

# THE DELINEATOR

July 1919

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no. 1  
1919



HOME TOMORROW

MABEL POTTER DAGGETT'S "THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK."  
STORIES BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON, DEMETRA VAKA, JAMES  
F. DWYER, PHYLLIS BOTTOME. & LATEST MIDSUMMER FASHIONS

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# THE DELINEATOR FOR JULY 1919

HONORÉ WILLISIE EDITOR      JAMES EATON TOWER MANAGING EDITOR

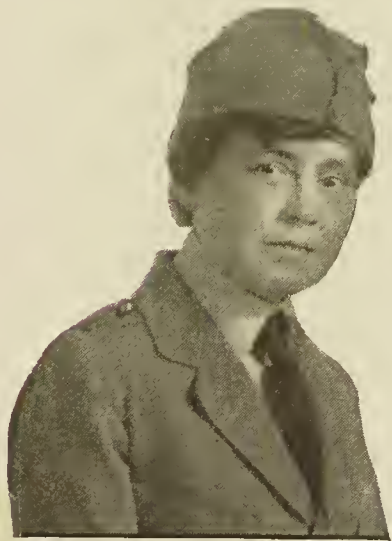


DELINEATOR READERS ADOPT AND REBUILD LANDRES AND ST. GEORGES, "THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK"

## THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT



MRS. DAGGETT

**T**HE Town of the Golden Book is ours. The prayer of Monsieur A. Vauchet, 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 DELINEATOR 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

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 courted low before me and ushered me into the presence of *Monsieur le Com-*

*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."

**O**UR 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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**SAMUEL MERWIN**  
His new novel, "Hills of Han"

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

**TO SUBSCRIBERS:** The price of THE DELINEATOR is two dollars per year, or twenty cents per copy, in the United States, Alaska, Cuba, Porto Rico, Mexico, Hawaii, Philippines, Panama, Guam, Tutuila, and the city of Shanghai; in Canada, two dollars and fifty cents per year, or twenty cents per copy; in all other countries, three dollars per year per subscription, or twenty-five cents per copy. All Rural Free Carriers can supply postal money-order for the renewal of subscriptions. Subscriptions are registered within three days after their receipt by us. We always date from the current issue, unless otherwise instructed. We can not acknowledge single subscriptions. We should be notified of any change of address between the fifteenth and the twenty-second of second month preceding month of issue. When you order a change, be sure to give the old as well as new address. If your magazine fails to arrive before the twenty-second of the month preceding the month of issue, advise us by postal and we will mail you a duplicate copy. To avoid confusion always sign your name the same as signed when forwarding the subscription. As an example: if your order is given in the name of Mrs. John Jones, do not write later in the name of Mrs. Mary P. Jones. The editors assume no risk for manuscripts and illustrations submitted to this magazine, but will use all due care while they are in their hands.

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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

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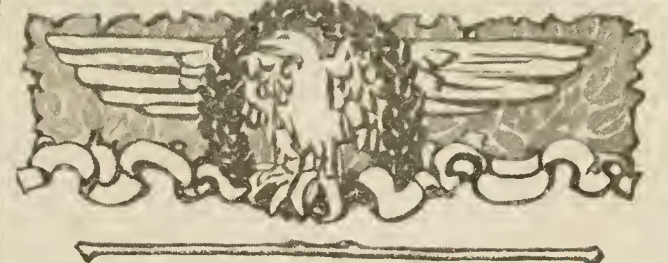
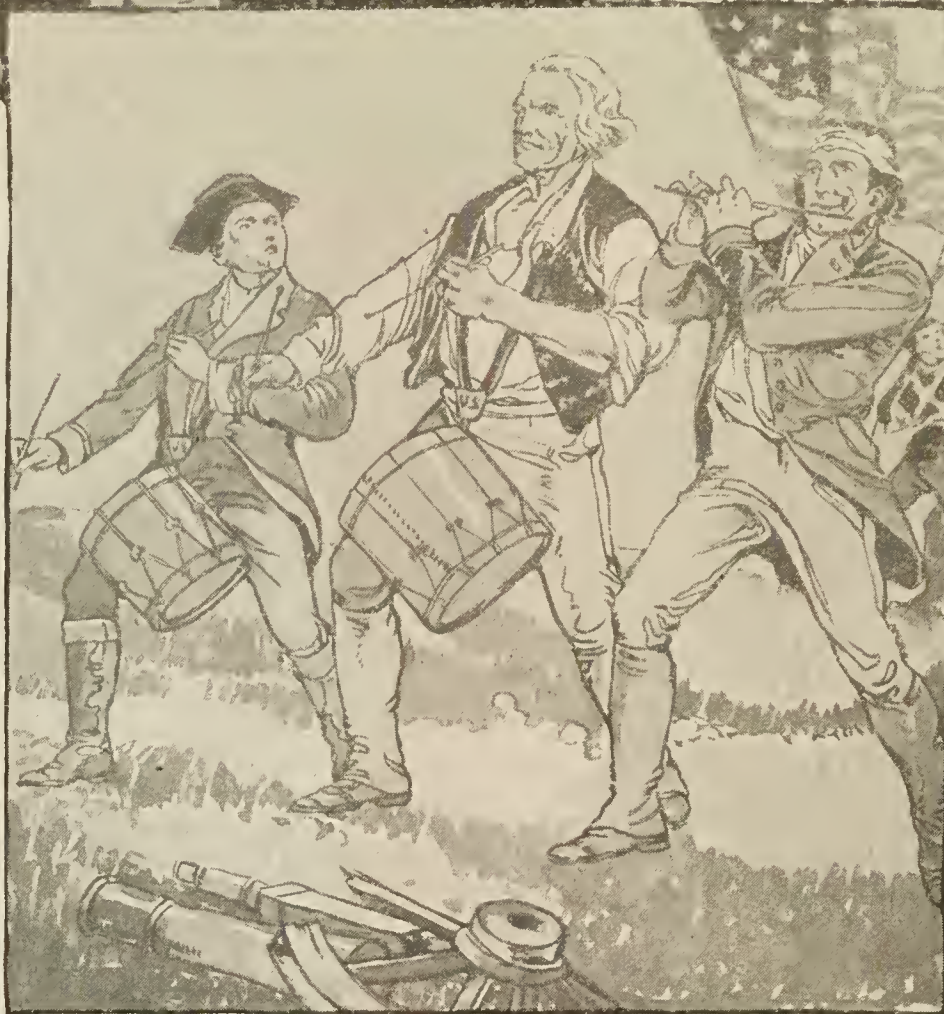
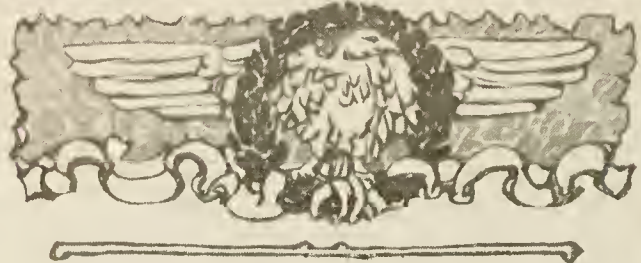
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WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS TO BE SELF-EVIDENT; THAT ALL MEN ARE CREATED EQUAL, THAT THEY ARE ENDOWED BY THEIR CREATOR WITH CERTAIN INALIENABLE RIGHTS, THAT AMONG THESE ARE LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

—THAT WE HERE HIGHLY RESOLVE THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN—THAT THIS NATION, UNDER GOD, SHALL HAVE A NEW BIRTH OF FREEDOM—AND THAT GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE, BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE, SHALL NOT PERISH

THE SPIRIT OF '76

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

And you will answer, "Yes, dear, I remember very well."

"But"—the child's face 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 country 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 innocent face looking into yours that men for countless 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.

So you will turn to grandfather. "John, tell the child why."

Grandfather will look over his glasses and say, "Because we were poor, weak fools."

Curiously enough the child 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 recall 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 recall 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 conflict, of debate, cleared 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.



# WITH THE EDITOR

## INDEPENDENCE DAY

**I**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 celebration.

"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 surprise.

"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 self-evident; 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

**T**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 know.

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

**I** GAVE six hours a day to the Red Cross during 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-year-old 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

**S**EVERAL 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

**I**T 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 working-man'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 to himself:

"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 easier."

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 drewed 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 un-social 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

**T**HE 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 yo' 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

**S**OME of the strongest opponents of the prohibition 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

**H**IS BROTHERS AND SISTERS CALLED HIM LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT—ALL EXCEPT LAVINIA. HE WAS HER HERO, AND EVERYTHING HE DID WAS EXACTLY RIGHT. QUIET AS SHE WAS, SHE WAGED WAR IN HIS BEHALF AGAINST ANY AND ALL COMERS—ESPECIALLY 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."

**T**HEY 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 Sister Bill?

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 till then."

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 Antinous 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, though he 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 and brasses.

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 experienced.

Neither of her other brothers meant anything to her. Jim, who sent her shells and a parrot she couldn't keep—because it would laugh when Lorenzo was feeling things deeply—seldom wrote to her, and when he sent her a ten-pound 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 to him.

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.

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# “DEAR OLD PAL OF MINE”

BY LIEUT. GITZ RICE

## “CHEERIO! HERE’S TO THE ALLIES”

**I**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

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# "GENTLEMEN, UNAFRAID"

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN



**T**HEY'RE home now, or coming home, our soldier boys. Cheering, tearful crowds 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 comes 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 citizens.

And they will be of our most honored citizens 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 country.

We looked on, misty-eyed, though not realizing what they would be called 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 chivalry, to a generous technique of living.

Through circumstances 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 beacons 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 colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Regiment, to receive the Distinguished Service Cross.

"It's young Walter Eich 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 came in, a fine-faced lad, a little grave, with that remote, inscrutable, 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 congratulated 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,



Photographs by Underwood & Underwood



Courtesy of F. M. C. A., Rainbow Division

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 trench 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 crawls 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 shell-hole, 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 crash 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 succeed. 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 Eich 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 patience under inconveniences that struck me in my early days in France, when I was learning soldiering in Alsace.

Then the soldiers stood long in line for their food, received 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 eotieized straw. They did hard pack-drill. They marched many miles, and all with no complaint 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 lacked a trench tool and had to use his mess-kit or even his fingers.

There was the terrible, anguishing marching 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-ninth Division. These lads arrived overseas early in June, a large part of them being replacement troops who had had scarcely a week's training in camp. 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 schooled their imagination in the bleak, red roads of war.

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IN THE HALL SHE TRIED TO THANK HIM. THE MEDIUM-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

SHE 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-woody browns and grays and indistinguishable navy blues; setting out on week-day 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 corre-

sponding 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, black-laced 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 medium-brown 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 widowed for some years; and Miss Briggs had been teaching for some time. He observed matter-of-factly:

"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 come.

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 medium-brown 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 boarding-house. Almost at once Mrs. Ladd, her landlady, shrilled up:

"Miss Briggs! Miss Briggs! Somethin' for you!"

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 medium-brown eyes had to finish for her.

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

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 boarding-house 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 exhilaration 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

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# THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

## THE 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.*

UNWILLINGLY 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 sister.

"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 rottenest 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!"

Leontine sneered, but her sneer had no malice in it—merely a cynical wisdom. "Excuse me, dearie! Too much like mine, I suppose! Well, I should worry. Mine is still good on some of the best contracts going."

"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.

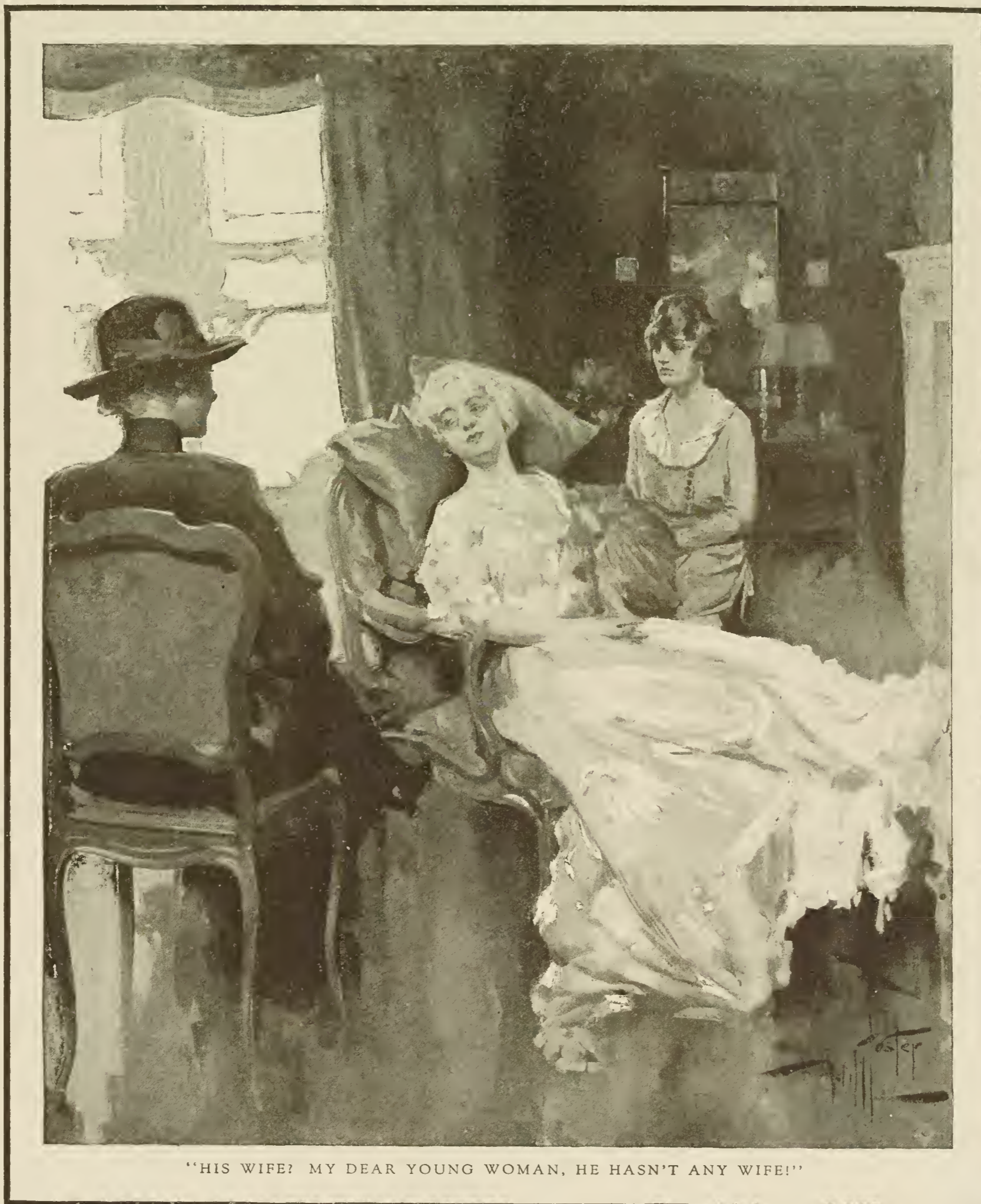
"My luck's going to turn," she called. "I've got a straight tip that's going to bring me real money. I'll be in to-morrow morning, or maybe late this afternoon, and then I'll—fix it up with you, what I owe you."

She ran down the stairs, the yellow bird of paradise flitting 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, company 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 consigned to a young woman in a dark-blue tailored suit and an efficient-looking, plain Velours hat which her brother might have worn with pro-



"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 Rebecca Brinkerhoff, who openly declared that when they no longer needed her in Home Service she was going to become a sleuth. She was fascinated by human riddles, by the motives, beginnings, endings and attendant catastrophes of human beings. That is why she was a success as a Home Service visitor—that and her persistence in the face of rebuffs. 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 wrist-watch.

"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,

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."

"Badly?"

"No, not at all; shrapnel and a badly bruised left arm. He wouldn't have been sent 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 condition 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 invalidated 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 the wall.

"I don't want to go home,' was all he said, but it gave us the first clue 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 received 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 Lieut. Cromwell a letter.

"He remembered it because the lieutenant seemed to be so delighted because his mail had at last caught up 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 declared. 'He acted like he'd been hit over the head with a club.'

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

# HAPPY KATE

BY JAMES FRANCIS DWYER

**T**HE roads that run out of Whipperton are nice, brown, dusty roads that wander carelessly across the hills to Bonneton, Pretty Ponds, Red Rock, and a dozen other places. There's something awfully appealing to a child 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 come 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 Lane.

Sometimes a boy would call 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 countryside, 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 Rockaway 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' WHIPPERTON. 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 across 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 head?"

"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 called her a poor afflicted 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 know?"

"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 face, all wrinkled and brown, was quite close to mine, then she whispered to me in a voice that made little thrills go up and down my spine:

"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, because 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 Rockaway. And the thrills that came to me when she told me that Will Hammond would come 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

MAY 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 beaux 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 rosy, 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 elusive 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 master-mechanic 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 meant 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. Homeward—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 twenty—was 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. I don't believe anybody in this world ever felt more important or prouder or happier or richer than May Bronson did on pay-day.

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 steady-going, 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

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## 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 beaux in her parlor. She wouldn't have had time to do it if there had been any beaux 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.



# AN ADVENTURE IN SELF-RELIANCE

BY CARLYLE ELLIS



Eddie

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

**F**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 fourteenth Summer.

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 inscrutable. We none of us paid him much attention and I might not have read his heart had he not offered to carry water for me one steaming day.



Alongside was a moss-grown dock

The chief features of Eddie's hurriedly assembled equipment were: One enormous and vividly colored blanket of extraordinary weight and thickness, one bathing-suit, several sizes too large, and one home-made life-preserver of vast bulk.

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. "Wouldja mind going close 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:

"Could we go fishin'?"



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 pocket-money? 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 carelessly 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 occasional, "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 power-boat 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!" came 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-examination 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 flat on the deck, hoisted his feet to the skylight top, well above his head, and was still.

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 deck, 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 still

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

The eager light spread into a crimson glow.

"C'n I wear me bathin'-suit?"

We rowed ashore, and Eddie scoured most of two coats of special paint off the tender in a very ecstasy of devoted energy.

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

"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 call him aboard for luncheon 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 slicings with it. And he did not yell in boylike imitation of Indians on the war-path. He was deadly silent and I could picture 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 came 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.

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"OH!" SHE BREATHED. "OH! A PRETTY!"

# GYP OF THE BARRENS

BY HAROLD TITUS

**G**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 SOMEHOW 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 SIMPLICITY 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 men—besides 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 planted.

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

"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? You—ho—"

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THE DELINEATOR SUNSHINE HOUSE.

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### SOLDIERS OF THREE WARS AND THEIR LASSES

war. And you, all ready for the latest pretties, just as grand-children of the War times, and great-grand-children when 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.







THE OLD HORSE STEPPED SLOWLY FROM THE SHADE INTO THE SUNLIGHT

# A RED-HAIRED MASCOT

BY HELEN WARD BANKS

"It's perfectly hopeless," sighed Margaret.

Kate grunted an assent and then, as some one knocked at the door, she called 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 school's history had a new girl burst through the bonds of tradition and propriety and stormed an old girl's room.

"Can I do anything for you?" she asked stiffly.

"You're Kate Colby, aren't you?" asked the red-headed girl, still with her audacious 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 to get in?"

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

"Oh, Kate!" protested Margaret.

Aileen's head went up with the quick 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!" exclaimed 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 course, 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 course 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 basket-ball 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 glance.

"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 INGENUOUS 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 School, of course you know all about the 'perambulating prom?'"

Aileen nodded and chose a chocolate. "It's a procession of Reds and Whites when school 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 mascot 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 sofa-pillow cover 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't 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 the Red House's mascot?"

The two older girls held their breath while they watched Aileen. "Why should I be a mascot?" she asked, and then as she saw, she flushed. "Oh, you mean my hair! I didn't come to school to be a monkey on a stick, even to amuse the Red captain," 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 mascot 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 scout that can unearth theirs. And now we've lost Aileen probably. We're gumps—that's what we are."

"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 much."

"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," conceded 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 me?"

"I really like you," answered Margaret honestly. "But I do want you to do this awfully, too. I'd consider it an act 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?"

"Cheaper 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."

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"I HAVE LOOKED EVERYWHERE FOR YOU!"

# IN PAWN TO A THRONE

BY DEMETRA VAKA AND KENNETH BROWN

## THE STORY

**T**HE girl allowed herself to be guided unresistingly 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 far-away look of a statue, changed, and there crept into it a

*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 covering the hateful stones with the roses of love.*

*He hears some one else coming, and forgetting everything but her danger, seizes her by the arm.*

*"Quick! There is some one coming! You must not be caught."*

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 college.

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 that?

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 Lycabettus, 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 Athens was.

To the Acropolis he paid homage daily from his balcony; 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 to him.

ELIHU was learning much about the political affairs 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 experiment.

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 Venizelists. He 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

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AN OLD-WORLD KITCHEN

# AMERICAN HOUSEWIFERY VS. FRENCH

BY CAROLINE B. KING

IT 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-syrup, 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 scarcely fair to compare our ideas of a French dinner with the meal which is served in the well-to-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 woman.

I have partaken frequently of *dîner* 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

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# 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.



Photo 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.



Photo by J. Horace McFarland Co.

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



Photo by J. Horace McFarland Co.

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



Photo by War Camp Community Service

ceiling 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

See how it dovetails right into the situation.

First it is a tempting appetizer, ready-cooked, easy to prepare. Then it is high food-value 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-and-butter it becomes the best part of a sustaining light meal. Just what you want for the mid-day luncheon or the children's supper or whenever you are too busy or too tired to prepare a heavy meal.

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

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.



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

# THE LIVELY ROAD TO BEAUTY IN SMARTEST NEW YORK

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

**H**AVE you ever looked at actresses off-stage 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 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.

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 *prrrr-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?"

**T**HEN 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 get 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!

**W**HEN 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 skin-ionic and then plastered with a very soft cold-cream."

**T**HAT 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.

**T**HEN 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.

**T**HEN 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 wick-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, dear 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 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.

**F**IRST, 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 costs—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 cold-cream and astringent?"

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.

**O**THER 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 neck and the base of the neck.

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.

**A**LSO I learned for the *n*th 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 cager and human and believes the best.

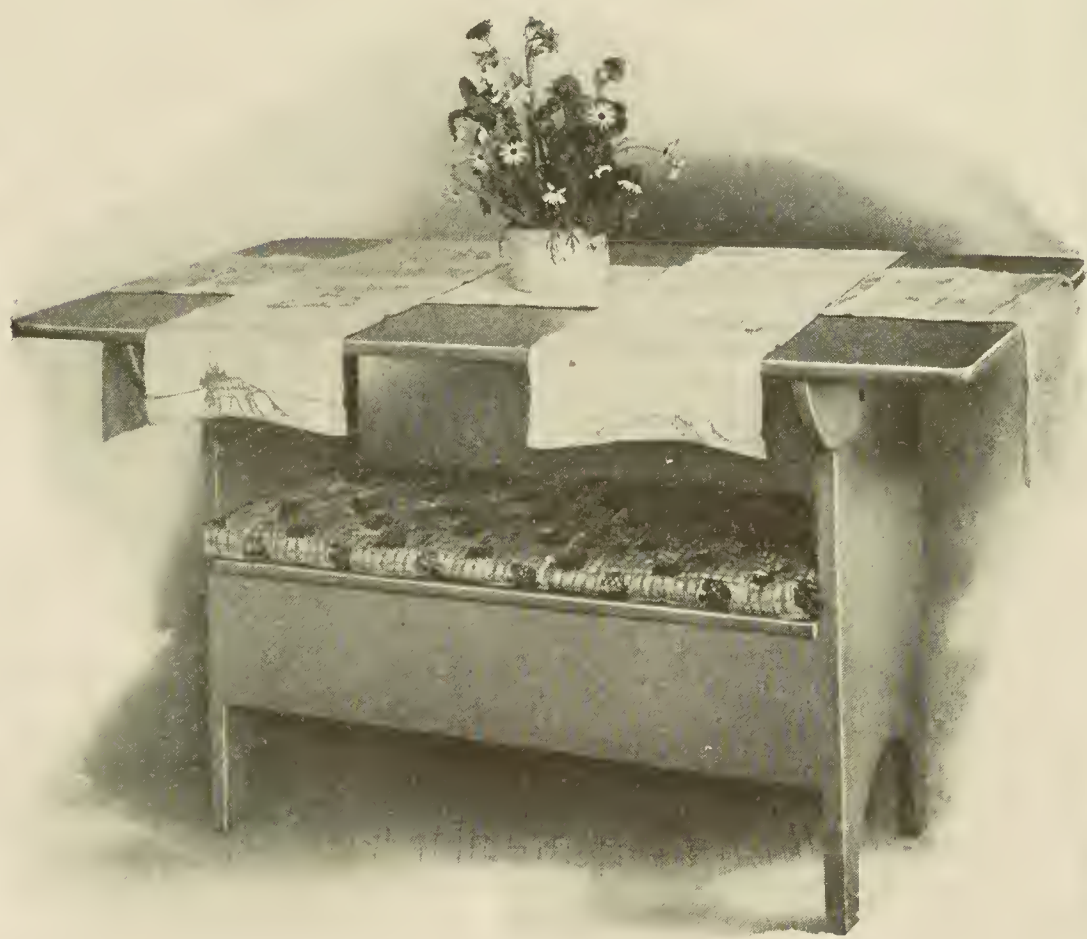
No wonder one has to make appointments three weeks ahead! No wonder the Rich and the Great and the Lovely go to sit in her chairs!

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 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 UP LITTLE 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



A GREAT PART OF THE JOY OF BREAKFASTING 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



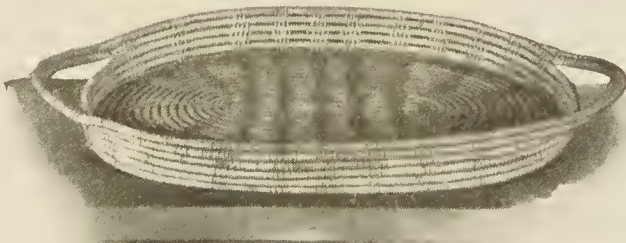
UNTIL YOU TRY IT YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW FETCHING A PAINTED WOODEN TUB IS FOR YOUR FLOWERING PLANT, ESPECIALLY AT THE TOP OF THE VERANDA STEPS. A WHIFF OF THE FLOWERS WILL ADD FLAVOR TO THE FRUIT. THIS SAME TUB OF EARTH FILLED WITH BLOSSOMS WILL WORK MIRACLES FOR THE OUTDOOR PARTY



WHO WOULD OBJECT TO THE HUMBLE WOODEN CHOPPING BOWL FOR STRAWBERRIES OR DRY CEREALS, AND A BREADBOARD, WHEN THEY WEAR BORDERS OF GAY BLOSSOMS IN ROSE AND GREEN? AND IN SERVING BREAKFAST OR TEA, WHY NOT 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



JUST A KITCHEN BOWL WITH A BLUE BORDER—BUT IT HOLDS VELVET-FACED PANSIES THAT MAY TAKE THE PLACE OF THE CROCK OF WILD FLOWERS ON THE TABLE. IT WOULD BE WORTH WHILE TO HAVE A PANSY-BED JUST TO SUPPLY THE POSIES FOR THE BREAKFAST-TABLE



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



The easiest way to prepare GOOD Coffee—AND the least expensive—and the most Delicious Coffee when prepared.

# FAUST INSTANT COFFEE

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	TEA	EACH
30-cup cans	100-cup cans	\$0.35
60-cup cans	200-cup cans	.65
120-cup cans	400-cup cans	1.25

If your dealer hasn't received his supply, send for trial order today.

DEALERS supplied through Jobbers. JOBBERS, Write Us.

C. F. Blanke Tea & Coffee Co.,  
The World-Famous Faust Coffee and Tea  
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Makers of Faust Chile Powder—the seasoning par excellence for soups, salads, meats.  
At Dealers, 15c. — By Mail, 20c.

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NO-WHIP REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## VENTILATING PORCH SHADES

How to get the most out of your porch—

IT can be made the favorite gathering place for all the family—a delightful outdoor room—if it is made cozy and attractive by proper use of Porch Shades. Our free "Book of Porches" tells you how to do it, shows you how others have beautified porches of all kinds and sizes with Aerolux Porch Shades.

This book explains, too, why Aerolux Porch Shades give you greater comfort and longer wear than ordinary shades.

Write for this book—you will find it interesting and you will not be obligated in any way.

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# YOUR KIND OF A WOMAN

will find stories and articles of surpassing interest in *Everybody's Magazine* (on every news-stand the 23d of the month). *Everybody's* is published for intelligent people who appreciate wholesome fiction and like to keep abreast of the times by reading articles by interesting figures in to-day's enthralling world. Just turn over the pages of the current issue.

20 cts. a copy at all news-stands—\$2 a year

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

223 Spring Street,

New York

# It started as a Baby Powder

The original Mennen Borated Talcum was such a blessing to babies that for many years mothers knew it chiefly as a baby powder.

But as mothers and nurses came to realize how wonderfully Mennen's cooled and soothed baby skin and protected it from the friction of tight clothing—how deliciously smooth and sweet was baby's skin after a Talcum bath—they soon learned to look upon Mennen's as a requisite to an adult toilet as well.

And finally men, always reluctant to try anything that makes them really comfortable, learned of the luxury of a Talcum shower after their bath—a silky film of Talcum that made clothes feel icose on a hot day, that prevented collar chafing and underwear from sticking.

For use after shaving, one of our best sellers is our Talcum For Men, which is neutral in tone and doesn't show.

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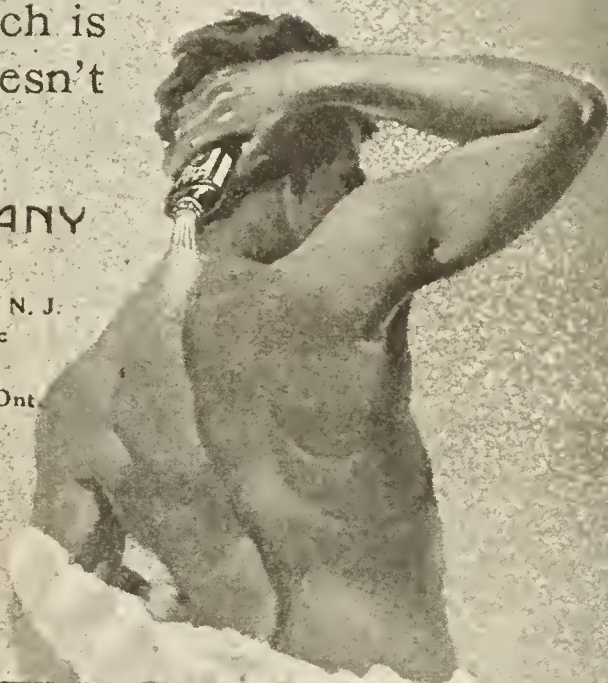
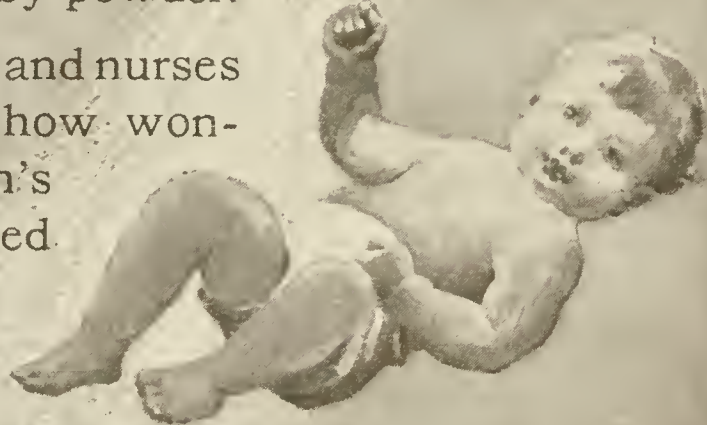


## MENNEN TALCUM POWDERS

In the new, large size, economical can which contains more Talcum for the money than you bought before the War.

Mennen Talcums—with the original borated formula—include:

BORATED VIOLET FLESH TINT CREAM TINT  
TALCUM FOR MEN



THE JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS PLACE-CARD FOR JULY

## OUTDOOR FÊTES FOR MIDSUMMER

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

JAPAN, in addition to being the land of cherry-blossoms and chrysanthemums, of gay little kimono-clad ladies, of fragrant tea and quaint customs, 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 celebrate the Feast of Lanterns, and the Yankee hostess in search of a new kind of garden-party will do well to follow their example.

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, water-lilies, 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 colored 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.

A VARIATION of the game of Japanese Fan Ball is picturesque enough to live up to the poetic 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 goals consist of tall poles to which are fastened baskets deep enough to catch the balls. Then two captains are chosen, who select their own teams, calling the guests one by one in the manner of an old-fashioned spelling-match.

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 center 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 Madame 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 fact it is a home-made 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-colored cheese-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 carries out the Oriental motif of the entire fête. It consists of:

- Oriental Sandwiches
- Salad *à la Japonaise*
- Honorable Ancestor Ices
- Geisha Punch
- Eastern Moon Cakes

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 of pineapple.

### 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 picnic without open spaces, trees and daisies may sound impossible, but it isn't.

Of course if the fields are convenient and most of the neighbors have automobiles, by all means take advantage of the fact. But you may have a picnic 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 cushions thrown on the grass, with a few low wicker chairs arranged in a social manner, will be sufficient preparation for the guests.

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.

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

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 cut in it.

This board may also be painted red, white and blue, if one desires. The hole in the center is eight inches in circumference, 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 numbers.

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 patriotic parade or gorgeous pageant in gala effect.

A space curtained with sheets and made gay with flags will provide an excellent bowling-alley 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 pop-guns.

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, obstacle or blindfold race are all well-known varieties.

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

Potatoes may be carried in the same way with teaspoons.

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

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 picnic fashion, with a big table-cloth 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, cakes, with punch and lemonade, are all part of the menu.

Watermelon, if served ice-cold, is delicious and seems somehow to belong to this special holiday.

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 DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

# Columbia Grafonola

## Miss Columbia Celebrates the Fourth

Surely, in all our history she and we have never had better reason to celebrate.

We're going to make this historic Fourth a day we'll long remember. And Columbia Grafonolas and Records are ready to play their patriotic part in the big celebration.

On Columbia Records you'll find all the music of victory—the glorious songs and marches that played our boys into action over there, the national anthems of our Allies, American patriotic airs from revolutionary days to date. The Columbia Grafonola plays this inspiring music with the snap and dash of the greatest military bands. See your Columbia dealer. He will play you the latest selections on the newest Grafonolas. Then you can make your own selections and celebrate the greatest Fourth of July in our history with appropriate patriotic music.

*To make a good record great,  
play it on the Columbia Grafonola*

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up to \$300; Period  
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# 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 Linoleums



# SCIENTIFIC HELPS FOR THE HOMEMAKER

Arranged by FLORA G. ORR, Home-Economics Editor

MY FIRST message in these columns is for the woman of New York State: Are you taking advantage of the Cornell Reading 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 bulletin 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 dislikes the new wallpaper; how she can design an artistic, inexpensive dress, or rightly furnish and decorate a room."

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 studies 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. Shapes, sizes and materials are decided upon, always in reference to the use one is to make of the article in question.

"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 believe 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 vinegar.

Farmhouse Series, 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, good-looking 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 once more about filling the shelves of the preserve closet, there will be a large demand 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.

AGAIN, 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 bulletins.

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.

ARE you, as a 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 devil?" If you are failing to observe your duty to yourself, note the advice contained in "Saving 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 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; "Waste 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 833, 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.

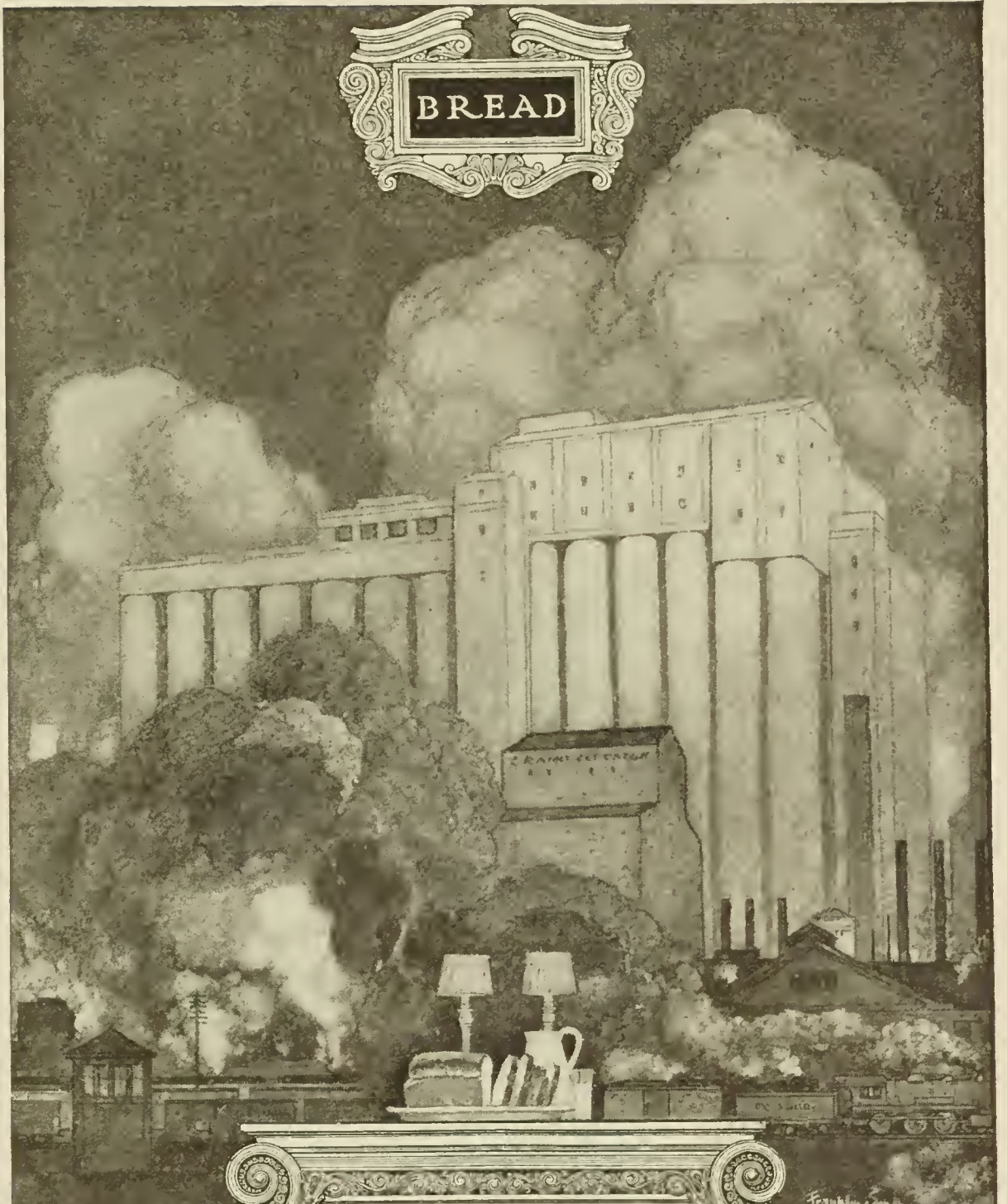
A series of three bulletins on "How to Select Foods," Farmers' Bulletins 808, 817 and 824, will be found of inestimable value to any housekeeper who wishes to learn fundamental facts about dietetics. Here are set forth in detail the five food groups and the value of each kind of food to the body, the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

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.



MISS VAN RENSSELAER, head of the Home-Economics Department at Cornell University



## The First and Greatest

task of man in peace or war is to provide bread! Millions sow and reap that the world's bread may be produced. Giant locomotives strain 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!

THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY  
Your City

In the United States and Canada nearly all bread made in bakeries or homes is raised with

# Fleischmann's Yeast



# WHO IS YOUR IDEAL?

## EVERY GIRL CONSCIOUSLY OR UNCONSCIOUSLY IMITATES

BY FANNIE KILBOURNE

THE 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 actress, 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 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 hand-shake. He has no idea that it is the captain's greeting which he 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 admires.

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 forchandedness 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 creating out of fresh lettuce leaves and the 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 are 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 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 worshipping them again, but seeing them somewhere else.

The girl who is a heroine-worshiper 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 fulfillment 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.

OVER ITS ARCH  
NO DEMON COMES NEAR;  
A GARDEN WITH BRIDGES  
IS SAFE FROM ALL FEAR.

have a new egg-beater like Aunt Ella's; I wanted 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—the 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

She is like the Foolish Shopper who buys the 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 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 are worth.

As a general rule, however, a girl's admiration for another woman, whether she be a friend or acquaintance, an actress or a character in a book, strikes deeper than that. The surface charms, the manners which she imitates, 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-



# "NOT A BOY, PLEASE!"

## THE DELINEATOR'S CHILD-HELPING SERVICE

BY HONORÉ WILLISIE

NOT 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 DELINEATOR'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 the 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 assure you that there is nothing simple about raising a child of either sex, adopted or not. If 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 asked.

THE curtain rose again. On its descent the little woman turned to me 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 done my share of the 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 these older children 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 run 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 with a baby."

"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 grown-ups 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 the 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 DELINEATOR asking for photographs of little boys not over six! And THE DELINEATOR put her in touch with a first-class child-placing agency.

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 the 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 leaped 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 bed. Mother and Daddy looked all over the United States to find just the boy they wanted. I was the only one. That's better'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 convince 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 we 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?

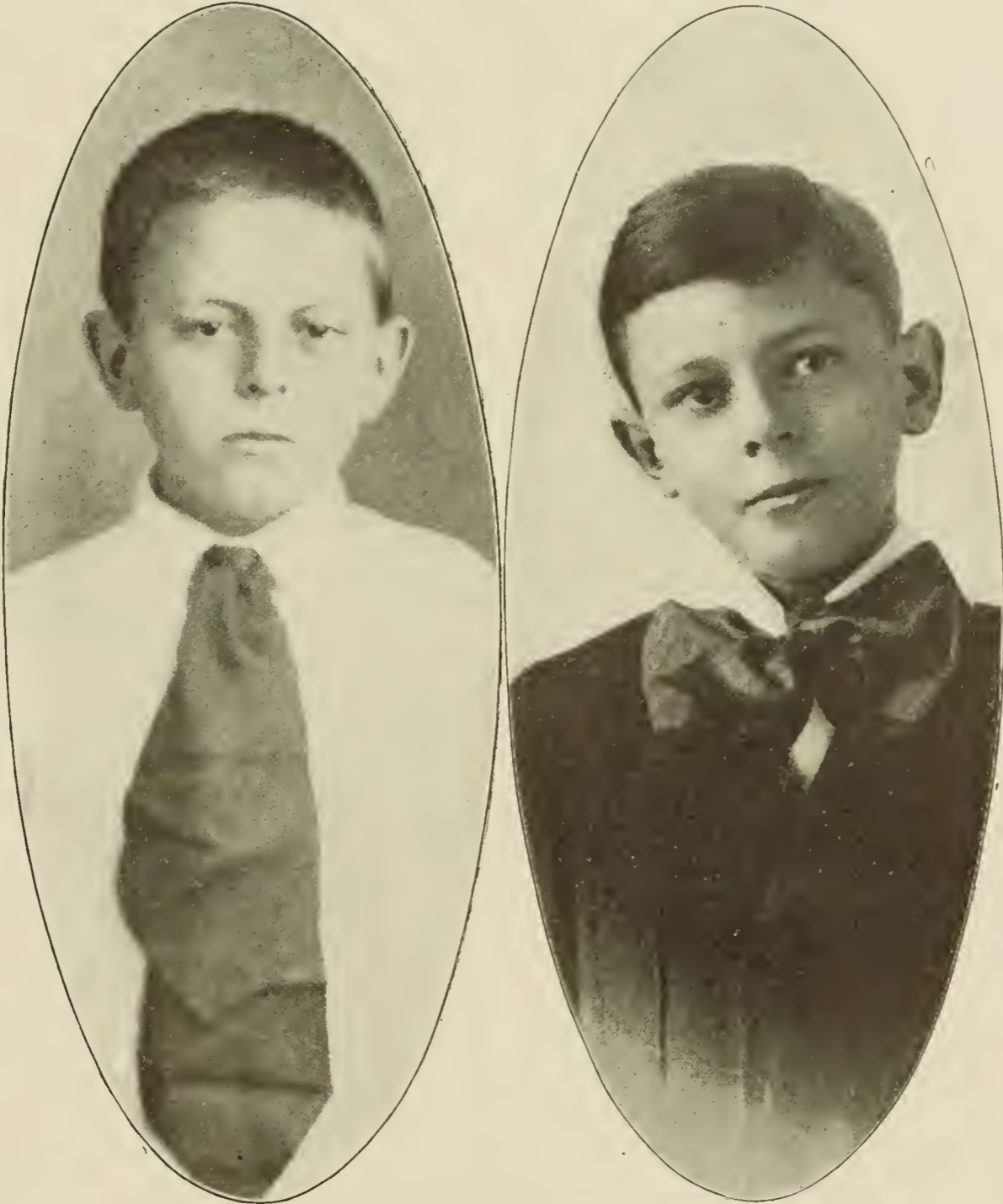
If these child-experts have been particularly successful in developing disciplinary measures for the homeless child, why should not the mother and father of a child profit by their experience?

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 child-adjustment will be procured from child-workers who are vouched for by our executive committee.

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 histories presented, and she was allowed to meet the first little boy in the office of the agency. He was a pleasant, sweet-tempered 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 the agency will keep an eye on both Jim and the Xes. It is quite as important that the Xes be satisfactory to Jim as that Jim be satisfactory to the Xes.

Little Jim is a highly intelligent, difficult-tempered 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

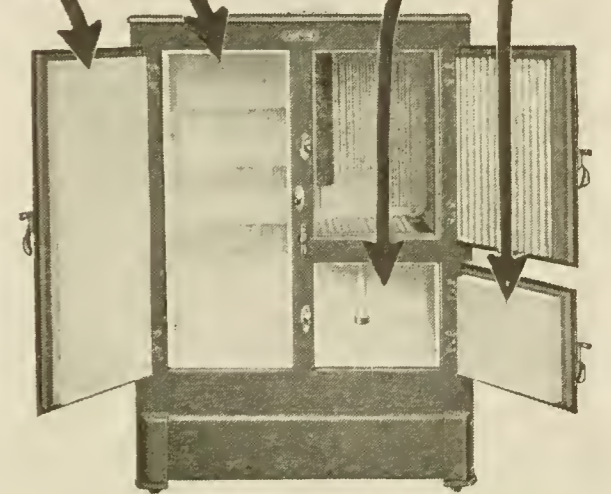
NOT a seam or a crack in the whole interior to catch dirt or germs—or allow the passage of air. The glistening white lining is as easy to keep clean as a china plate. Elastic. The outside of the box is just as sanitary—a smooth, even, highly polished surface, as beautiful as your best furniture. The

## RHINELANDER AIR-TITE REFRIGERATOR

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.

The Rhineland Air-Tite gives more efficient refrigeration than many refrigerators costing twice as much. The price fits your pocketbook. See the Rhineland at your dealer's—or write for catalog.

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Rhineland, Wis.



## We Hide The Bran

The bran in Pettijohn's is hidden in luscious flakes of wheat. The dish is as pleasing as the after-effects.

That's the way to serve bran—make it likable. Serve it in a daily dainty. Get its constant help.

Try it this way for a week. Watch what sunny days it brings.

# Pettijohn'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

## THE AMERICAN BOY

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine for Boys in all the World"

WHEN your boy was a baby, you hoped he would always be surrounded by the best character-forming influences. Remember this now, as the world lies open before him. In his reading especially he needs the sound, manly material published regularly in THE AMERICAN BOY—a magazine that is a positive power in developing America's boyhood.

More than 500,000 read it eagerly and regularly. Give your boy this inspiration and this advantage. He needs it as he grows. Buy it at the newsstands, or subscribe for him. \$2.00 a year—20c a copy.

The Sprague Pub. Co.  
12 American Bldg., Detroit, Mich.









## Wouldn't You Like Better Preserves?

There need not be any guesswork or luck about putting up fruit.

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 crystallization.

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

### Blackberry Conserve

Five pounds blackberries, 2½ lbs. sugar, 2½ lbs. Karo (Crystal White), 4 oranges, 2½ lbs. raisins. Take orange-peel and put in cold water. Simmer slowly until boiling hot, to remove bitter taste. Then chop coarsely. Squeeze juice over sugar, then add blackberries, raisins seeded and chopped, and finally orange-peel. Heat slowly, then boil twenty minutes. Turn into sterilized glasses and cover securely.

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 utensils)

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY

17 Battery Place New York

Dept. C

For waffles, griddle cakes and all table uses—Karo—Golden Brown (in the Blue Can)

If you like the good old-fashioned maple flavor—Karo—Maple Flavor (in the Green Can)

# MANY DISHES FROM ONE RECIPE

BY FLORA G. ORR

THE baking-powder biscuit 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 meat-pie 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 the 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 enough to handle. It is not so stiff a dough as that used for yeast-risen 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 recipe:

### BAKING-POWDER BISCUIT

2 cups flour  
4 teaspoons baking-powder  
1 teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons fat  
¾ cup liquid (all milk, or half milk and half water)

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 biscuit-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 its work.

EMERGENCY biscuit is very much like the ordinary baking-powder biscuit. The only difference is that more milk or other liquid is used for this amount of flour, about one-fourth 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 biscuit-cutter, 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 case 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 cover 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 cinnamon 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 gently.

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 or other 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 cut in thin slices and seasoned.

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 baking-powder biscuit-dough. Bake in a fairly hot oven.



Miss Orr is THE DELINEATOR'S Home-Economics Editor

SHORTCAKE uses the same proportions of flour, milk and baking-powder as does the recipe for rolled baking-powder biscuits, but requires more shortening 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  
¼ cup to ½ cup fat  
¼ cup milk

THIS mixture is handled much the same as the rolled baking-powder biscuits—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 crushed 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 the well-beaten 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 mysteries of cakes.

SODA-BISCUIT dough is so similar to baking-powder 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 carbon dioxide gas, thus taking the place of baking-powder, in which there is acid cream-of-tartar and soda, which act together to produce carbon dioxide 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 cup of sour milk, it must be remembered that one teaspoon of soda can 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 cups of flour need the equivalent of four teaspoons of baking-powder, or one-half teaspoon of soda and two teaspoons of baking-powder.

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" recipe of baking-powder biscuit-dough I have shown that you can make twelve products—rolled baking-powder biscuits, emergency biscuits, steamed dumplings, dumplings cooked with meat stew, fruit dumplings, apple roly-poly, Dutch apple-cake, three or four kinds of shortcake, rolled soda biscuits, and emergency soda biscuits.

I HAVE another "master" recipe for you, a recipe for a cake which never fails. It is sometimes called plain or foundation cake, or you may call 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-cake."

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, nut-cake, 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 York City.



One fact about

# COLGATE'S TALC POWDER and a page of results



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 results of the more frequent use of Colgate's Talc will show in the greater happiness and comfort of every baby who gets plenty of it.

in charge of a Baby Hospital. It is the real boric powder.

The impartial analysis of Dr. Breneman, M. Sc., a prominent New York chemist, fully substantiates this. In 1909 he analyzed various talcs, purchased in the open market. He found that Colgate's contains just the right amount of boric acid, that mild yet efficient antiseptic. In 1916 he repeated the test, with the same brands.

The reasons for this are simple.

Colgate's Talc Powder is prepared on the formula of an eminent physician, for years

Dr. Breneman's report shows:

Colgate's Talc	contains	*10.54%	of boric acid
Talc No. 2	"	no	" " "
Talc No. 3	"	4.00%	" " "
Talc No. 4	"	1.12%	" " "
Talc No. 5	"	.40%	" " "
Talc No. 6	"	no	" " "

\*Just the right amount.

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. Dispensatory describes as "healing and soothing". These were not 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.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 53  
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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.





## This Boy Knows

*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 earned their leadership.*

*W. K. Kellogg*

**H**E 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. He wants the original—the crisp, rich, golden-glinting Kellogg's with their fresh-from-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

**T**HE 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 concerns itself with the mysteries of the best hotel cuisines, 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 be 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 the cleverest New York food-shops are doing, and more than that, how they are doing it.

We will teach you the pronunciations of the Frenchest 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 cheese, no great rival of Worcestershire sauce, may make its debut without your knowledge.

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

**T**HERE is nothing lumbler or apologetic in the fashionable and artistic soft-drink bar. It flaunts its charms in the faces of its patrons and shows what allurements 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 cases 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 serving-tables whose glass tops are placed over brilliant flowered chintz. It costs five cents a drink more to occupy 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 checkers can be played—the outfit for these games being furnished without charge to those who order soft drinks. In this room hangs the slogan, "What can't be cured must be endured," and, evidently, from the growing patronage of these Prohibition drinking-places, the enduring is no punishment.

**T**HE patron of the soft-drink bar may have a "long drink," such as any of the 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 table-spoons 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-blue ribbon.

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 climax and could be elaborated to form an amusing feature.

The Summer hostess can adapt many of the most attractive accessories of the soft-drink 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 non-alcoholic 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 combination.

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 mate-

rials an iced drink can be made with the minimum of chopped ice.

## GAY RED SALADS

**H**OTEL and restaurant salad-makers have become so accustomed to preparing patriotic-looking salads, principally in red-and-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 rōog—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 on which is laid a Red Cross design in canned pimento, the fruit resting on a bed of small white lettuce-leaves.

French dressing goes with this, pineapple and lemon-juice replacing the customary vinegar.

For the vegetable Red Cross salad, stiff mayonnaise is colored red with pounded lobster coral, but for the home kitchen beet-juice will answer the same purpose.

Border a low salad-bowl with lettuce or romaine, fill with chopped celery, apple and English walnuts, and mask the whole with mayonnaise or cream dressing with sufficient gelatin in its composition to keep firm and smooth.

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 cream cheese previously colored red is used in similar fashion.

## PATRIOTIC DECORATIONS

**W**HEN colored electric-light bulbs are needed, for either indoor or outdoor decoration, try tinting them yourself. It is easily done.

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 second time.

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 candles 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 cornflower, two or three red sweet peas and the same number of white ones. Stab the stems through the center of a tiny, lace-paper doily, fluffing the paper around the posies as a frame.

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.

## COLOR 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 utmost.

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. Sealing-wax 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 simple and artistic decoration. Small balloons, one each of red, white and blue, tied three in a cluster, are pretty for patriotic decorations for the 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 insure a good effect on the table.

Tricolor sets for the Summer table are gay little affairs of heavy white linen, with an inch-wide 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 piazza tea-table.

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 catch-stitching.

# 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.

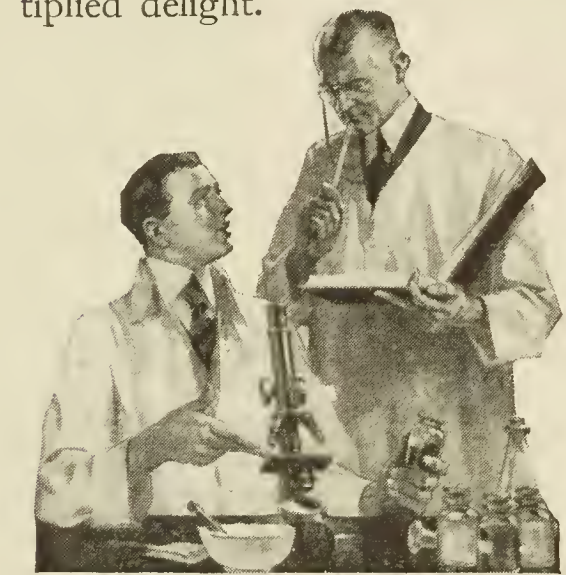


*The basic recipes* for most Van Camp Soups came to us from Paris. A famous chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris brought them to our kitchens. Up to that time, these soups were probably the finest soups known in America.



*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 multiplied delight.



*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.

## VAN CAMP'S Soups 18 Kinds

### 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  
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  
bitter germ removed.



Continued from page 21.

## 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 elaborate 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 slicing 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 self-respecting American family would be satisfied with the menu offered by the French housemother of small means. And this is true, not only of war-time living, but of all the time, as my Blue Devil friend assured me.

FROM a *cuisinière* of some standing and reputation whom I employed in the diet-kitchen 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 enough 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 inexpensive desserts.

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 the making of the crust. Did she use the lard substitute or the drippings as our soldier-cooks were wont 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 one crust—"a war measure," madame explained, "and a great saving of flour," and they were filled with the peach-pulp which Josephine 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.

MME. MARIN had in her repertoire but two cakes: one a sponge-cake which she called *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 them.

Her little nose would go up in scorn, and the pert little curls on her head would fairly shake with contempt as she examined our poor cakes, broke a crum from them, put it between her lips, and remarked tragically: "Pas bon! Mauvais! No good; bak'-poudre, oui?"

She would make nothing at all in which baking-powder was necessary. 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 cake, 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 expensive as the custards, so, therefore, the experiment was not repeated, and soon desserts and cakes 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 and work.

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 beef, and grumbled over our complex French dishes.

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 war time.

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 huge breakfasts.

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 forgotten.

Occasionally she would pay me a visit in the *grande cuisine*, as she called the diet-kitchen, 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 attractive forms as we 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 well pleased.

Madame 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 the *maitre*, and asked me to make the *pauvre soldat* a genuine omelet.

After I had reached the conclusion 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 more followed in the wake of madame and Josephine without our noticing any improvement.

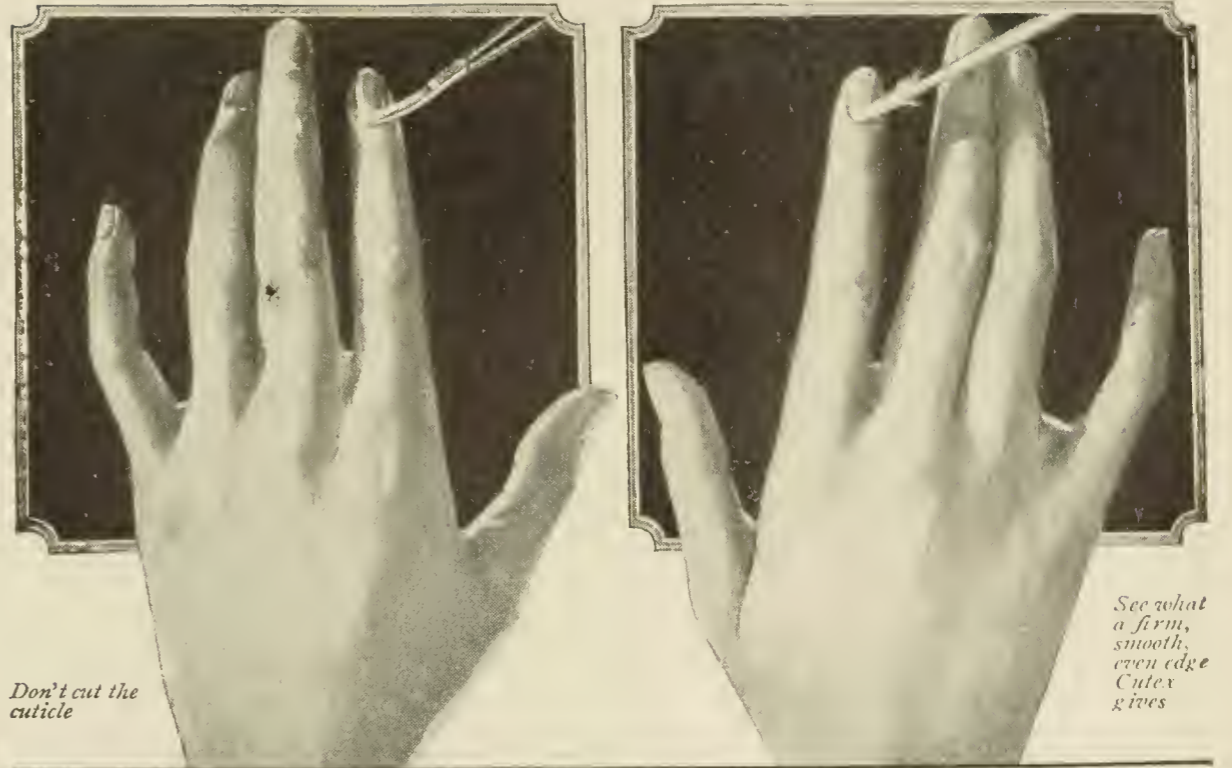
MEANTIME I had happily made the acquaintance of several charming French families whose villas or châteaux were situated within a few miles of the hospital, and on many occasions was invited to dine or lunch with them. Such delightfully hospitable people were they that one could not but feel at home by their hearths, even though one'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 sense of a well-balanced meal seemed developed scarcely at all. Almost invariably our dinner or luncheon would begin with an *hors d'œuvre* of some spicy sausage or fish in oil; this would be followed by a meat soup so delicate 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 cauliflower 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 nuts—the 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

**C**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 nails!

See how well-groomed they look now!

Keep your nails looking well. Care for them regularly. Once or twice each week take five minutes to manicure your nails this way and you will never be

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.

### A complete manicure set for only 20c

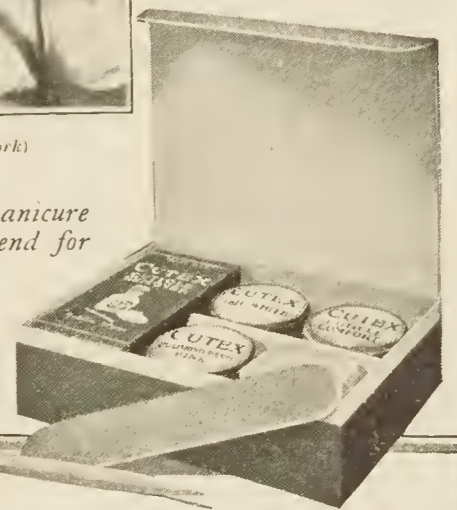
Mail the coupon today with two dimes for the complete manicure set shown below. It contains enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six perfect manicures! Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 1207, 114 W. 17th St., N. Y. City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 1207, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.



(Photo, Ira Hill Studio, New York)

This complete manicure set for 20c. Send for it today!



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114 West 17th St., New York City

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# PURITAN OIL COOK STOVES



## An Apron and A Match—

and, dinner will soon be cooking and the teakettle singing, on the PURITAN Oil Cook Stove.

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.

### Reversible Glass Oil Reservoir

You'll appreciate not only the ease with which you can refill this reversible glass reservoir, but especially its cleanliness. It's the ideal way to handle kerosene oil.

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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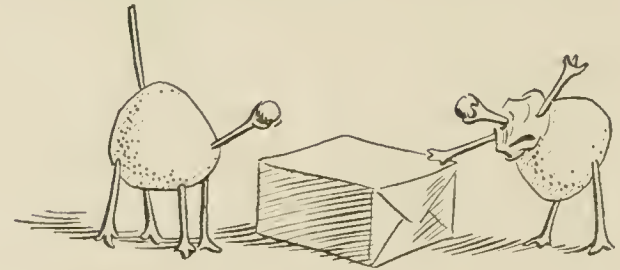
See your dealer or write  
for free Puritan  
booklet No. 24



Look for the Triangle Trade Mark

# THE SILLIPUTES

BY MARIE LEE WARNER



CLOVINA, the Cat,\* has a long, slender neck

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.

(\*Clovina is made of one gundrop and six cloves.)

UG SILLIPUTE once heard a queer little  
noise

Beneath a nice caramel square,  
And he called to Clovina to come very  
quick

To see if a mouse could be there.

Clovina sniffed hard while UG looked very  
close,

And what did the two of them meet,  
But some little boy's Wish for a rich  
caramel

A-nibbling away at their feet!

Now there's nothing like wishes and nib-  
blings small

To ruin a nice candy floor,  
So Clovina caught this one and sugared it  
so

That this Wish never wished any more.

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.

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 supper, 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 chateau.

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 economy.

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 chateau not far from the hospital. The little cakes made quite a sensation, especially when I explained that they were made of oats.

Little Pierre ran to the farmyard and brought in a handful of the grain and eagerly 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.

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 once 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 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; cereal for two days, and explained other fuel 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 omelet 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 dietitian.

In the markets in both the large cities and in the smaller towns, I watched the Frenchwomen 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 shopkeeper 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 effort 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 content 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 come 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.



*Make him proud of your complexion*

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.

In justice to yourself, decide today to clear your skin,—to have a radiant complexion.

Resinol Soap is of the utmost value for such treatment.

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Drink  
**Coca-Cola**  
DELICIOUS and REFRESHING

Coca-Cola is a perfect answer to thirst that no imitation can satisfy.

Coca-Cola *quality*, recorded in the public taste, is what holds it above imitations.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution.

THE COCA-COLA CO.  
ATLANTA, GA.

**Sold Everywhere**



TALL DRINKS IN TALL GLASSES WITH TALL STRAWS

## CHILLY CHEER!

BY MARIA LINCOLN PALMER

**D**URING 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 egg-nog 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)

**S**EPARATE 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

**D**ISSOLVE 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 currant-juice, 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.

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

**S**OAK 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

**P**LACE 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 quarter-filled with cracked ice.

Cap each portion with a tablespoon of sweetened whipped cream.

### MAPLE CREAM-SODA (INDIVIDUAL PORTION)

**I**NTO a tall glass pour two tablespoons of thick maple-syrup, 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

**P**ARTIALLY 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

**T**HE 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 diagram 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 wires 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.

**N**EXT 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 are 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.

**I**T 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 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.

**T**HE 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.



# Pompeian

## BEAUTY POWDER



### “LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT”

Her beauty instantly captivates him. His glances linger at first delightedly, then lovingly, upon the dainty texture of her skin. Nearly every woman can find the secret of “Instant Beauty” in the “Complete Pompeian Beauty Toilette.” First a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream. Work this softening, vanishing cream well into the skin, so that the powder will not stick in spots. Now the Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, with its pearly touch and captivating perfume. Then a bit of Pompeian BLOOM on the cheeks. This touch of color adds the bloom of youthful beauty and makes your eyes seem darker and more lustrous. Presto! What a change in a few moments.

*“Don’t Envy Beauty. Use Pompeian.”*

**Pompeian DAY Cream**—(Vanishing). Keeps the skin smooth and velvety. A good powder base. Removes face shine. Has an exquisite perfume. All druggists, 50c.

**Pompeian BEAUTY Powder**—Adds a lovely clearness to the skin. Stays on unusually long. Its fragrance captivates. Shades: white, brunette, and flesh. All druggists, 50c.

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**GUARANTEE**—The name Pompeian on a package guarantees that the contents are pure and beneficial. The Pompeian Company of Cleveland, Ohio, will cheerfully refund the full purchase price if you are not completely satisfied.

#### SPECIAL HALF-BOX AND PANEL OFFER

*(Positively only one to a family)*

To one person only in a family, we will send a special box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 50c package), a Liberty Girl Art Panel (28 inches long and in beautiful colors), and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes. Many interesting beauty experiments can be made with the samples.

The Pompeian Company, 2099 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio



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Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes. Send me your ONE-HALF BOX Powder and 1919 PANEL offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer.

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Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested.



# ROYAL Baking Powder

Gives to plain and fancy baking that supreme touch  
of quality impossible to impart with any other leaven  
Absolutely Pure



"Bake it with  
**ROYAL**  
and be sure"

## Cocoa Cakes

*Excellent for Afternoon Tea*

4 tablespoons shortening  
1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup milk  
1 egg  
 $1\frac{1}{4}$  cups flour  
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cocoa  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cream shortening; add sugar and well beaten egg; beat well and add milk slowly; sift flour, baking powder, salt and cocoa into mixture and stir until smooth; add vanilla; pour batter into well greased shallow pan; the batter should be about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick. Bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes; when cool, and before removing from pan, cut diagonally across from opposite corners to make diamond shaped pieces; cover with boiled icing. These make very attractive cakes to serve at afternoon tea or luncheon.

## Boiled Icing

1 cup granulated sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon Cream of Tartar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water  
White of one egg  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon flavoring

Boil sugar, cream of tartar and water until syrup spins a thread; pour very slowly on stiffly beaten egg white and beat until smooth and stiff enough to spread. Add flavoring and spread on cake.

## White Cakes with Fruit Icing

*Fine with Summer Ices*

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening  
1 cup granulated sugar  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  cup water  
2 cups flour  
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
Whites of 2 eggs  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon flavoring

Cream shortening and sugar together until very light; add water slowly almost drop by drop, and beat constantly; add flavoring, stir in the flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together twice; fold in the whites of eggs which have been beaten until stiff and dry; put spoonful of batter into small individual cake tins and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes, or bake in shallow pan and cut as in above recipe.

## Fruit Icing

1 egg white  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups confectioner's sugar  
 $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons strawberry or raspberry juice

Put unbeaten white of egg in shallow dish; with wire whip, beat in the sugar a little at a time; add the fruit juice and spread on top of cakes. If fresh fruit juice cannot be obtained, the juice from preserves may be used.

## Cream Puffs

*Better than the bake shop kind*

$\frac{1}{2}$  cup shortening  
1 cup boiling water  
3 eggs  
1 cup flour  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Heat water and shortening in saucepan until it boils up well; add flour, sifted with salt, all at once and stir vigorously. Remove from the fire as soon as mixed; cool and mix in unbeaten eggs, one at a time. Add baking powder, mix well, and drop by spoonfuls  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches apart on greased tin. Shape into circular form with wet spoon. Bake 25 minutes in hot oven. With sharp knife cut to admit filling.

## Cream Filling

1 cup sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cornstarch  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon salt  
1 egg  
1 cup scalded milk  
2 cups scalded milk  
1 teaspoon vanilla

Mix dry ingredients, add egg slightly beaten and stir into this gradually the scalded milk. Cook about 15 minutes in double boiler, stirring constantly until thickened. Cool slightly and flavor. Sweetened whipped cream may be used instead of the above filling.

## Tea Biscuits

*Very appetizing and easy to make*

2 cups flour  
3 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder  
 $\frac{3}{4}$  teaspoon salt  
2 tablespoons shortening  
1 tablespoon sugar  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water  
1 egg

Sift flour, baking powder, salt and sugar together into a bowl; add well beaten egg and melted shortening to water; add to dry ingredients to make soft dough; roll out on floured board to about  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick; cut with biscuit cutter and bake in moderate oven about 25 minutes.

Over 500 exceptional recipes are in the Royal Cook Book. If you would like a fresh copy we will gladly send it to you, free. Address

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.**  
119 William Street, New York



# why have tough pastry?

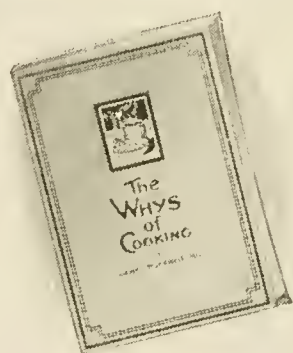
Your pie-crust and fancy pastries can be luscious, tender, flaky if you shorten with Crisco.

Crisco produces ideal results because it is so delicate. It is strictly vegetable—made from choice vegetable oils—clean, pure, wholesome, tasteless, odorless.

Crisco produces ideal results because it is so rich. It is all shortening—the cream of the oil—contains no water, no salt. Every particle enriches. It is so rich that a fifth less is needed in any recipe calling for animal fat.



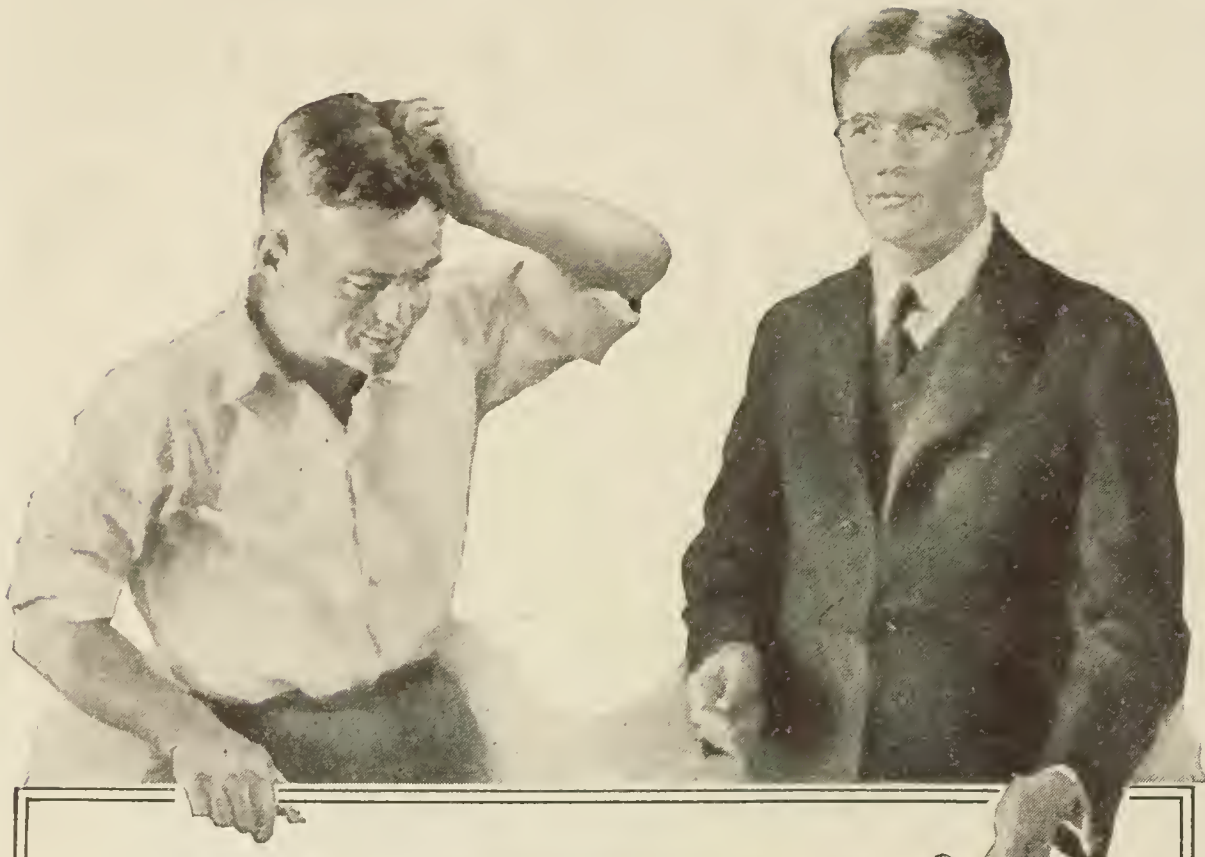
Crisco is *never* sold in bulk. Get it in this air-tight, dirt-proof container. 1 lb. net weight; also larger sizes.



Send 10 cents for this 25 cent book: "The Whys of Cooking." Tells why Crisco makes foods more delicious and digestible. Tells how to set the table and serve meals. Gives over 150 appetizing recipes, with many colored illustrations. Written by Janet McKenzie Hill, founder of the Boston Cooking School and Editor of "American Cookery." Address Dept. F-7, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

*Use Crisco also for biscuits, short breads, frying and cake. It is the better fat for every purpose. It fries foods without making them greasy. It gives cake butter richness at half butter cost. You get the ideal fat for every use when you order Crisco. Try it.*





## "See, Mr. Farmer What I've Done With Your Wheat"

Prof. A. P. Anderson took whole wheat and sealed it in huge guns. For sixty minutes he revolved the guns in a fearful heat, and turned all the wheat moisture to steam.

Then he shot the guns and the steam exploded. Every food cell was blasted for easy digestion. The wheat kernels were puffed to thin, toasted bubbles, eight times normal size.

### Created the Supreme Food

Thus he made whole wheat so completely digestible that every atom feeds. He made it so flaky, so flavory, so enticing, that children revel in it.

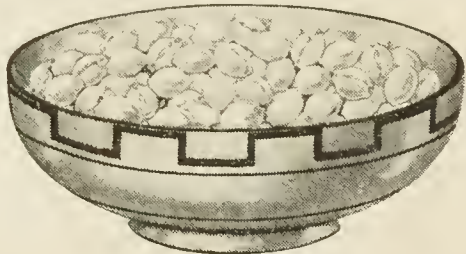
When you float it in milk you have the greatest food in the world. It tastes like a food confection. It is the best-cooked food in existence—the easiest grain food to digest.

It combines whole wheat and milk. It's a vast mistake in these summer days not to have this dish ever handy.

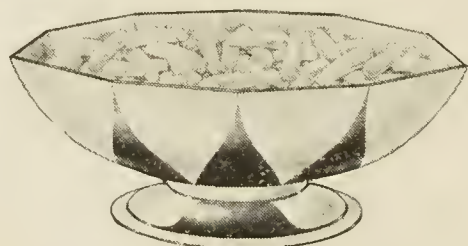
Puffed Grains are not mere breakfast dainties. They are all-hour foods. And few things so delightful can be served without restriction.

### Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs

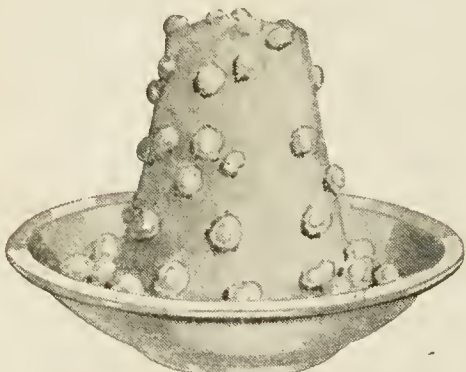
Each 15c, Except in Far West



At Breakfast—With cream and sugar or mixed with fruit.



At Playtime—Crisped and lightly buttered to eat like nuts.



At Dinner—Garnish on ice cream.



At Bedtime—In bowls of milk.

## The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

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OUR brave ally needs our help to rebuild her homes and especially to restore "The Town of the Golden Book," which THE DELINEATOR readers have undertaken to rehabilitate. "Planting the Tree of Joy in France" is a booklet that tells you exactly what you can do to help—from giving gifts of money down to making rag rugs or wearing-apparel. Address your request for it to The French-Relief Editor.

Enclose a three-cent stamp.

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BEAUTY—Nine out of ten beautiful women are such through their own efforts. Write to Celia Caroline Cole, the Beauty Editor, for advice and for her invaluable booklets:

- Care of the Complexion.
- Care of the Hair and Scalp.
- Home Treatment for the Hair and Scalp.
- Facial Blemishes.
- Facial Exercises and Massage to Reduce Wrinkles.
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- Rules for Maintaining Health.
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Any three of the above will be sent for a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

"Beauty and Health through Proper Exercise" is an exceedingly valuable book which will be sent on receipt of the price, twenty-four cents.

ETIQUETTE—The precise points, little and big, that you need every day and on special occasions. This knowledge Mrs. John Cabot Kimberly can give you. Write for the following booklets:

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PERSONAL PROBLEMS—A word of advice in time about your intimate, personal problems may save a lifetime of unhappiness. Mary Alexander, the Personal-Problems Editor, will help you solve your problem.

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CHILD-TRAINING, SCHOOL, PLAY—Healthy, happy, helpful men and women are often spoiled in the making by the thoughtlessness or ignorance of parents. For help in child-training write to Kathryn Archibald, Child-Training Editor.

Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

For (a) Play Program for different ages of children, and for (b) Games for Warm Weather, write to Dorothy Hale, Children's Play Editor.

Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### YOUR CHILDREN

INFANT HYGIENE—Too precious to be trifled with is the wonderful mechanism of your baby's body. Your ignorance of its laws can cause untold harm. Write to Carolyn Conant Van Blareom, the Infant-Hygiene Editor, for expert advice and for her booklets:

- Outline for Talk on the Care of Babies' Eyes.
- Directions for the Care of Your Baby's Eyes.
- Suggestions for Organizing Local Work to Prevent Blindness among Babies.
- Information about Present Laws in Your State for Saving Sight of Babies.
- Weight-Chart for Baby's First Year.

Rules for the Nursing Mother.  
Advice to Expectant Mothers.  
Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during First Year.  
Daily Schedule for the Feeding and Care of Your Baby during Second Year.  
How to Organize a Baby Health Center.  
Any three of these will be sent for a three-cent stamp.

### YOUR HOME

HOMEMAKING—The latest, least difficult, most economical methods. Flora G. Orr, Home-Economies Editor, will show you the way. Write to her for:

- Government and State College Bulletins on Homemaking.
- Lists of Labor-Saving Devices.
- A Master Rule for Cakemaking. One Recipe to Make Nine Different Kinds of Cake!
- A Week's Menus for July.

Any three of these will be sent for a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

INTERIOR DECORATION—Good taste; practical new ideas for small homes and large. Clearly and fully explain your needs to Harriet Baxter Sheldon, Interior-Decoration Editor.

Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### YOUR PLEASURE

ENTERTAINMENT—No matter what kind of entertainment you desire to give, Grace Lee Davison, the Entertainment Editor, will help you plan it. Write to her, stating the time you desire to give your party, how many guests you will have, and how much you can spend. Ask, too, for—

- Place-Cards and Invitation Cards, designed by John Wolcott Adams, for Wedding and Bridal Parties.

Six of these cards will be sent for a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

- Suggestions for Jolly Games for Outdoor Parties in July.

Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

MUSIC—The titles and lists of selections, of records, of rolls that you personally need. All musical information. Write for these lists:

- Songs by American Composers.
- Violin Selections by American Composers.
- Piano Selections by American Composers.
- Some Worth-While Records.
- Some Worth-While Rolls.
- Pieces Your Children Will Like to Practise.

Any three of these will be sent for a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

AUTOMOBILE—Detailed, technical instructions, covering the every-day problems of the motorist. Clifford Brokaw, the Automobile Editor, will help you master your automobile. Tell him your problem.

Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

BOOKS—Elizabeth Seymour, the Book Editor, has a list of recent novels, relating to the United States, with a few books of travel, which will make good Summer reading.

Enclose a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

### YOUR COMMUNITY

YOUR HOME TOWN—For more beautiful surroundings, more healthful conditions, happier social life, consult the Community Editor. Send, too, for—

- List of Rural Pageants.
- Songs for the Home Town to Sing.
- List of Phonograph Records for Community Singing.

Any three of these will be sent for a three-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope.

WOMEN'S CLUBS—Margaret Winton, the Club-Activities Editor, will suggest worth-while programs.

These programs will be sent for a three-cent stamp.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO THE DELINEATOR SERVICE DEPARTMENT, BUTTERICK BUILDING, NEW YORK CITY.

# You can't taste "Acid-Mouth" But the Litmus Paper tells

You can't tell whether you have "Acid-Mouth" by the *taste*. It does not burn or blister like other acids. No preliminary warning of any sort that your mouth is in an unfavorable acid condition is conveyed to you. All you know is that each year there are new cavities in your teeth to be filled.

Dental authorities believe that 95 in every 100 persons have "Acid-Mouth" and that it is the chief cause of tooth decay. But how will you make sure that you have a condition which you can neither taste, feel, nor see?

## Make the Litmus-Paper Test

*That is the way to find out*

The Litmus Papers are the standard laboratory test papers for determining unfavorable mouth acids. We will send a set of them—and a ten-day trial tube of Pebeco—free to any person who wants to ascertain whether it is "Acid-Mouth" that is causing the gradual destruction of his or her teeth.

The simplicity of the test especially commends it. You merely place one of the Litmus Papers on your tongue and keep it there until it is moistened. If it remains blue, you are the exceptional one in twenty—you are free from "Acid-Mouth." But if it turns pink, you have "Acid-Mouth," and your chances for retaining your teeth for life will be greatly lessened unless you check it.

Now make another test and learn how you can counteract "Acid-Mouth." Brush the teeth and gums thoroughly with Pebeco Tooth Paste. Then place a second Litmus Paper on your tongue. This time it will remain blue, therefore proving that Pebeco does counteract the condition.

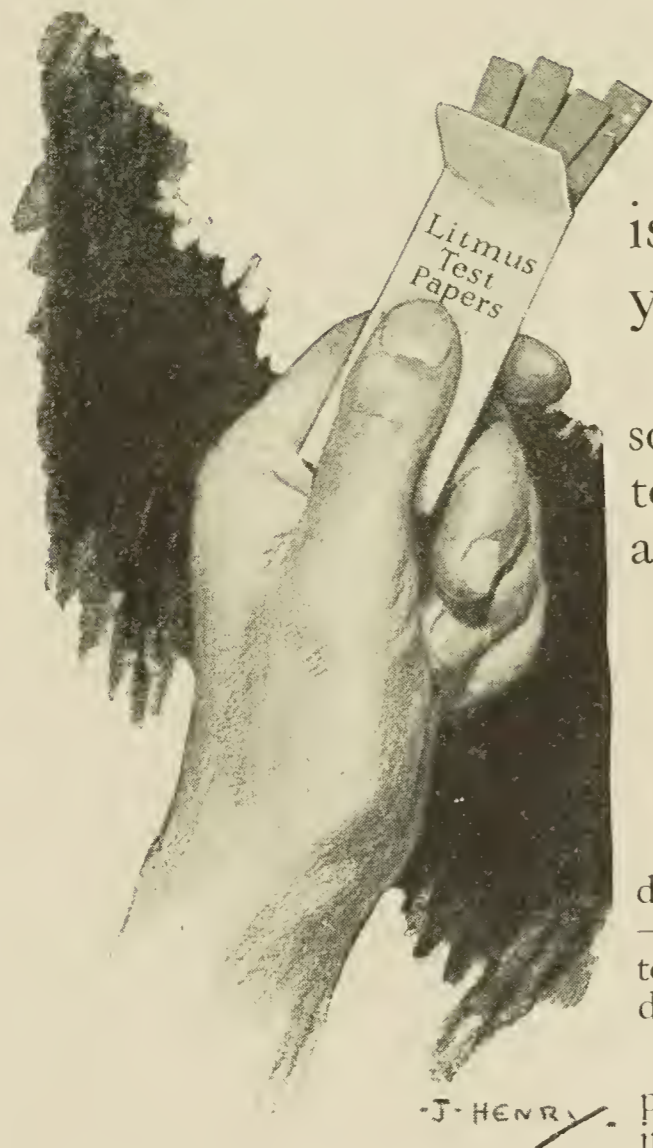
It is not claimed that Pebeco changes the color of the paper. But Pebeco does stimulate the healthy, abundant flow of normal saliva. And it is the saliva—which as you know is naturally alkaline—that turns the Litmus Paper blue, and therefore indicates the power of saliva to neutralize the acid conditions 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.

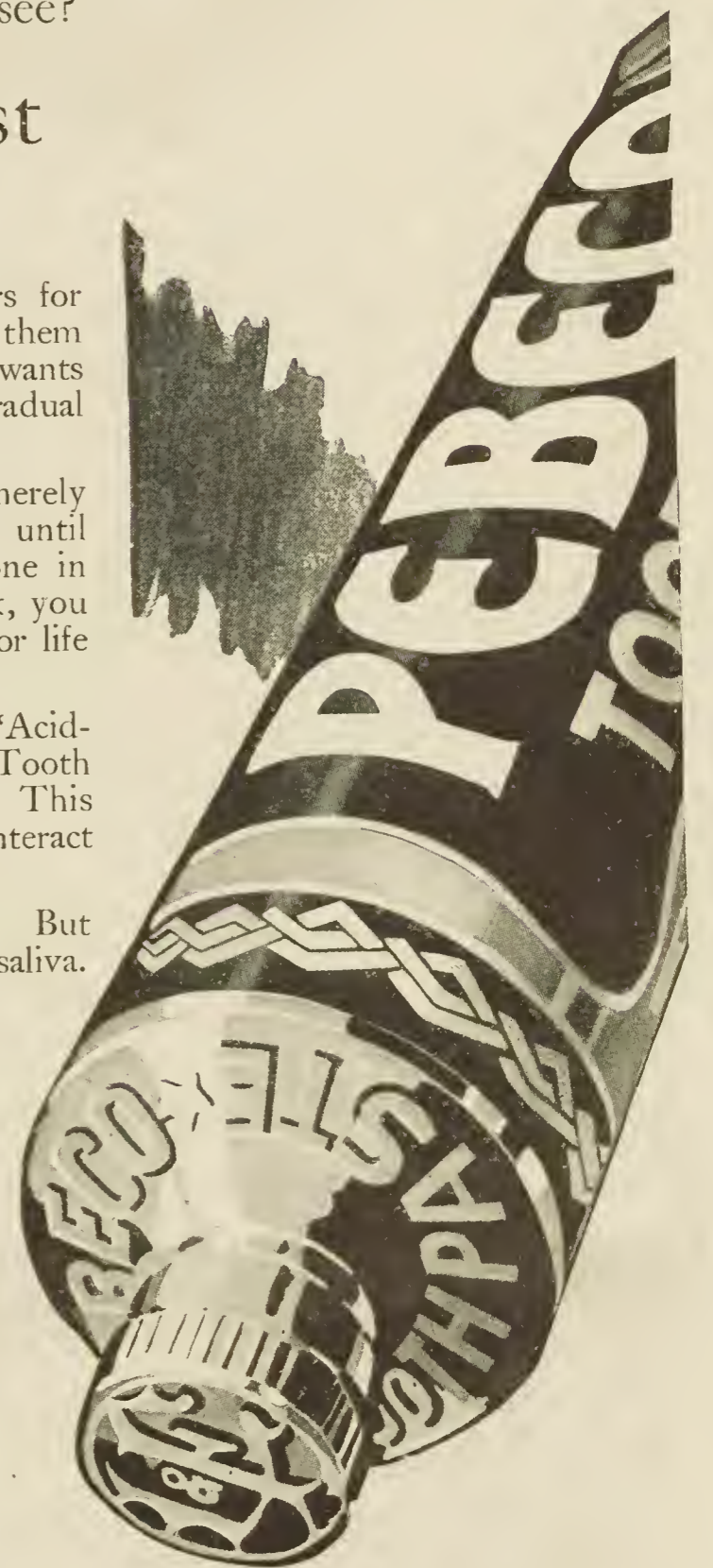
Send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you the ten-day trial tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers.

*Pebeco is sold by druggists everywhere*

Made by LEHN & FINK, Inc., 120 William Street, New York  
Sole owners of the trademark "Pebeco"



Buy  
W. S. S.



# PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

Concluded from page 1

# THE TOWN OF THE GOLDEN BOOK

we are allied. A high official of this Committee greeted me at the Paris headquarters 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 Armées*, 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 France."

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 rest.

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-blue sky-line of France, literally swaying in every wind that sweeps across these deserted plains, while every building is in ruins.

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, because 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 window-sashes 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.

I 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 abandon.

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 de l'Opéra collided with another cab in the Rue de Trevisé. 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-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR 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, circulation, 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. BIRMINGHAM, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE DELINEATOR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City, Editor, HONORÉ WILLSIE, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Managing Editor, JAMES EATON TOWER, 223 Spring Street, New York City. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York City. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City, N. Y. Stockholders: THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, 223 Spring Street, New York City. GEORGE B. BLACK, 812 Lincoln Avenue, Mendota, Ill. EMILY JOSEPHINE DONNER, Beachwood Hotel, Summit, N. J. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City, N. Y. H. F. MORSE, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. MRS. ARETHUSA POND, San Remo Hotel, New York City, N. Y. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, 280 Broadway, New York City. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City. R. A. VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City. G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. BEN F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. MARIE A. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) REPUBLIC OF PANAMA, Panama, Central America. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.) JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March, 1919. CECIL L. WAHL, Notary Public Kings Co. Certificate filed New York Co. (My commission expires March 30, 1920.) [SEAL.]



PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why discriminating women use

## WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL FOR SHAMPOOING

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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



GET THE GENUINE  
LOOK FOR THIS SIGNATURE  
ON EVERY ORIGINAL BOTTLE





# Hinds

HONEY AND ALMOND

# Cream

**T**HIS 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.

**SAMPLES:** Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c., Trial Size 15c.

Attractive Week-end Box 50c.

A. S. HINDS, 204 WEST ST., PORTLAND, MAINE

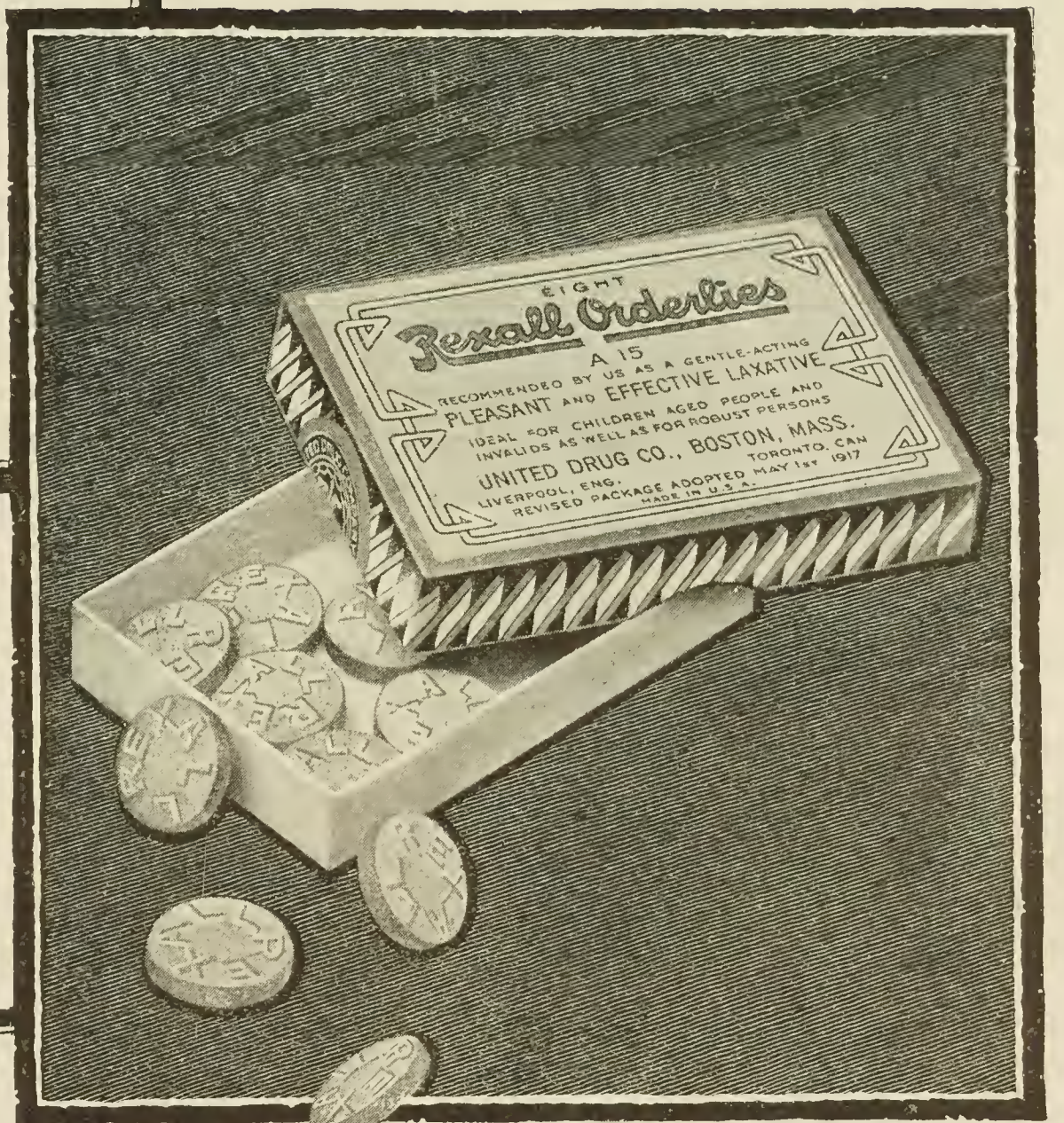
*Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere or will be mailed, postpaid in U.S.A., from Laboratory*



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A.S.Hinds



They work  
naturally  
and form  
no habit~



They work  
naturally  
and form  
no habit~

10c  
At The  
8000  
Rexall  
Stores Only

They work  
naturally  
and form  
no habit~



# SUNSHINE HOUSE NUMBER ONE

BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

SUNSHINE 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 cheerful 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 perfume do.

FORTUNATELY for the modern house-keeper, 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.

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 "Sunshine 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



## 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 luncheon-cloth 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.

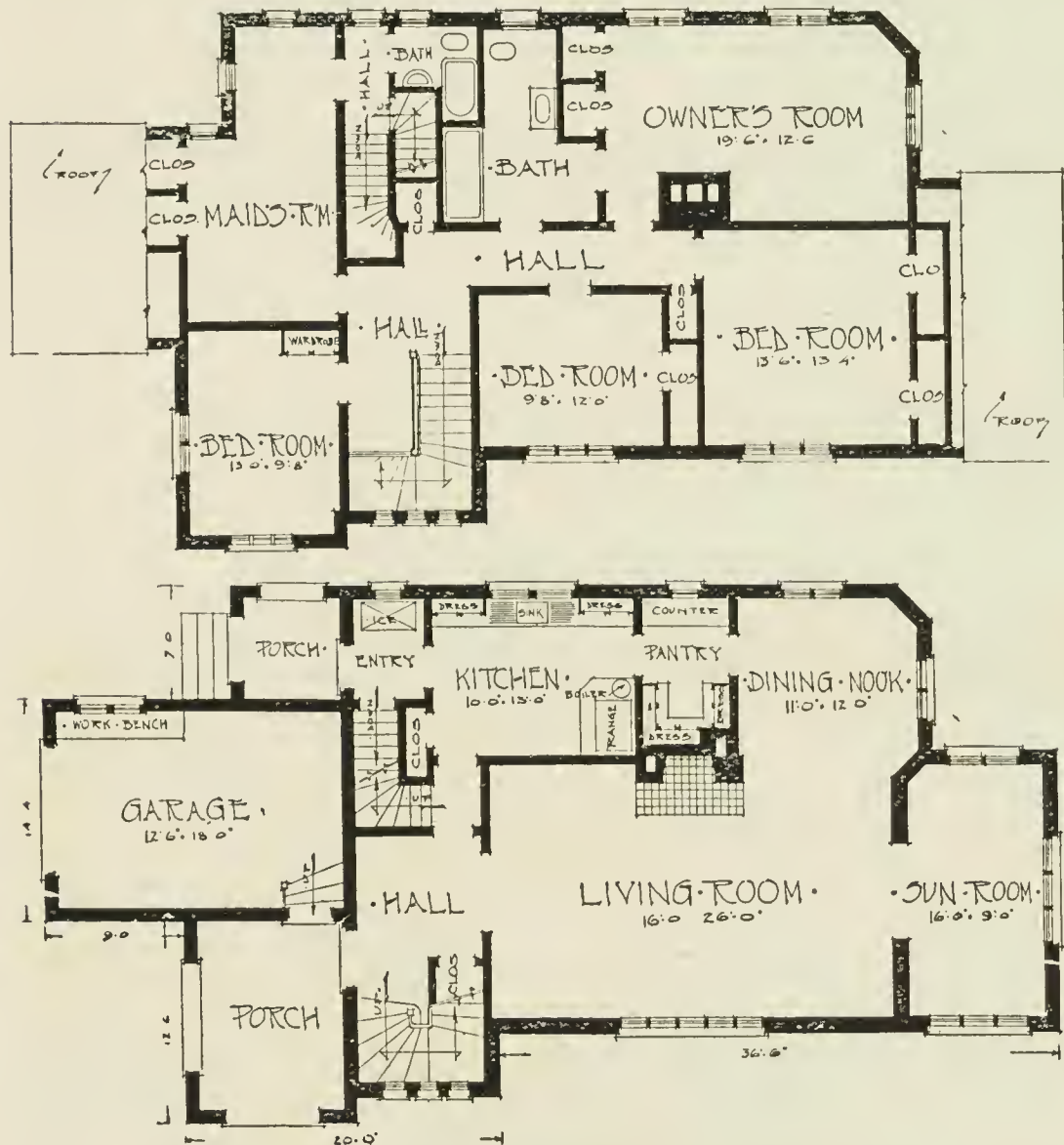
Nowhere can you obtain so much information about needlework as you can in the sixty-four pages of Butterick Transfers.



Do not delay. Buy Butterick Transfers for Embroidery, Braiding, etc., today at any Butterick Pattern Department.

The price of this valuable book is 25 cents a copy with which there is a certificate good for 15 cents in the purchase of any Butterick Pattern.

Back cover of Butterick Transfers for Embroidery, Braiding, etc.



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 apprehensively 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 rose color?

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 time-worn 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 world.

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 peasant 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.

This is commonly done on English estates, and has been tried with success in our own

but we earnestly 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 housework.

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 envelope for return postage.

### THOSE CURTAINS

CURTAINS, wrongly chosen or wrongly hung, may shut out the glorious sunshine 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 study.

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 you need.

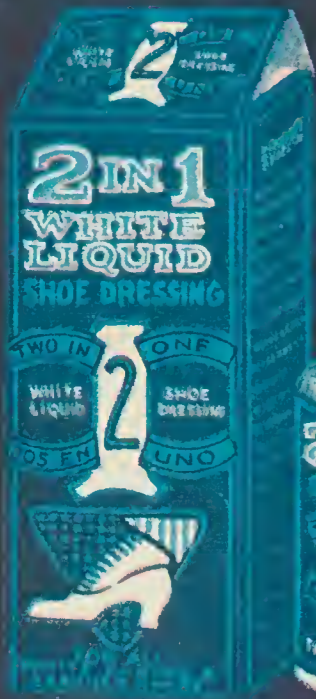
Address your letter, asking for curtain help, to the Interior-Decoration Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Be sure not to forget the stamped, self-addressed envelope.

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

# 2 IN 1

## WHITE SHOE DRESSING

*For Women's, Children's and Men's Shoes.*



WHITE LIQUID

2 in 1 Shoe Polishes are also made for Black, Tan and Ox-Blood (Dark Brown) Shoes.

**Liquids and Pastes.**

F. F. DALLEY CORPORATIONS LIMITED, BUFFALO, N.Y. HAMILTON, CAN.



WHITE CAKE





## 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

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Concluded from page 59

## "GENTLEMEN, UNAFRAID"

confident children. One of the commonest and tenderest pictures I carry with me is that of a typical American soldier walking down the center of the street, a French 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 come first and chivalry second. 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 "whizz-bang." 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 path 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 machine-gun 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 loose 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-lal-tal* of the guns, and I see the steady figures in khaki advancing with no quickening 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 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 could 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 whimsical 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, chivalry, and sense of home. These qualities seemed to mark the soldier's standard of what his personal attitude to his fate should be.

Mingled with this was a consideration of friends for one another—another word, perhaps, for chivalry. 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.

"Well, you expect all that of them, but you don't expect it of folks outside. But 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:

"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, 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 Jolny 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 officer bind up the wounded feet of his men; that made Walter Eich go out into "no man's land" after his platoon 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 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  
WAYS,  
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 TILTED  
NOSE  
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,  
BUT PALATES FEEL THE PULL OF  
SEASON.**

**STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE WAS A LURE,  
PLUM CAKE A PHILTAR 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 PROCES-  
SION,  
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 YEA.**

**AT FORTY, NEITHER FAT NOR FAIR,  
OF CUPBOARD LOVE I STILL KEEP  
WARE,  
BUT IF IN FLIGHT REDEMING TIME  
SHALL DIM AND SMOOTH MY HOMELY  
PRIME,  
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 handwriting.

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!

ALMOST 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 resemblances 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:

I 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,  
HÉLÈNE GRANDET.

My shot was the truest one I ever fired in the interest of human welfare. 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.

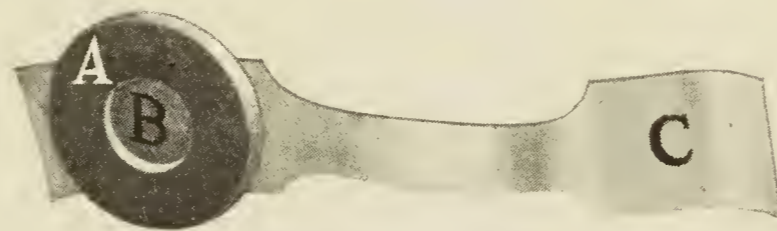
We can not substantiate Miss Grandet's claim. We have no desire to do so. We publish this series of articles merely for the interest which our readers may find in Miss Grandet's presentation of a study in which many persons find diversion. This is the second article of the series.

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?



Copyright B & B 1919



### 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 grandmother'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.

**B & B 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

# HEROES

## ALADDIN DYE SOAP



**New Fashion Washing That Colors While It Cleanses**

It seems old fashioned now to simply wash your pretty summer things and worry because they get so dull and faded.

You should color them while you cleanse them with Aladdin Dye Soap, the modern magic-maker, through which you command a rainbow of fascinating colors.

Aladdin dyes while you are washing, without staining the hands or making them red or rough.

Aladdin colors are so dainty you can see right through them—it's a pure, transparent vegetable oil soap.

Up-to-date women use Aladdin to keep their clothes fresh and charming, and for dyeing curtains and hangings, pillow tops, table covers, which make their homes smart and well furnished. They find it a blessing for children's clothes which fade with ordinary washing.

Aladdin colors last from four to six washings. Aladdin doesn't waste or crumble, but is usable to the last thin wafer.

Aladdin Soap comes in 15 fashionable colors—Fresh, Salmon-Pink, Peach-Pink, Pink, Old Rose, Red, Light Blue, Dark Blue (Copenhagen), Yellow, Green, Lavender (Orchid), Gray, Orange, Tan-Bisque, Fern-Khaki. Price everywhere 10c per cake.

If you cannot secure Aladdin at the store you patronize, send dealer's name and 10c, stating color.

Send for new booklet, "Making Magic With Aladdin," which explains the miracles which can be wrought with Aladdin Dye Soap.

ALADDIN PRODUCTS CO.  
328 N. May St., Chicago

10c Per Package

Aladdin Dye Soap  
Colors While it Cleanses  
New York - ALADDIN PRODUCTS CO. - Chicago

He didn't give her an umbrella this time; he gave her a five-pound note.

Lorenzo came back after a few months, still magnificently, if a little less magnificently than usual.

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 children, 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 courageous, 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 trenches and so they would not need the extra furniture at present.

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. He had won—by some action or other not very clear to Lavinia, and perhaps not very clear even to Jim—that military honor most coveted in the British Empire—won it—and died of wounds.

Lavinia cried when she read Julia's succinct telegram.

Then she broke the news to Lorenzo. She broke it to him very carefully about the Victoria 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 us—a little disproportionate."

Lorenzo had undertaken government work, but he did not wear a uniform.

Lorenzo said it was of intense importance 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 closed down on Lavinia—she could 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 forever; but she bore her cross with the patience with which Lorenzo's creditors bore the moratorium.

Then one black day she received Maria's letter, saying with all the pungent brevity of Maria's epistolary style that she and Julia were coming down by the three-fifteen train tomorrow to choose their share of the furniture.

Maria wrote:

Of course 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 cab 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 quickly 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-crown, and the cabman dripped off, still growling, but sufficiently appeased.

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 others:

"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-century chest 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 chest went to Maria; most of the solid, rich furniture went to Maria. She said she would have room for it, and Julia, with her unseeing, haunted eyes, only asked for perfectly valueless fur animals which she thought Jim might have shot, or photographs of him in his early youth, with chipped 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 contempt.

MARIA was not only contemptuous, she was thoroughly roused.

"Now, my dear," she said very kindly—after she had secured all the furniture she could believe that Tom would let her keep—"you must really take something for the children that costs money. Lavinia, where is the Boule cabinet? Jim was the eldest son; it is quite right the Boule cabinet should go to his children. 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 woodshed.

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. I don't remember there ever having been a Boule cabinet."

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 cabinet 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 victim of the Spanish Inquisition must have closed 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 woodshed. 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 either."

"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 see."

"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, indifferent voice. "Are you still bothering about that old cabinet, Maria?"

"It's your children's fortune," said Maria stiffly.

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 children, 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 color 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 weapon.

"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 flinch, 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 marching 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 care and the worry and the expense of it! And then you and Maria



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.

Continued from page 16

# GYP OF 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—"  
"Yes, Buck!" she called, stooping suddenly that her cry might have easy egress through the back window. She smiled as she saw his figure.

His face and head were enveloped in a mighty mane of white—white hair, white mustache, white beard, all blown back by the breeze as he lifted his bronzed, scowling face to the southward. He had a great nose and shaggy brows which at that distance effectively hid his eyes.

Once he had been a huge man, but his spreading shoulders drooped forward now. Across his chest a red 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.

AT THE sound of the girl's voice he stopped 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-class 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 hill. "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 his first.

"But how did you do it?" he cried. "Picking 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 closely, 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, mistress 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 at ease.

"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 cast with that?" he asked, picking up her frayed thick line in his fingers. He shook his head again, incredulous. "A girl who can cast like you can ought to have a better line than that. I have several back at camp on Goose Creek. I'll give you one."

"Will you?" she asked eagerly. "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 progress diminished he took off his hat and scratched his curling yellow hair in perplexity. He was very young.

THAT night old Buck fell asleep numbling 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 stood up.

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 gloom.

She entered the circle of his camp-fire without speaking; her moccasins had made no sound until she was upon him. He sprang erect, dropping the book he had been reading. She stared at him, incredulous.

"Scared?" she asked, and scowled. "Scared of me?"

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. "I 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."  
"Scotty?"

SHE nodded. "He lived with us, Summers. We used to talk—yes! He showed me how to read and write, but I don't like to write, much. But I guess Scotty's dead." She sighed.

"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 years?"

"Why, yes!" as if affirming a trivial matter. "Like this, I mean. Last Sumner a man came along, but Buck scared him off. Sumner 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."

Continued on page 64

Concluded from page 62

# HEROES

come along and want the only valuable things we've got!

"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 sure 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 men!"

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 in the rain to the station in a chilled silence.

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 as a dream.

## Two-Minute Oat Food

Already Three-Hour Cooked

Simply Stir in Boiling Water

1/2 Cup Makes Four Dishes



### "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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There's a new oat dish called Two-Minute Oat Food which brings a new breakfast era. We cook it three hours by live steam under pressure, at higher than boiling heat. Oats were never before cooked like that.

Then we evaporate the oats and condense them. This preserves all the freshness and flavor. Two minutes before breakfast you stir one-half cup of these oats in two cups boiling water. They quickly absorb the water. Then you have four dishes of hot oats, as fresh and flavory as though cooked that morning.

You get 20 dishes for 15 cents. There is no cooking cost. So this delightful ready dish is also economical.

#### Inviting Flavor

The flavor will surprise you. This high-heat cooking gives the oat dish a new taste. This matchless food is made doubly inviting.

Think what this means. A hot oat dish in two minutes. The best-cooked oats you ever served and the most delightful. No more oatless breakfasts just for lack of time.

This is the dish which millions have wanted. Until now it has been impossible, but a new invention has solved the problem and here are your ready-cooked oats.

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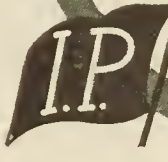

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# GYP OF THE BARRENS

"I didn't know why," she explained with the first hint of uncertainty in her voice. "I dressed in my mother's clothes, her silk clothes, 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."

HE GOT up and walked to the fire, ruffling 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 pine."

"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 said."

"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 rack.

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 nobody. Hubbard done 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 watching 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 anybody in the world to like me as much as I want you to, but—"

"Well, I do!" she cried, smiling brightly. "I do, I—"

"But you don't understand," he insisted. "I can't help feeling that I owe you something I can never pay. I owe 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 earnest."

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 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, give it here!"

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 him.

"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?"

"That's all right," he said, nodding toward the rack.

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Concluded from page 64

# GYP OF 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, casting 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 cabin.

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 smoke-pillar 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 Hubbard and the girl felt.

"It's here!" screamed 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, Buck," Hubbard stepped close as he spoke and grasped the 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, too. Then follow us. We won't go far."

Then to Buck: "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 crest 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 face.

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 trace.

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 clumps 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 closely, 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 Buck 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 cured grass, licking up brush and stumps and sealing scattered 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 near them continually, working himself into a state of frenzied, maniac delight.

Once he stopped short and lifted his face to sniff sharply. A portentous rigidity came over him and the old fear threatened until Gyp cried:

"We've got it licked, Buck! We've got it licked!"

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—no fire. You're rich, Gyp—rich!"

Then he doddered about them as they strove on with their crazy task. After a brief interval he again betrayed uneasiness and Hubbard, that time, barked the assurance which gave the old man comfort. Now and then, at the beginning, the sun showed through the scudding smoke like a silver plate, but later the muck 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 breathlessly.

THEY ran their trace on up the ridge, two hundred yards from the river. Then stopped.

"That'll save the cabin anyhow," Hubbard said.

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 concern. With relief from fear his peculiar strength had gone.

They shoveled up heaps of sand. They soaked the blankets and then started the back-fire 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 resisted.

"See!" he cried 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 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 matter," 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 know—"

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 cheek 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 came 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 by—by 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 came 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 chest that—I don't know what it is, but it's something more than anybody could want for. Do you know what I mean? Do you?"

"I am quite sure it can, Gyp," he answered, and kissed her unknissed lips.

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.

She shook her head.

"Not in the dictionary," she whispered. "I didn't need to look it up. But is this love? Is it? Can love be so—so good as this?"

"I am quite sure it can, Gyp," he answered, and kissed her unknissed lips.



"Did you ever see any silk wash as perfectly as SKINNER'S?"

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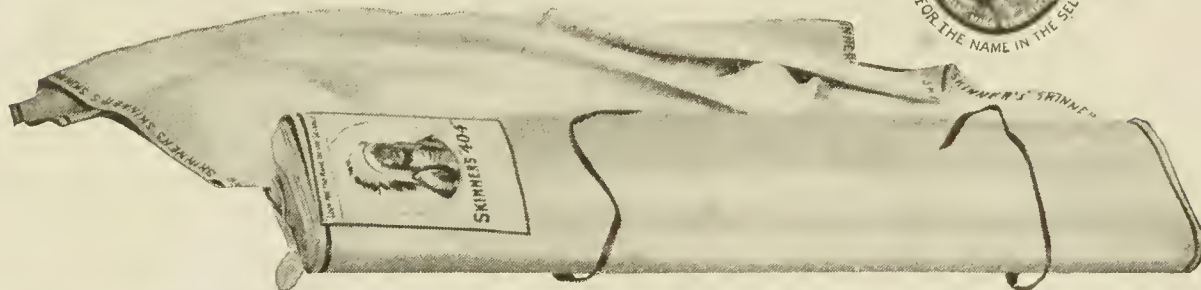
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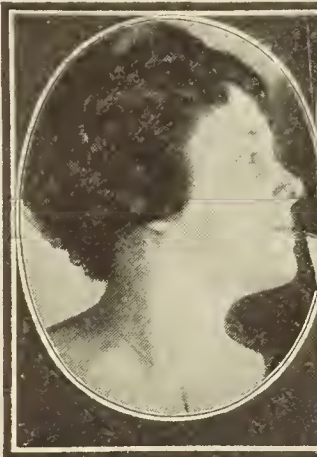
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United States Rubber Company

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NEW YORK, December 31.—Accused of having manufactured and sold to influenza sufferers thousands of boxes of aspirin tablets, principally composed of talcum powder, Joseph M. Turkey, head of the Verandah Chemical company, of Brooklyn, was found guilty yesterday of violation of the sanitary code and sentenced to three years in prison with a fine of \$500. The sentence was the most severe ever imposed in the country for such an offense.

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Continued from page 12

## 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 Byrnes!"

Rosalie glanced 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."

IT 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 corner of the room.

She had asked Rosalie to go through the papers that littered the desk in search of a clue, 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 wastebasket.

"It's Leontine's writing," said Rosalie. And Rebecca 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 fiancé, Mr. Hugo Stone—"

Rosalie lifted puzzled eyes to Miss Brinkerhoff.

"He is no one I know," she sighed. "You are quite sure you never heard his name?"

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 a call to make."

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 faded.

"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 intently. Miss Brinkerhoff saw her sensitive face lose its softness and grow stern. Her blue eyes became like the eyes of an affronted goddess; her straight-lined 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 cruel 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 can'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 new trail.

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 off-handedly, as if it did not concern him greatly, and admitted also that he knew Gerald's wife slightly.

"Can you give me Mrs. Gerald Cromwell's address?" Rebecca asked.

"I can, but really I don't see how it concerns you," he replied coldly.

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 address.

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 what he ought to do?"

Miss Waterman could be heard to laugh softly.

"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 invalidated home at once."

"My word! On what grounds?"

"Domestic necessity. Miss Waterman, that boy ought to come home."

"B::; 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 human."

THE sudden twilight of an early December day was drawing down when Rosalie 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 dreadingly 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 Madden hadn't "showed up" yet.

"I ought to see the police," she thought.

But every instinct in her shrank from this course. 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 Rebecca 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 sitting-room, 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 came 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 fear.

"Let me in, quick! 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 corner to corner.

"Are you alone?" she whispered raspingly.

Rosalie could only nod. Automatically she shot the bolt on the door.

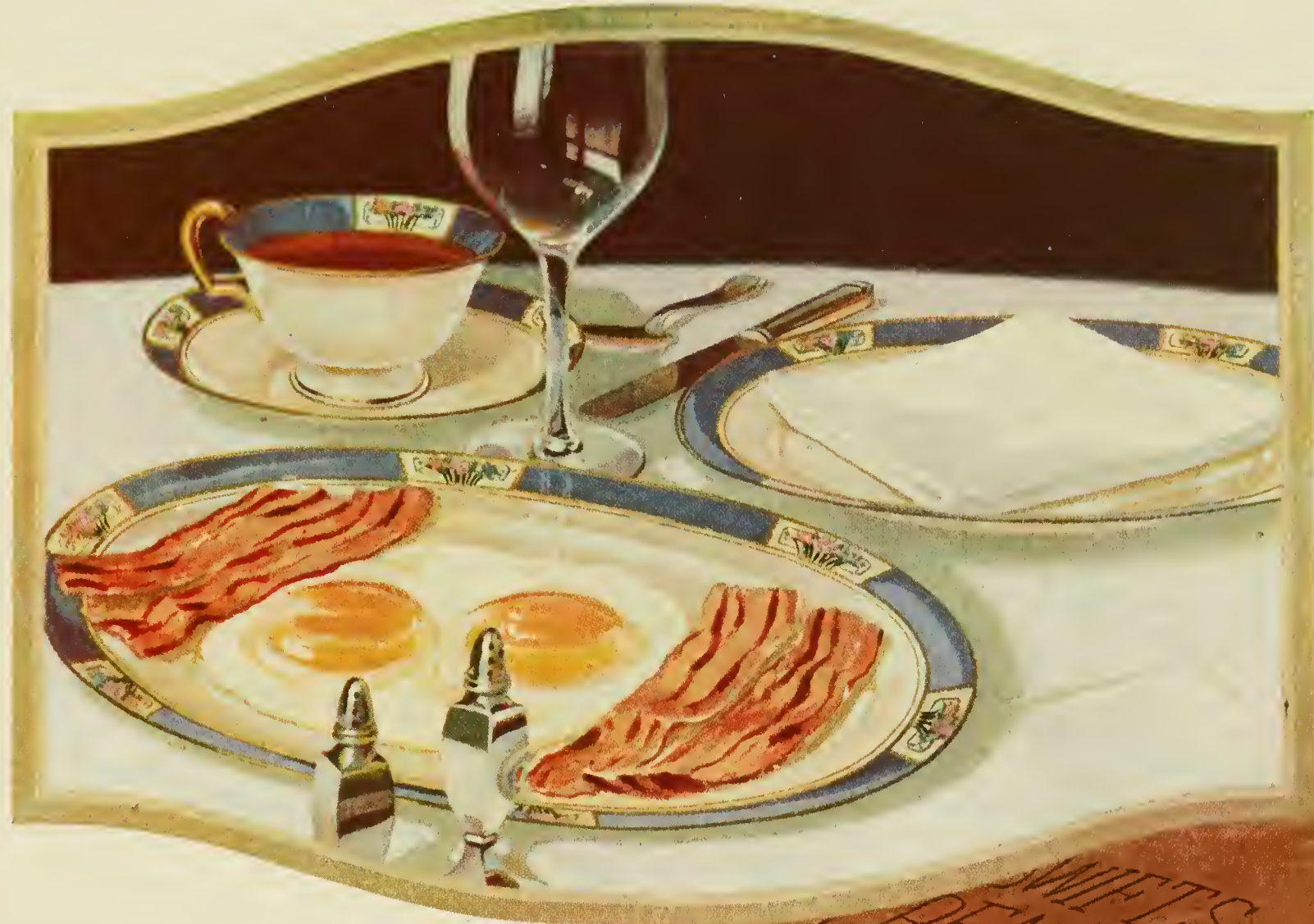
Leontine walked to the marble-topped table, caught at it as she swayed there, reeled away from it toward the sofa across the room, walking with a hand out in front of her.

The pupils of her eyes had scarcely 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 choking words:

"I've killed Vasco Lemar."

To be continued



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To fry bacon to perfection—cook it slowly, turn it constantly and pour off the drippings as quickly as they form



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Have the frying pan just hot enough to start the bacon cooking the moment it is put in. Turn the slices immediately.

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"—and then Mother trundled in the tea wagon with the percolator bubbling—in a jiffy the toast was ready!"

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No one factor is contributing more to systematic and economical home keeping than electrical appliances such as here pictured.

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—Mother is pouring from our 7-cup paneled pot. She put cold water into it fifteen minutes ago in the kitchen. It started percolating in half a minute and now she is pouring it. It is protected with an automatic device so that, had she joined the girls and forgotten it, the percolator would not have been damaged. Price of pot is \$13.75. Other pots from \$10.00 up. Coffee urns from \$20.00 up including a magnificent 12-cup serving urn in silver at \$95.00.

—and the toast that Mother made for the girls, she served it piping hot and crispy brown; cost of operation is trivial. Price of the beautiful one on the tea wagon is \$7.00; another style at \$6.00—

—The iron can be used wherever there is a lamp socket. It is ready instantly; there is no walking, no heat in the room and the attached stands makes lifting unnecessary. The 6 pound iron shown above is \$6.50; 3 pound iron shown in the lower right hand corner is \$5.50; traveller's set including iron, curling tongs and heater packed in creton bag \$7.00.

And so all over the house there are almost countless ways in which our appliances will add to the pleasure and comfort of the family life. We would like to have you see our dealer or the Lighting Company and ask them to demonstrate the "General Electric Type" appliances you are interested in.

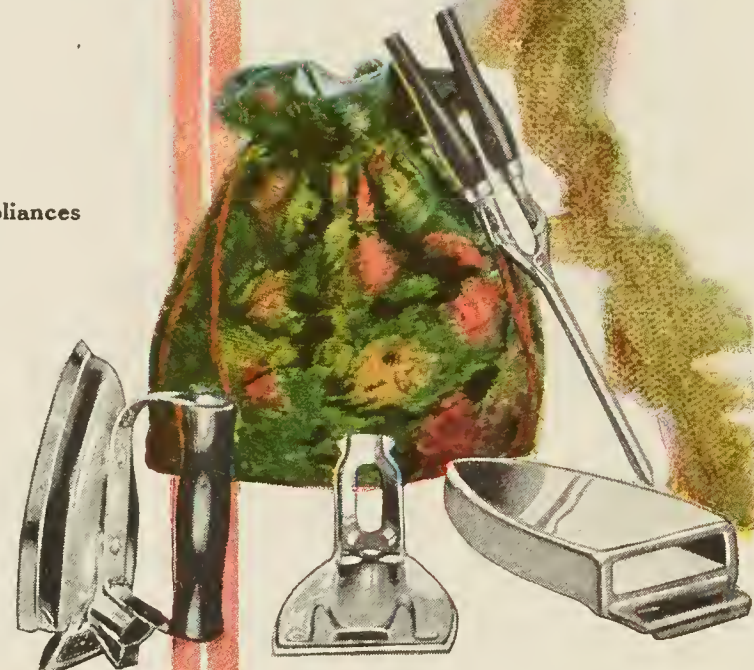


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The Range here shown will do all the cooking for a large family more satisfactorily than any other fuel. If interested you should see your Lighting Company Manager and get his suggestions.





Concluded from page 14

# 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 couldn't find jobs. It wasn't any of her affair. You remember that she had her cousin Fred's job, and he was still with the Marines and wouldn't be home for two years at least.

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 rotten 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 concern her until the day when a thousand or more men in shabby khaki marched down the broad road past the factory in an April wind, a thousand men bearing crude banners inscribed:

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 concerned 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 marching 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-two!

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.

I TOLD you about May Bronson's grandfather and her father, about what wonderful mechanics 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 can't. Surely May Bronson didn't have time to reason in that brief moment when she decisively ceased to be a mechanic and became just a woman, a woman with a wonderful gift.

IT 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 careful 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 call 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 sick 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 father'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 occur 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 curly-haired and not quite three years old. He pursued her with his attentions. His one ambition in life was to inveigle her to the corner store.

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 white.

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 cool.

She was holding the curly-haired neighbor, and he was peacefully licking the last of the cream from a battered ice-cream cone. 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 chin upon his curly head.

Suddenly she looked up and saw Jack Tracy. 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.

"I 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 see me!" she jeered at him.

The boy didn't look at her. "Well, the old man wasn't working and my mother was pretty sick, 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 said it.

"Ain't he cute?" "I don't think towheads are half so cute as the little black-haired shavers."

His eyes rested on May Bronson's rough curls. 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 nest. In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?"

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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THE EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF A PRETTY, YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL IN THE FAR EAST WILL BE TOLD IN THE DELINEATOR, BEGINNING IN THE AUGUST NUMBER, BY SAMUEL MERWIN. THE TITLE OF THIS BRILLIANT NOVEL IS "THE HILLS OF HAN." YOU KNOW MR. MERWIN'S FASCINATING STORIES—"THE HONEY BEE," "ANTHONY THE ABSOLUTE," ETC. MAKE SURE OF NEXT MONTH'S DELINEATOR.











## THE DELINEATOR

JULY, 1919



Dress 1755

## ON DIT À PARIS

THAT lace and ribbon are among the most delectable of the Summer trimmings and that the French dressmakers have shown their usual ingenuity in designing dresses that keep to the egg silhouette and permit the use of lace in ruffles, collars and sashes. Ribbon can be used the same way.

That the policy of self-determination is not to be applied to the waistline. With the separate waist and skirt the fact that there is a waistline is suppressed by the new suspender belts and jumpers. There is a new long blouse which is entirely different from the long blouses we have been wearing. It is like a long body draped to the figure and worn over a skirt. Worth makes it in pink djerador embroidered in navy blue.

That Martial et Armand are making a small parasol, no bigger than a child's, and a little like the tiny things women carried in the Victoria era. There is one of pink silk with a ruching of red silk inside, and another is of pale-green taffeta, plaited with darker green.

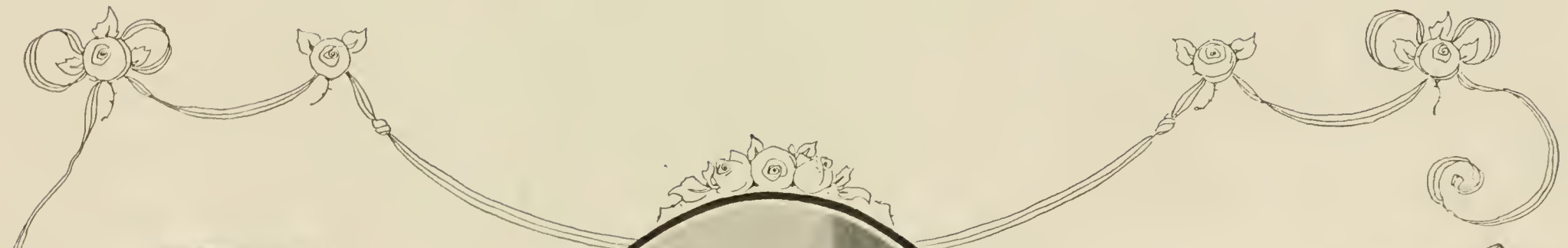
That the very short sleeve is a *succès fou*. Sometimes it is a separate sleeve, but more often it is cut in one with the body. With it the Parisienne wears a bracelet above her elbow. The kimono sleeve is very smart for both blouses and dresses.

That ostrich-feather trimming is very fashionable. Elise Poret fringes with royal blue ostrich the upper part of a two-piece cape of black taffeta and embroiders the lower part with round motifs of blue and gold. Martial et Armand place two or three short plumes in varied colors at the hip on an evening dress and Worth uses a large fan of dyed peacock feathers.

That lines remain very simple, but more trimming is employed. Lingerie dresses are trimmed with many plaitings, ruffles and ruchings. Georgette is using a new embroidery worked in straw and wore recently with black-satin chemise slip a pink waistband embroidered with blue straw flowers. Worth trims a beige cloth dress with wide plaitings of organdy, running from the waistline to the hem at the sides of the skirt.

# SMART SHOES THAT ARE IN STEP WITH FASHION

"Begin at the Bottom" is the Motto of Well-Dressed Women



The French heel and the prolonged line of the vamp gives a pump great elegance. Soft kid is cooler than patent leather for Summer



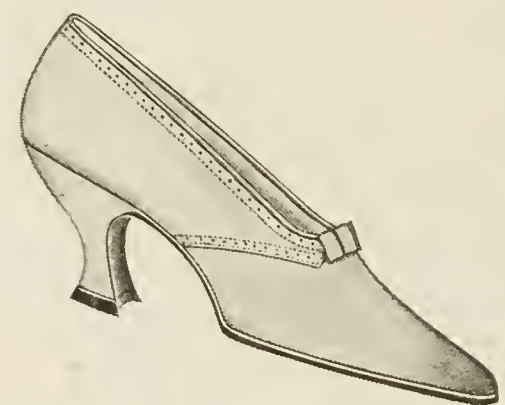
With sports clothes the high white shoe can have either a French or Cuban heel, depending on how much of a sport you are



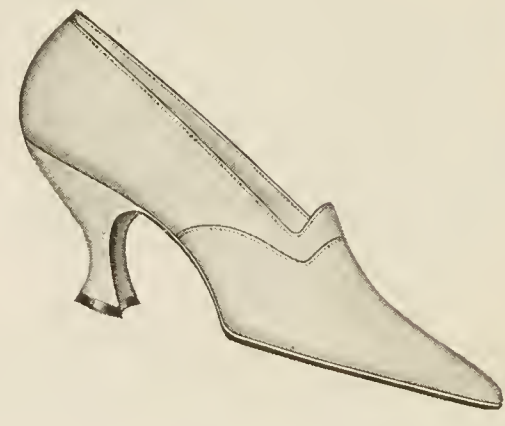
For tennis, golf, and on boats where scratching the woodwork will not increase your popularity with the skipper, wear a shoe with a rubber sole



The Parisienne favors a tie without a tip. The stockings are especially pretty with their double drop-stitch clock



Both buckskin and canvas are used for white shoes, Oxfords and pumps. The buckskin is softer but the canvas is lighter. Both clean perfectly



These are the shoes that you will wear with your lingerie dresses





# Perspiration hurts fabrics

*Laundry your blouse the moment it gets soiled*

**Y**OUR soft taupe crêpe de Chine, your dull yellow chiffon, your palest lilac voile—how promptly the threads grow weak and break when you lay them away without washing them.

If you only knew how to make them last longer!

When you put away a blouse that is even slightly soiled, have you ever stopped to think what happens to it? Perspiration contains acids—acids that attack the fabric and make it "tender." Leaving your blouse even a day like this will damage it.

The moment your blouse gets soiled dip it into pure Lux suds!

Lux comes in dainty white flakes—pure

and transparent. They melt instantly in hot water. You whisk them up into the richest, foamiest suds, the most wonderful suds there are for dainty things!

***Not a fibre weakened!***

You add cold water till lukewarm and dip the fabric through the delicate suds again and again. Then rinse in clear lukewarm water once, twice, three times—and the blouse is as fresh and fair as the day you bought it! Not a color dimmed, not a fibre torn or weakened in any way!

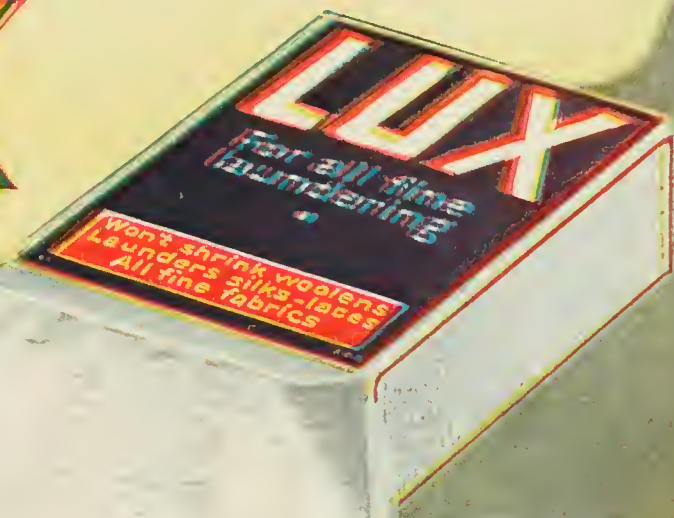
*Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.*

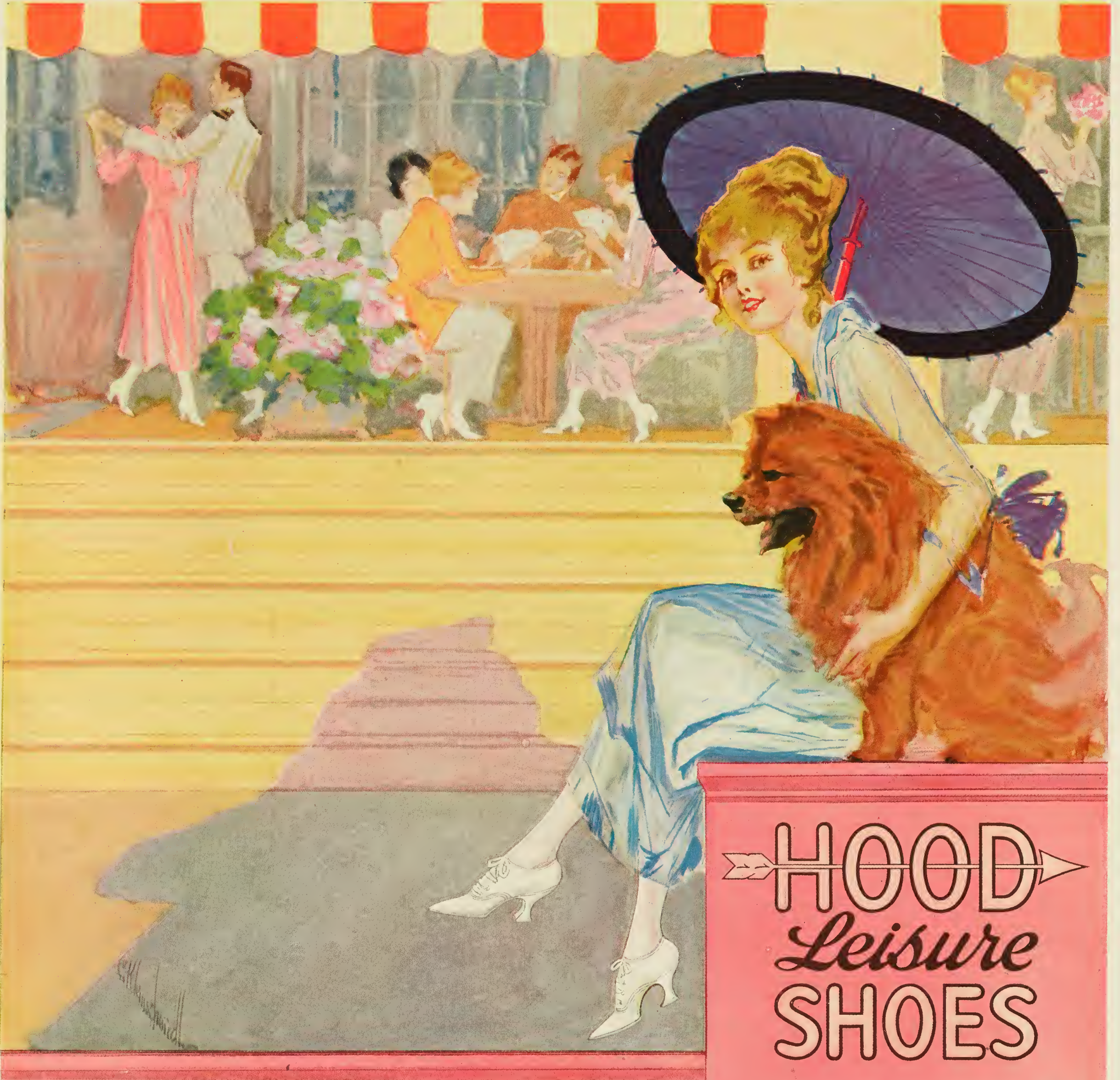
Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

*There is nothing like Lux for fine laundering*

**If you are not sure a color is fast**  
First wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it before washing by soaking in half a cupful of vinegar to a gallon of cold water, *first testing sample*. Then rinse before washing. *Lux won't cause any colors to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.*

# LUX





# HOOD

*Leisure*

# SHOES

## Smart Footwear Fashioned without Leather for Summer Comfort

The gossamer coolness of your summer frocks will be emphasized by the desirable lightness of Hood Leisure Shoes.

These shoes are made upon a new principle. A special process joins the snow-white canvas uppers to the rubber sole in one continuous piece.

Every part of this most fashionable shoe is given a durable beauty and a glove-like fit, and a fibre insole insures that cool comfort to the foot so desirable in summer-time.

Hood Leisure Shoes have become a national vogue. They are "dressy," yet

foot-easy. They are ultra-smart, yet most reasonable in price. They harmonize with any toilette and are most correct for every occasion.

Hood Leisure Shoes are moisture proof and are easily cleaned. They never lose their shape. They are fashioned for durable wear in high boots, pumps or oxfords, with the French or Military heel. Perfect in fit, aristocratic in style; and economical, they will delight you.

They await your pleasure at your favorite shop.

**\$3.50 to \$4.50** the pair

*Just ask your dealer*

*We will send you on request a beautiful Summer Style Booklet describing these remarkable shoes. Write for it.*

HOOD RUBBER COMPANY

Watertown, Mass.



# HERE YOU SEE THE BEST REASONS FOR THE SHORT SKIRT

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



The high shoe above is a dress shoe and the one below with the Cuban heel is for walking. The lace shoe is more becoming than a buttoned boot



The strap slipper is distinctly French and is for the afternoon gown or silk suit. The pumps are the types used with simple day dresses and the oxford is smart for walking



Cut-steel buckles are used a great deal on pumps. The new stockings are very lovely with the fancy weaves or with designs done with the drop stitch



The French heel and the very delicate stitching mark these pumps as afternoon shoes



There are two colors used this year for dark shoes. One is black and the other a very deep brown



# FROM PARIS TO DEAUVILLE

Seashore Fashions as  
the French See Them



Blue wings are brought to earth by triangles of pearls in a chiffon coat worn over a Worth tea-gown of sapphire-blue chiffon worked with gold roses. Strings of blue beads make the sash



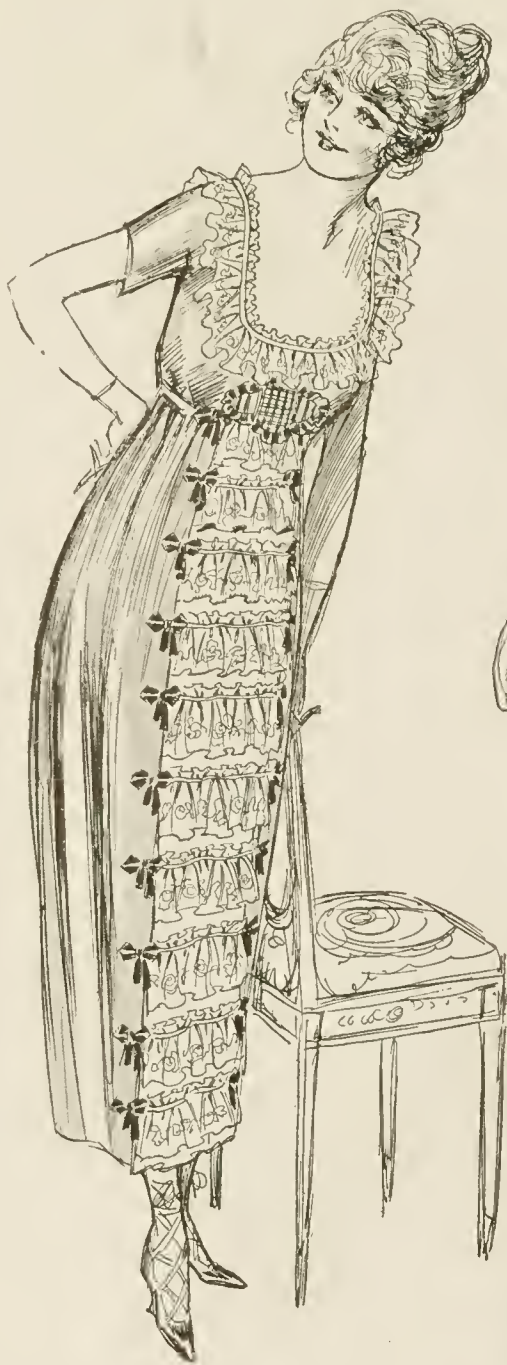
Martial et Armand are making the new type of blouse that is worn over the skirt. The one on the right is of pale-green djer-sador embroidered with gold. The one on the left is made of Rodier's cotton voile with woven embroidery



Only a Parisienne could invent the exquisite simplicity of this dress from Chéruit. It is of white organdy trimmed with up-and-down frills of kilted organdy edged with silver threads and tied with a silver ribbon at the waist



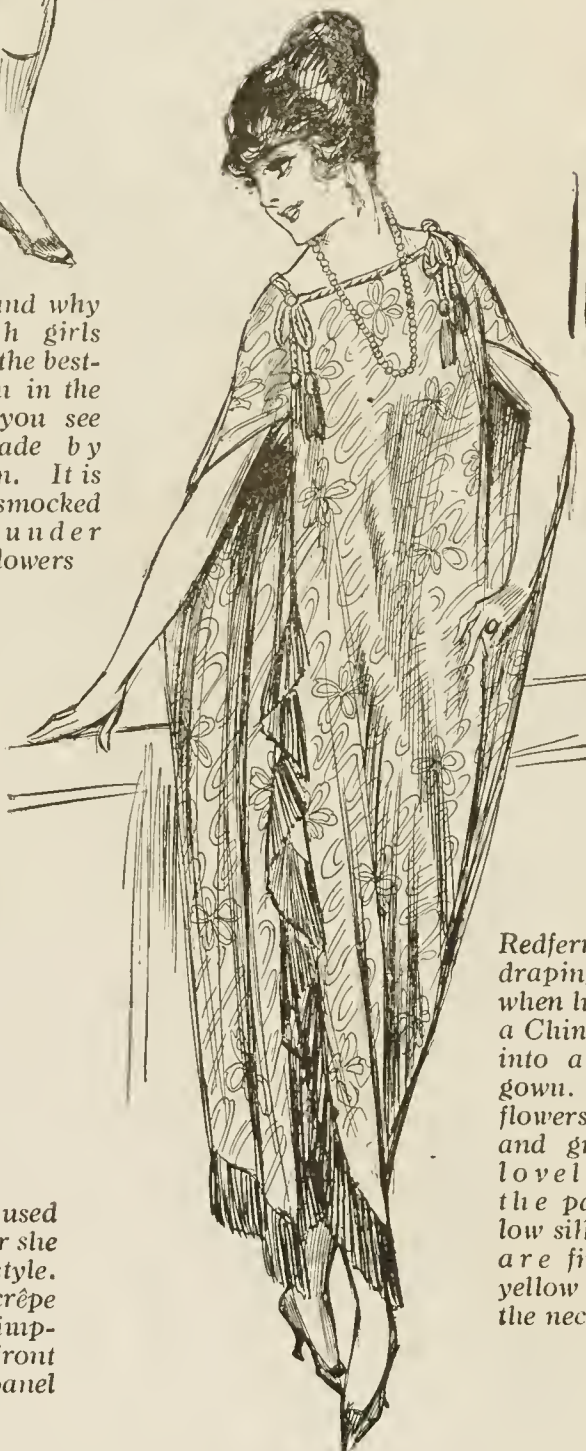
You understand why little French girls grow up into the best-dressed women in the world when you see this dress made by Jeanne Lanvin. It is of white net smocked at the neck under dark-blue flowers



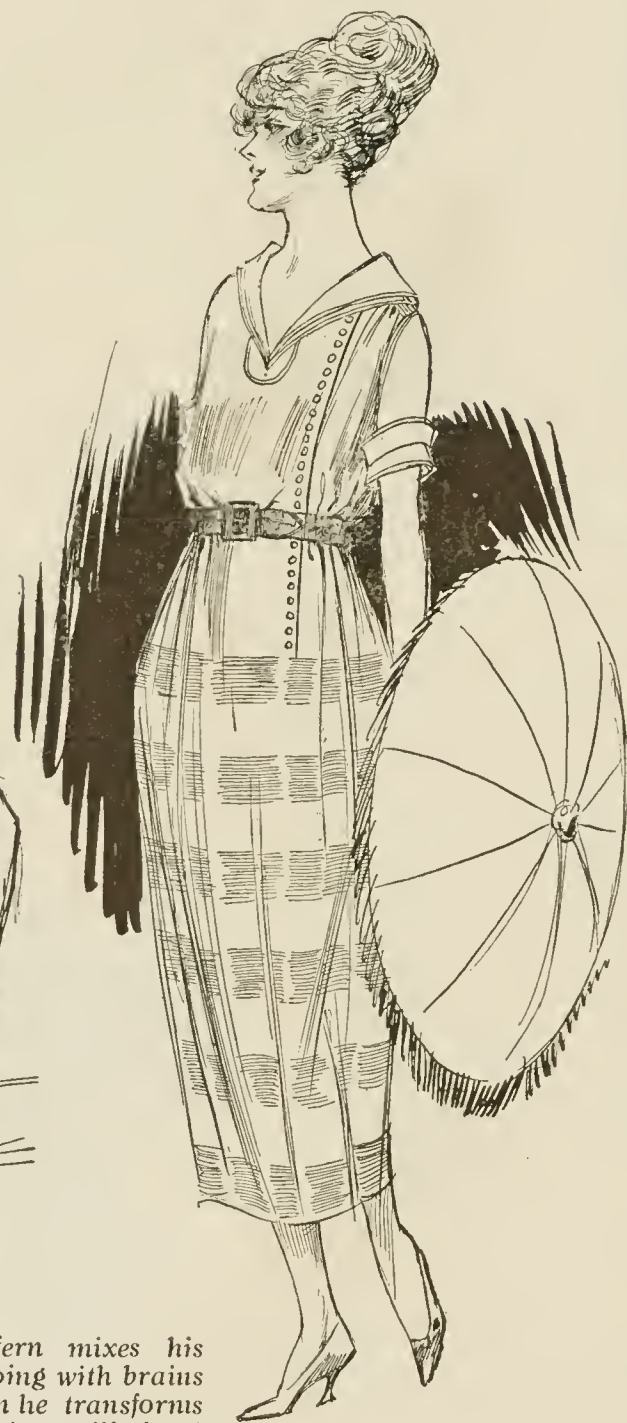
Jenny unites the Bourbons and the Bonapartes in a tea-gown with the Empire waistline and a Louis XVI front. It is made of old-rose chiffon velvet, with the front of cream net trimmed with ruffles of malines drawn in with rose color and with a blue faille bow at each end



The short kimono sleeve is used by Georgette of course, for she has always favored this style. In this dress of grège crêpe Georgette an apron of shrimp-pink crêpe is let into the front of the waist and skirt panel



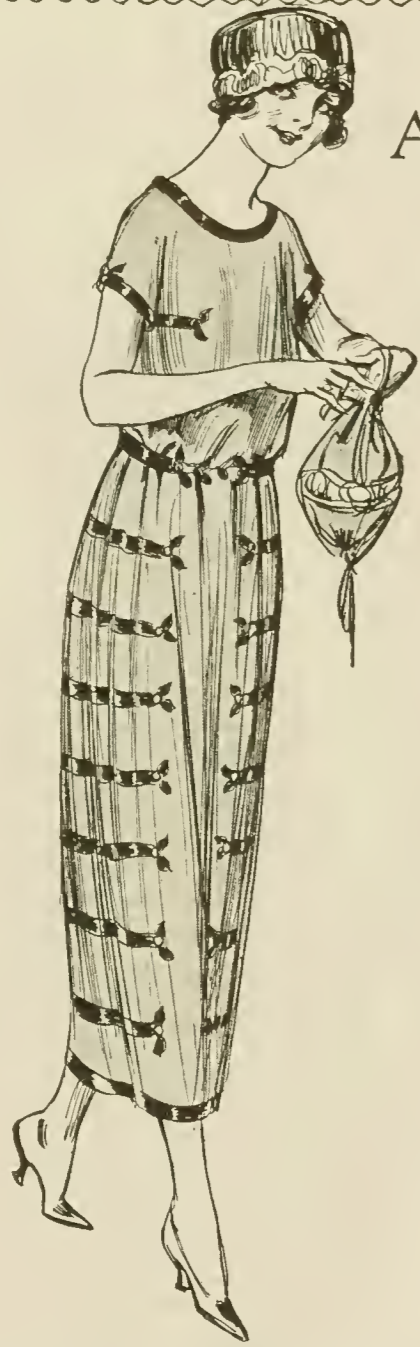
Redfern mixes his draping with brais when he transforms a Chinese silk shawl into a French tea-gown. Scrawls and flowers of faded blue and gray make a lovely pattern on the parchment-yellow silk. The edges are finished with yellow fringe and the neck with yellow cord



The lingerie dress as only the French understand it is made by Premet in shell-pink glacella or glacé lawn. The skirt is trimmed with six sets of sixteen corded tucks, the collar and cuffs are of white organdy piped with pink, and the belt is green patent leather painted with yellow flowers (variety unknown)

# AS FRENCH AS FRANCE MAKES THEM

The Parisian Way with  
Colors and Materials



A green apple that will make her best friends ill with envy graces the blue bonnet worn by this small French Eve. The very short dress is of blue linen with yellow threads run through the drawn-work and a yellow apple worked every now and then. From Fairyland



An evening gown from Bourniche is made of white crêpe Georgette veiled with Wedgwood-blue Greek net, wonderfully embroidered with fine white cord and chain-stitch. The skirt is made with three slanting flounces of the embroidered net with turned-under panels of blue net at the sides

To the French "une robe lingerie" is an elastic term that will stretch to include a frock of deep-blue voile de Ceylon trimmed with crossways band of cherry-colored silk. Each band ends in a button and a leaf



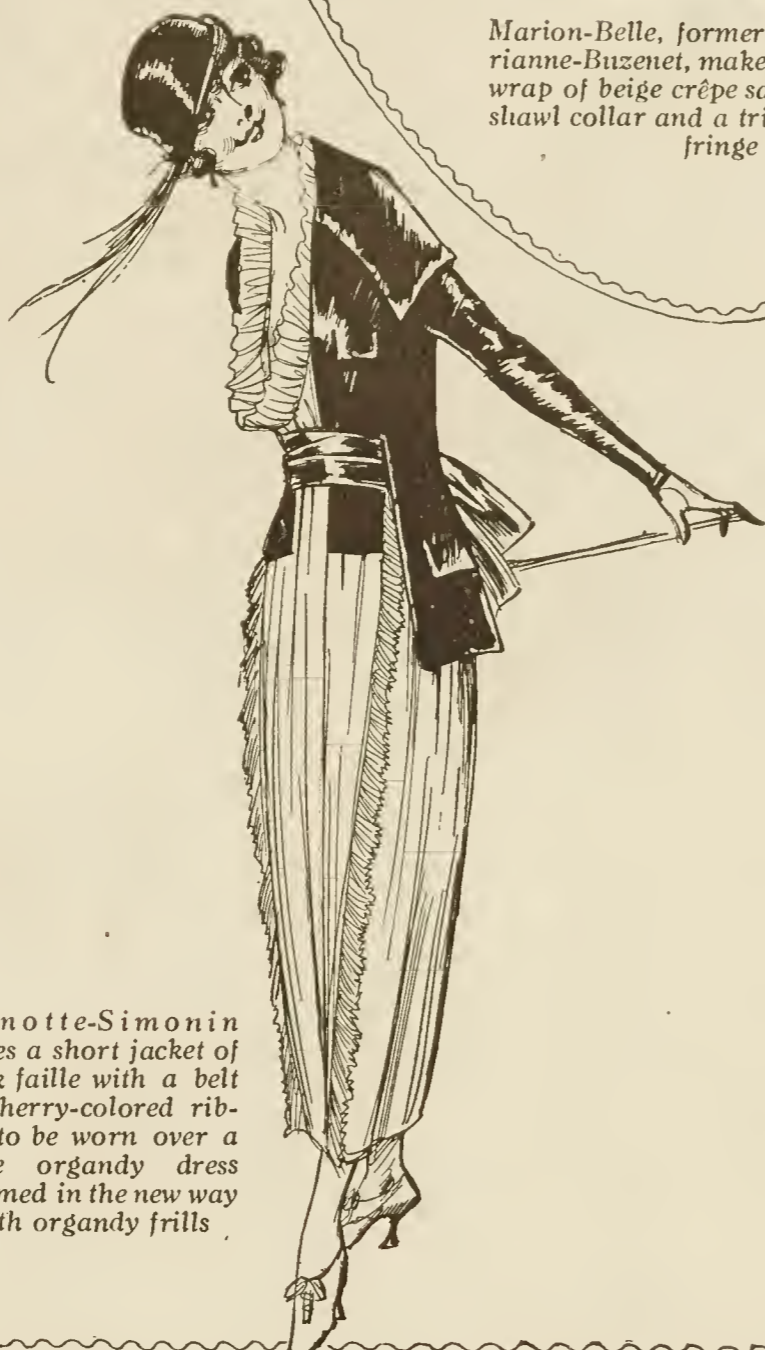
Marion-Belle, formerly Maison Marianne-Buzenet, makes a double cape wrap of beige crêpe satin with a long shawl collar and a trimming of silk fringe



Young French girls are now feeling the need of party frocks. Marthe Wingrove makes this one of shot taffetas trimmed with puffed bands of the silk and with red wooden beads. A bouquet of coral-red roses fastens the sash at the side



In Paris side panels are given a new look by turning them up at the bottom and catching them to the inside of the skirt. André Schwab uses blue chiffon for these panels on a dress of blue-and-white foulard. Bands of foulard are fagoted to the skirt and the waist and short kimono sleeve are also trimmed with this open-work stitch



Melnotte-Simonin makes a short jacket of black faille with a belt of cherry-colored ribbon to be worn over a white organdy dress trimmed in the new way with organdy frills



The French dressmakers refute the charge that there are no new materials by using "wool linen" for their Summer suits. This costume from Lelong et Fried is made of the new material in sand color trimmed with stitched bands of tobacco-brown cashmere



## FROCKS ACHIEVE COOL RESULTS

New Styles for July Tub Materials

**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. It is a dainty style for the porch or beach.

36-inch bust requires 4 $\frac{7}{8}$  yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{8}$  yard.

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 3 $\frac{1}{4}$  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 measure.

**1775—1266**—The popular long panels 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 fullness in front where it is gathered to the back. The sleeve is made with one seam

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 4 $\frac{3}{4}$  yards gingham 32 inches wide,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  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 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  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.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104



## PARIS SENDS A NEW WAIST

Capes Accompany Midsummer Dresses

**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  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of pongee 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge of cape with band  $1\frac{3}{8}$  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  $1\frac{1}{2}$  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  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards moire 36 inches wide,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard satin 36 inches wide,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards material 32 or more wide for foundation skirt. Bottom  $1\frac{1}{4}$  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

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  $5\frac{3}{8}$  yards foulard 36 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{3}{4}$  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 egg-shaped 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 bust requires  $4\frac{5}{8}$  yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge of wrap with band  $1\frac{3}{8}$  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.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104



Cape-Wrap 1726  
Bag 10752

Dress 1748

Dress 1696

Cape-Wrap 1723

Wrap 1725  
Bag 10742

## FROCKS AND WRAPS

SIMPLE LINES AND SOFT DRAPERY  
MADE TO SUIT THE SUMMER

1726—A cape-wrap of satin and a beaded bag are indispensable to the smart woman. The short front of the cape is decidedly new, and the fulness in the back falls gracefully below a round yoke. The scarf collar is adjustable and can be worn open or closed. This wrap can be cut without a seam on the shoulders in a 54-inch material, or with a seam in fabrics of narrower width. It is suitable for women or young girls made in satin, taffeta, silk faille, serge or gabardine.

36-inch bust requires 4 7/8 yards satin 36 inches wide. The bag is adapted from bag 10752.

This cape-wrap is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

1723—A cape wrap that possesses unusual style and distinction will appeal to the woman who seeks something out of the ordinary and very French. The shirrings at the throat give the fulness that one associates with taffeta, satin or silk faille. The construction is extremely simple, the upper and lower part being joined together in the front and back. The length of the wrap is 45 inches in the back. This is a very charming style and has all the advantages of cape and coat.

36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards taffeta 40 inches wide. 3/8 yard material 40 inches wide to line collar, 2 1/4 yards fringe.

This cape-wrap is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1748—One of the simplest frocks is most worldly wise in fashion with its organdy frill and tucked skirt. The waist closes in the back and could be embroidered, beaded or braided. The sleeve has one seam and the tucks in the straight skirt furnish its trimming. The dress may be made with a camisole lining. Use cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin, foulard, pongee or challis.

36-inch bust requires 3 5/8 yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 1/2 yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for cuff and frill. Bottom 1 3/8 yard.

This dress is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1696—A fichu waist and a long tunic skirt show how soft they can be in a dress of cotton voile. The draped lines of the surplice closing are becoming and the waist finishes itself delightfully at the waistline. The sleeve has one seam and the straight skirt is easy to tuck. You can make the dress with a camisole lining or without it in silk crêpe, net, silk voile, organdy, batiste, etc. Bottom 1 3/8 yard.

36 bust requires 5 3/4 yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 3/4 yard net 39 or 40 inches wide for fichu, 1 7/8 yard edging for fichu, 3 1/8 yards edging 7 inches wide for frill and tunic.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1725—Something entirely new in the Summer cape is an unusual wrap of satin vested in a contrasting color. The front of this wrap can be adjusted to fall free like a cape or the drapery can be arranged dolman-fashion as illustrated here, and held in place by means of patent fasteners. This wrap is very simple to make, and is suitable for satin, taffeta, charmeuse, shantung, silk faille, serge or gabardine. The vest front is very fashionable.

36 bust requires 3 1/8 yards satin 40 inches wide, 3/4 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 32 to 44 inches bust.





Dress 1678

Dress 1712

Dress 1688; Embroidery design 10760

Dress 1681

Dress 1724  
Bag 10752

## THE SOFT FROCK IS TUCKED AND RUFFLED

1724—July days call out transparent frocks. In this one of novelty voile the waist has the collarless round neck, closes in the back and can be made over a camisole lining. The sleeve has one seam. The tunic is straight and is softly gathered over the narrow foundation. Use cotton voile, organdy, lawn, batiste, all-over flouncings, silk crêpe or net. 36-inch bust requires 5 1/2 yards voile 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom of foundation skirt 1 3/8 yard. The bag is adapted from 10752.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

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, platings, etc.

36-inch bust requires 3 3/4 yards dotted swiss 39 or 40 inches wide including ruffles; 1 1/2 yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for vestee, collar, cuffs and ruffles. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

This dress is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

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 quite charming and the square collar is very becoming. The tucks give a simple and easy trimming on the straight skirt. Use silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, pongee, organdy, batiste, cotton voile, lawn or mull.

36-inch bust requires 3 1/2 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 1 1/2 yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

1681—Tucks 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 camisole lining is generally used under silk crêpe, cotton voile, organdy or batiste. The dress can 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, 1/4 yard contrasting 18 or more inches wide for collar. Lower edge 1 1/2 yard.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

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 4 1/8 yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide with piecing through sleeve of body. Bottom 1 1/2 yard. Embroidery design 10760 trims dress.

This dress is good style for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.



Dress 1757

Dress 1760

Dress 1755

## 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, 1½ yard contrasting organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom 1½ 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 fullness 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 3½ yards cotton voile 36 inches wide, 2¾ yards ribbon 6½ inches wide. Lower edge 1½ 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 4¾ yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 8¾ 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, ¾ yard net 39 or 40 inches wide for plaitings. Bottom 1½ 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 1¾ 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

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 4¾ 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 4¾ yards Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, ¾ yard all-over lace 18 inches wide for vestee, 3 yards wide lace for band for turn-up portion for vestee and on peplum, 1½ yard lace for collar. Bottom 1¾ 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, 1¼ 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 3¾ yards plain Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide for body, skirt and sash, 2¾ yards figured Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom of foundation 1¾ yard.

It is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust.

Dress 1734  
Embroidery  
design 10694



Dress 1728

Dress 1748  
Bead design  
10623



Dress 1741



Dress 1738

Dress 1736



Dress 1730

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104

Blouse 1752  
Skirt 1733



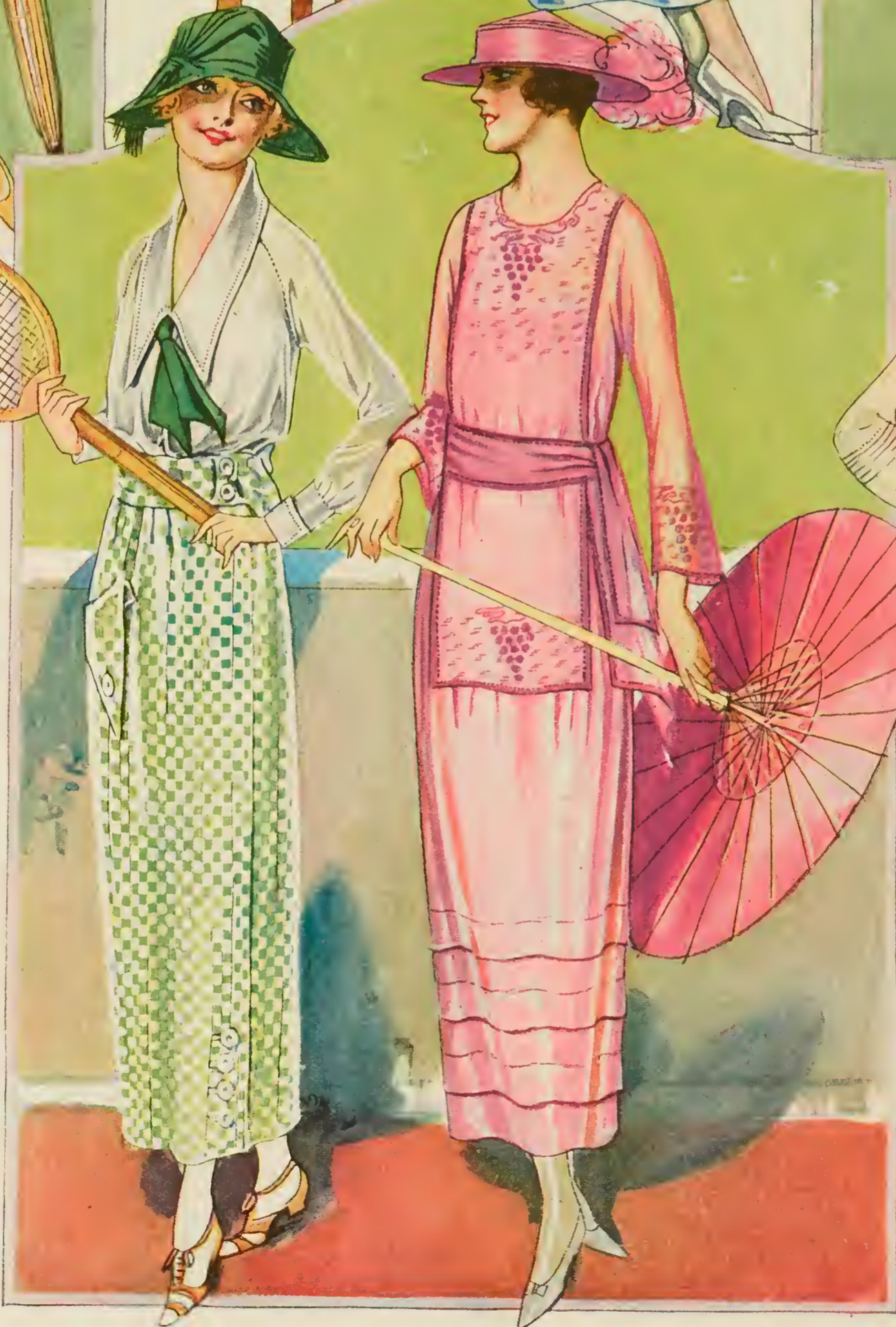
Blouse 1761  
Skirt 1609



Blouse 1727  
Skirt 1750



Blouse 1746  
Skirt 1751



Shirt-waist 1737  
Skirt 1747

Blouse 1742  
Skirt 1756  
Embroidery design 10760



Blouse-waist 1732  
Skirt 1739  
Embroidery design 10746

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104



Overblouse 1758  
Blouse 1545

Blouse 1771

Blouse 1729

Overblouse 1758  
Blouse 1545  
Braid design 10706

Blouse 1729  
Skirt 1763

## JULY FOLLOWS THE CULT OF BLOUSE AND SKIRT

Enter the Kimono Lines and Peg-Top Silhouette

**1752—1733**—Very simple are the lines of a trim blouse and well-pocketed skirt. The blouse has a good closing, a convertible collar and one-seam sleeve. It is excellent in crêpe de Chine, wash silks, wash satins, batiste or cotton voile, dimity and handkerchief linen. The skirt is cut in two pieces and is splendid for cotton poplin, linen, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard striped silk shirting 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¾ yards pongee 32 inches wide for skirt, collar facing and cuffs. Bottom 1½ 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 47½ 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 ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; the skirt, 1750, for ladies of 35 to 47½ 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 2½ yards Georgette crêpe 40 inches wide including plaitings, 2½ yards sports silk 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ 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

sports silk, pongee, gingham or linen. Bottom 1½ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 2¾ yards sports silk 35 or 36 inches wide.

This shirt-waist, 1737, is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 1747, for ladies of 35 to 47½ hip.

**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 1¾ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ 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 47½ 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-piece in the new silhouette. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, serge or plaids.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ 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 crêpe, etc. Braid design 10706 trims the blouse.

36 bust requires 1¾ yard linen 32 to 44 inches wide, 1¾ 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 wide.

This blouse is pretty for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure.

**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 fullness 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.

36 bust requires 1½ 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, 1½ 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-piece. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or repp. Bottom 1¾ yard.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, 2¾ 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.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 104



Bathing-suit and cap 1717

Bathing-suit and cap 1704

Bathing-suit and cap 1714

Bathing-suit and cap 1718

Bathing-suit and cap 1711  
Braid design 10702

Bathing-suit and cap 1714

## FASHIONS ON THE CREST OF THE WAVE

**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 fancy outline that gives the peg-top 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 2½ 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-inch bust requires 5½ yards moiré silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 1½ yard taffeta 32 or more inches wide for cap, ½ yard material 27 or more inches wide for under section for skirt.

This suit is good for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also adapted to misses.

**1718**—An enterprising little suit for sea adventure is built on trim straight lines. The simple blouse is particularly adapted to girls and children. The square neck 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 underbody, but they can be separate for older girls. The little cap is most becoming. Use serge, brilliantine, flannel or satin.

8 years requires 2½ yards flannel 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide for cap and bow.

This suit is very good style for girls or children, 2 to 14 years.

**1714**—A simple suit for real swimming is made of satin and trimmed with ribbon. The long blouse can either slip on over the head or close on the shoulder and the straight slender lines are graceful for a woman or young girl. The sleevelet finishes the armhole and the cap is adorably becoming. The bloomers are separate. You could use surf satin, taffeta, brilliantine, jersey cloth or serge.

36-inch bust requires 3¾ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide for suit (with sleeve cut crosswise) and cap, ¼ yard contrasting 35 or 36 inches wide for cap band and bow, 6¾ yards ribbon for trimming.

This suit is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

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 can slip the blouse on over the head or fasten it on the shoulder, and the bloomers are separate. Use surf satin, taffeta, brilliantine, jersey cloth or serge.

32-inch bust or 16 years, requires 3¾ yards wool jersey 40 inches wide, ¾ jersey 40 inches wide, ¾ 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-the-head fashion is very popular. The blouse has the becoming shawl collar and smart vestee, and the cuff hem and sleevelet trim the suit. The bloomers are separate and the cap completes the costume. Use brilliantine, surf satin, taffeta, jersey cloth alone or with foulard, plaids, etc.

36-inch bust requires 2¼ yards taffeta 36 inches wide for body, 2¾ yards contrasting taffeta 36 inches wide for bloomers and trimming, ¾ yard taffeta 36 inches wide for cap, ¾ yard taffeta 18 or more inches wide for underside of crown. Braid design 10702 trims the suit.

This suit is splendid for ladies 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 crêpe de Chine are suitable materials.

36 bust requires  $5\frac{3}{8}$  yards of pongee 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard.

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 cap is a quaint shape. Use gingham, chambray or percale.

36 bust requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards dotted calico 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard contrasting 24 or more inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard.

This apron is for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust.



House dress 1773

Pullman robe 1774

Apron 1777

Apron 1781

## SEEN WITHIN THE HOME

And for the Woman Who Travels

1781—There are times when nothing takes the place of the gingham apron, and for such moments this new and good-looking one meets every requirement. The construction is extremely simple with its body and sleeves cut in one. The one-piece apron is very popular, for it completely covers the dress. Use gingham, chambray and percale for the apron and cap.

36 bust requires  $4\frac{3}{8}$  yards checked gingham 32 inches wide,  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard plain gingham 36 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard. It is splendid for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust.

1773—A new house dress maintains the standards of efficiency in the Summer home. The dress is made in the popular one-piece style with a simple one-seam sleeve. The use of the yoke is optional and the deep pockets have the new hip flare. Use gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine or percale.

36 bust requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards figured percale 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard plain percale 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard. It is suitable for ladies of 32 to 52 inches bust.

1774—A very dainty kimono for hot weather is made of dotted swiss and trimmed with hand-embroidery. The line of the closing gives the becoming V neck, and the one-seam sleeve is cool and graceful. The slightly deep armhole is desirable for kimono wear. You could use cotton crêpe, mull, lawn, dimity, challis, pongee, flowered silk and dotted swiss.

36 bust requires  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards swiss 35 or 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10667 is used to trim the kimono. Lower edge  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard.

This kimono is suitable for ladies of 32 to 52 inches bust.

1779—Fashions come and go, but the kimono remains one of the necessities of life. The tucked front of this one and the new pocket give it a 1919 look. The slightly deep armhole is comfortable. Use cotton crêpe, lawn, dotted swiss, mull, challis, printed silk, satin, dimity, lace, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe or satin.

36 bust requires 5 yards figured cotton crêpe 36 inches wide,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard plain cotton crêpe 20 inches wide. Lower edge  $1\frac{7}{8}$  yard. It is suitable for ladies of 32 to 52 inches bust.

1769—Striped chambray is used for an especially good type of one-piece house dress, or overall apron. The lapped closing is simple and convenient, the collar is becoming and the little two-piece cap completes a workmanlike costume. Use cotton poplin, gingham, chambray, percale or linen.

36 inches bust requires  $5\frac{1}{2}$  yards chambray 32 inches wide, 1 yard cotton 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. Bottom  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yard.

It is suitable for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust.



Kimono 1774; Embroidery design 10667

Kimono 1779



House dress or overall apron 1769



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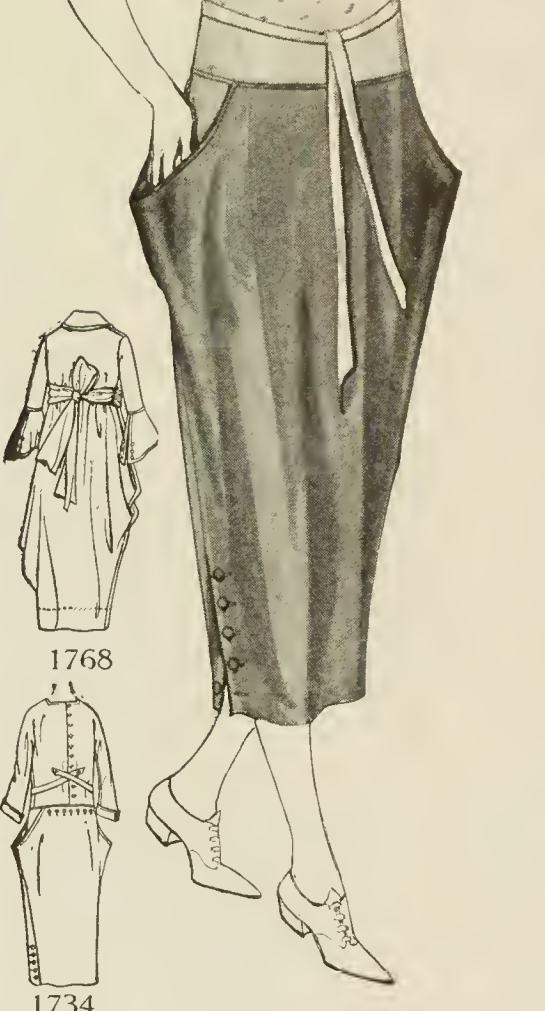
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Dress 1682 Dress 1768 Bag 10742 Dress 1667 Embroidery design 10693 Bag 10752

## STYLES OF YOUTH To Charm the Charmer



Dress 1734 Embroidery design 10760

1682—The bouffant hip for young girls or small women appears in a kimono-sleeved frock of taffeta, satin, cotton voile, etc. The skirt is two-pieced with soft drapery on the sides. 17 years requires 3 3/8 yards foulard 36 inches wide, 3/8 Georgette crepe 40 inches wide, 3/4 yard material 32 inches wide for facings, 5/8 yard material 36 inches wide for undersektion for skirt. Bottom 1 1/4 yard. This dress is pretty for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women.

1768—For Summer silks, cotton voile, etc., comes a dress with a surplice-draped waist cut in one piece, and a two-piece skirt with a new irregularity in the arrangement of its drapery. It is becoming to small women also. 17 years requires 4 3/8 yards foulard 36 inches wide, 1/2 yard satin 27 inches wide. Bottom 1 3/8 yard. The bag is adapted from bag 10742. This dress is pretty for misses of 14 to 19 years, also for small women.



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 3 1/2 yards gingham 32 inches wide, 1/4 yard chambray 32 inches wide. Bottom 1 1/2 yard. This dress is becoming to misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.



Shirt-waist 9377 Overblouse 1758

9377—1758—An overblouse made of the skirt material joins a separate shirt-waist and skirt in the bands of a complete costume. 17 years for shirt-waist and 34 bust or 17 to 18 years for overblouse requires 2 1/4 yards cotton voile 36 wide, 1 3/4 yard linen 32 to 44 wide. 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.

1667—A jumper bolero and stand-out 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 2 1/4 yards linen 36 inches wide, 3/4 yard organdy 36 inches wide. Bottom 1 1/4 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 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 1/4 yard. It is for misses of 32 to 34 bust, also for ladies.





1743

Dress 1743

Dress 1762

Dress 1754

1754

1762

## GAY TIMES AHEAD

Lines for Young Girls

1687—The call of the tuck sounds loudest in an adorable frock with a jumper which is draped and forms its sash. The skirt is straight and the one-seam sleeve is set into the lining. Girls or small women use organdy, cotton voile, batiste, mull, silk crêpe, etc.

17 years requires 4¾ yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard. This dress is pretty for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

1743—Dimity is used for a soft frock for young girls or small women. The waist has one-seam sleeves and can be made over a camisole lining. The tucked peplum gives the new silhouette with the narrow straight skirt.

16 years requires 4½ yards dimity 32 inches wide, ½ yard organdy 18 or more inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

This dress is becoming to misses of 14 to 19 years; also to small women.



1687

Dress 1687

1762—A Summer frock has a back-closing waist, an unusual collar and a new kind of a one-seam sleeve. The skirt is straight. A camisole lining can be used under cotton voile, batiste, lawn, dimity, mull, silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta, foulard or satin.

16 years requires 3 yards dotted silk crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide, ¾ yard plain silk crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is becoming to misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.

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 4¼ yards dotted swiss 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1¾ yard.

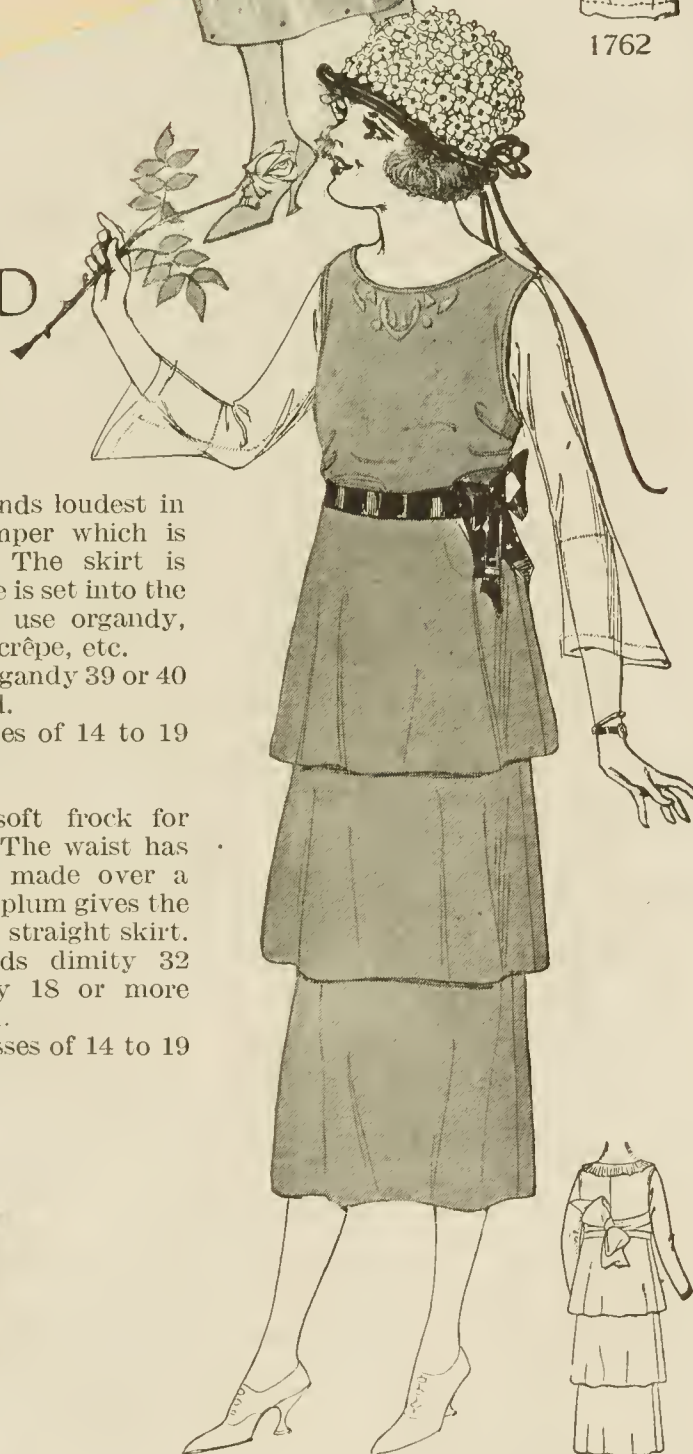
This dress is graceful for misses of 14 to 19 years; also for small women.



Overblouse 1758



1758



Dress 1691

Embroidery design 10713

1691

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 are over a straight foundation.

17 years requires 4 yards linen 36 wide, ¾ yard cotton voile 40 inches wide for sleeves, cuffs and to face linings, 2¼ yards 27 inches wide for foundation. Bottom of foundation 1¼ yard. Lowest flounce 1½ yard. Embroidery 10713 trims the dress.

It is becoming to misses of 14 to 19 years and to small women also.

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 1¼ yard cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This overblouse is becoming to misses of 32 to 34 bust; also to ladies.



They Call Me Harmony because I Dispel Dressing Discords!

THAT'S my job and I love my work. I'm the one snap that won't slip from your fingers when you sew me on. You can hold me easily around because of my forget-me-not shape. My big, open eyes make for easy sewing.



When I'm attached, I hold tight—firmly and securely in place. I never twist or squirm about.

My Federalloy spring, so called because it is the result of a special and scientific process of metal tempering—is very, very sensitive.

At the slightest touch of your fingers, I click! And I'm snapped, and stay that way till you release me.

I never cut fabric or thread because my edges are expertly rolled.

Washing can't rust me—ironing or wringing won't crush me.

I'm proud of my finish; in black or white—as fresh and bright as a new dime.

My size chart on the back of my cards is a correct fabric guide which tells you which one of my 6 sizes to use for every fabric weight, from sheerest tulle to heaviest wool.

Please do me the favor of trying one of my cards. I want you to know why they call me the snap with the shape you can't forget—the snap you won't regret. If your dealer can't supply you—send me 10c and I will send you a card of 12. I'll also send you, gratis, my premium book.

Federal Snap Fastener Corporation  
Dept. B, 25 to 29 W. 31st St., New York

Enclosed find 10c. Please send me a card of 12 Harmony Snap Fasteners and your Premium Book.

Sign \_\_\_\_\_

My dealer is \_\_\_\_\_





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Keep the bloom and softness of youth in your complexion with Ingram's Milkweed Cream. It is therapeutic, it gives health to the skin tissues, it overcomes imperfections of the complexion. It is softening and cleansing, too. No other emollient will give you the same result. Since 1885 used by women of refinement the world over. Use it daily.

"Just to show the proper glow" use Ingram's Rouge. Perfumed with exquisite delicacy. Safe. Comes in solid cake. No porcelain. Three perfect shades. 50c.

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Every housewife and every intelligent woman will be interested in this article and thoroughly entertained by the

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MADE of "Paraknit," a new kind of light weight, open work, elastic material, invented by us; very, very flexible, extremely stylish, and healthful.

Reinforced diaphragm strip at lower edge supports and reduces diaphragm without pressure, and is advantageous.

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**Soldiers Soothe Skin Troubles with Cuticura**

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**COSTUMES AND THE CAPE**

Empire Line and Long Blouse



Dress 1690

Dress 1778; tam-o'-shanter 1477

Cape 1764

Dress 1749 Braiding 10675

Shirt-waist 9377; skirt 1772

Dress 1710

1690—Gingham and chambray mean a great deal in the life of the young person, especially when they come vested in lawn. The little waist and the peplums make a delightful dress for girls of this age. The one-seam sleeve and the straight skirt are very easy to make. Use gingham, chambray, prints, linen, cotton poplin, dimity or lawn.

11 years requires 1 1/2 yard chambray 32 inches wide, 1 1/2 yard gingham 32 inches wide including sash, 3/8 yard lawn 27 inches wide for collar and vestee.

This dress is attractive for girls of 8 to 15 years.

1778—1477—A sailor dress and a tam-o'-shanter are just the thing for the tennis-court. The dress is made with a good-looking blouse in regulation middie style that slips on over the head. The skirt is straight. Use linen, cotton poplin or chambray, or drill with serge.

12 years requires 2 3/4 yards duck 27 inches wide, 3 1/4 yards contrasting 27 inches wide for collar, cuffs, skirt, 1/2 yard material 32 or more wide for hat in girls' size.

This dress is nice for girls of 4 to 15 years; the hat for children, girls, misses and ladies.

1764—You can't begin too young with capes, so the junior member of the family chooses one of the latest with round yoke and smart vest front. It is a very wearable type of garment for Summer and is suitable for serge, checks, gabardine, tricotine, broadcloth, light-weight velours, taffeta, satin, faille, pongee or crêpe de Chine. This is an inexpensive and easy cape to make. The adjustable collar is very practical in wraps.

10 years requires 1 3/4 yard serge 54 inches wide.

This cape is suitable for girls of 4 to 15 years.

1749—Anything that suggests the middie blouse wins the juniors' favor and this one is no exception to the rule. It has a 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 mishap. Use linen, cotton poplin, drill, piqué, chambray, gingham or gingham with chambray.

14 years requires 4 yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Braiding design 10675 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is pretty for girls of 4 to 15 years.

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 pongee.

10 years requires 2 1/4 yards cotton print 35 or 36 inches wide, 3/4 yard organdy 35 or 36 inches wide for trimming pieces, cuff and sash.

This dress is becoming to girls of 6 to 14 years.

9377—1772—There are times when nothing takes the place of a shirt-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 1/2 yard linen 36 inches wide, 2 1/2 yard repp 35 to 44 inches wide. Bottom 1 1/2 yard.

This shirt-waist and skirt are for misses of 14 to 19 years; they are also correct for small women.



1690

1778

1764

1749

1710

9377

1772

# PREPARED FOR THE FOURTH

From Empire to the Long Body



Dress 1740

Dress 1745  
Smocking design 10744

Dress 1721  
Embroidery design 10405

Dress 1759  
Hat 1640



Dress 1715

Dress 1776  
Hat 1125  
Embroidery design 10746

1715—For many important social engagements comes a little party frock of dotted net. The simple waist is cut in one with the sleeves in kimono fashion and could be embroidered 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 ribbon or taffeta for this frock.

12 years requires 4½ yards dotted net 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for girls of 4 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 1¾ yard batiste 36 inches wide, ¾ yard material 36 inches wide for hat, 1¾ 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.

1740—There's no dress like the guimpe dress for Summer days for little girls and juniors. Here the jumper has a particularly pretty outline and the straight skirt is sewed to its lower edge. The blouse is finished with a becoming collar and a one-seam sleeve. You could make the dress of gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen and cotton prints with a blouse of lawn, nainsook, batiste, etc.

10 years requires 1¾ yard lawn 35 or 36 inches wide for blouse, 1¾ yard cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls of 4 to 15 years.

1745—Dainty frocks and firecrackers are equally important in July. The simple Empire waist of this dress has a becoming square collar and a cool little one-seam sleeve. The smocking makes a delightful and an inexpensive trimming on the straight skirt. Use cotton voile, batiste, chambray, lawn or dimity. Without the smocking the dress is suitable for gingham, cotton prints and dotted swiss.

6 years requires 2 yards batiste 35 or 36 inches wide including frills. Smocking design 10744 trims the dress.

It is suitable for girls of 1 to 10 years.

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, chambray, unbleached muslin, cotton prints or calico.

12 years requires 1¾ yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1¾ yard contrasting linen 35 or 36 inches wide for skirt. Embroidery design 10405 trims the blouse.

It is pretty for girls of 4 to 15 years.

1759—1640—Even the "pom" knows a smart costume when he sees this frock and hat. The dress 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.

11 years requires for dress and hat 1¾ yard chambray 32 inches wide, 1¾ yard gingham 32 inches wide for lower part and to trim sleeves and hat.

This dress is splendid for girls of 8 to 15 years; the hat for children and girls of 1 to 11 years.



1740

1745

1721

1759

1715

1776

## Blue Grass and Broadway

It is the name of a new novel by Maria Thompson Daviess. Miss Daviess tells all her stories with hearty good humor, with exhilarating zest, and with that swiftswiftness of movement and that snappy dialog which especially appeal to American readers.

"BLUE GRASS AND BROADWAY" concerns itself with the love-story of Patricia Adair, a small-town Kentucky girl who comes to New York and is plunged into the midst of that world which is at once the gayest and most tragic, the most brilliant and the most dangerous—the theatrical world. Her happiness and that of others is at stake; in setting forth the adventures of Patricia and the people, both good and bad, who circle about her, Miss Daviess has used her most charming story-telling gifts. And she knows the world of Broadway, where her plays are produced, as well as the Blue Grass country, where on a farm she spends at least half her time. "BLUE GRASS AND BROADWAY" has just been published by The Century Co., 353 Fourth Avenue, New York City, and is sold at all bookstores for \$1.50.

## A Story of the War For Boys and Girls

It is a book called "THE BATTLE OF THE NATIONS." It is unique among books about the war. Written primarily for young folks, its breadth of treatment and its charming style make it no less appealing to those of any age who desire to obtain a simple and concise history of the great conflict. Its author, Frederic Arnold Kummer, a civil engineer by training and a close student of military affairs, is also a dramatist and a skilled writer of fiction. As a result he has invested the dry details of the struggle with such vivid color that one follows the various scenes as they unroll themselves with the same breathless interest that one experiences in witnessing the development of some stupendous play. The onrush of events is presented with a direct and comprehensive grasp rarely found in works of history.

"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.



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For Boys and Girls**

**Nazareth Waist**

**A WARM-WEATHER** warning to mothers—keep the children cool and comfortable—guard against summer colds. The Nazareth Waist worn next to the skin, absorbs perspiration—evaporates it and keeps the body dry and cool. The soft-knit, elastic fabric is non-irritating. Buttons down the front. Knitted suspender tapes support outer garments from the shoulder. The favorite knit-waist for 32 years. Size 1 to 13 years. Have your dealer show you a Nazareth Waist Union Suit, knee length, no sleeves—shirt, pants and waist in one garment, suspender tapes, too. If your dealer hasn't got them, write us.

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**Stork Sheeting**

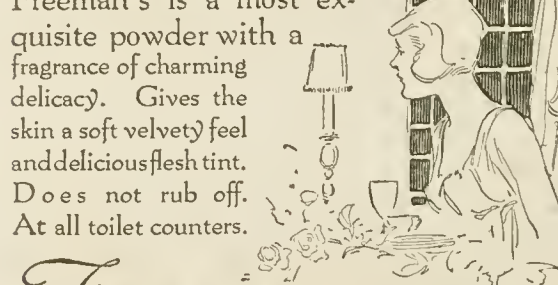
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**FOR BABY'S CRIB**

Hygienic waterproof sheeting that really protects. It is pure white, light, soft, pliable. Not heating, creates no perspiration, chafing or irritation. Easily cleaned—always fresh, dainty, sweet, 36 in. wide, light or heavy; 54 in. wide, heavy weight only. **GET THE GENUINE.** Look for Stork trade mark. If your dealer does not have Stork Sheeting write us.

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Freeman's is a most exquisite powder with a fragrance of charming delicacy. Gives the skin a soft velvety feel and delicious flesh tint. Does not rub off. At all toilet counters.



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## PLAYTIME IN FROCKS

New Rompers and Aprons



Rompers 1780  
Hat 1125  
Embroidery design 10671

Rompers 1753  
Hat 1640

Play Set 1642  
Dolls' Set 406

Play Set 1646  
Embroidery design 10722

Dress 1770

Dress 1782

**1780—1125**—Cross-stitch geese wander over a new pair of rompers and hat to match. The Empire waistline is becoming, and the kimono sleeve is new and extremely easy to make. Use gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine or linen.

3 years for rompers, 4 years for hat or 19 3/4 head measure requires 2 1/2 yards chambray 32 inches wide for rompers and hat brim, 3/4 yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for band and crown. Embroidery design 10671 trims the rompers and hat.

These rompers are nice for children of 1 to 5 years; the hat for girls of 2 to 12 years.

**1642—406**—A new hand-bag and a little play costume and a delightful doll meet all desires when one is fair and four. It is a fine little set for the beach or garden and the sun bonnet-hat gives excellent protection to the eyes. The bag always appeals to children. Youngsters are wearing aprons and they have become fashionable. You could make the set of prints, lawn, dimity, gingham, chambray, percale, dotted swiss and chintz.

4 years requires 1 1/2 yard English print 35 or 36 inches wide.

This play set is splendid for children of 2 to 10 years; girl doll's set, 14 to 30 inches tall.

**1646**—Who's afraid of mud pies and sand piles when a splendid apron and smart hat protects one's clothes? The deep pockets are big enough to carry a host of beach or garden implements or enough sand to last for a week. The apron itself is quite easy to make, and it can be finished in two different ways. You could use gingham, chambray, chintz, prints, percale, linen and cotton poplin for this set.

3 years requires 1 1/2 yard chambray 32 inches wide. Embroidery design 10722 is used to trim the play set.

This play set is nice for children of 1 to 7 years.

**1753—1640**—Gingham and chambray are beyond doubt the most approved combination for rompers and hats. The body and sleeve cut in one is a simple construction, and the bloomers have a new line at the top. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton poplin or linen for rompers and hat.

4 years for rompers and 5 years or 20 head measure for hat requires 1/2 yard chambray 27 or more inches wide for front, back and sleeve, 2 1/2 yard gingham 27 inches wide for bloomers, hat and to trim, 1 1/4 yard ribbon 2 inches wide.

The rompers are for children of 1 to 5 years, the hat for 1 to 11 years.

**1770**—Box-plaits are decidedly the thing for the eight-year-old in a new one-piece dress of gingham. The V neck and white collar makes a becoming finish on the deep yoke, and the short one-seam sleeve is extremely comfortable for warm days. This is a particularly good style of dress for girls of this age. You could make it of gingham, chambray, piqué, linen, cotton poplin and repp and the white collar and cuffs trim it prettily.

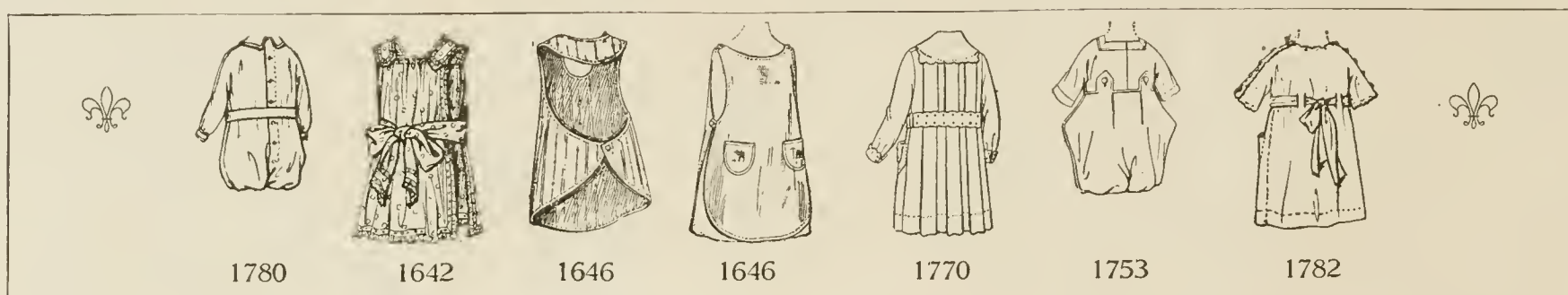
8 years requires 2 3/4 yards gingham 32 inches wide, 3/8 yard lawn 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is becoming to girls of 2 to 12 years.

**1782**—The one-piece frock is smart 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 1 1/2 yard cotton poplin 36 inches wide, 1/4 yard contrasting 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for girls of 1 to 8 years.



# FOR THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

Summer Styles for the Long Vacation



Little boys' suit 1529

1529—The panel and yoke in one make a good-looking blouse which is closed at the right shoulder and side. The trousers are straight. Use galatea, repp, piqué, poplin, gingham or linen. 6 years requires 2 yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard contrast 35 or 36 inches wide. This suit is nice for boys of 2 to 7 years.



Little boys' suit 1731

1735—For the very boyish boy comes a particularly nice suit with a coat-like blouse and straight trousers. The sleeve can be made in either of two ways. You can use piqué, repp, galatea, poplin, madras, linen, drill, chambray, gingham, serge, etc. 7 years requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards repp 35 or 36 inches wide,  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard contrast 35 or 36 inches wide. This suit is nice for boys of 2 to 7 years.



Little boys' suit 1347

1731—It's the line of the collar and the length of the blouse over the straight trousers that make this suit distinctive and individual. It is an excellent style for piqué, repp, galatea, poplin, madras, linen, drill, chambray, gingham, gabardine or serge. The chemisette and collar can be of contrasting color. 5 years requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards piqué 35 or 36 inches wide. This suit is splendid for boys of 2 to 7 years.



Little boys' suit 1735

1347—This is the type of suit that the little boy wears as soon as he is promoted from dresses. The straight trousers have a new outline at the top and if they are of dark-colored linen or drill you can make an extra supply of waists of madras, linen, repp, dimity, poplin or galatea. 4 years requires  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide for waist, 1 yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide. This suit is excellent for boys of 2 to 7 years.



Combination 1784  
Embroidery design 10677

1783—An apron with the French-length kimono sleeve, a sash, and a sunbonnet is something of inducement to work in the garden. The apron slips over the head. Use gingham, chambray, percale, etc. 16 years requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards cretonne 27 inches wide,  $\frac{7}{8}$  yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, cuffs, sash, back for bonnet and to trim. This apron is suitable for misses, girls and children, 2 to 18 years.

1784—Even at eight one is interested in lingerie and a new combination under-waist and drawers is sure to be popular. The drawers are straight and the under-waist can be made with either a square or round neck. The combination can be of nainsook, long-cloth, cambric, etc. 8 years requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10677 trims the combination. It is suitable for girls of 2 to 15 years.



1783

Apron 1783



1529

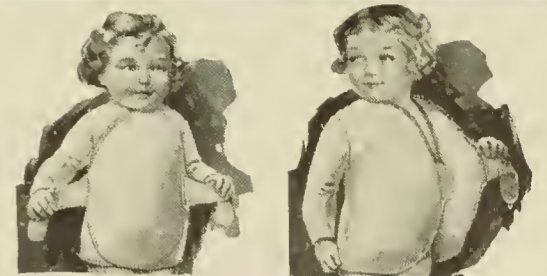
1735

1731

1347

1784

## RUBENS INFANT SHIRT



No Buttons No Trouble  
Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

### A Word to Mothers

THE Rubens Shirt has proved a life preserver to hundreds of thousands of children. No child should be without it. It affords extra protection to lungs and abdomen, thus preventing dangerous colds and coughs. Get the Rubens Shirt at once. Take no other, no matter what any unprogressive dealer may say. If he doesn't keep it, write to us. The Rubens Shirt has gladdened the hearts of thousands of mothers. We want it accessible to all the world. The Rubens Shirt is made in cotton, merino, wool, silk and wool and all silk, to fit from birth to any age. Sold at dry goods stores. Circulars, with price list, free.

#### Beware of Imitations

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AGAIN, in the blackness of the night, while the storm still raged, they were awakened by a shriek. Instantly both men sat up, alert, tense, silent. Then as before they heard the words of "Annie Laurie."

And this in a country two hundred miles from any human being.

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Only one of the many thrilling stories in the Mid-August issue of

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## Freckles

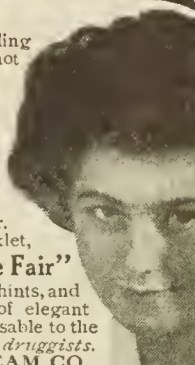
are as "a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

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Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. Sold by all druggists. STILLMAN CREAM CO. Dept. D. Aurora, Ill.





Mrs. Irene Walker of Georgia and her daughter Mildred

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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 Division  
THE DELINEATOR  
346 Butterick Building  
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me in any way, please send me full particulars regarding Butterick subscription work.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



III. 1  
Dress 1686

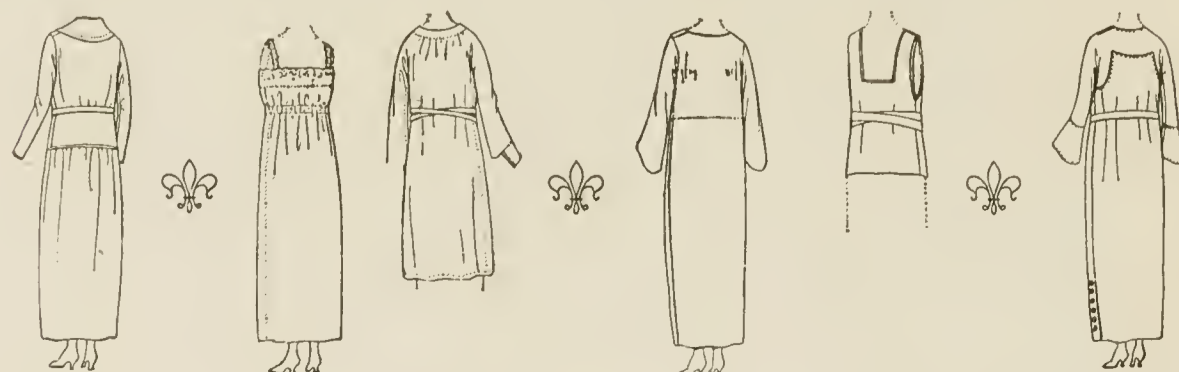
III. 2  
Smock 1694  
Slip 9842

THERE 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 long-dreamed-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 chambray 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, check 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 fullness is simply gathered to the shallow yoke. It has the new kimono sleeves and very straight lines with soft fullness, but without the flaring fullness 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 marquissette. If your foundation is of crêpe meteor or crêpe de Chine, the smock could be of the same material in a contrasting color.



1686

9842

1694

1517

1692

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 check silk, with the upper part of the slip of silk crêpe, silk marquissette, 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 gingham 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



III. 3  
Overblouse 1692  
Slip 1517



III. 4  
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 last-year'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 marquissette, 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



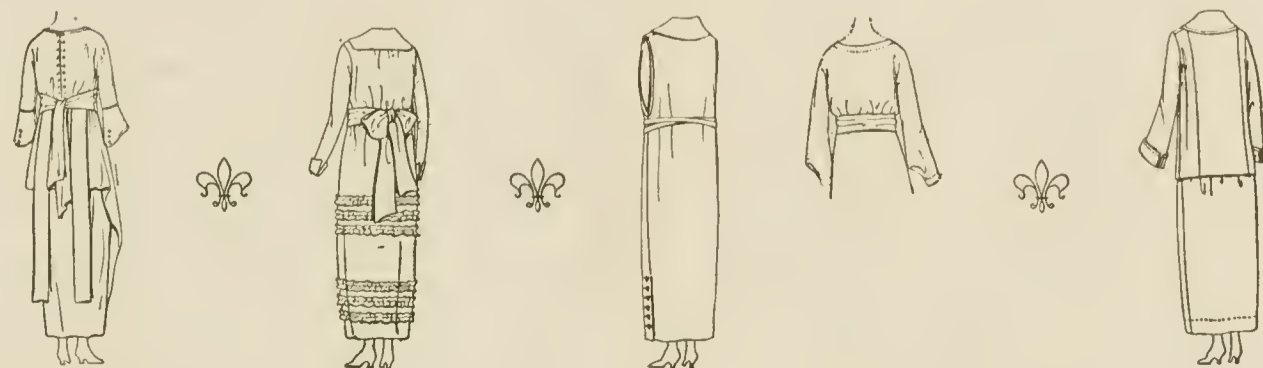
III. 5  
Waist 1708; skirt 1661



III. 6  
Dress 1678

voile or silk marquissette, 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.



1708-1661

1678

1684

1545

1663



III. 7  
Blouse 1545  
Jumper dress 1684



III. 8  
Dress 1663

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 crêpe 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 picoted bands. The skirt is straight and the position of the trimming is clearly marked.

**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 one-piece 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



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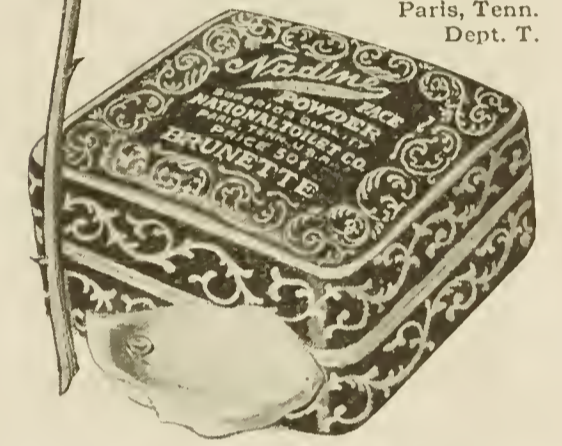
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with the Oblong Rubber Button

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*Stylish—and  
oh, so comfortable!*

Keds are the vogue.

After all there's nothing so essential as good-looking, comfortable, really suitable summer shoes.

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**United States Rubber Company**



# Keds



## FROCKS THAT

Styles That Can Keep

BY MARJORIE



Ill. 2  
Dress  
1734



Ill. 4  
Dress 1705



Ill. 3  
Dress 1695



Ill. 1  
Dress 1700

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.

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 or cotton poplin.

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 body.

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 work.

IF YOU have growing girls in your family, you have constantly before you new versions of the old problem—letting down. In these dresses I have suggested ways of lengthening last year's skirt and of giving new size through the body.

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-

THE dress in Illustration 4 is a cunning little thing for gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, serge, checks and plaids, with blouses of nainsook, lawn, batiste and dimity. With the wool material you can use crêpe de Chine blouses if you like.



1734



1695



1705



1700



# GROW ON YOU

Up With the Girls

MAY



THE dress in Illustration 5 is a written invitation to all sorts of good times this Summer. The plaited body is very pretty, and the little bib effect of the skirt, the quaint sash, the pockets and an adorable sleeve make a charming little frock. I have shown it here in foulard with the plaited body of silk crêpe. Instead of the foulard you can use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or soft satin for the skirt with the silk crêpe in the upper part. For a tub dress you can make the skirt of linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, calico, gingham or chambray, with the body of organdy, batiste, cotton voile or handkerchief linen. You can use an outgrown last Summer's skirt for the lower part, lengthening it at the bottom with the cuff hem.

ILLUSTRATION 6 I have suggested for an outgrown one-piece dress of last Summer. The sleeves can be made long enough by the simple process of cutting them down into a short sleeve; the skirt can be lengthened by the deep band of contrasting material at the lower part. You can make the upper part of white linen or cotton poplin, with colored linen or poplin in the lower part. You can combine gingham with chambray, cotton prints with linen or cotton poplin, unbleached 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 stand-out 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, crêpe 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.

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.



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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.

## Pacific Mills

Lawrence Mass.



# GLORIA'S SUCCESS

## An Untrained Young Girl Tells the Secret of Her First Steps in the Art of Making Money



It was a wonderful spring 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 sitting-room feeling as if my wretched heart would 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 helping mother and in household duties. And although I had all my evenings and plenty of afternoons free, not a soul seemed to care about me.

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 happiness!

### 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 TRANSPARENT CHARM OF WOOL FILET

THE NEW SWEATERS CROCHET IN WOOL,

ARE DONE IN FILET SILK OR EVEN COTTON

BY MARIE ASHLEY



THE two sweaters at the top are two versions of the same design. You can make the neck high in back and square in front or with the square outline at both front and back. The third sweater is for a child.

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 crochet hook.

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. Turn.

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 wide. (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 extra 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 diagram back to first row. Overcast sides and underarm, leaving 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 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 remaining sts., 3 ch. Turn.

Second row—1 d. c. into every d. c. of previous row. 5 ch. Turn.

Third row—Skip first 2 d. c. of previous row. 1 d. c. into next st. to form first o. 2 ch. Skip 2 sts. 1 d. c. into next st. to form 1 o. 40 more o. 3 ch. Turn.

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.

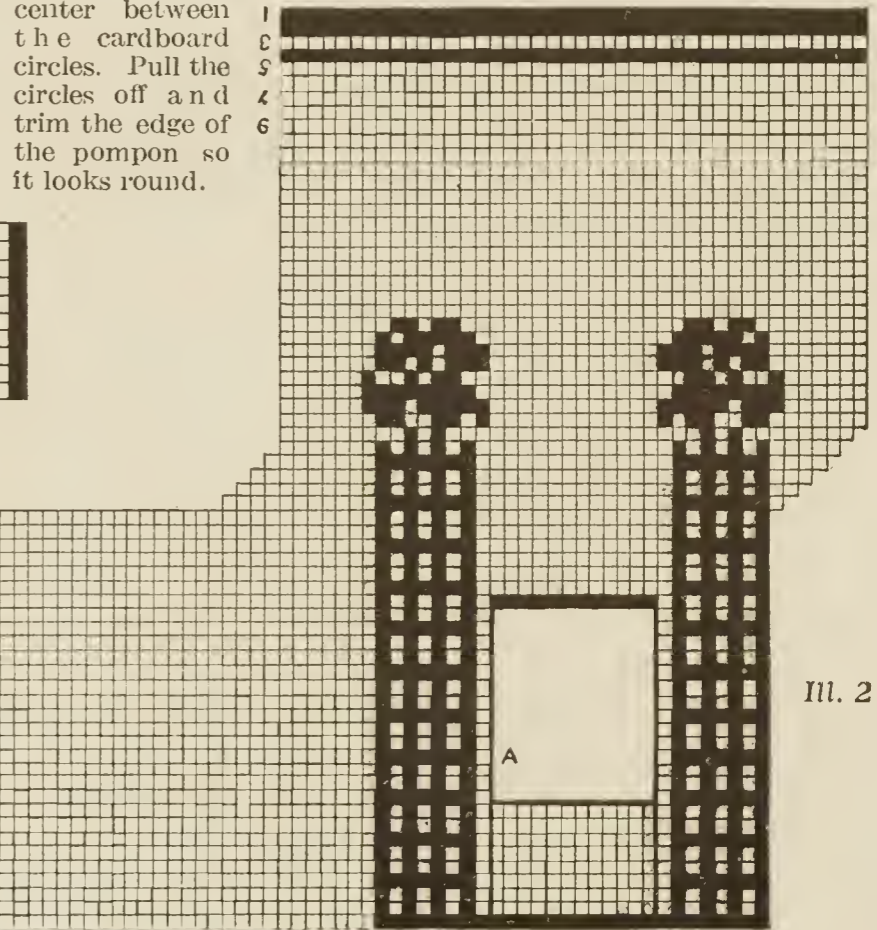
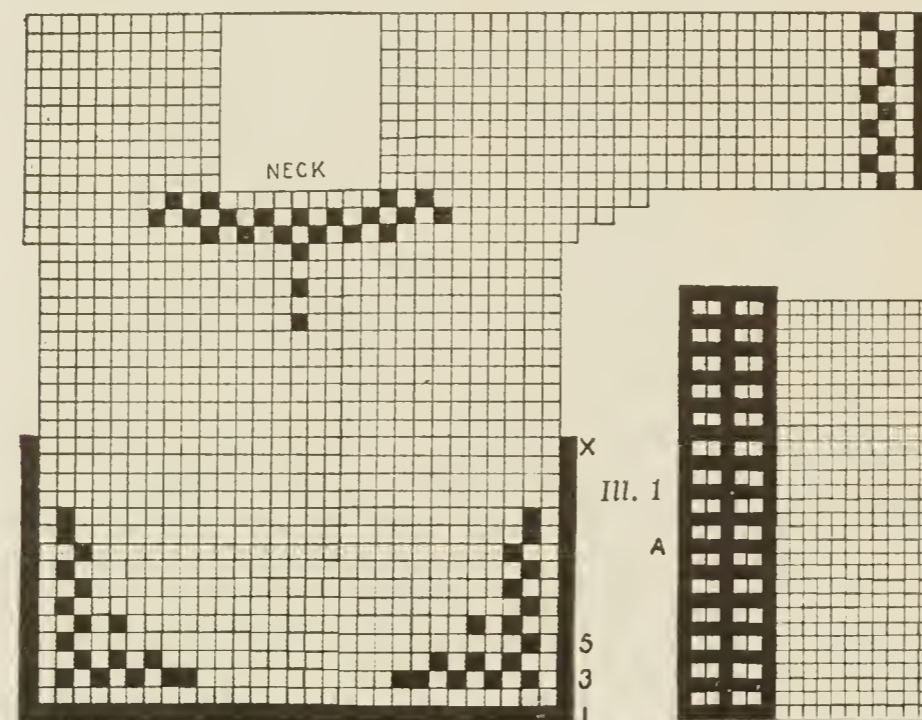
When 43rd row is reached, form the neck by working straight up side of diagram. (In 34-inch size, omit the open squares on each side of the neck outline and on 40-inch size, add an extra open square on the outside edge.)

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 sides 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 1 1/4 yard long for the sleeveless sweater and 2 3/4 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.

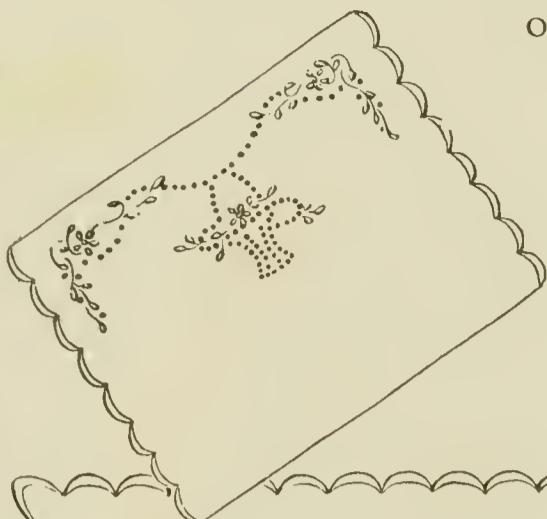
POMPONS—Cut two 2 1/2-inch circles of cardboard. Cut a small hole in the center of each circle. Hold the circles together. Thread the black yarn in a needle and pass it up through hole in the center of the circle, around the edge of the cardboard and up through the center about 100 times. Run a pair 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 trim the edge of the pompon so it looks round.



# FASHION IN TERMS OF EMBROIDERY

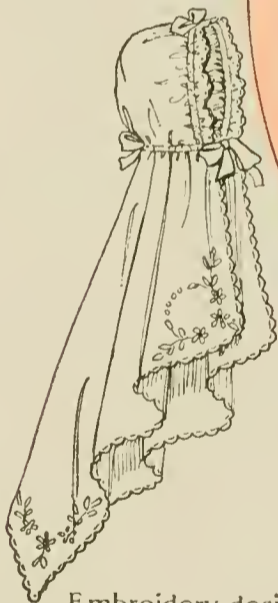
Bead and Embroidery Give a Cachet of Smartness to Linen and Frock

Embroidery design 10760 is a new grape design worked in one-stitch that brings distinction to blouse 1742.



Embroidery design 10758

Embroidery design 10758. An exquisite design for a baby's carriage cover 25 x 31 inches, and a pillow 15 x 12 inches.



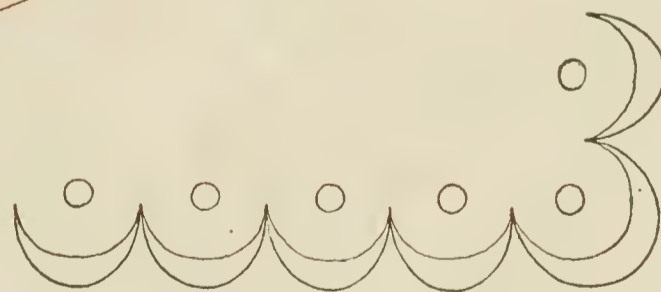
Embroidery design 10761

Embroidery design 10761 is adorable for a hood 20 inches long from neck to point, to be worked in satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming and scalloping.

Embroidery design 10757. A luncheon-cloth forms the underlying success of the luncheon. The design is for a 54-inch cloth, to be worked in satin-stitch, eyelet, French stemming and scalloping.

Embroidery design 10757

Embroidery design 10759 is a scallop that is very useful. The design has been developed for a trimming 7 3/4 yards of scallops, 8 corners, 1 round neck outline for ladies, and 1 for child's garment.



Embroidery design 10759



Bead design 10756

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 3/4 yards by 18 1/2 inches, and for 6 motifs 8 x 3 1/4 inches, 8 motifs 3 3/4 x 3 inches, and 3 motifs 9 1/4 x 6 3/4 inches.



Embroidery design 10760

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 3 1/2 yards by 6 inches, for an edging 2 3/4 yards by 1/2 inch, and to trim two waist fronts 13 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches, and for two motifs 6 1/2 inches long.



Blouse 1742 Embroidery design 10760

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.



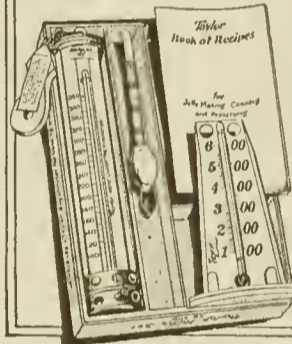
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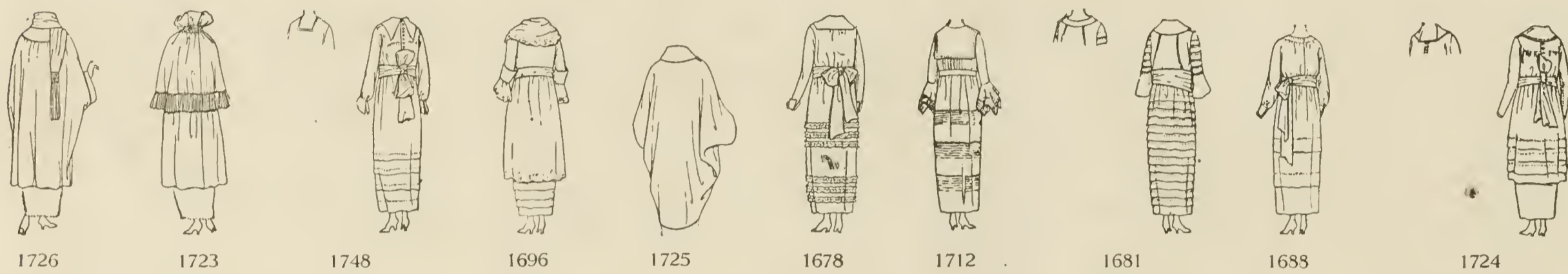
FRESH BEEF, GREEN PEAS, LIMA BEANS, RICE—SEASONING—ALL FOOD NO WASTE FOR SANDWICHES, BAKED MEAT PIE, BEEF & VEGETABLE STEW AND THICK SOUP. FULL SIZED CAN PARCEL POST PREPAID 25¢ THE HASEROT CANNERS CO. CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91

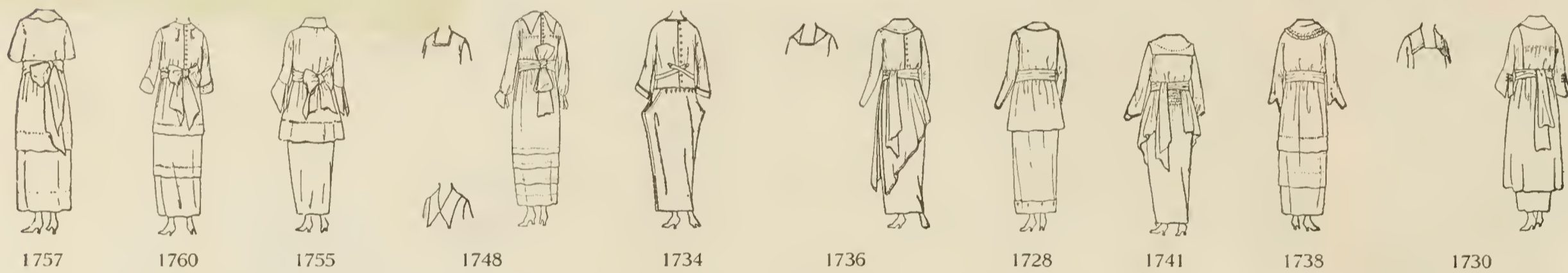
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 82 and 83



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 84 and 85



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 86 and 87



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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