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AUGUST
1919

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THE DELINEATOR FOR AUGUST 1919

HONORÉ WILLSIE EDITOR JAMES EATON TOWER MANAGING EDITOR

NATIONALIZING WOMEN

THE report came from Russia several months ago. Of all the astounding news that has come from Europe during the past five years, none has been more unbelievable than this. Its purport was that the Bolshevik Government of Russia had ruled that marriage as a permanent arrangement between men and women was done away with, and that all unattached women over eighteen were subject to choice by any man of any class or type. In other words, that women of Russia were become the public property of the men of Russia.

At first here in America nobody believed the report. People of Bolshevik sympathies here and in the Allied countries anxiously denied the statement as one put out by anti-Bolshevist forces to discredit the Reds. A little later, however, other Bolshevist sympathizers admitted that the news was correct and boldly added that with such idealists as the Bolshevists, women assumed an importance greater than the world had ever known.

Still later, American travelers, returning from Russia, shrugged their shoulders and said that we must remember that Russia's standard of morals always had been different from America's. And, finally, in the many alarms and anxieties stirred up by the peace negotiations, the hateful decree was obscured for some time.

Then, however, the ruling was repeated in Budapest and in certain sections of Germany where the Reds had gained a seemingly firm footing. And once more American women gasped.

No matter if Russian morals have always been different from ours, it has become evident that wherever Bolshevism rears its ugly head this obnoxious decree goes forth; that if it gains sufficient courage here to put forth open propaganda, it will announce the nationalization of American women.

If this idea were not so repulsive, it would be amusing—amusing to think that a group of people who were fighting to put over a political idea should be so stupid as to mix it up with sex propaganda, and not a wholesome propaganda at that, but one that rouses in every woman of Christian breeding an antagonism the profoundest a woman may know; a propaganda that attempts with one sweep of the pen to change the unchangeable.

For the ethical evolution of the world has been built upon the morality of womankind. The spiritual growth of the race has been based on the ever increasing tendency to keep women inviolate; safe in the sanctity of home. Woman's purity was a biological ideal long before it was a religious one. Let the Bolsheviki with their disgusting decrees not forget that fact. And let us American women remember that the world is very, very small these days, and neither Budapest nor Moscow is so very far away that we dare to ignore what happens to their women.

VACATION

SOMEBODY said:

> Rest is not quitting this busy career;
> Rest is but fitting of self to one's sphere.

And on the mental side this is broadly true. Nothing is more exhausting than a job one doesn't like. And nothing is easier than to dislike one's job, whatever it may be or however free and voluntary was one's choice of it. And to persuade oneself, no matter how difficult one's life, that God's in His heaven, all's right with the world, is about as restful a state of mind as one can achieve in this restless universe.

On the other hand, don't let the idea in the couplet persuade you not to take a vacation, if that is within a possibility. A man who has long been a successful manufacturer says that he can get more work out of his employees in eleven months than he can in twelve. Housewives and mothers, take notice.

THE PET DREAM

WE WARN you that this story is going to be hard to swallow, but we know it to be true. Mary S. was fifty-two years old. She was getting a little stout and short-winded. The three children were launched on the world in marriage and in business and Mary was free to carry out the pet dream of her life. She was going to learn to swim!

Her husband laughed at her. So did all her friends and relatives. But Mary didn't laugh. She always had dreamed of gliding gracefully and swiftly through the water, gliding with a sense of power and freedom that she was sure was given by swimming alone.

When she was a young girl she couldn't learn because she lived in a prairie town. So she tried to solace herself by making a scrap-book of swimming pictures. When the children were growing up she lived in a lake town, but—well, any woman knows why she didn't learn to swim there. But now nothing but death or disaster could keep her from learning.

And she learned! It took one year of constant effort to achieve that grace and swiftness of which she had dreamed so long. But she learned, and in the process she took off fifty pounds of excess weight and ten years of excess age and twenty-five years of responsibilities. Who would have thought that the realizing of a pet dream, a foolish dream, could have counted for so much!

US GIRLS!

ONE man said that after the war women would be glad to slip back into the old ways of femininity. Another added that it was not fair either to men or women that women should intrude themselves into work that was essentially masculine. A third man, a Southerner, said that for him he preferred the good old days when women were ladies and not sexless workers.

All this comment was brought out by the fact that a woman ambulance-driver stopped her car in front of the restaurant window to change her tire. The fact that she changed it very deftly escaped comment.

Since the days of Eve men have expended a great deal of time and thought in the effort to keep women on what the men considered the feminine side of the fence. Perhaps they have been essentially right in the attempt. But whether they are or not, the fence has a very large hole in it, which daily becomes larger.

Witness: An exclusive, erstwhile conservative Eastern finishing-school for women advertises for its Summer session, besides what it calls cultural courses, a business course, including secretarial, accounting and banking work, and a technical course which gives the choice of learning one or several of the following: Motor-driving and repair, practical electricity, airplane mechanics, motor-boat navigation and draftsmanship.

Only Heaven can help the men, now.

A STRANGE BOOK

A FRIEND of ours has a little boy eight years old. She told what she called a funny story about him the other day:

"Jackie said that there was a big fat book in a forgotten corner of the library that he wanted to play with. I asked him what it was, and he said, 'The Holly Bibble. What's it about, mother?'"

Some one chuckled and some one else said, "Poor little Jack!"

"Why poor?" asked his mother quickly.

"Because he's lost what can never be replaced," replied the little school-teacher. "Those beautiful old Bible stories which a child first hears at his mother's knees become an inseparable part of his moral equipment. More than that, though I've taught English for many years, I've never learned of so sure and so good a way of enriching a child's vocabulary as by making the Bible a part of his mental life between the years of four and eight. Nothing in our Anglo-Saxon literature is so beautiful and so virile. I wish a law could be passed compelling every mother of whatever creed to read the King James version of the Bible to her children for ten minutes every day. Little Jack has been deprived of something he needs. That's why I'm sorry for him."

"Take my word for it," said an elderly woman, "that when Jack grows up to be as great a highbrow as his mother he'll still need spiritual solace as much as she does, though she doesn't know it yet. No one is sufficiently intellectual to be happy without God."

And nobody spoke.

But there was not a woman in the room who was not thinking thoughts too deep and wistful for expression.

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In this issue, by

SAMUEL MERWIN

Author of "Temperamental Henry," "Anthony the Absolute," etc.

His new novel, "Hills of Han"

Stories and articles by Major Maude Radford Warren, Mabel Potter Daggett, Mary Hastings Bradley, Honoré Willsie, Alice Hegan Rice, etc.

August Fashions, including a new and wider silhouette

In the September DELINEATOR, by

VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ

Author of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"

A brilliant essay, "The Land of Bluff"

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GOSSIP

CONDUCTED BY BURGES JOHNSON

THIS IS A PAGE OF IDLE GOSSIP

But—

IT IS better to talk about people than about inanimate things.

Gossip is nothing more nor less than an evidence of interest in one's neighbors.

The man who does not care a fig to know what his neighbor is about is a misanthrope; his milk of human kindness has dried up.

In some cases the milk has curdled. With such people, gossip is not true gossip; it is the language of cats. Apologies are due if you are fond of your cat.

Gossip that grows out of good-will hastens the millennium.

You can laugh at a man and hate him; but when you are laughing with him, even dislike is difficult.

If Bolsheviki and *bourgeoisie* could grin together over the same jokes, there would be a United States of Russia to-morrow.

MR. BUTLER IS AILING

NOW that Bacchus has been given the blue cuvelope in the United States, something ought to be done to clean up the school-books used by our little ones. It is not enough to eliminate songs in praise of brown October ale and to revise *Rip Van Winkle* so that he carries a keg of malted milk up the dry bed of the mountain torrent. These are mere trifles. Our geographies must be revised. The map of France should be changed to show the Grape-juice district instead of the Champagne district. I have canceled my subscription to *Punch* and shall not renew it until the name is changed to *Lemonade*. Something must be done to protect our children against the unholy suggestions of these outlawed names.

Only to-day my innocent little daughter came home and informed me that her teacher had told her that Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin. It is unbearable to think that our children should be taught to look upon the inventor of any kind of gin as a hero. I immediately wrote the teacher to please, hereafter, teach my child that Eli Whitney invented the cotton-orangeade.

Ellis Parker Butler.

CLÉMENCEAU'S AMERICAN ROMANCE

THERE was once a boarding-school for girls—or perhaps it was a "female seminary"—which engaged a young Frenchman to teach the French language, with horseback riding thrown in. The school was situated in Stamford, Connecticut, and the new teacher, whose name was Clémenceau, was sojourning in New York City, thirty or forty miles away.

There is still living a lady who was a teacher in that school when the dashing young foreigner joined the faculty in 1868. Miss Blitch remembers that there was no graduating class the year Clémenceau was there. Miss Aiken's school was in the throes of moving to what was then known as Gothic Hall, and speaking French and riding a horse seemed to have been neglected extras.

But every one recalls his romantic courtship and elopement. From the first, Clémenceau was attracted by one of his pupils, a Miss Plummer, from Wisconsin. But Miss Aiken, a commanding figure of nearly six feet, was something of a "tiger" herself, and there was little opportunity for flirtation or love-making during her *régime*. Clémenceau at that time lived in lodgings in New York in an old garret on Broadway.

In the Spring of 1869 the older schoolgirls were taken to New York for a theater-party in lieu of commencement exercises. Carefully chaperoned, as usual, they lunched at the Hotel St. Denis—the bridal hotel of that time, by the way. Coming out of the restaurant, the tale goes, the Frenchman was in waiting, caught the girl's attention when the chaperon was looking elsewhere, and they forthwith eloped and were married. Three children were born to them, a boy and two girls. Years afterward a divorce was granted. Not long ago Mme. Clémenceau is said to have returned to this country.

As the years went on, and Clémenceau became more and more the Tiger of France, Stamford people often took advantage of the very slight acquaintance they had with him and made a call upon him during their pilgrimages. He remarked to one traveler, "You Americans come to Europe in the even years, and build additions to your houses in the odd ones."

F. G. H.

A JOKE-WRITER TO A MISANTHROPE

You say that there is
Nothing left
To joke about,
The funny things
Have long ago
Been spoke about:
Weird Irishmen, Dutch Cheeses,
And the Fat Policeman wheezes—
All the subjects that
Hired humorists
Still croak about.

You think we should
Proceed to draw
A cloak about
All topics you've
Begun to fume
And smoke about:
Spooney Folk and Rubes and Chickens,
Once as funny as the dickens,
Are old enough
To make you feel
Heart-broke about.

You tell us to
Be sensibly—
Awoke about
This threadbare stuff
You scold us
Writer-folk about,
And we don't (we must confess it)
Laugh so very much, unless it
Be at *you* who think
There's nothing left
To joke about!

T. R. L.

DUSKY DOUGHBOYS

IT WAS the editor's good fortune while on the western front last Summer to see something of the dusky doughboys of the Ninety-second Division. They seemed to be a daring, fearless lot, but they nursed one haunting dread: They paled at their recollection of the sea-voyage to France and anticipated with horror a return by the same route. A group of them stood on a street corner in Saint-Dié talking in hushed voices of this dreaded event.

"Ah's a volunteeah," said one of them. "Ah ain't no draf' man. But ef yo' wants me to go home oveh that ocean yo' gotta draf' me."

"Ah ain't goin' home oveh no ocean," said another emphatically; "Ah's goin' back by way of New O'leans!"

COLONEL POLK, then a major in the division, told this story of another dark-skinned hero: "It was my duty to inspect sentries. I would not ask for better soldiers than those negro boys of mine—but a Southern officer knows how to make certain allowances; for instance, perfect discipline can not be expected of a negro sentry on a dark night with woods on one side of his road and a graveyard on the other. On one such night I went out to inspect. I approached a sentry who patrolled a strip of dark road just where it was crossed by a system of trenches. He was a fine physical specimen and topped me by several inches.

" 'What would you do, sentry,' I asked, 'if you discovered a raiding-party of fifty Germans coming down through these trenches?'

" 'Fifty Germans?' he said, his eyes bulging.

" 'Yes, sentry, fifty Germans!'

" 'Why, major, Ah'd spread de news through France!' "

HOROSCOPE

July

THE lad who, this month, has his natal-day feast
Will be Jaunty and Uppish, Light-Hearted as Yeast
(You can see by the spelling my method is truthful);
While the lass who is born on a day in July
(It's hard to believe, but the letters don't lie),
Will be Jolly, Uxorious, Lovely, and Youthful.

August

The boy who is born on an August date
Will be Angular, Ugly, and surely be Great.
While a maid who is born August something-or-other
Will be Active and Useful and Good to her mother.

SOCIETY NOTE

MISS FIFI LA DUC, the *chic* and popular nurse-maid, and Miss Theresa McGovern, lady's maid, are summering at Bar Harbor, their favorite resort, accompanied by Mrs. Saltonstall Endicott and children. They released their former employers, the Bowdin-Joneses, who declined to go to Bar Harbor this year.

NEIGHBORS

(It must be due to more than mere coincidence that several contributors have taken this method of easing their minds about their neighbors. Perhaps such a department as this is a safety-valve.)

THE BOLSHEVIKI ARE WELCOME TO

My neighbor's nine-year-old son, my neighbor's sixteen-year-old daughter, my neighbor's dog, my neighbor's cat, my neighbor's man servant, my neighbor's maid servant, my neighbor's wife, and the frequent stranger within my neighbor's gates.

Suburbanite.

Sir:

Did you ever slither youthfully across a ball-room floor, with sweet sixteen hanging on your arm, and come face to face with your neighbor and his wife, who know you are forty-three years, eleven months and twenty-nine days old?

Montclair.

My neighbor's gone to the country!
Hooray, hooray!
He said 'twas best,
He must have rest,
And so he went away!
He took his children with him,
Hooray, hooray!

(Here the writer is choked with emotion, so the meter changes.)

Our cat has ate his canary bird.
I'm not the one to send him word.
Hooray! Hooray!

D. S. W.

DEAR EDITOR: Most of us laugh no longer at jokes on the neighbor's piano. It is right that we should not, for it is a grizzled grandfather of funny stories. The other day, while cutting my initials in the woodwork of the British Museum, I came across this venerable anecdote in a musty chronicle. Can any of your contributors go farther and fare better?

"Once upon a time, 1001 B.C.," writes the chronicler, "a man was commuting between Jerusalem and Jericho. At the corner of Sharon Street and Salem Place he fell among thieves. They took away his pocketbook, although he pleaded thirty-one wives and ninety-three children. They took away his watch. They even took the clocking on his socks.

" 'Have you any other valuables concealed about you?' they asked the trembling wretch.

"Hardly had they spoken when they discovered in his lower left vest-pocket a loaded revolver.

" 'My neighbor takes cornet lessons,' groaned the commuter.

"The thieves restored him his money and his timepieces threefold and uncovered in the presence of a great sorrow."

D. S. W.

CAPITOL GOSSIP

REAR-ADMIRAL Samuel McGowan, Pay-master-General of the United States Navy, famous for his original efficiency methods, has an odd scheme for handling his personal finances. Being a bachelor, and having governmental assurance of a comfortable salary for the rest of his life, McGowan feels no incentive to save money. So, on the last day before pay-day, he looks over his check-book, and if there is any money left on deposit, he writes out checks for the exact amount of his balance. These checks he hands out, wherever he thinks they are most needed. In other words, for a few hours every month, before he receives his new pay-check, Admiral McGowan hasn't a penny to his name.

IN THE course of the Senate proceedings one morning Vice-President Marshall called for a vote on an amendment that was of such a routine nature that no senator had enough interest in it to go to the bother of expressing himself.

"All in favor, please vote aye," said Marshall.

And nobody said aye.

"All opposed, please vote nay," directed Marshall.

And nobody said nay.

"Very well," declared Marshall quickly, "the vote is a tie. The Vice-President votes aye. The ayes have it."

SENATOR HARRY NEW of Indiana was a cub reporter on the old Indianapolis *Journal* in the late 70's, when James Whitcomb Riley came to that paper as staff poet.

"Just to give you an idea of how Riley livened up our offices," relates Senator New, "one afternoon when I entered the editorial rooms, I found Riley and Bob Burdette—who was a frequent visitor—climbing over a heavy wire-screen partition, pretending that they were monkeys. They screeched and chattered and jumped about until everybody on the floor was nearly paralyzed with laughter; yet they did it with complete solemnity and acted surprised that anybody could see anything in their antics to be amused over."

CONGRESSMAN McKINLEY, a multi-millionaire traction magnate of Illinois, aims to be a good fellow. He has a horror of being thought proud or haughty. The consequence is that every time a stranger looks McKinley in the eye, the congressman is apt to stop and shake hands with him.

"I'm always afraid," explained McKinley, "that he might turn out to be a constituent."

One night there was a reception given in McKinley's honor and he circulated about among the guests trying to put every man at his ease. He noticed one modest-appearing little man whom he could not recall, although the face was familiar, so familiar, in fact, that it haunted him. McKinley and the stranger went and sat on a lounge and talked, and still the congressman could not recall who the fellow was.

"Where is this man McKinley?" inquired the stranger. "I was asked to make a speech here to-night, and I suppose I ought to make some reference to him, but I don't even know him by sight."

"Well, the fact is," McKinley was forced to acknowledge, "I am McKinley. And you—let's see, I ought to know you—you are—uh——"

"I," owned up the stranger, "am Vice-President Marshall."

Fred C. Kelly.

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SOUSA
and his Band

THE TREE OF JOY

"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

THE GIRL WITH THE TRENCH LOOK

BY MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

OUR RED-CROSS AMBULANCE STUCK IN THE MUD AND SNOW. AMERICAN SOLDIERS DIGGING US OUT

A TYPICAL DESTROYED HOME IN LANDRES, THE KIND IN WHICH THESE WOMEN HAVE TO FIND A CORNER FOR SHELTER AND HOUSEKEEPING

Editor's Note: In a Golden Book which the Commune of Landres and St. Georges is preparing will be inscribed the name of every DELINEATOR *reader who contributes to the restoration of this stricken town in northern France.*

This section of the Department of the Ardennes is sacred ground for Americans. Here many of our American boys fought and died. In the September DELINEATOR *will be designated the various troops who fought here, and, so far as possible, the names of those who died in this region.*

Mrs. Daggett is in France, giving personal attention to the proper and wise use of the gifts of our readers to the stricken Town of the Golden Book and to the larger area served by the American Committee for Devastated France.

HER strong young shoulders squared against the sky-line. Beyond their epaulets, lofty cathedrals of commerce lifting the highest of all architecture above the earth, limned the aspirations and achievement of a continent. Hung on the horizon above her head, huge lettered signs advertising soaps and biscuits and razors and the Butterick Publishing House stamped American enterprise on the very heavens.

Like that her trim figure in its military uniform was marked against the Manhattan shore. Then California and Kansas and New York, and at last New Jersey with all the rest, were wrapped in the ocean's mists. All the U. S. happy homeland had faded like a mirage behind the curtains of the sea. The great liner was steaming on its way to Europe. Now the girl, with the white seagulls circling all about, was standing there at the steamer's rail in striking silhouette outlined against the world.

Suddenly I saw her as no chance passenger who had casually tripped down the gangway that morning of our sailing. Hers was a personality that had stepped right into the center of the present stage of life and death, directly out of the great war.

All the tremendous forces of to-day, flashing like forked lightning out of the darkness into which humanity was flung in 1914, were at this moment playing the spotlight on her.

Something of the stark scenes through which she had passed somehow inscrutably emanated from her soldierly garments. The close-fitting cap on her head with its brass-lettered insignia, the service stripes on her sleeve, the leather belt about the round waist where a sash might have tied, all these are accouterments of our time to challenge more than passing attention. Only yesterday a débutante at the threshold of the future, her young feet idly marked time to the lilting measures of romance. Then, even as she listened for the story every woman waits to hear, there came instead the crashing call of men to arms.

In the awful blare of this martial music something more also occurred. Quite suddenly she too went to walk the battle-fields of history.

I have met so many of her over here that I want you folks back home to know her, you for whom I came as the special commissioner to France to plant the Tree of Joy. For she's the landscape-gardener who's going to help on that job. A great many of her enlisted at the outset for the saving of civilization; are staying right on now. And new recruits come across in every boat for the tremendous task ahead. It's the reconstruction of the world that's to be done.

There's been an awful smashing. Just how awful, no one who wasn't there can ever know. And no one who was, can ever tell—unless the boys who come back should talk in their sleep, or you see it in their eyes.

It's awful, the smashing. Over here I've "done the front." Now it's a finished front. They have shown me through the ruins of that we called a Christian civilization. I have stepped among the pieces of it!

LET me tell you what was there: Huddled heaps that used to be homes; sometimes swaying walls and falling rafters; scraps of bright china that were somebody's teacups and plates; a rag of lace from the parlor curtain flapping on a broken blind; a piece of a woman's dress caught on the rosebush past which she fled; on a pile of the chimney-brick a baby's worn shoe just as it was molded by some dear, tiny foot.

Oh, there were whole cities and villages where once was human happiness, now wrecked like this. Religion went, too, with the rest. The holiest of churches are reduced to rubbish. Sacred broken relics and bits of plaster saints I found among their fallen altars. I have seen the trenches. I have been over the shell-holes. And I have walked past graves and graves and graves where once the wheat-fields grew—there are dead bones that even didn't get buried. There's everything terrible there, out there where the soil has been soaked with the blood of millions of men.

Where was God when this went on? The waste places echoed round where I stood. But there

THIS IS THE MAYOR, WHO IS SHOWING ME HIS TOWN. WE ARE STANDING IN FRONT OF THE WRECKED MAIRIE, OR TOWN HALL

was no answer. On the ground at my feet I picked up the belt-buckle some German soldier once wore. I read thereon sarcastically enough inscribed, "*Gott mit uns.*" But He wasn't.

Not even though all the belt-buckles from all the Fatherland uniforms said so. Every German prisoner of war in bondage, building roads for his captors at this moment, knew it now, too. But also in the ruins through which I have passed, there remains here and there a crucified Christ of tin still hanging on a wayside shrine. These Christs were at many of the crossroads of France. And there were fleeing refugees who passed by and paused in their terror to pray. Neither did they find God.

But I think we're about to now. And it's not going to be any of the old graven images of Him.

This world against which my steamer girl was silhouetted is stirring with momentous events. A Magna Charta in England, a Revolution in America, a Constituent Assembly in France, each gave to one people some new measure of liberty.

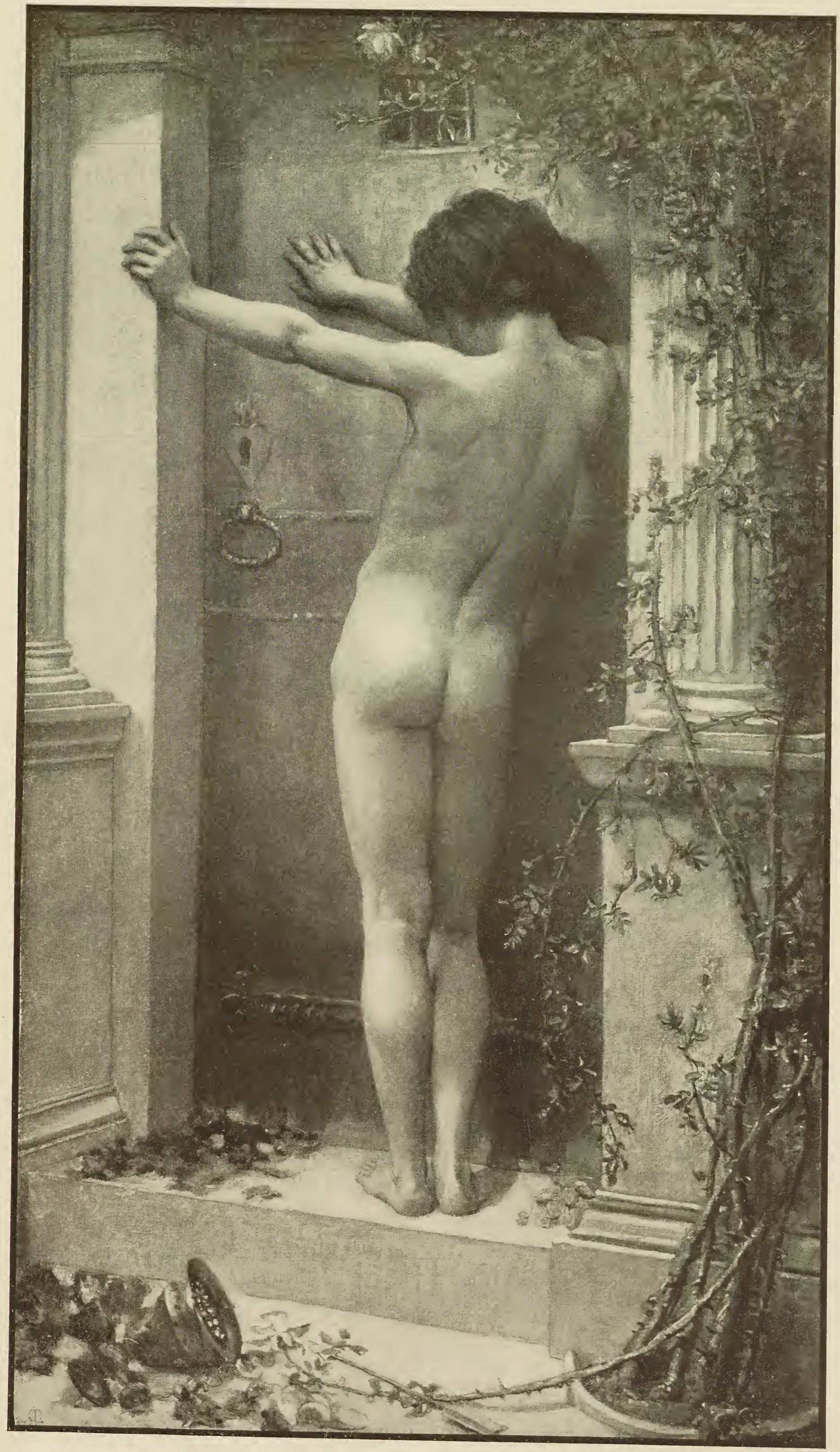
To-day it's the destinies of all mankind at stake. A Parliament of the Nations, a Federation of the World, struggles for birth. A document drafted by diplomats in Paris will not have done it.

They may have written it down. Freedom for the race was really forged in the fiery furnace of war, where in the white heat of a passion, comparable only to the great crucifixion,

Continued on page 30

ST. GEORGES, ONE MILE DISTANT FROM LANDRES, WITH WHICH IT FORMS THE COMMUNE

CITIZENS OF LANDRES, WHO HAVE HEARD OUR CAR, COMING DOWN THE STREET TO MEET US



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From the painting by ANNA LEA MERRITT

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HILLS OF HAN

BY SAMUEL MERWIN

THE STORY OF A YOUNG AMERICAN GIRL IN CHINA, BY THE AUTHOR OF "TEMPERAMENTAL HENRY," "ANTHONY THE ABSOLUTE," ETC. HEART-WARMING ROMANCE, STIRRING ADVENTURE

ON A DAY in late March, 1907, Miss Betty Doane sat in the quaintly airy dining-room of the Hotel Miyaka, at Kyoto, demurely sketching a man's profile on the back of a menu-card.

The man, her unconscious model, lounged comfortably alone by one of the swinging windows. He had finished his luncheon, pushed away his coffee-cup, lighted a cigaret, and settled back to gaze out at the hillside where young green grasses and gay shrubs and diminutive trees bore pleasant evidence that the early Japanese Springtime was at hand. Betty could even see, looking out past the man, a row of cherry-trees, all afoam with blossoms. They brought a thrill that was almost poignant.

It was curious, at home—or, rather, back in the States—there was no particular thrill in cherry-blossoms. They were merely pleasing. But so much more was said about them here in Japan.

The man's head was long and well modeled, with a rugged, long face, reflective eyes, somewhat bony nose, and a wide mouth that was, on the whole, attractive. Both upper lip and chin were clean-shaven. The eyebrows were rather heavy, the hair was thick and straight, slanting down across a broad forehead. She decided, as she sketched it in with easy, sure strokes of a stubby pencil, that he must have quite a time every morning brushing that hair down into place.

He had appeared a few days back at the Grand Hotel, Yokohama, coming in from somewhere north of Tokyo. At the hotel he had walked and eaten alone, austerely. And, not unnaturally, had been whispered about; for your tourist hungers to talk. He was, Betty knew, a journalist of some reputation.

The name was Jonathan Brachey. He wore an outing suit, with knickerbockers; he was, in bearing as in costume, severely conspicuous. He stood out. You thought of him as a man of odd attainment. He had been in many interesting corners of the world; had known danger and privation. Two of his books were in the ship's library. One of these she had already taken out and secreted in her cabin. It was called "To-morrow in India," and proved rather hard to read, with charts, diagrams and pages of figures.

The sketch was about done; all but the nose. When you studied that nose in detail it seemed a little too long and strong, and—well, knobby—to be as attractive as it actually was. There would be a trick in drawing it; a shadow or two, a suggestive touch of the pencil—not so many real knobs. In the ship's dining-room she had his profile across an aisle. There would be chances to study it.

Behind her, in the wide doorway, appeared a stout, short woman of fifty or more, in an ample and wrinkled traveling-suit of black and a black straw hat ornamented only with a bow of ribbon. Her face wore an anxious expression that had settled, years back, into permanency. The mouth drooped a little. And the brows were lifted and the forehead grooved with wrinkles suggesting some long habitual straining of the eyes that recent bifocal spectacles were powerless to correct.

"Betty!" called the older woman guardedly. "Would you mind, dear—one moment——?"

Her quick, nervous eyes had caught something of the situation. There was Betty and, within easy earshot, a man. The child was unquestionably sketching him.

Betty's eagerly alert young face fell at the sound. She stopped drawing; for a brief instant chewed the stubby pencil; then quite meekly rose and came toward the door.

"Mr. Hasmer is outside; I thought you were with him, Betty."

"No— I didn't know your plans. I was waiting here."

"Well, my dear, it's all right, of course! But I think we'll go now. Mr. Hasmer thinks you ought to see at least one of the temples. Something typical. And of course you will want to visit the cloisonné and Satsuma shops, and the Damascene work. The train leaves to Kobe at four-fifteen. The ship sails at about eight, I believe. We haven't much time, you see."

A chair scraped.

Both started a little.

Betty turned back toward her table.

Jonathan Brachey had picked up his hat, his pocket camera and his unread copy of the Japan *Times*, and was striding toward her, or toward the door. He would pass directly by, of course, without as much as a mental recognition of her existence. For so he had done at Yokohama; so he had done last evening and again this morning on the ship.

But on this occasion, as he bore down on her, the eyes of the distinguished young man rested for an instant on the table, and for a brief moment he wavered in his stride. He certainly saw the sketch. It lay where she had carelessly tossed it, face up, near the edge of the table. And he certainly recognized it for himself; for his strong facial muscles moved a very little. It couldn't have been called a smile; but those muscles distinctly moved. Then as coolly as before he strode on out of the room.

Betty's cheeks turned crimson. A further fact doubtless noted by this irritatingly, even arrogantly self-composed man.

Betty with desperate dignity put the sketch in her wrist-bag, followed Mrs. Hasmer out of the building and stepped into the rickshaw that awaited her.

The coolie tucked the robe about her, stepped in between the shafts of the vehicle; a second coolie fell into place behind, and they were off down the hill. Just ahead, Mrs. Hasmer's funny little hat bobbed with the inequalities of the road. Just behind, Dr. Hasmer, a calm, patient man, who taught philosophy and history in a Christian college a thousand miles or more up the Yangtze River and who never could remember to have his silvery beard trimmed, smiled kindly at her when she turned.

And behind him, indifferent to all the human world, responsive in his frigid way only to the beauties of the Japanese countryside and of the quaint, gray-brown, truly ancient city extending up and down the valley by its narrow, stone-walled stream, rode Mr. Jonathan Brachey.

The coolies, it would seem, had decided to act in concert. From shop to shop among the crowded little streets went the four rickshaws. Any mere human being, so ran Betty's thoughts, would have accepted good-humoredly the comradeship implied in this arrangement on the part of a playful Fate; but Mr. Brachey was no mere human being. Side by side stood the four of them, in a toy workshop, looking down at toy-like artisans with shaven and tufted heads, who wore quaint robes and patiently beat out designs in gold and silver wire on expertly fashioned bronze boxes and bowls. They listened as one to the thickly liquid English of a smiling merchant explaining the processes and expanding on the history of fine handiwork in this esthetic land. Yet by no sign did Mr. Brachey's face indicate that he was aware of their presence, excepting once, on a crooked stairway in a cloisonné shop he flattened himself against the wall to let them pass, muttering almost fiercely, "I beg your pardon!"

The moment came, apparently, when he could endure this enforced companionship no longer. He spoke gruffly to his rickshaw coolies and rolled off alone. When they finally reached the railway station, after a half-hour spent in wandering about the spacious enclosure of the Temple of Nishi Otani, with its huge, shadowy gate-house, its calm priests, its exquisite rock garden under ancient mystical trees, the tall journalist was pacing the platform, savagely smoking a pipe.

At Kobe they were united again, riding out to the ship's anchorage in the same launch. But Mr. Brachey gave no sign of recognition. He disappeared the moment of arrival at the ship, reappearing only when the bugle announced dinner, dressed, as he had been each evening at the Grand Hotel and the previous evening on the ship, rather stiffly, in dinner costume.

Then the ship moved out from her anchorage into that long island-studded, green-bordered body of water known as the Inland Sea of Japan. Early on the second morning she would slip in between the close-pressing hills that guard Nagasaki harbor. There another day ashore. Then three days more across the Yellow Sea to Shanghai. Thence, for the Hasmers and Betty, a five-day journey by steamer up the muddy but majestic Yangtze Kiang to Hankow, at which important if hardly charming city, they would separate, the Hasmers to travel on by other, smaller steamer to Ichang-fu, and thence on up through the Gorges to their home among the yellow folk of Ssuchuan, while Betty, from Hankow, must set out into an existence that her highly colored young mind found it impossible to face squarely. As yet, despite the long journey across the American continent and the Pacific, she hadn't begun so much as to believe the facts. Though there they stood, squarely enough, before her. It had been easier to surrender her responsive, rather easily gratified emotions to a day-by-day enjoyment of the journey itself. When the constant, worried watchfulness of Mrs. Hasmer reached the point of annoyance—not that Mrs. Hasmer wasn't an old dear, kindness itself, especially if your head ached or you needed a little mothering!—why, then, with the easy adaptability and quick enthusiasm of youth, she simply busied herself sketching. The top layer of her steamer trunk was nearly full now—sketches of the American desert, of the mountains and San Francisco, of people on the ship, of the sea, and of Honolulu.

But now, with Yokohama back among the yesterdays and Kobe falling rapidly, steadily astern, Betty's heart was as rapidly and as steadily sinking. Only one more stop, and then—China. In China loomed the facts.

That night, lying in her berth, Betty forgot the cherry-blossoms of Kyoto and the irritating Mr. Brachey. Her thoughts dwelt among the young friends, the boy-and-girl "crowd" she had left behind, far off, at the other edge of those United States that by a queerly unreal theory were her homeland. And very softly she cried herself to sleep.

BETTY DOANE was just nineteen. She was small, quick to feel and think, dark rather than light (though not an out-and-out brunette). She was distinctly pretty. Her small head, with its fine and abundant hair, round face with its ever ready smile, alert brown eyes and curiously strong little chin expressed, as did her slim, quick little body, a personality of considerable sprightly vigor and of a charm that could act on certain other sorts of personalities, particularly of the opposite sex, with positive, telling effect.

Mrs. Hasmer, who had undertaken, with misgivings, to bring her from suburban New Jersey to Hankow, found her a heavy responsibility. It wasn't that the child was

NOTE

The slight geographical confusion which will be found in "Hills of Han" by the observant reader, is employed as a reminder that the story, despite considerable elements of fact in the background, is a work of the imagination, and deals with no actual individuals of the time and place.

THE SILENT, PALE BETTY CAUGHT NO GLIMPSE OF HIM

insubordinate or forward, or, in any way that you could blame her for, difficult. On the contrary, she was a dear little thing, kind, always amusing, eager to please. But none the less there was something, a touch of vital quality, perhaps of the rare gift of expressiveness, that gave her at times a rather alarming aspect. Her clothes were simple enough—Griggsby Doane, goodness knew, couldn't afford anything else—but in some way that Mrs. Hasmer would never fully understand, the child always managed to make them look better than they were. She had something of the gift of smartness. She had, Mrs. Hasmer once came out with, "too much imagination." The incessant sketching, for instance. And she did it just a shade too well. Then, too, evening after evening during the three weeks on the Pacific she had danced. Which was, from the only daughter of Griggsby Doane—well, confusing. And though Mrs. Hasmer, balked by the delicacy of her position, had gone to lengths in concealing her disapproval, she had been unable to feign surprise at the resulting difficulties. Betty had certainly not been deliberate in leading on any of the men on the ship, young men, by the way, that you had no means of looking up, even so far as the certainty that they were unmarried. But the young mining engineer on his way to Korea had left quite heartbroken. From all outer indications he had proposed marriage and met with a refusal. But not a word, not a hint, not so much as a telltale look came from Betty.

Mrs. Hasmer sighed over it. She would have liked to know. She came to the conclusion that Betty had been left just a year or so too long in the States. They weren't serious over there in the matter of training girls for the sober work of life. Prosperity, luxury, were telling on the younger generations. No longer were they guarded from dangerously free thinking. They read, heard, saw everything; apparently knew everything. They read openly of a Sunday books which a generation earlier would not have reached their eyes, even on a week-day. The church seemed to have lost its hold, though she never spoke aloud of this fact. Respect for tradition and authority had crumbled away. They questioned, weighed everything, these modern children. Mrs. Hasmer worried a good deal out in China, about young people in the States.

But under these surface worries lurked, in the good woman's mind, a deeper, realer worry. Betty was just stepping over the line between girlhood and young womanhood. She was growing more attractive daily. She was anything but fitted to step into the life that lay ahead.

Wherever she turned, even now—as witness the Pacific ship—life took on fresh complications. Indeed, Mrs. Hasmer, pondering the problem, came down on the rather strong word—peril. A young girl, positive in attractiveness, gifted, spirited, motherless (as it happened), trained only to be happy in living, was in something near peril.

One fact which Mrs. Hasmer's mind had been forced to accept was, that most of the complications came from sources or causes with which the girl herself had little, consciously, to do. She was flatly the sort of person to whom things happened. Even when her eager interest in life and things and men (young and old) was not busy.

In the matter of the rather rude young man in knickerbockers at Kyoto, Betty was to blame, of course. She had set to work to sketch him. Evidently. The most you could say for her on that point was that she would have set just as intently at sketching an old man, or a woman, or a child, or a corner of the room. Mrs. Hasmer had felt, while on the train to Kobe, that she must speak of the matter. After all, she had that deathly responsibility on her shoulders. Betty's only explanation, rather gravely given, had been that she found his nose interesting.

The disturbing point was that something in the way of a situation was sure to develop from the incident. Something! Six weeks of Betty made that a reasonable assumption. And the first complication would arise in some quite unforeseen way. Betty wouldn't bring it about. Indeed, she had quickly promised not to sketch him any more.

This is the way it did arise. At eleven on the following morning Mr. and Mrs. Hasmer and Betty were stretched out side by side in their steamer chairs, sipping their morning beef tea and looking out at the rugged north shore of the Inland Sea. Beyond Betty were three vacant chairs, then this Mr. Brachey, his long person wrapped in a gay plaid rug. He, too, was sipping beef tea and enjoying the landscape, if so dry, so solitary a person could be said to enjoy anything. A note-book lay across his knees.

Mrs. Hasmer had thought, with a momentary flutter of concern, of moving Betty to the other side of Dr. Hasmer. But that had seemed foolish. Making too much of it. Betty hadn't placed the chairs; the deck steward had done that. Besides, she hadn't once looked at the man; probably hadn't thought of him, had been quite absorbed in her sketching—bits of the hilly shore, an island mirrored in glass, a becalmed junk.

A youngish man, hatless, with blond curls and a slightly professional smile, came up from the after hatch and advanced along the deck, eagerly searching the row of rug-wrapped, recumbent figures in deck chairs. Before the Hasmers he stopped with delighted greetings. It came out that he was a Mr. Harting, a Y. M. C. A. worker in Burma, traveling second-class. Betty thought he smiled too much. He spoke with a sort of habitual eagerness.

"I hadn't seen the passenger-list, Mrs. Hasmer, and didn't know you were aboard. But there's a Chinese boy sitting next to me at table. He has put in a year or so at Tokyo University, and speaks a little English. He comes from your city, Miss Doane. Or so he seems to think. T'ainan-fu."

Betty inclined her head.

"It was he who showed me the passenger-list. At one time, he says, he lived in your father's household."

"What is his name?" asked Betty politely.

"Li Hsien—something or other." Mr. Harting was searching his pockets for a copy of the list.

"I knew Li Hsien very well," said Betty. "We used to play together."

"So I gathered. May I bring him up here to see you?"

Betty would have replied at once in the affirmative, but six weeks of companionship with Mrs. Hasmer had taught her that such decisions were not expected of her. So now, with a vague smile of acquiescence, she directed the inquiry to the older woman.

"Certainly," cried Mrs. Hasmer, "do bring him!"

As he moved away, Betty, before settling back in her chair, glanced, once, very demurely to her left, where Jonathan Brachey lay in what might have been described from outer appearances, supercilious comfort.

There he lay, unaware of all merely human environment, far above and beyond, content with the scenery and—himself. He hadn't so much as lifted an eyelid. He wasn't listening. He didn't care. It was nothing to him that Betty Doane was no idle, spoiled-girl tourist, nothing that she could draw with a gifted pencil, nothing that she knew Chinese students at Tokyo University, and herself lived at T'ainan-fu! It wasn't that Betty consciously formulated any such thoughts. But the man had an effect on her; made her uncomfortable; she wished he'd move his chair around to the other side of the ship.

LI HSIEN proved to be quite a young man, all of twenty or twenty-one. He had spectacles now, and gold in his teeth. He wore the conventional blue robe, black skull-cap with red button, and queue. More than four years were yet to elapse before the great revolution of 1911, with its wholesale queue-cutting and its rather frantic adoption on the part of the better-to-do of Western clothing, or, rather, of what they supposed was Western clothing. He was tall, slim, smiling. He shook hands with Betty, Western fashion, and bowed with courtly dignity to Dr. and Mrs. Hasmer.

His manner had an odd effect on Betty. For six years now she had lived in Orange. She had passed through the seventh and eighth grades of the public school and followed that with a complete course of four years in high school. She had fallen naturally and whole-heartedly into the life of a nice girl in an American suburb. She had gone to parties, joined societies, mildly entangled herself with a series of boy admirers. Despite moderate but frank poverty, she had been popular. And in this healthy, active young life she had very nearly forgotten the profoundly different nature of her earlier existence. But now that earlier feeling for life was coming over her like a wave. After all, her first thirteen years had been lived out in a Chinese city. And they were the most impressionable years.

It was by no means a pleasant sensation. She had never loved China; had simply endured it, knowing little else. America she loved. It was of her blood, of her instinct. But now it was abruptly slipping out of her grasp—school, home, the girls, the boys, long evenings of chatter and song on a front porch, picnics on that ridge known locally as "the mountain," matinées in New York, glorious sunset visions of high buildings from a ferry-boat, a thrilling, ice-caked river in Wintertime, the misty beauties of the Newark meadows—all this was curiously losing its vividness in her mind, and drab old China was slipping stealthily but swiftly into its place.

She knit her brows. She was suddenly helpless, in a poignantly disconcerting way. A word came—rootless! That was it; she was rootless. For an instant she had to fight back the tears that seldom came in the daytime.

But then she looked again at Li Hsien.

He was smiling. It came to her fantastically that he too was rootless. And yet he smiled. She knew instantly that his feelings were quite as fine as hers. He was sensitive, strung high. He had been that sort of boy. And as for delicacy, refinement—the Chinese had been a cultured, even a polished people when the whites were crude barbarians. She knew that! She couldn't have put it into words, but she knew it. And so she, too, smiled. And when she spoke, asking him to sit in the vacant chair next to her, she spoke without a thought in Chinese, the middle Hansi dialect of her childhood.

And then Mr. Jonathan Brachey looked up, turned squarely around and stared at her for one brief instant. After which he recollected himself and turned abruptly back.

Mr. Harting dropped down on the farther side of Dr. Hasmer, which left his good wife between the two couples, each now deep in talk.

Mrs. Hasmer's Chinese vocabulary was confined to a limited number of personal and household terms; and even these were in the dialect of eastern Ssuchuan. Just as a matter of taste, of almost elementary taste, it seemed to her that Betty should keep the conversation, or most of it, in English. She went so far as to lean over the arm of her chair and smile in a perturbed manner at the oddly contrasting couple who chatted so easily and pleasantly in the heathen tongue. She almost reached the point of speaking to Betty, gently, of course. But the girl clearly had no thought of possible impropriety. She was laughing now apparently at some gap in her vocabulary, and the bland young man with the spectacles and pigtail was humorously supplying the proper word.

It was rather difficult. They were like a pair of children about it.

Mrs. Hasmer decided not to speak. She lay back in her chair. The wrinkles in her forehead deepened a little. On the other side Mr. Harting was describing enthusiastically a new and complicated table that was equipped with every imaginable device for the demonstrating of experiments in physics to Burmese youth. It could be packed, he insisted, for transport from village to village, in a crate no larger than the desk itself.

And now again she caught the musical intonation of the young Chinaman. Betty, surprisingly direct and practical in manner, if unintelligible in speech, was asking questions which Li Hsien answered in turn, easily, almost languidly, but with unfailing good nature. Though there were a few moments during which he spoke rapidly and rather earnestly.

Mrs. Hasmer next became aware of the odd effect the little scene was plainly having on Jonathan Brachey. He fidgeted in his chair, got up and stood at the rail, paced the deck, twice passing close to the comfortably extended feet of the Hasmer party and so ostentatiously *not* looking at them as to distract momentarily the attention even of the deeply engrossed Betty. Mr. Harting even looked up. After all which the man, looking curiously stern or irritated, or (Betty decided) something unpleasant, sat again in his chair.

Then a little later Mr. Harting and Li Hsien took their leave and returned to the second-class quarters astern. Mrs. Hasmer thought for a moment that perhaps now was the time to suggest that English be made the common tongue in the future. But Betty's eager countenance disarmed her. She sighed. And sighed again, for the girl, stirred by what she was saying, had unconsciously raised her voice. And that tall man was listening.

"It's queer how fast things are changing out here," thus Betty. "Li Hsien is—you'd never guess!—a socialist! I asked him why he isn't staying out the year at Tokyo University, and he said he was called home to help the province. Think of it—that boy! They've got into some trouble over a foreign mining-syndicate——"

"The Ho Shan Company," explained Dr. Hasmer.

Betty nodded.

"They've been operating rather extensively in Honan and southern Chihli," the educator continued, "and I heard last year that they've made a fresh agreement with the Imperial Government, giving them practically a monopoly of the coal and iron mining up there in the Hansi Hills."

"Yes, Dr. Hasmer, and he says that there's a good deal of feeling in the province. They've had one or two mass-meetings of the gentry and people. He thinks they'll send a protest to Peking. He believes that the company got the agreement through bribery."

"Not at all unlikely," remarked Dr. Hasmer mildly. "I don't know that any other way has yet been discovered of obtaining commercial privileges from the Imperial Government. The Ho Shan Company is — let me see — as I recall, it was organized by the Italian promoter, Count Logatti. I believe he went to Germany, Belgium and France for the capital."

"Li has become an astonishing young man," said Betty more gravely. "He talks about revolutions and republics. He doesn't think the Manchus can last much longer. The southern provinces are ready for the revolution now, he says."

"That," remarked Dr. Hasmer, "is a little sweeping."

"Li is very sweeping," replied Betty. "And he's going back now to T'ainan-fu for some definite reason. I couldn't make out what. I asked if he would be coming in to see father, and he said probably not; that there wouldn't be any use in it. Then I asked him if he was still a Christian, and I think he laughed at me. He wouldn't say."

The conversation was broken by the appearance of a pleasant Englishman, an importer of silks, by the name of Obie. He had been thrown with the Hasmers and Betty in one of their sight-seeing jaunts about Tokyo. Mr. Obie wore spats, and a scarf-pin and cuff-links of human bone from Borneo set in circlets of beaded gold. His light, usually amusing talk was liberally sprinkled with crisp phrases in pidgin-English.

He spoke now of the beauties of the Inland Sea, and resumed his stroll about the deck. After a few turns he went into the smoking-room.

Jonathan Brachey, still with that irritably nervous manner, watched him intently, finally got up and followed him, passing the Hasmers and Betty with nose held high.

THE ONLY LETTER WAS ONE FROM HER FATHER

IT WAS early afternoon, when Mrs. Hasmer and Betty were dozing in their chairs, that Mr. Obie, looking slightly puzzled, came again to them. He held a card between thumb and forefinger.

"Miss Doane," he said, "this gentleman asks permission to be presented."

Mrs. Hasmer's hand went out a little way to receive the card, but Betty innocently took it.

"'Mr. Jonathan Brachey,'" she read aloud. Then added, with a pretty touch of color: "But how funny! He was with us yesterday, and *wouldn't* talk. And now——"

"Shall I go catchee?" asked Mr. Obie.

To which little pleasantry Betty responded, looking very bright and pretty, with, "Can do!"

"She gives out too much," thought Mrs. Hasmer; deciding then and there that the meeting should be brief and the conversation triangular.

Mr. Obie brought him, formally, from the smoking-room.

He bowed stiffly. Betty checked her natural impulse toward a hearty hand-grip.

Mrs. Hasmer, feeling hurried, a thought breathless, meant to offer him her husband's chair, but all in the moment Betty had him down beside her.

Then came stark silence. The man stared out at the islands.

Betty, finding her portfolio on her lap, fingered it. Then this—

"I must begin, Miss Doane, with an apology——"

Betty's responsive face blanched. "What a dreadful man!" she thought. His voice was rather strong, dry, hard, with even a slight rasp in it.

But he drove heavily on.

"This morning, while not wishing to appear as an eavesdropper—That is to say— The fact is, Miss Doane, I am a journalist, and am at present on my way to China to make an investigation of the political—one might even term it the social—unrest that appears to be cropping out rather extensively in the southern provinces and even a little here and there in the north."

He *was* dreadful! Stilted, clumsy, slow! He hunted painstakingly for words, and at each long pause Betty's quick young nerves tightened and tightened, mentally groping with him until the hunted word was run to earth.

He was pounding on:

"This morning I overheard you talking with that young Chinaman. It is evident that you speak the language."

"Oh, yes," Betty found herself saying, "I do."

Not a word about the drawing.

"This young man, I gather, is in sympathy with the revolutionary spirit."

"He—he seems to be," said Betty.

"Now — Miss Doane — this is of course an imposition——"

"Oh, no!" breathed Betty weakly.

"—it is, of course, an imposition—it would be a service I could perhaps never repay——"

This pause lasted so long that she heard herself murmuring, "No, really, not at all!" and then felt the color creeping to her face.

"—but if I might ask you to— But let me put it in this way—the young man is precisely the type I have come out here to study. You speak in the vernacular, and evidently understand him almost as a native might. It is not likely that I shall find in China many such natural interpreters as yourself. And of course—if it is thinkable that you would be so extremely kind as to— Why, of course, I——"

"Heavens!" thought Betty, in a panic. "He's going to offer to pay me. I mustn't be rude."

The man plodded on. "Why, of course, it would be a real pleasure to mention your assistance in the preface of my book."

It was partly luck, luck and innate courtesy that she didn't laugh aloud. She broke, as it was into words, saving herself and the situation.

"You want me to act as interpreter? Of course Li knows a little English."

"Would he—er—know enough English for serious conversation?"

"No," mused Betty aloud, "I don't thing he would."

"Of course, Miss Doane, I quite realize that to take up your time in this way——"

There he stopped. He was frowning now, and apparently studying out the structural details of a huge junk that lay only a few hundred yards away, reflected minutely, exquisitely, curving hull and deck cargo, timbered stern, square sails in the glass-like water.

"I'll be glad to do what I can," said Betty helplessly. Then for the first time she became aware that Mrs. Hasmer was stirring uncomfortably on her other hand; and added quickly, as much out of nervousness as anything else, "We could arrange to have Li come up here in the morning."

"We shall be coaling at Nagasaki in the morning," said he abruptly, as if that settled *that*.

"Well, of course—this afternoon——"

"My dear—" began Mrs. Hasmer.

"This afternoon would be better." Thus Mr. Brachey. "Though I can not tell you what hesitation——"

"I suppose we could find a quiet corner somewhere," said Betty. "In the social hall, perhaps."

It was then, stirred to positive act, that Mrs. Hasmer spoke out.

"I think you'd better stay out here with us, my dear."

To which the hopelessly self-absorbed Mr. Brachey replied:

"I really must have quiet for this work. We will sit inside, if you don't mind."

Continued on page 59

THE VERY BEST MAN

BY MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

HERE'S A STORY WHICH MADE A LIVELY STIR AMONG US EDITORS. IT WILL EXCITE OUR READERS—SOME OF THEM, PERHAPS, TO SHARP CRITICISM. BUT THEY'LL READ IT STRAIGHT THROUGH; IN FACT, THEY'LL DEVOUR IT AND THEN INDULGE IN REFLECTION AND DISCUSSION. A VERY UNUSUAL STORY, THIS

IT ALL came of Malloch's sitting in corners with Mrs. Benning.

Mrs. Benning was short and plumpish and bounced a little when she danced, so the corner was innocent enough. It was Malloch's alternative for appearing on the floor with her—Rhode Island and Texas, as he remarked to himself, for Malloch was big and broad and buoyant in his style of locomotion to music.

So the corner. Besides, Mrs. Benning preferred talking to more robust exercise. She was a good talker with a favorite theme and that theme was woman.

Not woman the abstract, but sister woman. With high frequency, it was the woman surrounded by the largest number of men, and the present moment offered no exception. Mrs. Benning was wondering aloud, in her confidential little voice, just what they could see in her—that red-headed one—over by the windows, flirting so with Freddy Hall and Dicky Ransome. There, she was dancing with Dicky now.

Malloch followed her eyes—very pretty, round, innocent eyes they were—and his glance alighted upon a gleam of peacock blue and silver shining out from an undue proportion of surrounding black and khaki, and as he watched, the gleam glided into the arms of one of the black suits and began whirling nearer.

Stunning hair, that girl had! Copper with the sun on it. Made the other women look as if their lights had been turned off.

Aloud he murmured lazily, between drawing on his cigaret: "Redheads always take. That new girl, isn't it, the one visiting the Greeleys? I heard something of her."

"Oh, one hears of her," said Mrs. Benning enigmatically, her eyes intent.

The brilliant vision was nearer. Malloch glimpsed a slender back—the fixity of Mrs. Benning's gaze communicated subtly its perception that it was a tolerably low-cut back, even for that country club—and then, over Dicky's shoulder, a vivid, laughing face under the bright wave of hair.

"Not at all bad," he commented with following eyes.

"Oh, you, too!" Mrs. Benning smiled a smile that said she gave him up. It revealed disarming dimples—dimples that intimated why Benning, who was an intellectual sort, had married her some ten years before.

"Perhaps she is a beauty," she conceded. "I can't see it—but I'm prejudiced."

It was so startling an admission—for any woman—that Malloch stared.

"You don't like her?"

Very faintly and pathetically and ironically Mrs. Benning smiled again.

"She killed my cousin. He shot himself for her."

Distinctly shaken, Malloch eyed her in open question; then his gaze sped out to that disappearing gleam.

"They were engaged," said Mrs. Benning's quiet voice. "It was his money—the boy inherited a fortune. He was perfectly infatuated with her. Then on the eve of the wedding his money was lost. A complete crash. And she threw him over. He shot himself—he was awfully young."

Her voice caught.

"Ned was a dear, if he was rich," she added, a little tremulous in defense, "and it would have been easy to have cared a little for him—but, of course, there wasn't a chance of recovering the money."

Very slowly Malloch turned it over. An ugly story—a wretched thing to believe, with the curve of the girl's profile before his face, the pure, high-spirited lines of her lips, her throat.

He leaned toward Mrs. Benning, his brows knit.

"Are you sure?"

"Sure?" Her lashes fluttered a little as her eyes fixed themselves upon Malloch. "That he was my cousin? Or that he shot himself?"

"I beg your pardon—I mean—that it was on her account. That she threw him over. It's such a rotten thing——"

"I helped his mother destroy his letters," said Mrs. Benning.

She added: "We had to read things. And there was his last note."

Malloch drew in his breath. The dozen words had thrust him into the scene of tragedy. From out of his comfortable niche in the ballroom, through the palms and lights and pretty women, he was looking into a disheveled room—a boy's blood-stained papers littering a desk—and a mother in black, with reddened eyelids, sorting—and Mrs. Benning fluttering about.

His eyes were narrowed as he looked out again into the radiance of the light-flooded hall. Again he saw the incredible conviction of the girl's youth, her light-heartedness.

"I only meant—you are sure this is the same girl?"

Mrs. Benning sighed very patiently. How men clung to their prepossessions!

"You knew her—then?" he floundered.

"No, I never met her, Mr. Malloch. He became engaged to her when he was away, but I have seen her picture—and I am very familiar with the circumstances. There can hardly be two Anne Christys from Richmond."

"But there might be some mistake—such things do happen. I recall, in my class at college, there were two Horace J. Calhouns," said Malloch with a strange glibness; "yes, two—and both Jays; and at Smith the same year there were two Katherine Troys—and not related in the least. Astonishing what coincidence will do."

He was clinging to the opposition rather tenaciously; but it was too hideous a thing that that gleam of a girl, circling so gaily there before him, should have flung over her lover at the fall of his money and left him to a desperate bullet.

Reassuringly he reminded himself of Mrs. Benning's voracious sentimental suspicions. Women always liked to spin out morbid threads of Fate.

"I have met her here, but my name probably tells her nothing," Mrs. Benning was saying. "It is three years ago and she has forgotten any cousin Ned mentioned.

"It is just as well to make sure," she added mildly,

Posed by Norma Talmadge *Photo by Charlotte Fairchild*

SHE LOOKED VERY THOROUGHLY AS IF SHE HAD SEEN A GHOST

"because—there's your friend, Dicky Ransome——"

She let the implication float lightly to a pause. "Didn't I hear something of another well in his land to-day?" she inquired brightly. "Another gusher, too? No wonder he looks so radiant."

"Radiant!" said Malloch a trifle contemptuously. Then he was silent. Radiant wasn't really overdoing it. Dicky was fairly incandescent to-night—incandescent and wrapt. He was not talking to his partner now. They were dancing in silence, her white arm rather far up on his shoulder—for Dicky was no taller than she and her face, turned in the same direction as his own, subtly suggesting some cheek-to-cheek caress.

A ridge of uneasiness piled itself between Malloch's gray eyes. He loved Dicky Ransome as one man loves another that has summered and wintered and shared good luck and bad with him, unshaken by every test of failure and success, and his love held the elder-brother solicitude of a five-years' seniority.

In his perturbation and in his desire to check an unwelcome rumor at its very source, he let a precious morsel of news escape him.

"Oh, Dicky has a girl," he said hastily. "Boy-and-girl, way-back-East affair. Popular daughter of a prominent magnate, and that sort of thing—but Dicky can afford her now. He'll be trotting along East, now he's out of camp, and bring her back, one of these days. Don't you worry about his being vamped."

"Is he really engaged?"

"Oh, not a bit of it," insisted Malloch, impatient at his asinine volubility. "I should call it a good chattel mortgage, however."

"How long since he has seen—this girl?"

"Oh—some time." Malloch was brought up short, remembering how much time it was. "He's been in camp and all—and before that the oil— Of course I don't really know anything about his affairs," he avowed.

The end of the dance had come. Stolidly the orchestra refused the last persistent assault of the dancers' applause. Mrs. Benning began to move out from their niche to the more lighted seats beyond. She was careful of appearances was Mrs. Benning—and her next dance was not taken. It was as well to be seen.

As she rose she murmured sympathetically, "You'd better send him East—soon."

To his own surprise Malloch caught her up sharply. "This may not be the same girl."

"Oh, yes—you want to make sure."

She paused, deliberated. "I have to give a dinner to the Greeleys since they are entertaining her. Some time next week. Wednesday—yes, Wednesday, unless you hear from me." She added: "I'll ask Mr. Ransome, of course. But I'm glad there is another girl in the East."

"Oh, the devil take me," objured Malloch in hearty self-disgust.

He hoped the devil would take Mrs. Benning, too—but to another compartment. And yet Mrs. Benning had told nothing but the simple truth. She had had a cousin and he had been engaged to an Anne Christy and he had lost his money and his Anne Christy and had put a bullet through his head. Mrs. Benning wasn't to blame for the story. And she had a right to tell it, if she liked, and no reasonable man could resent the information.

What he resented was her assumption that the traitorous Anne and that bright-eyed, glowing-haired, light-footed creature in Ransome's clasp were the same.

He hoped the long arm of coincidence would confound her.

But it was a forlorn hope.

A quaint thing, convention, he reflected quizzically, pondering upon Mrs. Benning's notions of entertainment to the Greeleys and their guest who had been the death of her cousin. He wondered if Mrs. Benning would spread the story. He wondered if he would go to the dinner.

Of course he did. An awful curiosity impelled him. And a protective jealousy for Ransome.

For there wasn't any use now pretending that Ransome wasn't taken. Dicky was a changed man. The nine days between the dance and the dinner demonstrated that. He shed his past existence, his oil interest, his club, his chums, his habits, as a grub its chrysalis, to soar into empyrean heights.

He alternated dreamy silence with bursts of song. He kept a committee on organization waiting while he tried on new riding-breeches. He left the San Miguel Development president biting his thumbs while he wore the aforesaid new breeches upon a giddy black beside Miss Christy's giddier roan. He held up his O. K. upon the report to Washington while he indited a mysterious letter that found its way into the mail-box at midnight—Malloch poked his head out of his window to see Dicky deposit the effusion with personal care.

He gave extensive orders to a florist—which Malloch overheard. He took to sitting up until morning beside an open window, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, his eyes upon the moonlit Pacific.

In short, he behaved like an ingenuous and enthralled sophomore.

When he wrecked two new ties, the night of the dinner, before he could be enticed from the mirror, it got on Malloch's nerves.

"You'll do, you silly ass," he admonished him. "They've all seen you before—and they can stand the sight again."

Dicky had replied not—a bad omen—but smiled mysteriously.

And Malloch had to admit, with a complicated twinge, that the youngster was looking well.

Mrs. Benning had put Dicky next to the visiting beauty, and from his point of observation across the way Malloch saw enough to disquiet him. And he saw that Mrs. Benning was seeing and his various ill-assorted emotions took the general trend of a reasonless animosity toward his hostess. He sincerely hoped that she would be confounded when she applied her test to the actual identity of her guest.

Ironically he wondered how she was going about it. A series of leading questions as to friends and relatives, he crudely and hastily assumed.

He underestimated his Mrs. Benning.

Some time later that evening—he never knew just when or how—he found himself standing beside his hostess. On the other side of her Miss Christy's white gown glowed with poppy reflections of the hearth-flame. They were in a corner of the wide room gazing up at a painting—a lovely haze of blurred sheep and dimming sky.

"I'm so fond of it," Mrs. Benning was murmuring. "It's just an unknown bit—but it's as soft as a Corot. That's why I keep it over here—where I have just the things I love and use."

She paused. Automatically, like well-maneuvered puppets, their eyes lowered from the picture to her desk beneath it, and rested upon the intimate possessions there—an old medallion, a miniature of a rosy-cheeked young woman, and a larger, darkly framed photograph of a young man.

"My mother," Mrs. Benning was murmuring of the miniature. She waited before the other frame. From its dark lines a frank-browed face looked out at them.

"My cousin," she said in a lowered tone. "You've heard me speak of him, Mr. Malloch. And I think you knew him, too, Miss Christy."

She offered the picture, as if for confirmation, to the girl.

Anne Christy took it and bent above it a face from which every vestige of color ebbed. Even her lips were deathly.

"Yes, I knew him," Malloch heard her saying in a dry, expressionless voice, and then she lifted her head and her eyes met the eyes of her hostess with the lightning flicker of crossed wires.

His own sense of shock gave Malloch an inkling of the sick lurching beneath that still pallor beside him and for the moment his sorry sympathy went out to her as the under-dog.

"I thought you did," Mrs. Benning was saying very, very gently, and she took back the photograph with the air of one replacing a jewel from contamination.

She added: "It was a great tragedy. I never speak of it," and turned away.

Malloch reminded himself that she was behaving un-

THE TENSE VOICE SNAPPED. THE BRIGHT HEAD WENT DOWN UPON THE TABLE AND ITS VEIL AND ORANGE-BLOSSOMS QUIVERED AT HER WEEPING.

commonly well. She had convinced him, and herself, of the girl's identity, in a confronting that was too dramatic, perhaps; but undoubtedly she had the right to any bitter crum of her enemy's discomfiture.

And there was no doubt but that the enemy was discomfited. The color returned to Miss Christy's face only in strange streaks; and her expression, attempting assurance, captured only a hostile and nervous defiance. She looked very thoroughly as if she had seen a ghost.

Malloch ceased to be sorry. For she was not the underdog—the poor ghost was that, an unhappy, dead dog, buried under the earth these three years while her silver slippers had gone on dancing and her white arms had clasped other men's arms.

Mrs. Benning had moved away, leaving them alone. And the silence which bound them tingled with its terrible implications.

The girl spoke, her voice insolently casual and light as a tinkling cymbal:

"Are you always so chatty, Mr. Malloch? Or do you charm only with your basilisk eye?"

He was aware that she was asking herself if he knew, and divining unerringly that he did. A hot anger rose in him. Her lightness was snapping its fingers at all that he knew, all that he might think. Let him despise her if he would for not playing the game—there were other games in which she would come off victor, she seemed to say.

Light and cold and scrupleless—so he knew her now. All that bright youth was but a mask for the age-old, undying, callous greed. It didn't matter so much that the boy had killed himself. That was a tragic incident. What mattered was that she had taken him without love, and then without pity had cast him from her when the money went.

On the eve of their wedding, Mrs. Benning had said. Even in his surrender to the facts he made some allowance for Mrs. Benning's dramatic instinct, but it was not the day or the week that mattered.

"Charming," he heard himself mentioning evenly, "is not my game. I leave that to my roommate."

"Oh, Mr. Ransome!" She hesitated, flirted a white feather fan, over which her hair glowed like dangerous flame.

"Yes, he does some very nice charming," she admitted in that same studied light insolence.

And Malloch was conscious of the antagonizing currents tingling between them. And he saw, too, that the defiance mocking him from her eyes was a tense defiance, masking the covert tremor of fear.

She did well to be afraid of him, he thought grimly. For if he counted for anything there would be one head less in her hunter's trophies, one scalp saved from her belt. He would have it frankly and devastatingly out with Dicky.

It would hurt. He saw that already it would hurt horribly to wipe that beatific dream off Dicky's face. But he would pack him East; he would take him East himself and invoke the glamour of the former siren. She might be an alternatingly irresolute and irresponsible young mischief, but at least she was no red-headed vampire that would suck the blood from Dicky's warm and honest heart.

Wait, Malloch secretly adjured the lady of the feather fan, wait till he got Dicky home!

But first she got Dicky upon the veranda. Malloch heard them saying something about the Pleiades and then they were gone out of the French doors, and though Dicky could teach her all he knew about the planets in five moments, it was many moments past that before they were in evidence again.

And then, masterfully, Dicky took her home. He, Malloch, was allotted to the lady's place in the Greeleys' car and listened to the Greeleys' praises of her as they swung through the wide, pepper-and-rose-tree-lined avenues and up the slopes to the country club.

He was awake and smoking when Dicky came in. And then it was not he, but Dick, who did the telling. For Ransome told him that he was the happiest of men.

It was a miracle from Heaven. He had known the first moment he had seen her. And she, she had known, too. Unworthy, insignificant as he was, he had captured her. She had confessed it. She had promised to marry him—and soon, for had they not been waiting for each other all their lives? They were to be married here, from the Greeleys', for she had only an aunt in the East, to whom she need not return. Then—Japan—heaven—infinity.

Dicky was full of it. Miles and miles of it. And Malloch listened, a queer pain in his heart, uttering the appropriate grunts and murmurs that Dicky's half-pauses needed for assurance of sympathy, until the last star swung down from a graying sky, and the chilly wind of before dawn rustled the leaves of the eucalyptus-tree without the window.

Then, as the men rose, Malloch dropped his hand heavily upon the other's shoulder, and took it away without speaking. It hurt, it hurt like the devil, to lose Dicky. And to lose him like this—to a creature of the market-place. He wondered how long before Dicky would really know her. How long before she would blow all his candles of faith out and leave him in the dark.

He went to bed and dreamed of a desk littered with papers and Dicky's head upon it—and a bullet-hole through Dicky's temple. He woke to the rollicking chantey of Dicky's morning song in the tub.

He told himself, as he stanched the second cut that his nervous hand made in shaving his lantern-jawed chin, that he was a gloomy, morbid old misanthrope. Very likely the girl cared for Dicky. How could she help it? And, caring, she would never let Dicky rue.

Especially if the oil held out.

He devoted himself to the oil those next days and to the business which Ransome as cheerily neglected. A man is only married once, Dicky averred, in flagrant opposition to much heralded fact, and so he devoted himself thoroughly to the process, and to the minutiæ of masculine trousseaux and wedding-trips and engagement gifts. Their rooms were covered with boxes of silk underwear and steamer prospectuses and advertisements of real estate and jewelry. And every day brought something a little clearer and more definite out of the confusion, and the wedding itself took actual shape and time.

In his March-Hatter madness Dicky was actually talking of a date only three weeks off.

They had only themselves, he said, to please.

In that Malloch read the girl's fear, as he had read it in the swiftness of her surrender. She had forestalled any revelation he might make and she was taking no chances now. Life would not send her such second luck again. And so the monstrous thing was actually going to happen.

Malloch began to attend dinners given for them. "The romance" was a topic that filled the papers—and his ears. He wondered uneasily sometimes if he could detect in the amiable talk about him any substrata of information due to Mrs. Benning's circulations, but his uneasiness prevented his usual penetration from sure operation.

Very early in the engagement, within two days in fact, he had bound Mrs. Benning to secrecy, and at least, he reflected cynically after her most fervent assurances of faith kept, he had reduced her whispers to a cautious and minor key. The women would know and some men, but they were not likely to let it reach Dicky.

And then, quite suddenly and overwhelmingly, it occurred to him that it was Dicky's right to know. Here they were, all holding their hands and their tongues and letting this monstrous thing tighten its coils!

It might make no difference in results as long as that bright head was close to Ransome's ears, but at least there would be the sorry comfort that he had left no stone unturned.

It was against the code, the man code, to inform, but it was Dicky's life against a few words. There was always the thousandth chance that Dicky might react into clear-sightedness and angry resolve.

It was not an easy decision for Malloch to make nor an easy thing to go through with after making the decision, but he brought to it a resentment smarting from an evening in which Miss Christy had reduced Dicky first to powder, then to ashes, then to flames—a pyrotechnic display subtly and insolently for his outraged benefit.

No girl who cared one-millionth part of an iota would put her lover through such galling paces to taunt another man.

He recalled the lady in Kipling who kept one lover smiling at dinner for the amusement of the other—not that he was a lover of Miss Christy, but he played the same rôle of initiated audience.

It had been a diabolic spectacle, chilling the slightest hope he might cherish of the girl's sincerity, and his indignation got the better of his judgment in the manner of his revelation to Dicky.

For when he found that she had been before him—with an utterly different version, of course, denying the engagement and imputing the calumny to gossip—he stated very succinctly that some lady lied—but it was all a

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"WHAT IS IT, ELINOR? YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME HELP YOU"

THISTLEDOWN

BY DOROTHY CULVER MILLS

SAID HIS WIFE: "YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW FRAGILE A NICE YOUNG COQUETTE CAN BE. SHE CAN HAVE HALF THE WILES OF CLEOPATRA AND BE AS REALLY GUILELESS AND BREAKABLE AS A CHINA DOLL—AND AS DANGEROUS AS GUNPOWDER." EVERYBODY KNEW THE TRUTH OF THESE OBSERVATIONS, BUT THE STORY HAPPENED JUST THE SAME.

SHE looked just as charming as she had intended to look, which was very charming indeed, as she lifted her yellow head to listen. The soft kiss of the lake greeting the bank under her overhanging seat of birch logs—the throaty call of a redwing—the hum of a dragonfly past her ear—yes, there it was again, the disconnected whistling she had been waiting for, much nearer now. She adjusted herself to a pose of unconcerned reading that was betrayed by the excitement bright in her brown eyes and pink cheeks.

The whistling came close and stopped abruptly. The next moment a man stepped into the tiny thread of trodden earth that led from the lake path to the birch seat, appearing before her with a slightly exaggerated bow as, without speech, he held out a small, fragrant handkerchief.

The smile in the gray eyes under his splendid lashes, the gray lock distinguishing his black hair, disconcerted her. Feeling just as young and foolish as she really was, she took the handkerchief awkwardly.

He sat down with the clear intention of staying. "That was very prettily staged, Miss Elinor," he said with appreciation; "and very flattering to an old married man. I suppose you *are* hard up, poor child!"

This—to talk it over—wasn't according to any of the rules she knew. She looked at him defiantly; then, meeting the friendly, mocking smile, she suddenly laughed. If this was the grown-up way, it had rare possibilities.

"I'm bored to tears," she told him. "Father wanted me to spend a few weeks up here with Aunt Mary, she's been so poorly and so lonely since Martin went to South America, and with Uncle Henry away unexpectedly. And I wanted to come; but I found most of the cottages closed, it's so early. I miss Martin and his crowd horribly, and the three days I've been here poor Aunt Mary's been sick in bed. Of course I've heard about you—and Mrs. Withington and Junior," she added hastily.

"We're rather prosaically tied up now," he responded. "Junior came down with the measles the day we arrived, his mother is busy nursing him, and I'm slaving at a textbook I promised the publisher for August. Except for my rising dip I haven't had a swim yet. But that's partly because there's been no one up here to go in with—my wife doesn't care for the water and it's not such good sport alone."

"I love it!" she cried.

"I know you do."

"How?"

"I saw you in the lake this morning and was coming over to-night to ask your aunt if you would let me have the pleasure of your company. Mrs. Withington's plea is added to mine. She once saw a boy drown from cramps when he was out too far for help, and I can see her bravely hiding nerves every time I go in alone."

"I can save you if you keep your head," she said practically.

"Your cousin Martin has told me a good deal about you," was his oblique reply. "I understand that's your specialty."

"What?"

"Keeping your head—while other people lose theirs." The words came informally between pulls at a brier pipe. He was looking at her with detached enjoyment and speaking quite as if she were an equal in years and wisdom. She found it exhilarating.

"Martin's a goose," she blushed. "And they're all just kids anyway."

"Never any of 'em get unmanageable and turn on you?"

As he put it, it sounded like a matter of technical interest broached between professionals, not a rankly impertinent question.

"One didn't understand," she was surprised to hear herself answer readily without embarrassment. "He was one of these serious-minded boys that talk religion and ideals and don't bring candy—you know——"

He nodded.

"And then one awfully violent one," she went on with gathering interest. "He said awful things to me; he wasn't any gentleman; he said he was going to kill himself. But he only moved to Chicago. But really I never—I mean I always——"

"You mean you've hitherto confined your attentions to single, unattached, very young men."

She gave a delighted little gurgle of assent.

"What makes you think I'm safe?" said he.

"I don't— Oh, I don't mean that— I mean I know I'm safe— I mean——"

"Just what do you mean? Let's try to figure it out," he suggested. "I am assuming, from the incident of the handkerchief, that you are not classing me among those shelved and dusty specimens that were once human but that have since been stuffed by a taxidermist called marriage."

This remarkable and intimate discussion was of a type entirely new to her and thrilling. She gazed intently across the water.

"Well, it's never in the wide world occurred to me to want to— You know, anything serious. It's always been just fun and they all knew it, all but those two. They were the only ones that ever—so far, you know—honest to goodness proposed to me meaning the real thing (except Southerners, of course; I don't count them); it was an awful shock. And so—of course you're different, and a girl wouldn't think of fooling with you the way she would with a silly boy, and yet I've watched you and you're not so dreadfully married either—it's sort of between!"

"Thanks," he laughed. "Let's let it go at that."

"SHE'S a rum kid, Sue," he told his wife at dinner, "but she has parts. She has a good nose and a good brow, but at present her eyes and her rummy little chin are having things all their own way."

"I don't suppose you'd better try the missionary act, Carter," she warned him pleasantly. "You're a little out of touch with the ingénue."

He grinned at the small woman opposite who understood him and much else with a wit and charity that lent charm to her plain features.

"Still," he pursued, "the wisdom of your born coquette is ageless; she never grows too old nor has she ever been too young. How's that sound?"

"Leaky as most aphorisms, professor," she retorted. "Be careful. She has no mother."

"All right," he promised.

"And you have no idea," she added, "how fragile a nice young coquette can be. She can have half the wiles of Cleopatra and be as really guileless and breakable as a china doll—and as dangerous as gunpowder."

"Humph," he remarked skeptically. "Aphorisms yourself!"

AFTER he left her Elinor lingered in the birch seat in excited communion with herself. She had done it; she had deliberately flirted with a married man; and she did not feel wicked, only queer and adventurous; she also felt older. Of course except for the handkerchief business it had not been exactly flirtation; they had simply had a remarkable talk, the kind of a talk you couldn't have with a silly kid who would be pestering you to hold hands and who didn't know anything anyway. He was cosmopolitan; that was it.

The afternoons that followed were splendid, with long swims and more interesting talks, many of them about herself, while they sun-dried on a small crescent of beach in the curve of a point some rods down the lake. Reached from the cottage road only by a tangled path through the thick woods that lined the shore, it was an astonishingly secluded spot, visible only from the lake and the little wharf from which they dived, and the lake water was rarely stirred by human passage in even late June. July saw the real opening of the cottage season.

"I wonder what will become of you," he speculated amiably one day.

"The idea upsets dad too," she told him lightly. "*I* should worry!"

"Of course you may marry in a year or two," he went on. "But then again you may not."

He laughed at her when she turned on him in indignant surprise. "What do you mean!"

"Ever yet met an inaccessible young man?"

"Huh?"

"Brutally—a young man you wanted to attract who refused to fall for you."

She considered. "Not exactly that. Of course I was furious last Spring when Bradley Morris—I've had wonderful times with him—went off like a shot and married a plain little dowd that nobody ever heard of. And here he's going to be a consul or something and she'll have a wonderful chance to travel!"

She did not see why he laughed so heartily, but she rather enjoyed amusing him since she knew he liked her. He was different from any man she had ever met, perhaps just because he was older. Of course he didn't make love to her even in fun (it would be wicked, so she didn't want him to), yet her hours with him were quite as exciting as if he had. He never asked her to canoe, but probably that wouldn't have been proper. It wasn't so bad to idle along the shore alone anyhow, though her aunt forbade her paddling out far and was nervous when she went out after dark.

That was one of the things that made the evenings desperate. The waxing moon in a succession of clear skies kept calling to her, while, huddled under a stuffy lamp that gathered millers and crisp snapping-bugs, she dutifully read aloud to Aunt Mary.

Then after six such evenings came a seventh that was different. When the cook's sudden defection made imperative a prompt call on a substitute two miles down the road, it was Aunt Mary herself who asked Carter Withington to go with Elinor.

The breath of the country was soft and sweet in the moonlit night, and in Elinor's pink-clad self were banked the wayward witcheries of six such nights wasted on a book. She could hot help wondering whether she could thrill him,

Continued on page 49

"I DON'T REMEMBER HITTING HIM"

THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

THE STORY

"I have killed Vasco Lemar!"

Rosalie's twin sister, a scapegrace show-girl, has added another horrible complication to Rosalie's romance. She has already impersonated Rosalie—by chance, in the beginning, it is true—with the family of Rosalie's soldier-husband, and they have bribed her, thinking she is Rosalie, to disavow the marriage with Gerald Cromwell. Gerald is in France, wounded. He thinks that Rosalie has deserted him and has not written to her for weeks. When Leontine gets into trouble, she comes, as usual, to Rosalie.

THROUGH the quiet of the room with its shabby, old-fashioned furniture, that looked as if it had known nothing but a peaceful monotony, with its music-strewn piano, its mellow light from the shaded lamp, the words seemed to start vibrations of violence and horror.

It seemed to Rosalie that that one short phrase, "I have killed Vasco Lemar!" was an icy hand that seized her heart and stilled its beating. She made no outcry; she merely stood still in the middle of the floor staring at her sister. But her face looked as if every drop of blood had left it; her eyes were wide blue wells of horror. For fully a moment she did not hear the incoherent words that were tumbling out of Leontine's drawn mouth, for she was thinking that life as she had always known it was ended for her; something new, full of shadowy terrors, was beginning. Then, with a wrench that was like physical pain, she forced herself to see the wretched girl on the sofa, to listen to what she was saying.

The story of her absence of the past three weeks, and of her calamitous adventure of that evening, did not come out in orderly sequence, but in bits, in gasped sentences, the latest happenings first, and then the explanations stammered out between fits of the most terrible shivering, as if the girl's very soul were cold.

Rosalie finally was able to piece together the story of her sister's wanderings, from the afternoon she left her apartment with a mind half crazed by the news of the loss of all she had on the stock-market up to six o'clock that evening, when she had returned to New York and in the Pennsylvania Station had met Vasco Lemar. He was on his way, he told her, to his country place on Long Island, and he had invited her to go down there with him, telling her he was giving a dinner to a number of persons whom he named—friends of hers. When she protested that she was not dressed for dining out, he assured her the whole affair was impromptu and informal. The others were motoring out, but his own car being in the repair-shop, he was going out by train.

"I might have known he was lying," Leontine cried, "and maybe I did—but I didn't care. I'd had a horrible time for three weeks—there were two days when Lil and I didn't have enough to eat——"

"Who is Lil?" Rosalie asked.

"Girl I met the afternoon I left. Knew her that year I was in vaudeville. She wanted me to work up a sister act. She'd been at me for weeks, and the day I met her I was feeling so down and out I agreed to go with her to Philadelphia to see the fellow she knew down there who was writing the sketch. I didn't care what became of me. I hoped every one would think I was dead. I thought of starting in all over again."

A choking sob and a fit of shivering, and then a long silence while she sat with her hands hanging down between her knees, her eyes fixed in a long, glazed stare. Suddenly she covered her face with her hands, rocking herself back and forth.

"I didn't mean to do it. I don't know what happened. I don't remember hitting him—but the next thing there was the statuette in my hand—bronze—heavy—it had blood on it, and his face—his face!"

She threw out her arms and slid down to the floor, where she groveled, writhing, digging her fingers into the carpet, a thing dehumanized from terror, her nerves torturing her, wholly without the least shred of control.

Rosalie ran into the kitchen and poured something from a flask into a glass. Coming back she knelt, lifted the other girl firmly and held her head against her breast. The face of Leontine no longer resembled her own; ravaged

and aged by emotion, even the pure, beautiful profile appeared blurred and coarsened. As Rosalie forced her to drink, a pang of pity melted the icy horror in her heart; the protective instinct awakened in her.

"Tina, listen to me!" she cried, holding her sister quiet. "You must not let yourself go. I must know everything that happened out there to-night, or I can't help you. You went out to his place with Vasco Lemar—then what happened? Who else was there?"

Somewhat steadied by the drink Rosalie had given her, Leontine leaned back against the sofa and looked at her sister with her haggard gaze. "There wasn't any one there! He had lied, of course."

"But the servants—surely there must have been some, somewhere about?"

"I tell you, the house was empty. I noticed as we came up to it that the place was dark, but Lemar said he was using only the rear wing. We went in, we were talking, and Lemar was telling me a funny story, and we crossed the big hall in the dark. We went up the stairs to the library, and this room was lighted. I know, now, that he must have switched on the lights from the hall below. I didn't begin to suspect that he'd lied to me until I'd taken off my furs, and then he came up to me——"

She began to shiver. Rosalie could feel her shaking as if the repulsion of that moment was returning to her.

"The beast!" Leontine cried, clenching her hands. "I wasn't afraid of him. I didn't even begin to see red until he showed me the dope he took and tried to make me take some too. Then I began to get afraid—his eyes were horrible. I tried to get out the door, but he got there first. I screamed, and then I knew the house was empty. After that I don't remember—there was a little statue on the mantel. I grabbed it, and when he came at me that time I hit him with it."

She shut her eyes and shuddered. Then she began to cry and laugh at the same time. Rosalie saw that she was losing control of herself again. Taking her by the shoulders she shook her sharply.

"Tina! Look at me! There's something you've got to tell me. Who saw you go into that house with Lemar?"

"No one, I've told you—no one!"

"But how did you get from the station to the house?"

"We walked. There weren't any taxis. Lemar wanted to walk—it wasn't far——"

"Yes, yes! And who saw you come out?"

"No one saw me. I kept in the shadow of the trees, and then walked along the road beside the hedge until I came to the station."

Rosalie's mind was working quickly, desperately, instinctively reaching out for avenues of escape. "Then, if no one saw you go in or come out of the house—if there were no servants on the place—isn't there a possibility you'll not be connected with the——"

She could not say the word, and a shudder ran through her. But she controlled herself and caught her sister's hand.

"Leontine, think! If no one knew you went out there with him, if no one saw you, there's a chance——"

The other girl suddenly threw back her head and laughed wildly, until the old-fashioned rooms were full of the clamor of it. "Chance! There isn't a chance in the world, I tell you! I left my furs and my bag—and there's a letter in it addressed to me!"

The room whirled around Rosalie. Rising from her knees, she tottered to the window, opened it and let the cold night air blow across her face. It blew away the terrible sick dizziness that had threatened to overcome her, and spurred her brain. She turned toward Leontine, who now sat with her head buried in the sofa-cushions, her whole body trembling.

"Tina! If you've left your bag there, you'll have to go back for it, quick, before it is discovered! You'll have to——"

But she did not finish the sentence, for her sister lifted to her a face so distorted with fear, so ghastly in its wild protest, that she knew without a word being spoken that for her to do such a thing was utterly impossible. Her wild eyes would give her away to the first policeman she met; indeed, Rosalie doubted whether Leontine was equal to the mere physical exertion of the undertaking. She was bordering on a complete nervous collapse that was evident even to inexperienced eyes. Rosalie trembled to think of what might happen if Leontine were sent into the street in this condition.

Afterward—she never could remember just when—the idea came to her to go herself. There was a lapse of time, during which she must have walked about the rooms in a strange state of semiconsciousness, hearing her sister raving, sobbing, begging her to save her, and even as she heard, listening to that other voice, which was the clear voice of her own consciousness, pointing out to her pitilessly the consequences of her sister's act. Disgrace, ruin for both of them; for herself, endless remorse because she had not been strong enough to guard her sister from her own nature. Notoriety of the most repulsive variety. And then, to come later, the anguish of soul over the moral aspects of the deed.

She saw all these consequences attaching themselves to her and to her sister, dragging after them a train of other consequences, minor, but none the less terrible. She saw first the results of her sister's act in relation to herself and her sister; but almost immediately on the heels of this vision there came a realization of how this act was to affect the man around whom all her life, her thoughts, and her dreams had been centered during the past three months. And this realization was the most poignant of all.

In her pacing of the rooms, she saw, each time she turned, the photograph of Gerald. It seemed to look at her gravely and questioningly. All the anguish he had caused her by his letter of three weeks before was forgotten; she was aware only of her love for him; and this love it was, finally, that told her she could not bear it to have him suffer for an act of her sister's.

Crossing the room to her sister, she made the girl sit quietly and listen to what she had to say. She told her that she was going to the Lemar house to recover the bag and furs, and Leontine must tell her quickly and clearly exactly the location of the library and where she had left the incriminating objects of evidence.

"You can't do that!" Leontine gasped. "Go into that room where he—he——"

"I can," said Rosalie in a strange, quiet voice. "Try now to tell me exactly which way you turned when you reached the top of the stairs. You are certain there are no servants in the house? And when you left the station in which direction did you go?"

Ten minutes later she came out of her apartment and walked out into the bleak and windy darkness, drawing her furs high about a face that was as set and white as if carved from marble.

But before she left the apartment she had taken from its silver frame the photograph of her husband. She had torn it twice across and laid it in the small, old-fashioned fireplace. Then from a drawer in her desk she had taken three letters. These, likewise, she placed in the fireplace. Then she lighted a match, put it to one corner of a letter, and watched with a stern, white face as a tiny flame licked in and out among them. Whatever was in store for her, nothing would ever be found that could drag her beloved into the terrible meshes of what she was now facing.

IN A hotel on Broadway she procured a time-table and found to her dismay that she had just missed a train. The next one to her destination did not leave for an hour. She sat for a few minutes in the crowded corridor, not thinking, but feeling to the full the black weight of this thing that had descended upon her. Then, rousing herself, she went out, and began walking slowly downtown toward the station. There seemed to be but one thought in the universe: In that house what would she find? Could it be possible that the house was empty; that there were no servants? There must be at least a watchman or caretaker; and if so, where had he been during the half-hour Leontine and Lemar were in that upper room? And—*where was he now?*

She bought a ticket to a Long Island station. Shrinking back into the corner of a seat in the almost empty coach, she watched the dark landscape flying past, and, reflected in the window, as in a shadowy mirror, her own face, pale against her furs, with eyes that were enormous and set in their gaze. When the conductor took up her ticket she averted her head and quivered inwardly. If she escaped unobserved from that horrible house she was bound for, would this man be one of those strands in the net that would eventually enmesh her? She should have bought a ticket to the next station, but it was too late now—perhaps it was imagination that told her he took a long time over her ticket, peering at her under his thick brows as he tucked the receipt into the back of the seat ahead. If only there had been more people taking that train! But it was the dull hour between theater trains. And when at last her station was reached she was one of only four passengers who alighted.

There were a taxicab and a limousine waiting at the edge of the platform. The driver of the cab called "Taxi, miss?" as she approached, but she hastened past him, turning away her face.

She went through the village, avoiding the main street by turning to the left as soon as she had left the station, as Leontine had told her to do. She was aware of lighted windows among trees, of hedges, of white gate-posts, of bars of light across the gravel walks, once of a house in which some one was singing a familiar aria. Among these familiar objects and sounds she threaded her way like a shadow pursued, shrinking and startled. Indeed, she felt herself a ghost, set apart from the lighted interiors, from all homely, beloved things. She knew in this half-mile walk all the sensations of the outcast and the hunted, for already her sister's deed seemed to her to be her own; her dark shadow had merged with and become a part of herself; it had closed in upon her and she carried it upon her shoulders, heavy and fateful.

As soon as she had left the village and had come out upon the main highroad, she was on somewhat familiar ground. For she had sung frequently at the country place that bounded the Lemar grounds on the east. She recalled

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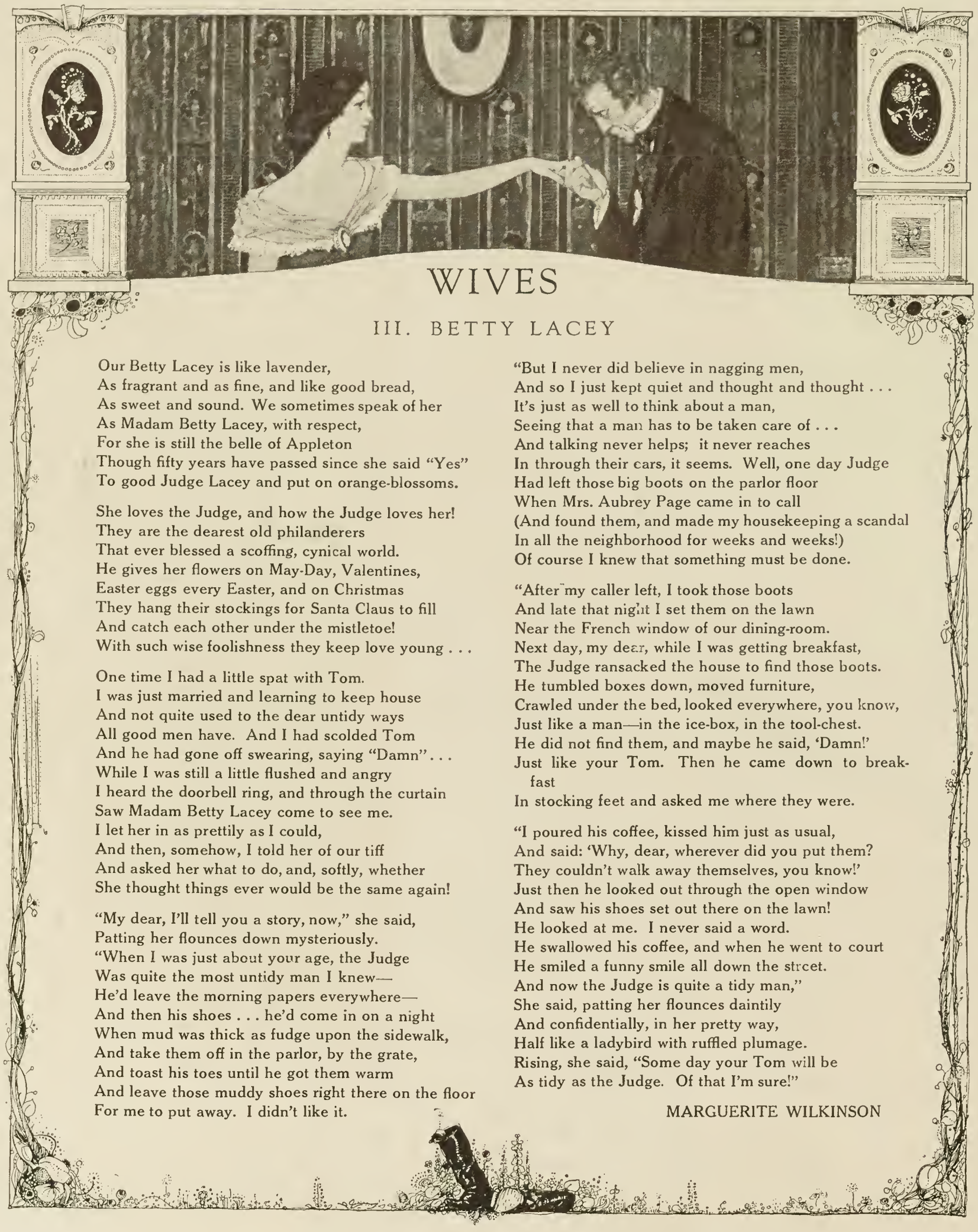


WIVES

III. BETTY LACEY

Our Betty Lacey is like lavender,
As fragrant and as fine, and like good bread,
As sweet and sound. We sometimes speak of her
As Madam Betty Lacey, with respect,
For she is still the belle of Appleton
Though fifty years have passed since she said "Yes"
To good Judge Lacey and put on orange-blossoms.

She loves the Judge, and how the Judge loves her!
They are the dearest old philanderers
That ever blessed a scoffing, cynical world.
He gives her flowers on May-Day, Valentines,
Easter eggs every Easter, and on Christmas
They hang their stockings for Santa Claus to fill
And catch each other under the mistletoe!
With such wise foolishness they keep love young . . .

One time I had a little spat with Tom.
I was just married and learning to keep house
And not quite used to the dear untidy ways
All good men have. And I had scolded Tom
And he had gone off swearing, saying "Damn" . . .
While I was still a little flushed and angry
I heard the doorbell ring, and through the curtain
Saw Madam Betty Lacey come to see me.
I let her in as prettily as I could,
And then, somehow, I told her of our tiff
And asked her what to do, and, softly, whether
She thought things ever would be the same again!

"My dear, I'll tell you a story, now," she said,
Patting her flounces down mysteriously.
"When I was just about your age, the Judge
Was quite the most untidy man I knew—
He'd leave the morning papers everywhere—
And then his shoes . . . he'd come in on a night
When mud was thick as fudge upon the sidewalk,
And take them off in the parlor, by the grate,
And toast his toes until he got them warm
And leave those muddy shoes right there on the floor
For me to put away. I didn't like it.

"But I never did believe in nagging men,
And so I just kept quiet and thought and thought . . .
It's just as well to think about a man,
Seeing that a man has to be taken care of . . .
And talking never helps; it never reaches
In through their ears, it seems. Well, one day Judge
Had left those big boots on the parlor floor
When Mrs. Aubrey Page came in to call
(And found them, and made my housekeeping a scandal
In all the neighborhood for weeks and weeks!)
Of course I knew that something must be done.

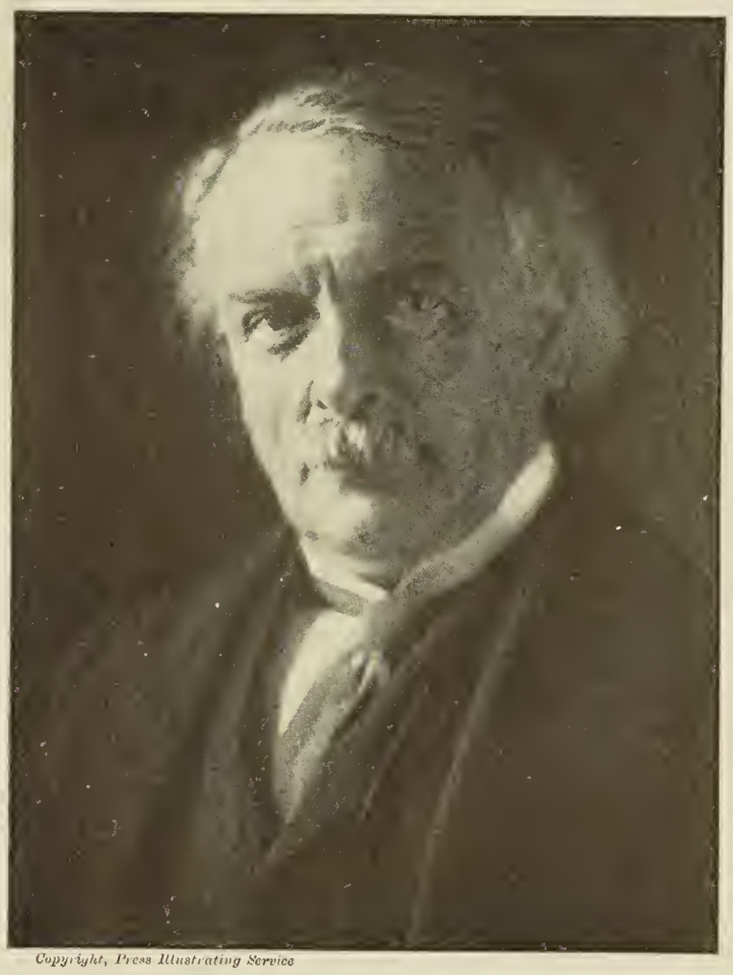
"After my caller left, I took those boots
And late that night I set them on the lawn
Near the French window of our dining-room.
Next day, my dear, while I was getting breakfast,
The Judge ransacked the house to find those boots.
He tumbled boxes down, moved furniture,
Crawled under the bed, looked everywhere, you know,
Just like a man—in the ice-box, in the tool-chest.
He did not find them, and maybe he said, 'Damn!'
Just like your Tom. Then he came down to breakfast
In stocking feet and asked me where they were.

"I poured his coffee, kissed him just as usual,
And said: 'Why, dear, wherever did you put them?
They couldn't walk away themselves, you know!'
Just then he looked out through the open window
And saw his shoes set out there on the lawn!
He looked at me. I never said a word.
He swallowed his coffee, and when he went to court
He smiled a funny smile all down the street.
And now the Judge is quite a tidy man,"
She said, patting her flounces daintily
And confidentially, in her pretty way,
Half like a ladybird with ruffled plumage.
Rising, she said, "Some day your Tom will be
As tidy as the Judge. Of that I'm sure!"

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

THE GENTLE GUARDIAN

BY MAJOR MAUDE RADFORD WARREN, U. S. A.



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DAVID LLOYD GEORGE
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN

WHEN you think of the type of woman who holds the position of confidential secretary to a great American magnate, or politician, isn't the picture you draw something like this: A woman at least in the thirties, good-looking, perhaps even beautiful, exquisitely dressed in tailor-made fashion, with a manner which suggests the drawing-room rather than the office, indeed, but which has in it a touch of firmness? A woman, in short, who for all her charm of surface makes you aware that beneath is a granite substructure of business ability?

Some such picture as this I had drawn for myself of Miss Frances Louise Stevenson, the confidential secretary of the Hon. David Lloyd George, a woman who perhaps it is not too much to say has more political power than any woman in England. For it is through her hands that his vast correspondence passes; it is to her that the people who wish to see him must apply. She is the guardian who stands in front of that great man of the hour, England's premier, protecting his time, his energy, confronting responsibilities so heavy that to meet them triumphantly takes the greatest grasp and keenness, steady courage—high character.

But she is not at all like the type I had conceived. When I saw her coming toward me down a long white corridor, I forgot that I was looking at a woman of tremendous influence. For the moment I forgot her, and yielded to the mood she produced in me. She made me think of beautiful and delicate and subtle and softly shaded things—the opalescent shimmer of waters; an amethyst twilight on a moor; sweet-williams and heliotrope and mignonette in an old-fashioned garden; a meadow-lark's liquid notes; a child's fearless laughter; and that drawing by Michelangelo that hangs on a lonely wall in Florence, the face of a woman who looks afar, with meditation and wistfulness.

Against the white-and-gray setting of the hotel where she stayed in Paris, Miss Stevenson looked like a lovely, faintly gleaming pearl. It was a neutral setting that did not belong to her. Number 10 Downing Street is her real background. What the intimate setting is of that inner office where move the springs of her guardianship, I do not know. But the approaches to that office are attractive. The caller not familiar with 10 Downing Street is surprised when he arrives. Here is a plain Georgian building, a plain Georgian door, very inconspicuous and unassuming, considering all they stand for, all they have stood for, during decades of inexpressive British political history. The door opens almost at once to the ring; no frowning bars, no forbidding gorgon of a warden, appear; merely a tall, courteous man in black. He is a cross between a butler and a friendly uncle, is this person, and he opens the door wide and asks whom one wishes to see—quite as if 10 Downing Street expected to admit people. Behind him is a long, narrow, red-carpeted room, the right-hand wall broken by a grate that in Winter and Spring burns with deep, roseate fire. Indeed, the whole room shines—white panels gleam, the carpet glows, and there is no sense of stern officialdom, even at the end of the room where is a little alcove with a table and two or three chairs. Here Miss Stevenson, or perhaps subsecretaries, see the callers who have business with the great man. This little alcove is occasionally the anteroom to a brief conference with the prime minister—if Miss Stevenson is convinced. It is a warm, almost a friendly, setting; it mingles the sense of business and of humaneness too, and in that it is the right background both for the premier and for his chief secretary.

To make a practical description, Miss Stevenson seems about twenty-three years old, though she must be a little more than that. She is perhaps five feet and four inches in height, and slender. Her eyes, wide-set, are of forget-me-not blue. She has not the typical English high color; rather a faint, lovely pink underlying the fine porcelain-like quality of her complexion. Her hair, of a medium-brown shade, is dressed inconspicuously.

Quite a modish person is Miss Stevenson, but she chooses the modes that express her, and is so perfectly clad that one forgets what she is wearing until afterward. Her clothes are the carefully selected setting for a rare jewel of personality, and, like artistic settings, they do not advertise themselves to the casual observer.

The first time I saw her she wore a gray street-suit, with touches of blue, and a simple gray fur hat that brought out the perfect lines of her face. The second time we met she wore a gray house-gown, with a lavender-and-white silk coat.

Miss Stevenson does not wish to be interviewed. If she is written about at all she prefers the writing to be in article form, and indeed the question and moreover method of a formal interview, that sitting-for-our-photograph atmosphere, would not be suitable to her at all. Her personality is too subtle, too delicate, too elusive perhaps, for that.

Not that there is anything wavering or indefinite about her. One knows from talking to her that far within is a steely core of conviction, of principle, of will-power. She makes absolute and unfaltering judgments. She achieves promptly. But all her forcible qualities are overlaid by reserve, by indirection, by soft charm. All her swinging achievements are made without sign of force or even of effort. To look at her face, to hear her talk, the casual observer would consider her distinctly a "feminine" woman; absolutely a drawing-room and hearthside person. Yet she has attained to what few men have aspired to.

A very modest person, then, this charming girl, who does not wish to be interviewed. It was not from her I found out that last year she was made C. B. E.—Commander of the Order of the British Empire. It was not from her I learned what full reliance Mr. Lloyd George places on her judgment, her decisions; how much of his affairs he leaves in her hands. But she did tell me of her education, of some of her likes and dislikes, and of how she happened to become the secretary of David Lloyd George.

Like so many notable English people in the war, she isn't English at all. Her father was Scotch, and her mother was half French and half Italian. It is not strange that with three such strains of blood, she should be a person of rare mind. Despite her Latin heritage, she had an English bringing up. Her early training differed from that of any other British child of the privileged classes only in the fact that she passed a good deal of time staying with her relatives in France, and acquiring her perfect knowledge of the French tongue and a French character. Although she was a Londoner, she spent enough time in the country to learn to love dogs and horses. She rode a good deal, and for other sport played a good game of tennis, and in her college days went in for boating.

Her secondary-school work was done in Clapham High School. Later, she attended the Royal Holloway College, where she specialized in the classics. When she speaks of the classics, particularly of Homer, it is as if a torch were lighted behind her face. The same glowing eagerness shows when she speaks of her college and of its beautiful setting on Englewood Green. Here, evidently, is a real devotion to Alma Mater. All the fierce drama of the political life in which she has shared for seven years has not made tame the memories of her academic days, when gentle romance and not vital drama was the world in which she walked. There is a tender dreaminess in her eyes when she touches on her college days.

But how that tender dreaminess vanishes when she talks of the work she did just after she left college—teaching! She told me she hated teaching, and though her intonations were calm, there was a certain edge in her voice that proved she meant what she said; that the verb she chose was not at all too strong for her feeling. She taught in a private boarding-school, and when I asked her why she chose that rather than teaching in a college, she replied that she thought it would be more congenial, that she did not want to teach big classes.

As she spoke I was conscious of a certain thankfulness that in the United States so many fields of work are open to women, and increasingly open. Twenty years ago, in our country, the only honorific employment for a girl was teaching. That she had to do, if she wanted a career or desired to earn her living; that and nothing else. England has lagged behind us in offering wider opportunities for women, but a proof that she is fast changing lies in the fact of Miss Stevenson's own career. I did not ask Miss Stevenson if she chose teaching because it was the best sort of work a college-bred woman was able to get. We fled that subject and talked too of her present position with Mr. Lloyd George. Its beginning led back to the days when she

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MR. GEORGE'S "GENTLE GUARDIAN," FRANCES LOUISE STEVENSON

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THE LLOYD GEORGE FAMILY GROUP. LEFT TO RIGHT THE WOMEN ARE MRS. CAREY EVANS, MRS. LLOYD GEORGE AND MISS LLOYD GEORGE

DARYA

BY DANA GATLIN

A STARRY NEW YORK AUGUST NIGHT, THE STRANGE BEAUTY OF A ROOF-GARDEN, A WONDERFUL DANCER, A TEMPERAMENTAL COLLEGE INSTRUCTOR—AND DRAMA IS INEVITABLE. HERE IS HAPPINESS OR TRAGEDY—DRAMA OF SOME SORT CERTAINLY

I REMEMBER how hot and white everything seemed—so different from our star-shot Kansas dark—that August night I unwittingly snarled the weave of Daisy Holmes's fate. New York is the great Midsummer shrine, and I was an inland editor making pilgrimage. This story begins when Jeff Quigley, after the way of city-dwelling men, took me in hand to "see the sights."

You would not expect Jeff, naturally, to frequent the Great White Way, and he didn't. For he was a college professor—and a pretty good one, I judge—liking study and speculation, and with a good deal of the poet in him. But it was not because he was a professor—good or bad—that my heart was warm for Jeff Quigley. He was dear to me, first of all, for being his father's son. Second, I loved him for his big, straight body and his big, straight soul; for the little humorous gleams in his deep-set eyes; for the swift, rare smile that lent his face a peculiar eagerness.

That Midsummer night, I remember, he hunted out his dinner coat, which was rumpled. Then we two went forth to meet the hectic glamour that hung over the city. With the passive enjoyment which comes from a detached vision we made the rounds and reached, at length, a famous Summer roof, a palace garden and a banquet—and Darya.

Ours was a balcony table, and out through the lofty windows stretched an unbelievable ocean of night-blue air, in the distances beacon-lights set high, and, far below, lines of twinkling dots to mark the crisscross streets.

A wonderful sight it was—city of five million souls beneath you and the wide sea of air at your elbow. It should drive men to think of nobler things, to dream great dreams—but they're engaged with their drinking and dancing. And I, too, forgot that masterpiece of man and God. The spectacle within—for which man deserves lone credit, I fear—captivated my attention.

Oriental colors striped from the soaring dome down the great hall's sides. Below, the place was shimmering, fragile, costly colors, too; white shoulders everywhere and black broadcloth—coquettish old women and young men and complacent young women and old men, with shining white tables fringing the room, and everywhere the breath of gold and I-don't-care.

Suddenly the exotic lights all glimmered dim. A rustling scurry sounded from the floor, a white ray shot out across the darkened boards, and the orchestra sounded a peculiar, lilting fanfare.

In the circle of light Darya, the dancer, appeared. She had a partner, of course, a sleek, assured male person, but it was the girl who caught and held the eye. For a moment she stood still, a slim figure posed, skirts all shimmering, and with closely brushed, shining, dark head. I thought of a picture I'd seen, a temple dancer of India. Slowly she looked round at us all, her face dead white, her eyes half-veiled, her red lips unsmiling; then, lifting her long, slender arms, she met her partner on the crest of a wave of melody.

Never have I seen such grace; her body seemed to weave into rhythm; you could see the movement ripple through her arms. It was only a fantastic variation of the ballroom waltz, borne on by a wild, sweet melody of the violins, but to those lyric measures of sound and sight, the audience's pulse rose and fell as one.

A last audacious whirl, a last sustained posture, a swerving of the spot-light, an onrush of pervading brilliance, and the spell was broken. With the rest I clapped loud and long. But Jeff, staring, made no move.

Suddenly he touched my arm.

"Look! The big table just behind you—she's coming *here!*" His eager voice sharply twisted my neck about.

At that moment there could have been but one "she" in the room. Several other people were taking their places at the reserved table, but they made but a setting for that radiant, sparkling girl. She sat at the opposite side, and only her head and shoulders were visible to me.

Lovely she was as a firefly, as the orchids before her, in a strangely unreal, brilliant fashion. At this close range I could see the sheen of her hair, the deep-pointed "widow's peak" on her white forehead, the thin, almost

"HOLD ON, DAISY. TELL ME SOMETHING ABOUT THIS."

sunken cheeks, the very red stab of a mouth, and the long, narrow, black-lashed eyes which were turned—strangely enough—scrutinizingly upon myself.

Suddenly she smiled. A sweet, unaffected kind of smile it was, and with an impulsive movement at variance with the rest of her get-up she rose and swiftly rounded their table to ours.

"It *is* Mr. Hicks, isn't it?" she exclaimed, smiling that warm greeting straight down upon me. "Don't you remember me—Daisy Holmes?"

Daisy Holmes—so *that* was the teasing likeness! Quickly, as sometimes happens, the elusive original form in my mental vision—a little-girl Daisy in gingham, thin, shy and big-eyed, a deep, black peak cleft by the parting of her hair, and huge crimson bows dangling over each ear. Why ribbons of that shade I do not know.

I had seen Daisy often enough at early stages of development, before she left Paola. Perhaps it was because the red bows, the gawky, gingham-dress age, presented such antithesis to this dazzling young person who now smiled assurance down at me.

"How is Mrs. Hicks—and the *Beacon?* How is every one and everything at home?" she rippled on. "It will be lovely to hear all about it! You—and your friend"—with a vaguely inclusive nod, such as one gives a half-noted presence—"must come right over to our table."

"Hold on, Daisy," I said to her. "Tell me something about this. How did you turn yourself into a bird of paradise? And all this glory and gaiety——"

She cut me off with a quick, knowing little smile. "I'll tell you all about it, Mr. Hicks," she promised. "It's just like a novel—and I'm a heroine of romance! But I must hurry back now, for the party's in my honor. Oh, I have *lots* of parties in my honor——"

"I don't doubt that," I said.

"Do come to this one," she coaxed, and laughed.

Then she looked directly across at Jeff, who, beside his chair, was standing at mute attention. I was looking at her, and saw the subtle, half-conscious expression touch her face which nearly always betrays a woman when first she sees a man and finds him attractive. Almost at once, however, her well-trained eyes came back to me—a glance of expectant waiting.

"This is my friend, Professor Jeff Quigley," I responded. "Miss Darya——?"

Entirely she disregarded my interrogative inflection—for I didn't know how to handle her new name—and, with her eyes lighting up, she engaged herself with Jeff.

"Oh, not Professor Jefferson *Mead* Quigley?" she emphasized. "Author of all those delightful essays on the old philosophers?"

Jeff's expression, half-confused, wholly pleased, confirmed his identity without aid from his bow.

"Oh!" in a tone of sweet astonishment. "And you look so *young*, so——"

What a world of flattery in an artful pause! Poor Jeff! I saw that approval of hers beam on him, and then, as if in reflection, his deep eyes glowing out; even then I saw what was fated to happen to him.

We went with her, and at her table waiters fluttered and chairs scraped to make room for the two of us. There were several people. The men, in the confusing fashion of New Yorkers, were all cut from the same sleek pattern. Johnny Sands was the only one of them I could keep distinct, and that was because I'd reprinted a great deal of stuff about so eminent a notable. If I could have felt more amazement than at finding Daisy Holmes a professional, fêted dancer, it was at finding myself supping with Johnny Sands.

Besides Daisy there were two other women, and next the elder and more distinguished of these I was wedged.

But the thing which occupied me most, of course, was the shining apparition which was Daisy Holmes. She was seated directly opposite me, and sent frequent signals with her smiling eyes. Utterly at sea, I tried to recall the last I had heard about her. I'd known she went away somewhere in the East to college. My vague impression was that she prepared to be a school-teacher and she was away teaching somewhere.

Of course I'd known she had a talent for dancing—the kind which would win her the *Fairy Queen's* solo in the grade-school cantatas. Her father had died while she was in college, and she never returned home. I suppose there was a small property, but it would have been small. And now all this splendor—in only four or five years.

Very different, this, from the scenes back home—the little public square, the tidy lawns and homes, the schoolhouse up the hill where she, perhaps, once planned to teach, the strip of woods and the sweep of prairie beyond.

The transition seemed impossible. I couldn't figure it out. Then the woman at my left began talking to me. I didn't suspect, then, that she was going to be the one to read the puzzle to me.

I had gathered nothing about her beyond her name, so I received yet one more surprise, in that evening of surprises, when she moved up closer to me, and in a voice like little clinking bells said:

"Darya asked me to explain to you, Mr. Hicks, what she likes to term her 'romance.' I'm her business manager, you know."

Not until I talked with Daisy later did I know just how sublimated a "business manager" Mrs. Atteridge was. She was distinguished on two continents for her acumen, yet she had independent wealth and social position. People could never decide whether she carried on her

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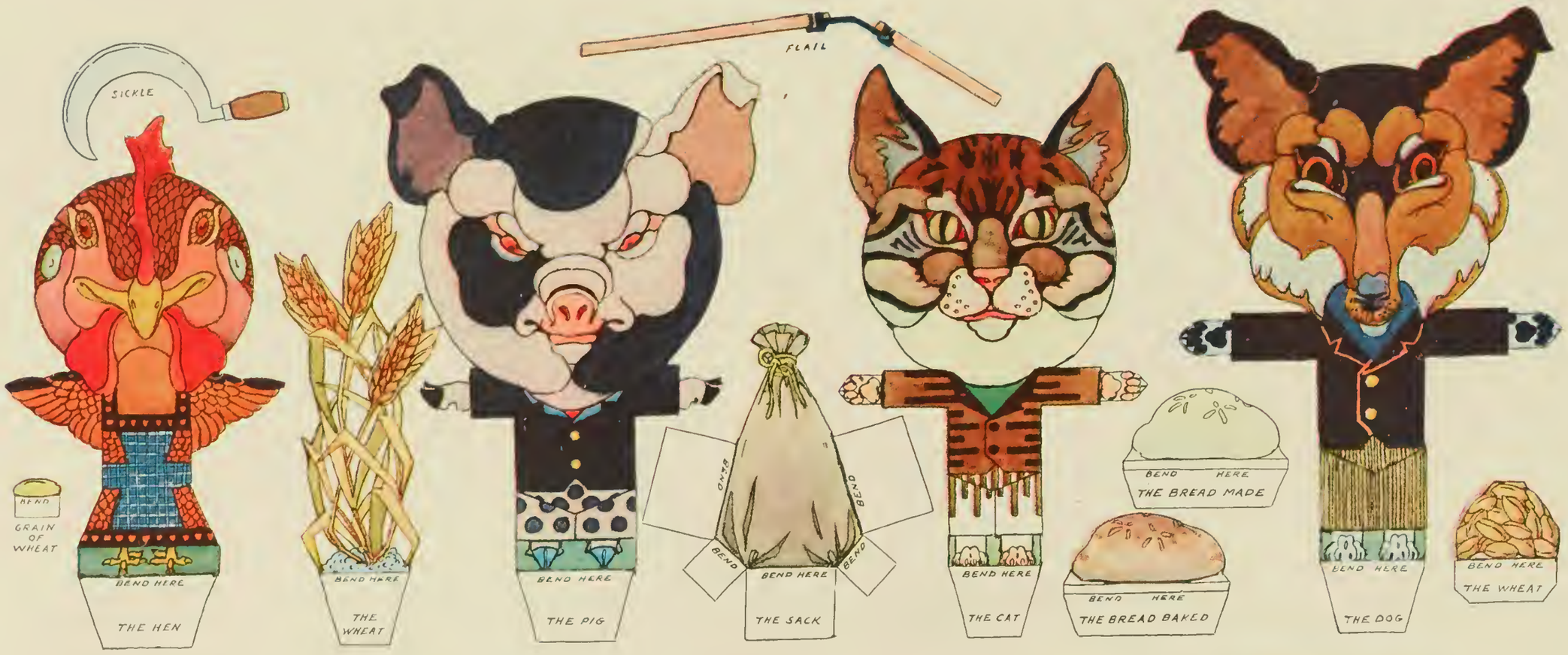
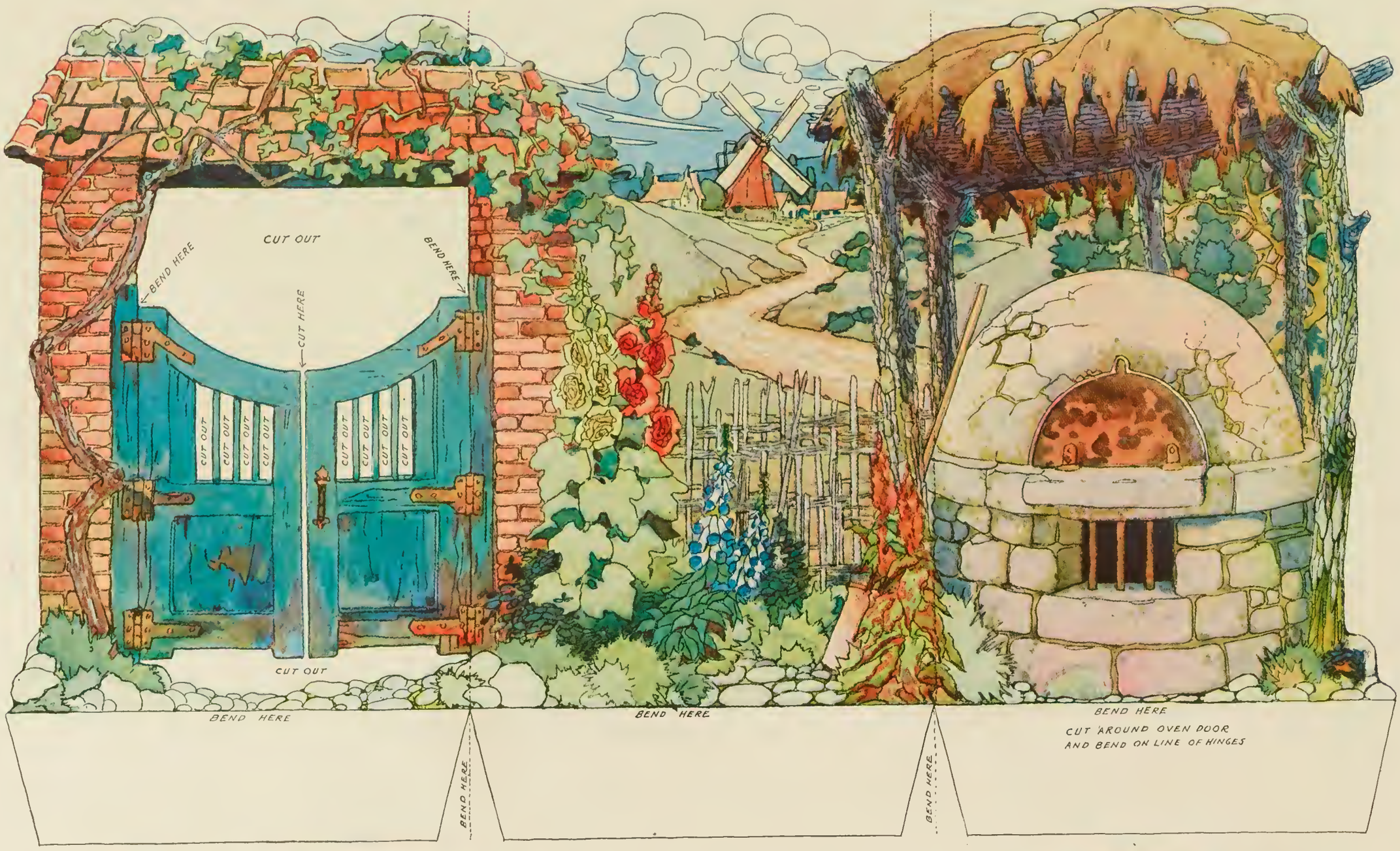
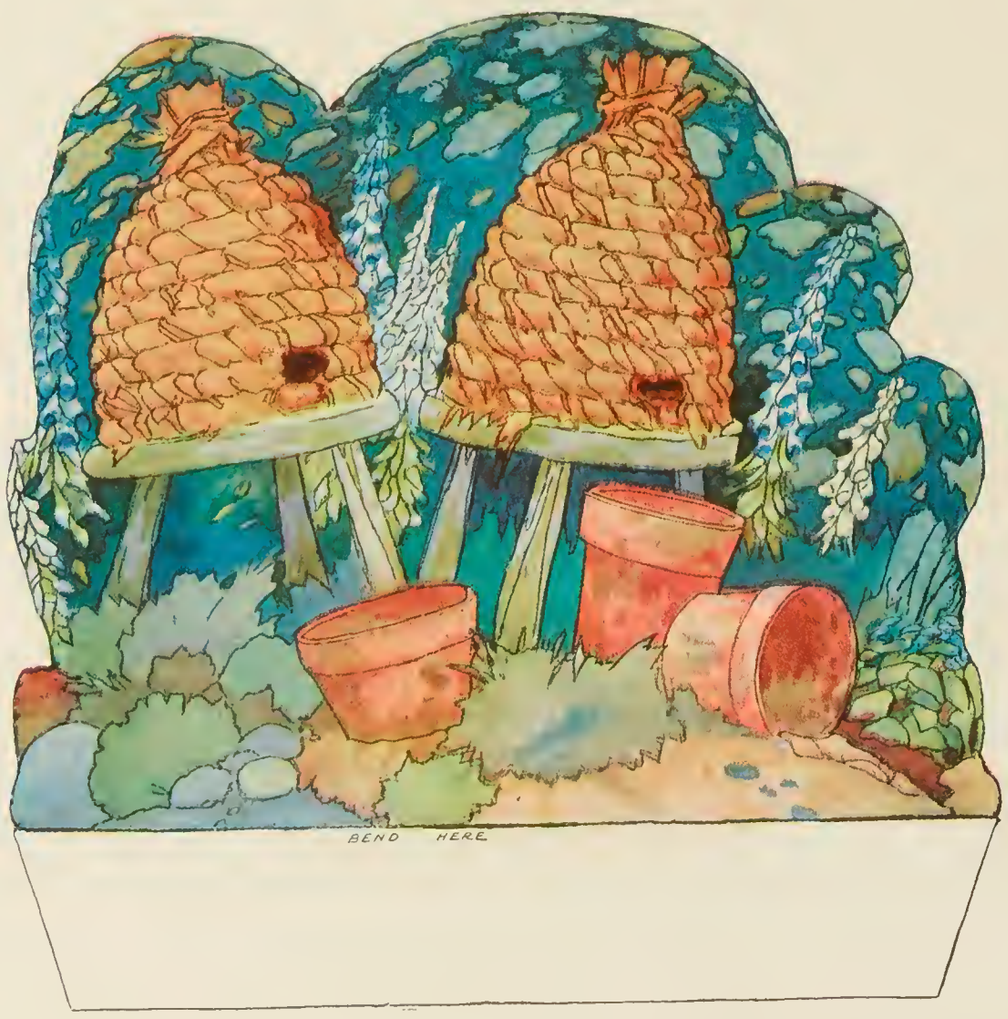
THE DELINEATOR SUNSHINE HOUSE—NUMBER TWO

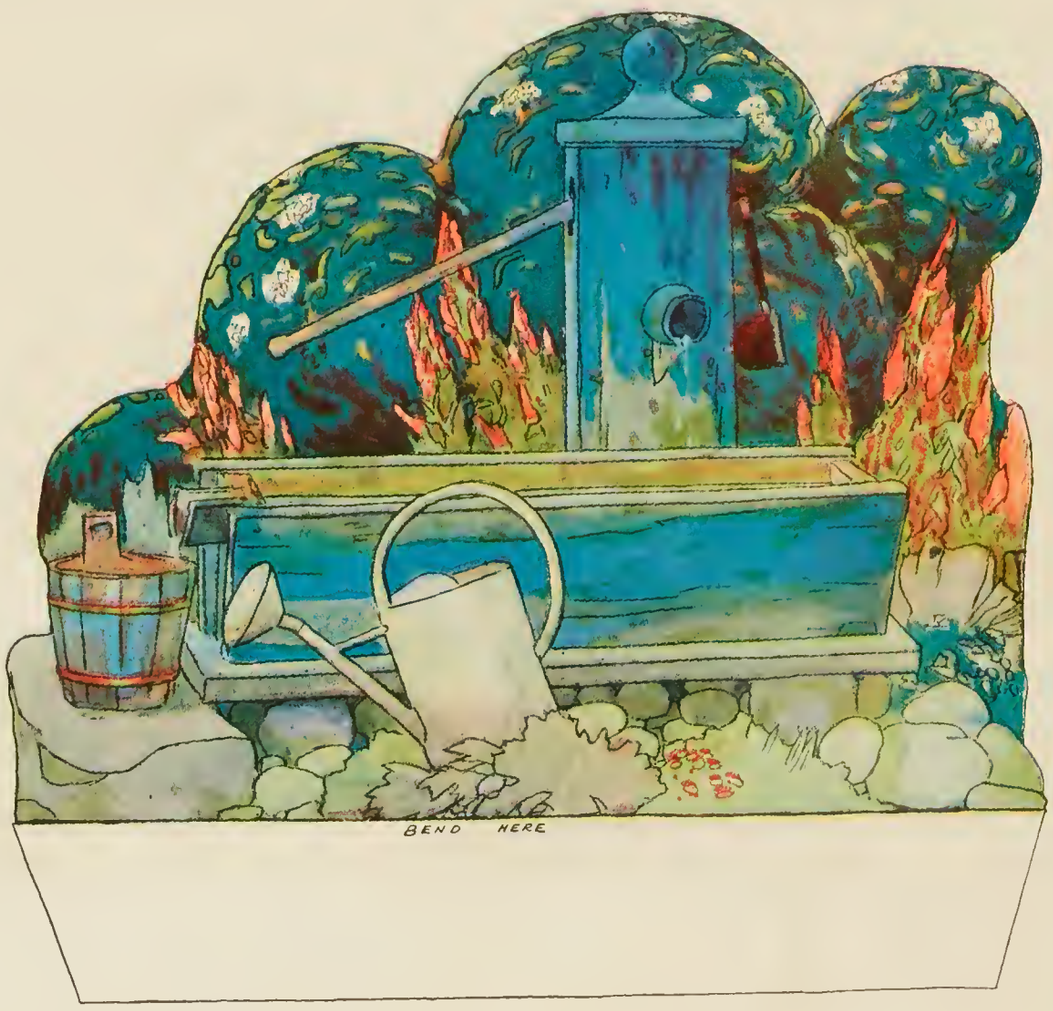
By Mary Fanton Roberts

FOR SEASHORE OR COUNTRY, THIS DAINTY DWELLING OF FIELD-STONE AND CEMENT IS APPROPRIATE AND LIVABLE. FOR DETAILS OF THE HAND-PAINTED FURNITURE, THE WICKERWORK, THE CHINTZES, ETC., *See the article on page 32 of this magazine.*









THE LITTLE RED HEN By Frederick Richardson

A fairy-tale game you can make yourself. The words are on page 53 of this issue of THE DELINEATOR

GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S CAR

BY HELEN WARD BANKS

Drawn by M. A. Benjamin

"GEE!" SHE EXCLAIMED IN HER BROTHER'S SLANG. "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT!"

THEY WANTED A CAR MOST AWFULLY—THE GORDON CHILDREN DID. AND NOBODY EXPECTED THAT THE FAMILY WOULD REALLY HAVE ONE FOR YEARS AND YEARS. THIS IS A STORY OF LUCK, BUT, AS USUAL, IT WAS MIXED WITH BRAINS. YOU WILL ENJOY IT

"LOOK out, Bet; your great-grandfather's got an eye on you," Tad threatened.

Bettina threw a glance over her shoulder at the portrait of the severe old gentleman hanging over the dining-room mantelpiece. "What did he ever do for me?"

"Nothing much perhaps," teased Mr. Gordon, "but his son was my father and I happen to be yours."

"Oh, yes, daddy," Bettina answered. "I know all about ancestors, but what I mean is they're no real good to you. Great-Grandfather Gordon looks so cross that I'm just glad he isn't alive when I am."

"He wasn't cross when we were good," protested Mr. Gordon, "but his children never dared tease him for things he didn't think they ought to have."

Bettina's dimples danced out. "Then I'm glad he wasn't my father, for, oh, daddy——"

"And oh, my Bettinest," interrupted daddy, "let us not go back to that subject when you know how I love to please you and how impossible it is for me to buy a car now."

"Cut it out, Bet," advised Tad. "Don't you see you're fussing dad? If he can't, he can't, can he?"

"That sounds unanswerable, Bettina," laughed Mrs. Gordon. "In the face of it I think we'll have to be content with old Black Bess a while longer."

"But she's so slow," explained Bettina, "and she can't go any farther than the village and the train, and she 'most misses daddy his train, and there are lots of places mother wants to go and can't, and Henry knows how to drive a car, so I thought I'd just tell daddy about the Hogsons'."

"Well, now you've told him," said Tad, "and we'll talk about the weather."

"Don't," begged Mr. Gordon. "It was hot yesterday, and it's going to be even hotter to-day. Let's forget it."

Bettina laughed. "We can't talk about cars or the weather; what shall we talk about?"

"Great-grandfather," suggested Tad as a second choice.

"No," Bettina said. "I don't like to talk about him; he's worse than the weather, he looks so cross. I'm glad you're not a bit like him, daddy."

"I'm not so clever a man by far," Mr. Gordon said, putting down his napkin. "I think I do pretty well to keep my small family going. Your great-grandfather received a salary of six hundred dollars a year. He had nine children of his own, and he was father to every one in the parish besides for the forty years that he was minister here, and yet in spite of that he found time to make a deep study of the history of the State and write a book about it."

"I never saw it," said Tad. "What's its name?"

"'The History of My State.' It's with the books that we haven't unpacked yet. A dealer saw it this Spring just before we moved here and offered me ten dollars for it."

"Gee!" exclaimed Tad. "Some book!"

"There's scarcely a copy to be found. This man said he had searched the whole State and found only thirty, though there must have been at least five hundred copies printed. He would be glad to pay five dollars apiece for all he could lay his hands on."

"Did you sell yours?" asked Bettina eagerly.

Mr. Gordon rose with a laugh. "No, you frivolous young money-maker, I didn't. I have some respect for my ancestors, especially those of them I knew. Why, if we could afford to buy a car—which we can't—I'd be almost afraid that Thaddeus Gordon would come down out of his frame to protest. He hated new things. There were never any stoves in this house while he lived here—only logs in the fireplaces; there were no lights but candles, and he never set foot in a railroad train. He really might object to a car.

"And in the mean time, Tad, as Henry is still away and you're coachman, I think you'll have to hurry with that last roll and get to harnessing. I'll be ready in twenty minutes."

"I get you, sir," Tad answered, disposing of the remainder of his roll at a mouthful. "I think I'll get Bess shod this morning. I'll go to the library while she's at the blacksmith's."

"Tad! Tad!
Industrious lad,
Dying to read
All the time he had,"

sang Bettina as daddy went out.

Tad threatened her with his napkin, but Bettina took refuge behind her mother.

"Now, children, don't start skylarking," urged Mrs. Gordon. "There isn't time. I'll go with you this morning, Tad, for I can use the hour in the village for errands."

"While Tad stands his hair on end and leans his elbows on the table and reads," cried Bettina. "You're just like your great-grandfather, Tad—always sticking your nose into a book."

Mrs. Gordon laughed and kissed her. "Run on, Betty; and, Tad, on your way out, stop in the kitchen and send Sarah in here to me with the orders; she's so deaf she never hears the bell."

Bettina danced over to the doorway. "I don't know why I never noticed before, Tad, that you're the living image of Great-Grandfather Gordon."

Tad glanced from the stern, rugged face of the portrait to his sister's dancing dimples. "All right, Miss Elizabeth Gordon," he retorted with a sudden dive at his sister's back hair, "I'll show you how like him I am."

With a delighted shriek Bettina dodged around the table into the butler's pantry, and on into the kitchen with Tad at her heels.

"Mother wants you," Tad shouted to deaf Sarah as he tore through the kitchen.

Tad almost had her again at the stair-head, but she eluded him once more, dashed through her mother's room, turned back into the hall and, laughing and gasping, opened the attic door, stumbled up the stairs and sat down hard on the top step. She was at bay at last and too weak to defend herself. She and Tad loved this sort of a scrimmage.

But as Tad swung open the door at the foot of the stairs his father's voice called him to get on with his harnessing. Tad hesitated.

"All right, Bet!" he called up to his sister above. "I've got to go now, but you wait! I'll harness Bess in a jiffy and then I'll show you whether I'm like Great-Grandfather Thaddeus or not. You'll see!"

Giggling, Bettina threw herself backward on the floor and lay flat until she regained her breath. It would be at least ten minutes before Tad could return from the barn and she would get well rested before she attempted another chase.

But it was nearer fifteen minutes than ten when she crept down the staircase and softly lifted the old-fashioned latch. The door did not yield. Tad had locked her in.

Bettina called then, and when her voice brought no one, she pounded, and when that accomplished nothing she kicked. Still no answer.

"I wonder if they've gone," she breathed, and ran up the stairs again to look out of the attic window. Yes, there they were, out of the gate, jogging calmly along the road.

"Ta-a-d!" Bettina shouted and beat on the window-panes, but no one heard her. She wrathfully struggled to open the stiff little window, but before it yielded Black Bess had carried her family around the curve and out of sight.

There was little breeze to be found, but Bettina's temper cooled. She was sure on second thought that Tad never would leave her on purpose to a long, hot morning of imprisonment. In his hurry he had forgotten all about

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REPRISAL

BY ALICE HEGAN RICE

THE SENTRY WAS A BOCHE AND AN ENEMY AND IN HER POWER. AND HOW ADRIENNE HATED THE BOCHE! NO QUESTION OF WHAT SHE WOULD DO? ALICE HEGAN RICE TELLS ADRIENNE'S STORY WITH THE UNDERSTANDING OF WOMAN NATURE THAT MADE "MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH" SO POPULAR.

MME. CARBONNEZ stood in the funny market-place reading the latest proclamation of the commandant. Her blond head and broad shoulders rose above the crowd just as her clear, loud voice rose above the indignant clamor about her.

"Be still there, you!" she demanded imperiously of a small, shrill person in black who was pushing her way to the front.

"But read. Read the proclamation! What does it say?" implored those on the outskirts of the crowd.

"It says," continued Mme. Carbonnez scornfully, "that it is not enough that we must have passports to go from town to town; we must not even go on our own streets after eight at night:

"From to-night all streets and bridges and locks will be occupied by a German guard, who will take ten hostages in each street whom they will keep under observation. Should any disturbance occur hostages will be shot!"

A murmur of horrified protest passed from lip to lip.

It was after the fall of Antwerp, during those fatal days when Belgium was cut off from the rest of the world by a wall of fire and steel. Yet Belgium was not vanquished. She was at the stake, but she was smiling with the ecstasy of a Christian martyr. Patriotism was her religion, and Adrienne Carbonnez was one of its most ardent priestesses.

She it was who had kept up the courage of the village during those terrible months of German occupation. She it was who had most daringly defied the military authorities,

She had secretly given aid to the wives and children of men who refused to work for the enemy, although in so doing she risked a year's imprisonment. She had found innumerable ways of circulating *La Libre Belgique*, and had the audacity to smuggle a copy of the forbidden sheet into the household of the august commandant himself. Her knowledge of the German language, gained during two years of schooling in Cologne, where her father had once been a prosperous basket-maker, enabled her to understand what was going on about her, and she had become expert in carrying on a glib conversation in her native French while taking in every word of German spoken around her. In fact, Mme. Carbonnez's one diversion in those almost unlivable days lay in the joy of harassing and outwitting the stupid German officials.

"A sentinel at the bridge means a sentinel at your door, Adrienne," cried a woman behind her teasingly.

"So much the better. I will serve him coffee," said Adrienne, demurely smoothing the folds of her yellow dress.

The crowd broke into a laugh. It recalled the time Adrienne had served coffee, by request, to an arrogant Prussian officer who stopped at her farm, and had slipped enough ipecac into his cup to put him out of commission for the rest of the day.

But the merriment of the crowd was short-lived. A German guard, seeing a number of people gathered together, ordered them roughly to disperse, and smiles gave way to scowls, and good humor to sullen resentment.

Mme. Carbonnez spoke to her dogs, which were hitched to her small milk-wagon, and obediently moved on, but as she went she adroitly slipped her arm through that of the black-gowned woman beside her and caught by the hand the little girl in red who was standing near. Thus, linked together, the yellow, red and black of Belgium went out of the market-place to the suppressed delight of those left behind.

LINKED TOGETHER, THE YELLOW, RED AND BLACK OF BELGIUM WENT OUT OF THE MARKET-PLACE

It was long since the tricolored cockades, so dear to the hearts of the peasants, had been allowed, and even the ivy leaf, symbolizing faithfulness, was sternly forbidden by the police. But on almost every Belgian was cunningly displayed a tiny ribbon of green, signifying that hope at least was not dead.

Past the Guild House and skirting the old Cloth Hall the little group went on its way, the dogs licking hungrily at bits of refuse in the streets. And as it passed, greetings and nods followed it, and an understanding smile passed from lip to lip.

At Cathedral Square Mme. Carbonnez came to a halt and took her stand in the long line of ragged women and children who were waiting for their daily ration of soup and bread. Three sides of the square were lined with soldiers, and from the steps of a schoolhouse which had been taken over by the military authorities, two German officers in immaculate uniforms were descending with clanking swords. After a few words of colloquy with the Belgian Relief agent they each took a loaf of bread from his basket and went back up the steps, to return with even greater dignity and ostentation than before.

"But what does it mean?" whispered the woman in black, fearful of some new indignity to be suffered.

Mme. Carbonnez lifted her fine eyebrows and smiled.

"Hist!" she said, jerking her thumb over her shoulder. "You hear that clicking? They are making moving pictures, which will go into every town, showing kind-hearted Prussian officers feeding the Belgian rabble! Bah! I spit upon the bread their bloody hands have touched!"

And though she knew quite well there was no bread at home for the children's supper, she called sharply to her dogs and strode disdainfully out of the square. Hate had long since become an obsession with her. The sight of the German soldiers lolling insolently about the porches of the gabled houses that once were the homes of her friends roused her to fury. The memory of to-day's proclamation and the results she all too clearly foresaw sent the blood boiling through her veins.

On and on she trudged, through the town and out on the old bridge road, blind to the beauty of the day, to the sharp silhouettes of the pollard willows against the cold blue of the wintry sky. She could see nothing but burned farmhouses and starved cattle wandering aimlessly in search of food.

But as she came in sight of her own little house at the foot of the bridge her eyes softened, and she began to hum the "*Brabançonne*," secure in the knowledge that here, at least, she was out of earshot of the hated Boche.

As she turned in at the gate three tow-headed little girls, dragging a smaller boy, rushed to meet her. With four pairs of arms about her, and a clamor of noisy greeting that was augmented by the frantic barking of the dogs, she made her triumphal entry into the house.

"Bread!" she repeated gaily in answer to the first question. "But no; we shall have something else to-day. A little fish with big round eyes. See, Jean, he winks at you!"

All eyes peered into the basket on her arm.

"But it is so little!" protested the oldest girl, Marie.

"So is our Jean," cried his mother, snatching him up and kissing his soft neck; "but we love him none the less for that. Come, we will fry the fish in a big pan and perhaps he will grow."

After the scanty meal had been disposed of and the children put to bed, Adrienne hastened to put things to rights for the night while there was yet the light of day. For now that a German sentinel was to guard the bridge at night there would be no privacy for her. The order had gone forth, weeks before, that all windows overlooking the street or road must be lit up, and the shutters and blinds remain undrawn. It was only since the cold weather had come that she had been allowed to close her front door, and even now she might not lock it.

But she was not afraid. Fear had died in her on the day they had deported her husband to Germany. Big, impulsive Jean, with the strong arms and tender eyes, who had been guilty of the heinous offense of shouting, "*Vive la France!*" as a small convoy of French soldiers was passing through the town. Three years of imprisonment for him, and black despair for Adrienne. But not fear! In their last embrace he had said: "Be brave, my girl! Our king and our country need our courage!" And from that moment she had held her head high and refused to lower her colors in the face of an all but victorious foe.

But in the weary hours of night she gave up the struggle against appearance, and often stifled her sobs in the pillows lest the children should hear. On the brink of starvation, persecuted by spies, subjected to daily indignities, and unable to hear any word from her Jean, she was sore beset. She was even denied the comfort of her crucifix during those dark night hours. The pillaging Germans had taken it along with her cherished brass kettles and copper pots, to make cartridge-cases and shell-fuses with which to fire on her own people.

To-night as she sat by her window, with her hands gripped beneath her shawl, remembering the indignities of the past two years, she became dully conscious of a figure passing and repassing her gate. She pressed her face against the pane, and watched him moving with machine-like regularity from the bridge to the corner of her garden.

As if glad of some tangible object on which to focus all the pent-up hatred of her soul, she glared at the moving sentry. He stood as a symbol of the oppression and persecution of the invading army. She longed to pick a quarrel with him, to humiliate him, to inconvenience him in some way. Here was a chance to pay back; if only she was clever enough to think of a way that would not endanger her! She must trick him into committing some blunder, into violating some general order. It was forbidden the sentries to talk to any one except in line of duty; perhaps she could make him talk to her and trust to some passer-by reporting the indiscretion.

With Adrienne, to think was to act. Tightening her shawl about her shoulders, she went out through the hall into the garden. It was a cold night, with heavy clouds rolling up from the west. The wind cut her face as she crept forward and crouched behind the fence, waiting and watching. The sentry was coming toward her from the bridge, and she noticed the peculiar heaviness and uncertainty of his gait. Twice he stopped and steadied himself by the fence; then he pulled himself together and came on.

"He's drunk!" whispered Adrienne to herself exultingly. "He will fall of his own accord. I have only to wait and watch the fun."

Continued on page 44

E. O. Hoppé

WHICH BEAUTIFIES THE OTHER THE MORE—PEARLS OR ARM? WEARER IS LADY ROSALIND CHETWYND

Charlotte Fairchild

AS DAINTY IN EVENING WEAR AS IN DANCING-COSTUME—MRS. IRENE CASTLE TREMAN

Charlotte Fairchild

CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG IS PROUD OF HER PEARLS!

Charlotte Fairchild

THE GLAMOUR OF ANN MURDOCK IS ENHANCED BY HER SUPERB LAVALIERE

Bertram Park

A NECKLACE THAT DOTH BECOME A QUEEN—THE GREATEST LADY OF ROUMANIA

Walter Mackenzie

BEHOLD THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE, WRAPPED FOR CANADA'S CLIME!

VANITY'S SYMBOL

BY FRED C. KELLY

THE prices which are paid for pearls at present are astounding. Of course, there are all kinds of pearls, from the most crude up to those of the rarest quality. For the best grade, even a single pearl of fair size may bring a sum of money that, if invested in Liberty Bonds, would enable a family to live in comparative luxury on the income.

I saw not long ago a pearl exactly half an inch in diameter, owned by a dealer in New York, for which he had refused *one hundred thousand dollars* in cash. Think of putting this sum into a single pearl no larger than a good-sized pea, and with no use or purpose beyond proclaiming one's vanity!

Besides this one pearl, for which he can get one hundred thousand dollars just for the asking, the same dealer had six other smaller ones, perfectly matched in size and color. He would have no difficulty at all in disposing of these seven for between two hundred and seventy-five and three hundred thousand dollars. A necklace with those seven pearls featured in front, and the others fairly good, would have a commercial value of more than a million dollars! Yet if you were to immerse the necklace in a dish of vinegar at night, the next morning your million dollars' worth of property would have dissolved and you would have nothing left but the clasp and the silk thread. For a pearl is mostly carbonate of lime.

There are owned in the United States at the present time not less than a dozen pearl necklaces worth a million dollars each. Or, at any rate, they would each bring that sum if placed on the market. Nearly every one of these is finer and more costly than the best to be found in Europe. Not even among the crown jewels of Europe can one find pearls to equal those now owned in the United States.

The wives of three American brothers, famous raw-product multi-millionaires, each nourished a secret grievance and felt that the world was nothing but a mass of gelid gloom, all for the reason that it was a grave question which of the three wives had the most costly necklace. One of the wives persuaded her husband to buy her a string of pearls clearly surpassing all others owned by the family, and now she is comparatively reconciled to life once again.

A wealthy widow owned a piece of business property in the New York retail section, worth more than one million dollars. She sold it, not long ago, taking in exchange a pearl necklace—just that and nothing more. The property had yielded a vast annual income. Not only does she receive no income from the necklace, but the insurance against its loss, by theft or otherwise, is one per cent. of its value a year, or about ten thousand dollars. Add to this sixty thousand dollars, the interest on a million dollars at six per cent., making a total of seventy thousand dollars. If she wears the necklace, say, twenty times a year, the cost for each wearing is about thirty-five hundred dollars.

Most of the value of a pearl is psychological. Eliminate the human vanity and pearls would not bring three dollars a bushel. But, you protest, they have wondrous beauty. Ah, yes; but their beauty is the excuse to buy them rather than the reason. If they were just as beautiful, but so plentiful that they could be had for the asking, it is doubtful if any woman of great wealth would wear them. Consequently they would not be fashionable, and their beauty would be overlooked. Those who profess to love pearls, and pay fabulous prices for them simply because of their matchless beauty, do not admire them quietly at home or in the safety-deposit vaults, but magnanimously wear them to the opera, where they may be seen and admired by others. A woman is willing to pay one million dollars for a string of pearls because she gets one million dollars' worth of satisfaction out of the envy she can stir in the breasts of other women.

IT IS only about twenty-five years since Americans of wealth, traveling abroad, began to note that pearls rather than diamonds were considered the more desirable article of personal adornment by those who wished to dress expensively as well as fashionably. Pearls had been the favorite symbol of wealth and station among European women of refined tastes in dress for perhaps a century before they were taken up by Americans.

To-day, so great is the craze for pearls that the annual supply provided by the lowly oyster meets only a small fraction of the demand. Three or four big importers in New York alone sell more pearls each year than the whole world produces. You see, in earlier times divers brought up pearls in a rather casual manner. When they saw oysters that they thought might contain pearls of goodly size, they brought them up. The smaller oysters were not dis-

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IN PAWN TO A THRONE

BY DEMETRA VAKA and KENNETH BROWN

THE next time Elihu saw Artemis it was at a reception at the house of a Greek family. At the Mavromichalises' entrance the two doors were thrown open, English fashion, by two liveried servants, while another one—Athenian fashion—dusted Elihu's shoes with a small feather-duster. Their spacious marble halls are the most noticeable feature of Athenian houses, and that of the Mavromichalises was unusually attractive. It was filled, when Elihu arrived, with a buzzing crowd of people.

Suddenly a wave of silence swept over all the gaily dressed crowd, and they fell back to right and to left, leaving the center of the room empty. Two of the brothers of the king and his eldest son came in slowly. The men bowed low, the women courtesied to their Royal Highnesses. Graciously the latter went about the room and shook hands with every one. They had hardly finished when the footman announced:

"Kyria Artemis Bysas."

Elihu was very little surprised—it seemed a fitting climax to royalty itself that there should enter now the girl whom he always thought of as his Pallas Athena.

Elihu stood smilingly watching her as she shook hands with her hostess, watched her while the princes came up and kissed her proffered hand. It all seemed so eminently suitable—just as it inevitably must be—that he was not even impatient to be formally introduced to her. What could they say to each other, here in this crowded drawing-room—they who had talked together beneath the stars of the Acropolis?

It was Mme. Mavromichalis who at length introduced Elihu to the young girl: "This is the new secretary of the American Legation, Mr. Elihu Peabody, and a friend of our party, we hope. Mlle. Artemis Bysas."

The ghost of her whimsical smile hovered over Artemis's lips as she bowed formally to Elihu. Before they had time to speak, an old former prime minister bustled up and swept her attention away from the tall American.

Elihu was left alone with his hostess. In a confidential under-whisper she explained: "She is our future queen. She would have been married to the *diadoque* already but for these sad and unsettled days."

Mme. Mavromichalis noticed nothing unusual in the bearing of her American friend. He stood very still for a minute, and let her talk on without comment; but then he often stood still, and was never a great talker, according to the Greek standards.

And yet the world—his beautiful world—had been rent asunder. He had been dealt a blow which momentarily stunned him, which crushed his life as with a black mace. One who knew him well might have discerned haggard lines in his face which had never been there before.

The minutes—or the hours—that Elihu spent at the tea after this became to him an indistinct jumble, in which only one person was clear. The Crown Prince, destined husband of his Pallas Athena, stood out from the hazy mass of other people as if a spotlight were playing on him. A medium-sized young man, he was about Elihu's own age, with average-colored hair, and eyes of an ordinary brown. He was not bad looking; rather of the "college-boy" type, such as our institutions turn out by the thousands every June.

This commonplace young Dane, with a German mother, was the man who was to marry his Pallas Athena. Was he worthy of her? Could it be possible she cared for him?

Undoubtedly he was a likable fellow—and he could make her queen of her people. Well might her manner be regal! How could it be otherwise?

The haziness of the room at last had gone for Elihu, and out of the corners of his eyes he watched the Greeks coming up one after the other to talk with the girl whom they already treated as almost their queen, and unmistakably was their favorite. Soon after this the princes took their departure. It was not etiquette for any one else to go away before them, but as soon as they were gone Elihu went, too, fearing lest he might have to speak to Artemis. He made straight for the bare back of Mount Hymetos.

THE half-lights went, and darkness came before Elihu found himself again in Athens. He did not know when he had turned back. Probably he had covered a huge circle in his wanderings. Now he found himself at the foot of Philopapas Hill, where the royalists had ambushed their cannon against the Allies on the first of December. He thought dully that he had never climbed it, and turned and made for the summit. At the top he came upon Artemis Bysas, seated on a stone, her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her palm. Spiro Millioti, her body-guard, was stretched at her feet like a great St. Bernard dog. He sprang up and saluted. The girl simply nodded, without speaking, as if it were the most natural thing in the world to see Elihu there.

"What brings you up here, Mr. Peabody?" she asked casually.

"I—I don't know. I was walking. I had never been up here before."

An unreasoning anger against Spiro seized him. Now that they were here together, they must be alone. He fabricated an excuse:

"Can one see the Acropolis from Philopapas in this light? But we can't tell from here. Won't you come with me over to the other side, please?"

Artemis rose and went with him. She halted beside a tall up-jutting rock.

"You left the Mavromichalises' very early this afternoon."

"I should have gone away earlier if etiquette had permitted me to do so before royalty."

"Did you not enjoy yourself?"

THE STORY

He was an American attaché at the embassy in Athens. She was a beautiful Greek girl of noble family, a family so old and prominent that a marriage between the girl and the crown prince has been arranged. Artemis Bysas is willing to marry him, to make the ruling family more Greek than German. But she meets Elihu Peabody surprisingly often, romantically, on the Acropolis at night.

Impetuously he turned to her. "This afternoon for the first time I found out who you were—and what you were to be. I don't suppose it ever occurred to you that when I should find this out, I should suffer. From the minute I met you, you became the one woman in the world for me; and now—!" He turned bitterly away from her.

Artemis stood quite still, her eyes upon the Acropolis, which arose dimly above the city, like a dream creation. Words seemed suddenly denied her to justify herself.

Imperiously Elihu demanded of her, "Do you love him, or is it the desire to be a queen?"

The startled look of the girl recalled him to himself.

"I beg your pardon," he said. "I have no right to ask you such a question—I, who until a few hours ago did not even know your name. Only don't you see that the thought of you has possessed me ever since the first minute I met you, till you have become part of my blood and brain? Tell me: do you love him?"

"IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING, I AM STILL THE PROMISED WIFE OF ANOTHER MAN"

"Mr. Peabody, this marriage is for the sake of my people. I must make it."

"You are not marrying to please your people, are you?"

"Yes, of course. My people are anxious to have a Greek woman for their queen. I have been chosen."

"But haven't *you* any feelings in the matter?"

"The thought of myself must not occupy me. My family has always served the Greek race. My turn has come."

"I suppose being a queen has no weight in your decision?"

She stared at him, and he felt his own face flush with shame. Almost like a child he said:

"I am suffering, and I am trying to hurt you. I feel cut to pieces, and bleeding, and aching. To you everything is swallowed up in the welfare of your people, and you can't know that love is fire—fire which consumes and tortures you."

He paused, and then in the translucent darkness she saw him throw back his head and square his shoulders.

"But I am not going to let you go. I have had you so much my own that I would rather die than give you up."

She made no reply to this, and changing his tone once more he implored:

"Must you marry him?"

"Mr. Peabody, you have obligations. There are traditions in your family that must be upheld. We individuals do not count when it comes to traditions."

"In our new world we believe in personal freedom. The traditions in my family have been that our banking business should go on from father to son. I didn't want to go into the banking business, and I didn't."

"Perhaps your other brothers can do it. In my family there is no one else. I am the last of the Bysases."

"I have no brothers."

"And your father, does he not care? Does he not demand that you should do it?"

"He cares, of course, but he does not demand it. We don't believe in that in the New World."

"If you violate the traditions of the past, how can you prepare for the future? You will become a traditionless race, and live only for the present."

"We are free agents," he answered doggedly. "Our lives are our own."

Artemis leaned against the rock and looked down, speaking more to herself than to him.

"Perhaps that is your strength—I don't know. Whenever I have met your compatriots they have struck me as possessing some imperial qualities. It may be because each one of you owns his own life. It is not the same with us. We are hostages, held in the grip of the past."

"But don't you long to live your own life, too, and be happy?"

"There is no happiness, Mr. Peabody, except in one's duty, faithfully and honorably discharged."

Leaning against the rock with a drooping wistfulness which belied her Spartan words, Artemis reminded Elihu of Andromeda chained to a rock and abandoned to a devouring monster. The jaws of the American's mouth set taut. Well, there had been Perseus, and the monster had been balked of his prey.

"If I'm not as good a man as Perseus," he muttered, "I don't deserve her."

"What did you say?" she asked.

He laughed grimly.

"I said that if you were a hostage in the grip of the past, rescuing hostages was just in my line."

For the first time that evening Artemis smiled her whimsical little smile, which was all her own and had nothing to do with the past.

"But you see, my American friend, I am not asking to be rescued. My task lies clear before me."

"But you do not love the prince?" he asked again. This crum of comfort, at least, might be vouchsafed him.

She considered the question for a minute.

"I have never thought about it," she answered, raising her eyes to his.

"But supposing you should fall in love with another man?"

"Love is a very wonderful thing, they say. Do you suppose that if it came to me it could make me so base as to want to give up my obligation to my people?"

"But how can you know how you will feel when love comes?"

She did not try to keep the conversation impersonal. She laid her hand on his arm with an unconscious gesture of caress.

"Yes, I do understand, and it matters much to me that you suffer—only you are so strong, so splendid, so much the master of your own destiny that I can afford to let you suffer. But to my nation I can deny nothing, for it is small and weak and friendless. We had one friend, France, but in her present struggle for life France was obliged to abandon Greece. The other nations have the strongest object in looking unkindly on us; they want lands and islands either belonging to us, or—like Asia Minor—morally ours because peopled by Greeks and steeped in Greek traditions."

To Artemis's amazement the American threw back his head and laughed.

"You ridicule me!" she exclaimed with deep hurt and reproach in her voice.

"No; I am laughing at myself—yes, and at you, too. What other girl in the world would reply to a declaration of love with politics? But let me tell you one thing: I love you with everything that is worth while in me, and I want you with all that is human in me, and not for a million *diadoques* or thrones or peoples shall I give you up so long as there is a vestige of chance to win you."

"Yes, you will," she said as earnestly as he, "because I am going to ask it of you. It is very beautiful to have you love me. Indeed, it gives me a happiness I have never felt before——"

"Then you want me to love you?" he interrupted eagerly.

"Every woman wants to be loved by the man she likes and admires—and I do like and admire you, oh! ever so much, my splendid American, who bears himself like a Greek god."

Then perhaps because of the enchantment of the night, or perhaps because she did not realize the force of Elihu's love, she went on: "I loved you when you were a statue in our Turkish garden, and I betrothed myself to you when I was ten years old. When I became fifteen and was asked to marry the *diadoque*, I sat up all night and cried—with you standing so splendidly there in the garden. But I gave you up then, and took up my tasks. Can you do less now than I did then?"

Her words seemed to the American to make that which she asked of him ten times more difficult. His emotion almost suffocated him.

"But you only gave up a statue, a bit of marble, cold and lifeless; but you—you are flesh and blood—you are the enchantment of all the ages! Oh, my Artemis, don't let us sell our birthright of love for a mess of political pottage!"

He held out his arms toward her; but she drew back.

"You must not. If you so much as touch me, you will cease to be my splendid American." But her lip quivered.

"Don't!" he cried. "Whatever else you do, don't be human. Talk politics, and look like a priestess, if you wish me to remember that you are to be the future queen of Greece."

Her manner became brief. "Good night, Mr. Peabody. Please go."

"Good night, then," he replied. "But if you think I

Continued on page 61

"By special request I'm repeating
These recipes simple and fine
I'm sure all the friends of good eating
Will thank me whenever they dine."

Made Hearty with Noodles or Rice

Prepare *Campbell's Tomato Soup* either plain or as a Cream of Tomato. The noodles or rice should, of course, be cooked previously. You add them to the soup just before serving. This makes in itself a hearty and substantial dish.

A Pleasing Tomato Cream Sauce

Mix 1 can *Campbell's Tomato Soup* with ½ cupful liquid aspic jelly. Then strain and mix with ½ cupful whipped cream, 2 teaspoonfuls Tarragon vinegar, 1 teaspoonful chopped capers, 1 slice finely chopped onion, 1 chopped canned red pepper, salt and pepper to taste. Mix and set on ice for one hour. Served with cold chicken, turkey, asparagus, artichokes, etc., this is an agreeable novelty.

On Boiled Rice Campbell's Style

Brown one onion thinly sliced and 2 tablespoonfuls butter and teaspoonful sugar. When brown remove onion and add 2 teaspoonfuls flour to butter, rub smooth and brown; then add 1 can of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* and 1 can hot water; heat slowly until thick, season to taste with salt and paprika. Serve mounds of well boiled rice surrounded by the sauce. This may be served with the meat course for dinner or luncheon.

Campbell's "Red Rabbit"

A popular variation of the old-style "Welsh Rabbit" and decidedly more appetizing.

Pour the contents of 1 can *Campbell's Tomato Soup* into chafing dish or double boiler. When hot add 1 pound cheese cut in dice. Cook until cheese is thoroughly melted and mixed with soup. Add red pepper to taste and 1 egg slightly beaten. Stir well a few minutes and serve hot on crackers or toast. Just the thing for an after theatre supper.

Inviting Variations with Cheese Croutons, etc.

Prepare *Campbell's Tomato Soup* either plain or as a Cream of Tomato and just before serving grate a small quantity of American cheese over the surface of each plateful. This adds a new and palatable touch. Or toast brown, or fry crisp in butter, bread cut into small cubes. When ready to serve drop a few of them into each plateful of soup. Or a little finely chopped parsley or celery sprinkled over each plateful of soup gives a specially pleasing effect.

A Delicious Cream of Tomato

Heat the contents of the can and an equal quantity of milk separately. Bring them to boiling point, but *do not let them boil.* When ready to serve take them from over the fire, and *pour the hot soup into the hot milk.* This prevents curdling, which affects the smooth and pleasing appearance of the soup although it does not affect its fine flavor and wholesomeness. There could be nothing more satisfying.

Try them all

Every one of these tempting recipes is a treasure for your cook-book and your table.

They are all easy to prepare, wholesome, delightfully appetizing.

They add a pleasing variety to your daily menu. And you save time, labor and expense by using

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It comes to you completely cooked, seasoned, blended, ready for immediate use.

It is an ideal first course, either for a formal meal or the family repast.

It is especially a joy and a benefit to the children or any whose appetites are lagging.

It strengthens digestion, regulates the body-building processes, aids directly in promoting vigorous health.

Order it by the dozen or case and keep it handy.

21 kinds
12c a can

A Tempting Sauce for Fish

Empty 1 can of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* into a saucepan, add 1 tablespoonful mushroom catchup, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, ¼ pound grated mild cheese, 1 teaspoonful made mustard, ½ teaspoonful anchovy extract and pepper to taste. Stir all together until smooth and boiling. A pleasing sauce with any kind of fish.

Attractively Topped with Whipped Cream

Prepare the soup either plain or as a Cream of Tomato—according to how rich you want it. Serve in bouillon cups, and just before sending to the table top each cup with a teaspoonful of stiffly whipped cream. This may be slightly seasoned to taste with celery salt and paprika. A specially attractive feature for a formal luncheon.

An Appetizing Tomato Spaghetti

Boil ½ package small-tube spaghetti in boiling salted water twenty minutes. Then drain, cover with cold water and drain again. Cut ½ lb. bacon in dice, fry, skim out bacon, put in one good-sized chopped onion, 1 chopped canned red pepper and fry golden brown. Add bacon, 1 can *Campbell's Tomato Soup,* and the spaghetti, and season with salt and pepper to taste. Mix and turn into buttered fireproof dish and bake in moderate oven twenty minutes. A favorite dish wherever tried.

Scrambled Eggs a la Campbell's

To the yolks of four to six well-beaten eggs, add one cup *Campbell's Tomato Soup,* salt and pepper. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites, pour into hot skillet, then turn lightly with fork and serve instantly. A remarkably happy combination for any meal in the day.

A Fine Relish for Cold Meats, etc.

Empty 1 can *Campbell's Tomato Soup* into a saucepan and boil for 5 minutes. Take from fire, stir in one cupful mayonnaise dressing and allow to get cold. Mix in ½ cupful whipped cream and season to taste with salt and paprika. With cold meat, salads, etc., this sauce adds an appetizing zest.

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

RESULTS—NOT RESOLUTIONS

COMMUNITY ACHIEVEMENTS FROM HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE

Detroit Recreation Commission

One of the best ways to promote community spirit is to "start something" for the children. This gets the parents interested, and before you know it you have a town organized and ready to do things.

Do you want to do something to make your home town a better place to live in? Send for "77 Things You Can Do for Your Home Town." Address: GEORGE T. EAGER, Butterick Building, New York.

J. Horace McFarland Co.

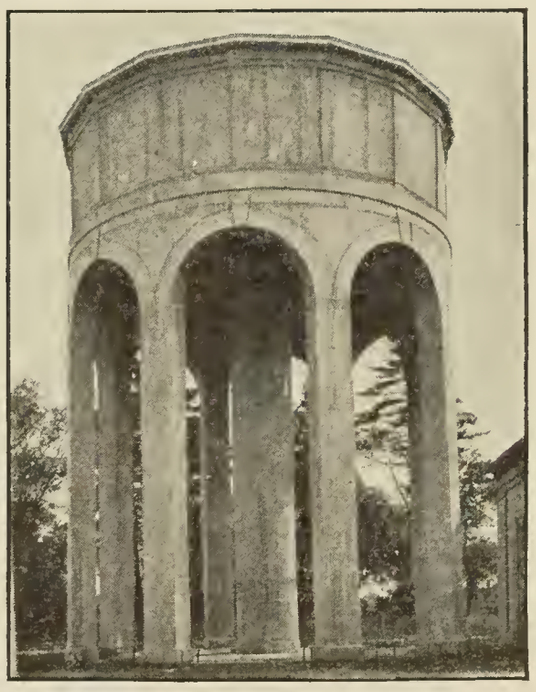
What about the sick babies in the poorer sections of your town during the hot Summer months? How many lives could a band of resolute women save by starting a baby hospital such as the above in one of your parks?

Many a beautiful countryside is ruined by the stark ugliness of the local stand-pipe or water-tank. Such offenses to the sight are inexcusable. Water-towers *can* be made beautiful and pleasing to the eye.

As a water-tank must be on high ground it is usually in full view of the whole surrounding country. That is why Roland Park, Maryland, enclosed its tank with a beautiful tower that is a pleasure to the whole community.

Donn Barber, Architect

Here is how Greenwich, Connecticut, improved the appearance of an ordinary steel tank. A structure of this kind, if centrally located, could be made to house a volunteer fire department and serve as a town-clock tower as well.



A well-designed concrete tank has solved the problem for this town. The fostering of civic beauty and pride, and the creation of a fine healthy community spirit, is the great duty facing every American woman to-day.

The thing that looks like a giant plate in the picture above is one of the wading-pools in the parks of Des Moines, Iowa. The water has been drained out to show the construction. The pool is made of concrete, and so designed that when filled the water gradually deepens toward the center, but is never deep enough to reach above a child's knees. Wading-pools will provide a nice, clean, safe and inexpensive amusement for the children in your town.

Brown Bros.

No wading-pools in this town.

J. Horace McFarland Co.

Buffalo, New York, believes in wading-pools.

Kazanjian Studio

Another advocate of wading-pools.

ARE YOU AFRAID TO ADOPT A CHILD?

BY HONORÉ WILLSIE

THIS, properly speaking, is not the story of a child at all, but of a man and woman. It is the story of the growth of fatherhood in the heart of a man.

I say growth, not birth, for fatherhood is as universal in the souls of men as is motherhood in the souls of women. All that is needed for the growth of either attribute is opportunity.

This is a true story, except for the names. We will call them John Austin and Mary Austin, his wife.

John is a lawyer. Mary is an interior decorator, and they both are hard-working, eager-minded people, much given to quiet evenings at home, either alone or with thinking men and women like themselves.

At first it was a bitter disappointment to them both that they had no children, but after six or seven years of married life had rolled by, John became fully reconciled. He loved their free, peaceful, intellectual life. He wanted no noisy child intruding on it.

They had been married for about seven years when Mary first broached to John the idea of adopting a baby. John was quite deaf to the suggestion.

Mary continued to talk about it, however, and after a year or so it dawned on John that this very dear wife of his never would be happy unless there was a youngster in the house. And so very grudgingly and without enthusiasm he gave his consent to the adopting of a boy.

THEREUPON Mary began that most fascinating job in the whole world, the search for a little homeless child that would fit into her home. The story of that search would make a book—a wonderful book for any one with the love of a child in his heart.

It was a hunt that lasted over two years, and it opened up a whole new world to Mary—the world of the homeless child; the world of the little, tragic, appealing wanderlings whom no one wants, whom no one heeds save those few devoted souls whose lives are dedicated to doing their best toward alleviating this stupidest crime of civilization—the neglecting of dependent children.

If John was interested in Mary's occasional report on her search, he concealed that interest entirely. At times she brought to their home for a day's visit little boys who she thought might interest John, for by this time she had reached the point where all children interested her.

But they bored John. He gave each child a searching look, shrugged his shoulders, and went about his work. And so for the two years.

THEN on a certain Saturday little Arthur came to spend the day with Mrs. Austin. John sighed as he heard the childish voice in the living-room, laid down the brief he was conning and went into the hall for his hat and coat. There he paused for a moment, listening to Mary and the child.

"You aren't putting it together right," said the youngster.

"I know," replied Mrs. Austin, "but you see I don't know much about aeroplanes."

"It's all wrong," sighed the child.

John strolled into the living-room.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

A child of six was standing at Mary's knee. He was a brown-haired, blue-eyed little fellow, not pretty, but with a good head, and eyes set well apart. John gave him a long, keen look.

"This is Arthur," said Mary, a little flustered by John's appearing on the scene.

"Will you help?" cried Arthur, running up to John, the cardboard aeroplane in his hand.

"I'll try," replied John, sitting down on the window-seat. Arthur immediately climbed up beside him and slipped an arm comfortably around John's neck.

"Men have to make aeroplanes, not ladies," said the child.

"Sure!" grunted John with a look at Mary which she interpreted as defiant.

She watched the two for a moment, then slipped into the adjoining room. It was perhaps half an hour later that John followed her.

"Now that," he said, "is a real kid. The trouble with you is that you don't know a real one when you see him. Let's take him to the park for the afternoon."

"Very well," replied Mary meekly.

It was a wonderful afternoon in more ways than one. Wonderful for Arthur, who never within his recollection had been so guarded and tended, but more wonderful for Mary, who was seeing John in a new light.

She was a very wise wife, this Mary. She knew when and when not to make comments. She made none now, either on the child or on John's unprecedented attitude and interest.

Even after Arthur had been taken home for the night she said nothing.

BUT the next morning John laid down his Sunday paper and said, very severely, "Well, what are you going to do about Arthur?"

"Why, nothing, just now. They tell me he is a very difficult child. He has a bad temper, is very rough in his language and play, and is as wild as a little Indian."

"I should hope he was!" exclaimed John. "What do you want, a sissy? But you might add that he is affectionate and generous and highly intelligent. I found that out for myself. When are you going to take him?"

"Take him? Take Arthur? Why, John, dear, I——"

"There you go!" shouted John. "Oh, you women make me sick! Do you think I want a sissy in my home? That's a real boy! And I know you. You won't rest till you get him. He ought to be with us now, of course, and you'll give me no peace until he is here! So go get him."

"But John, there's another boy——"

"I don't want to see him. If I've got to have a child in my home, I want a two-fisted boy, and I don't want him spoiled any further by being on his own. And I know you're worrying about him now. Why, Mary, do you know what he said to me? He climbed up in my lap over there in the park and kissed me and hugged me and said: 'I want to stay in your house forever. I'd sleep on the floor and I wouldn't eat much. And when I get big I'd work for you.' Poor little chap!"

JOHN picked up his paper and Mary sat for a long time staring out of the window, a little smile of amusement in her eyes and of tenderness on her lips. And the next day she went to the organization that had Arthur in charge.

As Mary told John, the little fellow's reputation, as she had got it more or less casually, was that of an obstinate, high-tempered, rather coarse-grained boy. Now, however, she passed by the casual commentators and after reading the history of his case, of his parents and other known relatives, she talked him over with the child-placing expert, who knew Arthur well.

"He is an extraordinarily difficult child to manage," she said. "Two women have tried him in their families and failed. But he is a brilliantly promising child for the right people.

"I suggest that before you do anything further you have a talk with our child psychiatrist. He has been watching Arthur for nearly a year."

SO MARY made her pilgrimage to Dr. C——'s office. She had a long talk with him. I wish I had space to go into the details of his study of the child. But this is, in brief, his report:

He said that Arthur was a brilliant child; that he was unusually affectionate, sensitive and thoughtful; that so far in his little life he had had no normal outlet for his active mind and body; that a child could find a normal outlet only in family life; that the normal family for Arthur must be an intelligent and refined one; so only could he lose his rough ways and develop the sweetness and fineness that were in him; that the constant obstruction and perversion of all his best tendencies had made him irritable, obstinate and hard to handle.

"Remember two things," he said in closing, "that he is not bad, and that if, as far as is possible, you explain your commands to him, you will have little trouble in making him obey. And give him all the love in the world. He's starved for it."

AND so, in this wise, little Arthur came to his home. It was very difficult at first for all three—John, Mary and Arthur. The quiet of the home was disturbed. There was a new and overwhelming sense of responsibility.

There were days when the child exhausted not only his new father and mother, but himself as well. There were days when Mary wondered why she had taken a child into her life.

Arthur seemed for the first month to have no tools, mental or physical, with which to adjust himself to the surroundings of a gentle home. He was rough, unruly and, above all, suspicious.

He took no adult's word for anything. It demanded all Mary's faith in the child-expert's judgment, those first few weeks, to keep from asking John to give the boy up as impossible. But John never wavered in his resolution, once it was taken.

And if the child had not himself finally reconciled Mary to the event, the discovery of this hitherto unknown side of her husband would have. His fatherhood was a quality that came forth spontaneously and completely with the advent of the child.

JOHN was patient, was firm, was gentle, was hard, was wise and interested and affectionate. Mary, suppressing an impatience within herself that was as new to her as it was profound, watched John with wondering admiration those first weeks.

For he adjusted himself to fatherhood much more easily than she did to motherhood. Curious, wasn't it?

But after the first two months Mary ceased to wonder why she had taken Arthur. In this short period a miracle took place with the child.

His rough ways disappeared, routed by his affection and by his dawning conviction that this home really was his, that he really belonged to these gentle, kindly people. His brilliant mind, given plenty of food of the right sort, developed amazingly. And Mary suddenly was very proud of him.

And then she realized that during all their married life she and John had been living on the outside of real life, that within the pale of parenthood only was to be found life to the uttermost limits. After Arthur became truly their own, they found themselves admitted to a new order of human beings, the order of parents.

And within that order they found hundreds of seemingly ordinary persons who were living lives of sacrifice, of compensation, of intellectual problems, of tenderness and love, of which they never had dreamed. Within the first year of Arthur's life with them they had learned a new language of tongue and brain and heart.

And Arthur? Oh, Arthur has become an essential part of themselves! They mostly forget that Arthur is not flesh of their flesh. They even go so far as to swear to their friends that Arthur never was a problem.

Are you afraid to adopt a child? If you are, why don't you write to THE DELINEATOR'S Child-Helping Department and let us put you right in the matter?

MOONLIGHT FUN AT AUGUST MASQUERADES

BY EDNA ERLE WILSON

A BIG yellow moon, fancy costumes and masks, twanging banjos and a happy gathering of young folk form the motif of a poetic entertainment staged out-of-doors in the month of August.

The invitations are printed in yellow paint upon correspondence cards, which are decorated round the edges with a border of sketchy lanterns and a harvest moon on which a laughing face is distinctly visible. This doggerel conveys the welcome summons bidding the guests to an evening in the land of Let's Pretend:

We'll hold a jolly masquerade
At eight o' the clock on Tuesday night;
To the sound of the banjos' serenade
We'll dance and play in the bright moonlight.

The name of the hostess is added at the bottom of the card and on the opposite side is a note stating that should the moon fail to put in its appearance on the stipulated evening, the guests may follow its example and come upon the first moonshiny night thereafter.

WHEN they arrive at the entrance of their hostess' home the guests find the gates spanned by arches of Japanese lanterns, while the sound of stringed instruments and the flickering, gaily colored lights bobbing among the trees on the lawn seem to beckon the way into a magic country of make-believe. A gay, dominoed figure welcomes them and pins a tiny cardboard slipper to each girl's sleeve. The men are directed toward a little white tent on the outside of which is printed the following rime:

Every maid's a *Cinderella;*
Every man's a knight;
Take a shoe and find the girl
Whose foot it fits aright!

When the men step inside the tent they find that it strangely resembles a fantastic kind of shoe-store, for its sides are lined with cardboard foot-gear of every size and color. Each man chooses a slipper and starts forth upon the merry quest of locating the girl who wears its mate, not on her foot, but on her sleeve.

MORE than ever, the scene becomes a colorful pageant as each man starts on the age-old pursuit of a retreating, beckoning maiden. And the man in the moon, even though he is so old and wise, must laugh as he watches from the star-spangled sky.

A romantic knight in silk and velvet and flashing sword pursuing a poppy-maiden in the brightest of red crêpe-paper hats only to find that she wears a small pink slipper whereas his *Cinderella* must wear a big red one is enough to make anybody laugh. A ferocious Indian on the most peaceful terms with a demure little Priscilla is easily explained by the simple fact that their shoes match. And an animated Summer breeze in a short Grecian dress and a floating veil lives up to her reputation for fickleness by leading a black-robed monk a merry chase through the trees only to discard him at the end for a brightly garbed pirate.

AFTER every man has found his *Cinderella,* a certain length of time is allowed for conversation before masks are taken off and identities revealed. Then the couples are sure to find their way down a lantern-hung path which leads to the space reserved for dancing.

This may be either a stretch of smooth velvety lawn or a floor laid for the purpose and covered with canvas. It is illuminated by gasoline burners or electric lights which are fastened to posts. Between the posts ropes of vines and flowers are festooned. An orchestra screened by vines furnishes the music.

The usual dances which belong to the everyday indoor party may seem too modern and up to date to be danced by monks and Roman gladiators and Colonial maidens. The Virginia Reel, the Lancers and the Minuet may not belong to the exact period of the masquers but they are old enough to belong to that indefinite age of "once upon a time."

HALF the fun of a masquerade lies in attempting to guess the identity of the masked figures, and in concealing your own identity. A Paul Jones or a round dance will bring about a general mingling of the guests and should be danced before the unmasking.

A cotillion need not be as formal nor as punctilious as the ball-room dance of that name. Out on the lawn the figures may be simpler than in the brightly lighted hall and the same exactness is not required of either the leaders or the other dancers.

As only a part of the dancers appear in the cotillion figures at the same time, they will have a splendid opportunity to gaze upon the costumes of their fellow masquers.

Bright balloons of all colors can be given as cotillion favors. Nothing could be prettier than the bright, bobbing balloons held by the gaily dressed dancers.

There is a subtle influence exerted upon the personality by clothes. It can not be defined nor explained, but in some strange manner the mood changes to fit the garb of the moment.

WHEN every-day clothes are cast aside something of the every-day character of the wearer is also discarded. The strange costume and the mask make a new person, a being who will dare much which the conventionally garbed individual of the workaday world would not dream of doing.

And the magic potency of the moon, famed through the ages, and the masquerade under the light of the moon suggest fascinating possibilities.

Perhaps the maiden in the flowing robes will give a Grecian dance, and the Indian dance the Fire-dance of his tribe, and the clown present a comic pantomime. A prize could be given to the guest who can extemporize the best stunt in keeping with his costume.

Bits of scenes from history or literature could be staged, with the masquers as actors in costume. The hostess could choose two of the guests to act as stage directors.

Sides would be chosen as in charades, each leader, of course, striving to obtain for his side the characters who would represent the most effective scenes, and particularly those whose costumes make it possible for them to act together.

As the guests leave the dancing-platform they are met by a little sprite in filmy white draperies who presents each one with a paper water-lily. To each flower dangles a card bearing this message:

This flower will open wide the gate
To whate'er the future may hold,
In the little green bower near the big elm-tree
You may have your fortune told.

THE little green bower is studded with water-lilies and bears a placard over its door announcing:

Inside this tent dwells Neptune's daughter;
Your fate she'll read in magic water.

And this the white-robed young damsel inside does as the guests will testify. Fortunes are told by the water method which is not only unique but one that any "seeress," however inexperienced, will find easy to follow, and about which any hostess will be glad to know.

If the hostess desires to provide further amusement, croquet played with phosphorescent balls and hoops will appeal to the more energetic of the young guests. A game of archery at close range presided over by Saint Hubert, the patron saint of foresters, is also in order.

Saint Hubert combines the characteristics of monk and hunter and is garbed in a long cassock tied about the waist with a rope, and wears a bugle in place of a crucifix. On his head he wears a close-fitting green cap surmounted by a small pair of deer-horns, with a cross of gilt pasteboard between the branches.

UNDERNEATH a giant Japanese umbrella, punch is dispensed to whoever strolls in that direction. Presiding over the grape-decorated bowl is a dainty little shepherdess who is assisted in her pleasant task by a number of fresh-cheeked English milkmaids. All the guests are sure to visit this popular spot several times during the course of the evening.

Refreshments are served on the broad piazza at a number of small tables. Each table has a basket of yellow roses for a centerpiece and the place-cards are gay little round yellow moons with the guests' names written across them in black ink. The menu consists of:

Moonlight Salad
Lovers' Sandwiches Romantic Cakes
Sundaes à la Masquerade
August Dew Lemonade

MOONLIGHT salad is fruit salad served in orange baskets. Lovers' sandwiches are made of white bread, filled with pimento cheese and tied with narrow yellow ribbon. Romantic cakes are iced with marshmallow and decorated with orange-peel. Sundaes à la masquerade are almond ice-cream with chocolate sauce. August dew lemonade is half lemonade and half grape-juice.

As souvenirs each guest is presented with a little silk bag containing five mysterious flower-petals, each of a different color, and a small pencil. Upon a sheet of yellow paper are written the directions for using these magic charms which are sure to win the help of the man in the moon in solving all love troubles.

WRITE to me if you would like to obtain the method of pretending to tell fortunes by magic water used by Neptune's daughter in this party. I shall be glad also to send any hostess full directions for using the flower-petal charms.

Enclose a two-cent stamped, self-addressed envelope and send your letter to Edna Erle Wilson, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.

Columbia Grafonola

They Meet Where There's Music

That's where the young folks flock of an evening. In every neighborhood there's some hospitable home where the Columbia Grafonola attracts guests like a merry musical magnet.

Columbia Grafonolas —Standard Models up to $300; Period Designs up to $2100

Right well they know where they'll hear the latest popular songs, and dance to the newest waltzes and jazzes. The pure, brilliant tone of the Grafonola makes it the ideal instrument for the informal dance or party. The best music, the best fun, and the best dancing are always waiting to welcome guests in happy homes made musical by the Columbia Grafonola.

To make a good record great,
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"——and look! Mother, what a long cord there is on the Cleaner."
"Yes, dear, it's all lovely and Mother is very——"

A cherished plan realized—the beginning of real home-keeping with the joy of personal accomplishment, servants and all the incumbent worries done away with.

General Electric Type

To many women with a yearning for real home-keeping our announcements in their favorite magazines have been a welcome guide to intelligent buying. And the electric wiring is now being made to render service all over the house, day and night.

Full measure of utility is embodied in our beautiful tableware which adds table cookery to the domestic graces.

The 7-cup Grecian Urn illustrated is $21.50. Without panels $18.50. Other urns ranging in price up to a magnificent 12-cup Silver Serving Urn at $95.00. Percolator Pots from $10.00 up.

The Iron and Toaster are the most useful and therefore the most widely used of all household electrical appliances.

The 6-pound Iron shown below at right is $6.50. Traveler's 3-pound Iron $5.50. Traveling Set—iron, stand and curling tongs in bag, $7.00.

The Toaster is made in two beautiful styles, one shown above and a slightly smaller and lighter model.

The Ornamental Toaster beside the Grecian Urn is $7.00. The other style at $6.00.

Now comes a clever little motor, and sewing consists of merely guiding the work. The Edison Electrics are portable—use them wherever convenient.

The Rotary Sewing Machine shown is $55.00. The ¾ Size Vibrator, slightly smaller, is $45.00. All models $2.00 higher west of Rockies.

G-E DIVISION
Edison Electric Appliance Company Inc.
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Manufacturers of these well-known lines:

Hotpoint	General-Electric Type
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Scientific Cookery

All the uncertainties are removed and cooking becomes scientifically accurate when you install a General Electric Type Range. The exact degree of heat required is always instantly available and under constant control. Just the turn of a switch starts the heat or stops it.

The Range here shown will do the entire cooking for a large family—do it better and easier than any fuel range.

More than 40,000 families now cook exclusively with electricity. We suggest that you take this matter up with your Lighting Company.

A SAFE SUMMER
IN THE WORLD OF BABIES

BY CAROLYN CONANT VAN BLARCOM

HEAVEN LIES ABOUT US IN OUR INFANCY

IN FACING the hot days with your own baby, bear in mind these few facts:

1. More babies die during Summer than any other time.

2. They die from intestinal poisoning variously known as dysentery, diarrhea, Summer complaint and cholera infantum.

3. The poisoning is caused by germs or decomposing food in the intestinal tract.

4. The second Summer is safer than the first if proper care is given.

The way to protect your baby from this poisoning and thus prevent Summer complaint is to:

1. Feed him properly.
2. Keep him clean.
3. Keep him cool.
4. Keep him quiet.

These directions sound simple, but they include practically all that is known about keeping a baby well. Suppose we take them up one at a time.

1. *Feed him properly.* One-third of the infant deaths in Summer are due to improper feeding. Feed your baby at the breast if possible. Summer complaint is not common among nursing babies.

Nurse him regularly and only every four hours. You must exercise regularly, eat simply, sleep sufficiently and avoid constipation if your milk is to be satisfactory.

Boil or pasteurize the milk if your baby is bottle-fed and feed him with clocklike regularity. Whether breast-fed or bottle-fed, he should have a fourth to a third less food in very hot weather than he usually takes, and an increased amount of cool, boiled water to drink.

2. *Keep him clean.* Remember that germs cause Summer complaint. Everything that touches your baby must be clean. The milk must be clean and kept clean and cold. The bottles, nipples and everything used in preparing the milk must be boiled and kept clean. If you are nursing your baby, you must take extra care in bathing your nipples before he nurses.

His drinking-water must be boiled. He must have at least one complete soap-and-water bath every day and be bathed and powdered each time his napkin is changed. His clothes and his bedding must be immaculately clean.

Be particularly careful about the napkins. When soiled or wet, they must be placed at once in water in a covered receptacle so that they can not be reached by flies. They must be washed as soon as possible and boiled for fifteen minutes.

Flies must be kept from the baby and his food. Screen his room and use netting over his carriage and crib. Keep the eats and dogs away from him as they, too, spread disease.

Keep pacifiers and other playthings out of his mouth. And since his little fingers and thumbs will sometimes travel mouthward, they, too, must be kept clean. Spread a clean sheet on the floor before you put the baby down to creep or play, and don't let him crawl off on the dust-laden floor or carpet. Never sweep in the room where the baby is.

3. *Keep him cool.* Babies and children feel the heat more than grown-ups and do not stand it well. Your baby's clothing during hot weather must be light and loose—no starch and no constricting bands. A diaper, band, thin shirt and slip will usually be enough for him to wear out-of-doors. In the house the diaper, band and gauze shirt are enough and he may sometimes leave off the shirt. During extreme heat he should have one or two cool sponge-baths every day in addition to the tub bath. You will refresh the hot little body still more by adding a few tablespoons of alcohol to the sponge-bath water.

Keep the baby in the coolest spot to be found and out-of-doors as much as possible. A good plan is to keep him out-of-doors during the early morning hours and late afternoon, always avoiding the sun, and in the house during the middle of the day, in a room with the shutters closed.

Put him to sleep in a well-ventilated room and on a firm mattress. Feather beds and mothers' laps are hot and consequently bad for the baby, particularly in Summertime.

Prickly heat, that irritating rash that you notice first on the back of the baby's neck and then over his head, neck, chest and shoulders, is caused either by too much clothing or the hot weather or both. So in keeping the baby cool you are also preventing prickly heat.

If, in spite of your precautions, he has this rash, give him sponge or tub baths frequently during the day. You will find that starch baths, soda baths, bran baths are all soothing. They are prepared as follows:

Starch bath: One cup of cooked laundry starch to one gallon of water at the temperature he is used to.

Soda bath: Two tablespoons of cooking soda to one gallon of water.

Bran bath: Fill a cotton bag, about six inches square, half full of bran and soak this in the bath water until it looks milky. Do not use soap or ointments on the baby's skin while he has prickly heat. Pat his skin dry with soft towels after bathing and use a powder made of the following: powdered starch, one ounce; oxid of zinc, one ounce; boracic-acid powder, sixty grains.

Although Summer complaint is an intestinal trouble, keeping the baby cool is one preventive. If he becomes overheated, fretful and restless, he may be unable to digest his food normally. It then decomposes and the familiar vomiting and diarrhea and fever result.

4. *Keep him quiet.* This, too, helps to keep his digestive apparatus in good working order. You know when we grown-ups get very tired or wrought up and excited, our digestions often suffer.

And so the baby that is rocked and danced and entertained and doesn't get enough sleep is in greater danger of a digestive disturbance than one who is kept quiet and tranquil.

Make it easy for your baby to sleep as much as possible during the day in addition to having a good night's sleep. And keep him quiet and free from excitement while awake.

The frequent baths will help to keep him quiet. Give the evening bath just before the six-o'clock feeding and tuck him in for the night by half-past six. If he is lightly clad and the room cool and quiet, there is every reason to believe that he will have a good night.

BE WATCHFUL

THE normal healthy baby has one or two bowel movements every day. If there are three or four or more, something is wrong. It may be only a mild upset or it may be the beginning of a serious attack.

Don't make the mistake of thinking that it is due to his teething. Give him an enema of eight ounces of water at 110 degrees Fahrenheit containing half a teaspoon of salt.

Reduce the food one-half if the disturbance is mild, whether the baby be breast-fed or bottle-fed, and give plenty of cool, boiled water to drink. If he is bottle-fed, use skim-milk in his formula and omit the sugar. Unless he improves promptly, send for your doctor.

If there is diarrhea with vomiting and the baby seems feverish, stop all his food and send for the doctor at once. Give only boiled water to drink until he comes.

After the attack subsides remember that the return to his former food must be very gradual. One attack of Summer complaint predisposes to others.

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"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

THE TREE OF JOY

the souls of men have been strangely welded to a new solidarity.

YOU see, so many people who never knew before, have found out about suffering and sorrow. There was no steam heat at the front; and no one who's stood there in the trenches with frozen feet wants any one else to be cold.

There was never bread in France like the baking-company at home used to make; and no one who's marched there twenty-four hours at a stretch, without any food at all, wants any one else to go hungry. Most of all, no one acquainted with the grief of giving a boy in defense of his native land wants any ono else to have that to do again. And some of those I've talked with, who've been at the brink of hell, wouldn't send any one also there—not even a German.

Like this, the war has in every land brought a wider understanding of human experience. You may have been fortunate enough not to have had to find out personally. But almost surely the man next door, who borrows your lawn-mower, did. Or it was a woman in the next pew to yours at the Methodist church, to whom this tragic thing happened.

They have told you. So you know. Thero isn't an I. W. W. in sight. There's not a Bolshevik about. Nobody's waving any red flag in your front yard. But the Brotherhood of Man is near.

THE State of Kansas cares as it never cared before about the State that is called the Department of the Aisne or the Ardennes in the foreign land of France. Missouri cares. Annie Northcutt from Knox City is sending trees to Vic-sur-Aisne.

Wyoming cares. Alice Cutting Phelps, way up on a ranch at Burntfork, Wyoming, has made with her own hands at night, when her three children were in bed, the loveliest layette—all the soft embroidered little flannel things and the filmy little lace-trimmed things. It quite filled the top tray of my trunk. I am taking it with Alice Phelps's love to somo young mother in France who may need it most.

Georgia cares. There's a girl in Georgia who would adopt a baby in France in memory of a man who died at the front. I am carrying the first payment of twenty-five dollars that binds the bargain.

Winston-Salem, North Carolina, cares. They've given twenty thousand dollars to buy the motor kitchen that's serving luncheons to school children in the devastated districts.

New York cares. Florence Norbury at the Metropolitan Building goes without her lunch because she's so busy shipping clothes for *régions dévastées*. Six hundred girl employees of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, whom she's mobilized for the American Committee for the Relief of Devastated France, are sitting up nights in New York making garments for girls in France who haven't so much as a room in which to sew.

"Tell them how sorry we are," was the message that Florence Norbury gave me. But the piles of beribboned chemises and the frilliest nightgowns one girl's fingers can fashion for another, will say it much better than I can.

LIKE this I could run through for you the long list of those for whom THE DELINEATOR is undertaking this mission to France. Checking them off in my note-book as I sat in a steamer chair, I found it was all of the United States that cares.

It's America's handwriting one sees on the crumbling walls of civilization over here: in union there is strength. And all the land of liberty is backing the idea. Why, I meet in the Rue de Rivoli almost as many Americans as you may in Broadway or Main Street.

Nor is it only France. Every country in Europe has sent up the despairing cry: Come over and help us! Literally by the boatload our countrymen in service uniform are arriving.

On that steamship on which I crossed were food commissions taking bread to Belgium and Poland, health commissions to cure tuberculosis in France, housing-commissions to help in Italy and Greece, industrial commissions for Roumania, commercial commissions carrying capital to Russia.

Indeed, not a passenger had obtained a passport without meeting the government challenge: What can you do that's worth while over there?

A beautiful woman whose name adorns the society columns of two continents would open her house in Passy. Well, with the check-book of one of America's greatest fortunes in her hand-bag she would be welcome. The builder of one of New York's finest theaters would buy plays in Paris.

Why, yes; these also would serve who only spend their money. Read the rate of exchange. The U. S. dollar leads all the rest!

Those soap signs and biscuit signs of ours may not be culture. The Butterick Building and the Woolworth Building and anything else we have is not a cathedral; we can only call it so. But New York's Great White Way, shimmering and sparkling and splendid at night with the electric advertising of America's material achievement, I guess looks pretty good to the Old World now.

I'm sure nobody minds the American accent any more. The folks who have it can do things. Art is idle and museums are mute before the present crisis.

Not the sonatas nor the old masters nor the Victorian poesy you may have produced, make now the measure of a man. But can you organize relief "p. d. q."?

"Coming, 'toot sweet,'" which is "right away," was the answer from over the Atlantic.

THE world on this side from which I write is in an awful hole—and it's very old. Only America can pull it out.

The task is one for New-World youth and energy, the initiative for the sudden emergency, the daring for the quick turn. You can fairly feel the Yankees' driving force as they breeze past you over here in the streets of Paris or London or Rome. They're going right along, going to get there. And with all this speed, do you know it's the American man who has time to open a door for a woman to pass?

Other men over here kiss your hand. I like the man who opens the door.

WELL, anyhow, it's the persistence and the push and the courage that put up our skyscrapers and put over our commerce, that are required now to put things through. All the Old-World machinery moves on creaking hinges, rusty with the ages.

The *ascenseur* at my hotel is an elevator that with good luck will manage to take me up. But by its very name it is that which *ascends*. Dare I tax it to take me down? There will be days when it will hang out the sign "*Arrêté*," quite unable to function at all.

Only American wheels can be relied on to go round unfailingly. And it is wholly a New-World way to do things at the touch of an electric button.

Europe, rooted in a thousand years of tradition, is able to proceed only by precedent. What confronts a continent to-day is a situation without precedent. My country, O my country, on you humanity is leaning!

America is meeting the crisis with the greatest first-aid undertaking ever launched; millions of money, millions of men and women, and more to follow. Never before has history witnessed anything like it. It's a nation's pilgrimage of service to other peoples. And there is in it an ardor of devotion that amounts to a crusade.

Captains of industry and finance are leading it. But also that boat on which I came brought girls from Alabama and Ohio and Idaho; Red-Cross girls and Red-Triangle girls; girls in blue uniforms and gray uniforms and black uniforms; girls from everywhere from Maine to California. They are enlisted for work some of them wouldn't be doing at all in Montgomery, Alabama, or Chillicothe, Ohio, or Twin City, Idaho.

They are willing to wash babies' faces in a *crèche* or serve sandwiches in a factory canteen or run typewriters in Paris or automobile trucks in devastated districts. These girls of ours are ready for anything in a war-racked world. They'll do it while some one else is getting started and turn with a smile, "What next?"

CAN'T you see the internationalism the war has won, laying firm the foundations for the Federation that anarchy shall not rock? And the United States calling to the other nations: "Come on! Lend a hand! Divided we fall; united we'll stand!"

Any one doing relief work anywhere is laying a brick in this new social structure. All the great political epochs are not on printed pages. The sun that rose this morning across your cornfield, say in Indiana or Oklahoma, shines on one.

All the heroines aren't stone statues yet. Outside the window where I write, Jeanne d'Arc on her golden horse has been a long time done with what she did for her country. Even Edith Cavell is at rest in her tomb.

But there are those whose skirts we brush as we pass who are going right on living now for their native land or some other.

HOW wide-spread is the fervor of this almost universal urge for service to-day, I realized first when I saw how it had got Betty. Yes, I came to know her like that.

She turned round from the steamer's rail. And I saw her face. She's only twenty-three. Do you remember what Vergil called the "purpureal glow of youth"? Well, it isn't there.

All of Betty's brightness has been dimmed. Hers are the saddest brown eyes I've ever seen. Lines etch cruelly about the young mouth. There isn't any more pink in her cheeks. There are hollows where the dimples used to be.

Some gaunt shadow, slipped over the young face, has quite subdued its smiling. The girl, it seems, has just gone gray! What happened to her? I gasped. What happened to her?

When she drew her rug about her in the next steamer chair to mine I found out.

"Oh," she said casually, "it's the trench look. So often I'm told I've got it."

The trench look, as it's called over here, comes from seeing things. Men got it when they went over the top. Betty's been over the top, too. And there she left her youth.

"You see," she said, "I was at the big show—at Château-Thierry," she explained with a laugh. She doesn't smile. But she laughs. And you wish she wouldn't. It's so hard and hurt.

"I could stand it while it was the others," she said; "but when it was the American boys, my heart just broke."

She blew a cigaret wreath out to sea. "I can't cry any more," she said. "I haven't been able to since Château-Thierry and the night that Eddie Reagan died."

LITTLE by little like that, as we sat there on the deck, she told me. And David used to go by, walking up and down and nod to us. David wore in one coat-lapel a Christian-Endeavor pin and in the other a Friends' War-Service Cross.

Six or eight other boys were with him from Portland, Oregon, and Wichita, Kansas, and Philadelphia. They belong to the pecu-

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"IN THE NAME OF LAFAYETTE"

THE TREE OF JOY

liar people who visioned the ideal of peace several hundred years before nine million men of this generation had to die to attain it. The young Quakers were on their way over for reconstruction, to serve as carpenters or hewers of wood or anything else.

"Anything that France needs us to do, that's what we're offering ourselves for," David said.

He used to go round the deck in his high, fine ardor with a quick, eager tread. I always thought of him as marching to Paris to set the world in order. David is twenty-three, just as young as the girl beside me was old.

The night that Eddie Reagan died—Eddie Reagan from Avenue A—above the war's red glare of hell, she faced the white light of eternity to see him across through the gates of heaven. There was no one else to.

God certainly moves in a mysterious way. Betty, before the war, had never done anything so difficult as that. She lived in a brownstone house in Fifty-fourth Street off Fifth Avenue. She drove her own car, and she danced well, and went to the matinée twice a week, and ate expensive chocolates, and required many costly flowers, and had her cigarets gold-tipped.

She was just an ornamental decoration in the world. There hadn't been any dying in all her happy days.

Then the troops began to march and the bands began to play. The girls in her set were getting ready to go into war work.

Could you speak French and run your own car and pay for your own gasoline? Betty could. And she was among the first to get off. But she didn't even know it was self-sacrifice she was going to do.

"I went—it's the solemn truth; I give you my word," she says; "I went for a darn good time."

AND this was what she had: Ten months at the front driving an ambulance for a first-line hospital. The roads were dark and the shell-holes deep. There were nights when more shells fell like hail around her. Then there was the evacuation. There wasn't time to eat. She had to smoke instead. Five days and four nights she worked without sleep. Then she dropped exhausted on a mattress beside a French captain. "I asked him if I could," she says.

In front of our steamer chairs the five little French nuns went by in single file saying their beads. They were White Sisters returning to France to start schools in the devastated districts. Sometimes they took tea with us.

David often walked and talked with Sister Jeanne. She could answer all his radiant young enthusiasm about the new country he was going to see over there. But at vespertime like this the sisters walked alone against the sunset, doing their meditations with silently moving lips.

"They look like beautiful white swans in a row," said Betty whimsically.

Then she went on with her story.

"MY NERVES," she said, "don't seem to be right any more. There are nights and nights I can't sleep. The worst of all was Château-Thierry. We had seventeen hundred wounded and beds for five hundred."

Betty, it seems, was needed for nursing. She didn't know how. But she walked up to the first bed in a ward where were rows and rows of anguish.

"For God's sake," a man said, "could you give me a bath?" His right arm was gone and his left hand was bandaged.

With her head tied up so the crawling things wouldn't get in her hair, Betty gave forty baths.

Then she came to Eddie Reagan. And she stayed. Eddie Reagan had been a bartender. He got a chance to work his way through college. When the war broke he was junior halfback on the football team.

It had been a splendid physique that lay there smashed to pieces. Both hands had been blown off. The surgeons cut off a leg. There were so many legs like that to do, they couldn't stop for anesthetics.

"We had a record rate of six minutes for legs," says Betty.

Betty passed the instruments.

"God, but that boy was great!" she says. "He never even moaned!"

What was left of Eddie Reagan was put back to bed. Betty stood by.

IT GOT to be three o'clock in the morning. The patient had been delirious. Suddenly he looked at her.

"Sadie, sweet!" he said. "Why, when did you come? I've wanted you so. Kiss me, kid. Kiss me quick!"

And Betty did. She knelt down and drew the handsome head on her shoulder. With her arms around him like that, Eddie Reagan of Avenue A died for his country.

"Were there many men you saw die?" I asked.

Betty struck a match to light another cigaret. Above its flare there in the twilight at sea flashed the tragic trench look. It's the gray, gone look of one who's been beyond the veil, and still sees far, far away from here.

"Hundreds and hundreds and hundreds," she said.

Some hadn't any hands. She did for them all that had to be done. And she loved them at the last for the woman who wasn't there. And she led them right up to where God took them.

She got the habit of doing for those in need. After the armistice she went home to Fifty-fourth Street. The Spring styles came out and the tennis-courts were getting ready. But she was restless and didn't care.

"Soon I knew I couldn't stay," she said. "There was real work to do in France. I had to put on my uniform and come back for reconstruction."

"While I was home," she added, "I saw Sadie McSweeney. She's some girl. She works in a department-store at ten dollars a week. Two of it she's asked me to take for six months for some one who needs it in France.

" 'Eddie died to defend them. I can do this,' she says."

BETTY smoked in silence for a while. "God," she said, "Eddie Reagan was great!"

She smoked a little longer. "Sadie McSweeney, you know; Sadie McSweeney's some girl."

Now, where in the world before the war would Betty have found that out?

Oh, I know it's a terrible finishing-school in which things are being taught. There are girls who've gone mad. Some have died. Betty's going on living, but she's given her youth.

The society lady with the carmine lips and the green eyes said softly one day:

"Still, she'll cry again, I think. But it will not be until she's had a child—and lost it." The lady leaned to tie the large silk bow beneath her own little daughter's chin.

Yvonne, this little daughter of the rich, would never let the nurse carry her off at night for bed until David was found to take her in his arms and kiss her. "My dear sailor boy, my dear sailor boy," she'd murmur with her arms about his neck.

"Blest be the tie that binds." David's sweet tenor was singing it on Sunday morning at the consecration service he was leading in the gay-garlanded pink-satin salon.

No, Betty wasn't there. She had sat long in the smoking-room the night before. And very late I heard her laugh on deck. All the Y. W. C. A. girls and the Y. M. C. A. men sang with David.

I wonder if they knew what they sang?

THERE was a plain little uniformed "Y" girl from Green River, Maine. One day she said to me cautiously of the society lady with the carmine lips:

"I don't care if she is divorced, as they say. I think she's just sweet."

There was dancing that night in the pink-satin salon where the praying had been. Betty danced furiously—and the best of all. Her graceful woolen legs with the short skirt that came just above the curve in the stockings I can not forget. I wonder if David can?

Dear David! He stood a little apart. But there was the wistfulness of youth in his eyes as he watched the scene—and the woolen stockings.

"Well, David?" I said at last. He started.

"Do you know," he answered slowly, "I don't believe it's exactly sinful, after all. Only I wish it wasn't Sunday."

Oh, David and Betty and Yvonne and little girl from Green River, there's a lot in life that's only clear on a "close-up."

And where in the world before the war would any of you have learned it?

ANNIE NORTHCUTT, back home in Missouri, I'm sure you'd like them all. Even if Betty does smoke. She also drives an automobile truck out in the devastated districts where the railroads can't yet run.

And you, Annie Northcutt, who read your Bible, must understand there's just one thing going to give the Tree of Joy its best start in the world. It's what somebody in Deuteronomy, or maybe it was in Ephesians, called brotherly love.

Oh, I think we shall find God all right. I know the roofs are gone from some of the cathedrals. But why shut God up for Sundays?

Listen: Betty's been so near God, she's even seen His face.

And the first time was the night that Eddie Reagan died.

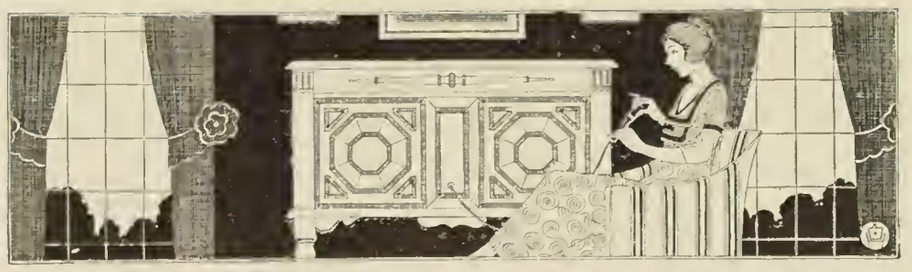
HOW TO REMIT

CONTRIBUTORS to the relief of devastated France should send all remittances to the French-Relief Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City. Checks and money-orders should be made out to the French-Relief Editor.

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.

"TRAPS," A GIRL CAUGHT IN AN ANIMAL TRAP, SHORT STORY BY HENRY C. ROWLAND; "DON'T TELL DAD," STORY FOR GIRLS AND PARENTS BY ALICE DYAR RUSSELL; "THE WHEELER," BY JUDGE SHUTE. FASCINATING SHORT STORIES IN THE SEPTEMBER DELINEATOR.



SUNSHINE HOUSE
NUMBER TWO

BY MARY FANTON ROBERTS

NOW that the world is no longer afraid of color, but eager for it in houses, gardens and clothes, an infinite amount of beauty can be secured for the least possible amount of money.

Also it is well for us to realize that it is more important to have a beautiful room than what used to be called a rich or "refined" room. I can remember how we used to struggle for brocades and tapestries and velvets that seemed essential for the only kind of room of which we could permit ourselves to be proud.

All this is completely changed. The war has brought simpler ideals, though the tendency toward beautiful simplicity had set in even before the war.

One of the most beautiful rooms that I know in New York, fitted with rarely beautiful antique furniture, with Chinese cabinets and old Venetian glass on the table, has for its portières and window-curtains glazed English chintz in wonderful sky blue, daffodil yellow and black, and these curtains are hung at the windows with separating bands of Chinese red.

NEEDLESS to say, this room was planned by an artist, and it would have been one of the most beautiful rooms imaginable even without the Chinese cabinets, the antique furniture or the Venetian glass, because it is made wonderful by color.

You can make your own dining-room and your own bedroom just as interesting if you will study the new use of fabrics, and if you let yourself use all the color you desire, as Mr. Haggin did in his exquisite dining-room on Madison Avenue.

I WISH you would turn back from this article and look at the color page of the Sunshine House (page 17). Perhaps, first, I should speak of the black rug. I have been warned that black rugs show footprints. This is true to a certain extent. I would not use a black rug in a sitting-room where the door opened from the porch, but if a vestibule is used, and people come in with the dust wiped off their shoes, a black rug is not difficult, and in a bedroom it is safe.

The value of the use of the black rug is that it is a marvelous background for color, and also you can take any old carpet and have it dyed black when you are planning to do over your room. I have seen the shabbiest carpets made into the most interesting rugs. Sometimes these black rugs will hold a sort of shadowy design, but they always look fresh and modern.

IN THE bedroom picture of Sunshine House Number Two, old furniture was used, uninteresting and shabby. It was brought down by saw and hammer to a certain general low, broad proportion, and then a bed of the cheapest wood was made to order by a carpenter.

A lovely chintz in white and rose and green, with a touch of black, was found for less than fifty cents a yard, and was all put on by the woman, whose husband had cut the furniture to fit her ideal of a modern room. Not a cent had been spent except for the frame of the bed and the chintz.

Cushions for the bottoms of the chairs were made from excelsior and held down on the old wooden seats with bands of burlap. The coarsest kind of cotton by the roll would do even better than excelsior. You can not think how fresh and lovely the furniture looked over the black carpet.

TO AVOID monotony the low casement windows were hung with rose-and-white gingham, the rose just the color of the tone in the chintz. And there are no more fashionable materials used for window draperies to-day than the old-fashioned ginghams and calicoes. They launder beautifully, are sunproof and exceedingly smart, with the advantage of being nearly always designed in lovely, fresh colors.

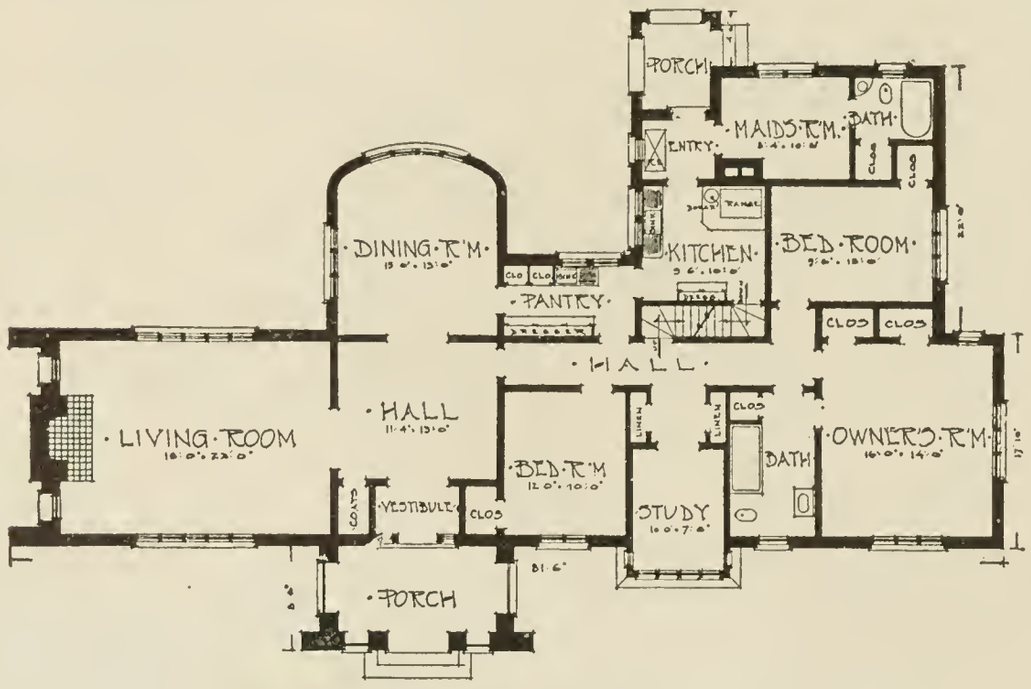
The canopy for the bed was in plain rose. This was delightful against the grayish tone of the wall, and could be made of either gingham or chintz. I think the gingham would be smarter.

A delightful note is introduced in this room in the purplish-blue cushions on the low couch, which, by the way, was made of an old, very cheap single cot. If this shade of blue-purple can not be secured, emerald-green would be lovely, or rose and black pillows would be charming.

AS SUMMER is here, I suggest that the Sunshine House should have at least a few pieces of new willow either in the sitting-room, to give it a summery effect, or out on the porch. There is nothing so clean and practical and fresh-looking as willow.

A charming new fancy is to paint willow in warm, bright colors, that add to the interest of the room or the porch. This particular willow is done in orange.

It is also interesting in blue, in pale yellow and black, or, in fact, in any tone that carries out the scheme of your house. Practical women are doing over old willow in delightful tones, green for the garden, orange for the porch.



FLOOR PLAN OF SUNSHINE HOUSE NUMBER TWO, SHOWN ON PAGE 17 OF THIS ISSUE

YOU have no idea how much can be accomplished with paint and what very interesting shades and tones of paint are now being put on the market. I know a woman on Long Island who made the most beautiful living-porch for this Summer season.

She painted the floor black, the ceiling corn-colored, some willow furniture orange, the balustrades and posts gray, and then she put emerald-green cushions about on the chairs and couches.

This house is near the sea, and you can imagine how delightful this color scheme will be, whether the sea is blue or gray, or black on stormy days. Here, as in the color schemes I have been talking about in the Sunshine House, it is always the question of sunshiny, gay colors rather than expensive materials.

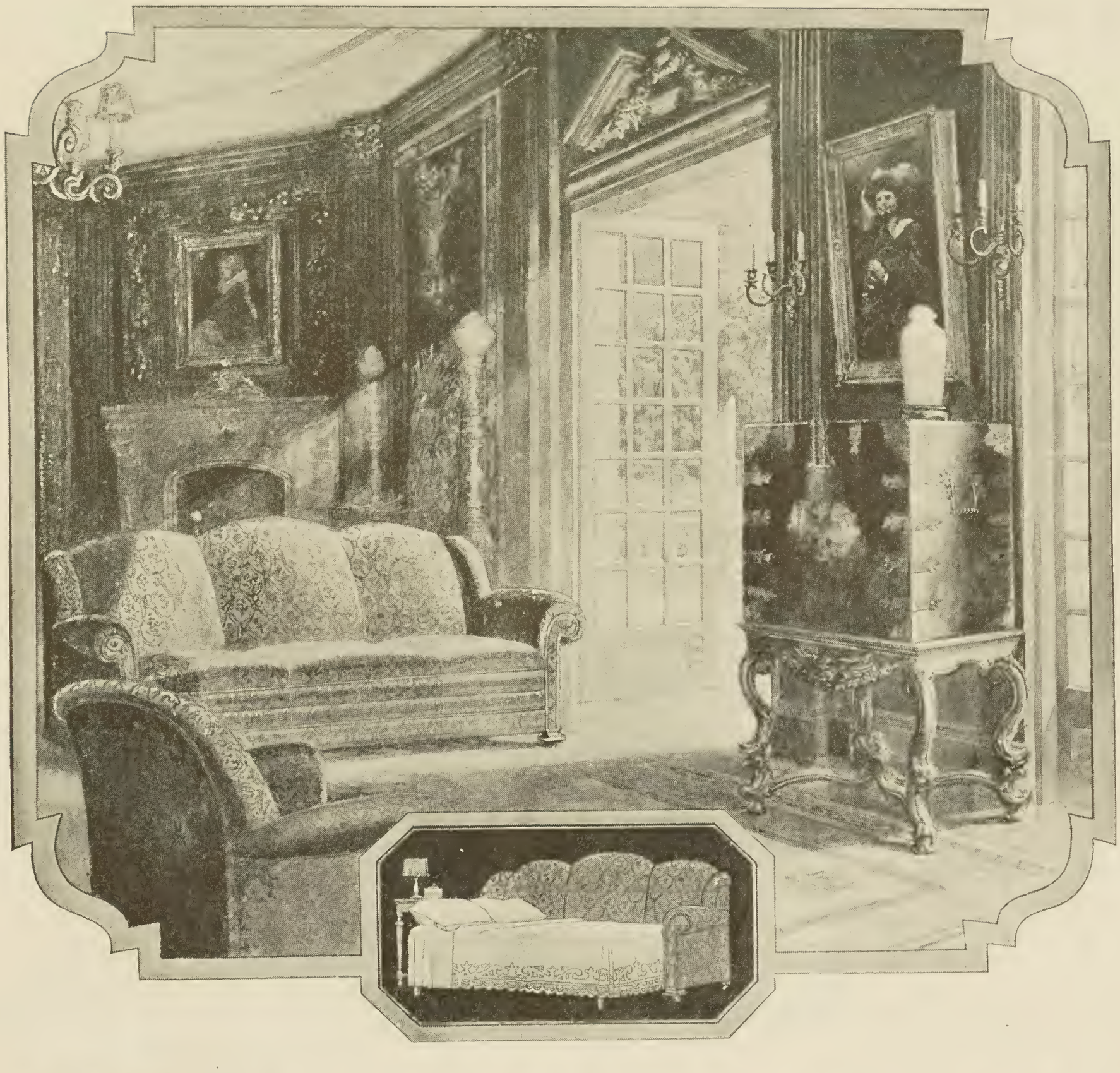
There are also several pieces of painted furniture shown this month. Such simple models may be made by a carpenter of the small town, and of the cheapest pine, and painted black, with brilliant designs put on to match the room where they are to be used. Such furniture as this would be beautiful in the hallway or would freshen a sitting-room.

I WOULD never use a black carpet under furniture painted black, as it might bring a somber note into the room. Dull gray would be interesting, or a dull Venetian red, or mixed tones in rugs that harmonize with the design used on the furniture.

I am especially interested in all the designs printed this month because they can be secured easily—the painted furniture to be made in your town, if you wish; the chintz-covered furniture to be made by yourself, and the willow not too expensive, and lasting a lifetime.

If you are interested in such a bedroom as I have shown and want a different color scheme, I wish that you would write to me, and I would be delighted to help you plan it. Write also if you want color schemes for any other room in this Sunshine House.

THE DELINEATOR wants to help you in every possible way. Further information about the floor-plans for this particular house may be had by writing to the Sunshine-House Editor, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York City.



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Continued from page 21

VANITY'S SYMBOL

turbed but were allowed to grow to maturity. But when the world of fashion set up a real clamor for pearls, the owners of the pearl fisheries—of which, by the way, there has not been a single new one discovered in more than fifty years—were no longer willing to let nature quietly take its course. Neither were they willing to forego present personal gain in the interest of posterity. They took the attitude that, so far as they and pearls were concerned, posterity could go hang. They desired to get as many pearls to market as possible by the swiftest methods at their disposal.

SO THEY brought up oysters, both large and small, and many of the more timid oysters that were not harvested were driven away from the beds by the grappling-apparatus. Hence the production of pearls of any appreciable size has well-nigh ceased. Just as one may not eat one's cake and have it, or pick the blossom and also the ripened fruit, so it is with oysters and their pearls. When you arouse the oyster from its bed and snatch away its little pearl, obviously you destroy all chance of that pearl growing to any size and making a big success later in life.

For five years prior to the European war the total production of pearls in the entire world was in the neighborhood of ten million dollars a year. As this was estimated not on quantity but on money value, the production in the last of the five years probably was not more than half that of the first year—for during the five years pearls had advanced in value fully one hundred per cent.

Being unable to depend longer on nature for a supply of pearls equal to the demand, we have turned during the last ten or fifteen years to the store of pearls previously hoarded by the Orientals. But now this, too, is practically exhausted. Accordingly, if we want a fine pearl, we must proceed about as we would if we desired a fine Rembrandt painting, or any other article for which the demand is great and the supply limited. That is, we must go to the man who has such an article and offer him so much money that he will be induced to part with it, even though he knows that it can not be replaced. That is the explanation of the vast increase in the price of pearls in the last twenty or thirty years. Many of them have risen one thousand per cent. in value, some as much as three thousand per cent.

EVERY new crop of fortune-makers adds to the demand for fine pearls. When a man has suddenly acquired several million dollars, his wealth is of scant satisfaction to him unless he can let others know that he has it. He desires to have some visible symbol or semaphore to indicate his financial prowess, just as the Indian warrior wears scalps in his belt. Being of too practical a turn of mind to wish to dress with conspicuous extravagance himself, the new multimillionaire wears his emblem of wealth by proxy; that is, through the medium of his wife. She is ordinarily quite willing to give him hearty cooperation.

There is a tremendous effort just now to acquire pearls of the best quality, almost without regard to price, on the part of Americans who achieved the multimillionaire class during the war. For patriotic reasons it was regarded as bad form to spend money foolishly or wastefully while great sums were needed for Liberty Bonds and war charities; but now those who have been eager to exhibit their newly acquired financial status can restrain themselves no longer. It therefore seems altogether probable that in the course of the next year the price of pearls will reach the highest peak ever known.

EVEN aside from the important item of human vanity, the value of a pearl—the value based on the quality—is more mental than physical. That is, the quality or beauty is less in the pearl than in the mind of the buyer.

Beauty in a pearl, as in anything else, is relative. The color that was considered the most desirable a few years ago is not the most valuable to-day.

At one time the pearl of snowy whiteness was the most sought after. But when women of Semitic extraction in the United States began to take an interest in pearl neckpieces it was found that white pearls did not look so attractive against their darker skin as the necklaces with a little more color. And so it came about that the pearls with a suggestion of delicate pink became the most highly prized of all.

Another distinct type of pearl, though slightly less valuable than the pure white, is that containing a faint shade between yellow and orange. No one knows when some slight fashionable whimsicality may make the yellowish pearl more valuable than the pink, or the pure white once more the most valued of the three.

On the physical side the value of a necklace depends not only upon the color and perfection of the individual pearls, but on the precision with which they are matched as to color and size.

WHEN a number of larger pearls are featured, there must be intermediate sizes to grade down to the smaller ones, and it is often extremely difficult to have the sizes properly blended while also obtaining near-perfect conformation and exactly the same shading of color. Sometimes a dealer must search the world over before he finds the one or two pearls he needs to complete a necklace.

The value of pearls is so largely mental, however, that not infrequently it depends largely on the chance state of mind of the man who appraises them. The sum might vary many thousands of dollars, according to what the buyer had for breakfast.

This sounds like idle talk, but I know of an instance in which a famous New York importer had attended a gloomy theatrical piece one night and the following morning ate what he afterward declared was too hearty a meal of buckwheat cakes and sausage. When he got to his place of business, the value of the useless articles seemed smaller to him than they would have under more auspicious circumstances. He accordingly agreed to sell a certain necklace for eighteen thousand dollars less than he would have accepted a day or two previous.

The same dealer has had similar experiences in buying pearls in the European markets. When he is in a comfortable frame of mind, or jazzed up a bit by good music, the color of a pearl looks different to him from what it does if he happens to be worried or depressed.

The supremacy of the pearl in fashionable favor has had the effect of making too lavish a display of diamonds no longer considered good form. I am assured by those who aim to keep abreast with the dictates of fashion that a diamond necklace is distinctly not the thing.

Pearls have become so much more expensive than diamonds and are regarded as so much more delicate and refined in appearance that one may no longer wear a diamond dog-collar or necklace and be socially proper. On the contrary, a diamond necklace would approximate downright vulgarity.

My impression is that jewelers who seek the trade of the really fashionable folk no longer even offer diamond necklaces for sale. When they take one in trade for pearls, as they occasionally do, they immediately cut it up and sell the stones separately.

HOWEVER, this condition has in no sense hurt the commercial value of diamonds, which have mounted steadily in price and doubtless will continue to do so. For where there is one person who ceases to wear diamonds on the theory that such glittering display of wealth is in bad taste, there are a hundred persons who have just reached the diamond-buying stage of opulence, but are not yet up to their pearl period.

For instance, the lower East Side of New York is a tremendous market for diamonds.

In a sense, the diamond has ceased to be a luxury and become a necessity. This sounds like a strange statement until one pauses to consider the number of young couples who fall in love each year.

Scarcely one of these would regard the engagement as regular unless the troth were pledged with a solitaire diamond ring. The number of diamonds bought every year for engagement rings alone is sufficient to keep these stones high-priced.

The question is often raised about how successfully a high-priced gem like the pearl may be imitated. I believe I am safe in saying that, no matter how clever, the imitation can not deceive one who really knows pearls.

The story is told of Ludwig Nissen, of New York, famous pearl authority, that at a big ball one night a woman sitting near him in a box spoke admiringly of the pearl necklace worn by a fashionably attired woman on the dance-floor.

"Yes," commented Nissen; "they look very pretty, but they're only paste."

"Oh, really now," objected the woman who had admired the pearls, "you mustn't try to make me believe that you could tell at a distance of twenty feet whether they are real or imitation. I'll admit that you're doubtless a good judge of pearls, but nobody could do that."

WELL, they joked about this, and then the incident was dropped. An hour or two later, after the woman with the necklace had been dancing rather vigorously for a time, and her shoulders became warmed by her exertions, Nissen chanced to notice her.

And oh, how distressing her plight! The pearls in her valuable-looking necklace were indeed paste, for the paraffin, or whatever it was, had suddenly ceased to jell and was streaming smearily down over her perspiring shoulders and back. Moreover, a number of the empty glass beads had broken and left the string half bare.

An unfortunate feature about genuine pearls is that their beauty would be impaired if too large a hole were bored in them for the purpose of stringing them together. This hole must be so small that only a silken thread may be passed through it. A wire of the same size would be so small and fragile that it would be more easily broken than the thread.

Hence the possessor of the cheapest imitation-pearl necklace available may have the same kind of a silk thread to hold it together that would be found in one costing a million dollars.

IF THE proprietress of a million-dollar necklace elects to wear it to the opera, she does so knowing that the snapping of the silk thread through a minor mishap would spill the little pill-like gems, worth a fortune each, all over the floor, causing much excitement and no end of uneasiness to the owner. I frequently sob myself to sleep thinking what tough luck it would be if the owner of a million-dollar necklace were to spill two or three of the pearls down a crack in a theater.

Most of the best pearls come from the Indian Ocean. Fisheries have been developed also in the Philippines, on the coast of Australia, in the Gulf of Panama, along the shores of Central America and Venezuela, and in the Gulf of California.

It should be understood that the pearl-oysters are not the same type of oysters that one meets in restaurants. The professional pearl-oysters are so large that one could be carved and served to a good-sized dinner-party.

Except for the item of size, however, they look and behave about like any other oyster. Quiet, unemotional, conservative, almost reactionary, and of a retiring disposition, an oyster is an oyster wherever you find it, regardless of size or occupation. Any oyster may produce a pearl now and then, but it is only the so-called Oriental varieties whose pearls are of immense value.

Many pearls come from ordinary fresh-water mussels, such as those of us who were raised in

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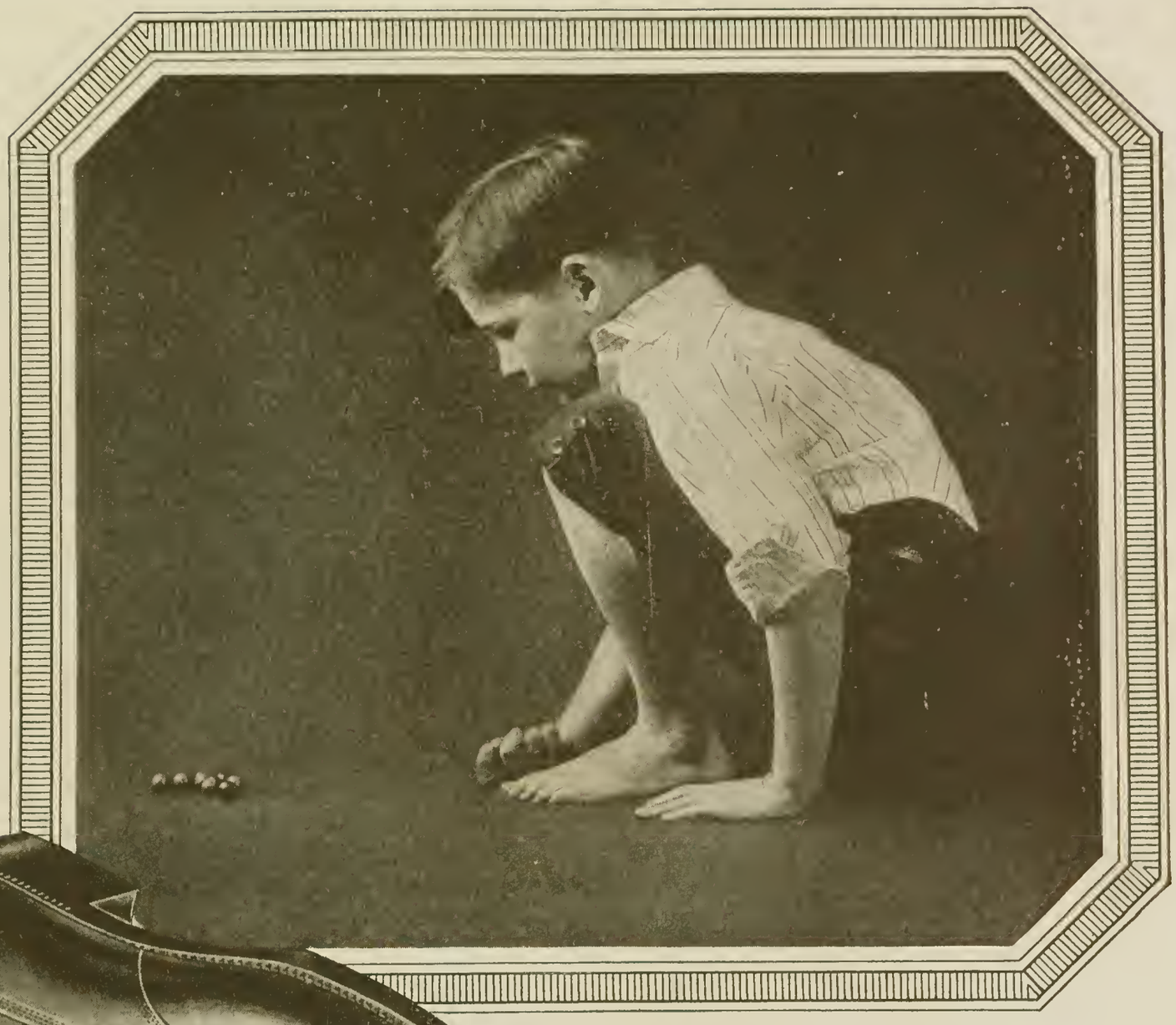

Note how the lines of the growing foot correspond to the lines of the hand. Both are graceful—even the bones and muscles are similar. Nature never intended either one to be twisted or tortured out of shape.

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For Girls BUSTER BROWN SHOES For Boys of 2 to 16

Concluded from page 15

THE GENTLE GUARDIAN

went to school with the two elder daughters of the premier, and became a friend of the family; after that she became the teacher of Miss Megan Lloyd George.

During her brief teaching Miss Stevenson became interested in secretarial work. Mr. Lloyd George knew of her ambition, and he trusted her powers.

He tried her out, during her holiday seasons, in research work. When he needed information for this and that speech or article, she got the data. Because her first love was the classics, because so much of her interest and imagination fastened upon the past, her interest in politics, when she first began working under Mr. Lloyd George, was only moderate.

But the more closely she became identified with his affairs the keener grew her grasp. The great issues, the great personalities, became increasingly vivid, because she had more or less to deal with them herself.

From doing research work for Mr. Lloyd George she began to answer some of his letters, and then she took full charge of his correspondence. From that she rose to the highest responsibility—making his appointments, interviewing people who wish to see him. In other words, she is the chief personal secretary of the great man of England.

IT IS a stupendous task for one slight girl. She has under her a large staff of clerks and typists, and yet to none of them can she trust fully the vital matter of the general correspondence, the still more vital matter of interviewing the picked number of petitioners to see Mr. Lloyd George, from among whom she must choose those whose claims are just and imperative.

Miss Stevenson's placid brow frowned a trifle when she spoke of the premier's correspondence. She said that the letters dealt with all sorts of subjects; that people seemed to think they could write to him about anything.

And then the callers! Again there was a shadow on that pretty forehead. For of the many people who want to see Mr. Lloyd George, so few can.

The people who work under her, the subsecretaries, admire her for many reasons, but chiefly because she is so keen at summing up people from the point of view of their value to the premier. She reads them unerringly. It is said that she has never yet blundered, never yet wasted his time by letting the wrong person intrudo upon him.

"It's a very worrying life," Miss Stevenson said; "overwhelming. The hours are so long: from ten in the morning sometimes till eight at night, and often on Sundays, too. But it is very interesting, and so varied!"

I quote this remark from Miss Stevenson (though this is an article and not an interview) because as she spoke her face and voice made such an absorbing study. There was the anxiety of the experienced secretary to do her heavy work thoroughly; and there her sense of responsibility made her old. There was the zest of the youngest youth in the sense of change, of variety that each day offered.

There was a maternal care for the premier, who must be protected at all costs; a sort of rubbers-and-muffler attitude. And there was, too, the admiring awe of the disciple; the reverence this worker feels for the great man who has bestowed on her so much of his confidence.

AND this confidence is abundantly justified. For no one could, even in the slightest, shake or distort her loyalty to the premier's best interests. No one, even indirectly, could taint her purity of motive.

I think not even the boldest petitioner would dare attempt it. She would feel the most insidious approach, and she would retreat behind her invincible barriers of reserve; behind her indirection, behind that refinement of spirit that forbids a blot or stain. She would be safe from the intrusion of anything ignoble or even egoistic.

For hers is a rare and fortunate temperament. She has the keen brain that can go out in the arena of affairs and battle with ideas and institutions and parties, coming back stronger for the fray. And she has also the sensitive hermit-like soul, that lives in serene, silent places, and is no doubt her real source of strength.

So I read her, and of this I am quite sure: she does not at all realize what a wonderful person she is, chiefly because it is Mr. Lloyd George she thinks of, and never of herself; except perhaps as a sort of a protecting shield to him.

For all that she is so busy, so absorbed in the premier's affairs, Miss Stevenson has many interests outside her work. For one thing, since her school-days she has been interested in woman suffrage, though she was never an extremist.

Her friends used to tease her about her attitude because she felt obliged to stand up even for the extreme ones. And she still does, to the extent of pointing out how well they behaved when the war began, and how much they have helped.

This attitude shows, about as well as any instance could, how loyal Miss Stevenson is to her own sex; and how generous she is in seeing both sides of the question.

IN THOSE far-off days before the war, when she had time, Miss Stevenson used to read a good deal. She likes poetry, Swinburne and Keats and Shelley—the ones, you perceive, who mean music and exaltation. When she was little, she used to like Scott; the epic instinct here.

But she says that to her nothing comes up to Homer and the old poets. This helps to prove that once a classicist always a classicist.

As to fiction, Miss Stevenson does not care at all for historical novels ("Mr. Lloyd George loves them; and stories of adventure"). What she likes is fiction that deals with the psychological aspect of life; with character rather than plot.

For example, the work of Stephen McKenna and Compton MacKenzie. Arnold Bennett, she thinks, goes too much into detail. John Galsworthy she admires, only she thinks he is rather depressing. But Wells she loves without qualification.

I GOT the impression that Miss Stevenson had not gone very deeply into matters American, but that so far as she had gone she thinks well of us. She applauds the chances our women workers have and hopes these will increase during the after-war period.

She spoke with admiration of our soldiers and of the part they had taken in the war. And yet—and yet, I do not think any one of our allies fails to remember that we came in late. They know that it was our coming that won the war, but they know, and we are the last to minimize the fact, that it was their own soldiers who bore the worst of the suffering.

Miss Stevenson spoke very highly of our Y. M. C. A. work, of which there is such a shining example in Eagle Hut in London. She said that she had never heard a word of criticism against it.

The recollection of that remark has been cheering to me. For with five divisions, and in four sectors, and in all three American drives, I saw admirable examples of our Y. M. C. A. work, and was appalled when I returned home to hear of the wave of unjust criticism that had risen against us.

Not that we had not failed in some particulars; like the army, and like every other institution during the war. But our work in the main has succeeded well. All this is being increasingly testified to as time goes on.

HOW Miss Stevenson does worship Mr. Lloyd George! The glowing torch of enthusiasm that lighted her face when she talked of her classics or of woman suffrage flamed into a veritable beacon when she spoke of that great man who might have said of his life, "Alone I did it," but who never has said that: the great man, the apotheosis of democracy, who is the best hope to-day of troubled England.

Mr. Lloyd George is fortunate, it is said, in most of those who work for him, but in no one more than in this gentle guardian, this delicate shield and buckler, his personal secretary. And the Englishwomen who are trying to branch forth into careers more wide, more hopeful, are fortunate in having as one of their pioneers this girl with the gentle heart, the luminous, far-reaching spirit, the strong brain.

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VANITY'S SYMBOL

the Middle West have found in the rivers and small streams hundreds of times. These fresh-water pearls are much more valuable than is generally supposed.

For years, however, their value was greatly discounted by their name and origin. It was necessary to sell them under the guise of Oriental pearls. Gradually, however, fresh-water pearls have gained the recognition they were seeking and have attained their proper economic standing.

American fresh-water pearls of high quality are found in the Mississippi River drainage and in the streams tributary to the Great Lakes. To no one State, nor to any one species of mussel, can we give special mention or exceptional prominence in the continuous production of good pearls.

Wisconsin, Illinois, Arkansas and Ohio have yielded products of substantial value, and many good pearls have been found also in the streams of Tennessee, Kentucky, Texas and Michigan. Roughly speaking, there are four classifications of American pearls: true pearls, baroques, slugs and "chicken-feed."

A number of years ago a young Japanese student attending Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore became interested in the study of pearls and began to conduct experiments for the artificial stimulation of pearl-growing oysters. His idea was to devise means to befool a lot of oysters into thinking they were being irritated by particles of foreign matter inside their shells.

By this little practical joke on the oysters he hoped to persuade them to turn out pearls by the million dollars' worth while he sat around and waited on them. This kind of pearl-growing is now being carried on in Japan. But it is doubtful if it has succeeded thus far on a large enough scale to be of great commercial significance.

Even if it were possible to grow a million pearls a year by artificial means, they would not be thrown on the market, because to do so would make them too common and force down the price.

IF PEARLS should ever become really common, nobody would exchange street-car fare for them. Hence it is not a strange fact that a big pearl-fishing enterprise might be able to get more for ten thousand pearls than it could for one hundred thousand of exactly the same kind.

Though a pearl necklace may be dissolved in vinegar, alcohol does not affect it. Unlike the diamond and many other precious gems, the pearl is not brittle and is not easily broken or chipped.

One might hurl a pearl against a hard pavement without much danger of damage, except the possible scratching of its smooth, lustrous surface.

Soft, shapely, unshrunken!

How to make your precious sweaters stay new

YOU used to watch your sweater get soiled, with a wry smile. What could you *do* to bring it back to life? There was the laundress. But she would ruin it the very first time she washed it. The cleaner's? That way seemed such an inexcusable expense.

But *now*. You can wash your sweater yourself—in rich Lux suds—and it won't shrink! Won't lose its shape! Will come out just as soft and shapely as the day you bought it.

Sweaters should never be rubbed. Wool fibre is the most sensitive fibre there is. When you twist wool or rub it, it becomes stiff, matted and shrunken. You simply don't dare trust it to ordinary soap.

But Lux comes in pure delicate flakes that dissolve instantly in hot water. In a moment you whisk them up into a rich foamy lather.

With Lux, there is not a tiny particle of solid soap to stick to the soft woolen and injure it. Not a bit of rubbing to mat and shrink the delicate fibres. You simply dip your sweater up and down in the rich Lux lather—squeeze the suds through the soiled parts—and take it out again so soft and fresh and fluffy you can't believe it has been washed.

Wash your sweater this year the gentle Lux way. Have it stay new all summer long. *Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.* Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

USE LUX FOR ALL THESE

Laces	Washable Taffeta	Silk Stockings
Crêpes de Chine	Washable Satin	Silk Underthings
Mulls	Organdies	Baby's Flannels
Chiffons	Dimities	Damasks
Georgettes	Voiles	Blankets, etc.

No suds so wonderful as Lux for dainty things

TO WASH COLORED SWEATERS

Whisk Lux into a rich lather in very hot water—two tablespoonfuls to the gallon. Add cold water to make the suds lukewarm. Swish your sweater about in the suds. Wash quickly, pressing the suds through the sweater, but do not rub. Rinse three times in lukewarm water. Dissolve a little Lux in the last rinsing to leave your sweater soft and woolly. Never wring sweaters. Squeeze the water out, and spread on a towel to dry in the shade.

LUX

IF YOU ARE NOT SURE A COLOR IS FAST

If you are not sure a color is fast, first wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it in the following way, first testing a bit of the fabric: A half cup full of vinegar to a gallon of cold water may be used to set most colors of sweaters. Soak the article, then rinse thoroughly before washing it. After washing, add vinegar to the last rinsing to hold the color. Always wash colors as quickly as possible.

Lux won't cause any color to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.

Continued from page 11

THE VERY BEST MAN

matter for verification. Suppose Dicky waited——

Dicky disclaimed any intention of waiting, or any remoteness of intention of substantiating Miss Christy's statements. His manner was of the indignant cleric asked to substantiate the Immaculate Conception. Roundly and hotly he lumped Mrs. Benning and Malloch together as ghouls and traducers, and he added, with more heat, that it wouldn't matter a coal in hell if the thing were true—the only thing that mattered was that Miss Christy was engaged to him.

Flame caught from flame.

"And why is she engaged?" demanded Malloch. "Is she in love with you, Dick? Look at to-night—look at lots of to-nights. Oh, I've heard you over the telephone being put off; I've had to listen to you about a girl's 'difference' and coldness—I tell you you're rushing ahead with your eyes shut.

"Wait a bit. Make sure she cares. Make sure she isn't playing you for a sucker, wouldn't throw you over, like that other poor fish, if the oil gave out. You don't want to *buy* a wife——"

It would have been easier if Dick had assaulted him. He would have preferred the youngster's most vicious uppercut to that freezing withdrawal which shut him forever from Dick's world and Dick's affairs.

"Since you're known as best man you can go on with it," was Dick's final statement. "I sha'n't let her know, you'd better believe. And we won't talk of it—or anything else—again. You keep to your room and I to mine."

BUT Malloch did not keep to his room. He took to the hills instead, those silent friends of stern counsel. Up in the little shack on the slope of old Horizon he stared out into the mists and stars and beat his brain, not for consolation, but for an expedient.

Was there nothing to be done? Nothing but grin and bear it—and watch Dicky's life go to pieces?

Nothing to do? There must be everything to do! If it had been any other sort of scrape, financial, political, he would have moved heaven and earth to save Dicky Ransome. He would have gone any lengths; but now, because it was a woman——

Men were puppets in sex. They let propinquity and fascination work their hazardous will. They let a chance flame, a few weeks' bonfire of red hair and sparkling eyes, consume unnumbered years.

And the bystanders, whose wits were unimpaired and unignited, stood idly by, without lifting a hand. They wouldn't have let him drown. They would have risked their necks getting him out of a burning house. But his marriage——

Nobody, now, used force to prevent a marriage.

It was too desperate a remedy—and yet the matter was desperate. Dicky was mad and should be treated like a madman. Viewed in that light, prevention was simple sanity.

And the scheme that Malloch contemplated had worked once—in Kipling. Malloch leaned rather heavily upon that author's observation. There was no reason, he felt, why it should not work again.

The scheme involved some consideration. It involved a hasty messenger and furtive consultation, just out of town, with a slant-eyed, flat-faced individual in disreputable clothes. It involved many purchases and a hasty trip.

It involved getting Dicky out in a motor-car the day of the wedding. And that was no easy thing.

NOT that Dicky preserved any glacial barrier against his old chum. There was no ice or iron in Dicky's nature; he wanted honestly to forget Malloch's hideous mistake, but of course he could not go to Malloch with his happiness, nor include him in plans for the future, and so the constraint was there.

The self-consciousness between them made him all the readier to accede to that suggestion of a final spin, lest Malloch should think him averse, but the hard thing was squeezing in the time amid all the exigencies of the hurried day.

He pledged the late forenoon and then spent it at his desk, inditing a tremendously long and final epistle. Malloch suspected that it was the swan-song East, and he noted hopefully Dicky's chastened and silent air when at last, after luncheon, he bore him off.

"Not too far—there's that packing," Dicky warned nervously as the bridge shot under them and the mountains rose like sentinels.

"The last ride together," said Malloch grimly.

He looked at the dial. Half an hour to go; half an hour to return. Another half-hour for allowance there. Three-thirty, that would be.

Well, that was time enough. Time to tell her, time to tell everybody.

He grinned to think of the workers at the church. For it was to be a church wedding, after all, though a so-called simple one, with a slight reception at the country club, ostensibly given by the Greeleys.

Ample time.

THE car stopped. Malloch fussed a moment, then climbed into the back seat for something. Dicky bent over the levers.

The next instant something dark and stifling and confining descended over Dicky's head. A stout sack, pulled well down, is a bad handicap in any struggle, especially against a warily prepared antagonist. Dicky fought gamely, but three minutes saw him trussed and helpless and laid tenderly upon his back upon the floor of the car.

And then Malloch drove. He took the upper disused valley road, and he took it at thirty and forty miles an hour, including curves.

The muffled outcries and anathemas from the back vied with the clatter and crash of the parts, but exhaustion prevailed upon frenzy, and at length only an inarticulate oath or two, following an unusual bounce, reached Malloch's ear.

Not a creature passed them. On the opposite road of the valley Malloch could see fleeting specks of motors, and once he glimpsed, over the edge, the tops of cars on the lower road, but up there, on that washed-out mule-road, he was alone with fate.

Abandoned diggings and deserted shacks told their story of solitude, and no vestige of life greeted them until they paused at the junction of a narrow gulch and sounded the horn.

SILENTLY out of the bushes rose the slant-eyed individual of the mysterious conferences; and, sharing their burden, they bore it to the stout cedar enclosure of a small cabin. And then, to the interruption of blasphemy from the sack, Malloch delivered his explanation and his ultimatum.

He prayed, he exhorted, he entreated, he commanded. Then, stooping swiftly, he cut a knot, and fled behind the door which the Chinaman barred.

In the lean-to he paused with his conspirator.

"You understand, Wee Lung——"

"Sure. Understand." Wee Lung smiled amiably. "Plenty food go in that hole—plenty letter you leave—plenty thing to read. No knife. No matchee. Sure, understand."

"And you aren't afraid if he——"

Malloch paused before the other's reassuring grin.

"Sure. Me plenty afraid," said Wee Lung humorously. "Don't worry. You come back, him same you leave him."

Malloch knew his Wee Lung He did not worry—not about him.

But as to his poor Dicky, well, he had left him all the other girl's letters—and that last epistle to her, saved from the mail. With solitude and reflection and time and Dicky's pliable humors——

He tramped back to the car and started on the return. It was after ten miles and immediately after a corduroy bridge that Nature revolted. Something snapped.

THIRTY minutes convinced him that it was a definite break. Thirty more exhausted the resources of the region for substitutes. And it was four o'clock and he was twenty-five miles from town.

No hope of succor on that road. Swiftly he struck down, over the ledge, to the one below. It did not take long to assure himself that he had chosen an unfavorable spot for the descent, but he got there ultimately and strode on.

Nobody else, it appeared, was traveling. He had the road and the valley and the beautiful oncoming evening all to himself.

By six o'clock he felt sure he had covered eight of the twenty-five miles. At six-fifteen a car passed going the other way and refused to stop.

At six-thirty a creaking chariot overtook and conveyed him. At seven the alleged automobile stopped. At seven-thirty it consented to continue.

At eight-fifteen a wild-eyed young man, who had mistakenly overestimated his ability to play Providence, was deposited at the rear of St. Martin's Church. The wedding was for eight.

Motors lined the curb; late arrivals were whisking in the opened doors; heads were outlined against the lighted windows; and over the murmur of sound pealed the organ's patient roll.

Had no one found out that they were absent? Had no one waited—delayed? Was the bridal party here? The clergyman? He was the one to find, to stop things!

Malloch darted in the private entrance, and was perceived by a pop-eyed youth who waved an excited white-gloved hand at him and disappeared like a jack-in-the-box.

Malloch jerked open a door into an empty study; he tossed off his coat and passed a distracted hand across his rumpled hair. Then he strode on.

He opened another door. He was looking into the church. A janitor sort of person was sharing the privilege with him, and together they peered into the blaze of light and color and bedecked human beings.

The elderly clergyman, in full robes, his book opened, was standing before the flower-banked altar, facing the assembly.

MALLOCH had an insane idea that he must get to him at once, and give him some message, some excuse, to disperse that expectancy. It had the insistence of an obligation in a nightmare; and, feeling the same quality of unreality in the moment, he stepped through the doors.

At the same moment he was conscious that the organ's notes had changed and a familiar rhythm was swelling and sinking in persistent announcement.

What had happened? He stared out—heads were turning the other way. Something was advancing down the aisle.

Then he realized. That pop-eyed idiot who had glimpsed his entrance had supposed him accompanied by the groom, and almost immediately had given the signal for the advance.

Nerves must have been terribly on edge, stretched by the tension and delay.

As if paralyzed, he stood rooted; then he saw Carrie Greeley's blonde head emerge above the crowd and saw her swing confidently into position. Then he roused from his coma and strode frantically toward the clergyman and began a passionate and furious whispering.

"He is ill—he can not come—there has been an accident——"

In dignity and rebuke the man inclined his head, but only to murmur: "Your place is here—to the right," and only a mild surprise shone in the ministerial eyes.

And that surprise, Malloch perceived, was as much for his attire as for himself. Swiftly he recollected that the clergyman had scarcely met them and probably looked upon him as the groom—a belated, afternoon-clothed and best-manless groom.

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THE VERY BEST MAN

"At the right—here," he breathed again.

Desperately Malloch faced the congregation. He had a notion that he ought to raise his hand for silence and announce the thing—but he would have to wait for the music to stop. He felt the eyes fasten on him. His own stared blindly.

ROSES and white orchids, fluttering sweet-peas, floating on impalpable ribbon wisps.

A bride's bouquet, showering its fragile fantasies, and above it a cloud of tulle, shrouding a bent head. A wraith, an apparition, ethereal and exquisite, advancing upon the arm of Colonel Greeley.

The apparition floated to his side. The bent head lifted. Behind the filmy tulle Miss Christy's terror-struck glance challenged his own.

He had not stopped her. And she was there, at the altar, a target of surmise, transfixed already by the curious.

And Malloch remembered oddly a white moth, a lovely, winged creature, impaled, that some one had shown him exultantly, and he saw again the sudden stillness before the agonized beating and fluttering.

So she stood now, stiff and piereed.

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in——"

Over them the words poured, like a meaningless river. Memory and mind were blank, except for that resolve not to leave her there on the rapier-points of glances.

Dicky had asked for a short service.

"I, Richard, take thee, Anne——"

"I"—Malloch swallowed. He reflected that the thing could all be annulled, and he could settle endless oil upon her—"I—take thee, Anne——"

Behind him he was suddenly conscious of a slow gasp as if a great many people had been holding their breaths till they could endure no more. Not a sound else. Not a whisper. Silence as tense as at an execution.

"I, ANNE, take thee——"

Her voice was low and muted but unfaltering. And the river of words flowed on.

He felt like a sleep-walker. The pressure on his brain was like that awful moment when consciousness is returning and the victim assures himself that the horror is false, that it will lift.

But this horror never lifted. With the set precision of drama it moved to its fulfilment.

A ring had been produced—the thoughtful clergyman always earried one—and put on. They had knelt. They had risen.

And then suddenly the stream of sonorous words had ceased.

The bride turned toward her maid. Miss Greeley flung back the tulle; slowly the bright head turned and Malloch met eyes as blank and unseeing as he felt his own must be. They kissed with lips as cold as glaciers.

Back, up the aisle, arm in arm, through a church of stone images coming to life, the organ jubilating above a din of rising voices.

ONE advantage of the church wedding over the home is that moment's respite from the crowd. In the vestry they did not pause for their friends to overtake them.

Malloch caught her by the arm and rushed her to the limousine starting in readiness. Briskly he ordered out the man.

"I'll drive."

And drive he did, but not to the lighted and expectant country club. He took the road to the shack up old Horizon. It was the only spot on earth where reporters and telephones and friends would not bombard them.

And still she did not speak. She was a remarkable creature.

It was a steep grade, but he made it in three-quarters of an hour. The long, lovely twilight was still flooding the wide room as he flung the door open for her and followed her within.

For a moment he stood looking about him, at the cold ashes in the hearth, and the dusty bearskins, and the comfortable confusion of great chairs and books and pipes and dishes, and then he looked back at her, in the center of it all, incongruous and unreal as some ghostly Lady of the Lake, in her drowned veils. And now he heard her bouquet shake like withered leaves in the stiff hands she could not keep from trembling.

"You're cold," he said quickly, but she shook her head.

"Sit down."

He found a chair and cushions, and flung open a window on painted sky.

And then he told her. He gave her the whole thing, beginning with Mrs. Benning and ending with the Chinaman.

SHE neither stormed nor wept nor reviled. Her bouquet still shivered a little, but all in the world she said was, faintly half lightly:

"My poor Dick! How you cared for him!"

"Tell me"— Malloch was leaning forward, his face haggard, his voice harsh—"tell me—did you care for him?"

As he waited his own hands shook. For that was the crux of the matter.

It was the difference between playing ape and playing the fool. If—after all—he had misjudged——

In the moment's pause he fortified himself with memories of her scornful smile, her negligent, ironic eyes watching poor Dicky floundering through the maze of his slavery.

So he reassured yet braced himself.

She took her time to answer, but her words came with sudden violence:

"Never! Not—his way. Not—my way."

And she made that revelation in the bridal white she had donned to marry the object of her indifference!

As if she read his thoughts, her face quivered. The blood came back to it, the fire to her eyes.

"If you had let me alone!" she said desperately, yet half under her breath. "I might—I might have cared—Dick was a dear! But you were always there, mocking.

"You hated me. Because I took him from you. Because you disbelieved in me. I knew.

"You thought I was going to make him miserable—but I wasn't. I only wanted you to think so.

"I wanted to hurt you—even through him—the only way I could. That was why I played with him—that was why I accepted him that very night!"

SHE gave his astoundedness the thin ghost of her defiant smile.

"You didn't know you mattered so much, did you? But there was always something about you that made me feel——

"You can imagine what I have been through," she added in a quieter tone. "There are so many Mrs. Bennings! And, of course, I deserved it all. She can have told you nothing worse than the truth. I was going to marry that boy for his money.

"Just ambition and a wild desire to get away from an aunt I hated. But I hated the marriage more. I tried to break it off, but he wouldn't listen.

"Then when the crash came, and every scrap of honor in me tried to whip me into line, I was only terribly glad that something, anything, was at last making him give me the way out. For he suggested that he mustn't keep me.

"I begged him to forgive me. And he killed himself.

"I hate him for it," she said, a fierce throb in her voice. "It was so *mean*.

"And it wasn't all for me. It was the money, too. He always said he couldn't work. He was always soft."

Her eyes swept Malloch stormily.

"But I would have died to bring him back," she vowed. "I suffered agonies. What people said wasn't the worst. Yet there, at the desk, when she gave me that picture—and I felt your eyes on me— Just when I thought that no one knew and I could be happy and forget!"

HER lips quivered, but with irony. "And I had been looking forward to knowing you—really knowing you— Just those few words before— But I wouldn't run away. I meant to stay and marry Dick to punish you.

"But, oh, I truly meant to make him happy. Truly, truly. And it was so bitter that I couldn't care, not even for him, when he was so dear and devoted.

"I was always on the outside of life, laughing, pretending, making believe. I said the right one would come along, but he never did, and so I tried to pretend over Dick—I would never have failed *him*—and yet nothing was ever real to me—nothing, nothing!"

The tense voice snapped. The bright head went down upon the table and its veil and orange-blossoms quivered with her weeping.

And of all the ten thousand things that Malloch might have said to comfort her he heard himself saying, very unsteadily, "My dear, my dear, he would never have made you happy——"

And a moment later, his hand on that shaken head: "My dear, *this* is real—from the very beginning—only we did not know and tore at each other——"

MRS. BENNING sat in the alcove, watching the couples circle by. Beside her a young man in naval uniform fixed his interested eyes upon the pair that was her theme.

"It was all arranged between them," Mrs. Benning was murmuring. "Between the men, I mean.

"There had always been another girl, in the East—I'd known all about *that*—and at the last moment he simply bolted to her. The engagement has just been announced—I believe they are to live in the East.

"But Mr. Malloch, to get him out of it, agreed to take his place. Odd, isn't it, what men will do for each other? But, of course, she is a beautiful creature——"

Mrs. Benning paused. No murmur of denial came from the ensign's lips.

"Oh, yes," he said fervently.

"And so"— Mrs. Benning's tone betrayed her perception of the weak metal of his sex—"so I suppose he doesn't mind and enjoys having her spend his money. They have just returned from Japan—but fancy behaving as if it were a love-match!"

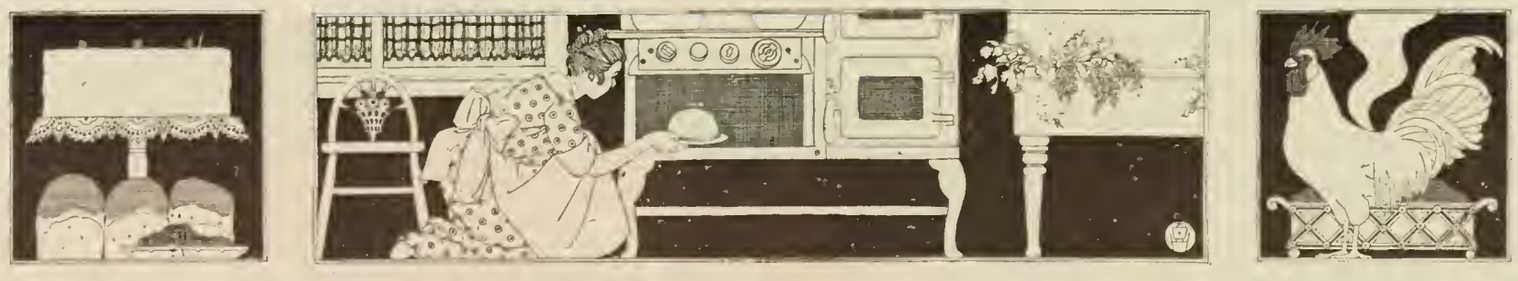
Beholding the crescent curve of the face upturned against Malloch's breast, the ensign only murmured, unintelligibly, that they seemed to fancy it very much!

As indeed they did.

THE AUTHOR: VICENTE BLASCO IBÁÑEZ, WHO RODE INTO GREATNESS OVERNIGHT WITH "THE FOUR HORSEMEN OF THE APOCALYPSE."

THE SUBJECT: "THE LAND OF BLUFF." (IS THERE SUCH A LAND? IF SO, WHERE IS IT; WHAT IS IT?)

THE MAGAZINE: THE DELINEATOR FOR SEPTEMBER.



TAKE IT EASY, HOME COOKS
YOU CAN—YET TEMPT THE FAMILY

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

WHO wants to do elaborate cooking in "dog days"? Who wants to eat it, either? The dishes mentioned in these menus are easy to prepare and serve in a dainty way. They are nourishing, too. Below are given as many of the recipes as space allows.

CANAPÉ OF ANCHOVY

USE prepared anchovy paste or reduce anchovies to a smooth paste with a wooden spoon. Season with lemon-juice and spread the paste on a prepared piece of bread.

To prepare the bread cut it in quarter-inch slices and then shape it with a cutter into circles, squares, triangles or rings. Set these pieces of bread in the oven to brown or sauté them in just enough fat to keep them from burning.

When the paste has been smoothly spread over the bread, split two anchovies lengthwise and lay them diagonally across the canapé, marking, by a little pyramid of riced yolk of hard-boiled egg, the point where they cross. Petal-shaped pieces of the hard-boiled white of egg may be placed radiating from this center pyramid.

CHARLOTTE OF RASPBERRIES

LINE a mold with lady's fingers (macaroons may be used instead) and cover the bottom with a layer of fresh raspberries. Soak two tablespoons of gelatin with one-fourth cup of cold water; heat a cup of raspberry-juice to the boiling point, then add softened gelatin and one-third cup of sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain, cool, and when cold and slightly thickened stir in one quart of stiffly whipped cream. Pour into the mold and place on ice until serving-time.

APRICOT EGGS SURPRISE

USE round pieces of sponge cake to represent toast. Put them on a platter and pour over them the fruit-juice or sirup from the apricots. On each round of cake place a halved apricot with the rounded side uppermost. Around it place carefully a little stiffly beaten sweetened white of egg or whipped cream. Grate a little nutmeg over the top to represent pepper. Serve immediately.

SWISS EGGS

GREASE a flat baking-dish with some savory fat, cover it with a layer of thin slices of cheese, break the eggs carefully on to the cheese, sprinkle with pepper and salt; cover with half a cup of rich milk, sprinkle with grated cheese and bake until eggs have reached the degree of hardness desired. Serve in the same dish.

SWEDISH FRUIT SOUP

A SWEDISH fruit soup consists of a combination of fruits or fruit-juices thickened with a little tapioca, sago or arrowroot. A little sugar or salt may be added if desired. Serve as a first course to a dinner or as a simple dessert.

CINNAMON TOAST

BEAT as many eggs as will be required for the amount of toast you desire to prepare, add about a third of a cup of milk for each egg, a little cinnamon, salt and sugar; dip slices of stale bread into the mixture and sauté on a well-greased griddle, browning first on one side and then on the other. Serve with a mixture of cinnamon and sugar or with maple sirup.

Menus for a Week in August

SUNDAY BREAKFAST
Iced Canteloupe
Prepared Breakfast Food with Cream
Thin Buttered Toast Coffee Milk

DINNER
Canapé of Anchovy or Sardine
Cold Sliced Ham Creamed New Potatoes
Corn on the Cob
Lettuce with French Dressing Charlotte of Raspberries

SUPPER
Stuffed Eggs Potato Salad
Thin Brown Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Orangeade

MONDAY BREAKFAST
Watermelon
Rice Boiled with Dates Served with Top Milk
Toast
Coffee Milk

LUNCH
Swiss Eggs Thin Toast
Lettuce Radishes
Iced Tea

DINNER
Swedish Fruit Soup with Wafers Sliced Cold Chicken
Baked Potatoes
Peas with Thin Cream Sauce Cucumber Salad
Apricot Eggs Surprise

TUESDAY BREAKFAST
Baked Pears Cinnamon Toast
Coffee Cold Milk-Shake for Children

LUNCH
Chicken Salad Quartered Tomatoes
Thin Bread-and-Butter Sandwiches
Stuffed Dates

DINNER
Broiled or Baked Salmon Fried Potato Balls
Kale or Spinach
Corn-Bread Fruit Trifle

WEDNESDAY BREAKFAST
Blackberries
Ham Omelet Muffins
Coffee Milk

LUNCH
Veal Loaf Scalloped Potatoes
Prune-and-Peanut-Butter Salad
(Stuff Prunes with Peanut-Butter)

DINNER
Potato Soufflé Macedoine of Vegetables
Cottage-Cheese Salad
Bread Pudding

THURSDAY BREAKFAST
Fresh Pineapple
Boiled Eggs Toast
Coffee Milk

LUNCH
Macaroni à l'Italienne Sliced Peaches with Ice-Cream
Cookies

DINNER
Liver with Bacon Creamed Onions
Mashed Potatoes
Tomato Salad
Cubed Cold Watermelon in Sherbet Glasses

FRIDAY BREAKFAST
Green-Gage Plums Popovers
Jam
Coffee Milk

LUNCH
Canned Shrimps Scalloped Asparagus Salad
Fruit Blanc Mange

DINNER
Boiled Potatoes Fried Codfish
Sauerkraut (Liberty Cabbage)
Lettuce Salad with Radish Roses
Peach Kisses

SATURDAY BREAKFAST
Shredded Pineapple and Bananas
Eggs Poached in Milk with Toast
Coffee

LUNCH
Cold Consommé
Potato Salad Orange-and-Coconut Custard

DINNER
Beefsteak Mashed Potatoes
Sautéd Carrots
Endive Salad Huckleberry Tarts

QUARTERED TOMATOES

PEEL and cut tomatoes in quarters, using the juice in making an ordinary thick cream or white sauce. Cook the tomatoes in this sauce about five minutes, season with salt and pepper and serve.

PEACH KISSES

IN THE halves of fresh peaches place marshmallows and place in the oven until the marshmallows become soft. Cover with sweetened whipped cream and serve.

FRUIT TRIFLE

ARRANGE slices of stale sponge cake in a pudding-dish or in individual dessert dishes. Moisten with fruit juice, cover with crushed and sweetened peaches and pour over all a soft custard sauce. Top with a meringue or with whipped cream.

MACEDOINE OF VEGETABLES

BOIL together for about half an hour equal quantities of string-beans, cut in thin strips, and cubed carrot. Add the same quantity of sliced potatoes and cook another thirty minutes. Season well, adding a little finely chopped onion just before serving.

POTATO SOUFFLÉ

TO TWO cups of riced potatoes add two tablespoons of butter or butter substitute, one-half teaspoon of salt, one well-beaten egg, and enough milk to moisten. Grease a baking-dish, put in the potato mixture and bake in a medium oven until brown.

MACARONI À L'ITALIENNE

BREAK up one-fourth pound of macaroni in short pieces unless it is already prepared in this way, and boil it until it is soft. Drain the macaroni. Put four tablespoons of olive-oil into the stew-pan, put in the macaroni and fry a little. Add one-fourth cup of grated cheese and one cup of tomato sauce. Let all simmer together for fifteen or twenty minutes, season to taste and serve.

EGGS POACHED IN MILK WITH TOAST

THIS process is simple though care must be taken not to burn the milk. It is the wiser plan to use a double-boiler rather than to put the dish directly over the flame. Salt the milk a little, and when scalding hot, break the eggs carefully into it. When they have cooked sufficiently remove them, place on rounds or triangles of toast and pour over them the milk, to which a little butter has been added.

HUCKLEBERRY TARTS

FILL small pastry shells with huckleberry jam and serve as a dessert with coffee.

POPOVERS

POPOVERS are made from a batter in which were used equal proportions of flour and liquid. To each cup of flour and milk to be used, allow one egg and one-fourth teaspoon of salt. Mix and sift the flour and salt. Pour the milk in slowly; then add the egg slightly beaten and beat all for two minutes.

Fill hissing-hot greased muffin pans half full, put at once in a moderate oven and bake thirty-five minutes or longer.

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Concluded from page 20

REPRISAL

But he was not drunk, as she saw when he came abreast of her. His dull, heavy face was sullen but not sodden, and the uncertainty of his movements was more that of fatigue than intoxication. She slipped along the fence and reached the gate as he did.

"It's a cold night," she said in German, crossing her arms on the top bar of the gate.

THE soldier started at hearing his native tongue and came to port arms.

"Halt! Who is there?" he demanded.

"I am Adrienne Carbonnez," was the modest answer. "This is my Belgian home. My German home was in Cologne."

"Köln?" the man repeated with sudden interest.

"Yes. My father's shop was in the —— Strasse. You know Cologne?"

"Yah," he said, and moved steadily up and down.

It was evident that she could not count on the sentry's being taken unaware. She must think of another way.

"I have no food to offer you," she said as he returned; "but you are thirsty perhaps?"

"Yes. Can you bring me milk?"

Adrienne shrugged. "Bah! Milk will not warm you. I will bring you rum."

The soldier steadied himself by the fence.

"*Es ist verboten,*" he said uneasily, as if to himself; then he added impatiently:

"I have eaten nothing since noon. Bring me milk."

Adrienne sped up the garden walk and, snatching a lighted candle from the hall, made her way to the small storeroom back of the kitchen. On a swinging shelf in the corner was a tall bottle, sole relic of the old days when Christmas demanded a flowing bowl and Jean was wont to drink the health of his neighbors.

She drew the cork, lightly replaced it, and, tucking the bottle under her arm, hurried back to the gate.

This time she did not wait for the sentinel, but placing the bottle on the gate-post, she slipped back to the house and once more took up her watch at the window.

ALREADY her spirits had risen at the thought of the story she would have to tell in the market-place on the morrow.

Perhaps he had not spied the tempting bottle! But he would; never fear! A man was a man, and this man was a Boche. What pertained to his appetite would not be overlooked.

Would he get tipsy and noisy? Or would he go to sleep at his post? She hoped it would be the latter, for then the relief would find him drunk at his post! Court martial, no less. One more debt of vengeance paid on the long account she owed to Germany.

Presently a heavy cloud swept over the moon, the wind rose, and sleet began to rattle against the window-pane. She could no longer see the figure at the gate. With a smile of satisfaction she rose and prepared for bed.

The sentinel would continue to rest until he woke up and found himself in the guard-house.

What was the penalty for a sentinel being drunk at his post? It depended, she supposed, on the officers.

But they were all great brutes. Any serious breach of discipline was punishable by death.

She stirred restlessly. The sentinel was young, not over twenty-two. She supposed he would be shot. It couldn't have been many years since he was a kiddy like Jean, a little towheaded, red-cheeked lad, such as she had romped with in Cologne.

She wondered if his mother was living. What a disgrace for her! And she would never know that he had refused the rum, that he was cold and exhausted and that temptation had been put in his way.

Adrienne pulled her thoughts up short. Silly sentiment! He was a hulking, insolent Boche, who would loot her house and destroy her property at the wink of an eye.

He was part of that damnable machine that was crushing the life out of her beloved country; that was separating her from her husband and starving her children, and making all life a hideous, continuous nightmare.

She tried to sleep, but in spite of herself she listened for sounds on the road. But the only noise that broke the stillness was the driving sleet against the pane.

Nine o'clock, nine-thirty, ten! She wondered if he was still able to walk his post.

Presently she rose, and slipping on shoes and a warm wrapper she went to the window. Her own image confronted her against the black glass.

For a time she sat there motionless, thinking; then she snatched a blanket from the bed, and throwing it around her, ran down the steps and into the garden.

AS THE chill air struck her bare ankles she shivered, but pressed on, skirting the bushes cautiously until she reached her gate. There she put out her hand and felt along cautiously until she reached the gate-post.

There was nothing on it! She listened for the sound of departing or approaching footsteps, but all was silent.

Groping her way through the darkness she made her way down the road. At the foot of the bridge she stumbled against something. It was her enemy the Boche, lying face downward in sleep, with the empty bottle beside him.

It was just as she had planned and hoped. The stage was perfectly set for the climax, and all she had to do was to go back to her warm bed and let events take their natural course.

But instead of doing so, she shoved the sleeping man almost angrily with her foot.

"Get up, you drunken loafer!" she cried in German. "Do you want to be shot?

"I say!" she exclaimed, this time shaking him violently. "Wake up! Do you know where you are?"

But the man might have been dead for all the response he made.

Adrienne caught her breath sharply. Some curious change was working in her: that woman's instinct to succor a helpless fellow being even though he be a foe.

Stooping down, she got her hands under his arms and began dragging him into the bushes. At least she would hide him until she could think what to do. For she knew now that if she could prevent it she was not going to let him be shot.

Then she sat beside him, panting with the effort, and looked at him.

He was evidently an ignorant country boy, one of those clumsy louts she used to see driving into Cologne on the market-wagons. Everything about him was inert except the right hand, which still grasped his gun. It was a coarse, grimy hand, instinctively obeying the will that could no longer voluntarily control it.

Adrienne looked at him with contemptuous pity. Poor fool!

SUDDENLY she lifted her head. Through the stillness came the faint beat of horses' feet.

"Wake up!" she cried frantically, tugging at the sleeping soldier. "Some one is coming! Get up, I say!"

But he gave no response.

Adrienne held her breath again and listened. There was no longer any doubt. Two or more horses were approaching the bridge from the far side, and in a minute would be upon them.

Stooping down, she dragged the sentinel's gray greatcoat off his shoulders and thrust her own arms into the sleeves. She snatched up his cap and put it on, then wrenched the gun from his contracted hand and scrambled up the bank.

Adrienne's sharp wits served her in good stead. She had seen the sentinel challenge the pedestrian earlier in the night and she knew what to do. Advancing rapidly, she called out in the deepest voice she could command:

"Halt! Who is there?"

The figure in advance came to a halt and an indifferent voice answered:

"Officer of the day, with the countersign."

Adrienne's heart missed a beat. Could she remember the next move? Would he discover that she was a woman when he came closer? She moved into the deeper shadows at the foot of the bridge before she said uncertainly:

"Advance, officer of the day, with the countersign."

THE officer, who had dismounted, was leading his horse, which was fortunately between him and Adrienne. He gave the countersign and added:

"Has any one passed this post?"

"Yes, sir; a non-commissioned officer with the countersign."

"Anything to report?"

"Nothing, sir."

The officer got back into his saddle and rode on, but the man with him lingered a moment with more than one suspicious look over his shoulder before he, too, rode on.

Adrienne, limp from excitement, leaned against the bridge post. She had saved the sentinel this once, but what was to be done during the hour that must elapse before midnight, and how could she rouse him before the relief came?

Why should she rouse him at all? The German dog! To think of her, Adrienne Carbonnez, in a German uniform, protecting a drunken Boche, who would probably walk ten miles to do one of her countrymen an injury!

A shudder of repulsion swept her. Her body shrank from contact with that grimy, gray-green uniform.

SHE went back to the gully, where the sentinel lay as she had left him, his mouth open, his stiff coarse hair standing straight up from his fair, boyish forehead. No; she could not leave him to be found like that. She must rouse him at any cost.

Snatching his cap from her head she scrambled down the bank and filled it with icy water which she dashed in his face. There was no response; she pricked his palms with a pin, and beat upon his shoulders with her fists.

At the slightest noise from the road above she instantly picked up the gun and walked the post, ready to challenge any passer-by.

But no one passed. She and the drunken sentinel had the night to themselves.

The clock in the far-off belfry chimed eleven-thirty. Only thirty minutes more before the relief was due! Seizing him by the hair, she boxed his ears until her hands smarted.

"You dog of a German!" she muttered. "Wake up, I say!"

The soldier stirred slightly and opened his dazed eyes.

"Quick!" urged Adrienne. "The relief is almost due. Sit up! Put on your coat. Here, I'll help you. No, not that arm, you fool."

The big, clumsy fellow obeyed stupidly.

"Now you must walk!" she commanded. "Walk or I will beat you with the gun. Do you hear? Walk, I say!"

Clinging to her arm, he staggered forward, from the bridge to the gate, from the gate back to the bridge, stumbling, drowsing, waking with a start. And Adrienne supported him, scolding, threatening, encouraging, and always listening in an agony of apprehension.

Gradually his steps grew firmer. The driving sleet in his face, the enforced motion, were beginning to sober him.

"I CAN go alone now, madam," he said thickly, gazing about in bewilderment. "I must have slept. But you—you have befriended me. You have saved me for the Fatherland!"

Adrienne, dishevele, overwrought, half-frozen, looked at him for one savage moment, then to his utter amazement she flung out her arm and struck him full in the face.

"Curse your Fatherland!" she screamed in fury. "Curse your Kaiser and all his damnable crew. What I did for you was not for your Fatherland; it was for your mother's .sno May she never bear another!"

And leaving him standing bewildered in the road, she rushed like a whirlwind into her garden and disappeared in the darkness.

CANNING SUCCESS AND FAILURE

BY FLORA G. ORR

HOME-ECONOMICS EDITOR

FAILURE in canning vegetables is not always a thing of which you need to be ashamed. It is, if you have been careless. But if you have followed directions minutely, and yet have had cans of corn which have gone bad, peas which have developed "flat-sour," or greens which have not come forth in the best condition, it is something about which, for scientific reasons, I should like to have you write to me.

Already I have had many interesting letters. Let me hear your experience too.

If the woman who cans is not to blame for canning failures, what has been the trouble?

The bacteria may have been too much for the method. By that statement I mean that the question of canning is a bacteriological one. And all bacteriologists are not yet willing to say that they know everything there is to know about the germs which inhabit vegetables.

CORN IS ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT VEGETABLES TO CAN

THE soil is full of bacteria. Some of these bacteria are useful, some are harmful, but no matter what kind there are, many of them are sure to be on vegetables which grow rather close to the ground.

If we, in our kitchens, want to can vegetables so that they will keep, our aim is to kill all those bacteria. That is not an easy matter. Many of the soil bacteria are what the scientist calls "spore-bearing."

This means that if a place becomes too warm for them, they can change their form and turn into spores, which are like thick-walled balls, and in this form they can stand a great deal in the way of temperature. Quite like the hero of a fairy-story with his invisible, impenetrable armor.

YOU may even get the water-bath heated to a temperature which will kill the spores when applied for a certain length of time, and still have failure, for it takes a long time for this heat to penetrate to the center of the can, especially if it is packed with a hard vegetable like asparagus, or with compact material like greens. Often the vegetables at the center of the can never reach the temperature of the water-bath.

Again, while a certain heat for a certain length of time may kill the soil bacteria (and spores) of Wisconsin, New York bacteria may be far more difficult to destroy. Many complications may enter into the problem. It is by far the safer plan to follow the method worked out by your own State College of Agriculture, than to depend upon directions which work successfully in another section of the country.

Of course there are certain precautions which you should always take. Have the vegetables clean and unspoiled. Young, fresh vegetables are better than old or stale ones. For one thing, heat penetrates them more easily.

DO NOT neglect the blanching and cold-dip. These operations are always included in the directions, and so it is safe to assume that it is the thing to do until we are told differently by the scientists.

Some persons assert that blanching sets the color and removes objectionable flavors. This is probably true. Certainly the vegetables are easier to pack in the cans after blanching, and the cold-dip allows the housewife more comfort in handling them.

Bacteria grow best in a warm place. For that reason do not pack cans with material and leave them standing for any length of time before the actual processing begins.

A warm kitchen in Summer—can't you just see the bacteria "get busy"? They may be killed afterward in processing, but the flavors developed through their activity are not always desirable.

As soon as the processing is over and the cans are sealed, they should be cooled quickly and stored in a cool place. The reason for this is that, though you may not have killed all the bacteria in the canning, those still alive may be somewhat weaker than before, so that they will not grow and cause any more trouble unless you encourage them by putting the cans in a warm place.

WHAT SENT HIM ACROSS

BY HÉLÈNE GRANDET

WITH a sky so blue and a breeze so fragrant and tempered, no one able to live in the open would have been miserly enough of his time to stay shut indoors.

I had settled myself, knitting in hand, under the wisteria vines of my study porch, when Doctor Martin's kindly face smiled around the corner, and his gentle, tired voice said, "May I sit down here for a bit? I want to hear you talk." He carried a book, and protruding from its top were the telltale papers which meant the notes of the college professor.

"Your address at chapel yesterday was splendid, doctor, but why did you not go on regarding independence of action? Were you afraid of the presidential presence?" I asked.

"Yes and no," he replied. "But perhaps I might blame it to that something in me which at times holds back my fullest, truest expression. I am not afraid of my convictions, but I don't seem to get them audibly before the world. What would you call it?"

I thought a moment and then I said, "Go to my desk in the study, and write down *calmly* and *clearly* exactly what you would wish to do if you were not a professor of Greek. Make an honest confession to me, and I shall have something to say in return."

IN TEN minutes he brought me this:

"I am by tradition and preparation a professor of Greek. I am living in an ancient world, and I find few fellow minds to companion with. I want more and more vital things to struggle for. The boys in my lecture-room come and go, and are largely *facts* in my everyday life.

"Occasionally one looks into my face with the expression, 'I know, too!' but he goes on, and finds his quest out there among men who do things. Lacking the initiative to do the same thing, I hunger for another such look. Yes, I want to stretch my arms and soul out to their fullest extent and feel alive. Amen."

IN ANSWER, I told him this:

"You are suffering from repression. Pride and fear, or a worshipful attitude toward the academic creed keeps the voice of your real soul in bondage. You have gifts you do not suspect, and faults which are mastering you because your lonely world, out of touch with vital men, blinds you.

"Contact, opposition, criticism (even undeserved), and the straining to its limit at times of your golden faith in men, are what you need. Drop your professorship, your grammars, lexicons, *and go across*.

"You are somewhat beyond the fighting age, but help men to put into themselves the real courage that you have. Help them to live or even die in a manly way. Do this, and your own soul will grow so great that your companions will make you their leader. Why? Because your creed of service has no sordid price."

HE GREW pale as I talked, and when I had finished he said with a voice in which there was a tremor, "Do you see that in my confession?"

I said gently, "*Yes*, and *more*, dear Doctor Martin; but this is enough for the present."

He left me as other friends dropped in for a chat, but six months after I read in a New York paper, that Doctor Martin, who had gone across seas in Red Cross work, had been specially commended by General Pershing for his vital work among the men at the front, having gone over the top three times, and while painfully wounded had given emergency aid to the more seriously wounded of his company. In the hospitals at the front he was now lovingly called *The Strong Brother*.

I had helped him then, by my reading, to lift himself out of the narrow cell of Greek books and roots, into the open country where men grow great and strong because they come to know themselves.

FOR several years Miss Grandet has been a careful student of graphology.

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.

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 25 cents in stamps and by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Hélène Grandet, THE DELINEATOR Service Department, Butterick Building, New York.

BEAUTY'S SECRET

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

Charlotte Fairchild

THIS MIGHT BE "PERFECT SIMPLICITY," THIS STUDY OF FRANCES STARR

AT MIRABEL SUMMER'S they don't believe in massage. They throw up their hands and utter horrified *Oh là, là's* over two things—stretching the skin and using water on the face. They *never* do either.

In that magic treatment I began to tell you about last month, after they've washed your face with the ice-water-cold-cream-astringent pad, they put on a skin-food and a muscle oil. They rub it in very lightly and pat it with their fingers, but never massage, because most massage stretches the skin; then the precious elasticity is gone, and when that begins to go the skin might as well give up the ghost and announce to everybody, "I'm forty years old."

You must not even rub hard with the powder puff. Yet I've seen women simply *scrub* the powder in! How could any look of elasticity and firmness withstand such rubbing half a dozen times a day? It simply can't be done.

WHY is the skin of youth so lovely? Elastic!

So Mirabel Summer's acolytes never, never massage nor rub hard nor stretch. When they feel content that you have enough food in your skin to tide it over until its next meal, and enough muscle-oil on top of it—you need such a little bit—slithered over the eye-lids and in those lines that lead from the nose to the mouth; and at the other corners of the eyes, where bad little crows'-feet creep in; and on your troubled brow to take away all those lines your astonishment at the things that happen in life have brought there; and at the corners of your mouth, so that they won't droop but will look clean and young; and then on that very important place right in front of the ends of your ears where little lines pop in and shout, "We're getting old!" and thick under the chin where another chin seems to be trying to appear, or even worse where you are beginning to have that look that is known as "scrawny" (such an old maid of a word!)—when in all those places they have rubbed the skin-food and the oil to feed the skin and to tighten the escaping muscles, THEN out comes the patter.

IT IS squeezed out of ice-water, then out of astringent tonic, and then you are set upon fiercely. Pat, pat, pat on your shoulders, all over the back of your neck, hard on the sides of it and then underneath your chin with such vigor that you blink and set your teeth and think, "Maybe there's something wrong inside of my neck; something *growing!*"

But there isn't. Mirabel Summer is just patting up your lazy circulation. For twenty minutes she pats.

After the first five or ten of those minutes, she dips the patter in a special astringent and spanks harder than ever, especially under the chin and on the cheeks where you have given up and decided you're old enough to be a little flabby.

You begin to glow like a rose, and the sound takes you back to when you were a wee one and your daddy made a galloping sound of horses with his hands beating his thighs and then his breast, gallop, gallop, gallop down a wet, hard road.

But it stings right through your imagination. There's no half-way business about that patting—remember that!

Then the horse stops and an aeroplane begins to buzz, but it turns out to be a vibrator at the back of your neck. And you glow some more. Then that stops, too, and again ice slides over your face, and you're dying to pop up and look at yourself because your face and neck feel as young as if you were twelve, as glowing and clean and alive.

AN EYE-CUP is given you and you wash your eyes with their tonic and the strong-armed patter tells you that if people would only systematically roll their eyes, up and down, this way and that, the exercise would keep their eyes young and bright, because the circulation would be improved. But you must do it systematically and not just when you see something worth rolling your eyes at!

You open your mouth to tell her a marvelous thing you, yourself, know about circulation, but you never get it told, because suddenly she clamps your mouth shut and binds it that way with a towel under your chin and over your head as if holding your face together. Inside the towel is a pad of the absorbent cotton squeezed out of ice-water, and then out of a heavy astringent that makes your skin and muscles cuddle up tight and stay there. Over your eyes is placed another pad, ice-cold and with the delightful tonic astringent on it.

Then you are abandoned. Every bit of you relaxes and you go off into a delicious, waking slumber. After a while you think how nice it would be if all the millions of double chins in the world disappeared forever.

Then comes your pet dream of beauty—what it would be like if everybody suddenly came spiritually alive and that new life would shine out of their faces. And you know that all the double chins *would* disappear if everybody did this Mirabel Summer thing, and did it faithfully. And you know also that everybody must come ultimately to be spiritually alive.

Campbell Studios

HAIR, 1919 STYLE; COSTUME ABOUT 1860. HELEN CLARK

E. O. Hoppe

AN ENGLISH TYPE—BEERBOHM TREE'S DAUGHTER, MRS. VIOLA TREE PARSONS

Charlotte Fairchild

ELSIE FERGUSON'S ELABORATE SIMPLICITY

THEN back you go to circulation, and tell yourself that wonderful thing the patter did not let you tell her when she bound your face so abruptly. It is this: a great physician says that all fat, even inherited fat, is due to bad circulation. You can be pink as anything and fat, and still be anemic. He proves his case. Any fat person who has a hundred dollars he makes slender and *well* by the power of electric machines. Anemia disappears and with it the fat. He can take it off your arms only or from any other part of you that is too fat. It is simply a matter of getting the circulation right. He does do it, because I have seen his patients.

Circulation! That is the corner-stone of Mirabel Summer's method.

Pat the circulation out of sluggishness, and the rapidly flowing blood strengthens and builds up the tissues beneath the skin, and its elasticity comes back.

And after a while your patter comes back also and unbinds you and slides some more ice over you, dries you with a tissue, gets out an evil-looking instrument and attacks your eyebrows. You have had them attacked before, but never just like this. You wince and wriggle and squirm, but she does not stop, as other people always have. Then she powders you and with a butterfly-wing action brushes your eyelashes up and your eyebrows down. Then she lets you see yourself. You gaze and beam and forgive her everything, and finally say, "This is the nicest me I've ever looked at!"

THEN you go home—though you're dying to show your friends how pleasant you can look when you try—and write it all exactly as it happened to those friends you write to once a month. You make it plain that they can do every bit of it at home, except the work with the vibrator, and they can do that, too, if they only have a vibrator or twenty dollars to buy one.

But always pat *up*. And pat at least ten minutes a day if you really want your color to come back so that you won't have to rouge, and so that you will have that heavenly, fluctuating color that no rouge can ever give you. And get a bottle of heavy astringent, and after you have patted your chin till it hates you, bind it up and leave it bound for ten minutes. That lovely young contour you once had will come back.

Next time we'll talk about sins—blackheads and shiny noses and liver spots and acne. Nobody needs to have any of them. And we'll talk about face powders, too, and what is in them.

But in the mean time, PAT!

WHEN I left Mirabel Summer's, after my face had been patted and spanked until it glowed with color, I climbed to the top of a Fifth Avenue bus. The glow didn't stop with the mere surface of my chin and nose and cheeks; it spread and spread until every bit of me glowed with the intoxicating knowledge that I, even I, was learning the secret of the intangible allure of the goddesses of the stage upon whom I had gazed with admiration and wonder and envy and bewilderment.

From the top of the bus I looked down upon hundreds of women. The day was like early June. Only those who are gloriously young and those older ones who are as faithful in the care of their beauty as the tide to the moon, only those are a joy to the eye on such a day.

Every line shows, every sallow pore lies sulking in the public eye. It was on the whole rather a sad sight: such a wonderful day and such lovely clothes, and such sagging, tired-as-everything faces!

I tried not to have that "better-than-thou" feeling, but I just couldn't help sending up a tiny prayer of thankfulness that my face did not cry out to every passer-by that I was too weary or too lazy to start the blood racing through its natural course.

And then farther up the Avenue, above Forty-fifth or -sixth, where one sees the women who would no more neglect their beauty than they would their reputations—ah, there I began to perk up! I pulled my hat at a more dashing angle and said, "These are the women that go to Mirabel's! These are the Patters!"

They must be. You can't be past thirty and look as they do on such a day as this unless you have been taking intelligent and faithful care of your skin and muscles.

Send me in care of THE DELINEATOR, a stamped, self-addressed envelope for three beauty leaflets.

With All Modern Improvements

P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap, like the sewing machine, belongs to the modern time-savers that you can not do without, once you have tried them.

P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap launders clothes, washes dishes, scrubs and cleans amazingly fast and amazingly well. Use it wherever you now use any kind of laundry soap—yellow, white, or naphtha—and you'll get better results with far less effort.

No hard rubbing—no hard scrubbing. This new idea soap contains just enough naphtha to loosen dirt merely by contact. Works in any water—hot, cold, soft, hard.

Isn't it worth your while to try this up-to-date, quick action soap? An extra large cake costs no more than the soap you are using now.

Not merely a white laundry soap;
Not merely a naphtha soap;
But the best features of both, combined.

P AND G — THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP

PROCTER & GAMBLE PRODUCTS - EST. 1837 -

The Disease Germ Is More Dangerous Than the Mad Dog

IF a snarling, foaming-mouthed, wild-eyed mad dog charged at a crowd of children—children strangers to you—you know what you would do.

Every ounce of chivalry in your being would be in the quick spring that would land you between the children and danger.

But how about the *unseen* menace—more threatening, more fatal, more cruel than a million mad dogs—a menace that threatens your family, your community and yourself all the time—the disease germ.

A region-wide epidemic can start in an unsanitary garbage-can.

A cuspidor that is not kept sterile not only can, but will, spread tuberculosis, grippe, *influenza*, and other grave diseases.

Other danger-spots in the home—places where germs positively will breed, unless these places are regularly disinfected—are toilets; sinks; drains; dark, sunless corners; and wherever flies gather or breed.

You can make the danger-places in your home completely germ-proof by the regular use of Lysol Disinfectant; for no germ, no matter what its nature, can live in its presence.

Big hospitals rely upon it, physicians everywhere prescribe it, and boards of health urge its systematic use in the home.

Lysol is invaluable for personal hygiene.

Lysol is economical—a 50c bottle makes five gallons of powerful disinfectant; a 25c bottle makes two gallons. Use it regularly.

Remember, there is but one, true Lysol—the product made, bottled, signed, and sealed by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

Lysol Toilet Soap

Contains Lysol, and therefore protects the skin from germ infection. It is refreshingly soothing and healing and healthful for improving the skin. Ask your dealer. If he hasn't it, ask him to order it for you.

Lysol Shaving Cream

Contains Lysol, and kills germs on razor and shaving brush (where germs abound), guards the tiny cuts from infection, and gives the antiseptic shave. If your dealer hasn't it, ask him to order a supply for you.

Samples Mailed Free. Send us your name and address, and we will gladly send you samples of Lysol Toilet Soap and also of Lysol Shaving Cream for the men of your family

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Manufacturing Chemists*, 120 William St., New York

Makers of Pebeco Tooth Paste

Lysol Disinfectant

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THISTLEDOWN

whether it would be wicked to try. She decided that it would, but tho unmanageable thought dangled in her mind like a hairpin caught on a magnet.

In the morning Mrs. Withington telephoned that her husband found he had to work all day, and perhaps Elinor would come over for afternoon tea with her; Junior, though still in bed, was so much better that she could at last be neighborly, and there was no danger of contagion if they stayed out-of-doors.

The friendly unconsciousness in her voice made Elinor uncomfortable; even over the telephone she liked her and then knew that she had been rather hoping she wouldn't. After accepting she stood motionless for a long time, staring with a faint frown at her reflection in the small mirror on the wall. Then she began to wonder what she would wear.

In the demure white she finally chose she was as deliberately and flamboyantly enticing as if panoplied for conquest at a fraternity ball. Mrs. Withington, her hair slightly askew, and clad in a too stiffly starched linen dress that bulged inopportunely, held her at arm's length and surveyed her with pleasure.

"You're just as lovely as Carter said," she declared enthusiastically. "Bring your knitting over to the swing; the germs are blowing the other way. Poor dear, he's not only frightfully busy, but he's eaten something; he's having an awful day. I tried to make him join us, but he sent his excuses. You've been so kind to him; those swims have done him so much good."

ELINOR followed in an obscure bewilderment as Mrs. Withington, on her arm a gay bag similar to the one she herself carried, led her to the rustic seats swinging from a frame under a large oak.

"My knitting-bag is deceptive," smiled Mrs. Withington, opening it to draw forth a small stocking with a heel like a sieve. "In the hours when I am not keeping house and being secretary to Carter I am pretty busy darning. Openwork heels and professors—the nice lively kind of professors—run in the Withington family. And Junior is following in his father's heels at least. Look at this!"

She held up a larger sock riddled like the smaller.

As Elinor obligingly laughed, her bewilderment was shot through with discomfort at the sight of Carter Withington's sock dangling from that slim hand wearing his wedding-ring.

"Junior's the image of his father," Mrs. Withington was saying. "Do snap-shots bore you or would you like to see some?"

She politely begged to see them, but as she turned the leaves of the camera-book while Mrs. Withington continued mending, her discomfort developed into a positive ache that she could not understand and that she longed to run away from. She looked at pictures of Junior, a little boy of eight or ten very much like Carter Withington, sitting on Carter Withington's knee, riding on his back, playing leap-frog with him; pictures of Carter Withington and Mrs. Withington gardening together, skating together, walking together; a picture of Carter Withington in his study.

Then she came to one of him in Junior's playroom, astride Junior's old rocking-horse and on his face the same whimsical smile with which he had said to her, "Very prettily staged, Miss Elinor." She stared at the picture through a sudden haze and shut the book without examining the latter pages.

SHE did not know what was the matter with her; to her chagrin she could not touch the rich bun that accompanied the tea.

"I—it's a sort of headache. I get them," she explained.

As she stood to leave soon afterward, she felt Mrs. Withington's hand laid gently on her arm.

"How young? Nineteen?" The older woman smiled. "It must be dreadful to be nineteen! How do you stand it?"

Elinor, wavering between tears and flight, to her astonishment heard her voice calmly utter words that were not in her mind and that she instantly knew to be true.

"It's no joke," she stated.

"You dear!" cried Mrs. Withington, kissing her impulsively. "Now, run along and cure that head."

WHEN Elinor reached her room she sat quietly down on a low chair beside the window and, her elbow braced against the sill and her chin propped between her hands, closed her eyes. At the call to supper she gave a hostile shiver.

"You're not eating, darling," soon came the plaintive words she had expected.

They irritated her unreasonably. Aunt Mary was suffocating, like a feather-bed in Summer, even if she was a little dear. She checked an ungracious retort that rose to her tongue, pleaded headache again, and after a remorseful kiss on her aunt's cheek escaped once more to the solitude she craved. She was not exactly unhappy; she'd be all right when she'd had time to figure things out; vague thoughts and feelings were whirling around and frightening her like bats in the dark.

Of course she did not mind his being married; she had known it all along; so it was ridiculous to be upset by this afternoon, that had accidentally showed her how much he really belonged to Mrs. Withington and Junior. He *belonged!*

She whispered the word curiously again and again as if its syllables were strange sounds. It was a word that shut her out, suggesting something solid and beautiful that she had no right to monkey with.

Yet a little thrill of conscious power shot through her as she thought that she *could* monkey with it, for she could not have been mistaken about that dog business; his avoidance of her to-day went to prove that. She could see through his excuses; they were too elaborate; he overdid them.

Her resolve to be good, made last night, stiffened. She must help him; she must save him from himself; she must not tempt him; she must sacrifice herself for the sake of all of them. Finding the idea sweet, she prepared for bed in sober exaltation—nor did she notice that the word sacrifice had crept in somehow since last night.

But sleep did not come; tears instead, tears for no reason.

"I wonder what will become of you," he had said.

She did not know. She lay there tossing and wondering, till suddenly she realized that she was hungry. She made her stealthy way down to the kitchen, found a cinnamon bun and a banana, and slept profoundly upon her return.

THE next day was very hot. The thought of that swim together that they were not going to have was in the foreground of her mind throughout the advancing day, up to the moment of three o'clock when he abruptly appeared before her in the birch seat.

"Say, come on!" he cried buoyantly.

He was so natural, so just exactly as he had always been, it was so pleasant and right to see him again, that the past two days were erased as with the sweep of a sponge.

"All right!" she agreed, and then laughed in sheer relief. "I'll be out in a jiffy!"

She flew to the house and into her suit. She did not think—unless the "just this once" vibrating in her could be termed thinking.

The first plunge was the sweet, cold shock she had dreamed of all day. As she emerged Carter Withington splashed beside her, and when he came up she looked across to him and repeated the laugh with which she had greeted him, an exultant, friendly little sound instinct with irresistible youth.

"I'll race you!" she cried.

"Wait till we're warmed up a bit," he answered.

NODDING, she stretched luxuriously in the smooth water, swimming slowly away from the wharf toward the center of the lake. After a while she turned and floated on her back. With the blue sky quiet above her, the blue depth of the water cradling her softly, and around her a warm, utter silence, she was feeling the bodily peace of drifting into sleep, when she sharply wondered where Carter Withington was.

Beginning to swim again, she lifted her head to look for him. The imperceptible current had carried her down till she was opposite the shore, half-way between the wharf and the beach. He was not between her and the shore; but, turning, she saw him below her, a little farther out.

She had just started toward him to suggest the beach as a goal for their race, when she saw him splashing oddly and wondered what he was up to. Then she hurried and lengthened her strokes in a panic of fear, for he was keeping it up and something was very wrong with him. She was now near enough to shout, and thought he saw her as she called; but suddenly his hands flew up and with a cry he went down.

She never knew whether instinct, judgment or accident ruled her; but when he came up she was within six feet of the spot. He did not struggle when she seized him; and, with additional thanks to the calmness of the water and the fact that she had not had to exhaust herself in the brief swim to reach him, she got him to the beach.

Once in the shallows he helped her by dragging himself up by his hands, and both lay prone, breathing painfully.

Immediately rousing herself with an effort, she knelt and began to rub his left leg. He stirred to help her.

"I can do it," she panted. "I'll help you try to get up in a second and then you'll be all right."

A struggle, a tortured grin, and a moment later he was standing, trembling from weakness and the sudden release from the cramp.

"Let's sprawl a moment to get used to the idea before we go back," he suggested quietly.

"Aren't you done up? Won't you catch cold?" she asked in the same tone.

"Not a bit. This sun's all the doctor I need. It's lucky you saw me," he added, dropping to the graveled beach.

"It's lucky you kept your head," she replied, settling herself and pulling off her scarlet cap to release a bright cloud of hair whose moist tendrils framed her brow and cheeks.

A LONG pause ensued. With her arms clasping her knees, she sat staring out across the water, fear and horror growing in her till they possessed her quite.

He lay there, with his hands shutting out the glare from his face. She could hear his breathing, still a bit convulsive, like her own. But it might have been otherwise.

"Don't tell any one," she whispered unexpectedly.

He turned toward her.

"It *would* rather upset the apple-cart, wouldn't it?" he agreed.

Frightened to find herself unable to speak steadily, she nodded without shifting her gaze from the lake as she felt him looking at her with concern.

"See here, it's you that's shivering!"

He had risen with the words, but she sat stubbornly. When she answered, there was a tremor in her voice:

"I'm not cold. You go on. I'd rather stay here alone for a little while."

He frowned.

"I can't do that, you know. Come on home; that's what you need."

He reached down and gently grasped her hand, holding it in both of his when he had drawn her up and she stood reluctantly before him. Her eyes were downcast, and her muscular arms and her fine, straight body under the shining damp silk of her suit were quivering uncontrollably.

"Please don't say anything. I can't stand it," she whispered, trying to withdraw.

But he did not let her go.

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THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

the entrance gates of gray stone and wrought iron and the high, vine-covered walls that shut the grounds in from the road. She had often glimpsed, as she passed, the red brick of the house with its many rambling wings.

It had been originally built by an old Dutch family; from them it had passed through many hands, each owner building on a wing or altering one until the place had come to resemble a great, forlorn caravansary, its original fine roof-line lost in outcroppings of cupolas, towers and verandas.

In the neighboring house, where she had made her appearance as a professional singer, she had heard stories of the eccentricities of its latest owner. Vasco Lemar with his mysterious South American background had at first filled the house with queerly assorted guests, but it had been rumored that during the last year he had not opened the house.

As Rosalie walked quickly along the road, she tried to recall each comment she had heard about the house and the habits of its owner. She thought it was entirely possible that Lemar had not lived in the house recently; but it did not seem reasonable to her that a country place of several acres and a house of twenty rooms or more would not have at least one caretaker—the probabilities were that there were several.

Had Lemar counted on the absence of these servants? No; he had met Leontine accidentally in the station—if Leontine had told the truth!—therefore, if there had been no one in the house to hear Leontine when she screamed, it was undoubtedly because the caretaker or servants had chanced to be out for the evening. If this was the case where were they now? Had they returned and found their master lying, as Leontine had described, on the floor of the library up-stairs?

Would she see the house ablaze with lights when she finally reached the entrance gates? Would the alarm already have been sent out?

SHE asked herself these questions repeatedly as she drew nearer to the place. And when she came to the corner at which the high wall of the Lemar grounds began she was obliged to stop and draw back into the shadow to get her breath.

Her heart was pounding so violently that she felt as if she should smother. At last, however, she crept back to the road and went on.

She had come within a few yards of the entrance gates when the yellow light from an automobile danced across the roadside shrubbery. It was coming from somewhere beyond the curve of the road.

Panic-stricken, she looked about her. Across the road from the Lemar place there was a wood which cast a shadow almost to the entrance gates. It was not fenced or walled in, and Rosalie stepped across the shallow ditch at the side of the road into the deeper darkness under the leafless trees.

Her feet rustled among the deeply piled dead leaves so loudly that she stood still in the shelter of a tree-trunk. As she turned to face the road, she heard the sound of a motor-cycle mingling with the rapidly approaching purr of the motor-car. The two passed each other just where she had left the road, the motor-car coming from the east and the motor-cycle from the west.

Rosalie's eyes followed the cyclist until he came to the curve of the road. Just beyond this curve was an arc light, and as she gazed, its beam fell upon him.

She saw with a tightening of all her nerves that he was in the dark-blue uniform of some sort of policeman. As the road along which she came had been straight, he could easily have seen her plunge into the wood.

Leaning forward, she strained her eyes after him; he disappeared around the curve. But the arc light threw his shadow across the pavement, and Rosalie saw that he had slowed down; then he turned slowly and rode back to the curve, to a point from which he could scan the stretch of pavement over which he had just passed.

There was no doubt in her mind, now, that he was looking for her. He had seen her disappear, and he was puzzled. But in a second or two he moved on again around the curve.

IN SPITE of the necessity of haste, she dared not leave the wood immediately. She looked behind her, measuring the chances of escape through it, if she were followed.

The trees stretched away in the shadowy distance on either hand, dark against a light snow which had fallen earlier in the evening. This snow filled her with terror, for it made everything lighter, almost as if it were moonlight.

She stood for what seemed a long time, shivering with nervousness, watching the curve of the road for the return of the rider, and listening to the stupendous silence of the country night.

Presently, she said to herself that she must go on; every minute lost meant new dangers. But rather than trust the open road again she now slipped along under the trees until she had reached a point opposite the high gray stone gate-posts.

The drive curved a few yards within the grounds so that she could not see the house, and there was nothing for it but to cross the road and enter the grounds.

Drawing a deep breath, she stepped into the road. There was no one in sight. She crept in at the small doorway beside the driveway.

IT WAS not until she had advanced several yards that she caught her first glimpse of the house. Then she saw that it was dark, at least the main portion of it, which was all she could see from where she stood.

The relief of this discovery was so great that she leaned against a tree, trembling. From this point on she made her way toward the house, walking from tree to tree, trying to keep in the shadows.

And behind her, in the light snow that just powdered the still green lawn, her footsteps showed, small and distinct.

Sheltered by a clump of shrubbery, she looked at the dark façade of the house. The lower windows were boarded and shades were drawn tightly over the upper ones.

Leontine had told her that she had left the house by a small door at the side. Could she find this door, and what if it were locked?

There was one terrifying stretch of bare, graveled drive to accomplish before she rounded the end of the east wing and reached

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THISTLEDOWN

"There's not much one *can* say, little girl," he began huskily, "but——"

"Oh, let me go. Let me go!"

"It's all over now," he soothed. "Don't let what might have happened prey on you. Remember that you were steady and sure; that shows you can always count on yourself in an emergency——"

"It's not that," she breathed through lips twisting to restrain a sob. "Oh, let me go," she moaned, beginning to cry.

HE LAID a hand on her shoulder, still retaining the tense little fist he had been clasping.

"What is it, Elinor?" he asked worriedly. "You've *got* to let me help you, you know. That's only fair, dear child."

She had reached the end of her self-control. Pulling her hand loose, she flung both arms around his neck, crying wildly.

Just at first he held her close and patted her in a puzzled attempt at comfort. Then, his face suddenly stamped with a realizing fear, he made a move to release her; but at this she pressed closer and urgently lifted her hot cheeks, where the tears rolled childishly from under her tight-shut lids.

He inevitably met the lips blindly seeking his own, then thrust her from him.

"What have I done!" he muttered.

"You didn't do it," she sobbed as she turned in the direction of the cottages. "I did it."

She started to run, stumbling at first, then gaining steadiness. When she had disappeared into the woods he began to follow slowly.

Carter Withington usually took his evening smoke alone at dusk in the birch seat. Some time before his customary hour Elinor secured her canoe in the black shadows of a group of overhanging bushes just to the left, and lay down to wait.

She had made excuses to her aunt and was leaving in the morning. In thus coming to be near him to-night she had followed her instinct as simply as she breathed; she would keep him invisible company, bid him voiceless farewell.

It was quite dark before the sound of steps rewarded her. Suddenly she stiffened.

"I was a little afraid, Carter," came Mrs. Withington's low, worried voice, clearly continuing a conversation after an interval of reflection. "I tried to take a hand that day you were sick, but I fear it didn't help matters much. I suspect you've been dealing with that child as if she were a sophisticated married woman of thirty and it went to her head. Besides, you're the bright ball just out of reach——"

"I know," he groaned. "I should have known better. But it wouldn't have come to the pass it did, if it hadn't been for that blamed cramp."

After a pregnant pause Mrs. Withington spoke again: "Carter."

"Yes."

"You mean—you kissed her?"

"N-no—I don't think I did. In fact, I'm quite certain I didn't," he stated in indubitable good faith.

"Oh, then she——"

But he was continuing without hearing his wife's sharp and enlightened exclamation.

"How could I, Sue?" he asked simply.

There was a movement, silence, a woman's tremulous laugh in which tears quivered; then, "Carter, you're really so sweet, my heart aches for every other woman."

"But what'll we *do?*" he insisted.

"Listen!"

LEAVES rustled and twigs snapped below them to the left. A single uncontrolled sob, the panicky plash-plash of a hurried paddle, and a canoe cleared the shadows into the moonlit lake.

It zigzagged crazily at first, then steadied, as the girl, silhouetted against the pale night, settled down to a swift, even stroke. But the straining watchers from the shore, hands tightly clasped, did not relax till Elinor, now well out toward the middle of the lake, finally turned her course and paddled slowly back, steering diagonally for the dock.

Mrs. Withington was breathing unevenly.

"I wouldn't have had that happen—and yet it was surgical—perhaps for the best," she murmured.

Then she turned and clung to him.

"Oh, Carter," she wailed, "it's so dreadful to be idle and young and not to *know!* She'll suffer hideously for a while—and then some day she may learn what love *is*—or she may never— They're just poor little wisps of floating thistledown at the mercy of every breeze——"

He may have understood her. His answer was a kiss.

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THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

the small terrace on to which opened the door Leontine had mentioned. But this terrace, when she finally gained it, was in blessed shadow from the long wing.

Creeping along near to the wall of the house, she came to a small porch, stepped into it, and then started back with a catch of her breath. For the door was a mere black splotch in the darkness of the porch—it was wide open! Leontine had fled through it and left it ajar.

LISTENING, straining her eyes into the dark beyond the door, she stepped inside. At the end of what was evidently a narrow, paneled hallway was a faint gray light.

With one hand feeling the wall, she crept toward this light and thus came out from under an archway into a great room extending up two stories. The faint light was from the snowy night, and it came through an upper window at the side of the room.

Standing in the shadow of the archway, Rosalie looked about this room. Now that her eyes were more accustomed to the dark, she could make out a shadowy balcony extending across the side of the room at the height of the second story.

A wide staircase curved up to this balcony. These were the stairs Leontine and Lemar ascended; and at the top of them, to the right, was the door of the room where Lemar——

Her thoughts broke off at this point with a shudder. Her imagination went ahead of her up those curving stairs, through that door at the right, and told her what she should see when she had entered the library. Covering her face with her hands, she leaned against the wall, sick with dread.

"I must not think about it! I must go on!" she said to herself. "For their sakes—to save them—I must go up there into that room——"

AT THE top of the stairway she listened. The house was absolutely still. She began to believe that Leontine was right; it was empty of even a caretaker.

From this moment on she moved swiftly; her brain seemed to clear itself of its terror and confusion; some inner strength never suspected gave her a coolness and a steadiness that made her feel light and strong.

She opened the door Leontine had described—the second to the right at the top of the stairs—very softly.

The room was in darkness, although it was not so dark as the great hall below, for the shade across the large window at the end of the room was not drawn and a certain amount of light came in from the outside.

She could make out a large table in the center of the room, a high mantel, evidently of some light-colored stone, a chair or two, a shaded lamp that was silhouetted against the gray oblong of the window. Then she stepped inside and drew the door to behind her.

WITH her hands out before her she felt her way to the table.

"There's a divan in front of that table," she thought, recalling Leontine's description. "It faces the fireplace. Her bag and furs are on that divan. And on the floor at the other end of the divan *he* is lying. It is only a few steps more. When I reach the table I shall walk around it and then I shall see—*him*——"

Her finger-tips touched the table. She crept around the table, feeling for the end of the divan. Yes, here it was.

Her hands slid down to the cushioned seat, feeling along it for the furs and bag. And she was thinking that if they were at this end of the sofa she need not look; she need not see what was lying on the floor at the other end of the hearth-rug.

She began to pray, desperately, as her hands fluttered over the cushions, that soon, soon they would touch the cool beads of the bag and the soft warmth of the furs—soon. She knew she could not stand this blind search long. She should have to look down at the hearth-rug, and then her eyes would go to what lay at the other end of it—and then she should flee from the room as Leontine had done—if she did not find what she was looking for soon.

THE room was dark and absolutely still, and yet it seemed to her to be clamorous with a presence, a presence that watched her and read her inmost soul.

"O God!" she prayed. "Help me to find them!" And then for the first time it came to her that perhaps Leontine was wrong; the bag and furs might not have been dropped on this sofa; she might have to search the room.

At this thought she moved farther along the hearth-rug toward the other end of the sofa. Her right hand went out along the cushion. And then her skin crept; a frightful coldness seemed to sweep in prickling waves over the whole surface of her body.

For her fingers had touched something cold, cold with an unmistakable clammy chill—a hand that lay inert and bloodless upon the cushions of the divan.

With a gasping sob she stood upright in the middle of the hearth-rug, staring with straining eyes into the dark. She could make out a black huddle of something that lay against the sofa-arm, something large and quiet.

How long she stood there she did not know; but slowly her frozen brain began to stir, to account for this unseen terror.

Leontine had declared that Lemar had fallen to the floor to the left of the fireplace; she described how she had seen his head hit against the book-shelves that lined the wall. He lay, she said, with his feet on the hearth-rug and his head against the lowest shelf. Slowly, with an effort of will that seemed to wrench her very soul, Rosalie compelled her eyes to turn to that spot.

The faint gray light from the unshaded window came in and fell upon the floor in front of the book-shelves. It vaguely touched the fringe of the hearth-rug, the strip of polished floor beyond it, the lowest row of books.

And that was all. Where Lemar's body should have lain, where she had steeled herself to see it lying, there was nothing.

THEN all at once her self-control gave way. Panic horror of the whispering darkness swept her. She threw herself toward the table and the lamp, her fingers fumbling desperately.

That one instant was like an indescribably dreadful nightmare in which she knew the light was all that could save her. But at last after interminable effort her fingers found the chain that lighted the lamp.

The light spread in a circle, over the table, the sofa, toward the fireplace and the book-shelves. And it fell strongest upon a shape that lay huddled grotesquely over the arm of the sofa, as if it had fallen there limply.

The head and shoulders and right arm drooped, face down, over the arm of the divan, and the left arm lay palm up, twisted under the body, on the dark-blue cushions. It looked as if the man had fallen there from a position facing the sofa.

Rosalie from the opposite side of the table stared with the expression of one hypnotized. Her first sensation was one of a semi-nauseated repulsion, so unnatural, so disregardful of all the human proprieties, appeared this huddled mass whose face she could not see.

Then a thought whipped her brain to activity: how had he got there? She had every reason to believe that Leontine had truthfully described the position of the body as she had last seen it.

Could it be that he had risen to his feet and fallen where he now lay? If so, he must have done so after Leontine fled.

Then she had not immediately killed him, as she believed she had done!

Rosalie crept around the table to a point where she could peer at the man's face. But before she had been able to force herself to this ordeal she saw something that sent a shiver over her. His body was lying across Leontine's black fox furs, which had evidently been thrown over the arm of the sofa. And probably there also, among the cushions, crushed by the weight of him, was the bead-embroidered bag she must recover.

A FIT of shivering, violent and nauseating, swept over her. She closed her eyes and reeled back against the book-shelves.

It was in this moment, the worst she had known since that dreadful evening began, while she stood there with her eyes closed, that there came to her an experience she was never to forget as long as she lived.

There had swept over her a wave of repugnance for what she had to do so weakening that she entered that shadowy borderland where the body, half-fainting, loosens its hold on the spirit, which seems to withdraw itself and stand watching. She knew she had to go to that huddled mass which had been Vasco Lemar and lift it off the furs and the bag.

And while every atom of her body shrank from this contact, her spirit seemed to raise a whip over her flesh, driving her pitilessly on. With the expressionless eyes of a sleep-walker and her face absolutely blank and white, she moved slowly across the rug toward the motionless body on the sofa, coming as she did so into the ring of light from the shaded lamp. And it was just as she entered this zone of light that she heard the voice.

TO HER ears it sounded far away, but distinct and clear. It was Gerald's voice—she knew it instantly—and it said, "Rosalie!"

It arrested her where she stood like a ringing command. The thought that came to her instantly was, "He has come to help me—because he is dead!"

Slowly, with a frightful effort, she lifted her gaze from the body of Lemar to that shadowy space of the room from which the voice had come. So certain was she of what she was going to see that there was no shock in the vision she then had of a figure in uniform standing in the doorway.

The face was only a pale blur, and the figure melted into the gray background; but she knew it beyond the shadow of a doubt. This certainty drew from her a cry that was poignant with sorrow and longing:

"Ah, Gerald! My dear—my dear——"

The figure in the doorway moved into the room. She watched it without fear, only with the thought that in a moment it would vanish and that would be all, it would be the last, the end. She did not move or lift a hand, but her great eyes followed the shadowy movement.

And then, after all, it was an ordinary, every-day sound that shocked her out of the borderland between the real and the unreal. It was nothing less, or more, than the creak of a closing door. The shadowy figure had reached a hand out behind him and drawn to the door!

AT THIS sound it seemed as if her spirit clicked back into her body. The exaltation of anguish gave place to terror.

She thought she was going crazy, or her senses were playing tricks with her. Stepping backward, she faced the dark reaches of the room beyond the lamplight, waiting, with her hands clutched together at her breast.

And thus it was that she stood when the indistinct figure moved out of the farther shadows into the lighted space in front of the fireplace. The light winked from buttons and shoulder-bars. She lifted her eyes to his face.

And then, with an inarticulate sound, she swayed; her arms went out beseechingly. There followed an instant of time when the world was absolutely dark and she seemed sinking very quietly, without a struggle, into nothingness.

THE next thing she was aware of was a cool wind blowing her hair about her temples. Her hat was off, and her cheek was pressed close against something warm, rough and woolly.

It was a contact so familiar, so comforting,

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THE SHADOW OF ROSALIE BYRNES

that she was incredulous of it. She moved her head a trifle, scraping her cheek ever so tentatively against the cloth upon which it rested.

At the same time she became aware of her right hand, the fingers of which had closed on and were holding desperately to another hand, a warm, flesh-and-blood hand. And also there was a whispering going on from lips that now and then touched her cheek, little, endearing words, words of entreaty, of reassurance.

Very slowly, for fear she might be wrong, for fear the least movement would bring the whisper to a stop and cause the warm hand and the rough, warm contact of the cloth under her cheek to vanish, she lifted her chin and looked up.

There was no doubt now; the incredible miracle had happened; somehow, in some way she did not then feel the least curiosity about, Gerald had come to help her, to save her from what she had to do. A wonder, a happiness so intense it was pain, surged through her.

There was nothing in the whole universe for her except the fact that her head was on Gerald's breast, his arms held her in their circle of protection, his lips were against her forehead. The words they whispered to each other were incoherent, without sense and wholly futile to express what they felt.

BUT this divine madness of joy could last only a few instants. Gerald lifted her to her feet and with his arm about her whispered:

"We must get out of here, sweetheart. What was it you were going to do as I came in?"

The question recalled her to their situation.

"How did you get here?" she whispered back. "Did you know I——"

"I've seen your sister," he replied, a hint of grimness in his voice. "But I'll tell you about it when we're out of this place. Those things you came out here for—have you found them?"

She winced as she led the way back to the hearth-rug and averted her head as Gerald bent over the crumpled form on the divan. She stood with her back to them, trembling now from the reaction of her emotions.

She could hear the light scraping of cloth on cloth as Gerald evidently turned on to its back the body of Lemar. There was a pause that seemed interminable. And then an exclamation from Gerald.

She turned and looked at him. He was bending over Lemar, one hand at the limp wrist and the other unbuttoning the vest.

"Look here this man isn't dead!" he cried in a low voice. "His heart is beating. He's lost a good deal of blood from the blow on the temple, and he evidently hit his head somewhere when he fell, but there's a pulse, though it's very slow.

"Help me lay him down flat—take his feet—that's right—now pull those furs out from under him—put a cushion under his head. Right! Now, take the shade off that lamp."

WITH the discovery that Lemar was not dead, the weight of a mountain was lifted from Rosalie's heart. She felt equal to anything, cool and strong.

Her blood seemed moving through her veins for the first time since Leontine had staggered into her sitting-room that evening. She put aside all questions as to the marvel of Gerald's presence there; she only knew that he had lifted her unbearable burden off her shoulders. She felt a sense of security, almost of peace, as she watched him making a hasty examination of the inert man before him.

In a moment he straightened himself, and she saw that his face had grown anxious.

"We must have a stimulant of some kind!" he exclaimed. "Look around the room. His pulse is very slow. We can't have him dying now."

Rosalie began to make a hurried search of the room. She found a carved mahogany cellarette, and after a good deal of fumbling the spring that opened it. But it was empty of everything save a siphon of water and several glasses.

She brought a glass of the water to Gerald and he poured some between Lemar's set jaws. The man looked so ghastly that Rosalie had to force herself to stand there near him.

The blood had dried and clotted on the right side of his face, closing naturally the cut on his temple. But he was a frightening gray-white, with blue shadows under his pouchy eyes.

Rosalie knew that Gerald was more concerned than he cared to show. He took a turn about the room as if he was thinking hard. Rosalie's eyes followed him anxiously.

Then, as if he had made up his mind, he came back to her.

"WE'VE got to get a doctor here for him," he said briefly. "Do you know whether the telephone is connected or not?"

"Oh, but, Gerald! We should have to tell a doctor the whole story! And then if Lemar dies we—we——"

Their eyes met. She saw that Gerald's face had grown haggard, but his eyes were steady.

"I know—that's a chance we take. But there's nothing else to do. I don't believe Lemar will live till morning without medical attention. He was in no condition to resist the shock and the loss of blood.

"And he's very low now. I'm sure a doctor could pull him through, but without one—And then there's a chance he may not be found quickly. Don't you see he's got to have a doctor?"

Rosalie looked from the dead-white face on the sofa, a face in which each line of dissipation and degradation showed repellantly, to the face of the man she adored. He had grown thinner since she saw him last; he had lost his boyishness, but she knew that she loved him a thousand times more than she had even in that hour when he said a good-by that for all she knew might be his last.

She loved him for his quiet strength, for his tenderness, and now for the determination that was in his eyes. But because she adored him, she felt a swift rebellion against doing what he proposed.

She saw the consequences of the act in all their details—the disgrace, the scandal that would now involve Gerald as well as herself. And all for a man without whom the world would be better off.

"Gerald—I can't, I can't!" she cried. "I can't let you do it! Gerald, I came here to save you from the disgrace—more to save you than my sister.

"I couldn't bear it, to think of your being dragged into this. I was willing to do anything to save my sister, so that you would not suffer through us. And now you undo everything I have done; you risk discovery for yourself, when I would give my life to prevent it!"

HE TOOK her in his arms and laid a hand on her hair. There was a smile of such sweetness and tenderness in his eyes that the tears sprang to hers.

"My darling little wife, don't I know why you came here? You're the bravest and the best in the world. And I've got to make it up to you for what I did when I was crazy with jealousy and suspicion and grief.

"For your sister's sake this man must live. And his only chance is a doctor. There's nothing else to consider besides that."

"But why, oh, why, should you risk scandal and disgrace for such a man—even for my sister? Gerald, if you'll only go, I'll telephone, myself, and then I'll join you down the road somewhere before the doctor can get here——"

He shook his head. She tightened her arms about him.

"Gerald, for the sake of your mother, for the sake of your uniform——"

He sighed, but the determination in his eyes did not weaken.

"I KNOW! It's going to be bad all around, but I'm going to see it through. Now, listen, dear—as soon as I've got a doctor on the wire, you're to go out the way you came in, turn to the right when you reach the road, and walk along it about half a mile.

"You'll come to a small inn that is just beyond a big clump of cedar-trees. Go in there and wait for me. If I don't come in forty minutes——"

But at this her eyes began to blaze. Her mouth stiffened and her head went up.

"No!" she cried. "I don't intend to leave this house until you leave it. I know you're right about sending for a doctor, and if you can risk everything I can at least stay with you!"

"But, Rosalie, I don't want you to stay—I want you out of this thing completely."

"Through me this horrible thing has happened to you—do you think I'm going to leave you to face everything alone? No; I'm going to stay, and if worse comes to worst I'm going to tell exactly the truth——"

"But your sister——"

HER blue eyes were like gems.

"I shall never shield her at your expense, Gerald, and you needn't ask me to. You are my man—nothing matters besides that——"

In his desperation he clutched her shoulders and gave her a little shake. "Rosalie, if I'm your man I have the right to be obeyed. I command you to promise me you'll do exactly as I say——"

"No!" Their eyes met, in hers an invincible will, in his an admiring despair. She sprang at the telephone—all their conversation had been in low, hurried tones, for each felt the pressure of the passing minutes—and put her hand on the receiver. But Gerald, taking her firmly by the shoulders, pushed her to one side.

"I'll do the telephoning at least," he said grimly. "The next village is Riverdale, isn't it?"

He had half lifted the receiver from its hook, when he glanced at the door and the window.

"By George, those shades have been up all the time! Pull them down, and then go out into the hall and listen. You think the house is unoccupied?"

Nodding, she noiselessly slipped through the door that led to the landing. The library door opened on to the balcony that ran across the width of the great room below.

By leaning over the tapestry-hung railing she could see the stairway curving up from the dimness below, and the archway beyond, through which she had entered. All was still and dark.

She was about to return to the library when something seemed to detain her. She hung over the rail, staring down into the hall straining her ears.

For she knew that just as she had straightened up she had heard a sound. It was muffled, as if it came from some remote part of the rambling old house, but there was no mistaking it; it was the sound of a closing door.

SHE remained frozen in her listening attitude, her eyes fixed on the darkness below. And thus she saw the very first faint gleam of a light that fell in a long finger across the floor below beyond the stairway.

It grew brighter and moved a little over the polished floor, as if some one carrying a lantern was moving slowly nearer along a hallway that opened out of the main hall. It held her fascinated, motionless, until two sounds broke the spell of the new terror that bound her—the sound of a voice, and then a key unlocking a door near her, a door that was somewhere off to her left, down the corridor she had noticed as she came up the stairs, a shadowy corridor that led, she supposed, to the bedrooms, possibly to a service stairway.

But this new sound was so startling that it left her no inclination to investigate it. Some one was on the second floor and coming nearer. She sprang toward the library door and closed it behind her, turning the key in the lock.

"Turn out the light, quick!" she whispered. "They're coming!"

To be concluded

THE LITTLE RED HEN

A PLAY TO ACCOMPANY CUT-OUT ON PAGE 18

IN THE play are: THE LITTLE RED HEN, THE PIG, THE CAT and THE DOG.

The Play takes plaee in the Farmyard. There is a Gate on one side of the Yard that opens, and an Oven with a door that opens on the other. Beyond the Fenee, over the Hill, is a Mill. A Grain of Wheat lies on the Ground.

FIRST SCENE

(THE LITTLE RED HEN *comes in in search of something to eat. Soon she finds a Grain of Wheat.*)

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: I have found a seed! It is a grain of wheat. I will sow this seed and when it grows I will gather the wheat and make some bread.

(THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *come slowly in through the Gate.*)

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: I have found a grain of wheat. Who will help me sow it?

THE PIG says: Not I.
THE CAT says: Not I.
THE DOG says: Not I.

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Then I will sow it myself.

(THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *go slowly out. When* THE LITTLE RED HEN *has sown the Wheat, she goes out with much energy.*)

SECOND SCENE

(*A Stalk of Wheat has come up where the Seed was planted.* THE LITTLE RED HEN *comes in with a Sickle. She is followed by* THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG.)

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: See! The Wheat is up! It must be cut. Who will help me reap the Wheat?

THE PIG says: Not I.
THE CAT says: Not I.
THE DOG says: Not I.

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Then I will reap it myself.

(THE LITTLE RED HEN *cuts the Wheat with her Sickle while* THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *go slowly out. When the Wheat is cut,* THE LITTLE RED HEN *leaves the Wheat on the Ground and goes out with much energy.*)

THIRD SCENE

(THE LITTLE RED HEN *comes in with a Flail. She is followed very slowly by* THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG. *The Stalk of Wheat is lying on the Ground where she cut it.*)

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Now the Wheat must be threshed. Who will help me thresh it?

THE PIG says: Not I.
THE CAT says: Not I.
THE DOG says: Not I.

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Then I will thresh it myself.

(THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *go slowly out, while* THE LITTLE RED HEN *threshes the Wheat with much energy; then she goes out, leaving the Wheat on the Ground.*)

FOURTH SCENE

(THE LITTLE RED HEN *comes in with a Sack. She gathers the Wheat off the Ground and puts it into the Sack. When she has finished,* THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *come slowly in.*)

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Now the Wheat must be ground to Flour. Who will help me carry the Sack to the Mill?

THE PIG says: Not I.
THE CAT says: Not I.
THE DOG says: Not I.

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Then I will carry it myself.

(THE LITTLE RED HEN *takes the Sack and starts off briskly to the Mill.* THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *watch her go out and then go slowly through the Gate.*)

FIFTH SCENE

(THE LITTLE RED HEN *comes in with a Sack of Flour.* THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *come in after her.*)

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Now the Flour must be made into Bread. Who will help me make the Bread?

THE PIG says: Not I.
THE CAT says: Not I.
THE DOG says: Not I.

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Then I will make it myself.

(THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *stand round and watch* THE LITTLE RED HEN *while she makes the Bread. When the Bread is made,* THE LITTLE RED HEN *puts it into the Oven. They* ALL *watch the Oven. In a while* THE LITTLE RED HEN *takes the Bread out of the Oven and puts it down on the Ground.*)

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: Now the Bread is baked. Who will help me eat the Bread?

THE PIG says: I will!
THE CAT says: I will!
THE DOG says: I will!

THE LITTLE RED HEN says: No, you shall not! You would not help me sow the Wheat, reap or thresh it. You would not help me earry it to the Mill or make the Bread. So I shall eat it myself.

(THE LITTLE RED HEN *eats the Bread while* THE PIG, THE CAT *and* THE DOG *go slowly out.*)

(Four ehildren can take part in this play, speaking the lines intended for the four eharaeters, or, one child ean speak all four parts. It will be great fun for the speaker to make his voice resemble the growl of the dog, the miau of the eat, the squeal of the pig and the eackle of the hen. Just a little praetise and your voice will imitate any of these ereatures. Perhaps you can make the little ereatures speak and aet so perfeetly that you ean give a real play and invite all the grownups to the performance!)

Continued from page 16

DARYA

business enterprises for diversion, for love of "art," or for the bushels of money she made. She had become famous for her "innovations" and her "discoveries."

She was still holding my bewildered attention with the story of her discovery of Daisy when the orchestra fanfare sounded again. It was the summons for "Darya"—the name, too, I later learned, had been given her by Mrs. Atteridge, as to an infant in baptism. I observed that Sands accompanied her downstairs.

I remarked that he seemed devoted.

"Darya is very much admired," Mrs. Atteridge said complacently. "Mr. Sands, I think, is quite serious. She'll be a fortunate girl."

It happened, after all, that Daisy and I didn't have our home-town gossip that night, but she gave me her address, and invited me, including Jeff with a deeply shining look, to come for tea the next afternoon.

Daisy's little salon (designed by Mrs. Atteridge, of course) stamped on my mind the theatrical completeness of her metamorphosis. It had silver-colored walls, I remember, and black-enameled furniture, and silver-black-and-gold-striped hangings. I thought of the old Holmes cottage on Catalpa Hill, the unpainted picket fence, the woodbine climbing over the porches. Daisy had come a long way, and Mrs. Atteridge was convinced it was a "development."

THEN Daisy came in to greet us—Darya, I should say. She was smartly dressed, and wore her air of sophistication. But in her talk, her manner, her interest in affairs back home, she herself seemed really sweet and wholesome.

There was much I wanted to hear from her, and she talked frankly, raining praises upon her benefactress, marveling at her good luck, modestly discounting her merits. Ingenuously as a child she told how the papers fought to display her photographs in new array, how her clothes were so copied that she was always having to replace them, how dressmakers clamored to make her, without charge, gorgeous new costumes, how manufacturers of beauty creams besieged her, how makers of moving-pictures trailed her.

To her, it seemed, the situation was partly a joke; but also, judging from a serious little expression which at times flickered across her eyes, it was very much of a miracle.

"IT *IS* nice to have lots of pretty things, and to be admired, and not need to worry about money—don't you think so?"

Jeff said nothing, but Darya warmed him again with a bright, interested gaze.

"You remind me of a friend of mine, Professor Quigley," she said. "He says, 'If you will make a man happy, add not to his riches, but take away from his desires.' "

Little imps were dancing behind the long fringe of her eyes, and the smile he returned her was half-sheepish, so I knew she was quoting from his own book. He cleared his throat before he spoke.

"Please don't make me out so conceited," he said. "If any one's success—if *your* success brings you happiness—and of course it does—you should be proud."

She interrupted him, and now the little imps had got into the cadence of her voice:

"I have another friend who says that those are amusing people who are proud of things which are not in their power. For instance, a man says, 'I'm better than you because I possess much land, because I have higher rank, or because I have curly hair.' But a horse doesn't say to another horse, 'I'm superior to you because I possess more fodder, because my bits are of gold and my harness is embroidered; but he says, 'I'm swifter than you, and every animal is better or worse because of his own merit or his own lack of it.' "

I REMEMBER how Jeff, sober as an owl, sat staring at her, and how he started to speak.

I refused to referee her little game of coquetry, her artful stealing of Jeff's own weapons. When we left, shortly after, he found his tongue to pour out enthusiasms about her extraordinary intelligence. Of course he found her intelligent—a woman who could quote pages of his own book! I made a satirical comment to this effect, adding that I knew a dozen other college girls who could talk "intelligently."

"But she's a *dancer!* And so natural and sweet, with all her good looks and gorgeous get-up. It seems incredible that she could look like that, and still have brains."

"For heaven's sake, don't start inscribing poetry to her!" I begged.

But that is exactly what he did do.

The outcome was that Jeff, silent, sweet-natured and baggy-kneed professor of philosophy, looked at shining Darya, Broadway's dancing-favorite, and was moved—by eternal, mysterious processes which had lain twenty-nine years waiting for this moment—to fall in love with her. And the poetry, the fire and idealization of the man, all but swept even Darya, "development," sophistication, gilded success and all, clean off her feet. This I gathered from a letter from Jeff which I received three weeks after I left New York.

The letter itself was in the nature of a poem. He was touchingly grateful to me, poor fellow, for having brought the miracle to his reach. They were not *definitely* engaged yet, but— I understood Jeff when he wrote in that strain; there was no doubt of his hopes or of his happiness.

THE news made me glad, too—for both of them. Though I could comprehend her unusual success, yet she was a Kansas girl—and I'm old-fashioned.

So I had my mouth all fixed to make pretty speeches when I returned to New York, the middle of September—and found she had turned him down!

Jeff came to my hotel, gray and smoldering of eye, the volcano now pitiably spent—consuming itself within. Incoherent in his explanations, he asked that I go with him to see her. He had the idea, I believe, that I might say something to change her.

So we two went again to that black-and-silver-and-gold drawing-room. And again Darya came in to us, smartly dressed in a shimmering gold-colored garment, her dark hair groomed to that sleek luster that Kansas girls never achieve.

She conventionally shook hands with each of us. But I could see she was nervous, too. The spots on her cheeks were deep-colored like rouge; her hands were uneasy; and her shoulders twitched when Jeff spoke.

"Well," I said in a desperate attempt to be jovial, "it was nice to invite me to the post-mortem. Now you give your evidence, young lady."

SHE turned startled, shining eyes toward me, swallowed, and caught her breath. I felt sorry for her, but I felt sorrier for Jeff with his somber eyes.

"It's this way, I take it," I went on. "You encouraged Jeff because you thought you loved him. Then you decided you didn't love him enough; is that it?"

She swallowed again, and I could see the convulsive working in her throat.

"Yes," she said. Then quickly, "I want to tell you two, now, first of anybody, that I've accepted Mr. Sands."

I didn't look toward Jeff; I couldn't bear to. I waited a moment; then, hearing no sound from his direction, I said:

"Then you love Mr. Sands more than Jeff?"

She caught her two hands together, then let them drop, like weights, to her lap.

"No— Yes— That is—" in a strained voice.

Then suddenly she leaned forward, twisting her hands into a tight knot, her voice coming with hard, unnatural haste, like water from a broken spigot.

"Oh, I know what you're thinking—that it's the money and the gay life and all. And you think I'm despicable and sordid. But I *am* fond of Johnny. He's so witty and entertaining, and always so good-natured."

"Good traits in a husband," I commented. "And if, as you say, you love him more than Jeff——"

"Oh, no!" she interrupted impetuously. "I didn't say *that!* I'm *fond* of Johnny, and I'm *fond* of Jeff, too! If only—" She paused, gave a ghost of a laugh, and with that unconscious play-acting the best of women can bring to the most solemn of occasions she took on a prim expression. "I really believe, sometimes, that it's not in me to *love*——"

For my part, I began to regret coming.

"WELL, if that's the case," I said, striving for a tone of finality, "it seems to no purpose——"

But she broke in again with a rush of words and a deepening of the crimson on her cheeks (no, it was *not* rouge) addressing me as if her words were all meant for Jeff, sitting there as dumb as a gate-post.

"I want you to understand! If one doesn't *really* love—you know—one might as well—Oh, I know my weakness; I like to play games with myself—not admit unpleasant truths—enduring artificialities—practising them, arguing it all out to my conscience. Perhaps I *am* sordid!"

Scarcely pausing, she turned toward Jeff, looking at him directly for the first time that evening, and, finding self-possession in self-abasement, in an almost normal tone she went on:

"You see, you're lucky, Jeff. I'm all fake. Even my looks—they're just clothes. I'm really plain. Ask Mr. Hicks."

JEFF, hunched back there in his corner, his eyes blazing so that he looked half-wild, could only give a hoarse mutter to the effect that he knew what *he* loved in her and that she needn't fear *he'd* be cheated.

For myself, I couldn't help thinking that if she was really concerned about the shallowness of her "lure," why didn't she fear for its wearing qualities with such a knowing, blasé individual as Sands, who, if he'd met her in the old days, would have noticed her no more than a turnip?

I didn't voice this aspect of the case, but somehow I had the odd feeling that Daisy *wanted* me to say something of the kind. I caught her looking at me with a sort of pathetic appeal in her deep-fringed eyes.

What kind of help was she tacitly beseeching? Aid in showing Jeff his hopeless folly? Or—and this notion struck me in a flash—had she got me here to persuade *her* against herself—to argue down her weakness and send her into Jeff's arms?

I don't know, even to this day. And, had I been convinced that the latter was the true motive, even then I'd have hesitated to fall in with her plan.

Perhaps my attitude was wrong, but, you see, the girl was to me but a half-known quantity. If I'd been more sure of her— But New York is a crucible so huge that, when a human atom once is drawn into its vortex, no one save God can be sure what chemical change is wrought. Even you, the veriest commoner, when you are in New York, feel that hot, white, hypnotic glamour.

SO IT was that I, with those mute, appealing eyes of hers on me, found myself utterly helpless. I sat there on an absurd black-and-gold chair, hot and uncomfortable, and perplexedly eyed the resplendent surroundings—rich food for doubt.

Jeff, too, as if catching my meaning, eyed them, in a sort of despairing inventory. His fixed faith, I suppose, was finally crumbling.

I don't wonder! Looking round that expensive flat, *I'd* have paused over the job of making its mistress happy—unless I were a Johnny Sands, say.

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Concluded from page 54

DARYA

"Well, Daisy"—I answered her appeal cheerfully as I might and achieving inanity—"however you want to run down your looks, they're all to the good. And Sands is to bo congratulated on getting a nice, sweet girl in the bargain. I hope you'll both be happy."

"Thank you, Mr. Hicks." Then, turning, in the gentlo tone one uses with a child:

"Won't *you* wish me happiness, too, Jeff?"

"I WON'T! I can't!" he flamed, his face at once passionate and pleading, his voico blended violence and yearning. "I can't let you go—let you get swallowed up in that false, blatant, accursed life! You don't know it—don't know yourself! You're blinded. Listen, Daisy"—he had, catching it from me, always called her by the old name—"you're not made for all that rank artificiality. And Sands——"

He started to rise, sank heavily back in his chair, and his voice, hot and sharp, broke like a shattering coal.

Darya let her eyes fall a long moment, then in a weary kind of voice said:

"It's no use, Jeff. I've made up my mind. It's better this way. You've idealized me. We'll both be happier. I suppose"—trying to smile—"that I *am* sordid." Her humility sat oddly, pathetically, on her magnificence.

My duty, I knew, was to get Jeff away as quickly, as unemotionally as possible. I wanted to take him to his rooms, but he wouldn't let me.

A DAY or so after that her engagement to Sands was announced in the papers, and because of the prominence of both was bruited, with an endless succession of photographs, all over the country.

Jeff took it hard. Fortunately his classwork was again beginning, but he couldn't put his heart in it.

It was the third week in October that ho struck another trail.

He chanced to hear of a small group sailing for France (this was during the third month, you remember, of the great war); not gloriously to fight, nor spectacularly to report, nor eminently to wield the surgeon's knife. Only five or six men, aflame and earnest, very much of Jeff's temperament, I fancy, who couldn't bear not to give their mite to help when so much help was needed.

As to detail, their aims were rather vague, but humble and sincere—just to get whero they could nurse, or cook, or scrub.

Jeff, meeting one of these men a week before their departure, was fired overnight. The very next day he mado his college arrangements. And tho next day, his name, along with those of his prospective companions, figured unobtrusively in the morning paper.

UNOBTRUSIVE as it was, Darya found it. Before noon she telephoned me at my hotel. Even over the wire her voice betrayed her agitation.

Was it true? . . . Oh, he mustn't bo allowed to go—it was dangerous. . . . Yes, she knew how Jeff was, when his heart was set on a thing, but . . . we must do something!

Would I come up to see her and talk it over? No; would I bring Jeff, and we'd *all* talk?

"I really don't know whether he'll come, Daisy," I explained as gently as I could. "Anyway, I don't believe you could shake his resolution."

"Bring him to me, Mr. Hicks," she pleaded in a voice colored with repressed sobs

Then, quickly, with a hard catch: "No—take me to him; I want to go to him."

That is how Darya and I happened to pay a visit, in the late afternoon that October day, to a little flat up on Morningside Heights. Jeff, who was expecting only mo and who was as disheveled as only a man can be who must do his own packing, advanced whistling, saw, paled, clutched his pipe, retreated.

Just within the door she stood, tense, her voice quivering forward like a timid little scout.

"Don't turn away from me, Jeff. Don't go away from me. I can't stand it.

"If you must go, take mo with you. Take me with you anywhere—anyway—in rags, if you say so. 'Whither thou goest'—like in the Bible, you know.

"Oh, Jeff"—one tentative step forward—"Jeff, stay with me or *take* me with you."

It is not for me to describe further that scene. Anyway, each of you can, in your heart, see it better than I could describe it.

That was how Darya passed. Great was the commotion the marriage raised.

New York, I believe, thought her mad—and, indeed, by its tenets, she was.

Darya was no more—dead as the orchids she had worn, and by now she is almost forgotten.

Yes, Darya in her turn died, and Jeff Quigley's wife was born. The Great War lifted her out of herself and showed her realities—Love and Service.

Concluded from page 19

GREAT-GRANDFATHER'S CAR

her, and if he once got into the library, absorbed in a book, he would go on forgetting her. Neither her mother nor her father knew where sho was; Henry was away; deaf Sarah, ironing in the kitchen, would scarcely hear if some one knocked the house down; people seldom passed on the lonely road; thero seemed to Bettina nothing for it but to endure, as well as she could, her two hours of captivity.

Bettina, turning from the window, surveyed the attic's desolation.

FROM the top of the trunk-pile Bettina dragged down a steamer-trunk and pulled it across the floor to the open window. With her chin in her palms and her elbows on her knees she sat rather glumly on her hard bench, looking sometimes down the twisting road outside and sometimes at the bare attic inside. She found nothing very inspiring in either place.

Bettina's bed was hard and hot, and the flies swarmed in at the open window to crawl stickily over her as she lay, and yet in spite of it all Bettina fell asleep. She awoke an hour later wondering where she was and squealing a little when she sat up, for her legs ached and her arm was full of prickles.

"I went to sleep," she said, coming to her feet. "My arm hasn't waked up yet. I wish I'd slept two hours, but it was only a minute.

"I can't stand this any longer. I'm mad enough to knock the house down. If only I could find something to ram that door!"

The trunks, she knew, were empty; there was no use in searching them. The attic floor was straight and bare; not a loose stick to help her. There was no loft. Bettina stood looking around helplessly.

THE peaked roof came down steeply on each side of the attic so that close under the eaves there was not standing-room—only about three feet between the roof and the floor. For the first time Bettina noticed that this three feet of wall space was boarded up against the beams of the side-wall, making a line of pockets along the side of the attic.

Bettina crept in under the eaves on the east side to explore the cubby-holes for a possiblo battering-ram. She went down the length of the attic, thrusting her arm into each pocket as far down as she could reach, but finding nothing.

In the first cubby on the second side her hand struck something hard only a few inches down. She grasped it joyfully and drew it out.

"Only a book," she said, disappointed. "It looks stupid too; only a history. Oh, there's another one; maybe that's more interesting. No, it's just the same thing.

"Anyhow this hole's full of them, and I might just as well pull them out while I'm about it."

She did it recklessly, tossing one book down on top of the other until she had a tumbled pile on the floor. Then as she began on a second cubbyhole her eye fell for the first time on the title of the book and she stopped short.

"Gee!" she exclaimed in her brother's slang. "What do you know about that!" and fell to work harder than ever; but she handled the books more carefully now.

She cleared three hidey-holes of their books as far down as she could reach, and went back to the window for a breath of air after her hard work. Around the curve of the road she caught the sound of hoofs trotting rapidly.

"Tad's remembered," she laughed to herself. "He's pushing old Bess even though it's so hot. I know what I'm going to do."

Turning, she ran to her pile of books, gathered up an armful and at the top of the stairs began swiftly to outline with the books tho form of a car, body, radiator and wheels. It took three trips to get books enough; and as she rounded the last wheel she heard the door slam down-stairs.

With a little giggle Bettina sat down in the body of her car, smoothed down her skirts and lay back flat on the floor. The car was just big enough to hold her.

Then as the bolt scraped in the attic door and tho door was flung open, Bettina pulled her mouth into a solemn line, closed her eyes and crossed her hands on her breast.

"BET," called Tad's voice from below, but she did not answer.

"Bet," Tad called again half-way up, and came scrambling on.

At the top he stopped short. Bettina had fooled him a good many times, but Tad's conscience was very pricky just now, and maybe Bettina had fainted in spite of her warm color.

He knelt down beside her to take her hand, and Bettina looked up and very gravely winked at him.

"Don't stop my car, if you please, sir," she said.

Tad looked at her, forgetting his repentance in his wonder that his peppery little sister wasn't angry. Then his eye dropped on the line of books and he settled back on his heels in amazement.

" 'The History of My State, by Thaddeus Gordon,' " he read. "Great Scott! Where did they come from?"

BETTINA sat up and pointed, "From those cubbyholes where great-grandfather stowed them away probably when he couldn't sell them, and all his nine children forgot all about them."

"And you found them! Gee, that's great! There are dozens of them! Five dollars apiece, dad said. I guess you've got your car all right, Bet."

"It's part yours," said Bettina, springing to her feet. "I'd never have found them if you hadn't locked me up here."

"Come to think of it," grinned Tad, "I guess the car belongs to Great-Grandfather Gordon, doesn't it? Dad can't say he won't approve of it when he gives it to us. Hello, where are you going, Bet?"

"To tell mother and get a drink and cool off and apologize to my great-grandfather," called back Bettina at the foot of the stairs. "I'm going to tell him I'm sorry that I said ancestors were no good."

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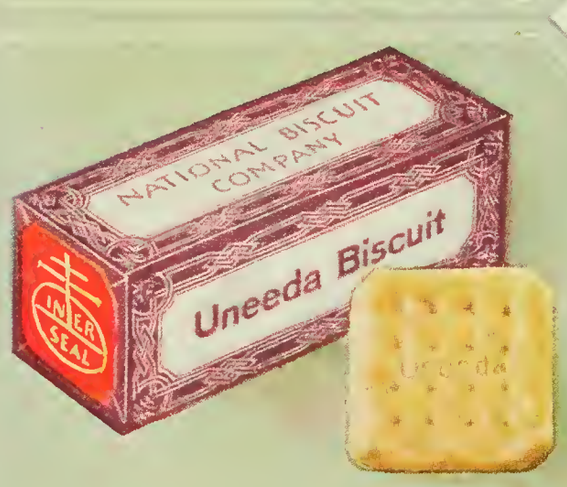

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Continued from page 9

HILLS OF HAN

At half-past four Mrs. Hasmer sent her husband to look into the situation. He reported that they were hard at it. Betty looked a little tired, but was laboriously repeating Li Hsien's words in English, in order that Mr. Brachey might take them down in what appeared to be a sort of shorthand.

Doctor Hasmer didn't see how he could say anything. Not very well. They hadn't so much as noticed him, though he stood near by for a few moments.

Which report Mrs. Hasmer found masculine and unsatisfactory. At five she went herself, took her Battenberg hoop and sat near by.

Betty saw her, and smiled. She looked distinctly a little wan.

The journalist ignored Mrs. Hasmer. He was a merciless driver. Whenever Betty's attention wandered, as it had begun doing, he put his questions bruskly, even sharply, to call her back to the task.

Four bells sounded up forward. Mrs. Hasmer started and, as always when she heard the ship's bell, consulted her watch. Six o'clock!

She put down her hoop; fidgeted; got up; sat down again; told herself she must consider the situation calmly. It must be taken in hand, of course.

The man was a mannerless brute. He had distinctly encroached. He would encroach further.

He must be met firmly, at once. She tried to think precisely how he could be met.

SHE got up again; stood over them. She didn't know that her face was a lens through which any and all might read her perturbed spirit.

Betty glanced up; smiled faintly; drew a long breath.

Li Hsien rose and bowed, clasping his hands before his breast.

Mr. Brachey was writing.

Mrs. Hasmer had tried to construct a little speech that, however final, would meet the forms of courtesy. It left her now. She said with blank firmness:

"Come, Betty!"

"One moment!" protested Mr. Brachey. "Will you please ask him, Miss Doane, whether he believes that the general use of opium has appreciably lowered the vitality of the Chinese people?

"That is, to put it conversely, whether the curtailment of production is going to leave a people too weakened to act strongly in a military or even political way? Surveying the empire as a whole, of course."

Betty's thoughts, which had wandered hopelessly afield, came struggling back.

"I—I'm sorry," she said. "I'm afraid I didn't quite hear."

"I must ask you to come with me, Betty," said Mrs. Hasmer.

At this, looking heavily disappointed, Mr. Brachey rose; ran a long, bony hand through his thick hair.

"We could take it up in the morning," he said, turning from the bland young Chinaman to the plainly confused girl. "That is, if Miss Doane wouldn't mind staying on the ship. I presume she has seen Nagasaki."

His perturbed eyes moved at last to the little, elderly lady who had seemed so colorless and mild; met hers, which were, of a sudden, snapping coals.

"You will not take it up again, sir!" cried Mrs. Hasmer; and left with the girl.

The Chinaman smiled, clasped his hands, bowed with impenetrable courtesy, and withdrew to his quarters.

Mr. Brachey, alone, looked over his notes with a frown; shook his head; went down to dress for dinner.

LATE that night Betty sat in her tiny stateroom, indulging rebellious thoughts. It was time, after an awkwardly silent evening to go to bed. But instead she now slipped into her heavy traveling-coat, pulled on her tam-o'-shanter, tiptoed past the Hasmers' door and went out on deck.

It was dim and peaceful there. The throb of the engines and the wash of water along the hull were the only sounds. They were in the strait now, heading out to sea.

She walked around the deck, and around. It was her first free moment since they left the Pacific ship at Yokohama. Very quietly—sweetly, even—the chaperonage of Mrs. Hasmer had tightened then.

For Betty the experience was new and difficult. She felt that she ought to submit. But the rebellion in her breast, if wrong, was real. She would walk it off.

Then she met Mr. Brachey coming out of the smoking-room. Both stopped.

"Oh!" said he.

"I was just getting a breath of air," said she.

Then they moved to the rail and leaned there, gazing off at the faintly moonlit land.

He asked, in his cold way, how she had learned Chinese.

"I was born at T'ainan-fu," she explained. "My father is a missionary."

"Oh," said he. And again, "Oh!"

Then they fell silent. Her impulse at first was to make talk. She did murmur, "I really ought to be going in."

But he, apparently, found talk unnecessary. And she stayed on, looking now down at the iridescent foam slipping past the black hull, now up into the luminous night.

Then he remarked, casually, "Shall we walk?" And she found herself falling into step with him.

They stopped, a little later, up forward and stood looking out over the forecastle deck.

"Some day I'm going to ask the chief officer to let me go out there," said she.

"It isn't necessary to ask him," replied Mr. Brachey. "Come along."

"Oh," murmured Betty, half in protest; "really?"

But she went, thrilled now, more than a little guilty, down the steps, past patches and donkey-engines, up other steps, under and over a tangle of cables, winches, over an immense anchor, to seats on coils of rope near the very bow.

The situation amounted already to a secret. Mrs. Hasmer couldn't be told, mused Betty. The fact was a little perplexing. But it stood.

NEITHER had mentioned Mrs. Hasmer. But now he said:

"I was rude to-day, of course."

"No," said she. "No."

"Oh, yes! I'm that way. The less I see of people the better."

This touched the half-fledged woman in her.

"You're interested in your work," said she, gently. "That's all. And it's right. You're not a trifler."

"I'm a lone wolf."

She was beginning to find him out-and-out interesting.

"You travel a good deal," she ventured, demurely.

"All the time. I prefer it."

"Always alone?"

"Always."

"You don't get lonesome?"

"Oh, yes. But what does it matter?"

She considered this. "You go into dangerous places."

"Oh, yes."

"You traveled among the head-hunters of Borneo."

"How did you find that out?"

"There's an advertisement of that book in 'To-morrow in India.'"

"Oh, have you read that thing?"

"Part of it. I——"

"You found it dull."

"Well—it's a little over my head."

"It's over everybody's. Mine."

SHE nearly laughed at this. But he seemed not to think of it as humor.

"Aren't you a little afraid, sometimes—going into such dangerous places all alone?"

"Oh, no."

"But you might be hurt—or even—killed."

"What's the difference?"

Startled, she looked straight up at him; then dropped her eyes. She waited for him to explain, but he was gazing moodily out at the water ahead.

The soft night air wrapped them about like dream velvet. Adventure was astir, and romance. Betty, enchanted, looked lazily back at the white 'midships decks, bridge and wheelhouse, at the mysterious rigging and raking masts, at the foremost of the huge funnels pouring out great rolling clouds of smoke.

The engines throbbed and throbbed. Back there somewhere the ship's bell struck, eight times for midnight.

"I don't care much for missionaries," said Mr. Brachey.

"You'd like father."

"Perhaps."

"He's a wonderful man. He's six feet five. And strong."

"It's a job for little men. Little souls. With little narrow eyes."

"Oh—no!"

"Why try to change the Chinese? Their philosophy is finer than ours. And works better. I like them."

"So do I. But——"

She wished her father could be there to meet the man's talk. There must surely be strong arguments on the missionary side, if one only knew them. She finally came out with:

"But they're heathen!"

"Oh, yes!"

"They're—they're polygamous!"

"Why not?"

"But Mr. Brachey—" She couldn't go on with this.

The conversation was growing rather alarming.

"SO ARE the Americans polygamous. And the other white peoples. Only they call it by other names. You get tired of it. The Chinese are more honest."

"I wonder," said she, suddenly steady and shrewd, "if you haven't stayed away too long."

His reply was:

"Perhaps."

"If you live—you know, all by yourself, and for nobody in the world except yourself— I mean, if there's nobody you're responsible for, nobody you love and take care of and suffer for——"

The sentence was getting something involved. She paused, puckering her brows.

"Well?" said he.

"Why, I only meant, isn't there danger of a person like that becoming—well, just selfish?"

"I am selfish."

"But you don't want to be."

"Oh, but I do!"

"I can hardly believe that."

"Dependence on others is as bad as gratitude. It is a demand, a weakness. Strength is better. If each of us stood selfishly alone, it would be a cleaner, better world.

"There wouldn't be any of this mess of obligation, one to another. No running up of spiritual debt. And that's the worst kind."

Betty was being rapidly swept off her mental feet.

"But suppose," she began, a little afraid of getting into depths from which it might be difficult to extricate herself, "suppose—well, you were married, and there were—well, little children. Surely you'd have to feel responsible for them."

"Surely," said he, curtly, "it isn't necessary for every man to bring children into the world. Surely that's not the only job."

"But—but"—his phrases frightened her a little; she was edging away from them—"take another case. Suppose you had a friend, a younger man, and he was in trouble—drinking maybe; anything!—wouldn't you feel responsible for him?"

"Not at all. That's the worst kind of dependence. The only battles a man wins are the ones he wins alone. If any friend of mine—

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HILLS OF HAN

man or woman—can't win his own battles—or hers—he or she had better go. Anywhere. To hell, if it comes to that."

He quite took her breath away.

ONE bell sounded.

"It's perfectly dreadful," said she. "If Mrs. Hasmer knew I was out here at this time of night, she'd——"

This sentence died out. They went back.

"Good night," said she.

She felt that he must think her very young and simple. It seemed odd that he should waste so much time on her. No other man she had ever met was like him. Hesitantly, desiring at least a touch of friendliness, on an impulse, she extended her hand.

He took it; held it a moment firmly; then said:

"Will you give me that drawing?"

"Yes," said she.

"Now?"

"Yes." And so she tiptoed twice again past the Hasmers' door.

"Please sign it," said he, and produced a pencil.

"But it seems so silly. I mean, it's nothing, this sketch."

"Please!"

So she signed it, said good night again, and hurried off, her heart in a curious flutter.

UNWILLING either to confess like a naughty child or to go on keeping this rather large and distinctly exciting secret under cover, Betty, at tea-time, brought the matter to an issue. The morning ashore had been difficult. Mr. Brachey had severely ignored her, going about Nagasaki alone, lunching in austere solitude at the hotel.

She said, settling herself in the deck chair:

"Mrs. Hasmer, will you ask Mr. Brachey to have tea with us?"

After a long silence the older woman asked, stiffly:

"Why, my dear?"

Betty compressed her lips.

Doctor Hasmer saved the situation by saying, quietly, "I'll ask him."

It was awkward from the first. The man was angular and unyielding. And Mrs. Hasmer, though she tried, couldn't let him alone. She was determined to learn whether he was married.

She led up to the direct question more obviously than she knew. Finally it came. They were speaking of his announced plan to travel extensively in the interior of China.

"It must be quite delightful to wander as you do," she said. "Of course, if one has ties— You, I take it, are an unmarried man, Mr. Brachey?"

Betty had to lower her face to hide the color that came. If only Mrs. Hasmer had a little humor! She was a dear, kind woman; but this——!

The journalist looked, impassively enough, but directly, at his questioner.

She met his gaze. They were flint on steel, these two natures.

"You are obviously not married," she repeated.

He looked down at his teacup, thinking.

Then, abruptly, he set it down on the deck; got up; muttered something that sounded like, "If you will excuse me——" strode away.

Betty went early to her cabin that evening.

She had no more than switched on her light when the Chinese steward came with a letter.

She locked the door then, and looked at the unfamiliar handwriting. It was small, round, clear; the hand of a particular man, a meticulous man, who has written much with a pen.

She turned down the little wicker seat. Her cheeks were suddenly hot, her pulse bounding high.

She skimmed it, at first, clear to the signature, "Jonathan Brachey;" then went back and read it through, slowly.

> I was rude again just now (it began). As I told you last night, it is best for me not to see people. I am not a social being. Clearly, from this time on, it will be impossible for me to talk with this Mrs. Hasmer. I shall not try again.
>
> I could not answer her question. But to you I must speak. It would be difficult even to do this if we were to meet again, and talk. But, as you will readily see, we must not meet again, beyond the merest greeting.
>
> I was married four years ago. After only a few weeks my wife left me. The reasons she gave were so flippant as to be absurd.
>
> She was a beautiful and, it has seemed to me, a vain, spoiled, quite heartless woman. I have not seen her since.
>
> Two years ago she became infatuated with another man, and wrote asking me to consent to a divorce. I refused on the ground that I did not care to enter into the legal intrigues preliminary to a divorce in the State of her residence.
>
> Since then, I am told, she has changed her residence to a State in which "desertion" is a legal ground. But I have received no word of any actual move on her part.
>
> It is strange that I should be writing thus frankly to you. Strange, and perhaps wrong. But you have reached out to me more of a helping hand than you will ever know.
>
> Our talk last night meant a great deal to me. To you I doubtless seemed harsh and forbidding. It is true that I am that sort of man, and therefore am best alone. It is seldom that I meet a person with whom my ideas are in agreement.
>
> I trust that you will find every happiness in life. You deserve to. You have the great gift of feeling. I could almost envy you that. It is a quality I can perceive without possessing.
>
> An independent mind, a strong gift of logic, stand between me and all human affection. I must say what I think, not what I feel. I make people unhappy.
>
> The only corrective to such a nature is work, and, whenever possible, solitude. But I do not solicit your pity. I find myself, my thoughts, excellent company.
>
> With your permission I will keep the drawing. It will have a peculiar and pleasant meaning to me.

BETTY lowered the letter, breathing out the single word, "Well!"

What on earth could she have said or done to give her any such footing in his life?

She read it again. And then again.

An amazing man!

She made ready to go to bed; slowly; dawdling; trying to straighten out the curious emotional pressures on her mind.

She read the letter yet again; considered it.

Finally, after passing through many moods leading up to a tender sympathy for this bleak life, and then passing on, through bewilderment, into a state of sheer nervous excitement, she deliberately dressed again and went out on deck.

He stood by the rail, smoking.

"You have my letter?" he asked.

"Yes. I've read it." She was oddly, happily relieved at finding him.

"You shouldn't have come."

She had no answer to this. It seemed hardly relevant.

They fell to walking the deck. After a time, shyly, tacitly, a little embarrassed, they went up forward again.

The ship was well out in the Yellow Sea now. The bow rose and fell slowly, rhythmically, beneath them.

Moved vaguely but strongly to meet his letter with a response in kind, she talked of herself:

"It seems strange to be coming back to China."

"You've been long away?"

"Six years. My mother died when I was thirteen. Father thought it would be better for me to be in the States.

"My uncle, Father's brother, was in the wholesale hardware business in New York, and lived in Orange, and they took me in. They were always nice to me.

"But last Fall Uncle came down with rheumatic gout. He's an invalid now. It must have been pretty expensive.

"And there was some trouble in his business. They couldn't very well go on taking care of me, so father decided to have me come back to T'ainan-fu." She folded her hands in her lap.

HE LIGHTED his pipe, and smoked reflectively.

"That will be rather hard for you, won't it?" he remarked, after a time. "I mean for a person of your temperament.

"You are, I should say, almost exactly my opposite in every respect. You like people, friends. You are impulsive, doubtless affectionate.

"I could be relatively happy, marooned among a few hundred millions of yellow folk—though I could forego the missionaries. But you are likely, I should think, to be starved there. Spiritually—emotionally."

"Do you think so?" said she, quietly.

"Yes." He thought it over. "The life of a mission compound isn't exactly gay."

"No. It isn't."

"And you need gaiety."

"I wonder if I do. I haven't really faced it, of course. I'm not facing it now."

"Just think a moment. You've not even landed in China yet. You're under no real restraint—still among white people, on a white man's ship, eating in European hotels at the ports.

"You aren't teaching endless lessons to yellow children, day in, day out. You aren't shut up in an interior city, where it mightn't even be safe for you to step outside the gate-house alone.

"And yet you're breaking bounds. Right now—out here with me."

ALREADY she was taking his curious bluntness for granted. She said now, simply, gently:

"I know. I'm sitting out here at midnight with a married man. And I don't seem to mind. Of course you're not exactly married. Still—a few days ago I wouldn't have thought it possible."

"Did you tell the Hasmers that you were out here last night?"

"No."

"Will you tell them about this?"

She thought a moment; then, as simply, repeated:

"No."

"Why, not?"

"I don't know. It's the way I feel."

He slowly nodded. "You feel that it's none of their business."

"Well—yes."

"Of course, I ought to take you back, now."

"I don't feel as if I were doing wrong. Oh, a little, but——"

"I ought to take you back."

She rested a hand on his arm. It was no more than a girlish gesture. She didn't notice that he set his teeth and sat very still.

"I've thought this, though," she said. "If I'm to meet you out here like—like this——"

"But you're not to."

"Well—here we are!"

"Yes—here we are!"

"I was going to say, it's dishonest, I think, for us to avoid each other during the day. If we're friends——"

"If we're friends we'd better admit it."

"Yes. I meant that."

HE FELL to working at his pipe with a pocket-knife. She watched him until he was smoking again.

"Mrs. Hasmer won't like it."

"I can't help that."

"No. Of course." He smoked. Suddenly

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IN PAWN TO A THRONE

have given you up, just remember this: I shall move heaven and earth to get you."

She did not protest, did not try to make him renounce his declaration. Without another word, without a handclasp, they parted—parted more like enemies between whom open war has been declared than like lovers renouncing each other for an ideal.

DURING the following few weeks it needed all the grim determination in Elihu's nature to keep him from despair. On all sides he heard talk of the coming marriage of the *diadoque* with the flower of Greece.

He went often to the Acropolis; she never did. Contrary to his former experience he did meet her a number of times in society. Yet these meetings were almost worse than none, so hedged about was she by members of the court circle.

One day he went boldly to her house to call—and she was "not at home." He knew she would not be at home to him, as he knew she would not come to the Acropolis. The knowledge did not prevent each lingering hope from dying hard.

Then came the day of days for all Americans, the sixth of April, nineteen hundred and seventeen.

At the legation there was a real celebration in the hearts of all, though its outward manifestation was only to work harder than ever in turning over the affairs of those of the belligerents they represented to the legations of states that still remained neutral.

Elihu did not return home till past midnight. His key had not yet found the keyhole when the door was thrown open by Panaghiote, wearing an air of the utmost importance.

INDICATING the drawing-room with head and hand, Panaghiote said in an impressivo whisper:

"Our lady is in there! It is a matter of great importance. She is not even accompanied by Spiro Millioti!"

Quickly Elihu went into the drawing-room, and Artemis rose to her feet as he entered.

"What is it? Is there any trouble?" he cried.

"Yes, there is trouble, serious trouble. Mr. Peabody, your country to-day declared war against Germany. That is why I can ask your help."

"You could have asked it without a declaration of war."

"I am asking it in the name of your country, the ally of France and England. Mr. Peabody, I own an old Byzantine cross to which a prophecy is attached. In 1453, when the Mohammedans entered Constantinople, they took it from my family.

"For centuries my family and the Greek Church hunted for it, because the prophecy said that when it was returned to its rightful owner, St. Sophia in Constantinople would once more become Greek.

"The cross was returned to me on my fifteenth birthday. It has a secret spring which opens a tiny compartment.

"The only person who knew this was my fiancé, the *diadoque*. I told it to him on the day of our engagement."

A catch in her breath, like a sob, stopped her for an instant.

"I DID not think he would do it, but he must have told the queen. A few days ago she asked me to let her see it.

"I brought it to the palace yesterday, and she carried it away to her room. She put me off when I asked for its return. I began to suspect then.

"To-night I learned from some one who in reality is a Venizelist that this morning it was given to young Falkenheim, who has been secretly in Athens, and is now on its way to Germany. He is traveling through the neutral zone."

"And you wish to regain possession of that cross?"

"In its secret compartment is a folded bit of tissue-paper on which are traced all the defenses of Saloniki. Oh, if it were only possible for me to go with you! I know the neutral zone well, and the exact route he is taking.

"But I have arranged for Anesto to go with you. He is a Thracian, and came down through there.

"I thought of sending him alone, but it will require more brains than he has to wrest the cross from Falkenheim. The German will stop at nothing to keep it——"

"And I shall stop at nothing to get it."

ARTEMIS smiled. "I am not afraid of your failing—if you can only catch him. But he has ten hours' start."

"Is Aneste ready? I will set out as soon as I can change into my riding-togs."

"Yes, he is ready. You will find him with two horses farther up Lycabettus, by the entrance to the English Archeological School. It was best not to have him wait near your house.

"And one thing more: when you get the cross, place the thumb of your right hand on the large ruby in its center; then put the thumb of your left hand on the smallest of the three sapphires on the back and press hard. There will be a click, and the cross will slowly open.

"Destroy the papers at once. There are German and Bulgarian bands roaming about the neutral zone, and you must not take any chances."

"I will destroy the papers as soon as I get my hands on the cross."

BECAUSE a little human smile flickered over the lips of the girl, Elihu cried passionately, "Artemis!"

She shrank from him. He followed her to the door, and beyond, to the portico leading to the street. There she checked him with a hand on his arm.

"In spite of everything, Mr. Peabody, am still the promised wife of another man."

Then, characteristically, her mind reverting from love to politics, she added:

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HILLS OF HAN

he broke out, with a gesture so vehement that it startled her:

"Oh, it's plain enough. We're on a ship, idling, dreaming, floating from a land of color and charm and quaint unreality to another land that has always enchanted me, for all the dirt and disease, and the smells. It's that! Romance! The old web! It's catching us.

"And we're not even resisting. No one could blame you—you're young, charming, as full of natural life as a young flower in the morning. But I—I'm not romantic. To-night, yes! But next Friday, in Shanghai, no!" Betty turned away to hide a smile.

"You think I'm brutal? Well—I am."

"No, you're not brutal."

"Yes, I am. But my Heavens! You in T'ainan-fu! Child, it's wrong!"

"It is simply a thing I can't help," said she.

They fell silent. The pulse of the great dim ship was soothing. One bell sounded. Two bells. Three.

A MAN of Jonathan Brachey's nature couldn't know the power his nervous, bold thoughts and words were bound to exert in the mind of a girl like Betty. It was the first time that a mature and admittedly interesting man had taken her seriously. In her heart already she was mothering him.

He might or might not have been as selfish as he claimed; in either event she was now capable only of smiling over him, hiding her face in the dark. Every word he spoke now, even the strong words that startled her, she enveloped in warm sentiment.

To Brachey's crabbed, self-centered nature she was like a lush oasis in the arid desert of his heart. He could no more turn his back on it than could any tired, dusty wanderer.

He knew this. Or, better, she was like a mirage. And mirages have driven men out of their wits.

So Romance seized them. They walked miles the next day, round and round the deck. Mrs. Hasmer was powerless, and perturbed. Her husband counseled watchful patience.

Before night all the passengers knew that the two were restless apart. They found corners on the boat-deck, far from all eyes.

That night Mrs. Hasmer came to Betty's door; satisfied herself that the girl was actually undressing and going to bed. Not one personal word passed.

And then, half an hour later, Betty, dressed again, tiptoed out. Her heart was high, touched with divine recklessness. This, she supposed, was wrong; but right or wrong, it was carrying her out of her girlish self.

BRACHEY was fighting harder; but to little purpose. They had these two days now. That was all. At Shanghai, and after, it would be, as he had so vigorously said, different.

Just these two days! He saw, when she joined him on the deck, that she was riding at the two days as if they were to be her last on earth. Intensely, soberly happy, she was passing through a golden haze of dreams, leaving the future to be what it might.

They sat, hand in hand, in the bow. She sang, in a light, pretty voice, songs of youth in a young land—college songs, popular negro melodies, amusing little street songs.

Very, very late, on the last evening, after a long silence—they had mounted to the boat-deck—he caught her roughly in his arms and kissed her.

She lay limply against him. For a moment, a bitter moment—for now, in an instant, he knew that she had never thought as far as this—he feared she had fainted. Then he felt her tears on his cheek.

He lifted her to her feet, as roughly.

She swayed away from him, leaning against a boat. He said, choking:

"Can you get down-stairs all right?"

She bowed her head, and after a moment went.

He made no effort to help her down the steps.

They walked along the deck toward the main companionway. Suddenly, with an inarticulate sound, he turned, plunged in at the smoking-room door, and was gone.

EARLY in the morning the ship dropped anchor in the muddy Woosung. The breakfast-hour came around, then the quarantine inspection; but the silent, pale Betty, her moody eyes searching restlessly, caught no glimpse of him.

He must have taken a later launch than the one that carried Betty and the Hasmers up to the Bund at Shanghai. And during their two days in the bizarre, polyglot city, with its nearly European façade behind which swarms all China, it became clear that he wasn't stopping at the Astor House.

The only letter was one from her father at T'ainan-fu.

She watched every mail; and inquired secretly at the office of the river steamers an hour before starting on the long voyage up the Yangtze; but there was nothing.

Then she recalled that he had never asked for her address, or for her father's full name. They had spoken of T'ainan-fu. He might or might not remember it. And that was all.

To be continued

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IN PAWN TO A THRONE

"You may wonder why I did not send Spiro Millioti for my cross. I did not dare to. Something is brewing at the palace, and he is the only one I can rely on there. Good night."

She was gone out into the night.

ON THE seventh of April, nineteen hundred and seventeen, when the Allied world was ringing with the news that the great republic across the seas had declared itself against Germany, Artemis Bysas was hastily summoned to the palace.

In the great homelike library of the king she found assembled the king and queen with two of their brothers, the crown prince, a young German officer, von Wahnzinn—who was not officially supposed to be in Greece—and in addition to these the two members of the General Staff and the "Greek" of Bavarian ancestry, who were popularly considered to be the "occult Government" which ran the country, in spite of whatever puppet prime minister might be in office.

With the exception of the queen, those who were seated rose to greet Artemis, and in a swift glance she took in the composition of the group. A crown council of all the former prime ministers would not have been so significant.

While the girl courtesied to the queen, the latter said:

"Your devotion to the throne will be tested to-day, Artemis."

The last bearer of the name of Bysas flushed at the tone in which the phrase was delivered. The sister of the kaiser had never been affectionate toward her whom the will of a nation was making her daughter-in-law.

AS ARTEMIS took her seat in an empty chair beside the *diadoque* the autocratic heart of the queen swelled with anger that there should be any need of gaining the approval of this girl, not even of royal blood. Haughtily she said:

"To business, gentlemen. Since Mlle. Bysas must see those letters, let her see them at once."

A general rose and brought the girl two long letters. They were both signed by the former prime minister, M. Venizelos, who, having raised the standard of revolt against the pro-German policy of the king, had been in Saloniki since the September before, with an army of sixty thousand, which was daily growing by the accession of volunteers from all parts of Greece.

Artemis read the two letters through once, and then again. They were confidential letters, addressed to the ministers of England and France in Athens. They discussed at length the best way to kidnap the royal family, deport them from Greece, and declare a republic, thus bringing the whole of Greece on the side of the Entente.

After finishing the letters for the second time Artemis turned to the king.

"Your Majesty believes these were written by him? What proofs are there of it?"

The queen had been tapping the floor with her foot while Artemis spoke, and now she broke in impatiently:

"My dear Artemis, we have not called you here to discuss the authenticity of these letters. We know they are genuine, and that is quite enough. Don't you think so?"

The daugher of Hellas looked straight into the eyes of the daughter of Prussia.

"Then why am I shown these letters?" Artemis asked.

The king answered this time. "As you see, the throne"—he smiled his pleasant smile, which had made him so many friends—"your throne some day, is threatened. Wo must take all counter precautions, and you can help. We have this morning arrived at an important decision."

HE STOPPED speaking. Artemis smiled back at him. She had always liked the big, frank-appearing, blunt monarch more than any other member of his family.

"And what is this decision?" she asked.

"That the Allied army must be thrown out of Saloniki!"

Without any exclamation of astonishment at the momentous proposition Artemis observed:

"Our army is demobilized. How can wo force the Allied army out of Saloniki?"

The queen sneered openly at this.

"Your precious Greek army could not be trusted to do that, were it never so mobilized. The Germans will do that."

Artemis was not looking at the queen when she spoke again. Her eyes passed over the king's head to the photograph of the kaiser, which stood on the bookcase behind his desk. His baleful personality could hardly have ruled this assembly more fully had he been present.

"To make such an attempt we must be certain of success," she said, as if yielding. "Are we?"

"We are!" the king replied bluntly. "I may tell you what is known yet to only a few of us"—he looked around with the pride which even a king feels in imparting startling information—"that the plans of Saloniki's defenses are even now on their way to Berlin."

ARTEMIS happened to catch the look which the queen shot at her husband, and it was plain that he had said too much. There ensued a pause of some awkwardness. Artemis broke the silence, and her words were a welcome relief.

She nodded a reflective assent.

"But have we taken everything into account?" she asked. "Have we thought fully of what America may do?"

"America!" the queen exclaimed with the utmost contempt. "We have taken care of America. For the past fifteen years Germany has been sending picked men there in preparation for just such an eventuality.

"Every ninth American is of German blood—and he is worth the other eight put together. We have men we can count on in their Government, at the head of their banking-department, directing their newspapers—everywhere we control.

"In addition we have more than half a million trained soldiers in America—reservists—and we have arms and ammunition for them stored in German-owned warehouses. They alone can conquer the country, if necessary, and hold it for us until we have settled with these pig-Englishmen."

"In any case America 'in the war' can do no more than she has been doing the past three years," the general added. "And with unrestricted U-boat activity England will soon bo brought to her knees. It is a practical impossibility for the United States to raise a force of any size to send overseas."

"Very well; we will disregard America then," said Artemis. "But has Germany enough men to spare to destroy the Allied army in Saloniki?"

Despite the queen's manifest hesitation, the king spoke once more:

"The German and Bulgarian armies are closing in on Saloniki. As soon as they receive the plans we have sent them they will know just where to attack.

"We ourselves can strike the deadliest blow of all. We have well-paid agents among tho civilian Turks and Bulgars whom the Allies foolishly permitted to stay in the town, and they——"

"Your Majesty!" the queen interrupted sharply. "Is it wise to speak of all our plans while we are still in the power of the French and English?"

"But even if we should take part in these operations, would not Greece be dishonored, since she has promised to maintain a benevolent neutrality toward the Allied army in Saloniki?"

"Artemis, my girl," said the queen, "dishonor falls only on the unsuccessful."

"Germany *must* win this war," the *diadoque* put in. "With the Allied army in Greece destroyed, one more of her objects is gained. She will then occupy the whole littoral here, and her U-boats will absolutely command tho Mediterranean, whereas now she has only the one Bulgarian port on the Aegean."

ARTEMIS was conscious that the queen's eyes never left her face, and she knew that she had opposed the plan longer than was wise.

Suddenly her face cleared, as if her last scruple had been swept away.

"Are there really troops enough in Macedonia to crush General Sarrail?"

The queen fairly purred with satisfaction.

"You do not yet know all, Artemis. The Entente will be unable to send any reenforcements to Saloniki because Italy will be attacked at the same time, and a tremendous offensivo will be launched on the western front."

"But why was this not done last year, before we were forced to demobilize our own army?"

If a king can pout, Constantine pouted now. "Russia had first to be disorganized and the pro-Ally party in Roumania to be smashed. Now Russia and Roumania are both in the hands of our friends. We have nothing to fear from those quarters."

"You say that the plans are already in Germany?" Artemis was conscious that her breath came short.

"They will be soon," the *diadoque* answered smiling. "The very surest way has been taken to send them safely."

Her son's words amused the queen. She laughed immoderately in her heavy Germanic way.

"Some day we will tell you. It is a good joke," she said.

Artemis laughed too. The queen's mirth was very contagious, and, besides, she knew the other side of the joke.

As she glanced from the amused queen to the chuckling *diadoque* there rose beside him, in her mind's eye, the tall figure of Elihu Peabody—even as, years before, the figure of the crown prince had arisen beside the statue, which Elihu so strikingly resembled, in her great-grandfather's garden. Then it had been the physical difference which had repelled her. Now it was the moral.

Something of wily *Ulysses* is said to be the inheritance of every Greek; and surely this must be so, else how could Artemis—brought up in the most rigid truthfulness—have found herself eager to outwit the queen and her whole pro-German party in Athens?

THE significance of the queen's words fell upon the ears of Artemis like the dull roaring of a great gun. She felt, as she had never felt, even when she had consented to marry the crown prince for her country's sake, that Greece was calling upon her for help. This was a greater matter than any mere question of dynasty. This affected not only the good name of Hellas before the world, but the whole course of her country's future.

Summoning all her wit and self-possession, she threw herself into the game of dissimulation with abandon and joy. It was as if the blood of Machiavelli and not that of the Bysases flowed in her veins.

Sweetly she turned to the queen with a light shining in her eyes that made them lovelier than usual, and asked:

"In what way can I show my loyalty to the throne, your Majesty?"

Even Sophie grudgingly admitted to herself that Artemis was captivating. With head tossed high she waited for the queen's reply, while her glance challenged the *diadoque* who, all unknowing, at this moment felt that even the great war was well paid for, if through it he possessed this entrancing creature a day the sooner.

Slowly and impressively the queen spoke:

"Artemis, our enemies say that you are not in sympathy with our party, and that you have deferred your marriage for no other reason than because you are opposed to his Majesty's policy. To-day I want you to give the lie to such talk by setting the date of your marriage and by making it as early as possible. What say you?"

To be concluded

The Delineator
August 1919

IS IT that Fashion, having retrenched along all lines during the war, now feels that she can give up the economy of narrow ways and return to fuller dresses? Or has she heard that street-car companies have most inconsiderately refused to lower their car-steps to the *pas* of the narrow skirt? Is she, in offering a new silhouette, simply following the old law—that the best of fashions must depart? Reasons make very little difference. The result is the thing; in this case a ripple skirt that swings far away from everything we have been wearing for the last two years. Callot offered it first to Paris, and there are rumors to the effect that it will be the *pièce de résistance* of the French collections which are to be shown this month.

Callot also offers a bodice cut with a deep point in front, borrowed from eighteenth-century portraits. But if art improves on nature, Callot is quite capable of improving on art, for while the eighteenth-century bodice held the figure in a vise, Callot does no more than reveal its lines with the lightest touch. This in itself, however, is a distinct departure from the chemise styles, which draw a straight line from bust to hip.

The latest fashion, however, is never the fashion that has the widest vogue at its inception. While the full skirt is the newest line, the straight, narrow silhouette still holds first place with a public that never quite gets over its human weakness for hesitating on the water's edge before taking the plunge. Probably it will accept the full skirt by way of the more familiar tunic, which is used on many of the new gowns. In the meantime it has lost none of its taste for one-piece dresses and long blouses. The idea of the long body has been transferred to the separate waist which is worn over a skirt, either a suit skirt, a sports skirt, or a dress skirt, as the case may be.

AUGUST has several things of interest to offer in the way of *nouveautés des modes*. There is a new collar that stands away from the neck, and another high and frame-like in back but not interfering with the open, square neck in front. There is a dress with a Russian back closing, from shoulder to hem, a redingote, the kimono blouse and a new sleeve puffed below the elbow. The short sleeve is very French and so is the extremely short skirt, but while we accept the one we modify the other, so that while it shows the ankle it leaves something to the imagination in regard to the knee.

Embroidery takes its toll of the new fashions and there is very little that escapes it, that is, if you will agree to allow beading to come under that general head. The thinner Summer tissues, silk crêpes and cotton voiles are much beaded, while the heavier-than-air materials are embroidered or braided. Batik is responsible for a new combination of stenciling and embroidery, very easy to do and giving one a chance for a splendid use of color.

Blouse 1798
Skirt 1821

PARIS TAKES A STEP TOWARD FULLER FASHIONS—BEER, PREMET, CHANEL, BULLOZ AND RENÉE WORK ON WIDER LINES

Chanel gives the added charm of embroidery to a many-ruffled dress of sulfur-colored satin worked with brown silk

Not a prophesy but a fulfilment of the promise of fuller fashions is this dress from Beer. There is a slight drawn-in drapery in the skirt itself, but the flounces hang free at the hip

From the chemise frock and the coat dress Paris is evolving the redingote. One phase of the development of the new mode is shown in a costume by Premet. The short sleeve, with gloves or without them, is used for the street

Renée, a youthful house of unusual promise, shows the new length of coat in a tailored suit for the early Fall. It is made of "diafine," a French material, and is trimmed with black silk braid

DÉSIGNÉE PAR SOULIÉ

THE sketches on this page and the page opposite were made for THE DELINEATOR by Soulié, the noted French artist whose work is so greatly admired by French art connoisseurs and also by the fashionable women of Paris.

A voluminous cape wrap of black djersador by Bulloz, marks the way to the new fuller fashions. The fur is gray tibet and is highly commended for Summer use

WHAT WORTH, LANVIN, MARTIAL ET ARMAND AND JENNY OFFER FOR AUGUST
SOULIÉ DRAWS THE FINE LINE OF THE FRENCH MODES

A twentieth-century stomacher is designed by Worth in a necklace of turquoise and jet which lends its support to a drapery of black satin over a gown of black muslin brocaded in gold

"Pearls of porcelain," which sounds so much finer than "china beads," embroider a dress of Bengali silk taffeta by Jenny. Here you have panels, the straight silhouette and the French length of skirt and sleeve

Paris uses much embroidery, and no one handles it with better grace than Jeanne Lanvin. On this soft, slightly full dress of blue crêpe turco, the embroidery is worked in Etruscan-red silk mixed with pearl sequins

Rodier's new material, "dialline dégradée," striped irregularly in gray and black, is used by Martial et Armand in a mantle for Midsummer

BY CABLE FROM PARIS

PARIS has abandoned the very narrow skirt for the easier ways of styles that are softer and slightly full. Conspicuous stripes, Hawaiian fringe, the redingote, prodigal embroideries and the very short sleeve are promised for the August openings.

FROCKS THAT MEET THE MOOD OF SUMMER

For Soft Materials As Well As Tub Fabrics

1817—Linen is used for a dress made on smart, simple lines that are especially good for the Summer materials like linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, chambray and gingham. It is cut in the fashionable redingote style, and the embroidered vestee provides a smart, inexpensive trimming on the dress. The standing collar is quite new and it is a change from the collarless neck. The straight skirt is made in one piece, has a slightly raised waistline and is finished separately. The dress can be used with or without a body lining in satin, taffeta, charmeuse, faille, moire or tricolette.

36-inch bust requires 5 yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, ⅝ yard contrasting linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard. Embroidery design 10766 is used to trim the dress.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

1806—Buttons that commence in front and end only with the hem in back bring distinction to a simple and good-looking dress of wash silk. The close, tailored sleeve is especially smart for the heavy tub materials like linen, cotton poplin, chambray, gingham, cotton prints, repp and cotton gabardine. The sleeve could also be finished in the bell shape or in the new short length. The skirt is cut in three pieces and is arranged with becoming soft gathers at a slightly raised waistline. You can make this dress over a body lining or without it. Satin, charmeuse, taffeta, moire and faille would be effective for a silk dress in this style.

36-inch bust requires 3⅞ yards wash silk 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge of the skirt measures 1½ yard.

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

1820—9842—Chiffon for the long blouse, taffeta for the slip, and fringe for the trimming make an extremely smart and charming costume for any but formal evening wear. The blouse slips on over the head and is cut in kimono fashion with the adorable short sleeve that Paris is wearing so much this Summer. It is very becoming for a woman or young girl made in Georgette crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, satin and crêpe meteor; it is also suited to cotton voile, batiste or linen. The slip is splendid for wear under blouses of this type, and is cut on excellent narrow lines.

36-inch bust requires 2¼ yards chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide, 11¼ yards fringe, 2⅞ yards taffeta 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This blouse, 1820, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses. The slip, 9842, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

1804—Merely by turning its stripes in another way on the deep bell cuffs and wide tunic-like band a frock of tub silk arrives quite simply at distinction. The dress slips on over the head, and the long body of the overblouse has the fashionable low waistline. The lower part is straight and gives the effect of an overskirt. The sleeve is one-seamed and its flared lower part is new. The skirt is cut in two pieces. This dress can be made with a camisole lining. Use linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, tub silks, foulard, shantung, satin, taffeta, charmeuse or tricolette.

36-inch bust requires 4 yards striped tub silk 32 inches wide, 1 yard plain silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 1½ yard material 35 or 36 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

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

1755—The Summer frock is known by its ruffles, delightful ones of moire on soft Georgette. The waist is made with a new and interesting standaway collar. The sleeve is one-seamed, and the peplum is straight, over a foundation with the egg-shaped silhouette. This dress is extremely simple to make for the collar, trimming band and ruffles are all straight, and can be made of ribbon, embroidery or lace edging or other materials. Use ribbon, taffeta or satin with silk crêpe, silk voile, chiffon or crêpe de Chine, or lace or embroidery edging with organdy, batiste or lawn.

36-inch bust requires 2⅛ yards Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 3 yards moiré silk 35 or 36 inches wide for collar, cuffs, band and ruffles, 2¼ yards material 35 or 36 inches wide for foundation skirt. Lower edge of foundation skirt 1¼ yard.

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

1760—Narrow tucks in the waist, and wide ones in the skirt make a delightful frock for Summer wear and thin materials. The waist is cut with the becoming round neck and a shallow yoke offers a pretty finish. The cuffed sleeve is made with one seam. The closing in the back gives a new note to the dress and the two deep tucks trim the straight skirt easily and inexpensively. The dress can be made with a camisole lining under cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, organdy, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine or without it in taffeta, foulard, washable silks and satin and crêpe meteor.

36-inch bust requires 4 yards dotted swiss 35 or 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard organdy 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

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

1788—One of the soft frocks that are a legitimate part of Summer, and its best compensation comes in light checked voile. The surplice waist is prettily draped and ties in a sash behind and the one-seam sleeves can be finished in several different ways. The skirt is straight and may be made without the tuck. This dress has very soft lines that are especially effective in cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, gingham, chambray, cotton print, tub silks, foulard, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, charmeuse, satin, striped silk and plaid silk. The dress can be made with a camisole lining or without it as you wish.

36-inch bust requires 4¾ yards checked voile 39 or 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

Blouse 1820
Slip 9842

Dress 1806

Dress 1817
Embroidery design 10766

1801—Standaway collar and soft drapery that gives the widened hip proves an unusually attractive frock for cottons or silk. The line of the neck is new, and the deep surplice closing is always becoming; the sash ends finish the waistline in a graceful fashion. The sleeve is made with one seam and the flared cuff gives a graceful new line. The dress can be made with or without the camisole lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces, and the dress is very pretty in taffeta, moire, satin, charmeuse, faille silk or foulard. It is also quite suitable for gingham, chambray or cotton voile for a tub frock for general summer wear.

36-inch bust requires 4¼ yards figured cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, ¾ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is becoming to ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust measure.

1757—Plaitings upside down and tucks in clusters make an unusual frock in light organdy. There is a square-necked vestee in the front, and the back of the waist comes over the shoulder in a pretty little yoke effect. The sleeve is made with one seam and the short, half-way to the elbow line is charming for a light Summer frock. The straight skirt is easy to tuck. This dress can be made with a camisole lining in cotton voile, batiste, lawn, mull, organdy, silk crêpe or crêpe de Chine, or without it in taffeta, foulard, wash silks, wash satin or crêpe meteor. This is a splendid dress for Summer, for it can be made up quite inexpensively, and is easy to launder.

36-inch bust requires 3⅜ yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, 1⅛ yard contrasting organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, vestee including plaitings. Lower edge of the skirt measures 1½ yard.

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

1808—A becoming long collar, a deep vestee and big pockets between the plaits commend a new frock of linen to the woman who wants a simple dress for general wear. The waist is soft and the plain sleeve is always good style for a dress of this character. The skirt is cut in four pieces, and two plaits at each side of the front and back give an easy width that many women like. The fulness at the side can be either fitted with a dart or gathered. You can make this dress with or without a body lining. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, silk poplin, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen or cotton gabardine for this dress.

36-inch bust requires 4¾ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, ¼ yard dotted swiss 35 or 36 inches wide for collar, ¼ yard material 32 inches wide. Lower edge 2⅜ yards.

This dress is correct for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust measure.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

Dress 1804 Dress 1755 Dress 1760 Dress 1788

Dress 1757 Dress 1801 Dress 1808

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

Russian blouse 1765
Skirt 1671
Embroidery design 10745

Overblouse 1758
Slip 1517
Braid design 10706

Dress 1767

Dress 1775

Dress 1797

Dress 1793

Dress 1806

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

Dress 1734

Waist 1795
Skirt 1445

Dress 1813

Waist 1792
Skirt 1342

Dress 1829
Embroidery design 10749
Bag 10752

AUGUST SILHOUETTES

Frocks Take the New Lines For Tub and Soft Materials

1767—Figured voile makes an adorable dress for Summer afternoons with its deep tucks and frilled collar. The body is cut in one with the sleeves in the fashionable kimono style and the straight skirt is easy to tuck. The dress can be made over a camisole lining under cotton voile, lawn, batiste, mull, silk crêpe, silk voile, or without it under foulard, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, taffeta or satin.

36-inch bust requires 4⅞ yards figured voile 39 or 40 inches wide, ⅞ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, ½ yard voile 18 or more inches wide for vestee. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

It is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 bust.

1775—English print and batiste are combined in a good-looking dress for general wear. The front and back panels give the long slender lines that are becoming to women or young girls, and the inside pockets suggest the fashionable egg-shaped silhouette. The dress can be made with a body lining. Use linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, gingham, chambray or cotton prints with batiste or voile.

36-bust requires 3⅝ yards print 32 inches wide, 1½ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide for side front, side back, sleeves, ¼ yard velvet 27 inches wide for belt. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also suitable for misses.

1765—1671—A Russian blouse and a narrow skirt are the best sort of a combination for Midsummer. The long blouse is very fashionable, and makes a becoming costume for the young girl, too, in linen, gingham, cotton prints, shantung, foulard, satin or crêpe de Chine. It can be made over a camisole lining. The skirt is cut in two pieces on smart narrow lines. Use linen, cotton gabardine, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 5 yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard. Embroidery 10745 trims dress.

This blouse, 1765, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted for misses. This skirt, 1671, is correct for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip.

1758—1517—A smart overblouse and narrow slip will prove a canny investment for any woman's wardrobe. Jumpers are fashionable, and give an attractive costume effect. This one is suitable for a woman or young girl. The slip closes on the left shoulder and underarm.

36-inch bust requires 1⅞ yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1⅝ yard cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide for upper part and sleeves, 2⅛ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard. Braid design 10706 trims the over-blouse.

This over-blouse, 1758, is correct for ladies of 32 to 42 bust; it is also adapted to misses. The slip, 1517, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 46 bust.

1797—A narrow belt crosses itself fashionably and clusters of plaits emphasize the straight lines of a gingham frock. It is an excellent one-piece dress for a woman or young girl made in gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, satin, taffeta or silk poplin. You can make this dress with or without the body lining. It requires no trimming other than the pockets, belt and collar.

36-inch bust requires 5¼ yards gingham 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard organdy 32 inches wide. Lower edge 2 yards with plaits drawn out.

This dress is pretty for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses.

1793—A very smart dress of cotton poplin follows the fashionable straight lines that are used so much for the tailored one-piece frock. The back closing is very good style, and gives an attractive trimming. The dress can also close in front and you could make it with a body lining. Linen, cotton gabardine, repp, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, satin or taffeta makes a nice dress for woman or young girl.

36 bust requires 4⅛ yards cotton poplin 35 or 36 inches wide, ¼ yard lawn 22 or more wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This dress is graceful for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also correct for misses.

1806—This linen frock gives you two guesses for its closing, and makes a delightfully simple frock for Summer materials like linen, cotton poplin, chambray, gingham, cotton prints, repp, cotton gabardine, satin, charmeuse or taffeta. The dress closes on the left side in front and can be finished with round or square neck. The skirt is cut in three pieces. You can make this dress with a body lining.

36-inch bust requires 3⅜ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, ¼ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide for frills, 2⅜ yards ribbon 6 inches wide for sash. Bottom 1½ yard.

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

1734—Plain above and plaid below make an irresistible frock for a woman or young girl. The long body has the slender, trim lines liked so much and the sleeves are cut in kimono fashion. The lower part is in two pieces and gives the fashionable stand-out pocket lines at the hips. The dress can be made with a body lining. Use linen, gingham, chambray, cotton print or cotton poplin alone, or combine gingham with chambray or batiste. Lower edge 1¼ yard.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

36-inch requires 2⅛ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide, 2⅛ yards chambray 32 inches wide including a sash.

This dress is suitable for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust measure; it is also correct for misses.

1795—1445—Foulard is used for a new frock that fronts the world with a delightful vestee and a particularly pretty tunic skirt. The waist has smart lines with its long collar and single button fastening. It is made with a French lining. The two-piece tunic takes a very graceful outline, and is arranged over a foundation skirt, also two-pieced. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard or crêpe de Chine.

36 bust and 38 hip require 4⅝ yards foulard 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard satin 35 or 36 wide, 1 yard material 32 wide for upper part of foundation. Bottom 1½ yard.

This waist, 1795, is pretty for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust; the skirt, 1445, for ladies of 35 to 49½ inches hip.

1813—A delightful little apron effect is made by the jumper-like waist of a figured voile frock. The U neck is fashionable and becoming, the bell sleeve is charming for warm weather and the two-piece skirt is soft and graceful. You can make this dress over a camisole lining in cotton voile, batiste or lawn, or without it in gingham, chambray, satin, charmeuse, taffeta, foulard or crêpe meteor.

36-inch bust requires 3¼ yards voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 1 yard contrasting voile 39 or 40 inches wide for collar, sleeves, side front and side back. Bottom 1¾ yard.

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

1792—1342—Fancy voile is never more soft and lovely than in a draped surplice dress. The waist is made over a French body lining and the back comes over the shoulders like a yoke. The skirt is cut in two pieces, and the irregular lines of the drapery give a very graceful effect. You could use cotton voile or satin.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 4 yards figured voile 39 or 40 inches wide, ½ yard plain voile 39 or 40 inches wide including plaitings. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This waist, 1792, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 50 inches bust. The skirt, 1342, is for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip measure.

1829—A fuller tunic over a narrow foundation skirt, soft-draped bodice lines, and flare collar are decidedly new terms in the Autumn fashions. The long body is draped prettily about the figure. Sash ends finish the waistline and the sleeves have one seam. The tunic is straight. You can make this dress over a camisole lining. Use cotton voile, batiste, organdy, satin, charmeuse or taffeta.

36-inch bust requires 4 yards black satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 1⅞ yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide for collar and tunic. Lower edge, ⅜ yard. Embroidery design 10749 trims the dress. The bag is adapted from bag 10752.

The dress is correct for ladies of 32 to 42 bust.

Dress 1736

Dress 1738

Dress 1723

Dress 1741

THE NEW LINES OF AUGUST

A Successful Summer Is Marked by Its Frocks

1736—Georgette crêpe and foulard are combined in a tunic frock. The waist is made on simple lines that offer a particularly good field for embroidery or braiding. The one-seam sleeve turns back into a graceful pointed cuff effect. The dress can be made with or without the camisole lining, and the straight skirt is gathered. The straight lower edge of the tunic is especially easy to handle. Use cotton voile, batiste, lawn, dimity, gingham, chambray, bordered materials, stripes, plaids, checks, silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, taffeta, satin, foulard or pongee.

36-inch bust requires 2⅝ yards Georgette crêpe 39 or 40 inches wide for waist and tunics, 2⅜ yards foulard 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

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

1738—When a new frock shortens its sleeves to the French length, adopts the long surplice closing and tucks its skirt, the result is all it should be. The soft fulness in the front of the waist is gathered to a back which comes over the shoulders like a yoke. The sleeve has one seam and the tucks on the straight skirt provide an easy trimming. This dress can be made with a camisole lining in such materials as cotton voile, batiste, organdy, lawn, dimity, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, net, silk voile or without it under gingham or chambray.

36-inch bust requires 5¼ yards English print 32 inches wide, ¾ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

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

1728—A collar that forms its pockets and a skirt that ends in a cuff, make an unusual frock in gingham and chambray. The straight peplum and the square-necked waist give a long blouse effect that is fashionable and becoming. The cuff hem is easy to manage on the straight skirt. The dress can be made with or without the camisole lining. It is excellent for a combination of materials, or for taffeta, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, satin, foulard, silk jersey, gingham, chambray, cotton crêpe, linen, cotton poplin or cotton voile used alone.

36-inch bust requires 4⅛ yards gingham 32 inches wide, 1⅝ yard chambray 32 inches wide, ⅜ yard material 18 or more inches wide for vest front, ⅞ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

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

1741—Pointed peplums, long collar and cuff hem give the cachet of fashion to a cotton voile frock. The waist is made with a smart vestee and a flaring one-seam sleeve. The side peplums break the narrow lines of the straight skirt, and the cuff hem is new. You can use the camisole lining under cotton voile, cotton marquisette, batiste or dimity or discard it for gingham, chambray, cotton prints, foulard, taffeta, satin, pongee, tub silks or crêpe de Chine.

36-inch bust requires 4⅜ yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 1¼ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide including sash and plaitings. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

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

1730—A frock of cotton voile smartly embroidered in beads proves most welcome at garden-parties and many other Summer affairs. The jumper has particularly graceful lines, and the round collarless neck is fashionable. The body is cut in the new kimono style and the straight, soft tunic is used over the narrow foundation. You can make this dress with or without a camisole lining. Silk crêpe, silk voile, crêpe de Chine and net are effective alone or with taffeta or satin. Cotton voile, batiste, dimity, etc., are also suitable. Bottom of foundation skirt 1⅜ yard.

36 bust requires 4 yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, 1⅝ yard material 32 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Bead design 10736 trims the dress.

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

Dress 1730
Bead design 10736

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

Dress 1840

Dress 1837
Embroidery design
10745

Dress 1836

Waist 1703
Skirt 1838
Bag 10752

Dress 1839

Waist 1708
Skirt 1838
Embroidery design
10623
Bag 10742

THE TREND OF FASHIONS

The Narrow Frock Goes a Broader Way

1840—Linen and English print are used for a smart type of tailored dress for a woman or young girl. The upper part has a becoming collar and close sleeve. The lower part, which is two-pieced, is joined to the waist to give the lines of the one-pieee dress. You can make the dress with or without the body lining. Use linen, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray or eotton prints alone or with batiste, cotton voile or dimity.

36-inch bust requires 1¾ yard linen 36 inches wide for upper part, 2⅝ yards English print 32 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

It is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

1837—A broad panel in the front and baek, a new set-in poeket and a eollarless round neck are good things in a one-piece frock of linen. It can be made with or without the body lining in linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, ehambray, gingham, satin, taffeta, charmeuse, shantung or pongee for a woman or young girl.

36-inch bust requires 4⅞ yards linen 36 inehes wide, ⅝ yard contrasting material 20 or more inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard. Embroidery design 10745 trims dress.

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

1836—A very unusual neek outline and a French type of overdress stamp a frock of cotton voile as a late arrival in fashion. The body is cut in one with the soft sleeve. A section is put in at each side to give the panel lines over the two-pieced skirt. You ean use a body lining if you choose and make the dress of cotton voile, taffeta, foulard, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or satin.

36-inch bust requires 4⅜ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, 2⅛ yards of lace banding 6 inches wide, 1⅛ yard material 36 inches wide for upper part of skirt. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

It is graceful for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust.

1839—A new frock begins in batiste and ends in gingham, belting itself fashionably with a narrow shoe-string sash. It is a simple, smart dress for a woman or young girl, and is suited to linen, gingham, chambray, cotton gabardine alone or with batiste, cotton voile or dimity. You can also use satin, taffeta, charmeuse or silk poplin. It can be made with or without a body lining.

36-inch bust requires 1⅝ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide, 3⅝ yards gingham 32 inches wide. Bottom with plaits drawn out measures 1⅞ yard.

It is becoming to ladies of 32 to 44 bust; it is also adapted to misses.

1708—1838—A new frock widens its skirt and shortens its sleeve for Summer afternoons. The skirt shows the prettiest version of the new silhouette with its wider skirt and narrow foundation, both two-pieced. The kimono waist is becomingly draped and can be made with an underbody over the French lining when transparent material is used. Use crêpe meteor, taffeta, satin or erêpe de Chine.

36 bust and 38 hip requires 4⅜ yards cotton voile 40 inches wide, 1⅝ yard material 36 inches wide for upper part of foundation. Bottom of foundation 1⅜ yard.

This waist, 1708, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; the skirt, 1838, for ladies of 35 to 45 ineches hip.

1703—1838—Dotted net and taffeta make a eonvineing argument for the very new lines of a delightful frock. The skirt shows the new wider lines with more fulness in the lower part and is cut in two pieces. The waist has a draped girdle that forms a bib, and the net body is in kimono style. It can be made with a camisole lining. Use satin, taffeta or crêpe meteor, with body of silk crêpe or silk voile. Bottom in full length 2¼ yards.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1½ yard dotted net 40 inches wide body cut crosswise, 3 yards taffeta 35 or 36 wide.

This waist, 1703, is for ladies of 32 to 44 bust. The skirt, 1838, for ladies of 35 to 45 hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

Blouse 1761
Skirt 1750
Embroidery design 10755

Blouse 1746
Skirt 1826

Blouse 1752
Skirt 1816

Blouse 1727
Skirt 1821

Blouse 1771
Skirt 1818

SMART COSTUMES

A New Wide Skirt and Blouses of Interest

1761—1750—A new note in separate waists is struck by a draped kimono blouse worn with a tucked skirt. The blouse slips on over the head and is closed on the shoulder. It is suited to crêpe de Chine, taffeta, crêpe meteor, satin, cotton voile or batiste. It is extremely smart and becoming, and the short sleeve is new. The skirt has a straight lower edge. Use sports silk, crêpe de Chine, foulard, stripes, checks, cotton voile or batiste.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard Georgette 39 or 40 inches wide, 2⅝ yards taffeta 35 or 36 wide. Bottom 1½ yard. Embroidery design 10755 trims blouse.

This blouse, 1761, is attractive for ladies of 32 to 44 bust. The skirt, 1750, is for 35 to 47½ hip.

1746—1826—A tucked blouse and a plaited skirt make an excellent combination for general wear. The blouse has an unusually attractive collar and deeply cuffed one-seam sleeve. The tucked front gives a soft effect in crêpe de Chine, wash silk, wash satin, silk crêpe, handkerchief linen, cotton voile or batiste. The skirt is cut in four pieces and the fulness at the sides can either be laid in gathers or darts. Use linen, cotton poplin, beach cloth, cotton gabardine, repp, check, plaid, etc.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2¼ yards cotton crêpe 32 inches wide, 3½ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 2¼ yards with plaits drawn out.

This blouse, 1746, is for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust; the skirt 1826, for ladies of 35 to 49½ hip.

1752—1816—A very soft blouse is delightful for light cotton voile, and a simple skirt is first choice for linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, repp, serge, etc. The closing line of the blouse is particularly pretty, and the convertible collar offers two neck possibilities. The sleeves are one-seamed. You could use crêpe de Chine, wash silks, wash satin, crêpe meteor, batiste, cotton voile, dimity or handkerchief linen. The skirt is cut in three pieces, and the front closing gives a good trimming.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 1⅝ yard checked voile 39 or 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard plain voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 2⅜ yards linen 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

This blouse, 1752, is becoming to ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust. The skirt, 1816, is for ladies of 35 to 49½ inches hip.

1727—1821—Decidedly new is a circular skirt worn with a surplice blouse. The skirt shows the latest flared tunic effect over a narrow foundation. It can be made in one or two pieces, and the two-pieced foundation used or omitted. The draped lines of the blouse are soft and becoming. The sleeve has one seam. Make the skirt of faille, gros de Londres, moiré, taffeta, satin, plaids or stripes.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, 3⅞ yards plaid silk 40 inches wide cut on a crosswise fold 1⅝ yard material 32 to 36 wide for upper part foundation. Bottom of foundation 1⅜ yard; circular skirt in full length 2½ yards.

This blouse, 1727, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust. The skirt, 1821, is for ladies of 35 to 49½ inches hip.

1771—1818—An adorable little blouse for crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, crêpe meteor, silk voile, foulard, cotton voile, batiste or lace net appears with a simple satin skirt. The blouse is made in one piece and slips on over the head. The short kimono sleeve shows the new French length. The straight skirt is also one-pieced. It is good-looking in linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine, serge, gabardine or satin. Both the blouse and skirt are extremely easy to make and very effective. Lower edge measures 1½ yard.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 1¼ yard figured voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This blouse, 1771, is pretty for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1818, is suitable for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

Blouse 1800
Skirt 1671
Embroidery
design 10766

Blouse 1729
Skirt 1805

Draped blouse 1798
Skirt 1733

Blouse 1800
Skirt 1362

Draped blouse
1798
Skirt 1739
Embroidery
design 10685

BLOUSE AND SKIRT UNITE

Here is the New Draped Blouse
The Straight or Draped Skirt

1800—1671—A smart long blouse with a short sleeve and narrow skirt makes a most desirable costume for Summer. Worn under a coat the blouse gives a vest effect. It has the fashionable square collarless neck and slips on over the head with a closing on the shoulders. The one-seam sleeves are made in the new French length. Women and young girls use Georgette crêpe, silk voile, chiffon cloth, crêpe de Chine, foulard, satin, cotton voile, batiste or linen for the blouse. The skirt is cut in two pieces on smart lines, excellent for linen, cotton gabardine, gingham, chambray or serge, tricotine or satin. Embroidery design 10766 is used to trim the blouse.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2¼ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¼ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1½ yard.

This blouse, 1800, is for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also adapted to misses. The skirt, 1671, is for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip.

1729—1805—Wash satin and sports silk are used for a blouse and belted skirt. The blouse has a graceful collar and a becoming fulness in the front where the back comes over the shoulders. The sleeves are made with one seam. The skirt is cut in two pieces on very soft lines that would be especially effective in satin, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, foulard, charmeuse, taffeta, pongee, silk poplin, cotton voile, lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin or gabardine. The belt is splendid and the pockets are new. Use crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, batiste, cotton voile, crêpe meteor or washable satin for the blouse. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 2⅛ yards wash satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 2⅜ yards sports satin 36 inches wide.

This blouse, 1729, is correct for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust. The skirt, 1805, is for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip.

1798—1733—A blouse of a decidedly new type is worn with a taffeta skirt. The blouse is draped, and finishes itself gracefully with a soft sash in the back. The sleeves are cut with one seam and the blouse can be made with a camisole lining under silk crêpe, chiffon, chiffon cloth, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, cotton voile or batiste. The skirt is very soft and is cut in two pieces, and has an unusual pocket arrangement. Use cotton poplin, linen, cotton gabardine, gingham, chambray, cotton prints, satin, taffeta, sports silks, serge or plaids.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This blouse, 1798, is suitable for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust. The skirt, 1733, for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip.

1800—1362—The long blouse and tailored skirt lead all others on straight lines of an accepted silhouette. It is a charming type of blouse for a woman or young girl, and is suited to Georgette crêpe, silk voile, foulard, satin, cotton voile, batiste or linen. It slips on over the head, closes on the shoulders and has one-seam sleeves. The three-piece skirt has the correct lines and a lapped seam makes a good finish in back. It could be of satin, tricotine, gabardine or serge.

36 bust and 38 hip require 2¼ yards indestructible voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 2¼ yards satin 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom 1½ yard.

This blouse, 1800, is nice for ladies of 32 to 44 inches bust; it is also suitable for misses. The skirt, 1362, is correct for ladies of 35 to 47½ inches hip.

1798—1739—Quite French in cut and detail is a blouse that appears above an unusual skirt. The blouse is draped prettily to the figure and forms a sash in back. The sleeves have one seam and the blouse can be made with a camisole lining. This is the new length of separate blouse and could be of silk crêpe, crêpe de Chine, silk voile, taffeta, or cotton voile, batiste, etc. The skirt is cut in one piece and the drapery gives the new widened hip. Use satin, charmeuse, taffeta or light-weight serge. Embroidery design 10685 trims the blouse.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1¾ yard satin 35 or 36 inches wide, 2¾ yards satin 32 to 40 inches wide. Bottom 1¼ yard.

This blouse, 1798, is becoming for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust. The skirt, 1739, is correct for ladies of 35 to 45 inches hip.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

NEW STYLES IN LINGERIE

Dainty Garments Appear In Intimate Guise

1790—Something new in a corset cover is made on excellent fitted lines that will appeal to the woman who wants a brassière effect, and likes it to come down below the waistline. It can be cut with any of the popular neck outlines, and offers a choice of several lengths. The shield facing is especially desirable and the sleeves can be finished in three ways. Long-cloth, cambric, muslin and batiste are suitable materials to use for it.

36-inch bust requires 1⅜ yard muslin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This corset cover is suitable for ladies of 34 to 48 inches bust.

7461—1791—An inducement to systematic exercise is a new gymnasium costume. The sailor or middy blouse can close down the front instead of slipping on over the head, and the yoke facing has no shoulder seam. The bloomers are new. They can be finished with a belt, or be either buttoned or sewed to an underbody. You can make them of serge, sateen or wool poplin.

36-inch bust and 38-inch hip require 3⅜ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 2⅛ yards serge 44 wide.

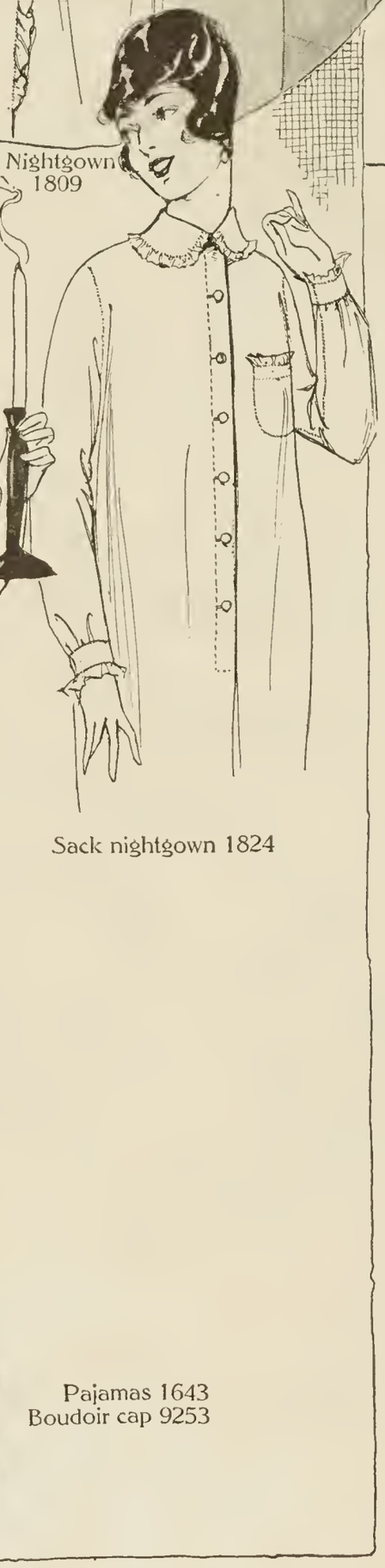
This middy blouse, 7461, is correct for ladies of 32 to 42 inches bust; the bloomers for ladies of 35 to 49½ inches hip.

Corset cover 1790

Middy blouse 7461
Bloomers 1791

Corset cover 6508
Drawers 1796

Nightgown 1809



Sack nightgown 1824

Corset cover 8329
Closed drawers 1802
Embroidery design 10754

Pajamas 1643
Boudoir cap 9253

1809—This simple nightgown made with a square yoke offers an inviting opportunity for lace or embroidery. It is a popular type of nightgown and extremely practical for general wear. The little sleeve is very pretty and is made with one seam. Use muslin, cambric, long-cloth or batiste. It would be nice for Winter wear in outing flannel.

36-inch bust requires 3½ yards batiste 39 or 40 inches wide, ⅜ yard fancy tucking 18 inches wide for front yoke.

It is excellent for ladies of 32 to 46 inches bust.

6508—1796—A one-piece corset cover is used with new open drawers. The corset cover slips over the head, and is easy to make. The drawers are well cut on the new lines, and the plain back without plait or fulness is especially nice. They could be of long-cloth, nainsook, cambric, batiste or muslin.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅛ yard all-over embroidery 40 inches wide, 1⅞ yard nainsook 35 or 36 inches wide. Bottom of each leg about 30 inches.

This corset cover, 6508, is for ladies of 32 to 48 bust; the drawers, 1796, for ladies of 35 to 52 hip.

8329—1802—Separate corset covers and drawers are much worn this year. The corset cover has several neck outlines and a peplum. The closed drawers can be finished with an inverted plait, drawstrings or habit style in back.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1⅛ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide, 1⅝ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10754 trims the corset cover and drawers. Lower edge of each leg about 28 inches.

This corset cover, 8329, is nice for ladies of 32 to 46 bust; the drawers, 1802, for ladies of 35 to 52 hip.

1643—9253—An adorable pair of pajamas and a becoming boudoir cap make a delightful sleeping or negligée costume. The pajamas are cut with a one-piece front. Use batiste, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, nainsook, crêpe de Chine, washable satin, China silk and silk crêpe for the pajamas.

36-inch bust requires 3¼ yards figured crêpe de Chine 39 or 40 inches wide, ½ yard material 36 inches wide for boudoir cap in ladies' size.

These pajamas, 1643, are for ladies of 32 to 44 bust. The boudoir cap, 9253, is for ladies and misses.

1824—The sack nightgown is popular with many women, and would be very warm and comfortable for later in the year. It is an extremely simple gown to make, and to wear, and does not require very much material. A great many women like the long one-seam sleeve and high collar, and the narrow frilled edging is the usual finish. Cambric, muslin, long-cloth, nainsook and flannelette are suitable.

36 bust requires 4 yards long-cloth 44 inches wide.

This nightgown is suitable for ladies of 32 to 48 inches bust measure.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

OF HOME INTEREST

For the Housekeeper and the Traveler

Pullman robe 1774 Kimono 1774

1774—The plain kimono of regulation type holds a place of its own that nothing else ever fills. This one is cut on excellent straight lines, and is suitable for cotton crêpe, mull, lawn, dimity, challis, pongee, flowered silk or dotted swiss. The one-seam sleeve is set into an armhole cut with a slight depth.

36-inch bust requires 5¼ yards figured cotton crêpe 32 inches wide, 1¾ yard plain cotton crêpe 20 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

This kimono is correct for ladies of 32 to 52 bust.

Kimono 1779

1774—Night traveling loses much of its discomfort to the woman who uses a Pullman robe of dark China silk. The big hood and long one-seam sleeve give desirable protection in going back and forth to the dressing-room. The slightly deep armhole is excellent in a robe of this type. You could make it of China silk, pongee or crêpe de Chine.

36-inch bust requires 5⅜ yards China silk 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge measures 1⅞ yard.

This Pullman robe is suitable for ladies of 32 to 52 bust.

1779—A kimono of cotton crêpe is a constant source of satisfaction throughout the warm weather, and is also necessary at other seasons. The tucks in the front make a pretty trimming, and distribute the fulness nicely. The slightly deep armhole is comfortable. Use cotton crêpe, lawn, dotted swiss, mull, challis, printed silk, satin, dimity, and as a dressing-sack, lace, crêpe de Chine, silk crêpe, etc.

36 bust requires 5⅛ yards cotton crêpe 32 inches wide, 1¾ yard figured 20 wide. Bottom 1⅞ yard.

It is for ladies of 32 to 52 inches bust.

1773—A gingham house dress is made in good-looking style that means outward efficiency and inward satisfaction. It has the popular one-piece lines, and the pocket and strap trim it effectively. The sleeves are made with one seam, and a deep yoke can be used or omitted. Gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine and percale are suitable materials. Lower edge 1¾ yard.

36-inch bust requires 5¼ yards gingham 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard chambray 32 inches wide.

This house dress is excellent for ladies of 32 to 52 inches bust.

1781—She who preserves fruit preserves her clothes as well by wearing a splendid apron that entirely covers her dress. The body is cut in one with the sleeves, and the collar and cuff add a pretty finish. The large pockets are indispensable, and the little cap is as becoming as it is useful. Use gingham, chambray or percale.

36-inch bust requires 4¼ yards percale 35 or 36 inches wide, ½ yard percale 35 or 36 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

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

1777—An unusual apron with simple kimono body, and a pretty outline at the front is excellent for gingham, chambray or percale. The short sleeve and square neck are nice for housework. This apron covers up one's dress nicely. The pockets are useful, and a little cap completes the costume.

36-inch bust requires 3⅜ yards gingham 32 inches wide, ¾ yard chambray 32 inches wide. Lower edge 1⅞ yard.

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

1769—A very simple and practical house dress or over-all apron is made with a wide double front that laps over and fastens with a belt in back. It is an easy style to make and to launder. You could use gingham, chambray, percale or linen. The front is convertible, and the collar is removable. The cap is cut in two pieces. Bottom 1¾ yard.

36-inch bust requires 5½ yards chambray 32 inches wide, 1¾ yard material 32 inches wide. ½ yard material 18 or more inches wide for crown.

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

House dress 1773 Apron and cap 1781 Apron and cap 1777 House dress or over-all apron and cap 1769

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

THE NEW LINE OF FULLER TUNICS

Two Silhouettes Offered in Summer Frocks

Dress 1827

Dress 1825

Dress 1762

Dress 1797

1797 1793 Dress 1793

1827—A new and more bouffant silhouette is suggested by the fulness of tunic in a dress of flowered voile. The tunic has a straight lower edge and is used over a straight skirt. Young girls or small women use cotton voile, batiste, dimity, taffeta, satin, foulard or crêpe de Chine. The sleeve is one-seamed and the dress can be made with a camisole lining. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

16 years requires 4½ yards flowered voile 39 or 40 inches, ⅝ yard plain voile 39 or 40 inches wide.

This dress is attractive for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is correct for small women.

1825—A fuller tunic gives an interesting new line over a narrow foundation. The draped jumper is cut deeply to show the kimono side body of chiffon to the best advantage. This is attractive for a young girl or small woman in taffeta, satin, charmeuse, foulard or faille alone or with silk voile, etc. The tunic is straight. The side body is sewed to a camisole lining.

17 years requires 3 yards satin 40 inches wide, 1 yard chiffon 24 inches wide for side body, 1⅜ yard material 24 to 36 wide for upper part of skirt. Bottom 1¼ yard.

This dress is suitable for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is adapted to small women.

1762—The outline of the collar and the tucks of the skirt are things that make a charming frock for a Summer afternoon. The very short one-seam sleeve is French. The dress closes in back and the skirt is straight; it can be made over a camisole lining. Young girls and small women use cotton voile, batiste, lawn, dimity, mull, gingham, etc. Lower edge 1½ yard.

17 years requires 3¼ yards organdy 39 or 40 inches wide, ⅝ yard chiffon 39 or 40 inches wide.

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

1797—English print is used for a smart type of simple one-piece dress. The plaits at each side of the front and back are becoming to young girls or to women. This dress is easy to launder in gingham, chambray, linen, cotton poplin, cotton gabardine; it is also suited to satin, taffeta or silk poplin, and can be made with or without the body lining. Bottom 2 yards.

32 bust or 15 to 16 years requires 4⅞ yards print 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard chambray 32 inches wide.

This dress is excellent for misses of 32 to 34 bust; it is also correct for ladies.

1793—Very slim and youthful are the lines of a smart one-piece dress that is suitable for a young girl or a woman. The closing can be placed in the front or back, and the dress made with or without a body lining. It is an excellent style for linen, cotton gabardine, repp, gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, satin or taffeta. It has excellent pockets.

34 bust or 17 to 18 years requires 3¾ yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide, ¼ yard linen 22 or more inches wide. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

This dress is attractive for misses of 32 to 34 bust; it is also correct for ladies.

1827 1825 1825 1762

EMPIRE AND LONG BLOUSE LINE

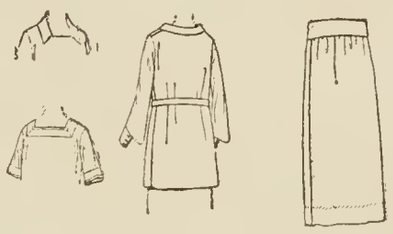
Girls and Frocks for August Days

Dress 1830

Dress 1810

Dress 1814

Blouse 1800
Skirt 1466
Bead design 10753



1800

1466

Dress 1743

1830 1810 1814 1743

1830—Flowered cotton voile makes a dear little afternoon dress with an Empire jumper. The sleeves are set into a blouse lining, and the skirt is cut in two pieces. Young girls or small women use cotton voile, batiste, organdy, lawn, mull, dimity, gingham, chambray, foulard, taffeta, satin or charmeuse.

17 years requires 3¾ yards figured cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, 1⅜ yard plain cotton voile 39 or 40 wide for collar, sleeves and lining. Lower edge 1⅝ yard.

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

1810—Standaway collar and bouffant hip drapery are charming things for a young girl in a soft charmeuse frock. The surplice lines of the draped Empire waist are suitable for a small woman also. The sleeve is one-seamed, and the skirt two-pieced. Taffeta, moire, satin, charmeuse, faille silk and foulard are effective materials for this dress. Lower edge 1⅜ yard.

17 years requires 4⅛ yards charmeuse 39 or 40 inches wide, ½ yard contrasting 36 or more inches wide.

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

1814—Half up the front and all the way down the back run the buttons on an Empire frock of English print. The skirt is straight and the dress can be made with or without the body lining. The dress closes on the left side in front. Use linen, cotton poplin, gingham, cotton prints, repp, satin or charmeuse for young girls or small women. Bottom 1½ yard.

16 years requires 3¼ yards print 32 inches wide, ⅜ yard organdy 39 or 40 including pipings and sash.

This dress is attractive for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also nice for small women.

1743—A tucked peplum, a frilled sleeve, and here's the frock for young sixteen. A tuck on each side of the front and back softens the lines of the simple Empire waist. The sleeve is one-seamed; the skirt straight. Girls or small women use cotton voile, cotton marquisette, batiste, mull, lawn, silk crêpe or taffeta.

16 years requires 4 yards cotton voile 39 or 40 inches wide, ¼ yard material 18 or more wide for tucker, ¼ yard net 40 wide for plaitings, Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This dress is pretty for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also correct for small women.

1800—1466—A long blouse and a deeply cuffed skirt make an enviable costume on a Summer day. The blouse slips over the head, closes on the shoulders, and has a one-seam sleeve. It is suitable for girls or women in silk voile, batiste or linen. The skirt is cut in two pieces. Embroidery 10753 trims blouse.

34 bust, or 17 to 18 years, for blouse and 17-year skirt require 2⅛ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 2⅜ yards linen 36 wide. Bottom 1⅜ yard.

This blouse, 1800, is for misses of 32 to 34 bust; it is adapted to ladies. The skirt, 1466, is for misses of 14 to 19 years; also correct for small women.

FOR SUMMER SPORTS

Straight Dresses,

1749—The long blouse offers a delightful costume with its opportunity for contrasting material or effective embroidery. The blouse slips on over the head, and its middy lines are liked by girls of this age. The one-seam sleeve ends in a new cuff. The straight skirt is sewed to an underbody. Use linen, cotton poplin, drill, piqué, chambray or gingham.

8 years requires 1⅜ yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide, 1⅜ yard English print 32 inches wide.

It is nice for girls of 4 to 15 years.

1819—A new naval blouse and a dark skirt are eligible for many junior sports. The blouse slips on over the head, and the yoke facing has no shoulder seam and can be omitted. The skirt is straight and can be finished with a belt, or an underbody with a shield facing. Use drill, duck, linen or cotton poplin.

12 years requires 2⅝ yards duck 32 inches wide, 2⅝ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide for collar facing, cuffs and skirt.

This dress is for girls of 4 to 15 years.

1778—A middy dress solves many problems in the junior's life. In this one the blouse slips on over the head and is made in the regulation sailor fashion. A yoke facing can be used, and the straight skirt could be plaited and sewed to a belt, or to an underbody finished with a shield facing. Use linen, cotton poplin or chambray, or serge with drill.

10 years size requires 3½ yards drill 32 inches wide.

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

1811—Plaits on the sides and a broad panel that makes its own belt proves a very becoming dress to the junior. The one-seam sleeve is a nice length for Summer and the round neck is fashionable. You could make this dress of gingham, chambray, cotton poplin or linen; it would be a good school dress later in serge, checks or plaids.

10 years requires 3¼ yards gingham 27 inches wide, ⅜ yard lawn 35 or 36 inches wide.

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

1794—A demure little fichu collar ends in a dashing bow on an Empire frock. The dress slips on over the head, and the one-seam sleeve is sewed into an armhole with a slight depth. The skirt is straight. Use gingham, chambray, cotton prints, cotton voile, linen, cotton gabardine, organdy, lawn, mull, dotted swiss, pongee and challis.

8 years requires 1⅞ yard English print 32 inches wide, ⅝ yard organdy 39 or 40 inches wide.

It is becoming to girls of 3 to 10 years.

1770—1640—Box plaits give an excellent line to a one-piece dress of linen worn with a linen hat. The sleeves have one seam and the neck can be finished in another way. Use gingham, chambray, piqué, etc.

10 years requires 2⅝ yards linen 35 or 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting linen 35 or 36 inches wide; for hat in 11 years or 21 head measure ½ yard linen 32 or more wide, 1¼ yard ribbon 2 inches wide.

This dress is for girls of 2 to 12 years; the hat for children and girls of 1 to 11 years.

AND AFTERNOONS

Tunic and Drapery

1834—Embroidered jumper and peg-top skirt form a charming silk dress for junior afternoon affairs. The draped jumper ends in a sash and the kimono underbody is easy to make. The drapery of the two-pieee skirt is graeeful. Use taffeta, flowered silks, crêpe de Chine, etc., aloue or with silk crêpe.

13 years requires 3¼ yards taffeta 35 or 36 inches wide, ¾ yard silk crêpe 32 or more inches wide for underbody. Embroidery design 10735 trims the dress.

It is pretty for girls of 8 to 15 years.

1759—Linen in two shades makes an unusually niee tub frock. The dress slips on over the head, and the closing is arranged on the shoulders. The long body foilows the fashionable straight lines, and the sleeves are eut in kimono style. You eould use linen, cotton poplin, gingham, chambray and eotton prints.

10 years requires 1¼ yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide for upper part, ⅞ yard linen 35 or 36 wide for lower part. Embroidery design 10726 trims dress.

It is pretty for girls of 8 to 15 years.

1799—The lemonade eounter is always the center of attraction and a new dress of English print is well worth attention. Guimpe dresses are extremely popular, and this jumper has a very pretty outline. The kimono blouse ean be gathered and the skirt is straight. Use eotton prints, linen, gingham, ete.

12 years requires 2⅛ yards English print 32 inehes wide, 1⅛ yard nainsook 35 or 36 inehes wide for body. Smocking design 10592 trims the dress.

It is nice for girls of 6 to 15 years.

1803—Rings on her fingers and rings on her foulard froek bring happiness to any junior. The jumper makes a sash and is eut low to show the kimono underbody and new puff sleeve. A soft tunic is used over the straight skirt. Use foulard, taffeta, crêpe de Chine, check or plaid silk with silk crêpe.

14 years requires 2¾ yards foulard 39 or 40 inches wide, 1⅛ yard silk crêpe 35 to 40 wide for underbody, ⅞ yard 35 or 36 wide for upper part of skirt.

It is graceful for girls of 8 to 15 years.

1740—Gingham means mueh in the eareer of the eight-year-old, especially when it eombines with a blouse of batiste. The outline of the jumper is effective and the clusters of plaits break the lines of the straight skirt. Gingham, chambray, eotton poplin, linen or cotton prints are nice with a blouse, made with a one-seam sleeve of lawn, nainsook, etc.

8 years requires 1¾ yard gingham 32 inches wide, 1¼ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide for blouse.

It is nice for girls of 4 to 15 years.

1794—A very sprightly little froek of linen goes in for many of the best Summer sports. The dress slips on over the head and the simple Empire body is very quaint and pretty. The one-seam sleeve is set into a slightly deep armhole and the skirt is straight. Gingham, ehambray, eotton prints, cotton voile, dimity, cotton poplin, linen, cotton gabardine and organdy make exeellent dresses.

6 years require 1¾ yard linen 35 or 36 wide.

It is becoming to girls of 3 to 10 years.

Dress 1807
Hat 10750

Rompers 1823

Dress 1815
Embroidery design
10732

Dress 1828
Hat 10750

Sack nightgown 1812

Nightgown 1832

Dress 1831

COSTUMES FOR DAY AND NIGHT

Simple Little Short Dresses and Long Nightgowns

1807—Embroidered hat and gingham frock, salt water and plenty of sand complete her happiness. The dress has a quaint yoke, one-seam sleeves and a soft, straight skirt.

3 years requires 1⅝ yard gingham 32 inches wide, ⅛ yard contrasting 32 inches wide, ¾ yard material 20 or more inches wide for hat adapted from embroidery design 10750.

This dress is excellent for children of 2 to 6 years.

1823—A new pair of rompers are a great asset on the beach. The sleeves are made with one seam and rather a deep armhole, and the closing arrangement is particularly good. Use gingham, chambray, linen, cotton gabardine, poplin or repp.

2 years requires 1½ yard gingham 32 inches wide, ⅜ yard plain gingham 27 inches wide.

These rompers are nice for children of 1 to 5 years.

1828—Soft plaits and fancy yoke are just the thing for a chambray dress, worn with a new embroidered hat. The sleeve is made with one seam. Use gingham, chambray, linen, etc.

4 years requires 1⅝ yard chambray 32 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting 32 wide; ⅞ yard material 20 or more wide for hat. The hat has been adapted from embroidery design 10750.

This dress is suitable for children of 1 to 8 years.

1815—For her début in short clothes comes a darling little dress of batiste. It is extremely simple and becoming, and can be finished with the fulness laid in a plait under the arms and at the center of the back, or in a gored seam under the arm. The sleeve has one seam. Use nainsook, lawn, batiste or dimity.

2 years requires 1½ yard batiste 35 or 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10732 trims the dress.

This dress is suitable for girls of ½ to 5 years.

1812—An excellent type of sack nightgown for every-day wear is shown here. It is very simple to make and the little frilled edging gives a pretty finish to the one-seam sleeve and turn-down collar. Young girls or small women use cambric, long-cloth, nainsook or muslin.

16 years requires 4 yards nainsook 35 or 36 inches wide.

This nightgown is suitable for misses of 14 to 19 years; it is also correct for small women.

1832—Sweet dreams for dolly and small mother are assured with such a prettily frilled and pocketed nightgown. The square yoke is attractive and the soft gathers below have the right amount of fulness. The sleeve is made with one seam. Use nainsook, long-cloth, cambric, muslin, batiste or cotton crêpe.

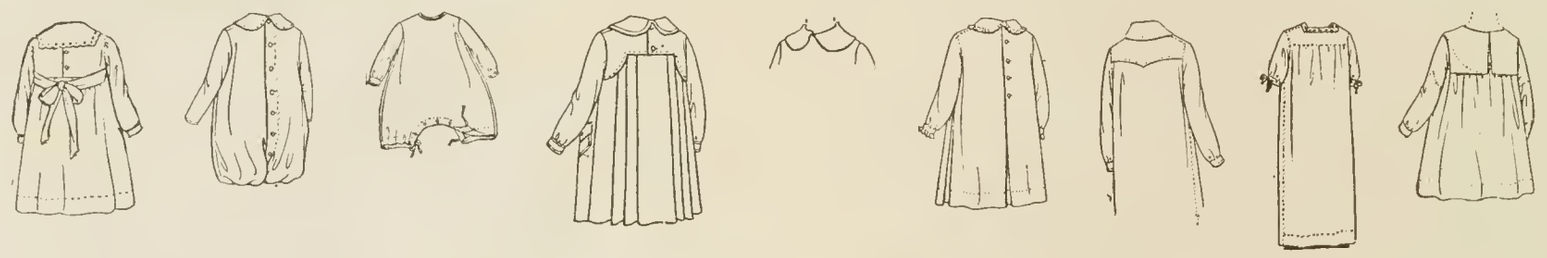
9 years requires 2⅞ yards muslin 35 or 36 inches wide.

This nightgown is suitable for girls of ½ to 13 years.

1831—A square bertha and deep yoke make an adorable dress for cotton voile, batiste, lawn, nainsook, mull, handkerchief linen, cross-bar, gingham or chambray. The short sleeve is made with one seam and the skirt is straight. The bertha gives a new note to the dress.

5 years requires 1¾ yard cotton voile 35 or 36 inches wide.

This dress is attractive for girls of 2 to 6 years.



1807 1823 1828 1815 1812 1832 1831

Little boys' dress 9180

Suit 9238

Jumper suit 8337
Embroidery design 10676

Outing shirt 1835
Trousers 1115

Romper suit 1833

IN CHOOSING clothes for her youngest son the modern mother steers a course midway between too boyish lines that would steal several years away from small boyhood and too Lord Fauntleroy effects that would make him an object of derision among his fellows. Little suits can be quaint without being effeminate, and remain practical, wearable and washable at the same time. At this season they are made of the heavier wash materials such as linen, cotton gabardine, poplin, repp, galatea, khaki, denim, drill, chambray, gingham and madras. The most boyish colors are white, linen blue, tan, navy blue and white used together, and white with scarlet, navy or linen blue collars and cuffs. Pink and the lighter blues, greens and yellows are also used for the small boy.

WHEN FASHION COMPETES IN SPORTS

Clothes and Boys are Built for Active Careers

9180—He who takes a long leap looks well in a new dress of repp. It slips on over the head and laces up down the front in an entrancing way just like a sailor's. The long shoulder is good and the yoke can be omitted. The trousers are straight. Use galatea, piqué, linen, poplin, repp, piqué and madras. This is a very boyish looking dress, and the plaits are becoming to a child.

3 years requires 2⅛ yards repp 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard contrasting repp 35 or 36 inches.

This dress is nice for boys of 1 to 4 years.

9238—It's a small Robin Hood who takes his bow in hand and starts out in a suit of linen. The blouse has simple good-looking lines that are quite boyish enough to please young son. The trousers are straight. Poplin, shantung, piqué, chambray, galatea, linen, Japanese crêpe and madras are suitable materials for this little suit. The collar and cuffs in contrast make a nice trimming.

4 years requires 2⅛ yards linen 36 inches wide, ¼ yard contrasting material 36 inches wide.

This suit is nice for boys of 2 to 5 years.

8337—A jumper suit with white waist and dark trousers is a wise choice for Summer adventures. The square neck and simple sleeve are attractive, and the suspenders give a costume effect. Use linen, cottons, madras, lawn or dimity for the waist with trousers of chambray, galatea, linen or gingham. The scalloping makes a neat finish that is easily and quickly done.

5 years requires 1⅛ yard linen 35 or 36 inches wide for waist, 1⅛ yard contrasting linen 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10676 trims the waist.

This jumper suit is nice for boys of 2 to 6 years.

1835—1115—The best type of outing shirt and smart trousers are shown here. The shirt is cut on the latest lines, with new collar and cuffs, and is suitable for madras, percale, galatea or flannel. The trousers could be made of serge, flannel or cheviot.

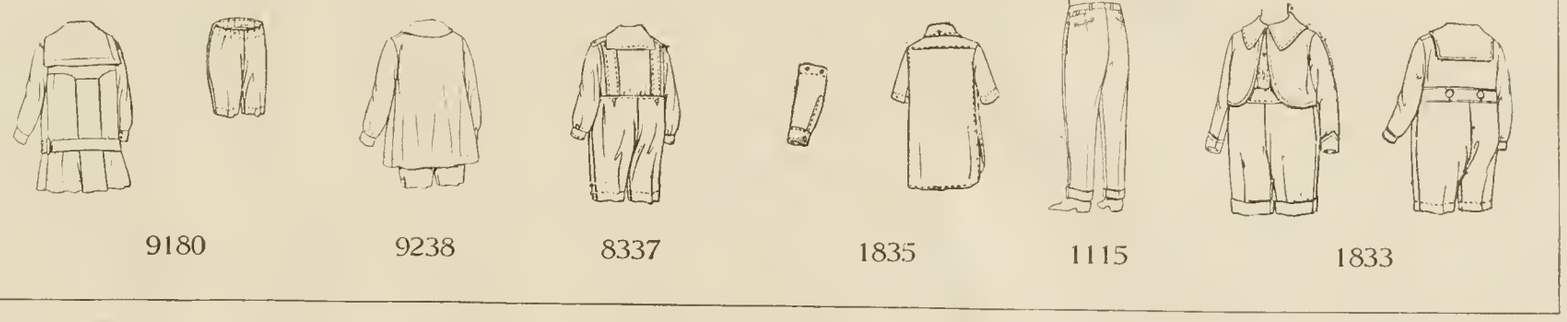
15-inch neck and 34-inch waist require 3 yards wash silk 35 or 36 inches wide, 1½ yard striped cassimere 54 inches wide for the trousers.

This outing shirt, 1835, is correct for boys or men, 12 to 19 inches neck measure. The trousers, 1115, are suitable for boys or men of 26 to 50 inches waist measure.

1833—A suit of an entirely new order made in easy romper fashion is especially nice for khaki, denim, galatea, chambray, cottons or gingham for the small boy. The waist has a convenient front closing, comfortable short sleeves, and the trousers are straight. It makes a good-looking costume worn with the little jacket. This would be a nice suit to choose for a combination of materials.

5 years requires 1⅞ yard khaki 35 or 36 inches wide, ⅜ yard chambray 32 inches wide.

The romper suit is nice for boys of 2 to 7 years.



9180 9238 8337 1835 1115 1833

THE STENCIL POINTS THE WAY TO A NEWLY EMBROIDERED FIELD

BY MARIE ASHLEY

SOME women achieve distinction and smartness in fashion by instinct, others by reducing, and still others by the theory that any means justify the ends. In embroidery as in other fields there are many mediums; success lies mainly in adopting and adapting the right one at the psychological moment. Embroideries of all kinds, carried out in different ways, are being used a great deal this season, but one of the newest and most unusual development is shown in stenciling applied on waists and frocks. It makes a very attractive trimming used in this way.

Stenciling has been used previously a great deal for house-linens and in decorating, but its appearance on woman's and children's clothing is quite a novelty, and one that could well be adopted generally, for it is most effective, delightfully easy to do, and much quicker than embroidery. It is quite practical also for Summer fabrics as it launders nicely and wears well.

Stenciling is being shown on many of the newest French blouses. I am illustrating a very beautiful design on a smart draped blouse, and the stenciling gives the effect of an extremely rich and elaborate all-over embroidery. The blouse illustrated was made of tan linen, and stenciled in oil-paints, the stenciling then edged with outline embroidery. Chiffon, organdy or any of the Summer wash materials would be suitable and would take the stenciling nicely. Embroidery design 10766 is particularly well adapted for stenciling.

YOU will need the following articles for your outfit to do the waist: blouse 1761, embroidery design 10766. Of course you will want to choose your material and decide on the color you are to use. The stencil-board is the best thing to use, but if you have not got one, a thin cardboard will do nicely. If you are not using the stencil-board, you can use either thin cardboard or heavy Manila paper, and either of these two latter materials should be shellacked on both sides before using. Brush one side with the shellac and let it dry, and then shellac the other side. You will need a sharp penknife or stoyd, and oil-paint or stencil dyes or pastes, also a flat-end brush, and turpentine or gasoline, thumb-tacks, white blotting-paper and a piece of cloth to dry the brush. You can do the work on a wooden table or a board.

LAY blouse 1761 on your material and outline it with basting-thread. Then stamp the embroidery design on the material of the waist, just as if you were going to embroider it. Cut a rose out of the embroidery design and one of each of the small curls. Paste their corners lightly to the stencil-board, for a warm iron sometimes blisters the board, so it is safer to paste the design in place.

Tack down the stencil-board (having the embroidery design pasted on it) to the wooden board or table; or you could put it on a heavy piece of glass. Then cut each line very carefully with the point of the sharp knife, pressing the knife down very hard so that a good clear cut is made. After the stencil has been cut out, lay a piece of the blotting-paper on the board. Smooth the waist material over it and place the stenciled rose over one of the roses on the waist. Hold it firmly in place with the thumb-tacks.

Mix a little paint, using it just as dry as possible; wet your brush with the turpentine before dipping it in the paint.

Blouse 1761
Embroidery design 10766

You will need to use very little paint. Have a piece of cheese-cloth to wipe off all the unnecessary paint from this brush. This is called a dry brush, and if this rule is followed carefully there will be few tragedies in stenciling. Nearly all the mistakes are due to using a brush that is too wet, for too much paint will blur the edge. Now rub the paint into the material between the holes of the stencil. Do not be afraid to brush too hard, for the less paint there is and the harder it is put on, the better it will be. When all the open spaces have been brushed in, remove the stencil, and place it upon another flower. If you have to reverse the stencil, wipe it very clean with a *clean* cloth saturated in turpentine and clean off all the paint, then turn it over and use it.

AFTER you have finished stenciling the entire design, place a damp cloth over the wrong side of the material and press it with a hot iron. This will set the color, and the waist can be washed any number of times without injury to the design. Of course you can not have it boiled.

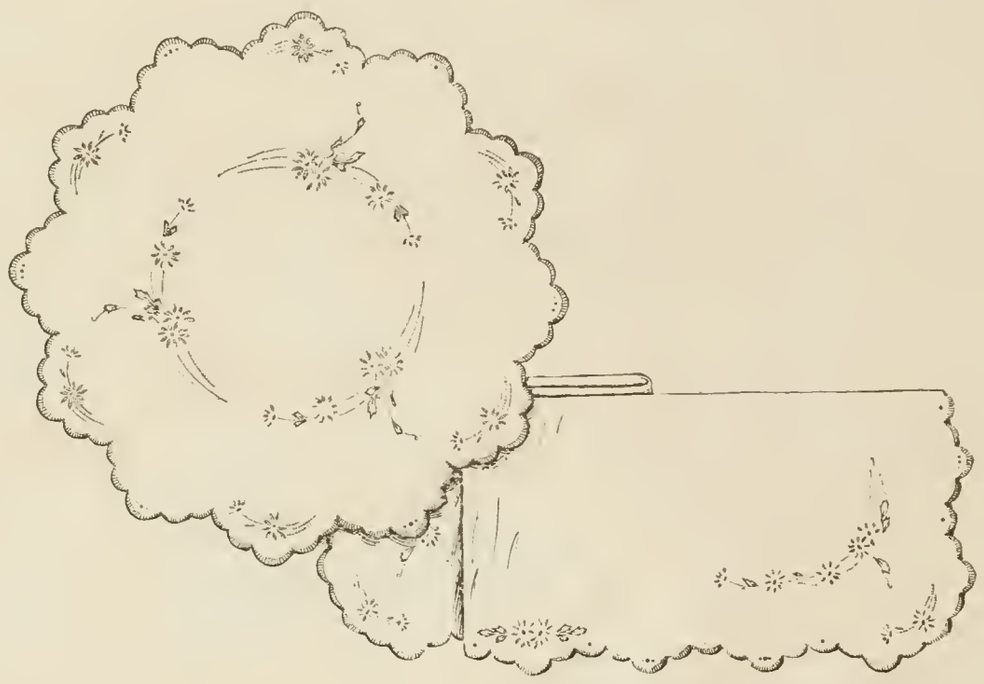
Outline the edge of the stenciling with outline stitch in black or self color or in a contrasting color and work the curled lines in outline or chain stitch. The original waist shown here was stenciled in orange and outlined in brown on tan material.

TURANTO STITCH

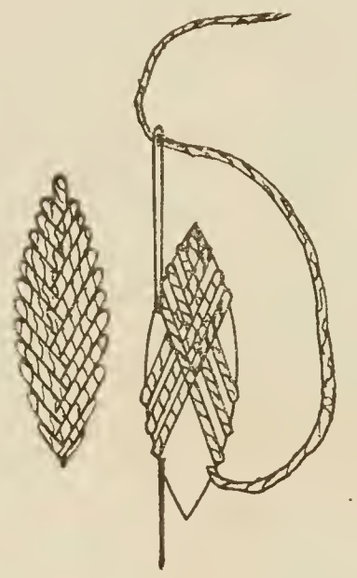
A VERY striking and unusual embroidery, called Turanto, a new self-padding stitch, appears on some of the late Summer house-linen, and I am illustrating it this month on a beautiful centerpiece and buffet-scarf. It is quite simple to do, and works up effectively and quickly. It is a new type of stitch that pads itself, which will appeal to the woman who is always impatient to get to the really pretty part of embroidery without stopping to do the filling in first. This stitch is especially suitable for embroidery designs 10763 and 10764 and is good-looking on linen. You will need to use No. 10 tightly twisted embroidery cotton for doing this work. It is pretty done either in all white cotton or in colors. This makes especially nice pick-up work for the porch or beach as it is so easy to do and works up so quickly. A new stitch is particularly good at this time when many women are embroidering their house-linen for the Autumn.

IN COMMENCING to embroider, bring your needle up at the left side of the petal about one-half of the distance from the lower end. Push the needle through the extreme point and bring it out on the right side of the petal opposite the first stitch. Then push the needle down on the right of the point (close to the last thread) and bring the needle out on the left side just below the first stitch. Cross to the right side of the stitch in the point and bring the needle up on the right-hand side just below the last stitch. Then cross to the left side and push the needle down just below the last stitch. Continue in this way until the entire petal is covered. The leaves and stems are to be done in outline embroidery and the scallops are worked in buttonhole stitch.

For a buffet scarf this design is altogether charming and may be used to good advantage here.



Designs 10763 and 10764 are especially good for the Turanto stitch

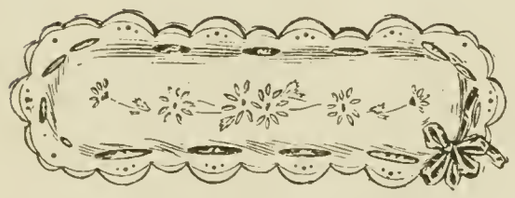


The Turanto stitch

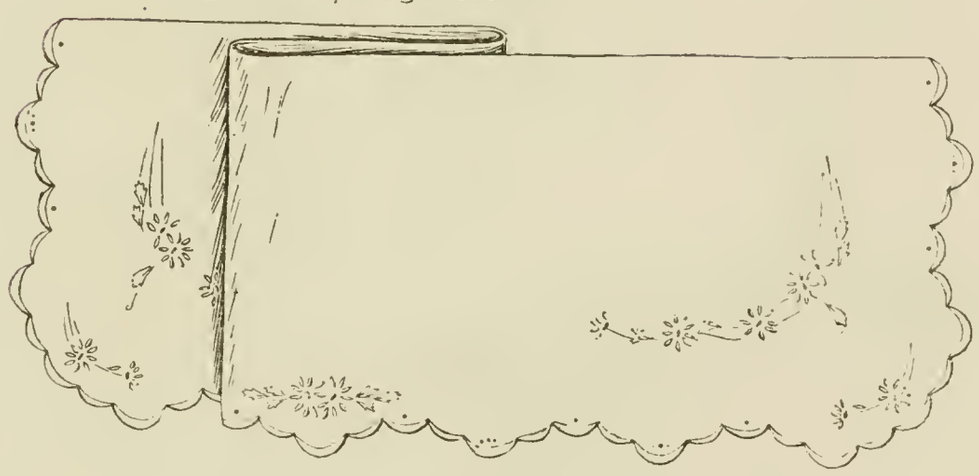
EMBROIDERIES THAT BLOOM IN AUGUST

New Motifs Mark the Frock, Home and Baby Things

BY MARIE ASHLEY



Embroidery design 10764



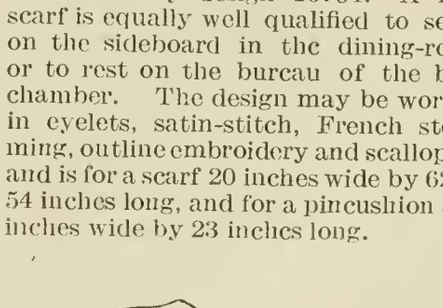
Embroidery design 10764

Embroidery design 10764. A new scarf is equally well qualified to serve on the sideboard in the dining-room or to rest on the bureau of the bedchamber. The design may be worked in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming, outline embroidery and scalloping and is for a scarf 20 inches wide by 62 or 54 inches long, and for a pincushion 8½ inches wide by 23 inches long.

Embroidery design 10767

Dress 1736
Braid design 10762

Embroidery design 10763



Embroidery design 10765

Embroidery design 10763. A very lovely centerpiece matches the sideboard cover and can be worked in Turanto stitch, a new padding stitch (described on opposite page). It is very easy and effective. The design is for a centerpiece 36 inches in diameter, and can be worked in eyelets, satin-stitch, French stemming, outline and scalloping.

Embroidery design 10766

Braid design 10762

Braid design 10762. A new braiding design successfully borders the tunic, sleeves and neck of a Summer dress (1736). The design can be done in braiding, couching, chain-stitch or outline embroidery. The motif is developed for a banding 3¼ yards 4¾ inches wide, for an edging 1⅝ yard 1⅛ inch wide, 6 motifs 3⅛ x 2⅛ inches, 4 motifs 8½ x 5⅛ inches, 4 motifs 15¼ x 6⅛ inches and 2 motifs 7⅝ x 5⅛ inches.

Embroidery design 10765. An adorably dainty design for a baby's sack is quite worthy of the reigning prince of the nursery. It is a one-piece sack and can be worked in satin-stitch, French stemming, eyelets and scalloping. The sack is most babyfied embroidered in soft pink or blue on white, and for the newest baby it can be done in all white.

Embroidery design 10767 is for a darling little dress for a child. It has been designed for a one-piece dress which may hang straight or be drawn in at the waistline with a sash run through slashes. The dress can have either a round or square neck and can be embroidered in satin-stitch, eyelets, French stemming and scalloping. The design is suitable and becoming for a child of 1 and 3 years.

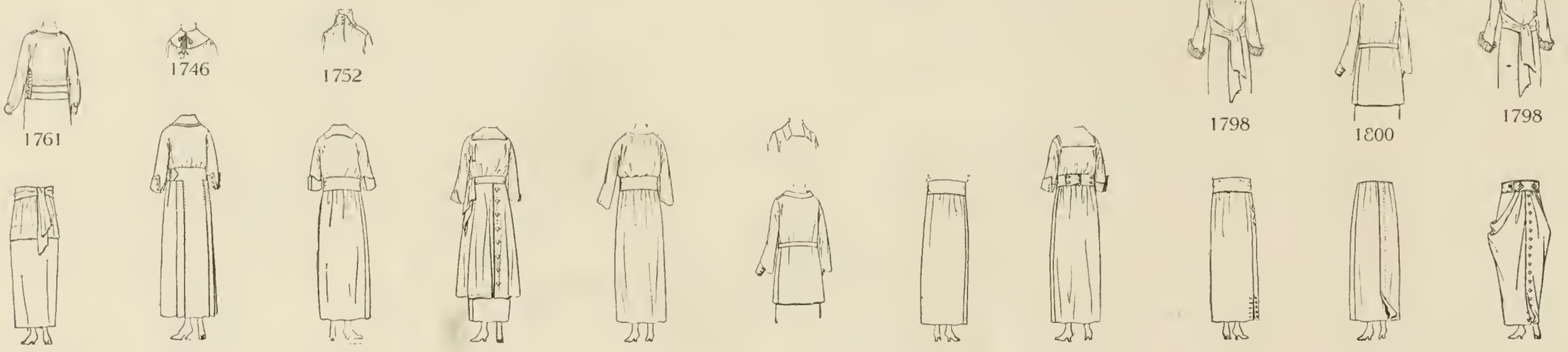
Embroidery design 10766. A delightful rose motif puts a fine front on a blouse or frock and can be adapted also to hats, coats, skirts, etc. You can work it in satin-stitch, outline, chain-stitch or couching. It is designed for a banding 2½ yards 9¾ inches wide, 4¼ yards ¾ inch wide, 3 waist fronts 18½ x 15½ inches, 6 motifs 9⅛ x 5 inches and 3 corners 11⅜ x 6¼ inches.

OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES ON PAGES 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74 AND 75

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 70 and 71

1736 1738 1728 1741 1730 1840 1837 1836 1839 1708 1838 1703 1838

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 72 and 73



1761 1746 1752 1798 1800 1798

1750 1746 1826 1752 1816 1727 1821 1771 1818 1800 1671 1729 1805 1733 1362 1739

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 66 and 67

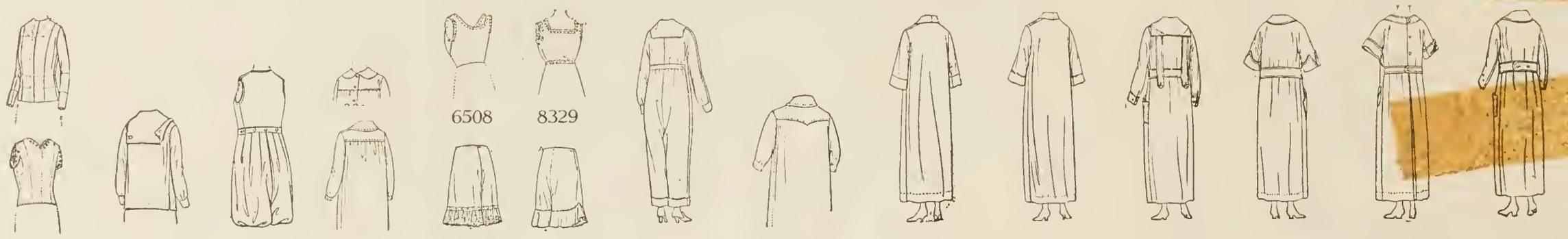
1817 1806 1820 9842 1804 1755 1769 1788 1757 1801 1808

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 68 and 69

1758

1767 1775 1765 1671 1517 1797 1793 1806 1734 1795 1445 1813 1792 1342 1829

Other views of these garments are shown on pages 74 and 75



6508 8329

1790 7461 1791 1809 1796 1802 1643 1824 1774 1779 1773 1781 1777 1769