Eve murmured. "I do hope I shan't seem self-conscious at the lunch."

"We haven't reached the lunch yet," Mr. Prohack replied. "We must go and buy a safe first. And I want it understood that I shall keep the key to that safe. We aren't playing at necklaces now. Life is earnest."

And when they had bought a safe and were once more in the car, he said, examining her impartially: "After all, at a distance of four feet it doesn't look nearly so grand as the one that's lying at Scotland Yard—I gave thirty pounds for that one."

MR. PROHACK'S TRIUMPH

"AND where is your charming daughter?" asked Mr. Softly Bishop so gently of Eve, when he had greeted her—and incidentally Mr. Prohack—in the entrance-hall of the Grand Babylon Hotel. He was alone—no sign of Miss Fancy.

"Sissie?" said Eve calmly. "I haven't the slightest idea."

"But I included her in my invitation—and Mr. Morfey too."

Mr. Prohack was taken back, foreseeing the most troublesome complications. "Surely," said Mr. Prohack hesitatingly, "surely you didn't mention Sissie in your letter to me."

"Naturally I didn't, my dear fellow," answered Mr. Bishop. "I wrote to her separately, knowing the position taken by the modern young lady. And she telephoned me yesterday that she and Morfey would be delighted to come."

"Then, knowing so much about the modern young lady," said Eve, with bright self-possession, "you wouldn't expect my daughter to arrive with her parents, would you?"

Mr. Softly Bishop laughed. "I invited your son also, Mr. Prohack," continued Mr. Bishop, "together with Miss Winstock, or Warburton (she appears to have two names)—to make a pair—to make a pair, you understand. But unfortunately he's been suddenly called out of town on the most urgent business." As he uttered these last words Mr. Bishop glanced in a peculiar manner partly at his nose and partly at Mr. Prohack—a singular feat.

"Am I right in assuming that the necklace affair is satisfactorily settled?" Mr. Softly Bishop inquired, his spectacles gleaming at Eve's neck.

"You are," said Eve. "But it wouldn't be advisable for you to be too curious about details."

Then Sissie and Ozzie appeared, looking as though they had been married for years.

"How do you do, Miss Prohack?" said Mr. Softly Bishop in greeting. "So glad you could come."

Mr. Prohack suspected that his cheeks were turning pale, and was ashamed of himself. Even Sissie, for all her young hard confidence, wavered. But Eve stepped in.

"Don't you know, Mr. Bishop? No, of course you don't! We ought to have told you. My daughter is now Mrs. Morfey. You see, we all had such a horror of the conventional wedding and reception and formal honeymoon, and so on, that we decided the marriage should be strictly private. It seems to me so sensible."

"Upon my word," said Mr. Softly Bishop, shaking hands with Ozzie, "I believe I shall follow your example."

The arrival of Miss Fancy provided a distraction more agreeable than Mr. Prohack thought possible; he positively welcomed the slim, angular blonde, for she put an end to a situation which, prolonged another moment, would have resulted in general constraint.

"You're late, my dear," said Mr. Softly Bishop firmly. The girl's steely blue-eyed glance shot out at the greeting, but seemed to drop off flatly from Mr. Bishop's adamant spectacles.

"Am I?" she replied uncertainly, in her semi-American accent. "Where's the ladies' cloak-room of this place?"

"I'll show you," said Mr. Bishop, with no compromise. The encounter was of the smallest, but it made Mr. Prohack suspect that perhaps Mr. Bishop was not, after all, going into the great warfare of matrimony blindly or without munitions.

"I SUPPOSE you've been to see the Twelve and Thirteen," said Eve, in her new grand, gracious manner to Miss Fancy, when the party was seated at a richly flowered table specially reserved by Mr. Softly Bishop on the Embankment front of the restaurant and the *hors d'œuvre* had begun to circulate.

"I'm afraid I haven't," muttered Miss Fancy weakly, but with due refinement. Eve had put the generally brazen woman in a fright at the first effort. And the worst was that Miss Fancy did not even know what the Twelve and Thirteen was or were. At the opening of her *début* at what she imagined to be the great fashionable world, Miss Fancy was failing.

"I suppose you've seen the new version of the 'Sacre du Printemps,' Miss Fancy," said Mrs. Oswald Morfey, that exceedingly modern and self-possessed young married lady.

"Not yet," said Miss Fancy, and foolishly added: "We were thinking of going to-night."

"There won't be any more performances this season," said Ozzie, that prince of authorities on the universe of entertainment.

Mrs. Prohack and her daughter and son-in-law ranged at ease over all the arts without exception, save the one art—that of musical comedy—in which Miss Fancy was versed. Mr. Prohack was amazed at the skilled cruelty of his women. They had evidently determined to re-

venge themselves for being asked to meet Miss Fancy at lunch, and Ozzie had been set on to assist them.

At last, when Miss Fancy had been beaten into silence and the other three were carrying on a brilliant high-browed conversation over the corpse of her up-to-date-ness, Mr. Prohack's nerves reached the point at which he could tolerate the tragic spectacle no more, and he burst out vulgarly in a man-in-the-street vein, chopping off the brilliant conversation as with a chopper: "Now, Miss Fancy, tell us something about yourself."

The common-sounding phrase seemed to be a magic formula endowed with the power to break an awful spell. Miss Fancy gathered herself together, forgot that she had been defeated, and inaugurated a new battle. She began to tell the table not something but almost everything about herself, and it soon became apparent that she was no ordinary woman. Her sincere belief that no biographical detail concerning Miss Fancy was too small to be uninteresting to the public amounted to a religious creed; and her memory for details was miraculous.

The astounded table learned that Miss Fancy was illustrious in the press of the United States as having been engaged to be married more often than any other actress. Her penultimate engagement had been to the late Silas Angmering.

"Something told me I should never be his wife," she said vivaciously. "You know the feeling we women have. And I wasn't much surprised to hear of his death. I'd refused Silas eight times; then in the end I promised to marry him by a certain date. He *wouldn't* take no, poor dear! Well, *he* was a gentleman, anyway. Of course it was no more than right that he should put me down in his will, but not every man would have done it. In fact, it never happened to me before. Wasn't it strange I should have that feeling about never being his wife?"

There was a pause, in which Mr. Softly Bishop said, affectionately regarding his nose: "Well, my dear, you'll be *my* wife, you'll find," and he uttered this observation in a sharp tone of conviction that made a disturbing impression on the whole company, and not least on Mr. Prohack, who kept asking himself more and more insistently: "Why is Softly Bishop marrying Miss Fancy, and why is Miss Fancy marrying Softly Bishop?"

MR. PROHACK was interrupted in his private inquiry into this enigma by a very unconventional nudge from Sissie, who silently directed his attention to Eve, who seemingly wanted it.

"Your friend seems anxious to speak to you," murmured Eve in a low, roguish voice.

"His friend" was Lady Massulam, who was just concluding a solitary lunch at a near-by table. Lady Massulam's eyes confirmed Eve's statement.

"I'm sure Miss Fancy will excuse you for a moment," said Eve.

"Oh! Please!" implored Miss Fancy grandly.

Mr. Prohack self-consciously carried his lankness and his big head across to Lady Massulam's table. She looked up at him with a composed but romantic smile; that is to say, Mr. Prohack deemed it romantic, and he leaned over Lady Massulam in a manner romantic to match.

"I wanted to tell you," said she gravely, with beautiful melancholy, "Charles is *flambé*. He is done in. I can not help him. He will not let me. But if I see him to-night when he returns to town I shall send him to you."

"How kind you are!" said Mr. Prohack, touched.

Lady Massulam rose, shook hands, seemed to blush, and departed. An interview as brief as it had been strange! Mr. Prohack was thrilled, not at all by the announcement of Charlie's danger, perhaps humiliation, but by the attitude of Lady Massulam. He had his plans for Charlie. He had no plans affecting Lady Massulam.

Mr. Softly Bishop's luncheon had developed during the short absence of Mr. Prohack. Mr. Softly Bishop had now taken charge of the talk and was expatiating to a hushed and crushed audience his plans for a starring world tour for his future wife, who listened to them with genuine admiration on her violet-tinted face.

"And by the way," said he, looking at his watch, "do not forget the appointment with the elocutionist."

"But aren't you coming with me?" demanded Miss Fancy, alarmed.

These remarks broke up the luncheon party, which all the guests assured the deprecating host had been perfectly delightful.

"WELL!" sighed Mrs. Prohack, with the maximum of expressiveness, glancing at her daughter as one woman of the world at another.

"Well!" sighed Sissie, flattered by the glance, and firmly taking her place in the fabric of society. "Well, father, we always knew you had some queer friends, but really these were the limit! The extravagance of the

thing! That luncheon must have cost at least twenty pounds."

"The style of those two dreadful people," said Eve, "was absolutely the worst I've ever met. The way that woman gabbled—and all about herself. And what an accent! And the way she held her fork!"

"Lady," said Mr. Prohack, "don't be angry because she beat you. You talked her to a standstill at first, but you couldn't keep it up. Then she began, and she talked you to a standstill and she could keep it up. She left you dead on the field, my tigresses. I have learned that even the finest and most agreeable women, such as those with whom I have been careful to surround myself in my domestic existence, are monsters of cruelty. Not that I care."

"I've arranged with mama that you shall come to dinner to-night," said Sissie abruptly. "No formality, please."

"Mayn't your mother wear her pearls?" asked Mr. Prohack.

"Mother's pearls," said Sissie primly, "are mother's affair."

"I NEVER in all my life," said Sissie, "saw you eat so much, dad. I think it's a great compliment to my cooking."

"Well," replied Mr. Prohack, who had undoubtedly eaten rather too much, "take it how you like. I do believe I could do with a bit more of this stuff that imitates an omelette but obviously isn't one."

"Oh! But there isn't any more!" said Sissie, somewhat dashed.

"No more! Good heavens! Then have you got some cheese, or any bread? Anything at all?"

"I'm afraid we've finished up pretty nearly all there was, except Ozzie's egg for breakfast to-morrow morning."

"This is serious," observed Mr. Prohack, tapping inquiringly the superficies of his digestive apparatus.

"Arthur!" cried Eve. "Why are you such a tease to-night? You're only trying to make the child feel awkward. You know you've had quite enough. And I'm sure it was all very cleverly cooked—considering. You'll be ill in the middle of the night if you keep on, and then I shall have to get up and look after you, as usual." Eve had the air of defending her daughter, but some reserve in her voice showed that she was defending, not her daughter, but the whole race of housewives against the whole race of consuming and hypocritical males.

"You are doubtless right, lady," Mr. Prohack agreed.

Mr. Prohack was accepting a cigaret, when there was a great ring which filled the entire flat.

"Good gracious!" the flat mistress exclaimed. "I wonder who that can be. Just go and see, Ozzie darling." Ozzie hastened obediently out.

"It may be Charlie," ventured Eve. "Wouldn't it be nice if he called?"

"Yes, wouldn't it?" Sissie agreed. "I did phone him up to try to get him to dinner, but naturally he was away for the day. He's always as invisible as a millionaire nowadays. Besides, I feel somehow this place would be too humble for the mighty Charles. Buckingham Palace would be more in his line. But we can't all be speculators and profiteers."

"Sissie!" protested their mother mildly.

OZZIE puffed into the room with three packages. "They're addressed to you," said he to his father-in-law.

Mr. Prohack produced from the packages four bottles of champagne of four different brands, a quantity of *pâté de foie gras*, a jar of caviar, and several bunches of grapes that must have been grown under the most unnatural and costly conditions.

"What's this?" Sissie demanded uneasily.

"Arthur!" said Eve. "Whatever's the meaning of this?"

"It has a deep significance," replied Mr. Prohack. "The only fault I have to find with it is that it has arrived rather late—and yet perhaps, like Blücher, not too late. You can call it a wedding present if you choose, daughter. Or if you choose you can call it simply caviar, *pâté de foie gras*, grapes, and champagne. I really have not had the courage to give you a wedding present," he continued, "knowing how particular you are about ostentation. But I thought if I sent something along that we could all join in consuming instantly, I couldn't possibly do any harm."

"We haven't any champagne-glasses," said Sissie coldly.

"Champagne-glasses, child! You ought never to drink champagne out of champagne-glasses. Tumblers are the only thing for champagne. Some tumblers, Ozzie. And a tin-opener. You must have a tin-opener—I feel convinced you have a tin-opener. Upon my soul, Eve, I was right, after all. I *am* hungry. But my hunger is nothing to my thirst. I'm beginning to suspect that I

MANY WATERS

Her husband and the man who loved her were in danger, and in her thoughts she let one of them die. Which?

By ISABEL PATERSON



THIS is the kind of story that only the narrator ever believes; and if he tells it often enough, even he gets discouraged in time. And the only way it could be proved would be after the manner of Mark Twain validating his yarn about the buffalo that climbed a tree: he could show

you the tree. I can point to Kevin O'Neill and Geraldine, "she that was Mrs. Jewett." And I could show you Jewett's grave. Geraldine herself didn't believe, in the beginning. And Kevin quite agreed with me when I told him that what he needed was a strait-jacket.

In spite of his name, Kevin O'Neill was a thorough New Englander, of the tall, lean, keen-faced type. He was rather good-looking in his close-lipped way, and good company; I wished I was going with him, as we strolled down to the wharf. It was a nice day to go around the world, too.

"Ye-es," he agreed, "that's about the way it struck me when I saw the old *Empress* docking. So I thought I'd go." That was his way—about traveling. In everything else he was as steady as a grandfather's clock.

There is something insidiously demoralizing about the very feel of a gang-plank underfoot. Any boat is romance and those *Empress* steamers particularly; they can't hold a candle to the great Atlantic liners, but for all that they have an air of their own. And then—they're bound for the Orient!

The spotless decks and glittering brasswork and holiday garments gave the whole scene a gay and prosperous allure. And one detail of it might have been specially posed for a calendar such as steamship companies send out in January to tantalize poverty-stricken wretches like me.

Kevin saw it first; and gave me a sharp nudge. "Who is that girl?"

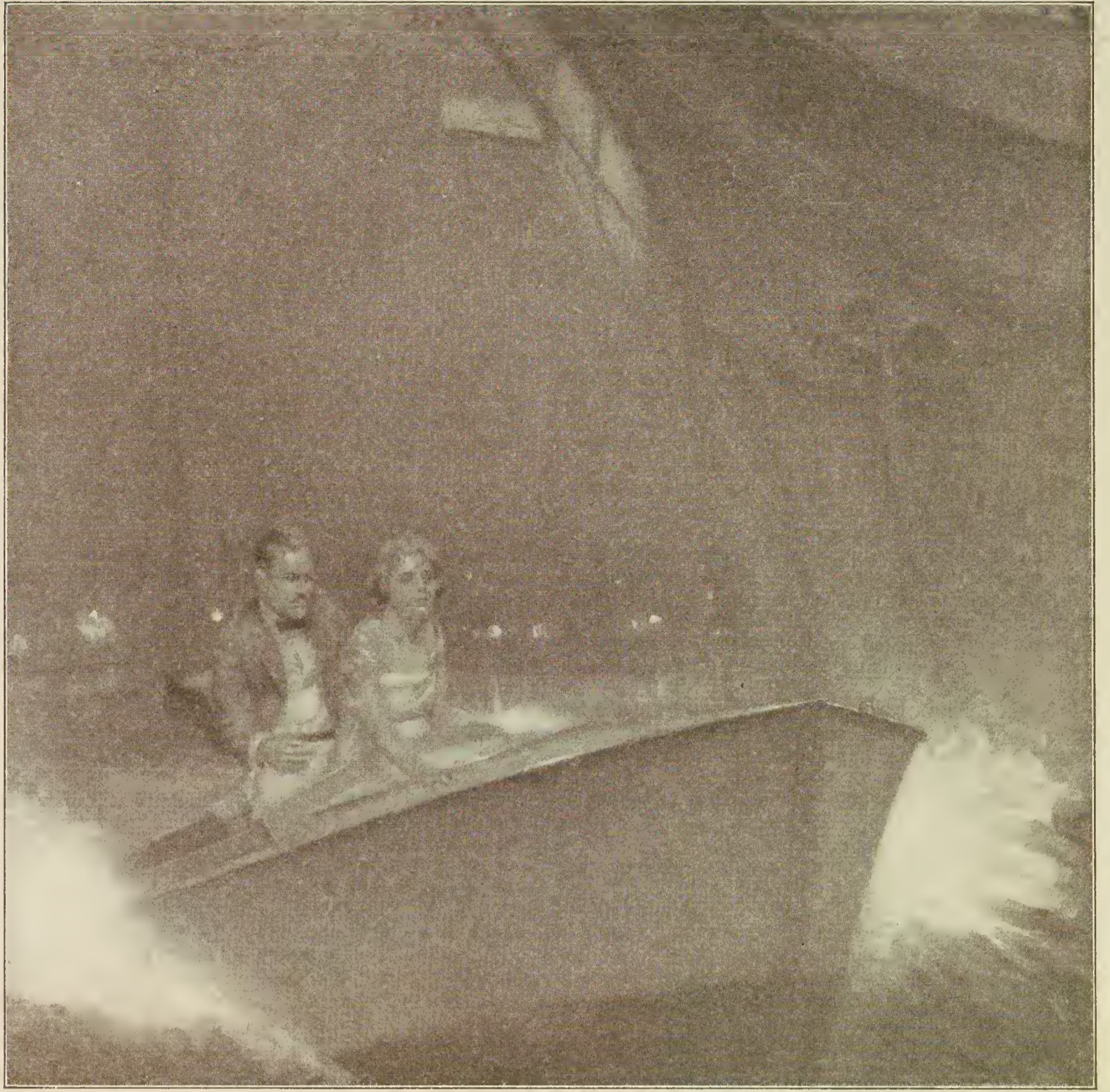
SHE was standing alone, forward of the upper deck, watching the hovering gulls. From our point of vantage, her white frock was the high note to which all the rest of the scene led up; the misty blue of sea and sky, the indigo-colored mountains enclosing the bay, the greeny-black giant firs beyond False Creek, and the argent flash and flicker of the gulls' wings. All in white she was, and she stood with her ungloved hands resting on the rail. The silken ankles visible between her deck shoes and trim white skirt were as neat as her hands. And she had lovely hair, of that yellow-brown color seldom seen save on a child at the age when the gold of babyhood begins to darken. Aside from these indisputable points, there was nothing about her to take one's breath. Her eyes were gray, and she had a good square chin that gave her a sensible, steady look. Her pallor was only the mark of a tropical climate. She had blood enough; it showed in her humorous mouth.

I have no idea why Kevin should have supposed I knew her. But I did.

"Why, it's Geraldine Jewett!" And I stood gaping, until Kevin propelled me firmly forward.

"Introduce me."

She turned before I could speak, holding out both her hands with a lovely smile. "Why, is it really you?" But not to me—to Kevin!



THE MASTHEAD LIGHTS OF AN ANCHORED SCHOONER PICKED US OUT AS WE CUT UNDER HER BOW

"You know O'Neill?" I blurted. "Then why—" But she drew back, the welcome fading out of her eyes as she looked from him to me in a puzzled way.

"No, I don't," she replied, with the same startled candor. "How absurd! I did think," she spoke to him just the same, "that you were some one I knew well, but now I don't even know who I thought it was." And to me she added with a laugh: "At least, I may ask how do you do?"

"How long have you been here already without letting me know?"

"No time at all; we came over from Victoria on this morning's boat, and straight here to lunch with the captain and to say good-by."

"Then you're not booked for this trip?" Kevin asked.

"Quite the contrary," Geraldine explained. They had come from Hongkong on that same boat, and stopped to visit friends on the island.

"Who're you with here?" I wanted to know.

"Ourselves, at the hotel." The melodious clamor of a gong cut her short, first signal for going ashore. Kevin started.

"If you'll pardon me, I've got to catch a steward," and he vanished.

"And how do you like the gorgeous East, Gerry?" I pursued. "Did it shower you with barbaric pearls and gold?"

"OH, SOME. We only got as far as Japan other Summers. This time I said I'd go alone if necessary. Always meant to come back, but things happened to prevent— There's Henry now."

Henry had been the main thing that happened to prevent, I reflected, while we shook hands hastily and promised to meet later. The second gong was sounding, and I had to find Kevin and say good-by.

But Kevin was not in his stateroom, nor on either deck, nor in the smoking-room, the lounge, nor the dining-saloon. So I departed, hot and disgruntled.

I was cooling off later in the afternoon on the roof of the hotel, in company with Geraldine and Henry. Geraldine was dotting on the view of the bay, which I am told is far superior to Naples. Henry and I sat with our backs to it while he tried to induct me into the mysteries of exchange in the Orient, which he said he had never been

able to understand himself. Then I stopped in mid-sentence with my mouth open. It was really rather like encountering a ghost to see Kevin O'Neill, who should by that time have been a matter of thirty knots out to sea, strolling instead toward us. He saw me first, for he met my petrified stare very coolly; and when I asked severely:

"What the deuce are you doing here?" he answered with complete composure:

"Looking for Don Cameron."

"Won't we do instead?" Geraldine said over her shoulder. "Henry—my husband, Mr. O'Neill—this is he; the man I thought I knew. Henry told me, Mr. O'Neill, that it was fortunate I had a friend at hand to vouch for me. He says it is a nerve-shattering experience to be accosted by a totally strange female. Sit down and restore yourself with a muffin; they are the foundations of the British Empire. Does he look like any one we know?" she appealed to Jewett.

IT WAS lucky she filled the gap so neatly; for Kevin certainly turned pale, and he looked at Henry Jewett with blank astonishment. But all he saw was a dark and rather heavy man of about forty, with the noncommittal eye, pleasant smile, and well-tailored person of the successful American business man.

"Not any one that I know." Jewett motioned to the vacant chair cordially. "Ever been to China, Mr. O'Neill? Or maybe San Francisco?"

"I was in San Francisco, five years ago." Kevin sat down.

"Five years ago—that was the year we married, and left. First of September."

"It was near the end of September I was there," Kevin remarked. "And I've never been to China; got as far as Honolulu last year, and was snaked back at the end of a cable." I was aware of the glance he gave me, but avoided it; I hate having discretion imposed on me.

"It's worth seeing," Jewett said, in his slow, quiet voice. "How the other half lives, I mean. Sets you wondering—about humanity. The differences are accidents, externals. Those accidents and externals mold us, make our lives. We haven't got a word to say about it, really. We are what we're born to be; do what we're set to do. Well—Gerry, I seem to have been making a speech."

Continued on page 60

THE MIRACLE

A story of the faith of Matathias, who lived in the time of Christ

By RENÉ PUAUX

Translated from the French by HARRIET IDE EAGER



MATATHIAS, son of Ebron, the oil merchant, was returning from Sebastia to the province of Samaria, when, at the well of Gantilsa, the caravan was harangued by a hairy shepherd who cried: "Repent ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Prepare ye the way of the Lord."

He attached no importance to these words. Solitude often affected the minds of these sheep-herders; moreover, it was customary to select them among the mentally disinherited, who were incapable of city labor. Matathias resumed the road to Jerusalem, calculating his meager profits from the next olive crop, which promised to be poor.

But when the rumor spread in Judea that a prophet was abroad in Galilee, teaching in the synagogues, preaching, and healing the sick, the encounter at the well of Gantilsa returned to his mind. Matathias was troubled. Since childhood he had hoped to be among the sons of Israel to see the Messiah. Deserting his father's presses, he made his way to the Lake of Tiberia, along the banks of which the prophet had last been seen.

On the road to Sichem he joined a group of men bound for Galilee in the same hope. Some seemed exalted; others were doubtful, fearing one more disappointment in their dream of a great, conquering and magnificent king who should restore unto the people of Israel their vanished glory.

Among the most incredulous was a certain Gadda, baker by trade, not a bad companion, but suspicious and violent, and often cruel in his jesting. He too came from the high city where Matathias lived. Gadda confessed he had merely followed the others out of curiosity, for he knew only too well the disappointment awaiting them all.

They had journeyed seven days, and impatience was beginning to beset them, when, on the slopes of a solitary mountain south of Semeron, they saw a great multitude ascending through the olive-bushes and vines. They urged their beasts on.

Matathias found himself forced to remain on the outskirts of the crowd. There was a buzz of conversation; once a fragment of wall gave way, followed by the sound of falling and laughing; newcomers arrived and asked questions.

Only scraps of phrases reached the ears of Matathias: "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay. . . . Love your enemies, bless them that curse you. . . . If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? . . . Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. . . ."

Finally, despite everything, there was silence. The distance no longer prevented Matathias from following, and he let himself be swept along by the words. This man was not speaking of the God of battles and desolation, and of rivers of blood that flowed upon the heads of mankind. He was preaching a religion of tenderness and confidence. A great joy spread through Matathias. This might not be the Messiah announced by the ancient prophets, but his word was balm to the heart.

MATATHIAS was known among the oil merchants as an honest, hard-working, timid young man, less avid for gain than his father. He had a young and dissipated brother who consorted with evil women. This brother, Simon by name, was the great grief and shame of Matathias.

The words of the prophet made him think of Simon, and he promised himself to be less severe. Did not an older brother owe protection to the younger, and had he not perhaps exaggerated his faults?

While Matathias reflected thus on his brother the sermon came to an end. Jesus of Nazareth passed through the crowd and descended the hill, followed by his first disciples. Little groups formed, to dispute over the new doctrine. Gadda the baker was conspicuous with his ironical criticisms.

Matathias heard the words of the baker, but he did not listen. He was still thinking of his brother, and he

realized with great satisfaction that he loved his brother anew as in the days of their youth. Instinctively he followed the crowd, leaving Gadda perorating under the olive-trees. He would have liked to draw near to Jesus and ask him questions, but the prophet was already far off, and the young man's timidity was great.

As they departed for Jerusalem at dawn of the next day, they heard that Jesus had healed a leper at Semeron. The long discussion continued, and many regretted that they had not witnessed this miracle. It was not the first miracle Jesus was reported to have performed in Galilee.

"I," repeated Gadda, "shall not believe in this prophet until he has performed a miracle before my eyes—a real miracle, not one of these false healings which he doubtless prepares in secret with one of his sect."

THEY passed the Sabbath of the second week at Arimathea. On leaving the synagogue, Matathias went to a rich man of this town, a certain Joseph, whose crops his father often bought. Joseph was a member of the Sanhedrin of Jerusalem, but took no vain pride in his high office. The old man listened to Matathias and sat silent a long time. Then he put his hand on the young man's shoulder and said:

"Since that long-vanished day of their abasement, the people of Israel have awaited the Messiah. Our fate is cruel. I know the weakness of our race. If David himself returned to-day, he would find no followers. This man you heard seems to have brought a new message—of the power of the heart, not the arm. It may be the truth, but I can not counsel thee, for I know too little of this man. We must inquire further."

Matathias departed, happy that the old Joseph had not discouraged him. Reproaches awaited him at his father's house. Why had he lost these two weeks on a fruitless journey? Matathias accepted the reprimand in a spirit of humility. How could his father understand the message he had brought back from the mountain of Semeron?

His brother Simon covered him with ridicule. He did not resent it. Simon, too, could not yet understand.

In the days that followed, Matathias tried to draw closer to Simon, to make him feel that his sins were no longer an obstacle to brotherly intimacy; but Simon remained deaf to these advances. Matathias grieved in his heart.

Travelers returning from Galilee continued to report the doings and sayings of the prophet. He had healed the servant of a centurion at Capernaum, made a paralytic to walk, opened the eyes of two blind men, given speech to the dumb; and all said: "It is like nothing ever seen in Israel."

At the time that Jesus came to Jerusalem, Matathias's father had sent him to deliver oil in Egypt, a journey that required several months.

When he returned after Easter, he learned to his great sorrow of the crucifixion of the man whom in his heart he had believed to be the Messiah. His neighbor Gadda had witnessed the tribulations of the last week and related the details to Matathias. Gadda had been among those who had cried: "If thou art the Son of God, come down from the cross." He had not done this from a spirit of hate or evil irony, but from his need of a convincing miracle. Gadda unburdened himself to Matathias, acknowledging that the men of the Sanhedrin had gone too far in demanding the death of Jesus from Pilate, for this man had committed no crime and his visionary prophecies harmed none.

Matathias confided his distress to Joseph of Arimathea, who was in Jerusalem. He found the old man deeply affected. "Israel has sealed her punishment with the blood of the just," he said. "Woe unto our people!" And he wept.

The father of Matathias was rigorously faithful to the synagogue, a man as severe on others as on himself. All that varied from the written law found no favor in his eyes. He approved of the zeal and intelligence of his elder son in commerce, but his new ideas displeased him. Except for questions of business, father and son spoke little. In this solitude of the heart, Matathias concentrated his love upon Simon his brother. Simon remained

upon the offensive. But he was less aggressive and regarded his brother with a sort of contemptuous pity.

The death of Jesus and its mysterious aftermath caused a certain agitation in Jerusalem. His disciples recruited numerous followers. Peter healed a beggar whom every one knew, for he used to cry for alms at the door of the temple. One disciple named Thomas related that the Saviour had appeared to them after his death and said:

"And these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

These words spread abroad, and the disciples were the object of frequent inquiries. Matathias was known to belong to the sect, and was approached by a neighbor whose son had lost the use of his legs. Matathias hesitated to risk such a test. But he believed he should not refuse.

He went to the house of the weaver, and found the child lying on a small cot. He was pitifully thin. Greatly troubled, Matathias closed his eyes and, laying his hands upon the knees of the sick boy, invoked the divine grace. To give more force to his prayer, he concentrated his thought upon his brother, imagining that it was Simon who lay ill.

NEIGHBORS, among them Gadda the baker, had gathered in the room and watched the attempted healing with silent curiosity.

When Matathias opened his eyes again, he saw the father with his hands under the child's arms attempting to make him walk; but the boy fell, striking his forehead. The audience, disappointed and reproving, said nothing. Matathias craved pardon of the father. Doubtless he was not yet a worthy disciple of the Lord and had not received those miraculous gifts which were reserved for better than he.

The evening of that day, as he sat thinking of his failure, his young brother entered the room. Simon seemed in great distress. He admitted that he was unhappy. A woman had left him for another. Formerly the elder would have expressed his contempt for such tales. But now he made of his younger brother's confidence a pretext for showing his own deep and sincere affection. He drew out all the shabby tale and comforted the lover by sympathizing seriously in his grief. Simon embraced his brother, and there was joy in both their hearts.

Matathias saw heavenly intervention in this event. He returned to the paralyzed child with fervent determination; but his prayer still remained without echo.

He attempted to heal some of the crippled of his quarter. At first they greeted him with irony and even abuse, for his unsuccessful trials had become notorious, but his charity and his modesty won their sympathies, and now no one laughed when Matathias prayed at the bedside of the sick.

One evening he was surprised to see Gadda the baker coming to him. "Son of Ebron," said Gadda, "I wish thee to instruct me in the doctrine of this Jesus, of whom thou art a disciple."

"What?" said Matathias. "Thou askest me this? Wert thou not in the home of Philip the weaver when I tried in vain to restore to his son the use of his legs?"

"I was," said Gadda.

"Wert thou not in the house of Timon when I tried in vain to drive away the shadow from the eyes of his mother?"

"I was."

"Wert thou not in the house of Nicanor when I besought the Lord in vain to make straight his twisted leg?"

"I was."

"Knowest thou not that each time I have asked of the Almighty the favor of a miracle he has refused me?"

"That is why," said Gadda, "I now believe in this Evangel. Although God has never granted thee the favor of a miracle, thou hast not ceased to have faith in the word of his prophet. To me this is more convincing than any miracle."



AT THE WELL OF GANTILSA, THEIR CARAVAN WAS HARANGUED BY A HAIRY SHEPHERD WHO CRIED: "REPENT YE: FOR THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN IS AT HAND. PREPARE YE THE WAY OF THE LORD, MAKE HIS PATHS STRAIGHT"



LITTLE PRINCE TOOFAT

BY GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER

V—The Toboggan Slide
on the Comet's Tail

SURELY you know how little Prince Toofat went tobogganing on the comet's tail. He was talking to himself in the mirror and went through Looking-Glass Land with himself to Fairyland. The further they went away from the mirror the smaller they got, like anybody else does, till they ungreed to the size of the fairies, and then they were there. The Great Fozzlewhich, who somehow or other seemed to be the palace black cat, Milk-eater, appeared, and demanded all the sparks the Prince had pulled out of her tail in the dark. She got fourteen of the sparks, and demanded the other fifty-seven, and there is no telling what would have happened next, only Mollie, the chief sweeper-out, turned the mirror they came in at face up to sweep, and they went down whirlways, like everything does when you

tilt a mirror, and came out in China. In Chinese Fairyland they met the Princess Oogalally and got chased again by the Great Fozzlewhich and jumped straight up in the air to get away and they jumped so hard they just kept on going up.

Just as the Prince and Himself jumped straight up in the air the little willow-bridge with the Princess on it sailed over their heads and they jumped under it, but it wasn't a big enough bridge or a big enough Princess to hold down such a strong jump as they gave. So the Prince and Himself and the willow-bridge and the little Princess and the guitar went sky-rocketing straight up toward up above there to where it's so blue you can't see any further.

Well, they kept on going up and up and up, and the

Princess leaned over the railing picking her light guitar tra, la, la and smiling, and didn't seem to mind it a bit. So the Prince and Himself climbed up on the bridge beside her. Of course they didn't have anything to climb up on except just the air, but that's as easy as nothing when you know how. First you put your other hand up just as high as you can, then you put your other foot up. Then you put your other hand up where your other hand just was, and put your other hand on up higher. Then you put your foot up just exactly where you had your other foot and put your other foot on up higher, and so you go right on up. If you try it this way, and can't do it, just come back and read the directions over again. Maybe you didn't get it right the first time.

Concluded on page 65

SCREENS for ODD CORNERS

By NADINE SEYMOUR



Photo from Charles R. Yandell & Co.

The Chinese pagoda is a new screen idea for your telephone. The cord runs through the base, and the side lets down, forming the door



Photo from The Village Store for American Folkcraft

A novel idea for a lamp-screen is the mounting of a peacock-feather fan in a lamp-base of greenish pottery

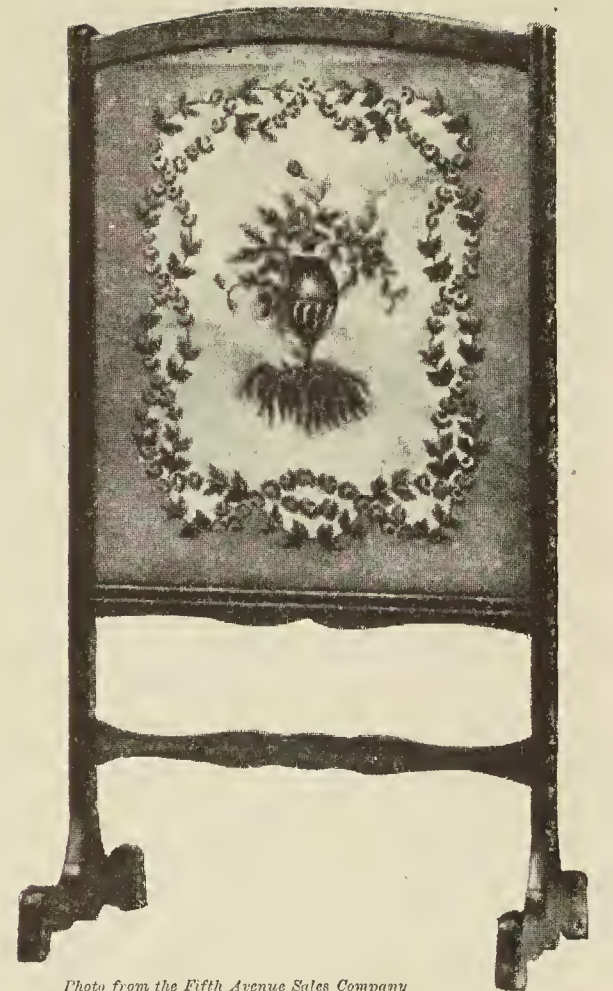


Photo from the Fifth Avenue Sales Company

Delightful in the simplicity of its design, this old French fire-screen, 33½ by 17½ inches, could be copied by a similar framing of a sampler or piece of tapestry



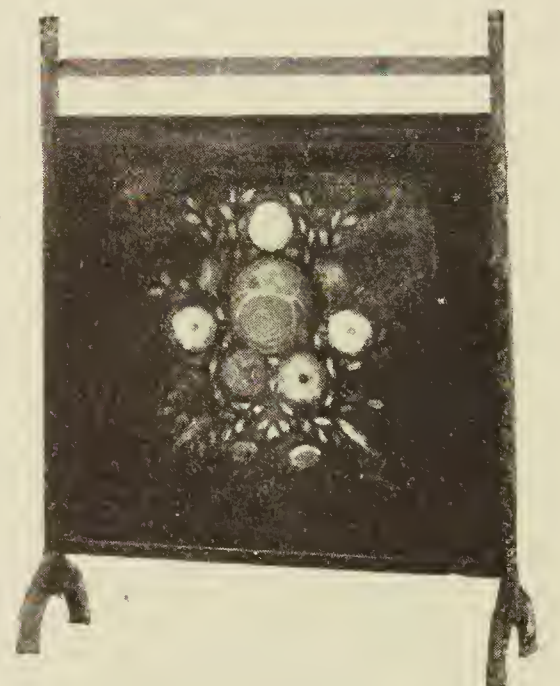
Photo from Wanamaker

A colored picture, framed and glass-covered, makes this fascinating French table-screen. The wide-spread base gives it both stability and distinction



Photo from Wanamaker

This old Italian screen is of silk with appliqué designs of paper; it is easily duplicated in modern materials



Artistic and easy to copy is this oil-painted fire-screen, 28 by 36 inches, which is made entirely of wood

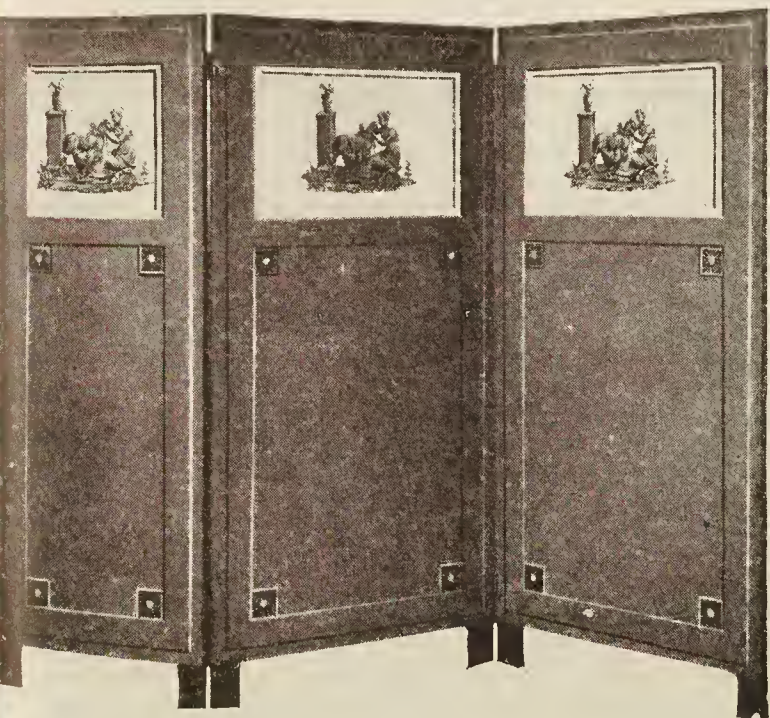


Photo from Wanamaker

Specially interesting is this painted canvas screen forty inches high, upon which cut-outs from old French wall-paper have been pasted. Two of its three panels are twenty-four inches wide, the other one eighteen



Photo from Charles R. Yandell & Co.

There is a Colonial suggestion in this fire or lamp screen. The walnut oval, framing a painting or tapestry, slides easily up and down on the pole

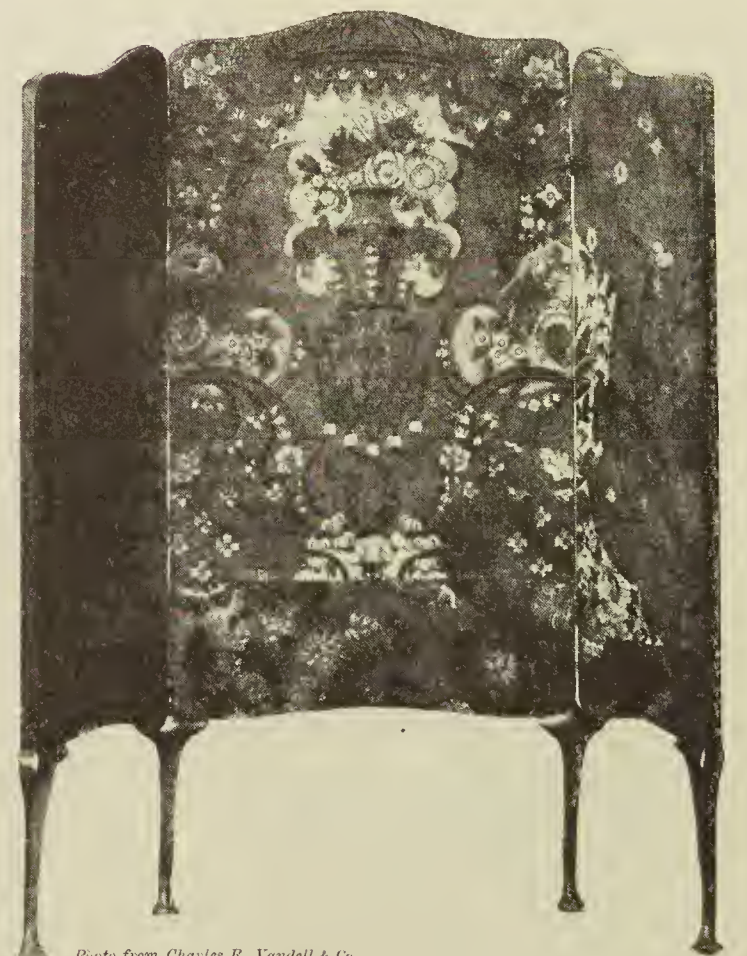


Photo from Charles R. Yandell & Co.

This little antique screen of leather, forty-five inches at its highest point, is decorated in softest tones of old-gold, blue, and brown, and would make a charming note in any room

EIGHT-THIRTY SHARP

A Comedy in One Act By JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER

THE PEOPLE IN THE PLAY

CYRIL PAINTER—Husband, who hopes he will never grow too old to be his sons' playfellow.

DOROTHEA—His wife, devoted to her husband and children; nothing goes right without her.

VAN CLEEVE—Twelve-year-old son, whose mischievous spirits are surpassed only by those of

NICHOLAS—His younger brother, aged nine.

LUCY—Old family servant (colored), who aids and abets each member of the family in turn.

PATSY—An Airedale puppy.

TIME—The Present.

PLACE—The Painter Home.

SCENE:

An up-stairs sitting-room. Door right (R) leads to bathroom and children's bedroom. Door left (L) leads to DOROTHEA'S dressing-room and the hall.

DISCOVERED at rise of curtain, NICHOLAS sitting at table (U C), drawing pictures. Pair of boxing-gloves lying on table. VAN CLEEVE lounging in chair (R), reading. PATSY on floor. Enter DOROTHEA (R), carrying coat and bottle of cleaning fluid. Sits in front of table. CYRIL pokes head in door (L). Has on bathrobe; face covered with lather; shaving-brush in hand.

CYRIL: Dorothea, do I have to wear my silk hat to-night?

DOROTHEA (rubs coat lapel vigorously): If I looked as well in a silk hat as you do, I shouldn't always be trying to get out of wearing it.

CYRIL: Are you no nearer dressed than that? We'll be late, sure. (Advances into room.)

DOROTHEA (looks at him over shoulder): I am a good deal nearer dressed than you appear to be.

CYRIL: What are you finding to do at the last moment, as usual?

DOROTHEA: Cleaning incriminating evidence off the lapel of your dress coat.

CYRIL: Let it go; you haven't time.

DOROTHEA: Leave powder on your coat! Cyril, why do you let lovely ladies rub their faces on your chest when they dance with you? It's awfully bad form, and the horrid stuff won't come off.

CYRIL: You did it.

DOROTHEA: I didn't do any such thing! I wouldn't be so careless with my complexion. Cyril, please go finish shaving. A husband who dares appear before his wife with lather all over his face must be horribly sure of her love.

CYRIL (still rubbing on lather): Do you begrudge me that small comfort in life? (Reaches over and dabs lather on her face. DOROTHEA squeals—wipes it off.)

DOROTHEA: Cyril, you have no idea of time. What time is it, anyway?

CYRIL: It's a quarter to eight o'clock and the curtain goes up at eight-thirty sharp. Let's take time by the forelock and get away from here promptly. (Exit CYRIL.)

NICHOLAS (calls): Where are you going, daddy?

DOROTHEA: To the theater.

VAN CLEEVE (goes over to table and picks up boxing-glove): An, mother, you never take us to the theater. You're always goin' off an' leavin' us.

NICHOLAS: Yes, mother; you're always goin' off an' leavin' us—you never stay home any more. Please let us get undressed in here.

DOROTHEA: I don't care where you get undressed, just so you get undressed. (Enter CYRIL.)

CYRIL: Well, I care where you get undressed. Go to your own room and don't bother your mother; she's in a hurry.

DOROTHEA: Do as daddy says; go to your room.

(NICHOLAS and VAN CLEEVE run up to father.)

VAN CLEEVE: You said you'd box with us, dad.

NICHOLAS: Yes, daddy; you promised.

CYRIL (leans over and whispers to boys): Your mother won't let me.

VAN CLEEVE (taps him on cheek with glove he has put on. Exits running, CYRIL pretending to chase him.)

DOROTHEA (not looking up): Cyril, haven't you finished shaving?

(CYRIL, watching DOROTHEA, stealthily paints mustache on NICHOLAS with lather.)

CYRIL: Don't you worry about my shaving; I can shave in three minutes. (Whispers to NICHOLAS.)

DOROTHEA: Well, it will be a pretty sketchy shave.

NICHOLAS (goes over to mother—puts face down beside hers): Kiss me good night, mother.

DOROTHEA (lifts head, almost kisses him, starts): Gracious! Go wash that off if you want me to kiss you!

NICHOLAS (calls): Van, I've got a mustache on both sides of my mouth! (Exits, laughing.)

DOROTHEA: Cyril, you're too silly! You're worse than the children!

CYRIL: Dorothea, I intend to remain young with my children.

DOROTHEA: Well, you won't have to try very hard. (Exit CYRIL. DOROTHEA gives final rub to coat, smells it, gets up, hangs it on back of chair): That smell ought to keep the lovely ladies from rubbing their faces into his chest. (Picks up pair of white stockings lying on chair; sits down as if to put them on.)

NICHOLAS (off stage): Mo-o-ther, make Van quit!

DOROTHEA (gets up and goes to door R): Van, Nicholas, you know mother and daddy are getting ready to go out. Didn't you promise to undress without quarreling? Do you think you are keeping your promise? (Sits, kicks off bedroom slippers; about to change stockings. Enter LUCY.)

LUCY: Miss Dorothy, does you know where de wich-hazel is? Mr. Cyril's done cut hisself shavin'.

DOROTHEA: Um, hum! Those three-minute shaves! It's in the bathroom closet, Lucy.

LUCY: Yas'm. (Exits off stage, calls): I can't find it, Miss Dorothy, You sho' it's here?

DOROTHEA (hastily puts on slippers; runs to door, stockings on arm, calls): No, it isn't there, Lucy; it's in here on the chiffonier; I had it for Van's finger.

(Enter LUCY; looks for wich-hazel; DOROTHEA sits again.)

NICHOLAS (off stage): Mother! make Van quit squeezein' me against the side of the tub.

DOROTHEA: Oh, dear! Why did I let you get in the tub together? (Exits.)

LUCY (still looking for bottle): Chiffonay! chiffonay! Here it is!

(Picks it up off floor—holds it up. Enter DOROTHEA.)

DOROTHEA: Did you find it, Lucy?

LUCY: Yassum! Dat'll keep de red gravy from runnin' out of po' Mr. Cyril! (Exit LUCY.)

DOROTHEA (sits; kicks off slipper; slips hand in stocking): Isn't that disgusting! Look at those runners! Lucy, Lucy, please come here!

(Enter CYRIL, putting on wich-hazel, collar and hairbrush in hand.)

CYRIL: I can't find a dress tie, Dorothea. Where'd you put them?

DOROTHEA: I always put your dress ties inside your clean dress shirts, as soon as they come from the laundry. Come here! (CYRIL goes to her, and she examines his shirt-front.) I knew it! You didn't put on a clean shirt! You've got on the same one you wore to the symphony concert the other night.

CYRIL (sheepishly): You don't get a shirt dirty just wearing it to a symphony concert.

DOROTHEA: If you begrudge the sixteen cents it costs to have a shirt laundered, I'll pay for it.

CYRIL: I don't begrudge the sixteen cents; I begrudge the time it takes to get these damn studs out and in when I'm in a hurry. (Picks up hand-mirror, brushes hair.)

NICHOLAS (off stage): Mother! I've got soap in my eyes!

DOROTHEA (puts on slipper; stands on one foot, looking for other slipper): Oh, you poor child! Wash them out with cold water. Mother'll be right there!

CYRIL (pulling on collar): What are those kids doing?

DOROTHEA: Taking a bath.

CYRIL: Couldn't their baths be omitted just once when we're in such a hurry?

DOROTHEA (hopping around on one foot): Must they go without their baths just because we happen to be going to the theater? Where is my other slipper?

NICHOLAS (off stage): Oh, mother, it stings!

DOROTHEA (stoops to pick up CYRIL's cuffs—drops her stockings): Wash them with some more water, dear; I'll come as quick as I can.

CYRIL (seizes her): No, you won't come as quick as you can! (Calls) Nick, the Ashokan dam is full of water; take all you want. Dorothea, you act as if he were a baby.

DOROTHEA (plaintively): Cyril, he is my baby—you don't seem to realize that.

CYRIL (crosses to R): Cut the sob stuff! (Enter LUCY L with opera coat and long gloves; lays them across chair.)

DOROTHEA (drops stockings): Lucy, go wash the soap out of Nicholas's eyes. Tell



"Oh, Lordy, Mr. Cyril, pull off that little varmint! He's killin' his brother!"

them I'm coming to see if their ears are clean.

CYRIL: Can't Lucy tend to their ears? LUCY: Sure I can, Mr. Cyril! Don't you think I can wash out chillen's years? You go 'long, Miss Dorothy; I'll git 'em bathed after you go.

CYRIL: Now you're talkin', Lucy.

DOROTHEA (moves chair; finds slipper; puts it on foot that has one on; takes it off; puts it on other; starts for bathroom): You know they take advantage of Lucy and run round after their baths and catch cold. I want them in bed before I go. (Laughter from bathroom.)

CYRIL: You hear them laughing? Nicholas has forgotten all about the soap. You think nothing goes right unless you're on the job.

LUCY: Ain't dat de truf, Mr. Cyril?

DOROTHEA (goes back L, picks up stocking): Lucy, go rub their backs with a rough towel; take these stockings and mend the runners—it won't take a minute. (Exit LUCY.) Cyril, take off that shirt!

CYRIL: Well, you make me tired! (Rips off collar angrily.)

DOROTHEA (calls): Lucy, bring Mr. Cyril a clean dress shirt; I'll come rub their backs.

LUCY (off stage): Yas'm.

CYRIL (seizes DOROTHEA as she passes him crossing R): You won't come rub their backs! They'll rub their own backs, or each other's backs, or any old backs. You aren't any nearer dressed than you were when I was in here before. (Absently puts on collar; sees what he has done; rips it off again.)

DOROTHEA: You can't tell a thing about it. I don't look dressed, because I have on a kimono. But my hair's fixed and everything. All I have to do is put on my dress and slippers. (Picks up slippers under chiffonier R; walks to table; puts them on table; examines long gloves. Enter NICHOLAS in pajamas, followed by PATSY; goes up and stands quietly in front of father.)

CYRIL (struggling savagely with studs): Well, put them on! Dorothea, I wish you had these—(pauses—looks at NICHOLAS)—blamed studs to unfasten. If you wanted me to change this shirt, why didn't you take out the studs when we came home from the symphony concert and send it to the laundry? That's a little thing for a wife to do. Hang it, Nick, get out of here!

(DOROTHEA inspects opera coat; lays it over back of chair in front of table.)

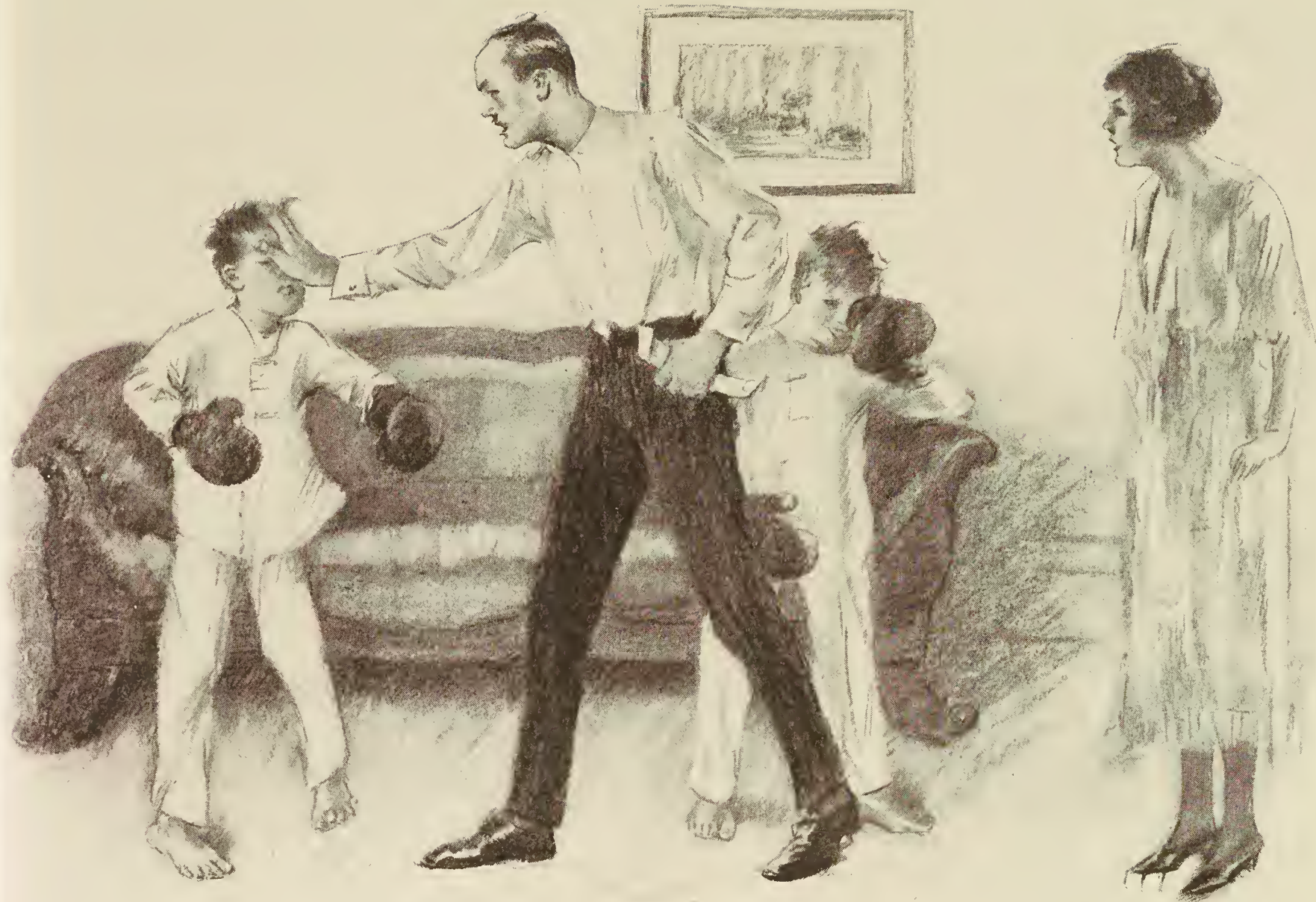
NICHOLAS: I want to tell you good night, daddy.

CYRIL (kisses him vehemently): Well, good night!

(NICHOLAS gets funny paper, spreads it out



"Cyril, for heaven's sake, it's the Mestons. I forgot we had an engagement—"



CYRIL: Pull yourself together, Van; you're getting groggy!
 DOROTHEA: "Groggy-groggy"! You poor baby! What are they doing to you?

William Van Dyke

on floor; lies down and looks at it, PATSY beside him.)

DOROTHEA (inspects gloves): I'd be delighted to take the studs out of your shirt and send it to the laundry if you didn't hide it the minute you take it off, thinking you'd sneak it out and wear it again. It's your own fault, Cyril. (Goes to chiffonier R, stepping over PATSY and NICHOLAS; opens one drawer after another; searches through them, disturbing contents.)

CYRIL (working at studs): When I'm in a hurry, just as sure as I get this little back part off I drop it and it rolls under the bureau. Then I dive after it and get my hands dirty and have to wash 'em again. Don't you think that takes time, Dorothea?

DOROTHEA (coldly): We've argued this

all out before. Cyril, and you know how I feel about it. You are abnormal about changing shirts. I have a perfect horror of your becoming like my old New England grandfather. It took the whole family to make him change his shirt once a week. The saying is, "Linen that can be questioned shouldn't be worn." What is simpler than that? (Puts white satin slippers in conspicuous place.) Remind me to put these on, just before we go.

CYRIL: What are you doing, anyway?

DOROTHEA: I'm waiting for Lucy to mend the only pair of white silk stockings I own; I'll go see if she's finished them. (Exit DOROTHEA R.)

CYRIL (goes to glass L, scrutinizes shirt-front): All nonsense! You can't see a speck of dirt! (Stealthily watches door where DOROTHEA has gone out; hastily fastens shirt-bands; goes to door L, calls.) Lucy, bring me a dress tie.

(Goes back to glass, puts on collar, looks at himself with satisfaction. Boxing-glove thrown from off stage L hits NICHOLAS. He looks up from paper, picks up glove, runs R, collides with LUCY entering, exits running R.)

LUCY (calls after him): Watch out where you goin', chile! Here's your tie, Mr. Cyril. (Hands him tie; puts stockings on chair.)

CYRIL (putting on tie): Lucy!

LUCY: Yes, sir.

CYRIL: Look here; how does this shirt look?

LUCY (surveys him admiringly): Fine! I loves to see you put on even' clothes, Mr. Cyril.

CYRIL: Does this shirt look clean, Lucy?

LUCY: Sure it looks clean, Mr. Cyril.

CYRIL (puts hand in pocket): I've got a lot of quarters rattlin' round in my pocket. Maybe you could use one.

LUCY: Yes, sir! Thank you, sir! I'll buy savings stamps with that! (Starts to go out.)

CYRIL: Lucy!

LUCY: Yes, sir!

CYRIL: If anybody mentions my shirt, remember you said it was clean.

LUCY: Yes, sir, Mr. Cyril. I guess I knows a clean shirt when I sees one.

(Exits. CYRIL turns to glass again. Enter VAN CLEEVE with boxing-gloves on; slips up and hides behind chair on which mother's opera coat hangs.)

CYRIL: She'll never know!

(Exits. Enter NICHOLAS L with gloves on, slips up behind VAN CLEEVE, who is watching for him R, and punches him in rear. Follows up advantage, gives him several punches before VAN CLEEVE, who turns and holds up guard, can get back at him. Enter CYRIL.)

CYRIL: Hey, Van, what's the matter? the kid's got you going!

VAN CLEEVE (puffing): Well—dad—he doesn't use any science—he just—hits!

CYRIL: Quit sluggin', Nick! stop that swing! Use the straight punch! Keep up your guard! (Enter LUCY.)

LUCY: Oh, Lawdy, Mr. Cyril, pull off that little varmint! He's killin' his brother! (Tries to take hold of VAN CLEEVE as if to protect him.)

VAN CLEEVE (aiming a blow at NICHOLAS): Look out, Lucy, you'll get hurt!

CYRIL: Pull yourself together, Van; you're getting groggy! Tap him a little!

DOROTHEA (from doorway): Cyril, what are you doing?

CYRIL (steps in between the two boys): I'm stoppin' this riot. Here, you kids! didn't I tell you to let up there?

DOROTHEA (rushes over to NICHOLAS): Groggy! groggy! You poor baby! What are they doing to you?

NICHOLAS (pulling away): Let me go, mother, I'm lickin' him up!

DOROTHEA: Cyril, is this the way you take time by the forelock?

CYRIL: Well, Dorothea, I just had to do it! (Looks at watch.) Gracious, I must have wasted five minutes stopping this fight! I guess I'd better get out of here! (Takes coat and vest off chair.)

DOROTHEA: You'll just have to tend to them, Lucy; I haven't a minute.

LUCY: Yas'm.

DOROTHEA: Now, darlings, do just what Lucy tells you. (Exit. LUCY starts taking off NICHOLAS's gloves.)

LUCY: You come on an' git to bed, you little varmint!

NICHOLAS: Lucy, what's a varmint?

LUCY: It's what you is! dat's what it is!

VAN CLEEVE: Come on, Patsy, we're goin' to bed; say your prayers. Prayers, Patsy, prayers! (PATSY says prayers.)

NICHOLAS: Van, do you think dogs know what prayers are?

VAN CLEEVE: Not any more than people.

NICHOLAS: Do you think Patsy knows she's a dog?

VAN CLEEVE: Well, what if she does? That's nothin' to feel bad about. Amen, Patsy. That's a good dog. Now come on, Lucy, we're goin' to take Patsy to b.d with us.

LUCY: You know yo' ma wouldn't like that. Come, Patsy, Lucy'll put you down in yo' nice bed in the cellar.

NICHOLAS: Then you've got to tell us a story. (Takes hold of her and pushes her in'o chair.)

LUCY: Go 'long, I ain't got time!

VAN CLEEVE: Yes, please do. Then we'll go right to bed, quick!

LUCY: Well, 'tain't goin' to be no long story. 'Kase ef yo' ma an' pa come an' fin' you out, they won't like it. I'll tell you 'bout when I was a little gal an' didn't have no ma.

NICHOLAS (with ready sympathy): Did you feel very bad about it?

LUCY: No! I never 'membered havin' no ma. She died when I was a little baby wid its eyes jes' opened.

NICHOLAS: Were you born with your eyes shut like a kitten, Lucy?

LUCY (rocks back and forth, laughing): No, honey, I was jes' foolin'.

NICHOLAS: Well, what did you do for a mother?

LUCY: My aunt brung me up. She was good to me, but she was awful stric'.

NICHOLAS: What do you mean "stric'?"

VAN CLEEVE: Bossy—wouldn't let her do anything. Go on, Lucy.

LUCY: She wouldn't give us no 'lasses candy; she wouldn't let me play wid de chillen. When I come home I have to sweep an' peel potatoes. Dat's when I warn't no more'n six years old.

NICHOLAS: Did you love her, Lucy?

VAN CLEEVE: Keep still, kid! Go on, Lucy.

LUCY: One day at school de little gal what set next to me had a orange.

NICHOLAS: Orange!

LUCY: Yas, a orange, like you has for your breakfast every day of your life. She peel dat orange right under my nose, an' de smell 'mos' drive me crazy. (Sniffs.) I kin smell it now. It was sweet! Ummm! (Silent, lost in thought.)

NICHOLAS (joggles her knee): Go, on, Lucy

LUCY: Well, she was a kind little gal; she give me a little teeny shiver of dat orange.

NICHOLAS: What do you mean "shiver"?

VAN CLEEVE: She means "shiver." Go on, Lucy.

LUCY (smacking her lips): Dat shiver tasted like dat ambrosia an' frankincense an' myrrh dat you read about in de Bible.

NICHOLAS: Did she give you any more?

LUCY: Honey, she might have give me more, but de teacher call her up to say her lessons.

VAN CLEEVE: What did you do?

LUCY: Dat's de awful part! I'se 'shamed to tell you.

NICHOLAS (excited): What did you do?

LUCY: Well, I was settin' dere, wid de smell of dat orange goin' up my nose. I sniff an' I sniff, but seem like de sniffin' didn't do no good. De teacher warn't lookin', an' I put my han' in dat desk an' drewed out dat orange an' peeled off a little shiver an' I put it in my mouf an' swallowed it down in my gizzard.

NICHOLAS: Gizzard!

VAN CLEEVE: Gizzard!

Continued on page 68



Nicholas slips up behind Van Cleeve when he isn't looking, and punches him

William Van Dyke



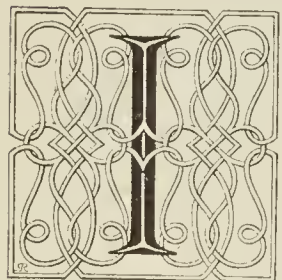
"Dorothea, I say, have you looked at these tickets?"

William Van Dyke

WHY THEY WON'T MARRY *the* MODERN MAN

Four young women come back at the bachelors who told in the December DELINEATOR why they didn't want to marry the modern girl. What do you think about it all?

THE JUDGMENT of Helen Rowland upon man is final! Here is her answer to the modern man who finds the modern girl a failure as a wife.



IN ANSWERING the arraignment of the modern girl and the bitter protest against matrimony in THE DELINEATOR, I am going to begin by agreeing with every wary bachelor who has so frankly expressed himself.

The 1921 model flapper (and sometimes her older sister) is all that these artful dodgers of matrimony assert that she is. That is, she is—with exceptions.

Any of these meticulous young men may find his Ideal Woman—that sweet, modest, womanly, capable potential wife-mother-and-pal for whom he sighs—if he will only look for her in the right places.

Does he want to know where he will find her? *Sh!* He will find her sitting against the wall in the ballroom, trying to look cheerful and animated while she watches him dancing with "the other kind." He will find her working for her living down-town in some business office, because no man has ever got to know her well enough to ask her to marry him. He will find her at home, alone, evenings, making over her last year's hats, or taking her joys and excitement vicariously in solitary state at some motion-picture palace. Or he may find her playing "gooseberry" or duenna to some sparkling, painted little flapper completely surrounded by men exactly like himself.

And "there's a reason"—as the advertisements say. There's always a reason!

God put into the heart of every woman the divine creative instinct; and every normal woman, from the most frivolous "doodlewit" to the most successful professional or business woman, has cherished, either consciously or subconsciously, *one ultimate ideal in life*—to find a mate and create for him a home, children and happiness! In order to attain these things, every woman takes what looks to her like the surest, shortest and quickest cut to masculine approval—and to marriage. Woman is and always has been what man *wants* her to be—not what he *thinks* he wants her to be, but what he *proves* that he wants her to be.

When he wanted the delicate, silly, simpering, blushing, fainting, slender-waisted doll, she tied her corset-strings around the bedpost and pulled in her stays until her health and her vital organs were ruined, learned to drop her eyes, and acted the fool as best she could. When he wanted the sentimental, domestic woman, she burned her fingers over the stove, cooed over babies, and learned to say, "Oh, how wonderful you are!"

NOW that he wants—well, just what *does* he want? Oh, yes! We know what he *thinks* he wants. But after a girl has refused to be "petted" at a "petting-party," and has found herself left out of all parties, for a while; after she has gently but firmly refused the kisses of half a dozen young men—and has never seen or heard from them again; after she has seen her friend, who *does* smoke cigars and is *not* averse to cocktails and promiscuous kissing, carried off in a high-powered motor-car and married by the "catch" of her set—well, she makes up her mind about what men want in a woman, and goes to it.

In short, men are getting just what they have brought upon themselves. Men have played and played and played with the divine fire of love and turned it into a bonfire for their amusement. And now they have the astounding audacity to blame the wreckage of their illusions upon the modern woman. They have long since ceased to consider the young girl's illusions sacred, as their fathers did; and have rejoiced in the cult of the "squab," the "chicken," and the "flapper." They have never gone out with the high purpose of finding a mate and making a home. They have merely dodged marriage as long as possible, and then fallen into it, as they would into a cellar door or a trap. But the old traps are rusty—and the springs no longer work! And the old bait, good cooking and a sweet smile, is too insipid. Men want "pep" and "spice" and sophistication. Now, as always, a man marries, not the woman who would keep him on his feet, but the one who carries him off his feet—whose superficial charms so dazzle him that he becomes dizzy and topples over into her arms. He marries, not when he loses his heart, but when he loses his equilibrium.



"I MUST FIND MY IDEAL MAN TO MAKE THE CHANCE WORTH TAKING"

But men *can not cheat Nature!* Even in them she has put her divine creative instinct. And they *will* marry—and will go right on marrying *the woman whom they have made!*

And women will go right on being the kind of woman men *want* her to be! The hardest task of the average woman's life is to keep her own ideals and still *appear* to live down to the standards which men have set for her.

"Verily, verily," saith Woman, "whatsoever I may be, I am, now and forever, *the woman thou madest me*—and quite good enough for *thee, O masculine lily!*"

HELEN ROWLAND.

"THE MALE PETTER is always homing in," says this college graduate, ex-flapper, who is twenty-two years old.

YES, I am a "modern girl." I am a college graduate. I do not smoke. I do not drink. I don't "pet." I am a good cook. And I teach a Sunday-school class! I know many attractive girls who can say the same.

In the last six years I have had a life of varied experience. I have made the rounds of the college dances; I have met the modern man in full bloom. Each year has brought in its crop of proposals. Yet, in all this time, I have not met the man that I would like for the father of my children.

The man of my dreams is a man who has and who *lives up to* high ideals, a man worth my respect, and sufficiently attractive to fall in love with. But is he the modern man?

The specimens of modernity that I know resolve themselves into certain types. A week ago a young man was talking to me over the telephone.

"I think," he said, "that you are in love with Tom."

Tom and I are the best of friends. But—"I could not," I responded, "fall in love with a human tank."

Mirth from the other end of the wire: "Listen here; Tom's not that. A tank, you know, can be filled."

"Well, then, a bottomless pit," I said feebly.

I do not smoke or drink because I believe these habits interfere with physical fitness. Yet *none* of the young men I know cramp their style with such considerations.

Besides the number of bottomless pits who seem surprised that I can not think of them as possible husbands, I know too many men who drug themselves with cigarettes—*young men who are thin, and hoarse of voice, and play golf rather than tennis.* Consider, too, the other types of the modern man. There is the confirmed bachelor, who flits from girl to girl. When he becomes interested, he flits determinedly on. He gives this as his reason:

"I may be selfish—but what I have now is just enough to keep me the way I like to go, so I don't feel like sharing it until I'm getting just twice as much."

Even more unattractive is the older man who, having been through everything and seen all the works himself, criticizes the modern girl for "being a little heady with her new freedom"—as some of us undeniably are.

There remains a last and all-pervasive type. I meet him at every dance, at formal balls, and at the country clubs. Everywhere he horns in.

I refer to the "petter." I do not say that no girls "pet"—that all the blame lies on the man. I only know that the man takes the initiative, and that the girl who goes to parties and wants to have a good time is besieged by this type of young man. Some girls see that they will lose their popularity unless they become "broad-minded." Others work up a line by which they can keep popularity without familiarity. This is a tough proposition, and any popular girl will bear me out.

Now I am going to say a few words about the professional or business girl of to-day. I am able to do this, for I have become one myself. Suppose I marry, abandoning what is now a certain career to give all my time and energy to the creating of a home and children, as is only right if I commit myself to marriage. My children may or may not give to the world what I stopped giving to bring them into it.

I must find my ideal man to make the chance worth taking. And that's why I'm waiting for him. So far, I have not found him in the ranks of the modern man.

"THE MODERN WOMAN wants a partner, not a master. How rarely she gets what she wants!" Wherefore this young woman hasn't married.

ALL THE DELINEATOR'S seven bachelors wear blinders. They must—or they'd see the scores of really nice girls there are all about them. Of course if they look in the wrong places, that's their fault. It is my belief that the man of to-day is hypercritical about women to an uncomfortable degree. It is not entirely his fault. It is the result of changing economic conditions.

Fifty years ago the average woman was shy and deferential. To-day she is a citizen of the world. Man has not yet accepted her in her new rôle. He wants her

Continued on page 77

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

AGE is an uneasy subject. Looking back it is possible to single out the golden years, but as one goes along one seems fated to be either too young or too old and often both. The awful seven-year hour when the small boy is too young for the Boy Scouts, and too old, too long of ear and too short of front teeth for the Christmas pantomime, has a habit of repeating itself through life.

There is a fashion in ages just as there are fashions in frocks and boots and coiffures.

Gibson with his girl of the beaches and the golf links struck the hour at twenty-two. Du Maurier's exquisite women were older, very *fin de siècle*, while the woman of to-day is not a woman at all, but a lawless, lovely and reckless young creature of seventeen.

To-day is the age of youth but not of innocence. The young girl is perpetually at war with the world that she has won because she knows too much and thinks too little. She is not the bread-and-butter miss of the white book-muslin frock and blue sash. The secret of her fascination lies partly in the sudden sharpness and maturity brought to her by the war at the moment of exquisite, unfolding beauty, an uncanny sophistication and wit and serpent wisdom coupled with the grace and freshness and bloom of adolescence.

It also lies in her—let us be elegant and inaccurate and say—ankles. Here also, one sees the hand of Mars, for it was the war and the shortage of material that brought into existence the short skirt and the fashion of extreme youth. It is a fashion that goes much further than one's frock. It has given over much of the life of the day and night to the pursuits and preoccupations of tireless youth. It has created an age which, if more physical and less intellectual, is also fresher and less jaded than the age which preceded it.

LET us be just to the present fashion of youth. Because it is young it is wilful and intolerant and exaggerated, but because it is young it is also vivid and eager and dauntless. It was the splendid folly of youth that fought the war. An exhausted world is leaning on its strength to-day, on its light-hearted, if light-headed, meeting of new and difficult conditions, on its courage, its indomitable energy, its amazing and incredible insouciance which will enable it to skate over a social and economic ice so thin that it would crack under the careful foot of age.

Youth is the adventurer and the pioneer. It is to youth with its willingness to try anything once that we owe all progress and all change. It is youth that has shown the world the joy of the car and the open road; it is youth that is teaching the world to fly. Beware when you find yourself resisting something because it is new. It is the first sign of settling down, of losing the elasticity and receptivity of the young.



O'Doyè perpetuates in a portrait photograph the ephemeral beauty of a tea gown of white crêpe with wide sleeves of lace and satin ribbon. From Molyneux.

We can almost invariably tell the age of a woman when we offer her something new in the Butterick pattern. When she has reached a certain age—and it is not a question of years but of spirit and capacity for growth—she clings to old things and old ways, even if they are awkward, because they are familiar, and because a sort of mental rheumatism has settled upon her, robbing her of her suppleness of mind just as age will rob her of her suppleness of body. It is the familiar fable of the old dog and the new trick.

The Deltor, like any other new invention, has proved a divining rod of a woman's age. The woman who is growing old is loath to take up a new thing because it is new. She has been working in her own way so long that her mental muscles won't adjust themselves to a change. Furthermore, she is convinced that she knows everything and that no one can show her anything. In that she is mistaken, for she will learn the new way after she has seen young girls succeed with it just as she has learned to use the telephone and the fireless cooker and rely on a car after years of crying derisively, "Get a horse!"

THE young girl, on the other hand, takes up the Deltor as naturally as a child learns to use a new toy. It attracts her because it is new, and she follows it as effortlessly as a good dancer follows the lead of her partner. She finds it easy because it is easy, and tremendously successful because she uses it as it was meant to be used, and not as the older woman tries to use it, with rigid adherence here and there to her old-fashioned, home-learned ways. The young girl knows that she does not know and lets the Deltor show her the right, easy way. The older woman knows she knows the old-fashioned way—and follows it to an old-fashioned dress. The older woman laboriously makes herself a fitted gown because she has always fitted her figure and so loses the soft and easy silhouette of youth, where the younger woman, following the Deltor, finishes in half the time a simple, chemise frock that is a literal translation of a new French mode. The older woman uses a dreary, out-of-style method of trimming because she knows how to do it while the young girl, free from the handicap of out-of-date knowledge, uses the French trimming that the Deltor shows her and makes for herself a dress with a captivating, Parisian accent.

YOUTH to-day is the fashion—a wiser one than many people realize. That it is an utterly delightful though much criticized fashion its own success shows beyond all manner of doubt. Grow young. It is the order of the day. And remember that it is not merely a matter of shorter skirts and facial massage. It is a matter of spirit and adaptability and the will to grow.

THAT THE PARIS DRESSMAKERS DO MORE
IS INDICATED BY THE NEW MODELS

BY



Beer resorts to the transparent ruse of a chiffon hem to lend the effect of new length to a dress of black crêpe de Chine, with silver embroidery on a red ribbon at the waist



A coat that blouses in the back is worn very long over a skirt cut very short and also very narrow. The material is chamois-colored per-laine and is trimmed with motifs of plaited braid. From Renée



Renée emphasizes the waistline très basse by a band of squirrel on a dress that might reasonably be called "the eternal triangle" from the character of the silk embroidery on its almond green crêpe

What we would call a jacket and what Paris terms a "veste" is made by Bernard of moleskin sewed into Pekinese stripes and worn with a black velvet skirt



Madeleine et Madeleine place a "highly commended" rosette of cyclamen ribbon on the low waistline in a dress of white crêpe plaited all over and finished with a "fantaisie" of openwork at the neck. The wide sleeve is held to the arm at the wrist

THAN INCH AWAY FROM THE SHORT SKIRT
SKETCHED FOR THE DELINEATOR

SOULIÉ



Drecolt turns the dress of navy serge into a thing of lovely color by introducing sleeves of cyclamen chiffon, with their great width emphasized by lines of silk braid, which is also used at the bateau neck and at the sides of the wider skirt



A girdle of silver tissue, double crosses an evening gown made of mauve and silver brocade, and worn with a coat of mauve velvet. The cascade draperies fall naturally into the uneven hem, and the coat is made with the long wide sleeve. From Madeleine et Madeleine



The uneven hem takes a new turn in the wide skirt of a Drecolt dress made of rust-brown Rouan crêpe and trimmed with brown squirrel and wooden beads. The Parisienne likes the high collar for the street



A dress that reminds one irresistibly of the tissue gowns we used to make for our paper dolls trimmed gorgeously with silver stars, is made by Beer of Parma violet chiffon ruffled narrowly with many rows of silver Valenciennes, with rose-colored flowers threaded through the trimming at the waist

That gowns of greater elegance are replacing, to some extent, the extreme simplicity of the dress of last year, is indicated by a dress from Bernard of coral-pink chiffon velvet embroidered with crystal beads at the shoulders, and with coral beads on the deep hem of cloth silver

3404—The modern frock for evening claims as its most characteristic feature absolute simplicity. The straight lines are broken only by the clinging draperies that hang with a delightful irregularity below the hem. This one-piece dress slips on over the head and is made of materials that drape softly, such as silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, etc. When the heavier materials are used, make the dress of velvet, satin or metal cloth and the cascades of Georgette, etc.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of brocaded chiffon 36 inches wide and $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of plain chiffon 40 inches wide. Lower edge 53 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 42 bust; it is also nice for misses.



Evening dress 3404

Evening dress 3467

3467—With perfect ingenuity the side draperies of this evening gown go on and on until the result is the ever-beloved train. Statelyness marks this frock, for below the soft blousing of the waist comes a subtly draped skirt. The joining of the waist and skirt is of course at the slightly low waistline, for Fashion has decreed it to be so. The more simple frocks for evening are sponsored by Paris and, however intricate the draping, the narrow silhouette must be retained. Use heavy silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, brocades, brocaded chiffon or velvet to make this frock.

A 36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of crêpe meteor 40 inches wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of chiffon 40 inches wide. This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.



Tunic blouse 3483
Slip 3428

THE LATEST FASHIONS INCLUDE SIMPLE LINES, SOFT DRAPERIES, THE TUNIC BLOUSE AND THE NEW COAT-AND-DRESS SUIT

3483—3428—Distinctive sleeves and a drop shoulder present a new version of the tunic blouse. This blouse can be worn in either of two lengths, and an elastic can be run through a casing at the low waistline. If transparent, the blouse is worn over a slip; otherwise a skirt will do. For the blouse use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, etc.; for the slip use crêpe de Chine, etc. Lower edge of slip 52 inches.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide; for the slip a 36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.

The tunic blouse, 3483, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The slip, 3428, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3477—10865—For afternoon and the the soft materials there is this unmistakably French frock. The cape is one of the newest fashions sent over by Paris and it is detachable. There is a blouse body lining and an elastic can be used in a casing at the low waistline. This one-piece dress slips on over the head. Use plain or broché silk crêpes or heavy crêpe de Chine, etc. Bandings of a circle motif add a lovely bit of trimming. They can be worked in one-stitch embroidery or bugle beads.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 53 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also becoming to misses.



Dress 3477
Embroidery design 10865

3465—10926—One of the most delightful ideas for Winter is the combination of the long-bodied dress with the right coat to make a distinctive costume. This slip-over dress is particularly adaptable for such a purpose, for the skirt is attached to long body and is perfectly straight. There is a blouse body lining to be used if you like. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine or Georgette of one color, of two colors or of figured material with plain material, etc. Much depends upon the choice of the trimming design. This dress lends itself perfectly to a scroll-like design that can be worked in outline embroidery.

A 36 bust requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide and $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard of velvet 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard. This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3462—3428—The gift of the tunic blouse to turn itself into a very smart costume has endeared it to the feminine heart. This one emphasizes its new sleeve by a wide shoulder and a very deep armhole. At the waistline a soft blousing can be obtained by an elastic in a casing. If the dress is transparent, a slip should be worn with it, but the heavier materials call only for a skirt. Use crêpe de Chine, silk-crêpe fabrics, etc., in a single color, in two colors or combine a figured blouse with plain sleeves. Lower edge of slip 52 inches.

The blouse, 3462, requires for a 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide. The slip, 3428, requires for a 36 bust $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of crêpe meteor 40 inches wide.

The tunic blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The slip is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3454—3465—10926—The most suitable coat to be worn as a part of a dress-and-coat suit is this new straight coat with a wide shoulder and a deep armhole. It can be made in either of two lengths and falls in with the same lines as does the long-bodied dress which is a part of it. Use duvetyn, velours de laine and similar soft-pile fabrics, etc. The same scroll-like design that the dress uses is repeated on the sleeves of the coat. It can be braided or worked in outline embroidery. Lower edge of coat 58 inches, dress $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

The coat, 3454, requires for a 36 bust $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of velvet 40 inches wide. The dress, 3465, requires for a 36 bust 3 yards of velvet 40 inches wide.

The dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust. The coat is nice for ladies 32 to 40 bust; it is also good for misses.

3475—10889—The ease and comfort of the one-piece frock make it indispensable and the mode of trimming makes it individual. The neck of this dress can be worn high or low, and when it is worn low the round neck makes it easy to slip on over the head. When the neck is high, the dress closes at the left shoulder and underarm, and there is a blouse body lining if you wish one. The loose straps can be worn or not as you wish. Use heavy silk crêpes, crêpe satin, charmeuse, satin, velvet, etc. On the trimming bands and on the sleeves circles on a plain banding can add a bright theme very effectively. One-stitch embroidery can be used to best advantage.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. Lower edge 52 $\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

3452—3069—A particularly becoming and fashionable type of suit is the result of the happy combination of a smart box-coat and a two-piece tailored skirt cut on narrow lines. The scarf collar is new, gives the high neck, and takes the place of fur. The skirt is raised slightly at the waistline. For the suit use duvetyn, velours de laine and similar soft-pile fabrics, etc., or tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, etc., for a lighter costume. This is a smart suit for a young girl or a woman with a slender figure.

The coat, 3452, for a 36 bust, and the skirt, 3069, for a 28 waist, require 3 yards of velours 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The box-coat is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The skirt is good for ladies 24 to 34 waist.

3463—The modern woman prefers for her street frocks ones that are simple as to cut and trimming. In this dress the unbroken silhouette and the slightly added fullness in the body and skirt lend distinction to an otherwise simple slip-over frock. The sleeves are wide and decidedly French and they are drawn in at the wrist with a cuff. If you wish to make the dress with a blouse body lining, there is one. The construction of this frock is particularly simple and when it is finished the dress has all the distinction of a French gown. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, satin, taffeta, wool jersey or Canton wool to make this frock.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 3465
Embroidery
design 10926

Coat 3454
Dress 3465
Braiding
design 10926

Box coat 3452
Skirt 3069

Tunic blouse 3462
Slip 3428



Dress 3475
Embroidery
design 10889



Dress 3463

Other views of these garments
are shown on page 79





Dress 3481



Dress 3471
Braiding design 10729

Dress 3444



Dress 3479



Dress 3453
Embroidery design 10921



Dress 3456

Other views of these garments are shown on page 80

THE NARROW SILHOUETTE IS FOR BOTH AFTERNOON AND STREET WEAR



Dress 3495

3495—The feeling that one is garbed according to the most recent whispers from Paris can be easily achieved when one appears in one of the new redingote frocks. The redingote itself is in one piece with a bright little vestee that can be freshened from time to time, and it is made over a slip-over underbody that closes at the left side. Below it there is a two-piece skirt sewed to a low waistline. Tricotine, gabardine, serge or soft twills are attractive with a vestee of contrasting color, or of linen, piqué or checked gingham or with the vestee and skirt in contrasting colors. When the dress is of velvet, duvetyn, light-weight velours or broadcloth, the vestee or the vestee and skirt should be of satin.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of serge 54 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of flannel 27 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3469—3422—The French designer planned for Winter and the heavier materials a frock with the lines of a coat. It is made in one piece and if you like a little more of a blousing there is an elastic to be run through a casing at the low waistline. The dress can be made with a blouse body lining. Such a dress calls for a small hat that can be easily rolled to a becoming shape. This hat has a stitched bias brim. Use serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, wool crêpe, etc., for the dress. For the hat use velours, duvetyn, etc.

The dress, 3469, requires for a 36 bust $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. The hat, 3422, requires for a 22-inch head size $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of velours 54 inches wide.

This coat dress is nice for ladies 32 to 48 bust; it is also nice for misses. The hat is becoming to ladies, misses, girls and children.



Coat dress 3469
Hat 3422



Dress 3406

Dress 3473

3473—There are so many little things that can be done to the most simple of frocks to make them absolutely different from any other one. In this frock, for instance, the designer, not completely satisfied with having added a smart little shoulder cape, works an additional wonder with a sash. He blouses the body, girdles it and allows the sash ends to loop softly down the sides. The dress is after all, though, a simple slip-over frock closing at the left underarm, with a blouse body lining that can be used if one wants it. The use of the cape is left entirely to your own taste in the matter. Use plain or figured silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. Crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, velvet, lace or wool crêpe are pretty alone. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of velvet 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3406—Those lovely brocaded crêpes call immediately to mind a frock that blouses just a little and then hangs in straight folds. The sleeves must of course be wide and these are given an added swing by the wide shoulder and deep armhole. The dress is a slip-over one with an extra bit of fulness in the straight gathered section that is set in at the side. If you prefer to make it with a blouse body lining, there is one. When the dress is made of contrasting materials, use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine in two colors or with plain and figured material in contrast. Velvet and satin combine with Georgette, silk-crêpe fabrics, chiffon or lace and crêpe meteor with Georgette, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of brocaded chiffon 36 inches wide and $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of plain chiffon 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 40 bust.

3481—One version of the coat dress with wide shoulders, a deep armhole, flowing sleeves and a side closing is unmistakably Russian. Simplicity dominates this dress even to the trimming, for a small collar and narrow fur banding marking the Russian closing and on the sleeves are alone sufficient. You can make this one-piece frock with a blouse body lining and use serge, tricotine, gabardine, duvetyn or soft twills of one material or with sleeves of silk crêpe. Charmeuse, satin, crêpe meteor and velvet can be used of the one material or with sleeves of silk crêpe or Georgette. Lower edge 53 inches.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of novelty striped cloth 54 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of flannel 32 or more inches wide.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 40 bust; it is also good for misses.

3471—10729—The straight lines of the present day styles are particularly smart when tunics or draperies are brought into play to soften the effect a bit. The tunics at the front and back starting from the low waistline and hanging nearly to the bottom of the straight skirt achieve a note that is new and individual. There is a long body lining that can be cut with a camisole top if you want to use it. Make the dress of silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or wool crêpe in one color, etc. Braided motifs are an original trimming. The design can be worked with soutache braid.

A 36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3444—In which to meet every occasion of the day with complete confidence, there is a frock that is essentially French in every detail. Flowing sleeves, soft straight lines and a short back cape that can be worn or not as you wish characterize this individual version of the more simple type of frock. There is, first of all, a yoke with a delightfully new outline and to this yoke is sewed the dress, with plaits appearing in the psychological places. Most women will prefer to use the blouse body lining, but its use is not obligatory. Make this dress of serge, wool crêpe, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or of the silk crêpes. Lower edge $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of serge 54 inches wide.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also good for misses.

3479—The more simple frocks are especially lovely when contrasting sleeves of the approved French type help with the color scheme. The gracefully bloused body and the straight skirt of this frock are joined at the very fashionable low line and the dress slips on easily over the head and closes at the left underarm. If you wish to use a long body lining, there is one. Make the dress of silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine or Georgette in one color, in two colors or figured material with plain material. Crêpe satin and crêpe meteor are effective when just one side of the material is used or with the dull and shiny sides in contrast, etc. Lower edge $62\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of brocaded crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3453—10921—In complete unison with the soft draperies of the surplice waist of this frock are the cascades of the skirt. And the beauty of these cascades lies in the fact that they are in one with the two-piece skirt. There is a long body lining if you wish it and the skirt is joined to the waist at the low line. Silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin and Canton wool give the greatest satisfaction for this dress. Large flowers whose petals are of the dress material are a delightfully new trimming and they are quite easy to make. They are correctly placed on the sleeves and at the waist.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of crêpe meteor 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3456—An already charming frock uses for new distinction an additional bib-like front which drapes itself as it ties around the waist and ends in a soft bow. This dress can be made with a long body lining cut with a camisole top. The straight skirt is softened to just the right degree by a front and back tunic and the waist and skirt are fashionably correct in their joining at the low line. Light-weight crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette or silk voile are effective in one color, in two colors or when figured material is combined with plain material. Crêpe meteor is used with only one side shown or with the dull side in contrast with the shiny side, etc.

A 36 bust requires 5 yards of Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge 52 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

SLEEVES AND THE COSTUME BLOUSE OCCUPY THE CENTER OF THE STAGE



Tunic blouse 3509
Slip 3489

Dress 3511
Embroidery
design 10940

Dress 3508
Braiding design
10729

3428

Tunic blouse
3497
Slip
2930

Tunic blouse
3507
Slip 3428

3489

3509

3511

3511

3497

2930

3507

3509—3489—The French designer is ever ingenious with his newest delight, the tunic blouse. This one is particularly youthful, for its lines are straight and unbroken save for the ribbon ties at the sides. The blouse is attractive in both the longer length and the shorter length and slips on easily over the head. When the blouse is transparent, a slip should be worn with it, made of crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, etc. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, chiffon cloth, silk voile, lace, etc., for the blouse.

A 36 bust requires 5 1/4 yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

The tunic blouse, 3509, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The slip, 3489, is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3511—10940—The styles of the day offer so many delightful possibilities when it comes to the sleeves. Wide sleeves emphasized by a medium deep armhole are essentially a part of a frock that has the present low waistline and bloused or drawn down body. This is a slip-over dress to be made with a long body lining if desired, and closing at the left underarm. The skirt is straight and joins the body at the low line. Silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, foulard, velvet and Georgette are the most effective materials. Motifs, circular as to shape, do delightful things by way of trimming. Outline and one-stitch embroidery can be combined. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard.

A 36 bust requires 4 yards of serge 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3508—10729—The effect of panels edged with fur is reminiscent of Russia. The front and back panels hang independently and the body, with its armholes slightly below normal, is sewed to the straight skirt at a low line. The frock slips on over the head, closing at the left underarm and can be made with a long body lining. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, Georgette, Canton crêpe, or wool crêpe in one or two colors, or figured material with plain material, etc. Blocks of braiding distinguish the front panel. Narrow braid such as the soutache braid can be used.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of chiffon 40 inches wide and 1 5/8 yard of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 46 bust.

3497—2930—A softly falling tunic blouse of just the proper length is finished, this time, in a most unusual way by ribbon or braid. A narrow sash is tied rather loosely at the low waistline and there is a becoming fulness at the front. The blouse slips over the head and has a straight lower edge. In case it is made of transparent material it should be worn over a slip. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, Georgette, crêpe satin, tricolette, chiffon velvet or jersey cloth, etc.

A 36 bust requires 5 1/4 yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide and 1/8 yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

This tunic blouse, 3497, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The slip, 2930, is becoming; to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3507—3428—The deep, square armhole and wide, graceful sleeves give added swing and movement to this version of the popular tunic blouse, which slips on over the head and may be drawn in by an elastic at the low waistline. There is a slip with a straight lower part to wear underneath, if the blouse is transparent. For the blouse use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine or Georgette in one or two colors, or figured with plain sleeve; crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, all of one side of the material, or with sleeves of crêpe side; crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, chiffon velvet, etc. Lower edge 52 inches.

A 36 bust requires 6 1/4 yards of silk crêpe 40 inches wide.

This tunic blouse, 3507, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The slip, 3428, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3510—The slender dignity of this simple dress is enhanced by a wide shoulder and floating sleeves set in a deep armhole. It is in one piece, and slips over the head. The sleeves are attached to a long body lining and are oftentimes in a contrasting shade. About the waist a striking metal belt adds a note of color. Make the dress of silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine in one or two colors; crêpe meteor combining dull and shiny sides of material, or with sleeves of Georgette or lace; velvet, satin with sleeves of Georgette, silk-crêpe fabrics, chiffon, lace. Serge and velvet are pretty of one material, etc.

A 36 bust requires 3 yards of velvet 40 inches wide, and 1 1/4 yard of lace 40 inches wide. Lower edge 53 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.



3510



3510

FASHION PAYS PARTICULAR ATTENTION TO EVERY DETAIL OF THE WARDROBE



Coat 2882
Knickers 3496
Hat 3422



Shirt-waist 3499



Blouse 3478



Skirt 3485



Skirt 3491



Dress Sleeves 3488
Embroidery
design 10844



Dress 3460
Embroidery design
10885

For descriptions and other views see page 78

DAYTIME DRESSES FOR THE MOST FASTIDIOUS FLAPPER



3458—10928—At sixteen one is a severe critic of dresses, for clothes are the most important things in the world. This dress satisfies all demands, for it is becoming and new. It is made in slip-over fashion with a body lining if desired, and the straight skirt is fastened at a low waistline. Fashionable sleeves are slashed and bound, with a ribbon sash to match. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, charmeuse, taffeta, satin, Georgette, etc. The scalloped embroidery design matches the silk trimming. It may be done in braiding or outline.

17-year size requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of crêpe satin 40 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of silk 40 inches wide. Lower edge 58 inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also becoming to small women.

3446—3422—In a good-looking dress of a most useful type the straight skirt can be arranged with either plaits or gathers. It slips on over the head and the waistline is low, of course. A body lining is optional. The soft hat with its stitched bias brim to match stitching on the dress gives an agreeable impression of thought-out completeness. For the dress use wool jersey, serge, tricotine, wool or silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine; for the hat use velours, duvetyn, tweeds, etc.

16-year size requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards wool jersey 54 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard linen 36 inches wide. A $21\frac{1}{4}$ head measure requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard material 36 inches wide. Lower edge $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards.

This dress, 3446, is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women. The hat, 3422, is becoming to misses, ladies, girls and children.

3474—Brilliant gipsy sleeves set in a plain dark-colored frock make this young lady the cynosure of all eyes. The dress is simple to make; it is closed at the back and may have a blouse body lining or not, as desired. The neckline with its bound edge, the soft blouse and the wide sash worn low and rather loose are new and becoming. Use silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, Georgette of one color or with sleeves in contrasting color, or figured with plain. Crêpe satin, crêpe meteor of one side of the material, or with the sleeves of the crêpe side, or Georgette are attractive. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

17-year size requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards velvet 40 inches wide and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard Persian Georgette 40 inches wide for sleeves.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

3423—Buster Brown's favorite collar with a big soft bow reappears here and is attached to a dainty linen vestee, made separate from the dress. The dress itself is almost a jumper, made in one piece and fitting rather easily through the arms and shoulders in French style. The surplice closing is different and noticeable when it is edged with silk braid, and the diminutive pocket, also braid trimmed, and a narrow leather belt about the waist are further charms. Use tricotine, serge, soft twills, gabardine, wool jersey, etc., for the dress, and for the guimpe, linen, piqué, etc.

34 bust requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide and 1 yard linen 36 inches wide for guimpe. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

This dress is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies.

3431—Youth itself seems to radiate from this slim, soft little dress. Like most other frocks it is a one-piece slip-over dress, and may or may not have a blouse body lining. The fulness of the skirt is drawn in at the sides by an elastic at the low waistline. Easy gathers at the neck are also becoming and pretty in the soft material. Colored silk is used for the collar and cuffs, and bands of novelty silk braid mark the hem. Use wool jersey, soft twills, serge, tricotine, wool crêpe, silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine or velvet.

16-year size requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards wool jersey 54 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard contrasting material 36 inches wide. Lower edge $53\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

3482—One can't be on dress parade all the time, but in a costume like this one there is no excuse for not looking attractive on the longest hike or the most strenuous camping party. It is made in one piece with sleeves and body easy fitting enough to permit any kind of violent exercise. The skirt, also, is short and full, with four square, flapped pockets in which to hold necessities. A wide leather belt, almost like a soldier's, and a bright silk tie are becoming additions. Make the dress of khaki, linen-finished cottons, plain colored cottons or serge.

16-year size requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards khaki 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards.

This dress is becoming to misses 10 to 19 years; it is also nice for girls.

3451—10807—A cape for ornament and not for warmth is not as absurd as it sounds when it can be taken off at the wearer's pleasure. This one-piece dress is easy to make; it slips over the head and may be made with a blouse body lining if you choose. Use serge, tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, wool jersey, broadcloth, wool ratine, velvet, checks, etc. Weighing down the cape at the corners and decorating the full, fashionable sleeves are sophisticated medallions edged with monkey fur. These may be worked in a combination of beads or French knots and one-stitch.

34 bust requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 47 inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies.

VERSATILE YOUTH IS REFLECTED BY THE NEWEST FASHIONS



Dress 3484
Embroidery
design 10778



3484

Dress 3434
Embroidery design 10858



3434

Evening
dress
3409



3409

Dress 3503



3503

Dress 3505



3505

Dress 3455
Embroidery
design 10923



3455

Dress 3411



3411

3484—10778—Modern youth understands herself and, realizing the charm of her freshness, chooses a becomingly simple slip-over frock. The straight skirt is joined to the body at the low line. The dress closes at the left underarm seam, and, if you like, it can be made with a blouse body lining. Use silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, etc., of one color, or with sleeves of a contrasting color or figured material with plain material, etc. In complement to the simplicity of the frock is the embroidered trimming. Conventionalized flower motifs can be embroidered with satin-stitch. Lower edge 62½ inches.

A 16-year size requires 2¾ yards of velvet 40 inches wide and ¼ yard of Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

3434—10858—The necessity of being correct as to apparel is of the greatest importance to the young girl. A straight-lined slip-over frock with fresh, crisp collar and cuffs entirely satisfies, especially when there is a bib and a sash to be added if one wants them. This is a one-piece frock and there is a blouse body lining if you prefer to make the dress with one. Wool jersey, serge, tricotine, wool crêpe, silk crêpes or crêpe de Chine give the best results. The monogram at the waistline is a new fancy of the schoolgirl. The letters can be worked in satin-stitch.

A 16-year size requires 3 yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide and ¼ yard of linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge 49½ inches

This dress is becoming to misses 15 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

3409—The activities of the younger set are taken very, very seriously and frocks for them are planned with the greatest of care. The flutter of a handkerchief tunic over a delightfully pointed drop skirt is one of the most graceful of Paris's conceits. The lovely body and skirt are joined, of course, at the low line and they are made with a long body lining cut with a camisole top. The frock closes at the left underarm and the entire construction is very simple. This dress should be made of materials that drape softly, such as silk-crêpe fabrics, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, crêpe-back satin, Georgette or silk voile.

A 17-year size requires 4¼ yards of Georgette 40 inches wide and ¾ yard of silk 36 inches wide.

This dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years.

3411—A combination of soft crêpe material and lustrous blue-black monkey fur results in a becoming one-piece frock for afternoon. The frock itself follows the more simple lines, being a slip-over model, with easy-fitting shoulders and armholes in the French style. To make the blousing a little more decided, if you like, an elastic can be run through a casing at the waistline, and to retain the freshness of the dress there is a blouse body lining. Make this dress of tricotine, serge, gabardine, soft twills, wool crêpe, wool jersey, heavy silk crêpes, heavy crêpe de Chine, satin or velvet.

A 17-year size requires 3¾ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 47½ inches.

This dress is lovely for misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies.

3503—Intensely feminine young persons have a decided bent toward the fluffier type of evening frock. The dainty picot edges, the descending sash ends and the becoming blousing of the body give a singularly flower-like beauty to this extremely youthful frock. The straight ruffled skirt is joined to the body at the fashionable low waistline and the dress itself is made with a long body lining that can be cut with a camisole top. The dress slips on easily over the head. The most delightful effects result from the use of crêpe de Chine, silk crêpes, crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, taffeta, Georgette, point d'esprit or net.

A 16-year size requires 3¾ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge of foundation skirt 54 inches.

This dress is nice for misses 16 to 20 years.

3505—There are so many occasions when the young girl has need of a simple one-piece frock made of the heavier materials and of the type that is always ready and never out of order. This dress is made with or without a blouse body lining, as you choose, and the lower part is gathered at the side and sewed to the upper part at the fashionable low line. The dress is made slip-over fashion with a straight lower edge. Make the dress of wool jersey, serge, tricotine, soft twills, wool crêpe, silk crêpes, crêpe de Chine, taffeta or velvet.

A 16-year size requires 2½ yards of wool jersey 54 inches wide and ¼ yard of linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54½ inches.

This dress is becoming to misses 16 to 20 years; it is also nice for small women.

3455—10923—For the more formal afternoon is a dress which combines simplicity of line with trimming a bit more intricate in effect. Lest the straight line should become monotonous, it is broken by the cascade side draperies. This frock is a one-piece model that slips on over the head, and if you should prefer a blouse body lining, there is one. The softer silks, such as silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, etc., are the most appropriate. One of the newest French trimmings appears on this frock. A contrasting band is sewed underneath and the petals of the motif are hemstitched and cut.

A 17-year size requires 2¾ yards of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is nice for misses 32 to 34 bust; it is also nice for ladies.

EVEN THE YOUNGEST MUST FOLLOW THE LINES OF THE NEW YEAR



Dress 3472

Dress 3416
Hat 3422

Dress 3403 3403

Dress 3501
Hat 3422
Embroidery design 10890

3416

3461

3470

Dress 3461
Embroidery design 10833

3468

3468

Dress 3468
Smocking design 10870

Dress 3470
Hat 3332

3472—Jumpers need not all be as much alike as peas in a pod. This one has a square front which shows to better advantage separate hand-made guimpes. The dress is made in one piece and has a straight lower edge. Use wool jersey, serge, tricotine with a guimpe of taffeta, pongee, check or plaid silk, pin-check gingham or any other wash material. With a check woolen dress make a guimpe of taffeta or pongee. If cotton homespun, gingham, chambray, linen or linen-finished cottons are used, make the guimpe of dimity, lawn or batise. Combine dotted swiss with organdy.
14-year size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards check woolen material 44 inches wide, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide and $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of lining material 36 inches wide.
This dress is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years.

3416—3422—The place of those serviceable articles, the middy and skirt, is more than filled by two-piece costumes like this one. The scalloped finish of the slip-over blouse is enhanced by a little round collar, and the straight skirt, plaited or gathered, is sewed to an underbody. The hat with its stitched, bias brim rolls at any angle. Use velvet, serge, alone or with skirt of plaid or check wool; combine plain taffeta with plaid, etc. For the hat use velours, duvetyn, etc.
12-year size requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of serge 44 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard wool jersey 27 inches wide. 21 head measure requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard duvetyn 54 inches wide.
This blouse and skirt, 3416, are becoming to girls 6 to 15 years; this hat, 3422, is becoming to girls or children, ladies or misses.

3405—The very latest mode in miniature appears in this proud little lady's frock, which is simply made in one piece to slip over the head. Its up-to-dateness is proved by the full, filmy sleeve, banded with fur where it joins the drop shoulder; also in the fur-edged skirt which will swing out jauntily as its owner walks. Use velvet, taffeta, silk-crêpe fabrics with sleeves of Georgette or chiffon, or combine serge with taffeta. The dress is also attractive with a short sleeve and in this style may be made entirely of velvet, etc., also pongee, crêpe de Chine, wool jersey, homespun, wool crêpe, linen, linen-finished cottons, gingham, chambray, etc.
7-year size requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet 36 inches wide and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of silk 36 inches wide.
This dress is becoming to girls 2 to 12 years.

3470—3332—A simple one-piece dress acquires fresh interest when a full cape is hung from its shoulders. The dress slips on over the head and the cape can be taken off like a little wrap. A touch of the French in the fur-edged sleeves and cape contrasts delightfully with the demure poke-bonnet effect of the fur-banded hat. For the dress use serge, tricotine, twills, homespun, wool jersey, checks, heavy silk crêpes, taffeta, velvet, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton ratine, gingham or chambray. For the hat use duvetyn, velours, velvet, faille silk, taffeta, piqué, etc.
12-year size requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of velvet 40 inches wide. 21 $\frac{1}{4}$ head size requires $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of velvet 36 or 40 inches wide.
This dress, 3470, is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years. This hat, 3332, is becoming to girls 2 to 12 years.

3501—3422—10890—A school costume that will not grow as tiresome as one's work is hard to find, but the problem is solved in this slip-over dress with a straight skirt sewed at the low waistline, and a pointed collar. Who would suspect that the fur-trimmed hat has any connection with the tasseled one her best friend is wearing? It is made with a stitched, bias brim rolled to suit the contours of a different little face. Use wool jersey, serge, tricotine, gingham, etc. For hat use velours, duvetyn, etc. The wild-rose motif on the sleeves adds color. It may be appliquéd or worked in outline.
13-year size requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard wool jersey 54 inches wide. 21 head measure requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard velvet 36 or 40 inches wide.
This dress, 3501, is becoming to girls 7 to 14 years. The hat, 3422, is becoming to girls children, ladies or misses.

3403—The belle of the dancing class will continue to wear her skirt cut in petals, for no other type of frock can flutter as lightly and gracefully about the floor. Dresses like this one look so difficult, and are in reality so miraculously easy to make. The long body closes under the left arm, and its joining with the petal skirt is hidden by a girdle of roses. Hand-made roses may also decorate the kimono sleeves and the collarless neckline. The completed dress slips on over the head. Party shades of taffeta, crêpe de Chine, silk-crêpe fabrics, cotton voile, organdy and swiss may be used.
14-year size requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.
This dress is becoming to girls 8 to 15; it is also becoming to juniors.

3468—10870—To only the very young is accorded the privilege of wearing Summer dresses all Winter, and they should avail themselves of it. This small dress in bishop style has a straight lower edge, and may be made with inverted fullness under the arm, or with the underarm seam gored. The little round collar and the pockets will appeal to very small boys as well as to little girls. Plain lawn, nainsook, batiste, mull, dimity, plain cotton voile, fine cotton crêpe, dotted swiss or crêpe de Chine may be used. Smocking on youthful frocks has become a permanent mode. It may be done in any number of contrasting colors.
2-year size requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of batiste 36 inches wide.
This dress is becoming to little girls $\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 years; it is also nice for little boys.

3461—10833—The healthy, happy little girl plays most comfortably when she is dressed as nearly like her brother as possible. From beneath the straight skirt of this high-waisted Empire frock peep full bloomers, to be made separately. The irregular yoke outline with tabs is new, and the colored stitching on the becoming collar matches stitching on both skirt and bloomers. The little Dutch design of windmills and sailboats is gay and picturesque. It can be appliquéd or worked in outline stitch. Use pin-check gingham, chambray, dimity, plain lawn, linen, linen-finished cottons, cotton homespun, unbleached muslin, cotton crêpe, sateen, taffeta, etc.
5-year size requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards chambray 32 inches wide and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of linen-finished cotton 36 inches wide.
This dress is becoming to girls 2 to 10 years.

THE LATEST THINGS FOR LITTLE BELLES AND SMALL BEAUX



3438—On bleak winter mornings a one-piece dress like this one is the easiest, warmest kind of thing to put on. If you like variety you can have several sets of sleeveless guimpes with cuffs to match. A belt and rows of contrasting braid along the straight lower edge of the skirt make this dress especially becoming. Use serge, tricotine, wool jersey, with a guimpe of taffeta, pongee, etc. Make the dress of checks and the guimpe of plain color, or combine gingham, etc., with dimity, lawn and batiste.
 13-year size requires 1 3/4 yard of serge 54 inches wide, 3/8 yard of linen 36 inches wide, and 3/4 yard of lining material 36 inches wide.
 This dress is becoming to girls 8 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors.

3487—10934—In spite of all temptations to wear boyish rompers and become an "emancipated woman" this little girl remains truly feminine in her ruffled bloomers. The slashed over-dress is separate, made in slip-over style, and the blouse and bloomers are in one. Make the dress of black sateen with blouse and bloomers of colored sateen; combine velveteen with crepe de Chine and serge with pongee. Linen, linen-finished cottons, etc., may be used, all of one color, in two colors, or a color with white. Mr. and Mrs. Rabbit in holiday garb decorate the front of the dress. They may be worked in applique or outline.
 4-year size requires 1 1/4 yard of chambray 32 inches wide and 1 1/4 yard of contrasting chambray 32 inches wide.
 This dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 6 years.

3410—3422—Not having at least one jumper dress in your wardrobe is a serious social error. This one is made in one piece with a separate guimpe. The hat has a stitched, bias brim, and is so soft that it can be rolled as you like. Use wool jersey, homespun, serge, tricotine with a guimpe of taffeta, etc. Combine checks with plain material, etc. For the hat use velours, duvetyn, tweeds, etc.
 14-year size requires 2 yards of plaid cloth 44 inches wide, 7/8 yard of dimity 32 inches wide and 7/8 yard of lining material 36 inches wide. 21 3/4-inch head measure requires 5/8 yard of velours 54 inches wide. This will cut two hats.
 This dress, 3410, is becoming to girls 4 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors. The hat, 3422, is becoming to ladies, misses, girls or children.

3480—The young artist must of course wear something in the nature of a blouse. This is the type of suit that is worn a great deal by French and English children. In the jerseys it makes such an especially practical, attractive suit that even that most particular Penrod might have been pleased with it. The plain blouse slips over the head and the straight trousers are in one piece. Stitching on the knickers, blouse, collar and cuffs adds greatly, and so does a bright cord laced through the front opening. Wool jersey, silk and cotton jersey, velvet, poplin, chambray, linen-finished cottons, pique may be used.
 5-year size requires 3/4 yard of wool jersey 54 inches wide and 1/2 yard of contrasting wool jersey 54 inches wide.
 This suit is becoming to little boys 2 to 7 years.

3466—For the few years that he is allowed to wear colors a little boy should have as many suits as possible of this type. The irregular line where the trousers and waist are joined is a new detail and so are the pointed cuffs. The straight trousers will appeal to the wearer's masculine vanity and make him feel excessively grown-up. The suit can be attractively made in several ways. Make the blouse of poplin and the trousers of serge; combine crepe de Chine with shantung or silk poplin, dimity with poplin or linen, silk with corduroy. Use cotton repp in two colors or make entirely of repp, linen-finished cottons, etc.
 4-year size requires 7/8 yard of cotton poplin 36 inches wide and 3/4 yard of contrasting cotton poplin 36 inches wide.
 This suit is becoming to little boys 2 to 7 years.

3457—This small person wears her romper suit with quite an air. Possibly she has been told by her mother that it boasts of a Russian closing. At any rate she is delighted with the long row of buttons up the side, the tiny high pocket, and the unusual collar. Her knickers are straight like a little boy's, and banded at the bottom with contrasting material to match the rest of the trimming. A narrow ribbon sash or belt of the material may be added if she likes. The dress is attractive in pin-check gingham, chambray, dimity, linen-finished cottons, unbleached muslin, saten, pongee or taffeta.
 6-year size requires 2 3/8 yards of check gingham 27 inches wide and 1/2 yard of chambray 32 inches wide.
 This dress is becoming to little girls 2 to 10 years.

3506—10812—The excitingly irregular cut of this little two-piece skirt is imitated by the pointed collar. The dress slips over the head, and the skirt and the long body meet at a low line on the hip. For the body of the dress use crepe de Chine, with skirt of taffeta or velvet; combine taffeta or plaid silk with velvet or serge, plain silk or wool with plaid silk or wool. If you choose, the dress can be of one material such as crepe de Chine, taffeta, etc. Bands of stiff conventionalized flowers on the sleeves are attractive. They can be worked in braiding, outline or satin-stitch.
 12-year size requires 1 1/4 yard of crepe de Chine 40 inches wide and 1 1/4 yard of contrasting crepe 40 inches wide.
 This dress is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years; it is also nice for juniors.

3412—10873—Report has it that the "very youngest set" in Paris is wearing the drop shoulder plus a soft transparent sleeve. This one-piece dress slips over the head and is closed on the left shoulder. Those who like belts may have a tasseled cord like this one. For the dress use velvet, taffeta, silk-crepe fabrics, with sleeves of Georgette, chiffon, or make entirely of velvet, taffeta, silk-crepe fabrics, pongee, crepe de Chine, sateen, linen, linen-finished cottons, Japanese crepe, gingham, chambray, etc. Small figures in color on the sleeves and around the neck are unusual. They may be worked in cross-stitch or beading.
 7-year size requires 1 1/2 yard of velvet 36 inches wide and 1/4 yard of Georgette 40 inches wide.
 This dress is becoming to girls 2 to 12 years.

EVEN FOR THE BUSIEST HOURS OF THE MORNING THE ETERNAL FEMININE FINDS ATTRACTIVE COSTUMES

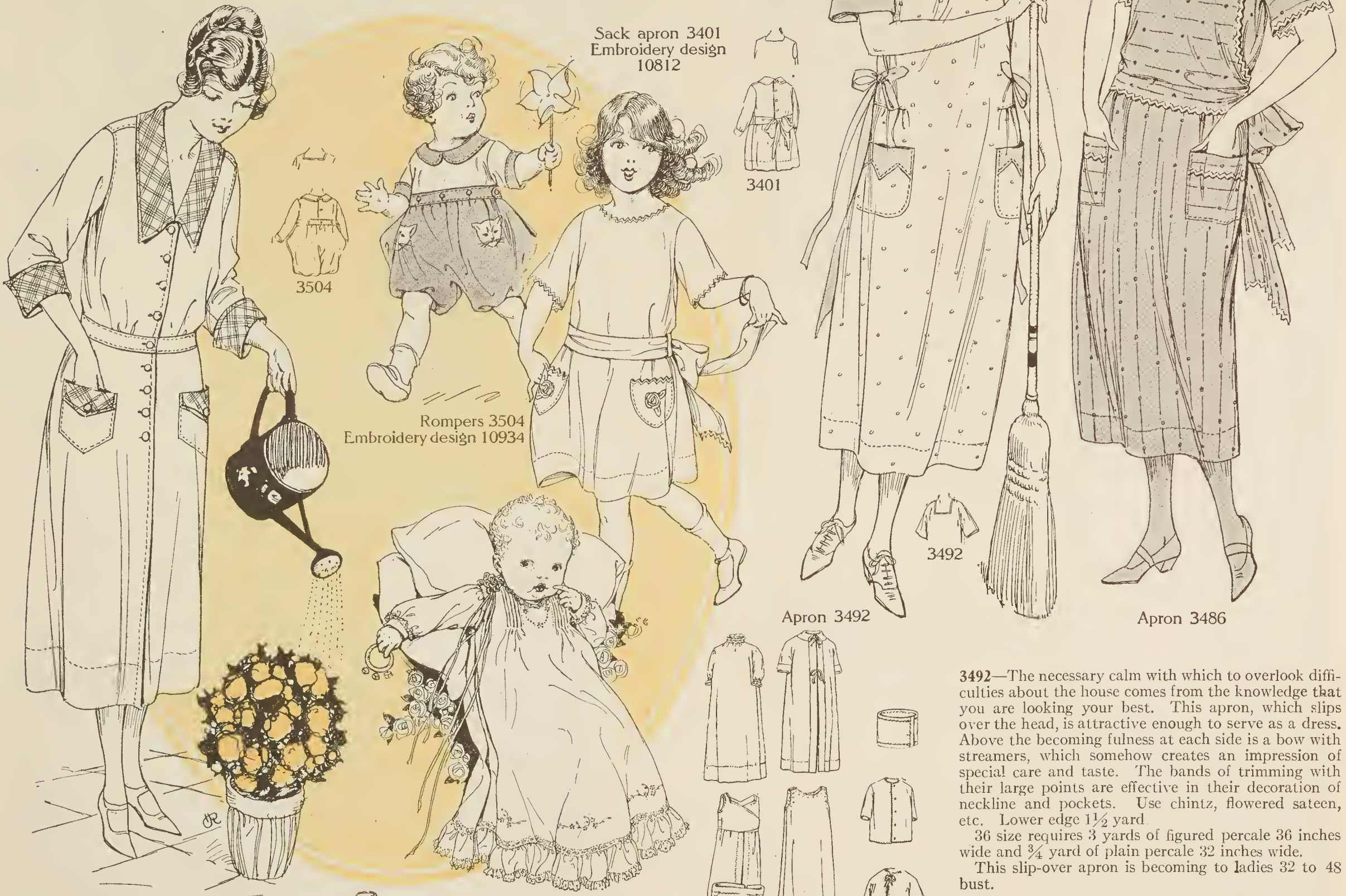
3493—Domestic efficiency is proclaimed by the simple, practical lines of this house dress. The upper part is really a shirt-waist, made with a one-seam sleeve which may be long or elbow length. The skirt is cut in three pieces, and is attached to the waist at the normal line. The collar is unusually becoming and novel when it is made of contrasting material to match the buttoned flaps of the big pockets. All sorts of Summer materials, in checks, plaids or plain, such as gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, madras, seersucker, linen-finished cottons, etc., may be used. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 size requires 3¾ yards of chambray 32 inches wide and ½ yard of gingham 32 inches wide.

This house dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3504—10934—The ambitious stride of tiny legs is unhampered in a romper suit like this one, which has a quaint suggestion of a Dutch silhouette in the unusual cut of the bloomers combined with an Empire waistline. The rompers are made with a drop seat. A round collar and cuffs, and, for pockets, the heads of two cats with ferocious whiskers complete the costume. The cats may be worked in appliqué or one-stitch. Use gingham, chambray, dimity, seersucker, heavy cotton crêpe, madras, linen-finished cottons, etc., of one color, or with the bloomers and trimming contrasting.

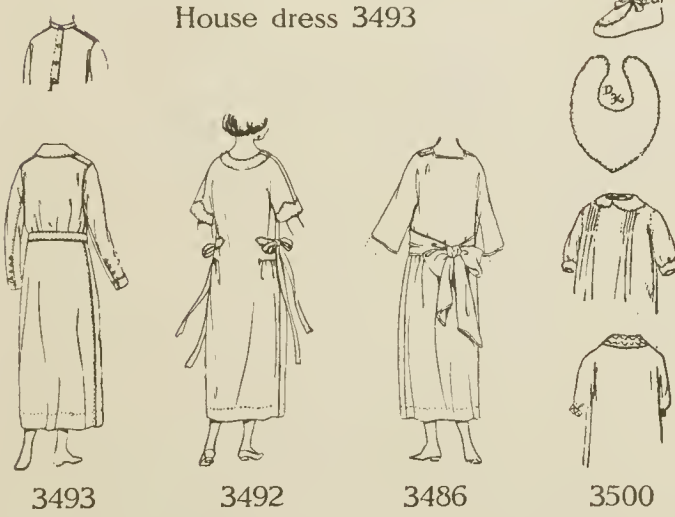
3-year size requires ⅝ yard of chambray 32 inches wide, and 1 yard of contrasting chambray 32 inches wide. These rompers are becoming to children 1 to 5 years.



House dress 3493



Infant's outfit 3500 Embroidery design 10900



3493

3492

3486

3500

3401—10812—Explorations of the great world, such as digging in the garden or poking about in the dusty attic, can not be satisfactorily carried on in unprotected dresses. The nicest part of this sack apron is that with long or short sleeves it completely covers the dress. The French neckline is very attractive when it is finished with rickrack braid, but a round collar can be substituted if you choose. Sashes tied in big bows are always youthful, and so are pockets, especially when each is adorned with a gay flower. These roses can be worked in braiding, outline or satin-stitch embroidery. Use gingham, chambray, seersucker, percale, chintz, etc.

8-year size requires 2 yards of unbleached muslin 36 inches wide.

This sack apron is becoming to little girls 1 to 12 years.

3500—10900—Not the busiest member of the family, of course, but certainly one of the most important! This dress is part of a most complete infant's outfit in 25-inch length, which consists of a slip for day and night, a Gertrude petticoat and pinning-blanket, a bib, shirt, band, and even moccasins. The dress may have a full-length sleeve or a shorter one, and there must be inverted fulness under the arm or else a gored underarm seam. Delicate sprays of fine embroidery are used for trimming. The flowers may be worked in eyelet, satin-stitch, outline, French stemming and buttonholing or lazy-daisy stitch. Make the dress of nainsook, lawn, batiste, etc.

Infant's size requires 1⅝ yard of batiste 36 inches wide, 3½ yards of lace edging and 1¼ yard of insertion.

This dress is exceptionally pretty for infants.

3486—It is much easier to start work in high spirits if you can slip over your head an apron as fresh and becoming as this one. It is planned with a rather loose kimono sleeve, and the separate bib and sash, which tie in a stiff, jaunty bow, are in one piece. Large, square pockets are ornamental as well as extremely useful. Washable rickrack braid, which is so fashionable now, edges the square neck and outlines the bib, sash, sleeves and pockets. The apron is attractive in any of the Summer materials such as gingham, chambray, seersucker, madras, percale, cotton crêpe, unbleached muslin, chintz, flowered sateen, cotton prints. Lower edge 1½ yard.

36 size requires 3½ yards of figured percale 36 inches wide and 5½ yards of rickrack braid.

This slip-over apron is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3492—The necessary calm with which to overlook difficulties about the house comes from the knowledge that you are looking your best. This apron, which slips over the head, is attractive enough to serve as a dress. Above the becoming fulness at each side is a bow with streamers, which somehow creates an impression of special care and taste. The bands of trimming with their large points are effective in their decoration of neckline and pockets. Use chintz, flowered sateen, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.

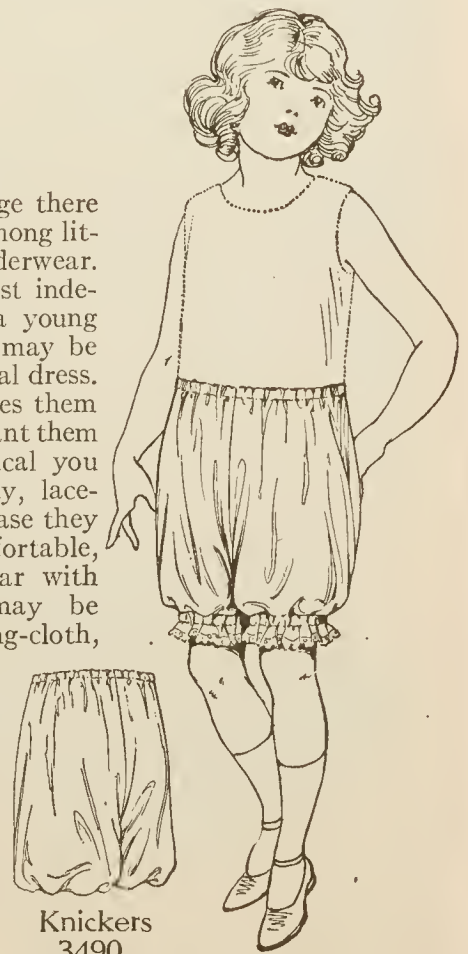
36 size requires 3 yards of figured percale 36 inches wide and ¾ yard of plain percale 32 inches wide.

This slip-over apron is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3490—At a very early age there is interest and rivalry among little girls about pretty underwear. These knickers may exist independently, as part of a young lady's lingerie, or they may be created to match a special dress. The reinforced seat makes them serviceable, and if you want them to be even more practical you can leave off the dainty, lace-edged frills. In either case they are attractive and comfortable, and sure to be popular with their wearer. They may be made of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, etc., or of the same material as the dress under which they are worn.

6-year size requires 1 yard of batiste 36 inches wide and 1¼ yard of lace trimming.

These knickers are becoming to girls 2 to 12 years.



Knickers 3490

LINGERIE ADAPTS ITSELF TO THE SILHOUETTE OF FASHION



3494—10898—The most particular person, even after everything is in total darkness, rests more easily in a charming nightgown, especially when it is simple and easily made. A kimono nightgown is very easy to make. Use nainsook, long-cloth, cotton crêpe, figured cotton voile, cross-bar, underwear mull, wash satin, radium silk or Georgette. Cotton voile, batiste and handkerchief linen can be used with draw-work, for the threads pull more easily. A spray of tiny flowers combined with a hand-made medallion of filet mesh distinguishes the front of the gown. The flowers can be embroidered in satin-stitch and eyelet embroidery with white or in a pale color. Lace medallions are always highly favored for underwear.
A 36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide.
This nightgown is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3489—A particularly versatile slip adapts itself to being worn either under a dress or as a part of a dress. The lines of this slip are slender, though there is a fulness at the hips to give it the necessary comfort. It is entirely practical under the most clinging of frocks, or, if you are the possessor of one of the new tunic blouses, you can use the slip in place of a skirt. The pale flesh shades are most delightful when you consider this slip in the light of lingerie or under the lighter frocks, but the darker shades are suited to the requirements of the costume blouse. This slip should be made of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, China silk, Japanese silk, etc.
A 36 bust requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.
This slip is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3502—The low top or topless corset of the present-day styles makes it necessary to wear a brassière and to have the lines of your undergarments as trim as possible. A fitted corset cover of this type can be worn, no matter what the costume, for it can be built up over the shoulders or cut with a camisole top. You can use your own judgment as to the matter of the underarm shield facing. Heavy batiste, cotton brocade, linen, coutil, poplin, wash satin, heavy crêpe de Chine and heavy net are the most durable materials for this brassière. This is an excellent brassière, especially for a full figure, and the right trimming makes it sufficient.
A 36 bust requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of coutil 36 inches wide and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 4-inch lace banding.
This brassière is nice for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3498—10900—To wear under transparent frocks there is this little princess slip. Or, if you wish, you can make it as a petticoat. The neck is round and low and you can have either the usual armhole or a dainty cap sleeve. To give a necessary fulness to the skirt but not to the body the slip is cut with a gored section. For the petticoat use nainsook, cambric or muslin, and for the slip use batiste, mull, crêpe de Chine or China silk. The delicate ruffle at the bottom is scalloped and embroidered with a pretty spray of flowers. Eyelet embroidery and satin-stitch can be used for the flowers and the scalloped edge is buttonholed.
A 10-year size requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard of batiste 36 inches wide and $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of edging 4 inches wide.
This princess slip is becoming to girls 6 to 15 years.

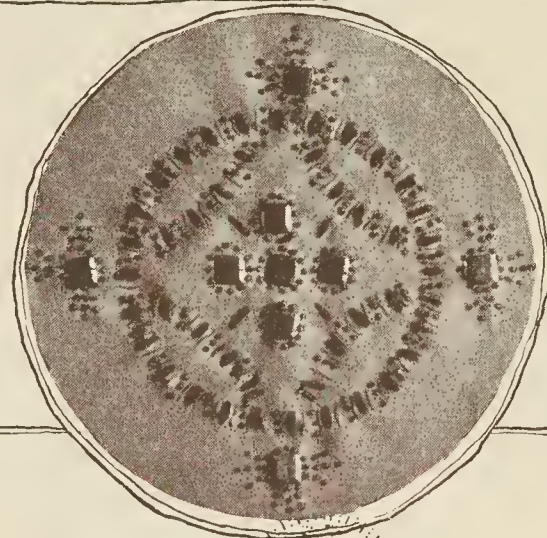
3459—Most small boys don't care whether their pajamas are made of cheese-cloth or whether they are miles too big or not, but mother takes an entirely different stand. She takes the greatest of care in selecting material and a pattern that will produce a well-cut, comfortable pair of pajamas. These are particularly easy to make and more particularly easy to wear. The neck outline is very good and the coat is made to be easy-fitting. The trousers can be made with or without the fly, just as you like, and there is a small pocket for the coat that makes the whole suit trim and finished. Make these pajamas of madras, percale, fine cottons, muslin, outing flannel, wash silks or pongee.
An 11-year size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of madras 32 inches wide. These pajamas are nice for boys 3 to 15 years old.

3464—10822—When one's frock or blouse is transparent, one's corset cover must be of fine material and delicate workmanship. This corset cover can be made in a number of ways. It can be just a well-cut corset cover, or it can have short sleeves, or it can even be worn as a slip. The fulness comes at the normal waistline and is produced by tucks or gathers. There is every opportunity for trimming such a corset cover in the French fashion. Use long-cloth, nainsook, batiste, wash satin or crêpe de Chine with or without short sleeves of the same material or of wash net. Embroidered bow-knots and flowers combine beautifully with the lace edges. They are worked in eyelet embroidery and satin-stitch.
A 36 bust requires $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of batiste 36 inches wide.
This corset cover or slip is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

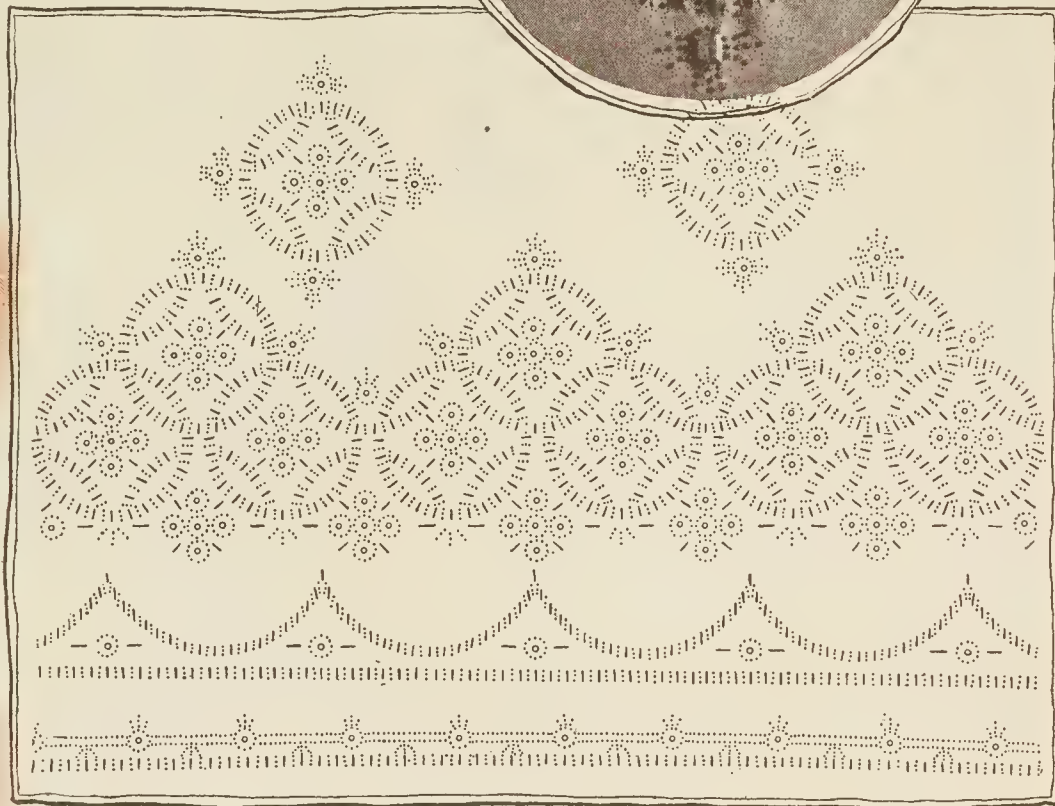
3476—The problem of keeping an active child in fresh, comfortable clothing is a great one, but this little combination will help considerably to solve the undergarment part of it, at least. It combines in a new way knicker drawers and an underwaist. The front is plain and the back is open and the neck and armholes, besides being very easy to wear, lend themselves to lace or embroidery edges. Lace or embroidered beading and edging with pale colored ribbons are just the right touch at the round or square neck, around the armholes and at the knee to make this little combination attractive. Make the combination of nainsook, cambric or muslin.
A 7-year size requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of long-cloth 40 inches wide. This combination is nice for girls 2 to 15 years; it is also good for juniors.

3489 3498 3459 3476 3502

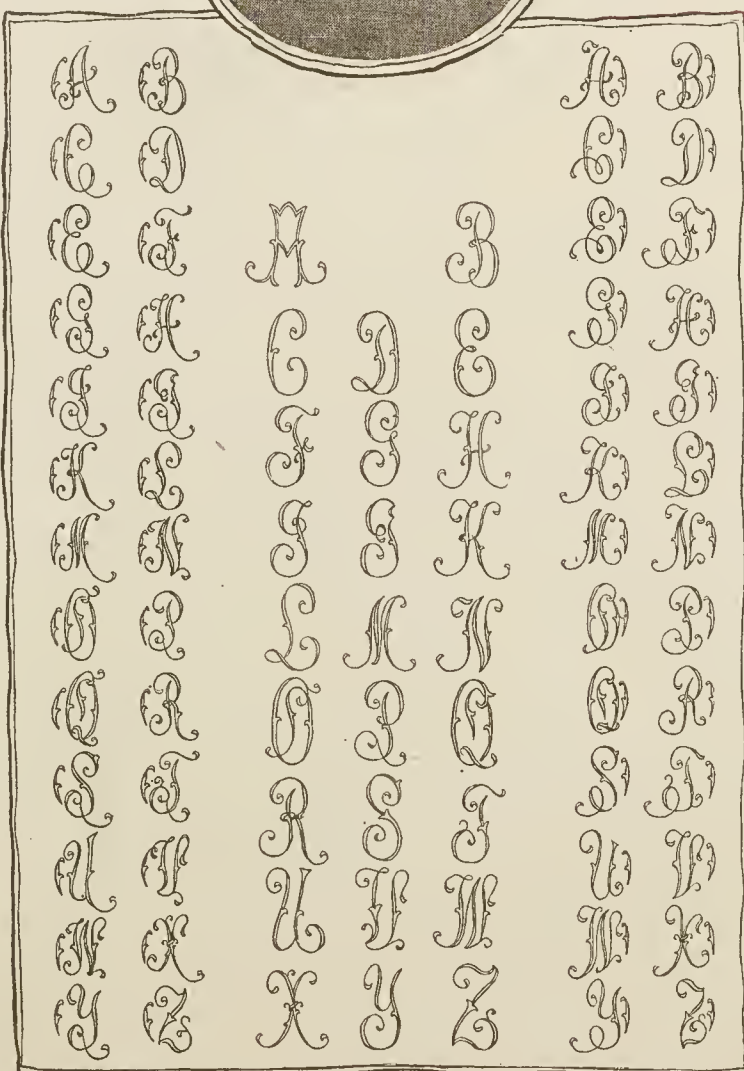
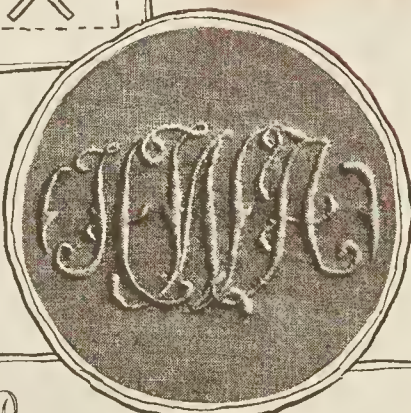
HAND-WORK MAKES PROVISION FOR MARKING THE LINEN, AND FOR TRIMMING THE FROCK AND THE CHILDREN'S CLOTHES



Embroidery design 10939



Embroidery design 10936



Embroidery design 10937

10939—Those comfortable little Middy blouses and Peter Thompson dresses, and those swagger little sailor suits that small boys and girls so love, are, of course, like a train without an engine unless the proper emblem appears on the sleeve. And some of the young hopefuls are most discriminating and just any old emblem won't do at all. Once an army man always an army man or once a sailor always a sailor. Some boys refuse to be just plain blue-jackets and place themselves immediately as a three-striper. Others, if ever they grow up they're going to join the navy and learn to wigwag. Girls for the most part, are satisfied to merely wear their patriotism on their sleeve. Eagle emblems are the thing for them for what feminine heart, however young, does not aspire to wings? From mother's more practical point of view emblems of this sort provide the necessary bright spot for the children's clothes. She knows that when she embroiders it herself in colors, she can vouch against its fading, and she is pleasing the children's fancies and her own sense of the fitness of the thing. These emblems can be used to best advantage on shields and sleeves for sailor suits or dresses. The best stitches to use are the satin-stitch or Kensington embroidery. The design can be adapted to 8 full rating badges and assorted motifs.

10936—The French designer never wearies of new experiments in the land of beaded and embroidered trimmings, for his latest frocks. There are so many possibilities of using the square or the circle in heretofore unheard of forms. And then there is the possibility of using the both of them and out of this happy inspiration comes a design of perfect individuality. A square within a circle, the circles piled upon each other and you have triangular-like motifs that combine into a delightfully unique banding. The motif,

of its own accord, needs nothing additional with it if one prefers it to the banding. There are other and more narrow bandings that follow the straight line or use a half-circle to resolve into a scalloped effect. One of them can be used for a finish for those very fashionable frocks, with the scallop edge instead of the conventional hem. Should you like to hold to the straight line at the bottom of your skirt, there is a straight finish to the scalloped banding that can be used most effectively. Most everything a woman wears is taken care of for her dress, her blouse or waist, her skirt and anything else that might demand it could find a way to add a new note with this design. The most satisfaction is given to the effect when beading or French knot embroidery are combined with one-stitch or bugle beads. This trimming can be used for 2 3/8 yards of banding 9 1/2 inches wide, 2 5/8 yards of banding 3 inches wide, 2 3/8 yards of banding 1 3/8 inch wide, 24 motifs 2 by 2 inches and 12 motifs 7/8 by 7/8 inches.

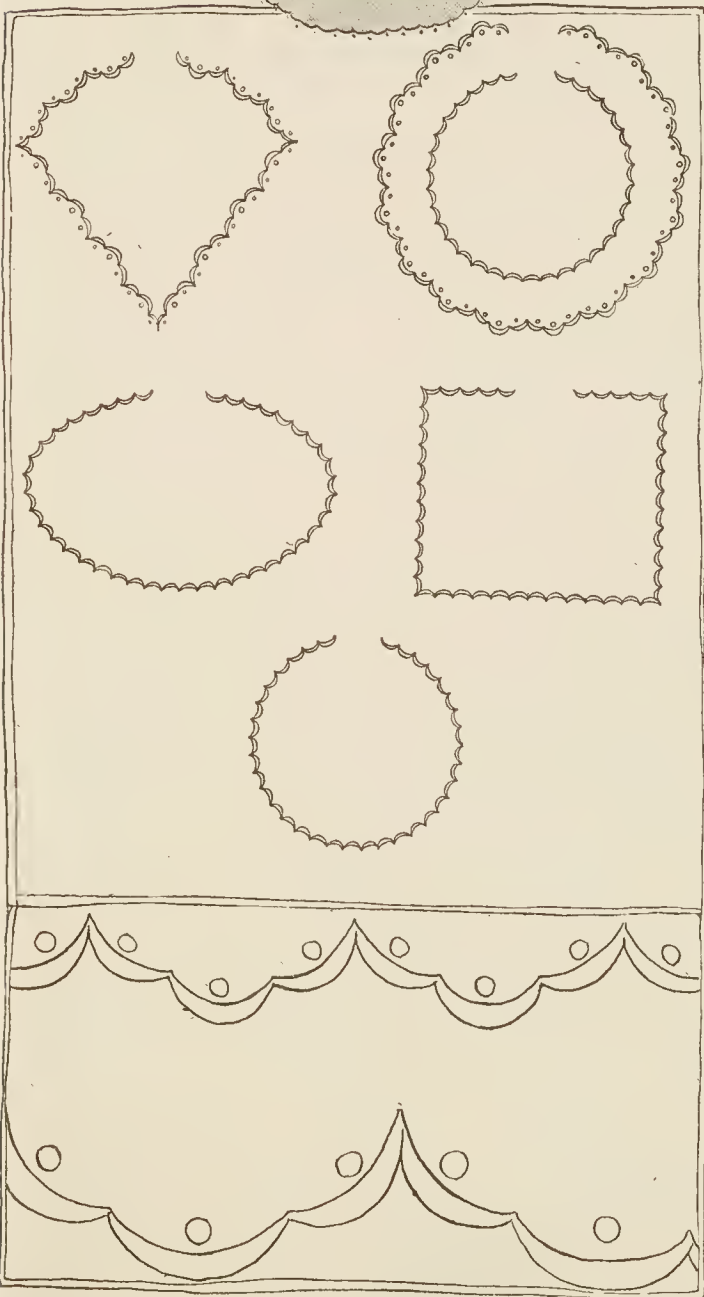
10937—The housewife who has beautiful linens is so very proud of them that she marks them with a monogram and that monogram must be the most distinctive one available. Whether it is a single initial or an interlaced monogram the same care is taken in selecting a gracefully curved letter or letters that combine into a compact monogram. This particular alphabet has been planned to fulfill all the demands of the discriminating housewife. It is made so that any combination of initials is possible or so that the single monogram can be used, if one prefers it, for the curving of the single letters is as satisfactory as the more intricate curving of the intertwined letters. The compact initials avoid the straight lines on all occasions, for the center letter is just the proper bit larger than the others. Such an alphabet is successful for all household linens, such as the table-cloths, sheets, pillowcases, napkins, towels or bureau-scarfs, and can also be applied to personal linen. The use of satin-stitch or outline embroidery produces the most pleasing effect with comparatively little work. There are 12 complete alphabets that are shaped so that it requires 3 alphabets to form a single monogram, two monograms 2 3/8 by 3 1/8 inches, and two monograms 1 5/8 by 2 3/8 inches that can be used.

SCALLOPS TRIM THE BABY'S THINGS AND DISTINGUISH THE LINENS, AND FOR EMBROIDERED TRIMMINGS NEW BANDINGS AND MOTIFS ARE OFFERED

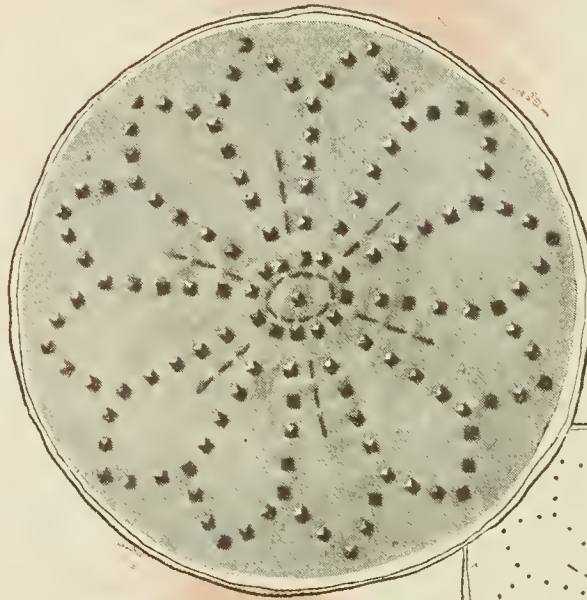


10940—Every time a new dress is designed the question immediately arises as to how to trim it. The present day styles, of course, favor beaded and embroidered trimming and there are so many that are delightful and adaptable that it would be hard to go astray. The right banding or motif makes your frock and you must take care to suit your trimming to it. On the heavier materials, for instance, the design should be of the bolder type, one that calls for a single decided stitch or for larger and more assertive beads. A design, such as this one, shows a gracefully curved banding and motifs carried out in strong yet simple strokes. One-stitch is the natural decision if you are going to embroider the design, or if you prefer the beads, bugle beads combine just as well with outline embroidery as does the one-stitch. The Winter wardrobe is usually of the more subdued colors, especially the woolen things, but the embroidered trimming in a contrasting and brighter shade saves them from monotony. This design in the first place was used on dark blue and for the embroidered part, dark-blue chenille was combined with silver metallic thread. The color scheme of the motif was finally completed by a touch of red. The variety of motifs and bandings and corners makes it possible to adapt this design not only to your frock but to other parts of your wardrobe, such as to waists and blouses, or even to coats, skirts and hats. The comparative simplicity of the work required to produce a lovely effect with this design makes it very practical. There are $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of banding $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch wide, 4 corners $17\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ inches, 4 motifs $8\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 6 motifs $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$ inches and 6 motifs $5\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ inches that can be used.

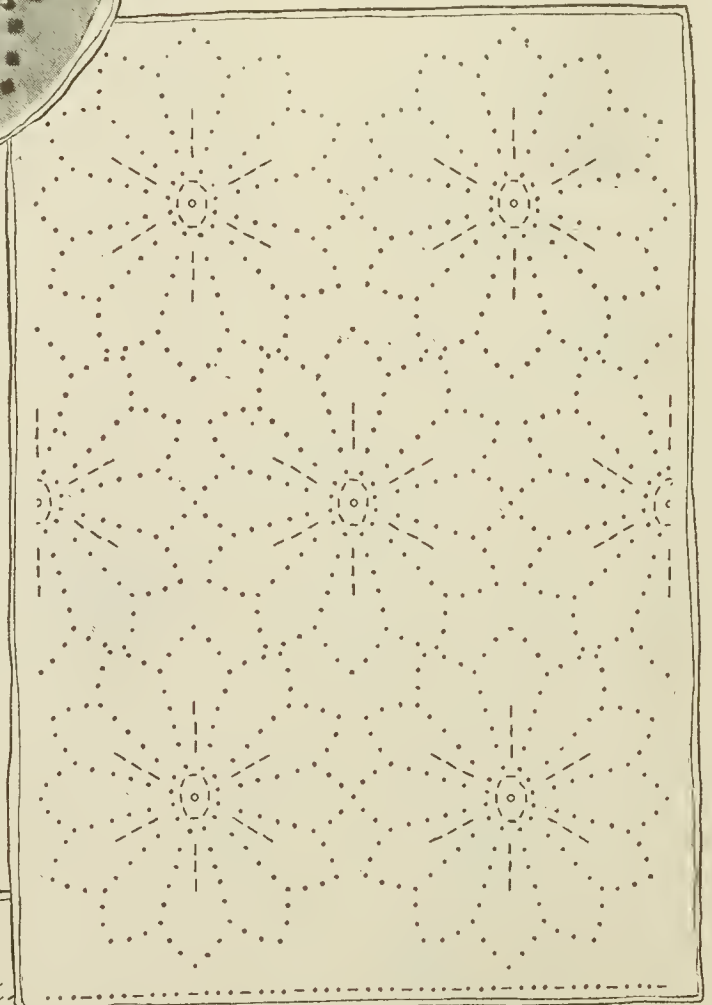
10941—When it comes to the materials of the lighter and more dainty texture one's thoughts turn from the more decided embroidered bandings to a design, often times an all-over design, for beads. This one in particular has a cobweb-like formation that makes it even more delicate than the average beaded design. The filmy and transparent blouse becomes something altogether individual when it affects an all-over trimming of this sort worked in the tiniest beads in a contrasting shade. But this design is versatile and decides to make itself useful for most every type of garment. These flower-like motifs were shown originally on a heavier frock of beige and the paillettes were of the shiniest of black jet. If you like bead-work when it is combined with embroidery you can use most any bead with one-stitch embroidery. For the more durable mate-



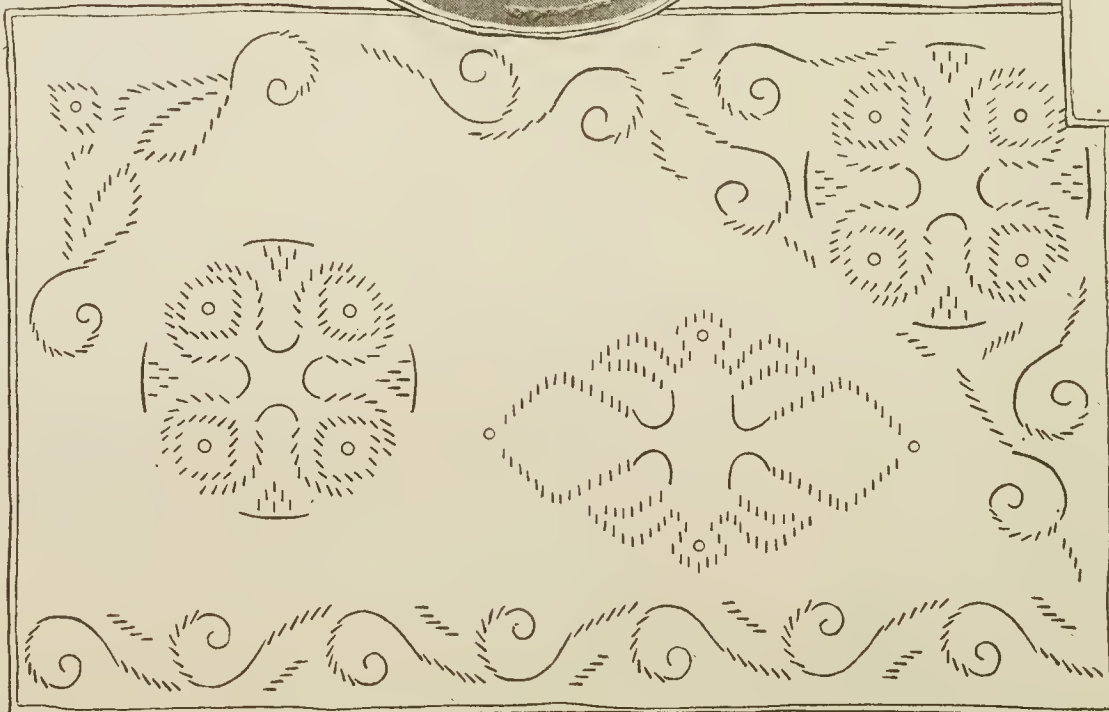
Embroidery design 10938



Embroidery design 10940



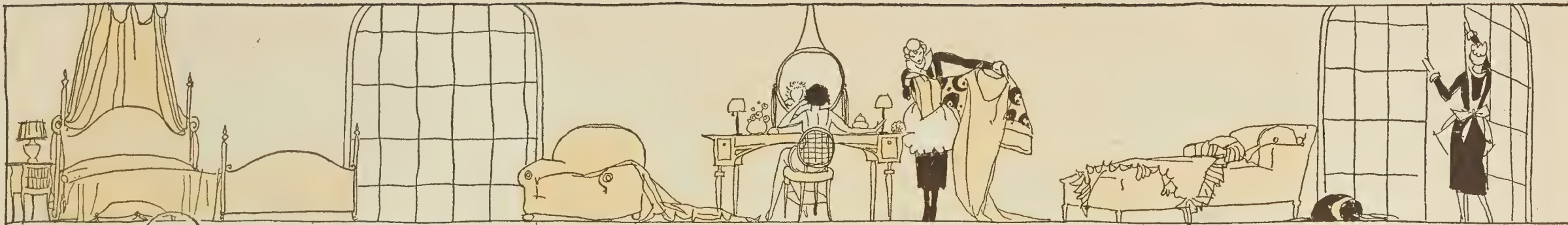
Embroidery design 10941



rials the best selection would be the large wooden beads. Seed beads are more fitting to be used on the lighter-weight materials but all these beads will combine nicely with either one-stitch, or, to cling to the bead idea, with bugle beads. According to your choice of beads this design can be made attractive on dresses, waists, skirts, overblouses or on most everything one wears. The open formation of these flower-like motifs simplifies the work considerably, and you will find that it takes less time than most beading designs. This design can be adapted to $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding 31 inches wide and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of banding $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch wide.

10938—The most aristocratic of all the land of embroidery is the scallop. The very fine household linens are particularly fond of it in any form and where there is an edge on something very dainty to be finished, the first and last thought for it is the scalloped edge. To the linens a scalloped edge lends a distinction that is the pride and joy to every housewife, for she can pad the scallops and work them herself and when they are finished she knows that she has the very finest work that money itself could buy. She finishes her towels, her pillow-slips, her bedspreads and most everything else in the linen chest with a scalloped edge in some form or another.

After the matter of the linens comes the problem of providing countless dainty things for the tiniest of persons. There are neck outlines here that can be buttonholed and cut out to produce a most delicate effect. And, if you like, these scallops are also of the proper sort to trim the very finest of undergarments that appear in the baby's layette. For the heavier linens that one uses for household necessities, there are $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of scalloping $1\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch wide and 5 yards of scalloping $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch wide that can be used. There are also outlines for 12 necks in various sizes and of various designs that can be adapted to most any size or shape of neck.



Daintiness of Color, Material and Trimming Rule in the Realm of Lingerie



NIGHTGOWN 3494
EMBROIDERY DESIGN
10864

ENVELOPE CHEMISE
3145

CHEMISE & DRAWERS
3383

CAMISOLE
2871
PETTICOAT
3158

PAJAMAS 3166
EMBROIDERY DESIGN
10590

SLIP
3428
EMBROIDERY DESIGN
10812

CHEMISE
3201

Descriptions and other views on page S1

CORRECT DRESS IS LARGELY A MATTER OF WHEN TO AND WHEN NOT

BY ELEANOR CHALMERS

BRIDES, babies and older women adore trains. The matron looks upon it as a mark of elegance and dignity; the bride loves it because she knows that it is both stately and picturesque; in babies from four to fifteen it satisfies the instinct for dressing up and growing up in haste. The dancing years have no use for it at all, for it is in the way and has a mature look. For the most part it is only used for wedding gowns and for older women when they want the most formal type of evening dress. The one-sided train is new and in line with the side draperies and the uneven hem. Many brides use it for the wedding and have it shortened afterward so that they can use the dress more comfortably for dinners and dances. The train is at its best in materials of the more elegant description, the brocades, velvets, heavy silk crêpes, etc. It is becoming to older women, for it makes them look taller and more slender.

THE woman who goes into society very occasionally is often puzzled as to what is the correct convention in regard to evening sleeves and evening gloves. She may, if she likes, dismiss both subjects from her mind.

Nearly all evening gowns are sleeveless or nearly so, and very few women wear evening gloves except with the most formal type of evening dress and even then it is not obligatory. The long glove went out with the war, when French women were economizing rigidly, and anything that suggested full evening dress was under a ban. The custom proved so comfortable that few women have gone back to the long evening glove. Of course, if the



arm is very thin or really ugly, it is better to wear either a long glove or a sleeve that partially covers or veils the arm.

TO THE nineteenth century legs were "limbs." The early twentieth century was willing to admit that it had legs, but they stopped at the ankle. To the present-day easy-going, cross-legged, short-skirted generation, even the knee is nothing to be ashamed of. There is much to be said for the comfort and

convenience of the short skirt and properly worn it is delightful. It should always be worn over knickers or bloomers, however. A slip or petticoat, no matter how substantial or how impervious to the light, is not sufficient protection. Many women do not realize the almost unlimited perspective offered by the short skirt a dozen times a day, and would be profoundly shocked if they knew the exposure they were making. Under a suit skirt, or a dress of a fair weight wool material, the knicker is used without a petticoat, for it is much more comfortable for walking. Under a silk dress, or a dress that clings to the figure, one needs a slip or petticoat as well as bloomers.

WHILE we are on bifurcated subjects it is as well to put the new sports knickers in their place. Younger women are using them in the country for hiking, Winter sports, riding, occasionally for golf, and for overseeing the work on their farms, etc. They are not worn in town or for the street. In the right place and at the right time they are smart and correct and are as comfortable as they are good-looking. They are worn with several types of tailored coats.

WHY WOMEN SELL THEMSELVES THE DELTOR

IN ADVERTISING parlance the woman who sells herself stays sold. A short time ago a woman came to a Butterick pattern department, selected a pattern and found out how much material she would need for her dress. When she was told that the pattern was fifty cents, she refused pointblank to pay what she called "such an outrageous price." She left in a great state of indignation, for she was one of those women who always remember that they used to pay fifteen cents for a pattern and always forget that they also used to buy eggs at eighteen cents a dozen—and there's been no improvement in the egg.

Not that they liked school particularly, but they have a half-formed idea that in order to learn anything you must sit down at a desk with a teacher in front of you with a pointer and a piece of chalk. As a matter of fact, education of all kinds comes from many avenues. A woman recently told a Butterick saleswoman that she wished that there was a dressmaking school in town.



able to-day, for it is prepared by experts of the very highest order. They give you your cutting lesson in a picture layout, your putting-together lesson in pictures and then show, with pictures where they are needed, the French way of finishing and trimming every part of your dress. The best thing about it as a lesson is that you apply it at once to the garment you're working on. It shows you how to make the thing you're making, where most dressmaking schools give you general instructions that you have to adapt to your own

need and which perhaps do not cover the individual problems of your work. The Deltor does."

In about half an hour the woman came back. She had found a cheaper pattern, but it called for a yard and a quarter more tricotine, "and it is three dollars a yard."

"There is," said the saleswoman promptly. "It's in every Deltor pattern envelope. It's the best dress-making instruction procur-

NOW and then there is a woman who thinks that she can cut just as economically as the Deltor. Occasionally also we hear of the doubters who know they can't do it, but think the Deltor can't do it either. The other day a member of the Butterick Company was passing the dress-goods department of a large shop and saw an absorbed group gathered around one of the counters. Joining the group he found that a customer and a salesman were laying a Butterick pattern on velours de laine.

"Is anything wrong with the pattern?" he asked.

"No," replied the salesman; "but neither the lady nor I thought it could possibly be cut from the small amount it calls for, but with that Deltor layout it just does it."

"I couldn't have done it alone," said the customer. "I would have taken at least another yard. If I hadn't actually tried it with the Deltor, I would have felt sure the pattern was wrong. I would have spent an hour or two trying to get the suit out, while with that Deltor we laid it out in five minutes."

MANY women carry the little-red-school-house attitude with them through life.

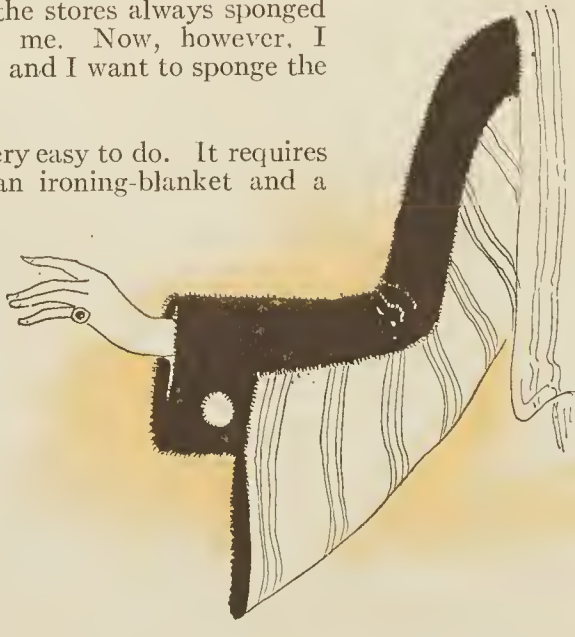
THE RIGHT OF WAY OF WOOL MATERIALS

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I am getting a new serge dress. Is it necessary to have it sponged, and if so will it shrink, and should I get more material than the pattern calls for?

lived in the city, the stores always sponged my materials for me. Now, however, I live in the country and I want to sponge the materials myself.

MOST wool materials should be shrunk before they are used, otherwise they will shrink on the first damp day, and will spot from rain, etc. Materials like velours, duvetyn, wool plush, etc., must be steamed instead of sponged. Very thin, open-meshed materials should not be sponged, for sponging changes their appearance.

SPONGING is very easy to do. It requires a large table, an ironing-blanket and a strip of unbleached muslin the width of your material and one-half its length. Before sponging the material cut off the selvage or clip it at intervals, otherwise the material will shrink more than the selvage and will pucker. Place your material face down on the table. Wet the piece of muslin in cold water and wring it out. Spread it out, smooth out the wrinkles and lay it over half of your material. Fold the other half of your material over it, roll the material and sponging-cloth together tightly in a roll and leave it overnight in that condition, covered with a piece of muslin or newspapers so that the moisture will be retained. In the morning unroll the material, pressing it dry on the wrong side as you un-



roll it. When you are sponging material of double width, open it out in its full width and sponge it in this same way, using a double width of muslin for a sponging-cloth.

They should be steamed before they are used. Use a large table, ironing-blanket and unbleached muslin just as you would do for sponging. Lay the material face down on the blanket. Wet the muslin, wring it out and lay it down over the material. Pass the iron over the muslin so that it just touches the muslin without resting on it. The steam will go through the material and sponge it; but be sure that the iron just touches the material, for the weight of the iron would mark your duvetyn.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I am often puzzled to know which is the right and which is the wrong side of a material. Is there any way of telling?

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I notice on many of the pattern envelopes the quantities will say for material "with a nap" or for material "without a nap." What difference does it make?

The average wool material shrinks from three-quarters to one inch to the yard. Whether you will need extra material or not depends on the length you wear your skirts. Compare your own skirt length, taken from the normal waistline in front, to the corresponding length of the pattern. The length of the pattern is given on the front of the envelope, and you can also tell whether or not it allows for a hem. First decide whether you will use a hem or facing—the special note on the back of the envelope will advise you as to which is preferable for that particular skirt. You can then easily decide whether you need extra material for shrinking. If your skirt length is less than the skirt of the pattern and you are not going to use a hem, you will have ample material even if it shrinks in sponging.

MOST materials are folded lengthwise through the center. The right side is inside, to protect it from fading and becoming shop-worn. In single-fold material you can usually tell the right and wrong side from the selvage, which is smoother on the right side. In serge or diagonal weaves, the twill runs down from left to right on the right side of the material.

MATERIAL with a distinct nap or pile must be used with the nap or pile running the same way in each piece, otherwise the color will shade differently in different pieces and look quite badly. In velvet, velveteen, corduroy or plush the pile must run up so that the pile will fall out and show the full depth of color. In panne velvet the pile runs down because it is purposely flattened to give it a mirrored effect. In broadcloth the nap must run down; if it ran up it would roughen and become woolly and wear badly. You can tell which is up and which is down by running your hand up and down the material. When the material feels rough, the pile is running up, and when it is smooth it is running down.

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: What is the best way to sponge wool materials? When I

DEAR MRS. CHALMERS: I have just bought some very handsome duvetyn for a suit. Should it be sponged before it is used?

DUVETYEN, wool velours and materials of that character should not be sponged.

O'DOYÉ TAKES TWO VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT OF EVENING DRESS

Photographs by O'Doyé

Sketches by Dartey



The high carved comb, the black lace fan and the shawl wrap of heavy embroidered crêpe speak the same language as the Spanish silhouette and should be used together.

A royal robe made by Molyneux and posed by Hebe is of coral-colored panne velvet stamped with great silver flowers and fringed with pearls. The conventions of evening dress have changed radically in recent years and even the formal dinner gown is worn less formally than in the past. The classical draped gown is still made of metal brocades, velvet, brochés, satins and the heavier crêpes, but the dress itself is fairly short, sleeveless, and is usually worn without those sign-manuals of full dress—the train and the long white glove.



In this day and age when criticizing the modern woman has become a favorite magazine sport it is well to remember that she has grown more modest and less barbaric in her evening dress. Three ropes of pearls have replaced the hideous choker of the dog collar of diamonds, a bandeau set with brilliants the Fiji aigret head-dress. The evening slipper is usually the Greek strap sandal in metal cloth or metal brocade or the Louis slipper of black, white or colored satin, silver or aluminum cloth.

An Infanta dress by Alice Bernard follows the Spanish silhouette from the farthingale beneath its loops of cyclamen ribbon to its silver corsage and carmine flower in the sleek black hair. It is a style that has also been used by Callot, Lanvin and other French houses, but it belongs obviously to the slim figure and sheer youth of a young girl and to the uncrowded hours and ballrooms and leisurely dances of the days of the minuet. The new evening colors are brilliant, with fewer black and white dresses than in past years and many of Volney red, jade green, mimosa yellow, and the deeper flower shades of reddish pinks and mauve blues.





THE HOME-MAKERS' DEPARTMENT

Edited by MARTHA VAN RENSSELAER

Head of the School of Home Economics, Cornell University

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW



AN EDITORIAL in the August Home-makers' Department told the story of a woman who was in despair over her accumulated work. That editorial has brought forth a reply from a housekeeper and business woman:

"I can not understand how it would take the entire time of any woman to keep a small house and attend to two or more children. We have four cows and chickens and ducks. I have two small girls who are conceded to be as healthy, well mannered and as well dressed as the average child.

"I have a sandwich business, employing one girl to help. Together we do the ironing and washing, including the bed-linen. I bathe and dress my youngsters myself and do not neglect to correct them when necessary. I do not nag my children. If they get dirty, they have to be cleaned up—that is all.

"We have eight large rooms to clean and care for, and most of the time some extra person comes in for a meal. My guest-room is always ready, and if folks bear with me until my sandwiches are made and properly put away, my butter taken out of my electric churn, and the milk disposed of, I will play and entertain as long as I can hold my eyes open.

"Besides running my own car, I am president of a very live Ladies' Aid Society which raised over two thousand dollars in cash last year. I play the organ at our country church, rarely ever miss Sunday-school, and see a movie once a week.

"I subscribe to and read THE DELINEATOR and several other magazines. I will not stagnate, nor let the rest of the world go by and leave me with an unsatisfied ache and a jangling set of nerves, to say nothing of a star seat in some asylum."

TRUE ECONOMY

WHEN do labor-savers prove an economical investment?

A business man asks the editor of the Home-makers' Department of THE DELINEATOR how strongly convinced women have become of the advantages of using up-to-date labor-saving devices in their homes. In what expenditure, we wonder, will the family under financial stress begin to retrench? If it cuts down its labor cost, will the investment in labor-saving devices be increased to save time and strength of the woman for whom the household burden is increased? It is not so much a matter of sentiment as a plain business proposition.

We asked a farm woman what she would buy first to save labor and bring greatest satisfaction to her family. This is her reply:

"We were interested in your question about what a

SEND IN YOUR LIST

IF YOU HAD fifty dollars with which to buy household labor-savers after the kitchen has its usual supply of larger equipment, how would you expend the money?

We want the best list of rather unusual labor-savers which have proved themselves really practical in your home. Write your suggestions to the Editor, Home-makers' Department, THE DELINEATOR.

country family should buy first because it took a long time for us to decide to get an electric plant before we put in a furnace or running water.

"Our aim was to invest in the thing that would save the most labor and bring the greatest satisfaction to all the family. We live seven miles from town, and although there are six in the family to help with the work there is always a great deal to do.

"The washing and ironing and cleaning have been our greatest problems. Of course a furnace and running water would have helped to keep the house clean and make the laundry work easier, but we decided that we would use a furnace only a few months in the year and that electricity would give us power for a vacuum cleaner to clean our many carpets, that it would run a washing-machine, iron and mangle, besides giving us light all over the house. We felt that lights were really one of the most important of all because our children are just at the age when they want adventure and we could safely encourage them to find it in good books if we had lights that would not injure their eyes.

"As soon as we can afford it, we shall add the other labor-savers to our home, which we have come to feel are necessities rather than luxuries."

EDUCATION—BY MAIL

"WE HAVE reached a point where no woman dares say that her education is finished." Graduation from a high school or from a college is but the beginning of progress in a woman's education.

Men in professional and industrial life have proved their ability to increase incomes by out-of-school study. Whether such schools would appeal to women was a

matter of conjecture because they have not to the same extent been gainfully employed.

Correspondence-school courses were at first planned to aid men to advance in their business. Later there were added courses in foods and in millinery, in tailoring and in sewing. There are now one hundred and twenty-five thousand women in all parts of the United States enrolled in these courses, which are designed not only to help women increase their earning power, but also to help home-makers.

DOES THE DELINEATOR MEET THE NEED?

TO WHAT extent does THE DELINEATOR help you with your home problems? How nearly does it approach the needs its readers want to find answered in this department? We asked a business woman who is not a housekeeper if the Home-makers' Department is a help to her in meeting her living problems. This is her reply:

"I am not a home-maker, but I want so much to tell you what I have gained from THE DELINEATOR Home-makers' Department. I have been a stenographer in a down-town city office for a number of years, but I have always been handicapped by minor physical ailments that have made it impossible for me to go through a day's work and have any energy left for recreation or social life in the evenings. Of course that made me very lonely and depressed, because I felt I was having so little fun and was not making progress in my profession.

"In order to economize as I was obliged to do on a stenographer's salary, I prepared my morning and evening meals in my room, but I never realized until I began reading the articles in your department that perhaps what I ate had something to do with my physical handicaps.

"My one pleasure during the day had been the evening meal, which always consisted of the things I liked best. These I learned later were not the foods that were best for me and I began gradually to change my food habits. The beneficial results were far greater than I expected in so short a time. For instance, by taking hot water and lemon-juice a half-hour before breakfast instead of with my meal, I found I had a better appetite and therefore more than usually enjoyed eating. By eating fruit regularly twice a day and by eating whole wheat instead of white bread I corrected a tendency to constipation that I had had for years. I found myself selecting my noon meal at the restaurant with more care; but, best of all, I began to feel much more vigorous and in spite of harder work and more exercise I gained in weight.

"These things in themselves have of course been a great physical benefit; but because they have opened up possibilities of companionship and professional advancement they have added immeasurably to my life as a whole. I wanted you to know that in addition to helping home-makers you have helped a business woman."

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of THE DELINEATOR, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1921. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City. Editor, MRS. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, none. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City. Stockholders: KATHERINE G. BRAKER, 2 East 56th St., New York City. Estate of W. H. GELSHENEN, care of Garfield National Bank, New York City. JOHN J. HOGAN, 15 West 23rd St., New York City. ERNEST STAUFFEN, JR., 120 Broadway, New York City. THOMPSON BROS., Milroy, Pa. ABBY L. WILDER, 70 East 77th St., New York City. FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J., stockholder of FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City, stockholders of BUTTERICK COMPANY. GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill. JOHN M. DONINGTON, 37 Wall St., New York City. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William St., New York City. GUDE, WINMILL & Co., 20 Broad St., New York City. S. R. LATSHAW,

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MAKING CANDY in the HOME KITCHEN

By LUCILE BREWER and
ALICE BLINN

Department of Home Economics,
Cornell University

AT CHRISTMAS time a great wave of home candy-making sweeps over the country and threatens to entangle the whole land in sweet stickiness. From the far-off country places where the holiday season still means pop-corn balls and molasses taffy to the city flat where candy-making means an electric chafing-dish and a pan of fudge cooling on the window-sill the inner urge for hand-made, home-made sweets catches all femininity up and carries them on to more or less successful attempts at the confectioner's art.

Unfortunately, sugar, although the most acceptable of all foods that slip down the human throat, undergoes the most complicated of chemical changes in the process of cooking. Hence the mass of sticky failures that pile up in kitchen cupboards during the great candy season.

Although the complexity of sugar chemistry baffles even the chemist, there is no reason why the home candy-maker can not master the a b c's of sugar cookery and so insure greater success with her Christmas sweets.

In the first place, sugar, like salt, has a faculty of taking unto itself water from the atmosphere. Therefore, the first essential to success in candy-making is to select a clear, bright day for the undertaking. The next thing to recognize is that sugar passes rapidly from one stage to another, and, unless one can give constant attention to the business of candy-making, in nine cases out of ten one might as well not begin.

NOW, with decks cleared for action, comes the mastery of simple facts. The food shortage during the war made housewives familiar with the form of sugar known as glucose, or with corn sirup, which is a form of glucose. Ordinary granulated sugar masquerades under the chemical term of sucrose. This sugar is very sweet and its crystals are large and granular—the every-day sugar of cookery. Now, sucrose really consists of two simpler sugars combined, one of which is the very soft glucose. This is not very sweet and crystallizes into very small particles, or remains in the form of a heavy sirup.

The whole trick in candy-making is to change some of the heavy granulated sugar into the smooth, soft, fine crystals of glucose. To do this a small amount of some food acid is needed, together with water and a certain length of boiling. Thus all recipes for smooth, soft candies contain vinegar, cream of tartar, acetic acid (the natural acid of apple vinegar), or lemon juice.

The hardest part of all is to know when that critical point is reached at which chemical change has been sufficiently accomplished and cooking must cease. Although a confectioner recognizes ten or fifteen distinct changes in boiled sugar, the amateur needs to know only four or five. With most of these she is already familiar. A cooking thermometer, if accurately tested, is a great aid in knowing the exact moment at which to remove the boiling sirup from the stove. Many thermometers, however, are inaccurate, and the cook who depends on them may fail. The following stages are generally recognized:

Soft ball—238° F. Used for fondant, fudge, pinochi, and other soft candies. To test, take a small portion of the boiling sugar on the tip of a spoon and lower carefully into a cup of cold water. Draw the spoon away from the candy, and if it forms into a soft ball the candy is done.

Hard ball—248° F. Used for nougat, divinity, and candies in which egg-white is used. Test in the same manner as for soft ball, withdrawing from the fire when the sirup forms a ball that will keep its shape if held between the fingers.

Crack—290° F. Used for peanut brittle and other brittle candies. Withdraw from the fire when the candy hardens at once when it touches the water and makes a distinct clink when it touches the glass.

Caramel—350° F. Used for flavoring candies. Recognized when the candy changes color, becoming a yellowish brown. At this point the sugar passes quickly to the burning stage and must be most carefully watched.



THE FIRST ESSENTIAL TO SUCCESS IN CANDY-MAKING IS TO SELECT A CLEAR, BRIGHT DAY FOR THE UNDERTAKING

PLAIN fondant is the base of most fancy candies. Thus to master fondant-making is almost to master candy-making.

Fondant should be allowed to ripen. It may be made weeks before it is used, and if carefully covered will be in excellent condition for making into candies. Several recognized types of candies are made from plain fondant.

PLAIN FONDANT

2 cups sugar $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 cup water

MIX all the ingredients together, place over heat, and stir until all the sugar is dissolved. Cover the saucepan until the sirup boils. This usually takes four or five minutes. Then remove the cover from the pan and wash down the sides of the dish with a swab dipped in cold water. (The swab is made by winding a fork with a strip of clean cloth.) Be sure to wash off any crystals that may have formed. Cook slowly until the sirup forms a soft ball in water. If crystals form on the sides of the pan, remove them by washing down the sides of the pan.

Remove sirup from fire and put it on a moistened marble slab or a platter dipped in cold water just before using. Fondant must be poured out very slowly, with the dish held low over the receptacle. Never pour fondant faster than the sirup spreads from the spot the stream of sirup touches. Let it stand without disturbing or jarring until partially cool and slight wrinkles form around

colors and flavors usually go together. For instance, use finely chopped pistachio-nuts with green-tinted fondant.

Patties

Soften the fondant over boiling water, stirring it constantly. Flavor and color it as desired and drop on oiled paper from a spoon. Bring spoon away with a twisting motion to leave a curl on top.

Mints

Place plain fondant in an earthen bowl set in boiling water. Add a few drops of boiling water to thin to the right consistency for dropping. Flavor and tint to correspond with flavor: pink for wintergreen, white for peppermint, yellow for almond or rose, and green for wintergreen or pistachio. Drop from the tip of a spoon on oiled paper, taking care to form perfectly round shapes.

ONLY pure vegetable coloring should be used in candies. Care must be taken to use very small amounts of coloring and to add it gradually.

Soft fondants should be dipped in melted confectioner's chocolate. This may be bought already prepared. It must be melted very slowly over boiling water. Light spots or streaks will appear on the candy if the chocolate has been overheated. When the chocolate is ready for use, it is removed from the fire and the bonbons are lowered into it on the end of a fork or a specially made dipping-wire. Each bonbon must be care-



PATTIES, BONBONS, AND MINTS ARE ALL MADE WITH PLAIN FONDANT, WHICH CAN BE PREPARED WEEKS BEFORE USE

the edges of the fondant. Then begin working with a spatula or broad-edged putty-knife, lifting the fondant each time from the edge and turning it in toward the center.

Continue working until the fondant is white and of the right consistency. The hands may be used in the later stages of working, if necessary. When the fondant is sufficiently worked to handle, place in a bowl or earthen jar and cover with oiled paper.

Bonbons

With the fingers fold plain fondant into flat balls. Dip into melted fondant that has been tinted and flavored. Fruits or nuts may be molded inside the bonbons or placed on top, or both.

Creams

Flavor or color plain fondant and mix with finely chopped fruit or nuts. Certain

fully coated, drained on the fork, and placed on oiled paper to dry.

Two suggestions should be kept in mind in making fudge. The addition of glucose or corn sirup keeps the candy moist for a longer time than fudge made with cream of tartar. If fudge is allowed to become perfectly cool before it is beaten, it has a finer texture.

DIPPING FONDANT

2 cups sugar 2 drops acetic acid
1 cup water White of 1 egg, beaten stiff
5 drops glycerin

MIX all the ingredients together with the exception of the egg-white, and cook as for plain fondant. After the sirup has cooled and has been worked until it begins to turn white, work in the stiffly beaten white of egg and continue working until the fondant

is of a consistency to handle. With the fingers shape the fondant at once into balls, let them stand for a few minutes until the surface is dry, then dip in confectioner's dipping chocolate.

Dipping fondant must be made up into candies on the same day it is made.

FUDGE

2 cups sugar 1 square chocolate
1 teaspoon vanilla 1 teaspoon glucose or
3 tablespoons butter corn sirup
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sweet milk

SHAVE the chocolate and mix it with the sugar, milk, and glucose or corn sirup. Place over heat, stir until all ingredients are dissolved, and boil to the soft-ball stage, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Remove it from the heat, add the butter and vanilla. Pour out on a slightly dampened marble slab or a platter dipped in cold water, and let stand until cool. Beat until stiff, mold, and cut into any desired shape.

White Fudge

Use the same recipe, omitting the chocolate, and flavoring with lemon or almond or both instead of vanilla. One-third cup grated coconut may be added if desired.

Caramel Fudge

Omit the glucose and chocolate and add three tablespoons of caramel. One-fourth cup cut nuts or fruit may be added if desired.

Wintergreen

Use the same modification as for white fudge, tint pink with any vegetable coloring, and flavor with wintergreen and almond.

Marble Fudge

Marble fudge is made by molding together first a layer of chocolate, then a layer of wintergreen, one of caramel, and one of white fudge. Since fudge is even better if kept for several weeks, the layers may be added at different times, if the lower layer that has been standing for some time is first brushed over with the hot fudge sirup before the next layer is added.

MEXICAN BAR

2 cups brown sugar $\frac{2}{3}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup ground nuts $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped fruit,
2 teaspoons butter candied fruit, or
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla raisins
 $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon soda

MIX the sugar, milk, and soda together and bring to a boil. Stir occasionally and cook to the soft-ball stage. Remove from the fire, add the butter, vanilla, nuts, and fruit. Let stand until cool, beat until creamy, pour into greased pans, and cut into squares.

Candies of this type may be poured on marble slabs or platters, allowed to stand until cool, beaten with a spatula, and molded into any desired shapes or rolled and cut.

PEANUT BRITTLE

1 cup sugar 1 tablespoon vinegar
Vanilla 1 cup of peanuts,
1 teaspoon butter coarsely ground
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water

COOK the sugar, vinegar, and water to the crack stage. Add the butter and vanilla. Grease a shallow pan, scatter the peanuts over the bottom, and pour the sirup over the peanuts. Let stand until cool, then mark into bars with knife. Break apart when thoroughly cool.

MAPLE DIVINITY

1 cup sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup maple sirup
1 egg-white $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts
1 teaspoon vinegar or fruit if desired

MIX the sugar, sirup, vinegar, and water together and place over the fire and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Boil, without stirring, to the hard-ball stage. Remove from the fire and add the vanilla. Beat the egg-white until stiff.

Pour the hot sirup over the egg-white and beat the mixture until stiff enough to keep its shape. Add nuts or fruit if desired, and drop by spoonfuls on oiled paper. Let stand until dry on the surface.

I am the skipper of this little clipper
She's queen of the ice-boat fleet!
Her name is a winner on ice or at dinner—
It stands for the soup we all eat!



Off to a good start!

New Year—new cheer! Greet 1922 with a smile and decide right now to make it the biggest, happiest, healthiest year in your life. Good, hot, nourishing soup eaten regularly every day will keep your appetite keen, put the glow of health in your cheeks and a spring in your footsteps.

Campbell's Tomato Soup

is a lively start to any dinner or luncheon, with all the spicy, tonic flavor of pure tomato juices enriched with golden creamery butter, snow-white granulated sugar, dainty herbs and piquant seasoning. Just what good soup should be—a delight in itself and a spur to the appetite.

Blushing Bunny

Pour contents of one can Campbell's Tomato Soup into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add one pound cheese cut into cubes or small pieces. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with Soup. Add red pepper to taste and one egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast.

21 kinds

12c a can

Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



The NORMAL CHILD in SOCIETY

Does the three-year-old have a moral sense?

By BIRD T. BALDWIN, *Director*, and ANNE O'HAGAN, *for THE DELINEATOR*

LANE was three years old, the first child of his parents. His mother, Marietta, was twenty-four, and for the period—which was twenty years ago—she was deeply read in child-training lore.

Sitting upon the piazza of a Summer camp one day, overlooking Lane's play with a neighbor's little girl, she was horrified to see him deliberately stoop for a block and throw it with apparent murderous intention toward Doris. The block escaped her by an inch.

Marietta missed three or four of the piazza steps in her flying leap toward her son. When the shouting and the tumult died, Marietta, very white and drawn of face, locked herself in her room and proceeded to have hysterics.

It was plain to her that she had brought into the world a predestined murderer. Her mother, her aunts, and her grandmother were for a time powerless to convince her that Lane was like any other child of his age who had been thwarted by another child. She walked the earth with the bowed head of shame. And it was not until Lane had brothers and sisters who responded as primitively to angry emotion as he had done that she came to believe that he had been normal.

WHEN Marietta had reached that personally comforting decision, she began to question not only the taste and literary quality but the truth and sincerity of numerous "improving" tales of her own childhood. Was little John, at seven, competent to point out to his unbelieving father that steep and stony path to heaven? How old had that preposterous perennial, Elsie, been when she was represented as undertaking the spiritual regeneration of her household?

Eventually Marietta came to the conclusion that a whole school of literature had been founded on a falsehood—or, at any rate, upon a confusion between an uncontaminated heart and a developed "moral and religious sense." Protected little children do, for a few happy years, possess the one, but the development of the other parallels the physical and mental growth of children. A little child is no more a moral prototype of an adult than a little baby is a miniature man.

How are the social and moral qualities developed in the young, since children are not born, Minerva-like, with these attributes full grown? At what age does the normal child begin to feel the stirrings of

social and moral ideas? How are these best trained? By what kind of surroundings are they best fostered and expanded, and what kind is hostile to them? Observation and study of children, the progress of the science of psychology, the establishment of such a laboratory as that in Iowa, have all done much to answer these questions with a certain degree of authority. Parents of to-day, thanks to all these agencies, need not flounder in quite so desperate a morass of ignorance as the parents of yesterday.

For example, recent research shows that little children of from five to seven undergo decided moral and emotional readjustments. The endless chain of "whys" from children of this age indicates, not a perverse determination to drive guardians mad, but the beginning of moral sense—the relation of effect to cause. It is not enough to tell Jimmy and Jenny, "You must not touch the cake in the pantry." They want to know *why* they must not touch it; and, although it may be inconvenient to substitute for the curt, all-embracing "Because I tell you not to" an answer in words of one syllable that covers the theory of ownership, community rights, and general unselfishness, it is necessary to do so if the child's development and not the parent's ease is desired.

This, though perhaps the least understood, is the most significant period in child-training. It is at this time that the motives, tastes, ideals, and social impulses of the future man and woman are getting the personal set and bias that determine what he and she will do in particular situations.

FROM two to five the child is essentially individualistic; but at five or six, depending on its degree of physical development, it begins to become socialized. It wants to play with other children and share in their activities. For a little child morality probably consists merely of good habits, such as willingness to accept the fact that each time of day has its own duties—that naps come after lunch, hand-washing before dinner; such as willingness to resist the promptings of instinctive selfishness—to let Jane have her turn as driver of the cart, as captain of the troop; and such as willingness to acquire skill in dealing with the material world of buttons and soap and water.

In order to make intensive studies in the development of children between the ages of two and four years, the Iowa Child Welfare Station has organized a *Pre-School Laboratory*, where twenty children are now under daily observation and experimentation. This is the first laboratory school of its kind in America.

The age of adolescence has been more

intensively studied and is considerably better understood than is this earlier moral age. Every parent and teacher has seen the familiar types depicted in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." The first period of adolescence—roughly speaking, from about the age of twelve to eighteen—is one of emotional religious experience and of moral awakening. However, in boys and girls whose height, weight, and lung capacity are in advance of the accepted norms for their chronological years, it will begin earlier. Psychologists define the problem of the first period of adolescence as one of trial and discovery, and that of the second period as one of control of the newly discovered self, a problem that lasts well on into mature life and, in all too many cases, is never solved.

EVERY teacher, every parent, is familiar with many manifestations of this first experimental period. Every child, especially every boy, is ready at this age to go the limit. He likes to see how far he can go. He will take a risk, since the feeling of risk itself affords him pleasure. It is this feeling that makes the fifth and sixth grades in school notoriously the most difficult to discipline.

In the second period of adolescence, as is seen by observing students of the eleventh and twelfth grades, pupils are willing and anxious to take over responsibility for trying out their ideals. They wish to help direct school societies, debating teams, class organizations; they want to share in student government and class discipline.

The juvenile delinquent is a danger sign, flagging parents, teachers, and society as a whole off certain roads—off the roads of overcrowded living conditions, of neglected health, of parental severity with the natural claims of youth for recreation, of deadening early entrance into toil. All these roads are lined with innumerable disasters to the adolescent. Other roads also are strewn with the wreckage of young life—those where the alcoholic, the feeble-minded, and the socially subnormal have been allowed to assume the responsibilities of parenthood.

Juvenile delinquency often hinges upon mental incapacity, but among the mentally normal at least one experienced observer, Magistrate Freschi of the New York courts, finds that wrong-doing among girls often begins in their parents' denial of a harmless "good time." Recreation being a normal need of normal youth, its denial leads to deceit, intrigue, and thence to downfall.

The late Jacob Riis, in analyzing hoodlumism, also found that it had its strongest ally, if not its source, in the lack of rational recreation. That lack, to his mind, was

based not only on parental severity, but also upon the early age at which working papers are obtainable in almost all of our States.

It is not always the child of the laboring class who becomes the subject of study as an anti-social or non-social force. Sometimes it is, on the contrary, a child of the rich, of the apparently fortunate, the indulged class, who is unable to adjust himself to his home environment or the life of the community. Not one of the activities of these unfortunate children is linked with the life of the family—the first of the social groups with which a child usually finds himself allied.

A tribe of servants intervenes between these young people and such socially instructive duties as are a matter of course in middle-class and poor homes. Opportunity is not given them for free and spontaneous play which affords excellent training in self-confidence, self-control, and respect for the rights of others. These children have nurses who won't let them play "messy" games or take their chances in rough-and-tumble sport. These children do not button their own shoes, comb their own hair.

THE problem of fitting the child into his "setting" is the fundamental one in child development. It is the analysis of these mental and social adjustments, their relations to instincts and habits, that has given rise to the modern science of behavior. Psychology now studies how children and adults behave, and moral training is no longer held to consist in telling people to avoid evil, but in providing them with opportunities to do right. It will, for example, probably be quite idle to tell Johnny or a gang of Johnnies not to pull flowers roughly and to cast them away. But give Johnny a little garden strip of his own to cultivate, and the chances are that all gardens will thereafter be treated with respect.

Morality, in the normal boy or girl under twelve, is a matter of instinctive tendencies modified into good habits by parental command, example, and control. With the onset of adolescence, however, the social instincts are enormously strengthened and new moral judgments developed. Among the most valuable of the agencies that help to replace the cooperative activities of the old-fashioned rural or semi-rural household are clubs and organizations, of which there is an ever-increasing number for both boys and girls. Such groups or clubs as the Boy Scouts and Camp-Fire Girls are important because their appeal, based on the opportunity for vigorous outdoor life and on the spirit of loyalty and cooperation, can be turned to many socially useful ends.



Which counts most — color of soap or color of clothes?

Judge soap by what it will *do*. Color has little to do with either its purity or its cleansing value. There are good soaps variously yellow, green, white and brown. Some pure tar soaps are black! Yet who ever made her head *black* by shampooing with tar soap?

Regardless of color, you want a laundry soap that will *make clothes clean*—and do it the *safest*, the *quickest*, the *easiest* way.

Fels-Naptha is golden because that is the *natural* color of all its good materials mixed together. They help to hold the naptha till the last bit of the bar is used up, thus making it different from all other soaps.

Fels-Naptha is golden, yet it makes the whitest, cleanest clothes that ever came out of suds.

Real naptha is so skillfully combined with splendid soap by the Fels-Naptha exclusive process that it mixes readily with the wash-water. Thus it gets through every fibre of the fabric, and soaks the dirt loose without the effort of hard rubbing or without boiling. Fels-Naptha makes a wash thoroughly sweet and hygienically clean, because it gives clothes a soap-and-water cleansing and a naptha cleansing at the same time.

The only way you can get the benefit of this double cleansing-value in soap is to be sure you get Fels-Naptha—the original and genuine naptha soap—of your grocer. The clean naptha odor and the red-and-green wrapper are your guides.



Smell the real naptha in Fels-Naptha



© 1921, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

Improves every washing-machine

Fels-Naptha soap makes the washing-machine do even better work. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha loosens the dirt before the washing-machine starts its work. Then the Fels-Naptha soapy water churns through and through the clothes, quickly flushing away all the dirt.

ALMOST A YEAR ago a group of society women opened a beauty shop in New York city. Mrs. Gouverneur Morris, its vice-president, who wrote this article for THE DELINEATOR, believes above everything else in the beauty of naturalness: that youth is the exponent of nature's best, and shows to advantage in the athletic girl, who radiates loveliness in her smooth skin and well set head. She believes that youth and naturalness may be retained indefinitely. The great requisite is the desire to find the path and the will to follow. THE DELINEATOR'S Beauty Department will be glad to give you more information.

THE EDITOR

WHEN a woman looks better than she ever has in her life, it is fairly safe to say that she is happier than she has ever been before. The really clever woman knows how important beauty is.

Yet there are some women who consider the simplest aids as a sin against nature. They neglect themselves, and insist on being "natural," while back in their heads is a little feeling of envy at the woman who has found the way to be what nature actually intended. If they only knew that the secret may lie in giving up ten minutes a day to a little concentrated effort!

You may live in a climate that does not agree with your skin; and the food you eat, the work you do, the hours you keep, and even the thoughts you think may show in your face and—yes, in your hands too.

Did you ever stop to realize how significant the hands are? Do you know that they age more quickly than the face?

Hands are one of woman's most poignant attractions and sometimes the most expressive thing about her.

Often a woman who does not give the requisite care to her hands is so aware of their imperfection that she produces the effect of concealment in even trivial things, like her manner of passing the bread-plate.

BUT some of you will say, "How can I keep my hands in good condition, when I have to wash dishes and dust the furniture?" Or "A typewriter is terribly hard on the nails." Or "I am too tired to do another thing before I go to bed."

Granted; but every woman can find a little time for the things she really wants to do.

It isn't necessary that hands should be in themselves beautiful to be attractive. Nothing is so charmless as the useless hand. It is the care of them that counts.

Yvette Guilbert has a pair of the most famous hands in the world, though her fingers are short and blunted. It is what she does with them that has helped to bring her universal renown.

She is no longer young or slender; yet by her gestures she can become an ingénue, little, young, and thin, with awkward hands seeking to hide the embarrassment of adolescence. She uses them continually in talking, in a manner to produce any effect she wishes. Hers is attraction put forth in the subtle power of the hand.

In the care of the hands first come the nails. Never cut the cuticle. Push it back each time you wash your hands, and apply a little hand cream to both the nails and skin; it softens and whitens. Then dust the hands with a little powder for a finish.

Many women think that polishing the nails makes them brittle, but the cause is deeper than that. It is due to poor circulation and a chalky deposit, the effect of which may be counteracted by rubbing a very smooth cream around and upon the nails each night. In addition to the daily care, the nails should be completely manicured once a week, and always finished with a natural polish by means of nail powder and the buffer. Using the buffer for a few strokes after each washing of the hands will go a long way toward maintaining a good condition.

SAVE SOME TIME for BEAUTY

By ELSIE WATERBURY MORRIS

Then, there is a special beautifying hand and arm treatment for dry or roughened skin and enlarged veins that any woman may do in a measure for herself. The hands and arms are soaked for fifteen minutes or so in a vegetable oil, and treated by manipulation of the muscles, beginning at the finger-tips and running back to the elbow.

Begin with each finger in turn and work back to the knuckles in the fashion of putting on a new glove. The motion is a slow, gentle, and rhythmic pressure, with the thumb on the top and the fingers below the hand. Employ the same movement from the knuckles to the wrist. From the wrist to the elbow it changes. Clasp the back of the wrist with the whole hand, the thumb on the inside, the fingers without, and slide with a firm rotary motion to the elbow. Repeat until the skin is well stimulated. Wipe off the surplus oil, add a little hand cream, and powder.

Hand cream may be substituted for oil, but the results are not so rapid.

The large veins, which show poor circulation, are also helped by a simple exercise. Raise the hands above the head perpendicularly and lower them ten times. Repeat frequently during the day. This encourages the blood back to the heart and relieves congestion in the veins.

FOR years I have wanted to do what I am doing now—help women to be beautiful. I have seen a woman's whole outlook on life transformed by being convinced that within herself lay undeveloped beauty. Bringing this forth is not nearly so difficult as it sounds. Its greatest requisite is time.

I do not believe that any woman needs to be told how alluring it is to have a good complexion, but the woman who lets herself go will make all manner of excuses. Yes, it's often difficult to find extra minutes, but the

effort will pay. What little daughter but does not follow her mother's example, and is proud of that mother's beauty? Is there a husband who is not interested in the good looks of his wife? And isn't it really a woman's duty to look attractive?

Your skin needs nourishment, just as your body needs food.

Here are some of the questions women ask:

"MY SKIN is very dry; creams tend to irritate it, and I'm afraid of them. Only for a little while after my face is washed do I have any real comfort."

"How much cleansing cream should I put on my face, and should I remove it with a gentle or a hard touch? Should I use it once or twice a day?"

"What can I do for enlarged pores and blackheads?"

"When do you use astringents?"

"Is ice a good thing?"

"Do you rub the face up or down?"

The woman who asked the first question needed nourishment for her face badly. Incessant washing, indicated by the feeling she described, was drying it up; and if creams irritated, the right one had not been found.

Cleansing cream should be used twice a day at least, morning and night, to remove the surface dirt—enough to cover the face well, upon a little pad of absorbent cotton that has been wet in cold water. If you could see your skin under a microscope, you would find upon it a layer of top dirt, which the cleansing cream takes up without opening the pores. Remove it with a firm but gentle upward movement. If you begin by washing the face with soap and hot water, you at once open the pores, and some of the dirt invariably gets into them, causing the distressing enlargement.

Enlarged pores and blackheads as a rule go



NEVER MASSAGE THE FACE, SAYS MRS. MORRIS. "MOLD" IT WITH THE GENTLEST PRESSURE OF THE FINGERS. FOLLOW HER ADVICE WITH THE HELP OF THIS NUMBERED CHART

together, and are most prevalent in oily skins. For their treatment begin with a cleansing cream. Then use a cleansing pack and hot water, going over the face until the pores are freed from accumulations. After that put on an astringent to draw them together and stimulate a better activity. Repeat this process daily until the skin shows marked improvement.

Astringents are applied over creams for dry skins, and as above for oily ones.

Ice is also a mild astringent, and used moderately is good for the face.

NEVER rub the face, and do not massage it. At the best, these methods tend to loosen the skin and break down the tissues.

The latest and most scientific method is molding, and this is just what the word implies. The motion is made with the gentlest but firm pressure of the fingers. Touch the face so gently that the sensation is always pleasant.

Examine the above chart, and note carefully the outlines of the facial muscles numbered upon it. Begin on (1) the neck, and mold upward five times, with the firm, gentle pressure of all four fingers. Mold similarly on the chin (2) five times, using the two middle fingers. Repeat this motion in working on each muscle in the order numbered, except that of the forehead (12). Use there four fingers, as on the neck.

In molding around the eyes, begin at the inner corner (9), and mold gently out to the temple, and then begin above the eye (10) at the same point, and mold above and along the eyebrow, upward and out.

Be sure, in molding the circular muscle of the mouth, to begin just above 2 and encircle the muscle, lifting gently at the corners, to prevent the unbecoming droop.

Before you begin the molding at all, use cleansing cream. Then bathe the face with a skin-freshener, using absorbent cotton. The woman with very dry skin should mold in a delicate nourishing cream for the first few treatments, until her skin becomes more active and the oil-glands are working.

Later on she can substitute a heavier cream with richer oils and more building material. She will need the heavier cream if the face is thin and there are hollows under the eyes.

After molding, use an astringent to tighten and "firm" the muscles before the final application of powder.

SOME skins contain so much natural oil that the usual creams, with the exception of the cleansing and a little feeding cream, following the eye muscles to prevent hollows, are not needed. They should have a wholly stimulating treatment, and the face molded with an astringent cream mixed with tissue stimulant.

It is wonderful what even ten minutes a day will do for a woman psychologically as well as physically. Invariably an unexpected compliment is the quick reward for a small amount of trouble.

The woman who knows that her face is retaining its girlhood contour has a reinforcement of charm that is more compelling than Paris gowns. She has beauty, confidence, power.



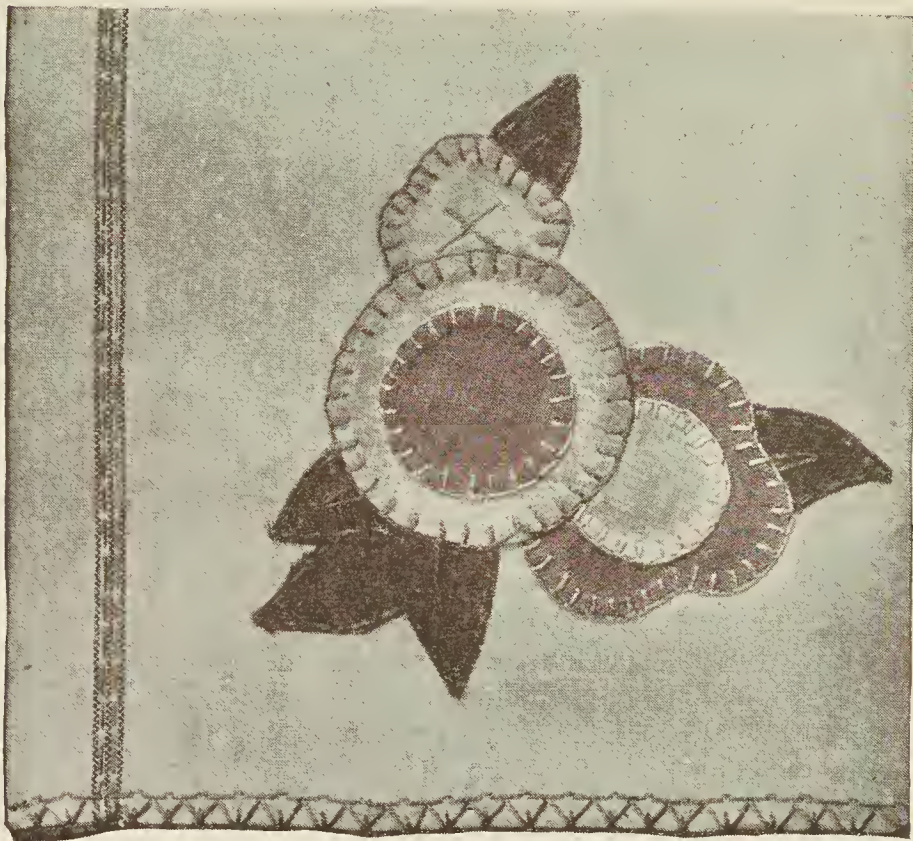
DESIGNS for the HOME-MADE GIFT

By EDNA CAVE

Further directions for the making of these gifts will be found on page 61



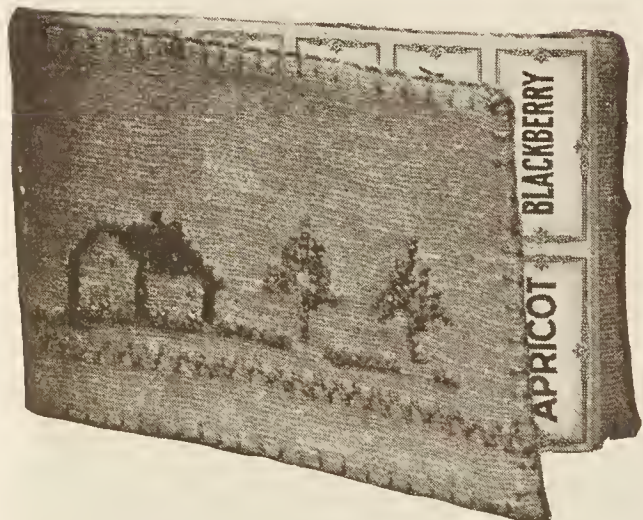
This supper set for a child is easily made from white oilcloth bound with blue tape. The design (Butterick transfer 10671) is painted with a mixture of white enamel and blue and green oils. When thoroughly dry, work a blanket-stitch around edge and bind neck with blue tape



An effective tea or luncheon cover for your table can be made from natural-colored toweling appliquéed with pieces of gingham embroidered (Butterick design 10877). Dark-blue gingham for the leaves, pink, yellow, and lavender for the flowers make an effective combination. Overcast the hem of the toweling with dark-blue embroidery cotton



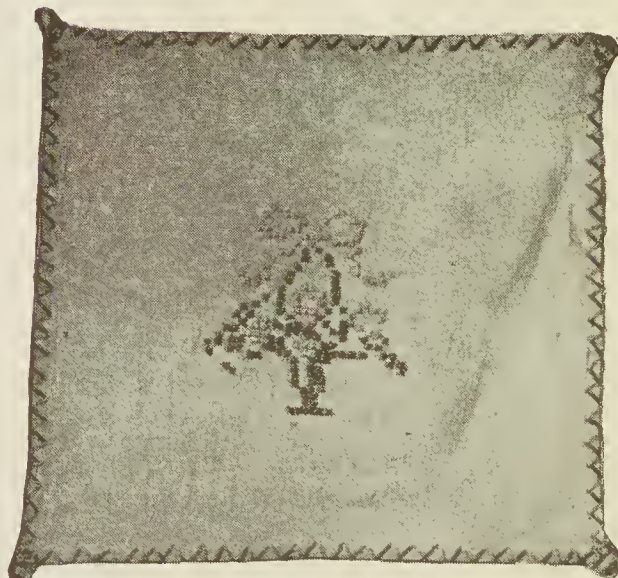
This night screen, made from Japanese vellum or parchment (Butterick transfer 10699), is a useful and attractive gift. The design is painted with black and colored oil-paints



Why mix up the jams and jellies when this little book of preserve labels classifies so easily the jars in your preserve closet? Work the design on the cover (Butterick transfer 10710) in many-colored cottons



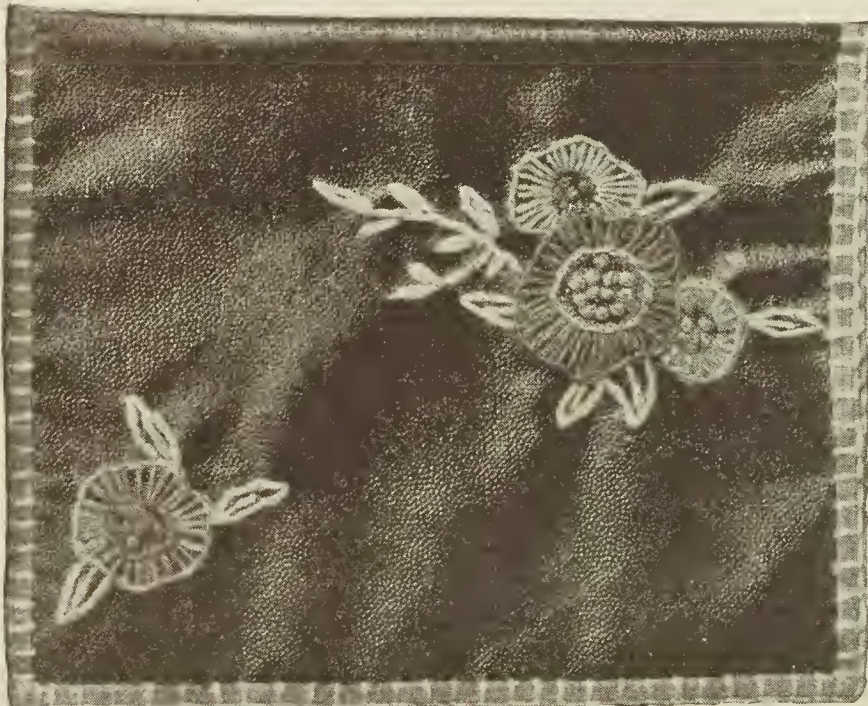
A fine thing for the baby, or for the adult gardener to kneel on while weeding, is this crocheted rug. Old-gold and blue-and-lavender cretonnes make an excellent combination



This cover for a medicine glass is a splendid accessory for the nursery and sick-room. Two five-inch squares of yellow crêpe are stamped with a basket design (Butterick transfer 10634) embroidered in dark-blue cross-stitch



For the week-end visitor, this shoe-cleaning case will take away the aftermath of the long country walk. Black oilcloth is the foundation, painted in brilliant colors (Butterick transfer 10811)



Happy the traveler who gets one of these letter-cases for Christmas. Black oilcloth with a pebbled finish and embroidered wools (Butterick transfer 10823) combine into an artistic gift. Line the case itself with lavender gingham



Inside this "poultry-darner" case, 4½ by 7½ inches, are a pair of scissors, a package of strong needles, a thimble and coarse white thread. The design on the cover (Butterick transfer 10704) is made in colored cottons



BETTY BUTTERICK GOES TO SPAIN

Where she plays with Spanish children and learns all their games. Cut out the pictures along the black line and paste on cardboard backs.

BETTY'S VISIT to SPAIN

She waves to the Queen and sees the gipsies

Edited by HARRIET IDE EAGER

SEVILLE, SPAIN,
January 15.

EAR DOTS:

I'm sniffing like anything. I caught an awful cold in Madrid. You know, I thought it was hot in Spain, and the children went bare-footed and got all sunburned and wore hardly any clothes, like at the Equator. But my goodness! Brother and I nearly froze in Madrid. There were mountains all around with snow on top, and people went snow-shoeing there. So I was glad we came to Seville. It's warmer and I don't sniff so much.



Something awfully exciting happened in Madrid, though. You know, the King and Queen of Spain live there, just like President Harding lives in Washington. Only instead of the White House they have a great, big Royal Palace—six stories high, and hundreds of windows; it would take you all night to count, I guess.

Well, there was a kind of festival and a parade in Madrid, and the King and Queen were going to ride right past our window in the hotel.

You know, in Madrid 'most all the windows have little porches called balconies. The hotel people hung a velvet cover on ours. The balconies across the street were fixed up fancy, too.

Brother told me the Queen used to be an English princess. Her name is Victoria and her grandmother was Queen Victoria.

Well, I had an English flag the English barber in the English ship coming over gave me, so I took it out on the balcony. Because I know, if I had to marry a Spanish king, even if he was awful nice, and live in a big palace so far away from home, I would get awful homesick for the American flag.

I could look down on the people from the balcony. They were all laughing and yelling.

First came lots of soldiers on horseback. Then a carriage with eight horses, and that was the royal carriage. The horses wore big yellow plumes and red plumes and velvet blankets with gold that almost touched the ground. There were eight men dressed up in gold and velvet. They led the horses by the bridle. The bridles were pretty, too.

The Queen sat up very straight. She bowed and smiled to everybody. Her hair is yellow, and she didn't wear a crown, just a hat.

Well, you know I never saw a queen before, and I got so excited I leaned over and waved the English flag and just yelled: "Queen!" three or four times. Wasn't that awful? I ought to have yelled "Your Majesty," or "Her Highness," or something like that.

Brother laughed and laughed, and he teases me all the time now and says, "Queen! Queen! Queen!" in a squeaky voice.

Anyway, she heard me and looked up, and saw the flag, and smiled and waved her hand to me! Honest! Wasn't that exciting?

Another thing I saw in Madrid was women washing clothes in the river outdoors right in the Winter-time. It was like the mean stepmother, in the "Seven Little Dwarfs," that made the stepdaughter crack the ice in the river and do the laundry.

We passed lots and lots of olive orchards on the train coming here. The olive-trees are big as apple-trees. It's funny, but I never thought about olives growing on trees before they get put in bottles, did you? Just like I never thought about Spain being a real country, like America. Remember, on the map in school, we used to pretend it was a funny round animal head with a neck that joined it on to the rest of Europe, and that was the body?

It feels awfully funny to be really in Spain, and eat here and wash my face and sleep and everything.

Seville is so pretty. The houses are blue and pink and yellow. They're flat on top, and ladies grow carnations there. They wear them in their hair afterwards.

My goodness! I never saw so many beggars. I don't know how they all know we're

A Secret for You—Next Month

Here's a secret:

Something coming next month just for boys and girls.

It's big, but it's little; it's red and blue and yellow; some of it will make you laugh like anything, especially— But I forgot; I can't tell you that part yet.

Can you guess what it is? No, it's not a story—not exactly. Well, I'll tell you.

It's a LITTLE DELINEATOR—a magazine just for boys and girls. And it will all be in colored pictures. There'll be stories, lots of funny ones, and prizes, and—oh, yes; Betty Butterick's letter will be there too.

Watch for the LITTLE DELINEATOR next month!

Americans. We rode to the hotel in a funny buggy, and lots of little fat beggar children chased us. They yelled: "Minny! Mooney! Money!" One dirty fat boy with torn pants climbed up on the buggy and pretended he was crying. He said: "Meester, no fadda ni mudda! Meester, no fadda ni mudda." Brother gave him two "big dogs."

Oh, I forgot to tell you. In Spain they call a penny a little dog and a bigger penny that's worth two little ones is a big dog. Brother says maybe it's because there are as many dogs in Spain as there are pennies! The dogs are just thick here. Tell Snippie they remind me of him all the time.

Well, the fat boy with the torn pants hopped off and said: "Mille gracias." (That means "A thousand thanks.")

So all the other kids ran and ran and ran after us. Well, they couldn't catch up, of course. So they were all out of breath, and they stopped and wiped their faces on their sleeves and laughed and waved to us and said: "Adios." (That means "Good-by.")

They weren't cross a bit. Brother says he bets I'd have been.

Still in SEVILLE, SPAIN,
January 17.

TO-DAY isn't Sunday, but we went to a big Catholic church called the Santa Maria Cathedral. It's so big and dark and quiet inside, it almost scares you. The windows are all pretty colors with light shining through, and there is red velvet on the walls, and the priests wear blue-and-gold gowns.

Did I tell you, you see lots of little boy priests walking together in a row on the street? They wear long black gowns and little flat black hats, and their heads are shaved.

I saw ladies in the cathedral with lace shawls on their heads and some with regular hats; and lots of peasant women from the country. They wore green and blue and red skirts, and a shawl in lots of colors, and another shawl on their heads.

What I started to tell you was, in church I saw a little peasant boy in a corner, eating a piece of bread. He was with an old man with a bundle, and the old man was just resting. There was a little brown dog, too. His eyes were shining, but he sat up just as good.

Don't you think it's nice of the Spanish people to let dogs come to church? I wish they did in America. We could take Snippie to Sunday school.

There was the raggedest old beggar outside the Santa Maria Cathedral. He played a guitar, and a little girl danced a fancy dance. She had castanets on her fingers and clicked them. Her name is Annunciata, and she laughs all the time. Brother gave them some big dogs because they said they were hungry, and he asked the old man why he didn't sell his guitar and buy some bread.

What do you think the old man said? He said: "Señor" (that means Mister, only you say "Señor" to everybody, even beggars), "I can live without bread, but I can't live without music."

I said I wished I was Annunciata and never went to school and Brother had a guitar and

we slept outdoors in the sun like gipsies. So Brother took me out where the gipsies live.

I was so excited! But, my goodness, they didn't look like gipsies a bit. They have ugly, dirty little houses and dirty streets, all crooked, and the children were dirty too, and skinny, and so were the dogs. The ladies weren't a bit pretty. They were fat. One lady with yellow earrings and a shawl told my fortune. She said I was going to be rich and have four boys and three girls. She smelled so bad, though, and her fingers were so dirty, I hated her to hold my hand.

On the way back we saw a peasant boy riding the cutest white mule. There was a sort of basket on each side with jugs in it, and water in the jugs, Brother said. The mule had bells on his collar and yellow ribbons and tassels and a pretty blanket with a fringe. The funniest was, some of the mule's hair was cut short like grass, and some long, and the long hair made the shape of a cross on his neck.

The peasant father and mother were walking with the mule. Brother asked them to give me a ride. The little boy jumped off, just as polite! I rode a long way. The bells jingled like Santa Claus.

Brother asked the little boy his name, and he said: "Pedro, at the service of God and yourself." Brother says he wishes I was as polite as little Spanish peasants.

Pedro's father and mother asked Brother lots of questions—why he wasn't married, and how old he is, and why we came to Spain, and weren't we afraid to cross the ocean? Brother told them mother and father are dead, and Pedro's mother patted my hand and cried and wiped her eyes and said:

"Pobre niña!" (That means "Poor child!")

Mr. and Mrs. Pedro wouldn't take any money for letting me ride. They said we were their friends. Wasn't that nice? They were poor, too.

Oh, did you know that Christopher Columbus who discovered America is buried in Seville? I saw his tomb and a monument yesterday.

GRANADA, SPAIN,
January 19.

I'VE got loads more to tell you. This is another city. We came here to see an old palace, called the Alhambra, where the kings used to live.

Oh, I forgot to tell you first about Hilaria and Alfonso. They're a little Spanish boy and girl in a family named Gonzales. Brother took me to visit them. They have a big house, and there is a courtyard in the middle with plants and flowers all around and a fountain. There were two birds in cages that sang like anything. Hilaria and Alfonso and their father and mother and big sister and Brother and I all sat out there in the sun, and we drank real thick chocolate in little cups. There were lady's-fingers, and it was all right to dip them in the chocolate.

Hilaria's big sister and mother looked awfully white. Brother says it's powder that Spanish ladies rub all over their faces.

Hilaria and Alfonso went with us to the Alhambra. You remember, we had to read Washington Irving's "Legends of the Alhambra" in school? Well, this is it.

The Alhambra is bigger than the Royal Palace in Madrid. It's so pretty, I don't know how to tell you about it. It feels like Arabian Nights. There are lots of big rooms with colored patterns on the walls and the ceilings and the floor. One was called the Queen's Chamber, and it was like a fairy-tale. You could see a big garden from the window with pink and yellow and purple and blue flowers. So I pretended I was the queen, and swished around, fanning myself with Hilaria's sandalwood fan.

One big courtyard was called the Court of the Lions. It has a fountain in the middle with twelve stone lion statues around it, only they look kind of like big cats. There is water jumping out of their mouths.

Still in GRANADA, SPAIN,
January 20.

TO-DAY Brother took me to the school where Alfonso goes. At recess the boys played bull-fight.

Before I forget it, tell your brother Jack that Alfonso wears a sailor suit with long pants, the kind Jack hates, and the boys in school wear aprons that button in the back. Honest!

One boy was the bull. He had a big bull false-face on his head, made out of straw with horns. Brother was the horse, and jumped around and kicked up his hind feet. You know how crazy he is. He was blindfolded, and a boy they called the *picador* rode him and poked the bull with a long stick.

They let Hilaria be *banderilla*. She had a kind of long arrow with yellow streamers, and she caught hold of the bull by his shirt in the back (that was his tail), and stuck the arrow between his horns. There were holes in the straw, so it stuck. And we all cheered.

Then Alfonso ran out with a red cape on and a sword. He waved the cape around, and the bull pretended he was mad, and then Alfonso stuck the sword in the bull, and the bull fell down and died, and we all cheered and jumped up and down.

Brother says the Spanish people have real bull-fights all the time, and everybody goes to see them just the way they go to baseball games at home. I'd hate to see a real one, wouldn't you? The boys, and the grown people too, have pictures of the best bull-fighter men, just the way your brother Jack has Babe Ruth's photograph all over his room.

My goodness! You ought to see the way the peasant women dress their little babies. They take a long cloth and wrap it round and round just as tight, like a bandage, up to their chins. I guess the poor little things can't even wiggle their toes. I saw a peasant woman stick her baby up in a corner on one end, and he was wrapped so tight he just stuck like a doll. Brother says, only poor people who don't know better do that, though.

Oh, I didn't tell you about the barber-shop poles. They're not red-and-white-striped, like big peppermint sticks, the way they are at home. There's a regular pole, and a brass wash-basin hanging on it, and there's a hole out of the side like a great big giant bite. That's where the man who was getting shaved used to stick his chin.

Brother told me a funny story about a knight in a book, named *Don Quixote*, who grabbed a basin away from a barber and wore it for a helmet. Brother says there's a big exciting book about *Don Quixote* by a Spanish man named Cervantes, and he's going to buy it for me in English when we get home.

Kiss Snippie for me right on top of his head, and tell him about the Spanish dogs, and ask him, "Where's Betty?" so he won't forget me.

Love and kisses from your loving friend,
BETTY.

P. S. Did I tell you the "Now I lay me" that Hilaria and Alfonso say? This is it:

"Jesus, Joseph, Mary,
Your little servant keep,
While, with your kind permission,
I lay me down to sleep."

Good-by again.

B. B.

The RENAISSANCE of the DOUGHNUT

The sweet cake of Colonial days comes back into popular favor

By ANNA BARROWS, Teachers College, New York City

"SOMETIMES the table was graced with immense apple pies or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city excepting in genuine Dutch families."—Washington Irving, "History of New York."

THE return of the doughnut to the front rank of popular foods seems to be due largely to the skill of the Salvation Army lassies in the manufacture of the nut-brown cakes for our soldiers overseas.

Modern recipes are modifications of those that have come down to us from a very distant past. Among the charred samples of breads in the museums of Pompeian relics is one with a hole in its center like the modern doughnut!

Our foremothers who came over in the *Mayflower*, after living for some years in Holland, doubtless brought among their other household treasures recipes for making doughnuts. The doughnut was apparently a favorite sweet cake of the early Dutch settlers along the Hudson River, and especially found a place at the celebration of the New Year.

Whatever may be said against the doughnut as a food for the invalid, the infant, or the indoor worker, it is well adapted to feeding the hungry boy and the camper—though unfortunately it is not an article for amateurs to cook over a camp-fire.

From a nutritive standpoint, doughnuts and cheese may take the place to some extent of steaks or chops with potatoes. The home-made doughnut, properly kept in a stone jar or even a tin box, will keep for many days. By short reheating it is like new again.

One of the merits of the doughnut is that for the cooking it is possible to use much of the by-product fat which accumulates in any household where much meat is consumed.

There must be enough fat in the kettle to float the balls of dough. Whatever is left may be used next time with additions. About two pounds of fat is desirable, but only half a pound should be taken up by the doughnuts.

THE RAISED DOUGHNUT

ORIGINALLY "raised" doughnuts required a long time, but this may be much shortened by the use of more yeast. Make a sponge of one and one-half or two cups of flour. When this is very foamy, almost ready to settle down again, add one cup of sugar, one egg, one teaspoon salt, spice as desired, and an ounce of fat or oil, and enough flour to make a dough that may be kneaded. It will probably require another pint.

Some use two eggs and two ounces (or one-fourth cup) of fat to make a richer doughnut. It will be apparent by comparison that the proportion of ingredients is the same as for the quicker process, but the yeast takes the place of the baking-powder or soda. Consequently the dough must be treated like yeast bread, and, after kneading, left to rise in a warm place till double in bulk. It should then be rolled without further kneading till about half an inch thick, and pulled up from the board to allow it to shrink immediately rather than after cutting. Raised doughnuts are more often twisted than cut in rings.

The richest varieties are called crullers, though that name is often given to any twisted doughnut. The chief point of difference in most recipes is the use of sour milk with soda or sweet milk and baking-powder. The proportions are practically the same, and the cook may use whichever combination is at hand.

A recipe for doughnuts would read something like this. Beat one egg, add one-half pound (a generous cupful) of sugar, one teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon mixed cinnamon and nutmeg or either alone, one tablespoon fat, and blend thoroughly (vanilla is out of place in a doughnut). Sift one tablespoon baking-powder with three cups flour, and add to the other ingredients with one cup



DOUGHNUTS SHOULD NOT BE EATEN BY INVALIDS, INFANTS, OR INDOOR WORKERS. FOR CAMPERS AND FOR HEALTHY, ROMPING CHILDREN THEY TAKE THE PLACE OF MEAT

or less of milk. Another cup, making one quart in all of flour, may be used if the mixture is too soft, or reserved to sprinkle as needed on the board while rolling and cutting. If sour milk is more convenient, reduce the amount of baking-powder and use one-half level teaspoon of soda when the milk is thick and sour, or less if only "turned."

Many experienced cooks prefer the sour milk and plan to have it ready when needed. One or two tablespoons of sour cream may take the place of any other fat in the dough.

Eggs add to the lightness of the dough and tend to prevent fat absorption, as when we dip foods in egg before frying in deep fat. Hence it is seldom wise to make doughnuts without any eggs. Two or three eggs in this quantity give a more cake-like texture. The proportion of sugar in recipes where a quart of flour is used ranges from one-half cup to two cups.

A large amount of sugar makes a stickier dough. It is less light, absorbs more fat, and will be harder, resembling candy when done. Less sugar may be used in the dough and powdered sugar sprinkled over the finished product.

Where several eggs are used, the amount of fat may be increased. Otherwise an increase of fat makes the dough absorb more fat while cooking. Very good doughnuts may be made without even the single spoonful of fat.

An excess of soda or of baking-powder appears to give the dough an affinity for fat, hence the proportion of the leavening agent to the flour should be less than in a muffin or quick biscuit. It is impossible to give an exact proportion of liquid to be used with an unknown flour, but the dough should be as soft as can be handled.

THE NECESSARY TECHNIQUE

THE manipulation of the dough, as with bread or pastry, is far more important than the exact recipe. A large portion should not be rolled out at once. It should be left half as thick as the completed doughnut is to be. A medium-size cutter should be used with hole neither too large nor too small. It should have holes above to prevent air pressure on the dough.

After the dough is cut closely, leaving as few scraps as possible, these bits of dough may be brought near together and a spoonful

of the softer mixture from the bowl placed on top and part of the scraps wrapped over it. The dough already rolled and cut from has a little more flour in it than we have used to prevent sticking to board and pin. Wrapping the stiffer scraps around the softer portion makes the mixture easier to handle and to roll and the doughnut is less hard and stiff than when more flour has been kneaded in.

It is a wise plan for the beginner to roll and cut all the dough before she cooks any in order that she can give her whole attention to the kettle at the stove. Only the most experienced can roll and cut while part are cooking.

A stable iron kettle containing one or two pounds of fat should be heating slowly while the dough is being mixed.

There are many tests for the proper heat of the fat. A simple one is to put in a bit of dough and watch its behavior.

The dough should sink and then slowly rise. If it browns before expanding, the fat is too hot and the texture of the product will be tough. A crust is formed and the leavening agent has not time to press the particles of dough apart.

Should the bit of dough rise without any crust forming, the air-cells will stretch till they collapse and the fat rushes in, and we say the doughnut soaks fat. The exact degree of heat at which these changes take place may vary slightly with different frying mediums and recipes. A simple test is to drop in a small cube of white bread and count while it browns. The bread should become a golden brown in one minute, or during sixty counts. The temperature of the fat should vary slightly, three hundred and fifty degrees to three hundred and seventy-five degrees approximately, like that of the oven for baking cake, and be somewhat higher midway than at the beginning or end of the process.

The old-time housekeeper knew this and was constantly moving the kettle of fat in and out of the cover hole of the wood-stove. When frying over gas, the kettle need not be moved, but as soon as the doughnuts begin to come to the top of the fat, the burner may be turned higher, and lower again when they are nearly done. At first, large bubbles of steam are to be seen around each cake, but these grow smaller when it is done. Doughnuts never should be piled on each other while warm. Arrange them in a pan lined with soft paper, edge down, that as much fat as possible may drain into the paper.

A good type of frying-kettle is the Scotch bowl. While it is firm and steady, its round inside requires little fat.

NO CROWDING

DOUGHNUTS should not be crowded in the kettle. They should be turned before the bubbles forming on top have time to burst, and may be turned again later if needed. When brown, a fork should be slipped through the ring and the cakes drained over the fat and laid singly on soft paper till cool. They may then be packed in a covered receptacle. The device of dipping in hot water to remove fat is a waste of time. It is better to prevent fat soaking.

Prices of the doughnut ingredients vary according to season and locality; therefore only a sliding scale of figures can be given here: One egg, five to ten cents; one-half pound sugar, five cents; one cup milk, three to five cents; one pound flour, six to eight cents; spice, soda, etc., one to five cents; one-half pound fat, ten to fifteen cents. These quantities should yield three dozen large or four dozen small doughnuts. The cost of materials would range, as shown, from thirty to fifty cents and upward if more eggs are used.

The recipe for doughnuts follows for hasty reference:

1 egg	1 cup milk
1 cup sugar	3 to 4 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon baking-
¼ teaspoon spice	powder
1 tablespoon fat	



THE POPULARITY OF THE DOUGHNUT WAS REVIVED BY THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SALVATION ARMY FOR OUR SOLDIERS OVERSEAS

Can you make fried foods greaseless and dainty enough for dessert?



A New Fried Apple Dessert

An apple, boiled in syrup, then fried in Crisco, gives a dessert of a new and delicious taste. Follow this exclusive recipe—one of many in the cookbook offered below.

Apples with Red Currant Jelly

- | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|
| 6 cooking apples | 6 glace cherries |
| 4 tablespoons flour | red currant jelly |
| 1 egg | Crisco |
| cake crumbs | syrup |
| apricot jam | |

Choose apples as much as possible same size, peel and core them carefully, so as not to break them. Put 1 cup syrup into stewpan or baking tin, put in apples and cook over fire or in oven until nearly done. Baste them occasionally with syrup. Let them get cold, then roll them in flour, brush over with beaten egg, toss in sifted cake crumbs, and fry in hot Crisco a golden brown. Drain on piece of paper, fill centers with apricot jam, cut out some rounds of red currant jelly, place 1 on top of each apple and a glace cherry on that. Dish up and serve hot or cold. An apricot syrup should be sent to table separately with apples.

Should Fat be Heated in a Hot or Cold Kettle?

The answers to practical questions like this, covering all branches of cookery, make "A Calendar of Dinners" one of the most helpful books a housekeeper could have. Its author, Marion Harris Neil, formerly cookery editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal", fills 231 pages with cookery instructions drawn from her wide experience, gives instructions for marketing and carving, tables of weights and measures, cookery time tables, 615 exclusive recipes, and 365 complete dinner menus—one for every day in the year. You can not duplicate this book at any bookstore. Each book costs almost fifty cents to print. You can get one copy for only 10c in stamps mailed with your name and address to Section F-1, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.

HALF the credit for dainty, greaseless fried food goes to the skill of the cook, and half to the frying fat.

The cook's part lies in knowing how to heat the fat without spoiling its quality; in knowing how much fat to use and how hot it should be; in knowing how to coat the food for frying and tell when it is done; and in knowing how to drain off the surplus fat while the food is still warm.

The fat, for perfect results, should be of vegetable origin, so it will not make the food hard to digest; it should be tasteless, so it will give no fatty flavor to delicate foods; it should give up its heat quickly to form on the food a protecting crust that will

keep the fat out and the flavor in; it must heat without smoking, so that the frying kettle is pleasant and easy to use; it must not take up any food odors or flavors, so that it can simply be strained after each frying and kept always ready to use again.

You can get *all* of these qualities for perfect frying in Crisco, the modern, vegetable cooking fat. You can get the expert directions that will enable you to do your part right, in the complete cookbook offered at the left. You need not be a user of Crisco in order to get the cookbook. But we are sure that if you once try Crisco, as directed, you never will go back to old-fashioned methods or old-fashioned cooking fat.

Crisco is sold by grocers everywhere, in sanitary, sealed cans, holding one pound, net weight, and upwards. Never sold in bulk.

CRISCO

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For Cake Making



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You know how tempting DEL MONTE fruits are—and how convenient—just as they come from the can. And they are most economical, too, at the reduced prices on this season's pack. To appreciate their full possibilities, you should know the many simple and thrifty dishes in which they may be used to add new variety and appetizing appeal to mid-winter meals. "DEL MONTE RECIPES OF FLAVOR," a 64-page book, contains over 500 practical suggestions for serving them. Send for a free copy today. Address Department D, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.

POSTURE—GOOD and BAD

Edited and approved by

DR. ALAN DE FOREST SMITH

DOCTOR JOEL E. GOLDTHWAIT, of Boston, was one of the first physicians to recognize the importance of correct posture as a factor in the general health. He has made an exhaustive study and hundreds of tests on human subjects that bear out his theories.

If you suffer from backache, foot-strain, digestive disturbances, or unaccountable fatigue, it is possible that you are standing and walking incorrectly, or sitting in a wrong position at your work. The accompanying article may solve your health problem.—THE EDITOR.

IF THE question of beauty were the only one involved in the consideration of the proper poise and carriage of the human body, the subject of posture would be of less importance. Unfortunately, however, there results from faulty posture a train of evils much more important in their effects upon the body than its outward appearance. They include backache, foot-strain, constipation, digestive disturbances, fatigue, and disorders of the nervous system.

No one who has studied this question intelligently and impartially contends that all persons with bad habits of carriage have troubles of that sort, nor that all who carry themselves properly are free from physical ills. It is clear, however, that there are many cases in which, as far as can be determined, every organ is sound and yet a condition of chronic ill health is present. Many of these unfortunates have been enabled once more to enjoy life merely by being taught to use their bodies properly.

Even in persons whom it does not make actually ill, bad posture causes an unnecessary amount of wear and tear.

Strong, well-developed muscles do not always imply correct carriage, but they may make up temporarily for the defects of poor posture. When this muscular reserve is used up by fatigue or illness, the machine is liable to break down in a weak place, and then backache, foot-strain, or some other symptom develops.

In 1916 Dr. Lloyd Brown, of Boston, an advocate of the cause of good posture, and Dr. Roger Lee, professor of hygiene at Harvard, examined the freshman class of that university, seven hundred and forty-six in number. A shadowgram was made of each man—an outline reproduction of his profile showing both his habitual carriage and the best position he knew how to assume.

SINCE there was no uniform standard of correct posture, four arbitrary classes were made—starting with A, in which the posture was practically faultless; B, good; C, bad; and D, very bad. That this system was practical, and involved but a small factor of error, was shown from the fact that different examiners working independently placed the same men in the same classes. Of these seven hundred and forty-six young men, 6.7 per cent. were graded as A; 12.1



STAND AS SHOWN, WITH WEIGHT ON FRONT OF FEET AND HANDS AT BACK OF NECK; BREATHE DEEPLY

furnished striking proof that faulty posture causes physical inefficiency. Many seemingly normal individuals who had passed the medical examinations of both the draft boards and the army surgeons were unable to meet the requirements of military life. They developed weak backs, foot-strain, and other conditions that made it impossible for

them to function as combat troops. This presented a serious problem, because it meant a considerable loss of man-power when every man was vitally needed.

As these unfitnesses accumulated, the fact stood out that as a type they were round-shouldered, flat-chested, with projecting chins and prominent abdomens. They belonged in Class D of the standard adopted for the Harvard freshmen. Most of them were men who had got along fairly well in the less exacting occupations of civil life, but who fell down completely when called upon to perform really serious physical exertion.

With great vision, Colonel Joel E. Goldthwait, the consultant in orthopedic surgery for the A. E. F., perceived that it was not necessary to scrap these men, but that if it were possible to correct their bad physical habits they could be reclaimed. A development battalion was formed, in which, under the direction of orthopedic surgeons, these men were taught how to carry themselves properly and how to use their feet.

THIS leads to a consideration of just what is meant by correct posture. There is no hard-and-fast rule. There have been many definitions, but in the main they agree. The chest is high, with the shoulders well back and chin held in. The trunk inclines slightly forward from the hips. The lower abdominal muscles are contracted, and there is a slight but not exaggerated forward curve in the lower spine. The legs are straight and the feet pointed forward. It is a position of easy poise and elasticity. Important also is the fact that it holds the organs of the chest and abdomen in their proper places.

In the most common type of faulty posture the chest, instead of being high, is flat. The shoulders are rounded, and, as they sag forward, the shoulder-blades project backward, producing the so-called "angel wings." The head, chin, and neck are thrust forward. The curve in the lower back is greatly exaggerated and the lower part of the abdomen is prominent. The hips and knees are slightly bent and the feet point outward.

A constant strain is put upon the ligaments and joints of the lower back. The body weight falls improperly upon the hips, knees, and feet, straining them all. Not only are the muscles and ligaments strained, but the chest is contracted and does not expand fully with each breath. The abdominal organs are crowded down so that they are congested and are unable to empty their contents as they should.

It is no wonder that such derangements are capable of producing constipation with all the evils attendant upon the absorption of poisons from the intestines, indigestion, fatigue, and perhaps other obscure conditions. The pelvic organs also may fare badly, because they no longer are protected from pressure from above, and are liable to share in the general congestion.

Given a faulty posture, what can be done

Concluded on page 60

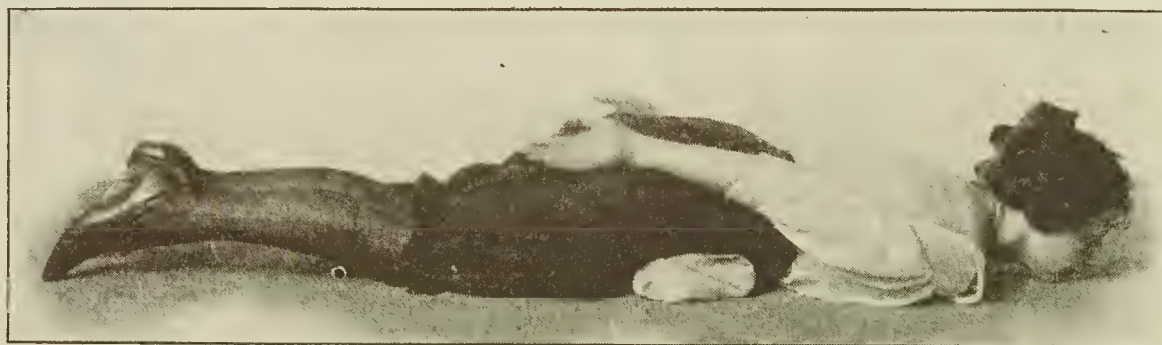


A GOOD RESTING EXERCISE, ESPECIALLY AFTER MEALS, CONSISTS IN LYING WITH A SMALL PILLOW UNDER THE SHOULDERS AND NONE UNDER THE HEAD

per cent. B; 55.4 per cent. C; and 25.8 per cent. D. To summarize, 80 per cent. of the group had distinctly faulty posture.

An effort was made to discover whether the men with faulty posture had experienced more illness than those in the A and B groups. It was found that, while none of the boys in groups A and B had suffered from backache, 6 per cent. in C and 8 per cent. in D gave a history of this. Operations for appendicitis were comparatively more frequent in C and D than in A and B, as were also constipation and headache.

During the war the induction of millions of young men into the service



AFTER RESTING ON THE BACK, TURN OVER AND LIE ON THE FACE. THE SMALL PILLOW FORCES THE ABDOMINAL ORGANS UP INTO POSITION

IT IS THE easiest thing in the world to make up fancy salad dressings if you keep mayonnaise on hand all ready for use.

Wesson Oil mayonnaise, in a covered jar in a cool place, will keep a long time without separating.

It saves lots of time to make it up in quantity, just as they do in tea-rooms and hotels. Then one is always ready.

QUICK MAYONNAISE

- 1 egg
- ½ teaspoonful dry mustard
- ½ teaspoonful salt
- 1 tablespoonful lemon juice or vinegar
- 2 cupfuls Wesson Oil

Place the whole egg in a bowl, put in the dry ingredients and add the lemon juice or vinegar. Beat these together a few seconds with a Dover egg beater and add a small amount of Wesson Oil. Beat until the dressing begins to thicken. Then add the oil in larger amounts until the dressing is of the desired stiffness.

This mayonnaise is seasoned very lightly. If a more piquant dressing is preferred increase the seasoning to taste.

THOUSAND ISLAND DRESSING

- 1 cupful Wesson Oil mayonnaise
- ⅓ cupful chili sauce
- ⅓ cupful whipped cream
- 2 tablespoonfuls chopped, sour and sweet pickles, or chow chow
- 1 chopped pimento

Combine the ingredients in the order given and serve at once.

Delicious with any plain green salad, or with egg, chicken, ham, tongue, celery or asparagus.

RUSSIAN DRESSING

- ¾ cupful Wesson Oil mayonnaise
- ½ hard-cooked egg, chopped fine
- 2 chopped pimentos
- 1 tablespoonful chopped chives or
- ½ tablespoonful grated onion
- ⅓ cupful chili sauce
- 2 teaspoonfuls chow chow
- Juice ¼ lemon

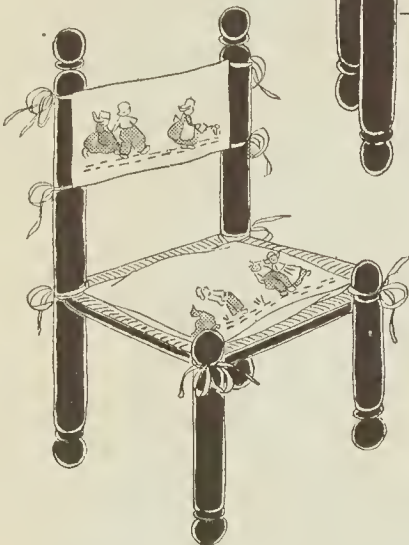
Combine the ingredients in the order given and serve.

If desired, the meat from one anchovy or sardine may be flaked fine and added to this dressing.

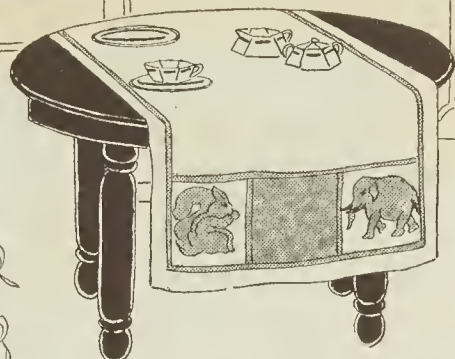
THE MOST IMPORTANT ROOM IN THE HOUSE—THE NURSERY WHERE EVERY HOUR IS THE CHILDREN'S HOUR



Cocelle T. Washburn



Embroidery design 10833



Embroidery design 10933

Embroidery design 10934

BY MARIE ASHLEY

THERE is one corner in your home that is going to be stamped on the memory of your grown-up youngsters, and the pleasanter you can make that memory, the happier you will be. It is not hard to make the play-room the most attractive one imaginable if you will only give a little time to it.

First of all, there will be a large window, and under the window let us have a window-seat. Here are the curtains: Cut a piece of unbleached muslin the length of your window and 18 inches wide. Cut 4 squares of unbleached muslin and 2 squares of blue chambray 6 x 6 inches. From some design such as 10934 appliqué motifs on the

muslin squares. Now sew these squares to one end of each strip of the muslin curtain and bind the inside edge of each curtain with a 4-inch strip of the blue chambray. Sew blue bias binding over each seam. Make a valance of blue chambray 8 inches deep.

You can make a round pillow this way: Cut 2 circles of unbleached muslin 13 inches in diameter, and from a design such as 10934 stamp a motif in the center of one of these circles. Appliqué this motif with blue chambray. Cut a strip of blue chambray 6 inches wide and 60 inches long. Gather both edges to fit a circle, and sew the gathered edges to each circle, leaving an opening. Slip the pillow into this opening.

By way of divertisement there is a square pillow. It is made this way: Cut a piece of blue chambray 14 x 14 inches. From a design such as 10934 appliqué 2 motifs with unbleached muslin (see illustration). Work the lines with an outline stitch in white. Now cut a back of the chambray, bind the edges together with a 2-inch strip of muslin and sew a blue bias binding over the seams.

And for the furniture: There will be a table for the children's meals, and the right table-runner will make it attractive. Cut a piece of unbleached muslin 15½ inches wide and 44 inches long, or 10 inches shorter than the desired length of the runner. Cut 4 squares of muslin and 2 of blue chambray 5½ x 5½ inches. Appliqué blue chambray motifs from a design such as 10934 on the muslin squares. Sew the squares on the ends of the long piece of muslin (see illus-

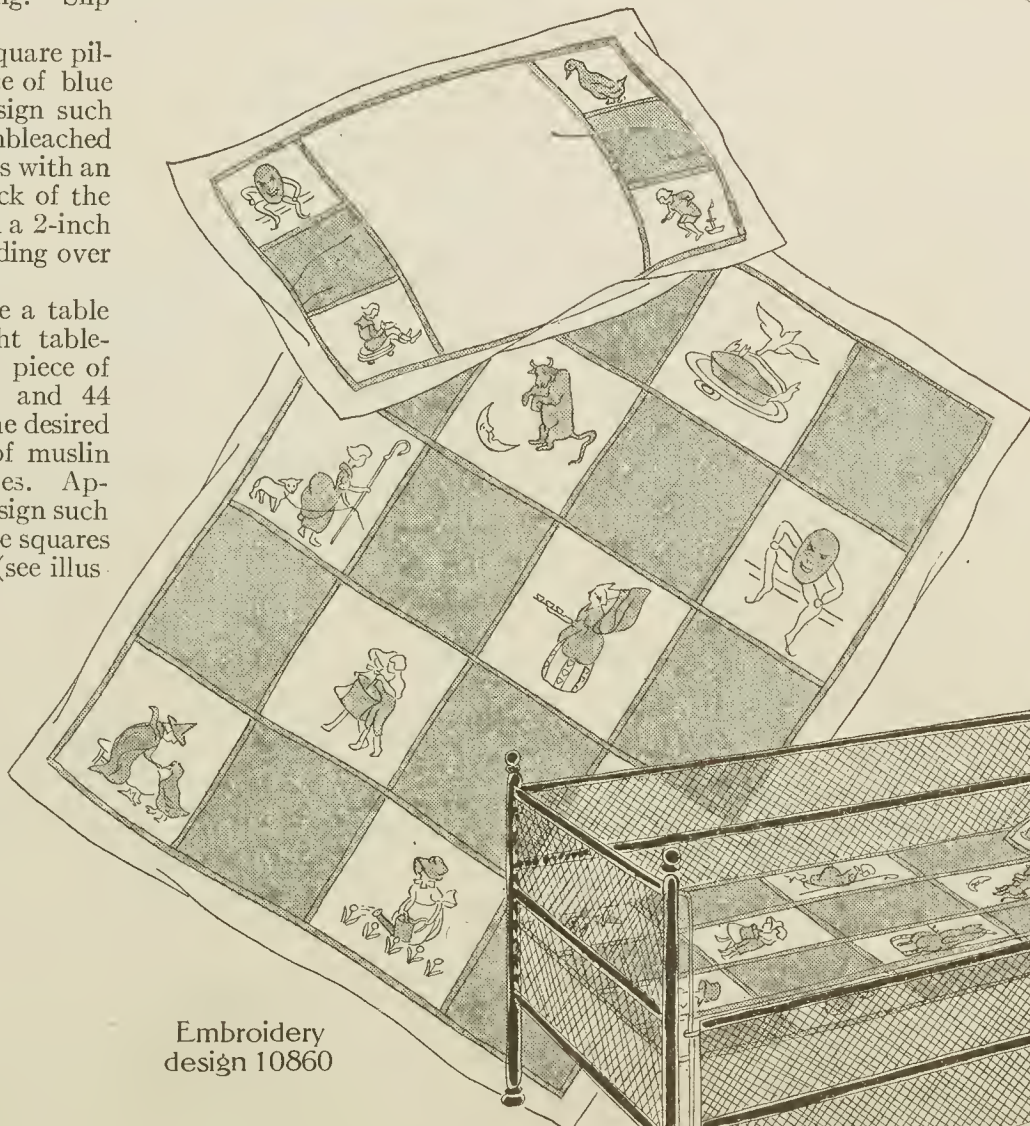
tration) and sew blue bias binding over the seams. Now cut a back of the muslin and bind the edges with a 2-inch strip of muslin and sew binding over the seams. The chair is made bright by a chair-back and a cushion. For the cushion cut a piece of unbleached muslin the size of the cushion, and from a design such as 10833 stamp motifs (see illustration). Appliqué a spot from each motif in blue chambray and outline the rest of the motif in blue. Now cut a muslin back and bind the pillow with blue bias binding, leaving the ends to tie at each corner. To make the chair-back cut a piece of muslin as wide as the back of the chair and 6 inches deep, and work motifs on it as you did on the cushion. Now cut a muslin back and bind the edges with blue bias binding, leaving the ends to tie at each corner.

To make the crib cover cut 10 squares of blue chambray and 10 squares of unbleached muslin 8½ x 8½ inches. From a design such as 10860 stamp a motif in each muslin square. Appliqué the largest spot in each motif in blue chambray and work the rest of the motif in blue outline. Stitch squares together (see illustration), and sew blue bias binding over every seam. Now cut a muslin back and bind all around with a muslin strip 2 inches wide and sew bias binding over the seam. For the little pillow to go with it, cut 4 squares of muslin and 2 of blue chambray 4½ x 4½ inches, and work a motif from a design such as 10860 in each muslin square, as you did in the crib cover. Cut a piece of muslin for the center 10½ x 12 inches. Place the squares as in the illustration and sew blue bias binding over the seams. Now cut a muslin back, bind front and back together with a 2-inch strip of muslin and sew bias binding over the joinings.

For playthings, there is a collection of animals that can be stuffed and embroidered with outline embroidery. Use a design such as 10933.

There are play aprons that can be made from a design such as 1646 of unbleached muslin. Bind all the edges with blue bias binding. The pockets come from a design such as 10934. Stamp birds on the apron and also on a separate piece of muslin. You will have to cut the legs and the bill from birds on a separate piece and then bind the bodies with binding. Sew them along the lower edge of the apron. Outline the legs with blue mercerized embroidery cotton and work the bill in solid embroidery. Now work a row of outline embroidery ⅛ inch from the binding all around the apron.

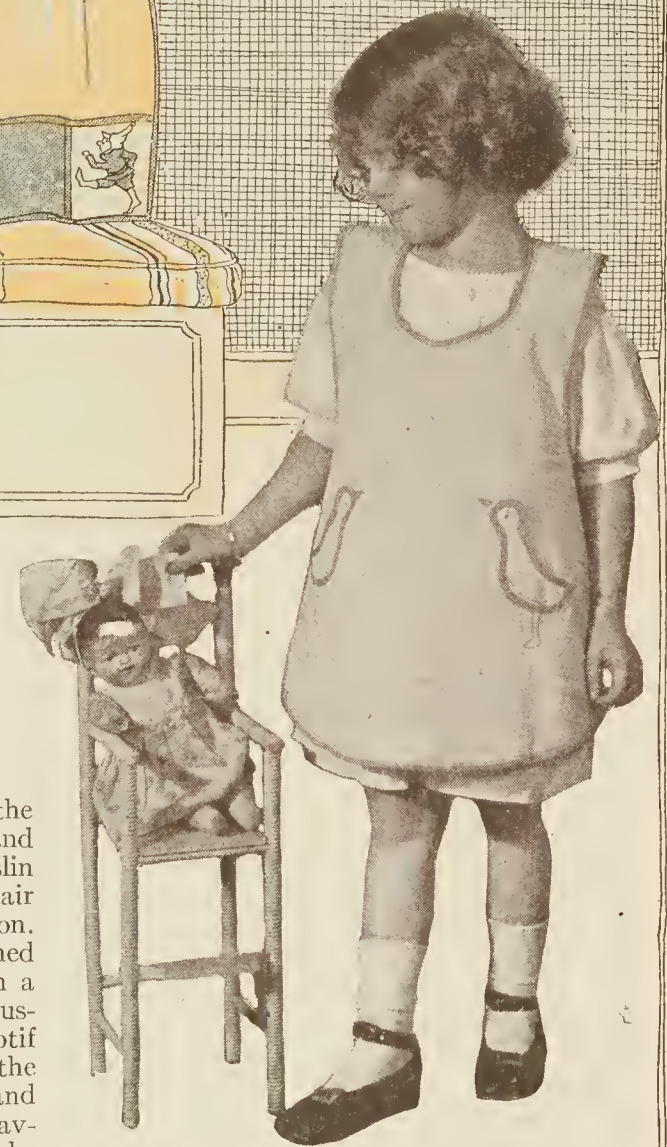
Cut a piece of muslin 10 x 15 inches for the bib. Round the corners, cut out the neck and bind all the edges with blue bias binding, leaving the ends to tie at the neck. Take the kittens from a design such as 10934 and put them 1¼ inch from the bound edge. Appliqué them with blue chambray and outline the bowls in blue. Work the tails in blue solid embroidery. Work a row of outline embroidery ⅛ inch from the bound edge.



Embroidery design 10860



Embroidery design 10934



Apron 1646—Embroidery design 10934



Protection!

SHE has the calm and tranquil confidence of the woman unafraid. The dependable steel traction fingers, reaching down through the treacherous skidways, making her ride safe and pleasant, are symbolic of the intelligent, loving care that protects her and the life within her keeping.

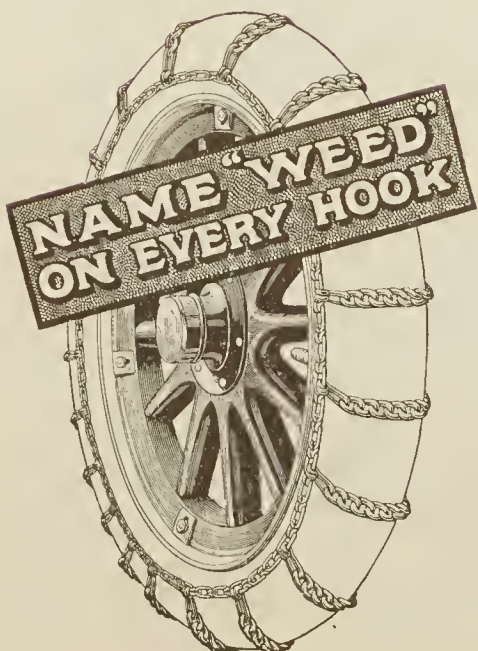
This protection against *skid shock* is one of the most important of safeguards during the weeks and months of suspense, of nerve tension, when shock is the greatest of dangers.

The motorist who fails to put on *Weed Tire Chains* when the going is slippery is not only inviting disaster to women in his own car and in passing vehicles, but he is also jeopardizing the future generation.

Even the woman pedestrian is not immune from *skid shock*. The car with chainless tires, on slippery streets, may dash upon the sidewalks without a moment's warning.

Skid shock lasts long. Many women victims of *skid shock* never recover from it. Merely witnessing a skidding accident may cause *skid shock* with consequences equally serious—and lasting.

For their own well-being, for the health and happiness, perhaps the very lives of those for whom they make such great sacrifices, women should insist upon the use of *Weed Tire Chains*.



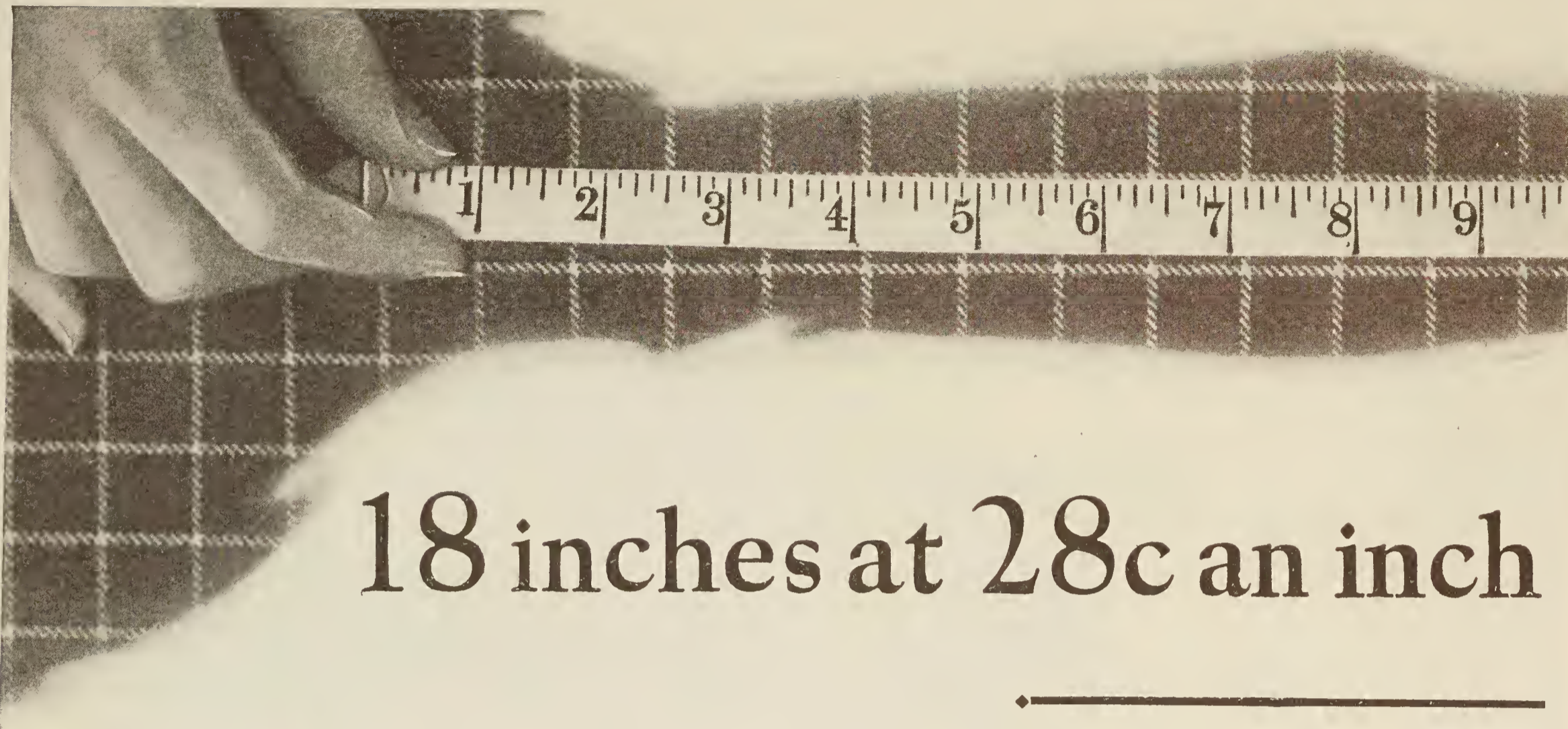
This appeal was prompted by an eminent New York physician. Reprints sent on request

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INCORPORATED

BRIDGEPORT  CONNECTICUT

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18 inches at 28c an inch

SHE had always cut her patterns economically, she thought, out of the material each pattern called for. And now to claim that the Deltor, enclosed with her pattern envelope, could save *her* money! Of course not! How could it? *She* was an expert! She had used patterns for years and with undoubted success!

This time she planned to make a street dress. She bought the material her pattern called for and started to lay out her tissues on her two and a half yards of wool velour.

Quickly and surely she worked at first. But gradually she slackened. It just wouldn't go. Somehow or other the pattern refused to fit into her length of material.

Like most women who had been making their own clothes for years, she did not realize until experience showed her, that her pattern now called for less material than it could, were it not for the Deltor enclosed in the envelope. But she did not know that the half yard which her pattern

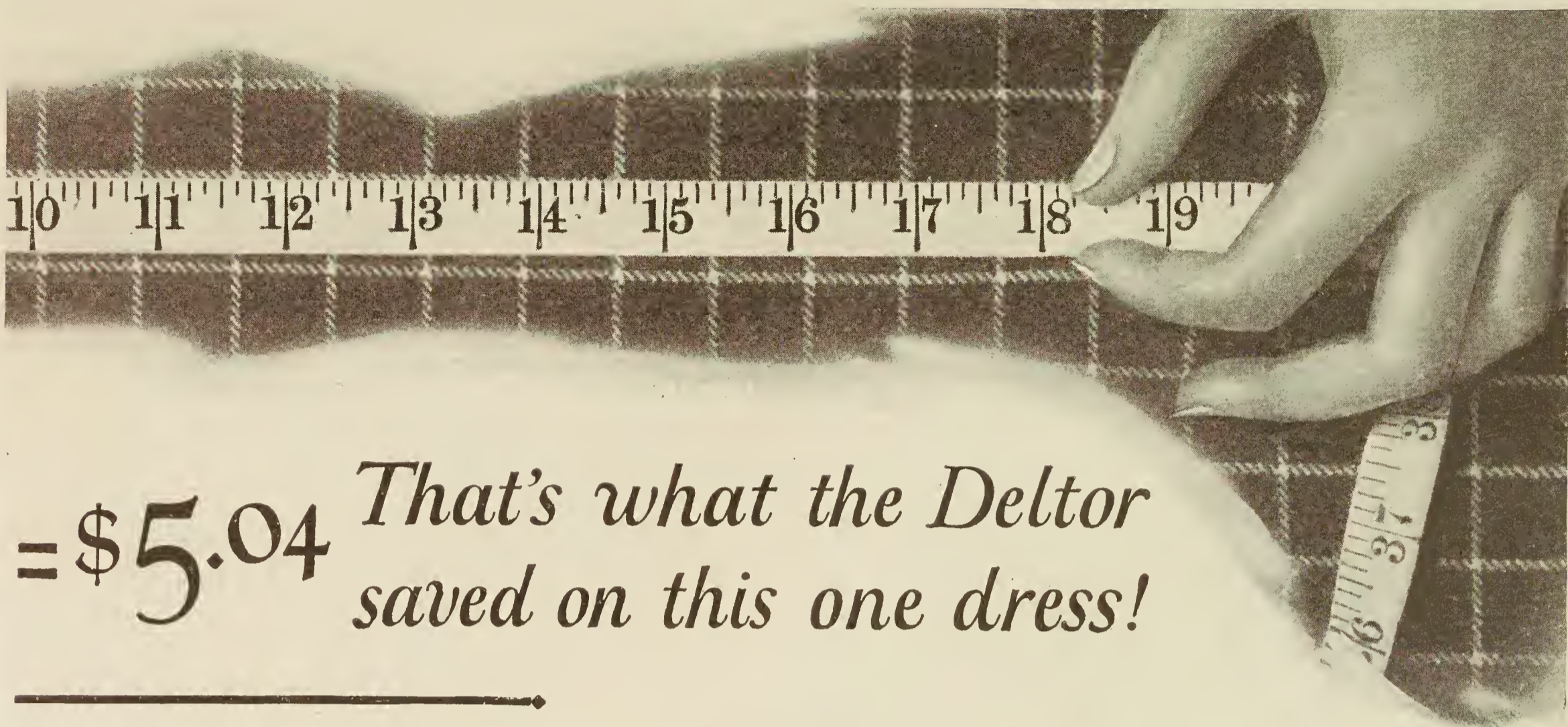
was seemingly short represented the money that the Deltor saved—\$5.04 on this one dress.

Then she consulted the Deltor. There she found a series of layout charts, photographic in their exactness, each one worked out for her size and one for each width of suitable material.

She followed the Deltor, shifted the pieces of tissue. And in ten minutes her pattern was laid. It fitted to the inch. Then and there she learned the value of the Deltor. Then and there she learned the lesson that thousands of women who have always made their own clothes are learning—that no matter how skilled they are in laying out a pattern, no matter how little material they have used before, Butterick Patterns, because of the Deltor, now call for less material than any other patterns can—less than even Butterick Patterns could—before the Deltor.

The Deltor means money saved because you buy $\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard less material—a saving of from 50c to \$10 on every gown, suit or dress you make.

The DELTOR



= \$5.04 *That's what the Deltor saved on this one dress!*

Added to its saving
The Deltor brings you Paris' own charm!

BESIDES enabling you to make your own frocks more economically than ever before, the Deltor guides you to that air of Parisian smartness which so often eludes even the most skilled needles.

Through simple picture-and-word illustrations, the Deltor shows you just how to put your dress together. Every stitch, every step, that the Parisian modiste would take, is right before your eyes. You sew more quickly, more successfully, than ever before!

And those little things upon

which the fate of your gown depends—the irregular hem line, the neckline that hints of the Moyen Age—any new whim which your dress may embody, is all explained in minute detail. Your finished dress—the dress on which you saved \$5 to \$10—is a creation of Paris!

*For Economy! For Ease of Sewing!
For Paris' Charm!*

**Demand *The Deltor*
and use it!**

THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO.

*Saves 50c to \$10 on Materials
on Every Frock You Make*

Ask your best friend if you dare!

YOU may even get intimate enough with some friends of yours to swap the real truth about your income tax and about many other very personal things.

But how many people do you know well enough to enable you to get on the subject of Halitosis with them? Not very many, probably. Halitosis is the medical term meaning unpleasant breath.

As you know yourself, Halitosis is one of the least talked about human afflictions and at once one of the most commonly prevalent ailments.

Nine out of ten people suffer from Halitosis either now and then or chronically. Usually they are unconscious of it themselves.

Halitosis may come from smoking, drinking, eating. It may be due to a disordered stomach, bad teeth, lung trouble or some other organic disorder. If it's a chronic ailment, of course, then it is a symptom of a condition your doctor or dentist ought to look after.

But very often it is only temporary and then you may overcome it by taking a very simple personal precaution that will mean ease of mind for you and comfort for your friends.

Listerine, for forty years the safe household antiseptic, is a wonderful combatant of Halitosis. Just use it regularly as a mouth wash and gargle. It will do the trick.

You probably now have Listerine in the house and know all about its many other uses as a safe antiseptic.

If you don't, just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2135 Locust Street, Saint Louis, Mo.



POSTURE—GOOD and BAD

Concluded from page 55

to correct it? The first and most important thing is to learn what constitutes the proper carriage, and to assume it on all occasions until it becomes a matter of habit requiring no further thought. One must be one's own mentor to a large extent, but it is a great aid to have some one correct you repeatedly when you slump back into the old position. If this is not done, no amount of exercises, apparatus, or other means will avail. It is to be remembered that there is a correct posture not only for standing but for every position, and that it must be maintained always. It is just as harmful, or more so, to sit humped up, doubled at the waist, with the abdomen forced downward and the chest flattened, as it is to stand in this position.

A common error in attempting to correct faulty posture is that of throwing out the chest and drawing back the shoulders, while at the same time allowing the abdomen to go forward in such a way as still further to increase the forward curve in the lower spine. It is better at first to concentrate the attention upon holding in the chin and drawing in the lower abdominal muscles. It must be remembered also that the trunk should incline a little forward at the hips. When this has been mastered, more attention can be paid to raising the chest and holding back the shoulders.

Certain corrective exercises are of value—first, in teaching you to maintain the correct posture while doing something else

in addition, and second, in order to develop certain groups of muscles which are important in holding the correct carriage, principally those of the lower abdomen. These exercises must invariably be done with the body in the proper poise; otherwise they are of little or no value. It is almost essential to have them supervised at first by some one who understands thoroughly all the principles involved, but several are given that are relatively simple:

1. Stand with weight on front of feet, chest high, shoulders back, chin in, abdomen drawn in. Place hands on hips; breathe slowly and deeply, holding the position.

2. Stand with back against wall and with heels about four inches from the base. With head, shoulders, and buttocks touching wall, contract abdominal muscles until entire back touches wall.

3. Take same position as in exercise No. 1; but with hands behind neck and elbows well back. Breathe deeply in and out.

4. Stand with weight forward on feet, chest high, shoulders back, abdomen in, and chin in, arms at side. Stretch chest upward on one side. Hold position and contract abdominal muscles on same side. Return to original position and repeat on opposite side. Alternate.

These exercises may be done, each ten

times, once or twice a day, the number being increased from time to time.

It is of much assistance to rest in certain positions, especially after meals. For this purpose a firm mattress or couch should be selected. You lie flat on your back with no pillow under the head, but with a small pillow under the back and shoulders. The hands are held behind the neck, with the elbows well back. After lying in this position for a half or three-quarters of an hour it is well to turn over and lie upon the face for five or ten minutes, with the pillow under the hips and lower abdomen. These positions, as well as the exercises, should be done with the corset removed.

Proper clothes, and especially the corset, are important. A faulty corset is one of the most vicious factors in producing bad posture, but a well-designed one can be of much assistance. The proper corset fits snugly around the pelvis and lower abdomen, but is sufficiently loose at the upper abdomen to allow both fists to be placed between it and the body.

Shoes should be sufficiently long and broad to feel comfortable the first time they are put on, should have a straight inner line, and heels of only moderate height.

It has not been the intention to imply that all backaches, flat feet, cases of constipation, indigestion, etc., are caused by bad posture, although so many of them are that the matter of posture should be investigated whenever such symptoms appear.

Continued from page 15

M A N Y W A T E R S

"I'm afraid I wasn't listening," she confessed. "I was just thinking that I'll need a guide to my native city; it's grown so."

While Kevin was offering himself as a guide, I meanly rose to go, just to see what he would do. He came with me.

"Changed your mind?" I inquired with feeble sarcasm, when we were out of earshot. "I got an important message at the last moment."

"Want me to believe that?"

"Not at all," said Kevin. "All I want of you is cee-verity; and damn little of that. You didn't tell me she was married."

"It's no great secret," I warned him. "Funny thing, now I think of it, I gave you a letter of introduction to Gerry's people that time you went to San Francisco. But it seems she'd just got married and gone; and ten to one you forgot all about the letter, anyway."

"I guess I did," he said slowly. "I only stopped one day in San Francisco. No matter; that puts me on the footing of an old friend, doesn't it?"

He told me later he had no warning save an odd feeling which haunted him intermittently, as if he were just on the edge of waking from a dream. He used to look at Geraldine a lot, but in a nice way, silently. To say that I suspected nothing would be absurd; there was nothing to suspect. And when it happened—that night at the Camerons—I was saved suspicion; I saw it all.

THE Cameron house is on the seaward side of the Ocean Drive, and has a long back lawn down to the beach. There was a moon, too, but the moon does not shed much light on those waters; it is veiled always by the sea mist.

The driftwood fire made strange reflections in Geraldine's hair and eyes; I saw her turn her head slowly toward Kevin. He leaned forward to speak; his lips moved, then his brows contracted in a frown of pain; Geraldine shivered. Jewett broke the embarrassing silence. He had strolled to the veranda steps.

"Look at that. Didn't know you got that effect up here."

"What effect?" We all bestirred ourselves to see.

"Oh, there's a school of smelts running in," Alice Cameron said. "We used to go wading after them, and scoop them up in tin

pails, when we were young." She was about eighteen then.

"I've stalked clams," said Jewett gravely, "but I never scooped for smelts. Dare you to come down and do it now. Do you have to have a smelting suit, or just a tin pail?" Alice giggled doubtfully, but the rest of us were seized by a silly fit. Young Gleason raided the pantry and came back with saucepans and sieves.

IT WAS high tide, and the glistening little fish were almost nosing the edge of the lawn. "The cosmic urge again," I heard Jewett say to Alice. He was sharing a rock with her, asking for the fine points of the game. I don't know how long we kept at it. Finally Alice actually fell off her rock. Mrs. Cameron, standing resignedly on the lawn, recognized the splash and shriek, and ordered us all in.

"You count noses," she commissioned me as the nearest. "I'd hate to have a stark, drowned corpse washed up under my window in the morning. Alice, go and change your shoes. And we'll all have hot coffee."

That brought them all but Kevin and Gerry. They had wandered down the beach a little distance in that casual manner which is so deadly dangerous. As she stepped into the lantern-light in the lee of the boat-house, Kevin saw her face clearly. She stood with her back against the wall. But, though he was very near, he had not touched her.

"You don't remember!" There was anguish and wonder in the words.

"No." She just breathed it.

"But you knew me, at once. And you cried when I went away. You stood watching us; your golden head was like a beacon, the last thing I saw on shore. The day was so fair, I laughed at you for crying. Did you feel that we'd never come back? Then surely you knew why. The fog caught us; we had to drift. We never heard a sound; we just looked up and saw that great ship looming over us; she swept us under like a straw. We hardly had time to shout once. They went right on—there were people laughing aboard. My God, I tried to get to you—you don't know how hard—I've looked for you ever since. And at last I've found you!"

Geraldine put out a wavering hand; and then she fled.

I had to fling my arm around her to keep us both from getting an ugly fall down on

the rocks; and even in that rather distracting encounter, I was aware that her heart felt like a scared bird dashing against its cage. She tore blindly at my protective clasp.

"Steady on. It's only me, Gerry," I managed to remark, as I staggered to an equilibrium. "What do you want, to take a header into the briny?"

"You? Oh—yes—no—I want Henry—where is Henry?" and she clung to me then.

"At the house; so's every one." Instinct prompted me to disintegrate the situation before any one else could stumble on to us. "Hello, Kevin, is that you? I was sent to bring you to supper." And I tucked Gerry under my arm and marched her off.

HE CAME forward to meet me when I returned; and he looked white and haggard even in that uncertain light.

"I frightened her!" he said. Which struck me as inadequate in the circumstances. "Is she—?" He passed his hand over his face and stared at me hopelessly. "You want an explanation? I can't give you any. If she didn't understand, how could you?"

"Well, I suppose you forgot yourself—"

"You fool!" he said. "Forgot! Why, I've been looking for her all my life. And always just a little too late. Always she was gone just before I arrived—I knew there was something I had to find. And now she doesn't know me—and it's too late. I tell you, I can remember even the blue jersey I used to wear, and the name of our boat—the *Fleurette*—and our cottage, with the pinks and mignonette beside the path," and he added a few words I did not catch.

"What was that you said? And when was all this? And where?"

"When? Oh, the last time—like yesterday— It wasn't a town, just a few cottages strung along the beach. But it's only what concerned her and me that's quite clear. Of course you think I'm mad." He pulled himself together. "And she'll think—" he groaned. "I don't care if you take my word for it or not; it's the truth; even when I got off the *Empress*, cut my trip, I didn't know it was on her account. Well—you've got to fix it so I can explain that I wasn't just—making love to another man's wife."

I was so sorry for him that I said: "I'll try. And I'll excuse you to the Camerons. Now beat it. I'll phone you to-morrow."

Concluded on page 62

FOR dainty underwear there is nothing more desirable than hand-hemstitching. A happy combination for the most filmy of undergarments is a hollow square of the hemstitching with an appliquéd square in the center of a contrasting color.

When selecting your material take great care to choose material in which the threads can be easily drawn. Voile, handkerchief linen, batiste, fine lawn and crêpe de Chine give the most delightful results, and the threads are very easily drawn, except for the crêpe de Chine, which is a little more difficult.

For straight hemstitching draw the threads out all the way across. Hemstitching on underwear is usually from one-eighth to one-quarter inch wide. In drawing threads for a square, mark the four corners of the square (they are usually about one and one-half inch square) with a pair of sharp pointed scissors and cut across the desired number of threads half way between the marks for the corners. Draw the threads out from the corner marks, overcast up the ends and cut them off. In this same manner are drawn threads for a short line of hemstitching. Work the hemstitching from left to right. Join your thread at one end of the work. Pass the needle behind the first eight threads (see Ill. 2) and pull the needle out. Now pass it through the loop at the bottom of the thread (Ill. 1) and with this same stitch catch the linen. Pass the needle behind the next eight threads and continue to work

FINE HAND-WORK HEIGHTENS THE VALUE OF THE DAINTIEST UNDERGARMENTS

BY MARIE ASHLEY

Camisole 2871

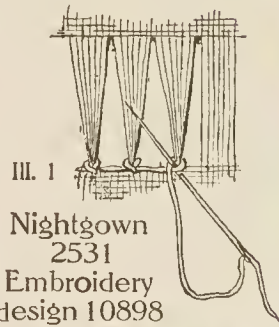
Nightgown 2531
Embroidery design 10704



Chemise 3141
Embroidery design 10876

Embroidery design 10864

Chemise and Drawers 3383



Ill. 1
Nightgown 2531
Embroidery design 10898

Chemise 3201



in the same manner all the way across. Turn your work and work the opposite side in the same manner. (Ill. 2.) Now cut a square of colored material one-half inch larger than the material in the center of the hemstitching. Turn a one-quarter-inch hem all around and hem in center of hemstitching.

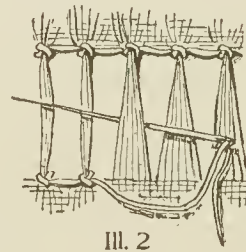
For the very finely tucked chemise, such as 3141, there is a design that can be delightfully combined with drawn-work. It is embroidered and finely edged with narrow lace. The same theme is carried out in a nightgown to go with it.

French knots are the natural trimming for a dainty silk camisole. A design such as 10704 can be used, for the tiny flowered motifs are so very delicate. Here again a nightgown can be made after the same fashion.

A very fine French voile set of chemise and drawers, such as 3383, uses hemstitched squares to trim itself. The same idea is carried out in both chemise and drawers.

A plain chemise, such as 3201, is made, of course, of wash satin. The edges are bound and the combination is trimmed with tiny rose-buds.

A nightgown, such as 2531, lends itself most beautifully to a design such as 10898. Filet crochet medallions combined with embroidery results in an exquisite effect.



Ill. 2

USEFUL THINGS ARE EASILY MADE

"POULTRY" DARNER. Cut a piece of linen 14½ by 7½ inches and place a design such as 10704 1¾ inches from the end. Work the design in French knots and embroider cotton flowers in yellow with lavender centers, orange with black centers and lavender with yellow centers. The leaves are a soft green, and the handle of the basket, black. Line it with blue crêpe allowing ¼ inch all around to fold over right side of linen. Turn in and baste. The end that has not the design worked on it is hemmed back to form a pocket 4 inches in depth. Measure 3⅜ inches from the left edge of the pocket and work a line in chain-stitches in orchid embroidery cotton. Repeat from right edge. This will make a place for the scissors. Cut a piece of cardboard and wind cotton on it to keep bag flat. Place this in the left pocket and the thimble and coarse needles in the right pocket.

GARDEN MAT OR MAT TO BE USED ON ROCKS, ETC. Cut 1-inch strips of cretonne and fold into three, turning all the edges in to the center. With black, make a chain 3½ inches. Skip 1 st., next the hook, work 3 s. c. into next st. Work 1 s. c. into each st. of chain. Work 3 sts. in first chain. Work 1 s. c. into each st. along opposite side of chain. Increase 1 st. at each end of the oval, and 1 st. in center of each side. Continue to work round and round in the same manner for 3 rows. Cut black; work 3 rows in gold, Work three rows blue and lavender cretonne. Work 3 rows of gold cretonne; 3 rows of black; work with 3 rows of blue.

NIGHT SCREEN. The easiest way to make a pattern for a screen is to paint the outside edge of the wire frame with black oil-paint; while wet, place a piece of wrapping-paper over the frame and press around edge. Cut Japanese vellum by this pattern and trace butterflies from a design, such as 10699, on parchment paper. Outline the design with India ink and when the ink is dry, sponge (with a soft silk sponge) with water to take off the greasy carbon. With water-colors wash in a background with tan, leaving butterflies white. Make the outside section of the large butterfly

green-blue. Use lampblack for the body, the inside section of both large and small wings and feelers in all butterflies. The section in the small wings of the large butterfly is tan with lavender spots. The dots on the large wings are in red, yellow and lavender. The section in the small wings of the left-hand butterfly is blue with yellow dots and the large wing is lavender with dots of burnt orange and emerald green. The large wings on the right-hand butterfly are green-blue with lavender and orange spots, and the bands around the smaller wings are lavender, and the section in the small wings is yellow with blue spots. Outline the extreme upper and lower lines with green-blue and outline the inner lines with lavender. Strengthen the black outline with drawing-ink, and then apply two coats of varnish. When dry, apply coat of linseed-oil on the back to open the pores of the paper. Dry thoroughly, overcast it to the frame with heavy black cotton and bind edges with gold.

KIDDIES' SUPPER-SET. Cut a piece of newspaper the size and shape of a tray and bib. Cut this pattern in oilcloth and outline a design such as 10671 in position but do not make the crosses. Mix the blue oil-color with a small portion of emerald-green and white enamel. Fill in the outline of the ducks with the blue paint, leaving the wings and eyes white. Paint a border of about ½ inch around the entire edge of the tray cover and the bib. When dry work a blanket-stitch around the edge in green. Bind the neck with blue tape.

PRESERVE-LABEL BOOK-COVER. Cut a piece of linen 4 x 12½ inches and place a landscape motif from a design such as 10710 about an inch from the bottom of the material. Use deep rose for the roof of the house with black uprights and chimneys. The door and the windows are Delft blue, and the ground line and the trees are worked in a soft green. In the spaces that are left open in the trees make orange squares for fruit. The upper line under the ground line is blue with a lower line of soft green. Turn in each end of the cover about ½ inch so that the book will slip into the case tightly. Now finish a ¼-inch hem at the top and bottom with a blanket-stitch in soft Delft blue.

TRAVELING LETTER CASE. From design such as 10823 place a transfer as illustrated on page 49 on a piece of black oilcloth 10 by 15 inches. Work the inner outline in lavender wool, the outer one in rose and the French knots in tan. The lower left flower is of lavender wool with rose French knots and lavender outline. The upper right-hand one is of tan with lavender French knots. The stems and leaves are of emerald-green. Work the flowers in the left-hand corner in lavender with rose outline, tan French knots and emerald-green leaves. Line it with lavender gingham allowing a ¼-inch hem to fold over the outside of the oilcloth. Now make a pocket of the black oilcloth 7 inches deep and sew this on the right inside half of the case as a pocket for paper and envelopes and finish the entire edge of the case with a blanket-stitch.

COVER FOR GLASS. Cut two five-inch squares of yellow crêpe and stamp a basket from a design such as 10634 in the center of each piece. Work the handle, the basket and the leaves in dark-blue, cross-stitch the flowers and work the bow-knot in lighter blue. Make a ⅛-inch hem around the square and overcast it in dark-blue cotton from left to right, and from right to left overcast it in a lighter blue. Now sew a bead in each corner for weights.

TEA CLOTH. Appliqué a design such as 10877, following the directions and cutting round centers for the two large flowers. Use dark-blue gingham for leaves, pink for the flowers on the left side and yellow for the center flowers, lavender for the lower right-hand flower and center for yellow flower, and pink for the center of the lavender flower. Work the leaves with running stitches in soft green, and the rest of the work in blanket-stitch.

WEEK-END SHOE-CLEANING CASE. Cut out a spot of a design corresponding to the design in the illustration. Put it on the case of the black oilcloth shoe-cleaning case and paint the large flower on the left in soft blue with an orange center, the rose on the left in rose color with the outer petals in a lighter shade and with a darker rose center. The small flowers are in tan and dull blue with orange centers and the leaves are emerald and gray-green.

Concluded from page 60

MANY WATERS



JOHN GALSWORTHY

at his best in

"THE FEUD"

a wonderful new two-part story beginning in the
FEBRUARY DELINEATOR

You will not want to miss Mr. Galsworthy's character depiction of the Anglo-Saxon farmer-type in all its pride, obstinacy and courage. The feud started when Steer was bitten by Bowden's dog and ended only in Ned Bowden's death over-seas. For not till then could Bowden and Steer, two obstinate, taciturn, old men, admit the childishness of their quarrel.

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This story is creating a genuine sensation—do not miss one instalment of it.

The action of the second instalment of the new serial speeds along as swiftly as the gay life the younger set leads.

Innocent, ignorant Joy Nelson of Foxhollow Corners, New England, is swept up in the vortex of hectic gaiety that is the life of her two new friends, Jerry and Sarah, in Boston. She falls in love with Grant Grey, one of Boston's best, but their idyl is broken off by Grey's demand for explanations of Joy's relationship with these girls. He hints that Packy has told him something. To find out what Packy knows, she goes motoring with him, discovers he is mildly intoxicated, and that he is running away with her, so she throws—but you really must read it yourself.

"TO BEAT THE BANSHEE"

by Harold Titus

An intense and dramatic word-picture of the great white North—the city-bred girl—and a race with death.

"THE LOG-CABIN LADY"

The third instalment of this rare document continues the author's amazing story. Remember this is the autobiography of a distinguished American society woman, who was raised in a log cabin and had never seen a table napkin until fourteen. A wonderful narrative of a real woman, called upon by her husband's high position to meet situations of the most difficult and trying social character.

SPECIAL ARTICLES

"The Story of My Life," by Madame Curie—the intimate and interesting biography of the world's greatest woman scientist, and one of the most famous scientists that ever lived. "The Seven Sins Against Childhood," by Angelo Patri—well-known educator and authority. All parents should carefully read this article. Mr. Patri will answer questions for Delineator readers. "The Benefits of Being Flim-Flammed," by Laura Spencer Portor, tells how the usual financial troubles of women may be avoided. "Correct Posture for Children," by Dr. Alan de F. Smith. Two full-page cooking articles edited by Martha Van Rensselaer. And a beauty article by Celia Caroline Cole.

And many pages of the famous Butterick fashions, which used with the marvelous new Deltor, enable you to have better clothes than you ever had before and save from 50c to \$10 on every gown you make.

For February don't fail to get

THE DELINEATOR

Two and a half dollars a year

He did not give me a chance; he was there when I finally reached Geraldine. She made it very short.

"Yes. I don't understand, but I believe you. And I do forgive you. But you mustn't say any more. Not ever. Nor you," she turned to me. "Good-by." She was gone.

"I suppose you can get out of town for a few days," I suggested to Kevin. "I'll let you know when they've gone."

"I can't," he said simply. "Oh, I heard, she said good-by. I won't intrude on her. But even to be this near is something."

WHEN Jewett—yes, it was Jewett again—looked him up to remind him of an engagement made days before for a fishing-trip up Howe Sound, I told him to go. I declined; I wanted a rest from Kevin. Then I took the afternoon off and played round with Geraldine. She was in the happiest mood; and when I suggested finishing the day at a little dance at the boat club, leaving word for Henry to follow when he got in, she was delighted.

Pretty enough she looked, with her hair shining under the shaded lights. She must have caught my covert looks, for she said idly as we swung down the floor together: "Penny for your thoughts."

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

She lost the step. "Don't!" She said it aloud that time; and to my "Oh, pardon," she muttered: "It was me." She stopped dead. "I'm tired—I want—some air." Her color faded as she spoke. I drew her quickly on to the veranda.

"Hot in there," she said. "Henry ought to be back—Will you go and phone the hotel?"

I did, intending to get some sal volatile too; but came back without it, or any news. Geraldine was not on the veranda. I caught a flutter of white along the float.

"Gerry!" I made after her. She was kneeling, tugging at the painter of a small launch. "What do you want?" She turned a dead-white face up to me.

"Help me!" she gasped. "Oh, if we should be too late! Not—Hurry, I tell you!" But already she had slipped the knot unaided, and before I realized it sprang aboard. I scrambled after and caught her by the shoulders, and she stood up and flung me off. "You'd let him die!" she said. And again she was kneeling, her hands moving among the levers. The engine sputtered and started; the launch shot forward.

IT WAS an uncanny voyage. The mouth of the inlet was choked with all kinds of craft tied up for the night; and we went through them like a trout through eel-grass. The launch was a speed-boat. Geraldine just opened her up; we left the canoes rocking in our wake; she must have steered by instinct. The start had dropped me sprawling in the stern. I crept forward, meaning when I saw enough open water to snatch the wheel from her. The masthead light of an anchored schooner picked us out for a second as we cut under her bows. "Don't try it," she said evenly, answering my thought. "If you stop me, I'll drown you too." I stayed at her shoulder, waiting on what might happen.

We rounded the point; I saw where she was going. She knew again what I was thinking. "Keep back," she said.

Her very words were echoed in a shout from ahead. We were just entering the Narrows. There is a tide-rip there at the turn that will almost break a small craft in two if it catches it right. A lighthouse warns from the headland above.

"Keep back," a warning voice boomed. "Steer to starboard—to your right." A dark object bobbed between us and the moon. The life-boat, squat and broad of beam, was dancing over the boiling rip. The command came from that; mingled with splashings and inarticulate cries. I flung myself across Geraldine's knees, pinning her down, and twisted the wheel under her hands. We veered in to the landing at the foot of the headland. I lifted Geraldine ashore; she was passive now, staring back at the life-boat as it followed us in.

The light-keeper saw us as he sprang out. "Take the lady away," he said gruffly. Then he stooped to receive something heavy and helpless from the boat.

"I'm afraid he's gone," a man's voice, sharpened by strain, came to us clearly.

It was holding Geraldine's arm. She spoke in that far voice one hears in dreams.

"And I've let him go back into the dark without a word—kept him out. Twice!"

I could make no sense of what she said; nor even of the fact that Don Cameron was confronting us, asking for our launch to go for a doctor. He broke off in a tone of abject dismay: "Good God, it's Mrs. Jewett! Don't let her see—"

"But I have a right to," she answered gravely. "Why not—now?" She went forward; somehow I could not move to stop her. Some one lifted a lantern, and it lit the face of Kevin O'Neill. His hair and clothes were dripping; there was a bloody bruise on his cheek; he stared at Geraldine unbelievably and she at him.

"They said you were dead!"

"No," Kevin turned to me. "Will you take her away?" The light-keeper addressed me also. "This is no place—"

"Man, be quiet. It's her husband," Don Cameron whispered. But Geraldine heard, and understood, and I caught her as she swooned. I carried her up the steep path to the light-keeper's cottage.

At dawn they told me she had asked for me. "It is true?" she asked.

So I told her. Jewett was not drowned; his heart had simply stopped. When Kevin dived and brought him up from beneath the overturned launch, it was a dead man he rescued. Geraldine turned her face away, and lay still.

THREE days later they sent for me again.

All the time she had lain in a kind of dumb delirium, with her eyes, half open, never speaking, scarcely stirring. The doctor feared brain fever.

"You'd better send for her people," he said, taking it for granted that I was in charge. "If she doesn't talk, or cry—yes, it's pretty dangerous. And there's nothing more I can do—unless some sort of counter-shock—"

I could think of only one thing. I brought Kevin. He had been with me most of the time.

Her arms lay straight at her sides, and two braids of hair over her shoulders banded the coverlet with gold. But, although she did not speak, her haunted eyes followed him.

"I did my best to save him," Kevin said huskily. "Can't you forgive me?"

"It wasn't—your—fault," she whispered, as if she had forgotten how to speak and must grope for words. "But I—was thinking of you—not him. I did not seem to see—any one in danger—but you!"

"Oh, my dear!" Kevin bent his head humbly and lifted her hand to his lips. "You used to wear your hair like that," he said.

I saw her fingers close over his in a tentative way, and then withdraw. "Ah, yes, this is real," she murmured. "It was all real; I went back and saw; but this is now. And I let Henry die. First I forgot you, and then him. I can't think. I don't know what I should have done—I tried—" She choked with weeping.

"Gerry!" I said sharply. "There wasn't anything you could have done. Be fair to Henry. Do you really think he'd want you to make a suttee over him? Let him go in peace; it was his time. Cry all you like. He was worth it. But let it go at that for the present. After you've rested, you can think it all out. Now you must go to sleep."

Her eyelids fell even as I was speaking. I drew Kevin away; he looked pretty done himself. There was another murmur from Geraldine:

"Don't go as far—again." Her faint voice trailed into a sigh.

A week later Geraldine went to the mountains for her convalescence. I didn't see her before she left; she only wrote me at the moment of her departure. I gathered from her note that she disliked the sea, all at once. And Kevin went East. But a year later they sent me a wedding-card; nothing more. No doubt they were weary of having me play *Wall* to their *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*; I had to get out of the way some time. But I thought it a bit ungrateful of them. I like to know the end of a story as well as any one. But still, if theirs began so long ago, it may not be ended yet.

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SUNSWEEP STEWED PRUNES MASHED [with or without cereal]: Wash and soak Sunsweet Prunes over night in warm water to cover. Cook under boiling point until fruit is tender. Sugar to taste, cool, drain, pit and rub through a coarse sieve. Serve plain or with cream. For cereal, use 1 tablespoon mashed prunes for each service, stirring into the cereal before serving or place on top of each bowl of mush. Add sugar, cream or whole milk. With buttered graham toast, milk or chocolate, this makes a wholesome, well-balanced breakfast for the children.

SUNSWEEP PRUNE JUICE: Wash Sunsweet Prunes, cover with warm water and soak over night. Heat slowly to simmering point; cook until tender. Do not boil; no sugar is required. Pour off juice and strain. Use the prunes for mashed prunes. For babies between six months and one year, give 1 teaspoon, gradually increasing according to age, using 1 tablespoon for children three years and over.

SUNSWEEP PRUNE CUSTARD [with chocolate sauce]: Take 1/3 cup cooked Sunsweet Prunes drained, pitted and cut in quarters; scald 1 cup milk; beat 1 egg, add 2 tablespoons sugar; pour hot milk over egg mixture. Add prunes; pour into custard cups or small baking dish. Set in pan of hot water; bake in moderate oven until firm in center; cool and serve. **Chocolate Sauce:** heat 1/2 cup prune juice; pour it over 1 level tablespoon ground chocolate or 1 teaspoon cocoa, add 1/2 teaspoon butter and cook five minutes.





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Date-Walnut Pudding

2 eggs
 2 tablespoons flour
 1 teaspoon baking powder
 1 cup chopped Walnuts
 1 cup chopped dates
 3/4 cup sugar
 Beat eggs and add sugar; sift flour and baking powder together; add Walnuts and dates. Sprinkle all with cinnamon in a greased pan. Bake about 30 or 40 minutes in a slow oven. Try with a straw. Serve with whipped cream in individual glasses.



Salted Diamond Walnuts

1 cup Diamond Walnut meats
 1/2 cup cooking oil
 Salt
 Heat oil in a very small frying pan; when hot put in enough Diamond Walnuts to cover bottom of pan, and stir until they begin to change color. Remove with spoon or small skimmer, taking up as little oil as possible. Drain on brown paper and sprinkle with salt. Repeat until all are fried.

Hermit Cookies

1 cup butter (or substitute)
 1 1/2 cups brown sugar
 3 eggs
 1 cup chopped seedless raisins
 2 cups chopped Diamond Walnut meats
 2 scant cups flour
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/2 teaspoon cloves
 1/2 teaspoon allspice
 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
 1 level teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon soda
 1/2 cup hot water
 Cream butter, add sugar, eggs well beaten, soda dissolved in hot water, flour sifted with spices and salt, Walnuts and raisins. Drop from spoon on greased pan and bake in moderate oven.



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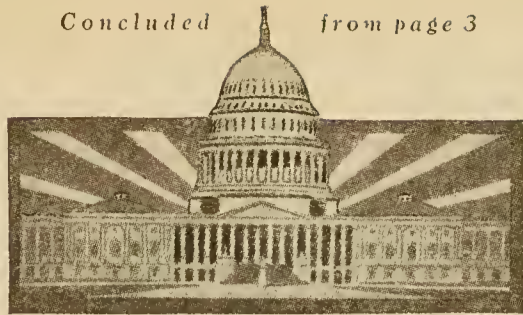
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Concluded from page 3



The FOUR CORNERS of the WORLD MEET

He referred to the severity of the reparations exacted of Germany. Barnes agreed, and together they went to Lloyd George. The British Premier said he felt as they did, but that he had exhausted his resources in endeavoring to persuade Clemenceau. He suggested that the other two try where he had failed.

Clemenceau, to their surprise, agreed also. But, he said, the terms as written were the very mildest that the French Chamber of Deputies would ratify. They departed, their errand fruitless. Later events proved Clemenceau was right.

Bonar Law, like some others, came to Washington convinced that time has proved to the victorious Allies that greater generosity toward the conquered peoples would have paid greater returns. He hoped to help rectify some of the mistakes of Paris.

M. Jusserand looks exactly as you want a diplomat to look. Even when you see him in the gray clothes and soft gray hat which he seems to like best, you feel there is a broad diagonal ribbon studded with glittering orders under his vest. There is something physically frail about him, as though the world were wearing him evenly and smoothly down. He carries his head a little to one side as he walks. But there is nothing either frail or one-sided in his wit and intellect.

It is rather significant that, listen where you will in Washington these days, you hear more about the settlement of affairs in the Far East than about armament limitation.

Baron Shidehara, Ambassador from Japan, has taken no small part in the parley. His knowledge of our language is probably more exact than yours or mine, for in his youth he received training in English speech under

the tutelage of a New England stickler for preciseness. The Japanese Ambassador is fifty years old, and his youth saw the great changes which overtook the Chrysanthemum Land after Commodore Perry opened the closed door of the Mikado's realm.

There is in Washington to-day a National Council on Limitation of Armaments representing thirty of the big national associations which have indorsed limitation of armament and disarmament in various degrees. This council has headquarters about the size of a small State capitol, committees, conferences, social and political affiliations, stenographers, office-boys, and visitors from back home. The list of women on that council is too long to enumerate, but they represent leagues of voters, intercollegiate leagues, associations of business women, of mothers and parent-teachers, home missions—women from everywhere.

Miss Elizabeth Hauser, who presides at Council headquarters, once said about her first newspaper job: "No, I wasn't afraid of it. I didn't know enough to be afraid of it."

These women at the Conference have a tremendous work. There are pitfalls in their path, there are difficulties of statecraft they do not foresee, there are economic shoals and international deeps. Whether the Conference decides that all nations shall disarm at the same time and in the same proportion, or that each shall go ahead as in the past, hoping to avoid war by preparedness and having the weapons to fight if war comes, there are dangers ahead. Some of these women believe in complete disarmament. Some believe in a gradual and uniform reduction of the implements of defense and aggression. It's a big job they have taken on. But, like Miss Hauser, they don't know enough to be afraid!

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LITTLE PRINCE TOOFAT

When they got up there, the Princess stopped playing her guitar and stood looking at the Prince with a finger in the corner of her mouth; and the Prince did the same and looked at the Princess.

All at once Himself said: "Oh, dear me, I forgot to introduce you. Princess Oogalally, allow me to present little Prince Toofat." Then the Prince and the Princess acknowledged the introduction like all Princes and Princesses of their age that you know. First they chewed on their right forefingers and looked hard at their feet. Then they tried to dig the toes of their right shoes in between the cracks in the floor of the bridge.

"I had ice-cream and sponge-cake for my supper," said the Prince.

"I didn't," said the Princess.

"Hah; we have that often," answered the Prince; "what did you have?"

"I had some orange marmalade and some things that were good for me," said the Princess. "I don't like things that are good for me. Do you?"

"No!" answered the Prince. So they made it up they would get married when they grew up. But after a while the Prince happened to think about the giants and the witches and wizards and monsters he would have to fight, and he asked about them. But the Princess, with a silvery little laugh, said there weren't any. That worried the Prince some, and he asked Himself about it.

"Well," said Himself, after studying a wrinkle or two in his forehead, "you'll have to find some, that's all. Why, I never heard of a Prince marrying a Princess without slaying some things like that, and you'll just have to hunt some up and get locked up in a high tower. I suppose your father's got a kingdom?" he asked the Princess.

"Yes," she said, "part of a one. It's five-eighths, but I haven't taken fractions yet, so

I don't know just how much five-eighths is."

"I have," said Himself, and he took a piece of chalk and worked it all out on the blackboard. Don't ask me where he got the chalk and the blackboard because I don't know. Anyhow, Himself worked out the problem and wrote down "Ans." just as neat as your teacher could do it, almost.

"It will do," said Himself, gleefully. "He can give the Prince half a kingdom and still have one-eighth to keep."

But the Princess was very busy thinking, and presently she said: "I know where there's a dragon, but I don't believe papa would let you slay him for anything. He uses it in place of a furnace, and every time the registers begin to cool off he sends his grand chancellor down cellar to stir it up and it gets hot right away. But they are very scarce now, and I don't think papa would want to spare it. Mercy me, what's this?"

"It's the comet," said Himself, calmly. You see, they had been going up and up and up all the time, until at last they struck the comet. Did you ever see one? It's a great big star, bigger than a Roman candle, and it has a curved tail of silver spray. "We can take the most beautiful toboggan slide down the comet's tail."

Then they started down the comet's tail, and my, it was a fine coast! By the time they reached the end they were going so fast they couldn't think. But Himself guided, and he steered for the moon. They bumped into it and held on tight to the top edge.

But the bridge couldn't hold on, and it fell down, and it is still falling. It will be past here about day after yesterday night, just ten minutes after you have gone to sleep, and if you happen to be awake and see something come sailing through the air that you don't know what it is, why that's it.

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- Insert plaitings in a hem
- Bind slashes for a belt
- Apply trimming-bands and mitre the corners
- Make rosettes, flowers, pompons
- Make blind loops
- Apply facing to front of a coat
- Make lattice trimming
- Make frogs for trimming
- Do catch and feather stitching
- Make pockets of all kinds
- Sew in a sleeve correctly
- Make French knots
- Finish an opening with a facing
- Make a tassel
- Make a simulated buttonhole
- Finish seam edges
- Steam velvet, duvetyn or velour
- Do blanket stitching
- Cover button-molds
- Make a bound buttonhole
- Properly sew on snaps
- Machine-hemstitch a seam
- Make a fagot or a running stitch
- Make and finish different slashes
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THE PEOPLE'S HOME JOURNAL
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MR. PROHACK

Continued from page 14

must be the average sensual man, after all." It was at this moment that Eve showed her true greatness.

"Come along, Sissie," said she, after an assaying glance at her husband and another at her daughter. "Let's humor him. It isn't often he's in such good spirits, is it?"

At this point there was another ring at the front door.

"So you've condescended!" Sissie greeted Charles, when Ozzie brought him in.

His mother kissed him fondly, having received from Mr. Prohack during the day the delicatest, filmiest hint that perhaps Charlie was not at the moment prospering.

"Your father is very gay to-night," said she.

"I beg you to note," Mr. Prohack remarked, "that the glasses have only been filled once, which will not explain much gaiety. If the old gentleman is gay—and he does not assert that he is not—the true reason is in either the *pâté de foies gras* or in his crystal conscience. Have a drink, Charles?"

"Finish mine, my pet," said Eve, holding forth her tumbler; and Charlie obeyed.

"A touching sight," observed Mr. Prohack. "Now, as Charlie has managed to spare us a few minutes out of his thrilling existence, I want to have a few words with him in private about an affair of state. There's nothing that you oughtn't to hear," he addressed the company, "but a great deal that you probably wouldn't understand—and the last thing we desire is to humiliate you. That's so, isn't it, Carlos?"

"It is," Charles quickly agreed.

"Now, then, hostess, can you lend us another room? Anything will do for us. Possibly Ozzie's study."

"Father! Father!" Sissie warned him against an excess of facetiousness. "You can either go into our bedroom or you can sit on the stairs and talk."

FATHER and son disappeared in the bedroom, which constituted a full half of the entire flat. Mr. Prohack noticed on his wife's features an expression of anxiety tempered by an assured confidence in his own wisdom and force. Nevertheless, when Charles shut the door Mr. Prohack could feel his mighty heart beating in a manner worthy of a school-girl entering an examination-room.

"I just came along because Lady M. was so positive that I ought to see you—she said that you very much wanted me to come. It isn't as if I wanted to bother you, or you could do any good." Charlie spoke in an extremely low tone. His restraint, however, showed little or no depression, disappointment, or disgust, and no despair.

"But what's it all about?—if I'm not being too curious?" Mr. Prohack inquired.

"It's all about my being up the spout, dad. I've had a flutter, and it hasn't come off, and that's all there is to it. I needn't trouble you with the details. But you may believe me when I tell you that I shall bob up again. What's happened to me might have happened to anybody, and has happened to a pretty fair number of City swells."

"You mean bankruptcy?"

"Well, yes; bankruptcy's the word. I'd much better go right through with it."

"Lady Massulam happened to tell me once that you'd been selling something before you knew how much it would cost you to buy it. Of course, I don't pretend to understand finance myself, but to my limited intelligence such a process of putting the cart before the horse seemed likely to lead to trouble," said Mr. Prohack.

"Oh! She told you that, did she?" Charlie smiled. "Well, the good lady was talking through her hat. That affair's all right. At least, it would be if I could carry it through. But of course I can't now. It'll go into the general mess. If I was free, I wouldn't sell it at all. It's a combine, or rather it would have been a combine, of two of the best paper-mills in the country, and if I'd got it, and could find time to manage it—my word, you'd see! No! What's done me in is a pure and simple Stock Exchange gamble, my dear father. Nothing but that. R. R. shares."

"R. R.? What's that?"

"Dad! Where have you been living these years? Royal Rubber Corporation, of course. They dropped to eighteen shillings. I bought a whole big packet on the understanding that I should have a fortnight to fork out. They were bound to go up again. Hadn't been so low for eleven years. I wouldn't have minded so much," he went on, "if your particular friend, Mr. Softly Bishop, wasn't at the bottom of my purchase. His name only appears for some of the shares, but I've got a pretty good idea that it's he who's selling all of them to yours truly. He must have known something, and a rare fine thing he'd have made of the deal if I wasn't going bust, because I'm sure now he was selling to me what he hadn't got."

Mr. Prohack's whole demeanor changed at the mention of Mr. Bishop's name. His ridiculous snobbish pride reared within him. He simply could not bear the idea of Softly Bishop having anything "against" a member of his family.

"I'll see you through, my lad," said he briefly.

"No, thanks. You won't," Charlie replied. "I wouldn't let you, even if you could. But you can't. It's too big."

"Ah! How big is it?" Mr. Prohack challengingly raised his chin.

"Well, if you want to know the truth, it's between a hundred and forty and a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. I mean, that's what I should need to save the situation."

"You?" cried the Terror of the Departments in amaze, accustomed though he was to dealing in millions. He had gravely miscalculated his son. Ten thousand he could have understood—even twenty thousand. But a hundred and fifty! "You must have been mad!"

"Only because I've failed," said Charles. "Yes, it'll be a great affair. It'll really make my name. Everybody will expect me to bob up again, and I sha'n't disappoint them. Of course some people will say I oughtn't to have been extravagant. Grand Babylon Hotel and so on. What rot! A flea-bite! Why, my expenses haven't been seven hundred a month."

Mr. Prohack sat aghast; but admiration was not absent from his sentiments. The lad was incredible in the scale of his operations; he was unreal, wagging his elegant leg so calmly there—with the family, grotesquely unconscious of the vastness of the issues, chatting domestically only a few feet away. But Mr. Prohack was not going to be outdone by his son, however Napoleonic his son might be. He would maintain his prestige as a father.

"I'll see you through," he repeated, with studied quietness.

"BUT look here, dad. You only came into a hundred thousand. I can't have you ruining yourself. And even if you did ruin yourself—"

"I have no intention of ruining myself," said Mr. Prohack. "Nor shall I change in the slightest degree my mode of life. You don't know everything, my child. You aren't the only person on earth who can make money. Where do you imagine you get your gifts from? Your mother?"

"But—"

"Be silent. To-morrow morning gilt-edged immediately salable securities will be placed at your disposal for a hundred and fifty thousand pounds. And let me tell you there can be no question of your permitting or not permitting. It doesn't suit me that my infant prodigy of a son should make a mess of his career; I won't have it." Mr. Prohack had never felt so happy in his life.

"You'll get it all back, dad," said Charles later. "No amount of suicides can destroy the assets of the R. R. It's only that the market lost its head and absolutely broke to pieces under me. In three months—"

"My poor boy," Mr. Prohack interrupted him, "do try not to be an ass." And he had the pleasing illusion that Charles was just home from school. "And, mind, not one word to anybody whatever."

The other three were still modestly chatting in the living-room when the mysterious men of affairs returned. They were cheerful with a cheerfulness that made up

in tact what it lacked in sincerity. Mr. Prohack compared them to passengers on a ship in danger. With a word, with an inflection, he reassured everybody, without telling anything, and the cheerfulness instantly became genuine.

"Look here. I think I must be off," said Charles. "I've got a lot of work to do."

"I expect you have," Mr. Prohack concurred. "By the way, you might meet me at Smathe and Smathe's at ten-fifteen in the morning."

Charlie nodded and slipped away. "Infant," said Mr. Prohack to the smiling bride, "we are now going home. Thanks for a very pleasant evening."

In the car, alone with Eve, who was in a restful mood, Mr. Prohack said: "I shall be very ill in a few hours. *Pâté de foie gras* is the devil, but caviar is Beelzebub himself." He prophesied truly. He was very ill. And yet through the succeeding crises he kept smiling sardonically.

"When I think," he murmured once, "that that fellow Bishop had the impudence to ask us to lunch—and Charlie too! Charlie too!"

Eve, attendant, inquired sadly what he was talking about.

"Nothing, nothing," said he. "My mind is wandering. Let it."

MR. PROHACK BECOMES PRODUCTIVE

MR. PROHACK was lounging over his breakfast in the original old house in the Square behind Hyde Park. He came to be there because that same house had been his wedding present to Sissie, who now occupied it with her spouse, and because the noble mansion in Manchester Square was being redecorated and Eve had invited him to leave the affair entirely to her.

Mr. Prohack had bought the lease of the noble mansion, with all the contents thereof, merely because this appeared to be the easiest thing to do. He had not been forced to change his manner of life; far from it. Owing to a happy vicissitude in the story of the R. R. Corporation, Charlie had called upon his father for only a very small portion of the offered hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and had even repaid that within a few weeks. Matters had thereafter come to such a pass with Charlie that he had reached the pages of *The Daily Picture*, and was reputed to be arousing the jealousy of youthful millionaires in the United States.

The fact is, people do not easily change. Mr. Prohack had seemed to change for a space, but, if indeed any change had occurred in him, he had changed back. Scientific idleness? Turkish baths? Dandyism? All vanished, condemned, forgotten. To think of them merely annoyed him. He did not care what necktie he wore. Even dancing had gone the same way.

Breakfast achieved, Mr. Prohack wondered what he should do next, for he had nothing to do; he had no worries, and almost no solitudes; he had successfully adapted himself to his environment. Through the half-open door of the dining-room he heard his daughter and her husband. Sissie was seeing Ozzie out of the house, as Eve used to see Mr. Prohack out. Ozzie, by reason of Mr. Prohack's wedding-present of ten thousand pounds, had attained a partnership with the Napoleon of the stage.

"You'd no business to send for the doctor without telling me," Sissie was saying in her harsh tone. "What do I want with a doctor?"

"I thought it would be for the best, dear," came Ozzie's lisping reply.

"Well, it wasn't, my boy." And the door banged.

"Eve never saw me off like that," Mr. Prohack reflected.

Sissie entered the room, some letters in her hand. She was exceedingly attractive, matron-like, interesting—but formidable.

Said Mr. Prohack, glancing up at her: "It is the duty of the man to protect and the woman to charm—and I don't care who knows it."

"What on earth do you mean, dad?"

"I mean that it is the duty of the man to protect and the woman to charm."

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MR. PROHACK

Sissie flushed. "Ozzie and I understand each other, but you don't," said she, and made a delicious rude face and departed.

A minute later Charlie arrived in a car suitable to his grandeur.

"Look here, dad," said Charlie in a hurry. "If you're game for a day out, I particularly want to show you something. And incidentally you'll see some driving, believe me!"

"My will is made! I am game," answered Mr. Prohack, delighted at the prospect of any diversion.

When Charlie drew up at the Royal Pier, Southampton (having reached there in rather less time than the train journey and a taxi at each end would have required), he silently handed over the wheel to the chauffeur, and led his mystified but uninquiring father down the steps on the west side of the pier. A man in a blue suit was standing at the foot of the steps, just above the water and above a motor-launch containing two other men in blue jerseys with the name "Northwind" on their breasts and on their foreheads. A blue ensign was flying at the stern of the launch.

"How d'ye do, Snow?" Charlie greeted the first man, who raised his cap.

Father and son got into the launch, and off it went at a racing speed from the pier toward mid-stream. Mr. Prohack, who said not a word, perceived a string of vessels of various sizes which he judged to be private yachts. The launch was rushing headlong through its own white surge toward the largest of these majestic toys. The launch flicked itself round the stern of the yacht, upon which Mr. Prohack read the word "Northwind" in gold, and halted bobbing at a staircase whose rails were white ropes slung against a dark-blue wall; the wall was the side of the yacht. Mr. Prohack climbed out of the bobbing launch. High up, glancing over the wall, was a capped face.

"How d'ye do, skipper?" called Charlie. "This is my father; dad—Captain Crowley."

Mr. Prohack shook hands with a short, stoutish, nervous man with an honest, grim marine face.

"Everything all right?"

"Yes, sir. Glad you've come at last, sir."

"Good!"

CHARLIE turned away from the captain to his father. "Come on. Have a look at her. Come on, skipper; do the honors. She used to be a Mediterranean trader. The former owner turned her into a yacht. He says she cost him a hundred thousand by the time she was finished. I can believe it."

Mr. Prohack also believed it, easily; he believed it more and more easily as he was trotted from deck to deck, and from bedroom to bedroom, and sitting-room to sitting-room, and library to smoking-room, and music-room to lounge, and especially from bathroom to bathroom. In no land habitation had Mr. Prohack seen so many or such luxurious bathrooms. They reached the dining-room, an apartment in glossy bird's-eye maple set in the midst of the virgin-white promenade deck.

"By the way, lunch, please," said Charlie.

"Yes, sir," responded eagerly the elder of two attendants in jackets striped blue and white.

Mr. Prohack, with his son, ate an enormous and intricate lunch and drank champagne out of crystal engraved with the name "Northwind," served to him by a ceremonious person in white gloves. Charlie was somewhat taciturn, but over the coffee he seemed to brighten up.

"Well, what do you think of the old hulk?"

"She must need an awful lot of men," said Mr. Prohack.

"Pretty fair. The wages bill is seven hundred a month."

"She's enormous," continued Mr. Prohack lamely.

They walked out on deck.

"Hello! Here's the chit. You can always count on her!" said Charles.

The launch was again approaching the yacht, and a tiny figure with a dispatch-case on her lap sat smiling in the stern-sheets. Miss Winstock in her feminineness made a delicious spectacle on the spotless deck.

She nearly laughed with delight as she acknowledged Mr. Prohack's grave salute and shook hands with him; but when Charlie said: "Anything urgent?" she grew grave and tense, becoming the faithful, urgent, confidential employee in an instant.

"Only this," she said, opening the dispatch-case and producing a telegram.

"Confound it!" remarked Charles, having read the telegram. "Here, you, Snow. Please see that Miss Winstock has something to eat. That'll do, Miss Winstock."

"Yes, Mr. Prohack," she said dutifully.

"And his mother thought he would be marrying her!" Mr. Prohack, senior, reflected. "He'll no more marry her than he'll marry Machin. Goodness knows whom he will marry. It might be a princess."

"YOU remember that paper concern—news-print stuff—I've mentioned to you once or twice?" said Charlie to his father, dropping into a basket-chair. "Sit down, will you, dad? I've had no luck with it yet." He flourished the telegram. "Here the new manager I appointed has gone and got rheumatic fever up in Aberdeen. No good for six months at least, if ever. It's a great thing, if I could only really get it going. But no! The luck's wrong. And yet, a sound fellow with brains could put that affair into such shape in a year that I could sell it at a profit of four hundred per cent. to the Southern Combine. However—"

Soon afterward he went below to talk to the chit, and the skipper took charge of Mr. Prohack.

"Well," said Charlie, returning, "we'll have some tea and then we must be off again. I have to be in town to-night. Have you seen everything? What's the verdict? Some ship, eh?"

"Some ship," agreed Mr. Prohack. "But the most shockingly uneconomic thing I've ever met with in all my life. I understand there's a crew of thirty-odd, all able-bodied and knowing their job, I suppose. And all waiting for a month to give you and me a lunch and tea. Seven hundred pounds in wages alone for lunch and tea for two, without counting the food and the washing!"

"And why not, dad?" Charlie retorted calmly. "I've got to spend a bit of money uneconomically, and there's nothing like a yacht for doing it."

"But why spend money uneconomically at all?"

"Because I said and swore I would. Didn't I come back from the war and try all I knew to obtain the inestimable privilege of earning my living by doing something useful? Did I succeed in obtaining this privilege? Why, nobody would look at me! And there were tens of thousands like me. Well, I said I'd take it out of this noble country of mine, and I am doing it; and I shall keep on doing it until I'm tired. These thirty men or so here might be at some useful productive work, fishing or merchant-marining. They're otherwise engaged. They're spending a pleasant wasteful month over our lunch and tea. That's what I enjoy. It makes me smile to myself when I wake up in the middle of the night. I'm showing my beloved country who's won the peace."

"It's a scheme," murmured Mr. Prohack, rendered thoughtful as much by the quiet and intense manner as by the matter of his son's oration. "Boyish, of course, but not without charm."

"We were most of us boys," said Charlie.

MR. PROHACK marshaled in his head the perfectly plain simple reasoning necessary to crush Charlie to powder, and, before crushing him, to expose to him the crudity of his conceptions of organized social existence. But he said nothing, having hit on another procedure for carrying out his parental duty to Charles.

Shortly afterward they departed from the yacht in the launch. In the car Mr. Prohack said: "Tell me something more about that paper-making business. It sounds interesting."

When Mr. Prohack reached his daughter's house again late in the night, it was his wife who opened the door to him.

"Good heavens, Arthur! Where have you been? Poor Sissie is in such a state—I was

obliged to come over and stay with her. She needs the greatest care."

"I went down to Southampton with Charlie," the culprit explained, giving a brief and imperfect history of the day, and adding that on the way home he had made a detour with Charles to look at a paper-manufacture.

"I'll run and tap at Sissie's door and tell her. Ozzie's with her. You'd better go straight to bed."

"I'm hungry."

Eve made a deprecating and expostulatory noise with her tongue against her upper teeth.

"I'll bring you something to eat. At least, I'll try to find something," said she.

"And are you sleeping here too? Where?" Mr. Prohack demanded, when Eve crept into Charlie's old bedroom (now Mr. Prohack's) with a tray in her hands.

"I had to stay. I couldn't leave the girl. I'm sleeping in her old room."

"The worst of these kids' rooms," said Mr. Prohack, with an affectation of calm, "is that there are no easy chairs in them. It never struck me before. Look here, you sit on the bed and put the tray down here, and I'll occupy this so-called chair. Now, I don't want any sermons. And what is more, I can't eat unless you do. But, I tell you, I'm very hungry. So would you be if you'd had my day. Where are you off to?"

"THERE came a letter for you. I brought it along. It's in the other bedroom."

"Open it for me, my good child," said Mr. Prohack, his mouth full and his hands occupied, when she returned. She did so.

"It seems to me that you'd better read this yourself," she said naughtily.

The letter was from Lady Massulam, signed only with her initials, announcing with a queer brevity that she had suddenly decided to go back at once to her native country to live.

"How strange!" exclaimed Mr. Prohack, trying to be airy. "Listen! What do you make of it? You're a woman, aren't you?"

"I make of it," said Eve, "that she's running away from you. She's afraid of herself, that's what she is! Didn't I always tell you? Oh, Arthur! How simple you are! But fancy! At her age! Oh, my poor boy! Shall you get over it?" Eve bent forward and kissed the poor boy, who was cursing himself for not succeeding in not being self-conscious.

"Rot!" he exploded at last. "I said you were a woman, and by all the gods you are! Give me some more food."

He was aware of a very peculiar and unprecedented thrill. He hated to credit Eve's absurd insinuation, but— And Eve looked at him superiorly, triumphant, sure of him, sure of her everlasting power over him! Yet she was not romantic, and her plump person did not in the least symbolize romance.

"I've a piece of news for you," he said, after a pause. "After to-night I've done with women and idleness. I'm going into business. I've bought half of that paper-making concern from your singular son, and I'm going to put it on its legs. I know nothing about paper-making, and I can only hope that the London office is not as dirty and untidy as the works. I'd no idea what works were. The whole thing will be a dreadful worry, and I shall probably make a horrid mess of it, but Charlie seems to think I sha'n't."

"But why—what's come over you, Arthur? Surely we've got enough money. What has come over you? I never could make you out and I never shall."

"Nothing! Nothing!" said he. "Only I've got a sort of idea that some one ought to be economic and productive. It may kill me, but I'll die producing, anyhow."

He waited for her to begin upbraiding him for capricious folly and expatiating upon the fragility of his health. But you never know where you are with an Eve. Eves have the most disconcerting gleams of insight. She said:

"I'm rather glad. I was getting anxious about you!"

THE END

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EIGHT-THIRTY SHARP

(They both laugh uproariously.)
 LUCY: I et every bit of dat orange. When de little gal come back dey wasn't even de smell lef'. But she tole teacher. An' teacher sent me home an' tole my aunt dat I stole!
 VAN CLEEVE: What did your aunt do?
 LUCY: She lick me! She lick me wid de butter-paddles on de place where lickin's belong. I 'membered dat lickin'. I ain't never took nuffin' dat didn't b'long to me since.
 NICHOLAS: We never got any lickin's like that.
 LUCY: Dat ain't sayin' you ain't needed 'em. Hush! Here comes yo' ma an' pa. Go git into bed quick!
 (Shoos them out. Exit VAN CLEEVE, NICHOLAS, and PATSY. Enter CYRIL all dressed; goes to glass L, looks at himself. Enter DOROTHEA L, goes to table C—still has on buodoir slippers—in evening dress.)
 DOROTHEA: Cyril, did you change your shirt? I say, did you change your shirt? (CYRIL goes to her and subjects shirt-front to her scrutiny.) Well, if you had done it in the first place you would have saved yourself a lot of trouble. (CYRIL turns away to hide smile.) Did you have the tailor put the new buttons on your vest? (Follows him across stage; turns him around; looks at buttons.)
 CYRIL: Why, no; I thought you were going to tend to it.
 DOROTHEA: Oh, dear! If things would only be right sometimes of themselves!
 CYRIL: Oh, they're all right for the theater. We won't see anybody.
 DOROTHEA: They aren't all right! I wish you had some pride about your looks. (Gets pen and ink; kneels before CYRIL; inks buttons.)
 CYRIL: Dorothea, we haven't time.
 DOROTHEA: Well, we've got to take time.
 VAN CLEEVE (off stage): Mother, aren't you coming in to tell us good night?
 DOROTHEA: Yes, dear, in a minute.
 NICHOLAS (off stage): Come now, mother. I'm sleepy—I want to go to sleep.
 CYRIL: Keep still! Your mother's busy. (Door-bell rings.)
 VAN CLEEVE (off stage): Mother, there's the door-bell! Who is it?
 CYRIL: Never mind who it is.
 DOROTHEA: Be patient, dear, mother's coming. (Knock on door. Enter LUCY.)
 LUCY: Taxi's waitin', Mr. Cyril.
 CYRIL: That will do, Dorothea. (Bell rings again. Exit LUCY.)
 VAN CLEEVE (off stage): There's the bell again, mother.
 DOROTHEA: Don't keep telling me that, dear; Lucy's tending to the bell.
 CYRIL: If the curtain's gone up, I won't sit down till the end of the act.
 (DOROTHEA puts down ink-bottle. Enter LUCY with suit-box.)
 LUCY: Here's your suit from the tailor, Miss Dorothy.
 DOROTHEA: Gracious! I wanted this, this afternoon.
 CYRIL: I've noticed that tailors take peculiar delight in coming at this hour, when people are getting ready to go out.
 LUCY (both arms around large box): He's waitin' for the money.
 CYRIL: Let him wait.
 DOROTHEA: Oh, Cyril, he's just a little tailor; he needs it, probably.
 CYRIL: Does he need it any more because he's little? I haven't noticed that my being little makes people pay me any more promptly.
 DOROTHEA: Oh, you know what I mean—little business, big family. Take it out of the box, Lucy. (LUCY opens box.)
 CYRIL: You are not going to try it on.
 DOROTHEA: I want to see if it's the right lining before I pay him. Hand me my bag off the chiffonier, please, Cyril, quick!
 CYRIL: You're in a terrible hurry all of a sudden. (Looks for bag.) It isn't here. The last time I saw it, it was down in the dining-room. You women don't deserve to have any money, you're so careless with it.
 DOROTHEA (taking coat from LUCY): Go get it, won't you, Lucy? Yes, this lining is right. (LUCY starts off stage.)
 NICHOLAS (off stage, sleepily): Mother, I want a drink of water.
 DOROTHEA: Get him a drink, Lucy. Cyril, if you know where my bag is, won't you get it?
 (Exit LUCY; DOROTHEA slips on coat.)
 CYRIL: Hang it, Dorothea, do you know that taxi is ticking away down-stairs?
 DOROTHEA: Oh, well, we won't have to pay for it coming home. We're coming home with the Lewises.
 CYRIL: Well the way you women reason things out! It's all right to pay for an extra half hour if we come home with somebody else.
 (DOROTHEA surveys herself in glass. Telephone bell rings; CYRIL grabs receiver.)
 CYRIL: Hello, hello! Who do you want? What's that? "Did Rosy get them pajamas for Jake at Koch's sale?" Dorothea, for heaven's sake! Wrong number! (Slams down receiver; bell rings again; CYRIL grabs receiver.) Rosy got the pajamas and Jake's tickled to death with them. Good-by! (Slams down receiver—grabs coat from DOROTHEA.)
 DOROTHEA: There's no use trying it on over an evening dress.
 CYRIL: Huh!
 DOROTHEA (runs to door; CYRIL wads up coat): Lucy, please get my bag.
 LUCY (off stage): Yas'm.
 CYRIL: Dorothea, where's my silk hat?
 DOROTHEA (snatches coat, puts it carefully in box): I don't wear your silk hat.
 CYRIL: Neither do I—or so seldom I forget where I keep it.
 VAN CLEEVE (off stage): Oh, mother, Nick made me hurt my sore finger!
 NICHOLAS (off stage): I didn't, mother.
 VAN CLEEVE (off stage): You've got to come tie it up, mother.
 CYRIL: What's the matter with the kid's finger?
 DOROTHEA: He hurt it playing baseball. He catches the balls on the ends of his fingers and bruises them so he can't practise; and his music teacher says he's so talented.
 CYRIL: A kid of mine catching a baseball on the ends of his fingers! (Plants fist in center of imaginary baseball glove.) Right in the middle of the mitt, kid, that's the place. (Enter LUCY; hands bag to DOROTHEA.)
 LUCY: Here's your bag, Miss Dorothy.
 VAN CLEEVE: Mother, come on!
 DOROTHEA: Lucy, go tie up his finger. (LUCY starts out; DOROTHEA hunts for money in bag; there is none.)
 CYRIL: Don't you do it, Lucy. (LUCY stops; looks from one to other.) A kid with Van's baseball ancestry who catches balls on the ends of his fingers ought to have them sting. Find my silk hat, Lucy.
 DOROTHEA: Get his hat, Lucy.
 (Exit LUCY; DOROTHEA throws bag at CYRIL.) Count out the money for the tailor, will you, Cyril?
 (Exit DOROTHEA; Enter LUCY with silk-hat box; takes out hat, smooths it with hat-pad. CYRIL takes stuff out of bag.)
 CYRIL: Rouge-stick, powder, gas bills! Of all the junk! And not a cent! (Throws down bag, takes money out of pocket.)
 LUCY: Here's your hat, Mr. Cyril. (CYRIL puts hat on; counts money.) You certainly is a fine-lookin' gent'man wid your hat on, Mr. Cyril. Nobody wouldn't know your hair was 'most gone.
 CYRIL: Thank you, Lucy. I'm glad somebody appreciates me. It's nice to be appreciated.
 LUCY: It certainly is, sir.
 CYRIL: Here, pay the tailor and let him go. (Hands her money. Enter DOROTHEA hurriedly. Exit LUCY with hat-box.)
 DOROTHEA: Cyril, can't we get away?
 CYRIL: I hope so. (Picks up opera coat, tries to put it on her. Bell rings.) Who do you suppose that is?
 (DOROTHEA rushes to door R, followed by CYRIL with opera coat.)
 DOROTHEA: Remember to say your prayers, children! (Rushes across stage to door L, followed by CYRIL. Listens.) Cyril, for heaven's sake, it's the Mestons. I forgot we had an engagement and told them to come over. I must go down and explain!
 CYRIL (seizes her arm): No!
 NICHOLAS AND VAN CLEEVE (in doorway): Can't we go down and see the Mestons? We like the Mestons.
 CYRIL (picks up boxing-glove from floor and throws it at them): If I hear another word from you kids, I'll, I'll—well, you'll see what I'll do! Dorothea, let's get out of here! (Throws coat around her; they start out. DOROTHEA turns.)

Concluded on page 69



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Concluded from page 68

EIGHT-THIRTY SHARP

DOROTHEA: Have you the tickets?

CYRIL: No! Where are they?

DOROTHEA: In the drawer!

(Enter LUCY L.)

LUCY: Mr. an' Mrs. Meston—

DOROTHEA: Yes, Lucy, we'll go right down and explain.

(CYRIL gets tickets out of drawer. DOROTHEA looks down at her feet.) Gracious, Cyril, you were going to let me go out in the street with these on!

(Kicks off boudoir slippers—sits and starts to put on others.)

CYRIL (looking at ticket): Do you think

it's my business to keep track of what you put on your feet?

DOROTHEA: Just as much as it's mine to keep track of what you put on your head.

CYRIL: Dorothea, I say, have you looked at these tickets?

LUCY: Mr. an' Mrs. Meston says— (DOROTHEA stops her with frantic gesture.)

CYRIL: These tickets, love, are for a week from to-night!

(LUCY throws apron over head and laughs. CYRIL and DOROTHEA collapse.)

CURTAIN

Continued from page 11



DANCERS in the DARK

"And living with us. I'll give you my address before we kiss this brain-factory good-by, and then you can let me know—at any time, understand?"

A shadow fell across the door. It was Sarah, completely jazzed out.

"Hello, Sal," said Jerry. "I'm asking Joy to come to Boston and live with us."

Sarah wheeled with an incredibly swift motion, and looked first at one girl, then at the other. "Oh—indeed!" she drawled; and the echo of her voice lingered in the air.

IN a house that was a mass of mid-Victorian odds and ends, nailed-down carpets, red-velvet furniture with lace tidies, antimacassars, and ponderous what-nots, retrospection of the dizzy whirl of prom was unsettling. Time seemed to have halted some sixteen years ago in the Nelson household and rested with stationary breath among the old family portraits with the death of Joy's mother.

Outside his business, which was very successful, Mr. Nelson lived in the gallant days of the '80's and '90's, when the ordered world shone with smug serenity. He sat in his study and read back into Victorian times every evening. Joy had early learned to regard him as a figure remotely and theoretically pleasant—a figure to be acknowledged and respected, but with whom she had little in common.

The only really beautiful thing in the house was the grand piano that Joy's mother had left behind her. Her mother had been a singer who had forgotten her voice when she met George Nelson—and Joy had been told that she was the latest of generations of wonderful voices. All the beauty of their dead song was merged into her—what was she going to do with these riches? But Joy had always drawn back. She was queerly ashamed of "having a voice."

To come back to Foxhollow Corners was razing the mountain of delight that had been rising higher and higher ever since she had left Foxhollow Corners. The girls were all so uninteresting. All they did was embroider, or go to the movies, or walk downtown to see what was going on, under cover of a sundae. And those of the men who were not away all the year at college had been put in their place by Tom as "a buncha fruits."

And, above all, there was nothing to do—absolutely nothing to do if you didn't do it with the other girls. Joy played rag-time on the scandalized grand piano, and thought over Jerry's words. Life with Jerry, and studying singing with a real teacher! Of course, when it came right down to it, she could not go. Jerry and Sarah were too different. The New Englander in her cried out against their careless ways and shrank from the thought of being uprooted from her native soil. And then, when the New Englander would give way to the French strain that was her mother's ancestors, and her blood danced in her veins at the thought of liberation from Foxhollow Corners, there was always the chilling consideration of what her father would have to say on the subject.

And then, one morning at breakfast, her father himself threw the bomb:

"Joy, my child, I have been made executor of a will. An old friend, who may or may not have known that it would be inconvenient for me to go to California at this time. Yes, the estate is in California—I shall have to leave the first of the month."

"How long will you be gone?" Joy asked, and a little fever of excitement began to burn within her.

"I'm sure I can not prophesy—these affairs are sometimes indefinite in the extreme." He frowned over his egg.

"Were you—were you thinking of taking me with you?" she asked, with no desire warming her voice.

"It would not be particularly desirable. I may have to be traveling constantly"—he heaved a sigh—"and I would not know where or with whom to leave you. Yet that question faces me here as well. I could not leave you alone here. And there are no relations nearer than New York."

Joy's blood was pounding. Here was her chance. A little whistle of rag-time in the street outside caught her ear. It dislodged the speech trembling in her throat.

"Father, I don't see why I—why I couldn't go to Boston and study music for a little while. I do think it would be nice to polish off my singing with some real Boston teachers—don't you? I could just go down when you went away—and then decide what to do when you came back." It was out; and now her fever was mingled with chills. Why had she even proposed such a thing? Her father with bent brows was looking through his egg—beyond.

"Your mother studied singing in Boston," he said at last, in a voice so calm that Joy's mouth hung open, emotion suspended. "She lived at a students' club. I suppose that is what you would do."

"I suppose—I suppose it is!"

As far as Mr. Nelson was concerned, the subject was settled. Joy was to go down to Boston for a month or two, and he wrote to the students' club where her mother had stayed. And so, suddenly, mechanically, things had been decided, from a fragment of rag-time whistled on the street. Joy was to leave "Foxhollow Corners, New England." Arrangements went forward without her aid or volition. Her father received notice from the students' club that it was crowded, but that she would be well taken care of at one of their annexes. It was a letter that left him calm in the assurance that Joy would be well chaperoned.

JOY arrived at the students' club annex late one afternoon. She thought it was rather a dingy-looking place, as she established her things in the faded green room which the lady-who-ran-things informed her she was very lucky to get—and the girls she had passed in the none-too-fragrant hallway certainly lacked tang.

Then, when she was left alone in the room, adventure suddenly pricked her. At last she was in Boston, all by herself, responsible

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Colgate's is recommended by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

GOOD TEETH - GOOD HEALTH

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DANCERS in  the DARK

to no one—well, practically to no one. And she had Jerry's address in her bag! She left the students' club annex with footsteps that repudiated the ground.

She landed in front of a Beacon Street apartment-house, and was informed by the elevator-boy that Jerry lived on the sixth floor. As Joy stood staring at the door of the apartment, after she had pressed the bell, she was tempted to turn and run. She was certainly a fool—yes, a fool to come here. Why, Jerry would have forgotten all about her by now.

JUST as she was turning to make a dash for the stairway, the door opened a crack and a tousled head peered cautiously around it. "Who—Joy Nelson!" The door swung open to reveal Jerry in a purple satin kimono and pink mules. "Joy Nelson! My Gawd, I'm glad to see you! Come in here!" She pulled her inside, and banged the door. "How long have you been in Boston? You don't know how I've kicked myself that I let you go off without getting your address—just like me—" She was leading her through the long, narrow hall, and they now came into a tiny reception-room furnished in rose and gilt. Jerry installed Joy on the luxurious sofa, and switched on the lights.

"I'm so glad you remembered me," said Joy.

"Remember you? Didn't I tell you you were the only girl I ever liked? That's quite a declaration of devotion, if you know me. But now tell me everything. How long have you been down here. *et cetera?*"

"I came to-day. Father had to go to California, and he let me come down here to study singing. I felt lonely over at the students' club place, so I thought I'd come and see you."

"Come and see me!" Jerry echoed. "I asked you to come and stay with us! You mean to say you've eased yourself down as far as Boston, and then are planning to stay at some students' dive? What did I tell you to think over?"

"Oh—why, I never thought you were serious," Joy faltered. "Because we don't know each other very well—and everything—"

"What's 'and everything?'" Jerry asked. "Why board at a bum place where you can have only certain hours to practise, and have to live by rules with a lot of lame ducks—when you can come here with us?"

There was a silence. Joy had not told her real reason. Of course, Jerry had not said so, but Joy felt certain that there was no chaperon in this apartment. And that would make it impossible for her father ever to give his consent to her staying there.

"Of course, I'm selfish in this," said Jerry, "even if it seems to sound that I'm just looking at it from your side. But just Sal alone here with me is getting on my nerves. There is a lot better than two."

Joy thought: "Father is on his way to California, and it would take about six days for a letter to reach him, and how could he forbid at long distance, anyway—especially when things might be represented nicely?" She had been thinking this out all along.

"I—I'll tell you what I'll do, Jerry," she said. "I'll stay here with you a little while—if you really want me—just a little while. And I'll pay you the money that father gives me for my board."

"Sal and I get pretty rocky sometimes," said Jerry reflectively; "a regular income will fit in O.K. But a little while has got to stretch out, Joy!"

Before she realized that things had been decided, Joy was being transported down the hall, with Jerry telling her that she wasn't even going to let her go back to the students' place; she could send for her luggage.

A BELL rang loudly, and Jerry struck a despairing pose. "And me not fully out of bed yet!" she wailed. "What periwinkle has the nerve at this hour— But I might as well slide it open first as last," she said, and marched down to the door, purple kimono flying in the breeze. She jerked open the door, and two young men almost fell in.

"Shiver your timbers, Jerry! If you aren't

always up to the meanest tricks," complained the first to recover, a pink-faced youth with an expansive grin and inquisitive, cocky ears. "Here I lean up against your door—only solid thing I've met to-day—and Packy leans on me, and then you come and take it right away."

"Packy," a tall, gangling stripling with a roving eye, looked past Jerry to where Joy was standing, while chanting solemnly: "How are we, Jerry? We thought we'd drop by—drop in—for a few minutes' bicker. Twinky has been inhalin' 'em down right an' left, an' things are gettin' a bit sticky over at the hall. Wait till I slip you the glad tale. Who's the houri?"

"Friend of mine, come to live here," said Jerry shortly. "Joy, these are two gay young college boys. You can tell that just to look at 'em."

Packy and Twinky, by this time abreast of Joy, were looking at Joy in open admiration. "What'd you say her name was? Joy?" questioned Packy. "One of the best I've heard in a long time. Has she got any other good names?"

They breezed into the nearest room that opened from the hall. It was a large room. But, despite the grand piano, it was distinctly not a music-room. It resembled a man's club, with its huge fireplace, capacious lounge, comfortable chairs, smoking-sets, and card-tables pushed against the wall.

TWINKY sank down on the lounge, while Packy helped himself to a cigaret.

"Well—why this little call?" began Jerry.

"It's Twink, the drunken idiot. Twink, tell your tale." They looked over to the lounge. A gentle snore was their response. "There, what did I tell you?" demanded Packy.

"You've told us nothing," Jerry snapped. "It wouldn't be a bad idea to get to the story."

"Well, you know it's nighing unto commencement over in Cambridge. You know—class day and all that sort of thing. Of course, I realize that our Harvard parties are mere incidents in a crowded life to you, but you at least know it's existent—what?"

"Go on, Packy," spat out Jerry with some smoke; "quit trying to impress Joy with your English. If I had that line, I'd bury it instead of airing it."

"Well," pursued Packy equably, "Twink's family are all parked here for the great event. And what does Twink do but do what you see he has done. Ergo, *et cetera*. I got him away from the enveloping wet, and brought him over here to shake it. You can see 'twon't take long. But there is nowhere in all Cambridge he can hide from that family, and the hotels in Boston are such darn public places. It isn't as if Twink wasn't well known."

"H'm," said Jerry. "Of course, if you think my friend and I enjoy having one of those dissolute college boys parked on our lounge sleeping it off—"

"Twink will make it all right with you," he interposed; "and I'll make it righter yet. You wait and see!"

"Waiting's the worst thing I do," Jerry responded; "but I don't care—it's a deal. You can sit here and watch by his bedside. Joy and I have got to dress."

"Joy doesn't need to dress. She can sit here and hold my hand—can't you, Joy?"

Joy refused this entreaty, and she and Jerry left him among the magazines. In the hallway Jerry shot her a swift glance.

"Nice start-off your visit's getting," she said. "But we take things as they come; life's too complicated any other way."

Joy laughed. "There's a lot in what you say. I never thought of it that way before—but that's a pretty good philosophy of life."

Much later she went back into the living-room, to find Jerry, in a vivid green Georgette gown, giving Packy a manicure across one of the little card-tables. Twinky was sitting up, looking the worse for wear.

"Here comes the houri again," said Packy, waving one shining-nailed hand at her. "I've fallen in love with you, Joy. You don't mind, do you?"

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DANCERS in the DARK



"He really has, you know," said Twink. "He's been handing Jerry a noise about it ever since I can remember."

"Is it a fact you've come to Boston to study singing?" Packy inquired. "Sing us a song, will you?"

"Go ahead, Joy," said Jerry, putting away the manicure tools. "It'll keep 'em quiet, anyway."

Joy went over to the piano and sang an old college song. Her voice was rich with a promise that made one yearn for its fulfillment. When she had ended, there was a little silence in the room.

Jerry jumped up. "You two have got to go now. I must talk to Joy—and Twink's family will be sending out a search-warrant. So long!"

Packy stood looking down at Joy's lovely white face. "I told you I'd fallen in love with you," he said swiftly, "and I thought I meant it then, but now I realize I've never really meant anything before. I've fallen for you so hard that it's no idle jest. You did it. You know. You should never sing like that to a fellow."

They were gone, and she turned to Jerry with comment which crumbled as she saw Jerry's intent attitude.

"Of course you must realize the voice you have," she said slowly. "It's gold—gold clear through. It's the kind of voice which, if I had, I would go through hell's seventy furies to train and refine until I was at the pinnacle of my possibility—which means the top of the world. You've got everything to put you there." She stopped with a sigh. "We'll turn in now, and talk it over tomorrow."

THE morrow found Joy more at home in her new quarters, as her luggage had come and she was refreshed by a sleep that was not disturbed until late in the morning. Sarah appeared in a kimono, her hair in a dead-looking braid, while Jerry and Joy were picking up a sketchy breakfast in the kitchenette. Sarah expressed a moderate amount of pleasure at seeing Joy. Her attention was diverted, as she seemed on the point of making additional remarks, by Jerry's information: "Packy was here last night, by the way."

"Packy was here? Why didn't you wake me?"

"Oh, I forgot to. He didn't bring it back to my memory, either. He saw Joy first."

Sarah's look was not amiable. She turned and left the kitchenette, muttering something about dressing.

"Oh, Jerry, what did you say that for?" Joy demanded. "Is she in love with him?"

"In love with Packy?" Jerry laughed noisily. "Don't strain yourself so, Joy. That girl never was in love with anything. She's just somewhat dashed about Packy because he's the ideal playmate—lots of income and a thoughtful disposition—the combination gets rarer all the time."

The door-bell interrupted them. A special messenger to whom they opened the door extended two boxes, one addressed to Jerry and the other to Joy. Jerry tore hers open in one swift motion and held up before her one of the most beautiful negligées Joy had ever seen—a shimmering purple brocaded satin with folds of chiffon floating in it.

"I knew Packy'd do that," said Jerry; "but I must say it's quick work. What's your little keepsake?"

Joy's "little keepsake" was a huge mass of American Beauties, with a note that read: "I suppose you're used to this sort of thing, but I feel gay just to add myself to the crowd. From the only man who ever loved you the way I do."

Joy could not help being thrilled. They were her first American Beauties.

"Sal will be fretful," said Jerry; "we'd best get under way before she comes out."

"Why, where are we going?"

"To find you a singing teacher. Put on your hat."

"You have one all picked out, then?"

"Well, you can try him. Pa Graham is considered pretty good, but you'll have to see for yourself. Any teacher may be all

right for a voice that's—just a voice. But your voice isn't going to be just a voice. It's going to be pearls and tears and bliss and agony."

A HIGH, wide room, with busts and pictures and beautiful rugs; two pianos; and Pa Graham standing at one end—the picture was one Joy was to see so often that it would become a part of her. Just now the picture dissolved as Pa came forward with an old-fashioned bow. He was a little man, with a high forehead and silvery hair, piercing light eyes that might once have been blue.

"So you have brought me some one, Jerry," he was saying. "She is young and beautiful; but let us hear what she can do. After all, one can not sing with golden hair and azure eyes, although sometimes it comes near to it." He whirled upon her. "What did you bring?"

Joy opened her music-roll and brought forth the two arias that she had attempted under a former instructor.

"Always they bring grand opera—no matter if they are sixteen or sixty. H'm—one is for a lyric, one for a dramatic. Well, I take it you are a soprano, anyway; let us hope so, at least. Come and sing; best get it over with. I am discouraged already. With that face one can not expect much else."

Joy felt what little spirit she had left oozing away.

The piano was on a raised platform, and Pa Graham motioned to Joy to go and stand by it. As she stumbled up the steps, he went off to the darkness of the other end of the room, and Jerry sat down near by with a reassuring wink.

As far as interpretative value went, the song was a failure. But the lovely high notes and the golden middle register led the song through to its soaring climax. Then Joy "broke down. She simply could not bring forth another note. The accompanist put in a few chords and stopped. Pa Graham came out of the shadows and took Joy's face in his hands and turned it gently to the window.

"LIFE and work—those are all that you need, my child," he said. "You are going to learn to sing so that the tears will flow or the smiles will dance at your will."

"Then you're no longer discouraged, Pa?" Jerry demanded triumphantly.

"I do not know her well enough to say that. The greater a voice, the more work there is to do to reach the perfection that voice demands. And there is one thing, it is not from lack of voices that there are so few great singers—it is because so few are willing to pay the price."

"Then you think it would be worth it for her to try?"

"Worth it!" He turned almost fiercely to Joy. "It's not worth it if the years of labor will not seem pleasure—if you do not enjoy every step along the way."

Joy was heady with excitement. Almost as if she were mesmerized, she heard the words leave her lips: "I—would—enjoy—every step along the way."

"Your voice is young, of course," said Pa, "and tender. But it will grow. You are a lyric; and you shall learn to sing coloratura in golden, matched tones. Your legato is not bad, your high notes are good. Come to-morrow at this time for your first lesson."

He bowed them out. They did not speak until they were on a street-car bound for home.

"Jerry," Joy asked timidly, "how did you know about him? I wish you'd tell me a little about yourself."

When Jerry spoke, it was in a queer voice that sagged and paused. "I will, Joy—some time when I feel like it. I—I really—am going to. I met Pa first in New York through a friend of mine who was studying with him. I even studied with him myself until— Oh, yes, I used to do—a lot of singing."

What had Jerry said at prom that was

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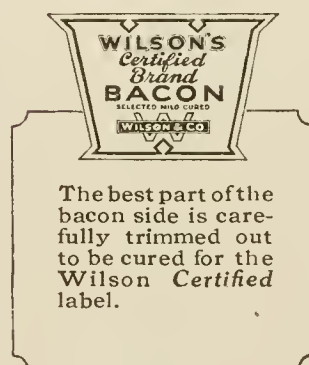
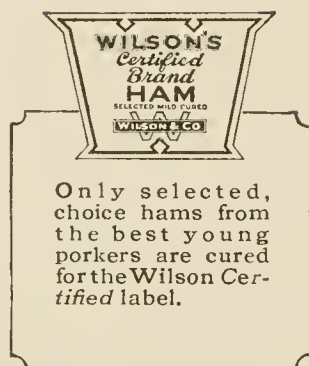
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DANCERS in the DARK



faintly reminiscent of this last? “I used to do—a lot of sewing.” And then again: “I used to do—a lot of making up.” Jerry was what one might call a girl of mystery.

Joy did not have time to write her father that day—and only barely time the following noon. She found herself started on a round of gaiety, a routine such as she had never dreamed existed outside of fiction. Jerry and Sarah continually streaked around, always thinking up new things to do, with an airy disregard of selection of hours by day or night. The men who made all this possible were nearly all college boys, but not nearly all Harvard. There were New Haven men who “ran up,” and Joy was constantly meeting men from the smaller colleges who had met Jerry and Sarah at house-parties and never failed to call them up when they were in town. There was also another, smaller class, non-college men who seemed to be “men about town.” Joy did not like them as well as the college youths.

Joy welcomed everything with an eager excitement that wore her out more than the steep hours. If she was white and tired, she applied Sarah's rouge with a liberal hand, and drank a “prescription” of Sarah's from the cellarette. Jerry objected to these “prescriptions”; but, since she drank more than either of them, her advice did not carry much weight.

When finally the answer to her hurried morning's scrawl came from California, she was thrown into a guilty joy. Evidently her father had not read her letter with care. She had scribbled somewhat incoherently, it was true, of her change in address to the “rooms of two older girls” whom she had met before—but she had honestly not intended that he should misinterpret. But the fact remained that he had merely made a note of her changed address, as if she had been placed in another students' annex, and then proceeded to the business of the letter, which came to the information that complications would postpone his return for possibly a month longer. Adjoining her to let him know constantly of her health and progress, he was, her affectionate father.

Beneath her relief she might feel guilty, but it was triumphant guilt. She would stay—for a month longer; and then—then she would see!

STRANGELY enough, Packy did not appear for a long time. One day in late July, he finally called her up. He said he wanted to see her at once—to take her to a dance that night, down on the seashore. Joy promised to go.

He greeted her as if there had been no lapse of time in between, and they went down in the elevator to a waiting closed car.

“Where are we going?” she asked him.

“Down to one of those Summer-hotel dances near here, where I'm staying. It may be pretty stiff and boring, after Jerry's parties; but, on the other hand, the novelty might appeal to you.”

“It won't bore me,” said Joy.

He laughed. “It's awful to be in love with you and not know a thing about you. Of course, I know you're Jerry's pal, and a singer. How did you happen to connect up with Jerry, anyway? Of course, she's an international character, but—”

“But what?” Joy combated. “I met her at a prom. Then, when I came to Boston, I looked her up. Staying with her is lots more fun than a boarding-house. Sarah and I don't get on very well together—but I don't see her much.”

“H'm.” There was a pause. “H'm—I don't know just how to take you now. Maybe you like being an enigma. Do you?”

“I suppose every girl likes being told she is an enigma.”

“Well, you are one. I never had any trouble sizing up a girl before—maybe I can't size you up because I'm in love with you.”

“I wish,” said Joy, irritated, “that you would stop talking about love so—so fluently. I object to taking its name in vain just to make conversation.”

He screeched the horn derisively. “What do you want to talk about? Politics? What do other men talk to you about? The weather? Besides, I really *am* in love with you.”

“If you think you're—in love with me—well, you don't know what love is.”

“Well, do you?” She was silent. “I've got my own little working idea that's large enough for me. I'd show you some of it right now if I didn't have to drive this car.”

“That isn't love!” she cried sharply.

“Maybe not the whole of it. I see your point. There are many girls that could get me going, without falling for 'em. Sal's that kind. But there's something more with you—I'm really interested in you as a person, besides wanting to kiss you and all that.”

“Well, I'm glad you're interested in me as a person, because you're not going to kiss me and all that,” Joy retorted.

“Oh, yes, I am. Don't fool yourself.”

“Oh, no, you're not. Don't fool yourself!”

The conversation resolved itself into a spirited argument along this theme with variations.

JOY had never been in a Summer hotel, but she did not tell Packy. There was an assortment of all ages in the ballroom, with a predominance of the “younger set.” Pretty girls with healthily flushed or tanned faces, and sunburned necks that ended before their evening gowns began, spoke to Packy as they whirled by on the arms of equally tanned youths, and looked wonderingly at Joy, whose white skin proclaimed her no member of the Summer band. She watched the dancers over his shoulder. The young girls all seemed so wholesome—as innocent and adorable as kittens.

“You're not peeved, are you, Joy?” asked Packy. “You haven't spoken a word since we got on the floor.”

“I was thinking about something,” she said.

The music stopped, and he led her across the floor. “The girls are all losing an eye on you,” he said, “so I might as well satisfy them first as last.” They went to a corner where two sunburned couples were seeing which could hang out the window the farthest, and he effected a somewhat informal introduction.

“Come in out of the night, Betty Grey,” he said, as one of the girls still hung over the sill and shrieked back that she had won. “Here's a singer—you're always saying you never meet any interesting people.”

The waving feet righted themselves, and an eager face turned to Joy. “Oh, are you really a singer?” Betty cried breathlessly. “That's what's been the dream of my life—to be a singer—but I can't even keep on the key! What do you sing?”

“You ought to hear her sing,” put in Packy; “she's got every one I ever heard surrounded.”

Betty fairly wriggled with excitement. “I *must* hear you! When will you sing for me?”

Joy had no time to expostulate, as the music struck up again and Packy whirled her off.

“Betty's a crazy kid,” said Packy paternally. “Seems to me a girl between sixteen and eighteen has got absolutely no sense at all. I like 'em when they've had enough experience to—well, to be interesting.”

“How much experience does it take to make a girl interesting?” Joy asked.

“Well, it takes a large order, for me. You've interested me so far, but the rest, like our little argument, remains to be proved!”

“I've noticed,” said Joy, “that nowadays it's the girl who always has to be interesting and 'prove something.' The man's duty seems mainly to sit by and be amused. If she can amuse him, he sticks around; if not, he drifts on to the next and reassumes his attitude of expectant passivity. Am I right?”

“I'll hand it to you for the line of Noah

Continued on page 75



Shall They Suffer

As you did from film on teeth?

PEPSODENT is largely for the coming generation. It brings to adults whiter teeth, new protection. But to children it means a new dental era.

Your teeth, perhaps, have always been film-coated, save right after dental cleaning. The luster has been dimmed by film. Film has caused decay, no doubt, despite your daily brushing.

Now dental authorities urge you to fight film. Above all, have your children fight it daily in this scientific way.

How troubles come

Modern science traces most tooth troubles to a film—to that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end it. Much is left intact. Night and day that clinging film threatens damage to the teeth.

That is why well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. That is why tooth troubles have been constantly increasing.

Makes teeth dingy

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. Pyorrhea,

and many other serious troubles, are chiefly caused by those germs and by tartar.

Dental science has for years been seeking a way to daily combat that film. It is the teeth's great enemy.

Two ways now found

Two effective film combatants have been found. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. Dental science now approves them, and leading dentists, here and abroad, urge their daily use.

A new-day tooth paste has been perfected, complying with modern requirements. It is called Pepsodent. And these two film-combating methods are embodied in it.

Also starch deposits

Starch deposits also attack teeth. In fermenting they form acids.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva. It puts alkalis there to neutralize the acids.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant, also the alkalinity. Thus Nature's teeth-protecting forces are multiplied.

Thus twice a day, in all these ways, Pepsodent combats the enemies of teeth.

Millions of people now use Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. Anyone who once employs it can see and feel its need.



Watch the added beauty

Send the coupon for a ten-day test. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

The lasting benefits appear more slowly. But all who love clean, glistening teeth will see effects at once. And the book we send explains the reasons for them.

The glistening teeth you see everywhere now are largely due to Pepsodent. Learn how you can attain them. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, approved by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Each use brings five desired effects. All druggists supply the large tubes.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE 764

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 346, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY



P. © G.

S E R E N A — B y R o m n e y

Romney was one of the most eminent of the eighteenth century school of portrait painters. A master in line, and an admirable colorist, he spent his skill upon the portraits of the beautiful women of his day. Lady Hamilton was one of his favorite subjects. "Serena" is a demurer study.

Continued from page 72



DANCERS in the DARK

Webster specials, anyway," he drawled. "Didn't you know little girls shouldn't use such long words?"

"Well, I don't care, it's true! I've noticed it everywhere I've ever been, except at Jerry's. You—even you—have changed a little since we got down here."

The smile left his face. "That's what I get for trying to treat you as if you'd never seen Jerry's."

"Why—what on earth do you mean?" Before her amazed directness he turned away. "I can't understand you at all," he muttered.

At the end of that dance, Betty came running up to her, a man in tow. "You must meet my brother Grant," she panted; "and he wants to meet you, too!"

Laughing, the two shook hands, and Joy found herself looking into eyes of the richest blue she had ever seen. Joy decided that he was the nicest-looking man she had met since she came to Boston.

"She sings, and everything," chanted Betty, "and Packy brought her, and he's danced every dance with her so far, and it's only fair he should dance a little with some of the rest of us, don't you think? Come on, Packy!"

Left alone, the two looked at each other and laughed. "That's the way she always is," explained Grant. "Mind if we sit this out? I've been sailing all day, and was dragged here under protest."

THEY sat out on the porch under the stars, and talked of various indifferent things. He discovered that she had not been there before, and insisted on taking her down the promenade to the beach. There they sat on the sand and talked again upon indifferent things. It was calm and cool with the water sipping in front of them and the music from the hotel faintly behind them. Joy found herself liking Grant Grey very much indeed for so short an acquaintance. There was something so boyish and straightforward about him, a something decidedly different from the men she had been meeting at Jerry's. Then, too, the way he treated her was less—*hectic*—than the way she had been treated lately. When he abruptly shifted the conversation to personalities, she did not mind it.

"You know—I never thought before that I'd enjoy talking to a girl so much."

"I've enjoyed it too," she replied, and then they were both silent, looking ahead of them at the water.

"I know now when it was," said Grant finally, after a little silence had been growing.

"When what was?"

"When I felt—the way I do about you. When I first saw you come in the room with Packy."

Joy felt herself growing warm. How had things come as far as this in half an hour? She rose, and shook the sand from her skirts. "We must go in. I don't know how many dances we've missed. I never lost track of the time so before—"

"Neither—did—I," said the boy beside her, as they faltered back over the way that they had come.

At the door they encountered Packy, who hailed them with reserved cordiality: "Where in blazes have you two been? The dance was over fifteen minutes ago and I've been looking for you ever since!"

They had not noticed that the music had stopped. "All my fault, Packy," said Grant. "I took her down to see the promenade."

And then the two stood looking at each other. "When may I see you again?" he asked.

Joy had been hoping for those words, but now that they had come, she was incoherent with relief. "I—why—" she stammered. Packy intervened while she hesitated: "You've got your nerve, Grant—I'll hand it to you. But I brought Joy down here—dost follow the trend of my remarks?"

Grant paid no attention to him. "So that's your name—Joy? It—it fits you."

"Let's discuss names for a while," said Packy acidly. "We've nothing to do but

case back to Boston, and it's only one-fifteen."

"You have to go back to Boston at this hour?" cried Grant, incredulous.

"Certainly. Why not?" Joy was a little amused, thinking of the hours Jerry and Sarah accepted as a matter of course.

He towered over her, acute distress in every line of his face.

"Come on," said Packy. "It's only an hour's run, Grant—less at this time of night."

GRANT followed them to the automobile. Joy got in the car and held her hand out to him. "Good-by," she said softly. He took her hand, forgetting to release it as he whispered: "Tell me your telephone number—quick!"

Packy was going around to get in at the other side, and in a heart-beat she had whispered the number. When Packy was installed, they had every appearance of finishing off a casual leave-taking.

Once off, Packy refused to sulk unduly over the evening, instead taking a jocose attitude that was much more trying. "Well, Joy, I might have known you were like all the rest. Don't you think, though, that you were crowding things—to run off on a nice little party like that with some one else, the first time I take you anywhere? And after all that whiffle all the way down about how I couldn't get away with it—"

Joy was stunned. She paused and weighed her words, searching for thoughts that would reach his point of view. "Coming down you talked in a way that made me doubt whether I would ever go out with you again. Now you are merely clinching my determination."

To her stupefaction, he immediately grew humble. "Oh, Joy, I'll swallow everything I said. You—you can't blame me, though. I—I know so little about you—and I'm so crazy about you. Does that make absolutely no impression?"

"Why should it?" she asked wearily.

"That fellow Grant Grey isn't lingering in your mind, is he? He's all right, but oh, so stiff, Joy. Typical Bostonese family—mother's the Gorgon of the beach. Now, listen, Joy—I may be crazy about you, but I'm willing to wait if there's any danger about mixing the drinks. Yes, I'll wait. I won't say any more to-night—you can sleep all the rest of the way home, provided you don't snore—nothing more unromantic."

When they finally drew up in front of the apartment-house, Joy gave a sigh of relief. Packy laughed.

"I don't blame you," he said. "I've been rotten to-night, Joy—but next time I'm absolutely the genuine blue-ribbon Pomoranian. I told you—I can wait any reasonable length of time!"

He left her at the door of the apartment. She went to the cellarette and poured herself out a small "prescription," making a wry face as she did so. Not long ago she would have recoiled at the idea of taking liquor. Now, ever since Sarah had first shown her how some drinks would brace her if she felt dead, and others would send her off to sleep, she had come to look upon alcohol as a friend in need. Her father would think this horrible. And what would the family portraits think? The thought trickled away as the liquor went down her throat, and she reviewed the events of the evening. Packy had been a great disappointment, adding to her growing cynicism about men. But were all men so—materialistic? She put down her glass, reaching for a more suitable phrase. Not materialistic, necessarily; rather, "of the earth, earthy." Were they—all? She thought of Grant Grey, seeing again the clear eyes that seemed a reflection of his young man's soul. No, all men were not like Packy. A wave of feeling swept over her, so strong that she was left trembling. She must see Grant again—soon! The wave passed, leaving her limp, a questioning almost of terror knocking at her pulses. *How could she feel so—about a man she had just met?*

Continued in the February DELINEATOR

STEERO BOUILLON CUBES

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Patented Oct. 31, 1911

How You Can Be Eager at Meal Time

"Oh, boy, some feed!" When you hear a college boy enthuse over *just* food, don't you have a tinge of envy? Don't you wish that you could get the real joy out of a meal that you formerly did?

Why not try hot STEERO bouillon at the beginning of your meal and then see how good the food tastes.

No bother to make hot STEERO bouillon. Simply put a STEERO cube into a cup and add boiling water.

Order STEERO bouillon cubes today. Be sure the trade-mark STEERO is on the wrapper of every cube.

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"A Cube Makes a Cup"
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STEERO BOUILLON CUBES—the trade-mark STEERO is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12, 50, and 100. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents a box of 12. Ask for STEERO bouillon cubes.

Paris Decrees a Lower Waistline

BLouses as well as skirts are longer; and sleeves—you will find every variety from the "vast" Jenny sleeve with its new width from armhole to wrist, to the drop shoulder and the square armhole styles. The Spanish influence is to be noticed in the cape. There are fascinating cape back dresses and coats with half-length capes.

So many styles from which to choose! The new skirts with their artistic draperies and uneven hem, the "boat-shaped" neck—you'll want to see them all. There's always a fascination about the new mode, if only because it's new.

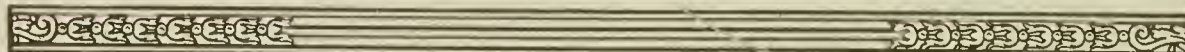
And this season you can have more gowns than ever before, because of that wonderful invention, the Deltor, which comes with all new Butterick Patterns. It saves from 50c to \$10 on every frock you make. For the latest styles get the

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for Winter



Nothing but fashions from cover to cover.



"Danderine"

Grows Thick, Heavy Hair

35-cent Bottle Ends all Dandruff,
Stops Hair Coming Out



Ten minutes after using Danderine you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping the hair to grow long, strong and luxuriant. One application of Danderine makes thin, lifeless, colorless hair look youthfully bright, lustrous, and just twice as abundant. The Knowlton Danderine Co., Wheeling, W. Va.

Restore Those Silver Threads



These disfiguring gray streaks which make you look a hundred years old—comb them away with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. Mail coupon for free trial bottle and test on single lock. This proves it.

No danger of streaking or discoloration—nothing to wash or rub off. Leaves your hair soft, fluffy, lovely to curl and dress. Restoration complete in 4 to 8 days, whether your gray hairs are many or few.

Fill out coupon carefully—enclose lock if possible. Trial bottle and application comb come by return mail. Full sized bottle at your druggist or direct from us. Don't risk ruining your hair with cheap substitutes.

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Mary T. Goldman, 958 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.
The natural color of my hair is black.....jet black.....dark brown.....medium brown.....light brown.....
Name.....
Street.....Town.....
Co.....State.....

Continued from page 6

The LOG-CABIN LADY

But I came to love Mr. Gladstone. Long after that I told him the story of Mrs. Grant, who, when an awkward young man had broken one of her priceless Sevres after-dinner coffee-cups, dropped hers on the floor to meet him on the same level. "Any woman who, to put any one at ease, will break a priceless Sevres cup is heroic," I said. His answer, though flippant, was pleasant: "Any man who would not smile across the table at a lovely woman is a fool."

Mr. Gladstone always wore a white flower in his buttonhole, a big, loose collar that never fitted, a floppy black neck-tie, and trousers that needed a valet's attention. He was the greatest combination of propriety and utter disregard of conventions I had ever seen.

The event next in importance to a presentation at court was a tea at which the tea-planter Sir Thomas Lipton was one of the guests. He was not Sir Thomas then, but was very much in the limelight, having contributed twenty-five thousand pounds to the fund collected by the Princess of Wales to feed the poor of London in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee.

The Earl of Lathom, then the Lord Chamberlain, who looked like Santa Claus and smiled like Andrew Carnegie, was among the guests; so were Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone. Since the night he had talked to me across the table I always felt that Mr. Gladstone was my best friend in England. He had a sense of humor, so I said: "Is there anything pointed in asking the tea king to a tea?" That amused Gladstone. He could not forgive Lipton parting his hair in the middle.

That night I repeated my joke to Tom. Instead of smiling, he said: "That's not the way to get on in England. It's too Becky Sharpish."

AND then came the day of the queen's salon. Victoria did not often have audiences, the Prince of Wales or some other member of the royal family usually holding levees and receiving presentations in her name.

Tom had warned me that there were certain clothes to be worn at a presentation. I asked one of my American friends at the embassy, who directed me to a hair-dresser—the most important thing, it seemed, being one's head. She told me also to wear full evening dress, with long white gloves, and to remove the glove of the right hand.

The hair-dresser asked about my jewels. Remembering what Tom had said about "junk," I said I would wear no jewels. She was horrified. I would have to wear some, she insisted, if only a necklace of pearls. She tactfully suggested that if my jewels had not arrived I could rent them from Mr. Somebody on the Strand. It was frequently done, she said, by foreigners.

My friend at the embassy was politely surprised that Tom's wife would think of renting real or imitation jewels. In the end I insisted upon going without jewel. I had the required plumes in my hair, and the veil that was correct form at court, and my lovely evening gown and pearl-embroidered slippers, which were to me like Cinderella's at the ball.

Before I left the hotel I asked Tom to look at me critically. I was still young—very young, very much in love, and unacquainted with the ways of the world, and so heaven came down into my heart when Tom took me into his arms and, kissing me, said: "There was never such a lovely queen."

It was about three o'clock when we reached the Pimlico entrance. Guards were on duty, and men who looked like princes or very important personages in costume, white stockings, black pumps, buckles, breeches, and gay coats, stood at the door. Inside the hall a gold carpet stretched to the marble stairs. It was a wonderful place, and I wanted to stop and look. I was conscious of being a "rubber-neck." I might never see another palace again.

We were guided up wonderful stairs and led into a sumptuous room, where, with the other guests, we waited for the arrival of the queen and the royal family. No one does anything or says anything at a salon. A "drawing-room" is a sacred rite in England. It is recorded on the first page of the news, taking precedence over wars, decisions of supreme courts, famines, and international controversies. Her Majesty receives. To the Englishman, to be pre-

sented at court is to be set up in England as class, to be worshiped by those who have not been in the presence of the queen, and to pay a little more to the butcher and milliner.

I should have loved that "drawing-room" if I could have avoided the presentation. It was an impressive picture—the queen with a face like a royal coin, a fine, generous forehead and beautiful nose, her intelligent and kindly eyes, her ample figure, her dignity come from long, long years of rule. Back of her the Prince of Wales and the Prime Minister, who in later years I found myself always comparing to little Mr. Carnegie, the Viscount Curzon with his royal look, and in the foreground Sir S. Ponsonby-Fane, in white silk stockings, pumps and buckles, with sword and gold lace, and high-collared swallow-tailed coat. I admired the queen's black moire dress, her head-dress of priceless lace, her diamonds, her high-necked dress held together with more diamonds, and her black gloves, in striking contrast to our own. I was enjoying the picture.

Then my name was called.

I HAD been thinking such kindly things of England—Mr. Balfour fighting for general education; Mr. Gladstone struggling to make England push Turkey back and save Greece; all England raising money for the fire sufferers of Paris and the Indian famine. What a humanitarian race they were! I felt as pro-England as any of the satellites in that room, and almost as much awed. But back of it all was a natural United States be-natural-as-you-were-born impulse. Neither Back Bay Boston nor Tom's Philadelphia friends had been able to repress it. When my name was called and I stepped up, I made the little bow I had practised for hours the day before and that morning; and then, as I looked into the eyes of old Queen Vic, I held out my hand! It was the instinctive action of a free-born American.

I have realized in the years since what a real queen she was. Smiling, she extended her hand—but not to be touched. It was a little wave, a little imitation of my own impulsive outstretching to a friend; then her eyes went to the next person, and I was on my way, having been presented at court and done what "is not done" in England.

Tom's mission in England was important. He had friends, and there were distinguished people in England who regarded him and his family of sufficient value to "take us aboard." They were most gracious and kindly. But Tom's eyes were not smiling.

THAT night my husband said some very frank things to me. His position, and even the credit of our country to some extent, depended upon our conduct. He did not say he was ashamed of me, and in my heart I do not think he was; but he regretted that I had not been trained in the little things upon which England put so much weight. He suggested my employing a social secretary.

"What I need, Tom," I said, "is a teacher. You have told me these customs are not important. They are important. I need some one to teach them to me, and I propose to get a teacher."

In the personal columns of the Times I had read this advertisement:

A lady of aristocratic birth and social training desires to be of service to a good-paying guest.

I swallowed my pride and answered it.

I was not her paying guest, but I employed this Scotch lady of aristocratic birth and social experience.

On the first day at luncheon, which we ate privately in my apartment, she said: "In England a knife is held as you hold a pen, the handle coming up above the thumb and between the thumb and first finger." My sense of humor permitted me to ask, after trying it once, "What do you do when the meat is tough?" The Scotch aristocrat never smiled. "It isn't," she answered.

I was humiliated and a little soul-sick before that luncheon ended. I had been told to break each bite of my bread; a lady never bites a piece of bread. I had been told to use a knife to separate my fish, when I had learned, oh, so carefully, in America to eat fish with a fork and a piece of bread. I might have laughed about it all had not so much been at stake, even Tom's respect.

Continued in the February DELINEATOR

OAK FLOORS

(For Everlasting Economy)

Cost Less Than You Think

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Why pay more for floors with fewer advantages?

Consider, first, the matchless beauty of Oak Flooring. How it improves with age and increases selling and renting values. How easy it is to keep clean and dustless. How much elegance and distinction it gives the simplest interior. And outlasts a century of use.

Give any dealer your room sizes. His figures will prove, nine times out of ten, that Oak costs less than the form of flooring you probably had in mind.

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A special thickness ($\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch) is made for laying over worn flooring, at small cost.

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In colors, on the uses of Oak Flooring. Or see the nearest dealer.

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No More Club Foot

Seven-year-old Albert Albin's Club Foot was so straight that he surprised everybody when he came home from McLain Sanitarium. His parents write: Albert's foot is in good shape. He is walking on two good feet. We are certainly proud of him and also the McLain Sanitarium. You certainly do great work. Everybody says it is more than they expected to see.

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For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.

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E347

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The Canary With a MUSICAL EDUCATION

Sings entirely different from the American bred Canary. His soft, rich, deep tones are so charming that they touch your heart and bring happiness into your home.

Hundreds of letters like this on file:
E. T. Carse, Quincy, Ill., 9-20-20, writes: "Money cannot buy our L. M. B. He is too wonderful for words. There is as much difference between his singing and an American bred Canary as there is difference between an amateur and an artist."

The "LIVING-MUSIC-BOX" is especially bred and trained for us and directly imported by us alone. Absolutely unobtainable from any other dealer.

Sent on 5 days' approval upon receipt of **\$15.00**

Valuable book on how to care for your bird, free. Address Dept. S-20

MAX GEISLER BIRD CO.
Birds and Pet Animals—33 Years in Business
Omaha, Nebr. or 28 Cooper Sq., New York, N. Y.

Concluded from page 22

WHY THEY WON'T MARRY the MODERN MAN

still to be the old-fashioned woman, and at the same time modern, self-reliant, and self-protecting. She is to be gentle and clinging when he chooses to assume the manly attitude; but when he goes off to play golf for the whole day she must be independent and get along without him. He wants her to live his life when he chooses; and when he does not choose, then she must rip herself loose and live her own. The average modern woman married to the average man finds herself constantly trying to adjust herself to changing demands on the part of her husband. She is so torn between his two standards that she fails to meet either one of them to his satisfaction.

Now we come to a very big reason why women hesitate to marry. One hears so many, many tales of selfish husbands who keep their wives actually begging for money year in and year out till the wife's self-respect is gone and she comes to feel like a charity parasite.

I know a woman, the wife of a millionaire. One night when I was visiting her she put one of her newest hats on my head—and when she found that it became me she actually begged me to buy it from her. When I refused, she broke down and told me that her husband bought her all the gowns she wanted, but never gave her a cent—and that she was forced to sell her clothes to get any pocket-money at all.

The modern woman with her new-found ability to support herself will not tolerate any approach to such dependence.

The modern woman wants a common share in all her husband's interest, in his failures as well as his successes—his money as well as his love. The modern woman wants a partner—not a master. And how rarely she gets what she wants!

"IF THERE are no modern men for the modern girl, I do not want a husband at all," exclaims this woman of thirty.

THE conceited wails of the seven bachelors in the December issue of THE DELINEATOR must have made every modern girl shake with mirth and groan with rage.

The seven earnest egoists reveal themselves frankly. They will dance and work; they will drink and tell risqué stories with all kinds of girls, but they won't marry them. When they marry, it will be a saint, a paragon, a cook—but never a human being.

Their letters are encouraging, because they indicate that the double standard is disappearing. Is not that what those bachelors really miss? They enjoy playing with the flapper. But when they are ready to settle down they look for something "fresh from stock." There is no pretense that they themselves are not shop-worn. Yet how could there be real understanding between two people one of whom has "been through the whole show and seen the works," while the other has never left the shadow of a mid-Victorian mother?

Every normal sociable girl is going to take on more or less the manners of her contemporaries if that is the only way she can have suitors. Bobbed hair, short skirts, and frank conversation do not horrify the boys of the flapper's own age. These boys and girls have friendships and achieve a mutual understanding and respect that is evidently impossible to our shop-worn bachelors.

Girls will not go back to a parlor-and-kitchen existence with the unreal ideas of life it fosters. They can support themselves. They can even get along without husbands if they can not find in the modern man a husband who sees marriage as a mutual enterprise requiring respect between two human beings.

As for myself, no longer a flapper but a successful professional woman, I do not want a husband who considers that he is conferring the final grace by offering to support me. I do not want a husband with whom I must pretend that, though a bachelor girl, I have remained in the cradle. I do not want a husband who will measure every act and look with a blue-print specification of the Ideal Wife. If there are no modern men for the modern girl, I do not want a husband at all.



Are You A Vegetarian?

NATURE places in fruits and vegetables certain elements which help to keep the human body healthy. Those who eat an abundance of such foods seldom suffer from indigestion, sour stomach, biliousness, constipation, headaches, and the endless train of distressing symptoms which such disorders cause.

You may not always be able to choose your diet carefully or to avail yourself of the benefits of a scientifically-selected variety of foods, but you can give your system the benefit of the same vegetable laxative properties contained in vegetable foods.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) is made entirely of concentrated vegetable ingredients which are therapeutically the same as nature furnishes in the most healthful of foods. That is why millions of persons use this pure, mild, natural aid to health in preference to anything else.

Nature's Remedy (NR Tablets) does more than a laxative. It tones the stomach, increases the assimilation and elimination, helps to cleanse, purify and enrich the blood by aiding nature to re-establish the vigorous and harmonious functioning which makes the body feel like new.

All Druggists Sell
The Dainty
25c. Box
of
NR Tablets



Used for over 30 years



Chips off the Old Block

NR JUNIORS—Little NRs

One-third of regular dose. Made of same ingredients, then candy-coated. For children and adults. Have you tried them? Send a 2c. stamp for postage on liberal sample in the attractive blue and yellow box. A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., Dept. B, St. Louis, Mo.

Don't neglect a Cold

Dangerous sickness often starts with a cold. Ward off your colds with Musterole before pneumonia starts.

Musterole is a clean, white ointment made with oil of mustard. It has all the healing properties of the old-fashioned mustard plaster but none of the unpleasant features.

Musterole is not messy to apply and without the blister.

At the first sneeze or snuffle take down the little white jar of Musterole from the bathroom shelf and rub the ointment gently over the congested spot.

With a tingling warmth it penetrates the skin and goes right down to the seat of trouble.

Rheumatism, tonsilitis, lumbago, coughs and colds are all symptoms that call for Musterole.

Order Musterole today from your druggist. 35c and 65c in jars and tubes; hospital size, \$3.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER



A little goes a long way
LIEBIG
COMPANY'S
Extract of Beef



CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP
—luxurious, lasting, refined—the
choice of three generations.

Large size cake 25c,
medium size 10c by
the cake,
55c by the box of six.

Sold at your neighborhood store.

COLGATE & CO. Est. 1806 New York

Winter brings the call of all outdoors



—and outdoors, of course, brings the need of snug clothing. The sweaters found in the Winter Needle-Art not only bring charm and distinction to your Winter wardrobe, but will serve to keep you comfortably warm whether skating 'gainst the wind or tramping down snow-bound roads. Also sweaters for indoor wear, crocheted or knitted, that any woman can make easily and economically, are shown in a great number of designs; many in colors.

Straight from Paris comes the silk blouse that can be worn with the suit—the latest fad on the Champs Élysées. Another feature is the pompon set for sports wear—the last word in a scarf and tam. And talking of scarfs and tams, there are a generous number in color, showing all the gorgeous schemes in which these sets can be made.

A feature in children's wear is a crocheted set with the soft, woolly appearance and touch of kimmer fur—and the warmth. Besides, a number of children's sweaters illustrated in color, just as you can make them in any size.

Embroidery designs for every need, beading and braiding; and pages of suggestions on household linens and centerpieces. You can't afford to miss the Winter issue of

NEEDLE-ART

At any Butterick Pattern Counter



Wave your own hair
in 15 minutes with this simple little device *without heat.*

WEST ELECTRIC Hair Curlers
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Unsurpassed in producing any curly and wavy effect. Cannot catch, cut, tear, or in any way injure the hair. Guaranteed a lifetime.

Card of 2—10c
Card of 5—25c

The WEST Hair Nets

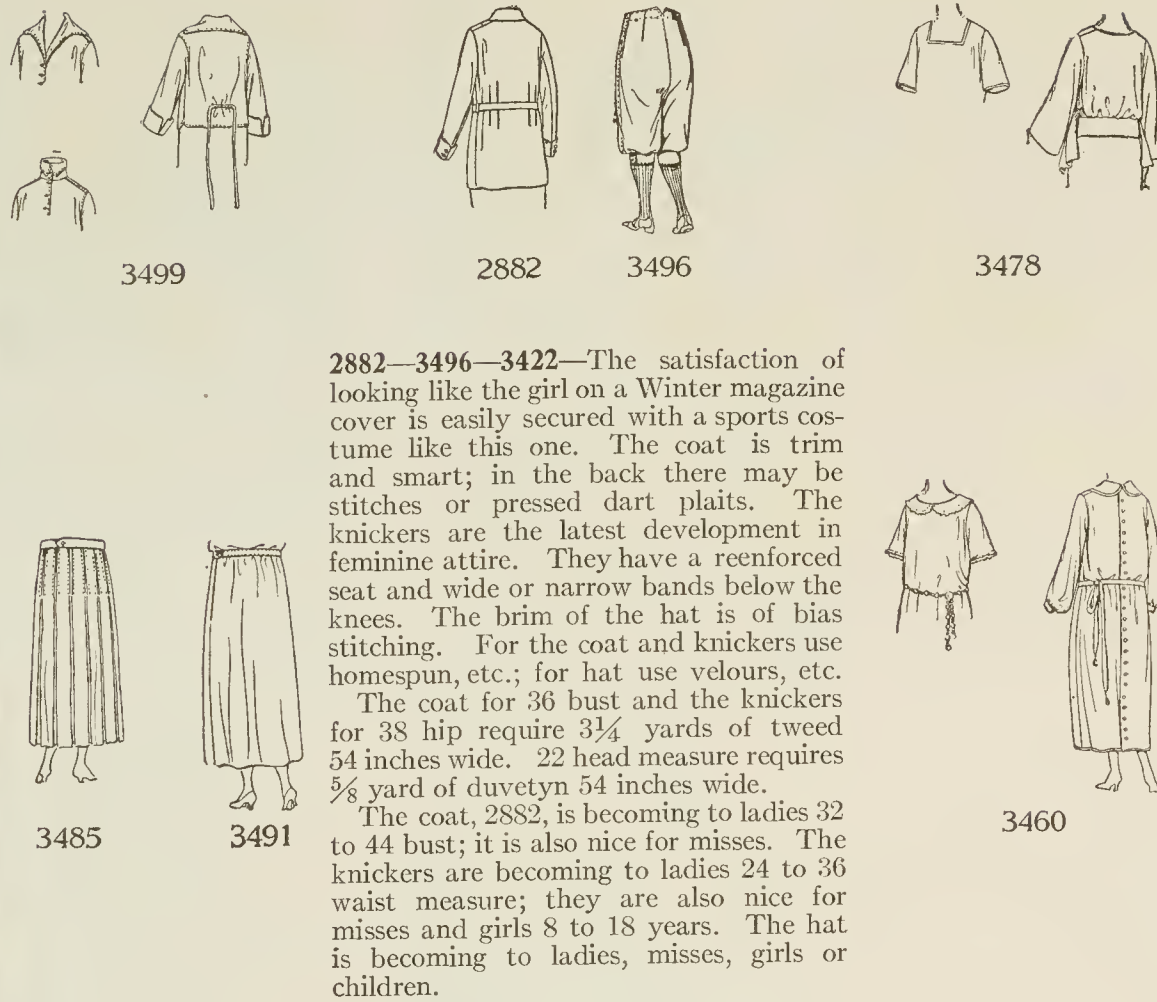


WEST HAIR NETS
Three Brands
Beach & Motor 15c
Tourist 3 for 50c
Gold Seal 25c
Gray and White Double Price
At All Good Dealers

Hand-made Twice Sterilized Full head size
Made by hand from extra long selected hair, free from knots and specially treated for strength and invisibility. Perfect match in all shades. Cap and Fringe Shapes.

WEST ELECTRIC HAIR CURLER CO.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Canadian Distributor
H. B. Holloway & Co., Toronto, Canada

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGE 31



2882—3496—3422—The satisfaction of looking like the girl on a Winter magazine cover is easily secured with a sports costume like this one. The coat is trim and smart; in the back there may be stitches or pressed dart plaits. The knickers are the latest development in feminine attire. They have a reenforced seat and wide or narrow bands below the knees. The brim of the hat is of bias stitching. For the coat and knickers use homespun, etc.; for hat use velours, etc.

The coat for 36 bust and the knickers for 38 hip require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of tweed 54 inches wide. 22 head measure requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of duvetyn 54 inches wide.

The coat, 2882, is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses. The knickers are becoming to ladies 24 to 36 waist measure; they are also nice for misses and girls 8 to 18 years. The hat is becoming to ladies, misses, girls or children.

3499—The most satisfactory shirt-waist is the tailored one you can make for yourself. This waist is simple and boyish enough in its lines to be a part of the sports costume next to it; made in nice material it looks equally well with a tailored suit. It can be cut in two lengths, sports length or much shorter. The collar may be convertible, so that it will make a becoming, open neckline if you want it, or there may be a round removable collar. The cuffs may be made plain or in French style. The waist is attractive in crêpe de Chine, pongee, radium silk, tub silks and satins, silk shirting, silk broadcloth, China silk, dimity, madras, linen, cotton shirtings or wool shirtings.

36 size requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of striped shirting 32 inches wide, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of plain material 32 inches wide.

This shirt-waist is becoming to ladies 32 to 50 bust.

3478—The woman who loves soft materials and charming color contrasts has infinite scope for her imagination in this blouse. It is made in slip-over style with wide tucks at the lower edge, and those very feminine, very fashionable slashed sleeves. A henna blouse would be smart with navy-blue sleeves; tan, orange, apricot, cream sleeves would set off a brown blouse, while navy blue might be combined with scarlet, the new fuchsia shade, citron, gray or cream. Black is always good with jade, Chinese blue, scarlet, flame, gray or white. Use crêpe meteor, crêpe satin, silk crêpe of one material or with Georgette or lace; crêpe de Chine, Georgette, etc., in one or two colors, or silk jersey alone.

36 size requires $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard of Canton crêpe 40 inches wide, with 1 yard of Georgette 40 inches wide for sleeves.

This blouse is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3485—The straight box-plaited skirt with its swagger flair displays woolen or silken clad ankles to the best possible advantage. The plaits from center to center measure 7 inches, which is an excellent width. The waistline is raised about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inch and finished by a narrow belt. Stripes, plaids and checks are particularly attractive made in this way. The plaits are stitched down several inches below the waist, but when one walks they fall out a little. This is a very economical skirt, for it cuts from just two lengths of the material. The skirt may also be made entirely of serge, tricotine, soft twills, broadcloth, wool jersey, wool crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe satin, crêpe meteor, satin, etc. Lower edge $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

38 waist measure requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of striped serge 50 inches wide.

This skirt is becoming to ladies 24 to 38 waist or 35 to $49\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

3460—10885—Just the sort of dress to fill the blank space in a wardrobe between shirt-waist and skirt and more elaborate afternoon wear. It is made in one piece and fastens up the back; if you like, you can make a blouse body lining and put elastic at the low waistline, but neither is necessary. The straight lines of the dress, the wide sleeves and the simple collar are an effective combination. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, checks, etc. may be used for this dress. The fine designs worked in long lines on both sides of the skirt and at the top and edge of the sleeves balance agreeably. They may be done in color with one-stitch embroidery or with bugle beads.

36 size requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of serge 54 inches wide and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of contrasting material 36 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.

This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; it is also nice for misses.

3491—In these days of sweaters and skirts, good-looking skirts are as important as pretty sweaters. This particular one in two pieces, with a becoming fulness at the back, has a slightly raised waistline. The inside pockets are a smart feature, with their novel pointed openings bound and further marked with small buttons. The narrow belt is also fashionable. Wide enough for moderate sports wear and comfortable walking, the skirt is graceful and dignified enough for the street. Serge, soft twills, tricotine, gabardine, broadcloth, duvetyn, velours and similar soft-pile fabrics, homespun, camel's-hair mixtures, wool ratine, stripes, checks, plaids, tweeds or velvet may be used. Lower edge 2 yards.

38 waist measure requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of gabardine 44 inches wide.

This skirt is becoming to ladies 24 to 42 waist or 35 to 55 hip.

3488—10844—The slightest gesture acquires new grace and meaning when it displays a soft, gorgeous sleeve, kept from flowing away altogether by a narrow band at the wrist. One is slashed to display the arm; another has a drop shoulder and is enlivened by an embroidery motif. It should be worked in one-stitch. These sleeves may be made of the same or contrasting material.

12-inch arm measure requires for view A, 1 yard of material 36 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of material 40 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 40 inches wide with a distinct nap. View B requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of material 36 or 40 inches wide (with or without a distinct nap), and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide for lower part and band. $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of material 36 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard 40 inches wide (with or without distinct nap) are required for C.

These sleeves fit into any normal armhole 11 to 15 inches.



Security Waists

There's No Other Waist Like This On The Market

Mothers need seek no farther for an underwaist, so made, that the buttons will not rip out. Ask for SECURITY WAISTS. They are made up in—choice of Twill, Batiste, Cambric or Domet Flannel. Snug, warm, service-giving for winter!

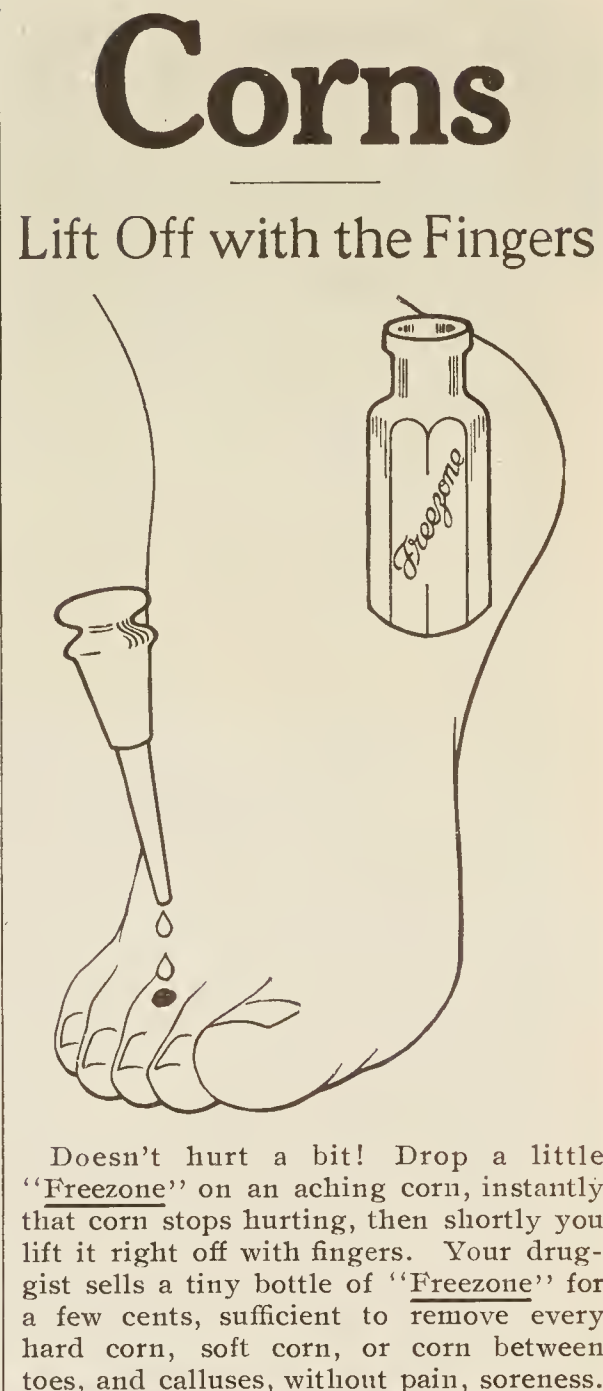
The Buttons Are So Sewed—They Simply Can't Rip Out!

Our method of stitching is a big feature. It is patented! If you can't buy them at YOUR store—send size, material desired, stating for boy or girl, together with 75c in stamps to—

THOS. P. TAYLOR CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Corns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879

The Vapor Treatment for Coughs and Colds

The time for Vapo-Cresolene is at the first indication of a cold or sore throat, which are so often the warnings of dangerous complications.

Simple to use; you just light the little lamp that vaporizes the Cresolene and place it near the bed at night.

The soothing antiseptic vapor is breathed all night, making breathing easy, relieving the cough and easing the sore throat and congested chest.

Cresolene is recommended for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, Coughs and Nasal Catarrh. Its germicidal qualities make it a reliable protection when these diseases are epidemic. It gives great relief in Asthma.

Cresolene has been recommended and used for the past 42 years. The benefit derived from it is unquestionable.

Sold by druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 70. THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York, or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada.

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For Better Biscuit
Bake at 450° by a

Taylor Oven Thermometer
75 minutes by the clock

If not at dealer's send \$2.00 and 10c postage direct. 200 time and temperature tested recipes free.

Taylor Instrument Companies
ROCHESTER, N. Y. 0-210-
There's a Uses or 75 for Temperature Instrument for Every Purpose

Kunderd's New Gladiolus Catalog

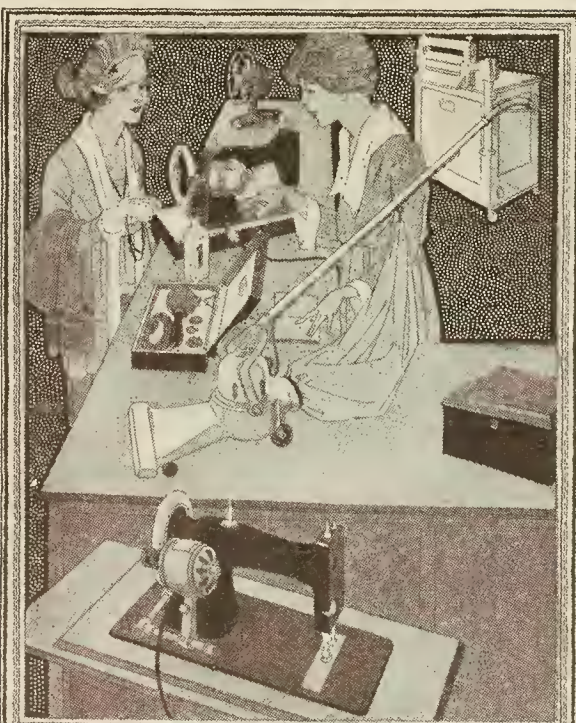
for 1922 describes nearly 400 Kunderd originations in Ruffled, Plain Petaled and Primulinus types. 29 Gladioli are shown in colors and many others are illustrated from photographs. Complete cultural information is given, with special directions for growing show flowers. Send for this beautiful catalog today—Free.

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The Originator of the Ruffled Gladiolus
Box 49, Goshen, Indiana, U. S. A.

Our Scientific Method will stop that STAMMER!

Send for free 200-page book. It tells how to permanently stop stammering or stuttering in a few weeks' time. A natural guaranteed method.

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"I Always Recommend 3-in-One"

because electrical devices run so fast that only the finest oil will lubricate them properly. The little you save on 'cheap' oil is more than off-set by repair bills. 3-in-One keeps the repair man away."

3-in-One

The Universal Household Oil

is so satisfactory for these electrically operated devices because

- it won't heat up or burn out at high speeds.
- it won't dry out and leave the bearings unlubricated.
- it won't become gummy or collect dust.
- you can't over-oil with 3-in-One. Excess oil simply runs out instead of clogging the bearings.

And 3-in-One keeps all metal parts free from rust and tarnish.

Oil all electrical devices according to the speed at which they run—very high speed, oil every time you use—low speed, less frequently.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 8-oz. bottles and in 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans.

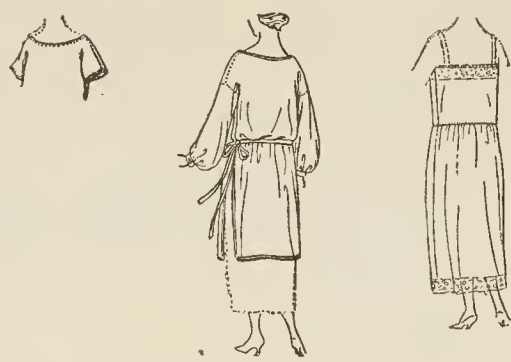
THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
165E Broadway, New York

Free Sample and Dictionary
Generous Sample and Dictionary of Uses sent free of cost. Request both on a postal card.



D377A

Other views are on page 26



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Other views are on page 27



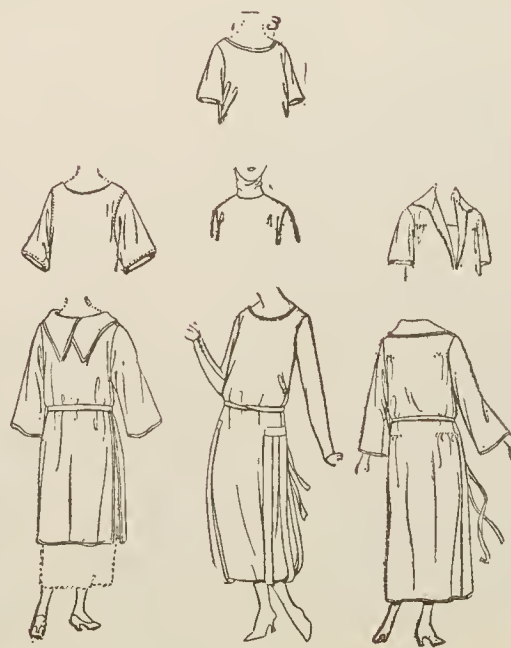
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Rubens
Look for the trade-mark

Don't Neglect This, Mother



No Buttons

No Trouble

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

On and off like a coat. Always fits the body perfectly.

Keep Baby's Stomach Warm

January, February, March—these are danger months. The months when baby is most susceptible to colds.

You must protect the tiny chest and stomach. For lack of protection, at these vital points, is probably the most common cause of illness. Doctors and nurses, all will tell you this.

And they will tell you, too, that the most practical way to insure this protection is with the Rubens Infant Shirt. We have specialized in this

garment for more than thirty years. It is our pride—our life work. There is no satisfactory substitute.

Double thickness over the chest and stomach. Cut with the simple convenience of a coat. No tapes, no buttons. Adjustable belt fastens with a single safety pin. Made of finest and softest of materials for infants and children.

Look for the trade-mark "Rubens" before you buy. If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us.

Manufactured only by
RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.
6 No. Market St., Chicago
Established 1890

RUBENS INFANT SHIRTS

Make Plain Things Beautiful with A. F. C. EMBROIDERY EDGING



A mother's pride in the appearance of her children is not less than her satisfaction over the short time it takes to make the dainty little costumes.

The A. F. C. Booklet will show you how to Save Time as well as "How to Make Plain Things Beautiful."

It contains 110 suggestions for the use of A. F. C. Embroidery Edging on wearing apparel and house linens. It is the only trimming which gives the perfect, hand-made look. It comes in eleven colors. It never frays, it never fades.

Write for Sample and Free Booklet

We will forward you our A. F. C. Booklet, together with three yards of A. F. C. Embroidery Edging on receipt of twenty-five cents. State the color desired and the name of your dealer.

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Bridgeport, Conn.

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Nation-wide demand for trained women; all departments, hotels, clubs, apartment houses; uncrowded field; fine living; quick advancement; our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity."
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOL
Room 2913 Washington, D. C.

Pearl
SOAP

The Aristocrat of fine Toilet Soaps



Still the favorite

Since 1789

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.

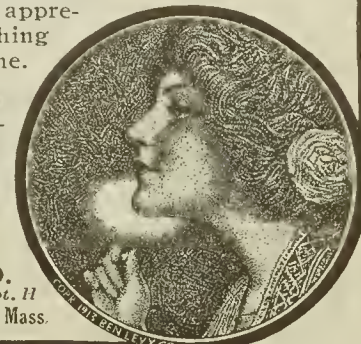
The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio

LABLACHE
FACE POWDER

Ma mere—Vividly I remember the delicate fragrance of her lightly powdered cheek. Lablache—her powder—always suggestive of her complexion, beautiful as wild rose petals. More than ever I appreciate the refreshing purity of Lablache.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, 65c. a box of druggists or by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send 10c. for a sample box.

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Genuine Aspirin



Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

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| Colds | Headache | Rheumatism |
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Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets—Bottles of 24 and 100—All druggists. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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THE DELINEATOR extends to you a real opportunity which will go a long way toward enabling you to buy that new set of furs you have been longing for and all the warm, comfortable clothing that is such an important part of your Winter wardrobe.

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Please send me, without obligation, all particulars concerning your money-making plan; also a copy of "Turning Spare Time Into Cash."

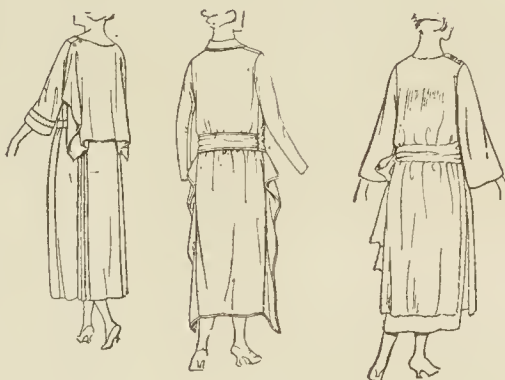
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Other views are on page 28

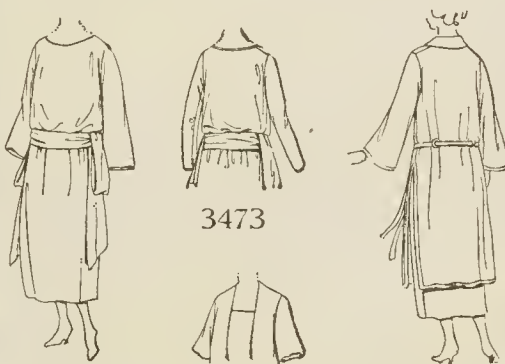


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3471 3481 3479

Other views are on page 29



3473 3495



3406 3469



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

Chapped Face

SKATING all afternoon—the next day a badly chapped face—unless the skin is massaged at night with healing

Mentholatum

Always made under this signature *R.A. Hyde*

It cools and soothes the painful rawness, and its antiseptic action gently heals if the skin is broken. Use Mentholatum for cracked lips, chilblains, colds and other "little ills."

Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c, \$1.

The Mentholatum Co.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Wichita, Kans. Bridgeburg, Ont.

PISO'S

Safe & Sane

For Coughs and Colds

Insist on it by name

This syrup is different from all others. Pleasant—gives quick relief. Contains no opiates—good for young and old

35¢ per bottle everywhere

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Removes Dandruff - Stops Hair Falling



Has been used with success for more than 40 years.

Restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair.

60¢ & \$1.00 at Druggists

HISCOX CHEMICAL WORKS
PATCHOGUE, N.Y.

When washing hair always use Floreston Shampoo

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RenuLife VIOLET RAY

Learn how Violet Ray treatment enriches impoverished blood, relieves nervousness and builds vital strength. Drives out aches and pains and removes the cause. Speeds up digestive process, promotes assimilation of food and elimination of waste products.

Absolutely shockless and safe. You spray thousands of volts of high frequency electricity into any weak, inactive organ or tissue. Saturates entire body, relieving congestion and flooding it with rich, fresh, strength-building blood. Endorsed by physicians—35,000 in use.

Get "HEALTH" Book Sent for the asking. Tells you the whole story of the Violet Ray, its successes, many uses, etc., how simply and effectively you may employ these wonderful, corrective forces of nature. Write at once.

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Sales agents write for attractive plan



It's Not the Irish Mail Unless the Name Is on the Seal



This is the only genuine Irish Mail. Develops arm, shoulder and body muscles of children—keeps them out-of-doors. Lots of fun. Makes play out of errand running. Ask your dealer.

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Cuticura Soap

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Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

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Rock-a-Bye Specialties make ideal Christmas Presents. They are sturdy and give babies comforting pleasure. See the display at your dealer of Rock-a-Bye swings, walkers, auto-seats and jumpers, and give one to your baby friend this Christmas.

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SWING No 2-250

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Are Truly Exquisite*

THE morning breath of the dew-drenched blossom—the delicate fragrance of ZANOL Perfumes. They are the same. The soul of the flower—fresh, exquisite, delicate. You'll use no other once you try these famous ZANOL Perfumes. A fragrance for every fancy.

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ZANOL Toilet Preparations, ZANOL Food Specialties, ZANOL Household Necessities—350 Quality-First Products comprise this well-known line. Sold at your door only through our exclusive ZANOL Distributors, insuring absolute freshness at lowest cost.

We have good paying, permanent positions open in unoccupied territory for ambitious men and women to represent us. Excellent pay. No previous experience required. Write for full particulars. Address Dept. 2.

The AMERICAN PRODUCTS CO.
Zanol Bldg. Cincinnati, Ohio

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES

ON PAGE 40



3166 3494 2871 3158 3201 3428



3383



3145

2871—3158—Imitating the character of a fine little camisole comes a slim petticoat. The camisole points upward to the ribbon shoulder-straps and slips on over the head. The petticoat has a straight ruffle, and this ruffle can be accordion or side plaited or gathered, or, if you like, the edge can be given a scalloped finish and the ruffle not used at all. It is made in two pieces and there is a shadow-proof panel at the front and back. Use crepe de Chine, satin, etc.

The camisole, 2871, requires for a 36 bust $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of crepe de Chine 40 inches wide. The petticoat, 3158, requires for a 38 hip $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of crepe de Chine 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This camisole is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the petticoat is nice for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

3166—10590—Feminine vanity prevails even during off hours when one should be sleeping or resting. The cut and daintiness of these pajamas make them so becoming that they are oftentimes used to lounge in. They are particularly easy to make because of the kimono sleeve. Contrasting bindings finish the coat and trousers. Make them of crepe de Chine, wash satin, wash silks, Georgette, pongee, cotton voile, cotton crepe, batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, mull, dimity, etc. To contrast with the pastel shades or with white there are bluebirds. They can be worked in outline and satin-stitch.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of crepe de Chine 40 inches wide.

These pajamas are becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust; they are also nice for misses.

3494—10864—The first concern of the woman in choosing her nightgowns is how to combine comfort and beauty. This gown makes use of white or pale-colored handkerchief linen in an easy gown that slips on over the head, beautifully trimmed with hand-embroidery and hemstitching. Take care to select materials whose threads pull easily, such as cotton voile, batiste or handkerchief linen. Crepe de Chine is also very lovely, but the threads are more difficult to draw. Hand-embroidery and hemstitching are used for the finest of lingerie. Eyelets and satin-stitch can be used with the hem-stitching.

A 36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of handkerchief linen 36 inches wide. This nightgown is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.

3383—Of the finest French voile and with the most delicate of hand drawn-work is a set of chemise and drawers from Paris. The top of the chemise and the edges of the drawers are straight, making the drawn-work possible. As to trimming, the hand-work alone is sufficient. Both the garments are marked for the drawn-work. The threads pull easily in cotton voile, batiste or handkerchief linen. They are a little more difficult in crepe de Chine, and if you do not use the drawn-work, nainsook, long-cloth, cotton crepe, cross-bar or wash satin are also very effective.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of cotton voile 36 inches wide.

This chemise and these drawers are nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3201—The lady kneeling on the pillow is enjoying life and comfort in a most delightful combination of drawers and a brassiere. The beauty of this step-in chemise exists in its simplicity of line and trimming, for such a chemise lends itself to contrasting bindings and tiny satin flowers rather than to the lacy frills and ribbon bows of its more pretentious relatives. The bodice is made to fit easily and the drawers flare just enough to be comfortable without straying from the more fashionable slender lines. Make the chemise of crepe de Chine, wash satin, radium silk, pongee, etc.

A 36 bust requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard of crepe de Chine 40 inches wide.

This chemise is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3428—10812—Paris inclines toward the soft clinging effects, and to preserve the narrow silhouette one's lingerie must follow the same slender lines. The lower part of this slip is straight and it joins the body at the slightly low waistline, across the sides and back. This same type of slip can be worn under blouses, in place of an underbody and skirt as well as for a slip under dresses. The softer materials, such as crepe de Chine, Georgette, wash satin, Japanese silk, cotton voile, batiste and mull, are the most effective. Embroidered rosebuds at points of vantage are the only trimming. They can be worked in a combination of outline and satin-stitch.

A 36 bust requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of wash satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 52 inches. This slip is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

3145—There is a certain very feminine type that suits itself with lace and frills and ribbons, and for that type there is this fluffy bit of lingerie. This envelope chemise lends itself most beautifully to the hand-made trimmings and holds at the same time the narrowness that is so very necessary to the present undergarments. The chemise itself is gathered to a particularly well-cut yoke that has a delightfully new outline, and the construction is quite simple. Make this chemise of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, mull, etc.

A 36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard of crepe de Chine 40 inches wide and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of all-over lace 36 inches wide.

This chemise is becoming to ladies 32 to 48 bust.



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WE ARE not to blame for the column at the extreme right. When plans for this page were discussed with the staff, the only man among us showed suspicious signs of enthusiasm. Eventually he appeared with a mass of startling "items of interest to women" gathered from the four corners of the earth and assembled in a spirit of cheerful malice.

In the interests of law and order, not to mention the necessity of avoiding letters of protest from outraged readers, the mere male's huge batch of anecdote and comment has been deleted and compressed into one column, which is his—pending the continuance of chastened spirits and good behavior. But observe that, *as usual*, we women have given the last word to a man.

All of which is preliminary to saying that the rest of the space on this new page is not confined to the editors and publishers; readers' contributions and comments will be welcome.

FOR persons who still entertain some doubt as to the practical value of the Deltor, we have to relate a convincing story of the actual experience of an advertising representative of THE DELINEATOR. Becoming tremendously interested in the claims made for the Deltor, he conceived the idea of enlisting his wife's aid in putting them to a practical test. When he approached her on the subject, she declared that never in her life had she attempted anything of the sort, that she just knew she would never be able to sew a stitch, and that she simply wouldn't waste time and material on a useless effort.

Her lack of enthusiasm was a wet blanket to his plans for the moment, but he still hung on to his belief that clothes could be made successfully at home, that the making of them had been greatly simplified by the use of the Deltor, and that the cost would be much less than the price asked for similar garments in the shops. He couldn't see why it wasn't possible for 'most any woman to do it, or, for that matter, 'most any man. Then came the happy thought of proving his point by making a dress himself.

After due deliberation he finally decided on a frock, No. 3265, illustrated in color in the September DELINEATOR. His wife showed the first signs of interest by coming home with the necessary 4 1/4 yards of crêpe de Chine. It was 40 inches wide, a lovely quality and a delightful shade of burnt-orange.

When the great day came and the dress was produced, the proud *couturier* declared that if necessary he could have made it without even the trifling help contributed by his wife's mother. His point, of course, was carried, for there was a really lovely frock made at a total cost of only \$15.20. His wife's surrender was complete when he showed her his itemized account for 4 1/4 yards of crêpe de Chine at \$3.00 a yard, binding and findings totaling \$1.50, a pattern for 50 cents, and 45 cents for having the edges picoted. The lady immediately selected another frock which she planned to make herself.

FEW compliments to the Deltor, the new aid to dressmaking now enclosed with every Butterick pattern, have given us more satisfaction than the following report of an actual personal experience described in a letter from a DELINEATOR reader:

For a number of years I have been my own dressmaker, making all kinds of garments and invariably using Butterick patterns.

I had some dress material. I was anxious to make my dress in the latest style, so I got the DELINEATOR, looked it through, and selected a design, then got the pattern. I laid it out on the cloth, and, much to my dismay, discovered there was not enough material. I tried several ways, but couldn't quite make it, and as the cloth was a remnant I had no hope of matching it.

I then wondered how much material the pattern called for. I got the envelope, intending to read the schedule on the outside, but I noticed the Deltor. After studying the diagrams I selected one the way I wanted to make my dress. I laid out the pattern on the goods precisely as the Deltor indicated. I did have enough material and I have learned a valuable lesson. In the future I will buy a pattern first, consult the Deltor for its certain assistance, and with the helpful diagrams feel sure I will save time, money and worry, and by so doing will have very little use for the "piece-bag."

MISS EDNA COOKE, who designed the cut-out pictures on page 50 of this issue, has some very special qualifications as an artist for young folks. Miss Cooke's in-

THE LAST WORD

A Page of Shop-Talk, Gossip, and Comment

terest in children prompted a tour of Europe during which she devoted her time to studying and sketching the characteristic national games of the countries she visited. The Spanish children in this number are the result of sketches made from life, and have an added value as playthings because every detail of costume and local color is authentic.

RECENTLY the following letter from a youthful admirer in Pen Argyl, Pennsylvania, came to Mr. George Randolph Chester, author of the series of DELINEATOR fairy-stories about the adventures of Prince Toofat, which have been so exquisitely illustrated in color by Robert Lawson:

i am 7 years old and like Your fairy story "little prince Toofat" very much and last night i whistled a hole in the ground. i'm sorry i can't show it to you. it's a good one. i can whistle a hole in water too. only it won't stay. did you ever try?

To which Mr. Chester has replied:

I am glad that you like Little Prince Toofat.

I am glad also that you wrote to me, because now I know your address and can tell you how to make the hole stay in the water.

First you whistle the hole in the water. Then you stick your finger in the hole to keep 'the hole from filling up. Then you pull the cork, or whatever, and let the water run out. Simple, isn't it?

P.S. Of course the hole is still where your finger is—and you can carry it around.

THE name of Berthe K. Mellett, author of "The Four Corners of the World Meet," in this issue, will recall to readers those two delightfully humorous stories of schoolgirl romance, "Glad Eyes" and "Miss Bolivar," which appeared in THE DELINEATOR for October and December. Mrs. Mellett is the wife of the correspondent of the United Press in Washington, D. C., where she has lived off and on for years. During the World War she accompanied her husband on European assignments, lived through air raids in London and Paris, and heard at first hand all the gossip of the Peace Conference at Versailles. Mrs. Mellett was a newspaper woman in Seattle before her marriage and through her present newspaper connections keeps in close touch with political and diplomatic life in the national capital. She has met most of the people she writes about in this month's article and is well equipped by

training and experience to report their activities in connection with the Disarmament Conference.

SEVEN bachelors, you will remember, had their way in these pages last month about the modern girl as a prospective wife. When these gentlemen read, elsewhere in this issue, the answers to their indictments, they may find a grain of consolation in the fact that Helen Rowland, whose letter heads the list, lets them down fairly lightly. Miss Rowland is the original woman satirist in American journalism and has made a specialty of pricking the vain pretensions of the alleged superior sex. Her "Sayings of Mrs. Solomon," being the wise reflections of the thousand-and-first wife, first attracted attention in the *New York World*. At the present time she is known to millions of newspaper readers in the United States, Canada, and Great Britain as the author of a distinctive column of epigrams and reflections variously entitled "Mrs. Solomon Says," "Bachelor Girl Reflections," "As a Widow Says," and "As a Woman Thinketh." That her observations on life and on men are of more than passing interest is indicated by the popularity of her five books containing selections from her best newspaper work.

PUBLICATION of a story by John Galsworthy is always an event that warrants a little special advance notice to fiction readers. A two-part story, "The Feud," will appear in THE DELINEATOR for February and March. All we need tell you about it now is that Mr. Galsworthy's fine artistry and gift for masterly characterization are brought into full play in this careful study of Anglo-Saxon farmer types. The feud starts with a quarrel over a dog-bite, which estranges two stubborn neighbors and their families, and sets in motion a chain of fateful circumstances that makes a most absorbing story with an unexpected ending.

SELDOM, if ever, will you find three distinct angles of the feminine point of view more compactly presented than in this anecdote from *Everybody's*:

Three ladies were discussing the marriage of a well-known actress. "You know, it is said that before she accepted him she made a full confession of all the indiscretions of her life."

"What touching confidence," sighed one lady.

"What needless trouble," added another.

"What a wonderful memory!" finished the third.

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MIX and SERVE

Edited with Willing Hands and a Mean Pencil by the Only Mere Man on the Staff

ARNOLD BENNETT, whose "Mr. Prohack," concluded in this issue, has been delighting 1000's of DELINEATOR readers, is one man who understands women. He admits it. ☺ ☺ ☺ From his "The Truth About an Author" we cull this choice gem about his experience as an associate editor on an English woman's magazine. ☺ ☺ ☺ "In those years I learned a good deal about frocks, household management, and the secret nature of women, especially the secret nature of women!" ☺ ☺ ☺ He admits, too, his responsibility for a bad break when under the picture of a layette he wrote the caption, "Cut-to-measure patterns supplied." ☺ ☺ ☺ Charles F. Champlin, a well-known business man of Evanston, Illinois, beat forty-five women competitors in a county fair bread-baking contest. ☺ ☺ ☺ We are torn between the desire to propose three cheers for Mr. Champlin and the fear that the defeated women will say, "It only proves that men can bake better bread than we can. Let them go to it. We quit." ☺ ☺ ☺ Glazed window-panes have been in use since the third century A.D. ☺ ☺ ☺ In *New Jersey* a breach-of-promise suit has no standing unless the lady who seeks heart balm has had notice of her betrothal publicly announced. ☺ ☺ ☺ Enlightened state, New Jersey. ☺ ☺ ☺ We see that *Mary Garden* is successfully directing the Chicago Opera Company again this Winter. ☺ ☺ ☺ Mary is one of the few women in the public eye who has birthdays at the rate of one a year. ☺ ☺ ☺ A professional photographer tells us that she also cheerfully submits to the publication of unretouched photographs of herself, the one fact that was needed to make her our candidate for President in 1924. ☺ ☺ ☺ In operating a patent egg-beater, grasp the handle firmly with the right hand and turn rapidly *away* from you, unless you prefer the opposite course, in which case simply reverse the process. ☺ ☺ ☺ The *Fashion Editor* informs us that the correct skirt length is about ten inches from the ground. ☺ ☺ ☺ Now that we can lift our eyes to higher things, there is the matter of *Coolie Garages*, which our special correspondent whose duty it is to follow the hair-dressing game tells us are *passé*. ☺ ☺ ☺ Hereafter, and until further notice is given in this column, ears will be worn *au naturel*. ☺ ☺ ☺ From the same source we learn that it would cost *Mary Pickford* several 100's of 1000's of dollars to succumb to the bobbed-hair craze. ☺ ☺ ☺ She has tried to change her coiffure, but the movie fans won't stand for it. ☺ ☺ ☺ Mary's flock of corn-colored cork-screw curls is her trade-mark. ☺ ☺ ☺ The State of *Wisconsin* has recently passed a law providing that a woman who is divorced for her fault, and whose children have been given in custody of the husband, may be forced to contribute to the children's support. ☺ ☺ ☺ The millennium is now just around the corner. ☺ ☺ ☺ To keep two layers of a layer cake from sticking together, insert a filling of rich chocolate with a stout trowel kept handy for the purpose. ☺ ☺ ☺ You're welcome. ☺ ☺ ☺ In *Donald Ogden Stuart's* burlesque "Outline of American History," running in the *Bookman*, he mentions a strait-laced New England spinster who once asked a young man to dinner with her niece, but never asked him again because she didn't think his story about the lady clairvoyant who read the man's mind and then slapped his face was very funny. ☺ ☺ ☺ The largest cheese ever constructed was exhibited at a New York State county fair. ☺ ☺ ☺ Neither do we. ☺ ☺ ☺ *Cassina Tea* is a new table beverage, the deliciousness of which is vouched for by the United States Department of Agriculture. ☺ ☺ ☺ It is made from the leaves of a native plant, is cheap, and is described as being mild, smooth, and stimulating. ☺ ☺ ☺ *Au revoir* until next month. Meanwhile, Merry Christmas to all.

AN OLD black mammy was on the witness-stand to tell what she knew of a pig killed by a train. She was told to tell in as few words as possible how it happened.

"Boss, de train jes' tooted an' tuck it."

A BOY and his mother were taking in the circus. Looking at the hippopotamus, he said: "Ma, ain't that the ugliest damn thing you ever saw?"

"Bill!" said his ma, "didn't I tell you never to say 'ain't'?"

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and
A Happy New Year
yours
"Old Dutch"

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