

THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN

APRIL
1926



A PAGE OF PICTORIAL INTEREST



A BEND A DAY KEEPS THE FAT AWAY

To make your body more supple, try this exercise. First, open the window wide, take a deep breath, and rise up on your toes with arms outstretched. Then, keeping your back rigid and your chest up, sink down until you are sitting on your heels. Next, rise to an erect position, balancing on your toes and exhale, gradually dropping your arms and heels until you stand at ease. Miss Dorothy Devore is performing the exercise here.



A LITTLE SOUQUET FOR MARY

This bouquet of Mary Pickford sweet peas was recently presented to the lady after whom the new variety of flower was named by the American Seed Growers' Association. From left to right are: L. W. Wheeler, President of the Association; Mrs. Wheeler; Lester L. Mervin, the grower; Violet Van Gundy, Miss FRKked, and George H. Thomas.



THREE WINNERS

Miss Irene Ruth, and her blue ribbon wolfhounds Vladimir and Alexis, take of Miss Ruth's home



STAGE STAR OF LONDON

Miss Adele Astaire, whose performance in the American play "Lady, Be Good" is now giving London a sensation.

Photo by
GILBERT SWEENEY, N. Y.



GLORIA SWANSON IN CURLS

It is somewhat unusual to find Coquette Gloria with her curls swept her back and over her shoulders, but this is the pose she takes in a new film.



THE HAMLET OF THE FUTURE

David Blanco, famous New York producer, with Jackie Coogan, juvenile cinema star, in whom the Lion of Managers sees the world's greatest potential Hamlet. He is coaching the youngster in that direction.

Chats with Our Readers

A Point of View

By GEORGIA S. COUCH

Some day, when I am old, old, very old,
Perhaps my thoughts will wander in the past,
And I'll dream the wretched hours and woe,
The hopes of youth, the joys that did not last.

Then I will hold these memories to be light,
And see each one with understanding eyes;
And wonder how youth treasured joys so slight,
Or fastened dreams in empty or waste.

But for-to-day, no fear shall chill my heart,
I will believe in stars of gold and blue;
And in my eyes no tears of doubt shall start,
I will believe that youth's glad dreams come true.

Wives Who Once Worked

ONE subscriber writes: "Yes, I too have worked, and know the glorious independence of a pay-envelope. Also had ambitions and a future ahead, but when Mr. Right Man came along, I joined the ranks of 'housewives' or 'housewives' or whatever the latest phrase is for the women who marries and stays at home to make things comfortable for the family." She goes on to say that she missed her former work but philosophically contemplates "One of the greatest and most comforting of truths is that when one door closes, another opens." Apparently this good lady has found happiness and success, and sends this message to cheer all who may find matrimony a bit difficult. "Keep moving along joyfully, no matter if you cannot see one inch ahead. Do the thing that is to your hand the best you know how, and hold fast to the faith that all things are bound to work together for good." Supplementing her philosophy this business woman says she applied to her new job the business-ability acquired on her old one.

Give Up Forty Dollars a Week

ANOTHER woman writes that she'd like to preach a sermon on the text "There is one glory of the sun, another of the moon." A good and benedict text, that. Which sermon, she says, would acquaint every wife who once worked with the fact that she still works. This preacher may have her tongue in her cheek when she says this, but we doubt it. Her purpose she makes plain to point out the danger on the part of the housewife of underestimating the value of her own task. At any rate, she speaks with authority, once being a forty-dollar-a-week reporter who was tempted, but only at first we suspect, of thinking of her new job in terms of a ten-dollar-a-week scrub-woman (her own way of putting it). But she has learned that "being a housemaker is something more than a trade, and has its reward to offer rather than to bear."

Good-by Bakery

A SINGLE girl is interested in the question and, in her letter asks: "If the wife should work in an office from nine until five, what kind

of a looking house can she have? What kind of meals can she make for her hubby who works all day?" This young lady thinks very little of baked-house food, no judge from her letter, and, if the way to win a man's heart is through his stomach, she is, we doubt not, destined sooner or later to know from actual experience whether making a home for a man is altogether the sweet drudgery of her cooking young dreamer, or whether the drudgery of housework may not become, unless she too becomes somewhat of a philosopher, a better berry to be brewed and quaffed whether or no. From the letters already received from experienced matrons, an impartial judge would have

others." Surely, one need not seek far for that sort of happiness.

Longing for the Moon

ALWAYS longing for the moon" writes another. When pondering late typewriter, this wife longed for the fabled peace she would find at home in her kitchen. And, when came a day off, she found she could do the most good by stepping into the kitchen of a neighbor who was longing for a day of moon-peace-and-quietness. "Plenty of work, without remuneration, to be done" concludes this wife who once worked.

Quit Crying

A WIFE at sixty finds that "real happiness can come only where there is something to look forward to. There is no good for married women to feel ground down. A married woman can maintain the home, entertain in the home, do a certain amount of public work."

At one breakfast-table we are told, a storm arose over this editorial. Family opinions differed. Hubby would leave the wife who worked. And yet friend with writes "I say if the trouble is that the old work calls so strong, go do it; quit crying. If hubby's work brings her but no more so than now. Yes, and spend the income together. Hire a good housekeeper, pay her well, and honor her for doing for her that which you will not do for her." Common sense here. We think of hubby would leave her crying—and even though she did provide for his stomach via a substitute cook.

Happy Though Married

ANOTHER who once worked in the city is now a wife in the country. Her letter is too long to quote, but suffice it to say that she married when she could make only two things—good cake and judge. She made them both good, but it was good. She started the experiment more than eighteen years ago, and now takes her own bread where others buy from the bakery, keeps a maid when the factory doesn't employ them all away, and still pounds out her businesslike letter on the typewriter and signs it "Happy though Married."

And so they go, Spindlet ladders, all. Full of the humor, the cheer, the faith and common sense that comes from the experience of these letters at least, to be the heritage of the Wife Who Once Worked. Doubts? Yes. Some troubles of readjustment? To be sure. But what a wise wife who discovered that "longing for the moon" was not peculiar to wives who once worked, but even to wives in general. It's a universal ailment not peculiar to man or woman—married or single. Common sense and a philosophic tendency seem to be part of the lesson learned in the office and business-world.

Chain-Letters

A SUBSCRIBER writes, "If you advocate chain-letters!" We do not. Chain-letters are an abomination, and we prefer to put a friend under an obligation about which she is not consulted.

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to admit that the experiment is well worth making, and contains no more of the bitter with the sweet than does any form of life that is really lived.

A Recipe for Happiness

A NEW note is struck by one mother who works and supports three children, takes them to a day nursery, and cares for them and the house at night. It is a note of pity—not pity for her own plight—oh, no! But an almost acrid pity for the one who would question her good fortune in being able to be at home with her children all day. But like so many others, the capable mother's advice would be: Stop seeking happiness when it is right at one's feet, always there, according to her recipe of "being of service to

THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN

PUBLISHED BY THE VICKERY & HILL PUBLISHING CO

Address all letters to THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN, Augusta, Maine

N. G. S. BARNES, Managing Editor

ANGUSTA, MAINE, APRIL, 1920

SUBSCRIPTIONS—PRICE, 35 cents per year. To Subscribers in Canada, 50 cents per year. Other Foreign Countries, 60 cents per year. Quarterly will accept Canadian and other foreign stamps.

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Each article carries an article to be done with your subscription, according to the magazine appearing, with your name on the work required. This number is carried on the magazine, but it is not printed on the article.

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Subscriptions start with the issue entered in this notice is enclosed. The amount of your subscription is not acknowledged, but your order and money must be enclosed. If you do not receive your copy with 10 days after the date of your order, please write.

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THE HOMEMAKER

Conducted by MRS. M. M. HYNES

This department is devoted to the interests of women, especially the housewife. Anything that will improve the home or make life in the house and household, or help us each and all to live true lives, will be cordially welcomed. All readers of THE HOMEMAKER who wish to be helped, give us their experiences on the benefits of calico and silk, your methods and favorite recipes and recipes, hints on the training and management of children, your own interesting recipes, letting what helps you help others. This is the homemakers' own department, and we are glad to receive suggestions in this regard. Address Mrs. M. M. Hynes, Section 14, Hastings, Minn.

Concerning the "Wildings"

Blackbirds are nesting.
Blackbirds are nesting.
Jack-in-the-pulpit is in bloom!
Blackbirds are nesting.
Blackbirds are nesting.
Blackbirds are nesting.
Blackbirds are nesting.

How many of the homemakers are that well interested in wild flowers? I wonder. I am, and find a great deal of pleasure in studying their habits. I like to take little trips out about the fields or through the woods on short jaunts to see how many have a good stand from their sleep and are up, and later, at intervals, to see them bloom. I even have a little wildling garden, in my yard. Most of them can be cultivated as easily as roses, whose home here in our garden I find. I studied their habits and surroundings, then tried to prepare the ground so it would be as near like their natural habitat as possible. Those who live within easy distance of the forest can lay the good man get out the car or spring-rag, and head in all the bushes or tucks it will hold. Take shovel and hoe, and off to the woods or river-banks for your specimens, filling your boxes with the leaf-stems, and rich, a well-rotted stump or log also furnishes the best of growing-material for wild flowers. After you have spaded the garden-plot, dump in all this new soil and mix well, and add the water you have collected. A few can be raised from seed, and will do all the better because this new home will be natural to them from the first. Early spring is, of course, the best time for transplanting them, but many of them can be taken at any time if one is careful to remove a generous quantity of soil with them—enough so they will not learn they have been moved. Dog-tooth-violet, hep-leaf blue violets, and white and yellow violets all grow here, also the cross-foot-violet with its rich, velvety flowers; and they make wonderful borders and edgings, they are so low. "Creeping Jenny" is fine to cover the ground, and so are the plants. May-sweet, with its large umbrella-shaped leaves is a fine foliage-plant. Red peonies bloom very early and has a lovely white flower, it is quite easily transplanted, is very hardy, and after being set down into the ground in spring, so that one might grow it in the grass on the lawn. Wake-robber or trifolium makes a pretty plant in the wild garden, with its mottled or spotted leaves and its odd brown flowers and slender stems. It grows as a trailing plant with large, glossy leaves; and there set spring-beauty, snowdrop, and oh, so many more! Later come the taller sorts—gold-eyed, columbine, wild rose, yarrow, and so on and on, in such great varieties that I could write all day and not tell about them all, and so interesting.

How many like the iris as a hardy garden or yard-flower? I am collecting them, and would suggest a lovely, true as a trailing plant with large, glossy leaves; and there set spring-beauty, snowdrop, and oh, so many more! Later come the taller sorts—gold-eyed, columbine, wild rose, yarrow, and so on and on, in such great varieties that I could write all day and not tell about them all, and so interesting.

Ways and Means for the Ladies' Aid

[In answer to Mrs. Harold Waffling, regarding methods for raising money so as to relieve community problems, I am glad to give my experience: When I was president of our Ladies' Aid Association, while living in the east, we needed to obtain funds to help furnish our new church—we just had to. To weekly meetings of members, taking lunch and cash paying ten cents for the privilege of eating together, was entirely inadequate; we dropped that, and have a real sociable once a month in the old chapel, managing it as follows: Have tables for different-sized parties, from two up. Some people will fill a large table with friends, paying liberally for it, to help a good cause. An entire family will take supper at the table instead of getting it at home, and the members will soon look forward to this monthly meal as a real treat. First of all, however, your sociable must do credit to the home.—Have a receiving and entertaining committee that can "catch on" to people's likes and dislikes. Never leave two uncontentious people together and

Notes and Questions

Dear Sisters—Thought I would step in for a little chat, as I do love to read other letters. How many of you sisters make your own soap? I make my own laundry, bath- and toilet-soap without grease or lye, and it's guaranteed. There's very little difference between it and the store-bought soap. It saves money, and doesn't take but one hour to make both kinds. I love to read this little paper, and love the needlework. If this letter is printed I will send in lots of compliments, and tell you all how to make low-sack rugs. They are surely pretty. Will all who write me please enclose stamped envelope? Mrs. Myrtle Dablin, R. A. L. Care of A. A. Hillis, Crosbyton, Texas.

Dear Editor and Readers of The Homemaker Department—I recently received my first copies of The American Needlewoman, and I am so pleased with the magazine I have many compliments for it. I found just the stories I like best, and too long, and always a good thought or lesson in them for those who wish to see the good. Amid the fancy work I found a pattern I had looked for, which I ordered, and has received, and I have received such a reasonable price! Every measure of the magazine is good, and of course most of us like a magazine which has a department for the readers of their own, where we can express our views and receive valuable information and good thoughts.

My first thought to the shirt-line, as I am also about to receive a lot of the time except for the summer months, when I have to go out some in my car. I surely get much pleasure from it. If you can sew, you are fortunate. We all need clothes as for Christmas-gifts, it also saves to break away from the old and buy a new one as an investment. There are other ways to know our friendship, and this giving is so often done only from a sense of duty, and girls give that who are not wanted or used, and always a return is expected. Why not return to those who we know, cannot return? Only then is a real gift.

There is a bargain-plant I have been trying to get, but cannot. I read about it in a magazine. It is called Bermuda buttercup oxalis. If anyone has such a plant, I should like to hear more about it. I can't find it in seed-catalogues.

To raise money for the church I have often had some members of our aid that love-lunches play best, with ice-cream and cake. Also fruit salad and sandwiches, or if a potato salad and a slice of meat loaf is added, many will make this their supper, when served on a warm day, starting late in the afternoon, serving during the evening, providing you live in a fair-sized town. Or, a play, if you have talented members to take part in. Mrs. Reed Weber, Paysonville, Minnesota.

Dear Friends—I read The American Needlewoman all the time, and although I can't do a great deal of fancy work I do a little, and enjoy trying to make the crochet patterns. I especially like the stories. I am sixteen years old. We live on a farm, and haven't any car. Not having a car is rather odd for this day and time, but we are trying to pay out on our land, and just can't afford one now. I don't get to go much, so have sometimes bought a few supplies on credit. I think it is a good idea for every girl to make things, and not depend on buying everything ready-made. I haven't much to do with, and would value quilt-pieces, or anything sent by friends to help out. Please write and let me see The American Needlewoman. A faithful reader. Mrs. Eva Koenig, R. R. 1, San Juan, Texas.

Dear Editor—I have had this magazine for a year now, and like both the stories and the work very much. I do not have much time for fancy work, although I love to do it, because we have four children, that keep me pretty busy. Besides, my hobby is dressmaking, which brings me some pleasure. In the year just gone I earned over twenty dollars, sewing for neighbors. Last summer we all took a week's vacation trip in New York and Pennsylvania, and it cost us only twenty-five dollars. I think it does anyone but good to get out and see the world a little. Here is a receipt for a sponge cake that everyone enjoys.



RABBITS' EGGS

By EDITH S. BRADSHAW

Down under the lumber pile there,
The fox took hiding—just guess what!
I'm sure if you knew you would cure,
He'd better tell you, or no?
O, yes, for of course you should know—
You won't bring a boered old gun?
All right, just you go where I go—
A rabbit's nest! Isn't that fun?

I saw the old rabbit run out;
He went clear off over the hill.
I tell you I wanted to shoot,
But kept—O, just ever so still!
"D'you s'pose that he went home to bed?"
He'd worked very hard, as you see.
Perhaps if you'd look in your shed,
You'd find something nice, same as me.

It's funny 'bout rabbits' eggs, too;
We get them just once in a year;
They're yellow, and speckled, and blue,
And purple, and green, and—O dear,
Everythin' else!—And they won't leaky—they say
I never find out that is spoiled,
They're ready to eat right away—
It's funny—they always come boiled.

From the traps I can take a few
Oxalis, if you can sew, you are fortunate.
We all need clothes as for Christmas-gifts,
It also saves to break away from the old
and buy a new one as an investment.
There are other ways to know our friendship,
and this giving is so often done only
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Spice-Cake—Beat together five eggs, yolk, a pinch of salt, and five tablespoons of cold water, and one-half cupful of sifted sugar, stir together, and add one-half cupful of boiling water. Beat for five minutes, using a good egg-beater all the time. Sift one teaspoonful of baking-powder, one and one-half cupfuls of cake-flour, five or six times. With stirred or wire spoon, stir this into the stiff mixture, then fold into five egg-whites first beaten with one half teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Add flour. Knead beating is good for sponge-cakes, and using cake- or bread-flour makes very much difference. If some of you have poor luck with frosting, try making the seven-minute frosting.

Should like to hear from some readers. Success to The American Needlewoman.

Mrs. Oscar A. Swanson,
R. 2, Box 182, Kane, Pa.

Since writing my order, I have been planning through The Homemaker Department. I am glad to see that it is in the hands of Mrs. Charles Dolph in regard to cleaning with gasoline. There is no way I use it, and I never have any trouble. But it is slow, as one must take pains with the work. Stop the gasoline, and let it rest for a few minutes without fire or artificial light. Fold a sheet of several thicknesses under the garment. Don't use white cloth or colored cloth. Commence at top of garment and go very light toward the bottom. As the article gets reached, then press harder, then lightly again, until edge of garment is reached. Carry the cleaning both sides of the spot with a light, sweeping motion. Then repeat. It is called Bermuda buttercup oxalis. If anyone has such a plant, I should like to hear more about it. I can't find it in seed-catalogues.

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Entered at the Post-Office at Augusta for Transmission at Second-Class Rates Address All Letters to The American Needlewoman, Augusta, Maine

Vol. XXXV

Published Monthly

AUGUSTA, MAINE, APRIL, 1926

25 cents per year

No. 11

WOOL EMBROIDERY ON HOMESPUN, FOR THE LIVING-ROOM

By A. M. BODWELL

WOOL EMBROIDERY is one of the things nowadays, for it is used on everything from dresses to draperies, taking one back to grandmother's day, when all the women were doing tapestry or crewel-work.

Many a chair-seat, ottoman and divan screen are the cherished possessions of their granddaughters of this day. And how lovely are some of these old embroideries, the once bright colors, subdued by time to soft shades which one cannot match or buy.

Why should not we, of this day and generation, make our embroideries so beautiful that the granddaughters of the future will want to keep them as works of art? These three pieces of embroidered homespun are so charming that any woman would be proud to possess them now or in the future, the embroidery being worked in blue, orange, black, very dark red and two shades of rose-colored wool yarn on gray homespun, the gray of the homespun softening, yet bringing out the colors. The round table-cover, which is thirty-four inches in diameter, has a half-inch hem turned all around and hemmed by hand; on the hem are two rows of running-stitch, the stitches a quarter of an inch long on the right side with a very short space between the stitches. The first row, about a quarter of an inch from the edge, is black; the second row is dark red, a quarter inch from the first. Three inches above the edge is a band with six medallions of embroidery. The lines which form the band are embroidered in running-stitch. The



No. 149 W. The Scarf

outside line on each side is black, at each end of the medallions it makes a curve, like a scallop; the next line on each side is dark red, the line through the center of the band and the oval center line around the embroidery in the medallion, are dark rose. In each curve made by the outside black line at the ends is a line curving round with a dot in the center, the line is worked in outline-stitch, the dot in satin-stitch; the upper one is dark rose, the lower one of the lighter shade of rose. The "S"-shaped figure in the part under the lower end of it, the large oval dot at the lower right-hand corner, and the oval one near the center of the outside line, at the left, are worked in satin-stitch with the lighter rose.

The large oval dot at the center of the lower end of the medallion, a half-inch long, is the one in the center of the flowers, and the oval dot just outside the upper end of the lower end of it, the large oval dot at the lower right-hand corner, and the oval one near the center of the outside line, at the left, are in satin-stitch with orange yarn. The flower in the upper curve of each end of the "S", embroidered oval dot outside in the same stitch, the same curve, and color arrangement as the above the orange table-cover, one at the lower end, are in satin-stitch with

the darker rose color. The darker rose is also used for the circling line in the lower curve of the "S" working it round and round in short buttonhole-stitches, making a satin-stitch dot in the center. The flower at the right of the lower end of medallion is worked solid in close buttonhole-stitch with blue yarn. The flower above this blue one and the flower at the left of it, are of the dark red, worked in satin-stitch; above each dark-red flower is a blue one, both worked in satin-stitch, the one at the right round and round in rows. Above the blue flower at the left is one of dark red worked in satin-stitch; above this red one is a blue one worked in rows of close buttonhole-stitch.

The part of a flower in the upper right corner is dark red in satin-stitch. Each medallion is embroidered in the same way as the one just described.

The scarf is eighteen inches wide and forty-four long, a half-inch hem is turned and finished in the same way as on the round table-cover, with the two rows of running-stitch.

A band and one medallion are on each end of the scarf, embroidered oval dot outside in the same stitch, the same curve, and color arrangement as on the above the orange table-cover. On the pillow, one at the lower end, are in satin-stitch with

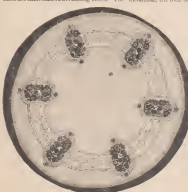
blue by twenty-three inches, three is a band with two medallions embroidered in the same way as the table-cover and scarf.

Case for Embroidery-Silks

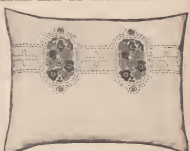
To prevent embroidery-silks from tangling or fraying out, keep them in a case made as follows: Cut and hem all around a piece of white muslin sixteen inches long by fourteen inches wide. Cut and hem another six inches long by twelve inches wide. Lay the smaller piece in the center over the larger one, then at intervals of one inch (or less, at the smaller pieces) in even rows from top to bottom, thus producing long, inch-wide pockets, open at both ends, through which to thrust the embroidery-silks. Insert each kind of silk in a separate pocket, marking on the white cloth with pencil the number of the color. When the case is to be closed, fold over the upper and lower edges of the larger piece so as to cover the ends of the silks, then roll up and tie the whole case with a cord. Anyone who does embroidery will find one or several such cases the greatest possible convenience and a real saving of money, for they keep the silks in perfect condition.—Miss Zola Markson, Nebraska.

Sewing Fasteners to Thin Material

WHEN snap-fasteners or hooks have to be sewed on to very sheer material, insert two extra thicknesses of the same kind of material underneath the fastener, and sew through all three layers of cloth. Afterward cut the two pieces of cloth rather close to the fastener, catching their edges with fine thread on to the main piece of material.—Miss Zola Markson, Nebraska.



No. 206 W. The Round Table-Cover



No. 251 W. The Pillow

HANDKERCHIEFS, BAGS AND A PILLOW

A TROU OF DAINTY HANDKERCHIEFS.—These fairy-like bits of handkerchief linen, in rainbow-colors, are quite fascinating, and would be just the finishing touch to the Easter costume, or at any time when one wishes an especially dainty handkerchief. Then they make such charming little gifts to tuck into an envelope and send as a remembrance. The one at the left of the group is of delicate peach-color, with the small flowers outlined in black with fine stitches made with one strand of floss.

The French-knot centers are yellow, the small leaves and stems in outline-stitch, using two strands of floss. The linen is hemstitched in a pear-shape and finished with a frill of one-inch-wide wide waist. This is a fine white yet which comes in different widths for ironing, and is very lacy and effective.

The handkerchief in the center is of gray linen, the edge being hemstitched in four wide scallops. In each scallop is a tiny basket of yellow flowers, the lines for the basket being in outline-stitch in a light wood-brown. The clusters of dots forming the flowers are French-knots, the leaves and stems are green, the leaves in lazy-daisy-stitch, the stems in outline. Two strands of floss were used for all the embroidery.

The edge is finished with the footing in the same way as the peach-colored handkerchief.

The third handkerchief of the group is an lovely shade of lavender, with a cluster of three yellow roses in each of the four scallops.

The roses are embroidered in bullseye-stitch with two shades of yellow, three stitches of the dark yellow being in the center, the outer stitches being of the light yellow. The green leaves and stems are in lazy-daisy and outline-stitch, using two strands of floss for all the embroidery. The hemstitched edge is finished with the footing.

One can have her choice of pink, blue, yellow, lavender, peach or gray linen, for each design.

FIR PILLOW.—If you are fortunate enough to be in the State of Maine during the beautiful month of June, and can go into the forests of fir and pine, you will just breathe deeply of the life-giving odors which these trees give forth. Many consumptives have been benefited, and some have even regained their health by living

for some months in these forests. In June, the little green tips come out on the fir-trees, and this is the best time to gather them, though they can be gathered at any time during the year and will be fragrant, but as June one can pick these little ends from the trees and then spread them out on paper or a sheet to partly dry before putting them into a pillow. They should be turned frequently while drying, because if not taken care of properly, and nearly dried, they will become sour and not be fit for use. The scent from a pillow of this sort will last for years, and if placed where it can get the outdoor air on a damp day, the odor will be stronger than ever. If one cannot go into the woods, one of these pillows beside one's head at night will help lure one to sleep.

The embroidery is all in outline-stitch, using six threads of floss. The branch and cones are in brown; the needles and words are in green. Fill the wide spaces with rows of outlining, so that the branch and words are worked solid. The pillow measures twelve by eighteen inches before being made up, and has a back of the same material.



A Trio of Dainty Handkerchiefs
No. 762 W. No. 763 W. No. 764 W.



No. 765 W. Fir Pillow

ONE OF THE ALWAYS USEFUL BAGS.—This bag of gray homespun is a very pretty one, as well as being very useful. It will hold a book or two if going to the library, and is just the right size for one's needlework if going for an afternoon visit.

The roses embroidered on each side are in three shades of old-rose, the leaves and stems in green. The curving line in the center of each flower is worked in chain-stitch with the darkest rose. The petals are in long-and-short buttonhole-stitch, working the circular petal at center in the medium rose, and the outside petals in the lightest rose.

The stems and leaves are embroidered in chain-stitch; the veins of the leaves are in outline-stitch, three strands of floss being used for all the work.

The bag is lined with green everlastingham (one can have her choice of green or old-rose), cut the same size as the homespun.

A strap, an inch wide when finished, is inserted to each side of the bag, at the top in the center of the center scallop.

After finishing the embroidery, press the work, cut the bag on the lines, lay it with the right side on the gingham, and cut the gingham the same size. Baste the two pieces together and stitch, leaving a space of four or five

inches on one side unsewed, then turn the pieces right side out through the unsewed space, baste around to keep it flat, and overcast the open space together.

Face the scalloped ends together, pin evenly and sew the sides of the bag with overhead stitches.

*Sew the strap, turn right side out and press, turn in the ends and sew to top of bag.

MARBLE-BAG FOR THE BOYS.—It is not often that we get anything toward spring, we planned this bag for them. It is made of strong rose linen large enough to hold a generous supply of marbles.

The homespun embroidered on one side, holding a bag of marbles in his hand, and the word "marbles," are worked in outline-stitch with two strands of black cotton. A black French-knot makes the pupil of each eye, and the button on his pocket.

The bag when finished measures six and a half by eight and a half inches, and would be a very acceptable gift for a devoted sister to make for her small brother, as it is so simple and easy to make.

TO make the plain tassel, which are used on crocheted scarf-ends or for curtain-poles: Take a piece of stiff cardboard as wide as the length of tassel wanted, that is, if a three-inch tassel is wanted, have the cardboard three inches wide, and four or five inches long; for a two-inch tassel a card two inches wide, etc.

Wind the crocheted cotton forty or fifty times around the cardboard, slip a double strand of cotton under the loops on one edge of the card and tie in a hard knot over all the loops, drawing them close together.

Then cut through the loops on the opposite edge of the card, removing the card. Holding all the threads together, wind a single strand of the crocheted-cotton, six or eight times around the strands, about three-eighths or half an inch below the first thread, tie this very tight, then cut the ends off even with the lower end of tassel. The ends of the first tie-thread are used to fasten the tassel to scarf-end. These ends can be crocheted into a chain, then fastened to the scarf; this makes a prettier finish than the straight threads.

The tassels can be made larger or smaller according to the number of turns the crocheted-cotton is wound around the cardboard.



No. 187 W. Marble-Bag for the Boys



He liked to watch her
punting canoes and
smoking with the
boats.

Can You Imagine It? A Girl Who Hated Dresses! You Will Like the Sort of a Girl
Whose Story Miss Clark Tells in

THE DAUGHTER OF A BUSH GIRL

By VALMA CLARK.

Author of "Little Lonely Buddha," "The Sleepright," etc.

Frankie Was a Good Sport—at Least, Allan Said So—and also She Developed into
a Good Business-Woman

Illustrated by RALPH COLEMAN

ALLAN TIBBETS was carried along in the splashing put-put, his tired-eyed but appreciative perusal of the scenery—blue waters under a blue sky, punctuated by islands of rock and jagged pines—interrupted by the close-up of a girl. For the moment, to be sure, he had taken her for a boy; but since his first glimpse was a rear view of faded blue overalls, as she stooped bent over something in her battered motor-boat, the mistake was pardonable. She looked up, and he saw a mat of short-cropped blonde hair and a flushed face with a pouting chin. And then he discovered that she was cheerfully bailing whole pails of water from her boat—that she was standing knee-deep in water herself—that the old tub, in fact, looked practically ready to sink. There was the glint of the girl's sun-browned arms as she swung her pail over the side of the boat, and they had left her mending in the distance.

Allan Tibbets—"Tibs" to his friends—came to life. He turned upon the placid back of the man at the wheel of the put-put.

"Heigh there!" he called, above the spluttering. "There's a lady in distress!"

"Hihi!"
The man removed his cigarette pipe and spat.

"She's sinking!" Tibs shouted, pointing backward.

The man stared, then chuckled as though the joke was a good one.

"No danger," he drawled. "That's just one of the Oldhams."

He replaced the comcoke pipe and continued calmly on his course.

"But Great Scott!" exploded Tibs, wrathfully. "I tell you she's in trouble."

The man turned his slow amusement upon the new-comer.

"She's all right, son," he reassured him. "Swims like a duck. You can't drown 'em, the Oldhams—they grow like that. This here's your place," he added, indicating a good rambling, unpainted structure that stood up badly from a mass of yellowish rocks ahead.

Tibs frowned at the grayish line of washing that draped the long veranda of the

unpainted hotel, his eyes widened at the spectacle of a lean black-and-white cow peering out lazily upon the world from the shady end of the same veranda. The ramshackle exterior was not inviting. Tibs was sorry they'd been full-up at the Krag—the other hotel. That had seemed a jolly sort of place—a palace in the wilderness beside this—a regular summer crowd occupying the wicker chairs on that veranda—nice-looking people, though a little too well dressed for sold comfo.

They scraped to a landing, the calm individual collected Tibs' luggage into a broken little heap on the dock, accepted his fare, and surveyed Tibs sleepily. At length he extended a large hand.

"Name's Tom Brown," he announced.

"Love yonder on the mainland," he jerked a thumb backward. "Up here for long?"

"All summer," replied the young man, with bitterness. "Rose cure."

"That so now? Too much work, eh?" Tom Brown sport again. "And what might your business be? I'm wonderin'."

Tibs smiled, and his smile had charm.

"I'm a kind of doctor—diagnose sick businesses, and put them on their feet. This spring it's been a pickle factory and a candy kitchen. That's a devilish combination—enough to pucker any man's mouth, what?"

Tom grinned. He looked from Tibs to the cheerless hotel, shook his head dubiously.

"Well," he drawled, "you might just try it overnight. If you can't stand it, hit for my shack in the mornin'. The wife can put you up, I guess. You're the first one this year. They never do stay long."

"But what's the matter with the place?" demanded Tibs.

Tom Brown settled himself in the put-put, the engine backfired.

"Why, the Oldhams ran it," he answered, as he made off.

Tibs stared after him. The Oldhams—that was the second time he'd heard the name—the girl was an Oldham. Seemed to cover everything exciting and undesirable.

Who the dickens were the Oldhams? he wondered.

He climbed the dilapidated steps, strooped

to avoid a hapless start, and passed on the threshold of a bare, low-curtained living-room at the sight of a bulky woman cleaning a fish. She sat in a rocking chair as she worked, and scooped at half a dozen bare-legged, ragged children who crowded Tibs to the fish. Fascinated, he watched her behold the fish with one expert slash.

"Catch, Pearl!" she sang out, and suddenly, with the movement of a baseball pitcher, she swung her arm and pitched the fish the length of the room. It slid down the lamson-covered floor of the dining-room adjoining; a tow-head popped from lichen regions beyond, captured it, vanished.

"Good Lord!" breathed Tibs. The woman turned to him, gaping. The children hung poised, gaping. At length she spoke.

"What do you want?" She uncrossed her head-bag.

"I was—looking for a room," he mumbled.

"Oh!" She seemed overcome with surprise that anyone should be looking for a room there; she hove up under the stock of it with difficulty.

At that moment a dripping, blue-overshadowed log was thrust over the sill of the open window opposite, and the slim, drenched figure of the girl of the motor-boat parted the lace curtains and stood before them. She shook wet hair from her eyes, and regarded Tibs seriously. She appeared serenely unconscious that there was anything unusual, either in her method of entrance, her appearance, and the stock, or, for that matter, accepted her as a matter of course. The latter sighed with relief.

"Gentlemen wants a room, Frankie," she announced.

Frankie's eyes opened.

"Well, there's plenty of 'em," she answered, at length.

"Which one?" The girl considered.

"I guess the south front's the best," she decided. "There's only one lank. You better show him up, Mom."

Mom shook the fish-scales from her lap and rose. Tibs managed the obvious comment.

"I'm afraid you're wet."

"Yes. There was no starting the engine. I swam," replied the girl, matter-of-factly.

"You'll have to send Arthur to tow it in," she added to her mother. Tibs, following his guide up a dark stairway, leaved her wobbling off toward the rear of the house.

Why he stayed on after the first twenty-four hours, Tibs would have found it hard to explain. The stanzas of the fish was a mere trifle. The Odkhams were barbarians; he admitted it. Yet they were a happy-go-lucky tribe.

If Tibs had wondered at first why they should continue to run a hotel without guests, he soon learned that the family itself needed a hotel. They were some twenty strong, counting the wives of Odkham men and the husbands of Odkham daughters and their offspring, and, like the little old woman of the shoe who had so many children, they all lived together in the rear rooms of the hotel. There was "Mom" Odkham, the dowager mother, and her sons—Arthur who ran the post-office, and Seth who ran the fishing tug, and Mack, who ran the store—and her daughters—Pearl who cooked, and Frankie, the youngest and only unmarried Odkham, who was jack-of-all-trades. Especially was there Dorcas, the red-headed wife of Seth, who came from Meaford and wore black satin, and pearl beads, and sang "Give Me the Sunshine of Your Smile" rising on her toes to reach the high notes. And there were all the others, tumbling little Odkhams who fell peacefully out of the dock into twenty feet of water, and were occasionally fished ashore by sprawling, over-

grown Odkhams, but more frequently scrambled on to the dock as best they could.

Tibs found that the Odkhams were a byword in this little Georgian Bay settlement. They were scolded at and sneered at. They were despised upon as the concentrated essence of all that a most shiftless in mankind. And yet Tibs found himself taking issue with the public's opinion of the Odkhams. They were not lazy, he argued, their energy was only misdirected, witness the incident of the fish.

And if the Odkhams themselves were not so bad—just a bit "rough," as Tibs phrased it—the horse-cooked food, which was thrown away, was good. Moreover, while the floor of his room sagged to such an extent that he felt seasick when he crossed it, the view from his window was attractive. There were pine-trees and a little white-bark grove and the lighthouse on the rocky point of the mainland opposite. Night-times there was a moon beamed behind the trees, and the occasional cry of a whippoorwill, and once the shriek of a loon flying north. It was a little corner of the Canada that Tibs had loved as a boy. He found himself breathing deeply of the pine-scented air, and sinking into sleep as though he could sleep on through a hundred years.

Yet he roused at times to hear Frankie inconspicuously whistling "Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight" somewhere out in the middle of the bay; she swam miles in the early morning, he learned, for the sheer joy of it. Frankie was Tibs' final reason for staying here.

He had never seen a girl so self-reliant and so utterly unconscious of herself; he was curious about her.

He liked to watch her paint her canvas and tinker with the boat; he liked to ask her lacy questions about engines and hear her technical explanations.

He found her family's dependence upon her amusing, enjoyed the little air of sturdiness with which she refused to relax.

The girl was a young animal. Tibs reflected, except for her face and his pointed chin and his drooping mouth, that he had a wildfulness he saw her head out into a lashing, whipping bay

in her frail canoe, and no fight the wind like a young Indian, for no reason at all but the joy of conquering the elements; saw her ooze back exhausted and fling herself down flat upon the rain-washed veranda. There was a wild streak in her that started Tibs strangely.

After he had been two weeks at the Point, an accident in the Odkham store defined Frankie's social status quite clearly to Tibs. Frankie had been helping out behind the counter, and Tibs, for want of something else to do, had been loitering near her. A motor-boat landed at the dock, and a gay crowd of young people piled into the store. A handsome young chap in swaggering sports-clothes, whom Tibs recognized as young Roberts, the son of the Roberts who managed the Krag, ordered soft drinks for the party. When he turned, stared indignantly at Frankie Odkham's slim, oval-faced figure, whiskered something to the youth beside him, and stroked toward her. Two of the girls who watched him giggled, and Tibs heard their whispering "Isn't she the freshest!" Her mother was a bashful girl, my dear!" The son of easy familiarity with which young Roberts leaned over the counter toward Frankie was somehow suggestive of barroom tactics. The blood in Tibs veins boiled.

He stepped up and cut in:

"Got any Fall Malin, Frankie?" He gave young Roberts a straight look, had the satisfaction of seeing him color slightly and saunter away. Frankie's unconsciousness of any insult was the thing that bothered Tibs most; she was used to being treated that way.

Afterward Tibs pondered the term "bush girl." It was finally put by Tom Drees that it meant a girl who lived an outdoor, Indian kind of life.

"The snobs!" he muttered. "The beauty snobs!"

That was the trouble with all the Odkhams when you came down to it; they accepted other folk's classification of them. Tibs found himself wishing he could do something to bolster the Odkham pride. And sitting through sun-soaked hours on the Odkham veranda, an idea stirred in him, half at first, more urgently when he was "fed-up"—as he put it—on rest, and again felt the need of activity.

On an afternoon. This rose and paced the veranda.

"By George!" he muttered. "I can't see why— It's just a question of capital." His professional instinct was at work. That evening Tibs clothed himself in immaculate white flannels and made a little guest to the Krag. He dined at the big hotel, and he ran

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Leaning back with her weight supported on two firm arms, she turned a face all across in the dim light toward Tibs. "It's not awful decent of you, Mr. Tibbs," she said.

had nuzzled the cows and departed.

At six I stopped, amazed to find the plot of a story in my head. Heaven knows how I got there, but I was, almost as fully-warded as Manera when she sprang from the head of Jove, though considerably less glacial. I even had the opening sentence already framed—to me always the most difficult of all to say easily, except the closing sentences. Nor did this tale appear to be one I had incubated in the past, and which now popped up above the "chrysalis" of my subconsciousness. It was a brand-new, worked off a perfect stranger to me. The phenomenon interested me almost as much as the plot. The tale grew even closer as I took my bath, and haunted me during supper, but I could not get any nearer to poor Mrs. Pilling and refused to aid Peter that evening with his geography.

"To-morrow," said I, vaguely, going into my study and locking the door.

I worked all that evening, got up at midnight to forage for a glass of milk and a fresh supply of oil for my lamp, and returned to my desk to work until four, when the sun astonished me. The story was done! Instead of going to bed, I went down in the cook of the young morning, when only the birds were astir, and took my bath in Stella's pool. Then I went to the dew-drenched pea-rows, and began to pick peas.

Here Mike found me, with nearly half a bushel gathered, when he appeared early to pick for market. "You've done a grand job this morn'g," said I.

"It is shurely," he laughed. "You might say you had a tinhorn call to get up—only these morn' tinhorns."

"Mike!" I cried: "a pun before breakfast!"

"Shurely," I've had me breakfast," said he.

Which reminded me that I hadn't. I went in the house to get it, reading over and correcting my manuscript as I ate. After breakfast I put on respectable clothes, tucked the manuscript in my pocket, and mounted the seat of my farm-wagon, beside Mike. Behind us were almost two bushels of peas, and several barrels of all, mostly, red rhubarb-stalks from the odd hills we found on the place. Mike had greatly enriched the soil, and sown the plants in barrels.

"Well, I'm a real farmer now," said I.

"We are, shurely," Mike replied. "There is good peas, if they was planted late."

We drove past the gallinies and the henhouse to the market, where I was already known. I found, and greeted by name as I entered.

"Say anything you'll sell me," said the proprietor, "and be glad to get it. Funny thing about this town, the way folks won't take the trouble to sell what they raise. Most of the big summer estates have their own barrels of all, mostly, red rhubarb-stalks from the odd hills we found on the place. Mike had greatly enriched the soil, and sown the plants in barrels."

"Well," said I, "I'm not in farming for my health, which has always been good.

I've got more than a bushel of peas out there."

"Peas!" cried the market man. "Why, I have more demands for peas than I can fill. The folks who could sell me peas won't plant 'em 'cause it's a too much trouble or expense to provide the brush. I'll give you eight cents a quart for peas to-day."

"That is too many," I whispered to Mike, as we went out to get the baskets.

I sold my rhubarb also, and came away with a little book in which there was entered to-morrow \$4.16 for peas and \$1.66 for rhubarb. I put the book presently in my pocket, for it represented my first earnings from the farm, and mounting the farm-wagon again, told Mike to drive me to the hotel.

As we pulled up before the windows, the line of odd ladies in cockles focused their eyes upon us.

"Stare," whispered Mike, "they look like they was hung out to dry!"

I went up the steps and into the office, where the hotel-proprietor snavily greeted

celebrate." That night I slept ten hours, worked over my manuscripts most of the next morning, packed a load of them in my suitcase, and after an early dance got Peter to drive me to the train, for his school had now closed.

"Peter," said I, at the station, "your job is to take care of your mother, and keep the landings split, and drive to market for Mike when he needs you. Also to water the lawn and flower-beds with the spray nozzle every morning. Mind, now, the spray nozzle! If I find you've used the heavy stream, I'll—I'll—I'll bustle!"

That amiable creature tried to climb aboard the train with me, and Peter had to haul him off by the tail. My last sight of Bradford was a yellow dog quaffing and barking in a small boy's arms.

The train was hot and stuffy. It grew hotter and sulkier as we came out of the mountains into the Connecticut lowlands, and we were all sweltering in the Pullman by the time New York was reached. As I

"It—it was nice of Buster to send you," she said.

"You look so white, so tired," I answered.

"Where is all your tea?"

"Memed," she laughed. "Have you business in town? It's awfully hot here, you poor man."

"Yes," said I, "I have business here, very important business. But first some supper and a spruce. I've got just two bushels of peas to spend!" We had a gay supper, and then took a cab left my grip at my college club, where I had been maintaining a student membership, and drove cheerily to Broadway. "How like Bradford Main Street!" I laughed, as we emerged from Forty-fourth Street into the blaze of grotesque electric signs which a kind of bizarre beauty, none the less. "Where shall we go?"

"There's a revival of 'Patience' at the Casino," she suggested, "and there are the Zephoid Follies."

"Not the Follies," I answered. "I'm neither a drummer nor a rural Sunday-school superintendent. Gilbert and Sullivan sounds good, and I've never heard 'Patience.'"

We found our places in the Casino just as the curtain was going up, and I saw "Patience" for the first time. I was glad it was for the first time, because she was with me to share my delight. As an incomparable tune after time floated out to us the absurd-

ity of absurd words, her eyes twinkled into mine, and our shoulders leaned together; and, finally, between the seats, I squeezed her fingers with unresistable delight.

"Nice Gilbert and Sullivan," she whispered.

"It's a masterpiece; it's a masterpiece!" I whispered back. "It's as perfect in its way as—my own sundial. Oh, I'm so glad you are with me!"

"How it works coming way to New York for!"

"Under the conditions, around the world for," said I.

She colored rosy, and looked back at the stage.

After the performance, she would not let me get a cab.

"You've not that many peas on the place," she said. So we walked downtown to her lodgings, through the hot, dusty, half-deserted streets, into the other section of the city below Fourteenth Street. I said little, save to answer her volleys of eager questions about the farm. At the steps of an ancient house near Washington Square, she paused. "Here is where I live," she said. "I've had a lovely evening. Shall I see you again before you go back?"

I smiled, took the latch-key from her hand, opened the door, and stepped behind her, to her evident surprise, into the large, silent, musty-smelling hall. She started a quick look about, but I ignored it, taking her hand and leading her quickly into the parkery, where by the faint light from the hall, I could see an array of mid-Victorian plush. The house was silent. Still holding her hand, I drew her to me.

"I am not going back—alone," I whispered. "You are going with me. Stella, I cannot live without you. Twin Firm is

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"I'm not going back—alone," I whispered. "You are going with me"

me, asked after my health, and inquired how my "estate" was getting on.

"You mean my farm," said I.

He smiled politely, but not without a skepticism which annoyed me. I hastened from him, and left my manuscript with the stenographer, who had arrived for the summer.

"I'll call for the copy to-morrow noon," said I. Then I went to the telegraph-booth and sent a day letter to Stella. "Buster sending me to thank you," it read. "Meet me Home Hotel, six to-morrow. Send over a bushel of peas to-day. Prepare to

stripped out of the Grand Central station into Forty-second Street, my ears were assailed by the unaccounted din, my nose by the pungent odor of city streets, my eyes smarted in a dust-whirl. But my heart was goading with joy and expectation as I hurried across the street.

I climbed the broad steps to the lobby of the hotel, and scarcely had my feet reached the top than I saw a familiar figure rise from a chair, into the air, waving of the boy who rushed to grab my bag. A second later, her hand was in mine, her eyes upon my eyes.



In the large reception-room of the hotel, Miss Sally moved about as if a chess. She was introduced to many men and women, but among them all she did not see a familiar face.

THE DELEGATE

By ADELE SPIES COOPER.

Miss Sally Takes Her Turn and Sallies Forth from Her Proud Ancestral Home. Read This Story of the Unmarried Delegate Who Didn't Believe in Telling Husbands Everything

Illustrated by DOUGLAS RYAN

MISS SALLY waved her hand to the occupants of the car as it turned the curve in the driveway, and then went into the house and up the stairs to the second floor. In a large sunny bedroom an old negro woman was busily working.

"Well, they are gone, Melissa," said Miss Sally, appearing in the doorway.

The old woman smiled.

"Yes'm dey's gone, but dey's lef' dere traces behin' 'em," pointing to several cigarette-stumps on the hearth.

Miss Sally sighed.

"I'm afraid it's a very terrible habit for young men to smoke cigarettes, Melissa, though these seemed to be unusually nice boys. Open all the windows, please, and let's see if we cannot get rid of the odor of smoke."

The old woman did as she was bid, then

rested her arm on her broom and looked at her mistress.

"'Nother conversashun over," she said. "When is it gwiner be yo' time to let some-body make comin' my outer you? Never seed sich a place in all my life as Willet is for conversashuns, an' it's gettin' worse all de time."

Miss Sally sighed again.

"I'm afraid so, Melissa," she agreed.

"The war made Willet a very important place, and the people in Willet have always been noted for their hospitality."

"Specially de Ludfords. Now dat dis Older Boys' Conventshun is over, what nex'?" she asked, accusingly.

"A conventshun for travelin'-men in October, I believe," answered Miss Sally, uncomfortably, beneath Melissa's stern eye.

"Den what I wants to kno' is dis: When is you gwin' as a delegate to one o' dese convent-

shuns? 'T's bin said in dis family an' I ain't never 'membered de day when you is went!"

Miss Sally blushed.

"Oh, I don't care for such things, Melissa," she explained, quickly. "I really would not care to go! I am always glad to have other here, though," she added, hastily.

Miss Sally granted.

"Pears like to me if I had as many folks here as you does, I'd like to take my turn, An'," added the disgruntled Melissa, with a vigorous stroke of her broom. "I'd come down to breakfast late—"

"Now, Melissa, don't be unkind," interrupted Miss Sally, a bright spot appearing on each cheek; "I know those girls who were here last year were not as considerate as they might have been; but they were our guests, remember."

"Humph!"

A few moments longer Miss Sally stood regarding her handmaid in silence, then the jangling of the telephone sent her downstairs.

Nothing on earth could have made Miss Sally take down a receiver and "holloer" a hello into the mouthpiece. It was common—it was unkind, besides, she had too much respect for the English language. She always spoke over the phone in exactly the same tone of voice she would use in addressing the person face to face. Now she removed the receiver from its hook and gently but clearly said:

"Well? Miss Ludlow—609-J."

Immediately a flow of language started from the party at the other end of the line.

"Oh, Miss Sally! I'm in the greatest trouble, I wonder if you could help me out . . . If you can! How sweet of you!

Well, it's just that I've received a telegram from friends who live in Texas and who are leaving the country, saying that they will arrive in Wilet this afternoon, and will remain overnight with us. . . . What's that? You know I will be glad to see them? U-u-ums. I'd be gladder if I had a cool . . . Where's Kate? Here she is! She left this morning on the same train with my delegates. Her arrival here for her, Lizzy. I was just wondering if it would lend me Melissa to-night—just to cook supper and serve it? I can manage breakfast all night, and they will be leaving soon after. . . . You will see your dear next!" A little smile hovered about the corners of Miss Sally's mouth, while the excited voice at the other end of the wire went on: "Well, now I can sit down in peace. I won't need to get any dinner ready, for my delegates will be here. One of my delegates was the son of a governor, so of course, I put my very best foot forward! Were your delegates nice boys?"

"Very nice indeed," Miss Sally found the chance to say, "only—only they smoked cigars."

A ripple of amused laughter came back over the wire.

"Why, Miss Sally, that's nothing! Waste no time in making excuses. Sometimes the air is blue with the smoke!" Miss Sally indulged in a shudder which, fortunately, the other could not see. "Well, I'll rag off. Thank you for letting me Melissa. . . . Wait a moment!"

Miss Sally was on the verge of hanging up the receiver, passed, "I suppose you know," went on the voice, "that there will be a convention for traveling men in Wilet in October. Of course you will take delegates? . . . What? . . . The idea!"

Another ripple of amused laughter. "Certainly we will see that you have managed men! All right Good-bye!"

Miss Sally hung up the receiver, and then went out on the porch and sat down. All at once she began to feel very tired. Was it that she was growing weaker of so much company? No. She liked company, and so did Melissa. With the most of Miss Sally's friends it required diplomacy of the highest order to bring about the proper state of mind in their respective cooks when more company was expected. With Melissa, never. She was always glad to welcome the coming guest, and in only a few instances, had she ever been known to be annoyed at the prospect of the partying ones. Although she did not realize it, Melissa considered herself joint hostess with her mistress. Miss Sally sat in the large parlor, or out on the broad porch, and entertained her guests; Melissa labored in the kitchen for their further comfort and pleasure. And with what success! Those who sat at Miss Sally's table and ate Melissa's savory biscuits, fried chicken, her hash, crisp waffles, and drank her clear, fragrant coffee, exclaimed—admitted—exclaimed:—well! Melissa

was a white bread in washing on the table, was attentive to the wants of each guest as was Miss Sally herself.

The two boys who had just been their guests were dear, shy fellows who had not grown a more than a trifle, and who had paid tribute to the excellent fare

by the amount of it they consumed. Miss Sally recalled with a smile the remark made by one of them as he tackled his fifth waffle:

"I don't expect you to believe me, Miss Ludlow, but I am accustomed to three square meals a day, and so a bad here."

"They were nice boys," murmured Miss Sally, going down the walk, "especially that Cavell boy. I only wished they had smoked cigarettes. I'm sorry I didn't have a car of my own," she went on, "but Fred Green was lovely with it. I won't forget Fred when he has his house-party."

All at once she smiled broadly. She was thinking of what Melissa had said concerning delegates, her own self especially.

"Why I wouldn't think of going as a delegate!" she exclaimed, aloud. "What got into Melissa? I haven't been outside of Wilet in fifteen years except the time I spent a few days with Cousin Grace when her son was there from Washington State. Let me see. In six weeks more there will be a convention of all federated literary clubs in the State at Baltimore. Our club will send a delegate, and of course it will be Mrs. Conrad."

Mrs. Conrad was the shining light in The Women's Literary Club of Wilet. She was also president of the club. She possessed all the dignity that such an office required, and always presided beautifully. She could always be counted on to make an address or a

speech before Mrs. Conrad did not belong to her club.

Not only was Mrs. Conrad gifted with much executive ability and the power of speech, but she was a poet as well! She wrote verses that were published in a magazine devoted to poetry, and her friends knew that she was making arrangements to have these same verses published in book form. Miss Sally thought it must be wonderful to write a book even though it be poetry. Miss Sally liked poetry, that is, she liked it enough to read it occasionally, but she liked prose better. In her spare-time library were rows upon rows of books, some of them so large and black that one involuntarily shuddered at the thought of having to waste through them. And yet Miss Sally often did. Maybe that was why the papers she prepared for the club made one think of the heavy sonorous speeches her father, Colonel Ludlow, used to make.

Willet was very proud of Miss Sally and her ancestral home. Large and white-pillared, it stood in the center of the spacious grounds and was always pointed out to strangers as "the old Ludlow place." Wilet grew, and with its growth there sprang up a mighty crop of tiny bungalowes. Many across of Miss Sally's own kind had been sold for this very purpose, but no amount of money could buy from her the old home and the grounds enclosing it. Neither would she consent to make any changes in the house in

dearly she set up every straight. "I don't see why she should! I—I believe I would like to go just one time! Melissa was right!"

"De phone an ring!" announced Melissa from the doorway.

Miss Sally started. She had been so busy with her thoughts she had not heard it.

"All right, Melissa," she answered, naming, "Thought I heard you talkin' to me!" said Melissa, looking about curiously, but Miss Sally on her way to the phone did not answer.

The apostle Paul was not the only one who could lay claim to a "thorn in the flesh." Just what Paul's thorn was, has been a matter of conjecture, but Melissa's thorn was incontestably the dusky man who looked for Mrs. Conrad, and who answered to the name of Anaxooa. This dandy was customarily talking to the tactful Melissa about her mistress' popularity. Mrs. Conrad was always having company; she was always making "to-do" in the way of attending conventions. The tall rascal in Melissa's breast; and as constant dropping wears away at last the stone, so did Anaxooa's boating at last wear away Melissa's usual taciturnity.

"Jes' cause my meens don't have nothin' a-tall for conventions ain't no sign she ain't a quality loper," she said, one night, turning freely upon the beautiful one. "You souldn't lak none of 'em, no way, as a 'tubful' cypress! My meens don't love 'bout gin! Ev'body knows that de Ludlows is always on de 'train falls in dis town. 'Specs dat if you dares!"

The visitor did not "aspire" in her heart she knew that what Melissa said was true; besides, she feared Melissa, as did every ducky who knew her. But her words were nevertheless making a mark on Melissa's heart. She felt that, in the eyes of the town, her mistress was losing caste, and that was something Melissa could not bear.

When Miss Sally returned from her club that afternoon, she remained in an offhand way to Melissa:

"By the way, Melissa, the club elected me a delegate this afternoon, to the convention in Baltimore. I accepted."

Miss Sally was getting ready to go to the assistance of the friend who called during the morning. Although perfectly delighted at the news her mistress brought, her face reflected none of the joy that surged through her heart.

"Dat so?" she asked, calmly trying on a crisp, white apron. "I'll be gone! Mis' Martin didn't say when she started supper, but I 'pec she'll want it early. You's is on de table."

When Melissa had departed, Miss Sally sat down on the table, but she was too excited to sit. Besides, she wasn't hungry. She recalled what had taken place at the club that afternoon as her face burned. "I told Melissa a technical truth," she said, aloud. "What would she think if she knew I asked to be sent as the delegate? Miss Conrad said I was the best she could send to Baltimore, and then asked who could go, so I had a perfect right to say



"It don't matter so much how you look at home, but it do matter how you look away from home. You needs a dose of lace and silk."—"I'll think about it," interrupted Miss Sally, with an attempt at dignity.

talk at a menzer's notice, and although some people did call her "mercurial," the members of The Women's Literary Club of Wilet said that was because they were jealous of Mrs. Conrad's intellect, and if the remark was made by a member of another club, they said that particular club was jealous

to make it more modern. She always took her head when this was suggested to her, and continued to cling to her big rooms, her old-fashioned furniture, and her heavy ancestral portraits.

"Of course Mrs. Conrad will go to the convention," repeated any Melissa, aloud. Sud-

I could! I know Mrs. Conrad was disappointed, and all the others looked surprised, but I don't care! It was with Melissa's laziest and most contented expression that she did this morning, and then I went to think about the many, many times I've put myself out for other people and how few times they have put themselves out for me. I'm going to do this convention strictly because I want to see how it feels to be met at the train with a car and taken to a strange house and have everything hinge about my convenience. I know if it is waked that I do to this, and I'm going to phone Mrs. Conrad and tell her that, upon further consideration, I find I just was unable to go."

But Melissa did not stop there, and the very next morning she sent out a card which expressed another surprise. She quietly informed her that if she expected to attend the convention in Baltimore she would need an evening-dress!

Miss Sally stared at Melissa as if she thought she had taken leave of her senses.

"An evening dress, Melissa!" she exclaimed. "What ever put such an idea into your head?"

"Melissa did not tell Miss Sally that a talk with Mrs. Conrad's Amazona the night before had put the idea into her head. She had hurried over to Amazona's as soon as her work at Mrs. Martin's was finished, and had broken the news to her, that her mistress and not Amazona's was going to the convention.

Amazona's surprise and incredulity had been so plain to Melissa's fretted soul, that "Wa," she surprised one had said, at last, "I guess Mrs. Conrad does get tired o' going to all de convention. It an a pity, though, for she done bought her a new 'fif' fra' 'er evenin' dress all her an' all!"

Right then and there Melissa had decided that her mistress must have an evening-dress also.

"An evening dress, Melissa!" repeated Miss Sally. "What's the matter with my black leot?"

"You's worn it to ev'ry 'cepion dat's bin give in Willet," answered the scornful Melissa. "You want to look de case as de other delicate that's in Baltimore, an' you want in dat 'of black satin?"

"But Melissa!"—Miss Sally regarded her handmaid indignantly a moment—"Melissa, you don't buy retail like that now. There is not another dress like it in Willet."

"No'm, I know dere ain't," agreed Melissa, with such significance that Miss Sally shuddered.

"—You say— she was beginning, when Melissa interrupted. When Melissa did speak she always said a plenty.

"You sho'ly 'members how de ladies has all directed to de 'cepion in de house last year. Is you forget de lady in de yaller?"—Miss Sally shuddered.

"She was not so easily forgotten, Melissa. Her dress was entirely too low, and—"

"—You don't buy retail like that now. It don't matter so much how you looks at home, but it do matter how you looks away from home. You needs a dress de lawd and astin—"

"I'll think about it, Melissa," interrupted Miss Sally, with an attempt at dignified indifference. "I'll look at my brocade, and if I find it can't be altered to look more like the garments in the prevailing fashion, I may consider buying a new one."

Miss Sally was satisfied. She knew that Melissa would no more go to the convention with that old brocade dress after all the bad gals, than she would have gone with-out a dress with an attempt at dignified indifference. She looked at her brocade, and Melissa's scorn following her.

Accordingly, she ordered from a reliable house a black-satin evening-dress that she considered would be suitable for her age. And she wore the dress it was before she delighted but as usual to her Melissa.

"It's entirely too low as the neck, Me-lissa," protested Miss Sally, glancing at her

reflection in the mirror. "I didn't look this low as the picture. I'll have to fill in the neck with rows of lace—"

"An' rest it," interrupted the critical one. "Miss Sally, dot dress an' yer jest! It an an evenin'-dress, an' has to be low in de neck like a nightgown."

But for once Miss Sally was firm.

"I don't even wear low-neck and short-sleeve nightgowns you know, Melissa," she reminded her. "Miss has high necks and long sleeves the year round. This neck can be easily fitted in with lace—"

"Why not get one o' dem here little black-silk scarfs," suggested Melissa, pointing to a picture in the catalogue that lay on the table. "Dey's a bean me' stylish den lace!"

Miss Sally regarded the picture a moment in silence.

"Well, maybe I will, Melissa," she said,



Illustration by Helen Cook

RAIN IN SPRINGTIME

By CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

I love to watch the soft Spring rain
Come chudding 'gainst the window-pane!

To see it drip, the buds between,
Of wind-stirred bamboos, virgin green.

To listen while it croons and sings
(Above the tender, growing things!

How light it falls upon the sod,
Wooing the violet from the clod!

How madly puzzles down the eaves,
In joyous rivulets; and leaves

The lethargy of Spring upon its track,
To lure the blooms of April back!

And when the rainbow floods the skies
With opalescent, peacock dyes

Against that gorgeous, melting show,
Like scintillant gems the bright drops glow!

O miracle of Springtime rain,
Which makes the cold earth young again!

and Melissa left the room with triumph perched upon her banner.

Several weeks later Miss Sally boarded the train for the convention. She was attractively dressed in her last-year's gray suit and hat. Even Melissa had no fault to find with her appearance. It was a day of journey to Baltimore, and the first half of the day Miss Sally enjoyed the scenery alone. Then she unexpectedly had a companion. About two o'clock in the afternoon a lady boarded the train and took a seat across the aisle from Miss Sally. As the train pulled out, a voice from the platform called out: "If you see Janet at the convention, Aunt Marilla, make her come home with you."

So this lady was a delegate, too. Miss Sally regarded her furtively in silence for a

few moments, then leaning across the aisle, she said:

"I believe we are going to the same place—Baltimore. I should be pleased to have you sit with me. I'm being traveling all day, and an lonesome."

The lady accepted and Miss Sally soon learned that she was quite an important personage in the club world, being no less than president of a club that boasted over a hundred members. Miss Sally, Estering, was filled with awe, but she was careful not to betray the fact that she had never before been to a convention as a delegate.

When finally they reached their destination, they found quite a bit of pleasant confusion about the platform. Another train had come in, and ladies were all about seeking those they had come to meet. Miss Sally was separated from her companion,

"No," answered Miss Sally, and then Mrs. Landers turned into a pretty, sturdy street and, drawing up in front of an attractive little bungalow, sood as they alighted:

"I am very glad to welcome you to my home, Miss Ludlow. Come this way, please."

Following very much like a guest, Miss Sally followed her hostess into the house and into an attractive room all white and blue.

"How lovely!" burst involuntarily from Miss Sally's lips, and her hostess smiled with pleasure.

"It's just six o'clock," she said, commencing a tiny wistful sigh. "When you are seated we will have supper. The reception will not be held eight o'clock."

At the mention of supper Miss Sally opened her mouth to say: "Do let me help you get it, and please do not go to any trouble, but I had remembered in time. She was a delegate—a guest."

Therefore she remained and took her seat a little later at the daintily appointed table with only a casual remark as to its attractiveness. There was no one else at the table but themselves; and even her hostess, Miss Sally learned that the husband was a traveling man and out of town at present, and that their only child, a boy, was off at school.

The hostess quite enjoyed the guest's astonishment at the announcement that she had a son old enough to be away at school. "It's really a fact," she laughed, musingly. "I ran away and married Will when I was sixteen—barely that I should say—and we've been married twenty years. So you see—"

At a quarter past seven Miss Sally began to dress for the convention. She took her time about it and when finally she was all dressed, she scarcely knew herself as she glanced in the mirror. Surely—surely this attractive-looking woman with the wavy, wavy gray hair all away about her face and the pink-honored pins—cheeks, was not the little mouse-like woman who lived in the big old house in Willet, and had never before attended a convention as a delegate!

"It's the clothes," decided Miss Sally, pulling the flimsy scarf down about her shoulders. "Melissa was right, but I wish I had put just new robes on in this neck!"

When she opened her door to answer to the knock of her hostess, she fully expected some comment as to her appearance, but none was forthcoming. If it true Mrs. Landers did feel surprised, and Miss Sally saw the funny little expression that came over her face. She became uneasy. Was anything wrong with her dress—was it too low?

In the car, however, and rolling rapidly along to the hotel where the reception was to be held, Mrs. Landers was as pleasant and charming a hostess as one could wish for. "Why do I think I looked better than she did?" reflected Miss Sally, and incredulously felt ashamed of herself.

In the large reception-room of the hotel, Miss Sally moved about as if in a kind of dream. She was introduced to many women and men—the lady was there, too—but among them all she did not see a familiar face. If any of them had ever been in Willet she did not know it.

Once she saw one, another in a whisper called to that pretty woman in the black evening dress, and she slipped like a girl. She did not hear another one in the black dress. She looks as happy as a child at its first party. 'I'll bet this is the first convention she ever attended!"

When they were back at home on Tuesday, Miss Sally said the new dress to her mother.

"When Will is away it doesn't matter. Whatever hour suits you. Don't hurry down if you feel the least inclination to sleep."

"I didn't intend to hurry," Miss Sally told herself, as she slowly undressed. Very few of her guests ever did.

Accordingly the next morning she remained in bed half an hour longer than her usual hour for rising, although she waked up on time. Then, becoming restless, she arose, dressed slowly, threw back the bedclothes, and looked through a magazine. The clock was striking eight as she went down the hall. Her hostess was out on the front porch. She came into the house at the sound of Miss Sally's footstep.

"I'm afraid I'm late," said Miss Sally, and so gallily did she really look that she blushed an honest blush.

The hostess was very polite about it. "It is not so late," she said, and to Miss Sally it seemed that she spoke a truth wisely.

The morning was spent at the hotel, after which came luncheon. Then there was a ride all over Baltimore. Miss Sally decided to take this Baltimore was a pretty town, and more civilized than Willet. It was not nearly so beautiful for entrance" as was Willet. She wondered what Melissa was doing, and was glad to think that the morning would be full of interest. She had enjoyed herself very much, but there was something wrong with her enjoyment somewhere, and Miss Sally knew what it was. She wasn't directly descended from the Puritans for nothing. She hadn't enjoyed herself because of the thought of the bed she had slept in the night before and that he had not made up, knowing, too, that her hostess kept no help. She hadn't listened closely to the president's message at the reception, either, and she knew that The Women's Literary Club would expect a full report from her. "Echoes of the convention," Mrs. Conrad would call it. Why—she wasn't honest! No really honest person would do so she had done. She had listened on the convention, that was what it was. She thought of a certain ancestor of hers, and the blush of shame manifested her cheeks. This ancestor wore a wig and his pockets being out the manner in Miss Sally's mind. He had been in the Revolution, and had gone down in history as a man noted for his bravery and strict integrity. What would be any to this descendant of his?

By the time luncheon was over Miss Sally was so miserable she felt that she must tell someone the truth. Mrs. Landers did not take the ride following the luncheon, pleading a headache she went home instead.

The house was very still when Miss Sally returned. The dining-room was as if it would never end. She had made no effort whatever to be sociable, and was so quiet and unresponsive that she knew the others were wondering why The Women's Literary Club had elected her a good representative to the convention. It wasn't fair to the club, Miss Sally knew; but she was too wretched to care.

Suddenly the silence of the house was broken by the sound of stifled weeping.

"What's a shame!" said a voice that Miss Sally recognized as belonging to her hostess. "Just look at that woman! I'll bet she has been to every kind of convention on earth. I'm tired of writing on people who do nothing but run around and have a good time."

The voice ceased. There was a sound of sniffing, but Miss Sally waited for no more. She opened the door and walked into the dining-room, and confronted her hostess who was half sitting, half lying on a chair by the window. Evidently she had been waiting for her guest's return, as she was at the door opening, she appearing at her feet. At the expression on Miss Sally's face, she sat down again, her own face taking on a greenish tinge. Without a word, Miss Sally sat down and put an arm about her.

"Now, now," she said, soothingly. The girl burst into tears again, and "I buried her face on Miss Sally's shoulder. "I heard all you," she said, sobbing, "honestly, I wish you needn't mind. I'm here on false pretenses, my dear."

The girl raised her head and looked Miss Sally in the face.

"What must you think of me?" she ex-

claimed, the shamed color spreading all over her face.

"Nothing but that you are a dear little fellow," smiled Miss Sally, raising her eyes to the back. "While I am a selfish old woman! I've no more right to be here in your house than has any other uninvited person."

The girl started.

"I don't understand—"

"It is a lot to be honest," interrupted Miss Sally, her own voice trembling a little. "We are great folks in Willet for conversation."

"So are we," said the girl, as Miss Sally passed.

Miss Sally nodded.

"I know. Well, I like company, and I have a great deal of it. Now conventions are fine—are marvellous for those who wish to attend. I do not, but Melissa—that's my servant—has been after me for some time to go as a delegate to one of them. Melissa, you know, is very proud"—here Miss Sally smiled—and I know she felt that I was going to be ready behind the times by staying at home so closely. Still I do not believe I would have listened to her if she had not said what she did one morning. She said that we had put ourselves out so long to keep the house that some body was doing the same for me. Oh, you don't know Melissa! Then she said that if she were in my place she would attend a convention and she would come down to breakfast late, and let people wait on her just as you have waited on me—"

"Oh!" wined her listener.

"You needn't mind, my dear. I was doing so I came here. And I was an evening—so for the very first time in my life, and I dress for the very first time, and I made you wait breakfast for me on purpose—"

She paused as the girl burst into hysterical laughter.

"And I thought you were a woman accustomed to being looked at," she exclaimed. "You certainly looked it in that dress. Miss Ludlow, now you please believe that I am heartily ashamed of myself and that I am heartily glad that you are here!"

"It's all right," she said, as she declared Miss Sally. "If I hadn't heard what you said, I am sure I would have confessed anywhere else, dear, your husband is away so much of the time and your only child at school, why do you go about alone?"

"It isn't always been this way. We've been here only four years, and will has not always been on the road. We lost one child and I had an operation last year that I have not fully recovered from. I'm quite sure I would not have acted as I did had I been perfectly well."

"Listen to me!" Miss Sally spoke very authoritatively. "There is to be a convention in Willet in the fall for traveling-suits, and your husband is going to be my guest, and so are you! I get up every morning at six thirty and breakfast is on the table at seven sharp. To be late for breakfast here means about everything else. Will you remember her?"

At the pretended severity of Miss Sally's voice, the girl laughed, but the next moment her eyes filled with tears.

"You are too kind," she said, gratefully. "What would Will say if he knew how I had acted?"

"I'm going to fix supper," Miss Sally announced, rising. "You lie still. What would Will say? Well," added Miss Sally, as she lay down, "the experience in the world, I don't believe in telling husbands everything, you know. What they don't know can't hurt 'em."

LOWE HAS COME

By EDGAR DANIEL KRAMER

Love has come and whiskered me to my time of despair;

Love has warmed the heart of me with a fra-

Love has kissed my eyelids, and there is no weeping—

Lo, there is no sorrowing and no fear of Death!

The American Needlewoman Calendar

April 1, Thursday

In smiling and so smiling,
In darkness and in light,
Just keep the candle flying:
The world's all right!

April 2, Friday

Forget! If in all of adopt that motto so far
as it relates to anything which you should
omit the material, the accessories, the
embroiderments, and all the rest of the
very fabric. For you will then out
of mind and forget them as fast as possible.

April 3, Saturday

A song of sunshine through the rain,
A song of hope and joy in our lives,
A song of love and peace,
A song of sunshine
I'm up to my eyes in it
And I'm glad of that,
For Calvary day and Resurrection day,
Each a sad day and gladder day,
Was just one day apart!

April 4, Sunday

Let us make that a day when we, too, shall
be free of needless and unneeded
concerns. Let us assured all
our God, honor, love and joy in our lives,
as we wish the best for all, let us look upon
the experiences of yesterday and our perfection.

April 5, Monday

How even is it to go steady
On knowing what my case are good,
Not knowing what the day may bring,
Nor what the hour, and an even event
I'll see for me and all to sing.

April 6, Tuesday

Remember that we must also dwell upon
our treatment of the world. It is a good to be
in, and the way to do this is to dwell upon
it—upon its good, gladness or pain of gloom.

April 7, Wednesday

Find the bright side of the cloud when you can,
Try to be happy, to make a good plan,
If, of no light comes to come from above,
Pick the dark side with which you live.

April 8, Thursday

No one who is concerned with one and another
ever reaches any height. This is why we
of the progress of our nation, active and con-
scious, that that is why the world is growing
larger and better every day, no matter what
the season.

April 9, Friday

We'll always keep on trying,
We're huge (and mighty) we've made,
The greatest thing in life, of course,
Is simply not to be afraid!

April 10, Saturday

In the very center of our being there is a
something that is the best of us. This
knows itself none that compare one all
things, it always says, "I can and I will!"

April 11, Sunday

Where there's power for a while,
Where there's might of wide or guide,
Where there's joy and peace and the wis-
dom of God.

April 12, Monday

Do not brood over any unpleasantness. Just
make up your mind that you are better than
anything that has happened to you, and get along
with the formation of the world's better—other's
all!

April 13, Tuesday

Never mind the little things,
Be glad,
On the road to bigger things,
Be glad,
With your courage shining bright,
And a cheery smile on sight,
With your face turned to the light—
Be glad!

April 14, Wednesday

Let us all "take right hold" to make the best
of our world, and better world (and so)
by making an opportunity to "be working for
somebody, say." Service, prompt and willing
in the highest of our life, as should be used.

April 15, Thursday

A rain can come unannounced gold,
And land and buildings both,
But here is a tip to give away,
It can't be owned at all!

April 16, Friday

Do not think that happiness and peace, health
and love are things that are given to you.
When we look to the better for anything, we
seek it rather from God. The more we seek up
with Him, the more we shall find.
Clasp a good KNIFE.

April 17, Saturday

See a song of love!
Let the source be,
Heaven can walk her garden
Under sun or snow,
She can make her sunshine
Radiant of light,
Scatter all the dark clouds
Of life and glad good deeds.

April 18, Sunday

When we truly realize with God within
and let His power work in us, we are doing our
part in the great universal plan. We are making
choices as they are made for the day.
God's will, for His approval, and giving the
master of the opportunity to know His will.
The greatest blessing as the world is this
and God and man.

April 19, Monday

Stand firm, unmoved even the fire,
The danger of the hour,
And bear these our sins, distractions, say,
"None of these things has power!"

April 20, Tuesday

The laughing lark is a good thing, surely
at the best time, in order to get the very best
and happiest results in our work. Let us be
in the know, for there is nothing in the
universe to us—no man is in of worry, and
learn to "trust the only God who is the way."

April 21, Wednesday

Come out! A breeze and cool air all
You'll need to carry along,
For your heart can carry a kindly word,
"None of these things has power!"

April 22, Thursday

If you make a mistake, laugh about it, not
at it. Laugh because you have the experience
to remember, but do not know you have
the experience, allow it to be better said.

April 23, Friday

The sunset hour is the best we have in
the world of light and color.
It is the hour when the shadows are, we know
a song is done,
And all walking the open road on the city
side.

April 24, Saturday

The eagle here has a joyous note that makes
you bring in love.

April 25, Sunday

We may all carry a song in the heart if we
will, in a motive of admiration, and then
be happy by giving more of the little crea-
tures, the flowers, the birds, and you know
the life, if they appear, and by being just as
cheerful as possibly can through it all.

April 26, Monday

One consciousness is all that is or entrance can
be.
And all the billions of the world and all creation
are in it.
With the Eternal we are one, and only thus
can we be.
We are superior to him, we challenge him, we
defeat him.

April 27, Tuesday

We are the clouds and stars, and strong and the
starvation.
April 28, Monday

Change a wonderful smile. There is no
belle in the man or woman who refuse to
be happy. The happiness is not a matter that
anything that can possibly be in nature
is impossible. One can get along with
the world as he is, and be as good as he
can be.

April 29, Tuesday

If somebody gives you a word of cheer,
Be glad, be glad,
And scatter the clouds on the sun almost dead,
Don't think for a moment it's just be given—
Pass it on!

April 30, Wednesday

Nothing is difficult unless we have created
our own with it. If we face our own prob-
lems or situation bravely, and with faith
to solve it, we pass another grade in the school
of self control.

April 30, Thursday

Don't give up—success is here,
Listen to my promise,
Every good word given away,
Your faith shall find its way.

April 30, Friday

Close the door on the past, opening only
the heart to the future. Let us be glad,
no bringing. Head up shoulders squared,
so straight forward with a smile on your face
and a heart full of joy. Be glad to see—and
see what happened.

THE DAUGHTER OF A BUSH GIRL

Continued from page 9

an observing eye over glasses and food, and he smiled down sternly at a little leather notebook as he ate. He even struck up a sociable conversation with young Roberts. Afterward, he patted thoughtfully home and looked Franky, who was lying on the top of the washstone stairs, up at the stars.

"Listen, Frankie," he began, when he had perched himself beside her; "why don't you run this place in competition with the Krag?"

She turned from the stars to him.

"Why—I don't know," she answered, vaguely. "We can't."

"That's what I don't see," he charged, vigorously. "Why can't you?"

"Oh, I suppose it's because—your aunt see?" she broke off, helplessly.

"No, I don't. Listen, Frankie: I had dinner at the Krag. It's too darned civilized—doesn't fit into the scenery. They serve a course dinner: two bits of fish, two bits of a roast, a lettuce-lett, a smothered of fungus. Folks leave the table hungry, honestly. The women like it, some of 'em. But we'd cater to a different class—men who want to rough it. There's the hunting season coming on the fall. We could advertise, make a specialty of cooking the game they'd bring in—roast duck and venison, lake trout fried to a crisp, that sort of thing. Why, they were three chops trying to play poker, and they sat there the whole-odd-time, make a specialty of cooking the game they'd bring in—roast duck and venison, lake trout fried to a crisp, that sort of thing. Why, they were three chops trying to play poker, and they sat there the whole-odd-time, make a specialty of cooking the game they'd bring in—roast duck and venison, lake trout fried to a crisp, that sort of thing. Why, they were three chops trying to play poker, and they sat there the whole-odd-time, make a specialty of cooking the game they'd bring in—roast duck and venison, lake trout fried to a crisp, that sort of thing."

"But—"

"Oh, I know what you're going to say," he cut in. "It would take money. We'd have to repair the roof, and fix the floors, and do odd jobs like that. And we have to paint the place, a brown ochre, I think—and plaster the walls. But we'd go slow at first, and I want to furnish the capital, Frankie."

he coded in a final burst.

"I'm a sick with her weight supported on two firm young arms, she turned a face all serious in the dim light toward him.

"It's most awfully decent of you, Mr. Tibbs," she said. "I've never had anyone so good—so decent to me. But I guess I can't at

"But look here," protested Tibb. "It's a good investment for me. I tell you I'll pay, I know what I'm talking about, Frankie. It's my business to know. I can't afford to run up a thing like that."

"It does sound possible—doesn't it?" she mused, wistfully.

"It's more than possible—it's probable. Will you back me, Frankie, when I face the

She pondered. Then she lifted her chin.

"I guess I will," she agreed. "Most praiseworthy decision also that. They shook on it. It's a most prudent decision," he observed, with a wave of his hand. "And Frankie," whimsically, "I'm inclined to think you're a waste of good scenery. I think we'll make you hostess. We'll order odd jobs and things for you as part of the investment," he added quickly.

Frankie stood, stretched her arms above her head, breathed deeply.

"Dessus, you mean? I don't want them. I hate 'em."

"You young tomboy," grinned Tibb. "But you are getting a bit grown up for that sort of thing, Frankie. Young ladies you know—"

"You mean—"

"This was acutely aware of the startled pucker in her forehead which he could not see. Swift embarrassment covered him.

"They are—each," he stammered.

"Oh!"

"It was a long-drawn breath. She drooped before him suddenly reworded in her boy's

Roberts, a heavy, good-looking man, three back his head and laughed—largely, tolerantly.

"Take a tip from me, son," he said, gravely, lowering his voice, "it can't be done. I'm an old hand here. The Oldhams are a tradition. You can't wipe out a prejudice that's come down through the ages. From the days when Minnie Oldham boiled her meat and potatoes in the same kettle to save dishes."

"Think, but you'll see. I've given you five warnings," laughed Tibb.

It was Tibb himself who hung the sign with its old English lettering—"Ragged Edge Inn"—above the veranda, and walked away for the final effect. The brown-stained building had become a part of the yellowish rocks as he had hoped at night. "It still remains," he observed, "but it's a comfortable nothing."

This had advertised an old-time shore dinner for the opening of the Inn the following

"It looks—wonderful," he answered.

"I'm glad," but Alan, I like my old building and here he is."

He grinned, and shook his head.

"No crawling. The new suit—and stockings."

"And stockings," she insisted. "All right."

"And Frankie—you've got to be a professional and all that, just as if you know—and you ought not to—so—ask me up here."

"Oh—I see."

"Of course, I'm different. It doesn't matter with me, but just as a principle, you know. She turned away. He moved across to her impulsively, took her shoulders in his two hands, forced her to look up at him. "Frankie, dear, you don't mind my telling you things," he begged. "Do—anything. Please don't stop."

She flinched again and her eyes dropped before his.

"The kid's changed," Tibb reflected afterward, "I've seen him and bent of willful, and anxious to please. Nothing but good with her. I've got to tread easy."

The Point took the Oldham shore dinner in the spirit of a lark. Summer sojourners and natives, they came, they came out of curiosity, prepared to laugh, and they stayed to feast. For they found a death of Oldhams, but no dearth of delicious food—lake trout baked in cheese, roasted corn, fresh chicken, peas, fragrant coffee. It was long before they crowded. Young Roberts sat beside Tom Brown and stared aggressively at Frankie. From a young boyhood, Frankie had turned overnight into a young lady, whose very smile, as she moved nimbly among the guests, was subduing to the soft heather tone of the killed stork she wore. A comfortable atmosphere prevailed. The three polo-fields from the Krag appropriated the living-room and played polo, stark-absolutely rolled. Others joined them. As twilight fell, the young people drifted up in couples to the treacherous fire by the shore which someone (Tibb) had lit; some (Tibb again) eventually produced a lamp, but before they knew it they were singing songs, and darkey-sons to the drumming of that very nice-looking young chap, Alan Tibbs ("A Yale man, my dear!"). In short, "a good time was had by all" as the local paper would have said, had there been a local paper.

This, standing beside Frankie at the end of the dark pier, saw the last of them sometime after midnight, and reached to Frankie's arm.

"My dear," he announced, solemnly, "it works. They're had the time of their lives."

Frankie suddenly said a warm little hand stroke.

"You weren't—ashamed of me?"

"Good Lord! Listen to her!" ejaculated Tibb. "Frankie, your sweet consciousness, your reserve, was—masterly. They fell for you. They fell for you about, those young tups. You'll see."

Frankie shivered, dropped his hand, stretched her arms as though she had been cramped for a long time.

"I hate them," she said at him, abruptly. "I hate 'em. Don't—don't touch me."

She passed him, moved into the boat-house, slammed the door behind her. Tibb, standing motionless in his amazement, heard the sedan as she drove three minutes later, heard the car turn the way to "Sweet Hawaiian Moonlight" trailed back to him as she whistled her way toward the darkly shining street beyond.

Ragged Edge Inn did not go with a bang. Tibb and Alan, the poker-ton coming and baggage, from the Krag; a scattering of amateur hunters and tired business men, lured by Tibb's advertisements, drifted up from the city. Tibb, the dining-room was empty till the concert for the Krag guests took to wandering over to Ragged Edge for dinners. For the rest, as Tibb said: "Give them time"; it might take a couple of years to work up a following.

Meanwhile, as we are drawing to a

Continued on page 18



SPRING'S GOLDEN MESSENGER

By GEORGIA B. COUCH

I saw a house begimed with smoke,
Its windows dim and leaden-eyed,
And weary, sagging steps that spoke
Of tired feet and hearts that sighed.

The shutters swung out drunkenly;
Their broken slats hung askew.
The trees waved in dull apathy,
And grass in ragged patches grew.

But in a box with vines o'ergrown,
All brown and veined by winter's chill,
A spot of golden glory shone—
Spring's harbinger, the daffodil.

yet it? They were the hoarse expressions of so many faring cattle who see doves-flicking opening before them, so that Frankie herself was moved to exclaim:

"Can't you say something?"

"We'll all have to pitch in," Tibb warned them. "Young Roberts says the serious problem up here's a fright—see you?—have that. You'll have to clear out of the hotel, all of you. Pearl, here, can stay in the kitchen and she can pick her assistants. We'll divide the work up. I finance the start, and I manage. What I say goes. You'll do as I say, and die as I say. All right?"

They agreed.

In the following week, the Point awoke to the fact that something radical was happening to the Oldham place. Workmen drilled in from the nearby towns—Meadow and Perry Sound, plumbers, plasterers, carpenters, loaders, approved and the Oldhams ostracized the roof with hammers and shingles. Nearly every morning train brought down from Toronto some odd piece of furniture, burlesque, labeled "Oldham Hotel." Alan Tibb's was everywhere at first. One morning, when he met the elder Roberts in the post-office, he threw down the gauntlet.

"Look out for us, Roberts. We're letting you in for a little competition."

ing day, and had invited all of the Point to come. There was still much to be accomplished. He summoned the Oldhams together for a last coaching. A fully drilled team, subdued multitude, they filed into the living-room, which had been converted into a place of deep leather chairs and exhibition fireplace. Tibb read them the law.

"Remember now, the cows must be kept off the porch—also the washing. It's going to be rustic, but not that rustic. Pearl, you'll need to use more of that bar-out—we'll get it smooth at all costs. Tom, you and the other youngsters must not walk about in canoes just beyond reach of the dock. It's not you! I'm worrying about, understand, but other people have nerves. Keep them off the porch. It's Frankie's job to look out for them. And above all, don't drive things—pass them!"

"The dismissed them then and went to search for Frankie; he was finding it necessary to give her private lessons. She answered his whistles from above.

"Come on up," she called. He peered at the open door of her room. She was wearing a little blue-fawn frock, and she was standing before the dresser, fingering the soft wave of a feather-colored sports-skirt. There were some of the oldies that Tibb' named ester had bought and sent on for Frankie. She turned smiling at him, uncertainly. "Is it right?" she asked, touching the gold of her carefully netted hair.

THIS MONTH'S COOKING-COLUMN

For The American Needlewoman
Who Makes of her Daily Cooking an
Art instead of a Routine Drudgery

The Cakes I Like To Make

By LEONA T. GRAY

SNOWFLAKE-CAKE.—Two tablespoons of butter, one cupful of white sugar, white of three eggs, one cupful of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, one and three-fourths cupfuls of flour.

Cream sugar and butter, add beaten whites of eggs, beat well. Add milk, flour and baking-powder, and bake in two layers. This is especially nice in the summer when the egg-yolks are so yellow, and almost any kind of icing can be used. The yolks may be used for a dark cake, or for custard. They may also be utilized in scrambled eggs.

Spice Cake (for using egg - yolks).—One half cupful of butter, one cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of sour milk, three egg - yolks, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of allspice, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour.

Beat sugar and butter in a cream, add egg-yolks, milk in which the soda has been dissolved, spices and flour. Bake in loaf. Ice with sea-foam icing.

Sea-Foam Icing.—One cupful of brown sugar, one fourth cupful of boiling water. Beat until syrup will spin a thread, then add the beaten white of an egg. Beat until creamy, and spread over cakes.

Brown Beauty (birthday-cake).—Dark layers: Two tablespoonfuls of butter (heaping), one cupful of sugar, one whole egg, two egg-yolks (leave the white separate for white layer), one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of soda, one and three-fourths cupful of flour.

Mix ingredients as usual, and pour out half the batter into a layer-cake pan. Add one dessertspoonful of cocoa mixed with a little water to the rest of the batter, stir well, and bake.

White layer.—One tablespoonful of butter, one half cupful of sugar, two beaten egg-whites, one half cupful of sweet milk, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder.

Put together with the following icing: One and one-half cupfuls of brown sugar,

one half cupful of sweet milk. Beat together until syrup forms a soft ball in water, then add a tablespoonful of butter, and a little flavoring. Beat until thick, and put between layers, putting the white layer in the middle. Sprinkle the top thickly with chopped nuts and raisins, and cover over with sea-foam.

Ginger Cake.—One half cupful of butter, one half cupful of sugar, two eggs, one cupful of molasses, one cupful of boiling water, one teaspoonful of soda, one dessertspoonful of ginger.

Cream sugar and shortening, beat in eggs, add molasses and hot water in which the soda has been dissolved, then add ginger, and about two cupfuls of flour. Before putting in the oven, sprinkle sugar thickly over the top.

King Edward Cake.—One half cupful of butter, one cupful of brown sugar, two beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of molasses, one teaspoonful of ginger, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, one half cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one cupful of raisins, flour to mix.

Cream butter and sugar together, add the eggs, and beat well dissolve soda in milk before adding, add molasses, and then the dry ingredients. Lastly add the raisins.

Fluffy White Cake.—A lump of butter; a little larger than an egg, one cupful of sugar, one well beaten egg, one cupful of very cold water, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, about two cupfuls of flour.

Mix ingredients as usual; beat until very light, and bake in hot oven.

Sponge-Cake.—Two eggs, well beaten, one scant cupful of sugar, beaten well into the eggs, two-thirds cupful of boiling water, one cupful of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Beat well, and bake in a loaf.

White Layer-Cake.—Two well beaten eggs, one cupful of white sugar, one cupful of milk and cream mixed, a little salt and flavor to taste, flour to make a batter, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in hot oven in layers.

SANDWICHES

By G. S. BOWMAN

Cranberry Sandwiches.—Using a silver fork, beat one glass of cranberry-jelly thoroughly, and add one tablespoonful of chopped celery, half a tablespoonful of chopped pickles, one cupful of cooked chopped chicken, and two tablespoonfuls of orange-juice. Mix, and spread on slices of buttered bread.

Pepper-and-Egg Sandwiches.—Take three sweet green peppers, and four hard-boiled eggs, and chop together with a few stuffed olives. Season with pepper, salt, paprika, and mix thoroughly with mayonnaise-dressing. Cut white bread in thin slices and butter; put a lettuce leaf on the bread, and add the pepper-and-egg filling. Cover this with another slice of bread.

Ribbon Sandwiches.—One cupful of

cottage-cheese and one half sweet green pepper (chopped); mixed thoroughly. One cupful of cottage-cheese and a large pimiento or two small ones mixed together, having first chopped the pimiento.

Take a loaf of sandwich-bread, and trim off all the crusts, and cut the loaf in four strips, lengthwise. Butter these strips. Spread a strip with the pimiento-and-cheese mixture, and cover with another strip. On this strip spread the pepper-and-egg mixture, and cover with a third strip which is spread with the pimiento-and-cheese mixture again, and the fourth strip covers it. This completes the loaf, and should be pressed firmly together. With a sharp knife, cut in thin slices. These slices can be cut in halves if a smaller sandwich is desired.



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A MEAL is incomplete without dessert. No matter how heavily you may have eaten, the addition of a sweet is essential to give just the right balance to the luncheon or dinner. But heavy desserts, pies and puddings are often too sweet and cloying after a hearty meal, and a light, palatable dessert, which permits of easier digestion is more to be desired.

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The Daughter of a Bush Girl

Continued from page 15

done, and he was planning to take Frankie back to the city and place her in a girl's school for the winter. Franko, who had been tactful and shy with him since her surge outbreak, had agreed to go. It was not that she wanted training for the role she was to play. Frankie was admittedly a success. She blossomed quartz in the center of an admiring circle of young men; she spit fire, danced and accepted glances and bows; she was treated with deference, was even dignified with the name of Miss Oldham. But the bold himself he's plaster it on thick, give Frankie a bearing-school background that would put her on an equal footing with the snobbish feminine she was. And anyway, this found himself rather wanting to keep an eye on Frankie.

And then, on an afternoon in late October, the elder Roberts himself descended upon them, poked over the island inquisitively, stayed on for dinner, consumed much venison with evident relish, and finally announced this: "Sit down, Roberts. 'I'm here to talk business.' He tilted his chair. "I'm here to buy the tin. I can offer you thirty thousand dollars."

"His eyes did not leave Tim's face. The latter blinked momentarily, then grinned.

"Was I right?"

"He rubbed it in.

"Perhaps. Anyway, I thank you the offer."

The drew lines on the tablecloth with the prongs of a fork.

"I want to put it up to the Oldhams," he finally answered. "I'm only their manager, you know."

Roberts made a way face.

"All right, all right," he laughed. "The offer holds. You'll give your answer to-morrow, eh?"

This agreed, Roberts' eyes wandered to the door opening into the living-room, stopped at the tableau of young Roberts draped carelessly against the fireplace, smiling down at Frankie Oldham with a kind of fond indifference.

"Pretty girl," he observed, familiarly. He knocked the ashes from his cigar, inhaled deeply. "My youngster's been hanging about here a lot, eh?"

His voice was unassuming, gently tolerant of the foibles of youth.

"She looked up sharply, met his eyes squarely.

"She's a thoroughbred," he replied, steadily.

"Tim" shrugged the older man. "They're a breed of slow growers—through-bred—don't sprout up overnight like muskrats." His manner was detached, impersonal.

"Just a theory of mine—perhaps you're right."

He smiled abruptly, disingenuously upon Tim's avowal of anger.

The business of buying Roberts' offer before the Oldhams was a mere matter of form; Tim's mind was made up before.

"It's a good one," he told Frankie. "Old Roberts is sufficiently thorough—he knows a good thing, when?"

"Why should I doubt?" whispered Frankie. "Why that's enough to keep us up here—the rest of our lives. I could say myself—just myself."

He tried to see her face.

"You want to sell, Frankie? or do you hang on together?"

It was a challenge.

The spark in Frankie answered. She raised her eyes to his.

"We hang on."

together." Her breath caught on the last word, a slow, dull crease crept up beneath the tan of her nose and throat. "She looked away, bravely. "You—you like me—this way, Alan?"

"What way, dear? You little goose! I like you every way. You're good; you're the best little picture a man ever had." Tim smiled enthusiastically. "You're the only girl I've ever met, Frankie, who's a good sport. Most of 'em ain't like you. You play the game like—a fair game." "I'm sorry," she replied.

The end came with the last night of October, a night of shrieking, clean sweeping north winds and dashing waves, the crescendo of a three-day blizzard. The had out on the twilight snow and watched young Roberts lounge on the veranda in the intricacies of a very modern foxglove. He had seen Roberts' cheek brush her hair, had seen Frankie smile up into his eyes. Suddenly his senses fled, and these modern dances were hardly danced, that Frankie was turning into a coquette. At the same moment, he found the rooms in his quarters lit first and its odor of stale cigarettes stifling, unbearable.

He stepped on to the veranda, met the gale, fought with it to close the door upon that archival atmosphere within. On the sheltered side of the veranda, he listened moodily to the wind in the pine-beds and the crash of the waves against the dock. He hated what he had done to Frankie. He hated what he had done to himself. He saw her again standing on a high point with her face tilted toward a gray sky, the wind lashing and shouseting her, saw her in her old blue overall sailing gallantly forth in a leaky canoe, heard her morning whistling from a mark of the bay. The old, untamed Frankie had been a part of these things, wild storms.

Cliffed after a long time, Tim battled his way toward the shelter of the south-house. He heard voices, stopped there, saw two figures within by the flicking lantern that hung high in the doorway as a guiding light to boats. Frankie was laughing quite naturally at a remark, young Roberts had made. Abruptly the laugh died at something she saw in the boy's face.

Young Roberts kicked over the sack-bone between them, caught her into his arms with a quick wrench, held her tight against him.

"Scram," he laughed, hideously. "No one can hear you—you young wildcat!"

This glimpsed the expression of his face—passion and triumph—the look of a man who cannot quite estimate prey. He saw accordingly that Frankie was withdrawing, making no effort to defend herself. He was kissing her the way a man like that would kiss a bush girl.

And then, abruptly, before The could reach them, Frankie had jerked herself clear of him, had bunched back a small, muscular right arm, and had landed her a clean-cut blow on Roberts' forehead at the ankle of his foot. This stung himself upon Roberts and finished the job for her, profusely, thoroughly.

He turned from the battered child on the floor, and by the light of the rocking lantern, he saw her face all aglow with a primitive set in the fight. Swiftly she lunged her head.

"I'm sorry," she quivered. "No lady—would I have done it. I can't change."

"Lady, bah! Almost roughly, Tim drew her out into the night. The waves buried themselves at his feet and

waves washed them, as they stood together at the end of the pier.

"You're a woman—straight as a die—don't you dare change—"

—straight as a die—don't you dare change—"

—straight as a die—don't you dare change—"

—straight as a die—don't you dare change—"

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TWO PATCHWORK QUILTS

By MRS. E. L. RICHARDSON



No. 558 W. Star Pattern

Is there anyone who does not love the old-fashioned quilts of our grandmothers' day? With their gay patches in quaint designs, or in a no-on-miss pattern, made with scraps of leftover materials, they are really quite fascinating.

These two designs are equally as pretty as some of those older ones, the star pattern being a new arrangement of a familiar design.

In the model, the large star is made of pink-gingham patches, a white patch being in each point. Beyond the white one, are two triangles and a square patch made of figured percale. The large triangles at each side of the square are of blue-and-white checked percale. Nine squares, like the one illustrated, make a quilt two yards square.

The other design is called "Little Windows," an odd but attractive pattern, which will please all those women who like something a little different. The four white patches, forming the windows, have a three-sided patch on two sides, of figured percale.



No. 559 W. Little Window Pattern

The dark patches, above and below, are pink gingham, and the checked patches are blue-and-white percale. These colors are not arbitrary, for you can use the material they have on hand.

These squares are of the same size as the

other quilt, nine of them making a quilt two yards square.

Either quilt could have a plain band of material on each side as a finish, if one preferred them that way.

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

Continued from page 3

beforehand and which she may not be in a position to fulfil. To send them to other than friends is useless. To threaten a friend or anyone else with the loss of good letters if the chain is broken is charity-baiting pure and simple; and the receipt of such a cheap threat is justified in ignoring it. In some cases out of ten, you can help your self-respect better by ignoring all chain-letter appeals than by attempting to fulfil an unreciprocated contract to joint an unpleasant obligation upon a friend.

Another Helpful Word

JUST a few words of praise for your splendid little magazine. I love the bits of poetry and the stories—well, they cannot be beat. I have not time for fancy-work so that doesn't interest me quite so much. Last, but not least, the "Chats with Our Readers"—there are so many worthwhile things on that page.

I wish the Needlewoman "bumps" of success all through the year 1936.

Mrs. Gertrude Shaver.

390 So. Main St., Elkhart, Indiana.

Clean, Restful, Beneficial

THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN.

I am enclosing fifty cents for two more years of *The American Needlewoman*. It is the cleanest, best little magazine, regardless of price, I have ever seen. The *Home-maker's* department has given some very valuable information which has been very beneficial. There are those in my family who enjoy reading the short stories after a hard day of mental work. It is restful. Sincerely,

Mrs. Ida C. Carter.

1412 18th St., Ansonia, Wash.

Another Method

DEAR EDITOR OF CHATS.—So many of your readers have written you of their appreciation of your magazine, and many have spoken of passing the magazine on to others. Of course, that is splendid and generous, but I cannot afford to give my copy away, though I do pass the *free* magazine on to my subscription to my *own* friends on birthdays, Christmas- or New-Year's gifts, and sometimes I just send it anyway, with no return at all. It is a constant reminder of

Continued on page 21

Hot Iron Patterns for Monograms and Initials

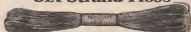
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For Your Spring Work And Spring Pleasures

*Every call of the new Season, Every
Spring need can be met in the pages
of your Ward Catalogue*

This Spring your Ward Catalogue will enable you to buy three things for the usual price of two.

You have a copy of Ward's Spring Catalogue—or a friendly neighbor has. It offers you an opportunity to buy the extra thing, the fishing rod, the camera, the new tools, or curtains for the home, a rug, or milady's dress, *without extra cost*. The price is paid by the saving you make in using Ward's Catalogue to buy all your needs for Spring.

**\$60,000,000 in Cash
Was Used to Make Your
Savings Possible**

Wise buying is largely a matter of deciding *where* to buy. Who can make the lowest prices? Who has the power to buy goods cheapest?

You and 8,000,000 other customers give us a buying power so vast, so enormous that we contract for shoes by the hundred thousand pair, we

buy the new live rubber for our tires in the Orient. \$2,000,000 worth of rubber was bought when prices were low.

\$60,000,000 in cash was used to make possible these low prices this Spring for you. And every low price is a genuine low price. We never sacrifice quality to make a low price. We make our low prices by big buying, by the use of cash, not by cutting quality.

**Use Your Catalogue—Send All of
Your Orders to Ward's**

This Spring buy wisely. Compare prices—always remembering that quality, guaranteed quality, is equally as important as price. And Ward's quality is guaranteed. For 54 years we have dealt with our customers under the policy of the Golden Rule. You always buy on approval at Ward's. "Your money back if you want it."

ESTABLISHED 1872
Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Baltimore. Chicago. Kansas City. St. Paul. Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth



SPRING

—plans for re-decorating the home, for the garden, for the family, for the summer pleasures, Spring needs in wearing apparel, new clothes for the children, everything that thoughts of Spring call to the Women's mind see supplied in Ward's Spring Catalogue.

Spring Work Needs

Garden Tools
Farm Tools
Work Clothing
Roofing
Fencing
Paint
Farm Supplies
Building Repairs

Home Decorations

Wall Paper
Furniture
Curtains
Mattresses
Screens
Chairs
Linen

Everything needed to Beautify the Home

For the Family

Every Mother's wish is filled
Children's Shoes
Clothing
Baby's Needs
Children's Books
and Playthings

Everything for every age at a Saving



SPRING

—calls to new work, to the pleasures of the out-of-doors and brings a variety of new needs that are all filled in Ward's Complete Spring Catalogue. And always at a saving that often makes possible the purchase of three things at the usual price of two.

For the Man

Tents
Automobile Tents
Tires
Batteries
Accessories
Fishing Tackle
Cannons

For the Boy

Everything for Sports
Baseball Needs
Team Supplies
Athletic Goods
Bicycles
Tires

Fashions in Wearing Apparel

Coats
Dresses
Hats
Shoes
Silk Hosiery
Underwear
Personal Needs

Everything for every need at a Saving

Continued from page 22
continue with these small spaces (sp) around the dolly, making 4 tr with 2 ch between, in each corner, at joints.

2. Ch 3, * mass 3 sp, 1 tr in next sp, (ch 2, 1 double treble (d tr) twice, in the same sp, ch 2, 1 tr in the same sp, ch 3, miss 2 sp, 1 double crochet (d c) in next tr, ch 3, repeat from * to 50 from lower point between the scallops, then miss 2 sp, 3 tr with 2 ch between in next sp, ch 3, miss 2 sp, 1 d c as tr in post, ch 3, miss 2 sp, 3 tr with 2 ch between in next sp, ch 3, * mass 2 sp, 1 d c in next tr, (ch 3, miss 2 sp, 1 tr in next sp, (ch 2, 1 d tr) twice, ch 2, 1 tr in same sp, ch 3, miss 2 sp, 1 d c in next tr 4 times, making 1 d c of the larger shells on the middle scallop. Reverse the direction from third * to corner, ch 3, miss 2 sp, 5 d tr with 2 ch between, in the corner sp, ch 3, miss 2 sp, 1 d c in next tr, ch 3, repeat from first * on each side.

* Ch 3, 5 d tr with 3 ch between in center of first large shell on corner scallop, ch 3, 1 d c in d c between shells, (ch 3, 5 d tr with 2 ch between in next large shell on same corner, ch 3, 1 d c in d c between shells) twice, ch 3, 3 tr with 5 ch between, in center of first small shell, ch 2, 1 d c in d c between 2 small shells, ch 2, 3 tr with 2 ch between in center of next small shell, ch 3, 1 d c in d c between shells, (ch 3, 5 d tr with 2 ch between in center of next shell, ch 3, 1 d c in d c between shells) 4 times, ch 5, repeat the 2 small shells, then make 3 of the larger shells, this brings the work to the corner, ch 3, 1 tr under first 3 ch on corner shell, ch 3, 1 d tr under same 3 ch with tr, ch 3, (2 tr with 3 ch between under next 2 ch) twice, ch 3, 1 d tr, ch 3, 1 tr under next 2 ch, ch 3, 1 d c in d c between shells, repeat from * for each side of dolly.

CHATS WITH OUR READERS

Continued from page 19

my esteem and gives so much pleasure to the recipient. But give away my own copy? Never! They contain too many very good items that I want to keep, and here is how I do it: When my magazine arrives, I lay it away until I have the leisure to look it over and really enjoy every single bit of it. Then, when the leisure is mine at last, I take my magazine and a red-marking pencil, and when I read some item that I want to keep, I just make a red check-mark beside it. The advertisements which interest me are also checked, but with a different kind of check-mark. My magazines are filed away uncut and kept until some stormy day when there is much leisure, or a stormy day; then out they come, and what a happy time I have!

820 West Young St., Pottsville, Pa.

A Friend for Thirty Years

There are so many really good things in January issue that I cannot resist the impulse to write of some of them, at any rate. "Chats" is full of nice things this month; in fact, each month is very interesting. The American Needlewoman furnishes good reading—all around, good clean stories—"The Day of Ivan Fure" is a delightful story. Then, in this month's issue, the Home-maker is proved, and I was especially interested in "Immersing the work of calico-makers." It certainly is worth trying. I am an old-time pretense cake-maker, and certainly have many times almost "beat and stirred" my arms "off," and I shall certainly take J. C. Swezy's advice as to giving care. I advise all our readers to take it also. The sewing department is of this month, too, and, worth considering if you are a fancy-worker. In fact, The American Needlewoman is a handy magazine. I have known it for nearly thirty years. I have found some lovely threads through its pages, some have passed on, and still "here I am," and I am very thankful to still read The American Needlewoman. Mrs. John L. Newwood.
R. H. Box 228L, Indianapolis, Indiana.



My New Catalog
is a Treasure House
of "Home Beautiful" Ideas

1500 Bargains Many as Low as \$1 Down

No matter what you need in home furnishings, before you buy anything, you should "See Spear First." See him in his New 1926 Catalog. This Big New Book is a Revelation in Low Prices for Beautiful Home Things. Low Prices and Easy Terms. From the smallest article, to a roomful, a beautiful of furniture, you can do best at Spear's; best from every standpoint: Quality, Price, Terms, and Service. That is why my sales run well into the millions every year.

30 Days' FREE TRIAL 9 to 14 Months to Pay

You need my 1926 Catalog to plan your Home Beautiful. FOR THE LIVING ROOM you have a wonderful choice of overstuffed sofas and single pieces, all upholstered in up-to-date, stylish materials. FOR THE DINING ROOM you may select the kind of furniture you like best from a huge variety of designs and finishes. FOR THE BED ROOM I offer a choice selection of beautiful suites and individual pieces. My KITCHEN FURNITURE department gives you the best opportunity to make your kitchen cheerful, safe-and-span and labor saving, with modern devices and attractive equipment. IN FLOOR COVERINGS you have a wide choice of Beautiful, Low Priced Carpets, Rugs, Linoleums, etc. Then there are Lamps, Stoves, Sewing Machines, and Everything Else for the home. Everything I sell is sent on 30 Days' Free Trial, with a Money Back Bond. This money-back offer makes it impossible for you to be disappointed with any purchase. No sale is a sale until my goods have proven their worth for 30 Days in Your Own Home. Be sure to send for My Big Free Catalog today.

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Send me at once your Free Book which tells all about the Fine Things in a Beautiful Home. This free and sparkling literature is yours.

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A RING FOR REMEMBRANCE

No. 2702 Platinum-Style Ring

No. 2703 White-Gold Ring

Take your choice—A gift from The American Needlewoman



HUNDREDS of our readers are writing us daily letters of encouragement and praise for publishing so fine a magazine and yet so cheap and wholesome. Apparently it appeals to old and young. One writes that she is a "new convert" to our splendid home-making magazine, and expresses the spirit of appreciation that does good to the hearts of older and younger alike. It is said to be "the best all our good friends would be glad to read above word of any home-kept enterprise." A reviewer in another of our reform magazines will be one day wondering how it could be so. And we are glad that we have given you the means to receive a concrete testimonial to remember us by. The two rings selected for this purpose are ready very beautifully and bound to give constant pleasure.

Do us a favor and we will give you
A ring to wear in our remembrance
And to be proud of

No. 2702—Ring of Remembrance in white-gold finish, platinum-colored heavily enameled dialk with highly finished 14 karat shell. This is a beautiful-appearing ring, having a good setting in which it also has a sparkling brilliant diamond.

WHEN selecting give number of ring and size wanted. If you are not sure of size send a piece of string or paper that will just snugly encircle your finger—then measure the circumference and send only 25 cents for the ring's subscription (this amount be your own contribution)—and we will send you the ring your own size and address and we will send The American Needlewoman to the new subscriber and you will get it and post, without a cent of cost, your choice of those two rings. Address

The American Needlewoman
Augusta, Maine

20 Yds Remnants \$1.98

Just out of our store and we will send you, postage paid, 20 yards of the finest quality material for only \$1.98. We have a large stock of material for you to choose from. The material is of the finest quality and is suitable for all kinds of sewing. The material is of the finest quality and is suitable for all kinds of sewing. The material is of the finest quality and is suitable for all kinds of sewing.

Don't Send a Penny

Just out of our store and we will send you, postage paid, 20 yards of the finest quality material for only \$1.98. We have a large stock of material for you to choose from. The material is of the finest quality and is suitable for all kinds of sewing. The material is of the finest quality and is suitable for all kinds of sewing. The material is of the finest quality and is suitable for all kinds of sewing.

LARGE BATH Towels

20 Yds. Remnants \$1.98

Weave Rugs AT HOME

20 Yds. Remnants \$1.98

\$5.50 BUTTONHOLE FREE

3 HIGH GRADE SHIRTS AT \$4.25

MAKE 12 IN HOUR

20 Yds. Remnants \$1.98

PAIN IN RIGHT SIDE

20 Yds. Remnants \$1.98

BREED CANARIES

20 Yds. Remnants \$1.98

AGENTS WANTED IN CONSTITUTION

20 Yds. Remnants \$1.98

TREATING DIABETES

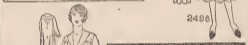
20 Yds. Remnants \$1.98

'EAT AND GET WELL'

20 Yds. Remnants \$1.98

NEW 1928 MODEL \$14.50

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THE junior frock, No. 2620, is cut in sizes for 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. To make the frock in the 8-year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

THE charming dress, No. 2658, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material, and 1 1/4 yards of 4-inch ribbon for bow.

THE junior frock, No. 2636, is cut in sizes for 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. To make the frock in the 8-year size will require 2 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

THE sports frock, No. 2680, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material, with 1/4 yard of 37-inch contrasting goods.

THE frock, No. 2498, is cut in sizes for 14, 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material, with 1/4 yard of 33-inch contrasting goods.

THE princess frock, No. 2621, is cut in sizes for 14 and 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust-measure. To make the dress in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material, with 3/4 yards of braid.

THE practical smock, No. 2688, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust-measure. To make the smock in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 26-inch material.

THE frock with flared skirt, No. 2679, is cut in sizes for 16 years, and for 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust-measure. To make the frock in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material, with 1/4 yard of 37-inch contrasting goods.

THE simple frock, No. 2673, is cut in sizes for 16 years, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust-measure. To make the frock in the 36-inch size will require 3 1/4 yards of 40-inch material.

New Circular Skirt

4c

Send Without a Penny in Advance

AMERICAN SCHOOL

High School Course in 2 Years

\$1,180 Cash Gift

AMERICAN SCHOOL

Solve This Puzzle

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AMERICAN SCHOOL

\$1.59 DRESSY OXFORD OF ALL LEATHER

FREE RAYON STOCKINGS

ANDERSON SHOE COMPANY, INC.

Patterns may be ordered from any American Needlewoman Club Bazaar in the United States or Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The American Needlewoman, Augusta, Maine, at prices listed on page 30

American Needlewoman Pencil-Set

Board No. 2700 given free and postpaid
for Three yearly subscriptions
at 25 cents each



As a result of continuous study we will take
the first really serious consideration and the
best sets. Every article is made on quality
material by the Best Pencil Company. See
what a splendid assortment it costs in each lot.



1 Pencil, Rough Side, with eraser
1 Pencil, Smooth Side, with eraser
1 Pencil, Copper-lead, with eraser
1 Pencil, Vanadium, with eraser
1 Pencil, Graphite, with eraser
1 Pencil, Red Rubber Eraser
1 Red Rubber Pen
1 Red Penholder
1 Double Point

1 Fancy Leatherette Case with Writing-Pad

The waterproof case is especially durable and
durable and will be found useful to give a good
deal of service. Order by express and collect.

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for Three yearly subscriptions
at 25 cents each

1 Silver Bonbon-Dish

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Everybody's Doing It. You'll Buy Yours Soon If You
Are Not Already a Radio-Owner. This
Practical Talk On

Choosing a Radio Receiver

Will Be of Sound Value to Every Radio-Fan or
Prospective Owner. Many Good Sets Now
Being Offered and It Is Useless To Wait
for Further Developments, as Per-
fection Is in Hand

By W F CROSSBY

TO the uninitiated, one of the most difficult household appliances to buy is a radio receiver. Due to the tremendous amount of publicity which has been given to this infant industry, many people who might like to buy such an instrument have been led to believe that it is a technical subject and an industry which is moving at a rapid rate, and therefore one which should be shunned.

In reality both of these ideas are wrong for while the modern receiver may be a piece of highly developed technical apparatus, one does not have to be a technician in order to make it work. In fact, quite the reverse is true for usually the more highly developed the set is, the easier it is to operate.

The other point, the rapidly with which radio moves, is unquestionably the greatest bugbear of all, and it is due to this deep-rooted idea that the radio business as a whole has been handicapped. The idea is primarily caused by the many radio-publications, each of which seems to be trying to outdo the others in an attempt to bring out something new in radio.

Naturally where such a condition as this exists there are going to be many people who will defer buying a receiver until such time as the industry has become stabilized.

Then, too, money investments appearing in the papers also play the "revolutionary" function of a certain type of receiver. Actually there is nothing new and revolutionary in radio, and, to back up this statement, one has but to visit one of the many radio-shows which have been so prevalent during the last year or so.

The show held in New York this year was patronized by practically every leading radio-manufacturer in the country, and thousands of sets were on view. In nearly every case, the circuits used in these sets were identical with those in use last year. The improvements have been made in cabinet-design and in the methods of tuning, but the basic circuits remain the same.

Over one half of the exhibitors at the show have sets which have not been changed in the least from last year's models.

Of course, in any industry where there is no advancement, stagnation is bound to set in with consequent loss of public attention, and, while radio is far from this condition, the advances made may be hindered to those which are constantly taking place in the automotive industry—slow, gradual improvements but nothing which makes every preceding article obsolete. Undoubtedly, you will find many of to-day's radio-sets still in use in five or even ten years' time, even as we have many old-model automobiles still being driven about.

Engineers admit that the only change which could come about, which would seriously affect radio, might be legislation by Congress, but such possibilities are very remote. For there are too many people interested and too much money invested.

The man and the woman who decide to wait until the final developments are made before purchasing a radio receiver will probably still be waiting when their hot hours arrive, for it is to be hoped that such a condition will never be reached.

As for the sets themselves, now being offered to the buying public, there is a vast array to choose from, with a price-range which may run from only a few dollars up into the thousands of dollars. The same old rule applies here as elsewhere; if you buy a cheap set, you usually get results in just about the same proportion. In other words, you cannot get something for nothing.

By far the greatest number of radios are at present equipped with five tubes, which is really a way of determining the power of the set, just the same as horsepower denotes a certain something about an engine. As a general rule, the more tubes used, the more powerful the set will be, but this is

Continued on page 29

Butterfly-Design Hemstitched-Scarf

Board No. 1219 given free and postpaid
for Three yearly subscriptions
at 25 cents each



THE hemstitched scarf remains to be produced, and it is considered long with a profusion of scarf giving the maximum of usefulness. The design is especially in the butterfly motif. It is made of fine quality material, and it is made in a way that it is easy to wear. It is made in a way that it is easy to wear. It is made in a way that it is easy to wear.

Four Charming Ferns

Board No. 1815 given free and postpaid
for Two yearly subscriptions
at 25 cents each



OF all indoor fern-plants none give more lasting pleasure and satisfaction than these popular fern-plants. They need but little care and they are very easy to grow. They are beautiful year in year out. The collection offered you here contains four of the most beautiful fern-plants ever given for indoor culture. They are the: Boston Fern, Bird's Nest Fern, Fiddlehead Fern, and Peace Fern. They come in two in family containers, all ready to get and planted to please. Order by express and collect. **NOTE:** Receive our Christmas Postal Stationery, one second and third class.

Large Turkish Towel

Board No. 1013 given free and postpaid
for Two yearly subscriptions
at 25 cents each



HAVE you ever thought what a sense of comfort and relaxation a Turkish towel means to you? It is the most useful and most beautiful of all towels. It is an ideal favorite for men and women. You should be equipped with that great towel because it is so large (about 30x60 inches), and because of its beautiful quality, which is so effective for a variety of uses. Order by express and collect.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

Enjoy the comfort or rewards you must desire and lead the required number of subscribers, with the money refunded, to The American Needlewoman. We will send you the money for your one year and we will send you the reward or rewards of your choice. Address

THE
AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN
Augusta, Maine

IT is a thing of beauty as well as of utility. You will say that the start was not sold when the money was paid. We have no way of saying it. We don't need to, the picture tells its own story. We have no way of saying it. We don't need to, the picture tells its own story. We have no way of saying it. We don't need to, the picture tells its own story.

Utility Shears

Self-Sharpening
Board No. 2701 given free and postpaid
for Two yearly subscriptions
at 25 cents each



ONE of the greatest advantages found in these shears is the fact that they are made of a special material, which gives them a self-sharpening action, by which they become as good as new after every use. They are perfect for all kinds of work, and they are perfect for all kinds of work. They are perfect for all kinds of work, and they are perfect for all kinds of work.

OUR SPECIAL OFFER

Enjoy the comfort or rewards you must desire and lead the required number of subscribers, with the money refunded, to The American Needlewoman. We will send you the money for your one year and we will send you the reward or rewards of your choice. Address

THE
AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN
Augusta, Maine



We will give you your choice of
Six Beautiful Monthly-Blooming Roses
 as illustrated above or
Six Hardy June-Flowering Climbing-Roses

See our offer below

For only **One three-year subscription at 30 cents and 10 cents extra for packing - charge**

THIS is your special opportunity to secure your choice of six hardy varieties of our best climbing-roses. These roses are in good condition and are guaranteed to give you a wide range of coloring - and such beautiful colors as you already know to reach you in good condition. We guarantee three months for growth and any defective plants will be gladly replaced.

Red - Red Letter Day. As a rule, this is the most beautiful rose of the season. Its large, full, well-formed flowers make it a favorite for the garden.

Yellow - Partis des Jardins. The large, full, well-formed flowers make it a favorite for the garden.

Ivory-White - Ivory. A beautiful pure-white rose without a particle of red.

White - White. A beautiful pure-white rose without a particle of red.

Light-Pink - Light-Pink. A beautiful light-pink rose without a particle of red.

Dark-Pink - Dark-Pink. A beautiful dark-pink rose without a particle of red.

White - White. A beautiful pure-white rose without a particle of red.

Light-Pink - Light-Pink. A beautiful light-pink rose without a particle of red.

Dark-Pink - Dark-Pink. A beautiful dark-pink rose without a particle of red.

Extra for Promptly
Ordering
 Six
 Fancy Climbing
 Flowering
 Climbers

There is a special opportunity for you to secure your choice of six hardy varieties of our best climbing-roses. These roses are in good condition and are guaranteed to give you a wide range of coloring - and such beautiful colors as you already know to reach you in good condition. We guarantee three months for growth and any defective plants will be gladly replaced.

Red - Red Letter Day. As a rule, this is the most beautiful rose of the season. Its large, full, well-formed flowers make it a favorite for the garden.

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White - White. A beautiful pure-white rose without a particle of red.

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White - White. A beautiful pure-white rose without a particle of red.

Light-Pink - Light-Pink. A beautiful light-pink rose without a particle of red.

THE AMERICAN NEEDLEWOMAN, Augusta, Maine

THE DRUGS