THE DELINEATOR

July 1919 —



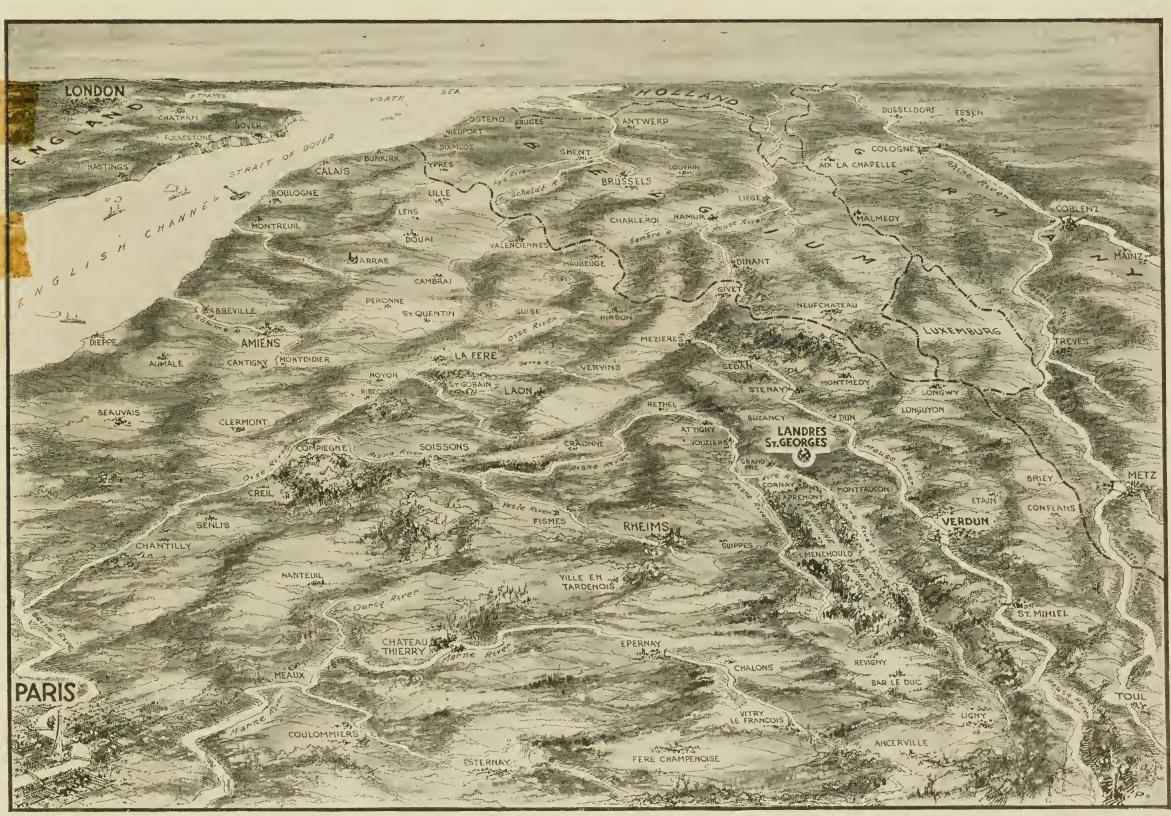
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THE DELINEATOR FOR JULY 1919

HONORÉ WILLSIE EDITOR 🐯 JAMES EATON TOWER MANAGING EDITOR



DELINEATOR READERS ADOPT AND REBUILD LANDRES AND ST. GEORGES, "THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK"

THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT



MRS. DAGGETT

The prayer of Monsieur A. Vauchelet, Secretary of the Commune of Landres and St. Georges in the Ardennes, is answered. When, a few months ago, this municipal official in France wrote to America inviting the assistance of The De-LINEATOR for the reconstruction of his town, he added: "If THE DELINEATOR is willing to rebuild our town, in compensation we will make a municipal Golden Book in which will be inscribed the

VOLUME XCV

names and addresses of all your readers who may contribute to the restoration. And more, we will reserve social rooms and a very warm reception to those of your readers that may come to France to visit the front."

So to arrange internationally and formally for the adoption of this little French commune by The Butterick Publishing Company, I brought with me to Paris the necessary credentials from the French High Commission in America. These I presented on my arrival here to the French Government. A tiny French ascenseur (elevator), set all around with mirrors and looking more like a parlor cabinet than like an elevator, took me to the fifth floor of the *Présidence du Conseil*, Commissariat-Général des Affaires de Guerre. A pretty French office girl in black courtesied low before me and ushered me into the presence of Monsieur le Com-

HE Town of the Golden Book is ours. missaire-Général. When I had explained to him the purpose of my visit, he said in the expressive French way, "It is a very beautiful sentiment."

> And he understood the negotiations which have now made our connections here definite. The formal acceptance of our offer by the French Government, signed for the *Ministre des Régions Libérées*, reads as follows:

> "You have been kind enough to make us acquainted with the plan for the adoption of the Commune of Landres and St. Georges, Canton of Buzancy (Ardennes) by The Delineator magazine of New York City. In return, I have the honor to acknowledge that on behalf of the French Government I accept your offer. And I do so with gratitude and with sincere appreciation of the motive that has prompted this very generous proposal on the part of The Butterick Publishing Company.

> "The distribution of assistance to our distressed countrymen of the devastated regions is going to be a tremendous task, and the work of reconstruction to be undertaken is almost beyond imagination. Your aid will be deeply and sincerely appreciated by the people of this commune whom you are taking under your protection. Again permit me to thank you from my heart for this noble and generous deed.'

> OUR Town of the Golden Book lies in the Department of the Ardennes. This directly adjoins the Department of the Aisne, where is concentrated the wonderful work of the American Committee for Devastated France, with which Concluded on page 52

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

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In the August DELINEATOR, by SAMUEL MERWIN His new novel, "Hills of Han"

JULY, 1919

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By Caroline B. King

By Georgie Boynton Child

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"The Six-Hour Day for Houseworkers"

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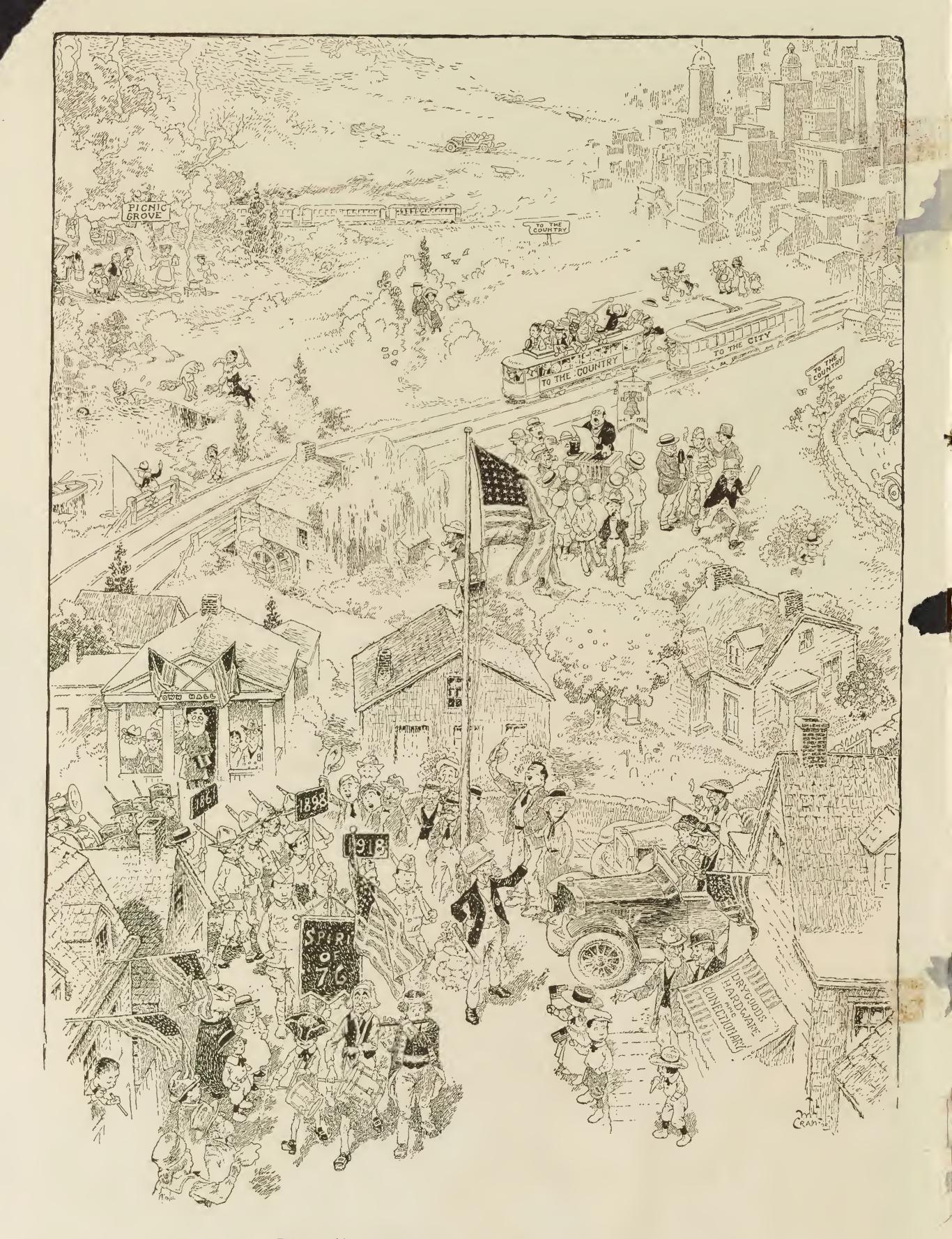
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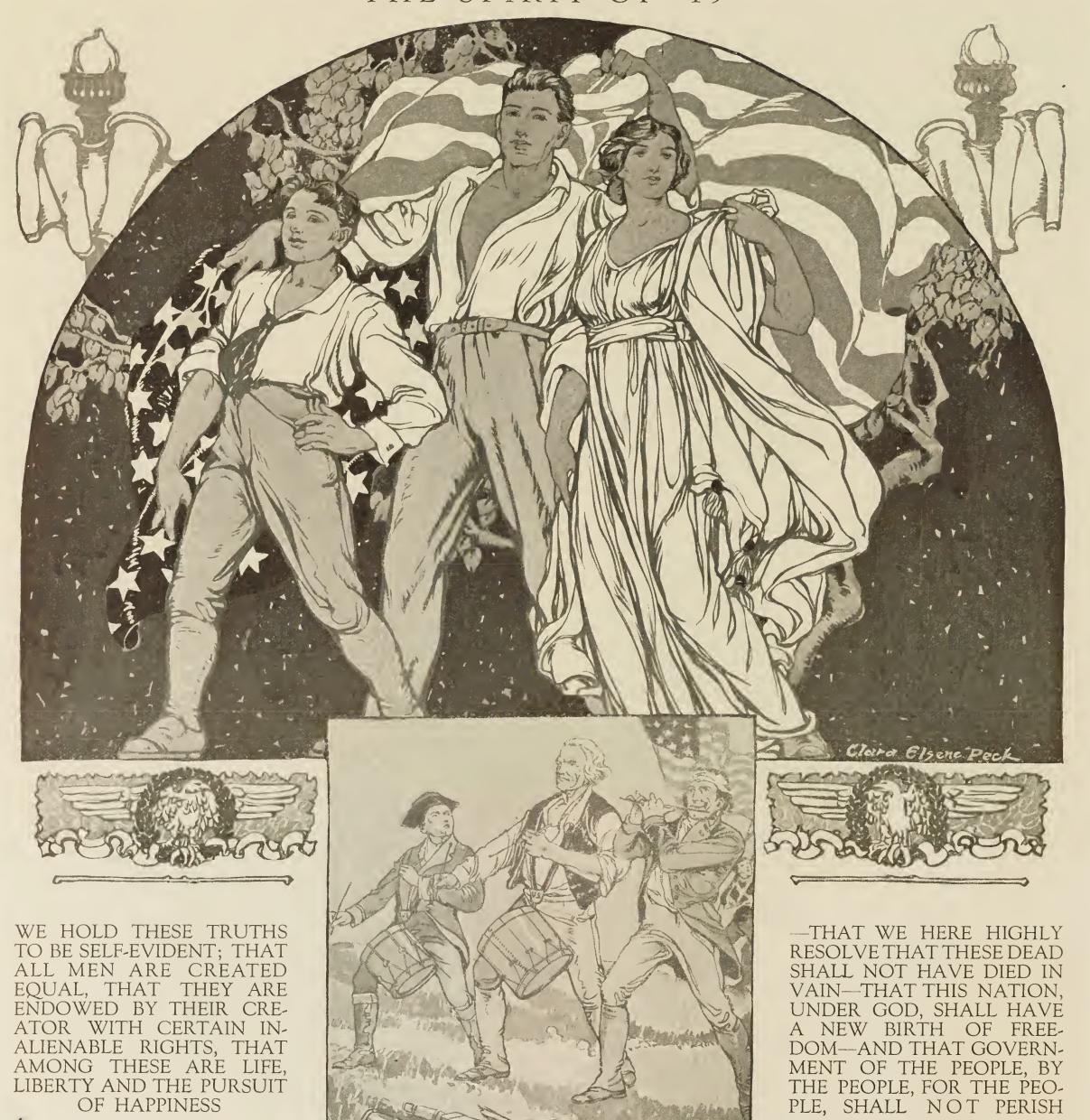
THE "FOURTH" IN OUR VILLAGE

If any of our doings are omitted from the picture, the limitations of space are to blame. Ours is a thoroughly progressive community, which would not knowingly miss anything in the way of activity or excitement

Dance any time — the Victrola is always ready!



THE SPIRIT OF '19



THE SPIRIT OF '76

SOME day, in the years to come, a little ehild standing at your knee may say, "Grandmother, ean you remember when women didn't vote?"

And you will answer, "Yes, dear, I remember very well." "But"— the ehild's faee will be blank with wonder—"why didn't they vote? Didn't they want to?"

"Yes, they wanted to, but the men wouldn't let them."

The great eyes turned up to you will be deeply puzzled. "But, grandmother, the eountry didn't belong to the men any more than it did to the women, did it?"

"Sometimes we women thought the men felt so."

"But why wouldn't they let you vote, grandmother?"

"Let me think," you will say. And your mind will hark back over your own lifetime, then back and back to the days when men fought and died for a Magna Charta. You will review in memory all the blood that has been shed since the world began, in man's struggle to do away with political injustice.

But your mind will revolt at trying to explain to the innoeent faee looking into yours that men for eountless generations refused to share the finest fruit of their struggles with their mates. Women never have understood why, and you, after years of freedom, will understand just as little.

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So you will turn to grandfather. "John, tell the ehild why." Grandfather will look over his glasses and say, "Because we were poor, weak fools."

Curiously enough the ehild will laugh and turn away satisfied. But you will be remembering. Particularly you will remember the Great War and women's part in it. You will reeall the portentous, the mad, the exalted, the dejected year of 1919 and how the Peace Conference at first ignored women. Then you will picture the unbelievable fact that it was Clémenceau, a Frenchman, a very old and very conservative Frenchman, who invited women to send representatives to this Conference on all matters closely touching women and children.

You will reeall the thrill that went through the womanhood of the world at that invitation. At that moment the age-long battle was won. A conservative leader of a conservative nation had settled women's status for all time. Wonderful France did nothing more magnificent than this during the period of the war.

And when the dust of eonfliet, of debate, eleared from the Spring of 1919, when the tumult and the shouting died, it was realized that nothing more significant to the human race came out of the Great War than this: that women were recognized to be as fully human beings as men.



INDEPENDENCE DAY

T WAS on an Indian reservation in the Northwest. An Indian woman was talking to me. She was twenty-seven or eight years old, comely and clean, but blind from trachoma. Her little boy of ten was blind also, but from venereal taint. Her little house in the magnificent pine-woods was poverty-stricken to the last degree. It was the Fourth of July and the Indian agent had planned an elaborate celebra-

"Are you going to hear the speeches?" I asked as

we sat on the door-step.

She answered in the excellent English taught in the reservation school: "Yes; I always go. Before trachoma got the best of me I used to take part in the entertainment myself."

"How was it trachoma got the best of you?" I asked.

She turned her unseeing face toward me as if in

"Why wouldn't it? What do we Indians know about your white diseases—until it's too late? A fake white doctor let me go blind after he had taken my allotment money away from me. You know in the towns around the reservation there are hundreds of families who live by robbing us Indians." Her voice was entirely dispassionate.

I sighed. "I don't see how you can want to go to our Fourth-of-July celebration. What can it

mean to an Indian?"

"It means a good deal, but not in the way you

might think."

The wind murmured through the pine-trees and the little boy came to lean against his mother's knee.

"You whites," she said, "took America away from us, but we still love it, more than you do. The rocks, the trees, the ground, we are closer to them than you, and they're America. We love them for themselves and not for the money to be made out

of them, the way you whites do.

"Every year we go to your Independence-Day celebration. We hear you read those parts of the Constitution and the Declaration. They are wonderful words. And afterward we talk about you what you've done with this America you took. And if what your Bible teaches is right, and goodness and kindness and all that count, when we compare you with Indians, it's funny.

"And we talk about the words in the Constitution and Declaration and what you have done to us Indians; of the nasty sicknesses you brought us; of the big and little ways you robbed us and of the many ways in which you're deliberately destroying us. And we think what a chance you had with those big words as a pattern to make a heaven of America and then—lame, starving and blind, we laugh! Oh, you silly, vain, bad whites! We laugh!"

Later I went to the celebration and heard the immortal words: "We hold these truths to be selfevident; that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness."

And I wondered if we Americans had missed the greatest opportunity that any nation ever had to

become truly great.

THE TOO-GREAT BURDEN

HIS issue of THE DELINEATOR appears during the week when colleges all over the country are holding their commencement exercises. Thousands of young men and women have completed four years of intensive work and are for the first time facing their grown-up futures.

Time was when only direct economic pressure, personal need, drove a highly educated woman to self-support. But all that is changed. To-day not a woman graduate but feels that she is under obligation to be an economic producer. Rich girls and poor girls alike are responding to a world pressure whose causes are so subtle and so complicated as to be the despair of the sociologist.

But no matter what the causes, a new responsibility faces the college-bred woman to-day. The world demands that she choose a money-earning profession and that she continue it if possible even after marriage. Racially and biologically there probably is something fundamentally wrong with this demand. In obeying it, girls must recognize the wrong and attempt to counteract it by facing the fact that theirs is a greater life-task than any man can ever

They must earn money. They must make homes. They must have babies. And they must carry all of these responsibilities so wisely and so well that the future welfare of the race is assured. It is up to the college girl with her trained mind to show the world how this triple burden may be carried.

THE SERVANTLESS HOME

GAVE six hours a day to the Red Cross during L the war," said a Middle-Western woman to me, "and helped, besides, in the Liberty Loan drives. Practically all that time I had no servant, not even a laundress or cleaning-woman."

"What did you do? Board?" I asked.

"Not at all. It was this way: My thirteen-yearold boy said: 'Mother, dad's too old to go to war and I'm too young. Why don't you do Red Cross work?' "'Who'll run the house?' I asked.

"He looked disappointed and shook his head. I put on my thinking-cap, and the next day our household went on a new schedule. My husband doesn't have to be at his office until nine, and usually we

breakfasted at eight.

"But now I called Jim and his father at six. Dad attended to the furnace and cleaned the bathroom. Yes, he did, really. Why not? Jim put the beds to air and the bedrooms in order and made the beds before starting for school at 8:45. I got the breakfast and went over the lower part of the house with the vacuum cleaner.

"Breakfast at seven. Dad wiped the dishes for me and I made sandwiches for all our lunches. At 8:45 we left the house together. My home is electrically equipped—vacuum cleaner, electric washer, mangles, stove and all. Mondays we got up at five and the three of us had the washing done by six-thirty. It can be done if the family helps—in war or out of war."

I looked at her and sighed. "It's a great life," I said, "if you don't weaken."

THE PERFECT TOPIC

CEVERAL hundred club women of a large town had assembled at a luncheon at which flowers and cut-glass, elaborate millinery and French heels were the dominant notes.

The speaker of the day had been doing his best. He was a good speaker and he was sticking close to the subject on which the women had asked him to talk—the League of Nations. The women were paying him a handsome sum for the lecture and he was sincerely anxious to give them their money's worth. But although his lecture was a model he felt that he was not holding his audience.

As is not unusual with women audiences, during the entire hour the room seemed gently aflutter. The gay millinery was never still; it turned and undulated, nodded and wriggled. Stray locks of hair were constantly adjusted, noses were powdered, gloves were put off and on, collars were rearranged, handkerchiefs were conspicuous.

Toward the end of the lecture little groups of women began leaving. Eighteen or twenty of them gathered at the doors, whispering softly.

"And now," said the lecturer, "in closing I wish to bring in an apparently irrelevant topic—the matter of the babies of Servia. Having seen them, I can tell you much of these unhappy children."

To his astonishment, the room became absolutely still. Not a motion, not a whisper, was perceptible. The women at the door returned to their seats, and for these last fifteen minutes his audience gave him an attention that was almost painful in its intensity. He had stumbled on the perfect topic.

AMERICA

IT WAS one of the limited, extra-fare trains between Chicago and New York. A man accompanied by a friend who bade him an immediate and noisy good-by took the berth next to mine. He was clean-shaven, ruddy, middle-aged. He wore his new suit awkwardly. His hands were a workingman's hands.

He watched the porter making up berths with breathless interest. "What do I do while you fix mine up?" he asked.

"You go back to the smoker. Here, I'll show you,

sah," replied the colored man. I sat up late, reading. The stranger, called by the porter after his berth was made up, listened intently while the porter told him to close his curtains and to set out his suit-case for the custom authorities; then he crawled from sight. Two hours later, when I was lying awake in my berth, I heard the porter say

"Where am that guy's suit-case?" A pause, then: "Looka here, boss, you should take off yo' shoes and yo' cap when yo' goes to bed in a berth. Yo' sleeps

The next day as the man was preparing to leave the train in New York State, I asked him if he had

enjoyed his trip.

"No, ma'am," he replied. "I never was in a Pullman before. But I drawed war wages all Summer and I wasn't going to let the rich folks ride better'n me this time. Don't like it. It's too unsocial like and too much trouble for comfort. But I'm makin' high wages and I'm going to live high. I'm always goin' to ride on a Pullman. No rich guy can't put nothin' on me. What's the use of livin' in America if I can't ride in style?"

PRAYER

THE laundress rubbed her iron on the waxed paper thoughtfully.

"I'd pray for it, Annie," she said. "Can't do no

harm, and sumpin' might come of it." Annie polished a breakfast-plate. "Prayer's all

right, only I'm mighty picking about what I pray for. 'Tain't treatin' the Lord right to heckle Him 'bout clothes when He's got all the Kaiser's works on His mind. You'd oughta use tact with the Lord, like you would with any one else." Her black face was very intent as she turned it to Sarah.

Sarah pushed her iron back and forth. "Bless yo' eyes, child, yo' can't trouble the Lord. He's beyond trouble. Just get down on yo' old aching knees and empty yo' heart out to him. He likes it. Sho' He does. He's got a lot of natural curiosity 'bout us humans, the Lord has. And it sho' eases vo' heart to empty it."

Annie was unconvinced. "I never prayed for nothin' that I really wanted and got it. I thinks the Lord don't care much for colored folks' prayer. We're hewers of wood and drawers of water to the Lord like we are to folks."

Sarah's gentle voice rumbled on:

"You'd better take some bakin'-soda, child. You're sour-hearted to-day. I'm tellin' you the world would fall down and die if it wa'n't for prayer. It's all that keeps most of us goin' and don't you give it up. Mind what I'm tellin' you. Some day you'll find the Lord answers every prayer. Every one."

PROHIBITION

COME of the strongest opponents of the prohibi-S tion law have been men who care nothing for drink, but who say they object to having their personal liberties curtailed. They don't seem to realize that the whole trend of social advance is in the direction of the control of the individual for the good of the whole.

We venture to prophesy that if America follows her great opportunities Americanism will come to mean the voluntary relinquishment of personal privilege in order that the nation may know a more perfect freedom.



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LORENZO SAID IT WAS OF IMMENSE IMPORTANCE AND QUITE SECRET

HEROES

BY PHYLLIS BOTTOME



IS BROTHERS AND SISTERS CALLED HIM LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT—ALL EXCEPT LAVINIA. HE WAS HER HERO, 2 AND EVERYTHING HE DID

WAS EXACTLY RIGHT, QUIET AS SHE WAS, SHE WAGED WAR IN HIS BEHALF AGAINST ANY AND ALL COMERS-ES-PECIALLY AGAINST HER SISTER-IN-LAW FOR THE POSSESSION OF LORENZO'S BOULE CABINET.

PHYLLIS BOTTOME (MRS. FORBES DENIS) IS THE AUTHOR OF "THE DARK TOWER."

THEY were coming to take away Lorenzo's furniture, and it seemed to his sister, Miss Lavinia, like rifling a tomb,

It was true that, legally speaking, the furniture was not Lorenzo's, and Lorenzo was not dead. But Miss Lavinia felt that to act legally was often morally wrong. Was there not the flagrant case of the Deceased Wife's

The Church had put a ban upon these infelicitous unions, but the State had flung a law across the path of

righteousness and tripped the Church up.

Marriage is a sacrament, and a deceased wife's sister, as far as Miss Lavinia was concerned, could not be a real wife to her deceased sister's husband.

Lorenzo's furniture was a parallel case—it was almost like a sacrament—and Miss Lavinia had served before it all her life. The awful part of it was that she knew some of the furniture—to be accurate, two-thirds belonged legally to Jim and Tom.

They had consented to leave it for many years in their parents' old home.

Jim, who traveled in strange lands and built bridges, did not need old oak, and Tom was the most good-natured of the three brothers. He said:

"Oh, the old sticks can wait till I have a home of my own. You and Lorenzo can do what you like with them

Lorenzo magnificently waited, and did what he liked with them.

All the genius of the family centered in Lorenzo—particularly the genius of doing what he liked.

He did everything magnificently from the time of his first stage triumph to his last long superb pose before the camera of a cinema photographer.

It was a last pose, because unfortunately there was no doubt that Lorenzo's Grecian profile—it was said of him that he looked like the young Antinous--so exquisite in youth, so stern, so simply noble, should not have run to fat. One chin is enough in a Grecian profile; and Autinous died young.

It would have been better if Lorenzo had persevered with the Swedish exercises recommended to him by a friend. They had tired him before his bath, and nearly

killed him after his breakfast; still they counteracted premature protuberances. .

The old red-brick house, with overhanging eaves and open hearths, made a perfect background for Lorenzo.

Of course he was most of his time in London, but he came down resplendently to receive the week-end visits of his friends. Lavinia was ordered to hire "village retainers" with an air of permanency, and Lorenzo himself brought down a "man" and a cook.

Actors and actresses, baronets whom Lorenzo treated as if they were his cousins, and writers who had secretaries and wanted quiet for week-ends, swept like a triumphant procession through the small, mossy village of Writtle.

The week-ends were not quiet for Lavinia. They scintillated with all the splendor and movement of a thunder-storm at sea.

From the moment she heard Lorenzo's beautiful Oxford voice at the gate—he had never been to Oxford, but that sweet mellow tone with a latent capacity for booming suggested cloistered corridors—saying, "Yes—we call it Mornington Hall—that was our dear old family name—a younger branch in the female line, of course—no title but we like to keep up the old tradition!" Lavinia was a changed woman.

From that moment she was no longer the sallow, heavy, middle-aged spinster, hovering between her duster and the church; she was a lady of the Renaissance swung to the dizzy height of being-before a dozen strange, grand people—Lorenzo's only sister.

Lorenzo always acknowledged her as his sister, thoughhe never labored the point. Lavinia was quite content with this attitude; she was one of the people for whom backgrounds have been invented.

She too believed in the "old tradition," but she wasn't quite sure what it was.

Her father, a Mr. James Bell, had been a successful dealer in antiquities, which he sold at an increasing profit in Holborn. His success had enabled him to buy an old house and garden in the country to suit his invalid wife; then it had rather dwindled, but even after his death he was able to leave his children a thousand pounds apiece and some very good pieces of furniture.

If you wanted to make Lorenzo angry, you addressed his letters to L. Bell, Esq. Even with the fully written Lorenzo Acheson Bell, his name failed to produce harmony in his bosom; but his brothers frankly and coarsely refused to let him change it.

James said Lorenzo could call himself Lorenzo Mornington on the stage if he liked, but he had better not try being a Mornington off it! And Lorenzo often listened

with surprising mildness to what James said. Lavinia understood that her father was a collector and that the word "dealer" must be obliterated from her mind. She frequently watched facts go down under the waves

of dramatic emotion which beat upon her life. There were moments when Lavinia wondered what the vicar would have said to these sudden immersions of truth, but on the whole she felt that Romance is justified of its

immersions; and that perhaps, if not brought to a point, the vicar thought so too.

Lorenzo knew exactly how to treat and place old furniture; he put the really valuable pieces in the best lights and made good imitations almost authentic by dark corners and clever polish. He did nothing actually himself, but he taught Lavinia how to treat wood, tapestries

It was her wonderful share in his life, and no hand so delicate with china, so searching with polish, or so light and tender with ancient fabrics, could have been procured.

Lorenzo praised her a little before strangers for these gifts—he blamed her only in private—and his praise was the nearest point to intoxication which Lavinia ever

Neither of her other brothers meant anything to her. Jim, who sent her shells and a parrot she couldn't keepbecause it would laugh when Lorenzo was feeling things deeply—seldom wrote to her, and when he sent her a tenpound note he added the irritating but useless proviso that it mustn't go to Lorenzo. Lavinia felt that Jim was kind but coarse, and that distant lands were appropriate

She was not surprised to hear that he had married, very happily, a woman who could shoot a tiger.

Tom was worse; he sent Lavinia an umbrella every Christmas; and people like Lavinia value selection in Christmas presents, and do not lose umbrellas.

When Lorenzo discovered that she had a hoard of them,

he was naturally shocked and annoyed. 'This kind of thing," he asserted in his deep, mellow tones, "is degrading; it is like people who keep shops!"

However, he disposed of the umbrellas kindly enough for Lavinia among his women friends.

Lorenzo had about fifty very intimate women friends; he called them "Little Mother," "Little Sister," and "Little Child," according to their ages; these were the only ties of relationship that he was ever likely to form.

But it was to Lavinia that Lorenzo turned in moments of confusion and tragedy, when he moved—a little uncertainly, it must be confessed—before his oncoming creditors.

He wept with his head in Lavinia's lap, borrowed what money there was in the house, and left her to face the creditors.

On the sharpest of these occasions all Lavinia's share of the property-her old jewelry and lace-disappeared, and more wicked legal arrangements were made, called mortgages, and agreed to by Tom. Tom had come down when he heard Lavinia was alone, looking plainer and more uninteresting than ever.

Tom said things about Lorenzo which were worse than mortgages, and offered to take Lavinia back with him to London and let the "whole place rip," but Lavinia showed a surprising power of resistance. A limpet is a weak thing till you start trying to detach it from its rock.

Lavinia clung desperately to Mornington Hall. She said it must have a caretaker; no one could well eat less than she did.

Tom, who always liked people to eat a great deal, had to leave her after some expenditure of profanity and a good deal of hard cash.

Continued on page 62



"DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE"

BY LIEUT. GITZ RICE

"CHEERIO! HERE'S TO THE ALLIES"

N APRIL, 1915, came the first gas attack, the second battle of Ypres, the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the death of that noble soldier, Lord Kitchener. Honestly and frankly, those were dark days. In them there came to me the melody of "Dear Old Pal of Mine"—only the thought, not the finished product. That was no time for writing anything except was reports.

Since then, ninety per cent. of our battery of one hundred and fifty men have been wiped out. Often without munitions, food or smokes, or all three, we could only stick to our guns, trusting in God for what was going to happen next. It's all right, as the men say, for soldiers with plenty of bullets in their pouches and food in their knapsacks to fight the enemy, but it's —— when there's neither.

Those fields of Flanders were a wilderness of crosses. You know how a wilderness first appears to you—a great mass in which all is one, nothing separately distinguishable; so it was with that vast sweep of little crosses, as far as you could see. And beneath them lay all that was

left of bright, strong men. One felt that his own place might soon be with them, and life was not worth a nickel. It was German mastery of aircraft, artillery and numbers of men, but it was courageous British, French and Belgian soldiers who sold their lives to the enemy at a terrible price in those early days.

In the years of war that followed in Belgium and France my song kept singing to me, and sometimes in the trenches I sang the chorus of it to the boys; only the melody, for it had as yet no words.

After I was gassed and invalided home I came to New York. One day I played the melody to Harold Robe, whom I had known in London.

"Gitz, why don't you publish it?" he asked.

My answer was that I feared it would seem too sentimental, that the public might not be interested in the loss of a 'pal of mine.' He read me a poem he had written; it proved that he in his place in the war, I in mine, had been thinking the same thought, he in words and I in music.

Later I played only the melody to Miss Blanche Bates and Mr. Thorne. Both exclaimed: "Why don't you write it?"

With such encouragement from those three, Miss Bates,

Robe and Thorne, I wrote it, and "Dear Old Pal of Mine" was sung in "Getting Together," in which, with Miss Bates and Thorne, I was myself playing a part. It was recruiting propaganda for British and American forces, and its profits went to charity. Our manager was Mr. William Brady, a wonderful Irishman, a good fellow, and a one-hundred-per-cent. American, whose generous patriotism always brought fine results.

Mr. Holbrook Blinn, the head of "Getting Together," told Mr. John McCormack of "Dear Old Pal of Mine." In Washington Mr. McCormack came to see the show and heard the song sung. Returning to New York, I found that he was singing it, and had sung it on the talking-machine. From that day its popularity was assured, thanks to Mr. McCormack.

The way that the public caught on to it proves that the American people were deeply affected by the sadness of war from its beginning, though they were not given credit for this until they got into it. They have been wonderfully kind to aid me and my soldier pals of the British and French armies who have been on duty here in the United States for war work, and in my case the American musicians have taken me into their midst as a brother. May

Concluded on page 54

"GENTLEMEN, UNAFRAID"

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



HEY'RE home now, or coming home, our soldier boys. Cheering, tearful erowds meet them at the boats. That's their high public hour. Then they go into little homes all over the country, homes of which they will be forevermore the center; and this is each man's greatest hour, as he fights his battles o'er for the loved ones in whose eyes he is the chief hero of the war. Then eomes the drifting down-town into this shop and that house to see old friends, and the golden glory grows a little faint; they are being turned from soldiers to

And they will be of our most honored eitizens because of what they have shown themselves to be. Do you remember how, before they went overseas, we used to watch them during the singing of the national anthem? They stood at salute, their bodies straight, their faces earnest. In that symbol of patriotism they promised themselves to their

We looked on, misty-eyed, though not realizing what they would be ealled upon to endure; not realizing the tremendous thing we asked of them. Just boys, untutored by experience, boys in shops and offices, who used to keep an eye on the clock toward five; whose simple ambitions were to earn a raise, to be as well-dressed as the next fellow; to take pretty girls to the movies.

Overseas these boys became men, living their patriotism, not through symbols, but through dogged deeds that seared away their youth. They showed the qualities that inhere in heroes and in saints, in men of iron fiber, of great soul. They have won, these average youth of ours, to the highest courage, to unbelievable patience, to the rarest comradeship, to a fine ehivalry, to a generous teehnique

Through eireumstanees which there is not space to relate, I was with soldiers under withering fire, under stress and strain that indeed try men's souls; and I saw these great qualities shining out, steady beaeons over a blackness of fear and pain and horror. It is hard for people who have not been with them thus to see and feel the terrible depths of their experience; words simply do not describe, haven't force and fire enough to tell the real truth.

This came home to me a few weeks ago in a little town by the Rhine. A soldier was summoned to the office of the commanding eolonel of the One Hundred and Sixtysixth Regiment, to receive the Distinguished Service

"It's young Walter Eieh of Company K," the colonel said. "He did a very brave thing before Sedan: went out and got the leader of his patrol after three men had been killed trying to do the same thing.'

The soldier eame in, a fine-faced lad, a little grave, with that remote, inserutable, aged sort of look in his eyes that so many of our returning soldiers show. I went through the military forms, saluted him, pinned on the medal, and shook hands, and eongratulated him, and the army for having him. Then, being a woman, I broke away from military precedent and said:

'I wish it could have been your mother who pinned on that medal, laddie.'

And said he—good, genuine boy!—

"I wish it could."

When he had gone, I thought of the colonel's words: "Went out and got the leader of his patrol after three men had been killed trying to do the same thing.'

Heroism must be told in such bare sentences. But they can not show the shell-torn field, the heights beyond, bristling with German machine guns, the young officer,





MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

leader of the patrol, wounded, a few hundred feet away from his own platoon. There they lie, the devoted men, in the treneh mud under the dreary November sky; shells whistle over and send high, sinister geysers of dark earth; but there is for the moment no machine-gun fire, and there lies the beloved young officer.

A soldier erawls gingerly out of his fox-hole and begins to work his way through the churned field, hiding here behind a clump of tall grasses, slipping there into a shellhole, making careful, slow progress. Nearer and nearer he wins to the officer until the watchers begin to draw long, relieved breaths; surely he will make it! The sharp erash of a sniper's bullet and the soldier falls lax. Is he dead or only wounded? He lies very still. The men of the platoon stir, and groan or curse inwardly: two of their own lying out there!

More shells, but it is darker now; and two of their own out there! Perhaps a soldier trying to reach them from a different angle might suceeed. From the right flank, where there is little danger of enfilading fire, another soldier slips into the ugly furrows of death and begins the long journey to these two quiet figures. What suspense, what misery for the watchers! Twice more the sniper's bullets speak.

When Walter Eieh throws himself over the edge of his fox-hole there are hands who would hold him back, trying to stop a multiplication of death. Four men are dead, for the officer for whom three gave their lives does not move.

That deed is one of hundreds of brave deeds. With my own eyes I have seen hundreds of examples of bravery, of patience, of loyalty and faithfulness unto death. The patience and the bravery are interwoven. It was the patienee under inconveniences that struck me in my early days in France, when I was learning soldiering in Alsaee.

Then the soldiers stood long in line for their food, reeeived it in metal mess-kits and ate it anywhere—off the back of a trunk or in a ditch. They slept in dark stables on eootieized straw. They did hard paek-drill. They marehed many miles, and all with no eomplaint that was not mostly humorous.

Later, when amateur soldiering became professional soldiering, and these men of ours forged their way on in the three American drives, inconveniences became unspeakable hardships.

There were the long hours or days without food because the mess kitchens could not get up, or had been shelled to pieces. There was the long lying out in the woods, not knowing if they were to be relieved, or if they must once again face machine-gun fire. There was the constant moving forward just after they had dug themselves in; a man might twice in a night have to dig himself in, and perhaps he laeked a treneh tool and had to use his mess-kit or even his fingers.

There was the terrible, anguishing marehing through the mud when it seemed as if each clogged, dragging step must be the last, and yet the leaders' feet went on. Patience and bravery; one was the corollary of the other.

Let me speak first of a day I spent with a battalion of the Eighty-minth Division. These lads arrived overseas early in June, a large part of them being replacement troops who had had seareely a week's training in eamp. They were given five weeks' intensive training in a back area in France, and about the eighth of August they were taken to the Toul sector. Here for almost another five weeks they endured their first baptism of fire, the nightly stand-to on the borders of "no man's land." the patrols, the raids, the shells that took toll of them and sehooled their imagination in the bleak, red roads of war.

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IN THE HALL SHE TRIED TO THANK HIM. THE MEDIÚM-BROWN EYES HAD TO FINISH FOR HER

THE SECRET CHAMBER

BY AGNES MARY BROWNELL

SHE MADE A SECRET CHAMBER OF JEALOUSY IN THEIR HOUSE OF LIFE AND TENDED IT CAREFULLY, IN SPITE OF HERSELF. A TOUCHING DRAMA OF A WOMAN'S HEART, BY A NEW AUTHOR WHOSE STORIES ARE SO TRUE TO HUMAN NATURE THAT THEY SEEM NO LONGER STORIES BUT THE REAL LIVES OF PEOPLE YOU KNOW

HE was one of those prudent dressers whose seasons of adornment coincide with the solstices, but are biennial instead of annual. Within a two-year limit, she had achieved almost prophetic vision; and so long as a thing was dark and plain and without arresting features she required little more in a purchase.

Her cloaks ran to dark gray or brown; her suits were a perpetual navy; her hats were neither large nor small; she had never worn colored shoes.

For nine months of the year she was accustomed to teach in a public school. The three vacation months she spent with her sister in Iowa.

She was handy, if a trifle slow, with her needle; and she usually put in the Summer outfitting her young nieces for school. In this way, and by helping otherwise with the housework, she paid for her keep, and was enabled always to maintain a small bank balance.

But she perceived that she would never be rich. And that things would never be different. And then her queer prophetic vision played a strange trick upon her.

This plain, capable, experienced, taken-for-granted school-teacher, given to Winter-woodsy browns and grays and indistinguishable navy blues; setting out on weekday mornings for her prison-house, and returning at night to her boarding-place laden with note-books and themes for correction; putting in her Saturdays at her careful wardrobe and in certain refinements of the toilet, such as special attention to her hair, which was still brown (except underneath); and her Sundays writing to the sister and nieces, attending two services, and guiltily completing her survey of the themes and note-books—suddenly she found herself one Friday night, flushed and trembling and swept by a surging feeling curiously compounded of joy, relief, amazement and incomprehension, receiving a proposal of marriage in the boarding-house parlor.

Her first conscious thought had been that now she need not sew all next Summer. And that never, after this term, would she have to measure time by gongs. She couldn't visualize what married life might be, but only what it wouldn't be. She had taught so very long, and for as many years as she had taught had been the corresponding Summer vacation, when she had sewed and sewed and sewed.

It was not that she had ever thought of rebelling. She would have been terrified at the thought of losing her position. Now—wonder of wonders!—it was hers to resign.

She sat in her shiny little blue-serge school-dress, a little rubbed at the wrists, with her little, stout. blacklaced shoes, a little rubbed too, drawn intuitively beneath the hem. She had been late that night, and had not had time to put her hair up smoothly. She felt that it straggled under the hastily transposed pins. One receiving a proposal of marriage should look one's best.

There had been something going on this night. The parlor was deserted. In the hall, where she had stopped for her pile of note-books, Mr. Lowery had said:

"Could I speak to you a moment, Miss Briggs?" She had thought swiftly:

"Thank fortune, he's not a patron! It can't be a complaint." He drew out a chair for her and closed the door, and

then he said: "We have known each other quite a while. It makes things a little difficult—a boarding-house. I thought perhaps it would be better to come straight out. Miss

Briggs—would you marry me?' Without a thought of what marriage might mean, but with a very clear conception of what it would mean to teach no longer—or at least no longer than a decent period of engagement might require—she had returned:

'I will come straight out too, Mr. Lowery. I would.' Afterward she had had a terrified moment. What if he should kiss her! She had never before received a proposal of marriage, but she was deeply read. Something within her made her feel cold and withdrawn. She looked mutely at him.

Miss Briggs's eyes were a medium brown, with mediumbrown lashes. They were not fine eyes, but they were very pleasant; and a curious habit they had of crinkling when she smiled had left them a little lined beneath and at the corners.

It would have been hard to say just what at this moment, as she sat there, braced for the impending salute, in her worn school attire and with her disordered hair, Miss Briggs's eyes seemed most to express a sort of pathos—of appeal—reprieve—

Whatever it was, Mr. Lowery seemed to understand. And perhaps the storied proposal is not a criterion to be followed blindly. Mr. Lowery had been widowered for some years; and Miss Briggs had been teaching for some time. He observed matter-of-faetly:

"Perhaps you'd like to think it over by yourself—sort of get used to the notion.'

Again she looked at him with her medium-brown eyes; and again he read aright. He said, "Good night—Helen.'

It was the nearest to love-making he had

Miss Briggs had always been rather vain of the "Helen;" it atoned in some sort for the "Briggs," though her name on the school register was plain "H. Briggs.

Afterward, getting used to the notion, she had consulted her mirror. It was as she had feared. Instead of being swathed carefully over the faintly streaked temples, the strands of her mediumbrown hair had been drawn carelessly backward. That harsh frame seemed to bring more clearly into relief the faint depressions beneath her eyes, beneath her chin, and in her cheeks.

She was not old; only at that difficult stage when one is said to be "not so young as she once was." And yet despite the fact of her old youth, her tarnished temples and dented hollows, her shiny old school serge, her rubbed shoes—in fact, the whole rubbed self of her—he had just asked her to marry him. She thought, "Whatever can he see in me?"

Next day, refastening hooks on the blue serge by the window, she looked out and saw a boy dismount from a wheel in front of the boardinghouse. Almost at once Mrs. Ladd, her landlady,

"Miss Briggs! Miss Briggs! Somethin' for

But she had bought nothing. It must be a mistake. She untied the wrappings. Disposed amid crushed tissue were purple blooms rimmed with green, and a card—Harlan Lowery.

All at once she felt young—young and pretty. This feeling was so strong upon her that she went boldly and faced the mirror. Something had happened to her, or it. She undoubtedly looked different. She would not see him till night; he had lunch down-town. She thought she would dress up.

She dressed up; and then, just before dinner, she thought better of it. It seemed to her flagrant and flaunting, as if she were trying somehow to impress him. She never dressed up on Saturdays. In the end she went down to dinner in the old blue serge with its customary Saturday renovation. But she still had her young and pretty feeling. She took leave of her violets; she had had to dispose them in her tooth-mug, never before having had to meet such an exigency.

They met as usual—as all the boarders met. Afterward, in the hall, she tried to thank him. But other people came bungling in. The mediumbrown eyes had to finish for her.

Mr. Lowery said uncomfortably, "Oh—that's

When the interlopers had got out, Mr. Lowery asked briskly and as if following an exact formula, "Might I accompany you to church to-morrow night?"

She said, more fluttered than a schoolgirl, "I'd be pleased to have you.'

Up-stairs, at the turn of the hall, she heard Miss Cone confide to Miss Stephens:

"What do you know—Briggs has a beau!" What if they did know!

Sunday night she felt cumulatively young and pretty. It was the second year for her coat, which was gray, a serviceable Oxford. Its great collar sheltered his violets. They were like a charming secret between them. In church she did not feel at all religious, only happy. And young. And pretty.

At home, at the boarding-house, at the stairway, he looked again for his cue in the medium-brown eyes. They looked less braced. She put out her hand; that gently pathetic barrier might have been a wall. He shook the hand, shook it briskly, and said, "Good night--Helen." She replied, by now half-way up the stairs, "Good night— Harley.'

They got into a way of going somewhere, anywhere, on Friday nights; of chatting for an hour in the boardinghouse parlor on Saturdays, and of attending the evening service together on Sundays. The rest of the week they might as well not have been engaged.

Miss Briggs bought a new Spring suit, the customary biennial purchase. She went, one Saturday morning, in a delightful exhibitation of spirit and in the company of Miss Cone, to select it. Afterward she heard Miss Cone and Miss Stephens discussing it. Miss Stephens had asked briskly, "What color?" Miss Cone had replied significantly, "Can you ask?"

She walked out with him one Springlike Sunday afternoon in the blue suit; sprays of pink carnations mingled with greenery swayed at its smart jacket-fronts. They sat, like any foolish young couple, on a bench in the park. He said:

"Getting a little—more used—to the notion?"

They had supper in a pleasant little tea-room, they two alone. It was the first time. The prosaic little expedition possessed for her a queer, adventurous quality, intimate, delightful and with a glamour of unreality. New clothes never seemed quite real to her. The new suit, the carnation corsage, the collation—just he and she-

After the early service that night, at the foot of the stairs, when he had said, "Good night-Helen," she had waited. For what? She scarcely knew—only—after all she had had that day—there was still something more.

He asked: 'Getting a little—more used—to the notion?"

More used to it? It seemed she never could be that, after all those old teaching and sewing years, but she wondered, between bliss and fear, if he were not about to kiss her.

He was. Afterward, in her room, she remembered. He had Concluded on page 56

THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

WILLINGLY Leontine came back into the room, although she still hovered near the door. Her nervous air seemed to say: "Get it over with and let me go!"

Rosalie removed her hat; and, standing in front of the mirror, she was apparently intent on fluffing out her hair, when in reality she was smiling down tenderly at the photograph of Lieut. Gerald Cromwell. Then she turned toward her

"Tina, I met Vasco Lemar on Fifty-seventh Street this morning. He insisted on walking down with me, apparently so that he could talk about you. He declares he wants to marry you. Is that true?"

The other girl laughed with the utmost frankness.

"All bunk! And anyway I wouldn't marry him if he wanted me to. I heard weeks ago that his place on Long Island is plastered with mortgages, and it's so big he can't afford to have it opened. That story about his silver mines in South America or somewhere was bunk, too. I always have the rot-tenest luck!"

Rosalie made a little weary gesture. "Then why do you let him hang around you, Tina? I tell you, he's dangerous. He gave me the impression this morning that he's half insane."

"Sure, he is," Leontine admitted. "It's the only thing about him that makes him interesting. It's my opinion he takes dope of some kind."

Rosalie's fastidious young mouth curled. "How can you have anything to do with a man like that, Tina? Sooner or later he'll involve you in something terrible. He's been infatuated with you for a long time. He says you treat him like a dog—"
"Of course! That's

why he keeps on being infatuated, the poor fish! Look here, Leona---'

"Don't call me that, Tina! You know I've dropped that name!"

Leontinc sneered, but her sneer had no maliee in it—merely a eynical wisdom. "Excuse me, dearic! Too much like minc, I suppose! Well, I should worry. Mine is still good on some of the best contracts

"If that is so, why do you risk your money on the market?" Rosalie came back quickly.

"Because no matter how big a salary I draw down it's never as big as my expenses." Leontine glanced at the clock. "I tell you, I can not stand here being lectured," she cried, her nervousness flaring into temper. "I'll be late if I don't rush."

She started across the threshold, but with one foot poised over the top step of the stairs she looked back at her sister.

"My luck's going to turn," she called. "I've got a straight tip that's going to bring me real money. I'll be in to-morrow morning, or maybe late this afternoon, and then I'll-fix it up with you, what I owe you.'

She ran down the stairs, the yellow bird of paradise floating over her shoulder, the fat, beaded bag hugged tightly to her side.

A FEW weeks after Leontine Maddern had hastened down-town with her purse stuffed with bank-notes and Rosalie had turned back to her desk to write a letter to her soldier husband, there came into one of the rooms at Home Service Headquarters a pink slip saying that Miss Mary Waterman, of Base Hospital Number Three, France, wished to talk with some one about a case in said hospital. Miss Waterman was waiting in the general room, and she—this was an official tail tacked to the pink slip-"wanted action."

The name of the case was written as usual at the top of the pink slip-Lieut. Gerald Cromwell; also age,

eompany and emergency address.

The pink slip in the hand of an extremely young volunteer office girl traveled languidly from one corridor to another and finally was eonsigned to a young woman in a dark-blue tailored suit and an efficient-looking, plain Velours hat which her brother might have worn with proTHE STORY

THEY were married at camp after five days' acquaintance—Rosalie Byrnes, a singer and beautiful, and Lieut. Gerald Cromwell, unspoiled and charming scion of a stiff and snobbish New York family. Rosalie has a twin sister, Leontine Maddern-Rosalie's own name is Leona-an actress who has been the center of interest in several Broadway scandals. Gerald's family, hearing of his marriage after he has sailed, find Leontine, think she is Rosalie, and offer her fifteen hundred dollars to sign a paper repudiating her marriage. Leontine takes the money and is trying to hurry away when Rosalie comes in.

and you want a social history of the case. Is that right?"

"Exactly. Now, we don't know a thing about him beyond his emergency address and the fact that he married shortly before he embarked. His own commanding officer was killed, and his present officer has only those two facts. When he was brought into our hospital—"

"Wait a minute! How long had he been over there when he was wounded?'

"He couldn't have much more than landed, for his company were green replacement troops. But he got into the worst of the fighting on the Meuse. He was wounded the night before the armistice was declared."

"No, not at all; shrapnel and a badly bruised left arm. He wouldn't have been scut to us at all if it had not been

for his mental condition. It appeared to be complete collapse, a condition not to be accounted for by the length of time he had

been under fire. "The queer thing about it was that he did not appear to be suffering from the usual eondition of shock. He should have been out of the ward in a week, but instead of that he lay there day after day, absolutely quiet except when his temperature went up as it did at irregular intervals, apparently for no reason at all.

"The doctors made up their minds quite early that the whole trouble was an obsession of some sort. Thinking it might be fear or dread of repeating what he had gone through in those three days when his troops lay in fox-holes under fire, he was told that the armistice had been signed and he stood a chance of being invalided home.

"Well! The effect wasn't what we intended! I shall never forget the tragic disappointment in his eyes as we told him the fighting was over. And then he turned his back on us and looked at tho

"'I don't want to go home,' was all he said, but it gave us the first elue we had had to his trouble. Something had happened at home that had struck him hopeless. What that something was I want you to find out, and find out quickly."

"What about letters? Has he written or reeeived any?"

"Not one. It isn't strange that he hasn't received any, for he's been shifted often since he landed. But it is unusual that he hasn't asked to have letters written for him. Most of the boys want to write or cable the second they reach us, but when we asked him he merely shook his head. But I know he wrote a letter just before his company was ordered forward.'

"Ah!" said Miss Brinkerhoff. "It's the letter they write just before they go into action that tells the story. Whom did he write to?

"The man who told me didn't know. His name was Heney, and he was top sergeant in Lieut. Cromwell's company. Heney was rather badly wounded and I happened to run across him in the ward. When I mentioned to him that his lieutenant was on the same floor, his eyes brightened.

'So he came through, did he?' Heney said. 'I never thought he would. The way he went at it you would say a machine-gun nest didn't mean any more to him than a polo game. He was always three jumps ahead of his men; but then, he was a bit crazy when we started forward.'

'Of course I asked him to explain what he meant by 'a bit crazy,' and he told me that just at the last moment, after they had been ordered to be in readiness to move forward, the mail had reached their company, and he himself had handed Licut. Cromwell a letter. 'He remembered it because the lieutenant seemed to

with him. He said it was the first letter he had received since he landed. And Heney was close to him when he read it. He said he had never seen such a change in a man. "'He got old right under my eyes,' Heney deelared.

be so delighted because his mail had at last caught up

"HIS WIFE? MY DEAR YOUNG WOMAN, HE HASN'T ANY WIFE!"

priety. But in spite of her uncompromising clothes she had a very human look, due to a humorous mouth and a

warm, lively brown eye. This was Miss Rebccca Brinkerhoff, who openly declared that when they no longer needed her in Home Service she was going to become a sleuth. She was faseinated by human riddles, by the motives, beginnings, endings and attendant eatastrophes of human beings. That is why she was a success as a Home Service visitor that and her persistence in the face of rcbuffs. And that is why she was sent out to interview Miss Mary Waterman from Base Hospital Number Three, France.

Miss Waterman had iron-gray hair showing under her nurse's hat. She looked at Rebecca and then at her

"Take notes," she said briefly. "I've come straight here from the steamer, just landed, got two weeks' leave, and then back I go. So I've no time to waste. This is a case I want to get some light on immediately; mark it down emergency. Are you ready?"

"In my ward over there," said Miss Waterman, after exhibiting credentials showing that she was head night nurse, "there is a young chap-you've his name and address there—who needs help. You see, it's his mind that's wrong, not his body."

"I see," said Rebecca. "You suspect home troubles,

'He acted like he'd been hit over the head with a club. Continued on page 12

"After a while he seemed to come back to a realization of things, and then he began to write something on a sheet of paper. He had only begun when he was sent for by the captain. He had just time to serawl a word or two and stuff the sheet into an envelope.

"Heney believes the letter was sent back all right, although they moved forward at once. That was all Heney could tell me, except that the lieutenant had suddenly gone 'a bit crazy' and for three days had fought, whenever there was fighting to be done, 'like sixty.

"When they merely lay in the woods or in their foxholes, he was not like the boy they had known, but, as Heney said, like a person whose wits had left his body and gone off somewhere on their own! When they spoke to him, he looked at them as if he didn't see them. Heney says he never saw him sleep, but often saw him lying staring up at nothing with his eyes burning.'

IT WAS soon after this that Rebecca Brinkerhoff started out to make what is known in the service as a "first visit" to Mrs. Cromwell, the mother of the lieutenant. But in the mean time she had fortified herself with various faets. It was her private opinion that information could be extracted much more deftly if the "visitor" was forearmed with a little information of her

She had read in the morning paper as she came down in the subway, the name of Lieutenant Cromwell in the casualty list, and in another part of the paper a few lines stating that the young lieutenant was of a well-known old New York family, and that he had received a citation for gallantry in action.

"Well," thought Rebeeca, "thank goodness I won't have to tell them he's wounded—I always hate that.

As soon as she was let into the entranee-hall of the Cromwell house, she knew that agitation was in the air, along with the pronounced odor of eau de Cologne.

The little invalid, with the elaborate coiffure white against her rose-colored cushions, lay on a eouch near an open fire, and Eleanor Cromwell stood with an elbow on the mantel, the morning paper still in her hand. Eleanor said little, but Mrs. Cromwell clamored to know if the visitor brought them further news of Gerald. Miss Brinkerhoff told them that she had seen some one from the very hospital where Gerald lay, and he was not badly wounded. Only he was depressed, and possibly a few cheerful letters-

"But I've written every week!" the mother wailed. "We've all written. Hugo Stone has written. Not half an hour ago he telephoned us that he had just cabled. Mr. Stone—my daughter's flaneé," she explained—"has been extremely disturbed because we've not heard from Gerald. It is frightful, the incompetence of the authorities. Why didn't they-

Rebeeca hastened to stem the tide. She pointed out to the mother how wonderful it was to have a son who had won a citation. And then, in her haste to say something diverting and soothing, she added:

And how proud of him his wife must be!"

But the instant she had spoken she knew that here was a fact the mother knew nothing about. Mrs. Cromwell first stared, then smiled.

"His wife! My dear young woman, he hasn't any wife!" Miss Brinkerhoff had an agile mind. She laughed lightly. "I beg your pardon! I earry so many names and families in my mind. So he's not married?'

'Graeious, no! I ean't see what made you think he was.

All this time Eleanor Cromwell had been sitting near her mother's couch, but out of range of her mother's vision. She now made an angular, jerky movement, and Miss Brinkerhoff glaneed at her face. It was frozen in lines of dread, of resistance.

"Ah, my dear!" thought Miss Brinkerhoff. "You know e has a wife! Now, why have you never told his mother?' After this she left rather abruptly, for she knew the

house had become a blind alley. Mrs. Cromwell was threatening to show her all of Gerald's baby pictures, and Eleanor, excusing herself bruskly, had left the room.

When she reached the street, she stood on the corner undecided for a moment. But only for a moment. She knew that Gerald Cromwell was married; she had seen the name and address of the wife to whom he had made an allotment. She looked at her watch and then she swung around and walked rapidly west.

It was a long time before she received any response to her ring at the bell of Rosalie Byrnes's apartment. When the door finally gave its weleoming click, she elimbed the rather dark stairs to the top of the house to find a wanfaced girl standing in the open door watching the stairs as if she feared or dreaded what might be coming up them.

"How do you do?" said Miss Brinkerhoff in her pleasant, vigorous voice. "Oh, what a climb! I'm from the Red Cross—do you mind-

"Oh!" The sound interrupted her, a sound of panic. Rosalie elutched at her breast as women do when they are stabled by fear. "You've heard—from him?"

"About him," answered Miss Brinkerhoff cheerfully. "I believe he's getting on splendidly; at least he's not badly wounded at all. I've only eome to tell you he wants cheering up; a few jolly letters from you, perhaps a cable this very afternoon. Why, my dear! Good gracious, ehild! This won't do.'

She caught Rosalie very skilfully just as she reeled back from the door, and placed her on a sofa in the sittingroom that looked as if it had been transferred direct from the country. As she did so her trained eye eaught sight of a letter on the marble-topped table in the eenter of the room.

"So! She's heard from the lieutenant, anyway!" she thought.

It was a deep and dangerous faint into which the girl had fallen. Miss Brinkerhoff applied her first-aid knowledge efficiently and silently, and all the time she was

"What a beauty! Been erying all day—what fools girls are— Ah! There's his picture—niee boy, impulsive and honest-

Rosalie opened her eyes. They were dark with pain and bewilderment. She struggled to sit up, and Miss Brinkerhoff put eushions behind her, all the time talking

'Now, we're going to get this whole thing straightened out, and you're going to get rid of that bogy in your mind

that's been making you ery all day. Suddenly Rosalie shut her eyes as if pain unendurable had shot through her heart. She sank down among the cushions, sobbing uncontrollably. Miss Brinkerhoff went to her and gathered her up as if she were a ehild. As she felt the wild trembling of the girl's slender figure she knew that something more than concerr for Gerald Cromwell's wounds was at the bottom of the anguish. Her eyes wandered to the opened letter on the table.

'My dear, listen,' she said gently but clearly. "Don't you think if you tell me what was in that letter we may find there is something that can be done? You know that Gerald is not seriously wounded, for I've told you so. Come, now, you're bound to be brave, for you're a sol-

Rosalie's whole body seemed to stiffen at this last word. "How did you know I'm his wife?" she whispered. "I haven't told any one—I wouldn't even take his name until they-until-

Until his mother should eame to see you," Miss Brinkerhoff supplied casually.

Rosalie nodded. It did not apparently occur to her to wonder how Miss Brinkerhoff knew about Gerald's mother. She was preoccupied, obsessed by an unhappiness that had stunned her, left her dazed and half-drowned in misery.

'Ah, well, relatives-in-law are, after all, only a minor obstaele," said Miss Brinkerhoff. "I'm sure Lieutenant Cromwell's mother will come to see you sooner or later, when she knows about-

"No! No!" cried Rosalie sharply.

She lifted her pain-darkened eyes to the other woman's face pitifully.

'She will never eome now. I don't want her to eome.



FOR THE HOUSE THAT WAITS

May peace come home with him to stay And fill this house with deep content. May laughter sound, as yesterday, Flooding its halls with merriment, And may the weeks of waiting seem Vague as an unremembered dream.

But let no easy comfort kill The understanding born of pain. May lonely people cross this sill Knowing they shall find warmth again. May faith and eourage linger yet-Oh, may we never QUITE forget! Hilda Morris

Something terrible has happened. He—he hates me. He has found out something I ought to have told him before we were married. Oh, it seemed a small thing then, and I eouldn't bear to spoil our only married hour together—and now he despises me!

"He is willing to divorce me—he says so. And I loved

At this forlorn cry Miss Brinkerhoff made a little sound of pity. Very gently she released the girl until she lay limply among the pillows, her eyes elosed, white to the

Miss Brinkerhoff took two turns about the room, and

in this interval she absorbed every detail of the place.

"You moved to New York from the country, didn't you?" Miss Brinkerhoff asked presently. Rosalie made a slight sign of assent.

"Where are they now?"

"But you didn't eome alone?"

"My mother and sister eame, too," replied Rosalie

"My mother died three years ago."

"And your sister?" gently but with insistence.

Rosalie turned her head away, opening her eyes and staring at the wall.

"Ah!" thought Miss Brinkerhoff. "We come now to the sore spot!" She went over beside the eouch. "My dear, it is my work to help soldiers' wives and

mothers and sweethearts who need help. It is my honor to guard every word they tell me.

"But I am going to tell you one thing I know so that you will help me. Your husband is not making a good recovery over there in the hospital for one reason: Something is troubling his mind. It gives him no rest night

"Until that unhappiness is lifted from his soul he will not begin to gain strength.

"Now, what is the matter with him? Unless you confide in me, how can I find out? How can I send him that cablegram that will give him peace? "Don't you see, perhaps it is his recovery that is in your

hands? Will you help me?' Rosalie struggled to a sitting position. Her eyes were

wide open now, yearning and fear in them. "Read his letter!" she whispered.

Miss Brinkerhoff took out of the envelope a half-sheet

of note-paper. She read it through twice. Then she laid it down gently as if its very violence of unhappiness made it a live thing.

"You poor ehildren!" she said softly. "Some one has

eertainly meddled wickedly.'

Rosalie lifted her dazed eyes wearily. "No; I understand what has happened. Somewhere, somehow he has found out what I should have told him myself, and he can't bear it!

"He is very proud of his family name. . . . I might

have known he couldn't forgive me for not telling him about my sister . .

She had whispered this last to herself, but Rebecca's keen ears pricked up.

"Does your sister know about your marriage?"

"No!"

"Didn't you care to tell her?"

"I did not mean to tell any one until Gerald's

So pitiful an expression eame into her faee that Rebecca Brinkerhoff comprehended something of what the girl had gone through during these weeks when she was waiting for her husband's people to put out their hands to her.

"And then, too, my sister and I lead different lives; we see each other so seldom-

Rebecea read more in her little pauses than in her words. She was wise enough to see that here was a girl whose reticences must be tactfully dealt with.

But something within her also told her that she must know Rosalie's sister. After a bit of quiek thinking she decided that at least a partial frankness was, in the circumstanees, her best card.

"My dear, your husband received a letter just before he was advanced, a letter which was very evidently a blow to him, according to the man who saw him at the time. Now, what I am trying to find out is what was in that letter.'

Rosalie made a little tragic gesture.

"I have told you. Some one has told him that I am the sister of Leontine Maddern.'

The name meant nothing to Miss Brinkerhoff, who was not particularly interested in Broadway, but she knew from Rosalie's tone that to be the sister of Leontine Mad-

dern was nothing to be proud of. Her eommon sense, however, told her that a young husband of a girl as beautiful and attractive as the one before her eyes does not try to get himself killed because of any sort of relative-in-law.

Her agile mind began to shuttle back and forth between Eleanor Cromwell with her cold eyes and her aristocratic nose and the shadowy sister whom Rosalie Byrnes Cromwell appeared to shrink from.

And the more she thought the more intrigued she became by the personality of this unknown sister.

At last she explained that it was a rule of the service to interview the nearest relative of the person visited.
"Stupid rule sometimes," she smiled, "but necessary.

No, no; of course I shall not tell her anything about yourself that you don't care to have her know. In fact, I want you to eome with me. Suppose, while we're in the mood, we go at onee?'

Rosalie looked taken aback, but at last she eonsented, although she plainly did not understand why her ealler should want to meet Leontine. For her there was no mystery in the ease; her mind was fixed and settled in her unhappy belief that her husband of an hour despised her for her deceit.

In a furnished apartment-house a few doors off Broadway and a block from Columbus Circle, Rosalie led the way to the elevator. A boy with too-wise eyes and a grimy, dark-red uniform informed them that Miss Maddern wasn't in, but her maid was. They could go up if they wanted to. Did they know where Miss Maddern

'Gone?'' eehoed Rosalie. "What do you mean?" "Oh, she ain't been round here since Monday"—it was

then Friday—"an' her maid, she says she's goin' to leave if she don't eome back soon."

THE door was opened to them a suspicious ineh or two by a colored girl in a soiled but coquettish white eap and apron.

'My heavenly day!" she exclaimed as Rosalie started to speak. "I thought you was Miss Leontine."

"Where has my sister gone, do you know?"

"That's jus' what I wisht I did know!"

The girl now opened the door wider and they went in to the sitting-room of the apartment.

They stood there amid the sordid vulgarity of eheap chintz, gilt ehairs with spindle legs, a dusty piano strewn with sheets of musie, ash-trays overflowing, a huge vase of dead and dusty chrysanthemums; flowered-paper walls eovered with French water-colors in bright gilt frames, and a mantel littered with signed photographs.

The air of the room was heavy with some eloying seent; it was unutterably desolate in its flimsy attempts at a sophisticated eleganee.

'If she don't come back to-day, I won't stay any longer," the maid said defiantly. "I wouldn't uv stayed till now, only she owes me three weeks' wages.'

"Suppose you tell us what happened the last day Miss Maddern was here?" Rebecca Brinkerhoff stemmed the tide of her grievanees. "Did she tell you she was going away?"

"Oh, law, no! Monday about noon she talked with some one on the telephone. I heard the last part of it because I was bringin' in her breakfast. She was half cryin' and half mad-like. I heard her kind of moan, and

"'No, I can't! I'm finished. I ean't eome aeross again!'

'And then she just walked the floor and begun to ery and laugh at the same time. She had them hy-steries something dreadful for half an hour. Honest, miss, I earned my money-

"Yes, yes, but tell us about Monday. Miss Maddern had hysterics; then what?"

The maid recounted with gusto what she had done to

quiet the girl, and how her mistress had at last told her to go home for the rest of the day. She said she had to be quiet and think.

The maid had gone, and the next morning when she came as usual the elevator boy had told her that Miss Maddern had gone out late Monday afternoon and had not come back. She had walked slowly and as if she were undeeided what she wanted to do, and the boy said she stood for several moments in the doorway.

Then a girl eame along with whom she appeared to be well acquainted. They greeted each other and went off together.

That was the last seen of her. She had no hand-luggage with her and was dressed as usual for the street.

The bedroom, with its foolish bird's-eye-maple furniture and rose-eolor draperies, looked as if its owner had left it with no idea of not returning at night.

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"There's a man in the snow near the Split Pine Lookout!"

HAPPY KATE

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

HE roads that run out of Whipperton are nice, brown, dusty roads that wander earelessly aeross the hills to Bonnieton, Pretty Ponds, Red Rock, and a dozen other places. There's something awfully appealing to a ehild in a nice, dusty highway like the Pretty Ponds Road, which I think is the best of

them all, it is so interesting-looking. When I was eight years of age, I used to sit on the hill at Parson's farm and watch it running up the other side of the valley—sit there for hours and hours.

Parson's Hill was a great place for dreams. I thought something extraordinary might eome into my life while I was sitting there on the side of the road, my bare feet in the hot, brown dust.

I had this belief from the first day I saw the valley, but I had walked up there a hundred times or more before Happy Kate showed me the piece of poetry that she had written about the Whipperton roads.

Happy Kate of Whipperton was known to every one within twenty miles of our place. A lot of people who didn't know her well called her "the Happy Woman," but I had always called her Happy Kate, because I knew her when I was very small. Mother often let her sleep in a little room next to our kitchen when we lived in the cottage

on Payne's Laue. Sometimes a boy would eall her Crazy Kate, but that didn't happen often. All the Whipperton boys liked her, and she liked them, and she was never cranky, always smiling and happy as she walked along; and she had more information about rabbits and birds and snakes than any boy in the country.

She wandered round the eountryside, finding a bed in the barns of farmers, who always treated her kindly. She was Happy Kate, who had lost her wits over a love-affair, so they said; and she made regular circuits, going 'way over to Blainetown and Pennville, round by Parsippany and Red Rock to Pretty Ponds, and sometimes even as far as Athen Hills. But Whipperton was her center, so people always spoke of her as Happy Kate o' Whipperton.

"The roads all go out from Whipperton, Tommy Fisher," she said on the day I met her near Jim Parson's farm, "and that's why I have written these verses about them. Listen, Tommy, and I'll read my poetry to you.'

And there, with the Roekaway Valley beneath us, she read the poem she had written. She taught me the piece afterward, so I remember every line. It ran:

THEY CALLED HER HAPPY KATE O' WHIP-PERTON. SHE WAS QUEER AND OLD AND SMILING, BUT THE REAL PEOPLE—DOGS AND BOYS AND TRUE LOVERS—KNEW THE VALUE OF HER WISDOM. YOU WILL, TOO, WHEN YOU READ HER STORY.

"The roads go out from Whipperton And wander up and down; They hunt aeross the wooded hills To find some lovely town-The sweet, kind roads of Whipperton, All nice and hot and brown.

"The wild rose-bushes hug them As they bravely go their way; The big pine-trees above them Their branches shake and say: There are little, lonely villages You'll surely find some day.

"Oh, good sweet roads of Whipperton-Brown carpets for the feet Of those who wander back and forth Their old, old friends to greet! I love you, roads of Whipperton— Brown, stragglesome and sweet!"

"Why, why," I stammered, after Happy Kate finished reading the verses, "you didn't make that up out of your

"Yes, Tommy," she said. "I made it up myself." "How long did it take?" I asked, staring at her and wondering much how she was able to write poetry.

"Years and years, Tommy," she said. "It didn't take me years to write it down, but it was years and years of love for the roads that made me write it.'

I sat silent as she folded up the piece of paper, and into my mind came all the things that I had heard people say about her. I remembered that Mr. Whitely, the druggist, had said that she had lost her wits, and that Parson Beezley had ealled her a poor afflieted woman when talking to my mother.

"Tommy Fisher," she said after we had sat silent for

about ten minutes, "there's only one person in Whipperton outside yourself that I'll show these verses to.' "Yes!" I said, staring down at the valley.

"Can you guess who that is, Tommy?" she asked. "Yes," I said, "it's Miss Effie Hardy."

"You guessed right," said Happy Kate. "How did you "Because Miss Effie is always watching the roads," I

answered. "Do you know why?" asked Happy Kate.

"I-I think she's waiting for Will Hammond to come back," I stammered, a little surprised at myself for saying such a thing, because, although Whipperton folk knew why Miss Effie Hardy watched the roads, they didn't openly mention it lest they should hurt her feelings, she being the sweetest and prettiest girl in the town.

Happy Kate leaned toward me till her faee, all wrinkled and brown, was quite elose to mine, then she whispered to me in a voice that made little thrills go up and down my

"And he will come back, Tommy Fisher!" she said. "He will! He will!"

Then after a little silence she chanted:

"Love is a rope that can reach to Cathay To bring back a sweetheart who wandered away."

I moistened my lips and asked her another question, be-

cause I was awful anxious to find out how she knew that Will Hammond would come back.

"Did he—did he write and tell you?" I asked.

"No, no, Tommy Fisher!" cried Happy Kate. "He didn't write a line.'

"Then how do you know?" I questioned. "How do I know?" repeated Happy Kate, looking as if my question was a little puzzling to her. "Why, Tommy, I just know! It's in the air, in the sunshine, in the branches of the trees. It's—it's— Oh, Tommy, I just know he'll come back! I know!"

She went off down the valley road when she said that, and I watched her swinging along in the middle of the road. watched her till she crossed the Blue Ridge and started up the hill on the other side of Roekaway. And the thrills that came to me when she told me that Will Hammond would eome back were still running up and down my spine when I started home.

I couldn't think of anything except Miss Effie Hardy's

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THE CALL OF THE TAME

BY LUCILLE BALDWIN VAN SLYKE

AY BRONSON happened to be one of the most talked-about persons in America last Spring. But she was utterly unaware that there were people who hotly demanded that her employer discharge her at once. Her employer, being a very shrewd person, did nothing of the kind. His position could be simply stated—and was.

"She does better work and more work for less money than the man who used to have that job," he said. "I'd be an

industrial fool to send her away.'

If any of the folks who were so agitated about May's affairs had asked her to surrender her precious job voluntarily, they would probably have had

a pert retort from May.
"Why should I?" she would probably have replied. "It's a peach of a job and I like it. Just you watch me!"

Last Spring wasn't the first time in her young life that May Bronson had been nationally important. May was just as important as she felt—which was pretty important—one day four years ago when she hung a service star in her parlor window. That was the day that her cousin Fred started for Paris Island. May was very proud of that star.

She was just "going on" seventeen at the time, just getting ready to enter her last year at Commercial High School; just beginning to entertain her first beaus in that parlor.

That parlor was exclusively and absolutely hers. Her possession of it was as illogical as the divine right of kings used to be. She hadn't earned or deserved anything in it; but it was hers. "Mayme's room" was what her mother and her father called it.

They always spoke of their talking-machine as "Mayme's;" and the combination desk and bookcase that her mother saved soap-wrappers for for seven years was "Mayme's." A roseate, ladylike future was awaiting May Bronson. The walls of that parlor were decorated with framed pictures of May at every age she had ever been. And in spite of the rather awful hats and gowns that May had chosen for herself, those pictures were beautiful. They were beautiful because they disclosed a brave young forehead, a firm little chin and straightforward eyes that smiled right at you.

There was nothing clusive about May Bronson's smile. She "took a good picture," and she knew that she did. Her scared little mother had never had the courage to face a camera since the day when her bridegroom held her firmly to it with the grasp of his large right hand, but May's mother could have shown you at least twenty pictures of May.

And yet-do you know?she could not have shown you the one picture of May that had national significance—because it had never occurred to any of them to have May's picture taken in her overalls.

You see, as things turned out, May didn't bother to finish her course at Commercial High. You must not decide hastily that she was actuated by patriotic motives when she took her cousin Fred's job in the automobile factory. She took it because food began to cost so much that her father couldn't

manage to buy her a Peking-blue coat with near-seal collar and cuffs.

It was a motor-coat, and May would never possess a motor, and she had a perfectly warm and comfortable coat; but she illogically took the job because she felt she simply must have the coat.

She didn't keep the job on that account. She kept it because she became a skilful little workwoman who liked her work. It's not strange that she did when you consider that her grandfather had been the best blacksmith in Wayne County and that her father had been a mastermechanic for twenty years.

Working in metals came a whole lot more naturally to May than being the lady that her mother had planned. May had always been bored stiff with high school and had always hated helping her mother wash dishes; but anything that the foreman put into her capable hands was sheer, unconscious, unalloyed joy to little May Bronson. She liked the smell and the feel of metal. And she was young and quick.

And a war department needed motor-trucks faster than it could get them. So that before six months were over, May Bronson was actually earning more than her father had WOMEN IN INDUSTRY—WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THE SITUATION? ARE WE GOING TO HAVE A PERIOD OF GREAT EXPANSION IN BUSINESS, OR OF ORGANIZED WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES, OR A GRADUAL TURNING BACK TO A STATE OF AFFAIRS AS THEY WERE IN 1914? DO YOU WANT WOMEN TO GIVE UP THEIR PLACES IN INDUSTRY TO MEN? WE SHOULD LIKE TO PRINT YOUR OPINIONS.

She saw them, not as men but as fellow workmen. Besides, most of them were either middle-aged men with families or else boys who were under draft age. To tell the truth she felt rather superior to most of them, not socially but professionally. She could work faster and longer than many of them; she got a thrill out of her work that was lacking in theirs. Their jobs were their natural portion of life, but hers was an unexpected adventure.

She never thought very much about getting married. Getting married meant a pretty tame business compared to this world of gleaming metals and swiftly moving

wheels. It mean nothing at all to her.

A home was a stupid thing compared to a shop. Every moment of her day was exciting. The early-morning crowd about the factory gates, the shrill rasp of the machinery, the gigantic hum of the motors, she delighted in; she loved the exhilarating chatter of the immaculate cafeteria where she consumed quantities of wholesome food; and she loved stepping out of the ugly bloomers and donning the gay coat and hat in which she nonchalantly strutted homeward. Especially did she love going home on pay-day.

May Bronson on pay-day was a joy to watch. Once upon a time when May had been seven instead of seventeen she had covered her cousin Fred's paper-route for a week, while he had the mumps—and fought with him bitterly when he insisted on resuming it.

The jingling coins in her pinafore pocket had made her skip home with glee. Home-ward—but not directly home. She arrived home with a "burnt hole" in her pocket, speechless because of an enormous lollypop, but grinning because in her sticky fingers she bore a pink celluloid comb for her mother.

May at seventeen-and eighteen and nineteen and twentywas just as prodigal as she had been at seven. She wore impudent little hats and gray suede boots, and she brought home enough gay kimonos for her mother to have costumed a production of "The Mikado."
She saved not a blessed cent

except the Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps that her employers practically forced her to buy, and she growled exceedingly over having to do that. And felt rather vain and patriotic after they were purchased. 1 don't beneve anybody in this world ever felt more important or prouder or happier or richer than May Bronson did on pay-

She had the "time of her life" the day the armistice was signed. She laughed and shouted and sang and paraded with her fellow workers until she could scarcely speak above a whisper. At midnight she danced her dazed mother all over the kitchen to a hoarse singsong of:

'We've won it!'

She really and truly had helped win it-with years of the best of her youth and her strength and her skill. Of course her mother had helped win it too, with years of scrimping in the kitchen and knitting in the evening, but that's a pretty tame way to help win a war.

And after that things became even more exciting for May Bronson. Every few days some band or other would play "When the Boys Come Home,

and more and more boys kept coming home and May Bronson loved crowding close to the curb to wave a flag and cheer madly at them. She adored returning soldiers. They looked like a different race of men from those steadygoing, overall-clad factory mates of hers. And they were!

She began to have lots and lots of "beaus"—not "steadies," just "beaus." There wasn't any more overtime work at the factory, but the once-loved parlor was too tame for her evenings. She just naturally drifted to the canteen most nights and, prettier than ever under that adorable cap, served the returning heroes joyously.

You must not misunderstand about how she treated them. She never made eyes at them, she never flirted with them, she wouldn't have stood for the slightest hint of what she called "mushiness;" but she did love to have a lot of them "rush" her.

And they liked the boyish, American way she jollied them and the funny little feminine questions she jerked out about "over there" and the matter-of-fact way she insisted on buying her own movie tickets when she deigned to go out with them. She simply announced bluntly that she earned more money than they did and that her boss



WIVES

II. MARY LINNELL

Soon after they were married, in the days When brides still count their table-silver daily, And make love to the plates on the shelves, Mary had learned a very pretty way Of sitting on the floor beside the fire, And near her James, when he came home at night, And listening while he read the daily news.

One night the head-line, bold and big with wonder, Told of a rich man who shot himself, Because—because—and then again because

Said James, who sat at rest beside the fire, Wearing the suit bought for his wedding journey, And well contented as a man can be For six weeks at a time—said happy James: "Poor fellow-well-he made a mess of life. It passes me how any man can be Such a plain fool! Why should he kill himself? Why not just take his grip and cut away— Take a canoe into the wilderness, A bronco to the desert, or just walk Like any hobo under the old sky? No bloody business—maybe a fresh start. That way for me if ever I get stuck With more than I can handle. . . . What a fool!"

And Mary, like the greater Mary, knew That what men say can all be put away And pondered in the hearts of women who love. She laughed, and looked intently at the fire, Laying one little hand upon his knee, And kept the saying and never quite forgot.

Just ten years later, when poor James Linnell Had lost his little all on the exchange, Playing a game that quicker, sharper men Could play much better than he, he packed a bag One night at home and wrote his wife a letter, Hiding them both together in the coal-bin, Thinking that he would slip away at night When Mary and the children were asleep.

When all was quiet he stole down through the hall, Past Mary's door—needing her quiet kiss More than he thought a man could ever need Such little things, but never, never daring To open her door and look, lest she wake up And hold and keep him with a look, a word. But when he reached the cellar, there he found her, With her own little satchel in her hand.

She said: "I hope you won't mind taking me. I sent for mother, knowing you would go; She will stay with the babes till we come back. What is it—boats or horses? I can sail— Sleep on the ground—cook dinner in a can— Or anything you like. I'll be a sport! But I am going—going away with you— Wherever you go-always-yes-I-am!"

Marguerite Wilkinson

ever earned in his life. And she was helping to win the war. The big sign on the factory-wall said that she was.

So you really can't blame May Bronson for the little strut with which she walked. She used fairly to dance 'down the long, concreted aisles of that factory. She was triumphantly pretty in spite of the ugly khaki bloomers and the grimy red sweater and the stupid little cap that almost covered her curls.

But she no longer entertained beaus in her parlor. She wouldn't have had time to do it if there had been any beaus left; as she was getting "time and a half" for overtime, she worked most evenings. You mustn't pity her or think of her as worn with toil. She wasn't.

War had speeded her up to the very peak of her ability. She poured into her work a seemingly inexhaustible stream of energy; strength that Nature had designed for something far different went into the building of the parts of a great war machine.

I said she was pretty in spite of her unlovely garb. But there wasn't a scrap of coquetry in her prettiness. The men workers around her had no time to "get fresh" with her, and May could have "handed them theirs" if they had shown any such inclination.

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AN ADVENTURE IN SELF-RELIANCE

BY CARLYLE ELLIS

IN THE GREAT OUTDOORS COMES A SURE AWAKENING LIKE THAT OF EDDIE'S, IN THIS STORY, AND THE DE-VELOPMENT OF A MANLY SELF-RELIANCE AND DIGNITY. THERE ARE SIMPLE SUB-STITUTES FOR A CRUISE. THE LEAST THAT MOTHERS CAN DO IS TO EN-COURAGE CAMPING EXPERIMENTS, WHERE THE YOUNGSTERS WILL BE PUT ON THEIR OWN RESOURCES FOR FOOD AND SHELTER



The chief features of Eddie's hurriedly assembled equipseveral sizes too large, and one home-made life-preserver of

So we were off, waddling down through Manhattan's shipping-lanes with their never-ceasing turmoil. Eddie was awed for a while as we swung with the tide under the high sides of the anchored merchantmen; but his face was alight with an appreciation too keen for speech.

Off Riverside Drive he sighted an odd-looking bundle of drift. "Wouldia mind going closet to that there thing—if you don't mind?" he asked beseechingly.

The bundle proved to be of battered bamboo rods. There were rods enough to stock a fleet. I let Eddie select a dozen as treasure-trove, and that gave him a new and ecstatically stimulating idea:



OR beginning there is Eddie's age, habitat and preparatory condition of inexperience. After that comes the quite literal account of the fun

we watched him have. First, then, the essential biographical details: Eddie was born about thirteen years ago, in Jersey City, and there all of the thirteen had been spent. But chance and relatives brought him to our neighborhood, farther up the Hudson, for the four-

All our profoundest affections centered on the business of being afloat, and Eddie, quite plainly, was possessed by a kindred passion. He sat on the bank or hung about the floats day after day, watching hungrily all our comings and goings. But his longings were inarticulate, his face inserutable. We none of us paid him much attention and I might not have read his heart had he not offered to earry water for me one steaming day.



Yes, he could wear his bathin'-suit

I sought a reason for this unboylike impulse of helpfulness. Was he hard up? Did he want to earn pocketmoney? No, no! He didn't want no money. He did not, it seemed, go in for money—he scorned it. The very thought of it smothered the clear flame of his devotion.

He was willing to carry unnumbered pails of water from the spring in the woods to the float on the mere chance that I might earelessly let him ride out in the tender to Pollywog, the power-boat that is my Summer home and that was moored but a few yards out.

How stem the sweep of a desire so compelling! Eddie had his ride. He had, in fact, several, all made in sacramental silence except for an oecasional, "Gee!"

Thus Eddie became our satellite—a devotee, a votary. And, basking in the warmth of this worship, we let him learn to row the tender and polish the ship's bell.

The hour of departure for the Summer cruise was almost upon us. Eddie had been helping us get ready quite as if sending off yachting parties had been his lifelong specialty. Yet he had never even been aboard a powerboat when it was under way.

It was about time to tell him to have a good time while we were absent, when it occurred to us that we would miss not only his eager helpfulness, but his company. He was the incarnate spirit of youth that all our wanderings afloat had lacked. Eddie was summoned.

"Son, do you think your mother would let you go with

us for a few days?"

"Sure!" eame the instant answer, and it seemed to have been waiting on his lips for days. It was like an explosion.





Better'n sittin' on the front steps with yer shoes on



He fed out his eel-bait to the last hookful

Then we made an amazing discovery: Eddie had never caught a fish. He had never even fished. A cruising companion worth having!

Another significant revelation followed: Eddie's parents were Finnish and evidently of a seafaring breed. Here, then, if ever, was a case of heredity. The boy's passion for the water was inevitable.

But alas for theory! We slid into Ferryboat Lane and the silly cross-wash put a drunken lurch into Pollywog's gait. Eddie grew subdued. Under feminine cross-ex-

anination he confessed to a slight headache—very slight. It was suggested that he might be seasick. He smiled a scornful but wan denial and, lying llat on the deck, hoisted his feet to the skylight top, well above his head, and

But we slid safely into smoother water as evening fell over Gravesend Bay and the headache vanished as we dropped hook among the Summer fleet and Viola called

us below to heaped plates. The unique prospect of "sleepin" on a ship" occupied most of our crew's thoughts till bedtime, for which he prepared by donning his bathing-suit. A unique experience should be honored by distinctive ceremonial. Then he rolled himself thickly in the heavy wool blanket after the manner described in literature about Indian fighters (though the month was July) and sought slumber.

Next morning Eddie, gazing entranced from our deek, saw a sandy beach. On our river the banks are steep or muddy. Here was a new phenomenon, and it beckoned



He hoisted his feet to the skylight top and was stitl

"There's the dink to be serubbed. You might do that on the beach," we suggested.

The eager light spread into a erimson glow. "C'n I wear me bathin'-suit?"

We rowed ashore, and Eddie seoured most of two coats of special paint off the tender in a very eestary of devoted

When I returned he had made one of the strangest and most mystifying acquaintanees of his entire career—the horseshoe erab.

'What good are they?" was his first question.

Eddie's researches among the salt-water fauna did not end with his rapidly acquired colony of horseshoe crabs. I was about to eall him aboard for luneheon when I saw that he was engaged in mortal combat. He was leaping about frantically in six inches of water, wildly swinging a heavy oar and making violent thrusts and slieings with it. And he did not yell in boylike imitation of Indians on the war-path. He was deadly silent and I could pieture the white, tense face as he battled with the unknown danger.

Then the engagement slackened. Eddie had won. "I killed him! I killed him meself!" he hailed excitedly.

"Killed what?" I asked, as he eame alongside.

"I dunno what, but somethin' awful fierce," he answered, and held up the bailing-dipper, in the bottom of which were the crumpled remains of a four-inch baby lobster, very soft and harmless after a recent change of skin.

Next day we put to sea. But the thrill of the long seaswell was forgotten when Eddie found that I had picked one of the best flounder-banks around New York for anchorage. The boy was wild with excitement.

Concluded on page 54



BY HAROLD TITUS

YP lay face down on the log, peering through the bushes that screened her from the man in the stream. Her heart thumped smartly against a knot of the hard wood. The man cursed rather good-naturedly to himself as, standing in water that almost reached the top of his waders, he sought to retrieve his leader, which an inexpert cast had snared on a slime-covered snag.

He had fussed there for minutes. He had been fussing when Gyp came through the swamp to fish that same pool. His patience suddenly gave out and he put his weight on the tackle and stepped back into shallow water, leaving his leader and a foot or two of good, tapered line waving lazily in the current.

The girl waited minutes before lifting her head and shoulders to watch him. He was going from sight around the near bend, his light rod bending and vibrating and flashing as he cast and recast. His luck was not good.

When he was out of view, the stealth went from the girl. She stood erect, slipped out of her rudely fashioned moccasins, and held herself steadily with her bare feet on the small log. She jerked her flannel shirt off over her head and stood erect, naked to the waist, peering down into the pool which had snared the stranger's tackle.

The fine ivory of her torso was in sharp contrast to the brown of face, neck and hands. She might have been fifteen, judging by the youth of her figure; actually she was almost half again as old.

She walked to the end of the log, balancing herself carefully. Then without so much as a sigh of shock she let herself into the quiet pool. A moment she floated, then sank without effort, held herself under, freed the leader and shot to the surface, shaking her head vigorously to rid her hair of water. She was back on the log in a trice, standing a-glisten in the sunlight, her overalls plastered close to her slender hips.

"Oh!" she breathed. "Oh! A pretty!" as she drew the gut through her fingers. At the fly she paused and a puzzled look succeeded the gladness. She shook her head. 'The fish do not know you," she muttered. "I don't,

too.' She resumed her clothing, picked up a wild-cherry DO YOU KNOW HOW IT FEELS TO HAVE JUST THE RIGHT FLY FOR YOUR TROUT, AND YOUR STREAM, AND YOUR TIME OF DAY, AND TO CAST IT EXACTLY RIGHT? THEN YOU WILL UNDERSTAND GYP'S GREATEST JOY IN LIFE. A CERTAIN STRANGER WHO CAME ALONG AND SOME-HOW TOOK HER MIND OFF HER FISHING WAS ALMOST THE FIRST MAN, EXCEPT HER FATHER, THAT SHE HAD SEEN IN YEARS. AN ELEMENTAL STORY, WITH ALL THE SIM-PLICITY OF WILDERNESS LIFE, AND MUCH OF ITS FREEDOM AND CHARM

sapling about the small end of which was wound a cocoon of bleached, coarse line, and entered the stream above the pool, wading quickly across the current, knotting the leader to her heavy, frayed line. She had taken off the fly that the man had used and replaced it with one that had been hooked in the under side of her shirt-collar.

She turned the rod over and over in her hand, letting out line from the ball at its tip. Then satisfied, she whipped it back and flung it forward with a fine, free, rhythmic movement of body, arm and wrist. The line executed a great S above her and shot out over the pool, resting itself with a barely perceptible ripple, the leader uncurling with a lightness that did not mar the surface and, lastly, the fly settling to the water in a posture that was imitative perfection. A flash from the depths, a plop as the surface was broken, and with a back-hand throw the girl flipped a nine-inch trout, flashing in the sunlight, far over her head to the firm bank behind her. She shook out a flour-sack which she carried in a hip-pocket, retrieved the fish, and cast again.

After the fly had settled to the water a score of times she had caught five trout. The last safely in her sack, she wound her line up, fingered the slender leader again with evident gratification and waded out of the stream.

It was an adventure for Gyp, who knew no other country

than the Michigan barrens, to have seen the stranger, and she thought of him as she walked.

He was not the first. Oh, no! She had seen menbesides her father. Years before, when she was a little girl, old Scotty used to spend whole evenings with them. Once there had been the lawyer, who remained three days. Now and then a man passed. Fishermen, too, perhaps two or three a season, came near enough to be seen. Once a pair of canoes floated down, and Gyp, from cover, watched, marveling at the woman in the bow of each.

Never before had she seen one of the fishers from so near, and as she walked slowly toward home she realized that her heart was still beating hard. She recalled how white his teeth had gleamed as he braced back and pulled to free his line. Her father's were not like that. Scotty's? She could not remember much about Scotty. That was so long ago.

She came out suddenly on to a narrow neck of land high above the curving river which bounded it. The building there was her home. It was of logs, ravaged by time and grubs and woodpeckers. The shag roof sagged; the window-casings were askew. Stakes had been driven into the ground, boards put against them, and the two feet of space between them and the bottom filled with dirt and sod to keep out Winter winds. Scattered about in shallow hollows were patches of rich earth, carefully

The door stood open and the girl looked in at the empty

"Buck?" she called. "Buck! You here?"

No answer. She set her rod against the wall and went within, tossing the glistening fish into a battered pan.

The wind had risen after the sun passed meridian, as it often does. It blew out of the southwest, and above the farthest ridge was a blue haze almost like smoke.

Two hundred yards away and below the river glistened. Back of the cabin the country rose and rolled, and from out there somewhere finally came a voice.

"Gyp!" the voice would cry. "Oh, Gyp! I've jus'co-" and then it would flow along in a stream of syllables to rise after a moment: "Gyp! You here, Gyp? Youho----'

Continued on page 63



THE DELINEATOR SUNSHINE HOUSE.



OLDIERS OF THREE WARS AND THEIR LASSES

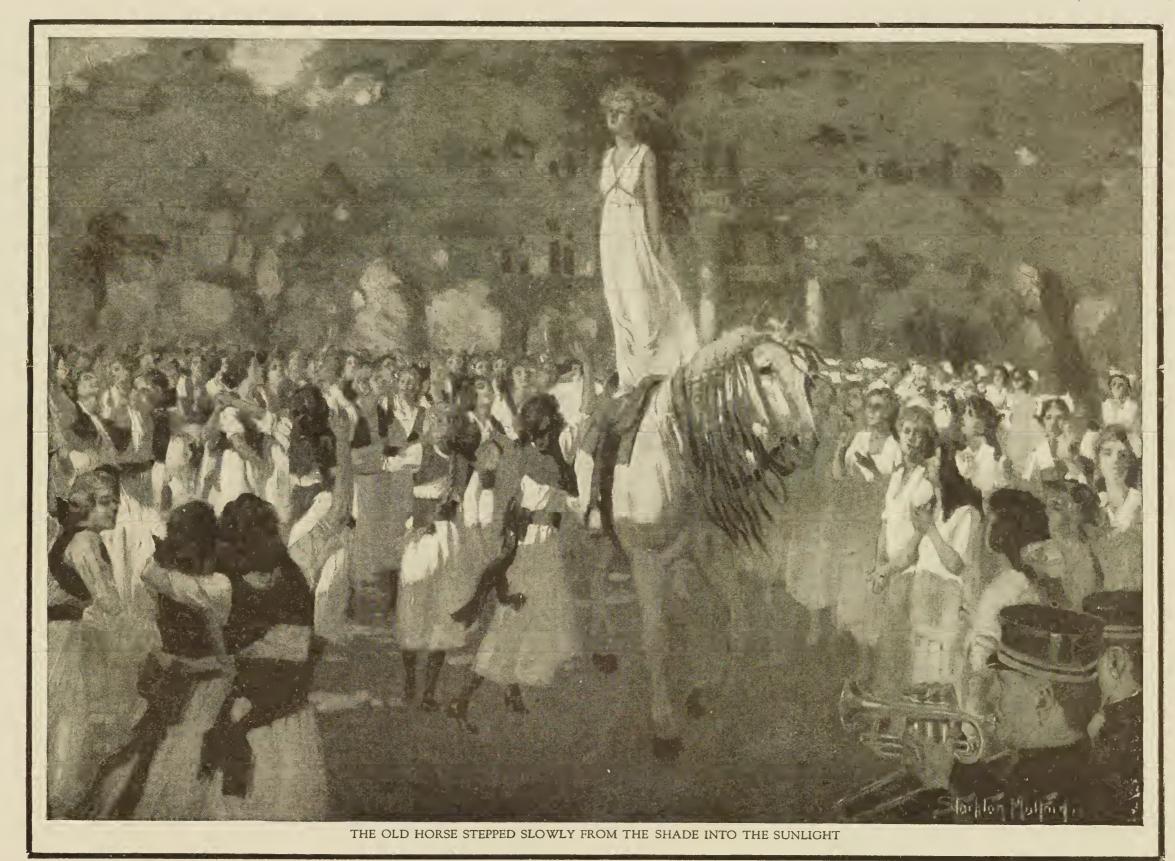
ar. And you, all ready for tiest pretties, just as grand-l War times, and great-grandwhen their boys came home.

Before cutting out the figures and the clothes, look for all the places to be slit, and cut them carefully with a knife. To make the figures stand, fold C forward, E backward, and D under; paste the point of D under C.

All the tags marked BP should be bent backward and pasted together at the tips. Tags B bend backward; they just hook over head, shoulder, etc. Tags marked A slip into slits without bending.







RED-HAIRED MASCOT

BY HELEN WARD BANKS

'S perfectly hopeless," sighed Margaret.

Kate grunted an assent and then, as some one knocked at the door, she ealled grumpily, "Come in." The door opened with a fling to admit a slim girl with hair so redly bright that it seemed to light a flame in the room.

"Hello!" the new girl said easily and advanced

with a cheerful grin.

Margaret smiled back, but Kate sat in stupefied amazement. Never in the sehool's history had a new girl burst through the bonds of tradition and propriety and stormed

"Can I do anything for you?" she asked stiffly. "You're Kate Colby, aren't you?" asked the red-

headed girl, still with her audaeious little grin. "I'm Aileen Bartow. They told me that you were the captain of the Red basket-ball team, and as I'm in Red House, I suppose that's the one I have to join. What do you do

"The first necessity is to be invited," answered Kate

"Oh, Kate!" protested Margaret.

Aileen's head went up with the quiek anger of her red hair. "All right. If you don't want me, I'll make dad let me go in White House. That's where I belong, anyhow. Alieia Gibson is my aunt."

"Alicia Gibson!" exelaimed Kate. "The school champion! Of course she was a White House girl. How did you happen to be Red?"

"We're mighty glad you are Red all the same," interposed Margaret.

Aileen's good temper came back. "I wanted to go White, of eourse, because my aunt was White, but dad made Miss Adams put me in Red House because Margaret Hardy was here and he thinks her father is the greatest man in the world.'

"Why, that's me!" cried Margaret. "Of eourse our fathers are friends and so will we be. Red House is the only place to be, Aileen. You'll be glad enough to be here before the year's over."

"Do the Whites know you belong to Alicia Gibson?"

demanded Kate.

"Susan Meade does. She lives in our town. So does Fanny Snow. They tried their best to get dad to enter me White, but he wouldn't. Susan didn't seem to want me in the Red team—and I can't see that you do either." "Oh, but we do," protested Margaret, "and you want

to come. The Reds have beaten the Whites at basketball steadily for three years, just as we've beaten them in the perambulating prom.' "Are you and Susan Meade friends?" asked Kate.

"And Fanny Snow?"

Aileen made a little face. "I like Sue, but I've no use for Fanny. Give her long ears and make her green eyes pink and she'd be a white rabbit."

Margaret and Kate exchanged a startled gance. "Let's hope that Susan Meade won't think of that," muttered Kate, and then she smiled at Aileen as she pulled

AT THE ADAMS SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, "RED HOUSE" AND "WHITE HOUSE" HAD A "PERAMBULATING PROM" EVERY YEAR, AND GREAT WAS THE RIVALRY OVER THE MASCOTS FOR EACH SIDE. THIS IS THE TALE OF THE FATE OF FARMER RIGGS'S OLD WHITE HORSE, AND INGENIOUS AILEEN BARTOW, THE NEW GIRL WITH THE BEAUTIFUL RED HAIR

off the cover of a candy-box. "Help yourself, Aileen. If you know the Adams Sehool, of course you know all about the 'perambulating prom'?'

Aileen nodded and ehose a chocolate. "It's a procession of Reds and Whites when sehool begins, and each house starts out with a new mascot, and whichever side the faculty thinks has the best, leads the procession and is on top for the year."

"That's right," assented Kate. "We had the loveliest

maseot for this year that we ever had. Margaret made it; it was a red imp almost as big as you, and its tail curled up over its eyebrows. Margaret unpacked it the minute she got here and we doubled it up and put it in a sofapillow eover under all the others on the divan and one of us slept on it at night.

"But they found it. When we came up from breakfast this morning it was gone, and at lunch didn s you notice that every girl in White House wore a red rosette made out of the mangled remains of our beautiful imp? It's too late to make another, but, oh, Aileen, don't you want to be Red House's mascot?"

The two older girls held their breath while they watched Aileen. "Why should I be a maseot?" she asked, and then as she saw, she flushed. "Oh, you mean my hair! I didn't come to sehool to be a monkey on a stiek, even to amuse the Red eaptain," and with the same suddenness that she had appeared, she departed.

"Oh, Kate, why didn't you go a little slower!" deplored Margaret. "With that head of flame she'd make the most wonderful maseot we ever had. There are no end of things she could be. Look, there she goes now with Susan Meade! We're dished, Kate.'

"I'm such a flat-foot," sighed Kate. "It's up to you now, Peggy. Can't you hear Susan soft-soaping her? Chase her and get her back before she tells Susan everything.'

"I'd give a farm to know that White mascot," declared Margaret as she turned away from the window. "It makes me hot to think they found out ours so easily and we haven't a seout that can unearth theirs. And now we've lost Aileen probably. We're gumps—that's what

"Go on. Hurry!" urged Kate.

Margaret went down the stairs, through the big open hall of Red House out to the green that stretched between the red-brick house on the east to the white clapboarded house on the west. The campus belonged to both houses, for they were parts of the one school. But as far back as the oldest girl could remember, White girls and Red girls had been very happy and friendly rivals in every undertaking.

"Now see here, kiddo," Margaret began, "which do you really want to belong to, Red House or White?'

"How can I tell so soon?" Aileen answered. "Dad entered me Red, and except for Aunt Alieia I didn't care much which I was till Kate Colby turned me down with a sledge-hammer. That didn't make me love the Reds mueh.'

"Kate's all right," answered Margaret with a friendly little laugh. "It was fresh, you see, for a new girl to come throwing herself in like that, and Kate had to squelch you for the good of the school. You're a sport, you aren't going to get mad at that. You'll be doing the same thing to some girl two years from now. Come on, start straight and tell me you aren't mad."

"You wouldn't make any one mad," eonceded Aileen. "I'm not mad now, anyhow. But if I'm so terribly unimportant, why are you and Susan both after me?'

'That wonderful hair of yours makes you important," laughed Margaret. "It is beautiful, Aileen. You were a Red by nature before your father put you here, and you are going to be loyal, it isn't in you to be anything else."

Aileen stopped in her walk to look deliberately at the older girl.

"Do you really like me or are you just trying to coax "I really like you," answered Margaret honestly. "But

I do want you to do this awfully, too. I'd consider it an aet of true friendship to me as well as loyalty to the house." For a moment Aileen studied Margaret's face. "All right," she yielded suddenly. "I don't care much about

colors yet, but I like you; you're square. I'll do it for you. I don't belong anywhere yet anyhow." "Oh, Aileen, you're an angel!" exclaimed Margaret

fervently. "I'm not. I'm an imp," laughed Aileen. "Have I got to dress in Turkey red?"

"Cheapen your hair like that? No. I don't quite know yet what we'll make you, but we'll keep you white with all the color flaming in your hair. You've saved my

life, Aileen. I'll sleep to-night. You won't breathe it to a soul, will you? You didn't tell Susan?" "No, I didn't. Is it a secret?"

"Of course it is. No one but the heads of each house knows what the mascot is going to be. I'd give dollars to find out the Whites', but we haven't a gleam.'

"I know how they could make Fanny Snow into a mascot that would beat my carrot top all hollow," said Aileen with her sudden grin. "Too bad I didn't tell it to her."

"You're Red. You can't tell." Concluded on page 74



"I HAVE LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!"

IN PAWN TO ATHRONE

BY DEMETRA VAKA AND KENNETH BROWN

HE girl allowed herself to be guided unresistingly away a few paces. Then she drew her arm from his grasp and peered into his face.

Into her own came a look of recognition and of utter amazement.

"You! You!" she cried. "Where do you come from? What are you now?'

But for the strangeness of the hour and the place and the circumstances, Elihu might have been surprised at this address, but it all seemed quite natural, and

he answered: "My name is Elihu Peabody. I am a secretary in the American legation. And you"—he smiled—"I know you are Pallas Athena. I have seen you before."

Her gaze was intent on his face, nor did the look of wonderment and surprise leave hers. She shook her head solemnly:

"You ought not to have remembered that. I was only

in jest that night.'

"What night? I saw you this afternoon, but surely we

have never met before."

Her expression, which had had something of the faraway look of a statue, changed, and there crept into it a

THE STORY

Apparently every man, woman and child in Athens had brought a stone to heap on the pile that meant the "Anathema of Venizelos."

Elihu Peabody, a young American diplomat, newly arrived in Athens, sees in a carriage watching the ceremony, a young girl, as beautiful and as Greek as Pallas Athena herself.

That night after dinner at the American embassy he finds himself involuntarily walking out to the scene of the anathema, and as he watches in the moonlight he recognizes his Pallas Athena in a veiled figure that with lovely tenderness is eovering the hateful stones with the roses of love.

He hears some one else eoming, and forgetting every-

thing but her danger, seizes her by the arm.
"Quick! There is some one coming! You must not be caught."

gleam quite human. "Never mind about that night. You are not supposed to remember it. Look!" She pointed to many dim figures near the heap of stones. "You see I did not have to fear."

In truth there had been no cause for alarm. All the dim figures had come on the same errand as the girl, and were strewing flowers on the Anathema of Venizelos. When the last had disappeared into the shadows, the American spoke again:

"Surely if we had ever met I could not have forgotten." The approaching dawn

was lesscning the opaqueness of the dark, and on the girl's face Elihu could see a mischievous interest striving

with her look of wonderment.

"That night I was only ten years old."
"But where was it?"

"You could not possibly remember, even if I told you." But for the humorous sanity of her eyes, he might have thought her demented.

Nodding, "You forgot," she asserted brazenly.
"What if I don't let you go until you tell me where?" he blustered. She laughed outright at the threat. "Tell me once more under what name you tread the earth."

"Elihu Peabody."

"I shall have to get accustomed to that name. It is a most—a most unfitting—appellation.'

Some one moved near them, as if sneaking up on them, and Elihu laid his hand on her arm protectingly. She did not shake it off, but said:

"Do not be alarmed. That is Spiro Millioti, and he belongs to me.

'SPIRO is my walking shadow," the girl explained. "That was why I did not scream when you"—she hesitated, then ended with an impish gesture—"when you came down from your pedestal.'

"My pedestal? I have never been on one that I know of.'

'No?" Her eyebrows arched. Her eyes mocked him. "You have drunk from the river of Lethe." She waved her hand. "Good-by-or perhaps au revoir-M. Peabody." She laughed once more. "Most unfitting name, most unfitting!"

For a long time Elihu stood where the Greek girl left him, trying to make out what her words had meant. She had certainly seemed to recognize him, yet where could they have met before? She had said it was when she was ten years old. She could not be more than nineteen or twenty now. Then it must have been nine or ten years ago, just about the time he was going to

His family had spent several Summers in England, in Norway and in France about that time. They must have met there. Yet had he known a Greek girl as strikingly beautiful as this one, even though she had been only ten years old, it seemed as if he would have remembered her.

A phrase of hers recurred to him—"Under what name are you treading the earth?" What had she meant by

Then with poignant pleasure Elihu remembered that after she had said "Good-by," she had added, "Au revoir.'

It was a clear daylight by this time, and the heap of stones was a resplendent mass of color.

"I wonder how his Danish Majesty will like his anathema in blossom?" he thought.
Slowly he walked back toward the center of the

town, until he met a carriage and engaged it to take him to his hotel, when, after a cold bath, he felt as fresh as if he had slept the night through.

He was at the legation before nine, and pitched into his work with great energy. Every detail of it was of vital interest to him, and he congratulated himself that he had chosen a career which filled his veins with the zest of living. He was not yet aware that the Song of Songs was singing in his heart.

The legation needed his help sorely, since in addition to its regular work—which was many times more onerous than in peace times—it was also attending to the business of Austria and Bulgaria. But busy as he was, within a few days he found time to engage a house and start his own establishment.

Unlike the majority of young men, he had a strong wish for a home of his own. He was tired of hotels after his three years of traveling. He had inherited the entire fortune of his mother, who was a member of an old New York family, and could easily afford to live more like an ambassador than a simple secretary.

He was fortunate enough to find a house part way up the slope of Lycabetus, and almost on a level with the Acropolis. It possessed a charming small garden, and overhanging this was a marble balcony, from which he could be in constant communion with the great relic of greater Greece, and with the Gulf of Salamis.

The marble balcony was like a fairy's wand. He had only to step out on it, and the Greece of the past became alive, and he was consorting with its illustrious citizens. Nor was modern Greece less kind to him.

The social world of Athens was open to him. It was an agreeable world in itself, and it contained the added charm for him that somewhere in it he must find his Pallas Athena. Indeed, he marveled that he had not already seen her when he became aware how small

To the Acropolis he paid homage daily from his bal-

cony; but he had not yet been up to see it. He did not wish to make a hasty, sightseeing trip, nor did he wish to go for the first time with any one else. The first time it must be the moon who should show it

ELIHU was learning much about the political affairs C of Greece. Athens was really in a state of civil war, in the bloodless, argumentative Grecian way. The air was tense, the streets were full of reservists, epistrates, whom the German propaganda and German gold kept in a constant ferment against the French and the English, and to Elihu it seemed certain that something

was bound to happen sooner or later. As secretary of a neutral legation, Elihu was courted by both sides, each one trying to make him see the situation from his point of view. The shrewdness he inherited from his father kept him from displaying partizanship.

He was naturally rather conservative, and had an inherent belief in the right of those classes which have worked their way to better things to rule those who are content to go on from day to day without trying by self-denial and thrift to raise themselves out of the ruck. He also had an instinctive fear of the mob, and this fear made him inclined to prefer the established government to an experi-

It was this "conservative" attitude which made the Royalists believe that he was sympathetic to their side. They welcomed him to their houses, not only because they wished to attach him to their party, but because his education and position rendered him in reality one of them, as they thought.

Socially Elihu liked the Royalists on the whole better than he did the Vcnizelists. Hc played tennis with them on the lovely courts close by the Temple of Jupiter and beneath the shadow of the Acropolis. They confided in him between sets; for not even a game of tennis was free from politics.

The Venizelists also unbosomed themselves to him, and he was astounded to see with what frankness the diplomats of the Entente, as well as those of neutral legations, spoke among themselves.

AT TIMES the political situation so absorbed him that he forgot everything else. There came other times, especially when he was on his balcony at night, when Continued on page 72



AN OLD-WORLD KITCHEN

AMERICAN HOUSEWIFERY VS. FRENCH

BY CAROLINE B. KING

WAS seven o'clock on a chilly morning last December, somewhere in France, between Paris and Dijon. The passengers on the French express, sleepy and heavy-eyed, were making their slow and difficult way to the restaurant car at the summons of the conductor. I joined the slowly moving throng, and found myself seated opposite a very well-groomed and alert young officer wearing the uniform

of a French "Blue Devil." There is a camaraderie that marks the members of the military "over there," whether American, French, Italian or English, and so it was not long before we were conversing comfortably over our petit déjeuner.

"It is good to get a cup of coffee after that terrible night," I ventured.

"It is good, as you say, madame, but the coffee is not good in itself, n'est-ce pas?" replied the young man, smiling in friendly fashion.

"I like it very much," I said, "but I will admit that I have tasted better."

"Indeed you have, and a better breakfast, too," my new acquaintance returned heartily, and in very good English. "You Americans certainly know how to live. Take your breakfasts of bacon and eggs, strawberries and cream, or your rich brown wheat-cakes with maple-sirup, your hot biscuits and honey, your ice-cold and juicy grapefruit, and a hundred other good things that I have eaten in the United States; why, they are simply wonderful! There isn't a home in France that knows what a good breakfast is according to American ideas.

I thanked him on behalf of America, and we drank our café au lait and spread the bit of confiture, which was after all only apple-butter, on our hard war rolls and ate in silence, allowing our fancies to dwell on the alluring pictures he had conjured up.

"But you know," I said at last, "the French are the most noted cooks in the world; French housewives have long held the palm for economy and thrift. We have a saying in our country that a Frenchwoman could feed an entire family on what an American housewife throws into the garbage-pail.

"The garbage-pail? I do not know it; but I will say that since spending six months in America the year before the war I am all for American cookery. Those waffles and griddle-cakes; I dream of them yet! Petit déjeuner, indeed! Even in my mother's home it is not much better than this, and she is a fine housekeeper," he finished loyally.

Ten months of France had made me slightly skeptical on the subject of the French cuisine, I grant, but whenever I had found myself becoming critical heretofore, I had compelled myself to remember that France at war was not to be judged by ordinary standards. Sugar was almost unknown, butter seldom to be had, bread obtained only by ticket from the provost marshal, milk was not permitted after nine o'clock in the morning, and chocolate, that delight of the French sweet tooth, a forgotten dainty, except when it might occasionally be purchased through the American commissaries.

Therefore France and her cuisine must be accepted with due allowances, and so I had persuaded myself that the Frenchwoman in normal times undoubtedly was the most notable housewife in the world, her economies the essence of efficiency, and her methods of marketing valuable lessons in good management.

But my conversation with the young officer rather staggered me. I began to wonder a little. Could it be possible that the French standard of living is lower than ours? Do the meals, the materials for which are purchased with so much calculation, so much argument and gesticulation, satisfy these French people, or are they accepted because convention has prescribed such menus for many generations?

In the little village on the opposite bank of the Meuse from the site of the large base hospital of which I was dietitian I had many opportunities for studying French customs and modes of living. Some of the women who dwell in that little hamlet became my warm friends and with true French cordiality invited me frequently to partake of their soup, or their rabbit ragout, or to help myself to the currants and gooseberries which ripened in their little back gardens, so I found it both interesting and easy to compare their methods with those of the American housewife.

French cookery as we find it in the American restaurant is not the cookery of the villages and small towns in France, so it is searcely fair to compare our ideas of a French dinner with the meal which is served in the wellto-do or middle-class households in our sister republic. If we must compare it at all, let it be with the cuisine of Paris, Nice, Lyons or Bordeaux. Even such a comparison is unjust, for French cookery in America is almost invariably changed or camouflaged to please the American palate.

The cuisine bourgeoise of the French is analogous to the standard of living of the middle-class family in America, but it is as little like it as the wooden sabots of the French housewife are like the dainty slippers of the American

I have partaken frequently of diner or souper in modest French homes, and have also watched the buying and the preparation of the meal, and I have yet to discover where the Frenchwoman's methods are superior to our own.

In her cookery she pursues the same ideas which were in fashion hundreds of years ago. She cares nothing for new methods or new inventions in the matter of food products or utensils, but is content to cling to the same viands and implements which her grandmother used,

preparing her meals in the little copper vessels which require so much scouring and polishing, and cooking her concoctions over the hearth-fire or the charcoal stove. I do not believe there are five hundred gas-ranges in all France, and the use of electricity for cooking is still in the far distant future.

True, the Frenchwoman spends less on her table than the American, but she also serves less, and we who are accustomed to a bountiful meal—where pickles and preserves and pie or pudding round out a dinner of roast beef or steak, potatoes and green vegetables—are likely to wonder whether the French father and his children rise from the table with that satisfied, well-filled sensation which promotes a feeling of peace with all the world.

In the great busy diet-kitchen, where I spent so many hours each day, we gave employment to a number of young French girls, who supplemented the everchanging round of soldier cooks culled from the ranks of convalescents and retained just long enough to make us miss them exceedingly when they were sufficiently recovered to be returned to their companies. These girls, coming as they did from many parts of France, some of them refugees, others natives of the small towns in Alsace and Lorraine, might be regarded as excellent types of their class throughout the republic.

Later, when I compared them in my mind to the girls in the seaport where I awaited transportation to the United States, I realized that there is very little difference between east and west in France, and I found the counterparts of my Marcelle and Marie, my Thérèse and Mathilde, in the Germaine, the Rénée, the Jeanne and the Georgette of the coast city, and always their methods of preparing food were similar.

The ordinary dinner of the middle-class French family consists of a stew of some kind, usually beef, pork or rabbit, with a few carrots or onions, and always garlic, a generous piece of bread, and a glass of vin ordinaire mixed with water.

The stews, to my taste, were somewhat disappointing, for I was constantly expecting something unusual in flavor that I never found. Instead the dish was seldom sufficiently seasoned, and was innocent of any of the herbs or savories without which I had imagined no Frenchwoman could manage her ragouts. The gravy was apt to be thin and watery and the meat overcooked.

War bread in France was delicious; brown, crusty and sweet as a nut, it helped out wonderfully in making a dinner appetizing; but the wine was like vinegar and found very little favor with Americans.

To Marcelle, Marie, Thérèse and Mathilde, my kitchen assistants, our hospital dinners were huge affairs, though we often thought them sketchy and poor. Roast beef with gravy, mashed potatoes, a green vegetable, bread

Continued on page 41

RESULTS-NOT RESOLUTIONS

COMMUNITY ACHIEVEMENTS FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE



This is a "turn-around" on a narrow road that runs alongside a steep bank in Roland Park, Maryland. It consists of a heavy log laid flat on the ground, well spiked to two other logs driven into the ground.



We will gladly pay for pictures of "Results" in your community. Address George T. Eager, Butterick Building, New York City.



Plate by J. Horace McFarland Co.

On hot Summer days, Mr. Boyer takes children from the poorer sections of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, for long rides in "The Boyer Joy-Giving Car." Here is an idea for a woman's club that can obtain an old delivery wagon or motor-truck.



Look at the picture on the left, and then at the one on the right, and decide for yourself which city is making the better use of its water-power. If there's water around, be sure that boys are going to find it and swim in it. Then come trouble and accidents. How much better to follow the example of



Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and buy an old scow, fit it up with bath-houses, put some one in charge and have a day for boys and another for girls. Everybody safe, everybody happy. If there are skeptics, ask them to look at the little girls' faces in the picture.



While men are wasting, women are saving. Here are thousands of bushels of potatoes frozen in transit and dumped along the railroad tracks leading into Chicago. Just a little mismanagement has resulted in the loss of enough food to feed thousands of people. But there's a bright side to this picture. The building that looks like a merry-go-round is the community cannery, built right over the



cement floor of a fountain in the Court-House Square by the women of Asheville, North Carolina. This central location made it easy for thousands of people from the surrounding country actually to see the work and go back inspired with the idea of canning their home-grown vegetables. For those unable to do canning at home, arrangements were made to have it done at the community plant.



Photo by courtesy of Detroit Recreation Commission

As a Fourth-of-July event for your town, why not have a patriotic kite-day contest? Detroit's Annual Kite Day was started in 1916 and brings out hundreds of boys and girls as contestants and thousands of spectators to see the fun. Entry blanks are distributed through schools and newspapers; engineers bring out their instru-

ments for calculating the height of each kite, and aviation officers act as judges. The highest-flying kite, the best constructed kite and the kite of most novel design are each entitled to a prize. Special invitations to compete, sent to the Chinese of Detroit, brought out centipede kites, dragon kites and other novel designs.



"Notice me, please-my quickness and ease! I find this is never a bore The Campbell's Soup way makes it easy as play I'll throw in a meal or two more!"

No easy stunt!

But we'll help you make it easier

Getting three meals a day for a hearty, hungry family means real work for the conscientious homekeeper.

Even with competent help you have a hard problem.

You have all kinds of appetites to please beside the folks with "no appetite" and the friends, now and then, whom you love to welcome.

Every meal means marketing, preparing and cooking the meal, clearing it away and washing dishes afterward.

It seems sometimes as if life was just one meal after another.

And there is the question of expense.

Now look at the help you get from

Campbell's Tomato Soup

First it is a tempting appetizer, readycooked, easy to prepare. Then it is high foodvalue for your money.

It strengthens digestion, makes the whole meal taste better and do you more good.

Served as a Cream of Tomato it is distinctly nourishing in itself. With the addition of boiled rice or noodles or plain bread-andbutter it becomes the best part of a sustaining light meal. Just what you want for the midday luncheon or the children's supper or whenever you are too busy or too tired to prepare a heavy meal.

See how it dovetails right into the situation. Served hot with cold meat, it gives you all the satisfaction of a fresh-cooked meal without heating up the house and with no more labor than making a cup of tea.

> You will find a light repast of this kind is often the most suitable and satisfying meal for the entire family—particularly at this time of year.

> The contents of every can gives you double the quantity of rich soup with no cooking-cost and no waste. Every spoonful wholesome and delicious.

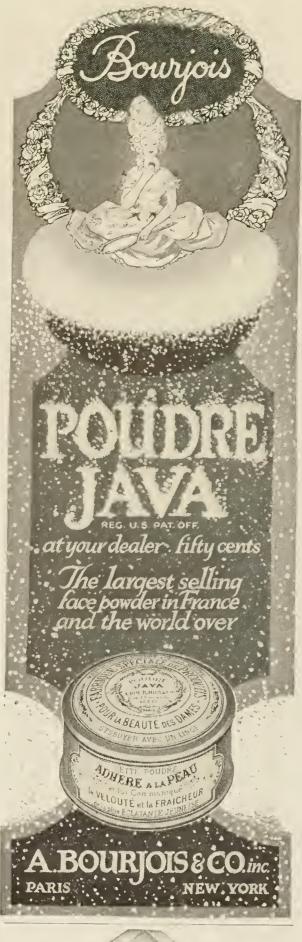
Order it by the dozen or more, and have it at hand.

Have you tried Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup?

A rich meat stock combined with choice vegetables and selected beef. You could make your whole luncheon of this hearty and satisfying soup.

21 kinds 12c a can

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL







NOT FOR ANYTHING! There are tens of thousands of intelligent women, who would not for anything miss a copy of *Adventure*, which appears on the newsstand twice a month, full of the best fiction by the best writers. Try the current issue and see why.

THE LIVELY ROAD TO BEAUTY IN SMARTEST NEW YORK

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

AVE you ever looked at aetresses offstage and wondered, "How do they do
it?" Perhaps at the opera or at tea
on Fifth Avenue you sit near women famous on
two continents for their beauty and wealth and
position, and you mutter to yourself:
"It isn't human! It just isn't human!"
You know that actresses tear themselves to

You know that actresses tear themselves to pieces with emotion and excitement, both on and off stage, and you know that the women who are the social leaders in the great and only Manhattan are leaders only through much nimble brain-action, incredible energy, and by never so much as once being caught napping in any way, mentally, physically or morally.

Yet there they sit, smooth and softly rounded, with the skins of girls, and eyes—no matter how wise and sardonic they are, the physical part of those eyes is young, shining! How do they do it? Where do they go? Where do they get it?

I'VE found out! No matter how, though thereby hangs a tale, but you can rely upon this—I've found out! I've sat in the same chairs—at least one of them—that they sit in; the same fingers that have paddled their faces have spanked mine.

My very own ears, excited to the point of bursting drums, have heard the beautiful young person that sits at the telephone say, "Yes, Mrs. Astor, your appointment is at six." And when I tugged the smacking hand away from my struggling face and whispered, "Not the honest-for-sure Mrs. Astor?" I received a superior smile and nod by way of reply.

nod by way of reply.

A moment later, that same voice at the telephone, smooth and musical, though it talks all day long as far as I can discover, saying, the instant the bell goes prirr-rrrrr, "Maribel Summer!" (Of course that isn't the real name of the shop. I can't say the real name right out loud here, before everybody.)

"Yes, Miss Garden; she is ready for you." "No, Miss Burke; your appointment is for to-morrow at four. I'm sorry, but there is no time left to-day." And when I tug the hand away again and breathe: "Not Mary Garden! Not Billie Burke!" I get, "Surely, madam. Why not?"

THEN I sink back replete, though I am dying to slap back. The attendant slaps hard and in my youth I didn't allow any one to slap my face like that without a just return, but here I sink back content. This is the place. I'm there. I'm doing it as it should be done. I, too, shall be beautiful!

hold the cotton in place, and there you are. If you want to be beautiful and you are past thirty, you might just as well be dead as without a patter. It is like a baby; you got along all right before you knew what it meant to have one; but after! Neither love nor money could get it away from you.

And the other essential is the ice-man.
But let's begin at the beginning—atmosphere and smells and pretty girls!

WHEN the elevator-boy lets you out of the ducky little mulberry-colored lift—he called it a lift—and you open the door that you have been led to believe shuts Maribel



Study Violet Heming's "points"—hair, skin, eyes

Summer away from the rude, unpatted world, and start across the room, you stop and are on the point of pussy-footing out again because you feel that you must have got into the wrong place.

This is surely the lair of an interior decorator, it is so lovely and so full of atmosphere. But your nose pulls you up short and says: "For mercy's sake, come on! Don't be silly;

your face, and when you, intent on missing nothing, rise up and demand, "What is that?" the voice above you says, "Absorbent cotton squeezed out of ice-water and then out of skintonic and then plastered with a very soft coldeream."

THAT is the way to wash your face, always forever and ever. Never warm water, and really never water at all. Just dip the cotton into ice-water and then squeeze it out dry so that the cotton is a moist lump, but not really wet. Drop it into the tonic, which is also an astringent and which you pour out into a little dish so that you can get at it better, then

squeeze the cotton out of that, but not quite so dry as before—and it must be absorbent cotton, not any old cotton—and then lather it with cold-cream. And cold-cream must always be *soft*, never stiff, for that kind stretches the skin and does actual harm.

Next something very smooth and cold chases madly all over your face and eyes and throat and insistently under your chin, and again you rise up and demand what that is. "Ice," says the voice. "Nothing in the

world better for your face than ice."
Only, you learn, it must never stop and rest anywhere, but just keep right on traveling, because if it pauses one moment to get a second wind it causes congestion and is very bad.

THEN your face is dried swiftly with a Japanese tissue. And, by the way, that, too, is like a baby. Never would you be without them—those Japanese tissue-papers—after you have once had them, They're so soft and clean, and besides, you never have cold-cream cloths about then, nor do you make the mistake of using too coarse a towel for that very delicate, imperious thing, your skin.

And there you are, washed. If you so much as scrubbed once in the good, old-fashioned way, while you were going to Maribel Summer's for treatment, they would undoubtedly lock the door on you and never let you in again.

THEN came the treatment. I can't tell you about it this time, because there isn't room,

Only these two things remember until you can go again: Wash your face as I have said, get the patter or the abridged fly-swatter, squeeze it out of ice-water, then out of a strong astringent—you can make it yourself out of wich-hazel and rose-water—then pat!

Pat hard and always up—your brow, your cheeks, the corners of your mouth, all around



Dainty, dignified Alma Tell



American beauty, Louis-Quinze style

And you're going right along with me, dcar friends. Everything they do to me I'm going to do to you, because I'm going to tell you about it and it can all be done at home. That place sitting on one of the haughtiest corners of Fifth Avenue and on another haughty corner in London doesn't do one thing that can not be done in one little Shelbergille he he he

not be done in any little Shelbyville bedroom.

They say so themselves! You pay such pots of money to have it done at the shop that you shiver all the way home and dare not look a single Help-the-Poor poster in the eye, but after a few treatments you learn exactly how it's done and can do the whole thing yourself with just a few little moneys, not very much time, and no evil conscience.

FIRST, you have to buy a patter. That they will sell you at the approximate price of five dollars, but between you and me, if you don't want to spend five dollars—yes, that's what it eosts—buy a nice little pliable wire fly-swatter, cut it down until it is only about two and a half inches in diameter, wrap it in a piece of chamois, tie it tight so it can not get off, then wrap it thick in absorbent cotton with a rubber band around the handle to

can't you smell the eold-cream and astringent?"

gent?"
And then you can, so you creep across the room to a desk where sits a beautiful person with a large ebony plate upon which a single pink rose lies on its check and from the plate rises an exquisite, slender ebony vase containing another single pink rose. This sits at her right elbow; at her left is the telephone with Mary Garden and people like that at the other end of it.

OTHER beautiful persons in white-linen uniforms flit to and fro in and out of closed rooms where are hidden, you are sure, the Secrets and the Initiated.

You approach and ask the price of things, treatments and tools, and try not to stagger or blink or groan when she tells you, and then you follow a white-linen woman off into a room, the door closes, and you are there.

First of all they wrap your top-knot neatly away in a linen towel made into a chef's cap, so *chic* in line that you look rather nice even without any hair and with your face covered with cold-cream. Then something as cool and soft and pleasant as a drifting snowflake flies over

your eyes, but softly there, and hard, hard, under your chin and all around the neek and the base of the neek.

Two other things I learned that day: one is of a new deodorant, a really, truly, harmless one that does not stop the perspiration, just takes care of it when it arrives, so that anybody can smell like a flower no matter what she does or how hot the day.

ALSO I learned for the nth millionth time that the outside of a person has much to do with beauty, but the inside is what counts. For just outside the door I met the great Maribel Herself. Her skin and hair and eyes were flawless; but the magic of her was that she cares, that she loves making the world more beautiful, that she is eager and human and believes the best.

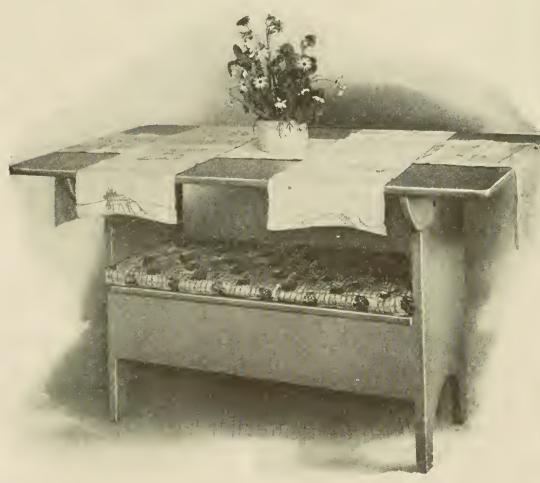
No wonder one has to make appointments three weeks ahead! No wonder the Rieh and the Great and the Lovely go to sit in her ehairs!

If you will send me a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return postage, any three of Celia Caroline Cole's beauty booklets will be sent to you. A list of these booklets is given on page 50, "Here's Help for You," in this issue.

PORCH BREAKFASTS

THEY'RE EASY AND A REAL DELIGHT

BY MARGARET GOLDSMITH





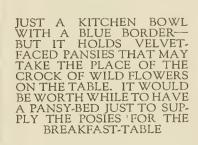
A GREAT PART OF THE JOY OF BREAK-FASTING ON THE PORCH IS BEING CLOSE TO THE FLOWERS AND GRASS AND TREES. HAVE A TUB OF FLOWERING AZALEAS ON THE VERANDA NEAR THE BREAKFAST-SETTLE

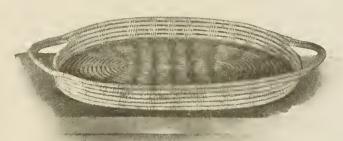


A PAINTED SETTLE TABLE, DECKED WITH RUNNERS AND A BLUE OR YELLOW BUTTER-CROCK OF WILD FLOWERS, BECOMES THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION FOR THE OUTDOOR MEAL AND CAN AFTERWARD BE CONVERTED INTO A COMFORTABLE SEAT THAT TAKES UPLITTLE SPACE. INSTEAD OF THE USUAL CHINTZ OR CRETONNE FOR THE SEAT-CUSHION, GAILY STRIPED GINGHAM OR PRINTED CALICO WITH LARGE FIGURES COULD BE BROUGHT INTO SERVICE FOR PORCH WEAR. THE RUNNER COULD BE MADE OF THE SAME MATERIAL AS THE CUSHION



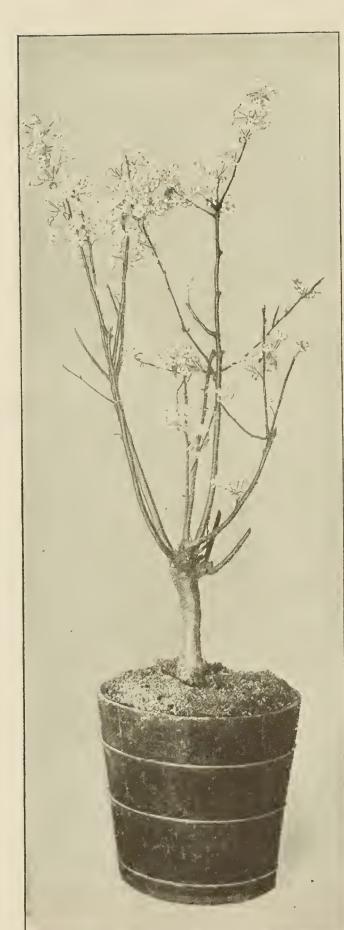
WHO WOULD OBJECT
TO THE HUMBLE
WOODEN CHOPPINGBOWL FOR STRAWBERRIES OR DRY CEREALS,
AND A BREAD-BOARD,
WHEN THEY WE AR
BORDERS OF GAY
BLOSSOMS IN ROSE
AND GREEN? AND IN
SERVING BREAKFAST
OR TEA, WHYNOT USE
A ROUND WICKER
TRAY LIKE THE ONE IN
THE BACKGROUND,
WITH A SILHOUETTED
BORDER IN BLACK!
JAPANESE STORES
CARRY THEM UNPAINTED IN ALL SIZES
AT LITTLE COST







YOU CAN BUY UNPAINTED WOODEN
SUGAR-BOWLS FOR
FIFTEEN CENTS. A CARPENTER MADE THE
WOODEN TILE FOR A
QUARTER. THE LITTLE
EGG-CUP COSTS MORE.
EACH WOODEN UTENSIL IS BEAUTIFUL WITH
A TULIP DESIGN IN
BRIGHT YELLOW OR
BLUE WITH A BACKGROUND OF BLACK



UNTIL YOU TRY IT YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW FETCHING A PAINTED WOODEN TUB IS FOR YOUR FLOWERING PLANT, ESPECIALLY AT THE TOP OF THE VERANDA STEPS. A WHIFF OF THE FLOWERS WILL ADD FLAVOR TO THE FRUIT. THIS SAME TUB OF EARTH FILLED WITH BLOSSOMS WILL WORK MIRACLES FOR THE OUTDOOR PARTY



prepared by putting soluble powder in cup and adding boiling water.

No Waste, No Pot, No Grounds, No Cooking, No Straining. You can't buy such coffee now-a-days in the ordinary form for the price of Faust Instant. And you'll never know how delicious soluble coffee really is until you have tasted Faust Instant.

TEA, too Faust Instant Tea offers the same advantages, delicious taste without waste, cheap to serve, delectable to drink.

COFFEE EACH 30-cup cans 100-cup cans \$0.35 60-cup cans 200-cup cans .65 120-cup cans 400-cup cans

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THE RIDGWAY COMPANY 223 Spring Street, New York





THE JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS PLACE-CARD FOR JULY

OUTDOOR FÊTES FOR MIDSUMMER

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

Japan, in addition to being the land of eherry-blossoms and ehrysanthemums, of gay little kimono-elad ladies, of fragrant tea and quaint eustoms, is also the country of outdoor festivals,

Every month has a special fête-day in this corner of the Orient. In July our Japanese cousins eelebrate the Feast of Lanterns, and the Yankee hostess in search of a new kind of garden-party will do well to follow their

The invitations which bid the guests come to this affair à la Japonaise are in red script, written on thin paper decorated round the edges with flying storks, fiery dragons, waterlilies, pine-trees, cherry-blossoms or graceful sprays of wistaria. Sometimes several of these Oriental symbols may be combined on the same invitation with artistic results. If the hostess desires the guests to wear Japanese dress, she should write the one word "Costume" in the lower right-hand corner of the invitations.

Almost any one's big front yard, if properly decorated, may be made to resemble a gay Japanese street at fête time. Brightly eolored paper lanterns bobbing through the trees, garlands of flowers over the gates, a few picturesque booths, and the presence of vivid kimono-clad figures will make the guests feel as if they have stepped out of the bustling west into the heart of the mysterious East.

VARIATION of the game of Japanese Fan Ball is picturesque enough to live up to the poetie Eastern side of the entertainment, and jolly enough to satisfy the most energetic of American guests. This game is played with Japanese paper fans, or with the more homely palm-leaf variety.

Pretty paper balls of two different colors are the other requirements. These balls may

be bought at any shop carrying Oriental goods, or if they can not be found, small balloons answer the purpose equally well.

Two goals are set up, one at each end of a plot of ground the size of a tennis-court. The als consist of tall poles to which are fastened baskets deep enough to eateh the balls. Then two eaptains are chosen, who select their own teams, ealling the guests one by one in the manner of an old-fashioned spelling-march.

Each team is given a color and each guest a ball. The teams then line up on opposite sides of a line drawn in the eenter of the field midway between the goals. When a chime of Japanese bells is sounded the game starts, each player tossing his ball high into the air.

THE players try to keep the balls aloft by fanning and guiding them toward the goals. A certain length of time is allowed, and then the team which has succeeded in fanning the most of its opponent's balls to its own goal is declared the winner. The members of this team are presented with pretty Japanese fans as symbols of victory.

In a gay little kiosk Madamc Butterfly herself, who is well versed in teacup lore, tells fortunes. This booth looks Oriental enough to have been imported from the Land of the Rising Sun, but as a matter of factit is a homemade article.

Half a dozen posts are placed in a circle and connected by poles, with a taller post in the center. These connecting poles are arranged to form a roof, which is covered with foliage. When the upright posts are wound with orange-eolored eheese-cloth and lanterns are strung between them, the effect is entirely

satisfactory. Refreshments are served at little tables dotted over the lawn, or else at one long table which is decorated with flowers and lighted with lanterns. The menu is dainty and further earries out the Oriental motif of the entire fête. It consists of:

Oriental Sandwiches Salad à la Japonaise Eastern Moon Cakes Honorable Ancestor Iees Geisha Puneh

The sandwiches are made of white bread with a filling of nuts and mayonnaise. Salad à la Japonaise is shrimp salad. Eastern Moon Cakes are rice or almond cakes, while Honorable Ancestor Ices are in the shape of birds, butterflies and odd, grotesque little idols. Geisha Punch is iced tea, served with a slice

YANKEE-DOODLE PICNIC

AN OLD-FASHIONED picnic, which includes everybody in the whole neighborhood, is always in order for the Fourth of July when communities come together for some

kind of patriotic celebration. A pienic without open spaces, trees and daisies may sound impossible, but it isn't.

Of course if the flelds are convenient and most of the neighbors have automobiles, by all means take advantage of the fact. But you may have a picnie even without woods, for a back yard or even a city roof will be found an acceptable substitute.

A back yard will not need much dressing up. Rugs and eushions thrown on the grass, with a few low wieker chairs arranged in a social manner, will be sufficient preparation for the

If the party is given on a roof, it should receive somewhat similar treatment. Jardinières filled with grasses and Summer flowers may be placed around for a touch of color, while flags and red, white and blue bunting furnish a patriotic note.

A MUSEMENTS should be of a rollicking nature that any one from grandfather down to the little tots can take part in and

Bean Quoits is a good example. The requirements for this game are a number of bean-bags made of red-white-and-blue cloth and a board three feet square with five holes

This board may also be painted red, white and blue, if one desires. The hole in the center is eight inches in eireumference, the two at the top are ten inches and the two at the bottom are six inches. When a bag is thrown through the top holes it counts five points, the center hole counts ten, and the bottom holes fifteen.

Each player has five throws for his turn and scores according to the holes he puts his bags through. If a number of guests wish to play, they should be divided into teams of equal

Instead of prizes, have a supply of patriotic favors on hand to give to the winners. Paper hats, wreaths of flowers and flags are inexpensive, and when everybody is decorated with them the back yard, roof or field will rival a patriotie parade or gorgeous pageant in gala

A space curtained with sheets and made gav with flags will provide an excellent bowlingalley where those who enjoy the old-fashioned sport may play at ninepins.

A target of some kind and pop-guns make a shooting-gallery, which will be dear to the hearts of all little boys and some grown-ups as well. Floral archery is picturesque, easily arranged, and will probably appeal to the feminine guests more than the game played with

IF THERE is enough space, by all means have races, which delight children, who always take especial pleasure in contesting games of skill. A flag-race, three-legged race, sack-race, obstaele or blindfold race are all well-known varieties.

A peanut-race, when a table-knife is used to earry a small pile of peanuts from a basket at the starting-point to another basket at the goal, furnishes jolly amusement,

Potatoes may be earried in the same way with teaspoons.

A hopping race, with the racers hopping on one foot throughout the entire course, is great

There are many games to play; but when it is time to eat, there is only one way to serve refreshments. That is in real picnie fashion, with a big table-eloth spread upon the ground and the dainty lunch placed upon it.

There should be sandwiches in quantities, ranging from those stuffed with olives and mayonnaise to plain bread-and-butter ones. Salads, berries, eakes, with punch and lemonade, are all part of the menu.

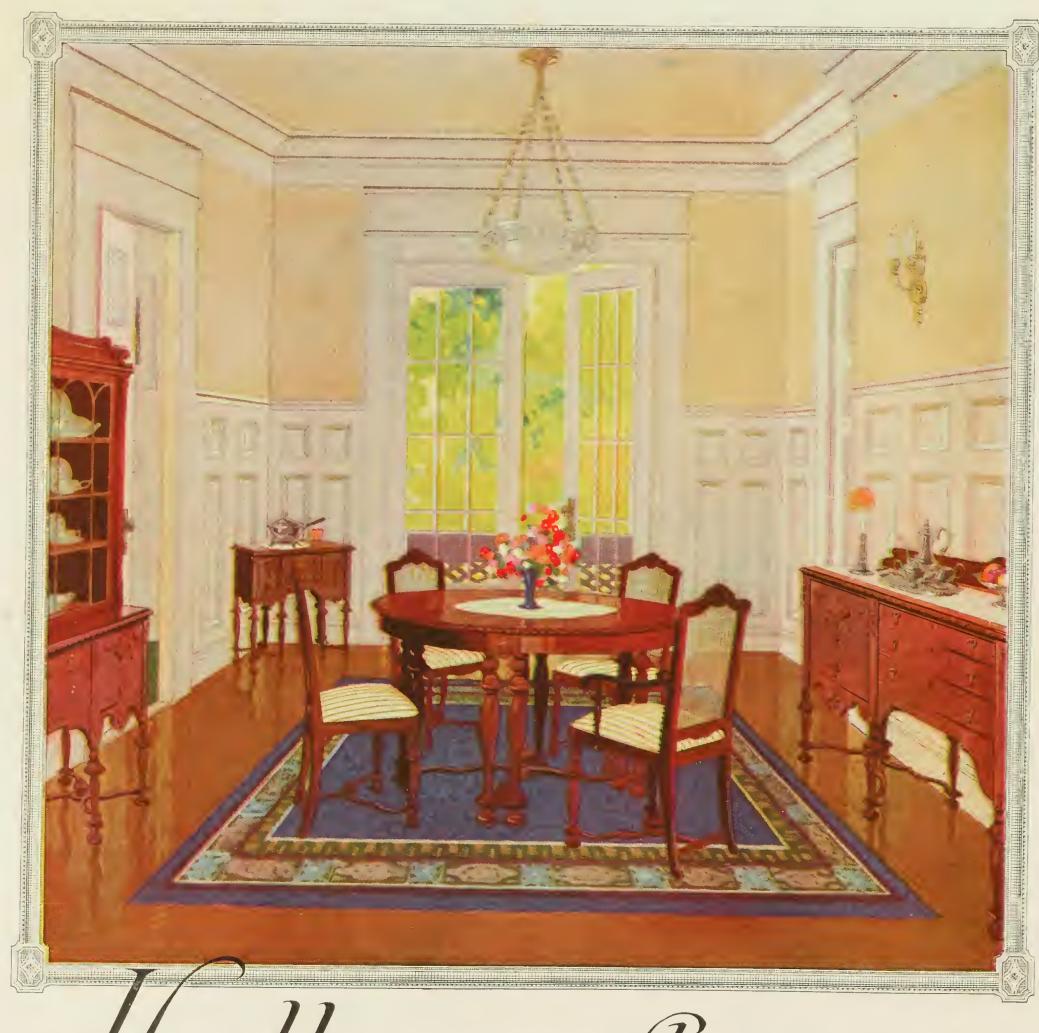
Watermelon, if served ice-eold, is delicious and seems somehow to belong to this especial

When the lunch is eaten, the whole company will enjoy singing well-known songs, an appropriate way of ending any kind of outdoor fête.

I have prepared a set of jolly games for outdoor Summer parties and a number of novel picnic menus. I shall be glad to send them to any one upon receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Please address your letter requesting these games and menus to Edna Erle Wilson, Entertainment Editor, THE DELENEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York

B. 24.80





If all your floors were Blabon floors

—You could have the floor of each room in a color to harmonize with the decorative scheme of the room itself.

—You could, for example, have floors in lovely shades of plain blue, green and gray as well as the rich brown shown in the dining room above.

—Or you could, if you wished, have your floors with attractive designs inlaid in them instead of in a

plain color such as we show in our illustration.

—You could choose a Blabon floor with a hardwood, tile or mosaic design, which would be more appropriate and attractive for some rooms than a plain floor.

Or, in some rooms, you could have a Blabon floor with a carpet or matting design, dispensing with a rug over the floor if you wished, because Blabon floors are quiet and springy to the tread.

In fact, if all your floors were Blabon floors you could make your housework easier these fine summer days by removing all your rugs. Your floors would still be beautiful, colorful, comfortable—and much easier to keep clean, because Blabon floors do not absorb dirt, and the only regular care they require is a light wiping with a damp mop.

Blabon Floors of plain or inlaid Art Linoleums cost less than hardwood, and thickness-for-thickness they are even more durable. They can be just as beautifully waxed and polished, they never require the expense of refinishing and they are positively the most sanitary floors that you could have in your home.

Write for our illustrated booklet on the use of Blabon floors throughout the house—or see your dealer.

Important Notice:—As there are inferior floor coverings (including rugs) nowadays that look like linoleum on the surface, but which are merely felt paper imitations, remember these two easy ways to tell genuine linoleum: First, look at the back and make sure it is burlap, for all genuine linoleum has a burlap back; second, try to tear it. *Imitations tear easily* and reveal the black paper between the painted surfaces.

Established 68 Years

The George W. Blabon Company

Philadelphia

BLABON ART Linvleums

SCIENTIFIC HELPS FOR THE HOMEMAKER

Arranged by FLORA G. ORR, Home-Economics Editor

Y FIRST message in these columns is for the woman of New York State: Are you taking advantage of the Cornell Readlng Courses published by the New York State College of Agriculture at Cornell University?

These are such excellent bulletins that it is a matter for regret that they can not be distributed in every State in the country. They are sent free to residents of New York State

as long as the supply lasts.

Have you ever wondered why a girl needs to go to school to learn to cook and sew? Read the bullctin entitled "Home Economics at the New York State College of Agriculture," by Martha Van Rensselaer, Rural Life Series, No. 3, and you will better understand why a girl needs organized training for that most important of all professions—being a wife, mother and homemaker.

"A MOTHER can teach her daughter to cook," states Miss Van Rensselaer, "but she may not be able to teach her how she can plan a balanced meal, why the fruit spoils or the bread does not rise; why the baby of five months should not eat bananas; why last Winter's green dress has turned yellow; why she dis-

likes the new wallpaper; how she can design an artistic, inexpensive dress, or rightly furnish and decorate a

The ultimate object of education is But read the bulletin for yourself. It clears away misunderstandings.

"For years we have accepted the saying, 'It is a poor workman who finds fault with his tools.' Now the world is beginning to recognize that discontent is a necessary element in improvement; that the man who stud-ies his tools critically is the one who discovers ways to make them better, or his use of them more effective, so that more and better work may be done with less effort." Farmhouse Series, No. 5, "The Choice and Care of Utensils," discusses the housekeeper's tools in a most intimate and practical fashion.

cnce to the use one is to make of the article in

"The Box Luncheon" is the title of a bulletin by Clara W. Browning, Food Series, No. 9. According to Miss Browning, such a lunch may be very attractive, and one is inclined to beheve it after reading her suggestions.

IF THERE is still left among us an advocate of the feather-duster, let her read Miss Van Rensselaer's bulletin on "Household Bacteriology," Sanitation Series, No. 2, of the Cornell Reading Courses.

Here is told the way in which those invisible plants—bacteria, yeasts and molds—do their destructive work under our very noses.

It is not a scare story, to make you spend all your time dusting and cleaning the house; it merely shows you ordinary, sensible precautions to take for the sake of the health of your family. Then, lest you believe that all germs are things to be avoided, there is a bit of discussion about useful bacteria—those which give pleasant flavors to butter, cheese and

Farmhouse Scries, No. 3, "The Laundry," by Flora Rose, is a full discussion of almost everything one might wish to know about transforming soiled clothes into clean, goodlooking garments. Fibers—how to treat them and why; removal of stains; planning of the whole washing; laundering of special things; ironing; labor-saving equipment—all these are treated definitely and helpfully.

Now that we are beginning to think oncc more about filling the shelves of the preserve closet, there will be a large dcmand for Lesson 114 of the Food Series, which is called "Principles of Jelly-making," and is a reprint of the Illinois Bulletin, by N. E. Goldthwaite, Jelly-making is a science in itself, but this bulletin will help to answer your question about that jelly that did not jell.

A GAIN, remembering the preserve closet, one will search far before she finds a better or more complete story about canning, drying, storing, or preserving in salt, than Lesson 113 of the Food Series, which was published in June, 1917, under the title, "Food

Preservation: A National Challenge.' The modern farmhouse may be as comfortable, luxurious and well-planned as any city home. There are differences, of course, but they are differences of plans to fit existing conditions, rather than differences of greater or

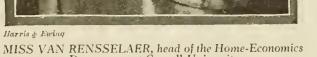
less convenience. Read Farmhouse Series, No. 6, "The Farmhouse," and Farmhouse Series, Lesson 108,

"Planning the Home Kitchen," both by Helen Binkerd Young, as well as "Sewage Disposal for Country Homes," by Howard W. Riley, Sanitation Series, No. 4, and learn what careful planning will do to save your time and strength and make you happier. Let the man of the house ponder with you over these

After many years of doing a thing, one may gradually stumble into the easiest way of going about it, but why not find out at once? Whether the thing be cleaning the bathroom, washing the dishes, or blacking the kitchen range, there is a scientific way to do it, and "Rules for Cleaning," Farmhouse Series, No. 4, gives directions which will "aid the housekeeper in systematizing her own work and the work of those who are assisting her.

Homes do more than reflect personality; they help to make it. For this reason it is worth while striving to have tasteful surroundings. To do the best with what you have, or with what you plan to have in the future, read Helen Binkerd Young's bulletin on "The Arrangement of Household Furnishings," Farmhouse Series, No. 7. This little treatise gives you a short course in Interior Decoration.

> $A^{\rm RE~you,~as~a}_{\rm housekeeper,}$ quite fair to your body? Do you give it moments of relaxation during the busiest days, remembering the Arab proverb that "hurry is the dev-il?" If you are failing to observe your duty to yourself, note the advice contained in "Sav-ing Strength," a



bulletin written by Emily M. Bishop and Martha Van Rensselaer, Sanitation Series, No. 1. The privilege of voting carries with it a responsibility for knowing political, industrial, social and international facts, and the New York woman is 'on her toes' seeking that information. For a guide to real study, "Civic Duties of Women," by Blanche Evans

Hazard, Lesson 120,

of The Rural Life

Series, is one of the best things so far prepared. Other interesting

Shapes, sizes and Other interesting materials are decided upon, always in refer-Cornell bulletins are "Cereals in the Diet," by Mary F. Henry, Lesson 117 of The Food Series; 'The Young Woman on the Farm," by Martha Foote Crow and Martha Van Rensselaer, Rural Life Series, No. 8; "Wastc of Meat in the Home; the Care and Feeding of Children," by Flora Rose; "Suggestions for the Health of Children;" "Hints on Choosing Textiles," by Bertha E. Titsworth; "Milk, a Cheap Food," by Flora Rose.

> RESIDENTS of New York State may apply for any of these bulletins by writing to the Division of Publications, New York State College of Agriculture, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

> For those of us who live neither "up-State" nor "down-State," there are the bulletins published by the United States Department of Agriculture. As long as the supply of these lasts they are sent free upon application to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

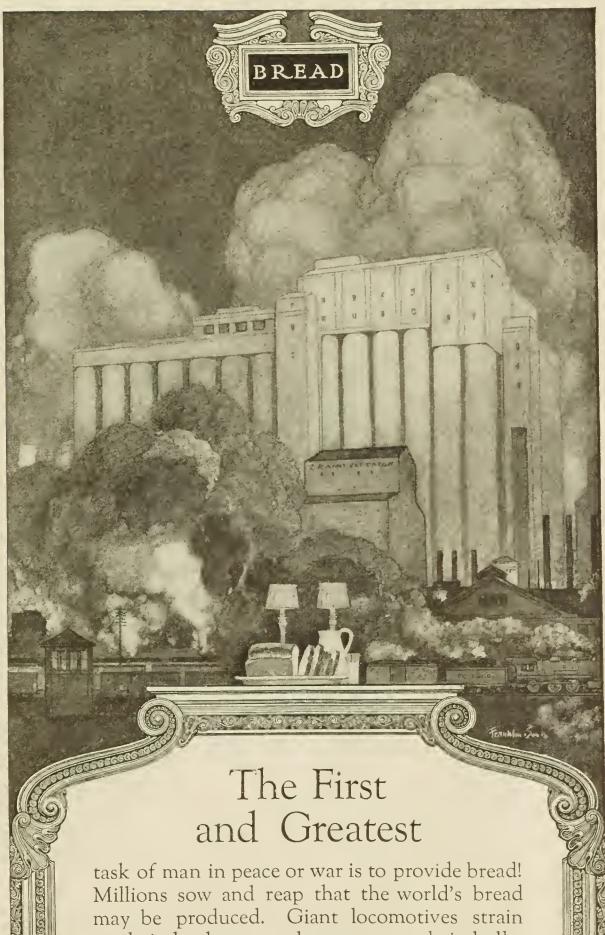
> 'Home Canning of Fruits and Vegetables," Farmers' Bulletin 853, is very similar to "Home Canning by the One-Period Cold-Pack Method," Farmers' Bulletin 839; the one gives the method as taught in the Southern States, the other gives the directions learned by the canning-club members in the Northern and Western States.

The next few months will probably witness a demand for these as well as for "Drying Fruits and Vegetables in the Home, with Recipes for Cooking," Farmers' Bulletin 841.

A series of three bulletins on "How to Select Foods," Farmers' Bulletins 808, 817 and 824, will be found of inestimable value to any housekeeper who wishes to learn fundamental facts about dietetics. Here are set forth in detail the five food groups and the value of cach kind of food to the body, the wise use of cereal foods, the different kinds of protein food, their relative costs and what is real economy in their

To keep the housekeeper in touch with that part of the world of science which exists for her benefit is the aim of this department of THE Delineator. It is planned to take up each month either the work or the publications of one of the State agricultural colleges, and to give information about other help.

Often questions, which you tell me are troubling you, point the way to the sort of thing which I shall give you in these columns. Write to me, do! I am here to help you through every possible agency. Address your questions to Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.



at their loads, great elevators rear their bulky forms to the clouds, that material for bread may be transported and stored. An army of millers, whitened by service, grind day and night. Thousands of ovens operate constantly.

To aid in America's vast bread-making task, Fleischmann yeast factories in every section run without pause; a great national organization works surely and tirelessly as the rising sun, that each morning's sun may see compressed yeast delivered to bakers and grocers everywhere.

No other item of food contains so complete a ration as bread. Bread made with Fleischmann's Compressed Yeast is appetizing, wholesome and nourishing in the highest degree; because this yeast gives it most rapid and thorough fermentation—thereby increasing its food value.

Give bread a more important place on your table—bread made with Fleischmann's Yeast. See that your children eat more of it—at meals and between. Watch them grow rosier and sturdier! When they take their own place as bread-winners, they will thank you for having taught them the value of the world's greatest food—Bread. Eat bread!—more bread!

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AD Mrs. Barlow been stronger, little things would not have annoyed her. Then, too, being an only child herself and never having become interested in the well-marked phases of development of children, she did not

always understand.

Ten-year-old Mary Ellen did get seriously on her nerves at times. The child talked in season and out in a high, piping key; her slender legs stretched out of her dresses distressingly fast; she wore out shoes more quickly than money came in with which to buy new ones.

Mary Ellen was likely to refuse point-blank to eat many of the things which were good for her and to crave delicacies quite beyond the family purse. She hated to practise her music lessons and made no secret of the faet. Often she was late for meals and she dawdled about getting up in the morning and dressing, no matter how near school-time it was.

SHE had to be reminded constantly about washing her hands and cleaning her nails. Her second teeth were crooked, and it was uncomfortable to know that a skilful dentist could straighten them nicely if family finances per-

Mary Ellen's hair was straight and stringy. Her complexion, none of the best naturally, was tawny and tanned.

It was hard to make her look pretty in her clothes, and Mrs. Barlow was denied even the comfort of the thought that she was at a most unattractive age by the pink and white, dimpled prettiness of Mary Ellen's eousin, Lucille, who was only two years older.

Without realizing it, Mrs. Barlow fell into the habit of complaining about Mary Ellen to almost every one with whom she talked for any length of time. She did not realize that she was complaining, for more often than not her remarks took on the form of an apology or explanation or regret; but her friends and acquaintances soon began to think that Mary Ellen must be an unusually troublesome child.

Several voiced the opinion that Mary Ellen was a queer little thing, and some of the more careful mothers said to their daughters:

"Don't play with little Mary Ellen Barlow. She's disobedient and very odd! Keep away from her as much as you can. She is quite different from Florence Rose, her older sister, who is so good-looking and polite.'

In consequence, Mary Ellen's warm, impulsive little advances were constantly repelled and she wondered what was the matter, and began to look at herself in the mirror and to think that perhaps she was different some way from other children.

ONE Spring day a new family came to live next door to the Barlows. The new neighbor was a rosy-cheeked, roly-poly little woman, without a chick or a child in the world. Mrs. Barlow, who was very kind-hearted, lent the newcomer her tack-hammer and cleaningpail and step-ladder and urged her to use the Barlows' telephone until her own should be

In a week's time the two women were on neighborly terms, so well acquainted that Mrs. Barlow began to complain about Mary Ellen. She did not notice the silence with which the new neighbor received her confidences.

Several weeks went by and the little girl seemed to have more lapses from good conduct than usual. When she went up into an aged and decrepit eherry-tree to reseue her pet kitten, which was too frightened to come down, and fell and broke her arm, Mrs. Barlow was positive that the last straw had been laid upon

"What am I going to do?" she wailed to the New Neighbor. "Just as if I didn't have enough to do during the day, now that I ean't even get a washerwoman for a half-day in the week! Mary Ellen has a way of making more off for her own sake as well as your own."



MARY ELLEN ACHIEVES A NEW MOTHER

BY EMMA GARY WALLACE

trouble in a month than Florence Rose and Lucille put together in a year! And now there'll be a doctor's bill as well!"

THE New Neighbor looked gravely up from her knitting, for she searcely stirred with-

"It's hard, Mrs. Barlow," she agreed, "and I am sure, as you say, that Mary Ellen must be a very troublesome child, for you have had so much to put up with in just the short time since I have been here. Why don't you trade

"Trade her off!" gasped Mrs. Barlow. "Trade off Mary Ellen!"

The New Neighbor nodded emphatically. I surely would if I were you, and new that she has broken her arm, the quieker you get rid of her the better. You'll have more time to make dainty, frilly things for Florence Rose, and to get out some yourself. It's quite the best way! I know a woman who has semething that she would gladly trade for Mary Ellen!"

Whoever heard of a mether, a natural, civilized mother, trading off her children for anything!" Mrs. Barlow protested indignantly, eying the New Neighber with sudden suspicion.

IT ISN'T eustomary," the New Neighbor returned, "but eustomary things aren't always comfortable, and why should Mary Ellen's life be spoiled by having to live with people who openly confess that she is a nuisance? I ean see no reason why you shouldn't trade her

Mrs. Barlow swallowed hard.

"I'm sure I don't understand," she said coldly, "just what you mean by speaking in this way. Perhaps you'll be kind enough to explain.

The New Neighbor smiled so pleasantly that in spite of herself Mrs. Barlow could not help noticing how attractive she was.

"I'll confess," the New Neighbor said with shining eyes, "that I'm the woman who has something to trade, so you see Mary Ellen will not be very far away—just across the driveway. I'll try not to be selfish with her, for I shall be quite willing that she come in and call once in a while, just as Florence Rose's other friends do.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you what I have to give you in exchange! You see I am quite excited about my part of the transaction. Perhaps perhaps you are not going to be willing," and somehow Mrs. Barlew was sure that a mist was gathering in the eyes of her New Neighbor.

"All I have to offer you in exchange for your little daughter is a small, green mound over in Rose Park Cemetery near Wildwood.

"Just one year ago to-day John and I laid away our nine-year-old little girl into that straight, quiet resting-place. Of course we know that the real Caroline is a blessed, happy angel spirit awaiting our coming, and yet that green mound is such a tangible reality!

"Yes, I'll trade it for Mary Ellen. Caroline would be ten, too, if she had lived. How often John has said since we came here to live, 'Oh, Susie, I wish we could have her!'

I must ask you never to complain of her to me again if she is to be my little girl, for I have a

queer, old-fashiened idea that mothers ought to be as loyal to their children as they hope their children will be to them. Even if Mary Ellen proves to be a very, very troublesome child, I shall try not to talk about it to outsiders.

Besides, I don't believe Mary Ellen ever really meant to be bad in her whole life! Not many of us set out with that fixed purpose in mind, you know, and ten-year-olds have not the philosophy to look beyond the disagreeableness of the minute when the great, green out-of-doors is calling, or even to think of personal danger when love urges them onward.

"ARE you going to trade, Mrs. Barlow? Please don't say, 'No!' I'm not so sure but that John would be ready to give something to

Mary Ellen's mother was too astonished for words. She had nothing to say. She turned and went back to her own neatly kept living-

The foundation seemed to be drepping from under her. She sank down into the old chair in which she had rocked her babies.

But from the shadows of the eool pleasantness of the parlor beyond, memories came trooping of the readiness and unselfishness with which Mary Ellen always gave up the best to Florence Rose; of the times the child had tiptoed about and ministered with clumsy tenderness when she herself had been ill; of the Christmas before when she had asked that all of her own small gifts be sent to the little children

Then the procession of memory pictures flickered softly away and a quiet, peaceful spot seemed to frame itself in the setting of the fireplace.

It was a sunny, green slope, and there were white stones and a one-year-old mound and a slender one-year-old slab of white in the middle. Tears of sympathy for the New Neighbor trickled unbidden down Mrs. Barlow's cheeks.

No, Mary Ellen could not be spared, no matter what might be offered in exchange!

Nothing, no one, could take the place of the slender little girl with the great gray eyest What if-what if Mary Ellen's thinness of body, the pathetic droop of her shoulders and her lack of appetite should really portend something serious? It must not be sol

MRS. BARLOW fairly flew up-stairs where the child lay on her narrow, white cot fast āsleep.

For the first time the mother saw that the white enamel was not fresh and dainty like Florence Rose's new, brass-trimmed little bed, The finish was off in places and one caster was gone. The earpet was shabby, the curtains faded, and the only easy chair in the room broken.

The little girl moved uneasily in her sleep. "I didn't mean to; I didn't mean to!" she murmured.

Swiftly her mother passed across the hall and from her top dresser-drawer took out a splendid big doll with eyes which opened and shut. It had curly hair and a pink silk dress and white kid shoes. It had been intended for Lucille's birthday. Mrs. Barlow shook out the pink silk skirts and fluffed out the bow on the doll's hair.

THERE was a sound from the room across With winged feet Mary Ellen's mother, a new mother, slipped softly into the room, dropped down on her knees by the bed and gathered the thin little body close to her.

"See, Honey Girl," she said, with a new note of tenderness in her voice, "here's a little friend come to keep you company. Isn't she

Mary Ellen eyed the wonder before her with delight; then her one good arm stole around her mother's neek.

"Yes," she said softly, "but I love you best." The new doll lay between them, forgotten in the happiness of the moment.

LITTLE SONGS OF SUMMER DAYS

MOTHER'S JOB

Eliza was our cook, but she went to be a nurse; Jane has a factory "job" at twice the pay. So now I do the work myself—it's fattening my purse And thinning down my person every day.

I cook breakfast, find Jimmie's cap, put on Janey's rubbers, get the children off to school, wash dishes, tidy kitchen, make beds, clean bathroom, go to market, prepare luncheon, change dress, entertain callers, make a pudding, hear Janey's spelling, bandage Jimmie's cut finger, cook dinner, wash dishes, tuck children in, knit.

Of eourse, that's when the work is light—an ordinary day; On sweeping-day, or baking-day, there's more. On Tucsday, Friday, Wednesday morning, Monday, Satur-

The extra items run up quite a score.

Light laundry fire, set bread, clean silver, cook hot dinner for washerwoman, bake bread, bake cake, clean thoroughly up-stairs, ditto down-stairs, wash off finger-marks, oil floors, wash up kitchen, darn stockings, mend, clean pantry, launder Janey's best dress (washerwoman fades things so), do up handkerchiefs (washerwoman loses them), take Jimmie to dentist, help Tom with Latin, iron a few pieces (left by washerwoman), wash the dog.

Oh, yes, I miss Eliza, though I like, I must eonfess, To own my kitchen, run things just my way; But I smile as, every morning, Daddy kisscs me good-by And says, "Just take it easy, dear, to-day."

-Mrs. W. C. Richardson.

THIRTEEN

Too old for dolls and toys, Too young for balls or dances; Too big for romps and noise, Too young for dreams and fancies;

Too old for building-blocks, Too big for running dashes; Too young for grown-up frocks. Too old for bows and sashes;

Too big for elimbing trees Or walls, for fear of falling; Too young to pour at teas, And far too young for calling;

You must not perch on rails; You ought to show your breeding; Too old for fairy-talcs, Too young for novel-reading;

Too big to be a fool, Too young to have much knowledge; And growing old for school, But still too young for college;

Just sort of in-between, With worries good and plenty, It's hard to be Thirteen— I wish that I was Twenty!

—Arthur Guiterman.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHT

Why do I think of all my life forever as a little narrow housebound thing?

I only need to step outside upon my poreh and look upon the happy birds, who on untiring wing

Sing gaily of all God's great gifts, of Nature's free, broad life

It may not be that I in physical and body form can live in such abandon, such forgetting, care-free way; But surely all my soul, "image of God," needs not to stay

man-bound, in man-made house of wood or clay-Far off into the gold, warm, sunny, breeze-kissed, fragrant freeness of each new-born day,

Loosing itself from bondage, may all radiant strau!

If in the gloaming I must once again seek shelter from the dark of night

I will bring with me from my long, gay-golden flight, so much of gladness and of blue skies' light

That all my house will be aglow!

—Ellen M. Carroll.

TWO

My heart goes not my body's way; They hardly meet at all. My heart goes romping on the hills; My body pays a eall.

My body's decorous and mild; My heart skips like a Jinn. But, oh, together when You knock They run to let you in!

-Euniee Tietjens.

WHO IS YOUR IDEAL?

EVERY GIRL CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY IMITATES

BY FANNIE KILBOURNE

HE father of an attractive girl of sixteen declared the other day in a worried tone of voice that he wished his daughter would not go to the "movies."

"I don't mind her seeing the pictures," he said. "It's the after-effects. She copies first one aetress, then another.

"One week she's wearing Mary Pickford curls; the next it's somebody else's walk.

Actually, it's reached the point where I can tell what picture she's just seen by the way she combs her hair. It's this silly imitating I object to."

He was sincere, very much in

He was sincere, very much in earnest. He was quite unconscious that the gesture with which he emphasized his earnestness, clapping the back of one hand sharply on the palm of the other, was picked up from a political speaker who addressed the city commercial club a few weeks before.

This father has, too, a most prepossessing way of shaking hands, gripping the other man's hand firmly, looking him straight in the eyes with a candid friendliness.

A long time ago, when he was a freshman in college, a senior, captain of the football team, greeted him with this handshake. He has no idea that it is the eaptain's greeting which ho is still using.

THESE were originally imitations, these mannerisms which he has taken for his own, has made a permanent part of himself. There have been other manners, tricks of speech, opinions, which he has picked up during forty years of human intercourse. Some were passing fads, shuffled off and forgotten. A few have lasted and become permanent influences in his life.

The "Pickford curls" and the actress's walk are probably among the transient fads that his daughter will discard in a few months and forget. But let us hope that when she is seventy she will still be finding persons and mannerisms worth imitating.

They may be qualities of soul and character then, although the chances are that if she is a true daughter of Eve and carries the spirit of youth with her, there will always be a tiny corner saved for the charms

and graces, too.

Abstract virtues are intangible things. To the average girl they are cold, dead propositions until suddenly she sees them embodied in a person she

All through my little-girlhood I was taught that a woman should be proficient in the household arts, should be able to bake or clean or manage, as the occasion required, and be able to do any of them both easily and well.

I SUPPOSE I believed that this was true, but I can not say that I ever put much enthusiasm into the idea.

Then one year when I was in my early teens I visited the Summer home of an aunt whom I admired very much. She was a gay, vivid person. She carried with her a flavor of enthusiasm which made the most uninteresting merrymaking suddenly "go."

It was a wonderful visit. Then during a very hot week, when the house was full of guests, she was suddenly left servantless. It was a distressing situation, the kind which would have appalled some women. Aunt Ella was not the kind to be appalled.

The guests, of course, offered their assistance and she accepted the offers gaily. She portioned out the daily tasks, keeping the most difficult, responsible ones for herself.

She did them all easily. That was the first thing that impressed me. There was never any confusion; the most unimportant detail was never forgotten. Aunt Ella laid even her trifling plans with the forehandedness of a general.

ONE afternoon a boy cousin and I were watching Aunt Ella make a salad. Our eyes followed the deft, quick motions of her hands, watched the toothsome color scheme she was ereating out of fresh lettuce leaves and tho vegetables left over from last night's dinner.

The way she worked was attractive, both for the skill which practise had given her and for the artist's pleasure she was so evidently finding in her task.

"Gee," my cousin remarked admiringly, "you put some style into housework!"

I realized suddenly that that was exactly what Aunt Ella did. She put her vivid enthusiasm, her zest into the most menial tasks.

She did them as if she liked to do them, as if she expected to be proud of the results.

Her executive ability, her skill and her enthusiasm made each day's routine a work of art. My cousin was right; there was verve in the way she made a bed, dash in the way she washed dishes

I went home with a brand-new point of view. It showed itself in amusing ways. We must

book or picked up from the motion-picture screen. Curls are a cheap and harmless indulgence

Of course the girl who follows a foolish fad, only to forget it as soon as a newer one comes along, keeping nothing lasting out of any experience, is frittering away the divine coin of endeavor with which success and progress aro bought.

haps the foolish fads and fancies play their important part. One almost puts on a brisk, businesslike attitude with a tailored suit; a feeling of gay irresponsibility with a dancing-dress. If curls help a girl to see herself as sweet and dainty and innocent, they certainly help to keep her so.

A girl's taste in heroines naturally changes with her development. I can remember when

my desire to write expressed itself in a wish to be exactly like Jo in "Little Women."

There was another period when all the womanly graces in the world seemed to live in the person of a fat leading lady of a second-rate stock-company. These phases pass, of course. Thank Heaven, the idealism that lies back of them does not!

It can be a practical sort of idealism. Commonplace trials which are met as one fancies the adored person would meet them lose a great deal of their irritating tiresomeness.

Many a right decision is made because a heroine-worshiper is ashamed to fall below the standard which she believes to be the heroine's.

CHARACTERS who live only in books are safer choices in one way than the flesh-and-blood kind. They always stay the same.

The girl who chooses a real

The girl who chooses a real woman for her inspiration is sometimes bitterly disillusioned.

The model, because she is a real person, is not perfect at all. The true idealist waits only till the disillusionment of the burst bubble has vanished.

Then she blows another, as many-colored, as bright and beautiful as the first. The qualities she saw and loved in her ideal are real and lasting; after a bit, she goes on worshiping them again, but seeing them somewhere else.

The girl who is a heroineworshiper may not progress any faster, may not make any greater strides in the building of character and personality than her sister who strives as hard, seeing her desires in the abstract. But I am convinced that the heroine-worshiper has more fun.

MANY of life's tasks are prosaic, many of its educations must be slow and plodding. They need glamour to keep them interesting.

The girl singer who hears a great artist goes back to the drudgery of practise with a vision.

There are fine, brave, lovable women with whom closer acquaintance only makes stronger the bonds of our admiration for them.

There are others who can serve only as lay figures on which to hang all the beauties and virtues we dream they possess.

There are artists we know only through their work, book-characters who have influenced scores of lives. The feeling they inspire is a light from the divine flame, a reaching toward something finer and better.

The real feeling may hide behind trifling, sometimes foolish, evidences of it. What of that? If a pink apron stands for the romance of drudgery, why wear drab?

Tread softly then, fathers and mothers, in the presence of your daughter's sudden affectations of manner, dress and speech.

The stern hand of parental authority, or the withering blast of ridicule may destroy a delicate, half-formed ideal which would enrich her coming womanhood.

Ideals, like dreams, belong to youth. When youth is gone, dreams carry with them a touch of sadness, for each passing year makes their fulfilment more difficult. But with youth all things are possible.

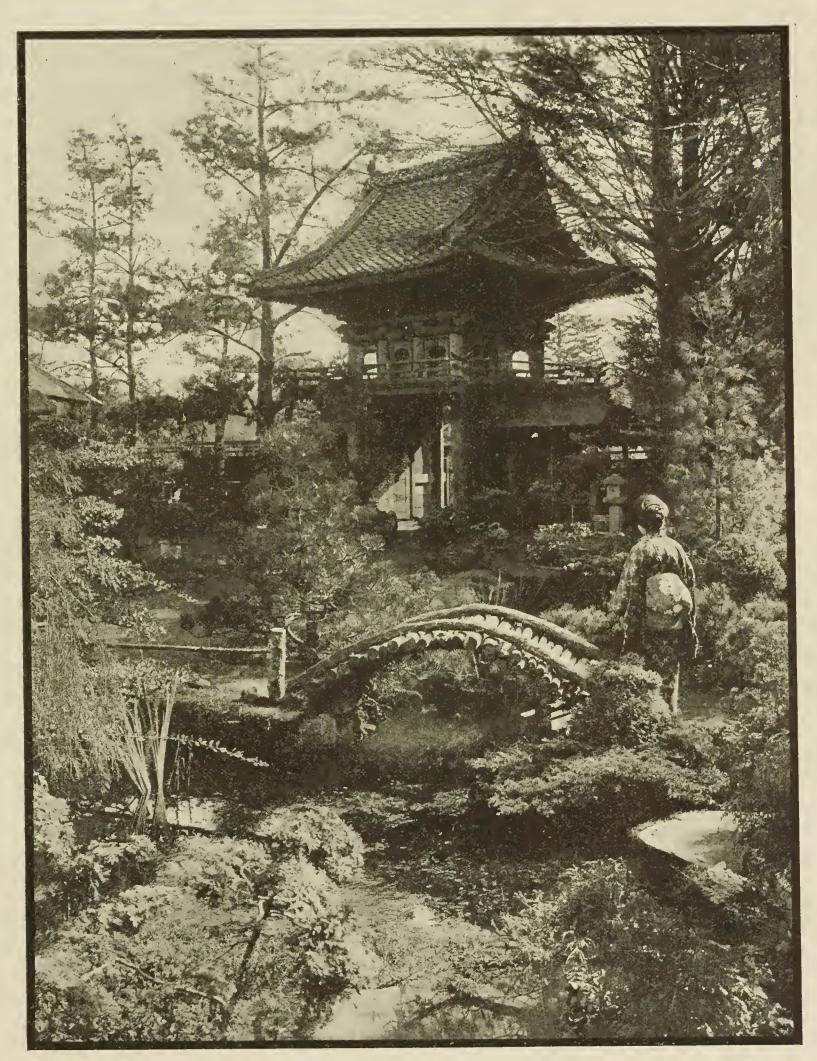
As it is with dreams, so it is with ideals. Youth can work the ideal into the warp of life.

The girl can say, "I will be charming like Maud Adams," or Mary Pickford, or whoever her paragon of charm may be.

The woman grown changes the "will" to "wish," and, perhaps, in the face of the difficulties of the task, gives up without any effort to approach her ideal.

Often the only result of her longing to imitate the qualities which she admires is a keen dissatisfaction with herself and with the conditions of her life.

The girl in the flush of youth does not recognize the impossible. In her dreams she sees herself as the counterpart of her ideal. And because youth is plastic and easily molded, she can oftentimes turn at least a part of her dream into solid reality.



THE ARCHING BRIDGE

LAUGHING AND STRONG PINES GUARD THE GATE, AND I BY THE MAGIC BRIDGE SAFELY CAN WAIT.

SAFELY CAN WAIT.

IS SAFE FROM ALL FEAR.

have a new egg-beater like Aunt Ella's; I wanted

She is like the Foolish Shopper who buys tho

OVER ITS ARCH

NO DEMON COMES NEAR;

A GARDEN WITH BRIDGES

none but pink aprons like hers.

For the first time in my life ordinary housework had been made to appeal to my sense of the picturesque; I had seen the romantic possibilities in homemaking. This might all have been explained to me; but it took the personal

element to make it vivid.

That was what the pink apron stood for—tho romance of the every-day. Putting it on seemed to make me quicker, defter; it gave me an artistic pride in what I was doing. Even now I can throw a bit of glamour over a commonplace, tiresome task by trying to put a little "style" into the doing of it. I have never lost my taste for pink aprons.

IT MAY be that the girls who copy the curls and walk of popular actresses are influenced by nothing stronger than an admiration for the curls or the walk. Well, a graceful walk is worth the acquiring, whether it be found in a finishing-school or a gymnasium, learned from a

buys so many lacy collars that she has no money left for a frock on which to wear them.

AN OCCASIONAL fad or fancy, like an occasional lace collar, is all right, of course. But a continual succession of these, like the Foolish Shopper's bargains, always cost more than they

thing she sees first, without stopping to consider

whether she really wants it, whether it is worth

the price. The Foolish Shopper has half a

dozen evening dresses and no street suit, or she

Shopper's bargains, always cost more than they are worth.

As a general rule, however, a girl's admiration for another woman, whether she be a friend or acquaintance, an aetress or a character in a book, strikes deeper than that. The surface charms, the mainners which she imitates, and the stand for guellitics.

are like the pink apron—they stand for qualities of character or personality which she recognizes and longs to make her own.

We hear much about the psychological effects of surroundings upon character. Per-





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THE OHIO VARNISH COMPANY



MAKING THE WORLD SAFE FOR BABY WRONG FOOD—CONSTIPATION—CONVULSIONS

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

ARE you planning to teach Latin grammar to your baby this Summer?

If this sounds like a silly idea, just stop a moment and consider. Is it really any more absurd to think of trying to supply a baby's mind with material that is be-yond his understanding than to supply his body with food he can not possibly digest? And yet many mothers do that very thing.

They train and educate their babies' minds very gradually, but fail to realize that the new little digestive tract has to be educated just as gradually.

"LATIN-GRAMMAR" FOOD THERE is this difference, however. If you talk Latin grammar ever so engagingly, your wondering morsel of a baby will simply regard you with very wideeyed tranquillity and not even the first word will get inside his little brain. And so nothing happens.

But if you give him food that he is not yet old enough to assimilate, he can't just preserve the even tenor of his way and ignore it. He has to have a tussle with that food, or rather his stomach does. And the stomach always gets worsted. This means that something very

unpleasant and painful is sure to happen to the baby. It is the baby who always pays the penalty for your unwisely treating his stomach as though it were grown up.

One of the common and painful consequences of your error which the baby suffers is colic. You know we talked about that last month. Another common but more trouble-some result is constipation.

SOMETIMES, it is true, the baby is constipated because of muscular weakness of the intestines. This weakness may be caused by long-continued undernourishment or by definite diseases, such as rickets.

But more often the baby is troubled with constipation because he has been given food at the Latin-grammar stage when he hasn't

even learned his letters, digestively speaking. The little digestive organs are too new and untried to cope with the problem which has been forced upon them.

To be specific, the baby has often been given milk which contained too much of the proteids or too little fat or sugar. You will remember that we talked a few months ago about how important it was to have these different substanees in exactly the right proportion in the

If the baby is constipated, then, and the food is not properly balanced, the reasonable thing to do, first, is so to alter the food that it will be

If the constipated baby is breast-fed, his mother should face the problem squarely and ask herself if she is doing quite all that lies in her power to provide him with proper food. Unless she is carefully ordering her own life, she may be the sole cause of her baby's trouble. A mother can rarely nurse her baby satisfactorily unless she lives a simple, regular life.

Do you remember how true this was of my friend who did away entirely with her baby's colie simply by adjusting her own mode of living to a more normal scale?

MOTHER, WATCH YOURSELF

THE mother of the constipated baby will need bear in mind, first, that she must not allow herself to be constipated. This is so important that I can not say it too often nor in too many ways.

In addition to this she should have at least three hours' exercise in the open air every day unless this tires her. If it does, she must take less. For fatigue is as bad for her milk as is lack of exercise.

She must eat simple, nourishing food. This means eating abundance of fruit and vegetables, but taking tea, coffee, meat, pastry and other rich food only in moderation.

And drinking-water! Don't forget that both the mother and her baby need a great deal of drinking-water.

This kind of a life will not only relieve the baby's constipation in many instances, but will make it possible for the mother to nurse her baby more beneficially and over a longer period than would otherwise be possible. A muchto-be-desired result.

SOMETIMES the mother finds that her baby continues to be constipated even after she has followed faithfully such a routine as I suggest. In such a case she might give him a little cream taken from the top of the best milk obtainable.

From one-half to two teaspoons given in warm water just before he nurses will often help by supplying the fat that has been lacking. Or he may be given fifteen to thirty drops of pure cod-liver oil three or four times a day or a teaspoon of sweet-oil two er three times daily.

With bottle-fed babies the faults in the food are much more easily corrected.

THE different materials which the baby's food is to contain lie before you, and as you mix the milk they may be increased or reduced as much as is necessary. The proteid may be decreased easily by using less or no milk and increasing the amount of water in the

And if sugar and eream are added this diluted mixture their proportion is brought up to normal while the proteid remains relatively low. As maltose is laxative in its effect, the baby is often very much improved by replacing part of the sugar with maltose.



Miss Van Blarcom

And of course our old friend oatmeal, which is valuable as a laxative at all ages, must not be forgotten in connection with the constipated baby. He may be greatly helped if oatmeal water is used instead of plain water in preparing the daily food.

ENTER AN OLD FRIEND

THE way to make oatmeal water is to cook one tablespoon of oatmeal in a pint of water for three hours. Strain this and add enough water to make a pint, for some of the water will have cooked away

Orange-juice is of almost inestimable value, and when given to bottle-fed babies not only helps to relieve eonstipation but tends to prevent scurvy. Some doctors give one feeding

daily of malted milk to the constipated baby. And some advise the use of such remedies as milk of magnesia or white mineral oil as a help in establishing the habit of regular

bowel movements. It is that that you are really working forthe formation of a regular habit—whether the baby be breast-fed or bottle-fed. And so nothing is more important just now than regularity in the effort to help the baby's bowels

DO BEAR this in mind in earing for your own baby. Begin as early as the second or third month to establish this habit in his daily life. Since taking food into the stomach starts a wave all along the intestinal tract, the best time to choose for this function is that immediately following his first feeding in the

If this is not convenient, take the second feeding; but the time at which the effort is made must be the same each day. Hold the baby on a small bowl or chamber between your knees with his back resting against your chest,

He probably will not respond to this position at first, but is almost certain to do so if you adopt it with unfailing regularity at the same hour each day.

A MASSAGE THAT HELPS

IF THE baby is frail, he may tend to be constipated because the muscles in his intestines are weak. When this occurs, the little intestinal walls are often toned up by gentle abdominal massage given for eight or ten minutes every day.

This is given preferably at night and never just after feeding. You should lubricate your hand with oil, petroleum jelly or cocoa butter, and starting with a circular motion at the right groin work slowly and gently up to the ribs, across the abdomen and down to the left

A soap-stick or gluten suppository is helpful in starting the bowels to move, but do remember that they should be employed only as a temporary measure. You want to get the intestines in the habit of performing unaided.

Another temporary help is a warm sweet-oil enema of one-half to one tablespoon given at night very slowly through a small rubber tube inserted five or six inches.

This oil is meant to be retained until morning when the baby is encouraged to empty his bowels by holding him on a bowl or chamber. Enemata of water are to be avoided, as a rule, and never given except by the doctor's order.

ASK THE DOCTOR

THE habitual use for a long time of any kind of suppositories or enemata is likely to result in weakening the intestinal muscles, and this in turn may result in more stubborn constipation than the original trouble. For this reason any such treatment had better be supervised by a physician in order that it may be adjusted to the condition of the individual

But no matter what else may be advisable, if your baby is constipated, whether breast-fed or bottle-fed, he needs the following:

1—Food that is exactly right for him. 2—Plenty of eool boiled drinking-water.

3-Fruit and vegetable juices as early as

4—Help in establishing the habit of having a bowel movement at the same time each day. The establishment of this habit of regularity, so gravely important to every human being, is essential to your baby not alone for his present welfare but during all the years to come. The longer constipation persists the harder it is to cure.

So if your baby has trouble, break it up now. And unless I am much mistaken, long after he has ceased to be a baby he will heap blessings on your head for having saved him from the curse of constipation.

CONVULSIONS

HAVE you ever seen a baby in convulsions?

It is a heart-breaking sight that you can't forget. It makes you feel that you will do anything in your power to save your own baby from going through such a tragic

Some babies inherit a tendency to have convulsions. But in general it is the frail babies or those who have rickets or are suffering from malnutrition that have this

distressing experience. We see, then, that feeding the baby properly from the very beginning accomplishes one more important result for him. prevents a condition that tends to

The little nervous system is so delicate and unstable that sometimes it takes very little to bring on convulsions in a baby having that kind of a tendency. In most cases this "very little" is

found to be some recent error in feeding. The baby, or the child, has been given something beyond its ability to digest and the en-

tire body goes into convulsions.

BE PROMPT WITH RELIEF

CHILDREN with whooping-cough often have convulsions, and not infrequently such an attack is an early symptom of an acuto disease such as pneumonia, meningitis or scarlet

Contrary to the general belief, teething and worms are not often the real cause of these

But be the cause what it may, the attack itself must be regarded always as a serious occurrence and the little sufferer must be given prompt relief.

Sometimes the baby will be restless and irritable before having a convulsion and there will be a slight twitching of his face or hands or But more often the attack comes on so quickly that the frightened mother has little or

no warning. The baby's face grows pale, his eyes are set or rolled up, and in an instant the poor little body is twitching and jerking violently. Tho

baby is of course unconscious.

The doctor should be sent for at once. Cold

cloths should be placed on the baby's head and every effort made to keep him very quiet. It is of urgent importance that the convul-

sions be stopped as soon as possible. For this reason if your doctor can not come promptly you should place the baby at once in a mustard bath or mustard pack and continue the cold cloths on his head.

HOW TO FIX THE BATH

THE bath is given by placing the baby in water at one hundred and five degrees Fahrenheit containing mustard in the proportion of one level tablespoon to five gallons of water. He must not be allowed to stay in the bath more than ten minutes, when he should be gently but thoroughly dried.

The pack is given by wrapping the baby in a blanket or flannel wrung out of the hot mustard water and allowing him to remain in

this until the skin is reddened.

He should be given a high enema of warm soapsuds as quickly as possible. This may even be done while he is in the bath. After either pack or bath, the baby should be placed in his crib and kept very quiet with cold cloths on his head and a hot-water bag at his feet.

AS HE will be very much exhausted and weakened by the attack, every effort should be made to keep him quiet, both mind and body, for several days. His room should be quiet and well ventilated and he should be protected from all kinds of excitement and physical exertion.

And the poor overworked digestive organs that couldn't master food at the Latin-grammar stage must go back to its A B C's in the form of broths or barley water for a day or two.

OUR INFANT-WELFARE LEAFLETS

Are you using THE DELINEATOR Infant-Welfare Leaflets? They describe very simply the various practical details in the care of the baby. They are written in the hope that they will help babies by telling mothers how to give them better care.

These leaflets are listed on another page of this issue. Write to me and I shall be glad to send them in response to a selfaddressed, stamped envelope.

What about your Baby Health Center? Have you one where perplexed young mothers may go to school, in a sense, to learn how to care for their babies? It is mother knowledge and not mother instinct that keeps babies well, particularly in Summer. We want to help you to establish a Baby Health Center. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, Health Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City, and she will tell you how to go about it.

"NOT A BOY, PLEASE!"

THE DELINEATOR'S CHILD-HELPING SERVICE

BY HONORÉ WILLSIE

OT long ago I was a member of a theater party. Next to me was seated a charming little woman, not in her first youth,

but all the sweeter for that.

Just before the curtain went up on the first

act, she said to me:

"I've been hearing about The Delinea-TOR'S work in child adoption and I'm wondering if you couldn't find me a baby. Not a boy, please! We want a dear little girl."
Although I knew perfectly well what tho

answer would be, I asked, "Why not a boy?" "Oh, they are so much more difficult to bring up!" The curtain rose then, but after each

act, little Mrs. X talked to me about child adoption. "You had a disapproving expression on your face when I said I preferred a girl," she said. "Why was that?"

"Because," I replied, "I've heard so many women say that same thing that it dismays me. I'm not admitting that a boy is more difficult to raise, but supposing he is! Are you considering taking a child in order to do something easy? Because I assuro you that there is nothing simple about raising a child of either sex, adopted or not. lf you are planning to take a child in order to have a plaything to cuddle and pet and dress prettily, don't do it! That isn't the sort of impulse that would make a success of raising either your own or some one's else child."

"You're very serious about it," said little Mrs. X.

"Aren't you?" I

THE curtain roso again. On its descent the little woman turned to mo with a smile. "I want a child," she said, "to see if I can get rid of this awful sense of not having lived; of loss; of not having dono my share of tho world's work.'

It was my turn to smile.

"Good for you! Then why don't you attack a real job? Why don't you take one of the older children, say

between six and ten? These are the really tragic little figures among orphans. Nearly every one wants the little babies—the ones who can't remember their history, whose minds are blank pages on which the new parents may write. And so many, many of theso older chidren remain in institutions when they might be developing into fine little sons and daughters.

'But," said Mrs. X, "I just feel afraid! I wouldn't know the child's mind. I wouldn't know- Oh, don't you see? I want to grow along with the baby, getting surer and surer as we both develop.

I NODDED. "Yes, that's the easier way. But I'm not sure that in the long rum it's the most satisfactory one. You know that the intelligence tests are not of great value for babies, but if you should become interested in. say, a child of six, a good psychiatrist could tell you after careful study whether the child has a normal mind or not, and you would feel that you were therefore taking less of a gambling chance as to quality with this older child than

"Perhaps you are right," she said thoughtfully.

I began to feel rather exhilarated.

"Do you know, I think there's a challenge, a thrilling interest, in taking one of these little children who has suffered; who knows bitter things in life; who has lost his faith in grownups and whose pathetic, old little face tells a tragic story of neglect and hopelessness; in taking such a child and bringing happiness and love and faith back to him-why, Mrs. X, caring

for a little baby is mild joy compared with this!' Mrs. X did not reply to this; but after tho play was over she said, "I'm going to think over very seriously what you've said.

NOT many days later she wrote to The De-LINEATOR asking for photographs of little boys not over six! And The Delineator put her in touch with a first-class child-placing

The first work of this agency was to study Mr. and Mrs. X. Their home was visited, their friends were tactfully questioned and they themselves, their intellectual and financial

status, their temperaments, their ethical standards, were made known, confidentially, but none the less thoroughly, to the agency.

They then were shown the life stories of such children as it was thought might fit in with the Xes' home.

THERE is probably no more poignant or important human document in the world than a dependent child's life story. Our space here can not permit us to go into details as to these case-histories, though later on we hope to present on these pages some portions of these heart-stirring dramas.

sight. They have kept in close touch with tho child-psychiatrist, who has had Jim in hand since he was four, and under his direction, combined with their deep love for Jim and Jim's for them, a wonderful change is coming over the little boy.

His difficult temperament is beginning to improve, even in so short a time. Not long ago I saw him. The forlorn look had left his face. He leaned against my knee and said:

"I'M NEVER going to leave this house. I got a regular father and mother now, like other kids. I got a room up-stairs and every-

thing in it's mine, even the quilts on the bcd. Mother and Daddy looked all over the United States to find just the boy they wanted. I was the only one. That's bettor'n being an own child, 'cause when it's your own child you have to take any kid that's given you. And I was picked out of a big bunch! And I'm never, never, never going away. When I'm big I'll save millions of dollars for my father and mother.

Is it worth while? After hearing this from the lips of a child could you bear to say, "Not a boy, please!"

It is episodes like this that have helped to convinco THE DELINEATOR that nothing could be more worth while than to organize a child-helping department that would take advantage of these new sciences of child-study.

Early in the year wc conferred with a number of children's workers, and, with their help, outlined a definite program, the general object of which is to help give men and women an understanding of children and their needs.

We planned to lay particular stress on the treatment of the dependent child. But we also desire to help children who in their own home seem to be unadjusted

Our Child-Helping Department, therefore, has been

organized under the supervision of an Advisory Council. The Council is made up of men and women who are deeply versed in the various aspects of child-helping. The names of these have been published, and will be published from time to time in the magazine, just to make you remember that the help you can get from us is real in the best sense of the word.

We shall carry on our child-placing work through first-class children's agencies, selected by the Council, and this work of child-placing will be the main phase of our work. But with this, and growing, as you can readily see, quite normally from it, we shall present the scientific method of handling many of the problems of childhood, such as a clear understanding of what childhood means, the needs of the normal child, and the interdependence of parents in a wiser understanding of all children.

Not only does The Delineator desire to help the homeless child, but all children who present difficulties in management to their parents. If the Binet test is good for an orphan child, why is it not valuable in handling a child whose parents are rearing him?

If these child-experts have been particularly successful in developing disciplinary measures for the homeless child, why should not the mother and father of a child profit by their ex-

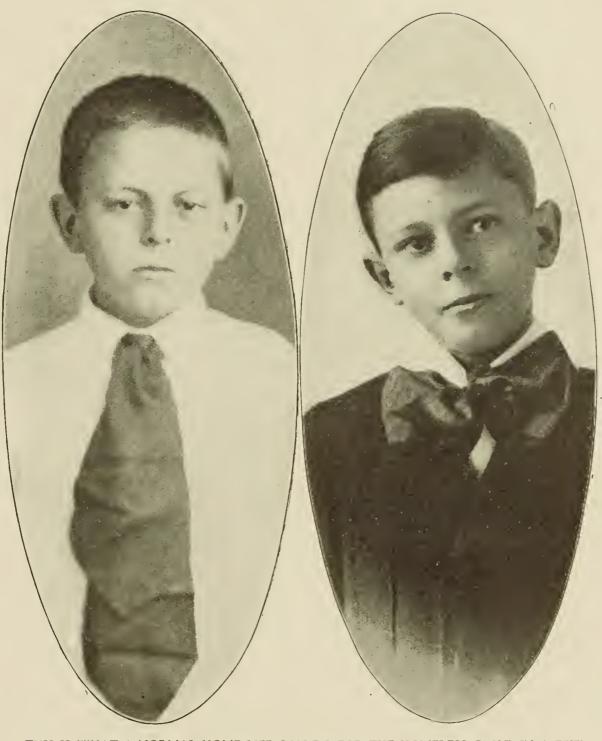
If there is special information developed in dealing with mental conflicts, retarded developments, delinquencies and vocational needs of children demanding foster care, why should not this special information be valuable to and available to the parents of own children?

We believe that the mothers and fathers who read The Delineator will receive such information eagerly, and we plan to make it available to them in the pages of this magazine.

All the information which is thus put before you regarding either child-adoption or childadjustment will be procured from childworkers who are vouched for by our executive

We want you to avail yourselves of it.

Address Carolyn Conant Van Blarcom, Director of the Delineator Child-Helping Department, Butterick Building, New York City, enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.



THIS IS WHAT A NORMAL HOME LIFE CAN DO FOR THE HOMELESS CHILD IN A FEW MONTHS. NOTICE THE REMARKABLE CHANGE IN THE LITTLE FACE

In brief they present all discoverable facts about the children's ancestry. They tell as much of the physical, mental and moral attributes of parents, brothers and sisters as can be unearthed.

They give the results of a careful and repeated physical and mental examination of the children. Where there have been physical defects, many of the good agencies have had these defects remedied wherever possible.

If the child is in a boarding-home, awaiting adoption, frequent reports on these homes are incorporated in the stories with the story of the boarding-mother's efforts and results in carrying out the instruction of the psychiatrist and the physician.

MRS. X selected two possibilities from the several historics presented, and she was allowed to meet the first little boy in the office of the agency. He was a pleasant, sweettempered little fellow of six, and Mrs. X was permitted to invite him to make a week's visit at her home.

She was instructed under no circumstances to permit little John to know the real motive of his visit. At the end of the week she brought him back, happy with some new toys and quite satisfied with his little adventure.

She reported that while he seemed a nice child, neither she nor her husband felt any real quickening of interest in him.

SHE then was allowed to take little Jim for a visit. That was six months ago and his visit is not yet ended. In fact, the Xes are asking to adopt the child.

This they will be permitted to do if, after a year of careful checking on the part of the agency, the home and little Jim seem to suit each other; and even after the adoption tho agency will keep an eye on both Jim and the Xes. It is quite as important that the Xcs be satisfactory to Jim as that Jim be satisfactory to the Xes.

Little Jim is a highly intelligent, difficulttempered child of six. Little John, with his intelligent docility, would have been much easier to cope with than Jim.

But the Xes' hearts did not go out to him, while with Jim it was a case of love at first

AIRTITE - and a Snow White One - Piece Lining

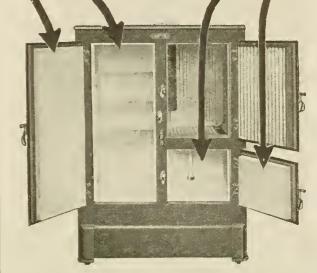
OT a seam or a crack in the whole interior to catch dirt or germs—or allow the passage of air. The glistening white lining is as easy to keep clean as a china plate. Elastic. The outside of the box is just as sanitary—a smooth, even, highly polished surface, as beautiful as your best furniture. The

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closes air-tight. Each compartment is perfectly sealed—no heat gets in and no cold gets out. Think what that means in ice saving! Special construction provides an absolute dead air space in walls. Whole box is entirely insulated by half-inch felt forced into place under high pressure, making all corners and seams air-tight,

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Try it this way for a week. Watch what sunny days it brings.

Yettijohn's

Rolled Wheat-25% Bran

A breakfast dainty whose flavory flakes hide 25 per cent of bran.

Also Pettijohn's Flour-75 per cent fine patent flour, 25 per cent bran. Use like Graham flour in any recipe. 3122

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Boys in all the World"

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Looks? Quality? Or Both?

Buying things by the looks is a bad but widespread habit. When it comes to so important a matter as the wood from which to make the trim, doors and furniture of your new house (or remodeling of the old house) it certainly pays to learn about more than looks.

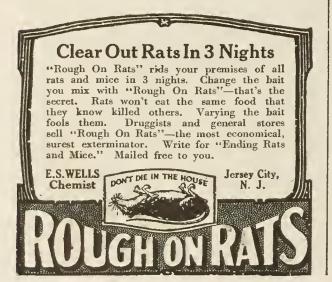
People who investigate thoroughly (we make investigation easy) pretty often and always wisely insist on "Beautiful birch," because birch is not only of surpassing beauty but is also very hard, strong and wear resisting, easily stained for any finish you desire and perfect for enameling.

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TIDY PROFITS OF A FARM WIFE

BY LUCILLE VAN SLYKE

THIS is the story of a cooperative market-gardening scheme that was worked out last Summer on a small farm in New England. It does not pretend to solve the producer-to-consumer problem, but it does offer a simple, workable plan that is splendidly suited to the needs of the small producer who

lives anywhere within a radius of two hundred miles from a city. It is peculiarly fitted to the requirements of women who have not had financial training and

who lack proper working capital.

The woman who perfected this scheme had not even had any farm training. She was actuated by a very earnest desire to cooperate with the Government in its solution of the wartime food problem. She knew that her "bit" would have to be a comparatively small "bit" because of her limitations, but that did not deter her in her efforts to do what she

She reckoned that she ought to be able to provide for about ten families; that is, that she ought to be able to furnish them with the bulk of their necessary "over-Sunday" provisions exclusive of dry groceries and milk.

SHE made out a list of things that she knew she could raise; she estimated very carefully what she thought it would cost her to do it; and then she made a list of persons in whom she thought she might find prospective customers.

Her next move was to suggest to these probable consumers that they pay for their Sunday dinners in advance.

"You know that during the coming year you will have to buy at least a hundred dollars' worth of farm products," she argued. "Wouldn't you rather have these come to you directly from the farm instead of through the middleman and the corner grocer? I've figured that I can send things to you cheaper and fresher than any city grocer, but I want your money in advance as a working capital.

tal.

"Whatever I send you each week, or whenever you may order it, will be checked off against your original outlay. If you haven't spent your entire amount for supplies during the Summer and Autumn, you will have a list of Autumn and Winter products which you can 'trade out' later on.

"Any time you are dissatisfied you can have your money back—if anything isn't satisfactory you can return it at my expense and receive full credit for it. But I'm going to try to see that you are never disappressional."

pointed."
How thoroughly she carried out her intention may be judged from the fact that she did not once disappoint a customer and that she now has a "waiting list" of persons who are eager to enter into her cooperative scheme whenever any of the original stockholders drop out.

MRS. WILLARD PADDOCK, who evolved the scheme, is very modest about her achievement.

"To begin with," she says, "I might as well confess that I'm just a war-time farmer. We bought our abandoned farm a number of years ago because it was a gorgeous bit of Berkshire scenery and because the old farmhouse could be transformed into a Summer studio big enough for my husband, who is a sculptor. I grew radishes and larkspur and gradually we accumulated a few chickens and some pigs, mostly because we had to solve the egg and garbage problems.

"I tried to pick out the things that were easiest to raise, the sort of things that there wouldn't be much chance of my going wrong on. For instance, I invested in some bees—not very many, but enough to place under the apple-trees.

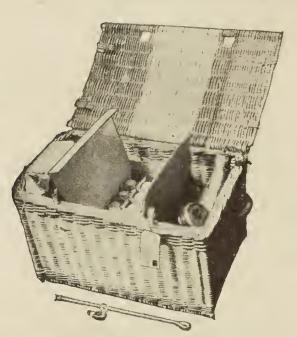
"I reckoned if they paid for themselves I'd be satisfied. I anticipated some trouble and didn't have any. And the amount of honey they made and the prices we received exceeded my wildest expectations. Honey sold for fifty cents a pound last Summer."

SHE picked out vegetables that were easy to grow and that would grow most quickly. The New England Summer is not long. She did not think it worth while to attempt to market perishable salad-products or such bulky products as turnips and squashes. She grew various kinds of beans and peas, okra, carrots, tomatoes, and corn.

She had an old orchard sprayed and pruned; she had the scraggly old grape-vines pruned, sprayed and fertilized, and she cultivated the wild elderberries that grew along the pasture

She had the fences mended on the old pastures and let the pigs and calves run almost wild in them

Her biggest venture financially was her chickens, and she very wisely engaged a practical "chicken man" to attend to that end of the business. They raised turkeys and geese



PACKED WITH "OVER-SUNDAY"
PROVISIONS

as well as chickens and were very successful at caponizing.

She had a working capital of just a thousand dollars. She herself had put in her hundred and was one of the stockholders. She charged herself exactly the same prices for food as she did her other customers.

SHE was scrupulous to the last cent and ounce about that. She believes that every farmer, big or little, ought to do that, because it is the only fair way of estimating on the cost of production and profit.

"And if I had been doing it as a money-making thing or a make-my-living scheme," she adds, "I would have paid myself so much an hour for every hour of labor I put in. Women gardeners frequently forget to reckon their own services as anything. That's why the old-time 'butter-and-egg' money came so hard."

Just as soon as slie began having things ready to ship she purchased eighteen sturdy food-hampers. Every Friday night nine of these hampers, each packed to the brim, were shipped to the stockholders. Each hamper contained just about what an average family requires for "over Sunday." Usually no two hampers contained the same assortment.

A hamper might hold a freshly killed roasting-chicken, or a pair of broilers, or a leg of Spring lamb, or a loin of veal. Whatever vegetables were in season and suitable to serve with the meat were packed around it; fresh eggs, butter—sweet or salt as the consumer desired—and lard, pot-cheese and honey were generally included.

Each hamper was always shipped expressprepaid so that there would be no delay, and the carrier was instructed to take the empty hamper from the week previous whenever he delivered a filled basket. These "empties" were returned C. O. D., but they always reached the farm in time for the end-of-the-week packing

Attached to the inside of the lid of each hamper was a pocket which contained a memorandum which was of greatest importance to both consumer and producer. These slips, which were printed on fairly heavy pasteboard, were about eight inches long and five inches wide. On one side was printed:

The ruled spaces below provided for the shipment of fourteen articles, and at the bottom was the explicit direction:

Contents at price Total

Please check off, verify and return.

The reverse side of the card was headed:

On the left hand of this side of the card there was printed a complete list of everything that the farm anticipated furnishing. Mrs. Paddock simply put a check-mark opposite the products which she expected to be able to market the following week. The right-hand side provided ample space for the customer to indicate the quantities which she would desire.

As a measure of precaution Mrs. Paddock always kept a duplicate of these order-slips. The rest of the bookkeeping was reduced to the simplest method possible. Each eustomer's purchases were entered in a small note-book and each book was balanced each week so that she could tell at a glance exactly how each of her ten accounts stood.

IN ADDITION to the order-slip the little pocket on the hamper cover always contained a printed express tag addressed to the farm, so that the busy housewife did not have to bother about writing a return label.

Any one whose farm is within two hundred miles of a city or large town can find customers for such an enterprise.

"I happened to find my nine necessary customers among personal friends, but it wouldn't have mattered at all if I hadn't known a soul. I would have compiled a list of prospective customers from a telephone book or the 'society' column of a daily paper or from a club booklet.

booklet.

"And I'd have kept telephoning or writing or calling on my 'prospects' until I landed them. I don't believe they'd need much urging. If you have fresh food to sell and will sell it for a little less than the quoted market price and see that it is delivered attractively and promptly, you won't have any difficulty disposing of it. The hamper idea interests a housewife because it is a blessed solution of the eternal Sunday-dinner problem.

"There is one other thing about my scheme that appeals to women. A man likes to harvest a crop of anything, and crate it and send it off. Businesslike, hc calls it. He puts all the eggs in one crate and the beans in another. That's very businesslike—especially for the commission man! But that's where the fun of my plan comes in. Packing the makings of a Sunday dinner together gives one a feminine satisfaction. I get a thrill of pride every time the expressman drives off with one of my food hampers in his wagon!"

WORKING-GIRL CAPITALISTS

BY SUSIE SEXTON

WRITTEN large over all the gay, insouciant, happy, capable throng which represents the American business girl of to-day, is written the sin of Thriftlessness in letters figuratively mountains high.

A man whose position at the head of a ninety-million-dollar firm has brought him into daily contact for years with girls who earn their own living confided to me the other day that the Liberty Loans—quite aside from any patriotic import—had conferred upon the American business girl the greatest boon she had ever received in all her energetic, eventful commercial career.

It made her save money, a thing which, amazing as it may seem, she had never done before except in rare instances. Before the war, he told me, he had made a canvass of the employees in his various offices to find out how many of his workers saved money.

Only one young woman acknowledged a bank balance of over twenty-five dollars—and this was in a concern well known for its liberal salaries.

SHORTLY after the armistice became a reality this business man had occasion again to make a canvass of his workers. To his surprise he discovered that every girl in his employ, not excluding the little typist who received but a modest ten dollars a week,

possessed at least three fifty-dollar Liberty Bonds.

It is to be regretted that the Liberty Loans, for the sake of the business girl at least, can not be made perpetual. It is the only method ever devised to make her save systematically.

True, she does save spasmodically. But she is discouraged easily where money-saving is concerned. She may get as much as one or two hundred dollars in the bank. Then some day, in one of those fits of temperament or depression so characteristic of the feminine mind, she decides suddenly that it is useless to save anyway.

So she squanders her mite on a trip to Atlantic City or an unnecessary fur coat and begins again lackadaisically at the bottom of the financial ladder.

THE average American business girl admits frankly that she can not save a cent. She can not dress and save too, is her defense, and she prefers to dress. But in practically every instance she is wrong.

every instance she is wrong.

At the beginning of the New Year a girl who had been a wage-earner for seven years took stock of her savings. She had four Liberty Bonds nearly paid for and a balance of two dollars in the bank.

The Liberty Bonds represented the labor of one year and she had been drawing a salary

for seven. She went to a successful business woman, who she knew had a substantial savings account and some property, and asked her advice.

THE successful woman took out paper and pencil and asked her visitor a few questions. Outside of food, rent and clothes, the spendthrift business girl's weekly expenditures read something like this:

Sodas, forty-five cents a day or two dollars and seventy cents a week; candy, fifteen cents a day or ninety cents a week; shoeshining, ninety cents a week; entertaining friends at dinner, three dollars and fifty cents; manicure, fifty cents

manicure, fifty cents.

During the preceding week she had also spent one dollar and a quarter for a tiny bottle of perfume and seventy-five cents for laundry she might have done at home.

Thus the total of her expenditures for one week, exclusive of clothes and board, amounted to ten dollars and fifty cents, every cent of which might have been put into the bank without causing her any physical discomfort or depriving her of any necessary clothes.

Too few business girls realize that it is possible to save on a salary of even ten dollars if the will to save exists. Yet the practise of systematic thrift is as simple to acquire as the knack of holding a knife and fork correctly.

THE HEART IN THE WINDOW FOR THOSE WHO LEAVE HOME

BY REINETTE LOVEWELL

URING those dreadful weeks last October when the epidemie of Spanish influenza was raging throughout the country, Washington was packed with girls. There were stenographers, typists, elerical assistants by the thousands, who had come from every State in the Union to help with the stupeudous amount of detail work the war involved.

So swiftly had they been mobilized for service that proper housing could not be provided. They were falling ill and dying every day, living four in a room in some eases, in every ease far from home and among total strangers. And homesickness has a tendency to aggravate almost any disease. There is nothing worse than being absolutely alone in a laughing, chattering crowd.

Conditions of every sort were abnormal.

The stores could not supply the demands made on them for merchandise; there was not enough of anything to go around. Washington was out of everything, and worst of all, out of nurses, and the physicians, who were not in the Army, were so much in demand that they could give very little time to individual cases. Many of the girls had to take care of each other as best they could.

One young woman, so eager to help win the war that she had walked some of the way from California to save ear-fare, went home from her office one day chilly and feverish. The next day she died.

STRANGERS sent a message to the home address she had given on her registration eard and word eame back:

"Can not raise money to have body sent here. Please buy flowers. Wiring five dollars Western Union."

The story of the girl's pluek and perseverance in getting to Washington had become known and one of the busiest men in the Administration used his influence to see that funds were provided and burial made in her own State.

A few weeks ago the wife of a New York auditor went out to the vestibule of the apartment house where she lived to see if there was any mail in her letter-box. Clinging to the railing of the door-steps she noticed a girl of about twenty-one who looked so ill and white that the elder woman asked what was the matter.

The girl burst into tears and said she did not know what to do. Mrs. Harris had a sudden inspiration that what she needed first of all and most of all was food. She took her inside and prepared the first full meal the girl had eaten in weeks.

Little by little the story eame out. The firm for whom she had been working had elosed its New York offices suddenly and she had lost her position. As her money dwindled, she had moved into a furnished room which was so cheap and bare she was ashamed to let any of her acquaintances know where she was.

Living on fifteen or twenty eents a day and hunting for work she could not find had weakened her spirit and her body to a point where she gave up and her landlady found her in bed. Her rent was a week in arrears. When she was ordered to vacate the room, the girl pleaded that she was too ill to move.

Within half an hour she overheard the landlady telephone the police-station to send an ambulance, the customary procedure in New York for emergency calls and the only author-

ity the hospitals recognize. Policeman, an ambulance, charity!

FRIGHTENED half out of her wits, she rose and dressed, watched her chance and slipped into the street with twelve cents in her purse and no idea where to go.

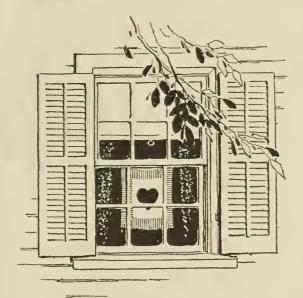
"Couldn't you have sent home for money to tide you over?" Mrs. Harris asked.

"There wasn't any money at home," sho answered. "Father has lost his job, too, and the other children are all small. I thought every day I'd get something else."

Every year the small towns send an army of ambitious young folk to live among strangers. The cities receive most of them, because the eities have so much more to offer: more ways to earn a living, more chances for professional and artistic success.

Little by little they lose touch with the communities they have left. It is not their fault, nor any one's fault. It happens because there is nothing to prevent its happening.

NEVER has there been an organized effort on the part of their home towns to hold on to them, to give any sign to the world and to them that they claim them, wherever they



A sign of hope for the absent

go or whatever they do. Their families keep track of them, of eourse, and they get seattering letters and post-eards from a few others; and there it ends,

The villages, as a whole, have never waked up to the responsibility and privilege of backing them up until they get firmly on their feet.

To be sure, there are friendly organizations designed to help them in many practical ways, but these organizations can not furnish funds when the young strangers are ill or in trouble. Every eity has its charity societies, but the very names over their doors and the horror of being "investigated" keep away those who most need aid.

The home folk know all about them without asking, for the home folk have watched them all the way from baby-carriages to graduation exercises. Why not keep in touch with them always, even though they are far away?

way?

If there were in each town an emergency Home-Service Club

ehest, made of voluntary contributions, from which loans might be made without interest in times of stress, a fund which is not charity, it could be drawn by telegraph in such cases as that of the girl in Washington or the young stenographer in New York who only needed to be financed until she found another job.

"The big thing that stood out to me in my eontact with the soldiers," said a woman warworker, "was their love of home. You know what wonderful things were done for them—how the most luxurious houses in the country opened their doors to them, how they had the use of automobiles, tickets to theaters, dances, canteen service.

"But what pleased them most were the letters and packages and photographs from home. It was the boy who went for mail and did not get anything whom you simply could not chirk up!"

Very few of the graduates of 1919 who start out for themselves this Autumn will become ill or get into trouble and need to be helped out. But there will not be one among them who will not crave mail.

Letters with the home-town postmark lying on the table in a gloomy hall are, next to the mystery of the package, about the most welcome thing in the world to a boy or a girl eoming in at night to a room in a boarding-house, a college dormitory, a Y. M. C. A. or a Y. W. C. A. "hotel."

IT IS hard to realize how much "something to eat" means to those away from mother's eooking for the first time in their lives. There is a wonderful thrill about pulling off the wrappings from a shoe-box and finding a batch of buttermilk eookies or a dozen doughnuts.

A jar of green tomato piekle, little eases of eottage-cheese, even a risk like a pie, is warranted to remove the taste of restaurant food and invoke a great desire to hug the sender.

There is an important psychology about food; the whole face of unhappy conditions may be changed swiftly by something that goes to the right spot. More than one lone-some, hungry youngster "rooming and eating out" has stood before the canteens for soldiers, ashamed of envying the fighting men the cheer and friendliness and good food provided for them.

Nothing from a fruit-stand, however tempting, ean ever have the flavor of apples and pears from home trees. Wild flowers, heliotrope and verbena from back-yard posy-beds, eost only the picking, and they will look like home faces as they freshen in water after their long trip in the mail-bag.

A HOME-SERVICE CLUB could engineer the sending of just such parcels and see that no one was missed. It would be a club every one could join, from grandfathers and grandmothers to primary-grade kiddies just learning to write with ink.

It would watch out for holidays and birthdays. It would send, direct from the publisher, tho home paper. There is no part of a city newspaper which can furnish a substitute for those short paragraphs of "Personal Mention" which appear in small-town papers.

It would, perhaps, furnish an emblem to hang in the window, just as service flags were hung, to tell the passer-by that some one was absent, *lent* by the town to another town, but elaimed and protected and *backed* by the Home-Service Club

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The Herrick Refrigerator Company 407 River Street Waterloo, Iowa Ask for Inside Facts on Outside Icing



GIRLS, SEE NEW YORK

BY PRISCILLA PRESTON

"YOU funny little ducky dear," the city girl began in the patronizing way that the country girl loved and hated at the same minute. "Don't be a goose. I won't be so silly as to tell you you can see our town for nothing, but you could have a wonderful week for 'next to nothing' if you'd let me tell you how.

"Of course you have to get there first, and I can't alter the railroad fare and the Pullman fare and some modest tips for the porter. But I can help you about the rest of it.

"You can't possibly need anything but a suitease full of clothes. Don't even take your best—a simple suit or a dress and coat and your littlest hat, some comfortable oldish shoes with rubber heels and cotton stockings—silk ones are too hot in Summer. Your blouses should be ones that can be laundered without ironing.

"You don't live in a hotel here in the country and it's silly to live in one in New York. If you'll either write to the Y. W. C. A. before you go or go straight to the nearest branch when you arrive in New York, they will help you to settle the where-to-live question.

"You must have a reference about yourself because their clients are particular about lodgers. They can find you a room with bathroom and kitchen privileges in somebody's house or apartment in which you will be much more comfortable than you will be in

the average hotel.

"The room will cost from six to twelve dollars a week. You can choose the locality

you want to be in.

"I think a splendid place for a country girl is about half-way up-town, in the Eighties or Nineties, round Madison or Park Avenue. That's near the park and the museum and not too far from down-town and near the Fifth Avenue busses.

"You can probably either have your breakfast furnished by your landlady for about thirty-five cents or, if you have kitchen privileges, you can get your own breakfast for less than that. You should have a fruitcercal-eggs-coffee breakfast, because sightseeing is hard work.

"Your luncheon you can get in almost any of the side-street tea-rooms for fifty or seventy-five cents. The more famous Avenue tea-rooms character should prices. Get

your lunch early and eat it slowly.

"Dinner you can get at the Y. W. C. A. eafeteria. You'll have the fun of getting it, and it will eost you only from fifty cents to seventy-five cents to get all you can possibly eat. And no tips! Tips needn't worry you anyhow; they are just ten per cent. of your cheek.

"You want to eat in some of the big hotels you've heard so much about. Do it this way: Get your dinner, except the dessert, at your cafeteria

"Then stroll leisurely into your pet hotel and order your dessert and eoffee. They'll cost more than your dinner cost, but you'll have fun doing it.

"IF YOU want to see several plays while you're in town and don't want to spend much money, you'll just have to put your pride in your pocket and climb. The dear old second-balcony seats are only fifty or seventy-five cents."

"You can see practically all the pictures you want to see 'for nothing.' The Sunday papers have long lists of free exhibits.

"The Metropolitan Museum has only two pay days; you can remember which they are by remembering the old Irishwoman's assertion, 'Wash-days and fish-days are pay

"Don't I want to see Chinatown?" The little country girl dared her first question.

"I shouldn't think you'd want to. We've several much more interesting foreign quarters. Take a trolley to Spring and Macdougal streets and wander around a few Italian blocks, or go down to Washington Street and see Syria, or to the University Settlement and see the Ghetto.

"THEN you'll want to spend an afternoon down-town prowling around the Governor's Room in City Hall and Trinity Churchyard and Fraunees' Tavern. And that's the day you'll ride on the ferry to Staten Island and back and see the Bay and the Liberty Statue and the shoreline and the Battery.

"And all the time you're in town pretend you're a regular New-Yorker, and every time you want to go anywhere ask the policeman. I eouldn't get through a day without a policeman, and I've been living in New York ten years.

"Wear your old hat till the last day. Then you're going to the hair-dresser's and have your hair waved, unless it's naturally eurly.

"ANYWAY, you're going to have it dressed a perfectly new way that you never thought of doing yourself.

"And then you're going out and buy a nice New-Yorky hat and veil—the knowingest ones you ean find. You'll feel like a perfectly new person!"

"How much will that hat and hair-dressing

be?" asked the country girl.

"Well, the hair-dressing will be a dollar, or two if you're shampooed. And the hat well, maybe you'll buy it for next to nothing, but maybe you'll spend as much as you've spent on your whole week!

"It just depends on how strong-minded you are—but the very minute after you have it, telephone me and I'll take you to tea in the spiffiest place in town and tell you how adorable you look in it!"



Karo, the pure syrup from corn, mixed with equal parts of sugar, makes the finest preserves, jam and jellies.

It blends much better with the fruit or fruit-juices than sugar alone-brings out the natural flavor of the fruit—prevents crystalization.

For your preserving and canning this season just remember Karo and sugar, half of each—see what delicious preserves you'll have.

For Your Preserving

KARO—Crystal White

in the Red Can



blackberries, 2½ lbs. sugar, 2½ lbs. Karo (Crystal White), 4 oranges, 2½ lbs. raisins.
Take orangepeel and put in cold water. Simmer slowly until boiling hot, to remove bitter taste. move bitter taste. Then chop coarsely. Squeeze juice over sugar, then add blackberries, raisinsseeded and chopped, and finally orange-peel. Heat slowly,

then boil twenty minutes. Turn into sterilized

Ask your grocer for a copy of the new Corn Products Cook Book—a wonderfully practical little guide to good home-made preserves-the latest methods of putting up all kinds of jams, jellies, canned and preserved fruits and fruit butter; the proportion of fruit, time of cooking; and full directions for a simple, easy method of sterilizing (using the ordinary kitchen utensile)

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MANY DISHES FROM ONE RECIPE

BY FLORA G. ORR

HE baking-powder biseuit appears on our tables in a variety of forms, and registers in our cook-books under several different names. It may be only a prosaic meatpie crust, it may be a roly-poly dumpling; again it disguises itself with some crushed fruit and takes the name of shortcake.

But once you know t he baking-powder biscuit you know all these without the aid

of any cook-book.

A baking-powder biscuit is one of the "doughs" of the culinary world, which means merely that it is a combination of flour and liquid stiff flour and liquid stiff enough to handle. It is not so stiff a dough as that used for yeastrisen bread; it uses from about two-thirds to one cup of liquid to two cups of flour, while yeast-risen bread requires only one-fourth as much liquid as flour. Here is the general

BAKING-POW-DER BISCUIT 2 cups flour

4 teaspoons bakingpowder

1 teaspoon salt

34 cup liquid (all milk, or half milk and half

MIX dry ingredients and sift twice. Work in fat with tips of the fingers, or cut in with two knives; add the liquid gradually, mixing with knife to a soft dough. Owing to difference in flour, it is impossible to determine

the exact amount of liquid.

Toss on a floured board, pat and roll lightly to one-half inch in thickness. Shape with a biseuit-cutter.

Place on greased pan, and bake in hot oven twelve to fifteen minutes. If baked in too slow an oven, the gas will escape before it has done

EMERGENCY biseuit is very much like the ordinary baking-powder biseuit. The only difference is that more milk or other liquid is used for this amount of flour, about onefourth cup more of liquid, and the dough is not rolled out, but dropped from a spoon.

This is perhaps easier to remember than the

original recipe, since the amount of liquid is just half the amount of flour (two cups of flour to one cup of liquid).

Notice that for every cup of flour used a level teaspoon of baking-powder and half a teaspoon of salt is provided

ORDINARY DUMPLINGS

THE recipe for ordinary dumplings is exactly the same as for rolled baking-powder biscuits, and the dough is treated in exactly the same way-rolled and shaped with biscuiteutter, but steamed in a steamer over water instead of being baked in the oven.

If dumplings are to be cooked with meat stew, the emergency or drop-biscuit proportion is the one to use. The mixture is then taken up by a spoon, dropped on top of the stew and cooked, tightly covered.

Dumplings in this ease must rest on the meat and potatoes and must not settle into the liquid. It is said to be bad luck to uncover dumplings "even for a peep" before they have steamed twelve minutes.

FRUIT DUMPLINGS

FOR fruit dumplings make a rolled-biscuit dough, using a little less milk and a bit more shortening. Roll one-fourth inch thick.

Cut into squares large enough to eover apple or other fruit. Large fruit should be first cooked five or ten minutes.

Place fruit, pared, cored, sliced or whole, in center of dough; sprinkle with sugar and einnamon or nutmeg. Moisten edges of dough with water or cold milk and fold so that the corners will meet in the center. Press edges together

The top may be brushed with beaten egg, milk, melted butter or margarin, and sprinkled with sugar. Place in a greased pan, adding a slight amount of water.

Bake in a rather hot oven until crust and fruit are cooked. These dumplings may be steamed if desired. Serve with hard sauce,

APPLE roly-poly is much the same as the dumpling except that the dough is rolled in one rectangular piece, spread with softened margarin, then with apples eut in thin slices

Roll up like jelly-roll. Slice and bake the same as dumplings, adding a little water in the pan to make a sauce.

There is also a Dutch apple-cake much like apple roly-poly except that it is not rolled up like a jelly-roll, but baked in a rectangular piece. This cake is good to serve with afternoon tea or with coffee. Serve as a semi-dessert

Another variation of fruit dumplings is to make a fruit pudding-sweetened fresh or canned fruit covered with a crust of bakingpowder biscuit-dough. Bake in a fairly hot oven.



Miss Orr is THE DELINEATOR'S Home-

SHORTOAKE uses the same proportions of flour, milk and baking-powder as does the recipe for rolled baking-powder biscuits, but re-quires more shorten-ing than the biscuits; that is, two tablespoons or more of fat to each cup of flour, and the addition of a teaspoon to half a tablespoon of sugar for each cup of flour.

SHORTCAKE

2 cups flour 4 teaspoons baking

powder ½ teaspoon salt

2 teaspoons to 1 tablespoon sugar 14 cup to ½ cup fat 34 cup milk

baking-powder bis-cuits—the fat is cut into the sifted dry ingredients and the milk added slowly; then the dough is tossed on a floured board, divided in two parts, patted, rolled out and baked for twelve minutes in a hot oven. When done, the shortcake is split into two parts and the erushed sweetened fruit is put in between the layers and on top.

FOR a richer shortcake one well-beaten egg may be added, the sugar increased to two tablespoons for each cup of flour used, and the liquid cut down to one-sixth of a cup for each cup of flour, on account of the extra fat and egg, which supply some moisture. The proportion of shortening used will be the larger amount mentioned. In this case tho wellbeaten egg is added last, after the fat has been cut into the sifted dry ingredients, and the milk is slowly added.

Should we increase beyond this point the proportions of eggs, sugar and shortening to the amount of flour used as a basis, we leave the realm of biscuit-doughs and go into the

SODA-BISCUIT dough is so similar to baking-powder biscuit and the bakingpowder energency-biscuit and the baking-powder emergency-biscuit dough that it can not be left out of this discussion. Here the acid of the sour milk acts with the soda to produce carbondioxid gas, thus taking the place of baking-powder, in which there is acid cream-of-tartar and soda, which act together to produce carbondioxid gas.

Whereas in making baking-powder dough we add baking-powder in proportion to flour, in soda-biscuit dough we add soda in proportion to the amount of sour milk used—one-half teaspoon of soda to each cup of sour milk,

THIS means that one must first decide how much sour milk is to be used. (A little more sour milk than sweet milk must be used to the same amount of flour.)

Flours vary, but if one cup of sour milk is used to two cups of flour, and one-half teaspoon of soda is used for the eup of sour milk, it must be remembered that one teaspoon of soda ean take the place of only four teaspoons of baking-powder.

One-half teaspoon of soda would take the place of only two teaspoons of baking-powder, and the two eups of flour need the equivalent of four teaspoons of baking-powder, or one-half teaspoon of soda and two teaspoons of baking-

As a master-key unlocks many doors, so the general recipe for baking-powder biscuits has proved to be a pattern for many dishes instead of one. All that is necessary is mental organization of facts.

Once learned with its variations this recipe might well be called a master recipe. It truly unlocks many doors, because it is a key to cookery knowledge.

From the general or "master" recipc of baking-powder biseuit-dough I have shown that you can make twelve products-rolled bakingpowder biscuits, emergency biscuits, steamed dumplings, dumplings cooked with meat stew, fruit dumplings, apple roly-poly, Dutch applecake, three or four kinds of shortcake, rolled soda biscuits, and emergency soda biscuits.

HAVE another "master" recipe for you, a recipe for a cake which never fails. It is sometimes ealled plain or foundation cake, or you may eall it the master butter-cake recipe.

There are two general classes of cakes those made with fat and those made without it. This recipe deals with the kind made with fat, and so is called a "butter-eake.

Butter-cake is the good old name, though most of us prefer nowadays to use a butter substitute in cooking.

If you care to write to me for it, enclosing a self-addressed, stamped envelope, I will send it to you with directions for varying it so that you can make chocolate cake, caramel cake, silver or white cake, gold or yellow cake, nutcake, spice-cake, ribbon-cake and fruit-cake all from this same recipe.

Just address your request to Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New

One fact about

CCATE'S

TALC POWDER

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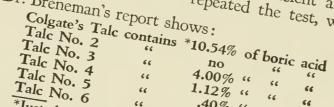
There is just the right amount of Boric Acid in Colgate's Talc THAT is the fact—proved by the impartial analysis shown below. The respondent use of Colorate's boric powder. It is the real

sults of the more frequent use of Colgate's Talc will show in the greater happiness and comfort of every baby who gets plenty

The reasons for this are simple.

Colgate's Talc Powder is prepared on the

The impartial analysis of Dr. Breneman, M. Sc., a prominent New York chemist, fully substantiates this. In 1909 he analyzed various tales, purchased in the open market. He found that Colgate's contains formula of an eminent physician, for years repeated the test, with the same brands. just the right amount of boric acid, that mild yet efficient antiseptic. In 1916 he



*Just the right amount. .40% " " " It is this correct amount of boric acid that makes Baby's

skin so comfortable that his whole day is happy. And at both tests he proved the presence in Colgate's alone of two other ingredients which the U.S. Dispenser of found in any of the other talcs examined. COLGATE'S Talc is safest and best for you and your children.

Sold everywhere—or a trial box sent for 2c in stamps.

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There is also the widest choice of perfumes in Colgate's Talc eleven different perfumes as well as Tinted and Unscented Talcs.





My signature is placed on each package of Kellogg's so that you may know at once that you are getting the original toasted corn flakes whose quality and flavor <u>earned</u> their leadership.

W.K.Kellogg

HE keeps his "eye on the ball." He's the kind of boy that eats Kellogg's. He likes the taste, the realness of these flakes.

He wouldn't be satisfied with an imitation. wants the original—the crisp, rich, golden-glinting Kellogg's with their freshfrom-the-oven flavor, satisfyingly good.

It's easy to get the choicest for your boy and girl, too.

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's; know it by the signature of W. K. Kellogg on each package.

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO. BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

"Won its favor through its flavor



BE AN EPICURE IT DOESN'T COST MUCH

BY HELENA JUDSON

THE fascination of the daily life of New York is not wholly in the styles and the shops. There is another side which every one yearns to know, a side which coneerns itself with the mysteries of the best liotel euisines, the smartest tea-rooms and the gayest of the French and Italian restaurants.

As far as The Delineator knows, no magazine has ever attempted to keep its readers informed to the minute on the latest styles in foods. No department has ever been run with the single purpose of telling newsy bits about foods—creations of famous New York chefs, novel ways in which these delicacies are served, new foods and flavors which may bo found on the market.

So WE have taken the initiative in this matter. It shall be our business to keep you up to date. We will tell you what tho eleverest New York food-shops are doing, and, more than that, how they are doing it.

We will teach you the pronunciations of the Frenchiest terms and enlighten you as to their meanings. We will get for you the latest word from the epicurean market, so that you may rest assured that no American substitute for Roquefort eheese, no great rival of Worcestershire sauce, may make its début without your

In short, wherever you may be, we will bring to you the flavor of the city and show you how you can adapt it to your own home.

July first, Prohibition is upon us. So you may be interested to know what the New York hotels are doing to meet the situation. Many of them have already introduced the soft-drink bar.

THE SOFT-DRINK BAR

THERE is nothing humble or apologetic in the fashionable and artistic soft-drink bar. It flaunts its charms in the faces of its patrons and shows what allurement there can be in carefully arranged displays of the freshest fruits and their juices, the whitest Leghorn eggs, the creamiest certified milk, and cooling, effervescent beverages, all at hand, ready to be shaken into a delicious concoction by the expert mixer of soft drinks.

Even the room in which these innocent drinks are served is a delight, as in most eases it stands for the latest word in interior decoration. In one of these popular establishments in New York the revival of old-time black haircloth is noticeable, only the modern material is brocaded in a pattern even more shiny and black than the background.

Long settees are upholstered in this material, which matches the black-enameled servingtables whose glass tops are placed over brilliant flowered chintz. It costs five cents a drink more to oecupy a table, but what is mere price

under such conditions?
In another hotel the "Bone-Dry Room" provides somewhat larger tables for its patrons, so that dominoes and eheckers ean be playedthe outfit for these games being furnished without charge to those who order soft drinks. In this room hangs the slogan, "What ean't be eured must be endured," and, evidently, from the growing patronage of these Prohibition drinking-places, the enduring is no punish-

THE patron of the soft-drink bar may have a "long drink," such as any of tho mixtures usually served in a tall glass, or choose a "short drink," which is likely to be undiluted fruit-juice, usually orange, but sometimes strawberry or pineapple. These are served in small glasses holding about six tablespoons each, the glass set in an outer receptacle filled with crushed ice.

It is a pretty custom to fill these small glasses half full of shaved ice. When serving, pour in the undiluted fruit-juice from a handsome decanter.

This idea was utilized at the wedding-breakfast of an army surgeon and a Red Cross nurse. A shallow enamel pan was filled with shaved ice in which were embedded small glasses of orange-juice. The outside of the pan was concealed by a broad red-white-and-

Each guest took a glass when passed, and all drank a standing toast to the happy couple. For a Prohibition party on the eve of July first, this would be an appropriate chimax and could be elaborated to form an amusing feature.

The Summer hostess can adapt many of the most attractive accessories of the softdrink bar to her own uses. For instance, with grape-juice drinks, the addition of a strip of cucumber-rind is reminiscent of claret cup, and gives an equally delicious tang to the nonalcoholic drink.

For the piazza tea-table several of these strips may be kept at hand in a high glass filled

with shaved ice. Grated lemon and orange peel, ready to sprinkle over the surface of a mixed drink, is something a little out of the ordinary, especially if the two flavors are used in combina-

Thin shavings of lemon-peel kept in spiral form so as to stand upright above the surface of a mixed drink, are a bit of novelty, and if a sprig of fresh mint dipped in granulated sugar is run through this spiral, the refreshing picture is complete.

SLICED limes, overlapping, forming a border for a pretty plate, with segments of orange and wedges of fresh pineapple heaped in a mound in the center, the whole decorated with fresh mint, offer suggestions for flavoring a mixed drink to suit the individual taste.

The addition of a small quantity of cold tea is an excellent addition to many a mixed drink, as it combines well with most of the fruit flavorings. Keep a supply in the ice-box, to gether with several bottles of charged water, ready for immediate use. With cold materials an iced drink can be made with the minimum of chopped ice.

GAY RED SALADS

HOTEL and restaurant salad-makers have become so accustomed to preparing patriotic-looking salads, principally in redand-white effects, topped with a tiny flag decoration, that the variety has come to be practically unlimited.

Salad le Croix Rougo (Sa-lad! le eroy roog—soft g), which, translated, means Red Cross Salad, can be either a fruit or a vegetable combination. The fruit combination calls for a slice of pineapple ou which is laid a Red Cross design in canned pimento, the fruit resting on a bed of small white lettuee-leaves.

French dressing goes with this, pineapple and lemon-juice replacing the customary

For the vegetable Red Cross salad, stiff mayonnaise is colored red with pounded lobster coral, but for the home kitchen beet-juico will answer the same purpose.

Border a low salad-bowl with lettuce or romaine, fill with chopped celery, apple and Euglish walnuts, and mask the whole with mayonnaise or eream dressing with sufficient gelatin in its composition to keep firm and

Draw the Red Cross design in the mayonnaise with a knitting-needle or skewer, and apply the red mayonnaise in a thin layer to prevent spreading. In hot weather, gelatin is useful in all ornamental dressings and sauces. Cold, firm eream cheese previously colored red is used in similar fashion.

PATRIOTIC DECORATIONS

WHEN colored electric-light bulbs are needed, for either indoor or outdoor decoration, try tinting them yourself. It is easily

Purchase liquid paint from a dealer, or purchase the powder and mix with alcohol. Put the dye in a receptacle deep enough so that the bulb can be submerged in the liquid.

Turn on electric current until bulb is hot and then plunge into the dye. It will dry quickly. If a deep shade is wanted dip the

Clusters of red, white and blue bulbs make an ideal Fourth-of-July decoration and can be economically secured in this way. The bulbs over the dining-table may be especially tinted for this occasion.

NEWER than striped candlos of red, white and blue, are the long, graceful tapers in plain colors. Different shades of red and blue can be obtained, so that if the candles are used in a many-branched candelabrum, beautiful effects can be produced, especially with the longest candles.

When these fancy candles can not be obtained, try decorating plain white ones with patriotic cut-outs such as bright-colored flags of the Allies, shields, and so forth. These may also be effectively applied to plain white china and glass, transforming the most commonplace service into something apparently especially ordered for the Fourth-of-July festivities.

Try making patriotic little nosegays as favors for the Fourth-of-July party. Group a blue coruflower, two or three red sweet peas and the same number of white ones. Stab tho stems through the center of a tiny, laee-paper doily, fluffing the paper around the posies as a

Twist the stems with tin-foil printed in red, white and blue and you will have the latest novelty of the Fifth Avenue florists. Carry out the same idea with artificial flowers if you want the nosegay more lasting.

COLORED BALLOONS

TOY balloons are popular for decorations and as dancing-favors. Their peculiar beauty lies in the variety of shading possible even with the same-colored rubber. When blown to their limit, these tinted spheres are at their palest as the rubber is extended to the

For a slightly darker shade the balloon is less expanded. This idea of shading carried out in red and blue balloons, used with plain white ones, is wonderfully effective.

The trick of keeping the air from escaping, resulting in the gradual collapse of the balloon, is hermetically to seal the aperture. Sealingwax is excellent for this, and the drip from a tallow or wax candle is equally good.

A single, fully expanded balloon of beautiful color, tied among palms or ferns, with smaller balloons tied to lighting-fixtures, makes a simplo and artistic decoration. Small balloons, one each of red, white and blue, tied three in a cluster, are pretty for patriotic decorations for tho motor, especially on a Fourth-of-July outing.

When garnishing an individual portion of food with a flag, a flower or any other decoration which may be suitably worn afterward as a souvenir of the occasion, slip the end of such a garnish into a quill, thus protecting it from contact with the food. They give added support to the decoration, keep it clean and in-

sure a good effect on the table. Tricolor sets for the Summer table are gay little affairs of heavy white linen, with an inchwide band of blue linen and one of red stitched on as a border above a one-inch hem. The materials are inexpensive, the sets are easy to make, satisfactory to launder, and are suitably used for eard-parties, informal meals or on the

A stunning ribbon to tie on candy-boxes may be made of strips of white organdy about three inches wide by rolling tiny hems on each side and catch-stitching red, white and blue ribbon on each edge of the organdy, letting the stitches hold down the hem on each side. For best results use number 12 white cotton for catchstitching.

A Single Soup

Made In a Hundred Ways

That exquisite flavor in a Van Camp Soup is due to a hundred tests. And some were made in 200 ways before we attained that perfection.



The basic recipes for most Van Camp Soups came to us from Paris. A famous chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought them to our kitchens. Up to that time, these soups were probably the finest soups known in America.



He won medals in Paris on some of these soups, in culinary contests. So our basic recipes were prize soups from that capital of cookery.

Then our culinary experts, college trained, started to perfect them. And scientific methods, in due time, gave those soups a mul-



The scientific way was to analyze ingredients. A standard was fixed for each one, and it must comply.

Then, step by step, through a hundred tests, the flavor was improved. These patient experts never stop until they reach the utmost in a soup.



The final formula for a Van Camp Soup is detailed and exacting. It fixes grades and methods, time of cooking and degree of heat. There are soups which require as high as 20 ingredients to get the ideal flavor.

Every Van Camp Soup is forever made exactly to these formulas. There is never a variation. So the soup you get is exactly like the model which these scientists adopted.



The connoisseur in Paris enjoys delicious soups. But you can serve in your own home better soups than he gets. You have your choice of 18 kinds, at trifling cost. And they come to you ready-cooked.

Try them today. They will change your whole conception of true flavor in a soup.

Other Van Camp Products Pork and Beans Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc. Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Pork and Beans

The sauce baked with them was evolved by test-ing 856 formulas.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

A famous Italian recipe perfected in the same way as our soups.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new grade made from blended peanuts with every bitter germ removed.

THE SIX-HOUR DAY FOR HOUSEWORKERS

BY GEORGIE BOYNTON CHILD

THE eight-hour day in the home, with a non-resident worker or workers - yes, This plan has been in successful operation for some time, The Y. W. C. A. entered months ago upon a movement to intro-

Definite hours, of a reasonable length, bring workers of a superior class. From the ranks of widows, of young or middle-aged married women whose own household duties are light, of girls who have taken courses in cookery and home economies in the public schools, have been drafted competent part-time houseworkers.

The old term of "servant" in no sense applies to these specialists. They are addressed as "Miss" or "Mrs." The relations are those of employer and employee, as in any other

A woman of my acquaintance in a small New England city advertised for a houseworker who was prepared to serve on a fivehour-a-day basis, at twenty-five cents per hour, She received over one hundred applications, from which she selected an admirable helper.

BUT I want to tell in this article how, in our own home, the eight-hour day became for a time the six-hour day, and of various arrangements of time and service which have been carried out, and which may be carried out in other homes in which the mistresses are willing to give the matter a little study.

Our conditions are typical of those of the large majority of homes in which only one worker is employed. The plan has been in successful operation for several years,

Women who employ no outside help, and expect to employ none, will find this story, and succeeding ones, of direct working value to themselves.

Will the modern plan of employing a nonresident helper, thus avoiding the necessity of boarding the person, be the better plan—this was the question that faced me six years ago when we bought our present home in a small

WE DECIDED to try an experiment. We employed a non-resident helper for eight hours a day. She had children and kept up a home of her own, accordingly she could not spare us more time. Moreover, that she might be with her children as much as possible on Sunday, we arranged to have her come for only three hours on that day to get the dinner.

She was entirely willing to do this, for she considered it worth while to have a good dinner herself on that day. We included her dinner in her eight-hour week-day, too, though most other housekeepers do not eonsider it in the eight-hour plan,

I believe it is our thoughtfulness and consideration for the worker that have made our plan successful, whereas often it has failed for other persons.

1 arranged our worker's day so that we prepared our own breakfasts and suppers. When one has dinner at noon, as I do for my family, this is the best plan,

The housekeeper who has her dinner at night can divide the day into two shifts, permitting her worker to "go off duty" in the early afternoon and to come back later to prepare the evening meal.

OUR worker did the laundry for our family of five, but her own washing and ironing, except her uniforms and aprons, she did at home. She did all the baking and cooking and pared the dinners. She kept the four rooms and hall of the lower floor in beautiful order.

She took care of the children when I was away and was willing always to stay overtime if I needed her. I never failed to give her extra pay for overtime—another mark of eonsideration which helped to keep her willing and

On our eight-hour schedule she did as much work as any resident maid had ever accomplished. She worked every moment and was glad to do so in order to have the other hours of the day for her own home.

So thoroughly did she care for our big needs that she made our labor in preparing the breakfasts and suppers very simple. Always she kept on hand a supply of home-made bread and eake; and whenever supper dishes needed special preparation beforehand she had these ready for us.

THE children helped me to prepare supper and to wash the dishes. When the dishwashing grew irksome, we bought a dishwasher. Into this we always packed the supper dishes, except the silverware, and washed them next morning with the breakfast dishes. At first we had different menus for breakfast, but during war time we settled down to a standard breakfast of fruit, cereal, home-made bread and jelly, and a cereal drink. Usually we prepared the cereal in the fireless cooker. Occasionally, for variety, we used a quickcooking cereal.

When this worker had to leave us, we found it more difficult than before to get help. Few houseworkers are willing to include the washing among their duties, and I do not blame them.

To get dinner and to do the housework after the washing is no easy task. The washing, even with a power washing-machine, for a family of six means fully five hours of work.

are on hand for the day's cooking and that all cleaning-equipment and supplies are ready for

When I engaged my six-hour worker, the baby was only two and a half years old and needed the eare of a nurse. The nurse also was a non-resident worker and came daily from half-past eight until four o'clock. In addition to caring for the baby she did all the up-stairs work and half of the ironing.

Later, when the little girl required less eare, the nurse left and the six-hour-a-day worker assumed the eare of the ehild. To do this she stayed two hours longer each day, devoting the extra hours exclusively to the little



A CORNER OF THE MODEL KITCHEN IN MRS. CHILD'S HOME

I decided, in securing my second non-resident worker, to try a six-hour day and to hire an additional worker for a day and a half for the washing and ironing. On this basis, half a day's ironing had to be done by the regular

AN ALLURING advertisement brought applicants. From these I selected a woman of ability and refinement. She is with us six hours a day, six days a week, and has been with us, now, a year and a half.

Except the washing and half the ironing she does all the work my eight-hour-a-day helper did for me. She works rapidly and for that reason can cover my daily program easily,

When she arrived, I gave her a typewritten card containing a list of each day's tasks. She kept this before her until she had learned it perfectly.

Every night I plan the menu for the next day and prepare a typewritten direction card which contains the menu for the day, the special work for the day, and any suggestions or directions in regard to the day's work. On this daily direction eard I do not itemize again the regular daily tasks but say, "regular daily

WITH this direction card I give my worker carefully tested recipes. I specify also any changes in amounts of food to be prepared. I ascertain, too, that all food supplies

During these two hours she always took the child for a walk. While this plan lasted the laundress came two days a week,

SINCE then I have worked out a better plan for a nurse-maid. A high-school girl has been spending the Winter with us and the non-resident houseworker is back on her sixhour day

The high-school girl prepares the breakfast, which is still as simple as when I prepared it. She takes eare of the bathroom and of her own room. She dines with the two iehldren at a different hour from the rest of the family, for a her school hours and theirs nearly coincide.

She serves the dinner and thus relieves the six-hour worker, who is not interrupted in her regular program to attend to the extra meal. Then she washes the dinner dishes in the machine.

One of her tasks is to take the little girl for an hour's walk every afternoon. After that she prepares the light supper. This means making eocoa and a simple dish, like milk toast or reheating such a dish as macaroni or succotash, prepared in advance.

She "elears up" the kitchenette after supper and prepares the ecreal for breakfast. The older children help her. They take turns at clearing the supper table and packing the dishes in the dish-washer.

The high-school worker does the half of the ironing, fitting this work into the early

part of the afternoon before taking the little girl for a walk.

Her duties in my home are just about the same kind of duties that older girls have in their own homes and are in no sense too burdensome to fit in with her sehoolwork. And just as any other girl of her age would be expected to be of help in the home, on Saturday morning she does the up-stairs work and helps me with special tasks before dinner. On Sunday we all share the duties of the day.

My former nurse comes one day a week to clean, thoroughly, the up-stairs rooms.

I consider the combination of a six-hour-aday worker and a resident helper an ideal one in a home like mine, where there are children. I have the brisk, competent help of an experienced, eapable woman, who carries the heavier load of the day's work, but whose work is limited to reasonable hours. She is fresh and always happy at her work because she has time to go to "movies" or to be with her friends.

The lighter duties, earried by the part-time worker, are easily performed, and give her a home at the same time that I have extra help with the children. I shall tell you more, in another article, about my kitchen and its equipment.

My non-resident worker accomplishes, daily, in six hours, as much as is done in many homes by resident workers whose day begins at dawn and ends at eight or nine o'elock at night.

Following is a list of the regular daily tasks and the time required to finish each group. I give also a list of the special tasks distributed through the week and a copy of a typical daily direction card:

REGULAR DAILY TASK Time Required Sweep back and front porehes..... Sweep back hall. Empty scrap-baskets in kitchenette and sitting-room. . . Wash supper and breakfast dishes in dish-washing machine..... hour Wash cooking-dishes by hand and leave kitchenette in order.... Vacuum dining-room floor, dust dining-room, hall, parlor and sitting-Do one half-hour of cooking for any supper dish to be prepared.... 16 hour Prepare and serve dinner. . . Wash cooking-dishes by hand, wash out towels, wipe up linoleum, and set table for supper.... 3/2 hour Total time required3½ hours Note —The remaining two and a half hours

SPECIAL TASKS

are devoted to the special tasks for the day.

Monday—Bread-making, baking cookies, help with starching clothes. Tuesday—Ironing, thorough cleaning of front

rooms. Wednesday—Finish ironing.

Thursday—Thorough cleaning of kitchenette, shelves, refrigerator, closets and so forth.

Friday—Baking big rule of eake. (This rule gives desserts for Friday, dinner and supper, and gives three other desserts for following days.) Second thorough eleaning of downstairs rooms.

Saturday—Extra cooking for Sunday's dinner, and any extra tasks that could not be included on their own days. Note.—The special task for the day is always given on the daily direction card.

Typical Daily Direction Card

Monday, March 3, 1919.

SPECIAL TASKS

Set five-loaf rule white bread. Make double-rule molasses cookies. Make chocolate pudding for dessert for dinner. Cook macaroni and tomato sauce for supper,

REGULAR DAILY TASKS. (See Special List.)

Dinner—Creamed beef, boiled potatoes, boiled onions, Graham muffins. Dessert—Chocolate pudding.

SPECIAL TASKS AFTER DINNER

Knead and bake white bread. Help with starching elothes.

CONVENIENCES YOU MAY NEED

BY MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

MACHINE which lends itself readily to A demonstration is the suction sweeper, Its real value lies in the fact that the house will stay clean ever so much longer if cleaned by suction. The dirt and dust are sucked up into the bag and later carefully emptied on a newspaper and burned or probably sent away with the trash. To burn the contents of the eleaner may mean burning any number of germs.

There is practically no labor connected with the use of the suction sweeper, which costs somewhere between thirty and sixty dollars.

THERE is everything to be said in favor of the washing-machine. In twenty minutes six sheets ean be washed (in the family size) or the equivalent in small pieces. In homes where gas is available, clothes can be boiled in the machine by the use of a special

gas attachment, After washing, comes ironing, and by the aid of the ironing-machine four hours' ironing can be accomplished in one hour's time. The estimated average cost of operating the washingmachine and the ironing-machine is two cents

The ironing-machine can be heated by gas, gasoline or electricity.

THE ironing-machine irons the great bulk of the family laundry, i. e., the sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths, napkins, doilies, bureau-searfs, towels, kitchen-aprons, rompers, petticoats that are not too much ruffled, men's shirts, collars and cuffs, and it will even press trousers (the writer personally knows one man who elaims he is paying for the ironing-machine by pressing his own trousers), but it will not iron small yokes, small ruffles and shirt-waists.

For these beruffled and begathered pieces we must have the hand-iron, and the electric iron is so generally in use to-day that its virtues do not need to be extolled.

We housekeepers know that we can easily spend from half an hour to an hour and a half three times a day over the dish-pan. With the machine, washing dishes for six persons—a five-course dinner—requires about five minutes of time and there is no putting the hands in the hot, greasy dish-water. It is not necessary to dry the dishes; merely dry the silver and polish the glasses and leave the dishes to drain. They will dry with a beautiful luster and no streaks.

WHILE there are various other labor-saving devices for women, there is room in this article for but one more, and it is one long needed and much appreciated. The electric sewing-machine certainly has come to stay.

The cost of operating the electrically run machine is lower than the cost of burning a sixteen-eandle-power electric-light bulb.

There are several types, but a particularly practical one has a pedal which is to be placed on the pedal of the sewing-machine, enabling the seamstress to place her feet on the pedal of the sewing-machine in an easy, natural position.

There is another type for use with the portable sewing-machine, and this portable machine can be packed in the trunk and taken away in the Summer.

THIS article would be incomplete without mention of an inexpensive little accessory for connecting electrical devices to electriclight outlets. The little two-way plug, which costs about one dollar, will serew into any ordinary electric-light outlet and the motor or other electrical device can be screwed into one socket and the electric-light bulb in the other.

If an extra electric outlet is to be installed in a house, it will cost somewhere between three dollars and ten dollars. By purchasing the two-way plug, from two dollars to nine dollars can be saved, while double the amount of light can be obtained from an electric lamp.

AMERICAN HOUSEWIFERY VS. FRENCH

pudding and coffee constituted a feast to the girls whose usual dinner was similar to the one I have just described, and whose supper would no doubt be nothing more than a bit of dried fish, some lettuce and a piece of bread. Our more claborate menus, prepared for holidays and special occasions, threw them into a state of wild excitement, although their part in the preparations might consist in nothing more arduous than the making of the salad, which they did well, or slieing the potatoes for frying.

Spices as well as herbs seemed a novelty to our little French maids; cinnamon and nutmeg they recognized, but mace, allspice and other pungent condiments which I wished them to buy for me in the French shops brought forth only a blank gaze and a "je ne sais pas," from them all, and from their mamas as well.

It is true, perhaps, that the more humble classes of the French do live on a smaller sum each day than American families of the same status, but after watching the women in the markets, where they squeeze and pinch every sou, and haggle over each carrot or dried fish, and then later standing by while the food was being prepared and finally partaking of it, I feel I am warranted in saying that no selfrespecting American family would be satisfied with the menu offered by the French nousemother of small means. And this is true, not only of war-time living, but of all the time, as my Blue Devil friend assured mc.

FROM a cuisinière of some standing and reputation whom I employed in the dietkitchen I expected to learn some of the secrets which had won for the Frenchwomen their world-wide reputation for efficiency and economy. Mme. Marin came to us highly recommended by several French officials, and brought with her cnough credentials to have assured her being regarded as a competent person for almost any high position the French Government might have to offer; a second cook, whose duty it was to assist in the work of preparing the meals for the hundred nurses attached to the hospital, accompanied madame when she made her appearance in our midst

one bright Spring morning.

"Now, at last," I thought, "I shall be able to learn something new and economical," and I prepared to spend as many hours as I could spare from my own labors watching our new cooks concocting their savory entrées, their dainty soufflés, and their delicious but in-

expensive dosserts.

Pies were on the menu that day, I remember-pies in which dried peaches played an important part; therefore, as soon as the soldier-boys who had been acting as cooks for the nurses' mess had taken their departure madame began the manufacture of the peach pies. She was furnished with lard substitute, which we had found good and of low cost, drippings and butter; also flour, and whatever else seemed necessary for her work.

Setting her assistant to work pressing the stewed peaches through a sieve, madame herself began tho making of the crust. Did she uso the lard substitute or the drippings as our soldier-cooks were went to do? Most certainly not! After examining each, sniffing it, and tasting with the tip of her red tongue, she pushed both aside and selected the butter for her operations.

I SHALL not attempt here to describe Mme. Marin's method of preparing her pie-crust, but will say that it was no better than that which our Billy had often made for us during his régime. The pies were made with but ono crust—"a war measure," madame explained, "and a great saving of flour," and they were filled with the peach-pulp which Josephino had forced through the sieve. Owing to the fact that much of the fruit refused to be coaxed through, it was thrown away, madame deciding that it was of no further use.

 $M^{\rm ME.\,MARIN}_{\rm cakes:}$ one a sponge-cake which she ealled gâteau savoy, and which required innumerable eggs; the other a madeleine cake, very delicious, I will admit, in which not only a large number of eggs, but several pounds of butter must be used.

Of the cheaper cakes such as were made in the diet-kitchen for the patients—and we had some very good recipes requiring no eggs whatever — she knew nothing, nor would she have anything to do with them or the recipes for

Her little nose would go up in scorn, and the pert little eurls on her head would fairly shake with contempt as she examined our poor eakes, broke a erum from them, put it between her hips, and remarked tragically: "Pas bon! Mauvais! No good; bak'-poudre,

She would make nothing at all in which baking-powder was neeessary. Her gâteaux, her muffins, her fritters, must all be leavened with eggs, or she would refuse to make them; therefore it will be readily understood that with eggs selling anywhere from six to ten francs a dozen the poor little nurses had little or no cake during their sojourn in the base hospital in whose kitchen Mme. Marin reigned.

THE one dessert in which she excelled, a delectable caramel custard, could not possibly be made, she declared, with less than fifty eggs, and even then but a small helping was each one's portion. Madame refused to use corn-starch to eke out the eggs in this, her famous pudding, so we had to forego that as well as the eake, for eggs were far too precious and necessary for the wounded men to admit of their being so plentifully used in the

nurses' mess. Once only, while I was in charge of the nurses' kitchen, did I contrive to persuade madame to make a bread pudding, but by her method it was almost as elaborate and expensivo as the eustards, so, therefore, the experiment was not repeated, and soon desserts and eakes of all kinds were omitted, not

without sighs and some complaints, however, for the meat course was not always tempting, and salads were difficult to manage.

Plain boiled rice with butter or milk we should have enjoyed; but madame could not make anything so simple. Complex and troublesome dishes had no terrors for her, but a plain rice pudding with raisins was never a success when she made it.

This seems a trait shared by all French cooks. Everything must be made as elaborately and with as much fuss as possible. Economy of time is an unknown subject, and the simplest menu that one can arrange seems to mean always hours of preparation

MME. MARIN'S meat dishes were tasty enough, but we grew tired of the everlasting stews and ragouts with which she favored us. It seemed impossible to coax her to serve a steak or a roast, though our meat supply was always of the best and we might have had either frequently.

But to madame the croquette or stew or ragout seemed infinitely more desirable, though far more troublesome, and she would simmer and stew her beef with whatever vegetables might be at hand, while we longed in vain for a bit of steak or a slice of roast bcef, and grumbled over our complex French

Carrots she prepared in a delicate and fascinating manner, slicing them thin and steaming them in fresh butter until they were tender. Very good, of course, but very expensive as well, and not to be indulged in too often in

Eggs she fried in deep fat, like fritters or doughnuts, and each egg must be cooked to order, so poor Josephine had to stand at madame's side, nervously breaking eggs and passing them to her, while madame herself, flurried and harassed over the undertaking, chattered loudly and sometimes, I think, mumbled uncomplimentary things under her breath about the gormands who demanded such hugo

The cereal was a never ending source of bother to her, for she either forgot it altogether or burned it. Bread and coffee, she declared, were plenty for any one, but she managed to give us toast almost every morning, and occasionally bacon or eggs, also the cereal on those mornings when it was not

Occasionally she would pay me a visit in the grande cuisine, as she called the diotkitchen, and it was amusing to watch her face as she wandered about examining this dish, sniffing at that, and tasting a third.

TO MY sorrow, corned beef, or as the soldiers called it "corn willy," formed a frequent dish for the nearly recovered patients, and we endeavored to serve it in as attractivo forms as wo could; so I was constantly racking my brains for new ideas along this line, and when I discovered something that provoked calls for "seconds" I was always woll

Madamo laughed at my corn-willy dishes, refused to taste the caramel bread pudding which the boys thought so good, and carried a hot biscuit and a doughnut about the kitchen with her until she happened upon a convenient spot for depositing them without being seen. No baking-powder products for her, thank you!

She watched me as I made an omelet for a sick boy whose appetite required tempting; and although it was as puffy and delicate as any made by a French chef, she would have none of it, because it contained but two eggs, and the next morning she brought me a dozen eggs from the village, with the compliments of tho maire, and asked me to make the pauvre soldat a genuine omelet.

After I had reached the eonclusion that madame was not economically inclined I made up my mind that we were, to use a soldier's expression, "out of luck," and that another cook might possess a greater tendency toward saving. But I was mistaken, for half a dozen or moro followed in the wake of madame and Josephine without our noticing any improve-

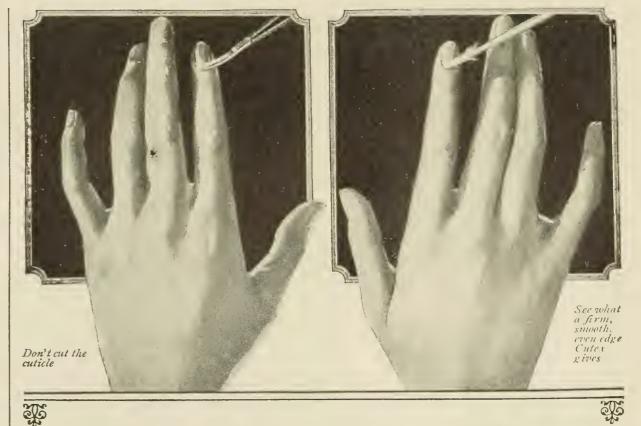
MEANTIME I had happily made the acquaintaneo of several charming French families whose villas or châteaux were situated within a few miles of the hospital, and on many occasions was invited to dine or lunch with them. Such delightfully hospitable people were they that one could not but feel at homo by their hearths, even though ono's French might be abominable, and their knowledge of English negligible.

Delightful as I found them, I can not deny, even at the expense of being criticized for my lack of appreciation of their kindness, that their senso of a well-balanced meal secnicd devoloped scarcely at all. Almost invariably our dinner or luncheon would begin with an hors d'auvre of some spicy sausage or fish in oil; this would be followed by a meat soup so delieate and delicious that one would have been content to make an entire meal of it; then would come an omelet, plain, or filled with grated cheese or a preparation of chicken or veal, and after we had finished it the pièce de résistance would make its appearance.

This might be a roast of pork, a chicken, or a ragout of rabbits served with one vegetable, preferably carrots or peas steamed in butter, or eauliflower dipped in batter and fried in deep fat. Cheese of a peculiarly creamy quality would follow the roast, and this we would eat with the excellent war bread or roll, and our meal would close with a dish of nutsthe Grenoble walnuts and the large and fine almonds being the favorites among the French.

Coffee, tea and liqueurs would invariably be found awaiting us in the drawing-room or the garden, and another hour would be quickly whiled away with them and a French-English dictionary, by which means we helped our conversation along.

Concluded on page 42



The wrong and the right way to manicure

UTTING the cuticle is ruinous! When you cut the cuticle, you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

The right way to manicure is to soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex, you realize how exactly it is what you have needed all along. It does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and leaves a firm, smooth, even line at the base of your nails.

In five minutes a delightful manicure

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. In a moment the dry, overgrown cuticle is softened. Rinse the fingers carefully in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

Then, for snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails.

Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

Now look at your

bothered with coarse, overgrown, ragged cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex, the Cuticle Remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cuticle Comfort are each 35c.

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Mail the coupon today with two dimes for the complete manieure set shown below. It contains enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six perfect manieures! Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 1207, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. City.

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and, dinner will soon be cooking and the teakettle singing, on the Puritan Oil Cook Stove.

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Even if you are a bit late, the Puritan makes up for lost time. And it's a *clean* stove to work *with*—no sweltering fire, no coal and ashes to litter the kitchen.

You simply set the utensil in a clean hot flame — just like gas. The flame is easily regulated for any cooking purpose. It stays where you set the indicator—low, medium or high. To insure long service, the burners are made of brass.

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For best baking results on the Puritan short chimney oil stove, use a New Perfection Oven. Both are sold by good dealers everywhere.

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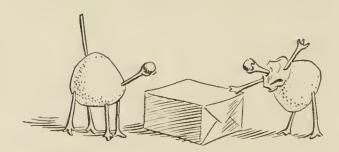
See your dealer or write for free Puritan booklet No. 24



Look for the Triangle Trade Mark

THE SILLIPUTES

BY MARIE LEE WARNER



CLOVINA, the Cat,* has a long, slender

And a tail that sticks up quite straight; So sharp are her claws that one time in a rage

She scratched down the Lemon-drop Gate.

Ashamed of her temper, she sadly stood by Till some of the Silliputes saw What had happened and hurried to put up

the gate, While Clovina helped push with her paw.

For days after that her claws were quite dull,

But soon they were sharp as need be, For each morning Clovina would polish them all

On the stick of a Lollipop Tree.

UG SILLIPUTE once heard a queer little

Beneath a nice caramel square, And he called to Clovina to come very

To see if a mouse could be there.

Clovina sniffed hard while UG looked very

And what did the two of them meet,
But some little boy's Wish for a rich
earamel

caramel
A-nibbling away at their feet!

Now there's nothing like wishes and nibblings small

To ruin a nice eandy floor, So Clovina caught this one and sugared it

That this Wish never wished any more.

(*Clovina is made of one gumdrop and six cloves.)

Concluded from page 41

AMERICAN HOUSEWIFERY VS. FRENCH

SUCH a dinner, enticing as it sounds and delicious as it proved, was scarcely the dinner that leaves one satisfied with the world. Instead I usually returned to the hospital feeling dull and exhausted, and I could never understand how the French people could keep up such a never ending flow of repartee and gaiety on such a diet.

could never understand now the French people could keep up such a never ending flow of repartee and gaiety on such a diet.

With the exception of one vegetable—often omitted, by the way—the menu had consisted almost entirely of proteins, although in the sideboard several dishes of fruit might be placed, and dates and figs were to be had almost for the asking.

I seldom saw a salad served in a French restaurant unless it was especially requested, and in the French homes of all classes wherein I was a guest the salad was reserved for sup-

per, when it formed the chief dish.

A French salad is a delicious thing, however, although it is not the complex dish we often make of it. Lettuce, chicory, endive or romaine, with a dressing of oil and vinegar, a suspicion of garlic and just enough salt and pepper to add zest is the usual salad of France, whether in the home of the humble peasant or the dweller in the château.

Omelet almost invariably followed or preceded the meat course; and this, in the face of the fact that eggs were always extremely dear and also that they were required in the hospitals, scarcely seemed compatible with my idea of French occupy.

idea of French economy.

On the other hand, b

On the other hand, because their country was at war the housewives abjured desserts, serving cheese or nuts at the end of a meal instead of their beloved pastry. No objection to such a practise could possibly be made were it not for the fact that their dinners were already too rich in proteins without these products, while raisins, dates or figs would have supplied the sweet that the system required.

Sugar was very scarce and all were put on sugar rations; but fruits in their natural state might have been served far more frequently than they were, even without sugar. In many a garden, and in the woods and fields, I saw berries going to waste because sugar for their preserving was not forthcoming; but the fruit in itself was sweet and wholesome.

ONCE, when we had made several thousand oatmeal cookies for our wounded boys, I ventured to carry a few of them to the little son and daughter of a friend living in a beautiful château not far from the hospital. The little cakes made quite a sensation, especially when I explained that they were made of

Little Pierre ran to the farmyard and brought in a handful of the grain and cagerly explained that it could not possibly be that people ate of it, for he fed it only to his little donkey every morning and every night.

donkey every morning and every night.

But the children liked the oat cookies and so did madame, their mother, who asked for the recipe and praised the American method of housekeeping and cooking highly. She also asked me to write as many economical recipes as I could for her, as she was anxious to try the war cookery of the American housewife,

Mme. B—— was an admirable cook herself, and onee when we had spent an hour gathering mushrooms in her splendid forest she permitted me to come into her kitchen while she transformed the delicate fungi into an omelet

for our supper.

Such a quaint but attractive place as it was with its stove of pale-blue tiles, its rows of shining copper vessels hanging on the walls and its stiffly starched white-muslin curtains. But the utensils were all of such Lilliputian size, the stove itself so very tiny, that I failed to see how a meal for grown-up folks could possibly be prepared within its portals.

Here again I feel that the Frenchwoman could learn much from the American housewife. Each meal in a French home is a

law unto itself; just enough is purchased and prepared and not a thought is taken for the next. In a French refrigerator one will never find a dish of cold potatoes for creaming, or a few prunes for a whip, or two or three left-over vegetables for a bit of salad, and I have often wondered where the scraps and left-overs that the Frenchwoman or the French chef is given so much credit for transforming into delectable dishes can possibly some first.

chef is given so much credit for transforming into delectable dishes can possibly come from.

When I told Mme. B—— that at home I often cooked enough potatoes for several meals at one time; string-beans for both a hot dish and a salad; ccreal for two days, and explained other fucl economies I had discovered that also saved time, she was surprised and delighted, and repeated my plan volubly and enthusiastically to her cook.

MEANTIME the omelct was prepared, and I noticed that only the tops of the mushrooms were used, the stems, although they were fresh and tender, being discarded. I would have used them for a sauce or a soup, but I suppose madame thought such economy unnecessary when mushrooms might be had for the gathering. And the omelet was heavenly, I grant.

In Paris, Nice and the other large cities of France, although my menu adventures were mostly met with in hotels or restaurants, I noticed the same ideas and methods as those which prevailed in the homes of my French acquaintances. Every meal, with the exception of breakfast, which was, after all, hardly a meal at all, was overrich in proteins and poor in other essentials.

Parisian luncheons and dinners, while delicious, left one unsatisfied, for all the truffles and mushrooms and fine sauces that went into their composition; and their lack of green vegetables was appalling to a digitizing

vegetables was appalling to a dietitian.

In the markets in both the large cities and in the smaller towns, I watched the French-women selecting the materials for their dinners and always I found them buying, after much argument and haggling, meats, cheese and eggs to the exclusion of fruits and vegetables. Cereals they did not even consider.

WHENEVER a vegetable did find its way into the market-basket it was in such infinitesimal quantities that it scarcely seemed worth carrying home. A fourth of a cauliflower, two carrots, one tomato or turnip, were often demanded and supplied by the shop-keeper without the flicker of an eyelid.

I could not reconcile my ideas of economy with such buying. The same amount of haggling and oratory, the same amount of eifort and of time could have been spent profitably in purchasing a sufficient quantity for two or three meals, or even for two days; but it is evident that the Frenchwoman's marketing is usually conducted in this manner; time means so little to her that she is eontent to spend several hours each day doing the little things that might be readily combined and completed ensemble.

I CAN not agree with the writer of a very interesting article on the French people which I read a few days ago, in which he said among other complimentary things anent the women of France:

"Probably there is not in all the world the equal of the French housewife in economy and efficiency." It seems to me that it is time to eome to the rescue of the American housewife. Too long has she permitted the palm for economy to be bestowed upon her charming sister overseas; and it is high time that she begin to plume herself a little on her own attainments, for it is certain that no other woman in the world could have answered the call for food economy more enthusiastically, more efficiently and more thoroughly than did this same American housewife during the war emergency.



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It may be a dance or a dinner, a little home party among friends or strangers, anywhere, - he wants you to look your best. Whether he be husband, brother, father, lover or friend, he is always proud when others admire you. Yet no matter how exquisite the gown, how prettily dressed the hair, how lovely the hands, a poor complexion ruins the general effect which otherwise would have been most charming.

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TALL DRINKS IN TALL GLASSES WITH TALL STRAW'S

CHILLY CHEER!

BY MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

DURING sultry Summer days the fickle appetite demands something cooling and refreshing. It is then that some of the following beverages will prove a godsend to any woman, for while such a dish as eggnog or chocolate cup seems to be merely a satisfying drink, it furnishes excellent food.

Other dishes mentioned below will be just the thing for the enterprising youths of the family who like to establish a soft-drink business out under the trees in the front dooryard. If motorists are passing frequently, the encouragement of success may intoxicate the young vender, for the drinks themselves can not but be popular when they have been tried.

ICED FRUIT EGGNOG (INDIVIDUAL PORTION)

SEPARATE the white and yolk of an egg that has been chilled, and after beating the yolk to a stiff froth, add a teaspoon of powdered sugar and two or three drops of vanilla extract. Mix well, turn into a crystal goblet, and, stirring constantly, fill the glass three-quarters full with rich, cold milk.

Whip the egg-white until firm, add a teaspoon of powdered sugar and a teaspoon of strained fruit-juice, and arrange in pyramidal form on top of the glass, dust thickly with grated nutmeg and place directly on the ice until ready to serve.

MARSHMALLOW FRUIT-CUP

DISSOLVE over hot water one pound of fresh !marshmallows; then gradually add a cup of boiling water and stir until smooth. Pour this boiling hot on the stiffly whipped whites of two eggs and whip until cold.

Have in readiness a cup of strained currantjuice, one cup of red raspberries, the juice of three oranges and a large cup of sugar, mixed together; add this to the marshmallow mixture and dilute with three pints of chilled mineral water.

mineral water.

Place a block of clear ice in the center of a punch-bowl; pour the mixture slowly over it.

Dress the ice-block with sliced oranges and

maraschino cherries. Serve in crystal cups or tall glasses.

ICED MINT PARFAIT

SOAK for two hours three tablespoons of freshly chopped mint in the juice of three oranges; then add a pint of freshly made tea (not too strong), a cup of sugar, two sliced lemons and a small diced cucumber. Allow it to cool; strain; add a small cup of Italian meringue and three pints of mineral water. Pour into a tall glass tankard, half-filled with shaved ice, and ornament the top with a bouquet of fresh mint.

CHOCOLATE CUP

PLACE in the upper part of a double boiler one pint of milk; when thoroughly heated add two tablespoons of grated chocolate, mixed to a paste with a little hot milk, and one cup of sugar.

Cook until thick and smooth, then remove from the fire and stir in one teaspoon of vanilla extract, the yolks of two well-beaten eggs and a quarter of a teaspoon of ground cinnamon. Allow the mixture to become very cold, add one quart of charged mineral water, and pour into thin tumblers that have been quarterfilled with cracked ice.

Cap cach portion with a tablespoon of sweetened whipped cream.

MAPLE CREAM-SODA (INDIVIDUAL PORTION)

INTO a tall glass pour two tablespoons of thick maple-sirup, add two tablespoons of whipped cream, and blend thoroughly. Place in the ice-box until very cold, and just before serving stir in a tablespoon of minced maraschino cherries, two tablespoons of vanilla ice-cream, and fill the glass with iced seltzer.

MOCK CAFÉ PARFAIT

PARTIALLY fill tall glasses with shaved ice. Fill to within an inch of the top with cold coffee diluted with cream and slightly sweetened. Place unsweetened whipped cream on top and serve with long spoons.

THE CAR'S WIRING

BY H. CLIFFORD BROKAW

Principal, West Side Y. M. C. A. Automobile School, New York City

THE wires and devices of the ignition, lighting, starting system may well be called the nerves of the automobile.

In the manufacturer's book there is a dia-

gram of the car-wiring and probably some other data you will need to know. Start first at the storage-battery and trace the current through the wircs to the starting-switch, thence to the starting-motor and back to the battery. The diagram will show how the current passes through the motor.

Then start again at the battery and trace the wiring to the several terminals, noting how the switch operates to turn on ignition, lights and so forth. Trace ignition-wire to the coil and through the distributor to each cylinder.

If there be a ground-wire from battery to frame of car, there will be no return wire, the circuit passing from engine to frame and thence back to the battery.

NEXT take the lighting-circuits from the switch to the lights and back to the horn and to any other devices used. This is all-important, for you may have to trace through any one of the circuits in case of trouble. Indeed, it is not a bad idea to take the chart out to the car and locate the wires shown for the several circuits.

You know if you ever arc going to work with them it will be necessary first to find them. Notice the way wires are fastened to terminals, see if each is tight, and also if the insulation is worn through, particularly where it rubs on some metallic part. Notice if switch-contacts are dirty so that good contact is uncertain,

A large part of the trouble with electric systems comes from broken or loose wires or terminals so corroded and dirty that the current can not pass readily.

IT IS well to become familiar with correct conditions so that irregularities will be apparent. You can not see a broken wire inside the insulation, but you often can tell by the way the wire hangs that it at least is under suspicion.

Worn insulation usually occurs in some hidden place; learn to run your fingers along the

wire in these out-of-the-way places so that by feeling you will know its condition and learn the "feel" of a loose terminal. You might

have to locate such troubles in the dark.

It is necessary also to learn how to test the storage-battery with a voltmeter or hydrometer, the latter being preferable, as it is positive in its indication and sometimes one has to guess with the voltmeter. It should be remembered that the battery terminals must be fastened tight to get a regular flow of current. Car vibration has a tendency to loosen these terminals. Get from the maker of the battery a booklet telling all about its care, and

rent. Car vibration has a tendency to loosen these terminals. Get from the maker of the battery a booklet telling all about its carc, and study it; you can get this at any service station of your make of battery, free, and at the same time you can buy a hydrometer for tests and be shown how to use it.

THE failure of a light may be from a broken or loose wire or a burned-out bulb. If you can find no break in the circuit, try a good bulb.

If both lights of a pair go out, first see if the fuse has blown out. If any light burns, the current as far as the switch is all right.

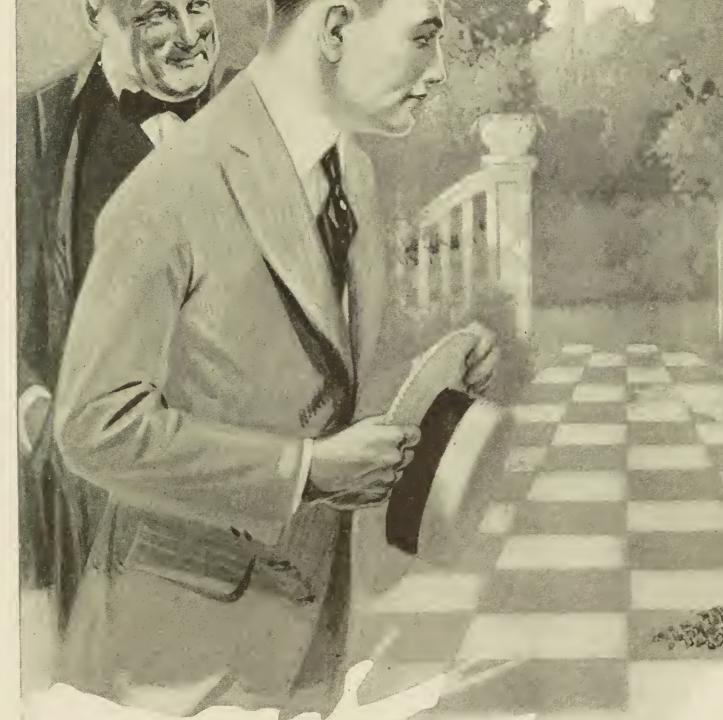
The most frequent trouble in ignition is a dirty spark-plug so clogged with carbon that the current finds easier passage than to jump the gap between the points. Carry clean extra plugs for such an occasion and clean the plugs at the garage.

A dirty distributor also impairs the ignition, and interrupter points will pit, glaze, or accumulate dirt in an amazing way. In tracing the wiring you should have discovered these points, and an easy way to test current as far as that in the circuit is to short-circuit the points with the switch turned on and see if there is a spark.

If you will familiarize yourself with the wiring-devices by means of inspection with the diagram of the car-wiring before you, you will be prepared to trace any ordinary difficulty, and a voltmeter will enable you to tell whether there is current in any part of one of the circuits.

Magneto troubles, coil troubles, or disarrangement of cut-out and regulator are better left to the expert.





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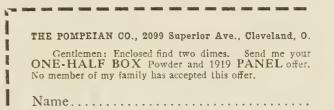
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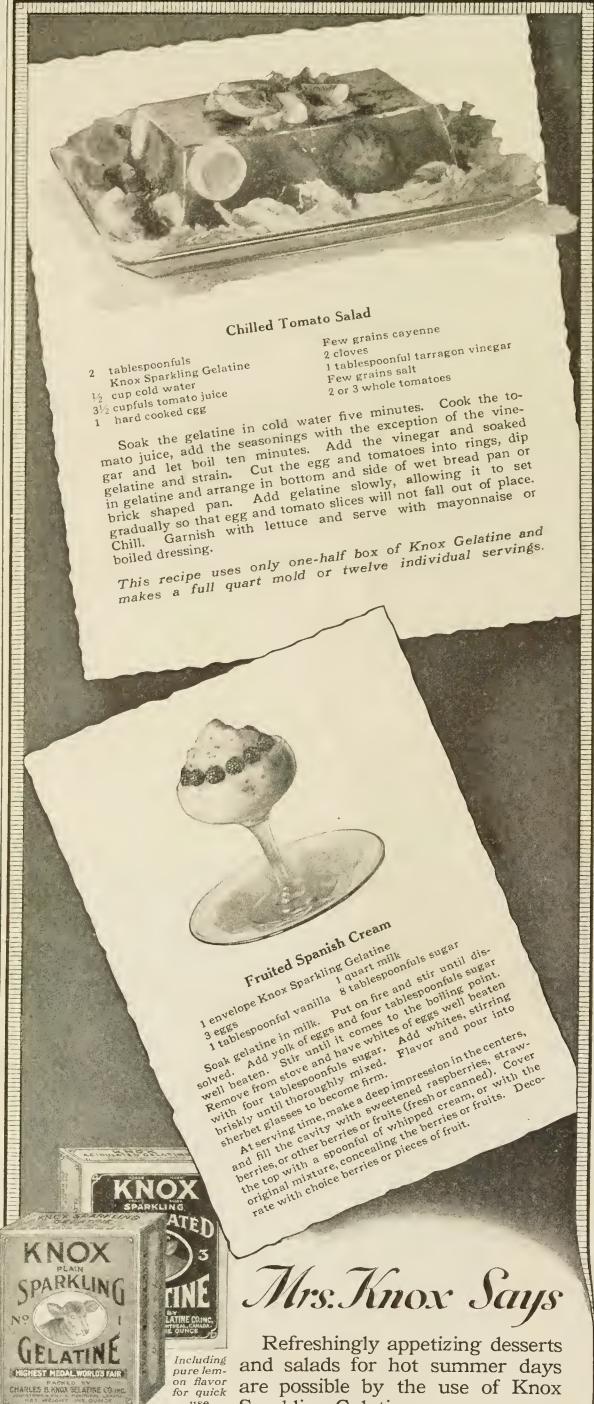


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BY ANNA BARROWS

Instructor and Demonstrator of Cookery, Teachers College

YUNCHEON and supper are similar L meals, more substantial usually than breakfast and less so than dinner. The convenience of the family decides whether dinner shall be at noon or night; the father's occupation and the location of the children's school must be considered.

We know that each day we require certain proportions of fat, starch, sugar and protein, but they need not be served in the same ratio at each meal, and they may be combined in two or three dishes as well as in many.

If the noon meal is luncheon, the housewife may plan to get it started early, so that she may have some free time in the forenoon, or at least that she need not spend the whole morning in the kitchen. Sometimes the kitchen fire may not be required at all, but the single hot dish or hot cocoa may be prepared at the dining-table in the chafing-dish or on an electric hot-plate.

A hash may be chopped and seasoned hours before it is to be heated, and put in a thoroughly greased pan, which is set over the chafingdish flame or on the hot-plate about twenty minutes before the family is to come to the table. Then it may be watched while the table is being set, and the bread and butter and milk and fruit are brought from the pantry.

Again, for the main course there may be a little cold meat as a garnish for a vegetable salad, served with bread and butter, and then the hot cocoa might be desirable. Or instead of cocoa we might make hot fruit dumplings in a chafing-dish at the table.

Heat a can of peaches or stew fresh, juicy fruit in a deep pan, and just before the people gather, drop over the fruit some dumplings made like those for a meat stew. A pint of flour with a quart can of fruit is a good proportion, and this is often simpler in the Summer than to make a shortcake or even hot muffins or biscuit.

WHEN the principal dish is some combination of fish or meat with potato or ricehash, scallop, croquettes—or macaroni with cheese, or any rather concentrated form of food, the dessert should not be rich; it is enough to have bread and butter with fresh or stewed

With juicy fruits there is no reason for making lemonade, but occasionally it may be convenient to serve that beverage, with cookies as dessert. When the meal is "hearty," water may be the only beverage; but if it is rather "light," milk should be provided. But milk to drink, or even cocoa made of half milk, would be out of place when a milk soup is the main dish.

The one hot dish probably presents the bulk of the fat and protein, and the bread and dessert provide the starch and sweet.

WE HAVE planned to cook meat not oftener than once each day, but have arranged to have a little left over every time, and that is to flavor the vegetables or rice or other cereal for the next day's supper or luncheon.

Eggs have become the main breakfast meat in many households, and therefore it is not best to depend upon them to any extent for Supper or luncheon unless some oue member of the family needs them. But they are very useful to extend some left-over and thus supply the requisite amount of protein.

Fish, ham and cheese recipes frequently demand egg in their preparation, and a garnish of one or two eggs may be desirable for many dishes, not merely for ornament, but to add to the total food value. Therefore, it is convenient to have a few hard-cooked eggs on hand ready for this purpose, for they will keep several days in a cool place.

Any eggs left from breakfast may be used. The soft-boiled may be put back in the kettle for fifteen minutes or longer, and even scrambled, poached or fried; if set into a steamer to harden, may be chopped fine or rubbed through a strainer and blended with a white, tomato or curry sauce, with any bits of nice tongue or

IT IS astonishing how satisfying such a compound may be when served on toast, and yet just these choice bits often have found their way to the garbage-can. A favorite excuse of some who do not wish to think ahead or take a little trouble to use up such leftovers, is that "so much new material must be added that it really costs just as much or more in the end."

Even so, with the continuing shortage and high price of many foods, should we allow ourselves to waste anything?

But does it really take as much more? Note carefully next time there is material available for such a dish and compare the amount added with what would be necessary to satisfy the appetites and yield a corresponding number of calories.

Keep careful watch of the omnivorous garbage-can. Even if there is little fat or bone which has not yielded something for soup, there may be vegetables which could have been used. Again, there may be indications that the servings at the table have been too large.

THE luncheon for a quiet man or an active woman should provide about eight hundred calories. These might be secured in this way:

FRUIT-

A large apple or a banana, or four or five prunes about 100 calories.

One large potato, 6.6 Two slices of bread, 200 One large thick cooky, " 100 SUGAR-One tablespoon,

One tablespoon, about 100 calories PROTEIN-One ounce meat or one egg (small), 50 100 One glass milk,

For accurate data on such estimates, Farmers' Bulletin 28, "The Chemical Composition of American Food Materials," should be at hand for constant reference in every family library. This bulletin may be secured by writing to the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Fish should be used more than it is at most American tables, and the salted and canned fish are acceptable with baked potatoes for either luncheon or supper. Baking should be planned for ironing-days, or when there is a good fire in a coal-range, or when the gas-oven is being used for some other purpose.

WHEN something for a future meal is in the steam-cooker, make room for a dish of rice for luncheon. This may be served with maple or fruit sirup as dessert, or with a cheese or tomatossauce for the main dish.

If the desscrt is to be light, some fresh or stewed fruit giving practically no fat or protein, then the combination with cheese would be most suitable; but if the second part of the luncheon should happen to be cup-custard, the cheese sauce would be too much in the same class, and a tomato sauce might be more satisfactory.

The fireless or the steam cooker may be loaded at breakfast-time with something for luncheon, with a large part of the dinner for to-day and also for to-morrow; then we are free for some hours, either for shopping or a call, or it may be for cleaning the most distant part of the house, or for work in the garden.

Some persons consider it unsafe to leave the steam-cooker on the simmering burner of the gas-range or on the oil-stove, but if properly placed and with no inflammable articles near, it is as safe as a furnace or a coal-range.

THE fireless is an admirable place to store hot water when there is no boiler in the house. Put away as many gallons of boiling water as it will hold, and hours later the water is ready for washing dishes or for other uses.

Often the hiring of helpers is less aid than the purchase of some real labor-saving appliances, and giving attention to making the most of them. When "time is money" much will be gained if dining-room and kitchen are closely connected.

Some day we shall depend more upon electricity, and then we may return to the custom of the pioneer home and again eat in the kitchen or cook in the dining-room.

Meantime the wheel-table is often better than a serving-maid. First it may bring at one trip all the cold supplies from pantry and refrigerator to the table, and later the hot dishes and food from the kitchen-stove all at

It may be used in serving the meal, for the housemother may easily exchange the soiled dishes of the first course for the dessert which has been waiting beside her on the table. At the end of the meal all soiled dishes may be stacked on one shelf, all food on the other, and a single return trip will leave both in place and bring back clean dishes.

PERHAPS it is sometimes wise to put away all food and leave the dishes until a more convenient season, after they are put to soak in the sink. The housemother may prefer to rest, to work in the garden, or return to her sewing instead of spending the next hour or even twenty minutes in the kitchen.

Later, when supper or the night dinner is receiving its final preparation—it was started at breakfast-time, and had a little impetus before luncheon—there are odd minutes when one must be near the kitchen-range, and then is the time to wash, rinse and wipe the soaked dishes.

By such planning the routine work is as well. often better, done, and yet the hours in the kitchen may be cut in half.

Time thus gained gives opportunity for keeping simple household accounts, for making an inventory of our furnishings, places and dates of purchases and costs, and for planning menus for the future.

A FAMILY luncheon may be given a more festive air for an unexpected guest with little more effort if one has an emergency shelf. Perhaps the meal was to consist of two dishes, meat-and-potato hash, or cottage-pie (where the potato is placed on top of the meat), and a tapioca-custard pudding, with bread and butter, and a beverage.

A can of peas to serve with the hash, a glass of jelly to garnish the pudding, and some cookies to eat with it, would supply additional calories, sufficient for one person. This is the way we should think out the problem, instead of "What will she think if we do not have some chops or a salad?"

WHEN the home-garden is at its height of production it is a ready help in emergencies. In the case already mentioned, some tomatoes hardly ripe enough for salad may be scooped out, filled with the hash, and baked, thus extending the first course. Meantime, if there is not enough ripe corn to serve on the cob in as generous quantity as most appetites demand, a few ears would provide corn-soup, or perhaps corn-fritters to serve with the hash. Where a salad can not be quickly constructed, the jars of last season's pickles or relishes arc the next resort. Have an emergency shelf containing canned goods, dried, evaporated or condensed milk and the like.









SIMPLE MEALS FOR A VIGOROUS FAMILY

T IS about time, is it not, definitely to take up the menu problem of the woman in the eountry or smaller town? It is rather in-usual that the conditions of her home tally with those of her sister in the city or larger

For one thing, she usually has a whole house to care for, and more frequently than not slie must do all this work herself, in addition to earing for the children, mending the clothes for the whole family, and doing considerable work in the yard and garden.

Frequently she has a flock of chickens which are, in common parlance, "a lot of work, even though those wonderful fresh eggs and savory Spring 'frys' do almost pay one for the trouble."

The milk problem rarely troubles the village home. The family cow is almost an institution. Those families not so fortunate may buy from those who are. But again this luxury means payment in terms of some one's labor.

THE woman in this type of home rarely has lunch at noon and dinner at night. Breakfast is rather a hearty meal, for it is eaten early, and all the members of the family are engaged in active work.

At noon every one is ready for a square meal, so dinner is usually served at this time. It is much easier for the mother who may desire to put the children to bed or go out in the evening to have supper as the evening meal than to attempt dinner at this hour.

All Summer meals should be easy to prepare for the woman in a home of this kind. She wants to know new touches, new combinations; but they should be rather simple, for her time is limited.

As far as possible the meals should be planned so that they are suitable for children and grownups as well. Careful attention to details of this kind saves the housekeeper time and trouble.

F ANY entertaining is to be done, a simple supper is the best meal for this purpose. A number of easy "company" dishes suggest themselves for such a meal: fancy omelets (with grated cheese, minced ham or tomato sauce), eggs au gratin, boiled and cold sliced tongue, corn custard, corn à la Southern, Welsh rabbit, cheese soufilé, cheese fondue, chicken à la King, steamed salmon loaf with sauce,

Recipes for many of these main dishes are

given in this article.

Potatoes are usually a part of such a supper; and fresh rolls are very nice to serve instead of plain bread and butter.

Salade may take as mu one has to give them. Thus they will vary from the simple, attractive lettuce with mayonnaise to the more elaborate and original flower designs which one can work out for oneself in an idle

Desserts will need to be but little different from those given in the daily menus for the family.

MOCK ROAST CHICKEN

PREPARE fowl as for stewing, carving into pieces suitable for serving. Parboil in a little water for ten minutes. Put into roastingpan with a little of the water used for parboiling and bake until chicken is well browned and

CHEESE-STICKS

THESE are made of left-over pie-crust, Roll it out in a square piece, then cut into long, thin strips, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake.

CARROT-AND-NUT SALAD

PUT raw carrots through the food-grinder, mix with chopped nuts and serve on lettuce lcaf with mayonnaise dressing.

QUICK MAYONNAISE DRESSING

1/8 teaspoon paprika ½ teaspoon pepper 1/8 teaspoon mustard 1 egg-yolk 2 tablespoons vinegar 2 tablespoons lemon-1 cup oil (olive or cottonseed). ½ teaspoon salt

TO MAKE a quick mayonnaise that will not eurdle requires the use of utensils and materials that are equally cold. Fill the lower part of a double boiler with ice-water. Place the upper boiler over this, and mix the pepper, paprika and mustard. To this add the beaten egg-yolk, mix thoroughly, and slowly add the vinegar and the lemon-juice. With the egg-beater beat this up and add the oil by the half-teaspoon until three or four tablespoons of it have been added. Continuing the beating with the egg-beater, add the remainder of the oil more rapidly, and at the very last add the salt. Serve on salad.

RASPBERRY MOUSSE

White of 1 egg 1 cup fruit-juice and ½ cup sugar pulp

1 cup heavy cream BEAT the white of cgg until stiff, then gradually beat in the sugar. Combine the cream with the fruit-juice and pulp and beat the mixture until stiff. Combine sweetened egg-white with cream-mixture. Fill a mold with this mix-ture and let stand three or four hours, packed in equal measures of salt and ice.

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

Menus for a Week in July

SUNDAY—A "DIFFERENT" BREAKFAST

Rice Omelet-Baked Potatoes (With salt and thick cream instead of butter) Thin Buttered Toast Milk Apricot Sauce Coffee

DINNER

Mock Roast Chicken

Graham Bread and Butter

Egg Noodles Fried in Chicken Fat Giblet Gravy

Gooseberry Sauce

Coffee

Garden Asparagus in Thin Cream Sauce (Served with cheese-sticks) Carrot-and-Nut Salad Pineapple or Red-Raspberry Mousse Milk

BUFFET OR KITCHEN SUPPER

Salad of Sliced Hard-Boiled Eggs and Potatoes (Mayonnaise or boiled dressing)

MONDAY-QUICK BREAKFAST

Coconut Cake

Prepared Cereal with Cream Scrambled Eggs Milk Jelly or Jam

OVEN DINNER Left-Over Chicken en Casserole with Vegetables Baked Potatoes Sliced Cucninbers in Vinegar, Salt-and-Pepper Dressing

> Raspberry Shortcake SUPPER

Eggs in Nests Rhubarb Sauce

Dry Toast

Hashed-Brown Potatoes, Omelet Style Cake

Lettuce Sandwiches

Cocoa

Poached Eggs

TUESDAY BREAKFAST

Fresh Blackberries Twin-Mountain Muffins

> Jam Milk DINNER

Pot Roast of Beef Chuck Green Peas Franconia Potatoes Lettuce-and-Tomato Salad with Mayonnaise or Boiled Dressing Pudding (Made from left-over cake and fresh fruit)

Potato Purée Graham-Bread Toast Shrimp Salad Sliced Fruit with Grated Coconut Iced Tea

WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST Stewed Figs French Toast Sirup, Jelly or Honey Coffee

DINNER

Macaroni with Cheese Sardine Salad Bread and Butter Stewed Prunes with Whipped Cream Frosted or Filled Cookies OUT-OF-DOORS SUPPER

Deviled Eggs

Toast

Coffee

Fruit Punch Cookies Marshmallows to Toast THURSDAY BREAKFAST Stewed or Fresh Currants

Stuffed Baked Peppers (Stuffing of meat, bread-crums, etc.) Creamed Potatoes Orange-and-Watercress Salad Floating-Island Custard

DINNER

SUPPER

Bacon with Hominy Cooked in Bacon Fat Cream or Cottage Cheese and Nut-Ball Salad Apricot Ice-Cream Cake or Cookies

FRIDAY BREAKFAST

Cereal with Dates (Cooked overnight in the fireless cooker) Green-Apple Sauce Coffee Corn-Meal Muffins

FIRELESS-COOKER DINNER

Pea Soup Salmon Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Cucumber Salad Fruit-Jelly Sponge

QUICK SUPPER

Poached Eggs Warmed-Over Potatoes Beet Salad Fruit Cookies

SATURDAY BREAKFAST

Fresh or Canned Fruit Corn-Nuts with Cream Hashed Potatoes Cocoa Eggs Scrambled

DINNER

Baked Beans Stuffed Onions Brown Bread Mashed Potatoes Fruit Whip

SUPPER

Cold Sliced Tongue with Mint Sauce Green-Corn Fritters Cabbage Salad Gingerbread with Whipped Cream

Menus for another week will be sent to you if you write for them. Address your letter to Flora G. Orr, Home-Economics Editor, The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Be sure to enclose three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for return postage.

CHICKEN EN CASSEROLE WITH VEGETABLES

SLICE cold chicken and put into casserole with brown stock to cover, add sliced carrots, onions and peas which have been browned in a little fat in the frying-pan, put in oven until vegetables are done and chicken is a rich brown.

EGGS IN NESTS

REAT the white of an egg stiff, put in a greased ramekin, and drop in it the whole yoke, add a bit of seasoning and bake slightly or to suit individual taste.

HASHED-BROWN POTATOES OMELET STYLE

H ASH the potatoes very fine, adding onion and other seasoning. Do not have too much fat in the pan and let it be very hot when the potatoes are put in. Form into a thick, even layer, and do not disturb until a thick crust has formed; then fold as an omelet, garnish with parsley and serve.

POTATO PURÉE

4 to 6 large potatoes 1 tablespoon powdered parsley

2 to 3 cups rich milk

PEEL potatoes and boil them. When half done, drain off the first water and cover with fresh boiling water. When thoroughly done, mash well, adding salt to taste and the powdered parsley. Before serving add milk to the dish, reheat and serve immediately.

CORN NUTS

LEFT-OVER corn-bread or muffins may be dried in the oven until erisp and brown, then put through food-chopper. This is to be used as a cereal.

GREEN-CORN FRITTERS

1 cup eorn-pulp ¼ teaspoon pepper Yolk of 1 egg beaten 1 cup fine crackerlight erums

½ teaspoon salt White of 1 egg stillly 1 teaspoon bakingpowder beaten

CUT corn from young ears; add other ingredients in order given, folding in the white of egg last. Drop the mixture from a teaspoon into hot fat, fry a light brown and drain on brown paper.

RICE OMELET

2 eggs 2 tablespoons of butter ½ teaspoon of salt or butter substitute 1 cup warm boiled rice

BEAT the eggs and add the salt and rice; the grains of rice should be whole and each held separately in the egg-mixture; if the rice is very dry, add two tablespoons of milk. Cook as a puffy omelet.

EGGS AU GRATIN

BREAK eggs on to a shallow greased dish. Sprinkle with grated American cheese. Pour over eggs one pint of some savory sauce. Cover with stale bread-crums and sprinkle with grated cheese. Brown in oven. Tomato or white sauce may be used.

GREEN-CORN CUSTARD

CUT corn from young ears to make one cup; add to four eggs, beaten slightly with half a teaspoon of salt, a dash of paprika, a few drops of onion-juice and a cup and a quarter of milk, Bake in greased molds in hot water. When firm, turn from the molds. Serve with cream sauce. When green corn is out of season, canned corn may be used. Three-fourths cup will be enough.

CORN À LA SOUTHERN

TO ONE can chopped corn add two eggs slightly beaten, one teaspoon salt, oneeighth teaspoon pepper, one and one-half tablespoons melted butter or butter substitute, and one pint scalded milk; turn into a greased pudding-dish and bake in slow oven until firm.

WELSH RABBIT

1 tablespoon of butter 1 egg or butter substitute 1/2 pound soft mild cheese (cut in small 14 teaspoon custard Few grains Cayenne pieces) 1/3 to 1/2 cup milk ½ teaspoon salt

PUT fat in dish, and when melted add cheese

and seasonings; as cheese melts, add the milk gradually, while stirring constantly; then egg, slightly beaten. Serve on toast.

CHICKEN À LA KING

CUT cold chicken into rather fine pieces, Heat in a white sauce made by melting a tablespoon of fat and adding a tablespoon of flour for each cup of thin cream used.

When fat and flour are thoroughly mixed, add the thin cream a little at a time, stirring constantly. When the sauce boils and thickens, season to taste and add the minced chicken.

Serve on triangles of toast.

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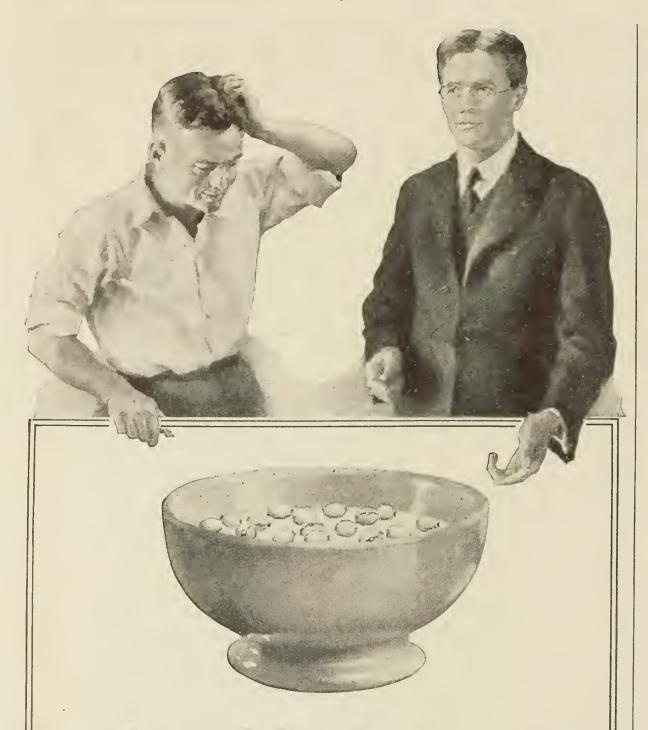


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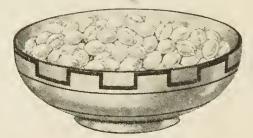
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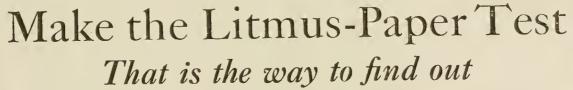
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It is not claimed that Pebeco changes the color of the paper. But Pebeco does stimulate the healthy, abundant flow of normal saliva. And it is the saliva-which as you know is naturally alkalinethat turns the Litmus Paper blue, and therefore indicates the power of saliva to neutralize the acid conditions produced in the mouth as the result of fermenting food particles.

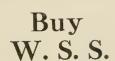
Even though you are so fortunate as to be free from "Acid-Mouth," you will value Pebeco Tooth Paste for its keen, refreshing flavor, its healthfully stimulating action on the gums, and its unusual effectiveness in whitening and brightening the teeth and promoting the health of the whole mouth.

Send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you the ten-day trial tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers.

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TOOTH PASTE



ROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, freshlooking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio



THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK

we are allied. A high official of this Committee greeted me at the Paris head-quarters in the Boulevard Lannes with the eager exclamation:

'I'm so glad you're here! Perhaps you can make America understand the situation is grave beyond all imagination. Europe is bankrupt and starving.

The people over there at home have got to hurry across here all the aid they can as soon as they can if overwhelming disaster, not alone for France, but for civilization and the United States, is to be averted."

The Ministère des Régions Libérées has made a request to the Général Commandant en Chef, Services de la Circulation aux Armèes, for a laissez-passer for me to be permitted to travel in the devastated regions.

Meanwhile I cable to readers of The Delineator what is the imploring appeal of many war workers:

"Come across financially and help us in

THE commune of Landres and St. Georges, which The Delineator has adopted, really consists of two villages about a mile apart, which are situated on the edge of the Department of the Ardennes, over near the Luxembourg border. They are within historic territory, including the former American front.

It was our indomitable American boys that drove out the German army of occupation here and restored to the French this northern section of their country, comprising a number of large cities, together with hundreds of little villages, Landres and St. Georges among the

In the terrific firing that accomplished this liberation of a people in bondage, many villages were completely wiped out. Some of them now lie on the ground, merely a heap of stones without so much as a distinguishing landmark left to identify this village from the next, but Landres and St. Georges are not quite so completely obliterated as are many others, yet hangs tottering against the azure-bluc sky-line of France, literally swaying in every

wind that sweeps across these deserted plains,

while every building is in rains. There are many parts of walls that are standing; how long before they, too, may crumble and fall, only a builder with a wrecking-crew can determine. Every day something more may come crashing down into the narrow village streets.

ONLY this much is certain, that all the foundations are good and on them the houses can be set up again, much of the building-stone for the reconstruction to be salvaged from the ruins.

Exactly what will be the cost of this undertaking is difficult to estimate. The two villages comprise, together, some hundred and twenty-five houses, with accompanying public buildings-the church, the mairie and two schools.

The houses cost originally from one thousand, five hundred dollars to eight thousand dollars apiece, but the price of building material as well as of labor is frightfully high in France to-day, and away beyond what it was when those houses were built, some of them three centuries ago.

Worse than that, materials and labor are not to be obtained at present at any price, bccause there is no means of transport. Railroads have got to be repaired and highways to be rebuilt before any other reconstruction can begin. To-day there are neither railroad cars nor automobile trucks to take tools or food to workmen, even if the latter could be obtained to rebuild the stricken villages.

Meanwhile, little groups of refugees, mostly old people, are dragging back to live as best they can in the cellars and the corners of the ruins. Some twenty-five have returned like this to Landres and St. Georges.

OVER in the adjoining Department of the Aisne it is such refugees in some ninety villages that have been taken under the care of the American Committee for the Relief of Devastated France. What they furnish to these desolate people is really first aid for living.

They see that every family which returns is provided with tar-paper to stop the holes in the roof, oiled paper to cover the windowsashes from which glass is gone, tools and seeds with which to start a garden, and a local grocery-store from which food is sold at nearly cost price.

Our village in the Ardennes is utterly without even any such assistance, for it is beyond the American Committee's territory. We can not rebuild Landres and St. Georges this Summer. We can begin to raise the money for doing it in the Summer of 1920, but for the present, if we assume the responsibility of taking these people under our care, we ought to organize for them first aid. Some of this can be obtained from the French Government, if there is any one to present the claim and appear as the spokesman on behalf of these poor, bewildered, inarticulate peasants.

AMERICA'S is the only voice I have found in this devastated wilderness here that is speaking with the initiative required to bring order out of the all-surrounding chaos. This, then, is THE DELINEATOR'S American task: to stand sponsor for Landres and St. Georges, securing for them any assistance from their own Government that may be available, and to provide for them all further aid required to establish them once more in the business of living.

For rebuilding their town, money is required NOW, to-day, for the beginning of this achievement. Even an advocate for a claim for damages of one individual against another, in the smallest court of justice, has to be financed, and THE DELINEATOR has become the advocate for Landres and St. Georges in their claim for damages at the bar of justice of the established social order of the world to-day

Merely to mind this, which some day shall be our own Town of the Golden Book, has required an arduous and dangerous journey, with an expedition including my secretary, a photographer, and an American woman doctor. I have been on a tour over a good share of the map of France to get there.

HAVE at this writing, just arrived in Paris from the Ardennes after a most exciting trip. We were lost in a storm in "no man's land." The car that the French Government furnished to take us we had to

We were stranded in a shell-hole, and one conveyance after another secured had given out. The last car we were in broke down four times between Verdun and Bar-le-Duc. The final lap of the journey was made by railroad from Bar-le-Duc, but even the taxicab that brought us from the Gare de l'Est here in Paris to my hotel in the Avenue l'Opéra collided with another cab in the Rue de Trevise. Every minute really had a thrill in it.

We found shelter one night in a military camp of four thousand negroes. We should have starved to death and frozen to death "over the top" beyond the last outpost of civilization but for the American soldier, who always walked from out of the horizon "somewhere in France" for our immediate assistance, at the moment of our greatest need. I have much more to tell you of that American soldier and of Landres and St. Georges in the August Delineator.

HOW TO REMIT

CONTRIBUTORS to the relief of Landres and St. Georges should send all remittances to the French-Relicf Editor, THE DELIN-EATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Checks and money orders should be made out to the French-Relief Editor.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

AN ILLUSTRATED booklet with a full account of the Town of the Golden Book, and of Mrs. Daggett's work of rehabilitation in France, will be sent on receipt of a two-cent stamp for postage. Address French-Relief Editor, The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

Statement of the ownership, management, eirculation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Delineator, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Apr. 1, 1919. State of New York County of New York. Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James F. Biramingham, 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, solitor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, The Butterick Publisher, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York. Editor, Honore Williams, 233 Spring Street, New York City. Business Manager, James F. Birmingham, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Business Manager, James F. Birmingham, 223 Spring Street, New York City. City. 2. That the owners are: (Givenand 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 Buttrierack owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: The Buttrierack Company, a corporation, 233 Spring Street, New York City, N. Y. Stockholders: The FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 23 Spring Street, New York City, George B. Black, 872 Licoln Avenue, Mendota, II. Emily Josephine Donner, Beachwood Hotel, Summit, N. J. W. H. Geitsmenn, 100 William Street, New York City, N. Y. H. F. Morre, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. Lavara J. O'Loughin, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. West Active and the street of the proportion of the proportion of the propor

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THIS Cream, with its soothing, healing effect upon windburn and sunburn, is a necessity in mid-summer to every woman.

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream is the easiest cream in the world to use, -no massage nor prolonged process, - simply moisten the skin gently, morning and night, or at any time. 'Twill cool and soften and freshen most delightfully,—keeping the complexion always attractive. Its economy is due to the small amount required, —only enough to moisten the skin.

The other Hinds requisites, daintily pink-packaged, may be had in sample form, or the trial sizes in a box, as described below. There's summer comfort and charm for you who begin now to use these surpassing necessities.

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If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair. You cannot have nice healthy hair if you have dandruff.

So, if your hair has been

neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy, get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine; apply a little as directed and you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of ityou must use Knowlton's Danderine.

35 Cents a Bottle—Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

"DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE"

I say this is the allied spirit? We fought as one, died as one, won a glorious victory as one, forever establishing a glorious peace for the days to come—so Cheerio! Here's to the Allies!

A GREAT SINGER'S TRIBUTE BY JOHN McCORMACK

TREGARD "Dear Old Pal of Mine" as ono of the sweetest songs the war has produced, and predict that it will live after the horrors of the great catastrophe have been forgotten. It is very popular with my audiences everywhere, and I enjoy singing it.

THE STORY OF THE SONG BY WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

LIKE the songs of those stray birds that roaring cannon could not hush, the melody of "Dear Old Pal of Mine" kept singing in the brain of Lieut. Gitz Rice in France and Belgium. Always it came to him strongest in those hours of duty when there was only heavy drumfire to prove that a war was on.

After four years of service he was invalided home, but still to serve his country as member of the British and Canadian Mission, with headquarters in New York. Then came his writing out of "Dear Old Pal of Mine," its hearing in the war play "Getting Together," and in concerts from the golden throat of John McCormack. The long pent-up melody, born of a longing which fills the heart of every soldier, had started on its wide flight.

Lieut. Gitz Rice, in his native city, Montreal,

Canada, played and composed as a boy. When he went to war it was with a battery of fieldartillery whose men were Montrealers, and who, like himself, had been leaders in amateur theatricals and things musical. At the front it was but natural for him to organize a minstrel troupe in the battery, and this in time became known and prized in that sector held by the Canadians during the war.

No tragedy exists without a touch of comedy to mingle with it, as was proved often enough in those darkest days of the war. Once, with his troupe, Lieut. Gitz Rice was invited to perform in a concert given for the officers of the famous British Guards Division. This concert was held within shell-fire distance of the

For this occasion Lieut. Gitz Rice had inopportunely chosen a serious number. As tho time approached for him to give it, shells grew thicker. Filled with distrust at the solemn character of his selection, he hesitated when his turn came. At last repeated calls brought

Before him was an audience entirely British, one not knowing American slang at all. At the front of the stage, and still hesitant, he said:

"All right; if you'll stand for it, I'll give you my impressions of the chimes of St. Paul's Cathedral in London the first time I heard

Walking to the piano he sat down and struck the opening chords. To his amazement every man there rose to his feet. They had taken "stand for it" hterally, and had stood up. When he had finished, all sat down again. Then he explained to them the joke.

Concluded from page 15

AN ADVENTURE IN SELF-RELIANCE

After an hour's impatience he landed a onepounder—his first fish.

This primary achievement made a great change in Eddie. From a merc amateur dilettantism in fishing he advanced at a bound to a dogged silence and persistence that ceased not—except for meals. He caught no more flounders—the one was divided at the memorable feast of celebration that followed—but success or failure took nothing from or added nothing to his devotion.

WE HAD not the remotest desire or intention to send him home at the time appointed—now long past—but thought it worth while to sound him on the subject.

"Aren't you getting homesick?" Viola

"Homesick? What's dat?" he countered blandly.

"Why, it's feeling lonesome for all the fun the other boys are having back in Jersey City." "Fun!" he answered out of a full memory. "Sittin" on the front steps with me shoes on, watchin' everybody go by.'

That vivid word-picture settled it. Who could have the heart to sentence a boy to that

So the days slipped swiftly by as we threaded our way by easy stages through the shoals and Eddie grew in quickness of eye and hand and depth of tan and devotion. He became deft with lines and mastered the clove-hitch and the bowlin'. He made intimate acquaintance with Pollywog's engine in all her displays of temperament and nursed her through several seizures triumphantly.

I had early and somewhat fearfully let him take short tricks at the tiller, but always under my eye. He grew so apt, however, at picking up buoys and headlands where they ought to be and finding his way by chart that I learned to put much trust in him, and this was an occupation at which he never grew weary or slack.

OUR wanderings took us across Long Island Sound and out of salt water into the Con-

This brought to Eddie a new need for mental readjustment and he could not make it at oncc. Fresh water came out of taps. One did not float on it in boats and dip it up from overside.

Worse still, his laboriously acquired fishing lore had all to be discarded. For a full day he gave up entirely. But the fever was in his blood. He began to make inquiries and acquired a gorgeous red-and-green floater. Then he came to me.

Where d'ye get woims?" This was somehow more of a shock than all the rest. Never to have fished was tough luck, but never to have dug worms for bait was a negation of boy experience poignantly close to tragedy.

ONCE in the long ago I grew up by fresh water, and the haunts of the fishworm were not unknown to me. We went digging, and shortly thereafter Pollywog took us into a tiny cove on which floated an acre or two of pond-lilies. Alongside were a moss-grown dock and six feet of sweet, brown water.

But even here Eddie caught nothing. He had not booked a fish for a fortnight. We almost feared for his sanity.

Then something awoke in me—something from the long ago. I baited my hook and, leaving Eddie to his too strenuous methods, stealthily approached a quieter spot.

There was prompt response. A bright-hued sunfish was soon flopping on the grass. Eddie was thrilled to his bare toes.

"Oh, boy! A pippin!"

But he was envious. "Why don't I get any?" So there was a lesson in the oldest of techniques and at last he made his catch.

Half an hour later I was some distance away when there came shrill cries of terror from Eddie.

'Quick! Come quick!"

I raced to the shore, expecting dire catastrophe. He was dancing about like mad ten feet from the bank and before him, firmly hooked, was a still more madly active eel. This was a new one to him; but the word "eel" relieved the strain. He would not, however, attempt to unhook him, but evidently took to heart my warning that a boy who could catch fish must master each step right up to the frying. For future eels were not only unhooked but laboriously skinned by himafter a demonstration in which (it being my own first attempt) I covered myself with more

ONLY twice during the rest of the cruise did he falter in his allegiance to fishing. One time was at Essex, when a flock of vagabout ducks came swimming about our stern. Viola threw them some bread-crums and their weird divings and scrabblings so engaged Eddie's fancy that, having exhausted our supply of stale bread but not the ducks, he surreptitiously cut up his eel-bait and fed it out to the last hookful. He seemed much troubled when they still begged.

"Gwan, ye panhandlers!" he told them and wont off disrustedly to find neare beit

went off disgustedly to find more bait.

The other time when Eddie forgot fishing was also on fresh water. He brought in a fresh-water clam and I explained that this kind yielded fresh-water pearls.

"Gee! How much could you sell them for?" "Perhaps as high as a hundred dollars for a very large and perfect one," I answered.

"Oh, boy! I'm going pearl-fishin'," he

announced promptly

He returned with one small but quite handsome sced-pearl and the small boat half filled with fresh-water clams. There were bushels of them, and he spent the hours till dark, laboriously opening them one by one. It took infinite patience, but he stuck it out doggedly even after he learned that his one pearl could not be worth more than a dollar.

IT WAS really amazing how the supply of thrills held out for this blessed adventurer. On the very last day, when it seemed that getting home would supply the one remaining sensation, I sighted dark, splashing objects far ahead. Saying nothing, I headed over toward the spot, and when the specks had become leaping sea-creatures, I called him up.

'Porpoises ahead, Ed.'

"Porpusses? What's them?" he asked Then he saw them. Instantly he was all

The boy instinct held true. He leaped for the heavy, fifteen-foot boat-hook and, dragging it to the fore-peak, poised it precariously for the death blow.

"Oh, boy! I'm goin' to get one of them things to take home," he shouted.

I ordered him not to try it, but for once he was too excited to obey anything.

Onc of the creatures rose not ten feet from our bow with a magnificent leap and another dived under us, so we had an excellent sight of them, but the danger to Eddie was soon past and I heeded not his pleadings to turn

"They must 'a' been whales," he chattered. "If I lived near here I'd be out whale-fishin" all the time. What kinda bait do you use for whales?'

THE porpoises were the climacteric experience, the Big Punch of the trip; but one more triumph awaited him. The Sound narrowed in and the shipping grew denser. We swung swiftly through Hell Gate on the first of the ebb tide and rounded up into the Harlem toward home.

"I—I'd like to take her in. sir," said the new Eddie, all slicked up in the clean suit we had saved for this occasion.

I read the last big longing in his heart. His people would be down to greet him; the Cove would be lively with waterfolk.

I gave him the tiller and went forward. To the blowing of whistles and manifold shouts and wavings, Eddie, the reborn, took

They work naturally and form no habit

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CANTHROX **SHAMPOO**

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It costs about three (3) cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. A few minutes is all that is needed for your complete shampoo.

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THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.



THE SECRET CHAMBER

smoothed back the careful strands, and kissed her tarnished temples. What manner of man was this, who loved her for her very plainness Next day, on the way from school, Miss Cone observed casually:

"Of course you know about his wife?" She only knew that he had been widowed for some years, but she said, "Yes, of course."

Miss Cone continued ruminatively, "They say he was devoted to her.

CURIOUSLY, perhaps, she had never given a thought to that young, dead wife. Besides, what was there to know? She had heard vaguely of the long absence, the fruitless search for the right climate, the lingering end. When she had first come to the boarding-house, sympathetic whispers had followed upon Mr. Lowery's comings and goings. But now all that was an old story.

One Sunday he took her to call upon his Aunt Matt. She was widowed and childless; and she rented half her house more for company than the commercial consideration, being well fixed. She manifestly approved of her nephew's choice. But once, when he had left them together for a space, she spoke out sharply, and as it seemed jealously:
"Of course you know about Stell, his first

wife. . . . I don't hear—you speak so low. I don't like this new-fangled way you teachers got of lowering your voices in the schoolroom. A teacher had ought to speak right out, sharp and direct. You say you know?"
"I know."

WHAT did she know? That she had, in this dear, dead ghost, a rival. He had never spoken to her of that earlier time, nor of that earlier love.

It was as if he kept a locked and secret chamber. And she had kept nothing, not even the secret of her tarnished temples. For which she knew, with a strange, unshamed pride, he loved her the more.

She longed for admittance to that locked and secret chamber. For his old grief and his old love she would love him the more.

He never spoke of it. And at the end of the Spring term of school they were married—in Mrs. Ladd's parlor, since she urgently desired it; and it had been, in a sense, the bride's home.

There were the boarders and a few other guests-Aunt Matt and the teachers. And they had gone at once to housekeeping.

She continued to feel young and pretty throughout the Summer; less school-teacherish, more wifely. She was busy and happy fixing up the rooms. She had brought with her her few possessions: her old desk and some pietures.

All the other furnishings were new. She had thought he might have some pieces stored away. But no, they had been sold, or distributed among the relatives.

'Not so much as a picture?'' she had asked unbelievingly. "Not so nach as a picture," he answered.

SHE remembered what Miss Cone had said, and his Aunt Matt. It was clear he could not bear any reminder of her-Stell. Her jealousy fed, growing, like certain queer tropical plants, upon air.

She thought often of asking Aunt Matt, "What did Stell look like?" But she feared she could not make it sound casual enough. One day Aunt Matt, turning out a box of odds and ends, picked up a small cabinet

photograph. "Well, I declare! I'd forgot I had it!"

"Who is it?"

"Stell. Taken the year she was married." The second wife took up the first wife's picture. Stell's had been the winsome type. Her lips eurled; her lashes curled; her eyes had an upraised, appealing look; her fair hair crinkled; all her contours were like an unfolding. She had a little-girl softness and appeal,

THE old teacher stood looking down upon that lovely little face. So she might have looked once, joyous and expectant, before those old marring, niggardly years that had taken their toll-her youth. She put down the card.

"She's good-looking." "Oh-Stell was good-looking, all right,"

Aunt Matt conceded. A new significance crept into her tone.

"Too good-looking. Looks ain't every-thing." She regarded the visitor consideringly. "I guess that's what Harley thought.

There was no malice in her tone, only plain

IT SEEMED miraeulously strange in the first Autumn days of school not to be going back to the old round. One Saturday she had Miss Cone and Miss Stephens in to a modest

dinner. She had her young and pretty feeling. Going swiftly back and forth on a dozen errands that had to do with the final arrangements, she could glimpse Harley, brushed and polished, striving in his retiring fashion to entertain the guests—the grenadier, Miss Cone, and the plump and settled Miss Stephens. He awakened a maternal feeling in her, he was so

like a good little boy on company behavior. As the days went on, there seemed to be three entities striving within her: the rigid old teacher, the jealous wife, and that queer maternity. If he would only speak of herthe dear, dead ghost!

It was as if the commonplace little house, streaming with sober daylight and homely lamplight, were a haunted place. And as if the snug interior harbored another room-a locked and secret room.

It was no use to chide herself; the feeling was there. When she read inconsequential magazine stories of petty jealousies, she thought how trivial they were. It was only material things they had to fear—these story

HIS Aunt Matt said one day:

"Seems to me you're getting a sort of peaked look. You don't want to humor Harley too much.

"Men-folks get too much humoring as a rule. It ain't good for 'em.

"Now Stell—she never did nothing. She let ever'thing be done. It would b'en better— She broke off.

Aunt Matt was always saying things like that and breaking off. And the new wife, laboring happily over every room, had time. too, for that secret chamber that her own hands had built up out of vague materials: what Miss Cone had said, and what Aunt Matt had said—and most of all what Harley never said. And young and pretty as she could not help feeling, there was yet a younger and prettier face in her consciousness

Aunt Matt had confided more than once, just within her hearing:

"Her and Harley's made for each other." But then had followed a whispered eolloquy in which she eould just distinguish the name,

SHE could not realize all her husband's devotion to her because of these distractions—the secret chamber, and Stell's lovely ghost. She found to her terror that it was making her waspish—the outcropping of the old teacherish carping.

When wifely jealousy drove her to this extreme, she fell back upon the comfortable maternal expression of her love. He was always the same-tender, considerate, matterof-faet.

Of course, she could have said, "Tell me about your first marriage," and so forced the lock. He had never said to her, "Was there some one before me?" He had a matter-of-fact fashion of ignoring what had been before.

In the face of such matter-of-factness what were a ghost, however levely, and a haunted ehamber of the mind? But there were the ghost and the chamber. Sometimes in her youngest, prettiest moods she would suddenly remember and say, "How silly of me!" But there they were, nevertheless.

AUNT MATT said one day significantly: "You act to me sort o' notional. Now you don't want to give way to anything like that; 'twouldn't be good for you."

Suddenly she had the strangest feeling—a feeling as if she must eonfess. Once at a revival meeting she had felt the same wayshamed, and yet constrained to go forward to the altar-rail. Now the altar-rail was only Aunt Matt's gaunt knees. She knelt there, sobbing:
"I'm jealous."

A gasp, and Aunt Matt repeated in a sort of consternation: "Jealous! For the land's sake! Who of

She whimpered, scarcely above her breath, "Stell-

Aunt Matt said, "Stell!" in a whisper. Then she said again: "Stell—but you said—you knew—about

There was tragie significance in the words, in the very pauses.

"I didn't know-there was anything-to

STELL'S face swam before her—the lovely face of the card. It was as if Stell herself had somehow been summoned, and was pleading, pleading for such a little thingonly to be forgotten.

Aunt Matt hesitated, avid to tell, fearful to

She heard her own voice breaking the stillness, strangely decisive.

'Not now-not now-I don't want to know. I don't think I ever want to know.' "Well, mebbe it's just as well; don't do no good to rake up old scandals. But I guess you

ean stand to know about Harley "He took her back, and 'tended her, and stayed by her to the end. Poor pretty thing,

she wa'n't but a child. 'I guess you don't know Harley yettender as a woman. And strong—seems like

it was her very weakness called out his tenderness and strength. "'Twa'n't her looks; they was all gone—by

then. Harley's powerful fond of you, Helen; and you know yourself it ain't your looks. 'Jealous—you—of poor Stell—with all you got—and all she lost! Some women has got to share their husband's heart with something

more than just a kind of pitiful memory "'Tain't every woman when she finds her husband out, finds him better! And there's one consolation in being plain like you and me a man must love us powerful for ourselves."

Aunt Matt's homely words were as if they were invested with a charm—the infallible charm of truth. There was no secret chamber; no ghost of old love. Only a very present, enduring, undivided confidence which is the heart of love.

"After all, it's livin' happiness that eounts!" stated Aunt Matt as a clincher.

That Summer tan! Yes, of course, the skin needs sun and airbut the August sun burns deep. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope, asking for leaflets, "How to Keep Cool and Attractive in Summer," and "The Care of the Complexion." Address Celia Caroline Cole, in care of The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

SUNSHINE HOUSE NUMBER ONE

BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

CUNSHINE is the most important asset of the really satisfactory home. The average, intelligent, practical, capable woman wants her house not only sanitary and comfortable, but just as bright and cheer-

ful as her means will allow.

Of course, wealth will give her beauty and comfort easily; but a much more important fact is that lack of wealth will not rob her of these two essentials to pleasant living. All that is necessary to the beauty of the home is color-more and more color; color as we have never dreamed it could be used and enjoyed; color outside the house and inside the house, on the porch and in the garden!

What was color ever planned for in the world-scheme of creation except to beautify life, to make our homes more cheerful and more beautiful and more healthful, too? Color affects the nerves as definitely as music and

FORTUNATELY for the modern housekeeper, brilliant colors are no more expensive than neutral ones, and gay colors make the optimist, just as dingy ones sadden the spirit. I wish we women in America could rid our country. Scraps of broken brick may be crushed for this purpose, or, on occasion. brick-dust can be procured from almost any brick-yard.

WITH the progress we are making in perfecting our American dyes, you can get the most resplendent colors in cheap cotton material as well as in expensive fabrics. You can curtain your windows with brilliant chiffon at so many dollars a yard, or in lovely bright

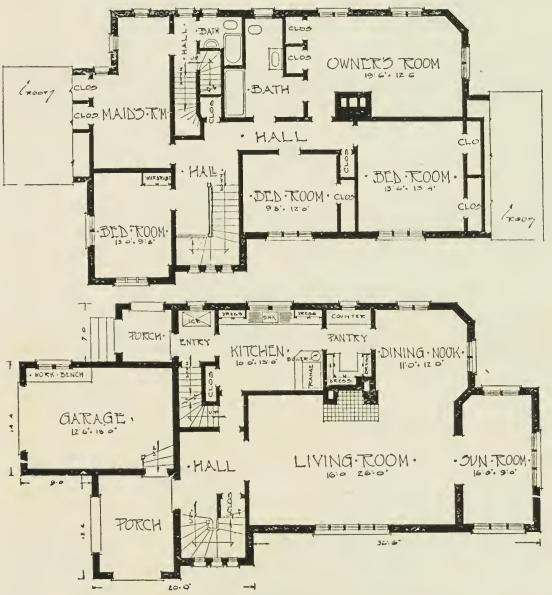
gauze at ten cents a yard, of in lovely bright gauze at ten cents a yard.

Let us, above all things, begin to think of color at once; let us enjoy it, gather it into our houses, into our gardens, into our clothes, for that matter. Let us decide what colors we like best and let them pervade our whole lives. Plan to have a "Sunshinc House." It will pay you a thousandfold. And, quite unexpectedly, you may find that you have set a new fashion.

Every month we will present a different

house, always shown in the gay colors of this modern fashion. And each month we will present a different room in the house, giving its wall treatment, furniture and fittings,

Of course, these designs, both for houses and interiors, can be modified or simplified



Floor plans of the Sunshine House pictured in color on page 17

minds of the fallacy that only pale tints are "refined." What could be more absurd? We throw away flowers when they fade, we want our lawns bright green, we love a sapphire sky and an emerald sea, and roses in the children's cheeks; but we look at color appreliensively when we build our homes and furnish them.

Why in the world should we not cover our homes with a slate roof the color of green moss in Springtime, and why should not the house under the roof be the color of a beautiful piece of granite, and the pathway that leads from the gate to the door, of orange tile or blue or

And why should not our flower-beds be filled with riotous red and yellow and orange and blue and quantities of white to set them off?

Indoors, why not have, everywhere, color that brings a sense of sunlight into the room? It is possible to furnish a room so it will always give you the impression of sunlight streaming in.

You can do it by using the right colors in your curtains and portières, by having brilliant cushions in dark corners, glowing pottery on the mantel and on tables, and, most delightful of all, by painted furniture. The most timeworn pieces of furniture can be made interesting, harmonious and cheerful if painted interestingly.

MOST of us mistakenly banish orange and yellow from our rooms, ignore the wonderful shade of blue which blooms in the Delphinium flowers in our garden, and do not realize that emerald green if used appropriately can transform the saddest-toned room in the

The simplest spot can be made cheerful and picturesque through the use of black woodwork carrying bands of varied color like the old Russian peasant embroideries. If you can not find just the designs for the peas-ant color scheme, a half-inch band of turquoise blue or orange applied to black woodwork or black furniture, throughout a room, will give an air of cheerfulness and distinction.

Does the golden pathway leading to the

house as pictured on page 17, seem to hint too broadly of ways celestial to belong to our mundane sphere? Rest assured that it is, after all, of the earth earthy. A walk of reddish - gold tint, contrasting beautifully with the green of the adjoining green turf, is produced by means of brick dust is produced by means of brick-dust.

This is commonly done on English estates, and has been tried with success in our own but we carnestly hope that the full freshness and beauty of this new use of color will find an answering note in the minds of our readers.

THE floor-plans of the house shown this month have been very carefully studied so that the interior arrangement may be as practical, as beautiful, as comfortable as possible, Every foot of space has been thought out for economy and to help solve the problem of

All inquiries concerning this house will be cheerfully answered.

If you want to know more about the use of brilliant color in your home, the color that will wear best, that will best suit certain rooms and the temperaments of certain people, if you want advice about materials and prices, let me help you. Write to me, addressing your letter to Mary Fanton Roberts, Interior Decoration Editor, The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed en-

THOSE CURTAINS

velope for return postage.

CURTAINS, wrongly chosen or wrongly hung, may shut out the glorious sunshinc from even a brilliantly decorated Sunshine House. Floods of sunlight, pouring through the windows, are needed to brighten the gay modern house you select when you choose to have a Sunshine House. The rays of light should not be forced to fight their way through heavy hangings.

The art of choosing your curtains and hanging them rightly is one that needs careful

The Interior-Decoration Editor of The DELINEATOR has prepared a general statement on the subject of curtains. This she will send you gladly, if, when you write to her, requesting her help, you enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

And if you have any special curtain query, refer that to her. In such case be sure to tell her in which direction your windows face, something of the decoration of the rooms in which the windows are to be recurtained, how much money you can spend-in fact, any details which will help her to give you just the aid

Address your letter, asking for curtain help, to the Interior-Decoration Editor, The De-LINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Be sure not to forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope.



Good News, Needlewomen!

War work has made your fingers nimble, you can crochet and knit almost as well with your eyes shut as with them open. But the war is over and you have done your duty. You no longer need feel that you are shirking when you sew, embroider, crochet or knit for yourself and the children or make things for the house. You have become more proficient than ever in the ways of the needle.

The sixty-four pages of the new

Butterick Transfers

for Embroidery, Braiding, Etc.

for Summer

present countless designs that you never would have dreamed of trying before the war work made you so quick and clever at picking up new work.

Think of seventy-two designs for crochet, filet crochet, knitting and tatting, with definite, explicit directions how to make smart, new garments for yourself and children. Every article illustrated in this book is accompanied by definite directions how to make it.

For instance, there is the new filet sweater, the new Japanese sweater, the panel sweater, the vest sweater, the tuxedo sweater, the knitted sweater with the filet-crochet band at the bottom; six sweaters are shown with full directions how to make them in plain knitting, plain or fancy crocheting.

Those who do not know how to crochet should study the beginners' lesson in the new Summer book. There is also a lesson in filet crochet.

Have you seen the new cross-stitching in color on the filet lace that edges the new luncheon-cloth? There is a charming design of this description and a beautiful new two-yards-square luncheoncloth decorated with filet lace and cut-work motifs.

An article about Summer curtains, another on making a desk-set of the long pine-needles and raffia, will interest the new housekeeper or the mother who has children to instruct in hand-craft work.

Nowhere can you obtain so much information about needlework as you can in the sixty-four pages of Butterick Transfers.

Do not delay. Buy Butterick Transfers for Embroidery, Braiding, etc., to-day at any Butterick Pattern Department.



Back cover of Butterick Transfers for Embroidery, Braiding, etc.

The price of this valuable book is 25 cents a copy with which there is a certificate good for 15 cents in the purchaseofany Butterick Pattern.



WHITE SHOE DRESSING

For Women's, Children's and Men's Shoes.



2in1 Shoe Polishes are also made for Black, Tan and Ox Blood (Dark Brown) Shoes.

Liquids and Pastes.

F.F.DALLEY CORPORATIONS LIMITED.



WHITE

"GENTLEMEN, UNAFRAID"

Now they were on the eve of the St. Mihicl drive. They were to go over in the first wave. I spent that last day with them in a deep gorge some two miles from the German lines, making cocoa, while two Y. M. C. A. men dispensed what other supplies we had left and wrote money-orders that the boys wished sent home.

Picture green, wooded hills, a road sweeping between them, and to the left of the road a patch of ground occupied by the soldiers. Picture the rain coming down and the soldiers in that narrow spot, waiting, waiting, museles tense, faces serene. Not one of them nursed any illusions as to what was before him. Yet they were gentlemen, unafraid!

WHILE I was boiling water in the little eamouflaged hut that was the kitchen four lads serenaded me. Nothing patriotic did they sing, and nothing oversentimental; just gay and sweet and tender things-"I Want a Girl Just Like the Girl That Married Dear Old Dad," "You Remind Me of a Girl That Used to Go to School with Me," "My Little Girl," "Mother Machree," "The Long, Long Trail." I was not listening just for myself; those soldiers on this most vital day of their lives were singing to their mothers and wives and sweet-

And the soldiers who listened! What thoroughbreds they were! No face betrayed what must have been going on in many and many a heart. Even when they gave me letters to be posted in case they died they did it without show of emotion. When, in the afternoon, the Germans threw over shells, killing and wounding some of us, the only comment was: "We'H make Jerry pay for that."

TOWARD twilight they rolled up their packs for the march upon the enemy. Here and there a boy stood alone, leaning against a tree or the side of the barracks, a far-away look in his eyes. One blue-eyed boy —in the clean young lines of his face I read all the wonder and acceptance and longing that the youth of the world must have felt about the war. There he stood, vital, beautiful, at the threshold of the years, but to him was denied the confidence, the certainty of safety and of happiness, and the right of youth.

I spoke to every group, saying not good-by, but good night, promising to make cocoa for them in two weeks when they would be in rest camp. And they talked lightly of the case with which they were going to chase the Germans back; then they formed ranks and marched away up the sodden road.

By midnight they would be standing in the muddy trenches; at one the stupendous barrage would go over their heads; at live they would clamber out of their clammy ditches and walk to meet death or maining or safetymarch with their heads up. Ah, there is no better phrase to express the spirit of these men than-Gentlemen, Unafraid!

A DAY and a half later I was in a little village so close to the German lines that with my field-glasses I could see the gray-clad enemy sliding for safety, as they walked against the walls of their houses, even as we did in our little village.

I should be afraid to state how often we were shelled, but some unprejudiced people from another division have stated that no town in the St. Mihiel drive had such punishment as that little town. There were only three dugouts, and one of them held a foot of water.

Every shelling took its toll of dead and wounded. It was the hottest fire any of these soldiers had endured, and I never saw one of them showing fear or neglecting his duty.

I have stood with them and watched the German shells falling on a bare hillside a quarter of a mile away upon which our men were digging themselves in; and the watchers knew that at nightfall they must march to a position equally exposed. Yet no face changed, though some one remarked:

"I hope we'll not be as much out of luck as they are."

ONCE when a bombardment started I was in a flimsily roofed barn of no more avail in stopping a shell than so much tissue-paper. Almost in the eenter of the barn was a rolling kitchen, about which stood the mess sergeant, the cook and a couple of K. P.'s. They were just about to begin preparations for the second of the two daily meals.

"Beat it," cried the mess sergeant to me anxiously. "A shell lighted out in front of the place at this same time yesterday. I bet the Germans have seen the smoke from this

kitchen and are after us."

But none of that four "beat it," though they might reasonably have delayed the meal.

'Our company's going to the trenches this evening," said the mess sergeant. "We don't know what they'H meet out there, or when they'll be back, so we figure on giving them a good meal before they start. If Jerry missed us yesterday, maybe he will to-day.

WHEN the shells crashed down and some of us happened to be together in some building or in one of the dugouts, it never failed that the soldiers signaled their coolness by a succession of humorous remarks:

"Oh, why ean't they piek on some other village besides this?" some one would inquire.

Lordy, I wish I was in the trenehes—so

safe compared to this."

"Maybe some of these shells are digging fox-

holes for us to use to-night. 'Bill, go get my pack, will you?"

"What's the matter with your going yourself; you ain't handicapped, are you?'

'No, but I'm satisfied right here.' "I wouldn't take a million dollars for the war experience I have had already, and I

wouldn't give a niekel for another if the country didn't need me.' "Say, shell, if you've got my name on, will

you just lose the address anyhow?' "Gee, I feel like a saloon that's just had its

license revoked." "Say, I'll never get nearer home than I was last night. I dreamed I was sitting on the back poreh reading the paper.

"I wish my wife had her husband at home with her this minute.'

"My wife used to tell me I must be tired of living with her because I wouldn't work in our town. If I ever get back, she'll never get rid of me."

"My mother and all she does will be good enough for me. Just let her set a dish before me, and I'll never again say, 'Mother, I guess I won't take any of that.' She can lead me

THERE were always remarks like these last few about the people dearest to them. While the shells were searching for us, the deepest thoughts of many of the soldiers were not where we stood at all, but at home. Once the boy I sat next to took out his pocket-book and transferred his mother's photograph to the place of honor on the front, slipping his sweetheart's inside.

"I never stopped before to think which of them came first," he said, "but I guess it's mother. A fellow never can tell when his girl will throw him down for some slacker, and I figure a fellow's mother gave up more than his girl when she let him go. Anyhow, if he should get his, why his girl could find another fellow, but his mother couldn't find another son.'

ONCE a soldier showed me what was in his heart by whispering:

"It's my birthday to-day. I'm seventeen." How I longed to magic him away from that shell-torn town and put him back to school! As I searched in my bag for my little lucky ivory elephant to give him for a present, he

"Lots of fellows of my age ran away to enlist. The mothers of the other fellows got them out of it. Only my mother didn't. We talked it all over and she felt bad, but she said if I'd keep straight and study if I got a chance, and go to school when I got home, she'd let me

He looked so proud of her as he said it!

A WHIZZ-BANG hit a neighboring roof, and I thought of that mother keeping his birthday by herself, and remembering him as he was as a baby. Some of the soldiers must have been thinking of her too, for they suppressed a boy who said in a falsetto voice: "The discipline may do you good, my dear

It had all sorts of variations—the home theme. I remember the comment of a dark, humorous-faced boy who used to be a barber in

civil life. "Ro-mance! Adventure!" he said, coeking his ear toward the street where the shells were advancing nearer and nearer our place of uncertain shelter. "A barber don't get no romance in his life. A couple of years ago whenever I got the chance I'd go to the movies where they were showing pictures of soldiers in action. I'd see soldiers entraining or marehing down the streets of Paris, or streets in French villages, and I'd think, 'Oh, gee, if I was only there!' So when our country got good and into it I calisted.

"Now I don't need no movies, but I just shut my eyes and see the old shop with the red-plush chairs and the boss nodding to me that the old guy I'm working on will stand for a massage as well as a shampoo, and, 'Gee,' I says to myself, 'oh, gee, if I was only there!' "

ONCE when we were being shelled a college boy said to me:

"I get siek at myself when I think of the way I used to treat home; place to sleep and get breakfast in during vacations-that was all. I'd sleep late and holler down to them to put my breakfast on long after everything had been cleared off, and I'd allow my mother to sit with me while I read the paper, and I'd say, 'Huh?' if she asked mc a question. Then I'd lope off and have lunch and dinner and turn

up at home when I felt like sleeping."
"Me, too," said a machinist. "I'd come home and bolt my supper and if my mother would say, 'Why, you aren't going out to-night, Ernic, are you?' I'd say, 'Why, yes, ma; there's some fellows I've got to see." I'd be off down to the corner to get into a game.

"Well, say now, if I get home I don't want anything better than to sit quiet in the Morris chair ma bought for me Christmas and which I ain't helped to wear out any. I'd put my feet up on another chair and smoke the pipe I got off from that Heinie I took prisoner, and I'd answer any old question about the war ma would ask, no matter how silly it was. Any one that wants to get into a game with me has got to come up to our house to pull it."

ACCOMPANYING the love of our soldiers for their own women at home was a sense of chivalry toward all American women, an idealization of them. Time and again I have heard them bragging to Frenchmen—and occasionally to Germans:

"You wouldn't eatch an American woman doing this or that.

'Our American women believe thus and so." It would have been a grievous shock to one of these lads if he had seen an American girl smoking a cigaret, or being too familiar in her conduct toward some man.

l am afraid all of us women, moreover, liave been spoiled by the devotion the soldiers showed us. They were always on the qui vive to run errands for us, to liew wood and earry

Not that their chivalry did not extend beyond us. They were kind to the Frenchwomen, particularly the aged. Often and often I have seen boys taking burdens from the backs of old French women, or building fires for them, or giving them American dain-

As to children, in those towns far enough behind the lines to harbor civilians, wherever two or three American soldiers were gathered together, there was sure to be a group of

[Concluded on page 60]

If You Brush Teeth Brush Them Well

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Don't Leave the Film

Millions of people who brush teeth daily leave a tooth-destroying film. They find in time that teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms on them, perhaps pyorrhea starts. And they wonder why.

The reason lies in a film—a slimy, clinging film. You can feel it with your tongue. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. There the tooth brush can't remove it, and the ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it.

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

Dentists call it "bacterial plaque," because millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Dental science has for years sought a way to end that film. The tooth brush had proved inadequate. Tooth troubles constantly increased. And the reason clearly lay in that film.

A new discovery has now solved this greatest of tooth problems. That film can now be efficiently combated. Able authorities have proved the facts by scientific tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

Now this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to let all people prove it quickly we are offering a free ten-day test.

See the Difference

Ask us for this trial tube, then see for yourself the difference between old methods and the new. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day

Pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But now a harmless activating method has been found. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method, used in Pepsodent, which opens up this new teeth cleaning era.

Dentists and scientists are now using Pepsodent-many thousands of them. At least a million careful people have adopted it already. It is time that you knew what it means to you and what it means to

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Watch the results for ten days. Read the reasons in the book we send. Then decide for yourself about this new way of teeth cleaning.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pē	DOZG	ent.
REG. U.S.		

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes.

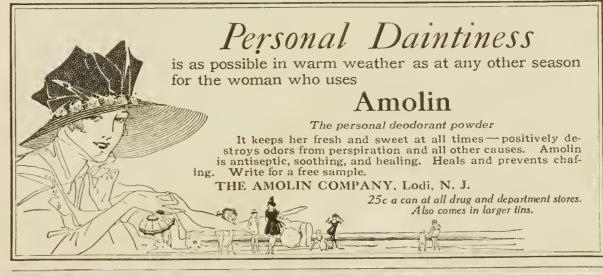
Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT CO.,

Dept. 528, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill. Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name

Address







Lloyd George's Right Hand

Miss Stevenson, the wonderfully efficient private secretary to Great Britain's Prime Minister, a position few men could hold, gives inside glimpses of the man in the midst of the world-shaking drama in which he has played a leading part. Read this article about a remarkable woman by the one and only woman honorary major in our army—

Major Maude Radford Warren, U.S.A., in the August issue of *The Delineator*.

Samuel Merwin's New Serial "Hills of Han"

begins in the August DELINEATOR. "Hills of Han," by the author of "Temperamental Henry," "Henry Grows Up" and "The Charmed Life of Miss Austin," is a fascinating story of an American girl, daughter of missionaries, who, after living with relatives for six years in a suburb of New York, is returning to her father in China.

The story opens on board a Pacific liner. She is much attracted by a silent, gauche sort of man named Jonathan Brachey, a journalist. He pays no attention to Betty until he hears her converse in Chinese with an educated Chinaman whom he wishes to interview. Betty acts as interpreter and before they know it they are meeting romantically on deck at night.

Mr. Merwin's own adventures in China during the rebellion of 1912 furnish wonderful material for this thrilling story of love and adventure.

This is only one of the many fiction features, for there are stories by Alice Hegan Rice, Mary Hastings Bradley, Dorothy Culver Mills and others in

The Great August Fiction Number of THE DELINEATOR

A Whole Year for \$2 The Price in Canada is \$2.50

Order Your Copy in Advance

"GENTLEMEN, UNAFRAID"

confident children. One of the commonest and tenderest pietures I carry with me is that of a typical American soldier walking down the center of the street, a Freneh child in each hand and perhaps another perched on his shoulders.

PERSONALLY I met the service and chivalry of our soldiers under conditions when it would not have been strange if thoughts of self had eome first and chivalry seeond. My first experience of it was on a day when there were fifty casualties in that little village.

When the first shell fell, I was in the street edging along close to the walls of the houses. There came the sudden brief notice of a "whizzbang." Then a group of soldiers and I rushed into the nearest open door.

"Put the lady in the corner!" cried two or three, the corner being considered the safest place, and, to the incoming soldiers. "Look out, fellows; remember there is an American woman present."

This, so that no oath or coarse word would offend an American woman's ears,

BRAVE, chivalrous gentlemen, I never saw them in their bravest moments, in the moments when they advanced under machinegun fire through woods and across fields. But I have bent over their broken bodies within an hour of the wounding, and I have had the scenes of attack so often described to me that I feel as if I could see them. I can picture our men advancing in Ioose checkerboard formation, each soldier several feet from the man on either side of him. I can see the green borders or fringe of the trees that shelter the shallow trenches where the German machine gunners sit, turning their guns to the right and left, sweeping back and forth, spewing out a murderous spray of bullets.

I can hear the *rat-a-tat-tat* of the guns, and I see the steady figures in khaki advancing with no quiekening of pace, going on in straight paths. I see the first figures fall and I know that then a wild flame of rage shoots through every advancing comrade.

If there was tremor or uncertainty, it is swallowed up in that red anger. To get on! To get on!

To tear up the sources of those leaden fountains! To win another mile of ground—for home!

AS I HAVE leaned over their blood-stained stretchers it is rare indeed that I have heard a cry of pain. Never, never have I heard a complaint.

Usually I have seen twisted smiles, forbidding even wincing.

"Are you in much pain, laddie?" I would ask.

"Oh, nothing to call out the guard about!"
Or, "How eould I feel pain when there is an honest-to-God American woman to feed me cocoa?"

Or, "A little, but then I've got nine wounds. Don't you let any of them doctors make you think I'm going to croak, though. I'm not. I've got the nicest wife in the Middle West to go back to, and I'm not going back in a wooden box."

For one boy, I remember, I was lighting a cigaret. An uncertain look in his face made me ask:

"Would you rather have one rolled? Would you like to have me roll it for you?"

"I guess I'll have to trouble you that far, sister," he said with a whimiscal look at the red-clothed stump that had once been a hand. "I haven't learned to roll them with one hand yet."

I HAVE been with these men in aid stations, in field hospitals, in evacuation hospitals, and always there is the same bravery and patience and humor, ehivalry, and sense of home. These qualities seemed to mark the soldier's standard of what his personal attitude to his fate should bc.

Mingled with this was a consideration of friends for one another—another word, perhaps, for ehivalry. For over there has been a comradeship closer than you at home can quite realize.

Men lived and moved and had their being in an intimacy closer than that of parent and child, of husband and wife. Their interests were absolutely the same, and in those dull little towns in France they had no resources but each other.

AT FIRST, when I was with the boys in the quiet sector in Alsace. I used to think they found in one another or put there the attributes and qualities of home. There was that, but later on there was more than that.

I remember once asking a buck private about this, and he said:

"Well, my buddie and I were talking about what a fellow gets among his friends over here and we sort of doped this out:

"He's got a good aunt that raised him and a grandfather, and I've got a father and mother that can't be beaten. Well, we sized it up that what you expect of your home folks is to stick by you and give you a square deal and never slip from under you if you need them.

by you and give you a square deal and never slip from under you if you need them.
"Well, you expect all that of them, but you don't expect it of folks outside. Eut over here, so we doped it out, we do kind of expect the other fellows in the squad and the platoon to sort of be as square as your own folks are."

AND how friends do stand by each other! Time after time when I have been serving cocoa at the front a boy has said:

cocoa at the front a boy has said:

"Say, will you put another cup in my canteen for my buddie? He's on guard, and he'll be out of luck if I don't take it to him."

Several times I have been privileged to see

Several times I have been privileged to see, an hour or so after a severe attack, the reunion of friends who had each feared that the other was dead. They scarcely ever spoke; they moved toward each other, like Ulysses and Penelope, without words. But their long hand-grips were eloquent.

And the tenderness of wounded friends for each other! Often I have heard a wounded man say:

"Look after that fellow first, doctor. He's worse off than I am."

ONE of the pictures I can not forget was burned into my memory during the Argonne drive. Wounded men lay out in the Johny woods. They could not be reached with motor ambulances or mule ambulances. They had to be carried out on litters.

Into a receiving-room at Beauclair were brought a lieutenant and his sergeant, who had been lying out in the rain for more hours than I like to state. The litter-bearers who had found them had lost their way in the woods; the two were in a pitiable condition, each with three wounds.

I saw the sergeant wince as the doctor cut away his wet bandages, and the lieutenant reached out a feeble hand to comfort him. Then the two turned their faces to each other with weak smiles of ineffable understanding, the loving testimony of men who had been together through the bitterest hours of their lives.

SHARING; understanding; that's it. These comrades, officers and privates alike, are bound together by experiences that not one person in a hundred thousand has the penetrative imagination to realize unless he also has taken part in them.

This concentrated, vital experience it is that gives them the tenderness for each other; that makes a private carry his comrade's pack for miles; that makes an offieer bind up the wounded feet of his men; that made Walter Eich go out into "no man's land" after his platon leader.

They fought for home, and they love home more for that; but the men they fought beside! Ah, there is a blending that transcends even the blood tie.

THIS present Fourth of July will be the most significant our generation has known. Every city and village the wide continent over will testify its loyalty to these United States. Patriotism will be defined—the new patriots.

Patriotism will be defined—the new patriotism of the present and of the future.

And in the ranks which we shall so proudly

watch will march those who for all time will be to us the truest definition of patriotism—the soldiers who fought for us overseas—the Gentlemen Unafraid!

CUPBOARD LOVE

BACK IN THE OLDEN, GOLDEN DAYS, WHEN LIFE WENT BY PLEASANT

MY SINGLE TALENT WELL I LEARNED, AND FOR ITS USING GREATLY YEARNED. DON'T THINK, I BOASTED "TEMPER-AMENT;"

TO BE A COOK—THAT WAS MY BENT.

SO AT COQUETTISH SEVENTEEN I_RULED A VERY KITCHEN QUEEN, AND 'SPITE RED HAIR AND TILTE'D

HAD PRETTY NEAR A SHOAL OF BEAUX, A LIVELY LOT OF MERRY SINNERS, WHO BORE MY LOOKS—AND ATE MY DINNERS.

TO CHOOSE AMONGST THEM WAS THE BOTHER:

I LOVED ONE TILL I HEARD ANOTHER.
THEN SUDDENLY I SAW A LIGHT:
DAN CUPID HAS AN APPETITE!
HEARTS MAY NOT RECKON RIME NOR
REASON.

REASON,
BUT PALATES FEEL THE PULL OF SEASON.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE WAS A LURE, PLUM CAKE A PHILTER SWIFT AND SURE; TO PEPPERED ROAST MEAT SOME INCLINED, BUT PIE MOST FILLED THE MANLY MIND. UNLESS IT VISIONED LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM

AS SPELLED IN TERMS OF CHOCOLATE CREAM.

THEY CAME AND WENT, A QUICK PROCESSION,

BECAUSE WHEN ANY MADE CONFESSION AND SOUGHT TO BRING ME DOWN TO BOOK,

I ASKED HIM, "SEEK YE WIFE OR COOK?" WHEN HIS CONFUSION ANSWERED YEA, I GAVE HIM BACK A LAUGHING NAY.

AT FORTY, NEITHER FAT NOR FAIR, OF CUPBOARD LOVE I STILL KEEP

BUT IF IN FLIGHT REDEEMING TIME SHALL DIM AND SMOOTH MY HOMELY

AND BRING A MATE OF PARTS AND BREED-ING,

HE WILL REJOICE IN PROPER FEEDING.

Martha McCulloch-Williams

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING

BY HÉLÈNE GRANDET

NO ATTEMPT to disguise familiar features in handwriting, by changing style and form, indulging in strange lettering, or even by assuming the style of another, can conceal from the expert the real personality behind the written word, be it a letter or a simple signature.

An experience of my own, some five or six years ago, when I was working with several others in cleaning up wrong civic conditions in a near-by factory town, will illustrate in a very startling way the value of understanding the qualities and human side of hand-

I had been obliged to take under my personal protection a young Canadian girl, who was the special object of annoyance from a man prominently connected with the industrial establishment which employed her.

I HAD met Clare three years before while visiting some friends at their Summer home on the Saint Lawrence. Her two sisters were acting as cook and second maid in the home of my host, and little Clare, as she was called, found hours of employment in this house with her sisters, running errands, picking vegetables in the garden or helping out on an unusually heavy day in the kitchen.

Coming from Canada with several other girls seeking work and better wages, in the great factory city, she sought me out for advice in her trouble. I knew her persecutor well, in fact so well that we were on several occasions the week-end guests of a friend.

A day or two after this trying interview with Clare, I was attending a civic committee-meeting in this factory town, and knowing its object, I was surprised to find the persecutor of Clare among the active participants.

WE EXPECTED at this session to develop some plan to safeguard the evening amusements of the young girls whose homes were not in the town, and to see that better housing was given them. In the course of the discussion I cited the story of Clare, feeling that perhaps the man who caused her annoyance might recognize himself, and be frightened into letting her alone.

His cold, pale face betrayed no special emotion, but when as secretary pro tem. he wrote down one or two items of special importance, his hand trembled and he held his pen with the air of one who has been surprised unpleasantly. I took the written items with me for further study.

A WEEK later I was working late into the night on an article for some special war work when a flicker of light across the side of my glasses made me turn to discover its cause. I saw directly under the crack of my veranda door a bit of brown paper. Picking it up, this is what I read:

YOU ARE IN DANGER REMEMBER!

A LMOST at the same moment my eye fell on some papers of the late civic-welfare meeting. Behold! The items written by the secretary pro tem. were on top,

I looked at the secretary's writing. Then my eyes traveled to the bit of brown paper which so short a time before I had found under the crack of my veranda door. Placing them side by side I crossed off the letters that were unlike. The r's were left, and were as alike as if one were the real writing of a hand and the other a transference of the same.

Then other resemblanees appeared, and in spite of the fact that the items were in script and the brown-paper message in crude print, I felt they were from one source. I posted in the morning the following note to Clare's persecutor with the bit of brown paper enclosed, sending it registered, receipt requested, to secure its safe delivery.

DEAR SIR:

f am returning this bit of paper which you slipped under my door last evening very close to the midnight hour. No woman is in danger when her blackmailer is as evident as you are. Change your r's as a further precaution in your cowardly work.

Very truly yours,

y truly yours, Hélène Grandet.

My shot was the truest one I ever fired in the interest of human welfarc. He resigned within a month from his industrial position, and later on was interned as an enemy alien. I am wondering if he has altered his r's!

FOR several years Miss Grandet has been a careful student of graphology, in that time using her analysis and observations of the various characteristics of handwriting in reading the specimens of the writing of hundreds of people—her friends and her friends' friends. She has had many interesting experiences and asserts that she reads from the handwriting traits and virtues and faults, and aptitude for certain lines of work.

We can not substantiate Miss Grandet's claim. We have no desire to do so. We publish this series of articles merely for the interest which our readers may find in Miss Grandet's presentation of a study in which many persons find diversion. This is the second article of the series.

If you wish to know what your handwriting indicates, send on unlined paper in your own handwriting and signed with your own name, an original thought or favorite quotation, in prose, of about twenty-five words. This should be accompanied by twenty-five cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Hélène Grandet, The Delineator Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

Do You Remember The Old Corn Doctor?





How Blue=jay Acts

A is a thin, soft, protecting ring which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax centered on the corn to gently undermine it.

C is rubber adhesive. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable. He stood on the street in the olden days and offered a "magic corn cure."

It was harsh and it caused soreness, but it did not end the corn. Nearly everybody had corns in those days.

That same method, harsh and inefficient, is offered you in countless forms today.

Grandmother's Way

Another method, older still, was to pare and pad a corn. That was grand-mother's way.

Folks did not know the danger, for they did not know of germs.

But they knew its uselessness. The corns remained. Paring brought but brief relief. Pads made the foot unsightly.

Ten-year-old corns by the millions existed in those days.

Then Came Blue=jay

Then scientific men in the Bauer & Black laboratories invented the Blue=jay plaster. It was based on research, on knowledge, on many a clinical test.

People began to use it. They found that a jiffy applied it. They found it snug and comfortable.

They found that the pain stopped instantly, and it never came back. They found that the corn completely disappeared, and usually in 48 hours. Only one corn in ten needed a second application.

These users told others, and now millions use Blue=jay. They apply it as soon as a corn appears. Now at least one-half the people never suffer corns.

You can, like them, keep free from corns forever in this easy, simple way. One test will prove this, and tonight. In these scientific days it is folly to have corns.

Blue=jay The Scientific Corn Ender

Stops Pain Instantly—Ends Corns Completely
25 Cents—At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto

Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products





Children Love the Taste of

"California Syrup of Figs"

The Safe, Pleasant Laxative

All druggists sell the genuine "California Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna." Full directions as a laxative for children of all ages are plainly printed on the bottle label. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup" except that made by the originators.

The California Fig Syrup Co.

HEROES

He didn't give her an umbrella this time; he gave her a five-pound note.

Lorenzo eame back after a few months, still magnificently, if a little less magnificently than

Lorenzo had sunk from "drama" to "melodrama," and he was not quite sure what lay

beneath melodrama. Fortunately the European war intervened and with its urgency blocked the retreating glories of Lorenzo.

Jim appeared suddenly from nowhere, with his wife and three ehildren, but Lavinia saw at a glance that Jim's wife wouldn't be a menace to the furniture. Julia wouldn't bother about furniture; she bothered only about Jim. She was charming to Lavinia. She kept looking at her with gentle, unsearching eyes—not to compare her with Lorenzo, but to say, "Oh, I see—yes—you are his sister," meaning only poor old Jim's.

Jim's wife was very gentle, very quiet and perfectly eourageous, and if Jim hadn't died she wouldn't have touched the furniture.

Maria, Tom's wife, meant to be very kind to Tom's only sister, and she sent her a shawl as a Christmas present.

Lavinia was only forty-five; and even though she had lived all her life in the country she knew that women of forty-five wear sport jerseys now-not shawls.

Maria wrote that she wasn't going to start housekeeping till after the war. Tom, though he was well over age, had announced his intention of going into the trenehes and so they would not need the extra furniture at

Lavinia breathed more freely for a time after this letter. She wouldn't have allowed herself even to know that she felt sweetly grateful to the trenches.

Jim, it appeared, was the hero. Ho had won-by some action or other not very clear to Lavinia, and perhaps not very clear even to Jim-that military honor most eoveted in the British Empire-won it-and died of wounds. Lavinia eried when she read Julia's sueeinet

Then she broke the news to Lorenzo. Sho broke it to him very earefully about the Vietoria Cross first, and then the further shock

of Jim's death. 'Dear," he said to his weeping sister, "this

is a barbaric age. Let us honor when we can the action of a brave fellow like Jim, even when the recognition given to it seems to usa little disproportionate.

Lorenzo had undertaken government work, but he did not wear a uniform.

Lorenzo said it was of intense importanee and quite secret. It remained secret to the end of the war.

About six months before conscription came in, Lorenzo went mysteriously abroad. The war elosed down on Lavinia-she eould not write to Lorenzo. His work was so secret that he could not even leave her his address. It seemed as if he had gone out of her life for-

ever; but she bore her cross with the patience with which Lorenzo's ereditors bore the mora-Then one black day she received Maria's letter, saying with all the pungent brevity of Maria's epistolatory style that she and Julia were coming down by the three-fifteen train to-

morrow to choose their share of the furniture.

Of eourse Julia must now have Jim's share for the children, and since Tom is marching into Germany itself I feel I can safely look for his return. I have decided to take a house-which while the war was on I could not have risked-and I shall therefore take mine.

THEIR eab arrived with dreary punctuality in the rain. It was the first time that Lavinia had seen Julia since Jim's death. Julia wasn't dressed in very heavy mourning; but she looked quite different. She looked like some one who is blind moving about in

heavy traffic. Maria was as usual in a bustle. She paid the cabman too quiekly and not sufficiently copiously, and dropped what she said was half a crown, but which turned out afterward to have been a penny, in the mud. In the end Julia found a real half-erown, and the cabman dripped off, still growling, but sufficiently

On the way from the station Julia had said in her gentle, interrogative way to Maria: "I wonder if poor Lavinia will mind our

taking the furniture away. She and Lorenzo must have had it for a long time.' And Maria had replied with her deft and

heavy-handed ignorance of the feelings of

"Mind! Why, poor thing, she's been a slave to it all her life. It'll be a relief to her to get rid of it!"

IT WAS a long while before they got anywhere near the furniture.

At last Maria said to Julia, "Well, dear, have you got the list?" So they began.

There was a fifteenth-eentury ehest standing at the foot of the stairs—at least, Lorenzo said fifteenth century as a rule, but a hundred years up or down usually depended on the person whom he was addressing. It was certainly old, very much carved, and as dark as a dried walnut.

The elest went to Maria; most of the solid, rieh furniture went to Maria. She said she would have room for it, and Julia, with her unseeing, haunted eyes, only asked for perfeetly valueless fur animals which she thought Jim might have shot, or photographs of him in his early youth, with ehipped frames. She kept saying: "Oh, may I have this? Thank you so much," when nobody else wanted it.

She remembered, too, some ridiculous nursery things which Jim had told her about things that were worth nothing at all. Even Lavinia looked at her with a shade of friendly

the second second

MARIA was not only contemptuous, she was

thoroughly roused.

"Now, my dear," she said very kindlyafter she had seeured all the furniture she could believe that Tom would let her keep— 'you must really take something for the ehildren that costs money. Lavinia, where is the Boule eabinet? Jim was the eldest son; it is quite right the Boule cabinet should go to his ehildren. Tom writes it is worth fifteen hundred pounds, and I insist on Julia's having it as part of her share.'

'Oh, but I have such heaps of things," said Julia, looking with satisfied eyes at an old cricket-bat with Jim's initials cut in the handle.

Lavinia whitened to the lips. She was not going to part with the Boule cabinet. It was the gem of the collection, and she had covered it with a sheet and locked it up in the wood-

LAVINIA had gone to church faithfully twice a Sunday all her life, and sometimes three times, but she was going to rob orphans of their rights without a qualm for the sake of Lorenzo.

"I don't think," she said unhesitatingly, "that there is such a thing in the house. don't remember there ever having been a Boule eabinet.'

The three women looked at one another. Julia was the first to look away. She said: "I don't think Jim ever mentioned it."

"My dear," said Maria, "because your husband didn't know a Boule eabinet from a turnip is no reason why his children should be defrauded of their inheritance.

'I thought, Lavinia, you understood all about old furniture; however, I shall know it myself when I see it. We'll go over the whole house and look for it."

Lavinia's lips closed as the lips of a vietim of the Spanish Inquisition must have elosed before the torture was applied.

Lavinia led them everywhere—through the garrets and finally back again to the kitchen. They had opened every door except one.

'That,' said Lavinia with unwavering eyes, "is only the wood-shed. I keep it locked."

"Why?" asked Maria sharply. "There's nobody in the house but you."

"Because," said Lavinia, breathing unevenly and beginning to tremble, "because I choose." This is a woman's reason, but it should not be given to other women; it floors only men.

MARIA eyed her with inflexibility.

"I suppose you know," she said, "that if Lorenzo has parted with the Boule cabinet he may be imprisoned? It was not his property, and it is worth fifteen hundred pounds.

"I don't remember ever seeing it," lied Lavinia, "and I am sure Lorenzo never did

'Why don't you wish to unlock the woodshed then?" asked Maria, with the skill of a professional executioner. "You must have something there that you don't wish us to

"Because you are simply bullying me!" cried Lavinia wildly, with an appealing eye on the still, black figure by the door. "Can't I have anything of my own locked? Even if I haven't got a husband?"

THE sound of pain in her voice reached Julia; she turned quickly.

"What is it?" she asked in her gentle, in-different voice. "Are you still bothering about that old cabinet, Maria?"

"It's your children's fortune," said Maria

She knew that she had taken more than her share of the furniture, and it made her stiff. She was very fond of Julia and the ehildren,

and she was quite willing to be stiff for them, after having been grasping for herself. "But of course Lavinia would want the children to have it—if it was there," said Julia eagerly, the eolor coming into her face. "She

would want it for Jim's sake—wouldn't you, Lavinia?' Lavinia wrung her large, soft hands together. She knew Jim was dead, but she had no sentiment for the dead to compare with her sentiment for the living. Jim had given her a parrot and several ten-pound notes, but Lorenzo had given her nothing at all, and

filled her heart with his image. "I don't know anything about the cabinet," she quavered.

Maria thrust again at her:

"Then why don't you open that door?" "Be quiet, Maria," said Julia with a sudden, cold sparkle in her wide blue eyes.

Maria was quiet. When Julia's eyes sparkled they had the quality of a raised

"Don't you think"— Julia turned to Lavinia tentatively-"we had better write and ask Lorenzo about it? Perhaps he would know where it is?"

LAVINIA moistened her lips and said the only cruel thing she had ever said in her life-to probably the only person who had ever really wanted to be kind to her.

"You don't hear from Jim, do you?" she asked brutally.

Julia did not flineh, but her face grew curiously older.

"Do you mean that Lorenzo is dead?" she asked quietly.

Lavinia burst into sudden, noisy tears.

"He mayn't be dead! He mayn't be marehing into Germany!" she quavered. "But he is a hero! He's away on important government business; he can't be bothered with letters. If I wrote, they'd never reach him.

'WHY do you both come here and take away his things from him? What right have you, I should like to know, beyond something silly written down? He's loved his furniture; everybody knows this house is his. He's had all the eare and the worry and the expense of it! And then you and Maria

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THE BARRENS

In the voice were alarm, insistence, appeal, complaint, and as it came nearer those qualities were more evident. The girl inside, still whistling, gave no heed.

"Gyp! Oh, Gyp! Where the——"
"Ycs, Buck!" she ealled, stooping suddenly

that her cry might have easy egress through the back window. She smiled as she saw his

His face and head were enveloped in a mighty mane of white-white hair, white mustaelie, white beard, all blown back by the breeze as he lifted his bronzed, seowling face to the southward. He had a great nosc and shaggy brows which at that distance effectively hid

Once he had been a huge man, but his spreading shoulders drooped forward now. Across his ehest a rcd undershirt was buttoned, and over that he wore a tattered Maekinaw jacket, the unfastened belt flopping at his thighs. He wielded a long hard-wood staff in behalf of his ancient limbs, holding it at arm's length from his body.

 $A^{\rm T.THE~sound~of~the~girl's~voice~he~stopped}_{\rm his~chatter~and~stood~still.~His~gaze,}$ directed by a laborious movement of his head which trembled with a slow palsy, turned toward her window.

As he came forward his hard, firm voice took up the rapid chant again.

"They better keep off," he cried. "Gyp! Oh, Gyp! Been all over that back ridge today. It'll cut fifty thousand to the acre. First-elass *pine*; four logs to a knot. Oh, they'll steal it if they can! Gyp! Oh, Gyp!" lifting his voice to a shout on the hail. "Why don't you *listen* to me, Gyp?"

GYP with her clumsy rod and line stood in midstream watching the stranger's advance calculatingly, a consciousness of guilt flushing her face under its bronze. The leader, dangling from her hand, felt hot, burning hot, and she wondered what the man would say if he saw and recognized it.

She was glad that he held his blue eyes on her face as he came on toward her, putting another question before she had quite finished

her assenting nod to bis first.
"But how did you do it?" he cried. "Pieking a trout out of the water!"

Gyp smiled nervously. Through her confusion she found herself thinking that she liked this man, this first young man she had ever talked with, and she heard herself, even while she flashed a covert look at the leader, saying: "I just grab 'em off the line. You'll learn how—after a few years.'

He was standing close to her then, his pleasant eyes running from her hair down over the exact, narrow brows to her gently pointed chin, down over the rough shirt and the faded, torn overalls. She did not read in his face the amazement he felt.

She only knew that he was scrutinizing her elosely, and that in her hand she held that leader which she had no right to hold. It was not hers; to have it was stealing; stealing was

the greatest sin! "Here it is! Here— I didn't think you'd come back. I—" She held the leader out to him, distress in her face.

"It's yours—this here leader!" she said. "You left it on a snag yesterday and I stole it and"swallowing—"stealing is the worst-

"Stole it!" he laughed. "Stole it! Bless you, I left it. But how did you know it was mine?" he broke off suddenly.

REASSURED, Gyp eyed him calculatingly again.

"I was there," she said. "I watched you, hiding behind a log. Then when you went away I went in and got it. I didn't think it was stealing until afterward-

The man laughed again, and the growing interest in his eyes made the girl feel more

"If you'd have shown yourself I'd have given you a half-dozen," he said. "I wouldn't see a lady putting herself out that much for the sake of a leader.

"And you east with that?" he asked, picking up her frayed thick line in his fingers. He shook his head again, incredulous. who can east like you ean ought to have a better line than that. I have several back at camp on Goose Creek. I'll give you

"Will you?" she asked cagerly. "I like pretty things like this leader." She held it up proudly. "I'm glad you didn't want it. Last night I almost put it back."

"Back where?

"On the snag; where I got it. I'm happy I didn't steal!" quoth Gyp. Then she suddenly stepped to a log, parted the brush beside the stream and disappeared into the swamp where the man would have said it was impenetrable. As sounds of her prog-ress diminished he took off his hat and scratched his curling yellow hair in perplexity. He was very young.

THAT night old Buck fell asleep mumbling about fires while the girl sat outside watching the west fade. So long as his voice continued to break in on the evening she remained there, gazing dreamily out into the plains that were fading to drab night.

She was not thinking of them. She was marveling at how white the man's teeth had been, how pleasant his smile, how queerly his laugh made her feel. There, alone, her heart increased the tempo of its beat. With the first long, sonorous breath from the cabin she

She reached inside, took an ancient sweater from a nail, drew it over her head, listened a moment and then stepped swiftly off into the

She entered the circle of his camp-fire without speaking; her moceasins had made no sound until she was upon him. He sprang erect, dropping the book he had been reading. She stared at him, incredulous.
"Seared?" she asked, and scowled. "Scared

He gathered himself and laughed "Well, this call is rather abrupt," he admitted in a strained voice. "I wasn't quite prepared for it. And, besides, I'm not much used to being alone. Sit down. I'm glad

you came!" He opened a camp-chair and offered it to her with a bow.

"I like to talk to you," she began.

The man laughed. "That makes two of us, doesn't it?" he asked. "Don't you know that you're an unusual sort of girl?

"Is that so?" Genuine surprise was in her voice and quick interest in her face. didn't know. I never talk to any one about

other girls.' He looked at her speculatively and said, "I don't suppose there are many people in here for a girl to talk with.'

"Not since Scotty went."

 $S_{\ Wc\ used\ to\ talk-yes!}^{HE\ nodded.\ "He\ lived\ with\ us,\ Summers.}$ how to read and write, but I don't like to write, much. But I guess Scotty's dead." She

"How long since you've heard from him?" "Oh-ten years or so. He went to camp in the Fall and didn't come back. I watch for him at Spring, but he don't come. I'm sorry. I like to talk to folks, and now there ain't anybody.

"Do you mean to tell me," he said sternly, "that you haven't talked to anybody in ten

"Why, yes!" as if affirming a trivial matter. "Like this, I mean. Last Summer a man came along, but Buek scared him off. Summer before that two come and both stopped for a while. They wouldn't talk much.

"But don't you ever go away from this place?" the man demanded. "Don't you ever go to town?"

"No," she replied. "Just to the bridge in Spring and Fall after grub. I don't talk to 'em there. I hide. I went once and they laughed.

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HEROES

come along and want the only valuable things

"Oh, I daresay you married Jim and Tom, and they've been in the trenches! I've heard all about the trenches till I'm sick of them, and I'm surc I've done my duty.

"I've asked about Tom, and I've written to you, Julia, all about poor Jim, but when have either of you said nice things to me about Lorenzo, or cared where he was, or what he was doing?

"Don't you suppose I'm just as fond of him as you are of your heroes?

"Tom and Jim did their best, no doubt, but-Lorenzo has saved Europe!

"I tell you what," she cried as neither of her audience stirred, "the Boule cabinet is in there! It's in the wood-shed, and I've lost the key on purpose!'

Together and without speaking Maria and Julia walked up-stairs to the front door. Lavinia sat on the kitchen-table and wept uncontrollably; her hair fell forward over her eyes, and her grandeur was gone. She thought it probable that in a few hours she would be in the hands of the police.

"Do You mean to say," asked Maria in a hushed voice as they reached the front door, "that we're to walk back to the station now, in the rain, hours before the train leaves, and without settling anything?"
"We have umbrellas," said Julia briefly,

withdrawing hers from the stand.

"And you'll leave the Boule cabinet?" demanded Maria, still under her breath, but recovering her grasp of fact. "You won't

even write and have it removed afterward?" "Don't let's ever speak of it again," said Julia with sudden fierceness. "After all after all—think what we've had—think of our

Maria thought for a moment or two. She had never overestimated Tom, but she respected him.

He was an average man, honest, faithful, kind, without bad habits. He was now marching on Cologne, which was of course a little curious, after two years' hard fighting which had been more curious still.

Maria swallowed nervously. She too had a picture in her mind-with Tom in it-of the trenches. She dared not look again at the face of her sister-in-law who had lost Jim. They plodded on in the rain to the station in a chilled

LAVINIA dried her tears. She had lied about the key; it was in her pocket all the time. She opened the wood-shed door, tenderly removed the dust-sheet, and gazed at the Boule cabinet, exquisitely polished, standing there in its glory. Slowly she ceased to tremble and her heart grew warmer.

Something deep within her told her that she had saved the Boule cabinet for Lorenzo. Julia had lost Jim, and Maria, when Tom returned from his march upon Cologne, would soon cease to see the halo of his achievements enclosing his rather round-shaped head.

But Lavinia would never lose her hero. She would never lose Lorenzo because she had never had him. He was as safe and as heroic

Two-Minute Oat Food

Already Three-Hour Cooked



"You'll Have Your Cooked Oats in Two Minutes"

You can now serve a hot oat breakfast in a hurry. You can have it super-cooked. And all you do is to stir the oats in a dish of boiling water.

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OF THE BARRENS

"I didn't know why," she explained with the first hint of uncertainty in her voice. aressed in my mother's clothes, her silk elothes, and wore her hat. They was nice clothes. They hadn't been wore after she died. But they laughed at me so I don't go there again."

 $H^{\rm E\ GOT}$ up and walked to the fire, rumpling his hair in mystification.

"You've always lived alone with Buck?"
"Why, yes! Who else would I live with? My mother, she died before they stole our

"And how long has Buck been crazy?"
"I don't know. Sometimes I wonder.
Sometimes I wonder if there ever was any timber, but there must have been. Scotty

said so; the lawyer said so too.' "Well now, one thing at a time. Where did you come from?"

She shook her head. "Saginaw? Could it be Saginaw? He had a store once, Scotty

"And why did Buck come here?"

"Timber. Pine. He traded his store for the trees and then they stole the trees. That's

what made him crazy.

"But you know"— her eyes sparkling with
mirth—"he don't know that, now. When he
used to just set and think he did, but since he's got bad crazy he don't. He thinks it's all here yet." She waved her hand to include a vast sweep of country. "He thinks it ain't been cut off at all and he thinks if he can keep thieves and fire off he'll sell it some time and

make me rich—just these here old stumps!"

"He thinks thieves and fire are getting into his timber?" the man prompted. Gyp bobbed her head in assent.

THEN she looked about with a sigh of contentment and clasped her hands about one knee. They were sitting under a wide, heavy fly. The tent behind them was equipped with insect-proof bar, wooden floor and heavy guy-ropes.

The sheet-iron stove was of the best design and the whole outfit showed disregard of cost.

It was as complete as could be manufactured. She looked in growing wonder at the cot in the tent with its pneumatic mattress and wool blankets, at the clock, the barometer, the clothing hanging from its line, at the desk piled high with books, and then at the bench with its rack of test-tubes, beakers, retorts and bottles glistening in the light of the torch. "What's that?" she asked, nodding toward

The man laughed grimly.

"That, my dear girl, is one evidence of an awakened social consciousness," he said dryly.

THEN when she was telling him how she had trapped mink and beaver—telling him with a detail of observation that amazed him—he broke in:

"Do you know who it was that stole your timber?'

"Why, yes," she said. "John Hubbard." "How do you know?"

"Buck said so. Scotty said so. The lawyer, too, said so. But that wasn't nothing. They all stole, Scotty said. They'd buy a forty and cut a section and never tell no-

body. Hubbard donc it."

The purr of the burning knots had the silence to itself for an interval. The man looked away into the night; the girl sat watch-

ing him until he arose and said quietly: "You'd better go home now. It's late."
"I'll come again to-morrow," she said, and slipped off into the dark.

A WEEK passed before the man told her that he was John Hubbard, the younger. He said it as they were standing beside the cold-frames he had erected at his camp, examining pine-seed.

"Why are you planting all these, anyhow?" said Gyp.

"It's a sort of penance. Do you know what that is, Gyp?

"Is it in the dictionary? Then I can know. I saw into the dictionary about that other, that awakened so-cial conscious-ness," she said with a smile. "It means you've woke up about knowing folks, don't it?"

"That's it, Gyp," he replied soberly. "You look up penance, and perhaps when I tell you that John Hubbard was my father you'll understand it all better."

He watched her face, dreading what might come; but on hearing, her only change in

expression was to one of mild surprise.
"Well!" she said. "There must be a lot of folks in the clearin". But John Hubbard's boy is the first one to come here!"
"But, Gyp, don't you see that I'm the son

of the man who ruined you?"
"Sure I know that! Why?"
"Well, don't you feel—" He searched for a word she would understand. "Don't you feel I've done you harm?"
"Harm? Why, no!" She scowled. "Why,

you've let me talk to you, and I've always wanted that more'n anything!"
"But don't you see that it was my father who kept you from having hundreds of people to talk to?"

A shade of bewilderment crossed her face. "I don't know. Are you trying to make me mad at you?" she asked. "Do you want me

to not like you?" "Oh, Gyp, Gyp! I've never wanted any-body in the world to like me as much as I

want you to, but——''
"Well, I do!" she cried, smiling brightly.

"But you don't understand," he insisted. "I can't help feeling that I owe you something I can never pay. I owc you for all these years you've put in here; I keep thinking I am to blame for Buck's going crazy, and until I've made these things right I—I can't have you like me as much as I want you to like me! Do you understand, Gyp?' She looked up at him quizzically.

"Listen, Gyp, I want you to know just why I'm here. I want you to know that know-

ing you has given me a lot of things to think about that I'd never considered before.

"I have been going to school for years. I have studied and traveled and worked and learned all I could about trees. I'm a forester, Gyp; a man who knows how to make trees grow from seeds. I'm going to plant new trees as far as you can see. I'm going to keep fires and people out. I'm going to live here most of the time. I'm going to build a forest where my father killed one. Next Spring I will come with plenty of men and tools and begin in carnest.'

SHE turned from him and stared far out across the plains, their brush dotted with rotting stumps.

"Well, to grow trees as big as them stumps you've got to work like old John Bunyan," she said, referring to the mythical performer of marvelous feats in the Michigan woods.
"It's a job," he agreed. "But there's

another one, and that is making things as near right with Buck as I can. I want to buy his timber from him."

"But we don't need any more money.
And I don't want to go away," said Gyp.
"Then help me to be happier," said John.
"It hurts to think that I have something which would make him happy."

It was that argument which way Gyp.

It was that argument which won Gyp finally. They worked throughout the day, planting seedlings in all varieties of soil, and Hubbard argued with her continually.

SO IT was that Hubbard went to Gyp's home, walking beside the girl. From afar they had heard the shouting of the old man and knew that he was there. Hubbard, though, started back when Buck appeared in the doorway, a shotgun in his unsteady hands, and cried out to him to stop.

"Put it up! Here's a man to buy some pine, Buck," called Gyp. "Come along, now,

She took the weapon gently from him and

lowered the hammers with a snap.
"A stranger, eh?" the old man said, leaning forward and staring hard at Hubbard. "A strange man!" he mumbled again. "Come to see my Gyp's timber!" He held his weak old gaze on Hubbard's face for a lengthy interval, studying witlessly. Then he straightened and his voice rang out: "Buy my gal's pine? Buy her timber? Fifty thousand to the acre! Gyp! Oh, Gyp! Send him off! They all want to cheat! They all want to steal!" And no argument could persuade

"I'll give you whatever price you name," said Hubbard. "And whatever else you want. I'll give it all to you before I take a stick of your timber, before I set foot on your land. Just name your price, Buck. Do you understand, Buck?"

THE old man stepped closer, until his bent head was looking down at a thick roll of money in Hubbard's hands.

Then the old fellow left off staring at the money and lifted his gaze to Hubbard's eager face. With a surprisingly mighty blow of his mottled hand he sent the bills scattering about his feet and dashed out of the cabin.

The two heard his shoutings diminish slowly, but not until his voice was almost swallowed by the breeze did either speak. "It didn't work," Hubbard said, extending

his palms helplessly. "You were right, Gyp. It didn't work."

"I knew it wouldn't," she said rather abstractedly, and knelt on the ground, gathering up the scattered money.

When it was again in Hubbard's hand he

folded it carefully and held it out to her.
"You take it, Gyp. The timber was for you. Let me buy Buck's pine—and pay you

"Why, what would I do with that?"

"Buy things for yourself-and Buck." She laughed at him, her gravity suddenly gone and her eyes bright.

"Buy what? We got plenty of grub; we got things to wear. All I wanted was a leader and that you give me. What would I do with money? No," shaking her head determinedly, "you can't pay me no money. I wouldn't know what to do with it."

MAY grew into June, and Hubbard, by working industriously, dotted acres of barrens with his baby pines. Hours each day Gyp was with him or about his camp.

How much she counted he became aware when, after the planting was completed, he pinned a compass to his shirt and started for town. He was gone a week. In that time he had spent a half-day with a specialist in his Detroit office, giving in detail the history of Buck's malady as he had learned it from Gyp, only to be refused encouragement.

When he finally started in from the railroad, sitting beside the driver of the wagon loaded with materials and provision, the lagging of the horses on the sandy trail put him in a sweat of impatience-not to be back in his camp; not to resume his work. His restlessness was for sight of that girl who had become his companion—and more.

JULY wore itself out and August came, dry and hot and glaring. June grass ripened, its feathered heads turned from purple to straw-color and the heat and the drought drove the green down the stalks into the ground, leaving the country blanched beneath its serub-growth. Trees that Hubbard and Gyp had planted gave up and died; others, set out under different conditions, withstood the heat, and some, specially treated, thrived.

The Summer's effort was netting great results. Another year he would have a foundation of information upon which to work intelligently.

IN THE middle of a hot night full of the mutterings of distant thunder, Hubbard found himself suddenly sitting erect, with

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THE BARRENS

heart thumping. Gyp's voice, which had roused him, came again:

"Wake up! Wake up! Come out to me quick!"

It trembled, her voice, and was eloquent of alarm. In a moment he was beside her. Away to the southwestward a ridge flared red in the night, easting a red glow up to the now cloudless sky

"It's a long way off," he said, hoping to reassure her.

"It won't take the wind long to bring it here," she replied.

"But there's no wind!" The night was as still as night could be.

"Wait until dawn," she admonished. They moved slowly toward Gyp's eabin.

THE horizon commenced to gray and the faint day, creeping upward, met and thinned the color of that other light, taking the lurid quality from it. But as Hubbard's spirits mounted, the first breath of breeze that brushed his face died quickly, then rose again, continuing a longer interval, rustling the limp foliage about them, sighing in the plume of a

lone pine across the river. Day wiped out night, and a high-standing column of smoke replaced the glow. They could see it billowing upward, thick, white, pitchy smoke, as it rose only to bloom out at the top in a mighty cumulus cloud which swayed to the northward before the breeze.

As the motion of the air increased the smokepillar lost its heavy head, became formless, a spreading gray veil which blotted out the landscape as it came toward them. Against it the sun shone and an eery reflection was sent back to increase the tension both Hub-

bard and the girl felt.
"It's here!" sereamed Buck. "It's here,
Gyp! Hell's follered us! It's eatin' toward the pine, gel; it's comin' our way.

Half stumbling, fighting them off, he gained the doorway, with wild cries. He moved with longer strides; his gestures lost some of the shake of palsy.

"You are not alone, Buek." Hubbard stepped close as he spoke and grasped tho old man's arm

old man's arm.

The unsteady white head turned slowly so Buck might look into the younger man's face. His gaze held there, as if striving to make his mind register the look of assurance he saw.

"I'm here, Buck," he repeated. "I've come to help you fight this fire. Do you hear me? You beat off the thieves. We, you and I and Gyp, can beat off this fire. Do you hear me? Do you understand?"

Buck stood staring blankly at Hubbard. then a look of great joy swept into his face. He lifted his arms high and laughed feebly.

"To help me!" he said.
"You're going to try to stop this fire?" said Gyp incredulously.

"If it's the last thing I do, I'll stop it—for Buck," he answered. "You go to my camp and bring the shovel and mattock; both pails,

and bring the shovel and mattock; both pails, too. Then follow us. We won't go far."

Then to Buek: "Hurry now! Show me where your line is. We'll stop it there. We'll start at your line," Hubbard explained, speaking slowly, striving to impress the other with his intent. "We'll back-fire and beat it, Buck. At your line."

"At my line," the other repeated.

MERE minutes later they topped a ridge that angled back from the river, its erest parallel to the advancing front of fire. Hubbard halted

"This is your line," he said, facing the other, grasping his wrist and looking closely into his

Coughing from the smoke, eyes smarting to half blindness, panting as he labored desperately, as desperately as if their very lives depended on this actual battle for a mock purpose, Hubbard began the building of his

He started at that point where the ridge pitched into the river. He cleared a strip four feet wide, raking leaves and grass and rotten bits of wood back toward the fire, detouring for stumps and logs and elumps of brush, planning as he went. From that trace he would start his back-fire, the only hope of halting that other which was bearing upon him.

His Summer's activity stood him well that day. He had need of hard palms, strong back, responsive heart and lungs, for the demands of his task were heavy. He realized this as the smoke became more dense, as the wind increased, as the heat choked him.

He wondered, for a time, if his capacities were equal to it, then put doubt aside and bent to the job determinedly, knowing that time was precious, knowing that he worked under an incalculable handicap, yet telling himself that he would not fail then—could not fail.

For Buck followed him elosely, moving his feet up and down without rest, rubbing his hands, muttering to himself and laughing!

His old eyes, red from the smoke, reflected joy.

Now and again his laughter rose shrilly and he would toss his long arms about in an ecstasy of relief. Aid had come to him. His fear of fire had gone. A dominant personality had shouldered the burden of saving the pine he believed stood in its path, and Buek Hamilton was no longer worried.

Gyp returned and joined Hubbard, struggling beside him with rake and shovel. They spoke no word.

Each was possessed with a sense of triumph; each knew that the other feared such triumph might be only momentary, for behind that smoke-screen, running through eured grass, licking up brush and stumps and sealing seattered tree-corpses, the fire was driving toward them, making, perhaps, eight miles an hour in that gale!

To let it pass might undo what those first frantic efforts, what that evidence of friendly aid, had done for Buck-given him his moment of happiness.

Buck was uear them continually, working himself into a state of frenzied, maniac delight.

Ouce he stopped short and lifted his face to suiff sharply. A portentous rigidity camo over him and the old fear threatened until

Gyp eried:
"We've got it lieked, Buck! We've got it lieked!"

He gave a startled "Huh?" stared hard at her and suddenly laughed again.

"Licked!" he cried, raising weak fists in defiance. "Licked! Then it can't have your timber, gel! Thieves—nor fire. You're rich,

Gyp—rieh!"

Then he doddered about them as they strove on with their erazy task. After a brief interval he again betrayed uneasiness and Hubbard, that time, barked the assurance which gave the old man comfort. Now and theu, at the beginning, the sun showed through the scudding smoke like a silver plate, but later the murk grew so thick that they could not see a hundred yards through it, let alone an object sky high.
"It's getting hotter!" Gyp muttered, lifting

her face to the wind and pausing a moment.
"It's not far away," Hubbard replied breatlilessly.

THEY ran their trace on up the ridge, two hundred yards from the river. Then

That'll save the cabin anyhow," Hubbard Gyp could not speak. The moisture in her

eyes was not wholly from the smoke.
"Oh, he's happy. He's happy!" she cried

hoarsely a moment later.

Buck stumbled about them, breathing loudly in his excitement. Once he fell and could not rise alone. Gyp helped him, and as she steadied him on his feet she felt new eoncern. With relief from fear his peculiar strength had gone.

They shoveled up heaps of sand. They soaked the blankets and then started the backfire from the edge of the trace.

Carefully they lighted the grass, burning only small areas at a time and beating back the flames with wet blankets.

"IT'S here," Gyp said suddenly, and coughed. "Feel the heat?"

He held his hand before his face to ward off

the blast that was borne upon them.
"Let her come," he muttered. "Cut for the river now!"

They went, dragging the protesting Buck between them. He did not want to go. He fought them with impotent movements of arms and limbs, laughing brokenly as he

"See!" he eried again and again. "Stay in your pine, gel! See! See! It sha'n't get your timber."

Hubbard stood alone, throat and eyes raw, indifferent to his success now that the reaction from his sustained effort had set in. Beyond the point he had saved by their work the monster rolled along, eating up all growth in its path. In its path was his camp. That would go, surely. He turned and saw Gyp propping old Buck against a tree at the water's edge while she splashed water over him.

"The rest of the world—doesn't mat-

ter," Hubbard said, and went wearily down to throw himself into the stream and lie there, letting the fresh waters take the ache from his head, the torment from his eyes.

"OF COURSE he's dyin'," said Gyp, lato that day. "I've seen lots of things die. I

Then, after a moment:

"And he's dyin' happy. Don't you see his smile? He ain't smiled so since I can remember. He ain't afraid of nothin' now. You offered him money, and he ain't talked of thieves since.

"You stopped the fire that was going to burn up the pine that was only in his head, and he's going to die happy."

She was right. Buck's breathing stilled gradually, but as the life went out from his

body the placid smile grew in his eyes. He moved his head weakly from side to side,

as if to express his relief. The girl put her eheek against his. 'Yes, Buck, it's all right," she whispered.

Hubbard walked outdoors and stood there a long time, watching the flickers of fire, smelling the acrid smoke, listening to the oncoming rain. He did not hear Gyp when she eame to him.

"It's through," she said simply, and drew a deep breath.

"I am very glad, Gyp," he answered.
"Now it's you I have to think about. I owed you both a debt. I tried to pay Buck in money, but he couldn't be made happy by money. I tried to make him happy byby serving him, and it worked.

"But you— For all these years you've lived here, for all that you might have had— You see, I owe you so much!'

She stood close before him, hands at her side and her face, a bit pale now, looked up into his with a tender, simple sweetness.

"You don't owe me," she answered. "Why"— lifting her hands—"I owe you! You know, before you eame here I didn't have anything but Buck-and the barrens. But now, why, since you come, I've got something here, a feeling here in my ehest that—I don't know what it is, but it's something more than anybody eould want for. Do you know what I mean? Do you?"

HE TOOK her in his arms then. "Did you ever see into the dictionary and

find a word, a little, short word spelled l-o-v-e, Gyp?" he asked. Sho shook her head.

"Not in the dictionary," she whispered. "I didn't need to look it up. But is this Is it? Can love be so—so good as

"I am quite sure it can, Gyp," he answered,

and kissed her unkissed lips.



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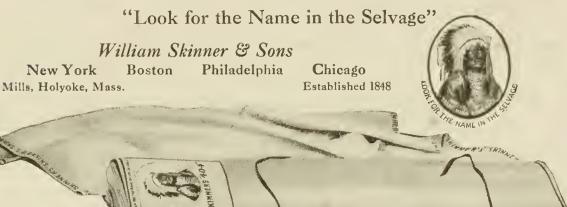
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THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

They went back to the sitting-room, and Miss Brinkerhoff, examining the photographs on the mantel, suddenly exclaimed:

"Ah, here is a picture of yourself, Miss

Rosalie glaneed back from the kitchen-door, where she had gone to ask Molly a question.
"That? Oh no! That is an old picture of my sister."

T WAS not until this moment that Rebecca Brinkerhoff really felt herself becoming seized by this "case." From the instant she stood with that photograph in her hand, so remarkably, uncannily like the girl she knew as Rosalie Byrnes, she began to feel a theory coming vaguely out of the fog, as a negative develops in the photographer's bath, bit by bit, at first slowly and then more rapidly.

But what hastened this development was the finding of a torn envelope under the blotter of the desk that stood in a eorner of the

She had asked Rosalie to go through the papers that littered the desk in search of a elue, but in reality to give herself time to think, and Rosalie had found nothing that seemed of importance.

It was not until Rosalie's sleeve caught in the corner of the blotter and moved it a few inches to one side that they found anything of interest to Rebecca.

It was an envelope, addressed but unstamped. It had been torn into four pieces and then thrust under the blotter as if the writer had not cared to throw it into the waste-

"It's Leontine's writing," said Rosalie. And Rebeeca read: "Mr. Hugo Stone,

7750 Equitable Building, City.

The instant she had read it, that name began to race through Miss Brinkerhoff's trained mind seeking its proper pigeonhole. And suddenly it found it, and-click!-Rebecca seemed to hear Gerald Cromwell's mother saying:

— my daughter's fianeé, Mr. Hugo

Rosalie lifted puzzled eyes to Miss Brinker-

"He is no one I know," she sighed. "You are quite sure you never heard his

Rosalie shook her head.
"I don't recall it, if I have ever heard it.
Perhaps Molly knows who he is?"
But Molly declared she had never heard the

name before.
"I think," Rebecca said aloud, "there is

nothing more we can do here. And I have

She took Rosalie's hand and looked into her unhappy eyes.

"My dear, what if some one has mistaken your sister for you, and has written things that are not true to your husband? Don't you think this is possible?"

Rosalie looked startled. "I have been taken for Tina before."

"Exactly! Don't you think, in the circumstance, you might send a cable to Lieutenant Cromwell asking him to reserve judgment until he hears from you, telling him there is a mistake somewhere?'

For a moment the most beautiful glow of hope transfigured Rosalie's face; then it

"But there isn't a mistake! My sister is my sister, and nothing can change that. And supposing that some one has mistaken her for me and written to Gerald things that are not true of me-

She stood thinking intensely. Miss Brinkerhoff saw her sensitive face lose its softness and grow stern. Her blue eyes became like the eyes of an affronted goddess; her straightlined little nostrils distended.

"Miss Brinkerhoff, whatever was written to him he believed. *He believed!* Without giving me a chance to be heard he sent me that eruel letter. That is what is breaking my heart.

"But, my dear! We don't know what was written to him!"

Rosalie shook her head dumbly. The tears welled in her eyes. With a choking sob she threw herself into a chair and buried her quivering face in her arms.

"He didn't love me enough to have faith.

I can't—I ean't write to him. Miss Brinkerhoff knew there was no use trying to bend the tragic obstinacy of youth. And besides she was impatient to be off on a

She touched Rosalie's head with her friendly hand, assured her that she would telephone her as soon as she had further news of Gerald, and then she hastened away.

WHEN, an hour later, she came out of the Equitable Building she had the first of these questions answered for her. Mr. Hugo Stone had been, as she knew he would be the instant she saw him, too much for her.

He had admitted Gerald's marriage when he saw that she had the facts, admitted it offhandedly, as if it did not coneern him greatly, and admitted also that he knew Gerald's wife slightly.

"Can you give me Mrs. Gerald Cromwell's address?" Rebecea asked.

"I can, but really I don't see how it coneerns you," he replied eoldly.

But then, as if afraid he was stressing his unwillingness too much, he added:

"I believe it is somewhere in the West Forties.' Rebecca made as if to search her note-book.

Then she read off Rosalie's address. "That is the number, isn't it?"

With a faintly startled expression in his pale, prominent eyes, he said, 'Yes!" and rose to terminate the interview.

Rebecca felt distinctly puzzled. She did not for an instant question Rosalie's statement that she had never heard of Hugo Stone, but on the other hand here was the man admitting that he knew her and giving her correct

SHE walked for a dozen blocks so deep in thought that she did not know whether she was going up or down town. Then suddenly she plunged into a drug-store and made for a telephone booth.

The person she finally got on the wire was

Miss Mary Waterman. What she said was: "I say, Miss Waterman, dare you brace right up to a commanding officer and tell him

Miss Waterman eould be heard to laugh

"I've done it in my time!"

"Well, then, I wish you would send a cable to-night to Lieutenant Cromwell's commanding officer recommending that he be invalided home at once.'

"My word! On what grounds?"

"Domestic necessity. Miss Waterman, that boy ought to come home."

"But what you ask is outside my province; it isn't done, you know!'

Rebecca Brinkerhoff snorted inelegantly.
"Look here, Miss Mary Waterman, let's you and I forget just for this evening that we're officials. Let's take a chance and be

THE sudden twilight of an early December day was drawing down when Rosalio Byrnes came out of the studio entrance to Carnegie Hall and turned west.

With her music-case under her arm she stood on the curb drearily trying to decide whether she would cross over to her sister's apartment and make her usual inquiry there. Nearly every day for three weeks she had done this, and the answer was always the same: Miss Maddern hadn't "showed up" yet.

"I ought to see the police," she thought. But every instinct in her shrank from this eourse. It meant the horrible publicity she so hated, for one thing; but her hesitation was really due to the strange premonition she had that Leontine would return, and that only then would she be released from the lethargy of despair that had settled upon her since the day she and Rebeeca Brinkerhoff had gone

to her sister's apartment. It seemed to Rosalie that she was merely marking time, waiting for some veiled, dreaded event to take place.

To-night as she walked slowly home from her rehearsal she was considering one last possible source of information—Vasco Lemar. She had thought of him before, but the idea of voluntarily bringing herself into touch with him was so distasteful to her that she had hesitated until now. She was queerly afraid of him.

But to-night as she walked past a Broadway hotel she was thinking of this man who for long had been so infatuated with her sister. And suddenly she went in, looked up Lemar's club in the book, and gave the number to the operator.

It was with a sensation of tremendous relief that she heard a voice saying that Mr. Lemar was out of town; it was not known when he would be back.

Wearily she came out of the hotel into the lights and the jostling crowds of Broadway. Suddenly she knew that she wanted to be at home; something pulled her home, and she faced about abruptly.

THE instant she opened the door of the house her eyes went to her mail-box hungrily, eagerly. Nothing!

She climbed the long, dark stairs slowly. During the past weeks she had formed the habit of looking first, as she opened her door, at the floor. If a telegram or cable should come for her, it would be pushed under her door.

But, as usual, there was nothing. She went into her bedroom, took off her furs, her hat and coat, still very slowly. Then she went to the piano and began to play softly through one of the songs she had been rehearsing that afternoon.

IT WAS while she sat there that she became aware of a sound that sent a chill to her heart. She raised her head to listen.

Some one was trying the door of her sittingroom, some one who had come up the stairs noiselessly. She saw the knob turn and she heard the slight scrape of a hand over the outside of the door.

Then there eame a light, hurried tapping at the door; it creaked as if under the weight

of a shoulder pressed against it.
"Who is it?" she called in a voice sharp with

"Let me in, quiek! It's Tina-let me in!" "Ah, now it has come!" something within Rosalie whispered.

SHE flung the door open. The figure that staggered into the room was her sister, but not the sister she had always known. This girl was white to the lips; no rouge, no powder. Her hair was disheveled under the smart

hat with its bird of paradise. Her street suit was wrinkled, a smear across the knees

She wore no furs nor gloves, and her lips were blue as if she were half frozen.

BUT what was most remarkable in her appearance was her eyes. They were wild with an abject, panic terror.

As she stepped into the room they fled about it, from eorner to corner.
"Are you alone?" she whispered raspingly.

Rosalie eould only nod. Automatically she shot the bolt on the door.

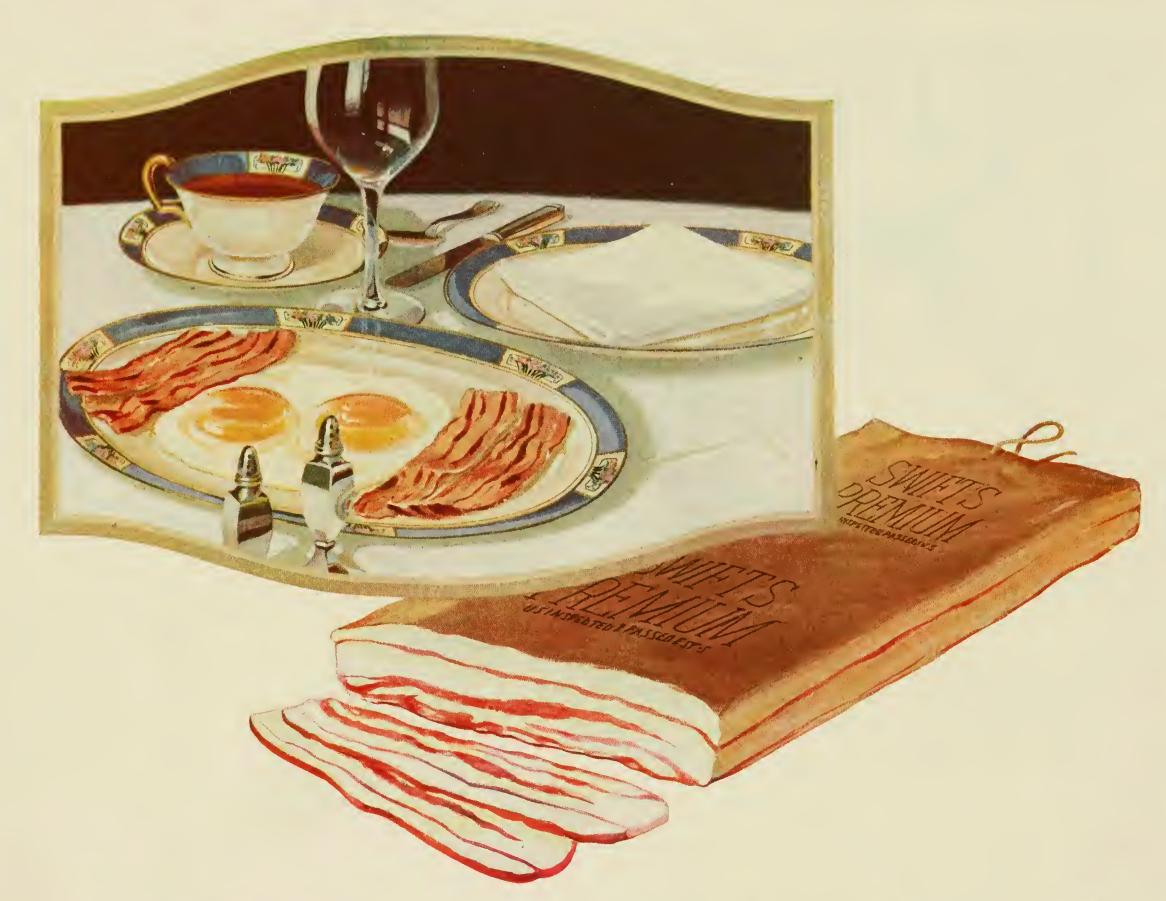
Leontine walked to the marble-topped table, eaught at it as she swayed there, reeled away from it toward the sofa aeross the room, walking with a hand out in front of her.

The pupils of her eyes had scareely contracted as she came into the lamplight. They stared wildly as she dropped on to the sofa.

Suddenly she bent forward with a spasm of her facial muscles that was like a ghastly grin. Then she began to laugh, a frightful nervous giggle, and in between her laughter she uttered four ehoking words:

"I've killed Vasco Lemar."

To be continued



How experts fry bacon

The flavor of fine bacon can be brought to perfection by the right method of cooking



To fry bacon to perfection—cook it slowly, turn it constantly and pour off the drippings as quickly as they form

and only one right way! A way to have bacon cooked to the exact degree of crispness that you want, without losing a bit of its delicate flavor!

The experts who know how to se-

There is a right way to fry bacon—

The experts who know how to select the finest strips of meat for Swift's Premium Bacon, who have a scientific knowledge of how bacon should be cured and smoked—also know just the way this finer bacon should be fried.

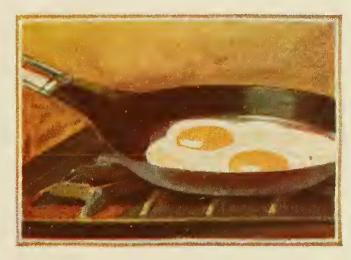
Have the frying pan just hot enough to start the bacon cooking the moment it is put in. Turn the slices immediately.

Then reduce the heat under the pan so that the bacon will cook slowly. Keep turning the slices constantly, draining the drippings from the pan as quickly as they are formed.

When the slices have reached just the degree of crispness you like best, take them out and serve immediately.

By this method all the natural deliciousness of the lean and the fat is retained—all the delicate flavor so carefully guarded in the skillful Swift's Premium curing and smoking is enhanced.

Whether you serve Swift's Premium Bacon for a "bacon-and-eggs" breakfast, or whether you use it as seasoning for vegetables, or garnish for salads and meats, you'll find that right cooking brings to bacon a flavor you never dreamed it could have.



When you want a breakfast that is the very acme of goodness, cook eggs slowly in drippings from Swift's Premium Bacon, sprinkle them with salt, pepper and paprika, and serve with the bacon slices

Swift & Company, U.S.A.

Swift's Premium Bacon

Get Swift's Premium Bacon in the form you like best—in the whole strip, shown above, or in slices put up in the sealed glass jar or in the parchment-wrapped box



THE CALL OF THE TAME

paid a lot more promptly than Uncle Sam paid. And by and by they stopped arguing with her about it because, you see, they'd been mustered out of service and their uniforms were getting shabby and they were trying to save up for "cits." They used to talk a lot to May Bronson about what they were going to do and what kind of jobs they were going to get.

Most of them were going to get something a whole lot better than what they'd been doing before the war. That is, they said they were. They hoped they were. But presently they were hanging around where the old job had been and finding out that somebody else had the old job and that twenty others were waiting for it and begging for it.

IT WASN'T May Bronson's fault that her soldier-boys eouldn't find jobs. It wasn't any of her affair. You remember that she had her eousin Fred's job, and he was still with the Marines and wouldn't be home for two years

May thought that it was a rotten shame that her employers didn't give their old jobs back to boys who asked for them; but she would have thought it was a rottener shame if they had discharged the girls who had those jobs; and, anyway, most of the time she was too excited and too busy to think about anything. The thing simply didn't concern her.

It didn't eoncern her until the day when a thousand or more men in shabby khaki marehed down the broad road past the factory in an April wind, a thousand men bearing erude banners inseribed:

WE WANT WORK! WE WANT FOOD! 35,000 MEN IN THIS TOWN ARE OUT OF WORK

THERE was one banner bigger than the rest that made the girls laugh as they leaned out of the factory windows at the lunch hour. It said:

WHAT ARE YOU GIRLS GOING TO DO ABOUT US?

That didn't bother May Bronson at all. She thought it was "a scream," and worked as buoyantly and briskly as ever all that afternoon.

A great many of the paraders were lounging

around the factory door when the workers came out at twilight. That didn't bother May either. She walked home as gaily as ever. She was simply not concerned with other people's troubles.

That is, she was not eoneerned until seven forty-five the next morning when she met Jack Tracy just outside the factory gates. She stopped and grinned at him. Jack was one of the "beaus," and she kidded him for marehing in "that gang yesterday.

And he kidded back. He was a pretty game boy. He was a hero. A veteran from the battle of the Marne. A veteran at twenty-

And he was discovering that it takes more heroism to stay at the jobless bottom than it does to go over the spectacular top. He had heroism enough to grin back at May Bronson.

But he couldn't quite keep the quiver out of his voice. And he was very tired and rather hungry as he stood in that raw April wind and tried to joke with May Bronson.

TOLD you about May Bronson's grandfather and her father, about what wonderful mechanies they'd been, and what a wonderful heritage their skill and strength had been for May Bronson. I didn't tell you about May Bronson's mother and her grandmothers, because until that raw April morning what they'd been hadn't mattered much to May Bronson.

They hadn't been mechanics. They'd been just mothers—the very best mothers they knew how to be; just simple, loving, life-giving, hard-working mothers!

Men like to think that women can't reason. Maybe they ean't. Surely May Bronson didn't have time to reason in that brief moment when she decisively eeased to be a meehanic and became just a woman, a woman with a wonderful gift.

I T ISN'T so much what you give in this world as how you give it. Charity is a lovely thing for the giver, but it's apt to be rather humiliating for the recipient. You have to be rather eareful about how you give.

May Bronson didn't seem to be, as she gave away the dearest thing she had in all this world; indeed it was her whole world—that

precious job!

"Here's where I eall your little old bluff!"she fairly jibed at him. "If you're so hipped with this work idea—why, go to it! If Sim thinks you know enough to hold down Fred's job-I'm kind of siek of work myself—I guess I'll let George do it!' "

It was rather foolish when you think it over. One subtracted from thirty-five thousand leaves thirty-four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine. Industrially she hadn't helped things at all.

HER mother fretted at her and she fretted at her mother. Her father said she was a darned fool, but there was a rough tenderness in his voice when he said it and he tried to "slip her something.

But she didn't want anything that her fa-

ther's money could buy.

She tried to get a job in a candy factory, and she discovered the "five-and-ten" had more clerks than they needed. It didn't remotely oceur to May Bronson to apply for any of the jobs listed under those endless columns headed GENERAL HOUSEWORKERS WANTED

She would have loathed doing any other woman's housework; she wasn't at all interested in her own mother's.

SO SHE just sat around in a perpetual state of grouch. There was only one human being to whom she behaved decently during the irritating days that followed. She didn't want to be decent to him.

But he lived in the flat down-stairs, and he was a born philanderer, and he was blond and eurly-haired and not quite three years old. He pursued her with his attentions. His one ambition in life was to inveigle her to the eor-

He knew if he got her that far she would buy two lollypops, and that if he could get his hands on both of them she would eventually capture one of them and that after a gratifying interval of kisses and giggles they would both sit on the steps until the last delectable licking of the sticks. Her mother used to call out of the window that she would spoil her supper.

SOMETHING certainly spoiled her supper. Something had spoiled everything that was worth while.

The ungrateful boy to whom she had surrendered her dearest treasure had not bothered to come near her. She waited for him for weeks and weeks. So many weeks that when he finally did get around to coming she had given up expecting him.

It was the hottest day of Summer, and she hadn't bothered to do her hair since morning. She was wearing one of the wild-looking kimonos that she had once presented to her mother, a last-year's one, whose only virtue was that it was eool.

She was holding the curly-haired neighbor, and he was peacefully licking the last of the eream from a battered ice-cream eone. And she was indulging in the only comfort left to her, the rather vague comfort of the "kinda dreamy" feeling it gave her to sit still and rest her ehin upon his eurly head.

Suddenly she looked up and saw Jack Traey. A sort of primeval rage at him possessed her. 'If you're looking for another job," she flung out impudently, "you can have this one-

HE DIDN'T answer her. He just sat down beside her awkwardly.

just stopped by to see if you didn't want to ride across the lake this evening-'Aren't you in an awful rush to sec me!" she jeered at him.

The boy didn't look at her.

"Well, the old man wasn't working and my mother was pretty siek, and there were a lot of things in hock and—I just got squared up this evening. I figured I had to be squared up before—I came around to see you-

She said a perfectly irrelevant thing. She twisted her fingers in the baby's curls as she

"Ain't he eute?"

"I don't think towheads are half so cute as the little black-haired shavers.

His eyes rested on May Bronson's rough eurls. And neither of them found anything more to say until he managed to promise to be back about seven.

I DON'T suppose they put James Russell Lowell in school-readers any more. He's a rather old-fashioned poet. So probably May Bronson had never heard:

"He sings to the wide world, she sings to her

In the nice ear of Nature which song is the

She knew only that she heard him whistling

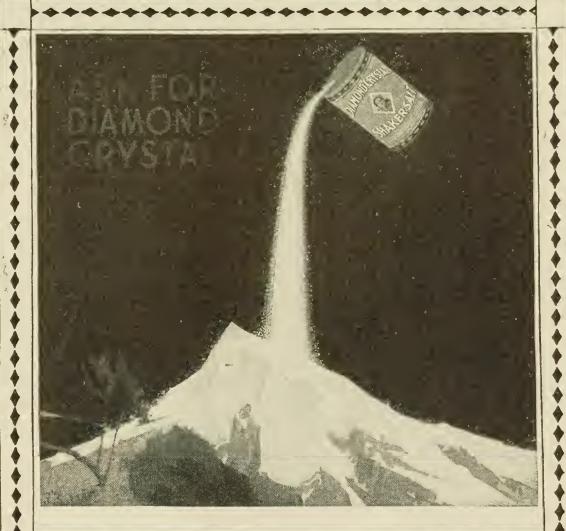
as he departed; she knew only that she wanted to hum softly as she pressed her pink organdy.
And it was June! Vibrating, pulsating June with a broad expanse of shimmering, moonlit lake waiting for May Bronson.

SHE was again nationally important—to you and to me and to everybody in America! Because she is the answer to all the formidable hypothetical questions that labor leaders and sociologists and politicians are asking.

Not all of the girls who worked in our factories during war times are May Bronsons. But most of them are—God bless them!

And down in their hearts, under the splendidly awful thrill of war, something was always whispering softly—the blessed Call of the Tame!

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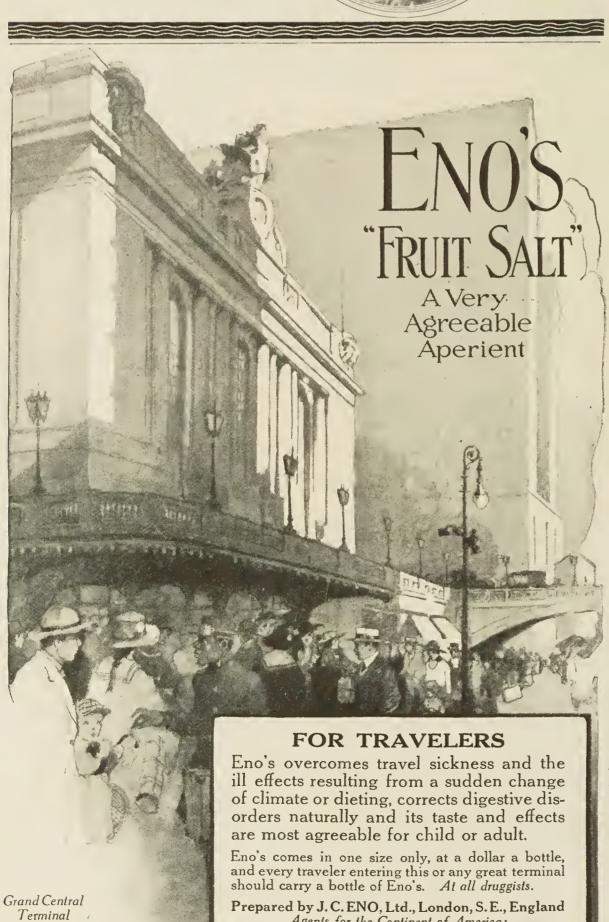
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Brush your teeth and gums with Forhan's





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HAPPY KATE

love-affair all that evening. It got into my brain and made me forget half my chores. I remembered all the gossip I had heard about it, and I thought of the times I had seen Will Hammond and Effie Hardy walking out on the Bonnieton Road when Will was building the big dam on Whipperton Creek.

He was the engineer in charge of the construction, and he boarded with Mrs. Blebb at the Whipperton Inn, and as the inn was just opposite the house in which Miss Effie Hardy lived with her aunt, Mrs. Franklin, it didn't surprise any one when Will was attracted to her by her good looks, and he and Effie became

When I'd be fishing with a pin-hook in Whipperton Creek on Summer evenings they'd stop and ask me if I had caught anything big, just as if they really expected me to catch

something big, and that pleases a boy a lot.
"Never mind, Tommy," Will Hammond would say; "when we get the dam finished there'll be plenty of fish in it, and you and I will go out fishing every day in Olaf Strane's

 B^{UT} Will Hammond didn't finish the dam. One evening, at a dance at Mrs. Webster's, Will and Effio had a dreadful misunderstanding over something that Effie heard about his life before he came to Whipperton to build the dam. I heard little scraps of the affair when women talked about it with my mother, and I was the last person to see Will on the morning before he left Whipperton.

I was up early that morning, because I had to go over to the Wilkinson place to take Miss Ann Wilkinson some fresh eggs, and I saw Will Hammond throwing pebbles at Miss Effio Hardy's windows. I stood and watched him, thinking it great fun for Will to wake Miss Effie before six o'clock, and while I watched him she threw up the window and looked out.

I heard 'most everything she said, and I felt sick as I listened. She told Will Hammond not to ever dare to throw pebbles at her window. She told him that she never wanted to see him again, and that all the explanations he could offer didn't matter one bit.

And then she slammed down tho sash and left Will standing in the middle of the road.

HE SAW me then, and he tried to laugh, but he couldn't.

"Hello, Tommy," he said, coming toward me. "Good old Tommy! When we finish the dam we'll go fishing, you and I and-

He tried to say more, but he couldn't. He just choked so that he could hardly speak; then he pulled his hand out of his pocket and put something into my palm.

"Buy yourself some candy, Tommy," ho ried. "Good boy, Tommy! Good-by."

He rushed off down the Bonnieton Road,

and I stood staring after him till he turned Mebbo's Corner. Then I looked at what Will Hammond had put into my hand and I knew how awful upset he must have been. He had given me one of the little white pieces of flint that he had been tossing at Miss Effic's window!

AFTER Will Hammond left Whipperton some one came and told Miss Effie Hardy that there had been a terrible mistake about that story concerning Mr. Hammond, and Miss Effic sent telegrams everywhere trying to find Will. But no one knew where he had gone.

He left no address with his friends, and the contractor who was building the dam knew nothing. Will had gone in such a temper that he hadn't drawn his wages for the month, and I heard Mr. Whitely say that they paid him a bigger salary than any engineer in the State.

And then, when Will Hammond couldn't be found, Miss Effie Hardy started to watch the roads. From the gate of the Franklin house you could see the Bonnieton Road and the road leading to Pretty Ponds, and 'most any time of the day you looked out you could see her at the gate, her eyes upon the brown roads.

SHE was there at the gate on the morning after Happy Kate read me the verses she had written about the Whipperton roads, and when I came along she beckoned to me.

"Good morning, Tommy!" she said, smiling. "Good morning, Miss Effie," I said. "It's an awful nice morning, isn't it?"

She didn't speak for a moment, standing there in the sunshine looking as pretty as the stained-glass angel in Parson Beezley's church; then she put a hand on my shoulder and drew me toward her.

"Tommy," she whispered, "wasn't that a nice piece of poetry that Happy Kate wrote about the roads?"

"It was a beautiful piece," I answered. "They are nice roads, aren't they, Tommy?" she murmured.

"They're the best roads in the country," I

"And—and they're kind roads?" she said, speaking so low I could hardly hear her. "They're kind roads—that would bring—bring happiness to people?"

I wanted to cry then. I sure did. "Of course, Miss Effie," I stammered. "Of course they want to bring happiness to people.

They're kind roads just as Happy Kate said.' She looked away over the Pretty Ponds Road, and I knew just then that I would have given my jack-knife and the two white rabbits and the green snake if I could have brought Will Hammond over the hill by Parson's farm. My eyes got all blurred up, so I hurried away, leaving her standing at the gate.

Happy Kate and I became greater friends than ever after that. Whenever she came to Whipperton she'd come round to our place, and sometimes I'd meet her on the roads and walk along with her. And 'most every time I met her shc'd tell me she was still certain that Will Hammond would come back to Whip-

MISS EFFIE was very friendly with me in the days that followed. She spoke to me often, and once she walked back with me from the top of the hill where I used to sit and watch

the wind pushing down the reed-beds on tho

Fclix Meadows.

We didn't mention Will Hammond's name, but she seemed to know that I wanted him to come back, and that I would give 'most every thing I owned to see him come down the hill into Rockaway Valley.

It came Winter, and two things happened in Whipperton during the days when the snow was deepest. Mrs. Franklin, aunt of Miss Effie Hardy, died, and it was found that the income with which she kept up the Franklin home stopped with her death

That left Miss Effie Hardy almost penniless, and just when people were wondering what she would do, something else happened. Captain Garvey's pointer dog, Jack, went and lost himself 'way up on Cottel's Hill.

Jack was the oldest dog in Whipperton, and every one in town was a bit upset when the news went around that he was lost. He knew everybody in the place, and although Captain Garvey offered fifty dollars reward to any one who would bring Jack home, it wasn't the reward that made a lot of people, like Bill Marley, the livery men. Lucky Larry Hannaby, Mr. Hyde, and young Tom Streetman, go out hunting for him in the snow.

Jack was a likable, well-conducted dog, and they hated to think of him lying hurt on Cottel's Hill and howling for some of the Whipperton folk to bring him in out of the cold. All the town liked Jack, and Jack never got conceited or acted as if he thought he should be liked. He'd just as soon play round Bill Marley's stable as Captain Garvey's lawn, and every one liked him for his democratic ideas.

The search went on for three days, with heavy snow falling most of the time; then the searchers gave up. They guessed that Jack was buried somewhere under the snow and that it would be useless to hunt any more. Old Captain Garvey cried, and so did Bill Marley and Mr. Hyde.

T WAS seven days after Jack disappeared when Whipperton got a surprise. A regular snorting surprise.

It was about ten on a Monday morning when some one spied Happy Kate coming through the snow that was 'most up to her knees. A little crowd of men that were round the grocery-store came out on the veranda and watched her, wondering if she had como over from Bonnieton; and, as she came close, one of them saw she was carrying something in

"Quite a bundle too." said Mr. Hyde.
"Looks like a baby," said Larry Hannaby.

"Pretty weighty by the way she's staggering."
Curiosity made them walk down the street to meet her, and when she staggered into Main Street they found out what she was carrying. In her arms, half-frozen, starved, and looking awful miserable, was Captain Garvey's dog Jack.

Happy Kate was in one of her real crazy moods. She wouldn't answer any questions that the crowd put to her. She just walked on up Main Street, holding the whimpering Jack tight to her breast and singing.

I ran along with a score of other boys and listened to her. She sang:

'Mister Rat has come to town To buy his wife a brand-new gown."

Old Jack seemed to like her singing. He was dreadful hungry and cold and wet, but he was whimpering like as if he was very happy.

Happy Kate marched right into the best parantain Garvey's house down in front of a big fire, and Jack licked her hands to show her that he was right pleased at her for dragging him from a hole 'way back at Cottel's Hill and carrying him four miles to where there was a fire and something good

He was very thankful to Happy Kate. He kept on licking her hands when Captain Garvey's cook brought him little bits of chopped steak, that were nice enough to make any ordinary dog forget who had carried him home. But Jack wasn't an ordinary dog.

CAPTAIN GARVEY paid Happy Kate the reward of fifty dollars, and she went away still singing about Mister Rat. It looked as if the cold had made her forget 'most everything. I spoke to her on the street and she hardly

"Who is it?" she said. "It's some one I know, but I can't just remember.

"I'm Tommy Fisher, the Widow Fisher's boy," I said.

"Oh, ycs!" cried Happy Kate, laughing in her funny way and patting the top of my head. "Little Tommy Fisher! Little Tommy Fisher who likes the roads.

"Oh, I'm so glad you spoke to me, Tommy! So very glad! Just for a moment, Tommyjust for a moment, Tommy, I forgot everything! Everything I kncw! Now I remember because—because I met you."
"I'm glad," I said. "Real glad I spoke to

"Of course you are!" cried Happy Kate.

"You're a good boy, Tommy." She leaned down and looked into my faco with her strange, blue eyes; then in a whisper she said:

"He'll come back, Tommy! I know! The roads are kind and the dear Lord is merciful!" She turned her back on me for a moment, then swung round quickly and handed me a little parcel wrapped in a torn piece of cloth.

"Tommy," she whispered, putting the package into my hand, "you go down and give Miss Effie this, and don't tell her who sent it. Say

it was a stranger. "And, Tommy, tell her—tell her the roads are kind. Don't forget to tell her that.

"I won't forget," I said, and I turned down toward the Franklin home while Happy Kate went off up the Pretty Ponds Road, singing that song about "Mister Rat." I never saw

her act so queer as on that day. I gave Miss Effie Hardy the package and stood there while she unwrapped it. She asked

Concluded on page 71

HAPPY KATE

me to wait, because she wanted to question me more about who sent it

And when she unrolled that strip of cloth she gave a little cry of wonder. In it were the bills that Captain Garvey had given to Happy Kate for finding Jack!

Miss Effic looked at me with tears in her big eyes; then she said quietly, "Who gave you this, Tommy?"

And I couldn't lie, so I said, "Happy Kate gave it to me, Miss Effie, and I bet from the way she acted that she'd be awful pleased if

HAPPY KATE didn't come back to Whipperton for three weeks; then she came in one afternoon, escorted by Captain Garvey's dog Jack. Jack was awful pleased.

He must have had a notion that she was coming in from Pretty Ponds, because he went out a full mile from town and met her, and he was jumping and barking round her when I saw her up at old Mrs. Scholey's, and she was telling Jack about the rat that bought his wife a new gown as they came down the street.

Happy Kate slept in the little room outside our kitchen that night, and Jack stayed on the back veranda so that he could be close to her. I never saw a dog act the way he did.

He was plumb crazy with delight at meeting her again, and he tried in every way he could to show her that he was grateful to her for carrying him in from Cottel's Hill when he was starving to dcath.

"He likes the roads, Tommy," said Happy Kate, patting Jack's head. "If I hadn't come along the road when he was lost he wouldn't be here. Stand up, Jack, and show Tommy how you barked."

And Jack stood up and barked as if he knew

what Happy Kate was saying. He was the wisest dog in the country.

He didn't know that Captain Garvey had paid Happy Kate fifty dollars for finding him, so he tried to even up the debt by acting as her secont while the was in Whitneston. escort while she was in Whipperton.

HAPPY KATE stayed a lot in Whipperton during that Spring and Summer. And she watched Miss Effle Hardy mighty close during those months. Often and often I'd meet her and Jack up near the Franklin home, and she'd always talk about the roads being

good and kind.
"And Jack thinks so," Happy Kate would say. "Don't you, Jack?"

And Jack would bark and leap up and down as if he knew what she was talking about. I think he understood Happy Kate better than anybody else.

I know he knew the song about "Mister Rat," knew it as the song that Happy Kate had crooned to him on the morning she carried him down from Cottel's Hill.

Miss Effie Hardy got very solemn during that Summer and Autunn. She sort of got tired of watching the roads.

And her face was awful peaked and white. It seemed as if all her belief was slipping away in spite of everything.

And then one night in late Fall a strange thing happened. I was in bed, it being nearly midnight, and Happy Kate tapped at my window and asked me to dress and come out to her

It didn't take me a jiffy to dress, and when I ran out into the yard I found her waiting with Captain Garvey's dog Jack.

"Tommy," she said, "I want you to come house, Tommy—some one you like very much." with me. Some one has gone away from their

I knew who she meant, so I asked no questions as I followed her. We went down Vine Street at a run and along Payne Lane to where it runs out to the thick underbrush on the banks of Whipperton Creek.

I was a little scared. It was dark, and I was only nine years of age, but Happy Kate and Jack secmed to know where they were going.

And Happy Kate kept repeating to herself the words: "I saw her go in this direction! I saw her go in this direction!" till it seemed to me that she was afraid she would forget the whole business if she left off chanting those

WE RUSHED into the thick underbrush till we reached the bank of the creek. was awful scared then. Jack started to bark, and then Happy Kate cried out, and there camc a little sob from somcwhere down close

I was so frightened I couldn't go down the slippery bank, but Happy Kate scrambled down, and while I stood shivering on the bank I heard her soothing and comforting some one down there in the dark by the deep water.

I waited there for about ten minutes, listening; then Happy Kate called out to me that overything was right and that I could go home.

"Thank you for coming, Tommy; I would have been frightened without you," she said as I turned back toward Payne's Lane; and then as I stumbled over the bushes the voice of Miss Effie Hardy came to me.

"And I'm grateful to you, Tommy," she said. "Thank you ever so much."

And I sneaked home and went to bcd, a bit

cold and a lot puzzled about things. Winter came down on Whipperton, and the snow covered up the roads, but Happy Kate didn't mind the snow. She went to and fro between Whipperton and Pretty Ponds and over to Bonnieton even when it was snowing

Her foolishness upset Captain Garvey's dog Jack. He thought Happy Kate was taking chances going out in weather like that, and whenever she was away from Whipperton he'd make little scouting expeditions up the roads, barking and whining as hc went, stopping now

and then to listen for her singing. Bill Marley found him once up by Split Pine Lookout on the Pretty Pond Road, Jack sitting there in the cold, whimpering and watching the road. Bill wanted to bring him back to Whipperton in his rig, but Jack wouldn't come. Not him!

He stayed there, and four hours afterward he came down Main Strect with Happy Kate, all pleased with himself for acting as her escort.

IT CAME Christmas week, and the roads were in a terrible state. No vehicle of any kind had come down the Pretty Ponds Road for ninc days, and old Mr. Hines, who lived out near Onc-Tree Hill, said you couldn't tell the roads from the meadows because the fcnccs were nearly covered.

Mr. Hyde's stove was going full speed and, the Iday before Christmas Eve, all the men around it were talking of the Winter being

the worst for twenty years. And just in the middle of the argument the door of the grocery opened and Happy Katc and Captain Garvey's dog Jack came into the store. The dog and Happy Kate were all wet, and there were flakes of snow hanging whereever they could find a spot to hang to, and that's 'most everywhere in weather like Whipperton had that Christmas week

Every one stopped talking and looked at Happy Kate and Jack. Jack started to bark and jump around as if he wanted Happy Kate to say something, and Happy Kate looked as if she had forgot what she had to say.

She stared at Jack, who was barking furiously; then suddenly she seemed to remember, and she screamed it out so loudly that Mrs. Hyde, who was in the rear of the grocery, came rushing into the store.

"There's a man in the snow near the Split Pine Lookout!" she shricked. "He fell from his horse and broke his leg!'

JACK went nearly crazy after she let out the yell. He seemed to understand that she had given the information, and he started to rush round the store to hurry the men who were standing up, looking at Happy Kate as if they, wanted more facts.

But Happy Katc had no more to tell. She began singing "Mister Rat," and seemed to be greatly astonished when Jack wouldn't stop to

Mr. Hyde, Lucky Larry Hannaby, Tom Peters and Joe Cowles started out for the Split Pine Lookout, while the others scattered to tell the news around the village.

All Whipperton knew of it inside ten minutes. Some people doubted it, thinking Happy Kate had just imagined that she saw a man in the snow, but when they found that Captain Garvey's dog Jack had gono off with the rescuers, they guessed that the story must

Happy Kate didn't show any interest in the escue. She crouched alongside the stove in Mr. Hyde's grocery, and when I went in to speak to her she just looked up and smiled and began to cliant the poem she had written about

> "I love you, roads of Whipperton— Brown, stragglesome and sweet.

IT WAS dark when Mr. Hyde and the three others returned. People went out with lanterns and met them half a mile from the village, and Parson Beezley did the questioning when he saw that they were carrying a man in a

"Is he dead?" asked Parson Beezley. "No, no!" cried Mr. Hyde. "He'll be all right in a day or so.

"Do you know him?" questioned Parson

"Know him?" screamed Mr. Hyde, speaking in a more excited voice than I had ever heard him use. "Of course I know him! It's Will Hammond!"

HE SHOUTED out the name so that the roadful of people heard him, and they checred and laughed and cried with joy. And laughing and crying and cheering they trailed behind the four men as they carried Will Hammond down the road to the Whipperton Inn, where Mrs. Blebb, sobbing like a baby, had a warm bed waiting for him.

He asked for Miss Effie Hardy when he became conscious. She sat with him all that night nursing him, and she refused to leave him till old Dr. Blake pronounced him out of danger. And all Whipperton wanted to cry because

they were so happy. Happy Kate just hung around the inn singing about the roads, and she would have frozen to death if Mrs. Blebb hadn't brought her in and told her she could stay at the inn till Mr. Will and Miss Effie were married. Happy Kate was awful pleased.

Old Captain Garvey, decided to give her Jack as her own dog, which was a big thing for Captain Garvey to do, and Jack and her sat in the kitchen of the inn and watched the fire roaring in the big fireplace. It was a very happy Christmas for everybody.

SPOKE to Will Hammond the day he got out of bed, and I was pleased when Miss Effie told me that he had asked for me. "Tommy," he said "what did I give you the

morning I went away?" "A piece of white flint," I said. "I have it

in a box at home.' "You have?" he cried. "Tommy, I thought I gave you a coin, and I didn't find out my mistake till I was miles away. Then I found the coin in my hand."

"I didn't hear of that," said Miss Effie, smil-

"I thought—I thought Mr. Hammond wouldn't like me to tell," I stammered. Will Hammond gripped my hand till he hurt; then he said:

"Tommy, old close-mouth, I want you to

throw that piece of flint at Miss Effie's window to wake her on next Thursday morning. Next Thursday, Tommy! Effie and I are going to be married on Thursday morning!

"And after we are married and settled down, you and I will go fishing in Whipperton Dam in Olaf Strane's boat; won't we, old boy!'

I heard the sound of Happy Kate's voice coming from the warm kitchen. She was singing her poem of the Whipperton roads, the sweet, kind roads of Whipperton that wander up and down.



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IN PAWN TO A THRONE

everything else receded and left in his mind one figure—that of a young girl whom he had met onee, whose name he did not know, and whom he called Pallas Athena.

ONE evening, standing after dinner on his balcony, he heard, with a distinctness which did not admit of dispute, the sound of volley firing. He shivered. This was the third night on which he had heard it, and on this cheerless night it sounded especially

If anything could have put Elihu out of the mood for visiting the Aeropolis, it would have been the reverberations of these Teuton guns; and yet, when all was still again, he slowly went into the house, slowly passed through it, and out again into the black night. It was as if something stronger than his reason were impelling him forth.

HE SET off for the Acropolis. The gate at its foot was open, and he walked quickly up the winding road. The higher he mounted, the nearer he seemed to come to that splendid past in which a small nation had dominated the world, not by force of arms, but by force of intellect and love for physical and mental

He came to the Temple of Niké, the Templo of Wingless Victory. High above him it gleamed white against the angry sky, perfectseeming in the night.

Elihu's eyes had been so intent on the in-comparable little temple, where he almost saw the white-robed priests in stately procession, that he did not at first notice the tall iron railing which barred his further progress. To think that there should be a railing to keep the world away from the inspiration of the past! It jarred on his mood of exaltation, but only for an instant.

The obstacle made the goal the more desirable. He rattled the gates and called for the guardian. There came no answer. He seemed alone with the past and with eter-

He set about climbing over the railing; and, somewhat ruffled in dress, but singularly soothed in spirit, stood shortly on the other side. It was his now—the whole of the

THE clouds between the moon and the earth liad become less dense, and Elihu stood gazing up at the Propylæa. In the uncertain light its huge eolumns seemed to move as if they were alive.

He mounted the steps to them and stood among them, and then there came to him a very real start. Something was moving, there was no doubt of that. Then from the deeper shadow of a pillar a slender form came forth, and a musical voice spoke.

On and on the voice went, in what Elihu knew to be Greek, because now and then ho could catch a word. The voice spoke slowly and impressively in recitation. The face he could not see, being entirely in the shadow, but the pleading tone and the outstretched hand seemed to want something from him.

The vibrant tones came to an end. The figure advanced a little closer to him, and the hand threw back the hood of the cloak, and Elihu stood face to face with the girl of the Anathema. "My Pallas Athena!" he cried.

"I am not Pallas Athena," she answered simply, "but I doubt whether she loved tho Greeks better than I do. I might have come down and opened the gates for your but I wanted to know whether you would go away or would surmount them."

"What was it you said to mc in Greek?"
"What does it matter since you did not

understand?' "Could you not tell it to me in English?"
"It would not be the same."

There was a mocking ring in her reply. "How curious that you should have forgotten

"I have not forgotten. I never knew."
"No? What did you say your first name was? I tried to remember, but I couldn't. It was so-so outlandish. Peabody, I do. It is very—Anglo-Saxon. Spell the first one to me."
"E-l-i-h-u."

"Elihu!" She gave the strong sound of the Greek to the h. "Is it perhaps borrowed from some of the wild Indians among whom you dwell now?'

"It is an Old-Testament name, the name of my father, and of my father's father. In faet there has been an Elihu Peabody ever since the family first came to America.

"And did they all look like you?"
"No. I am supposed to look like my mother."

"Ah! And why were you exiled?" "Exiled?" he repeated, wondering. "From

'From Olympus," she said, but she spoke in

"That isn't fair, when you know I do not understand.' "I am—I am—coaxing your memory."

SHE had this trick of saying puzzling things from time to time; but the eery night, the shifting clouds, the strange place made the

every-day values seem the fantastic ones. I have looked everywhere for you," Elihu said. "It is odd I never thought of looking

for you in your own temple."
"I am not here often," she answered somber-"But when I have suffered all I can suffer, when things become unbearable down there"she pointed to the sleeping white city below-"I come up here and stay with the past. Little by little I forget that Greece to-day is but a pawn in the game of the great powers.' For a while there was silence; then with

passionate eagerness she went on:
"A tragedy has taken place down there, monsieur, and the world does not even know it. Some time you must let me tell you the truth and you must help your people to understand mine, for we owe so much to America that sho must not misjudge us."

"In what way is Greece beholden to Amer-

ica?"
"If you wish to know how much your country has done for mine, take a trip through the country. Whenever you come across a house more trim-looking than the majority, a garden better kcpt, a little shop with its merchandise more tastefully displayed, go inside and ask the owner if he has been to America. In nine eases out of ten the answer will be 'Yes!' I have done it and I know. "During the two Balkan war's I came here to help establish hospitals. I watched the army pass. The men who had lived in America.

army pass. The men who had lived in America could be pieked out by the way they held themselves and marched. There were thousands of them. Half of them had become American eitizens.

"It came over me that the New World must indeed be wonderful, since, in making American citizens of the Greeks, it rendered them

SUDDENLY behind a column he spied something moving.

"It is only my shadow," she answered quietly. "It is Spiro Millioti. Wherever I am, there he will always bc. And when he eeases to be, I shall probably cease to be what

Spiro, seeing that his presence was noticed, eame up to them.

"I did not see him, and yet he was so close

to us," the American said in wonder.

The girl laughed. "It is one of his talents.

He practised what they now call camouflage

long before the word was invented.
"Another of his talents is fighting. He has taught me to shoot, and never have I had a master so exacting as Spiro.
"He says that now, between us, we could

take care of a platoon of men.

"But he is not happy just now. He has not confided in me, but I have an idea that he is quietly working to bring about an insurrection in this town.

"Then he isn't a Royalist?"

She shook her head.

"We must not start on politics again."

The moonshine was dazzling in its intensity, and every detail was clear-cut in the wonderful light. It was the heart of the night when the three started down from the Acropolis.

"I suppose the gate opens at your approach, Pallas Athena," Elihu suggested. "Or do you climb like a mortal?"

"Spiro has a key. Never before, since Athens became free, has the Acropolis been locked away from the people.'

At the lower gate the girl halted. "Here is where our ways divide, monsieur. Good night to you, and may the evil lurking in this city vanish at the approach of your footsteps.'

"'IT'S a long way to Tipperary—' I should say it was. Nineteen days to-day! Where on earth does she hide herself? If I could only discover that!"

could only discover that!"

Elihu continued his song and his work.

The one expressed his feeling, the other satisfied the inverse services. fled the innate craving in him for accomplishing things.

He worked late, and reached his house at eight, only in time for dinner. After dinner Elihu stepped out on his

balcony to smoke. "The air is heavenly!" he murmured. "I ean understand why the Greeks believed they

had intermarried with their gods." There was no moon but the indigo-blue sky was suffused with a soft light, and the brilliant

stars seemed alive. "I wonder if Pallas Athena will be up on the

The thought destroyed the serenity which a hard day's work and a good dinner had given him. Quickly he came in from the balcony, descended the stairs, and, taking his hat, started for the Acropolis. He had been thero

so often since the first night that he believed he could find his way blindfolded. The director of the American Archæological School, with whom he had gone up one Sunday morning, had introduced him to the darkeyed Greek who with his little family lived in the tiny house just inside the iron gate.

Peabody had won over the gatckeeper, and he no longer had to elimb the iron gates when he wished to visit the Acropolis after elosing time. As Elihu reached the Propylæa he peered eagerly behind every column in the hope that in its deeper shadow he might find her

he sought. Then as if from nowhere Spiro Millioti rose and greeted him.

"Kalli spera sas, Kyrie Americane." "Kalli, spera, Spiro. Eine e kiria sas edo."

Elihu had practised the sentence till it fairly tripped from his tongue, and he was rewarded by Spiro's compliments. Then, seeing her coming toward them, he hastened to meet her.

"Os ev parestete, Thea promachos ton Athenon," he said, giving the greeting due a god-

"So you are coming into your own at last. The Greek language suits you better than any other, Mr. Elihu Peabody.

"Things must have been going better down there lately," Elihu remarked. "You have not had to seek consolation up here with the past for an eon of time."

THE girl shook her head.
"Matters down there have been pretty black, Mr. Peabody. I don't know what is going to become of this little country."

She pointed toward Keratsine, beyond the

"Down there are the war-ships on which the ambassadors of the great Powers are living. and there—and there—are the prisons where for forty-five days two hundred and fifty of the leading citizens of Athens were kept among felons because they were on the side of the

Allies.
"And yet you will find English and French here who sneer at the people and call them

Continued on page 73

IN PAWN TO A THRONE

cowards simply because they do not revolt. 'To revolt, a people must have leaders and arms. They had no arms; their leaders were in prison; and when the Entente, after forty-

five days, plucked up eourage to demand

their release it was made impossible for them to stay here.'

As if unable to contain herself longer, the girl began to pace up and down the ancient temple of Greece, while Spiro seemed to have been lost in its shadows. Elihu walked with her, unable to say a word to console her.

PRESENTLY he remarked irrelevantly:

But tell me, where do you keep yourself in the daytime? I have seanned the streets and scanned the sky without finding any trace

"I have been away. Since we met I have been trying to find out for myself where my people stand in regard to-to the political situation here.

"Do you know," he volunteered, "in spite of knowing the language so little, I have a feeling that the people in general would like

to fight on the side of the Allies,"
"You see that, don't you?" she demanded earnestly. "They are not cowards, my people. They would have fought willingly from the very beginning, but— Ah, Monsieur

"What the Greek people have suffered since 1765 the world has never known.

"You have undoubtedly heard that all the Balkans were a cutthroat lot, forever fighting among themselves. Had the so-ealled great Christian Powers kept their intrigues and their political scheming out of the Balkans we should have achieved peace among ourselves.

"Do you know, monsieur, that after her nine years bloody revolt, in 1829, when Greeee became independent, the great Christian Powers took two-thirds of the territory in revolt and handed it back to Turkey, and this two-thirds was the riehest part of the country? What remained was little more than baro rocks, because it was Russia's object to show that Hellenism could not live.'

'But what object could Russia have in "For two hundred years Russia has wanted

Constantinople, the birthright of the Greeks, and to remove one possible obstacle Greece

"Do you know through whom God is working now, Mr. Peabody? It is through your great republie.'

'How do you see that, mademoiselle? My great republic has only been making literature, and money, since the war began.

"I can see how you feel that way-now. But you will come in, and when you do come in it will be the salvation of Europe."

'Europe will be in ashes. "That will be the right time."

"What a lot you know about European politics!

"MY GREAT-GRANDFATHER, who brought me up, knew intimately the men who represented Turkey in the making of the Treaty of Berlin, which caused tho present war. You remember that at the timo Bismarck professed to be entirely disinterested in the provisions of the treaty, and deelared he was merely 'an honest broker,' dealing for his friends.

"In reality he was neither honest nor disinterested. Secretly he obtained as a bribe from Turkey the concession for the Bagdad railway; and the rest of the men who signed the treaty of Berlin were exactly as honest

"They placed Bosnia and Herzegovina under the tutelage of Austria with the deliberate intention of having the next war take place between Austria and Russia. Their ealculations have not come out right, and the youths of the world are giving their limbs, their eyes, their lives, as a result.

'Let us see that this time they do not die in vain."

'It seems to me, mademoiselle, as if it would be impossible to avoid wars,

Abruptly the girl turned toward him and her gloved hand was laid on his arm, nor did she realize what her touch meant to the man

'So long as you believe that wars are unavoidable, so long shall we have wars.

When he answered her his voice was shaken with emotion. How shall a man speak of the frivolities of polities and war when he is longing to take a girl in his arms and speak of the eternal verities of love?

Yet he knew that this was not the time for the words he wished to say, so, somewhat vaguely, he answered:

That is metaphysics, mademoiselle. It will not work in the adjustment of national difficulties."

THERE was a searcely perceptible movement of her head in dissent, though she did not argue the point further with him. Standing there in the light breeze which came to them from Ægina, it was as if a flower were swaying on its stem.

Elihu Peabody was only twenty-seven years old, and as clean physically as he was mentally. For the first time in his life he loved a woman, and his love was that of the boy and the man in one.

It possessed him to-night so completely that he had to laugh as the thought flitted through his mind that he had ever considered diplomacy or any other matter worthy of his serious attention.

These times come to all men worthy of the name. Perhaps it is fortunate for the business of the world that the mood does not endure forever. Perhaps man has not yet reached the point where he can live on so rarefled a plane all the time.

To-night what mattered kings, or emperors, or nations, or the cold, aeademic idea of the brotherhood of man? Neither brotherhood nor sisterhood was for him when the vital pulsations of love thrilled him.

To-night there reigned one god only—the son of Aphrodite. And with it all it was denied to him to plead a word of love.

A sure instinct warned him to stick to tho prattle about national and political injustices, when there could only be one injustice on earth—that which would deny her to him.

And yet Elihu's love for her was so allembracing that it demanded her mind and her soul as well as her enchanting womanhood. He felt that she already liked him.

There was no pretense about her, as there was no coquetry. Supereducated as was her brain, the woman in her was unaffected and unspoiled.

He knew that her emotions were not yet awakened, and he wanted to be the man to make her heart feel, as to-day her brain was feeling. So he held back the words of love that his heart was prompting him to say, and

WHAT do they say of my people in your eountry, Mr. Peabody?

"I can only judge by what I saw during the short time that I was in Washington before eoming here. It was the general impression that the Greek people had sided with their king, and had refused to honor their treaty obligations.

"They say that," the girl cried, "when two weeks after the war began, and while the German hordes were still marching victoriously on Paris, we definitely offered to enter tho

war on the same Entente side!" 'Is that really so?

"It is a simple historical faet. You ean see the telegrams which France, England and Russia sent in reply, thanking Greece for her offer and asking her to remain neutral.

For a minute or two the girl walked up and down in silence.

"You ean not imagine the effect those telegrams had on the Greek people," she resumed. "They were emerging from two wars, in which most Greek families had lost one or more men, yet so intensely were they on the side of France and England that they wanted to plunge into war again to help them.

"Their offer was spurned. Those telegrams were not only a slap in the face of Hellas —the worst thing about them was that they opened the way for German propaganda.

"YOU must not think I blame France and England—nuch," the girl went on eagerly. "Their very existence was at stake. Greece seemed unimportant to them.

"But that is where they made a mistake. Greece is really very important, owing to her geographical position."

"Then you do not think that King Constantine played the despieable rôle the world credits him with?'

The girl's face became sphinx-like. Once more she looked like a priestess of ancient times, the oracle whose answer had two

"The king was popular," she answered. "He had acquired the reputation of being a great general.

Of all the nations none is more direct than the American. Plain dealing and plain speaking are their attributes, and Elihu Peabody was an American of the best type.
"Mademoiselle," he said, "the world con-

siders the king a traitor. Is he, or is he not?" She hesitated.

"Do you play bridge, Monsieur Peabody?" "Yes. "Then you will understand my simile,

When the war was declared, so far as Greece was concerned France and England held most of the trumps against Germany and Austria. And the only hope Germany and Austria had was that France and England might play their eards very badly. "France and England did not take the game

in Greece seriously. They let several trumps fall, and King Constantine picked them up.' 'And handed them to Germany?'

"No, not then. He worshiped popularity. His people thought him a great general, and he wanted to live in that glory. Then he was one of the few men to whom Germany had shown all her preparations, and he was afraid of her. 'Yet he felt that the Greeks were on the side of the Allies.

"He was on the alert for everything that would conduce to his own benefit, and not only did he pick up the trumps as the Allies dropped them, but gradually he managed to stea! some out of their hands. He favored Germany mainly because Germany would help him to become an absolute monarch, the one thing he desired above all else.

"It is my personal belief that he never meant to fight on the side of Germany, but his neutrality was of such great assistance to Germany that he expected reward. It was only later, when things became too hot for him, that he handed the trumps to Germany." "Then is the game lost to the Allies?"

"No; they are still holding the ace and king of trumps.

"It all depends on how they will use the ace of trumps, which is Mr. Venizelos, and the king of trumps, which is the Greek people.' 'You are beginning to convince me, made-

She smiled. "Then we are on the road to success.

"But I can not learn it all at once," he argued guilefully. "I need many lessons." "Ah! I shall be so glad if I ean teach you

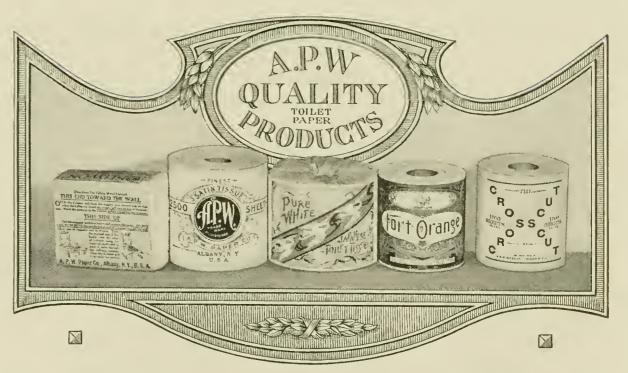
anything," she exclaimed eagerly. "Nineteen days elapsed between my first and seeond lesson," he pointed out. "How long shall I have to wait for the third? Why can I not call on you?"

"Some day you will be invited to come, but not just yet.' "Why not?" he persisted.

Her sphinx-like look returned.

"Patience," she smiled. "You know the old Greek saying: 'Hurry was made for slaves.' Some day you'll know, but not now.'

And with that he had to be content. To be continued



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THE RED-HAIRED MASCOT

"But I could have told her before. Sue says it isn't too late now to be changed over to White House. She says it's disloyal to Aunt Alieia not to go White.

THEY had to hurry then to get back in time to dress for dinner. Fanny was late. As the girls came out from dinner, Margaret waited for Aileen. "Come up to our room after a few moments and we'll talk things over

"I promised Fanny Snow to spend the even-

ing with her in Susan's room. 'Can't you get out of it?'

"I don't want to." grinned Aileen.

Margaret turned to look at her. "We're pals, you know. Aileen, and I trust you. You'll stick, won't you?'

'If you trust me, I don't have to promise. Oh, there's Fanny now!'

Margaret watched Aileen dance off, and with a sigh went up again to the study she shared with Kate.

"Have you got her? Is she eoming?" demanded Kate.

"llave I got a dragon-fly? or a grasshopper? or a will-o'-the-wisp?" seorned Margaret. "No one knows who has her. She's said she'll be the Red mascot and I suppose she'll stick, but she's off with Fanny Snow new and she's going to be in Sue's room all the evening.'

'Who knows where she'll end?'' sighed Kate. "I hope she's going to end with us. She's a nice child. I like her. Somehow I trust her. Get your head to work now, Kate, and think what we are going to make out of her when we get her.'

'If we only could find out the White mascot!" Kate said.

"We haven't found out," Margaret answered a little impatiently, "though we've been through White House with a fine comb. We've got to leave that to the seouts now, Kate, and get down to brass tacks about Aileen. What shall we make her?'

THEY discussed that question before dinner and after, dreamed of it when they went to bed, and brought it up again the next morning.

After breakfast Margaret caught Aileen. "Come on up to our room," she said. got the loveliest thing for you to be."

"I can't just now," evaded Aileen, "I'm going for a walk with Fanny. What am I going to be?'

"A eandle," whispered Margaret, "slim and

white with the flame at the top."
"That's pretty good," admitted Aileen.

"I'll see you later.

But at eleven there was no Aileen, nor was there at twelve, nor at one. Her dress lay waiting, Red scouts prowled through White and Red eorridors, searched the grounds, and even went farther afield, but brought back no news of the missing mascot. The last scout reported just as the luncheon gong

NOT a trace of either Aileen or Fanny," she panted, "and I don't believe the Whites know anything more than we do where they are. That satisfied smirk they've all been carrying for a week is wearing thin: their scouts are out, and they're all looking as anxious as cats.'

'Then they are using that white-faced little Fanny for something; I thought she was too good to be passed over. Do you know what believe? I think that Aileen has taken Fanny and cleared out just to leave both houses without mascots. She'd think that was funny.

"I don't believe she'd play us such a trick as that," objected Margaret.

"She was up in Fanny Snow's room last night," said the scout, "and they talked till

daylight."

"Of course!" answered Kate. "What do you think of your protégée now. Pcggy Hardy?"

"I don't know what to think," sighed Margaret. "But I tell you one thing, Kate. If Aileen doesn't turn up, I say to go without any mascot at all. It's a good deal more dignified to give up completely than to scrabble for something at the last minute that's no good."

"I don't know what else we can do," returned Kate gloomily. "If we wanted to

fadge, we've nothing to fadge with."

"Brace up and chase a smile," laughed Margaret. "If you go to lunch looking like that, they'll know we're beaten. We'll keep them guessing till the end.'

'And you bolt your lunch as quick as you can, Myra, and get on the job again. There is no time to lose. Scoot!"

As the two Red leaders came up into their room after lunch they found there a Red scout dancing with impatience.

'We know what the White mascot is going to be," she whispered as she shut the door. "It's Farmer Riggs's old white horse with a wonderful saddle and harness made of white velvet, and Fanny Snow in white with silver slippers and silver tinsel all over her is going to

ride him as the Snow Queen."
"Where are they?" rapped out Kate.
"We can't find the horse or Fanny. They have her hid somewhere ready to turn up at the last minute. Hasn't Aileen turned

"No," replied Kate savagely, "She's sold us out and then vamoosed. She said she could make Fanny Snow into a ripping mascot. Get every scout out after the horse and the two girls and if you don't find them, keep at it till the minute you have to come home to dress for the procession.'

She closed the door after the departing scout

and turned back to Margaret.

'I'm so mad I could wring Aileen's neck." "She can't realize what she's doing," Margaret defended her. "She's in a queer position; she scarcely knows whether she's Red or White. She doesn't belong yet. But we've no time to waste, Kate. Get dressed and make yourself your prettiest. If we have to lead a forlorn hope, let's do it handsomely."

ONE by one, as the hour neared three, the tired scouts drifted back to put themselves into white and red. They had found no trace of the horse, nor of Fanny, nor of Aileen, but one of them did bring the White marching song, which was set to the tune of "John Brown's Body" and concerned the old white horse. Kate seized it with glee, made some quiek changes and distributed it among the rooters to be ready in case of need.

At three o'elock the broad hall of Red House was full of scarlet banners and of girls in white dresses, scarlet shoes and stockings, scarlet boleros and long searlet scarfs that would flutter and fling themselves on the wind as the

procession moved.

The whole body knew that for the first time in the school's history the Reds were starting on their perambulating prom without a mascot, and that it was Aileen Bartow's

Then the doors of Red House and White House swung open and the Whites and Reds four abreast followed their leaders out on to the campus, where the band, drawn up before the faculty on the north side, was playing "Dixie." The two lines marched to the middle of the campus, wheeled as they met, and came to order facing the faculty, who were craning their necks to discover the maseots that were not there.

The band dropped "Dixie" and waited to piek up the song which the Whites, by right of their defeat last year, should start. But the Whites had no song to start. How could they declare that Farmer Riggs's white horse was marching down the hill when not one White girl had any idea where the white horse

THE Reds waited politely the few seconds for the Whites to begin and then began with their mutilated version of the White

"Farmer Riggs' white horse is not a-marching down the hill.

Farmer Riggs' white horse is not a-marching down the hill,

Farmer Riggs' white horse is not a-marching down the hill,

While we stand waiting here."

But as the Reds began the second stanza the Whites interrupted it with a wild cheer. Far up the hill of the ravine under the trees there appeared a gleam of white.

"Oh, look at Farmer Riggs' white horse a-marching down the hill,

Oh, look at Farmer Riggs' white horse a-marching down the hill, Oh, look at Farmer Riggs' white horse

a-marehing down the hill, While we stand waiting here,

They shouted, and the Reds' voices dropped. "It is the horse, sure as fate, Peg," Kate murmured. "They've kept it for a theatrical coup at the last moment, and Aileen-has helped them. Why did we ever trust her?"
"I'm sorry," answered Margaret, her eyes on

the white blotch up in the shady wood path. "It's the white horse all right, and some one is riding it. Fanny has been pretty clever to escape all the seouts.'

'Oh, doesn't it make you sore to hear the "What's the matter, Peggy?"

"Look leak" experience of the state.

"Look, look!" cried Margaret. "It's Aileen! Oh, Kate, it's Aileen!'

THE white horse had stepped slowly from the shade into the sunshine, and suddenly the hair of the rider glowed like copper. The cheers stopped. Whites and Reds alike stood tense and silent as the old horse came placidly down; if it was the White mascot, he was

strangely camouflaged. His saddle was a red blanket, his bridle a broad red sash, his white mane and tail were braided with red ribbons and tied with big bows; even his hoofs were painted red. And all this color was topped by Aileen's impudent grin and flaring hair.

Then the Rcds understood and tore the air with their shouts. Aileen was not a traitor. She was a true Red, clever enough to succeed where all the scouts had failed.

She had not only discovered the White mascot, but she had captured it and made it the Red mascot. The Whites, good losers that they were, joined the cheers. The orderly files broke ranks and rushed forward to meet Aileeu.

"What have you done to Fanny?" whispered

Margaret anxiously, close to Aileen's side.
"I haven't done anything to her," grinned Aileen. "She's asleep about now at the Riggses'. I talked to her all night and took her a ten-mile walk this morning, and she's dead to the world. I didn't coerce her. You needn't be afraid."

"Oh, you wonder!" laughed Margaret, and turned back to her Reds. "What's the mat-

ter with Aileen Bartow?" she called.
"Aileen's all right!" came from every Red throat in a roar.

THEN Aileen with a little spring was erect on the old horse's broad back. She dropped her arms at her sides, shook her flowing hair into flame, and stood a perfect, slim, white candle with its glowing light. Even the faculty came to their feet to cheer the candle.

"Three cheers for the Reds!" cried Aileen. The Reds cheered for themselves and the Whites gallantly cheered for them, while Aileen slid down again to her rcd saddle and grasped Margaret's arm.

"Did you trust me?" she whispered.
"If I didn't," Margaret answered, "I will from this time on. You're a Red forever now. You belong.'

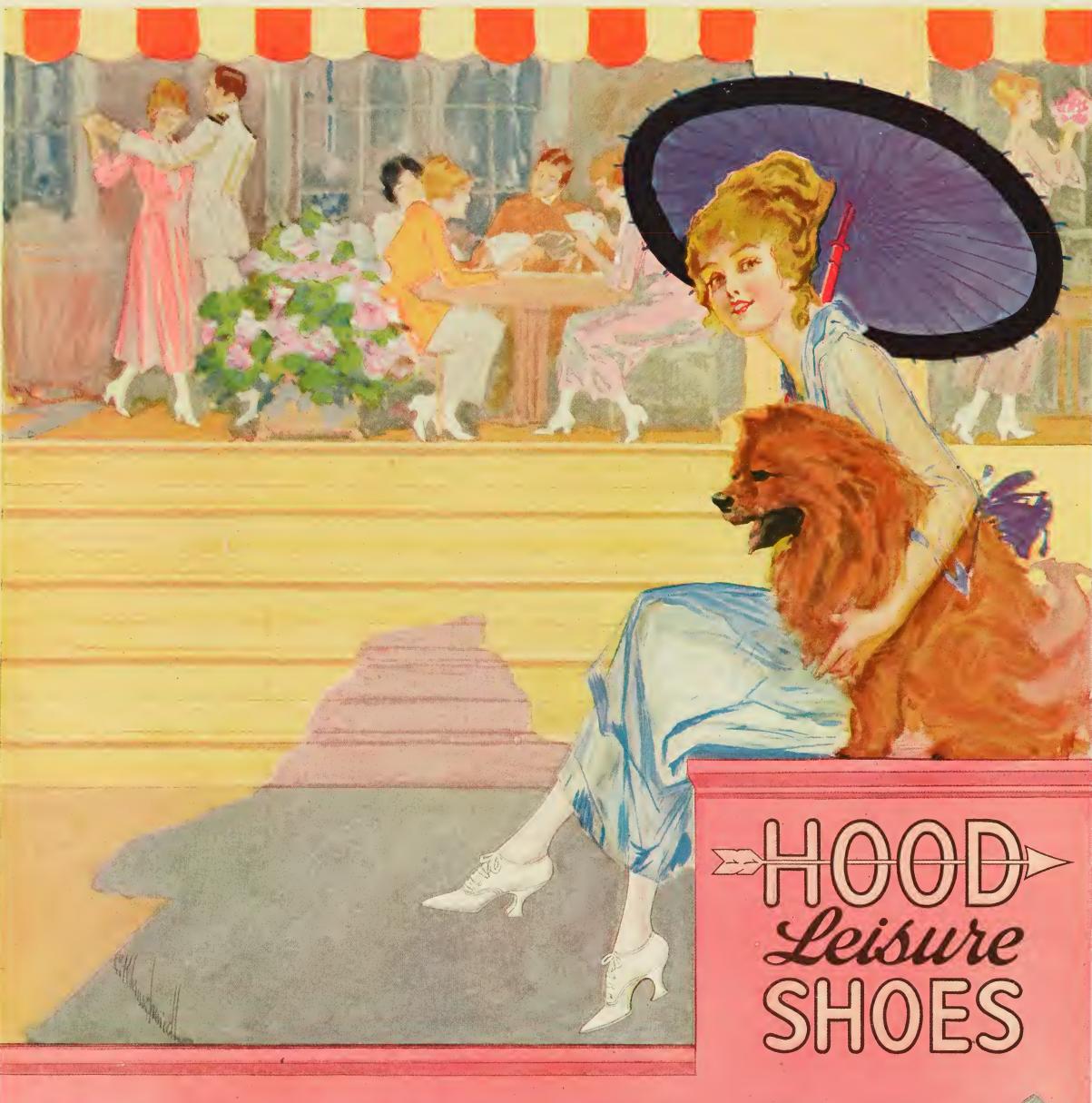


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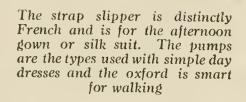


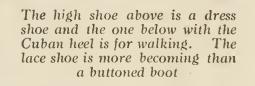
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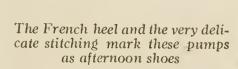
Shoes That Are Far Too Dainty to Blush Unseen

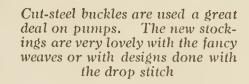


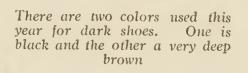
A lady's slipper should be of white brocade, of cloth of silver, or of satin in white or black or a color that matches the dress

















1767—Three tucks and a long collar make a cotton voile frock all it should be for Midsummer wear. The waist is cut in the new kimono style, and shows the French length in its little sleeve. The deep tucks offer an exceptionally good trimming for the straight skirt, and the gathers give the soft effect characteristic of the present narrow lines. You could make this dress with or without the body lining in cotton voile, lawn, batiste, mull, silk crêpe, silk voile, foulard, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta or satin.

36-inch bust requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard.

It is a dainty style for the porch or beach.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

1669—A smart frock bases its claim to distinction on its perfect lines and the simplicity of its style. The closing at the back is a change, and provides a good-looking trimming. The straight one-piece skirt is easy to make and it can be effectively trimmed with ruffles, ruchings, etc. Linens, cotton jersey, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, prints, gingham, chambray, or satin, charmeuse, taffeta, tricolette, silk jersey and pongee would be suitable materials. You can make this dress with or without the body lining.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards English print 35 or 36 inches

wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide including sash. Lower edge $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust

1775—1266—The popular long pancls appear in altogether new guise when they are cut in one with the lower part and suggest the lines of the new silhouette. The dress can be made over a body lining. Linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, gingham, chambray and cotton prints would be pretty for a woman or young girl, with the side body and sleeves of batiste or voile.

36-inch bust requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide for side front, side back and sleeves, $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1 yard material 32 or more inches wide for scarf in ladies' size. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Embroidery design 10756 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; it is also correct for misses; the scarf is correct for ladies and misses.

1603—1756—Gingham, the material for girls of all ages, makes a delightful frock for general wear in town or country. The waist has just a little fulness in front where it is gathered to the back. The sleeve is made with one seam

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

and the shape of the collar is unusual. The tucks trim the two-piece skirt inexpensively and without much work. You can use a camisole lining in organdy, batiste, cotton voile, lawn, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, foulard, taffeta or crêpe meteor.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4¾ yards gingham 32 inches wide, ¼ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This waist, 1603, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; the skirt, 1756, is suitable for ladies of 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

1765—1065—The Russian blouse and the narrow skirt make an extremely smart Summer costume. The side closing of the long blouse gives an excellent line and the round collarless neck is very fashionable. The skirt is cut in two pieces and has just the right width under the long blouse. The blouse has the long slender lines that are liked by women and young girls, and is suitable for linen, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, cotton prints, cotton gabardine, shantung, foulard, taffeta or satin. Bottom 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards shantung 32 inches

wide. Embroidery design 10760 trims the dress. This blouse, 1765, is excellent for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is suitable for misses also. The skirt, 1065, is for ladies of 35 to $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip.



1787—A deep shoulder yoke just long enough to show below the draped collar is a new thing in the world of capes. There is a graceful amount of fulness in the lower part, but the cape follows the popular straight lines. The large collar is draped a little and its convertible possibilities are most desirable for a wrap of this character. This would be a very becoming style of cape for a young girl as well as a woman. You could make this cape of taffeta, satin, faille, pongee, moire or silk tricolette for wear throughout the Summer.

36-inch bust requires $4\frac{1}{3}$ yards of pongee 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge of cape with band $1\frac{3}{3}$ yard.

This cape is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it

is also adapted to misses.

1785—1671—A new cape with a newer closing makes a light wrap for the Summer costume. The yoke is deep, and the surplice fronts are softly draped around the figure. The outline of the lower edge of the cape is particularly graceful. This cape is quite as becoming to a woman as a young girl. It is suitable for satin, pongee, silk poplin, moire or taffeta. The skirt is cut in two pieces and is nice in linen, cotton gabardine. cotton poplin, etc. Bottom of skirt 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards satin 40 inches wide, 4 yards material 35 or 36 inches wide for collar and to line; $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards linen 35 to 44 inches wide for skirt.

This cape, 1785, is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also correct for misses. The skirt, 1671, is correct for ladies of 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

1789—1786—Paris puts a decidedly different note in an ultra-smart frock of moire. The waist is cut on entirely new lines draped to the figure slightly, and comes down in a point at the lower edge that has an eighteenth-century note. The straight foundation skirt is made with a tunic, also straight, draped in an adorable puff effect. Its construction is exceedingly simple and it would be a good style for afternoon or evening wear. You can use taffeta, satin, charmeuse or faille for the frock. The waist is made over a French lining. The slightly closer outline of the waist, its standaway collar and graceful drapery are a change from the collarless, perfectly straight chemise dresses that we have been wearing.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4¾ yards moire 36 inches wide, 5⅓ yard satin 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards material 32 or more wide for foundation skirt. Bottom 1¼ yard.

This waist, 1789, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 1786, for ladies of 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

1788—A foulard frock prepares coolly for the warm days of Summer with a waist that is soft and becoming in light cottons and silks. Surplice effects are extremely

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

popular and the draped lines of this waist are quite unusual. The sleeve is made with one seam. The deep tuck makes a pretty finish in the straight skirt. A camisole lining can be used under cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, tub silk, foulard, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, satin, striped and plaid silks.

36 bust requires 5% yards foulard 36 inches wide, % yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¼ yard. This dress is excellent for ladies of 32 to 46 bust.

1787—Take a cape and then add ruffles and trimming band and the result is one of the smartest wraps of the season. The draped collar is convertible, and the fulness in the cape part is gathered to a deep yoke. The wide trimming band which can be finished without the narrow little trimming bands draws the wrap in to the new eggshaped silhouette. This would be an excellent style to choose for evening wear; it is suitable and becoming for a young girl. Taffeta, satin, faille, pongee, moire and silk tricolette are excellent materials to use for it. The cuff is very convenient, it makes a nice trimming and is not hard to finish.

36 buct requires 45% yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge of wrap with band 13% yard. The bag is adapted from bag 10752.

This wrap is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.



36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. $\frac{3}{8}$ yard material 40 inches wide to line collar, 21/4 yards fringe.

This cape-wrap is suitable for ladies

of 32 to 44 inches bust.

tages of cape and coat.

36-inch bust requires 35/8 yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, ½ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for cuff and frill. Bottom 1 5/8 yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of

32 to 44 inches bust.

32 to 44 inches bust. Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

36 bust requires 3½ yards satin 40

Wrap 1725

Bag 10742

inches wide, ¾ yard of contrasting

35 or 36 inches wide for collar and vest.

The bag is adapted from bag 10742.

This wrap is becoming to ladies of



1678—Narrow picoted ruffles make a charming trimming, and they are so easy to arrange on the straight skirt. The sleeve has one seam and you can make this dress with a camisole lining. Use silk crêpe, organdy, taffeta, cotton voile, batiste, lawn or mull,

and trim it with ribbon, ruchings, plaitings, etc. 36-inch bust requires 3¾ yards dotted swiss 39 or 40 inches wide including ruffles; 11/8 yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for vestee, collar, cuffs and ruffles. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches

1712—The warmer the day the cooler the frock, and soft net is most delightful. The one-seam sleeve with the puff below the elbow is entirely new and quito charming and the square collar is very becoming. The tucks give a simple and easy trimming on the straight skirt. Use silk erêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, organdy, batiste, cotton voile, lawn or mull.

36-inch bust requires 31/8 yards net 39 or 40 inches wide, 3/4 yard dotted net 39 or 40 inches wide for collar and lower part of sleeve. Bottom 11/2 yard. This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches

1681—Tueks and then more tucks make a frock of unusual attractiveness. The waist gives the popular jumper effect and the sleeve is made with one seam. The eamisole lining is generally used under silk crêpe, cotton voile, organdy or batiste. The dress ean also be made of taffeta, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor. The tucks are easy to manage on the straight skirt.

36-inch bust requires 6 yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide including sash, ¼ yard contrasting 18 or more inches wide for collar Lower edge 1 1 yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches

1688—Cotton voile embroidered with the new grape design is used for a charming dress. The waist has kimono sleeves and round neck and tucks trim the straight skirt. It can be made with a body lining. Use organdy, batiste, lawn, mull, fine dimity, net, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta or foulard.

36-inch bust requires 41/8 yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide with piecing through sleeve of body. Bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Embroidery design 10760 trims

This dress is good style for ladies of 32 to 42 inehes bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches

bust.

Bag 10752



DESIGNED FOR SUMMER

THE WAY OF THE SOFT FROCK LIES THROUGH SOFTER MATERIALS

1757—One deep tuck and several narrow ones are responsible for a delightful frock. The back of the waist comes over the shoulders in yoke effect above the tucks. The one-seam sleeve is easy to make, and the skirt is straight. The dress can be made with a camisole lining in cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, organdy or silk crêpe. This is a charming dress for crêpe de Chine, taffeta, foulard, etc.

36-inch bust requires 4 yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard contrasting organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

It is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1760—Especially attractive for the soft materials is a charming dress with a series of narrow tucks below the yoke which give a becoming fulness to the round-necked waist. The sleeve has one seam. The deep tucks trim the straight skirt, and the dress can be made with a camisole lining under cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, organdy, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, foulard, wash silks and satin or crêpe meteor.

36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards cotton voile 36 inches wide, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards ribbon $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard. This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1755—A boldly checked ribbon gives the newest note in trimming to the straight peplum, stand-away collar and sash of a new frock. The waist has a vestee and one-seam sleeves. The egg-shaped foundation skirt brings the ruffles in to the fashionable silhouette. This dress is especially designed for the new trimmings of ribbon, embroidery or lace edging. Use ribbon or satin with silk crêpe, silk voile or chiffon; or lace with batiste, etc.

36 bust requires 4% yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 8% yards ribbon 6 inches wide. Bottom 1¼ yard. It is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1748—It is French to set your frills on upside down on a Summer frock of cotton voile. The waist is simple and becoming and the one-seam sleeve has a good cuff. The skirt is straight. You can make the dress with a camisole lining in batiste, lawn, mull, silk crêpe; or without it in crêpe de Chine, taffeta, gingham, chambray or cotton prints.

36 bust requires 5 yards cotton voile 35 or 36 inches wide 34 yard not 30 or 40 inches wide for plaitings. But

wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard net 39 or 40 inches wide for plaitings. Bottom $\frac{15}{8}$ yard. Design 10623 is used to trim the dress. This dress is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1734—The new silhouette is achieved in a dress of batiste and linen by the fashionable stand-out pockets. The long kimono body is becoming to young girls as well as to women, and the lower part is cut in two pieces. This dress can be made with a body lining. Use linen, gingham or chambray.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, including pocket. Bottom 1¼ yard. Embroidery 10694 trims the dress. This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

1736—A deeply pointed outline gives a graceful version of the popular tunic in this dress. The simple waist has one-seam sleeves and closes in the back. The skirt is straight; the selvedge will finish the straight lower edge of the tunic. Use cotton voile, batiste, lawn, dimity, gingham, chambray, silk crêpe or silk voile. Bottom 1 3/8 yard.

36 bust requires 5¼ yards cotton voile 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard organdy 35 or 36 inches wide for frills. It is pretty for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1728—Cuffs on the collar and a cuff on the hem leave nothing to be desired in a smart frock of foulard broadly vested in white silk. The waist is soft and becoming, and the long collar gives the popular slender effect. The skirt

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

is straight, and the short peplum, also straight, is very fashionable. You could use a camisole lining with taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine or satin. This is an excellent style for gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe, linen, etc.

36 bust requires 4½ yards foulard 39 or 40 inches wide, 1¾ yard silk 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard. It is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1741—A lace vestee, a becoming collar, and soft peplum form the sum total that means a delightful Summer day. The sleeves are one-seamed, the skirt straight, and the camisole lining can be used or not under cotton voile, cotton marquisette, batiste or dimity. Cotton prints, foulard, taffeta, satin, pongee and tub silk are also suitable.

36 bust requires 4% yards Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, 3% yard all-over lace 18 inches wide for vestee, 3 yards wide lace for band for turn-up portion for sleeve and on peplum, 1½ yard lace for collar. Bottom 1% yard. It is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1738—Hot weather is taken lightly by a frock of dotted swiss. The waist is made on becoming surplice lines. The short sleeve is being worn a great deal in Paris, and the deep tucks are effective on the straight skirt. A camisole lining can be used under cotton voile, batiste, organdy, lawn, dimity, prints, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, net or silk voile. The dress is also suitable for gingham, chambray, etc. 36 bust requires 5 yards dotted swiss 32 inches wide, 1½

yard organdy 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard. This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1730—Flowered Georgette appears in a jumper and long tunic over a narrow foundation and kimono waist. It is an effective dress, and could be trimmed with beading or embroidery with very little work. The tunic is straight, and a camisole lining can be used under silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine or net alone or over taffeta or satin.

36 bust requires 35% yards plain Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for body, skirt and sash, 23% yards figured Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom of foundation 13% yard.

It is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.



1 N 1

Dress 1741

Dress 1738

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104



36 bust and 38 hip require $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard striped silk shirting 35 or 36 inches wide, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards pongee 32 inches wide for skirt, collar facing and cuffs. Bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard.

This blouse, 1752. is becoming to ladies of 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 1733, for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip.

1761—1609—Something new in a separate blouse appears above a cuffed skirt. The blouse slips on over the head, is draped to the figure, and the kimono sleeve shows the new short length. The skirt has a straight lower edge which can be finished with the cuff or a deep hem.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, 2¾ yards sports silk 35 or 36 inches wide for skirt using reverse side of material for cuff. Bottom 1½ yard.

This blouse, 1761, is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 1609, for ladies of 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

1727—1750—The only excuse for a warm day is an entirely satisfactory frock of organdy. The waist is draped in surplice style and ends in a long sash. The one-seam sleeve is easy to make. A wide tuck on the skirt suggests a peplum, and the straight lower edge is especially nice for stripes or checks. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen or dimity.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5 yards organdy 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This blouse. 1727, is suitable for ladics of 32 to 46 inches bust; the skirt, 1750, for ladies of 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

1746—1751—Georgette crêpe and sports silk are used for a tucked blouse and new skirt. The blouse has a one-seam sleeve and is pretty in crêpe de Chine, wash silk, handkerchief linen, cotton voile and batiste. The two-piece skirt is made with a deep yoke and the inside pockets give the new silhouette. Use gingham, chambray or repp.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards Georgette crêpe 40 inches wide including plaitings, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards sports silk 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard.

This blouse, 1746, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 1751, to ladies of 35 to 45 hip.

1737—1747—Here is the sports costume at its best in a raglan shirt-waist and a simple one-piece skirt. The sleeve has one seam. Use crêpe de Chine, satin, handkerchief linen, dimity or shirtings. The front closing of the skirt is convenient, and the straight lower edge is nice in

1742—1756—The Summer costume par excellence is the long jumper blouse and tucked skirt. The body of this blouse is in one with the sleeves, and both skirt and blouse are charming in silk crêpe, cotton voile or batiste. The skirt is cut in two pieces. Bottom $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2½ yards Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, 3 yards crêpe meteor 39 or 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10760 trims the blouse.

This blouse is excellent for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust and the skirt for ladies of 35 to $47\frac{1}{2}$ inches hip.

1732—1739—An unusual draped skirt and a tucked blouse are indispensable in town or country. The blouse-waist has soft one-seam sleeves, slips over the head and fastens on the shoulder. It is suitable for silk crêpe, cotton voile, batiste or net. The skirt is one-pieced in the new silhouette. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, serge or plaids.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard net 40 inches wide, 2¾ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1¼ yard. Embroidery design 10746 trims the blouse.

This blouse-waist, 1732, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; the skirt, 1739, for ladies of 35 to 45 hip.

1758—1545—The Summer is not complete without a new overblouse and kimono blouse. Jumper styles are popular for women and young girls. Made of the skirt material they carry out the costume effect or they can be made of satin, taffeta, foulard, linen, gingham, etc. The blouse is one-piece and slips on over the head and can be made of batiste, silk crôpe, etc. Braid design 10706 trims the blouse. 36 bust requires 1% yard linen 32 to 44 inches wide, 15%

yard cotton voile 39 or more inches wide.

This overblouse, 1758, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 bust; it is also correct for misses; the blouse, 1545, is for

ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1771—A blouse of Georgette shortens its kimono sleeves to the new length that Paris is wearing and draws in its little round neck by a ribbon. The one-piece blouse is the simplest possible type, and this one slips on over the head. There is practically no work to it, and you could make it quickly in crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, foulard, cotton voile, batiste or lace net.

36 bust requires 1¼ yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches vide.

This blouse is pretty for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

1729—The soft blouse of tub silk plays a substantial part in making the Summer wardrobe a success. It is a very smart type, with a little fulness in front gathered to the back that comes across the shoulders yoke fashion. The sleeve is one-seamed. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, soft satin, batiste, cotton voile, dimity or handkerchief linen.

Blouse 1729

Skirt 1763

36 bust requires 1 ½ yard tub silk 35 or 36 inches wide, ½ yard plain tub silk 35 or 36 inches wide.

This blouse is pretty for ladies of 32 to 44 bust,

1758-1545—A long overblouse is one of the delightful ways one transforms a one-piece slip-over-the-head blouse of silk voile, batiste, etc., into a smart costume. The overblouse can match the skirt, or it could be in contrast to a dress. It is good style for a woman or young girl.

36 bust requires 1½ yard sports silk 35 or 36 inches wide,

15% yard Georgette 39 or more inches wide. This overblouse, 1758, is graceful for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is also correct for misses; the blouse, 1545, for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

1729—1763—A silk blouse and a peg-top moiré skirt give you the necessary separate blouse and skirt. The blouse has one-seam sleeves and is delightful for crêpe de Chine, batiste, cotton voile, soft satin, dimity or handkerchief linen. The skirt is two-pieced. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or repp. Bottom 13% yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, 2½ yards moiré silk 35 or 36 inches wide. This blouse, 1729, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44

bust; the skirt, 1763, to ladies of 35 to 45 hip.



FASHIONS ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE

1718—An enterprising little suit for sea adventure is

built on trim straight lines. The simple blouse is par-

tieularly adapted to girls and children. The square neek is

new and smart, and there is a sleevelet if you wish to use

it. For children it is well to sew the bloomers to the un-

derbody, but they can be separate for older girls. The

little eap is most beeoming. Use serge, brilliantine,

3/8 yard taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide for cap and bow.

8 years requires 2½ yards flannel 35 or 36 inches wide,

This suit is very good style for girls or children, 2 to 14

1717—A suit and cap to make the mermaids envious appears in surf satin and bright plaid. The long body has the new kimono sleeve and slips on over the head. The lower part is cut in two pieces, with a faney outline that gives the pegtop silhouette and an inside pocket. The bloomers are finished separately. Women and girls use surf satin, taffeta or serge, alone or with foulard, plaids or stripes.

36 bust requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards surf satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 3½ yards plaid satin 35 or 36 inches wide for trimming, lower part bloomers, sash and to trim and face cap.

This suit is excellent for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust

measure; it is also correct for misses.

1704—For the first splash of the season comes a delightful moiré suit and taffeta cap. The waist has a becoming surplice closing and fashionable waistline. The skirt which is cut in two pieces gives the soft hip drapery that follows the latest silhouette. The separate bloomers are wide through the hips and narrow down at the knees. Women and young girls use surf satin, taffeta or serge.

36-ineh bust requires 5 % yards moiré silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 11/8 yard taffeta 32 or more inches wide for cap, 5/8 yard material 27 or more inches wide for under section for

This suit is good for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also adapted to misses.

1714—A simple suit for real swimming is made of satin and trimmed with ribbon. The long blouse ean either slip on over the head or elose on the shoulder and the straight slender lines arc graeeful for a woman or young girl. The sleevelet finishes the armhole and the eap is adorably becoming. The bloomers are separate. You could use surf satin, taffeta, brilliantine, jersey cloth or serge.

36-ineh bust requires 3 1/8 yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide for suit (with sleeve eut crosswise) and cap, 1/4 yard eontrasting 35 or 36 inches wide for cap band and bow, $6\frac{7}{8}$ yards ribbon for trimming.

This suit is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust;

it is also adapted to misses.

flannel or satin.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

1714—A very youthful sea siren wears a smart suit of jersey banded and belted in contrasting color. It is an extremely simple suit and cap, very easy to make, and would be quite suitable for women or girls. You ean slip the blouse on over the head or fasten it on the shoulder, and the bloomers are separatc. Use surf satin, taffeta, brilliantine, jersey cloth or serge.

32-inch bust or 16 years, requires 3 % yards wool jersey 40 inches wide, ½ jersey 40 inches wide, ½ yard satin 36 inches wide for cap, ¼ yard contrasting 36 inches wide.

This suit is adapted to misses of 32 to 34 inches bust; it is also suitable for ladies.

1711—The one-piece bathing-suit in the new slip-over-thehead fashion is very popular. The blouse has the becoming shawl eollar and smart vestee, and the cuff hem and sleevelct trim the suit. The bloomers are separate and the eap eompletes the costume. Use brilliantine, surf satin, taffeta, jersey cloth alone or with foulard, plaids, etc.

36-ineh bust requires 21/4 yards taffeta 36 inches wide for body, 2¾ yards contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide for bloomers and trimming, 5/8 yard taffeta 36 inches wide for cap, 3/8 yard taffeta 18 or more inches wide for underside of crown. Braid design 10702 trims the suit.

This suit is splendid for ladics of 32 to 46 inches bust; it

is also nice for misses.

1774—A Pullman robe of dark pongee adds greatly to your comfort in night traveling. It is extremely simple to make and it is cut on straight lines. The sleeves are one-seamed, and the armhole is made with a slight depth that is very desirable in a garment of this type. Dark-colored China silk, pongee and erêpe de Chine are suitable materials.

36 bust requires 5% yards of pongee 35 or 36 in ches wide. Lower edge 1% yard.

This Pullman robe is

This Pullman robe is suitable for ladies of 32 to 52 inches bust.

1777—An apron of calico is a great help in domestic difficulties. The body and sleeve are cut in one, and the lower part comes up in an unusual outline. The round neck and the short sleeves are comfortable. This apron covers up one's dress nicely and the eap is a quaint shape. Use gingham, chambray or pereale.

36 bust requires 3¼ yards dotted ealieo 35 or 36 inches wide, 5% yard contrasting 24 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This apron is for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust.



36 inches bust requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards chambray 32 inches wide, 1 yard eotton poplin 36 inches wide, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard material 18 inches wide for crown, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard material 27 or more inches wide for band.

779 It is suitable for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

lin, gingham, chambray, pereale or linen.

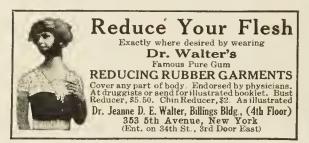
Bottom $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

House dress or overall apron 1769











1667—A jumper bolero and standout pockets make a delightful frock for young girls or small women. The sleeves are set in the lining, and the skirt has a straight lower part attached to the two-piece yoke.

17 years requires 2¼ yards linen 36 inches wide, ¾ yard organdy 36 inches wide. Bottom 1¼ yard. Embroidery design 10693 trims the dress; the bag is adapted from bag 10752.

It is for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

1734—A kimono body and a peg-top two-pieced lower part have the new lines. Young girls and women use linen, gingham, chambray, cotton prints or cotton poplin.

32-inch bust or 15 to 16 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard batiste 36 inches wide, 2 yards cotton gabardine 36 inches wide for skirt. Embroidery design 10760 trims the dress. Lower edge $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard. It is for misses of 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.

Dress 1766

Dress 1766

1766—Quite original in its broken Empire waistline and side closing is a dress of chambray-trimmed gingham. The skirt is straight so that the dress is particularly good for cotton prints, linen, cotton poplin and cotton gabardine.

16 years requires 3½ yards gingham 32 inches wide, ¼ yard chambray 32 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is becoming to

misses of 14 to 19 years; also for

1667

9377—1758—An overblouse made of the skirt material joins a separate shirt-waist and skirt in

17 years for shirt-waist and 34 bust or 17 to 18 years for overblouse requires 2½ yards cotton voile 36 wide, 1¾ yard linen 32 to 44 wide.

the bands of a complete costume.

Shirt-waist 9377 is for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women; the overblouse, 1758, for misses of 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.







1691—A draped jumper frock deeply flounced comes for the girl or small woman. The one-seam sleeve is set into the lining, and the two-piece circular flounces

36 wide, ¾ yard cotton voile 40 inches wide for sleeves, cuffs and to face linings, 21/4 yards 27 inches wide for foundation. Bottom of foundation 11/4 yard. Lowest flounce 15/8 yard. Em-

It is becoming to misses of 14 to 19 years and to small women also.

1754—A Russian closing and double peplums make life worth while in a frock of dotted swiss. The sleeve is one-seamed, and the skirt straight. Girls and small women use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, handkerchief linen, cotton voile or dimity.

17 years requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards dotted swiss 35 or 36

inches wide. Bottom 1 3/8 yard.

es of 14 to 19 years; also for small

women.

This dress is graceful for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

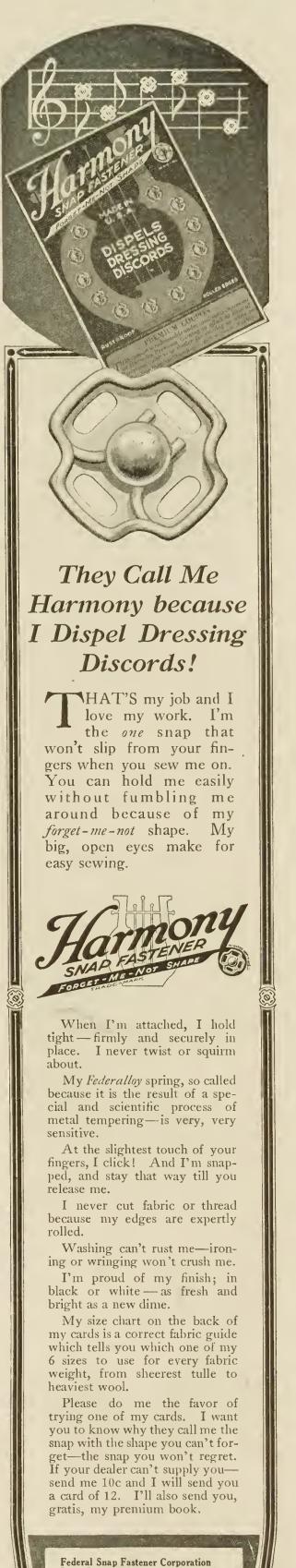


1758—A long overblouse makes a very complete costume when it matches the skirt. It is suitable for women or young girls. It can be of satin, taffeta, moire, shantung, foulard, gingham, chambray, etc., to match the skirt or in contrast to a dress or slip.

32-inch bust or 15 to 16 years requires 11/4 yard

cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This overblouse is becoming to misses of 32 to 34 bust; also to ladies.



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Dress 1710 1710—Cotton print is used for a darling little frock that slips over the head and is made with a yoke-shaped trimming. The closing is arranged on the shoulders and at the seam under the left arm. The one-seam sleeve is easy to make and the little pointed cuff makes a pretty finish at the elbow. The skirt is straight. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, linen, lawn, cotton poplin, nainsook, checks, plaid or

10 years requires 21/4 yards cotton print 35 or 36 inches wide, 5% yard organdy 35 or 36 inches wide for trimming pieces, cuff and sash.

This dress is becoming to girls of 6 to 14 years.

waist and narrow skirt, as every girl knows. The blouse with its convertible collar and one-seam sleeve is splendid for every-day wear. The skirt is cut in two pieces, is easy to make and has just the right width for a skirt of this type. Use linen, cotton poplin, repp, cotton gabardine, gingham, tub or sports silks for the skirt.

17 years requires 1 1/8 yard linen 36 inches wide, 21/8 yard repp 35 to 44 inches wide. Bottom 13/8 yard.

This shirt-waist and skirt are for misses of 14 to 19 years; they are also correct for small women.



4 to 15 years.

good-looking blouse with the

popular round neck, and the

one-seam sleeve is a nice length

for warm weather. The straight

skirt is sewed to an underbody,

so there is no danger of mis-

hap. Use linen, cotton poplin,

drill, piqué, chambray, gingham

35 or 36 inches wide. Braiding

design 10675 is used to trim the

14 years requires 4 yards linen

This dress is pretty for girls of

or gingham with chambray.











9377



1764

1710

1772



waist is cut in one with the sleeves

in kimono fashion and could be em-

broidered prettily. The new ruffle,

ruching or ribbon trimming is easy to

arrange on the straight skirt. You

could use net, silk crêpe, organdy,

batiste, swiss, lawn, or net or silk

crêpe with ruffles or ruchings of rib-

12 years requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards dotted

This dress is pretty for girls of 4

bon or taffeta for this frock.

net 35 or 36 inches wide.

to 15 years.

1776—1125—A lingerie hat and a panel frock make an adorable costume for the very small young lady. The dress can be made without the inverted plait under the arm and the sleeve has one seam. The panel in one with the yoke is a pretty arrangement and the tucks trim the dress easily. Use nainsook, batiste, lawn, mull, handkerchief linen, cotton voile or dimity

2 years for dress and hat requires 1\% yard batiste 36 inches wide, 3/8 yard material 36 inches wide for hat, 15/8 yard edging 3 inches wide. Embroidery design 10746 trims the dress.

It is for girls of ½ to 5 years; the hat for girls of 2 to 12 years.

sees this frock and hat. Thedress slips on over the head and the closing on the shoulder makes a good trimming. The long body is cut in one with the sleeves, and the lower part gives the new stand-out effect. Use linen, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray or cotton prints.

prints or calico.

trims the blouse.

11 years requires for dress and hat 11/8 yard chambray 32 inches wide, 13% yard gingham 32 inches wide for lower part and to trim sleeves

1721—Kimono effects are equally

smart for small girls as well as big

ones. The blouse has very simple,

good-looking lines, and slips on over

the head. The side closing gives a

pretty finish to the square neck.

The straight skirt is sewed to an

underbody. It is attractive in linen,

cotton poplin, repp, gingham, cham-

bray, unbleached muslin, cotton

35 or 36 inches wide, 11/8 yard con-

trasting linen 35 or 36 inches wide

for skirt. Embroidery design 10405

1759—1640—Even the "pom"

knows a smart costume when he

It is pretty for girls of 4 to 15 years.

12 years requires 1\% yard linen

Dress 1759 Hat 1640

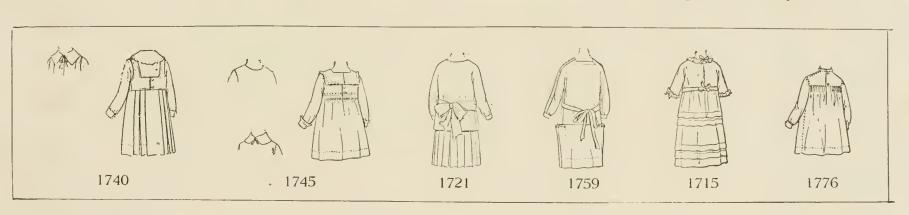
This dress is splendid for girls of 8 to 15 years; the hat for children and girls of 1 to 11 years.



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"THE BATTLE OF THE NATIONS" is richly illustrated with photographs. It has just been published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$2.00.







ton poplin for this set.

of 1 to 7 years.

3 years requires 1½ yard cham-

bray 32 inches wide. Embroidery

design 10722 is used to trim the

This play set is nice for children





for big sisters, but it's twice as entrancing for little ones. The dress slips on over the head and the closing on the shoulders gives an attractive finish. There is a round as well as a square neck, and the short sleeves are the new length. This dress is very pretty and becoming; it is also quite easy to make. Use gingham, chambray, linen, piqué, repp. cotton poplin, cotton gabardine and cotton prints. 4 years requires 15% yard cotton poplin 36 inches wide, ¼ yard con-

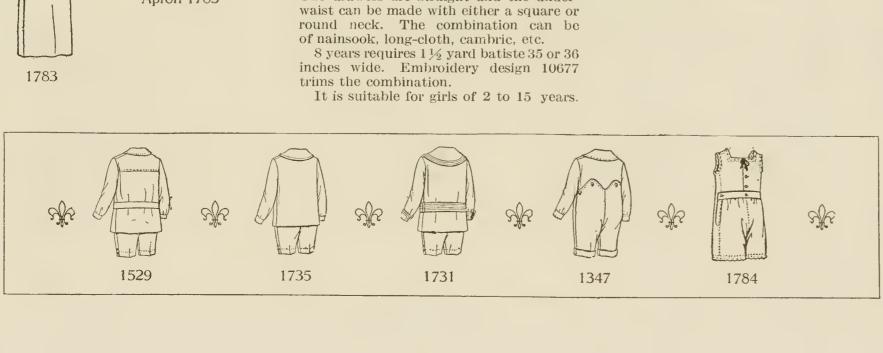
Rompers 1753

Hat 1640

trasting 35 or 36 inches wide. This dress is pretty for girls of 1 to 8 years.







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What I've said is true. I can offer you an opportunity to make \$5.00 to \$250.00 a month. The work is pleasant and dignified. It may take all your time or only a few minutes a day - you work when you please and where you please. And yet there are women who say, "I don't believe it!"

What should I do about it?

There you go, week after week, doing without the many things you have wanted, wished and longed for. And if you would simply sell us twenty or thirty minutes a day you could have the very things you want.

But you won't believe me!

You could get full instructions and supplies free, and prove what I say, by simply writing me, but you just won't do it. What more can I say to you?

A three-cent stamp invested in writing me will turn your hopes and longings into realities. Listen every man and woman you know read magazines. They will read The Delineator, Everybody's Magazine and Adventure. And they'll be only too glad to give their subscriptions to you.

Subscriptions by the thousands are coming in to us direct because we do not have enough representatives to look after all the business. Why don't you try it out?

Mrs. Walker, whose picture is above, and hundreds of other women know the joy of receiving a salary check every month. They know that what I say about subscription work is true.

This is what Mrs. Walker says:

"I have found the work pleasant as well as profitable. The work is easy and the salary check I receive each month pays me well for my efforts."

And this is only one of hundreds of such letters I have before me.

And to think that we need some one to look after our interests right in your vicinity. WE NEED YOU. Get out your pencil now, FILL IN THE COUPON AND MAIL IT AT ONCE.

Manager Subscription Di	ivisio
THE DELINEATOR	3
346 Butterick Build	ing
New York, N.Y.	

Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way, please send me full particulars regarding Butterick subscription work.

Name	
Street	
Cita	Chata



HERE is no doubt about it that the Victory Loan at four and three-quarters per cent. is a splendid investment. In making it, you unquestionably had in mind a number of thrifty ways that would enable you to get extra bonds that will mature at

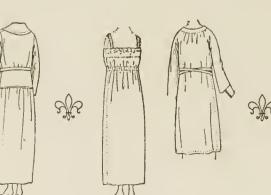
just the time when Johnny goes to college or when the girls are old enough for that longdreamed-about trip to Europe. You won't have to give up things you actually need, but you will see to it that you get the full number of slices from a loaf of bread, that only paper-thin potato peelings go in the garbage-pail, and that no good

material lies unused. When you are planning new clothes you always find that they divide themselves into two classes-the things you would like to have and the things you must have. Very often they are one and the same thing, as in the case of Illustration 1. It is a style that you want, because it is smart, and a dress that you must have, because it is absolutely indispensable. It is cut on narrow lines, but it has a moderate amount of width in the skirt so that you can lead a very active life when you are wearing it. The particular thing of interest about this style is the front yoke cut in one with the panels. You would only get the necessary length for this arrangement if you are cutting down a one-piece dress or using new material. If you aren't doing that, you can cut your skirt panel and front yoke in one, and piece the yoke and waist panel at the waistline, letting your string belt cover the seam. In this illustration I have shown the dress in gingham and ehambray with white organdy for the collar and cuffs. If you have a linen, cotton poplin or cotton gabardine dress to make over, you can make the panels and yoke of the same material in a contrasting color. A light-weight linen, cotton poplin or chambray would be very pretty combined with cotton print. You can use voile in two colors or a plain voile with a check,

plaid or figured voile. For a silk dress you can combine foulard, cheek or striped silk with plain satin, taffeta

or silk poplin. Moire is new this year and would be very smart to use for the panel and yoke on a dress of satin or crêpe de Chine. If you want a dress that has a little wool material in it, you could make the yoke and panels of serge or gabardine, with the rest of the dress of foulard, satin, taffeta, check or plaid silk.

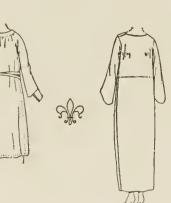
A VERY long line is used by Paris in many of its smartest blouses and coats. In Illustration 2 you have it in a smock, although it is an unsmocked one, for the fulness is simply gathered to the shallow yoke. It has the new kimono sleeves and very straight lines with soft fulness, but without the flaring fulness that was used last year. The smock is worn over a one-piece slip or foundation for which you could use a last year's one-piece dress. You can make it with either a round neck or the straight camisole top. With the foundation of satin, taffeta, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, foulard or crêpe de Chine you could make your smock of silk crêpe, silk voile or silk marquisette. If your foundation is of crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine, the smock could be of the same material in a contrasting color.



9842

1694

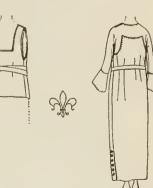
1686



1517



1002



1672

MAKING IT NEW TO

CLEVER WAYS OF

BY ELEANOR

THE jumper idea can not be said to be new, but it is certainly having a new popularity this Summer. The jumper is very much cut away so that it has something of the suspender effect, as you see it in Illustration 3. It could also be used to add a new fresh note to a last year's one-piece dress. I have shown it here with something that is quite new and very useful, that is, a complete slip which can be used with separate jumpers or panels or even with an overdress. If you want to use it under thin silk materials, the upper part and wide sleeves can be made of silk crêpe, chiffon, etc., to give the effect of a transparent waist under the jumper. The slip also has a blouse lining with a camisole top which is used when the upper part is of transparent material. In the illustration I have shown the lower part of the slip made of satin or silk, the upper part of silk crêpe and the jumper of one of the new heavy sports silks. The skirt could be of satin, taffeta, foulard, charmeuse, plaid or cheek silk, with the upper part of the slip of siłk crêpe, silk marquisette, silk voile, chiffon cloth, net or lace.

The jumper could be of sports silk, velveteen or a contrasting silk. If you have a plain silk or satin in the skirt, the jumper could be of foulard, check or plaid silk. If you have enough material to do so, you could make the jumper and lower part of the slip of the same material.

For the cotton materials you could make the lower part of the slip of linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine or cotton repp, with the upper part and the blouse lining of

handkerchief linen, cotton voile, batiste, dimity, organdy or swiss. The jumper could be the same material as the skirt or you could have a contrasting color; that is, you can have white in the slip and the color in the jumper. You could make the lower part of the slip of gingham with the jumper of chambray or use the ging-ham in the jumper and the chambray in the slip, making the upper part of the slip of any of the thin wash materials that are already mentioned. If you have silk or satin

for a complete slip, you can use it under jumpers of foulard, check or plaid silk, velveteen, serge, gabardine, wool jersey, check or plaid wool material. With one foundation you have the possibility of several costumes if you make yourself two or three jumpers.

THE dress in Illustration 4 I am suggesting for your last year's one-piece dress. Cutting it over in this way will give it the new narrow lines and it also gives you a chance for the round neck and







Dress 1672

YOUR NEIGHBORS

RECUTTING YOUR DRESSES

CHALMERS

the fashionable kimono sleeve. If you haven't a material that will cut in one length for the front and the back of the dress, you can piece your material at the waistline and cover the seam with your belt. This is a smart version of the chemise dress and you can use it for almost any material. For example, for your tub frocks you can take a lastyear's linen, cotton gabardine, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray or calico and get new material for the upper part of batiste, dimity, cotton voile or handkerchief linen. If you have satin, charmeuse, taffeta or shantung for the dress, you can make the upper part of silk crêpe, silk voile or chiffon cloth, or of a contrasting silk such as foulard. I don't know whether you would be interested in wool dresses at this season, but if you were using serge, gabardine, tricotine or soft twills for the lower part of the dress, you would find it fairly cool with the upper part of satin, taffeta or foulard. In any combination you choose the body will give you a cooler dress than you would get in the ordinary one-piece style, for you always use a thinner material for the upper part.

MAKING party dresses this year comes under the head of essential industry, because you absolutely must have them as you have nothing at all left over from last Summer that you could use, since we were not wearing them during the war. You will have to go further back than last year for the material for the foundation of the dress in Illustration 5. The foundation skirt and underbody can

be-made of charmeuse, taffeta, satin, crêpe meteor, or flowered silk, with the draped waist and skirt drapery of silk crêpe, silk voile, silk marquisette, chiffon cloth or lace. If you use the flowered silk for the foundation, you will want a plain chiffon or silk crêpe for the waist and drapery, but if the foundation is plain you could use one of the new flowered silk voiles or chiffons for the waist and drapery just as I have shown it here. This is a very pretty dress for the thin Summer materials if you want to make it with a combination of plain and flowered voile. It is a charming style and very easy to handle with the waist of the body cut in one with the sleeves. Both the skirt and the skirt drapery are straight.

THE dress in Illustration 6 is very French, just the soft, simple, very lovely thing that they are wearing over there now. Ribbon trimming is especially good style and is very easy to use, and really not expensive when you compare it to the



time and money we used to spend on our elaborately trimmed lingerie dresses of a few years ago. I have illustrated the dress in silk crôpe with ribbon trimming. You could use straight or bias bands of satin or taffeta or flowered silk, having it picoted at the lower edge and hemstitched to the skirt at the upper edge. Cotton materials are very pretty with these picoted bands, for you can use them in contrasting colors, and yet have a dress which can be washed. For example, you can use cotton voile, batiste, mull, organdy or silk crêpe with bands of the same material but in contrasting color. There are other trimmings that you could use as well as straight bands. Narrow ruffles are adorable, especially if you ruffle the skirt almost to the waist. Plaitings and ruchings are very quaint, or you could use folds of the material instead of the piceted bands. The skirt is straight and the position of the trimming is clearly

THE dress in Illustration 7 is one of those great inventions that is so simple that you wonder why no one thought of doing it before. It is a onepiece jumper dress that can be worn with any blouse. You have all the conveniences of the jumper with all the style of the straight chemise dress. It is cooler than a one-piece dress, has all the advantages of the separate waist and skirt and yet is a complete costume. You can use it for cutting down your last year's one-piece dress although if your material is not in that form you could piece it at the waistline and cover the piecing seam with your belt. It is a perfect style for tub materials like linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, gingham, chambray or calico because it is so very easy to launder. In taffeta, satin, charmeuse, shantung, foulard or silk gingham, or even in light-weight serge, gabardine, tricotine, poplin, twills, jersey cloth, check or striped wool material, you have a very cool dress because there is almost nothing to the upper part and your blouses for Summer would be of batiste, handkerchief linen, dimity, cotton voile or organdy. With the silk materials you can use blouses of silk crêpe, chiffon, silk

voile or silk marquisette, and with the wool materials blouses of satin, foulard or taffeta. With either the silk, wool or cotton materials in the jumper dress you could use the thin wash blouses.

THE dress in Illustration 8 is another new idea which is especially good for the woman who is to be in town during the Summer. The coat waist gives it the effect of a suit which is perfectly complete and you don't even have to add a waist or collar. You put it on and you are dressed for the street, shopping or business. It is just as nice for the country of course. The coat waist has the line of the popular box-coat, but you can vary it if you like by wearing it with a belt, finishing the lower edge with wide scallops. For the tub materials you can cut down a skirt of linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine or repp and make it with the coat waist of the same material in a contrasting color. Or you can use a plain material for the coat with a striped, check or plaid material for the skirt. The vestee and collar could match the skirt, but it is rather better to have them in a contrast to both the skirt and coat, as these fancy vestees are new and very good style. For silk materials you could make the skirt of a plaid, check or striped silk or foulard, with a coat waist of plain satin or taffeta. In shantung it would be very good-looking with the natural-color shantung in the skirt and a dark-blue or dark-brown shantung in the waist.





1678



1684



1545









Reducing Weight

is best accomplished by using our rubber garments and bands for the following reasons:

Your body is composed of about 85 per cent water and your size can be re-

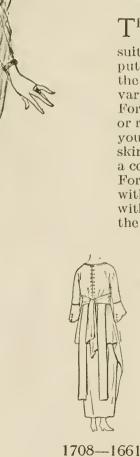
duced through perspira-Brassieres \$4.50 tion without any of the injurious effects which accompany the use of drugs. Our garments are made of red rubber soft as velvet sufficiently heavy to give long wear. Brassiere for reducing the bust, Back of fine contil, Front of fine red rubber. Any size, \$4.50.

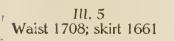
Give bust measure. Hip Belt of fine red rubber. 15 in. long, any size, \$7.50. Give waist and hip measure. Abdominal Belts, 10 in. wide in front, any size,

Chin band for reducing double chin, \$1.00. Reducing Shirts, \$12.50. Reducing Pauts, \$12.50. At all dealers or by mail

Send for circulars C. J. BAILEY COMPANY, 20 Boylston St., Boston











III. 6

Dress 1678











1663





Stylish—and oh, so comfortable!

Keds are the vogue.

After all there's nothing so essential as good-looking, comfortable, really suitable summer shoes.

On the lawn, the club-porch, the links or at home—anywhere, any time —there are styles for all occasions.

Keds are canvas rubber-soled shoes of unmistakable value. Every pair means solid comfort and lasting satisfaction.

You and every member of the family should be able to find just the Keds you want at any good shoe-store. Ask for them. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.

United States Rubber Company







F YOU have growing girls in your family, you have constantly before you new versions of the old problemletting down. In these dresses I have suggested ways of lengthening last year's skirt and of giving new size through the

Dress 1700

Let us begin with your little girl and the suspender dress in Illustration 1. You can take a last year's dress and lengthen the skirt with a band at the bottom, using the old waist for the deep belt and suspenders. New blouses will give you in-

creased size through the body. For Summer you can use gingham, chambray, linen, calico or cotton poplin for the suspender skirt, with blouses of nainsook, batiste, lawn or dimity. If you want a little wool dress for the occasional rainy day, you couldn't have a nicer style for serge, checks or plaids in the skirt and suspenders. The wool skirt can be worn with wash blouses or with blouses of crêpe de Chine.

Dress 1705

BY MARJORIE

THE dress in Illustration 2 has the new kimono sleeve, and the flare of the pockets in the lower part gives the dress the egg-shaped silhouette. You can make the skirt of colored linen or cotton poplin, gingham, chambray or repp, with the body of batiste, voile or dimity. You can combine gingham with chambray, or colored cotton or linen with white cotton or linen. If you are cutting down a dress of your own for your daughter, you can make the whole dress of linen, gingham, chambray

For an afternoon dress this style is very pretty with the skirt of taffeta, satin or foulard, with silk crêpe or silk voile in the body; in these cases it would be effective to embroider or bead some part of the body. For the silk and wool dress, which is now considered an indispensable part of the wardrobe, you would use a serge skirt with a body of satin, taffeta or foulard, or you could have a checked or plaid skirt with a plain satin or taffeta

IN ILLUSTRATIONS 3 and 4 you have the gumpe dresses which are so nice for making over dresses for the younger girls. The dress in Illustration 3 should be made of a plain material like linen, cotton poplin, chambray or serge if the dress is smocked at the waistline. If you make the dress without the smocking, you can use gingham, wool checks and wool plaids. Separate blouses of lawn, nainsook, organdy or dimity keep the child fresh and clean with very little laundry

THE dress in Illustration 4 is a cunning little thing for gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, serge, checks and plaids, with blouses of nairsook, lawn, batiste and dimity. With the wool material you can use crêpe de Chine blouses if you like.





bleached muslin with gingham. If you are cutting down something of your own for your girl, you can make the whole dress of gingham, cotton poplin, chambray or calico. The kimono sleeve is new and the lower part of the dress has the standout pockets at the hip.

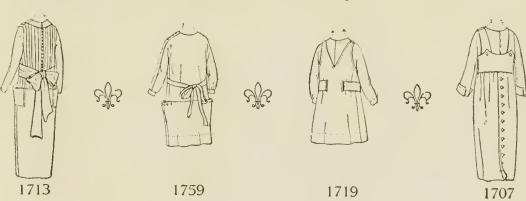
ILLUSTRATION 7 is a suspender dress for a young girl. You can make it in silk and silk crêpe as I have shown it here for an afternoon dress; of wool material with silk for cool weather; or of tub materials with separate wash blouses.

For an afternoon dress you can use satin, taffeta, foulard, crêpe meteor, pongee or crêpe de Chine, with a blouse of silk voile, silk crêpe or chiffon cloth. The blouse, you will notice, has the new kimono sleeve, which is very easy to make. For the tub materials the blouse would be of batiste, cotton voile, dimity or lawn, with the suspender skirt of gingham, chambray, calico, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine or cotton voile. You can use the wash blouse in Summer with a skirt of serge, gabardine, plaids or jersey

cloth, or with a blouse of crêpe meteor, crëpe de Chine or taffeta. If the suspender skirt is made of a plain wool material like serge, the blouse can be of foulard, checked or plaid silk. If you need to lengthen the skirt, you can do so by means of a band at the bottom.

Dress 1719

FOR the dress that I have shown in Illustration 8 you can take a last Summer's one-piece dress, lengthening it with a band at the bottom. The separate guimpes will be new and make the dress plenty large enough for your youngster. You can make the dress of gingham, chambray, poplin, calico or piqué, with guimpes of nainsook, lawn, batiste and dimity.





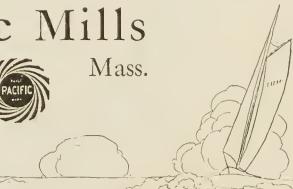
Regatta (loth

MMACULATE in its beautiful whiteness and distinguished by its unique lustre, the captivating new Regatta Cloth makes its appearance in the realm of Fashion. It is the white material par excellence for its twilled weave gives character, its distinctive lustre adds unusual charm and its softness prevents the distraction of wrinkles while its peculiar construction makes it exactly suited to withstand hard and steady wear.

You will have the smartest sports clothes by using Regatta Cloth and it stands up under the hardest usage. For house dresses, wash suits, sport skirts, nurses' uniforms, rompers, aprons, children's dresses, etc., it gives unqualified service. It is thirty-six inches wide and can be obtained at the same price as the ordinary dull-surfaced, twilled white cloths.

Regatta Cloth is woven, bleached and finished by the Pacific Mills, the largest makers of printed, bleached and dyed wash-goods in the world. You should have no difficulty in obtaining Regatta Cloth. However, if your dealer does not sell and will not order it, write to us, giving the name of the dealer and samples will be sent you and your order will be filled by parcel post.





An Untrained Young Girl Tells the Secret of Her First Steps in the Art of Making Money



PAGE 102

It was a wonderful spring day. Everybody in Eatonville

day. Everybody in Eatonville seemed happy—but me. For at lunch time father had turned a deaf ear to all my pleadings.

"That means I'll have to stay at home then," I huskily said, and in my intense disappointment, I rushed to the sittingroom feeling as if my wretched heart would break little dreaming that it was all going to

break, little dreaming that it was all going to turn out a blessing in disguise.

As far back as I could remember, life had been drab, dull and uninteresting. I never had any beautiful clothes or met charming people. I longed to go to dances, suppers and parties, but I was hardly ever asked.

My whole existence centered around help-

ing mother and in household duties. And although I had all my evenings and plenty of afternoons free, not a soul seemed to care

But this last blow was more than I could bear! I believed that I was the most wretched girl in the whole world. And to think that in one short month all my misery changed into

An Inspiration to the Rescue

After a while I calmed down. I told myself it was foolish to give up so easily. I had a whole month before Emily's party. I needed money for a new dress, and I would find a way to earn it.

While in this mood, I happened to notice a pile of old magazines, and in a second an inspiration came over me. The Delineator, the magazine of service, to which mother had subscribed for years and years, would come to my rescue!

I picked up the topmost magazine and in looking through it, found a solution to all my problems! My Good Samaritan told how any woman, whether a teacher or a business girl, a mother or a daughter, a girl with school or household duties, anywhere and everywhere, with no training, experience or expense, could turn her spare time into money. Those who were ambitious could earn a regular weekly salary just by doing some simple, easy, interesting work. My world was suddenly flooded with sunshine!

Then on a card which I hastily wrote, I asked THE DELINEATOR to let me know as soon as possible how I could earn the much-needed money. I explained that I had never done any work outside of my home, and that I was very timid and would be grateful to be helped to make a success of myself.

For the next few days I waited feverishly for an answer to my letter At last it came, and with it my success began.

Fortified with the knowledge that hundreds of other girls and women who had never done a day's work in their lives had made good, and with all the help one could possibly need sent in the way of literature, I started out to make life worth living.

I did it all in my odd moments. I never

dreamed that so much could be accomplished in my spare time. Everything seemed to come my way My timidity vanished—I became self-confident. I was so gay and happy.

The Party

And when, on the evening of the party, I appeared at Emily's in all my shimmering, dainty finery, there were little exclamations of surprise and admiration as I entered the room. Those who had shunned me before, now flocked about me. It all seemed too good to be true, especially when Jim almost in one breath asked if he might have the first dance, be my supper partner, accompany me home and take me to the show on Saturday night.

That was only a few months ago. Since then I have kept on with my work, for I am going to marry Jim and I want an exquisite trousseau. And do you know, Jim says he does not mind if I continue my work after we are married. He is perfectly able to take care of me. But he is so broad-minded and sympathetic, that he realizes a woman is happier if she has some interest in life besides her household duties and especially if she has the glorious feeling of independence, which having money of her own alone can give her. Hundreds of married women do it, so why shouldn't I, too?

A Woman's Opportunity

The story of Gloria is that of hundreds of girls and women who have made the extra money they need. If you are not satisfied—if you can use more money and have a little spare time write us to-day. We will help you.

THE DELINEATOR 345 Butterick Building, New York, N.Y.



THE child's filet sweater can be made in any size. You will need about 3 balls or 2 hanks of Shetland floss for a 4-year size and 1 small bone

FOR 4-YEAR SIZE—Begin at the first row of Ill. 1, ch. 96. (Ch. 6 sts. more for each size larger, counting a 6-year size as one size larger and an 8-year size as 2 sizes larger.) Turn. Skip 3 sts., next the hook, work 1 d. c. into each st. of chain. 3 ch.

Second row—1 s. 29 o., (make 2 more o. for each size larger) 1 s., 3 ch., turn. Lay your work out flat and measure it. A 4-year size should measure 13 inches, a 6-year size 14 inches, and each size larger should be 1 inch wine. (If the work is too long, crochet tighter or make fewer squares. If the work is too short, work looser or make more squares.)

Third row—(1 s., 1 o.) Repeat between parentheses 3 times. 2 s., 11 o. Make 2 more o. for each size larger. 2 s., 1 o. Repeat between parentheses three times.

Now follow the diagram making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square, adding the 2 extra o. for each size

larger in the center of each row. When the 22nd row is reached, make 4 extra rows of plain open

squares for each size larger. In the 23rd row, work one-half the squares. Make 1 s. Work the remaining squares. Continue to follow the diagram adding

the cxtra squares for the larger size on each end and making the design of solid squares in the center. When the 31st row is reached, add 1 s., 1 o., 1 s., 13 o. for the sleeve. Add 1 square more for each size larger. Make the neck

the same size for 4 and 6 year size, make 2 squares larger for 8 and 10 and 4 squares larger for 12 and 13 years. Work up right side of diagram to last row. Work 2 more rows for each size larger. (This completes half the sweater.) Turn

and work back on the diagram, until 24th row is completed. Break yarn. Join yarn on opposite side of sweater and make other sleeve in same manner. Join ends with 27 ch. (In larger sizes, ch. 3 for every square in the front of the neck.) Follow

it open from X down. FOR the ladies' sleeveless sweater you will need about 2 hanks or 4 balls Shetland floss, 1 ball fluffy knitting-cotton, (black) or 2 balls Angora for tassels and lacing, and 1 small amber or

diagram back to first row. Overcast sides and underarm, leaving

bone crochet hook. For the sweater with sleeves, you will need about 3 hanks or 5 balls Shetland floss.

For both sweaters, begin at the first row of Ill. 2, ch. 129 sts. For sizes 36 and 38; add 6 ch. for size 40, and ch. 117 for size 34. Skip 3 sts. nearest the hook. 1 d. c. into each of remain-

Now lay your work out flat on a table and measure it. A 36 or 38 inch size should measure 18 inches, a 34-inch size should measure 16 inches and a 40-inch size should measure 20 inches. If the work measures more, work tighter or make less stitches. If it is too small, work

looser or add stitches. Fourth row—1 d. c. into every st. of previous row, 5 ch., turn.

Now follow the diagram (Ill. 2) making 1 o. for every white square and 1 s. for every black square. If you have added 2 squares for a 40 bust, make an extra o. at each end of the diagram. If you are making it 4 squares smaller for a 34-inch bust, omit 1 square on each end and 2 squares in the center. Make 4 extra rows of open squares for each size larger than 36.

For sleeveless sweater, follow each row of diagram from right side to center front and back, when 30th row is reached.

For sweater with sleeves, follow each row of diagram from left side to center and back when 32nd row is reached. If you prefer a long sleeve, add 42 squares instead of 32 squares at each end of thirty-seventh row.

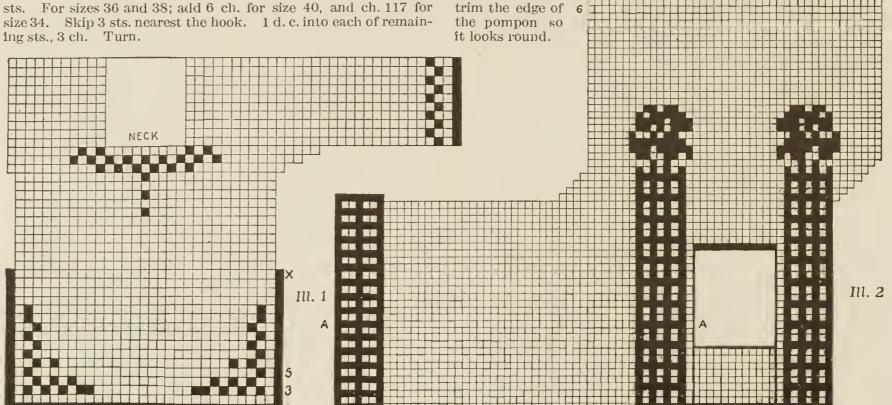
When 43rd row is reached, form the neck by working straight up side of diagram. (In 34-inch size, omit the open squares on each side of the neck outline and on 40-inch size, add an extra open square on the outside edge.)

For sleeveless sweater work to the 54th row, turn and follow the diagram back to the 43rd row. (This will make the sweater low neck, back and front.) Break thread. Work the opposite side in same manner. Join sides with 36 ch. and follow diagram back from 43rd to first row.

If you prefer a high neck in the back, follow diagram to 57 row. Break yarn and make opposite side. Join both sizes with 36 ch. and follow diagram to end. Return to 43rd row and follow diagram back to first row.

With Angora or fluffy knitting cotton, make 2 chains 13/4 yard long for the sleeveless sweater and 23/4 yards long for the sweater with sleeves. Begin at the top of the armhole or end of the sleeve and lace the sides together. Tie the ends at the lower edge and make a pompon for each end.

Pompons—Cut two 2½-inch circles of cardboard. Cut a small hole in the center of each circle. Hold the circles together. Thread the black yarn in a needle and pass it up through hole in the center of the circle, around the edge of the cardboard and up through the center about 100 times. Run a pair of scissors between the card boards and cut the yarn all around the edge. Tie the yarn in the



center between

the cardboard

circles. Pull the

circles off and

FASHION IN TERMS OF EMBROIDERY

Bead and Embroidery Give a Cachet of Smartness to Linen and Frock Embroidery design 10760 is a new grape design worked in one-stitch that brings distinction to blouse 1742. Blouse 1742 Embroidery design 10760 Embroidery design 10758 Embroidery design 10758. An exquisite design for a haby's carriage cover 25 x 31 inches, and a pillow 15 x 12 inches. **Dress** 1734 Bead design 10756 Bead design 10756. Big wooden beads turn a smart front to the world in a new frock (1734). The design is very easy to do and works up quickly. Embroidery design 10761 Embroidery design 10757 Embroidery design Embroidery design Embroidery design 10759 is a scallop that 10761 is adorable for 10757. A luncheona shawl hood for his cloth forms the underlyis very useful. The de-Honor the Baby. It is ing success of the lunchsign has been developed for a hood 20 inches long eon. The design is for for a trimming $7\frac{3}{4}$ from neck to point, to be a 54-inch cloth, to be yards of scallops, 8 worked in satin-stitch, worked in satin-stitch, corners, 1 round neck eyelets, French stem-Embroidery design 10759 eyelet, French stemoutline for ladies, and 1 for child's garment.

ming and scalloping.

ming and scalloping.



Bead design 10756



Embroidery design 10760

Beading design 10756 makes a delightful trimming for frocks, blouses, wraps and hats. It is new worked in big wooden, china or glass beads; or if you prefer, it is most effective done in French knots. The designer has developed a motif for a banding $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards by $18\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and for 6 motifs $8 \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 8 motifs 3¾ x 3 inches, and 3 motifs 9¼ x 6¾ inches.

Embroidery design 10760. This new grape design is suitable for blouse or dress trimmings, etc., and may be worked in one-stitch or darning-stitch. It is designed for a banding 3½ yards by 6 inches, for an edging 21/8 yards by 1/2 inch, and to trim two waist fronts $13\frac{1}{2}$ x $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and for two motifs $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches



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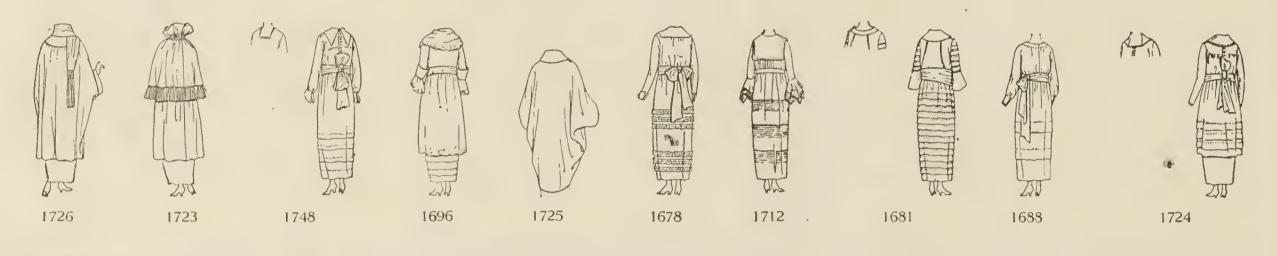
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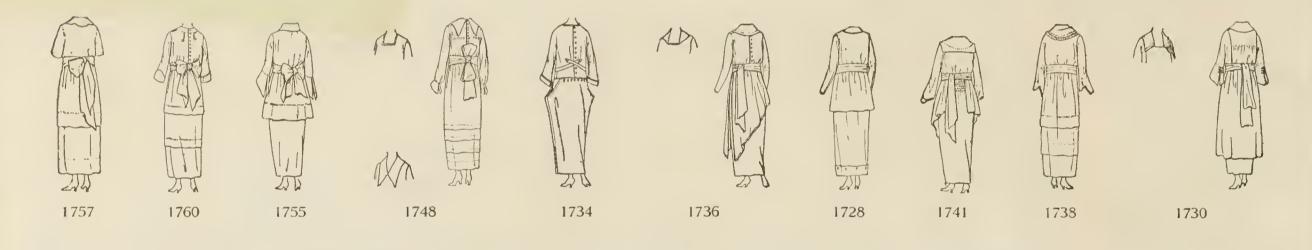
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 82 and 83



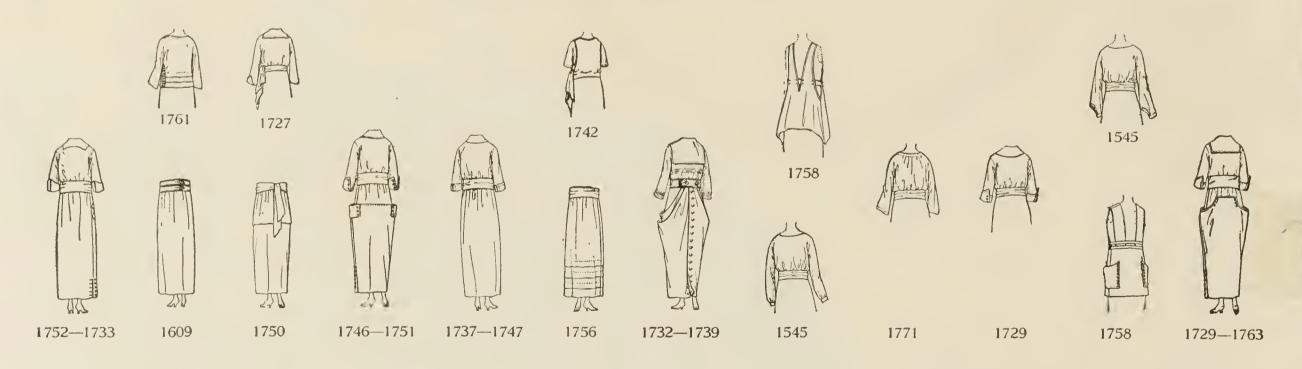
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 84 and 85



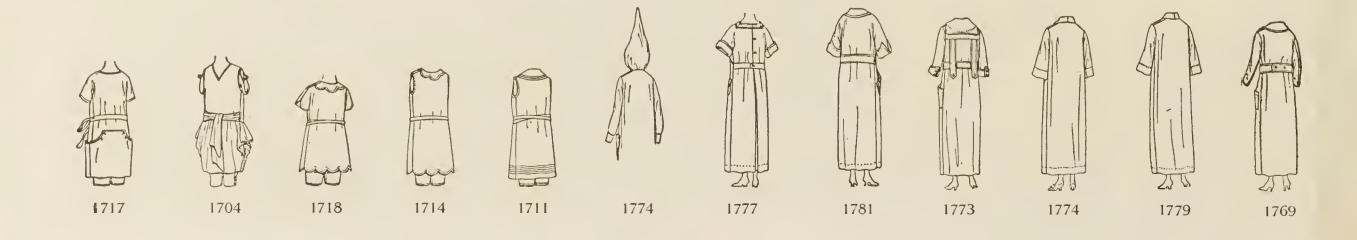
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Other views of these garments are shown on pages 88 and 89



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 90 and 91







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