

THE DELINEATOR



1921
January

IS SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE AMERICAN MAN?

BERTA RUCK, A FAMOUS ENGLISH
AUTHOR, ATTACKS HIM

HELEN ROWLAND, A FAVORITE AMERICAN
AUTHOR, DEFENDS HIM

STORIES BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON, ELEANOR H. PORTER
WALTER PRICHARD EATON, OWEN OLIVER, KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

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THE DELINEATOR

VOLUME XXVII JANUARY 1921 NUMBER SIX

MR. WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY Editor

JAMES EATON TOWER, Managing Editor



WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN AMERICAN

A FEW months before we entered the world war, Theodore Roosevelt wrote a letter to me in which he expressed what may be called a prayer for the Republic. He ended it thus:

"That we may all of us become an efficient, patriotic and nobly proud people—**TOO PROUD EITHER TO INFLICT WRONG OR ENDURE IT.**"

There are many ways to endure wrong. We might begin this year with an examination of conscience. We willingly yield our lives for a cause. But we sit silently by while malcontents strike at the foundation of the Republic. That is enduring the worst wrong an enemy can inflict!

It has become the fashion to damn America. Some do it with petty and even polite fault-finding. Others do it with vicious attacks. One sometimes finds an American of good old American stock joining the ranks of the grumblers. They are afraid they will not be thought progressive and in tune with the times unless, in this age of rapid changes, they demand that the land of our fathers be torn down and made all over again. We have come to tolerate criticism of the United States.

And that is to endure wrong.

Let us consider some of these criticisms—the things one hears from plain folks at home and abroad. The petty things men say with a sneer or even a good-natured laugh.

"U. S. A. stands for You Sell Anything." That catch phrase was given to me sneeringly on a ship bound for Europe recently. I answered: "Except titles. You sell them. And our best people have stopped buying."

"You'd sell them if you had them," persisted the foreigner.

We have had titles in the United States, when titles were worth much more than their present market value. Lord Baltimore, Lord Carteret, the Earl of Fairfax, and many others buried their titles here. We even have a Bonaparte in the United States, and he is MR. Bonaparte.

One may only be annoyed or even amused at the criticisms of foreigners. But it is a serious thing when an educated American fails to defend America.

A distinguished American novelist recently gave proof of the sand which anti-Americans have thrown in our eyes. "Well, of course," he admitted, "what that European said about us is true. We are a nation of shopkeepers. We are all for the sell or buy." Young countries are building, pioneering. Old countries have time to keep shop. France is the greatest market-place in the world.

We are not ashamed to be a nation of shopkeepers. But we just don't happen to be. Let us look at the facts. We are not as much a nation of shopkeepers as France, or even England, at whom Napoleon first threw the challenge.

Most of the inventions by which the progress of the world has been made have come out of the genius of Young America. We are a nation of explorers. We have gone out where the foot of man had not trod, made roads and mines, and homes and schoolhouses. It has been rough and crude, and, at times, lawless, but back of it was the motive of carrying on. Of going farther, of progressing. And even where the courts of law were a little behind the procession, there was that thing which has been and is and will continue to be, the spirit of America—the square deal.

Two of the greatest doctors in the world live in Rochester, Minnesota. Physicians come from the four corners of the globe to consult them.

All Europe has its eyes on Schenectady, New York, because the last word in electricity is spoken there.

The kodak was born in this country. The talking machine spoke its first word on this coast of the Atlantic. The first flying-machine shook the earth-dust from its wings on American soil. The cable which destroyed distance and drew the peoples of the world together by a thread was spun from an American brain. The telephone was conceived in America and carried its first message on American wire. The steamboat was invented in America. The clipper ship which revolutionized the building of sea craft sprang from the genius of John

Willis Griffiths, American. I could fill this page with our gifts to Civilization.

We are proud of our shopkeepers. Proud of our shops. We invented the department-store, and an American started that blessing to the small purse—the five-and-ten-cent store. It is neither boastful nor Prussian to be consciously proud of those things which make our country great.

Lest we endure wrong, let us remember a few of the things which Colonel Roosevelt had in his mind when he asked God to make us a nobly proud people—too proud to inflict wrong or to endure it.

We bought and paid for Louisiana, when we could have taken it.

'Way back in 1898 our neighbor was in trouble. We stepped into Cuba and helped that little country to her independence. We bought and paid for those other possessions which we took under our protection, and supported them while the young nations developed.

Is there a record of any other country who bought and paid full price for any possession she took?

It is written in the Old World that "To the victor belong the spoils." America has raised a higher standard.

WE STEPPED into the Boxer uprising in nineteen hundred and gave American blood and American dollars. We never turned in a bill for that.

We were powerful enough to have taken the revolutionary country to the south of us and built the Panama Canal. We bought the land.

And there was Alaska—idle, frozen North. The pioneer spirit of Americans was penetrating it. We might have fought for it. We bought it in the open market—paying the other man's price for it.

Most foreigners and many Americans disagree about the causes which took us into the world war. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that the standards of Civilization were not at stake, that the impulse of the strong to protect the weak was not the motive, but that we fought for our lives, as England fought with her back against the wall—what about our demands at the peace table?

America did not ask for a foot of ground, except those acres consecrated by our dead, and we bought these at the other man's price.

But, lest we endure wrong and lose our faith in the divine right of free men, let us remember the proud truths about this country. It will not make braggarts of us. Rather it puts an obligation on us to live up to the world's highest standard of government of men.

We are not out "to sell anything." We are the most generous people in the world. There has never been a famine or a scourge in foreign lands since America got out of her cradle, that we have not hurried to the scene of relief. We gave two billion dollars for relief in France, besides the American Army work. Americans collectively and as individuals are helping to restore the devastated region of France. The American Red Cross was on every battle-front in Europe three years before the United States entered the war. Sell anything? We will give away anything—except the birthright of free men.

We are good business men and women. We are efficient. But you haven't described an American when that is said. A lot of things count more than good business. The things we neither buy nor sell. Working men and women and even boys and girls, day laborers and servant girls, mortgaged their wages to help the Red Cross raise its hundred million dollars. That wasn't materialism.

It wasn't the best business in the world to say: "You are hard pressed, France and England, and so we shall also carry the interest on your war debt." And the American citizens paid it, in taxes—you and I and the rest of the working people. But it was the right thing to do, and we did it with a free heart.

This is not a criticism of other countries. It is a reminder that, young though we be, and still full of fault, our record is clean and **WE ARE ON THE RIGHT ROAD.**

We have earned a Happy New Year. God bless us all.

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THE AMERICAN MAN

AS SEEN BY AN ENGLISHWOMAN

BY BERTA RUCK

Author of "American Snap-Shots," "His Official Fiancée," etc.



politeness. His image remains with me as a pleasing snapshot. Another American picture, a magnificent frieze in the gallery of my memory, is formed by those of your men whom I saw marching at the head of our great Peace-Day procession, July, 1919. A picked lot, all of a height—and what a height—they marched with the precision of some perfect machine. You could have put a billiard-table on their heads and it would have neither slanted nor wobbled as they swung along.

Then, just opposite the windows in Whitehall, an order snapped out. There was a halt in the many-colored procession of Allies that took two hours to pass, "the Americans" stood easy just below the windows where my party was watching; the boys fell out of their immaculate ranks, tin helmets were grabbed off, laughing brown faces were raised and hands stretched up as we at the windows showered upon them cigarets, chocolates, strawberries and cherries hastily wrapped in a handkerchief to sling down. (I wonder if that American soldier has kept as one of his souvenirs of Peace Day in London that handkerchief of mine; it was quite a nice one.)

For some minutes the tall, khaki-clad boys stood there laughing, munching their improvised snatch of lunch, exchanging shouts of greeting with the crowds. Then again the order rang out, and snap! from a friendly mob of laughing lads the soldiers became again those trained and picked ranks of machine-like precision, swinging forward at the head of the Allies. Of that great parade of the conquering nations, where every unit had its own glory, its own fineness, there were three lots of men that stand out to me as the very pick of all; with the French bandmen and that detachment of the British navy I see again "the Americans."

WHEN I was on my way to America, I had possibly a subconscious anticipation that all the American men that I should see there would resemble those American men that I had already seen among us in Great Britain.

What a mistake! I hadn't allowed for the fact that the cream of every nation is to be found among its young fighting forces. Also I hadn't provided for the further disillusioning fact that there's a great deal of every nation that is *not* its cream at all, but its average, every-day, uninteresting milk.

When I came over to America I met it. And further, I was forcibly struck by three things:

First: I was struck by the decorative quality of the average American woman.

Second: I was struck by the undecorative quality of the average American man.

Third: I was struck by the peculiarly uncomplimentary things which that average American woman would have

to say upon the subject of her complement and male equivalent!

Well! To take them in order:

The decorative quality of the American woman is a theme upon which I won't enlarge here. Already I seem to have written reams about the prettiness of the girls in this country, their dressing and hair-dressing, their delightful feet, their unfailing look of well-turned-outness! Really I feel like writing a whole book upon the subject. Up to the moment of landing I thought that the famous good looks of American womanhood had been exaggerated by travelers, writers, illustrators.

I NOW see that these people have done the subject no more than justice. In good looks and good dressing there is no national average that can compare with the national average of the American woman. Our girls, for instance (of Great Britain), have nothing to put up against it except, perhaps, the points of complexion, voice, and a more changeful, happier expression of face. In every other point the American woman is at the head of the competition. A queen; one expects to see her with some *Prince Charming* indeed as her prince consort.

And what—in so many thousands of cases—does one see?

What one expected to see was the American woman everywhere escorted by the type of American man I saw as the young warrior of that peace procession. But here in this country of his he seems to have melted away into the minority. His place beside that radiant country-woman of his seems to be usurped by—well, the type of American man who never has fought at all except in the money-market.

Never in my life have I seen so many overfed-looking middle-aged men as I have in one day of traveling through the States. Surely it is not necessary for any man just because he has passed the age of say forty and has found success in business to lose his "Romeo waist-line" and to pile on more avoirdupois than was ever meant to encumber the male human form.

Why the captive-balloon-like silhouette of the

Continued on page 59

HAVE been asked to give my view of the American Man. This, after having been told how many millions of him populate these States, each one of which seems a big country to me, after my own far-off tiny Principality of Wales! Does it, or does it not seem a large order to you?

Well, I'd better begin, I suppose, by putting down a few standardized impressions of such of this vast male population upon which I have set eyes.

My first sight of the American Man in any bulk gave me an impression that I shall never forget. It was wonderful and it was touching. It didn't happen in the States here at all. It happened in London, in our streets that were then crowded with men and girls in every sort of uniform.

Among these familiar British uniforms and the uniforms almost as familiar, of our French and Belgian fellow soldiers, there began to appear others, like and not like our own.

Young men in khaki with collars that turned up instead of down; young men in navy blue with the well-known feature of black-silk scarf (such as our own navy still wears to commemorate their mourning for the death of Nelson), but with the unfamiliar touch of the white star set in the corner of the collar.

American soldiers, American sailors! How very good were these to look upon in our midst during those strenuous days!

I have a pleasant memory of two of your young sailormen at a *matinée*; clean-featured, clean-bred-looking youths, they sat beside me—not entering into conversation, but making room for me with gentle, friendly glances. One held upon his knee a bundle of fascinating-looking American magazines. When the sailor and his pal rose to go from the theater, I found the magazines slid gently on to my lap.

"Are these for *me*?" I asked rather stupidly.

"Sure," said that young American sailor with grave



OUR AMERICAN MAN

DEFENDED BY ONE OF HIS COUNTRYWOMEN

BY HELEN ROWLAND

Author of "Sayings of Mrs. Solomon," "Reflections of a Bachelor Girl," etc.

shamefully by the American woman who has lived abroad and been flattered by one near-duke and ogled by an almost-baron.

You know the type of woman I mean. The one who comes back from Europe with a broad "a," Titian hair, three French phrases, and seven trunks full of clothes, bought with a doting American husband's money. Where did all this sort of thing start, anyhow? And are we going to stand complacently by and let it go on? We are *not!*

I am only sorry that it is in his merely superficial qualities that the American man is always criticized in those small matters which do not really count in the summing up of a man, or even of what is known as a "gentleman." There are so many big, vital, wonderful qualities and attributes in which he *excels*, and on which I could write reams and reams. His TNT energy, his irrepressible good humor, his ability to enjoy a joke at his own expense, his courtesy to his cook, his consideration for his mother, his generosity and good-fellowship toward the woman in business, his open-minded attitude toward feminism and woman suffrage, his capacity for chumship and comradeship with women, his loyalty, his devotion, his utter unselfishness toward his wife and daughters, and last but not least, his *chivalry* toward all women, young or old, high or lowly, pretty or homely!

THAT is the big, distinguishing characteristic of the American man; his reverence for all women, his protective, chivalrous attitude toward all our sex. In his decalog every woman is a "lady" until she proves herself otherwise—and sometimes even then. He is every woman's "big brother," if she needs one! Oh, it is a rare privilege to be born an American woman, and to go through life walking on a velvet carpet, spread for you by big, strong, kindly, hard-working hands—the hands of that devoted knight, the *American man*, who has made America the "Woman's Paradise!"

I shall never forget the day on which I first "discovered" him! I had not thought much about the American man before that. It was that unforgettable day on which I returned to America after my first trip abroad, and found myself longing impulsively to drop down on my knees right there on the salty, wet dock and offer up a prayer of thanksgiving for rocking-chairs, green corn, bathtubs, ice-cream soda, good plumbing, and above all, for the *American man!* My eyes hungered for a sight of him—that clean-limbed, joyous, frank-eyed, friendly, spontaneous, unspoiled *comrade*, in natty blue serge and a soft hat and a high, stiff, turnover collar.

I could have embraced the magazine-cover man or the "Sparrow-Collar Boy" himself, right on the spot! And the beautiful thing about it is that if I *had* embraced

him he would have *understood* me! He would have perceived at once that I was merely a-lady-out-of-her-mind-with-joy, and not a victim of his fatal fascination, or a siren trying to "vamp" him.

THAT is another endearing thing about him—he doesn't mistake every woman's glance for a capitulation to his charms. He is so *nice* and modest! He is not always on the *qui vive* for a conquest or a flirtation. After a trip abroad, it is quite a treat to be able to go "window-shopping" without a chaperon!

Of course, if one could always be young and ravishingly beautiful, it might be delightful to spend one's life in a land where the men have so little to do that they can make an "art" of passing a cup of tea and a science of love-making. But, since one can not always be young and ravishingly beautiful, a woman is exceedingly fortunate to be born in America, where just to be a *woman* means to get the cream off the jug, the tenderest portion of the steak, the seat facing the dancers, the lower berth in the Pullman, the souvenirs at the hundredth performances, the first place in line, and the courtesy of every man you meet; where a small boy is taught to wait on and take tender care of his little sister, instead of being brought up to expect the whole world to revolve around *him*, and all the women of the family to spend their lives making him comfortable and doing his chores. (In the peasant classes of some European countries, the woman is hitched to a plow, but in the more refined and cosmopolitan circles she is merely manacled to a man's whims or his digestion or his vanity.)

Does the American Man lack polish, the finer graces? Let us see. Just what do we mean by "polish"? There is such a difference between polish and "varnish," you know. Does "polish" mean real courtesy, the consideration for the comfort of others, or does it mean merely knowing which spoon to use, and how to pass a cup of tea gracefully? I think I can cite a little incident which will illustrate the difference.

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TO THINK that I should be called upon to "defend" him! That six-foot, broad-shouldered, keen-witted, loyal, smiling, wholesome, hustling, virile, chivalrous, woman-ridden specimen of modern manhood!

Will I defend him? My dear sir! It's not a task—it's a joy!

And, defending him, I am going to answer not alone Miss Ruck (who is so gentle, so restrained, so polite that she weakens my sword-arm), but *all* the critics of the American man, past, present, and particularly future. I am going to *settle* this thing!

It is high time somebody came to his defense. For he never will bother to defend himself. No matter what the accusation, he will merely grin, shrug his good-looking shoulders and agree with you that he's "not much," but that you ought to see his *wife!* "She's a hummer!" That's the key-note to his whole composition—that good-natured, gallant, ingenuous attitude of his!

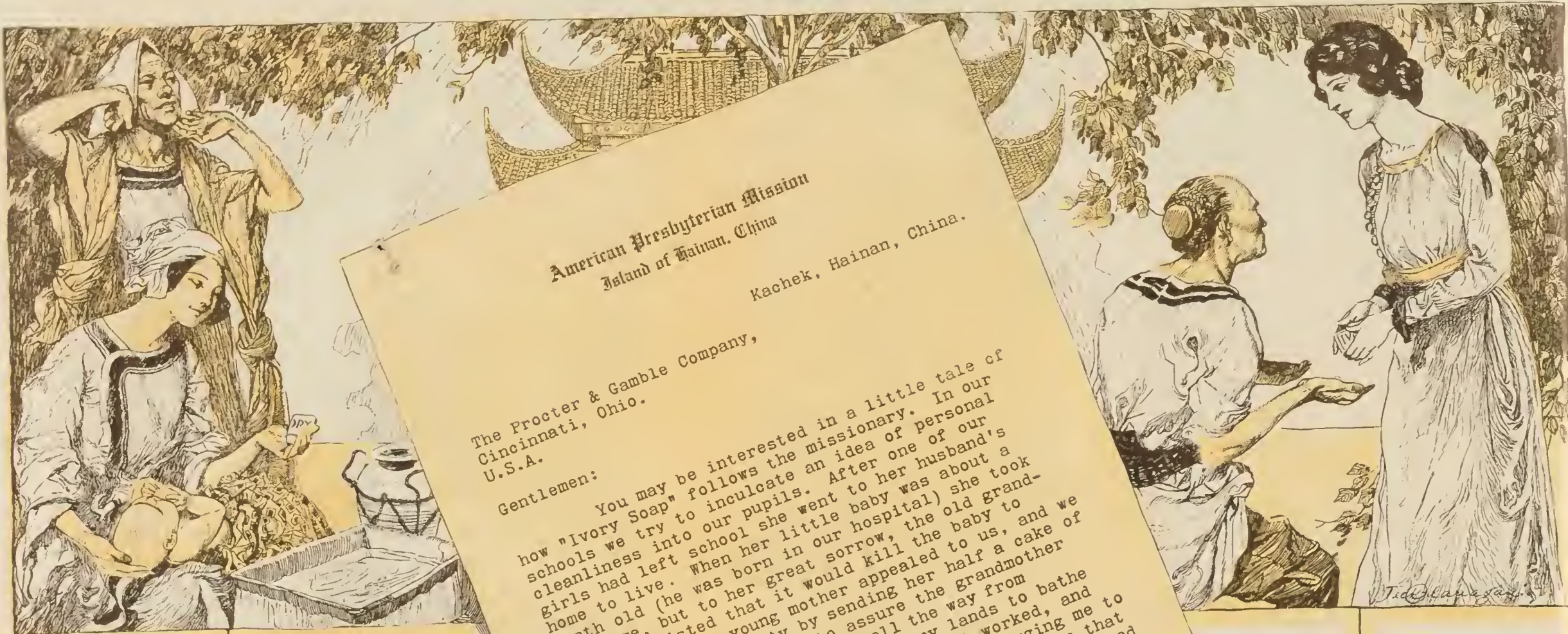
And now for the accusation!

"Your women are charming, wonderful! But your men lack the polish, the culture, the *savoir-faire* of the European. They are not 'decorative'! They know nothing of the arts and graces of the drawing-room, of love-making, of dress. They leave all that to the women!"

These are not Miss Ruck's words; but they are words to which we have all had to listen, politely and patiently, time and again. And every time they fall upon my ears I feel like rising right up in meeting and shouting my protests.

"What do you mean 'not decorative'?" I want to cry. "Where did the 'Gibson man' come from? And the cowboy, and the clean-shaven face, and the straightest shoulders in the world, and the best-looking boots, where do they come from?"

I am so tired of hearing the American man criticized, patronized and depreciated, not only by the foreign observer on our shores, but more especially and more



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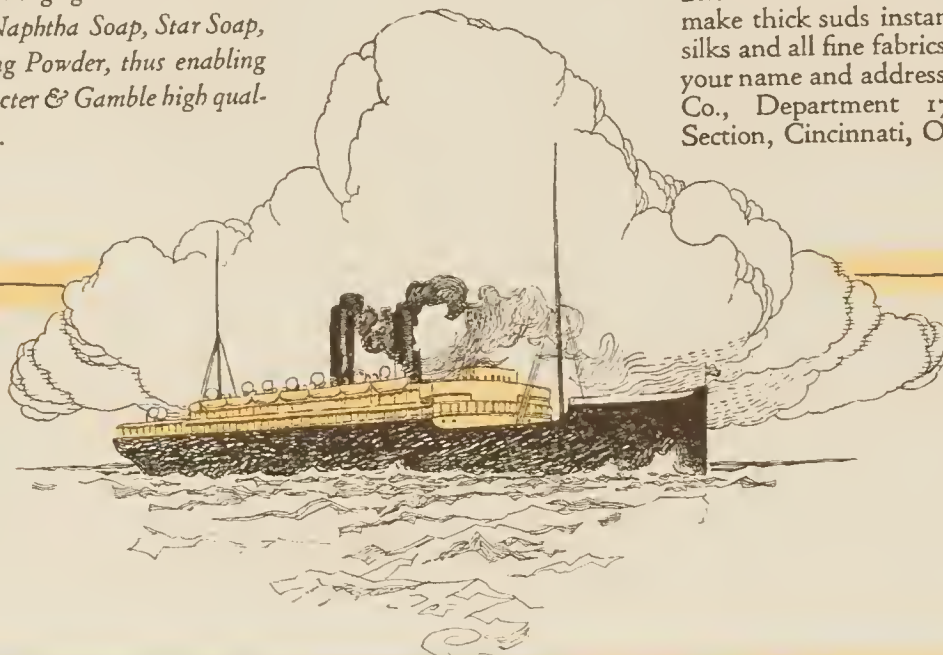
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"THEY'RE TRYING SO HARD TO PLEASE, AND THEY LOOK SO TIRED"

WITH THE ODDS TO THE GODS

BY KAY CLEAVER STRAHAN

CARMEL LONEGRAN was strong and young and beautiful. Her skin was white; a bright coral color pulsed in her cheeks and stayed in her large, soft lips. Her eyes were like big daisies with deep-blue centers and black petals. Her hair was heavy, dark and lustrous. She had re-

ceived her early education in an orphanage and her later education in the Bon Ton department-store, where she worked and earned her living. In these two places she learned toleration, obedience, courage, economy, and any number of important things not included in the curriculums of inferior schools, colleges and universities.

Miss Esther Willetts, welfare secretary for the Bon Ton, had said that Carmel was one of the most sensible girls in the store.

On New Year's Eve the employees of the Bon Ton gave a dance in Standvern's Hall. Carmel went to the dance with a man named Byron Cantrell. He had come to the Bon Ton three months before as a clerk in the towels and sheetings department, directly across the aisle from where Carmel worked in the table-linens. Because he was good-looking in a pallid way and had brown eyes which seemed to be seeking something, and brown hair with a poetic wave in it; because he was a stranger come from that mysteriously glamorous region known to the West as "back East"; because he wore his courtesies ostentatiously, and because she had been "sensible" for six years, Carmel had decided, with much emotion and with no reflection, that she loved him.

By December she was liking him at least as well as she loved him. For weeks she had looked forward to the dance on New Year's Eve.

His compliments at the dance made her so happy that her heart ached. Never before had she been conscious of such definite happiness. It was as positive as hunger or warmth or cold. She laughed too much and too loudly, and was a trifle coarse, but very lovely and alluring. When word came in from the outside that a drenching rain had begun to fall, she laughed and tossed her head.

"Shoot on the rain! Who's afraid of it?" she said, and was scornful of the other girls' consternation.

But, facing it in the down-stairs doorway, she paused. Just then Sam Ewing appeared from out of the wet blackness. He was a large, heavy-shouldered young man with a big nose and white, even teeth.

"Thought you might not have one," he said, and thrust an umbrella into Carmel's hands.

"Thanks, a lot," Carmel called after him as he walked away, but if he heard her he did not answer.

"Isn't that just like him?" she said to Byron.

"He follows us around wherever we go, don't he?" said Byron.

"Poor old Sam," she answered.

"What's he do for a living, anyway?"

"Drives a truck."

"Make good money?"

"Um-hum. Awful good, I guess. He owns part of the truck he drives."

"He's in love with you, ain't he?"

"I don't know." That was a deliberate falsehood.

SHE knew, and had known for more than three years. Occasionally she had wondered whether she might love Sam.

"I'll bet you know, all right," Byron persisted.

When they reached her boarding-house Byron, instead of hurrying away as he usually did, paused on the front porch. "Carmel," he said, "I think I should tell you something. You mustn't throw that Ewing over for me. I haven't any right. I—that is, I'm what you might call bound."

She gave a frank little cry of pain.

"Bound?" she said. "How d'you mean bound?"

"I'm—what you might call betrothed," he answered.

"I've been wanting to tell you about it. Her name was—is Charity Thatcher. She had long brown curls and gray eyes. Her father was minister of the church back home. He was awful strict with her. She was a lot different from other girls; such a prim, straight little thing, and she never understood jokes, and her voice was soft. I loved her and she loved me. I used to walk home with her from church and prayer-meetings.

"When I was seventeen my folks moved away and I had to go with 'em. The night before we left I asked her to sneak out and meet me to tell me good-by. I didn't think she would, but she did. It wasn't like her, though. She came to the place I'd said. Penifelt had cut his hay in the other field and it smelled sweet and there was a little bit of a moon.

HER hands were cold and they trembled unless I held 'em tight. After about half an hour she said she had to go home, for fear her folks would miss her. We kissed each other then. It was the first time a boy had ever kissed her. She took it terribly serious. Then we made our vow. It seemed just like getting married. She thought so, too. We vowed we'd be true to each other forever, and that we'd never kiss again until we kissed each other again, and that when I was twenty-one I'd come and get her and we'd be married.

"Her folks wouldn't let her write letters to a boy, nor get 'em. But the next year when they left there and went to Stepville I heard about it. I'd got a good job, so the Summer I was twenty my folks said they'd sign papers so's I could get married if I wanted to, and I went for Charity. But in Stepville they said that Mr. Thatcher had died that Spring and that Charity and her mother had gone West to relatives some place, but they didn't know where.

"I went on to Chicago and got a job there traveling for the Fairywing Breakfast Food people. There wasn't much money in it, but it took me all around where I could ask about the Thatchers. I didn't find any trace of them.

"I'd been at this job better'n a year when I got a letter from Charity. Her mother had died of T. B. and she was all alone now. That was all she had to say, excepting that she was in Frisco and gave me her address. Trouble was, I'd been about three months getting it, for she'd sent the letter home, and it had been forwarded all over to me. I borrowed some money from a fellow I knew and came straight out here to Frisco. But when I went to the address on the letter the lady there said Charity had left quite a while ago, and she didn't know where she moved to.



"ONLY," SAID CARMEL, "YOU CAN'T LOVE SHE AND I BOTH"

"Well, I'm staying on here because I think maybe I'll run across her. This is the third store job I've had in different parts of the city. Women always go around in the stores. On Sunday I go to different churches. Her name ain't on any of the membership lists, but I know she'd be attending regular somewhere. Once when I got some money ahead I got a detective, but he was no good. Sometimes I feel like giving it up and forgetting it. I would, if she was like other girls; but she ain't, and I know that if she's alive she's keeping her vow and waiting for me. I can't go back on her. Leastways, that's how it looks to me, but— What do you think about it? If you was me, what would you do?"

"You gotta," she replied, with no hesitation, and speaking with an unusual rapidity, "you gotta keep your vow. You gotta keep on hunting for her. Maybe you'll find her sick or awful poor or something. Maybe she needs you."

"Yeah," he sighed, "that's how I figure it. But, suppose I'd keep on waiting and then find her, and she was married? It might be five or ten years or more. And I'd 'a' given up—everything."

"You said," she reminded him, "that you knew she was waiting and keeping her vow; that she was different. If you didn't wait, and then you'd find her, and it would be her that had been faithful and true and had given up everything, like you say— Maybe," she repeated, because this thought seemed to persist above all the others, "maybe she needs you."

"Yeah," he said, and added, "Gee, but you are a good kid! Awful good!"

The compliment was at once an anodyn and a stimulus.

"I'll tell you what," she said. "I'll help you. We'll hunt for her together. I'll tell Miss Willetts about her. She knows lots of girls all over, everywhere. Have you got a picture of her?"

He took a card-case from his pocket and produced a small cardboard square. "It's only a snap-shot," he apologized as he lit a match, "and not so very good of her."

CARMEL stooped to it eagerly and caught a glimpse of a sober, childish face before the match flickered out.

"I couldn't see it well," she said. "Leave it here and I'll give it to you to-morrow."

"I don't know as I could. I've always had it with me. I—"

For an instant she knew jealousy, rapacious, menacing, and then it gave place to a vast pity for him. She was his side-kick; she must help him, always, and be good to him.

"Are you sore at me?" he questioned humbly.

"What do you think I am? Sore! Didn't I say I wanted to help you? But I guess I better go up now. I'm tired."

Until she had said it she had not realized how tired she was. She was accustomed to normal physical fatigue, but the sensation she now experienced was different; it seemed to possess her instead of her possessing it.

He came the following afternoon and they went for a street-car ride. He talked of Charity, and she noticed that he scanned the faces of all the girls whom they met.

She asked to see the picture, and then she, too, began to search faces. When he left her that evening, she was again very tired.

In the morning she sought a conference with Miss Willetts and told her the story. Miss Willetts received it with small interest and with less enthusiasm.

"I'll do what I can," she said. "but, frankly, it seems hopeless to me. If the young man would take my advice he'd forget the entire affair—mere children's puppy love!—marry some good, wholesome girl, and make a life for himself and for her. As for you, my dear, you had better leave the matter to him and to me."

FOUR months and a week later, in early May, Miss Willetts, taking her morning stroll through the store, stopped at the linen counter.

"I see," she said to Carmel, "that you have not followed my advice."

"I'd promised to help him before I talked to you," Carmel answered, and blushed.

"I see. By the way, what has become of the splendid young chap you used to like a little? Ewing was his name, wasn't it?"

Carmel nodded. "Nothing has become of him."

"He has found another sweetheart, I suppose?"

"No. Sam won't, I guess."

Carmel's opinion of Miss Willetts she gave to Byron that evening:

"She's nothing but an old buttinsky," said Carmel.

"Yeah, but I think she means all right. Did you know she had me up in her office to-day? It was because she liked you, she said, and she couldn't see how there was anything in this for you. Like she said, if I find Charity, there's nothing in it for you. But, Carmel, you know that if it wasn't for Charity— You know. Like the man in the poem, 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.'"

"Only," said Carmel, "you can't love she and I both."

They were sitting on a bench in the park. He turned away from her and spoke with a sudden new petulance. "Why don't you make me forget her?" he demanded. "You could. Why don't you?"

"Oh," she gasped, "blaming it all on me!"

"Any other girl would 'a'. Any other girl who loved me a bit."

"I guess I got some honor, too," she defended. "Anyhow, you take a lot for granted, don't ya?"

He did not answer, but continued to stare away from her through the darkness. With an aching intensity she longed to touch him, to put an arm about his shoulders, her cheek to his, to "make up"; but her traditions were stronger than her impulses or her emotions. She waited. He moved and sighed.

"Bud—" she said shyly. He had told her that was his home name, but she had used it so seldom that it held the quality of an endearment.

He moved closer to her and took her hands in his. "Listen," he said. "I wonder would you do like Miss Willetts suggested and set a time limit? Three months. Put it on the knees of the gods, she said. If we find Charity in three months, all right. If we don't, we'll say that fate—that's what she said—has decided it for us, and we'll be engaged. Will you, Carmel? Will you?"

"June, July, August," she counted. "Suppose we should find her afterward?"

"Well, we'll have left it to the gods. It 'u'd be their fault, not ours. Anyway, I don't think we will find her, ever. Like Miss Willetts said, if—if nothing had happened she'd 'a' written again."

A DOZEN contentions sprang to Carmel's lips, but she denied them. He was willing, and thought it was right. Miss Willetts thought it was right. Miss Willetts was educated.

"On the knees of the gods," he repeated. "Will you, Carmel?"

"Bud," she questioned timidly, "are you sure you—you like me enough, and all?"

He hesitated. "Carmel," he said at length, and he spoke slowly, "it's like I'd promised fate to keep the vow for another three months. I'd be scared not to. See how I mean? But you know the answer. Will you wait until August to hear me tell you? Will you, and understand, and—all?"

"Yeah," she answered, "I'll wait."

The days went more slowly after that, but Carmel was happier. There was a goal. Byron did not speak of August again until an evening in late July. They had been to a band concert, had walked home, and were sitting on the front steps.

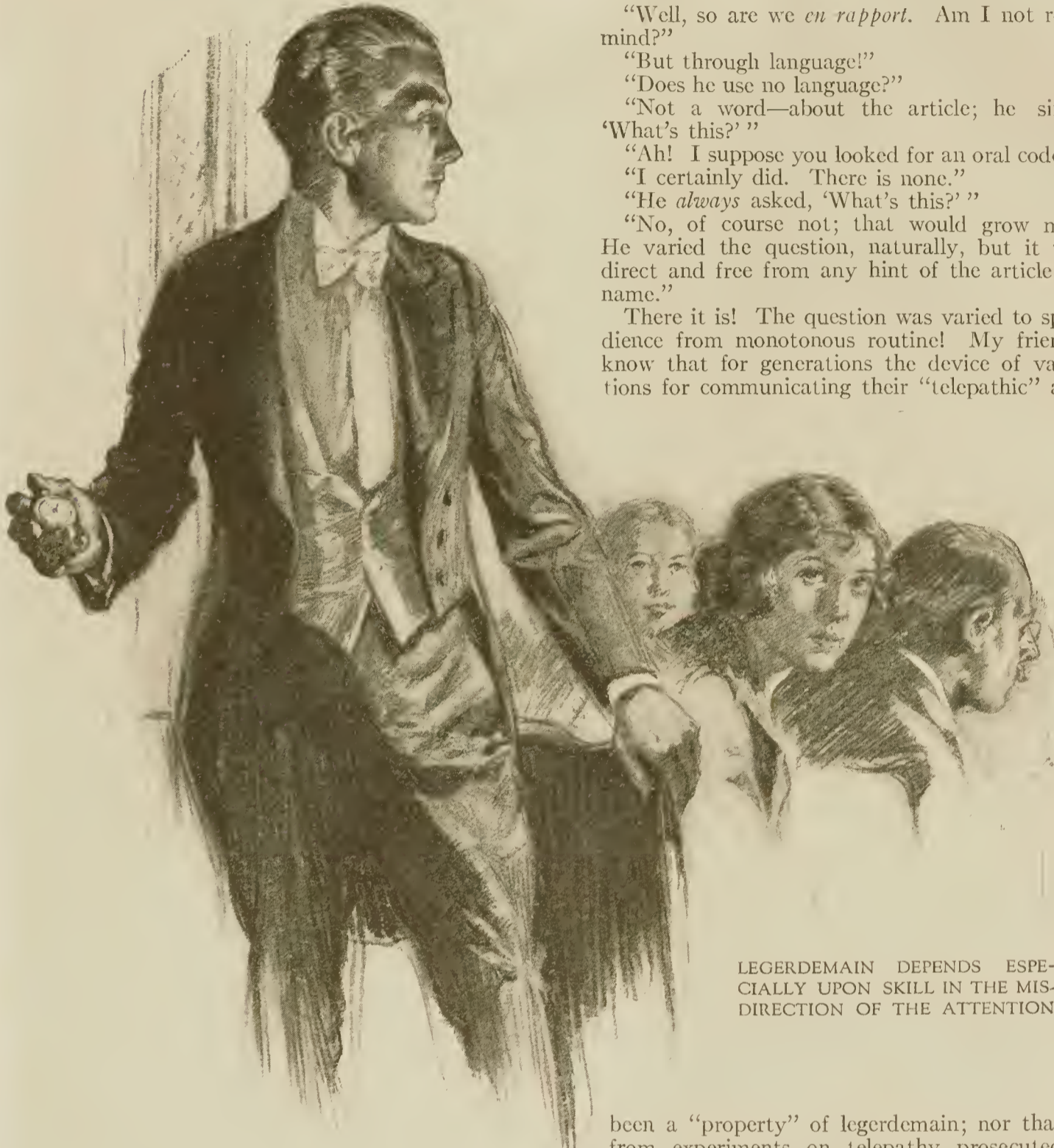
"I've been thinking," he began, "it'll soon be August. It was all right to leave it to the gods, but maybe we should 'av' set a longer time. Maybe, to be fair, we should 'v' said six months."

"That 'u'd bring it to November." She heard his voice, and was surprised that she could hear.

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LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—III

Outside of psychic phenomena are tricks called *Legerdemain*. Just emerging from occultism to a scientific basis is *Telepathy*.



"Well, so are we *en rapport*. Am I not reading your mind?"
 "But through language!"
 "Does he use no language?"
 "Not a word—about the article; he simply asks, 'What's this?'"
 "Ah! I suppose you looked for an oral code?"
 "I certainly did. There is none."
 "He *always* asked, 'What's this?'"
 "No, of course not; that would grow monotonous. He varied the question, naturally, but it was always direct and free from any hint of the article she was to name."

There it is! The question was varied to spare the audience from monotonous routine! My friends did not know that for generations the device of varying questions for communicating their "telepathic" answers has

LEGERDEMAIN DEPENDS ESPECIALLY UPON SKILL IN THE MISDIRECTION OF THE ATTENTION



10. Give	Gum	Chatelaine	10. Now
11. Can you give	Cloth	Charm	11. Well
12. Will you give	Stone	Ornament	12. Go on
13. And	Tobacco	Badge	13. What
14. The or This	Meerschaum	Filigree	14. How

The phrases in the second column begin the questions or commands in a natural way, yet each always designates the number of the item in the list. The next two columns are samples of lists of items; each list is indicated by the cue-word that heads it.

For example, "What's (item No. 1) *this* (the *this*-list)?" tells you plainly to answer, "A ring!" Now, if you refer back to the performance, and attend to the numbers in parenthesis, and the italics, Table I will explain the first three. No. 4 and No. 7 begin with the special code ("Go on," a gentleman; "Well," a lady), and the former introduces the "special number-code," which is combined indifferently with the number-phrases to express series of numbers, or letters of the English or any other alphabet. (See Nos. 9 and 11.) No. 6 introduces the system of *sub-cues*, illustrated in Table II.

TABLE II. Sub-cues. Often introduced by the word "Right."

Item	Well	Go on	See	Here	What
	I	2	3	4	5
Glass	Work	Eyeglasses	Opera	Magnifying	Glass-eye
Meerschaum	Work	Pipe	Holder	Cigar-holder	Cigaret-holder
Watch	Elgin	Waltham	Hampden	Gold	Silver
Pin	Greek-letter Sorority	Greek-letter Fraternity	Lodge	Breast	Safety

Sub-cues and special code-words relieve the system from a rigid simplicity that demands the same question for the same article. Each item has its sub-cues which particularize minutely, thus multiplying indefinitely the range of the system; and the use of a few special code-words permits great brevity and variation in the form of questions for the same article.

For example, "Right!" means that the coming question applies to either the same article just named or one occupying the same place in the same list; thus it replaces both the number-cue and the list-cue. (See No. 6.)

"That's right!" means that the coming question applies to another article in the same list, making the list-cue unnecessary. (See No. 10.) The confusion of the observer is further insured by the skilful use of the same cue-word or phrase for different purposes: "Well" and "Go on" as special cue-words distinguish sex; but they are also sub-cues (see Table II) and they are in the special number-code (Table I).

Such lists are first made up of materials, articles, professions, human interests, in conformance to the demands of generations of audiences, and are then extended to include almost everything under the sun. They are perfectly learned, and the successful performers have nimble wits.

Let the gentle reader suspect that I have placed too heavy a strain upon the device of coding, and that list-code language appropriate for natural questions would soon run out, I venture to amplify my illustration by introducing nuances, pitch and inflections, which of course may be combined with the word-code. And, for the sake of starting with a desperate situation, suppose

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LEGERDEMAIN EXPLAINED

BY DR. JOHN EDGAR COOVER

Department of Psychology

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THE cleverest performance in legerdemain that I have seen was, I think, a series of public demonstrations of telepathy. It must have been clever, because, according to testimony, it removed the last lingering doubt in the minds of many among both the multitude and the critical; and it hopelessly insulated some of my most reasonable friends from any dispassionate consideration of the explanation of how it was done.

At that time it was generally known on the campus that I had been conducting experiments for several years with a view to testing the hypothesis that telepathy is a common human faculty, wide-spread among normal persons, perhaps operating continuously in so slight a degree that it is not often noticed. Colleagues and friends would accost me in the street:

"Here you are, wasting hours upon hours in a search for telepathy among normal persons! Why don't you go and find it, as I did, in the performance of a celebrated telepathist?"

"How do you know it is telepathy?"

"I went an avowed skeptic; I studied the conditions closely; I searched thoroughly for signals, codes and tricks, and I tell you I know it is telepathy, just as you will know it after you have seen it and tested it with your 'rigorous scientific method.'"

"But may it not be clairvoyance?"

"No, the telepathist's conductor, who goes about in the audience, must know the article or question or she can not know it. She reads his mind. They are *en rapport*."

been a "property" of legerdemain; nor that the results from experiments on telepathy prosecuted rigorously for over thirty years indicate that, under the most favorable conditions, the misses greatly exceed the hits, and no public exhibition in which the hits are almost universal is free from legerdemain. I went, and this is the kind of performance I heard. I give both the agent's question and the blindfolded percipient's answer the same number; disregard the numbers in parenthesis:

1. What's (1) *this*? That is a ring.
2. And (13) *now*? That is tobacco.
3. Can you name (5) *this*? That is a pin.
4. Go on, what is (2) the age of this person? Quick! (4) The gentleman is 24.
5. *Now*, what's this (1)? It is something of glass.
6. Right! Go on! (Table II). A pair of eyeglasses.
7. Well? They belong to a lady.
8. What is (2) *this*? Well, here! (II) A watch with Elgin works, gold case.
9. Be quick (5)! Will you tell (9) the number on the case? Now (0) tell (7)! Here (6)! Yes, the number on the case is 59,076.
10. That's right! Can you name (5) it? Go on! (II). Certainly, it is a Greek-letter fraternity pin.
11. See (8) the monogram? What (13)? Be quick! (5) Yes, it is Theta Nu Epsilon.

How each question contained its answer is shown by the following modification of a famous magician's code:

TABLE I. Number and List Codes.

Number phrase.	Now (Material)	This (Jewelry)	Special Number Code.
1. What's	Glass	Ring	1. Very well
2. What is	Ore	Watch	2. Look
3. This is what	Hair	Chain	3. Look here
4. Name	Rubber	Necklace	4. Quick
5. Can you name	Cork	Pin	5. Be quick
6. Will you name	Paper	Loeket	6. Here
7. Tell	Leather	Button	7. And here
8. Can you tell	Soap	Bracelet	8. See
9. Will you tell	Ivory	Studs	9. See here



"I HATE YOUR BROTHER. HIS GARDEN IS SO MUCH BETTER THAN MINE"

THE AUCTION HOUNDS

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON



MY DEAR, I've become positively nutty over 'em. Edith, who was up here over the last week-end, says I'm a regular auction hound. But such bargains! Wait till you see."

Lucia Weston shoved her canvas-clad foot energetically down on the pedal of her little car as she spoke and the car, which had gone as far as it could up a thirty-per cent. grade on high, began to roar protestingly up the remaining quarter-mile, while a brook down a ravine beside the road roared in the other direction, and Lucia's friend, Bessie Abbott, looked out upon the expanding prospect with a great sigh of content.

"Oh, it's good to be out of the city for a week!" she exclaimed. "You don't know how lucky you are to have the whole Summer off, Lucia, and live up here. My, how I envy you!"

"Don't envy a freckled complexion, have one," Lucia answered, letting the clutch come into high in her usual energetic manner—which, by the way, is no way to treat a car. "School-teachers, even private-school ones, may not get so much as secretaries to Wall Street maggots, and sich, but they have more time off. Change your job and get a place up here."

"But I wouldn't have the nerve to live 'way off up here, even if I could," the other girl said. "You always were so independent, even in college. I'd have to have a man."

"Bosh!" said Lucia, knocking down the gas lever to

get a run for another hill. "Besides, all the ones that are young enough to be attractive are bored stiff by this sort of life. There's no golf and no tennis within fifteen miles of us. Men have to be playing their foolish games all the time. They don't know how to lie around and rest, and they hate auctions till they're doddering, and if you can't feed 'em beefsteak, they think they're starved. I never invite the creatures up here—sorry for your sake, dear."

"And here we are!" she cried five minutes later, as the car turned in at the door of a small white farmhouse, evidently of extreme age, with a big central chimney, a long sloping roof behind, and a tumble-down weathered-gray barn to the north. The house, however, was painted a fresh white, with Puritan-green doors and blinds. A huge lilac-bush towered at one corner. The dooryard, between the house and the roadside maples, was a lush tangle of wild shrubs and flowers, just now the meadow lilies, the elderberry blossoms and the ox-eyed daisies giving it color.

BESSIE found herself in a tiny hall, hardly larger than a closet, with the steep stairs against the chimney at the rear. On either side was a door, one leading into Lucia's own bedroom, which had once been the parlor, the other into the south room, now the living-room. In each was a large, shallow fireplace with a solid, simple mantel. The floors were covered with rag rugs. Lucia's bed was an old maple rope bed with well-turned posts, and her bureau was made of curly maple with glass knobs, amethyst with age. There was, too, a small curly-maple stand, two chairs of the same wood, and two painted or "fancy" chairs.

A desk which she kept in her chamber was a rather battered but nicely shaped piece of mahogany, with glass doors above. Most of the sitting-room furniture was mahogany, and all of it showed plainly its age. Even the lamp was an old glass kerosene burner with crystal drops. Behind the living-room a door opened into what had been the kitchen as well as a bedroom on the corner back of Lucia's chamber. She had cut out the partition, making one long room the width of the house. There was a huge fireplace, a Dutch oven, great, uneven planks for a floor, a big cherry drop-leaf table to eat on, and rather battered but attractive Windsor and ladder-backed chairs. The sideboard was mahogany, and huge. On it were several pieces of figured china and a painted tea-tray.

At one end of the room was a big square piano. "The only room in the house that would hold it, and me, too," Lucia laughed. "Cost me five dollars." Behind this room, in a low ell, was the kitchen and then the woodshed. Up-stairs were two guest-rooms, with sloping ceilings at the sides, and a rough bathroom made from a storage closet.

The two girls went into the kitchen, to meet a middle-aged woman and a barefooted small boy coming in from outdoors. Each carried a lard pail heaped with raspberries.

"Pleased to meet yer," said Mrs. Shilling, setting down her pail. "Sam, go back home and git that can o' cream you fergot. The mail man says to tell yer, Lucia, there's an auction day after ter-morrer over to the Bailey place beyond Montville. He says you ain't been down to the store lately and maybe you ain't seen the bills."

"How'd he know I'd not been down to the store?" Lucia laughed.

"Maybe the storekeeper told him," said Mrs. Shilling. "Folks hev talked before now."

IT WAS five miles to the auction, first down an interminable hill and through a tiny hamlet which boasted a post-office and general store, and then up another long hill, where the road was rutted with rain and ribbed with thank-you-ma'ams. They were in low speed most of the way, especially as a procession of rickety farm wagons and buggies were ahead of them, and they reached the auction boiling. Like all the houses in this ancient hill country, the home was both old and good, substantially built, with excellent, even elaborate, trim. A score of wagons were already tied behind the barns, and several cars were in the yard. There was a crowd, all of them what Bessie called "country people," swarming over the porch, where a lot of the furniture had been stacked, and poking through the interior. Lucia nodded or chatted with many of them, as she energetically led the way into the house, with Bessie in her wake. Her eyes darted from pile to pile, she poked into corners, she took down the boarding in front of the old kitchen fireplace, looking for cranes, she tested the strength of chairs, while Bessie watched her, laughing.

"Auction hound is good, Lucia," she laughed. "You go at it just like a hound on the scent. But it makes me so sorry for the folks who are selling out—all their household intimacies spread out like this!"

"Nonsense," Lucia answered. "They're going to move down to a town somewhere, and they're tickled to death to get rid of grandpa's old junk. I'm never sentimental about auctions any more."

Just then they heard the auctioneer ringing his cow-bell, and hastened out to the front stoop.

"That car coming looks like city to me," muttered Lucia. "And so does that man," she added, as the shining runabout stopped in the dooryard and the driver got out.

"He's rather good-looking," said Bessie.

"He's a pest," said Lucia. "Probably a dealer or a collector."

The man in question, with the briefest glance at the two girls, whose scrutiny he felt, vanished into the house, and the bidding began, the booming voice of the auctioneer sounding out across the yard, mingled with the chatter and laughter and repartee of the crowd.

"Now here's a fine old chair," the auctioneer presently cried, setting a battered and greasy banister-back on the stand. "Where's Miss Weston? It's old enough to please her."

There was a general laugh, and Lucia sang out, "Fifty cents."

"Any good?" Bessie whispered.

"It's a peach—real banister-back," she whispered excitedly.

The bidding had risen briskly by five-cent advances to eighty cents, when the strange young man came out of the house and said, "A dollar."

The auctioneer turned at the sound of a new voice.

"One dollar I'm offered. One dollar I'm offered. Who'll make it a half?"

Lucia nodded angrily.

"Two," said the man.

"Three!" snapped Lucia.

"And a quarter," the man bid, with a smile.

"Half," said Lucia, biting her lip.

The crowd had dropped out, and were enjoying the fun. The auctioneer's head merely swung on a pivot between Lucia and the stranger. Lucia went up to six dollars. The man raised it a quarter.

"And a half? If it's worth six to you, what's another fifty cents?" the auctioneer coaxed Lucia.

But, flushed and angry, she shook her head. After all, there were other things she wanted, and her purse was not bottomless.

The chair was handed to the stranger.

"Name?" asked the clerk who took down the bids on a pad.

"Sheldon, W. S.," the man replied, taking his chair.

"I hope it breaks and lets him down on the floor!" muttered Lucia.

THE next item Lucia wanted was an iron spider, with three legs and a long handle. "Just the thing for my old kitchen fireplace!" she exclaimed, and watched the stranger out of the corner of her eye. He was also watching her out of the corner of his eye. The auctioneer was watching both of them.

Somebody bid a dime, the man bid fifty cents, Lucia bid seventy-five the man bid a dollar, and the crowd laughed derisively—a dollar for junk iron! "A dollar and a quarter," said Lucia; "Half," said the man; "Seventy-five," nodded Lucia; "Two dollars," nodded the man. "And the quarter?" asked the auctioneer. Lucia nodded. The Sheldon person negated the request for twenty-five.

"Let her have it," he smiled.

"Thank you," said Lucia acidly, as she took her spider, and some jester suggested it was a good thing to water chickens with—they couldn't upset it.

In the week that followed, Lucia made many and various efforts to find out who W. S. Sheldon was, but in vain. The auctioneer's clerk, who lived in Montville, had never heard of him, and he had paid cash for his purchases. It was generally assumed that he was a "city feller" who was spending the Summer somewhere in the State. In these days of motors, it's quite possible to attend auctions thirty miles away.

Bessie had gone home, and Lucia was alone when the next auction came, some ten miles off, in the direction of the prosperous valley towns, but still up in the half-abandoned hill country where the Summer people never penetrated. Lucia noticed as she drove to it that the cardinal flowers were beginning to show a hint of color beside the brooks. The old farm was down a terrible side road, muddy from a recent shower, and on that road she saw the tracks of good-sized tires which had preceded her.

"I'll bet he's here, too," she thought.

He was. His eyes smiled a greeting to her, and when she hadn't the face not to respond with something like recognition, he said: "Good morning! There's a lot of good stuff here—and a lot of junk, too."

"Always is, in this region," she answered, angry at herself for not being more distant with him. But he was not easy to snub, for presently he sought her out of the throng to show her a pair of graceful cobra hinges on a door behind the tumble-down barn—she hadn't in the past paid much attention to hardware, but she didn't admit it—and a bit of lovely paneling in one of the rooms



THE CROWD LAUGHED. A DOLLAR FOR JUNK IRON!

of the house, which he had discovered behind a horrid wall-paper which had been stuck over it, and was now starting to peel off.

"We got sick o' lookin' at that old white paint," said the woman of the house, observing them. "Paper never did stick to it, though. I s'pose if anybody ever lives in this old shack again they'll maybe have time to scrape the paint off first."

"I WONDER if our forefathers paneled because they knew it was beautiful or because plaster was hard to get," mused the man. "Sometimes I have doubts about our forefathers."

Lucia went outside where the auctioneer was beginning to dispose of the goods.

There was a comb-back Windsor rocker, in good condition, and of lovely shape, about to be put up. What was it worth? If she plunged for it, could she ever get her money back if she had to sell her stuff? Could she afford it, anyway?

A month or so ago she knew she could have bought it for a couple of dollars. Now he had come. Lucia frowned in helpless vexation. She went up to twenty dollars on the chair, while the crowd chortled derisively, terrified at her plunging, but filled with a mad passion to possess it for one of her sitting-room windows. It was, indeed, a beauty. Sheldon, however, kept nodding the raise, his face inexpressive, and at last she quit, an-

grier than ever at herself and him, but especially at the fate which limited her purse. How she would have liked the ability to take it from him, even if he had bid a hundred dollars!

"What is it really worth?" she couldn't refrain from inquiring, as he returned from depositing the rocker in his car.

"Don't you know?"

She shook her head.

"Anything up to sixty dollars," he replied with the utmost nonchalance.

Nothing at the sale much interested her after that. She saw the comb of the chair-back sticking out of his car as he drove off and it was like the sight of a lost Eden.

Twice on the road home she was vaguely aware of a curious metallic rattle in her car, and now she heard it again—a new rattle even for her battered car. She pulled up to investigate. It came from somewhere behind. Nothing was wrong under the car. She looked in at the rear, and suddenly saw, lying on the floor with the end of the robe placed over them—those two cobra hinges! He had taken them off the old barn and put them in her car, the old nails carefully preserved, straightened again, and tied in a bit of paper!

Lucia took one in her hand and looked at it. She

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—THEY HAD THEIR DINNER UNDER THE AWNING IN THE TWILIGHT

SOMETHING-AROUND- THE-CORNER

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

Author of "The Shadow of Rosalie Byrnes," etc.

THE STORY SO FAR

Sarah Cabot was a large, competent, square-rigged woman, with the soul of a vagabond. She kept travel books—notably one on Arabia by Lawrence Revenel—under her pile of flannelet nightgowns. When some one bequeathed her a studio building in New York, she felt her dreams were coming true. Revenel himself was one of her tenants.

She has her trip around the world almost planned when a nephew, Dan Finlay, turns up, and piles on Sarah's shoulders the woes of a girl with whom he has fallen in love. Sarah brings Emily to stay with her in one of her own studios, and is enormously puzzled when Emily faints, apparently at the mere sight of a Mr. Da Silva, of Bombay, who is seeking a studio.



SAH'S first impulse when she had placed the fainting Emily back upon the bed was to telephone Daniel. There was something here she did not understand, which gave her a vague sense of fear. For the first time she was oppressed by the loneliness of this semi-deserted upper floor, or rather by something more subtle than her solitude, for until this evening she had never given her isolated position a thought. It had been impossible to be lonely, with the river out there, with the hourly pageant of the passing boats under her

eyes, with Lawrence Revenel at the other end of the promenade under his awning.

She put down the bottle of aromatic spirits she was holding near Emily's pretty nose, and looked out through the open door of her sitting-room, along the promenade toward Revenel's awning. There was some thought in her mind of calling him—he had offered to help if she needed him—but this impulse died as she gazed.

Something was happening to that bright and decorative spot which was Lawrence Revenel's end of the promenade. The pottery elephants were gone, the little dwarf trees in their jade pots were gone. And as she gazed, the Japanese boy whom she had sometimes seen

bringing out Revenel's coffee in the evening as he sat under the awning, came out, folded up the tiffin-table and went in with it under one arm. He returned at once briskly with a step-ladder. He began taking down the black-and-yellow striped awning.

Now a queer thing happened to Sarah Cabot's heart. It first gave a slight leap, and then seemed to settle, to list to starboard so to speak, like a water-logged derelict. She could feel it heavy and sodden within her. She considered this strange phenomenon with an angry wonder. It was obvious that Lawrence Revenel was going away. But this was perfectly natural.

WHY, then, this curiously devastated, stricken sensation? She felt shamed as well as angry, and her face burned in a strange, sudden blush. She made her mouth very firm and turned her head away. This brought her gaze along the row of studio doors, each with its square window beside it. They were all curtained and blank, except one, the third from the end, the center window in the row. She stared at this golden patch of light for an instant before she recalled that this was the Jennings studio, the one the janitor had just subleased to the handsome young man from Bombay.

Already the peace of this secluded and airy roof was threatened—indeed, it was gone.

"I don't like that young man," she thought, and she turned back toward the bedroom door.

Emily's eyes were open and she was lying rigidly still, as if she were making an intense effort at self-control.

"What happened, please?" she asked in a voice scarcely above a whisper.

"Oh, nothing much," Sarah reassured her. "You tried to get up too quickly and you fainted."

"But why did I try to get up?" the girl persisted.

"You said you heard something—don't you remember?"

Sarah waited for Emily to fill in the pause, but the girl closed her eyes and lay very quietly, as if thinking. When she opened them again, they wore their curious veiled expression.

"It was a bad dream, I think," she murmured. "I often dream, and always when I am in a strange bed. I hope I didn't frighten you?" Then her gaze up at Sarah seemed to tighten. "What else did I say?" she asked.

Sarah, straightening the coverlet, gave a laugh which was like a clean breeze through the room. "My dear, no matter what you had said when you weren't quite yourself, I shouldn't have heard it. I hope I'm what Daniel would call a good-enough sport for that!"

To her surprise Emily's hand crept out, caught hers and carried it with a sudden impulsive movement against the girl's cheek. "I wish—I wish I had known you always," she sighed. "I wouldn't have made so many mistakes then."

Sarah, standing there with her hand touching the satiny skin, the soft hair, understood better than she had yet, why Daniel's heart should have been so utterly refert from him by this incomprehensible and secretive girl. In this moment there was a shy sweetness, a fine warmth about her that was adorable. But the next moment it was gone. She had released Sarah's hand, she had smiled politely up at her and said that she believed she could sleep.

AND so the moment that had seemed to border on a confidence went past. For some obscure reason Sarah found, as she turned away, that she had decided not to tell Daniel anything about the incident after all. There was really nothing to tell him, except that she had a vague, uneasy suspicion roaming around at the back of her mind. She went to the door of the studio sitting-room and looked at the third window from the end. Evidently the young man from Bombay did not mind the heat of the rather sultry evening. The heavy, dark-green draperies Mr. Jennings used to regulate the light were drawn tightly over the closed window, the door beside the window was shut tight.

"I wonder," thought Sarah, "if his voice could possibly have reached the bedroom? I remember that the door was open a crack, because I thought Emily might call—his voice might have reminded her of something, or that foreign way of talking of his— Well, there's no use speculating about it; I just don't know what ails her and that's all there is to it!"

As she made up her bed on the broad couch in the living-room—for Emily was in possession of the only bedroom—she noticed that now the last bit of furniture, the last plant and bit of color were gone from Revenel's end of the promenade. The moonlight shone on the dragon-painted panels of the door. It was closed with the effect of a rebuff.

She put on her sensible nightgown, made of good, serviceable cotton, she braided her beautiful, abundant hair in a tight tail, she put out the light and raised the shades, and as she did this last she averted her eyes from the



"YOU YELLOW PUP! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU WHAT YOU DESERVE"

opposite end of the promenade. She did not want to see the stripped awning-irons or the tight-closed dragon door. But what she did see for an instant gave her a start: a man's figure half-way down the promenade, in the shadow of the studios. For just the fraction of an instant she thought it was Revenel. Then she made an impatient cluck with her tongue. It was the young man from Bombay, standing in the shadow near his own doorway, apparently wrapped in contemplation of this very window where she stood.

She drew down the shade again. "I don't like that young man," she told herself again with decision, and got into bed somewhat wearily.

THERE was one thing certain, as Sarah told herself often in the next few days, no one could ask for a sweeter or more docile patient than Emily. For the first two days she slept a great deal; slept as if she was exhausted and had at last let go. When she was awake she talked very little, and Sarah left her a good deal alone. In one of these waking intervals she told Sarah that she had had malaria in the tropics and that in England she did not recover very rapidly, so that when she came to America and began to earn her own living she had started in with depleted strength. She had been so afraid of losing her job that often she could not eat or sleep.

"In fact," she looked up at Sarah with an unusually frank smile, "I don't think I have had enough to eat in weeks."

Sarah made a shocked sound. In Greenfields persons might be poor, but they always had enough to eat.

"You poor child! Why in Heaven's name didn't you let some of your people know—your aunts in England——"

"I hated them when I had to live with them, and I wouldn't appeal to them if I was starving!" An extraordinary, vivid energy burned in Emily's face, transforming it with a touch of something elfish, perverse and self-willed. There was something so queerly familiar to Sarah in this momentary flash of expression that it was uncanny. But the next instant it was gone, along with the flame in Emily's face.

"I'm rather a beast," sighed the girl. "Those aunts of mine—poor old bodies! They live near Hampstead Heath, in a little moldy brick house in a row of houses all alike, with laburnum bushes crowding up against the drawing-room windows, making the room damper and darker than ever. They're like two souls buried alive and not minding—they could never really forgive me for being my mother's daughter, and they said I had all of my father's worst traits, too, quick temper, restlessness——"

A PAUSE and then a joyless laugh. "That would have amused my father if he had known. He thought we had nothing whatever in common. He resented me, I suppose. I got in his way——"

Here she broke off sharply, as if conscious that she had been thinking aloud. She turned her cheek into the pillow and closed her eyes with a sigh. A touch of fever had begun to burn in her cheeks, as if brought there by her thoughts. Sarah, smoothing back her hair with her cool fingers, felt a tear against her hand.

Daniel dropped in at lunch-time and as soon as he had finished work in the evening, which he called his official visits. The unofficial ones were the moments he snatched as he was passing. Sarah suspected that he burned a good deal of his company's gasoline in going about his business by way of the East River, but she said nothing, reflecting that Daniel would never be young and quite so much in love again.

Late one afternoon he came in to find Emily sitting up in one of Sarah's deck-chairs under the awning. That was a gala moment. Daniel was invited to stay, and they had their dinner under the awning in the twilight, where they could watch the Sound boats slip up the river, trailing silver wakes behind them.

Afterward Sarah thought often of this peaceful evening. Daniel was radiant; he could not take his eyes off Emily.

There was something so boyish, so awkwardly rapturous, about him, that Sarah felt a choking in her throat. For the first time it seemed to her that Emily responded to the love he poured out upon her so unashamedly. Her gray eyes were luminous; in the curves of her lips there were warmth and sweetness. She laughed gaily at Daniel's nonsense; it was hard to believe that she had ever concealed anything behind the absolutely clear candor of her eyes.

Sarah was grateful for their youth, their laughter and their nonsensical conversation. She knew that she would have been very lonely that evening without them, for that morning the janitor had appeared with his paint-pot at the other end of the promenade and had painted out the golden dragons.

"Guess that there Jap of Mr. Revenel's didn't have

enough housework to do and had to spread himself all over the outside," he remarked sociably to Sarah when she sauntered over to watch him. "I was cal'latin' to give all these doors a coat o' paint, and Mr. Revenel said to do anything I wanted to with his, 'slong as he didn't know how long he'd be away."

"He didn't say when he was coming back?" Sarah inquired faintly.

"No, ma'am," replied the janitor. And the two words seemed to sink plummet-like into the depths of her heart. This was the way of the city, she thought as she turned away. No good-byes, no friendly mention of a new destination, just a door opened briefly and then closed again without a single gracious or regretful gesture.

To be sure, he had left with the janitor for her a half-dozen books of travel, fascinating books. A month earlier she would have burned the midnight lamp devouring them. But now, for some reason she did not understand, the gift hurt her oddly. She had put them away in the top of her trunk. There had not been with them a single written line or message. She had not read them, and she did not even mention them to Daniel when, that evening of Emily's first dinner outdoors, he rose to the surface long enough to observe that something had happened to the other end of the promenade.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, "what's become of the stage effects over there? There was a chap," he explained to Emily, "lived over there who had his end of the deck all fixed up with nutty Oriental things. He had a Jap servant and a one-eyed cat. What's become of him, Sarah?"

"The janitor tells me he has gone away," replied Sarah. She wondered then why she had never talked to Daniel about Revenel; so far as she could remember she had never mentioned his name, and she now felt the same odd reluctance to speak of her brief acquaintance with the rather famous man.

"I had a cat once," Emily took away from her the necessity of saying anything more, "whom I loved beyond anything. It was in Burma, in a lonely little hill town—" she was speaking dreamily, looking off over the darkening river—"such a desolate little hole, with only half a dozen English to five hundred natives. But there was a marvelous ruined pagoda there—my father used to spend hours studying it—and one day I found a cat there, wild and starving. I managed to get it home, and it took me weeks to get it tamed and fat. And then it went with me everywhere, on long walks, and at night it slept on a mat by my bed. It was so sweet to have something love me like that. When I went away the servant had to shut it in, and it fought so I could hear it clawing the door to get out and follow me."

DANIEL smiled at her whimsically and tenderly. "Well, I guess I'd have fought if you had shut me up in a room and gone away. In fact, there wouldn't have been much left of that room. I don't know that I'm crazy about cats, but somehow I think that cat and I think a good deal alike."

"Only you're utterly foolish, and my cat was perfectly wise," retorted Emily, but her smile and the expression of her eyes took the edge off her taunt.

"The conversation of you children is so cloying that I'm going in to wash the dishes," declared Sarah. "No, sit still, Daniel, you're worse than an elephant in that kitchenette. Just bring in a trayful presently, and get that plaid shawl of mine for Emily."

She was standing now, placing cups and glasses methodically on a tray. Thus she was the only one of the group facing the studio doors. And she noticed, as she straightened up from her task and turned toward her own door, that one of the green curtains hanging over the window of

the Jennings studio was caught back an inch or two, as if a hand were holding it. But the instant she glanced in its direction the green curtain dropped back to place. There was no light behind it. Evidently the young man from Bombay was sitting in the dark and beguiling his loneliness by watching the little dinner-party without.

SHE did not give the incident a second thought beyond a momentary sense of irritation, but later she recalled it quite vividly. It was then, however, too late. When she thought of it again it was because it had been recalled to her by an occurrence so baffling, so nearly tragic that all tranquillity was driven from her existence, and this upper floor she had found so delightful became filled with a sinister shadow.

It wasn't that Emily definitely refused to take them into her confidence about her past and her hopes and plans for the future, but rather that she held them off by a subtle sort of passivity. At first Sarah thought this was due to physical languor, but one day she decided that it was a mental state, a sort of soul fog through which the girl was groping her way. This was the day when Emily was installed temporarily in the studio adjoining Sarah's. She had gained rapidly in strength after the first few days, and the fact that she was an in-

convenience to Sarah in her small quarters so troubled her that Sarah had suggested her taking the next studio, of which she had the disposal until its tenant returned. It was comfortably furnished, with a door—the first in the row—opening on to the promenade. It was thus within calling distance of Sarah's sitting-room, and seemed to be an excellent arrangement all around.

Emily's small trunk and bag were moved to her new quarters, and it was while she was arranging her possessions that she made the remark that gave Sarah some inkling to the mental state the girl was emerging from.

"In a day or two I shall be strong enough to go back to work," she said, arranging her brushes on a bureau.

As Sarah started to make some demur, Emily turned toward her a face surprisingly tranquil and strong. "I think," she said unexpectedly, "the worst is over. Last night I waked up and it seemed to me that I saw a way out. It is this: not to go on tormenting myself with the past and my mistakes, but to say to myself that from the day you and Daniel took me away from that dreadful house where I was so ill and lonely I was starting in anew; I was beginning all over again."

From that afternoon Emily in reality appeared to grow rapidly stronger, more serene and more like a normal, gay-hearted girl.

In the warm September evenings Daniel motored them up the Hudson, or took them to dine at the roof-gardens that so delighted Sarah. And then in the midst of their tranquillity the thing happened that afterward Sarah felt had been hanging over them from Emily's first day with her.

That evening Daniel was to have dined with them, but having telephoned that an out-of-town customer was keeping him late, they had their dinner alone under the awning. A few days before Daniel had presented Emily with a very lively black kitten, picked up somewhere in his daily travels about town. Emily straightway adored it, groomed and fed and played with it, until it became so frisky that the roof promenade threatened to be too small for it. Afterward it seemed ridiculous that anything so small as a kitten should have precipitated fate about their ears, but that was what this morsel of fur actually did.

IT WAS still early in the evening and Sarah had gone indoors to write a letter. Emily was walking up and down the promenade, sometimes with the kitten in her arms, and sometimes stopping to put it down for a run. Sarah, from her desk beside the window, looked out now and then, admiring the slender grace of the girl as she darted up and down the promenade with the kitten scampering after her. But presently she became absorbed in her letter-writing. When she glanced out again Emily was at the farther end of the promenade, gazing out over the river dreamily, and the black kitten was climbing adventurously up a broken lattice against which some flower-loving tenant had at some time trained a Rambler rose.

Sarah noted the kitten's scrambling efforts to reach the nearest window-sill before she took in the fact that this window was that of the Jennings studio. This led her to wonder idly why the young man from Bombay kept himself so tightly shut up on a warm evening, and then she saw that Emily had turned and seen the kitten's attempt to reach the window-sill.

"You naughty Cinder!" she heard the girl cry. "Now I shall have to help you down from there."

But the window was high and Emily's finger-tips failed by an inch to reach the kitten, which had made a sprawling leap and landed on the sill. The overturned box in which the Rambler rose had grown stood at the bottom of the lattice, and Emily dragged this under the window, stepped up and found her hand

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ANDANTE—WINTER

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

THE OLD MOON LIES IN THE NEW MOON'S ARMS,
THE GHOST OF A BUBBLE IN A SAUCER OF GOLD;
THE WHITE SLOPES SHIMMER IN THE PALLID GLOW;
THE SHADOWED MOUNTAIN
SHOULDERS ITS FORESTS UP TO MEET THE EVENING STAR:
LOW IN THE EAST
ORION STEPS WITH LIFTED FOOT
INTO THE GAME FIELDS OF THE SKY.
NO WIND IS STIRRING ON THE FROSTED EARTH,
NO SOUND SNAPS THE CHILL CRYSTAL OF THE AIR,
EXCEPT, FAR OFF, A DULL BOOM FROM THE ICE-BOUND POND,
AND, UP THE MOUNTAIN, BODILESS AND SAD,
THE OWL'S ETERNAL QUESTION.
BREAKING MY REVERIE, I PUSH MY SKIS
ACROSS DRIFT-RIPPLED SNOW THAT FAINTLY SQUEAKS,
AND MOVE, RELUCTANT,
RAPT IN FROZEN DREAM,
TOWARD A RED WINDOW SQUARE
WHICH SHINES ACROSS THE FIELDS.

THE TURNING

BY OWEN OLIVER



HE man's name was Charles Bennet. He was forty-one years old, and he was managing-clerk in the office of a firm of solicitors. There was nothing much out of the ordinary about him. He was not very tall and not very short, not very stout and not very thin. His wage was four pounds a week, and he was most respectable. The thing which struck people most was that he "ought to have done better." Anything else that matters about him is in the story.

He was going home from his office one frosty afternoon in early February, and he took the fancy to get out of his train at the Junction and walk the remaining four miles across country. His reason for delay was not an unkind one; only that he had bad news to tell his wife. A payment upon which he had confidently reckoned had failed; and he saw no prospect of ever securing it. For three months he had promised his wife to appropriate the money to buy a sideboard, which they admired every Saturday in the window of the Universal Furnishing Emporium. They always said how nicely it would fill the bare wall in their dining-room, which had vexed her for years.

"Bert"—his wife's proper name was Bertha—"will be so upset," he kept thinking. "I don't see that it matters so much; but women like a place to look well; and the wall is as bare as a fence, as she says. She had such a fancy for the sideboard. Cheap food, cheap clothes, cheap everything. I'm a cheap man, I suppose! Just luck, of course; but it's not fair that a chap's whole life should turn on luck. Five minutes later, or five minutes sooner, and you meet some one, and something leads to something, and you make a fortune—or lose it. Well, I'm safe from doing that!"

Mr. Bennet laughed at the idea of losing what he did not possess. He was naturally a cheerful man, and the fresh air was gradually cheering him. He felt "more himself," and paced on whistling till, in the dusk, he reached the crossroads. He didn't come this way often, and when he did his oldest boy generally piloted him. So he wasn't sure which of the two lanes he ought to take.

He consulted the sign-post; but rain and storm had almost washed out the rough lettering, and he could not read it.

"If I were a lucky man," he reflected, "I'd chance the one to the left; but I'm always unlucky. So I'd better take the one I think wrong! But I don't know which I do think wrong. That's the trouble!"

HE STOOD whistling and staring at the blank sign-post for a full minute, and then he noticed that he was watched by a tall, gray-haired, grave-faced gentleman.

"Do you know the roads?" Bennet asked. "I'm in a dilemma."

"The dilemma of life," said the gentleman, in a full deep voice. "The turnings are never posted."

"There's a difference," Bennet remarked. "In life you can never turn back."

"You can never turn back," the gentleman agreed; "but there is often a cross-path to the other road; the one you might have chosen."

"That also is unposted," Bennet complained. "I wish I could find one leading to the road of prosperity."

"Prosperity and other things," the gentleman corrected.

"You must take what you find on life's road as a whole, friend. Even the road to prosperity has rough places; but you need not choose in ignorance. I can show you the road, and put you on it, if you will come to my house."

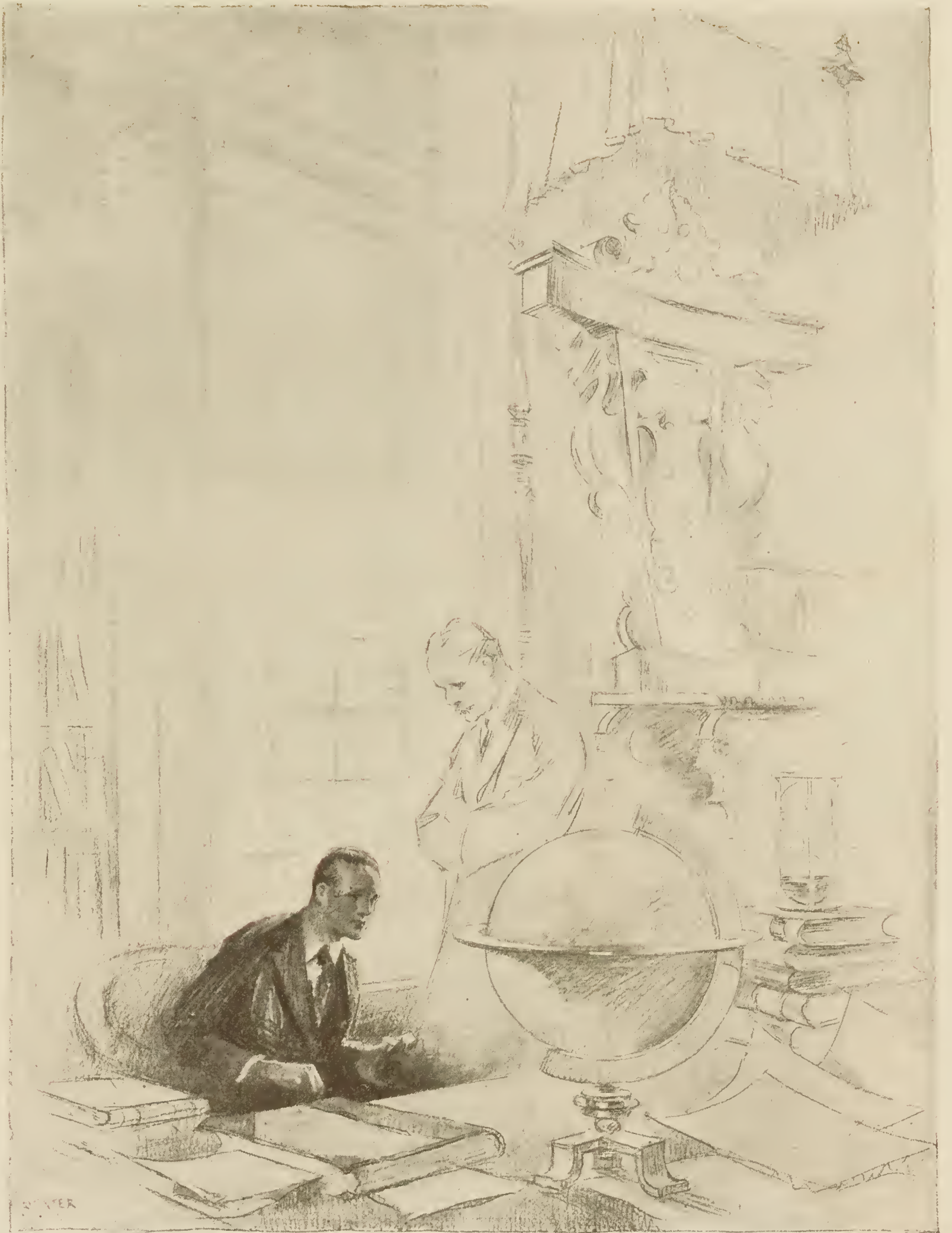
"The road to prosperity?" Bennet asked.

"Prosperity and other things," the stranger told him. "All that is on a road which you might have chosen many years ago."

Bennet looked at the stranger rather doubtfully; but his appearance somehow compelled confidence.

"If you are prepared to offer me a chance of bettering myself, sir—" he began; but the stranger cut him off with a wave of his hand.

"I spoke literally," he asserted. "I can show you your life, as it might have been, as clearly as if you saw yourself in a mirror."



"I HAD JUST TAKEN A GREAT FANCY TO BERTHA"

Bennet rubbed his eyes, and, satisfied that he was awake, went with the stranger to a large house standing in its own grounds, some fifty yards up a slope on the right-hand side of the right-hand lane of the two he had to choose between. He can identify the exact spot to-day, but the house is not there and the grounds are a bare field.

There was nothing abnormal about the house, so he says.

THE stranger conducted him to a large room at the back, furnished in green velvet, like a large and comfortable study. The only peculiar feature was a big armchair, covered with a canopy, at one end of a stand. At the other end there stood a plain gateway. The door was of ivory, with silver pillars at the sides, and a silver shield on top inscribed in mystic characters. In the center of the door there was a round handle. Bennet thinks there was a mechanism at the back of the door, but he did not see it.

The stranger waved him to an ordinary armchair first.

"There have been side ways which you have missed, that would have improved your circumstances," the stranger remarked, "but you passed the main road full sixteen years ago. Perhaps you remember?"

"You mean," Bennet suggested, "when I declined that post abroad? With Johnson & Richborough?"

He had always felt that he "missed his chance" then. "Yes," the stranger agreed.

"You see," Bennet explained, "I had just taken a great fancy to Bertha—I mean my wife. Chichester was in the field first, and it seemed no use asking her at once. I'd only known her a few days. I was a young ass, of course, because she says she liked me from the very first; but I thought I'd lose her if I went away."

The stranger nodded assent.

"People choose their roads for reasons like that," he said. "They may be good reasons, or they may be bad ones. They do not alter the external result, once the road is chosen; but they alter the man. That is a point which you must bear in mind. Now take that chair, and you will find the road which you might have chosen; not the past—I can not remake that—but the present. That is to say that for half an hour you will live exactly as you would have lived at this time to-day, if you had taken the appointment in the firm you mention. If you wish, after your trial, I can make the change permanent."

He sat in the chair, and he stared at the ivory door, and wondered what the stranger was doing behind it, just as you wonder what the dentist is doing behind it. He heard a jingle very like the clatter of steel instruments; and suddenly the door and the room were gone and he sat at a large spick-and-span roll-top desk in a beautifully appointed office, far superior to the private room of the

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COAL and— GRASSHOPPERS

BY SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS



THE STRUGGLE TO KEEP WARM, WHEN COAL IS VERY SCARCE. WAITING TO HAVE THE BAGS WEIGHED

“UNLESS some plan is adopted, we are bound to have recurring conditions of coal shortage in the Winter months . . . and no need for such a situation exists.” (Official report of the President’s Bituminous Coal Commission.)

Count the basic necessities of civilized life which may be bought for money. Four items compose the list: food, fuel, clothing, transportation. It is primarily the business of that machine which we call society to provide the first three and distribute them by means of the last. If any one of them is lacking even to a small degree, distress follows. If to a large degree, disaster.

In this year of enlightenment, 1921, in the midst of general prosperity, we are threatened with immediate distress and eventual disaster because we do not know enough to keep ourselves warm. That is the simple and humiliating fact. Our vaunted American ingenuity and capacity for vast operations has failed to solve the problem of coal. And “no need for such a situation exists,” as a fair-minded and expert commission declares after exhaustive investigation.

It will not do to say that the coal is not to be had. It is. The yearly capacity of the bituminous coal-mines, representing about five-sixths of our total supply, would yield more than a forty-per-cent. surplus over our needs. It will not do to ascribe the difficulty to strikes and labor troubles, for coal shortage is a condition that has been growing more acute year by year over a long period, and in that period only about eleven per cent. of the time lost to coal-mining operations in America has been lost through strikes.

Nor will it serve to point an angry finger at the mine-owners and shout “Profiteering!” This is no longer a matter of the public’s having to pay exorbitant prices for coal, but the far more serious question that the public may not be able to obtain sufficient coal at any price, however exorbitant.

THE UNBALANCED COAL MARKET

WHY? Waste! Our cardinal American sin, waste. The irreclaimable waste of not doing the essential thing at the practicable time; of not buying coal when there is coal waiting to be bought; of waiting to buy coal until there is no coal to be bought; wherefrom there arises the vast expense, to employer and laborer both, of lack of a market at one time and a feverishly overstimulated demand at another; of mines shut down in one season and overpressed in another; of coal-cars diverted to other uses until, when the necessity arises, they are unavailable. All of which is our own fault, partly as individuals, partly as factors in our interdependent social and business organism, largely through the negligence of our public-service organizations which should be, and must be, if we insist upon it, public servants in all senses.

There is a familiar fable about the grasshopper and the ant; the ant who assiduously set aside a store for the lean season; the grasshopper who was too busy enjoyably fiddling in the grass to bother over such far-away troubles. The shortcoming of the grasshopper was his light-hearted, lighter-headed unwillingness to believe that Winter was coming until Winter came. In this same matter of provision for Winter we are a grasshopper-minded people.

True to the fabled type we have paid no heed to the cautionings of experience. The coal panic of the Winter of 1917-1918 when, in the midst of war-pressure traffic and manufacturing were all but paralyzed over great sections of the country, passed and left us unmoved. Grasshoppers have no memory. The high prices of 1919-1920 and the want and suffering consequent upon them roused us to buzzings of wrath and protest; yes, even to good resolutions of not being caught that way again; but with the recurrence of warm weather it all

oozed out of our consciousness. Warnings, repeated and emphatic, from official sources and from experts, have since then gone in at one ear and out at the other, lost in the sound of our care-free fiddling in the grass. The sun was warm again—and why should a happy grasshopper worry?

So we did not worry when, last April the journals of the coal trade, echoed by the daily press, told us that we were facing a fuel famine, that the mines were working only half time, that the resultant output was being confiscated by the railroads for their own use. Nor did we take it to heart when the Bituminous Coal Commission, appointed by the President of the United States, warned us with all the force of authority that conditions were gravely serious; that “the time has come for the people of the country, of which labor constitutes a large part, to look beyond temporary wage settlements and consider the general welfare.” Grasshoppers do not “look beyond”; it is not their nature to.

THE GENERAL CONSUMER IS PARTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SHORTAGE

NEITHER the mine-owners nor the mine workers can be held blameless for the crisis which was preparing. The commission quashed the demand of the miners as “an economic crime,” at the same time that it rebuked the operators by establishing an “American standard” living wage. Strikes were settled or averted; the mines approximated nearer to full time, and—prices went up and the shortage continued. As far back as June first the organs of the coal trade were doing their part in averting trouble by issuing warnings that the railroads, the steel plants, the public utilities, the artificial-gas plants, and the retail dealers were far short of the reserves held in the previous year, some of them having less than fifty per cent. of normal reserves, and that in the great industrial regions north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers the reserve stocks ranged from thirty-three per cent. to sixty-eight per cent. lower than in 1919. In September, the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Baltimore announced the results of an exhaustive survey which showed that there was a grave shortage in every part of the country except the mountain, Pacific and far Southern States. Statistics—and therefore negligible. What does a grasshopper care about figures!

One thing that a grasshopper does understand and care about is cold. With the first touch of harsh weather, panic filled the mental vacuum which forethought should have occupied. Everywhere there was the rush for coal. Prices soared. Alarmed householders competed with one another for promises of future supply at any cost. As I write this from a small New England seaport, there is a crowd of anxious human grasshoppers waiting and watching miserably on a storm-swept pier for the first sight of a coal-barge which will (possibly) relieve their immediate necessities, at twenty dollars or more per ton. A few miles inland householders of an important manufacturing city are packing up their goods and preparing to leave for Boston because the most coal that any dealer will promise to a family is one ton for the entire Winter. Similar conditions are undoubtedly reflected in other parts of the country.

To understand what has happened and why may be small comfort for chilled blood, but at least it will serve as a sign-post leading away from the same conditions next year—unless, indeed, we remain so indomitably

grasshopper-brained as to ignore the highly probable recurrence of a Winter season in 1921.

The railroads use twenty-eight per cent. of the supply of bituminous coal, coke ovens fifteen per cent., domestic consumers a little over twelve per cent., public utilities six per cent., and the remainder is divided between public institutions, factories, and export, the latter, for all the recriminations about it in the newspapers of regions where shortage has been acute, figuring to only about four per cent. of the total.

Practically all these consumers do the bulk of their purchasing in cold weather when the natural demand is greatest and transportation most difficult, and as little as possible in the warm weather, when the mines could most readily supply and the railroads transport the burden, not to mention that the price is lower.

On the authority of the United States Geological Survey, *the domestic user is the greatest offender*, proportionately, though not in bulk since he is not the heaviest consumer. “Domestic user” means YOU. You who do your bit toward raising prices, and clogging traffic, and contributing confusion by waiting until the last moment (and the increased price) to lay in your stock, if, indeed, you are able to get what you need at all. Have you a little grasshopper in your home, managing your coal policy? If so, you are in the same case with most of the public utilities who typically fail, year after year, to provide in advance of their “peak period,” which is, of course, in Winter, since the demands upon power and light are heaviest then. Most of our national, State, and municipal institutions, as well as our manufacturing concerns, follow the same course. Railroads, public utilities, manufacturers, home-fire-burners, and institutions all rushing into the market at the same time and the wrong time; there plainly, is the center and core of the whole tangle.

Compared with this, all other difficulties—labor, high prices, transportation—are easily soluble. It is the fatal irregularity of demand and consequent operation that keeps us all in hot water—or, rather without hot water when we most want it. “And no need for such a situation exists.”

WHAT YOU CAN DO NEXT SPRING

BUY your coal in advance of the need for it. It is easier; it is cheaper; it is safer; indeed, the only safe method. Use any influence that you may have as a stockholder or as a patron with the railroads and the public utilities which serve your district, to induce them to buy and store coal: the Coal Commission in its report recommends that the railroads go into the Winter months with a ninety days’ supply and the public utilities with a sixty days’ supply. If you have any part or voice in any business which uses fuel, try to bring that business to early buying, and, equally important, to prompt release of all freight-cars, thereby mitigating the general car shortage which has malverted to general freight usage open cars intended for coal alone.

Meantime, there is the vast resource of our water-courses, pregnant of unlimited power and heat, in the very infancy of its undeveloped potentialities, wasted because of popular lethargy and political incompetence—perhaps the most glaring waste of a wasteful nation. You that are now voters, keep that in mind. It may yet prove to be the solution of our most pressing economic problem.

ROSE DUPRÉ'S ESCAPE

WRITTEN BY SALLY FISHER, EIGHT YEARS OLD,
AND ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE CAMPBELL, FOURTEEN YEARS OLD



"A SKADROON OF GERMAN SOLDIERS RUSHED IN AT FULL GALOP"



"OPEN THE GATES! YOU ARE FREE IF I ESCAPE!"

LITTLE GIRL FICTION AND ILLUSTRATION

THIS story was written by Miss Sally Fisher, eight years old, the daughter of Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher, an author well known to our readers.

The drawings accompanying the story were made by Miss Alice Campbell, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. Blendon Campbell, the illustrator.

Mrs. Fisher writes as follows concerning her daughter's narrative: "To meet your request for a story by my daughter, I have fished out a wild little screed which Sally wrote one day when we were living on the edge of the Bay of Biscay, near the Spanish frontier. Sally was eight years old then, and hadn't spoken any English for a couple of years, but had gone on reading it assiduously.

"The result is a very queer mixture, which certainly has whatever merit may lie in being entirely unique. She came dashing in from the beach one day, where she was playing with the crowd of little French and Basque playmates, and sat down at my desk to scribble this off, so full of it that she couldn't have any peace till it was done, although it interrupted a good game of hide-and-seek, to which she instantly returned as soon as she had set this down.

"Sally is a great reader; has been dragged around the world a great deal, and is a funny little mixture of sophistication and artlessness that is quite her own brand.

"I hope at least that the little blood-and-thunder tale may make you smile as you read, and see the eager little American girl so very far away, in such a very strange setting, dashing down her version of the war-feeling that filtered through to her."

She was twelve when the Germans took the village, six months passed and Rose became the secretary of the General Hindenberg."

At this point Sally stopped and said seriously, "I don't believe that sounds so very probable, do you, mother? I believe I'd better make it just a German general, any one," and she went on:

"Rose became the secretary of a German general who was charmed with her talents, but she was thirteen when, burning for vengeance she stole important papers and plans for battle.

"NOW Rose rushed on and on listening with a start to all the noise she made. All of a sudden her horse leaped behind a wall."

(Here she stopped and said apologetically: "I forgot to put in that of course she made him take that jump. He didn't do it of

his own accord, the way it sounds.)

"Behind a wall and she waited breathless; soon after, the skadroon rushed by. She breathed and took another road. After a few minutes she got off her horse and laid her ear on the ground."

(At this point Sally hesitated a moment, then resumed: "I don't know if French people ever do that, the way Indians do.)

"On the ground, then whispered: 'Ah they are after me now,' and jumping on her horse she galoped on.

"PIM! Pam! a ball whized by her ear. Badar-r-r-ra Bom! ten of the balls wized by! Rose felt a sudden pain in her arm, one of the balls had gone through her arm!

"They were near now, and France too, her horse rushed on, and all of a sudden he plunged—

"Plunged into the Rhine! Rose felt the water and when she was in the middle she heard oars fifteen yards behind her, then thinking of nothing but her papers she sent out an appeal for assistance with all her forces rsembled together.

"Help!

"Soon after a boat came out from a secret port and came out towards the girl. Mme. Dupré who had recognized the voice of her daughter was coming to her rescue.

"Soon the rescuers reached the girl when she saw the tall figure, she cried: 'Mother!' and fell fainting in the boat."

ONE day when we were living at Guethary, which is on the shore of the Bay of Biscay, very near indeed to the Spanish frontier, my little daughter Sally who was then eight years old, came running in from play on the beach. Her playmates followed her, complaining that Sally was breaking up such a good game of hide-and-seek. Sally lamented this herself with the most heartfelt sincerity, but said to me: "Oh, mother, I just can't keep it in any longer. It's a story that I've been thinking about, and it bothers me, till I can get it written down."

So the playmates were asked to wait in our garden till the story should be done, and Sally sat down at my desk, scribbling with the wildest haste. The instant it was finished, she jumped up, with a long breath of relief, and darted back to play with the motley collection of little Basque and French children who lived around us. When she wrote it, she had spoken almost no English for two years, and had not seen another English-speaking child. She had been to school with French children, studying the same books they used, and had become to all outward appearance a French child herself. This accounts for the occasional queer little twists of spelling or idiom in the story which have been carefully preserved in the copy made.

That evening, when she came back to supper, she picked up the scrawled pages and read to me the following story, with the following running commentary herself.

"Midnight! The village in Alsace captured by the Germans was quiet; all the people were asleep. All of a sudden a horse came in with a girl just thirteen on his back waking everybody by this cry: 'Open the gates! Quik! You are free if I escape!' Everybody rushed to the gate, opened it and in an instant she was gone.

"Hardly five minutes had passed when a skadroon of German soldiers rushed in at full galop and cried: 'Have you see the spy on horseback?' Naturelley all the village said no: the skadroon rushed on into the dark night.

"THE night was dark, but not dark enough to hide the French spy, for a French spy she was; for the skadroon was hot on her traces before long.

"Rose Dupré, that was how she was called, had been brought up in the part of France which is taken by the Germans now. Her father was an officer in the French army and her mother was a nurse in a French hospital.



THE TWO CREDITS

BY IRVING BACHELLER

Author of "A Man for the Ages," "Eben Holden," etc.

I HAVE seen every variety of hard times. I think the most touching exhibition of it which ever came to my notice is seen at Newport and Palm Beach. Think of those ladies with nothing to wear but cloth so thin that their poor bodies suffer a publicity unknown since the days of Eve!

In the land of my youth there were many who suffered from a lack of sufficient clothing, but there were no such extreme cases as these. It was a poor country. I wonder, therefore, at our singular dislike of cash. We couldn't bear the sight of it. When a dollar came into the neighborhood it was, in a way of speaking, promptly arrested and put in prison. I got hold of a dollar once, in my youth, and kept it in solitary confinement in my wallet for a term of months. Many a poor, vagrant dollar wandered into that community and was never seen again.

There is a kind of robbery not mentioned in the statutes. It is the crime of robbing a dollar of its liberty and functions by hiding it away. Did you ever hear of a murdered dollar? It is one which has been concealed until it is dead and worthless. Yet nobody warned me of these crimes.

I was reading the other day, in the old home paper, of a couple who had recently died of age and infirmity in the town of Dekalb. For years they had been supported by the charity of their friends and neighbors. Yet, after their death, the town authorities discovered the sum of twenty-six hundred dollars hidden in an old trunk under one of the beds. Of course a man who would be mean enough to treat money that way would be capable of taking stolen charity. It is an extreme case, but it indicates the lean of the timber in that vicinity, as they say in the woods—not now, but in the days of my boyhood. Money was like bad company. Many were glad to associate with it, but not when any one was looking.

The only man who seemed always to be proud of its companionship and willing to give it exercise and freedom and fresh air was the village drunkard. In his cups he was a proud and conceited man. To him, as a Chinese philosopher has said, the rest of the world was so much duckweed in a river. He regarded us all with a smiling contempt.

AFTER all, the man had a brave soul in him. His judgment was often sound. How much more lovable and admirable he was than the well-to-do man who let his father, spent with age, go to the poorhouse and die there! We all agreed that this drunkard was on the road to hell, but we would not have been quite so sure of the destination of the rich man who opposed every improvement and who swore he would never cross the new bridge because of the taxes which it had imposed upon him, and who kept his oath for years. Yet there could have been no worse drunkard than he. What a squanderer of the things worth having! On the whole, there was little work for money to do in that neighborhood but lie around and rest. Now and then some kind-hearted souls gave it exercise and amusement at the poker table. But such a light and reckless familiarity with cash was frowned upon as sinful.

There seemed to be no proper accommodation for cash in the community. Naturally the dollars preferred to go where they were better treated. There were no very wealthy men. The general average of poverty was high. It was not extreme. It was, as I think of it now, a proud and sniffish poverty. My father left me a large amount of it and with rare talent for the task I succeeded, for a time, in increasing my inheritance. My father had two hundred acres of land, only partly paid for, seven miles from a market, and a large family, only partly raised, after the panic of 1873.

I was nearing forty years of age when I awoke one morning and found my poverty gone. Everything swept away in a night! Soon after that my embarrassment in the presence of a dollar passed away. We became friends and companions, but were not unduly attached to each other.

When I was a boy the old earth was very different. It was another sort of planet. It was a comparatively poor and seedy world. But it was a proud world, with a spirit which had found its best voices in Lincoln, Gladstone, Whittier and Tennyson. But in a material sense it had made little progress.

Suddenly a new and commanding spirit strode upon the stage of life. It was the Genius of Invention. What a change it wrought! The forces of nature began to do the work of the strong arm. Currents of light and power swept over the

earth bearing its messages and burdens. Men combined their means and their intelligence in large units for common purposes, under corporate management.

It was found that dollars did better work when their strength was combined in great teams. They could then haul a load which, theretofore, had been thought immovable. In a few years investments, I know, bought at six dollars a share turned out to be worth twenty-five thousand. The men of faith and vision were rewarded far beyond their hopes, and rightly so.

MOST of us, through ignorance of what was bound to come or through a lack of faith in it or an undue regard for our cash, failed to participate directly in the profits. The man who kicks other people for his own lack of faith and vision is about the cheapest welsher in the game of life.

Under the urge of steam, electricity and gasoline and organized effort, the world was moving fast. A new and wonderful thing was developed. It was business credit. It was found to be better than money. The world has never known a more civilizing force. Men began to trust each other. Money was dug out of holes and resurrected from many a like tomb and set free. A great fact was established: that men were mostly honest and that honesty really paid in credit and credit became the fullest word in modern life. We had long been familiar with moral credit. It had been the foundation of democracy. Any boy, however poor he might be, could establish credit for himself by industry and education and good character and become the custodian of large responsibilities. Material credit was, however, another thing.

The wealth of the world had been immeasurably increased. The day of the nimble sixpence had been followed by the day of the nimble million. It was a day of greater happiness and comfort, of greater trust and confidence, a day of higher character. It was the beginning of modern civilization. Naturally men of diverse talents have been engaged in this great game. Certain of the unlucky, who have established no credit, would like to grab everything on the table and make off with it. They do not believe in credit because they have none. Or in competition because they have been unequal to it. It is well for us, however, stedfastly to bear in mind that competition develops strength. It has made every great personality the world has known, and only on stepping-stones of personality has the world progressed. The game is mainly a fair one; let us have no welschers.

It is quite apparent, however, that we have been a bit intoxicated by our success. Just now we are a little too much like the village drunkard; we are a bit too reckless and conceited. Men who have performed prodigies are entitled to a degree of conceit. But if we carry it too far, we invite violence and trouble.

Just now we are like a ship without a compass, so many things have gone by the board. There are few men who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. The sweating is mostly done by the engine and the golf-player.

The world is so much more beautiful and efficient and prosperous than ever before that we have acquired a kind of contempt for the past. But we may well take off our hats and bow our heads with modesty when we think of the past. It is, in a sense, our father. But for what the past has done for us we would be living in the tree-tops, for it is the foundation of all that we have or may have.

We worship credit. I wish to invite the reader's attention to a thing which deserves the highest credit because it has been indorsed by all the men of high character, living and dead: it is the great body of the law, civil and moral, which has come down to us filled with the wisdom of the ages and which has survived all the changes and revolutions and conquests. That will not perish. It will go on, serenely, as of old, gathering wisdom and authority. Its strong hand is upon us. It contains the remedy of all our ills, even for the selfish and blind conceit of the Bolshevist.

One thing we have a right to expect and demand from the man who has achieved success because he is a natural leader and captain of his community: namely, that he respect this great body of the law, in whole and in part, in its letter and its spirit.

Our riches have produced a deeper poverty than that of our fathers. In many American homes we need a reestablishment of moral credit—a task for the women, in which the church ought to be able to offer a strong and helpful hand.



A PEASANT GIRL, BY ANDERS ZÖRN, THE SWEDISH PAINTER

ANDERS ZÖRN, the Swedish painter who finished his life-work only last Summer, was a country boy and he never tired of going back to scenes that were familiar to his youth. He was a painter of open air and of human beings in the open air and in the sunshine. There is little melancholy in his work. He was too busy and too successful to do much dreaming. From the first the public was pleased with his manner of expression. As a gifted peasant lad, before he learned the uses of a paint-brush, he used to cut branches off trees in the forest and whittle out lively figures of animals. Even then he was not content with form alone. He must have color. So he squeezed the red and purple juices of fruits over his rude carvings.

When he went to Stockholm it was to become a sculptor, so he thought. But he took up painting also and even while he was in the art school people

began to order portraits from him. His painting paid so well that soon he could afford to travel. He wandered through Italy, Spain, and England, where he learned how to etch. Zörn has been very successful in his portraits of the famous men of many nations. Among his triumphs were the etchings of Renan, the eminent French writer, and of our own distinguished sculptor, Saint Gaudens.

Zörn was a good workman. He delighted in overcoming difficulties of every sort. And art has its discouraging moments as well as housework or keeping a grocery-store. Zörn put heart into his pictures of outdoor scenes and of the country people he had known as a boy. It was the sparkling light on the water, the flashing smile of a peasant girl, that he loved best. And through these he gave the best of himself to the world.



THE SLIPPERY FACES



Please help them put their faces back;
They're too blank for any use,
They've slipped and tumbled so many times,
Their faces all came loose!

But pray be careful, as you do—
Goodness me, don't get them muddled—
A policeman wearing Nurse's smile
Would look quite too befuddled;

Or little Pinkie with a beard,
Nice Jackie Tar with Chinky's grin.
Stop, Gentle Reader, don't you know
The navy would not stand for him!

Could you imagine stuck-up Sam—
With mittens non-cha-lant-ly folded
A wearing a cry-baby's face
As if he'd been se-vere-ly scolded?

A coon face on our jolly Ned
Who's always sitting down;
Perchance a maiden's ogling eyes,
Or just a funny clown.

A fat boy's grin for Fatty Jim
In case you wish to be quite normal.
Oh! why not make him Dead-eye-Dick?
It's so much fun to be informal.

—CORNELIA A. BROWNLEE



"IS SHE DEAD YET?" MOSES INQUIRED SOLEMNLY

ELIZABETH MANAGES

BY BARBARA KAY

A STORY FOR GIRLS OF ALL AGES—ESPECIALLY 'TEENS

TOO bad I couldn't find those girls," Grandfather said, though they smiled from the back seat. "Mother's put a great heap of sweaters and aprons under the seat for this huckleberrying, so if I should be lucky enough to pick them up on the way. Well, Lizzie"—this to the machine—"how cranky are you to-day?" He made half-a-dozen ineffectual attempts at starting, and then succeeded suddenly, jumped into the car, and they were off with a snort and a flourish.

They took the road to the north, winding whitely into the hazy distance.

They switched from the macadam to a road deep with sand, through which the light car had been plowing for several minutes. There was a cleared space before them and a path leading into the woods beyond.

"Foller your nose," Grandfather said, "and you'll find berries enough to make huckleberry dumplings for a regiment."

Elizabeth and Peggy slipped into the big gingham aprons that Grandmother had provided for picking, and each slung a pail over an arm and went to work.

"I'll bet I can get more than you do," Peggy said.

"If you do, it's because your fingers are longer." Elizabeth looked ruefully at her small, chubby hands.

When the girls came into the clearing later with their laden pails they found Grandfather stretched at full length and apparently fast asleep, but beside him was

THE STORY THUS FAR

A very superior young person of nearly fourteen, Elizabeth Swift, comes down from Boston to Cape Cod to spend the Summer with her grandparents. Their ways are not her ways; she fails to see their charm and is very lonely indeed. She meets another city girl, Peggy Farraday, and slowly begins to thaw out a little. She meets, too, the Steppe children, whose mother is always too tired to take care of them. Her days become full and increasingly pleasant, although she still writes long, lonely letters to her sick soldier brother, Buddy.

Elizabeth learns that Peggy Farraday is sister to the Ruth that her brother has known for years, and Peggy and Elizabeth, suspecting a thwarted romance, determine to let Ruth know how ill Buddy is. They feel that "Piggy" Chambers is much too wealthy a suitor to have about in Buddy's absence.

his heaping measure of huckleberries to contradict him.

"Granddaddy Swift!" Peggy cried. "When did you pick all those?"

"Those?" he said yawning. "Oh, a couple of hours back."

"I bet you've been working your head off every minute. We've got three quarts apiece. Elizabeth beat me after all, and then turned around and helped me get mine."

"I nearly killed myself doing it. I never want to eat another huckleberry, but I am thirsty for water or something. Don't I hear a spring?"

"There might be one through the trees there. I don't

know nothing about it." Grandfather pointed, however, in a definite direction.

Peggy parted the branches, and slipped into a thread of path which led them directly to a pool of crystal-clear water, fed by a tiny stream that was bubbling and gushing out of the earth. Protruding from the spring were three bottles of ginger ale, that had been so placed that the cool water splashed upon them as it fell. On a rock close by were spread two paper napkins with a pile of bread-and-butter sandwiches on one, and a stack of sugar-molasses cookies on the other. Between the two, holding them down, was a box of chocolates.

"I DON'T know nothing about it," Grandfather said, when they dragged him to the feast. "I've been fast asleep back there for upward of two hours."

"You're a story-teller," Peggy said.

"Did Ruth say anything more to you about that letter from Jean?" Elizabeth asked Peggy, snuggling down into the seat beside her again, on the way home.

"Not a word," Peggy said. "Piggy Chambers is around all the time since he came down, and so I can't get much action. By the way, they want us to go to Provincetown with them to-morrow. Can you go?"

"I think I can. I'll have to ask, of course."

"Whoa, Lizzie!" Grandfather threw out his clutch and stopped with a flourish just behind two figures who, laden with pails full of berries, and apparently oblivious of the oncoming machine, were plodding ahead in the dust. "Want a ride, boys?"

Continued on page 56



FOR ONE BRIEF INSTANT SISTER SUE LOOKED AS IF SHE WERE GOING TO LEAVE THE PIANO

SISTER SUE

BY ELEANOR H. PORTER

Author of "Pollyanna," "Mary-Marie," etc.

THE STORY BEGINS HERE

Sister Sue is mother as well as sister and daughter to the Gilmore family. Including Katy and Mary in the kitchen, they call on her for everything, when she wants to give up all her time to her music. Martin Kent, her fiancé, complicates matters too, for he wants her to marry him immediately. She decides to agree to this and go right on ministering to the family, when her father suddenly loses his money and his health. Unaccountably, no more is said of the marriage; there is no one to nurse Mr. Gilmore or make the new life possible but Sue. She does the packing up for the move to the tiny village in Vermont where they plan to go while May and Gordon make a gay round of farewells. In the new and trying days in Gilmoreville, Granny Preston, the former caretaker of the Gilmore house, is Sister Sue's only comfort. When Katy leaves in a temper, Mrs. Preston lends Sister Sue big gingham aprons and teaches her how to boil and bake things.

Martin comes to visit them in the Summer, but Sue is so busy giving music lessons that it is more often May who entertains him.

fectly wonderful violinist. Well, we've written them to come. And of course we've written all the others, too, everybody who used to live here. You folks would have got a letter if you hadn't already come here," she beamed.

"Thank you," smiled Sister Sue, trying to banish from her thoughts the quick vision of her father as he used to be.

"Then, of course, we had to think how to celebrate, especially Wednesday—that's going to be our big day.

Some wanted speeches. Some wanted just to feed 'em with banquets. The men wanted to get up a ball-game to amuse 'em; and some of the women thought a sale would be nicest. You see, we wanted to make some money for the new town hall if we could. The young folks, they wanted a dance, of course. You can imagine it was an awful mess. Nobody wanted the same thing, and some of us, who were wisest, knew we had to be careful what we did have, or else the Kendalls and Whipples and all that set wouldn't come near it."

She paused for breath, and Sister Sue murmured a sympathetic: "You must be tired, indeed."

"I should say I was! Well, we talked it over, and we finally decided we'd have a big tent on the Common, and we'd have a banquet at noon. Old Homers—the folks from out of town, you know, that used to live here—needn't pay anything. The rest of us—folks that live here and just sightseers from other towns—pay thirty-five cents a head. Some said a quarter; but we're going to give 'em a pretty good feed, and I held out for the thirty-five.

"IN THE evening we'll have a dance, in the same tent, of course. And in the afternoon we'll have a show and charge admission—twenty-five cents. That's when we want you and the young gentleman from the Inn. And we did think of maybe having my Nellie and some of the rest of your music scholars play. But I don't know as that would be a good idea. Of course we couldn't ask 'em all, and that would make the others mad. So probably that wouldn't do. Better stick to you and Mr. Kent, and maybe the church choirs to sing."

Through the window came the sound of Martin Kent's voice on the veranda, and again Sister Sue looked fearfully over her shoulder in his direction. Then she turned toward her visitor.

"Mrs. French, while you've been talking I've been thinking," she began briskly; "and I've got an idea."



GILMOREVILLE was to have an Old-Home Week, beginning the last Monday in August. Mrs. French, the chairman of the Committee for Making Our Old-Home Week a Big Success, called upon Sister Sue early in the month to ask a great favor, as she termed it.

She said that they were to have an entertainment in a huge tent on the Common the third day for the double object of celebrating Old-Home Week and of procuring funds for the new town building which was so greatly needed. She came to ask if Sister Sue would be so good as to play one of her "prettiest pieces," and would the young man at the Inn, Mr. Kent, she believed his name was, read a story. She understood that he wrote them.

Sister Sue smiled; but she looked over her shoulder a bit furtively to make sure that the young gentleman at the Inn named Kent was not within hearing distance. Then she asked Mrs. French to tell her a little more about the affair.

Mrs. French was very glad to do this. She was having "a really perfectly awful job," she said, and the next time they wanted a chairman for any of their old committees they might look somewhere else. She shouldn't take it. That was sure. But she was in it now, and she had to go through with it, of course.

"But just what is it that you're trying to do?" asked Sister Sue.

"Well, first of all, we're trying to make Old-Home Week a big success. We're trying to get everybody back here. And we have some very celebrated people, you know, who used to live here: Cy Bellows, the ball-player, and Miss Kate Farnum, the novelist, and Viola Sanderson. She sings, you know—in grand opera, too, I think, in New York, and everywhere.

"And Mrs. Kendall's boy; you know he's a per-



CY BELLOWS HAD BEEN CARRIED ON THE SHOULDERS OF THE MULTITUDE

Mrs. French fell back in her chair.

"My land, Sister Sue! I beg your pardon, I'm sure, and no offense meant, Miss—Miss Gilmore, but we always think of you as Sister Sue," she corrected herself a little breathlessly. "But please, *please* don't suggest anything else. We've threshed out *everything*; and I worked a whole hour last night to get them settled down to this."

"OH, BUT I'm not going to suggest anything else," calmed Sister Sue hurriedly. "It's only a little addition that I want to suggest to *your* plans. Why, Mrs. French, you've got the chance of a lifetime right in your grasp. Didn't you know that?"

"What do you mean?" Mrs. French's voice and manner were still doubtful, still a bit aggressive.

"You want your special Old-Home Day to be a big, big success, don't you?"

"We do."
"And you want very much to get some money. Isn't that so?"

"Yes, oh, yes!" spoken with great fervor.

"Well, then, listen!" Sister Sue was all excitement now. "You can make it the biggest kind of a day this town or any other town anywhere around here ever had, and you can get lots of money besides."

"My land! How?"

"Write to your ball-player and opera-singer and novelist and violinist, and tell them that Gilmoreville wants an Old-Home Day that will make the whole State—yes, the whole country—sit up and take notice; and that you can do it if they will come back home for the day and give to their old-home folks a few hours of their time and talent, and let Gilmoreville show how proud it is of its illustrious sons and daughters, and also let the outside world realize what it owes to Gilmoreville."

"My, don't that sound grand!" breathed Mrs. French.

"Then tell them what you want. Tell them you are going to have a big tent, and you want Viola Sanderson to sing, and Miss Farnum to read one of her stories, and Mr. Kendall to play his violin. And tell the ball-player that you are going to have a ball-game; and if he will only come and pitch for you that the town of Gilmoreville won't be able to hold the multitudes that will pour in from the whole country around."

"My land's sake!" ejaculated Mrs. French, her eyes almost popping from her head.

"Now is where the money comes in," went on Sister Sue, showing scarcely less excitement. "With Cy Bellows for your ball game, and with Viola Sanderson, Kate Farnum and Donald Kendall for your entertainment, you can charge any old price you want, and they'll pay it and be glad to. And they'll come from miles and miles around, for of course you'll advertise it. With such drawing cards as you've got, you won't have to worry about anything except how you're going to take care of the crowds when they get here."

Mrs. French drew a long breath of ecstasy.

"MY! BUT will they do it—Mr. Kendall and them others? Will they come and play and sing and read, and all that? Of course we could pay 'em."

Sister Sue smiled. Her lips twitched.

"I doubt it—and you would, if you knew the prices they're in the habit of receiving. But I think they'll come if possible. I'm sure they will, if you put it up to them right—appeal to their patriotism and their love for the old-home town that gave them birth. Tell them how proud Gilmoreville is of them. And don't deceive them. Let them know what their presence is going to mean from a money point of view. Tell them

frankly that in addition to all the sentiment and glory of the occasion, they can, by coming, do a real and lasting service to the old-home town by enabling you to raise the money for the much-needed town building."

"Oh my, if we only could!" breathed Mrs. French.

"But you can. I'm sure you can!"

"We couldn't. We'd never be able to write 'em so they'd come. Oh, Miss—Miss Gilmore, *you* do it, please do it! You will write 'em, won't you? Honestly, we'd make an awful mess of it if we tried to. You will do it?" she pleaded.

"WHY, y-yes, I'll do it," promised Sister Sue, after a moment's hesitation. "But we must do it right away, at once. We haven't quite three weeks as it is. You'll have to get the names and addresses for me."

"I will. I'll go straight now and get them," cried Mrs. French, springing to her feet. "And I'll send Nellie right back with them, so you can write to-night. And, oh"—she turned when almost at the door—"of course you'll play, too, and—and the young gentleman at the Inn will read?" The intonation of her voice made it a question.

Sister Sue shook her head.

"You wouldn't want Mr. Kent, anyway; he wasn't born in Gilmoreville. I was, I know, but I—I'm not a celebrity. I'm only the music-teacher that teaches the children down in the village. That would look pretty on your program with Viola Sanderson and Donald Kendall, wouldn't it? And when people asked, 'Who's that?' and you had to tell them the truth! Nonsense! Of course I sha'n't play." Her voice was not quite steady, but she laughed lightly, and her eyes were bright as Mrs. French held out her hand in good-by. Sister Sue shook it cordially.

SISTER SU E

"But you'll write those letters. You'll do that part," cried Mrs. French. "And, oh, thank you so much, Sister Sue, for giving us such a splendid idea. You wait till I tell the rest!" And she hurried away without even a suggestion of an apology for that "Sister Sue."

Sister Sue went out on the veranda then, and sat with May and Martin Kent till Nellie French appeared with the promised names and addresses; then she excused herself and went to her room to write the letters upon which hung so many hopes. With all the skill and tact and persuasion at her command, she made known what those hopes were; and begged for an early reply.

THE letters finished, she took them downstairs to the veranda where Martin Kent was waiting to mail them for her.

"Well, it didn't take you long!" exclaimed May.

"Oh, they were short and sweet and straight to the point," laughed Sister Sue, "and of course they were all pretty nearly alike. But they're gems of the first water, I can assure you. Listen!" And in the light that came through the living-room window she took one of the letters from its envelope and read it aloud.

"Bravo!" applauded Martin Kent. "That would move the heart of a stone."

"Perhaps. But that's not saying they'll move the hearts of those celebrated pets of fortune," shrugged Sister Sue.

"Only think of having Cy Bellows and Donald Kendall right here in town with us!" gurgled May.

"Donald Kendall would be flattered that you included him with Cy Bellows, I am sure," observed Martin Kent dryly.

May sniffed her disdain. "If Donald Kendall is anything like what he used to be, you *couldn't* flatter him!" she declared. "Of all the conceited creatures! I wonder if he'll come." May's voice was half-fearful, half-longing.

"I wonder if any of them will come," sighed Sister Sue, balancing the letters in her hand. "I'm beginning to get scared, now that the deed is done."

"Oh, it isn't quite done," Martin Kent reminded her. "The letters aren't mailed yet."

"No, but they will be to-night, for I shall give them to you, when you go, of course. I'm not going to stop *now*, you may be sure, after all this!"

"If the rest of the celebrities are as sweet-tempered as Donald Kendall, we'll have some excitement, anyhow," commented May. "Really, I'm getting quite worked up over this Old-Home Week," she laughed, as she got to her feet. "And now I'll leave you, and let you two visit together. Poor Martin! He hasn't had you a minute today. I'd rebel, if I were in his place," she tossed over her shoulder as she disappeared through the doorway.

Martin Kent posted the letters that night. Then came the days of waiting for the answers. The whole town was on the *qui vive*. Even Sister May Superior, as Martin Kent sometimes called May Gilmore, asked every day if Sister Sue had heard anything; and Martin himself was not far behind her.

AFTER all, they had not very long to wait. The first reply came from Donald Kendall, and it came through his mother.

Mrs. Kendall walked over to the house one afternoon at about five o'clock. Mrs. Kendall did not often come to the Gilmores'. She had called once, and Sister Sue had properly returned the visit. Since then she had not come to the house except to take them for a ride or two in the motor-car. May was wont to say that Mrs. Kendall had "duty" written large all over her when she noticed them in any way. May declared that her very air said: "Whereas these persons were rich, but are now poor, it is my duty to show them that it makes no difference in my treatment of them—no difference whatever."

"And when she used to just toady to us and be so pleased if we'd even notice her!" May would finish wrathfully.

To-day Mrs. Kendall was coldly gracious, with a tinge of patronage in her manner as Sister Sue greeted her.

"My son writes me that he has received a letter from a Susanna Gilmore requesting him to play at the Gilmoreville Old-Home Week," she began with a faint smile.

"Yes, I wrote him, in behalf of the committee," Sister Sue also spoke with a faint smile.

Mrs. Kendall stirred in her chair. "But I wonder if you—I mean if the committee—understands what—what my son usually receives for a single appearance at a concert."

"Perhaps not, until I told them," returned Sister Sue imperturbably, still with the little quiet smile on her lips. "We understand, of course, that it would be impossible for Mr. Kendall to acquire any financial benefit from an appearance in Gilmoreville. But we were venturesome enough to hope that he still might like to come."

"He will come." Mrs. Kendall bowed graciously. Plainly she had been only trying to make Gilmoreville realize the magnitude of the favor being done them. "He says he will be very glad to come. He will play two numbers, and he will bring his own accompanist." Mrs. Kendall wondered a little at the sudden broad smile that came to Miss Sue Gilmore's face, but she went on with what she had to say. "My son asks me to tell you that he is coming. So you will consider this an official notice, if you please."

"Thank you. I shall be glad to pass on the information," replied Sister Sue. "The committee will be gratified, I am sure."

"He may come a day or two early. He was planning to make me a visit at about this time anyway."

"I see." A day later came a letter from Kate Farnum's secretary saying that Miss Farnum would be pleased to come to Gilmoreville as requested, and would be willing to donate her services to the extent of a thirty-minute reading from her latest novel, provided that the management would agree that the doors of the assembly-room should be closed during the reading, and no one admitted for that period of thirty minutes.

CLOSE upon the heels of this epistle came a letter from Viola Sanderson, written in her own sprawling hand. She said that she thought it was perfectly lovely for Gilmoreville to plan such a delightful reunion of all the old-home folks, and she was anticipating the occasion very much and wouldn't miss it for the world. Then she signed the name known from one end of the continent to the other—to say nothing of Paris, London and Berlin—as that of the greatest coloratura soprano of the day.

As if in afterthought came the P. S. "Sing? Bless your heart, of course I'll sing for you—all you want me to!"

"And she's the biggest, the very biggest of the whole bunch!" cried May.

Before night there came a telegram: Great! Sure I'll come.—Cy Bellows.

"And now we've heard from them all, and they're all coming," triumphed Sister Sue. "Why, May, I'm getting to be real excited myself, I really am."

But she had to draw the line that evening when Mrs. French, red-faced and flustered, ran over to "talk things up."

"And, oh, ain't it splendid and perfectly wonderful?" breathed Mrs. French, dropping herself into a chair. "Only think of having Viola Sanderson and Mr. Kendall and—on our program! Why, they say she has sung before kings and queens and princesses, and the idea of her singing for us, right here in Gilmoreville! And it's all owing to you, every bit of it. We wouldn't have had anybody but you an' Mr.—oh, Miss Sister Sue," she broke off, growing even more red of face, "I beg your pardon, excuse me! That was awful! I—I didn't mean it—to sound like that. Of course we *wanted* you—that is, we'd be glad *now* to have—"

But Sister Sue interrupted her with a quickly upraised hand.

"Yes, yes, I know, I understand," she nodded, with a smile. "But never mind about that. Just think of what we're going to have now. Besides, the work has just begun, the real work."

"Yes, of course, I suppose it has," sighed

Mrs. French, settling back in her chair. "Well, what shall we do first?"

"I can't do anything. I haven't the time, really, Mrs. French."

"But, Sister Sue, you'll advise us!" cried Mrs. French, sitting up aghast. "I mean Miss—Miss Gilmore," she stammered.

"LET it go at 'Sister Sue.' That's what I am." There was an odd something in the girl's voice that vaguely disturbed Mrs. French. But instantly she forgot it under the sway of the brisk cheeriness of Sister Sue's next sentence. "Advice? Oh, yes, I'll give you lots of advice, if you want it," she was saying. "And I can put it in just one word: *Advertise*. Advertise everywhere, town, county, the whole State. Tell everybody what you are going to have here on that last Wednesday in August. Then get busy, all of you, to prepare for the crowd that will surely come."

"We will, we will!" exclaimed Mrs. French eagerly. "And folks are interested already. The Kendalls and Whipples and Grays and all that set—they're coming; and the Kendalls are going to have folks from Boston and New York, a house-party. And Mrs. Sargent telephoned yesterday to know if we were going to have boxes in the tent; and if we were, she wanted us to reserve the best one for her. She wanted to give a box-party, she said. Oh, I think it's wonderful, perfectly wonderful! And we owe every bit of it to you!"

"Then pay me back by making the whole thing one big glorious success," smiled Sister Sue, as she bowed her visitor out.

For the next two weeks little was done or thought of in Gilmoreville but what had to do with Old-Home Week. Even the children, whose lips still droned "one-two-three, one-two-three" at Sister Sue's piano, showed so plainly where their minds were that their much-tried music-teacher sometimes declared to her family that she might as well have given up her entire time to the project for all the good her lessons were doing.

Even as it was, her telephone was kept not a little busy by Mrs. French's excited voice announcing as a preface to an always lengthy talk:

"Well, I want to tell you what we're doing *now*!"

Sister Sue knew, therefore, the most of what was being done.

It was arranged that Miss Kate Farnum should stay at the Inn. Nobody seemed anxious to undertake her entertainment after being shown the secretary's letter. Mr. Donald Kendall, of course, would stay at his mother's. At least five homes had been thrown wide open to Cy Bellows, with their owners begging for the privilege of entertaining him. After anxious deliberation the committee chose the first one offered as the safest way out of that dilemma.

There remained then only Miss Viola Sanderson. Here there entered complications. Mrs. Jane Jones, an aunt of the singer, lived in a little white house on a side street, and she notified the chairman of the Committee for Making Our Old-Home Week a Big Success that she should be very glad to entertain her niece. This created some little consternation of itself, for the small white house on the side street was very plain and unpretentious, and its mistress, though a very sweet and estimable little old lady, was even more simple and unpretentious than the house; and the Committee for Making Our Old-Home Week a Big Success were appalled at the thought of conducting the great Viola Sanderson to what they scornfully termed "that snippy little place."

"YET, of course Miss Jones is a relative, her own mother's sister," moaned Mrs. French worriedly. "There's no getting away from that!"

At this point, to complicate matters still further, came the note from Mrs. Whipple, graciously offering the hospitality of her home for the entertainment of their expected guest, Miss Viola Sanderson.

"And there the Whipples have got the very swellest-looking house in town, with that porte-cochère, and all," wailed one of the committee when the letter was read. "We'd *love* to take her there. Besides, if we don't, what can we say to Mrs. Whipple?"

She'll get mad then, and we can't afford that. She's going to take ten tickets. She said she would. But if we don't let her have Miss Sanderson, after all her kind offer, she won't take one, maybe."

In this dilemma, as in many others, Mrs. French finally appealed to Sister Sue.

"Now what shall we do?" she demanded when she had laid the case before her over the telephone. "What *can* we do?"

"Leave it to Miss Sanderson herself," answered Sister Sue promptly.

"To Miss Sanderson?"

"Of course. You'll have to. There's nothing else you can do, as I can see," persisted Sister Sue. "You *want* her to go to Mrs. Whipple's I judge, from what you say."

"Well, I guess we do! The idea of Viola Sanderson going to Jane Jones's to stay!"

"But Mrs. Jones can't be ignored, just the same," Sister Sue reminded her. "She is her aunt, you know. It wouldn't be fair to her or even to Miss Sanderson herself not to give her her aunt's invitation. At the same time you can tell her of the other. Then let her choose."

"All right," came the voice of Mrs. French doubtfully over the wire. "If you really think we ought to."

"I certainly do," declared Sister Sue, as she hung up the receiver.

Arrangements for the ball-game were coming on apace. Sister Sue was not consulted about this, but she was told all about it. The players were all home-town young men, and were practising every afternoon on the Common. The bank boys and retail clerks were going to play against a nine picked from the Kendall & Whipple shops.

Before the great day they were to draw lots to see who should have Cy Bellows for pitcher. It was a foregone conclusion, of course, that the side which won Cy Bellows would win the game; though each team valiantly declared that they'd give the other a fight for it anyhow even if they did have Cy Bellows for pitcher!

IT WAS on the last Saturday afternoon before Old-Home Week that May rushed into the living-room where Sister Sue was awaiting a belated pupil.

"He's come!" she announced breathlessly. "Well, I should think that it was time," answered the somewhat annoyed music-teacher. "But why, pray, all this excitement on your part? You're not usually so interested in my pupils. Where is he? Why doesn't he come in? Well, what's the matter now?" she demanded with still more irritation, as May began to giggle hysterically.

"It's Donald Kendall that's come—not your precious Jimmy Sargent," chattered May. "I just saw him."

"Oh! Well." Sister Sue was still frowning, though her eyes began to show a decided interest.

"I saw him get out of the motor at their door. I *know* it was he. He was tall and dark, just as Martin said; and he had a violin. Behind him came a little man with a big music portfolio under his arm. Then the chauffeur carried in two enormous suitcases and a hat-box. Oh, Sue, I'm crazy to see him—near to, I mean. Aren't you?"

"I'm crazy to hear him play," emphasized Sister Sue severely; "and—oh, there's Jimmy at last!" she broke off, hurrying from the room.

Not until Monday morning did there come the sound of the violin; then at almost the first note Sister Sue and May ran to the corner of the vine-shaded veranda nearest the Kendall house.

"Hush! Listen. He's playing the Tschai-kowsky concerto," whispered Sister Sue excitedly. Then, after a minute: "Oh, May, he *can* play!" Then, after another five minutes of ecstatic listening: "And—I've got to leave. There's Susie, the little wretch! To think of having to hear *her* jangling with the memory of this in my ears!"

With a vexed gesture May ran to shut the door and the window; then she came back to her corner on the veranda.

She was there when the messenger-boy on the bicycle dashed up the Kendall driveway, and she was still there through all the subsequent confusion; so that when Sister Sue came out on to the veranda for a breath of

Continued on page 58



"Leave it to me to switch you right
On the road to health and cheer
I'm on the job from morn till night
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Throwing the switch

You can see it any day—

A slight shift of the rails, only a few inches one way or the other, yet it makes a difference of hundreds of miles at the end of the road.

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LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

YOUR TOWN AND ITS RIVER-FRONT



THE SITE OF DOUGLAS PARK, CHICAGO, IN 1872



Views selected by Ralph E. Warner of George B. Post & Sons, Town Planners



THE SAME SITE IN DOUGLAS PARK TO-DAY

A GENERATION or so ago Chicago was, generally speaking, a sprawling mass of brick and mortar cut up by bare streets and dotted with raw patches of swampy land as shown above. How the West Park Commissioners transformed this desert into Douglas Park is shown by the photograph of the lake and boat-house. This former breeding-spot for mosquitoes and disease is now a joy to the children and mothers of the neighborhood which it serves, with its baseball grounds, gymnasium, lily-pond, boat-house and refectory. Chicago may well be proud of it.



THE HARRISBURG RIVER-FRONT BEFORE IMPROVEMENT



WHAT HARRISBURG CITIZENS MAY ENJOY TO-DAY

WHEN Mr. J. Horace McFarland of the American Civic Association said on one occasion that it was the women of Harrisburg who made it into the beautiful and favored city that it is, he credited them with an achievement which must command the respect and admiration of all our clubs and civic associations. There is nothing more impressive than the reclamation and development of this river-front for park purposes. What a telling contrast there is between the beautiful improved embankment and the former shabby river-front.



WHAT SQUATTERS' CARELESSNESS AND CURSEDNESS DID TO THE BRONX RIVER

TO THE enthusiasm and the untiring efforts and the practical suggestions of women as individuals and in clubs must be credited many of the splendid community improvements in America. Hundreds of cities that have distinguished themselves for notable achievements can point to some society or several societies of women who supplied the first inspiration to do things. Some have begun with the bill-board problem, some with street planting, others with the advancement of standards in municipal art. The cleaning up of plague-spots or dumping-grounds, the provision of small parks and playgrounds, and the reclamation of neglected banks of streams and rivers may also be numbered among accomplishments of women.

Jane Addams of Hull House, Chicago, has helped to arouse the feeling that children are the first to be considered in city plans. And the women of to-morrow, clothed with the full enjoyment of suffrage, will see to it that the children of the cities of America continue to receive, in greater measure than ever before, the full advantage of improvements such as parks, playgrounds, neighborhood centers and similar recreational facilities and enjoyments.



WHAT PUBLIC-SPIRITED MEN AND WOMEN DID TO THE BRONX RIVER

THE New York Zoological Society, incorporated by public-spirited citizens of New York, started the movement for the reclamation of the one-time beautiful Bronx River which winds through the heart of a prosperous suburban district. Befouled by sewage, its banks littered with refuse and cluttered with bill-boards, shacks and squatters' houses, the river's former primitive beauty seemed lost forever. But the Bronx River Parkway Commission started reclamation in 1912 and to-day, in every community and countryside through which the Bronx River flows, evidences of beauty and usefulness bespeak the value of their work.



THE DES MOINES RIVER-FRONT BEFORE ANYBODY CARED

WHEN, about twelve years ago, some of the wide-awake people of Des Moines became fired with a desire to retrieve the river-front from the ugly and sordid state into which it had fallen, the chief obstacle in the way lay in the failure to bring about concerted action on the part of different groups and organizations interested. Finally, the Woman's Club jumped into the breach and secured the co-operation of the Improvement League, the Commercial Club and the real-estate men in conducting a comprehensive campaign for river-front betterment, with the result that a beautiful and orderly scheme of embankments, bridges and buildings was developed.



THE DES MOINES RIVER-FRONT OF TO-DAY IS AN INSPIRING EXAMPLE TO EVERY CITY THAT IS NEGLECTING ITS POSSIBILITIES FOR CIVIC BEAUTY

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Campbell's Pork and Beans are famous because they are good. They represent half a century's experience in the making of food products of high quality. Selected beans,—tender and easy to digest. Tomato sauce so delicious it brings you back for more. Lean bacon pork gives its rich flavor. The entire family likes Campbell's Pork and Beans.

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These are the *shipping facts* about which you should be informed—for you surely are deeply interested.

You should know *how* they came, i. e., in what sort of containers were they packed and whether they were protected during their journey from all the threatening forms of contamination at *all stages* of their trip.

Food products that are going into your pantry, and eventually *onto your table*, should be—must be—*above suspicion*.

It is vitally important to the health of your family that they be indeed *pure food products*. You know that they leave their factory sweet and clean—but what of the hazards of transit via freight cars, boatholds and warehouses. It has been well said that "food is only as clean as its container is non-absorbent."

Therefore, if you insist that they come properly—and safely—packed in

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Your question is going to make him see a great light!

You will have given him a brand new and most valuable selling argument, by which he can make his store a *real pure food store* whose patrons will be assured of *real food protection!*

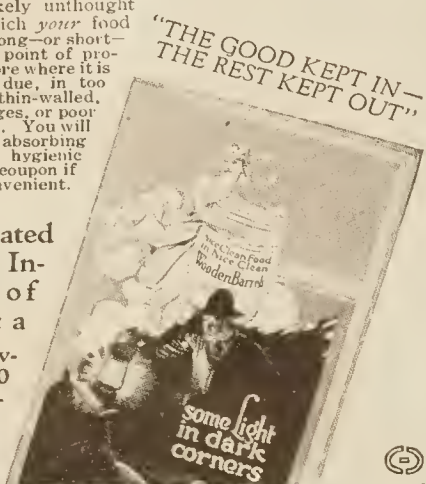
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OUR ENEMY, INFLUENZA

BY MARY E. BAYLEY, R. N.

Edited and approved by A. W. Williams, M. D., Bureau of Laboratories, Department of Health, New York City

PFEIFFER, who discovered the influenza bacillus (though he did not present a chain of evidence that amounted to proof), was sure this germ was the cause of the disease, because he found it in so many cases.

It remained for the Bureau of Laboratories, Department of Health, New York City, to give the most clear-cut evidence against the Pfeiffer bacillus being the primary cause of epidemic "flu." This evidence (as shown by accepted bacteriological tests) is that the strains of influenza bacilli are in each case practically different.

In the majority of cases, if not all, then, mixed infection (various germs) plays an important rôle, and the largest number of deaths may be due to secondary infections. There is no known specific virus which, as a vaccine, can be used to prevent infection (the exact cause being unknown).

A vaccine made of the important secondary germ (known organisms) may, by preventing or mitigating complications, lower the death rate. The majority of physicians advocating a vaccine have borne this fact in mind. This answers a frequent question: "Why do some physicians favor the use of vaccine?"

Last Winter one of the great life-insurance companies gave a fund to help investigate, among other things, the action of these vaccines. This is a difficult work from many angles, since there are so many factors beyond the control of the investigators.

Although comparatively little is yet known concerning the causative factor in the development of the disease, certain knowledge has been ascertained as to the transmission of the disease.

First: The infective micro-organism or virus of influenza is given off from the nose and mouth of infected persons.

Second: The person who contracts the disease takes in the responsible organism through the mouth or nose, and in no other way except (as a bare possibility) through the eyes, by way of the mucous membranes, or the tear-ducts.

This means that influenza is spread through discharge from the noses and throats of infected persons finding their way into the noses and throats of other persons. And how does this happen?

By direct and indirect contact. The direct-contact methods are:

Coughing, sneezing, kissing, etc. In other words, the infected material passes directly from one person to another.

The indirect-contact methods are:

Handling door-knobs, pencils, telephones, etc., which other persons with infected hands have handled, and from eating and drinking utensils which have been used by infected persons and washed only in tepid water.

When considering the transmission of a disease so infectious, the average individual's hands are highly contaminated with his own mouth organisms. For not only is the hand often used to smother a cough, but it visits the face and particularly the mouth at frequent intervals. And what happens if this person chances to be a mild, unrecognized case or a convalescent?

Contamination of whatever he may touch. For the germ-laden saliva (while moist) is diffused with great facility to the hands of others and to objects handled. It is thought that the rapid spread of influenza in families is due not only to direct contact, but in a large measure to indirect contact. And here again the hand is the chief offender. Through improper handling and improper washing, eating utensils are considered one of the most intimate and frequent points of infection along these lines.

THERE are very good reasons for believing that the influenza in itself is not a serious disease. But its character is treacherous. It lowers resistance, and thus prepares the way, as we have already said, for the secondary infections. The most important of these are:

Various types of pneumonia, inflammation of the middle ear, etc. And when the disease proves fatal it is practically always

due to one or more of these causes. And now what are the salient points to be observed in guarding against influenza?

First: Make every effort to keep the body well and strong, thus enabling it to fight off disease germs. This can be done by maintaining the proper proportions between work, rest, exercise and hours of sleep; by keeping the body well clothed and by eating sufficiently of wholesome and properly selected foods. In this connection, it is well to remember that since milk is one of the best all-around foods, it should form part of the diet of adults as well as children.

Second: When influenza is prevalent, if you can, keep out of crowds. When this is not possible, demand that the people near you cover the mouth when they cough and sneeze and that they otherwise behave properly. Keep the fingers and foreign bodies out of the mouth.

WASH the hands frequently throughout the day, using a nail-brush whenever possible. The manner of washing the hands and the time consumed in doing so is a most important factor. For careless washing does not free the hands from germs; it merely stirs them up.

When talking through the telephone, see that you do not touch the mouthpiece. Keep the home and place of business well aired.

Third: When there is an epidemic, do not become lax in precautions as soon as there is an apparent decline in the number of outbreaks. The danger is not over. The hose must still be played on the smoldering fire lest it break out again.

And, lastly, remember that it is the personal hygienists who must maintain the defense. And if the ranks are to hold, the majority of individuals composing a community must be brought to a fair level of understanding and belief in the measures proposed for the avoidance of this disease. They must be inspired with a slogan like that which saved Verdun—*Ils ne passeront pas* (They shall not pass).

TO AVOID RISKS IN DRY-CLEANING

THE National Association of Dyers and Cleaners have protested against our articles on dry-cleaning in the October and November, 1920, issues of THE DELINEATOR. A representative of the National Board of Fire Underwriters has also protested.

We find nothing in their protests except the value of the warnings which they give against the careless use of cleaning materials. We think our readers will be interested in the advice given by the Board of Underwriters in an article by W. E. Mallalieu, their general manager, which they presented to us and from which we quote as follows:

"Many people fail to realize the appalling explosive power of gasoline vapor when mixed with air."

It may quite properly be remarked, at this point, that dry-cleaning by risky methods may often be avoided. Delicate garments may often be cleansed without injury by washing with one of the mild, pure white soaps, some of which are available in flake form. There are numerous excellent cleansing materials on the market. Resuming Mr. Mallalieu's instructions:

"The principal danger lies in the fact that gasoline at ordinary temperature gives off inflammable vapor, and a light at some distance from the liquid may ignite it through the medium of this vapor. The vapor from one pint of gasoline will make two hundred cubic feet of air explosive. It depends upon the proportion of air and vapor whether it becomes a burning gas or a destructive explosive. A small leak in a container may permit the escape of enough liquid to form sufficient vapor for a violent explosion. The danger of benzine in this respect is about the same, and of ether much greater; hence it is obvious that these liquids should not for any reason be found on the shelves of any cabinet or closet in the home.

"Another grave danger is that due to static electricity. Static, or as it is sometimes called, 'frictional electricity,' is gener-

ated by the rubbing together of substances that in themselves are non-conductors of electricity, such as dry wood, rubber, gasoline or benzine; or it may be generated by friction between a non-conductor and a conductor, such as gasoline and a metal; it is more liable to be generated when the atmosphere is clear and dry than when moist.

"When benzine or benzol is used, the probability of static electricity is increased, as this liquid has the property of creating friction between the clothing and itself. In an endeavor to eliminate this hazard, the National Association of Dyers and Cleaners has appointed a technical research committee, but up to the present it has not met with much success. These conditions obtain in the cleaning receptacles the housewife would use, and as she would most likely choose a clear, dry day, the probability of static electricity forming would be increased.

"**M**ANY fires have also occurred as a result of static electricity generated by straining gasoline through chamois. This danger is also incurred when rinsing by hand or otherwise; it might be formed by passing the dripping garment or article through the rubber rolls of any ordinary clothes-wringer.

"If clothes still retaining the odor of gasoline are placed near a register or stove to heat, evaporation will be increased, or, in other words, a greater amount of vapor will be given off within a short time, and its proximity to the stove or other open light or flame may lead to ignition and explosion. The presence of this odor in the articles indicates that it is still impregnated with gasoline.

"As to the cleaning of gloves while on the hands, it must be borne in mind that gasoline at room temperatures is constantly giving off inflammable vapors, and this is equally true in the open air during the Summer months; it needs only a spark, gas-jet or lighted cigaret to form the igniting medium and the consequent flash back to the point of

origin, which in this case would be the gloved hands, resulting in severe burns or, as has happened in many instances, death.

"Could the testimony of all those maimed by this cause be compiled and published, no other warning would be necessary.

"Should the amateur dry-cleaner place a small pan of gasoline in a larger pan containing hot water, the result would naturally be increased evaporation, and greater chance for the formation of an explosive mixture.

"**G**LASS bottles were suggested as containers and a basement as a place of storage. If this advice were followed, it would, in many instances, mean breaking the law. A glass bottle is subject to breakage, which means the diffusing of vapor and formation of explosive and inflammable mixtures.

"It has been pointed out that failure of the amateur to secure good results is due to being too economical with gasoline and that 'not pints' but 'gallons,' at least three gallons, should be provided. In New York City such a quantity in the possession of the householder would be a violation of the city ordinances, and this is also true with respect to numerous State laws and municipal ordinances throughout the United States.

"A basement is an unsafe location for gasoline storage, owing to the fact that the vapors are heavier than air and consequently settle to the floor; unless some mechanical means are provided to force ventilation, the vapors collect and may become ignited in any one of numerous possible ways. It is for this reason that pits and other depressions are prohibited in garages, dry-cleaning and other similar establishments. In some States there exists the 'Red Can Law'; this requires the placing of gasoline, not stored underground, in safety-cans painted red and properly placarded.

"Again it must be realized that the keeping of a quantity of gasoline in the home may violate the provisions of insurance policies."



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IN FESTAL JANUARY

BY HELENA JUDSON

IN COMMUNITIES where there is a union of the various churches in a "Watch Night" service, it is a happy idea to follow this with an informal reception by the ladies of the church and served by the young people. Hot food that can be quickly served is best adapted to the hour and the temperature. Where it is possible to have a seated supper, here is a capital menu:

Celery	1921 Pie	Piccalilli
Twelve o'Clocks	New Leaves Coffee	Chocolate

IF POSSIBLE, as a souvenir, have a type-written or printed menu for each person, the shape resembling a page from a calendar-pad, with "Happy New Year, January 1, 1921," at the top, and the menu below.

The principal dish should be baked in large milk-pans, with a pennant bearing "1921" in the center of each, and the outside of the pan concealed by a band of white paper with "Happy New Year" in big black letters. Baked macaroni with oysters is a good combination to serve in this way and is a pleasant change from the ordinary scalloped oysters. Baked salmon and rice is another excellent dish for the purpose, or meat or fowl baked as a regular pie, with a substantial crust.

The New Leaves are biscuits stamped with a leaf-shaped cutter, and Twelve o'Clocks are little round drop-cakes decorated to resemble the face of a clock, with chocolate-marked hands pointing to midnight. All these features are sure to create a lot of fun and still are practical from every point of view.

Where the facilities will not admit of a seated supper, substitute a salad for the hot dish and accompany it with the fancy-shaped biscuits and a hot beverage. A salad sure to be liked is made of equal quantities of canned salmon and finely chopped cabbage mixed with a boiled cream-and-egg dressing. Do not make the mistake of shaving the cabbage for this salad, as it is not so good for such a purpose as when finely chopped.

For the New Year celebration in the home, have refreshments served from a buffet-table, and as the occasion is generally somewhat hilarious, expend more thought on spectacular ways of serving, rather than on the food itself. A snowball refreshment-table is a pretty sight, with artificial snow, that comes by the box, thrown over the table-cloth, and a big snowball "Horner pie" with white ribbons ending in tiny snowballs extending from it, so that guests may draw for supper partners.

Have glass plates piled with small coconut-frosted cakes, miniature pop-corn balls, marshmallows and anything that will add to the beauty of the table and give the appearance of snow. A large round mold of charlotte russe, bordered with white-frosted lady's-fingers and the center sprinkled thick with flaky coconut will prove a good substitute for ice-cream and is easier to make and serve. If ice-cream is preferred, scoop it out in balls and dust with coconut. Chocolate or coffee ice-cream, the color entirely concealed by the coating of coconut, gives a delicious combination of flavors, less cloying than vanilla and coconut.

THE observance of New Year's Day should be simple and homelike. A revival of the friendly custom of the men of the family paying New Year's calls, amounts almost to a family reunion and may be made delightful by turning the occasion into a man's day, the feminine contingent meeting in groups, and sisters, cousins and aunts receiving calls together. In the same way, a group of men may combine in the use of an automobile and get more fun out of the occasion in this way.

Now that prohibition reigns, a good deal of

amusement is based on the serving of non-alcoholic drinks in the same decanters, bottles and glasses as were previously used for intoxicants. If there are pretty wine-glasses in the house, be sure to have them in evidence for the harmless fruit punch, and if any suspicious-looking empty bottles are available, fill them with loganberry or grape-juice and place conspicuously on the refreshment-table to excite the interest of your guests.

The following is a combination of seasonable food, sure to please the men callers, as there is a certain snappiness to the seasonings that is unusual.

Hot Oyster Canapés	Stuffed Celery	Dates for 1921	Fancy Sandwiches	Coffee Royal
New Year's Cake				

THE little ovals of fried bread holding a large, highly seasoned oyster are so small as to make but two mouthfuls and are easy and inexpensive in preparation. Stamp out ovals of bread slightly larger than the oysters to be used, having the slices about a quarter-inch thick. Brown in butter, and, while moist, sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley and a bit of onion just in the center, to be covered by the oyster.

Select large oysters, dry on cheese-cloth, lay on each oval, season with salt, pepper and lemon-juice, and top each with a half-inch square of thinly sliced bacon, fastening this to the oyster with a toothpick. Arrange these on an inverted baking-tin and run under a gas flame to crisp the bacon quickly, when the oysters will be done to a turn. Remove to a hot platter and garnish with slices of lemon, with a spray of parsley run through the center of each slice. When serving a guest, place three of the canapés on each plate, with a stalk of stuffed celery at one side and a small, fancy sandwich on the other.

This makes an attractive-looking plate of refreshments to offer a guest. The stuffed celery is a practical way of utilizing somewhat large stalks, as, after filling, they are cut in two-inch lengths. For the stuffing use cottage or cream cheese, beaten to a paste with a little rich milk and seasoned with salt, pepper and onion-juice. Pack firmly in deeply grooved stalks of celery; in half the quantity smoothing the filling and placing a line of capers at intervals through the center and in the other half shaping the filling to a ridge and sprinkling the top with paprika.

Especially appropriate sandwiches for the New Year are those stamped in leaf-shape, some being left uncovered and spread with potted ham or other canned sandwich paste, the veins in the leaf indicated by shreds of pickle. A plate of these may be on the buffet for decoration and more simply made sandwiches, in various shapes, passed to guests. The large New Year's cake should be frosted in white, with "Happy New Year, 1921" in red-tinted icing and a border design of small red candies.

"Dates of 1921" will furnish amusement, as they are stoned dates enclosed in a round of rich pastry. Allow two or three dates to each portion, flavor with a little lemon-juice and wrap in pastry, placing the lapped side of the pastry flat on the baking-tin so it cannot open. Pile these on a doily-covered plate.

Use high goblets for the coffee, pouring in at the same time hot milk and strong coffee. With a spoonful of whipped cream on top, it becomes "coffee royal." Be sure to have a silver spoon in the glass when pouring in the hot coffee. Otherwise the delicate glass may crack.

For a neighborhood Twelfth Night frolic it is good fun to dismantle the community tree and burn it. Oysters, bacon or sausages may be roasted in the embers and plenty of hot coffee should be served from a community tent.

New Columbia Record Catalog



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FIDDLE AND I. (Goodeve.) Barbara Maurel. Orchestra accompaniment. Violin obbligato.

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TO the lover of nature plant or flower. To the simple playing of a secret of all real music—*Bleue* there is the secret is interesting to know that strongest violin players now very much the result of perfect his. The familiar melody is Seidel's interpretation.

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Many children [and many grown-up children, too] love to "eat them raw." Good! Let them eat SUNSWEET Prunes to their fill. It is a *natural* "candy-food." It means

unspoiled teeth and unspoiled stomachs—and better health in the bargain!

Can you imagine anything more delectable than these fine-flavored prunes stuffed with English walnut meats? Anything more enticing than SUNSWEET Prune Confection—the centers stuffed with salted almonds, brushed over with lightly beaten white of egg and then rolled in shredded cocoanut?

Novel, healthful treats like these are easy with the SUNSWEET Recipe Packet at your elbow. These recipes offer many alluring and economical uses of prunes [and dried apricots]. Printed on *gummed slips* so you can paste them in your cookbook or on recipe cards. This unusual Packet is free—address California Prune & Apricot Growers Inc., 2021 Market Street, San Jose, California.



HERE is but one way of getting the highest quality prunes California can produce—and that is to insist on Sunsweet whenever and wherever you buy. If your grocer does not happen to be supplied with the 5-lb. Sunsweet carton, see that you are served from the regular 25-lb. box of Sunsweet Prunes carried by all grocers.

SUNSWEET PRUNES



Cocoanut Ambrosia

2 cups Dromedary Cocoanut
1 cup chopped mixed nut meats
2 rounds chopped canned pineapple
1 cup candied cherries
Whipped Cream
4 oranges
2 bananas
½ cup sugar
Skin and dice the bananas and oranges. Put the ingredients in layers in a pretty glass dish. Chill and serve with whipped cream.

Use Dromedary Cocoanut

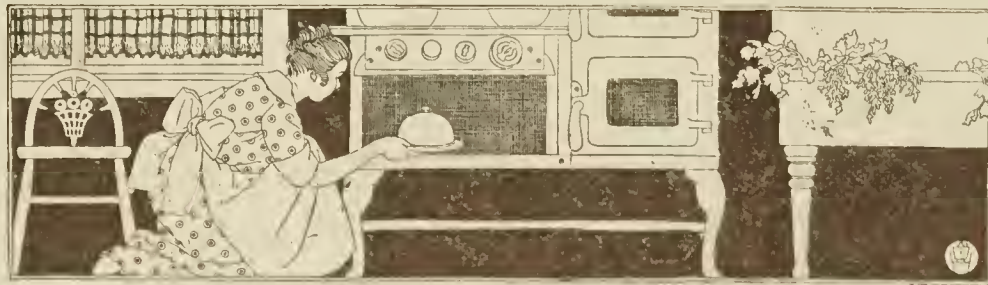
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Dept. E 375 Washington St., New York



GOOD QUICK BREADS

ORIGINATED IN THE DELINEATOR KITCHEN

BY FLORA G. ORR

Home-Economics Editor

In all these recipes the white flour should be sifted before it is measured.

WHITE NUT BREAD

½ cup sugar 1 teaspoon salt
1 egg 4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup milk
3 cups sifted flour 1½ cup nuts

MIX together the sugar, slightly beaten egg, and the milk. Sift together the flour, salt, and baking-powder, and add to the first mixture. Stir in broken nut-meats. Bake in oiled bread-pan in a moderate oven for forty-five minutes.

DARK NUT BREAD

½ cup sugar 1½ teaspoon salt
2 cups Graham flour ½ teaspoon soda
1 cup sifted white flour 1½ cup milk
5 teaspoons baking-powder ¼ cup molasses
1 cup nut-meats

MIX the sugar, Graham and sifted white flour, baking-powder, salt and soda. Add milk and molasses and broken nut-meats. Pour in oiled bread-pan and bake in a moderate oven for one hour.

FRUIT BREAD

1 cup corn-meal 5 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup whole-wheat flour ¼ cup milk
1 cup sifted white flour 1 egg
1½ teaspoon salt ¼ cup chopped citron
½ cup sugar ½ cup currants

MIX corn-meal, whole-wheat flour, sifted white flour, salt, sugar and baking-powder. Add milk, slightly beaten egg, and chopped fruit. Mix well. Pour in oiled bread-pan, and bake for fifty minutes in a moderate oven.

QUICK COFFEE CAKE

½ cup fat 4 teaspoons baking-powder
¼ cup sugar
1 egg ¾ cup raisins
1 cup milk 2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon cinnamon
2½ cups flour

MIX melted fat, sugar, slightly beaten egg, and milk. Sift salt, flour and baking-powder, and add to other ingredients. Add chopped raisins. Pour in oiled cake-pans and sprinkle with a mixture of the two tablespoons sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a hot oven for fifteen or twenty minutes.

BREAD-CRUM BROWN BREAD

1½ cup rolled dry bread-crums 1 cup Graham flour
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup corn-meal ¼ teaspoon soda
1 cup boiling water 2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ cup molasses
1 cup milk ½ cup currants

MIX crums and corn-meal. Add boiling water, then molasses and milk. Mix flour, salt, soda, and baking-powder, and add to first mixture. Stir well, and add currants. Pour into covered, oiled coffee-can, or place in greased bread-pan, and cover with an oiled paper. Steam for three hours.

RAISIN BREAD

2 cups sifted white flour 4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup Graham flour 1½ cup milk
¼ cup sugar 1 egg
1 teaspoon salt 1 cup raisins

MIX sifted white and Graham flour, sugar, salt and baking-powder. Add milk and slightly beaten egg. Mix well. Add whole or chopped raisins, and bake for fifty minutes in a well-oiled pan.

PEANUT-BUTTER BREAD

¼ cup sugar 1 cup Graham flour
½ cup peanut butter 1 teaspoon salt
1 cup milk 4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup sifted white flour

MIX sugar, peanut butter and milk to a smooth paste. Add sifted white flour, Graham flour, salt and baking-powder. Mix well. Bake in a moderate oven for thirty to thirty-five minutes.

SUCCESS BREAD

½ cup sugar ½ teaspoon salt
1 cup Graham flour ½ teaspoon soda
½ cup sifted white flour 1 tablespoon molasses
½ cup corn-meal 1 cup sour milk
Raisins, if desired

MIX sugar, Graham and white flour, corn-meal, salt and soda. Add molasses and sour milk, and whole or chopped raisins as preferred. Bake in oiled, covered coffee-can in a moderate oven for fifty minutes.

PRUNE BREAD

½ cup sugar 1¼ cup sifted white flour
3 tablespoons fat 4 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup milk
1 teaspoon salt
1¼ cup Graham flour 1 cup prunes

MIX sugar and melted fat. Add milk and salt, Graham and sifted white flour, and baking-powder. Wash and cut up dried prunes, and add to batter. Bake in an oiled bread-pan in a moderate oven for one hour.

STEAMED NUT BREAD

¾ cup sugar 2 teaspoons baking-powder
½ cup melted fat
1 cup milk ½ cup sifted white flour
1 egg 2 cups Graham flour
¾ teaspoon salt
1¼ cup nuts

MIX sugar with melted fat. Add milk, and slightly beaten egg, then salt, baking-powder, and white and Graham flour. Beat well, and add broken nut-meats. Pour in greased bread-pan and cover with oiled paper. Steam for two hours.

BRAN BREAD

2 cups bran 5 teaspoons baking-powder
2 cups sifted white flour 4 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt ½ cup raisins
1½ cup milk

MIX bran, white flour, salt, baking-powder and sugar. Add milk, and whole or chopped raisins. Steam in a loaf-pan, covered with greased paper, or in covered coffee-can for three hours.

STEAMED INDIAN DATE-BREAD

1½ cup corn-meal 2 teaspoons baking-powder
1 cup Graham flour
½ cup sifted white flour 1 cup sour milk
½ teaspoon soda 1 cup sweet milk
1 teaspoon salt ½ cup molasses
1 cup dates

MIX corn-meal, Graham and sifted white flour, soda, salt and baking-powder. Add sour and sweet milk, molasses, and chopped dates. Steam for three hours.

GRAHAM BREAD

½ cup sugar ½ cup sifted white flour
¼ cup fat
1½ cup sour milk 2 cups Graham flour
½ teaspoon salt 2 teaspoons baking-powder
¾ teaspoon soda

MIX sugar with melted fat, add sour milk, salt, soda, sifted white flour, Graham flour and baking-powder. Bake in a small oiled loaf-pan for fifty minutes.



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Here is something absolutely new that enables you to serve ten fresh pumpkin pies, baked as you want them, winter or summer, for the usual cost of one.

One tablespoonful of sweet, fresh golden

"Caladero" Pumpkin Flour

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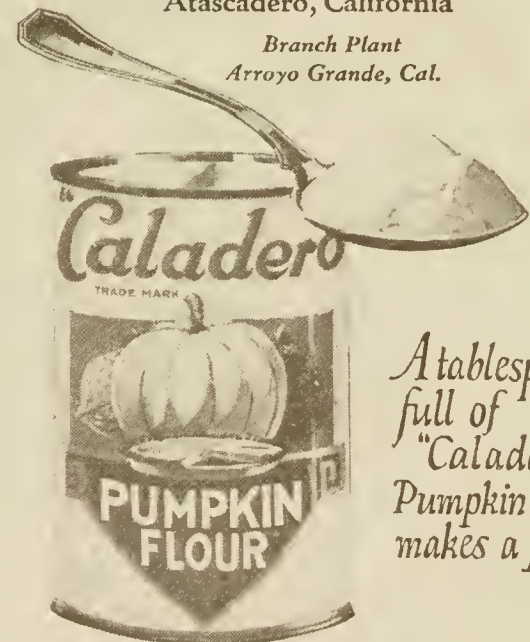
We are producing two million canisters of "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour this fall from our own crop of specially grown pumpkins. We want you to try it. If your grocer does not have it, send 50 cents for a canister that will make ten large pies.

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A tablespoon-full of "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour makes a pie.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find 50 cents. Please send me postpaid one can of "Caladero" Pumpkin Flour (enough to make 10 large pies). My money to be refunded if not pleased.

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LAMPS: A TALK ON BEAUTY

BY CELIA CAROLINE COLE

"SUCH women are like a row of Japanese lanterns—all blown out long ago and swinging about in the wind." Just so did H. G. Wells (we are quite sure it was he) describe a group of women sitting on a hotel piazza.

It was a long time ago that we read that, but we've never forgotten it. We think of women when we look at them as lighted or unlighted—some of them have had the flame blown out, some have burned out, and some have never been lighted at all.

But after all, no matter how hard and deep we try to look, all we can see is the *seeming*, all the life we know here is a seeming. We see beautiful things, but we can not see the *beauty that lies behind beautiful things*. We glimpse it now and then with our souls, but we never can see it with our eyes. We see only results.

That invisible, baffling thing called "beauty" that flows into this one when he is born, and passes by that one; that pours itself all over a sunrise; that says, "I will enter the eyes and the soul of this person, but the rest of him I shall not touch"; that folds itself into a little word like "to-morrow," and never enters at all that long-winded promise we call "politics," that, we never see. We see only results.

Women are like lamps: their bodies the lamps, the flame inside their personality.

AND what is it one requires, first of all, of a lamp? That it give light. For no matter how beautiful it is, how graceful its lines, how gloriously lovely its shade, it's of no use, no good to any one at all, unless it gives light. You may keep it around for a while because of its external beauty, but it becomes a tiresome thing even to look at after a time.

The point for us is to get it firmly placed in our heads, that while the most important thing is the flame, the flame will never get where it ought to, nor do what it ought to, unless it's surrounded by a good lamp!

Think of lamps as you've seen them; bulgy, awful shapes and thick shades that let very little light through; ornate, all-dressed-up lamps, so ornate that it's hard to find the right kind of room to put them in, and you can't really think about "light" in connection with them at all; all you can think of is, "Dear me, what a dressy lamp!"

And then lamps that are just right, lovely, flowing lines, or strong, free bodies that make you think of the "Winged Victory," and soft colors and simplicity in the shades. They aren't lamps to you really; they are atmosphere; you think of soft light, and beauty, and romance; beauty of living, depth of feeling. That's what lamps are for, to make you feel all that. You see how much they're like women?

If you see those lovely lamps in the daytime, they touch your imagination even then, all unlighted. You say to yourself: "That lamp must be enchanting when it's lighted!" Again like a woman. She gives pleasure by her external loveliness, she touches the im-

agination. "So beautiful a temple must house a rare soul," says the passer-by, or, "Gee, I'll bet she's a peach!"—depending, of course, on the type passing by.

THE first thing about the lamp itself, leaving out the flame, is that it must be clean.

Oh, women, that bath-a-day look! You can't get it any other way than by taking the bath! A sponge, or a lukewarm plunge, or a cold one, and two or three hot ones a week.

Nostrils cleansed with a spray every night and morning, eyes bathed every night with an eye-cup of boracic-acid water or mild salt water. Just think of the dust that gets in them, in these days of you-can't-see-me-for-dust action! Ten minutes a day for the nails. Fifteen minutes a day to keep your skin in condition. There shouldn't be such a thing as a blackhead in your whole expression. Blackheads are dirt! And at least three times a day the tooth-brush!

Then suppose you are the bulgy kind of lamp. Well, you don't need to be. There are exercises; there is diet; there is scientific medical treatment that does reduce; there is electricity. Women *do reduce*; we see them doing it all around us. But there are dangerous ways of reducing. If you are going to do something radical, it is better to do it under a doctor's guidance.

If you're the kind of nice person who simply can't take exercises faithfully day after day—it's such a dull way to live—dance! Keep the player going wildly and dance mad orgies of arms and legs and swaying waist.

Good lines are possible to everybody. If you are too indifferent to make them really yours, then let your corsetière do it.

Now for the shade. The shade is your face, in lamp language.

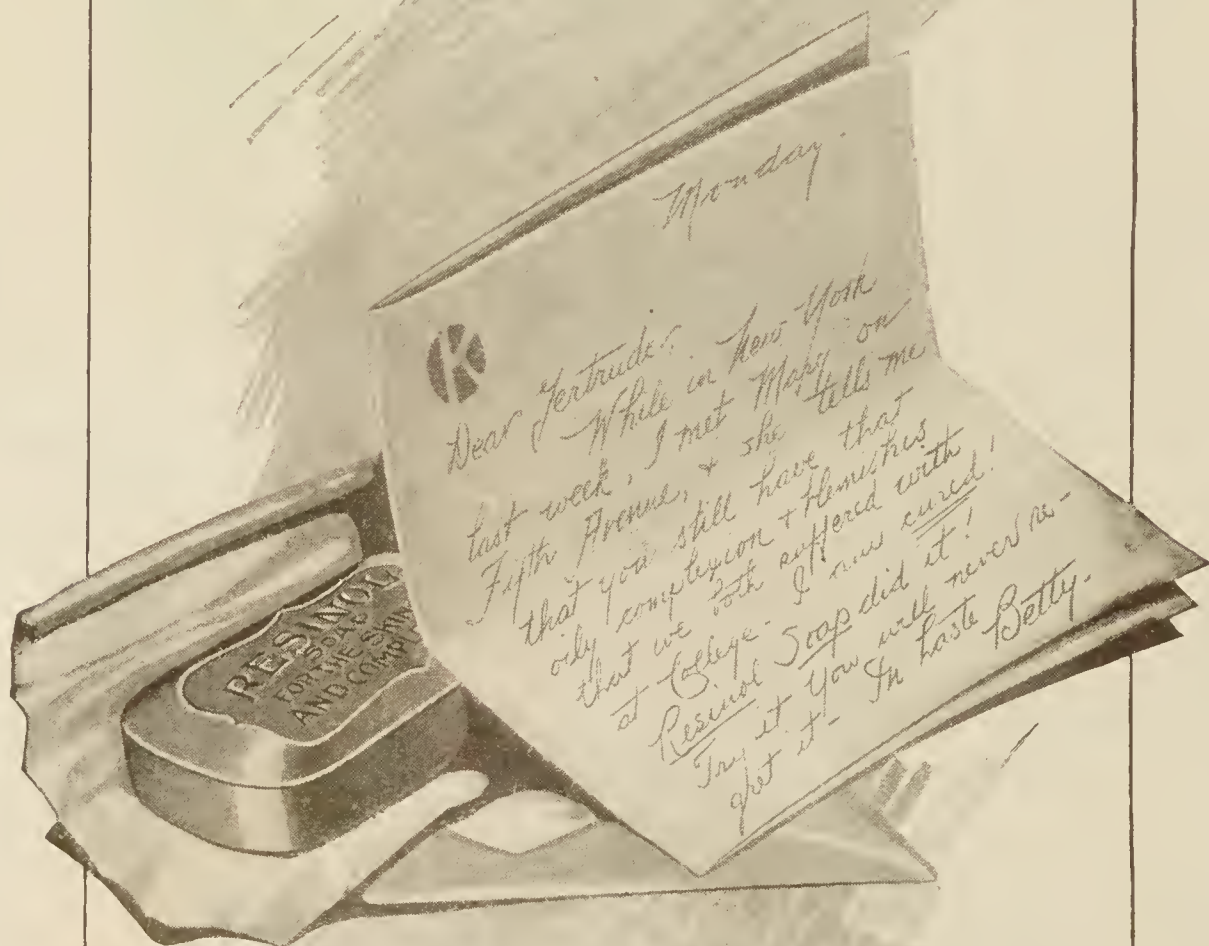
The shade *must* be right or the whole effect is spoiled!

So must your face. The smooth, silken, fine texture of skin that belongs to a clean, healthy body with enough brain at the top of it to take care of that texture, to protect it against cold, wind, weariness, time; eyes that are defended against a surrounding of wrinkles; hair that is encouraged by intelligent treatment; a mouth that is forbidden to droop or grow tight or too lax—that is the kind of shade that will let the light through, softly, radiantly, in an ever-widening path.

SUCH a little intelligent care each day, and you'd have something worthy the light in you.

In peering into the beauty-shops with their masters and mistresses just back from Paris I found everywhere a stronger tendency toward sane, building-up methods, toward the kind of beauty aids that defy any look of artificiality.

We have turned square about with our backs forever to *things* and our faces toward the spirit that lives behind things, the beauty that is back of beautiful things, the truth that is back of the sciences, the light that is back of all material, physical light—the *spirit of things*.



Resinol Soap

Trial free—Dept. Q-4,
Resinol, Baltimore, Md.



Smart rubbers of every style to fit all types of shoes — trim, well-made arctics to protect evening slippers or for general wear — U. S. Rubbers supply every need.



Umbrellas do not protect your feet! Smart U. S. Rubbers, as shapely as the shoes themselves, keep thin soles dry.

"A nuisance," men and women said
 But—two winters of dread sickness have
 taught us to slip on our rubbers as readily
 as we push open our umbrellas

STREETS piled high with snow—deep slush under foot—hospitals crowded—the dread threat of influenza.

Two such winters have taught the healthy man and woman the necessity of protecting themselves against wet feet.

Everyone knows of some person whose cold "ran into" influenza, pneumonia, consumption. Half the diseases we suffer from, doctors say, are caused by colds. And wet feet are one of the most common causes of colds.

"It is very important that the feet be kept dry at all times," says one physician. "Nothing accomplishes this as well as rubber overshoes."

And most of us now would rather venture out in wet weather without umbrellas than without our rubbers.

The old ungainly rubbers you used to hate to wear are now a thing of the past. No longer do you have to hide trim, well-shod feet in thick, unshapely rubbers.

The chic, slim rubbers which you slip over your most precious shoes are shapely as the shoes themselves. They give the effect of high grade patent leather.

Rubber so light and elastic, yet so durable, is the result of years of study and effort on the part of the United States Rubber Company—the oldest and largest

in the world. The styles they make are designed to fit every size and type of shoe.

Today no woman considers herself well equipped without a rubber for every style of shoe. For French heels, a high-heeled rubber. For walking shoes, a smart low-heeled rubber. Sandals—so easy to slip on over your spats—or over any style of shoe. Arctics—smart, well-made, to protect light evening slippers, or for general wear on stormy days.

You can identify any U. S. Rubber by the seal under the instep.

Do not take a chance with wet feet. Don't wait for a rainy day to buy your rubbers. Get them when you buy your shoes. You can get a better fit, and you will always have on hand a rubber for every style of shoe you have.



Shaped so they won't slip off little feet—specially reinforced where the wear is hardest—sturdy U. S. Rubbers protect your children's feet from damp and cold.



Don't take a chance with wet feet! With warm, fleece-lined arctics, so popular now for general wear—and strongly-made storm rubbers—there are U. S. Rubbers to insure protection on the stormiest days.

United States Rubber Company

Look for this seal  on all "U.S." Footwear

OUR AMERICAN MAN



Note How Raisins Promote Beauty

Through Their Iron Content
—According to Authorities

HERE are reasons for the raisins that you have overlooked, perhaps:

Raisins are one of the richest of all foods in natural iron of the most ready assimilable kind.

It is this iron—a new small portion of it daily in the blood—which promotes the pretty rose-tint in women's and children's cheeks.

Men also need the vigor that depends on proper iron supply.

You can get it through the use of raisins.

* * * *

Boiled rice with raisins has a new attraction. Also bread pudding and other puddings and desserts.

Try them in the children's oatmeal, and in cakes, cookies, rolls and scores of other foods like these.

You add more than new deliciousness, for raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound.

Don't Miss a Salad So Delicious

1 cup SUN-MAID Seeded Raisins 2 cups chopped apples or pears
¼ cup lemon juice 2 cups coarsely shredded lettuce
1 cup cream mayonnaise

Wash and dry the raisins, add to the apples and lemon juice. Line bowl or plates with shredded lettuce; pile raisins and apples in center, cover with mayonnaise; serve with Neufchatel cheese balls and garnish top with small pieces of red, tart jelly. Shredded lettuce is a matter of taste. It will go farther and decorates better if shredded.

SUN-MAID RAISINS

The finest raisins, costing no more than others, are made from California's best table grapes, kinds so juicy, tender and thin-skinned that they cannot stand long-distance shipping.

Taste these plump, luscious, meaty raisins and you'll always want this brand for all home uses. Sold by grocers everywhere.

Three varieties: Sun-Maid Seeded (seeds removed); Sun-Maid Seedless (grown without seeds); Sun-Maid Clusters (on the stem).

Ask us to mail this valuable book to you. Learn how to make delicious raisin foods. Promote red cheeks and ruddy health in your whole family with raisins.

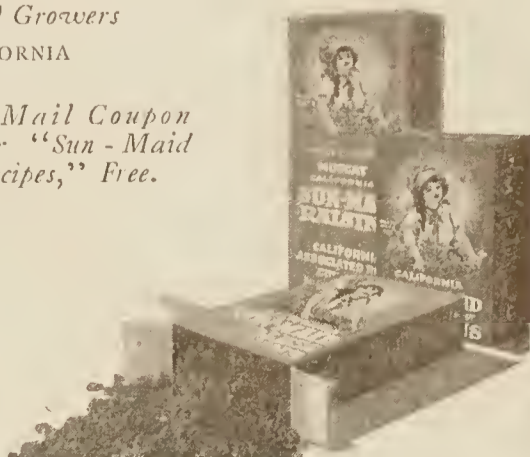
CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATED RAISIN CO.
Membership 10,000 Growers
FRESNO, CALIFORNIA

California Associated Raisin Co.,
Dept. 70, Fresno, Calif.

Please send me, without charge, copy of "Sun-Maid Recipes."

Name.....
Street.....
City.....
State.....

Mail Coupon
for "Sun-Maid
Recipes," Free.



The comparison, fortunately, is between two Englishmen, one of whom had just arrived in this country and the other of whom had been brought here as a child, and been reared in that home of chivalry, the South. It happened at a farmhouse, where with a party of motorists I had been stranded overnight. We all ordered soft-boiled eggs for breakfast, and the farmer's wife, who did the cooking and serving, brought in the eggs in their shells on a plate beside a teacup.

"But what shall I do with the jolly things?" plaintively inquired the freshly arrived Englishman, holding up his egg and glancing around for an egg-cup.

"Watch me!" said the Americanized Englishman, tapping his egg and breaking it into the teacup. "This is the way to eat them."

But the English Englishman would not be persuaded. He ignored the confusion and humiliation of the overworked housewife, he kept us all waiting for our breakfast until we were faint, he had the whole house ransacked, until something resembling an egg-cup—and which proved to be a brandy-glass—had been found.

BUT he ate his eggs correctly! He was "polished," even if we were starved! It must have been a great comfort to him.

And while we are on this subject of courtesy versus polish, I want to explain that phenomenon of the "unshaved American," which struck Miss Ruck so forcibly when traveling. It is because he wants to give his fellow-passengers a chance at the wash-room; it is his sense of fairness and consideration for others. No doubt an Englishman would insist upon shaving at the proper hour—even if every other man on the train had to go without his breakfast!

There is not the slightest doubt that a European has more of that charming thing called "manner" than the average American. His bow is more impressive, his glance more flattering—indeed, if an American man once looked at me as the Continental does when first he is introduced, I should feel that he were about to propose marriage—his compliments, his repartee, his *bon mots* come more freely, more easily, more gracefully, more fluently. He is deliciously shameless as to his barfaced fibs aient your overpowering charm and dazzling beauty. He would consider it rude not to make love to you, or at least to let you think his heart was at your feet. And, whether he means it or not, it is delightful—that is what every woman loves about the European.

I sometimes wish our men were not quite so conscientious about telling pretty lies; that they were not quite so tongue-tied under a full moon, and so afraid of misleading us. The Englishman can be so chivalrous to one woman at a time! The Frenchman can be so charming to a whole roomful of women. But while the Englishman is casting flowers at one woman's feet he is quite apt to be backing on to the toes of another woman's vanity. Nobody on earth can be quite so cold-bloodedly rude to a woman in whom he is not interested, or who bores him, as can an Englishman.

AS A gracious Frenchwoman said in a recent interview for a New York paper:

"I have discovered that the American man is more chivalrous than the European. The latter is superficially gallant and courteous to the woman who is young and pretty, but the American is capable of the most unselfish consideration for the woman of every age, of complete lack of attractiveness. In his gallantries the European thinks of himself, of the impression he is making and of what it may gain for him. The American thinks of the comfort and happiness of the woman!"

There you have it in a nutshell! The Englishman is courteous and chivalrous to a woman; the Frenchman to women; the American to Woman! I leave it to you, fair reader, which is the most admirable, the most desirable, the most satisfying attitude.

And now as to the cruel accusation that our men are not "decorative"! What do you think of that, sister? Has Miss Ruck or any of his other critics ever glanced at

our clothing advertisements, our collar posters, our magazine covers? Where do you suppose the artists get their inspiration for these "Greek gods," who illustrate the wonders of "tin-tin garters" or "wool-wool underwear," or "smokerino cigars"? Not from their imaginations, I assure you. When they draw these glorious, muscular, straight-nosed, firm-chinned, broad-shouldered creatures they are drawing the typical American man, as they have seen him. And isn't he decorative? Isn't he!

OH, of course the women of every nation think their own men the handsomest; and I confess that I am human. Yet, I have always admired the tall, lean Englishman and have found some Frenchmen and many Italians more picturesquely handsome than the average American. But when it comes to shoulders, carriage, general physique, to height and breadth and a well-set-up appearance, I defy any nation in the world to turn out a more stunning-looking set of men than we sent to France during the war. They looked good to me! And how can any man be as handsome, as decorative, with that European disfigurement on his upper lip—I refer to the long mustache—as he is without it?

Clothes? Well, clothes are a matter of taste. I do love the grace and ease with which a European wears his evening clothes; and in uniform an Austrian or an Italian might pass for *Prince Charming* himself. But when it comes to business clothes—the sort of clothes that an Englishman wears two-thirds of the day, and that an American wears until his wife blindfolds him and backs him into his dinner-coat or his "open-faced" suit—when it comes to plain, every-day street clothes, it has always seemed to me that there is no man in all the world quite so well turned out as the typical American man!

Whether it be the Englishman in that coat that always appears to be squeezing him across the chest and invariably needs pressing and those skin-tight trousers which often reveal wrinkled hose and shoes guiltless of polish; or whether it be the Frenchman in his funny pointed shoes, his dazzling expanse of scarf, and his bright, bright yellow gloves and gay *boutonniere*, I always feel that I should like to take him to an American tailor and have him "fitted."

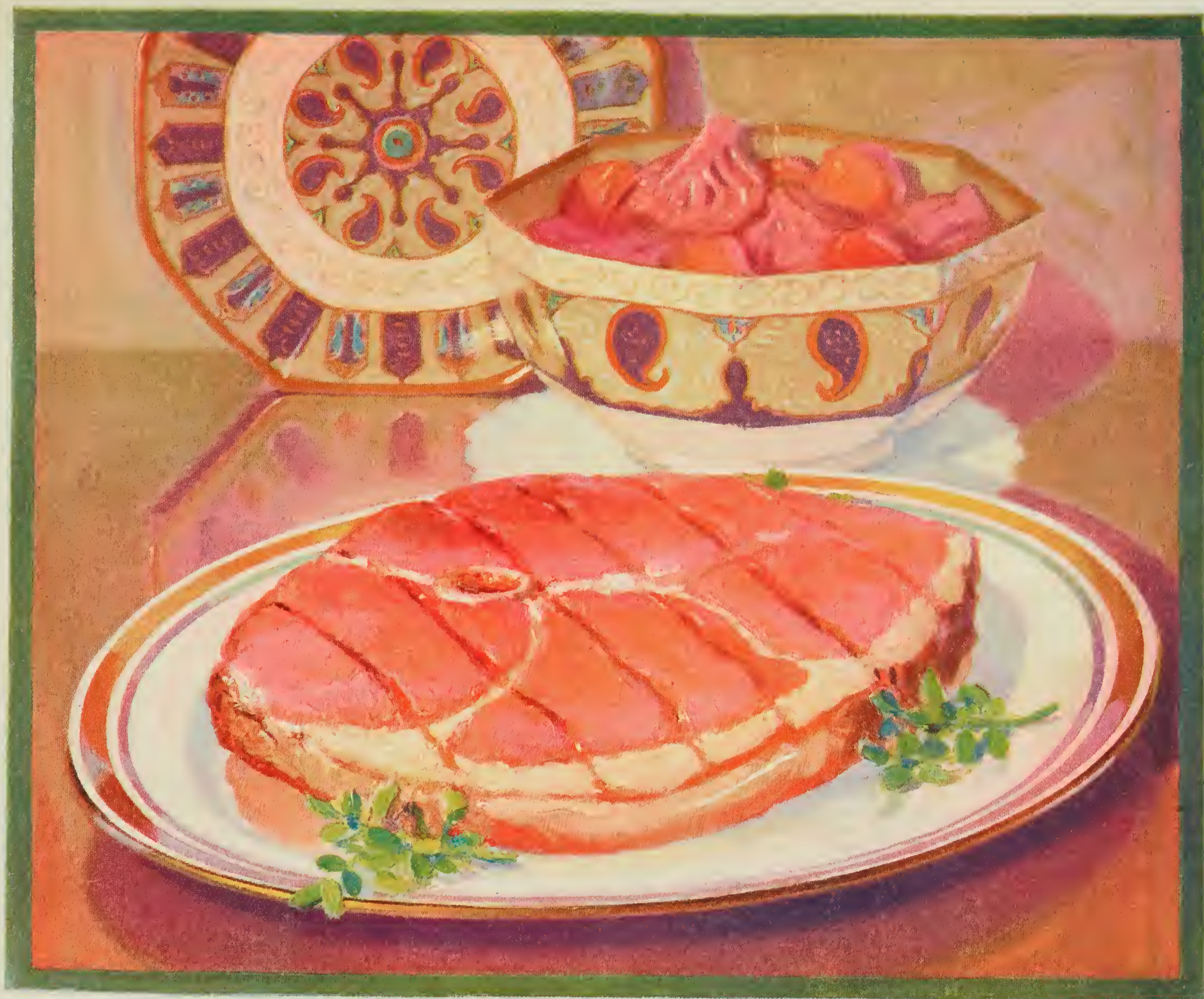
FOR whatever else an American's clothes may be, they always fit! And they always look easy and comfortable and as though they had grown on him. They never leave his boot-tops shining, nor his neck and wrists sticking out. And they haven't that "borrowed-from-little-brother" effect as though the tailor had run out of cloth. On the whole, he is the smartest, nattiest, snappiest, most prosperous-looking business man in the whole wide world!

Imaginative? Well, perhaps he is not particularly facile at thinking up pretty speeches and penning poems to a lady's eyebrow, but he can imagine things like cables and telephones and submarines and airplanes, and then make his visions come true!

But decorative! I deny most emphatically that accusation that he is not decorative, that he is not well groomed, that he is not a fitting and effective figure in the "picture" which the American woman graces so perfectly. And to clinch my argument, I finish as I began, with that ringing challenge:

Where did the *Gibson man* come from? Why, from America, that home of romance, love-matches, pampered girls, adored wives, and adoring men—the "Woman's Paradise," of course!

Editor's Note—Wives and daughters and fiancées will pretty well agree, will they not, that Miss Rowland is fully equal to her worthy and congenial task of answering Miss Ruck? The discussion is not necessarily closed. Has the reader something she—or he—would like to say while the subject is before us? Now is the time to write, before the February DELINEATOR launches another issue of lively interest; something about American girls and their appearance and character. It is going to make your blood dance. Discussion of DELINEATOR issues and problems is heartily welcomed.



Flavored just right for broiling

The test of good ham is in the broiling—

If the flavors are exactly balanced ham may be broiled without parboiling. This saves and accentuates the piquant ham taste which is so apt to be lost in the parboiling. It gives you that rarest of all treats—the crisp brown of the

broiling added to the rich smack of good ham.

Swift's Premium Ham has that rare balance of flavors so needed for broiling. It is smoked just enough—mild enough—uniform, delightful. Do not parboil before broiling or frying; it is just right as it is.

Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Swift's
Premium
Ham



It is not
necessary to parboil
Swift's Premium Hams
before broiling
or frying

Look for this "no parboiling" tag when you buy a whole ham or when you buy a slice



Real wholesome sweetness!

4 Tempting Flavors
 Golden Syrup - Crystal White
 Maple Flavor - - - Sorghum



Syrups that sweeten up the whole day with a bang-up battercake start - - - and which bring your cooking, canning and candy-making real purity, goodness and economy - - - syrups that make smiles - happy meals - good living!

Send for your copy of Mrs. Ida C. Bailey Allen's new Temtor Recipe Book - more than 100 brand-new dishes for the use of Syrups, Preserves and Jellies created in her famous School of Good Cookery - - beautifully illustrated. Free on request - - write the Temtor Corn and Fruit Products Co. - - General Offices - St. Louis, U. S. A.



PRESERVES AND JELLIES
 fresh fruit and pure
 cane sugar with that
 good old home-made
 taste.



WITH THE ODDS TO THE GODS

He moved closer to her and took her hands in his. "Little side-kick," he said, "it ain't that I— Oh, you know! But there's honor and all. Little side-kick! Please don't be sore at me. I—I can't help it."

She loved him. No matter for—anything; she loved him. She was glad he was as he was. She did not want him to be different. But she was tired, terribly tired.

After he was gone she sat for a time on the porch. Sam came walking by, eyes straight ahead. He usually passed her house once during each evening; sometimes he passed more often.

"Sam!" she called.

He turned and came quickly toward her. When he reached her, he put his arms about her and kissed her.

"OH, SAM," she sighed, "what makes you so good?"

He kissed her again and again. After a while she struggled away from him. "No," she said, "we mustn't. It ain't right."

"Are you going to marry that fellow?"

"I don't know."

"Why don't you know? Girl, is he stringing you along?"

"No," she said. Then, swiftly, she told him the story of Charity.

"Aw, slush!" he sneered, when she had finished. "He's goofy! That's what! Goofy! He doesn't love you, nor her either."

"You'd say so," she retorted hotly.

"I would," he answered, "and tell the world!"

In October Byron again suggested postponement. They were walking home from one of the inevitable movies. It was cold and a wind was blowing. He had her elbow in the crook of his arm.

"That fellow in the snow," he said, "who went fifteen hundred miles over the mountains in Alaska to find his girl—a girl he'd never even seen—he wouldn't 'av' given up, d'ya think?"

"Not in the picture he wouldn't 'av,'" she answered.

"Carmel, I've been thinking—"

She must speak, and speak quickly before the full hurt of it had had time to paralyze her. "About waiting three months more? Yeah, I think we'd oughta. Three months, and then three months more. And then a year, maybe. And then—forever."

"Carmel, what makes you talk so funny?"

She could not answer.

"Are you sore at me, Carmel?"

"What if I'd say I was?"

It was his turn for silence. They walked a block, and another block.

"Bud," she pleaded, "don't feel so bad. I was only kinda kidding. Honest, I ain't sore a bit. Please. Bud! Honest."

He drew her arm more snugly into his. "Little side-kick! I wouldn't 'v' blamed you. But—you had me going. I need you, Carmel. I—well, I just need you."

SHE thrilled to it. He was her boy, and she loved him. She must be kind and patient.

"It ain't," he went on huskily, "that I don't—care about you. But there's honor—"

"Sometimes," she said, voicing a thought she had never fully formulated, "I wonder if there ain't other things better, more important than honor and patience and all."

"Better than honor?"

"Well, there's courage."

He had not followed her thoughts and could not grasp her meaning. "Yeah," he said, "waiting takes courage. But three months aren't so many, not out of a whole lifetime. Seems like, if we'd wait another three months, why then we'd 'v' given all the odds to the gods and we'd never have a thing on our consciences."

"That 'ud bring it to January some time."

"Suppose we say New Year's Day? Then we could start the year right. Will ya, Carmel? New Year's Day if—nothing has happened?"

They spent Christmas Day together and managed with a few red-ribboned, holly-

sprayed packages, a matinée, and a cheap *table d'hôte* dinner, to weave a close-meshed net of good comradeship and happiness with which they captured the spirit of the day.

Sitting in the second-rate café, dallying over her two-inch square of plum-pudding, Carmel, inherently superstitious, became suddenly afraid. She had come to think of the gods, those arbiters of her destiny, as vengeful sprites, infesting the atmosphere about her, with whom she was in perpetual contest, and who secured, always, a triumph when she forgot herself and was happy.

"Let's go," she said, attempting to outwit the gods, "it's hot in here and I'm sick of that fellow and his old fiddle."

"All right, but I thought you liked it here."

"Not so much," she answered.

"I was thinking about New Year's," he said, and paused in an effort to attract the attention of their passing waiter.

Her heart stood still. It was coming. He was going to say the words she had been dreading all of December. Say them on Christmas night. He must wait until tomorrow. Then she would have had time to—

He turned again to her. "About New Year's; I see they are going to have new performers here, Tarleton's Baby-dolls. So I thought we might come down late, and hear 'em."

HER entire body relaxed with relief; her head drooped forward. "Oh," she gasped, "I—" She raised her head, laughed, and hung it again to hide her blushes.

He smiled his understanding across to her. "Not on your life," he said. "No more putting it off, not for us. New Year's is the date. But I was thinking that instead of going to the store dance we might walk around. Kinda look at the people going into the churches for watch-meetings, and maybe stop in at a few and give the crowd the once-over. It would be so—well, so kind of sporting. Flinging the last odds to the gods, all of 'em, big ones."

"But suppose," she said, "that they'd play a trick on us. Wait until the last night to have their fling—like that."

"There's not a chance!" he interposed roughly. She thought he could not bear to have her voice the thought. It made her happy.

"Crank-patch," she laughed. "If you aren't good, you know, I'll go home with Sam." It was a frequent and favorite joke of hers, and one for which Byron had little relish.

"Is he hanging around here to-night? I'll bet a dollar he is."

"No takers. I saw him pass the window twice."

It was after one o'clock on New Year's morning when Carmel and Byron came again into the café. Her blue eyes were dark and bright and her cheeks were vivid. She had never been so beautiful. Five minutes before, in a sheltering doorway, Byron had kissed her for the first time and had told her he loved her.

The place, at this hour, was a dilapidated spectacle of dying and dead festivities. Soiled confetti, ragged paper streamers, and deflated balloons strewed the floor.

Byron gave the order and at last the waiter was gone and they were alone. He leaned across the table and took Carmel's hands in his: "Deary kid!" he said, "my own deary kid!"

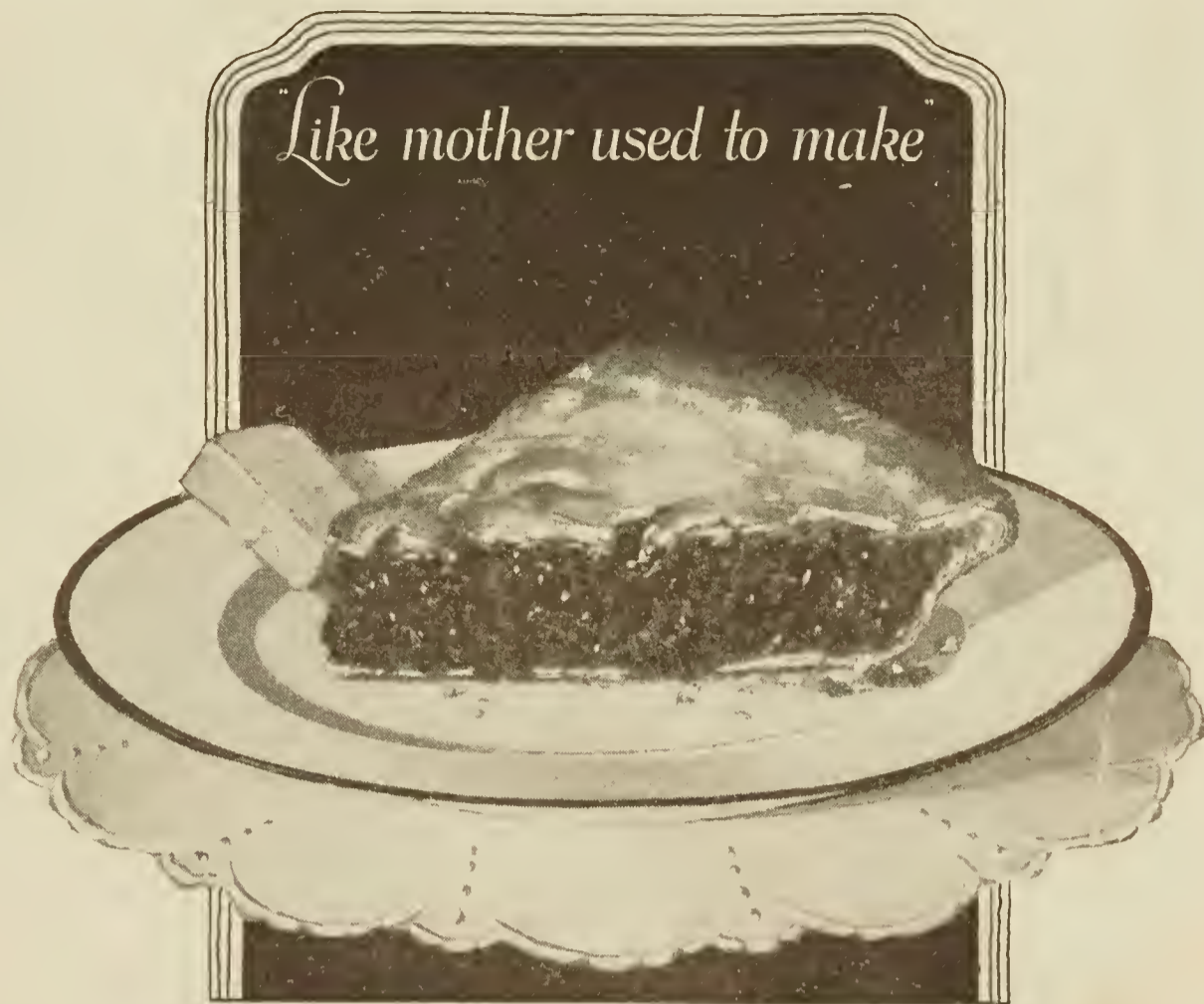
The Tarleton's Baby-dolls came dancing out and began their songs in stringy, raucous voices. Byron did not look at them. Carmel looked, and then looked away. Even in the midst of her happiness she found a place to pity them, and to feel ashamed for them in their nakedness, their glittering eyes, their gaudy faces, their taut smiles.

"Gee," she said, "they're fierce, ain't they?"

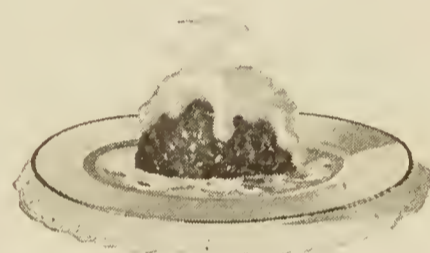
Byron gave them half a glance. "Rot-ten!"

"Poor things!" said Carmel.

Concluded on page 38



"—and Mince Pie"



None Such Pudding: Break into small pieces one package of NONE SUCH Mince Meat, and dust lightly with flour; add one cupful suet chopped fine. Sift together one cupful flour and two table-spoonfuls brown sugar. Then use enough milk, about one cupful, to make a thick batter. Place in individual cups covered with greased or waxed paper. Bake slowly one hour, or steam two hours. Steaming makes pudding lighter and more wholesome. Serve hot with sauce.

How often we overhear patrons end their orders at hotel or restaurant tables with these words. For Mince Pie—None Such Mince Pie—is the great American dessert.

Only the finishing touches are left for the chef or housewife to add in baking None Such Mince Pies. We collect and prepare the many choice ingredients and do nine-tenths of the work of pie-baking in our model kitchens.

In case you do not wish to bake your own, your baker will be glad to supply you with None Such Mince Pies.

You add no sugar to None Such—the sugar is in it

Thursday is None Such Mince Pie Day, and as such is observed nationally.

MERRELL-SOULE SALES CORPORATION
Syracuse, N. Y.
NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT, Ltd. - Toronto, Canada

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT





"California Syrup of Figs"

Delicious Laxative for Children

Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative. Children love its fruity taste. Directions on each bottle. You must say "California."



Danderine is a "Beauty-Tonic"

After a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful. Each hair seems to fluff and thicken at once.

Don't let your hair stay colorless, plain, scraggly, neglected. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, radiant with life, and glistening with beauty.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness—All Drug Counters!

FREEZONE FOR CORNS

Just Lift Any Corn Right Off! It Doesn't Hurt a Bit!



Drop a little Freezone on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers—Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of

Freezone for a few cents, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and painful foot calluses, without the least soreness or irritation.

Concluded from page 37

WITH THE ODDS TO THE GODS

"I wouldn't waste much pity on their kind."

"Yeah, I know. But they're trying so hard to please, and they look so tired, and they're so ugly. Poor things!"

"If they'd tried as hard to be decent they wouldn't be here."

"Yeah, I know. But lots of girls don't get a square deal. Lots of 'em don't. There's that one on the end. I'll bet she was all right once. She's awful now, of course; but she's so little and skinny and all. No, on the other end. She keeps lookin' over here."

Byron pushed back his chair and got to his feet. "Come on," he commanded, "we gotta snap out of it."

SHE stared up at him in wide-eyed wonder. He dropped a bill on the table. "Come on, quick!" he said, and turned and started toward the door. She followed him. Outside he took her arm and they walked swiftly up the street.

"Bud," she implored, "don't act like this. What is it? Bud, you gotta tell me."

"That girl, that—that one on the end was Charity."

"Charity? Oh, no, Bud! Oh, no! You must have made a mistake."

"I didn't. She was Charity."

Carmel stood still. "Bud," she said. Yearning and love and pity were blended in her voice. "Budsie! You don't need to take me home. I'm not afraid, honest, honey-dear. You go straight back or you'll miss her. It's their last piece, you know. Go on back, Bud. Don't worry about me."

"Say, are you crazy or what? Picture me going back to that—that painted woman. You're my girl, aren't you? Didn't we just get engaged? Crazy!"

She laughed, a loose, uncertain laugh: "Bud, I guess I am. You know what I thought you meant—said? I thought you said that skinny girl was Charity. I mean the one you made the vow to and all. What was you getting at, Bud? I guess I'm crazy, all right."

"She is Charity. Charity Thatcher. But that's no sign I'm going back there, is it?"

"I—I don't get you," she gasped.

"Come on," he said. "Whatta you want to stand here for? Come on."

She refused a step. "I don't get you."

"Oh, for the love of Mike," he expostulated, "come on! She may be coming right down this street after her act. I don't want her to see me."

"Don't want who to see you?"

"That woman, that—" he broke off sharply. "And we were looking for her in the churches to-night," he finished.

She caught his arm and gave it a quick shake: "Listen here, Bud, you're all excited. Listen here. You've found Charity. Can't you get that? It don't matter that you didn't find her in a church, does it? You've found her, and like we always said, she needs you. She's poor, and she ain't got anybody to take care of her or she wouldn't be there. Don't think about me, Bud. I'll be all right. The gods played their trick on us, honey-dear, but we gotta be square. You go back now. I'll go on home and—"

"Carmel," he interrupted, "you don't understand. You're so good and pure and all you don't understand. But couldn't you see, anybody could see, she's—she's a fallen woman, Carmel."

"You don't know. But, if she is, it's up to you to pick her up again."

"I nor no decent man picks a girl like that and asks her to marry him. It's you I love and want to marry and be proud of."

"Then," she spoke very slowly, "you won't go back to her? How she came to be there won't bother you? Nor what's made her so awful skinny? It won't bother you? You'll—just forget her, for good and all?"

"You don't need to worry. I'll forget her fast enough. Didn't I beat it right out?"

Still she refused to move. "Maybe," she said, "when you've had time to think it over."

"Not in ten million years! The more I think the madder I get. And me keeping straight for her, and staying awake nights, and keeping my vow."

"Say, honest, what's the matter with you? I tell you I'd run a mile to keep from meeting her. I'll vow it to you, on my word of honor, that I'll never even think of her again, and that I won't speak if we meet face to face on the street."

"You vow it, on your word of honor?"

"I sure do, dear kid. I know now. It's you I love and want to marry."

"Listen," she interrupted. "Sam's over there across the street. I'm going home with him. Don't you start a row."

"Forget it! I won't go back there. If I was all alone, I'd 'v' come away just the same, only faster. I wouldn't speak to her, I tell you. I don't know as I even want to stick around in this town, where she is."

"I know," she answered. "I got you at last. I know you won't go back to her to-night, nor ever. I know you wouldn't speak to her, like you said. I believe you. I know you'll forget her. That's why I'm going home with Sam." She raised her voice and sent it shrilling through the darkness:

"Happy New Year, Sam! Happy New Year!"

Continued from page 13

THE TURNING

head of his firm. He was dressed in brand-new clothes, and had an extraordinarily comfortable feeling of exact fit and silk underwear.

He returned to the grand desk, and found that he was signing a letter acknowledging a check for fifteen thousand pounds.

Next he read an offer to place with his firm a contract for seventy thousand pounds, on certain conditions. He noticed that it was addressed to Sir Charles Bennet & Co.

There were some private notes. One was an invitation to dine with a duke. Another was from an earl—"My dear Bennet." He was a very important man.

He signed a check for Lady Bennet carelessly, a couple of thousand or so was quite immaterial to him, he knew; and he had an idea that it was as immaterial to Lady Bennet. Yes, she was rich in her own right. He recollected that; but he did not remember her very well. He would go home and see what she was like.

A magnificent motor conveyed him to his house and a footman took his coat.

"Is her ladyship in?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir Charles; in the drawing-room."

He strolled into the drawing-room. At the far end—some forty feet from the door—he saw a large, handsome woman; too much jewelry, but carrying it well.

"Good gracious!" she ejaculated. "What brought you home at this time?"

"Motor," he said, standing with his back to the fire. "And I wanted to talk to you. They're badgering me again to stand for Parliament."

She shook her head. "You can't burn the candle at both ends," she pronounced decidedly. "Burn it at the end which makes money. It gives you more power than making speeches and—" she paused.

"You're right," he owned. "We've got the Billiter contract, by the way. I'd rather like Parliament. Sort of feeling that I'm a candle with another end to burn."

"You'd better burn it at home, then," she said sharply. "The children hardly

Continued on page 40



Healthy Children -What a Blessing!

MODERN CHILDREN are certainly healthier than those of a generation ago. Mother, who cares so well for *her* kiddies, need only recall her own girlhood to note the difference. Better foods, sensible diet, sanitary appliances and preventive medicine have all helped to cut the infant mortality rate from 30.4 per cent of all deaths in 1900 to 20.8 per cent in 1918.

*U. S. Census Bureau
Reports Amazing Gain*

THE following is quoted from the Nineteenth Annual Report, Mortality Statistics, of the United States Census Bureau:

"In 1900 the deaths under 1 year of age formed 20.7 per cent and those under 5 years 30.4 per cent of the total deaths at all ages, but for 1918 the corresponding percentages are 13.2 and 20.8. The big decreases in these percentages are undoubtedly due, in large part, to the better care which children now receive."

Gone is the day of black, bitter medicines. Mother would rather not dose the children's stomachs at all, but how to avoid this in treating cold troubles has been a problem.

Vick's VapoRub is the solution. This invention of a North Carolina druggist, a salve applied externally, penetrates and vaporizes. Released by the body heat, the healing fumes of Menthol, Camphor, Eucalyptus, Turpentine, Thyme, Cubebs,

and Juniper are inhaled right into the affected air passages with every breath for hours after use. For children, Vicks can be used freely without harmful effect. It has a hundred uses in the home, not only for inflammations and colds of the nose, throat and chest, but for skin diseases, cuts, bruises, burns and stings—"an ever present help in time of trouble." Write to Vick Chemical Co., Box 9192, Greensboro, N.C. A generous trial tin will be sent free.



Three
sizes—30c
and up—

For All Cold Troubles
VICKS
VAPORUB

obtainable
wherever
medicines
are sold

Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly

Are YOUR Clothes Individual?



© Vogue

Poiret took seal brown velvet, red lacquer Chinese buttons, and the demurest of white ruches to make this unusual frock with its mediaeval air of detachment denied by that ultra-modern roll of the material around its ample skirt. This is just one of the interesting, and quite different, models shown in every issue of Vogue.

Are you one of those nice blue-serge women who wear just what the other nine bought at the same time?

Or is there a subtle distinction, a beautiful correctness, an imaginative quality about your clothes that makes the other nine watch you when you aren't looking—and wish they hadn't!

You don't need to spend any more money, or any more time, in order to make your clothes individual. But you *do* need a special kind of advice. Advice planned to meet your particular case. Vogue's advice.

Vogue not only knows, months in advance, just what will be worn. Vogue purposely excludes all style-trends that are destined to be too popular, choosing instead just those things that are so new, so chic, and in such good taste that they will be taken up by the women who count—and by them alone.

Vogue's Special Offer 10 Issues \$2

★ Eleven if you mail the coupon now

Holiday Number* Dec. 15
(extra complimentary copy)

Last-minute gifts; decorations for the Christmas table; diversions for the holidays.

Lingerie & Vanity

January 1

Lovely linens for personal and household use—the pet extravagances of the smartest women in the world.

Motor & Southern

January 15

Vogue's own motor show, with all the newest things photographed, sketched and explained for the woman who goes to buy or to look.

Spring Fabrics & Patterns

February 1

The newest weaves, the newest modes, the most practical number of the year for the woman with a not unlimited dress allowance.

Forecast of Spring Fashions

February 15

Months before the spring suits are on the avenue, they're in Vogue, most of them in this number.

Spring Millinery

March 1

The smartest hats from Paris, the cleverest hats from New York, with their coiffures and accessories, are in this number.

New York Fashions

March 15

The most characteristic things that New York creates for its exclusive clientele are shown in this issue of Vogue.

Spring Fashions & Brides

April 1

The loveliest number of the whole year, planned for every woman who is interested in beautiful clothes for formal occasions.

Paris Fashions

April 15

Vogue brings back from the Paris openings just the few things that are so chic, so new, so individual, that they will be taken up by the women who count.

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes

May 1

Vogue's solution of how to make one dollar do the work of two—and not look it.

Summer Homes & Hostess

May 15

New furniture; new ways of entertaining; new clothes for all the occasions of country life.

Did you know that you could have Vogue's advice all winter and spring—for less than the price of a bit of neckwear? Vogue's Paris fashions. Vogue's New York modes. Vogue's own exclusive designs. Vogue's experience as a hostess. Vogue's personal by mail advice on your own clothes problems, if you like.

And in addition—those lovely bizarre covers; those sketches, so different from anything else in the fashion world; those fascinating little glimpses into the doings of Society in Paris and New York; those authoritative reviews of the stage, the art galleries, the opera, the world of music Did you ever hear of two dollars going so far and having so good a time?

Vogue will save you money on every one of these numbers—perhaps many times its subscription price. Not by making you do without things you like, but by eliminating buying mistakes. They're your biggest extravagance—aren't they? And they don't bring you a second's pleasure—do they? So—this year, economize—and enjoy it.

★ SPECIAL OFFER

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If your order is received immediately, we will start your subscription with the current Holiday Number—thus giving you ELEVEN numbers of Vogue instead of TEN without any extra charge.

Since the additional copy must come out of a small supply on hand to meet the demand for this big special number we cannot guarantee being able to send it unless the coupon is mailed immediately.

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 Send me TEN numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Vanity Number, for which I enclose check. It is understood that if this order reaches you in time, you will send me a copy of the Holiday Number, without extra charge, making ELEVEN numbers in all.

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 Bur. 1-21

THE TURNING

know you. I suppose you wouldn't know them if you met them in the street!"

He smiled.

"You might have them down now."

She waved her hand to the bell, and he pressed the knob.

"Tell Miss Richardson to bring the children," his wife commanded, and presently they came. A boy of twelve, he was Charlie; a girl of ten, who answered to "Beck"; and a shy little creature of five, who was "Maidie." They hung round their big mother and stared at him. He talked to them awkwardly.

He felt relieved when they were gone.

He woke up facing the ivory door with the diamond handle. The stranger took his arm and helped him off the platform.

"Well?" he asked. "Do you wish you had taken the other turning?"

"Wish!" Bennet cried. "Wish! Why, I'd have been worth—what?"

"A million and a half sterling," the stranger told him; "and your wife another half-million, and more when her father dies. She was Miss Rachel Levy, you know; only daughter of the millionaire."

"She seemed precious clever," Bennet said, "and not bad-looking. What sort of a wife would she be?"

"AS GOOD as you'd let her be," the stranger answered. "A very good mother. You wouldn't have cared much for her or for your children. You see, Mr. Bennet, you are a man with considerable limitations. If your energies had flowed in the direction of prosperity, you wouldn't have had much left."

"I work hard," Bennet claimed. "I make more money for the firm than the partners do, though you might not think so."

"I don't think so," the stranger stated. "You put in a quantity of work, but they put in the quality. Your heart and the best of you are at home, my friend!"

"I see," Bennet said slowly. "I don't look out for the firm as I look out for my family. That's true, but still, isn't there a cross-path to a moderate prosperity, with my present family? I like them much better than the others."

"The others would have been just as likable, if you had liked them as much," the stranger told him. "They are really very nice people. Your wife—that-might-have-been is an exceptionally good woman, in spite of some human drawbacks. She is naturally affectionate. So are the children. Anyhow, you must have them, if you elect to be put on the main road to prosperity."

"My domestic energies don't seem to do much for my family," he remarked savagely. "My wife has to be a household drudge. We can't even afford a maid. I don't see how I can give the boys a decent start in life, and we haven't been able to afford music-lessons for my eldest girl. Perhaps they'd be better off, if I'd chose the other turning."

Would Bert—I mean Mrs. Bennet—have married Chichester? And would my children—my real children—have existed, if I had taken the other turning, sixteen years ago?"

"I don't know," the stranger said; "but the apparatus will show you. You can see them on the ivory screen, as they would be to-day, if you had chosen the other turning."

"Look at the knob," the stranger commanded. Bennet stared at the huge, many-faceted diamond; and gradually a picture grew upon the great door. At first it was misty. Then the mist cleared, and he saw his wife, sitting in a very comfortable middle-class dining-room. There was a side-board, he noticed, like the one at the Universal Furnishing Emporium, magnified and glorified. Bertha was well dressed and rather plumper and younger looking than at present, but yet in a way she seemed older. The lines upon her face were fewer; but the missing lines had been pleasant lines, graven in by cares borne for love. A woman well cared for, but not happy.

HIS four eldest children were gathered round her. He missed Baby May. They were well dressed—better than in their present Sunday bests, the renewal of which was such a tax upon him—and little altered in appearance. At first he did not detect any alteration, but gradually he detected a

difference in expression—an uneasy way of looking round, as if they expected to be accused of wrong-doing. That was what struck him.

The eldest boy, sharp and mischievous, but well-meaning Dick, listened to something, and held up his hand.

"Hang it all!" he grumbled. "That's father come home early. Just when we were enjoying ourselves!"

"Hush, dear," his wife reproved the boy. "You shouldn't speak like that of your father."

They all looked toward the door, and Chichester stalked in; the same lanky, quick, querulous man as Bennet had known him.

"Hello!" he greeted them. His wife just nodded, and the children said "Good afternoon, father," in a "company" manner. It was so different from the way they greeted Bennet when he returned. All five, and perhaps the baby, met him at the door, or on the steps outside. The boys almost tore his coat from him, and his wife and the girls hugged him.

"You're home early," his wife remarked to Chichester. She also spoke in a company manner. When Bennet was early she always said "How nice!" And then she rattled off the events of the day, and her face looked quite girlish in spite of the little care-worn lines left, after her smile had absorbed the other lines.

"Nothing doing," said Chichester. "I've got a liver. You'd better run away and play, children. No noise, mind. You haven't told the gardener about those weeds, Bertha."

"I did tell him," his wife said shortly. Bennet scarcely knew her "short" with him. "Then why didn't you see that he did what he was told?"

"I DON'T profess to manage the garden," she retorted. "It seems to me that you are looking for something to grumble about. Your liver is only an excuse for—"

At this point the ear-flaps began to buzz. Bennet only caught a word here and there for the next few minutes. He could see from the picture on the screen that a quarrel worked up. He wasn't surprised to see Chichester look disagreeable, and stamp up and down the fine dining-room; but he was astounded to see the anger on his wife's charming face, and the way that she bit her lips and tossed her head.

He caught a few words of the dispute indistinctly now and then. "Neglect everything but—" "Killjoy." "If I had married a woman who—" "I'd have been happier if—" "A poverty-stricken beggar!" (Did that refer to him?) "Anyhow he cares for his—bur-ur-ur-ur." The machine kept on buzzing from this point. Finally his wife swept out of the room, turning at the door for a last angry word. Bennet really hadn't realized that she could look so furious. And then the picture changed to the hall. It was a large hall, with a fireplace—Bertha always wanted that—and a wide stairway with a rich pile carpet and great triangular rods—she longed for them also—and his wife went up it wringing her hands.

"My baby!" she cried. Bennet lost the picture, and found himself staring at the stranger.

"The baby," he demanded hoarsely. "What has become of little May? I haven't seen her. She was always delicate; and once she was ill, and—where's my baby child?"

The stranger went behind the ivory door, and something clanked, as if he were setting the apparatus, which Bennet observed to be there. He always regrets that he did not ask to see it.

"Look at the knob," he directed, "and perhaps you will see the little girl of whom you speak."

Bennet stared at the knob till he felt dazed; and a mist grew and cleared, and he found a distinct picture; but no Baby May. The picture which came was only a little tombstone with a marble cross, in a green churchyard.

Mabel Winifred Chichester

Born 2nd May, 1910

Died 7th July, 1913

Concluded on page 49

How I Make Money

- Right at Home!

"Look at this check for \$26.50—payable to me. I made this money easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact, they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband's salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace!

"But now we have more than the necessities—we have beaten the terrible old H. C. of L.—and we have our little luxuries and amusements too.

"How do I do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand-knitting, which took almost a day for one sock, but by using The Auto Knitter, a marvelous, but very simple, easily operated machine. It turns out fine, seamless wool socks with almost magical speed. Now that I have gained practice with the Auto Knitter I often make a sock in 10 minutes.

"And the best part of it is that I have a guaranteed, constant market for every pair of socks I make, at a guaranteed price. The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company of Buffalo has contracted to take every sock I can make. I simply send them the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them.



"Free Yarn Sent With the Machine and They Pay Me for the Socks"

"The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an old, firmly established American corporation, engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They believe in the independent employee, and know from experience that the best work is that done by well-paid, contented people, working in happy homes.

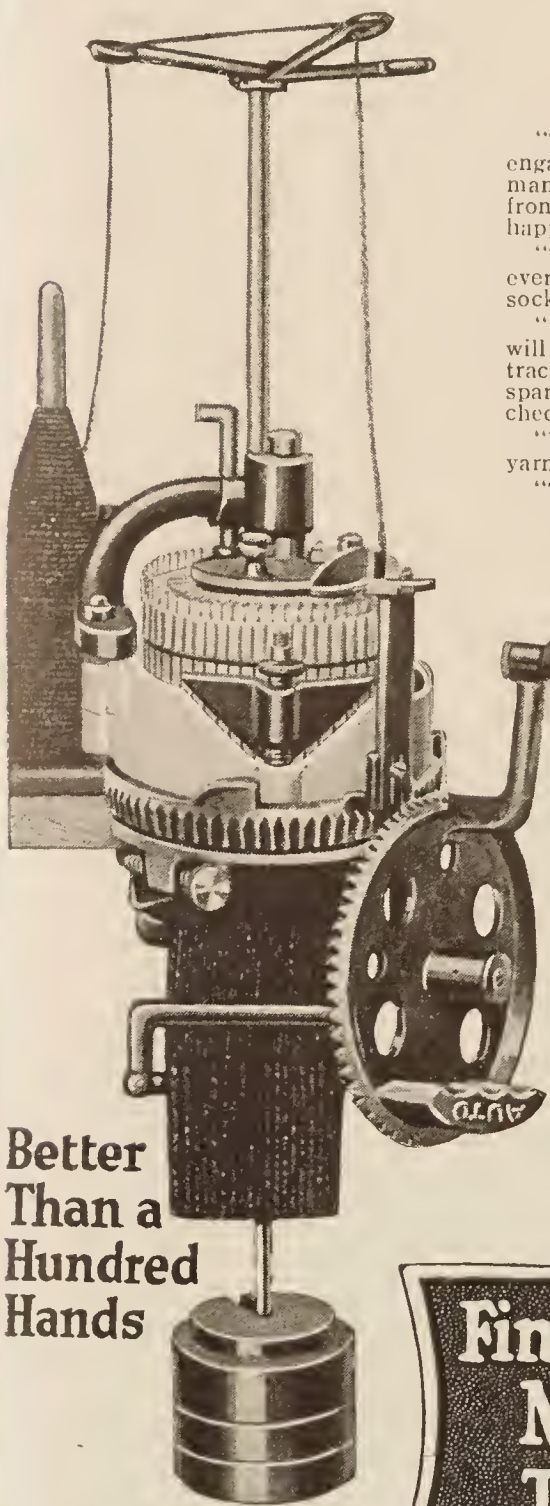
"The company's world-wide business connections give them an enormous market for socks—everybody, everywhere, needs them—and the company constantly needs more workers to make socks, in their own homes. They need you.

"When you decide to become an Auto Knitter worker, as I did, the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract to pay you a fixed, Guaranteed Wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—promptly.

"With the machine they send a supply of wool yarn FREE. They also supply FREE yarn needed to replace that which you use in making the socks you send to the company.

"The yarn supplied is the well-known Qu-No Quality Brand, made especially for the Auto Knitter. It is the softest, the warmest, the strongest, and uniformity in quality, weight and shade are always obtainable. You receive a Free Shade Card that contains samples of Qu-No Quality Yarns.

"You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton. But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone."



Better Than a Hundred Hands

The Auto Knitter
A turn of the handle, and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. Many of our workers report that, with the Auto Knitter, a completed sock can be made in 10 minutes or less. When the Auto Knitter goes into action it is just like having many families of skilled knitters working for you. It makes the sock—top—body—heel—and toe without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand-knitting what the sewing machine is to hand-sewing.

Find Out How You Can Make Money With The Auto Knitter

Read What Satisfied Workers Say

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency" or "open a store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More Than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work and then work. The Auto Knitter is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by the Auto Knitter Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable.
Berlin, N. Y.

Thanks for Attention

I have just sent you a lot of half hose made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I also wish to thank you for the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me.
Buffalo, N. Y.

Pleased with Treatment

I have received my replacement yarn and check. I am well pleased with my machine, and your treatment of me.
Maxdale, Tex.

Getting Along Fine

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery.
Limestone, Tenn.

Promptness Appreciated

Am sending you today a shipment of half hose. I wish to compliment you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check.
Gays, Ill.

A Steady Worker

In this same mail I am sending you seventy-four pairs of half hose. Hope they will reach you all right. Please send replacement yarn, and wages, and I will send another shipment soon.
State College, Pa.

Regular Prompt Pay

I am sending by express three dozen and 9 pair of half hose, being the product of ten pounds of yarn. Please send me 10 pounds of replacement yarn, and wages.
Milton, Wis.

Send Coupon Now

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC.
Dept. 1221 K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me full particulars about Making Money at Home with The Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name

Address

City

State

Delineator and Des. 1-21

Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live we want you to know all about The Auto Knitter. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with The Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work, and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing

statements of our perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. The Auto Knitter does the work.

Action is the word. Write your name and address now, this minute, on the coupon and get this coupon in the mail at once. Enclose 2c postage to cover cost of mailing, etc.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC.

821 Jefferson Street

Dept. 1221 K

Buffalo, N. Y.

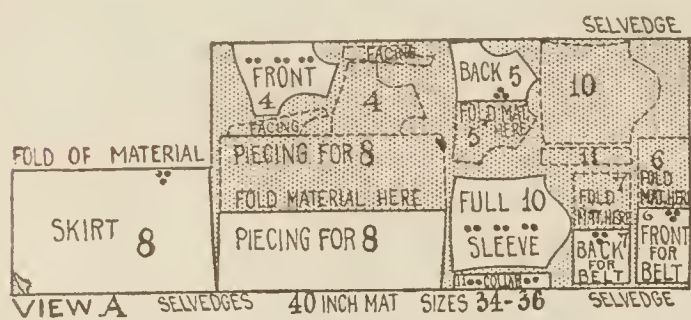
DELTOR == A NEW

DELTOR is not only a way to make home dress-making easy: DELTOR is a marvelous new way of making your own home dressmaking look like the work of a Paris or Fifth Avenue shop!

WHAT DELTOR does, and how it does it, makes a story of almost magical wonder to every woman interested in dressing smartly. For each new Butterick Pattern there is now an individual DELTOR. With the pattern you reproduce in your materials the style-lines, fit and distinctive features of the Paris or Fifth Avenue fashion; with the DELTOR you reproduce, in its cutting and its tailoring and the finishing of its details, the deftness, the cleverness, the originality, the finesse—the hitherto inimitable technique—of its Paris or Fifth Avenue creators.

“Impossible,” perhaps you say. “Why,” you think, “these Paris and New York modistes—they are born with a natural genius for creating. They create their effects as they go along, devising new little twists and turns, surprising little ingenuities, for each individual garment. That is why every detail of the Paris or New York made garment has the look of belonging to that one garment and to no other in all the world. Now how could you ever expect me to acquire that gift? It is hopeless.”

But, you see, with DELTOR you don't need to acquire the gift. With DELTOR you merely appropriate the results of it.



One layout—just 1-19th of the help found in DELTOR for cutting out Butterick Design No. 2793.

How Deltor is Made

As each Butterick Pattern is made, with all the style-lines and distinction of a Paris or



A smart frock for wear under the ubiquitous top-coat, also a practical office dress for the business woman.

New York creation, a DELTOR is made for it. The DELTOR is for that particular style, and shows you just what to do to reproduce with your own fingers the workmanship, the technique, all the little individualities, that give character and personality.

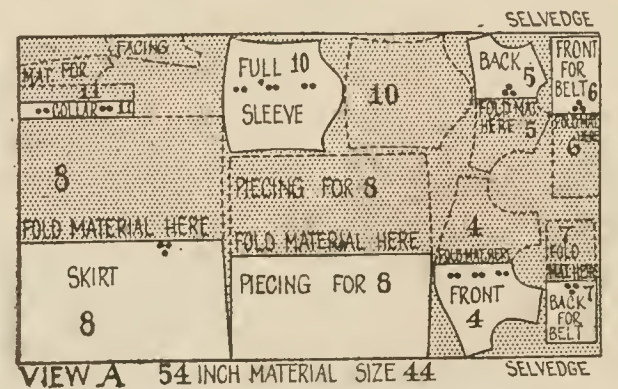
When you first open your Butterick Pattern, its DELTOR appears right there to show you—not, mind you, just the proper way in general to lay the pattern out upon the goods—but exactly how the expert cutter would lay out your particular size of that particular pattern on the very width and kind of goods you have bought for it, if you had gone to the Paris or Fifth Avenue salon where the style originated, to have a similar model made individually for you!

Secrets of the Cutting Art

DELTOR shows you all his skilful little nice-

ties of arrangement in simple, clear picture form, so all you have to do is to pin each piece of your pattern on your goods just like the picture, then cut. And there, as your shears work, you cut with all the skill of the high-priced genius, even though you never had cut into a piece of goods before in your life!

Automatically you cut your material so the grain or pattern of the fabric will later fall artistically on every single piece. Without ever worrying your own head about it, you provide for piecing, when the expert has decided that piecing is advisable, with that clever knack the experienced cutter has of making the piecing fall so it looks, not like an economy or makeshift at all, but like a deliberately planned stroke of good tailoring to add a touch of distinctiveness and individuality. Without worry or bother, without so much as giving it a thought, you cut with a master's ingenuity for mak-



Another one of the 19 views of DELTOR for cutting out Butterick Design No. 2793. Note economical arrangement of pieces.

ing every bit of material of the most use, so not an inch more of goods is used than absolutely necessary.

All this you do simply by pinning your pattern to the goods just as DELTOR's pictures show you, then cutting.

An Important Economy

Even if DELTOR did no more, you can see it would make home dressmaking much

Materials Suitable for This Pattern

ALL OF ONE MATERIAL OR WITH SATIN	ALL OF ONE MATERIAL OR WITH PANELS OF GEORGETTE	ALL OF ONE MATERIAL Linen Cotton Poplin
Tricotine	Charmeuse	
Gabardine	Satin Crepe	
Serge	Crepe de Chine	
Duveltyne	Crepe Meteor	
Light Weight Velour	Taffeta	

The envelope with the DELTOR gives a complete list of all the most fashionable materials suitable for the design. It also gives the combinations of materials used by Paris for its new models of the same type. A good style can be ruined by the wrong material. With the DELTOR you see at a glance what materials are correct.

BUTTERICK INVENTION

easier and infinitely more satisfactory in results, than would be possible even to an experienced sewer using the best pattern without it.

The mere matter of economy, by itself, would be a great deal, for every one knows how much less material an ingenious and experienced cutter can get along with than does one who is not skilled in all the little schemes and knacks of the craft.

If using a Butterick Pattern with DELTOR saved only a fraction of a yard, and the materials were of the cheapest, the saving in these days would be worth while. But in expensive materials DELTOR may easily make you a clear saving of two, three, or even four dollars!

Yet that is only a small part of what DELTOR does.

Putting Together Made Easy

When it comes to putting the garment together, DELTOR is almost like having the master-tailor of the Paris or New York shop appear at your side to direct you. For exactly what he would do with those very pieces you now have before you if he were making it to your order is shown, step by step, by the DELTOR. You do not experiment, you do not worry, you simply first do what the first picture shows you how to do; then you do the next thing, then the next, and so on, and no matter if you never made up a garment before in your life, you will at every step be doing just what a master-tailor would be doing. You begin with the pieces he would begin with, you baste, or sew, you turn under, you gather, you snip and clip, exactly as he would do it.

So things come right—they can come no other way. They don't look "put together" as so many homemade garments look, but as though all the parts had grown together in one flowing, harmonious whole, just as they would for the Paris or Fifth Avenue modiste.

This is like magic, it would seem. Yet it is all so simple that DELTOR does it all on a single sheet of paper, in pictures so graphic you think any one could have made them. And any one could—but only master craftsmen could have planned out the ingenious

French genius would see that just in that one place the style effect would be carried out better by overcasting; if, in short, you haven't the inborn genius of the French artist for visualizing effects and inventing surprising ways to get them, then no matter how correct the style of your pattern nor how patiently you have cut and sewed it, your finished work will lack the charm its original had.

DELTOR shows you how to avoid any such result.

In the DELTOR of each individual pattern is noted every minute detail that goes to give that style its proper individuality. DELTOR shows you, not what might do, but just what the most fashionable maker would do if turning out the garment for you. It shows you when to picot, when to gather, when to tuck, when to press, when to drape, what kind of seam to use here and what kind there, and so on and on, until your own fingers reproduce in your own garment the very genius of the great shops.



A panel dress for afternoon wear any one can make. Ask for Pattern with DELTOR Butterick Design No. 2807.

movements the pictures enable you to duplicate.

But there is still more.

The Piquancy of French Sewing

The best of styles, the cleverest of cutting, the utmost of precision in putting together, can be earmarked as "homemade," and exclude dowdiness at every angle, if the finishing is mechanical and characterless.

The charm of the French-made garment lies very much in the piquant touches of individuality given to even the smallest details. If, in making a garment, you would not think of the best method of finishing, when the general effect would be enhanced by

embroidery, beading or braiding; if you have innocently bound a seam with seam-

binding because you were doing the others that way, when a

Deltor Means Butterick

DELTOR improves the results which you attain in using a pattern almost as much as the pattern improved on the results of sewing without one. It does for the charm and piquancy of Paris or Fifth Avenue work, what the pattern does for the designer's style-lines.



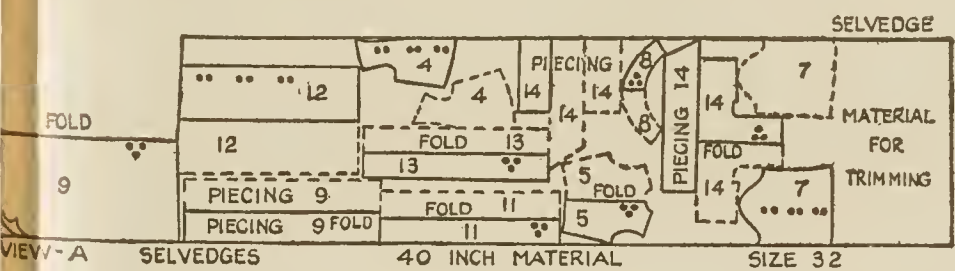
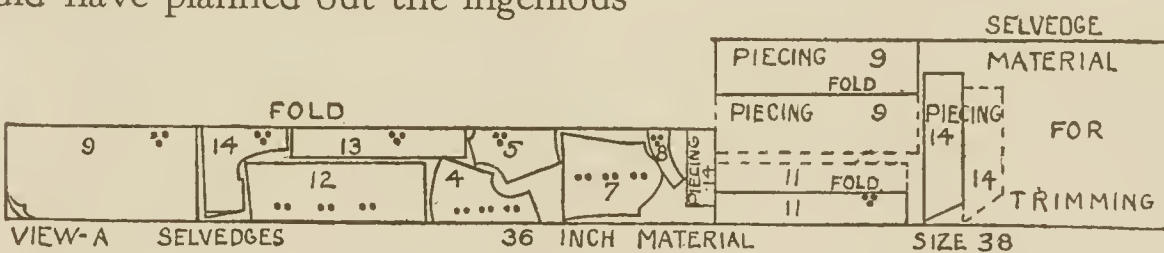
UNDER SIDE OF TRIMMING

TRIMMING on View A may be made of strips of material, folded through center, edges turned in and slip-stitched together as illustrated.

Paris is continually inventing the smartest and most original trimmings that give a French cachet to a simple dress. The DELTOR for Finishing teaches you the secret of these Parisian touches.

DELTOR, as would be expected, is a Butterick invention and exclusively a feature of Butterick Patterns. It is patented in all countries and can be used only with Butterick Patterns.

Every new Butterick Pattern now includes a DELTOR, made specifically for that one pattern. It shows you the one best way to cut, to put together, and to finish each detail, so as to preserve in your own production the individuality and charm of its original, and yet save the most work and worry, and get along with buying the least possible material.



The DELTOR layouts show you how to place each size of each view of the pattern on every suitable width of material. A single layout showing one size of one view on one width of material is worthless if the woman uses another size of another view and a different width of material in each case. That is why the DELTOR sometimes gives twenty-six layouts.

BUTTERICK

Style Leaders of the World

LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—III

I limit myself to two words ("Ah, what?") and indicate how they will suffice to designate 1,512 separate articles.

Let there be four kinds of "Ah," by inflection: 1. downward (satisfaction), 2. Upward (query), 3. circumflex (exultation), 4. even (hesitation); and let the set be pronounced in three just distinguishable pitches or registers of the voice: upper, middle, lower. From beginning to end, there are now twelve "Ah's," each designating its own number; as, "Ah," circumflex (exultation), in the middle register of voice, designates article No. 7.

LET "What" be pronounced with the following inflections: 1. downward (command), 2. upward (query), 3. double circumflex (pleading), and let each have a variant in which the breath is forcibly expelled after the "t." Six lists of the twelve items each are thus designated in each of the three registers of voice, making in all eighteen lists or $18 \times 12 = 216$ items. Now, let the two words be separated by seven distinguishable intervals of time, measured in pulse-beats that both agent and percipient can become expert in counting: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10 pulse-beats. This makes possible the designation of $7 \times 18 = 126$ lists, or $7 \times 216 = 1,512$ articles. An (even hesitant—lower register) "what" (double circumflex—pleading—lower register, breath expelled after "t"), with a space of ten pulse-beats between the words designates the twelfth article in the 126th list, or the 1,512th article. When the lists include all likely articles or interests, and are perfectly learned, such a simple code as this could be disguised by adding varying phrases in the questions and used with success in demonstrating "mental telepathy."

This is a very brief and a wholly inadequate exposition of a sort of oral code that has been used successfully to give the name and date of coins of any country, ancient or modern, to designate surgical instruments, nebulae, bacteria, wishes, dreams.

Considered apart from the illusion, a performance in legerdemain may appear stupid; but the illusion considered apart from the *modus operandi* is frequently mistaken for an "occult" phenomenon.

Legerdemain (French *leger*, nimble + *de main*, hand) and prestidigitator (Latin *præsto*, ready + *digitus*, finger) indicate that the art is dependent upon digital skill.

But it depends in greater part, and more especially, upon skill in the misdirection of the attention. The conditions of the performer are such that your attention is completely occupied with anything else than the events which would disclose the *modus operandi*. "The hand is quicker than the eye" because the eye is elsewhere engaged.

THE naturalness of the questions, and the quickness of the answers, disarm the naive seeker for oral code in a demonstration of telepathy; and the telepathist's finesse in retrieving errors (such as, "Well, it either belongs to a lady or the gentleman is thinking of a lady!" or "The vibration was very weak") keeps attention directed upon the illusion.

In so far as legerdemain is introduced into psychological research, its aim and effect are the precise opposites of those of science: it seeks to conceal the cause, while science seeks to reveal the cause. It is therefore a highly important subject of study.

But by far the greatest lesson that legerdemain teaches us concerns the fallibility of human testimony. I have had classes witness and report on simple demonstrations of telepathy, in which silent toe-codes or breathing-codes were used, and of passing matter through matter; performance was in daylight, and time was permitted for note-taking. The results were in complete accord with those of the old Hodgson-Davey experiments with spiritistic phenomena: *The observer is completely at the mercy of the performer so long as the latter maintains the control of the conditions of the experiment.*

His reports of what occurs vary essentially from the reports of his fellows, and all miss the essential factors in the performance.

We must ask that the results of casual ob-

servation be tested by scientific observation must demand that psychological questions be settled in the psychological laboratory.

CAN MODERN PHYSICAL SCIENCE EXPLAIN TELEPATHY?

BY LEONARD T. TROLAND
Of Harvard University

PROBABLY there is no modern invention which has inspired more wonder in the minds of non-scientific people than wireless telegraphy. It seems almost short of miraculous that a ship far at sea should be able to communicate with practically instantaneous rapidity with the shore or with some other vessel, and this in the absence of any tangible connection between the two stations. Yet physical scientists who understand the principles upon which wireless telegraphy is based, do not find it more marvelous than many other processes which to the layman do not seem remarkable at all. Wonder depends largely upon strangeness and a lack of connection between the wonderful thing and familiar ideas. The physical scientist knows that wireless telegraphy depends upon natural forces which are of the same general nature as those involved in light. The so-called Hertz waves, which are sent out from the antenna of the wireless station, are actually of the same fundamental character as the light waves which are given off by luminous bodies, and indeed by all visible objects. From a purely scientific point of view, it is no more remarkable that ships at sea should be able to communicate with one another by "dots" and "dashes" than that the human eye should perceive objects at a distance. When we look at the moon we are actually receiving a wireless message sent to us through a quarter of a million miles of space in a few seconds of time. Yet this experience arouses not wonder but usually more romantic sentiments.

Telepathy, or "thought transference," a sort of wireless communication which is supposed occasionally to occur between human individuals without special apparatus, is real, it seems a marvelous, supernatural process; but we may ask the question whether to the clear-seeing eye of science it may appear as a perfectly natural phenomenon.

AS WAS clearly recognized by Frederic Myers, a vast majority of the telepathic phenomena which interest psychological researchers can be explained by the hypothesis of telepathy. Myers, indeed, conceived that such phenomena depended upon telepathy, but in certain cases the mind sending the telepathic message might be that of a departed spirit. Thought transference between the living and the dead would certainly account for practically all supernaturally obtained information, but telepathy between the living alone would probably suffice to explain ninety-five per cent. of the phenomena of this sort. Information which is possessed by no living mind is rarely dealt with by mediums or other persons alleged to possess clairvoyant powers, and if the information in question exists in living minds it can be tapped by telepathy, if such a process is possible. I do not say that test cases can be brought forward in which the medium seems to have supernormal knowledge of facts apparently unknown to any other living person but capable of being substantiated at a later time by physical evidence, but such cases are so rare as to be relatively unconvincing.

In common parlance telepathy is usually spoken of as "mental telepathy." The use of the adjective mental does not really add any further meaning to the term telepathy, but it emphasizes the popular conviction that this process, if it occurs, is not a physical effect. "Thought transference" is usually regarded as some sort of spiritual interaction of minds rather than of bodies. However, the modern physiological psychologists

Continued on page 46



Five Things Happen

When you brush teeth in this way

Dental science has produced a new teeth-cleaning method. Millions of people have already adopted it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

In effective ways it combats the film on teeth. And it deals with this tooth wrecker as was never done before.

The fight on film

Modern dentistry finds that most tooth troubles are caused by film. The film at first is viscous. You can feel it now. But it clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

You'll know in a week

Some results of Pepsodent appear rapidly. Within one week the good effects will be amazing to you.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

Ordinary methods do not end this film. So millions who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay.

A multiple attack

Now new ways have been found to fight film. Careful tests have proved them. High dental authorities approve them.

They are all combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It meets every modern requirement. And this new tooth paste is fast coming into world-wide use.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling. In all these ways it brings and maintains whiter, safer teeth.

Compare the results with your old methods. Then let those evident results tell you what is best. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Ten-day tube free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
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Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

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Address _____

Only one tube to a family.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how they whiten as the film-coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

JOY FOR THE LITTLE SHUT-IN

BY MARY E. BAYLEY, R. N.

THERE is hardly anything that pleases a sick child so much as to get some kind of token or remembrance from his playmates or even from an understanding grown-up.

In a good-luck chain, a letter, written on bluebird-paper, should first be sent the child. This in addition to telling how much he is missed should say the bluebird has been commissioned to leave, every morning for seven days, a reminder that you are thinking of and wishing him the good luck to get well soon. After this letter there should be mailed to the child, for six successive days, a good-luck disk. On the seventh day send a pretty red ribbon with a message that all his good luck should be strung on this and worn around his neck.

The first letter may be sent in the form of some simple rimes, such as:

Since my playmate I can not see
This bird takes a message for me.
To you I have bidden him say:
Watch for my coming day by day.
Into your hands each day after this
The bluebird will drop a round disk,
A good-luck symbol each shall grace;
So hide them in a safe place.
On the seventh day the bird will bring
Nothing at all but a bright red string.
Then go again to your hiding-place,
Find each round disk, this string to grace
And when they are neatly strung
My wishes are fulfilled—all but one:
Place this charm string around your neck
Then very soon I shall expect
These good-luck symbols to hasten the day
When you'll call to me—"Let's go play."

FOR the good-luck disks, first, draw six circles on a sheet of stiff white paper; then inside of each circle draw a smaller one. For these, two drinking-glasses may be used, one a size smaller than the other. By cutting around the lines of the outer circles there will be left six white paper disks. Now paste each of these on colored paper, and if possible have each color different.

When good and dry, the colored paper should be cut away from around the edges, thus leaving each of the two circles with a highly colored background. If colored papers are not at hand, the disks may be pasted on white paper, after which by means of pencils, each one may be colored.

The next step is to put in the good-luck symbols. These may, by means of tracing paper, be drawn and transferred to the center of the inside circles, or they may first be made on a separate sheet of paper, then cut out and pasted into place.

For the first disk, there should be a four-leaf clover. This, of course, should be colored green. Now, in the space between the two circles print your good-luck message. Let this read: "I am good luck—now have it! Begin to get well."

The center of the second should be graced by a horseshoe. This should be colored black. The message between the circles may read: "I am truly a good-luck symbol. Everybody knows me."

GIVE the center of the third a fairly dark background and on this place a white elephant. Let the good-luck message read: "I am often carried around for the charm I bring."

In the fourth put just a large figure seventy-five (75). And for the good-luck message: "I am the name of the famous gun; if you don't know about me, ask the French." (The number seventy-five—called *soixante quinze*—has been given by the French a notable place among the good-luck symbols.)

On the fifth place a spray of mistletoe, which of course should be colored green. Let the message read: "I am hard to get, but so are all good things."

In the center of the sixth place the number thirteen. And for the message: "Just a number or perhaps a date, but when I appear it is a red-letter day."

Now, at the top and bottom of each disk, within the line of the inside circle, make a small round hole, through which the ribbon may pass when the good-luck symbols are strung.



Maternity

THE period preceding the birth of her child finds the prospective mother half joyful, half afraid. She anticipates the happiness to come, yet doubts her courage and strength as the time draws near. These doubts and fears are Nature's warning that the great gift she is to bestow must be prepared for.

At this period of a woman's life, constipation, a handicap to the health and happiness of every woman, becomes doubly dangerous. The expectant mother must nourish two. She must be able to get rid of a double waste. Failure to do so poisons herself and the child she is to bring into the world.

The organs of elimination must therefore be kept as efficient as possible under the disturbances natural to this period.

Nothing is so safe and efficient at such a time as Nujol.

Nujol relieves constipation without any of the unpleasant and weakening effects of castor oil, pills, salts, mineral waters, etc. It does not upset the stomach. It does not cause nausea or griping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol actually prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world.

Nujol is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take and is prescribed by leading medical authorities, particularly during pregnancy and the nursing period.

Nujol

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For Constipation

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark



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Name

Address



"The Little Nurse for Little Ills"

Father got wet and caught cold

He had to be out at his work—but he didn't have to sneeze and snuffle very long. He took the jar of

Mentholatum

A HEALING CREAM

Always made under this signature

and rubbed some inside and outside his nostrils when he went to bed. He soon breathed freely again and slept well all night.

The cold was gone

Mentholatum relieves chapped hands and cracked lips—heals gently and promptly.

Mentholatum is sold everywhere in tubes, 25c; jars, 25c, 50c, \$1.

The Mentholatum Co.
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USALYTE makes every gas-jet a furnace. It gives you heat where and when you want it. It uses no heat where you don't need it.

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The coal it saves will pay for it a dozen times over, the first season you use it. It is almost everlasting, safe, and free from carbon.

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CUBES



Why One Woman's Husband Enjoys His Meals

His appetite was dull; and the nice dinners she cooked were scarcely touched.

How that did discourage her! But what could she do to make her husband eat?

Then she learned the value of starting a meal with something hot—flavorful—appetizing, something to stimulate a jaded appetite. And she found that Hot Steero filled the bill. So the first thing she served the very next meal was piping Hot Steero. What a difference! With the first sip he registered approval. And then he ate as heartily as a growing boy. She had more than a tingle of satisfaction in knowing that she had found the secret of making her husband eat with a relish. She made up her mind right then and there not to let him slide back to his listless eating habits, for she would serve Hot Steero often.

More than this, Steero is easy to prepare. No weary hours spent slaving in a hot kitchen to make this appetizing dish. Just put a Steero Cube in a cup and add boiling water. Instantly it is ready to serve.

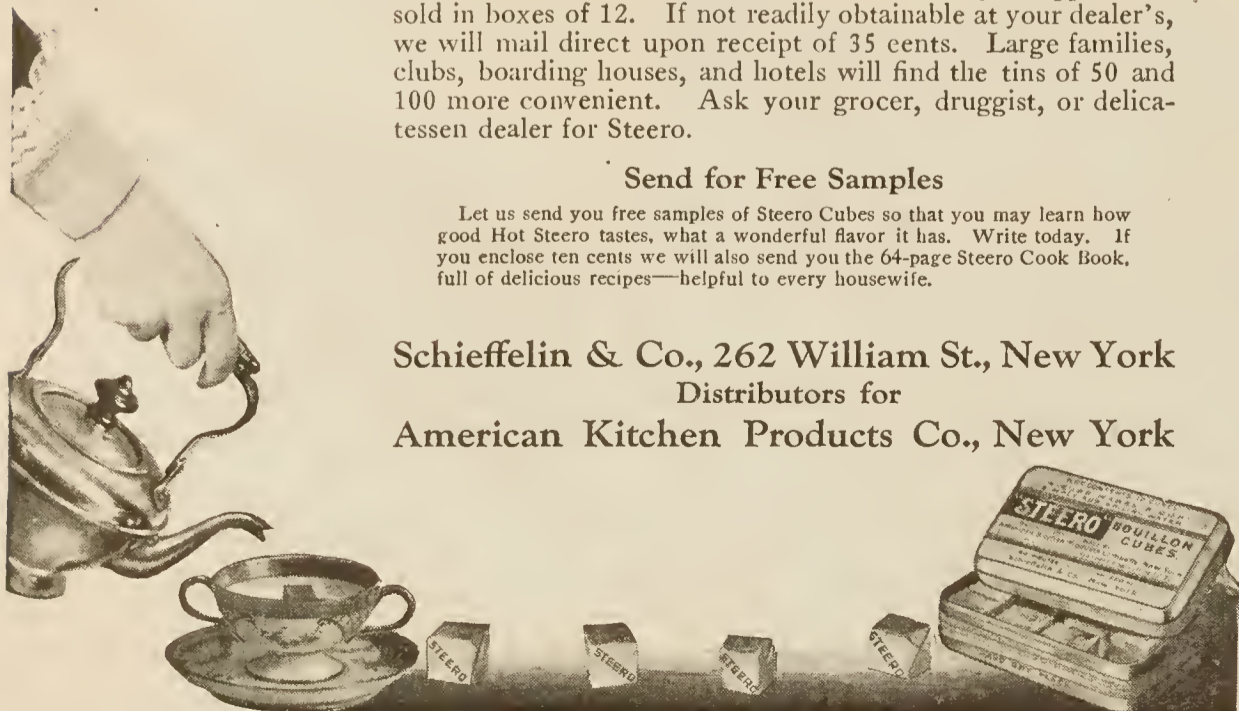
Put Steero on your order list today—and insist that you get STEERO.

Steero Cubes—the name Steero is on every wrapper—are sold in boxes of 12. If not readily obtainable at your dealer's, we will mail direct upon receipt of 35 cents. Large families, clubs, boarding houses, and hotels will find the tins of 50 and 100 more convenient. Ask your grocer, druggist, or delicatessen dealer for Steero.

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LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—III

firmly convinced that all mental forces and activities have characteristic bodily accompaniments. Every thought, regarded as a purely mental occurrence, has an inevitable companion consisting in a brain process of a definite character. Every different thought has a different and specific companion brain activity. We can not think without "cerebrating," and a sufficiently enlightened observer of the cerebral activities could tell exactly what our thoughts were.

If it is true that every thought, and indeed every psychological action, is accompanied by a characteristic physical activity in the nervous system, it is certainly conceivable that even telepathy should have a physical basis. The conception of "thought waves" or "brain waves" is already one which is tolerably familiar, but I am not aware that any one has worked out a definite and plausible theory of the cause, nature and action of such waves. I do not wish to leave the impression that I regard telepathy as an experimentally demonstrated phenomenon. Nevertheless, the facts brought out by modern nerve physiology lead us almost inevitably to the conclusion that physical processes exist which might produce a telepathic effect.

THESE processes, moreover, closely resemble those involved in wireless telegraphy, in light, X-rays, and other forms of "radiant energy." Telepathy, then, if it should be proved experimentally to exist, might turn out to be a purely physical action depending upon principles well known to scientists in other applications. To the layman telepathy might still seem miraculous, just as does wireless telegraphy, but to the analytical mind of science it would only be one out of many processes natural and normal in a physical universe.

Let us consider somewhat more in detail this possible physical explanation of telegraphy. The progress of modern scientific theory has made it practically certain that, fundamentally, all material phenomena depend upon electrical forces. Matter itself is made up of electricity. When one piece of matter acts upon another, the forces involved are undoubtedly at bottom electrical in character. Such action may depend upon what we call "contact" between the bodies or it may be "action at a distance," which is the case with electrical or magnetic attraction, the sending of wireless messages, the propagation of light, and so on. It was shown over half a century ago by Clerk Maxwell that light is actually an electrical phenomenon consisting in waves of electric and magnetic force traveling through space. Hertz, who discovered the very similar waves which Marconi adapted to wireless telegraphy, generated these waves by producing electrical oscillations or sparks and detected them in a like manner. A study of the fundamental conceptions of modern electrical science shows that the vibration of electrified particles will inevitably produce electric waves of this general nature.

Now such waves, although always electrical in general nature, can have almost any conceivable size and form. Just as ocean waves may be enormous "billows," or, on the other hand, the minutest of ripples, so electrical undulation may be miles in length or only a millionth of an inch from crest to crest. The size and form of an electrical wave is determined entirely by the character of the electrical vibration which generates it.

RAPID vibrations, such as those producing light, give a short wave, while the relatively slow oscillations of the electrical charges in the spark-gap of a wireless transmitting apparatus give rise to much longer undulations. The form of the vibration will determine the form of the wave. The principle involved here is closely similar to that operative in producing waves in a loose rope which is shaken at one end, or to that which enables the sound vibrations of the human voice to be inscribed on a phonograph record. It will be clear, moreover, that when a wave acts upon some object other than the one which generated it the action will be such as

exactly to reproduce the original general vibrations.

Thus, the waves in the rope will tug rhythmically on the hand of a person holding the end opposite the one which is being shaken and the rhythm will correspond exactly to that of the original shaking. The phonograph record when placed upon the phonograph forces the needle and diaphragm of the instrument to vibrate in practically the same manner as was characteristic of the original living voice. A cork bobbing up and down on a water surface is actually reproducing impacts of the wind and other forces on the water at many distant points.

Thoughts, as we have seen, are always accompanied by characteristic brain activity. Such brain activities are merely special examples of nervous action, and a very considerable knowledge of the nature of nerves has been attained by physiology. It has been known for nearly a century that nerve activities involve electrical changes. Nerve functions in a manner closely analogous to an electric wire, the general purpose of the entire nervous system being to connect the sense organs of the body with the muscles so that bodily movements may be made in correct correspondence with the nature of the environment in which the organism is placed. Nerve currents are generated in sense organs, eyes, ears, skin, etc., and transmitted through the brain and other nerve centers to the appropriate muscles. Now it is very easy to demonstrate in the laboratory that such currents are at least in part, electrical, since a galvanometer attached to an active nerve shows a perfectly definite deflection.

Striking advances have very recently been made in our theoretical understanding of nerve activity, and it is now practically certain that the electrical properties of nerve tissue are absolutely fundamental and characteristic features of its operation.

THESE recent theoretical advances indicate that in every active nerve there is a vibration or oscillation of electrical particles. These particles are of the sort known to chemists as "ions." Vibrations occur in different nerves and nerve centers under differing conditions can be demonstrated to vary in frequency or rapidity and they may also vary in form. It is almost certain that in the human organism different nerve centers possess characteristic rates of oscillation.

Now, the vibration of an electrically charged particle in the nervous matter of the human brain must have exactly the same general effect as that of the electrical particles in the spark gap of the wireless transmitter. There is of course no "spark" in the forces which are concerned are relatively very minute. Nevertheless, the fundamental laws of electrical science demand that every electrical oscillation should generate waves. These waves will travel outward in all directions from their source. They move with the speed of light—approximately two hundred thousand miles a second—to the uttermost parts of the universe. The rapidity of their flight, however, does not modify in the slightest their characteristic sizes and forms, which will remain as exact as the exact nature of the electrical vibrations which generated them.

IF SUCH waves, set up by definite nerve activities, act upon an electrically charged piece of matter, regardless of the distance from their source, they will tend to reproduce the original vibrations. Suppose now that waves generated in the nervous system of one human being should impinge upon the nervous system of another human being, even at a great distance. The nervous system, even in its so-called resting condition, carries electrical charges. Indeed, an electrical "polarization" is an inevitable characteristic of the living state in nervous matter.

Consequently, the nervously generated electrical waves will tend to reproduce in the nervous system of the second person

Concluded on page 49



What this Seal means to you

THE SEAL shown on this page brings into the lives of millions of American women a guidance and assurance in the selection of canned foods.

This Seal means that the canned foods on which it appears were made from selected, wholesome materials received, prepared and canned under sanitary conditions.

This seal is on dependable brands of fruit, vegetables, meats, sea-foods, conserves and other canned foods—upon over seven hundred million cans—prepared by hundreds of canners throughout the country who are under the Sanitary Inspection Service of the National Canners Association.

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NATIONAL CANNERS ASSOCIATION
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THE "SEAL of INSPECTION" appears on different brands and qualities of canned foods. It assures wholesome foods scientifically prepared from well selected materials in daily inspected canneries. Nature produces and canners prepare many varieties and different qualities from which the consumer may select the particular flavor and delicacy desired.

A nation-wide organization formed in 1907 consisting of producers of all varieties of hermetically sealed canned foods which have been sterilized by heat. It neither produces, buys nor sells. Its purpose is to assure for the mutual benefit of the public and the industry, the best canned foods that scientific knowledge and human skill can produce.

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FOR ALL COOKING

LISTENING IN ON THE UNIVERSE—III

tract vibrations which gave rise to them in that of the first person.

Ergo, if we accept the idea of perfect concomitancy of thought and nerve activity, the second person will think the same thoughts as the first one. Thus we will have a physical explanation of telepathy.

It may seem to some critics who are not thoroughly conversant both with the ideas of modern nerve physiology and with the fundamental principles of electrical science that the theory above suggested is somewhat fantastic. I can imagine either the wholly unscientific believer in spiritual telepathy or the ultrascientific physiologist scoffing at these views. This, however, may be only a fairly good reason for regarding them as plausible.

The modern conception of the physical universe makes it certain that every physical event, no matter how minute, is capable of influencing other events at great distances from it, and it is even possible that the smallest occurrence will modify, at least slightly, all other occurrences in the universe, no matter where situated. The physical world is not a mere collection of isolated objects, but is really a coherent system in which all of the particles are joined together by invisible forces of attraction.

A stone thrown into the sea will send ripples to the other side of the ocean, and wireless messages sent out from a ship could theoretically be detected on the moon or the other planets. Every thought that you think is accompanied by a characteristic nerve vibration, and there is not the slightest doubt that electrical oscillations radiate simultaneously from your brain and carry with them an indelible record of the character of your thoughts.

The only question which can be raised is as to the magnitude of the effects. The ripple at the other side of the Atlantic and the wireless waves arriving at the moon or at Mars would probably be so minute that no humanly constructed instrument would be capable of detecting them. The same statement undoubtedly holds true for nerve waves. There is little hope of detecting such waves by any electrical detectors which we

now possess. However, we do not know how sensitive the central nervous system may be to such vibrations. We have plenty of evidence of the extreme delicacy and instability of nerve functions. Both eye and ear, for example, are capable of picking up almost infinitesimal amounts of energy. Moreover, a body is particularly sensitive to waves having a size and form corresponding closely with its own natural rates of vibration. This is the principle known in physics as "resonance."

Accordingly, the human central nervous system should be more sensitive to waves sent out by other human nervous systems than any other conceivable detector. It is a familiar tradition that persons capable of communicating telepathically have similar mental characteristics, such as result, for example, from close blood relationship, and such persons should be expected to have similar nervous systems.

THE experimental evidence for the reality of telepathy is, in my opinion, still by no means convincing. Much remains to be done to bring this alleged phenomenon into the realm of exact scientific tests. The instances of telepathy reported in the literature on such matters can probably in the majority of cases be explained without recourse even to the ideas suggested in this article. They depend upon conscious or unconscious deception, unconscious perceptions and judgments, etc. Some of these matters I will consider in later articles.

It would not greatly surprise me, however, if actual telepathy should be demonstrable in the absence of any such conditions. But if I should discover subjects capable of influencing one another telepathically in this way I should certainly try the experiment of confining one or both of them in a metallic cage, which would intercept electrical waves. This would render physical telepathy of the sort which I have been considering impossible. If the telepathic action still continued, we would then be presented with strong evidence for the operation of forces differing radically from any now known to physical science.

THE TURNING

Bennet found himself crying after the picture had gone. He wiped his eyes, and staggered from the platform, and gripped the stranger's arm.

"She didn't die," he asserted fiercely. "We pulled her through the fever. Bert and I sat up with her all night. It was the morning of the 7th of July when she opened her eyes, and we—"

"In the life that might have been," the stranger interrupted very quietly, "that good woman who is now your wife sat up alone. She hadn't quite strength enough without her husband's support. She fainted and the little one died."

"And you think," Bennet said, "that I'd take a million and let her bear things alone?"

And suddenly Bennet missed the stranger and his house; rubbed his eyes and looked and missed them still. After a time he pressed his hat down on his head and trudged on home, thinking that he had dreamed a dream, and saying in his heart that a marvel had happened to him; and vowing in his soul to find a crossway to some small road of prosperity that his family could tread with him.

"If ever I tell Bertha about it," he muttered, "I shall call it a dream; but I'm afraid she'll think I made it up to comfort her about the sideboard! I sha'n't tell her about that till the children have gone to bed. I'll laugh and talk, and she won't guess that there's anything wrong."

Nobody could have laughed and talked more merrily than Mr. Bennet when he

returned home and told his family how he had lost his way at the turning. He imagined that he had completely disguised his distress; but his wife followed him into the bathroom when he went to wash his hands. She put her elbow on his shoulder, and pulled the towel from his face. Really Bert was just a childish sweetheart sometimes.

"Well," she asked, "what's troubling you, dear old man?"

Will you believe it! He put his wet face down on her soft shoulder and cried.

"Markham has broken, Bert," he stated, "and I—I—sha'n't get the money for your sideboard."

"Well, old stupid!" she whispered in his ear, "what does it matter? You wanted to give it to me. That's the important thing."

There is the story, and you can say that it was a dream, or you can say that it wasn't a dream; but you know as well as I do that it is very nearly true.

What happened afterward? You tire-some, kind people who won't let a poor author finish when his story is done, I'll tell you a secret. The author finds it as hard as you do to leave his story-people, and has to have another peep at them. I don't know exactly what happened afterward; but I do know that whenever I gaze at the ivory door—we all have one in our minds—and see the Bennets' dining-room, there is always a brand-new sideboard against the long wall; and it is twice as good as the one in the window of the Universal Furnishing Emporium.



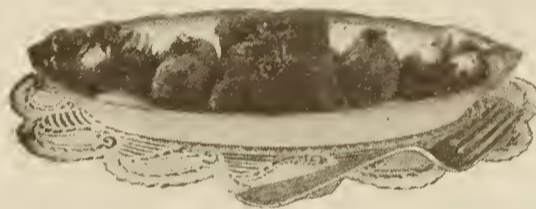
Sarah Field Splint, formerly the editor of *Today's Housewife Magazine*, and a United States Food Administration chief during the war, tells below why all women should use more genuine lima beans.

Miss Splint is an authority on foods, an expert housekeeper and a famous cook. She knows about nutrition as well as flavors. And so we asked her especially to tell you about this food.

Delicious Dishes Made With Limas Which Some Women Overlook

I FIND that many women think they have served almost all of the best foods at one time or another. But some, I know, have overlooked the incomparable California lima bean.

Limas and baby limas are the richest and most delicate of beans. They make the most delicious bean foods that I know.



Nut-like, toothsome, tender, sweet as nuts, these beans present rare possibilities in dainty flavors.

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do not permit. They offer interesting variety. They make most anything from soup and salad to dessert.

Meat's Nutrition

Then, too, these beans are like meat in nutrition for they average as much protein as meat. They are almost as rich as wheat in carbohydrates.

They furnish 1600 calories of energizing nutriment per pound if you buy them in dried form.

Cook them with or without soaking—they are easy to prepare.

These are the reasons why I use them so frequently—why I never overlook them: I just don't know any other beans as good. Sarah Field Splint

Try Like This—Baked Lima Beans

Place a layer of boiled lima beans in a baking dish, add a little green pepper, salt and sprinkle the layer with dry bread crumbs. Add another layer of beans and seasonings. Cover the top with buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes.

12 Free Menus With Recipes

Mail coupon below and we'll send you, free, 12 "Meatless Menus" with complete, tested recipe for each bean dish. You'll be delighted with these foods, so get these free suggestions now.

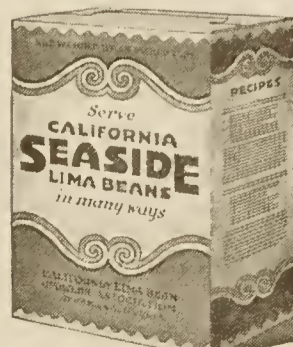
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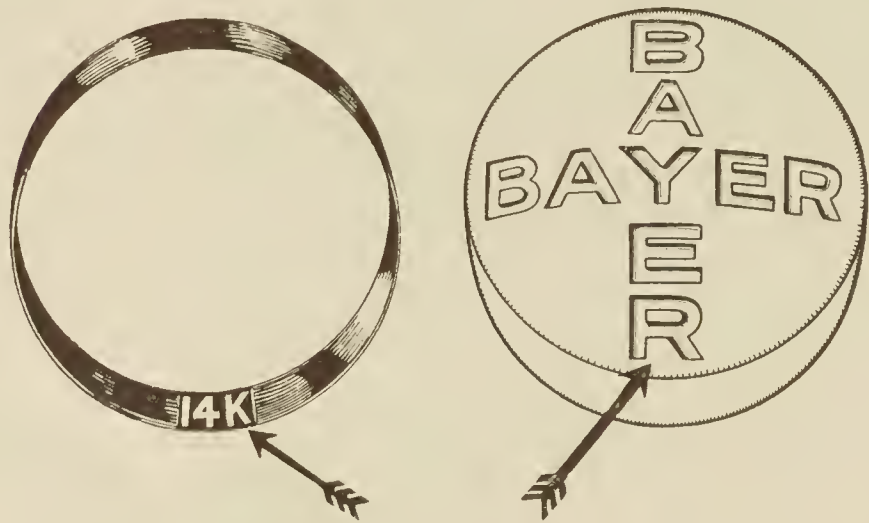
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Containing Proper Directions.



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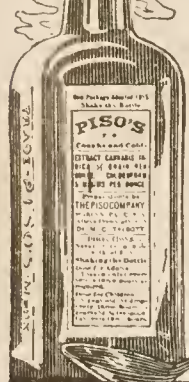
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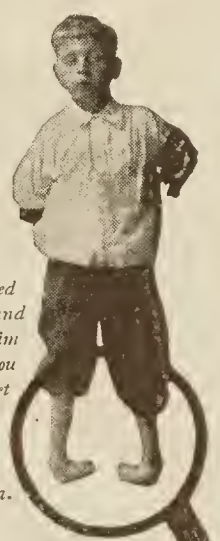
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Continued from page 9

THE AUCTION HOUNDS

couldn't but admire its shape, visualizing it on her front door. It had never occurred to her before to use old hardware as well as old furniture. But why had he given them to her? Was he making a sort of restitution for the things he'd outbid her on? Was it a peace-offering? Or was it an attempt at friendship?

It was two weeks before she heard of another auction, and that was twenty miles away, pretty well down into the Summer-resort region. This auction had been advertised in the valley. Women in white shoes and silk sweaters were inspecting the furniture with coldly critical eyes, and the hill folk stood rather apart. In the latter group was Sheldon.

"GOOD morning," said Lucia. "You're going to get some real competition to-day."

"This isn't competition for the likes of us," he laughed. "It's annihilation. Now that we both feel toward them—with a gesture at the silk sweaters—"as you felt toward me, we ought to sign an armistice."

"Thank you for the hinges—it was generous of you," Lucia said, by way of answer. "Or did you have plenty like 'em?"

"You are bitter."

She colored, quite aware that she was, and ashamed of it.

"No, I'm still sore at losing that Windsor. Excuse me."

"I don't blame you," he smiled. Bessie was right—he did have an engaging smile. Lucia found herself by his side when the bidding began.

As he had predicted, everything of value went for inflated prices, quite beyond what either of them would, or Lucia could, have paid. But Sheldon bid on nearly everything, carrying it up, whenever he saw that some of the limousine crowd wanted it, to ridiculous figures. The auctioneer, who evidently knew him, invariably sensed when he had gone far enough, and as he dropped out managed to coax the needed raise out of the other bidder. When the noon hour came, he whispered to Sheldon in a husky voice, "You ought to get a commission."

"Hold out that pair of brass kettles in the shed," Sheldon whispered back.

"Did you bring any lunch?" he asked, turning to Lucia.

"Why? Didn't you?" she answered. "Oh, yes! I hoped you didn't, so you'd share mine. I brought chops to cook."

Lucia, with her little basket of lunch, followed, angry at herself for doing so, and quite unable to resist. He led the way across the meadow and up the brook into the woods, into a little ravine where the cardinal flowers were glorious at the edge of the shadows, and then the hemlock shade enveloped them and they were on a bare brown carpet of needles beside the mossy stones and tumbling water. He quickly and deftly made a little fire pit and had a fire going. Out of his pack came chops, a pail, coffee, sugar, even an egg to settle the coffee, cups, plates, knives, forks.

"You seem to be prepared," she said. "I'm an old camper."

"But you have two of everything." His eyes smiled frankly into hers. "I hoped you'd be here," he answered.

"I should hardly suppose you'd have expected I would picnic with you, though." She tried to put sarcasm into her tone—not entirely a convincing thing to do, since she was picnicking with him.

"Still I hoped," he said again. "Man lives by hope. It's what keeps us hounds going to auctions."

"Why are you an auction hound?" she asked. "What are you getting this stuff for?"

He was embarrassed, and she liked it; most people find it so easy to tell their story.

"LONG ago, my people came from this part of the world," he finally answered. "They pushed on through central New York, and into the prairie. They didn't take much furniture with 'em, either, except an old banjo clock that somehow survived the journey. I was born in Illinois, and never saw a hill till I came East to college. But when I did see the hills, something deep down in me rose up and shouted. Well, I

tackled New York later, and loved it for a while, and then hated it for a while, and then grew philosophic about it—and moved away. I came back into these hills, where the family started. I bought an old house, and moved in. I milk my own cow, raise my own vegetables, live my own life. But the house wasn't enough. I wanted the old things; it, I wanted to save them from wreck of years, because they were fine and honestly made, because they were beautiful; above all because they spoke to me, somehow, of 'mine own people.' I cleaned up my own neighborhood, and last month I got a car. I could travel farther afield. Folks like you and me belong, after all, to a vanishing race.

"Now you've forced me into the agonies of confession," he said, "why shouldn't you go on the rack?"

"Why do I buy the old stuff? I'm going to be honest—I used to buy it, before you came, because it was so cheap. There—I'm a real womanly woman, you see. After you arrived, I bought some of it to keep you from getting it."

"Both true, but still you're a liar," said Sheldon. Lucia leaned forward and tossed a few dry needles on the bed of coals, watching them blaze up, and then she told him about her house.

"Yes, you belong to our ancient race," said Sheldon. "May I see your—your home some day?"

"It sits by the road," she answered, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, and a resentment of this threatened invasion of her often boasted independence. For it was an invasion of her independence when a man could thus annoy her, not externally alone but in her thoughts, her spirit. Annoy her! Why, she realized, there hadn't been a day for a week, two weeks, when she had not thought of him; scarcely an hour, indeed.

"Since you are so cordial," he said, "perhaps you'll let me invite you to see my house. I've a very nice sister who will visit me soon. I would like you to see my old hardware and the way I've treated the garden."

Lucia made no answer, except to pick up her basket and start toward the open meadow. There were rude things which she might have said, which she was tempted to say, but she didn't want to say them.

THEN, perhaps because her mind was on other things than the footing, her foot caught in a root, and with an involuntary start of pain she started to pitch headlong. Her arm caught her before she was quite down and brought her to her feet. She winced with the pain of a wrenched ankle, but, biting her lip in mortification, and with a sharp "I'm all right—please!" attempted to stand alone.

It was agony to walk, but she refused to show her arm grimly. She would not be weak, he would be less, before him! She had never been angry at him as she was now at herself. Some silly way—the very silliness of it made her the angrier—her pride, her self-respect, and sense of spiritual independence were aroused. And she crossed the meadow at her usual pace, aware of the man always at her elbow, his face gravely solicitous. At the auction again, she did accept the deal he brought her, and sank into it, where she sat in a kind of daze, which she attributed to pain and shock, her eyes constantly seeing Sheldon moving in and out of the throng. She let him bid for her on one or two small articles, but rejected his plea that he should drive her home when the auction was over. He helped her into her car, however, and he waited a moment till the jam of motor cars and teams were down the road. Then he vanished, to reappear with two brass kettles.

"The ones the auctioneer held out," she said. "For your fireplaces—greatest thing ever to hold kindlings."

"Oh, I couldn't," she protested weakly, her eyes devouring them, "or only on anyhow."

"All or nothing—like Brand," he laughed, putting them into her car. "Drive carefully and alternate hot and cold water on your ankle as soon as you get home. I feel as if it were my fault."

"It—it was," Lucia said suddenly, and

Continued on page 51

THE AUCTION HOUNDS

suddenly went into clutch, leaving him alone beside the drive.

That night, when Mrs. Shilling had insisted on bandaging her ankle in "Skinner's Royal Liniment, for Man and Beast," and in remaining all night in the house, and after Lucia and she had polished the brass kettles, and Lucia had gone to bed in her old chamber with one kettle shining on the hearth, she lay watching the glitter of it in the moonlight for a long time, in a curious haze of feeling, half self-contemptuous, half pleasant, with the wraith of a dying camp-fire drifting across her eyes as they grew drowsy, and her last thought a wonder when he would come to find out how she was getting on.

When six o'clock came the next day, and he had not been to find out, Lucia realized that she was disappointed and angry.

But at ten o'clock the next morning a car stopped by the house. Lucia retired hastily into her chamber and began, almost unconsciously, to change her dress. Mrs. Shilling was over that morning, cleaning, and she heard her say, "Yes, this is her house."

A second later, she called at Lucia's door: "Young feller to see yer."

Sheldon stood in the living-room, an amused smile on his face, and an enormous bunch of sweet peas in one hand, a basket of raspberries in the other. He set them both down hastily, and took her hand.

"She's right," he said. "That just describes it. And the young feller is glad to see you on both feet."

"And both feet on the ground," she answered.

"That's all right, too, but"—and his eyes met hers—"a little star-dust in the hair is wonderfully attractive. Please consent to a little star-dust in the hair."

"I can't be figurative at ten in the morning," she replied. "I'm a fearfully practical person, anyhow, who keeps her head turned earthward, even if I don't always see the roots in the path."

SHE noticed that he was in white flannels.

He, she was aware, noticed that she was in crisp organdy, almost as strong a contrast to the knockabout clothes she had worn to the auctions as were his flannels. Then he picked up the bouquet and they both laughed, their eyes met and fell, and she got a vase and water without another word. She showed him all her house, all her treasures, secretly waiting with tense eagerness for his comments, because, she told herself, he did, after all, know what was what. Indeed, he knew quite well. And the comments were full of enthusiasm. He poked about like a terrier in a strange room—"snooping," he called it—exclaiming in delight over several of her treasures, and over the whole effect of them in the old house.

She somehow was not surprised to find herself two days later driving over with him to his house for luncheon. It was almost twenty miles from hers, as the steep roads wound and twisted, still in the hills, but overlooking the valley to the range on the farther side. Like hers, it was an ancient farmhouse, but larger, a full two stories. In front was a row of magnificent sugar-maples, and on the southern side, with the side door, beneath its pretty fanlight and Ionic porch, as a focal point, was his garden—a brick path chinked with moss and stone crop leading down between riotous masses of old-fashioned flowers to a bit of white picket fence pierced by a gate which let into the neat and weedless vegetable area. Shrubs completely screened this outdoor room of flowers from the road, and on the other side two huge, spreading apple-trees made a grateful shade, with a well-sweep just beyond them.

"I hate you already!" Lucia cried. "But not my sister, please," he answered, as a lithe girl of twenty, covered by a big gingham apron, peeped from the kitchen porch, tossed off the apron, and came out to meet them. "This is Martha, who doesn't know she's still a fresh kid."

"I hate your brother," Lucia repeated. "His garden is so much better than mine. If the house keeps up this pace, I shall go right home."

"Please don't make Will any more puffed

up over this place than he is already," the girl laughed. "He's so conceited because the Lord let his flowers grow that he thinks he did it all. When literary men turn gardeners, they think nobody ever grew anything before."

"So you are a writer?" Lucia looked at Sheldon, aware that she had never known his occupation, or had supposed he had none.

"Don't you read?" cried his sister. "Why, one of his books sold nearly eight hundred copies!"

"Sweet things, sisters," said he. "Come into the house, and let her go back to the kitchen."

"Just the same," she said, after a survey of the house, "I got a lot of things before you came, which you can never get now!"

"I'm not so sure," he answered.

"WHAT do you mean?" The chair she was seated in had stopped rocking.

He was on his way toward her, with a little cottage ornament in his hand.

"I mean the same way you may get this chair—and this," he answered, his eyes holding hers, as he put the ornament in her hand.

She was puzzled by the act. "You mean, you're giving me this?"

He smiled, still holding her glance, and shook his head. "Oh, no!" said he. "I bought that off a hillbilly's mantelpiece for fifty cents, and it always will stay on this one."

"You mean?" her eyes dropped suddenly. "Yes, exactly that," she heard his tense whisper close to her ear.

"But it—it's ridiculous," she finally managed to say, all her self-possession gone.

What he would have answered she never knew, for his sister came into the room, and she began to examine the ornament with what she feared was exaggerated interest. The dinner was a gay one, for Martha was a bubble of fun, whose first two years at an Eastern college had, one might have assumed, been one long lark. Lucia learned, incidentally, that the worshiped big brother was sending her through: that he had been on the staff of a magazine; that he now did his editorial work in the country; that he always was "a queer old duck"; that he did most of his housework for himself that Summer because the housekeeper he had had developed "movicitis" and departed for the valley town; that the kitchen looked it; that the cow's name was Gwendolyn.

Lucia was glad to let the girl chatter on, while she sat quiet in this atmosphere of gay affection and sprightly talk, trying to think of what had come into her life. She hoped against hope that Martha would ride with them when Sheldon took her home. She dreaded that trip in the moonlight. But Martha refused to come, though her brother asked her, and pointed to the moon.

"I see it," she said, "but I don't advise you to, while you're driving."

"THE young will have their jest," said Sheldon, as the car swung down the road. "Star-dust, moon-powder—it's all one."

He was silent for two or three miles. At length they crested a high bare hill, where the view suddenly opened out—all the valley soaked in moonlight as in a golden flood, and far off the pale mountains, dim against the sky. He stopped the car. They drank in the scene for a long moment. Then he turned to her, and she could not help but raise her eyes to his.

"The world is very beautiful," he said softly. "Would you not lift your head up—just for once, and tangle your sweet hair in the moon?"

"Perhaps—now," she answered, in a voice as low as his; "but how about when the moon has set?"

"It will catch in your hair," he whispered, "and you will bring it down and hang it over the fragrant evening stock in a corner of the garden for ever and ever."

"The garden withers in September, and I shall go back and teach poor little rich girls who *Shylock* and *Bassanio* were."

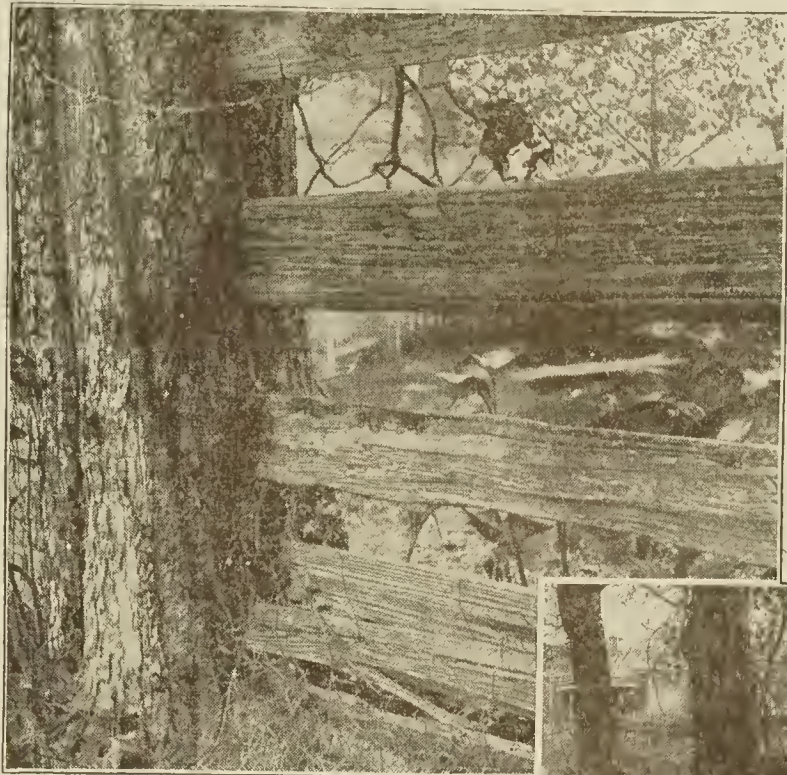
"Lorenzo and *Jessica*, rather," he smiled.

Concluded on page 62

Does Cypress ^{The Wood Eternal} Last?!

Study These Photographs of an "Ingrowing Fence" WITHOUT A NAIL OR A PEG IN IT.

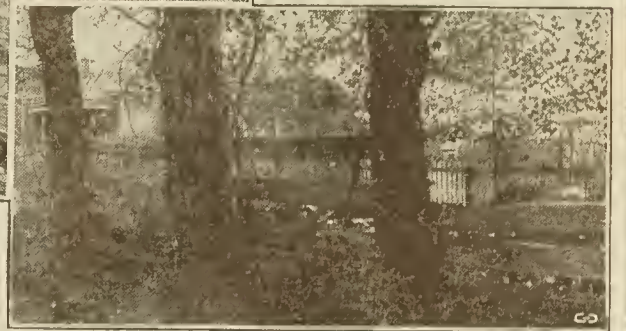
Below is a glimpse down a country highway ("de big road," as Uncle Remus called it) near Monroe, Louisiana. That fence has no posts. It was built by forcing split Cypress boards between saplings. This occurred so many years ago that nobody knows when it was, nor who was the labor-saving genius who did it.



Then the trees grew, and grew, and grew.

NOW, PLEASE, study the larger photograph and see in detail how the fence looks today. Note the size of the tree, and how deeply are embedded the ends of those old Cypress rails—no one can tell how deep they extend in. Note, also, how weathered they are, yet they ring as true and sound under a hammer as though just hewn. Were those old Cypress boards somebody's money's worth? Why should not YOU do as well with your lumber money—whether you are building a beautiful home or just patching up the old place? (USE CYPRESS.)

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SHE: "Connoisseur, aren't you?" (to herself) "And yet I suppose they do look rather well in my 'Onyx' Pointex heels."

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SOMETHING-AROUND- THE-CORNER

reaching above the sill. She groped for the kitten which backed away perversely, arching its back. Sarah remembered afterward how pretty Emily looked, stretched up on tiptoe, with her laughing face thrown back.

But the next instant this beautiful pose was marred by a sudden curious stiffening, as an animal might stiffen and stand motionless, without breathing, in the presence of danger. Sarah saw the face of Emily turn from a smile to a frozen expression of fear. Her eyes stared upward toward her right hand, and Sarah's glance, following, saw that the window had noiselessly swung open from the inside. Through the drawn green curtains a hand had crept out and it now lay covering Emily's hand. On the third finger an amazing ruby winked from the coils of a platinum snake.

SARAH, behind her lace curtain, rose indignantly. She would give the young man from Bombay her opinion of him and have him turned out of the house. But she saw at once that Emily had dropped down from the rose-box, disengaging her hand, and that the man's hand had been immediately withdrawn and the window closed.

The next instant Emily's expression of fear had given way to nervous panic, and like a shadow the girl had turned and made for her own door. Her flight was like an instinctive leap for safety, unreasoning and fear-impelled. In a flash she had gained her door. Sarah heard it bang behind her and the key turn in the lock.

The happening gave Sarah a distinctly unpleasant impression. The fact that the whole episode had occurred in a space of two minutes seemed only to make it more vivid and incomprehensible. She had the feeling that she ought to be knocking at the door of the young man from Bombay with a demand for an explanation, but why had not Emily come to her? And why had her face worn that curious expression?

But at that instant she was saved from having to decide on any action for herself by three short rings at the door-bell—Daniel's way of announcing himself.

"Well, old dear, how goes it? Where's Emily?"

Sarah turned away from the window and looked at him. She was thinking quickly, trying to decide whether to tell Daniel what she had seen or keep silent about it, when Dan's keen eyes contracted in an alarmed stare at her face.

"WHAT'S the matter?" he demanded quickly. "You look as if you've had a scare. What is it? Emily's not ill again, is she?"

"Come here, Dan," she said quietly. "You see that middle window in the row? You remember the dark young man who said he was from Bombay, and leased one of those studios?"

"Yes, I remember. Name was A. Da Silva, wasn't it?"

Sarah nodded. Then she told him what she had just seen. She spoke as quietly and as casually as she could, but before she had finished Daniel's face had flushed darkly.

"You mean to say that fellow touched Emily's hand?" he demanded.

Recognition of the full sacrilege was so keen in Daniel's tone that Sarah would have smiled, had she not been so troubled by something she could not understand. Instead, she could only nod with a worried expression in her eyes.

"Then he looked out as if he would have spoken to her or followed her?" Dan repeated, as if he wanted to be quite sure of his facts.

"Yes, something like that."

A flare of anger suddenly lighted Dan's face. Before she could put a restraining hand on him, he was out upon the promenade.

"I'm going to ask this fellow what he means, insulting a girl!" he flung back over his shoulder.

Sarah, with a helpless sense of being in the presence of outraged male instinct, hastened after him. Together they reached the middle

door in the row and Daniel knocked very firmly.

It was a rather long moment before the door was opened. The young man from Bombay stood regarding them with the greatest equanimity. It was only his eyes that were a bit too restless, the pupils dilated a trifle, so that the eyes appeared black and polished, like some sort of semiprecious stone. His appearance was, as usual, impressive, what with his impeccable tailoring and his extreme good looks.

"Good evening!" he said politely, bowing to Sarah from the waist. "Will you come in?"

Daniel with a glance down the row at Emily's closed door, looked at Sarah and said: "Go back and let me attend to this."

"No, Daniel," returned Sarah firmly, "I intend to hear what Mr. Da Silva has to say. We'd better go in."

Mr. Da Silva stepped back formally toward the center of the large, somewhat dark studio. In a far corner of the room a small lamp had been lighted, spreading a yellow pool over a polished table. In that end of the room opening on to the promenade the deepening twilight from outside furnished the only light.

"A few minutes ago," Daniel plunged in brusquely, "you opened that window and took the hand of a young lady who is a stranger to you. I've come in here to ask you to apologize to her for that insult."

INSTANTLY the young man from Bombay shrugged his shoulders. He said nothing, but the gesture was eloquent of a disdainful denial. Daniel's hands clenched.

"You needn't deny it," he said through set teeth. "Miss Cabot saw you. You're going to learn that you can't insult a lady with impunity in this country!"

"And who is to teach me?" Da Silva asked softly, in his precise syllables.

At this Sarah laid a restraining hand on Dan's twitching arm. "Wait a moment, Dan! Perhaps if we give him a chance Mr. Da Silva can explain how he came to do such a thing to a young woman who was minding her own business, a stranger to him—"

Da Silva interrupted with a suave gesture. His serenity was undisturbed. In fact, the situation seemed to give him a certain satisfaction.

"Ah, that is where I have to be so unpolite as to correct a lady," he said. His beautiful teeth gleamed in the dusk, and he waited an instant before he went on, as if to heighten his effect. "The young lady," he at last finished, "is not a stranger to me!"

"What!" Daniel's exclamation was explosive in the quiet of the room. Sarah could not speak for a strange clutch at her throat. She knew that something of this kind was what she had been waiting for, and her heart felt cold with dread.

"At least, I should not call her a stranger," the young man went on, turning his face from one to the other, as if he toyed cat-like with the two waiting figures. "Would you, sir"—he now looked with direct insolence at Daniel—"call a young lady a stranger who had once eloped with you?"

Daniel's reaction was instantaneous. "I don't believe it!"

His face was white and rather wild, and the young man let his eyes rest upon it with the expression of an epicure tasting a dish that was savory to his palate. "It would be simpler to ask the young lady, would it not?"

"I don't believe you, but I'll bring her here," cried Daniel, "to make you take that back."

HE PLUNGED out of the door, and threw open the door of Emily's sitting-room.

As if the very room in which Emily lived had the power to soften his mood, he called gently, "Emmy!"

There was no answer from the bedroom adjoining. Sarah looked in, she even tapped on the bathroom door.

"Perhaps she's in your rooms," Daniel said. "I'll look."

The toilet articles on the bureau had evi-

Continued on page 55

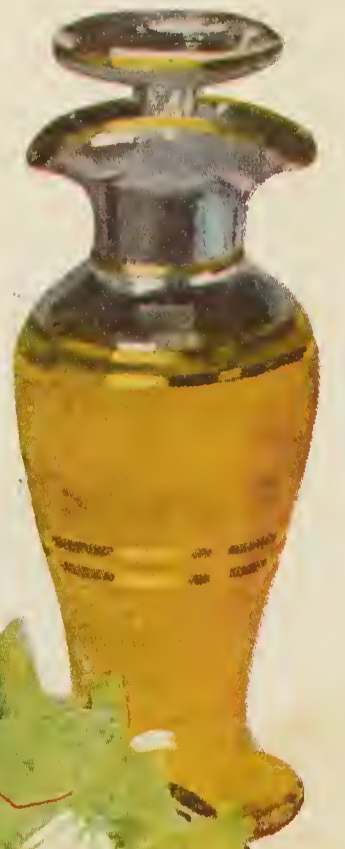
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SOMETHING-AROUND- THE-CORNER

dently been hastily swept into the bag, a drawer was open, as if it had likewise been partly emptied with the greatest haste. Sarah felt that her hands were trembling a little as she faced Dan in the doorway.

FOR a moment he refused to believe the obvious fact, then, with a white face, his resistance crumpled. He looked at Sarah with a haggard pleading in his face.

"But she'll come back, don't you think so, Sarah? There was no reason for her running away, no real reason. She may have left a message somewhere about here."

They both searched, but without uncovering so much as a scrawled word from Emily. Then Daniel ran down-stairs, and came back with a report from the janitor that he had seen Emily go out not fifteen minutes before with a bag. She had walked to the corner and gone west.

Daniel's face had grown years older; it appeared grim and hard as he closed the door of Emily's sitting-room and stepped out after Sarah to the promenade.

"That fellow has got to tell what he knows," he said quietly. "You'd better stay here, Sarah."

But something of Dan's grimness was in Sarah's face also. "I guess I'm in on this, too," was all she said as she followed him.

The young man from Bombay appeared not to have stirred from where they had left him in the middle of the studio.

"The young lady would not come?" he inquired. His handsome mouth appeared to thicken as the lips curled maliciously.

"Cut that," returned Dan briefly. He switched on an overhead light which bathed them all in a pitiless brightness.

"There is just one word I want from you," said Dan, walking to the center of the floor. "I wouldn't be asking you if the young lady was here to speak for herself, but she has stepped out for a moment. You can say just yes or no. Is she your wife?"

When he had launched his question, Daniel stood waiting, and Sarah standing near the door felt a sudden thrill of pride in him. He had grown tall, formidable, like an aroused young god. His sleek head was held high, and there were gleams and glints in his hazel eyes that no one had ever seen there before.

IT SEEMED to Sarah that Da Silva was obliged to make an effort to maintain his suave smile as he faced this fire in Daniel's eyes, but he did maintain it, and held silence just long enough to give the most effect to the insidious poison he was distilling.

He offered it to them finally in a voice that was almost a purr.

"My wife?" His eyebrows went up, and he made an airy gesture. "She has not that honor. I assure you, it would be better for her if she had!"

"You yellow pup!" Daniel's voice rasped. "Take off your coat. I'm going to give you what you deserve!"

Sarah never afterward was able to reconstruct the next three or four minutes. At the impact of those two bodies, hurling themselves at each other in the middle of the room, in the glare of light from overhead Sarah fell back toward the door, horrified and yet oddly triumphant. Daniel was doing exactly what she would have liked to do to the young man from Bombay. But, being a woman, she averted her eyes, with a sick feeling at the pit of her stomach. She heard the thud of the first blow Daniel landed, the hoarse breathing of both men, the soft scuffle of their feet, the sharp crack of a chair overturned. She looked back once and saw that Da Silva's face was vicious. He was fighting as if on a spurt of anger or fear, and his breath was already whistling. Daniel was white-faced and savage, but she got the impression that he was deliberately in control of himself. His fine shoulder muscles rippled and bunched themselves beautifully under his thin shirt.

SARAH wrung her hands and found herself out upon the roof, in a night so peaceful, so soothing as to be by contrast unreal. She looked toward her own door, thought of the janitor, rejected this idea as one Daniel would have hated, took a step or two in agitated uncertainty. Then she stopped dead still, with her hands clutched at her breast.

She was staring at a lighted doorway in the farther end of the promenade, the doorway which had once framed the gold-and-black dragons. A man was standing in this doorway, darkly silhouetted against the light from within. He leaned against the door-frame, then straightened up as he caught sight of her, and came with an effect that was surprisingly like eagerness down the promenade toward her.

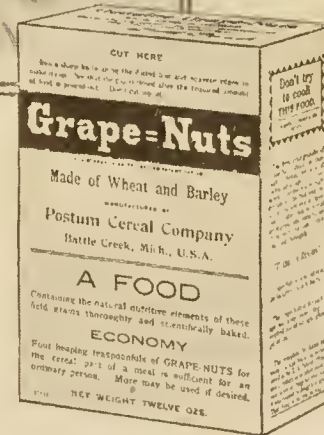
"It can't be," she said to herself, while her heart pounded queerly, "it—just—can't be—Lawrence Revenell!"

"I say, is that you?" a voice hailed her out of the dusk. "I was afraid—at least I thought you might be away—what's the matter? What the deuce is going on?"

Concluded in the February DELINEATOR



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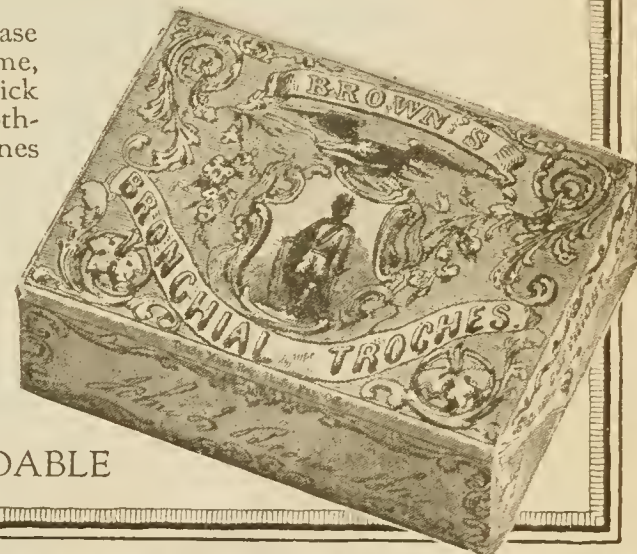
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that the female of the species really does the courting, that it is she who pursues even when seeming to flee? No matter if you agree to this or not, you will agree that

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THE DELINEATOR

for February

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The Storm Cloud

by John A. Moroso

is when they met a circus. There are other short stories and several clever and interesting articles. This is a sample of what you will find in

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who says "Grandmother couldn't have a romance without fainting at least once. Nowadays if a girl faints her beau suspects there is epilepsy in the family." The 1921 girl is above all else a healthy product and she as well as her mother will appreciate this defense of "these wild young people of ours." There are three serials:

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by Grace Sartwell Mason

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Lincoln didn't know much about women, they say.

But Irving Bacheller who writes the facts—not the gossip and sentimentalities—of Lincoln's life has put in one article the stories of the women who loved Lincoln and whom he loved: his mother, the lovely Anne Rutledge who died, and Mary Todd whom he married.

And here are the recollections of the daughter of another great man of another country—

Memories of My Father

by Madeleine Clemenceau-Jacquemaire

When you have turned the last page of the remarkable fashion section of the February number you will want to be sure that you are going to see next month what they are wearing in Paris—better send in your order with two dollars and a half if you live in the United States, and three dollars in Canada, to the Butterick Publishing Company, Spring and Macdougall Streets, New York City, and be satisfied that the next twelve numbers will arrive at your door.

Continued from page 19

ELIZABETH MANAGES

Two caps were whipped off with an amazing suddenness, exposing one blazing head of bright-red hair, and one inimitable grin.

"One will have to ride behind and one with me," Grandfather said. "Elizabeth, these boys are Jim Robbins's grandsons, and if they are anything like old Jim, they are good young fellows to know. They'll tell you their own names, I guess."

The red-headed boy smiled a trifle mischievously.

"I'm Tom Robbins, and this is my cousin, Will Dean, Miss Elizabeth Swift and Miss Peggy Farraday."

"Our girls don't go to the post-office at night," said Grandfather suddenly, "but Saturday night, around mail-time, they'll probably be dishing out Indian pudding and ice-cream to anybody that might happen in."

"I know two fellows that might happen in," Tom Robbins said.

"I think those boys are really quite nice," Peggy said, as they sat under their favorite tree after supper.

"I think they are," Elizabeth said, "but it was rather mortifying the way they followed us in the first place."

ELIZABETH enjoyed her ride to Provincetown in Mr. Piggy Chambers's big car much more than she expected to.

"I feel like an absolute traitor to Buddy, to be taking a minute's comfort," she thought, trying to keep firmly in mind the fact that Mr. Piggy Chambers had claimed industrial exemption from the service through which her brother had lost his health, and perhaps the girl he loved, "but the car does roll smoothly, and the country is beautiful."

"I'd like to show you England," Mr. Chambers said to Ruth in a lowered voice. "I think you'd like it over there."

"My brother says that southern France is much more beautiful—was much more beautiful than England," Elizabeth said. "He—he helped to break the Hindenburg Line, you know."

"Did he?" said Mr. Piggy Chambers civilly.

"My—my father would have gone, I think, but he wasn't able to get away from his business."

"If he was in the steel business he would have been industrially exempted, anyway."

"He—he wouldn't have wanted to be industrially exempted," was on the tip of Elizabeth's tongue, but she remembered that she was talking to her host of the day.

Provincetown reminded Mr. Chambers a little of a Dutch fishing-village, which he described at great length.

"Anybody would think he had just discovered Europe," Peggy scolded in an undertone. "Now we are going to get out and walk, I am thankful to say, but if he tries to lose us, don't let him, that's all!"

Mr. Chambers did try to lose them. He tried bribing them with ice-cream, and they took the ice-cream, but consumed it in time to join the two before they had strolled more than three blocks. He suggested that the chauffeur take the two girls in the car to examine the Truro lights, a mile or two back from the course over which they had just come, while he and Miss Ruth strolled along the shore.

"I'd rather stay here with Ruth," Peggy insisted flatly, and Elizabeth could not determine whether Ruth was pleased or displeased.

PRESENTLY they were all walking along the beach, and Elizabeth found herself walking with Ruth, though she could not tell exactly how it had come about, and both Peggy and Mr. Chambers seemed to be very much dissatisfied with the arrangement.

"Buddy would love a day like this," Elizabeth said. "He's shut up in that old hospital, you know, and he can't get out till he gets better, and he can't get better till he gets out. I want to get him down to the Cape, where I can take care of him."

"You must be very worried about him," Ruth said. "I didn't even know that he wasn't discharged or anything about him, until Peggy found out all these things through you."

"He's been too sick to write much."

"He writes to you, doesn't he?" Ruth said, so very carelessly that Elizabeth's heart sank.

"Yes, he does. He says that I'm the only girl that answers his letters whether he writes to them or not."

"Why should they?"

"Why—why shouldn't they?" Elizabeth stammered.

"He's probably devoted to dozens of girls," Ruth said lightly, "all waiting for a personal word from him."

"If you mean that he's a flirt and I don't know it," Elizabeth said, "you're just awfully mistaken."

"You think he's very nice, don't you?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth, a little hostile.

"Well, I'll tell you a secret," said Ruth Farraday, still very lightly and gaily. "I do, too."

"Then why—why do you go to Provincetown and things with Mr. Piggy Chambers?"

"Mr.—Mr. *who*? Really that's too bad of Peggy. I'll have to speak to her." Ruth Farraday seemed to have a sudden little coating of ice all over her. "Would you mind telling Peggy that I want to speak to her alone a minute?"

Elizabeth obeyed meekly, and so miserably that Mr. Chambers asked her what was wrong.

"I'm not feeling very well," Elizabeth said. "The sun is so hot."

"I find it rather hot myself," Mr. Piggy Chambers murmured. "Would you like to do me a great favor?"

"Yes indeed," Elizabeth said untruthfully.

"Will you take Miss Peggy and go back to the drug-store where you had your ice-cream, and buy a five-pound box of the very best chocolates they have? If they haven't a five-pound box, get five one-pound boxes; just use your own judgment about it."

He slipped a ten-dollar bill into her hand.

"He asked me if I would do him a great favor," Elizabeth explained to the protesting Peggy, as they turned toward the quaint street on which the little shops were set, "and I couldn't say no, could I? I couldn't say, 'thank you for your lovely ride, but I don't feel obliging.'"

"I just wish he'd asked me. I would have said 'No,' right out. Sister has been giving me fits because you told her that I called him Piggy; but don't you care, darling, Ruth was only upset about something else, and wanted to take it out on me."

WHEN they had traveled twenty miles of the forty between the tip and the elbow of the crooked right arm of Massachusetts, a tire gave way and they all stepped out of the car and took a walk in the woods while they were waiting for repairs to be made.

Mr. Chambers and Ruth slipped into a thread of path going in the opposite direction from that taken by the two girls, but evidently made a détour and turned toward them, for they heard the sound of voices just beyond. Peggy put her finger to her lips.

"I am the kind of man who always gets what he wants," Mr. Chambers was saying. "You won't give me the chance to tell you what I want, but you know pretty well what it is, and I think you know that I am going to get it."

"No," said Ruth Farraday.

"You know that I want you to marry me?"

"Yes, I know that."

"You know that I love you?"

"I—I don't know much about love."

"I can teach you."

"Oughtn't we to stuff our fingers in our ears?" Elizabeth pantomimed.

"No!" Peggy shook her head fiercely.

"I should like to keep you comfortable for the rest of your life," Mr. Chambers said.

"And happy?"

"I know I could make you happy."

"Good!" said Peggy in a loud whisper. Then she sneezed, but fortunately the speakers had passed far enough beyond to confuse the sound with the general blend of forest sounds, the whirring of wings in the underbrush, or the rustling in the trees overhead.

"I guess he thought I was a startled quail," Peggy said, "though I wouldn't have cared much if he had found me. I never heard such silliness, did you?"

When they got back into the car, Ruth suggested that the girls take the folding-seats in the tonneau again, and Mr. Chambers

Continued on page 57

ELIZABETH MANAGES

quietly acquiesced in this arrangement. As they took their places, Peggy gave her friend the benefit of a long, significant wink, and then subsided into a silence that encompassed them all during the remainder of the long drive home.

"I COME to tell you that my mother's sick," Moses said. "She's hollering something awful. She said to tell Miss Laury Ann, but I can't find her nowhere."

"She's out with Grandfather," Elizabeth said, "and I don't know when she'll be back." "Maybe marmar'll be dead by that time; she's kind of turned green already."

"She can't be going to die." "I arsked her was she going to die, and she said she guessed she was. I dunno nothing about it."

"I'll go home with you," Elizabeth resolved suddenly. "I'll get Judidy, and we'll go and see what we can do."

"Marmar didn't tell me to get no girls," Moses said doubtfully. "She told me to get Miss Laury Ann."

"I'll be better than nobody, Moses." "Well, if you do come over to my house, I ain't going to wear no bloomer suit."

JUDIDY was nowhere to be found, so leaving word with Zeckal, the good-natured hired man, to send either Judidy or Grandmother to the rescue as soon as possible, Elizabeth followed Moses to the tumble-down little red house that was his home. On an old horsehair sofa in the middle of the kitchen, which was the first room they entered, a young woman with her blond hair straggling into blue eyes swimming with pain, was lying in a huddled heap. In the middle of the floor was a wash-tub full of dirty water and half-submerged, grimy garments.

"I was trying to git some washing done, when the pain struck me," a weak voice said. "I ain't in no condition to receive visitors."

A spasm of pain racked the sick woman. Elizabeth was down on her knees beside her in an instant.

"I guess if I could only get a little hot water to drink, I would feel better," the sick woman breathed.

Elizabeth found a one-burner kerosene stove, so begrimed and choked with soot that she could scarcely light the sputtering wick, but thanks to her recent investigations in her grandmother's kitchen, she was able to heat a little water over it.

"Where are the little girls?" she asked.

"I wasn't able to get them any breakfast, so they went out to see if they could pick some blueberries."

"Madget is so little she ought to have milk in the morning." Elizabeth could not refrain from making this superfluous suggestion.

"Milk sours so." The spasm of pain that attacked her was of longer duration this time. Elizabeth began rubbing the afflicted area, and called to Moses, who presently appeared and gazed at his mother speculatively as she winced and writhed in agony.

"Go and get a doctor, Moses. Any doctor you know about."

THE next half-hour was one that she remembered all her life. The spasms of pain increased. Elizabeth's experience of acute illness was so limited, that she earnestly believed she had a dying woman on her hands. Madget and Mabel came in, whimpering and hungry, and Madget cried steadily and consistently, from the moment when she caught her first glimpse of her mother's tortured face.

By the time Moses appeared, with the word that the doctor would follow him shortly, Elizabeth was at the limit of her endurance and her ingenuity. She had been heating water in a leaky lard-pail, and stripping off her own white petticoat to make hot compresses to relieve the increasing pain of her patient, quieting the ubiquitous Madget for a few seconds at a time, only to provoke the din again as soon as she set her down from her lap; and trying in the intervals to reduce the slovenly room to something like order.

"Is she dead yet?" Moses inquired solemnly.

Elizabeth shook her head.

"Moses dear," she said, "you mustn't talk like that. It's unfeeling."

"All right," he said with unexpected docility. "I won't; I just wanted to make some plans, that's all. I thought I might come to live with you, if marmar died."

Elizabeth put her arms around the forlorn little figure.

"She isn't going to die," she said; "at least, I don't think she is."

"Well, you can't tell," said Moses skeptically.

The doctor, who proved to be a portly being with a red beard and the kindest eyes Elizabeth had ever seen, explained that the seizure was nothing more serious than acute neuralgia, complicated with a slight gastric attack.

"She has nothing that a week's care won't bring her out of. There isn't anybody to take care of her, is there?"

"Well, there is nobody but me," said Elizabeth.

The children crowded around her when the doctor left.

"Your mother is going to be well in a week," she told Moses. "I'm going to wash your face, Mabel; and, Madget, if you don't stop crying, do you know what I'm going to do to you?"

"Spank me!" wailed Madget. "No, I'm not. I'm going to kiss you; but I guess it would be more to the purpose to feed you. What does your mother make oatmeal in when she makes it?"

Elizabeth was trying to get some water "boiling, foaming, scalding hot," according to directions, when Judidy appeared at the door, her moon-face beaming over various pails and packages.

"Land o' liberty!" she said, "you up here a tending the sick, and me out skylarking with my feller. I brought some milk and sandwiches for the children. Now you drink to where I've got my finger," she instructed Mabel, as she held out a milk-bottle, "then Madget, then—"

"Pour a little out in this cup, and I'll feed Madget myself," Elizabeth said.

Judidy looked at her admiringly as she lifted the little girl on her lap.

"My, ain't you a pretty picture!" she said heartily. "You was just as stuck-up when you first came, with your ideas about having a demi-tassy after you had et, and laffing at the pump in the kitchen, and never eating anything between meals, and to see you now, a taking up with the town's poor, as if they was own relations. I'll stay now, and you can go right along home and get ready for your dinner."

ELIZABETH gave up a drive to Hyannis to answer this letter:

DEAR LITTLE SISTER:

I am going to take you into my confidence in an important matter, because, well—there is nobody else that I can ask any help of.

The thing is, I want to know something about Ruth Farraday. For reasons of my own, I haven't been writing to her. Now I might like to write to her once or twice, a friendly little note, you understand. A fellow gets so dog-gone lonesome.

I've been here alone so long that I want to know everything, *everything* about the people I care about. Ruth Farraday is one that I do care something about. She was mighty nice to me before I went to be a soldier boy. She is a beautiful girl, and her heart is in the right place wherever it is, but, sister, that's what I want to know. I don't want to be idiot enough to start the poor, sick, old-friend stuff, if she's got her mind all off me or anybody that looks like me, and on somebody that doesn't. Does she wear a ring, and is she reported to be free, or *cinched*, or *what*?

I can't stand not knowing any longer. That's the point. I may have been a darn fool in the way I've warned you against talking to her about me. Tell me the truth. I've got to know it, kid. I'm just all in—that's all.

BUDDY.

"I'm going to write Buddy just the way I would want to be written to if I was in love with Ruth Farraday," Elizabeth decided. "Oh, dear Lord," she said, closing her eyes suddenly, "help me to write that kind of a letter and to get it right."

She climbed the stairs slowly and opened the desk in her little room. The sisters, "Faith, Hope and Charity," smiled benignly down at her, and she began to write.

Continued in the February DELINEATOR



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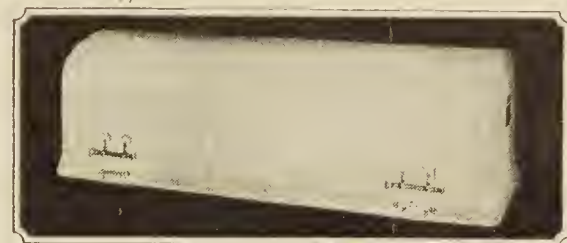


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SISTER SUE

air between pupils May was able to give her a full account of what had occurred.

"Something has happened, Sue!" she cried, fairly quivering with excitement. "First Johnny Baxter came on his wheel with a telegram, and a minute later the music stopped right off short, and I could hear voices, away here, quick, excited voices as if something was wrong. Then it seems as though it wasn't more than five minutes before the chauffeur had the car at the door, and the little man—the accompanist, you know—came running down the steps with a suitcase and jumped into the car. Behind him Mr. Kendall was hurrying just as fast, only he didn't get into the car. He had his watch out, and I heard him call: 'You'll make it! You've got ten minutes. Don't worry!' Then I knew he meant the train for New York. And the car dashed off, and Mr. Kendall went back into the house. In a minute I heard the violin; but it wasn't at all as he played it before. It sounded, for all the world, like your piano when you are all worked up over something, only much worse."

"I CAN imagine it," nodded Sister Sue.

"It shrieked and groaned, and fairly sent the shivers down my back. The next minute the music stopped right off short again, and a moment later his majesty appeared on the piazza and began to walk up and down, up and down, like a wild thing. What do you suppose it all means?"

"I can't imagine, except, of course, that the accompanist has gone. *That's* plainly to be seen. And maybe he can't get back for the concert. But, anyway, we'll know later," she called back as she went to meet her next pupil coming up the steps.

And they did know. At noon Sister Sue was summoned to the telephone. When she came back to the table, there was an odd smile on her face.

"Well, May, you'll have your wish. You will have an opportunity of seeing Donald Kendall real near to, this evening, if you like. He's coming over here."

"Here—to-night? Honestly?" May was guilty of trying to talk with her mouth full.

"Yes, at eight o'clock."

"To see us? To—to call, you mean?"

"To practise, if he'll let me." Sister Sue's face was expressive.

"You don't mean—his violin!"

"Yes. His mother told me that she had persuaded him to let me try his accompaniments for Wednesday and that he would be over at once."

"Now!" May's hands flew to her hair and the neck of her dress. "But I thought you said to-night!"

"I did. It was she who said 'now.'" Sister Sue's face was still expressive of that curious something. "And she didn't even ask me, either. She said he was coming."

"And you dared to put Donald Kendall off till to-night?" gasped May.

"Certainly. I told Mrs. Kendall that I couldn't see her son this afternoon. I had pupils."

"Pupils! When Donald Kendall wanted you to play for him!" gasped May again. "Sister Sue, how could you?"

"BUT I had to." Sister Sue's voice was spirited, her eyes flashed a little. "Donald Kendall is not my bread and butter, and my pupils are. Besides, I was really rather glad that I couldn't be ready just the minute his lordship demanded. As I said, Mrs. Kendall didn't ask if he might come, or if I'd be willing to play for him. She said she had persuaded him to let me try, and he was coming right over."

"Then his accompanist has gone."

"Yes. His father is very ill—dying, the telegram said. I guess they think there's no chance of his getting back in time. So they had to take me."

"Had to take you, indeed! As if they weren't the luckiest things in the world to get you!" cried May.

"Oh, I don't know," shrugged Sister Sue. "I fancy Donald Kendall doesn't think so." And Donald Kendall did not think so.

It was just eight o'clock when Donald Kendall rang the Gilmores' front door-bell. He carried a violin in its case and a portfolio of music.

May advanced at once from the shadow of the vines.

"Good evening, Mr. Kendall," she greeted him blithely. "Won't you come in and sit down, please? I will tell Sister Sue you are here. I am May. You don't remember, probably, but we remember you very well."

"Yes, we remember you very well," echoed a new voice, as Sister Sue herself appeared in the doorway. "Won't you come in, Mr. Kendall?"

"Er, thank you, yes." Donald Kendall's lips smiled, but his eyes were somber, and there was a frown between the heavy black brows. "My mother said perhaps you'd be willing to try—that is—that perhaps you could play my accompaniments for me on Wednesday."

"I shall be glad to. Won't you be seated, please?"

They were in the stiff parlor with the hair wreath and the coffin-plates staring down at them. Donald Kendall put down his violin and his music; and May began to talk brightly, archly asking him how it felt to be so famous and to come to his old-home town like this, and did he remember what a wretch he used to be and how he tormented the lives out of those two poor little girls next door, who just worshiped him if only he'd stop teasing and play with them?

Mr. Donald Kendall did not remember—much. Oh, yes, he remembered the little girls, of course, and he was very sorry he had been so rude and inconsiderate.

But the frown was still on his face and his eyes were still somber and he was plainly nervous and impatient—and bored—and enduring it all merely as a necessary preliminary to the business in hand. At last he turned to Sister Sue decisively, saying:

"I've brought the music. I have it here—what I planned to play. But I'm afraid you will find it—er—rather difficult. In that case there are one or two others I could substitute if necessary. Of course I don't expect you to play them to-night without first looking them over. You can practise them a little to-morrow. Then to-morrow night I'll come over again—with your permission." This last plainly was an afterthought. "We can try them then."

"MAY I see them, please?" Sister Sue rose and went to the piano. She was serene, demure and innocent, but there was an odd little something in her eyes that would have puzzled Mr. Donald Kendall very, very much had he seen it.

"Yes, that's what I wanted, to show them to you," he said, hastily getting to his feet. "I just wanted to tell you the tempo—time, you know—of some of the movements."

"I see," murmured Sister Sue. "Suppose we take first the—the pieces you wanted to play," she suggested.

"Very well." With a frown and an obviously resigned sigh the violinist selected some sheets of music and placed them on the piano rack. Sister Sue looked at the first page interestedly and nodded her head. She did not hesitate long. The man took out his violin and tested a string.

"Give me A, please." Obediently Sister Sue struck the key. Still frowning, still resigned, Donald Kendall pointed with the bow in his hand to the opening score.

"I take it about like this," he said, and played a few bars. "Then over here"—he turned the pages rapidly—"the andante should go slowly, very slowly. Then the scherzo here, quick, animated—just as fast as you can and then 'twon't be fast enough, I'll warrant." Sister Sue's lips came together quickly. "Here, you have these runs and trills alone. And those eight measures there, they're rather difficult, you'll find. But of course they could be omitted, I suppose, though 'twould be a pity."

"Yes, it would," murmured Sister Sue. Then, cheerfully, "Well, I think I understand. Shall we try it?" she asked, turning back to the first page.

"Now?"

"Why, yes, I'd like to."

The man's frown deepened. "But, Miss Gilmore! Now? Before you even practise it? I wouldn't, really. You—"

Continued on page 60



To Know Is to Choose Wisely

Your doors, window-frames, mantels, sideboard, floors—what wood shall they be made of?

You can't, you mustn't make a mistake in the part of the house you live with and see most of. What is more vexatious than a mistake—your own mistake—staring you out of countenance day after day!

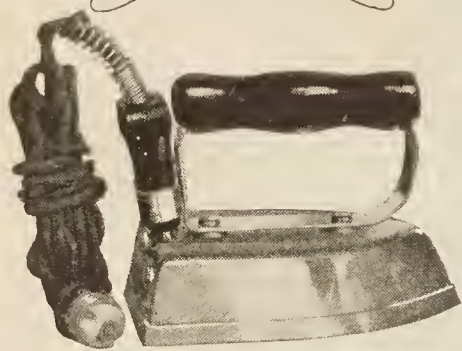
"Beautiful birch" is indeed beautiful; but so are some other fine woods. Are they as hard, dent resisting, durable as birch? Do they take stains, paints and enamels as well and in as wide a variety as "Beautiful birch"? Are they as economical? Can you get them in handsome panels for interior woodwork?

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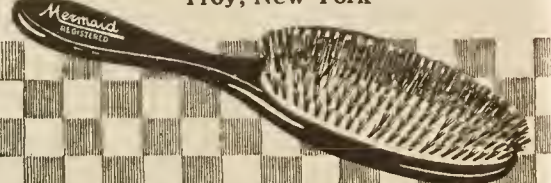
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88 What Next?

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The rubber cushion holding the bristles can be removed with quick convenience for the cleansing which makes the Mermaid like new. At All Drug and Department Stores, \$1.50 up THE MONARCH BRUSH COMPANY Troy, New York



THE AMERICAN MAN

American man above the fighting-age limit? Is it because his meals are so extraordinarily plenteous? Is it that he does not play games or take any violent physical exercise?

Perhaps no man is at his best traveling. Certainly the American man is at his utter worst, especially on a long-distance trip when he has to make his alleged toilet in the train.

The American sleeping-cars have given me man in an aspect new and altogether hideous. Man, educated and prosperous, at ten o'clock in the morning still shirt-sleeved and unshaved. *Unshaved!* I, who come of a race where the men, when finding no time to get a meal, yet make time to get a shave before they dream of presenting themselves before the eyes of their women-folk, have seen this abomination of unshavenness, yea, in many editions. Further, I've seen hands on which the diamond rings glittered, but on which the finger-nails were edged with grimy black.

Perhaps I should have put all these horrors down as a necessary evil of travel if the American woman, traveling, were to be seen in slovenliness equal to that of her mate. But never! Groomed, brushed, daintily hatted and powdered and manicured, fresh as if she were attending an afternoon party, the American woman sits among and beside her menfolk of the lumpy waists, the stubby chins, the atrociously cut hair, the accordion-pressed trousers.

CAN it be that the American man is entirely without the stimulus of physical vanity? Else, how can he appear, for instance, forever in those disfiguring amber-and-tortoise-shell-rimmed spectacles?

Else, how is it that in no American store for men's wear one finds such a thing as a handkerchief or necktie which one would wish to take home as a present?

How is it that in America, the home of all the most delightful toilet "pamperings," the birthplace of massage, manicure, and hair-culture, the land where the women are exquisitely "cared for"—*how* is it that this land produces among its men such multitudes of the Great Ungroomed?

I read lately in a magazine article by your most popular woman writer these words: "*Women don't really care how their men look*"—words which paralyzed me with astonishment. I come from a country where, of the two, men are the more decorative, certainly the better-dressed sex. The love-plumage (by which I mean those details of grooming for which your Tired Business Man is too tired) is still in vogue with our males, and the love-note is heard trilling from the throat of his mate. British women of the most unsmart type have at least the zest to keep themselves "fit," fresh, and nice to kiss, I think, because of "caring" about the "looks" of their men. I do believe these looks, with the lover-like ways that seem to go with them, are a real joy to the female of the species over the water.

I shall be told, perhaps, that I am looking at this matter from a superficial feminine standpoint, that being only British, I can not be expected to know anything about—about—well, *anything*. That an Englishman may perhaps make a point of being spruce and elegant by means of strolling into his office every morning two hours after the American business man has been amassing fresh fortune for his womenfolk. That anyhow I have been discussing unimportant details.

But *are* these details forming part of a man's physical attractions, or the reverse, so very unimportant after all?

I think the question arises as a consequence of my third point—the dissatisfaction which I have heard so often in feminine voices and seen on feminine faces when the American woman has, in a gathering of women only, discussed the male of her species.

"I suppose," said one very charming, cultured American woman to me, "that the reason our girls are so much finer and more cultured than our men is that they have more leisure to read and to improve themselves generally."

I wasn't as much interested in her reason as in her admission; she actually claimed that the men were *far behind* the girls in refinement and charm!

Again I have often heard: "Our men have

Concluded on page 61

Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

Mothers who are still young at the age of forty can teach their daughters the value of a good aperient in keeping the blush of youth in their cheeks.

NR Tablets (a vegetable aperient) act pleasantly and naturally to clear the skin of blemishes and preserve a healthful, youthful appearance.

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. box of NR Tablets.



Used for 30 Years



A half hour ago Peggy had a tight, ugly cough and Mother was worrying about all the troublesome remedies she knew Peggy disliked. Then she remembered the bottle of Kemp's Balsam she had got months ago for just such a time. And Peggy was glad she did. Just enough to moisten her throat and the horrid old cough stopped. The sand man came and Mother heaved a sigh of relief.

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KEMP'S BALSAM
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easily handled—an easy, gentle stroke, stopping just short of the little flip that scatters the dirt, and you can sweep with practically no dust. Try it.

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How will you know a good broom? The Allied Broom Industries is soon to put a distinctive seal on brooms of quality for your protection.

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Only Soft, White Hands Are Sightly and Pleasant to the Touch

PRETTY hands are good to look at. Smooth, soft hands are pleasant to your own and other's touch. But *only* such hands. Rub half a lemon over your hands night and morning. Use lemon juice, if they are red, rough, dry or cracked—and in a few days, note the transformation. See how white—and feel how soft and smooth.

This is Nature's own safe, dainty lotion and whitener—no need for artificial kinds. Millions use this method and get the best results. See how it removes stains.

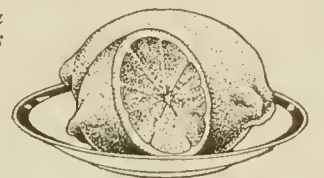
Keep a half lemon handy in a saucer by the sink or wash bowl. Use it daily and have attractive, pretty hands. Begin tonight.

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SISTER SUE



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All salads are enriched and improved by imported
Pompeian Olive Oil

you'll get discouraged at the very beginning—while, maybe, if you'd practise it—" He let a significant pause finish the sentence for him.

"Oh, yes, I know," smiled Sister Sue sweetly. "Very likely I can play it better after I practise it, but I thought I'd like to run it through once or twice now."

"RUN it through, *run it through!* Run a concerto for the violin and piano through once or twice!" Very plainly Mr. Donald Kendall had lost his temper now and did not care who knew it.

"Very well, young woman, we will! But remember your sin will be on your own head. I did my best to warn you. This is no 'Maiden's Prayer,' or 'Listen to the Mocking Bird, with Variations,' as you'll soon find out. But I'll 'run it through' for you. I'll play it straight through from the beginning to the end.' I don't need the notes. As for you, when you can, play; when you can't, keep quiet and wait till a place where you can. Above all things *don't drag*. If you're not sure of your notes, don't slow up to pick them out. Stop; stop I say, and wait till you can come in again with me. Now, ready!" and he motioned for her to begin.

Over in the corner May gasped aloud. For one brief instant Sister Sue looked as if she were going to leave the piano. She did, indeed, half start from her seat. Then, with a demure little smile, she lifted her hands and struck the opening notes.

And then Donald Kendall began to play. Very plainly he was master of the score and of his instrument. At the first few notes from the piano, accurate and unhesitating, he had turned sharply, his questioning eyes on the girl's unperturbed face. All through the first half of the first movement he had the air of one who finds himself walking on familiar ground when he was expecting uncertainly to break through a treacherous crust. But very soon evidently he forgot that, and long before the end of the first movement was reached he had lost himself entirely in the world of exquisite melody he was making for himself.

In the corner, May caught her breath, and held it, afraid to let it out lest some of the entrancing cadence be lost. Martin Kent came up the walk and May, seeing him, went to admit him, her finger to her lips. Then together they tiptoed back to the parlor and slipped silently into their chairs.

As from a single instrument under the will of a single mind came the wondrous music, so exactly were the two players together, whether in a swelling pæan of triumphant rejoicing or the whisper of some fair voices far in the distance. Enchanted and enthralled, the two listeners across the room sat motionless. No less enchanted and enthralled, the players themselves very clearly had lost all consciousness of anything but the creation of their own melodious harmony. At the piano Sister Sue, as if under the sway of some magic message from his mind to hers, kept pace, note for note—now faster and faster, till her fingers seemed scarcely to touch the keys; now slower and slower, till each note was a lingering caress bringing out the very soul of the instrument itself. And when the last strain had died into silence, May and Martin Kent drew a long breath of ecstasy which was echoed by Donald Kendall himself.

"THAT was something like!" he breathed. Then, as if in sudden realization, he turned to the girl at the piano. "And you—you! For Heaven's sake, child, who and what are you?" he demanded.

Sister Sue, whose face till that moment had been rapt, eager and alight, like the faces of the others, changed color.

"I? Oh, I—I'm Sister Sue," she shrugged, and, wheeling back to the piano, lightly touched the keys, perhaps to show that her answer was really as light as it sounded to be.

"But—to—to read like that, to say nothing of playing as you did!" He stared, still with a puzzled frown.

"Sister Sue was the crack sight-reader in Signor Bartoni's class last year," bragged May shamelessly.

Then somebody remembered that Martin Kent did not know Mr. Kendall, whereupon

formal introductions were made, and the talk for a few moments became general, but not for long. Without asking, Donald Kendall turned again to Sister Sue.

"I'm going to play this for the second piece," he began eagerly, placing on the rack a fresh score. "Would you mind trying this—just a bit?"

"Oh, no! I wouldn't mind at all." Sister Sue's face had suddenly broken into a broad smile, as she let her fingers fall on the keys.

After that it was another and another. And so they played on, oblivious to everything but themselves and the music before them. In the corner May yawned behind her hand and Martin Kent fidgeted with his watch-chain, pulling at the watch itself at intervals more frequent than polite. After a time he rose to his feet. He said he must go—really he must.

May at once rose to her feet. Donald Kendall said: "Yes, yes, to be sure. Good night." All of which was tossed over his shoulder without so much as the turning of the head away from the sheets of music he was sorting.

Sister Sue rose with her hand outstretched. Under her breath she said she was sorry to have to seem inhospitable to him, but of course he'd understand that she had to attend to the music that evening.

BY TUESDAY morning Old-Home Week in Gilmoreville was in full swing. The whole town was having a holiday. Cy Bellows had arrived the night before and had been carried on the shoulders of a cheering multitude to the final lucky choice of entertainers. The drawing had been made and the manufacturers' nine had won the star pitcher and were off somewhere now in secret session preparing for the grand game.

At ten o'clock Miss Kate Farnum, the novelist, came, accompanied by her secretary. With some relief and all deference, but with no enthusiasm, the ladies were escorted to the Inn and established in the bridal suite of two bedrooms, bath and reception-room—really a sumptuous apartment; though, as the indignant hotel clerk afterward reported, it was not quite satisfactory, the lady observing to her secretary upon entering that the rooms were hot and stuffy, and *did* she ever see such hideous wall-paper in her life!

"We've got to meet the singer at the depot next," mourned the committee lady with the purple hat.

"I know it," sighed Mrs. French, "but it's the last of 'em. Remember that."

"Goodness knows I hope she'll go to the Whipples!" cried the third member of the committee, who wore glasses. "If Kate Farnum finds fault with the wall-paper at the Inn, what do you suppose Viola Sanderson, the grandest of 'em all, will say to that little old Jones house?"

"I don't know," groaned Mrs. French. "But then we needn't worry. She won't go there, of course."

"But Jane Jones *thinks* she's coming," spoke up she of the purple hat.

"That ain't our fault," responded Mrs. French somewhat haughtily. "We told her about the Whipples' invitation. Now remember! Four o'clock sharp, in the waiting-room at the depot. Then we'll be all ready for the train at five minutes past." she added as she turned down the street.

And at four o'clock sharp they were there, Mrs. French, the lady of the purple hat and the one who wore glasses. They hadn't long to wait or worry, for promptly on time the train rolled in and there stepped down from the parlor-car the handsomely dressed, smiling woman whom they recognized from her pictures as the great coloratura soprano.

It was at that moment that the full awfulness of the task before her struck Mrs. French dumb. Advancing mechanically she came to a stop, supported on each side by the purple hat and the eye-glasses. But she was silent. As if by intuition, Viola Sanderson understood and came promptly to the rescue.

"And did you come to meet me?" she exclaimed. "How perfectly lovely! And it is just like coming home, isn't it?"

"How do you do?"

"Yes'm! If you please."

"We're quite well, thank you."



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THE AMERICAN MAN

to think so much about making money, they aren't able to give themselves time to thinking out what *we'd* like."

Again I heard from a girl of great looks and vivacity: "When the American man is nice, he surely is *darling!* But—there are so few of *those*."

Girls who have been over on war-work in Europe have told me: "All *your* men seem to have such a wonderful sort of finish! The voice, the manner, the way they'll hand you a cup of tea—they're the most attractive things! You can't get our men to have little ways like *those!*"

"Can't you?" I've said, listening in some wonder to these and many similar remarks. "But we, you know, on the other side, we always hear that the American man makes the best husband in the whole world! Doesn't he?"

AND I've been told: "Why, yes—but—" Oh, it's a damning thing, praise that ends with a "yes, but!"

"But the American husband seems to think he's done everything if he makes lots of money and buys his wife just anything she could ask for in this world. He seems to think that ought to keep her happy and smiling!"

"Does he?" I've commented, well aware of this basic fact, that no man has yet "bought" one smile of real pleasure from a woman.

"Then," I've asked very diffidently, "what do *you* people think is the matter with the American man?"

The answer to this question has always set me thinking.

To begin with, it's so odd that the question itself should not seem to be *resented* by the American woman! Ask any English-woman "what the matter is" with Englishmen. From one end to another of our long and anomalous social scale the answer would be the same. The "great lady" would give a tiny, ineffable smile, a sweet, bewildered, but icy "What do you mean by 'matter'?" The coster girl would retort with loud, uncamouflaged indignation: "Who's sayin' there's anything the matter; wot, *with our boys?*"

But the American women again and again I have heard—in a variety of voices, young, old, middle-aged, the voice of the college woman, the voice of the home girl, the voice of the purely social type—this comment:

"The matter with the American man is that he hasn't got any imagination."

This is your verdict, oh, American cousins, not mine. It seems to me harsher than anything I may have said or thought about want of smartness, slowness or shavenness in your men.

At the same time, I doubt if I am quite sure what you mean by it. I should like to know. Can anybody explain it clearly?

WINTER PASTORAL

*ALL the woods and fields and skies
Are grown white together.
Come, my love, and run with me
Through the frosty weather!*

*We shall see the merry brook
Still and frozen over
Like a dancing maid at last
Yielded to her lover.*

*We shall find the world asleep
And the white clouds resting
In the trees like flocks of birds
Come for Winter nesting.*

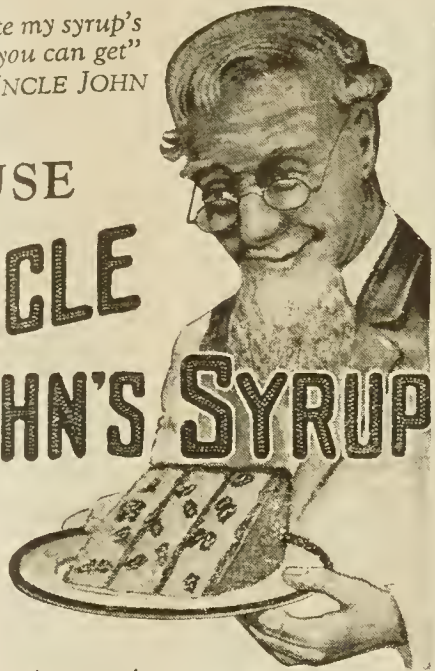
*And the frost shall touch your face
Into wondrous flowering—
Clasp my hand and run with me
Through the snow's soft showering!*

*All the while we two shall know
At the white road's turning
Waits a little house for us
And a hearth-fire burning.*

—HILDA MORRIS

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THE AUCTION HOUNDS

"The moonlight from this hill in Winter is beyond all description, and how the fires crackle on the hearth! I used to sit by mine last Winter—all alone. I have just learned how utterly alone."

He was leaning close to her, gently, but so hungrily. She felt weak and helpless. Why did she feel so? Once, a few short weeks ago, it would have enraged her. Now, there was something delicious about it. She did not dare look into his face now, for she ached to feel his arms about her, and dreaded to betray the fact. Her mind played in a mad whirl with a dozen pictures, but mostly with that fire-lit, paneled room, made home-like by her hands, her treasures and his together, and never, never to go back to her bare little city quarters and her loneliness.

Yes, she, too, had been so often lonely—lonely for somebody, something. Was it this, this night, this ache of nearness to the man beside her? What was he going to do? What should she say? She could bear it no longer, and raised her face, full in the moonlight that she saw reflected in his eyes. He looked at her so, it seemed for minutes, and then as if without volition on her part or his, their faces drew together, their lips met, his arm held her close.

"Are—are we in love?" she whispered. "I'm afraid we are—terribly," he replied. "And we can't fight each other at auctions any more?"

"Never again." "Then I can't marry you," she exclaimed. "I thought you hated having to fight me at auctions, or having me to fight at auctions?"

"So I did," she laughed. "I sort of hate you still, though." "Why?"

"FOR making me love you. I was so—so free before."

"No one is free," he answered, "with the ache of his heart unsatisfied."

"But I didn't have any ache in my heart." "Oh, yes, you did!"

"How do you know?"

"Because I bumped a star the night after I saw you, and it told me."

"Silly," she murmured. "Didn't you?"

"Perhaps—but I never knew it—not exactly. It—it's getting very late, dear."

"Say that again," he begged. "It's getting—"

"No—no!"

She laid her lips close to his ear, and whispered "Dear!"

She snuggled happily against him as he drove slowly homeward, almost silent, thinking of her future, but thinking more of the strange, wonderful, deep joy of loving, with its quaint manifestations that she had often smiled at in others and now found thrilling. On a level straightaway she took one of his hands and held it tight in her exactly as she had seen a girl do the other day in a passing car, which had caused her to laugh contemptuously. He never knew why a sudden tear fell on his wrist.

Parting in her dooryard, she suddenly ran back to him. "I almost forgot!" she exclaimed. "There's one to-morrow at Stokes place two miles beyond Montville—three fancy chairs, and what looks to be like a Connecticut chest. Shall I see you there?"

"Shall you! I'll call for you here at ten thirty. We'll go to our first auction together!"

"Be sure to look up Connecticut chest when you get home," she cautioned. "Think the dealer's wise."

"He'll have to be more than that if I want it."

"I don't—not this minute." She put her face quite brazenly.

When the car had finally disappeared down the road, and no sound of it came but she entered her house, lit a candle, went to the long room, and played the andante of the second Mozart "Sonata." When the last chords still in her ears, she slipped into her chamber and fell on her knees by her bed, as she had not done since she was a little girl.

Continued from page 60

SISTER SUE

Thus miserably stammered the three members of the Committee for Making Old-Home Week a Big Success. Then Mrs. French added:

"We've come to take you to Mrs. Whipples'."

"Yes?" A swift shadow came over the singer's face. "Oh, but my aunt. I—I had a letter—" She hesitated.

"Oh, yes. Mrs. Jones," nodded Mrs. French, quite certain of herself now. "She did ask you. I was going to say so, but I forgot. But of course you won't go there."

"Won't go!" Viola Sanderson looked startled. "Aunt Jane isn't sick, is she?"

"Oh, no! But the house is so small."

"And plain."

"And worse wall-paper than at the Inn."

"And feather beds."

"And no finger-bowls."

"And kerosene lamps. And no tiled bathroom."

"AND no lovely port—portcullis. And no conservatory."

"And nothing but old-fashioned furniture." One after another these dire disadvantages were rapidly hinted at to the astonished visitor by the three flushed and perspiring committee ladies. And for a minute Miss Sanderson stared at them a little confusedly as she listened. Suddenly she laughed. And when the last came about the old-fashioned furniture she held up a protesting hand.

"Oh! But I adore old-fashioned furniture," she declared brightly. "And I'll have Aunt Jennie anyway, and that's what I want most of anything. So please won't you take me to Mrs. Jones's?"

"Why, yes, of course. If you really want us to. But—but—"

"I really want you to." Viola Sanderson

spoke pleadingly, earnestly. She smiled too. But there was a little something in her eyes that made the three committee ladies after one glance into her face, stammer.

"Why, yes—yes, of course!" And she hurriedly led the way to the waiting automobile.

By night the town was filled to overflowing. Every available bed in town had been appropriated. Cots had been set up in chamber-halls, in lodge-rooms and had been erected on private grounds. Profound stocks of food had been prepared, and might obtain a sandwich or a piece of pie at almost every corner.

Four guests were at the Gilmores' besides Gordon, who had cut short his coming trip by five days and had arrived the morning.

"Cy Bellows—ball-game. We got news way out in camp just in time. Idea of having him here! Say! You could hire me to keep away. The fellow brought that thing about did some let me tell you."

"Well, the 'fellow' was your Sister Sue, boasted May importantly.

"Sue!"

"Yes. And Viola Sanderson and Farnum and Donald Kendall—they're coming! And Sister Sue did that."

"GREAT work! Well, I sha'n't take what I said," retorted Gordon. "So Donald Kendall is coming, is he?"

"Yes—there he is now!" cried May eyes on the tall figure coming up the street.

A minute later Donald Kendall was in the room. He greeted them with a good morning, in another minute he had indicated his business was.

Continued in the February DELINEATOR



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Soft, lustrous nainsook fashions "Dove" Envelope Chemise No. 746 illustrated above. Across the front is pink and blue hand embroidery and the sleeves are prettily hemstitched. Five-needle shirring at the waist and a ribbon bow at the point of the "V" are other features. "Dove" Night Gown No. 745 matches it.



THE DELINEATOR

JANUARY
1921



The Parisienne, en grande tenue, leaves the fogs of Paris for the lemon-scented night air of the south. For her Soulié designs an evening gown of rose mousseline and silver lace, caught up with yellow roses on the hip. Soulié, too, uses the Victorian line in the décolletage

SOULIÉ SEES THE WINTER THROUGH WITH NEW DESIGNS TO MEET
THE NEEDS OF THE GAY PARISIENNE



Princes and principalities may pass, but the princess frock swings around the circle and returns every seven years with undiminished prestige. Here Soulié has used it for a robe of blue velours with embroideries of blue and silver supporting a finely plaited tunic of blue chiffon



PARIS has little liking for cold gray dawns and even colder evenings in its still ill-heated houses. It says good-by to Winter almost before it has begun, and betakes itself to a warmer if not better land in the South. In the frocks that she chooses for the Mediterranean the wise will see signs of what she will accept next Spring. Her skirts and sleeves are longer, she trifles with the high collar and there is no curtailment of her frank delight in lace, in "broderies" and much hand-work of all kinds. In fact, the character of the present styles, the simplicity of the chemise dresses and the many panels would be like empty frames without their tracteries of embroidery or braid which demand hand work and take their individuality from it. The same thing is true of the wide peasant sleeve so much in vogue which to be really true to type, must be embroidered



The sum and substance of much that is new in the Winter modes is to be found in a Soulié costume with the high neck, the princess form of the redingote and the sharp, knife-like plaits that hold the fuller skirt in to narrow lines



Many new models threaten greater width, but keep an anchor to windward in the narrow foundation skirt. A tailor costume of rust-colored serge trimmed with petit gris and embroidered in the same tone breaks bounds in the flare of its box coat and panel, but beneath the new mouvement one notices the narrow hem

The high collar has no more ardent protagonist than Soulié. He would have us believe that in abandoning the open neck we all would look like this lovely lady in her gown of pearl gray velvet embroidered with blue pearls and with the low waist made yet lower by a sash of pearl embroidered tulle



The wide peasant sleeve demands trimming; usually embroidery or fine braid, but sometimes fur, as in the case of this gray lamb joncé, not dissimilar in depth and texture to the new carpet embroideries. It is used on a street dress of dark blue silk



They say that when fitness finally reappears and establishes itself that it will be at neither the hip nor the hem, but above the knee. Soulié experiments with it in a coat of green velours trimmed with sealskin

A wrap of marron velvet and fur might be called "La Discret," for the ermine bears no tails. Soulié balances the white fur with dark velvet with an artistic touch



Only a Parisian would dream of combining Chantilly lace and sealskin for a Winter mantle, and trimming it lightly with a feather weight of ostrich plumes



One is tempted to borrow Janvier's pen name of Ivory Black for an afternoon costume of ceremony; made of white velvet and trimmed with black Spanish lace and black fox fur



Waist 2172
Skirt 2170

Dress 2766

Dress 2843

Wrap 2733

THE EVENING RULE APPEARS TO BE WHAT IS TAKEN AWAY FROM THE SHOULDERS
IS ADDED TO THE HIP OF THE FROCK AND THE COLLAR OF THE WRAP

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

2172—2170—In planning your evening costume you can remove the weight of the affair from your mind to your waistline. It is there that the huge hip sash drapery of the jumper and gathers of the rather full straight skirt join forces to give a soft, charming effect. The waist has a blouse body lining. Make the dress of satin, charmeuse, taffeta, or velveteen.

36 bust and 38 hip require $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of velvet 36 inches wide. Lower edge $1\frac{7}{8}$ or $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

This waist, 2172, is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; the skirt, 2170, is good for ladies 35 to $42\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2766—Fine lace, brilliant flowers and soft silks—such is the stuff that dance frocks are made of. An evening dress like this, with its soft draped waist and straight tunic over the drop skirt, which is sewed to the blouse body lining a little above the normal line, will retain its charm for more than one season. Taffeta, satin, satin crêpe and velvet are lovely with lace; or taffeta, crêpe meteor, etc. with silk net.

36 bust requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards satin 36 inches wide, 2 yards lace flouncing 31 inches wide. Lower edge 49 inches.

This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2843—The deft sweep of a loose back panel achieves all the loveliness due any evening gown. The Oriental turn of the hem is sewed to a foundation skirt beneath. Both skirts are cut straight and made with the waistline a little higher than usual. Use satin, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, brocade or velvet. The panel can be dropped to form a train or not used at all. In the latter case there is the combination of taffeta with lace, etc. Lower edge when falling free 50 inches.

This dress is lovely for women 32 to 44 bust.

2733—Slipperless, perhaps, but a modern Cinderella would never leave without her wrap. The huge soft collar gives you that charming frame effect for the face just as fur does. The marking of the deep yoke line with flowers is pretty. Plush, chiffon velvet, velveteen, satin, velours, duvetyn, fur fabrics, brocade and broadcloth are suitable. The wrap can be made for evening or afternoon use according to the fabric. Lower edge falling free $57\frac{1}{2}$ inches, with band 50 inches.

36 bust requires $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide.

This wrap is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2805—You must start at the bottom and work up is the belief of the Paris dressmakers so they introduce the new deep scallop at the hem. In this taffeta afternoon frock the lace effect adds to the softness of the draped waist and a loose panel makes an interesting back. The skirt is straight and the blouse body lining offered can be finished like a camisole at the top. Crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, charmeuse and satin are smart for this type of dress.

36 bust requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards taffeta 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard lace 27 or more inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches.

This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2793—What goes down must come up is the French way of twisting facts when right in the midst of the season of successfully lowered waistlines. Fashion decides upon the set-in belt which extends some distance above the soft gathers of the straight skirt. The dress slips on over the head and has the collar standing a little away from the neck in the new way. The neck itself is cut a little lower than usual and a blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, velveteen, duvetyn, lightweight velours, or satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine and crêpe meteor. Lower edge 63 inches.

36 bust requires 3 yards satin 40 inches wide.

This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2795—One of the smartest possibilities of the redingote, the one-piece jumper fashion slashed at the lower part. Beneath there is an underbody, closing on the left shoulder and underneath the arm, with the straight skirt sewed on the low waistline. A blouse body lining is offered. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, or, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, or combine duvetyn, velvet, velours, tricotine, etc., with satin. 36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard duvetyn 54 inches, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge $53\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2791—The Parisienne is devoted to crêpe de Chine this season and uses it in this straight tunic frock with the vestee reaching to the long body line. A French body lining is offered and the drop skirt is made with the waistline a little above the normal. It would be becoming to the stout figure too. Use satin crêpe, charmeuse, crêpe meteor, taffeta and challis or soft serge with satin. Lower edge of skirt $53\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

36 bust requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard contrasting crêpe de Chine 27 or more inches wide.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

2778—The overdress frock gives you the opportunity of fluctuating between two materials and then asserting your feminine prerogative of changing your mind and deciding upon both. Use tricotine, serge, gabardine, soft twills, duvetyn, velours or velvet alone or with a satin slip, or use satin, crêpe de Chine and charmeuse with sleeves of the same material, or silk crêpe, chiffon or silk voile. The front and back of the overdress are in one piece. Lower edge of slip 53 inches.

36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust; also for misses.

2799—A frock that would be smart worn under your Winter wrap and that you could wear for a street dress in the first mild days of Spring is made with the fashionable long body style. The dress slips over the head and can have a blouse body lining beneath it and the lower part is straight. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, duvetyn and velvet alone or with satin; use charmeuse, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and taffeta. Lower edge 63 inches.

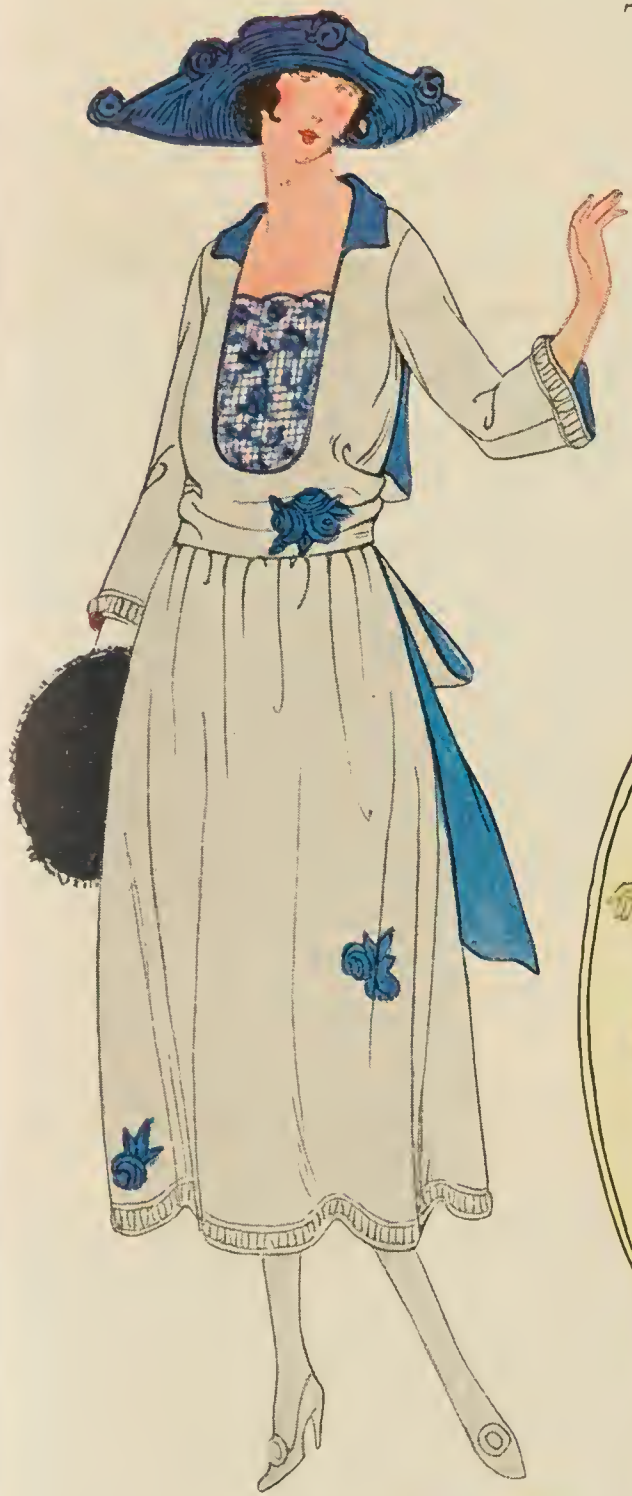
36 bust requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.

This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



THE NEWEST LINES ARE ACCENTUATED
WITH CHARMING EMBROIDERIES

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84



Dress 2805
Embroidery
design 10812



Dress 2793
Embroidery
design 10855



Dress 2791
Embroidery design 10772



Dress 2799
Embroidery
design 10796



Dress 2778
Braiding design 10729



PARIS SUGGESTS FLYING PANEL, LONG-BODIED
REDINGOTE AND SOFT TUNIC

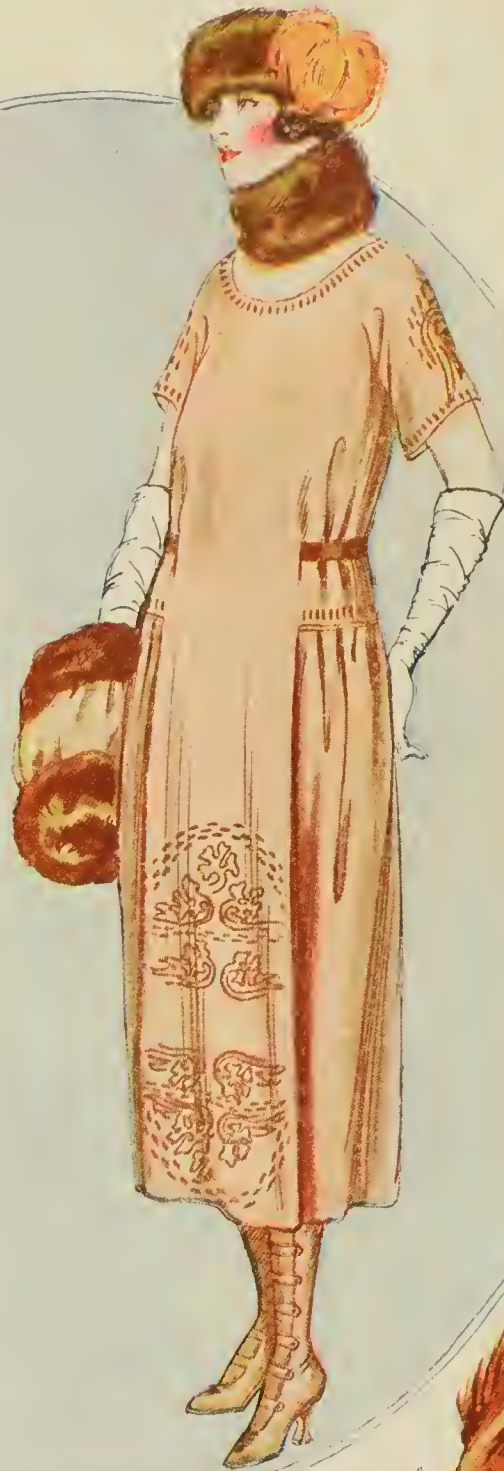
Other views of these garments are shown on page 84



Dress 2807
Embroidery
design 10851



Dress 2802
Beading design 10850



Dress 2763
Embroidery
design 10857



Dress 2789
Embroidery
design 10812



Dress 2805
Beading
design 10747



Dress 2797



Dress 2751



Dress 2815
Embroidery design 10852



Dress 2738
Beading design 10832

Dress 2754
Embroidery design 10847

FASHION'S EASE IS A STUDIED AFFAIR FOR SHE USE OF FABRIC WITH SOFT GATHERS. ACHIEVES THAT APPEARANCE OF GENEROUS SIDE TRIMMING AND HIP SASHES

2751—The suggestion of the side tunics, which remain open in panel style in front, is followed out by the vestee of the waist. This is the indispensable type of silk dress. Smart and becoming in line, it is simply made with the neck cut a little low at the back and the skirt in two pieces. The tunics are sewed on a little above the normal waistline and a French body lining is used. Crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, charmeuse, crêpe meteor and taffeta are attractive materials. Lower edge 1¾ yard. 36 bust requires 4½ yards satin 36 inches wide. This dress is nice for ladies 34 to 52 bust.

2815—The long body is new but the line of the deep band of embroidery used on it is even newer and very much the vogue on French frocks. The way the straight skirt is softly gathered to the body is smart. The dress closes underneath the arm and on the left shoulder and a blouse body lining can be used. Velvet, tricotine, gabardine, duvetyn, serge, plaids, and stripes are used alone or with satin. It would also be smart in satin crêpe, etc. Lower edge 62 inches. 36 bust requires 3½ yards satin 40 inches wide. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2754—The one-piece frock is a good start when one plans to end up with such French touches as the deep-pointed vestee line, the collar which stands up at the back and the embroidered peasant sleeve. The dress slips on over the head and the side panels can be accordion or side-plaited. A blouse body lining can be used. Gabardine, tricotine, serge, twills, checks, broadcloth, or crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe and charmeuse are smart materials. Lower edge 54 inches. 36 bust requires 3½ yards gabardine 50 inches wide. This dress is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust; also for misses.

2738—One can afford to be generous even to the extent of huge hip sashes if it casts her silhouette on the fashionable horizon. The draped waist has the surplice closing and simple kimono construction. The neck is cut in the new way, a little low at the back and side, and the straight skirt is made with the waistline slightly raised. Use crêpe de Chine, satin, charmeuse, taffeta or crêpe meteor. 36 bust requires 4½ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. Beading design 10832 is used. Lower edge 1¾ yard. This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2807—The flare of the many loose panels bespeaks the Paris origin of an afternoon frock. The skirt, made with the waistline a little higher than the normal line, is cut straight and a blouse body lining can be made in canisole style. Use crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, charmeuse or taffeta alone or with chiffon, etc., or make the dress of satin with panels and bib of tricotine, gabardine, duvetyn, etc., or have the bib and skirt of satin or velvet with Georgette, etc. 36 bust requires 3¾ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, 1½ yard lace 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches. This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2802—If you find the redingote style becoming, you may be sure that you will be unable to resist this latest French version fashioned with the new long-bodied line. There is the possibility of using a smart combination of material such as tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills or duvetyn with satin. The wool fabrics could be used alone, or the dress could be made of crêpe de Chine, etc. The lower part of the redingote is straight and the slip beneath is cut in two pieces. 36 bust requires 2½ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide, 2¾ yards satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge of slip 54 inches. This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

2763—The easiest way is the French way of making a distinctive frock. Softly gathered straight pieces are inserted at each side and the front and back of the skirt are cut in one with the kimono upper part. A blouse body lining can be used and the dress slips on over the head. Use crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, charmeuse, taffeta or crêpe meteor, or trim velvet, duvetyn, light-weight velours, etc., with platings of satin crêpe, etc. Lower edge 2½ yard. 36 bust requires 3 yards tricotine 54 inches wide. This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

2789—Most likely you've promised yourself at least one frock that is made with the fashionable loose panels. A junper overdress can be cut this way and made of tricotine, serge, gabardine, soft twills, duvetyn, velours or velvet alone or over satin. There is a blouse body lining to which the two-piece skirt is sewed at the normal waistline. Satin crêpe can be used with silk crêpe, etc. 36 bust requires 2½ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide, 1 yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 53½ inches. This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 48 bust; also for misses.

2805—Even if you turn your back on the world you can't help glancing around to acknowledge the admiration bestowed upon your panel. It is the soft type of dress that the French houses are making of crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe or crêpe meteor, and it is also a delightful dress for charmeuse, satin or taffeta. In the straight skirt the waistline is slightly raised and there is a blouse body lining that can be finished in camisole style. Lower edge 63 inches. 36 bust requires 4¼ yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide. This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2797—The lace tunic over satin brings a really simple afternoon dress into the more elaborate class. The drop skirt beneath the straight tunic is made with the waistline a little above the normal line. A blouse body lining which can have the camisole top is offered. Crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe, crêpe meteor, satin and charmeuse are the best of the season's materials to use. 36 bust requires 4 yards satin 40 inches wide, 2 yards lace flouncing 30 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches. This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2842

2842—To get at the bottom of things, it is the more-than-knee-deep hem that goes a long way in accounting for the smartness of this dress. This deep hem, fichu-like collar and high cuffs emphasized by the wide scallop are seen on so many of the French dresses. Beneath the large collar the waist is made in a soft way as the back comes over the shoulder in shallow yoke effect and the front is gathered to it. The straight skirt is sewed to the waist a little above the normal line and the use of either the blouse body lining or the deep hem is, of course, optional. Use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or satin crêpe. Lower edge 63 inches. 36 bust requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. This dress is nice for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

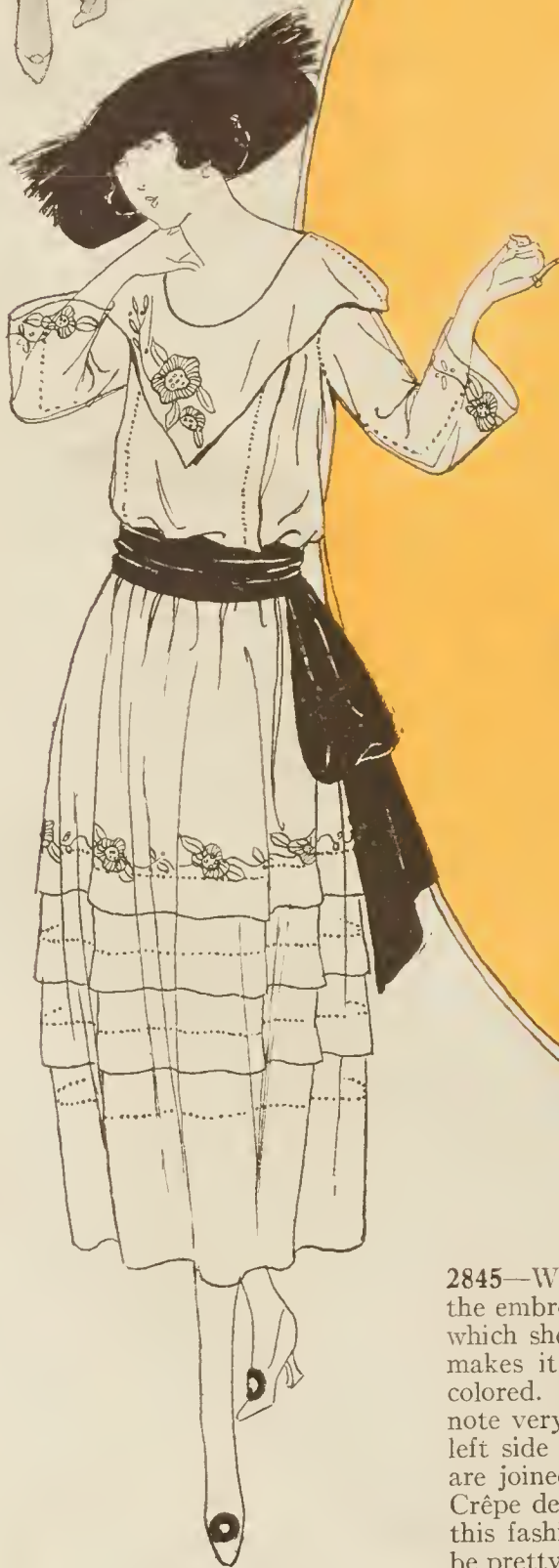
2812—The interesting braiding motif lends the line of a long body to this one-piece tailored frock. The new collar is cut in the French way, high and away from the neck at the back. The straight lines make the construction of the dress very simple and are smart for both women and young girls. They offer a splendid opportunity for the use of embroidery. You can use a blouse body lining. Velours, tricotine, gabardine, velvet, serge or charmeuse and satin are the fashionable materials for this dress. 36 bust requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards duvetyne 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches. This dress is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.



Dress 2812
Braiding design
10803

Dress 2846

2846—When Fashion departs so far from the straight and narrow silhouette as to make the lower part of the redingote noticeably circular, you would expect her to lace the rather long body in this fascinating but unusual way. If you care to wear the two-piece skirt, which is sewed to the blouse body lining at a little higher line than usual, quite short, the flare of the redingote, if in the same length, above it is something very smart and new. Use gabardine, tricotine, serge, charmeuse and taffeta, or use tricotine, light-weight velours or satin, etc. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches. 36 bust requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust. also for misses.



Dress 2845
Embroidery design
10823

2845—When the Parisienne wants a background for the embroidery, hand hemstitching and such work for which she is so famed, she chooses a simple model and makes it of sheer or soft fabrics that are delicately colored. The deep pointed collar of this model is a new note very simply achieved. The dress is closed at the left side of the front and the straight skirt and waist are joined together a little higher than the usual line. Crêpe de Chine as well as Georgette is lovely made in this fashion, and taffeta and crêpe meteor would also be pretty. You can use a blouse body lining. 36 bust requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches. This dress is becoming to ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

2844—One might define the season's afternoon frocks as being as new as their collars are quaint. This cape-shaped collar gives a most becoming shoulder line. The opening of the tunic follows in natural sequence to the smart vestee and the ruffle that breaks the length of the tunic just below the hip is like that of the collar. Both the straight skirt and the tunic are sewed to the waist a little above the normal line. Taffeta, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse or satin crêpe would be attractive made in this fashion, and if you want to combine materials you can use Georgette over satin, taffeta or lace. 36 bust requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches. This dress is lovely for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

Dress 2844



Dress 2746

Dress 2742
 Embroidery
 design 10844

2746—In a deft manner, typically Parisienne, the fashionable soft line is suggested by the slightly circular cut of the front tunic. The dress slips on over the head and the long body has the kimono sleeve construction. The straight skirt is sewed to it and a long body lining can be used beneath. Satin, crêpe satin, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, taffeta and broadcloth are used with a chiffon, silk voile or Georgette body; or a velvet, satin crêpe, taffeta or charmeuse bib, girdle and skirt with chiffon, silk voile or Georgette, or the entire dress can be made of crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, satin crêpe or taffeta.
 36 bust requires 3½ yards taffeta 40 inches wide, 1¾ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide. Lower edge 53 inches.
 This dress is suitable for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2799—Just a little bit, in the way of a new panel line, added to the already beloved long-bodied style interests the woman seeking the distinctive for her wardrobe. The breaking of the long body is new. The lower part of the dress is cut straight and gathered to the body, giving the approved softness. The dress slips on over the head and can be made over a blouse body lining. Tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, duvetyn or velvet makes a very smart dress when used alone or combined with satin. For the silk dress there are satin, charmeuse, satin crêpe, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor and taffeta.
 36 bust requires 2¼ yards duvetyn 54 inches wide, ¾ yard fur cloth 54 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches.
 This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2799

2740—A reversal of the old order is this easier-done-than-said type of frock. You slip it on over the head and find that it is the simplest kind to make because of the kimono-cut sleeve and one-piece construction. The full-length surplice collar is becoming to most women and young girls, and the few well-placed embroidery motifs and band at the hem are the French way of giving a frock character. If a wool frock is your choice, you could make the dress of tricotine, velours, duvetyn, velveteen, checks, stripes, plaids, serge, gabardine, etc., and if it is to be of silk there is satin, taffeta or charmeuse. A blouse body lining can be used.
 36 bust requires 3 yards satin 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10776 is used. Lower edge 54 inches.
 This dress is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.



Dress 2823
 Beading
 design 10866



Dress 2740
 Embroidery design 10776

2742—It refuses to divulge its wearer's age—this truly feminine, long-body fashion. The vestee ends in a point at the joining line of the two-piece skirt and body, and the neck is cut a little lower than usual at the side and back. The panels which hang loose over the hips can be accordion or side plaited and you can use a French body lining. Tricotine, gabardine, soft twills and broadcloth are used alone or combined with satin. Silk crêpe or silk voile side panels can be used with satin and velveteen, or the dress could be made of charmeuse, crêpe meteor, taffeta and crêpe de Chine.
 36 bust requires 3¼ yards gabardine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.
 This dress is good for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

2823—To the one-piece dress, so universally becoming yet charming in its distinctive possibilities, Paris awards more than a fair share of the season's rich embroideries. These simple frocks can be beaded or embroidered with an all-over design like this, or they can have knee-deep bands of hand-work on the skirt and wide bands of the same motif on the peasant sleeves. The dress is closed on the left shoulder and underneath the arm, and you can make it with a blouse body lining. Tricotine, soft twills, gabardine, serge, duvetyn, velours, velvet, charmeuse and satin are used. Lower edge 57½ inches.
 36 bust requires 2¼ yards tricotine 54 inches wide.
 This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84



Blouse 2800
Embroidery
design 10812

Blouse 2759
Embroidery
design 10814



Blouse 2787; beading design 10841

2787—Hips are not only noticed but also flattered and the wide band of this soft blouse, which stops just above the hip line does both. Worn with the suit this blouse gives an attractive front when the coat is thrown open and also has the complete appearance of a costume if the coat is removed. Although simply planned it can be embroidered or braided to an as elaborate degree as you like. The peasant sleeve is very lovely trimmed this way. The closing comes at the back, and satin, crêpe meteor, duvetyn, velvet, silk or wool jersey, crêpe de Chine and Georgette are the materials to use. 36 bust requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard satin 40 inches wide. This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2749; embroidery design 10713

2800—When you plan to have your suit sometimes cover your more formal tea and restaurant engagements you should have a blouse that completes the costume idea of the suit. The loose panel front of this slip-over kimono blouse can be of the material or color of the suit. Satin, velvet, taffeta and duvetyn are lovely over lace, Georgette, silk voile or chiffon. Both panel and blouse can be of Georgette, silk voile, crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor or satin. Or velvet and duvetyn can be combined with satin.

36 bust requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard velvet 36 inches wide, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard lace 40 inches wide.
This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2759—A great deal depends upon the loveliness of the fabric and coloring of your blouse when you make it on these simple lines, that carry a suggestion of the dignity of the medieval in the collarless neck and easy-fitting effect. It is a very simple blouse to make, having the kimono construction, and the front is draped so that there is a soft fulness beneath the arms. The blouse slips over the head and is left open at the lower part of each side seam. Satin, duvetyn, silk or wool jersey, velvet, crêpe meteor, silk voile, Georgette and crêpe de Chine can be used.

36 bust requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard crêpe satin 40 inches wide.
This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Blouse 2806
Beading design 10866

2806—In looking over a collection of the smartest blouses it would seem that many of them are merely a background for exquisite handwork. In a case like this the blouse must necessarily be very simple and unusually becoming. The kimono-cut style which slips over the head and is deftly draped into a sash, which ties at the back, is lovely covered with this type of work. The most fashionable materials to use are satin, charmeuse, velvet, duvetyn, crêpe meteor, crêpe de Chine and Georgette.

36 bust requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard duvetyn 54 inches wide. Beading design 10866 is used.
This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2749—Far in advance comes a promise of the coatless days of Spring with the advent of this long-bodied redingote. Underneath a two-piece skirt is sewed to a blouse lining at the normal waistline. There is a little fulness in this skirt which is arranged at the sides and across the back. You could make the dress of tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, serge, duvetyn, light-weight velours or broadcloth, and you could combine any of these materials with satin. Charmeuse and satin could also be used alone.

36 bust requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yard tricotine 54 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard satin 40 inches wide. Lower edge 54 inches.
This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84

VARIETY THE SMARTNESS

MANY BLOUSES OF THE FINE BLOUSE STYLE, BROADEN THE FROCKS SHOW LONG BODY AND



2736—2773—After you have admired the long surprise collar turn to the back of this blouse and see the new arrangement of the fulness in groups of fine tucks. The shoulder yoke and slightly long shoulder are used. The tailored skirt is cut straight and is plaited at each side. Make the blouse of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, washable satin, cotton voile, etc., and the skirt of tricotine, gabardine, serge, broadcloth and checks. Lower edge 2 yards.

36 bust, 38 hip require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards gabardine 48 inches wide.

This blouse, 2736, is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust, the skirt, 2773, is good for ladies 35 to $49\frac{1}{2}$ hip.

2796—2820—This long-collared blouse is splendid to wear with the well tailored skirt. It can be finished with hand hemstitching, as the collar, vestee and cuffs are cut with straight edges. There is a shoulder yoke and the slightly long shoulder line. The two-piece skirt has a distinctive set-in pocket. The blouse is made of crêpe de Chine, Georgette, cotton voile, etc., and tricotine, gabardine, serge, duvetyn, velours, tweeds, etc., are used for the skirt.

36 bust, 38 hip require $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide, $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard tweed 54 inches wide. Lower edge 63 inches.

This blouse, 2796, is good for ladies 32 to 50 bust, the skirt, 2820, is good for ladies 35 to 55 hip.



Blouse 2736; skirt 2773
Embroidery design 10863

Blouse 2796; skirt 2820
Embroidery design 10866

OF EVERY-DAY COSTUMES

HAND-MADE TYPE OR THE OVER-ACTIVITY OF YOUR SUIT, AND SOFTENED HIP OR WAISTLINE



2747—2739—A blouse, tailored in effect, with its front closing and lack of trimming, is made with the simple kimono construction. The panel line in front and back and the soft fulness on the sides of the four-piece skirt give it excellent lines for the stout as well as the slender figure. Use crêpe de Chine, crêpe meteor, Georgette, satin, cotton voile, etc., for the blouse, and make the skirt of tricotine, soft twills, velours, homespun, duvetyn, etc.

36 bust and 38 hip require 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ yard washable silk 36 inches wide, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards tricotine 48 inches wide. Lower edge 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard.

This blouse, 2747, is good for ladies 32 to 50 bust; the skirt, 2739, is good for ladies 35 to 52 hip.

2821—2828—Beneath the heavy Winter wrap many women like the easy slipping on-and-off qualities of silk. In a dress in jumper style this is possible even in a wool frock, for the sleeves and body can be in contrast. The waist is made over a French body lining and worn with a two-piece skirt.

Use velvet, stripes, checks or plaids with satin, and duvetyn, velours and soft serge with satin also if your figure is slender.

36 bust, 38 hip require 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yard satin 36 inches wide. Lower edge 61 inches.

This waist, 2821, is good for ladies 32 to 46 bust; the skirt, 2828, is good for ladies 35 to 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ hip.



Blouse 2747
Skirt 2739

Waist 2821; skirt 2828
Embroidery design 10857

2757—Synonymous with new blouses is the thought of something interesting in collars and this rather quaint style is charmingly becoming. This blouse is cut in one piece and you slip it on over the head. The wide peasant sleeve has a cuff that carries out the contrast of the collar and tiny ruffles can be used on the edge of both collar and cuffs if you decide that you don't want to embroider the blouse. Crêpe de Chine, satin, taffeta, crêpe meteor, silk crêpe and silk voile are the materials it would be made of at this season.

36 bust requires 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yard satin 40 inches wide.

Embroidery design 10823 is used.

This blouse is nice for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2792—There are often occasions when your suit could be made to cover a special luncheon engagement or any such affair if you had a particularly dainty blouse on hand. The many ruffles of this model make it unusual. The blouse itself is simple and slips on over the head. It is quite different in effect when the ruffles are removed and the Peter Pan type of collar is substituted for the broad open one. If made with the ruffles, use taffeta, crêpe de Chine, satin crêpe or Georgette, and there is silk or wool jersey, duvetyn, satin, velvet and crêpe de Chine for the other style.

36 bust requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards Georgette 40 inches wide.

This blouse is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Blouse 2830
Embroidery design 10816

2830—Blouses are more than fascinating this season and also more in demand on account of the reappearance of the classical tailor-made suit. A very becoming French blouse has the long collar crossed so that it gives an attractively deep line at the neck closing. It is made with a shoulder yoke and the line of the shoulder itself is a little longer than usual. Crêpe de Chine, Georgette, crêpe meteor, tub silks, cotton voile, batiste, handkerchief linen and crossbar would be the materials to use.

36 bust requires 1 $\frac{5}{8}$ yard crêpe de Chine 40 inches wide. Embroidery design 10816 is used.

This blouse is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2744—That the front closing is the way out into the unusual is the claim of many of the Paris houses. Cutting the front and back in one and giving the sides the long body line is a French method of making a one-piece frock. There can be a blouse body lining. Duvetyn, tricotine, velours, gabardine, velveteen, serge, soft twills, broadcloth, plaids and stripes are used alone or with satin. There is also satin, etc. used alone or combined with silk crêpe. The lower edge of the dress is straight. Lower edge 54 inches.

36 bust requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide.

This dress is smart for ladies 32 to 44 bust; also for misses.



Blouse 2757
Embroidery design 10823

Blouse 2792
Embroidery design 10693



Blouse 2794

2794—Transparency plus transparency makes it quite clear that all is fashionable in the case of one of the newest blouses. It is made in slip-over style and has the kimono construction. The outside is open down to the belt to show the underbody beneath. Lace can be used over chiffon; or colored chiffon over another shade or color; or plain Georgette over a figured Georgette. The outside part could be done away with and crêpe meteor, satin crêpe, satin, crêpe de Chine, duvetyn, velvet or Georgette used.

36 bust requires 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ yard lace 40 inches wide, 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide.

This blouse is pretty for ladies 32 to 44 bust.



Dress 2744

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84



Dress 2765
Embroidery
design 10784



Dress 2809
Embroidery design 10852



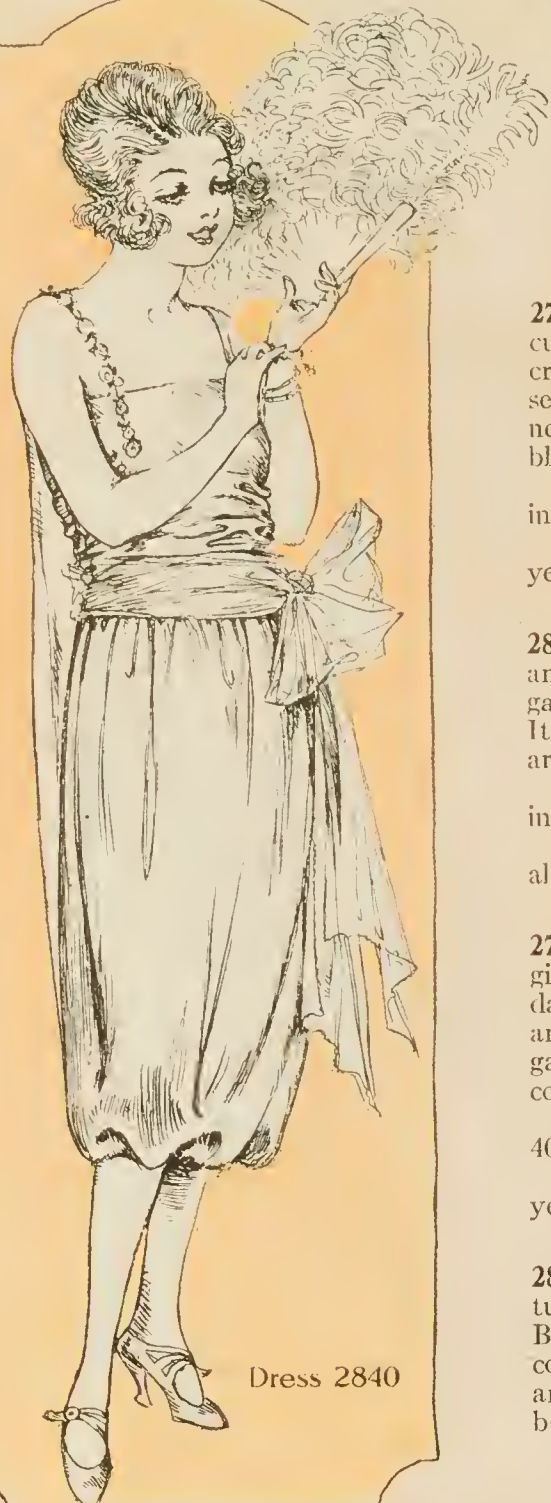
Dress 2798



Dress 2817



Dress 2819



Dress 2840

FOR YOUR DAUGHTER COMBINE THE QUAINT WITH
THE MODERN BUT ALWAYS RETAIN SIMPLICITY

2765—When the front tunic is slightly circular with a draped kimono blouse above, crêpe de Chine, charmeuse, taffeta or soft serge are used. The skirt is straight and the neck a little low at the side and back. A blouse body lining is offered.

For 17 years 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards satin crêpe 40 inches wide. Lower edge 50 inches.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2809—The loose panels give a fresh appearance to the long-bodied frock of tricotine, gabardine, etc. used alone or with satin. It closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm and the skirt is straight.

For 17-year size 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge 49 inches.

This dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2798—A sweetmeat of fashion is this small girl's Empire frock with quaint fichu and dainty ruffles. The little skirt is straight and taffeta, crêpe de Chine, lawn and organdy are used. Challis could have a taffeta collar or gingham a lawn one, etc.

For a 5-year size 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards point d'esprit 40 inches wide, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard extra for plaitings.

This dress is pretty for girls 3 to 10 years.

2819—A draped basque quaintly accentuates the soft lines of the young figure. Below the straight tunic seems to flare in contrast to the narrow hem of the drop skirt and the blouse body lining offered can be made in camisole fashion. Use crêpe

de Chine, satin crêpe, satin, charmeuse, etc.

For 17-year size 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards taffeta 40 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt 49 inches.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also small women.

2817—The deep scallop falls to the lucky lot of the attractive bertha and straight tunic. The use of the normal waistline for the joining of drop skirt and waist gives a new look. Use organdy, net, taffeta, Georgette, point d'esprit, batiste, crêpe de Chine, cotton voile or dotted swiss.

For 12 year size 4 yards net 40 inches wide.

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

2840—The loveliness of slender youth is well measured by a full-length back panel in an evening frock that has the hem of the straight skirt turned under in the Oriental way and sewed to a foundation skirt. Use satin crêpe, taffeta, satin, etc.

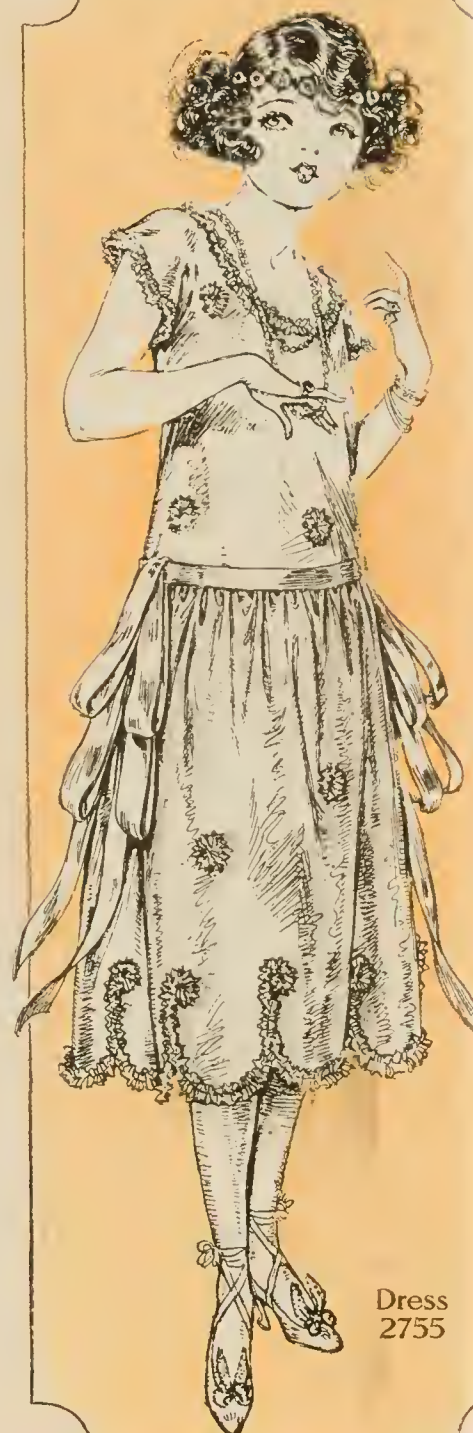
For 17-year size 2 $\frac{5}{8}$ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide. Lower edge of skirt 63 inches.

This dress is lovely for misses 16 to 20 years.

2755—Tiny French sleeves are charming for one of the first dance frocks. There is a straight skirt sewed to the one-piece body at the low waistline. A blouse body lining is offered, and taffeta, velvet, etc. can be used or taffeta combined with Georgette, etc.

For 16-years 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards taffeta 36 inches wide. Lower edge of outer skirt 2 yards.

This dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.



Dress
2755

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84



Dress 2758
Embroidery
design 10823

Dress 2808

Dress 2801
Embroidery design 10812

Dress 2803
Braiding design 10803

Dress 2743
Embroidery
design 10717



Dress
2837
Beading
design
10853



Dress
2771

THE YOUNGER GENERATION PROVES THE PLACING OF THE WAISTLINE TO BE A STATE OF MIND

2758—Choosing a low-waisted frock, made in kimono fashion with a straight skirt that has plaited side panels, you would make it of tricotine, serge, gabardine or soft twills alone or combined with taffeta, etc. Charmeuse is combined with Georgette, etc.

For 16-year size $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards serge 54 inches wide. Lower edge 49 inches.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2808—Under this charming jumper the straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal line. Make the jumper of taffeta with crêpe de Chine; chambray with cotton poplin or gingham; linen with batiste; or velvet with taffeta, silk or wool plaid, etc.

For 12 years $\frac{3}{4}$ yard taffeta 36 inches wide, 2 yards plaid silk 40 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for girls 8 to 15 years.

2801—Only four and she has the smartest kind of a French frock. Made in one piece it has a straight lower edge. Use cotton voile, cotton crêpe, lawn, gingham, batiste, organdy, nainsook, dotted swiss, chambray or crêpe de Chine, etc.

For 4-year size $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard dotted swiss 36 inches wide.

This dress is pretty for little girls 1 to 10 years.

2803—The wide set-in belt is just another reason for the effective use of handwork on a frock made with the softly gathered, straight skirt. The dress slips on over the head and can have a blouse body lining beneath. Use tricotine, gabardine, serge, soft twills, vel-

veteen, duvetyn, etc., light-weight velours or satin, charmeuse, crêpe de Chine or crêpe meteor.

For 17-year size $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards tricotine 54 inches wide. Lower edge $58\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

This dress is good for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2743—A youthful tunic is the outcome of the long body, made to slip over the head. Both tunic and drop skirt are straight and a blouse body lining is offered. Lower edge 49 inches.

For 17-year size $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards gabardine 54 inches wide, 2 yards satin 36 inches wide.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

2837—Given a collar, new in outline, and a long body, one of the simplest frocks becomes irresistible. It closes on the left shoulder and beneath the arm. The skirt is cut straight. Use tricotine, serge, gabardine, duvetyn, satin crêpe, etc.

For 16-year size $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards taffeta 36 inches wide. Lower edge 59 inches.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also small women.

2771—Allowed to fly free only to be caught under to the drop skirt in Oriental style is the fate of these panels. Use serge, tricotine, gabardine, soft twills, velvet, etc. Lower edge $49\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

For 17-year size $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards charmeuse 40 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards contrasting charmeuse 40 inches wide.

This dress is smart for misses 16 to 20 years; also for small women.

Other views of these garments are shown on page 84



Dress 2783
Tam-o'-shanter 2564
Embroidery 10703

Dress 2838

Dress 2835

Dress 2804
Embroidery 10860

2783—2564—Not only does she choose the fashionable long body but she breaks the line in an interesting way. The dress slips on over the head and has the kimono construction. Use serge, velveteen, checks, plaids or taffeta and also gingham, etc. Make the gored tam of velours, velveteen, etc. 12-year size and 21 head measure require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards serge 44 inches wide.

This dress, 2783, is pretty for girls 6 to 15 years; the tam-o'-shanter, 2564, is attractive for ladies, misses, girls, children.

2838—Away from the usual run of school frocks is one that has the straight plaited skirt sewed to the jumper at the normal waistline and a separate blouse beneath. Use serge, with plaid or check silk, pongee, crêpe de Chine, nainsook, lawn or dimity, or combine gingham with nainsook, etc. 12 years requires 2 yards serge 48 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard checked silk 36 inches wide, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard plain silk 36 inches wide.

This dress is nice for girls 4 to 15 years.

2804—You can see she is highly distracted by the admiration showered upon this very smart bloomer frock. The dress slips on over the head and could be made long enough to cover the new banded bloomers, which are separate. This type of dress is seen in gingham, chambray, cotton poplin, linen and also serge and taffeta. 5 years requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide. Embroidery design 10860 is used.

This dress is nice for little girls 2 to 10 years.

2835—In every schoolroom there is always the sailor dress. The slip-over blouse can have a yoke facing that has no shoulder seam and the straight skirt can be sewed to either underbody or belt. Use serge, flannel, linen, drill and cotton poplin alone, or in contrast, or use a serge or flannel blouse with plaid or check wool. 12 years requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards serge 48 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard satin 36 inches wide.

This sailor dress is splendid for juniors and girls 4 to 15 years.



2783

2838

2804

2835

THE EASIEST WAY IS THE MOST YOUTHFUL WAY OF MAKING A LITTLE GIRL'S FROCK

2841—When bolero and side tunics are chosen for a party frock the new scallop outline makes a pretty finish. The skirt is straight and this and the side tunics are sewed to the quaintly gathered underbody at the normal line. Use taffeta, flowered silks or velvet with Georgette; or make the blouse of taffeta with lace, etc.

12 years requires 4 yards taffeta 36 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard Georgette 40 inches wide.

This dress is nice for juniors and girls 8 to 15 years.

2814—Much thought has been put on the dainty favor she has planned but far deeper thought on her frock of charming contrasts.

The straight skirt is sewed to the waist at the normal line. Use crêpe de Chine and plaid silk with taffeta; plain or check wool with serge; batiste with linen, or dimity and gingham with cotton poplin.

12 years requires $1\frac{7}{8}$ yard serge 48 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard taffeta 36 inches wide.

This dress is lovely for girls 8 to 15 years.

2811—2782—Enough is plenty, so she uses the Empire line at the sides only. The frock slips over her head and has a straight lower edge. Use linen, chambray, or gingham, taffeta, serge, etc., and make the hat of duvetyne, etc.

For 8-years $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard linen 36 inches wide; for hat in $20\frac{3}{4}$ head size, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard velvet 36 or more inches wide.

This dress, 2811, is pretty for little girls 2 to 10 years; the hat, 2782, for girls 2 to 12 years.

2832—Birthday candles shine in merely reflected glory when they compete with an effectively embroidered frock. The overblouse slips over the head. The straight skirt is sewed to an underbody. Use serge, gingham, chambray, linen or cotton poplin alone, or combine chambray and cotton poplin with gingham, etc.

12 years requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards serge 48 inches wide.

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



2841

2814

2811

2832



Dress 2814

Dress 2841

Hat 2782

Dress 2811
Braiding 10812

Dress 2832
Embroidery 10855

HOME CLOTHES ATTRACTIVELY AND ECONOMICALLY CUT



House dress 2825



Apron 2826

Apron 2810



Apron 2776

2825—If your day starts with household duties, the attractive house dress that will launder easily will be of great importance. In a well-cut model the shoulder is a little longer than usual and the three-piece skirt is joined to the shirt-waist at the normal waistline. Use gingham, chambray and percale. 36 bust requires 4 yards checked gingham 32 inches wide. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard. This house dress is splendid for ladies 32 to 50 bust.

2818—One might say that smart fashions like "charity" should start at home, for the one-piece style is the simplest and most becoming way you can make a box-plaited house dress. Gingham, chambray, percale and madras are the best materials. Lower edge 2 yards. 36 bust requires 4 5/8 yards figured percale 36 inches wide. This house dress is smart for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

2826—For the studio or house there is a good-looking apron that slips on over the head. The armhole is cut a little deeper than usual. Use gingham, chambray, percale, etc. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard. 36 bust requires 3 1/2 yards figured percale 36 inches wide. This work or studio apron is good for ladies 32 to 44 bust.

2810—Easy to look at as well as easy to make and to launder is the attractive gingham apron that buttons down the front. The rather deep cut of the armhole allows room for freedom. Chambray, gingham and percale are well liked materials for aprons. Lower edge 62 inches. 36 bust requires 4 7/8 yards plaid gingham 32 inches wide. This work apron is good for ladies 32 to 52 bust.

House dress 2818



Negligee 2775

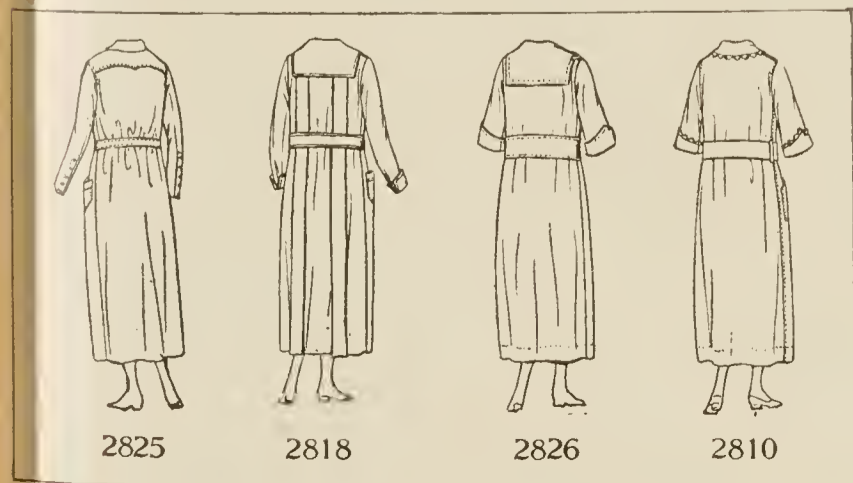
2776—Very often you need an apron to protect the front of your frock only. For this demand there is a pretty one that buttons on the shoulders and is cut in one piece. It is so planned that it takes a minimum amount of material and time to make. Gingham, chambray, percale and sometimes cretonne are used. 28 waist measure requires 1 3/4 yard chambray 32 inches wide. This work apron is good for ladies 24 to 36 waist.

2775—On the other side of the home hours is the attractive negligee. Made with a slip-over blouse it has two-piece skirt that has no placket but an elastic or drawstring run through the casing at the normal waistline. Use crepe de Chine, taffeta, crepe meteor and fancy silks. Lower edge 1 3/4 yard. For 36 bust 4 1/4 yards crepe de Chine 40 inches wide. This negligee or house dress is good-looking for ladies 32 to 46 bust.

2836—Romper were made for work as well as play, particularly those with a kimono body and the new stick-out line. Use linen with lawn or dimity, colored cottons with white; or gingham with lawn or chambray, and gingham, chambray, seersucker and heavy cotton crepe can be used alone. 3 years requires 1 1/8 yard gingham 32 inches wide, 1/2 yard chambray 27 or more inches wide. This romper is good for children 1 to 5 years.



Rompers 2836



2825

2818

2826

2810



2775

2776

2836



Fairy-fine in its delicacy is the dainty

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THE SIMPLEST LINGERIE FINISHED IN THE FINEST MANNER



Chemise 2640



Nightgown 2531; cap 2040
Embroidery design 10627

2531—2040—Slashes for ribbon are used at the Empire line of a slip-over-the-head nightgown. The effect of the kimono sleeve is given by the deep armhole. Use nainsook, batiste, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, crêpe de Chine washable satin, silk mull, Georgette or China, silk and make the boudoir cap of crêpe de Chine, etc. This nightgown, 2531, is pretty for ladies 32 to 48 bust; the cap, 2040, is for ladies and misses.



Combination 2813
Embroidery design 10864



2813

2640—The envelope chemise is indispensable in the modern wardrobe. Simple to make and launder it is a dainty undergarment that is a splendid foundation for the slender line and also attractive, under the transparent blouse, in any of its three different neck outlines. It is made of batiste, nainsook, long-cloth, cotton voile, cross-bar, crêpe de Chine or Georgette. This chemise is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

2813—Another type of the chemise-and-drawers combination is made in the new step-in fashion. This does away with buttons or fasteners of any sort and the style is well liked because of this simplicity. Nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, crêpe de Chine, wash satin, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, and handkerchief linen are the best materials to use for a garment of this kind. This combination is splendid for ladies 32 to 48 bust.

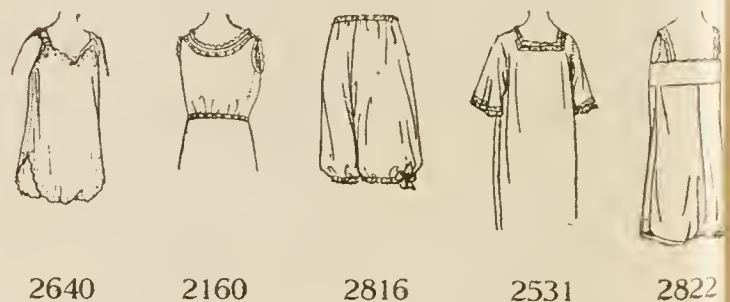
2160—2816—Knickers are chosen by many women for the garment to be worn under the narrow tailored skirt. These have a reinforced crotch and they can be finished above or below the knee. They are made of crêpe de Chine, silk jersey, wash satin, China silk, satin, fine soft sateen or batiste, nainsook, etc. Use long-cloth, nainsook, cambric, batiste, crêpe de Chine, etc., for the corset cover. This corset cover is pretty for ladies 32 to 48 bust; the knickers are suitable for ladies 35 to 49½ hip.

2822—Soft enough in line for freedom, yet cut from a minimum amount of material, is this new envelope chemise. These simple combinations are really very economical; they are cut on straight lines and serve for two garments. They are made of nainsook, long-cloth, batiste, handkerchief linen, cotton voile, cotton crêpe, cross-bar, crêpe de Chine and wash satin. This chemise is smart for ladies 32 to 48 bust.



Corset cover 2160
Knickers 2816
Embroidery design 10817

Chemise 2822
Embroidery design 10754



WHAT IS AT THE BOTTOM OF A SUCCESSFUL WARDROBE



Drawers and Underwaist 2831

2831—One is disinclined to cover up such dainty lingerie as these French knicker drawers made with a wide stride and buttoned to a very simple underwaist. Nainsook and cambric, or muslin for hard wear, are the materials used for drawers, while underwaists are of cambric, muslin or twill.

These drawers are good for girls 1 to 14 years.

Drawers and Underwaist 2833

Combination 2829

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Save Your Hair
WITH CUTICURA



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Consisting of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health often when all else seems to fail. Everywhere 25c each. Sample each free by mail. Address: Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. J, Malden, Mass.

Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

2829—She's pretending it's the bow, but the studied concentration in the mirror is really due to this new combination. It's very simple, yet it looks so trim, and the drawers and waist being cut in one give an unbroken line in front. Nainsook and cambric are the materials to use, and if it is to serve for hard wear, muslin is a desirable material.

This combination is pretty for girls 2 to 15 years.

2833—Of course she can dress herself if she has these well-cut drawers and such a comfortable underwaist to start with. The drawers are made in one piece and the underwaist is very simple. Muslin, cambric and twill can be used for the underwaist and the drawers can be made of nainsook, cambric or muslin.

These drawers and underwaist are good for children 2 to 5 years.

2642—This little lady looks ahead because she has her French drawers made with a tuck to be let down and a drawstring to be let out as she grows. The French children wear these drawers very short. They are made of cambric, muslin, long-cloth, batiste or nainsook, and the underwaist can be dimity or cambric.

This underwaist is good for girls of 2 to 15 years; the drawers for girls 1 to 14 years.

2834—Gymnasium classes will start a young figure in the way it should go and bloomers are the costume needed. These have the necessary fullness gracefully arranged in gathers or plaits. Use serge, khaki, sateen, brilliantine and dark colors in cotton poplin. They are buttoned to a dimity or cambric underwaist.

This underwaist is good for girls 2 to 15 years; the bloomers for girls 2 to 18 years.



Underwaist 9319
Drawers 2642
Embroidery design 10829

Underwaist 9319
Bloomers 2834



2829

2831

2833

9319

2834



How I Saved \$67 on One Dress

A Personal Experience

By ROSE LORENZ,

1145 Twenty-third St.,

Des Moines, Iowa

LESS than a year ago my sister made all my clothes. I had taken a commercial course and secured a position as a stenographer in a Des Moines business office. Besides working eight hours every day but Sunday, I taught four evenings a week in night school. I had never learned to do any but the simplest kind of sewing. And ready-made coats, suits and dresses such as I wanted cost a great deal more than I could afford.

In the early months of 1920, my sister's health became so poor the doctors insisted that she go away from home to rest and recuperate. Her absence, of course, increased my responsibilities at home and I could not imagine what I would do about clothes—as professional dressmakers were a luxury I could not afford and my wardrobe was practically exhausted.

I finally decided to try and make some dresses myself. But I knew so little about sewing that the three or four simple ones I made all looked alike. Other people noticed it, too, for one day my chum asked me why I didn't sometime get a pattern with a different style.

Then—just when I was almost discouraged—I read the story of the Woman's Institute in a fashion magazine I had bought in the hope of getting some ideas about clothes. It seemed almost too good to be true—that I could keep my position, do my work at home and still learn in spare time, at my own convenience, by correspondence and home-study how to make just the kind of dresses, suits, coats and hats I had always wanted.

But I wrote the Institute and asked for full information. And when I found that thousands and thousands of other women and girls had solved their clothes problems through this great school, I made up my mind that I, too, could do it. So I joined the Institute and took up the complete course in Dressmaking and Millinery.

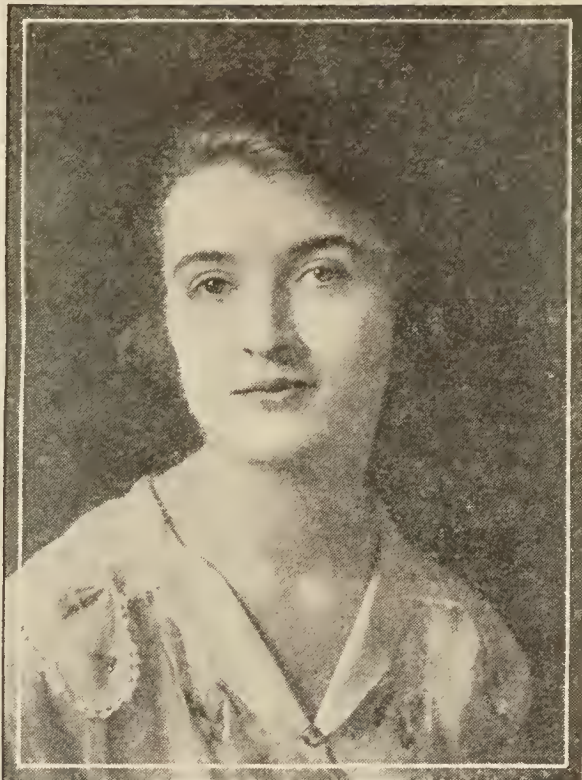


When my first lesson came, I seized it and ran up to my room to devour its contents undisturbed. What a delightfully fascinating way to study! Before I had read three pages I learned things I never knew before. The language was so simple anyone could understand it perfectly and the illustrations were simply marvelous!

I soon began making blouses, skirts and house dresses. And now, after only a few lessons, I have just finished what I call my masterpiece. I saw a dress in one of the large department stores here marked \$85.00. Of course, I could not afford to buy it, so I decided to get the materials and copy it.

I studied the dress carefully, then I came back to the office and wrote a description, making a sketch and all. The next day I went back and studied it again until I had every detail worked out in my mind. I then got a foundation dress pattern and from that pattern cut a pattern for the dress.

Then I measured up the amount of material necessary and bought it. The other day I finished my dress and it couldn't be more like the original. I have copied it to the smallest detail.



Miss Lorenz

Now the wonderful part of it is that by careful buying, I got a splendid piece of serge for \$1.95 a yard, which made the actual cost of the dress as follows: Materials, \$14.85, bright colored yarn for trimming, \$2.13, findings, 95c, making a total of \$17.93 for the dress, which is an exact duplicate of the \$85.00 original. In just this one garment I have saved more than the cost of my entire dressmaking course.

And here is another point. Because I made this dress myself, it enabled me to buy a beautiful hat and gloves to go with it. If I had bought the dress at the store, I would have had to wear my last year's hat and no gloves for I believe in paying for one thing before I buy another.

Everyone who sees this dress admires it, for it is so much prettier and more becoming than the dresses I have been wearing.

Long live the Woman's Institute! I have never been happier than I am now, for I know that I can be as well dressed as anyone!

This actual experience of Miss Lorenz, told in her own words, is not unusual. More than 75,000 women and girls, in city, town, and country, have proved that you can easily and quickly learn, through the Woman's Institute, in your own home, during spare time, to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats for yourself, your family and others, at less than half their usual cost.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just whenever it is convenient.

The Institute's courses are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with the very simplest stitches and seams, taking nothing for granted, and proceed by logical steps until you can design and completely make even the most elaborate coats and suits.

Every step is explained fully. You learn how to design your own patterns or use tissue-paper patterns, and how to cut, fit and finish garments of all kinds.

You learn the secrets of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to design and create original dresses, how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street or in fashion magazines, or how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students have, with absolutely no other preparation, opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

It costs you nothing to find out all about the Woman's Institute and what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below and you will receive—without obligation—the full story of this great school that has brought the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business to women and girls all over the world.

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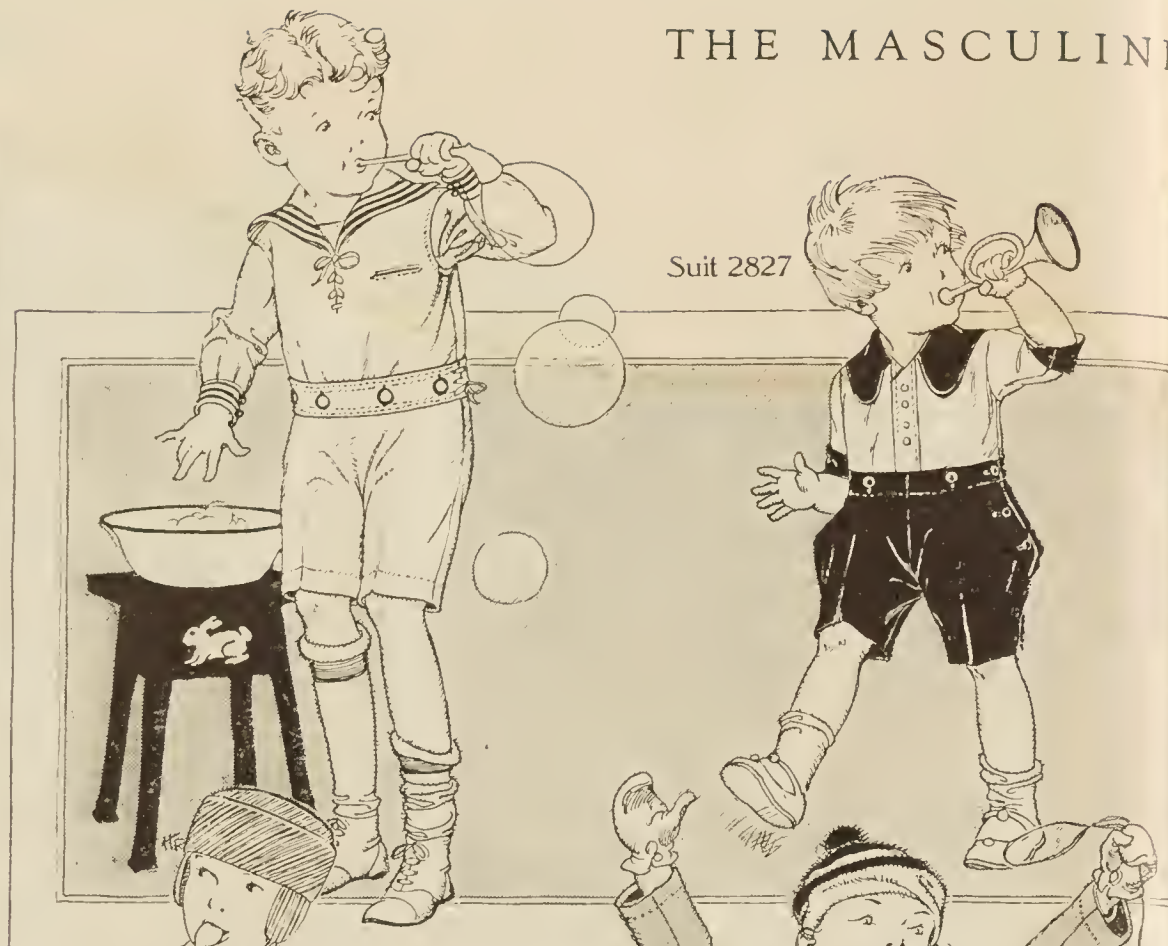
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Name.....

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THE MASCULINE



Suit 2827



Suit 2224

Overcoat 2586
Cap 1230



Overcoat 2549

2224—The soap-bubble captain wears a new type of sailor suit that has a slip-over-the-head blouse buttoned down on the straight trousers. For the small boy, white blouses are very attractive worn with dark-blue trousers. Serge, gabardine, galatea, chambray, mixtures, drill, cotton poplin and linen are used for these little suits.

6 years requires 1½ yard linen 36 inches wide.

This suit is good for little boys 2 to 7 years.

2827—His peg-top trousers are what he so proudly boasts of through the medium of a horn. Cotton poplin, chambray and linen are suitable materials to use for this stand-out effect and the waist can be dimity or lawn. Corded silks with crêpe de Chine or pongee and velvet with crêpe de Chine are used for special occasions.

4 years requires ¾ yard silk 36 inches wide, ⅛ yard velvet 36 inches wide.

This suit is nice for little boys 2 to 6 years.

2586—1230—Belted overcoat and becoming polo cap make a splendid outdoor outfit for your young schoolboy. The coat collar is convertible, and cheviot, mixed coatings, chinchilla or tweeds are the materials to use. The cap is made of corduroy, chinchilla, etc.

12 years requires 2½ yards mixtures 54 inches wide. 7 cap size requires ½ yard corduroy 22 or more inches wide.

This overcoat, 2586, is good for boys 2 to 16 years; the cap, 1230, is good for boys.

2549—For the young fellow who is out of doors and doing there is a well-cut, manly little overcoat. The collar is convertible, and two breast pockets can be used in addition to the lower pockets. Young boys' overcoats made of cheviot, mixed coatings, chinchilla and tweeds wear very well.

10 years requires 2½ yards chinchilla 54 inches wide.

This overcoat is smart for boys 2 to 16 years.



2586

2224

2827

2549

POINT OF VIEW



Suit 2513

Bathrobe 1938

Blouse 2824
Trousers 1482

Suit 7651

2513—For your smallest boy's suit you can use interesting contrasts of color or material such as a madras, linen, poplin, repp or chambray waist with linen, serge, gabardine or drill trousers. The trousers are straight. The suit could be made of galatea, chambray, drill, repp, poplin or piqué.

For 5-year size $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard linen 36 inches wide, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard contrasting linen 36 inches wide.

This suit is good for little boys 2 to 7 years.

2824—1482—All boys like a well-cut blouse like this made of flannel or silk shirting, pongee, madras or galatea. The collar is convertible. The straight trousers can be made with the underwaist or a fly or without them. Use serge or gabardine.

For a 12-year size $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards madras 32 inches wide, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard serge 44 inches wide. This blouse, 2824, is good for boys 4 to 16 years; the trousers, 1482, are good for boys 3 to 12 years.

1938—A robe blanket can be made into a splendid, comfortable bathrobe. One that is liked by both men and boys has a straight lower edge and either the shawl or notched collar. The slipper has a sole. Blankets, eider-down, terry cloth and toweling are the best materials to use.

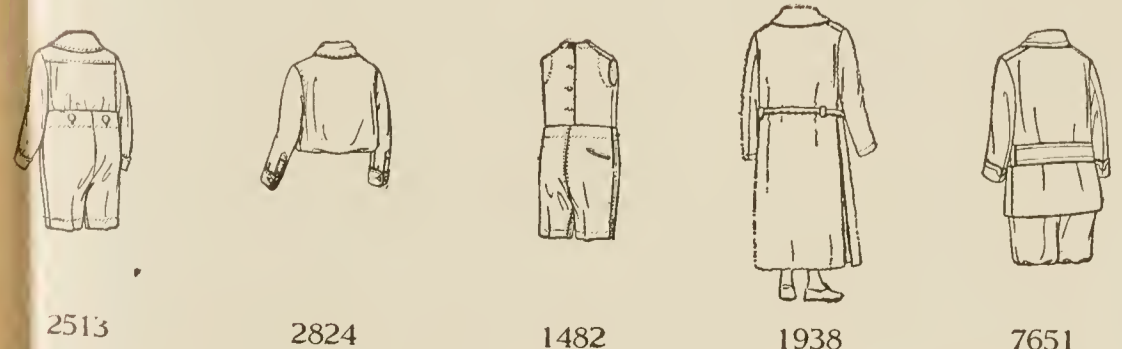
For 40 breast measure one robe blanket measuring not less than 72 x 90 inches.

This bathrobe is good for boys and men 24 to 44 breast measure.

7651—When one has such a thoroughbred dog he would naturally select a well-cut suit. This one is made with the becoming sack-coat that boasts of several good-looking patch-pockets. Knickerbockers can be used if they are preferred to the straight trousers. Make the suit of corduroy, gabardine or serge.

For 8-year size $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards serge 44 inches wide.

This suit is good for boys 4 to 12 years old.



2513

2824

1482

1938

7651



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and
"Harvard Mills"
(Hand-finished)
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"Art Corners"

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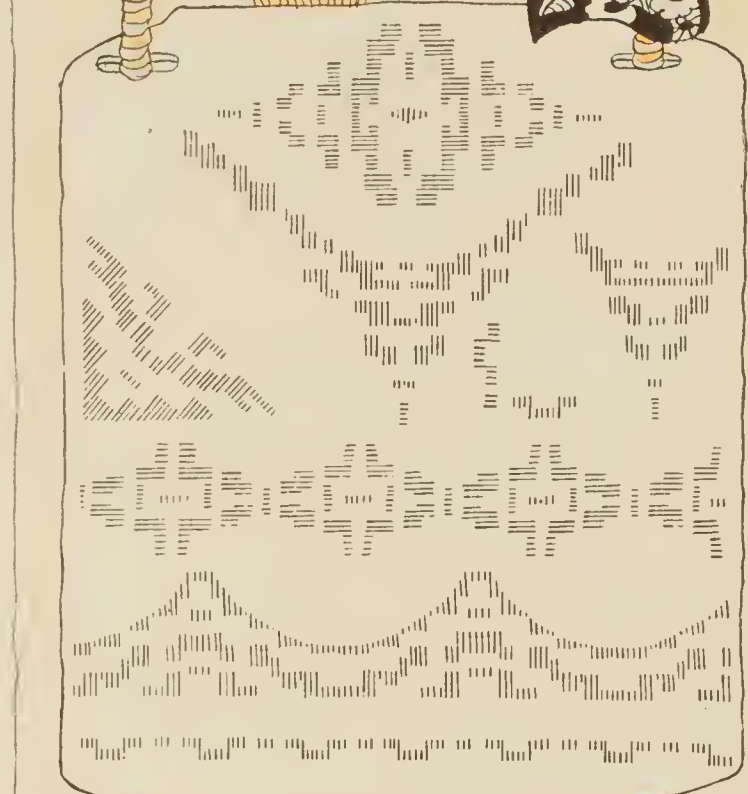
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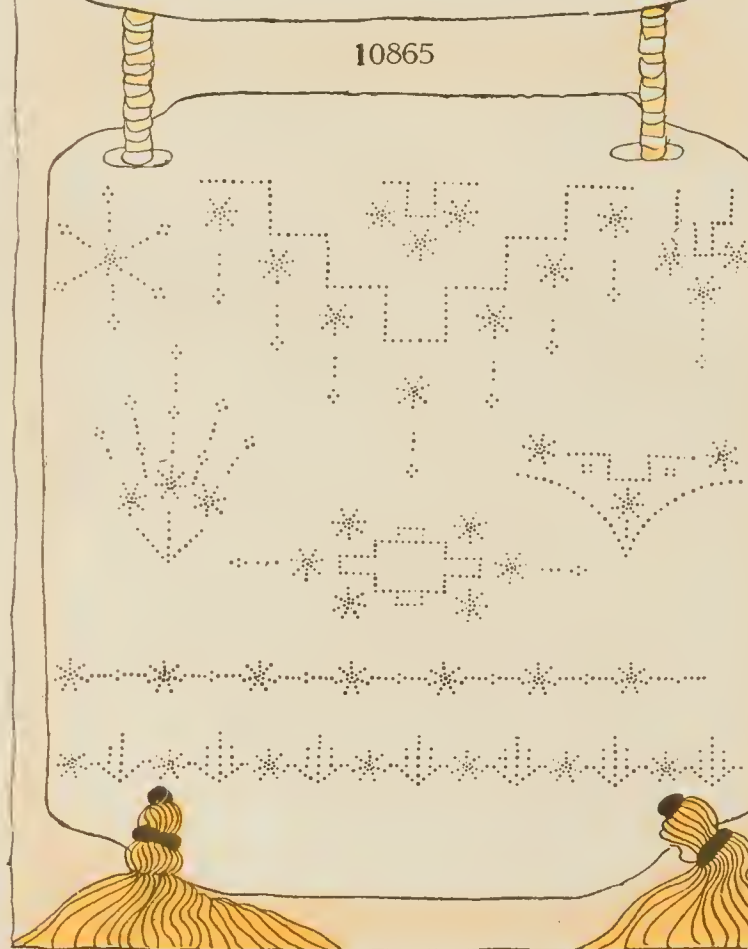
A DUAL PERSONALITY IS THAT OF THE EMBROIDERY NEEDLE



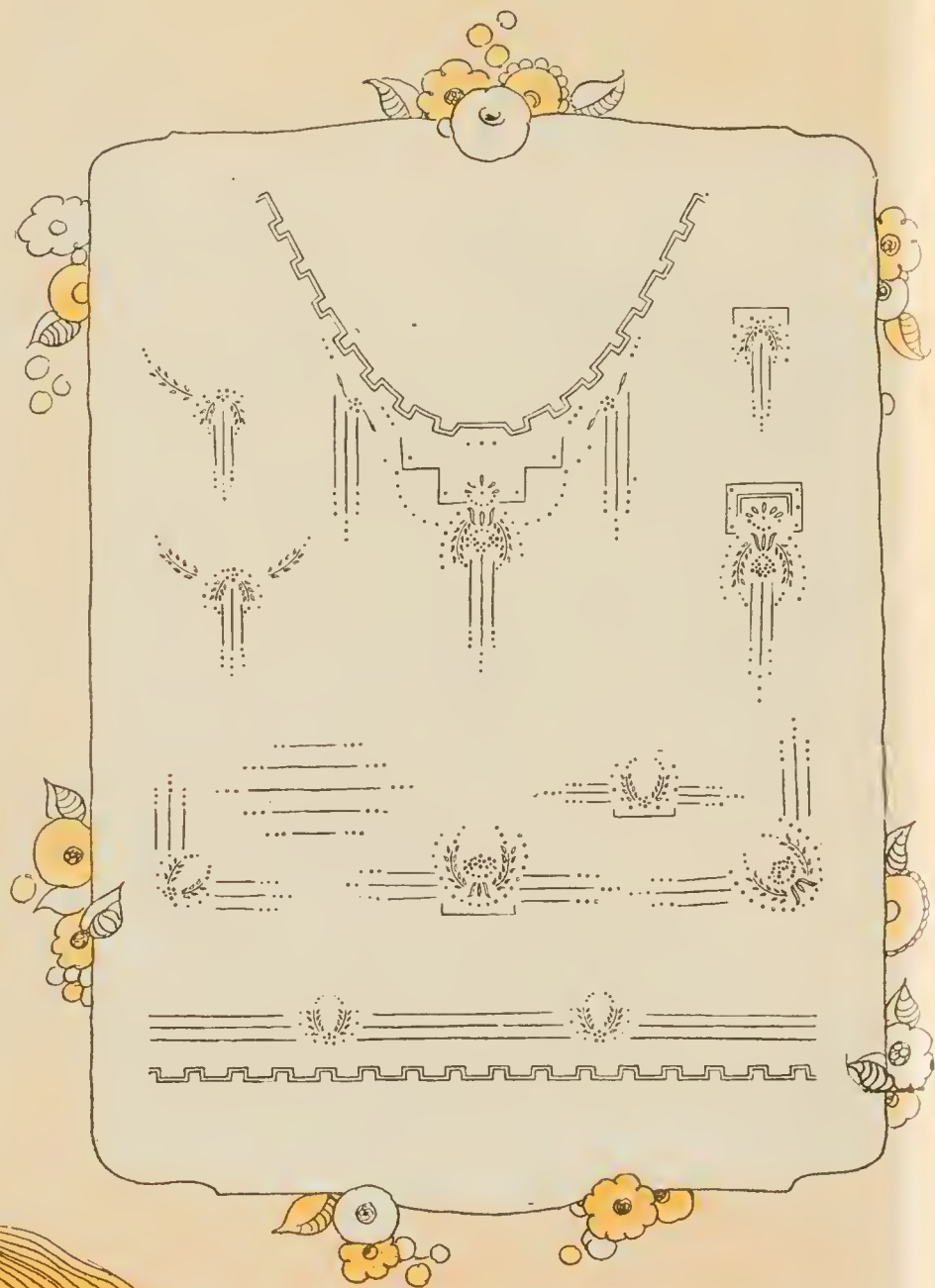
10865—It might be said that one takes a long step in the right direction of Fashion when she trims her costume with bugle beads. The simple one-stitch also works up effectively. Blouses, frocks, the new fabric hats and many of the smartest coats are rich in embroidery this season. This design can be adapted to $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of banding $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide, $5\frac{1}{8}$ yards of banding $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide, 5 yards of banding $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches wide, 12 motifs $3\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 6 motifs $7\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 9 motifs $5\frac{1}{8} \times 2\frac{7}{8}$ inches and 6 motifs 2×2 inches.



10865



10867



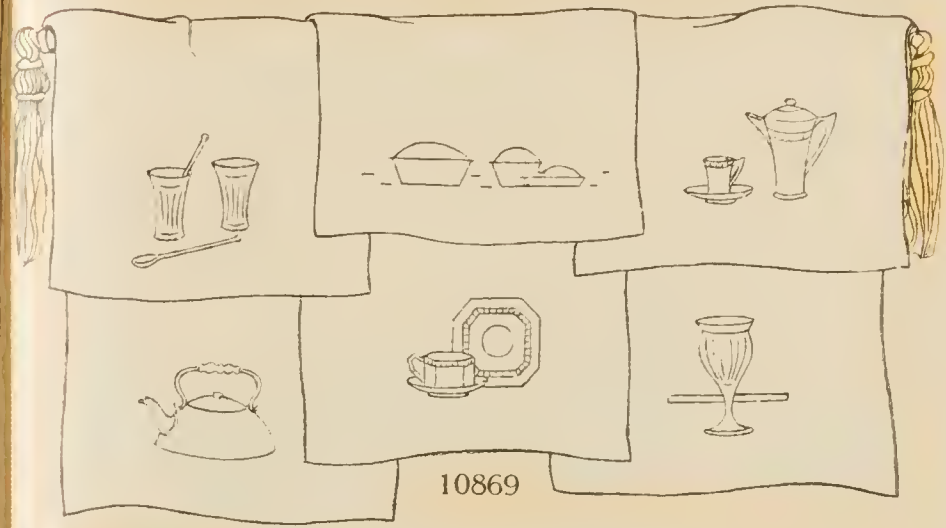
10864

10867—Bead work reflects its own glory in the ray-like effect of a new design both dainty and distinctive. This type of work is particularly charming on fine blouses and collars and it is seen on smart frocks. If embroidery is preferred the French knot can be used in place of the bead. The design is adapted to $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding 1-inch wide, $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of banding $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch wide, 6 motifs $7\frac{1}{2} \times 2\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 10 motifs $2\frac{3}{8}$ inches in diameter, 8 motifs $4\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 8 motifs $4\frac{1}{8} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 8 motifs $3\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 8 motifs $2\frac{1}{2} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ inches and 2 neck outlines.

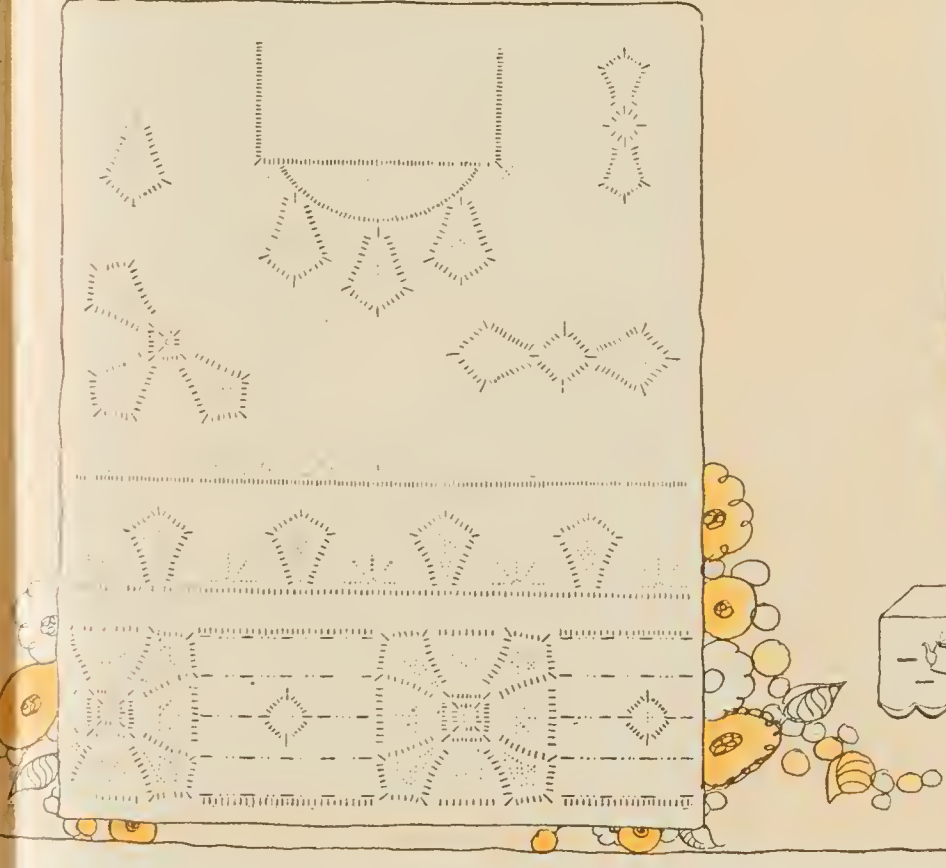
10864—For the hand-work on your lingerie, blouses and collars and the children's frocks, there are these delightful sprays and the square scallop. French stemming combined with outline stitch or hem stitching and eyelets or satin-stitch is used and the design can be adapted to $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of banding $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard of scallop $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch wide, 2 motifs $8\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{5}{8}$ inches, 2 motifs $6\frac{1}{8} \times 1\frac{3}{4}$ inches, 2 motifs $6\frac{3}{4} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 2 motifs $4\frac{7}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 4 motifs $4 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ inches, 2 motifs $2\frac{5}{8} \times 6$ inches, 6 corners $4\frac{1}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$ inches, 2 motifs $6 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches and 2 neck outlines.



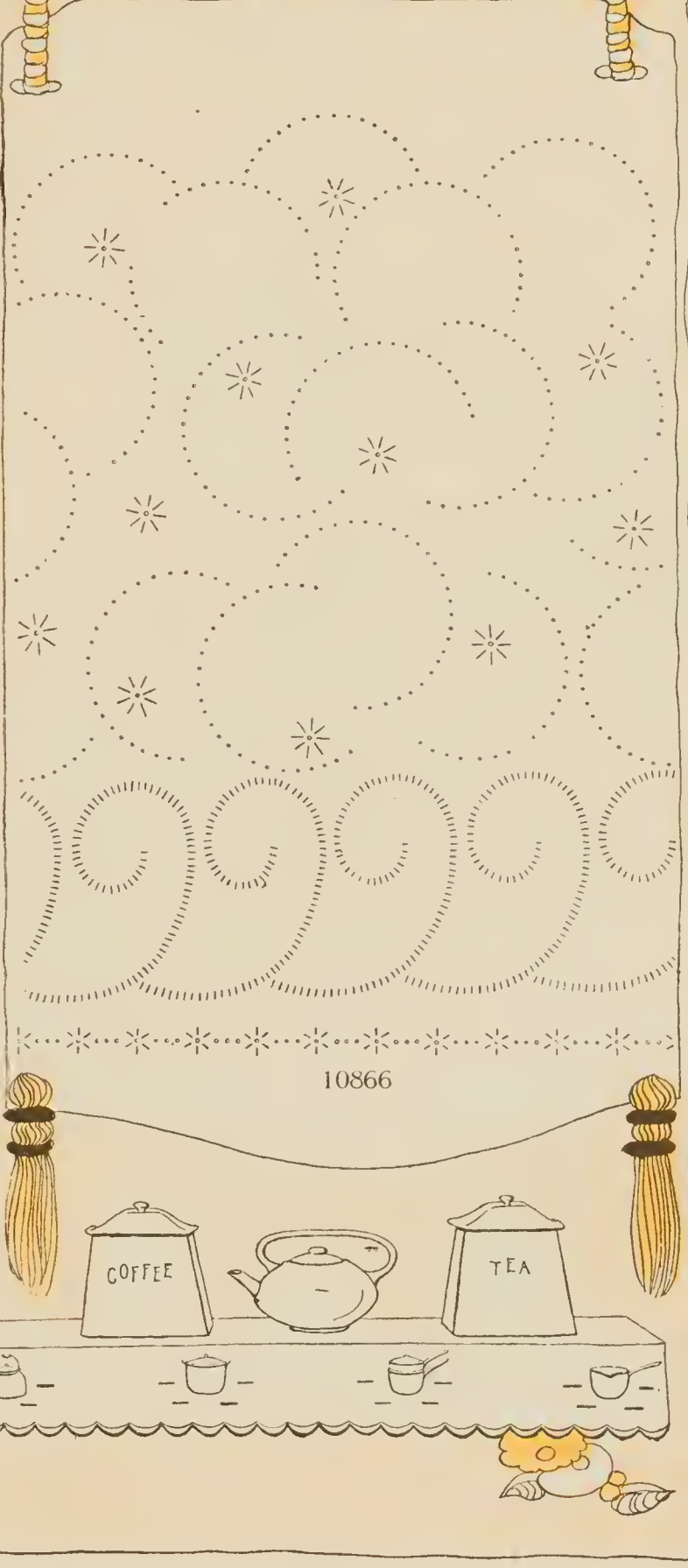
10869—Kitchen shelving and the towels have their duties plainly marked out for them by the embroidery needle. Done in outline-stitch and scalloping these little designs, suitable to the article's use, are quickly worked up and give an interesting touch to every-day affairs. The shelving is generally made of butcher's linen, towelling or lincized cotton materials and embroidered in red or a clear blue. The designs are adapted to 2½ yards of shelving 2 inches wide and 12 motifs in 6 assorted designs.



10869



10868



10866

10869

10868—One of the smartest of the season's dress trimmings combines the long bugle bead and the round bead. One stitch and French knots can be substituted for the beads. This new beading is very smart for blouses and skirts, frocks and some coats. It is also seen on many hats. The design can be adapted to 1¾ yard of banding 5¼ inches wide, ¾ yard of banding 2½ inches wide and 1½ yard of banding ¾ of an inch wide, 6 motifs 6½ x 4¼ inches, 6 motifs 4¾ x 2½ inches, 6 motifs 4¾ x 2½ inches, 6 motifs 7 x 4 inches and 2 neck outlines.

10866—Typically Parisienne is the way of taking the simple frock and embroidering it in all-over effect. When embroidery is used in this elaborate way it is usually very simple in design. A combination of large round beads and bugle beads or French knots and one-stitch is very smart. Deep bands of it are used on skirts and also on over-blouses and tunics. Embroidery of this type is very rich in effect and comparatively inexpensive if you do it yourself. The design is adapted to 2¼ yards of banding 29 inches wide and 4½ yards of banding ¾ of an inch wide.

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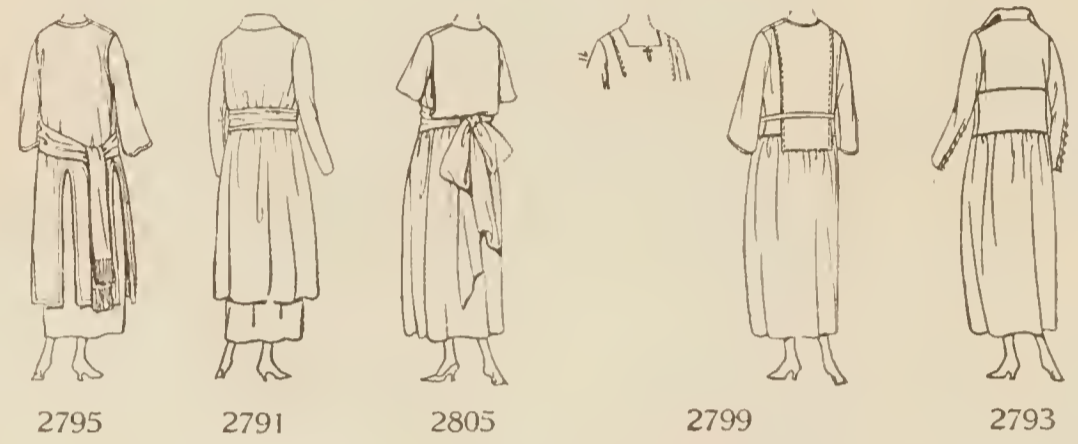
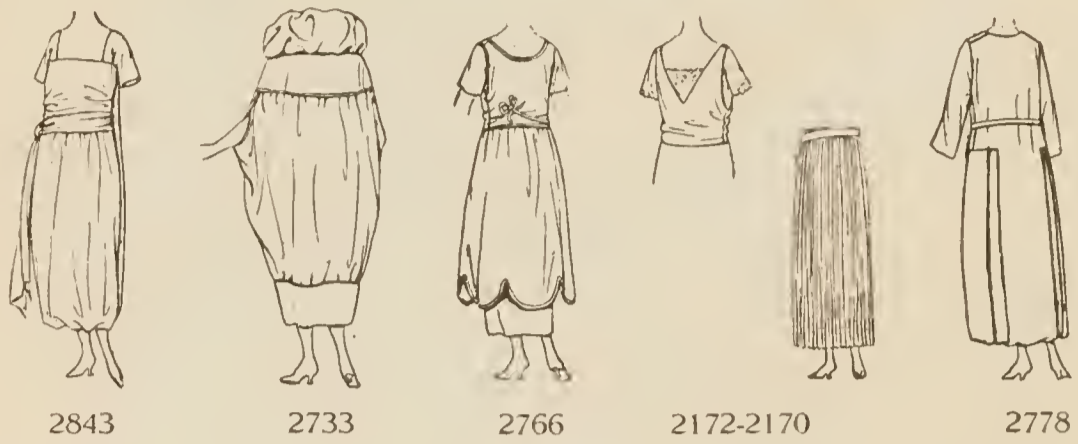
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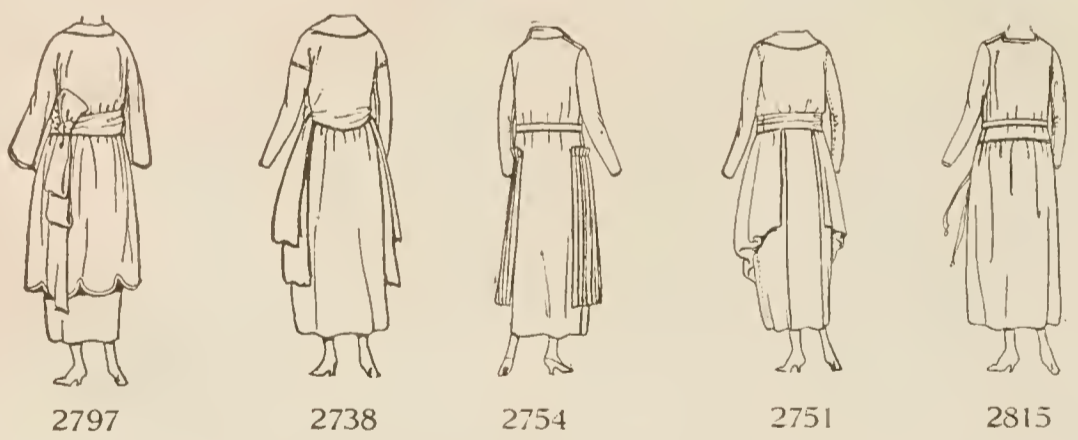
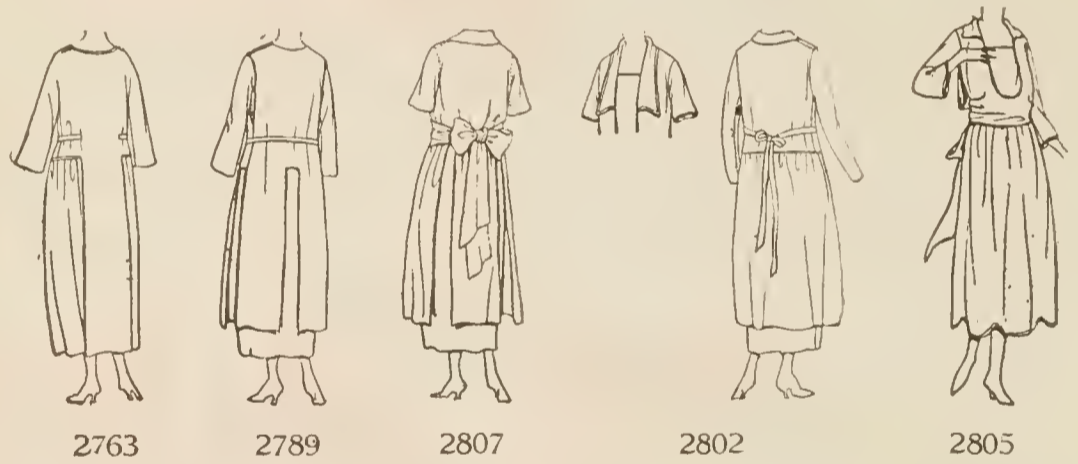
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OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 66, 67, 68, 69 AND 70

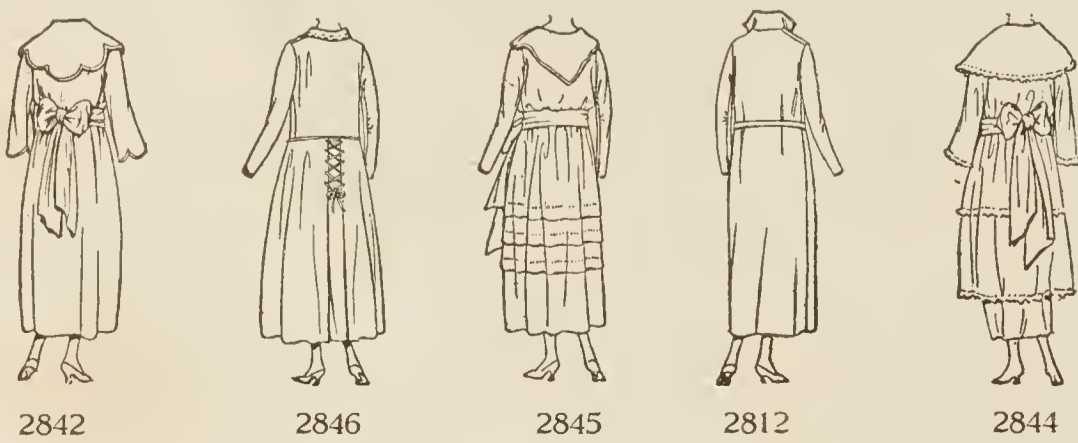
Other views of these garments are shown on pages 66 and 67



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 68 and 69

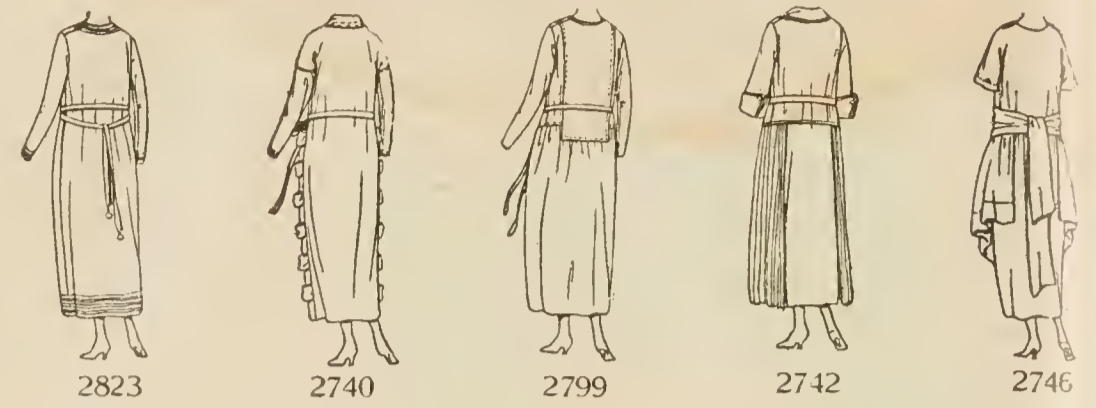


Other views of these garments are shown on page 70

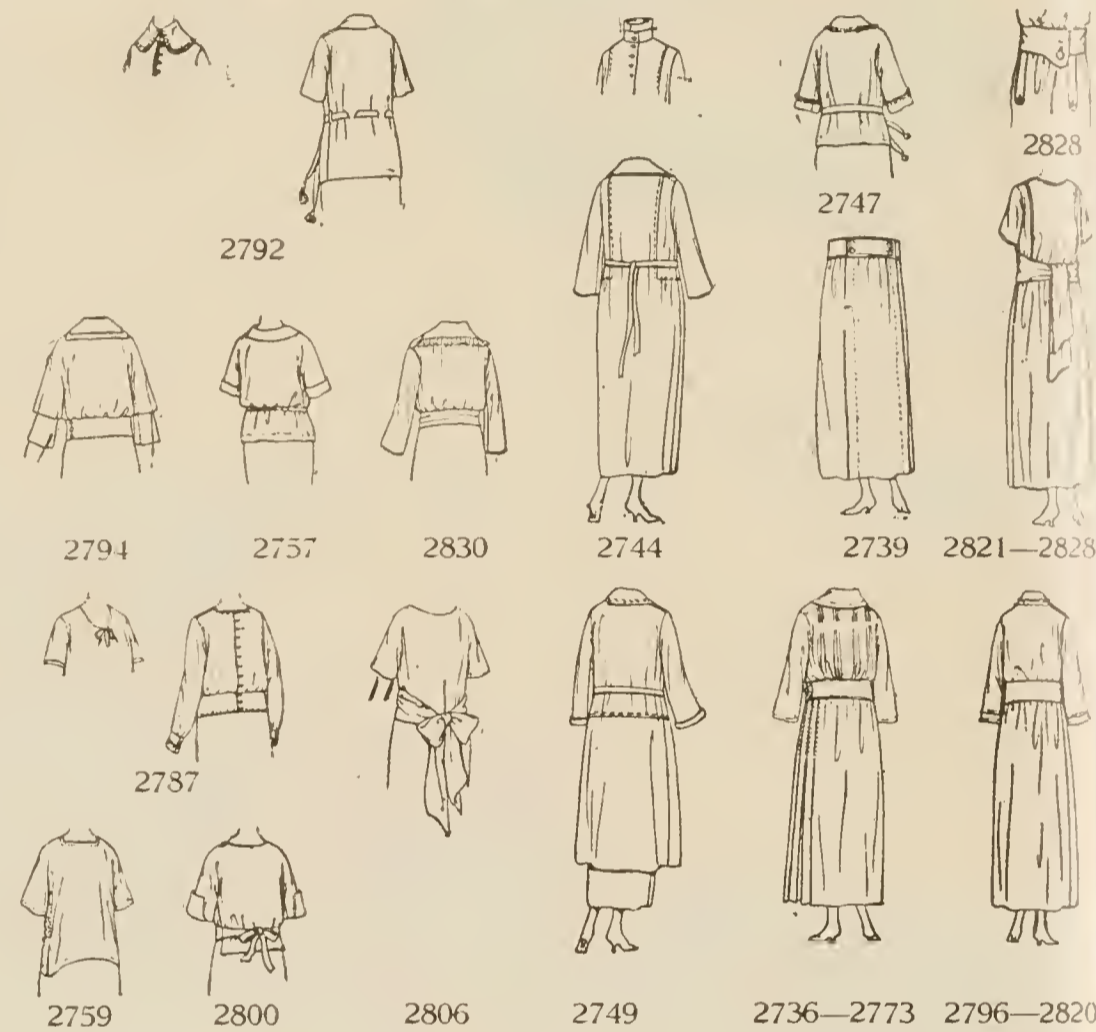


OTHER VIEWS ARE SHOWN ON FIGURES
ON PAGES 71, 72, 73, 74 AND 75

Other views of these garments are shown on page 71



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 72 and 73



Other views of these garments are shown on pages 74 and 75





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