

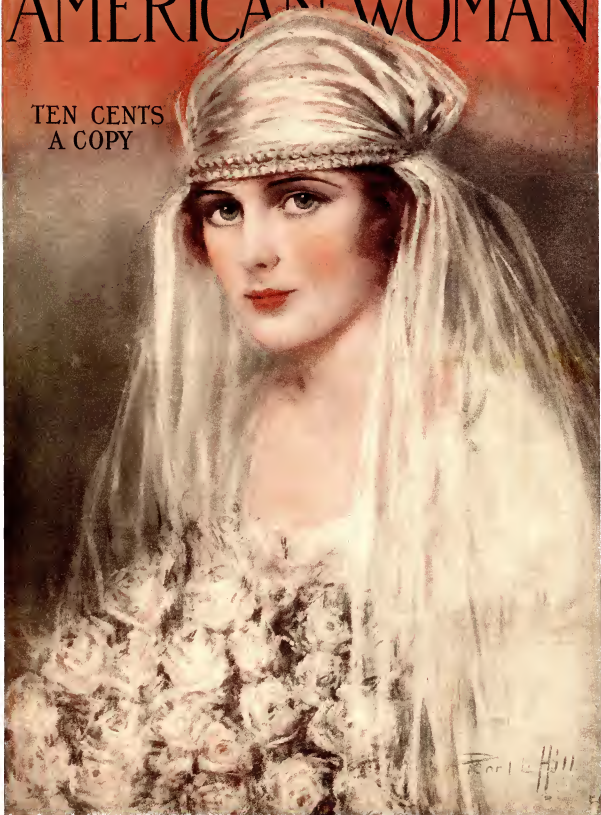
AUGUSTA MAINE

THE

JUNE 1920

AMERICAN WOMAN

TEN CENTS
A COPY



Sweaters for the Summer Girl

By MARY E. FITCH

Knitted Sleeveless Sweater

MATERIALS required are four skeins of shetland-flax, blue for the body of the sweater and one skein gray for the collar, with a pair each of No. 3 and No. 3½ needles, and a crochet-hook that will carry the yarn smoothly, yet do close, firm work. Any other colors preferred may be chosen; or if liked, the collar may be of the same color as the sweater.

Cast on 84 stitches, using the larger needles, and knit back and forth for 56 rows, or 28 ribs. It is a good plan to knit with double yarn for the first 6 ribs, giving added weight to the bottom of the garment, as a hem. If a longer sweater is wanted, add to the number of ribs as desired.

For the belt: With the small needles knit 3, purf 3, repeat for 28 stitches, or to a width of three inches, without stretching the work.

With large needles, knit 15 ribs; then decrease a stitch at beginning and end of row every 4th rib until 5

stitches have been decreased each side, leaving 71 stitches. Add on these stitches until the back measures 22 inches, or the desired length if you have added to the length before the sweater was begun.

For the shoulder: Knit 27 stitches and slip off on a large safety-pin or piece of ribbon, which will bring you to the belt; commencing with the 20th rib from the shoulder, increase 1 stitch on the underarm every 3d rib until 6 stitches have been added. With the small needles knit 3 and part 2, to match the back, then with large needles knit 29 ribs, or the length of back below belt, and bind off loosely on the wrong side. Knit the other front to correspond. With crochet-hook work around neck and down fronts with double crochet. Having reached the top of the belt on left side, chain 3, miss space of 9 stitches, 5 doubles in 5 stitches across center of belt, chain 5, miss remainder of belt, and continue. The chain loops are for buttonholes.

Sew up the underarm seams, taking a stitch from each edge, and not drawing the belt. It is an excellent plan to slip the last stitch of each row back and forth, at the underarm, as a better edge is thus given.

For the bottom: Using the collar color, make a chain of 3 stitches, join 10 doubles in ring; 2 doubles in each stitch, with 1 chain between. Continue in this way, widening the lower to fit the model, then narrow for the under side. In case you cannot obtain miles of required size (those used on the model are one and one-half inches in diameter), circles of heavy pasteboard may be cut, and two of them placed together, put lightly with a small circle of machine and cover with flannel or cotton. Two buttons are required. Sew them to the belt opposite the loops.

For the collar: Make a chain of 132 stitches, turn.

1. A treble in 8th stitch, (chain 2, miss 2, 1 treble) 38 times, 29 spaces in all, turn. There should be 3 spaces to the inch, making the collar about 13 inches wide across the back.

2. All spaces (chain 5, treble in next treble for last space).

3. Two spaces, 106 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

4. Two spaces, 4 trebles, 33 spaces, 4 trebles, 2 spaces, turn.

5. Edge of 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space; (16 trebles, 1 space) turn, 22 trebles, (1 space, 16 trebles) twice; edge.

16. Edge: (4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space) twice, 4 trebles, 5 spaces; work back from * to beginning of row.

7. Edge: (4 trebles, 1 space) 3 times, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, * 1 space, work back.



Knitted Sleeveless Sweater

8. Edge: 14 trebles, 3 spaces; twice, 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, 4 trebles, * 1 space, work back.

9. Edge: 93 trebles; edge.

10. Edge: 4 more spaces, 4 trebles, * 21 spaces, work back.

11. Edge: 16 trebles, * 21 spaces, work back.

12. Edge: 4 trebles, * 29 spaces, work back.

13. Edge: 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, * 21 spaces, work back.

14. Edge: 4 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, twice, * 21 spaces, work back.

15. Edge: 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, * 21 spaces, work back.

Repeat from 10th row, continuing the border as in 10th to 15th row, until you have completed the 41th row, which will be like 10th row.

35. Border like 11th to *; 6 spaces, narrow (by working a double treble in next treble, one chain between), turn.

36. Narrow (by making a chain of 4 stitches, treble in next treble), 9 spaces; border (like 12th row, reversing from *).

37. Border (14th row to *); 4 spaces, narrow.

38. Narrow, 3 spaces; border (reversing from *), 14th row.

39. Border (15th row to *); 4 spaces, narrow.

40. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space; border (by reversing from *), 14th row.

Continue keeping the 3 spaces on neck—edge, widening further, decrease, and carrying the border as completed, from 10th to 15th row, until you have completed the 85d row.

84. Nine spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, turn.

85. Two spaces, 31 trebles, turn.

86. Twelve spaces, fasten off.

Fasten in on other side of collar and repeat from 25th row. Then work entirely around the ends and outer edge of collar with 2 spaces in each space and treble in treble, filling each corner space with 4 trebles, and work the collar evenly to neck of sweater, taking care not to stretch the latter.

If preferred to the sailor style of collar one may work the entire length with the border and 3 or 4 spaces on the inner edge, and sew on as directed. This will give the effect of a rolling collar. Any other pattern may be chosen for the flat, but that given is simple and attractive.

Tuxedo Sweater

By Mary E. Fitch

MATERIALS: Five skeins of Scotch yarn for the body of sweater, and rather more than a skein of contrasting color for the flat-crochet collar. Ease was chosen for the sweater and may for the collar of the model, but any preferred colors may be substituted at the pleasure of the worker.

Knitting-needles of two sizes—No. 3 and No. 5—are used, with a bone crochet-hook which will carry the wool smoothly.

Cast on 75 stitches, with double yarn, using the large needles. Knit back and forth until you have six ribs (twenty rows) with the double wool, this makes the lower edge heavier, as a hem. If preferred, the work may be done with single wool and knit up for the hem, or the latter may be omitted altogether. Knit seventy-two ribs, which brings you to the sleeves.

At beginning of next row cast on 10 stitches, knit seven, cast on 10 more stitches for the other sleeve; repeat, casting on 10 more stitches at beginning and end of every rib until you have added 70 stitches for each sleeve, making 215 stitches in all. On this number knit twenty-three ribs.

At the shoulder: Knit 97 stitches, slip off on a large safety-pin or any preferred device, band of 21 stitches for back of neck, and knit the remaining 97 stitches for two ribs. Now at the neck edge work of two rib, and of 21 stitches every rib until 28 stitches have been added. On the 29th rib, mounting from back of neck, band off 10 stitches at end of sleeve, and continue banding off 10 stitches at end of above each rib until you have taken off the 70 stitches on each sleeve, corresponding to those cast on. Knit seventy-two ribs, finishing the lower edge to correspond with the back, and bind off loosely. Knit other front to correspond.

For the cuffs: With fine needles pick up 44 stitches, evenly, at end of sleeve, knit 4 double rib—knit 2, purf 2—for ease and one half inches, then knit back and forth in the

plain garter-stitch for four inches and bind off loosely.

For the belt: Cast on 22 stitches, using the fine needles, and knit back and forth for fifteen ribs, then knit 4, bind off 14 stitches, knit 4; on the return row knit 4, cast on 14 stitches, knit 4; continue until the belt is thirty-six inches long, or as long as required, and bind off. Fasten in 4 stitches from the edge, at one end, make a chain of 14 stitches, fasten 4 stitches from opposite edge, turn, and knit the loop with 18 doubles. Make a similar loop at other end of belt. Sew a button about four and one-half inches from each end of belt, and when adjusting the belt pass one end through the slash and loop over the button, the other loop over the other button.

For the Collar: Make a chain of 36 stitches, turn.

1. Three 3's, a treble in each stitch of chain, turn.

2. Edge of chain 3, 3 trebles in 3 trebles, 10 spaces, turn.

3. Three spaces (chain 5, treble in next treble, for 1st space), 16 trebles, 2 spaces; edge of 4 trebles in 3 trebles and top of 3 chain, turn.

4. Edge: 6 spaces, 4 trebles, 3 spaces, turn.

5. Three spaces, 4 trebles, 1 space, 10 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

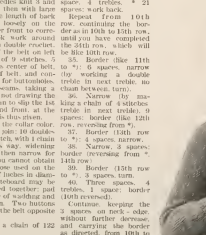
6. Edge: 2 spaces, 4 trebles, (1 space, 4 trebles) twice, 3 space, turn.

7. Three spaces, 10 trebles, 1 space, 4 trebles, 2 spaces; edge.

8. Edge: 2 spaces, 4 trebles, 7 spaces, turn.

Repeat the pattern from 3d row, ending with 2d and 1st row. Make the strip three repeats, or about eight inches longer, than necessary to extend around the neck and down the front of sweater, and turn up the extra length for a four-inch pocket at each side. Sew up the underarm seams and sleeve events, and sew on the collar, joining the front of the garment and leaving the side which has the edge of trebles free, sew up the pocket, and fasten with a crocheted button, 3 space from the end of each corner. Two of these buttons are also used where the belt is attached to the side seam.

For the Buttons: Chain 3, join 10 doubles in ring; 2 doubles in each double; a double in double; 2 doubles in each double to fit the neck, a double in each double; a double in every other double, and repeat until narrow edge of the mold is after the 4th row. Leave a length of yarn to sew to the garment.



Tuxedo Sweater

HERE is my way of making scalloped edges, and they never fray! After putting in the gadding-stitches, cut the scallop and buttonhole it neatly and closely. I sometimes stitch the stamped lines on the machine, but do not think this is really necessary. Cut a little in advance of your work, not more than a scallop, or two at a time. They are more easily cut than after buttonholing, and when you have finished there is the satisfaction of seeing your work not to cut them out, and the edge could not look unwell. No other working will be needed.

—E. M. J. Coanetree

In lingerie waist it is sometimes quite impossible to find a good button-hole, in case of much delicate trimming. A very good substitute for the buttonhole is a loop, and a single and easy way of making it is to do a plain rib in knitting to correspond with the size of the button. Draw the ring up snugly and then make a row of thread by which to sew to the garment. These loops are easily put in place, and very durable; use fine thread for them.—J. M. L., Rhode Island.

A VERY neat and attractive way to enclose scallops is as follows: First do the embroidery on the ordinary way; then when this is finished cut around the edge and when the material is nicely trimmed off, buttonhole-stitch over the embroidered edge. This will cover all fringe or fraying of material and make a very firm scallop. It is also a good way to finish Handkercher work.—Mrs. H. A. Glenier, Wisconsin.

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Augusta, Maine, June 1920

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Chats with Our Readers

A GREAT many letters asking advice, and comfort and help, have come to our American Woman during the past little while. Many of these are from mothers, and other women whose ones have passed from mortal sight, and who feel, naturally, that life is no longer worth the living. "The future stretches ahead so dark and lonely, with never a ray of hope and cheer to brighten it—how did I bear to go through it all!" Thus writes one mother, whose only son passed to the world invisible from the battlefields of France. She feels, as do many more who share her sorrow, that to smile, and strive to face life happily and hopefully, as in the days when he was with her, would indicate disloyalty to her boy, and surely that she is forgetting. Yet life would do nothing of the sort, and if that boy could speak to her or make her understand his view of the matter, he would tell her so. He would tell her that he wants her to go on doing her best to make others happy, and that so she will make him happy; that it hurts him beyond measure to have her go about with froward-eyes and drooping mouth, looking by her very presence any signs of joy there might be in the household. He knows well she will never forget, and he is glad to have her think of him every often, lovingly, but happily, and not as among the dead but the living, for so, indeed, he is. Death has never touched him, nor any other of our dear ones. Most of us have come to believe this with all our hearts; that is, we accept it as truth, yet find it very hard to live up to it. It is one thing to believe, another thing to maintain belief in working faith in every-day life. Yet we can do this if we will, and there is no better way to begin than to shut out the future and simply resolve to live one day at a time. We have the privilege of knowing tomorrow's sorrow, whereas not in life would seem to be among the happiest. Left a widow with two little children, she put her shoulder to the wheel and worked to keep them with her, sent them to school, and tried to bring to beautiful young womanhood and manhood. Never was a better son or daughter—never mother and children more devoted to one another. They had a modest but very pleasant home which the mother kept, while daughter and son worked happily in good positions. Not an isolated or unusual case, of course, yet the dwellers in just such homes are the happiest people in the world.

THERE was come the son enlisted in the service of his country and the world, and after a time the daughter, too, went overseas as a nurse. Neither of them returned. The little home was given up, and the mother went bravely to work again. "It is far better so," she told us. "Not only am I keeping my savings intact, as I know they would both want me to do, but work is a wonderful panacea. If one is heart-sick and lonely, and feels that it is quite impossible to go on with life, that minute is the time to get busy doing something that needs to be done. Any cheer or encouragement you can give others, too, as you go along, is sure to come back to you. At first it seemed to me I could not take up the burden of life again, when there seemed nothing to live for—no incentive whatever. I know other mothers feel and have felt the same, but not all are left so entirely alone here as I. Now I am not alone, and I cannot tell you how glad and grateful I am for the knowledge. One night as I sat thinking of my dear ones, and trying to picture every detail of their forms and faces, wondering at the same time how I could live without them through the long months and years that were before me, a thought came to me so clear and distinct that it was like a voice—a voice I knew well: "One day at a time, but not all at once so just one day at a time!" I cannot tell you what that meant—how much it meant to me. It was exactly what my boy would have said, and I knew it and I could almost catch a little tinkle of laughter, joyous and triumphant, as if my children knew their message had reached me. I adopted the motto on the spot—how could I do otherwise? and I wish I might convey to other sorrowing ones, whose hearts are perhaps filled with anxiety for the future, a sense of the

comfort and blessing it has brought into my daily living. I have nothing to do with to-morrow—there is only one day, even one hour at a time; and to-day, lived to the very best I knew, cannot lead to grief or disaster. What makes me happier than anything else is that so often met from my boy and girl a cheery "wireless," helpful and comforting as was the message I have told you of.

"ONE day at a time!" Isn't that one of the best of good mottoes for the present day? Everywhere we hear murmurs of discontent over exorbitant prices, stories of profiteering and food control by private corporations, strikes and rumors of strikes—and it is not yet. Looking ahead we find it very easy to prognosticate disaster indeed, it is hard to say what may not happen in the life of such unrighteous transactions as we see all about us. Craved, apparently, by the greed for the dollar, men are taking advantage of their brothers' necessities as never before. The lesson of the war has been forgotten, and the "get-together-spirits" which gave us the victory has died away. Suppose we forbear to peer into the future, which looks so threateningly, and cease thinking and talking of the evil time to store for us and the work we must do to do this, unless we can offer some remedy and do our earnest part toward applying it, and only serve to strengthen the possibility we deplore, and set it a long way forward on the road toward probability. Suppose, when we awake in the morning, we say to ourselves: "We live, so often without thinking of what has been or what may be. We will strive, so far as in me lies, to be kind and true and faithful, doing the work that is mine to do better than I have ever done it before, and doing it gladly and without grumbling, thankful for the opportunity to be of service. If any word or deed of mine may help to right a wrong it shall be given; but I will not invite trouble by worrying over the future. The hand of my Father has led me to where I am. He has no and my loved ones in charge, and I will trust Him." No evil can befall one who earnestly and faithfully adopts and follows such's rule of life.

MORE by so doing we may aid in bringing about the fulfillment of a most wonderful prophecy or vision, vouchsafed to that noblest among American women, Julia Ward Howe, years ago. It came to her at a time when she had good reason to feel discouraged over the thwarting of all human purposes for social betterment, which she herself seemed its uplift more than anyone save herself could realize: "I had a vision," she writes, "of a new era which is to dawn for mankind, and in which men and women are battling equally, unitedly, for the uplifting and emancipation of the race from evil. I see men and women of every one working like bees to unravel the evils of society, and to discover the whole web of vice and misery and to apply the remedies, and also to find the influences that should best counteract evil and its attending suffering. There seemed to be a new, a dawning, ever-permeating light, the glory of which I cannot attempt to put in human words—the light of new-born hope and sympathy blazing. The source of this light was human endeavor—immortal purpose of countless thousands of men and women who were equally doing their part in the world. I saw the men and the women, standing side by side, shoulder to shoulder, a common and indelible purpose unquenching, every face with a glory not of the earth. All were straining with one end in view, one foe to trample, one everlasting goal to gain. And then I saw the victory. All of evil was gone from the earth. Misery was blotted out. Mankind was emancipated and ready to march forth in a new era of human understanding, all-encompassing sympathy, and ever-present help. It was the era of perfect love, and of that peace which passeth all understanding." Is not that a good motto for us to strive toward? No matter how many discouraging things may seem just now, we have but to remember that it is always darkest just before the dawn, that humanity is one in essence—and that God is in His heaven.

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NEARLY A TRAGEDY

By E. M. JAMESON

"WHEN you have quite decided not to come?"

Baigitts cried hard to make his voice answer to his will.

He had no desire that his wife should realize how bitterly disappointed he felt. Perhaps he was less successful in his endeavor than he supposed, or the knowledge that she had failed him again entered Christina's mind. At all events, she had the grace to blush, she drew nearer, sitting down finally on the edge of his chair and looking at his newspaper aside. Then she did her arm round his neck and laid her cheek against his in the admissible way she had.

Baigitts held her closely, though in his soul he was beginning to realize that with Christina all these charming ways meant very little.

When a man passionately in love begins to see the flaws and goes on loving, he is in need of a good deal of sympathy.

Christina had been spoiled all her life. Her selfishness was masked under a soft manner. Those meeting her eyes of hers, with their seraglio ladies had saved her, from infancy onward, many sorrows.

Even now, though she set his wishes at defiance, and in spite of his clear knowledge, a glance at her delightful little face reduced Baigitts to silence. "How could a man be angry with anything so lovely?"

She saw his stern expression soften, and thought she had gained her point, rubbing her velvet cheek against his, kitten-fashion. In acknowledgment Baigitts loved the caress, but he knew he must assert his will one day. Weekdays when she was content increased upon him, and he despised irresolution in himself or others. From his youth up, force of circumstance had compelled him to decide for himself. He was by nature masterful, a little lacking in sympathy, perhaps. Life had dealt him too many hard blows. He had himself mainly to thank for misdeeds, and the deeper sense of life had hardly touched him until Christina came and completely changed his outlook, turning the dress of his hard-working existence to gold.

He thought of this now, and his clasp grew closer. He would be patient, kind—who could be anything else with Christina? But he meant to be firm, too.

To please her he had changed his plans three times already. This time it was too many for a man. He heard her voice now, coaxing him.

"You'll stay, Leigh? And we'll go home in a day or two together. Why hurry? Let's arrange it so. It will simplify things. I want you to go, and equally I don't want to lose the fun here."

She spoke in a hurry, giving him no opportunity to offer objections. He let her run on, feeling doubtful as always how best to deal with the wife to whom he had only been married a few weeks. They were, as a matter of fact, finishing their honeymoon at the house of Christina's cousin. Their own home waited for them. Three times Christina had persuaded him to put off their return. It hurt him that she should be less eager than he to settle down to life together. She had hardly troubled to take the short journey to the house to see all the rooms he had prepared for her.

Demostriativeness came with difficulty to Baigitts, as he does to a man who has recently achieved thirty years of life with no one whom to care deeply. He took her roundly fast by her hands, and looked into her eyes.

"Dearest, how do you expect a man's work to get done?"

Christina laughed, and tried to get away but he continued to hold her.

"Now you've got me you will have to do now." "Now you've got me I shall have to do considerably more," responded Baigitts grimly. "My pride is up, Kit. I should hate you to



"The booming of the oars roused them. He thid her face to look into her eyes"

go short of anything you've ever had."

"Have I had more than most girls?" asked Christina, elevating her brows. A knowledge of the value of money had not been inculcated by her parents.

"Your father as a rich man. I'm a comparatively poor one—at least, not that now—but I am altogether dependent on the work of my hands—my health."

"Well, both are good," said Christina with a laugh. "Why worry?"

Baigitts kissed her, still half amazed that she should have the right to kiss anything so wonderful.

"If you had had to count your coins, Christina, to subsist on only one not too respectable meal a day, while you worked your brain at top pressure—"

"Fond!" said Christina, with a gay little laugh. "It's quite unnecessary to go into harrowing details. I haven't any brain to work at all, please. I'm a husterly, Leigh, and I mean to better a little more before settling down into staid married life."

Baigitts felt an ache in his breast. Would she ever be anything but feather-headed? "You make me feel very old, Kit. You ought to have married a gay young snark, content to play around with you eternally,"

Christina laughed again. He loved the quick sound.

"I never liked boys for serious things—like husbands." She administered a little pinch. "And it pleases me to hear people say, 'Leigh's Baigitt. Do point him out to me—the harrier who conducted the Ketchikan case?' Somebody asked me the other day who was that tall, distinguished, clever-looking man. Naturally, I felt a thrill of pride."

"Only pride?" asked Baigitts, eager as a boy in the midst of his amazement, and yet a degree warlike. "Don't you ever feel more than pride?"

"I feel bags of things beside pride," said Christina lightly, ruffling his hair. "And anyhow, we get on very well together, when you don't expect me to be too obedient."

With one of her quick gestures she moved away from him and sat down on a couch at the other side of the blazine wood-fire, a fashion-ogler in her hand. She spoke jaegerly, but Baigitts took her words in earnest.

Always at the back of his mind he wondered whether she cared for him, or whether impulse only had swayed her decision. Other people beside Baigitts asked themselves that question. He was too staid a man not to

own enemies. Uncomprehendingly honest he had his detractors. With neither money nor influence in high places, he had worked his way up, until now people began to prophesy a great future for him.

He scanned the newspaper for another moment, then rose. Mrs. Durand's motor-car was humming outside the window, waiting for him, though personally the public ear at the end of the road would have pleased him quite as well.

It was evident that Christina, absorbed now in the fashion-paper, considered the matter settled. She had no intention of joining him at their home later in the day. A minutes' love, and impotence, and doubt swept over him. He had yielded his will several times, he would hold now to his resolution.

Christina, having found the illustration she wanted, put the journal down, and hastened to poke into the fire.

"It would have been very uncomfortable for us to be there to-day and to-morrow," she said reflectively, while he stood looking down at her. "The servants don't arrive until Thursday. There'd be only old Bates and his wife."

"Bates can't stay with anyone," Baigitts felt bound to stand up for his old employer, "while so far Hannah and I would you get more excellent cooking? They have made me mighty comfortable for the past five years. And couldn't you rough it for one forty-eight hours together?"

"Comfort doesn't begin and end with either Bates or Hannah," commented Christina. "And, anyhow, I guess we've chosen the wiser part to delay."

She flicked a glance at him from under her long lashes. Hitherto, he had yielded easily enough, like everyone else with whom she came in contact. He glanced at his watch, finding a moment. His voice, very controlled, sounded surprised expressions.

"Do precisely as you like."

He wondered if marriage always undermined a man's will-power. The effort of denying her anything cost him much.

He used one last argument.

"I wish we could have been at home to-night for the first time together, Kit. It became an unhappy one."

Christina, disappointed, laughed lightly. "I'm not in the least superstitious. What difference can it make? I've proceeded to stay for the tea-party to-day."

"You've promised me first."

"But it's all right if you want so much to stay. Bates and Hannah will look after me."

"I'm sure they will."

She rose to her feet and laid her hand on his arm.

"We shall have a lifetime together, Leigh. What are you so amazed at, really?"

He winced. The words and the manner were not her own. The countenance was worldly wise, and contrast with her this point made Christina far more difficult. Acting on an uncontrollable impulse he swept her up, and kissed her in his, kissing her passionately. Then he sat her down again, she smiled.

"No," he spoke almost roughly, afraid of himself. "I'll go home when I leave the world, and contact with me can't play around eternally because a woman asks him to."

He went out of the room. Christina, struck by his first glimpse of his ancestry, raised her brows.

Continued on page 2

ROSE O' PARADISE

By GRACE MILLER WHITE

Author of "Tan of the Suez Canal," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII—Continued

JORDAN MOBBE answered Miss Merivewell's telephone call. "I want to talk with you," said she, parenthetically.

"I'll come right up," replied Morse. She stood on the porch with her hands tightly locked together as Jordan dashed up the roadway. She walked slowly down the steps.

"What's up?" demanded Morse.

Molly glared backward at the quiet home. Theodore's mother was taking her afternoon siesta, and no one else was about. She slipped her hand into Morse's arm and led him under the trees.

"Let's go to the summer house," she urged.

Once seated, Morse looked at her curiously.

"You're ill," he said, noting her distorted face.

"No, only furious. I've made a discovery."

"Anything of value?"

"Yes, to you—and to me."

Morse bent a keen glance upon her.

"Well" was all he said.

"I know where your niece, Virginia Sturgeon, is."

She said this deliberately, realizing the while the worth of her words.

"Morse got to his feet unsteadily.

"I don't believe it."

He returned.

"I knew you would not; but I do, just the same."

"Where?"

"In this town."

"No?"

"Yes."

Morse dropped back on his seat uncomely.

"For God's sake, don't play with me. Why don't you—"

"I'm going to! Keep still, can't you?"

"You're torturing me."

Morse muttered the man, mopping his brow.

"What—she's Jimmie Grandson—the girl who played at Theo's party."

"Good God!" and then through the silence came another muttered:

"Great merciful God!"

Molly allowed him to regain his self-control.

"Told you that night, Jordan. I thought I remembered her," she then said. "To-day I found out it was she."

"Tell me all you know," ordered Morse, with darkening brow.

Molly openly admitted her jealousy of Jimmie. She had no shame because, long before, she had told her husband of her absorbing passion for Theodore King.

"I discovered this entirely by accident," she went on, relating the story.

Morse chewed the end of his cigar.

"Now what're you going to do?" demanded Molly, presently.

Jordan threw away his cigar and thrust his hands deep into his pockets, stretching out a pair of long legs. There he sat, considering the tips of his boots, in silence.

"I've got to think and think quick," he broke out suddenly. "My God! I might have known the girl's name in that collier's shop—I'll go now. Don't mention this to Theo."

As he was leaving, he said with curling lip: "I guess now you know my prospects you won't be so stingy. I'll have to have money to carry this through."

"All right," said Molly.

When she was alone, Molly's anger decreased. She had an ally now worth having. She smiled delicately as she passed up the stairs to her room and the music was brought to her lips because she remembered having begged Jordan to help her in this matter several times before. Then he had had no incentive, but to-day—Ah, now he would give her a divorce quittance! The social world in which she hoped to move would know nothing of her youthful indiscretion!

That night Jimmie and Poe were hending anxiously over a basket near the kitchen stove. All their human hands and hearts could do had been done for the suffering barn-cat. He had given no signs of consciousness, his breath coming and going in long, deep gasps.

"He'll die, won't he, Poe?" asked Jimmie, sorrowfully.

"Yes, sure. An' it'll be better for the beast, too."

Poe said this temptuously.

"I'd like to have him live," replied Jimmie. "Milly Ann might love him, but she got used to Happy Pete, didn't she?"

"This feller," assured Pevy, warring her head, "won't get used to anything more on this earth."

"Now they talk in the churches of God and His Son, Of paradise, heaven and hell; Of a Saviour who came on earth for mankind, And for His children all should be well."

"Now I'd like to know if God didn't make me, And save me to live and all that? I believe there's a place for nobody's child, And also for nobody's cat."

Mr. Grandson lifted misty eyes. "It's fine," he said, "an' every word true! Every single word."

The next morning Jimmie went to the basket behind the stove. The cat was dead—dead, in the same position in which she had left him the night before, and close to

him, carrying their precious dead comrade, started for the hill.

CHAPTER XXIV

"He Haven't Even Marry Her"

"I don't see why you must have her out of the way entirely," insisted Molly Merivewell, looking up at her face. "Couldn't you send her to some girls' place?"

"Now you don't know anything about it, Molly," answered the man, impatiently. "If she doesn't disappear absolutely, the collier and Theodore'll find her."

"That's so," said Molly, meditatively, "but it seems horrible—"

Morse interrupted her with a sarcastic laugh.

"That's what Theodore would think, and more, too, if he thought any one was going to harm a hair of the child's head."

Molly flamed red.

"To save her, he might even marry her,"

she said, looking at her husband's face.

"He wouldn't. He couldn't," she cried stormily. She had never permitted herself so far as such a catastrophe save when she was angry.

Jordan Morse contemplated his wife a short space of time.

He understood her falling in love with a man who hasn't seen her for a week of affection for you," he said tentatively.

Molly showed him an angry face.

"You're not a woman, are you?"

"No," replied Jimmie.

"Thank God for that!" retorted Morse.

"We shouldn't have had any of this trouble," he continued, "if you'd let me know about the boy."

"There's no excuse for you, absolutely none. You knew very well I would have come back."

All the distress in the woman turned to hardness.

"You've many times," she flamed, "must I tell you I was too angry to write or let you to come, Jordan? I've told you over and over."

"And with all you say, I can't understand it. Are you going to impart your precious past to Theodore?"

"I might," replied Molly, setting her lips.

Presently Morse laughed provokingly.

"How you women do count your chickens before they're hatched!" cried Morse.

"We shouldn't have had any of this trouble," he continued, "if you'd let me know about the boy."

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"She's—she's Miss Grandson—the girl who played at Theo's party!"

"Poor kitty!" mourned Jimmie. She was thinking of the beautiful world, the trees and the flowers, and the wonderful songs of nature amidst which the dying animal had existed. "I hope he'll go to some nice place," she observed sadly, walking away from Mrs. Grandson. Later, after cogitating deeply, Jimmie expressed herself to the collier.

"Lafe, Lafe dear," she said, "it's all true you told me, ain't it? All about the angels and God? The poor kitty's suffering awful."

"Yes, child," he replied reverently, "he's got the Christ too, same's you an' me. God's in everything. He loves 'em all."

That night the girl sat unsmiling long with paper and pencil. Just before going to bed she placed a paper on the collier's knee.

"I wrote that hart kitty some poetry," she said shyly.

Lafe settled his spectacles on his nose, picked up the sheet, and read:

"I'm nobody's cat and I've been here so long, In this world of sorrow and pain, I'm no father nor mother nor home in this place. And must always stay up in the rain."

Hot drink-water, stoves at me have been thrown, And one of my hind legs is lame; No wonder I run when I know the boys Come to see if I'm home."

"I've a friend in the country, and he's no body's dog, And his beaver'd re hoary as mine, He told me one day the beaver had come outed A tin can in his tail with a line."

his nose was the meat Pevy had tried to entice him to eat. She lifted the basket and carried it into the shop.

"Poor little feller," said Lafe. "I s'pose you'll have to bury him, lass."

"Bury him on the hill, dearie, where you found me," he whispered. "It's lovely there, and he can see my stars."

"All right," replied Jimmie, dropping her hand on the boy's golden head.

"That afternoon, just before the funeral, Jimmie stood quietly in front of the collier.

"Lafe," she said, looking at him appealingly, "the kitty's happy even if he be dead, isn't he?"

"Sure," replied Lafe. "His angels've got charge of him, all right."

"I was wondering something," ventured the girl, thoughtfully. "Couldn't we take him in the Happy in spite?"

Lafe looked at her in surprise.

"I never thought of takin' anything dead in the club," said he, cautiously.

"But he's happy, you said, Lafe?"

"He's happy enough, yes, sure."

"Then let's take him in," repeated Jimmie, eagerly.

"Let's take 'im in, collier," he wanted Bobbie, pressing forward. "He breathes on 'em."

They lifted the cover of the basket, and there in quietude the hurt-cat was sleeping his long last sleep.

Jimmie lifted one of the stiff little paws, and placed it in Lafe's fingers. The collier shook it tenderly.

"You're in the club, sir," said he in a thick, choked voice. "Then Jimmie and Bob-

men's found, you know, he'll have a fortune. Better set your cap for him."

Molly blushed under his words, trying not to show her resentment. Was Theodore a perfect fool? Couldn't he see she desired no one but himself—himself?

"Jordan doesn't care for me that way," she observed with dignity, "and I don't care for him."

Theodore flicked an ash from his cigar. "I think you're mistaken, Molly—I mean, Molly's a concealer."

"I'm not! Of course I'm not! Of course! Theodore I've been wanting to ask you something for a long time. I don't want to go back home for a day. Would you take me?"

Theodore eyed her through wreaths of blue smoke.

"Well, I might," he hesitated, "but hadn't you better ask Jordan? I'm afraid he wouldn't like me—would he?"

"Molly got up so quickly that Theodore, surprised, got up too.

"I don't want Jordan, and I do want you," she said emphatically. "Of course if you don't care to go—"

"On the contrary," interrupted Theodore, good-naturedly, "I should really like it. Yes, I'll go all right. I have a reason for going."

Molly's whole demeanor changed. She gave a musical laugh.

He could have but one reason, and she felt she knew that reason.

What a handsome dear he was, and how she loved the whole bliss of him!

As she turned to walk away, Theodore fell in at her side, setting his steady foot on hers.

"Mind you, Molly, any day you say my hat's away."

"Why not Saturday?" asked Molly, pouting.

"I might want you then!"

Unsuspecting, Mr. King exclaimed,

"The fact is, Saturday I've planned to go on the hill. You remember Grandson's niece?"

"I want to find out how she's progressing in her music."

If Theodore had been reading Molly's face he would have noted how its expression

was changed darkly. That humming a tune, he went into the house

unconsciously. Molly recognized the rhythm as one which

him had played that night with Peg Grandson's lace curtains draped about her.

"I'm in a rosy, her bright blue eyes, her wonderful talent, Molly hated, and hated

cordially. Then she decided Theodore would go with her.

That evening when Jordan came in, Molly told him she would help him in any scheme to get Jimmie away from Bellairs.

"You're beginning to understand he likes her pretty much, eh?" asked the man, ruddy.

"I really wouldn't admit this, but she replied simply:

"I don't want her friend. That's all! Always have her with her fiddle."

"Some fiddle," murmured Jordan.

"Yes, she's a violin that attracts Theodore," beamed Molly.

"And her blue eyes," interrupted Jordan, smiling wickedly.

"Her talent, you mean," corrected Molly.

"And her curls," laughed Morse.

"I don't want to see a distortion of mine if I marry the kid myself. She's a beauty? She has got you yanked to death."

"Yes, she's the prettiest, Jordan," acknowledged Molly, flushing.

"It's the truth, though. That's where the color comes. You don't fool me, Molly. If she were different, you wouldn't worry at all. Why, I know seven or eight girls right here in Bellairs who'd give their eye teeth and their own noses to see Theodore to look at an cross-eyed. Lord, what fools women are!"

Molly left him angrily, and Morse, shrugging his shoulders, stroled on through the trees. Not far from the house he met Theodore and they walked on together, smiling in silence. Morse suddenly developed an idea. "Why shouldn't he sound King about Jimmie? Accordingly, he began with:

"That's a wonderful girl, Grandson's niece."

This topic was one Theodore loved to speak, of to dream of, so he said impetuously:

"She is indeed. I only wish I could get her away from Paradise Row."

Morse turned curious eyes on his friend.

"Why?"

"Well, I don't think it's any place for an impressionable young girl like her."

"She's living with Jews, too, isn't she?"

"Yes, but good people," Theodore replied.

"I want her to go away to school. I'd be willing to pay her expenses—"

Morse hung around upon him.

"Send her away to school? You?"

"Why not? Wouldn't it be a good piece of charity work? She's the most talented girl I ever saw."

"And the prettiest," Jordan cut in.

"By far the prettiest," answered King without hesitation.

His voice was full of feeling, and Jordan Morse needed no more to tell him plainly that Theodore loved Jimmie Grandson. A sudden chill clutched at his heart. If King ever took Jimmie under his protection, his own plans would count for nothing. He went home that night disgusted with himself for having stayed away from his home

"I'll help you, Jordan, I will. Anything, any way to keep him from her."

They were both startled and confused when Theodore came upon them suddenly with his swinging stride, but before Morse went home, he whispered to Molly:

"I've thought of something—I'll try to-morrow."

That night Molly scarcely slept. The vision of a black-haired girl in the arms of Theodore King haunted her through her restless dreams, and the agony was so intense that before the dawn broke over the hill she made up her mind to help her husband, even to the point of putting Jimmie out of existence.

That morning Morse approached her with this command:

"You try to get Jimmie to go with you to Monteville. You wouldn't have to stay but a day or so. There your responsibilities would end. I'll be there at the same time. Will you do it, Molly?"

"Yes," said Molly, and her heart began to sting and her eyes to shimmer. Her manner to Jordan as he left was more cordial than since his return from Europe.

At noon, when Theodore King saw her walking, sweetly cool, under the trees, he joined her. Molly had donned the dress he had complimented most, and as he ap-

"Yes, yes," and Lafe sighed. "I sent him once by Peg to ask a big eye specialist. He's a good little shaver, but he's a little weak. You wouldn't think he's almost eleven, would you?"

Theodore shook his head, shocked.

"Isn't it possible?"

"He ain't grown much since he came here over two years ago. Jimmie can carry him in an arm."

"Poor child!" said Theodore sympathetically.

Just then Jimmie came into the room shyly. Bobbie had excitedly whispered to her that "the bestest boy in the whole nice hands" wanted her. She hesitated at the door of Mr. King, but advanced as Lafe held out his hand to her.

Before Theodore could explain, she had told him:

"The master ain't giving me a lesson to-day, but he'll to-morrow because you're coming."

With pride in her voice, she said it radiantly, the color mantling high in her cheeks. Molly's impetuous insistence exposed Theodore's mind. When with Jimmie ordinary matters generally did fade away.

"I'm very glad," he replied. "I hope you've progressed a bit."

"She has, sir, she sure has," Lafe put in.

"You'll be surprised how long since you've heard her play?"

"In my time," answered Theodore, and still forgetting Molly,

he went on, "I would like to come to the house to-morrow to see her."

My mother was speaking about how much she enjoyed it, only a short time ago."

Jimmie's eyes sparkled.

"I should love to come," she answered gladly.

"It's nice to go, taking her hand."

Then he sent her away, she promised her.

He was sitting at his cot, when Molly the Merry once more came into his

room. He glanced at her, and she had changed his hair, and had made a wry face. Then, in comparison, Jimmie, with her sparkling youth, rose triumphant before him. He loved the child, for a child she still seemed to him.

To tell her now of his affection would harm her work. He would wait. She was so young, so very young.

For a long time he sat thinking and dreaming of the future, and into the quiet of his office he brought, in brilliant vision, a radiant, raven-haired woman—his

dearest—his Jimmie.

Suddenly again he remembered Molly and slowly took down the telephone. Then deliberately he replaced it.

It would be easier to excuse her, to excuse face to face with her, and no doubt entered his mind but that the woman would be satisfied and very glad that Jimmie was coming with her violin to play for them.

Molly wouldn't mind postponing her trip for a few days.

Molly was reclining as usual in the hammock with a book in her hand when he ran up the steps.

"Molly," he began, going to her quickly, "I want to confess."

"Confess?" she repeated, sitting up.

"Yes, it's this way: When I went out this morning I felt sure I could arrange about to-morrow. But what do you think?"

Miss Merritt took the book, so very young, the book stood up, her hand over her heart.

"I can't guess," she breathed.

"You could have seen a nose," Molly cut in.

Theodore looked at her seriously.

"I could, but I didn't. I wanted Jimmie to understand."

His voice vibrated deeply when he spoke that name, and the listener's love-lanes ears caught the change in intonation.

"Well," she murmured in question.

"When I got there and saw her, I forgot about Saturday. I was so glad, I chance, she told me she wasn't going to the concert to-day. Then without another thought—"

Continued on page 22



"How does you?" she asked humbly. Her voice grew thin as it rose to the point of a question."

country so long; angry that Molly had not told him about the baby; and more than angry with Theodore King.

CHAPTER XXV

When Theodore Forgot

For the next few days Jordan Morse turned over in his mind numerous plans to remove Jimmie from Grandson's home, but none seemed feasible. As long as Lafe knew his past and stood like a rock beside the girl as long as Theodore King was interested in her, he himself was powerless to do anything. How to get both the cooler and his niece out of the way was a problem which continually worried him.

He mentioned his anxiety to Molly, asking her if by any means she could help him.

"I did tell her I'd write to you," said Molly.

Morse's face fell.

"She's a snubbing little piece," he declared presently. "Theo's in love with her all right."

"I don't really mean that," stammered Molly, her heart thumping.

"Perhaps not very seriously, but such deep interest as his must come from something more than just the girl's talent. He spoke about sending her away to school."

"He shouldn't," cried Molly, infuriated.

Morse's rehearsal of Theodore's suggestion was like quills in her soul.

"If she'd go," went on the man, "nothing you or I could do would stop him. The only way—"

Molly whirled upon him abruptly,

proached her, she lifted a shy gaze to his.

"You couldn't take me to-morrow, you're sure?" she begged, her voice low, deep and appealingly resonant.

Theodore hesitated. Being naturally courteous and kindly, he disliked to refuse, but he had already sent a note to Jimmie to meet him at the master's Saturday, and it went against his inclination to break that appointment.

"I don't see how I can," he replied thoughtfully, but choose any day next week, and we'll make a real picnic of it."

"I'm so disappointed," Molly murmured sadly. "I wanted to go Saturday. Don't of course."

"I'll see if I can arrange it," he assured her. "Possibly I might go up to hear her play to-day. I'll see—Later I'll phone you."

Leaving the house, he headed his car toward the lower side of the lawn. He was glad of an excuse to go to Paradise Row. Lafe smiled through the window at him, and he entered the shop at the collier's cordial.

"Come in!"

"I suppose you want Jimmie, eh?" asked Lafe.

"Yes. I'll detain her only a moment."

Bobbie got up from the floor where he was playing soldiers with sacks and balls.

"Boy'll call Jimmie," said he, moving forward.

The two men watched the slender blind child feel his way to the door.

"Bobbie leaves to take a part in things," explained Lafe. "Poor little fellow!"

"Is he hopelessly blind?" asked Theodore.

Some Alluring Blouses for Milady's Summer Outfit

By FRANCES HOWLAND

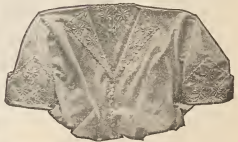
Of the charming models for separate waists presented the "yard waist" is very sure to bear off the palm, especially with the girl or woman who delights in simplicity. The style is as popular as when it first came out, and takes its name from the fact that a square yard of material is required to make it; a better or more comprehensive name would be the "one-piece waist," for that is exactly what it is. The material is folded across diagonally, or from corner to corner, through the center, and crossed by pressing with an iron; then folded on the other diagonal and pressed again, thus dividing the square, by these crosses into four half squares, with points meeting. Starting where the crosses intersect at the center of the square, cut along the first crease three inches each way, forming the opening for the neck. Cut down the second crease six inches, or more if you wish the V-shaped neck-front lower, folding back the revers to the end of the first, or crosswise cut, and cut down the same lengthwise crease three inches for the back of neck, folding back the revers in the same way. Fold back, or up, the corners at the ends of first crease to form the pretty pointed cuffs, and cut the same depth off the remaining corners, giving two half squares. Cut these in two, making four smaller half squares, and seam the longest side of each to the sides of the square above where the corners were cut off, thus widening the bottom of the garment back and front. The waist is now ready to make up by sewing the underarm seams and finishing the bottom, and an afternoon will serve for the entire work of cutting and making. As the waistline an elastic tape may be run in, or a tape of any kind may be used for adjustment.

The decoration is, of course, another con-



No. 249 A. No Duster Was Than This. We Ever Donned

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 represented 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 Women, August, Maine



No. 251 A. The True Model with Open Front

No. 250 A. The "Yard Waist" Is a Favorite

sideration. That of the first waist pictured is dainty in the extreme and very simple, consisting of leaf-sprays and tiny-petaled flowers in solid embroidery, the flowers having each an eyelet center which gives lightness to the design without too much open-work. The edges of revers and cuffs are finished with small plain scallops, button-holed narrowly, and the entire effect is as good as possible. For wear about the house, morning or afternoon, a plain, neat hem, or a facings of bias-binding, may take the place of the button-holed, perhaps with a row of French knots or of hrier-ditching in delicate color, or a narrow lace may finish the edges. I opine that a great many square yards of material of one sort and another, will go to the making of this sensible, simple and withal very comfortable garment of the "slip-on" variety.

Another model of the "yard-waist" differs from the first in that the second crease is cut entirely down the front, the edge of which is finished with a continuation of the tiny button-holed scallops edging the neck and revers and closed with small pearl buttons. The decoration is also of solid embroidery, with

No. 249 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 35 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white fabric, \$4.00. Floss to embroider, 26 cents extra. Thread for edge, No. 100, 28 cents extra.

No. 250 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 35 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white fabric, \$4.25. Floss to embroider, 26 cents extra.

No. 251 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 35 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white fabric, \$4.25. Floss to embroider, 34 cents extra. Thread for edge, No. 70, 28 cents extra.

No. 252 A. Perforated stamping-pattern, 35 cents. Transfer-pattern, 15 cents. Stamped on white fabric, \$4.25. Floss to embroider, 34 cents extra. Thread for edge, No. 70, 28 cents extra.



No. 252 A. Tatted Edging Given as Added Charm to This Attractive Blouse

an eyelet at center of each flower—a most artistic and graceful design.

An extremely lovely waist of white batiste has a deep, square collar turned away to form a V-shaped front, and an embroidered decoration as pretty as it is simple. Eyelets are used with solid dots for the berry-clusters, and eyelets alone for the center of the flower-mod; two petals of the latter are done in padded satin-stitch, worked from center to edge in order to leave a generous depth of the material until reaching the tip, when the covering-stitches are carried straight across from edge to edge. Other petals are outlined with cording—which, as you know, is merely a narrow satin-stitch—and filled in with French knots, and the stems are corded; simply run the line with short stitches, follow this with another row of stitches taken between the first, or by overcasting the first row, then cover with tiny over and over stitches, picking up as little as possible of the material. The cuffs and back of the collar have the little different arrangement of the same design, and the finish of tatted rings gives an extra distinction.

For the edge: Make a ring of 5 double knots, (pivot, 3 double knots, pivot, 2 double knots, close; a larger ring of 5 double knots, join to last pivot of preceding ring, 3 double knots, pivot, 2 double knots, pivot twice, 3 double knots, pivot, 5 double knots, close. Repeat, alternating small and large rings, joining each by 1st pivot to last pivot of preceding ring, and leaving a space of thread between that will allow them to lie in a smooth, even row, until you have the length required. Whip neatly to the edge of the narrow hem. Any dainty, narrow edging, crocheted, made, or otherwise, may be substituted for that given—which is, however, very neat and pretty.

Surely no daintier waist than was ever donned by its dainty owner than that which has "been kept for the last" is one that may keep the very choicest of their goodies! It is essentially a June waist, with its graceful rose-design, which, though elaborate in appearance, requires comparatively little work to complete, as treated. The stems are corded, or worked as described in line satin-stitch over the run-in padding; the rose-petals are outlined with padded satin-stitch, and the center is worked in the same stitch, as is one half of each leaf, the other half having an outline of fine cording. Then the petals and half of each leaf are filled in with seed-stitches—a small French knot may be substituted, if preferred—and the effect is almost lovelier than can be imagined unless one has a glimpse at the completed waist. The collar is rounded in the back, with front revers turning away to make the favorite V-shaped neck—which may be more or less deep, as desired, since one half the collar folds over the other in surface-effect. The neat, turnback cuffs have the same decoration, and the edge of collar and cuffs has a dainty crocheted edging as a finish.

For the edging make a chain of required length. If not quite sure about this, it is well to leave a length of 12 inches so that the chain may be added to after the last row.

1. Chain 5, 7, miss 2 stitches of foundation chain, 1 chain in next, chain 2; repeat from 5.
2. Chain 7, miss 2 square, pattern in next treble; repeat.
3. Five doubles under 7 chain, pivot; repeat 4 chain, 5 doubles under same chain; repeat.

WILL some contributor send a crocheted night-gown—yoke, with sleeves, for a little gift of two years?—Mrs. E. W. Olin.

"Sudden says the son is perfect. It will be great fun, Christina. I'm an angel, not going to miss it," said Leigh. He was wry-smiled.

"I'm sure I shall enjoy it," said the girl, absently. Then just as the door swung open, she added: "Helen, tell me, have you found this kind of thing pays?"

"Pays? What is it?" she asked. "Ah, I understand. You see, I was a fool in the first days. I gave my everything. I had devoted to it all. I believe I have never had bored him. Later, when our wills clashed—" She drew a long breath, and her pleasant brows wrinkled. "Christina recognized the full tide of her unhappiness. Then the shutters closed down again—it was Helen Durant standing there in her friend's dress, she went out of the room. Christina heard her dragging as she passed up the staircase. Hugh Durant had been away for nearly a year.

"She—she cares for him, I believe," Christina went over to the chair her husband had occupied, picked up the newspaper and smoothed it out, then curled up in the deep seat and remained there for a long time thinking. She seldom thought. It seemed odd to miss Leigh. During the seven weeks he had been together there was no notion of boredom. They were happy—sometimes like lovers, sometimes merely good friends. But when she remembered that she knocked her arm and remembered she had cried with the pain, and he had bathed her and bandaged it, and kissed her forehead. And, the pain eased, she had gone to sleep in the shelter of his arms, held closely in his much another chair as this.

"Poor Helen! Christina had not the tender ways of some husbands. And after all, their clashing wills had not made any wrong. Helen was a woman who in search of something new to divert her mind—restless, miserable. Christina saw herself doing that way too. Little by little, Leigh growing colder, more disillusioned day by day. And suddenly, she found the more things interested in her, the more she kept his love. Strange that it should be Helen who had shown her to herself in her true colors. It was hateful to have to know of her that she invariably followed her own inclinations. Nobody ever expected her to do anything else. She had decided to leave her ex-husband from her. She had lived the life of a tribute. There had been no cruel reproof of her.

"This was a trifle—the matter of two days. But in her heart she knew it represented far more than it seemed. The remaining days were undisturbed for a long time, and into that hour she compressed the most serious of her relations. She would yield her half away."

"I'll surprise him by going home to-morrow," she said, getting up slowly. "That will surprise him," she paused. It was not convenient or agreeable suddenly to develop a change. It concerned her. Perhaps it was one of the things marriage did for girls. Hitherto, it had not occurred to her to yield her half. She was haunted by. To-morrow she would go home and settle down. To-day she could not. There was a luncheon-party. In the afternoon they would all adjourn to the lake to skate. There was to be a trio of music to play in the garden. Supper would be served later in a marquee under the trees. Christina went slowly up the staircase to her room.

"Mrs. Durant's maid had laid for her the frock she was to wear, brown chiffon, velvet, a exquisite little hat with a quill, the first Leigh had given to her. She hesitated. She wandered round the room. Yes, to-morrow she would go. That was good and moment and momentous. She slipped on gloves—A pair of her husband's heavy dogskin gloves lay on a chair where he had thrown them. She took one up. She looked for an instant against her cheek, then blew a little kiss into the palm, laughing. Yes, to-morrow she would venture nothing. She changed her mind again. No matter on her baggage had already gone. No reliance on Helen's part should she be left behind.

With one of her sudden impulses she ran across the room to where the telephone station, she rang for her husband's office. His voice presently answered her.

"Hullo. Yes, this is Leigh Baggett. Who speaks?"

"You Christina." "Across the wires she heard the instant change of voice, the note that came there for her.

"It's—" Christina's tone held an unusual uncertainty. "It's only—I wanted to know if you got safely to New York."

"Why, of course," she heard his voice. "What should have happened to me?"

"Are you very happy?"

"To be with you."

"You sound cheerful."

"A quiet peace still through her."

"It's mighty good to be at work again," said Leigh, half apologetically. "You see, I'm a state. I'm a bit of a scold. I couldn't be happy playing round all the time."

"To hate you to be like that," said Christina.

"That's just a little, Leigh."

"He was evidently no longer even slightly annoyed with her. In fact, he was quite disconcertingly cheerful. (She could not see his face as she spoke.)

"Truly, I'll be home to-morrow," she went on.

"To-morrow, instead of Thursday? Good!" There was no enthusiasm in his voice. "I'm glad you're not a very superstitious she dreaded."

"I'll tell Bates and my dear Hannah to be ready for you."

"His voice came quiet but loud as usual. There was a pause, just as if right to the other end of the wire his influence reached him. His voice came quiet but loud as usual.

"We settled all that a few hours ago. I've phoned to Bates that I dine alone to-night. Have a good time, dear. So long." His tone was final.

Christina hung up the receiver. A long sigh enveloped her. She was alone—alone in fact. She longed to hear him say he missed her. He had not expressed the least regret. She had not expressed the least regret. She had not expressed the least regret. She had not expressed the least regret.

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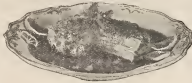
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What Can Be Done With Bread - Crumbs

By MARY HARROD NORTHEM

THE use of bread-crumbs is a conservation and they can be utilized in so many different ways that it says the thrifty housewife to keep them always on the emergency shelf. Any leftover pieces of bread or toast are suitable for this purpose. They should first be dried in the oven, grated, and put in a glass jar to keep them from molding.

When used for scalloped dishes of meat, fish or vegetables, one fourth of the amount necessary should be laid on the bottom of a buttered dish. The second fourth is placed in the middle, while the remaining half should be mixed with butter and parsley, and serve at once.



Breaded Lamb Chops with Tomato Sauce

Breaded Lamb-Chop with Tomato Sauce

TRIM the chops smoothly, sprinkle over pepper and salt, dip in beaten eggs, then in bread-crumbs. Have ready the frying-pan with hot fat; fry to a light brown on both sides. When the meat is perfectly done, place it on a hot platter, dredge some flour in the frying-pan, add salt, pepper, a tablespoonful each of chopped onion and parsley, and a tablespoonful of butter. Pour in a cup of tomato-sauce, stirring constantly. When it boils up pour over the chops, garnish with

Mock-Duck

2 Pounds of Boneless Chicken
1 Cup of Bread-Crumbs
1 Tablespoonful of Chopped Parsley
1 Chopped Onion
1 Tablespoonful of Parsley
1 Egg

GRIND the meat, and all the ingredients, mix well, add one tablespoon. Mold into a roll, put into a greased baking-pan, with a little water or stock, and bake frequently. Bake two hours. May be served hot or cold.

Bread-Crumbs Batter Cakes for Breakfast

ONE pint of bread-crumbs, moistened with milk several hours before using. When ready to use, beat an egg separately and add one pinch of salt, one pint of buttermilk, one teaspoonful of soda. Mix well and add one large spoonful of flour to make them turn well. Fry as you would any other batter cakes. If wanted particularly nice, take half buttermilk and half cream, instead of all buttermilk, or use sweet milk with

Baked Macaroni

BOIL one half pound of macaroni in salted water until soft, and the water has boiled down until there is just sufficient water to cover the macaroni well. Then turn into a baking pan, sprinkle with pepper, and cover thickly with grated cheese and dot all over with bits of butter. Bake until brown, but do not allow to dry.



Baked Macaroni

Escalloped Fish

BREAK into small pieces 1 can of salmon, or two eggs of cooked fish; moisten with thin white sauce or tomato-sauce. Into the fish mix two or three hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine. Stir all together, cover top with bread-crumbs and small pieces of butter. Bake until crumbs are brown.

Stuffed Eggplant

CUT a large eggplant in half, remove the center and chop it fine. Mix with bread-crumbs, one teaspoonful each of minced onion and parsley, a good sized lump of butter, salt and pepper. Put back in the shells. Grate over it a crust of bread, dot with small pieces of butter, and bake.

Baked Hash

RUN any kind of cold cooked meat through the grinder. Equal parts of mashed Irish potatoes, salt and pepper to taste. Butter and milk enough to keep it from being too stiff. Put in a baking-dish and pour over two tablespoonfuls of tomato-catchup. Sprinkle well with bread-crumbs, and brown. Serve hot.

Cheese Omelet

STIR one teaspoonful of bread-crumbs into one-pint of scalded milk. Add butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, and one half cup of grated cheese. Then add three eggs beaten separately. Bake fifteen or twenty minutes in a hot oven.

Baked Eggs

HARD-BOIL the eggs and cut into slices. Put a layer of eggs in a baking-dish well buttered, then add bread-crumbs and pieces of butter throughout. Season with salt and pepper, cover the top with crumbs and grated cheese and bake a rich brown.



Salmon Croquettes

Salmon Croquettes

1 Can Salmon
2 Raw Eggs
1 Tablespoonful of Butter
Yolks of 2 Hard-Boiled Eggs
1 Tablespoonful of Bread-Crumbs

Mince the fish; work in the butter, slightly warmed, the "powdered" yolks, raw eggs, and fill all the crumbs. Form into pyramid-shaped croquettes. Roll in salted bread-crumbs and fry in hot fat.

Escalloped Oysters

1 Quart of Oysters
1 Cup of Cream
1 Cup of Bread-Crumbs
Season with Salt and Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls of Butter

COVER the bottom of a baking-dish with crumbs, moisten with the cream, dot with pieces of butter. Season with pepper and salt, add the oysters, with a little of their liquor, and cover with crumbs, seasoned, and butter, cook with a cover, then remove cover, and brown.

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How To Improve the Appearance Beautifying the Mouth

By ELEANOR MATHER.

As we grow older we unconsciously write our characters in our faces for all to read who have eyes to see. We say, perhaps, that a certain woman looks peevish or sulky, or cross or determined, or she has "such a sweet face," or she seems so jolly and good-natured.

The lines which give the mouth its expression speak the record of one's years," says Susanna Corbett, the well-known physical-culture expert. "They are the result of all the sorrows and most of the thoughts whether sweet or otherwise which have been framed by the lips in the past. Each word leaves its impression, and the more often a thought is said, the deeper its impression until it becomes a habit. Truly the lips speak without moving."

Also Eliza shows depression which has been framed by the lips in the past. Each word leaves its impression, and the more often a thought is said, the deeper its impression until it becomes a habit. Truly the lips speak without moving.

The plain-faced woman with a happy-looking, smiling mouth is far and away more attractive than the doll-faced girl on whose pretty face is reflected not a happy spirit and generous thought, but self-will and egotism. Real beauty and attractiveness are much deeper than a lovely complexion and a charming regularity of feature. One often sees people, who to use a colloquial expression, "have not a feature in their faces," whose look of interest and good-will to all at once attracts everybody to them. So be sure how you let your mouth sag into peevish and unbecoming lines. The shape of the mouth is even more character-revealing than the shape of the chin. The woman with a sense of humor, and a fun-loving disposition, usually has a short upper lip with quite a depression under the nose, while the corners of the lips tip upward. On the other hand, a well shaped mouth with rather full lips is an unfolding sign of coquetry. A fine thin mouth, with tightly closed lips, shows selfishness and an intention to have one's own way at all costs. Some of our best known financiers have such mouths. Very bright-red lips which owe their tint to Nature, and not to the use of a lip-etch, show a cruel nature. General Landolford is said to have just such lips. Loose lips show senselessness, while a big, but well closed mouth shows business capacity and the possession of that comparatively rare quality called "common sense."

A prominent voice-specialist told me the other day that the woman who habitually speaks loud, always has an ugly mouth, as the lips her words too much, and as he learns to moderate her voice her mouth is always prettier.

You can judge for yourself if it is true by looking in the glass and warning yourself that if speak loud, "holer" as the children call it, and you will notice the hard, curved lines that come around the mouth. Speak gently and see how quickly these lines are replaced by soft, pretty curves. You do not need to yell, as some people do, to be heard, unless all your family and friends are deaf. You can speak low and distinctly, and still be heard for as long a distance as you wish your voice to carry.

The skin of the lips should be smooth and of healthy, rosy-pink in color. Chapped lips, with the skin rough and cracked, are always repulsive to look at, as well as extremely unpleasant and even painful to the possessor.

When afflicted with a deep crack, like a cut in the middle of the lower lip, constant treatment with spirits of camphor is beneficial. If cut-of-days all the morning, a tiny pinch of the spirits



Velvety Fair, in this interpretation, shows a vigorous expression of her good looks.

should be carried, so it can be put on the scarlet frequently. It feels like hot shot for a second, but the stinging soon passes away. The spirits should be put on night and morning also. Camphor oil will act in the same way, but much more slowly, and at the same time it is more in evidence when applied.

Tincture of benzoin may be applied in precisely the same way. If it be strong enough to cause an uncomfortable sensation of "drawing," it may be diluted with a few drops of glycerine, using very little of the latter, for it neutralizes the astringent.

Another pleasant and healing application is made by a solution of one grain of permanganate of potash in a tablespoonful of

clear rose-water. While this is wet on surface, French chalk should be dusted on.

It is always well to wash any sore spot with a weak solution of boracic acid before applying the astringent. The shape of the arch is thoroughly to cleanse the places.

There is little doubt but that cottoned rucks of the lips indicate a thin condition of the blood, and a physical cause is usually prescribed, and iron may be taken. This, of course, is a matter for physicians to decide, and one should certainly be consulted when the lips cannot be healed.

These little sore spots that sometimes stay so long in the corner of the mouth may come from the stomach, and frequent applications of bicarbonate of soda will sometimes cure them.

Many women are greatly troubled by what are called "cold-sores" or fever blisters. The unsightly swellings on the lips, doctors tell us, are not due to a cold or a fever, but to a disturbance of the circulation of the blood. The unsightly swellings on the lips, doctors tell us, are not due to a cold or a fever, but to a disturbance of the circulation of the blood. The unsightly swellings on the lips, doctors tell us, are not due to a cold or a fever, but to a disturbance of the circulation of the blood.

There is a little antiseptic salve on the market which is primarily intended to cure skin-affections, but which also dries up an itchy cold-sore very rapidly, or, if applied early enough drives it away. Light of camphor works well with many people, and so on, and so on, it has little effect. Usually, however, the camphor applied in the wrong way, and it does more harm than good, for used by itself it quickly becomes very irritating to the skin. It is most effective when applied to a fever-blist or deep crack in the lip, after touching the place with a tiny piece of absorbent cotton wet with an astringent solution made by dissolving as much powdered alum in a tablespoonful of water as it will take up. This can be strained and boiled for use. Let the alum dry on the sore and then apply spirits of camphor in a full strength. When this, in turn, is dry, put on a very little cold cream, not enough to permeate the skin, but a coating of alum and camphor, but only sufficient to prevent the sensitive surrounding skin from chapping and cracking as the result of the astringents. If a cold-sore or fever-blist is so vigorous that it seems to defy all treatment, get a little permanganate of potash from the druggist and also an ounce of rose-water. Dissolve a grain in a table-spoonful of rose-water and keep the sore constantly wet with this. After each application a little French chalk or simple talcum powder should be applied to this—just enough to conceal the raw spot, but not sufficient to make it unduly conspicuous. One advantage of this treatment is that the permanganate bleaches the skin, thus preventing the continued redness that is so annoying after the sore has healed.

Never bite the lips. This trick is nearly as disgusting as biting the nails and as hard to cure. Biting and wearing the lips constantly not only ruins the shape of the mouth and quickly transforms pretty lips into ugly ones, but it also makes the tender skin of the lips very sore, and as this surface

Conclusion on page 21.



The charm of a beautiful complexion meets none but the finest and faintest of face powders.

Freeman's FACE POWDER

For 40 years the choice of women who prize their beauty. Of lovely fragrance and closely clinging.

All this at all night prices. Use liberally the quantity of old jar and this jar was used. Measure for making for 40 plus 100 use.

THE FREEMAN FRAGRANCE CO., Dept. 12, Cincinnati, O.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using **Silliman's Freckle Cream**. Prepared for one purpose only—(bearing the name) to remove freckles, even the freckles of the face. It is used by the freckle specialists. See a jar, or direct from us, name prices prepaid. Write now. We will help you.

Silliman Cream Co., Box 34, Aurora, Ill.

End Gray Hair Let Science Show You How Convince Yourself Free

Free your system has sought a way of restoring gray hair to its natural color. After this way through thousands of women have returned the natural color of their hair with **HAIR T. GOLDWAY**.

Mary T. Goldway's Scientific Hair Color Restorer

FREE Send today for a free trial bottle and one special credit. Receive and apply to your color of your hair.

Write for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

1610 Goldsmith Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Send no postage—Send by registered mail.

FRECKLES

Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

Many are happy, but delighted, and of happy removal of your freckles, as **OLIGANE**—which removes all freckles in one week. Write today.

Send for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

OLIGANE

Apply to your face and neck, and after 10 days of use, you will see the result. Write today.

Write for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

FACE WASH

Wash your face with **Face Wash** and you will see the result. Write today.

Write for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Write today.

Write for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

Big Money

Write for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

Write for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

Comfort Baby's Skin With Cuticura Soap And Fragrant Talcum

Write for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

Write for a box of your hair. Make the truth, and how it differs from old-fashioned ones. Write today.

Continued Telegram for evening-clothes committee, shows the intention class of a wide-mouth suit.

The American Woman Calendar

June 1. Tuesday

Now the heart is as full that a drop of candle is; we are happy now because God will it. Whether we look or whether we listen, we bear life martyr and see it gladden.

June 2. Wednesday

Don't be in a hurry about finding your work in the world—it will find you when you have made yourself ready and worthy. Just look about you in the plainest manner, and try to be at least a little better and happier right there.

June 3. Thursday

Take the world as it goes! Oh, that's the best way; and God's grace around it, it will go with you! The sunlight above it, the shadows below, it's a sweet world of glory—read on to let it go!

June 4. Friday

Pain is not considered a pleasant thing in itself, but if you can turn yourself to look upon it as friendly, and try to get the lesson it is meant to teach, it will be the better for you. It often sharpens the heartless, quickens the conscience, clarifies the mind, and greatly increases the capacity to appreciate the good things of life.

June 5. Saturday

What though our eyes with tears are wet? The mirror never failed us yet. The sheets of dawn will yet restore. Our light and hope and joy once more. If we take comfort, and be glad to see, That sadness never failed us yet.

June 6. Sunday

Heaven is not far off, but in the soul of him who loves the right. The kingdom of heaven is a spiritual kingdom. It is the realm of divine harmony, where all the ideas of man work together in divine order.

June 7. Monday

If your friend does wrong do not find him, and tell him frankly, as it is his duty must. But drop of word of his faults behind him—there is a better way to lose him than to do so. There are finer things for our minds' seeking. There are nobler things for our eyes to enjoy. There are nobler things for our friends' telling. If they are not sure us to love our views.

June 8. Tuesday

Speak the good word. If you can think of nothing good to say of any person, friend or foe, do not speak of that person at all; but it is very rarely happens that we cannot find some kind of good in any, something to speak well of—

June 9. Wednesday

We will never lose; when you once become enlightened. You will find that you're the gainer if you've kept your peace of mind.

June 10. Thursday

Life is like a mirror; look into it with a smile, and a smile will be its constant reward.

June 11. Friday

We'll slip the little beads along Our rosary of virtues and the song. We'll count the sunshine and the stars, We'll see the blossoms as they fall, And hope returning to the stars. Because our eyes are on the stars, And hope lights us the way.

June 12. Saturday

Keep your mind young by fresh vigorous thinking and your soul young by maintaining a cheerful, optimistic disposition; therein lies the secret of perpetuity.

June 13. Sunday

Think of the beauty of my soul; I should reach the heavenly realm. Thou art the mirror of my fate; In thee alone am I made great—

Abide Thou.

June 14. Monday

The very first thing to do, if you have not already done it, is to fall in love with your work. Only so can you do the very best of which you are capable, and find the deepest-joyous gratification.

June 15. Tuesday

Let's play this little game with its sorrow, And add to joy and gladness. Let's play we will never grow weary. The joys that we never have had.

June 16. Wednesday

Courtesy begins courtesy; it is a passport to respect. The way to win it is to do it. It is often more that the things themselves.

June 17. Thursday

Like the sea that ebbs and flows, Without haste and without rest. Let us who live in this world, Around the task that rises the day, And do our best.

June 18. Friday

Make up your life rule to stamp your best upon everything that comes into your hands. No matter who your vocation is, try to stamp the best, the noblest, the most useful upon it; choose the best, live up to your best.

June 19. Saturday

To love some one more dearly every day. To seek a wandering child to find his way, To ponder o'er a mother's grief and pray. To smile when evening falls, with shadows gray.

June 20. Sunday

The Voice is calling to each and every one of us to cease the proud struggle and self endeavor, and look to Him who is the measure and standard of our life. This will bring us speedily and absolute triumph. Look and lead!

June 21. Monday

Right here and now's the place to start, You can't. There's work aplenty—do your part. This minute, waiting at your door, Your virtues, ready to be put on.

June 22. Tuesday

The helpful, cheerful, optimistic nature is like a tonic. We always find better after meeting a person possessing such a disposition—and the best of it is there's no patent on it!

June 23. Wednesday

On the long, upward journey of the soul, When miles of doubt obscure the final goal, Then give us strength, when in the valley's gloom, To note that on the hills the flowers bloom.

June 24. Thursday

The spirit of joy and gladness characterizes all those who have succeeded in their careers. You are no success if you are not joyful, if you are not content.

June 25. Friday

Take your home. And make a place in it they rest for her. And give her a place to show old friends her; Then will she often come and sing to the When thus are working in the furrows.

June 26. Saturday

Browning said, "Love is energy of life." Love actually is the greatest energy we know anything about. It is love that moves the world. No other human agency has been half so powerful for good. No course can do more wisely to the divine.

June 27. Sunday

Life is good and life is fair; Love is a thing that we care. Love is life's immortal treasure! Live for love and that shall be. Loving others, true to God!

June 28. Monday

The world makes way for cheerful people; all doors open to those who radiate the sunshine of joy and gladness. They do not need an introductory day or welcome every where.

June 29. Tuesday

A crowd of trouble pressed him by, While he sat in his study. He said: "Where do you trouble fly, When you are in this study? 'We do,' they said, 'to those who stoppe, Who weakly say good-by to hope—"

June 30. Wednesday

To strive every day to better your best opens the gateway to eternal success.



You and yours

Should brush teeth in this new way

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth are now cleaned in a new way. You see them everywhere—glistening teeth.

They are prettier, but there's a deeper reason for them. They are safer, cleaner. The cloudy and destructive film is every day combated.

You will use this method and have you, family use it when you make this ten-day test.

To end the film

The purpose is to fight film—that viscous film you feel. It is the teeth's chief enemy.

It is that film-coat which discolors. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief

cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

The film is clinging. It enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It dmas the teeth, and month after month, between dental cleanings, it may do a ceaseless damage. That is why tooth troubles come despite the daily brushing.

What dentists urge

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Authorities have amply proved it by many careful tests. It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a scientific tooth paste. And leading dentists everywhere are urging its daily use.

Sent to anyone who asks

A 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent is sent to anyone who asks, and milktons have thus proved it. Every person uses himself that

harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed hard. Now science has discovered a harmless activating method, and active persons can be every day applied.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to dry by day combat it.

Two other problems have been solved in Pepsodent. In three ways this tooth paste brings a new era in teeth cleaning.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid

Watch the results of a ten-day test. Read the reason for them, then judge for yourself what is best.



A scientific film combater, combined with two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Watch them when

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how white the film coat disappears. Cut out the coupon now.

Ten-day tube free
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
167, 171, 173, Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to:
Name:
Address:
Only one tube to a family.

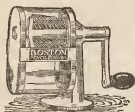
Earn a Premium This Month



Birthmonth Pillow

Given for Four Subscriptions

No. 1098. Tell us the month when you were born and have one of these lucky birthmonth pillows...



Boston Pencil-Pointer

Given for Ten Subscriptions. No. 1176. With a Boston Pencil-pointer even a child can put a fine working-point on the bluntest pencil...



Butterfly-Design Hemstitched Scarf

No. 1182. The butterfly - motif never ceases to be popular, and its combination with a hemstitched scarf gives the maximum of desirability...



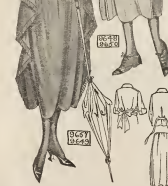
Six Lawn Handkerchiefs

Given for Four Subscriptions. No. 1180. Exceptional value is afforded in these six hemstitched handkerchiefs of extra fine lawn...

SPECIAL OFFER

Select the premium you most desire and send us the required number of subscriptions to The American Woman...

The American Woman Augusta, Maine



Ladies' Bloused Waist. THE ladies' waist - pattern, No. 9643, is cut in sizes from 36 to 40 inches bust-measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt. THE ladies' skirt - pattern, No. 9655, is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust-measure. To make the skirt in the 36-inch size will require 2 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. Ladies' Tie-On Waist. THE ladies' tie-on waist - pattern, No. 9658, is cut in sizes from 36 to 44 inches bust-measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 1 1/2 yards of 1 1/2-inch contrasting goods, and 3 yards of binding. Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt. THE ladies' skirt - pattern, No. 9644, is cut in sizes from 36 to 32 inches waist-measure. To make the skirt in the 36-inch size will require 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Ladies' Skirtwaist. THE ladies' skirtwaist - pattern, No. 9656, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches waist-measure. To make the skirtwaist...

in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 40-inch material. Ladies' Waist. No. 9659, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches bust-measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material, and 3 yards of ruffling. Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt. THE ladies' two-piece skirt - pattern, No. 9659, is cut in sizes from 36 to 42 inches waist-measure. To make the skirt in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, and 2 1/2 yards of plaiting. Ladies' Waist. THE ladies' waist - pattern, No. 9648, is cut in sizes from 36 to 46 inches bust-measure. To make the waist in the 36-inch size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. Ladies' Four-Piece Skirt. THE ladies' four-piece skirt - pattern, No. 9650, is cut in sizes from 36 to 32 inches waist-measure. To make the skirt in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material, with 2 1/2 yards of binding.

We will send patterns of any of the garments illustrated and described above, by mail, postpaid, on receipt of five cents each. In ordering, give number of pattern and size wanted. Do not mention calls for a separate pattern. Address THE AMERICAN WOMAN, Augusta, Maine

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin falls from bottom of foot. Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops itching, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, neat and all without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Try bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

Only \$2 DOWN ONE YEAR TO PAY. 44 Here the New Butterfly Jr. No. 314. NEW BUTTERFLY SHIRTWAIST. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.

Dr. Isaac Thompson's EYE WATER. 35¢. JOHN L. THOMPSON DRUG & CO., 170 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

Don't itch, use Resinol. Wrist Watch Given. GIVE "RESOLUTE" YACHT.

Agents Wanted. MAKE MONEY selling GARLAND'S Wonderful Knicker Knives. Mass Apron Company, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"Old Glory" Flag Pin. Show your allegiance. Wear the Stars and Stripes on your waist or lapel of your coat. FILMS DEVELOPED. Mail on 36-cent size new film development and return prints.

Nothing equals
SAPOLIO
for scouring and
polishing
cutlery.
Makes all
metalware
look like new



Continued from page 14
blow hit, and her slender wrist-muslin fingers reflected from Eugene's dark eyes. The fall of every curl had she studied well that morning, and the folds of the muslin petticoat over her shoulders and the congregation arose for the hymns and faced about toward the singers, but did Dorothy see her blue eyes peering, with their unconsciousness, as of blue flowers, which would have deceived the very elect, Eugene's face?

But his black eyes met hers with no more fiery glances. Eugene never once looked at her, but sang, with a steady voice, which was paler and thinner than Dorothy's, though he had had no illness save of the heart. In vain Dorothy sought his speech, with her head, appealing eyes, during every hymn; in a slight one or twice during the sermon she even cast a glance around her shoulder, with a slight fling of her curls aside, and a little shiver, as if she felt a draught. Eugene never looked her way that she could see.

When the long service was over, Dorothy, with shy, watchful eyes, questioned her past, and strove so to manage that she and Eugene should emerge from the meeting-house side by side. Her eyes, while she advanced, with never a backward glance, when she came out, lifting slightly her peary eyes, as if she were not seeing him, hid the never thought of, even to avoid, and his mother's stately side movement was not to be seen to her. She smiled sweetly to those who met her face to face, from face of heart, and went on thinking of no one but Eugene's face.

Again, in the afternoon, Dorothy went to meet, though her pulses began to beat, with a slight start of the fever, and again she proved with her haunting melody how to attract this obscure Eugene, and again in vain. This night Dorothy lay and wept till dawn before the bed, and dreamed that she and Eugene were a-walking in the moonlight, and that he kissed her. And when she awoke, in the darkness, she resolved that she would go a-walking in the moon on every pleasant day, in the hope that she might find him.

And Mistress Dorothy Fair, with many eyes in the neighbors' windows watching, watching slowly, and as if she were as yet did not bear herself, day after day down the road and into the lane, and, with her eyes upon the road, she went to the farther end of it. And yet she did not meet Eugene therein, and had dreamed did not come true.

But it happened at last, about the middle of the month of June, when the great red sun, like a colossal ball, hung low and full bloom that in another day they would be past it and fall, that Dorothy and Eugene met in the lane; for in the moon come in time for most dreams to come true, and for the others there is electricity.

That afternoon Dorothy had gone forth as usual, but she said to herself that he would not come, and halfway down the lane she was passing into the dense thicket for him, and sat herself down on a stone, and leaned back against the trunk of a young maple, and shut her eyes wearily, and felt herself in a sort of sad pensiveness that she would look no more for him, for he would not come.

The grass in the lane was grown long now, with a pink mist over the top of it; the trees in the sides looked like a forest with foliage, and the bordering walls were all hidden under bushes and vines. Every-thing was in bloom, and the heavy sun and corymbs of leafy blossoms. Birds were calling to their mates and their young; the fragrance of the lane; for in the moon come in light. Dorothy, in the midst of this uncontrolled passion of summer, was herself in a time and manner such as she had never just as sweet and gracefully courtesying among her sisters as any flower among the buds of the lane, for in the moon come in consequently, like the flower, her own little lass of life and bloom which now could overcome, and sustain her, and live her own reflection. This Dorothy, musingly leaning so riller, she should against the maple-tree, with her hands clasped, and her feet tucked in, folded in her lap, could no more develop into laid toward which she herself inclined not her eyes to open, but that she could not grow a clover-blossom. Moreover her heart, which had laid off all enough of the sweetness of the moon, was in a more delicate and sensitive path, with seemingly no volition of hers; therefore was she in a manner in-wardly, and with a more delicate and sensitive path, with seemingly no volition of hers; therefore was she in a manner in-

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collected himself, made them one of his courtly bows, turned to Dorothy with a natural grace, too strong for her, and with her out of the lane, before the eyes of the prying gossip.

CHAPTER XXVII

It was four o'clock that summer afternoon when the three women (Margaret Bean, the governess's daughter, and Dorothy, with her wife), who had followed Dorothy and Eugene into the lane to say upon them, set to conversation by word of mouth. It was a long and close conversation, and long before midnight all the village knew it. The women cried indignantly at a good dinner before breakfast, with Dorothy out of the lane, and watched, with incredulous eyes, turning to one another for confirmation, the pair who went into Faron Fair's house together. Then they could do no more, since their ears were not long enough and each went her way to tell what she had seen.

All the neighbors knew what Eugene Havstille left Faron Fair's house that afternoon, but their knowledge stopped there. Nobody ever discovered just what was said, and many said "twice, and twice, and twice, soft plucked through shears, had down in the face of all her delicate feminine associations, but most notably, standing affronted her father with his new lover at her side.

It was safe enough to assume, for one who knew her and them well, that the two men did finally part and proceed her and shiver her away, and each went his way, and each as well as one another. After that Eugene Havstille was seen every Sunday night and on every Tuesday night, and on every house, and the candles burned late in the north parlor.

The papers were published in a month's time. Some accounted it unseemly haste, after the other means which had come so usually and some said "twice, and twice, and they blamed not Faron Fair for placing such a slight and fitting snare side within the face of a devoted one. It was not so thankless enough to find a husband for her, even if 'twas one of the Havstilles.

However, Eugene's father, since he had more of concern than the others, since he had in his own right a snug little sum in bank account, and since he was a man of his own name he bore. When it was known that Eugene had bought the old Squire Damon place, people were quite ready to say that he would, even if he was a Havstille, make full as good a husband as Burr, and that Dorothy was not unwise in her choice.

It could not marry — him," Dorothy concluded sadly. "I told you that I had no reason — that he was not pretty," Eugene said, with a kind of staid goodness; and still he did not look at her.

"I am just angry — with her inability and delicacy, and thought she was not desirable blemish for any man, more so because of the opinion that she had shown practically no judgment and shrewdness in marrying Burr for Eugene.

Dorothy this time made small show of her wedding, and was married in her father's study with only the necessary witnesses and no guests. Eugene Havstille had chafed. Dorothy also, with her feminine desire for all minor details of happiness, was aggrieved that she could never see appear before the public gaze in all the splendor of her wedding gown, but that Faron Fair stood for once and might have it so.

When the wifely neighbors saw her, after eight or nine days, Faron Fair's door open, and the bride and groom appear for a second in a golden shaft of light which burst from the front door, and which left there two shadows, as if the story of the life and love had already been told and the story of the future was yet to be written. It was not long after that she was seen move up the road with long vanishing flutters of the bride's white draperies, and that she was seen, as if by the basket against her hip, in his, taking, following her mistress like a faithful dog, with perfect faith and devotion.

The black woman favored Eugene more than she had ever favored Burr, perhaps because she was married in her father's study with the secret leanings of her mistress' heart against all words of mouth, obeying her. Dorothy had a deeper understanding of them than Dorothy herself.

When this new lover came — according, the black woman said, that she saw him at the door with that wide, sudden smile of his, as once simple like a child's, and wild, and then as if she were afraid to tell him that large, was nearly as happy rich to him as to Dorothy. Moreover she kept her eyes closely upon the road, and when where the lovers sat, and was fond of treating the young man with little cakes which she would hand him. It was said to be a cater nowhere else in the village.

After Dorothy and Eugene were wedded the black woman went to the village, which were then embraced upon Burr Gordon and Madeline. Continued on page 22.

BUNIONS
Hump Vanishes — Pains Stop

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GET BIG BUSH OFFER
Buy one and get one free. Includes... For a limited time only. While supplies last.

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Large fish, medals and... Includes everything you need for a successful fishing trip.

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Make Your Home or Auto Beautiful!
Decorative items for home and car... Enhance your space with our beautiful products.

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Removes Itches and Reddened Faces... Soothes and heals irritated skin.

10 TRANSFER-PATTERNS 10¢
For Embroidery and Sewing... Includes various patterns for home projects.

KODAK FILMS
Let me develop your film... Superior quality. MOBER & SON, 3022 St. James Ave.

INVENTORS dealing in new patents... Patent services and legal assistance.

MOTHS destroyers, Bacteria, Headliners... Effective pest control solutions.

KODAK FILMS and **MONNET'S MONEY MARKERS**. High quality products and services.

FRECKLES remover, **SPECIAL OFFER** on Kodak film. Special discounts and offers.

Concluded from page 13

is all the time irritated by the teeth it is constantly cracked and rough. If one has the courage, it is well to apply to this habit of biting the lips the same methods used to break up the habit of biting the nails. For example, if the outer edges of the lips are rubbed with a drop or two of aloes, or a few grains of red pepper, the effect upon the tongue will be a startling reminder the next time one attempts to hit his lips. You can make an excellent homemade lip-salve to use on badly bitten lips by taking a teaspoonful of cold cream—there is an excellent one in the market that can be used for this purpose—with this you combine half a teaspoonful of horehound and a grain of carmine, and blend the two by allowing the wax to liquify over heat. The wax must not be allowed to become very hot or it will not harden properly. Let this cool, but while it is still liquid stir into the cream and add ten drops of spirits of camphor. Rub a little of the lip-while going into into the air. It can be used as often as liked.

I cannot understand why the woman who says she is too poor to have her teeth attended to properly buys a new dress or a pair of the floor, or squanders money in other ways not nearly so necessary. Good teeth and healthy gums are most important to health, not to speak of good looks. Doctors have lately discovered that many internal diseases of the stomach, as well as severe headaches, cases of rheumatism, neuritis or neuralgia can be traced directly to diseased teeth or diseased gums. The teeth should be examined every year by a reliable dentist, and if there is a tendency toward accumulation of tartar which may brush or rubbing occasionally with powdered pumice stone will not remove, the teeth should be cleaned by the dentist. If children have uneven teeth they should not be allowed to grow up with this defect, but should be taken to a dentist when the second upper jaw before the teeth of the lower jaw are ready to come out, they should be filled and pulled out, for if they are removed at any great length of time before the permanent teeth appear, the upper jaw is likely to drop farther than the lower, or just the contrary if the teeth are lost first from the lower jaw. This causes the projecting teeth that are so disgusting to the face. Little children should never, under any circumstances, be allowed to suck their thumbs, as this habit frequently leads to an uneven development of the jaw, entirely spoils the shape of the mouth and sometimes even causes the adenoids that obstruct the breathing.

The teeth should be cleaned at least twice a day, in the morning and before going to bed at night, and it is better also to clean them just after the midday meal. One should never use half-crowns the teeth when they use a tooth-brush, for they break across of the teeth. Now rubbing the brush to and fro only polishes the middle of the teeth, just as the nail would be affected if a woman rubbed her hands better over the top only. You turn your fingers otherwise which polishes them, so that every part of the nail may be made to shine, don't you? You can't turn your teeth, therefore, but what you can do is to adapt the brush to the teeth. The brush should be held across the teeth and placed at the top of the gums of the upper jaw. Then the bristles must be drawn down to the bottom of the teeth, following the space between. The lower jaw is treated by beginning above and drawing the brush up toward the top. Chances are that particles will be eliminated; in any event the edges of the teeth have been cleaned.

And, of course, dental-silk should be used after each meal, drawing it between the teeth to remove any bits of food, if they remain they certainly will make the teeth decay. We hear a great deal nowadays about "Bites" Disease or Pyorrhea of the gums, which doctors tell us affects about one person out of every ten after they reach the age of forty. This used to be thought incurable, but first-class dentists have demonstrated that it can be readily cured in many cases, and even if the gums have been badly neglected this disease may be put to a stop by treating several teeth. What this disease or condition is not known absolutely. Some investigators think that the culprit is one of the mischievous family of anaerobic bacteria activities cause us so much trouble elsewhere in the body, while others believe that an irritated condition of the gums is to blame for this condition. A useful treatment that always this irritation ceases is by cleaning the calcareous deposits about the gums, and by regularly massaging the gums themselves so as to improve the circulation of the blood in them. This is done with a tooth-brush, and the best time for it is directly after brushing the teeth. Place the gums with the brush at the back of the teeth with the side of the brush against the gum. Then, pressing the brush against the

gum, turn the handle in such a way that the back of the brush moves outward. The bristles should work between the teeth as the brush rotates. The pressure of the gums upward toward the teeth massages them, creating a good circulation about the roots of the teeth. Massage the gums on both sides of the teeth in the same way. If your gums are tender they may bleed a little at first, but they will not bleed after they have been gently massaged for a time or two and relieved of all congestion about the teeth.

If your teeth are loose or sore, have them looked at by a dentist. For the chances are you have Pyorrhea which should be checked at once before the pus sacs which always form at the roots of the teeth in this condition, can send their poison through the blood and thus over the body to work all sorts of mischief.

If you suspect Pyorrhea, you should use a tooth-powder that is especially prepared to combat it.

Don't let your teeth become discolored and black-looking from an accumulation of tartar.

Nothing is more repulsive to behold. If not too long standing, this can readily be removed by using powdered pumice-stone and lemon-juice.

The best work may be done to best advantage a person should stand before a mirror. Tie a strip of absorbent cotton about the center of the upper arch, which is then slipped into the space-jaw. From that it is stuck into the pumice and rubbed over the teeth. Nothing can be simpler than this, yet rubbing does not always accomplish what it should, for the reason that the centers of the teeth, for, almost without exception, they are not touched when the absorbent strip is at the gums and next to the other teeth that tartar and discolorations accumulate, and so it is better to rub the whole arch without loosening the flesh. It should be understood, that if this cleaning is done carelessly the tartar will be rubbed into their pores and a diseased condition result.

It is useless to rub the centers of the teeth, for, almost without exception, they are not touched when the absorbent strip is at the gums and next to the other teeth that tartar and discolorations accumulate, and so it is better to rub the whole arch without loosening the flesh. It should be understood, that if this cleaning is done carelessly the tartar will be rubbed into their pores and a diseased condition result.

When all the grains are removed a soft brush may be applied, taking care that all cracks between the teeth are cleaned.

Nothing will do more to prevent the accumulation of tartar than the continual use of lime- or soda-water. The latter may be mixed as required, a teaspoonful of bicarbonate to half a glass of water. After brushing the teeth at night the mouth must be rinsed with this. It may be used also in the morning.

Another thing you can do just after you brush your teeth in the morning is to massage the lips by rubbing them gently with cold cream and then giving them a sharp pinch to make them glow. While doing this bend them back a little, giving them a stretching twist which keeps them from getting thin and at the same time promotes the circulation.

Never press your lips together, but practice keeping them slightly apart. This does not mean to sit with the mouth open, but to let the lips merely touch. Don't gape, don't press the lips so tightly together that the mouth looks cross-grained to the host of all men.

Needleworker's Exchange

LET me tell you of a way I have learned to insert lace in pillowcases. I buy those which have the buttonholes cut out, cut the hemstitching through the center, and sew the insertion to the cut edges with fine thread and black adhesive color back on the line of the previous hemstitching. This gives a really lovely finish, the lace having the appearance of being sewn in the cloth; the work is quickly and easily done, and does not pull out or fray.—Laura Skene, New Haven, Conn.

A VERY neat and attractive way to embroider scallops is as follows: First, embroider as you would any ordinary scallop, then, when the first row is finished, cut the material around the edge, trimming carefully, and buttonhole over the embroidered edge. This will cover the raw edge of the material, and make a very firm scallop. It is also a good way to finish Hardanger work.—Mrs. J. G. Giesler, Chicago.

If you wish to give a touch of delicate color to a simple wale or dainty handkerchief, and have it "diffused," try choosing an edge on the Valenciennes outline or insertion used for trimming the article. Choose fast-color thread, fine and delicate shades, work in a fine way, and you will doubtless find. I have seen flat-motifs outlined with fine colored thread in buttonhole-stitch, and the effect was very pleasing.—C. V. M., Jackson.



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THE AMERICAN WOMAN
Augusta, Maine

Continued from page 8
 "Well" interviewed Molly with assuming eyes.
 "ardon me, Molly," Theodore said tactlessly, "for forgetting you—you will, won't you? I asked her to play here to-morrow night."

Molly felt the structure of her whole world tumbling down about her ears. He had forgotten her for that girl, that jade in Paradise Road, the girl who stood between her and "her hopes. She took one step forward toward her dignity, forgot everything but his stinging insult.

"How dared you," she uttered hoarsely. Her voice grew thin as it raised to the point of a question.

"Dare?" echoed Theodore, his expression changing.

"Molly went nearer him with angry, sparkling eyes.

"Yes, how dared you ask that girl to come here when I dislike her? You know how I hate her."

Mr. King tossed his clear line to the grass, gruffly settling on his countenance.

"I hadn't the slightest idea you disliked her," he said.

Molly eagerly advanced into the space between them.

"She is trying to gain some sort of influence over you, Thee, just the same as she got over that Jewish slobber."

Theodore King gazed in amazement at the reddening, beautiful face, surely he had not heard aright. Had she really made vile charges against the girl? To implicate Jimmie with a thought of conspiracy brought her blood about his temples. He wouldn't stand that even from an old-time friend.

Of course he liked Molly very much, yes very much indeed, but this new antagonistic spirit in her—

"What's the matter with you, Molly?" he demanded abruptly. "You haven't any reason to speak of the child that way."

"The child?" answered Molly. "Why, she's a little river-cat—a bold, nasty—"

Theodore King raised his shoulders, throwing back his chesty crumpled blouse. Then he sprang to refute the terrible aspersion against the girl he loved.

"Stop!" he commanded in a harsh voice, leaning over the pasting woman. "And now I'll ask you how you dare!" he hissed.

Molly answered him bravely, catching her breath on a sob.

"I dare because I'm a woman, I dare because I know what she's doing. If she hadn't played her cards well, you'd never have paid any attention to her at all. No one can make me believe you would have been interested in a—in a—"

The man literally whirled from the porch, bounded into the parlor, turned the wheel, and shot rapidly away.

CHAPTER XXVI

Molly Asks To Be Forgiven

All the evening Molly waited in despair. She dared not appear at dinner and arose the next morning after a sleepless night.

For two or three hours she hovered about the telephone, hoping for word from Theodore. He would certainly phone her. He would tell her he was sorry for the way he had left her, for the way he had spoken to her. Even his mother noticed her pale face and extreme nervousness.

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. King, so-licitly.

"Nothing, nothing—such," answered Molly evasively.

Mrs. King hesitated before she ventured: "I thought I heard you and Theo talking excitedly last night. Molly, you mustn't quarrel with him. You know the wish of my heart. I need you, child, and so does he."

Miss Merriweather knelt beside the gentle woman.

"He doesn't care for me, dear!" she whispered.

For an instant she was impelled to speak of Jimmie, but realizing what a tremendous influence Theodore had over his mother, she dove to sleep. Like other handsomeness, Mr. King worshiped genius, and Molly reluctantly admitted to herself that the girl possessed it.

"He's young yet," sighed the mother, "and he's always so sweet to you, Molly. One day he'll wake up. There, there, dearie, don't cry!"

"I'm so unhappy," sobbed Molly.

"My King smoothed the golden hair tenderly.

"Why, child, he can't help but love you," she insisted. "He knows how much I depend on you. If he had you with me long before if your father hadn't needed you, I shall I speak to Theodore!"

"No, no—" gasped Molly, and she ran from the room.

Under the tall trees she paced for many minutes. How could she wait until dinner—until he came home? She felt her pebble oblong away as she watched the sun cross the sky. The minutes seemed most about Molly went swiftly into the house. First

assuring herself no one was within hearing distance, she paused before the telephone, looking, yet scarcely daring to use it. Then she took off the receiver and called Theodore's number. His voice, deep, low and thrilling, answered her.

"It's I, Thee," she said faintly—"Molly."

"Yes," he answered, but that was all. He gave her no encouragement, no opening, but in desperation she uttered:

"Theodore, I'm sorry! Oh, I'm so sorry! Won't you forgive me?"

There was silence on the wire for an appreciable length of time.

"Theodore?" murmured Molly once more.

"I want you to forgive me. I couldn't wait until you came home."

She heard a slight cough, then came the reply:

"I can't control your thoughts, Molly, but I dislike to have my friends slyly spoken of."

"I know! I know it, Theodore! But please forgive me, won't you?"

"Very well," answered Theodore, and he clicked off the phone.

Molly dropped her face into her hands.

"He hung the receiver up in my ear," she muttered. "How cruel, how terrible of him!"

It was a wan, beautiful face that turned up to Theodore King when he came home to dinner. Too kindly by nature to hurt any one, he smiled at Molly. Then he stopped and held out his hand. The woman took it, saying earnestly:

"I'm sorry, Theo. I'm very sorry. I think I'm a little cat, don't you?" and she laughed, the tension lifted from her by his cordiality.

There was a wholeness in her manner that made Theodore's heart glad.

"Of course not, Molly. You couldn't be that! And next week we'll have lovely day in the country."

Molly turned away sadly. She had hoped he would do as she wanted him to in spite of his appointment with Jimmie Grandikon.

That evening Jimmie was a beautiful new dress when she started for the Kings. Of course she didn't know that Theodore had arranged with Peggy to purchase it, and when Mrs. Grandikon had told her to come along and buy the gown, Jimmie's eyes sparkled, but she shook her head.

"I'd rather you'd spend the money on Lela and Bobbie," she said.

But Peggy replied, "No," and that's how it came that Jimmie stopped quite proudly

from the motor-car at the stone steps. Molly Merriweather met her with a forced smile, and Jimmie felt strained until Theodore King's genial greeting dispelled the affront. After the dinner, through which she sat very much embarrassed, she played until, like man watching her, it seemed as if the very roof would lift from the house and fall off into the heavens.

When Jimmie was ready to go home, standing blushing under the bright light, she had never looked more lovely. Molly tipped Thee would send the girl alone in the car with Bennett, but as she saw him put on his hat, she said, with hesitancy:

"Mayn't I go along?"

She asked the question of Theodore, and read it instantly that he did not want her.

Jimmie came forward impetuously.

"Oh, do come, Miss Merriweather! It'll be so nice—"

And Molly hated the girl more cordially than ever.

On arriving home Jimmie beamed out her happiness to the oobler and his wife.

"And the Siddle, Peggy, they loved the siddle," she told the woman.

To be continued

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Here it is what we offer for a cover, the material of which is heavy, compact, closely woven rep with ornamental stripes around edge, harmonizing with the body of the cover; a very durable long-wearing fabric, which will not readily wear, fray or show signs of wear. The groundwork is a beautiful shade of brown, and the size 62 inches long by 50 inches wide, ample for the largest couch, cot, bed or even double bed; and many other uses to which it may be put, that will suggest themselves to the reader.



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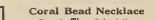
**Child's
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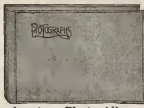
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Silk Handkerchiefs**
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No. 2667. These are real silk Handkerchiefs imported from Japan. Our office is full of them with a different picture in every distinct color in the center of each handkerchief. Each handkerchief is eight inches square.



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Given for **Four Subscriptions**
No. 2622. Made of leather, black or tan, well stitched and the handsomest and most durable. It contains five, accurately made, and wonderfully cheap and durable. This pocketbook contains Calendar for the year, Large Encyclopedia for Bills with patent button, Coin-Change with Bag, Card-Case, Postage-Stamp-Booker, and two size pockets.

At one end is an Identification-Card. By entering your name, address, height and weight, occupation, "If injured notify," etc., you have always on you your own insurance. It is handy in case of accident or your address if you should move. The card can be removed from book at any time desired. State your choice of black or tan.



**New
Reading-Glass**
Given for
Four Subscriptions

No. 2621. With the aid of this powerful glass the finest print becomes legible. Lens is 2 1/2 inches in diameter, enlarging print to twice its actual size. It is framed with a nickel rim and the handle is of black composition resembling ebony. Total length including handle is about 7 inches. We will send it without charge.

**Your Choice of
These Two
Rings**
Premium
No. 2613 or
No. 2614



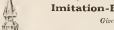
**Your Choice of These
Two High-Grade Rings**
Given for **Eight Subscriptions**

No. 2613. This ring has a genuine Norwegian-cut diamond with a new-york setting that makes a very unique and handsome ring. The stone is a brilliant white sapphire, which can hardly be told from a real diamond.
No. 2614. This is a 14K solid-gold ring with a large imitation-pearl stone.
Either ring will come to you in a beautiful, plush-lined box as shown in the illustration.



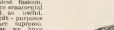
Auto-Filler Fountain-Pen
Given for **Six Subscriptions**

No. 2669. Here is a first-class fountain-pen that we can offer on surprisingly easy terms, considering the quality of the pen and the price usually asked for good fountain-pens. This is a new ball-point filler. No ink-dropper to bother with. Black, silver, blue and red, use the fine nibs—great pens. Easy-writing 14K gold pens. We feel that we are exceptionally fortunate in getting so fine a pen to be offered on such easy terms. Don't miss this.



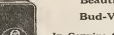
Imitation-Bead Bag, The Latest Fad
Given for **Fifteen Subscriptions**

No. 2666. This is the very latest thing in hand-bags for ladies. The design in any color is executed and black velvet. The effect is beautiful and very striking. It is not the ordinary-matted material, but the design and look are entirely new. The bag is made of imitation beads that give the appearance of genuine beads. The bag is made of all kinds of wall hangings—6-inch fringe, feathered and plain and cheap, with silk fringe. In imitation mesh bag contains a signal pocketbook and vanity mirror, the pocketbook and look of mirror are covered with same material as the imitation bag. The bag measures about 7 inches across at the bottom and is about 7 1/2 inches deep.



**Cut-Glass
Candy-Jar**
Given for
Eight Subscriptions

No. 2619. Cut-glass candy-jars are the most beautiful. They are ornamental as well as useful. For gift—surprises they are perfect. The one we have chosen is a very beautiful. The illustration shows the style and decoration. The jar is cut into the glass, and the shape of the cover is very distinctive. It is a heavy, very interesting cover is about 9 1/2 inches in diameter. The jar is 3 1/2 inches high. We highly recommend it to a woman, and we guarantee a first-class package in transit.



**Beautiful
Bud-Vase**
In Genuine Cut Glass
and Silver Plate

Given for **Four Subscriptions**

No. 2625. A useful and ornamental decoration for dinner, breakfast, or table. The cut-glass vase can be removed from the base for elegance. The base is finished in silver plate. The tube is 4 inches tall and of just the right size for one rose, two or three roses, or is also useful as dresser or bath-pink-holder.



**Webster's Little Gem
Dictionary**
Given for
Two Subscriptions
No. 2612. An ideal pocket-size dictionary. Over 200 pages based on the authoritative Merriam's Webster. 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches. Contains of Webster's names of places, prepared and stars. Works—War maps, full list of useful information, etc. Thick—green cloth binding.



Baby-Blue-Eyes
Given for **Nine Subscriptions**
No. 2646. Baby-Blue-Eyes is a perfect-fitted, soft, 1 1/2 inches tall, with irreplaceable head and stuffed, lined body. She wears a pretty frock and bonnet, which can be removed for a change of dress. The illustration is an exact representation of the actual doll, and speaks for itself. We guarantee that she will make any little parent happy.



Aberdeen-Crash Pillow
Given for **Six Subscriptions**

No. 2668. This pillow-cover comes to you all ready to slip a pillow into and use, for it requires no embroidery work or finishing-touches, except to sew up one end. A floral pattern is stamped prominently in green and red and yellow. It is all made up, back and front, with a beautiful fringe across both ends. It is 17 1/2 inches wide of Aberdeen-crash, a material that resembles gray linen, and will stand long wear and rough usage, beside always looking fresh and clean. It is a companion piece to our Aberdeen-crash tablecloth that has been so enormously popular with our club-women.



"Rembrandt" Paint-Box
Given for **Five Subscriptions**

No. 2601. This is a high-grade, artist's miniature palette with the widest range of color-possibilities. There are sixteen pans of regular colors, a tube each of black and of white mixed colors and a camel-hair paint brush. The palette is of the famous Silesia-Gemmy manufacture. All comes in a special perforated metal box 5 1/2 inches.



A Pair of Hangers
Given for **Two Subscriptions**

No. 2665. The hangers are stamped for economy but are all ready to use without working of any kind. A neck-strap hanger is fastened in one end and the famous U. M. C. fastener at the other. Ideal for hanging skirts or for decorative hangers for bodice-waist.

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