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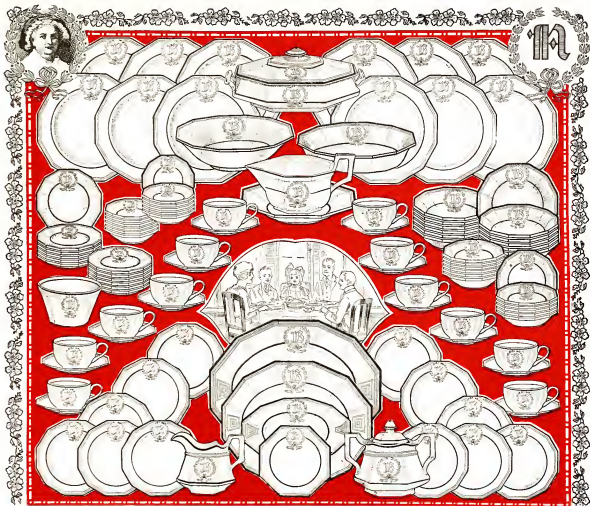
JANUARY 1920

# AMERICAN WOMAN

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# THE AMERICAN WOMAN

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ADOLF OUTLER STODOLAND, Editor

Mrs. M. M. STODOLAND, Editor

Editors Special Departments

AUGUSTA, MAINE, JANUARY 1920

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# Chats with Our Readers

## The New Year

Let us walk softly, friend;  
 For strange paths lie before us, old friend.  
 The New Year, spied from the hand of God,  
 It skies and wies, O friend!  
 Let us walk straightly, friend;  
 Forget the crooked paths behind us now;  
 Press on, with steady purpose on your brow,  
 To better deeds, O friend!  
 Let us walk gladly, friend;  
 Perchance some greater good than we have known  
 Is waiting for us, or some fair hope from Heaven  
 Shall let return, O friend!

Let us walk humbly, friend;  
 Sight not the heart's ease blossoming 'round our feet;  
 The laurel blossoms are not to be read,  
 Or lightly gathered, friend.  
 Let us walk kindly, friend;  
 We need not fall how long this life shall last;  
 How soon these precious years be o'erpast,  
 Let see walk with us, friend.  
 Let us walk meekly, friend;  
 Work with our might while lasts our little span,  
 And help some halting comrades on the way;  
 And may God guide us, friend.

not turn out as I hoped or felt they should," and having made this very good and sensible resolution, hold fast to it. When thoughts of what might have been intrude, dispense them by hopes of what may be. Believe with all your heart and soul-strength that "the best is yet to be," and go forward happily to meet the best. Accept the lessons that come with every experience, but forget the experience itself. We can do all this, we try. Drop the burdens and cares of the year or years that have gone by. This we can more easily do by remembering always that the spiritual beings as children of the Most High, we have no burdens; they are all self-imposed, and there is nobody to say NO to us when we elect to cut the mental chains that have bound them to us and let them go. "Let" them go; that is all we have to do. Never mind what has been; it is all done away with now if we but say the word and face the future with shining eyes and keen expectancy of the good that awaits us. Because we ourselves have the right to decide what thoughts shall be harbored in our own mind, we can exorcise fear by cherishing faith; evil will flee from us if we think only of good. Let us regret no more our sins of commission or omission, which are at worst barely exercises of imagination; let us think no longer of injuries that have been done us—which, if real, injured far more the perpetrator. Let us make the coming year the very best that has ever been, by listening with a clean state, on which shall be written nothing that is not helpful and hopeful and uplifting. Take for the motto of the New Year: "The best is yet to be," and pass it on. Remember!

SOMEbody, who does not wish her name printed, sends that message for the New Year to The American Woman, and asks that it be given space in "the corner she has 'leased' to love so well." She feels that through it she may come in touch with everyone who reads it; and wishes that it may accept it as a real personal message, and strive to live up to it during the year which lies before us. She says, and truly that if we were to go forward with kindness and gladness filling our hearts, stretched forwardly with steady purpose, grateful for all the little blessings, and eager to lend a hand where and when needed, the world would quickly be transformed. Probably most of us are ready to agree with this proposition—so wisely simple, and simply wise! But the great difficulty is that we are speaking again for most of us—look to see others put in action the principles, the thoughts, and words and deeds that are to work the transformation, neglecting or forgetting the part that we ourselves must play. Yes it is our very own part in the great drama with which we are concerned. If we live that to the very utmost that is in us we shall have neither opportunity nor occasion to which what others are doing, much less criticize them for the non-doing. It is for us to do each minute and hour of the day that which seems to us for the betterment of world conditions. If we awake in the morning with a "blue" feeling, as if nothing is quite right or can be made so now, this is the time of all times that the "emulsion-factor" should be started up. Never the dependent world would find attention, we must remember that we have no right to hinder our own little world with our despondency. By being despondent, we shall dispose ourselves of the "dodgers," which otherwise would very likely fasten themselves upon us for the whole day—or longer. A little thing of "counter" habit, the little things of just such trifles, and there are few of us who do not realize the high meaning of a smile and word of encouragement. Let us give them both. "Let us walk gladly, friend."

TRULY, the world does move. Many of us can remember when a sermon teaching of "Death and the Life Beyond," would certainly not have been expected from our pulpit, if indeed it were not actually placed under the shadow. Not long ago, however, we listened to a Sunday discourse from the pastor of one of Boston's foremost churches—a man who, because of his activity in all spiritual movements has attained a country-wide fame. He feels that the question: "If a man dies, shall he live again?" is one that is engaging the attention of the world, and believes that science is soon to answer it in the affirmative. "We have heard so much of the conflict of science and religion," he says, "that it is truly a pleasure to find a field, the greatest field of human inquiry, where both are united in their endeavor to place the facts of man's immortality forever upon an impregnable basis." He believes that men of scientific training, both in the laws and possibilities of the mind, are peculiarly fitted for discriminating investigation and study of this question, and adds that "almost all scientific men, who have taken the trouble to make the necessary experiments in this field, have obtained evidence which has settled the question for them forever. Already a considerable number of persons possess copies of a book on this subject, which no scepticism can shake, knowledge that will soon become the common possession of mankind." And here is Doctor Woodcock's own message: "For we may be sure that the life after death is not a part of a general historical process, and that the counterpart it has to be found in the imaginations of poets and in the secret and state of things, but in the secret and unerring processes of nature. We shall learn that our entrance into that world is just as natural as our entrance into this, and that we find ourselves there where we lost ourselves here, doctored in a body which perfectly represents us, and which is perfectly adapted to our environment; that we carry with us our thoughts, our memories, our gaiety and our sense of humor; that, as we were met by loving parents and friends here, we shall be met there by loving parents and friends here, loved us and provided us, that family affection and relations continue, that the great lesson of life which we must all learn is presented to us as fresh, and that what we have failed to learn and accomplish here we shall have another chance to learn and accomplish there." Still, surely it can do no one harm to meditate on these heavenly themes. It gives us strength to bear our losses when we realize that our beloved have won their victories, and will possess their estates perpetually, and that their work, which was the first objects we shall behold when our eyes open to that new life. For many things I am grateful to God and to life, but for nothing am I more grateful than that this knowledge will be given to me when I die. I have no consciousness of the transient and eternal world has sustained me in all my struggles."

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# THE AMERICAN WOMAN

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## NEIGHBORS

By ANNE McQUEEN

"It is so wonderful, this peace of boundless space!" the summer boarder had exclaimed, when she first came to Hiram Beeg's wheat-ranch. "A mantle of solitude that wraps me about, and shuts out every nerve-destroying sound. You must find it wonderfully soothing and uplifting. Mrs. Beeg, it must be the solitude of human life, spoke hesitantly, apology in her voice.

"I'm sorry there were neighbors," she said, in her mild, unsmiled voice, "so's it wouldn't be quite so lonesome. When we first moved out here, years ago, we had a family to live in that 'oobe back of the champagne thicket; the man helped Hiram. They were nice folks, with a lady. They moved back east right soon, though, and Hiram has all kinds of machinery, so's he don't need regular hired help. Young men from the east come out here, times, and help it's right lively when they're here—but they all go back." She stifled a sigh, and tried to speak cheerfully. "But, of course, it must be something, kind of, to city people used to noise. You can see the 'dobe from the back road; I have to get where I can watch 'em, unless a fella's company, somehow. I'd like right well to live neighbors."

"Then, if you like it, you'll maybe stay all summer?" asked Sarah Beeg, eagerly. "Oh, I hope you will! I'll do my best to make you comfortable. You—your knee, just how lonesome I do get. With Hiram away all day in the field, and too tired to talk when night comes, it's right hard on a woman who can't be always occupied outdoors, like the menfolks."

"She liked it exceedingly, the summer boarder had declared; and she would spend the summer—probably. This noon, Sarah Beeg, with the light of hope shining in her dulled eyes, had gone blithely about her tasks, tooting over the stove to prepare meals, to keep the temp' her boarder's appetite, and making her house very pleasant to live in.

"I just can't endure it any longer, Mrs. Beeg," she moaned. "It's beautiful and wonderful as ever—but I'll simply go crazy if I have to stay here and look on the lonesomeness of it! I must go back somehow—anywhere there are people!"

"I'll do right home," said Sarah Beeg, dutifully—she had expected this—everybody got that way, after awhile. And Hiram had harnessed the plow-horse to the light wagon and driven away with the summer boarder and her trunk, taking her fifteen-hundred-twenty miles away—where there were people.

Sarah Beeg, watching them drive away, felt the pall of solitude settling upon her as heavily that it seemed a dense, smothering cloud. "When they were quite out of sight she related her heavy feet, moving about her household tasks like an automaton, he handed doing their work heedlessly, having no heart to direct their efforts.

He work over, she rested in a comfortable rocking-chair, mechanically turning over



"And when she gazed with eyes that were heavy with loneliness, beheld, God had wrought a miracle!"

the leaves of a new magazine. It was a woman's magazine, illustrated with slurring designs of gowns, and lingerie and needlework, but it did not appeal to her. What was the use of pretty clothes when one was nowhere to wear them? Or accessories, when there were no neighbors' critical eyes to appraise its beauty?

The pages of receipts had held her eager attention while the boarder stayed; now that she was gone there would be nobody to appreciate delicate cookery. Hiram, a strong man with appetite sharpened by labor, cared only for the substantial of life, and Sarah had no appetite for the food she must eat alone.

She turned carelessly the pages of stories, and pictures, and household information; her eyes resting at last upon an article by a woman of note—one who did things for other women, who worked always with the aim to cheer, and help and uplift her sisters. Just now she was endeavoring to better the lives of farmers' wives, working for sanitary-training schools, where they might have to meet the emergency of illness in their households, as well as for central places of amusement, where they might find relaxation from the wearing round of household monotony. "Inseam sayings are filled with farmed wives," read Sarah Beeg, with burred interest, "who go crazy from sheer loneliness."

There followed enthusiastic plans for remedying such conditions, but Sarah Beeg paid no further heed; her eyes, starting on the printed page, did not see it; instead they looked into the future and beheld no more inmate to crowd some home for the brain-stick!

"It's coming on me," she breathed, softly. "I've been feeling it coming a long time—only I didn't know what it was. If I live, I'll go crazy too!" She sat staring at the magazine for a long time, seeing visions that filled her soul with terror. Little waves of pain, rising and falling with rhythmic beat, surged through her brain, and beat against her temples. She was obsessed by a fear that this was a forerunner of the awful end—the asylum, where she would sit, alive and yet dead, her body nourished while her mind had died of starvation.

When at last she rose from her seat, Sarah Beeg tranquilly laid the magazine on the shelf where others were piled; placing it with methodical neatness, among the current numbers of periodicals, where Hiram might find it, whenever he looked for a new magazine to read in his few spare moments. She opened a cook-book—one she had frequently studied for her boarder's benefit, and looked up receipts for sundry festive pies and cakes and bread-things that would keep.

She weighed and measured her ingredients, careful, as if she were expecting the most critical company to comment upon their exactness. Instead of Hiram, who would eat them with scant appreciation, just to satisfy his hunger.

She put on a marmalade ham to boil, and dressed a couple of fat hens, which she placed in the roaster in the big range-oven, along with her spicy pies, and delicate biscuits, a remarkably large fat oven filled until they were all out of the way.

When those were done, she went through her pantry with loosely-soiled scrubbing sashes and arranging jars and crocks in spotless order that would bespeak her pride to the most critical eyes.

Then, while her cakes baked to delicate perfection, and the fat ham slowly becomined in the roaster, and the big ham simmered tendrily in the pot, Sarah Beeg swept and garnished her house, as for expected guests; going through her chests, and trunks and drawers also, and sorting their contents with scrupulous care. She looked over Hiram's wardrobe, darning and mending the slightest rents and holes, setting on every loosely fastened button, at last piling the orderly garments in their accustomed places, where he might easily lay his hands upon them, when needed.

Early that morning Hiram had milked, and her pans were filled with white cream, her crocks were packed with fresh butter, just churned. She had fed and watered the poultry, but she had, unusually, she did over again these ended tasks. She fed to repulsion the surfticed poultry, and she swept again the solid-soiled floor, preserving custody in her morning pastime.

"Hell! maybe forget them," she murmured, absently, and they might suffer! When at last all the baking was over, and the fat bowls were delicately roasted, and even the marmalade ham boiled to toothsome perfection, Sarah Beeg did not taste her fine cookery, but stored it all away against Hiram's coming. She skinned the ham, and dusted it with regulation dots of black pepper, laying it on a large platter, with curving and laid carefully in the pantry-shelf beside it. The ham was flanked by the roast chickens, with a bowl of succulent peas, and cold sliced potatoes, used as an accompaniment for roast fowl. The biscuits and cakes were shut away in the upper parts of the solid-soiled pantry, arranged in a sweet-smelling row on another shelf.

Her mind accomplished, Sarah Beeg was not yet ready to rest from her labors; carefully, scrupulously, as if preparing for some special occasion, she selected from her trunk a suit of her best, long-sleeved underwear, and took from a sacred drawer that sign-manual of respectability, her black-silk dress, always laid away carefully in a large linen box, with cedar-chips and moth-balls making it odorless—it was not often that she was called upon to wear it, but she was ready to air; Sarah Beeg had now here to wear it—she was it was confounding to know that she possessed it as safe.

She bathed and dressed herself in her best clothes; she brushed out her graying hair, and polished it with pomade, and washed her bed bottle, and arranging it with loving care, after a fashion that had been taught her by her boarder. She took a handkerchief and a fettu folded in with the silk dress; she folded the fettu about her neck, and tucked it into her bodice, and she shook out the handkerchief, gazed queerly at it for a moment, and then reached up to the top of the wardrobe to get a pair of the miscellaneous articles in a tin box, found what she wanted, and, wrapping it carefully in the muslin, she placed it in the pocket of her dress. The somberly shining folds of the silk felt about her heavily; its soft rustle of

Continued on page 22

## ROSE O' PARADISE

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

Author of "Tom of the Seven Coasts," etc.

## CHAPTER V—Continued

THE man made a dash at his eyes with his free hand.

"Both do!" he repeated with effort, "as you're their girl!"

"Yes, and I've come to live with you, if you'll let me."

She drew forth the letters written the night before.

"Here's two letters," she ended, handing them over, and sinking down again into the chair.

She sat very quietly as the cobbler stumbled through the dimly written sheets.

"Mottville Corners, N. Y.  
"Dear Mr. Grandoken," whispered Lufe. "My girl will bring you this, and, in excuse for sending her, I will briefly state: I'm very near the grave, and she's in great danger. I want to tell you that her Uncle Jordan Morse has conquered me and will her, if she is not looked after. For her mother's sake, I ask you to take her if you can. She will repay you when she's of age, but until then, after I'm gone, she can't get any money unless through her uncle, and that would be too dangerous. When I say that my child's life isn't worth this paper if she is given over to Morse, you'll see the necessity of helping her. I don't know another soul I could trust as I am trusting you. The other letter Virginia will explain. Keep it to use against Morse if you need to."

"I can't tell you whether my girl is good or not, but I hope so. I've woefully neglected her, but now I wish I had done more to live the past few years over. She'll tell you all she knows, which isn't much. What you do for her will be greatly appreciated by me, and would be by her mother, too, if she could understand her daughter's danger."

"Gratefully yours,  
"Thomas G. Singleton."

The cobbler put down the paper, and the rattling of it made Jimmie raise her head.

"Come over here again," said the shoemaker, kindly. "Now tell me all about it."

"Didn't the letter tell you?"

"Some of it, yes. But tell me about your-

Lufe Grandoken listened as the girl recounted her past life with Matty, and when at the finish she remarked:

"I had to bring Milly Ann—"

Grandoken by a look interrupted her explanation.

"Milly Ann?" he repeated.

Then came the story of the mother-and-her babies. Jimmie lifted the towel, and the almost smothered kitten scrambled over the top of the pair. Milly Ann stretched her cramped legs, then proceeded vigorously to wash the faces of her numerous children.

"I hadn't thought there had a place to live if I hadn't brought her," explained Jimmie, looking at the kittens. "I guess they won't eat much, because Milly Ann catches all kinds of live things that she'll take to eat, but I'd heard she was born that way and can't help it."

"I guess she'll find enough to eat around here," he said softly.

"I brought my fiddle, too," Jimmie went on loyally. "I couldn't live about it any more'n I could without Milly Ann."

The cobbler nodded.

"You play?" he questioned.

"A little," replied the girl.

Mr. Grandoken eyed the instrument on the floor beside the pair.

"You oughter have got to put it in," he suggested. "It might get wet."

"Virginia acquiesced by bowing her head.

"I know it," she assented, "but I carried it in that old wrap. Did father tell you about my uncle?"

"Yes," replied the cobbler.

"And that he was made to die for something my uncle did?"

"Yes, as that he might harm you. I knew your mother well, lass, when she was young like you."

"An expression of sadness passed Jimmie's pretty mouth.

"I don't remember her, you see," she murmured sadly. "I wish I had her now."

And she heard the cobbler murmur: "What must your uncle be to want to hurt a little, sweet girl like you?"

They did not speak again for a few moments.

"I'll call Peg," the cobbler then said.

"At a loss, Virginia glanced about.

"Peg's my woman—my wife," explained

himself, so hard I can't get more work than what I'm doing."

A patient, resigned look crossed the cobbler's forehead as he questioned.

"That's so, Peg, that's so," he agreed, heartily. "But there's always to-morrow, as after that another to-morrow, with every new day there's always a chance. We've got a chance, an' so's the girl."

The woman dropped into a chair, nodding the cobbler's smile, which was born to give her hope.

"There ain't much chance for a bit of a brat like her," she snarled crossly, and the man answered that statement with experience, because the rising inflection in his wife's voice made it a question.

"Yes, there is, Peg," he insisted; "yes, there is! Didn't you say there was hope for me when my legs went bad—that I had a chance for a livin'! Now didn't you, Peggy? An' ain't I got the thinnest little shop this side of way up town?"

Peg paused a moment. Then:

"That you have, Lufe; you sure have," came slowly.

"An' didn't I make fall sixty cents yesterday?"

"An' didn't I fall, you sure did."

"An' sixty cents is better 'n nothin', ain't it, Peg?"

Mrs. Grandoken arose hastily.

"Course 'tis, Lufe! But don't brag 'cause you made sixty cents. You might a loss your hands same's your feet. That's no credit to you you didn't. Here, let me wrap you up better! You'll freeze all that's left of your legs, if you don't."

"Them legs ain't much good," sighed the cobbler. "They might as well be oily; mighty they, Peg?"

Peggy wrapped a warm blanket tightly about her husband.

"You oughter be ashamed," she growled darkly. "Ain't you every day sayin' there's always to-morrow?"

This time her voice was toned with finality, and she turned and went out.

## CHAPTER VI

Peg's Bark

Virginia and Lufe Grandoken was for some time with nothing to do but the tick-tack of the hammer to break the silence.

"It bel's the first time you've visited us, kin' 'nakin' in the wagon here!" you can't be knowin' just what's made us live this way."

Milly made a negative gesture and smiled, setting herself hopefully for a story, but Lufe brought a frightened expression quickly to her face by his low, even voice, and the ominous rumbling of his words.

"Me an' Peg's awful poor," said he.

"Then maybe I'd better not stay, Mr. Lufe," faltered Jimmie.

The cobbler threaded his fingers through his hair.

"The shanty's awful small," he interjected, thoughtfully.

"I think it's awful nice, though," offered the girl. Some thoughts crossed her blue eyes, but they flashed open instantly. "Cobbler," she faltered, "is Mrs. Peggy mad when she kin' 'nakin' in the wagon here?"

As if by its own volition the cobbler's hammer started itself in the air.

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"Do you suppose, Lufe, if a girl believed in the cobbler, nobody could hurt her?"

Lufe. "Go through that door there. Just call Peg an' she'll come."

In answer to the summons a woman appeared, with hands on hips and arms akimbo. Her almost colorless hair, streaked a little with gray, was drawn back from a yellow, thin face out of which gleamed a pair of light-blue eyes. Jimmie in one quick glance noted how tall and angular she was.

The cobbler looked from his wife to her.

"You've heard me speak about Singleton, who married Miss Virginia Burton in Mottville, Peg, ain't you?" he asked.

"Yes," answered the woman.

"His kid's come to live with us. She calls herself Jimmie."

He threw his eyes with a kindly smile to the girl, standing behind, longing for recognition from the tall, stout woman. "I guess she's better to go to the other room and warm her hands, eh?"

Mrs. Grandoken, dark-faced, with drooping lips, ordered the girl into the kitchen.

Alone with his wife, Lufe read Singleton's letter aloud.

"I've heard as much of her yarn as I can get," he said, glancing up. "I just wanted to tell you she was here."

"We ain't got a cent to bid ourselves with," grumbled Mrs. Grandoken, "an'

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

In a wretched-looking farmhouse, Virginia Singleton, the motherless daughter of Thomas Singleton, goes to girlhood. In the absence of her father, who has been away from home for many years, Virginia—known as "Jimmie"—is left wholly to the care of Matty, an ignorant, suspicious negro. Harried of love, Jimmie lodges her affection on her animal pets, particularly on Milly, the cat, and her kittens. As our story opens, Mr. Singleton, who has returned unexpectedly, tells Jimmie of a fortune that will come to her when she is eighteen years of age and warns her against her Uncle Jordan, her mother's stepfather. He tells her to leave her father's house and go home after he has gone, hide herself, change her name. He gives her a letter to Lufe Grandoken, who, he says, would help her for her mother's sake. That night Thomas Singleton is found dead and Virginia, wrapping her beloved victim in her basket, and carrying Milly and the kitten, leaves the farmhouse and goes first to the woods, stopping at the Merryweather house to hide herself, to Milly, a young woman who has been killed by her, she loses the voice she had. Looking upon the conversation that follows, she learns that Matty is secretly married and is the mother of a blind boy. On the train for Bellairs, a young man, Gordon King, a young man of pleasing personality and evident wealth. Arriving at her destination, she is directed to the humble home of Lufe Grandoken, the cobbler, who gives her all attentions welcome.

# MADON

By MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

Author of "Freakin", "A New England Nae," etc.

**CHAPTER XIV—Continued**

"TOLD her I couldn't go," said Maddox. Her voice was almost breathless, and still that red of shame was over her face. She bent her head and turned her back to them all, and went out of the room. The male Hautreville looked at one another.

"What's come over the girl now?" said Abner, in his surly bass growl.

"She's a woman," said his father, and she stamped his booted feet on the floor with a great clump.

Maddox meantime fled upstairs to her chamber, with her first love-letter from Lot Gordon in her pocket. Until this, the reality of all that had happened had not fully come home to her. Without acknowledging it to herself she had entertained a half hope that Leo might not have been entirely in earnest—that he might not hold her to her promise. And then there had been the uncertainty as to his recovery. Then here was this letter, in which Lot Gordon called her her, Maddox Hautreville—his sweet-heart—and begged her to come to him, as he had something of importance to say to her! He used, moreover, terms of endearment which thrilled her with the stinging shame of lashing upon her his bare shoulders at the public whipling-post. She is the candle on her table, snatched the letter out of her pocket, and crumpled it fiercely as it were some five times the candle-flame until it burned away, and the last flashes of it scorched her fingers. Then she caught a sight of her own miserable, shamed face in her looking-glass, and flushed redder and struck herself in her face angrily and then fell to walking up and down her little room.

Her father and mother's down behind her, and looked at one another.

"There was that Emmeline Littlefield that went mad, and fell to walking all the time," said Abner.

"The others listened to the footsteps overhead with a gloomy aspect of silence.

"They had to keep her in a room with an iron grate on the window," said Abner, further, with a pale secret.

Then David Hautreville took down his leather jacket from its peg with a jerk, and thrust his arm into it. "I tell yo, she's a woman," he said, in a shout, as if to drown out those hurrying steps; and then he went out of the room and the house, and disappeared with a snicker across the snowy reach of fields; and presently all his sons except Eugene followed him. Eugene remained to keep watch over his sister.

**CHAPTER XV**

After his father and brothers were gone, Eugene got Louis' fiddle out of the chimney-closet and fell to playing with an impatient fustle touch, picking out a tune slowly, with licks between the strains, as if he spelt a word with stammering syllables. Eugene's maximal expression was in his throat alone; his fingers were almost powerless to bring out the meaning of sweet sounds. A direct crew on a rulling yassai might have danced

to the tune that Eugene Hautreville fingered on his brother's fiddle that morning while his sister walked back and forth overhead, running the gamut, as it were, of an ecstasy which his masculine imagination could not compass, well tutored as it was by the lessons of his Shakespeare book.

When Margaret Bean came to the door the second time she heard the squeak of the fiddle and caught the knocker loud to overcome it. Maddox and Eugene reached the door at the same time, and Margaret Bean extended another letter.

"Here's another," said she, shortly, to Maddox. She tucked the hand which had held the letter under her shawl and tucked herself with a shiver, ostentatiously. "I'm most froze, trotter!" back and forth. I know that that's it," she muttered.

Eugene stood aside with a flourish and a graceful, beckoning wave of his hand.

"Won't you come in and warm yourself?" he said, and he smiled in her face as if she and no other were the love of his heart.

But Margaret Bean had a shrewd understanding which no grove of flattery could daunt, and felt truly surprised always her principal claim to masculine admiration lay in her fine steering speciality of house-wifery; and of that she gave no show banded up against the cold in her shawlless waist. So she put aside the young man's smile and courted it scornfully, as not belonging to her, and spoke in a voice as sharp as an edge of her own well-fitted trousers.

"No, sir," said Margaret Bean; "I've got bread in the oven and I can't stop, and I can't coming in for two or three minutes and set out my things on, and get all chilled through when I go out. I'll stand here while your sister reads that letter. He said the answer would be just 'yes' or 'no,' and I shouldn't have to wait long." She said "no" to better her decision.

"Tell him 'yes,'" said Maddox, and went into the room and she wheeled about and averted her eyes as she

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**The American Woman**

August, 1919

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**The American Woman**

August, 1919



## Don't, Madam— Don't Try to Bake Beans

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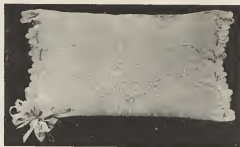
Made from a perfect blend of nuts, with every bit and every heart returned.

# Embroideries for the Little Folks

By HARRIET C. WHEELER

In order to make the needlework pages of especial interest and value to every member of *THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S* large household, the editor asks the hearty cooperation of all. Every variety of needlework will be presented from month to month. If you have an original or especially desirable lace-pattern or bit of practical needlework, please share it with others by sending it to *THE NEEDLEWORKER*. Address all communications for this department to

EMMA C. MONROE,  
Care The American Woman, Augusta,  
Maine



No. 234 A. And Then the Pillow, Matching the Bed

No. 233 A. A Dainty Little Hat with Button-On Crown

It is none too early to begin on the dainty little outfits for spring and summer. Very soon the days will begin to lengthen, and almost before we know it winter will be on the wane and the heralds of spring will be with us. Meantime the long evenings which we like to spend in a comfortable living-room before a cheery open fire cannot be more pleasantly utilized than in fashioning additions to some wee wardrobe. Such embroideries are just the thing for the soft-box, which we have learned to keep well replenished because it is so true that a gift for the small king or queen of the household is given a high mood of appreciation by the little one, mother or grandmamma or auntie, or other grown-up whose especial interest the baby is.

For the very little folks the hat is a very useful bit of apparel, and may be as ornamental as one chooses. Indeed, the under-arm hat is a quite dressy affair, with ribbons and ties of ribbon, which may be blue or pink as preferred, or according to the sex of the small wearer. "Blue for my little and pink for my lad" runs the old saying, you know. Four upright slashes, worked around in eyelet-stitch are made in each side-stap to run the ribbons through, and eye-bows are caught in place with a few stitches, easily removed when the hat is to be laundered, or with snap-fastenings. The graceful design is for Madeira embroidery—and is fine and dainty, as befits its purpose. Instructions for wide-and-eyelet work have been so frequently and expertly given from time to time that repetition seems needless. The padding-stitches of the leaves and flower-petals are laid lengthwise and should be kept within the stamped outline, which the coverlet-stitches, taken across or at right angles to the padding, should follow accurately in order to make the form perfect in shape. Practice only is needed to produce the finest of work if one is willing to take pains with it. There is nothing about Madeira embroidery that the woman who does plain sewing neatly cannot easily compass. Eyelets should be run with fine stitches, and again with a second row, the stitches of which come between those of the first row, making a continuous line, and it is well to run the outline of the solid work in the same way—or the first row may be whipped by a second row. Place the points of your needle exactly in the center of the eyelets, and if a round one—and press it through carefully to the outline, taking care not to stretch the latter, then work the edges over and over, setting the stitches close together but never overlapping them, and taking up very little of the material, none beyond the running-stitches. Some workers puncture the eyes from the wrong side, which distorts up the edges of the goods on the right side where it makes a padding; but as eyelets should not be obtrusive this method serves little purpose. Others, instead of the skeleton, use a paper-punch of exact size, cutting out the linen from the center of the eyelet. If not cut to the line, use the stiletto to increase the size as required. The edges of this hat is buttonholed in small plain scallops of uniform width.

It is safe to say that there is no part of baby's belongings in which the mother takes greater pride than in a prettily fitted carriage. She likes to see passers-by glance at the small vehicle with a smile that betokens

administration, and perfectly natural that she should. First on the list of that universally liked and embroidered with sign at the lower part of the carriage-robe that is very attractive for a towed-end, which on the turnover may serve to decorate the tracing from every stamped article—which is very easily done by ad- transfer- or carbon-paper—one soon has a good eyelet on from which she may choose as pleasure. The carriage-pillow has the larger design, but with the design gives a more decided curve. The ends have also the simple "three-in-one" scallop, and about one inch inside these are the slashes for lacing. These slashes must be made exactly opposite one another, back and



No. 235 A. The Under-Arm Hat is a Quite Dressy Affair



No. 236 A. Fine Corner for Carriage-Robe, Prettily Embroidered

front, so that the ribbon will pass through two, along to the next two, and so on across the end. When the pillow requires laundering, as very frequently is the case, since all baby's possessions should be kept immaculately fresh, it is a simple matter to lay the stitches that hold the ends of ribbons and the looped bow, and draw the laces out to be laid aside until the cover shall come back from its inhibitor; then they are quickly run in again, and the low caught in place—all as good as new!

There is certainly nothing in the way of headgear for little people during the warmer weather more desirable and attractive than the light, comfortable and very pretty hats of white picote, embroidered in simple or more elaborate design. These hats are washable, of course, and so a joy to the small wearer, who feels that even though her dainty hat should come to grief because of too strenuous play, or in case of a sudden shower, a visit to the laundry will make it every bit as nice as ever.

The hat with button-on crown of white picote, is always a favorite, and a charming variation of this style is shown. It has a drooping brim and the crown, buttoned to the inner edge, extends over it, giving the high, round effect which is at present in vogue. The embroidery, elaborate in appearance, is yet most simple. The edges of brim and crown are buttonholed in plain, uniform scallops, save that the first and sixth scallops, as they occur, are formed by the two lower petals of the five-petaled flower; the center of this is filled by a group of eyelets, and the petals are outlined with well padded satin-stitch, and filled in with seed-stitch. A coinpost in padded satin-stitch occupies each one of the four regular scallops between the motifs of the brim, the second and third of these being omitted on the brim, since a buttonhole is worked between the two scallops. A row of the coinposts extends from the upper petal of one flower to the next, all around, and a circle of them decorates the center of the crown. The brim is made to lap at the end, the embroidery being carried up one end, while the other is bound with a firm tape, so is the upper edge. Catch the ends together with a few invisible stitches, easily removed when the hat is to be laundered—or, if merely mended, it may be freshened by pressing. Sew ten pearl buttons at even distances on the upper edge of the brim, space the crown for an equal number of buttonholes, and when these are nicely worked you have completed the daintiest bit of headgear imaginable.

No. 233 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 25 cents. Transfer-pattern, 12 cents. Stamped on paper, 60 cents. Floss to embroider, 21 cents extra.

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# Beauty Secrets of Famous Women

By ELEANOR MATHER



Edith Clayton

EVERYBODY goes to the motion-pictures nowadays. The screen has made the faces of our most famous actresses as familiar to the dwellers in the small country towns as they are on Broadway, and many of us have wondered if the pretty woman who has the leading role in our favorite photo-play would look as attractive if we could meet her on the street or out in the front yard as she does when her "counterfeit presentment" is flashed before us as the intruder of the plot are unworn.

"They are so made up for the camera and the films are retouched so much that anybody can look pretty in the movies."

This is what I heard a woman with envy in her eyes announce patronizingly to her escort during the intermission at a thrilling screen-drama the other night. Which only goes to show what a lot of nonsense is talked by people who know just enough about a subject to get gloriously misled up. I suppose the lady was thinking about her own picture which came home from the photographer's lab work. The retoucher certainly waxes busy on that. He had to soften the lines of the face which the camera always exaggerates, and take out the freckles, which if left untouched would look like ink-spots on the finished picture, not to mention thinning down the figure where it was unbecomingly bulky. All of which explains why the average amateur photograph is so unsatisfactory.

But the moving picture is never retouched. When one realizes that the camera takes three photographs at the rate of sixteen pictures a second, and that there are nearly six thousand separate pictures in a reel and that each picture is only about two and a quarter inches long by an inch and a quarter high, the impossibility of removing defects by retouching will be obvious. And yet each of these little pictures is so enlarged by the projector—as the motion picture is called—that the human figures in the average scene are about ten feet high and of course in a close-up much larger. So the beauty we see on the screen is really there and the woman is if anything much prettier than she seems in the pictures: for the camera shows only the light and shade—beauty of coloring, of eyes, skin and hair, are all lost.

Out of the most popular screen-actresses at the present moment is Marguerite Clark. She has never believed that late supper-parties or jazz dancing helped

to make a successful screen star. Neither does she care for Rocky clothes or jewels, though she could have more of each than the average society debutante. Little Marguerite's best beauty-recipe is, "Lots of sleep and a peaceful mind." Every night she is in her bed at nine-thirty, and every morning at seven she stands before the open window performing the deep-breathing exercises prescribed to her when she was a child. She never has known a serious illness, and beyond catching cold after a dunking in the studio, she does not recognize any form of sickness.

Miss Clark abhors hotel or restaurant food and always has herself prepared by her own cook—or else does it herself—occasionally instructing her maid in the preparation of simple luncheons at the studios where she always has a kitchenette attached to her dressing-room suite.

Marguerite Clark's father was A. J. Clark, a prominent merchant of Cincinnati, while her mother was one of the city's most beautiful women. She was born at Avondale, Ohio, February 22, 1887. As both her parents died before she was seven years old, her older sister took her in charge, placing her in Ursuline Convent, Brown County, Ohio, where she remained for three years.

Miss Clark lacks two inches of height of five feet, weighs ninety pounds, has a fair complexion, hazel eyes and masses of brown hair. She is in private life the wife of S. Thurston Williams.



Marguerite Clark

"I had quite decided never to marry," Miss Clark remarked in her dressing-room the other day, "but after I met Mr. Williams I found myself changing my mind very quickly."

Considered by many as the most beautiful woman on both speaking stage and the motion-picture screen, Miss Ferguson takes excellent care of the good looks with which she was endowed. She considers that the proper diet is as important if one wishes to keep "fit." Miss Ferguson's daily routine is given by her press agent, Owen Soren, is about as follows:

Breakfast: Coffee—very strong. Toast—some slices cut extremely thin. Luncheon: A grapefruit, melon or some sort of fruit; crackers; tea.

Dinner: The ordinary dinner makes up for the meagreness of the two other meals. Miss Ferguson believes in the health-giving effects of sugar in any form—especially bran muffins. She also carefully observes the rules about too much starch and bran—never eats both bread and potatoes at the same meal, for instance.

Miss Ferguson was one of the last of the well known actresses to appear in motion-pictures. Miss Ferguson is truly representative of the high-class American drama and her popularity both in this country and abroad is entirely in keeping with her great ability.

Her career has demanded much of her in the way of hard work and persistent effort, but her great ambition to accomplish bigger things no matter how successful the past may have been, has resulted in her present enviable position as an actress.

Miss Ferguson was born in New York City, August 19, 1883. Her first appearance on the stage was at the Madison Square Theatre. Several years ago she married Mr. Clark, Vice-President of the Hartman National Bank of New York.

For several years motion-picture companies had endeavored to secure her services, but without success. She felt that in order to give her best efforts, the silent art it would be wise to wait until it had developed to a higher artistic plane. Like many other stage celebrities, it was only recently that she felt the art offered a scope in which she could properly show her acting.

When approached by managers of the motion-picture world, handling productions of the most famous stars, Miss Ferguson decided that the night safely appear in



Billie Burke

pictures without loss of personal prestige. Her initial picture was with Robert Hichens' "Barbary Sheep."

Billie Burke is a living example of the value of keeping in perfect physical condition. The first thing she does in the morning and the last thing at night is to take at least two full glasses of water. In this way she avoids colds and many other annoying ills which attend work even at the best ventilated and arranged motion-picture studios.

She has a few simple Swedish exercises which she performs every morning, beside playing about with her small daughter Patricia from ten o'clock until noon each day. She also plays golf, tennis and rides horseback whenever possible. She thinks every woman should wish herself each morning in order to obtain and keep her normal weight. Fat bodies often mean fat minds, and either, she says, leads to unhappiness in some way or other. She has never dined in any way, but ever since childhood has followed the simplest of rules for health. Her baby, Patricia Burke (Zepfelf), is being taught the same simple rules and is one of the healthiest babies of Hastings, N. Y., where Miss Burke lives and is known as Mrs. Florence Zepfelf.

Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., August 7, 1888, but went to France at an early age and it was principally in the convents of that country that she received her early education. Her father was an actor, well known as "Billie" Burke, and it was because of her great love and admiration for him that the daughter decided to appropriate his name for her own professional career.

Moving-picture actresses use grease paints in a conventional stick, like the ordinary lip-stick. They use different colors, according to their complexions. When they work in the studio they use cold cream first; then they put on the grease paint, using a yellow foundation—this is an especially made amber color—using green to darken the eyes and purple for the mouth. Then they put on the powder over the grease paint. It must be absolutely smooth, because the least irregularity shows, and that is why all moving-picture actresses carry a rabbit's foot and a small mirror in the pocket, no matter what costume they are wearing, or no matter where they are. When they are working outside "on location" as it is called, they do not use grease paint; but only cold cream and the powder. They

Continued on page 14



Edith Ferguson



Billie Burke

# Soups and Soup-Making

By ISABELLE CLARK SWEZY

**I**n winter, when one comes home from the office tired and cold, or from a drive or walk, a good hot soup quickly warms and warms.

It is easily assimilated and stimulates and adds much to the enjoyment of a meal. The cream soups with the food value given by the milk and thickening they contain, and the purées with the vegetable-grain and thickening are of course the most substantial and may often, if served with plenty of crackers or bread and butter, form the principal part of a meal. They should never precede a very hearty meal. The bouillions and consommés are principally as "appetizers" or stimulants, although they may, like some real food value in the extractives which they contain.

The most common mistake in the bouillions is that we have been practicing thrift for so long a time, is to make soup from what we may have on hand, buying only occasionally something special to put into it. When one does buy meat for soup, however, it is always better to buy a piece with bone, containing marrow and to have the bone saved in preference to cracked, that no particles of the bone may get into the soup and be overlooked. From the meat itself we get the flavor, the juices, salts and a little gelatin. From the bone, ligaments, cartilage and the skin are obtained considerable gelatin—and gelatin, we should remember, is in any form a valuable food.

The best part of the beef to purchase is the shin, preferably the middle cut. This contains the marrow-bone, and also has a better flavor than the lower part of the shin-bone, although that also contains marrow. If one desires the meat for soup only, it should be cut into bits and put in cold water, salt added and allowed to stand an hour in the salt water before cooking, then bring very slowly to a boil and cook at the simmering-point.

The correct proportion of water to meat and bone is a pint of water to a pound of meat. This makes a very rich soup, however, and, especially where vegetables are to be added, a greater proportion of water should be used. A generous soup and with better flavor results if a portion of the meat, which is cut into cubes, is first browned on all sides in a very hot fat. Do not make the mistake of skimming the soup to remove the scum which arises. This contains albuminous juices which contain the chief nutritive value of the soup.

All cream soups and purées should be thickened or "bound" with flour or cornstarch to prevent their separating. When purées are not bound by this thickening, the vegetables sink to the bottom and a thin liquid remains on top. The most satisfactory way to thicken or "bind" there is to melt butter, add an equal amount of flour, and when smooth stir into the soup. The quantity will vary; but two tablespoons of flour to a pint of liquid is generally about the amount necessary.

Vegetables should be put through the food-chopper or grater, as the smaller the pieces, the more juice will be extracted and the richer the soup. Never add seasoning until soup is almost done.

A few good soups follow:

**Family Vegetable Soup** To two quarts of soup, cook add one large onion, two tomatoes, one carrot, one half small turnip, four or five stalks of celery, all put through the meat-chopper, a slice of parsley, bit of bay leaf, and cook until the vegetables are very tender, then add salt and pepper to taste and cook five minutes more. If the seasoning is added to taste at the cooking, it will be too salty when done, because as the soup cooks, the liquid evaporates and the quantity is reduced while the salt remains. If desired, add a cupful of raw rice when the liquid begins to boil.

**Mulligatawny Soup** One fourth pound small dice and browned in three tablespoonfuls of butter with one small sliced onion, one carrot sliced and one stalk of celery. Add three tablespoonfuls of flour, and when blended add gradually a quart of stock and one half cup of milk. Add one half teaspoonful of curry-powder, a bit of bay-leaf, three cloves, a minced pepper and salt and pepper to taste. Cook slowly for forty-five minutes or longer, adding an extra pint of water if necessary. Add half a pound of cooked macaroni or spaghetti ten minutes before removing from the fire.

**Cream-of-Celery Soup** The outer stalks and the older, less attractive ones will answer just as well for soup-making. Wash and scrape and cut into small pieces, using a pint of celery to a pint of water. Cook with a tablespoonful of fat and onion until soft, then rub through a sieve. Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, add three of flour and stir until blended, then add gradually a pint of milk, stirring until very smooth. Add the celery and water, cook five minutes more, season to taste with salt and pepper, add a tablespoonful of butter or a quarter of a cupful of cream and when hot serve with crisp crackers.

**Delicious Fruit Soup** Cook one level tablespoonful of sage in three-fourths cupful of strawberry- or orange-juice until transparent. Use strawberry-juice, preferably, or any fruit-juice, or a mixture of orange and strawberry-juice. Add one half cupful of pineapple-juice, one teaspoonful of lemon-juice, and a cupful of canned cherries and peaches, sweeten to taste and chill. Serve cold in bouillon-cups, or in a small soup-plate with a spoonful of whipped cream on top.

**Delicious Potato Soup** Peel potatoes and cut into dice. To three cupfuls of the diced potatoes, add water to cover, one half teaspoonful of salt and a slice of onion and stalk of celery. Boil until potatoes are very soft, then rub through a sieve. Melt two remaining tablespoonfuls of butter, add three of flour and three until blended, then add gradually a pint of milk, stirring and cooking until it begins to thicken. Then add the potatoes and a pint more of milk, and cook two or three minutes longer. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne, add a tablespoonful of butter and serve with the little minced parsley sprinkled over the top.

**Fruit Soup à la Daube**

Peel potatoes and cut into dice. To three cupfuls of the diced potatoes, add water to cover, one half teaspoonful of salt and a slice of onion and stalk of celery. Boil until potatoes are very soft, then rub through a sieve. Melt two remaining tablespoonfuls of butter, add three of flour and three until blended, then add gradually a pint of milk, stirring and cooking until it begins to thicken. Then add the potatoes and a pint more of milk, and cook two or three minutes longer. Season with salt, pepper and a dash of cayenne, add a tablespoonful of butter and serve with the little minced parsley sprinkled over the top.



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**None Such Jelly for Dessert**—2 package of jelly and either lemon, orange, or raspberry, and None Such Mince Meat. Bake as recipe, over top with whipped cream. Substitute with flaky dough if you wish a cherry in season.



None Such Potting

**None Such Potting**—(Dishes ready left over from—) or if desired, 1 to 2 cups None Such Mince Meat. Bake as recipe. To when may be added onion, celery, peas, etc. (Do not remove.)

**None Such Sandwiches**—Cut 10 or very thin slices of bread, or 20 slices None Such Mince Meat. Spread with jelly, set in a well-lubricated tin and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Make a package of the egg-waters, keep it on the packing and allow to brown in the oven.

**None Such Relish**



None Such Sandwiches

**None Such Sandwiches**—Cut 10 or very thin slices of bread, or 20 slices None Such Mince Meat. Spread with jelly, set in a well-lubricated tin and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Make a package of the egg-waters, keep it on the packing and allow to brown in the oven.

**None Such Relish**

Try other recipes printed on the None Such package

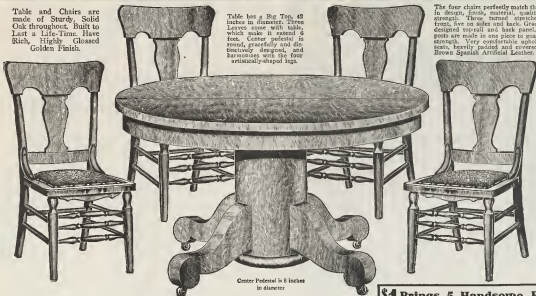
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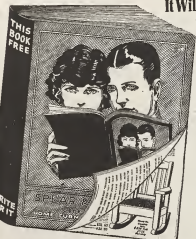
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Concluded from page 10

well. Simply do not write it; bang on the line dripping-hot and leave until quite dry. I have found this method to work very well, indeed.

Mrs. M. F. L.

Nashua, N. H.

## The Homemakers' Receipt-Book

**Beef Brest.** — One quart each of cooked beets and raw cabbage, both finely chopped, one cup of grated horseradish, prepared as for cabbage, and the same of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of salt, a teaspoonful of pepper, and vinegar enough to mix well. We like it about like cold slaw. No cooking is required, and it makes a delicious relish with cold meats, or with any vegetables.

**My little fish like it with bread and butter.**

**Lemon Pie.** — Beat the yolks of two eggs to a cream, add one and one-half cups of sugar mixed with three tablespoons of flour, mix thoroughly, then add slowly two cups of boiling water, and cook in a double boiler, stirring all the time, for ten minutes. Remove from the fire, add the juice and grated rind of two lemons and two tablespoons of butter, mix well, and when cool add well-beaten pie-shells. Cover with a meringue made of the white of the eggs, beaten to a stiff froth with two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and place in a box over to leave lightly. I sometimes add a pinch of baking-powder to meringue when beating, as I think it makes it "stand up" better.

**Fruit Tapioca.** — Drain the syrup from a can of peaches or pineapple, and add to it enough boiling water to make one pint; stir in one half cup of tapioca and a half teaspoonful of salt, cook in a double boiler until the tapioca is transparent, butter a pudding-dish and put in the fruit, pour over it and tap the top, first flavoring it with lemon. If liked, take twenty minutes and serve with cream and sugar. I make an apple pudding in the same way, purging and coring the apples and filling the space in center of each with sugar and a little cinnamon; have the tapioca cooked as directed in water to which a tablespoonful or two of apple jelly has been added, pour over the apples, and bake until tender.

**Nut Bread.** — Two cups of Graham flour, one cup of white flour with which are a teaspoonful each of baking-powder and salt, two cups of sour milk, in which dissolve a teaspoonful of soda, mix cup each of brown sugar and broken walnut-meats, bake in a loaf-tin, in a rather moderate oven.

Mrs. F. C. A.

Marlboro, Mass.

**Delicious Squash Pie.** — Cut your squash, remove the seeds and pulp, place in a covered pan, and steam until you can scrape it easily from the shell; I cook a squash in this way for the table, when I have a fire in the range all night, using three cups of squash, sifted, and mix with one cup of sugar, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one half teaspoonful each of nutmeg and ginger, one teaspoonful of salt, a little grated nutmeg, two well beaten eggs and one pint of scalding milk. Cook slightly, fill deep plates lined with good crust, and bake until firm in the center. This quantity is sufficient for two pies. I make pumpkin pies in the same way. Sometimes I use no dark spices in squash pies, but flavor with a teaspoonful of extract of lemon, and use only good cooking rice. If eggs are scarce and I use 1½, use one, substituting a tablespoonful of corn-starch.

**Steamed Plum Pudding.** — Butter four good slices of baker's bread, and put together in layers with one cup each of sugar and raisins, first bread, then a sprinkling of raisins and sugar, then bread again, and so on. Pour in one quart of milk and let stand overnight. Next morning mix two eggs, add a scant teaspoonful of salt and grated nutmeg, with a tablespoonful of molasses, mix well and turn over the other but do not stir. Steam four hours and serve with butter or liquid sugar, or with butter. I use as a mold to steam it in a five-pound hardball.

**Splendid Cranberries.** — Into your preserving-kettle put three and one-half pounds of brown sugar, one cup of good cooking vinegar, two tablespoonfuls each of cinnamon and allspice, and one tablespoonful of cloves. Boil five minutes, then the sugar dissolved, then add five pounds of cranberries, pitted over carefully and washed, and simmer gently for two hours. Put into small jars and seal when cold.

**Aunt Jessie's Cake.** — Cream one fourth cup of butter and add gradually one cup of sugar, add the white of two eggs beaten to a stiff froth, one half cup of water, an even teaspoonful of baking-powder sifted with one and one-half cups of flour, and one teaspoonful of vanilla or any preferred flavoring. Beat well, and bake in a loaf about forty-five minutes.

**Frosting.** — Mix the yolks of the two eggs with five tablespoonfuls of confectioners' sugar, and flavor with vanilla.

Nelle Rohak.

## A Trio of Attractive Centerpieces in Crochet

Concluded from page 7

widening doubles at corners, chain between; join to 3d of 4 chain. There will be 6 spaces between corners.

14. Two doubles in each space, with 3 in each corner space, join and turn.

15. Double in double, with 2 doubles in 2d of 3 widening doubles at corners. Repeat this row until you have 6 ribs.

16. With right side of work toward you make 2 doubles in 2 stitches, chain 10, miss 1 repeat. At each corner make 2 groups of 2 doubles, not missing the stitch between, 3 chain between corners.

17. 20, 24, 27, 28. A double under 1st stitch of 3 chain, chain 3, a double under last stitch of same chain, repeat.

18. Three doubles under each 3 chain, all around, join and turn.

19. Repeat until you have 6 ribs, widening over the corners as before.

20. Same as 11th row; there will be 25 spaces between corners.

21. A double in space, \* chain 7, miss 1 space, a double in next repeat.

22. 4 to 50. Slip 2 stitches, 7 chain, \* chain 7, fasten in center of next 7 chain, chain 4, fasten in same place for a pivot; repeat around, ending with a pivot where 1st chain started.

23. Slip over 3 stitches of 7 chain, chain 3 for a treble, 3 trebles under same chain, \* chain 3, 3 trebles under next chain, repeat. At corners make a shell of 3 trebles, 3 chain and 3 trebles under chain.

24. 53, 54. Slip across trebles and under 2 chain, chain 3, 2 trebles under same chain, chain 3, 2 trebles under next chain; repeat, making shell in shell at corners.

25. A double in each stitch all around, turn. Make 6 ribs, as before, and the work is ready for the border.

1. Starting at corner make the 2 widening doubles in corner stitch, a double in each of 25 doubles, or one fourth the distance across the side, chain 10, fasten back in 6th stitch from hook to form a loop, chain 4, a double in each of 12 doubles, chain 10, fasten back for loop, chain 4, a double in each of 26 doubles, widening at corner, and repeat.

2. A double in each double to within 5 stitches of the chain of last row, chain 3, fasten in loop, chain 5, catch in the double under the chain of next row, chain 3, fasten in loop, chain 6, catch in 7th stitch of 10 chain 7 times, miss 5 doubles, repeat, widening at corners as usual.

3. A double in each double, with 5 doubles under each chain between the ribs. Four trebles in each separated by 2 chain at corner, chain 11, miss 2 of 1st 10 doubles around loops, a double in each following double to within 2 of the end, widening in the 3d stitch between 4th and 5th loops, chain 11, 4 trebles, 2 chain between, in center of space between 5th and 6th loops, work around next scallop of loops as before, chain 11, and repeat.

Shell of 4 trebles (chain 3 for 1st treble of row, 2 chain and 2 trebles under 1st 2 chain of last row, chain 3, shell under 3d 2 chain, chain 9, a double in work around second scallop, missing 1st and last, and widening at top, chain 9; repeat.

5. Shell in shell, chain 3, 3 trebles with 2 chain between each 1st and 2nd chain, chain 3, shell in shell, chain 7, a double in each double of scallop, missing 1st and last and widening at center (also widening in back of loop of stitch), chain 7; repeat.

6. Shell in shell, (chain 3, shell under next 2 chain) twice, chain 3, shell in shell, chain 5, work around scallop as in last row, chain 5; repeat.

(Shell in shell, chain 3) twice, 3 trebles, separated by 2 chain under 3 chain of last row, (chain 3, shell in shell) twice, chain 4, work around scallop as before, chain 4; repeat.

8. (Shell in shell, chain 3) twice, (chain 3, shell under next 2 chain) twice, (chain 3, shell in shell) twice, chain 3, work around scallop as before, chain 3; repeat.

9. Double treble in shell (chain 4 for 1st double treble) chain 3, fasten to top of double treble for a pivot, (chain 2, double treble in same shell, pivot) twice, \* chain 2, shell under 3 chain, chain 2, double treble in next shell, pivot, chain 2; 3 times, repeat from \* around, making of the pivot shells, a double in each double, missing 1st and last, and making a pivot of 3 chain every 4th double (3 on each side of pivot and 1 at center), chain 3, and repeat.

A very pretty luscious-set may also be had from this design, the smallest dolly having 12 ribs, chain 2, chain 2, chain 2, after the 11th row, or if preferred, making the center of ribbing smaller and putting on 12 ribs under 3 chain, chain 2, chain 2, in next shell, pivot, chain 2; 3 times, repeat from \* around, making of the pivot shells, a double in each double, missing 1st and last, and making a pivot of 3 chain every 4th double (3 on each side of pivot and 1 at center), chain 3, and repeat.

A very pretty luscious-set may also be had from this design, the smallest dolly having 12 ribs, chain 2, chain 2, chain 2, after the 11th row, or if preferred, making the center of ribbing smaller and putting on 12 ribs under 3 chain, chain 2, chain 2, in next side may have 3 ribs in the second division instead of six, and the plate-dolly may have 4 ribs in the second section of the opening and 3 ribs before the row of spaces and the pivot-loops.



## How I Saved \$100 on My Clothes This Season

By Marion Louise Taylor

YESTERDAY after lunch I had just slipped into my new brown one-piece dress, and was getting ready to go down town when the door-bell rang and who should it be but Janet, Burson and a friend. Janet used to live next door, but they moved to a little place in the country last summer and I hadn't seen her in nearly six months.

Maybe it was because we used to go on all our clothes-buying expeditions together, but anyway, the first thing Janet exclaimed as she stood in the door was: "Oh, Marion, tell me, where in the world did you get that stunning dress!"

"I'll give you three guesses," I said, and I fairly bubbled with joy when she named the three most exclusive and expensive shops in town.

"Wrong—every time," I announced, "I made it all myself!"

"But, Marion!" she fairly gasped, "made it yourself—how—when—where did you ever learn? You never used to sew a stitch!"

"I know I didn't, but I made this dress, just the same, and not only this, but so many other things that I have more clothes than I have ever had before, and—if you please, my bank book shows deposits of \$100 representing what I saved on my clothes this season."

"Well, tell me this minute how you did it."

So I went to the closet and came back with an armful of dainty things that fairly made Janet stare in wide-eyed astonishment.

"To begin with," I said, "this dress I have on is an exact reproduction of an exclusive model I saw in a shop window marked \$95. It cost me exactly \$18.50 for the materials, and I think they are really of better quality. Here's a little crepe satin petticoat that would have cost at least \$10 in any shop. I paid for the materials just \$4.20. And here's a tailored dress that Jack says is the prettiest thing I ever wore. I copied it from a fashion magazine, and the materials cost exactly \$16.25. Sister paid \$30 for one not nearly so nice."

"Then I have made two house dresses, four aprons, a erpe de chine petticoat and lingerie that I saved altogether than \$25 on. Beside, I've made three school dresses for Betty and all her little undergarments. Oh, Jack wouldn't believe I could do it, but when I showed him my bank book and the money I'd saved on clothes in three months, he said, 'Marion, you're a wonder! You've never had such clothes—and to think that you could have them for less than you ever spent before. Well, I guess I'll quit worrying about the high cost of living.'"

"But you haven't told me yet," insisted Janet, "where you learned."

"Well, then, listen and you shall hear. Last Spring, when I realized that I simply must have a lot of new clothes, I gaily started out to buy them—as we always used to do—in the different shops. But when I found how terribly high all kinds of clothes were, I was absolutely discouraged, for I knew I just couldn't pay 'em prices. Why, I wouldn't wear a single thing I saw that I could afford. So for several days I pondered on my problem. Where could I get the money for the clothes I needed, when we were having trouble enough to get just the absolutely necessary things.

"Well, I joined the Institute and took up dressmaking, and when my first lessons came I saw at once why it is so easy to learn. Every step is explained so clearly that even little Betty could understand it. And there are hundreds and hundreds of actual photographs that show just exactly what to do. It was so fascinating that I wanted to spend every spare minute of my lessons. You see, the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments—in the fourth lesson I made this waist!"

"I didn't think about it at first, but after a bit I realized that in learning to make my own clothes I was also learning something that I could turn to profit if I ever wanted to. Since then I have found that hundreds of women and girls have taken up dressmaking or millinery as a business—as a result of these courses. Many of them have opened shops of their own and had splendid incomes. Others are teaching sewing."

"I've nearly completed my dressmaking course now, and I'm going to take up millinery or cooking next, I don't know which—"

But Janet broke in right there, "Marion, this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. Tell me where to write, so I can find out all about it myself."

So I told her that if she would send to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 48-A, Scranton, Penna., and would tell them whether she was most interested in home or professional dressmaking, or millinery, or cooking, they would send her, without obligation, handsome booklets telling all about the Institute and its methods.

And if you, my dear reader, would like to know more about how you can easily have more and prettier clothes this season and save at least \$100 as I did, or how you can provide your family better meals at less expense, I suggest that you, too, write promptly, or, better yet, send the coupon below, which I have arranged for your convenience.

### WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 48-A, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

- Home Dressmaking       Millinery  
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Name .....

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—Advt.

The story of a new practical way to reduce the high cost of dressing.

"Then one night, just when I was most worried about it—for all my clothes were either too shabby to wear or else hopelessly out-of-date—I read in a magazine about an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful new plan through which one could learn dressmaking, millinery and cooking right at home in leisure time. That was a new idea to me, but I began to think how much it would mean if I could make my own clothes, so I wrote to them. They sent me the most interesting book that explained just exactly how you could learn every step in dressmaking or millinery or cooking, even though you had no experience whatever. Why, think, Janet, more than 40,000 women and girls have already learned to make their own clothes by this new plan. You see, it doesn't make the slightest difference where you live. There are members of the Institute in the big cities, in small towns and in the country, all learning with the same success as if they were together in a classroom. Isn't it wonderful?"







**Send Only**

# For this 7-Piece Living Room Suite

Seven wonderful pieces of well-seasoned solid oak living-room furniture at an amazingly low bargain price and on such easy terms that you will never feel the cost. Genuine Mission design with rich brown finish that brings out the grain of the wood in all its natural beauty. A very beautiful and artistic set of living-room furniture. Chairs upholstered in handsome imitation Spanish brown leather that harmonizes perfectly with the brown finish. Will give years of satisfactory service. Only by seeing it can you realize what an unusual Hartman bargain this complete 7-Piece Full Room Set really is.

**\$**

## Full Year to Pay

Without question this is one of the greatest bargains ever offered. You run no risk in sending for it. Remember, you are dealing with the House of Hartman, a concern with a record of 65 years of fair dealing. We guarantee your complete satisfaction. Our guarantee is backed by our \$12,000,000 capital. Send only \$1.00 with coupon today. Judge the wonderful value of this suite when you see it. Use it 30 days. If not satisfied, return it and we will pay transportation both ways. If you keep it, pay balance in easy monthly payments, which give you a full year to pay. See coupon.

Complete suite consists of large square table, two rocking chairs, two armchairs, desk with chair, taborette and book case. Ornamented with richly embossed carved design and rocker seats are constructed in a sturdy, durable manner. Most comfortable, better floor, are 25 inches wide over all and have seats 16 1/2 inches. High over all from base to seat 17 1/2 inches. Handmade table is 24 1/2 inches and the taborette has a cushioned top about 18 inches wide, standing 17 inches high. Book case just the right size and weight to easily support large books.



Hartman Furniture and Carpet Co.  
3661 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 2362, Chicago

**IMPORTANT**  
There is guaranteed no "knock down" furniture. In other words, the four chairs, taborette and book case come to you set up ready for use complete in every detail and guaranteed made with solid glass block construction. The second table you set up in 5 minutes. We mention this fact because a "knock down" 7-piece set of furniture would come to you in many pieces for you to set together. We challenge the furniture industry to offer such a set as Hartman's at our great bargain price, timely for use.

Shipped from factory in central Indiana at factory in western New York state. Shipping weight about 145 lbs.  
Order by No. 110BMA8. Price \$33.95. Pay \$1 down. Balance \$32.00 monthly.

## FREE Bargain Catalog

and get it on Hartman's easy credit terms too. The bargain catalog is free. Post card below it. Send for it today.  
**Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.**  
3961 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 2362, Chicago

Even if you don't send for the suite, send a postcard for the great book. Fill in from cover to cover with returning postage in a few minutes.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
Occupation \_\_\_\_\_  
Nearest Shipping Point \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed find \$1.00. Send the 7-piece Living-Room Suite No. 110BMA8 as described. Guaranteed not "knock down." I am to have 30 days' trial. If not satisfied will ship it back and you will refund my \$1.00 and pay freight both ways. If I keep it I will pay \$3.00 per month until the price, \$33.95, is paid.

















"Not one, but many; clamoring, tumultuous—hoop, and that—hoop!" she cried, and that key—hoop!"

"Who's so hungry? Ain't we goin' to have nothin' for dinner but just mash?"

"The baby wants some milk! Ain't he goin' to have nothin' but just this gruel? Less no one them folks up at the big house! I see a cow in the pasture!"

"Hush, children, hush—your poor mother is high about distracted!" whimpered another, with a note of incomprehension. "It is, 'I'm doin' the very best I know how for you!"

It was this hubbub wailing Sarah Beeg, sympathy aching from her awakened eyes, in her heart the gloomy assurance that she had identity—and that she was sane.

A woman was heading up a soapman set on the fire, stirring busily as its contents, as if she would hasten the cooking. About her clustered half a dozen children of assorted sizes; the oldest, an anxious-eyed girl of twelve was suckling a skinny baby in her tired arms—arms which instinctively surrendered their burden to be pilloved tenderly upon the fragrant folds of Sarah Beeg's lace linin.

It took her but a few minutes to learn their pitiful story. "They were 'movers'—those precatin' folk, now fast discouraging, who are woin' to follow the harvest through the different States, eatin' a scanty living, and always travellin' in a rickety old wagon drawn by a pair of oxen, a mule, and, on rare occasions of opulence, two mules. This family had fallen on bad days; the woman's husband had died a few weeks before, and she was struggling along with her children, trying to get back into a settled condition."

"We got nobody in the world, but we can all work," she said, bravely. "The children is takin' care o' themselves—dopey, but heaven brought up this way; but me, Lord, if I just could set down in a house once more, I'd be willin' to stay there for the rest of my days!" He clung about crazy for a home.

"You've not one," spoke Sarah Beeg, and there was a note of joy in her voice. "This is ours—our ranch. My husband can fix it up in no time, so you wouldn't want a house. And we can find work for all of you."

"Oh, thank the Lord!" cried the poor little mother of the brood. "I—I reckon you 'low we're right shakin' man, 'am, but we need a lot of cow hands a chabber, before. My man was restless; now he's gone so we want to settle."

They were selfish folks; Sarah Beeg knew that at a glance. The tired, incompetent little mother would need all the help she could get, Sarah could see plentifully. The brood would need all the milk and the mothering she was ready and eager to bestow upon these—she, and Hiram too, who had he would be to know that, at last, the 'dobe' would be occupied—and by people who would stay!

And the baby—Sarah Beeg tenderly stroked the skinny little face buried contentedly in her hand, and the baby would need her most of all, if it lived—and it should live!

"Come right straight home with me, every one of you," she commanded, "and fetch along your mule, that I see hitched outside. There's a gracious plenty cooked up for all—and milk, fresh from the cow to feed the baby!"

Back along the skirts of the thorny chaparral, and through the hush brush of the pasture she marched like a conquering general, with army trailing at her heels. The mother and cow passed in her wake, and came in placed word at the unusual sight: the surfted folks, shyly scratching among the clumps of sun-dried grass, and looked excitedly, holding quite a caucus among themselves, discussing the prospect of use of all these human beings, when one had always been sufficient to attend to their needs.

On the threshold of her home Sarah Beeg passed, and drew from her pocket the lace handkerchief, to wipe away the undried tears on the baby's face. Something fell from its folds on to the floor; there was a clinking sound of broken glass, and an acid smell rose from a tiny brown puddle at her feet.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman, regretfully, "you've broken your medicine-vial—it drops out of your handkerchief."

Sarah Beeg looked at the broken glass of the vial, and sniffed the odor; a puzzled look came into her face—in her sun-faded joy she had forgotten something.

"Have you got the toothache?" asked the stranger woman, sympathetically. "Laudnium is what I use, top—just a drop on a bit of cotton."

Sarah Beeg sighed deeply; the joy of the discovery sagged through her, in her heart rose a prayer of thanksgiving—and the prayer rose to the ears of the One Who Would!

"I had an ache, but it's gone," she said, laughing tremulously, "thank God, it's gone—forever! Come in and be welcome—neighbors!"

### Grow These Early Vegetables—25c

**12 Day Lettuce** 15 Day Radish  
**Fanny Pickles** Early Broccoli

Send 50c for three fine varieties—also regular assortment of each kind—just what you want for a **Large Garden**—also a lot of 25c vegetables.

**F. B. MILL'S Seed Grower, Dept. 11, Oro Hill, N.Y.**

### GET SLOAN'S FOR YOUR PAIN RELIEF

You don't have to rub it in to get quick, comforting relief

Once you've tried it on that stiff joint, sore muscles, static pain, rheumatic twinges, lame back, you'll find a warm, soothing relief you never thought a liniment could produce.

Don't stain the skin, leaves no marks, wastes no time in applying, sure to give quick results. A large bottle means economy. Your own or any other druggist has it. Get it today. 35c, 70c, \$1.50.

### Sloans' Liniment Keep it handy

### Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in many cases of deafness through the use of Wilson's Ear Drums.

**Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums**  
 "Laid Wilson's Patent for the Ear" require no medicine but efficiently restore vision by healing up the ear membrane, soft, safe and comfortable. Write today for our 88c post paid book in the "L.A.P." Niche and you will receive a complete set of Wilson Ear Drum Co., Incorporated, 221 East-Southern Bldg., LOUISVILLE, KY.

### Liberal Reward for The American Woman Club-Raisers

### START A CLUB TODAY

**Crushed-Silver Dessert-Set**  
 Given for Seven Subscriptions

No. 1569. The handsome set illustrated here is brand-new, made expressly for this season's trade. It consists of a Creamer, Sugar-Bowl and Tray and is very dainty. They are heavily plated with silver and dishes are lined with 24K gold. They will surprise and delight your guests. They are very ornamental as well as useful and are generous reward for the small number of subscriptions required to get them. We send you a postage prepaid, upon the most liberal terms.

### Stylish Bag-Top Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1624. Everybody is now carrying a handsome bag. The security of material from which bags are commonly manufactured was mostly responsible for the fashion, but now it has become a fact. The beautiful and distinctive effect that can be produced by the individual style of each woman in making her bag of whatever loose cuts of material, fur, velvet or mink—that she happens to have on hand has appealed to the taste and intellect of every woman of her class.

The handbag we offer is in the unique gate-top style with four sides to the frame. This style is one of the most popular. Our bag-top is 18 inches wide and is made of oxidized metal with handsome, dignified decoration, as shown in the illustration. The frame is expertly perforated to take the stitches necessary in making the bag. It has a long chain for convenience in carrying. Over other features the bag-top only, send us the material, and is exceedingly liberal.

### NIGHT WATCH GIVEN

WELLS FISH IN THE DARK

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### STAMMER

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER

Send 10c in stamps or 15c post paid for a free booklet and booklet for the cure of Stammer. Booklet for the cure of Stammer. Booklet for the cure of Stammer. Booklet for the cure of Stammer.

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Send 10c in stamps or 15c post paid for a free booklet and booklet for the cure of Stammer. Booklet for the cure of Stammer. Booklet for the cure of Stammer. Booklet for the cure of Stammer.

### 15-Inch Pearl Necklace

Given for Two Subscriptions

No. 1668. Uniform in shape and with a gorgeous about that closely resembles the genuine, this pearl necklace is truly a beauty. You would hardly imagine it possible to imitate so perfectly. There is just as much seawater in it, and we would care to be in displaying a string of originals.

### Special Offer

Send the premium that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to The American Woman as our special Club-Raisers' gift of 30 cents each. We will enter the name of the subscriber on the list and we will send you the premium of your choice. Order by name and number. Send all subscriptions to The American Woman, Augusta, Maine.



### Good-Luck Ring

Given for Three Subscriptions

No. 1891. If you have ever picked up a horseshoe and called it over your doorway, or had a good luck charm for the stable, or a four-leaf clover or if you have ever thought of a good luck charm, why not have for this Good-Luck Ring the combination of good luck charms which nature has made for us? It may be any virtue in charms that you desire to have materialized. It has horseshoe, four-leaf clover, and horseshoe, and comes in sterling silver in sizes from 10 to 14 and it is considered fortunate to wear it on the little finger of the right hand.

### Premo Junior

Given for Eleven Subscriptions

No. 1898. This hot type possesses features found in no other variety of this character. It uses the thin-pick exclusively needs no daylight, and slight expense may be removed at any time for development. To hold open back, drop thin-pick in place—close the back, and camera is locked in daylight. Has automatic shutter for time or magazine, and two viewfinders. Takes a clear, sharp picture 2 1/2 x 3 inches.

### Combination Fountain-Pen and Pencil

Given for Eleven Subscriptions

No. 1892. If you have searched in vain for a satisfactory fountain-pen, here is the goal of your quest. Every pen must meet the exacting test of daily general use. It may be returned. The rubber contained in it comes from Peru. Filled with the precious point comes from Russia, the ink gold pen is made from gold procured from the U. S. government. A smooth writer; the ink flows smoothly to the ball drop in the barrel. Refilling is accomplished in the most satisfactory way by the dropper filler. To increase the usefulness of this superior writing-machine, the end opposite the ball point is equipped with a gold pen nib—ball-point. A few turns of the screw force the ball into writing-position or returns it to its protective socket. Each pen is equipped with a safety cap to insure against loss and is mailed in a box with illustrations, silver and extra box of ink.

### Books for Your Home

Select One Title for Seven Subscriptions

No. 1877. Every author who boasts prominent place among novel writers. Bound in cloth. These are the well-known Grosset & Dunlap reprints of the best authors.

The Turmoil "K" Girl of the Limboest Heart of Rachael. Lens the Star Ranger Frickles. At the Feet of the Rainbow Riders of the Purple Sage. Fenced Just Fate. Yes of the Bushy Main Heritage of the Doors. Private Party Chip of the Flying U. Just Dead The Real Adventure. Michael O'Halloran His Official History. Light in the Clearing

### Butterfly-Design Hamstitched-Scarf

Given for Five Subscriptions

No. 1812. The hamstitch scarf never ceases to be popular, and its combination here with a hamstitched scarf gives it a new charm of desirability. The design is stamped on the scarf usually over a "K" design. It shows only one end, but on both the same design is stamped. Every home finds a use for a pretty scarf.

### EVERY PREMIUM GUARANTEED The American Woman



### 5-Piece Toilet-Set

Given for Ten Subscriptions  
No. 1729. In this convenient set are included: A famous "Kopeland" Hair-Brush, size 10 1/2 inches, with eleven rows of medium-length, best bristles—7-inch Combination, shoe-brush, and Flexible Nail-File. Handles, and all parts where metal is not used, are made of pure Ivory. A composition stoneware grooming brush. It is clean, white, washable, and durable. All are carefully packed in an attractive box.



### Six Lawn Handkerchiefs

Given for Four Subscriptions  
No. 1810. Exceptional value offered in these six hamstitched handkerchiefs of pure white lawn. They are dainty in style, about 12 inches square, and each stamped with different and tasteful designs. For instance, we include two sets of mercerized cotton.



### Boy's Steam-Engine

Given for Eight Subscriptions  
No. 1788. With steam up and wheel turning, a boy has a lot that can't be done with a toy. The wooden engine shown above is one of the most powerful toy engines made. It is made of wood with pulley, safety-valve, whistle, shut-off and glass water-gauge to indicate the amount of water in the boiler. It makes a loud hiss and is designed for running such toy machinery as a buzz saw, lathe, etc. Many principles of engineering are thus taught in a practical way which may easily develop in the young mind a taste for a life's vocation. Each engine is thoroughly tested and fully warranted. Full directions for operating are included.



### 33-Piece De Luxe Dinner-Set

Given for Forty-Seven Subscriptions  
No. 1025. Made of the famous Porcelain China, which is one of the best American wares. The unique and attractive design shown in the illustration is patented. Now you can secure a better set of china or one that we should be so proud to offer on the terms given with this set. The decorations are in gold on pure white, and a gold band and a blue line border each dish.

- 6 Cups
- 6 Saucers
- 6 Dinner-Plates
- 6 Bread-and-Butter Plates
- 6 Oatmeal or Sauce Dishes
- 1 11-Inch Platter
- 1 Creamer
- 1 Sugar-Bowl and Cover

No. 2021. With the aid of this powerful glass the finest detail of the human body can be seen in diameter enlarges thirty to twice its actual size. It is so bound with a nickel rim and the handle is of black composition non-slippery. Total height, including handle, is about 7 inches. We will send it without breaking.



### Crystal Cream-and-Sugar Set

Given for Eight Subscriptions

No. 1897. Every woman fond of beautifying her dining-room table with useful and ornamental pieces will recognize in this set that combination of beauty and utility so often sought but seldom found. First, to attract your attention is the initial—your habit—permanently burned into the glass in sterling silver and with neither rub nor wash at use nor in the process of cleaning. Sterling silver is also used for the strength and rim, both of which are plainly shown in the illustration. The crystal is of the best, absolutely flawless, and wrought in a design that is both attractive and distinctive. Fine glassware is just as important as the linen or other table-decoration, and this set will add a finishing touch of refinement to any dining-table. Just right in size, large enough to be practical for general family use, small enough to be dainty and attractive. The set is guaranteed to be made and delivered guaranteed. Be sure to state initials wanted.



### New-Style Clock

Given for Twenty-five Subscriptions

No. 2011. We take particular pride in offering the latest and most beautiful clock in both workmanship and ornamental. It is easy to find a clock with more use or of the same character than that the combination of both is not so common. This clock has Characteristics—hands work and the case is brass—mahogany. The shape is the very latest, such as is now displayed in all the fashionable jewelry-stores. We guarantee this clock to be satisfactory in every way and to reach you in good condition.



### Dolly Dumping

Bring in a story-book with her

Given for Twelve Subscriptions

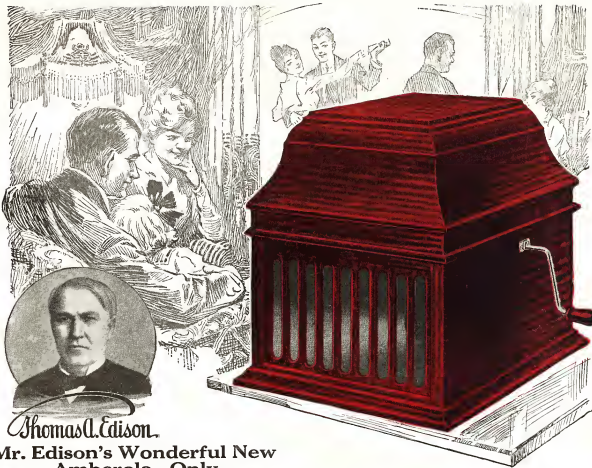
No. 3044. Dolly Dumping is not a character, but an ornamental novelty doll. She is a real doll—dressed, with hair waving, and with her arms and legs. She is a little girl with dark hair and untried, to read to speak with intelligence and to put her mind to work. She is a very pretty doll, and will want to long her and talk to her. For the latter purpose she brings a miniature story-book, with a really-fully fair-size illustration, guaranteed to accompany it with four pages—illustrations in color.

Dolly Dumping is 8 1/2 inches tall, and wears a long baby-crown of white lawn with lace edging, and a bonnet to match. The illustration shows her full length of dress, which is over half a yard long. She is everything that one could desire, with unmatchable American-style head, and a jointed, sturdy body. Do not fail to invite Dolly Dumping into your family. We pay all her traveling expenses, and she will stay with you forever.

### SPECIAL OFFER

Select the gift that you would most like to have and send us the required number of yearly subscriptions to The American Woman at our special Club-Women's price of 25 cents each; we will send you, prepaid, the premium of your choice. Order by mail number.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN  
AUGUSTA, MAINE



*Thomas A. Edison.*

**Mr. Edison's Wonderful New Amberola—Only**

**\$1.00 Down!**

Yes, we will send you the New Edison Amberola, the product of the world's greatest inventor's genius, the phonograph with the wonderful diamond stylus reproducer and your choice of the latest Diamond Amberol Records on *trial*. Pay only \$1.00 down. On this offer you can now have the genuine Edison Amberola, the instrument which gives you real, life-like music, the finest and best of all phonographs at a small fraction of the price asked for imitations of Mr. Edison's great instrument.

**A Happy Home**

Peacefulness is life—and real happiness is found only in a real home. And by a real home I do not mean a house which is partly or fully occupied "in part" or "in part" where the happy, healthy, and contented family is not to be found. And if the home is to be a real home, it must be a home where the greatest happiness is to be found. And if the home is to be a real home, it must be a home where the greatest happiness is to be found. And if the home is to be a real home, it must be a home where the greatest happiness is to be found.

**Edison's Favorite Invention**

For years, the world's greatest inventor worked night and day to make the music of the phonograph true to life. At last his efforts have been crowned with success. Just as he was the first to invent the phonograph, so is he the only one who has made phonograph music life-like. Read our great offer.

**Rock-Bottom Offer Direct!**

If, after trial, you decide to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, pay the balance on the easiest kind of monthly payments. Think of it—a \$1.00 payment and a few dollars a month to get this wonderful new style outfit—Mr. Edison's great phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer, all musical results of the highest priced outfits—the same Diamond Amberol Records—yes, the greatest value for \$1 down, balance on easiest monthly terms. Convince yourself—trial first! Send coupon now!



**Entertain Your Friends**

Give the New Edison Amberola to your friends on this trial. Entertain your family and friends with the best and greatest value for the money. Give the New Edison Amberola to your friends on this trial. Entertain your family and friends with the best and greatest value for the money. Give the New Edison Amberola to your friends on this trial. Entertain your family and friends with the best and greatest value for the money.

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Your name and address on a postal or letter (or just the coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for the catalog. Find out about Mr. Edison's great new phonograph. Get the details of this offer—while this offer lasts. Write NOW!

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To F. K. Babson, Edison Phonograph Distributors,  
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Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your trial offer on the new model Edison Amberola.

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